

Falling in Love with the Role

Thrysta, a sleek female rubber mewtwo, her dark blue body with lighter blue belly teleported into her fellow mewtwo friend's home, standing tall and proud in his living room. Her body dressed in a dominatrix leather attire, open crotch showing her puffy moist female sex, breasts held up, a large handbag filled with various items held in her right hand, "I'm here, Lucas" she says.

The domineering, controlling tone of her voice that sends a shiver of delight through Lucas' body. He sits at his computer, a video of two male mewtwos banging each other playing, his balled fingertip gently playing along his cock tip pre-cum dribbling from it. He smiles, "Coming Thrysta," he calls out, heading downstairs, thinking, *"Finally. This is going to be so much fun. I just hope you enjoy this half as much as I do Thrysta. I worked hard to help you get that part. Give you a reason to open up and practice your unique talents in other ways."*

Thrysta turns, facing Lucas when he reaches the bottom step of his stairs of his two-story home. The dark blue mewtwo with a lavender colored belly, red stripes along the back of his head and side, added to his unique look. His red length curved upwards, twitching in the cool air, cock head glistening with pre-cum. Thrysta crossed her arms across her body, latex squeaking, leather creaking, a feline playful smirk across her face, "Oh my, that eager to help me over the next month for my big adult television role?" she asks.

"I'm happy to do my part. It's a big role, co-starring in an epic gay pokémon television series like this."

"I wouldn't call it co-starring just a supporting role but playing someone for so long who is supposed to like cocks that much and have a dick, I need to get a bit more practice. Being a little bit of a method actor, getting into the role I am to play in a month and a half will be good."

Lucas smiles, "You always give it your all even for a porno television series," he says, walking over to her.

"Being selected for the job you suggested I apply for was... surprising but finding someone who could fit the role as perfectly as me is difficult," she says leaning forward her breasts squeaking, her balled fingertip gently running across Lucas' cock teasing him, causing him to buck forward with a soft moan, "But looking the part is one thing. That's easy enough. Acting the part? Well," she runs her finger up and down Lucas' entire length, spreading the pre-cum, her finger squeaking, "That will take some time. And better to help me than the sluttiest, most cock sucking, loving mewtwo I know."

Lucas lets out a soft slutty moan, cock twitching, his massive tail swishing while Thrysta puts her other fingertip on his lips slipping it into his mouth. He suckles the finger, moaning softly, his tongue coiling around the finger before Thrysta pulls it out of his mouth with a pop, "That's not something to brag about... but it's true," he chuckles.

"It looks like you're ready, shall we begin?"

"I'm ready when you are, though I know I suggested it, but you want to mind connect this way? What if I overwhelm you with my lewd thoughts?"

“I’m not getting your thoughts streamed to me, just your lust and your homo-erotic desires. I think I can handle them; I’m always aroused with how my body is.”

“That is true,” Lucas says gently touching his length once Thrysta pulls her hand away from it, “Who knows, maybe it will help you discover a part of you, you never realized.”

Thrysta smirks, “Well you let me be the judge of that,” she says leaning in closer, her breasts pressing up against Lucas’s chest, his cock moving close to her warm sex, his length twitches feeling the heat.

“Y-you’re not going to shift?”

“I’ll shift when I get this going,” she says, placing her forehead to his, hands on his shoulders. Lucas does the same with her. They close their eyes focusing, their psychic energy reaching out to the other, a soft blueish glow forms between them. *“Focus on what you want to funnel and send to me. I’ll lower my defenses to tunnel it into me.”*

Lucas focuses, keeping his eyes closed, slow deep breaths which make his cock soften slightly till he begins his focus on the lewd thoughts that he wants to give to Thrysta, the constant arousal and ache and needs he has. Sensing the homo-erotic fantasies, the heavy male leaning nature reaches out, pushing out toward Thrysta’s mind.

Thrysta feels Lucas’ thoughts press against her mind, the entrance ways forged, she guides the unfiltered lusts of her friend into her head, like connecting wirelessly from one computer to another she connects him to the lust and sexual portions of her mind, letting his impulses flow into her head. Thrysta shivers, a tingle running from her mind down her spine, toward her loins which tighten, stiffen, the rubber shifting, the sex sealing up while her labia grows, stiffens.

The blue latex pushes outwards growing longer, wider, harder. Lucas feels a growing hardening cock replaces the warm sensation of a needy female sex with a hard and hard cock. Lucas lets out a soft moan feeling the length run across his own as it takes shape. Pressing against his belly, leaving a small bit of pre-cum rubber which Thrysta reabsorbs back into her body as fast as it rubbed against Lucas’ belly.

Lucas’ tail squirms, body growing more aroused, the sensations, the pleasure, the delights, growing anticipation that makes Lucas’ heart pound faster, all transferred over to Thrysta. Thrysta feels his friend’s body and lusts growing, funneling it into her mind, making her cock grow harder, larger, till it’s about ten percent larger than his. As the sex completely seals over, a pair of slightly enlarged golf ball sized balls form at the base, firm, churning of rubber seed, a weight and need filling them like Lucas’ internal balls.

The connection grows stronger, Lucas picturing the new cock plowing his rear, translating into Thrysta a simple desire to want to have her rear filled. Her body shifting, a prostate forming in her tight rear hole, fully developing the male genitalia as if she was born with it. More detailed and connected to her body than the normal cocks and balls, and other sexual organs she could form anywhere on her body, giving her rather fluid rubbery shape.

Lucas shivers again, cock twitching, a moment later like a lagged mirror action, Thrysta feels the shiver and cock twitch. Lucas lets out a slow breath, the glow fading between them.

He takes a step back, “Wow... I don’t use my abilities often but that was... something wasn’t it?” he asks looking at Thrysta who has her arms crossed, breasts squeezed up against them, her leather gear making her look rather intimidating, more so now that she has a healthy cock and balls between her legs, twitching in the air, throbbing.

“You are a lustful boy, I’m surprised you are this much of a mental slut,” she says looking over you, “You think this is the cock they wanted for the show?”

“Ah, let me get a closer look,” Lucas says leaning in, watching the member twitch, sometimes double thanks to his own aching wanting cock, pre-cum dribbles from his cock tip, while he sees Thrysta’s own pre-cum glistening at the tip. He reaches down gently fondling the balls, Thrysta holding back a moan, “It looks good to me, but you can’t hold yourself back. The show has you as a lustful eager mewtwo ready to fuck anyone who is willing, especially those with a dick. As a switch with a slight submissive leaning, you need to be willing to show you are enjoying the touch, that it leaves you wanting.”

Thrysta lets out a soft huff, “That will take a little getting used to.”

“Relax Thrysta. Enjoy yourself. That’s the whole point, isn’t it? Forcing yourself won’t get you anywhere. Ease off that sexy domineering facade and try to let loose and be a little bit of a slut,” Lucas says giving Thrysta’s cock head a soft lick.

Thrysta’s cock twitches the pre-cum tasting sweet with a hint of salt and rubber, a unique yet wonderful flavor, a soft moan escapes Thrysta’s lips, her cock twitching as she does, a tingle of delight filling her.

“See, how does that feel?” Lucas asks with a smirk.

“It’s fine, but let’s test out this connection and cock,” Thrysta says with a wink.

Lucas swallows a lump in his throat, “And what do you intend to do?”

“I’ll give you one guess,” she responds, using her hand to make a spinning around motion.

“Oh...” Lucas’ cock twitches in delight, Thrysta’s doing the same, “You know you can’t spend the whole-time dominating, you will need to be a bit more of a slut. Meaning that you will have to take it,” he says turning around, lifting his tail, moving over to the nearby couch, “And more importantly, want it.”

Thrysta looks at Lucas’ butt, her cock twitches, a weight builds within her balls, “One step at a time slut,” Thrysta says moving behind him, grabbing his hips, her hands squeaking along his thighs, her cock tip pressing gently into Lucas’ hole.

He lets out a soft moan, tail hiking higher, his cock dangling between his legs pre-cum glistening at the tip, his hole winking, squeezing the tip of Thrysta’s cock, causing it to squeak slightly, his body filling up with an anticipation, ready to feel himself to be filled, eager to be taken.

The sensations flow into Thrysta’s head, her cock growing even harder at the sensation, the desire to be filled rising up another notch. She pushes into his body, her cock lubricating itself with a loud squeak, taking his ass with a firm yet strong thrust. The two of them moan out in delight, Thrysta’s breasts jiggling when her hips meet his, balls bouncing slightly.

“You always knew how to handle that cock,” Lucas complimented, squeezing her length.

Thrysta mewed in delight pulling back, “I’ve had practice. I know how to use the tools easy enough. But being a slut like you is another matter,” she states rhythmically thrusting into Lucas’ body. Loud squeaks fill the room, each smack of hips to butt makes them moan out. Thrysta’s cock twitching, his hole well lubricated by Thrysta’s natural rubber abilities.

Lucas grits his teeth in delight, taking a moment to respond in between each thrust into his body, “But you aren’t practicing to be what you’ve been doing. Which means…” Lucas moans.

Thrysta feels the surge of pleasure within her, she pounds harder, hitting his prostate, grinding her length against it, her butt clenching down, instinctively trying to milk a cock that isn’t even there, “*Which means what Lucas?*” Thrysta telepathically says to him.

Lucas milks Thrysta cock, his own bouncing against his belly. Thrysta pounding harder, leaning down, breasts pressing against his back, just below his second neck, her hands reaching around to grip and gently massage his cock, “*That you will need to use your own cum.*”

Thrysta gives him a raised eye ridge, still bucking into his body, tenderly teasing his cock, rubbing the dripping pre-cum over his length, spreading it around, “*You know why I don’t do that.*”

Lucas moans responding, “*I’ll make sure you don’t cum yourself into nothing. We’ll make sure you get plenty to refill your supply of latex,*” his mental voice dripping with lustful intent.

Thrysta grips his cock a bit tighter, licking along his second neck, gingerly working her way across the bundle of sensitive nerves, knowing just the right amount of pressure to make it so pleasurable, “*I’ll hold you to that,*” Thrysta mentally replies with a domineering tone.

“*Let yourself cum naturally for once,*” Lucas replies, the building in his loins growing hotter and hotter.

“*I can cum at any time if I relax a bit. You know that.*”

“*Relax enough to cum like me then.*”

Thrysta smirks licking the second neck, pounding harder, and harder, balls smacking Lucas’ butt, cock tightly squeezed, “*Sure,*” she replies, Lucas letting out a deep needing moan, his cock hardening, spasming, hot mewtwo seed gushing from his tip, spraying onto his couch. He cries out in pleasure, Thrysta feeling the surge of lustful delightful pleasure her body screaming out, her pleasure guards lowered to match Lucas’ climaxing delight, sending herself over the edge.

Thrysta moans out, pounding hard into Lucas’ butt, spraying her hot rubbery seed into Lucas’ body. Wave after wave of built up two seed splashing into his walls, filling him up with her essence, letting only what her balls have produced to be cum to flood his innards.

Lucas pants, his cock softening slightly, Thrysta milking and squeezing the sensitive length which makes him moan in delight the last bits of his seed squeezed out of him, the ginger teasing steadily bringing him back to a full erection after less than a minute of teasing.

“My, my, you are a slutty one,” Thrysta says with a soft pant, giving a few more thrusts, Lucas milking her length before she pulls out, letting a few drops of rubber jiz drip out of his hole.

“And so will you, but as you said, we’ll work you up to it. Get you really into the role,” Lucas replies, turning around he sees Thrysta licking some of his cum off of her fingertips, suckling the balled fingers with a squeak.

“Of course,” Thrysta responds noting that Lucas’ salty cum tastes strangely more alluring than it has on previous occasions, “You think you can take me next?”

“I might need a moment to recharge, but…” Lucas says Thrysta running a balled finger under his chin, “You know what I mean when I say, if you think you can.”

Lucas swallows a lump in his throat, “But you can’t be so dommy… most of the time.”

“One thing at a time, I feel the urge to have that dick in my ass. Now do you want that mood to go to waste?”

Lucas shakes his head, “*She’s already wanting to be taken? That’s a bit of a surprise. I’ll make sure she loves it,*” he thinks, Thrysta psychically raising Lucas’ cum off the couch, floating it over into her mouth taking it all.

“Need to replenish some of what you took,” she chuckles, laying across the couch, tail raised, cock hanging between her legs, “Is this slutty enough for you?” she asks.

“Fuck that is hot,” Lucas remarks climbing onto the couch, grabbing Thrysta’s wide rubbery blue hips, looking down at her tight pert rubbery hole, “More than enough,” Lucas says pressing his length against Thrysta’s hole, “It will take me time to fill up. Do you mind if I took my time?”

Thrysta’s rubbery tail rubs along Lucas’ chest gently rubbing her tail bulb against his face, “That will be fine as long as your dick is in me *now*,” Thrysta demands.

Lucas swallows a little lump in his throat, heart pounding, looking at Thrysta’s rubbery rear, seeing the pair of balls and a hint of the cock that’s dangling below. Her command sends shivers down his spine, his length hardening a bit more, the lustful feeling of being commanded, to have someone *take control* flows into Thrysta, the sensation, the curiosity, her tough exterior, preventing any from getting the upper hand on her, a subtle thought enters her mind.

“*It is tiring to always be in charge… it might be relaxing to let him take charge for once,*” she thinks, tail raised high, swaying like a reverse pendulum, “Don’t leave me *waiting* Lucas,” she commands, looking over her shoulder at him with a domineering glare.

“Right, right sorry. I was just admiring how cute your ass was,” Lucas replies, gently rubbing Thrysta’s rubber hips, causing them to squeak softly. Thrysta lets out a soft moan, her tail hole winking at him.

Slowly he moves his cock to her pucker, with a deep breath he pushes himself into her. He lets out a soft moan, his over-sensitive cock, being tightly gripped and milked by her expert hole.

Thrysta’s cock jumps, pre-cum allowed to dribble on the tip, feeling some of Lucas’ add to her natural lubricant. Deeper Lucas pushes into her, filling her butt, filling the need to be

filled by a hot throbbing cock. Thrysta's toes curl, a slow deep breath inward, squeezing Lucas' member, before she slowly exhales just as Lucas fully hilt into her.

"Fuck you are tight."

"I'm always tight," Thrysta remarks with a smirk.

"I-if you don't mind, I am going to take this slow. Give me a minute before I begin. I just need to catch myself," he says, gently massaging Thrysta's sides, keeping himself pressed up against her, her warm hole giving a few teasing milks which causes him to moan.

Thrysta lets out a softer moan in kind, letting the sensation of a cock fill her, the length pressing against her sensitive prostate which is four times as sensitive as Lucas' shaft is right now, due to her unique ultra-sexual-sensitive latex body. Her cock twitches, balls churning, slowly building a soft 'weight' to them while she simply adjusts to Lucas in her. Her tail gently brushes along his chest, rubbing along his head.

Lucas runs his hands along Thrysta's back, toward the tail, feeling up along her rubber tail, enjoying the thick rubber appendage, massaging it, giving the tail a soft hug, while he gives the tail a soft lewd lick, bucking a little into Thrysta's body with a soft squeak.

Thrysta closes her eyes feeling all the sensations, letting herself relax with slow steady pace breathing till she feels him bucking into her, looking over her shoulder with a smirk, toes curling a little, "You really love my tail, don't you slut?"

"Don't you know it. You love what you did to me in there. I bet you might enjoy it if given the chance. Be a real slut like me... slut," Lucas says, his heart fluttering, a rush of anxiety coming over him, thinking, "*Shit, shit, shit, way too soon to do that. She does the dirty talk, not receiving. She's going to wrap me in that tail now and punish me...*"

Thrysta's tail does coil and stretch around Lucas' body with a long loud squeak. Lucas pants, his cock twitching within Thrysta's body. Thrysta's own length throbbing between her legs. The words that slipped from Lucas' tongue bounce in her mind. Her eyes close, focusing on all the sensations, all the pleasure. She bites her lower lip, adding to her own pleasure with a soft squeak, holding back a moan, "What did you just *call* me Lucas?"

Lucas swallows another formed lump, panting heavily, arousal growing despite the tense situation that he finds himself in. Thrysta's tail bulb now rubbing along Lucas' face, his body tightly held within her rubber tail coils, "I...I called you a slut. B-but let me explain. They will call you that in the show. You're meant to be a slu--"

"Not another word Lucas," she states, her tail squeezing him a little tighter, her butt squeezing his cock a little harder.

Lucas nods, squirming within her grasp, Thrysta keeping her eyes closed, feeling her connection with him, the growing arousal, the sense of loss of control, her heart races, speeds up faster, her mind hitting that wall she puts up herself, not wanting to lose control, her cock twitches at the thought of that wall breaking down, letting her submit to the lust she feels within her loins.

"Let's take this slow Lucas," she says after several tense squirming moments, her tail loosening its grip around him.

“O-of course, sorry.”

“Good boy, and don’t worry. I know you are trying to help,” she replies, letting Lucas resume control. Her nipples perked, body filled with a lustful desire, she feels him slowly, tentatively pulling out, one inch, two, all the way till just his cockhead remains within her body, “Nice and slow, please.”

“Got it,” Lucas replies, sliding back in. He grunts, toes curling, leaning into her, hands sliding across her sides, holding her against him, pressing his length against her prostate, helping her feel the delight of being taken in the rear. The delight of having his cock squeezed by a nice tight hole, the pleasures funneling into her, Lucas’s lustful desires flowing into her, percolating up into her, the connection kept strong by both.

Thrysta’s tail loosens more around Lucas, giving him greater control. Her balled fingers grip the couch with a soft squeak, tail sliding across to coil lovingly around Lucas’ own. She lets out a soft mew of delight, closing her eyes once more, letting the sensation sink in, the feeling of Lucas’ length spreading her, pressing and grinding against her new hot button. She lets the feeling soak into her rubber body.

“I’ve formed and created so many holes, and dicks in my life. At will, whenever I felt like, whenever it suited me. A dick for a tongue, a cock to shove into Lucas’ slutty ass. Sporting a cock on occasion myself, but I never just let myself connect with having a dick between my legs. I’ve simply used them. Letting Lucas take charge for a moment. Having him take me like this. It’s surprisingly nice, and soothing. Feels good... well it all always felt good but this... almost feels like a different kind of good,” Thrysta thinks, focusing on the bounce of her cock with Lucas’ slow and steady humps into her body.

Lucas moans, leaning over Thrysta, hands running along her sides, down and around her body, across her belly, reaching up to give her breast a soft squeaky fondle. Lucas taking it slow, uneasy of each move he makes, paying attention to Thrysta who continues to moan in delight. His heart races, cock twitches, he thrusts again a little harder, fondling Thrysta’s breasts with his balled fingertips.

Pre-cum dribbles from Thrysta’s cock tip. Bits of her rubber self-landing onto the couch below. Thrysta pants, moaning deeply in delight, squeezing Lucas’ cock, being taken slowly again and again by Lucas, his internal balls slowly churning out a new load, taking time to build it up.

“How am I doing so far?” Lucas asks giving Thrysta’s breasts a soft squeeze.

“Good... don’t stop. Keep it up,” Thrysta says in a less than demanding tone, hints of wanting lacing her words, she gives Lucas’ length an encouraging squeeze, shivering in lust, her length twitching, aching, balls feeling ever heavier.

“I don’t intend to,” Lucas replies, grunting, pulling out, leaving just his cock head in before shoving himself all the way into her, his tail twitching, Thrysta’s own squeezing his with a squeak, his body leaning against Thrysta for support, freeing his hand to reach down to touch Thrysta’s length.

“No,” Thrysta moans out, Lucas recoils his hand, “Not yet. Let it be. I want to feel it through and through. I want to feel it wanting, and lusting. I know you think with your dick Lucas. I want to hear what mine has to say for itself,” she explains, “I want to hear it beg.”

Lucas chuckles, “You even take command over your own dick?” he muses.

She opens her eyes, looking over her shoulder, “Is there a problem with that? Why don’t you use both hands and give me a good fondle and put that mouth to use, we both know we don’t need it for talking.”

Lucas tenses, bucking a little harder into Thrysta at her words, causing them both to softly moan, “Y-yes Miss.” He leans harder against her, hips bucking, thrusting into her tight hole, a soft groan escapes their lips. Lucas gently licks across Thrysta’s second neck. Smooth latex glistens in the light as his saliva coats it with each rough feline tongue lick. Gently his mouth wraps around the rubber tube, tongue running along it, gliding his mouth from the base of her neck to the back of her head, taking it like it was a massive length that he was preparing but going ever so gentle as to not squeeze it, knowing the fine line between pleasure and pain when it comes to the bundle of nerves a mewtwo’s second neck is.

Though he knows Thrysta is simply higher pleasure sensitive and experiences pain differently than him, he treats her the same way he wants to be if he was in her spot. The thought of it, sending a delightful shiver down his primary neck, along his spine, cock hardening further within Thrysta’s tight rear.

Thrysta’s own length jumps, light blue latex pre-cum, drips from the top, landing on the rubber wet spot below on the couch. Thrysta takes a slow deep breath, feeling the lust, the desire to take and be taken fill her with the help of Lucas’ insatiable lustful mind. She squeezes the couch cushions with each lick that he gives her second neck. For brief moments she pictures Lucas doing the same to her throbbing dick, and in a flash instant here and there, the position’s switch, she imagines herself doing the licking, the teasing of a cock, nuzzling it affectionately, the thoughts make her balls grow even heavier, cock throb harder.

“Such a needy dick I have. Just wanting to be touched hmm? Well, I think you can wait. I gave you a test drive, now you can just want a bit. I want to feel you want, feel what gets you going,” she thinks with a sly smirk which breaks when Lucas hilt into her again, a moan escaping her lips, breasts shifting below her, the momentum felt within Lucas’ grasp gingerly fondling her breasts, feeling his unsure nature of just how far he should go, *“He’s such a timid slut,”* she mentally chuckles, focusing, creating a psychic tongue that gently licks across Lucas’ second neck.

Lucas’ eyes go wide in surprise, his hips buck faster, harder into Thrysta, who moans again, his mouth still working Thrysta’s neck, squeezing her second neck harder for only a moment before he instinctively stops himself like accidentally putting a hand on a hot stove, *“Fuck Thrysta. Warn me before you do that.”*

Thrysta smirks, “What? Can’t predict a few seconds in the future? What kind of psychic are you?”

“You know I don’t work that way. Are you okay? I did squeeze hard there for a moment.”

“I am but you may not be,” Thrysta says, giving Lucas’ cock a hard squeeze while licking his second neck, her tail pushing Lucas to pound into her harder, a loud muffled moan escapes his second neck-filled mouth. Thrysta’s tail adjusts, stretching, pushing up under Lucas’ tail, against his own still cum filled pucker.

“Thrysta are you...” Lucas psychically asks.

Thrysta keeps a smug feline grin, cutting him off, her rubber pressing tightly and flush to his tender hole, her rubber forming a clone of Lucas’ own cock, pushing into, filling his rear, till it's as deep in him as he is in her.

“Fuck... you know how hot this is when you do this.”

Thrysta opens her eyes looking over at Lucas who is still lustfully licking her second neck, “I know,” she resumes her focus, letting herself feel her body enjoy the pleasures. The new cock, aching and sensitive as the original dangling between her legs, giving pleasure equal to the time he took Lucas not that long ago.

Lucas feels Thrysta keep her tail tightly up against him, part of it coiling around his tail base and halfway up it. When he pulls out, and when he pushes in so does Thrysta. When He squeezes on Thrysta’s second cock, so does Thrysta mimicking the pleasure, giving him the odd surreal sensation that he is fucking himself.

Squeaks and groans fill the room, Lucas tenses, squeezing on Thrysta’s cock so that his can feel an even tighter fit. He bucks his hips, smacking his hips against Thrysta’s soft butt, *“Fuck, you know how to work this,”* Lucas thinks to her, tongue licking across her glistening second neck, hands full of her breasts his pleasure building, his internal balls feeling the growing weight, driving him to take her a little faster.

“Less thinking slut, more fucking,” Thrysta states with a soft lustful moan.

“Yes Mistress,” Lucas thinks, a shiver of delight running through him, submitting to another, being taken, trickling down into Thrysta’s mind, her cock twitching, aching in a growing need, that builds within her loins.

Like the pistons of a slowly speeding up train, Lucas gradually takes her a little faster, a little harder, pre-cum dribbling from his tip, Thrysta giving a bit in kind.

She focuses on the straining length, its desire to be touched, desire to be shoved into a warm hole, an eager mouth, but also the feeling in her body to be taken. To be filled. She keeps her mind relaxes, floating up and down on the ebbs and flows of the lust that fills her, and pools in her mind. A moment here, a moment there, there’s a flash of her kneeling taking cock her point of view and each time, her length responds positively, a subtle desire for her to play that thought, that imagery moment again for her own lustful sake.

Lucas pants, overcoming his sensitive length, getting into full swing of things he bucks harder, faster, hearing the loud squeaks, feeling himself shoving himself into that wonderful tight hole she has, while his own is filled by her. He is experiencing being in a Congo line with himself yet he knows he’s not, the pure dominance Thrysta takes over him, makes his arousal

grow, the lost of control, to be taken like a slut when even taking another, growing his lusts, all of which is shared over to Thrysta in their special connection, growing Thrysta's own budding lustful desires to be taken in such a way.

The squeaks fill the air, the poundings of cocks into tight holes grows faster and faster. Lucas' spent balls having been steadily refilling their lost seed, growing closer to being not only ready but to unleash another powerful load into his friend.

Thrysta feeds upon Lucas' lust, his pleasure, the twitching of his cock within her, twitching the cock she made within him, her own length aching, throbbing, dribbling pre-cum. Her length strains and aches, the tension felt along the entire length, along her underside. It bounces between her legs, growing even harder, needier, wanting this pleasure, taking after Lucas' lustful own member, who enjoys itself driven into a tight hole, and have his own holes filled.

Thrysta closes her eyes once again, focusing on this sensation, grasping it, allowing it to bubble up within her. Lucas' hands caressing her breasts, rubbing her hard nipples, her over sensitive body would have made anyone else cum themselves several times over, but she is very used to it. The mind-boggling pleasure, she keeps her cool, keeps her control, keeps her dominance through it all. Yet within this moment, being taken so thoroughly by Lucas, a pleasure of having just that little bit of control pleasurable taken, lingers in the back of her mind.

Lucas licks across Thrysta's second neck, the sleek latex skin tastes wonderful to Lucas who has had the pleasure of tasting it many times before. But this time it felt different, subtly so. Rarely did he take Thrysta from behind and be on top, rarer still did he take her like this. Feeling the bounce of the breasts between his hands, yet the subtle inertia caused by her cock, while she tightly milked his length at the same grip he did "her" own was driving him wild.

"Fuck, you are tight," Lucas thought to her.

Thrysta smirked, *"I'm only as tight as you make yourself,"* she responds, while moaning.

"I don't know how much longer I can contain myself."

"Then don't. I'm the one who is supposed to be taken like a slut remember?" Thrysta lets out a mental chuckle, the tip of her cock tip flaring slightly, the pre-cum dribbling like a leaky faucet.

With those words Lucas slams himself hard into Thrysta's body, unleashing his hot and sticky load right into her warm and welcoming body. Thrysta moans softly, milking his length, feeling each stream of seed flood her rear, her cock twitching and bobbing in delight, while her faux tail cock floods Lucas with equal amounts of latex Thrysta two seed. Thrysta's 'true' cock though remains unclimaxed, the need and ache to have it blow remaining within Thrysta's loins, the faux cock only edging her to let her climax overtake her, yet she denies it. She feels the need, caresses it in her mind like a dominatrix teasing her 'puppy' wanting to feel just what it needs and how needy it can be.

Lucas jerks himself several more times into Thrysta who mills his length for every drop, breaking the fucking himself illusion at the last moment, the hidden cock formed by her tail

merging back into her body, while her tail keeps supporting Lucas, who is panting happily, leaning forward to relax himself on her back.

“Fuck you know how to drain me,” Lucas purrs.

“Well, I have the experience, and it is your experience that I am aiming to obtain,” she says, giving Lucas’ slowly softening cock a gentle squeeze, making Lucas moan out again, his toes curling in delight.

“If you only learn from one source you won’t be a good slut.”

Thrysta smirks, “True, but I feel there is more behind your words than what you are saying.”

“Well...” Lucas says slowly pulling himself out of her, leaning back on the couch, while Thrysta sits up, her cock simply throbbing between her legs, Lucas eyes it, part of him too exhausted to do anything, another part wanting to take that member right into his mouth, to suckle and caress it till it blows its load right into his mouth. A feeling that is sent right into Thrysta’s mind.

Thrysta relaxes, her balled fingertip gently rubbing some of the pre-cum along her cock tip, teasing Lucas visually, “Don’t stop now, continue.”

“I plan to have a few friends help.”

“I presume that means James will be coming.”

“He’s still on business for another two days, but till then I have the biggest slut I know coming tomorrow to provide you with his expert slut experience.”

Thrysta pulls her balled finger away from her cock, the pre-cum glistening on the fingertip, which she licks and suckles it clean, Lucas moaning at the sigh, Thrysta finding the flavor of her own pre a bit more delightful than she was anticipating, her cock twitching, and aching harder in approval, “*Well who could be such a slut that you consider him an expert?*” she thinks to him while still suckling the fingertip.

“LaPatte,” Lucas replies.

Thrysta nods pulling her finger out of her mouth with a loud pop, “At least with friends he does appear to be that way. I will be pleased to see what he has to possibly teach me.”

“I am sure you won’t be disappointed,” Lucas replies with a smirk, looking down at her cock, “Are you going to finish that?”

“Eventually, but not tonight. I don’t want to throw this good mood out with a simple climax.”

“You can climax countless times, I don’t think you could ever lose your mood.”

Thrysta chuckles, “True, I just want to tease you a bit. Watch how a slut like you acts around a hard cock.”

“You know teasing me like that is just as slutty.”

“It is? How wonderful,” Thrysta replies with a feline smirk. Thrysta stretches with a long squeak on the couch, “You know after all this fucking I have really gotten an appetite.”

“For cock?” Lucas asks with a soft tease.

Thrysta's cock twitches at Lucas' words, balls churning growing heavy, "I was thinking for pizza but perhaps some sausages could be good, and no not that kind of sausages," Thrysta says with a playful wink.

"Don't worry, we'll get you into a diet of sausages and cream in no time."

"I could survive on that. Unlike you."

"Is that a challenge?"

"Not today," Thrysta says with a playful psychic lick across Lucas' second neck, causing him to shiver and moan, "Let's order that pizza."

"Y-yes Mistress," Lucas moans when he suddenly feels a firm strong yet caring controlling fondle squeeze of his internal balls, really making him moan out in delight.

"Now, how can I be that submissive slut if you call me Mistress Lucas. That porno series deserves quality."

"S-sorry, but really how much quality can a porno tv series need?"

"Every job should be done with care and effort."

"True, you wouldn't be doing this otherwise," Lucas replies, the first day of Thrysta's training going fairly well with a few playful teases and gropes, keeping her body needs entertained but not to the point of an outright full session of sexual play. Thrysta sleeps with slight unease, her member rather needing of attention, but that in itself doesn't bother her, resisting her highly sensitive rubber body's need is nothing new to her, it's the series of brief but vivid sexual dreams that awoke her on at least three occasions, leaving her want to caress and blow her built up load, but she simply ignores and returns to her rest.

The next day in the hours leading up to LaPatte's visit Thrysta lays across the couch, posing, leaving her aroused self fully exposed to the world to see. With an arm draped across the couch she lets Lucas snap a few pictures. Thrysta gives a sly smirk, "Are you sure this is something that will help me or just something for your collection?"

"A little bit of A, a little bit of be. Being a little exhibitionist can't hurt? Love your body."

"Well, I certainly do love how I look... in general that is," Thrysta replies, a knock on the door interrupting their conversation.

"Ah, that must be him," Lucas says, rushing to the door, Thrysta adjusting herself, letting her bulbous tail end cover her throbbing length from view.

Lucas opens the door revealing a soft pink 'mew colored' mewtwo with big blue eyes, his heavy square eyebrows are not his only distinctive feature. A black fleece jacket with a hood designed to work around his two neck, and a pair of white and green open toe socks that have a space for his ankle balls to pop right through.

"Welcome! I'm so glad you could make it," Lucas says ushering him inside.

"I will admit, it is a unique request, and if I didn't know you and Thrysta I probably would have done it."

"What? A slut like you?" Lucas asks.

LaPatte smirks, "I'm open with my friends that I trust. And I trust you two."

Lucas nods, "I appreciate the trust. But I will say you have your work cut out for you. Thrysta isn't one to submit easily."

LaPatte chuckles, teleporting a coffee into his hands, "I know her reputation," he takes a long sip of his coffee before teleporting it away to some far-off safe location to keep it nice and warm, "But I'm ready."

"*I know you are LaPatte,*" Thrysta says to them from the other room. LaPatte walking in to see her posed sensually on the couch.

The pink mewtwo eyes Thrysta's blue rubber body with enjoyment, "At least you are very easy on the eyes my dear."

Thrysta sits up, her tail adjusting with her movements to keep her privates hidden from view, keeping with a tease, "Thank you."

"You know Lucas when you asked this of me, I really had to wrack my brain on what I could do to help. I know you aren't a novice when it comes to this Thrysta."

"That is an elegant way of putting it," Thrysta replies with a smirk.

"But after much thought, I did come up with an idea."

"Oh? This has to be good," Lucas says with a hint of excitement in his voice.

"But to do this, I would like some alone time with Thrysta. Just the two of us in private. Would your spare bedroom be alright?" he asks.

"Of course, but if you two need me, let me know."

"I'm sure that will come in due time, but for this I prefer it to be private."

"I understand. Even when one is a slut, it is good to be comfortable."

LaPatte lets out a soft sigh, "Something like that. Thrysta, shall we?"

"I'll meet you there," Thrysta says teleporting into the simple bedroom with a soft cushioned bed with even softer cotton sheets.

LaPatte sees Thrysta teleport and lets out a soft chuckle, thinking, "*This might be a bit harder than I thought. But it will be fun to teach her how to give up the power.*" He slowly walks to the bedroom. He teleports his coffee back into his hand, taking another long nursing sip. Casually stopping to check a few pictures in the hallway, teleporting the coffee away just as he walks into the bedroom, the door closing behind him, locking with his telekinesis.

Thrysta gives him a restrained look of subtle annoyance, "I wasn't expecting you to take so long to get here.

He smiles, giving her blue eyes, "Thrysta, one thing you need to learn is to allow yourself not to be the one in control. I know it's something that you do all the time. How you took command to get Lucas to find people for this. How you have a side job as a fem dom."

"And I'm damn good at it too."

"I know, I had that free trial a few months ago. It was quite the experience."

"Thank you."

"But that's the thing. You're always in command. And I won't presume as to why you feel you must be in control all the time. But what I do know. Given the role you will be playing, you need to be able to loosen up and allow yourself not to be the one giving directions."

Thrysta takes a deep breath, moving to sit on the edge of the bed, her tail pulled away, revealing her twitching length, “Lucas loves to submit, I can feel it now. I have that lustful connection with him.”

“I’ve heard. And it will help, but if you don’t let yourself go, it will only go so far.”

Thrysta mulls over LaPatte’s words a bit, her toes tense ever so slightly at the thought of submitting like the way he is suggesting. Her body feels a tingle of delight mixed in with anxiousness, “I will be honest, that has been the most concerning thing for me. I rarely let myself reach a climax naturally. I hold it back till it meets a good time to do so.”

“That I know well. And I can surmise as to why, but you well... to put it simply, you are a big girl. A few naturally mind-blowing climaxes won’t diminish you. If you are that concerned, you can always eat a fair bit beforehand to compensate.”

Thrysta takes a deep breath, adjusting slightly, her body squeaking, LaPatte walking closer, “True.”

“Allowing that, will open up new methods of enjoyment for you. But to go back to submitting. You know better than anyone that it's all about trust. And I will be asking a lot of you. But will you trust me that I know what I am doing to help you? Also, when Lucas asked me, I thought it sounded like fun to try. Having fun is all part of it.”

Thrysta looks into LaPatte’s eyes, sensing his genuine desire to help, her tail flicks behind her with a loud squeak, mind mulling over his words.

“This is why I wanted this part of our time together to be private. Just me and you. No need to put up any barriers. You’ve had a lot of fun being the one in control. But honestly, have you ever let anyone take that power from you?”

Thrysta sits there in silence for a moment before answering, “No. Never.”

“It's up to you Thrysta. Do you trust me to give this a go? If you feel uncomfortable at any time we can stop. But till then. You will have to trust me that I know what I am doing in helping you reach your goals.”

Thrysta crosses her arms across her breasts with a loud squeak, she thinks for a bit longer. She takes a deep breath, slowly releasing it, “I trust you LaPatte. Lets give this a go,” she says showing the faintest hint of apprehension.

LaPatte smiles, “Thank you Thrysta for trusting me in this. Now spread your legs, and let me have a look at what you have sporting there. It seems very eager for some attention, and I am happy to give it some.”

Thrysta raises an eye ridge, “You want me to submit, and you are going to give me a blow job?” she inquires.

La Pate kneels before her, “Oh, come on, you never heard of a power bottom.”

Thrysta reaches and gently pets LaPatte on the head, her balled fingertips gently massaging his temples, “Of course I have. I simply was not expecting you to be a power bottom.”

“I am a lot more than I seem to be. Now relax, and let me take charge.”

Thrysta pulls her hand away from his head, placing them on her sides, spreading her legs more, providing him easier access to her sensitive rubber flesh, "I'm ready."

LaPatte kneels before her, his balled fingers gently caressing Thrysta's nuts, he takes a deep breath and softly blows across Thrysta's length.

Thrysta feels a tingle of pleasure, her hypersensitive body translating the pleasure to a slightly more manageable state.

"Come Thrysta, set yourself to a natural climax state. At least one within the realms of what would be normal. This won't work if you don't let yourself go."

Thrysta takes a slow deep breath, "Alright, alright, I will try," she says, closing her eyes, focusing on the multiple locks that she puts on her body, and her mind. She slowly loosens them, one by one, the cool air blowing across her body growing ever more pleasurable. Her toes curling, her length twitching, growing even harder. Thoughts of lust, rushing even faster into her mind.

LaPatte Thrysta a hand grabbing the base of her shaft, "You are more powerful than I imagined."

Thrysta lets out a soft sigh, "I put a lot of effort in keeping everything under control."

"How does it feel to lose a little bit of it?"

"Well... it's something to say the least," she responds, her cock twitching, LaPatte gives Thrysta's smooth sleek length a long lick from the base to the tip, adding a bit of his saliva as lubricant. Thrysta responds with a soft shiver, body tensing, a moan escaping her lips.

"You liked that, very good, let go, relax, let me handle this," he says, his hands gripping more of her length, gently stroking her off, squeezing out a little bit of rubbery pre-cum that escapes from her tip. His thumb rubbing along the head, spreading the juice around her shaft, making it sleeker, causing it to squeak louder.

Despite the pleasure being far above what she normally allows it to be, she still manages to hold off simply climaxing right then and there. A warm buildup of lust forms within her loins, her balls already heavy grow a little heavier, which are then teased by LaPatte who gives them a firm fondle, swirling her gnads between his balled fingers. A soft submissive mew escapes Thrysta's lips before she tenses, restraining herself.

LaPatte shoots her a little look before he wraps his lips around her cock head, his tongue running across the head, while he gives the head a nice firm nursing suckle. Thrysta tenses again, closing her eyes, while LaPatte's fingers move up and down her shaft, stroking her off, letting more of her pre-cum hidden within her length ooze out of her cum slip like a yogurt, which he happily suckles up.

Slowly at first, he goes, massaging her impressive length, while Thrysta focuses on him. LaPatte looks up at her while he suckles the tip, hands moving up and down the length, adding to her pleasure, stroking her off, giving nice firm jerks of her cock while he continues to simply focus on the cockhead. Letting only that in his mouth while he laps at the tip.

“That is really good LaPatte,” Thrysta compliments but he doesn’t respond, he continues to stroke and suckle, raising up Thrysta’s pleasure. Her mind instinctively works to hold herself back, her psychic aura weakening in the process, causing him to stop.

Thrysta let out a soft huff, “Why did you stop?” she asks, giving him a firm look, “I was just starting to get into it.”

LaPatte gently runs his thumb across Thrysta’s cock head, keeping her teased while he speaks, “You don’t get to dictate what I do. I’m the one in charge here. And you need to relax and not have any control. The more you let go, the more I’ll do, but you need to stop trying to control the situation. I want you to climax naturally, got it?” he asks, giving Thrysta’s cock a firm teasing squeeze, “Or you aren’t going to cum tonight.”

Thrysta tenses, her hands squeezing the bed sheets, her toes curling a little bit, tail twitching. She looks back at him, her stern look softening, butterflies fill her stomach when she says, “Alright. I will try.”

LaPatte smiles, “Good. I’d like to keep going too, you taste rather good,” he compliments, wrapping his lips back around her cock head, tongue running across her head which flares at the touch. LaPatte’s lips curl, a firm suckling, his Adam's apple rising when he swallows the swirl of saliva he builds up within his mouth, with the distinct hint of Thrysta’s flavor.

He continues to jerk her off, watching Thrysta try to keep herself relaxed, slowing and speeding up at his will, not knowing what he is going to do next. Thrysta tenses and moans, gasping, feeling the anxiety build within her stomach, the mixture of nervousness and pleasure bubbling up within her mind. She closes her eyes, trying to keep her calm, her cool, her hips bucked forward, LaPatte pulls away, leaving her member edging out.

Thrysta lets out a soft huff, “Why did you stop this time? I’m trying to keep myself not in control,” she replies, a hint of nervousness in her voice.

“I didn’t tell you, you can buck into my mouth. You are to have no control, and do what I say, got it?”

Thrysta swallows a lump in her throat, the butterflies in her stomach growing, but as she looks into his big eyes, she relaxes slightly, “I understand. This is a different sensation.”

“How does it feel?”

“I think good?”

“Then we’ll need to do more to make you certain of it,” he replies, giving Thrysta’s length a longer long lick from the base top the tip, his lips wrapping around the head again, his head giving a few quick bobs up and down the entire length, letting Thrysta’s cock run across the roof of his mouth, his tongue slathering and showing loving attention along the underside before he resumes simply suckling the head, his hands giving Thrysta’s balls a few playful fondles before they resume rubbing her length.

Thrysta gasps, arching her back, her hands gently running across the bed sheets, wanting to move over and gently caress and rub LaPatte’s head, like she’s done so many times with so many submissives before her, but she hesitates, she stops herself. LaPatte told her not to do

anything except to take it. To let him take control over the moment. She watches him work her cock, adding to the building pleasure within her, the sense of not being allowed to do something. To not be allowed to take the initiative grows within her. Even though she has been in this position countless times before, this time it's different. It feels different. It feels exciting. Yes a sense of excitement along with the pleasure. A new feeling that conflicts with her anxiety of not having the control she is so accustomed to. She lets out a soft pleasure mew, letting LaPatte know that she is enjoying herself, that her pleasure is growing, cock twitching, the building of her climax approaching.

Thrysta pants, feeling herself on the verge of release, one that her body is telling her she is about to have rather the other way around. LaPatte feels her balls tense, pulling up, ready to release her load when LaPatte pulls away, leaving her cock wanting, aching, ready to burst. Thrysta gives another stern look but this one is softer than the previous, "What now?"

"You're able to handle multiple climaxes in a day?"

"In an hour, even if I will it. Normally though? I don't know."

LaPatte thumb rubs Thrysta's cock head, "Let's find out then," he wraps his mouth around Thrysta's cock again giving long firm suckles. His paws quickly jerking Thrysta off, who mews out in delight, back arching, her mind fighting to keep her hips still while she feels the rush of the climax. The surge of pleasure followed by a wave of reinforcing delight. Thrysta lets out another soft delightful mew, the anxiety suppressed though not completely washed away as she unleashes wave after wave of sleek blue two seed. LaPatte's cheeks bulge for only a moment, surprised by the amount of cum gushing out of her, but he quickly swallows, taking in every drip, milking her length of every last bit while he continues to suckle, making sure there is nothing left, sucking out everything before he pulls away, giving one last playful lick, "You do have a unique yet delightful flavor Thrysta. I was right this would be fun," he says with a grin.

Thrysta pants, relaxing slightly but her sensitive body only allows her to have a soft eb in her overall lustful nature. Her cock softens for only a moment before it twitches and throbs back into full erectness.

"Well, I can see you are still eager at least," LaPatte says licking his lips, standing up, his uncut cock throbs between his legs, balls dangling at the base, his male set up much like Thrysta's.

Thrysta eyes LaPatte's twitching cock. He smirks, catching where her eyes are at, "Like what you see? Don't worry you'll see more of it," he replies reaching out to pushing Thrysta down onto the bed.

Thrysta at first touch resists, but then forces herself to let him lay her down. He climbs onto the bed, legs on either side of her, his hands gently reaching out to squeeze her breasts. He rubs her nipples, moving and adjusting Thrysta onto the bed, swinging her to be completely on it, while his but grinds against her cock.

Thrysta moans out she looks up at him, back at his cock then back at him, "Enjoying yourself Thrysta?" LaPatte asks, gently reaching down to rub her belly, hands tracing along her curves before he grabs her cock, aligning it against his rear.

Thrysta feels her heart racing, excitement building within her loins, cock twitching. She looks up at him, seeing his cock throbbing over her, his pucker pressing down at her cock tip, “It’s an experience,” Thrysta responds, shivering, looking up at LaPatte’s gentle smile.

“Try not to cum till I tell you, and don’t use your ability to stop yourself,” he says in a firm voice, sliding her into him. He leans into it, moving down her length with a long squeak. LaPatte moans softly, Thrysta gasping for air, feeling her length squeezed by his tight rear, watching his cock twitch approvingly, pre-cum dribbling from his tip.

Thrysta feels the power in LaPatte’s words, commanding her to do something that he *wanted*, adding to her surprising amount of pleasure and lust that fills her. Her hips buck up into LaPatte’s rump, the two moaning in delight, but LaPatte quickly moves to hold her hips down, his tail coiling around hers, to add extra leverage and control.

“I didn’t say you could thrust,” he states moving his hands back to Thrysta’s chest, gently squeezing and massaging her breasts. He raises his rump, slamming back down in a firm yet slow motion. Milking her length, building up her pleasure, feeling her build up her desire to climax, balls growing even heavier.

“This is the first time I’ve regretted not climaxing before,” Thrysta thinks, feeling her length twitch, pleasure rising ever higher, driving her deeper into a lustful mind set. Her urges wanting to buck into his tight rear, an urge to feel herself be taken, to feel herself being filled like she is doing to him right now. A budding delight, watered by Lucas’ never ending lustful desires that are streamed into her mind.

LaPatte smiles, looking down at Thrysta with a loving look. He thrusts down onto her twitching length, a soft grunt escaping his lips, a moan escaping Thrysta’s. His hands gently teasing Thrysta’s squeaky rubbery mounds while her length twitches within him. “Good, good, but you need to be more vocal. This isn’t a book where you show and don’t tell. You have to tell me how good it feels. Tell me how much you want it. Tell me how much of a slut you are,” he explains giving Thrysta’s cock a squeeze, his own length twitching and dribbling pre-cum, “Tell me how tight I am. And moan as you do it. Show the pleasure you are receiving from my ass, while telling me how good it is.”

A shiver runs down Thrysta’s spine, butterflies building in her belly, something about that felt odd... different, yet exciting, with only the briefest of hesitations, while LaPatte slammed himself down onto her, she moans, gripping the bed sheets underneath him, “Fuck you are so tight. One of the tightest ass’ I’ve ever had,” she moans again, her hips bucking up to meet LaPatte’s thrust.

He gently rubs Thrysta’s nipples, flicking them with his balled fingertips, “Good, good. Say it again. Tell me just how much you love it when I sit on that needy dick of yours.”

Thrysta shivered, something about this exchange felt delightful, a little bit of a thrill with the uncertainty and hint of fear of it, the loss of control while this normally docile mewtwo took all the power away from her, while she technically tops him, “LaPatte you feel so tight. I love how you sit on my needy cock. You feel so wonderful, I can’t just help but want to take you again.”

“But you can’t take me without me allowing it, can you Thrysta?”

Thrysta moans, feeling him squeeze her cock, her head shaking, “No, I can’t.”

“But you want it so badly, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she moans, gasping in delight.

“Say it, don’t just agree.”

Thrysta gasps, arching her back, thrusting her breasts up into the air while LaPatte slams himself back down upon her, “Yes! I want you so badly! I want to cum in that tight ass of yours. Please let me!” she exclaims.

“Oh, we are getting a little ahead of yourselves, aren’t we now slut?” he asks, pulling almost completely off of Thrysta, leaving just her cock head lodged within his pucker, “It’s good to see you begging like the slut you are, but you are begging for the wrong thing. Eyes up at me Thrysta,” he says, squeezing just her cock head with his rump, tail intertwining tighter with her’s.

Thrysta looks up along his body, he pants softly, but then their eyes meet, that warm gentle smile he’s always possessed hides the situation they are currently in, the loving nature of it, making her uneasiness of letting go this much, just melt away a bit more.

“Now Thrysta. I want you to beg for that,” he says pointing down.

Her eyes follow till they stop at his twitching, throbbing aching cock, pre-cum dribbling along the head, running down the underside of his length.

“Doesn’t it look good Thrysta? Don’t you want to suck it?”

Thrysta’s eyes are locked on it like a cat focused on the red dot of a laser pen, “Yes,” she says with a soft mew.

“Don’t say yes Thrysta. Tell me.”

She shivers, LaPatte squeezing her cock head, reminding her how needy she is, “Yes... I want it. I want to taste your pre-cum as it flows along my lips, into my mouth. I want to feel your length push into my mouth while I hungrily suckle it. I want... to feel you cum into my mouth so I may drink down your essence and make it my own.”

“Well, that was a little poetic but it shall do,” he responds slamming himself back down onto her length, forcing her to hilt back into him, his cock bouncing up and down like a spring, “Let’s practice your cock sucking. I know how flexible you are, reaching me shouldn’t be an issue.”

“That won’t be an issue,” she replies leaning forward, closing the distance between her lips and his cock. His cock twitches eagerly, the pre-cum glistening on the tip, her eyes locked onto it.

“Good girl. Suckle just the tip. Use your hands to massage my length. I love a good suckle,” he explains.

Thrysta nods, her sleek blue tongue reaching out to get an early lick. She tastes his salty pre-cream running it along her lips and mouth before she opens wide to take his entire head into between her lips for a soft suckle. Her tongue runs along the cock head, sliding her tongue slip between the head and his foreskin, collecting any of the built-up cream he had there. Her hands

tightly gripping his length, milking his length of any access pre that may be stored within. She feels his hand gently caressing the back of her head, feeling his balled fingertips along her smooth rubber skin, sending shivers down her spine, “*Why does this feel that good?*” she wonders.

“There we go. Keep suckling like that. Give a few gentle licks, take a moment to pause and let me relax. In those moments, why don’t you tell me how good I taste. How much you want me. How much you want me to cum in that mouth of yours,” he suggests, the thought of which causes Thrysta to tense, thrusting up into LaPatte, her cock twitching within his rump, causing him to moan softly. A little more pre-cum flowing onto her tongue as she savors it.

She pulls away, licking across the tip, her rubber tongue, teasing the length for a moment longer before she blows cool air onto his member, making her lover moan out softly, “Well you do taste wonderful. And how you slip into my mouth, just makes me want to feel what it would be like to have you blow your load into my mouth,” she says stroking his length from the base to just below his cock head, “I would just *love* to have you,” she purrs.

He pants softly, caressing the back of Thrysta’s head, rubbing behind her ears, “Yes, that’s it. Much better, and you will have me, I will allow it. But first, why don’t you dump a bit of your built-up pressure into me. Or try to hold back as you work me over, who will win? Me or you?” he asks, squeezing Thrysta’s length within his rear, his hips grinding against her, their bodies squeaking, as his tail embraces Thrysta’s. His cock bounces as he slams himself down onto Thrysta’s cock, the pleasure of which makes her moan, “And remember. No mental resisting. Let this be raw uncontrolled lustful pleasure. You need to let yourself go.”

“Yes, I know,” Thrysta says moaning softly, bucking up into his body, her body stretching to wrap her lips back around his cock head, resuming her suckling, trying to follow with his hip movements as he grinds and fucks her. Taking full command despite her penetrating him. Moans are muffled by the cock twitching within her mouth. She feels it twitch and throb within her hands but not as hard as her own length, her toes curl, tail squeezing his, and within only a few moments Thrysta shudders her mouth popping out of his dick, she squeezes and milks his length in a vain attempt to try to get him off, while her built up lust has nowhere to go but up.

With hot streams of latex two seed, she shudders and fills LaPatte with her two essence. Each gush of her jiz fills him with a warmth, her body feeling the bliss of a pure uncontrolled climax, one that is often denied to her time and time again of her own doing. She closes her eyes focusing on the delight of such a lustful climax, while her length is tightly milked by his tight ass cheeks.

LaPatte smiles down at her, hand gently caressing her head, encouraging her, “That’s it. Let it out. Just let that wall break away under a flood of delightful pleasure. Continue... just a bit more. A little more... there we go,” he says giving her length a few more squeezing milks.

Thrysta continues to moan, tense and pant, the release felt new and different to her. Something though she has felt several times before there was something about this that *felt* different. Something about that release was... tantalizingly good. Her balls churned, and

emptied themselves into him, but already part of her was a little hungry for more. She placed her lips around his cock suckling the tip again, which LaPatte was happy to oblige for a little while, gently petting her head some more, squeezing her length, simply just letting her stew in the afterglow of her climax.

“Such a good girl. You enjoyed that didn’t you? Tell me how much you loved it.”

Thrysta licks his cock after giving it a little firm suckle, “It felt rather nice.”

“Nice? You can use better words than that.”

Thrysta licks her lips, licking his cock again, “It felt wonderful. You were so tight. And it felt so damn good. And then to feel you be filled by me. I feel my seed still in you, pressing up against my cock, making your hole so slick. It just feels so good to have myself in you right now.”

“That’s much better. I am pleased you let yourself just enjoy the moment. That’s what it is, allowing yourself to enjoy the moment. Not to worry about the control, that is my job to help you receive that uncontrolled pleasure,” he says squeezing his butt, milking her length a bit more, “But that’s enough. I won, which means I get to decide what to do with you next,” he chuckles slowly sliding himself her length with a soft moan.

Thrysta gives one last sneaky lick of his cock before he pulls off, moaning feeling the cool air around her length, which is almost as hard as it was when she first penetrated him, “Won? I didn’t know it was a contest.”

“I did say about who would climax first, didn’t I?”

“Yes, you did.”

He smirks, “There you go,” he says gently squeezing and fondling Thrysta’s breast with one hand, looking over his shoulder towards the door. He teleports his coffee into his hands, takes another sip before teleporting it away, “Hey Lucas! Interested in a little bit of a three way?!”

It takes only a few seconds to hear Lucas make his way to the door almost slamming it open, his cock out, hard, twitching in the air, “Did you say three way?” he asks, noticing Thrysta panting on the bed, cock out, hard covered in her own cum. His eyes go over to LaPatte’s mouth before he notices the bit of the mess under his tail, “*I’ll be damned, he didn’t suck her off,*” he thinks.

LaPatte smiles, “She’s done well. I take the front, and you the back? Give her one last bit of fun between the three of us before I need to head out,” he says, giving out a little yawn, teleporting his coffee back into his hand, sipping it before teleporting it out yet again.

“That’s fine with me. James gets back tomorrow, and we’ll need our rest to handle him,” Lucas replies with a smirk, hinting of the lewdness that plays in the back of his mind, that is echoed into Thrysta’s mind.

The latex mewtwo moans softly, her cock out, twitching, throbbing harder and harder, she licks her lips with a soft squeak, “I’ll be able to handle you both without a problem,” says Thrysta, crawling onto all fours.

LaPatte shakes his head, “Thrysta, what did we just talk about and go over? If you want to appear to be a submissive slut, you have to really sell it. Don’t just say I can handle us. But instead tell us how much you *want* us, and how eager you feel to have us take you.”

Thrysta tenses for a moment, her cock twitches, feeling a shiver run down her spine, looking over to Lucas, then to his twitching member, his cock eager to drive into her, the urge and sensation trickling into her mind, she lets out a soft mew, “I would love to have both of you inside me,” she says in a sultry voice.

“Oh man, I haven’t heard you speak so submissively dirty before Thrysta,” says Lucas.

“Well... if it helps you get into the mood,” she replies with a playful wink, hiking her rump and tail to him. The other blue mewtwo licks his lips, feeling his member strain and ache, moving behind her, gently pressing his cock tip against her rubbery hole. His hands on her thick two rubber hips, gently rubbing and squeezing them, enjoying the sound of her rubbery body creaking, the warmth, the view of her balls there hidden as he moves in.

“That’s much better, but you should tell Lucas how big he looks, compliment him as he pounds you,” explains LaPatte pressing his length against her lips.

She slides her slick blue tongue out, running it into his foreskin, playing with his cock head, before drawing her lips around his cockhead, saying into his mind, “*You taste wonderful.*”

“Thanks,” LaPatte replies, reaching down to gently pat her head, rubbing her behind the ears.

The rubber mewtwo shivers, enjoying the touch, feeling drawn into the sensation, the length pushing deeper into her mouth while Lucas pushes into her rear. The other two’s length spreads her rubbery insides, pushing against her prostate hot button, her member twitches harder, dribbling rubber pre-cum while Lucas groans, “Damn you are tight.”

“*It’s because you are so big,*” Thrysta telepathically tells him, causing buck harder into her.

Thrysta’s breasts bounce with each thrust. Lucas hips becoming flush with her rear, while LaPatte’s length disappears into her mouth, her chin bumping into his balls, the scent of sex heavy in the room, mixed with her own luscious rubbery aroma.

Lucas and LaPatte moan in delight, sliding their twitching lengths in and out of Thrysta’s tight warm holes. Lucas groans deeply, panting heavily he bounces off Thrysta’s rear, able to push into her faster, harder. Thrysta’s hips moving to match, allowing him to go deeper into her as she squeezes and milks his length. All the while her tongue caresses and coils around LaPatte’s length. Years of being able to multitask allows her to keep track of both twos as they pound against her.

Thrysta reaches out and grabs LaPatte’s rump, suckling his length harder, deeper, her rubber digit pushing into her rear, popping into his lubed-up hole. The pinkish mewtwo moans in delight, his cock twitches and spurts some pre-cum into Thrysta’s hungry mouth the moment her finger pops into his hole.

As he moans, LaPatte says, “Don’t do any of your tricks. Stay as you are. Use what you have now. Let yourself at this moment to have a limitation. Enjoy the loss of control Thrysta.”

“Of course, I just wish to give you the same pleasure you give me,” she tells him.

“I know, good girl,” LaPatte replies with a moan, humping into the rubber two’s muzzle. Feeling how her tongue expertly hits each spot along his length, coiling around it, milking it, licking the cock head, drawing out as much pleasure as possible from his aching rod.

“Fuck, fuck, this feels great,” Lucas responds, looking down at Thrysta as she’s spit roast between him and LaPatte, two submissive mewtwos, a sight he thought he’d never see yet something that arouses him further, seeing her enjoy the moment so thoroughly. His mind transmitting the feeling to her, compiling the pleasure and lust building up within her.

Higher and higher all three go in their lustful pleasuring delights. Sandwiching the normally dominant mewtwo between them. Their heat of the moment builds deep within their loins. Thrysta feels herself sink deeper into the moment. Vision blocked by LaPatte’s thighs and crotch. Her vision focused on that cock that moves in and out of her hungry mouth. While her rear is pushed to a higher level of bliss by Lucas’s constant pounding.

Thrysta’s length hangs between her legs, hard, aching, dribbling, it bounces up and down with each thrust. A growing stiffness and pleasure that strains her body to new heights. Her mind letting her feel the delight, the ache, the bliss of the moment. She feels a contentment, not having to worry about anything except what she is doing. Her middle finger popping in and out of LaPatte’s hole, adding to his delight. The male two’s rear milking her digit as he finds himself growing close to his delight till he could no longer contain himself.

With a loud moanfully mew he unleashes a hot sticky load into Thrysta’s mouth. The streams of seed flooding her throat, which she happily drinks down. With each gulp the sweet tangy salty LaPatte essence is taken within her, yet he doesn’t stop while she milks his length for all its worth.

He watches and continues for several more moments while Thrysta tightly milks and squeezes Lucas’s length. Her tail wrapping around her other lover, drawing him in closer, taking her harder, edging him toward a climax which soon arrives. His host sticky stream of seed flows down into Thrysta’s tight rear. Her body shivering and aching in delight. Drawn into the moment he empties himself onto her.

He pants heavily, feeling his balls tense and empty, his member twitches, feeling extra sensitive as Thrysta gives his length a playful squeeze, causing him to tense and moan, “Fuck, fuck that was intense,” he mews.

LaPatte gently pets Thrysta on the head, keeping his length in her mouth a few moments longer, letting her suckle on it as it starts to soften, “Very good Thrysta. You’ve done well. With that I do think my job here is done,” he says, slowly pulling out of her.

Thrysta gently licks his cock tip once last time before it gets out of range, “You have such a wonderful taste. And thank you for your help. Please feel free to stop by again, I’ll be sure to reward you for your efforts,” she says with a playful wink, licking her lips clean, feeling her cock grow a hair harder at her own words, still clenching down on Lucas’ length.

“Thrysta... relax... I can’t take that much more,” Lucas pants.

Thrysta relaxes her rear, making it easier for him to pull out of her, “Sorry, but you felt so good back there,” she replies, wiggling her rump.

“More than before” he asks.

“Ah...,” Thrysta took a moment to think about this, “Both feel good, it’s hard to quantify as my female sex is more sensitive, but it felt a different kind of good to go like this, I think? It’s hard to explain... I will think about it,” she replies.

“Sure, sure. I didn’t think you’d take this well to it.”

“To be honest neither did I,” she replied, sitting up, her member still twitching and aching. She looks down at it, “I should do something about you, though it is oddly nice to have you so out and about. A rather needy not so little cock,” Thrysta chuckled.

“I’m sure you’ll manage,” says LaPatte with a nod, “Thank you for having me, but I must be off,” he replies, getting himself dressed once again, his cock once more hidden, “Thanks for having me. It was fun.”

“Thanks for cumming,” Lucas replies with a chuckle.

Thrysta sighs a little, “That was bad.”

“I know,” he replies with a smirk.

“If I was in a position to *pun*-ish you, I would,” she replies with a squeak, stretching out.

“Good thing you aren’t.”

“Once again, thanks for having me. I’ll see you when I can. Have fun, and good luck Thrysta. I’m sure you’ll be a pro at it in no time and do a great job on your new job.”

“Thanks, LaPatte. That means a lot to me,” she replies.

“Anytime. Bye!” he replies, walking out of the living room, Lucas seeing him out while Thrysta takes a moment to simply relax from her extensive lewd time.

She leans back, looking down at her needy cock, “I really should do something with you,” she says reaching down, gently caressing the length, letting out a soft moan as she bucks into her rubbery hand, “But...” she pulls away, “I should try to keep myself in the mood for James tomorrow. Not that it will be that hard, but every little bit counts,” she says with a smirk.

Lucas will return a little time later, “You two were really going at it.”

“Yeah, we were. And he really helped me loosen up a bit. I think I discovered a little something about myself I didn’t know about.”

“Oh?” he asks, walking beside her.

“Yeah, though I will need to think about it a bit more. I’ve always been so concerned with control that I never really felt what it’s like to let go like this. That and having a cock the entire time. It’s really a needy thing.”

Lucas chuckles, “Yeah it is. Especially with my help,” he smirks.

“And for that, thank you Lucas. I couldn’t practice being this much of a slut without your lead,” she replies giving him a little kiss on the cheek.

“Damn straight. Need a slut, I’m your man.”

“There’s nothing straight about this Lucas.”

“Now look who is doing the puns.”

“I’ll blame that one on you,” she replies, stretching, “Though I’ve had plenty of meals, I think some actual food will be good.

“Sounds good, what would you like?”

Thrysta thinks for a moment, a few seconds later a sly lewd grin appears on her face, “How about some hotdogs,” she says with a chuckle, her cock twitching. Thrysta not knowing that tomorrow when James comes that her cock will be doing a lot more than just twitching...

Thrysta’s mind was filled with lewd dreams, many of which were spawned from two powerful sources, the first being Lucas, his ever-lewd mind pumping Thrysta with subtle sexy and arousing thoughts and the other was her twitching throbbing easy to pent up length that shifts from relaxed to rock hard all through the night.

She is awoken next morning by an English accented mewtwo that double speaks one vocally the other right into her mind, ensuring she wakes up, “Wakey wakey, eggs and bakey. We have a lot to do today,” he says.

Thrysta opens her eyes looking up at a sleek handsome green skinned mewtwo, his belly notably darker than the rest of his body. He flicks his tail behind him, arms crossed, a domineering smirk across his face. She looks up at him, her cock having a strong case of the morning wood, twitching at his handsome form, “*Was he always this good looking?*” she thinks before saying, “Morning James. You’re home early.”

“When I heard of what happened last night, I wanted to get you fresh.”

“You’re eager to have me play a better gay slut for the porn series too eh?” she smirks sitting up, her body squeaking while she stretches.

“I’ll make sure it’s more than just *play* when I’m done with you,” he says, flicking his wrists as a set of rubber clothing is psychically placed into her lap.

“What’s this?” she asks, picking up the clothes feeling them between her balled fingers, feeling the sleek rubber double her sexual sensitivity.

“Your outfit for the day.”

“A rubber outfit? You do know I am living rubber. All I am, is rubber. I could create clothes like this if I wanted on a whim.”

“There’s something to be said about wearing latex, whether you are made of the stuff or not. More so when it’s something you have in your wardrobe. Try them on. They should fit you perfectly. And then I can feel just how well they fit you,” he says with a smirk.

“You just want to grope me through rubber clothes.”

“And?”

“Nothing, nothing. I’ll put them on.”

“Do it with your hands, not with your head. There is also something to be said about feeling the clothes as you put them on.”

“Alright. You’re the boss today,” she says, laying out the clothes on the couch, seeing a matching pair of black rubber stockings that will go halfway up her thighs, gloves that will go up her arms, and male string thong that’s perfectly designed to fit her package. On the tops of the legs and gloves are a red latex band with a white rose, with a matching soft latex made frill,

while thong has a cute little pokéball at the top of the front of it, “Any preference how I should start?” she asks admiring the selection, “*This is a real slutty outfit for me to be wearing.*”

“Legs, arms, waist,” James states, admiring Thrysta’s blue butt, his pink length peeking from his slit, giving hints to his arousal.

“Sounds good,” she replies, grabbing the leggings, slipping her toes into it, feeling the rubber squeak and rub against her own latex skin. Despite the latex on latex, they slide along each other like two pieces of well-polished and lubed up latex. She fills out the rubber, gently rubbing out the wrinkles, her super hypersexual sensitive latex skin, naturally feels double the pleasure, double the arousal, her member stiffens harder, translucent blue pre-cum beads on her cock tip, balls churning, feeling heavy the sensation of pent up growing. She smooths out the rubber tugging at the edges, her foot popping into the end of the latex stocking, a perfect molded fit. Her blue rubber from mid-thigh down now hidden under a layer of latex.

Thrysta repeats the process with her other leg, feeling the doubling of rubber and pleasure. James’s length fully out, throbbing in the air, enjoying how tantalizing the shemale mewtwo looks. Thrysta catches his monstrously large length and hefty girth the largest of any normal sized mewtwo she’s ever seen, which she has on many occasions, but she can’t help but, on a few occasions, get caught up in looking at it while slipping on her leggings, adding to her arousal, “*It is nice...*” she thinks, before snapping back to what she’s doing, grabbing the gloves.

“So, what, no bra?” Thrysta asks, slipping into the gloves, the rubber gripping her arms, the same hyper pleasure building up them, like someone was teasing a normal person’s cock tip constantly, a sensation she’s come to be accustomed to, but now it is harder to contain her arousal thanks to LaPatte’s encouragement from the previous day.

“I didn’t think it was needed for a slut like you.”

“Fair enough,” she replies, letting out a soft moan, feeling her balled fingertips spreading the rubber gloves till they pop into the expanded ends of the rubber gloves that accommodate their larger size.

“Someone is enjoying themselves.”

“I can enjoy myself while doing this. Anything wrong with that?”

“None at all. I want you to enjoy this so much that you’ll want to do it more often. Perhaps all the time like a true slut. Wanting to tease and have some fun,” he explains.

“I’ve always had fun; it is one of my jobs as a dominatrix.”

“Was at the moment. No dominatrix would be such a slut as you. You’d give away your services too readily.”

Thrysta grabs the thong, slipping her legs through the opening, stretching it while pulling up, wiggling her butt at James, “That’s Lucas. He couldn’t even charge a nickel for his services,” Thrysta replies, pulling it up all the way, her cock only partially covered by the thong as it’s pressed up against her belly.

“Hey, I resemble that remark,” says Lucas, walking into the living room.

“Speak of the slut,” says Thrysta.

“Look who’s talking,” he replies, whistling at her outfit.

Thrysta feels a shiver of delight at the whistle, her member twitching a little bit while James says, "Try to relax yourself Thrysta. I want that to cover it for now."

Thrysta looks over her shoulder at him, "I can try, but LaPatte helped me not to take too much control over that and let me be more... natural about it. And it seems I'm one of those morning wood people. That or Lucas is and I'm just suffering from his lewd arousal," she says, looking over to Lucas, who is sporting a notable erection himself.

"You can't blame this all on me."

James smirks, reaching around to give Thrysta a little fondle, the rubber squeaking in his hand, while Thrysta's tail stiffens, her cock twitches, feeling the pleasure shoot up within her, "Well, I have a way to test this theory."

Thrysta works to regain her composure, feeling his balled fingertips run across her balls that are held within the thong, "And what would that be?"

"You make breakfast for us. Like a good submissive slut, eager to please us in more than our sexual appetite. While I handle Lucas' morning wood with a good workout. After that we'll see if it's you or him that a reality."

"Always the logical thinker, aren't you James?"

"It's who I am. How about some buttermilk pancakes?"

"Those don't take very long to make."

"Not if you make them from scratch, with lots of love."

"I think I can do that," Thrysta replies with a smirk.

"Glad to hear it," James says, giving Thrysta a firm grope before walking over to Lucas, "Back to the bedroom and we'll get that handled."

"Do I get a say in this?" asks Lucas.

"Are you saying you don't want to get fucked?" he asks.

"No, but it's good to have a say in it."

"Lesson to learn Thrysta, when you're a slut and you want what is going to be given to you. You often don't get a say when it's given," he says, grabbing Lucas by the hand leading him toward the bedroom.

Thrysta chuckles, "Have fun you two love birds."

"We will," says James, leaning in to whisper into Lucas' ear while giving it a rather lustful lick, "Transfer as much lust into her as we play."

Lucas' eyes light up, "Are you sure that's okay?"

"It's Thrysta, she'll be fine. I just want her to get a hint of what she's going to be getting later. It's only fair to give her a little foreplay through you."

"Right," he replies with a feline smile, while Thrysta heads into the kitchen, gathering the materials when she starts to hear the soft thumps of the other two mewtwos at play. Steadily though she feels pleasure build and rise within her. Her cock twitches, dribbling pre-cum along her length. While she is beating the eggs, her eggs held within the latex of her thong are beating with need, each throb of her cock reminds her of how full they are, full of their own cream while making these creamy delicious pancakes.

Thrysta continues to work, hearing soft moans echoing down the hallway, their romp getting more viral while Thrysta feels herself bucking her hips forward, her excitement building while trying to focus on what she's doing, completing each step of the cooking process while her mind slides into what kind of sex they are having. She pictures Lucas all bound and tied, blindfolded, a sock ball gag formed while he's taken hard by James' monstrous cock, ravaging his hole with lustful pleasure.

Thrysta softly moans, just finishing the batter, she has a dab of it on her latex glove, the white gooeyness of it in a way reminds her of... she licks it, tasting it, and the latex glove. She moans softly, slipping her digit into her mouth, suckling it while her hips buck. Her cock so hard, aching throbbing needing release so bad, she loses track of herself for a solid give minute simply deep throating her own finger, till she snaps herself out of it hearing Lucas moan out in a climax which almost sends her over the edge.

"I need to get these finished. They'll be hungry after that," she says, applying butter to the skillet, preparing several perfectly circular pancakes, using her psychic ability to keep them perfectly shaped, and to flip them with ease.

By the time they come back, Thrysta has the meal prepared pancakes on their plates. Lucas walks with a slight limp, but his lusts satiated at the moment. Thrysta stands by the table with an excitement, pleased with her own work to provide for them, "I hope you two had fun."

"We did," Lucas says with a smile.

"We took a shower to cool off and give you time to finish up," says James, looking over the meal a smile creeping across his face, "Before we eat, let's see if your morning wood is still there."

Thrysta feels a soft tingle run down her spine, her cock twitching. She looks down at it, out and hard, despite taking her free time to take deep breaths to try to calm herself, she found it too hard given how hard she is to just to relax her length.

James looks at it, gently fondling Thrysta's package through the thong, the female mewtwo moaning softly, clenching her toes and hands as she's played with, "Yup, that's just as hard as before. I guess that's your morning wood. Though I have to say Thrysta, you must have been very aroused and thinking about cock this whole time."

Thrysta looks down at him, eyes following him as he stands up, "Why do you say that?" her arms crossing her breasts with a squeak.

"Look at these pancakes, they're all dicks," he replies.

"What?" Thrysta asks in surprise, looking at the pancakes, and sure enough they are all shaped like dicks with a pair of round balls at the base, "I... I totally didn't notice myself doing that," she says feeling a blush come over her, gently rubbing the back of her head causing a soft squeak.

"Nothing to be ashamed of. You're a gay slut, cock would be on your mind," chuckles James, sitting down to enjoy the meal, "Regardless it smells good. Thanks for the meal."

"It was my pleasure," Thrysta responds, sitting down with them, enjoying the creamy mouthwatering pancakes.

“These are really good Thrysta, nice job,” compliments Lucas.

Thrysta smiles, “I cook often enough for myself, this is nothing,” she says, enjoying her meal, while feeling her member aching as much as ever under the table. James raising his foot to gently tease and rub her length while he eats, causing the normally dominant mewtwo to softly moan.

“Anything wrong Thrysta?” asks James, giving her a sly look.

“N-no, nothing. I’ve just been having trouble concentrating given my current hard to focus problem,” she replies.

“I can understand that. Lucas has a hard time focusing due to his hard problems,” he chuckles.

“Come on now, I’m not that bad,” Lucas replies.

“After this, I think we should have some desert,” suggests James.

“Desert?” Lucas inquires, “You don’t indulge in food that much.”

“I was thinking of some cinnamon rolls with specially made frosting. You do have the ingredients for them Lucas? I did tell you to buy them the other day before I left.”

“I did but... oh, I see now,” Lucas says with a smirk, looking over to Thrysta, “I never had them with that ingredient before. I hope they’ll turn out well.”

“I’m sure they will. You have tasted the special ingredient by now, have you Lucas?”

“I have, and I can attest to it that it’ll do just fine.”

“Perfect.”

Thrysta chuckles leaning in toward them, “I don’t have to be psychic to tell what you are all up to you. I’ve heard about your lewd fun before. You want me to ‘help’ with the icing, don’t you?”

“Bingo,” replies James.

“Are these cinnamon rolls also to be made from scratch?” she asks curiously, feeling her cock twitch feeling the constant tease from him.

“They’re a simple toss into the oven and heat up. The real fun is mixing the frosting,” he says, Lucas getting up, getting the cinnamon rolls and the icing.

“Since you are going to be making the frosting, I’ll put these in the oven,” says Lucas, putting the frosting on the kitchen table, before going to prepare the cinnamon rolls.

James walks over to Thrysta, getting behind her, “Up, we’re going to do this nice and proper,” he says with a domineering smile.

Thrysta looks up, returning the smile, “You’re going to make this fun, aren’t you?” she says, standing up.

“Of course, the point is to have fun,” he says, running his balled finger along Thrysta’s second neck, causing her to softly mew, shivering, tail wrapping around James’ side, while his length slips back out of his slit, the pink throbbing flesh pressing up against Thrysta’s side with a soft squeak, letting her feel his length, a hint of what is to come. Her own length welcomes the tease as it twitches against her own belly, the translucent blue pre-cum beading on the tip.

“Well, this experience has been a constant pleasure ride, one after another,” she replies, James gently caressing her hips, guiding her in front of a bowl, which he psychically places in front of her, the frosting already dumped inside, with a small spoon beside it.

“Pleasure is easy enough to obtain, all you need is one hand,” James responds, sliding up against Thrysta’s body, his hands reaching around to grope her soft rubbery breasts, his balled fingers gently squeezing her nipples, “Fun is another matter. Are you enjoying yourself Thrysta?” he asks, showing concern, while using his mental prowess to tug at her thong’s strap exposing her rear to his twitching, throbbing, aching and hungry length.

Thrysta moans softly, taking a moment to think about it, “Yeah, you can say I am having fun with this. A lot less work than I was expecting. Then again, Lucas has been a big help, feeding his lustful self into my head.

“I’m just helping you get into the mindset of being a lusty fucker,” replies Lucas, sliding in the cinnamon rolls into the oven.

“It’s been very helpful, thank you,” says Thrysta while James continues to massage and grope Thrysta’s breasts, his length now pressing against her rear, pressing the tip against her hole, pressing against the ring, spreading it wide.

The female mewtwo felt her cock twitch, and throb, her rear squeezing and relaxing, milking, and pulling James into her, arching her back as she let out a soft moan while he gingerly takes her.

Lucas approaches, getting hard himself at the display before him, his red flesh twitching in the cool air, “Perhaps I can add to the frosting mix once she’s given to it,” he suggests.

James nods, “A good idea, but why don’t you make sure she doesn’t miss the bowl,” he says given a firm thrust into Thrysta, hilding himself in her.

She moans deeply, her cock growing harder, feeling the ache along the underside as it strains against her arousal. Her sensitive prostate is a lovely hot button grinding against James’ massive length, feeling him begin to piston within her, her body shaking with each thrust as she braces herself against the kitchen table, providing some stability as she’s taken.

“I can do that,” Lucas says, grabbing Thrysta’s length, pulling it down, away from her belly, the female mewtwo’s balls now trapped and squeezed by the thong while her cock is out and free hanging over the bowl, the pre-cum dribbling into it while Lucas gives a few good initial squeezes, draining Thrysta’s length of what has already built up within it, “Wow, I’ve never seen you pre this much.”

Thrysta moans softly, pressing up against James, her hips bucking as strands of pre-cum fall into the bowl. Her rear milks James’ length, feeling her sensitive rubber drive her into such delightful heights, “I-I’ve been letting myself go, and just enjoying myself,” she replies.

“I’m glad to hear that Thrysta. You’ve always been so in control of everything that it’s good to let loose at times,” says James, bucking hard into her, the table sliding a half an inch while Lucas starts to jerk her off, squeezing more pre-cum out of her needy member.

“It’s an experience that’s for sure,” she mews, feeling the pleasure build within her. Lucas pawing her off while James gropes and kneads her breasts, twerking her nipples, before

she is sent over the edge, letting out a soft mew which is then filled by one of James' fingers, forcing her to suck on it, muffling her moans as streams of hot Thrysta essence is flooded into the bowl. Her rubbery balls aching in such a good way, doubled by the thong rubbing against them.

"Shh, that's it Thrysta. Enjoy it. Keep it up... let out every drop. Lucas has a sweet tooth and he likes his icing," says James, while Lucas drains every drop from her length with loud squeaks.

"Damn you were pent up, weren't you Thrysta?"

"It's easy for me to get pent up Lucas," Thrysta telepathically responds, while James continues to pound into her in firm steady thrusts.

"That's very good Thrysta. Now why don't you return the favor and drain Lucas. I think he's built up a little reserve by now," says James with a sly smirk, looking over to him.

"With you in me?" Thrysta asks him, while suckling and licking his balled finger, still pushed into her mouth.

"Yes, I know you can manage that. If he needs a little help, you may use your tail to assist getting him over the edge."

While Thrysta lewdfully suckles James' finger, his other hand playing with her breast she eyes Lucas with a mixture of submissive need and her domineering flare, *"You know that's just telling me to do it, right?"*

James says nothing as Thrysta's tail uncoils around James' body and snakes around Lucas' leg, rubbing along his taint and hole, before coiling at the base of his tail, providing a firm base for her. Her blue tail flush with his hole, she feels James' wonderful length in her, building a carbon copy of it, to slip into Lucas who shudders and moans.

"I wasn't ready for James again so soon," Lucas moans, feeling rubber version of James' cock push into his tight hole, spreading him nice and wide, tugging at his sensitive rear flesh, while Thrysta reaches out to grab and caress his red-hot poker with one free hand, while the other grips the table to provide her with extra support.

The table rocks against them, Thrysta caressing and squeezing Lucas' length, getting some built up pre-cum that was already hidden into it, adding to the mixture of seed and icing below. The harder James pounded into Thrysta, the harder the duplicate James cock from Thrysta pounded into him. Thrysta's tail remained tightly coiled around Lucas, making it impossible for him to escape even if he somehow wanted to, which he clearly did not.

Lucas bucked against Thrysta's hand, feeling pleasure rise higher and higher. James clearly now fully motivated slams himself against Thrysta, ready to empty himself into her tight rear, a desire he's long held for some time.

The blue and red mewtwo moans softly, mewling, "Fuck... fuck," he moans, ready to blow his load and after a few more tight squeezes and hard pounds from Thrysta he is sent over the edge, releasing his seed into the bowl, while not moments later James climaxes hard into Thrysta.

The blue rubber mewtwo milks James of every drop of his seed, flowing the cum through her body to send it straight into Lucas, being a proxy between the two, while she feels herself climaxing and adding a few more bits of seed into the bowl while still having her mouth muffled by James' finger.

As they reach the peak of their climax, their bodies steadily relaxing, panting heavily, feeling a wave of exhaustion that follows, the buzzer from the oven goes off, *"I'll get it,"* Thrysta mentally says to them, looking past James, squeezing his length that is still ledged within her, and psychically opens the oven door and places the cinnamon rolls on top to cool.

"Now is the time to mix the icing Thrysta," says James, pulling his finger out of her mouth with a squeaky pop, reaching down to grab her hands, guiding them to the spoon, "A mewtwo should know how to handle a spoon," he explains with a chuckle, helping Thrysta mix the special lewd frosting while his length steadily relaxes withdrawing back into him, and out of her.

Thrysta replays it with Lucas' rear who moans softly, his own arousal relaxing having become very spent from the double dipping he's thus far done today. Thrysta herself finally feeling a slight dying down of pleasure her own length retreats and with a little help from Lucas her package is now nice and snug within the bulge caused by the thong.

"You are both kinky fuckers," says Thrysta with a soft moan, finish mixing the icing and taking the time to spread it over the still hot steaming cinnamon rolls. The traditionally white frosting now tinted blue thanks to Thrysta's copious amounts of seed.

"Says the dominatrix," remarks Lucas.

"I never did sex food."

"Tastes better than from the tap," Lucas jokes, taking one of the finished rolls and having a bite. His tail twitches upon tasting it, "This is good, you should try it Thrysta."

"Yes, you should. Have fun being a gay slut," says James.

"You two are incorrigible, but I love you both for it," she replies, taking one of the rolls, feeling its hot and steaming soft bread, dripping with the estranged mixture of seed. She tentatively takes a bite, tasting the sweet rolls and cinnamon with the lingering flavor of her own and Lucas' seed that mixes into the backdrop. Surprisingly delicious though a seemingly acquired taste, but one she's found herself already acquired, "Okay, I'll admit, that's not half bad. It has to be because I put so much love into it," she says with a lewd smile.

"Now look who is incorrigible," replies Lucas.

James finishes a roll before speaking, "Thrysta. You're still eager to please us like the lustful needy slut you are, right?"

"Of course, that's part of the reason why I am here, and getting constantly lewd feelings from the inexhaustible well of gay lust over there," says Thrysta pointing over to Lucas.

"Hey, I'm not that big of a slut."

"Lucas, even after completing this series where I play a total gay slut for a year, I still think it will be a drop in the bucket to the lustful ocean that is you," replies Thrysta.

"She has a point there Lucas," says James.

“Really, I’m not that bad,” replies Lucas.

“I did come to you for a reason,” Thrysta answers with a smirk.

“She has you there,” says James.

Lucas lets out a soft sigh of defeat.

“Now, Thrysta. What I’d like you to do next is to do the dishes. By hand. A little housework in that outfit there will do you some good. A good slut wants to please others in more than just sex, while looking slutty doing it,” explains James.

“I can understand that. And gives me a little bit of a breather. I’ve been doing this quiet a lot over the past couple of days.”

“Tired of it yet?”

“No, not really. It’s been rather fun and enjoyable,” says Thrysta, for a moment thinking about her experiences thus far, feeling her cock twitch and grow a little harder before she looks at the dishes she has to clean, “That’s going to take a while. I made quite a mess making those pancakes from scratch. And the kitchen table needs a good cleaning. We didn’t quite have a hundred percent accuracy there.”

“You could always use your tongue to clean that up right now before it gets stale,” suggests James.

“Ah…” Thrysta looks at him in surprise, feeling a bit of excitement, “Sure, why not,” she says, going over to the table licking across the bowl’s sides and under it, before lapping across the table with soft squeaks, hiking her tail, showing off the leggings, the thong hiding her now well used hole, but still a clear tease to the other two mewtwos.

James lets out a soft aggressive purr, giving Thrysta’s butt a firm squeeze, enjoying the feel of the rubber against his paws, hearing the squeaks.

“I’m just impressed she’s so willingly doing that,” remarks Lucas, “Not that I am complaining,” he adds while Thrysta finishes.

Thrysta lets out a soft purr, her tail gently rubbing along James’ chest, “As much shit we give Lucas for how slutty he is, you’re the real lustful one James,” she replies, gathering the dishes, getting to work cleaning them.

“True, but I have a refined way of going about it,” he replies, admiring Thrysta spending the next fair bit of time cleaning and doing the dishes, giving them all a much-needed break before the next stage of Thrysta’s training is about to begin.

When she’s done, her thong bulges a little, but contains her package fairly well, the dishes are clean, dried and put away. Thrysta’s tail swishes, relaxing when she looks over her shoulder at James, who has been sitting nearby gently massaging his length, “I do say, you have a really nice ass Thrysta.”

“Thanks,” she says, hiking it.

James gives a soft purr of delight, “I was thinking Thrysta of ways to help you in your slut training, and I had a thought.”

“You did now? Was it more fucking of my tight ass?” she asks coyly.

“That’s part of it, but another is accepting any guy’s sexual advances and fetish play.”

“What?”

“Not the extreme ones, but I want all the others to be fair game for you.”

“Why is that?” she asks, walking over to him with a soft squeak.

“This isn’t only living up the role for the show, but a chance to explore your likes. Give everything a try, don’t say no, and see where it gets you. Perhaps you might discover more about yourself than you realize.”

“I think I’ve discovered plenty about myself over the past few days.”

“Is that a no to the idea then?”

Thrysta softly sighs, feeling her length twitch within the bulging thong, “No. I’ll give it a go, but my hard no’s are still that, no.”

“Fair enough. But right now, what I’d like you to do next is to go over to Lucas, he’s playing Tetris right now. And give him the most sensual foot fetish licking he’s ever had.”

“Ah... and I just agreed to the kinks earlier.”

James smirks, “You’ll look hot making him squirm as you suckle his toes. We’ll build it up as we go. And if you do well, I have a special treat for you afterwards.”

“A special treat? What could you have that I could possibly want.”

“A new way of reaching your climax,” James teases.

“Well, this I have to see,” remarks Thrysta. She silently heads into the living room, there Lucas is playing a multiplayer Tetris game, beating his opponent with ever growing excitement. James watches from a distance, while Thrysta despite her sleek and rubber body quietly crawls over to him.

“Fuck yeah! Take that!” he exclaims in excitement, suddenly shivering when he feels Thrysta’s mouth wrap around one of his big toes, the slick rubber tongue running along the toe while she gives a firm suckle like its a cock tip, “T-thrysta what are you doing?”

Thrysta says nothing, looking up at him giving a sly wink, her rump hiked in the air like a cat ready to pounce. Her butt sways, the tail following while she tenderly holds his foot, the ball of her fingers, rubbing up and down his foot, reaching around the play with the soft ball of his ankle, while her head bobs up and down on his one toe.

“F-fuck Thrysta. Can that wait a bit...” she grunts, looking to see James nearby watching, “I knew you were behind this,” he moans, resuming his game, keeping up with his opponent, though albeit with a little more difficulty.

Thrysta, feels Lucas’ toe wiggling her mouth, soon followed by two when she takes both into her stretching mouth. She forces the foot into her mouth, tongue licking across the toes. Light blue rubber drool rolls down his foot, which Thrysta gently uses to lubricate and massage his foot.

The blue male mewtwo’s red length peaks through his slit, quickly showing itself while he splits his attention between the welcomed distraction and the unwelcome distraction from his game. His arousal builds, which is echoed into Thrysta.

Thrysta relaxes in what she’s doing, her length growing harder, but still contained within the thong, which grows tighter. The bulge grows ever more pronounced.

James takes this moment to get a nice purple butt plug. He lubricates it, moving over to Thrysta, pulling the thong away just enough to reveal her hole, “You’re really enjoying yourself, aren’t you Thrysta?” he asks.

“It’s a thing... I’ll admit,” she thinks to him, her cock twitching, teased by the rubber thong around it, driving her arousal a little higher when it grows tighter thanks to James’ tugging at the thong’s strings.

“Admit you are loving this,” says James, lubricating his fingers, gently rubbing the lubricant against her rubber hole, popping a finger into her.

Thrysta’s body jerks slightly, tail twitching, her mouth pops off of Lucas’ foot with a pop as she lets out a soft moan, “It’s the circumstances, I’m sure,” she replies, nuzzling along Lucas’ foot, licking across the base, massaging it while the male two’s cock was not out and raging hard, while he fights to win in the game.

“Fuck both of you for doing this during my tournament. I still have another half hour of this!”

“We now know how long you have to do this Thrysta for your reward,” says James.

“Easy enough,” she remarks, feeling her rear get nice and lubed up before the large butt plug is placed against her rear entrance.

“Come on, you are going to do this to me?” Lucas complains moaning softly, feeling Thrysta lick across the sole of the foot, suckling one of the toes nice and hard again while James slowly pushes the plug into her rear.

Thrysta feels her tight pucker spread with a long-drawn-out squeak. Deeper the plug goes, the wider she’s spread, the higher the pleasure, her cock growing even harder within the confines of the thong which strains to keep her in check. She feels a shiver down her spine, grunting and moaning deeply when the plug hits the point of no return and slides in rest of the way, locking itself into her behind, leaving a nice purple pokéball themed nub at the end.

James presses and twists the plug in Thrysta’s rear, keeping her nice and teased, while Lucas works hard to combat this double teaming against his winning streak. The blue and red mewtwo’s hands are too busy rubbing out his competition in the Tetris game that he can’t rub one out. His cock bounces and twitches in the cool air, pre-cum building on the tip.

Thrysta shifts between one foot and the other, teasing and licking between the toes, licking across the side so of the foot, taking a moment to even suckle the ball on the ankle, while running her fingers between the toes, gently pressing the base of the toes, keeping them constantly teased as much as James is keeping her stimulated in her rear.

Lucas softly moans, bucking his hips, tensing, tail twitching, grunting, “Fuck, fuck... fuck you all so much,” he says, still keeping up his winning streak, while his mind is slowly filled with ever more lustful thoughts, the feelings of which slip into Thrysta’s mind, keeping her own thoughts even lewder and more lustful.

Eventually Lucas exclaims in delight, “Fuck yes! I won! Suck it!” he yells, looking at the two. Thrysta still suckling his toes, while James gives a sly smirk. “I beat all of you.”

“I’ll be doing that soon, but I need you to help give Thrysta her reward.”

“And what would that be?”

“Pull Thrysta into your lap, grind your cock against her bulge, and I want you to simply massage and tease her balls and the second neck.”

Thrysta pops her mouth off of Lucas’ toes giving a teasing last moment lick, looking over to James, “Are you planning to tease me to climax?”

“Yup,” James replies with a big smirk, his cock twitching between his legs, “Don’t worry, we’ll have you do other things too, but no direct stimulation on your shaft or tip, balls and anywhere else is allowed through.”

“And how long are we going to do this?” she asks curiously, feeling the tug on the thong’s string against her rubber skin, the plug nice and deep in her rear, her body screaming for another fun climax.

“Till you climax. So how long is up to you,” James replies.

“Thrysta is going to be squirming in my lap?” Lucas asks.

“More or less.”

“She’s allowed to please me though, right?”

“Yup, only parts are off limits.”

“Works for me,” says Lucas, spreading his legs on the couch he’s sitting on, cock twitching in the air, “Come Thrysta,” he says patting his crotch.

“This is going to be interesting,” she mews, feeling a building excitement within her. She feels weird at the idea of being teased to the point of climax like this. Her cock aching, straining, wanting to release so badly, that it filters into her decisions. She sits on Lucas, who reaches around to gently grope Thrysta through the thong, feeling for her balls and fondling them against the rubber., while his own cock grinds up along them and between Thrysta’s legs.

“Close your legs so I can fuck your thighs Thrysta,” says Lucas, showing a brief sign of dominance.

“Sure, thing hun,” Thrysta says, closing her legs, providing a tight hole for Lucas to fuck while he teases her. Her breasts bounce while she tenses, toes curling, feeling the heavy balls swirl around in Lucas’ balled fingered grasp. She arches her back, panting, feeling a slow build up already beginning when Lucas licks across her soft rubbery second neck. A bundle of nerves when teased just right, and Lucas knows better than most twos just how to go about teasing the hypersensitive mewtwo.

“Oh fuck...” Thrysta says, gasping in delight, James reaching down to grope her breasts, squeezing her nipples with a long squeak. Her body pinned between the other two men. Lucas’ cock grinding between her thick thighs, while James’ monster of a dick hangs between his legs. She can’t help but eye it as it bounces from the squirming momentum built up as she feels her member strain herder against the thong. The latex glides across her length, stretching around it when Lucas fondles her literal and figurative blue balls.

“Enjoying yourself so far Thrysta?” asks James.

She grunts softly, nodding, “Yes... oh fuck... they feel so heavy... it's straining to the point of aching,” she mewls, grinding herself against Lucas’ dick, causing it to squeak between her rubber thighs, which are soon coated in a thin layer of his pre-cum.

Lucas bucks against her, which also presses the plug deeper into Thrysta’s body, adding to the pleasure, but her length is left squirming, aching, wanting more.

James takes a moment to admire the situation before gripping the thong and pulling it down, letting Thrysta’s cock to swing free, the hard member throbbing hard, pre-cum dribbling at the tip while the rubber thong now presses against the base of her cock, encasing her balls, forcing her member against her belly.

“What was that for?” asks Lucas, giving Thrysta’s balls a nice firm squeeze.

“The thong was giving too much stimulation to her length. Now it's just her balls,” he explains, pulling his hands away from her breasts, using his telekinesis to continue his breast groping, moving himself over her, his hand gently rubbing the back of Thrysta’s head, right behind the ears, placing his cock right in front of her face.

“Oh my...” says Thrysta, feeling the drop in the rate of build up between her legs, but she’s too distracted to complain, seeing that hard throbbing cock in front of her. Her focus now all on it, seeing a bead of pre-cum drip from the tip, stranding as it rubs against her lips, the saltiness tasting better than she remembered as it strands from her lips to the tip of the cock.

“Looks like someone is hungry,” James chuckles, pressing the cock against her lips again, forcing her lips to part, making her suckle the tip, which she does with a strange delight. She feels a shiver, her length growing harder, aching, wanting, her mouth securely suckling the tip while slowly starting to take more into her mouth, bobbing her head up and down on it, taking a little bit more of the monstrous length with each bob of her head.

Lucas continues to grind himself against her tight thighs, suckling along her second neck like he would do a thick cock. His hands swirl around Thrysta’s balls, squeezing them, tugging them, grinding them against the thong, building up her pleasure, pre-cum now constantly dribbling from her tip, her body ready to explode.

Thrysta feels everything, all of it growing better, her mouth adding to the stimulation, a slow trickle-down affect to her loins, which build up even higher. She focuses on the crotch before her, bobbing her head more and more, soon her throat bulges. James grunts as she takes all of him, his balls smacking against his lips, taking her even harder.

Thrysta pants heavily, her focus heavy on the cock in her mouth, between her legs, but all importantly her own aching member. It screams for release, the damn building up, the pressure reaching critical, the weight in her balls feel like two lead balls are now there, the desire to release is overwhelming.

Yet despite all this, she feels great. The urge, the need, it's an exhilarating rush, she takes the cocks with glee, James slamming himself hard into her mouth, flooding it with his seed. She feels the rush of his essence flow into her, which she happily drinks up, swallowing each drop as it floods her cheeks, not letting a single drop escape.

Yet he continues to fuck, continues to pound away, keeping up the higher sensitivity of her mouth and throat, to add to her aching member that is leaking a pool of pre-cum on her lap, streaming down into her tongue, becoming a mixing lubricant to allow her balls to slide smoother across the rubber thong that Lucas endlessly twirls around.

The only time he stops is when he hits his release, streams of hot sticky white two cum flow out of his length staining Thrysta's lower belly and thighs. Lucas moaning out in delight, unable to focus on anything except his exploding length, "Fuck, fuck... damn I never cummed from someone's thighs before."

"There's a first time for everything Lucas. Let's give Thrysta her first secondary stimulation climax," he says, smacking his hips against Thrysta's face, holding her head there, feeling a second build up approaching such a long hard fuck.

"I don't know how many more I have in me," says Lucas.

"Good thing you're not the one needing to cum," James says with a playful wink.

Lucas' toes curl his sensitive length teased by Thrysta's thigh still it retreats back into his slit. The mewtwo is now able to focus even more on teasing Thrysta, grinding his hips against her plug, adding to her pleasurable torment.

Thrysta moans softly, bobbing her head on James' length, focusing on it, while Lucas gently caresses her balls, massaging them in his hands, letting her feel the tug and pull of his body, her legs spreading for him, giving him easier access while she grinds the plug in her rear.

She purrs happily, all focus put back into the dominant two's length, head bobbing up and down, slurping down any residual seed that may have been trapped within, *"This is rather oddly relaxing and so very arousing. Just letting myself go and enjoy the constant sex. I've been putting it off for so long, just giving in that its... exhilarating. I can see why Lucas enjoys it so much, to just give in and lose control,"* she thinks, hands gently caressing James' thighs, using them as a grip to allow her to bob her head on his member even more, while grinding the plug tight within her rump.

Lucas admires the twitching throbbing cock, feeling himself still very spent, but aroused at seeing how just eager his friend Thrysta is. He can sense how delighted she is about this, a bit surprised by how much she is, but that's never been a problem. He massages and teases the balls, putting the sleek smooth rubber orbs into his mouth suckling on them, making them squeak, while the two length twitches and dribbles latex pre-cum down onto his head, making him feel a twitch of his own length within his slit, *"Damn Thrysta, you are getting me going again,"* he thinks.

Thrysta doesn't try to read any minds, she simply enjoys the moment, feeling a slow build up within her loins, her cock twitching, aching, building, wanting, a slow and steady rise, like a drip feeding the buildup, much like her length is dripping and aching right now. Her cock just *loves* the feel of how wanting it is. Her body pushing her towards this, embracing it. Wanting it more and more till she feels it get closer to that edge. James gushing another load into Thrysta's mouth. She drinks it down, eager to please him, after all the help he's given her.

She's swallows down the seed, letting it flow down her throat, filling her stomach, the warmth of it filling her, pushing her closer to that edge.

"That's good Thrysta. Take it all, suck me dry and enjoy what a good slut you have become," James encourages, moaning softly, bucking his hips against her face, keeping his hand on the back of her head, keeping her there so she can take in every last drop, gently rubbing behind her ears with a soft squeak, a sensation that sends tingles of delight down Thrysta's back.

She felt oddly content, pleased with herself and when she was a little more distracted by the twitching length in her mouth, halfway down her throat, she clenches hard on the dildo, her cock twitching, throbbing aching, climaxing hard, shooting out hot sticky rubbery blue two cum. Her ass clenching even harder, moan muffled by the cock still in her mouth, eyes closing to feel the rush of her essence right out of her and along Lucas' back. The warm two cum slowly cooling in the room.

Lucas pulls his mouth away from her balls, looking at her, "Damn, you really can shoot it," he remarks.

"Thanks," she responds psychically while still suckling James' cock.

James moans a bit, "Still going at it Thrysta. Do you want to stay down there for a bit? I can watch Lucas play his games while you get used to the position."

Thrysta takes a moment to contemplate the idea, "*It would be a slutty thing to do. And it would really help me get into the role. What's the worst that can happen? I wonder how long I could keep this up?*" she thinks, her cock twitching in delight, as if telling her that this is a wonderful idea. She looks up at him, cock still in mouth, "*Sure. Can be fun,*" she says, giving him a wink and a firm cock suckle.

James moans, "Perfect," he replies, the two levitating over to the couch. Lucas standing up, stretching a little, looking to them.

"I'll take a shower first then I'll play some more."

"Don't worry, we'll be here when you get back," says James, smirking while petting Thrysta on the back of the head, "You're becoming a real lap cat," he says to her.

Thrysta shoots him a little look.

He chuckles, "Come on, you know it to be a little true."

Thrysta huffs, suckling away, another day of training done. Building up this desire and curiosity within her and with more friends to come to help, the next mewtwo to arrive the following day was to give a rather unique experience and push Thrysta in expressing this newfound homo erotic lust in more revealing ways.

The next day, Thrysta smiles at the next mewtwo, who is going to give her fun. She sits on the bed, tail hiked, her member between her legs throb, her balls churn and ache with seed, her hypersensitive body. She waited for a gentle knock on the door. Her body aching for want and delight, but a hint of nervousness never before having done something like she's about to do, "Come in Dustin," she says with a soft purr, her body squeaking.

The door opens revealing a light blue colored mewtwo with dark green tail and belly, white chest. His fingers tipped green, a unique combination of colors. He smiles at Thrysta with his emerald-colored eyes, "Hello Thrysta. Thank you for having me."

"Thank Lucas. It was his suggestion I keep expanding and testing my kinks and limits with this new me."

"It's very rare that I can experience a rare kink of mine too, I appreciate the opportunity," he responds, walking into the bedroom, his second neck has a bit of jewelry that has a purple poke'ball hanging by a golden chain.

"Given Lucas has been giving me such amount of help in figuring this side of me out, and to really be ready for my acting role. Who knows this might be relevant," she says, sitting up showing off her twitching blue length, "Shall we get started hun?"

"Don't you care for a little romance?" asks Dustin, slinking over to her, "This isn't just about a power play like you've been doing. This is a little more sensual and loving," he says, reaching over to gently run his hand across Thrysta's rubber muzzle.

Pleasure runs through her, as she relaxes a bit, her length twitching, "Y-yeah. You're right. I've been so focused on the lust and simple sex and kink of it all I haven't thought about it in a more loving and passionate light."

Dustin climbs onto the bed, "Exactly. I'm sure you'll have plenty of that in your porno role, but without any passionate behind your actions. It will feel rather flat. At least that is what I think."

Thrysta smirks, "Are you trying to sway me?"

"Sway you in what way?" he asks, pressing himself up against her, his smooth chest against her breasts, "Do you mean in making passionate love or something else?"

"Getting my mind off the constant kink fest I've been doing the past few days and just enjoy a somewhat more traditional moment of sex," she replies, leaning in giving him a soft and tender kiss, pulling herself closer to him.

While they continue to kiss, he responds in her mind, "*There is little that is going to be traditional with this, except the sensation there will be a little one running around after this.*"

The shemale rubber mewtwo, runs her hand along Dustin's side, responding in kind, "*It'll still be a part of me, simply giving you the experience of pregnancy. But in order to do that you'll need to have me cum into your male slit several times.*"

He smirks leaning into the kiss, his hands gently caress and feeling along the two's smooth latex sides, "*Well that is an effort and sacrifice I am willing to make.*"

Thrysta slowly breaks the kiss, responding vocally, "How very noble and charming of you," she chuckles leaning in close, her length twitching against his male slit, his own internal cock wanting and aching just a little but he keeps it in check, wanting to feel his fellow mewtwo in this unique and loving way.

"I try to be the charmer when I can," he says, wrapping an arm around Thrysta, teleporting a pair of wine glasses into his hand, "Champagne?"

“It never does much for me but...” she psychically pulls one of the glasses into her hand, “I can have a bit of romance with this,. Even Lucas with his lewd mind has a desire for such lovely things.”

“He’s a good guy.”

“I know, he’s doing this much for me, and I am thankful for his help, it’s been very valuable in helping me get a grasp on this,” she says, pulling her arm around him, putting the wine glass in her hand to his lips while he does the same for her.

“To a lovely friend and a lovely time together,” says Dustin, clinking his glass to hers, pressing his hips against her, feeling her twitching blue rubber length against his male slit. He takes another sip, “I know you’ve been taking a subservient role, but I hope you don’t mind taking a little bit of a charge in this,” he says sheepishly.

Thrysta shoots him a sly smirk, “I may have been a submissive cock sucker all this time, but I still know how to take charge,” she says, using her free hand to push her length down to angle it right up into his male slit, slipping herself right into him, giving a nice initial firm thrust, the blue and green mewtwo’s length grinding against Thrysta’s own.

Dustin lets out a soft moan, “Oh that got you going,” he says, taking a finishing drink of Thrysta’s wine glass, while Thrysta soon does the same with his, teleporting the glasses away.

“I knew what you are doing, and it worked,” she says, grabbing him tightly spinning him around and laying him onto the bed with a thump. She thrusts and grinds into him, while he moans and squeezes her length.

The male herm mewtwo happily accepting her length as it penetrates into him, his tail slipping between her legs coiling around her tail, “Glad it did,” he replies with a moan leaning up to kiss her. Their tongues intertwining as they grind against one another.

“You already knows what works with me, I am letting you read my mind.”

Dustin makes the kiss all the more passionate, his cock twitching against Thrysta’s, while he bucks up against her, eager to feel her first of many climaxes, mentally responding, *“Who says I have to read your mind to know what you want. Give yourself into being the male, let me feel the joy of what is to come.”*

Thrysta shivers, her toes curl, pressing her body tighter against him, thrusting even harder, her body edging her closer to the first of several needed climaxes to complete the fun they’ll have with each other. The want to take him, fuck him, be with him flowing through her. Letting this be a moment of passion as it is about anything else. To simply have a loving sexual moment with another in mostly simplistic way.

Harder she thrusts, deeper she and he grunt, the roles reversed in what would have been the traditional purpose of a courtship. The curiosity driving Thrysta to fuck arder, to go deeper. The pleasure and lust mixing in with the enjoyable moment they are sharing.

“I can feel it, I’m so close,” Dustin responds, arching his back, hands slipping away from Thrysta’s sides so he can grip the bed sheets, toes curling.

Thrysta holds tightly onto him, “You’ll be more than close a few times,” Thrysta says with a smirk slamming hard into him with a squeak, her breasts bouncing, she lets out a shudder,

the rush overcoming her. A climax, her hot sticky blue mewtwo cum flowing out of her, body already aching for more while Dustin milks her length. His own cock though hidden and retracted within his male slit, climaxes with his female part, his male and fem cum mixing with Thrysta's taking into his body, adding into it. Dustin enjoys the warm flow of his essence and that of Thrysta into his body. A tingling sensation deep within him as Thrysta continues to cum nice and hard, till the climax ends leaving Dustin with a little bit of a tummy bulge.

The male mewtwo up into Thrysta's blue eyes, a hand rubbing his bulge, "I didn't think you could cum so much into me in one go."

"I know how to draw it out for a while when I can, but it will take another two to completely that. Though I will admit it's going to be a little weird to be experience being birthed through you, but I am curious how it's going to feel."

"Don't think on it love. Just simply enjoy the moment and embrace it," Dustin replies.

"L-love?" Thrysta responds, a bit taken back by the romantic response.

"Shh, just take it, and give it to me baby," he says, squeezing Thrysta's length, which remains hard during the whole ordeal.

Thrysta feels herself drawn out of that one moment, lust filling her again as she squeezes his tail with her own, "Well now if you insist," she says with a playful wink, thrusting hard back into him, working to build another load.

"I don't have the endurance that you have but... oh fuck yes," he responds, arching his back, enjoying the warmth and smoothness of her body. He pants in delight, his poke'ball jewelry jingling as he is taken over and over by her. Enjoying the flow of her rubber essence into him, filling his womb, feeling the growth of something inside, a 'baby' mewtwo, made from Thrysta's essence. With each climax it grows a bit more within him, stirring shifting, part of Thrysta, part of her, yet able to move independently over her. The little Thrysta knows what to do, shifting, and twitching, giving the sensation of new life that is budding with the other mewtwo.

The process is not rushed but taken with a passion. Thrysta enjoying herself as much as Dustin is to be filled. After an hour of slow tender fucking, a final climax is reached. Thrysta's blue essence flowing into him, adding and congealing with the little mewtwo within him. Dustin feels his belly stretched, filled and completed with the sensation of new life within him. His parental instincts kicking in as he pants with exhaustion, having taken Thrysta's constant pounding for so long that he can't help but feel like he's swimming in the best afterglow he could have ever imagined. He gently rubs his belly feeling the little mewtwo kick at his womb, making him twitch and moan.

"This is the best sensation I could have ever hoped for. This is wonderful. Come Thrysta. Enjoy this moment with me, place your head on my belly and listen to her."

"You know that's me in there too, right?"

"Isn't that what a baby is anyway Thrysta? A part of you?"

Thrysta sits there a bit at a loss for words, till she eventually says, "True, but this is different."

“Come on. Enjoy the moment with me. How often will you do this with anyone? I love this and I can never have this with another. The true-life commitment is too great for many to just want to do.”

“Well, that’s to be expected.”

Dustin smile gently rubbing his pregnant belly, “Then just enjoy yourself. You made a little bit of life with another guy. Love it. Embrace it. Let yourself play the role of a father,” he says with a loving smile.

Thrysta’s tail now free from Dustin’s flicks, “Well... I suppose so,” she says, climbing over Dustin, placing her head on his belly, ear twitching as she hears herself within his belly. Feeling her little self-move within the womb, playing the motions, yet knowing that it is literally also her in there. There’s something that strikes a chord within her. An instinct she didn’t think of, a type of maternal and paternal instinct. The butterfly joy of something there that she created with another. Despite the facade of it being not genuine, there is something about it that feels so real to her that she just can’t explain.

Dustin gives a warm loving smile, “It’s something else, isn’t it?”

“Y-yeah it is. You know when you mentioned you wanted to do this. As another way for me to fuck another guy. I was hesitant. And though I do find it not something that I’d normally consider. I want to say that I do appreciate you giving me this opportunity to explore this with you.”

“I’m thankful you are giving me this chance to experience it. Thank you Thrysta.”

“Welcome,” she says, resting her head back down onto his belly, enjoying this moment, before it shifts to the end result of having a pregnancy... the birth.

It’s a strange sensation, watching your partner give birth to a part of yourself. Feeling the squeeze and push, the soft moans of her sensitive body being teased by the entire process, while your lover for the night, is simply put in a state of euphoria from the mental pleasure you are giving him to make it as fun of an experience as possible. The pushing of the head, the slipping of the rest of the mewtwo body once completely free, how easy it becomes once you get past that first part. Letting the small mewtwo of herself rest in his arms, enacting new life for just a little while. Giving her friend the time to fully enjoy that part of giving new life before taking the embrace herself, feeling that loving flutter within her.

While holding herself, she looks to Dustin with a loving smile, “So... did you want to do that again? I can just absorb and have it been something we can do.”

He pants, “How about we just enjoy the moment and play parents for the night. Maybe another time we can go through all the motions again. I wasn’t expecting this part to take so much out of me.”

She nods, “Right, right, I can understand that” she replies, the two taking the rest of their allotted time together to simply enjoy this unique experience. That is until about fifteen minutes before he has to go, the little version of herself already merged back into her body by this time, she brings something up, “Hey Dustin?”

“Yeah?”

“You like piercings, don’t you?”

“I do and giving them.”

“Do you think you could give me rainbow earring piercings?”

“Sure, though I don’t have any on me nor my equipment for it.

“Oh, I can make that out of myself,” she says, easily forming the rubber earrings and the earring puncher laying it before him on the bed.

“Curious. If you can do that, why not just make them on your ear already?”

“I feel its with more meaning if done by something I know. And I will be making the earrings not part of me and so I can remove them normally. I could get metallic ones later too, but for now I think this will do. Don’t you think?”

Dustin smiles, listening to her explanation, “I get where you are coming from. An dl’d be happy to do it for you Thrysta.”

“Thank you,” she responds, laying down, head in Dustin’s lap as he piercings her ear, adding one ring at a time, till the rainbow set is finished, helping express a growing part of her which she couldn’t help but tell Lucas all about later that day.

“You know Thrysta, I wasn’t expecting you to take such a shine to that and to get piercings like that after it all either.”

“Neither was I, and though its not something I’d actively seek, but I don’t think I’d shy away from it. I was always thinking myself of having a kid, if I ever did. But honestly being on the other end, or well-being uh...” she says, the sleek blue mewtwo pacing in the living room.

Lucas sits up from the couch, “Thrysta. I can sense you are being a little stressed. Are you getting second thoughts about this? You know its just for your paid job. Of course, they are paying you a boat load of money. Once you’re done you can always go back to being the sleek sexy female that you always have been.”

“That’s the thing. I’m not sure if I do.”

“What?”

“I love being a female when I am, don’t get me wrong. But trying this? For this long? And just letting myself go? It’s been a different experience. I am starting to think that perhaps... well maybe that this is a better fit for me than before.”

“Are you telling me you want to become a gay shemale?”

“Yeah. To take it and being a slutty two is rather enjoyable. More than I ever expected. And it just feels good and right in a way that I just... I’m not sure how to explain it. Perhaps I am getting ahead of myself,” she responds, feeling her cock grow harder at her own words.

“Thrysta. As much as I love to have you as another dick I can suck, there is no need to rush into such a decision. Relax. Take your time. Enjoy and explore. You’ll be like this for the whole season of the show, right?”

“Yeah. I want to give a genuine performance and not half ass it.”

“You never half ass anything.”

“Thanks.”

“Just relax. Enjoy yourself, and if you really feel this is a better you. Go for it. No one is making you be one thing or another. Few can shift themselves like you. Take this time to explore yourself. And if you want any time, we can break this connection between us.”

“Keep it till the end of the month when I start my job. And you are right. I am in no need to rush. I can just take it one step at a time. And if it turns out I like being a cock sucking slut like you. Well. That’s just means I will have to show some constraint so my prices of my services don’t drop to a nickel.”

“Exactly... hey fuck you.”

Thrysta chuckles, “Got you on that one, didn’t I?” she responds with a wink.

“Yeah, but I’ll get you back. When I get the orgy organized.”

“Orgy?”

“Yeah, you think I’d keep you to one night stands the whole time? Nope. But I think a good way to start showing you who is the bigger slut, I’ll get one of the biggest species of gay sluts in the entire pokémon kingdom to take and top you. A nice Lucario should do.”

“If they projected their emotions with aura onto me I may never get off the lust for cock,” Thrysta says with a soft giggle... “Wait... that had to come from you.”

Lucas smirks, “Who is to say, but our friend Lucareon will be more than glad to help you explore and enjoy yourself with a good old helping of dog dick. Normally I’m not a fan of a Lucario not being under their rightful place under us mewtwos. But this is for a good cause.”

“And you want to get me back for the nickel comment.”

“It’d take more than one Lucario fuck to get you back for all of those, but this will be a down payment.”

“Like you when you do a blow job to get that nickel.”

“Exactly... Hey now!”

Thrysta smirks, “It’s been a long time since I’ve seen him. It’s amusing it will be under these circumstances.”

“But that is for tomorrow you to enjoy. Get some rest you have a long hard day in front of you.”

“Or behind me,” Thrysta says with a smirk.

“You are really getting dirty minded Thrysta.”

“I get it from you,” she responds with a playful wink, sauntering off back to her bedroom. Lucas admiring the black latex clothes she is wearing as she heads off.

“Yeah, you do,” he comments with a sly smile.

The following day started off a little different. Sure, Thrysta was given the house to herself, she felt a little bit of excitement running through her. Her latex panties bulged a mixture of arousal and concern. Still mostly naked she heard a knock on the door, and she instantly knew who that was. She opened the door to see a dashing Lucario the blue and light tanned and black pokémon canine, who’s one distinct feature was his lack of chest spike that most other Lucarios had.

She smiles, opening the door wide, seeing him dressed a bit more formal with a bouquet in his hands, "Lucareon. You didn't have to get me flowers."

"We're dear friends and it's been ages since we saw each other. How could I not? Especially to a fine lady such as yourself," he says, stepping inside, "Why be so nervous? That's quite not like you."

"Ah... well... We can talk about that over some lunch. I made hamburgers."

"Nice, but that doesn't answer my question Thrysta," he says, the door closing behind him, handing her the flowers, which she lovingly took.

"It's a few things. One, the idea of having one of my best and loving submissives take me. Taking away from that look of dominance that I so enjoyed for so long."

"And that's a problem? You are exploring yourself, and I am happy to oblige. Who knows, having you on the other foot could really help you take things even further as you gain more experience."

"I've been getting a lot of experience alright, but also me shifting to have a dick rather than a sex, is another. I know how much you loved to serve me in such a way and I... Wait how am I opening up to you like this so readily..." she stops and turns to him, shooting him a look.

"I have a compassionate aura, and Lucas told me you were going through some things about being such a gay mewtwo. You are thinking of others when you have this debate. I know you are. But perhaps we can have this discussion over some food? I am starving."

"Sure, I timed it perfectly for your arrival. I had a sense you were hungry," she replies, guiding him to the kitchen table where hamburgers with all the necessary additions and condiments were there ready to craft a burger of one's wanting delights.

Sitting at a table designed to seat four, they take a moment to enjoy their food before Lucareon begins, "I don't know why you are nervous about this whole thing. I never cared about what's between my partner's legs or anything like that, only that you are pleased and happy."

"Something I do often myself with my other job."

He blushes, "And do I know it, I still think about those fun times we've had."

"I do too, especially the one with the pool and me in that tight leather as I have a drink and you servicing me?"

"How could I forget licking those wonderful feet of yours" he says, with a smile, "But now the roles are reversed, you are to be mine for the day," he says.

Thrysta suddenly feels the Lucario's foot press against her bulging thong panties, pressing down against her length, teasing her, as she shifts slightly, "Always the charmer," she says, looking to the vase with the flowers he brought.

"The pleasure of my lovely partner is always important to me, and helping you find delights in such ways, I am more than happy to oblige my lovely Thrysta," he says, reaching into his pocket, "I have something else for you to get the mood set up."

She leans in, tail twitching, her length starting to force itself out of her tight panties, which Lucareon's toe happily plays with the tip, feeling and spreading the pre-cum beading tip, "Do you now?"

“But of course, for a good pet needs a good collar to wear,” he says, pulling out a black leather collar with silver studs, and a blue tag in the shape of a pokéball that has golden lettering that has her name written upon it, in the shape of a pokéball.

She feels a flutter of excitement, her cock twitching, which her partner can feel with the press of his foot against her length, “I wasn’t expecting this.”

“Wouldn’t you think that it would be a submissive gesture Thrysta? You’ve made me your pet, how about I give you the same treatment that you deserve?”

“Well... I...” she takes a moment to think about this, eyeing the collar, feeling her length harden more, her body telling her the answer that her mind is slow to come to.

“I know you are a proud mewtwo, all Mewtwos have a sense of pride with how strong they are. But if you are to play a slutty mewtwo for the show. You need to let go of that pride, even in front of non mewtwos. And a dear friend that you’ve topped so many times, would be the best. I won’t force you to accept it, Thrysta, but I will be so happy if you do. Become mine for the day. And I’ll show you what a good slut you can be.”

She feels a flutter of excitement, her cock twitching again. She finishes her food, eyeing the collar that hasn’t left her field of vision, teasing her, toying with her, the thought of which would have been too much to bear not that long ago, seems practically dreamy now.

Lucareon presses his foot harder against the length, moving it across her belly, “Come on Thrysta, I know how you want this right now.”

She looks him in the eyes, their gaze locked as she takes a few more precious moments to let it be processed in her head, “Okay, but I want you to come over here and put it on me.”

He smirks, “If I do, you know that means you accept me as your Master and you my pet. And you are far too experienced to resist the beck and call of your Master, are you Thrysta?” he asks, pulling his foot away from her crotch, giving her a small sense of reprieve. Having already eaten his meal he gets up from his chair, walking over to her, spinning the collar around his finger.

“Of course. I’ll expect out of myself what I would have expected out of you.”

“That’s a good girl,” he says, moving fully into view, showing the bulge in his dress pants. He moves behind her, one hand gently caressing her back side, “Are you ready?”

“Ready,” she replies, looking up at him.

He takes the collar, wrapping it around her main neck, locking into place, making sure its not too tight, and is adjusted perfectly for her, “That’s a good pet. Now tell me. I want to give Lucas some enjoyment with what comes next. What is he up to right now?”

“He’s out with his mate, giving us the day to ourselves.”

“Are you able to feed into his mind what you see and feel?”

“Yeah, I can. He’s feeding me his homo-erotic energy into my head; I could easily give him something back in return.”

“Perfect, on all fours pet and follow me,” he states in a domineering yet loving tone, walking over to the recliner in the living room.

Thrysta feels a shiver, her member still just peeking out of her panties, “Yes Master,” she replies, feeling more delight from the predicament, walking on all fours over to him. Each step toward the chair her butt sways, her length grows harder, pushing the panties down to let her member hang half free from the black rubber. She kneels before him as he sits on the soft cushioned chair, slipping out of his clothes along the way, letting them fall to the ground, revealing his named form, and hard throbbing red rocket.

“Good girl. Now transmit the fun we are going to have till I say otherwise,” he says, bringing up his foot to her face, “And get to work.”

“Yes Master,” she responds, holding her Master’s foot up, nuzzling along the sole of it. Giving a long slow sensual lick, nostrils flaring smelling the unique aroma his foot gives off. Her cock hardens, throbbing more, already the beginning of a small feedback loop by which grows stronger when Lucas grows more aroused. She presses her face to the foot, slowly licking across it, nuzzling the beans, and giving the first toy a good long suckle.

Lucareon moans softly, cock twitching, pre-cum beading on the tip of his length, but for the moment he ignores it, moving his other foot over to Thrysta’s cock, pulling the member down to free it further from the black latex panties, running her length between his curling toes while Thrysta more firmly suckles his, “Good girl, keep it up.”

Meanwhile James and Lucas are out having lunch when suddenly tenses and shifts in his chair.

James, eating a ham sandwich, looks at the sudden change in his mate’s demeanor, “What is it?”

“Fuck Thrysta... you could warn me next time you sudden something like this to me.”

James chuckles, “Is she sending you mental teases now?”

“More than that,” he remarks, fidgeting a bit.

“Oh, I get it,” he says with a smirk, reaching over, grabbing his hand, “Come, let’s get that handled,” the two teleporting to their own little place where they can enjoy each other, outside of the home, where Thrysta is grinding her crotch against Lucareon’s foot, mouth full of his toes, suckling down while her balled fingers run across the sole of his foot.

The Lucario’s cock twitches, aching, throbbing in delight, loving the feel of Thrysta’s tongue against his toes, the feel of her length against the sole of his foot. He grinds and rubs her member harder, milking it, panting, “That’s it, keep it up, harder, deeper, give yourself to me Thrysta.”

Without a word, Thrysta acknowledges the words, grinding herself against his foot, suckling his toes like it was his fat dick. Her eyes watching his member twitch and throb, aching for more pleasure, but for the moment he ignores that desire, opting to tease and push Thrysta deeper into her lustful moments.

Further she is pushed, her pleasure is rising, her focus on her master’s feet, submitting herself to him, while she is teased and toyed with in a way that she has done to him many times before. Lucareon watches, enjoying her squirming, struggling, the flicking of her tail, constant

edging and thrusting of herself against his simple yet lovely feet, wanting to push her over the edge and release herself over him.

Thanks due in part with her previous encounters that becomes easier done than even thought. Her pleasure rises, the ache and throb within her loins grow and grow, the building of pressure within her can't be held back and won't be held back as she feels the soothing and domineering aura of her Master. Unleashing a wave of hot sticky blue latex come over Lucareon's foot. Her toes curl and squeeze her member milking them, feeling her essence rush against the underside of his foot and paw pads.

"Good Thrysta, very good. You're doing exactly like I want you to," he says, pulling his foot away from her muzzle, giving her a moment to speak.

Thrysta feeling a contentment with the moment, yet her body and Lucas' own fun is feeding into her mind, keeping her arousal up there and quickly arriving in full force within mere moments of her climax, "Thank you Master," she says, looking down at his messy rubber cum covered foot then back at him.

"It's a good start, but you've made a mess, time to clean up," he says, holding up his cum covered foot to her.

"Did you want me to show Lucas this too?" she asks.

"Did I tell you to stop yet?"

"Touché," she replies, gripping his cum covered foot, gently rubbing the sides of it with her balled fingertips. She gives a long slick lick across the foot, tasting his him and herself all over, her member aching harder, the submissive moment flowing into her mind, as she licks slowly, tenderly, nuzzling along the entire foot, enjoying the warmth of his body while his other foot is back down over his crotch, teasing and playing with her member once again.

"You are trying to make this a cycle of foot cleaning. To keep me licking your feet." she thinks of him.

"Is that a bad thing?" he asks with a hint of coyness in his voice.

Thrysta licks slowly across the center of his foot, moving up to lick in the space between his toes, suckling one of his toes long and hard, her eyes locked onto his, as she takes a good long tender suckle, her slick tongue coiling around the digit, giving playful hints of what is to possibly come later. She watches her friend's cock twitch, ache, throb under her teases before she lets the toe pop out of her mouth loudly, saying, "You tell me Master. Is it a good thing or are we delaying something else you really want?"

"I have enough to keep going for a while, Thrysta. We can take our time. Show you what a good girl you can be, before I give my pet the bone she is desiring," he replies.

"Now look who is being the tease," she says licking and suckling his next toe over, her balled fingers rubbing and massaging his foot with a long drawn out squeak, the slick salvia left on his fur making it all the easy for her to draw out the sounds while she gently bucks against his other foot, giving him the tender loving care that he so desires, while he, while keeping herself slightly reserved to prevent an endless cycle until he shows clear signs of wanting it from her.

Of course, with Lucareon's curling toes, his use of pressing her cock against the base of his foot, rubbing and massaging it, it was soon clear that his intentions were to have his other foot taste the delight of being cleaned by her tongue after another cum bath before doing anything else. Something she could feel from him and with a shudder, a moan, a buildup was now beginning to give him just that.

All the while Lucas is held up, tied to a bed, at one of James' secret play rooms. The green mewtwo looks over Lucas, who is bound, gagged with some socks and blind folded, helpless to do anything except let his cock twitch and throb in the cool air. He tugs against his constraints while James gets over the bed, giving his mate's cock a long slow longing suckle.

"While she's going to be teasing you like this, I'll be keeping you entertained. I can't show you around in public if you are too hot and bothered," James explains into Lucas' head as he's more focused on the hot and spicy fun Thrysta is having. All he can muster is a wanting moan, breathing in deeply the delights of his own kinks with someone he couldn't be happier with, a fantasy of sorts for him as well.

Sometime passes before Thrysta finishes licking off the last of her own cum off of Lucareon's other foot. She presses her face against the foot, feeling the toes wiggle, slick tongue licking across, before she suckles the toes, making sure not a drop is left on them. Thrysta lets out a soft feline purr, looking up at him, "How's that Master?"

Lucareon brings his other foot up to help pet Thrysta on the head, runs his feet to also grip both of her breasts and give them a playful squeeze, making the mewtwo moan in delight, "Very good pet. I'll let you have your bone now," he says, pulling his feet down, spreading his legs to let his throbbing cock hang there for her.

Thrysta moves in, hands grasping the base, feeling the twitching knot, her other hand gently massaging and fondling his balls, "Thank you Master. Anyway, I can please you? Preferences?"

"You already know how I like it Thrysta, go with that," he replies with a playful wink.

She responds with a sly grin, "With pleasure," she says, licking the pre-cum that has pooled up in his divot, drinking it up before taking the throbbing flesh into her mouth. Feeding the sensation to Lucas, building up his own torment while she slurps and suckles down his entire length.

Lucareon moans happily, leaning back, his hands gently caressing and petting the back of Thrysta's head, scratching her behind the ears, his feet moving closer together to pull and tug Thrysta's panties all the way off her cock and balls, allowing him to play with her length in a playful fun matter, while she deepthroats him for all that he's worth.

The mewtwo's rubber body stretches and easily takes in more of his cock, spreading her throat, as her lips pop around his knot. Then slowly she pulls back, her tongue teasing and pleasuring every inch of his member along the way, while he continues to try to do the same in kind, constantly praising her as he's pleased, "Good girl" feeding into her love of the moment.

Lucareon feels Thrysta's mood, adjusting things to make the moment even better. His pleasure rises, his body aching to cum, to reach that blissful climax. His flesh throbs and

twitches, spurting more pre-cum into the mewtwo's hungry mouth. Letting herself dive right into her work, pleasing him, her collar jingling as she bobs her head up and down with ever increasing vigor. A whine of delight escaping the Lucario's mouth, he can't help when the moment fast approaches he grabs Thrysta's head, thrusting himself deep into her mouth, knot popping past her lips as his hot sticky essence floods into her mouth, of which Thrysta is all too happy to drink it down. Finding a loving delight of pleasing her friend so completely, utterly, all the while giving herself to him, and yet she knew it was not over. That her friend like herself is very Viral, and still it's all being transmitted to her partner in crime as it were, Lucas, and Lucareon knew it.

Thrysta gulps down every drop, enjoying the afterglow moment, but also feeling that her friend has only softened up a little bit. That he can be easily ready for more, but as his feet gently and slowly tease her length, keeping her on edge but not over the top, his hands caress and pet her head, "Such a good girl. And I will have you again soon, just let me catch my breath."

"*Okay Master,*" she mentally responds to him. Practically purring in delight as she just enjoys this strange submissive moment of tenderly sucking her friend's dick after it has unleashed its load into her mouth. Her body still aroused, aching for more. Really enjoying and loving every moment of this, her head does pull away from his length till she feels the gentle push of his hands to get him off his cock.

"How about we head to the bedroom, where I can really take you like the good pet that you are."

"Yes Master," says Thrysta with a smile about to stand up but sees her friend raise his hand.

"Come on Thrysta, as a good pet you should remain down on all fours where you belong."

She lets out a playful huff, "Really hammering it home, aren't you?"

"I'll be doing a lot of hammering soon," he says with a chuckle, his cock twitching at his words as Thrysta swallows what little cum that might remain in her mouth, knowing the pleasure she is about to have. She follows him, her panties slowly slipping off of her with each stride to her bedroom. Like a dog on an invisible leash, she follows him, knowing the meaning of the situation as he gets to the bed, patting on it, "Up girl. And no powers."

"I wasn't going to cheat like that," she says, climbing onto the bed, hiking her tail looking over to him with eagerness and delight, "I'm ready Master, are you?"

"On your back, I want to see you as I take you," he says, hand motioning her to do so.

"Still the romantic," she says, laying on her back, legs spread, exposing herself to him as he gets over her, her member twitching, body aching, feeling his warmth as he presses his cock tip against her rear.

His hands run along her rubbery thighs, "Always for those I cherish," he says, thrusting into her with a grunt, his member pushing into her tight rear, spreading her. With each inch the pleasure between them grows.

She smiles, feeling a delight build within her at those words, a growing closeness as she is spread by him. His large member pushing deeper into her body, adding to her pleasuring delight, his thrusts strong yet loving. The further he thrusts into her the better it grows, only pulling back when his knot bounces off her pucker.

Lucareon thrusts harder, faster, laying on top of her, enjoying the feel of her tail coiling around part of him, his hands caressing her sides, till one ventures down to grip her sensitive aching member, his thumb rubbing the cock head, spreading the precum around the tip, "You're really loving this aren't you Thrysta."

After panting softly, her member twitching in his hand their eyes meeting, "It's been very enjoyable and lovely I'd admit. The more I do it the more I want to do it," she replies, her pierced rainbow earring twitching.

"Then if it feels so good, go for it, don't let me or anyone else ever stop you," he says leaning in to kiss her on the lips. Another flutter of delight, a soft grunt and moan as he bucks faster still, harder against her. Her rubber body providing the perfect bounce, her rear being spread a little with each smack, the knot stopping it.

"*I won't,*" she responds psychically not wanting to break the kiss, her hands caressing his body. Each moment feeling longer the last. The pleasure felt between them, sensed by the other. Allowing them to draw closer to another wonderful explosion of ecstasy. All of which is funneled into their mutual friend who is still in their tight bonding constraints.

Three sets of moans combined across unknown distance. Thrysta milks and takes Lucareon's length, driving her deeper into lustful loving pleasures. Her member twitching in his hand, which he squeezes and rubs faster and faster, wanting to feel her ass grip his length as she climaxes. While poor Lucas is bound waiting to reach another climax as he's driven crazy by it all.

Balls smacking against Thrysta's ass, body squeezing, milking, squeaking. Pants and moans filling the air till there is a hard thrust straight into Thrysta's body, the canine knot slipping in with a loud pop, and a howl. How sticky cum flooding into her body while Lucareon takes the time to quickly jerk her length, trying to push her over the edge while his member is still pulsating and gushing within her.

With a moaning mew, she climaxes, squeezing and milking his length hard feeling the extra built up pleasure of a climax given with a cock lodged deep within her. A pleasant filling experience that deepens her resolve and love of these moments.

As they hold each other close locked in, Lucareon says, "Okay give Lucas a break. Let's enjoy the next few hours within him watching with."

Thrysta purrs contently, "Sure," she says severing that part of the connection, giving Lucas a little break as their own moment of respite will last only so long before it continues, really hammering home how good a cock feels within her, while she has her own.

When the day comes to a close, and Lucareon has to get going, he washes up, dressed as snazzy as he did when he got in, "I had a wonderful time. We should do this more often," he says, breaking the Master/pet character relationship they had going.

“I agree. It’s been too long,” Thrysta responds, her rubber form naturally absorbing and cleaning itself.

“I’d ask if it was as enjoyable for you as it was for me, but I can tell by the look on your face.”

Thrysta gives him a smirk and then squeezes his butt, “Yes it was, and you should still ask a lady, even if she can read your mind and know.”

He chuckles, “Sure. And thanks again. You can take off the collar now though.”

Thrysta reaches up and gently touches it, “Actually, I might keep it on. It looks nice and gives that submissive feel that the producers are probably looking for.”

“They’re probably going to have you dress in a certain way when you get there, Thrysta.”

“Yeah, but at least now if I wear something like this, I’ll already be comfortable with it,” she replies with a smile.

“Fair enough. Stay safe, love and see you soon enough,” he says, giving her a soft passionate kiss.

Thrysta sighs in delight enjoying the moment before he departs, “Bye and safe travels,” she responds as he departs. Thrysta takes a moment to head to the bathroom to look at herself as she’s been changing bit by bit over the course of this month, thinking, “*I wonder how much further will I go with this? This a passing fad for me? My mental preparation for it? Lucas’ lewd mind? Or something more?*” she wonders, knowing there is still much deeper down this rabbit hole for her to go.

The next day when Thrysta teleports into an office. Books fill the shelves, a soft red velvet cushioned reclined bed lays there, waiting for her to lay down. Standing nearby is a sleek male mewtwo with dark grey almost black furred main body and white belly and tail, his purple eyes look upon her, a smile showing on his face. His golden earring in his right ear shining brightly, catching the rubber mewtwo’s attention, “Thrysta, it’s good to see you. I wasn’t expecting you to... look so differently after such a short period of time. When I suggested that you try to play up the role a week ago, I didn’t think you’d take it as literally as you have.”

Thrysta, dressed in black revealing latex that hides her length that bulges within the rubber panties, and bra that covers her breasts, leaving little else to the imagination. Her collar with her name on the poke’ball tag, and rainbow-colored earrings that completes her changed look, “I’ve been having a lot of help with some friends, Leon.”

Leon nods, “Please sit down and we can begin. We appreciate your dedication to provide a good performance for the yearlong show. It’s a big commitment.”

“It’s a lot of money and as a professional I want to do my best,” she replies, sitting in the chair, body squeaking, “You’re helping me display a comfort for someone who’s befitting the role.”

“Exactly, a lot of our customers will pick up of you are uneasy of displaying yourself as a very open homosexual. Though... seeing you like this, you’ve made very big strides in that. I’m impressed.”

“I’ve had a lot of help from a lot of friends,” she replies with a smirk.

“Having help with friends can make a big difference.”

“It does, especially when one of them is a very lewd mewtwo who is very active in their lifestyle,” she remarks.

Leon chuckles, “I see... Let’s start off with a few questions. I want to gauge your progress and feelings about this, are you comfortable?”

“Y-yeah as much as I’ll be dressed like this.”

“Hmm, I’ll get to that in a moment,” he says, pulling out his clipboard and notes, “First. This role, why did you want it?”

“I told you last time why.”

“This is just to see if there’s any changes, that’s all.”

“Alright. Well. To be honest, I needed the money, and few could fill the role like me. My ability to shift and be like myself is rare.”

“That all?”

“I was a little curious. I wa... am a dominant person. And though I can shift and change however I see fit and feel like. I’ve always seen myself as a female mewtwo. It goes back to when before I became sleek and rubbery.”

“Curious you say... and do you feel like you are a good fit?”

“I thought I was being female but now like this? I’ve started to question that a lot over the last few days. Part of me finds it rather exciting while another part has brought me some concern.”

“Ah, I meant for the role.”

“Oh...” Thrysta feels herself blush a little, “Oh definitely. More so now than before. I think I’ll be able to pull this off very well.”

“I see... and you being a dominatrix for hire. How do you feel being so submissive with your dominant nature?”

“It has been a concern and I still like the feeling of taking charge, and by no means have I given up being the wonderful female mewtwo that I sort of am. There’s a new comfort with being this as who I am that I’m coming to accept in a way I wasn’t expecting. I first thought it be a good way to play up the role but now I am really getting into it you know?”

Leon nods, “You’re becoming a real submissive slut, aren’t you? One could call you a toy in a way, don’t you think?” he asks.

Thrysta’s eyes narrow a bit, “You know I am not a fan at being called that,” she huffs, sitting up.

“Yes, but it might happen in the show, why I said it. How does it make you feel?”

“Uncomfortable... yet...”

“Yet what?”

“It’s not as triggering as it was for me. I’m okay if it’s for the show if that’s your concern. I am no one’s toy but, I don’t think I’ll mind toying around some,” she says with a wink.

He blushes, "I see. Now Thrysta. For this next part I want to help you loosen up more for the role. I want you to relax and take a moment to contemplate what you'd want. Let your body tell you what it's currently desiring," he says, moving over to Thrysta as she gets more comfortable on the couch.

"Sure, I think I can do that," she says placing her hands on her belly, getting relaxed.

Leon places his hands on her temple, "I'm not going to push anything you don't want but lets see if we can't help you get comfortable with your body's own need. Push that desire of who you want to be a little wider perhaps?"

"I think I know what I want to be Leon, but sure," she says, closing her eyes.

"Now, breathe in nice and slow in... and then out... that's it. No need to rush, let your mind wonder and let your body build the desire it wants you to have," he says, closing his eyes, focusing on her thoughts, helping sift through any distractions, bringing a lucid state of dreaming.

Slowly, steadily she shifted into a lucid state, floating there in a sea of nothingness. But as she's there, images, flashes of desires come to the surface. Her arousal grew, her blue length poking out from under the panties as she grew ever more aroused. Then she imagined herself being held by a lovely male, or one like herself, it switched between. A desire bubbling up, pressing their length against her rear, spreading her slowly.

Thrysta moans, Leon catching the imagery in his mind, helping keep the distractions away yet wanting to help. He floats over a nice vibrating egg from nearby, moving it over to Thrysta's rear and as she imagines the handsome mewtwo taking her, he slips it in.

She moans again, enjoying the thought of being taken, pushing into her, her length free of her panties, and free in her mind to ache and throb, building up a desire that makes her imagine being taken. And the faster she is, the level of vibrations within the egg goes. Leon steadily rewards Thrysta for her own imagination, her own desires, her own thoughts, guiding her toward them.

"That's it Thrysta, let it go. Embrace it. Love it. It's what you want, isn't it?"

"Y-yes..." she softly moans, the imagery growing more vivid, feeling more real. She feels the male take her, harder, faster, in her rear. Her length aching, bouncing free, feeling so good to just be there, leaving it wanting, pushing her closer to a hands-free climax.

"No need to go so fast... enjoy it. Embrace it," Leon says, helping her take it. Bringing her to the edge, letting it sit there on the precipice of delight and pleasure. Each thrust in this imagery mewtwo was brought in about herself. Only subtly encouraged by Leon, letting her want what her body already wants.

She moans, tenses, arching her back, her cock twitches and spasms, the hot blue latex seed shoots out and onto herself, knocking Thrysta out of her lucid state of mind, looking down at the mess she's made, "Oh my... I wasn't expecting that."

"We both know how powerful one's mind can be. How do you feel?"

Thrysta looks up at him, with a little look, "What do you think?"

"Good, hmm?"

“Yes, very good. Perhaps you could help me with this then,” she motions to her still hard cock.

“Now Thrysta. I’m a professional. I can’t interact in such things.”

“Perhaps later off hours then?”

“Now that’s the mewtwo we are looking for. And maybe, I’ll let you know,” he replies.

She lets out a little huff, letting the mewtwo cum merge back into her body, to give herself a clean look, “Now, I can’t help but wonder where that toy in me came from.”

“A little physical encouragement can’t hurt. I can’t do it but I have other ways.”

“You want it back?” she asks.

“How about you bring it back to our next session,” he responds with a smirk.

“Sure thing. Though I think I should remain a little eager.”

“Why is that?”

“Lucas has a big party planned later in the week and I want to preserve myself for what fun we’re going to have there.”

“A party?”

“Yeah, you want to come?”

“Sounds lovely but for now I must remain professional.”

“Alright, but if you change your mind, let me know.”

“I will,” he replies, the rest of the session going ‘smoothly’ and later that week Thrysta will find herself being in her very first orgy where she *wasn’t* the dominant one there.

Thrysta’s smooth rubber body is shined up, her black leather rubber panties that bulge and bra that is more of a tease than anything else. Willing friends from their circle have come to enjoy themselves, knowing that this is going to be a fun night, but before it begins, she is moving about serving food to everyone, allowing the teasing and buildup of what is to come. Thrysta runs her tail across one mewtwo’s crotch, teasing his hardening length, enjoying how it twitches against her tail while providing food to another eager two with eyes hungry for more than just the food she’s providing.

Lucas sits on the couch playing some smash with a few others, his red rocket twitches, a product of a few days of teasing and holding himself back with motivation from his mate James, who’s sitting next time, his massive length aching for some fun, but holding back till it’s time.

James gently caresses his mate’s length, distracting him a little bit while Lucas groans, “Come on, you’re going to ruin my game!” he huffs, furiously tapping the buttons on the controller.

“Don’t worry, I’m giving others the same treatment to make it even,” he responds with a playful wink.

Lucas smirks, noticing his competitors are also squirming to an invisible hand, “As long as it’s fair.”

“Of course,” he says looking over to Thrysta thinking to her, “*After this current match, it’s time.*”

She smiles at him, “*Wonderful. I think he’ll like his surprise?*”

"I know he will."

"I sensed he would too, and the after party special, I'm going to give him," she thinks back at him, cock twitching in excitement. Like a cat on the prowl she waits for the right moment to strike. Right as Lucas just barely loses his match.

"Come on!" he huffs.

Thrysta comes up from behind, her sleek rubber hands gently caressing around his chest, her tongue running across his second neck, making the mewtwo squirm and moan in delight, cock twitching in delight, "Thrysta... are you ready?" he asks with a grin, relaxing into the tender sweet licks across his neck.

"Almost, I just need some help with something, if you don't mind," she whispers into his ear, her rump hiked, tail raised, a mewtwo passing by smacks her on the butt, her cock twitching within her tight leather panties, urging to break free as she moans lustfully into Lucas' ear.

"Hmm, fuck, sure why not," he replies, getting up from the couch, while Thrysta gently runs her fingers across his back, "You better not do anything to get off early though."

"Of course not, just follow me deary," she says, leading away from the crowd and into the kitchen.

"So, what is it that you need help with? He asks about to turn around when Thrysta presses herself up against Lucas' body, letting him feel her aching twitching length that is bulging within the panties, "Thrysta, we said nothing early between us."

"I'm not cumming yet and neither will you. But James and I thought you'd like to share center stage with me. Afterall, you helped me so much with this," she explains with a playful grind, her balled fingers running across his chest with one hand, while the other gently plays with his cock tip, spreading the pre-cum along the length.

"Oh? What do you have in mind," he asks with a sly grin.

"Body voring you into me, and then we share our experiences together in the most literal of sense."

He shudders to her words, his length twitching to Thrysta's touch, "You know me, I am not against it at all," he moans, feeling the rubber mewtwo's body press up against him, the latex feeling slicker, more liquid like while her hand continues to caress and tease his red length, "N-not going to use your tail?" he asks, feeling himself sink into her warm embracing rubber.

Thrysta licks his ear, the mewtwo's breasts being pressed back through her body, bulging panties length and all. Sleek rubber tendrils wrap around Lucas' body, teasing across his skin, tugging and pulling him deeper into her body.

"Fuck you know how to treat a man Thrysta." His moans are soft and sweet, panting growing louder, body sinking deeper, taken off his feet, tail already slipped deep into the mewtwo's body as she caresses and rubs his body. Gently she pushes him further in, sinking into her sea of rubber. He squirms, wiggling and sinking his body deeper into her.

"I've had a lot of time to think and process how that feels," she says, her body aching in desire, letting the pleasure run through her as Lucas sinks deeper into her body. Latex coils

around his body, letting him sink in like a gooey pool of honey, most of his body pulled into hers except the head which is sinking down into his chest.

He pants and moans, squirming, wiggling, feeling the warmth of the rubber flow across him, binding him within her, humping against her till that becomes impossible, his eyes look up at her, their eyes meeting. That dominance he knows Thrysta all too well for that has been hidden away for this entire time showing itself in this moment, the merging process have left Thrysta naked, her leather bits of clothing, fallen to her feet.

"You'll have plenty of fun with me Lucas."

"Fuck, I already have," he thinks back at her, sinking fully into her body he disappears under a sea of blue rubber. He shifts around soon, fitting inside of Thrysta like a glove, seeing through her eyes, but all his movements are controlled by Thrysta, rubber slips into his rear, aligning his hole with hers, making sure everything is lined up for the fun they are going to have together.

The blue mewtwo looks a little larger with Lucas trapped within her, she smiles looking over to James who watched the entire thing, "How do I look?" she asks.

He grins, "Perfect. You two get out there and have fun," he states, giving Thrysta's ass a smack, the sensation transferred over to Lucas, the two of them moaning together.

"I will," she replies, thinking, *"Won't we Lucas."*

"Fuck this is good."

"Wait till we get in the middle and I go all out," she thinks, flicking her thick luscious tail, making Lucas do the same. They step out into the middle of the group, eyes moving over to her, "Alright boys, how about I start off with two lucky twos. I am a little thirsty and I could use a good drink to get going," she says, two mewtwo friends quickly volunteering to help her get a refreshment as she lets out a mental image of exactly what she's thinking pop into everyone's minds, including Lucas.

"How lovely," she says, looking at them, seeing their cocks press up against the other, pre-cum dribbling from their tips. Thrysta and Lucas' cock twitch together, their arousal growing stronger, her sensitive body transferring more pleasure to the bound mewtwo, while putting in some 'gentle' climax blockers to let him not to get ahead of her.

She kneels before them, hands gripping the base of their lengths, rubbing them together against the other, making the mewtwos moan in delight before she takes the cock tips into her mouth. Her and Lucas' tongue run across the tip, suckling them down, tasting their salty pre-cum. The members fill their mouths as they dive down onto them, *"Two mouths need two cocks, don't you think Lucas?"*

Lucas responds with a muffled mental moan of delight. Their heads bobbing up and down on the hard cocks. Their hands gently squeezing and massaging the hard shafts, pressing more pre-cum out of their aching members and into their hungry mouths.

She mentally smirks, hiking her rear up, raising the tail. Her cock aches the same as Lucas, throbbing, needy, wanting more, but there is more to be done, *"I'm sure there is a nice*

Lucario who could help me out with an itch needing to be scratched," she thinks out to the Lucarios in the room.

One mutual friend of theirs takes up the offer, grabbing the mewtwo's butt, kneading the round rubbery cheeks, allowing Lucas to feel it in kind. His cheeks are spread as the Lucario says, "Oh, I wouldn't mind a nice tight hole to unleash my load," he says with a sly smirk, pressing his cock tip into their rear.

They moan which is muffled by the cocks. Lucas feels the cock spread him, push into his rear, Thrysta making sure they are mutually filled, their mental connection growing stronger, feeling each other's delight, feeding on the other pleasure.

The massive red rocket pushes into their tight warm hole, squeezing and milking it, wetting their rear with the Pokémon's precum, making it slick and delightful, easier to slide right in and start pounding into them, bouncing his knot right off their aching hole. Lucas' prostate is teased and pressed, adding to his pleasure which is piled upon Thrysta's.

"Come on, plenty more I can do, I have two free hands," mentally says Thrysta, holding out her hands, while psychically continuing to please the two mewtwos before her, making it feel as her hands were still there. The two mewtwos moan in delight while the Lucario feels himself being fondled by Thrysta ever spreading psychic ability. Her psychic hands feel the pleasure, ache, throb of those around her that she's teasing, feeding the sensation back to Lucas who is floating in a rubber sea of pleasure and ecstasy.

"Fuck Thrysta, how do you keep focus like this?" he asks, feeling his friend smile into his mind.

"Practice and help from my friends," she squeezes the Lucario's length, her hands soon filled by one Lucario and one mewtwo which she happy pumps with delight. Her fingers trace along their lengths, her member twitching harder. Lucas' harder still, he wanting to climax yet not finding relief just yet, letting it build up even higher.

Their smooth balled fingers caress the aching members. All of which feels so wonderful, arousing, pushing their needs even higher. Thrysta continues to spread her psychic ability, caressing and massaging those two's aching balls, wanting to add and bring their pleasure higher.

James sneaks into the middle of the fun, pulling himself underneath the two, pulling his head to their aching twitching throbbing cock. His hands gently touch their length, squeezing out the building pre-cum in their member, letting it drip down onto his tongue, "Hmmm," he mutters, suckling the tip, bobbing his head up and down onto the member, his own psychic abilities are being used to gently fondle and squeeze Thrysta's nipples, giving a mimic sensation To Lucas, allowing him to feel even more than he normally would.

"F-ffuck!" Lucas thinks, shuddering in pleasure, wanting to buck his hips, but only doing so when Thrysta does, feeding into James' mouth.

"Your mate is so good to us, let's return some of that favor," Thrysta thinks, moving their tail around and down to James' length. They gently rub and massage his massive member, spreading the pre-cum all around the length with a loud squeak, and groan. Then Thrysta' slides the cock into her rubber, milking, squeezing it, pumping the member like a mouth hungrily

suckling the cock the same way James is doing theirs. The member is pressed between Lucas' tail and Thrysta's rubber, milking and pumping it, the pre-cum taken by Thrysta's rubber moved through her body and fed right into Lucas and Thrysta's mouths, adding to the hungry cocktail juice that is being fed into them.

"Time to up the ante just a little bit more," Thrysta thinks, feet kicking off the ground, body levitating in the air. She pumps the cocks in her hands, fondling several with her mind, her toes wiggle as she sends the whisper into another Lucario and mewtwo that are eager to get in, *"Come on now. You two paw fetishists. Enjoy yourselves to my feet and I'll give you a bit more in return."*

Lucas responds, *"Thrysta?"*

She mentally grins, *"You'll see soon Lucas. I have plenty of excess rubber to expand this orgy a bit more."*

"F-fffuck!"

"I knew you'd say that," Thrysta thinks, her toes wiggle, another Lucario and Mewtwo move in and rub their feet, suckling the thick toes, nuzzling and rubbing the foot before them. The mewtwo's balled fingers run across the sole of their foot while suckling one of those big toes, while the Lucario laps and massages the foot in delight.

Thrysta uses the excess rubber to drip form two mini Thrystas from her thighs. The two-foot tall mewtwos, matching her new mixed gender with twitching throbbing lengths. The connection between her little clones is also being shared with Lucas.

"Ahhhh," the bound mewtwo thinks, feeling two new hypersensitive mewtwo bodies sent over to them. His vision tripling, seeing from their eyes, as they kneel before their respective foot nuzzler, grabbing their throbbing, aching needy cocks, taking it into to their mouths, suckling and servicing them, adding to their delight, *"If you haven't trained me on this Thrysta I'd blown my load already,"* he thinks, the torrent of pleasure building higher and higher.

Thrysta senses and feels out each one she's servicing, adjusting the seed and focus of her touch to each partner. Her understanding of the buildup before a climax is better than ever, doing her best to keep their edging toward a climax in line with her own. Such a unique and wonderful feeling that only reaffirms how much she's enjoying this side of her. Ready to have them release at just the right moment, all sharing in their male climax and the bliss that follows. Furthermore, she plans to add a little fun twist at the very end.

Which is soon approaching, the collective pleasure between them rising quickly approaching. Each one teased, and further enhanced as Thrysta slips psychic cocks into each one of them, expanding, filling, pressing down onto their prostates, feeling a sensation and pleasure as if her cock was filling each one. Pushing her psychic ability to a sexual limit, but of course now she's not monitoring her own pleasure she can push it so much higher than ever before.

The buildup, the horny aroused minds, the build up to release. All feeling so wonderful, pumping into her the wonder of how it feels to be like this. And then it happens. They can no longer hold back, nor would they want to. Hot streams of cum flood into Thrysta and Lucas' mouth, rear. The mini mewtwos sucking down hard the cocks in their mouths as hot streams of

seed gush out from Thrysta and Lucas' hands and onto their arms and sides of their head. Their own essence flooding out of them, mixing together so it can fill James' mouth so he may dine on their combined release.

All the while Thrysta shifted her normal blue to a translucent color, allowing Lucas to be revealed by all that he is in the middle of the show along with her. Comments and teases shared amongst them, but it mattered not as Lucas was overjoyed by the amount of pleasure he's getting, and that he gets to add two more delicious cocks to his list. The night is young, and there is far more to enjoy, and Lucas and Thrysta will be there to share in all of it. And by the time Thrysta gives the second reward to Lucas, it would be the next day, long after they had time to recoup from the amount of fun they had the other night.

Thrysta is dressed in her skimpy outfit, making sure the place is cleaned up from the wild party. Lucas still is relaxing on the couch, tail lazily hanging off to the side, gently banging against the couch, "That was a crazy night... but how do you feel Thrysta?"

"Rather good. I had a lot of fun, how about you?"

"Same. And still two more weeks till you start your year long stint on the porno series?"

"Yup, and I think I'm ready for it."

"That's good," he says sitting up, stretching, "You've been enjoying yourself on it."

"I have, and the more I think about it, the more I'm thinking of staying like this afterwards."

"You've mentioned that. Does that mean no more dominatrix Thrysta?"

She turns to him, smiling, "No, no. I wouldn't give up all who I am, but unless I feel much differently after my year like that? I think you'll be seeing me enjoying cock with one of my own a lot more," she says with a playful wink, her tail moving across Lucas' chin.

"Good, good. As much as I enjoy this part of you, I'd feel bad to lose something that I enjoy."

She chuckles, her tail coiling around Lucas, lifting him up, "Lucas, you know me. Even with things I enjoy, and I'm enjoying having a dick for you to suck or me to suck yours. I'm more than pleased to provide my services to others as per usual. I'm just having some shifting preferences," she says, showing off her rainbow earring piercing, and poke'ball collar, "It's been a surprising delight, and want to continue to thank you for your help."

Lucas squirms along her tail, feeling it run across his body, an image flashes in his mind, informing him what is coming up. He shudders, moaning, his cock growing hard, twitching, throbbing, "I didn't think I could get up again after last night," he groans, being lifted up by Thrysta's tail that continues to snake around his body, her smooth latex running across his cock, teasing him further.

"I know you well Lucas. And I know what gets you going," she says with a playful wink, moving around the touch, tail sliding across his body, his length sinking into her rubber, gently squeezing and toying with his cock, "And I know how to really get you going," she musses, lifting him off the ground.

“I know you do,” he grunts, his arms pulled against him, the rubber tail continuing to wrap around his body, lifting him up. Thrysta balancing herself well as he gets snaked by the massive blue rubber tail.

“And I want to thank you again for helping me discover a part of myself. By giving you another thing that you so enjoy, you vore loving cutie.”

“Thank you,” he groans, bucking against her tail, shuddering in delight, pre-cum dribbling from his cock tip as the tail stretches and coils more around him, hiding more of the mewtwo’s body around the rubber, till just his head is poking through align with a small spect of his cock that grinds between the coils.

Thrysta’s cock aches and twitches at the sight, enjoying how eager her friend is, “Ready Lucas?” she asks in a sweet voice, bringing him face to face with her.

“Fuck yes,” he moans.

“Good,” she says, giving him a little kiss, pulling him away, her tail bulb opens up into a tail mouth and like a snake that has prey caught within the coils, she has it begin to pull and ‘consume’ Lucas into her tail.

The warm rubber envelopes him, his body bulges Thrysta tail as it wiggles its way down around him, drawing the mewtwo into the thick tail that grows thicker. He wiggles and squirms within the coils, aching and moaning in delight, his toes wiggling as he’s turned upside down, lifted higher into the air as he’s helplessly taken by the tail maw.

“I hope you don’t mind Lucas that I keep you in there for the day while I do some cleaning. I have a lot to clean up here before I go shopping.”

“*F-fuck* yes,” he responds, his face pressed against the tail wall as he’s blissfully taken in. His cock grinds against the tail before he’s taken in that far, his throbbing aching member grinding against the inside of Thrysta’s tail. Rubber tubes attach to Lucas’ nostrils, allowing him to breath while giving him the full prey experience. His entire form kept within her tail, allowing him to play out one of his top fantasies with his dear friend. Tightly bound and held like in a vac bed. At a whim Thrysta can constrict her tail down, outlining the mewtwo’s bound body.

He’s held so tightly and completely by her that he can only wiggle and squirm within her, a much different sensation than when he was ‘suited’ by her the previous night. This is total blissful darkness, allowing him to feel the warmth and bondage her tail is giving him. To the point he humps against it, and climaxes. Thanks to the rubber that wraps around his member helping him pump himself dry. The hot juicy two cum then moved around Thrysta’s tail, a cock forming that will shove into Lucas’ mouth, muffling him further, feeding him his own essence in the purest form of submission that he loves so much.

Thrysta continues to work him over while being a good house guest and cleaning up the messes, she made the previous night. Thrysta has much to be thankful for. This all started with the job offer and Lucas being a wonderful friend to help her get into the role she’s been hired to play. Little did either of them know just how deeply she’d fall in love the role, and there’s so

much more for them both to explore over the coming weeks and months as she plays out her part in the show.