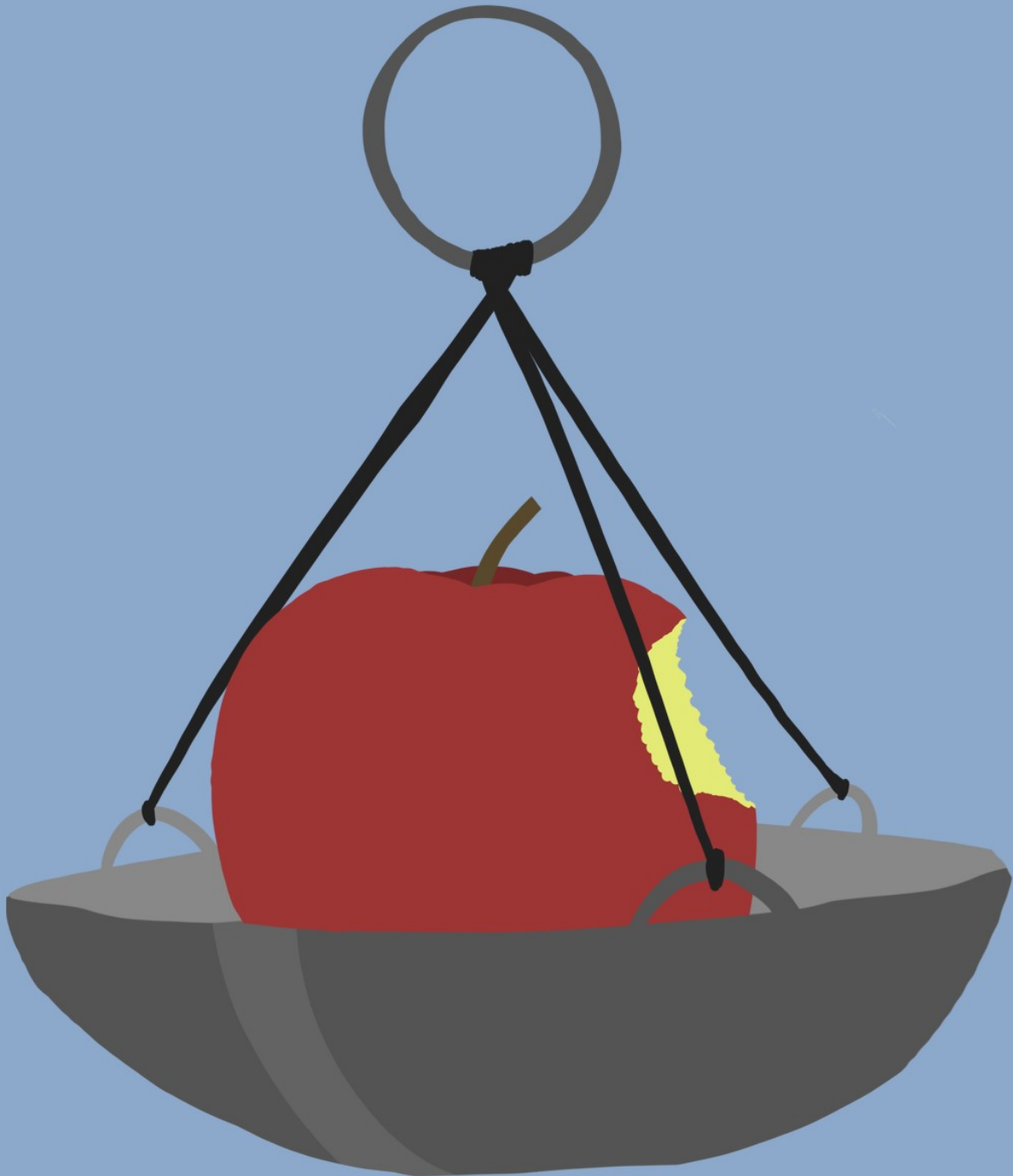


Weight of an Apple



Vic Waite

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The Weight of an Apple

This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Vignette, Commission, (Anon), Male, Pokemon, Garchomp, Breast Growth, Hip Growth, Weight Gain, Blob, Immobile, Furniture Destruction

A garchomp's morning takes a turn for the interesting when his morning snack comes with side effects. The breasts he grows are a welcome change, and so are the hips that strain his shorts, but the weight that piles onto his figure is less welcome.

The apple crunches softly between the garchomp's jaws. The dragon's fangs pierce the fruit's skin with ease, and a sweet tang rewards him. A low rumbling growl resonates in his chest. Its far better than anything the super market has ever offered, and he makes a mental note to jog by that distant apple tree more often. His crimson delight only survives a few chomps from his rounded snout, and he swallows the last of it down with a satisfied sigh. Snack secured, the garchomp settles into his couch to relax.

The pleasant tingle of exertion lingers in the pokemon's legs. He savors the sensation, exertion without exhaustion, his reward for maintaining a dedicated jogging routine. He reclines into the cushions and crosses his legs, bringing their toned glory into the edge of his attention. A smirk curls the edge of his mouth, and he gives the muscles an indulgent flex. They're a far cry from what they tartered as, soft, pliant things with little definition or stamina. He shakes his head and chuckled at the memory of huffing and panting after a single flight of stairs. The garchomp basks in his progress for a content moment, then turns his TV on and relaxes. His chores and cleaning can wait a moment.

The dragon loses himself in the throes of an action movie, until a tightness suffuses his chest. Worry flickers across his expression and he sits up to examine. The garchomp rolls his shoulders and stretches his arms to work that lingering ache, but not only does it persist, but strengthen. He places a hand to his chest, where it meets his soft, fabric-clad scales much sooner than expected. Cautiously he reaches under his shirt, and his claws find a softness that wasn't there several minutes ago. A pair of plush mounds rise from once flat pecs, soft and sensitive in their fine hide.

Several emotions swarm at once, but from that rabble rises a joy. A soft squeeze confirms the pokemon isn't lost in the midst of some hallucination or dream, and a grin spreads across his snout. Exploration turns to indulgence. The weight of his new breasts feels pleasant in his claws, and the realization they're *his* widens the grin on his snout. His shirt hugs them comfortably, and the notion of showing them off sends another thrill through his chest. The prospect of replacing his wardrobe only slightly tarnishes the moment, and his mind drifts with possibilities. He'll definitely jog back to that apple tree tomorrow.

The movie falls from his attention and his mind wanders between potentials all the way through the credits. A commercial blasts through his speakers and shakes him from his reverie, spurring him to stand and stretch his muscles. The garchomp relishes the way his shirt hugs his chest, and he lets that satisfaction linger as he fetches his vacuum. His apartment is far from messy, but regular cleaning ensures it stays that way. A flick of a switch fills the air with mechanical noise, masking the floor's occasional groan as he makes his way around the space.

[6] The garchomp can neither keep the sway out of his hips nor the flicks from his tail as he moves. His smirk widens to a smile as he gains momentum, an expression that turns bashful when he bumps the kitchen counter. He winces only slightly with that

accidental blow and gently chides himself over being more aware of his surroundings. The moment passes in just a few seconds however, and shortly after he allows his good mood to bubble up anew. He reigns it in when he brushes his hips across an end table, but loses his momentum to a burst of growth. He looses a grunt of surprise as his hips lurch into a bookshelf, shaking its contents with the sharp blow. A track and field trophy tumbles from its top shelf, and it's only through luck and reflexes that he saves it from a ruinous fall. His brow furrows as he returns the prize to its place and proceeds with conscious care.

Despite the garchomp's attention, his hips catch the side of his couch hard and he stumbles. He catches himself and avoids a fall, sprawling over the back of the seat in the process. The spot where he hit aches dully, and it smolders deeper into his bones by the second. He cranes his head to check the spot, searching around the swell of his breasts and tilting his hips out to the side. What he finds widens his eyes and drops his jaw. The looseness of his shorts is long gone, the fabric wrapped tight around hips that could challenge doorways. He runs a claw down their outer curve, and those dreamy swells do not vanish. They give with a pleasant firmness, strengthened muscle padded with a layer of feminine softness.

That explains his apparent clumsiness.

The shock of that realization wears off and delight lingers. That apple has done more for his figure than months of rigorous workouts, and he sears the location of its tree deeper into his memory. He'll be back to it very soon, but in the meantime, he returns to his cleaning. Even aware of his hips, however, they prove unruly. Bumps against tables lead to small scuffs against his walls. The monitor of the garchomp's computer wobbles dangerously when he slams the side of his desk, the mouse jolting hard enough to wake the device. A picture on his dresser falls forward and cracks when he

gives it the same treatment. His bed frame skitters and lurches across the floor with another surge of growth. The weakest threads of his shorts strain and pop, and it takes more effort than expected to nudge it back into place. The garchomp blushes fiercely in the wake of that blow.

Still, it's not until the sharp tear of rending fabric splits the air that the garchomp gives his situation a second thought. He freezes mid motion, arms stretched high to reach atop one of his shelves. A cool breeze kisses his belly, right where his abs have lived for years. Cautiously he reaches into the shadow of his breasts, where a soft, doughy warmth greets him. His claws sink into that flab, and a mortified heat spreads through his snout. Months of diligent sit-ups and crunches vaporize in an instant. His brow furrows and a resigned sigh hisses between his teeth. Maybe he won't be visiting that tree again after all. With a breath and a sigh, he mentally clears out his afternoon schedule in favor of a trip to the gym. In the meantime, he resolves to finish out his chores swiftly.

The garchomp's resolve and focus frays as he moves onto his bathroom. The paunch of his belly spills over his waistband in a slow motion avalanche, tipping his center of mass until his tail and ass thicken enough to counter the effect. The effort of bending over and standing up, reaching into and out of those low cabinets, bakes a smolder into his muscles. The ache of his thighs sparks to the forefront of his thoughts, and his breath deepens with waning stamina. That alone would have been enough to irritate the dragon, but what truly drives him up the wall is the sensation of that flab catching on counters and swinging with his movements. Stepping up to his sink spills that swelling apron into the chill basin, and reaching for the mirror knocks over everything around it.

The straw that breaks his back, however, is the tile floor's cold kiss to his belly button after dropping to his hands and knees.

The rest of his to-do list forgotten, the garchomp rushes for the gym. His love handles catch the edges of his doorway on the way out and the flank of his fattened ass tips an end table. He pays it no mind. All that matters is the front door and getting through it while he can. The lower curve of his belly slaps against thighs as thick as his chest, and the fattened trunk of his tail knocks his coffee table aside in haste. Threads in his shorts pop their protests as he throws the door open, and his momentum grinds to a halt at the threshold to the hallway.

The plush curves of his hips and belly firmly embrace those wooden posts. Soft pops echo down the hall with his twists and turns, desperate motions that callously crack the lumber. The garchomp's efforts pay off in a sudden lurch forward, and it's only by the hefty mass of his tail that he salvages his balance at all. A staggering step forward sends thunder through the floor, and with that momentum he lumbers for the elevator. Its double doors prove much more accommodating, though the car itself drops an inch with his entry. The cables sing a soft song of protest, twinging only occasionally in the ride down. Still, those notes steal away hope of catching his breath or relaxing before the doors slide open again.

The elevator relaxes in his departure, and gradually, his neighbors milling around the lobby turn their attention to him. It's a slow process at first, only snagging the focus of those he waddles directly passed, but that tide turns with soft gasps and utterances of surprise. The garchomp's snout blazes. On some level he knows the tatters of his clothing probably draw more judgment than his figure, but that doesn't alleviate the weight of their stares. More fall upon him as a wave of growth crashes down upon him, adding tens of pounds to his belly in the span of a breath. Already taxed, his legs quiver and collapse under that weight, beaching him upon doughy rolls in the middle of the lobby.

A few failed attempts to rise burn most of his stamina, and his neighbors flock to watch the display. His shirt and shorts give way in a singular snap of fabric, shredding with a resounding tear and fluttering to the ground at his sides. The dragon takes small comfort in the fact his rolls salvage his decency, but that blessing turns to a curse as more of him spills across the floor. The relative comfort of a plush rug yields to the frosty touch of exposed tile, sending a shiver down his spine that wobbles through the rest of him. The unstoppable advance of his flab scoots a coffee table away as if weightless, where it rides the front of his figure against a couch.

The garchomp's dough squishes around that hard shape, wedging it in place more and more firmly until leverage takes effect. His audience takes a cautious step back when the table upturns and crashes into the couch. Seconds after the rolling hills of his ass meet a love seat, piling up against its front before the force of growth slides it loose. Momentum tips it back, a cue that spurs half his audience to excuse themselves. His cheeks blaze fiercely with their murmuring snickers, his tail flicking bashfully until its thickness slows it to a stop. The garchomp's breasts strive for the floor in their growth, only to be countered by the constant expansion of his gut. The overwhelming sensations of growing so large swamp his thoughts, dipping him into a haze that only abates with the cool kiss of a wall.

A confused sound spills from his snout. The fat of his neck thwarts any effort to crane his head, and he can only guess that he's brushed up against the limits of the lobby. Strained protests of creaking wood and particle board resonate through his fat, the complaints of furniture pinned between a rock and a soft place. The building's concrete walls staunchly resist his tide, an anvil upon which the trapped furniture breaks. Those yielding seats and table send ripples across his form, waves that lap at the wide window watching the street. Ominous cracks coax more ripples, preludes to the breaking of glass and a flood of fat.

The warm concrete of the sidewalk outside contrasts sharply with the cool floor of the interior, and the grace of sunlight over so much yet so little of him is a jarring sensation. The hazy rush of growth fades, and the garchomp finds himself utterly immobilized. The fat swaddling his arms and legs pin them effortlessly, and his tail fills the valley between his mountainous cheeks. He shudders at the thought of his quadruple digit BMI, then settles into the soft pillows of his own body. It's going to take years to work all of it off.

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