

The Swolest Day

The Spring Festival was upon Galar. As tradition, people from the four corners of the region gather at one of Galar's larger cities to commemorate it. This year the city of Wyndon has been chosen to host the seasonal festival and Rose, president of Macro Cosmos and designer of the large metropolis, was more than happy to be in charge of it. To spice things up this year, he personally prepared something new for the festival: the very first Spring Pageant. Female trainers of different ages and regions could participate. Whether they were gym leaders or regular trainers, it didn't matter; as long as they came in wearing swimsuits, they could join.

Which raised a few eyebrows, but that didn't matter. Many were curious or excited to participate, and the prize surely was enticing. Not only would the winner of the pageant receive a large sum of money, she would also win a deluxe trainer kit including several masterballs, a brand new pokédex and, most importantly, a secret rare pokémon captured by Rose himself.

Hence why so many well-known Galarian trainers and gym leaders gathered today at the Wyndon Theater to compete. And female trainers from other regions as well. Trainers from Alola, Kalos, Unova, Kanto, Hoenn... the news of the secret rare pokémon had spread far and wide.

These girls had come to win.

Which brings us to one of the backstage rooms. Gloria was changing into her swimsuit along with her fellow Galarians. She had put on a form-fitting bikini that had the same colors as her usual clothes, gray top and hot pink bottom. She tugged the bottom out of between her plump buttocks and let go with a *snap!*, and took a good look at herself in the mirror. The brunette grinned and brushed a bang aside. "Heh, lookin' gud, Gloria."

"You really are confident that you're going to win, aren't you?" Nessa stepped behind her. The slender dark-skinned gym leader wore a bikini version of her usual outfit, not much different outside that it was skimpier, showing plenty of underboob and emphasizing her big, thick butt.

Gloria turned with a confident smirk, hands on her own hips. "O' course. Don' get too cocky, Nessie, ya bet I'm gunnin' for the top."

"Ahem, I think you two are forgetting who you're up against." In walked Melony. The tall buxom milf had stuffed her plump curvy frame into a plus-size flounce bikini, large gray bottom and white top, still looking gorgeous. Her slight muffintop only added to her motherly beauty. She tossed her voluminous white hair over her pale shoulder, and smiled confidently. "Don't think I'll go easy on you."

Nessa and Gloria exchanged looks; Melony was famous for her ruthlessness as a gym leader and knowing that, she wouldn't be much different in the pageant. Gloria took a step forward and stuffed her chest up, pressing her smaller bust up against Melony's melons. "Ya talk big, but just ye wait when we'r' up onstage."

"Oho, is this a threat, dear?" Melony raised an eyebrow, a funny smirk on her lips.

"Ya betcha it is." The tomboyish brunette proclaimed.

"Excuse me, you two-" Said a fourth contestant approaching from the side. "Save it for once the competition starts. I don't want any trouble with the judges." That contestant was Honey, who had traveled from the Isle of Armor to Wyndon. She wore a less revealing swimsuit, a

green one-piece swimsuit with white sides, although it looked glued to her plump hourglass body.

Gloria simply rolled her eyes and stepped away from the older gym leader. "Forget it, I'm gunna get prepped, so see ye at the stage." She walked away.

Honey crossed her arms like a scornful mother. "Youngsters these days..."

The little banter was quickly forgotten as the other participants dressed for the event: Marnie, the gym leader of Spikemuth, slipped into a bikini designed by her fan club, Team Yell, having a similar design to her championship outfit and the same colors, down to the Team Yell emblem on each cup of her black top. And one on the back of her purple bottom. Klara, who had come from Isle of Armor too, also wore a bikini similar to her gym outfit, being of a dark blue with stylized green sludge stamped on her top's cups, while she still wore her Dustox ribbon on her hair. Sonia, the redheaded assistant of Professor Magnolia, had put on a turquoise bikini for the occasion, while Bea, the silent stoic gym leader, simply put on a form-fitting black one-piece swimsuit that delineated her washboard abs, matching her ever-present black and orange headband.

While the Galarian beauties prepared themselves a certain, rather popular trainer explored the theater: Ash Ketchum, from Pallet Town. He had come to Galar to see the festival firsthand, and hearing of the pageant made the young man curious. In more ways than one. Mostly sexual. He sneaked backstage to see the contestants, though since he didn't know the place Ash quickly found himself lost.

That is, until he turned around a corner and bonked his head on someone's forehead making his red cap nearly fall off.

"Ah!" He stepped back, trying to put his cap back in place. "S-sorry! I wasn't looking."

The other person grumbled. "Watch where you're going next time! ...Wait, Ash?"

"Huh?" Ash blinked and felt his face heating up; it was Misty, his old travel companion alright. And she was wearing a pretzel one-piece swimsuit, dark blue in color. And just tight enough to accentuate her curves. Now, he knew well how Misty was fine with wearing more revealing outfits, but he would've never guessed she would wear one of these.

Misty, for her own part, felt awkward in running into her former companion like this. She cleared her throat. "Ahem, good to see you again, Ash. I didn't know you'd come and see the pageant." She put her hands behind her back.

"Ah... uhm, I just, you know," he finally adjusted his cap atop his head. "Was around, annnnd I just so happened to learn about the pageant."

Misty raised an eyebrow; she wasn't buying it. She huffed and shrugged. "Right... and I bet you 'just so happened' to be near the visitors' changing room, right?" She stepped back and pushed open a door Ash hadn't noticed. Inside-- there were all the girl companions he had met in life. He saw May, Dawn, Iris... and Serena, whom he had kissed. Oh dear.

They stopped whatever they were doing to look, an awkward silence befell.

"Well well, if it isn't good ol' Ash Ketchum." Iris snickered. The purple-haired girl was wearing a pink bikini with a pink skirt tied around the waist. She cocked her hip to the side, putting a hand on it. "Are you stalking around the changing rooms, Ash?"

He stuttered frantically, shaking both hands and his head in denial. "N-no, no, I swear I wasn't. I-I was just... taking a look around the place, you know."

“Riiiiight...” Misty rolled her eyes and nudged his side. “Anyway, buzz off, will you? This is no place for you to be snoopin’ around.”

“R-right, right...” He sheepishly backed away, smiling awkwardly.

Serena stepped over to the door just as Ash walked away, and said, “Good to see you again, Ash.” She blushed a little, smiling.

He turned back for a moment, surprised to see Serena there, and smiled back. “Good to see you too.” And kept walking.

Misty rolled her eyes and pulled Serena in by the shoulder. “C’mon, don’t pay attention to him.”

While that scene unfolded, someone watched from the corner of the large dressing room. “Tch, it’s that brat again.” Jessie scoffed. The pinkette was already dressed in a black risqué string bikini, with the red R of Team Rocket stapled on each cup of her top. The strings of the bottom sank on her plump pale hips and it gave her fat buttocks a wedgie. She rolled her eyes and turned back to her companions, Lusamine, Plumeria, Shelly, and Courtney. “It’s like I can’t get rid of him!” She put her hands on her wide birthing hips. “Can you believe that?”

“Pfeh, why would you even care about him, Jess?” Shelly giggled. “It’s almost like you want him to lust after you, but he clearly prefers someone younger.”

Jessie’s face flushed, but not in embarrassment. “Are you calling me old?!”

The Team Aqua admin scoffed, and swayed her voluminous black and blue hair and shrugged her shoulders. “Who knows? Better focus on winning the competition or I’ll take the prize all for myself~” She bent over to pick up her swimsuit.

The pinkette pouted her plump red lips and turned up her nose conceitedly. “We’ll see about that.” She crossed her arms under her melon-sized breasts.

Plumeria put on her dark purple bikini bottom, and pinched it from between her sizable buttocks and let go with a snap. “You two are deluded. Haven’t you heard? Cynthia is joining the competition.” She huffed. “And I bet she’s going to win, as she always does.”

“She can try.” Lusamine stood upright, tossing her long blonde hair over her skinny pale shoulders. “I don’t plan on losing to her.” She smiled confidently. “Those skinny dolls back there should be more worried.”

Misty shot her an angry glare from across the room. “You know I can hear you, right?”

In a nearby second dressing room, since the first one was quite packed, Cynthia was busy choosing which swimwear she would use, while Hilda and Rosa dressed up in the corner. Even though they were pretty curvy and toned from their journeys across the many regions, the buxom’s thick curves were three times larger. Without the constraint of her clothes, Cynthia seemed even bigger.

There was also a fourth girl in the room; Zinnia was too busy checking herself out in one of the large mirrors in the dressing room. The Draconid had quite the toned figure from years of training and that, combined with her plump curves, could give her a good edge in the competition, she thought. Her bikini top had two red crescent moons, accentuating the shapes of her breasts. Zinnia put a hand behind the head and rippled her washboard abs, smirking proudly. “Heheh, this competition is mine.”

It was still a little early for the competition but some people were already gathering at the theater. A particular group of younger girls met inside. Acerola took advantage of her Elite Four status to help Mallow and Lana get past the front line to meet Lillie. Lillie had arrived earlier with

her mother, and had been waiting for her friends to arrive, and she managed to save three seats for them in the front row, and managed to get a fourth for Acerola.

“So, excited to see your mom onstage, Lillie?” Acerola sat next to the blonde, smiling as always.

Lillie’s face flushed, and she looked to the side. “Ehrrm, in a way, yeah. But I’m a little embarrassed too. She...” Lillie lowered her voice. “...picked a really, really skimpy swimsuit.”

Acerola covered her mouth as she laughed. “Why am I not surprised?” She said, after composing herself.

“Hmph...” Lillie pouted in disapproval, but didn’t say anything.

As more people gathered inside the theater, Oleana watched from behind one of the many columns that sustained the theater’s high ceiling. She brought her Rotom Phone to her ear, “Mr. Rose? Everything is ready.” She glanced at Acerola, having recognized her the moment she walked in. “We just need for the participants to be in place and we can start.”

“Good.” Rose’s voice came through the phone. *“The Galar particles generators are at full capacity. Once everyone is in place, hit the switch. That’s all you have to do.”*

Oleana hesitated, then said, “Is it really safe, Mr. Rose? Is this necessary?”

“It’s one step forward for humans and pokémon alike.” He reassured her. *“I made sure it’s safe. I have to go now, so good luck.”* Rose then hung up.

The vice president of Macro Cosmos looked at her own phone, still a little worried, but shook her head and walked away. “It’s almost time.”

Not too long after, the competition began. Ash took a seat two rows behind Acerola and his former classmates as he saw Misty walk on the stage first. Serena followed her, wearing a red and black swimsuit, then Hilda, in a white and blue bikini and wearing her pink and white hat. And next Jessie strutted in, confident and smug, rocking her hips to and fro with her hands on the waist. The people on the seats ‘ooooh’ed audibly, inflating Jessie’s ego even more. The pinkette cocked her hip to the side and winked at the crowd, eliciting a few cheers. Then they suddenly cheered more, not for Jessie, but for Cynthia. The tall Sinnoh champion brushed her long creamy blonde hair over the shoulder as she walked onstage; she wore an elegant black monokini that fit like a glove on her, matched with her black hair accessories.

Jessie’s face became green with envy and she grinded her teeth. “Ugh, that bitch...” She growled under her breath.

Cynthia saw the pinkette’s face, but didn’t say anything. Instead, she walked past her and stood between Misty and Hilda. “Excuse me. I had to put some distance between me and a Sevipier.” She shot a glare at Jessie.

Misty covered a bit before the Champion of Sinnoh; her presence alone overwhelmed her. She had seen Cynthia battle a few years ago, and held some admiration for her. “H-hey, Cynthia.”

“Hey Cynthia!” Hilda beamed. “Nice to meet you again.”

The blonde buxom smiled. “It’s good to see you, Hilda.”

“Y-you two met?” Misty’s jaw dropped open.

“Why yes we did.” Cynthia turned back to Misty. “at the Sinnoh League, and she won. She’s quite the strong trainer.”

Misty’s jaw dropped to the floor. “Whaaaaaaaat?” T-the Sinnoh Champion? Defeated? How?!

“Hey, I was just lucky, eheh...” Hilda scratched her head awkwardly. “B-but thanks for the compliment anyway.”

While they were talking, a female announcer hopped on the stage, and so the competition began.

At the same time, Oleana took a peek into the backstage area; the other girls were waiting there, some anxious for their turn, some excited. The secretary looked up: the tubes were in position. They were discreetly installed in the corners of the ceiling, tilted to aim at the room. They also had remote control and could be gyrated in place. There were other tubes hidden among the lights on the stage, and others hidden under the stage. After she made sure every girl was in the right place, Oleana held up her Rotom Phone, and pressed a red button on the screen.

Deep in the basement room of the building, a group of eight generators rumbled to life. They were connected to eight compartments filled to the brim with the dark purple mist that was Dynamax energy, enough to power the entire city for days. The moment they were turned on, the generators began to pump Dynamax energy through a series of tubes connected to the entire building.

By the time Cynthia was about to be nominated as the winner of the first round, dark purple Dynamax mist came pouring down on the competitors and crept from between the floorboards of the stage. The announcer was so surprised by this that she stumbled and fell off the stage. A good chunk of the crowd, Galarians who instantly recognized the mist, got up and went towards the exits in a hurry.

Misty looked up and received a full blast of the fog right to the face. “Ack! *Cough, cough*, what is this stuff?!” She covered her mouth and nose as she was surrounded by dense fog. Cynthia, Serena, Hilda, and Jessie too were surrounded in seconds.

Lillie and her friends got up on a jump and ran to the sides; the mist rolled off the stage and crept towards the seats, sliding beneath. Before they could get to the exit, Lillie froze in place with a gasp. “M-my mom! I have to get her out of there!” She turned back and ran into the corridor leading to the backstage room.

“Wait, you can’t go there alone!” Lana went after Lillie, Mallow and Acerola following after her.

Ash darted his eyes around; the fog completely swallowed the stage and he could barely discern Misty and the others inside. He backed away, but did not want to leave the girls behind, and he stood there, unsure of what he could do. “Damn it... Misty?” He called out. “Misty, get out of there!”

He heard her and the others grunting and groaning. “E-easy for you to say!” Misty coughed. “It... ugh... it all feels... w-eeeeeeird...!”

Inside the dark purple fog, Misty was hugging herself, clutching her own shoulders. Her body heated up from the inside, adrenaline pumped through her veins, her skin felt tight and was prickling. Her legs felt like jelly and Misty stumbled in place, pressing her shaky knees together. “What’s h-happening to me?!” She moaned out loud and buckled over; her crotch felt hot like fire, enough that Misty almost came right then and there. She put both hands on top of it, twitching and squirming. “Hnnnng...!”

Ba-dump, ba-dump, ba-dump

Misty's heart thumped fast like it was going to burst out of her chest. She panted and gasped and moaned. And just as she felt like she was going to burst-

Fwoooooomp!

Her modest B-cups ballooned to D-cup melons in seconds. Her pretzel top sunk into their supple flesh and her nipples stood erect and hard, pushing back against the fabric. Misty gasped in sheer shock; she couldn't believe what just happened, yet there it was. She stared at her newly gained tits for what felt like hours, then she felt a second surge welling up inside her chest. Her pretzel top creaked as her chest began to swell even bigger.

"H-holy Arceus! They're g-getting huge!" She gasped, hand on her head. She watched as her tits throbbed and bounced on their own volition; they swelled more, her pretzel top slipping off her nipples and sinking deeper into the two masses. Misty whined; it felt so good. "W-what's going ooon?" She moaned. Then, she felt a shivering sensation creeping down her spine and ending on her lower half. She felt her hips pull to the sides, and when she looked down she saw her hips *stretching* to the sides. And then she felt her hips jerk backwards, making her lean forward. "Ack!"

When looking over the shoulder Misty saw her asscheeks rising higher, bulging thicker and swallowing the bottom of her bikini. Making Misty feel a wedgie that pulled right into her pussy.

The tomboy redhead yelped at once, flushing red, and tried to tug it off her lower lips. Her asscheeks throbbed even bigger, pulling her bottom even deeper. She whimpered both in frustration and in arousal. "Aw, c'mon!"

Then, her attention was drawn away from her swelling asscheeks to the other girls: they all were swelling and bulging like she was. Jesse's breasts and butt were blowing up in size, straining her poor swimsuit to its limits as the pinkette let out something between a moan and a confused yelp; Hilda struggled to pull her bottom outta her swelling derriere, flushing and grunting in utter frustration; Serena tried to push her blimping tits, as if that could ever slow down their frighteningly fast swelling.

But Cynthia, however, was enraptured by her own bodily changes. Her hourglass figure was swelling out of control! And she loved every second of it. She had slipped her fingers under her top's cups and was fondling their swelling shapes, moaning rather loudly while rubbing her plumping thighs together.

Misty was taken aback by such display of lustfulness, and even a bit aroused by it too; she thought that Cynthia would be more composed than this. "O-oh Arceus." She whimpered. "Could this get any worse?"

It, in fact, did get worse.

The redhead felt her muscles tense, in the arms, in the legs, in the back... all over her body. Her ears could hear something groaning or stretching coming from somewhere close, despite the moaning and yelping around her. "Huh?" Her arms tensed harder, jerking to the sides; her biceps visibly pumped larger, giving her skinny arms some volume. Her chest jerked outwards and her nonexistent pecs surged to life, pushing her still swelling breasts forward.

Misty let out a high-pitched gasp, watching the twin masses expand right in front of her eyes. She cupped both in her palms, feeling her bulging biceps rub against their sides and forearms. "What... what's going oooooonnn?!?!"

Meanwhile, Lillie tried to find a way backstage along with her friends. The stage was flooded with the mist and reaching backstage through there was out of the question. They would need to make a way around through the corridor. So far the way was clean of mist.

"I hope mom's okay." Lillie said worriedly, running ahead of her group.

"She probably is." Acerola reassured her, walking right behind Lillie. "As far as I know, Dynamax mist only affects pokémon."

"Then why are we running from it?" Lana asked. "If it doesn't affect humans, then we should be fine."

"I mean, you never know what could happen." Mallow said. "I overheard the girls onstage moaning or groaning..."

"Ack!" Millie skidded to a stop and nearly fell, and her friends almost ran into her.

"What's wrong?!" Mallow grunted.

The blonde girl pointed forward: purple mist was coming from the front, rolling straight towards them.

"Oh crap--" Mallow gasped and stepped back, but once she looked back she saw that the mist from the stage area was coming towards them too. "We're trapped!"

And the two rivers of Dynamax mist collided with them in a cloud. The girls coughed and tried to cover their mouths, but it was too late; already each of them felt their bodies quiver and tingle from top to bottom. Lillie hugged herself with a groan and fell on her knees, buckling over.

"L-Lillie!" Lana reached out for her friend but stopped as she felt her body shudder, and the bluenette fell on her knees as well, looking down at her own body. "What's h-happening to meeee?!"

One by one, the girls began to feel their bodies heating up. The mist was changing them from the inside out: their bodies matured rapidly, growing taller and gaining more mass around the chest and bottom. Their clothes felt snug their armpits and legs, with Lana's shirt pulling up until her midriff was exposed, and Lillie's white dress riding up her thickening legs as Mallow's overalls tightened on her entire growing body. The entire group shifted from uncomfortable groans to confused moans in a few minutes. Acerola, however, didn't grow any bigger: instead, her short body convulsed in an odd way. Bulges moved up and down her skinny back, and when she knelt upright, panting, her small chest surged into a pair of immense bulging pecs before shrinking back in then surging out again, in rhythm with her breathing.

Poor Acerola blushed red, "It... it feels so g-gooooood!" She hunched over and threw her head back in a moan as her chest surged abruptly and shrank back in. Then her chest surged again into even bigger pecs, hard as rocks, and remained that size. "Hnngh... we're... ugh...!" The rest of her body began to harden, and then pumped with muscle, bit by bit, her otherwise skinny arms growing toned, and thick. Her frail back broadened and her traps took shape and pumped bigger, and as her back grew more chiseled from top to bottom, her lats began to take form, jutting to the sides.

Lillie wobbled back on her feet, now so much taller that her ill-fitting dress barely reached down past her waist. "I-Ignore it. We have to get my mom out of there- *rrrrgh!* Before anything happens to her!" Her newly grown B cups swelled up to C cups, straining the top of her shrinking dress.

Mallow hugged her own chest, wincing and twitching. And suddenly her arms were pushed to the sides as her breasts abruptly swelled to enormous, melon-sized mounds, stretching her overalls and pink shirt to their limits. She barely had time to even look down and gasp before they jutted out even bigger, with milk dripping through the fabric. And then they swelled AGAIN, tearing her shirt and snapping overalls, wobbling freely. Her dark nipples were erect and gushing milk like taps. "Kyaaaah!" She squealed, utterly embarrassed yet feeling so hot. "They're so big!"

Lana stumbled towards the backstage room's double doors. Her baggy pants were now like shorts around her longer, plumper legs, ripping at the seams as her badonkadonk and thighs swelled disproportionately wide, so much so she could place her arms on the hips like they were armrests. She tugged at the doorknobs in a hurry, but they wouldn't budge. "It's stuck!" She pulled more forcefully, gritting her teeth. "I can't open it--"

But then a wave of heat washed over Lana and the other girls. She froze in place and shuddered from head to toe, having an awkward, blushy face. Suddenly the place felt hot, swelteringly so. But in truth... their bodies' temperature rose sharply. Large droplets of sweat slipped and dripped from their faces, armpits, between their legs. Especially from between their legs. A large amount of heat was building down there, and the girls felt their libido rising up, and up. Their moaning and groaning became more erotic, and their breathing grew sharp.

"Hoo... did... did it suddenly get hotter?" Acerola wiped her forehead with her bulging forearm. Her dress felt wet on her body, glued to her twitching abs. Steam rose from her mouth as she breathed; a faint vapor rose from her own body as well. Her new muscles throbbed on their own volition, tensing then relaxing then tensing again, bulging bigger ever so slightly.

"Who... cares?" Lillie groaned, wiping her forehead and fanning herself. The top of her dress was drenched in sweat that dripped from her shiny wet cleavage. She stomped towards the doors with some determination, even though she was dizzy, and pushed Lana aside. "Let... me..." She yanked one of the doorknobs once and twice. Her pale arms bulged with some muscles. "Open..." Yank. "This!" Yank, and the door tore off its hinges- only for a huge wall of chocolate flesh to bulge through the frame and block the way in.

"Eeek!" Lillie fell back on her butt, wide-eyed. "W-what's-- what's that?!"

Crrreeeeeeaaaaaak... Whether it was the sound of wood bending or the sound of the tan mass expanding, they couldn't tell, but the remaining door buckled forward painfully until it snapped into splinters, and a second bulbous wall of soft chocolate mass occupied its place.

The group of girls stared at the twin masses in shock and confusion, unaware of what it was. Acerola stepped over, more courageous than the others, and poked it. "It's... soft." She pushed both hands in, and they sank down to the wrists. Whatever it was, it began to shudder, and the tiny swole trial captain raised an eyebrow. "There's a person back there...?"

A few minutes earlier...

The remaining contestants in the room coughed as clouds of Dynamax mist filled. Among the coughing there was a growing collective moaning as the effects started to bloom.

Melony, the tall milf, groaned deeply, arching her back, and jerked her already perky tits forward as they swelled to large, fat M cups in one single explosive pulse. The cups of her bikini top slipped off her hard nipples and sank into her pale flesh, and the fabric began to tear

audibly. “W-what’s happening to meeee?? I-I’m heating up... and I’m blowing up like a balloon!” She whined, biting her lip. “And why does it feel s-soooo good...?”

Nessa convulsed and twitched in place. “Hngh... hrrrrrgh!” Her hips bucked and then thrust backwards-- her chocolate derriere swelled behind her, with her bikini bottom hitching up her ballooning buttocks and giving her a firm wedgie. A wedgie that made Nessa gasp in shrill embarrassment and pleasure. “Kyaaaah~!” Her hips pulsed wider and meatier in a heartbeat pace, sustaining her swelling behind, and her long thighs pumped and swelled in thickness. She covered her mouth in a hurry, “This stuff is dangerous!”

But while Melony and Nessa were in a mix of shock and embarrassed horniness, Gloria was going full horny mode. She fondled her blimping tits and ass, reveling in the feeling of stretching and swelling. “Oh, oh fuck~!” She gasped, her tongue lolling out. Gloria pulled her tits up and planted her face right into her pale cleavage, moaning into it, “Mmmmmph, bloody ‘ell, this feels amazin’!”

“H-how can you be so indecent in a time like this?!” Marnie mewed. She pushed down on her burgeoning ass with her hands as if that could stop it. Her purple bottom sank between the peachy mounds ‘til they completely disappeared.

“And how can you NOT enjoy it?” Zinnia cut in. She brought her arms up and threw them downwards in a crab-flex. BOOOOM! Her toned arms erupted with thick, throbbing muscles, and her back strained and then bulging wider, larger. “Hnngh, lookit!” She threw her head back and thrust her pecs forward; BOOOOM! The red half-moons on her bikini top stretched with her burgeoning pecs. “Hahaha! I’m like a powerhouse of muscles!” Brrromph, BOOM! Her traps quickly engulfed the back of her head, like the hood of an Arbok, stretching her bikini straps thin. The moons on her bikini pads stretched even bigger as her ballooning pecs reached new sizes, until the pads became too small and slipped under her hard nipples.

“Well,” May grunted, trying to cover her mammoth tits, with her arm sinking into their plumping masses. “Bea does seem to be enjoying it...”

The girls’ eyes all turned to Bea...

Just a few minutes ago, when the mist was activated, the short martial artist trainer was not much taller than her initial height, but had gained a considerable amount of muscles. Bea was shocked, then was deeply delighted. So, of course, she began to inhale the mist.

And now the petite gym leader had grown into a tall wall of throbbing chocolate muscles. Her poor black one-piece swimsuit struggled to cover her swelling body, practically glued to her skin, right before it ripped at the seams of her fattening hips and down the middle of her cleavage. Even so, Bea gleefully inhaled the mist. That was, until her abs began to change. They stretched and barreled outwards, growing into wide slabs of beef, gaining a rounder shape...

Booomph! Rrrrrrip!

Bea’s abs jutted out into a hard sphere, ripping her outfit in the middle and showing the protruding chiseled musclegut in all its bronzed glory. She looked down, and simply shrugged. She liked the sumo powerlifter look.

The other girls forgot their own conundrum to gaze at the growing, widening martial artist. Whether it was the mist or not, they felt a deep envy of her size. Especially Nessa.

“Well if she’s going to grow like that,” she uncovered her mouth “then so will I!” The gym leader inhaled with determination. A large waft of mist diverged into her jaws, and not too soon after she felt fireworks going off in her middle.

“Nessa, wait!” Shouted Melony. “If you inhale too much, then...”

BA-BOOOOOMP!

Her massive behind more than tripled in width and her fat asscheeks night slammed on the doors. They wobbled and rippled volumously, so thick, so juicy, they clapped from the motion alone. Her fat thighs filled out even bigger, squishing on each other in slow-mo and jiggling from the clapping shocks of her cheeks. Nessa turned her gaze over the shoulder and gave it a proud smack, and shot a glare at Bea. Their blue and gray eyes met, and both swelling leaders scowled.

It’s on!

With renewed fury and thanks to her bigger lungs, Bea inhaled even more, and soon after she grew even MORE. Her new gut engorged even more and hung down to her knees, now fully exposing its round yet chiseled expanse. Her figure widened, thus her back broadened and surged, tearing any fabric clinging to it. She flexed her back muscles and her lats and traps crept outwards like the side of a mountain. But her caboose stretched even farther behind her. Perky and soft, her ballooning asscheeks were several people wide, not a crease on their perfectly smooth, bronzed surface. They loomed over the smaller girls, threatening to squish them beneath.

Nessa’s badonkadonk blimped behind her and to the sides, growing as wide as Bea’s, if not wider. The meaty claps of her asscheeks grew louder with their size and they filled the ears of everyone in the room. Her thick thighs kept plumping until they started pushing each other apart making Nessa widen her stance. Her middle rippled, and it then ballooned into a perfectly round dome of fat, jutting out bigger than a truck tire in seconds. Her breasts throbbed then swelled with the same intensity, tearing her top and flopping on top of her swelling gut. She was not all soft, however; Nessa’s arms throbbed and then rippled with muscles, smoother and less sculpted than Bea’s, but still dense and strong nonetheless.

The girls standing behind her got out of the way before they could be smothered to death by the twin rolling masses of soft goodness. And they collided on the doors, pressing on them until they snapped open and let them surge through, their weight pulling Nessa to the ground. “Ack!”

Which led to the current situation. Lillie and her gang now stared at the soft, jiggly surface of Nessa’s couch-crushing badonkadonk. It was the biggest thing they saw, so far.

And while they gawked at the twin masses, Nessa was bickering with Bea. Both had their hands locked with each other like sumo wrestlers, but they had almost no space to move. The other girls in the room were slowly encroached upon by their bulking chocolate flesh. “Get out of my sight, fat ass!” She snarled as she tried pushing Bea, but the corpulent giantess remained unmovable.

“Fat ass? Just look at yourself first!” Bea chided back, way less collected and reserved than usual. “That butt can flatten an Aggron!”

“Why you...” The hyper exuberant gym leader growled deeply, glaring at Bea with her glistening blue eyes. And suddenly her face melted into a blushy expression in a sudden whine.

“Eek! Who...” she looked over her toned shoulder. “Who is t-touching-- *gasp!*” She flinched again, and her face reddened more. “T-t-there’s someone touching me!”

“Holy crap! What is that?” Outside, a befuddled Acerola was groping and pushing her hands deep into Nessa’s enormous rump, her hands sinking down to her wrists.

The twin masses jiggled and wobbled like water beds, and Acerola heard a muffled gaspy moan from the other side. “Is this... a person?” Acerola raised an eyebrow.

Back inside, Nessa was feeling hotter and hotter, not only from her body temperature but from the rising libido inside her. The very room she was in became a sweltering sauna with Nessa and Bea’s combined heat.

“Hurk, why am I... s-so hot?” Nessa squirmed in place, her titanic thighs squeezing over her crotch and quaking ever so slightly. She had her hands on her cheeks, her hair locks covering her cheeks. Clouds of vapor came out from her dainty lips, large beads of sweat dotted her forehead, on neck, on her abyssal cleavage and on her soft gut. “So hot... hoooooot...” her tongue lolled out, and her blue eyes nearly rolled back. “Hnnngh...”

Her tits began to gurgle or churn, and they then began to swell. Not with mass, but with something else entire. They became taut, hard, and her nipples stretched too. They grew as thick as they were long, the size of fists. Milk began to drip from their ends, and the sloshing continued. Way below, under her gut, her crotch irradiated heat. It pulsed, then it throbbed, Nessa’s breathing turning into panting. She groped her fat tit, sinking her fingers into its soft shape, with her other hand sinking down to the wrist into her gurgling gut. “Oh... ooooooh...!!!” The throbbing below grew more fierce. She couldn’t see it but she could *feel* it: Nessa’s little “sweet spot” pushed out from her nether lips, at first the size of a pea, compared to the rest of her, but it soon expanded and swelled to the size of an apple, then surged to the size of a ripe melon. Its sensitive surface rubbed against the smooth surface of her thighs and gut. And that very little touch was enough to send lascivious jolts of pleasure up Nessa’s spine.

Her breathing hitched, drool dripping from the corner of her mouth, and her hands squeezed her thick nipples as she let out a howling moan of ecstatic pleasure. Soon after, a torrent of cum gushed out from beneath her belly, soaking her thighs and underbelly wet, and jets of gushing milk squirted from her nipples. Bea, the girls in the room, and the girls outside of the room froze in place. And, inside their minds, a switch flipped.

Bea was the first. Her fat nipples sprung erect and gushed as well, her stoic face melted into a lustful smirk, and she began to pant, her breath forming clouds of steam. And before Nessa knew it, Bea lurched on top of her, and her dense abgut collided with Nessa’s soft wall of a belly in a loud meaty **BWOMB!**

“What the-” Nessa managed to sputter before Bea’s lips slammed on hers. Nessa immediately moaned into Bea’s maw, and embraced the sumo giantess in a tight hug, their bronzed muscles grinding on each other. Their combined heat made their bodies swelter more, covering their skin in a glistening sheen of sweat, and the heat of their bodies made the very air turn into steam that mixed with the Dynamax cloud within the room.

This unabashed display of lust drove the girls watching crazy. And thus, all their bodies began to rumble. Lusamine, Plumeria, Marnie, Zinnia, Melony, Honey, Klara, Rosa, Sonia, May, Iris, Dawn... They all quivered and winced from the building libido. Some of them stuck their fingers down below in embarrassment like Marnie, who had outgrown her swimsuit, but others like Zinnia were unabashedly feeling themselves and shoving their fingers into their snatches.

Melony's legs felt like butter, her knees pressing on each other as she had her hand on her crotch. She bit her lip, her pale face reddening, and she cooed, "That... is so... hot...!"

The tall milf shivered, and suddenly her breasts exploded out of her ill-fitting swimsuit while her nipples were dripping milk like open taps. Then her ass ballooned out, and then she surged taller...

KABOOOOOOM!

"What the hell?!" Ash jumped. After the mist had covered everything, he couldn't see a thing in front of his nose. His surroundings were covered in thick, dense mist, and for a while he had been hearing a choir of sensual moans coming from somewhere in front of him, but after that earth-shaking explosion, he began to hear deeper and louder moans. On top of that he felt a persistent raging boner in his pants.

Covering his mouth and crotch, Ash tried to wander through the seat rows without bumping or tripping over them. He looked around, trying to see where the girls were and if they were okay. Among the moaning voices he heard... "Misty?" Ash called out loud.

Suddenly, Ash heard a heavy thud right in front of him. He froze in place. "!!" Then he heard another, heavier thud, and another, and soon a tall figure cloaked within the mist approached him from the front.

When the figure got closer, he dropped his hand and jaw: it was none other than Misty. She was so tall Ash barely reached above her navel, and as he looked up he could almost see the redhead's face behind her enormous tits, each the size of a Dophan. Her pink nipples, larger than ripe grapefruits, cascaded copious amounts of milk. Her blue eyes looked dazed, as if she was in a stupor. And judging by how she eyed him while drooling...

"Hey Aaaash..." she dragged it out in a sultry tone. Her voice sounded deeper.

"M... Misty?" He muttered out, not taking his eyes away from her. "How did you... how did you get so big...?"

"Ah... that doesn't matter now." She giggled. The redhead dropped on her knees with a loud thud, and leaned above Ash. Now he could see that her once skinny arms had huge sculpted muscles, her biceps pulsating above her bulging deltoids. "What does matter though is..." she paused to exhale, a cloud of steam puffing out of her maw. "It's been such a loooooong time we've been together, alone." she put a hand on her cheek, her face all red as she had a downright thirsty look in the eyes. "I really, really could use some time with you right now."

Ash could feel his blood run cold; her size, her words, and that gaze... it all both made him SO aroused, and SO scared. If she did what he thought she wanted to do, his hips would be ground to dust. He swallowed hard, and backed up while chuckling nervously, "Aha, ahahaha... uh, maybe you should uh... take it easy a little. I-I mean," he nearly stumbled on a seat. "We just met again, right?"

"Mmmmm..." Misty purred, and got on all fours. "Nope."

He gasped, and before the enormous trainer could pounce on top of him Ash jumped to the side.

THOOOM!

Her tits crushed the seats in front of her and the impact shook the place. Ash barely had time to get up and run before Misty got up as well, with a frustrated grunt, and stumbled after with

thumping footsteps. "Oh you won't!" She huffed and puffed puffs of hot steam as she tried to run while stomping on the seats, looking clearly annoyed. "Get back here!"

"No way! You're gonna crush me!" he whimpered back. Ash ran through the rows of seats with Misty trudging right behind him. He could almost feel her hot breath on the back of his head; she was so close-

"Gotcha!" She yanked him back by the back of his shirt, and he felt her strong arms pull him right into her cleavage.

"Gyaaa- mmmmp!" His head was engulfed by peachy pink flesh, and his clothes were drenched in sweat. Her skin was smooth and soft, and her body felt very hot to the touch. So much lustful sensory overload made his already pent-up boner strain his pants, and a wet spot formed at the tip.

Then, among the jostling softness surrounding him, he felt Misty hook her fingers in his pants. "You stay still," her muffled voice came from above. "because we're going to have SO much fun together, Ash~"

He could only whimper in response and weakly grasp at her arms, fruitlessly. "Misty, mmmmp!"

But then... the wall to her left burst open, startling Misty and making her drop him in her lap. Iris came thumping through the rubble, debris falling on her and then bouncing off- her EVERYTHING was huge. Her swollen lactating tits rested on top of a gut so big it reached her knees and could fit enough food to feed a Snorlax into a food coma. Her hallway-busting hips could be seen from the front, and some of her chocolate caboose rose above the hip line, such was its size. On top of that, she was as tall as Misty, if not taller. The purplette brushed her messy hair as she marched towards Misty with determination. "What are you doing with MY man?!"

"I could ask you the same." May groaned as she waded through the debris while carrying her monster tits in her arms. Indeed, her boobs were so huge she had to heave both in both of her toned arms. Her nipples, to her, were so big she couldn't wrap her fingers around them. They gushed milk like broken hydrants, covering the floor in large puddles of milk. Her smooth brown hair still had her red bandana on, though it looked small. "You two dumbasses... thinking you could take him from me!" She huffed.

"Says you!" There was a loud crash as a fourth girl kicked her way through the piles of debris: Dawn. Like Misty, she had grown very muscular, but, compared to the redhead, the bluenette's legs were much longer, and three times more muscular. Her thigh muscles were so big they had no gap between them, rubbing on each other not unlike two boulders grinding against one another. Her enormous pale asscheeks stuck out behind her like a shelf, losing in size only to Iris' donk. "I saw him back there first!"

Thoom, *thoom*, **THOOOM!** The footsteps heralded yet another girl, before Serena sidestepped into the scene and swung her mammoth hips on Dawn and May.

BWOMB!

"Eeeek!" Dawn fell on May's back, and May's tits weighed down with a shaking impact. The brunette tried to shove the bluenette off, "Get off me, fatass!"

"Did you really think you could steal my boyfriend?" Serena crossed her arms with a huff. Serena had grown as tall as the other girls, and her once petite body had a slight amount of muscle mass. However, she was enormously bottom-heavy, almost ridiculously so. Her giant,

fat asscheeks were bigger (and heavier) than a Wailmer was round, each, sustained by massive hips that were wide enough to wreck an alleyway. Her trunky thighs were even thicker than Dawn's, though while Dawn's legs were pure muscle, Serena's were all soft and squishy.

She waddled over, her cheeks clapping with each thumping step, her thighs jiggling non-stop as she had her hands on her hallway-demolishing hips. "*I* was the one who kissed him. So *I* get to lay down with him first!"

Misty's eye twitched. "You did what...?" Then she pulled her tits to the sides to glare down at the tiny Ash. "You kissed HER? And you didn't even tell me?" Her panting picked up as Misty got angry.

"Erh, uhm, I was going to tell you... e-eventually." Ash meekly replied, raising his trembling hands and sweating nervously.

Then, the group heard a deep rumbling...

A large form emerged from a pile of debris. Her impeccable blonde hair shimmered with the mist's purple glow, and her bright green eyes glinted through the dust and mist. Was that Lusamine?, some of the girls wondered. But as the towering woman approached them, they noticed the two braids. It was Lillie, but she looked older, like an adult; her lips were plump and pink, her face looked more mature, and her limbs were longer and so was her torso, showing a soft six-pack. Her bodacious body had a very thick and wide hourglass figure, bigger than Misty's, elegant and perky. Down below, her melon-sized clitoris throbbed from excitement, and she eyed Ash like a hungry Weavile.

She whipped her long blonde hair as she strutted over. "You said you've kissed him..." she said in a deep sultry voice. "But who is going to *fuck* him?" Lillie lunged forward and got on all fours, crawling up Ash's body. Her tits dragged up his body and smooshed on top of his chest, further drenching it in her own sweat and milk. She liked her lips, and was about to lean forward when Iris shoved her to the side with her brown gut. "Ack- hey!"

"Oh no you won't!" Iris grunted stubbornly, and leaned her belly on top of Ash. He was engulfed in tan fat as she leaned forward, trying to grab his arms. "He's mine!"

"No, mine!" Misty grabbed him under the armpits and pulled him away while tucking him in her cleavage once more.

"Guys, stopmmmmph!!" He squirmed inside her cavernous cleavage, trying to reach out from within.

He felt another pair of hands grab him by the legs and he slipped out of Misty's grasp easily-thanks to how wet he was.

"Excuse me, but like I said, I kissed him first." Serena stubbornly hugged him against herself. Her bust wasn't as big as Misty, but it was large enough to engulf his head. "You're not putting a finger on him!"

Now May and Dawn both stomped towards her, and tried to pull her arms. "No, you can't have him for yourself!" "Yeah! Hand him over to me instead!"

And the rest of the girls grouped together in a tight squishy match to see which would take Ash for herself.

"Quit shoving, you bitch!" Iris elbowed Dawn.

"You quit it!" The bluenette chided.

"Serena, let go!"

"No way! You guys stop it!"

“Damn it, just let go of him!”

At the same time, Ash’s vision was spiraling and his boner twitched, still tight in his jean pants.

“*Oh- oh Arceus...*” he thought. His senses were overwhelmed by the amount of squishy softness surrounding him, the girls’ sweet scents, their fierce grips... it was all too much. During all of this, Ash could only wonder... could this get any worse?

Some time earlier...

After Nessa’s explosive growth spurt, the other girls scattered throughout the mist-filled theater. Rosa stumbled around the wreckage, naked and panting, her colossal tits swaying to and fro while dripping milk by the liters as they nearly bounced on her knees. Her top was gone but her yellow bottom was wedged firmly between her swelling asscheeks.

“Gh... guh, w-what happened?” She wheezed, clutching one of her milk-filled tits in one hand. “All I remember seeing was... ugh... s-so much ass...” her nipple squirted more milk, and Rosa whined a little.

“Rosa? Is... is that you?” The trainer recognized Hilda’s voice, albeit it sounded a bit deeper and laborious. She turned her head, and saw her friend approach her with heavy footsteps. And how heavy they were! After all, Hilda’s asscheeks had blown out of proportion in such tremendous sizes that they easily outsized the largest beanbags, wobbling heavily and clapping meatily. Her hips widened four feet wide to her sides, and Hilda’s colossal thighs were at least four people wide in luscious, jiggling, juicy pale goodness. Hilda was almost completely bare, sans for her bikini bottom having been stretched into a microscopic thong that gave her fat ass a firm wedgie.

Rosa felt herself gush from her nips, and down below. Hilda looked so **hot**. She nearly jumped on top of Hilda to pepper her with kisses. “Good Arceus, Hilda, what... what happened to you?! Your ass, it’s, it’s HUGE!”

“I... haaah... what happened to *you*?” Hilda shot back, also holding herself back from jumping Rosa. “Your tits are gigantic! Don’t you feel any back pain?”

“T-that doesn’t matter,” The other girl grunted, and tried to hold her tits up in her arm, making more milk spurt out of her nipples. “More importantly, where is everyone?” She shuddered and her body let out a soft groan; her breasts splurged more milk, and bulged half a cup bigger. “I-I only remember Nessa and Bea filling the room...” Once again she shuddered, and let out a whimper. “But, hnnnnngh- w-what’s happening now?” There was a sizzling sound, and she held her arm up to see her Mega Bracelet sparking. “I forgot to take this off!”

More groans and creaks, and Rosa’s skin started to change. Patches of smooth orange scales dotted her arms and began to spread up to her elbows and hands, covering her peachy skin. Her fingers popped one by one and her nails grew into claws. She looked down at her own arms, and she jolted as a large protrusion bulged right next to her wrist and stretched into a small orange wing. A second sprouted from her other wrist, and both flapped on their own.

“W-whaaaaa?!” She squealed. Suddenly Rosa hunched over with a gasp; her already toned back throbbed and started bulging bigger, broader, before odd bulges pushed between the muscles. They moved and pulsed in odd angles and soon they began to grow, and grow, and grow-- ‘til they sprouted into huge wings. Huge orange wings with green undersides, flapping nonstop and creating small vortexes in the glowing mist surrounding them. Rosa felt a tingling sensation spreading over her back, as the orange scales spread farther below, and she felt

something tug, then push at her lower back. A thick fat tail sprouted over her buttocks, with a burning flame at the tip.

“What’s happening to me noooow?” She grabbed her new tail with her new claws.

“Y-you’re not the only one...” Rosa turned her head; Hilda twitched in place, more than half of her body covered in black scales. Then, blue scales spread over her exposed cleavage, down towards her midriff, and FWOMP! Her trim midriff pooched out like blue jelly, hanging over her waist by a few inches. Hilda groaned, and her face stretched into a reptilian snout. “Hngh, grrrrr...” Puffs of blue flames escaped her sharp-toothed maw. “Oh Arceus...” Two pairs of black horns popped and sprouted from her temples, pushing her cap up. “It feels... so fucking good!” Wide draconic black and blue wings burst from her back followed by a thick, black tail that had a blue flame burning at the tip. “Hoo... haaaaah...”

Rosa was so fixated on watching Hilda change before her eyes, that she forgot about her own changes: her mouth and nose pushed into a snout too, and three horns grew out of her head, with the one in the middle being the biggest. Their rest of the bodies finished changing at the same time, ending with their bare feet shifting and growing into clawed feet.

Both girls looked at themselves, then at each other. And then they nearly flew at each other in an overpowering bout of pure, untamed lust, unable to hold themselves back as they kissed and tongued each other. Rosa groped Hilda’s mammoth asscheeks, sinking her fingers and palm deep into black tush mass. She smacked it, sending thick ripples across its black smooth surface, then again and again as she moaned into Hilda’s mouth. Hilda in turn groped and fondled Rosa’s gargantuan tits. Deep, sloshy noises came from within, and jets of milk squirted out from time to time. Steam rose from their hot bodies, and their smooth skin

But that wasn’t the end of it. The mist still surrounded them, and soon...

Grrroooooaan, crrrrreaaaak, sweeeeeeell...

Their already enormous bodies quivered, and thus swelled in all directions. Their tits squished and rubbed against, on top, and beneath each other, (although Rosa’s tits overwhelmed Hilda’s) as both female Charizards stretched towards the ceiling. Their fronts were drenched in milk and sweat, dripping down their midriffs and sliding down their plumping thighs.

Their love-making, however, was rudely interrupted when Gloria came out from the mist and smacked Hilda’s delicious donk. “OI! Got space for one more?” The Galarian trainer’s figure was but a cross between hyper curvy and muscular. She had tits bigger than Voltorbs and hips that were several people wide that sustained a donk that could hotdog a pillar between its cheeks. Her dense sculpted arms were thicker than pillars themselves, rippling with throbbing steaming muscles, and her legs were triple the mass, thicker than Dratini necks.

Hilda uttered a yelp, and glared at Gloria with an aggravated look. “What do you want? Rude much?” She fully turned to the brunette, her ass wobbling heavily. She was two heads taller than Gloria.

“Heh, o’ course I wanna get in on the fun, lassie.” The brunette grinned. “Ye don’ plan on leavin’ Gloria out, do ya?”

Crrreaaaak, groan. Ominous groaning sounds came from Gloria’s shuddering body. Her skin rippled like waves, and the Galarian snorted. “An’ lil’ ol’ Gloria ‘ere ain’t plannin’ on bein’ left outta the fun...” Her lips were pulled into a wide, menacing grin. Her teeth looked oddly sharp.

And then... they kept getting sharper, suddenly growing in a jerk and forcing her maw to open, and she CHOMPED hard in the air. The rest of Gloria's mouth caught up with it, her lower face stretching into a muzzle. White fur spread over the snout and jaw, and her nose popped into a black sharp snout. Her eyes flashed in a ghastly pink light and her irises widened. Her brown hair grew long and wild, folding forwards into a punk mane with a black streak painting the front.

"Gloria, what the hell..." Rosa mumbled.

"Grrrr... rrrraawrrrr..." Gloria flinched, pressing her elbows to the sides. Her fingers cracked and grew longer; the nails popped and grew into vicious black claws from the tip of her fingers, and white fur spread down her front, hands and feet, whilst soft, short reddish fur spread through the rest of her body, covering her muscular arms, pillar-like legs, bodacious ass. Her feet bones cracked and her heels streeetched upwards, whilst her toes popped into stubby, sharp digits with black claws. She jerked her hips and clapped her asscheeks as they ballooned behind her-- **THWACK!** and a fluffy upswept tail sprouted from her lower back. "I feel, *hurk!* I feel so fucking **horny!**" She snarled.

"..." Rosa and Hilda looked on at the Gloria-Lycanroc standing in front of them, and the duo's nipples hardened, squirting milk. "Oh my..."

"Aw..." she licked her black lips with a salivating tongue. "...yeah."

Before the two Charizards could react, they both were tackled to the ground. **THUD!** Rosa had barely any time to catch her breath when she felt something wet engulf her right tit, making her gasp; Gloria had shoved her entire breast into her maw, stretching her cheeks, and was guzzling the milk ravenously. It didn't take long for the sweet, tangy milk to start taking effect: her white-furred stomach glorped and gorgled loudly as it filled up, and receded just as fast. Her mooning ass, wobbling and clapping as Gloria thrust her hips back and forth, began to swell rapidly, sticking outwards and upwards. Her back rippled, bulges moving over her traps and obliques and lats, then everything erupted upwards at once. **GROW! SWELL! BULGE!** The monstrous she-Lycanroc moaned into Rosa and, while reaching around and groping Hilda's fat ass, sucked harder from the Charizard girl's teat. The curvy wall of muscles quivered to the core, the milk inside her and the mist round the group combining into a mounting spurt that kept welling, and **WELLING** within her...

At the same time, somewhere in the back of the building, Mallow stumbled through the mist, having covered her mouth with a hand while having an arm across her enormous, gushing breasts. Her dark brown nipples squirted milk nonstop, and while she had reduced the effects of the mist somewhat by covering her mouth, she was still growing. Inch by inch, her green head gradually reached towards the ceiling, and her chocolate derriere had grown as massive as her breasts, quaking and jiggling behind her. "Ugh, Lana?" She called out, taking a turn in a corridor. "Lillie? Acerola?" She heard the distant sound of destruction followed by a long, deep moan, and shuddered. "Hrgh, this would be hot if it wasn't so embarrassing..." she said as she panted.

And then, Mallow heard Lana's voice from ahead, from beyond the mist, "Mallow? A-are you there?" The bluenette's voice sounded forced, laborious, and it was followed by an abyssal groan or slosh of sorts.

"Lana?" The dark-skinned greenette followed the bluenette's voice, and when she turned around a corner she saw Lana, with a hand over her mouth and an arm around her very bloated

middle. It rippled from time to time, gurgling loudly and deeply, like Lana had ingested enormous amounts of soda pop.

Mallow's eyes glued to Lana's gut, unable to look away. She opened her mouth to speak, then closed it, then opened again; finding words for that situation wasn't easy. "...Where's Acerola?"

"H-here..."

When Mallow turned around, she first saw a massive pair of pecs, each bigger than she was tall. And above those pecs, there was Acerola's purple head, surrounded by her shuddering traps from above. Her broad body occupied most of the wall's width. Her hyper muscular arms were each thicker than the bodies of a young Onix, her traps grazing on the ceiling and almost breaking it. Her abdomen, while not as broad as her upper body, it sure was wider than a Snorlax's body, and it had a 8-pack with abs larger than slabs of concrete, and twitching obliques that spread to the sides. Her wide muscular hips sustained solid, bulging glutes that were hard as steel, descending into pillar-like, sinewy thighs that pressed on her bulging calves, since Acerola had to kneel to not wreck the ceiling.

The greenette covered a gasp, her eyes going wide as dinner plates. "A-Acerola? How did you-

"S-same way as you!" The purplette sputtered in a lower octave, before heaving. "Ugh, haah, it's this stupid mist! It- it kept making me bigger, and b-bigger..." At this her body rippled from top to bottom, and Acerola held back a moan. "Aaaaahn... and... it doesn't help that it feels so good!"

"Stay strong, Acerola." Lana whimpered, and hiccuped. "You can do this! If you grow any bigger then..." Lana's middle churned deeply, and she whined, closing her eyes.

"Oh yeah? D'you think I didn't try?" Acerola retorted. "And look at you! You better not pop or..."

"I-I won't pop! Are you trying to scare me?" Lana whined.

GLOOOORRRP!

She was cut off by her gut as it suddenly started bobbing up and down, the surface rippling. Lana covered her mouth, eyes wide, and let out a loud burp. "*Uuuuurp!* What's happening now?!" Her pale middle shifted like gelatinous waves, and her skin shifted in odd angles: the peachy tone of her skin morphed into a cream-like tone, and the surface became rubbery and squishy with vertical grooves slowly tracing down her gut. But that wasn't just it: the skin tone around her arms shifted into blue rubbery skin, and Lana's already bulky arms began to swell even larger. "What's going oooooon?!?" She groaned deeply as the blue skin spread up to her shoulders, neck and upper face. The sound of groaning rang in Mallow's ears as Lana bloated and swelled in every direction. It didn't take long for the bluenette to bang her head on the ceiling and break through it.

Mallow backed up as she watched her friend grow towards her. And she barely bumped into Acerola's rippling pecs.

"Oooough-" the purple-haired Captain had one of her eyes closed. "G-get out while you can, Mallow." She rumbled deeply. Her traps were already cracking the ceiling. "Before- oof, before

you get s-squished!" *Fwoomp! Boom!* One and then the other, her gigantic pecs swelled outwards, towards Mallow.

The tan-skinned greenette snapped her head from Acerola to Lana, and turned around to run. But before she could escape- WHUMP! Acerola's burgeoning pec bumped her towards Lana's swelling gut that in turn blimped outwards and pinned the greenette between the two. Mallow tried to push them away, her hands sinking between Acerola's gargantuan pecs and Lana's swelling middle.

"Ugh, can this get any worse?!" She grunted.

And then... **BWOOOOOMPH!** Her already enormous asscheeks suddenly blimped into two beach ball-sized orbs, completely destroying the lower part of her overalls. The motion was so sudden she thrust her hips back and leaned forward- wedging her face between pec and gut. "Mmmph!" Her hips pushed to the sides, growing fatter and wider, her thighs swelling rapidly and plapping on each other. What remained of her panties ripped open and gave way for her expanding folds, her clit the size of a ripe cherry. Mallow shook from head to foot, her eyes rolling back. "Nnnngh..." *Plap.* "Huh?" Her hair strands slid over her face; they melded together, growing thicker and smooth, like a... succulent plant. One by one, her locks fused together and slid on her back and shoulders like the leaves of a giant plant. "Oh geez, what's happening now??"

Her hips kept expanding, always getting thicker, meatier. Dark purple color spread down her narrow knees, and her feet shrank into pointy stubs. White petals blossomed from her waist and covered her thighs and rear. A purple sheen covered her elbows and spread down to her fingers.

"Sh-sheesh, Mallow." Acerola huffed, her face all red. "Stop... rubbing that smoking hot body of yours on me... it's..." Purple ears popped from the sides of Acerola's hair. "Turning me on~" Her sclerae changed to a red color, purple fur spread from her shoulders down to the rest of her body. Acerola raised her bulking arms and her deltoids and biceps broke the ceiling. "Let me... feel it in my arms!"

The greenette's face flushed red, just as a green shade of color began to spread up her neck. "Oh my."

People were gathering outside of the theater building. The place rumbled loudly, its walls and roof pushing outwards. A flood of white rushed through the front doors and windows, washing away anyone standing there. The windows shattered on the west side, bulging chocolate flesh pushing through, and Nessa's ass smashed through the walls. The gigantic gym leader landed on an empty bus outside, and it got flattened into a metallic pancake under the two colossal buns. Her fat gut flopped heavily on her fat lap, bouncing wildly, and her ginormous mammarys flopped endlessly on top of it, always gushing milk from their dark nipples.

And next... Bea burst up and out next to the hole Nessa had made, using her gargantuan gut to smash the bricks. Rebar and dust rained down from her immense tan-skinned figure, and cascades of milk trickled from her nipples and down her strong belly. She clenched her fists and roared a mighty roar, making shockwaves with her deeper voice. A bushy tail sprung out from above her gargantuan donk- striped in exotic black and blue colors, and short bronze-colored fur spread over her body. Her hands and feet grew sharp claws, and got covered in dark, almost black blue fur, and as the bronzed fur spread further up her bronzed

frame, a dark blue mask appeared around her eyes. Her transformation ended when her ears moved up and popped into two round dark blue ears.

She now looked like a massive tanuki woman.

Next, Nessa slowly stood from the rubble in front of Bea, surging up to her size as her tits and donk clapped and wobbled like jelly. She, like Bea, was covered in short fur, smooth and shiny, the same color as her skin. A long muscular tail swatted from above her ass, slapping streetlights and uprooting them off the ground, and slapping her asscheeks.

She tackled into the tanuki kaiju, who embraced her into her strong arms, making out fiercely and moaning.

One by one, more gigantic women burst out of the building. Plumeria, Klara, Sonia... each of them with different figures in varying levels of sheer girthiness. Fat, hulking, or hyper curvy, they were like goddesses incarnate. Or rather, legendaries. Not only did they grow massive, but their bodies began to change to look like anthropomorphic creatures the people of Galar had never seen.

It didn't take long for the girls to start rampaging around the city. They either ripped buildings off the ground or went down on each other on top of others, crushing them under their asses, or tits.

In the midst of all of this, Zinnia stood around with a transfixed lustful look in the eyes. She was smaller than the others, standing as tall as Bea's knees. But not for long. Her toned and curvy body shuddered, and began to twitch. Her already muscular back flared out, her traps rising far above her head, her huge pecs jutted out in hefty pulses. She clenched her teeth in a drooling grin, and her canines grew sharp. "Ngh, mmmnnn...!" **BWOOOMPH!** Her chiseled abs erupted outwards, growing into a huge, protruding abgut that rippled as it glowed with an inner purple light. Her muscles swelled more and more, legs thicker than tree trunks and biceps, triceps and forearms like boulders. Zinnia clinched her teeth in a sharp-toothed grin, shutting her eyes and clenching her teeth. She brought her foot up and stomped on the ground.

BOOOOOM!

Her foot split the pavement open, and Zinnia surged even bigger and wider still, muscles bulging on top of muscles, her head nigh disappearing into the crevice between traps and pecs. Her sides undulated and one extra pair of arms emerged, pulling up and flexing.

BROOOOMPH! The biceps of the newly formed arms slammed under the triceps of the upper arms, and it took a moment for Zinnia to adjust to her new rippling limbs. Her rear swelled, and swelled, and sweeeeeelled, cheeks growing bigger than Wailords, and heavier! And it kept swelling still, her thighs blowing in thickness in all directions, squishing on each other, until, in a sky-splitting rumbling, her legs divided into four, four thick pillars of jiggling flesh, and her spine stretched into a long centaur-like lower half. **Bwomb!** A second gut ballooned out from that centaurid half, colliding with the asphalt below. She trudged forward, moaning as she dragged her gut like a titanic plow, digging a deep trench on the ground. Her four feet morphed into sharp dragon claws, one by one, and black scales crept up her calves, knees and thighs. An immensely thick black tail sprung out above her ginormous asscheeks and slammed into the ground, the fan-shaped tip slapping the vehicles behind her. A red fin grew along its length, folding up and down. Smooth red scales covered her underside and between her rippling legs,

and it spread up her main gut and breasts and neck, while coarser black scales spread across the rest of her body. She snarled lustfully, a forked tongue flickering in and out of her lips, and antler-like horns sprouted from her hair.

“Yes... **YESSSSSS!**” She roared, plowing through the buildings and thrashing her fat tail around. “**MOOOOOORE**” Her lats seemed to undulate, and an extra pair of clawed arms burst out of her sides, its biceps slamming into her upper arms’ triceps in a meaty explosion. The newly minted dragoness swelled and ballooned bigger and bigger, quickly catching up in size with the others as she rampaged across Wyndon.

At the same time, a gigantic Lusamine stumbled over a neighborhood, crushing houses under her thudding feet. Her colossal marshmallowy curves quaked every time, and her perfectly smooth skin seemed to shimmer. “Oooough, what’s... going on now?” The titanic MILF bemoaned. Her skin itched, then it felt prickly. The surface undulated like water, as it became blueish, and a bit translucent. Her trimmed blonde locks twitched, and they began to stretch longer at random, its tips warping into pulsating oval shapes. Their length became squishy and translucent, and they slapped around like tentacles. The top of her hair shifted above her forehead, and a pink translucent fringe slapped on it, as a pink fin emerged on the middle of the top of her head. Her locks kept growing, and the tips of a couple of them grew denser, larger, until they smashed on the buildings below. Now Lusamine looked as if she had a jellyfish attached to her head, not too dissimilar from the time she fused with a Nihilego.

Before she could check her new changes out, Lusamine saw something bounding towards her from the rising mist of Gigantamax energy: Melony nigh flopped on top of a market, stopping herself by putting her hands forward. She groaned, and began to stand up. Her pudgy middle gurgled deeply as it swelled into a large, soft belly, bouncing on top of her meaty thighs. White fluffy fur crept up her knees and spread towards her gut, giving the bodacious mama an even softer look. Her hips *bwoomp*’ed wider, and her fattening ass could be seen from the front. Her breasts flopped on top of her belly, always leaking rivers of milk from her protruding black nipples, and Melony stood upright with a squeaky sigh. Her mouth stretched into a short muzzle, the nose shifting into a blue snout, and Melony tossed her lovely fair locks over her shoulders. “Much... better.”

Lusamine couldn’t help but drool at the sight of the bear mama. “Oh my, Melony dear. You wouldn’t mind if I took a sip from those delicious fountains, would you?” Her tentacles already were rising towards Melony, their tips twitching.

However, Melony eyed Lusamine with the same needy gaze, licking her black lips. “Only if you let me drink from *yours*.”

The two giantesses collided in a fierce embrace, Lusamine’s tentacles snaking around Melony’s rolling squishy thighs as the bear mama smacked her paw hands on the giant monstress’ hips to keep her in place. The bear, however, managed to clasp her lips around the other blonde’s tit, almost filling her whole maw. Using her lips, she sucked as much milk as possible, adding more to her already fattening gut. Lusamine almost forgot her initial objective, too deep in pure bliss to care for it anymore.

Not too far from there, Marnie dragged herself out of the theater’s ruins. She was panting, her heavy breasts heaving. For some reason, after she and the others had grown so much so fast, she had fallen and was unable to get up. It was as if her legs were glued to one another.

Groaning, she craned her head around: her legs had fused into a tail, a long, thick tail, striped in black and purple. Once the scales reached her waist, Marnie felt herself shuddering, and suddenly- shwing! Her scales sprung out like pine cone needles, sharper than the claws of a Haxxor. And next- **BWOOOOMPH!** Her scale-covered rear ballooned. Her eyes went wide, as her bodacious bubble butt swelled with no end in sight, its cheeks clapping loud meaty claps. Her fingers twitched, and razor-like claws sprouted from her nails. Black and purple scales spread up her arms in a diamond pattern, and ended on her shoulders. Vicious spikes sprouted from them at the end. The pupils of her beautiful emerald eyes quivered and stretched into slits, and her transformation was complete.

"..." Marnie looked over her swelling booty towards her tail, and moved it around like she always had it. Slowly she smirked, and slithered forward. There was a brazen need she had to quench.

And there it was, the thing she could use for that: a tall building, its top conveniently domed. It held on as the gargantuan snake woman coiled around it. And it held on as she reached its top and rammed the domed roof straight into her folds. Marnie's deep moans could be heard across the entire city.

Watching as the chaos unfolded, Rose sat cozily at the dome of Rose Tower. He casually took a sip from his teacup. "Hmhm. Things are going according to plan." He sighed. "A new generation of legendary pokémon, 'created' from humans. And I am their creator." He slowly raised his cup for another sip. "I do wonder what happened to Oleana. She went quiet after the..."

A shadow came from above.

"Hmm?" The CEO looked up.

Oleana rammed the top of the tower into her needy folds, bellowing a deep throaty moan. She fondled and groped her tits, squeezed her nipples and made floods of milk gush out. The tower was nearly ripped off its base as she pushed down and pulled up on it, her thick fat asscheeks clapping

At the same time, back at the ruins of the theater, Misty, May, Dawn, Lillie, Iris and Serena were still fighting to see who got to lay with Ash. The poor lad was engulfed in curves from every angle, the girls' huge hands grabbing his arms, legs, torso. He wouldn't mind the attention, if it didn't feel like they were about to pull him apart.

"Just... let... go!" **THWACK!** Dawn hip-checked Iris, and the purplette crashed on a pile of debris.

Iris emerged from the pile, and shook her head, her fat tits flopping. "Grrrrr..." Her teeth clinched, she got up again. "That's it." She rolled her arm. "I'll get you for this, Dawn!"

"Try me." The bluenette huffed, trying to pull Ash by the leg. "You may be big, but you're nothing but **FAT!**"

The Dragon trainer gasped, and glared back. "O-oh yeah? Then you're... you're..." Iris winced. Her large, bronzed gut rippled and growled loudly. "What?" She heaved, looking down at it. It kept rippling, and it gurgled louder, and louder. She felt her arms twitch...

GROAAAAN, SWEEL, BOOOOM!

Her fat arms bulked with enormous, hulking muscles. Her back rapidly gained more definition, and her traps rose behind her head like a mountain range. Iris gasped, then began to whine and grunt as her body began to balloon anew, chocolate flesh billowing in all directions.

The sounds of her whining and the groaning of her body got the attention of the other girls. They collectively gasped and huddled together as Iris' gut filled their view and rose above them. "H-holy Arceus, Iris!" Ash muttered.

"Mghmmmm...!" Iris clenched her fists, an eye closed. Her ballooning gut and her breasts slowly obscured her view from below. "I can't... stop it- huh?" Something tugged at the side of her head, and when she reached up to touch it... she felt her new horn poking against her fingers. "Ah!" A backswept draconic horn grew from her right temple, and another sprouted on the opposite side. "Ack!" Her toes wiggled involuntarily, and in the next moment they extended- and dug their new claws into the floor. Lilac scales dotted her new clawed feet, and a talon sprouted from her heels. Her enormous fattening ass pushed more and more backwards, and just as Iris felt like she was going to fall backwards due to its mounting weight...

BWOOOOOMPH! CRAAAAASH!

A centaur-like half extended from her bottom half, and her rear legs smashed the ground in an earth-shattering impact. A secondary belly formed below, flopping and wobbling and sloshing, and smooth azure scales quickly spread across its jiggly surface.

"Ughmmmmmmphhh...!" Iris bit her lip down, her face reddening. More and more, her legs pumped thicker to sustain her engorging bulk and growing height, the soles and toes spreading over the floor. A lilac and azure tail rolled from above her still ballooning rear end, hitting the floor with its spade tip. The longer it stretched, the thicker it got, so soft while relaxed that it jiggled. More lilac scales spread over her outer side of her body, as the much smoother azure spread over the inner side, creeping up to her bust, and leaving her face untouched.

Iris ran her hands across her gargantuan -and still swelling- gut, breasts, and thighs, ending on a meaty smack of her first hips. "My, look how much bigger I am compared to you all~!"

The five other girls watched in terror, and infinite envy of her size. Misty was the first to stand up, staring daggers at the growing Dragon trainer. "You're bigger, so what? It's no big deal!" Actually, it was indeed a big deal for Misty. *Arceus, I wish I had tits that big.* she thought to herself, grinding her teeth.

The enormous dragon girl slowly raised her arms. And threw them down in a crab-flex. **BOOOOOM!** Another pair of bulky arms emerged from her sides and did a double flex. Iris shrugged with both arms, her tongue lolling out. "How about this?"

"!!!" Now the (comparatively) small redhead was furious. "That... still means nothing!" She yanked Ash away from the other girls, much to their surprise and chagrin, and hugged him against her leaking breasts. "Especially when I have Ash here!" And before Iris or the others could do anything, the redhead pinned the diminutive lad to the ground and pressed her lips on his, furiously making out with him.

Poor Ash tried to gasp for air, in a mix of fear of, and utter arousal for the giant redhead, but he couldn't shove her away. His body started to feel tight. His muscles ached. And then, his tiny, frail body tensed, and his muscles began to swell beneath Misty. His arousal went through

the roof, his mind drenched in libido... and the redhead felt something hot and hard push right into her crotch.

It made her gasp in shock at first, and in the next moment she huffed in lust. "Ooooh, I can feeeeeeel it..." She thrust her hips down, and shoved that growing mast deeper into herself, eliciting a soft moan from her, and a gaspy moan from Ash.

"M-Misty, mmmmp...!" He pushed at her large ass, his hands sinking to the wrists. "Y-you're heavy...!"

"Just... shut up! You can take my size!" She thrust her hips down again. WHAM! Her ass slammed into his legs. The two fat orbs bounced on the floor and on her back from the impact. And as Misty rode Ash like a Ponyta, something more began to happen to her body. Patches of bright, shiny scales of a light blue color formed around her body, spreading rapidly. And at the same time, her front began to change colors, gaining a smooth, rubbery consistency, white in color. It spread down from her neck, over her cleavage, and down her rippling abs. A tail slinked from her lower back, strong and thick at the base, thin and whip-like halfway through, and fan-like white fin sprung along its length. Misty groaned, teeth clenched, and her fangs grew longer, sharper.

The girls, who were watching this unfold in front of them, felt terrified at first. But as tingles spread along their skin and crisscrossed around their bodies and limbs, a growing boldness took over.

"Hrrrrgh, you can't..." May winced, gripping her knees. Her fingers popped, and stretched longer, a sharp talon unsheathing from each of her fingers. Short but soft burgundy feathers covered her arms, shoulders and torso, whilst much longer feathers sprouted from under her arms. "You can't just HOG him for yourself!" She tried to get up but fell on her knees. "Guh..." She arched her back, tail feathers sprouting above her plump rear, and May raised her head- a third eye, glowing in a purple light, blinked open in the middle of her forehead. She stomped towards Misty and Ash, legs, from the knee down, turning scaly, talons growing from her toes. "Don't be such a greedy bitch!"

"Excuse me, dummy, / was the first one." The transformed redhead swatted her tail at the transforming brunette. She thrust her hips down again, eliciting a squeak from Ash. "/ own him by right!"

BWOMB!

Iris bumped her gut on both of them, being bigger than everyone there. Her breasts heaved, her clawed feet thudding on the ground and shaking the place. "Hey... did you forget about me?" The purplette snorted a cloud of fire.

"Guhrrrrr...!" Dawn crawled out from under Lillie. Her peachy asscheeks nigh clapped while she struggled to get up. And... they seemed to jiggle even bigger. "You... you...!" FWOOOMPH! A white mass of fluff sprouted from the end of her spine, slapping Lillie and Serena backwards and throwing them off balance. The bluenette dug her growing claws into the floor, tufts of fur popping up her muscular arms, then spreading over her upper body. White cuffs flourished around the wrists and ankles. "Ugh, why are we even fighting?!" She got on a knee- her foot surging into a long bunny paw. "Just... hnnngh!" Dawn shut one of her eyes tightly, white fur sprouting on her ear, before the ear itself grew much longer, flopping on her

strong shoulders. “L-look at him! He’s a hunk! W-why not, UNF!” Her mouth stretched, popped into a short muzzle. Her other ear grew much longer, and now her body was almost fully covered in brown and white fur. “S-share him?” Her other feet grew into a paw and it slammed on the floor, cracking it. “He can take us all!”

“Not... so fast!” Serena jumped between the group. Already she was transforming, mouth becoming a reddish-colored canine snout. She threw her hair back, her new canine ears flapping, and growled at Dawn. “That’s not fair!” Her claws unsheathed, her hands gaining paw pads, her arms growing more muscular, her legs bulking twice as much and giving Serena a better balance with her ginormous, clapping asscheeks. “I told you, he’s MINE! I kissed him, you didn’t!” She slammed her foot down several times in a fit of frustration, quaking both the area and her mammoth ass. “He’s my boyfriend by right!” The she-wolf tackled against Dawn, just as her new bushy tail puffed out.

The gigantic rodent tumbled back and slammed on May, who fell on Misty, who fell on top of Ash, smothering him under her tits and the weight of the three giantesses. He was drenched in her sweat and milk, face flushing furiously. In his desperation to push them up and breathe air, Ash failed to notice his body changing. It was subtle at first, but his body began to bulk, his height growing taller. His thighs swelled with muscles, followed by a layer of cushiony fat plumping over. His face became more feminine, and his hair grew longer, down to his shoulders. The newly gained bulk allowed him to survive getting crushed by the insane weight mounting on top of him, and as the seconds went by and the girls slowly kept growing bigger, his own frame and musculature pumped bigger, but not as much or as fast as the girls’.

He tried to push Misty up, barely managing so other than pushing her tits slightly above his face, allowing him to breathe fresh air somewhat. “Misty, g-girls, please calm down!” A clawed hand grabbed Ash, and he was pulled out from underneath the pile. “Ack!”

He was now face to face with Iris, dangling by his arm. Ash flushed red, and...

Rrrrrrip!

His ragged trousers ripped to shreds, his newly grown dick springing out freely.

Iris’ gaze was drawn downwards, and her pupils popped into hearts. “Oh my, Ash... when did you get so...” she licked her lips, barely containing herself. “Nevermind, come here!” And pulling him up with two hands, the lust-crazed dragoness held the much smaller young man by his arms and sides, and plunged that mast into her maw, down to the base.

Ash threw his head back, uttering what sounded like something between a gasp and a howl. He held onto Iris’ head, and thrust his hips back and forth in pure ecstasy. Much to her delight.

The other girls got up one by one, frowning and pouting at the much larger dragoness. “There she goes again... showing off all that...” May blushed angrily. “...girth. How come she got so much bigger than us anyway?!”

“Uurgh...” a groan came from behind them. They turned around, and there Lillie knelt in the middle of a dust cloud, grasping her knees tightly. And she rose up... showing that her lower half had changed. She ‘sat’ on a large Spinarak-like half, but unlike a Spinarak, it had eight long thin legs, Lillie’s own having become a pair of pedipalps, and her striped yellow and black ovipositor was enormously bloated, sloshing deeply and quivering softly; it had a sharp sting at

its narrower end. Her ass rested atop the thorax of her lower half, acting as a cushion for the blonde.

Her hair was a mess, covering her face, and when she brushed her hair off her four eyes with four of her six hands, Lillie shot a quadruple glare at Iris. Her legs clicked, and she dashed towards the dragoness, her ovipositor wobbling behind her. She got on her four hind legs and clinged to Iris' gut, surprising the dragoness. "Hand my man over!" The transformed blonde hissed through her teeth, swiping her claws at the much bigger monster girl.

The sharp ends of the legs dug into dragon flesh... but it did little other than bulge into it. "Hm?" Iris glanced down, Ash's cock still in her maw. "Whumph?" She rolled her eyes and tried pushing Lillie by the head. She pulled the growing femboy's length off her mouth to say, "Back off, bug."

But the blonde was no pushover! Her legs grappled around Iris' bronzed gut, and Lillie pulled her head off the purplette's hand- to bite her dark brown nipple. "Ouch! What's the matter with you?!" Iris snarled, baring her fangs. Three of her arms grabbed Lillie's torso and tried pushing the spider-wasp back, with little to no avail. "Come on! You don't even know him that well!"

"Mmmph!" The blonde remained firmly attached to the drago-taur, glaring back in defiance with Iris' nipple in her maw. She sucked hard, and drank from the fountain of milk. Iris held back a moan, and tried pushing harder in response.

But it wasn't long before the milk began to change the blonde further. Her ass quivered, and began to grow in pulses on top of her lower half's torax. Her abdomen undulated and swelled behind her, its form rippling like waves, and Lillie began to grow in height too, slowly catching up to Iris.

Serena, May, Misty, and Dawn were not eager to let them have Ash for themselves, however. The redheaded aquatic kaiju dashed towards Iris and jumped on the arm holding Ash, grabbing him by the leg. "Aha! I got you now!" She let go of the dragoness' arm, but then the other girls hopped in to take Ash away from her. The commotion escalated once Iris and Lillie heard them, and the blonde let go of the dragoness to try and wrestle Ash away from the group, pulling him by the arm. Poor Ash could only let himself be grabbed and groped from every angle. The muscles and size he had gained only prevented him from getting torn apart or crushed, but did little to compete with the girls' immeasurable strength. His newly gained femboyiness only made the girls crazier for him.

Meanwhile, the Dynamax mist stirred once more. It crept towards the group, billowing over their feet. Purple sparks zapped on their skin, climbing the girls' and Ash's bodies. They froze for a moment.

And then the rumbling began.

RrrrruuuuuMMMMMMBRRRRRRRRRLLLLL...!

...BA-BOOOOOOOOOOM!

In a collective, earth-splitting moan, they skyrocketed in size. Their curves doubled, tripled, QUADRUPLED in size. Jets of milk gushed from their tits, waterfalls of cum came from their nethers and flooded the streets. Their bodies slammed, collided against each other, hip to

hip, muscle to muscle. Being the biggest, however, gave Iris an advantage. Her massive, firm gut bowled over the others and pushed them away. Thus forcing them to let go of the growing, lust-filled Ash.

“Yes! Finally!” She bellowed in victory. Oh how much she wanted to just fuck him silly right then and there, but first... The drago-tauress pivoted slowly on her four legs, and her bodacious hindquarters knocked Misty, who had been trying to get up. And then, the purplette stormed down the street, still growing, still swelling. Her two guts wobbled up and down, to and fro, smashing on buildings and toppling them over, but her pendulous hips and ponderous ass swayed with so much inertia they pulverized any constructions they came into contact. The other gargantuan women, who had been having their own fun until then, stopped to stare at the engorged titaness of a trainer; they were huge, but none came close to Iris’ thighs. *And she was still growing.*

After she got to the city square, flattening it under her gut, Iris finally stopped. She panted, grinning. **“Good, gooood...”** She held Ash to her face; the femboy giant was dazed, almost knocked out. He was so hung his rod reached well past his knees and his balls were large and full, but despite being a walking fortress of muscles, Ash still had a wide hourglass figure, his feminine hips being wide as his broad shoulders, his pecs so swollen they could be mistaken for boobs, and his long overflowing hair reached his thick thighs.

All the more for Iris to love. She licked her lips in anticipation. **“Ready for round two, Ash? I can keep this going all... a-all...”** Her libido began to pick up again. Fast. **“Haah, is... is it me or...”** her face and bust began to swelter, her temperature rising to the point the air around her turned to vapor. **“Is it getting hot in here?”**

Gur-BOOOOM!

Her stomach felt tense, full. Iris looked down: a faint dark purple light emanated from the inside of her domed gut. The bronzed surface quivered, and began to spark. Bulges moved here and there, her belly wobbled on its own, bouncing on her thick thighs. Iris felt hotter and hotter by the second. Her libido was getting out of control! **“Oh... oh Arceus!”** She huffed, drooling. **“I-I feel t-the power inside me!”** She grasped her bloated middle with three of her hands, and pushed Ash into it with the fourth.

Half a city behind her, Misty stumbled down the street, groaning as she hugged her white middle. A dark purple glow emitted through her arms, right before her midriff blimped in a surge of overwhelming, raw power. **“Gaaaaah?!?”** The same happened to the others: Lillie stumbled on her scythe-like legs at the sudden shift in weight at the front, though her abdomen balanced it out and prevented her from falling over. Serena’s gut blew outward and crushed an apartment building, Dawn stumbled on her large paws while hugging her bloating belly. May, who had been trying to fly into the sky to chase Iris, was suddenly brought down by the weight of her blimping middle.

Nor Iris, nor the other five titanesses knew, but no longer did they need the Dynamax mist to grow. No, they themselves were generating Dynamax from within! That much energy made their bodies shiver, their libidos went through the roof, and it didn’t take long for them to start rumbling with impending growth spurts once again.

“Guh... HNNNNNGH!” Iris clenched her teeth, and shut her eyes. **“So... good!”**

RrrrrrrrummmmmrrrrRRRRR!

The drago-tauress slowly ascended towards the skies, her second gut billowing over any building still stood near the kaiju trainer. Her ever-swelling ass mooned over the rest of the smaller giantesses, who backed off before running away from the growing behemoth. Her body was struggling to not be weighed down by its own girth: her ass swelled so much, it hung over her taur back, and rose above her main back in height; the trap muscles behind her head bulged unevenly, like they were trying to overpower one another; her breasts blimped furiously, often times brushing and squishing against Iris' face, but every time her head was about to be swallowed between tit and trap, her rising height pushed her neck up and evened out the rest of her body; her gut, filled to the brim with the sheer power of Dynamax kept swelling forward, almost touching the ground. Its hot temperature made Iris swelter, covering its bronzed surface in a glistening sheen of sweat.

The other girls were not far behind: they ballooned, blimped, swelled and just GREW in pulses that overwhelmed the sense. They were drowning in libido, the sensation of growth sending electrifying jitters of pleasure under their skin every time they rose higher! The buildings reached their thighs, then their knees, then their calves...

Ash, trapped in the claws of the dragonfied Iris, squirmed in bliss. He, too, grew, but not on the same level of speed or power of the titanesses. He was but a fourth of their size -albeit to any human the former trainer would've been a colossus- and this proportion remained even as Iris's rose higher than Mt. Coronet. "G-good Arceus, Iris, I-" he garbled, trying to wrestle his mind away from the intense haze of lust. "... ugh... so big! H-help, help make it...!" He tried to speak 'stop', but what came from his mouth was a moan, as his erect cock ejaculated a stream of white over Iris' steaming gut.

"...O-oooh?" The purplette cooed, her slit pupils focusing on her little boy toy. **"Help? Mmmm, I can see why."** Her gaze diverged to his ever-gushing length. And her lips pulled open into a toothy grin. **"Allow me."**

She moved him down. Down, down he went, seeing nothing but the glowing expanse of her sun-kissed gut, before he was moved beneath it. Sweat rained upon him, and the tropical-like weather there made him swelter bullets. There, he was face to face with her dripping snatch, and Ash had only a moment to process what Iris was going to do before she jammed his length all the way into her nethers.

By Arceus, how glorious it felt, how hot, how *fucking ecstatic*. He would have let out a howl of mind-breaking lust unlike any other, if his face wasn't planted into her sweltering underbelly. He chose to do nothing but hug that gut, kiss it, lick it in intense, fervent sexual devotion for Iris, while he bucked his hips and penetrated her time and time again.

And Iris answered in kind, putting two hands on his back to better hold him, while her other hands grabbed her tits, pushed them up, and shoved her dark nipples into her awaiting maw. She sucked as hard as her mighty muscles allowed her, and guzzled enough milk to flood an island. And the purplette surged bigger faster. The very environment and weather was affected by her. Her body temperature created clouds of Dynamax, the mostly tempered climate of Galar turned tropical. And it spread as she grew *more*. Her head had surpassed Mt. Coronet before, now her tits rose higher than its peak, then the upper curve of her gut, then the gut itself!

Iris opened her glowing eyes in a heaving breath. The horizon... did it curve before? How big was she? How much bigger would she grow? Those were the fleeting questions passing in her mind, until one more came to her:

Would she ever want to stop?

Iris giggled. ***"Fuck no."***