

It feels like everything's just barely out of reach these days for me. Training is too difficult with how poorly I battle, bike rallies end in humiliation thanks to my lack of coordination, rent is eating away at my funds ravenously; heck, I can barely pay for my mobile bill. Being a trainer isn't all it's cracked up to be, some people have a natural talent for this stuff! Not me. I'm pretty pathetic. I've managed to crawl my way to three Gym Badge victories, but I've not been able to procure anymore. Allister is my brick wall. They won't pit me against Bea at all, everytime I charge over, they usher me to the Specter Stadium down the craggy mountainside. There, in the chilly mountainside, is where I lose every time. Me and my Gardevoir just aren't cut out for this, I don't think. He's starting to pick up on my humiliation, my upsetness, my frustration at myself. I'm never one to put the blame on him, I know this is all my fault. I could *never* be cruel to a Pokémon. Not on purpose, anyway. Every failure ends with me riding my bike back home to Motostoke, letting the rush of wind pull back my hoodie, and get back up from the scrapes along the way. I'm in dire need of another means of income, one that even I can be useful in. Lucky for me, I start my trial this week...

It's an ordinary, murky Tuesday morning. The window outside my flat peers down over the southern entrance to Motostoke, where people are rushing along and popping into various shops. An old man's dumping his earbuds onto a rising-star trainer, a lady's talking on the phone walking her Yamper, there's a gaggle of painted-face punks desperately untangling their home-made merchandise with a trainer with great promise. All the typical hustle, bustle, and strangeness of my city. It's all background noise to me, much like how over my laptop's speakers, the ocean is just background noise to the person I'm in the middle of a conversation with. He's a nice guy, a researcher on the port town Canalave in Sinnoh. He's told me in the past that he wanted to 'bridge the gap' between Pokémon and people, so he started up his own research firm. He might be a former Champion of the region, given that he's offered me a whopping fifty-million Poké Dollars in order to follow his drug trial.

"...It's more colorful than I expected." I note aloud- in my palm is the dreaded drug in question. My typical low, tired tone makes me seem uninterested in everything around me. That's not always the case, I'm just bad at having an emotive voice.

I raise it up to my eye and take a better look. The colored coating is strange, green at the top, red bound around it, and white at the bottom. I knew that he was going to make it personal, but this is a little silly, isn't it? It's like I'm about to swallow my partner, condensed into a little capsule!

"Spared no expense." the scientist chuckles at my reaction. He's a portly type, with curly black hair, cherub cheeks, and a particularly annoyingly high-pitched voice. He's also barely older than me, I think. "Thought you'd appreciate it!"

"Now, uh, just as a reminder, doc..." I turn back over to look at the camera, shuffling my way to the couch. "This is supposed to help stabilize my brain, correct?"

When I'd heard about this wonder drug meant to help put me in check, I immediately signed up. Mood boosting, coordination balancing, focus enhancing, all the buzzwords that I needed to hear to get me willing to pop it on my tongue. Of course, in the back of my mind, I always knew it could just be a sugar pill and the money would never come, but I've got to hold out hope, right? I seat myself at my white, cramped couch. My bony body can barely fit on a cushion comfortably. My Gardevoir sees me from over in the kitchenette and levitates over, gently sitting himself down beside me. Maybe he's conditioned by our movie nights, since whenever I sit down it's mostly to put on something to watch together. Maybe he just adores my company, or he just wants me to feel happy. Considering he's resting his head on my left shoulder, perhaps it's that.

"No water?" the researcher quips, "You've got nerves of steel."

"I've, um, just got no cups that I've cleaned yet..." I mutter to myself.

Rolling the capsule into my palm, I open my mouth and push it down my gullet. It's a hard swallow, but I steal the courage and dry gulp the whole thing. I watch myself on my tiny replica of my camera feed, and I look silly doing this. A scraggly black haired, slightly short college dropout in a baggy pair of jeans, tightly looped belt, and a hoodie with red sneakers unseen by the camera, swallowing a pill. To me, it seems ridiculous. Once the pill makes it down my throat, it feels like nothing in my gut, but I'm already tingling a bit. Maybe that's just my overactive imagination? I don't know yet, my payment provider said it might 'take a bit' before feeling any changes. How long a 'bit' means to him is completely unknown.

"There ya go!" he claps at my successful swallow. "As promised, your fifty-million Poké Dollars!"

In the upper-right corner of the video call, a little pop-up with my bank account's status showed up. A measly fourteen-thousand-fifty-seven Poké Dollars. Rent is eleven-thousand, and that's the cheap end. Groceries cost me around five-hundred, and that's the cheap garbage. I'm scraping by beating kids in Pokémon battles. Or at least, I was. I watched those numbers zip upward, from a simple five digits, to a sixth digit, a seventh, an eighth digit! That familiar ka-ching sound I barely ever hear outside of getting food plays over the speakers, and I feel too stunned to move. My jaw's agape; is this real?

"Keep me informed, will ya?" the researcher grins at me through the camera. "For now, I'm gonna enjoy myself on my cruise."

His video feed ends, kicking my laptop back to the meager list of online friends I've accrued. My skeptical brain pulls over my phone to check and see if the transaction's truly gone through. My thumb taps on the app, slides through entering my password, and sure enough, fifty-million-fourteen-thousand-fifty-seven Poké Dollars greets me. I've never been more flabbergasted in my entire life... truly I must be dreaming? All this money, now in my hands. I spring up from the couch, spooking Gardevoir just a tad. Perhaps he's more disappointed we're

not watching anything together, but that disappointment's more than likely snuffed out by confusion when he watches me spin and jump around my room in excitement. Finally, I can coast for a bit. I can use this money to take the time to re-establish myself, to find myself again, to take trainer classes and biking lessons. I about tumble to my butt from how hard I fling myself around, and eventually I'm flung backward into the beanbag chair in the corner. That cheap, nasty thing I spent a whole day cleaning when I found it outside near someone's bins.

"We're rich!" I holler, throwing my arms out, unable to help my manic giggle. "Rich, I tell ya!"

All Gardevoir could do is give me a happy, concerned smile. He helps me up carefully and pats me on the back. He looks at me with curiosity, his big, red eyes striking into my soul. I wrap my arms around him and pull him into a hug, sure to angle his horn between my armpit like I've trained myself to do ever since he's evolved. A Gardevoir's horn is surprisingly rigid, and definitely hurts your chest if you slam into it too hard...I know from experience.

"Take me to wherever you want to go to eat!" I compel, "I'll pay this time!"

I'd like to think my Gardevoir and I are on speaking terms with one another. Then again, every Trainer thinks that, don't they? The only reason I think that is because Gardevoirs tend to be very smart, and in tune with their trainer's emotions. Some are even telepathic, too! All fun facts I've pulled from a book while traveling Galar with my partner, from the time he was a Ralts to now. It's really humanizing to see him pull his hands up to his mouth and nod his head down, then snap his fingers together in realization. He practically pulls my arm toward the door, I know exactly where he wants to go. Deep down, I actually want to go there myself, too.

We rush along the west side of town, jumping past passersby and their Pokémon to make it to our destination. A cute, unsuspecting cafe in the middle of town, all a part of a chain in Galar called the Battle Cafe. We're terrible at battles, but Motostoke's cafe is just low-level enough for the two of us to sweep through it every time, even if Gardevoir has to take on a Double Battle on her own. Our arms push the door forward together, the few occupants inside seeming to be other individuals around my age or older. All of them whip their heads to see the grinning idiot almost trip over himself to get to the counter, and his Gardevoir following in tune. At least, they probably see me as an idiot. A new girl I've never seen before looks down to me and nervously chuckles, her strawberry blonde hair with red strands reminding me of an Alcremie.

"Sorry, the battle master isn't in today." she mentions, "I can take your order though if you'd like."

Ecstatically, I raise up my Gardevoir's hand. "Whatever he points to, get two of!"

It's a blur going from the counter to a booth seat; maybe it's just the adrenaline getting to me. I'm kicking my feet looking out the window, thankful I can afford a treat like this for my

hardworking partner. Poor thing, he's been at the bad end of enough Shadow Balls and Shadow Claws for him to know intimately what defeat tastes like. Something sweet and nice might reinvigorate his spirit to battle. I'm lightheaded just thinking about our future together, I can practically feel myself floating on a high... that's when I turn to see my Gardevoir, looking at me with concern.

"What's wrong, partner?" I wonder.

He pulls my hand up toward his chin, and lifts it up for me to see. He's pointing at it, gingerly tapping on it, but I don't seem to notice what he's trying to call out. I've always been kind of pale, but what could he be wondering? He's babbling in his native tongue to me, a gap that humans and Pokémon can't really bridge.

"...oh, I think I understand." I take a guess at what he wants, and put my hand under his chin.

The concerned look on his face doesn't entirely melt away, it just subsides for a bit as he rests his chin on my palm. When he puts his chin on my palm, it's usually so he can calm down and be content. The first few times he did it, I giggled because it reminds me of the videos with the man from Kanto and his Meowth, singing an old, comforting song while he drags a wooden spoon across his content friend, stacked up with apples. It's such a sweet sensation, it always makes my chest buzz with delight. Our moment is cut short when the waitress arrives with our assortment of sweets, both Gardevoir and I turning our heads toward her. It seems she's also taken aback by something.

"Something on my face?" I could feel her eyes scan me up and down, not resting a moment.

"...Sir, was your hair always that green?" her voice was packed full of concern for me.

An odd statement for sure. I pull some of my bangs down in front of me to have a slightly-better look at myself. Translucent to my view thanks to my depth perception, I see green scraggles between my middle and pointer finger.

"Yeah, I was born with green hair. Is something wrong?"

Maybe that was the wrong answer. She steps back and scratches the side of her head, a perplexing look all over her face. "P...Perhaps I just wasn't being observant. If you need anything else, don't hesitate to ask!"

She rushes back to the cash register to intercept an incoming guest. Finally, a meal all to ourselves. My Gardevoir's a delight, but bless his heart, he doesn't know when to hold himself back. He'll order anything that looks sweet, so much so that we practically have a sweets assortment laid out in front of us! An array of cupcakes, pastries meant to resemble Kalosian

Poképufts, some Poffins rest to our right, rolls, croissants, donuts... I don't even register what I'm reaching for. I just grab something and take a bite. So delectable, so soft and yummy! I lose myself in the madness of delectable desserts, the rich chocolate icing layer of a donut, the warm buttery drizzle of a croissant, the rich insides of a Poképuft... I won't lie, I start hogging those to myself. They're just perfect, you can eat them in only a couple bites and reach for more! They're so heavy in my stomach, but I feel like I can shove more down with ease! I feel my round cheeks get stained by the icing and decorations, my chin get slathered in crumbs. I'm not paying attention to anything outside of my table, though every now and then I catch a glance my way. Bewilderment, befuddlement? I can't say for certain. Those feelings get to me when I feel constrained by something. My thighs are trapped in a prison of fabric, one they're creaking and snapping the threads of. What is...?

Oh, jeans. I'm wearing jeans.

That's bizarre. Why would I do something so silly like that? There's a plain, dull hoodie over me too. Such a strange wardrobe I've got on. Did my friend put me in this? Maybe. Oh well, it isn't my fault if they're ruined! I slip back into my feasting, casually pressing my hands down onto the table and leaning forward to eat. I feel my chest press against the edge, slightly spilling on top. A little moan escapes me while I glut out, it's always so pleasing to just feast for once. We haven't been able to do it as often as I would like, and I miss that. I miss my Gardevoir's smile being a permanent fixture on his face, I miss his warm arms around my soft bulk, I miss him snuggling into me. I'm lost in remembrance and gluttony when he pulls me back to his side.

"...T...Trainer?"

His cute, meek voice filled my ears. It made the horn stuffed between my tits vibrate with delight. It's only after I hear him did I realize what he called me. Trai-ner. The word feels so foreign to me. Me? A Trainer? What would ever have him think such a thing?

"Oh, don't be silly!" I chirp back to him, my lovely, sing-songy, soprano voice greeting him. "I'm no trainer, doll~ Not of the Pokémon variety, anyhow."

A growing Gardevoir like me can't help but wonder what's wrong with my darling best friend. I thumb his cheek slowly, my head tilting to the left. Oh, his soft red eyes...them meeting mine again always sent a rush of excitement down my spine. We've known each other for such a long time, since we were both roaming little Ralts, making our mark in the Watch Tower Ruins and holing ourselves away. It's only been recently since we've made our stand in the big city of Motostoke, since we've hit it big. A bony little man, and his massive butterball of a woman. I'll admit, I've got quite a sweet tooth, but so does he! I try my best to bring that out of him everywhere I go.

I'm suddenly brought out of a trance when he pulls himself back. My best friend looks absolutely stunned.

“Wait, how can you understand me?!” he hollered.

I blink, then press my hands upon my heavy bosom. I can hear them slosh just at the lightest touch when I remember exactly how to calm him down. I tear the hoodie’s zipper, desperate to cling against my flesh, down over my hill of a chest and past my lap-spilling stomach. Out flop my breasts, before I dig one out of its natural guard. My green teat is leaking, as it always is...a translucent, minty green liquid that smells like every-other jar of Moomoo Milk. I don’t give him a second warning, I just press my breast against his mouth. He yelps at first, his digits claw into my breast fat.

“Maybe you’re having a rough day...” I wonder to myself. “Let’s calm you down, okay?”

Glug, glug, glug! The way he gulps will never not get me to giggle. It’s like he’ll choke down anything you put in front of him. Though, if I remember correctly, maybe that’s always been the case. We’ve always had an appetite for something more out of life, in both the literal and the metaphorical sense. I’ll fully admit, I outpaced him significantly when it came to leveling. I’ve always been there, cuddling him and snuggling him. When I evolved first, it took him a couple years to get to the stage of a Kirlia. He was still a portly, rotund Kirlia when he finally evolved! Meanwhile, I was a hulking behemoth of a Gardevoir. Getting mistaken for a Snorlax always made me giggle, and...well, it got me excited in other ways, too~

I practically forget about the fact we’re sitting in a cafe until I see a bunch of humans stammer up and push themselves back to the wall. What, were they scared about something? I guess seeing a floor-scraping fatty and her cute, subby boyfriend simply take over a corner for themselves would bring out some nerves in people. The girl that took our order is rushing to dial a number, but her phone isn’t working. Maybe it isn’t charged? I couldn’t care less. I just turn back to look at my darling Gardeboy; his docile expression meant he was oh-so-comforted. We press bellies together before I pull back my teat. He’s breathing heavily, a low fog exiting his maw. There’s a cold chill to his breath, one he usually gets from drinking the tap. I watch him reel his head back to belch, out pluming a smoggy cloud of blue and black nebula. It’s like he’s belching up a black hole, befitting of his tummy.

“I...what’re we doing here?” he wondered innocently, partially unaware of his surroundings.

“We’re eating, dear.” I chuckle, and push over some more snacks for him. “Come on, let’s share~!”

He shook his head and took a breath. I swoon a little watching his smile lift and prompt his jowls jiggle atop his thick, chin tire-roll. “Y-yes. Let’s eat.”

We both dive back into feasting on treats. Cake slices, donut holes, glazed rolls. It’s not enough, though I don’t think anything will be enough for our growing bellies. We feel the table

uproot itself beneath our guts, the bolts that kept it in the ground shooting out underneath our flab. Oh, destruction of property~ Just feeling something get destroyed by my bulk brings me into a trance~ The blood rushes down to my pecker, always pushed into the underside of my flab and my thigh rolls. I bite my lip and shiver, something my sweetheart replicates. There's no doubt he's also feeling the same way I am. I lurch forward to press my belly into the table, just so I can find the right spot to-

PLRRBRBBRBBRBBBTBTTTTTTT!!!

-let loose! Yes! I must've gone cross-eyed when I moaned, a brief lapse in recognition that comes back to me after the sensation goes away. My cock rolls out from beneath my belly, a throbbing mass of flesh ready to delve in. Its heft practically tore apart something that'd been constricting my legs, or what might have been at some point. I wonder what it was! I pull my sweetie in for a hug.

"Oh darliiiiing~" I tease. "Why not have a dinner and a show~?"

I don't wait for his response. From the girly moan he let loose, I knew he was wanting this just as much as I did. I push myself behind him and delve my womanhood right in, my hands being swaddled in ass fat. My psionic strength is second nature to me, pulling food over to our drooling, quivering maws as I hump into my cutie's backend. Pwap, pwap, pwap, pwap~ Our slick flesh collides together, smothering foodstuffs unlucky to be caught in the flabalanche. Each forceful thrust was similar to one another in a few ways, forcing out cute sounds from my partner and best friend alike. He's either moaning and grunting, panting while pushing his own meat into his belly fat, or making my personal favorite noises;

GWHOWAAAARRRRBBPPPPP!!! BBLURRBRBRBBBPPPPFFFFTTTT!!!

Farting and belching, belching and farting~ I repeat his songs of flatulence with delight, bassier and longer than his shorter riffs. A thick mist of blue with white-starry speckles fills the establishment we're in, obscuring vision that isn't up close. Anytime our mouths aren't letting out unholy roars, we were stuffing ourselves with the samplings of sweets. It's easy to say we lost ourselves to the pleasure of eating, but then again, we've always been like that, haven't we? Two fatasses infatuated with each other, infatuated with our gluttony and cuddling the best we could together. Even though we're the size of two human beds, slamming into one another without any regard for who watches and who cares... from the moaning sounds, I think the other Pokémon in the establishment could agree with me. My tits spray my milk on top of my darling's massive ass, mixing in with his swampy sweat. Arceus, I love my man's tush~ He has mine beat by a good few feet, but I beat him in the bust department a good deal, so that made up for it! Not from a lack of trying, he's such a busty boy~ Maybe that's from drinking my milk? I don't know, does milk carry any contagions? Like it even matters.

BWOHHHRRRRBBBBPPPPP!!!

I hear the howls of a Snorlax getting head from an over-eager Slurpuff, licking his shaft up and down and pressing his belly up against hers. I smell their stench, too. Snorlaxes tend to get really musky when in heat, while Slurpuffs sweat a sweet, sickly smell. It's absolutely divine, I tell you! Sometimes I like to stick my face right in a sweaty Slurpuff's fat arm pits and just... snort their stench. I know my darling doesn't mind, he's a bit of a freak himself, too~ After all, he loves getting railed by his blob of a girlfriend, doesn't he? I can hear the distinct huffs and dribbles of a horny Alcremie, no doubt taking a fat lardball of a Sylveon in her sex. I can barely make out the shape of the horny, belly-bed quadruped smothering the sweet dollop of cream under his gut. Oh, what a delight to watch; it just makes me even harder! I'm still blasting out gusts of wind without any care or regard for the sanctity of this cafe- that's because I have every intention to *fill it* with me and my sweetie. I feel the pressure finally build up in my shaft. Everytime, I go lightheaded. It's like my brain power shifts down to my cock. I think I'm mumbling something, but I can't catch myself at all. I'm a prisoner to my desires, and my biggest desire is my sweetheart! I want to fill him with my seed, I want to make him bigger. I want to see him huff, wheeze, and belch. I want to kiss him all over, roll my tongue along his hills and valleys, tongue fuck his navel until he's stupider than he was before. Lightheaded, lightheaded... I go cross eyed again when I finally cum, everything's a blur now. The feeling of softness enveloping me is all I can comprehend. All I *want* to comprehend. I'm fully out of commission when I feel something else bloom in my belly, kick its way through my guts, and smoke itself out my back end.

FFFRRRRMMPPFPFPFPPTTTTTT!!!!

~

...Morning's hitting my face. I'm in my usual spot, cratering what more than likely used to be a city built by people that came way before us. My ass smothers some warm feeling engine of sorts, my belly crushes a bowl. My darling husband rests by my side, huffing and wheezing. He's cumming again in his sleep, having wet dreams about me. It doesn't help that I'm constantly using my psychic powers to stroke his foreskin, making his head sensitive at all times. This landscape we're in, we've etched our own mark in it for sure. Fat, content, blubbery Water-types live in the thick viscous goo of our cum, milk and sweat mixtures. Foodstuffs plastered all over us are picked apart by equally horny slob, using our rolls for relief of their tension. Trees are being bulldozed everyday to make way for our oncoming fat. My milky tits block all of my vision, but in my head, I see my sweetheart's face. I see him sticking his tongue out and huffing. I see him gulp down air. I see him mouth the nickname he's given me. I love him so much, I think even just seeing his miles of face fat just...makes...me want... oh no, I'm cumming again, aren't I? How rude of me, since it's clear I should be speaking about something or other. Looks like...I'm losing myself to pleasure again...~