

## Careful What you Wish For

Shazzle, a sleek purple, black and pink salazzle appeared to have all that a woman of her caliber could ever want. She lived in an elegant home, funded by her adoring fans that were hooked on the addictive and alluring aroma that she constantly put out. All she had to do was to look fabulous and to be there to get what she wanted. Salandits served on her every whim, other male pokémon were on occasion enthralled by her. She'd wake every morning with breakfast in bed. Her servants would groom her as she stood idly there, letting them do the hard work of what made her above the rest of her kind.

Yet as she looked in that full bodied mirror, showing off her slender curves, her near-perfect body, while no less than three salandits rushed around her, polishing her lizard skin, cleaning every crevice, her back tendrils being carefully cared for, her claws groomed by another. She stared at the one thing she felt she wanted, something that money could buy, but at the same time would not be up to *her* perfect standards. Her pink eyes locked on her smooth lizard chest. Anger and jealousy filled in the pit of her stomach, hidden under a domineering smug grin.

“That will be enough for now my pretties. It’s time for my morning debut,” she commands, the salandits retreating from her in prompt order.

“Yes Mistress!” they exclaim with glee, eyes glued upon her form as she elegantly stepped off the small platform in the bathroom upon which she stood to let her salandits work upon her.

“Get the cameras ready. My adoring fans await,” she states, walking back to her bedroom. Soft silken bed sheets and a canopy bed, mimicking her colors, lay perfectly made. Cameras at the ready, as a crew of three different salandits are now ready to monitor and man their stations so that she may be the internet star that she was born to be.

“And we are on in five, four, three, two, one...” the lead salandit says.

Shazzle laying sprawled upon the bed, a delightful bit of eye candy to the camera, she winks and blows her intoxicating fog out to the camera, which fills the room further solidifying her control over her salandits who work tirelessly behind the scenes.

“Hello my pretties. I hope you slept well, I know I sure did,” she says with a teasing wink, starting her day being showered with attention and money by simply being there, interacting with her fans, to tease a few more bucks out of lonely souls wanting a little bit of her time.

“Time to have my lunch, my pretties. It seems we didn’t hit our goal, so you won’t be seeing what I’ll have today. Better luck on dinner,” she says with a wink as the camera feed cuts off.

“And we’re offline,” says the lead salandit.

Shazzle lets out an annoyed sigh, “That is the third time this week we have failed to hit that goal. This is unexceptable!” she groans.

“I’m sorry Mistress. We have been getting close, but you did up the goal, last month.”

“I don’t care about that. I care about results. And what I need is results. If only I had more...” her hands gently run across her smooth chest, “Assets. Then I’ll be able to draw in more. I’ll be the center of attention, and I’ll be number one. And not simply in the top ten,” she huffs, walking over to the nearby computer that is kept off screen, looking at her ratings compared to the other girls within the platform that enables her vanity and greed were breastfed women.

She lets out a huff, her intoxicating aroma growing heavier on the room, “There has to be a way... I’d give anything to be able to one up them, to have it all. If I just had them,” she states rubbing her chest, looking at a nearby full-bodied mirror, showing off her smooth chest, “Then for sure, I can nab the number one slot.”

“*Anything* you say? I bet I could help with that,” says a smooth collected male voice. One that was completely foreign to Shazzle’s ears, all eyes turning to the corner of the room where a slender, red spandex wearing male, femboyish in nature, their smooth white head, with several set of softly glowing blue eyes locked upon her. But the main ones were the ones that caught her attention. The strange figure took a deep breath, puffing from a long cigarette stick a kin to the 101 dalmatians’ Cruella De Vil. He lets out a puff of the smoke fill the air.

“Who are you and what are you doing here?!” exclaims Shazzle, her small army salandits rushing to build a wall between him and her. Like a small group of Spartans, ready to repel this unexpected invader.

“Me, oh ho ho, I’m Mefialtez and I am at your *service*,” he says, his words, cold yet warm and alluring, dripping with a hint of malice yet each word seemed to draw her into that devilish smile.

Shazzle walked up to just behind her salandit protectors, “Service you say? What kind of service could you provide me that I could want?” she huffs letting out her intoxicating aroma, causing the heart beats of her salandits to quicken.

Mefialtez chuckles, “*That* of which you *desire* the *most*,” he says letting out a soft puff of smoke, that rolls over across them all, their breaths sting at the first whiff but the salandits start to relax, while Shazzle raises an eye ridge.

“And how could you know about *that*,” she states, something in the back of her mind tells her that something is a little off about this conversation. Perhaps something is seriously *wrong* but his words... they are so alluring, enticing, a promise of what she wants, how could she not take a moment to just *listen* to what he has to say. To at least *consider* his proposal.

“My dear Shazzle, I know everything there is about you. I’m actually an avid fan of yours... But if you give me a few moments of your time, I am sure you will *never* regret it. But first,” he says motioning to the salandits who were now calm, almost docile, “Could we talk *alone*?”

Shazzle, ponders for a moment, looking up at the larger stranger, “Pretties, give me and him some alone time. If I need you, I will call,” she commands, the salandits without hesitation or voicing an ounce of complaint, depart, saying on the way.

“Yes Mistress.”

“I do admire the *loyalty* you inspire in your underlings.”

Shazzle smirks, walking up to him, “They do what I say and that is all that matters. Now, *what can you offer me that I want so badly,*” huffing her intoxicating aroma over him, “*No man can resist my poison. He’ll be eating out of my hand and give me whatever I desire without question,*” she thinks.

He gives a demonic grin, eyes locked upon her, meeting her own, “*I my precious, can give you a hand full of that bountiful chest that you’ve been wanting, and it be as real as the rest of you.*”

She studies him, that devious smile, the way he moves, puffing his smoke toward her, that tingles her nose, “How?” she asks, intrigued by his proposition.

“I have my ways. Powers far beyond what the mortal realm knows. And with a simple *trade and service*, I can give you exactly what you want.”

“And what is it that I will be giving in return for this?” she asks, her curiosity piqued, her desire to want what he has to offer growing within her. Doubts or second thoughts pushed away with each breath she took with each moment she spent in his presence.

“Oh a simple thing really. Pleasuring *me*, and all that it entails which to some is more of a reward than a cost. A rather good *deal* if you were to ask me.”

“You want me to pleasure you, and in return you shall give me the bountiful chest I have always desired?”

“Yes, simple as that.”

“This seems too good to be true.”

“But it is true my dear Shazzle. All you need to do is accept my terms, and we can begin,” he says offering out his hand.

Shazzle hesitated for a moment, something about this felt off, but as Mefiialtez let out another puff of smoke, filling her nostrils, burning her lungs, that concern was stripped away from her, “You have yourself a deal,” she says shaking his hand.

Mefiialtez grins wide showing his sharp dagger like teeth, “Perfect, now please get on the bed,” he states a hint of dominance and command in his words. His white furred fingers that poke through the red spandex, pointing towards the bed.

Shazzle wasn’t sure what about how he said those words, his motions, perhaps it was that smile, but it made her sex twitch, warming up in delight. She gives a domineering smile in return, hiding this budding lust she is finding herself in, “Of course, my bed is where I do most of my work,” she says with a playful wink, sauntering over to the bed, hiking her butt toward him, her back tentacles waving him closer.

“Oh, I certainly *know* that you do,” he says with a chuckle, taking a long drag from his cigarette, brushing his brown hair away from his eyes, moving over toward the bed, and with a wave of his hand, the video camera equipment clicks on, resuming the broadcast to the pleasure of all of Shazzle’s followers.

“And all I have to do is give you what you want, and you’ll give me what I want hmm?” she asks with a playful wink, hiking her butt to him.

“Yes, exactly that,” he muses, his cock rock hard, throbbing in the air, the red spandex proving to be more of his real skin than actual clothing, he climbs onto the bed, putting the cigarette and its holder off to the side after taking another long draw, holding it in for a moment before moving down to give the salazzle’s sex a ‘kiss’ where he blows in his hot smoke into her body. The warmth of his breath triples her arousal and sensitivity, her sex twitches clenching hard, her clit tingling with an ever burning desire to take that cock this stranger is sporting.

Shazzle moans out, spreading her legs wider, “*Hurry*,” she states, partly to her desire to get what she wants, but also in part that she wants to be taken by him.

“*Relax* and enjoy yourself,” he says, his cock twitching, the salazzle’s body burning with growing desire, shuddering the moment his length grinds up against her sex, the warm juices soaking into it, making it slick, glistening for the cameras. The chat going crazy by this sudden unexpected show that normally would be a premium for all these users, now given to them for practically free.

“*Take me*,” she states firmly, hands clenching the soft bed sheets, her body grinding against his length.

“Oh ho, I will, just you wait my precious,” he says, hands gently running across her wide hips, holding her in place, his length grinding against her sex, building the tease up more. His command over the situation growing stronger, “But why don’t you just *beg* for it first. That would *please* me,” he says.

“*Beg? He wants me to beg?*” Shazzle thinks, never has she shown any kind of submission in any situation. This is in stark contrast to who she is, what she represents, and more importantly the type of character she has established online. But for some reason, his words continued to bounce in her head, unable to shake them off. “*Beg. Please. Beg. Please. Beg. Please*,” and with it the words escaped her lips, “*Please... I’m begging you. Take me. Make me yours, so I can have what I desire*,” she moans, body shuddering again, the back tentacles squiggling about.

“What’s that? I don’t think I heard you, could you say that again?” he asks grinding his length against her ever growing and needy sex that is burning like the fires of hell to be taken.

“*Please! Take me! I want it!*” she exclaims, crying out in delight to the shock of those watching.

“*Huuuhuuuu*, but of course,” he states slamming himself into her tight sex. His smokey pre-cum spurting into her folds which burn and cause Shazzle to cry out in pleasure leaning back up against him.

“Oh, fuck me!” she exclaims unable to take such pleasure of which she has never felt before, Mefialtez reaches around rubbing grabbing her smooth chest.

“If you say so, with pleasure my precious,” he states with a chuckle pounding harder into her, flooding her with more corruptive pre-cum, that Shazzle has little idea about.

All she can think about is the pleasure that is riding upon his magnificent length. She closes her eyes crying out in delight, while Mefialtez rubs her chest, massaging them with ever

growing pace and larger circles, her skin starting to glisten around the points of contact, shining like rubber. She grinds herself hard on the cock, milking it for all its worth.

His tongue slips out of his sharp tooth mouth, licking across her face, puffing thick black smoke across it, revealing that the cigarette was never needed to puff out his noxious fumes, “Let's get to crafting a better body now, shall we?”

“Yes, please,” Shazzle moans.

“That’s my precious,” he states with a chuckle, the rubberized skin spreading across her chest, around her sex as it feels ever tighter, with delicate hand motions, Shazzle’s chest grows outwards, a pair of budding breasts, filling out her chest.

Shazzle looks down watching them grow with ever growing delight, the pleasure from them was beyond anything she could have ever hoped for. And with each thrust, pleasure rocked through her, she felt as if she was on the edge, her body wanting to climax so hard. The momentum of her growing breasts adding to the thrusts down onto this miracle worker’s cock.

As they grew and filled out Mefiialtez’s hands, he massaged the nipples, squeezing their heft, “I do like to have more to fondle with my play things,” she chuckled, his words lost upon the salazzle who is utterly delighted by the breasts before her. Her eyes glowing soft shade of blue as Mefiialtez cummed hard into her, the rubber fully spreading across her body, making her a stunning example of a rubber female breasted salazzle.

“Fuck yes!” Shazzle cried out, pleased by the turn of events, her sex tightly milking the cock of every drop of smokey corruptive black seed, that fills her loins with a burning hot warmth. Her folds growing hotter, tighter, clit aching, throbbing.

“This is where the *fun* really begins,” Mefiialtez chuckled, pounding into her tightening sex several more times, before he is forced out by its ever shrinking and tightening nature. The slit closing up completely, forcing him to slide himself into her other hole.

Shazzle groans feeling her virgin rear taken by him. Normally she’d complain and yell that she’s being violated like this but the pleasure, the ache felt wonderful. Her clit grew longer, harder, a pair of balls began to fill out where her sex used to be. Steadily before the cameras with each new thrust, her new cock and balls formed. Her cock bounced and slapped against her body, throbbing and aching while the balls churned their first load. Shazzle paid no attention to any of this, she had the breasts she always wanted.

“Such a greedy girl like you is always wanting more, isn’t that right?” he asks his words digging deep into her mind, deeper into her soul.

“Yes...” she moans out leaning back holding onto him, clinging to him.

“Now that you have breasts, you now want something even better, don’t you?” he asks, his words spewing out thick black smoke that starts to wrap around her head, her body shivering in delight, his words intoxicating, bouncing through her head more.

“Yes, I want *more*,” she moans.

“You want men. Money. Power.”

“Yes, yes, yes!” she exclaims grunting her cock twitching, her ass feeling far better than her previous sex ever did as Mefialtez relentlessly pounds into her. The salazzles new prostate, becoming her new G-spot, a source of pleasure that she wished she had before.

“You greedy whore. That’s not all you want is it?” he asks more smoke flooding across obscuring her head from the cameras. The warm smoke squeezing around her head, her eyes glowing a soft blue, the faint shade of light barely able to make it through the black darkness that is holding her head there.

“Yes! I want more!” she exclaims.

“You want something even better than all of that, don’t you?” he asks thrusting hard into her rear.

“Yes! Fuck yes!” she exclaims, Mefialtez words becoming her reality, unleashing the greedy lust that has always been within her.

“You want *me*. But more importantly you want to *serve* me. To *please* me. To *pleasure* me,” he chuckles.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” she cries out breathing in the smoke, taking it deep into her lungs, into her mind, corrupting her thoughts further.

“You want to be *mine*. Don’t you?”

“Yes! Please let me be yours! Make me yours Master!” she cries out the squeeze of his power around her face, around her mind growing ever stronger, her face feeling strange... shifting, changing, molding in the smoke.

“Huuuuuuuuuu, I shall since you asked for it. My HD-758-M,” he states with a chuckle, releasing more gas that floods her, taking her completely condensing around her face into a smooth perfectly merged rubber filtered gas mask with glowing blue lenses. The new name completely destroyed any meaning her previous name had to her. That was simply a thing she *used* to be called before she was perfected by her Master.

With a huff, thick noxious and intoxicating fumes escaped from the filters, black and purple with hints of pink, a deadly brew mixed of her own innate salazzle poisons and her Master’s corruption. The salandits who just now realized what was going on rushed in to see the display of their Mistress now a shemale with delightful wide hips, massive curves and breasts, with a nice pair of cock and balls between her legs, being thoroughly rutted by the demon behind her.

“We’ll save you Mistress!” the exclaim.

“I do not need saving from my Master,” HD-758-M states with a pleasuring moan her gas escaping her filters rushing towards the salandits who jump back at the magic that possess the smoke which soon envelopes around their heads. They cry out for help but withing moments their call for aid is muffled by squeaks and moans. When the smoke clears their cocks are out, throbbing, aching, eager to please, their bodies rubberized, but most importantly rubber gas mask hoods are over their heads, their lenses glowing a purple-ish blue.

“Huuuuu, I knew I made a good call in selecting you.”

“Thank you master,” she states squeezing his cock.

“Let’s give your viewers one last good show before we start inviting them over. I’m sure plenty of them will love to get a taste of the new you,” he says reaching around gripping her new cock, rubbing it between his fingers, teasing them with his white furred claws.

HD-758-M moaned in delight bucking against her Master, now fully his. Unable to break free from his control even if she wanted to. Her mind focused on pleasing him, sex with men, the delight of being taken in the rear, or sliding herself into a male who she will break in the name of her Master, Lord Mefialtez. In the end though as she climaxes, releasing a stream of corruptive black and purple cum that smokes as devilish as Mefialtez breath, while he floods her with even more of that corruptive jiz to lock her as his personal property. One thing is clear, be careful what you wish for. And those who can grant those wishes...