

# Upstaged Battle

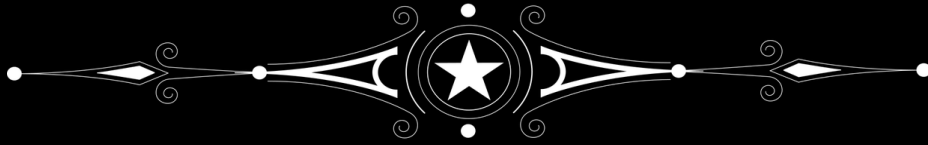
Anonymous commission

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Hyper expansion of breasts, butts, and penises, water inflation, hyper weight gain, immobile, masturbation

Read at your own discretion.



To say that he'd been training his whole life for this would be...an over exaggerated lie.

The Peach Emote Town talent show was far from a grand spectacle event. Most local residents used it as a 'for fun' kind of way to socialize, or show off their personal accomplishments. Its prize was a scarce amount of cash with a few brand sponsored products. Stuff that didn't really draw in grand masters with the high-tier Pokémon.

Still, Mark wasn't one to turn down a challenge. After spending most of one's life training, gaining experience, and evolving, it was hard to resist pride's itch to show off at every opportunity. Plus, the gardevoir didn't have much else to do for the weekend. This was a pit stop on a cross-region tour his agent had set up. Cars needed gassing and snacks needed stocking. No reason not to grace this little spot on the map with his superb singing talents. For free, no less.

So, he got on stage Friday for the preliminaries. At his manager's insistence he wore one of his less flashy outfits. Going all in to outshine amateurs here for a good time would have made for some very bad advertising. In fact, he used the notion as inspiration to sing a ballad about perseverance and the reward of dedication.

It worked like a charm. Everyone loves a supportive role model persona. Mark was cheered by watchers and contestants all the way to Saturday's semi-finals. A few of them weren't half bad, either. No way he wasn't leaving this town without a few dozen new fans.

And then Diane followed his act.

How the gothitelle had gone unnoticed the day before wasn't too hard to understand. There'd been four times the amount of competition and Mark hadn't bothered staying past his time. To have her directly behind his symphony bouncing to a cringe pop song now was just insulting. More so when she got the crowds hopping to the thumps of a techno bass.

The worst part was how she pulled it all off in a maid's dress. Anything to stay in black, apparently. Some part of Mark couldn't help enjoying her dancing at least a little. One of many things he'd rather battle a dragonite than openly admit. On the battleground of vocal entertainment, the two could be considered bitter rivals.

Actually, that'd be the polite way to put it. What they considered each other didn't have enough profanity in the dictionary to articulate.

Diane couldn't end her song fast enough. And, of course, she walked off to thunderous applause, straight for the gardevoir that looked ready to tackle her. The much younger dunsparce that passed her went completely ignored. They began a breakdancing routine that became the perfect way to cover the singer's conversation.

"Why, Mark? What a funny turn of fate running into you out here in the middle of nowhere." She made a show of curtsying like an actual maid. Puffy red lips curled into a smile so fake she could pass for a mannequin. "And here I thought your career would last a bit longer before resorting to small town gigs for poffin money."

"You know, an insult like that doesn't carry a lot of sting when you're also the one out there performing."

"Oh, this is killing boredom, silly." Diane clicked her tongue as her expression turned to one of mock pity. "I happen to have some very important connections that live in this town. They have some precious commodities ready for me to pick up. But when I heard these poor people were being tortured with that chalkboard scratching pitch of yours, well, someone had to step up and show them what a real singer sounds like."

"So, you dress like you're going to serve tea?"

"It's called fan service!" Diane's head frills fluttered in a moment of raw agitation before she caught herself. "Lots of humans enjoy the foreign servant appeal. You don't know this because you rarely listen to them."

"At least I dress for aesthetics! What does playing a Pokémon that'll dust my bookshelves have to do with upbeat rock music?"

Mark was rather proud of that one, as it caused the gothitelle to freeze trying to think of a comeback. Unfortunately, her eyes narrowed all too soon.

"You're awfully jealous that I can wear skirts so much better. Maybe you should get some weight on those fairy hips of yours."

Mark took a deep, slow breath through his nose and let it out his mouth. He knew damn well he looked great in a dress as did all his fans. Choosing to be in a blazer and pants had been one of his better style choices in theme with his songs. This was the kind of below the belt punching that meant their conversation was over. All that was needed was a curt response to show Diane wasn't rattling any nerves before walking away as the adult Pokémon.

"Witch!"

Something Mark has never been able to do in his entire history of interacting with Diane.

"Cabbage Head!"

Consequently, the same could be said for Diane.

“Hell spawn Harlequin!”

“Over actor!”

“Lip-syncer!” Mark knew he’d hit the wrong button when his last insult had Diane’s usually attractive red lips baring teeth in a snarl. It’s worth noting one of the gothitelle’s previous statements was slightly inaccurate. Gardevoir’s were actually a fairy-psychic dual type of Pokémon.

So, when sensing a lethal threat, it was only a Pokémon’s basic instincts to defend itself. While any observer wouldn’t see a single hair on the pair move, the kinetic energy that clashed between them affected everything within ten feet. The stage floor strained and cracked while equipment not bolted down got blasted away. None of which the audience noticed over the energetic dunsparce’s act.

“Oh god! Not you two together again!” Mark barely recognized the yell of his manager before the many hands of Machamp security guards wrapped around his skinny form.

Another of the bulky fighting Pokémon had gotten a hold on Diane. That didn’t stop the pair from flinging any and every insult they could think of while being dragged away. Of course, they knew better than to actually engage in psychic combat. The whole venue would be trashed in an instant. Assuming the fighter types holding them didn’t dispense suplexes first.

Mark made it back to his hotel room ignoring the endless scolding from his manager along the way. Sometimes he would almost prefer having a battle trainer than an endless list of social impressions to maintain for a career’s sake. All a trainer cared about is how badly you could beat down whoever they pit you against. And really, having a formal battle with Diane would be damn therapeutic.

The night had been going so well too. It was also still young, he reasoned. Mark didn’t stay in his room for long. Just enough so his manager could wear themselves out yapping and then changing into a casual t-shirt and shorts. There were a few cafes around. Destroying a doughnut over coffee was a much better alternative to relieving stress than physical violence.

“OW!”

“Crap! Sorry Mark!”

His departure couldn’t have been better timed, assuming the gardevoir had planned to open his door the same time his manager started to knock on it. Getting a rap of knuckles on the snout was not a good way to start stress relief. Lucky for Mark the old human wasn’t exactly the pinnacle of strength.

“I told you I was sorry, Ted. Goddess! You almost chipped a tooth there. I’ll pay for my share of the busted stuff.”

"It's not about that, you brain dead psychic. It's..." Ted caught himself with a sharp breath. His head whipped side to side checking the hotel walkway trying to look inconspicuous and failing miserably. When the coast looked clear, he continued in a whisper. "The lab left a text on your inbox. The potion won't be ready for tomorrow's finale."

"Are you kidding me!?" Mark, on the other hand, couldn't have cared less about eavesdroppers. Nor did he care when the manager jumped at his shouting. "We paid them a damn fortune and followed the exact timetable to waste time here. How is it not done?"

"I'm not paid to know science stuff here. They say it still needs time to brew and testing. It'll be ready by the time we leave."

"This show was supposed to be the test!" Mark punched the wooden door despite it doing little to ease his frustration. Thankfully his punch was a feather compared to his psychic attacks. Paying for a new door on top of everything else wasn't an ideal mark on the tour. "I'm not downing a potion meant to enhance my gorgeous qualities and talents in some boring lab with two or three nerds for an audience. Where's the fun in that?"

"Trust me. Those nerds you hired made it sound a bit risky to chug that thing down before it's settled." Ted gave his gardevoir boss a pat on the shoulder. "It'll still be waiting there at the lab for you when we're done. Just think of the even bigger audience we'll have at Black Cherry city. Then you can grow handsome or whatever they made that thing to do. Just don't destroy more property, will ya?"

"Only if Diane isn't there."

"Oh for...you two should just kiss and make a career for this love to hate relationship you got going!" Ted threw up his arms and walked the three doors down to his room.

It was probably best to leave that as it was for now. Mark stepped out of his own room in an effort to still take that relaxing walk. Just his luck the gardevoir only made it halfway down the hall when he caught the ding of an elevator opening. He broke into a run, rounding the corner in time to watch the door close the last couple of inches.

"What the..." It was only for a split second he caught sight of the person inside. Everything was a blur in his rush, yet the design of a maid's uniform had been unmistakable. Was Ted's concern about prying ears valid? "That two-timed son of a..."

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Peach Emote wasn't exactly a big town, so finding its only research lab took less than five minutes in the phone registry. Breaking in took even less time. Crime wasn't exactly a common issue when it came to tight communities where everyone could easily identify each other. The building owners saw little reason to get anything tougher than standard locks and window bars.

All a good thing for Diane, since she was far from a master criminal. One light pull of psychic damage easily removed the bars off the building's blind side.

Along with the window and the immediate section of wall attached to it.

Since no one apparently bothered to install alarms, this was still fine. The gothitelle wasted no time waltzing through the new hole in the wall in such of Mark's latest scheme. It'd figure that arrogant stage hog would find shortcuts to further his career. Diane wondered many other things he's been faking all these years while she wandered between research rooms. What a fun weekend this'll end up being when she not only upstages him, but rub his own potion in his face while doing so.

Speaking of which, where the hell was the enhancing potion? Diane had found herself wandering into a back room that seemed to be for potion storage. The walls were covered from floor to ceiling in shelves stocked full of various bottles of different sizes and makes. A table in the center created a U-shaped bend holding even more drinking containers. Most of them had labels, many with names and addresses along with the content's description. She could end up spending all night looking for that damn gardevoir's name.

Or it could be the golden thermos with 'Mark' etched on the side in fake gems. Well, at least the second-rate singer had good taste in personal effects. Diane snatched it up from the table making a note to get one made for herself.

"Ack!" Her senses picked up on the second pull too late to keep the thermos from being yanked from her grasp. It flew across the table for a safe landing in Mark's outstretched hands. "The fuck you think you're doing!?"

"You got some nerve asking me that." Mark gave her a raspberry. His mental shields came up too fast for Diane to counter yolk the container back. When she tried to run around the table to get it manually, he made sure to keep the perfect distance so the furniture stayed between them. "Breaking into someone's private business to steal my stuff is a low even I didn't think you'd reach."

"It's objectively correct to cheat a cheater!" Diane shot back after being reduced to throwing little more than dirty looks. Being surrounded by potions capable of goddess knows what was the only thing that kept her psi-blasts from going nuclear on that smug gardevoir's face. Breaking a few dozen bottles over both of them would probably not end well. "I heard what you guys talked about clear as day. Are you so ashamed by your lack of talent you'd resort to artificial methods?"

"This is for spectacle, you airhead! Unlike you, I know how to put on a show and give my fans the experience of a lifetime with every performance." Mark gave an exasperated sigh, lost in his own rage for a moment. Without realizing it, hands were idly unscrewing his thermos' top off. "Goddess! Arguing with a second-rate is so exhausting."

"Um..." Diane raised a finger of interjection, pausing to consider her level of care when her gardevoir rival began chugging his potion.

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By the time Mark realized what he was doing he'd consumed most of the thermos contents. There was little choice but to finish the last couple gulps, letting out a heavy gasp for breath as he observed a now empty thermos in his hand. "Oh...fuck!"

His gaze lifted to meet Diane's dumbstruck face. A new wave of anger made him throw the container across the floor. There went his carefully planned out finale and debut of a super sexy upgrade. The fact this moronic gothitelle didn't steal his potion was of small comfort. Air around his styled green hair began to cackle with the charging of psi energy. Being surrounded by easily breakable glass wasn't going to stop him from tearing that witch apart anymore.

"Buuurp!" A hard clenching, churning in his stomach, however, did throw Mark enough off his game to disperse the charging attack before it could be launched. Both hands flew to his stomach under the T-shirt trying to calm the rising boiling sensation within. Eyes expanded wide in the dawning realization that he had in fact just swallowed a potion. Its contents continued to tumble inside his stomach like a washing machine, sending a vibrating tingle across his body. "Oh fuuuuuuuuck!"

Diane's jaw dropped, mirroring the gardevoir's shock. Of the many things that could have possibly been enhanced, the rapid expansion of Mark's chest hadn't been on her list. The front of his shirt pushed out in a sloshing rush, stretching the fabric like an inflating balloon.

Make that two balloons. The gothitelle noted as his chest continued swelling at a steady rate. Mark's hands shot up trying to push his growths back, but they only sank deep into amazingly soft flesh. Within seconds his shirt became distorted as it wrapped tight around a pair of mounds undeniably shaped as female breasts. Their mass became so ample it was bulging through the gaps in his fingers.

"That's a...hell of an enhancement," Diane said, though she was too shocked to put any malice in her tone. The fact the male gardevoir's boobs kept on growing further away from his chest was nothing short of stunning. His shirt's neckline tore, showing off a fine plunge of cleavage that only got deeper as mounting fat tried to push its way out through the opening.

"I am so demanding my money baaa-AAACK!?"

If not for all the rampant changes taking place before her, the gothitelle would have burst out laughing when Mark twisted to show off his expanding butt. A once scrawny pair of hips that barely looked capable of holding the Pokémon man's ego now moved with enough padding that it jiggled to his motions.

"Wow. Looks like all that high class binge eating is finally catching up to you."

"You're not helping!" Mark hissed, trying to hold back his rears continued puffing out behind him. Seams strained and popped one after another failing in their best effort to help. A little thing like denim wasn't going to stop the inflating hump.

“Like I’m getting anywhere near your rising stockpile of bread...thick as it’s looking.” Diane giggled, despite her insults becoming a stretch. Keeping one’s wits was proving difficult when the person you hated the most looked like they’d stuffed a pillow against their butt. And it only continued to bloat bigger with every second, testing the limits of casual clothing standards. “Besides, isn’t this what you wanted? We always knew you were too skinny for the stage. Now no one’s going to take their eyes off those rich curves.”

“Hnngh! D-damn you!” Mark paced in circles unaware of his own changing gait. Hips and thighs had joined in with his butt, spreading his sides wider one inch at a time. They added a hard sashay to each step to the point Diane could hear his butt bounce with each step.

A sharp snap made Mark gasp. His dainty feet tripped over themselves losing the ability to balance with girthy thighs forcing them further and further apart. He braced against the table on buckling knees. Drool leaked from his gaping mouth in heavy breaths trying to fight the gravity of his tits sagging hard to get out from under the hem of his shirt.

Another snap, followed by a much longer rip made Diane aware the stupid gardevoir’s pants were giving up the ghost. The waistband was getting pushed down by a white ass crack that humans could easily lose a hand in. Seams were giving out along the rounded curves of hips that could fill a recliner. More of the excessive fat bulged through, wedging the openings bigger with each extra pound piled onto his bottom. When he tried to arch his back and straighten out it was with a very pronounced shelf that surpassed naturally thick females like Charizard’s

And still his entire pelvis just kept inflating, pushing back his pants in a race to catch up with boobs that were already surpassing the torso they hung from in size. The main seam down the middle gave with a very loud roar, sending his rear into a short drop and a jiggle that had his ass cheeks clapping together several times. Only the legs remained to give any kind of support, though trying to hold up a bottom expanding beyond a love seats capabilities, they were not going to last much longer.

“S-so big...so...soft! Oh goddess!” Mark was biting his lower lip, face red as a tomato. That was when Diane realized he’d long since stopped trying to hold his ass back and was massaging it instead. The constant spreading and mashing of his buns elicited moans of raw lust.

“Wait. You’re getting into this?” Diane blinked, unsure how to go about flinging some more flak on the helpless busty male. Those were the kind of massive proportions she’d expect to see on a Tyrantrum, or even someone giant sized. Seeing a tiny gardevoir trying to struggle with more fat in one half of their ass than her entire body almost made her feel sorry for him.

Granted she was going to hold this night over Mark’s head for eternity.



“H-heavy!” Mark widened his stance, arms flailing outstretched to either side. This was one of those rare nights he regretted not training in his physical stats. His new womanly assets also happened to weigh as much as a nine-foot Tyranntrum and that was doing his aching knees no favors. Even holding against the table only bought a few extra seconds.

“Hnnngh!?” Mark winced as he flopped to the ground. Not that it was a very long fall with his butt reaching car sizes. Looking at it from the front, Diane could almost mistake him for sitting on a very white couch. There was something especially hilarious about the way his tiny shins kicked at the air. While the pounds piled on to lift him higher, their ability to place feet on the ground became impossible.

The fall also had the unfortunate effect of sloshing his tits so hard that Mark got knocked senseless when they bounced into his face. Diane finally lost it, holding her sides while the gardevoir teetered on either side of his massive ass cheeks. Boobs slapped together with the motion like a pendulum.

“Aaah! W-what the hell?” Something else seemed to snap Mark from his daze, both hands digging deep between his tree trunk thighs. Whatever he found there was enough to get his face turning red. “O-oh come on!”

It almost looked like someone had kneed him in the sensitive parts, though the weird shifting beneath his underwear told Diane otherwise. Things were escalating in there while he wobbled from side to side, helpless atop his own rear. Fabric groaned, becoming taut while the space inside it became inefficient to hold something.

The gardevoir’s moans echoed an equal distress. He looked between Diane and the bubble being blown out of his briefs. A furious debate seemed to be going on inside what little of a brain she assumed he had left. Whatever discomfort was causing his elastic to snap apart soon won out. Using both hands, he put a rush of psychic power into their pull, creating a loud tear as the entirety of his undergarments was rent from his bloobish hips.

“Whoa...” Diane gasped at the absolute log of a penis that flopped out in its newfound freedom. It was getting impossible to muster any kind of crap to fling at her rival's worst moment of weakness. Not with a foot long sausage and two golf balls in a sac on display.

She wasn’t about to give him a compliment either. Let's not get stupid here. Instead, she slowly backed away for fear whatever potion was making this moron grow might end up passing onto her in some capacity. She only stopped when her back bumped into one of the many potion shelves. The rattling and movements of bottles overhead were drowned out by Mark’s pained groans.

Another loud tear saw the destruction of Mark’s shirt and the release of breasts that defied nature. It was a short drop followed by a hard bounce of weights that nearly sent Mark toppling off his butt seat. Being set free only seemed to spring his tits into a

faster rate of swelling. They and his junk were bloating in tandem, adding so much girth that it was making the rest of him hard to see from the front.

His member started growing from more than the potion. Actually, it was hard for Diane to tell if Mark had even worked to full mast yet. The phallic log swelled in surges of growth that kept in time with the rest of him. But while the head of his dick climbed into the cleavage of his own breasts, the hefty sac of cantaloupes between his legs sagged ever closer to the floor.

“Can’t stop!” Mark barked, spittle flying across the ridge of his massive chest. What little restraint remained inside the gardevoir finally collapsed as both hands clamped the sides of his pulsating member. Palms worked along the sensitive skin in alternating see-saw motions. “Aaah! So good!”

It was certainly the most bizarre form of masturbation Diane had ever seen. Though she reasoned there were few better ways to work a sausage bigger than one's thigh.

“Yeah, um, good luck with that, I guess!” She bit her lower lip, hating that her loins were getting wet just watching this series of explosive growths unfold. On the bright side, the dumbass probably messed up the rest of his own tour without her having to do a thing. That seemed like a perfect thought to take her leave on. “I’ll see you on stage whenever you get those rocking tits under control. Assuming you can.”

If Mark noticed the final taunts being flung his way, he was way too focused on beating his meat to respond. Diane scoffed as she moved to find an exit. Unfortunately, the absurd exhibitionism on display was distracting enough that she forgot about the rack of potions directly behind her. Crashing into it at half-turn sent her staggering backward, barely catching the table that divided her from Mark.

“Stupid mother fff...oh...oh SHIT!!”

Not even the shattering of a dozen potion bottles was enough to break Mark out of his drunken lust. His dick continued to stretch further out as if coaxed by his rhythmic stroking. Pre was already starting to drizzle out of the head only adding to the fresh mesh spilling across the labs floor.

Diane retched trying to regain her footing. The accidental potion cocktail had found its way into her mouth, nose, and probably every other orifice she had. Her maid outfit dripped in excess fluid having been completely soaked in the bottle downpour. No sooner did she get her eyes cleared again than a chill across her nerves caused her to freeze in place.

“Oh no!” Horrifying realization at where she was and what exactly soaked into her body struck the gothitelle as her maid skirt began to squeeze tight on her body. Hands clamped on her blouse, pushing hard at her modest pair of breasts underneath. That did absolutely nothing to stop the sound of churning water growing louder inside her chest. “No! No! No! No!”

Diane's desperate chanting couldn't stop her lacy top from billowing outwards either. Her hands sunk deep into rolling mounds as her tits expanded. Straps strained and stretched from the pressure one after another, but the slack they provided only got filled up with even more boob flesh.

The rapid pace put Mark's impressive alterations to shame. Her blouse groaned around two spheres rivaling basket balls, stretching out hundreds of poke worth of materials for every inch they could. She let out a squeal turning this way and that in a desperate search for aid, generating a loud sloshing noise from inside her breasts. It was like trying to hold two sacks of sand on a rocky boat. Whatever liquid was bloating her up refused to stay still.

"Aah! Oh, come on!" A sudden drop and a loud splash made Diane shout aloud. Both eyes and hands directed their focus to her hips in helpless frustration. The skirt of her outfit was now drawing tight around an ass that had surged over double its size. Plump cheeks became perfectly outlined like a peach until their mass was spilled out the bottom. She reached back trying to hold the hem in place without success. It was like a curtain rising over a very big purple moon. All the gentle rocking across her tight flesh made her feel like a water bed. "Damn it, Mark! This is all your fault somehow."

The gardevoir grunted and groaned. His member twitched in a small orgasm that knocked several potions over in the spray of cum. While his curvy growth never seemed to stop, Diane was getting pretty sizable in the breasts and ass area much faster than she'd like. So much water kept pouring in that her hips became shoved against the table's edge and the wall behind her. Her legs wobbled trying to stay balanced while everything rocked in the opposite direction she wanted. Murmurs of fluid inside the tight Pokémon's hide could have almost sounded like a mobile ocean.

"Going to call my manager! Call my lawyer! You'll be canceled on all social media by the time I...wha...oh, crap!" Diane's fuming broke into a pained whine. Another bubbling sensation was making itself known, this time turning the area under her stomach into a muffled jacuzzi. It built into a crescendo that echoed off the walls. Hands groped desperately trying to go under the hanging water balloons tits to get at her stomach.

The rest of her outfit soon found itself tested as her stomach puffed out with a loud gush of fluids. Diane couldn't see much around her cleavage, but she could sure feel her belly squish into a low hang against her crotch. Her middle quickly outgrew everything else, giving her an exaggerated pear shape as gravity dictated all the liquid filling her.

"Help! Someone! Anyone!" She continued screaming with only Mark's labored self pleasure in answer. The gothitelle was quickly losing her ability to move, which was a shame. The urge to throw a random potion at the moronic gardevoir with her last bit of dexterity would be almost therapeutic.

The potions! She squeaked, gaining a renewed sense of hope. There were still plenty of intact bottles on the table. Anything they did couldn't possibly be worse than

being trapped by your own waterlogged ass. She pivoted on small, dainty steps as the continued widening of her hips restricted joint movement. Her body sloshed with the motion as it built momentum, however, making the reach for literally any bottle easier.

“Yes!” She cheered upon managing to snag a longer necked glass container. Diane wasted no time biting off the cork and downing its contents. A fair share of potion drizzled off her chin onto the beanbag surface of her breasts in the process. “BUUUURRRPP!!”

The gohitelle had never been so happy to let out such a disgusting noise. Diane felt her bloated body pulse once before her maid outfit, stretched to its limits, steadily deflated. It didn't matter where the several dozen gallons worth of water was going. She was just glad when her breasts stopped blocking her vision.

“Thank the gods for the little favors,” she said with a relieved giggle. Things shrunk at such an amazing pace she was soon able to move properly. Hands rested on the girth of her middle, feeling the belly bulge compress until she was back to her modest figure once more. Still feeling bloated notwithstanding, it was great to just see the messy, broken potion floor once again.

Glancing over to Mark made her recoil. While she'd managed to shrink back, the gardevoir had made himself comfortable on a plush looking pillow that Diane realized was his ball sac. His dick now grew to the length of a couch, with probably just as much girth to it. Its erect shaft plunged straight through the cleavage of his cream white tits. A situation he was utilizing by rubbing at the sides of his mammaries so they ground around the pulsing shaft.

Behind him wasn't even a wall anymore. Mark's ass loomed higher than the shelves squished hard in the dwindling space between the tables. Poor guy was not going to be able to go anywhere anytime soon even if his still scrawny feet could touch the ground. Just one of his boobs were the size of a snorlax, and probably even heavier.

“Yeah. I'm still suing that fat ass over this.” Diane huffed, taking two steps towards the lab's doorway.

That was as far as fate would let her get. Another hard sloshing from deep within sent the gohitelle stumbling.

“What now!?” She pushed herself upright, patting down her sides in newfound panic.

That was when she noticed her hands. She held them up watching the skin on her fingers bubble worse than a stew pot. Each dainty digit thickened to the point there was hardly any space left between them. Palms quickly inflated after, leaving her jaw hanging open as she stared at extremities that looked like she wore cartoon gloves. Whatever effect the gohitelle was under continued crawling down her arms, bulking them with soft, sagging mass along with them.

“No way!” It wasn’t just Diane’s arms getting thicker. She hugged at her waist groaning from her insides giving a hard lurch. Her stomach pushed back just as hard, separating her embrace. The front of her maid dress inflated as a black balloon. This time she was without the round tautness of being filled with water. This gut sagged hard against the waistband of her skirt, shoving her hands wide apart with pound after pound of plush Pokémon fat.

And this time her everything was filling out along with it. Elegant curves that once made humans drool vanished under fat levels beyond that of a Beartic. Seams began tearing from excessive love handles, allowing the purple skin of her soft body to bulge through.

“Nononono!! Aaaaahh!!” Diane cursed from the increasing weight filling her ass. It was expanding even faster with fat than it had with water. A loud tear broke through the lab when two loveseat sized cheeks rent her maid skirt in half. Excess weight trickled down into her legs, widening them along into massive stumps for support. Frantic pacing slowed to an awkward waddle as it became hard to walk without her thighs smooshed against each other.

“Gyaaah!” Another rumbling gurgle from deep within Diane’s belly made her stop cold. She placed both hands atop the rolling folds of flab her stomach had become. It’s growth never stopped, yet there was a tension building inside. Something no amount of rubbing or squeezing could alleviate. “Oh crap. Am I going to pop? Please. No. I’m too pretty to...d-d-nnnggghh!”

Diane gritted her teeth trying to bare through the force welling up inside her. But just when she thought this might be the most humiliating way to end a career everything released all at once. She gave out a gasp, followed by a scream.

The stomach she clenched tightly in her hands exploded away from her grasp. The front of her maid outfit tore in several places trying its best to hold on with no better luck. The gohitelle’s already boulder middle doubled in size, just to double again. Her belly plummeted into her crotch where she was surprised to find its fat flowing into her hips.

Diane grasped at what little of her sides she could reach. Her figure was becoming exceptionally pear-shaped as the potions bloated her wider and taller at the same time. Although her upper half wasn’t getting as chunky, it was still enough to make her dress split down the back. Increasing density around the shoulders were starting to make her arms vanish inside the folds.

She couldn’t even reach her chest when her breast succumbed to the effects. Laces popped in rapid succession as she stampeded through cup sizes. Their weight pulled her even further in time with her stomach until they were spilling out atop the more generous mountain.

“I...I’m sommfff...going tah shuuue shomppph!!? HMMPP!” Diane’s tantrum got cut short upon the horrific realization even her face wouldn’t stay thin. Hammy arms

waved about, slapping the sides of her medicine ball tits in her panic. Once cute dimples puffed into sagging jowls that quickly squished against her excessive upper purple mass. It pinched her jaw so tight that speaking became impossible. Unless you counted sprays of desperate spit and moans.

Diane was sure she'd fallen over at some point. The distance between the floor and her ass was just minuscule enough that it wasn't noticeable. All she knew was that her ability to walk had decreased to the point of being nonexistent. Whatever legs she had left were Jell-O molds of purple and white flab sucking in dainty feet like quicksand. All of which lead back into hips oozing across the lab floor, squishing against the table in front of her and three shelves behind.

One glance at Mark had Diane giving a heavy, defeated sigh through her nose. It was pretty much the only thing left she could do besides flailing stumpy arms against her behemoth tits and waistline. The gardevoir's figure wasn't looking much better; his ass had grown into hyperdrive, with boobs spilling out across the table to mash against hers. Hourglass didn't do his figure much justice. It was more like someone squeezed a giant sandbag in the middle to leave both ends engorged.

A sudden bonk on the head made Diane grunt in alarm. From what little she could turn her head in the sea of gothitelle girth both of them were starting to demand more of the storage room than the potion shelves. Her body had gained so much mass her back was crushing the wooden furniture while her head pushed hard against the ceiling. Only scraps remained of her expensive maid costume, peeking out from between her many folds. Wall to wall tits and butts mashed together in a mess of purple, green, and white. It might have almost been artistic from an outsider's perspective.

Mark didn't seem to care when his expanding assets prevented him from reaching even his bus length cock. He only continued to rock about pinned between furniture and a mass of gothitelle blubber. It was probably just as well he got some bliss for a while. The pairs combined psychic power couldn't lift one of Diane's boobs, much less get either of their massive forms out of this room.

Oh yeah. Diane was going to spend the rest of her night pondering how many people she was suing over this.

\*

It'd figure the break dancing dunsparce would win the contest finals. The fact it was by default only made Mark's manager furious. He checked his phone for the millionth time that day, not even surprised his texts to the pompous gardevoir went unanswered. Whatever he was doing better be worth skipping this after making such a big deal out of it.

"Hey! Have you managed to wrangle your idiot at all today?"

The man looked up to find Diane's manager walking over. They also had a phone in hand with a bright message screen illuminating their face.

“Boy, what I’d give to have any control over his actions,” Mark’s manager said with a sad laugh. “You lose that Gothitelle last night?”

“Just upped and vanished without notice. We had a dress rehearsal planned and everything.” Diane’s manager pocketed his phone, meeting the other man’s gaze. “I’m really hoping our problems aren’t connected.”

Mark’s manager laughed. The sarcastic quip he’d hoped to respond with was forgotten as his phone gave out a sharp chime. To his surprise it wasn’t his star client finally touching base, but a local number for the town.

“Um...” Diane’s manager watched his colleague open the message, their face going from confusion to an expressionless stare into the void. “What’d he do now?”

The other man looked up and shook his head. “You really don’t want to know.”

It was at that moment the phone pinged inside Diane’s manager’s pocket. He pulled it out to check in spite of his better judgement. “Holy...is that Diane as a water balloon the size of a house!?”

“Not sure having a star with a penis the size of a bus is any better.” Mark’s manager texted something back to the lab staff demanding answers. Once that’d been done, he gave the other manager his attention. “The research lab I was dealing with is going to bill us for the damages. We really need to keep those two apart.”

“Maybe we can work it into their contracts?” Diane’s manager was busy banging the edge of his phone against his forehead. Shame a bit of minor pain did nothing to alleviate his frustration. Noticing the music cut out, he glanced towards the stage where the dunsparce had finished their performance to a lukewarm applause. “You think he needs representation?”

Mark’s manager scoffed, only to stare at the young Pokémon pensively. Now that they mentioned it, skipping town with a new client might be a better option.

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# Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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