Even now, he couldn’t believe it. Mewtwo always knew that some meddlesome human would try to catch him someday, but he at least expected it to be a strong trainer. Perhaps an Elite Four of a Frontier Brain. Maybe even a champion. What he never expected was some random college student would be the one to be the one to catch him. Even then, he would’ve been moderately accepting of his trainer if the battle had been fair and square.

But no. Once again, humans had tried to make up for their lack of skill and power by trying to cheat the natural order of the world. Mewtwo himself was one of the examples, but on top of that, the Pokeball that his trainer had used to catch him bypassed their clash entirely. Mewtwo blinked, and before he could even send a swift barrage of stars down onto the Machamp in front of him, the ball had already hit his head. The catch was instantaneous, and now he was stuck here—in a middle-income home where he was treated with the same reverence as any other Pokémon instead of the legendary being he had been born as.

There was only one silver lining to this endeavor—human food was far more refined to his palette compared to the berries and wild Pokémon from Cerulean Cave, but even then, his human had the gall to deprive him of the only pleasure that he could find in his current living situation. He still remembered that phrase and the intense *ire* that ignited within him.

*Mewtwo, you need to go on a diet! You're getting too hefty, and I can't have people saying things when I show you off in my first semester at Naranja Academy.*

The fact that his trainer thought for a second that he could dictate what he could and couldn’t eat was beyond offensive. From that moment on, he swore that he was going to show him what would happen if he tried to control him just like any other Pokémon.

He made that vow to himself a few months ago, and ever since, he had continued to defy his trainer’s orders for fitness and dieting.

Now—eight in the morning—the sun began to pour through the window, finally forcing Mewtwo to get out of bed. “Mgh… I suppose that I've lingered in this room for long enough…" Using his psychic powers, he managed to replicate his owner's bed to get one for himself. He adamantly refused to sleep in Pokemon beds like the rest of his team—throwing the purple one offered to him after his capture into the trash.

The bed creaked in relief as he slowly lugged himself from it. The springs were uncompressed—the stress of holding up Mewtwo's hefty frame having finally stopped.

His defiance of his trainer’s request had manifested in excessive eating. For every complaint that would be thrown towards him about his indulgence or increasingly portlier frame, Mewtwo would go deeper into his gluttony. It was the only act of defiance allowed to him under the control of his trainer, and Mewtwo was more than glad to constantly enforce it every chance he got.

Of course, that very same trainer would constantly try to constantly prevent him from getting his hands on the food. The young adult would lock every single cabinet in the house along with the fridge—each one with a different look. Of course, just a flick of the wrist was enough to send enough psychic power towards the lock to dismantle it. With his trainer’s sleeping hours, he could have free reign over the house and every single piece of junk food that he could ever want-

From packaged cakes to family-sized bags of potato chips, Mewtwo would indulge in his voracious appetite. He relished the sensation of each delectable morsel as it passed over his taste buds, savoring the flavor and texture. The sheer pleasure of consuming these human delicacies was his way of asserting dominance, a silent rebellion against his trainer's attempts to control him.

Of course, that reckless indulgence had led to his weight increasing to the point of full-blown obesity. Every action became a struggle as the pounds piled on, making simple tasks feel like an uphill battle. His calves, legs, and thighs now had significant amounts of jiggling fat that shook with each heavy step he took. That was when he *was* taking steps. Eventually, it became easier for him to simply levitate his morbidly obese self rather than attempt to walk on his own.

Going down the stairs, he was ready to scarf down as many snacks and meals as he could before his trainer got home from an important meeting regarding a scholarship in that accursed academy he never stopped talking about. Such meandering and meaningless events usually took hours to complete, according to what he had seen reading the young man’s mind—the perfect time frame for him to let his gluttony run wild.

Moving past the couch that he ruined by sitting down on it without regard, he couldn’t help but smile at the symbol of his power over his reluctant master. The memory was so vivid that it felt as if it had happened mere moments ago. The rolls of fat on his back compressing as he set down, love handles jutting outward as he placed his chunky, hefty tail and lardy ass cheeks on the couch seats… before a massive crack was heard.

*The fool still refuses to release me… maybe I’ll break his bed next. Perhaps that will make him come into reason.*

Now walking towards the kitchen, he continued to mindlessly float. The constant hovering often brought mindlessness and complacency over how much he moved. It was so easy that it was just only now that he realized that the size could ever be a detriment to himself. While his levitation had no problem pulling his weight around, the sheer *girth* of it occupied so much space that it was only a matter of time before it became a problem.

"H-huh? What is the…" As he tried to pass through the doorway, Mewtwo found that his blubbery thighs had gotten stuck between the edges of the door. Instinctively, he tried to nudge himself forward—the only fruit of his attempt being all the adipose tissue and cellulite jiggling like rippling water. "T-this is ridiculous… This idiot doesn't have a wide enough door to accommodate bigger Pokémon?! Is there anything this man can do?!"

He pushed against the walls on the kitchen’s side—the segmented folds of fat that coated his arm slapping against each other with each futile push. His tail sagged against the floor—thrashing and squirming as if it had a life of its own—while the voluptuous, sagging mounds of fat that were his butt cheeks bounced up and down like water balloons being dangled in the air.

He couldn't bear the thought of his trainer coming home and finding him stuck in the doorway. The humiliation would be unbearable, not to mention the scolding that would last for minutes if not *hours*.

“Dammit, I have to… mgh…!” With a final desperate heave, Mewtwo managed to squeeze his bulk through the narrow doorway, leaving behind a trail of sweat and exertion. He popped into the kitchen with a wet *pop* as the built-up momentum sent him flying forward. He fell on his belly—the giant cushion of flab cushioning his fall. “About… time…” He grunted, slowly rising from the ground. Looking back at the doorway that had gotten him stuck—a scowl formed in his head. Raising his flabby arm up, he extended his hand and caused both the wood and the structural interior to *bend* outward violently with a loud crunch—finally wide enough for him to go through without problem. “This will make things easier in the future…”

Now free to roam the kitchen, pride welled up inside Mewtwo as he surveyed the room. The countertops were cluttered with half-eaten bags of chips, empty cookie boxes, and crumbs that bore witness to his relentless snacking—all of them remnants of his midnight snack.

“I might as well finish them all…”

With a flick of his wrist, he lifted the leftovers off the table and into the air. They swirled and danced in front of him before slowly floating towards his open mouth. He closed his eyes and savored the flavors as they melted in his mouth.

The sensation of the food hitting his taste buds was euphoric, a burst of flavor and satisfaction that temporarily eclipsed any other thoughts or concerns. Mewtwo relished the feeling of the food filling his mouth, the crunch of the chips, and the sweet softness of the cookies. It was in these moments, surrounded by a cloud of junk food and indulgence, that he felt truly in control. Every swallow was like a wave of satisfaction washing over him—the urge to continue building larger and larger.

With each bite, he pushed back against the limitations placed upon him. He reveled in defying his trainer's expectations and proving that he could not be controlled. He would take what he wanted *when* he wanted—no approval from his trainer needed.

Before long, the leftovers were consumed. He was still *far* from full, though. The shelves were practically overflowing with boxes of cookies, bags of chips, and packages of candy. Mewtwo's eyes gleamed with excitement as he surveyed the variety before him. He reached out with his pudgy fingers and grabbed a box of cream-filled pastries, tearing it open with a sense of triumph.

One by one, Mewtwo devoured the sweet treats, relishing in the softness of the cream against his tongue. Each bite was an affirmation of his power and defiance. He had no intention of stopping anytime soon; he was determined to consume every last morsel within reach.

As he continued his feast, the kitchen around him became a chaotic mess of discarded wrappers and crumbs. “Mgh, mghmmg…” He moaned, tracing his tongue around his lips to scrape any leftover crumbs and bits of food. “Mghave to… keep eating…” He told himself—his gluttony turning borderline manic.

The sun kept pouring through the window, and he was ready to keep eating until it went all the way down.

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Twisting the key, Carlos was just glad that the entire ordeal had gone well. From here, if everything goes smoothly, he'll be studying journalism at the Naranja Academy in a few months—with free housing to boot! The only possible problem was the fact that he *did* boast about having a Mewtwo—conveniently leaving out the legendary clone's behavioral problem. No matter, since he was sure he could just discipline him by the time he started his semester.

Well, that was what he thought before he opened the door. Immediately, he saw that the doorway to the kitchen had been demolished. With all his other Pokémon stored inside their respective Poké Balls, there was only one Pokémon that could’ve done this. “Dammit… I thought that he could at least control himself…”

Mewtwo would grow violent and restless if he was *ever* put in his Poké Ball, but the current situation was clearly an emergency.

Rushing to the kitchen, he was shocked to see Mewtwo lying on the ground, surrounded by tons of discarded wrappers and packages. He was unconscious—a satisfied drooling smile painted across his face.

“Ugh…” Carlos grimaced. “I guess it’s Pokemon fat camp to you. I didn’t want to do this, but at this rate, I’m not gonna get accepted…” Clicking the Master Ball, Mewtwo’s colossal frame was enveloped in red light before being transported into the ball. “Ugh, this is going to cost me a fortune…”