

Nessa's Electrifying New Dress (Inanimate TF, Pokémon)

Elesa could hear the crowd even from the confines of her dressing room. Closing her eyes, she smiled a thin smile—soon enough, she'd be out there giving them something even more impressive to cheer.

Opening her eyes, she turned to the mirror, seized her cloud-like coat, and threw it off with a smirk. Exposed, her pale body looked divine: tall and slender, wrapped in the tight yellow latex of her dress, and bearing none of the extraneous fat that some of the other models like to boast about. They might be proud to jiggle along the catwalk, but Elesa believed in being a little more graceful.

Raising her hands, she ran them down her front, over her petite breasts and the toned surface of her belly. Coming to a stop, she planted her hands on her hips and cocked them, giving her reflection a grin. She was going to *own* this—

The creak of the dressing room door almost made her shriek. Snatching up her coat, she covered herself instinctively. “What the hell do you think you're doing?”

“Why, if it isn't little Elesa~.” Leaning on the frame, the woman in the doorway smiled a cruel smile, her sea blue eyes glinting in the light.

“*Nessa*,” said Elesa, tone poisonous.

“You make it sound like a curse,” said Nessa, striding into the dressing room as if it were her own. Her tremendous assets, tightly clad in her swimsuit, bounced triumphantly as she made her way to Elesa.

Elesa went red. “Get out of my room, Nessa! Didn't you see the door number?”

Nessa smiled. “Now, now, don't be like that.” She came to a stop right in front of Elesa, her prodigious chest level with her shorter rival's face. Images flashed through Elesa's mind of burying her face in that fat, latex wrapped pillows—of sinking in Nessa's embrace and—

Blushing, she took a step back.

Nessa chuckled. “I only came to wish you good luck on the runway,” she said, bending down so they were truly face to face. Her boobs, so large even her tight top couldn't contain them, stretched downward to form a pair of jiggly Os.

Bright red, Elesa forced herself to look away. “I don't need luck,” she said, refusing to meet Nessa's gaze.

“Is that so?” said Nessa, standing straight. “Well, in that case, let's leave it all down to talent, shall we? May the best model win.” With that, she turned and left. Her laugh echoed down the hallway for several seconds after, leaving no question as to whom she thought the best model was.

For several seconds, Nessa remained pinned to the spot, simmering in anger. “That—that fat fucking bitch. Thinking she’ll win just because she’s got an hourglass figure! I’ll show her who the crowd are *really* interested in.”

Throwing on her dress, she hurried out of the room.

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The susurrant of the crowd’s whispers rolled down the runway and struck the backstage like a tidal wave of excitement. As the first model in the queue strolled out onto the runway, Elesa tightened her fists and grit her teeth. Just a little more, and it’d be *her* turn to show them all her...

Sonia stood nearby, operating the stage lights and audio equipment. Catching Elesa’s eye, she gave her a thumbs up and a smirk. She looked oddly excited for someone doing a glorified technician’s work, Elesa thought.

Another model went on stage. Elesa took a step towards the curtains. As she did so, a thought occurred to her. Where was Nessa? Wasn’t she supposed to be up next?

The sound of squeaking, straining latex snapped her attention in the direction of the dressing rooms, just in time to catch Nessa entering the area, sashaying her ginormous hips as she strolled through like the queen of the world. The only person she didn’t brush aside was Sonia, with whom she shared a quick wink.

Reaching Elesa, she looked down on her with a smile. “Miss me, darling?”

Elesa gave her a glare. “And where have *you* been? Trying to make up for your outfit by being fashionably late?” She looked Nessa up and down—the water trainer wore her normal gym outfit, complete with a belt of Pokéballs. She didn’t look like she was ready for the stage at all.

“Oh, I just had a few little things to sort out before my big performance,” said Nessa, giving her hair an imperious flick.

Elesa frowned. What the hell did *that* mean?

“Don’t worry—my slot has been moved to the back of the queue. I want to give you all time to enjoy the spotlight before I steal the show.” She chuckled.

Elesa writhed. *This fucking bitch.*

Nessa laughed. “Enjoy the stage, darling. *I* have a few more preparations to make.” And with that, she turned and waltzed away, as if they were chatting at the dry cleaners.

Elesa seethed, but she had no time to stew in it: mere moments later, the announcer called her name, and she had no choice but to take her anger out on the runway. *Just turn it into passion, Elesa. Don't let her get to you.*

Adjusting her outfit, she took a deep breath and made her way out onto the stage, earning a chorus of impressed 'ooo's and plenty of camera flashes. Grinning with pride, she added a little extra spirit to her stride, shaking her hips for the men in the audience. She might not have the assets of Nessa, but that didn't mean she couldn't work with what she'd got.

As they neared the end of the runway, she felt an incredible energy building up inside her. *Yeah, fuck Nessa! Who cares what that curvy slut thinks anyway? You can do this! The crowd loves you! You're Elesa! You don't have to answer to—*

She drew in a deep breath and frowned, heart pounding, face dripping sweat. Wait, no, this wasn't just confidence—she felt like she was going to have a heart attack. What was happening to her?

Her heels clacked to a stop at the end of the runway. She should have turned and walked back to let the next model in line show off, but for some reason she couldn't: her muscles refused to move her legs, as if they'd become strings tugging on an immovable puppet.

That wasn't the worst part. It took her a second, but she soon realized where the energy was coming from. Looking down, eyes trembling in their sockets, she tapped her sex as lightly as possible.

Lightning screamed up Elesa's spine, turning her brain into a thunderstorm of ecstasy. She grit her teeth and screwed up her eyes, struggling not to throw back her head and scream in utter delight. *Wh-what's happening to me?!*

She wasn't the only one afflicted. Behind her, the other models moaned as if they were in the middle of being fingered. Some of them actually were: looking over her shoulder, Elesa found one short-haired woman with her hand up her skirt, and another cupping her boobs as if she wanted to pop them.

What's happening?! thought Elesa. What's happening?!

Disturbed murmurs passed through the crowd, which was clearly beginning to realize this wasn't part of the performance. A pair of paramedics ran towards the catwalk, first aid kits swinging. They made it about halfway before something interrupted them.

With a snap, the enormous screen hanging over the runway lit up. A familiar face filled it, her smile spread in a wide, malicious grin.

Elesa hissed. *Nessa!*

"Hello, everyone!" said Nessa, stepping back to give everyone a wonderful shot of her chest, the fat slut. "I hope you're all enjoying the show, but I'm afraid there's going to be a little change in the script." She smiled. "You see, I've had enough of sharing the catwalk with a

bunch of second-rate Salazzles like this lot.” She gestured broadly at Elesa and the rest of the models. “I think it’s time they assumed their rightful place beneath me. And thanks to some new Pokéball tech... that’s within the realm of possibility. Let’s speed things along shall we?” She pushed a button.

With an electrical crackle, the lights hanging from the ceiling doubled in luminosity. Forcing her eyes up, Elesa realized there was something wrong with them. They weren’t normal stage lights—they looked more like giant Pokéballs.

In a flash, Elesa’s outfit—not just her dress, but everything on her person—vanished, vaporized or else sucked up by the lights. Eyes wide in horror, she tried to cover her exposed body, but it took all the strength she had just to put an arm over her nipples.

As the energy beams worked over them, Elesa found her body tingling intensely, her every cell feeling ready to burst into flame. The fire in her pussy was equally undeniable. Breathing deep, she seized all the strength she had and struggled to do something about it—she needed to sate herself before she went crazy.

Behind her, something moaned, snatching her attention backward. The cry cut off as it reached its peak, and by the time Elesa had turned, she found nothing behind her but a simple pair of panties, bright blue. Exactly the same shade as the hair of the girl who’d been standing there.

To the panties’ right, a red-haired model screamed in lust, fingers dancing desperately between her legs, and her entire body turned the same color as her hair. A second later, she compacted—just like that—into a frilly red bra, perfectly sized to hold Nessa’s...

Elesa paled. No. No! No, if there was one thing she wanted less than anything in the world, it was being part of that slut’s ensemble. Breathing in deep, she struggled to scream. *Let me go, you bitch! Let me go!*

A sudden jolt of pleasure from her sex snapped her gaze to the crowd again. Her pussy was leaking like a Waterfall; her nipples felt as hard as Rock-types. When she tried to speak, all that came out was a moan. Her teeth chattered like a fighting a [ice-type].

Her stomach tingled. Looking down, she found a patch of bright yellow had formed right in its middle. Even as she watched, it spread rapidly outward, spreading over her body like a spilled bottle of dye. As it reached her legs, Elesa found them snapped outward. Screaming, she did the splits, ass slamming into the ground. A fresh bolt of pleasure flew up her form and grounded itself in her head. *F-f-f-fucknnnn~!*

As she grit her teeth and mewled in pleasure, the yellow spread down her legs, and lost all feeling in her feet. Through shaking eyes, she watched as they deflated, falling flat and promptly being sucked into her ankles. In one simple motion, her entire lower legs rolled straight up into her thighs. Elesa screamed.

Her thighs weren’t long for this world either. Collapsing in on themselves, they left her with a pair of stubs and a pussy that burned hotter with the second. As she fought to get her hands

to touch it, it twitched violently and grew, expanding like a fissure, widening into a giant, glistening hole that could have swallowed even Nessa's ridiculous hips.

Her eyes widened—her breathing stopped. *Nononono!*

As her pussy grew into the hem of a dress, Elesa found her head snapped back to look along the catwalk. Where the other models had been lay nothing more than items of clothing: bras and panties and skirts and tops and dresses. Nylons and gloves and even the odd headband. Was... was she the last one left?

She gaped. It took her a second to realize she wasn't doing it in shock. Her mouth didn't merely open, it yawned as if stretching to take in the world, and her arms curled over the widening gap to meet up with her shoulders. She trembled, struggling to pull them free, as she realized it was becoming almost impossible to move. *Nnn~! Stop!*

As her mouth finished growing, the yellowness reached the ends of her body, and she lost the power to move at all. She could only lie there, wanting to scream yet unable, as her body deflated like a punctured balloon, hollowed out and empty. With a feeble sound, like a dropped bag, she sagged, coming to lie flat on the floor. Her arms shriveled into a pair of straps, and a hole appeared opened in her chest—a cute little cleavage window—and with that it was over. She screamed for release, but all she could do was lie there and moan.

The bright lights died, replaced by normal stage lights. The sound of heels against the floor sounded behind her, growing louder clack by clack. A shadow loomed over her. "Isn't this much better?" asked Nessa, her mic reverberating as she spoke.

Looking up at her, Elesa wanted to squeal. Nessa had grown into a giant, her already generous figure swelling into a titan's. She'd never seen a pair of boobs so—woah!

Bending down, Nessa scooped her up like the simple dress she'd become. "Mmm," she said, running her hands over Elesa's new fabric and making her want to moan in the process. "Doesn't Elesa look *lovely* like this? She makes a much better dress than she ever did a gym leader!" She chuckled darkly.

Elesa whimpered. *Why isn't anyone helping me?*

As if to answer, Nessa held her up so the crowd could get a look at her, and in doing so gave Elesa a good look at the *crowd*. Critics and photographers alike watching enraptured, cameras raised and snapping shots as if there were nothing out of the normal.

What are you doing?! Elesa wanted to scream. Help me!

"Look, they love you," said Nessa, turning Elesa to face her and giving her a smug little grin. "And how do you feel, Elesa? Enjoying the chance to contribute to a *real* model's success? You should be grateful for my generosity—the company was going to drop you outright. What's the point in having *two* gym leaders as models, especially when one is *far* more beautiful?" She flicked her hair. "Why don't I try you on?"

Elesa's heart stopped beating. *Nonono! Anything but—*

Still grinning, Nessa folded Elesa in half (planting her face against her butt) and placed her almost kindly on the floor. Blinded by her own transformed ass, Elesa couldn't see what happened next, though she could guess by the gasps from the crowd.

"That's right—enjoy it," said Nessa. "Not many people get to see something like this."

An instant later, Elesa found herself in the air again, dragged by a pair of harsh talons digging into her poor, soft bodice. *Aiii!* She squealed as if someone had pinched her nipples—it was exactly what it felt like.

Spinning her around, Nessa grabbed her by the hem and spread her former pussy wide, making Elesa scream at the sensation of being stretched. *Nnn~! Stop! Let go!*

If she was expecting mercy, alas, she'd asked the wrong person.

"I hope you enjoy this," said Nessa, grinning smugly.

And with that, she forced her head right into Elesa's poor, stretched pussy.

A feeling of fullness so intense she couldn't bear it slammed into Elesa's sex and rippled all the way up her body to (what had been) her head, making her moan like a Bolthund in heat. *Nnn~! Uwah! Get out of me! Get out before I—Nnnnn~!*

Chuckling, Nessa tightened her grip and pulled Elesa down, down, down... Elesa screamed as her pussy wrapped around the model's boobs, struggling to fit over the giant, bloated curves. She squeaked as their nipples dragged against her, poking her fabric flesh like a pair of little knives. *Nnn~! Why did you take off your braaaaa?!*

Nessa's boobs were only a taster of what was to come: as Elesa struggled to adjust, her poor sex-turned-hem came to an abrupt stop at Nessa's hips. She screamed as the gym leader gave her a tug. *Nnn~! Stop! Please, I can't stretch any farther!*

Nessa merely tutted, tightened her grip, and gave another sharp tug. Elesa squealed—it felt as if her pussy were tearing!

Sliding over the curves of Nessa's ass, Elesa groaned. She could *feel* the model's fat ass filling her sex, feel her thighs as the thick logs stretched her wide. As she slid farther down, her fabric even slipped between them. All of a sudden, she had a taste of something sweet and wet and fishy—it took her a second to realize what it was, and a second more to scream in disgust at it. *Urrrghh!*

With a pop, Nessa's head passed through her mouth. Finally, her hem came to a stop just above Nessa's knees, and with a snap, Nessa released her. "Phew!" she said with a little laugh. "That took more effort than I was expecting!"

Elesa wanted to scream. It felt as if Nessa were spearing her from sex to mouth, as if she'd become a simple tube of erogenous flesh for the model's body to fill. And she could feel every part of her—every part, from her fat thighs to her ginormous ass to her disgustingly heavy boobs threatening to pop out of her bodice.

Nnn~! Elesa's body strained with both the physical pressure and the lust. *Nnn, stop! Please! Turn me back!*

"My," said Nessa, looking down at her, "you certainly show off my figure, Elesa." With a smirk, she ran her hands down the front of Elesa's form, cupping her breasts and squeezing tight—Elesa moaned as the model's nipples dug into her. *Nnn~!*

Moving on, she danced her fingers down her form, tipping and tapping as if she wanted to drive Elesa inside. Each little touch started fireworks of delight that danced around Elesa's brain, starting hungers of little fires and leaving her whimpering in the process.

Reaching her hips, Nessa planted her hands on them and cocked them, making Elesa's fabric squeak as it was stretching and compressed. *Ah!*

Chuckling, Nessa moved her hands backward. Slamming into her more than plentiful ass, she squeezed tight, forcing her fingers deep into her flesh, and driving Elesa's fabric down into the fat as she did so.

Nn~! F-fuck stop!

"I bet you're loving this, aren't you, Elesa?" said Nessa, just loudly enough for Elesa to hear. "Do you think I didn't notice the way you look at me? I know you've been waiting to get your hands on my body. As if you deserved it in the slightest." She laughed. "Well, you can be grateful—you've got your wish now, haven't you?"

Pinching Elesa's fabric, she pulled it tight and released it with a snap. Elesa screamed.

Nessa gave her a playful little pat. "Now, time for the next stage of the show. Sonia!"

The curtains opened, and Sonia poked her head out, a big grin on her face. "I can't believe it worked!" she cried, bouncing along the catwalk to Nessa.

Nessa smiled. "Your technology did a *wonderful* job. Who else could have ever imagined that Pokéball technology could be repurposed to turn humans into such delightful garments?"

Looking around, Sonia covered her crotch. "I can't believe they're all... *F-fuck!* It makes me want to..."

A bulge formed in Sonia's jeans like a blister in plastic. Elesa wanted to retch—what that she thought it was?

As Sonia squirmed, looking like she really needed some alone time, Nessa planted a hand on her shoulder. “Why don’t you go ahead?” she said. Elesa could practically hear her eyebrows wiggling.

Sonia blushed. “But there are so many people watching...”

Nessa snorted. “Do you think it matters at this point?”

Sonia swallowed. “I-I guess not.”

When she still didn’t move, Nessa took the initiative for her. “Let me help you,” she said, unzipping Sonia’s fly.

Sonia froze, red-faced and shivering, as Nessa reached into her pants and guided out the twelve-inch cock hidden inside. Elesa could only watch, wishing she could look away. How could such a tiny woman hold such an enormous penis?

With a smirk, Nessa tapped the penis on the tip and traced a finger down its long, veiny length. Pulling away, she licked her finger. “Why don’t we do it like *this*?” she said with a smile.

Before Sonia could ask what she meant, Nessa bent, took her partner’s cock in hand, and guided it straight into Elesa’s cleavage window—*schlup!* As the penis slammed into her, Elesa screamed at the feeling of it. It felt as if Sonia had stuck it right into her anus!

Take it out! Take it out!

Instead, Nessa cupped the side of her boobs and squeezed, tightening the pressure on Sonia’s shaft as she leaned forward and enveloped it.

Nnn~! Take it out!

Ignoring her, Nesa tightened her grip and began to pump, pulling her boobs back before letting them glide straight down Sonia’s shaft again. As Nessa repeated this motion, Sonia gasped, legs trembling. She looked like she might collapse at any second.

To the impressed murmurs of the crowd and Elesa’s silent whimpers, Nessa pumped, pulling her boobs up the length of Sonia’s shaft before slamming them right back down to its base again. It made a *schlap, schalp, schlup* sound that resounded through Elesa’s brain, threatening to make what little sanity she had left crumble.

Each pump, Sonia’s cock got a little harder, a little more rigid. It throbbed, pent-up, and waiting to burst, its tip already spewing ropey globs of pre-cum. When they landed on Elesa’s fabric, she soaked them up with a silent scream, tasting every drop of the awful, sticky substance. *Uwahn! Stop!*

Schlap! Schlap! Schlap!

With a moan, Sonia collapsed. Falling onto her back, she lay there red-faced and panting as Nessa gave her boobs another squeeze (making the pre-cum between them squelch) and leaned in to finish what she'd started. *Schlup!*

Now Nessa worked up, moving up and down the shaft or twice every second, till Sonia's little whimpers of pleasure couldn't be heard over the sound of her fat cock pounding Nessa's tits.

Finally, Sonia burst.

With a scream, she threw back her head and writhed as the dam in her cock burst, as someone turned on the hose and let it spray. Semen poured out of her tip and filled Nessa's cleavage in an instant, spilling over the sides of her boobs and flooding Elesya's fabric. She screamed as it drenched her, mentally writhing at the taste. *No! Noo! Fu-Uuurgh!*

As Sonia fell back and lay there moaning, Nessa smiled and stood, pulling her boobs off Sonia's cock. A thick rope of semen glued the two of them together before snapping, falling to the ground with an exaggerated *splat*.

Nessa smirked. "Oh my," she said, "look how dirty you've made me, Sonia." With a chuckle, she grabbed a fold of Elesya's fabric, making the former model scream as a fresh bolt of ecstasy rolled through her. "Let's fix that."

Tightening her grip, she gave a sharp tug. A blast of intense feeling struck Elesya's mind—she'd thought it was bad trying to take in Nessa's hips, but this... this was a thousand times worse...

As Nessa continued to pull, the sensation became more and more unbearable, till at last Elesya could think of nothing else. She felt as if she were going to burst—as if her mind would be torn in half. *Stop!* She wanted to scream. *Stooooop!*

Rrrrip!

Elesya watched, stunned to mental silence, as her body tore like a cheap rag. It took a second, but a flood of pleasure soon followed—an orgasmic sensation so intense she could only writhe in the confines of her broken body. *Nnnn~! AAAAAHHHH!* It felt as if her every hole had been filled to breaking point.

Smirking, Nessa took the strip of her she'd torn away and used it to casually dab at her own cum-stained cleavage. It didn't take long for her to finish, and by the time she did, Elesya's torn piece was drenched in stuff. Elesya herself, of course, tasted every drop as if it were on her tongue. *Urgh! Urgh! Get it off me!*

"Oh no!" said Nessa, voice high in mock horror. "I've accidentally ruined my beautiful dress. What a shame. Well, I can't keep wearing it now. And with a shrug, she wrenched Elesya off.

Sudden pleasure, unbearably intense, struck Elesya's poor, trapped brain. If being filled had felt good, being emptied... She screamed. It was unbearable!

Lost in lust, she barely even noticed what Nessa was doing. Taking the piece of fabric she'd ripped off Elesa, the gym leader wrapped it around Sonia's dripping cock, earning a moan from her partner as she mopped up the last of the semen like she was wiping up milk.

Nessa stood. "Well," she said, wiping her hands, "I think we finished here. Let's get out of here and find something *decent* to wear. I have an appointment with every news channel worth watching, and I don't want to miss."

With that, she tossed Elesa aside like any dirty rag.

Fluttering to the floor like a discarded piece of trash, Elesa could only lie there and watch, cum-stained and dirty, as her rival turned and marched away without a second thought.