

The New Pokémon Master

Kirisha has been hunting down rumors of a fantastic shiny pokémon like no other. The green scaled, dark stripped anthropomorphic Utahaptor, she certainly didn't look like the common pokémon trainers and Masters seen around these parts. There has been a time or two that some have thought *she* was a pokémon, but once she spoke all doubts were quickly washed away... usually. Unknown to her, this trip to become a real pokémon Master and obtain a rare shiny pokémon that rumors be told could dominate any other pokémon out there, would change her life forever...

She runs her claws across the map of the thick forest, Butterfrees flutter through the trees above, along with avian pokémon that try to capture them, "According to the spottings and rumor reports I should be close. I'm not sure if I could beat this pokémon in a normal fight, but perhaps with my specialized poison Salandits I could knock them out without a fight and with this super-ultra pokéball," she mutters, pulling out the pokéball, hitting the button to make it expand for a moment, showing off its silver, red and yellow colors, "But for now," she adds, shrinking it back down, putting it back on her belt with the other balls, "I need to find this rare shiny blue pokémon."

Slowly, steadily, she stalks the forest, using her hunting instincts to stay downwind of any possible pokémon. Her nostrils flare, sniffing out anything that could be the potential target, "*Nothing yet, perhaps it's not in this...*" she thinks, stopping her train of thought, nostrils flaring again, "*Latex? Why am I smelling latex? There better not be someone out here doing stuff and ruining my hunt,*" she wonders, slowly heading towards the aroma, remaining on high alert.

The sound of splashing water slows her approach. She peers through the bushes to find a sleek two-toned blue latex mewtwo enjoying a bath in the crystal-clear spring waters. A small waterfall on the far end of the pool adds to the perfect tranquility of the moment.

"*That's it! That's... her... oh,*" she thinks, from her angle she sees the backside of the mewtwo, with that light blue bulbous tail, the iconic second neck, and feline features. The three balled fingered hand, it's unmistakable what she had found, "*A mewtwo? With her I can easily use her to be a champion and perhaps more,*" she thinks, admiring the lovely dark blue side-boob look. A tingle of delight rushing through her. The anticipation is palatable, she licks her lips, reaching for her five pokéballs with both hands, "*I won't need **her** when I have **HER**,*" she thinks tossing out her balls out toward the mewtwo.

"Salandits, get her wi..." she commands, but her words are suddenly cut off, a blue glow wraps around her, and her pokémon just as they are released from their containers. Kirisha's eyes meet the mewtwo's.

"*Did you think you could sneak up on a mewtwo so easily?*" she says in a domineering female voice, the mewtwo turning around fully to reveal that she has a nice set of cock and balls between her legs, one that twitches slightly as she speaks into the raptor's mind, "*I could sense your encouragement from miles away. Your desire to capture me. Desire to **use** me for your own purposes. And just then when you thought I was your typical female how you wanted to*

have me. I was going to just wipe your mind, send you on your way and free your pokémon,” she says into her mind the Salandits on the ground, *“But now, I think I will do something a bit more fun and devious.”* Her arousal starting to grow as the thoughts mull within her mind.

Kirisha tries to speak finding it nigh impossible. The same could be said with her struggle: her Salandits are freed from the mewtwo’s psychic bonds while crushing each of their respective pokéballs, *“You can’t do that! They are mine! I earned them fair and square!”* she thinks, finding herself unable to do anything else.

She chuckles, moving sensually, tail flicking with an audible squeak, *“That is why you are in this predicament. You thought they were yours instead of companions. Now I shall make you mine, but first...”* Thrysta projects into her mind, motioning her fingers in a circle, creating a blue latex ring big enough to fit around Kirisha’s body going vertically. Once the ring is complete a thin blue liquid latex flows across it like a bubble, ever shifting and moving, *“We’ll have to make a few changes,”* she states, looking at the watching Salandits. The small fire-poison lizards with orange stripes and black bodies look rather eager at what is about to unfold but the one unique shiny one watches with greatest curiosity.

“My name is Thrysta. You are free to go. If you want to watch what I plan to do with your previous owner. Feel free. Otherwise, I nor anyone else in this forest will have any hold over you.”

The Salandits look at each other, two of them scamper off leaving the three, including the shiny one. Thrysta looks into the raptor’s eyes, with a domineering glow, staying in the water she moves the ring over to her, placing it on the ground, *“Step forward and accept your fate.”*

Kirisha huffs, struggling against the force, but she’s nothing more than a child fighting against an adult, impossible, *“What are you going to do? Let me go! I am the pokémon Master, and you as the pokémon should obey me!”* she thinks back, gritting her teeth as she takes that forced step, the latex quickly dissolving away her shoes, having her feel the cool sleek material against the underside of her scales. Her arms forced apart; hands angled down. Her nostrils flare, the aroma of latex growing stronger.

She shakes her head, *“No. You don’t get to make such decisions and when I am done with you, you’ll be obeying me with a mindset that will fit the punishment. And since you have so many Salandits, I know exactly what to turn you into,”* she says in Kirisha’s head, followed by an audible chuckle.

The latex ring moves its way up Kirisha’s body, the raptor’s tail forced into the ring with the force of Thrysta’s psychic power. The cool latex clings against her body. Her clothes melting away within moments, so that every inch of her body is covered in the latex. The thin blue line of rubber crawling up the raptor’s body, sending shivers down her spine.

“Let me go! I command you!” Kirisha thinks out, feeling a pressure on her mind as the rubber presses along her hips, the latex gripping tightly around her sex, forming an obvious camel toe.

“You are such a demanding raptor. The more you make demands of me, the more I shall turn you into a slutty beggar eager for my dick,” she says, reaching down gently caressing her

throbbing mewtwo length, showing how it throbs in her hand, squeaking softly, a moan escaping her lips.

“Dick? You won’t ever get me to beg for dick, I’m not that kind of woman,” she huffs, the latex continues to creep up her body, squeezing up along her claws, gripping her hands, attaching to every scale on her form. It moves up her body, sliding across her female form, gripping her belly, pressing down all around, like the perfect form fitting bodysuit that is just a few millimeters too small for her body, forcing the latex to *stretch* and therefore *squeeze* along her form. The rubber moves up across her supple D sized breasts, pressing down on them, flattening them ever so slightly. She huffs feeling the sleek latex press up against her scales, and with what little movement she does, she can feel the latex slide against her. The sleekness, the pressure, holding her there.

Kirisha’s eyes widen seeing the latex flow out of the ring, with seeming no end as the blue smooth flow rushes toward her skin, fitting perfectly around her upper chest and neck, sliding across her shoulders like the sun hitting her scales. There is no area that it doesn’t reach.

She jerks her head, feeling the psychic grip being released, while the latex itself despite how thing it is that she can see her green scales underneath the tinted blue, she can’t do more than wiggle against it, “Come on... we can talk this out right? I didn’t *really* do anything to you, and you took my pokémon. I’m no threat to you now, right?” she manages to say, the latex rolling across her neck, watching the latex from the ring flow inward.

For the first time, Thrysta speaks, “Sorry, you had your chance. I saw your unfiltered thoughts. Your lust for power and using your pokémon to obtain it. You didn’t even name them. Don’t worry though, I’ll be renaming you to fit your new life serving me,” she chuckles.

“Why you, I...” the latex rolls along the underside of her snout, side of her head, covering her mouth. She tries to finish what she was saying but the rubber simply flows into her mouth, the sound of the trees and wind deafening as they are covered up. Instinctively she closes her eyes expecting not to be able to see through them but as the top of her bald scaled head is covered in the latex, the ring separates from Kirisha’s latex coating with a little tug and snap, making a complete seamless rubber covered raptor. The little prick at the top of her head makes her open her eyes, surprised to see she can still see the mewtwo, standing several feet away, her three Salandits watching off to the side.

*“Just relax Kirisha. Let me take control for you. You’ve wanted power for protection, but I can give you that protection. All you need to do is just **relax** and let me **take over**,”* says Thrysta her words echoing into Kirisha’s mind, her eyes locked looking at Thrysta’s.

“No, no,” she thinks, trying to stay the words, but only finds the latex growing tighter sliding deeper into her mouth, rear, and sex, forcing its way up.

“It’ll be fine. Nice and easy now,” she says, her finger motioning down.

There’s a pressure at the top of the raptor’s head, the pull and tug of the latex ring as a new gripping layer is applied. Steadily it moves down, passing her head, the translucent blue rubber making Thrysta practically disappear in a strange optical illusion before she returns, her vision tinted a little more, Thrysta becoming a little more blurred, yet her eyes remain as clear as

ever, that glow drawing her into the gaze. The ring passes by her chest, the breasts and body squeezed down, the massive raptor mounts forced down a little bit more, the nipples becoming a little less well-defined under the latex. It rolls smoothly across her belly, keeping her thighs thick, but the camel toy becomes smoothed out, latex sliding deeper into her hot vent, as she suddenly finds herself sexually aroused.

“Huh? What is this? I’m not into rubber... I think,” she huffs, able to breath just fine through the latex, but each inward breath pulls the latex deeper into her, tightening it around every inch of her form, squeezing her tail.

*“I just flipped on your arousal. That’s all. Fear not I’ll take this nice and slow. Reworking your mind till you become hungry for dick, wanting to serve me, obey me, love me for everything that I am, and completely obedient to my commands as you **willfully** obey them under your own refined will,”* she thinks to her.

Kirisha shudders, *“I should be angry at that, but I only feel more excited. No, I am not going to obey you. Nor want you. I prefer women. I don’t like dick,”* she thinks, grunting as the latex slips in deeper, the ring making a return trip over her body. Another thin layer that makes it just that much harder to see the female raptor underneath. Her sex now just a subtle crease between her legs, her sex filled with rubber, rear just as much, the smell and taste of latex overwhelming those senses.

Even with the extremely thin layer of latex added, Kirisha can feel the extra pressure placed all around her. Squeezing her breasts down further, muffling some of the contours of her body, while adding a little bit to others. Her sharp deadly claws are dulled, the raptor features muffled a bit more, hidden away, the ring crossing her vision again, hiding some of Thrysta’s details, giving her only one clear thing to focus on, those eyes.

*“Let yourself go, Kirisha. Let go of your body. Your name... your sexual orientation. I’ll perfect you. All you need is to let me in, and I’ll make you my **perfect** pokémon. Just like the one you’ve always wanted to be.”*

Still Kirisha struggles against the Mewtwo’s psychic assault, *“I’m a lesbian. I am a raptor. My name is Kirisha,”* she huffs, the latex not bubbling out when she exhales, only moving in tighter with every inward breath.

The pull of latex around her head, the ring moves back down, covering her face, focusing her further into the wonderful gaze, the mewtwo’s presence growing ever stronger. The grip of rubber flowing across her rubber clad body grows tighter, her breasts look more now a C cup at this layer, nipples completely invisible, leaving a simple smooth orbs that shrink down further when the next layer runs across them.

*“Is that so? Are you sure it’s not your **old** name to your **old** self that you wanted to simply get **rid** of?”* asks Thrysta, continuing to control the ring as it moves to add another layer to the raptor.

Kirisha moans, pleasure building up, her body growing so much more *sensitive* as the latex holds her in place, her sex clenching down so hard on the latex between her legs that she can’t even relax it anymore, nor can it feel to get any deeper, *“I... what? No, my old self? My*

Old name? Why would I want to get rid of my old name? It's old and something new could be nice, but..." she thinks, the new connections in her head starting to form. The latex crawling over her form, another layer placed upon her, pushing her breasts down, while her crotch is now completely smoothed over.

Thrysta smiles, weeding her way into the raptor's mind, letting the raptor's thoughts and her own to be felt by the three male Salandits, all of which are growing excited, but the shiny one is growing a little aroused by what he's seeing, *"Relax, let that name go. Pick up a new name, a better name. One that is going to fit you better as you find your new interests. New arousals. New sexuality."*

Kirisha huffs, grunting, feeling the caressing latex run up her leg, along her tail, under it, a bulge growing between the raptor's legs, the extra layers smothering out the breasts, making them look barely bigger than B cups at best at this point. The latex squeezes along her form, feeling stiff with what movements she can have, the warming of pleasure between her legs growing, pleasure growing more. She tenses, throbs, aches, her gaze guided down toward the mewtwo's twitching length, *"New arousals? But I like women..."*

There's a soft chuckle pushed into her mind, *"Relax, listen obey. Let me rework your mind a bit more. You saw how aroused you got when you saw me, didn't you?"*

She moans, *"Yes,"* the latex coming up again, the bulge a bit bigger, the breasts a bit smaller. The latex squeezing, compressing down, so tightly against her body feeling the pressure all around her, the Mewtwo's breasts appearing in her vision, focusing on it.

"Good boy."

"I'm not a...", the latex comes back down, her bust down to an A cup the bulge noticeable, a lighter blue lock symbol showing up, twitching, pulsating the pleasure growing between her legs.

*"Relax. Listen to me. Let me guide you toward the perfect you've always wanted. The bliss in service you've been searching for. Let your Mistress, your **Master** guide you,"* she says, her words growing stronger.

"Yes Master..." she whines, pleasure coursing through her, bubbling up in her mind, feeling so good, making her clench her toes, her ass, feeling the throb between her legs, starting to ache and bubble up more.

"That's a good boy. You want to listen to me. Drop your resistances. Let me help you reach the pleasure and bliss you've been seeking all your life. The amount of dick you've desired that I could give you."

Latex creaks across her body the next layer has made the breasts non-existent, the bulge fully formed, throbbing, ready to be squeezed, and with a psychic hand its gently caressed, letting the raptor feel the pleasure and weight of a package just aching between their legs, *"Dick? But I'm a lesbiaaahhhh,"* he thinks, feeling the caress, the grip, the bubbling pleasure twitching bulge between his legs.

*“Are you now? Is that what you really think? How could you be a lesbian if you have a dick like that? Sure it’s **locked** right now, but if you are good and obey me, it won’t remain that way will it?”*

He bucks his hips, grinding against that ethereal hand, one of the Salandits leave but the shiny one grows aroused, his pink cock sliding out of his slit, hands caressing it, while he watches with growing delight and excitement.

Kirisha shudders, huffing, body tensing as the latex runs across his form, breasts gone, pleasure rising, getting the growing level of hyper pleasure this mewtwo is secretly known for. Washing over the raptor’s mind with levels of bliss that he could not have imagined before. It was like his entire body was hypersensitive, on the verge of climax with pleasure, but the rear, mouth and bulge were all the more sensitive, making her arousal grow, focusing on the parts of the mewtwo body that stood out... those eyes... breasts, ass... throbbing cock and balls, *“I want... I so... horny.”*

Another layer of latex, the pleasure grows, the feminine male body becoming clearer. Thrysta smirks, *“Yes you are. Horny for **me**, aren’t you?”* she asks, images of her standing over him, sucking off, taking that dick again and again, each thrust in the raptor’s mind building up the new sexuality, interests, pleasures.

Kirisha whines, the bulge twitching so hard, feeling like a nice set of cock and balls are trapped within the bulge, unable to break free, wanting so hard to be *unlocked* and have himself be used, *“Y-yes... you’re so wonderful Master.”*

*“You’re **gay** for me aren’t you?”*

He whines bucking his hips forward, another layer of latex, more pressure all around him, the cool air of the forest driving him wild. It would bring him to his knees if it wasn’t for the fact the latex was propping him up. The layers upon layers conforming around his body, like a latex cast that didn’t want to move, letting his body relax and pulsate, with only the hardest thrusts to make the rubber move just a little bit, *“Yes... yes. I love how you look.”*

*“You love **cock**, don’t you?”* she asks, images of dick pushing into her mind, her sexuality written on the neurological level. It wasn’t so much that his brain was being trained to prefer males, get aroused by them and find them physically pleasing, attracted to, but more his brain is going to be hard-wired to be so. The same drive and sexual preference that made the former female raptor into a lesbian was now flipped around to want dick, with the only ‘feminine’ desire left within his head was that of a healthy set of breasts, in so far there was a healthy cock between those legs that they were attached to.

“Yes, Master I do,” he thinks, unquestioningly accepting the words as truth for they were now very *true* indeed. No struggle against what is happening, letting the mewtwo sink deeper into his mind.

*“You want me to guide you deeper. Craft your mind to fit my needs. So, you can have my strength to **protect** you, don’t you?”* she asks those words hitting deep within the raptor’s mind, the drive, that he didn’t know about on a conscious level becoming exactly what brought

him here. And now it's being reworked to come to the mewtwo in service instead of dominance...

"Yes Master. Guide me. Teach me. Take me... make me yours," Kirisha huffs, finding it harder to recall moments before this time. Pleasure building up more, adding to the haze within his mind as its refined and conditioned. Another layer of latex, the raptor completely hidden under dozens of layers of latex. He's still able to see just fine, the world itself though is muffled and all his focus is on the wonderful mewtwo goddess before him.

"Good boy. Such a good gay feminine male that you are. Isn't that right? You came here to join me. Serve me. Be what I will you to be. Letting your past self-go, and give into your homo-erotic bliss of your new you, yes?"

"Yes... yes, yes. A thousand times yes," he responds, his cock and balls throbbing so hard under the bulge. Never before has he felt so aroused, so eager to fuck something, and he can't look away from his Master the wonderful mewtwo before him.

"Such an eager slut you are. Isn't that right? You can't control yourself. You just want to fuck. So badly so you, you will do anything to fuck. You'll just want to listen and obey just to get a good dick."

The mewtwo's words rang so true, images of him going down this road flood his mind, memories crafted out of sexual arousal and lust that seemed uncontrollable. Experimenting a little bit at first but now becoming a complete dick whore, ready to enjoy the bliss and protection of obeying someone *stronger* than them that they could *trust* completely, *"Yes Master that's right. Thank you for giving me this change to be of service,"* he thinks, another layer, squeezed down that each layer barely added any depth or form to the femboy raptor, all it did is squeeze him down more into the shape.

The other Salandit gave a nod goodbye, leaving just the shiny Salandit rubbing himself, pre-cum leaking from his dick as he grows so aroused, ready to blow his load, but he kept himself on the very edge, not wanting this blissful moment to escape him.

Thrysta chuckles, looking at him, "You enjoy your former owner becoming such a gay butt?" she asks, her words not reaching the squirming raptor as the layers continue to get added, the mental assault never ending.

The Salandit blushes, "Ah... well, yes, but there's more to it?"

She smiles, "Oh?"

"You don't know already?"

"I read only surface thoughts, I try to respect privacy unless it comes from someone like her... I mean him," she chuckles, her cock twitching in delight.

"Ah, well you see I have a thing for her... him. And I mostly prefer males? But I did find something about her personality arousing. And I was a bit down when I learned she-ah he liked only women, but I guess that's fixed now."

"Would you like to be a couple?"

The shiny Salandit tenses, squeezing his length almost to the point of sending himself over the edge, "Ahh... well. I don't know... that seems a bit odd right?"

“I’m removing their past and building a new life for them. I was going to turn them into a Salandit, but if you want to be with them, I think I have an even more exciting idea.”

“Oh?”

“How would you like to be a femboy salazzle with him? I could do that. And with your permission I could rework both of your memories to be a special pair of male Salandits that came to me to evolve into becoming me salazzle pets. I would make it permanent, but that is up to you.”

“Do you think that is alright?” he asks, looking at Kirisha, seeing another squeaky blue latex layer added.

“I think it's fair, giving you both a fun, loving life together. Under me.”

“And I’ll be his lover?”

“Mate.”

He shudders, gushing out, letting out a pleasuring climax, “Ahh... fuck...” he blushes looking down at the mess he made.

“You really do like him, do you?”

“I know I shouldn’t have but yeah I do.”

Thrysta smirks, “We’re almost on layer one hundred and with that, we’ll get you both suited up into your new forever bodies, how does that sound?”

He shivers, “That sounds lovely. And I’m okay with it...”

“Alright, so what’s your name?”

“Ahh. I never had one, and she-he never gave me one.”

“What name would you like?”

“Would Ashley be okay? I know it's a bit girly but...” he says, looking off to the side.

She smiles walking over to him, giving the Salandit a pat on the head, “I think it's a perfect name,” she says, just as layer one hundred comes over the squirming raptor.

He smiles, tail wagging, “Thank you Master.”

“I’ll make you the top in the relationship if that’s okay with you,” she says with a playful wink.

His tail wags faster, “I would love that, give him a few orders?”

“Exactly,” she says, pulling the blue ring back, slipping it two, one forming into a sleek blue two-toned salazzle body with pink and purple markings around the femboy salazzle body suit. The other is a shiny white, pink under tail and markings with a purple belly, “Now get in and it’ll do the rest, and I’ll remodel both your minds to fit.”

“With pleasure Master!” says Ashley leaping into the back of the larger rubber suit. Latex tendrils wrap around him, pulling him into the body sealing around, slowly and steadily merging the two.

Meanwhile Kirisha groans, eyeing the suit, “*I want to slip in so bad. I want to become perfect.*”

“*You will be perfect my wonderful pet,*” says Thrysta, the suit floating over to Kirisha, sliding it around parts of her legs, the blue latex filling out the suit perfectly, tail popping inside,

“Now, put the rest on yourself, show how much you want to give up your past self and accept the new you.”

“I want to be a new person. I want to be better. Give up my old self,” he thinks, mind repeating, pleasure growing, bulge throbbing. He pulls and stretches the salazzle body suit over him, the back sealing around him with the help of Thrysta’s psychic power.

The suit grows tighter around him, *“You are a good gay femboy salazzle pet. You are a good gay femboy salazzle pet. You came to Thrysta to evolve with your lover, your mate, your top Ashley... isn’t that right Kris?”* asks Thrysta, the rest of the suit slipping around, sealing the raptor inside. The bulge showing between their legs, *“Accept it, and you will have your aching dick ready to be pleased with back.”*

Kris didn’t even feel his old name slip away, it was long gone, never there, stripped from his memory, *“Yes Master, I want it, love it,”* he thinks, the suit squeezing down, merging with the rubber, merging with him, his pinkish blue length slipping out between his slip, a nice pair of balls forming underneath, expressing his feminine male salazzle form, he takes a deep breath, pinking, the soft purple eyes looking at the larger mewtwo Master, *“Hello Master,”* he says, falling to his knees the suit becoming more of his body with each passing second.

Ashley falls to his knees, his pink dick twitching in the air kneeling before the mewtwo, *“Hello Master, pleased to be of service to you,”* he says, his cock twitching looking at Kris, the name already engraved into his mind as his lover, mate.

“Good pets,” says Thrysta, her psychic power pushing into their heads, *“Hold hands. Accept each other as lovers. Mates, the mates that you’ve always been. Coming to me to evolve and be protected under me. Loving me, loving each other.”*

They look at each other, reaching out, grabbing each other’s hands, minds further written, their past intertwine, growing into a loving deep devotion to one another. Any possible straight thoughts slipping from their minds, their sexual preferences, only Thrysta’s breasts being the *exception* to the rule. They move closer to one another, cocks twitching, dribbling pre-cum.

Ashley purrs squeaking softly, *“I love you, Kris.”*

“I love you Ashley,” he responds leaning in to kiss, their cocks twitching, memories of their trails to come here. The eagerness to devote themselves completely to their new Master. Their bound to share with each other, and to have one another *forever* growing stronger in each other’s minds.

Thrysta positions herself in front of them, placing her hands on the back of their heads gently rubbing them, pleasure surging through them, *“You have my latex, making you both ultra-hyper sensitive, but in time you’ll adjust, with my guidance, for now just slip into a lustful desire of each other and me,”* she says, her power flowing into their minds.

Kris shudders, mind making the new connections, deeper admiration and love for their mate, greater desire to obey him and their mutual Master, *“I’m such a gay slut and I love it. I love being a gay slut. I love my mate so much, and I love to serve. It makes me feel so good,”* he thinks, body quivering in delight, pre-cum dripping from the tip, one eye on his mate, the other on his Master.

Ashley shudders, enjoying his lover's miasma, while he makes his own, feeding into each other's lusts, his cock gently grinding up against his lover's, "*I love Kris. He's my forever. I dominate that cute sweet femboy ass of his and serve Master Thrysta,*" he thinks, giving his lover a tender kiss, simply leaning into the moment, the thoughts of any deal he made with Thrysta being washed away under the euphoria, the new reality that brought them here sinking into his mind, becoming what he always wanted.

Thrysta places her rubber dick along their muzzles, "Sorry to break up your kissing my pets, but remember who you serve," she teases, grinding her dick against them, letting her pre-cum dribble onto their muzzles, letting her aroma dominate them.

"Y-yes Master!" Kriss stutters, his cock twitching, aching harder, leaning against his mate.

"With pleasure Master," says Ashley, giving Thrysta's dick a soft tender lick along the cock head, tongue coiling around the length, giving plenty of room for his mate to join in.

"Ah, right," he huffs, the new blue salazzle leaning in to kiss and suckle along the other side of the mewtwo's member, kissing his mate, growing more aroused as they place a hand on Thrysta's thigh, gently rubbing her leg, the other hand helping to rub her balls, while he lets his aching dick gently grind against his lover.

Ashley leans into the kiss, tongue coiling around Thrysta's dick and playing with his mate, "*This is wonderful, to be allowed to become salazzles like this,*" he thinks, rubbing their dicks together, spreading their rubbery pre-cum, as they're both pushed to edges of nirvana, and can only thank their Master for not blowing their load.

Their heads move together to slurp and lick over Thrysta's dick, enjoying each twitch, each throb, spreading the pre-cum that comes out, enjoying the flavor with wanting squeaks.

Thrysta continues to grow their budding love for one another, making it ever deeper entrenched in the other's mind, while building up a healthy love, desire, and obedience to her, "Such good pets. Getting my dick already to enjoy one of you, which will it be?" she mutters, looking down at them.

They look up at her with aching desire, eyes wide, trying to look as cute and needy as possible. Their bodies pressing close to the other, their pleasure pillars constantly leaking their lubricating essence, which only makes their rubber bodies glisten.

Thrysta grins looking at Kriss, "You, you deserve to get fucked and hard," she says petting Kriss' head.

The salazzle shudders, giving his Master's dick one last kiss, before pulling away to respond, "Thank you Master, this is such a pleasure to get fucked hard by you," he says with an eager lustful slutty panting moan, looking over at his mate to see if he approves.

"What will I do Mistress?" Ashley asks after giving an approving nod to his mate.

"You will have the pleasure of having your mate suck you off to enjoy your first climax as a salazzle, doesn't that sound *wonderful*?" she asks, petting the back of his head.

He shudders, leaning back into the tender touch, "That is marvelous, will he get to climax too?"

“Hmm, not yet he can soak in his lust and perhaps in a few days he’ll get to know release however you please. Afterall, he has to pay a *price* to get fucked so hard by me, wouldn’t you agree pet?”

Ashley nods, nuzzling into Thrysta’s hand, “Yes Master, without question.”

“Good, now present yourself to your mate and me Kriss,” she commands, crossing her arms across her breasts with loud squeak.

“With pleasure Master!” he exclaims, hiking his rear, lifting the tail while he positions himself on all fours, eyeing his Master with delight, before turning his attention to his mate, who gently caresses his head guiding it towards his throbbing pink member. He moans happily, wrapping his lips around the length, tongue coiling around it like he’s done countless times before, giving it a long deep suckle.

Ashley shudders, “Fuck... you always knew how to suck dick Kriss. An absolute natural.”

Thrysta chuckles at his words, gripping the blue salazze’s ass, “And I gave him my colors as a reward for how good he is at sucking dick,” she says with a chuckle, pressing her length into his tight and wanting hole.

The twitching mewtwo member spreads Kriss’ hole, sinking in, pressing against his ultra-sensitive prostate. He moans deeper, doing his best to prop himself up, cock leaking like a faucet now, yet knowing no climax is to come. He doesn’t mind though, to swim through his lustful urges for days on end and to be a total slut about it, is what he was born to do. He bobs his head along his lover’s dick, giving him all the lovely pleasure he deserves, tongue slithering out to lap at those lovely rubber balls, enjoying every touch and caress both his mate and Master gives him.

Thrysta thrusts hard into the salazze’s rear, helping him just *feel* how much he loves being taken in the ass. Pounding in home the changes she’s done to the two of them, but especially the former raptor. Her member slides and grinds against the salazze’s prostate, steadily building up her climax, which she could unleash at any time.

Harder, faster she goes, helping push Kriss’ muzzle onto Ashley’s dick, steadily letting shiny salazze’s climax grow near, mirroring her own controlled accent, while leaving Kriss only on the very *edge* of climax. Loud squeaks echo out into the forest, two of the Salandits that wandered off come back to simply watch out of curiosity, perhaps awakening a new desire within them as they take a whiff of the salazzes’ poisonous budding their arousal, they drawn into exploring each other, and finding the pleasures that they could have each other that were denied them under the control of their former Mistress or a female salazze run harem.

Thrysta grins at them, “*If you are good maybe I’ll have you two join them sometime,*” she says to them, the two in a middle of a sixty-nine position suddenly climax, taking each other’s cum just as Thrysta climaxes into Kriss’ tight wanting ass. The two Salandits look surprised at each other and rather bashful while Ashley unleashes his load, pleased to give it his all to his one and only.

Kriss clenches down, enjoying the warmth of someone’s seed deep within his ass once again. But this time it feels better from his new body and who it’s coming from. He sucks down

his lover's dick, wanting to drink every drop of his cum, nostrils flaring enjoying the rubbery scent mixing in the air. The taste of his lover's seed in his mouth before he swallows it, showing the most attentive blissful obedience to him and his Master he can give, not wanting a single drop to escape his body from either one. His dick aching, throbbing so hard between his legs, begging for more dick, wanting it so badly that he could taste it... then he remembers he's still sucking down dick right this moment.

Slowly the flow of salazzle and mewtwo essence slows to a trickle then stopping completely, slowly Thrysta pulls out and after a few more tender suckles, Kriss pulls away from Ashley's semi-hard dick. Kriss looks up at him, standing up, rubbing his dick against his lover, "Thank you for this love, and thank you Master for helping us."

Ashley kisses him, "Thank you, this couldn't have happened without you."

Thrysta chuckles, "That's the truth," she says, forming a pair of matching collars based on salazzle and Thrysta's two toned mewtwo collars, "Put these on my pets."

"Yes Master!" they exclaim grabbing them happily from her hand, placing them around their necks. The collars becoming chokers as they seal seamlessly against their rubber hides.

"Good pets," she says, snapping her rubber fingers as the collars form a pair of leashes which she effortlessly grabs, "How about we head home? It's been lonely and I'm glad to have two new playmates to keep me company," she says, tugging the leashes.

"Yes Master!" they exclaim, looking at each other with loving eyes, holding each other's hands, giving one last kiss before the gentle tug of their owner's leash pulls them forward, following in her wake toward their new home, new life with their new bodies.