

Temp Job: Filling In

Arrcrao the lithe red, black and yellow, male anthropomorphic dragon. Unique for his species with relatively short wings, broad tail, two toes, three clawed fingers. Several days into his temp job, working at the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino. It has thus far been an experience that he will never forget, but at the moment, he is busy polishing one of the dozens of sleek smooth rubber salazzle toys. They stand in a row in their power stands, ready to be used, their bodies idle, the smell of rubber and fresh polish lingering in the air.

Every so often he looks over to the nearby computer to check to see if there is an order for any of the Cynder drones that may be requested by the hotel's patrons at any time. A tingle runs down his spine, his wings flutter at the thought of wearing that embracing hood again, the joy of having his mind turned off and being a mindless servant of a drone, was hard to forget, even if he was simply following the instructions. He could barely believe he got paid to wear that. Then again some of the things he's done things in that he could have never done otherwise. Outside of that awkwardness it's been a rather nice gig.

"Arrcrao! You're needed!" says Marilla, a sleek rubber-like salandit. Their soft grey and black skin with the orange striped and starburst markings on their back, a norm for her species, though the number of female salandits and their evolved state, salazzle was not. But then again, it wasn't called the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino for nothing.

The dragon was snapped out of his slight day dreaming caused him to jump, "Wha? Huh, oh sorry," he says, rushing over to the Cynder drone stall, about to pick up a helmet but sees nothing of them are lit up for him, "What?"

Marilla chuckles, smirking, walking over to him, the small salandit, just tall enough to come up to the dragon's hips says, "Your enthusiasm is duly noted but it's not there. One of our other girls called in sick and you're needed to fill in for them," she explains.

"Oh, oh, sorry. I got a little ahead of myself there," he says with a soft chuckle and a blush.

Marilla lets out a soft high-pitched giggle, "I see what you did there. Good one."

"Huh? I... oh yes, yes, thanks," he replies with a smile.

Marilla snaps herself back to the task at hand, "Your work history states you worked as a lifeguard?"

"Ah, yes, I did. Mostly at my school but did a two months stint at a public beach a few months ago. I'm certified and everything."

"Excellent. I hope you don't mind that you'll be lifeguarding at our indoor pool then?"

"Lifeguarding? Oh, not a problem. I can do that. But I um, didn't bring anything to wear. I can't go in a pair of jean shorts and shirt. It wouldn't look professional."

"Awe, that's so sweet you are worried about that. But you need not worry. The Mistress is forward thinking and plans for such eventualities. Come I'll take you to the fitting room," she says the small salandit hand waving him to follow, "And don't worry about your identification

collar. It's already been updated with your new temp duties," she says, pointing to her own black, pink, purple and blue collar that he is also wearing.

"Ah, thank you. I haven't really gotten a good look at much of the hotel... when I don't have a built in map commanding where for me to go," he replies with a soft smile.

"Yes, that does make things easier," she replies, leading him out of the back hallways and onto the main front lobby where guests are busy coming and going. The faint sounds of the slot machines and other gambling delights echo from down the hall. A sweet delightful aroma feels stronger here than where he normally works, easing the anxiety he feels growing in his gut.

All around there's iconography of the casino's owner, simply known to all as the "Mistress." Her salazzle colors of black, pinks, purples and blue are everywhere, all ingrained into the casino's theme. Salandit bell hops help with guests' luggage, while salazzles, salandits, humans and other anthropomorphic people work the front desk and other positions.

Arrcrao looks at it all in awe, "I never got to see even this part yet," he mutters, trying his best to remain close to Marilla as she cuts through the crowd.

"Really? You haven't even been to the lobby?"

"Yeah, I always come in through the back when they drop me off and pick me up. I don't have a car of my own."

"Oh. I didn't realize that. Not that I drive. Most cars aren't built for my stature."

"I'm sorry to hear that. It's a shame that happens."

"It's alright. I live here, so my commute is easy," she says with a smile.

"You live here?"

"A lot of us do," she explains, moving through the casino proper. Slot machines that have the salandit, salazzle theme are abundant. Images of the Mistress to represent the lucky triple seven, salandits on the other hand are equal to the slot machine equivalent of the 'bar'.

The sweet aroma is even stronger here, which helps him not get too lost in the dazzling lights, sounds, the sleek salazzles, at least half of whom if not more were sleek and rubbery like Marilla, "So many well-polished rubbery pokémon," he mutters.

"We aren't rubber, and best not to say that to some. As they could take offense."

"Oh, ah, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you, I didn't mean anything about the polishing, I know you are rubber-like"

"It's fine. It's a rare trait amongst us. And we have been mistaken as toys and all, but unlike toy's we don't squeak, see?" she says rubbing her hand across her thigh without a sound, despite the rubber-like sheen she has in the lights.

Arrcrao looks at her, feeling his heartbeat a little faster, watching that hand move along her hip, "A-ah, y-yes. I can see. It won't happen again," he replies, despite knowing he knows this already, but seeing her hand on her thighs like that...

"It's fine. I'm used to it, but there are others, like the Mistress who might not take kindly to such words."

He swallows a lump in his throat, a shiver runs down his spine upon hearing the casino owner's name, "Ah, right, right. I will definitely keep that in mind."

Marilla smiles, "You're just a bundle of nerves, aren't you?"

"Ah, well... maybe a little?"

"Relax. You've been doing a great job."

"R-really?"

"Yup. I should know. I'm the one submitting the reports," she replies with a sly smirk.

Arrcrao tenses a bit, "Ah..."

"Marilla, fancy seeing you out here," says a sleek rubbery salazzle holding a serving tray in her hands, the drinks recently taken, as beads of water condensation circles mark where the drinks were.

Marilla tenses, tail swaying a little faster, her attention turning toward the salazzle, "Ah, Mistress. Pleasure to see you as always. I'm taking the job temp to the pool area to fill in there."

The sleek smug salazzle, her back tentacles flapping with each step, tail swaying, she looks at them with her purple eyes. Arrcrao looks to the salazzle who comes up to about his shoulder in height, "Mistress?" he asks curiously.

Marilla quickly says, "Where are my manners. Arrcrao this is *my* Mistress, Gnaria. Mistress this is Arrcrao the job temp I am in charge of."

Gnaria walks around the pair, her steps sensual, domineering, the sweet aroma in the air growing stronger, sending shivers down Arrcrao's spine but Marilla is visibly delighted and concerned about the sudden turn of events, "Ah, yes. I've heard about you. Marilla has said much about you."

"S-she has?" he asks, looking at Marilla who rushes over to Gnaria.

"Yes, yes. I mentioned to her about what a good worker you are. It's nice to get someone competent. Not a lot of job temps show any promise. But I do apologize Mistress. We must be going. I don't want him to be late, the Mistress wouldn't be pleased if he was."

Gnaria gives a smug grin, that makes him swallow a lump in his throat, while making Marilla grow even more nervous, "Do you now? I suppose that is true. Mistress would be displeased if the pool had to be closed for even a moment. That is so very *nice* of you to *take him* to the pool *yourself*."

"He's never been there and it's easy to get lost."

"I suppose. Be seeing you later Marilla."

"Later Mistress," says Marilla who gently grabs Arrcrao by the hand, tugging him along though the rest of the casino's main floor, steadily over to the pool area, one floor up.

"She seems nice," Arrcrao remarks after they are out of earshot.

"Mistress is. I wouldn't want any other, outside of the Mistress of course."

"I was wondering about that..." he asks, trailing off feeling himself blush a bit, thinking about that.

"Ah, well I am under the care of my Mistress. I live with her, and she is to help sponsor me to move up in the company, and eventually help me become a salazzle."

"Oh, that's nice. Oh right, salazzles have that reverse harem thing right? It uh... makes sense that you'd call her that. I think. I hope I didn't over think that. Did I over think that?"

“Arrcrao?”

The dragon stops his rambling, “Yes?”

“Don’t overthink it please,” she says with a smile, “It’s more complicated than you think, but it’s fine. The Mistress just runs this place differently than other places.”

“Oh?” he asks with a soft wing flutter.

“Well you have to. How else will you get so many salazzles working in one place?”

“Now that you mentioned it... Female salandits make up like what was it? Ten percent of the population? And only they can become salazzles?”

“Just about.”

“Man, I bet a male salazzle would have a field day here,” he remarks, eyes widening at the sudden realization of what he just said, “Oh my gosh, I can’t believe I just...” He covers his face with his hands.

Marilla smiles and sighs, “It’s fine. This place is not your norm but... it’s not that bad,” she says with a smile tugging him along to the employee only area where they not only keep pool equipment but have private lockers and showers for the employees who work at the pool. There an anthropomorphic sting ray with swirly blue and white markings on his long arm wings is just getting out of the shower, “Oh you must be my replacement. The mid shift is there, but she’s only there for another hour. She has a previous engagement and can’t stay long,” he explains.

Arrcrao blushes seeing them, “Oh, I’m sorry. I should have been faster.”

Marilla smiles, “It’s fine. This will be your locker, use your bio info to gain access to it, there should be a pair of speedos in there for you that should fit your physique,” Marilla explains, “But you should shower before putting them on.”

He feels a shiver run down his spine, heart beating faster, mind a flutter, the sweet smell of the casino covered up by the chlorine in the pool, “J-just like that?” he asks.

“Yeah, there shouldn’t be a problem, is there?” she asks with a smirk.

“N-no, no, it should be fine,” he replies.

“Good luck. It’s quiet at this time, but it will pick up in a few hours. Make sure the kids don’t run and or try to go up the slide,” he says patting Arrcrao on the back, the force of which almost knocks him over, “Sorry,” he replies, drying themselves off, getting dressed and heading out while Arrcrao slowly undresses.

He looks over his shoulder after removing his shirt over to Marilla who feigns disinterest from across the room, “And y-you’re staying here?” he asks, tensing, feeling the butterflies in his stomach begin to flutter.

“I have to make sure the speedos fit. If not, I have to go get you another pair.”

“Ah, okay. J-just don’t look okay?”

“I won’t,” Marilla says, turning her back to him.

“Thanks,” he replies with a sigh, turning toward the locker, pulling down his pants while Marilla secretly looks over her shoulder at him, noticing the soft lighter scale toned behind, showing the distinct lack of sun that his tush gets. His tail twitches, feeling the cool air against

his scales, while he folds his clothes, placing them into the locker before pulling out the speedos that are black base, pink and purple outlined that have in blue lettering on the butt "Lifeguard."

Arrcrao blushes at it, torn at the feminine nature of the colors, which the white, pink, purple and blue shirt he is also supposed to wear just adds to the shock of what he will be wearing, "Ah, the shirt looks like it will fit, but I will check the speedos in the shower."

"In the shower?" she asks, looking away just before he looks at her.

"Well, it will help me check. Also, these are rather snug looking."

"Your stuff is internal, so having the male version didn't make much sense to me," she explains with a smug grin.

"O-oh... w-wait these are the female version?"

"Marilla takes a peek at his bare bottom, "That a problem? If it fits, it fits. You don't want to take too long now. You're needed by the pool soon rather than later."

"Right, right," he replies, feeling the butterflies in his stomach build, a building pressure within his loins as a surprising, unwelcomed arousal buds within him. His reddish cock tip pushes through his draconic slit. He shudders feeling the cool air around the sensitive flesh.

"Everything okay?" Marilla asks, looking away just before Arrcrao looks at her.

"E-everything is fine. I'll just head to the shower now," he says, slinking over toward the open shower stall just out of view of Marilla. Each step causes his length to slide a little more out till just the first few inches were out, "*Some cold water, that will help,*" he thinks, turning on the shower feeling the cool water hit his scales.

The sudden change of temperature caused him to tense, his wings flutter, the arousal faltering, sliding back into its housing.

"Is everything okay in there?!" asks Marilla, "It sounded like a little girl squealing."

"I'm fine! Just surprised how cold it was," he replies, letting out a sigh of relief, his body getting used to the temperature, the water rolling over his red and yellow scales. After rinsing he feels up the speedo, the spandex-latex feel of the material. He turns his back to the shower, looking out to see no one is able to see him. He blocks the water with his wings, slipping on the speedos, feeling the sleek sensation of them across his scales, his body wiggling into them. He tugs them around his but, feeling them grip and contour to his ass, sliding right up and under his tail, a small slit in them designed to slip his tail in, the speedos being surprisingly stretchy while at the same time, remaining snug against him, no matter how much they initially stretched out.

He takes a deep breath, running his fingers across the material, that clings tightly across his crotch like a bikini. He shudders at the sensation, then tenses, feeling a bulge push against the material. He looks down seeing his length sliding up and along the fabric with each heartbeat, his hands unintentionally rubbing it through the fabric.

"*No, no. N-not here,*" he thinks pulling his hand back, turning around now face first into the water, "*Calm down, calm down.*" The cool water batters his scales, but despite the onslaught of water, his length hardens further, the tip now pushing out past the top of the speedos, successfully surmounting the obstacle in its way, feeling the cool water against the sensitive ribbed and tapered draconic flesh.

“Go down. Please?” he thinks, his arousal growing more, the length now fully hard, half trapped against the fabric, keeping his cock pinned against his belly scales. He looks down at it, bug eyed, watching twitch before him. Like a rebellious teenage it defies his parent’s will, his desire for it to go back down. The water egging his arousal more, causing his hands to tense, toes to curl, wings to flutter, tail growing stiff when he feels the egging urge in his mind to *touch* it.

Slowly he moves his hands around the tip of the length, gently caressing it, feeling the cock send tingles of delight down his spine. He pants a little heavier, looking around again when his hand fully grasps the length, forcing it down pushing the fabric down under the base of his cock, making it feel tighter against his butt, which adds to his burning lust.

“You are sure taking a long time in there,” says Marilla.

Arrcrao clenches his butt cheeks, his cock twitches, hand squeezing the length, squeezing a bit of pre-cum that has built in within it, “I-I’m fine. I just need a bit of time. T-trying on the speedo.”

“Okay. Is it fitting fine? Want me to check?”

“No!” he shudders, clearing his throat, “I mean. I’ll be fine. I feel awkward if you watch, you know?”

“I got you. Call if you need me,” she replies.

“N-no need, but thank you!” he replies, hand gently caressing his length. He feels as if his heart is about to beat out of his chest. The butterflies multiplying within his gut, the rush of delight all being multiplied by the situation, hand going faster, and faster, a soft moan escaping his lips, lost under the sound of the beating water.

He closes his eyes, tail stiffening, hips bucking, hands going faster along his length. He shudders in delight, pre-cum flowing out of his tip, but is quickly washed away by the running water. His mind flooded with thoughts of Marilla standing there, watching. The fact she is so close ever present in his mind, hand going even faster, pleasure building. “Fuck... fuck,” he whimpers.

The pressure builds within his loins. Feeling himself on the edge, ready to unleash, he leans forward, a hand on the white, pink, purple and blue tiles that use black caulk to finish the theme all within the club. His hips buck, pounding into an invisible woman, and in that moment, he pictures between his legs, Marilla. Her hands clasping his cock, licking across the base, suckling the tip while rubbing it with her hands, sending him over the edge, unleashing his load if hot white clear draconic spunk onto the ground below, which is then quickly whisked away but the running water rivers toward the drain.

Arrcrao pants heavily, eyes slowly opening hand covered in his own essence which he squeezes the last bit from his member before running water over his claws, cleaning them. He looks at the bits of spunk that don’t manage to get caught by the water. He uses his foot to help it along the way toward the drain while his length retreats fully into his slit. He adjusts his speedos making them fit properly once again.

“Did I just get off on the idea of her watching? I never thought... But I just did thought that... But I don’t know her... she has a mistress.”

“Did you fall down in there?” asks Marilla peeking her head into the showers, Arrcrao jumps spinning around to face her.

“M-Marilla!”

She grins, “I didn’t mean to startle. Looks like those fit, but you have been in here for an unusually long time. Did you get lost or something?”

“Ah, sorry, sorry. I tend to take long showers and I got a little lost in thought there,” he says with a nervous chuckle.

Marilla looks at him with a smug grin, “Well don’t get lost in thought when on duty. You have to make sure everyone stays safe out there.”

Arrcrao turns off the water, steeling himself, flicking the water off his wings, grabbing a nearby towel that has the casino’s initials sewn into it with the Mistress’ colors, drying himself off, “I won’t. I don’t want to disappoint you.”

She smiles, “Though I am in charge of your reports, it is not I who you should be worried about disappointing, but of our guests. They are here to have a good and safe time. They come first. Not pleasing me.”

Arrcrao finishes drying himself off, giving a nod, “R-right. I knew that,” he says with a soft huff, feeling the clarity in his mind, along with the post lust regret of what just transpired. He looks at her, with a smile, *“Please let her not know what happened. I don’t want to get fired. This place has been great,”* he thinks.

“Come, come, you need to be out there. You’re already a tardy.”

Arrcrao stiffens, “Right, right. Sorry,” he replies heading out towards the door to the pool.

“Oh Arrcrao?” she says just as he reaches the door.

“Y-yes?” he asks, thinking, *“She knows...”*

“Good luck.”

He smiles, “Thanks. I’ll do my best,” he says, stepping out to see the large pool area. A pair of hot tubs nearby, the raised area for him to sit currently occupied by a sleek rubbery looking salazzle with soft blue eyes. She has the lifeguard vest on. She looks over the rather quiet pool, a few guests enjoying themselves, water steadily waterfalls into the pool from the water slide that goes into the pool that is two stories up in a different pool area.

The salazzle looks over toward Arrcrao, the salazzle’s smug grin sends shivers down his spine. She climbs down from her high place, sauntering over to him, her hips elegantly sway side to side, “So you’re my partner’s replacement. I was really hoping I didn’t have to run a double,” she says with a sly smirk, her voice dripping with a soft gentle dominance, which sends a shiver down Arrcrao’s spine.

“Ah, yes. I’m the fill in guy, guard, person. Anything special I need to know uh... Miss?”

“The name is Kristina,” she says, her blue eyes looking over him, “A dragon? It’s been a bit since the Mistress had a dragon working here. I do find dragons to be rather... *lovely*, especially a nice lady as yourself,” Kristina gives a smug grin.

Arrcrao blushes a bit, his wings furling, hands gently touching against themselves, “I... uh, I’m a guy actually.”

Kristina’s expression ever so subtly lessens, “Oh. Nothing wrong with that,” she says looking over toward the showers to see Marilla who retreats and heads back to where she needs to be, “Ah, you are the temp guy.”

“Yes I am.”

“Enjoying yourself?”

“Oh, ah, um. This job has been great. I’m very grateful to have it. Best job I’ve ever had if I am to be honest,” he smiles.

“I’m glad you are enjoying yourself,” she says with a smirk.

“So... I saw you looked to Marilla? You know her?”

“A little, I’m close friends with her Mistress Gnaria.”

“Oh... that’s nice. You know much about her?” he asks with a soft blush.

Kristina smiles, “Curious about her?”

“Well she is my boss, and just a little curious you know? But if you have other things, and have to show me the ropes, that’s fine too.”

“I can do both. You’re mostly in charge to make sure no one does anything stupid and to keep the little kids out of the deep end of the pool once it starts to get busy in about two hours or so. And make sure no one gets under the waterslide. Don’t want to have someone pop out and land on another guest.”

“Ah, right. Good idea. Very important.”

“Now, for Marilla. Gnaria is her sponsor and Mistress towards moving up the ranks within the casino. The Mistress has her theme and she likes to keep it running strong. It’s not easy finding so many salazzles to work at this place.”

“I could imagine... so... ah uh.”

“Marilla is a good girl. Still learning some of the ropes, but she will. Gnaria will be sure she does well.”

“O-oh?”

Kristina leans up gently running her fingers along Arrcrao’s chin, “You need not worry about that dear. You have a job to do. So why don’t you take that chair up there and get to watching. I’ll keep an eye down here while I’m still around,” she says with a soft huff, a smell of chlorine in the air fading, being replaced by a sweet tender aroma that sends tingles down his spine, “Alright?”

“T-that’s fine. Totally good with me. Yup. I’ll do a good job,” he replies.

“Wonderful. If you happen to do anything wrong, I’ll let you know before I go. After that, you’re on your own,” she replies.

He nods, swallowing a small lump in his throat, feeling his heart race, body feel a mix of delight, anxiety with a wave of relaxation coming over him, the delightful scent of the salazzle before him, intoxicating yet pulls at the back of his mind, that makes her so... alluring. He watches her walk away, the hips swaying, the back tentacles waving, while the tail wags in sensual delight, walking with gusto and control, much like most of the other salazzles he's had the pleasure of running into at the casino.

He climbs onto the raised chair, which gives him a bird's eye view over the entire pool. Only a few guests are currently swimming in the massive pool. The large windows give a delightful view of the beachfront property, warranting a nice view along with the opportunity to swim without the risk of sand or sea creatures ruining your day.

"This isn't too bad. Rather relaxing," he says looking around, the few hours passing without incident. More people steadily enjoying the pool, a few people popping into the slide, splashing down, swimming out of the buoy marked area where people aren't allowed to go into to prevent people from sliding down on top of them. Kristina has already left him to handle his lifeguard duties on his own.

"A little boring, but that's not bad. Easy to do a good job. All I have to do is pay attention and remain alert," he thinks, not noticing that the number of guests at the pool steadily decreases despite the fact that it's now mid-afternoon and his lack of experience working this pool prevents him from noticing that it would normally be the prime time for guests to enjoy the pool services.

After a short moment of zoning out, the scent of chlorine is suddenly penetrated by another sweet aroma. His nostrils flare, he jerks back to full attention, heart beginning to beat a little faster. He looks around, growing curious, realizing there is literally no one in the pool or the hot tubs, then salazzles move into the pool, all of them naked, their salazzle bodies, hiding anything that would be considered 'improper' and would need to wear any clothes. At first it's only three salazzles, but then three more join in, and another five. Over a dozen salazzles soon enjoy the pool services. More sliding into the pool from the pool above, the girls having a fun time. Some laying on some inflatable pool toys, all with the Mistress' colors.

With each additional salazzle their delightful aroma grows stronger, more powerful. Their (im)famous 'poisonous' aroma is known to all. Well known that it can have an affect on salandits, which is an essential part of their reverse harem, but what is not as well known, but rumored to be true that is their intoxicating aroma can also affect males of other species, and Arrcrao being more closely aligned to them despite not being a pokémon, his excitement is growing.

His eyes dart around the room, all the naked women playing around in the pool, having a good time, splashing about. A few of the ladies are wearing speedos much like himself, for no other reason than they want to. The glistening rubbery-skin on some of the salazzles makes his stomach butterfly, the slender, curved bodies, the wide hips, the thick thighs, wonderful tails, their close and playful nature, bodies rubbing up against one another. It makes his body tingle,

heart beat harder, breath growing heavy. His hands rest on his crotch, subconsciously he gently rubs his male slit, wings fluttering, *"This is the best day of my life..."*

Arrcrao feels his mouth grow dry, his tongue runs across his lips, he tenses a little, growing stiff for just a moment when he feels a small bump in his speedos. He doesn't look down, he knows exactly what that is, *"Oh, no. Oh no,"* he thinks. He adjusts himself in his chair, looking at the ladies walking around all around him. His bird's eye view makes sure there are always at least a half a dozen if not more salazzles in his field of view, no matter where he looks. His feet gently rub up against each other, tail swishing through the back of the chair. His nostrils flare, taking in more of that sweet aroma of all the salazzles that fill the room, each tugging at his mind, subconsciously drawing him toward the source, making him want to look at all of them before him.

*"Fuck... Please body. Not now. Why does this have to be such a fuckin sexy position to be in. I don't want to be caught. I like this job! I don't want to be **that** guy,"* he thinks, but the more he thinks about it, the higher his excitement grows, the more his length pushes out against the cloth of his speedos. He adjusts himself more, pulling back into the chair, hands resting on his crotch, feeling the member pulsate and twitch against his palm, not out enough to fully break free from the small constraining area of the fabric, *"This can't get any worse."*

Within minutes after this thought crossed his mind, another sweeter more dominating aroma penetrates through the countless salazzle haze. Like oil on top of water, it washes over the mixture of the other girls. Arrcrao tenses, nostrils flaring, his length gaining an inch out of his slit instantly, breaking free from the speedo, the sensitive ribbed skin touching the back of his scaly palm. A shiver runs down his spine, his cock tip twitches, pre-cum dribbling, taking a deep breath, all other aromas are pushed to the wayside. They are clearly there but it was nothing like what he is experiencing now. It's so thick and delightful that he could just taste it.

He wasn't the only one though, all of the salazzles took notice of the new aroma filtering into the pool area. The loud display of fun and games they were sharing quiets as they all look in anticipation toward the pool entrance, which is where Arrcrao's gaze was also subconsciously drawn to. For the moment he almost forgets that his cock is throbbing and twitching, barely hidden by his speedos, kept tight against his body, only his raised position keeps his embarrassment from being noticed.

A minute passes and nothing happens except for the growing strength of the lustful aroma that fills the room. The salazzles all around are visibly delighted by the intoxicating scent. They lean against their respective partners more, or friends that they are rather "close" to. The lower windows to the pool automatically tint a soft blue, making it harder for the crowd of people who were peeking from the outside in to see the salazzles. If Arrcrao was able to turn his attention away from the pool's entrance for a moment, he'd take notice of the disappointment of dozens of people including several salandits who were trying to keep an eye on what was happening while still trying to work.

Suddenly, stepping out from the entrance was two salazzles, but already within Arrcrao's gut he knew that wasn't the draw of all the salazzles' attention. The one who stepped in right

behind them with three other salazzles in toe was. A sleek black, pink, purple salazzle with a line of blue that outlines their pink stripes and along their tail. The elegant curves of their stripes are further enhanced by it. She walks with a smug grin, a sense of power and control that is obvious to all. Her piercing blue eyes indicate that she is number one, and she *knows* it, and *owns* it. The moment Arrcrao's eyes are laid upon her his cock spurts a bit of pre-cum in a micro-orgasm, the scent now hitting him like the waves across the beach, crashing upon him, making a white haze gush from his cock.

He wasn't the only one. Every single salazzle in the room, with their domineering aura of control that each one extrudes is enthralled by this one single solitary. If Arrcrao was able to draw his attention away from this one salazzle for a moment he'd notice the girls secretly teasing themselves or their lovers, at least those that have less control over their growing lusts, but was clear they were *all* fawning over this one single salazzle, who looks over the crowd, enjoying the view of all these slender girls filling her view. Over sixty percent of them sleek and rubber-like just like her. Without the need of anyone to tell him, Arrcrao knew who this was. She was the one. The only. The casino's owner. She is the Mistress.

The windows now tinted dark enough to give them complete privacy, leaving the only non-salazzle in the room, him. His cock fully out, hard, throbbing, twitching, the delightful aroma was too much for him to fully comprehend and appreciate all of it. He was still smelling and being affected by the other salazzles, but all of them combined was still *nothing* compared to this one single solitary domineering salazzle.

The Mistress gently runs her hands across the two salazzles at her side, tail gently brushing along the crotch of the third who was right behind her. They visibly shudder at her touch, moaning softly. She smiles at them walking ahead of them, her hands leaving them, which leaves them visibly wanting. She then runs her fingertips along the spines of the two lead salazzles who stiffen, the back tentacles extending fully before relaxing. She says nothing to them, but they are pleased by simply being so close to her.

She walks toward the edge of the pool, each step is exaggerated, her body expressed, her control over them all made ever clearer as she gets closer to other salazzles, who grow visibly delighted, all their eyes glued on her, including Arrcrao's. Not a word is spoken between the salazzles, each showing undying respect and loyalty to the Mistress by giving her their *complete* attention, ready and eager to hear what she has to say.

"My lovelies. It's so glad to see you all here today at our bi-annual pool party. Please relax, enjoy yourselves. You have all *earned* this little vacation. A few hours to let yourselves go. To bask in my presence. My little gift to all of you for being so wonderful to me. Food and drinks will be brought in shortly. If we don't tell management they won't know we are breaking their no food and drink rule in the pool area," she says with a sly wink, a wave of laughter bursting out all around. "Now have fun!" she commands.

The festivities resume, though everyone is now clearly distracted by the Mistress simply being there. She walks to a clearing by the pool, she snaps her fingers, pointing there. The five salazzles she came with move and take positions forming a salazzle lounging chair for her to

take. She elegantly lays down upon it, each girl shuddering in delight at the Mistress' touch. She holds out her hand, snapping her fingers again, a tray of drinks are brought out by another salazze servant who happily rushes over to give the Mistress a drink based on her own colors, "Thank you lovely," she praises the servant.

"Thank you, Mistress," she says in delight moving back to her post to serve the other girls who are here to enjoy themselves.

Arrcrao has a clear view of the Mistress, who is displayed not far from him. His cock now aching hard, throbbing to the point of a heavy strain. His heart racing, trying to force his gaze back to his duties, only became easier when he noticed the Mistress looking in his direction, a shiver running down his spine.

The Mistress slowly sips from her drink, looking at Arrcrao, saying nothing, just watching him. Arrcrao can't help but think, *"Please let nothing happen. Please don't call upon me. Please, please, please,"* the thought of all these girls discovering his unintentional dirty secret. His cock wants to be played with so badly, but he refuses. It simply aches, throbs and twitches against the fabric, begging to be played with, but he steels himself from doing anything but to keep a hand over his privates in a vain attempt to look and act natural. His eyes continue to look over the pool, nothing of special note helping while he feels at any moment that his house of cards that he's being held up by will collapse.

"Is she still looking at me?" Arrcrao wonders after a moment, looking toward the Mistress again who's dominating gaze is upon him, tripling the effect it has. He feels as if she can see through him, through his facade, the cover. That he is left exposed and naked before her, that no secret is not known to her. With that smug grin she slowly sips her drink which she holds in one hand, while the other gently pets and caresses one of the girls she is on top of, blowing a haze over them which the girls moan out in total delight.

"Remember girls," she says, her attention breaking away from him, making him somehow feel even more watched, "That this isn't *that* kind of party. Let's keep it respectable. And just have some fun."

"Yes Mistress!" they all call out in a cult-like unison. Which caused Arrcrao's cock to jump and spurt a little bit of pre-cum.

"Fuck," he thinks, tensing, heart racing. His new fear on top of being discovered is that his shift is going to end and when he has to climb down his shame will be revealed to all. This is on top of the constant worry that someone will do something stupid requiring his aid, and then it will be revealed. *"Whatever happens. You didn't do this on purpose. This is just a natural normal reaction. How could they not expect this to happen? I mean, all these lovely girls in one place? Running around naked? All wet, glistening in the light, total hotties. I-I mean how could...they... not... already... know,"* he thinks, a tingle running down his spine, he looks back over to the Mistress, who at the moment appears to be talking to another salazze who is just "melting" in place, totally enthralled with the opportunity to talk to her, but then she catches him looking.

Arrcrao shudders, cock spurting more pre-cum in yet another micro-orgasm, the moment their eyes meet. The Mistress says nothing, does nothing except smirk, she brings a finger to her lips and gives a little ‘hush’ motion, before returning to the conversation at hand, the salazze before her, patiently waiting for the chance to continue the conversation they were having, not even questioning or even refusing to act like she noticed what transpired before her. The Mistress sticks a finger into her drink, stirring it around, motioning the girl before her closer.

“Verenice, tell me how this drink tastes. Does it taste off to you?” she inquires offering her dripping finger, which Verenice happily suckles in the lewdest of fashions. The Mistress’ finger sliding in and out of her mouth while other salazzles look on with total jealousy. The Mistress pops her finger out of the other salazzles mouth, “Well?”

“*Oh my fucking god... w-why?*” Arrcrao thinks with a shudder, trying to hold back a moan, a small part of his belly completely soaked in his slowly leaking cock juices.

“T-tastes g-great to me M-mistress,” Verenice replies.

“Wonderful, that is what I thought. But I had to be sure. I can’t get complacent about the quality of my lovelies work now can I?”

“N-no Mistress.”

“What I thought. Now go, your love is waiting eagerly for you to return. You don’t want to keep Zirra waiting now, do you?” she muses, motioning over to Zirra who is not far away, eyes enthralled on either the Mistress or her and Verenice.

“O-of course not Mistress. Thank you for the chat,” she replies with a bow, rushing back to her love.

“It was my pleasure,” she muses, accepting the next salazze who dares to approach her. Similar arousing, teasing scenes repeating themselves over the next few hours, food and drink being served, while Arrcrao was left to “suffer” his never ending arousal, unable to touch himself, fearful to do anything but to try to do his job, which only made his predicament even worse.

Subtly he curled his toes, wings furred and unfurled with deep breaths, his fingers on occasion touching the bulge in the speedos, sending shivers through him, making the cock twitch. Quickly he pulls his fingers away while still keeping his hands over his aching flesh. He takes slow deep paced breaths in a vain attempt to calm himself down. Each inhale floods his lungs with the salazzles’ dominating scent. The intoxicating concoction is nothing like he has ever felt before, impossible for anyone, especially him to resist and simply relax.

These few hours of fun and partying by these salazzles felt like days to him. While at the same time part of it all felt like an instant. When the fun died down, and the Mistress took her leave, getting up from her longue chair made of her fellow salazzles. Those salazzles, though visibly tired from being in one position for so long, looked like they felt saddened by their duty coming to an end. They help each other up, the Mistress watching them, waiting till they are standing back up before making her move.

“You’ve all done wonderful my lovelies,” she purrs her words dripping with dominance. Her hands gently caress and rub under one of the salazze’s chin, she leans in, kissing them on

the lips, blowing her concentrated aroma into their mouth. The other salazzle's eyes bug out, a visible shudder and stiffening of their body before a relaxation, the girl completely lost in the intoxication of what just transpired.

Four more times the Mistress provides these services, sending each of her living furniture into a swirl of delight, placed upon cloud nine for their hard work. She gently pats the last salazzle on the cheek, "Focus. We have to return to my room."

The salazzles snap themselves back to reality by the sheer force of the Mistress' words, "Yes Mistress!" they reply, setting up the two in front, two beside and one behind, a lovely protective circle around the Mistress.

The other salazzles watch with longing, and a visible sadness upon her departure, the level of her aroma quickly fading, only lingering around for ten or fifteen minutes to a level that Arrcrao can feel, before the other salazzles' aromas can take over, toying with his mind.

But with the withdraw of the Mistress, so did many of the salazzles, pleased to have gotten a glimpse of their interest. The constant talk about her was easy for Arrcrao to listen upon to, many of the salazzles have completely forgotten he is even there, a blessing in disguise. Another blessing the overall weight of the Mistress has given him at least a temporary tolerance to the other salazzles' "weaker" allowing him to take the slow deep breaths to some effect.

His cock slowly, steadily retreats back into his male slit, the built up pre-cum within his length leaking out, leaving a glistening trail on his scales, the majority of it around the area his cock was when it was at its full length. Eventually only a small bulge remained when another normal skinned salazzle approaches his chair, "You still alive up there?" she yells.

Arrcrao jumps in surprise, the sudden shock scares the last bit of his cock back into his slit, which he clenches as much as he can, to prevent his member from returning, "I-I'm good, good. Is my shift over already?" he asks with a soft pant, his hand has long rubbed his juices down and into his speedos, hiding as much of it as possible, like a child hiding his sweeping work under a rug.

"Unless you want to pull a double, I believe so. Enjoy yourself?"

"Huh? What? What do you mean?"

The salazzle smirks, "What do you think? You got to sit in on our semi-annual pool party. You can't tell me you didn't enjoy that... unless you aren't into that sort of thing."

"Oh, oh! Uh... well, I am, but that's not to say that I was... well you know. I took my job very seriously! Very, very much so. I had no idea there was some kind of pool party like there was. I wasn't sure what to do except just make sure everyone was safe. Which they were. Which is good. Yup, very good."

The salazzle looks up at him, "Well then, are you good to get off my seat?"

"R-right, right," he replies, climbing down feeling his butt a bit sore from sitting down in one place for so long, one hand purposely not grabbing anything as he climbs down, hiding it behind his back, turning his body away from her, "You have a good day, and good luck."

The salazzle watches him stumble back and away, "Thanks," she replies, climbing up the chair while he rushes to the showers to clean himself off of the built up pre-cum that he's stored

within his speedos. With the cold spray of water a sense of relief has come over him. He leans against the tiled wall, a long drawn out sigh escaping his lips, *“I did it. I fucking did it. Got out like a bandit. May I hope that doesn’t happen again.”*

“Oh Arrcrao,” says a domineering voice that sounds vaguely familiar. The sudden calling of his name makes him jump in surprise turning around to see a salazze standing there. Gnaria grins, “Sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you like that. I hope I am not interrupting anything. It looked like you were rather lost in thought.”

The dragon tenses, hands covering as much of himself as possible, wings furling back, “No, no I am... have we met?”

“I’m Gnaria remember? Marilla’s Mistress.”

“Oh! Oh, sorry. I am well it's hard to tell who is who honestly. Most of you salazzles look rather similar.”

“I assure you that we are rather varied if you pay close enough *attention.*”

Arrcrao blushes, “I-I didn’t mean it like that. It is simply I have not been around many salazzles till now. And, and I was just uh, um, taken back by seeing so many earlier. And we only met briefly that I found it... it's difficult you know to remember sometimes?”

“Relax. I’m not here to make judgements here. You aren’t the first person to not be able to tell any of us apart.”

He lets out a sigh of relief, forgetting that he is still in the shower, “N-need something?”

“I need you to finish that shower so we can talk.”

“T-talk? A-about what?”

“Future job opportunities.”

Arrcrao swallows a lump in his throat, watching Gnaria walk out of his field of view, “O-okay... I’ll be quick!”

“Please do that,” she muses, waiting in the locker area, which Arrcrao quickly gets to, rushing to dry himself off and slip back into his normal clothes, though his company given collar has remained on him the entire time.

Arrcrao looks over his shoulder as he rushes to get dressed, noticing Gnaria’s smug grin, her tail swaying behind her, hand resting under her chin while she patiently waits, eyes seeming to undress his naked body while he ironically gets dressed, “What is this about a job opportunity?” he asks, adjusting his shirt and pants, turning to face her.

Gnaria stands up, “I happen to be in *need* of you.”

Arrcrao swallows a lump in his throat feeling a shiver run down his spine, a dominating tone escaping her lips, “O-of m-me?”

She walks up closer to him, “Yes of you.”

“B-but isn’t Marilla my boss?”

“She is and it does involve her. What do you say? Do you mind staying here and getting a bit of overtime?”

“S-sure? I guess. To be honest, I am not that tired. I didn’t do anything but sit on my butt all day. Though how late are we talking about? I will need to get back home eventually so I can make it here on time in the morning.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t worry about that. If you don’t mind staying the night, I can get all of your accommodations handled.”

“Well that sounds good then. What do you need me to do?” he asks with a soft blush, tail swishing behind him, hands moving behind his back, wings twitching.

“Mistress? What are you doing here?” asks Marilla, who looks at her as she is leaning in close to Arrcrao.

The dragon tenses looking at Marilla, staring into her purple eyes that give hints of concern, her little tail swishing behind her. Gnaria steps into his line of sight, moving towards Marilla, “Do I need to tell you why I am here?”

“N-no Mistress. But if you don’t mind, I am curious as to why...” she says softly.

“I was having a fun little chat with Arrcrao here. And he was gracious enough to agree to work a little overtime.”

“Overtime? But according to his contract he’s not...”

“He agreed to it. Does it matter?”

Marilla shakes her head, “No Mistress.”

Gnaria gives a smug grin, “That is what I thought. Come,” she says, ending her statement in a soft command directed at both of them.

Arrcrao looks to Marilla, who glances back at him. His hands gently touch each other, a small wing flick, following behind the two back through the casino, through that sweet relaxing air-conditioned air. His anxiety ebbing and flowing with each breath, eventually they reach back to the toy and drone room, his normal place of work.

“Uh, ah, I should have asked this but is there something special to what I am doing? I don’t often work the late shifts.”

Gnaria turns to him, her purple gaze sends shivers down his spine, the aura of dominance and control she gives, pressing down upon him, reminiscent to the Mistress but still in totally different leagues when compared to her, but to him? She is still very domineering, “We have a new product that I need you to test, and Marilla?”

“Yes Mistress?” she asks submissively.

Gnaria is about to speak when she stops herself, “You know... it will be more fun for you to see and figure it out on your own. You’ve always been a clever one,” she chuckles.

Marilla nods, “Yes Mistress,” she replies looking to Arrcrao, who appears a bit clueless about what is happening.

“So, I am to test a new product?”

“You’ve had plenty of experience with our Cynder drone hoods, am I correct on this presumption? Seeing where you have been working and what Marilla has told me.”

Arrcrao nods, “Y-yes, I have had a few experiences. Though it has been a rather um... well to put it bluntly a no brainer? I am often not thinking much but simply doing.”

Gnaria grins, “Excellent. Check the lower cupboards, the mask for the new product is there. It should have a blue glow around it. That will be the one we’ll be testing.”

Marilla looks at Gnaria nervously and curiously, tail swaying slowly and steadily, while Arrcrao goes over to the blue glowing cupboard, reaching and pulling out a smooth sleek shiny black rubber faceless salazzle hood. The moment the hood comes into Arrcrao’s field of vision he tenses, a shiver running down his spine, heartbeat speeding up again, his three fingered claws gently feeling along the rubber and the few pound weight to it, making the hood deceptively heavier than one would expect.

The salandit looks at the hood then up to Gnaria who keeps her smug grin, “Mistress?”

“Yes, my little one?” she asks.

“Is this what I think it is?”

“I don’t know. Is it?”

Arrcrao responds, bringing the hood back to them, “Is this what you want me to try out Miss Gnaria?”

“It is, but not yet. I need both of you to follow me. We have another stop to make.”

“Sure, sure,” Arrcrao responds, following.

Marilla rushes up to Gnaria, “Mistress. Is this really necessary?”

Gnaria looks down at her, the three entering the employee elevator, “What do you mean sweetie?” she asks, hitting the button to the second to top floor of the casino.

Marilla’s eyes widen, “M-Mistress? Is this okay? He is not a full employee and is not... what if the Mistress hears of this?”

Gnaria chuckles, “This was her idea. She knows of your... torn interests. She thought this was a good way to help you bring you into focus.”

Marilla visibly blushes, “B-but... I... it’s not like that. It’s just.”

“Just what Marilla? Are you saying the Mistress doesn’t know what she is doing? Are you going to refuse *her* help?”

Marilla stiffens, “No, no, no. Nothing like that, it’s just...” she looks over to Arrcrao, who remains silent, watching the conversation happening before him, clearly unsure what to do.

“Am I not supposed to be here? B-but then why was I asked? Is there something wrong? I hope this doesn’t hurt my weekly review...” he thinks, his hands gently caressing the smooth rubber hood, causing it to squeak.

“It’s just what sweetie?” Gnaria asks, her hand reaching down and gently running along the back of Marilla’s head, who shivers and gently leans against Gnaria’s fingers, which caress along her head, forcing her to look up at her. Their eyes meet.

“N-nothing Mistress. Nothing at all.”

“That is what I thought,” she gently pets Marilla on the head, the elevator dings, the door opens, hitting them all with a stronger delightful aroma than on the lower floors. Countless salazzle scents fill the area, tender and a pleasant sensation to Arrcrao’s nose, but the underlying sweetness that is on the lower floors is even better here.

“*Come*,” Gnaria states, leading them down the hallway, the Mistress’ colors and iconography is everywhere. She leads them back to a private room, passing other salazzles and salandits along the way who look at Arrcrao curiously, visibly surprised to see him here.

“What is this place?” he asks curiously, “It looks way different than the hotel guests’ floors.”

Gnaria replies, “This is where we live.”

“We?”

“Marilla, myself, and the others like us that work here and have *close* ties to the Mistress.”

“O-oh,” he replies as they stop in front of a door. Gnaria’s biometric signature unlocking the door, which she gently pushes open, the door, stepping inside.

“Come,” she commands.

“Coming!” Arrcrao replies, rushing in right after Marilla, being hit with a sweet aroma of the room. Inside is a complete living quarters with a kitchen, living room, bedroom, and so forth. There are also small painted marble statues of the Mistress and vases to match. “Wow, this place is much better than my dinky place,” he remarks.

“Why thank you, I do try to keep it in good condition in case I have company. Though at the moment it's just me and Marilla. One day I will find someone that will fit my particular tastes and standards.”

“I know you will find someone Mistress. Your sister Kristina is in the same boat last I heard.”

“She’s dating someone,” Gnaria muses.

Marilla responds, “Oh that’s lovely? Who’s the lucky girl?”

“Are you trying to delay Marilla by asking off topic questions?”

She stiffens, shaking her head, “No Mistress.”

“Please Arrcrao, close the door behind you and come to the bedroom.”

With those words he felt a shiver run down his spine yet again, butterflies springing forth in his belly, he closed the door, hearing the distinct click behind him, heart skipping a beat. The realization just what is about to happen dawning on him. “Uh, ah is this... like against legal rules? With employees and bosses? Like harassment or something?” he asks following the pair into the bedroom, where soft pink and black sheets lay across the bed.

“It’s only harassment if you say no, uncomfortable or don’t want it. You agreed for a little bit of overtime, and you’ll be helping Marilla with some training that she has been in sore need of,” Gnaria explains.

“T-training?” Arrcrao asks.

“You’ll see, on the bed, *now* and *remove* those clothes. You know the drill with the hoods. The less you have on the *better* this will be.”

Arrcrao swallows a lump in his throat, his hands clearly shaking, slinking onto the bed feeling the soft bed sheets against his scales, his length twitching within his male slit, “*No, no, no, not fucking now!*”

“Arrcrao you don’t have to if you don’t want to. I’m sure Mistress that…”

“Marilla,” Gnaria says cutting her off.

“Y-yes Mistress?”

“Relax. You’ll do just fine. And who better to practice with than someone who have shown an interest in.”

Arrcrao stopped dead in mid undressing, “What?”

“Mistress!” exclaims Marilla.

“Please. It’s obvious.”

“Mistress, it’s not like that. I’m just a very concerned and thoughtful boss. I want him to do well. You know how rare it is we get decent temps.”

“That is why you talk about him all the time. Please Marilla, we’ve all been there. Nothing to be ashamed of.”

Arrcrao stares at the two, “W-what?” he blushes more, feeling his cock slink a bit more out of his male slit, causing his heart to race, clothes bundled up between his legs.

“Please continue to get undressed. This is a conversation between my sweet one here and myself,” Gnaria explained.

“Mistress. You are embarrassing me in front of my employee,” she gripes.

“Marilla, this is all about a show of power. It’s part of the submissive and mistress dynamic. And doesn’t it just get your heart racing? I see how flustered you are getting. Just like he is. Your excitement is growing. And we’ll channel that excitement to be more in line in what the Mistress wants. Isn’t that a *lovely* idea?”

Arrcrao continues to undress, keeping his clothes between his legs, hiding his arousal, while the salazzle hood rests beside his leg, tail swishing quickly, unable to stop looking at the two, feeling a surreal moment of the strong lovely salandit he’s come to know over the past two weeks of his job, to see her reduced into a state that he feels all the time. Her vulnerability, adding to his adoration.

“I-I…” Marilla trails off looking away. Gnaria reaches over and gently pets her head, causing a wave of delight to move through her. Gnaria huffs and blows her intoxicating aroma over Marilla’s muzzle, the act of which draws her in closer to her.

“Relax my sweetie, and watch. So you can know just *who* you are going to be practicing on. Arrcrao, put on the hood *now*, please.”

“O-okay,” he says, reaching for the hood, feeling the smooth rubber, while keeping his clothes bunched up in front of him, preventing the girls from seeing his now throbbing and twitching length. The smooth fabric on his butt, a delightful sensation that is compounded by the increased intoxicating aroma caused by Gnaria’s purposeful blow across Marilla’s muzzle.

Gnaria gently pets Marilla on the back of the head, keeping her attention focused on him, while he looks into the smooth black rubber inside of the salazzle drone hood. He takes one more deep breath before sliding it over his head with a soft squeak, feeling the hood wrap around his head in the same manner of the Cynder drone hoods, delving him into total darkness.

“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, 8hrs. Pre-programed settings uploaded. User set.”

Arrcrao pants, shivering more, wings fluttering at the oddly soothing voice, gently gripping his clothes, pressing them against his twitching cock, “*Please let them don’t see.*”

“Initiating stage one. Physical Salazzle Droning.”

A tingle of delight runs down his spine, the memory of all the previous times this has transpired with the Cynder Drone hoods come rushing back to him. Like a song that was played when you had the dance with your future lover. It’s something that you can’t forget, and each time the droning sequence was spoken, it reminds him of that first delightful time where he underwent the process.

The hood clenches around his head, sealing completely around his neck, filling his mouth and nostrils, allowing him to breath, the sweet scent of rubber filling him, but now also heavily influenced by the aroma delight of the salazzle in the room. He would grit his teeth if he could at this moment, the warm rubber sliding across his scales, pulling his wings tightly against his back, binding them, smoothing them over, hiding them from the world.

He groans hips bucking slightly cock rubbing against his clothes, claws clenching them tightly while the rubber moves further down, coating his chest, the purple colors with the pink swirl markings becoming evident to the two watching him. When there is a knock on the door.

Marilla is about to move when Gnaria gets up, “Wait here and *watch*, I want you to know who is under that rubber for when we begin.”

Marilla nods, “Yes Mistress,” looking at her briefly before turning her attention back to Arrcrao who is being trapped under the sleek black, purple and pink rubber that is squeezing his body, slowly changing his overall shape. His hips widen, back tentacles grow out, the tail thickening, covered in smooth rubber, while his hand and feet are made bigger, given extra digits that slowly the dragon underneath is able to feel.

The rubber envelops his length, pulling it tight against his body, smoothing over to not even a bulge is left, nothing but smooth sensitive latex crotch, a sense of relief coming over Arrcrao while at the same time his arousal grows, his legs spread, hips thickening, body becoming a perfect example of a salazzle albeit larger than what a salazzle tends to be. He softly squeaks and moans into the rubber, his grinding visible to Marilla, who comments, “Such a reserved hornball,” her hands gently caressing her sex before pulling away, “I-I shouldn’t,” she softly remarks.

“Physical adjustment complete. Running body control program preset now. Please enjoy your stay in the Toys-4-U Salazzle Drone hood.”

“*Wait what?*” Arrcrao thinks, shivering again his body squeezed by the rubber like he was trapped inside a personalized vacbed. The rubber tightly squeezing and teasing across his form, limiting his movements.

“Salazzle Drone 1. Now serving as submissive to Marilla,” the salazzle suit said in a soft submissive feminine voice. The sound caused him to softly moan, which was then sent out over through the salazzle drone, causing her to moan softly in a female voice.

“W-wait. I-I can’t move my arms, why am I posing like this? What’s happening? I’m not in that brainwash state but being moved around like this... and why is this so hot,” he thinks, feeling his hands run across the bed sheets. Hips swaying, trail raised, legs spread, the cool air around his rubber clad body, transferred over to his scales, all feeling such a delight, while Marilla sees the faceless salazzle ready and begging to be used.

Marilla squirms a little, panting a bit, “This isn’t fair. Just because I like...” she trails off as Gnaria returns with Verenice and Zirra walking in behind her. Marilla looks over to them feeling a soft blush hit her, “Mistress? What’s this?”

“They’re here to watch my precious. And provide some advice while you are to dominate that submissive salazzle there. A little confidence building and get you hooked on the feminine delights. Help build that *focus* that you are in dire need of,” Gnaria says, gently blowing her intoxicating haze over Marilla, who lets out a soft moan.

Zirra and Verenice gently nuzzle and kiss, licking across each other’s muzzles, taking a seat and leaning back, legs spread revealing their soft supple sexes, “Don’t worry love, we won’t interfere. Simply enjoying how you train your little ones,” says Zirra gently blowing her haze across Verenice’s face, “Ah, and I remember when you all were so small, helping me get on my feet as a proper Mistress that the Mistress would enjoy,” she says dreamily.

“I am so glad you picked me love,” says Verenice, giving a soft huff of delight to her lover, filling the room with more intoxicating aroma delights.

Marilla shivers, feeling her sex quiver, “T-this is not fair.”

Gnara shakes her head, “No, of course it's not. You brought this upon yourself Marilla. You’re the one who had eyes for *him*, rather he knew it or not.”

“But...”

“You know what the Mistress *loves*, and we all love to give it to her. And we know deep down, so do you. To help ingrain that desire, I thought after seeing how you lusted over him, we are going to use that lust and help you get over that little hump of yours.”

“W-wait she likes me? She actually likes me!” he thinks, shivering, letting out a soft moan, the salazzle drone moaning out toward her.

Marilla tenses a little, “I... but... is he... she well.”

“Like the other drones, already trained to be a good girl. A bit of a mental haze as it were. Relax. Enjoy it. Let *her* enjoy you. Please her as a *domme* should. Her pleasure is in your hands. Your responsibility. Feel the weight of it on you. The control. The power. The reward you get by letting them submit under you. The tantalizing touch of another woman, the sweet taste of her sex on your tongue.”

Marilla pants looking at him, her arousal building thanks to the aroma in the air, and the thought of pleasing him, she thinks, *“He’s so sweet and a goofy nerd. Shy. I never ran into*

someone so innocent like that. He just wants to do a good job and I got him roped into this life of mine. I was simply a little bi-curious..." she thinks making her way over to Arrcrao.

"I-is she going to be... this can't be... I think I am going to die from embarrassment. And those three are watching?" he thinks, looking to see Zirra and Verence snuggling their hands gently caressing each other's crotch while Gnaria with her legs spread, sex exposed gently rubs her rubbery skin without a squeak, simply admiring Marilla timidly walk closer.

Marilla feels her heart pound, head spinning with the lust within her loins she looks over to him, in the back of her mind she can see that cute strange looking dragon underneath that rubber, looking at her with those big blue eyes. It sends shivers down her spine, tail wagging a little faster, her sex clenches, arousal building even more. While at the same time she sees the smooth featureless face of the salazzle.

A tender, supple, smooth chest female salazzle, just like all salazzles are *female*. She swallows built up saliva in her mouth, climbing onto the bed using a small step stool that's off to the side, designed for her to easily get on top. She feels her arousal grow a little more, looking over the full bodied rubber salazzle that is bigger than her Mistress and her friends. All of which are watching her, studying her.

Arrcrao turns his attention to her, body forcing him to move, remaining in a subservient position to Marilla. The suit dictating his actions the strength of which if he even tried to fight against would be pointless. The sleek smooth rubber squeaks, his head held low, focused locked on her, while knowing that three other sets of eyes were all upon him, making his arousal and anxiety grow even higher.

Marilla walks up to him, steeling herself, arousal building even more, something about seeing him like this sent soft delights into her body, a growing flutter building within her belly, her purple eyes looking over him again, *"Relax. He's going to enjoy this. He's in that mind set. Just like the Cynder drones. He's done this before. And he'll enjoy it. Not like you can make a mistake... I hope."*

"My body is just moving on its own. Why is this so arousing?! Fuck, fuck. This is so hot. I hope she doesn't know I'm fully me just stuck like this..." Arrcrao thinks.

"So what do I do?" Marilla asks looking over to Gnaria.

"What? You never pay attention to what I've done? I'm going to have to punish you for that..." she responds.

"N-no, no, no. Nothing like that. I just mean, this is my first time. I wasn't expecting this. What if I mess up or something? And he doesn't like it?"

"You mean *she* and you need to read your submissive. Have some *confidence*, I know you have it. I've seen it as you work. She's your employee eager to please you. Go with that. Go with what you think she'd like, along with yourself."

"Right," Marilla responds, she moves closer to Arrcrao, looking over his smooth sleek rubber body. She tenses, taking a deep breath, she stands over him, forcing his point of view to see her glistening slit, before she raises her foot, gingerly placing it onto his head.

“Thank you, Mistress,” Arrcrao’s suit submissively says, leaning up against the foot, nuzzling it tenderly, while ‘looking’ up at her. The bound dragon shivers, helpless, unable to do anything except to feel his mobile bondage constrain him and force him to do what it wants, which deep down is much he’d love to do but never admit to himself.

Marilla shivers, panting softly, her foot feeling the soft sleek smooth rubber against her tender. The butterflies in her stomach spread out, several gathering around her sex which twitches and warm up, the sensation turning from anxiety to a subtle smoldering lust that is steadily getting hotter. She rubs her foot against the head, squeaking softly, the rubber-like skin against the rubber drone head, “You like that, don’t you?” Marilla asks.

Arrcrao’s suit’s tail sways, the back tentacles twitching which send a tingle of delight through his body, giving him a faux sensation that he can feel them. His head presses against the foot, its soft, light, tender foot. Despite how light she is compared to him, he can feel a powerful ‘weight’ pushing down on his head, the suit making sure that he remains in the subservient role, not fighting Marilla in any way, simply accepting her control while he was there along for the ride. His cock twitching within the tight confines of the rubber, squeezing his member down, the warm rubber, simply absorbing the leaking pre-cum as it slowly oozes out of his tip, “Yes Mistress, I love it,” the suit says.

Marilla pants, feeling a tingle of delight at the words. She rubs her foot along the face a bit more, “Yes, you love it... don’t you? To have m-me over you? Right?” she asks with a hint of uncertainty in her voice.

Arrcrao nuzzles up along the foot more, butt hiking even higher, “I love it, Mistress. Please let me be of service to you. I am here to please you,” she moans out, matching Arrcrao’s own moan as those words are uttered from his direction, feeling as if it is *him* that is speaking to her, “*Fuck why is this so hot. Stupid cock! Getting aroused by sexy things like this. She’s my boss! I can’t be a total slut for her...*”

She continues to rub the foot along the featureless face, “Y-you like this? Don’t you? Feels good to... feel yourself under me?”

“Yes Mistress. It is wonderful. I serve *you*,” the suit responds.

“*Fuck, I didn’t think being in this position would be that good. It feels this good I might not mind it...*” he thinks, moaning. The suit moaning.

Marilla’s nervous grin grows a little more confident, “Yeah, you do like that huh? Just enjoying me being over you?” she asks, feeling a tingle of delight, heart racing, excitement building.

“Always Mistress. Serving you is wonderful.”

“G-good,” she replies, removing her foot from Arrcrao’s faceless face, crouching down before him, hands reaching around to feel and caress the head. Her fingers, feeling the smooth rubber, running along under his chin, along the tip of his muzzle down the sides, around the head, gently petting him.

Arrcrao nuzzles back, his head feeling her claws through the rubber, body shivering to the gentle touch, like a wonderful scalp massage after getting a haircut. He relaxes into the

touch, despite the arousal growing within his loins, the smooth sex feeling hotter, the pressure growing.

Marilla lets out a soft gasp, a smile growing bigger on her face, “Feels good? Huh? You like that? Such a good boy.”

“*Girl*,” Gnaria says with conviction, correcting Marilla, causing her to tense and jump a bit.

“R-right, good. A very good girl,” she says, the words escaping her lips causes her sex to twitch. Something about the words, adding to her excitement. It was like a whisper in the wind that she could hear but not make out. She looks to her Mistress who is watching her every move, judging every step, while Zirra and Verence are busily making out with each other, their sexual arousal and tantalizing aroma filling the room, helping to break down the salandit’s inhibitions.

“Yes Mistress, I’m your good *girl*,” the drone says, another shiver running through Marilla’s spine.

The voice speaking for Arrcrao, the complete loss of agency makes him groan, body bucking against the rubber, but yet unable to really move while the suit does what it wants showing appreciation and delight at his ‘Mistress’ touch.

Marilla’s hands continue to pet and caress the sleek head, pulling it into her lap, letting the large salazzle nuzzle and press her head against her. She embraces him with both hands, pressing the head against her body, in a half hug, which causes her heart to flutter, the delight growing.

“That is very sweet Marilla, a loving *domme* is a wonderful thing, but perhaps you want to up your control. Take away more of her agency, let her body no longer distract her from what she can feel. Let her give into you more,” Gnaria suggests.

Marilla looks over to her, “W-what do you suggest?” she asks gently petting along Arrcrao’s head.

“Check underneath my pillow. You’ll find what you’re looking for.”

She swallows a lump in her throat, the sound audible to Arrcrao who groans and moans in delight, her vulnerability showing the strength that he wishes he had, “*She is so confident to do this. I don’t think I could ever do this. Thank fucking god that this suit is allowing me to experience this,*” he thinks, while Marilla pulls away, reaching underneath the pillow.

Arrcrao remains where he is, watching her slink towards that pillow, noticing her eyes widening, her visible sex clenching, revealing twitch of delight while hiding that nervousness that runs through her. Slowly she will pull out a long soft salazzle pink shibari rope. With it his eyes go wide, a moan escapes his lips hips bucking against the salazzle rubber suit.

Marilla turns to him, hearing his moan, “Y-you want this don’t you?” she asks.

“Y-yes Mistress. I would love to feel your tight embrace and control over me,” the suit responds.

“I-I never done this before.”

“But you have seen it with a lot of firsthand experience,” Gnaria calls out.

Both Marilla and Arrcrao tense and shiver at the words, Marilla looking over to her Mistress while he remains completely locked onto his current Mistress. Gnaria waves her comment off, “Look deeper under the pillow there are some instructions to help.”

“Y-yes Mistress,” she responds, pulling out a piece of paper that has step by step instructions on how to tie a salazzle up. Marilla looks over the steps, her toes curling, hands clenching the rope, feeling how soft the hemp rope is against her hands. She turns to her salazzle drone, “Please take a position like this,” she says, posing with herself on her knees, legs spread, arms and hands behind her back, tail straight between them.

With a soft murr Arrcrao is forced to sit up, “Yes Mistress, it would be my delight to do so,” the suit responds, the bound dragon feeling himself taking the motions while he thinks.

“I have never done anything like this before. And those others are watching. That’s it. I’m just going to have a heart attack and die right here. That or I’m dreaming. Yes I have to be dreaming. There must have been an accident at the pool, I slipped on the floor and knocked myself out. And this is just some kind of fantasy my mind is giving me to cope with the coma I put myself into.”

Marilla smiles, looking at the sleek rubber body, so highly polished it reflects the lights of the room. She moves over in front of her, pulling out the slightly crinkled and folded piece of paper off to the side for quick and easy reference. She runs a finger along the text, muttering some of the instructions to herself while holding the rope in her hands. “Alright here goes... You will tell me if I make this uncomfortable won’t you Arrcrao?” she asks nervously.

“Of course, Mistress. This will be fun. I am your subservient pet,” the suit responds.

“Don’t worry. I’m here to check on your work, and the suit will make sure you can’t tie it too tightly. She’ll remain comfortable the entire time,” Gnaria replies.

“O-okay,” Marilla replies, running the rope along Arrcrao’s rubber suited body. The rope tingles through the rubber and onto him, the pressure of it, the soft grip, adding to the level of bondage that he is feeling.

His heart races, watching as Marilla takes the paper with her while running the rope between her legs, along the inner thighs, tying her legs together, the rope slowly weaving around her wrists, tying them to his tail, forcing them back, while lifting the tail up, exposing his body further. The rope slides and runs along his body, while she adjusts the tightness, checking the bondage, while, slowly tightening portions of it. More of the rope is tied into place, forcing Arrcrao to be left completely helpless, body exposed, the rope running along his rubber clad chest, the spot where his breasts would be exposed clear as day but like most salazzles they are absent within the species, not that mattered to them at this moment.

Arrcrao felt himself grow closer to Marilla, the trust he is forced to put into her, becoming ever more helpless, the suit, and the rope topping it all off. His cock twitches, throbs, aches, wanting, needing, ready to burst, while Marilla feels a building pressure within her loins. Her excitement never been so great than this moment. She has served her Mistress many times, and it has been a delight when completely enthralled by her aroma, but this was something *else*, that she can’t fully explain or comprehend at this moment. She finishes the rope tying it off, her

fingers running across the rope, checking it over, while Gnaria silently moved over to watch her little salandit work.

“That’s not bad for your first time.”

Marilla jumps, spinning around only to trip over Arrcrao’s tail, falling softly onto the bed. The drone suit turns his head to look at her, legs spread, sex glistening, a bit of her juices having rubbed up against her thighs, “M-mistress!” Marilla exclaims.

Gnaria chuckles, “I’m sorry did I startle you?”

“It’s fine. I’m pleased you approve of my work.”

“It’s not perfect but you still did a great job none the less, keep up the good work,” she says letting out a huff of her aroma over to Marilla who shivers in delight, her sex winking, visible to Arrcrao who moans helplessly, the suit mimicking the moan.

“Thank you, Mistress,” she replies, getting back to her feet.

“Now enjoy her or let her enjoy you. Do what you want with her. She is at *your* mercy,” Gnaria chuckles, moving back over to her seat stealing a sleek kiss from Verence, at the soft protest of Zirra before they go back to making out.

“I don’t know how much more I can take. I never felt so... well this much before,” Marilla responds.

“Enjoy yourself. Let yourself go. You still have another four and a half hours of this before that hood is coming off, and you will be using *all* of the time,” Gnaria warns.

She gulps, “I understand Mistress,” she replies, taking Arrcrao and gently lays him on his side.

The bound dragon gently squirms within the bondage, feeling the rope shift and tease his body, adding to his burning ache need between his legs. The built-up torment he accrued from the pool now cashing itself out in his desire to feel a glorious release.

Marilla gently caressed and pet his head, pulling his head between her legs, running her slit across the tip of Arrcrao’s faceless muzzle.

The dragon moans, which vibrates the tip of the muzzle just a little, adding to Marilla’s delight, causing her to moan and ache in need. The heat between her legs making her sex drip with constant burning urge to feel release. She grinds and humps against the head. Her legs wrapping around the head, hands caressing and holding the back of it as she shivers and moans, the little salandit feeling the pleasure of the moment, losing herself in the moment.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” she groans, her tail growing stiff, body aching, her pants hot and heavy. Her slick juices running across the faceless salazzle head, making the head squeak louder, making the thrusts smoother, adding to the pleasure she is feeling. She closes her eyes, for a moment picturing Arrcrao there licking her sex, her body tensing on the verge, pleasure growing even more.

Arrcrao’s entire vision is blocked by those sweet salandit thighs, that hot sex felt along his muzzle, every sensation, every touch transferred over to his true body. The tight embrace, the sweet sent of her sex, nothing like the salazzles but still enticing and delightful none the less. He groans and moans, adding to the delight his lover is feeling.

Marilla continues her fantasy and just as she is about to climax, the imagery in her mind's eye changes to that of a salazzle like she wants to be, head stuck between her legs, giving long tender licks and in that moment she is sent over the edge. Her body shudders, hips buck, legs clench, hot female juices gushing over the muzzle in a squirting mess of utter delight. The fire element of the pokémon showing itself in just how hot and delightful her climax is with the burning warmth of her juices. All of which feels pleasant to Arrcrao who helplessly bathes his head in the juices, the drone squirming to add to the realism of the moment.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," Marilla panted slowing her grind against Arrcrao's muzzle. She opens her eyes looking down at him, knowing what she just did, with him right there. Able to see each hot squirt onto his rubber clad muzzle, "*I can't believe I just... I never climaxed that hard before,*" she thinks.

"Keep going sweetie, plenty of time to go," says Gnaria.

Marilla tenses at her Mistress' words, her legs slowly relaxing their grip around Arrcrao's head revealing the slick mess that she's left over the head. She feels herself blush a little, running her fingers along the juices, running her fingers together, letting them strand between her digits. Her heart traces, a strange curiosity coming over her, "*I never did try it before... it never interested me though... So, why is it now?*" she wonders.

Arrcrao watches, his heart racing, looking at those slick digits, unable to look away in the back of his mind he's thinking, "*Try it... try it. Fuck that would be so hot... What kind of lewd wrench have I become?*"

With a heavy heartbeat Marilla pulls her fingers toward her lips, the dragon growing more excited, squirming within the rubber roped tied bondage, eyes locked, heart beating just as hard, cock twitching, dribbling pre-cum in ever increasing copious amounts.

"*Here goes nothing,*" she says, closing her eyes driving them into her mouth. She winches, her tongue running across her fingers tasting the salty-sweet juices that are her own. A flavor she has never had before yet somehow, she felt in the back of her mind a bit of familiarity, perhaps longing for. Slowly she suckled her digits clean, sliding them in and out of her mouth till she pops them out letting the saliva stand from her lips to the fingertips.

"*Oh, fuck that was hot,*" Arrcrao thought with a deep moan.

The drone moan catching Marilla's attention, releasing that her face is still covered in a layer of her own tantalizing juices. A spur of the moment idea fills her head. She slides herself down, making her face to face with him. Her nostrils flare smelling her own juices on Arrcrao's drone face. With it a desire to just... go for it.

"*Oh fuck...*" he thinks as Marilla leans in and licks across her face. Her pink tongue squeaks against the rubber skin, the unique flavor of her own sexual juices and the rubber mixing together providing a soothing concoction that just urges her deeper into her dominant lustful state.

The salandit moans softly, "Good girl. Such a very good girl," she says, caressing the drone's head, cleaning it of every last drop of her juices. She smiles, looking at the reflective smooth face, "I think I will reward you for pleasing me so much," she says, standing up, pushing

Arrcrao onto his back, the rope, leaving him totally exposed, legs spread for her to do whatever she wished.

Marilla climbed onto Arrcrao's body, her light weight, hammering down the fact just how small she is compared to him, yet at this moment, he was dwarfed by her. Her hands caress and rub his belly, sliding down his form, till her hands were now caressing and rubbing his rope tied thighs, the smooth sex there, nothing to show except a hidden sensitivity at where a female sex should be.

"I suppose I have to guess where your tender spot is dear, but don't worry. Just moan when I get close. You can do that for me, can't you?" she asks looking over her back at Arrcrao as she wiggles her butt at him, teasing him further seeing that her sex is still warm and has a smoldering heat that can be heated up with only the most minor of effort.

"Yes Mistress. Thank you, Mistress," Arrcrao's drone suit says with a lustful need, squirming underneath the salandit, while he moans out in growing lustful need, the suit mimicking the moan.

"Don't moan yet. I haven't started," Marilla chuckles. She leans in close, feet rubbing along his chest, her hands massaging the thighs, feeling along the ropes, keeping the legs nice and spread before giving a long slow tender squeaky lick across the vacant crotch.

Arrcrao shudders, a soft moan escaping his lips, mimicked by the drone, his length heated by the rubber as Marilla's tongue grows closer to it. Her own snake-like tongue running across the sensitive smooth surface, causing his own serpent to twitch and squirm within he bondage, pre-cum dribbling out and being taken in by the suit, leaving his length dry with the slightest of suction.

The bound dragon would love to thrust, his mind imagining his cock out once again but the danty little salandit female suckling and nursing his length, bobbing her head up and down, but instead of looking at him in the eye he sees her winking sex at him. She gently grinds herself against his rubber clad body, while she nuzzles and licks harder and harder.

The salazze drone giving only the vaguest of hints of just the true depth of his lustful pleasure. He would grind and hump against her, as much as the shibari rope bondage would allow but the drone suit had other ideas in mind. Keeping up with appearances of a well-trained delightful sub, eager to just enjoy their Mistress' touch, "Oh Mistress... you are so good to me. Thank you," the drone moans out, encouraging Marilla's actions. The aroma in the air pushing her arousal back up while she licks harder and harder, nuzzling, treating her submissive like she feels she should be.

In her mind for moments her fantasy and Arrcrao's align, her mouth around that cock, imagining what it could be like, thick, throbbing, a warm piece of meat in her mouth, her tongue slithering across it, yet every so often as she nuzzles and gets the flavor of the rubber that somehow tastes sweet and delightful especially around where her 'female' sex would be she gets briefest of mental images of her Mistress, Gnaira. The nights she serves her, tastes her, obeys her, but now there is that power dynamic shift that builds her arousal up.

With her building arousal, the horny dragon was on the very edge, the precipice of the best climax that he has ever experienced in his entire life and with her tongue running across the unknown bulge that would be his cock, his moans growing louder, all being repeated by the drone suit, making him sound like a needy salazzle drone. Feeding into the back of Marilla's mind that her male lover is really a female that she is getting off to. That she is pleasing a female and that is making *her* aroused for it. Her desire to please him, channeled into pleasing her.

And pleasing "her" she does, sending Arrcrao over the edge, a spray of hot draconic seed is shot right into the suit which it absorbs like a high capacity sponge. The streams are male cream simply pulled right out of his cock while his entire body shudders. The salazzle drone bucking and moaning screaming out, "Mistress, I'm cumming!" she exclaims, while Marilla simply grinds herself, against him.

The salandit feels the faintest bit of Arrcrao's true climax through the rubber, knowing deep down that she is pleasing *him* but heavily expresses that she is pleasing *her* to feel the best damn climax she has ever had. Arrcrao pants heavily within the suit, Marilla doing much the same.

Gnaria watches, glancing over to her sister and her lover who are going at it, grinding themselves against one another's sex, panting and groaning, before she looks back at the other two, "Good, good. I can't wait to see what you do next."

Marilla pants, looking up, "Next?"

"Still another four hours and twenty some minutes till that drone hood is done. That is how long you are going to practice your trade."

Marilla and Arrcrao tense at the words, reminded that this was only the beginning of their long night together. A delightful night none the less and when the last few minutes were left, both were utterly exhausted. Verenice and Zirra already left for the day, Gnaria watched and enjoyed herself a few times, the most recent of which she was gently licking her fingers clean of it, "Wonderful my sweet little one. That hood is about to end, I'll let you two have a little chat... even some privacy, see you in a few minutes," Gnaria says, sauntering off, only moments later does the hood activate, withdrawing the rubber to reveal Arrcrao's scales once more. His cock finally free from the tight grip of the rubber. Giving Marilla a quick glimpse of it's ribbed nature before it disappears back into his body.

Both were utterly exhausted, barely able to continue to the point that neither were too tired to even try to be shy about what happened, and Arrcrao is too tired to let her know that he was held captive in that suit the whole time and not hypno controlled as a salazzle drone.

Marilla though was leaning against him, hands gentle caressing his scales, she blushes a bit looking away, "I-I'm sorry that you had to go through all that. I know that wasn't in the job description. You didn't have to," she says.

Arrcrao takes a moment to catch his breath, his hand wanting to reach out to hold her, but he freezes at just her touch upon him, feeling a naked woman against him, "Ah, well... it uh... hmm... it was..."

“Y-yes?” she asks pulling herself up higher onto his body, so they were almost equal in head height.

“It was...” he blushes a bit, “Wonderful. I uh... hmm yes it was.”

Marilla smiles, “Thanks,” she says, giving him a soft kiss on the cheek. The kiss feeling nice for both of them, but for Marilla, it almost felt as if it was... missing something. Something that she wasn’t expecting not to be there, but what it was? She couldn’t say, “B-but this doesn’t mean you can be late tomorrow.”

“I’ll be there on time,” he says with a chuckle.

“Alright you two. Enough of that. Arrcrao this is a salazzle and salandit only bedroom, so you can’t stay here. I’ve set up the couch in the living room. That should be good enough for you I hope?”

Arrcrao nods trying not to look at the naked salazzle’s private regions, “T-thank you. I appreciate it,” he says with a heavy blush, slowly slipping out of the bed, his body aching.

“And Marilla, take a moment to clean up your mess. A good Mistress knows how to clean up after herself if her submissive isn’t able to.”

“Y-yes Mistress,” Marilla says, getting to work while Arrcrao heads into the living room, aching and ready for some sleep, while his mind is swimming in the delight of what just transpired, and that this is the most unforgettable day of his life.

Meanwhile one floor above in the Mistress elegant and large bedroom, she leans back on two salazzles, Kristina and her date for the evening. Both have rubber gas masks placed around their heads, breath tubes connected while the Mistress holds the combined tube in her hands. She gently takes a puff their intoxicating aroma, while occasionally she gives them both a bone by breathing her breath into their masks, sending them into a high state of pleasure. The salazzle Mistress looks up at the canopy bed, looking through the advanced holographic display that is shown on them. She muses over herself seeing a report of some recent events.

“Well, that is surprising. Sometimes having the right bait is needed to get the results one needs to fish for my next lovely to submit to me... And the bait isn’t half bad to mold into something that I can use for my own tastes. Finding more girls that suit my needs is always difficult. Wouldn’t you two girls agree?”

“Yes Mistress,” they say through their masks.

“I knew you’d both agree,” she says giving them both a long puff, one so long that the two salazzles visibly shudder, climaxing there on the spot. The Mistress simply grins smugly before going back over some reports.