

“Ugh, Jix! You left your comics laying around again! Can you clean this up, please?”

The apartment was a *mess*, and that wasn't a new thing. The apartment was never quite clean enough for her tastes, so-

“When I get back Jaxie! I've gotta go run.”

Jix jogged into the kitchen. The pair of Jolteons looked *very* similar, but one could hardly expect anything else of siblings of the same Pokemon type. Mostly the differences came down to style. Jix was in running shoes and jeans, wearing a red hat with a lightning bolt on it, and a red and white striped jacket. Jaxie had the same color scheme going on but she was in jean shorts, stockings, and a smaller vest. She was also wearing a glare at the moment.

“Seriously?! You're just come to come back too tired and pass out again. Also *hands off* the candies in my room, got it? Those are for a project in my STEM classes, they're from the *school's stockpiles* and they aren't snacks.”

Rolling his eyes, Jix nodded and waved his sister off as he headed for the door.

“Yeah, got it, no candy and clean the place up. I'll be back in an hour or two.”

Jaxie shook her head about the whole thing, watching her brother rush off. The decision to wash her hands of the whole thing and go get dinner was easy to make after that, she texted a friend or two and locked up, leaving right after her brother.

Already well ahead of his sister, Jix pushed harder and turned music on so he could take his mind off the annoyance from a moment ago. It wasn't like his sister didn't make messes too, right? And besides, he had other things to worry about. He planned to be a *hero* after all. Well, a sports hero. That took practice and discipline.. but Jix could manage it. He slipped into the run, losing himself, and track of time along with it.

It was *at least* two hours later when Jix got back from the run, finding his sister gone, but feeling *good* after the workout. Exhausted, but good. The Jolteon went straight for the fridge, reaching in for a bottle of water and a small sack of candies as he vaguely half-remembered something about that.. and then decided to stop thinking about it. Jix ambled to his bed and shut the door behind him, turning music on, kicking his shoes off, shutting his eyes-

The sound of Jaxie yelling 'OF COURSE!' from outside the room jarred Jix back awake, but he didn't say anything. If he could avoid having his sister angrily yelling at him right now he

intended to dodge that bullet. He *did* need to pee, though. Jix groaned as he eased over on his bed, feeling.. weird. Sluggish, maybe a little bloated? And he needed a shower, *badly*. It was a mercy that they each had their own bathroom. The Jolteon snuck quietly into his and looked himself over in the mirror. He felt.. sweaty? Looked kind of sweaty too, and vaguely puffy. Enough to make him wonder if he might be kind of sick.

“..Better not be. Got tryouts at the University next week. Ugh, I don't *feel like* showering yet. I'll just.. I'll go back to bed and take care of it later.”

“Hey! I'm back! Get some *pants* on or something if you don't have em!”

Jix woke with a start – again. That happened all too often anymore, but then so did his sister bringing dinner back. The Jolteon rolled himself over laboriously, it was *so very difficult* to move all that blubber. His gut sloshed heavily over the edge of the bed first and carried the rest of him past it. As he eased onto his feet Jix leaned on the wall and let out a thundering *VwurumMPHT* that he had zero control over.

“Uh.. I.. okay! Uhm. Unless.. unless you want to just leave it outside the door maybe.”

Outside the room, Jix heard Jaxie moving around – along with the crinkle of a paper bag.

“Nope. Get some *pants* on and come get your food, lazy-ass. I paid for dinner, you can at least actually come eat with me.”

The Jolteon tried to shake off how nervous that left him feeling. Looking around his floor, Jix found a few things there he could throw on. Sweatpants he'd only worn.. twice? Probably? An old red and white shirt that didn't fit *at all* and had some marked sweat stains on it that Jix used to wear running. The last time he'd been out on a run was *ages* ago, almost a year, before he'd started getting lethargic and putting on weight quicker than he imagined was possible.

Jix still didn't understand it. Overnight he'd just lost all his energy and no nurse out there could tell him why. After a couple of months he'd kind of given up on it all. Now the Jolteon was just ambling through things sluggishly, which was as fast as he could manage anymore. He tugged his pants as far up as they'd go and pulled his hat on over his greasy hair before waddling out into the apartment again. Jaxie was over by the couch eating a burger and had set his share of them out, no less than six sandwiches and three orders of fries.

“I.. t-thanks. I really am hungry, but uh-”

Jaxie pinched her nose and shook her head.

“Oof, but you were too lazy to shower – again. I swear if you keep this up I’m going to just come in there and hose you down someday.”

Something about how his sister said the thing left Jix thinking it was equal parts playful joking but also *maybe* serious. Even easing his way over to the couch took time, Jix had to slowly lower himself a bit at a time while bracing his hands on his knees. When he did get in place, ass sprawling out over two seats worth of couch, his gut spilled out between his legs and poked out from under his shirt. It didn't help that when he leaned forward to get the first burger and start digging in he ended up venting another *VwuRRRPHHHBBT-* into the couch. Jix blushed furiously, trying to shrink in on himself but being too damn *fat* to manage such a feat. The flabby heap of Jolteon just took another bite and nodded.

“S-sorry I d- *Bwurphhb-* didn't.. uh, I was just.. tired? A-and had comics to read, and-”

Watching his sister roll her eyes left Jix blushing harder, especially as his belly started to snarl and rumble. The only thing he had on hand to try and take the edge off the anxiety though was more *food*. Jix made quick work of the first few sandwiches and handfuls of salty, seasoned fries.

“Ugh, as usual, I know. Not like I expected any different. Did you at least get your online courses done this time?”

This time around Jix nodded and meant it, he'd at least gotten *that much* done before he got sucked into reading webcomic updates, manga, and looking into an upcoming card game expansion he was looking forward to. Jix swallowed a mouthful of meat, bacon, cheese and grease as he sated the *other* thing he always needed anymore. Or, well.. seemed to need.

“Y-yeah, I *HWURPHHHBBT-* did, sorry. S'cuse me. I uh, I shouldn't be eating this much-”

Another snort from his sister left Jix feeling hot all through his skin. Especially since he was feeling his insides rumbling loudly again and a pressure building deep through all that blubber he carried. Just being this full was leaving him sweaty.

“Nuh-uh. If I bring you less food you start whining and begging me to get more later on and I'm not into that going out twice in a day thing. I -told- you not to eat those candies.”

Jix exhaled, and let out a hazy thundering *BwurRPHHHBBT-* that left his eyes watering.

“I -know- o- *HWURPHHHBB-* kay? I just-”

A few fries got thrown at Jix's face by his sister.

“Just didn't bother thinking about anything but what you wanted until it bit you in the ass and made you grow a *much* bigger ass for it to bite you in later. I know. But-”

The fries tumbled from Jix's plump cheeks onto his flabby, sweaty moobs. He made a point of reaching down to grab them and stuff them into his mouth.

“But you *could* just put some of that old 'practice and discipline' to work right? Enh? And *not eat it all*. Or you could stuff your fat face and keep trying to turn yourself into the biggest, stinkiest battery imaginable.”

Reaching up to hide his face behind his hands, Jix found even his moments of embarrassment weren't free from being made worse by his state. There was something poetic about letting out a hideous *FWURUPHHHHBBT*- while attempting to hide his shame.

“I *swear* I'll shower today. O-or do I- *UWRPHHB*- aundry, or something.”

By now he didn't even have to be looking to realize when his sister was rolling her eyes at him, it happened every other sentence anyway.

“No, *I'll* do the laundry because I'll actually use the detergent and not leave it sitting in the washer for two days. You do the shower thing though, *right now*. I'll wait until after the shower to start the washer. Go on! I'll even bring you ice cream afterward.”

Exhaling, Jix nodded and unclenched – a little. Standing up was a long struggle of a process though, the massive Jolteon had to plant his hands on his knees and push, easing up slowly, releasing a musky haze of his own sweaty odor from behind as he did. Jaxie winced again. Jix just took a deep breath and started to waddle off toward his bathroom. Every step he took left his body quaking and jiggling, threatening to knock loose another fart. A couple of them *did* so, with Jix being too embarrassed to look back and see how his sister was reacting to it. He just got back to his room, shedding his clothing, heading into the bathroom to get the hot water going.

“It doesn't matter.. I'm just going to end up all smelling like hot garbage again anyway. Plus.. Ugh, nevermind. Clean clothes and ice cream is worth the trouble.. probably.”

Squeezing himself into the shower, hot water running down into the thick crevices his fatty folds created, Jix halfheartedly rubbed at the deeper parts. It didn't matter, he was going to smell *worse* afterward anyway once all the hot, sweaty parts got wet.

“..Discipline.. right. I.. I could still turn this around, right? But-”

Fwurupphhrrbbrpt-

Groaning, Jix leaned back in the shower and let the water rush over his face, almost forgetting to get around to washing his hair.

“..But that'd mean skipping the ice cream.”