

## Temp Job: Celebration

Marilla takes a deep breath the rubber mask around her head squeezing tighter around her. The round filters hiss but most of the air flooding into the tight embracing rubber is from the front a thin tube connects to the connection port, which is then fed to another rubber gas mask, worn by Gnaria. The salazze releases her intoxicating aroma into her mask, flooding it down into the salandit who squirms and moans in the rubber, her body nestled up between her Mistress' legs, feeling the hot wet sex against her back, while the salandit's sex is gently teased and rubbed by a single finger from Gnaria that gently runs across the salandit's dripping vent.

"Breath in deep my lovely salandit. Feeling the pleasure rush through you, watch the tantalizing movie as I put through such trepidation of an impending climax from the slow and teasing delights before you, that you'll only want it to happen all the more," says Gnaria, before them is a detailed BDSM lesbian salazze on salazze pornographic movie.

Marilla moans deeply, her sex twitching hips bucking into her Mistress' touch, toes curling, her eyes locked on the screen, feeling the intoxicating haze of her Mistress' aroma, the lens of the gas mask hood glowing softly. She feels the warm loving embrace of her Mistress around her, causing her to squirm and wiggle. The pleasure tingling through her folds, the tender loving modest bondage one salazze had the other in, the views of the one girl overtaking the other, while her sex was teased further, adding even more pleasure through her body as she watched the display of two female lovers.

All the while Marilla's own arms were tied into a latex arm binder behind her back, leaving her more helpless, forcing her to focus on the touch across her shiny form that though didn't squeak like her mask or the arm binder, was sensitive more so as another wave of Mistress' toxic arousing fumes flowed into her mask.

"Such a lovely girl. My *girl*," Gnaria said with a soothing, domineering yet loving tone of voice, keeping her pinned right up against her body, making the salandit feel the twitching wet sex of hers, feeling the pulsating heat from it and when Marilla squirmed it gently rubbed and pleased her too, "You know..." she added, gently trailing her fingertip along Marilla's wet dripping vent, "I've talked to the Mistress the other day."

Marilla visible tensed, arousal building up a little higher, she looks up at her Mistress.

Gnaria quickly pulls her gaze back toward the porno that just tries to draw her attention in, the lewd hypnotic sways of the salazze hips, the way each move is done is so elegant and alluring, "Sorry Mistress," she responds, her words muffled by the mask.

"She is pleased with your progress. You're getting close toward meeting her evolution requirements," she explained.

The salandit twitched, and moaned, the thought of pleasing the Mistress caused her to visibly react in the most positive ways, like enjoying the taste of your favorite meal, her mind flooded with serotonin, impacting the impression even more, "S-she is?" she shudders.

Gnaria nods licking her finger, cleaning off Marilla's lustful juices before driving her finger into the salandit's sex, feeling her little one eagerly milk the digit, "She is, though she has noticed how you have taken an emotional interest in that recent full time hire of hers."

"Arrcrao?!" Marilla tenses more, "H-he's sweet and nice. A bit shy and nerdy but there's something about him that I really enjoy Mistress..." she lowers her head till Gnaria adjusts her head to look straight at the movie, sending butterflies within her belly.

"He's a good worker and has done well after all to get a full-time position here last week. And only after four months of employment? That's rather good. The Mistress does love hard workers at her casino," she says, her fingers going a bit deeper into Marilla.

She moans, squeezing her Mistress' finger, her warm juices flowing out of her warm slit, begging for that finger to go deeper, feeling that embrace of her larger loving Mistress around her, the heat of her sex against her back, telling her how deep in this intimate moment they are, as they enjoy the movie, "H-he is."

"The Mistress is not against love of any kind as you know... she encourages it... But..." she pulls her finger out of Marilla's sex, letting it drip over the salandit's body as the little one pants heavily, body aching in overloaded pleasure, on the edge of a climax, "You are becoming one of the Mistress' salazzles. You know what that means. The commitment that takes."

"I-I know. The Mistress is so wonderful," she moans softly feeling pleasure rise within her upon thinking about that one salazzle, "I-I can't help who I connect with..."

Gnaria smiles looking down at Marilla loving her head so she can look up into her eyes, "The Mistress knows that. And respects love real that is true," she runs her finger across Marilla's sex, "I'm sure you won't mind that love is tested right?"

Marilla pants, moaning softly toes curling, wiggling in her bondage, legs closing but are then forced apart by Gnaria's strong powerful hand, a single finger running across her sex again, "The Mistress knows about your date tomorrow with him."

Marilla shudders and twitches, bucking up against the fingers, growing stiff upon hearing her Mistress' words, "M-mistress."

"You know the Mistress requested *me* to see her today? And we had such a wonderful chat," Gnaria says, reaching down to unhook the gas mask, the front auto seals, with a little round connection in the front that allows items to be attached to it, such as another filter, hoses, and so forth.

"Y-yes Mistress?" she asks body tensing more, pleasure bubbling up within her.

"Oh yes, it was so lovely, that I lost myself up there a bit, and after some discussion on what to do about you... it was decided we... or I should say *she* will give you a little bit of help to clear your mind, and gain understanding of just who you are, and who you want to be and who to be with."

Marilla swallows a lump in her throat, unsure what to make of this, her body burning with pleasure, feeling so good yet her little heart raced, feeling as if it was about to leap out of her chest unsure what to make of her Mistress' words, not knowing what to expect, adding to a

building anxiety as she watches Gnaria's hand reach behind her, pulling out a case which she opens with one hand.

"The Mistress rarely bothers with interests past her lovelies, which you are working yourself up to be. But then... perhaps she does, wanting only those that meet her gorgeous standards to be near her. After all she does have such refined tastes that are so hard to satiate, wouldn't you agree with my lovely Marilla? My sweet pet."

Marilla pants heavier, the mask inflating and deflating with each in and out, the filters hissing loudly, eyes locked on her Mistress hands, pulling out a glass vial that swirls with a condensed gas that forms a few droplets here and there. The swirl is purple, pink and blue that is only visible simply due to the concentration of what's inside. The salandit squirmed and moaned, wiggling, panting, torn between excitement and total fearful stricken anxiety, recognizing just what that is. Unsure just how she'd react to it.

Gnaria twirls the vile in her sleek shiny rubbery-like fingers, "Ah, you know what this is, don't you?" she asks while she sniffs the vail, shuddering, her sex oozing more warm intoxicating juices onto Marilla's back, "The Mistress' special brew, made herself from her intoxicating aroma. So very pure, so concentrated... well it's sure to be interesting, don't you think so my lovely pet?" she asks, her other hand now gently rubbing around Marilla's heated sex, giving it a moment to cool and relax.

Marilla swallows a lump in her throat, eyes locked on the vail, watching it be brought closer to her gas mask, her breathing growing deeper, the mask inflating and deflating faster, hissing louder.

"Someone is excited? The Mistress is rather curious how this test will turn out. Shall we begin?" she asks, bringing the one end of the vail toward the front of Marilla's mask, allowing her to see that it's been designed to fit and lock perfectly into it.

The salandit squirmed and wiggled within her bondage even more. Part of her wanting to escape, another eager to get just a fraction of what's in there, while another is fearful of just how she'd react to it. In the end all her wiggling did was have her grind up against her Mistress' warm and welcoming sex, wetting her backside with her Mistress' juices.

Gnaria caresses and holds Marilla's head still, bringing vail to the slot in the front of the mask. Marilla shudders, breathing growing hotter, heavier, yet still unable to fog the lenses that glow a soft blue, that draw her eyes to the swirl of colors within the vial. It is almost hypnotic and then it slips in, and with a simple twist it locks into place. Flooding her mask with a fraction of what's within the glass tube, but it was as if she was right on top of the Mistress, breathing in her intoxicating mind-numbing aroma.

Every nerve in Marilla's body was a light with activity. Her brain surged with a cocktail of chemicals that drove her wild. Her eyes dilated; her attention drawn deeper into the pulsating colors before her eyes. Her body quivers, hips grinding hard against Gnaria's tender hands that gently kneed and massage the skin around her sex. Yet even this was beyond what she could handle. Her heart raced, pleasure surged and built up within her. Instincts running wild, her gaze locked forward on her Mistress' hand teasing her body, around her exposed sex that

quivered and begged to be touched, while in the background the lesbian display of two salazzle lovers continued to play. It was simply too much for her to even fully comprehend all the lustful delights. With the second breath, another dose of the Mistress' aroma flooding her mask, flowing into the very core of her mind, a dangerously addictive intoxicating experience that didn't push her over the edge. It launched her into the abyss of forbidden pleasures that should not be possible to know on this plane of existence.

Marilla bucked hard, toes curling, tail wiggling between her legs and that of her Mistress. The salandit tried to close her legs but they were kept wide by the end fingers of Gnaria's hand, while the inner digits kept the salandit's sex exposed as it gushed and squirted out her female juices. A climax so hard that she felt she was going to cramp up as every muscle in her body was pushed toward this climactic end. Her clear liquids jettisoned out, landing on the lower half of Gnaria's tail that curled up between their legs and then drove itself into Marilla's sex.

Not even able to recover from the climax, Marilla gasped at the exquisite pleasure she felt, her senses flooded by another whiff of the Mistress' essence. She climaxed again, even harder than before. Any juices not expelled from within her hot wet sex was now done so, coating Gnaria's tail, making it slicker, shinier, allowing it to penetrate even deeper, drilling into Marilla the unbelievable and seeming untenable position she's in to resist the Mistress and the life she offers. The deepest oceans of lust, the highest mountains of delight, all presented before her now, and the purity of her lesbian relationship with her Mistress. The love and tender care, yet the potent bond formed through an even stronger and more inhiberating relationship and service to the Mistress. Reminding her of everything she's striving for, wanting, and so desperately desired and accepted of who she is when she started this journal seemingly so long ago.

Gnaria watched her salandit squirm with unparalleled delight, feeling a little envious of her, that she is experiencing the Mistress' scent like she is now, but knowing this is all part of what the Mistress wants, and what she wants, she gets, "No need to rush my lovely. There's enough in there to last a few hours. And the Mistress told me not to let you go, till you used up the entire bottle," she said to Marilla, who just now realized this entire mind-blowing experience has only been... three breathes. A little over a minute has passed and she's already climaxed two of the biggest climaxes she's had in her entire life. This is going to be a night she was never going to be able to forget.

The next day Arrcrao is busy polishing the salazzle toys. He hums to himself looking at the time, feeling a little spring in his step yet in the back of his mind he felt nervousness and worry, "*Marilla hasn't shown up today. She said she was working... I hope she's alright,*" he thinks, the unique red and yellow scaled winged dragon with his particular toes and hands, giving him a slightly more salamander look that led him to landing a job here at the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino, rather than the Golden Dragon Egg casino just down the street. A mistake that he's all too happy with given the unbelievable time he's had working here.

The dragon's mind is a buzz with thought. Excitement, worry, concern, the anxiety of what is going to happen next. The minutes ticking by till he's done with his morning work shift,

giving him most of the afternoon to enjoy with Marilla, but most importantly giving him the hour of preparation, he needs to make the best impression he can.

When all was said and done, dropped off via taxi at the casino main lobby. Dressed in “nice” clothes, given that he’s wearing shorts and a short-sleeved shirt. Their dinner date was a casual place set up on a beach that she picked out. A bag in one hand with swim gear and a towel for beach fun activities, and a bouquet of flowers in the other. He fidgets and shifts on his feet as he waits by the Mistress themed water fountain. The trickle of water was barely able to calm him from the pit that is forming in his stomach.

“Were these too much? I hope they weren’t too much... I bet this is too much,” he says to himself, looking at the flower mix of blues, pinks and reds. None of them roses or something that fancy, but a nice mix he thought looks pretty. He grips the base of the flowers, sighing, “I hope these weren’t too much. But where is she going to put them? Gah, how could I be so stupid!” he huffs, wings fluttering, shoulders slumping.

He looks at the time, “She should be soon... I hope she’s alright. Or didn’t forget... maybe something came up? I hope not. I’m sure everything is fine. She was the one that suggested this celebration of my full-time employment to the casino. Why would she ask and not show?” he asks himself, thinking through it all in my head.

“Perhaps I should have asked... and she’s bothered she had to? Or is this the part where the girl makes the guy wait? But we have... no we don’t have reservations. This is a beach restaurant that serves you food right on the beach. They have all the space in the world. Why would they need a reservation? Do they take reservations? Should I have checked? I should have checked...”

“You’re early,” says Marilla, snapping Arrcrao right out of his mental gymnastics stupor, causing him to slightly jump, “Are you okay?” she asks, walking up to him with a smile, dressed in a simple blue and pink shirt, with a collar that matches the Mistress’, the owner of the casino, colors. Strapped across her side is a strap that holds a duffle bag she keeps to her side, her hand gently running across it.

“I’m good!” he squeaks, “Great even. How are you? I was worried, when you didn’t show up for work today.”

Marilla looks up at him. Her tail sways slowly, hands behind her back as she leans in closer to him, “Sorry about that... I had a long night last night... I was given the morning off as compensation.”

“Oh... I hope everything is okay?”

“Yeah, everything is fine,” she replies, looking over him, “So what do you have there?” she asks curiously.

“Oh! Oh! I’m sorry. This is for you. I hope you like them. I thought as this is a date... I think. That I should bring you something nice. I’m told girls like flowers. You do like them I hope?” he asks nervously, handing her the bouquet that is almost as big as her. Marilla wraps her arms around them, the bag holding the flowers crinkle loudly.

Marilla looks over them, smelling the sweet aroma feeling in the back of her mind that the scent was missing something, but was by no means bad. She gives a big smile, giving the flowers a tighter squeeze, “These are great. Thank you. You shouldn’t have.”

Arrcrao gives a visible sigh of relief, “It was nothing. After all you have done, I’m happy to offer something back. I will say you’ve been the best boss I’ve ever had. But I hope this doesn’t make anything awkward for us... does it? I hope it doesn’t.”

“If what happened a few weeks ago didn’t make things awkward between us, nothing will,” Marilla responds with a playful wink.

The dragon feels a shiver run down his spine, the memory of those events playing in the back of his mind, making him shift on his feet, taking a deep breath to calm himself. He coughs a little, “Right, right. Good to know. Very good to know. So... uh... do we just go now?”

Marilla continues to smile, “Yes we do. Unless you had other ideas?”

“Other ideas? Like what? Was there supposed to be a plan B?” he asks gently rubbing his arm holding the bag with his free hand.

She chuckles, “No there doesn’t need to be a plan B. But if we head out, our ride should be waiting for us.”

“Ride? Oh my gosh... I completely forgot about transportation.”

“Don’t worry. I got this part handled,” says Marilla, reaching up to grab his hand, tugging him out of the casino where a modest limo waited for them, the door held open by Gnaria, who welcomed them. The salandit’s grip tensed a little around Arrcrao’s finger before quickly relaxing.

“A limo? Oh boy... is this place fancier than I thought? Am I dressed okay?”

“You’re fine, come, come,” she says, dragging him into the limo. The door closes behind them, as Gnaria gets on to chauffeur them toward their destination.

Arrcrao taking the moment to admire the inside, “Wow... I’ve never been in one of these before. You didn’t have to go through these lengths. I should be the one treating you. Not the other way around.”

“Why do you say that?” asks Marilla, sitting beside him, her hand gently holding his.

“It’s what a guy is supposed to do. To treat the lovely lady to a fine night. And you are lovely...” Arrcrao feels himself blushing, “Ah, well I mean... you are lovely, but I didn’t mean to come off as too forward. This is our first date after all. And I didn’t want you to feel pressured.”

Marilla gently sniffs the bouquet, squeezing them with her arm, then placing it off beside her, turning her attention fully to him, “Relax.”

“I-I am. I’m very relaxed. Totally relaxed and ready to enjoy a lovely day with a lovely person,” he says before softly muttering, “I hope.”

“Arrcrao... you are acting like this is your first time. Is it?” she asks with a teasing smile.

The dragon tenses, wiggling in his seat, wings unfurling a little, “What? Me? No... no hardly, farthest from the truth as possible. I’ve gone on plenty of dates before *plenty*.”

“Plenty of dates huh? Sounds like you’re a real player,” she muses.

He tenses, “Ahh, well what I mean is that I have experience dating. Not that I go on plenty of dates all the time. I wouldn’t call myself a player. I haven’t been seeing anyone for a while. Well I see actual people all the time, but I mean in the dating sense I haven’t. Not for anything bad but just...”

“Arrcrao?”

The dragon twitches, turning his attention to her, “Y-yes?”

“Shut up and enjoy the date. We have plenty of time to enjoy each other’s company,” she says, giving his hand a little squeeze.

“Ah...” he blushes, nodding.

“Don’t be so nervous. You don’t need to impress me. You already have. Don’t worry about little things like what you think is expected out of you.”

“I just want to do this right... you know? You deserve it.”

“There is no referee in life to tell you if what you are doing is the right or wrong way. There is no official way to go about it. All it requires is both of us to consent and enjoy the time we spend together. In the end, isn’t that what really matters?”

Arrcrao swallows a lump in his throat, taking a deep breath, “Yeah, you’re right. That’s some nice advice, thanks.”

“It’s not mine. Mistress gave it to me. Ah well not my Mistress, but *the* Mistress. She’s rather amazing when it comes to such things.”

“I saw her once... she is nice,” he replies, adjusting himself before stiffening up, “But nothing compared to you! She has nothing on you.”

Marilla chuckles, “Right. Though if it does concern you, I’m the one taking *you* on this date,” she gave him a sly smirk.

“Oh, ahh... well I don’t want to be a bad date. I should do something to...”

“Arrcrao?”

“Relax. I want to take you on this date. And celebrate your achievement.”

“I have you to thank for that.”

“Oh? Why do you say that?”

“You are a great boss, and helped explain things, and eased me into all of the more... unique jobs that this job has required of me.”

“Thanks, I try. Between you and me, I’ll let you know they are considering promoting me. Though it will still be a while till it’s made official, if I do get the promotion that is.”

“Really? That’s great! Congratulations!”

“It’s not official yet. It’s just under consideration. But it’s a step in the right direction.”

“Well you deserve it. You’re very hard working,” he replies, the limo pulling up to the beach restaurant, the Beach Kabobs. Gnaria opens the door, allowing them to exit.

“Thanks,” says Marilla, smiling to Arrcrao as she exits the limo.

The dragon follows right behind her, flicking his wings, he looks at the traditional restaurant built right on the beach, and there is a fenced off section where the sand is nicely combed and cleaned, there are traditional outdoor tables and chairs, but closer down by the

water, there are low tables with towels for one to sit and eat literally on the beach. Each of those areas are designated by a large beach umbrella that is placed in the middle of the table. “This place is really unique; how did you learn about it?”

“About ten minutes’ walk that way,” she says, pointing down, “Is the Mistress’ private pokémon only beach.”

“Pokémon only beach? Well that counts me out, unless I can pull off a charizard, rawr,” he remarks making hand claw motions.

Marilla giggles, “I don’t think you’d make a good charizard.”

“I could pull it off if I tried, I think.”

“No, I don’t think so,” she says, leading him to the restaurant.

“Have fun you two. I’ll keep an eye on your stuff,” says Gnaria with a grin, the salazzele driving off for the time being.

“Welcome to the Beach Kabobs!” says a tan skinned human hostess.

“Table for two,” says Marilla.

“Alright,” she says tapping on an electronic notepad, “Would you like indoor or outdoor seating?”

“Outdoor please.”

“Chair or towel arrangements.”

“Towel please.”

“Alright, right this way,” she says, guiding them to a clean and prepared towel seating arrangement on the beach, the sand felt warm against their scale feet, but soon they were at their table, glasses of ice water were soon prepared for them as they sat down at the table, feeling the sand shift under the towel, the glass table, gave an easy view of what’s underneath. The smell of the salty ocean mixed with the tender succulent delights of the various types of kabobs being cooked at the restaurant and eaten by their patrons.

“Your server will be with you shortly, please enjoy your stay at the Beach Kabobs,” says the hostess, placing menus before them before walking off. Arrrcrao takes a moment to look around before glancing down at the menu.

“I didn’t think there were so many varieties for meat and veggies on a stick.”

“You’d be surprised. I am a fan of the Hawaiian teriyaki special,” says Marilla taking a sip of water.

“That does sound good... what’s in it?”

“Ham, beef, slices of pineapples smothered in teriyaki, but they put a dash of honey in it to sweeten the deal even further.”

Arrrcrao’s belly audibly growled, causing him to blush, “Oh... sorry.”

Marilla chuckled, “I’ll take that as a yes, I want to go with that.”

“Possibly...” he replied looking through the menu, “There’s no price for the food.”

“Don’t worry, I got this.”

“I should help pay for this. You’ve already done so much.”

Marilla shoots him a look, “What did I say about that?”



“About what you should or shouldn’t do?”

Arrcrao tenses a little, swallowing a lump in his throat, “Ah, well you know. I want to be a responsible date. I want to mutually consent to us having a good time by helping pay... at least a little? Please?”

Marilla smiles, “Come here,” she says motioning him closer.

He gently rubs his hands together, “Okay...” he leans in.

“Arrcrao dear?” she says, gently rubbing his muzzle, causing him to shiver and tense, squirming under her touch.

“Y-yeah?”

“Don’t take this the wrong way but you will consent to me handling this. You got that?” she asks, running her finger across his lips.

Her soft and gentle touch causes a tingle to run down his spine, his eyes dart around at anyone possibly looking their way, his toes curl underneath his butt, “O-okay.”

Marilla guides her fingers across his muzzle for a moment longer before pulling away, a sly grin on her face, “Good, glad we could come to a mutual agreement on that,” she says. The salandit feels a tingle of delight, a bit of pleasure from the subtle power dynamic between her and the much larger dragon, causing her to feel warm and nice on the inside, but she keeps her cool, hiding the tug in the back of her mind, “*He’s cute when he squirms. His shyness is just... Fun to pull and tug with.*”

Arrcrao sighs in relief, eyeing around, not noticing any eyes upon them, slowly relaxing, eventually the hostess comes, and they begin to place their order.

“How many kabobs would you like?” she asks Marilla.

“Four will be good for me,” she responds.

The hostess turns to Arrcrao, “And what would you like?”

“I’ll have what she’s having. That Hawaiian special does sound tasty.”

“Alright, how many would you like?”

“Ah... oh four I guess?”

“He’ll have eight,” says Marilla.

“E-eight?”

“You’re much bigger than me. You’ll eat far more than I do.”

“B-but...”

“No buts about it. He’ll have eight please,” she says, handing the menus to the hostess who crouches down to pick them up.

Arrcrao sighs once the waitress leaves, “You didn’t have to do that.”

“No, but I wanted to. I didn’t want to shortchange my date.”

“I don’t know how I am going to repay you.”

“There is no repaying. This is just something that is done between us. There is no debt to consider. This is just something that is done.”

“But... I bet this is a lot of money.”

“And?”

“And... so its...”

“Does it matter how much it costs?”

“What do you mean?”

“Would it make any difference to you if each kabab cost a dollar or a hundred dollars?”

“Ah, well...”

“Is there a price to be put on the time we spend together that makes it not worth it?”

“No, no. Of course not.”

“Then don’t worry about it. I picked this location because I wanted to take you here because I thought you’d enjoy it, because I want you to enjoy this as much as I do. You do, don’t you?”

“Oh yes I do very much. I just don’t know if I am worth spending too mu--”

“Arrcrao?” Marilla states, her sharp tone ending what he was saying in an instant.

The dragon winced, “Yes Marilla?”

“I don’t want to hear you talk about how much you are worth like that ever again. No one can put a price on someone, not even themselves, got it?”

He swallows a lump in his throat, “G-got it.”

Marilla smiles, “Good. Glad we made that clear.”

The dragon sighs, thinking, *“I’m being a terrible date... She’s definitely not going to want to go out with me again after this.”*

Meanwhile Marilla thinks, *“I wish he didn’t think so low on himself. He’s far better than he gives himself credit for. That I cherish this time we spend together more than anything.”*

After some idle chit chat and mild conversation the food is brought out to them, the kabobs are hanging over a mini grill that is used more so to keep the kabobs heated than for actual cooking, while adding an extra dash of panache to the whole eating experience. The sweet and delightful smell of the sizzling meats made both of them drool.

“Oh wow... those look delicious,” says Arrcrao licking his lips in delight, the grill placed between them, while empty plates are placed before them.

“Enjoy!” says the waitress, walking off.

Marilla licks her lips, “If you like how they smell and look, just wait till you try one. Just be careful they are hot,” she says grabbing one off the grill, the juices dripping down, causing a soft sizzle. She places two kabobs onto her plate, while having a third held up, gently blowing on it.

“Thanks for the warning,” he replies, grabbing three for his plate, and taking a fourth to hold and gently blow on, watching the steam rise from it, the delightful aroma of the cooked pineapple and honey reaching his nose, the meats looking so tender, the teriyaki is just enough to slowly drip from the meat and onto the plate below.

Marilla blows on her kabob a bit longer, “I was thinking after this, since we’re at the beach. We enjoy some fun on the beach after this?”

“Wasn’t that the plan? I did bring my beach stuff, it’s in the limo.”

“Right, right, silly me, but you’d be up for that, right?”

He nods, "Oh yes, very much so. Though you did make me curious, what's the pokémon only beach like?"

"A beach full of pokémon," she responds with a smirk, giving the kabob another soft blow.

"Come on. It's a secret beach, I'd like to know a little bit."

"It's not a secret, it's over there," she points, "In that direction."

"Though like it's no secret that over half the local pokémon population are either female salandits or salazzles."

She smirks, "Oh? Is that why you want to know more? To go to a mostly girl filled beach?" she asks, leaning over taking the first bite of her kebab, taking a large portion of it into her mouth, her tongue coiling around the meat, giving him a teasing look.

The dragon gulps, watching her take so much of that meat and fruit into her mouth, watching it disappear as she slowly pulls out the half cleaned out stick, "Not really like that. But you can't help a guy to be curious you know? Gosh that was stupid of me to say," he says with a sigh.

Marilla chews and swallows, licking her lips, "Relax. It's rather nice place. The Mistress has it as a refuge for pokémon. You know the types that want to catch 'em all. It's good to relax and not have to worry about such things."

"Ah see your point. Don't worry. I don't want to catch them all. Why would I when I have the best pokémon there is right in front of me."

Marilla smiles, "Such the charmer, now eat your food before it gets cold."

"Right, right," he responds, tasting the kabob, finding a delightful palette of flavors in his mouth, rolling over his tongue, hungrily he enjoys the first bite, torn between his hunger and the time to savor the meal, "Oh my... this is delicious."

"Told you," she says, having another bite. The rest of their meal going on pleasantly, with Marilla paying for the meal, not letting Arrcrao see the bill for even a second.

"How can I help with the tip if I don't know how much it is?" he asks.

"Give what you think they deserve, and don't worry about it."

"Okay," he replies, digging out his wallet, adding some bills to it. Marilla secretly adjusting the added tip on her end, putting it all together before handing it to the waiter.

"Would you like any desert?" the waitress asks.

"I'm good, how about you?" asks Marilla.

The dragon gently pats his belly, "I'm stuffed. Those kabobs are filling, and they are so sweet that I think I'd be cheating if I had a desert on top of that."

"Cheating? Are you on a diet?" she asks, leaning in closer.

"No, I'm a young and fit dragon," he replies, spreading his wings.

"That you are."

"But if I had any more food, I'd be too full to do anything and it would be cheating you out of a good time on the beach."

"Is that so?"

“Yeah.”

“That’s sweet of you thinking of me like that.”

Arrcrao blushes a little bit, wings fluttering, “Ah well I try, you deserve a good time.”

Marilla finishes off her drink, “Shall we get going then?”

“Sounds good to me. Thank you for the meal. It was delicious.”

“Thank you for the company,” she replies, the two getting up and leaving once the bill has been paid and a receipt given to the little salandit. Waiting for them outside of the restaurant was their limo.

“Was this here the whole time?” asks Arrcrao.

“Probably not, but our stuff is inside. We’ll grab what we need and head to the beach. We can tell Gnaria to come back in a few hours for us. How does that sound?” asks Marilla as they approach.

“Sounds good to me,” he replies, Gnaria exiting the limo and opening the passenger door.

“Welcome back. I hope the meal was delightful.”

“It was Mistress, but we’re just coming to pick up our things and head to the beach.

We’ll probably not need anything for a few more hours,” explains Marilla.

“That would be true, but the walk to the beach you’re going to is too far away to simply walk,” Gnaria explains.

“Huh?”

“The Mistress informed me that you are to go to her beach for your date. That way you won’t have any inappropriate interruptions. The Mistress is so wonderful to ensure that my lovely salandit has a good time on her date.”

Marilla tenses a little, tail going stiff, a tingle runs down her spine, hearing the Mistress being referred to, “But her beach is for pokémon only. I don’t think she’d break her own rules for my little old sake.”

“Maybe she is Marilla. She does sound like a caring person,” Arrcrao responds.

“Ahh... you don’t know the Mistress like I do,” Marilla replies.

Gnaria holds the door to the limo wide open, saying, “And you don’t know the Mistress like I do my lovely.”

Marilla swallows a lump in her throat, “T-true. Looks like we’re going to that beach after all Arrcrao, come,” she says slipping into the limo.

“Okay,” he replies, slipping in behind her.

Gnaria says just before closing the door, “Make sure you have all that you need for your time at the beach. It would be a shame if you forgot anything and couldn’t go get it.” Gnaria smirks, eyes meeting with Marilla, giving her a sly wink.

*“What is Mistress and the Mistress up to?”* Marilla thinks.

Arrcrao bounces a little in his seat, pulling his bag into his lap, “I think I have everything. Swim trunks, scale polish sunscreen, a beach towel...” he says running his fingers through his belongings, “This is going to be fun,” he says with a big goofy smile on his face.

“Yeah, it’s sure going to…” Marilla grabs her bag, feeling it's heavier than she remembered, unzipping it to see a rubber salazzle hood staring right back at her. Her fingers run across the sleek rubber, a tingle running through her, “very fun.”

“What is it?” Arrcrao asks, noticing the pause.

“I now know what they were planning,” she says, pulling out the rubber salazzle hood.

Arrcrao clenches his buttocks, feeling a shiver of pleasure rushing through him, hands gently tapping along his bag, which he keeps in his lap, “Ah… as lovely as that is, I do want to be me during my date.”

Gnaria lowers the window that separates the driver seat and the back of the limo, “It’s set for a traditional rubber salazzle. There’s polish to give the desired squeakless effect and you’ll be control of your faculties. The drone programming protocols are disabled for today. It’s only set for Marilla to take off,” she explains, giving them a sly salazzle grin, raising the glass, hiding her from view again.

“Ah… well that’s good,” Arrcrao replies, gently tapping his fingers together.

“I should have known they’d plan something like this for our date. I’m sorry Arrcrao about this intervention in our time together,” says Marilla.

“It’s fine. I was curious about the pokémon only beach and now I get to go take a look. It’ll make this day even more unforgettable… not sure how it could be, but it will.”

Marilla lets out a soft sigh, looking up at him, smiling in return she replies, “I know the Mistress and my Mistress would not be pleased if we didn’t go about this. And though I don’t like the idea of them intervening in our plans, I will admit it would be fun to see you as a cute salazzle again…,” she says, suddenly realizing her words, she straightens up a little bit, “Not that I don’t find you cute now.”

“Y-you find me cute?”

“Yes I do, now get your butt out of these clothes and put this on,” says Marilla pulling the salazzle hood out of the bag.

“U-undress here? Now? In the limo?”

“The windows are tinted, no one is going to see you. And I’ve already seen your butt naked several times. There’s nothing you have that will surprise me.”

The dragon feels his face beating even hotter, “T-true. Of course, this is nothing for us,” he says, building up his confidence, stripping down to his simple supple gentle scales. By no means the model of dragon masculinity, but not bad looking by any means, almost feminine in some respects.

Marilla looks at his naked body from her seat, admiring the view, thinking, “*He does have somewhat girly hips and butt,*” she wiggles in her seat, leaning over to give his butt a playful smack.

Arrcrao meeps, wings fluttering, “Hey!”

The salandit chuckles, “What? It’s such a cute girly butt.”

“It’s not that girly...” he says, looking at it, wiggling his tush, “Well maybe a little. Wait I shouldn’t be admitting that!” he huffed, sitting back down, legs crossed, keeping himself turned to keep his member which is now peeking out of his male slit, from showing to her.

“Is it really that bad of a thing?”

“N-no, I suppose not,” he replies, turning the hood around, looking on the inside, slipping his head inside with a sleek rubbery squeaky schlunk. The hood grips his head, covering his draconic head features, the collar forming around him, the dragon feeling his face embraced by the rubber hood, delving him into darkness for just a moment.

“Registered user detected. Welcome to Toys-4-U Salazzle Drone series drone hood. Settings have been set by the owner: The Mistress. These settings cannot be changed. Duration of use, NA. Pre-programed settings uploaded. User set to temporary owner Marilla Salandit”

Arrcrao pants, shivering more, wings fluttering at the oddly soothing voice, gently gripping him, feeling a warmth spread over him, the rubber starting to move, “*Her last name is Salandit?*” he thinks, curling his toes.

“Initiating stage one. Physical Salazzle.”

Marilla watched the sleek black, pink and purple rubber swirls move down his body, engulfing his wings, pulling them tight against his back, slowly, steadily over a few minutes, the dragon she’s come to know and love is embraced by the sleek rubber salazzle body. The base of his new rubber feet are pink, much like the palm of his long slender hands.

Arrcrao moaned softly, feeling the rubber run across his crotch, grip and push his cock into a designated spot, a thin female slit formed between his legs to give a fully defined view of a rubber-like female salazzle. His body squeaks and wiggles within the seat as the transformation continues, engulfing his tail, his back tendrils forming, his body slowly getting teased and adjusted so he can feel every inch of the rubber that encases his male dragon self, into a rubbery facade of a female salazzle. Steadily he gains control over the form, eyes and mouth forming, that long salazzle grin taking shape with soft red glowing eyes, adding a bit of character to him that could have otherwise been lost under the similarities salazzle can possess.

Marilla watched with a subtle mixture of curiosity, bemusement, but also concern. As more of his draconic body was overtaken by the salazzle look, Marilla felt her heart race a little faster. The thickening of those hips, and long elegant salazzle characteristics, feminine and yet domineering in design, made her feel a little more flustered, “*After what happened last night. That’s totally fine. I really like him. He being there is what is making this better. I’m just excited knowing he’s really enjoying himself,*” she thinks, processing a layer of justification to herself.

The limousine pulls into a large parking lot in front of an enclosed wooden fenced off area of the beach right smack dab in the middle of the fancy beach side estates. A soft off-white painted fence encloses off the area, with dozens of painted images of the Mistress on the side in different beached themed poses. The entrance to the beach proper has image of two salazzles holding up the Mistress on a sling bed, while two more salazzles standing on their shoulders hold shade over her which says “Welcome” Smaller signs nearby have say “Welcome to the Salazzle

Dazzle Beach. This is a private Pokémon only beach. All Pokémon are welcomed.” Other signs are less friendly, “Pokémon only beach. No humans or non-Pokémon anthropomorphs allowed.”

Gnaria slips out of the limo, walking to the passenger door, thinking, “*The Mistress’ plan is going as expected. Either my lovely will discover her feelings for him are only skin deep or... She’ll be willing to take him further.*” She opens the door, popping her head inside, seeing Arrcrao completely salazzlized. The former dragon gently running his long salazzle fingers across his female body, “Are you two ready?”

Arrcrao jumps with a soft squeak, “Y-yes I am, I mean I am. Marilla? Are you ready? I’m ready if you are ready. Then we can both be ready.”

Marilla reaches over and grabs Arrcrao’s hand, only able to grasp a few fingers, “Yes I’m ready. Relax. Even if you are worried if someone is going to see you, no one will know it’s you,” she softly says with a smile, looking over to Gnaria, “We’re ready.”

Gnaria smirks, “Enjoy your time at the beach. I’ll be back an hour past sundown to take you to your room you have reserved,” she says, stepping off to the side, holding the door wide open.

“We will,” says Marilla, gently holding Arrcrao by the hand, guiding him out of the limo, helping him get his bearings.

“Moving as a salazzle is different when you aren’t under a hypnotic trance,” he remarks with a blush which is hidden by the rubber. He looks over his sleek slender rubber body, feeling the back tentacles move and twitch the warm sun hitting his black skin, while he holds his bag in his other hand, “I-I guess I don’t need my swim trunks?”

Marilla smiles, tugging him along, “They aren’t going to fit you, and the Mistress’ beach is rather open when it comes to the dress code,” she explains, feeling a little bit of a rush guiding him forward.

“Oh...” he blushes even harder, feeling his real scales heat up against the rubber body which is giving him a strange duality of sensations two skins that feel natural and delightful, doubling the senses he’s feeling.

Looking out toward the gated entrance he sees three rubber pokémon, a large dark Lugia that dominates the front, a vest around him with the words “Security” on the back. Standing on the far ends of the entrance is a rubber latios with their white and blue markings on the left, and a red rubber latias on the right side. Both dressed as guards like the lugia, who is looking over them as they approach.

“Oh, so this is where the Mistress put you three,” Marilla comments.

Arrcrao looks at her, “You know them?”

“Not personally, but I hear things from the others. Don’t mind them, we’re good to go in, aren’t we?” she asks looking up at the lugia.

The lugia nods, “Go right ahead, enjoy your stay at the Salazzle Dazzle Beach,” he says, his body softly squeaking.

“We will, won’t we darling?” Marilla asks to Arrcrao tugging him past the guards.

“We will... wait did you just call my darling?” she asks, Arrcrao softly squeaking as he’s being pulled past the entrance to see the large private beach with all kinds of pokémon within, though nearly half if not more are either salandits or salazzles with a notable number being sleek and shiny like themselves. There are small food stands and other eateries within the beach, providing all the necessities one could want when spending a day at the beach without having to leave the privacy of this private beach.

“Hush, or did you want me to use your real name while you’re like this?” she asks, pulling him in.

“Ah... you have a point.”

The lugia chuckles to himself, hearing the conversation just before the couple gets out of earshot, thinking, *“I do know the joy of that. That’s a quality Toys-4-U suit if I ever did see one.”*

“What shall we do first? Want to go for a swim?” Marilla asks, tail swaying behind her with some eagerness.

“As much as I’d love that idea, I’m still kind of full, and it’s been a little bit of a challenge to adjust to even having three tails behind me,” Arrcrao says wiggling his rump, seeing the rubbery shine with the sway of the two back tendrils and thick salazze tail. The black rubber shines brilliantly, though the pink and purples look spectacular under the tropical sun, and despite the heat, he feels relatively fine.

“Hmm, good point. It would be a shame to have my date drown on the first date. Not even enough time to take out a life insurance policy on you without looking suspicious.”

“Yeah that wouldn’t be good... wait what?”

She lets out a short giggle fit, “At least I know you are paying attention. How about we enjoy some sunbathing then. Nice, relaxing and a type of bathing you can’t drown in.”

“I can swim, just perhaps not well at the moment,” he says with a soft hint of a pout.

“Relax, I’m just teasing you deary,” she says, finding a nice open spot to sunbath. There are others much like them, salazzles and salandits, enjoying their nude time on the beach, almost all of them have that collar around their neck that mimics the Mistress’ color. A few salazzles seem to be entertaining a group of salandits under their care. A pair of salazzles appear to be having a volleyball competition with their salandits competing against the other salazze’s salandits.

“I’m still amazed how many salazzles and salandits are here.”

“Largest concentration of us in the world if I am not mistaken. I hope you can keep us all separated.”

“I can hope... honestly would be difficult, so many of you look so alike.”

“Oh?” Marilla asks, setting up a beach towel, “Are you saying you can’t tell me apart from the others?”

He swallows a lump in his throat, the nervous and submissive view of a salazze to a salandit draws the attention of others nearby, which only compounds the situation for him,



“What? No, no. Nonsense. You’re ultra-unique and I’d be able to tell you apart from anyone else in a heartbeat.”

“Is that so? I might hold you to that,” she says, laying across the towel, showing off her orange back stripes that end in a little burst. Her bag laid beside her.

“I’d gladly accept that challenge,” he replies puffing out his salazzle chest.

Marilla smiles up at him, seeing his uncharacteristic salazzle behavior, the view of him like he’s now send a gentle raindrop of pleasure along her backside, her toes curl a little, relaxing just as quickly, “Would you mind applying some suntan lotion to my back? I’m not too good at reaching those tough to reach spots,” she asks, grabbing a bottle that has the name of the salazzle dazzle salandit/salazzle shine sunscreen polish. Now with more natural vitamin E oil.

Arrcrao just set up his beach towel beside her. He kneels near her, taking the sunscreen polish, “Oh, sure, sure. I can do that. So that means you don’t mind if I… touch your back?”

“Would be hard to put sunscreen on me otherwise, now wouldn’t it? My entire backside is cleared for touching, if you are so worried about it. Don’t worry I won’t tell the girls that I let you touch me, otherwise they might get jealous,” she says with a playful wink.

“Okay… wait jealous?” she asks, stiffening up, grateful that he’s encased in the rubber salazzle body, otherwise his member might be poking out from the idea of all the salazzles that could be possibly eyeing him, the fact he’s getting to touch Marilla, with the added sensation of the rubber, teasing his repressed kinky mind. His time on the job having really helped open himself up in accepting a part of him that he didn’t want to fully acknowledge till only recently.

“Yeah, who wouldn’t be jealous of someone as sweet as you.”

“Ah… well, I’d say that they’d be more jealous of you,” he says, pouring some of the sunscreen in his large salazzle hands, taking a moment to fumble with it, to get used to the unique dexterousness of his rubber hands.

She raises an eye ridge curiously, tail swaying behind her, “Oh? What could you possibly mean by that?”

“Ah… well. It’s not hard to notice that you all have your how should I put it… unique sexual leanings? And you do have a mistress and all, and fawn a little bit over the Mistress, so it’s not a secret, but not really a bad thing either.”

“You’re referring to how most of us are either lesbians or bisexual with heavy female leanings?”

“Ah… yes,” he replies, feeling his wings twitch within their tight rubber bondage, “Nothing wrong or terrible about it for sure. It’s hard for me to compete against so many lovely ladies. As I’m sure they’d really want an awesome salandit like yourself. A prize to behold. Lucky to have.”

“Are you telling me that you’re the lucky one here?”

“Well… yeah. Yes, I am. You’re the top pick of any of these salandits or even salazzles here. And working at the casino I have seen a lot. There are none like you, and I’m surprised that with having your Mistress that you aren’t well a thing.”

“The relationships at the casino are... complex to say the least. Gnaria is my Mistress, but she isn't my lover.”

“I wasn't insinuating that she was, but more that, there are so many that would be hot and bothered that you aren't giving them a chance to woo you.”

Marilla chuckles, “Woo me? What is this the 1920's?”

“Ah... all I am saying is that yes, I am lucky to be able to spend the day with you. There are a lot of others who'd bet it all to have such a good time with you.”

“Flattery will sometimes get you everywhere, and I appreciate it. I know you aren't just saying that just because, but there are two things you are forgetting deary.”

“W-what's that?” he asks wiggling a little, body softly squeaking.

“First. Don't be hard on yourself. You are a sweet person, and despite the saying about nice guys. You don't take your niceness as something that you feel that you are then owed to. It's who you are, and you accept that it's not something you are entitled to because you are, but simply something you should do, as it's the right thing to do. And I love that about you.”

“L-love?”

“And the other thing...”

“O-oh yes, what's the other thing?” he asks, looking at her with tense anticipation.

“You need to start putting the sunscreen on me before I burn,” she hand motions to her back.

“Sorry, sorry, I'll get right on it,” he replies, sunscreen already dripping between his fingers, moving his hands closer to Marilla's back. The closer they got, the harder his heartbeat, the quicker the pace, hands shook till they steadied just at the point of contact. Marilla gasps, causing him to freeze, “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, why wouldn't it be? I just wasn't expecting it to feel so warm.”

“Probably because I was holding it so long, sorry,” he replied, slowly moving the sunscreen along her back, rubbing it into her soft rubber-like skin. Marilla letting out soft moans of delight, her body visibly relaxing against his touch, causing him to grow ever more excited.

“It's fine deary,” she replies, sprawling on the beach towel, resting her head on her arms, closing her eyes to simply relax into the feeling, “*Those salazzle hands do feel nice,*” she thinks.

“Okay, if I get too close to a spot you don't want, don't hesitate to let me know.”

“Don't worry, I will.”

Arrcrao nods to the response, slowly he rubs the sunscreen into her back, causing his back tentacles to express the fluttering of his wings that remain tightly bound. His arousal pressing against the rubber bondage, his faux female sex twitching, growing tighter, a little wet, while he feels the delightful warmth and smooth skin of Marilla's body, “Everything going okay so far?”

“Hmm, yes perfect,” she replies, feeling those long delicate salazzle digits run across her back. Flash memories of her Mistress gently rubbing her back, teasing through her mind, causing her female sex to warm like her back with the afternoon sun. She subtly presses up

against the beach towel, mind playing through the fantasy, allowing Arrcrao's hands to smooth out a thin layer of sunscreen along her entire back, and a little bit on her sides.

Her mind plays out the memory, which subtly shifts to fantasy, her tongue running across those delicate folds, tasting her sweet nectar, while a single long salazzle digit slips into her hot and needy vent. Her eyes shoot open, just as the thought reaches the point that her mistress Gnaria climaxes.

"I-is everything okay?" Arrcrao asks with a soft pant, squirming in his spot, feeling throbbing twitching cock underneath the rubber, begging, aching to be played with, to find release, he subconsciously covers his legs, placing a hand over his crotch though there is little to really hide, except a moist female rubber vent.

"Yes, yes. Ah, I should get your back. That way we can relax together."

"Me? But I'm already in a suit. I don't think it will make much a difference."

"My Mistress mentioned it, I'm sure there is a logical reason for it... Yes, that's it. Now, on your belly. It's my turn to polish and sunscreen you," she states giving him a determined look.

"Ahh..." he gently rubs his salazzle hands together, causing them to squeak.

"Now," she says in a determined domineering tone.

"As you wish," he replies in a soft squeaky voice, laying down on his belly across the beach towel. Marilla grabs the bottle that says "Toys-4-U salazzle scented sunscreen n' polish."

Marilla looks at the bottle curiously, "*Salazzle scented? Didn't know they made something like that, but this wasn't in my bag before... meaning mistress or perhaps even the Mistress wants me to use this... Why do I feel like I am knowingly walking into a trap,*" she thinks, cracking open the bottle's seal, a soft sweet aroma that sends a soft chill down Marilla's spine as she takes in the scent? It causes her sex to twitch, "*Oh no...*"

Marilla presses on, pouring the lotion on Arrcrao's back, causing him to squirm, the back tentacles fluttering for his bound wings, "That's cold," he replies, feeling the polish already sink into his rubber skin, making him feel good, the scent of the polish slowly beginning to fill his nostrils, subtly adding to his delight and arousal while the aroma seemed to seep into the rubber skin, subtly lessening the soft squeaks that came from his back while Marilla was on top of him.

"*She really knows how to put on that lotion,*" he thinks, mind drifting a bit, feeling more of the lotion rubbed into his back, spread around, her body light vastly smaller by comparison to Arrcrao who is a little big even by traditional salazzle standards.

"Enjoying yourself?" Marilla asks, shivering, feeling the warm delight of the polish along her hands, the aroma growing stronger, adding to a soft tantalizing and growing secondary appetite within her. The warming lusts of her nether regions grows even hotter, seeing the delightful large and supple curved salazzle underneath her. A mix of emotions and feelings, the thought of being on top, the delightful sexy look of the salazzle below her, knowing its Arrcrao, all of it mixing into a cocktail of that sweetens his faux honey pot between his legs, stiffening his member even more, making the resistance to his more primal urges weaken further.

“Oh yes, very much so. Thank you, Marilla, you’re really good at this,” he says, burying his crotch into the beach towel, picturing himself with a bulge, not realizing that nothing is showing, except a subtle warm salazzle sex.

Around them other salazzles and salandits took notice, less so to the sight of a salandit polishing and giving sunscreen to a much larger salazzle. A sight like that was a dime a dozen, it was more of the aroma that lingers in the air, fainter for those around them as it mixes with the salt of the ocean, but it's there to draw some occasional looks their way. Something that doesn't escape Arrcrao's notice.

He wiggles underneath Marilla, who slides across his body, “Careful, your body is slick while I do this,” she says, slipping, her crotch running across the salazzle body, letting Arrcrao for a brief moment to feel the heat of Marilla's arousal.

But it was so quick and sudden, that he could barely take note of it, his attention was on all the girls looking in his direction, mind thinking about the time he was watching the salazzle pool party, and his unending arousal that drove him insane, hoping that none notice that he's a sexual horn ball at this moment, and called out for the repressed pervert that he is, “S-sorry. Thank you for this. It does feel great.”

Marilla nods, “T-thanks,” she says, paying no attention to the other salazzles and salandits, concerned and watching Arrcrao's reaction to the fact her aroused sex was rubbed up against her... his butt. After a moment passes, she relaxes, “*Good s-he, didn't notice. I don't want to make this awkward for him. He's too self-conscious at the moment,*” she thinks, continuing to polish and massage along his entire back before sliding off, “Okay, now for your front.”

“W-what?” he asks, wiggling in his spot, tensing a little bit, which caused his tail to hike up.

“This is more than just sunscreen but polish, and I *have* to polish *all* of you. So if you don't mind, let me get your front and then we can sunbathe together. Sounds good?”

“Are you sure that's a good idea? I see a few wandering eyes, and what if they get the wrong opinion?”

“And?”

“And... could it be bad for work?”

Marilla chuckles, “Hardly. There's nothing here that they don't see day in and day out. Now turn around.”

Arrcrao feels the flow of blood through his body, his face beating hot as he can just feel the pent up aching cock between his legs, his mind just picturing him turning around, showing it off to all, and the panic reaction and jeers that would surely follow.

Marilla walks up to Arrcrao's head, kneeling beside him, her legs positioned in such a way that the dragon will not be able to see her burning hot sex from where he is. She gently runs a hand along his head, “Relax. No one knows who you are here deary. Enjoy yourself and let me polish all of you. You look good and you deserve to look at your best.”

Arrcrao looks up, seeing Marilla's warm loving smile, “Please?” she asks.

“Okay,” he replies, building the confidence to turn around, expecting his length to spring free but sees nothing but the smooth slender salazzle crotch. Though he catches the glistening wetness of the sex in the sunlight and quickly uses his thick salazzle tail to cover himself, “Is this okay?”

Marilla looks at the tail hiding his crotch, “Well that’s clearly not too salazzle like, but it will do,” she says pouring the lotion onto his chest, spreading it around building up that aroma even more, sending tingles of delight into his body, as he relaxed.

Marilla uses her positioning to hide just how much she’s enjoying herself, taking subtle control over the situation, keeping the pace, loving how relaxed and delighted that he is with these sweet tender, albeit high sexual tension moments. Her hands gently run along Arrcrao’s thighs, spreading his legs, causing him to curl his toes, and become ever more conscious of his hot vent between his legs, and what it represents.

“Are you sure that you need to polish down there?” he asks.

“Yes, I do, and relax. I know it’s the suit making you look as sexy and delighted as you are. Enjoy yourself, I’m not judging, and you shouldn’t be either.”

“I-I’m not judging you.”

“I mean yourself,” Marilla replies, her fingertips run across the sex just briefly, long enough to polish the nether region.

Arrcrao tenses and moans, hands grasping his muzzle, muffing the delight, while Marilla smirks at his reaction, “Don’t worry, no one heard that me,” she says, moving down his body polishing the rest of his thighs, and getting his feet, tenderly and gingerly massaging the massive salazzle feet with her small hands. Gentle firm and experienced, Marilla knew exactly what to do as she finished, “Done.”

“Wonderful job,” he responds, quickly flipping onto his belly, “Now we can relax and enjoy the time together. Right?”

Marilla smiles gently patting his back, “Of course. Any real personal fun will be later tonight,” she says with a playful wink, looking at him as she lotions up her front, showing only briefly at this moment her built up arousal.

“Oh...” Arrcrao blushes hard, tensing, watching her relax on the beach towel, as they simply take this moment to cool down in the heat of the afternoon sun, the aroma keeping their sexual tensions high while they simply adjust to the feeling, letting themselves soak in their building lust and arousal, growing more comfortable with each other that they are around the other without any hypnosis or a domineering salazzle or three there to egg them on.

Their bodies relaxed, the heat of the sun flowing into their backs, feeling so nice, warming, welcoming, as the heat on the dark side of their bodies burned even hotter thanks to the tantalizing situation that they found themselves in. The end result led them to miss out on swimming today, neither really wanting to express their current state of mind that is milling about in the back of their heads to the world. They’ll leave the beach a bit after sundown, beach towels and handbags being used to cover themselves to make a rather more discrete exit towards the limo.

“It would have been nice to see a sunset on the ocean,” says Arrcrao trying to make conversation and avoid the thoughts swimming in his head.

“We only get sunrises here. Can’t have both you know,” Marilla explains, leading him toward the limo.

“True, but that means getting up early to see it.”

“You know the saying; the early riser gets the salandit.”

“I thought it was the early bird gets the worm?”

“Same difference,” she says with a shrug, Gnaria opening the door for them.

“Welcome back. I hope you enjoyed your time on the beach.”

“It was nice,” Marilla replies, giving her a little look.

“U-unforgettable,” Arrcrao replies.

“Glad to hear it,” Gnaria replies, returning with a sly grin herself, driving them toward the hotel.

A simple place but on the way, Marilla takes a deep breath, leaning into the limo chair, causing it to squeak, “Well that was... something. But now the fun can begin once we get to the hotel room,” she says, moving over toward Arrcrao.

“Yeah... wait what are you doing?” he asks curiously, watching her climb onto him.

“Turning off your helmet so you can take it off.”

“And reveal me?” he asks, heart racing, feeling the knowledge that his pent-up self will be made bear before her.

“I haven’t seen your real face in hours. There anything wrong with that?”

“No, no, not at all. I um... have a confession to make.”

Marilla stops just short of touching the collar that formed around Arrcrao’s neck, “A confession?”

“Well...” he gently rubs his hands together, “I’m fucking horny.”

Marilla giggles, “And? Why do you think I reserved a hotel room for us? To play pinochle?”

“Ah... well that’s true. But I didn’t want to presume too much.”

“After all that we’ve done together, is that far of a stretch?”

“Ah well..., no of course not,” he says with a blush, trying to cover himself, feeling the slick rubber slide across his body, retreating back into the hood which steadily grew heavier. The cool air brushes up against his scales, causing him to shiver, feeling his face grow hotter as he tries to keep himself covered.

Marilla casually glances down at the cock, catching it before he hides it from view, feeling a subtle drop in build up between her loins, a nudge in the reduction in heat, she looks back up at him, smiling, “So what is the other thing that you wanted to confess?”

“Well, I hope you don’t hold this against me, but...”

“If there is anything, I’d hold against you, it’s what you have sporting between your legs,” she chuckled.

Arrcrao gulped, feeling a shiver run down his spine, cock twitching a little, squirming to slip into his clothes, eager to hide himself from view despite knowing the futility of it all, and just how short lived his clothes will be even on his person, "The thing is..." he says, taking a deep breath and then quickly saying it, much like ripping off a band aid, "I jerked off having a fantasy about you in the showers!" He pants, heart racing, looking over to you, tensing, ready for the worst to possibly happen, "*I actually said it... but why? Stupid me!*"

Marilla smiles, moving in closer, gently placing her hand on his leg, "Really?" she asks, gently squeezing his thigh.

"Yeah... I know it was not proper to do so. But I was already so pent up, I wanted to go in there with a clear head. Everything that was happening that day at the pool, I couldn't stop but think about you, and you were so close... I feel like I was a bit of a pervert."

"You are a pervert."

His wings flutter, head lowering.

Marilla climbs up and gently runs her hand along his muzzle, forcing him to look at her, "But you are my pervert," she gently kisses him.

Arrcrao tenses a little before leaning into the kiss, a bubbling of delight within him, arousal growing just a smidge more, heart racing breath heavy, smelling her sweet aroma, and that of the latex hood that still contains the intoxicating aroma of the polish.

Marilla leans into the kiss, enjoying the tender moment with him, but feels in the back of her mind that there is something missing from it, a spark to light the fires that she feels within her to be burning, but she pushes past and shrugs them off, "Relax. And don't worry about how you look. Once the hotel door behind us closes, I want you out of those clothes, you got me? Darling?" she asks gently petting his muzzle, looking deep into his eyes.

"Yes Miss Marilla," he replies, getting lost in them, relaxing a little bit.

"Just Marilla, okay?"

"Okay," he replies with a nod. And before long they found themselves in the simple hotel room, perfect for a one-night stand with only a single bed to sleep in, and a bathroom attached.

The dragon climbed into the bed while putting his bag off to the side, Marilla placing hers beside it while she stretched, "I'm going to use the restroom real quick. Be ready when I get back," she says seductively, looking up at him, giving a playful wink.

"You can count on it," he replies, watching her leave, feeling the mix of tension build within him. Butterflies multiplying within his belly, while his length presses hard against his pants. Quickly he removes his clothes in much of the same manner he did with ripping out the band-aid. He looks around the bed, thinking how to pose, "Perhaps like this? Hmm no, like this? Maybe just lay back and let her come to me?" he asks himself grabbing some pillows, and stacking them against the bedrest, allowing him to prop himself up, legs spread cock out, twitching, pre-cum dribbling from the tip.

Arrcrao's hands reach out about to cover himself when the door swings open, Marilla climbing onto the bed, but he stops himself asking, "Do you need any help Marilla?"

“I got this, not the first time I’ve climbed into a bed meant for one of your size,” she says, standing tall at the edge of the bed, looking over the dragon’s naked body. Seeing that twitching cock, a little part of her feeling uninspired by it. She mentally shrugs it off, walking up between his legs, looking into his eyes, feeling a bit of a resurgence in her lustful mood, her sex warming up, while she gets knees before him.

“Should I do something? Something you’d like?” he asks, panting heavily, tensing, causing his cock to twitch before her, wings wiggling against the pillows, toes curling a bit, feeling her warmth so close to his lower region.

“I got this. If I need you to do anything else, I’d let you know, okay? I took you out on this date, so I will have *my* fun,” she says with a smirk running her finger across the hard throbbing mass, feeling the warmth, and the twitching nature of the length, her body relaxing a bit while she tenderly grasps it.

Arrcrao moans, arching his back, his soft feminine voice, and signs of delight fill the salandit with a growing pleasure and warmth, but is countered by the feel of the hard throbbing flesh within her hands, “*Hmm, not what was expecting. Is this the first time I even touched cock? It might be,*” she thinks.

The dragon watches her as her hands gently caress and move up and down his length, building up the pleasure, his pent up length eager to be caressed and played with by another, which only compounds his delight, hips instinctively bucking forward just a little.

“My, my aren’t you eager,” Marilla says, feeling the ribbed length in her hand, squeezing out a little bit of that glistening slick pre-cum from his length, lowering her head down to it, “I hope you don’t mind if I get a little taste?”

“G-go right ahead,” he says with a soft moan, watching her slick tongue slip out of her mouth moving down closer to his length, hands squeezing the base of his cock while it’s aimed toward her mouth. He feels her hot breath running down the entirety of his length, body edging closer as she coils her snaking tongue around the length drawing her mouth around it, giving it a few hard firm suckles, sending pleasure through him. His toes curl, hands grip the bed sheets, he gasps and shudders, watching her bob her head up and down on his length.

Marilla tastes the salty flavor of his seed, similar to that of the ocean with a dash of something else. It was nothing like she was expecting, nor hoping for. She feels the flavor is bland, nothing like the sweet nectar for a salazzle or a salandit which she’s had many times before. She closes her eyes focusing on her duty, trying to picture something more appetizing to push her forward, arousal taking a dip within her loins, yet she continues to bob her head up and down, working him up higher. Each moan gives her the tenacity to push through her own self, the knowledge that he is being pleased by her actions help her press on.

“Oh my... I don’t know if I can hold on much longer Marilla,” Arrcrao warns, feeling the pressure build up within his loins, the heat growing hotter, the edge about to be crossed when Marilla pulls back, her tongue licking across his length, licking off the pre-cum that is squeezed out, before coiling her tongue back into her mouth. His cock glistening with her own saliva as



her hands gently rub along the underside of his length, keeping him on edge, yet slowly pulling him back from it.

“Good to know deary, thanks for letting me know. I don’t want you to blow too soon now,” she says with a wink, thinking, *“I don’t want to react poorly to your seed in my mouth. It could ruin our entire evening. And I don’t want to do that for either of us.”*

Arrcrao takes deep slow breathes, slowly releasing the tension from his hands and feet, legs twitching a little, but forcing them to remain open. He looks at her with a smile, “I’ll try to warn you then, till you want me to,” he smiles.

Marilla admires his goofy little smirk, gently caressing his length, looking down at it, mentally sighing, *“Perhaps if I ride it, it will be more stimulating. Mistress has used strap ons with me before. It wouldn’t be too different. Perhaps better,”* she thinks, moving herself closer to his length, grinding her sex against the underside of his cock.

Arrcrao gulps, hands reaching out to do something pulls them away, watching Marilla’s legs keep his own apart while he sees and feels her hot wet vent run along his member. He can already imagine her hot folds wrapping around his length, his body diving down deep into her, flooding her with... he tenses and grunts, looking at her, unable to look away, “Damn... that feels good.”

“I’m so glad you’re enjoying it deary,” she says pressing herself a bit harder against the length, her sex twitching against it, thinking, *“That seems to work better. It’s stimulating though it feels... damn it, perhaps if I let him in me,”* she thinks, caressing his cock, gently moving it against her sex a bit harder, raising herself till the tip was pressing against her folds.

“You’re enjoying yourself as well, right?” he asks nervously, in this brief moment he brings his hands together to gently rub against themselves, the dragon himself not even realizing he’s doing it.

“Of course, why would I not be enjoying myself? What would make you think I’m not?” she asks, giving him a little look.

Arrcrao tenses, hand moving to his sides, “No, no I wasn’t saying you weren’t. I’m just hoping that I’m... adequate for you?”

Marilla gives the cock a light slap, causing him to groan and moan, the reaction of such brings a little tingle of delight into her, “What did I say about that kind of talk? A little bit is fine for a little sub dom relationship, but too much is not what I want to hear from a sweet dragon like you. Got it?” she gives him a little look.

“Got it Marilla! I’ll work on it, I swear,” he replies with a soft submissive whimper.

Marilla smirks, feeling a surge of delight overtaking this much larger dragon, “Good,” she says, lowering herself down onto his cock. His length spreading her tight folds. His relatively large member to her pushing in as she clenches down on them.

Arrcrao feels her tight embrace, her wet folds dripping down his length. His toes curl, hands gripping the bed sheets again while he bucks up into her with instinctual need. His member slides deeper into her, spreading her wider. He looks at her, watching her move down onto him, grinding her hips up and down his length, not fully able to take all of it.

“Fuck you’re big,” Marilla remarks, her folds being spread, feeling a stimulation as she is penetrated. Her sensitive folds feeling the enticement of being teased and tugged with his twitching flesh

“T-thanks? I hope,” he replies, watching her move up and down on his length, unable to take all of it, but not trying to go too deep either. She bounces on him while his pleasure bubbles up again, rising higher and higher, feeling the churning torrent within his loins bashing against the damn of his will to keep himself in check, already feeling some cracks begin to form in the barrier between pent up bliss and the euphoria of climaxing.

Marilla on the other hand felt a little empty. Not physically, but internally. Sort of like eating a big old chocolate cake. It was tasty, sure, but it was empty calories. She grunts, arching her back hands reaching down to keep the cock lined up in her as she pulls herself almost completely out before moving back down. The bud of pleasure was there, but the burning lust that she’s come to love with her interactions with her mistress was distinctively lacking, *“Come on. I can’t be like this. I can’t be that physically disinterested to him. He’s so sweet. I want to enjoy this with him. I want him to enjoy it,”* she thinks when suddenly as she’s about to slam herself back down onto his cock Arrrcrao’s hands reach under her arms and stop her in mid thrust, unknowingly to her stopping him from breaking over the edge at that moment, “What are you doing?” she asks with a soft huff, short of breath from the work out.

“Marilla...” Arrrcrao says looking into her eyes, “You’re not enjoying it, are you?”

Marilla tilts her head, “What are you talking about? O-of course I am enjoying myself. Why would you think I’m not?” she asks with a soft huff, feeling him lift her body off him with relatively ease, revealing that despite his femboy nature and lack of muscles that he could easily lift her up.

“I-I may not be an expert on having sex with a woman. Or with salandits in general. But I know when someone is trying too hard for my shake. I feel how you are pushing yourself to just get me off. And as much I like that, I really do,” he pulls her into a hug, his cock twitching in the cool air, “I’ve seen you get really into it. And this isn’t it.”

Marilla tenses, her hands wrapping around him, embracing and leaning into the hug, “Arrrcrao... I just.”

“How about we have me put on that salazzle outfit.”

Marilla looks up at him, “What? But that isn’t having the time with you. But you in a suit.”

“It’s still me isn’t it? I still feel pleasure. I’m still in the action. A suit is just an extension of who I am presented in a way that is... how should I put it... showing to you in a way that you’d enjoy as much as myself. And if I am to be honest...” he says with a blush, “It’s a little hot to be a sexy woman.”

“Arrrcrao...”

The dragon smiles, nuzzling and then kissing her, “You’ve taken me on this date, but I want you to enjoy yourself too. There’s no shame in wanting to get off with a sexy lady like a salazzle. I don’t blame you. I do too.” he replies with a goofy grin.

“You dunce... but I love you for that. You relax there, I’ll get it,” she says, wiggling out of his hug, going to the bag, thinking, *“You are too sweet. Trying to make me feel better when this is my fault...”*

Arrcrao admires Marilla’s butt while she’s bent over, seeing her pull out the rubber salazzle hood which is tossed up to him. It lands on his lap, against his twitching cock, the intoxicating aroma of the polish still on the rubber when he takes it and puts it on.

He takes a deep breath feeling the scent overload his nostrils his cock twitching growing even harder, almost sent over the edge when the rubber crawls down over his body, encasing his draconic feature once more under black, purple and pink rubber.

His member is pushed up against his body, made part of the slit, adding to his pleasure while also making his body fully female in appearance. His body shines under the light. Marilla feeling herself build up in lust once again from the sight and scent of the salazzle before her. She licks her lips, gently running her fingers across Arrcrao’s sex, making a soft muffled squeak and an audible moan to come from his rubbery lips, “Oh you are so sensitive, aren’t you girl?”

“Y-yes Marilla,” he moans, his soft feminine voice adding to the salazzle visage that he is portraying, the female sex twitching when his cock does, encased in rubber but the pleasure being transmitted over to him.

“Good, good,” she muses, feeling her sex begin to burn a little hotter, she grinds her smaller slit against Arrcrao’s larger one, softly squeaking in the process, her tail twitches, her body panting a little bit as she feels the lustful fire in her loins begin to spread and grow through her.

Arrcrao arches his body, his tail twitching, back tentacles squirming with his fluttering bound wings, “M-Marilla?” he asks softly, looking at her with a growing need.

“Yes deary?” she asks, looking up at him, grinding her hips against her crotch.

“Perhaps we could eat out one last time tonight?” he asks, feeling a blush come over him, shocked at his own words, hands moving up to gently rub against his belly, hands touching each other.

Marilla tilts her head, a smile forming across it, “Why you slutty salazzle. Asking for a taste of me,” she says, swaying her tail side to side.

“Well... I...” he responds, looking away.

“Of course, it’s a wonderful idea.”

“R-really?” he asks with excitement, cock twitching, sex burning, legs quivering in delight, toes curling as she doesn’t say another word, only climbing onto his belly, raising her tail to him, showing off her hot dripping vent. Marilla lowing down to give his faux female sex a long rubbery lick.

Marilla tastes the sweet nectar the suit provides, adding to her burning lust, making her sex wink at him, enticing him to grab her and eat her out, “What are you waiting for? You already got your invitation.”

“Yes, yes, of course,” he replies, reaching up to grab Marilla’s delightful rump. Her tender salazzle fingers gently massaging her sides and flanks, easily lifting her up while keeping

her head close to his own female crotch. He leans forward sticking out his tongue, his faux salazzle tongue escaping his mouth to his surprise, but more so when he tastes Marilla's sweet hot and tangy sex when the rubber licks across her folds.

Marilla lets out a delightful moan, driven to lick and drive her muzzle into Arrcrao's sex.

The dragon shudders, wrapping his larger mouth around her crotch, tongue diving deep into her folds, wiggling around, washing his taste buds in her hot arousing juices. Both salandit and faux salazzle are driven to please the other, working to let them explode in the pleasuring delights and embrace the moments they have for each other.

With overwhelming gusto, they are pushed to their limits, but their pent up nature was far too much for either of them to hold off on their climax for too long. Arrcrao came first, a torrent of hot juicy female jizz gushed out of him, while his cock spasmed and took in the hot male cum into its rubbery form, to quickly translate it into something like female cum which Marilla happily lapped away. The delight of which added to her burning sex, which was not too far behind.

Feeling that Marilla was closed, or at least hoping she was, once he regained some of his composure feeling his hot juices rush out of her sex he drove his salazzle tongue into her, wiggling around her tight folds, lips pressing apart Marilla's sex, using her muzzle a bit like a cock, which drove the little salandit wild. Her climax hitting her sometime later, gushing over Arrcrao's muzzle, washing over into his mouth and taste buds, a spectacular delight of pleasure for him to enjoy and behold, feeling a warming joy that he managed to bring her over the edge, while Marilla felt much the same way about Arrcrao, happy to share this moment with him, even if it required the aid of some advanced latex.

Their night would press on with some more sex and a lot of snuggling and embracing, sleeping close to each other, Arrcrao insisting to keep the suit on through the night, knowing he could, and to much of Marilla's surprise of his willingness to let her get a larger enjoyment given her physical inclinations.

When they returned to the casino the next day, having to part ways, Arrcrao having a later morning shift, and Marilla the afternoon shift. A sweet departure for the two, but Marilla knew deep down that the events of last night were a real eye opener, and she had little time to fully comprehend this when Gnaria would bring her up to the very top of the hotel, toward the Mistress' penthouse and massive bedroom.

The canopy bed with the colors of the Mistress, blacks, pinks, purples and blues, a dozen salazzles around the bed, three on the bed along with the Mistress, providing her with some furniture like support. The Mistress' aroma in the flesh, fresh and hot off her body was quickly putting the little salandit in a stupor would remind her of the sex she had two nights prior.

The Mistress with her blue glowing stripes that enveloped her pink ones, her eyes glowing, she reaches out and motions for Marilla to come closer, "Come," she says in a sweet yet obviously domineering tone.

"Y-yes Mistress!" Marilla says, skittering over to her, heart ready to jump out of her chest. Her own Mistress being left by the bedroom door entrance many yards away. The closer

Marilla got the stronger the scent became, the more overriding it was for all her senses. She felt nervous, unprepared for being so close to her. She lowered herself to the ground, keeping her head low, “What is it that you wish Mistress?” she asks in a humble servitude voice.

“Tell me... how was your date last night?”

Marilla tensed, knowing this is why she was here, “*I knew it,*” she thinks, raising her head, while keeping in a subservient bow, the other salazzles all watching her with a domineering gaze, while she knows that the one in charge here is the Mistress. Who isn’t even taking the time to look at her, but talk to her from on top of the bed while she remains close to the floor, “I-it was nice Mistress.”

“Nice? Was that all?” she asks, her hand gently petting one salazzle near her, who visibly shudders in delight at the softest of her touch.

“Ah... well,” she swallows a lump in her throat, “I did come to a few realizations”

“You have? I thought you would,” the Mistress replies with a smile, “Tell me darling, what did you realize?”

“First... I really love females Mistress. I wasn’t fully sure at first. I mean I was curious but now? I’m sure.”

“I thought you were when we first met. It’s why I had one of my lovie take you in as one of theirs as you got trained nice and proper for me.”

“Y-yes Mistress, but there’s another thing I realized.”

The Mistress tilts her head to the side, looking in her direction, and despite the bed separating the two, Marilla can feel the Mistress’ eyes upon her, “And what would that be?”

“I... despite my... the thing is that Arrcrao....”

“What about the salamander dragon?”

“He’s super sweet. Nice, shy but in a way that’s rather enduring and could be fun to work him over in, but what I really want to say is... that.”

“Say it dear. My time is *limited,*”

Marilla gulps, “Sorry Mistress. What I’m trying to say is... that I love him.”

“Do you now?”

“Yes Mistress.”

The Mistress smirks, “And what about him?”

“What do you mean?”

“Do you think he loves you too?”

“Ah... I think?”

“That doesn’t sound very convincing.”

Marilla stiffens up, raising her head, “I’m sure he does Mistress. Very much so. He’s bent over backwards for me, and he didn’t have to.”

“That doesn’t mean he loves you, just lusts over you.”

“I’m sure he does.”

“Enough for you to sponsor him once you’re promoted?”

Marilla feels a shiver run down her spine, “Do you mean for future promotions?”

“I do have three former dragons, but a fourth is not a terrible idea. If you two really do love each other. I hate to break that apart. I do admire my lovelies being in love. Do you think he’s willing to commit to this job as much as you? To go through those lengths for your love? Do you love him so much that you are willing to have him go through that to be with you?”

Marilla takes a deep breath, almost climaxing from the powerful aroma of the intertwining salazzle aromas filling the air, but she pushes past it managing to say, “Yes Mistress. I do.”

The Mistress smirks, “Perfect.”