

It had been a long road to redemption for Guzma, but the former Team Skull leader had come to find a new groove and new friends to keep him on the level...even if his ego was as fragile as ever...

"Another day, another butt-whoopin'..." Guzma grumbled with his hands stuffed in his pockets in an all too sulking manner.

Hau, the tanned young man traveling besides Guzma, laughed playfully with his arms behind his head and said, "Oh come on, Guzma. You and your Pokemon put up a great fight! You even won a match or two!"

"La dee freakin' da..." Guzma mumbled, about as enthusiastic as a slug in the sun.

The sun dipped low over the Alolan horizon, casting a warm, golden hue over the bustling streets of Malie City. Both Guzma and Hau continued walking side by side with Guzma still slumped all gloomy over a series of rather astounding losses against Hau during their usual training matches.

It had become something of a common practice at this point, with the two doing tons of training matches together. In spite of his past nastiness, Hau wasn't one to judge, and as a result, the two had formed an almost big brother, little brother relationship.

...Just one where the big brother could've done with a few more wins here or there...

As they rounded a corner, their eyes fell upon a neon sign flickering in the twilight, a brand new All-You-Can-Eat buffet.

"Oooohhh, I heard this place is great!" Hau exclaimed almost eagerly before nudging Guzma enthusiastically and adding, "Wanna give it a try? I'm actually really hungry!"

Guzma sniffed the air. In spite of his grumpy attitude, he had to admit, the aromas wafting from this place definitely had one tasty-smelling allure...

"Eh, guess I could eat..." Guzma muttered, blushing a little when his stomach growled quite audibly, betraying how much hungrier he was than he was letting on.

Hau snickered before smiling kindly at the man and saying, "It HAS been a long day."

Guzma rolled his eyes, but in spite of himself, couldn't help but smirk a bit.

The kid was too nice for his own good sometimes...

The two grabbed themselves a booth and wasted no time loading up their trays with tons and tons of food. They both had proverbial mountains of food laid before them; tons of plates with all sorts of varied entrees that they loved, and every intention of wolfing down every last scrap of food. As soon as they were settled, Guzma and Hau wasted no time just digging right in.

Guzma was digging in eagerly, genuinely shocked by just how good everything tasted. But when he glanced back at Hau, he was even more shocked by what he saw. The merry, dark-skinned teen was absolutely *ravenous*. He grabbed a bowl of noodles and without even taking the time to slurp up the noodles and meat first, just chugged the bowl down as if he were downing a cup of water. Hau was taking in rather large glugs as his slender throat pulsed with thick gulps before the bowl was bone-dry.

And while Hau's love of malasadas went without saying, Guzma could safely say that he'd never seen a single person in his life just shove THREE of the doughy treats into their mouth all at once. Let alone someone so young, and yet, Hau downed them effortlessly, huffed after an especially sizable gulp sent a thick bulge descending down his throat...aaaaand immediately went back for more.

Something triggered within Guzma after such a relentless display of gluttony...

After spending all of their training session getting schooled by the green-haired boy, Guzma wasn't about to let himself be shown up in the food department by some kid! So, with newfound vigor, Guzma decided to kick it up a notch. He greedily shoved several slices of pizza into his mouth at once and took a huge, voracious CHOMP. The white-haired man spent several moments sloppily chewing before giving a sizable gulp of his own, and just ravenously cramming as much of the remaining pizza into his gaping maw as he could fit in there.

Guzma huffed breathlessly, while he had a pretty intense appetite, he was definitely not used to eating so much so quickly. However, he pushed that aside and continued wolfing down his meal with reckless abandon.

Hau, of course, was utterly oblivious to this one-sided eating contest the two of them were having...and it truly was one-sided. Guzma was struggling just to keep up with the young boy, while Hau was effortlessly and merrily stuffing himself with so much food at once that a few nearby families were watching the lad gorge himself as if they were watching the Pokemon Discovery Channel. But on top of just being in awe of how fast and how much the boy was packing away, many eyes were absolutely dumbstruck at the sight of Hau's belly. Hau had been devouring so much in such a short period of time that his normally flat stomach had long since ballooned out by a solid two feet. His black t-shirt hiked up to expose a sliver of flesh at the bottom.

And yet, Hau was still, *somehow*, just pounding his food away without a single care in the whole world, just basking in how delicious everything he ate was.

*...The kid ain't human...ain't no way...* Guzma thought to himself as he struggled to keep up with Hau, and yet, in spite of how unbearably full he felt after a while, he powered on through anyway. His pace wasn't nearly as rapid as Hau, but he managed to push himself anyway. Guzma's own gut grew big and heavy, gurgling noisily and aggressively, as if it had been angrily warning him to stop eating a long time ago...but Guzma wasn't exactly one to listen to good advice sometimes. So he ate and he ate, feeling his once flat stomach grow round, heavy and quite *painfully* overstuffed.

By the end of their feeding frenzy, not a single scrap of food remained. Both Guzma and Hau slumped back in their seats, positively stuffed to the brim.

“Haaahh...ohhhh man, I'm STUFFED!” Hau moaned contentedly as he slowly ran his hands up and down his big, bulging belly. His shirt had hiked up to the point where it hovered just below his bellybutton, almost teasingly. He gave his incredibly bloated belly a couple of happy pats and moaned to himself, adding, “...boy, the food here sure was good, wasn't it, Guzma!”

Guzma's only response was a long, painful belch he failed to stifle behind his hand, and a miserable groan. His belly was so agonizingly bloated that he looked like he was on the verge of bursting. “...Urrrrgh...y'ever have those moments where ya start to reflect on your life choices...?” He paused to muffle another deep belch and moaned, thumping the side of his engorged gut and adding, “...this is definitely one'uh those moments...ohhhh, my gut...”

The man slowly rubbed his ballooned out, overly stuffed stomach with both hands, groaning in immensely discomfort as he did so. But as he glanced at the size of his belly, then Hau's, and all the empty plates the two of them left behind, he couldn't help but manage a small, albeit pained smirk. He was feeling miserable, to be certain, but at the very least, he actually managed to keep up with Hau, even match him plate for plate.

“H-Heh, we really went all out, didn't we...” Guzma muttered groggily.

Licking his lips, Hau gave his beachball-sized belly a couple of contented pats and tried to respond, but when he opened his mouth, the only thing that exited his maw was a HUGE, table-rattling belch, one that was heard by every single person in the buffet, which caught both him and Guzma by surprise. Blushing heavily, Hau covered his mouth and chuckled sheepishly. “Eh...h-heh...e-excuse me...”

Guzma stared in shock for but a moment, before smirking, smacking his chest, and letting out a burp of his own that was every bit as loud. “Ahhh...heh, yer excused, kid...” They were definitely gonna have to do this again sometime...