

## A Two'ed Birthday

“I’m sure he’d like my gift, but I hope he doesn’t mind that I am a little late,” says Thrysta, a sleek two-toned rubber mewtwo. The feline-like pokémon with a double neck uses her psychic power to complete wrapping her gift, tying a bow on top, “He knew though I had a late night class with the students,” she mutters, floating the package into her three ball fingered hands.

In an instant later she’s standing in front of her friend’s split-level home, her massive tail flicks behind her. She knocks on the plain vanilla door, which swings open just a few moments later, revealing the light skinned brown haired human male.

His light brown eyes light up, “Thrysta! You managed to come. Please come in.”

“Hey, Brian, sorry I’m late.”

He waves her off, “You explained to me what was going on. I appreciate the effort you took to come here.”

“I came the moment I was free,” she says, stepping inside, “*I can sense something is going on. Something happened,*” she thinks, looking around, “I guess I’m so late I missed the little get together?” she asks, “Oh, and your gift,” she holds it out.

Brian takes the package, “It was more life got in the way of things. There was a pipe burst at Kirisha’s restaurant keeping her away and Aqua and I don’t know each other that well and giving her shyness? I can understand that. D’narl’s brother unexpectedly came into town and pulled Kirshina with them. For a domineering dragon, there are times hir partner gets a one up on hir.”

“Her ears fold, tail lowering, “I’m so sorry to hear that.”

“Then K-2003 is a CEO of a company, that toy is always busy. She managed to get that suit last time, and she sent her apologies already, and then there’s a smattering of others that just had life get in the way. But you know what? It happens.”

“Ah, and people can’t just teleport to where they need to be like I can. It does make it difficult,” says Thrysta, placing a hand on his shoulder, “Don’t let it get to you. Check out the gift I got you. I know you will love it.”

Brian chuckles, “You’re psychic. I know you’d know what I’d like without question.”

“I keep it to surface level things. Moods and anything that will help me empathize with someone without delving into their personal information. Unless I’m given permission to do so.”

“Well, you have my permission.”

She smirks, “I’ll keep that in mind.”

He sits on the couch, unwrapping the gift, “I know you didn’t have to get me anything. At my age gifts on a birthday are a bonus not a requirement.”

“You’re a hardworking and carrying friend. Remembering the day, you came into this world is the gift you give to everyone around you returned back to you.”

“When did you become such a poet?” he asks, revealing a large rubber vacuum sleeping sac, “Oh my…”

“Poetry helps keep the mind limber. Having to create something out of nothing is a good way to whetstone the mind. And this little vac-sleep sack is rather special.”

He runs his fingers through the sleek black rubber, taking note of the tubes and vacuum attached. A tingle of arousal rushing through him, but he blushes, knowing just how *much* he is enjoying this gift but more so knowing that *she* knows it, “What’s so special about it?”

“It has a mind reader built in so you can turn it on and off with a simple thought. And I’ve already calibrated it to your thoughts, so it should work perfectly. But I recommend giving it a test with someone around. Safety first and all.”

His heart skips a beat, “Oh... that means I could enjoy this practically every night if I so wanted to?”

“That’s the plan,” she says, catching his thoughts, her ears folding back, “I don’t mean my gift to make you think about your current situation.”

“What? No, no. It’s fine. I can’t help what I think all the time and it is rather narcissistic of me to think the world revolves around me.”

“Though it’s becoming rather common these days. Trust me, I’m one who knows,” she smirks.

“I think it’s more like I’m in a rut. I do the same thing day in, day out, and I love the bondage I can do. I’m not the super famous Brian, or the one that goes off on fantastical adventures.”

“You’ve been talking to K-2003 for a bit too long, haven’t you?”

“I don’t think I have to ask you how you know.”

“I didn’t have to mind read that one. That toy is rather peculiar, even with the connection we share, I can’t fully figure that one out. For better or for worse.”

“Huh, what do you mean?”

“Don’t worry about it, but...” she trails off, ears perking, a smile coming across her face, “Perhaps I can get you out of your rut in life?”

“What do you have in mind?” he asks, hands gently caressing the rubber sack, simply enjoying the feel against his fingertips.

“You’ve been wearing the mewtwo suit I’ve gotten you quite often as of late, haven’t you?”

He takes a deep breath, “Yeah, I have.”

“Perhaps I can... well...” she says, trailing off, leaning forward the mewtwo’s breasts pushed out, her smooth rubbed ball finger running under his chin, “I bet you could guess what I have in mind, but how about we go to my place to discuss it?”

Arousal and curiosity crash in the back of his mind, struggling for dominance, only making each more powerful as his mind becomes ever more focused on the sleek naked mewtwo before him, “I’d love to go back to your place to talk about what you have in mind. Unlike you, I am not a mind reader.”

“Not *yet*,” she says, reaching out, “Take my hand. It’s easier to do when I am in contact with my subject.”

“Yes, Thrysta.”

“Please, for the time being as part of your birthday, call me *Mistress*,” she says.

The world Mistress is also echoed into his mind, causing a shiver to run down his spine, “Yes Mistress,” he says the vac-sack slipping from his fingers, holding into her smooth latex hand, feeling just how sleek it feels with a loving warmth.

“Take that with you. It would be a shame not to use your gift on your birthday now,” she says with a sly smirk.

Brian scrambles to pull it back into his lap, holding it close to him, “Sorry Mistress.”

“It’s quite alright. If you think you’ll be disoriented from a teleport, close your eyes and I’ll tell you when to open them.”

“Yes Mistress,” he says, closing his eyes nice and tight, gasping when Thrysta pulls him close, her massive tail coiling around him in a loving embrace.

“Good, very good. Such an obedient one you are. You can’t help but just *love* the loss of control despite wanting it so badly,” she says, teleporting the pair away, “You can open your eyes now,” she says, her bulbous tail end giving his rear a nice firm smack.

He gasps, clenching her hand, greeted by a smooth rubber room, the floor is a shining black, the walls are a blue that match Thrysta’s own colors. Everything around him appears to be either covered in latex by a thin rubber coating or made of latex, making the lampshades the most insulated in history. He looks around the living room, taking note of the large couches, the television, and one question pops into mind, “*Where are we?*”

She looks down at him, having a clear head in height over him, and far more in sheer general size, “My home. My summer home to be exact.”

“You have a summer home? You never mentioned that.”

“It doesn’t get brought up all that often, and telling people I have it out of the blue is kind of rubbing it in, don’t you think?”

“Good point,” he says, shivering when Thrysta’s tail gives his butt a gentle rub.

“I think here is the best place for you to get an idea of a world of rubber.”

“It’s a dream world.”

She smirks, “There’s much to it. This is one place where I really let go and become more in control of the world around me,” she says, reaching out to the rubber couch, her hand slipping through the rubber bed as if it were rubber, “All rubber here is subservient to mine,” she pulls her hand out and then placed it on the couch as it gives its normal squeaky give, “And I can slip in or use it as I see fit when I will it.”

“Only you would have your version of letting yourself go by taking more control into your hands,” he says with a chuckle.

“About seventy percent of the rooms are rubber. The kitchen being one of those exceptions,” she explains, taking him past the dining room and into a small porch, “My little home away from home. It’s nice not to be in the range of other minds to let mine just flow and relax.”

Brian follows, or more accurately is tugged along by Thrysta's tight grip, his vac-sack taken from his hands via a soft blue psychic glow, placing it onto the couch, before he's shown the wide-open country field on a little hill. Out in the distance he can see a small town, but even from here if he was to walk there would take at least an hour if not more, "This is a very cozy place you have here."

"Thank you, but there is more," she says, guiding him down into the basement, "This is where I keep my moderate bondage fun room," she says, showing off a BDSMer's wet dream of gear. A bondage rack, a cross, horse, hanging body harness, a bondage bed, , and BDSM tools hanging on display just begging to be used. The room is polished, shined, the smell of latex heavy in the air, and everything that can be is made of latex with a few notable exceptions, "It gets you a bit squirmy to see all that, doesn't it?"

"Ahh... well..." he blushes, placing his hands over his crotch.

Thrysta's tail coils more around him, the bulb pressing his hands against his own bulge, "No need to play coy with me, but I know you enjoy it, so keep it up. And remember at any time you can simply think something is wrong and we'll stop. Your safe word is your very mind... since you gave me permission to delve into it."

"Y-yes Mistress," he says with a huff, admiring the view of all the gear with greater delight than the scenic view he was given not moments before. A sting of longing hit him as they were taken upstairs, showing off the multiple bedrooms she possesses, stopping at the Master bedroom. A massive bed big enough to have three of her sleep there in total comfort. The sleek bed sheets of blue and pink, a sexy dichotomy of colors, with sleek black pillows with pink or blue frills. The window overlooks the back of the house which looks at a small field and then seemingly endless forest that goes up to the mountains. A flat screen is mounted up against the wall across the bed, but most of his attention is drawn to her, "Enjoyed the views?"

"Very much so Mistress."

"Good, I'll do this now," she says, her eyes giving off a soft blue glow and as if someone flipped a switch the bright scenic view outside turned from day to night.

Brian jumps, startled by the sudden shift, "Ahhh."

"I'd tell you, but you didn't want to know. Nor you were questioning how it went from night at your place to day here."

"I thought it was just far enough away to be honest..."

"It's far away but not *that* far away. I played the memory of my most recent visit here during the day, right into your mind as you were looking, giving it the visual as if it was daytime."

"You did that, so I'd know just how far away from everyone I really am."

She taps her nose, "Bingo. You like the sensation of being isolated. Far away from everyone and everything. Not just physically held up in bondage but physically isolated from the world, and showing you just how dark and black it is outside on a moonless night? Well, it's not going to have the same punch now, does it?"

He looks out the window again, seeing the beautiful night sky, the stars twinkling in the void of space, “I don’t know... Seeing the sky like this does give me the feeling that I am pretty far away from the civilized world.”

“Ah, but would it be as much if you didn’t see it during the day as well?” she asks with a sly feline smirk.

He chuckles, “Fair point, you know me well.”

“Well enough to know that instead of having cake, you want a nice treat” she says, waving her hand the bedsheets pulled away, revealing his rubber vac-sack open and ready to accept him.

He swallows a lump in his throat, his cock twitching, pressing hard against his boxers, pants tenting up, “Starting already?” he asks with a soft huff.

“Now, now, don’t say you didn’t want to get into it right away. It’s been the biggest thought in the back of your mind this entire time.”

He squirms, “I suppose you are right Mistress,” he says, a soft blue glow wrapping around his clothes, pants unbuttoning as she forces his arms up, lifting him just a few inches off the ground, leaving him completely helpless suspending in the air as she strips him.

She giggles, “I know I am and... oh... oh my, you kinky thing. You really want the layers placed in on you... I suppose I can make that happen. I didn’t buy anything, but I can make something that works,” she says, the closet opening as a big block of cherry red latex is brought over to her.

Brian looks at her with a moment of confusion, “Huh, what do you...” The thought that was being built in the back of his mind reaches his consciousness, his cock slipping free from his pants, twitches harder at the thought, a dribble of pre-cum glistening at the tip, “Oh...”

“I love the wide-eyed realization that I knew the thought in your head before you do. I don’t get to do it often but when I do, it’s such a delight,” she says with a soft purr, her smooth rubber body squeaking, hands reaching down to caress the thick rubber block, drawing it into her body, sucking it up like a sponge through her one hand, while panting the latex across the human’s chest with the other.

“H-how?” he asks with a soft moan, feeling the warm latex spread across his chest, cooling quickly as it takes shape, making him gasp as a solid red corset is crafted around his chest, making his cock twitch and jump in ever growing eagerness.

“How?” she purrs, running her hand across his cock tip, spreading the pre-cum along his member and her shiny blue finger ball.

“You know people have the thought before they realize it? I’m able to realize your own thoughts before you do just that bit faster. Of course I have to focus on it, and right now, all of my *focus* is on *you* my sweet enduring horny friend,” she says, licking her finger clean of his essence, then smacking his butt with her tail, leaving a little mark, before her tail moves along his legs, coiling around them like a snake, leaving the underside of his cock to feel her tail rub along his sensitive bits.

He takes slow deep breaths, gasping, shuddering at the pleasure building up in his loins, the weight in his balls growing heavier. He helplessly looks up into her loving blue domineering eyes, his expressing admiration, fear, and sexual delight, “Your powers are fucking scary, you know that Thrysta?”

She purrs, moving in closer, her tail squeezing his legs as a layer of red rubber leg binder is formed across, locking his lower section from his upper thighs down into tight seamless cherry red latex, “Anyone with a half a brain would know how dangerous a mewtwo can be. We are the most powerful of them all when we really put our *minds* to it. But that is fear of excitement in your eyes, not fear of your safety,” she says, running her finger across his cock, while her eyes give off a soft blue glow.

He tenses, groaning, closing his eyes to focus on the delight, feeling his arms pulled behind him, his body spun around as if he was weightless. He looks behind him at Thrysta, whose hands are now caressing his arms, her tail uncoils around his bound legs and goes for the partially absorbed red rubber block, continuing to suck it into her, “You know how to treat a man.”

“I know how to treat a lot of people, it’s my side hustle,” she says, humming to herself a tune, moving her hands around Brian’s arms like a spider working to envelope their prey, molding strands of latex together around his arms into a perfect form fitting armbinder, that has a single long strap that pulls his arms back and down, and attaches it to the base of his leg binders, giving a sense of ‘impossibility’ to remove, “There we go, ready to relax and enjoy yourself some vac sac time?” she asks, spinning him back ground, his cock twitching and bouncing with each bit of movement.

With slow deep breaths, he tries his best to keep his calm, to stop himself from being sent over from simply the cool sensation of the air around his cock, “That sounds good. I hope I don’t make too much of a mess in there. It’s brand new.”

Thrysta pushes down Brian’s member with her finger, “Silly Human, that’s what it is there for. But don’t worry, if you are *that* concerned about making a mess in there, I’ll make sure you don’t.”

He groans, feeling his stiff member being pushed, her words just as teasing when the pressure... of Thrysta’s finger push is released causing his cock to smack against his belly, “Thank you Mistress.”

“No need to thank me... yet,” she says, lifting him up higher into the air, and smoothly sliding him into the vac bed with a squeak. The specialized rubber zipper creates an airtight seal as Thrysta uses her psychic ability to pull said zipper up nice and slowly.

With the corset squeezing his body, the human can’t help but wiggle and squirm like a worm about to be cocooned into the tight squeaking rubber. He looks up at Thrysta with pleading helpless eyes, knowing that she knows he wants even more. His aching length slid across the rubber’s side, popping into a special null bulge for his aching length.

The mewtwo lays on the bed beside him, the bed creaks under her weight, the latex squeaking loudly as the helpless human feels as if he’s being drawn to her aura, “Enjoy your

time here. Then we can talk about what I have in store for you,” she says, guiding the nose breathing tubes into place, sliding them up into his nose.

“Yes Mistress,” he moans, feeling himself about to sneeze as the tubes slide in smoothly but then it fades, “Ahhh...” he shudders.

“Can’t have you sneezing now,” she chuckles, sliding the rest of the sac around him, stealing him completely into a sleek rubber cocoon which soon after he’s locked in the vacuum part of the sack activates, the rubber pulled up against his body showing his needy outline. He moans, showing off the ghostly black rubber face of the trapped human on the other side.

“How does that feel? Good I bet,” says Thrysta, running her hands along the smooth rubber, making it tingle against Brian, “There are things I can do with rubber that no other can, and you’ll get to experience it in so many ways, aren’t you a lucky birthday boy?”

Trapped in darkness, he just moans out “Yes Mistress” through the rubber. The breathing tubes whistle loudly as he takes as deep of a breath as his rubber corset will allow. The smell and taste of latex permeates every bit of those two senses, and the constant squeaking, aching, moaning is only muffled by the quickened beat of his excited heart, his hips bucking forward as his cock twitches within its tight confines.

“No need to speak. I already know what you are going to say before you say it. Simply think it, let it out. Your thoughts are my reading material,” she says, her fingers tracing along the outline of the corset, slowly going back down to the bulge, which is more of a rubber cushioned cock outline. She gently rubs it up and down, sending the tingling rubber sensation straight through his length, “You know there are things I can do with latex... well you know. You’ve worn a suit that gave some semblance of it. You do enjoy that outfit.”

He nods, moaning through the rubber, bucking up against the mewtwo’s touch, harder when it runs across his twitching aching cock, doing his best to eke out another ounce of pleasure from her loving grasp.

Thrysta wraps her leg around his, pulling him against her warm sex, her tail adding another layer of embrace around him, feeling her warmth and tender care, “Normally I’d tease my pets and subs by watching television or reading a book. It is a level of disinterest and constant teasing that they just love, and I know you do too, but we have some important conversations to be had... once I clear that head of yours.”

He moans, nodding in the sac, squirming and wiggling like the little worm he is, wrapped around her finger. Left on the hook, dangling there, while the heat of his loins continued to sizzle, begging to be edged out further.

“I could get a vibrator and just lay it against you, letting it shake and wiggle that little worm of yours as you squirm like one. But I have something better. More... mind blowing. I really need to clear that head of yours for our conversation. But I hate to break that headspace you have going. It’s so...” she runs her balled finger up and down his length, “Sweet.”

Brian is too aroused to really think about it in words but there is something to be said about when Thrysta touches him through the latex that it feels different. Like the rubber thins

out wherever she touches. That even the rubber is quivering to her touch, which is transferred over to his aching body.

Thrysta squeezes and pumps his outlined dick, but as if magic her hand moves through the rubber, not breaking the vacuum seal, but now has *direct* access to that hot twitching length, which throbs harder, faster. The surge of pleasure heard in his moans, felt in the twitch and throbs of his cock, the quickening blood flow of his dick, the visible tightening of his balls, “Oh my, already on edge and ready to blow.”

He visualizes Thrysta, how he’s so close to him, her breasts pressing up against the side of his head, his body protected by one of the most pokémon that has ever existed. His pleasure is her pleasure and then... suddenly he swears he can feel Thrysta’s hand wrap around his length. Yet the rubber vac-sack is still around his length, clinging around his cock just not wherever Thrysta is touching. The rubber walls of the vac-sack simply peel away from his sensitive flesh only to be teased and stroked by Thrysta’s domineering hand. His hands clenched into fists behind his back, toes curl, his body squirming and bucking, barely able to do anything but to *accept* that it is happening, but even that was minimized by Thrysta’s tighter grip around his body.

He huffs, taking deep gasping breaths, harder bucks, the surge of pleasure reaching the point of no return and sales right off the cliff with total abandonment of what the consequences will be. His dick spasms and unleashes his load, yet even now there feels to be more going on. His length is encased and squeezed but the thought he’s imagining of his essence spilling inside of the sack, yet that expected sleek goopy cooling flow doesn’t occur. It’s more like his member is enveloped and sucked clean, his essence spilling out of him, but not into the sack.

“Sweet, lovely human, time to take what you have given me, and then we can talk,” says Thrysta.

Brian feels a little confused at her words, but then he feels her lips press up against his, with only the thin rubber separating them. He moans out, taking a deep latex scented breath of air and then... there’s her tongue brushing up against his. Was the seal broken?! No, no it wasn’t. Much like the couch before, here, this rubber is bending to her will, pushing through like it wasn’t even there, letting Thrysta to passionately kiss him through the sack. Her tongue coils around his, forcing his back as it shifts into a thick throbbing length, shoved into his mouth, which he from previous experience happily sucks down.

To his surprise though he finds a rush of seed sliding into him, sucking down what he can only imagine is his own seed. One of Thrysta’s kinkiest abilities and sexiest ways to snowball someone, moving the cum through her body and right back into her partner.

*“There we go Brian. Relax and take it. Clear your mind as you regain yourself and accept yourself in your position and then we can talk,”* Thrysta thinks out to him. Brian takes a good few moments to take in his seed, breathing heavily through his nostrils, licking and sucking the cock clean as its slowly retracted, leaving the unbroken vac-sack around his mouth once again.



“I’ll give you another minute to regain your senses, I hope you don’t mind that,” she says, rubbing his outline length which has already returned to half-mast within the rubber confines as Thrysta gently rubs it from the outside.

The aftertaste of his own essence is mixed with the rubber running across his tongue when he tries to push against the vac sack, reconstructing in his head that his little impression is indeed still intact, knowing that it means nothing against Thrysta, the Mistress of latex.

She smiles, caressing his body, holding him close to her, “There we go. So. I have been thinking, and wondering and it has been a possibility to me, so don’t think this is an out of the blue idea, but how would you like to be an actual rubber mewtwo like myself?” She asks, her words spoken into his mind with a clarity that it’s impossible to not know what she is saying.

She keeps him close, safely coiled up against her, her hands gently caressing his body, “You aren’t off put by the idea. Then again, many have a fantasy of being a mewtwo... or being me for that matter,” she chuckles, stroking his head, gently massaging his scalp, “But this would be more than just suiting. It would go far beyond that. A fully rubberized mewtwo, like myself.”

He groans, grinding up against her, wiggling along the rubber sack, wanting helplessly to press himself up closer to his Mistress, mind swimming in the thoughts, but Thrysta is there to be an island, to keep his focus and let him process the situation.

“Unlike the suit, this would not be a one-off thing. It’s a one and done. The way it works, the way my body works is also partially commanded by my mind. If I wanted to be male, shemale, intersexed, or a different species such as a salazzele, I could be. It would be something you could too, but I will be locking your mind as a mewtwo. Making you unable to change from my species. Letting it sink in and become your default. I know you want it to be, and I will make it so. So even if you switch forms, you’ll always be drawn back to the true two at heart.”

Another moan, more squirming and grinding. In his mind’s eye he can see Thrysta looking down at him, protecting him, embracing him, showing him a light to a part of himself he wants so badly, deeply so, but was just skirting the line of falling right into it with every meeting he had with her.

“It will have its drawbacks, though I think at this moment you’d think it would be amazing. The hypersensitivity, the rubber body, me slowly improving the connections in your brain to give you psychic ability to function as a rubber mewtwo.”

He nods, huffing, nostrils flaring, the air whistles loudly through the breathing tubes, wanting to be held and caressed by her over every inch of his body.

“Hold your horses, Brian. Focus on this. You’d be my forever submissive. For your latex like the couch, you saw will be under me. That is a commitment, but also a safety feature from any who might have just so happened to try to trick me into giving them a mewtwo body and the power to go along with it. I know you aren’t that, but I want you to understand the seriousness and depth of this matter...” She grins and massages his length, sliding it side to side, as its already reached full mast.

“Even with me keeping your focus, you can’t help being turned on by this, despite my dampeners. You truly want this with every fiber of your being and... oh... ohhhh, how very interesting Brian. You know I think I can do that for you. But we’ll speak about this again in the morning. And if you agree to it again, verbally, mentally, in the very depths of your soul. I’ll give you the ride and loss of control and power to no longer be the sailess boat in the ocean of life that you’ve always wanted. I’m sure Lucas will just *love* the fact I am bringing a bondage slut mewtwo in the world... another one that is,” she chuckles.

The weight of the mewtwo presses up against him, face pushed up against her lovely chest pillows, the squeaks vibrating through the entire vac-sack. Squirming, wiggling, helpless to do anything but to accept the dark void around him. His body exhausted from the constant teasing and climax, the stress of everything that led up to the moment washed away as he can relax and think about what she’s said, what she means.

His mind thinks on the offer, and everything that will entail. He’s been a rubber mewtwo to some degree thanks to Thrysta’s special latex, but it was always temporary. He’s tasted her hypersensitivity, but that was always temporary. He’s experienced moments of a mewtwo mind, yet again it was only temporary. The offer to make it his new true self? Frightening and exciting. He will ponder it and drift into slumber, dreaming about it and though it did not need to be said, his answer, he couldn’t wait to tell her the following day, to make it so.

He returns to consciousness the dream of swimming in a sea of warming latex, that wraps around him, squeezes him, teases him to climax was not that far off from reality. The vac-suit is still squeezing his body nice and tight.

“Morning Brian, time to have breakfast,” she says, the vac-sack’s vacuum finally being put to rest, air rushing in, the relaxing embrace leaving him still bound by his arms and legs, the corset nice and tight on him, shortening his breaths but never to the point of it being dangerous. Slowly the zipper is pulled down, “Warning it’s bright.”

He preemptively closes his eyes, squinting harder when the light hits his face, the cool air brushes up against his skin, the latex pulled slowly out of his nostrils, as he breathes through his mouth. The scent of latex strong in the air but now not so overpowering that he can now notice the sweet smell of breakfast in front of him.

“I would say I hope you like chocolate crepes, but that was the thing on your mind,” she says with a giggle.

“You know a way to a man’s heart is his stomach,” he says, panting, opening his eyes, seeing Thrysta lays beside him, holding him close against her, the breakfast table placed in front of him.

“Please, I’m not trying to date you, just mold you into our combined will to what you want, and I’d enjoy seeing you squirm helplessly as something so powerful; the dichotomy really gets you, doesn’t it?” she asks, gently rubbing his morning wood with one hand.

He blushes a bit, letting out a soft moan, “Sorry, the lust can really get to my head.”

“It gets a lot of places for you,” she says, as a mini Thrysta about one-foot-tall hops into bed, grabbing the food, cutting it up.

“Time to feed you,” says the slightly higher pitched voice, mini Thrysta.

“You’re not going to let me out to eat?”

She shoots him a look, “Are you going to reject being hand fed by a mewtwo, while all nice and cozy in your bondage?”

He blushes looking away.

“I thought as much,” she says, as the mini-Thrysta gave him the first warming bite of food.

He swallows the chocolatey morning breakfast with delight, “This good.”

“Thanks. I may be psychic and know what your true thoughts are, but it's always nice to hear it.”

“Though it does leave me feeling a little thirsty...” he says, smacking his lips.

“Don’t worry I got that one,” she says, leaning in to give him a deep passionate kiss.

Brian tenses and then quickly relaxes, having caught at the last moment before his vision is covered in a sea of blue latex, Thrysta’s finger dipped into the orange juice, and as expected the flow of juice is soon passed through her, to him, taste as sweet and freshly squeezed as if it came straight from the glass. He happily drinks it down, the kiss ending, Thrysta licking his lips as they part.

“Not a bad deal, don’t you think?”

“Not at all, and yes I want to go through with it.”

Thrysta adjusts herself, her body and bed squeaking loudly, “Not even letting breakfast delay your decision?”

“I want to have breakfast first, but I don’t want it to hang in the air any longer. I *want* this, and all the fun torments you could give me. Please Thrysta, make me your mewtwo.”

“You won’t just be mine; you’d be yours too. I’m only the final gatekeeper to you, always hanging on top, the final control, but you know me. I won’t dominate your entire life... *all* the time.”

He huffs, wiggling in his arm binders, “I should finish breakfast.”

“Yes, you should. I will get you cleaned up, washed up, before I have a meal of my own,” she says, with a massive tail flick that was purposely done in full view and over him.

“Ohh fuck me,” he says, groaning just as mini-Thrysta fed him another forkfull of food.

“I will be doing that, just you wait,” she says, giving his crotch a nice loving fondle, her balled fingers caressing over his own tender sack, “Now eat up.”

“Yes Mistress,” he moans, taking another bite, eager for when he gets thirsty again so he may share another loving tender kiss.

To say it was a torment delight of what transpired next is a bit of an understatement. He was whisked out of the sack, his cock free to bounce and twitch, pre-cum glistening on the tip. The mini-Thrysta jumps back into the original, merging with her once again as she floated him over to the bathroom to get washed up and prepared.

He’s held up, suspended by Thrysta’s telekinesis, the glow around him is something that *she* puts into his mind to let him know just exactly what she’s doing. She watches from outside

the shower, spinning him around, letting the warm water hit his body, beading off the latex as it rolls down his back. The sponge caresses along his form, slinking under the rubber with impossible movements, thanks to Thrysta manipulating the rubber to be loose around the sponge whenever she needs it. The warm water flowing down his legs and arms.

His cock drips water and a mixture of his essence, arousal growing higher not only in anticipation but the tingle of pleasure he gets when she shampoos his hair, massaging his scalp. Every inch of his body is being played like a fiddle to toy and excite him.

“It can never hurt to be sure, but are you okay with what is going to happen? This isn’t something you can change your mind,” says Thrysta, pulling him out of the shower, using a towel to dry him off, being gentle with his twitching dick, not wanting him to blow his load just yet.

“You already know the answer, Thrysta, but yes.”

“And you want the ultimate sensation of bondage as your mind is conditioned to be a lovely mewtwo, hmm?”

He stiffens, clenching his butt cheeks, “Ah... yes, very much so.”

“Good. Like I said,” she says, bringing him close, the corset stops just halfway up his chest, a perfect spot for her breasts to press up against his chest, “I like to hear if from your mouth even though I already know it in your mind well before those words parted ways with your lips,” she gives him a deep passionate kiss.

Brian moans, still helplessly floating in his bondage, barely noticing that they are being floated back into her bedroom. Thrysta’s tail coils around his chest, snaking its way down his body, lower and lower her tail stretches and coils like an anaconda. Her rubber squeaks loudly against itself, the bulbous tail tip finishes its journey down to his tightly held feet.

“Are you ready? You’ll be spending a day inside me, and when you leave, you’ll be a rubber being like me.”

“You are just saying things that are making me want this even more Mistress, and you know it,” he says with a sheepish grin, groaning when Thrysta’s tail coils squeezes his body, with a tight rub along his butt cheeks, his cock grinding between the coils with just an inch of his dick poking through.

“Guilty as charged,” she says, pressing her tail tip against his feet, the rubber around the leg binder melts away, but that briefest moment of freedom is just as quickly snatched away into the warm sleek sinking feeling of Thrysta’s latex.

Brian shudders, his cock twitching, pre-cum oozing from the tip as he helplessly humps against the mewtwo’s coils. He looks down, seeing the rubber around his leg binders melt away, drawn into Thrysta’s body, visibly darkening the inside of her latex for just a second before the true blue of her colors overtakes it. Higher her tail goes, the more is taken and consumed by it, leaving his limbs freer in a slick goopy inside of Thrysta’s body, but just as helpless to escape, “Fuck this is hot.”

“I know, it’s very amusing how many people enjoy someone who could actually tail vore them. For me, it lets me keep my wonderful body as is,” she says, bringing Brian closer to her,

squishing her breasts against his chest. Her tail rubs his ass, squeezing around his ass and waist, letting his cock peak through a bit more, so the head of his needy length can run across her hot needy folds, grinding the rest of his body against her, “But what can I say it works.”

“It works so fucking well,” he says, arching his back, trying to edge out another thrust against her wet folds, which squeeze and gently tease the tip of his member. The warmth of her body is like a burning beacon, and he is just a moth drawn to her flame, “Please...”

Thrysta brings her head closer to him, grabbing his head with both hands, her balled fingers running across his ears, “Hmm? What was that? Please what? Don’t assume I am reading your mind now.”

“Please let me slip inside of you.”

She grinds him against her with long rubbery squeaks, his cock hotdogs her sex, which squeezes and coats his member in a translucent blue lubricant, “Huh? What was that? I can’t seem to read you. What is it that you want?”

Thump, thump, thump. The sheer toying she’s doing, the tail moving up his body, taking his body up to his knees already. The slick gooey inside of her Newtonian insides driving him wild. His feet press up against the tough rubber walls of her tail, outlining him against her walls, though he can’t see it, he knows it’s there.

The mewtwo keeps her feline smile, “I am already letting you slide in me. I’m already past your knees. It won’t be too long till you’re complete inside of me.”

“Let me slip into your hot vent and cum inside of you Mistress before I disappear underneath. My last human climax, a parting gift to you.”

She gives a playful gasp, “A parting gift to me? To let you cum inside of me? My sweet thing? Well Brian, I will only if you agree to my terms that I will give you a designation pet name, and you will use it while under my care, understood?” she asks, rubbing his cock head against her sex, giving the tip a firm squeeze, drawing out a bit of his need with it.

“Yes Mistress! Of course, I am yours to command!” he cries out.

“Very good *MTS-249*,” she says, her words imprinting on his mind his pet-name designation, his dick slipping deep into her warm inviting folds. His eyes locked on Thrysta’s that he doesn’t notice a change in Thrysta’s look. Her breasts smooth down a bit, salazzle markings of purple and teal form across her body, and as she takes a deep breath her head shifts to that of a salazzle, the fire-poison lizard. Light blue arousing ‘toxic’ fumes come from her mouth and at the height of her breath she grabs his hand, and forces a deep passionate kiss, blowing her breath right down his lungs with a burning lustful pleasure.

Eyes going wide, squirming and gasping, body jerking, thrusting several times as he’s instantly sent over edge, climaxing, his hot sticky seed shooting right into him, drawn into the mewtwo... salazzle’s body. The kiss continues, her own breath blowing through Brian’s nose, ingraining the heat and fire burning within him with these arousing salazzle fumes that have been known to enthrall men into an iconic salazzle reverse harem.

As her breath finishes, she shifts smoothly back into the mewtwo he’s always known her as, her tongue though shifts into a nice fat dick for him to suck down as he drinks his own

essence, and once his cock is milked dry, she pulls away, only to let her tail swallow up the lower half of his body.

Slowly the kiss is broken, strands of latex mewtwo and human saliva strand between their lips. The human barely able to regain himself as he stammers, “W-what was that?”

“I told you; my form is how I will it to be. I will myself to be who I am, but I can dabble in other forms too and a little taste of fire, I just couldn’t help myself. And I know you have a thing for salazzles, so a last taste before the human you are is melted away, is deserving,”

“I appreciate it,” he says with a huff, the tail now slithering its way up past his corset, melting it away, his arms already being pulled into it by strands of latex tendrils that yank his arms into her, steadily melting away the bindings, freeing his arms as he groans, feeling through the sea of rubber he’s drawn into.

“Is it as good as you remember?” Thrysta asks, running her balled fingers along his chin, keeping his gaze up at her, the rubber now wrapping around his shoulders, oozing up his skin, with countless tendrils teasing his body, while letting him ‘move’ within her albeit limited to her tail, which she has positioned between her legs to help him slide in while facing her.

“Amazing. It’s spectacular how you can be in so much control when your hands...” he looks down at them but is quickly forced to look back up at her.

“Only a simple mewtwo needs hands like yours to manipulate the world around them,” she muses, leaning in to give one last kiss.

Brian groans, his sore muscles able to move after having been bound for so long, and then the tail pulls him in, head disappearing into the rubber below, leaving but the solid tail in its place, Thrysta kissing her tail tip.

“Enjoy your time in there Brian,” she muses, shifting her tail around so it’s once again behind her.

The hapless... or perhaps not so hapless human is left to squirm within her coiling confines, feeling the force of her tail to whip around, his body to shift and turn within that giant tail, while thousands of latex tendrils wrap around his body, sliding every which way around him, holding him there. His soft moans of delight are taken away by a thick mewtwo dick shoved right into his mouth, which also provides him the air he needs. He happily sucks the cock down, sucking down his air, breathing on the life-giving cock that he so adores.

His twitching length is forced into a warm female sex made within her body just to milk him, tease him, and when he bucks into it, a matching dick is forced into his rear, training the sense that he’s fucking himself, especially when another climax eventually hits, and his essence is fed back into him.

Every inch of his body is teased. Balls are caressed, nipples are played with. Rubber hands run through his hair as if he’s getting a scalp massage and all of this is within the first few minutes of being trapped within her.

“I hope you are enjoying yourself in there. You’ll be trapped in there for at least a day, as I let my rubber transform you,” she says, running her hand along the parts of her tail that bulge out, moving her tail and you so she can get a better reach whenever she needs it, “Relax

and enjoy. I have my own things to do today. I can't be a Mistress all the time," she chuckles, walking out of the bedroom, into a study room. Her eyes glow, hands wave as a stack of papers are teleported onto her desk, "I got some papers to grade. The importance of consent with being psychic. How knowing they will consent before they do isn't true consent. A fitting paper you think, given your circumstances?" Thrysta asks with a chuckle.

Brian's moans are muffled and hidden away under her latex. Her tail moves back and forth, letting the human feel his suspended state over the ground, but all he can see, and feel is the wonderful blue latex around him, squeezing, massaging, fucking him with the sense that he's left to 'simmer' there as Thrysta focus on other things.

The Mewtwo grades her papers, reading them out loud to help catch errors as she grinds them not only on the paper itself but also grammar and the like. Thrysta words reach Brian, informing him of what is going on. Several hours are spent on the paper grading, then cooking for lunch.

"Damn, I am out of spices... I got so distracted by everything that even a mewtwo can be forgetful... sometimes," she says with a smirk, Brian getting the thought in his head that even this is part of the plan. His human features fading away, melting into the rubber, his own aches and needs growing to new heights as he steadily becomes rubberized, tail being drawn out, the budding mewtwo taking shape within her.

Thrysta will be at the local supermarket, dressed to fit within local standards, but her massive tail is free and about, showing off to the rest of the world, without a nary a person knowing just what is happening underneath.

"Oh, apples, some fresh apples to make a pie? Sure, why not," she says to herself, her words the only one reaching him, building the fantasy of himself that is played out in reality, mixing the two to reach the highest levels of delight.

Further he sinks into the rubber, less of a human he becomes, the more of a mewtwo he is, budding in strength and power? Who knows, right now he's helpless under the powerful force that is Thrysta. Five fingers down to three balled ones, feline features becoming prominent. It's a slow progression into mewtwo perfection.

Only Thrysta words give him a glimpse of what is happening and when she suddenly says, "Good night, I'll see you in the morning," does he realize the entire day has gone on by, and now he's hanging over the edge of the bed, below his Mistress as she sleeps.

He drifts in and out of pleasure consciousness. More of his pleasure increases the more he can't think of anything but it. He can barely register his body transitioning into his new species. His twitching mewtwo dick aching for more, his balls to be played with. A total lustful slut unable to do anything except exist in a sea of bliss.

"Wakey, wakey, *MTS-249*," it's time to see how you came out. I absorbed a lot of latex to fit your colors," she says, the mewtwo stretching, holding her tail out in front of her, knowing her words have drawn him out of his slumber, leaving him a wiggling worm of a mess, his entire body is felt with such overwhelming pleasures that he climaxes right then and there.

“Oh, we can’t have you doing that now,” she says, her eyes glowing as the desire and need to climax remains, but Brian is left just unable to get past a sudden barrier that is stopping him.

Thrysta whips her tail down, sliding Brian out of her tail feet first. The cherry red mewtwo male with a magenta tail and belly hardly would be considered the most manly of mewtwos given the colors but his body shape does look the part with an aching cherry red dick twitching in the cool air.

Slipping out of Thrysta is like being reborn again, the entire world is new, a gift, blessing and a curse he’s no longer held up within her. His moans finally being heard by the outside world, his balls tensing, churning away a load that just won’t be released. His new center of gravity pulls him to almost tumble back as his head is released, watching Thrysta’s lovely light blue tail flick back into position.

Thrysta rests her chin on the top of her hand, “I must say, I know how to make a good looking mewtwo if I do say so myself... which I do, wouldn’t you agree MTS-249?”

Brian lets out a soft moaning mew, his feet feel so wonderful, so viciously teased by simply standing where he is, but eventually he manages to balance himself and nod, unable to speak.

“Aww poor baby two, too new to understand just how *sensitive* you are, is that it?” she says, running up to run her finger along his chest plate, sending tender teases through him, making him shudder, moan, tail stiffening while his cock jumps, almost ready to gush out if it wasn’t for the mental blockers.

“I think a little reminder of just how sensitive you are as you follow me to my extreme bondage room,” she says, turning around, her tail tip turning into a female sex which she slides down around his length and then “holds” his length as she pulls him along, “It feels very much like when your cock head was the most sensitive it had ever been, doesn’t it? Your entire body. The cool touch of the air, like a lover blowing at your aching dick after hours being put on edge. Diving into your first woman with a virgin dick. So sensitive to everything yet that is your entire body,” she explains, pulling him along.

Brian moans and mewns, pulled along, following the lovely mewtwo before him, his second neck and massive tail feeling so great, yet it also means there is just more to him to be in this hypersensitive state. He swallows a lump in his throat, trying to stop himself from drooling as he tries to get his thoughts together but then another step, another tease, another moment where he feels he should have climaxed and not being able to do so keeps his thoughts a muddled mess, slipping through his balled fingers, nearly impossible to collect.

“Some areas are more sensitive than others. Your rear entrance, your balls, mouth, if you had breasts, the breasts themselves, outer sex if and where those form, all of that is three times as much. Vulva, prostate, shaft, inner vagina, back of your throat, nipples? That’s four times. Cock head and clitoris? Five times. And I should mention any latex-on-latex touching doubles any of that. It’s rather mind blowing to the uninitiated. But you know that already, don’t you?”



He huffs and moans, leading up to a wall in her upstairs hallway, where she strangely enough stops. Thrysta's hand runs across the wall, the hard surface rippling like it was water, but once again he's just a mewling, moaning less of a mewtwo right now.

"The fact you can stand shows you have some practice. And as you know," she says, her tail pulling away showing it can shift and change either in part or just at any part of her body a cock, or breast, or hole for one to fuck, "Any part you make like that? Feels the same way," she says, her tail sliding between Brian's legs, a vagina forming for his cock to slip into, and cock to push into his rear, and despite Thrysta's tail moving back and forth between his legs, the holes and cock remain still within the moving tail to remain lodged in him.

"Come MTS-249, to my heavy bondage room," she says, pulling him forward through the rubber latex wall. It's like being pushed through a wall of still water. Still water that felt like the evillest of teases on someone on the verge of climaxing, spread across his entire body, leaving him panting and moaning, in need of a good cigarette.

"Such a good slutty mewtwo. Don't worry, I wouldn't let you into the world like you are now. That would be so irresponsible of me," she says, pulling him into the center of this solid black room, a single light in the center flickers on revealing the room that has nothing but latex in all directions.

"There is a solid three feet of latex all around us. I can craft, mold, do whatever I need to do in here, which makes it my heaviest bondage room. And best yet, no one can hear you, see you, sense you, find you. You're totally trapped in this room, with nowhere to go, unless you can move through *my* latex like this," she says, placing him in the center of the room, her tail then moving up and through his body, passing through him as if he was water.

Brian gasps, mewling loudly, bucking his hips as if he was climaxing, yet still nothing, he tries to formulate the words, heck the thoughts to even communicate any of this to his Mistress, but it was all in vain. The rippling pleasure through his body was like nothing he's known before. Like a magic wand vibrator placed at his sensitive bit, but the pleasure and vibration just rolled through his body. The tail moves up through his head, leaving his head in a pleasant, numbed state.

"Very good MTS-249, you remained conscious, there's hope for you yet. But if I am to train you to get your mind in order to be on par with at least the most basic of mewtwos, we have a lot of training to do. And gaining the focus to function and keep yourself calm under such pleasure is your first step. Or did you think that I didn't feel the *same* sense of pleasure as you do now?"

He mews, almost falling to his knees, shaking his head, closing his eyes to limit the sheer amount of stimulation so he could at least get that much out. The sweet smell of latex has a new level to his sharpened senses, a new meaning, knowing that not all of the aroma of rubber is the room or Thrysta, but himself as well.

"You'll become more psychic over time. And with it you'll be able to practice and gain control of your senses, your control. A mewtwo must remain in some level of control even when

held up in bondage like this. We're very powerful and we have to respect our own power. You'll be set up to practice and train your mind till you are ready to be let out of here."

Brian huffs, looking at her, trying to formulate the words to his question, yet is helpless, hanging there via her psychic powers, barely able to stand.

"You heard me. You'll be in here till you are worthy of being the mewtwo that you are, but till then, let's make sure you can't cheat with the test I am going to give you," she says, her hand moving through his right arm, making the water rippling affect, the blue glow of her psychic powers wrapping around the limb as its shifted and changed, to a nice firm handle at the very base of the shoulder, the rest of his latex turned into the rope that is attached to it, then springing it out to the corner of the room.

She does this again with his other arm, then his legs, leaving him just a torso suspended by latex ropes that are attached to the room itself. To make matters worse, the long stretching latex he still feels as his own arms and legs, now just helpless ropes that bind him.

"Fffuuuaahhhh," is all Brian can muster out of his mouth, mewling, panting, squirming, bouncing up and down on his limbless body, tied down by his own latex as he's in the center of the room, but he can sense that Thrysta is not done with him.

"We're getting there," she says, placing a finger into his mouth, pushing her balled finger back and forth as his mouth becomes simplified and ribbed for one's pleasure, "Almost there," she says, reaching down to touch his tail, a nice throbbing cock being drawn out from the latex, followed by another touch, a hole is being made a nice tight rear to slip a cock into, with the very end of his tail being shifted and changed into a lovely ribbed dildo, "Perfect, now to put it all into place," she says.

Brian looks at her with an aching need, each new hole, and cock is then subjected to the same sensitivity rules, adding to the hyper pleasure of his barely functioning mind. The blue glow of her psychic energy wraps around his tail, yanking it between his legs, the cock shoving right into his rear, the fuck hole, is slipped around his length, where he tenses and squeezes around it, with the cock tail tip shoved right into his mouth. Thrysta taping the tail once it's lodged deep within his mouth to form latex straps that wrap around his head to lock his tail in place, leaving him to helplessly suckle it.

"There we go," she says with a feline smirk, "Now that we got you mostly set up. We'll give you the task you need to complete in order to be let out of this room where no one but I know you're here. Doesn't that excite you? Knowing you are the master of your own fate. With only one simple task," she says, an object moves up from within the floor floating up into the mewtwo's hands.

"Here you go, a nice simple puzzle," she says, letting him read it.

If Brian could read it, he would, though on some level he does. It's a detailed ten thousand three dimensional puzzle box of a well-known cultural building, "All you need to do is put this puzzle together using only your mind, and you're good to go to leave this place," she says, opening the box, dumping the puzzle pieces all onto the floor, "By the time you get a hold

of yourself, MTS-249, this will be simple child's play," she says moving in nice and close, floating over to his helplessly bound body.

Brian shudders, seeing each puzzle piece drop to the ground, the gravity of the situation hitting him with each passing moment, and the length of time he will find himself in here... maddening in the most delicious of ways that words can't describe.

"I know you wanted this so much," says Thrysta as she shifts into her latex salazzle form, "And to make sure you really know how to focus, I'm going to fill this room with a pleasant arousal. I train my new psychics not only to be good but the *best*," she says, taking a deep breath.

The world slows down, watching her flame markings light up, knowing the power and strength a salazzle's poison arousing aroma breath can be and within this small room there is no escape from it, and no way for it to dissipate, leaving the room heavily laden with the intoxicating gas.

She blows the blue and purple smoke over his body. He moans and squirms, nostrils flaring taking in lungs full of the stuff, unable to stop himself even if he wanted to, which they both knew, he didn't. Huffing and puffing, she floods the room, making it a literal fog of the aroma.

"There we go, I think that is enough to start," she says, her tail flicking, a mini-salazzle Thrysta about a foot tall form from her latex and in the haze she scampers up behind the mewtwo, forming a chair out of the ground for her to relax in. She looks up at the bound mewtwo, unaware of her presence, "*Another test to know if you are ready or not, detecting me,*" the mini-Thrysta salazzle thinks, taking slow deep breaths to help keep the intoxicating aroma renewed and heavy in the room.

"Now everything is settled, it's time to leave you to your task. I'm sure you'll get it eventually. I have confidence in you. And self-interest is the best motivator," she says, turning around, walking out of the room, passing through the thick rubber wall as if it was not even there.

Brain huffs and moans, suckling hard on the cock in his mouth... rear, his true dick pushing into that hungry hole that squeezes when his rear does, giving that mind blurring sense he's fucking himself.

If he could think at this moment, he would think about how much he loves this. How much time it will take to even move the pieces around, let alone start to put the puzzle pieces together. Just how long was he going to be here? Questions that would arouse him to no end, and yet in his current mind locked state, he can't climax. Find relief. His suckling down of his own tail dick is that of pre-cum, never a full mind clearing climax... not even one of those would clear his mind even if he wanted to, which is currently a debate.

His mental muscle is going to get a workout and he takes these first moments to get accustomed to *his* new body, but before he could even get a few seconds with it, Thrysta pops her head in through the rubber.

“I almost forgot. You will need to see and feel the room and pieces with your mind. No need to see. Besides you like the darkness,” she says with a playful wink, the single light in the room flicking off, delving into darkness, “See you later, MTS-249,” she waves, but Brian is unable to see. Now his true test is to begin and he’s going to succeed at it, no matter how long it’s going to take. For now, though, why not enjoy himself and sink into the bliss of the moment. Where’s the rush? He has all the time in the world and he and Thrysta both know it.