

Suckpet Form Gardevoir

A campfire in the middle of the woods was a far cry from the comfort of a Pokémon Center, but it was suitable enough for Vito's purposes. The ace trainer was very much used to the hazards of the wilderness, including the numerous wild Pokémon lurked around at every turn. Even with all of his experience, the dangers amongst the trees were shown in the scratches and tears that were scattered across his red and yellow jumpsuit. It was because of these very things that had the green haired trainer coming out to the area on a regular basis to make sure his team of Pokémon was more than ready for any challenge. This especially rang true for a certain partner that was overdue for her evolution.

Vito's Kirlia sat by the fire, resting her body after a long day of fighting alongside her trainer. Her white skirt was left to drape above her green legs as she used her white fingers to feed herself a set of Pokémon pellets her trainer had made to promote growth. As she chewed, she let her twin ponytails wave about as her red eyes glanced between her simple meal and Vito. Though most trainers had to guess what their Pokémon were thinking based off of gestures and incoherent cries, the psychic powers emanating from the two, curved red horns atop her head gave the pair a unique way of overcoming the communication barrier.

"This food is excellent, my master," Kirlia said, her words carried to him via telepathy.

"Just trying to make you the best Pokémon you can be," Vito replied. "I made sure to give them plenty of nutrients so that you have everything you need to become an ace competitor. Combine that with the intense training we've been going through and I'm sure you'll evolve any day now."

Kirlia paused for a moment to look between herself and Vito. “I do appreciate all of the hard work you have been doing for me, my master. However, please be aware that going through evolution is a very important part of a Pokémon’s life. I will evolve when I am ready.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” he replied, standing up from the ground as he stretched out his legs. “Still though, most Kirlia would have evolved into a Gardevoir by now. I want to use you as soon as possible. With your full power on my team, nothing will get in my way.”

“Well, I suppose if you insist,” Kirlia said, eating her last bit of food before standing up. “I was trying to wait for an opportune moment, but I believe I can evolve right now if that is your desire.”

Vito turned on his heels and ran over to the petite Pokémon with a wide grin on his face. “Are you serious? You can evolve now?”

“Yes,” Kirlia replied with a nod of her head. “If my master wishes to see my ultimate form, then I will be more than happy to oblige. Please stand back.”

Stepping away from Kirlia, Vito kept his attention completely focused on her. Taking one last glimpse at the look of anticipation on her trainer’s face, Kirlia took a deep breath and closed her eyes. Holding up her arms, she let her psychic powers flow from her horns and spread through her body. As her form became covered in the familiar, bright light of evolution, Vito waited for the moment he would receive a Gardevoir that would help him achieve his dream of becoming a Pokémon master.

Vito’s smile only grew wider as he began to see the telltale signs of a fully-fledged Gardevoir begin to take shape. The Pokémon’s green hair changed into a short bob cut that curled up from the center of her forehead and swooped around her cheeks. Streaks of green shined through the light across her upper torso and spread down her arms. The same lime color

could be seen on the underside of the ballroom-gown styled skirt that obscured her dainty, white legs. Keeping his eye on the heart-shaped psychic horn emerging from Gardevoir's chest, he was already thinking about how to use his new, powerful Pokémon to go as far as the elite four and even beyond.

The dreams of grandeur dancing in Vito's head were brought to ruin as he noticed something was off. Gardevoir's flat chest began to surge in the wake of her evolution. This resulted in a pair of overly exaggerated breasts flanking both sides of her psychic horn. The heavy mounds were accentuated by lines of green going across her chest, as if her body was placing a harness around them in a poor attempt to stop them from jiggling. As alarming as the presence of her prominent bosom was, it was just the beginning of her new form's bizarre qualities.

Gardevoir's hefty tits were relatively small in comparison to the enormous set of white-colored butt cheeks that lifted up the hem of her skirt. As her backside continued to swell, Vito had to turn away as he got a whiff of a powerful musk emanating from her. Forcing himself through the aroma, his eyes went wide as he beheld a thick womanhood nestled within her hindquarters.

As Gardevoir's butt cheeks each reached the size of a bean-bag chair, she struggled to keep herself upright. Her efforts were aided by her body further twisting her limbs to make them more appropriate for the job of keeping her balanced. Her back thighs thickened up specifically to provide ample support for her behemoth backside. Picking herself up off the ground on four, hoof-like feet, she used her newfound method of movement to turn herself towards her terrified trainer.

As the evolution reached its final stages, Gardevoir began to walk her way over to Vito. With the last of the light particles dissolving away, nothing was left in the way for him to gawk at her strange shape. The apex of her twisted figure came in the form of an enormous set of plump, pink lips that were twice the size of her head. With a constant kissy face blocking most of the view of her bright pink eyes, she used her psychic powers to guide her towards him to seek his approval.

“Well master, what do you think?” Gardevoir asked, doing a quick trot in a circle to give him a good view of what she had become. “Is this form to your liking?”

“WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU?!” Vito shouted out.

Turning back towards her master, Gardevoir tilted her head. “I am a Gardevoir.”

“You don’t look like any Gardevoir I’ve seen before,” Vito replied, shuffling back from the disfigured Pokémon.

“It is true that I am unlike the others of my kind, however that is on purpose.” Seeing Vito step away, Gardevoir proceeded to slowly trot towards him. “I am well aware that your team is more than capable of handling any battles that come your way. As much as I would have been content to fight alongside them, I realized that is not what I am best suited for. Especially if my goal is to please you, my master.”

“Please me?”

“Yes,” Gardevoir replied as a line of drool began to leak from her mouth. “Though you did not verbalize your desires, I was able to extract them from your mind. On each of our visits to a town with internet access, I observed you looking up images of women when you thought no one could see. While you were attempting to stimulate yourself, I noticed you focused on specific features such as sizable bosoms, large buttocks, and full lips.”

“That was meant to be private!” Vito shouted out. “Besides, you don’t look anything like a normal woman.”

“True, but this is much better,” Gardevoir said, becoming much more aggressive with her steps, coinciding with more of her aroma beginning to waft out of her vagina. “I have purposefully modeled my new body to provide you with utmost pleasure.” Puckering her lips, she allowed a trickle of saliva to fall from her mouth. “Hold still and I shall show you why this body is the perfect method of providing you the pleasure you seek.”

“No way!” Vito shouted out.

Gardevoir hesitated for a moment before turning around to present her backside to him. “Then perhaps you would prefer a more direct form of release for the initial pairing?” she asked, waving around her hindquarters to spread her musk around the campsite. “Breeding with me should give you ample opportunity to reach an orgasm and get a good feel of my sizable-“

“I SAID NO, YOU FREAK!”

Gardevoir paused for a moment, turning back and finally seeing the fear in Vito’s eyes. “Master, please understand. I know my appearance is odd, but it is what you truly want. Though I cannot go back, this form is the best outcome for the both of us. Just breed with me and I’m sure you will understand why I chose it as my-“

Gardevoir stopped as Vito held out her Pokeball.

“Master, I will gladly return to my Pokeball soon,” Gardevoir said as she puckered her lips. “But if I may directly ask you, could you please breed with me? I made sure that this form would have a high libido to keep up with your desires. This endurance comes with a very active sex drive that must be maintained by constant sessions of breeding between you and-“

A loud crack echoed through the forest as Vito slammed the ball to the ground. Keeping her eyes focused on her home, Gardevoir watched as he proceeded to stomp on it over and over again. Not stopping until only chunks of metal remained, he turned away from her and started to walk away.

“Master, please wait,” Gardevoir said as she followed him. “Breed with me and you will understand what I-“

“Stay away from me you freak!” Vito shouted as he sprinted off into the night.

“Master, please,” Gardevoir said, her entire body shaking as she tried and failed to keep up with him. “Breed with me. Please. Breed. Breed. Breed. Breed! Breed! BREED!”

For months rumors swirled around town speaking of a terrifying Pokémon that lurked in the deepest parts of the forest. While no one had actually seen the creature, multiple travelers had heard its haunting moans echo through the trees in the dead of night. The more unfortunate people were driven away by the powerful odor that clung to the strange liquid that the beast had rubbed onto numerous trees throughout its territory. Afraid of actually running into the Pokémon, most people in town avoided that part of the forest at all costs. Then again, Brendan wasn't like most people.

Starting his career as a Pokémon trainer a little late, 20 year old Brendan knew that he had a lot of ground to make up for if he wanted any chance of taking on the various gyms. While he certainly had the look of a trainer with his black pants, red and black jacket, and white hat covering up his brown hair, he was lacking something very important. The professor had been

more than willing to give him his choice of starters to begin his adventure, but he wanted to have a leg up on the competition. Going against the better wisdom of his friends and neighbors, he was dead set on making his first Pokémon be the creature that lurked in the forest.

Wondering through the trees all day long only succeeded in Brendan wearing himself out in the process of becoming completely lost. As day turned to a moonlit night, he was forced to sit down on a fallen tree to collect his thoughts. Opening up his pack to pull out a water bottle from his collection of snacks, he parched his dry throat while his other hand picked out the leaves and twigs that had latched onto his clothes during his trek. As much as his aching body wanted to stop and go home, he didn't intend to head back empty handed. Taking another swig from his canteen to regain some energy, he was just about ready to go back into the woods to find the beast no matter what it took.

Brendan nearly choked on his water as he heard an ominous moan echo from nearby. Hearing the cry once more, he stood up and directed his attention towards a cave partially hidden by a series of bushes. Approaching the entrance, he took notice of the multiple splotches spread across the nearby vegetation. The dripping liquid reeked of an odor that seemed similar to what the people in town had spoken of. The notion that he had discovered the mysterious Pokémon was more than enough to reignite his adrenaline to get him moving once more.

Running at full speed towards the sound, Brendan barely flinched as he entered the cave, and the moaning noises became louder. As eager as he was, he gradually slowed to a crawl as he finally caught a glimpse of the creature. Having a chance to glimpse at the mutated Gardevoir's plump lips, large bosom, and even more gigantic hindquarters, any attempt for him to go unnoticed were undone by the shocked gasp that left his mouth.

Taking notice of the young trainer, Gardevoir turned around to face him head on. “Breed,” she said, the word echoing in Brendan’s mind as she began to approach him. “Breed,” she said once more, picking up her speed as drool began to flow from her lips. “Breed!” she shouted, a heavy musk emanating from her backside to enter Brendan’s nose. “BREED!”

Shouting loud enough to cause a ringing sensation in the trainer’s ears, Gardevoir came charging towards him. As ferocious as her movements were, her awkward body made it easy to telegraph what she was trying to do. Leaping out of the way, Brendan managed to barely avoid having her lips slather his body in saliva. Another attempt to press into him was foiled again, only succeeding in wobbling about her engorged bosom and enormous ass cheeks. Over and over again Brendan was able to avoid these advances, each time wondering just how much more his body would endure. Just as Brendan was about ready to reach for a Pokeball to try to catch her, Gardevoir collapsed to the ground.

“Breed, breed, breed,” she said over and over again. Rocking her body against the ground, she desperately tried to grope herself only to have her hooves uselessly paw at her curves. Grinding herself up against the wall, she freely let drool fall from her lips in unison with the droplets leaking out of her womanhood. As simple minded as Brendan was, it was clear that she was far from the terrifying beast the townspeople had thought she was.

As the young trainer continued to watch Gardevoir’s poor attempts of self-stimulation, he got another surge of psychic energy that flowed into his mind. Though the message still carried with it her desire to mate, it came with a sense of melancholic longing. Images and feelings of what Gardevoir had experienced over the past few weeks flashed through his mind. Though these moments barely lasted for more than a second in his head, they were more than enough to convey how she truly felt.

Cautiously approaching Gardevoir, Brendan hazarded to get down to look at her face. He could see the tears welling up from her eyes to slide down her cheeks and trickle down her chest. The act of attempted self-stimulation was less about desire and more about trying to relieve herself of a burden that had been plaguing her ever since she had been abandoned. Once more looking over her grotesque body, any other person would have made a run for it while they had a chance. Instead, Brendan steeled his nerves and began to approach her.

Standing within inches of Gardevoir's lips, Brendan cautiously undid his zipper. Pulling out his cock, he was somewhat surprised to see it becoming rigid despite the strange appearance of the creature before him. Taking notice of his manhood, Gardevoir got up again and crawled over to him. Puckering her lips, she opened them up just enough to allow her mouth to suck in his tip. Pushing forward until his entire length was swallowed up, she placed a kiss on his exposed crotch. Turning her eyes up to look towards Brendan's face, there was an unspoken question hanging in the air. Knowing his chance to run away was long gone, the young man nodded his head.

Gardevoir began to furiously bob her head back and forth, sliding her tongue across Brendan's shaft with each repetition. The trainer clenched his fingers as he was overcome by the warm sensation of her mouth sucking on his cock. Gasps began to leave his lips as he became accustomed to the strange pleasure of her form. Her appearance hid a lustful fervor that seemed intent to bring him pleasure with an even greater perseverance than he had in trying to find her. Feeling himself begin to weaken, he instinctively reached out for something to grab. Sinking his fingers into Gardevoir's massive rear, the young man lurched forward to aid her in her pursuit.

Unable to hold himself back any longer, Brendan gave one final thrust as he reached his climax. A heavy load of cum came spilling down Gardevoir's throat, treating the libido driven

Pokémon to a rare delicacy. Only pulling away once she had swallowed up the entire wad, she left behind a heavy layer of drool across his shaft. Nudging his member with her lips, she used her mouth to suck up any remaining drops that escaped her grasp.

“T-thank you,” Gardevoir managed to echo in Brendan’s mind.

“Did...did that do it for you?” Brendan asked, exasperated from their pairing.

“No, not yet,” Gardevoir answered as she pulled away from him. “Please breed more!”

Turning herself around, Gardevoir presented to Brendan her behemoth backside. Slowly shuffling towards him, she ended up pressing her ass cheeks right up against his torso. Nestled in-between the meaty mounds, Brendan was subjected to a surplus of the heavy musk emanating from her. Shuffling himself around, he discovered that the source was none other than her leaking womanhood. While the odor was an overpowering aroma, it carried with it a hint of the urges that she had been holding back for so long. Under the influence of her fumes, he felt his member start to become rigid again, yearning for the same thing she did.

Clutching his fingers into Gardevoir’s butt cheeks to get a strong grip, Brendan proceeded to try and guide his manhood towards her vagina. He fumbled at first, bouncing his tip down the middle of her crack and accidentally giving Gardevoir her first experience of awkward foreplay. Managing to finally press his tip up against her labia, he inhaled a mouthful of her musk in an attempt to prepare himself.

Slowly sliding himself inside, Brendan had to grit his teeth from the sheer pleasure of insertion. As he managed to push all the way up to the base, he heard a euphoric moan escape from Gardevoir’s lips. Afraid that he was hurting her, he stood up on his toes to see the look of longing in her eyes. Feeling her entire body quiver in anticipation, he once more pushed forward in pursuit of what they both desired.

Brendan started with gentle thrusts of his hips, allowing both him and Gardevoir to ease into the sensation. This method lasted up until they both started to let out euphoric moans as their bodies ached for more. Increasing his speed over time, he began to lose control of himself as he was overcome by the embrace of her dripping womanhood. Falling into the throws of his animalistic desires, he tightly clenched her buttocks as he moved his hips at breakneck speed. More of the odd couple's moans began to leave their lips, becoming louder and more frequent as they reached ever closer to their limit. Wanting to both take care of her needs and make the most of her body, he managed to keep himself going until he heard one last cry from his partner.

Gardevoir's lustful moan coincided with her entire form being overcome with orgasmic shivers. The sensation ended up being the last push needed to get Brendan to reach his own climax. Filling up her insides with his seed, he felt the adrenaline in his veins give out and his lingering strength disappear. Slumping forwards onto Gardevoir's rear as she dropped to the ground, he tried to catch his breath. Resting with his head up against the massive butt cheeks, he heard a voice in his head.

"Thank...you," Gardevoir managed to speak. "Thank you so much."

"That sounds absolutely awful," Brendan commented, popping a bit of food into Gardevoir's mouth as they sat outside the cave in the morning sun.

"It was my fault," Gardevoir replied, a hint of sadness clinging to her telepathic words. "Rather than ask him what he wanted, I merely made a guess at what my master desired most. I deserved to be left out here for my sheer incompetence."

“I don’t want to hear that,” Brendan said, offering her up another bit of food which she hungrily accepted. “Even if he didn’t want to go through with taking care of your ‘needs’, he still should have done something to help you. After all, you are-well, WERE his partner. I’d say you’re better off without him.”

Gardevoir remained silent for a moment, letting the sound of her chewing give way to the trickle of drool falling from her lips. “Perhaps...you have a point. However, I do not see where I can go from here. I have only been barely able to survive on my own for this long by scavenging the area. This body is not capable of moving far distances or hunting down prey. My only option is to find someone willing to take care of me. Judging by my former master’s reaction, I doubt any other trainer would want me to be their partner.”

Brendan scratched at his chin. “Then how about I become your trainer?”

“Do you mean it?” Gardevoir asked, a glint showing in her eyes.

“Of course,” Brendan said with a grin on his face. “I came out here to get a one of kind Pokémon to start my journey with and you’re about as unique as they come. So what do you say, partner?”

“I would very much appreciate that,” Gardvoir replied, trying to shape her lips into the semblance of a smile.

“Alright, then let’s head back to town,” Brendan said as he stood up with bag in hand. “Hopefully I can come up with a way to explain our situation to my neighbors when we get there. My Mom should be cool, she’s a pretty open-minded woman.”

“Before I guide us back to town,” Gardevoir began, scratching her front hoof through the dirt. “Would you mind...taking care of my needs one more time?”

“You can count on me,” Brendan said, following Gardevoir back into the cave to give his new partner the proper care that she needed.