

A Honeyed Problem

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A Commission for BittyDragon

After an encounter with group of strange slimes, a rattata and his friends approach a goodra for help. She agrees, then sets off to deal with the strange creatures.

Content Warning: This story is intended for General readers and the following tags apply: Female, Pokemon, Goodra, Slime, Honey, Inflation, Feeding, Force Feeding, Belly Inflation

The sun shown brightly overhead, filtering through the canopies of fruit trees and bathing the ground in shifting shadows. A goodra rested among the many trunks and reclined against smooth bark, lazily lifting fallen fruits to her maw. Soft sounds of her satisfaction drifted on the breeze, punctuated by the pokemon chomping into another fruit. The sound of rustling leaves and small steps tugged at the goodra's perception, but she paid them no mind for the moment. Instead, she reached into the lowest branches with her tail and plucked another treat. The dragon brought it to her rounded muzzle and took a bite, only to find a rattata standing between her splayed feet. She split her gaze between the small rodent and her modest fruit for a moment, then presented it to her unexpected visitor. He turned it down with a shake of his head, then looked over his shoulder and waited for his friends to catch up.

As the group of smaller pokemon trickled in to the goodra's company, she realized why they lagged behind. The second to step into her clearing was a poochyena, heavily weighed down by his own belly. The canine struggled to step around and over the swaying dome, which dragged across the grass at the lowest point of his stride. Several others waddled toward the dragon in a similar state, including some that would be immobilized without the help of their friends. A mixture of apprehension and confusion played across the her snout as they settled into a loose semi-circle around her, until the last of them arrived. At that point, the rattata cleared his throat and spoke up.

"Miss, we have a favor we need to ask of you," he meekly began. "There are some slimes that have been harassing us, and we're not big or strong enough to do anything about it." He gestured to his group of friends and drove the point home. "No one else has been willing to help us yet either..."

The goodra shimmied her rear under her and sat up, then leaned down and looked at the group over her belly. "I think I can help, but have you tried talking to them first? Maybe they think you're invading their territory."

The diminutive mouse shook his head. "We tried that and everything else we could think of. The slimes don't talk or really even seem to understand us."

Confusion crossed the dragon's muzzle. "They're not dittos?"

"They look a little like them, but I think they're something else."

The goodra rubbed her chin. "Weird, but I think I can still handle that." Her weight shifted as she got her feet beneath her, then rose to her full height and towered over the group. "Where are they?"

The majority of the group backed away, though the rattata danced in her shadow with delight and pointed. "That way. There's a cave just on the edge of the woods, and that's where they seem to come from."

"Oh good, That's not too far. Maybe we can get this taken care of before the end of the day."

As she started toward the edge of the woods, the rattata gave chase. "Do you need any of us to come with you?"

"You can if you'd like. Just don't put yourself in any danger. Maybe stay outside the cave and wait for me."

The rodent nodded and followed, but the rest of his friends were less than eager to follow.

Few words passed between the rodent and dragon as they traveled. The goodra pondered both the oozes and the issues they presented as she walked, and the rodent spent his breath keeping up with her larger stride. Though not thrilled with the possibility of combat, the dragon considered which of her attacks would be most effective against such shifty opponents. Her mind eased as she settled on a plan, and she then devoted her efforts to diplomacy. Fragments of speeches and bargains floated through her mind's eye, but never coalesced into anything coherent. The pair arrived at the cave's entrance before she fully organized her thoughts. It was little more than a natural break at the base of a cliff, but it had quite the effect on the rattata. His tail curled against the ground and scurried behind the goodra, who took in a breath and straightened her posture.

"You don't need to wait on me if you don't want to," she offered.

"No, no, I should at least be here since I asked you to do this."

The goodra nodded and waddled into the cave.

The dragon didn't know exactly what to expect as she stepped into the darkness, but it wasn't the faint, sweet scent of honey. It strengthened as the sunlight at her back faded, seeping deeper into her senses and kindling her appetite. She rubbed an arm over her belly as she wandered under a natural skylight, which staved off the worst of the darkness and showed the way ahead. Another pillar of illumination guided her deeper into the empty cave, though apprehension crept into her thoughts with each step. She began to wonder if the rodent had brought her to the wrong cave, and she considered retreating to double check until something splatted across her face. She squeezed her eyes shut and blindly batted at her assailant, successfully swatting it to the floor. The goodra wiped the residual ooze from her face and regained her composure, then took a closer look at her attacker.

To her relief, she had simply walked into a natural element of the cave. To her confusion however, it wasn't entirely natural. The ooze on her hand glistened with an amber hue in the low light, sparkling with hints of crystallized sugar. A careful sniff revealed it to be the source of the cave's delectable scent, and a hesitant taste further confirmed it. A soft groan of satisfaction resonated in her chest, and she readily slurped the rest of the goo from her hand. The strands grew more prevalent as she advanced through the cave, each one thicker than the last, until she reached the apparent source. A towering mass of goo-covered rock

stood in the largest chamber, filling the air with its flavorful presence. The dragon spent a long moment simply admiring the structure, but it wasn't long before its residents emerged to admire her.

From behind the curious nest, a golden slime stretched into the open. It stopped a fair distance from the dragon and seemingly observed her, leading to an empty moment of stare-down. The goodra relaxed at its inaction and dropped her guard, then waved at the curious ooze. She opened her mouth to attempt a conversation, spurring the slime to strike. Her voice faltered when it contracted, and her eyes widened when it flew across the chamber. A thick splat echoed through the cavern when it wrapped around her snout, landing with enough force to knock her off balance. She stumbled backwards and fell to rear with a thunderous boom, giving the slime a chance to part her jaws. It filled her cheeks in an instant and held her tongue down, flooding her senses with its flavor. She hardly noticed or minded it relaxing her throat, and she found herself swallowing before she realized it.

Her neck swelled with the delicious slime, and a resounding gulp echoed through the cavern. Several more followed as the ooze dove into her stomach, and the goodra let out a deep sigh of relief when it settled. A blush tinted her cheeks and her hands drifted to its subtle bulge, where they rubbed and kneaded it down. The dragon spent an indulgent moment lavishing her middle, savoring the soft stretch of her hide until she remembered where she was. The heat in her muzzle intensified, and she was extremely thankful there was no one present to witness her hedonism. With her mission accomplished, the goodra rolled onto her front and climbed to her feet, taking enjoyment from the shifting weight in her stomach. The dragon rose to her full height and dusted herself off, then turned to leave. A faint rumbling stopped her in her tracks however, and a sense of dread washed over her as she turned around.

Whether called by the slime in her stomach or drawn by the sound of her fall, the rest of the ooze colony emerged in mass. They slithered from the towering nest and crept from behind surrounding rocks, circling around the dragon many times over. The goodra sat frozen in place, unwilling to risk any movement that might set them off. Unfortunately, they lunged at her anyway. The slimes unified in an amber wave and swept inward, gathering around the dragon's feet and lifting her from the ground. A yelp of surprise leapt from her muzzle and she tumbled back, falling into a soft mass that broke her fall. The slimes wrapped around her figure as she sank into their collective, suspended in their viscosity and unable to escape. A tendril snaked from the side of the mass and climbed toward the goodra's muzzle, and a torrent of emotions swirled through her head.

The thick scent of honey filled her nostrils as the tentacle neared, waking her appetite and stirring a rumble from her middle. Drool pooled in her mouth as she recalled the flavor of the first slime, and her resolve to keep her mouth shut weakened. When it eventually kissed the tip of her snout, her jaw dropped on its own. A muffled groan of bliss resonated in her chest when the tip of the tendril trickled across her tongue, flooding her senses with overpowering sweetness. It leisurely filled her cheeks and crept to the top of her throat,

tempting her with its taste before taking the plunge to her stomach. A reflexive swallow was all it took to send the ooze toward her stomach, and a series of gulps sped its progress. The tentacle rippled and pulsed to keep up, and the results swiftly showed on her belly.

As more of the slime rounded her figure, the portion supporting her dwindled. Her tail and rear touched down on the chilly stone, and the weight of her growing middle settled on her hips. The goodra reached back and planted her hands on the floor once it was within reach, setting her balance and allowing her to devote herself to the moment. The collective slime slowed its feeding as it diminished, but the dragon had other plans for it. She slurped and swallowed at the tendril as swiftly as she could, giving into gluttony and relishing her swelling stomach. Her tail curled up and caressed her increasingly sensitive hide, following faint stretch-marks as they formed. Pressure in her middle built until it bordered on discomfort, though luckily for the greedy goodra, the sensations never crossed that line.

The last of the slime slipped down her throat with a resounding swallow, and her full weight settled onto her rear as she leaned back. The slightest movement sent ripples and wobbles through the dome of her middle, suffusing her with pleasant sensations. The dragon leaned over the tight globe and rubbed across its surface, further indulging in hedonism. Her jaw dropped in a silent sigh of bliss as she found the most sensitive points on her belly, which in turn spurred her stomach to action. Lazy waves rolled through her form as she processed her meal, ever so slowly softening that rounded peak. The adrenaline of the encounter gave way to the sleepy call of a food coma, but the goodra resisted as long as she could. It wasn't often she treated herself to such a stuffing, and she savored it as long as possible.

The sunlight filtering from above shifted orange with sunset, and the goodra lost herself in a trance of self-indulgence. It persisted as a set of soft footsteps echoed through the caves, holding fast until the source reached her. A tiny paw touched on the side of her belly and sent a tremor through her form, which grew into a quake as the rattata scaled the tight dome. She only fully realized his presence when he reached the summit of her soft peak, and a deep blush tinted her snout when realization struck.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you," the rodent admitted. "I know you asked me to wait outside, but its been a while and I was worried you might need help."

"Oh! I suppose it has," the goodra murmured. "I appreciate your concern, but its all taken care of."

The rattata blinked. "The slimes are gone? All of them?"

"Every last one~ I think. It's been a while since I've seen one, at least."

The rodent visibly relaxed. "Thank you for helping us. If there's anything we can do to repay you, let us know."

"Well now that you mention it, I might need some help getting out of here." She rocked side to side under the weight of her middle, unable to find a way back onto her feet.

The rodent blanched. "We'll probably have to go back to town and get help for that."

The goodra shrugged, and her hands drifted to her bloated middle. "That's fine~ I'm in no hurry."

The rattata hopped off her belly and hesitated, then dashed out of the cave to get her help. The goodra hardly noticed his departure, content to rub her stomach and bask in her gluttony for a few hours.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker/>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>

<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>

<https://furrylife.online/profile/12672-victor-waite/>

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