

*Tweet-tweet... tweet-tweet... tweet-tweet...*

***Sloursh... gloursh... buubbubburourbl~...***

“Mmmrrrh... nnnmm...”

Dawn awakens to the sounds of chirping flying-types and her gurgling stomach, mumbling incoherently to herself as she stares at the insides of her own closed eyelids. Rather than open them immediately, she takes a moment to focus on her other senses, getting a feel for her physical orientation and her immediate surroundings. Instantly, she’s reminded of the state she had been in when she fell asleep the previous night. Overall, it doesn’t feel like much has changed since she drifted off.

She’s still lying atop her sleeping bag, having elected not to sleep inside of it. She’s still sprawled out on her back and her head is still tilted so it can rest on its side. She’s still in her bra and panties, feeling the summer humidity on her mostly-bare skin, including her bloated gut... and she still feels the weight of Piplup resting on top of it, apparently still sprawled out on his back as well.

The penguin-like water-type sleeps soundly, not producing so much as a peep. Dawn finds it odd that he isn’t stirring at all; he’s usually up and at it long before she is. Of course, it’s not hard for her to figure out why he’s able to remain asleep so easily — which leads her to notice something that *has* changed compared to the previous night.

The fleshy “bed” upon which Piplup lies has shrunken a fair bit since yesterday. Where before, she could’ve felt its overstuffed bloat spreading all the way to her knees, now, it goes only about halfway across her thighs. Despite its overall reduction in size, its weight has only decreased by a negligible degree. She still feels the organ’s heavy, sloshy contents weighing down on her midsection and upper legs.

Another notable change to her belly is the state of its aforementioned contents. Even as she drifted asleep, she could still feel May's mostly-solid form within herself, occasionally bumping its arms, knees, feet, head, and other parts into her internal walls. Now, the only thing she feels is chunky slop sloshing around in her gently churning gut, making it significantly softer than it had been on the previous night...

***Guuurr... loourrgk...***

...while its ever-present gurgles have become even wetter-sounding.

***Gloouurrsh... slouurrrglourrn...***

An undulation on her stomach's surface draws her attention to another change. When she fell asleep, Piplup had been resting on the mostly-solid bulge of May's back. He sunk into it slightly, due to it having softened up by a significant degree by that point, but he still remained "on top" of her stomach as though it was a relatively stable "bed." Now, he's sunk deeper into it, her flesh palpably deforming to fit his small, round shape. No wonder he's so relaxed; to him, her belly must be like smooth, warm memory foam.

*Probably got softer and squishier the longer the night went on, Dawn thinks. Heehee~... guess I was right about him helping me to digest all that meat after all. Although... now I'm wondering where all that meat **ended up**...*

It's a reasonable inquiry, one that leads her to shift her tactile focus to her chest. She quickly finds that it doesn't feel any different from how it did on the previous night. Her bra still fits around her breasts in the same nice and snug way that it did previously. After a big meal, her chest typically grows enough to force an upgrade in cup size.

*Huh, she thinks, but if none of it's on my boobs, then where...?*

Dawn next focuses on her lower regions and quickly answers her own question. She hadn't noticed before, but the waistband of her panties is pulled tighter to her hips, sinking into their evidently softened and thickened flesh. The back panel of her panties, meanwhile, is dug deeper into the crevice of her apparently much plumper asscheeks. The front panel of her panties is stretched taut over her crotch area, though surprisingly, it doesn't feel uncomfortable. Her widened thighs now cover more of her sleeping bag, almost spreading all the way from its left edge to its right.

"Mmmrh," she moans aloud. "Guess this is your last bit of revenge, eh, May?"

***Glouuuurrr-ploouuururssh...***

"Hrrrgh..."

As if the slurried mess that used to be the spirited trainer has a mind of its own, Dawn suddenly feels an intense pressure within her intestines. It's not too urgent... yet... but it definitely suggests that she'll need to relieve herself soon.

"Guess I should probably get up, then..."

She mutters to herself, rubbing her eyes before opening them at last.

Since her head is resting on its side, she sees the tent's wall close to her face. Cool blue-orange light bleeds through the thin canvas, providing modest illumination. Directly in front of the wall, she sees her duffel bag lying there, just as she had left it. The girl rotates her head to look up, seeing light peering through the ceiling as well.

Blinking wearily, Dawn raises her head and rests her chin on her manubrium. Looking ahead, she sees her belly — a plump bulb of faintly-glowing, lily-white skin. There's no visual trace of May remaining, leaving something else to catch her eye — the adorable shape of Piplup atop her gut. As she expected from what she could feel, he's sunk halfway into it, almost making the top of the fleshy mound look like a crater. Looking past her stomach, she sees bright light entering through the crack of the flap. Looking at her own chest, she re-affirms that it doesn't seem to have grown any larger.

“Hmmm... time to wake up, Piplup!”

*“Pip... lup...”*

The snoozing Pokémon shifts as his beady eyes flip open. He tries sitting up, causing the bulbous stomach beneath him to wobble. Ultimately, Piplup loses balance, frantically flapping his flippers as he tumbles down the left side of the pillowy blob.

*“Piiiiip—! Lumph...”*

He lands flat on his face, the second half of his utterance becoming muffled. Before Dawn even has a chance to worry about him, he leaps back up to his full height, whirling toward her.

“Lup!”

“Heehee... good morning, Piplup.”

Piplup bows, then turns his gaze toward something to the left of Dawn's head. She looks that way and sees the obvious target of his gaze — her bag.

“Yeah... guess it’s time to get dressed.”

***Slooooursh... glouuurpck...***

“...but it might be kinda hard to get dressed inside the tent with... this...”

Dawn sets her hand on her softented stomach. It sinks down into the pliant flesh, producing a long, drawn-out ***glouuurrrrrssshh***. When her hand has almost vanished, she pulls it back out and addresses her Pokémon again.

“Would you mind checking if Ash is awake, Piplup?”

“Pip-lup!”

He nods enthusiastically and scurries out through the tent’s flap. Seconds later, he re-enters the tent, nodding at her once again. She nods back.

“Okay... guess the coast must be clear.”

Dawn sets a hand on either side of herself before giving a hard push, rising up. As she reaches a sitting position, her belly is scrunched in a slightly uncomfortable way. Lowering her head to look down at it, she sees it spreading halfway across her thighs, proving what she felt earlier.

“Pip-lup!”

“Huh...?”

Hearing her Pokémon's cheery voice, she raises her head and looks slightly left. She sees him waddling hurriedly toward her duffel bag. Without ever properly stopping, he grabs its rounded end with both flippers and immediately starts waddling in reverse, dragging it in the direction of her feet. The moment the bag is right next to her feet, Piplup bumps against the entry flap and stops.

Dawn tries bending her upper body forward to extend a hand toward the bag — however, this further scrunches her stomach between her midsection and her thighs. She strains to reach the zipper and flap, and ultimately, she just can't quite manage it. With a defeated sigh, she sits back, relieving the pressure on her stomach.

“Ah... sorry to ask this of you, Piplup, but could you—”

“Lup~!”

Ever the agreeable little Pokémon, Piplup unzips her bag and pulls out one sock. After slipping it onto her foot, he does the same with her other sock. Not long afterward, he puts her shoes on her feet as well. His diligence brings a smile to her face.

“Awh, thanks, Piplup!”

“Pip, lup!”

With her footwear donned, Dawn throws herself onto her hands and her knees, her stomach lurching with a ***slouuursh*** before it comes to hang underneath her middle. She crawls forward, passing through the tent's flap and finally making her way outside, then rises to her full height. Her gut dips slightly below the halfway point of her thighs. She stretches and takes a few steps forward...

***Slourrsh... slouuurck... slourrssh...***

...while hearing the familiar sound of her stomach sloshing as it sways.

She stops and sets her hands on her hips before hearing rustling behind her. Looking back over her shoulder, she sees Piplup passing through the tent's entry flap, dragging her duffel bag along with him. As soon as the bag is brought fully outside, Piplup releases it. Dawn turns around and walks toward it, seeing that it's still unzipped. Looking inside, she immediately sees her dress.

"Thanks again, Piplup~," she says.

"Lup, lup~," he responds with his eyes cutely closed.

Dawn bends down slightly to grab her dress and pull it out of the duffel. Then, she holds the pink skirt above her head and slowly lowers the dress over her body. She's able to slide the upper part of the dress over her upper body with relative ease, slipping her arms through the sleeves, letting them rest comfortably on her shoulders. However, the skirt part bunches up around the upper curve of her swollen stomach, giving her no choice but to reach down, grab the hem, and yank it downward.

She stretches the hem over her belly and continues lowering it until it hits its limit. At that point, she finds that her skirt covers two thirds of her belly rather than half of it. She also notices the back part of the hem bunching up just above her plumpened rump, failing to cover her cheeks. Reaching behind herself, she grips the back part of the hem, then tugs it down. She feels it tightly hugging her butt as it covers most but not all of it, leaving an eighth of her cheeks exposed. She tries over and over to pull it a little lower, until ultimately, she just sighs and gives up.

“Dang it... well, it’s not like this is the first time this happened.”

She glances down at Piplup, who nods.

“Hm... guess I might as well do those *comparison shots* now, eh?”

Another nod from Piplup. Dawn pulls out her phone.

She holds it outward, aims its camera at her upper body, and snaps a picture. Then, she holds her phone behind herself and maneuvers it underneath her skirt. Aiming it upward, she snaps another picture.

“Okay,” she continues, “let’s compare!”

She holds her phone before her eyes, checking the pictures she took last night. She checks the bust shot from last night first, seeing her upper body in sunset lighting. Then, she switches over to the bust shot that she had just taken. Aside from the lighting, it looks identical to the other one.

“Expected, but still a bit disappointing,” she muses.

With that out of the way, she swipes to her upskirt shot from the previous night. She sees the same image she remembers taking then — her pert ass from underneath, her thighs residing at the bottom of the frame, her panties looking like a white triangle. Then, she switches over to the one she just took...

“Oh... okay, then.”

...and her eyes widen.



The white triangle is still visible. However, it has narrowed by a large degree, becoming about half as wide as it had been before. Dawn also sees how her plumper, rounder cheeks press outward against the inner part of her skirt, stretching it to its limit, reducing the hem to a barely-noticeable pink outline from her camera's low angle.

She pockets her phone with mixed feelings.

"Well, I'm glad my butt is a bit bigger, and yet..."

She sighs, looking toward Piplup.

"...it would've been nice to give my chest that same treatment, eh?"

"Lup, lup!"

The little water-type hops in place as if to say, "don't give up!" Dawn giggles.

"Yeah. Hopefully the rest will go to my chest, hm~?"

She reaches into her bag, pulls out Piplup's Poké Ball, and aims it at him.

"Alright, little guy — we're in for a long trip today, so I'm gonna keep you in here!"

"Lup~"

After another quick nod, Piplup is met by a red beam that turns him into energy, recalling him to the small sphere. Dawn puts the ball back into her duffel bag and huffs, folding her arms under her unexpanded chest.

“Still kinda disappointed... hm?”

Dawn hears rustling coming from the direction of Ash’s tent. She turns that way, seeing him emerging and standing to his full height, wearing his usual outfit. He waves, smiling under the orange sunlight.

“Morning! How’d you sleep?”

“Pretty good,” Dawn admits. “I digested half my meal, too~”

Dawn does a little twirl, her stomach **slorsh**-ing as she shows off her new gains. Unlike when she had done a similar twirl in the changing room back at Valor Stadium, she doesn’t feel her skirt flutter; her butt pushes against it so firmly that it’s almost taut. Even so, she feels good flaunting any additions to her figure. As she concludes her twirl, she looks toward Ash and sees that his eyes are fixated on her hip region.

“H-Hey Dawn, your...”

Dawn interrupts him with a loud sigh.

“I know, I know! C’mon, this has happened before!”

“Y-Yeah... but you usually don’t put **this much** down there, you know?”

“I-I know! I was hoping for a bit more on my chest. B-But this is fine!”

Dawn folds her arms and turns away, hiding her embarrassment.

Unfortunately, Ash is quick to bring it back in full force.

“Wait,” he says. “Didn’t you say that May *belongs* on your butt...?”

She spins back around, looking at him annoyed.

“Th-That was just to taunt her!”

“Huh... if you say so. Well, anyway, we should probably get going pretty soon. That room I reserved at the Pokémon Center was the only one available for *weeks*... and it’s only gonna be available tonight.”

Dawn sighs, calming herself.

“Hmm, okay... and you’re sure we can make it?”

“Yup,” he replies. “On the map, it doesn’t look too far.”

“Okay... I guess that works then— *ooouugh*...”

***Gloooooourrrrrrrrssssssh...***

Suddenly, that pressure deep within her intestines flares up. It’s almost painful, begging for release as soon as possible, causing her face to twist in great discomfort. Ash looks at her with concern.

“Wh-What is it, Dawn?”

“J-Just a sec...”

***Glouurrr-gluurnk...***

Dawn turns away and rushes to the nearest bush to relieve herself.

Then, once that's done, the two of them can get back to the quest at hand...

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*Crruuunnch... crruuunnch... crruuunnch...*

***Sloursh... sloursh... sloursh... sloursh...***

“Unngh,” Dawn moans, “this is... the worst...”

The trainer can barely keep her eyes open as she plods along the forested path, hearing only the sounds of feet on gravel and her belly sloshing with each of her steps. Keeping her head high and looking ahead, she sees nothing but an endless pathway, flanked by trees and covered by patches of orange sunlight filtering through the canopy. It looks identical to the path that she had walked on toward the end of the previous day, which has caused her to question whether she and Ash are going in circles many times. Ultimately, though, she’s simply clung onto faith that they’re going in the right direction, and that the ten hours of travel will be worth it when they reach the Pokémon Center.

Yet regardless of whether it *will be*, it certainly doesn’t feel like it *right now*.

*Crruuunnch... crruuunnch... crruuunnch...*

Each step imposes immense, painful pressure on her already sore, sweaty feet. Perspiration drips down the rest of her legs as well, particularly on their upper reaches. Her thickened thighs chafe against each other as they swing forward and backward, lubricated a little by the sweaty slickness between them, though they ache nonetheless. Sweat pours down her back as well, moistening her asscheeks and the crevice betwixt, soaking her skirt and matting it to their round shapes.

***Sloursh... sloursh... sloursh... sloursh...***

Things are slightly better in regards to her belly, at least. It's shrunken further, reducing the amount of it that peeks from her skirt's hem from two thirds to one fourth. Her duffel bag, hanging heavily from her shoulder and swinging slightly with her steps, still grinds against her stomach's flank, though that flank is protected by her dress now.

However, the rest of her continues to feel very sore with each step she takes.

"Ugggh," Dawn complains, "I feel like I... can't go much further..."

She shuts her eyes, almost feeling like she could fall asleep while walking.

"S-Seriously," she continues, "this is taking *way too long*..."

"Sh-Shouldn't be too much further... *uugh, I hope*..." Ash groans from her left, sounding similarly worn down.

Dawn's eyes flip back open as she glances in Ash's direction. He walks hunched, bearing the weight of both his backpack and May's. Pikachu sits on his slumping back, his chubby thighs straddling the poor trainer's neck.

"I told you we should've... stopped to rest..." Dawn moans. "Th-This is..."

"We're almost... there... just gotta... *agh*... okay, maybe a quick break couldn't... *hah... huff... huff... huff...*"

Ash stops, his head hanging low as he heaves some heavy, exhausted breaths. Dawn stops right next to him, watching as he raises his head and points forward.

"O-Oh, hey," he says. "There it is..."

“Piii-ka,” his Pokémon says, looking the same way.

Dawn looks onward, blinking as she sees what Ash had been indicating just now. She swears she should have seen this sooner when staring down the linear pathway, but at this point, she’s too exhausted to get hung up on such details.

Several feet ahead, the path and the land surrounding it suddenly slope upward, rising into a steep incline. It’s so tall that Dawn can’t see the top of it in her current, forward-facing view, which makes her feel like she’s looking at an oddly-angled wall. Tilting her head back, she sees the incline end a dozen feet above her current elevation. There don’t appear to be any trees flanking the gravel pathway on either side up there, suggesting that this may be where the forest ends. She can’t see anything past the top, but in her current state of weariness, she can’t say she’s terribly curious...

“I-I...”

...and when she tries expressing that to Ash, she ends up simply croaking.

“I’ll, uh,” Ash begins, “I’ll scout ahead... and let you know if it’s... uh...”

Dawn doesn’t turn her head as Ash walks forward. She just stands and watches, observing his ascent up the gravelly slope. He eventually stands at the top of the slope, at which point he turns around and calls down to her, his voice echoing slightly.

*“Dawn, we’ve made it!”*

*“Pii-ka!”*

“Unnngh... I-I guess that’s good, at least...”

Dawn starts walking...

*Crrrsssh... crrusssh... crrrrssssssh...*

***Slouuursh... slouuur-loouurck... sloouurrssouurrsh...***

...hearing the sounds she’s grown accustomed to as she makes her way up.

It’s a grueling climb, but eventually, Dawn makes it all the way to the slope’s top, where she stands by Ash. Looking on, she momentarily ignores her body’s soreness, genuinely stunned by what she sees.

The gravel continues for a few feet before transitioning into a cobblestone path. It’s like something straight out of a fairy tale, especially with the sunset lighting on it, which gives it an ethereal golden glow. The fantastical feel doesn’t end there, either. Standing on either side of the cobblestone pathway are wattle and daub buildings, looking like a page from a history book come to life. Further to the left and the right, there’s a sprawl of additional buildings that are apparently interspersed with more paths, with bell-bearing steeples rising in the distance.

“Whoa...” Dawn rubs her eyes, making sure that she isn’t actually dreaming. “I-Is... this really Pastoria?”

“Must be,” Ash responds. “This is the last place on the map, as far as I can see... and hey, there’s the Pokémon Center.”



Dawn turns her head toward Ash and sees that he is pointing straight ahead. Realigning her head, she gazes down the pathway between the antiquated buildings. The pathway stretches for a fair bit before ending at a distant, glowing Pokémon Center — the building she’s been waiting to see all day.

“O-Okay,” she says. “J-Just a little more... a-almost there...!”

Some excitement brims in her breast as she stretches her aching leg forward.

From there, she falls into her usual rhythm of footsteps.

*Cruunnnch... crrrrssh... crrrrsssh...*

***Slouuursh... slouuursssh... slouuuurrrssh...***

For a time, she hears the typical sounds she associates with travel on the gravel. Sooner or later, though, her foot swings over the border between gravel and cobble. When her shoe lands on the harder, sturdier surface, it does so with a—

*Cloph...*

—while also feeling the slightest bit more comfortable underneath her sore foot. She continues through the town, growing accustomed to a new combo of sounds...

*Cloph... cloph... cloph...*

***Slouuursh... slouuursssh... slouuuurrrssh...***

...until she reaches the silvery glass doors of the Pokémon Center alongside Ash. She stops before them, sighing in relief as she sees her reflection standing beside his. Looking down, Dawn notices that her stomach has been reduced to a subtle potbelly, with most of it hidden behind her skirt.

“Hah,” she half-chuckles. “At least all this walking helped to break her down...”

Ash takes a single step closer and triggers the doors’ apparent motion sensor. This causes the doors to slide open, parting into a widening rectangle of white light. Dawn’s become so used to the dimmer light of the outside world that it stings her eyes, prompting her to briefly close them against the intense glare. Behind her sealed eyelids, she feels a rush of chilly, conditioned air wash over her face.

When the trainer re-opens her eyes, she gazes through the now-open doorway, seeing the Pokémon Center lobby. The floor is a set of featureless white ceramic tiles, surrounded by deep black grout lines. Across the floor, she sees the reception desk. Behind it stands a young woman with pink hair, a white apron, and a white hat with a Poké Ball symbol on it — one of the many Nurse Joys working at Centers such as this. She greets Dawn and Ash with her signature, unchanging smile.

“Welcome! How may I help you two?”

Dawn watches as Ash walks inside and immediately follows after him. Abandoning the cobblestone, her feet land on the ceramic tiling with sharp *cuh-lacks*. She hears the doors seal behind herself as she stands across from the reception desk, keeping an eye on Ash as he walks toward it and stops in front of it.

“Err,” Ash groans, “we’re registered to spend the night...”

“Ah,” Joy nods, “Ash and Dawn?”

“Y-Yeah,” he says.

“Excellent,” Joy says. “Here, let me get your key cards...”

Joy turns around and takes a step toward a cabinet standing behind her desk. She opens it and starts searching through it. During that time, Dawn slowly advances, making her way closer to the desk until she stands beside Ash.

“H-Hey, Ash,” Dawn begins.

“Yeah?”

“Can you handle the... releasing May’s Pokémon thing?”

“...Sure.”

Joy closes the cabinet and turns back around, holding a card in each hand.

“And here they are,” she says.

Dawn takes her card from one of Joy’s hands while Ash takes his from the other. The girl keeps an eye on the woman as she poses her next question.

“S-So, uh... where are the rooms...?”

“Lodging is that way,” Joy says.

The smiling nurse politely indicates the direction by raising her arm to her left, which, of course, is Dawn's right. Dawn turns her head that way to see a long hallway. The walls are lined with various doors, each bearing a plaque with a number above it. One of those numbers must match the one on her card.

"Th-Thanks," Dawn wearily says.

"Of course," Joy nods, her smile unchanged.

As Ash begins to talk with Joy about giving May's Pokémon over for release, Dawn starts walking in the direction of the hallway, her feet landing with solid *cuh-lacks*. Eventually, she locates her door and swipes her card through the electronic lock on it. This yields a *beep* that is followed by a *click*, indicating that the door is unlocked.

Dawn opens the door, causing the lights within the room to automatically turn on. She sees several things at once, but the only one that she truly cares about is the bed, which lies across from the door. Just looking at it is almost enough to lull her asleep... which causes her to awkwardly stumble into the room. The door slams shut behind her while her bag slides down from her shoulder and lands on the floor with a *thud*. Since its zipper is undone, one of her Poké Balls rolls out and lands on the floor with a *clack*.

This causes the sphere to suddenly burst open, releasing none other than Piplup. The little penguin-like Pokémon looks at his trainer with concern as she shakily sways, the door falling shut behind her with a *thump-click*.

"Pip-lup?"

"Ah... I'm okay... I'm okay... I just need... a little rest..."

She grabs the hem of her skirt and pulls her dress up and over her head, removing it and simply tossing it onto the floor. Then, she collapses onto the bed, splaying most of her body across it except for her legs, which dangle over the edge. She closes her eyes, seeing light from the overhead lamp bleeding through her eyelids. Her face scrunches thanks to the irritating sting of the light.

“U-Um... Piplup, could you...”

“Lup!”

She sighs, waiting for him to turn off the room’s light. Instead, she feels his small, firm flippers grab onto her shoes. He yanks them off before then removing her socks. This prompts her to speak up again.

“Uh... th-thanks... b-but could you also get the—”

*Click!*

Before Dawn can say another word, the light passing through her diaphanous eyelids suddenly blips away, leaving her staring at the darkness inside of them. Smiling, she speaks up once more.

“Th-Thanks, Piplup... you’re the best...”

“Lup, lup~”

Dawn drags herself further back onto the bed, laying her head upon the pillows, bringing her feet onto the mattress. Letting her head rest on its side akin to last night, she drops into unconsciousness like a rock...

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***Glouuurrrgk~... gloorruuuoop...***

“Mmmnh~...”

Dawn slowly awakens on the plush mattress, hearing her stomach gently churn.

A sense of rejuvenation permeates her form. The soreness affecting her feet, legs, and back has disappeared, replaced by a tender, pleasant warmth in her muscles. The sweat that coated every inch of her skin throughout her ten-plus-hour walk is gone, no-doubt thanks to the air conditioning and her body finally being able to get some rest. She feels a few patches of moisture on the sheets beneath her, but she can't complain.

The trainer is surprised by just how refreshed she feels after a good night's rest. Far less surprising to her are the changes that her body has undergone in her sleep, owing to her digestive system having efficiently completed its task.

Her stomach is now practically flat, though it still bears a subtle layer of pudge, and trace amounts of liquefied May still remain inside of it. Her ass has grown bigger... somehow. She can no longer feel the back panel of her panties outside of its crevice; it's squashed and wadded between her cheeks. Her hips have grown wider in response, causing the waistband of her panties to hug them to an almost uncomfortable degree. The front panel of her panties is pulling as tightly against her pelvic area as previously. Mercifully, it doesn't feel any more uncomfortable now than it did back then.

Dawn fully expected more of May to end up on the lower portion of her body. Being prepared for that reality this time, she can't say that she is terribly disappointed. And yet, even if disappointment *had* been on the table, she wouldn't have felt it anyway. To her delight, more than just her hips, thighs, and ass have seen expansion this time.

“Aaaaahh~,” she graciously sighs. “Finally~”

Focusing on her chest, Dawn feels the tightness she had sought the other day, her breasts having expanded by a large degree. Her bra’s strings sink into their flanks, while its cups only manage to cover her nipples and the areas that surround them. She’s beyond excited to finally feel that her chest has grown to such an immense size, and she’s even more excited to finally see it.

Dawn opens her eyes. Since her head is still resting on its side from last night, she finds herself looking toward one of the bland, beige-colored walls within the room. It’s painted by stripes of orange light that are beaming in from a window across from it. Dawn knows this because there is a door on that wall that is centered within her view, and most of that door’s surface is covered by a mirror.

Within that mirror, Dawn can see that there is indeed a window across from it, glowing bright with morning sunlight. However, what really draws her attention is herself — or at least *half* of herself. Her upper body is fully visible within the mirror’s frame, giving her the exact kind of look at her figure that she wanted.

The trainer’s mirrored view of her upper body resembles a horizontal side-profile, but that’s all she needs. She can see her slightly-pudgy stomach rising like a small hill. It lies in a soft shadow cast by the considerably taller mound that is her visible breast, which looks just as big as she anticipated. Specifically, about 50% larger than before, with the small bra cup on top of it resembling a snowcap on a mountain.

Staring at her reflected smile, she lets out a pleasant sigh.

“I’ll have to get some new underwear later... but this is *really* nice~”



Much like when she awoke on the previous day, Dawn slowly rotates her head, seeing the ceiling and its darkened lamp above her. She then pivots her head down, resting her chin on her manubrium. What she sees this time is different from last time, unsurprisingly. Her formerly bloated stomach is not even visible behind a wall of tittlesh. The tits forming that wall are packed together so tightly that their cleavage is just a thin, blackened line centered in her field of view.

“Yeesh,” she says. “I’ve definitely got triple-Ds at this point... heehee~”

She narrows her eyes, playfully patting a breast and watching it quiver.

“Mmmm... I knew you’d come in handy for something, May~...”

After she thinks aloud about her friend-turned-food’s contributions to her figure, she hears a recognizable sound from her left that gets her attention quickly.

“Lup... Pip... lup...”

“Oh...?”

Dawn turns her head in that direction to see Piplup lying on a couch by the wall, which is located directly under the window that the morning sunlight is coming through. He’s apparently still asleep, this time not needing her bed-like belly to keep him relaxed. At this, the trainer smiles warmly.

“Mmmm... probably didn’t want to disturb me since I needed some serious rest. Such a considerate little guy~”

Dawn stretches before rolling herself out of bed, happy to not have a massive, sloshing belly commanding the distribution of her weight. The plumpened girl stands up, turns toward the mirror on the door, and sees the changes that have befallen her legs. Overall, the majority of May's contributions have gone straight to the trainer's hips, giving her a curvy pear shape. The waistband of her panties is practically invisible, having sunk absurdly deep into her flesh.

"Y'know," Dawn says, "maybe I could get used to this... mmmm~..."

Like back in the changing room, she spins around and looks over her shoulder. She doesn't even need to reference the photos she took on the previous days this time; the difference is immediately apparent. The back panel of her panties no longer exists, having been swallowed by her huge ass, making it look like she's wearing a G-string.

"Hah... guess I'll need a new pair of panties, too... *ouuugh...*"

***Gloooooourrrrrr-oooouuuurgl...***

Pressure manifests in the depths of Dawn's intestines.

She clutches her lower abdomen, knowing well what this means.

"I'm gonna have to let out whatever's left of May... hrrrgh..."

Dawn looks at the doorhandle next to the mirror.

She grabs it and pulls the door open, revealing a bathroom inside.

"Hoo... how *relieving...*"

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After showering and freshening up, Dawn steps out and lets the door fall shut. She looks down at the floor by the bed's foot and sees her dress and shoes lying there, while her duffel bag isn't far away. Glancing at Piplup and seeing him still slumbering, then at her lack-of-a-belly, she realizes there's no reason to wake him this time.

She strides over to her bag. Looking near it, she sees his Poké Ball on the floor. After picking it up, she aims it toward the sleepy water-type and uses it to recall him. Then, she stashes his ball away in her bag and zips it up.

Dawn next works on getting dressed. Bending over and picking up her socks, she thinks to sit down on her bed's edge and put them on. However, before she does, she immediately notices that her socks feel remarkably smooth, warm, and clean. Holding one up to her face, she sniffs it and catches a pleasant, soapy scent.

"Hah," she says. "Piplup must've washed my clothes. Gotta pamper him more~"

Plopping her plump rump on the bed's edge, she slides her socks and shoes on. Afterward, she stands back up and picks up her dress, finding that it, too, was cleaned. She then holds her dress over her head and slowly pulls it down over herself. Predictably, her ass presses tightly against her skirt and causes it to become taut. Looking in the mirror, she sees that a quarter of her ass hangs visibly from her hem. This doesn't bother her, though — while she'll need to get a longer skirt eventually, showing off her new assets in a slightly messy way feels strangely satisfying to her. Additionally, her breasts press firmly outward against her dress's bust. Looking down, she realizes that her cleavage is now visible from her stretched collar. Unsurprisingly, this doesn't bother her either — if anything, it just makes her even happier.

"Can't wait to show this to Ash~," she comments to herself.

She thinks of sneaking into his room and rousing him, then thinks twice.

He'll have plenty of time to check out her gains later; for now, she feels...

***Gouurrg...***

...a bit *hungry*, surprisingly.

“Good thing Pokémon Centers serve breakfast~”

The trainer slings her duffel bag over her shoulder and quietly leaves the room. She heads through the hall, her feet landing on the tile floor with the expected *clacks*. She eventually comes to the end of the lodging hall and gazes into the center's lobby. To her surprise, she doesn't see any Nurse Joys working behind the reception desk. Instead, she sees something she hadn't noticed last night when she came in.

Directly across from the entryway into the lodging hall, there's a wide archway that leads to a dining area. There are tables spread across a wide swath of tile floor, alongside some booths located right next to the windows. Within one of those booths, Dawn sees a familiar red-haired girl and brown-haired boy enjoying breakfast.

“Hey Zoey! Hey Kyle~!”

She announces, her shoes *clacking* against the floor as she approaches them.

“Dawn,” Zoey says, turning her head Dawn's way, “congrats again on your...”

“Oh, Dawn,” Kyle says as well, turning his head in the same direction. “Yeah! Your performance was really... impress... ive...”

Both Zoey and Kyle are stunned into silence when they look upon Dawn’s form, their eyes going wide. Dawn soon comes to a halt, standing in front of the two of them, setting her hands on her jiggling thighs.

“So? Whatdya think~?”

“Uh,” Zoey begins, “it’s... a lot to take in. Did you eat someone?”

“Yup! May came out of nowhere and challenged me, sooooo...” Dawn pinches some thigh-flesh between her thumb and index, pulling it outward before releasing it, letting it **snap** back into place and quiver. “I gave her a new home~”

“Whoa,” Kyle comments. “That seems kinda harsh... but that’s just the way things go around here, hm?”

“Yup,” Zoey shrugs. “Although, with a body like that, I bet you’ll never have to eat anyone again.”

“*I wouldn’t be so sure~*,” Dawn teases in a sing-song tone. “Next time I battle someone for keeps, it could be either of you heading down my throat!”

“Uh, yeah,” Kyle says, looking away with a slight blush. “I think I’m good.”

“Same here, Dawn,” Zoey says with a sheepish shrug.

“Awwwh, c’mon! All this confidence is for nothing if no one will challenge me~”

“And end up as butt-fat?” Zoey shakes her head. “No thanks!”

“Hmh~!” Dawn strikes a cute pose, rubbing an arm over her plumpened breasts. “Well, when I’m Top Coordinator... even if *you guys* don’t challenge me, I’ll be sure to add even more to my *legendary* figure~”

The other two coordinators share an awkward laugh, wondering if this may be the dawn of a voracious conquest by the young, blue-haired trainer...