

It had been a week or so since Guzma's rather remarkable defeat at Hau's hands. Or rather, at Hau's stomach...

After endless losses in their Pokemon training matches, Guzma and Hau had inadvertently begun a rather grueling eating contest when they grabbed lunch together, and somehow, even THEN, Hau dominated, putting the older man to shame. Guzma swore that the kid just wasn't human, with how much he was able to pack away.

Worst part was, he later asked for dessert while Guzma himself was on the verge of losing his lunch...

It was humiliation after humiliation, and Guzma just couldn't have that. Maybe the kid was just built differently, but even he had to have his limits. Guzma needed to know, and today, he vowed to find out...

"Ah, good, you're here," Guzma purred as he walked into his paint-lathered 'throne room.'

Sitting there, oh so casually atop *his* throne was none other than Hau himself, who perked up and grinned a friendly smile back at Guzma upon seeing him.

"Oh, heya, Guzma! Thanks for the invitation! I've never been to your hideout before," Hau said as he looked around and pointed to the paint splatters everywhere, adding, "it's so cool!"

"Oh sure, sure," Guzma said as he stuffed his hands into the pockets of his baggy pants and strutted on in. "So! You enjoyin' the throne?"

"Is that what this is?" Hau asked with a sincere tilt of his head, glancing down at the big purple chair he was sitting on. "I just thought it was a really comfy chair. Should I get up?"

"Nawwww, you're good riiiiight there, kid," Guzma said with a sly smirk as he continued strutting and pacing around in his throne room, rubbing his chin in thought. "And you, uh...you 'membered t'save your appetite, right?"

As if on cue, Hau's stomach gave a rather loud, prolonged rumble, making Hau's tanned cheeks go slightly flush as he rubbed his stomach with one hand and scratched the back of his neck a touch bashfully as he chuckled.

"Hehe, oh yeah, I'm starving! Did'ja wanna get lunch again?" Hau asked eagerly.

"Lunch? Nawww, I was thinkin' we'd get a drink, or more specifically, YOU'D have a drink...boys?" Guzma snapped his fingers. A moment later, both Skull Grunt A and B emerged, grunting and groaning as they carried a giant jug in.

Hau's eyes widened in awe as the two grunts brought in a massive jug of Moo Moo Milk, and immediately planted the immense thing down directly before Hau.

"Whoa..." the green-haired boy muttered in awe.

"She's a beaut, ain't she?" Guzma exclaimed with a grin that turned absolutely fiendish. "Hope ya like it. Cuz you're gonna drink every last drop..."

"Wha...?" Hau asked, again, tilting his head curiously.

"Well, s'only fair, ain't it? You're sittin' on the throne, but ya ain't earned a spot on that throne, kid. Not yet, ya ain't. So, here's your chance. Think of it as a friendly lil challenge...hehe, you chug down all this milk'n that throne is yers for a week. And for as long as your butt is in that throne, you get t'be the boss'uh Team Skull. Not a bad deal, right?" Guzma exclaimed, still grinning that fiendish grin of his.

But Hau was barely paying attention to the details of his reward. The concept of trying to see if he could actually drink THAT much milk, however, that was what truly piqued his interest.

He takes a big whiff of the delectably sweet aroma wafting from the jug and eagerly licks his lips. "Mmm, that smells so sweet...so rich...!"

"So *heavy*..." Guzma muttered wickedly under his breath, which Hau didn't catch at all.

"Yeah, I'd totally love to give this a try!" Hau exclaimed excitedly.

"Hehe, that's the spirit, kid," Guzma replied before signaling to A and B to hoist the jug up. "Now, this thing ain't no joke. It's real heavy, so my boys 'ere, they're gonna hoist it up for ya. All you gotta do is sit back on that comfy throne'uh mine'n chug, chug, chug. And if ya get too full? Well, guess even you've got'cher limits then, don'tcha, hehe..."

Hau rubbed his hands together eagerly and leaned back in the throne. With the greenlight given, the two Skull Grunts pushed the tip of the jug to Hau's lips and tilted the jug ever so slightly so Hau could begin chugging away.

The boy merrily closed his eyes as all that rich, naturally sweet milk went rushing down his gullet. Hau's slender throat bobbed in and out rapidly as he took in rather big, wet-sounding gulps. He was clearly downing a lot of the milk in one go, guzzling down a tremendous amount of that heavy liquid with each swallow he gave, and moaning merrily at how absolutely delicious it tasted; how cool it felt going down. Hau was loving every second of this.

Guzma, for his part, just sat down on his bed to the right of the throne, drumming his fingers atop his mattress and watching as Hau chugged away. He could hear the boy breathing heavily through his tiny nostrils as all that milk flowed down his throat with glee. It was admittedly impressive that Hau was downing so much of the drink so effortlessly without any breaks.

As Guzma watched his underlings feed Hau more milk, his eyes trailed down to Hau's stomach. Having chugged so much liquid in one go, and still going strong, Hau's tummy was already looking noticeably rounder. His oversized black t-shirt was growing quite snug around the middle, and riding up from his yellow beach shorts.

“Heh, even you hafta have your limits, kid...lemme see just what they are...” Guzma muttered to himself, with Hau merrily oblivious to Guzma's scheming as he downed more and more from the jug.

Impressively, Hau went a solid minute of chugging without any breaks before he held up a finger for the Skull Grunts to lower the jug. The two young grunts complied and lowered the jug as Hau swallowed down the last current mouthful still in his mouth.

“So? How're ya holdin' up so far, kid?” Guzma asked.

A weak, airy burp escaped Hau's mouth, offering him no relief if his dissatisfied look of mild strain was any indication. Resting his hands atop his belly, Hau took a deep breath, then let out a HUGE belch, one that blasted out of him with tremendous force and echoed throughout the “throne room.” Covering his mouth after that one, Hau laughed wearily and said, “Oof, hehe, 'scuse me-” before another burp cut him off. Laughing again, he gave his belly a few hearty pats of relief, and nodded back at the Skull Grunts, ready for more.

As the Skull Grunts brought the jug back to Hau's lips, Guzma continued to watch as Hau's belly increasingly swelled before his very eyes. The once flat-albeit-slightly-plush stomach grew bigger and rounder at a pretty steady rate; like slowly yet steadily filling up a water balloon.

With his hands free, thanks to the Skull Grunts handling the lifting for him, Hau's hands instead rested against his consistently inflating belly. He moaned as he chugged, rubbing his growing belly at the sides to try and settle any cramps he was feeling. Grimacing a bit, Hau grabbed the bottom of his shirt and lifted it up beneath his chest, completely showing off his big, bulging belly to the Skulls and their leader as he rubbed and kneaded into his plush, tanned flesh.

Guzma's eyes were fixed on Hau's big bare belly, watching as the engorged midsection grew heavier and heavier, pushing against Hau's shorts a bit.

Again, Hau had to signal for the grunts to lower the jug. Almost as soon as they did, Hau belched heavily. And like the last time, his first burp was followed immediately by another, much longer and more forceful belch. When it ended, Hau sighed and gave his bare belly a couple of hearty pats, burping daintily afterwards. Guzma could see Hau's rounded bare stomach actually jiggle with each pat he gave it.

“Mph, wow...h-heh...this stuff is a lot more filling than I realized,” Hau huffed, slowly caressing his bulging gut up and down with both hands.

Guzma grinned when he heard Hau's belly already gurgling from where he was sitting. “Heh, well, if it's too much for ya t'handle, no shame in tappin' out, right?” Guzma suggested casually, expecting the boy to cave.

Hau huffed again while his hands ran up and down his big, churning middle. “N-No, I... *whew*...I couldn't do that...not after you and your friends went through all the trouble to set this challenge up,” Hau insisted, before signaling the grunts to bring the jug back up. They complied, but Hau's weighty stomach gave a prolonged gurgle, making him wince and halting them just before they could bring the jug to his lips. Clutching his belly tightly with one hand, Hau clenched his eyes shut before turning his head and letting rip another hard, throaty belch. Grunting with the faintest bit of relief, Hau nodded, and went back to chugging.

With half of the jug emptied, the Skull Grunts were able to tilt the now-lighter jug even further as Hau leaned back to accommodate as he chugged. His already engorged gut ballooned out even further before Guzma's eyes, already making him almost look pregnant, were it not for his deepened but stretched out innie bellybutton. Hau's milk-filled belly gurgled and bubbled aggressively from the sheer volume of milk filling him up. Not to mention just how much gas was building up within the boy.

Looking a bit strained again, Hau quickly held up his hand for the grunts to lower the jug. As soon as they did, Hau burped loudly, then huffed breathlessly. A second later, he dropped both hands atop his big belly and belched even harder. Gripping his plush gut tightly with both hands, Hau lurched and released a third belch. That last one was so intense that Guzma could actually see Hau's belly jostle slightly from the force.

“Urgh...ohhhh I'm so full...” Hau whined as he slowly rubbed his ballooned out belly with both hands as it churned intensely. The bubbling got so intense that Hau covered his mouth for a moment like he was going to be sick. But when he opened his mouth, all that came rumbling out was a six second long belch that morphed into a breathless moan when it ended.

“Awww, c'mooooon, you're over halfway there, wouldn't wanna quit now, wouldja?” Guzma asked in a teasing, almost taunting manner.

Despite how uncomfortably full he was, Hau shook his head, giving Guzma the go to signal his boys to force more milk down Hau's gullet. Hau couldn't chug as fast as he was earlier. He was so full of milk that he had to pause frequently just to catch his breath or to let out several burps back to back just to try and give his overstuffed gut as much room as he could manage. Hau's enormous belly was a symphony of gaseousness; gurgling and bubbling away like a mad scientist's laboratory.

Guzma grinned. It seemed like Hau was finally reaching his limits, finally revealing to Guzma that this kid who always bested him but acted all sunshine and rainbows about it wasn't unbeatable after all.

However, Guzma's sense of sweet victory soon turned a bit sour when he heard Hau whine a bit as he chugged. There was definite strain on his face as he squirmed in the throne; his big belly sloshing intensely from the sheer volume of milk bubbling away inside of him. His smile dipped completely when he saw just how genuinely uncomfortable Hau looked so full to the brim.

Besting him was one thing, but he didn't want to *hurt* the poor, oblivious kid.

“Man, you're really pushin' it, ain'tcha...” Guzma muttered, not quite as cockily as he was earlier.

Feeling a bit of guilt, Guzma got up from the bed and headed over to Hau, kneeling down and placing his hand gently against Hau's huge belly before slowly rubbing it in soothing, circular motions to help ease Hau's discomfort. To his shock, however, Guzma's hand actually sank notably into that rather plush flesh. He could feel a pretty notable layer of fat against Hau's tummy. All those post-Pokemon battle feasts the two of them had seemed to give Hau some added heft that Guzma never noticed, likely due to the boy's immensely oversized black shirt.

Hau groaned as he chugged, looking like he was about to throw in the towel. But to Guzma's surprise?

“C'mon, yo! You got this, dude! Only a lil bit more!” B called out rather encouragingly to Hau.

“Yeah, dude! Fer reals! Ya already slugged down all dis milk already, don't stop when ya so close to victory, yo!” A joined in on cheering Hau on.

Guzma thought for a moment, then smirked as he continued rubbing Hau's big, churning belly and with genuine encouragement, said, “Heh, y'heard 'em, kid. Only got a lil bit more t'go, right? May as well go for broke.”

Bolstered by the words of encouragement from Team Skull, Hau steeled himself, nodded, and continued chugging with renewed vigor.

He leaned back and opened his throat a little bit to take in extra large gulps as he had been when the challenge first started. A and B leaned in with the jug as well, accommodating Hau's new posture to let gravity help push more milk down his throat.

All the while as Hau chugged, Guzma rubbed and kneaded Hau's already huge and still swelling belly. His fingers sank into the lush, darkened flesh as he kneaded any knots he could feel forming. Guzma had to admit, it was hard taking his hands off of Hau's impossibly bloated belly; it was like touching a warm, churning waterbed.

It was a struggle, but with that final hurdle, Hau successfully chugged down every last drop of milk.

A and B flipped the now empty jug over and shook it. Literally. Not a single drop fell from it. Every last ounce of that milk was festering inside of Hau's positively enormous belly.

Hau was so utterly *bloated* that his massive gut was resting against his lap, forcing him to spread his thighs out just to give it some breathing room.

Guzma just stood up before the immensely bloated boy, amazed and bewildered that he actually beat this impossible challenge.

“Holy cow...heh, ya know, I hafta hand it t'ya, kid. This was s'posed t'be impossible, but t'push yerself past yer limits like dis? Yer somethin' else...” Guzma praised as he leaned on Hau and gave that massive, sloshy belly a congratulatory pat.

That pat caused Hau's overfilled gut to slosh heavily, making Hau's stomach jiggle and ripple as an intense amount of pressure came rushing up Hau's throat.

Hau's eyes widened as his cheeks puffed out.

For a moment, both Guzma and his two underlings inched away nervously, afraid that Hau was about to puke all over the throne room.

But instead...?

''BRRRAAAA
AAAAAAVVVV
VVRRRVVHH-
HAAAAAAA
AARRRRRRRO
OOOOOOOOR
RRRRRRPH!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!''
.....

...Instead, the entire throne room shook as Hau threw his head back and let out the single biggest, most utterly THUNDEROUS *belch* that Guzma had ever heard. It blasted past Hau's rippling lips for nearly ten uninterrupted seconds, exploding out of his maw with such unbridled force that his massive belly quivered and rippled the entire time that deafening eructation erupted so intensely out of Hau.

When it finally ended, Guzma and the two Skull Grunts were left blinking with surprise as Hau gasped, before letting out a raunchy afterburp and slumping back in Guzma's throne, his massive belly sloshing and wobbling heavily from all that milk churning away. He appeared utterly dazed as he absentmindedly caressed his enormous, fleshy dome of a gut.

"...S-So...*URP*...full..." Hau moaned as a sudden burp popped out of him mid-sentence before he resumed tenderly caressing his globular gut. Another burp rolled out of him, followed by another right after that.

"Heh, I'll tell ya this much, kid. You DEFINITELY earned a place on that throne. Seriously, to guzzle all that milk? That takes nerves'uh steel! So! A deal's a deal! Ya get t'be the boss for a full week! Any orders ya wanna toss, lay 'em at us'n we'll make 'em happen! C'mon, name it!" Guzma insisted.

Hau barely seemed to even hear the older man. He just sat there moaning wearily as he tried in vein to massage his massive, churning belly. Every time he tried to open his mouth, all that came out was a thick belch and a relieved or weary groan. For several moments, Hau just sat there on the throne, burping repeatedly as his belly groaned and bubbled like a vat of chemicals.

Again, Hau covered his mouth like he was going to be sick, but after lurching a few times, when he opened his mouth, he just let out a prolonged, painful belch that dragged on for several seconds and morphed into a moan at the end.

He sighed heavily when that ended and patted his giant belly, making it wobble and slosh from the thump. Then, he finally said, "...Gruuuuooogh...c-could you guys...r-ru*UUUURRRP!!!* Oooohhhh...c-could you guys please...*rub my belly*...?" Hau finally managed to get out.

Guzma snickered and snapped his fingers. Immediately A and B were kneeling down and running their hands in broad circles all over that big, churning mass. Hau, for his part, moaned and arched his back, making his massive gut jut out more for the two wannabe thugs. "Probably not as soothin' as I managed, but my boys get the job done. Better, right?" Guzma asked.

Hau's only response was another sizable burp that made his belly jiggle.

Guzma snickered again. "Heh, nice one, kid..."