Bimbofy the Champion!

(Cynthia/Aaron, bimbofication, transmasc and cis woman, drugplay, humiliation, body worship, boobs)

Damn it! Not again.

Frustration raged in Aaron's head as he watched his final team member fall to the ground, once again at Garchomp's lack of mercy. Aaron knew it wouldn't be his lucky day when Cynthia's Spiritomb had landed a critical hit on its first blow. But even then, he was optimistic - *I can turn this around! It'll be okay! The battle isn't near over yet!* All lies, of course.

No matter how many times he tried, he could *not* beat Cynthia.

Deep down, he knew he shouldn't be too surprised. Cynthia was world infamous for ending the win streaks of hundreds of trainers who stood before her. One report read that she had the highest win streak of any Champion who had ever reigned in the Sinnoh region. Aaron loved his team, but even he couldn't deny its weak defenses.

"That was a good match," Cynthia said, giving Aaron a smile. Aaron knew she was genuine - for some reason, that frustrated him even more. It really *wasn't* a good match - in fact, Aaron's team went down even faster than usual. "You're truly the best Bug trainer I can imagine meeting."

Aaron clenched his fists. "Right," he tried to hide his frustration, "thank you." Cynthia was being kind. He knew that. Amongst her many other sought-after traits - one being her incredible figure - Cynthia was honest. She wouldn't lie to Aaron. And yet, he couldn't get out of his head, the way other trainers pushed back him like *he* was a bug himself.

The difficulty difference between Cynthia and Aaron was almost physically visible. One trainer was feared, revered, and admired. The other trainer was Aaron.

Cynthia could read his face. God damn it, why did she have to be good at everything. "Listen," she spoke softly, "you are an excellent trainer, Aaron. And Bug Pokemon have their many strengths."

Aaron smiled bitterly. He knew where this was going. "But the majority of them are..." Cynthia looked for the right word. "Vulnerable."

Aaron closed his eyes and forced a smirk to hide his annoyance. "Yeah." The gears began to turn in his head, powered by the years of frustration and humiliation he endured for daring to use an underused type. What the hell gave Cynthia the fucking right to be talented, smart, and so much stronger than Aaron could hope to be?

Aaron's mind began to tread into territory he never wanted to think of.

For the longest time, Aaron had the most obvious crush on Cynthia. In fact, one of his main reasons for applying for the Elite Four was to be closer to her. Who could blame Aaron? Cynthia looked like a goddess. She was a goddess to some.

Maybe...

Maybe if she wasn't so powerful...

Maybe if she wasn't so intelligent... so talented... so dignified...

Aaron always shut down his lewd fantasies. But hearing Cynthia finally insult the Bug type was the straw that broke his poor back.

He lusted after Cynthia, for sure. And nothing would be hotter than seeing her on her knees, fallen from grace, begging in front of Aaron's crotch like a dumb slut.

Aaron swallowed. He wasn't actually going to try this. Was he? Yes. He was. "Cynthia," he started just as the champion was about to turn and leave, "could we... sit, for a minute?"

Cynthia cocked her head. "Well... we should get back to our stations, they're going to open the doors again."

"Come on," Aaron urged. His boycunt twitched with need. He'd rather listen to that than Cynthia's voice of reason. "It won't take long. I just want to... well... hear you some more."

There were probably better ways to word that. But for some reason, Aaron's voice cracked a blush on Cynthia's face. "I... I suppose we can sit for a minute."

Aaron smiled. *Good girl,* he spoke internally in his head. His eyes glanced over to the walls, lined with bottles. Empty bottles. Bottles that looked empty.

Luckily, the two seats were already placed there. Aaron thanked himself for conveniently placing them there. One vial caught his eye the most. "Thanks, Cynthia." Soon, she'd be the one thanking him.

The two walked over to the admittedly cozy corner. Aaron took off his necklace - a light green pyramid made out of leaf stone fragments. It wasn't a pendulum, but it could work. It was shiny, alluring, and tied in with the hypnotic voice Aaron trained...

"Hey," he looked to the door. "Did you hear someone knocking?"

Cynthia narrowed her eyes. Aaron, for a split second, thought she wouldn't buy it. "No... but let me check. We still have 30 minutes until we open again." She walked over to the front doors. Aaron sighed in relief as he quickly, quietly, pulled a jar of sleep powder from the wall.

He twisted the top open, placed his pendulum in it, swirled it around, and then closed it before the powder could get to him. He closed the vial and sat down innocently just before Cynthia came back.

"Maybe it was a prank," Cynthia suggested. Aaron smirked. Maybe she wasn't as smart as everyone believed. Aaron's body vibrated with excitement, ready to truly take her a notch down.

Cynthia sat down across from Aaron. "So," she started, "what did you want to talk about?"

Aaron slowly held the pendulum up. Cynthia raised a suspicious eyebrow, but her eyes followed it. "I just wanted you to hear me out. About the type I use, but moreover, the type of person I'd like to use."

"Huh?" Cynthia murmured.

"Don't worry about it," Aaron brushed off her concerns. "See, the kind of person I enjoy being with just looks at this pendulum. Her eyes planted on it. Watching it swing back and forth. Staring into the light, just like you're doing, right now."

Cynthia slowly nodded. "Right..."

"The kind of person I'd like to use... she just takes a deep breath. In and out." Cynthia obeyed the covert order, inhaling slowly. Aaron's smirk widened as Cynthia unknowingly breathed in the hypnotizing, disarming gas.

"That's right," Aaron spoke softly, soothingly, "you don't fully get what's going on. That's okay. You don't have to be smart and powerful and... competent, all the time."

"Hmm?" Cynthia murmured. Her eyes fluttered, struggling to stay open.

"Don't worry," Aaron continued, "I'll take good care of you. I'll help you see that you might enjoy being..." he chose his words carefully, "a ditzy, dumb, blonde bimbo, instead of the revered goddess people *think* you are."

Cynthia's eyes narrowed, her face scrunching up. "Aaron, that doesn't..."

"Doesn't sound too bad," Aaron held the pendulum close to Cynthia's face, "right? That's what you were going to say."

Cynthia paused. Aaron waited as the Champion quietly put the pieces together in her head. Eventually, a dumb, droopy smile crossed her face. "Yes," she accepted, "that sounds... nice..."

"Better than nice," Aaron leaned back and began to unbuckle his belt. "It's hot. Isn't it?"

"Hot...?"

"Yeah," Aaron pulled down his tights. His strap-on began to bulge out of his crotch. Internally, he was grateful he chose that particular one in the morning; he didn't plan it, but things just happened to work in his favor. "It's so hard all the time, thinking through battles, choosing the best strategy... It's all just so much thinking. And thinking is hard, right?"

Aaron held up the pendulum higher. Cynthia drooled as her eyes struggled to follow it. "Thinking... hard..."

"Mhmm." Aaron pulled down his pants, the thick, large, green strap bouncing out. It was his favorite. Sure, Aaron could have gone with standard packers, but that was so *_boring_*. Having a semi-realistic vibrating dildo pinned to his waist, on the other hand? Much better. Doubly so, as the harness underneath his boycunt had some special features, too. "Thinking is hard. Getting on your knees, though, and just being a dumb slut? Isn't that much more fun?"

Cynthia's smile widened. Her body lifted itself only slightly, climbing off the chair and kneeling in front of Aaron's strap. "Fun... yeah..."

Aaron was almost going to get her to start sucking her off. But he didn't. Something felt off. Cynthia... looked like she was enjoying this, wasn't she? But... Aaron didn't think everything through. What was she going to do when she woke up? "Cynthia?" he asked gently.

"Yeaaah?" She slurred out.

"Are you... enjoying this?" he asked weakly, running his fingers down his strap-on. "Are you enjoying being turned into a dumb bimbo? Being treated like a toy I can get off on?"

Cynthia closed her eyes, trying to think. It took her a moment, but eventually she responded, "yeah," with a chuckle, "this... is fun..."

"And... you like *me* doing this to you?"

"Mhmm," Cynthia's eyes lowered, locking with Aaron's strap. Her jaw hung slightly agape. "You're cute... hot..." Aaron flushed, a rush of euphoria running through his body. "I want... to be your bimbo toy," Cynthia giggled.

Aaron grinned. *_That_* was the exact confidence boost he needed. Cynthia... did she want this, too, this entire time? It didn't matter. Here they were, alone, and this was what both of them wanted. "All of your intelligence, then," he spoke in his newfound hypnotist voice, "feel it fade away. Replaced with an insatiable need for pleasure. To be used. To be treated like the bimbo plaything you are. Of course, we won't keep you like this forever. At the snap of a finger, you'll be right back to who you usually are. And with another snap, you'll be on your knees, as a dumb, giggly, ditzy bimbo."

"Mhmm..." Cynthia giggled. "Ditzy... bimbo..." She moved closer. Closer to Aaron's strap. Her face was all ready to get fucked.

Aaron gently lifted the strap, coaxing her on. "It'll feel good, for you, too," he spoke, "to feel yourself being used, fucked, manhandled. Even just sucking my strap-on - sucking *any* kind of figure - it will feel so, so good to you. Better than any victory, better than any adventure, better than anything. In this state?" Cynthia was listening. Her mouth began to wrap around Aaron's faux dick. "It will feel like heaven."

Cynthia moaned around Aaron's strap, taking it deep into her mouth. She moaned lightly, rubbing her legs together. The faster she pleasured Aaron's strap, the faster her pleasure built. Her eyes scrunched up, her movements fastened, she took all of Aaron in. Aaron set off the vibrations, both in the harness and in the strap on. That only made the pleasure built exponentially, for both of them.

Aaron slowly grabbed onto Cynthia's head. He grabbed a fistful of her luscious, long blonde hair. And then he pushed her further onto his strap, deepthroating her. "And you want to climax, don't you?"

"Mhmm," Cynthia moaned around him, choking as Aaron hit her gag reflex.

"But you won't," Aaron continued breathily, "until I say so. Right?"

Cynthia whimpered. "Mhmm..."

Aaron gasped for air as he leaned back, leaning into the pleasure. His eyes bulged as his body got ready to break. "Cynthia," he spoke, trying to hold in his own orgasm. "Do you feel powerful right now?"

Cynthia lightly shook her head. It seemed she was getting lightheaded. That was alright. She didn't seem like she wanted to stop. "Do you think," Aaron continued, "that I'm more powerful than you?"

It took her a moment to think. Aaron's heart nearly sank. And then she answered with a "yes." Her voice was muffled completely by Aaron's strap, but he heard it all the same.

Aaron's grin widened from ear to ear. "Then," he said, as he allowed his own climax, "you may cum."

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A few days later, and a few *_conversations_* later, Aaron and Cynthia wound up alone in the same room. This time, Cynthia's chambers, a place in which most trainers would struggle to stay calm.

But not Aaron. Aaron knew his place. And so did Cynthia.

"Did..." Cynthia blushed. "You want a battle, Aaron?"

Aaron smirked. "Yeah," he responded. "A different kind, though."

Before Cynthia could ask anymore questions, Aaron snapped his fingers. Cynthia let out a soft gasp, as her eyes fluttered and a giggle escaped her lips.

"I want," Aaron began, "to see you try to resist me."

"Like, okay!" Cynthia immediately lost the battle, and soon ended up in front of Aaron, pleasuring him once again. Just like she was made to.