



MISS
indulgence

Fanfiction FRIDAYS



ALPHA GARDEVOIR

Force-Femmes AND Fattens You INTO IMMOBILITY

AN EROTIC FANFICTION
INTENDED FOR 18+ AUDIENCES

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Alpha Gardevoir Force-Femmes And Fattens You Into Immobility

“Alright, new area.” you say to yourself. “I think we’ve got this, Gardevoir~”

You sit on the worn couch in your small apartment, the glow of the television washing over your fair skin as the soft click of controller buttons fills the quiet room.

You’re Alex, a man in his late twenties, between jobs and with nowhere particular to be. Your light red hair falls in long, loose curls past your ears, a little messy from running your fingers through it every time a battle gets intense. You’re reasonably tall and still thin through the shoulders and arms, but a soft pot belly pushes against the front of your loose t-shirt; the quiet result of too many late nights and not enough movement.

The reason sits right in front of you.

Pokémon Legends: Arceus has sunk its claws into you harder than any game has since you were a kid.

You lean forward a little, belly resting against your thighs, eyes locked on the screen. The Hisui region stretches out in crisp detail, and at your side glides the Alpha Gardevoir you raised from a Ralts.

I love my very tall Pokéwife, you think to yourself as you smirk.

She towers over your character, elegant and powerful, her white gown-like body swaying with every step, green hair framing a serene face, that red chest spike gleaming. You've spent dozens of hours with her. She carried you through alpha packs, through noble battles, through the long grind of the Pokédex.

You maxed her friendship weeks ago, yet you still open the friendship checker every session, just to hear what the NPC says.

Because the friendship checker has been telling you some *particularly* odd things lately.

Tonight, the messages are *especially* odd.

The checker's text scrolls across the bottom of the screen while Gardevoir stands patiently beside your character:

"Gardevoir finds you adorable." You blink. That one is new. You check again after a quick battle.

"Gardevoir wants you all to herself." Heat creeps up your neck. You laugh under your breath, a little embarrassed, and keep playing. Later still, after you release her just to see her spin and settle, the checker offers something else.

"Gardevoir wishes you were hers." Your face warms. You shift on the couch, the soft press of your pot belly against your thighs suddenly more noticeable. One final check before you think about shutting down for the night.

"Gardevoir thinks you look nicer getting chubby."

You stare at the text. Your ears burn. "Eheh heh...uh, what?" you blurt out.

You glance down at the gentle swell of your middle, the way the fabric of your shirt sits a little tighter than it used to. The message sits there, quiet and deliberate. You can't shake the feeling that she is speaking straight through the screen, not to the silent avatar but to you, Alex, sitting on this couch with your controller and your soft belly and your late-night snack wrappers still on the table.

You swallow. The apartment feels smaller somehow.

"Naw...that's just...I mean, it's probably just some clever writing," you tell yourself, "Just some programmer's inside joke, maybe."

Your pulse ticks faster all the same. You get half-chubbed in your boxer shorts just thinking about it.

You play a little longer, reluctant to let the session end. You fight a few wild Pokémon just so you can see her move, the way her psychic energy lifts them, the gentle sway of her hips when she returns to your side.

You keep glancing at her model, the exaggerated curves the game gave the Alpha form, the way she seems to look toward the camera more than at your character. Your thumbs slow on the buttons.

A silly little crush has been growing for days; the kind of quiet, private fondness you would never admit out loud. She is only pixels and code, yet the thought of her finding you adorable, of her wanting you all to herself, settles warm and heavy in your chest.

Eventually the fatigue wins. Your eyes feel dry. Your pot belly gurgles once, soft and content from the leftovers you ate earlier while grinding.

"Alright baby," you say softly, "I gotta get some sleep. It's been fun, but I gotta turn in."

You stretch, controller still in hand, and reach for the power button on the console. The screen flickers. Gardevoir's model turns fully toward you. Her eyes glow a soft pink. The friendship checker text flashes one last time, faster than you can read, then vanishes.

“No sleep yet. Not yet. Don’t go. I’m not done with you...Alex.”

A slender green hand presses against the inside of the screen from the other side!

You gasp. Fingers sink through the glass like it is only water. An arm follows, then a shoulder, then the elegant curve of her chest plate. You freeze on the couch as the Alpha Gardevoir pulls herself out of the television, her white fabric and green skin sliding into your living room with a soft rush of cool air!

“H-holy shit!” you exclaim, stumbling backwards across your floor.

She straightens to her full height. Eight and a half feet of her. The top of her head nearly brushes the ceiling. Her figure is even more exaggerated in the flesh: absurdly busty, hips wide and soft, thighs thick enough that the gown parts around them, the red spike on her chest pulsing with gentle light.

She looks down at you with glowing eyes and a serene, knowing smile.

Her voice arrives inside your head, warm and layered, with no mouth needed. Just a psychic projection of her intent:

~Alex...my sweet trainer. I’ve finally come for you~

“W-wuh...what? Is this a-actually happening?” you stammer, staring up at something impossible. Your Alpha Gardevoir is actually here!

~I grew so tired of only watching you through the glass. Every night you sat there, soft and focused, checking on me again and again. I felt your every blush. I heard every quiet little thought. So I decided...~

She steps closer. The floorboards creak under her weight. Her shadow falls across your pot belly and the controller still clutched in your hands. Psychic energy hums in the air, lifting a few loose strands of your curly red hair.

She leans down until her face is level with yours, that red chest spike only inches from your cheek.

~I decided to make you mine.~

You stare up at her, mouth slightly open, your heart hammering. The apartment is silent except for the soft static of the still-running console and the faint sound of her gown shifting as she settles closer. Her psychic presence wraps around your thoughts like warm silk, gentle but absolute. She reaches out with one elegant hand and rests the tips of her fingers against the soft swell of your belly, just above the waistband of your pants. The touch is cool and electric at once.

~You've been growing for me already, haven't you? Sitting still for so many hours, letting that soft middle fill out while you played with me. I noticed. I *liked* it. But you're much too small. Now...I can take care of the rest myself.~

Her eyes never leave yours. The pink glow deepens. You feel the first careful brush of her mind against yours, not forcing, only inviting, tasting the edges of your surprise and the quiet, guilty thrill already coiling low in your stomach.

"What do you mean?" you ask her, biting your lip. You try not to let it show just how turned on you actually are. She smiles, slow and satisfied, and the pressure of her hand on your belly increases just enough to make the soft flesh yield.

~From now on, Alex, you belong to your Gardevoir. No more screens. No more distance. Just you...and me...and everything I intend to do with my adorable, chubby trainer.~

"This is impossible! Th-this *can't* be happening!" you exclaim. The shock of it all is getting the better of you.

You scramble backward across the living room floor on your hands and heels, heart slamming against your ribs. Surprise and fright tangle together in your chest, but underneath both sits a thin, shameful thread of arousal that only makes everything worse.

Your Alpha Gardevoir towers over you, eight feet of soft curves and glowing eyes, and the possessive look on her face leaves no room for argument. She's no longer just polygons on a screen.

She's here, she's real, and she's already decided you *belong* to her.

She spreads her arms. A sphere of crackling purple psychic energy blooms around you in an instant, lifting you clean off the floor!

"W-woah! Hey w-wait!" you squeal in surprise.

The bubble seals with a soft pop of pressure. Tingling static races across your skin, sinking deeper than surface sensation. You hang suspended in the middle of the living room, feet dangling, and the changes begin at once.

Your skin softens first. The faint roughness along your forearms and the back of your hands melts away, leaving everything smooth and faintly luminous. Your red hair lengthens in a slow, heavy cascade, the curls growing thicker and glossier until the ends brush past your shoulder blades and keep going.

You feel the weight of it settle against your neck. Inside the bubble you try to speak, to protest, but the words tangle in your throat as your jawline softens and your cheeks fill with a gentle roundness.

Your chest tightens, then expands.

Soft tissue swells beneath your shirt, pressing outward in warm, heavy arcs. The buds of new breasts push against the fabric, growing fuller with every heartbeat until they strain the front of your t-shirt and spill into soft, rounded shapes that bounce with the slightest movement of the bubble.

Your hips flare next. Bone and muscle reshape themselves with a deep, liquid ache that somehow feels good. Your waist cinches

inward while your ass and thighs thicken, the soft flesh of your rear swelling outward until the seat of your pants stretches tight. Between your legs the most intimate change takes hold.

Your cock softens, shrinks, and draws inward, *shrinking*.

The sensation makes you squirm, feeling way too good. As your cock disappears, in its place a soft, puffy slit forms, its lips already slightly parted and sensitive. A small, aching clit throbs at the top of it, sending bright sparks of pleasure through your core every time the psychic energy pulses.

You hang there, breathing hard, and realize with a jolt of confusion that the new body feels...comfortable. It feels *right*. Something eases inside you that you hadn't realized had been tight, as if you'd been holding your breath this whole time...and finally exhaled.

The weight of the breasts against your chest, the soft give of your hips, the way your longer hair brushes your bare shoulders all settle into place like something that had always been missing. The panic's still there, but it's muffled beneath a warm, unexpected *rightness*.

Oh my god, you think. She's transformed me into a woman!

The purple bubble shimmers once more and then bursts in a shower of fading sparks.

You drop to the floor on newly soft knees, naked except for the stretched remains of your clothes. Your Alpha Gardevoir tilts her head, eyes glowing with open delight.

~Oh, look at you,~ she coos, voice both spoken and pressed directly into your mind. ~My little *Alexandra*. So cute. So adorable. And so red in the face already.~

She reaches down and cups one of your new breasts, giving it a gentle squeeze that makes you gasp. ~Awwwww. Embarrassed already? Good. It makes you even prettier.~

You try to cover yourself, but she only laughs and steps back. A concentrated beam of pink psychic light gathers at the tip of her

chest spike and lances straight into your belly. The moment it touches you, arousal floods outward in every direction.

“Nnngh! Wh-what’s happening to me?” you gasp, feeling yourself start to fatten up. She’s making you *fatter!*

Fat blooms under your skin like rising dough. Twenty five pounds settle across your middle in the first thirty seconds, rounding your stomach into a soft, heavy sphere that pushes your remaining shirt fabric upward.

Another pulse follows almost immediately, adding thirty more. Your breasts swell heavier, the soft undersides beginning to rest against the upper curve of your growing belly. You look down and watch the skin stretch smooth and shiny, the new weight making everything jiggle when you shift.

The pleasure is immediate and overwhelming. Every fresh layer of fat feels warm and sensitive, nerve endings lighting up as if the growth itself is stroking you from the inside.

You can’t stop your hands from rising. You squeeze the soft sides of your belly and feel the flesh yield, then rebound with a slow, heavy wobble. A low moan escapes your throat before you can swallow it. Another fifty pounds cascade across your hips and thighs. Your pants split along the seams with a soft tearing sound, falling away in pieces. The air is cool against newly exposed skin, but the heat of the transformation keeps you flushed and sweating.

~Feel that?~ Gardevoir asks, circling you slowly. ~Feel how good it is to get soft for me?~

You do. God, you do. The thought fills your mind and refuses to leave: *My Alpha Gardevoir is fattening me up into an obese girl...and I'm loving every second of it!*

Every new roll of fat settles with a deep, satisfying pressure that somehow soothes even as it overwhelms. Your inner thighs thicken until they press together, the soft flesh already beginning to chafe in the most delicious way. Your arms grow plush, the once-lean muscle disappearing beneath warm padding. You cup one heavy breast and

feel the weight of it, the way the soft underside rests against the rising swell of your middle, and another helpless sound slips out of you.

The beam never stops. Minutes blur together.

You pass three hundred pounds with a wet, heavy creak of stretching skin.

Four hundred arrives in a rush of wobbling motion as your belly drops lower and begins to rest across your lap.

At four hundred fifty your remaining underwear simply gives up, the waistband snapping and falling away so that your new puffy pussy is fully exposed, already slick from the constant, rolling pleasure of growth.

You're over five hundred pounds before you manage to find enough breath to speak.

"H-how...how big..." you pant, your voice higher and softer than before. Sweat beads along your new cleavage and rolls down the deep valley between your breasts. "...are you g-gonna make me? When is it going t-to stop?"

Gardevoir laughs; a rich, delighted sound that vibrates through the psychic link.

~Stop? Oh, sweet Alexandra. You're not nearly fat enough yet.~ She kneels in front of you, still towering even on her knees, and rests both hands on the vast curve of your belly. ~I want you to become my special little blob. A helpless, immobile girl I can keep and adore forever. Soft. Heavy. Completely mine.~

The beam intensifies. Another hundred pounds arrive in a single, continuous wave.

Your belly surges forward and outward, the soft underside now resting fully against the floor. Your thighs spread wide beneath the weight, soft and dimpled, the fat of your ass spreading across the carpet in a warm, heavy cushion.

You can barely move your arms now; they rest atop the swelling sides of your middle like pale, plush decorations. Every breath makes the entire mass of you rise and fall in slow, jiggling waves.

“Mmph! G-getting *huge!*” you grunt, feeling your face fill out with more flab.

The pleasure tips over without warning. Gardevoir’s power strokes something deep inside the transformation, and you cum hard, thighs trembling, soft belly quivering as the orgasm rolls through every new pound of fat. The climax itself seems to feed the growth. Another fifty pounds bloom across your chest and middle while you are still shaking, the added weight only prolonging the aftershocks.

She leans in and presses a soft kiss to the warm, stretched skin of your belly, then another, then a third, lavishing slow affection across the vast surface while you struggle to catch your breath.

~Look at you,~ she murmurs against your skin. ~My perfect pet blob. Already so soft. Already so helpless. All for me.~

You try to answer and manage only a weak, breathy moan.

The reality of it settles over you like another layer of fat. Your entire life has been rewritten in the space of minutes. The man who sat on this couch playing a game no longer exists. In his place is Alexandra; a swelling, sweating, trembling mass of soft flesh who can barely shift her own weight.

Gardevoir straightens and looks down at you with glowing, possessive eyes. ~You can never escape me now. You can never leave. You are all mine, Alexandra, and I will never stop fattening you up.~ she says.

The words sink straight into the heat already coiling low in your body. The sheer certainty in her voice, the absolute claim, pushes you over the edge again.

“Mmmph! *HUUOOORRRP* Unf~ C-cumming!” you belch, groaning as a second orgasm crashes through you, stronger than the first,

and the psychic beam answers by pouring another enormous wave of growth into every soft, sensitive inch of you.

Your belly balloons outward in a final, heavy surge. The floorboards creak under the sudden increase. Soft fat spills in every direction until you are a vast, rounded sphere of warm flesh, breasts resting like heavy pillows atop the upper curve of your middle, arms half-buried in your own sides, legs completely swallowed.

You settle at a thousand pounds of soft, immobile girl, panting and dazed, every part of you jiggling with the aftershocks of pleasure. Gardevoir's hands stroke slowly across the endless expanse of your belly, and her voice wraps around your thoughts like a warm, unbreakable chain.

~Mine,~ she whispers. ~Forever.~



Miss Indulgence is a professional erotica author. She is known primarily for her private commission work on Fiverr, as well as her 'Momma Gobbo' persona on social media. When she's not spinning seductive yarns or corrupting the youth of today, she lives quietly in Alberta, Canada.

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