

A crisp, cool wind hurried down through a vast field of grass, rustling each blade and causing them to tickle the two yellow bodies that were relaxing upon them. The sun was beaming down as Plusle snuggled her warm body tightly against her close opposite. Minun continued to lay there silently, hesitant on returning any affection all while attempting to cover his newly reddened face with one of his rather stubby paws. It had been another slow yet comfy summer's day, and the sun had just started to set overhead, turning the sky into an expansive ocean of orange, dotted only by the occasional white puff of cloud.

Plusle had just finished getting comfortable against Minun when a surprisingly loud rumbling noise jolted them both up from the sleepy outing. Their ears twitched nervously as they slowly scanned the area for any potential danger. Minun could feel the tension in his muscles loosening when the rumbling noise came about again, this time followed by a faint groan from Plusle who had placed both her paws over her tummy and moved them in a rotary motion.

Taking notice of the situation, Minun quickly sat back down with a quick huff, gently tapping his head with a paw as he brainstormed for any convenient snacks. His inner conversation was soon interrupted as a burst of laughter erupted from nearby, causing Plusle to hastily jump behind her thoughtful friend and shakily peer out from behind his shoulder. The obnoxious laughter roared close by again, leading Plusle to tighten her grip on Minun to near choking levels.

Shaking Plusle loose, Minun turned to face the direction that the noise was coming from and stopped stiff when he saw two people in the distance unfolding what appeared to be a giant blanket. Dragging Plusle down with him, Minun instinctively crouched low in the grass trying to make their bodies as small and hard to see as possible. The terrible rumbling reared its head yet again and the two Pokémon huddled up tightly in anticipation of being caught. The picnickers continued to talk and laugh amongst themselves and Minun felt his nerves ease up with the realization that the two strangers had yet to notice their presence.

Minun began to lift his body back up and took a closer look at their unexpected guests. His eyes lit up large and wide when he finally noticed that the two chatterboxes had brought with them a moderately sized basket covered by a white and red checkered sheet. Rubbing his paws together, Minun slowly began to ease his way towards his target, only to be latched back by a small, yet surprisingly fast red paw. Plusle stared at him with big uncertain eyes and tugged his arm back while whimpering uneasily. Yanking his arm from her grip, Minun gave Plusle a reassuring pat on the shoulder and one last cocky smirk before running towards his prey, leaving Plusle to stand back and watch worriedly from a distance.

Minun slowed down as he neared his target and stood silently in the grass to examine the situation. He saw that the picnickers were both girls, each dressed in casual yet brightly colored summer attire. The two continued to converse between each other, stopping only to let out an occasional high pitched giggle. It wasn't until the girls broke out into a particularly loud fit of laughter that he seized the moment and hurried to the picnic basket. Gently opening the lid,

Minun peered inside to see what goodies could be found. The basket was full of various commonplace foods such as sandwiches, trail mixes, and packaged fruit. Minun could feel his heart sink as he failed to find any foods that would impress his surely worried friend. He was just about to grab the nearest choice, when a heavenly smell seeped its way into his nose. The scent was very sweet and flavored with the aroma of blueberries. Following his nose, Minun dug deep through the basket's contents and eventually uncovered a peculiar stick which he identified as the source of the smell. Minun could hear the cacophony of laughter outside slowly easing back down to violent gasps for air, and took that as his cue to make a quick getaway. Clumsily pulling himself out of the basket, Minun turned towards the opposite direction and sprinted back to Plusle, huffing as he dragged the scented stick behind him.

Upon seeing his return, Plusle tackled Minun to the ground and began hugging him relentlessly. Wiggling hopelessly in her arms was all Minun could do as his face began to turn blue from the lack of oxygen. Plusle showed no signs of stopping until finally noticing the stick Minun had brought back laying a few inches from where she tackled him. Releasing her grasp, Plusle scurried over the unknown object, leaving her friend limp on the floor and gasping for air. She picked it up to examine the bright blue wrapping and illegible scribbles written all over it, turning it slowly in her paws to find the same set of pictures on the other side. She stared at it with her eyebrows furrowed when a sudden smile perked over her face, followed by a blissful sigh. Plusle held the object close to her nose and took a long hard whiff, falling over with a gleeful giggle as the luxurious scent worked its way down her nostrils. From the ground, Plusle looked up at Minun who had just began to stand himself up, the color now returned to his face.

Sitting herself up as well, Plusle held out the stick towards Minun who had helped himself to a seat right next to her. He stared at it blankly and then pushed it back into Plusle's arms with a warm smile. Plusle could hardly control the huge grin that came upon her face as she hurriedly tore the paper wrapping off the stick, reveling it to be a flat, pink rectangle. Licking her lips, Plusle greedily plopped the candy into her mouth and began chewing with loud sloppy slurps. She continued to chew at it, her cheeks now round and full from the contents inside. A gratifying *mmmmm* escaped from her lips as countless tastes and textures overwhelmed her taste buds. Some were crisp and tangy with a little spice to them; while others were more mellow and creamy, a soupy warm sensation flowing down her throat. While most of these flavors were new to her, there was one taste that Plusle was all but familiar with when it arrived, the taste of blueberries. The fruit's flavors felt very fresh and cool in her mouth, the sweet juices overflowing her cheeks. Plusle's face remained in a blissful daze, her senses overloaded with the *ohhhs* and *awwws* that the sensational gum had to offer. Slowly though, that face of wonder and amazement drooped back down to one of mere disappointment as the flavors all began to fade from her tongue. With one last bitter chew, Plusle finally swallowed the gum and sat down with a sad sigh. She patted her satisfied tummy and Minun breathed a sigh of relief to find that his gift had succeeded in pleasing his friend.

A small belch escaped from Plusle's lips as she plopped her body back down on the soft grass, one paw lying on her tummy, the other sprawled out beside her. Minun joined his friend and laid

himself down next to her, staring at her outward paw. He started to shakily reach for it when a sudden gurgle exploded from Plusle's stomach. She reached over with both paws tightly placed on her midsection, her face scrunched up with pain. Minun immediately jumped up and hurried towards her, an uncomfortable moan seeping from her mouth. He put both his paws on her shoulders trying to figure out what was wrong. That's when he looked down to see a small blue smudge smeared across her belly. Dismissing it as some juice that dribble out of her mouth, Minun stood Plusle up and turned her head so he could see into her eyes, only to find that another blue spot had found its way onto her nose. Plusle felt an unsettling sensation begin to form in her gut as she watched her friend start to back away, his jaw hanging open and eyes wide with shock.

Plusle stood there shivering, unaware to the fact that the blue coloration had not only started to spread, but was also nearly finished in engulfing the entirety of her body. Minun could only stand and watch helplessly as a sudden batch of budge sprouted from Plusle's belly, knocking her forward a few uneasy steps with its force. Finally realizing her predicament, Plusle looked down and jumped slightly at the sight of not only her color swap, but also at the big soft mound that protruded out from bellow her eyes. She began to gently poke at it when another surge caused her belly to roughly double in size. The force of the growth spurt sent her reeling forward and back, this time succeeding in causing her legs to give out as she fell with a thud, her belly sloshing and jiggling simultaneously. She looked up at Minun, tears beginning to peak from her fear laden eyes. Another violent groan roared from her juice filled gut as it began to swell at a moderate, yet constant pace. Plusle turned to look at her backside and gasped when she saw that that rest of her torso had begun rounding out as well. Pushing down on her tummy fruitlessly, Plusle felt the grass tickling her crotch as it swelled up from bellow her, eventually swallowing both her legs and stealing their jobs as it now supported her still growing body. Plusle was nearly twice her original height by this point. Her body continued to round out more and more as the rest of her now swollen limbs were gradually sucked into the expanding mass. Her cheeks soon followed suite, becoming as tight and full as the rest of her, with the occasional static jolt erupting from them. Plusle let out a few coughs before a sudden stream of violet colored juice started flowing from her lips and down her front side, limiting any form of speech to muffled gurgles. Her belly had grown unbearably tight, the stretched out skin shimmering in the late summer's day.

With her inconspicuous growth finally ceasing to a halt, the world seemed to have shrunk before Plusle's very eyes. Minun especially, who was once a few inches taller, now had to look up at an angle as her body towered over him. From her current state, Plusle could see the entirety of the green plains, which were as vast and endless as the sky. While Plusle was enjoying the bird's eye view, Minun was left with a very different perspective on the situation. Slowly scooting his way closer to Plusle, a sudden wind burst from behind her swollen frame, causing it to menacingly teeter above him. Minun froze, startled by how delicate her body actually was, despite its tremendous size. Continuing on, he gently placed a paw onto her taught skin and gave it a gentle push, managing to dig his paw a good half inch in as the juices sloshed from the disturbance.

Looking over to examine the juice stream that flowed down her midsection, Minun dabbed his paw into the sticky substance and carefully lifted it up towards his nose. Unsurprised to find that it had the exact same scent as the stick before, he quickly wiped it back onto Plusle's body. With the only sound being the flowing of the juice, Minun felt a slight unease in his stomach when he looked up once more, unable to see Plusle's head past her robust frame. Fearing the worst, he gave another jab into her body in hopes of receiving some type of reaction. Failing to garner a response, Minun hastily decided to give her one last tackle, the hardest tackle that he could possibly muster. After slowly backing up, he launched out towards her and upon impact; Minun was sent flying back from the rebound, landing with a hard smack a few feet away. Slowly, Minun groggily lifted himself up, his head spinning from the hard landing. Before he could begin messaging his throbbing temples, one look up and Minun could see that his tackle had actually caused Plusle's entire body to start leaning backwards. He watched in awe struck terror as she helplessly toppled over, much like a tree to the axe. With a loud wet smack, her body now laid horizontally, her stubby feet and tail left dangling out from the swollen mass.

Minun wasted no time as he rushed towards his immobile friend. Using her feet as a boost, he quickly scuttled up onto her belly, the juices sloshing as he toppled over her plush mounds. Once securely on top, Minun laid down on his midsection for support and began crawling forward towards her head. Plusle's body felt very and cushy and warm under him, her tummy rumbling slightly as faint gurgles leaked through. Minun could feel his face begin to heat up as he continued his way across her cozy body, the watery mass rubbing up against his underbelly.

Upon finally completing the long trek, Minun peeked meekly over her mellow frame. Looking down, he saw that Plusle's neck had disappeared as well. Her head poked out of from the rest of her swollen form, much like how a child's head would poke out from a rather deep body of water. An excruciating weight evaporated from his shoulders when he saw that her face was as lively as ever. Tears were still flowing from her tightly shut eyes, as well as the juices still leaking from her mouth. Plusle let out the occasional wet whimper, which along with her bloated cheeks, gave her the appearance of an upset puffer fish.

Minun put both his paws over his mouth and gave out a quick call down towards her. Plusle's ears twitched slightly and she opened her eyes to see her friend hovering over her, a sheepish smile lining his face. He waved modestly and reclined slightly behind her tummy, hiding all but his guilt filled eyes. Violent sparks began spurting from Plusle's cheeks. She growled silently to herself, one half of her subconscious wanting to strangle him, the other half wishing he'd just go away and leave her alone. Minun could feel her already tight body tense up even more beneath him as she started baring her juice stained teeth, the sparks still surging from her cheeks.

Taking the hint, Minun fully slipped out of her sight and crawled back onto her midsection. Turning onto his backside, he stared bleakly into the now darkening sky. Crickets were the only thing to taint the now still field around them. Whether or not the picnickers from before had even noticed the events prior to their departure, or just simply chose to ignore it was anybody's

guess. Minun sighed somberly, tears beginning to line his eyes as well. He curled up on his sides, a slight stabbing sensation tearing out from under his chest. A lazy yawn roared from his mouth, his eyelids beginning to droop as he motionlessly laid upon the cushioned warmth beneath him. With the realization of just how tired he was, Minun took one last look up towards Plusle, managing to make out a faint whimpering from above. Minun was hesitant on whether or not he should leave her alone like this, but deep down he knew how much she wanted to do with him at this point. So as to abide to her wishes, Minun gently closed his eyes and let himself drift off to sleep, leaving the woes of the world to wait until morning.

The sun's beams began to filter through some passing clouds, just in time for dawn. Minun could feel his eyelids twitch as the morning rays shone down on them, a subdued chirping ringing some distance away. With a jaded yawn, he slowly forced his eyes open, shielding them with his arms from the sun's obnoxiously cheerful streams of light. Sitting himself up, Minun gave his body a long stretch which ended with him plopping himself back onto the surprisingly comfy make shift bed. The juices sloshed irritably under him, sending the memories of yesterday's endeavors trickling back into his skull. With a harsh gruff, Minun went to roll back onto his side, and ended up falling over instead. He landed face first with a hard snap, the grass tickling his nose as he groggily lifted his head up. He stood himself up with dazed steps, teetering back and forth as the world spun violently around him. After shaking his consciousness back into place, Minun looked up at Plusle, a thin smile etching across his face upon what he saw.

There was no denying that Plusle, while still quit formidable in size, had without a doubt shrunken back down a good few inches. How exactly, Minun was still unsure, but that was the last thing on his mind as he excitedly hurried behind Plusle and climbed back on top of her, the same way as before. Similar to yesterday's fashion, Minun scooted across the large blue surface until he leaned out over Plusle's face. Looking down, he could see that her cheeks were still damp with last night's tears, and that the juice stream was still spilling out of her lips, although not as rapidly as before. Examining the moderately sized blue puddle that surrounded her head, Minun couldn't help but giggle to himself as he pieced together that the juice must have been leaking from her mouth all night.

Minun began to fiercely jump up and down on top of Plusle, attempting to get her awake. It wasn't long before her eyes shot open, a resentful look forming over the bags that lined them. Minun attempted to explain what had happened last night while they slept, only for it to come out as breathless babbles in all his excitement. Plusle tilted her head as best she could through the flesh that now covered her neck. Taking in deep breaths, Minun tried again, this time with success as Plusle's eyes lit right up past her previous haziness. She had already started to envision herself as the same perky, happy, friendly, little Pokémon she used to be, back before she became the ten-foot tall ambiguous blob she was today.

Without hesitation, Plusle was quick to ask how they could speed up the supposed leaking process. Minun stopped dead in his tracks upon hearing the question. He fell back onto Plusle, his ears twitching as he rattled his brain for an answer. He already knew that the juice was leaking out naturally on its own; all he had to do was think of a way to make it flow out faster. And that's when it hit him. Leaning over one last time, Minun hastily began to describe his plan to Plusle. Her face twisted with uncertainty, but after a moment's consideration, she finally nodded in agreement, a bold smile crossing her face.

Returning the nod, Minun positioned himself dead-center on top of Plusle's midsection. With a deep breath, he began to bounce himself up and down on the blubbery surface, ripples flowing across it with each landing. The juices sloshed inside her almost rhythmically after each consecutive bounce. Before long, Plusle could start to feel herself gagging, until a strong stream of juices started to flow out of her mouth. The juice began to run freely again, intensifying in brief surges as Minun went on bouncing.

And so Minun continued bouncing, forcing the juice out of her like toothpaste from its bottle. He bounced on her nonstop, pausing momentarily only to catch his breath and to allow Plusle a short break from the never ending impacts. The bouncing marathon would proceed well into the late afternoon, until Minun landed for the last time, unable to bounce another bounce. Minun had come close to finishing the job and returning Plusle to her former glory, albeit a wee bit chubbier and marked permanently with a deep shade of blue.

Minun rested on top of Plusle silently; both their noses being a few mere inches away from each other. Looking into her eyes, Minun grinned tenderly as he saw that same perky spark that had inhabited them previously, an appreciative smile staring out from under them. Minun gently eased himself off of her, her belly now reaching a measly half foot from the ground. Plusle's limbs had now become visible again, and with a stress filled heave, Minun was barely able to push her up onto her feet again.

Feeling the grass under her feet, Plusle shivered viciously as she became overrun with excitement. In her joy filled frenzy, she quickly pulled Minun up into a big, tight hug pushing him up against her still slightly pudgy body.

After releasing him from her grasp, Plusle set Minun gently back onto the ground, laughing as they both caught themselves staring at each other. As she gazed into his eyes, an overwhelming, and equally unexpected sensation came about her, one she had never felt until this very moment. Losing control of all reason and rationality, Plusle immediately pulled Minun up to give him a long and very passionate kiss on the lips. Minun's face became as red and hot as a chili pepper, and Plusle could feel her cheeks rapidly heating up as well. After delicately separating their lips, Plusle looked into Minun's eyes and enveloped him with an even tighter hug, another set of tears lining her eyes. It didn't matter how tightly she hugged him though, as his body practically melted in her arms, becoming as limp as a loose branch off a tree.

---

A crisp, cool wind hurried down through a vast field of grass, rustling each blade causing them to tickle the two yellow bodies that were relaxing upon them. The sun was beaming down as Plusle snuggled her warm body tightly against her close opposite. Minun continued to lay their silently, both their paws connected firmly as they cuddled up close to each other.

The sky turned orange as the sun started to set beyond the horizon, same as it always had. Plusle brushed her head up against Minun's gingerly, in which he responded by giving her another quick peck on the cheek. They both giggled softly and Minun took a deep breath as he looked back up towards the sky, embellished in what he could only have dreamed of before.

All was right in the world as the sun soon closed up shop for the day. An owl hooted softly in the distance. A cricket chirped cheerfully nearby. And another blue smudge had started to form right on top of Minun's nose as he laid there, unaware of the future events that were to soon come.