

Cheering and hollering resound around Dawn as she stares down at the ground. Past the ruffled rim of her pink dress — the centerpiece of her coordinating costume — she sees her red shoes, their fronts bulging as she wiggles her toes around within them. A sigh escapes the girl as she realizes that, with how warm her cheeks currently feel, they are likely quite similar in color.

I-I still can't believe it, she thinks to herself. Did I really win...?

“Piplup! Pip-lup!”

Dawn is surprised to see her knee-high, penguin-like Pokémon skip into view. Standing right between the tips of her shoes, he looks up at her with his beady eyes. With one flipper, he grabs onto the rim of her dress and tugs on it; with his other flipper, he points toward something in front of her. She raises her head a bit to see three small, metallic steps rising from the grass before her. They lead onto a narrow beige platform — the award podium. The place she is meant to be.

“I know, Piplup,” she says, barely able to hear herself over the cheering crowd. “I’m just so nervous, a-and—”

Grouuurwrl...

A scarcely-audible gurgle emanates from Dawn’s stomach, her insides tingling. She flinches, setting a hand on her gut, realizing she’s been empty since lunchtime... and the last several hours of Pokémon Contests have only served to make her hungrier. As nervous as she is, she knows she should push herself through the award ceremony, get out of the stadium as fast as she can, and get dinner somewhere else. Otherwise, her ravenousness could put her in danger of breaking the Wallace Cup’s rules...

“Pip-lup!”

Piplup gives Dawn’s dress another tug. She finally capitulates.

“Oh, fine... n-nothing ventured, right?”

Taking a deep breath, Dawn lifts her left foot and places it onto the first step, drawing a rise in volume from the cheering onlookers. Piplup lets go of her skirt, chirping excitedly and skipping his way up the steps, beating her to the podium proper. Keeping her head low, Dawn slowly raises her right foot, placing it onto the second step, summoning another increase in volume. Finally, she brings both feet onto the third step, standing atop the beige platform at last.

She takes a few steps forward, exhales, and turns ninety degrees to her left. Raising her head, she gazes across the expansive, grassy battlefield of Valor Stadium, where the Wallace Cup had just been held. On the opposite end of the verdant plane, she sees rows of densely-packed spectator stands. Standing incredibly tall and wide, they hug the field’s rectangular fringes, ensuring that Dawn can see nothing past them. An ocean of smiling, cheering people fills her view almost completely.

“Ehehehe...”

She closes her eyes, smiles back, and grasps either side of her pink dress skirt. With Piplup posing cutely behind her, she slides her left foot behind her right, curtsying. A rousing round of applause explodes around the girl, sending shivers up her spine. She hears countless hands clapping, singing in a collective chorus to congratulate her. She also hears a more modest number of hands coming together closer to the podium, belonging to a smaller group — one she knows better than anyone in the stands.

Opening her eyes, she lowers her head to see several people on the battlefield, standing a few feet from the bottom of the podium. They're arranged in a horizontal line, positioned in a way that makes it very easy for Dawn to recognize them all. On the left, she sees three of the four judges, the only one of them missing being Wallace himself. They look proud of her, clapping in much the same way as the spectators. To their right, she sees a group of coordinators, many of whom she'd beaten on her way to the top. Some of them look even prouder than the judges.

Dawn recognizes a few people within the coordinator lineup by appearance. Conveniently, the recognizable ones stand at the rightmost side. The girl with red hair, an orange vest, and cyan jeans is identifiable as Zoey, while the boy with caramel hair, a green shirt, and tan trousers is recognizable as Kyle. Both of them are in casual wear, having been eliminated early enough to get changed out of their coordinator costumes. However, at the end of the line is the one person, aside from Dawn herself, of course, who's still in their costume... and the one who isn't clapping like the others.

The young girl's midriff-baring orange shirt, silky white headdress, and flowing, hip-hugging skirt identify her as Dawn's final opponent, May. Her outfit is eye-catching, arguably moreso than Dawn's own with all the skin she's showing. While battling her, Dawn couldn't help drooling a bit at the sight of her well-shaped, well-displayed assets. She recalls her stomach growling *very* loudly when she drank in her form...

Grouurrwrl...

...and even now, she feels a spot of intense hunger just from looking at the girl.

However, Dawn also feels a bit of confusion as she looks at her final opponent. The girl's pose appears oddly sullen, with her arms limply dangling, her back slouched, and her head hanging low, her gaze seemingly aimed at the ground.

Huh, Dawn thinks, could she be upset about losing? Eh... She shakes her head, turning her attention back toward the applauding crowd. She'll shake it off in no time. For now... I'm not gonna let anything ruin this moment for me!

Dawn strikes another pose just the wave of applause finally starts to die down. The cheering grows quieter as well until the stadium becomes almost completely silent, save for hushed whispering. She wonders why, then hears the hard *thump* of a footstep. It shakes the whole podium, seemingly landing somewhere to her right.

Dawn turns that way to see Wallace, his turquoise cape billowing in the breeze. The master coordinator makes his way toward her, causing her heart to pound again. Close behind him, his Milotic's serpentine head suddenly rises over the podium's edge. The snakelike Pokémon slithers onto the elevated platform to follow her master.

Dawn's pulse quickens as he draws near. One of his hands hangs by his side, his fingers closed around *something*. She knows what it is, but tension mounts anyway. It fills the air around her, thick as fog, until Wallace finally stops, standing in front of her. His Milotic slithers up by his side and raises her long neck, matching him in height.

"Coordinator Dawn," Wallace begins.

Dawn's arms snap to her sides as she assumes an almost military-like stance.

"Y-Yes, M-Mister Wallace sir?"

"Hahaha," he chuckles, shaking his head. "There's no need for such formalities. Dawn, I would like to congratulate you for your victory. And..."

Wallace extends his closed hand toward her.

“...I would like to present to you... the coveted Aqua Ribbon.”

His fingers unfurl, revealing the golden oar-shaped emblem sitting in his palm. The water-type by his side coos, opening up her mouth to blow a bubble at the ribbon. It's contained inside the wobbling sphere before Milotic, keeping her mouth half-open, blows it toward Dawn. She holds out a hand, letting the bubble hover above her palm, shortly before it suddenly pops. The ribbon falls a short distance and lands in her palm, allowing her to finally feel its weight. She stares at it for several seconds, marvelling, then raises her head to see Wallace's ever-calm smile.

“Th-Thank you,” she says.

The master coordinator nods, turning to face the stadium stands. Dawn turns too, gazing upon the still-silent audience. With her heart giddily pounding within her chest, she raises the Aqua Ribbon above her head.

“A-And,” she squeaks, “thank all of *you*, too! Thank you all so much!”

Again, the crowd goes wild with thunderous applause and booming hollering. Everyone in the lineup beneath the podium does the same. Everyone... except May. Dawn's eyes fall on the girl as she continues to just stand there, her head still hung low.

What is her deal...? Dawn thinks before sighing and tapping her shoes. *Dang it. I'm getting distracted again.*

“Pip-lup,” says her Pokémon, who poses by her, basking in the crowd's approval.

Dawn returns her gaze to the crowd as she decides to follow Piplup's example, striking cute poses with her dress. Then, she picks up Piplup and holds him in her arms. A wall of white flashes erupts from the stands as hundreds of camera shutters snap. She milks the moment for all it's worth until the applause finally dies down once again. Wallace takes center-stage before beginning a concluding announcement.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen... this year's Wallace Cup has come to a close. Come back in a new year, and a new place, to test your skills once more! But for now... I wish you all a good evening..."

He looks over at Dawn.

"...and for this year's champion, I wish the best of luck in all future endeavors! Another round of applause for Dawn from Twinleaf Town!"

And another round is had, causing Dawn to swoon so hard she almost faints...

Sooner or later, though, the congratulations and the formalities are all done with, and the clamor lowers to an ambient murmur. Audience members start heading out, though the judges and coordinators remain for now. They talk amongst themselves, continuing to stand on the battlefield. Dawn hears her name a few times in their chatter.

"I-I'm still having a hard time believing I won," she mumbles to herself.

"I'm going down to chat with the others," Wallace says, getting Dawn's attention. "We'll probably stick around in town for a while longer for some more *celebration* — 'hitting up' some local restaurants and the like."

He winks. Dawn blushes. He chuckles.

“There is no *man eating* at my coordinator contests. But perhaps out on the town, you might find a meal worthy of a champion, hm?”

Grouuurrrrl...

Dawn’s stomach sounds intrigued at Wallace’s notion. Her blush brightens.

“I— um— I’m sorry!” Dawn blurts out, nervously scratching the back of her head. “I have to get back to the Pokémon Center. My partner and I have to head out tomorrow. Gotta be up bright and early! So, I’ll probably get dinner there. S-Sorry...”

“That’s alright! Your Pokémon journey comes first, as it should for one like you. Your skills will take you far, Dawn. I want you to remember that... always.”

She heaves a heavy sigh, looking down at her feet.

“Th-Thank you, Mister Wallace...”

“The pleasure is mine! Of course, if you have a moment, I’m sure the others...”

“W-Would like to chat!” Her head snaps back up, a confident smile on her face. “Yeah, I can stick around for a bit. Heehee...”

“Then... let us go,” Wallace says, flourishing his cape as he steps forward, hopping off the edge of the podium with his Milotic slithering behind him.

“R-Right!”

Dawn follows his example, jumping to ground level to go and meet the others. Piplup skips along close behind her. After shaking hands with each of the three judges, Dawn hurries over to touch base with her coordinator friends.

Zoey and Kyle wave her over while May stands by them, still sulking to herself.

“Great job out there, Dawn!” Kyle says. “You totally smoked all of us!”

“Can’t argue there,” Zoey nods along. “Must’ve had Arceus himself on your side!”

“Awww... c’mon, guys!” Dawn says, giggling bashfully. “It wasn’t *that* crazy.”

“It totally was,” Kyle assures, turning around. “Right, May?”

Kyle and Zoey both turn to look May’s way, clearly curious about her response. Dawn does the same, also intrigued. However, May says nothing and just stands there. Then, she shuffles up to Dawn, taking a long, deep breath. Finally, she raises her head. Dawn’s eyes widen slightly. She had fully expected to see May’s eyes filled with tears. Instead, she looks fine.

More than “fine,” actually. She’s *smiling*.

“Good job out there!” May says with a hasty nod.

“Thanks, May,” Dawn says, cocking her head. “Uh... are you alright?”

“Yeah!” May says.

She shuts her eyes. A quiet moment passes as Dawn and the others look at her. Then, they see a twinkle in the corner of one of her eyes. A tear runs down her cheek. Her lips quiver as she lowers her head again. Her whole body trembles.

“I’m, uh,” she finally manages to croak. “I’m... gonna go! S-See ya!”

May says this, but for another quiet spell, she doesn’t move a muscle. Eventually, Zoey and Kyle speak up.

“Hey, May,” Zoey begins, “are you sure you’re alright?”

“Yeah,” Kyle adds, “if you’re not feeling okay, you could—”

May suddenly spins around, catching everyone’s attention at once, and takes off. Tear-streams gush from either side of her face, forming fountain-like arcs as she runs, leaving dual trails of darkened soil in her wake.

“Waaaaaaaaaahhh! I looooooost!!”

An awkward silence falls as the group watches the wailing girl run to the doors. She vanishes through them, leaving the judges and coordinators scratching their heads. Eventually, Kyle and Zoey look at each other, concern visible on both their faces.

“You think she’ll be alright?” Kyle asks.

“I think so,” Zoey says. “Still... losing can really sting.”

“Just gotta walk it off,” Dawn says, “do better next time. That’s how I got this far.”

“I believe it,” Zoey says.

“Yeah,” Kyle says, “me too...”

“Heh...” Dawn sets a finger under her chin, grinning. “And, if I keep this up... there’s no way I can lose~”

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~ *Several minutes later* ~

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“Hah! That’s better.”

Smiling brightly, Dawn stands in front of the changing room’s person-sized mirror, gazing into it. She sees herself reflected from head to toe, noting her wardrobe change. With her coordinating costume put away, she has slipped back into her usual outfit, which consists of a white hat, pink shoes, and her now-iconic black dress with pink skirt.

“My coordinating costume is pretty and all, but you can’t beat the classic look! Heehee... especially when I’ve worked so hard on it these past few months~”

As if on a catwalk, Dawn does a twirl to turn herself around, her skirt fluttering. The girl glances back over her shoulder to watch her skirt gently droop over her butt. Her plump, perky cheeks are very easy to see through the thin layer of ruffled fabric. Dawn lays a hand on the pleated, velvety surface, feeling the squishy-softness beneath, giving it a nice little squeeze. Pride swells as she thinks of her numerous trainer meals, all serving to further pad out her figure while acting as stepping stones on her journey, culminating most recently in the surreal moment of actually winning the Wallace Cup. The moment of being congratulated, validating every choice she’s ever made...

“I should take Wallace’s advice,” she thinks aloud. “A champion like me—”

She pauses and chuckles, noticing how that lofty personal descriptor slipped out. Yet it felt so natural to say, as though she had been born to speak so highly of herself. Such thoughts only further inflate her burgeoning sense of self-confidence.

“Yeah... heh. A champion like me *deserves* a good meal~”

Guuouuurrrouuurrggle~...

Dawn's belly gives a growl of agreement. Unlike when surrounded by onlookers, the girl feels no embarrassment from her stomach's churning vocalizations now. Rather, they only fill her with a greater sense of pride at the prospect of winning more contests, claiming victory in more battles, and earning more meals to pad herself out even further.

"I can always use more practice," she remarks. "Maybe not tonight since it's late. Next time I meet another trainer, though... I gotta be sure I send 'em to my butt... *or~*"

Dawn turns back around to face the mirror head-on, flexing her shoulders inward. She scrunches her plump breasts together beneath her black dress, wrinkling the fabric. Her already-smiling lips stretch even wider.

"I could do more work on my chest, too... heehee~"

Fantasies dance through the girl's mind as she quickly turns herself back around. Opposite the mirror is the changing room's bench; sitting on that bench is her duffel bag. It's basically a cylinder of canvas, colored pinkish-white to complement her skirt and hat, equipped with a lengthy, U-shaped strap that makes it easy to carry on her shoulders. It's open to reveal her coordinating costume, her Poké Balls, and many other things. She walks across the room, throws its floppy lid shut, and zips it up to lock it. Finally, she slings it over her shoulder, letting its barrel-like flank rest against her waist.

"Alright," she says to herself, "time to go! I just hope those two are ready..."

Dawn turns toward the changing room's door, which leads out into the hallway. She strides forward, making her way toward the door until she stops right in front of it. Grabbing and twisting its handle, she pulls it ajar.

Within its now-open frame, she sees several things at once.

The first is the wall just outside of the door. The second is what leans against it — a black-haired, red hat-wearing boy with baggy blue pants and a white-collared shirt. With his arms folded and head hung low, he appears to be dozing, as does his Pikachu, resting atop his head with eyes tightly shut...

“Ash!” Dawn complains.

“Waaah!” Ash jerks out of his half-asleep state, causing Pikachu to yip and jump, almost falling from his preferred perch. As he regains his stance, he looks over at Dawn, shaking his head. “S-Sorry, Dawn! You were taking a while!”

“Piii—ka, pikaka,” his partner agrees.

“Was not!” She folds her arms and lowers her head slightly. “Hmh. Well, alright... I guess we should get back to the Pokémon Center.”

“Yeah... today’s been crazy. Watching you compete had my heart pounding.”

“Why thank you, Ash,” she says with a slight smirk, setting her hands on her hips. “I always strive to put on a good show! Like any true coordinator should.”

“Right,” Ash says. Pikachu quietly restates his name while Ash looks up at him, muttering quietly. “*Seems like a ‘true coordinator’ gets pretty full of themselves...*”

“Hey,” Dawn snaps, “I heard that!”

“Er—! S-Sorry,” Ash hastily apologizes before strategically changing the subject.
“Uh... hey, what about May? Did you see her? She seemed kind of upset...”

*Ugh, Dawn grunts within her mind. Why does everyone keep asking about her?
It's not like we're going to stop being friends just because of— UGH.*

Shutting her eyes and taking a deep breath, Dawn finally gives a verbal reply.

“She’ll be fine,” the girl affirms. “Everyone loses a competition once in a while.
Well... *almost* everyone, anyway.”

“Heh, yeah.” Ash says, glancing knowingly at Pikachu. “Still... I hope she’s okay.”

*Hm, Dawn thinks, she'd better be... wouldn't want my next Wallace Cup to fly by
without anyone other than Zoey to challenge me~*

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~ *The next day* ~

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“Ah... it’s nice to be back on the road again! I always feel at home out here...”

Dawn yawns and stretches, taking a deep breath of warm, humid summer air, marching forward with her eyes peeled. Before the girl is a curving mountainside path, wrapped around a cliff face that stands to her right like a wall of rock. To the path’s left, there’s a drop-off that transitions into a steep slope covered in grass and small stones. Beneath the skirt-like slope stretches an expansive plain dotted by trees and tall grass — common sights for traveling trainers, Dawn and her companions certainly included.

Speaking of whom...

“Yeah,” comes Ash’s voice from her right side, “I know what you mean.”

“Pika,” comes the electric type’s voice in the same direction.

Dawn turns her head to her right while she continues to advance along the path. Her view is filled by Ash, Pikachu on his head, and the rock wall scrolling behind them. They turn their heads her way, Ash shrugging as he continues.

“After you get used to being in the outdoors, it feels weird to stay in cities.”

“Mhm,” Dawn nods. “Though we still have to go back into cities for contests!”

“Yeah, that’s true,” Ash acknowledges, before setting a finger on his chin. “But... couldn’t they do a contest out here if they really wanted to?”

“Piiii—ka,” the electric type adds.

“Pfft,” Dawn scoffs. “Then no one would show up!”

“But there are plenty of Pokémon battlefields,” Ash argues, realigning his head. “Like... that one!”

Ash stops, prompting Dawn to do the same, and points a finger directly ahead. Pikachu looks forward too, softly voicing his name with a rising intonation of intrigue. Dawn finally joins them and turns to look forward, her lips half-parting.

“Oh...?”

She sees the mountainside pathway terminate a few feet away from her position, separating from the curving rock wall and descending into a slope leading to the plains. It stretches onward for a bit before going through a gateway formed by two huge ferns, entering a small park-like area fenced in by trees, bushes, and some massive stones. Looking between the ferns, Dawn sees the Pokémon battlefield in question.

It is fairly small, resembling a tennis court between the trees, bushes, and rocks. Even its surface, bearing a rough, rubbery texture colored brown to evoke bare earth, reminds Dawn of courts she saw when hanging out at the rec center in Veilstone City. The end of the battlefield closer to herself and Ash is mostly open aside from the ferns; the far side is blocked by a wall of bushes with a narrow passageway between them. Finally, there are also benches set up on the long sides of the arena.

“Huh,” Dawn says, “not a *terrible*-looking spot. But it wouldn’t work for a contest! Where are you supposed to put a whole crowd?”

She looks over at Ash, awaiting his answer. He looks back and shrugs.

“Uh... set up some bleachers?”

Dawn sighs and rolls her eyes.

“A real Pokémon contest would need more space. It needs to be grand in scale... not a two-bit attraction like — like *this!*”

As she says “this,” she holds out her hand to indicate the small size of the arena. Ash shrugs again as Pikachu does the same.

“Piiiiika...”

“Jeesh. No need to be so hard on the arena... and hey, Dawn?”

“Hm?” Dawn turns Ash’s way, folding her arms. “What is it, Ash?”

“You’ve been acting... different lately. You okay?”

“Hah... of course!” Dawn closes her eyes and, with a smile, turns her nose up. “More than okay! I haven’t felt this good in... ever!”

“Alright... if you say so.”

“Anyway,” Dawn resumes, again turning her head toward the small battleground. “Through there, then? It seems the path goes right through it.”

“Yup, looks that way.”

“Good! Maybe I’ll even see some trainers to test my skills against, mhmhm~”

Ash just sighs, a blush reaching his face.

The two of them head down the path and onto the battlefield. As Dawn steps onto the field proper, she hears her shoe land with a *claph*. To her immediate surprise, the texture of the ground is *exactly* how she imagined it when looking at it from afar. Rough, hard, and rubbery, flexing beneath her foot. She wonders who’s maintaining it... before she and Ash cross the central line of the field and are stopped by something.

Ahead of them, in the wall of bushes at the battleground’s edge, there’s a rustle. The bushes shake, scattering leaves all over. Then, from within them, a figure leaps out, landing on the battleground’s edge, standing tall and proud.

She wears blue shorts that tightly hug her hips, a red shirt tightened around her trim stomach and busty chest, a travel bag on her waist, and a bandanna on her head. Dawn could’ve easily told who she is from her attire alone, but one glance at those twin brown bangs of hers confirms it beyond any shadow of a doubt.

Her butt looks so good in those shorts, she thinks.

“Huh,” Ash says. “A wild May appeared...”

Dawn cocks a brow, keeping an eye on the girl as she turns her head her way, pointing a declarative finger.

“Dawn!” May exclaims, a cocky smile spread across her features. “I’ve come — and you know exactly why!”

Dawn simply tilts her head to the side, her brow still raised.

“I do...?”

May jerks in surprise, her eyes going wide.

“Y-You mean you... don’t...?”

“Uh...” Dawn shrugs. “I guess not?”

Blushing, May stamps her foot and clenches both hands into fists.

“Th-Then I’ll say it! It’s because what happened yesterday... didn’t make sense. There’s no logic behind it! I’ve been training to be Top Coordinator for years now. Years! I’ve worked my butt off—”

Literally~, Dawn thinks.

“—only to have you come out of nowhere and beat me! It’s— it’s not fair!”

“Yeah,” Dawn says, “except that it *was* fair?”

“W-Well, it’s not fair to me! That’s why I’m here to challenge you...”

Ash and Dawn both half-part their lips, only for nothing to come out.

“...to a battle! Sure, you can beat me in a cushy contest - but in a real battle? Hah! We both know who’ll come out on top with the gloves taken off.”

Dawn looks down at her gloveless hands, then over at May's gloved ones.

"So," Dawn says. "A Pokémon battle just to prove you can beat me?"

"Th-That's right!" May folds her arms, trying to look confident and intimidating. "And I'm gonna win!"

"Hm... okay."

Dawn glances at Ash. He and Pikachu give her a "you sure?" look. She nods.

"That means we'll need a referee, Ash. Mind standing over by the bench?"

"Sure," Ash nods, muttering to himself. "*Hope this doesn't get too heated...*"

"Piii—ka," his partner agrees.

Pikachu then disembarks from Ash's head and hops down to the ground-level. Ash heads over to the bench at the battlefield's edge while Pikachu follows him closely. He stands near one of the benches while Pikachu takes a seat on top of it.

"Uh... okay!" Ash says, raising his hand. "Trainers, take your positions!"

Dawn, not heeding Ash's commands *quite* yet, gives May a bone-chilling stare. Her rival had started moving toward the line closer to the "bush side" of the battlefield, only to suddenly stop when Dawn's eyes caught hers.

"H-Huh? What's with that look, Dawn?"

“Well,” Dawn begins, “if we do this...”

Guur-ooouurrl...

She pauses, setting a hand on her gut as it lets out an ominous growl.

“...let’s throw in a *condition* to make it more interesting.”

“A condition...?”

May’s eyes narrow slightly.

“Yeah,” Dawn continues. “Winner eats loser sounds like fun~”

“Wh— Wha...?”

Those narrowed eyes of hers widen again. Ash gasps.

“D-Dawn,” he says. “Are you serious?”

“Yup,” Dawn says, turning her head toward Ash. “Think I’m afraid of losing?”

“W-Well, it’s not that. It’s just...”

“Oh, come on, Ash,” Dawn sighs. “I’ve gone through plenty of trainers, haven’t I? Challenging others to vore battles out in the field is perfectly legal by league regulations. So, May is gonna be just another snack once I’m through with her~”

Dawn turns her head back toward May, smiling smugly.

“Isn’t that right, May~?”

“I— I—” the brown-haired girl stammers, her face quickly turning red as a beet.
“H-Hold on just a minute, now!”

“Awwh,” Dawn taunts, “she’s blushing at the thought of ending up on my butt~”

“Grrr...!” May’s flusteredness gives way to a sputter of anger as she growls, grinding her teeth together as her face continues to glow red. “I am *not!* No way! I-I’m... I’m just thinking this over, okay! I-I... guh...”

Dawn chuckles as May’s head drops, gazing at the brown ground beneath her. She looks to be deep in thought, and who can blame her? Becoming a layer of squishy, quivering Dawn fat probably isn’t the most appealing idea to her. Of course, if she won, impossible though the scenario may be, she’d expand her own assets considerably. Dawn can’t deny that the mental picture of May with an even larger chest and butt is... actually rather appealing. Although, as much as Dawn would love to see that happen, it’d have to be someone other than *her* providing the resources for such expansion...

...and regardless, none of those potentialities matter.

May isn’t destined for anywhere but *her* stomach, after all.

It takes a couple more seconds before May slowly raises her head.

The blush that had been coloring her cheeks is nowhere to be seen.

“...Yeah.”

Looking into Dawn’s eyes, she regains her cocky grin. Dawn maintains hers, too — this is exactly what she’s been hoping for.

“Y’know what, Dawn,” May begins, elbows bent, hands on her hips, “maybe I will! Heh. Not only will I be proving my superior skill as a trainer...”

She raises one of those hands and brushes it across her shirt-hugged chest, causing her breasts to sway as her palm passes over them.

“...but I’ll be proving how much better you’ll look on my boobs! Heh, *that is...*”

May twirls around, bending forward to stick her butt out towards her opponent. Staring at the plump, pendulous cheeks straining against the tight fabric of the shorts, Dawn begins to salivate. Inevitably, her stomach lets out a—

Gourr-rouuurrrln~...

—before May continues her teasing.

“...if you’re even that lucky! Might end up on my rump instead! Heehee~”

Schlap~

May gives one of her cheeks a good smack, causing it to jiggle under her shorts. Squeezing it, she lets Dawn watch as her fingers sink into the plush blue sphere.

“Honestly? If we’re talking about our skill as trainers, I think that my rear end... would actually be a far more *fitting* place for you to end up, don’t you agree~?”

Turning her head to look back past her own shoulder, May sticks her tongue out, making a little “*nyeeeh~*” noise to further taunt her opponent.

Of course, all May’s teasing really accomplishes is making Dawn even *hungrier*. A whisper of arousal also spreads its tingly powers through her, filling her with desire. More plans hatch in her head as she thinks of what she’ll do with May after beating her. After all, she doesn’t have to go *straight* to eating her.

She watches as May stands up straight and turns back around, facing her again.

“So,” May says, arms folded, “what do you have to say about *that~?*”

“Oh, not much,” Dawn replies. “Except, well...”

The darker-haired trainer arches her upper body forward, her breasts swaying, straining slightly against the material of her dress. She rests a hand under one breast, pushing it upward and flattening its lower curve with her palm.

“For one thing, I’m not *just* a better coordinator than you. I’m a better trainer, too. For another, *you* would look better as an addition to *my* chest~”

She gives her breast a quick pat, causing it to quiver, before erecting her back, once again standing at her full height. Next, she puts her weight on her heel and twirls, rotating a full one-eighty with the grace she’s known for. Slamming her foot down hard, she spreads her legs slightly, flexing her butt against her miniskirt. From under its rim,

the lower curves of her cheeks are faintly visible. Dawn slides her hands down her back, feeling a speed bump in the form of her love handles before they rest upon her rump.

“Honestly, though, May, let’s be completely real. After I melt you down into mush, I’m sure *most of you* will end up riiiiiiight here. No hard feelings or anything, hmmmmm? It’s just where you belong, y’know what I mean?”

Dawn looks back over her shoulder and smacks both her ass cheeks at once, giving May a sly, teasing wink. She sees the other girl’s teasing expression fade, replaced by an angry, flustered-looking frown. Her blush starts creeping back in, too.

“I-I’ll show *you* who belongs as butt-fat!”

May hurries toward her half of the battlefield, skidding over the “bush side” line, turning around to face her foe. Dawn calmly struts over to her half of the battlefield, teasingly shaking her rear the whole way, then turns to face her opponent as well.

The two trainers lock eyes - one pair lackadaisical, the other passionately angry. Dawn glances over at Ash, seeing him now sitting on the bench alongside Pikachu, feeding him some poffins... until Dawn gives a sharp *ah-hem* that gets his attention. Scrambling to his feet, Ash raises his arm.

“Okay! The match between May and Dawn begins...” Ash drops his arm. “Now!”

Geesh, Dawn internally groans, *he’s so stiff... but good enough, I guess. Hm?*

Before Dawn has a chance to reach into her bag and select her first Pokémon, she takes a look across the battlefield to see May already holding one of her Poké Balls.

With passionate fury still burning, she gives the sphere a fast, baseball pitch-like toss, letting it land on the rubbery ground a few feet from the central line.

“Blaziken,” May shouts, “come on out!”

The sphere bursts into red plasma that takes the shape of the bipedal fire-type. The light blinks away, and all that’s left is Blaziken. Deeply growling his own namesake, he flexes his muscular, birdlike arms as fire ignites from his wrists.

Dawn can feel the flaming rooster’s heat even from her side of the battlefield. She can’t say she’s impressed. That fiery fury won’t amount to much without strategy, skill, and finesse behind it — all qualities that Dawn possesses and most other trainers, including May, sorely lack.

The darker-haired trainer slowly and calmly reaches down into her own bag, feeling her fingers slide between the hard, plastic-like balls inside. After a short while, her thumb brushes over the one with the symbol that she’d been seeking. Grasping it, she pulls it out of her bag and holds it back behind herself. Then, she gingerly tosses it, letting it *clack* against the rubbery ground and burst into a much smaller red shape.

“Piplup,” Dawn says, “let’s show May to her new home on my butt~”

After a few seconds, the red light shifts into the form of the stout blue water-type, before his Poké Ball flies back into Dawn’s hand. She starts putting the ball into her bag, only for May to suddenly call out her first attack.

“Blaziken,” she shouts, “Blaze Kick!”

“Piplup,” Dawn says, instinctively snapping into ‘battle mode,’ “slow him down! Bubble Beam!”

From there, the battle truly begins.

Piplup ends up besting Blaziken despite the evolutionary advantage of the latter, immediately putting May on the defensive. However, May next sends out her Skitty, which proves more than an even match for the weakened Piplup. May tries to keep her momentum going after this small victory, her confidence rising.

Unfortunately for her, Dawn’s next Pokémon is her Buneary.

Buneary proceeds to decimate Skitty. May makes a slight (really, a *significant*) tactical miscalculation by sending out Munchlax to replace her. Buneary one-shots him with a Low Kick, taking advantage of her high speed stat. May is left with the best of the best in her party, hoping they’ll be strong enough to carry her to victory.

“Hoping” isn’t a word she wanted to have on her mind, yet here she is...

She sends out Wartortle, who proceeds to blast Buneary away with Water Gun. May feels her confidence rise again for a moment, only for it to fade when Dawn reveals that her next Pokémon is Pachirisu. Wartortle gets a few hits in, but he can’t dodge Pachirisu’s electric attacks forever. After that engagement, May finds that she is down to only two Pokémon in her party. Venusaur comes out next, his thick hide and type advantage allowing him to easily stomp Pachirisu.

Dawn next sends out her Togekiss, which terrifies May. Miraculously, though, the frilly flying/fairy-type can’t quite get around Venusaur’s blubbery defenses even with her obvious type advantage. However, Venusaur is significantly weakened by her attacks

despite eventually managing to beat her. Dawn thus sends out her Quilava to finish the job. Surprisingly, Venusaur manages to survive his onslaught of incendiary attacks for a while and even poisons the fire-type. Inevitably, though, Venusaur faints, bringing May down to just one more Pokémon.

May reveals this Pokémon to be her Glaceon. Despite her type disadvantage against Quilava, she soldiers on through his powerful fire attacks. Poison damage whittles Quilava down enough for Glaceon to eventually defeat him. However, Glaceon is nonetheless heavily damaged... and Dawn's final Pokémon is Mamoswine. While Glaceon has the benefit of ice-type resistance, Dawn's Mamoswine is trained with hard-hitting normal attacks. Recalling this, May's eyes go wide...

"Mamoswine," Dawn shouts, "use Take Down!"

...just as she hears her opponent call out one of those attacks.

"D-Dodge it— *oh, no!*"

May doesn't even have time to properly give an order before the mammoth-like Pokémon charges forward and slams his bulky form into Glaceon. The frosty, fox-like Pokémon goes flying through the air, slamming onto the ground with a **thud**. She lies unmoving. May's eyes go even wider as she lets out a gasp.

"G-Glaceon! N-No!!"