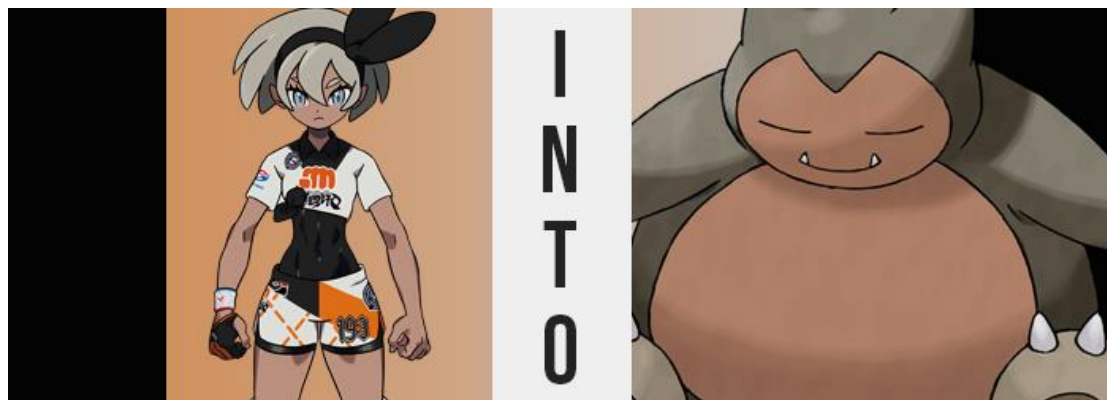


LAX CURRY

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It was important to balance a healthy diet and exercise.

Bea was very strict about both of these things. She had to be, because there were plenty that looked up to her as a Gym Leader. Her fans aside, Bea's fighting-type Pokemon needed to be kept on track when it came to healthy living as well. She had to lead by example, show them the best ways to succeed. Machop may have been Pokemon built around the idea of strength, but even they could be weakened by a poor diet and lack of a proper workout.

When out in the Wild Area with her team she had grown accustomed to serving curry. It was a local delicacy, could be made in a plethora of different ways with a multitude of ingredients, and was delightfully healthy. Flavor didn't need to be sacrificed in favor of health benefits, which made it the ultimate camping food.

While cooking she always kept her Pokemon in their Pokeballs. They liked the surprise of what they were getting for dinner and it had become something of a tradition for her to cook alone for this reason. Mind you, she was no expert curry creator and she assumed her offerings were paltry at best... but seeing her Pokemon smile when they ate? That was the real prize.

It didn't take long for the Gym Leader to cook the sauce needed for her dish, and before she set out all of the plates she had chosen to sample it. **"This is really good, actually..."** Perhaps she shouldn't have been so surprised, but she'd included a number of berries she'd never used before.

Unbeknownst to her, a dangerous and unknown fruit had also been mixed in.

It carried a flavor that was both bitter and sweet at the same time, a fruity ensemble that would definitely taste great served with a plate of rice. But it was also... a little too good. Bea was always so measured when it came to sampling her own cooking, but she couldn't help but steal another spoonful without delay. "**Mmm!**" How was it that the second mouthful tasted even *better*?

But the stew was beginning to cause a reaction with her body. Well, not the curry itself, but the mystery berry that had been included in the cooking process. She was feeling... *bloated*? A gastronomical reaction in her digestive system after eating only two spoonfuls? That just wasn't plausible. Even if it wasn't going to sit well in her body, or cause gas, the process should have taken far less time than, well, *instantly*.

Her left hand reached down to rub her belly as it gargled. "**That's odd, I don't normally have digestive issues... Was it that berry?**" Bea wasn't a fool, she could readily identify a potential problem. If it was already making her sick, could she really serve it to her Pokemon? It would be dangerous, right? So she couldn't--

GULP!

"...!?" The sweet and bitter taste of the curry filled her mouth once more and was immediately swallowed. While she'd been rubbing her tummy, her other hand had reached for the ladle to shove yet another spoonful of the curry into her mouth even though common sense suggested not eating anymore. "**Why did I...!?**"

An addiction? Had she so quickly become addicted to the taste? Even now it took all of her will power to keep her own hand from reaching back towards the ladle for thirds. No, could an addiction even come on so suddenly? It was just a craving, right? A craving... She could resist it...

She couldn't.

Her willpower wasn't enough to resist filling another ladle, this time sipping from it in a ravenous, sloppy manner that ended up spilling against her face and down the front of her outfit. This time, though? The curry went straight to her tummy in more ways than one. Naturally everything you eat goes to your stomach, but this was notably *different*.

As her gut gargled once more, the toned muscle in her abs dramatically lessened. Her tummy became soft and unfit, and while that lingered for

a moment... the worst case scenario came true. *Her belly had begun to bulge.* At first it was only a little bit, Bea's expression suggesting she thought that maybe she was suffering from something like gas. Her hand slid back down to rub it again, slipping past curry that had fallen against her lap, and she let out a surprised yelp once she felt it. Her fingers had sunk right into a soft, cushioned tummy. Cushioned by fat of course.

“My muscles are gone!? No, more than that, I’m gaining weight!?” She stared downward, her chest not so large that she couldn't see her stomach (*particularly with it jutting out a little as it was*). It continued to swell, the contents inside sloshing around uncomfortable as the Gym Leader uniform top that contained it was stretched both forward and to the sides. For a brief moment Bea might have been mistaken for being pregnant, but that illusion was dashed by just how broad it was expanding. **“What is going on--”**

“BLAAAAARP!?”

The girl's cheeks immediately burned a bright pink, lips contorted with disgust. A thunderous belch had burst from her mouth and had lingered for several moments, the scent of the gas foul and the taste that hung in her mouth following its release putrid - like she'd consumed moldy food, or perhaps even garbage right off the ground. Bea opened and closed her mouth several times to try and get the disgusting taste out, but it was persistent. Her saliva had adopted this taste and smell, doomed to be consistently rancid for the rest of Bea's days.

She wasn't afforded much time to worry about that foul taste though, not while her gut was continuing to rumble and grow. While she had felt sick at first, it was becoming apparent to the Gym Leader that she had misjudged that gargle in her gut. Because now? It was clear as day. It was actually hunger. In fact, despite the fact that her growing belly was cause for alarm, she couldn't help but continue to think about the pot of curry she'd made.

Resistance was key here, but the hungrier she felt the harder it was to resist. It just smelled so good, and she knew how good it tasted too. Her mind was already making excuses to partake -- maybe that good tasting meal would wash away the foul taste of her own mouth! That was a good enough reason!

But this time? She didn't reach for the ladle. One hand reached for one side of the pot, the other grabbing the opposite one. It was a pot just a little smaller than her body was regularly, and she hadn't been able to

move it over the fire without the help of her Machamp before cooking. It should have been far too heavy for her to lift, but...

Her arms didn't really *look* right. The muscles had already escaped, much like they had with her tummy, but it wasn't like her arms had really thinned. They were actually *broadening*, growing thicker as her hands gripped around the side of the massive cooking pot. There was certainly muscle in there, but the flesh that build wasn't exclusively so. In fact, much of it began to sag through gravity's influence. Near her upper arms the short sleeves of her top strained around swelling limbs until the fabric eventually burst, and they hardly looked out of place thanks to the fact that the bloating in her gut had begun to round out the rest of her torso.

Fine hairs sprouted, a slightly darker shade than the hair that rested on Bea's head. They were most obviously seen running up and down her big, saggy arms, but they were growing down the sides and back of her body as well, not to mention the sides of her neck. But Bea didn't notice. Foul-scented drool was pooling in the corner of her mouth with a viscosity that shouldn't have been possible for a human, eyes fixated completely on the pot and its contents. She couldn't resist anymore. It *had* to be in her mouth. She *had* to taste it. She *needed* to be full!

She mustered all of the strength she could, and by doing so the rolls of fat in her arms rippled down to her wrists, which immediately fattened and became one with the rolls themselves. Her hands followed suit, fingers thickening and merging until not a single digit remained and each hand was little more than a circular bulge, but in the place of fingers four white claws shot out of each paw-hand. They were important for gripping things so that she could perform tasks like shaking trees to knock down fruit, or shaking carts to free snacks, or for picking up cauldrons of curry.

Instinct, evidently, was guiding her. But it surely wasn't *human* instinct. These desires were too simple. For all of her commitment to leading the healthiest lifestyle imaginable, thoughts of food and how to obtain it were all that came to mind now. She was already selecting future targets, like the crate of ingredients she could *smell* hidden behind the rocks on the camp's outskirts.

But for now? The curry. Bea had no difficulty lifting the pot with her fat, stubby arms. They were surprisingly strong, and she rose it into the air high enough to pour it all directly into her mouth. **“Give it to laaaaaax!”** As she cried out for the release of a full mouth, her voice became incredibly deep and husky while voicing the sound of the Pokemon she was looking more and more like.

Eventually the curry sauce began to pour from the pot and directly into her mouth. The stream started out small, but as she swallowed and swallowed it became clear that her mouth was incapable of keeping up with the amount falling. It was simply *too small*. Bea's newly discovered instincts found blessings though, and the needle of fate soon tilted in her favor.

Not only her mouth, but her *entire head* began to stretch. It was substantial in the horizontal sense but more subtle vertically, though even then the extent of it was being undersold. As it stretched it was becoming rounder, bulkier, and thicker much like the rest of her body. The girl's mouth was soon able to open wider and wider, showing off the fact that her tongue had become dense and rough, and her teeth resembled a large animal's more than a human's with the size and cut of her molars.

She gulped and gulped, the pot quickly emptying as her body's size was quickly increased with thanks to the fact that she was consuming more of the berry that had started it all. Her belly erupted from beneath her clothes, torso ultimately shredding everything she was wearing as her hairless tummy was revealed to be both leathery and void of any sexual characteristics. Her bellybutton had disappeared, and once her breasts had grown so dense than they'd merged with her tummy even her nipples ended up completely erased.

The hair atop Bea's head was regressing, and at the same time her ears were growing larger. They climbed the sides of her head, path easier to navigate because it only took a moment for her hair to recede completely into a thin lining of fur that dipped down her forehead in a large triangle. Ears ended up large and animal-like, but they were hardly adept at hearing. At best they had a similar level of sense to her human ones despite their pyramid shapes.

Desperately, Bea shook the bet with her claws. The contents had been completely emptied into her mouth and belly, but instead of turning her attention to her physical problem, she instead started to wonder where she might find more food. Even while this was happening her body hadn't stopped growing, and her face had become so plump that she couldn't even open her eyes wider than a squint. "**LAAAAAX!?**"

Her legs were uncomfortable. She weighed at least 800 pounds now and was still bulking up, and those little limbs weren't strong enough to support such a hefty form. It felt like her legs might snap like twigs at any moment, but fortunately the transformed before they could. Feet erupted into a pair of thick, round discs with a similar leathery feel to her fat belly, and a trio of claws stuck out of each of them. As they

expanded, her legs were slurped up by her torso until there really wasn't any leg left to speak of.

Where her belly ended, her feet began. It really wasn't much different from how her neck had ended up completely erased by the folds of fat from her gut and head meeting. Nothing was left of her costume by this point, merely scraps that were scattered around the excessively thick body of a seven foot tall, one thousand pound female Snorlax. She was incapable to properly support her weight for a moment once her feet had changed, and after dropping the pot she fell onto her back with a loud bang that shook the earth like an earthquake.

"...Snoooooor!?" Bea laid there completely still for a moment. Her ability to think had dulled, and fatigue had taken hold. Moving this big body required a lot of energy, and now that she had a full belly she was debating having a nap. But the shock of falling backwards? It had jogged a reminder. *'What happened to me!? I'm a Snorlax? That's impossible! But my body is so heavy, and I'm so hungry.'* It seemed the berry's spell had worn off, and her old self was able to surface at least a little.

'If I can get back to town... Wasn't Professor Sonia studying the notes of that Bill from Kanto? The one that turned himself into a Pokemon? Maybe I could... If I just... walk to town...' That burst of will began to fade, even though she was desperately trying to keep it vocal. She was just so tired! She just wanted to take a nice... long... *'No! Don't fall asleep, Bea! You need to get up... and move... and... and...'*

"SNOOOOOORLAAAAAAX!"

Putrid breath erupted from her large mouth once more as a hefty yawn escaped. It was enough to lull her completely into slumber, and so Bea's line of thought was completely cut off. Bea was gone. There was just a Snorlax, apparently laying in the middle of someone's camp as it snored, and snored, and snored.

When she woke up she would still retain her human awareness, but hunger would tug her away. Then she would get tired and fall asleep. Eat and sleep. Eat and sleep. She'd never return to town this way, and as she was...

She would spend the rest of her life as a hungry, hungry Snorlax.