

There is nothing in this world more powerful and exceedingly rare than the wish of a pleased Jirachi. As creatures themselves they're already enormously uncommon. Only a couple are found around the globe over the course of several years, and of those that are found even fewer are even caught in the first place. Because of this, there tends to be at most one or two at most Jirachis owned by extremely capable and powerful trainers in every region, if any at all.

But rather than its rarity, it is the power of Jirachi's wish what truly makes it a remarkable creature. Far removed from simple moves like Wish or Healing Wish, which merely modify the progress of high level Pokémon battles, Jirachi's wish has the ability to morph reality itself. Of course, such power also comes at a pretty tremendous cost. For a Jirachi's wish to grow to its maximum potential, it takes at least 1000 year to charge, draining energy from the cosmos itself. Only then, when Jirachi's metallic core has synthesized all of that glimmering star power, that a willing Jirachi may grant its wish to a person they deem worthy of gifting.

That is where the last piece of the puzzle comes in. Due to its tremendous world-shattering power, several nefarious trainers and corrupt organizations have attempted to extract Jirachi's power for evil purposes. And while it is technically possible to force Jirachi to grant its wish, much of its magical power is wasted to control its anguish, causing the wish to backfire or not reach its peak potential. It is for this reason that very few people had managed to receive a fully powered blessing from any Jirachi. And why some might call what happened next the perfect storm.

Relaxing blissfully along the coastline of one of Alola's beautiful, soothing beaches, a single Jirachi gently reclined atop a comfortable beach chair with a smile on its face and a sweet coconut drink in its hands. The serene, tropical winds blew a pleasant breeze that whittled down the summer heat, while rocking waves rolled onto the shores, creating a perfect symphony of comfortable swooshing. Off in the distance, the excitable laughs and cheers of Lillie, Hau and Moon rang clearly through the seashore, their faces glistening with smiles and seawater. Not only was Jirachi truly enjoying the spectacular landscape of Alola's natural wonders, but it also felt incredibly indebted to the innocuous looking group of young trainers hollering and having fun within the serene shoreside.

Though the trio looked little more than a couple of loud, innocent kids, it was this group of kids that had just saved Jirachi from the clutches of the evil Rainbow Rocket team. They'd risked their lives and the lives of their Pokémon in order to secure Jirachi's safety. And in return? They asked for nothing. Jirachi had suspected that the surprisingly powerful young trainers would have just wanted to snatch Jirachi's power for themselves, but they didn't even try to catch Jirachi. Instead, they simply let Jirachi go to do as it pleased. The kids allowed Jirachi to accompany them, they gave Jirachi yummy food, tended its wounds and treated it like a friend, without hoping to gain anything for themselves. It was such a wholesome and generous treatment, that for the first time in many thousands of years, the people wary Jirachi felt something it had never felt before. It genuinely wanted to grant them one of its wishes.

The question for Jirachi then became clear: What kind of wish could it grant to demonstrate its appreciation of these selfless trainers? Hau seemed pretty content training hard in order to follow his grandfather's footsteps and become a Kahuna. Lillie was to set off to Kanto and start working in her own Pokémon adventure. And Moon, well Moon was the Pokémon League Champion of the whole region of Kalos! Every one of them seemed to be more than thrilled with their current lives, at least enough that some reality bending wish wouldn't make them that much happier. No, if there was anyone in this group

that Jirachi really felt needed a wish, it had to be the soured faced boy sitting on the chair next to Jirachi itself.

For while the rest of friends were out in the waves, splashing each other and having a good time, the overly serious and exceedingly competitive blonde edge-lord Gladion slumped down onto his beach chair, his eyes glaring into the horizon as if he wanted it to be destroyed. Resting with his arms crossed beneath the shade of a parasol, Gladion had appointed himself as the guy in charge guarding everyone else's stuff. That is, in the sense that he was the only one of his friend group that didn't actually want to swim in the ocean, meaning all the responsibility had automatically fallen onto him. By his side rested Gladion's trusted and beloved companion Silvally, sharing in his trainer's anger despite not quite understanding the reason. In truth, there was no real reason why Gladion should have been angry. He hadn't been wronged in any particular way, he hadn't come here against his own volition, and he didn't specifically dislike hanging out with Lillie, Hau and Moon. Rather, it was Gladion's own stubborn and restrictive views on maturity what really brought in the ire that raged in his mind.

"God, just look at them." Gladion remarked in a snide manner, the loud child-like cries of his friends only serving to fuel his anger. "Flittering and hopping around without any worry, splashing each other and giggling like pesky little children... Don't they understand how serious this is?!?"

Even as Gladion explained himself, Silvally had no idea what he was talking about. Silvally quite enjoyed the company of Gladion's friends, all of whom were nice and compassionate not just to Silvally, but to his master Gladion as well. Even when Gladion was being a bit of a sourpuss. Regardless, Silvally snarled in their direction, ever eager to indulge his master's feelings. After all the two of them had been through together, the loyal Silvally was more than happy to do anything it took to make the usually angered Gladion even the slightest bit happier.

"We rescued this one Pokémon, but there's no way to know many more Pokémon Rainbow Rocket still keeps in their grubby clutches!" Gladion continued, his indignation and disappointment clearly notable in his voice. "We should be out there searching for more Rainbow Rocket bases, not wasting our time playing around like babies! I've put so much work and effort trying to help out the Pokémon and people of Alola from these terrible groups. And the worst part is that even though I'm much more mature and responsible, just because I'm hanging out with them, people treat me like some sort of kid!"

As Gladion's rant continued, the little Jirachi's head perked up. It could feel all of Gladion's frustrations simply oozing out, a desperate desire for radical change churning within him. It was moments like these that people expressed their inner most wishes aloud, and Jirachi felt more than ready to grant them.

"Gaaaahhhh!!! It's so frustrating!!!" By this point, there was no rational thought going through Gladion's mind. All the words that surged from his mouth were pure passionate emotion, frustrations he'd bottled up for many days and had finally reached their boiling point. Had poor Gladion realized what he was getting into, perhaps his fate would have turned out differently. Unfortunately, there was no way to stop the raging boy's tongue from going haywire now. "It's so annoying- So- So- God!!!"

"It makes me wish I was mature and old like mother or miss Wicke!" Gladion screamed aloud, forever sealing his future. "That way me and my partner could do all sorts of adult stuff on our own and no one could judge!"

"RACHI!! RACHI!! JIRACHIIIIII!!!"

It was nothing more than a vague, barely thought-out wish, one that could be easily misconstrued and misinterpreted in so many minuscule ways. Nevertheless, that was all it took for Jirachi to finally pay back its dues and grant a reality-altering wish. As its third stomach eye slowly flicked open, Jirachi slowly floated up to the sky with a smile. The glow of the cosmos itself began to shine around Jirachi, creating a giant blinding ball of light that dazzled as brightly as the sun. It was such an explosion of thick atomic power one could feel the pure cosmic energy oozing from every inch of Jirachi's body.

"W-What-?! What's going on?!?" Caught entirely off guard, Gladion recoiled back from the sudden burst of light, almost falling off his chair as he did so.

The impenetrable glow that surged from Jirachi would quickly become the least of Gladion's concerns however, for soon the boy could feel all of that sparkling celestial vigor barraging into his very body. It was as if thousands of little pellets of cosmic dust sunk into Gladion's skin, sending shivers down his spine with every one that made impact. Everywhere they touched, Gladion's muscles tingled with a peculiar sensation. But it was more than simple aching and twisting, rather it felt like the very essence of Gladion's atoms were being bent and twisted in unnatural ways.

Gladion began to gasp loudly, his lungs struggling to take in any air. An incredible pressure manifested in his chest, as if his organs were being tightened against his upper body. The boy started rocking his torso back and forth rapidly, hoping it would ease some of the discomfort. But when all that budding tightness finally reached its apex and Gladion lurched forward one final time, the only sort of release he felt was the feeling of his chest bursting forth from his body, almost instantly forming into a set of fat, jiggling globules that clung down with incredible weight.

The entire event had happened so fast Gladion could barely even process it. His eyes slowly settled down onto his chest, his body thumping with sensations which he'd never experienced before. Except, instead of finding his usual, unassuming boyish flat pecs, Gladion was met with two enormous, bubbly melons of flesh which shivered comfortably atop his torso as if they had been there his whole life. A loud, girlish moan escaped from Gladion's lips as soon as he felt his new extra-sensitive breasts squeezing against his black, torn hoodie tightly. He could feel them- Like he could *fully* feel them! The aroused, twitching nipples which were hardening with every pulsation, the soft, jiggly mass that moved with every one of his breaths. There was no doubt about it, Gladion had just suddenly grown the fattest, meanest set of tits he'd ever seen in his life!

And they were far from finished too. Like sponges sucking up water in a sink, Gladion's breasts were more than happy to absorb Jirachi's galactic magic. The two girthy orbs of flesh expanded outwards without inhibition, stretching Gladion's poor outfit until they tore a huge v-shaped cleavage window through his hoodie. Gladion tried his best to hold himself back of course, to not lose his mind over the unyielding pleasure that surged from his growing bust. Unfortunately, Jirachi's power were far too great for any mortal being to resist, leaving Gladion unable to do anything but moan as the mystical energies coursed through the rest of his slim, boyish form.

Just as it had accumulated in his chest, plump reserves of fat started to bulge out of Gladion's once slender stomach. They spread forth from his tummy like waves washing onto a shore, forcing some severe tightness onto his clothes as they struggle to hold his growing mass. Though Gladion would not become outright obese, the boy's belly had quickly developed into a big, round pillow of malleable mass, as plump and divine to the touch as his very breasts. The delectable plump tummy sagged downwards,

not just the sign that he knew how to eat well, but also visible evidence that his new stomach could not digest foods as well as it used to.

With his belly filled up to the brim, the only place that was left to fatten up was Gladion's slim lower body. A set of sultry, rocking curves were forcefully implanted onto Gladion's figure as his thighs started to blow up with supple, squeezable width. Fatter and larger they grew, incorporating more and more of that sweet, succulent mass until they had become twice as large as his hips in girth. Not even Gladion's ass was forgotten in this series of serious swellings, his soft cheeks spreading out and away in the same exact manner that his melons had done just moments before. By the time his lower body had stopped shifting and pumping up with mass, Gladion had gained the perkier, most rounded pear-shaped bottom imaginable, a set of ass and legs that would easily put his mother and Ms. Wicke to shame.

Content with the changes to his overall form, the last remaining dazzles of star power focused on Gladion's head. As his lips began to fatten rapidly, they pushed out and jiggled, forming into a luscious O-shape that was perfect for opening wide. A tiny, round beauty mark popped out underneath his right eye, the entirety of his skin glowing with a fair maiden-like vibrance. Meanwhile, Gladion's previously short buzzcut exploded forth with a dazzling growth of hair, thick, smooth, curvy locks of gold that quickly extended down to his ass. Instead of developing into a firm, masculine young man, Gladion's face and body slowly shifted into a perfect picture feminine sexuality and beauty.

But what is a beautiful womanly body if it doesn't have the clothes to match? Just as Gladion thought all his transformations were over, the boy's tight, unfitting clothes quickly began to morph in order to fit his newly matured body. His stretched-out hoodie began to rapidly shrink, leaving his engorged, sloshy tummy and a huge canyon of titty cleavage entirely exposed to the glistening Alola sun. As its thick, insulating black threads twisted into a bright, slutty, permeable red, the rest of the piece shifted towards his upper body, wrapping tightly around his fat, heaving breasts like a nicely fitted bra.

A similar transition occurred to Gladion's pants, which shredded away all of its cloth like a woodchipper. Not a single thread of that heavy baggy material was left to cover Gladion's voluptuous thighs and his round, heaving asscheeks. In just a matter of seconds, all of his undergarments had been converted into a tiny, shiny red thong that clung tightly to the boy's resting cock. Gladion's once comfortable and boyish sneakers slowly unraveled away, revealing a set of cream-colored strap sandals with heels so high they added two inches to Gladion's original height. Though Gladion had arrived at the beach dressed as your typical highschool edgelord, his new outfit was that of the fattest, sluttiest beach mama that had ever graced the Alolan waves.

And yet, despite the fact that he kept becoming more and more feminine, somehow Gladion's cock bulged out from his crotch with girthy mass, as if years of maturity had pounded onto his member. Soon, more signs of aging started to materialize throughout his new form. The boy's already floppy tummy started to sag with a little extra softness and slosh. As a light coat of makeup covered his face, several wrinkles and crows feet surged from his aging skin. Even the hypnotic red lipstick that covered Gladion's fat, luscious lips could not distract from the fact that experience worn down on his body. It was clear that Gladion hadn't just been given the body of a voluptuous, big breasted woman. He'd turned into a smoking hot MILF.

Then just as suddenly as it had begun, the whole thing was over before anyone realized it. All of the heavenly glow coming from Jirachi simmered down into nothingness, the creature's third eye closing

until the next thousand years when it would cast another wish. Feeling more than satisfied with itself, the pleased Jirachi hovered back down onto the beach chair and continued enjoying its tropical drink, sipping away at the sweet nectar and staring into the horizon as if it hadn't been the one responsible for changing the entirety of Gladion's body and life. Gladion himself could scarcely parse any of what had just occurred. Looking out into the waves, he could see his sister still playing with her friends, completely unaware of the world around them. The waves continued to swish, the wind carrying on its pleasant breeze through the beach while the cries of happy Pokémon echoed in the distance. Such an incredibly relaxed and natural soundscape almost made it feel like what had just happened to Gladion had been nothing more than a bad dream or a simple illusion.

But when the boy looked down upon his body, the bare truth was completely revealed. Two enormous tits clung down from his chest, contained in a cute red bikini top that fit him perfectly. A cute tummy poked out from his torso, while his thick, heaving thighs and expansive, round ass weighed down onto the chair he was sitting on with enough weight to stretch it out. Instead of possessing the cool and collected aura of an experienced trainer, Gladion's new body exuded a pure, feminine, sexual desire from its every pore. Gladion stared blankly at his soft, curvaceous feminine figure, his brain slowly piecing his thoughts until they'd collected that dreaded realization that Gladion hadn't wanted to accept.

"O-Oh- Oh my god!" Gladion sprang up from his chair with a bounce, his fat titties and wobbly ass jiggling from the inertia of his sudden movements. "I-I've like- I've totally turned into a fat old lady!"

"A very beautiful lady if I do say so myself~" A deep baritone voice rang out seductively from behind.

Shivers began to run down Gladion's spine, his entire body quivering with anticipation at the sound of those deliciously deep notes that jingled in his ear. The rich, masculine voice that had emerged out of the blue was not one he recognized, yet for some reason it felt incredibly familiar to Gladion. Merely being in its presence filled Gladion's heart with a sense of security that eased his pulsating dread. It was more than the voice of a simple stranger, it was a voice he could trust his body and his heart with.

As the voice owner's stepped into view, Gladion could only look at the imperative man with eyes full of admiration. Wearing nothing more than some black shorts with purple hexagons and a pair of bright green flip flops, it was easy to see what a titan he was. His body was built like an absolute mountain, easily breaking the 7-foot barrier with his impressive height. Thick slabs of muscles adorned his tree-trunk sized arms and legs, whilst a serious six pack on his stomach complemented the wide, muscular pecs on his chest. Though several scars covered his gruff, hazelnut-colored skin, the man looked like the beefiest body builder Gladion had ever seen. In truth, it was not a body Gladion had ever set eyes on before. But seeing his short, frazzled silver hair and his sparkling bright silver eyes, Gladion instantly knew who it was.

"S-Silvally?!?" Gladion sputtered out in utter shock.

"That's me." The man responded with a warm, welcoming smile. "Though it's Sylvio now."

Stepping closer to Gladion, the man took hold of Gladion's slim, delicate digits, causing Gladion's heart to start pumping through his chest.

“To think that this is what you wanted all along...” Sylvio gave a pleased sigh. “You were always so excited over Pokemon battles t-that- I never realized... But if this is what you truly desire, I’m very happy to be a part of your dream.”

Gladion could barely breathe, his respiration kicking into sputtering overdrive. Though the temperature was the same as it had been before, standing in front of Sylvio’s chiseled body made him feel as if he was sitting in the middle of a sauna. Gladion gasped and heaved, trying his best to refocus his thoughts by looking away from Sylvio’s shapely figure.

“W-W-What’s- W-What’s h-h-happening?!” Gladion managed to sputter out underneath his breath, his cheeks swelling into a brilliant red. “W-What’s going on S-Sylvio?!?”

“Oh, you haven’t realized yet?” Sylvio answered back with the utmost of gentle understanding. “Jirachi! It used its powers to grant your deepest desire! As I started changing, I had no idea what was happening. But the moment I laid eyes on you I instantly knew. It’s our destiny to be together. Remember? You wished to be more like your mother? That we could be adults doing adult things?”

Jirachi? Wishes?? Destiny?? Gladion had no idea what Sylvio was talking about. The only thing his trembling mind could manage to comprehend at the moment was Sylvio’s utterly flawless physique. Knowing something was obviously wrong, Gladion tried his best to resist these new bodily urges. He really did. But when the MILF-y boy set his eyes upon Sylvio’s toned, bulging muscles, it felt as if his mind was getting lost in an abyss of endless desire. Gladion’s mouth watered at the sight of Sylvio’s chiseled pecs, his spine tingled with need the more he gazed upon Sylvio’s toned abs and girthy arms. It seemed every inch of Sylvio’s body had been sculpted to feed Gladion’s newfound lust.

Then there was Sylvio’s cock, and absolutely titanic trouser snake that emanated an area of pure masculinity. Gladion could see it clearly bulging from his swim trunks, its incredible size plainly visible from the several creases and enormous cylindrical protrusion that pushed forth from his crotch. Gladion had never seen anything like it before, an endowment so plentiful he could literally not take his eyes off it. A myriad of perverted thoughts followed soon after, flooding Gladion’s mind with feelings he’d never experienced before. Gladion began to wonder how it would feel to... Touch such a magnificent cock. He dreamed over what kind of thick, musky taste it would have, whether or not he could fit the whole thing in his mouth... And how amazing it would feel to have it pounding away at his prostate~

Shivers shot down Gladion’s spine like lightning striking the earth, his limbs shaking in the pleasurable aftershocks. As more of that infectious feminine lust infected his system, Gladion’s cock began to slightly peek out of his swimsuit growing to a semi-erect state. His ass tingle with anticipation, dearly hoping it would soon be taken by Sylvio’s cock. Gladion understood perfectly well there wasn’t something right. But his MILF-y body was being overwhelmed with a potent sexual need, and Gladion was woefully unprepared to fight against it.

“Heh~” Sylvio gave out a soft, cocky chuckle, a smooth smirk coming across his face as he noticed Gladion’s intense, luscious glaring. “It seems you’re really starting to get into your new life, huh master? Sorry, it’s Gladi now, isn’t it~?”

Gladion couldn’t respond at all, left completely breathless by Sylvio’s soft suave voice. He was entirely enamored with the incredibly buff man. Absolutely stricken. Whatever he said was like sweet honey to his ears, whatever he did filled Gladion with the warmest fuzziest feelings ever. Gladion knew that if he

wanted to fix things and get his old life back, he had to say something now and stop himself to getting deeper and deeper into this rabbit hole. But he was so engrossed by Sylvio's beauty, he was rendered basically powerless.

"Hey... I have an idea." The muscular man gasped breathily, his bulge hardening as his eyes bore into Gladion's expansive, voluptuous cleavage. "How about the two of us sneak into the bushes and get a little bit more familiar with each other?"

Grabbing tightly onto Gladion's slender hands, Sylvio quickly pulled the boy away from the soft shade of the beach umbrella and towards a secluded area of palm trees and shrubbery. Gladion gasped and muttered in response, desperately wishing to express his resistance though totally unable to find the right words. He looked back towards the comfortable spot they'd been sitting, gazing upon the relaxing Jirachi with a wistful expression. It was now or never. If he wanted to go back to his old life, he needed to act right this moment or he'd never get another chance. But not a single syllable escaped from his mouth, leaving Gladion's fate all but sealed as the pair pushed through some leaves and into a cover of flora.

Now stuck beneath the scattered, subtle shade of the beach's wild foliage, Gladion could feel his body start to heat up with a simmering sensation. His cheeks became as bright red as the sun, his mind running rampant with a myriad of improper thoughts. As much as Gladion hated to admit, Sylvio had turned into quite the attractive man. Especially his cock- God! That incredibly heft and bulging member~ Gladion tried his best to not let his eyes drift downwards, stop himself from falling further and further down the rabbit hole. But as Gladion's desire continued to ramp up throughout his entire body, there was no way he could prevent his eyes from reaching that miraculous piece of paradise.

Gazing upon Sylvio's bulging member was like staring directly into the abyss of a black hole. Merely picturing the immense length and girth of Sylvio's member in his mind was enough to send Gladion into a total frenzy. Gladion's pupils became dilated, his heart thumped through his chest with enough force it felt like it was going to explode. And the longer he stared into that shifting bulge on Sylvio's shorts, the more uncontrollable all of these sensations became.

"Heh, you really wanna see it huh~?" Sylvio teased the quivering boy with a dominant chuckle, thrusting his hips freaked so as to further imprint the shape of his member against his own shorts. "Well, here it is~"

Without and sort of warning or fanfare, Sylvio swiftly pulled the front of his shorts down. And what came out from his trousers couldn't be described as anything but utterly magnificent. Stretching forth unimpeded like a slithering anaconda, Sylvio's cock stretched to a massive 11 inches while not even being fully erect. The enormous member was tinted a deep, earthy brown, its tip fat and engorged as wide as a fist. Thick, throbbing veins ran down all the way it's imperative shaft, which oozed with the thick, stuffed up, virile scent of a stud in need. Not to mention how fat, heavy and loaded his thick, creamy balls were, each of which gurgled with so much fun they sagged from his crotch with a hefty pull. This was much more than just a regular human cock- This was the cock of an absolute beast~!

Mind bursting with excitement and body overloading with bliss, Gladion's legs lost all of his power and the boy fell limply onto his knees. A motion which only brought him even closer to the source of all of his woes, shoving his face just a couple of inches away from Sylvio's impressive shaft. Taking a long,

deep unintentional whiff, Gladion's eyes began to twirl in place as his nostrils were filled up with the rich, raw essence of pure, masculine virility. The cock stench didn't just swivel around within his nose, it sunk deep into his system, clawing its way and imprinting itself within his mind with such an iron grip. It was the only thing he could think of. He could feel it messing with his every thought, reducing his mental capacity to a state which could only be considered unusable. Like a cobra dealing its final blow to its prey, Gladion had been completely subdued by Sylvio's cock, now all that remained was for Sylvio to claim his prize.

By the time Gladion had finally been able to snap out of his temporary and sudden cock trance, the boy's hands were already eagerly wrapping around Sylvio's shaft. The big-titted boy gasped in dread. He tried desperately to pry his hands away from Sylvio's throbbing member, but the larger man's cock was so deliciously girthy, fat and veiny, his fingers refused to obey. Instead, Gladion's hands lovingly traveled up and down the length of Sylvio's cock, caressing his massive penis in the same way a girl would caress her favorite plushy. There was something simply irresistible about grasping and pleasuring Sylvio's cock, feeling it grow harder and larger in his hands the more Gladion rubbed. As Gladion finally masturbated Sylvio's cock to its full mast, totally erect state, the only sensation he felt was awe.

Throughout the entire experience, Gladion tried his best to convince himself that he wasn't enjoying himself, despite the fact the evidence to the contrary was quite copious. Gladion's large, sensitive nipples grew hard underneath his bikini as his breasts jiggled up and down fiercely. The boy's bikini bottoms grew tighter with each passing second the harder his cock became. Most noteworthy of all however, had to be the way Gladion's mouth slurped and sputtered the air above Sylvio's cock, almost as if it was desperately trying to get a taste of Sylvio's hot cock. The reaction was entirely instinctual, only happening when Gladion lost his train of thought and allowed his mind to wander. The moment he realized what he was doing, his cheeks would grow redder while the boy inched back in frustration. But it was clear to any who watched the scene where Gladion's true desires laid.

"Mmmhmmmm~ That feels nice~" Sylvio gave a low, burly groan, basking in the sensation of Gladion's delicate fingers wrapping around him. "But don't you want to suck it~?"

Like a gentle master guiding their student, Sylvio's hand softly fell atop of Gladion's scalp as he began to pull Gladion's face closer and closer to his throbbing penis. Though he was in no way cornered or trapped, Gladion did not show even the slightest shred of resistance. Eyes as wide as an owl in the night, he allowed himself to get pulled along until his soft, kissable lips were literally pressing into the pulsating meat of Sylvio's penis. And in that moment where Gladion's tongue finally met the surface of Sylvio's dick, he felt the entirety of his world shift in an instant.

Wave after wave of unfiltered arousal was pumped into Gladion's brain as the boy's tongue lovingly rested against the soft, wrinkled skin of Sylvio's shaft. His soft pillowy lips pressed further and further against the side of Sylvio's cock, encasing more of that delicious, heated meat inside of his mouth for him to savor and enjoy. The more he got a good taste of Sylvio, the more Gladion could feel the last shreds of his inhibitions melting away. Gladion's lips started to plant a series of soft, loving kisses on Sylvio's cock, his tongue twirling around its rugged ride with increased fervor. Instead of being uncertain and afraid, the only feeling that filled Gladion was an unquenching desire to have more. It wasn't just enough to have a cursory taste of Sylvio's imperative penis. He needed to savor the entire thing~



Little by little, Gladion's mouth moved all the way up Sylvio's shaft in a series of tender, sloppy kisses. Each smooch was longer and sloppier than the last one, growing just as desperate and addicted to Sylvio's cock as Gladion himself. By the time he actually got to the tip of Sylvio's cockhead, the poor boy couldn't even separate his mouth from Sylvio's glorious cock for a single second! Grunting loudly with degenerate bliss, Gladion made sure to lovingly slurp the conical tip of Sylvio's dick. His lips pressed tightly against the penis, his tongue delving into the depths of Sylvio's urethra and slurping up all of his hot, oozing precum. The combination of Sylvio's thick, imperative smell with the strong, virile flavor of his juices was like a direct explosion of pleasure inside Gladion's brain. And Gladion was only just getting started.

As soon as the entirety of Sylvio's dickhead had been slathered up in Gladion's sticky saliva, the subby boy began to push his head forward in order to take more of that gigantic girth into his mouth. No longer could Gladion be satisfied with merely tasting the godly penis- His throat tingled with desire, his body heating with greed- More than anything in the world, Gladion *NEEDED* Sylvio's cock to fill every inch of him up. Jaws opening up as wide as they could possibly manage, Gladion hazily swallowed inch after inch of Sylvio's length. Its girth was so incredibly massive, the hulking member bulged through his cheeks and throat. Yet, Gladion did not falter one single second. Rather, the boy eagerly persevered, slurping more of Sylvio's dick until he'd gotten at least a quarter of that gargantuan hog in his mouth.

A sense of serenity and peace filled Gladion for a few seconds, a fully relaxing homeostasis that put his once trembling body in a state of tranquility. It almost felt like everything was right in the world, like this is where Gladion's place was meant to be. The thick, musky penis in his mouth should have filled Gladion with revulsion. At least, it would have done so just a few moments ago. Instead, its powerful aromas and overbearing flavors only produced excitement and bliss within Gladion's body. Perhaps... It wasn't that wrong to indulge in these feelings? Maybe Gladion could get away with embracing some of this new found enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm which translated into some much needed kinetic energy for Gladion's motions. With his lips still firmly wrapped around Sylvio's cock, Gladion began to bob his head back and forth to the best of his abilities. The process was quite a bit sluggish and awkward at first. Not only was Sylvio's dick so fat, even the faintest of movements became quite complicated, Gladion's lack of experience didn't help either. But what the MILF-y boy might have lacked in experience he more than made up for in vigor. As more of Gladion's saliva coated Sylvio's cock, Gladion's motions only grew faster and wilder. The boy's throat stretched out to better fit the penis' enormous size, his confidence steadily escalating along with his lust. With pure desire coursing through his veins, Gladion soon turned into an absolute deep throating machine.

The many errant moans and breathless gasps that emanated from Sylvio's mouth told Gladion that he was doing everything just right. Gladion loved the way Sylvio's cock throbbed desperately in his mouth, its pulse growing faster and faster as it succumbed to the tightness of Gladion's throat. There was something utterly satisfying of having this enormous, bulging beast of a man quivering in place just from a series of well planned and executed motions. So much so that soon enough Gladion's penis had reached full mast itself, twitching excitedly as it took in more and more of Sylvio's length. It was everything Sylvio could have dreamed of.

Being such a skilled boy, Gladion was able to pick up the intricacies of sucking dick quite fast. His tongue twirled swiftly around Sylvio's shaft, the insides of his throat tightening for an even more pleasurable

experience. It wasn't just that he was a fast learner though, it was almost like all of his skill with Pokemon battling was slowly transferring over to sexual prowess. Bit by bit, Gladion could feel his battling abilities getting syphoned away. Knowledge about type charts and matchups was replaced with information on how to please men. Gladion couldn't even muster any interest in catching and training new Pokemon creatures. Instead, Gladion's mind was filled with thoughts about being sexy and pleasuring dick, perfect to bring pleasure to the quivering and thoroughly aroused Sylvio. But for a man as big and needy as Sylvio, it wasn't near enough...

"Ngghh~ G-G-Gladi- I-I-!!" The titanic Sylvio whimpered meekly, his cock totally enslaved to the delicious sensation of Gladion's mouth. "I can't hold myself back anymore~~!"

Firmly placing both of his thick, burly hands atop of Gladion's head, Sylvio held his former master's head in place as he began to violently slam his cock into the depths of Gladion's throat. The unexpectant Gladion's eyes widened in surprise, but it lasted no more than a couple of seconds. Eyes rolling to the back of his head with a blissful moan, Gladion's entire body went limp in relaxation, allowing Sylvio to completely dominate Gladion's mouth without even the slightest shred of resistance. No matter how vicious or desperate, as long as Sylvio's dick was in need, Gladion was eager to give up his body.

Whereas Gladion's blowjob had previously been methodical and meticulous, the way Sylvio utterly pounded Gladion's face could only be described as savagely feral. The larger man's head shifted back with a howl of ecstasy, his hips pounding forth repeatedly without him even paying attention. There was not a single coherent, rational thought inside his head during that moment, nothing to distract him from the fervent stretching of Gladion's throat that he was performing. Sylvio's mind had one goal, a very simple one too. To use and abuse every inch of Gladion's throat until his cock was entirely satisfied. It was a completely objectifying desire, one which would illicit anger in most self-respecting people.

And yet, regardless of how much humiliation and subjugation he was suffering at the moment, Gladion was enjoying every single second of it. Gladion's erect cock throbbed in delight as Sylvio's member forced itself down his throat and smashed against his esophagus, going further than any human should dare reach. His breasts bounced up and down wildly with every one of Sylvio's imperative thrusts, its motions totally surrendering to Sylvio's wills, just as the rest of his body did. Gladion couldn't breathe, he could barely even think. Sylvio's cock had reached so deep inside of him, it replaced everything in his mind with the desire to please that incredible, overpowering dick.

Thick, blotches of bright red smeared lipstick began to trail the length of Sylvio's cock as Gladion's lips were forced up and down its monumental shaft. The mixture of Gladion's saliva and lipstick was left perfectly clear, especially around the base of Sylvio's cock where he would force Gladion into the thickest, sloppiest kisses he could give. Gladion's sexual skills had been quite sufficient before, there was no need for Sylvio to force himself onto the frail Gladion with such intensity. But it was almost as if Sylvio didn't consider Gladion his sexual partner, that instead he found Gladion was nothing more than a sex toy to be abused. To be treated like an object, to be totally reduced to nothing more than a tool of sexual desire- Though he knew he shouldn't like it, Gladion felt more excited now than he ever did before.

Sylvio's pace quickened, his hands tightening around Gladion's skull whilst his thrusts doubled in potency. Gladion could feel it, Sylvio's cock was reaching its limits. And it wasn't the only one. As tears began to stream down his face, smearing his eyeshadows and ruining his makeup, Gladion's mind was

starting to reach its breaking point. Memories of his previous life began to clash with those of his new one. Desires that had once been detested as taboos suddenly grew to light Gladion's heart on fire. A part of Gladion didn't want to toss away his old self, his old life. Even through all the gloomy edginess, it still held precious memories. But Gladion knew perfectly well that wasn't who he was anymore. He didn't care about Pokemon battles, he wasn't interested in growing stronger. There was only one thing he desired now, only one true need that he wished satiated. Gladion wanted to experience the pleasures of Gladi!! He was going to become Gladi~~!!!

"Hngggghh~ G-Gladi- I- I'm-!!" Sylvio moaned out in utter bliss, his entire body shivering as it prepared for orgasm. "I'm c-cumming!!!"

Like a dormant volcano reigniting its flame for the first time in centuries, Sylvio's cock erupted in an absolute mess of climax and cum. The jizz exploded forth from his urethra with the force of a thundering hurricane, its thickness and volume combining together to create an unstoppable typhoon of white. And yet, despite the supernatural nature of Sylvio's ejaculate, Gladi was able to slurp it all up without wasting even a single drop. Hands grasping onto Sylvio's thick thighs and lips lovingly pressed against his crotch, the MILF-y boy grunted and gagged in bliss as he ingested every last drop of Sylvio's cum. He wasn't passively ingesting the semen either. Gladi actively sucked and slurped the seed out of Sylvio's nuts, forgoing breathing so that she could swallow the whole of Sylvio's roaring semen. Sylvio's cock would not be released until it had been totally dried up. Not just for Sylvio, but for Gladi's own pleasure too~

As more and more of that deliciously hot and tangy semen poured down his throat, Gladi blissfully basked in its warming bliss. Its flavor was rich and musky, the pure essence of virile masculinity oozing from its every drop. Its scent was potent and overbearing, dominating Gladi's nostrils until it was the only thing he could smell. Gladi's brain was such a mess from slurping gallon after gallon of that forbidden nectar, that the boy couldn't help but fall prey to an orgasm of his own. With a set of rapid, furious twitches, Gladi's cock let out a couple of spurts of jizz all over the floor. It was nowhere near as powerful or enticing as Sylvio's superior cum, but it felt amazing nonetheless, especially as Gladi eagerly groped his enormous, heaving titties. This was his new body- His new life. And Gladi would make sure to thoroughly enjoy them.

By the time Gladi felt thoroughly satisfied (and in desperate need of some air), the boy finally pulled his face back and let go of Sylvio's cock with a satisfying pop. But even then, Sylvio's cumtanks were far from emptied. Grabbing hold of his dick and pointing it towards Gladi's face, Sylvio groaned as he gave his member a couple of final pumps, splattering the last remaining spurts of his cum all over Gladi's face. The muscular man made sure to not leave a single spot uncovered, totally ruining whatever little was left of Gladi's makeup as well as thoroughly marking his territory. Not that Gladion really seemed to mind, opening his mouth with a wide open smile as if he was trying to catch snowflakes.

Soon, the wild scene of violent sex had been reduced to a calm, blissful reminiscence of the moment that had just occurred. Sitting on his knees with a face full of cum and his mouth still hot with the taste of dick, Gladi let out a sigh of relief. No longer did he feel that burdening edge, the unending need to improve and overcome. For the first time in his life, he felt totally satisfied. Satisfied and happy. It was something he'd never thought he'd achieved, something he'd always look towards his friends in jealousy. Maybe it wasn't what he'd originally wanted, but he was sure this was the perfect wish.

