

Whisperwoods, in all of its enormity, was home to quite a small community. Peace loving Pokémon without much to do other than talk to one another, bring in trinkets and berries they've finished growing to sell, or even cultivate knowledge while grabbing a bite to eat, made up the population of Whisperwoods Village proper. Buildings were stationed along a curvy dirt path, tree brush hung over to obscure a decent amount of sunlight. Nocturnal Pokémon felt comfortable coming out during the day thanks to the heavy darkness, while early birds would be guided along by the luminescent mushrooms that hummed. Some could compare the mushrooms to the innovative street lights a few communities away, but no one's competing. One building stood out among all the rest, a freshly painted wooden structure that stood as the focal point to the town. Once, this place used to house an Explorer's Guild, evident by the historical landmark signs that have been sprinkled near the entrance. Guild presence closer to the middle of the continent made for more than adequate representation, besides, Whisperwoods was a very relaxed place, with minimal Mystery Dungeon activity. That was the official reasoning, anyway. Not many knew about the real reasons as to why the guild was disbanded, since such an act was never heard of. Regardless of its history, the building stood as a community anchor once again. It has become an impressive library, holding literary works from the world over.

From the high spirits fantasy stories written on Sweeton Isle, to detective tales written in an icy resort village on the north end point of Dyneuria, to illustrative works further south from Terani, Whisperwoods Records kept them all. The halls were well insulated with rugs and throw carpets, which dampened sound and kept even the most rambunctious of conversations from carrying further than they needed to. The front entrance was enormous, filled with dark wooden arches that curved beyond anyone's head. It was clear these halls used to house Pokémon of varying shapes and sizes. Deep within the foyer, a round counter that contained a spiraling bookshelf was the focal point of the center. Just standing behind the librarian's desk gave one an overlook on all three floors that stretched far above. Behind this desk was a sleepy Gardevoir named Cherry. She pushed her spectacles up on her face with the back of her hand, head tilted in the other direction for ease of fixing.

"Are you *positive* you don't want to come with?" the familiar, adoring voice of her mother chimed.

Lillith stood in the enormous hall with bags that rested atop her massive back end, a shelf-like rump was the greatest thing to occupy with travel supplies! Behind her, Crepe and Myrtle stood in beach-hats with oversized sunglasses, both in matching one-piece swimwear with stripes that matched their hair color. To their sides, the strange chromatic Pokémon that just showed up to their doorsteps one day, with LED eyes and illuminated blades. Compared to the other two siblings, those two seemed motionless. Did they even draw a breath?

Cherry nodded slowly for her first response. "It's hardly gonna be a vacation if I'm just sleeping on the sand." she joked. "Besides...someone's gotta run the library."

The librarian's slow tones had always been a problem. Her voice was rumbly and low, not because she was born with a deep voice, quite the contrary in fact. She was just constantly tired, which made vocalizing a struggle at times. Still, she'd speak clearly and with intent if she could.

Lillith sighed, then gently cupped her hand around her daughter's cheek. "Well, if you're certain, dear," she gave a soft smile. "If you change your mind, Pluto will be home soon."

"Still can't believe you convinced him to take cooking lessons..." Crepe snickered playfully.

Myrtle shook his head slightly. "I much prefer our soon-to-be step father learn not to burn our home down."

"Excuse me." Chrysanthemum, the Iron Valiant with all their color and the faded scarf, interjected. "If Cherry will not be assisting you, then it is time to leave, is it not?"

"We have many places to be." Lavender added in, while they adjusted their tattered blue cape. "There is little time to waste here."

A giggle escaped Lillith. "Oh, fine~ Sorry for the rush, everyone's just so eager to get going! Love you dear! If you run out of food, Leopold is always happy to serve~!"

Cherry watched her mother lean in for a peck to the cheek, customary for all affectionate mothers to bestow before parting. While there was a bit of humiliation to the smooch, the warmth and safety it brought was always welcome. Lillith shimmied her way backwards, scooched a whole one-hundred-eighty degrees, then stomped her way out. The others followed behind her, belongings safely rocked between the divots of her fat backside. On their way out, Lillith noticed someone enter through the archway. She scooched to the side when a familiar face waltzed on in. A blue, gleaming Gardevoir with orange eyes and an orange heart piece. At the top of his head, a navy cap with a jean blue wrapping, followed by a golden winged badge and a black cap. His skin was much brighter and clearer than Myrtle's, maybe it was his routine. He pulled the strap to his bag and stopped for a moment, surprised to see Lillith. The short Gardevoir had to hop up a little to reach his head past Lillith's grand chest.

"Oh, Miss Lillith, ma'am!" chirped the mailboy. "I just made a delivery by your house!"

"Ever the postman, Desmond." Lillith giggled. "I was actually headed out of town! A shame I wasn't by to see you, you're always a great snacker."

A parting pinch on the cheek was Desmond's gift, before Lillith waddled right out of the door. He slipped his way through the crowd, then made it to Cherry's desk. He couldn't help but keep an eyebrow raised. "That's the first time I'd seen her in here in...a long time, actually."

"She only comes in when she really really needs me." Cherry remarks. "Still got a sore spot with this building, I think."

"Shame." Desmond slapped his hand on the counter, then looked up to the rafters. "This place is so pretty..." He flipped his bag around the counter and started to sift through letters. "Who were the new folks?"

"Chrys and Lav. They're...weird." Cherry stared off to accumulate her thoughts. "They mentioned something about being from the future, or something? Something something...big grand destiny, something something."

"They look kinda like you." Letters were placed carefully in the ingoing pile.

"They look kinda like me." Cherry snickered. "They look like the two of us combined...which is weird, but, they're not causing any trouble. All they do is wait by the door."

"Like a Houndour waiting for the Pokémon who trains him I bet."

"Something like that." It was then Cherry stretched up and yawned, a yawn that forced her to arch her back up and throw up her arms.

Desmond stopped his letter pile up, then leaned forward on the counter. "Cherry, are you STILL not getting enough sleep?"

"Never doooooo."

"All you DO is sleep! How have you not gotten a full eight hours yet?"

"Well, I need a **specific** amount of sleep that my body just can't give me. Real inconvenience..."

The postman's hands went to his hips, a drawn out sigh followed. "Honestly, I..."

"Paper boy."

A new voice struck out from among the crowd, something wispy, but powerful that disrupted the nearby calm nature of the library. The presence had gone from calm to quite tense, a surging field of psionic energy practically pulled everyone down to the ground more. That was, if they were touching the ground already. In floated a Pokémon not found on this continent, one whose rarity was of *legendary* status. Her shell contained wobbling, black mounds of flesh that threatened to crack the shell she was in, her tail curled past the opening at the bottom. The wooden pink carapace she resided in matched her mopy pink hair, her right eye obscured by strands, while the back end was messy. The only neat part were the curls that dangled past her shoulders. Her eye stared right into Desmond's, fixated on him primarily.

"I didn't appreciate being abandoned back there." she grumbled. "Are you ditching me?"

Desmond nervously cleared his throat. "O-Oh, no, um, I-I-I was just looking for 'his keeper'." he promised. "S-She just left, but, we got the next best thing?" he gestured his hand to Cherry.

The woman closed her eyes, then huffed. "You at least provide results." she swiveled over to Cherry, then cleared her throat. "Upon the inhabitants of Totem's Tidings, I come bearing the message that-"

It was then the Pokémon opened her eyes, and saw who she was speaking to. Messy green hair, golden spectacles, a small horn, and confused, yet glimmering red eyes. This stranger stared for a moment, then blinked again. When her vision came back to, the stern look in her eyes were gone. They were instead replaced with wide stares and swirls, she practically lost her balance in the air.

"Peh...puh...preh???" The stranger stammered.

Cherry blinked, then turned to Desmond. "Who is...?"

"Uh, she's-"

"M-My name's Lili!" the totem butted in, and obscured Desmond behind her frame. Her hands were clasped to her chest. "I, um, I like, uh, long floats...on the beach, and, I like, fruits, and...and...pre...pretty women~"

A little snicker left Cherry, who flipped her hair slightly. "I'm pretty average." she downplayed herself.

"Nonono!" the stranger insisted, "You've got, you're, curly hair, and, you've, cute eyes, um, and?"

"I think you're fizzling out..." Cherry gently put a hand on the girl's cheek.

One could hear the locomotive whistle from both ears of the totem woman blare out, steam hissed right after. That shadowy painted face flared up with red blush, it was then she spun down to the ground with an exasperated swoon. Cherry's eyes simply drifted back to Desmond's direction.

"...Her name's Lili." he continued where he left off. "She's a Tapu Lele from Totem's Tiding's just off the coast."

The librarian was taken aback. "She IS? A totem on the main land..."

The Totem Pokémon, Tapu Koko, Tapu Lele, Tapu Bulu, and Tapu Fini, had two important jobs when it came to the balance of the world. Their main job; protect their island from invaders and intruders. A selfish job, though their islands contained rare Pokémon not seen in many other places. The other job was to be the messengers of other legendary Pokémon. The fact a Tapu left her island to contact her, or someone she was connected to, must have been important. Someone should have reminded her about that though, because Lili was fixated on something else...or rather, someone else.

"Messages can be carried at any time and place..." Lili slipped her hands around Cherry's, which startled the girl. "But time with you? I, I think, I think that's something I need this very second..."

Cherry paused for a moment, then smiled toward Desmond. "How about...I take a quick lunch break to nap?" she grinned. "You two should join me."

"Wuh?" Desmond scratched his head. "I'm not feeling that-"

"He says he's exhausted." Lili pulled Desmond's arm closer to pull the three of them together. "Where do you retire here in this hall of knowledge?"

Cherry giggled. "Oh, I'll show you both. Just don't lag too far behind..."

Up the stairs they went, Desmond and Cherry's feet and dresses dragged along the ground below, while Lili kept her eyes fixated on her guide. The stockade of encyclopedic stories, tales of grandeur and splendor, alongside moments of reprieve and reflection, interested her not compared to the strange girl that she fell head over heels for moment one. Door after door, old rooms had been repurposed to private chambers to read in. That was, all except one. Cherry pulled the curtains to the once guildmaster's room aside gently, what used to be an office had been converted to a relaxing den. The markings of an enormous desk and huge chair much wider than the desk was still remained etched into the wood floor. Cherry fluffed up some bean bags, then plopped down onto one.

"Lay back." she smirked.

Desmond nervously tugged on his sash. "I-I ought to get going," he chuckled. "I-I've got mail to deliver, and Pokémon to see, and-"

"She demanded you to stay and lay." Lili flipped back to her more serious tone. "Didn't you, you divine rose?"

"It's, Cherry, actually." Cherry chuckled.

A sigh left Desmond, before he plopped down into the second beanbag. "I just hope I'm not gonna be behind..." he muttered, then closed his eyes slightly.

Lili was out like a light, it's like the sight of a pretty girl had her at the woman's beck and call. Cherry took a deep breath, then lay limp in the oversized chair. Relaxation soon took over Desmond somehow, he could feel something tingling at the end of his legs and the ends of his fingers. His limbs felt heavy, sensation had become a slurry of confusion. The little he heard was being blocked out for the realm of dreams. How did he get so tired? It was probably best not to think about that. All he could do was rest.

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A place of permanent fall, where leaves of crimsons, tangerines, and goldenrods fluttered above and below. Desmond always found himself back here after returning home to deliver mail, just to pick up more mail. It was always a routine, teleport back to Ravener's Roost in Maplefall Forest, load up on letters, and teleport to all the major locations on the continent of Megala. Whether it was to hand over love letters to the town-inside-a-castle at Fort Castell, to bring important business propositions in the mountain-built industrial city of Castra Nova, heck, even if it was to make it to the cold port town at Frigid Freshet Coastline, Desmond was always eager to follow his schedule. That being said, he always took on more than he could chew. If it wasn't Whisperwoods Village, he couldn't properly process his surroundings around him. The Postmaster's Guild at Ravener's Roost was nothing more than a blue punch of cones and squares to him, the towering trees of Maplefall no more than just giant cylinders of brown with pretty colors above. Work work work, bring home money for himself, then work work work again. It was all so routine and strict, even if he did make time to talk every so often...

Desmond tripped along a root in the ground, though he caught his footing the best he could. He pulled his bag up over his shoulders and focused his eyes ahead of him, though the brown blotch that was the dirt path he took had diluted into a bright, blinding white. He stood silent for a moment, then turned back to where he came from. Ravener's Roost, in all its simplicity, was **gone**. The color and form was sucked right out, all replaced by another set of blinding white. No, to say it was even white was to betray for what it actually was; absence. Absence of structure, absence of creation, absence of being in general. Maplefall Forest had just vanished in the blink of an eye! He side stepped and shimmied for a hot second, a Durant thrown off by thousands of scents all at once. He paced left, no, he paced right, wait, he paced up, no no, back to his original spot. It was all this panic that led him to Cherry's eyes. He looked up and yelped, thrown back in panic.

"Boo." she snickered.

Cherry was...different. Gone were the sleepy half lidded eyes, in favor of eyes more open. Her glasses had been taken off her head, so one could see her pupils and iris a lot better...though they weren't always so pink, were they? A bright, vibrant pink greeted Desmond.

Her pupils themselves were gone, a glossy white in their place. Around her neck, a scarf of...no, that was no scarf. It seemed a pink cloud floated around Cherry's neck and up into the air behind her hair. The feelings, voices, colors and imaginative works of many dreams came to the imagination when even looking at that cotton candy cloud.

"You look...well rested." Desmond nervously stepped back, his subconscious having not caught up yet.

"Well yeah." Cherry grinned, then slipped around Desmond. "I'm eating your dream right now, so I feel a LOT better."

"Ahhh, I understand." Desmond nodded politely, until Cherry's comment had grasped his subconscious. "Wait, I DON'T understand! What do you mean you're eating my dream?!"

A grin was plastered on the Gardevoir's face. "I've had this power for a long time. The ability to slip into other Pokémon's dreams and make do with them as I wish. Usually, none of them are ever aware unless I let them know. I don't eat dreams often because I can't find out creative ways to replace them... which leaves me exhausted. I can't dream unless I'm in a dream like this."

"Have you always...had this power?" Desmond wondered.

"Yeah." Cherry sat down in thin air, though one blink had turned that absence into a simple chair. "Honestly, it's easy to sneak into dreams and just watch. I've had to eat nightmares a couple of times...they're surprisingly tasty, if you can believe it. Or maybe I just have weird tastebuds...but, when I have to fill back in the void, it's a lot less energy being used up. It's kind of like baking breakfast when you're hungry, versus baking a feast on a full stomach."

The way Cherry spoke now, it was easy to tell that she was a lot more energetic here than she was in the real world. Half asleep, she'd slowly get through her sentences to sound even partway coherent. Here, she could blitz through an explanation like it was no big deal.

"I, see..." Desmond scratched the back of his neck. "This is why you're sleepy all the time? You're not eating dreams."

"Nope." Cherry confirmed, "It's something weird for sure...hope this isn't weird at all, I just figured I could tell you since..."

The two were distracted by Lili's frustrated whine, she floated about through the void and grasped at the air, seeming to focus on something else. She stood in front of something, then clasped her hands together. "Simply let me do my job," she pressed, "your messages will be heard if you stop pressing me."

"Does she...?"

“She’s in her dream.” Cherry explained to Desmond. “Her mind’s not broken from the dream yet.”

Desmond watched Lili nod at the invisible figure, he watched her float through the motions of her job... it seemed surprisingly similar at first, but Cherry wordlessly tapped her hand onto his shoulder. Then and there, colors and sounds violently splashed into all his senses. Colorful, pink leaves blanketed a land neither Gardevoirs had seen before. Lili spoke to a majestic beast of brown and red fur, who spoke with confidence and diligence to her of something that was gravely important. Soon enough, she found herself on top of a grand mountain with rocky bumps and a lack of paths, the only bit of green surrounded a red shrine. A blue Pokémon with a sturdy build, elegant tail, and clouds about their body, crashed their voice toward Lili. A tired, exhausted Lili listened on to a small Pokémon made entirely out of gears, while the two sat in a moving room where the exterior seemed to just blur away... All the while, Lili crossed the Nexian Sea and more, over and over and over again.

“Huh.” Desmond blinked, then crossed his legs and sat in the air. “She’s like a Postmaster too.”

“That’s what the Tapu do.” Cherry commented. “Over and over...let’s give her a break.”

Just like that, Lili was thrown off of her groove and was paused right in place. Her surroundings were wiped away, gone to the void of white that now greeted her. She darted about and soon found Cherry, who she swished into and gave a squeeze.

A happy sigh left Lili. “Oh, my Armarouge~! You’re here to wipe me away from my world and into the white, pillowy embrace of nothing. We can be here, together...”

“Pillowy?” Cherry chuckled. “I don’t think you’ve seen pillowy yet. Not in this dream world.”

“Dream what.” Lili blinked a bit.

Desmond craned his head to Cherry’s direction. “You’re emphasizing pillowy a lot...”

Cherry stepped back, before the swirls of pink mist billowed up and backward. Both Lili and Desmond watched, their jaws dropped when the form took place. Curves, rolls, divots, whatever word you wished to use for the stacks which added in the void, you were welcome to do so. The pink mist swirled about the second tire stack of what could loosely be called ‘chins’, they swished away from the massive mounds of cheeks that overshadowed both the guests of the strange dream world. A dollop of green hair within the middle gave understanding as to just what these stacks of flesh were, what stretched further and further to fill the emptiness. Cherry had duplicated herself somehow, into a massive mound of blubber. Lili, immediately, flew right up to the new Cherry stack’s face.

"How did...how d...how you???" Lili's words had become a mess.

The doppler effect of a fat mound of Gardevoir, compared to the thin Gardevoir beside Desmond, sounded off at the same time. "Dreams have a lot of power." she clarified, the thin Cherry gently thumped her shoulder into Desmond's side. "Just a nap alone could get me going for a while. I'm glad you two could nap with me."

"I, I wonder...what it's like..." Lili let slip. "So squishy..." her nub hands dip deep into the squishy mounds of blubber, her breathing accelerated. "Softsoftsoftsoftsoft-"

"I could show you..." the fat Cherry promised, the mist around her neck mound crackled and popped right beside the totem.

Smoke swirled into a spiral next to Lili, something that caught her attention quickly. When the mist rose up, she could see bits of dress and legs. A thin waistline followed, then a red horn and some arms, before it ended off on an eager smile and mopy green hair. The copy pulled the Tapu Lele into a hug, then pinched into her tummy. The girl already let loose a small series of squees, but those grew shriller and more thrilled when she saw a pauchy belly puff out. Her wooden shell creaked loudly to contain that butt blubber hidden deep within. The bind on her chest stretched out to contain her chest, her arms puffed a tad with the sudden growth. Those cheeks of her's swelled out, one could hear her low moans when she realized just what growing did to her mind.

Amazed by the sudden acceptance of thickening up, Desmond watched Lili balloon out with lard in slow surges. Tens of pounds at a time, an incredible pace, but just slow enough so Lili could lavish every change. Out from her mouth came a tangle of syllables and consonants, strung together to say nothing within the spoken language, yet bemoaned pleasure in the emotional language. He glanced over to the other thin Cherry, whose fingers dangled right in front of him.

"Wou...wouldn't getting fat slow me down?" Desmond whimpered, then started to step backward. He suddenly felt a hard force against his back, and sure enough, he seemed to be pressed right up against a wooden wall.

Cherry giggled playfully. "Aw, what's the harm in it?" she beamed. "It's just a dream. A dream you can feel~ You wouldn't mind if I did...THIS?!"

Those hands dove right into Desmond's tummy, which pushed right out after enough groping and feeling. Already, the bend in his stomach made it seem he'd gain a double roll. A yelp found its way out of the Postmaster's throat, though a low, defeated moan followed. He bent his neck forward, chin hung up, eyes rolled back. Pulse after pulse of grips and gropes led to more adipose being added to his body. In just a few grips, it seemed like he was evenly stacked. A nice rear end, a double roll belly, he was even bustier than Lili seemed to be. A cloud

of magnetic dreams had retracted the two toward the larger, heavier blob that the Tapu Lele was anchored toward.

A low gurgle escaped Lili's belly while it flopped past her front, her rear end muffin topped at the tip. "Mhah? What's this bubbling sensation in my stomach? It feels like the tinge of poisons foul in my body..." Cherry goosed her upper belly roll, and out came a rumbling belch.

"That's called gas." Cherry giggled. "You don't know much about eating and digesting, do you?"

"N-No, I've eaten mostly fruit and random cultural cuisines all my life...n-never developed a rich palette."

A slice of cake popped up in front of Lili's face, her smug Cherry doppelganger gave her a chirpy giggle. "Then let's start you out."

Down the slice went, past a point where Lili's mouth should have been. She shook and shivered, whenever another cake slice popped up, she willingly shoved it down her gullet. Another noticeable few inches were added to her frame, each one added another crack in her wooden shell. Spillage of blubber poked through the holes, more butt spillage slipped up and over with each new cake slice.

Cherry's other guest had to be treated the same. A pie slice hovered over his face, which was pushed down her gullet. The postmaster melted in her grasp, that playful Gardevoir leaned into her boy toy. "Thaaat's it." she encouraged, "Eat, eat, eat!"

Both recipients of the gains let their Cherry copies take control, all the while, that massive blob of Cherry watched with joy. The two became larger, their bodies dampened with sweat while their feeders continued to push them. Their only breaks would be to burp, faces of relief or twisted joy would get interrupted with desserts. Lili's butt rose further, her belly hung further, her arms grew plumper... Desmond's chest hung past Lili's, though he caught up some with the top of her butt...just the top. Whatever was in Lili's shell must have obscured the rest of her rear end. The two's stomachs were hoisted up gently every so often, just to further fluster them. Desmond especially, had gotten riled up. Cherry could already tell he was pent up by all this new attention and affection. The food soon slowed down, Cherry saw Desmond's stomach hang close to the ground, and Lili hover closer to the ground. It was time to play properly with these two!

Pwap, pwap, pwap... Desmond's fat, blubbery belly was patted intently by the thinner Cherry, whose devious grin spread from ear to ear. The dream maiden's fingers slipped in between those rolls, the delivery boy's yowls of desire rung out like a siren's song. She couldn't help but get closer to him, slosh his stomach around just to hear it churn. All that fatty food practically churned in his stomach, a harmony most pleasing. That massive mound of blobby goodness below Desmond watched his fupa press in on the bottom of his stomach, stimulating

the member within. Lili's eyes darted over while her own copy of Cherry felt on her adipose-added-ass. The Tapu's shrieks of pleasure only added to the music the dream maiden had them make. A Tapu Lele like her hadn't drooled so much, especially after such an already filling meal. Neither of the fatties could take anymore pressure built up without offloading, their yowls were drowned out by persistent belches. A tongue glided between Desmond's navel, teeth gently cradled around Lili's neck rolls. Constant goosing of their flesh only persisted pressure in their stomachs, belches would not suffice in their need for ventilation. Those meaty cheeks soon let loose billowing smokestacks of stink.

"Pheh, nice...~" the blobby Cherry huffed, her dreamy necklace swirling with delight.

Hearts in the two smoggy sweethearts formed in their eyes where pupils should have been. They beat vigorously, a sign that they were too steeped in their own pleasure to recognize how far gone they were. Did they care at this point? They were bigger pollutants than Koffings were by then. Already Desmond and Lilli could feel it, their first climax of the escapade had violently beat their spines from one end of their bodies to the other. If they weren't busy with burping, the only thing out of their mouths were throaty grunts. That feeling of ferality frosted their civil minds, lovely batter splattered against their thighs. Lines of white mixed with the sweat, Desmond's orgasm hidden by his body's color. Lili wasn't so lucky, especially because the intense blow caused those sloshy milkers to violently spew across the area. A sensible action would've been to cover her nips, even if they were still hidden by her bind, but sense left the girl a few hundred burgers ago. She practically tore her bind down to suck down her supply, high off the pleasure of lust.

The two Gardevoirs played tongue twister with one another, Cherry's dream mist like a haze of warmth to Desmond's chins. The young man's eyes rolled up into the back of his head, arms and legs locked so profusely he fell onto his back. There, in the ripple of Cherry flesh, the thin clone wasted no time. She fastened her pelvis down onto the poked-out cock head the delivery boy had carefully, sure to wiggle him up into her rear. Up, down, up, down, the girl had perfect rhythm. The belch that love-drunk doofus gave her tasted of pastries, a perfect flavor to remember in the heat of embrace. Cherry's hands pushed in between those musky arm pits, her throat crackling slightly when she pulled away.

"Let me take charge." the thin copy demanded, "Don't worry..."

It was then Desmond realized something about his copy of his friend. Her face got rounder, her chest grew larger, belly softer and squishier. Without even a single bite, this Cherry had begun to balloon in front of him! Each impact was made all the more delightful, all the more playful and wobbly. Their bodies impacted into each other and spread shockwaves of flesh all about, Cherry came down to spread Desmond to the left and right, then bounced back up. One could see mists of dew form along the dream wanderer's body, the hot mists of her breath. Each thrust got slower to compensate for her weight, but the impact was made even better than her previous bony form. While the postman blew his next load, he could feel his brain chemistry change. The delight of his burdensome frame blossomed a newfound appreciation in him. The

harder Cherry landed on Desmond, the harsher his flatulence became, too. Potent mists of mint green blew about the white void of dew-soaked slobbiness.

Lili's other tit would be freed by an eager Cherry, who licked her lips playfully. "I never got to do this before..." she gleamed. "Hope it's as sweet as others make it out to be."

With her lips locked, Cherry practically inhaled Lili's nipple into her mouth. Audible, obnoxious slurps resounded over the moans of orgasm not more than a few feet away. Greedily, milk began to leave its other reservoir to fill up the belly of the other lover. The Gardevoir's hands playfully pressed into that massive backside that spilled out of her lover's shell, that tail practically flapped to and fro at sonic speeds, especially when cream white tummy collided with inky black. Lili didn't feel any more fattened by her own supply, though that didn't stop her other milker from rapid gains. Cherry's own heavy chest elevated Lili's up and spewed a pinkish-purple fluid. Pure dreams, condensed into a dairy. Another ejaculation had the Lele's head jerk back, the tit she glued herself from now free and soaked with spittle. What would have been an overly excited moan turned to a roaring belch.

Cherry had one last finale to give the two. With her clones having fulfilled their purposes, they dissolved into a thick dream gas and swirled back into the blob's neck warmer. Out came a heavy puff, the exhausted hogs climbed over to each other to finish off what little sanity was left in their domes. Lili's nubs dug deep into Desmond's love handles, her chest practically shoved into his face. His rod was pushed in between the fat rolls of her fupa and belly fat, their embrace warm and slick. Each thrust, each gulp, it only worsened their gaseous situation. No breaks were given, the swirls of cherry-pink farts and minty green flatulence fused with the visible condensation they both produced. The blobby Cherry did more than just watch, she made sure the two were warm in the embrace of her stretched clouds of dreams. The plaps of fattened flesh echoed over their **BRRRRRRPPPTTTTs** and **BWOWHHRRRRRPPPPs**. The percussion to their gaseousness. When the third consecutive blow shot through their bodies, they **finally** felt exhausted. Both of the two embraced while they pumped their loads, a girly man and a lady's lady pushed out all of the lust they had left. The two instinctively recoiled into one another, and fell atop Cherry's face. After a bit they separated, Desmond to Cherry's left, Lili to her right. Wheezes and grunts of pleasure were all those two Wailmers could respond to each other with. Smug, Cherry shifted her eyes to the two.

"Wanna stay like this?" she playfully asked.

"YES!" the two coughed out at the same time.

Cocksure they wouldn't regret it, Cherry chuckled. "Alright, then that's that."

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Senses soon came back to the two, who found the difficulty in lifting up their limbs had still persisted. Desmond thought this sensation would have ended once he came to again, so he

tried to hoist himself up. Little did he realize there was a new, added weight, that pulled him down to the ground. His own belly, chest, and body in general. Lili was also pinned down to the beanbag, though it was clear from her sweat soaked shivers that she couldn't bare to try and get up on her own. A window had been opened to let the smog out, namely by Cherry herself. Back to the gold glasses and red eyes...this was reality now. Neither Desmond, nor Lili, made a comment about their weight. They just obediently stared at Cherry and waited for whatever came out of her mouth next.

"Some sleep, huh~?" she chirped. Her dream world manner of speaking was retained, same with the wide-eyed stare, even if she still seemed a little sleepy. "Man, a power nap really DOES fix a girl..." It was then she noticed the two were about to move, before she pushed her hands into their stomachs. "Ap. You two are on break. I demand it. The mail can come tomorrow, and the message can come later."

"Mes...Messa...me..." Lili's head was rattled so much by Cherry, she completely forgot her task. "That's right, the message...I, I was so enamored by your beauty, your grace, your power and pleasantries, that I forgot all about the message to Pluto."

Cherry blinked for a moment, then leaned closer to the Tapu Lele. "Pluto? Wait, this whole time, you needed to talk with my soon-to-be step dad?"

"Y...Yes actually." Lili nodded with intent.

"W-When she asked where she could find a Jirachi, I went to your mother's house." Desmond explained, "I saw she just left, so I tried to search around town. When I found her here, I noticed that Crepe and Myrtle were in beach garb, so...I didn't hold them up."

Lili looked to Desmond, then gently pushed her nub on his head. "...You are forgiven. Tubby."

"Okay, now you got me curious." She leaned closer to Lili, a wild grin plastered on her face. "I'll pay for your next lunch and hand feed it to you if you tell me what exactly Pluto needs to hear."

Like a light, Lili's eyes lit up. "Um, yes! I shall! This comes directly from the inhabitants of Mischief's Prison, so listen carefully."