

Pokemon Bank On The Brink

By Haxcall

(Pokemon Parody. Contains BBW, SSBBW, Slob content. All characters are 18+)

It was around noon when Brian arrived at the Pokemon Bank. It had been almost a year since he had last visited the once prestigious and ultra popular storage facility. The twenty year old trainer had decided to end his subscription with the bank as the new Pokemon HOME storage system had been much more convenient for him to use and he had already moved most of his Pokemon from the Bank to his HOME account. However, he still had a handful of Pokepals left in his Bank storage and he decided to retrieve them before he allowed his subscription to expire.

Brian entered the Pokemon Bank and he was floored by what he witnessed. The once busy and bustling Pokemon storage facility was completely empty of people. The sleek and stylish design of the building had fallen into disrepair. The walls and desks were coated in dust and grease. The floor was littered with garbage, with empty food boxes and soda bottles piled up into small mountains of trash. In the air, there was a distinctly unpleasant odor wafting through the building that was similar to a Muk with food poisoning.

Brian initially believed the Bank had been abandoned and was preparing to leave before he heard the sound of a strong and loudly puttering fart echoing through the building and a woman's voice that was deep yet familiar came from the back.

"...Oh man, that reeks. And it burns a little too. I've been eating too much spicy curry lately. Maybe I'll try that new malasada place that opened downtown..."

"Hello, is someone there?" Brian called out.

"Ah man, are you another bill collector? Look, I promise you the check's in the mail so just beat it!"

“I’m a trainer trying to access the bank.” He explained.

“A trainer!” The voice said excitedly. Brian could hear the sounds of clumsily fumbling and heavy footsteps accompanied by heavy breathing. It wasn’t long, though longer than what it would take most to walk a couple hundred feet, before an out of shape and out of breath sweaty, obese woman stumbled into view. Brian briefly wondered who this disgusting fat woman was before her fattened features struck a chord in his memories and he realized that this was Brigitte, the overseer of the Pokemon Bank.

Brian looked at her and was shocked by what he saw. The previously cool and fashionable Brigitte was now an obese mess in dirty, barely fitting clothing. She had to weigh at least four hundred pounds, maybe even close to five hundred, with it all spread unevenly across her body, giving her a body type akin to a squishy, malformed potato. Her once styled ginger hair was a frayed and frizzy mess, with grease and bits of food stuck in it. Her formerly confident face was now padded with an extra thick layer of plush adipose with her flushed and huffing as she filled her chubby cheeks and wobbling double chin with air as she recovered from her short jog from the back room. She wore a novelty Pikachu t-shirt where the red cheeks were supposed to cover each boob, however her torso was so fat and her breasts were so bloated that the famous electric mouse’s face was stretched to the point of being almost unrecognizable and her bulging gut and muffin top was so big and that the shirt could even fit over her belly button. Squeezed over her thunderbolt thighs and her were a pair of novelty sweatpants with Pokeballs . However, like her shirt, the printed pictures were mishapenned upon her bulbous, dumpy rear and the fabric could barely fit over two-thirds of her fat ass, leaving a generous amount of crack showing and letting every one of her brassy poots emerge with little muffling of their sound or scent. Within the fabric wedged in between her gaseous cheeks there was a line of moistness that Brian hoped was just sweat despite it being suspiciously darker than all the other sweat stains adorning her shabby outfit. Despite her sorry state, Brigitte looked at Brian with glee in her eyes, as if him showing up was the highlight of her day.

“Welcome to the Pokemon Bank!” Brigitte said grinning ear to ear. “We’re so happy to see you!”

“Are you the only one here?” Brian asked.

“Oh why yes, we’ve currently been suffering from staff shortages and some... minor financial issues ever since the launch of Pokemon HOME, but I assure you that we’re still the world’s best storage facility!”

She turned to dramatically sweep her arm around and one of her sweaty, oversized boobs nearly struck Brian across the face. It was only then that Bridgette, who had long since gotten used to her sloppy body and surroundings, realized what a mess she and the buildings looked like.

“My apologies! You’ve caught me at a bad time.” She cried out, deciding to put focus on herself rather than try to explain the squalid state she had allowed the Bank to fall into. “I suppose I’m a bit bigger than what I used to be but my devotion to serving trainers like you far ellipses my waistline in size! So are you here to renew your account and deposit some of your Pokemon with us today?”

“Actually. I’m here to move the last of my Pokemon to HOME before my account expires.” Brian explained.

Brigitte's eyes twitched while her happy smile suddenly looked forced and unnerving.

“But of course. Right this way, let’s get you to a computer so you can... move your Pokemon to HOME.” She said in a strained voice.

She led Brian to a computer in an empty hog sty of a media room where trainers once swarmed in order to fill the facility’s servers full of their Pokemon. He sat down and turned on the sleeping console and he was greeted with a Twitter page with a banner of Brigitte with her obese body squeezed into a set of tight and revealing lingerie in the style of a Grumpig with the image overlaid with the phrase ‘Greta the Grumpy Grumpig’ in purple, cursive text. Brigitte immediately pushed Brian aside with her sweaty, greasy bulk and began to panickedly fumble

around with the mouse, inadvertently causing the screen to scroll up and down and letting Brian see glimpses of the posted content. They were mostly links to videos and photosets, many of them having names like 'Greta's Learns Poison Gas After Eating Too Much Curry' or 'Greta Video Calls Nurse Joi'. Most of them had preview pics and clips, some of which she was half nude in teasing poses while in others she was almost certainly nude but it was blurred so that if you wanted to see all the goods then you would have to click on the link included in the Tweet and pay for it. In her profile description it read: *'If you want to help me keep my trough full and see all of my girthy and gassy antics, full length and uncensored, then be sure to subscribe to my OnlyFans!'*

Brigette quickly managed to get the mouse to the 'X' and close the window.

"Oh my Arceus, I thought I had used another computer for that..." Bridgette said exasperated. "...I mean, I have no idea how that got there. It must have been another visitor misusing the computers when I wasn't looking."

"Uh huh." Brian said. The experience of being here and seeing what Brigette and the Bank had become was too surreal and depressing for him and he just wanted to leave as quickly as possible. He logged into his long neglected Pokemon Bank account and saw that he had accumulated over 5000 PokeMiles.

"My, my, my! Someone has a lot of PokeMiles saved up!" Brigette said enthusiastically. "Maybe you might want to reconsider not renewing your account with us. If you leave, you'll lose all the Miles you have stored up!"

"What am I supposed to do with PokeMiles anymore?" Brian asked.

Brigette briefly fell silent.

"...Well there are still a couple of prominent places like Kalos and Alola where you can trade them for top tier moves!"

"Well, I'm going to Sinnoh after this. Besides, HOME has a point system I can use to buy stuff too."

“Yes well...does HOME have a big, fat piggy mama!” Brigitte blurted out suddenly, repeating a line from one of her most popular OnlyFans videos.

Brian stared at her in stunned silence as she started adjusting her filthy clothes in an attempt to be more seductively looking. She quickly lifted her soiled top, giving Brian an unobscured view of her stretch mark covered belly and her massive breasts contained within their tight, threadbare and sweat drenched brassiere. She also eagerly pulled down her sweatpants a few inches, showing off even more butt cleavage than before to the point where she was all but mooning Brian when she briefly turned around and pointed her ass at him. This normally drove the chubby chasers in her ‘Greta’ livestreams wild but the much more vanilla Brian was just taken aback by what he was seeing.

“My, it’s suddenly hot in here, probably because someone as smoking as you came in. You look like a trainer who enjoys a good time. Which type of storage system would you rather use: one run by a hairy old man or one run by a woman who’s a literal quarter ton of fun!” Brigitte said to the now speechless Brian. She had hoped that she would come off as seductive but it had just come off as sad and awkward so she moved on to her main proposal.

“How’s this for a use of your savings? You can rub my belly for 10 PokeMiles per minute or, if you want to, you can give my Wailmer of a rear a good, hard tanning for a 10 Mile a smack.”

“I’m sorry but I’m uninterested.” Brian said, uncomfortable at this turn of events.

“C’mon, I know you want to.” Brigitte tried to say sexually but couldn’t hide the desperate tinge in her. She pressed her moist, greasy, growling gut against Brian as he worked on moving the last of his Pokemon from the servers. “Here give my PokePaunch a good pat down as a free preview. Or how about this! I’ll give you a 50 percent bulk discount on the spanking! Twenty smacks for just 100 PokeMiles!” She turned her wobbling frame around, bent over and began twerking mere inches away from Brian’s face. However she couldn’t stop herself from letting loose a few curry powered poots directly into his recoiling sinuses.

The disgusted Brian nearly gagged from both disgust and second hand shame for what Brigette had been reduced to. He finally finished moving the last of his Pokemon and rushed out of the building with Brigette waddling close behind.

“Okay, how about this! No limits on belly rubs and spankings! Just 100 PokeMiles and my fat ass is yours to play with as you please for the entire day!” Brigette shouted as she trailed behind him. “I do all sorts of other services too! I can rock your world like an Onix! Just don’t go!”

Brian fled through the Pokemon Bank’s doors and ran like there was no tomorrow, never to return to the Bank again if he could help it. Brigette fell to her fat padded knees in defeat at having lost yet another user to HOME. With the bills piling up, she would need to once again rely on outside financial support in order to keep the lights on. Unfortunately, unlike a real bank, if Brigette wanted a financial bailout then she would need to resort to much more crude and unorthodox methods of obtaining the capital she required.

The following Friday night, Brigette went to Rustboro City, home of the Devon Corporation head office, an overcoat hiding the fact that she was scantily clad in nothing but her skimpy ‘Greta the Grumpig’ outfit. She walked inside the building, took the private elevator to the penthouse and awaiting her inside was Steven, heir to the Devon Corporation and Champion of the Hoenn Region.

The two had a rather confidential and mutually beneficial arrangement. She would submit herself to helping him indulge in the various fat fantasies and kinks he privately had and he would give her the funds need to keep the Pokemon Bank afloat for another month and help her hold off her almost inevitable fate of having to return back home to Fallabor Town as a big fat failure and spending the rest of her days working as her little sister Lanette’s obese assistant.

Tonight, the first fetish fantasy Steven had planned was him having her eat an entire trough of cake and bacon while he repeatedly pleased himself directly into her high fat feed.

After that, they took a short break for her to digest and for him to 'reload' before they moved on to having her dance for him on the stripper pole he had set up in his bedroom.

"Oink! Oink! Mr. Champion, sir." She said shyly as she bounced, twirled and twerked her massive, jiggly, sweaty frame around the pole. "If it's okay with you, could we just cuddle for the rest of the evening? Dancing at my size isn't easy, especially after such a big meal. Oink!"

"You know the rules of our agreement 'Greta.' You get to rest for the night only after you've finished the tasks we've agreed upon." Steven replied. "Your schedule for tonight includes feeding, then a dance that lasts no shorter than ten minutes and finally I get to pork your fat form for as long as I wish. If you wish to end the dance early then I can oblige you but it will result in a lower payout..."

"Oink! Oink! I'm sorry, master! I'll dance and afterwards you can have a free ten minute session where you can spank and rub me all you want! Oink! Oink!" She hastily said, needing all the money she could to support both her expensive business and her almost as expensive meal plan.

Brigitte ignored her tired muscles and began twerking with extra intensity and, once again, she couldn't stop herself from letting out some pungent farts with each clap of her ass. Unlike Brian, Steven pleased himself to the sights and scents of the fallen storage host, with whatever parts of his mind not focused on the pig girl in front of him at work imagining new fetish situations he would have her play out the next time she called him for a handout.

Hello, I'm Haxcall, fan and writer of stories about plus sized women and weight gain. If you enjoyed this story, please visit my social media pages to check out more of my stories, learn news about future events, or if you just wanna hang out and chat.

<https://twitter.com/Haxcall>

<https://www.deviantart.com/haxcall>

<https://www.patreon.com/Haxcall>