

Pokétch was absolutely at its peak popularity. You'd always wanted one before but now that they are even trendier, sliding it onto your wrist was all the sweeter! You grinned as you began to set it up, thinking back on the experimental product's rise. It all began with that wicked impressive trainer from Twinleaf, a mere eighteen years old and she had battled her way to champion in less than a month. Indeed, it was absolutely unprecedented in the trainer world for someone to beat the ranks so fast- and she did so with the help of one of the first lines of pokétches! That's what the salesmen in Jubilife claimed, at least, that her swift victory was dependent on useful tech. And why would they lie about that?! Entering the last of your information, your very own pokétch played a cute little jingle and shined on, ready for use. You walked out of the shop and began to tap the button wildly, checking out all the useful apps. A calendar, a calculator, a...!! What was this? Your wrist's screen displayed a garbled mess of broken pixels? You attempted to change the app, hoping it was a fluke to no avail. Frustrated, you tapped the screen- and that's when everything went white.

When your eyes adjusted, and you could concentrate on anything but the ringing in your ears, you screamed without hesitation. The entire city was massive! Trainers ran past you without restraint, their footsteps booming in your ears! You immediately ran for cover, scurrying to the curve like a frightened Flabébé, which you assumed you must be smaller than! Catching your breath, you brought your attention to your Pokétch again, noticing that its screen was completely black now! You realize the mistake you'd made almost immediately and it's like a slap of shame to the face- in your silly little recollection of recent history, you stupidly chose to opt in for experimental apps. Had this been one of them!? Surely, you could find help in such a big city, maybe someone knew what was going on! You took another deep breath and sighed, resolved to press on- that was exactly the kind of determination that would make you champion one day! That's what pressed you on, right into a wall of pink rubber.

You immediately screamed in surprise and fell straight on your butt. You looked up at the sudden interruption and found yourself craning your neck and squinting through the light. Pale skin, long pink boots, a designer red scarf, blue eyes and blue hair.. were you dreaming? Has the new champ herself come to your rescue?? She peered down at you with a blank expression, and you struggled to find your words, an embarrassing display you noticed caused her straight lips to quiver, hiding amusement. "H.. Hikari! The Hikari! You've gotta help me out, surely you know the creator of the Pokétch--" You spat out, only to be interrupted by her lowering herself to your level, giving you a view of her pristine white panties as her skirt adjusted, your heart beat out of your chest. **"Curious looking Pokémon, aren't you?"** She mused, almost to herself. You lay on your back, blushing and driven to near silence by your nerves, you opened your mouth to speak again and were interrupted by her loud, soothing voice. **"Oh, no, save it. I know you're not really a pokémon, you're not nearly cute enough for that! Still, I strive to be able to train anything, including whatever you are.."** You had nearly bust a vessel then- your hero was talking down to you like that?!? It was your hour of need! "Y-You're joking, right..?!" You scooted back, attempting to get away from the giant trainer, who, in turn, simply grabbed your head with two fingers and raised you into her palm. **"That said, though, if you're not a pokémon, I'm sure a pokéball wouldn't hold you. Put you in my bag, and you could be easily lost in all my equipment.."** Was she really just going to kidnap you?! In broad daylight?!? You began shouting for help, you were right next to a pokémart, surely someone would notice!

She was sure to make you regret that. She pressed your face into the softness of her palm with her index finger, causing you immediate pain and suffocation. **"Ooh, uproar, huh? Not an amazing move, you'll better forget it!"** Damn it.. the pain aside, you were very fond of your Rotom's uproar... to know how a champion perceived it.. w-wait! That wasn't important right n- **"Ahh, I knew I should of worn my jacket today. No pockets.. unless.."** With that ominous premonition, she once again lifted you in the air by the head as she repositioned her back to face the wall.. and rose her skirt just enough to expose herself once again- but worse still, she pried loose her panties, showing you the lewd bare skin that laid beneath. **"It'll do for now, I'm afraid. Consider it your first training sesh, bug!"** She cackled to herself before letting you freefall right down the white panties. Upon impact, you bounced off and slammed against her soft, perfect white and round ass cheek, and landed further down the fabric prison, before she simply let it snap back into place, leaving you in darkness.

You gasped, realizing you were holding your breath from fear the entire time-- only to immediately regret it. The inside of the girl's panties were far from the sweet feminine odor you had expected- instead, a heavy, musky, humid air invaded your lungs. The Champion mostly got around on bike- this was a very well known trait, but you had never considered the sweat that would accumulate from traversing the entirety of Sinnoh on a whim would create! That was until you were practically drowning in it.. You writhed in the volcanic-like darkness, hoping to find any pocket of fresh air as you felt your new "trainer's" glutes walk into the mart. The outside world sounded so much quieter, it was as if you ceased to exist and had been transported to your own personal distortion world inside Hikari's panties..

Your pilgrimage eventually paid off, as you slipped into the small gap between the champ's ass cheeks, the available air, muggy as it was, was much more accessible. While you couldn't see a thing in the darkness, you could see down at the light below- a far off drop for a pokémon, yet alone yourself- jumping out was simply not an option. Even if it were, what she did next ensured it'd not cross your mind again, she gripped her panties as she walked out of the pokémart and pulled them up, dragging you with them- right to the core of her ass. You couldn't believe you were still alive- you felt crushed from all angles. You cried out in pain and felt around for any chance of escape, only to cringe in turn, as you felt the distinct, rubbery, red hot asshole that lay before you. And then, everything went black.

Minutes later, you awoke from your fainting. You felt pain all around your body as the rubbery hole above you rested across the entire length of it, crushing you, squeezing you. You heard the sound of gears turning and began to determine what had happened- she must've sat on her bike, and the sheer pain of such knocked you out. You only wish it had done more- as sweat began to seemingly grow from nothing out of all the pores around you, dripping and pooling all around you. You were certain it couldn't have gotten any worse-- but this too was proven wrong, as you felt your body squeezed suddenly by the taut rosebud, a long and drawn out wind burned into your body. **"Psssghhhhhhtrrrttt.."** No doubt silent to anyone in the outside world. But to you? Deafening. Far from the only effect, though, as your lungs burnt from the distinct rotten lemon scent that permeated your prison. It would seem her lemonade sponsorship was not simply for show... and by the end of her ride, you'd know this better than anyone else.

"Ahh.. there's a reason I'd never give this to my precious 'mon.. I really must apologize, it's tough to hold them in while riding!" Her apology, though halfhearted, was perhaps the closest thing to a genuine respect you'd received from her. Talk about Snowbelle Syndrome.. you were actually considering forgiving her for the rude wind! Thankfully, she reached her destination without another minute passing, you weren't certain you'd have stayed conscious.. You heard and felt your trainer leave her bike and enter a building and climb a short flight of stairs, before everything went suspiciously quiet and still. You steeled yourself, expecting the young champion to let out another one of her carbonation fueled toots again. Except, the only wind you would feel would be the wind's bite as you felt yourself suddenly fall– and fast. Was this the end?

You opened your eyes. You weren't dead again! Why were you even celebrating this at this point? Well, for one, you'd certainly have to get even with this crazy woman one day– you WERE going to be the champion, after-all. Two, you were laying safely in the soft embrace of her cotton panties– across the floor, you looked up at the prison you had scorned for the past hour with a childlike glee. Was it truly the hell you just experienced..? From afar, the champion had a plump ass that showed off the many hours of biking it'd accumulated, her crotch gleamed with sweat and an ooze of excitement, completely hairless, except for a an admittedly tacky looking trim of pubes shaped to look like a pokéball. She was without a doubt a woman- a stunning one. You were going to wish you had used this time running, rather than ogling before this was over.

Without considering your predicament, the champ kicked her panties off a few inches ahead of her, giving you quite the whiplash. She knelt down and raised you into the air, mercifully not by the head this time, but by the arms and looked through you with a catlike grin across her face. **"The first step to taming anything, you know, is being able to reliably transport it around. You were easier to break than most Pokémon!"** You frowned, knowing her harsh words were true from experience. You were even beginning to excuse the mistreatment for a moment, too.. But, you were a trainer too, weren't you!? That's right! You had to speak up, it'd been almost an hour, your chance was now! You puffed out your chest and parted your lips to give your rebuttal before her own voice cracked through, silencing you once more.

"Dare I say, you've probably even leveled up from your little experience today. You couldn't be that strong, surely even a little bit would've caused you to grow.. Oh, bug, why don't you forget Uproar and learn Headbutt, instead? ♪"

You flinched. Something about the tone in her voice, it was so deeply frustrating. And yet, you obeyed. Was this the might of a champion..? You felt deflated and slouched in her grip, looking into her eyes with a broken spirit. **"Much better! Now, let's try out your new move!"** With that, she walked towards her bed, and knelt down onto it, whipping you behind her exposed ass. You once again made eye contact with the brown-eye that threatened to crush you to death a mere hour before, and yet not even a spark of rebellion burnt in your heart. **"Buuuuggggg ♪! Use headBUTT on me!"** Your heart sank. You only now knew the reason she had chosen that skill.

You clenched your teeth, every part of your mind and spirit didn't want to simply slam your face into that horrid pucker again. But your body obeyed. You swore you could have seen stars with the sheer force you used in your headbutt, you felt the hole eagerly quiver in excitement from the powerful critical hit. She gasped in surprise, before pressing you further into it herself. **"Wow! Your Attack IVS must be really high! Must be your only one!"** Her teasings cut deep- why did you still want to impress this witch!?! Before you knew it, she barked the order to attack once more, and your body was all the more ready to betray you again. This time, your head practically slipped past the initial rubbery wrinkles, as you felt yourself growing dizzy from exhaustion. You panted heavily, feeling the hole tense up suddenly. **"I wonder if you happen to have the Poison type! You didn't pass out earlier from my gas, are you immune to poison..? Hmhmm ♪! I'll just use Poison Gas to test it out!"** The asshole struck back with unfathomable force, your face was pushed right back out of the small indenture it'd made into the core of the hole. **"Pppbpbppbbbbbhhhttt...!"** You gagged and coughed, feeling your eyes burn and water from the emission. Arceus, you hated citrus on a good day, but, now..? If you were immune to this, you really didn't feel like you were! Before you even had time to react, she immediately yelled out for another head-butt, ensuring you wouldn't miss even a molecule of its rotten stench. Suddenly, and without warning, she rammed you against herself with the force of a body slamming snorlax. You slid head first into the rotten rosebud with a wet pop, something her ecstasy ridden voice clued you into believing she had enjoyed.

You truly wish you were dead, or at least had chosen a different route in life. A pokémon breeder wouldn't have had to deal with this, surely. Arceus, you hoped so, at least. From every single possible angle, you felt her body squeeze and chew at your frame greedily, as if you were the last berry on a bush. All the while her obnoxiously loud gasps and screeches echoed around you. Not to mention the horrid scent, every fart you had experienced seemed to simply linger inside, all at once. You were certain that you would never get the scent out of your skin, if you ever did return to training, you'd have to specialize in Poison to mask the scent for sure! And that was a big if.. The louder she got, the deeper you were sinking in, even your feet disappeared behind the young champion's pink asshole. If this was her idea of training, perhaps, there was no wonder her 'Mon were so ferocious. ..It was at this point, in the boiling hot, smelly, hellish darkness of Hikari's asshole that you came to an important conclusion. It was NOT the technology that made her champion. The pokétch salesman DID lie to you..