

Alternate Decision

“Other park?” Brian asks as he looks to Amia the anthropomorphic female dilophosaurus. He quirks an eyebrow on her as the experience of being a feral rubber pony raptor lingers heavy on his mind. His birthday gift from Kirisha is far above and beyond anything he was anticipating.

“The Jurrasex Latex Park. It’s the pure kink and adult version of this park, only an hour away,” explains Amia.

“Wait there was an even kinkier version of this park and I don’t know about it?!” Brian exclaims in surprise.

“Sorry, but that one is more exclusive so not as well known. We actually use this park to filter for possible future exhibits for the other.”

“That would explain the constant rotation of most of the people in the exhibits,” remarks Brian.

“Exactly!” Amia says as she turns to them as she walks backwards as she continues to explain, “The other park is full of bondage, more rubber delights, using feral dinosaurs as the exhibits, where the clientele become whatever feral or anthropomorphic dinosaur of their kinky delight and enjoy the exhibits.”

“Ah... oh... hmm, and you want me to join that?”

“Yes. It is a rather extensive commitment, but before you decide, it would be best to give you a taste of what is going to be given to you. Don’t you think?”

Brian nods, “It would but...” he says as he tenses a little, “I have something else I want to try, and that’s back at home. I have a friend who is psychic and if I ignore her gift she’ll find out and punish me for it,” he says with a hearty chuckle.

“That would be a problem... are you sure you don’t want try at least a day?”

“As tempting as that is... and it is really tempting, I will have to pass on it for now. Perhaps another time? Being a smooth rubber raptor drone is an idea that won’t leave me any time soon.”

Amia lets out a soft sigh of defeat and nods, “Alright, but if you change your mind, just give the park a call and let them know you want to speak with me, okay? We can work something out.”

Brain smiles, “Sure thing. So... uh one more thing. Does this place have a souvenir shop?”

Amia smiles and gently runs her rubbery hand across Brian’s face, “We do, but why don’t you get dressed first?”

Brian looks down at his naked form, “Right... good idea,” he chuckles as he retrieves his clothes before buying a few memorabilia at the local gift shop Amia offers to give him a ride back home. Still exhausted from the time in the rubber raptor suit he accepts, and she drives him home. The next thing he knew he was in his bed, tucked in, souvenirs in a bag hanging off to the side on his bed post with a little note taped to the bag.

Pulling the note off Brian reads, “Sorry I used your keys to get you back into your house. You’re cute even as a human when you sleep. If you ever want more fun call me!” with a few hearts and a phone number. “P.S. I left a thumb drive in your bag of some choice videos of your time at the park. Enjoy~~”

Brian smiles, “She is sweet and cute. I will be sure to give her a call sometime,” he mutters as he stretches with a soft grunt, “But I have other delights in mind. Not often I can be my own mewtwo,” he chuckles as he takes a good ten minutes to look and find the box where he has Thrysta’s sleek rubber mewtwo suit gifted to him from his birthday about a week ago, but given everything he’s gone through it feels like an eternity ago.

Brian pulls out the thick black as night rubber mewtwo suit and lays it out on the bed, the heavy rubber feels smooth and delightful against his fingertips already causing his pants to tighten at the thought, “Mewtwo is already so strong... it will be nice to play out as one a little bit,” he says with a grin as he flips the one piece suit around the back open, wanting for him to slip in as he undresses.

Brian’s lithe human form sports a throbbing need between his legs as he sits up beside his suit, his bed bounces slightly as he feels the soft cotton blanket under his buttocks. His heart pounds and his mouth grows wet as he swallows the excess saliva building up in his mouth as he runs his fingers once again against the thick rubber suit, which feels so different yet similar to the other suits he has recently worn.

He pulls the suit in front of him pulling, bending the front half of it over, the rubber second neck bound to the back as the back-rubber seal is slightly off center to compensate for the second neck. Peeling open the suit to show the slick rubbery insides, bulging and seemingly almost liquid as Brian sees how it is seemingly inviting him to slip inside. Brian’s hands grip the opening his thumbs run along the sleek smooth insides of the suit as he pulls it open wider, adjusting himself so he can slip his feet into the thick rubber mewtwo thighs.

The rubber squeaks loudly as he slips his legs in. The rubber rolls across his skin as he wiggles his legs, the rubber presses against his body as if filled with a soft memory foam which only gives enough give to press his limbs into the lower half of the hefty suit.

Brain shivers as he feels his balls press against the cool rubber of the mewtwo suit, his hands pulling and tugging the suit up his leg making sure his feet are full into the massive two thighs before he stands up swinging the hefty mewtwo tail behind him as he pulls up the front of the mewtwo suit, giving one last long squeaky tug as he feels any wrinkle smooth out and press against his balls further, causing him to shiver in delight.

With the added weight his feet pop into the suit’s feet cavity with a sudden jolt as his legs are now fully within the suit. Pulling the front over he slips his arms into the front of the suit. His hands bulge out the sleek mewtwo arms as his fingers are squeezed down into the three balled mewtwo fingers.

Pulling his chest in Brian pulls the suit tighter around his back as the head dangles in front of him, the second mewtwo neck runs across his neck as he takes a moment to smooth out his rubber arms with his smooth balled fingertips causing his body to squeak loudly, “Gah, what

was the word to get the suit to self-seal?" he mutters as he tries to think of the word as the suit begins to seal up along his back starting from the tail base and working its way up, the rubber spreading across the opening then pulling the suit sealed tight.

Brian shivers in the sensation of the liquid wiggling latex along his back and spine as he comes to the realization, "It's a mewtwo suit, it's thought and desire activated," he chuckles as the rubber is pulled into place the mewtwo head now presses along his head as it is eager to accept the last vestiges of his humanity.

"Just keep my crotch smooth right now okay suit? I want to do something else other than a quickie," he chuckles as he grabs the head and slips it on, the smooth rubber pulling along his head hairs as it pops into place like popping on a shoe. The rubber mewtwo head instantly activates and seals around his neck, the rubber filling out every inch of his body and with one deep gasp the sensation of himself shifts. Brian wobbles for a moment as his center of gravity remains the same but where he feels he is shifts from being tightly held by the suit to be the suit himself.

"It feels a lot like the raptor or xenomorph suit I wore," he mutters as he licks his rubber tongue along his lips with a soft squeak, he takes a step with his massive two legs, standing on his toes as his thick rubber two tail automatically adjusts for balance behind him, being semi-automated body function like blinking or breathing.

His smooth rubber skin has a soft tingle of pleasure delight as he mentally feels the information that his body is set to "low pleasure sensitivity" a far cry from the normal that Thrysta showed him and always feel, but still it is far more than nothing as each step is like a tender caress around his cock keeping his arousal high and at its peak but never enough to make him go over the edge.

He turns to his door's full-bodied mirror as he looks over his sleek black rubber mewtwo self, his tail curls and twitches behind him as a pair of piercing blue eyes stare right back at him. He runs his hands along his smooth hard rubber bone plate chest and down his sleek belly, as his tail is as more of an ashen black adding a slight color difference to the rest of his form.

"Fuck I am a sexy beast," he says as his voice sounds off with the rest of his form. As if he should sound deeper, more intimidating than he should. He turns to the side looking at his smooth sleek rubber mewtwo ass as he gives it a wiggle, "Yes this feels great and all me," he fake mews as he gently runs his balled fingertips across his form.

"I think I could stay in here all day," he muses as he looks at the time and sees it's only nine in the morning, "But first let's get some breakfast. I am famished. I think Thrysta said I could eat in this thing... very sure of it," he thinks out his thought as he feels the answer push into his mind and it is, *yes*.

"Well I guess that answers that question," Brian muses as he heads downstairs to fix himself a bowl of cereal. He fumbles with the box and bowl not used to the balled fingers, but eventually he pours the cereal out and grapple hugs the milk to get it to the kitchen counter without further issue, but upon unscrewing the cap a distinct odor of spoiled milk wafts up to his rubber nostrils.

Brian stumbles to quickly screw the cap back on as he holds back his gaging, panting and sighing in relief when he manages to get it back on and screw it tight, “Spoiled? Why is it spoiled? It should still be...” he trails off as he looks at the milk’s date and catches the date was two days before his birthday, “Right... I’ve been gone for a while,” he says with a soft sigh.

“Pancake House it is! It’s not that far of a walk,” he says as he grabs his wallet which slips into his rubber body for safekeeping before stepping out into the day. A warm breeze blows across his smooth rubber body as he as a few people give a cursory glance at the sudden black rubber mewtwo appearing but after a few moments and perhaps a curious picture from their phones they resume their daily routine.

Brian waves to his neighbor, “Morning!” as she is busy tending to her flower garden. The middle-aged woman waves back to him.

“Morning Brian... oh you got something. Is that from the Toys-4-U you keep getting items from? I’m glad the delivery person has gotten our houses straight.”

Brian blushes as he remembers that awkward moment when she brought over a few of his select items from the store, “N-no. It’s from a friend who is good with life-like rubber suits though. Going to get some breakfast, you have a good day!”

“You too Brian,” she says as he heads up the three blocks it is to the restaurant, as he gets the same brief curious glances from some people before they return to their routine. He pops into the restaurant the smell of pancakes, waffles, cooked sausage and bacon lingers heavy in the air. The kitchen rattles with dishes as the waitresses busily move through the place that is packed with people.

“Oh... I might have a bit of a wait,” he mutters to himself as he approaches the hostess at the front, “Excuse me.”

The hostess looks up and smiles, “Oh, you are here already let me take you to your friends,” she says as she grabs a menu and guides him over through the busy throws of people.

“Huh? Wha? I think...” he manages to say as he is taken to a large round table where Kirisha, a green scaled female anthropomorphic raptor and Aqua, a blue scaled anthropomorphic female wingless dragon, sitting as they idly chat it up.

“Here you go,” the hostess says as she places a menu down by an empty chair.

“Brian?” Kirisha asks curiously.

“Ah... yeah... hi,” he waves.

“Though so but what are you doing here?”

“I came to get some breakfast and next thing I knew...”

“I see,” Kirisha says as she turns to the hostess, “This isn’t the friends I aforementioned, but would it be okay if this becomes a table of five then?”

The hostess gasps and blushes, “I am terribly sorry. When you said rubber friends coming to join you I only assumed...”

Kirisha cuts her off, “It’s alright. I should have been more descriptive, will a table of five here be alright?”

“No problems at all. Forgive me for the error.”

Kirisha nods, "It's quite alright, thank you for being patient," she says as Brian sits down in a chair designed to handle his tail with relative ease, "Just be mindful Brian of that tail."

Brian looks behind him as he coils the tail around his chair to keep it out of the way, "Got it... so uh, sorry about this."

"Not a problem. Though we thought you were staying at the park for even longer than intended, at least that was the phone call I got from Amia the morning I was supposed to pick you up said."

Aqua remarks, "I still can't believe you got me into it as well," she lets out a little huff.

Kirisha smirks as she leans in to Aqua, "Come on, you loved it, admit it," she says with a soft chuckle as she gives her a little nuzzle.

"I... hmm," she replies as she leans into the nuzzle.

"You won't admit it but we know the truth," Kirisha says with a wink.

"I was given an offer to stay longer but I wanted to get home and try Thrysta's gift out more without being thrown into it," Brian explains.

"It is good to explore something your own pace," Kirisha replies.

"So, uh... who were you meeting? K-2003?"

"Yeah and another friend of its."

"Another friend?"

"C-1010 another toy who has been around almost as long as it has."

"I don't think I ever met C-1010."

"It doesn't get out as much and is pretty set in its routine in cleaning their home or working at the city Toys-4-U store," Kirisha explains.

"It's a very nice toy like K-2003," Aqua chimes in.

"Their home? K-2003 has a home?" Brian inquires as it hears a soft squeak behind him as K-2003 walks out up behind him and leans in giving him a squeaky boob hat.

"Of course, this one has a home. Where do you think toy lives?" it asks with a little rump wiggle.

A traditional colored anthropomorphic vixen with simple matching cuffs and collar with the same elegant lettering of "Fuck Toy" on it. Its collar has a simple golden tag that says "C-1010 on the front. The toy gives a cordial squeaky bow as it says, "This one apologies for being late."

"No need to be sorry sit, enjoy yourselves," says Kirisha as C-1010 takes a seat beside Aqua as K-2003 slips in the chair between Brian and C-1010.

"This one could have made breakfast though..." says C-1010 softly.

"As could this one," K-2003 says with an affirmative nod.

"We are not disbelieving your abilities to make breakfast you two, but we want to enjoy time with you without your worry of it."

"It's no trouble at all," says C-1010.

"This one agrees... Brian this one was not expecting you to be here. How are you doing? Enjoying Thrysta's suit it sees."

Brian has a permanent smile glued to his face as he is recovering from the sudden warm breast hat that he just received his hand gently rubbing his smooth crotch as he replies, “Ah, it was strange circumstances that have brought me here today. Not that I mind though.”

“Well this one is pleased to have others it has met around,” it says as it turns to C-1010, “C-1010 this is Brian, Brian C-1010,” K-2003 says with a squeaky rump wiggle.

C-1010 gives a little head bob, “Hello, this one is pleased to meet more of Toy Mistress’ friends.”

“C-1010 are like K-2003 then?” asks Brian.

C-1010 shakes its head, “No, this one is not, but it takes care of our home. It’s been our place for a very long time and this one wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Ah, I see,” Brian replies.

“This one admits it is not home often it has to be at the Mega store for weeks or months at a time, but there are moments where it can get back home and spend some quality time with its fellow toy,” K-2003 says with an affirmative happy nod.

“Glad to hear it. I haven’t heard of anything like this before, but then a toy owning a company is a unique story in and of itself.”

“It is, it’s a long story though,” K-2003 says as it opens a menu, “Hmm, this one thinks it will have the banana pudding chocolate French Toast. That sounds delicious.”

“Oh, that does sound good,” Brian says as he opens the menu and looks through.

“This one thinks it will have the pineapple waffles, those sound delicious,” C-1010 says with a soft squeak.

“I want something with a lot of meat,” mutters Kirisha.

Aqua replies, “You always want something with a lot of meat in it,” she giggles.

Kirisha smiles and nuzzle baps her, “I like what I like, and that includes you,” she says with a playful wink as she returns to her menu browsing.

After some debate and light conversation, the quintuplet decided what they’d have to eat, and with great gusto and delight they ate their fill. Kirisha leans back in her chair, her plate cleared of every spec of food with a thin layer of syrup on her plate, “That was delicious. We have to do this again sometime.”

K-2003 nods with a squeak, “Oh yes, we should but this one needs to get going, it might have a customer who will take an alternative payment plan on a new suit design that has been worked on and it wants to be there just in case they decided to do it.”

“Alternative payment plan?” Brian inquires.

“They ordered a lot of bells and whistles, and some new cutting-edge toy technology. So, we offered them an alternative payment plan to cut down on the overall cost and improve our product design. Though they accepted the option, it is not sure they are the type to take it, BUT toy has to be there in case they do, so let this one pay and it will be on its way.”

“Wait, wait you paid last time,” remarks Kirisha.

“This one has the money and doesn’t spend it often, so let this one do so,” it says with a squeak and rump wiggle as it pulls out a credit card from a small wallet hidden within its arm cuff.

“K-2003...” Kirisha says with a glare.

K-2003 grins, “That is this one’s designation yes, and this one has greater means, it is only polite and right that it pays,” it explains as it grabs the bill from the waitress.

“Toy we are not poor.”

“K-2003, maybe let them pay?” C-1010 softly asks.

K-2003 looks over and gently pets C-1010 on the head, “They have treated us right when we need it, only fair we treat them right now,” K-2003 says with a nod before it answers Kirisha’s question, “This one did not insinuate you were. This one is simply stating it doesn’t need money as much as you and it has more of it. So, let this one treat you,” K-2003 says with a nod.

Kirisha sighs, “Fine.”

Brian speaks up, “I could pay, I wasn’t even invited.”

“No,” says Kirisha and Aqua at the same time.

“Sorry toy is already paying,” K-2003 says a half a second later.

Brian flinches a little bit, “Sorry.”

Kirisha smiles, “We appreciate the offer, but this is our little thing and it would not be right to make you pay. I offered you to stay, not you,” Kirisha explains.

“Okay, well I appreciate the meal that really hit the spot, but I should be going, I need to get to shopping. I didn’t realize how much of my food was spoiled while I was away...”

“Sorry about that, but all the more reason you aren’t paying.”

“I get it, thank you for the meal K-2003 and thank you all for the company.”

“Welcome!” K-2003 says loudly with a squeaky bow and rump wiggle, a few people taking note of the curious scene before returning to their meals as Brian heads out towards the local grocery store a block away.

“I really should have not worn my suit so I could have driven to the grocery store, but I am just having so much fun wearing this,” he thinks as he approaches the large grocery store chain.

There are a few glances as he walks into the store, either from the elderly or children who are suddenly surprised by a large mewtwo walking into the place, but nothing much comes from it as he grabs a shopping cart and gets to shopping, *“I really should have brought a list. I need milk, that much I know,”* he thinks as he in the end buys a little more than he bargained for, walking out of the store with his arms desperately holding onto the plastic grocery bags as they dangle from his rubber arms.

“Need some help with that?” asks Thrysta as she floats in from behind Brian.

“I think I got it but thank you... oh Thrysta! I didn’t expect you... you shop here?” he asks as he spins around, almost losing his balance but finds a gentle force helping him remain in control as Thrysta crosses her arms. The sleek dark blue mewtwo with a lighter blue belly stands

before him with her piercing blue eyes, her lack of physical color she makes up in pure personality.

“I shop wherever I want to be honest, though I live in the city, I suspected you needed a little bit of my help.”

“Suspected? How?”

Thrysta smirks as she eyes him up and down.

“O-oh... wait does that mean?”

“No, more of I know when you are in distress. Speaking of which, need a bit of a helping hand home?”

“I think I can manage, but thank you for the offer Thrysta,” Brian replies as he adjusts the bags in his arms with a soft squeak.

Thrysta tilts her head to the side as she floats around him, “I don’t think that milk will make it home in this weather.”

“I really appreciate the offer, but I will be...” he says trailing off as he finds himself with Thrysta in his kitchen, “...fine... that’s a bit... uh... shocking.”

“I know, but I knew you wouldn’t accept my help even if you needed it. I didn’t want to play the polite game today,” she says with a smirk as her eyes give off a faint blue glow as the bags slide off of Brian’s arms and begin to put themselves away.

“Ah... hmm so you can do this at will?”

“I can, but I don’t normally. We Mewtwos try not to make too much of a scene.”

“Right, I bet being powerful psychics causes a bit of an issue for you all.”

“It does, but we aren’t the only psychics in the world, but we are one of the most powerful and most well-known. We try not to stand out too much. Last thing I need is the government to have a reason to put me on trial again.”

Brian quirks an eye ridge as his tail flicks with a curious squeak, “Again?”

“It’s a long story, and happened a rather long time ago, it’s actually how I got to be a shining example of myself.”

“That sounds like an interesting story.”

“Perhaps, but I am not here to talk about myself,” she says as the cupboards close as the last item is put away, the refrigerator door softly closes behind Brian as Thrysta floats over to him, “I am here to talk about you. How was your birthday trip to the park?”

“Ah... oh well... it was very fun,” he says with a nod.

“Really? I want to hear all about it. I like to hear about how rubber technology is advancing,” she says as she floats over to his living room and sprawls over his couch with a loud squeak. She drapes her tail off to the side as she looks over to him, “I’m all ears for you to tell, though if you have any *visual aids*, I am sure that will help too,” she smirks.

“Visual aids? Oh, actually I do have something, I’ll be right back!” Brian says as he rushes upstairs as Thrysta calls out to him.

“No rush, I’ll be right here.”

Brian quickly retrieves the thumb drive of his time at the park, “Amia has some video of my time at the park. Though I don’t know just all that is on it, and some parts of my time there are a little hazy,” he says as he fumbles to put the drive in before eventually getting it.

“Hazy? What do you mean?” Thrysta asks as she takes up the entirety of his couch, forcing him to sit in a nearby recliner as the TV auto plays the files.

“Well they had something to limit my intelligence to that of a feral raptor. It was absolutely amazing! I loved every second of it, even if I didn’t even fully understand what was happening to me at the time.”

Thrysta’s tail flicks with a soft squeak, “Mind filtering? And here you were concerned about my psychic abilities,” Thrysta chuckles.

“Ah, sorry I didn’t mean it like that...” Brian says softly lowering his head.

“You’re fine, few things rub me the wrong way.”

“If I do, let me know.”

“Trust me, you will if you do,” Thrysta says with a smirk as the video begins with him trotting along as a pony raptor, following behind Kirisha and Aqua who are also feral pony raptors.

“Oh, I remember this. I had to pull a cart with them. This was the stage that I was a trained animal. The pony gear felt absolutely amazing! I felt like a full-fledged rubber raptor in pony gear, that level of bondage, so secure on my body, impossible for me to take off, it was lucky the park was not explicit and made sure that I remained good for those watching otherwise I would...” he says trailing off as his smooth mewtwo crotch puffs out, a male slit forming as his pink rubber mewtwo flesh juts out between his legs.

Brian pants heavily as he looks down at his length covering it with his hands as he looks over to Thrysta who chuckles and with a slight movement of her hands are slowly pulled away as an ethereal mewtwo balled finger gently runs across the length of his cock causing a long delectable squeak. Brian moans out arching his back as he leans into the recliner as his toes curl a little, the pleasure a few folds stronger than he was expecting it to be, “Oh god...”

“When I am here, I am your goddess, but you may call me Mistress.”

“M-Mistress?” Brian asks as Thrysta gives a nod.

“I am a professional dominatrix. Don’t think you, sporting a hard on for what you are talking about is going to irk me out. Relax, enjoy yourself, and tell me more about your time at this park.”

“Right, right,” Brian says with a soft pant, nodding as he readjusts himself in the chair as his body creaks and squeaks, “Well there were a lot of explicit moments but that was when the park closed for the day. Once the visitors were away, the dinosaurs came out to play, so to speak,” he says as he goes into several fun explicit and no so explicit moments during his weeklong stay at the park.

Thrysta nods along paying close attention to everything she says as she rests her head on her right hand, her idle body movements squeak loudly as her sleek naked female form did not

go unnoticed by Brian, “Sounds like you had a wonderful time. Almost as if you didn’t want to leave at all.”

“To be honest... I didn’t. It was such a fantastic experience that I could have stayed for so much longer. In fact, Amia offered me to go to a more sexually explicit park where I would be set up as a heavily bound bondage raptor. And I was this close,” he says as he puts his balled fingers together, “On taking her up on her offer.”

“A very tempting offer indeed.”

“But I decided against it for now.”

“How come?”

“Well...” he says as he gently rubs his balled fingers along his smooth rubber body, his fingers gently touching the base of his length, “This is what drew me back home. And thank you so much for this suit, it is unlike anything I have experienced and I tried a new fancy suit from Toys-4-U that was just as amazing, but this takes the cake... which you made me eat my birthday cake while wearing this.”

“I know, it was fun to watch,” she chuckles.

“But yeah... I had to come back to this. And not because I feared what an annoyed mewtwo would do if she found out I spent more time in some random bondage gear than this suit,” Brian says with a nervous chuckle.

“Well... I must say it was a smart move on your part. For I’d hate to be you if I had to go save you from a lifetime of bondage because you reneged on my gift. That would just be so rude, don’t you think?” Thrysta musses.

“Yeah, it would be. Luckily, I am not that kind of person! I am grateful to all that my friends have given me, just what Kirisha and Aqua did was more on a time constraint.”

“Relax, I’m not judging you. I’m very pleased you enjoy your gift. I don’t make many of those suits.”

“Y-you don’t?” Brian asks.

Thrysta shakes her head, “No, for one it takes a lot out of me to make. Secondly, I like to trust the people I aim to make them for. Thirdly, I like to give it to real mewtwo fans,” she finishes with a sly cat-like smirk.

“Which I do appreciate so very much you think so highly of me to take the time to make this. I feel like I could wear this forever.”

“It is designed to allow you to wear it for extreme periods of time. But the lack of psychic ability might make you feel like you’re in a bit of a partially ineffective gimp suit,” she says as she shows off her balled finger hands and squeezed them together, “Balled fingers.”

“Yeah, I have had some trouble... your biology is fucking weird.”

“Well when a crazy daddy scientist and crazy mommy scientist want to have a baby but are too shit scared of their own biological needs to have sex...” Thrysta says with playful sarcasm.

“Ah yes, right, I remember now.”

“A living reason why biological genetic manipulation of the fifth level is banned in most countries.”

“Yeah... yeah true. But a man can dream right? To feel like what it is to be a mewtwo?”

“One can dream, and you are close to reality as a rubber mewtwo at least, so you’d be living the dream of living like a mewtwo like *myself*,” she explains as she runs her balled fingertips along her sides causing a long audible squeak.

Brian’s member twitches visibly before her as he swallows a lump in his throat, “Y-yeah, that is true. Though between you and me, the rubber mewtwo form is sexier...”

“Na, I would have never guessed you had a thing for rubber,” Thrysta replies with a chuckle.

Brian blushes a bit, “I know, it's obvious.”

“Which is why I poked fun at the keep it between us, but the obvious thing is obvious,” Thrysta says with a playful smirk.

“And being psychic you could easily just read my mind and know.”

“I could... but I won’t. It’s an invasion of privacy and is looked down upon in general amongst the psychic community. I don’t need to be psychic for me to know what you enjoy deary.”

“That’s true,” he says as he wiggles in his chair causing it to squeak loudly, “You know it would be fun though... to feel what it was like to be you.”

“You did, on your birthday, remember? I let you feel how my hyper pleasure sensitive body feels like,” says Thrysta as Brian’s cock jumps up and throbs, a little bit of pre-cum drips from the tip as the memory comes back to him.

“R-right, but I kind of mean what it is like to be a mewtwo. To be psychic, to feel myself to have that kind of power.”

“Such power comes with a lot of responsibility.”

“I know, something I wouldn’t deserve to be honest, but like in a fantasy play? To be a kinky mewtwo for a few days would be fantastic.”

“I can see that, but don’t you have like... work?”

“I’m forced to take some vacation days because I have so many built up, and on paid furlough due to a company restructuring.”

“In other words, you have a lot of paid time off.”

“Yeah... why do you think I was tempted by the rubber raptor suiting and continuing it? I had no work! I might as well live it up a little.”

“I see, and if you could be a mewtwo, what kind would you be?”

Brian’s tail curiously twitches behind him, “What kind would I be? A rubber kind of course.”

Thrysta chuckles and shakes her head, “No, no. I don’t mean what you are made out of, I mean personality type,” Thrysta clarifies as she adjusts herself on the couch with another long squeak, “Like Psy is more of a top, switch. La Patte is a big switch not that he admits anything

but being a clean minded person, or a total submissive like Lucas. There are others but those come to mind.”

“I didn’t realize there were so many mewtwos let alone types of mewtwos.”

“We come in all kinds, like all people, but I simply want to gauge your interests,” Thrysta explains with a sly smirk.

“Ah... hmm well I suppose given everything one like Lucas could be good and fun? Not that I want to be them, I would want to be my own person, I mean mewtwo.”

Thrysta chuckles as she sits up on the couch, “Relax. I’m not easily offended, and I wanted you to tell me what you want rather than just me knowing. In such a relationship it’s good to establish trust, safety and an understanding,” she says as she gets up and walks over to him, the sleek female mewtwo stands over him as she leans in.

“Yeah, sure that I understand... wait what do you mean by relationship?”

Thrysta reaches out and gently runs her balled finger along Brian’s length, his body shivers and shudders at the jump in pleasure as she says, “The sub and master relationship of course. After all, if you want to be a rubber mewtwo, you need a teacher who can *teach* you how.”

“Ahhh,” Brian moans as he thrusts up against Thrysta’s touch, “I-I s-see... damn that feels nice. So, y-you’re going to show me what it is like?”

Thrysta gives a cute little grin, “I will show you what it is like to be a smooth rubber mewtwo as myself, you should be honored,” she says as her balled fingertip dances around his cock length pushing it around side to side as tingles of pleasure run down the length which cause him to try to thrust his hips forward but he feels a psychic force keep his hips down.

“I-I I-like that idea.”

“I normally charge for anything like this, but I’ll make an exception for you.”

“C-charge?” Brian stammers as they suddenly disappear from his living room and in the next instant, he finds himself in the middle of a bedroom he has never seen before. The smell of latex is heavy in the air as he notices the floor is smooth, sleek, rubbery, the bed sheets a soft light blue squeak against his black rubber body as he looks around to see Thrysta is nowhere to be seen.

“Thrysta?!” he calls out as a big rubber ball gag morphs out from the bed sheets and shoves itself into his mouth. Brian instinctively bites down as he feels his teeth “melt” into the gag forming a perfect seal as the black rubber straps slip around his head and lock in tight. Brian’s nostrils flair, his cock twitches as he feels a jolt of pleasure.

“First step in being a full-fledged mewtwo. No talking. We don’t need to talk; we can simply project our thoughts into the heads of others. That way there is no misunderstanding. Simply think what you want to say and I will hear it~” Thrysta says into his mind, her voice echoes into his brain, her words sleek, smooth, domineering as they bounce in the caverns of his mind, echoing down to his very soul.

Brian tries to muffle out a response, but only quieted moans escape as he takes a deep nostril breath and nods, *“I see. Like this? You can hear me?”*

"I can hear you pet. Relax, enjoy yourself in my bedroom, I will be coming out once I am ready, and don't mind the bed, it will simply enjoy you too," Thrysta says as a mental chuckle echoes into his mind.

"Sure, sure, I can relax, wait, what did you mean about your bed enjoying me?" he thinks as he feels his legs become "wet". Brian looks down to see his sleek rubber form sink a half an inch into the rubber bed sheets which have become liquid around him, but it's not heated but rather at room temperature.

The rubber is thick and viscous, sticking to his thighs like honey, but as he tries to kneel up and move out of the liquid thick blue latex tendrils wrap around his legs bending them together forcing him back to sit on his feet. Band after band of blue rubber moves into place and then spreads across his legs holding them in place in a tight dark blue rubber sleeve.

Brian instinctively reaches out to touch the smooth rubber but like touching wet paint the rubber spreads across his black rubber balled fingertips. Like a gelatin thing creature, the rubber spreads out and latches onto his other fingers and pulls them together. Brian struggles to pull them apart, spreading the rubber between his fingers before the snap back into a balled finger hand.

"I need to get this off!" he thinks as he feels the rush of the struggle, his length presses up against the rubber enveloping his legs as a noticeable bulge forms. Meanwhile his free hand is about to reach for his bound balled hand, but he stops just before he touches it, *"Wait I am not falling into that trap!"* he thinks with a mental chuckle.

"Don't think you can outsmart me," Thrysta says into his mind as rubber from the growing balled hand jumps to the other hand and begins to envelop into a smooth rubber ball. Brian feels a shiver down his spine at Thrysta's words.

"Sorry!" he thinks.

"Next rule. Don't think you can outsmart a mewtwo. Hope to parody them, even as a mewtwo. A battle of wits leads to a stalemate," she explains as the two round blue balled hands now move with a force toward his back. Brian struggles and squeaks wiggling his massive two rump, as his nostrils wheeze as helplessly his hands are pulled up and behind him in a reverse prayer, his hands merged together into a single ball right below the base of his second neck.

Rubber tendrils out and wraps around his wrists and arms, lassoing his arms together into an ever-growing inverted V armbinder. The slick blue rubber squeezes and binds him further and further as he feels the rubber flow and slide down his arm, as he finds himself able to move less and less. As the rubber reaches his elbows it spreads out and latches onto his leg binder, binding the two together into one solid limb binder vest, with only his massive mewtwo tail coming out from underneath the solid sheets of smooth rubber.

Brian grunts and moans as he feels himself grow ever more helpless as a sleek rubber snake slithers up his body. The dark blue rubber snake with black stripes climbs up his form, tickling his rubber skin with a trail of pleasure as he moans and thrusts into his binder, testing the strength of his containment which far exceeds anything he could ever hope to overcome. It slithers its way over to his neck and coils around it as the snake bites its own tail as it turns into a

blue and black rubber collar which for some reason Brian could feel the lettering form on it which reads “Thrysta’s Pet”

As Brian’s thick mewtwo tail flicks behind him it touches the sleek honey-like bed sheets as the tail gets pulled in and dipped into the rubber as if dipping a brush into paint. Brian looks over his shoulder to see the tip of his tail painted a rubber blue but it too quickly slides down and forms a collar at the base of the bulb end as the rubber reaches out and latches to the back of his collar, the rubber reels itself in till his tail is pulled up and within an inch of his second neck. The “rope” used to hold his tail there splits seamlessly between his second neck and as he squirms and wiggles, he feels it rub against his second neck adding untold pleasure to himself.

“The more you squirm the more aroused you will be my pet,” says Thrysta into his mind as his bondage is completed. The bed solidifies underneath him as he is left in his helpless predicament waiting and wanting for what is to come, and soon enough it does. The closet door slowly swings open and Thrysta comes stepping out wearing a highly polished black leather dominatrix outfit. Her crotch cut open revealing her puffy blue rubbery sex, as her breasts are held up by a half bra that gives clear and ample view of Thrysta’s nipples. Long fingerless spikily black gloves cover her arms as she wears a spiked collar and cuffs on her ankles and wrists. Her tail flicks showing another spiked collar around the end of her bulb tail.

Thrysta gives a feline smirk as she says into his mind, *“Good boy. You already did what I asked and didn’t squirm. There is hope for you yet,”* her voice chuckles into his mind as she slowly walks over to her. The leather creaks as her rubber body squeaks on the rubber carpeted floor. Brian pants heavily through his nostrils which wheeze out in excitement as Thrysta gets ever closer. Brian’s gaze is locked on the shiny dominating form as he is helpless to do anything but look.

“Who is a good boy?”

“I-I am Mistress?” Brian thinks.

“Are you?” Thrysta asks with a smirk as she crosses her arms.

“I hope so?”

“Good, we have a goal now making you my good mewtwo pet,” Thrysta says as she holds out her hand and a riding crop flies right above it, her balled fingers twirl it in the air as her eyes give a soft blue psychic glow. With simple finger motions the crop floats over to Brian’s chin and raises it up, a shiver runs down his spine as he feels an ethereal hand gently rub and massage that needy bulge of his, while Thrysta herself stands there over him without laying a physical finger on him.

“My rubber is all over this house, the carpet, that bed, several pieces of furniture. I can control and manipulate the rubber as if it was a part of myself, though it is disconnected from me where I do not feel it in a traditional sense, but I do sense where you are, what you do. While you are training as my pet, you will not be let out of this bondage attire till your training is complete. Do you understand?” Thrysta asks as the crop gently runs across his chin once more.

Brian nods as Thrysta smacks the crop down onto his bulge, the thick rubber muffles most of the blow making it feel as if only someone flicked his cock tip, but the motion caused Brian to flinch.

“You are no human. You can talk to me. I want to hear you speak like a true mewtwo. You will not utter one word, but you will talk to me with your mind.”

Brian’s nostrils flare out as he pants deeply as the scent of rubber is heavy in the air, *“Yes Mistress. Sorry about that Mistress. W-won’t happen again.”*

Thrysta smiles as the riding crop runs across Brian’s cheek again, sending tingles of pleasure through him, *“Good, very good. You are going to be treated like the psychic mewtwo slut that you are. I will expand your sensual and sexual horizons far beyond the simple human means. The bondage I apply to you is only physical, I have yet to bind your mind, in fact I am going to be setting it free while you are here.”*

“What do you mean Mistress?”

Thrysta mentally chuckles, *“I am going to enhance your mind, using a fraction of my power to make you psychic like me. You will be the lowest power level of mewtwo, but then my sweet little pet, you like that idea, don’t you?”*

Brian’s cock twitches in delight at her words his eyes lightning up, *“That sounds wonderful.”*

“It will be, but it will only be for so long, enjoy it as you can, and learn to use it quickly you will need it,” Thrysta replies as her eyes give off another soft blue glow as his mind feels a sudden rush, his head aches for a moment as his mind becomes muddled and then clear. As if someone was pulling off a layer of haze around his mind that he had never thought he had, *“There we go. Now talk to me. Not me reading your mind but you talking to me with your mind. Project your thoughts to me, tell me what you want me to hear with what you say.”*

“Like this?” Brian thinks.

“Did you say something? I didn’t hear anything. Try harder. Think out into my mind. I am assisting as your ability is still through me.”

Brian gives a nod as the riding crop gives another little thwack on his bulge causing him to moan out and squirm with a soft squeak, pleasure rushes through him as Thrysta projects into his mind, *“We don’t need body language, we simply read what is on each other’s minds, project what we need to say for full understanding, our body language is irrelevant...”*

Brian wheezes as he takes a deep breath, biting hard into the rubber ball that is bound to his mouth as he thinks, *“But you still have body language. Regardless if you are aware of it or not!”*

Thrysta smirks as the riding crop floats over and lifts his head to look straight into her eyes, *“Yes, true, but a nod is a cultural learned body language. Not innate like a laugh or a cry, but you make a fine point, well done.”*

Brian eyes widen as he squirms in excitement as his tail tugs against his collar which quickly causes him to regain control of himself, *“I did it? Did you hear me?”*

“I did, and you accomplished it rather quickly, I’m impressed you did well for a human... though you aren’t human right, now aren’t you? You’re my slutty bondage mewtwo pet, eager to serve his Mistress.”

Brian breathes deeply, his eyes look up into Thrysta’s begging for more, pleading to continue as his fingers wiggle in their tight rubber encasement, his toes curl, squeaking against the rubber bondage as he replies, *“Yes Mistress. More than anything.”*

“Wonderful,” Thrysta replies as Brian suddenly feels an ethereal hand rub along his bulge, loud squeaks are heard as Brian looks down to see balled finger impressions press and move along his aching mound as his cock strains against the rubber wrap around his crotch and legs, his muffled moans wheeze out of his nostrils as the rubber bondage ball is perfectly sealed around his lips.

Thrysta floats around the bed, the soft ethereal hand continues to tease Brian’s bulge as the crop runs across his cheek, slowly the pleasure rises up within him, every touch, every wiggle, every caress of rubber against his skin felt more delightful as his body felt ever more sensitive, the pleasure building up in his loins but held back by Thrysta’s sheer mental will preventing him from climaxing, *“I feel so damn good,”* Brian thinks out as he gives out a muffled moan.

“Of course, you do, I am slowly removing the pleasure inhibitor I put into your rubber suit. It’s a temporary removal though. Slowly but surely you are becoming super hyper pleasure sensitive like my body is. The most sensitive your cock has ever been, where the single touch will drive you mad, you feel it?” Thrysta inquires.

“Y-yes,” Brian replies with another muffled moan, his nostrils wheezing air in and out as his head turns to try to follow Thrysta as she moves around the bed and behind him, the riding crop following and urging him to follow, but his head and body strains against the bondage. Brian’s form squeaks loudly as he tries to wiggle and bounce to turn himself around, but it is all in vain as he simply bounces up and down with no tangible results.

“Your entire body will be that in just a few minutes, breasts, prostate, mouth, balls will be triple, nipples, shaft, outer female sex will be quadruple and lastly cock head, and clitoris, will quintuple, oh and I should warn... latex on latex and that is any latex even your own will double all of that,” she muses as the pleasure continues to rise. The ethereal hand stops rubbing Brian’s cock to much relief, but it is only brief as his overall pleasure of every inch of his body far exceeds what he has felt before.

“I... oh by the god...gods... the greatness of mewtwo, this feels fantastic! I want to cum so bad, but I can’t!” Brian mentally whines as his body squirms and wiggles more, which only compounds the problem.

“You won’t cum till I allow it, but now for your next lesson. As a mewtwo getting around with your physical form is so... for lack of a better word bland. Lift yourself up and turn and face me pet. I want you to be where I tell you to be.”

Brian is about to nod but he stops himself just in the nick of time, “*Y-yes Mistress,*” Brian thinks as he tries to move himself, his mind straining as he works to grasp the concept of simply moving with his mind, “*Mistress? How do I move myself with my mind?*”

“Your mind moves your body through your nervous system. It is wired. Think that a psychic mind can do the same thing but wireless. Use the wireless connection to the world to simply lift yourself up and spin yourself around so you are facing me then gently put yourself down. Take your time, I’m here all day to watch you squirm and struggle,” Thrysta chuckles into Brian’s mind.

Resisting the urge to nod yet again Brian thinks out to Thrysta, “*Alright. Sounds logical. I think. I mean it sounds... god fuck it feels good, okay. I will just focus. Lifting myself up into the air and spin toward you.*” Brian processes the words said to him, trying to reach out to himself, to move the way he wants. Minutes pass as the pleasure reaches a new peak after new peak, his thoughts struggle to keep focus as he feels the shifting of the air around his forming like a cool breeze blowing at an aching cock tip ready to blow.

“Focus, internalize, visualize and actualize what you want. The ability is there, I have gifted it to you,” Thrysta says to him as the riding crop continues to run across his chin, along his body, teasing his form through the rubber, pressing the crop tip against the bulge, multiplying the pleasure, the need to cum, “*You need to obey to cum. In order to obey you need to be able to follow me as you will you to,*” Thrysta explains

Brain takes a deep nostril breath, the rubber squeaks under his movements, his cock rubbing against the leg bondage, each twitch causing his cock to twitch further as the touch of rubber against it further compounded everything that he is doing. He groans deeply closing his eyes as he thinks out, reaching out to himself, to will his thoughts in reality, “*I want to climax. I am a good mewtwo pet. Good mewtwo pets obey, of which they get to cum. I need to cum. I need to lift myself up, spin myself around and place myself down gently. The more movement I do the more pleasure I feel, pleasure that will distract me, pleasure that I can’t allow to distract me. I can’t stand how good this all fucking feels!*”

“Open your eyes pet,” Thrysta commands as Brian does so to see him looking at Thrysta.

“Wait... did I do it?” he thinks out to her as Thrysta smirks.

“Yes, you did, I am very proud of you, how about a little release for such a good job,” Thrysta thinks back to him.

Brian’s eyes go wide, as he jerks his hips forward the bed squeaks under him, a loud moan escapes as he feels a burning heat build within his tightening rubber ball sac. Thrysta’s ethereal balled fingertips caressing his needy aching balls, as another rubs the bulge as he suddenly climaxes... but only partially.

As the first stream of hot seed shoots out, like turning a spigot on and off in quick succession the climax ends, leaving him feeling a moment of relief followed by a several fold increased desire for it to continue. Then Brian’s eyes go wide to what he sees.

His hot sleek white rubber seed moves through the rubber bondage around his body. The sleek stream snakes its way out floating in the air, defying gravity as it moves through the solid

rubber as if it wasn't even there. It twirls and loops in the air as it moves straight to his ball gag and it simply pushes into the gag without issue, slipping through the other side, his hot sticky rubbery essence forced onto his tongue, making him savor his own unique mewtwo enhanced flavor.

"Let it rest on your tongue for a moment. Enjoy your own reward," Thrysta states as she spins her finger around the cum swishes around his mouth, spinning with her finger as she spreads it all over, *"That's it, just a bit longer..."*

Brian shivers, the pleasure of his own rubber cum against his sensitive rubber mouth was as tantalizing as someone dripping water down an aching needy cock length. His nostrils flare as he takes deep wheezing breathes, his mind on the verge of a mental climax as he feels like he can take no more when...

"Swallow pet."

Eagerly Brian swallows the seed, letting it slide down his throat, clearing out the burning pleasure of his mouth, the aftertaste of his own juices lingering on his tongue, *"This is far beyond what I imagined Mistress."*

"You wanted to give up control to me. The loss of control is what turns you on. But I am giving you so much more power... for you to lose to me. A greater loss of control than you have ever experienced in your life. A submission to me that for a normal person would be great is far grander for a mewtwo to do the same. Levels of delight and pleasure far exceeding that your unfortunate normally limited human mind could never experience, unless be gifted it through the genetic lottery or science. Aren't you grateful for all my gifts my pet? I shower them upon you out of my own good will."

"Thank you, Mistress! It is amazing. I will never forget this. This is the best time of my life. I was a fool to even think the other droning experience could even compare to what you are giving to me now."

Thrysta mentally chuckles into Brian's mind as her feline smug smirk remains on her face, *"Of course you were. But I forgive you,"* she says as her riding crop gently taps the bulge with it as she continues to stand tall and far above him. Each tap sends a little explosion of delight through him as he wiggles in never ending need.

Brian moans and pants through his nostrils as he replies, *"T-thank you Mistress Thrysta."* Brian shivers his tail tenses a little as his collar is tugged. His second neck teased by the movements, further draining his will to resist anything she has to say, any command she wants to give. He looks up at Thrysta with needy puppy dog eyes, lost and directionless ready to receive her guidance.

"Now my sweet pet. Get onto the floor like the pet you are. You aren't deserving to be on my bed yet," Thrysta commands as Brian tenses up a little at her echoing words.

"Yes Mistress!" Brian says back as he closes his eyes, focusing past the pleasure that is pulsating through his form, his breath slowing as he works to will himself off the bed, and as he feels himself lift off the covers he opens his eyes to see himself hovering over, his nostrils flare

and he tenses, *"I'm really doing it!"* he thinks as his form falters a bit and he touches the bed sheets again.

"Focus pet. You aren't skilled enough to multitask that well yet," Thrysta cautions him.

"Y-yes Mistress," Brian replies as he closes his eyes again, regaining his focus as he lifts himself off the bed and slowly glides down onto the cool rubber floor. Thrysta floats back giving him ample space as she always remains at least one foot away from him at all times.

"Good pet," Thrysta says into his mind as he hears a loud squeak and the weight of Thrysta's toes pressing down onto his bulge. Brian thrusts up into the pressure as he opens his eyes expecting to see Thrysta's leg in his point of view but sees that Thrysta is still that foot away. He looks down and sees the impression of Thrysta's foot pressing, squeaking and pivoting on his needy bulge as he gives out muffled moans.

"Oh, my great Mistress..."

"Good pet, very good. You are learning. I don't ever have to touch you to give you pleasure. Your entire body inside and out is my playing field. And you have given it all to me to play with," she says with another mental chuckle, her arms crossed across her breasts with a loud squeak, her massive tail flicks behind her as she watches him squirm a bit before saying, *"I think I will show you some unique abilities that a rubber mewtwo of our caliber has that traditional mewtwos are lacking. Of course, the sensitivity makes us a bit weaker to say **the** mewtwo but it's a price that I am willing to pay,"* she explains as the rubber bulge around Brian's bulge opens up revealing his throbbing aching pre-cum dribbling cock.

Blue rubber tendrils reach out from the sides of the leg binder and wrap around his length, caressing it, teasing it, squeezing out some pre-cum trapped within the length which dribbles out and slides down his member before it collects into a rain drop ball which floats over to Thrysta which she gives a little tantalizing lick with her thick blue tongue.

"Your pre isn't bad either, here have a taste," Thrysta says as she floats it over to Brian as it floats through the rubber ball gag and slips into his mouth making him savor his salty-sweet pre-cum taste, *"Good right?"*

Brian shivers as he is double pleased from both ends, *"Y-yes Mistress."*

"I thought so too, now swallow."

Brian swallows, *"Yes Mistress,"* he thinks as he feels the juices slide down his throat. He grunts and moans through the gag as he looks down at his teased length.

"I control all the rubber, but since I made your suit, I control your rubber, which has the same abilities as mine. Here, let me show you," Thrysta explains as the tendrils give Brian's cock a firm squeeze. He grunts out arching his back, but his eyes can't look away from his length as he sees it melt down, shrink, the pleasure building up higher and higher as his sleek rubber balls are also teased and caressed by Thrysta's ethereal balled finger hands.

The pleasure grows within him, his body about to burst, but no matter how much the pressure grows he is trapped within as his aching throbbing member is transitioned into a hot burning sex. His how female juices drip from his tender slit as Thrysta's tendrils caress and rub the sex spreading the walls open, revealing it all to Brian.

“I’m a girl?”

“Technically intersexed or breastless female but let’s fix that, shall we?” Thrysta says as ballooning out of his chest is a growing pair of breasts. As his mounds expand, nipples forming, new erogenous zones become new centers of burning delight for his... no her body. Soon a matching pair of breasts as big as Thrysta’s are on his chest, blocking her view of her aching sex as Thrysta’s invisible hand slips a balled finger into her body.

Brian lets out a soft feminine muffled mew, blocked by the ball gag still fused to her mouth as her sex quivers, the same burning pleasure is now in a new area, deep within her body as the finger moves in faster and faster.

“Now you are a good girl,” Thrysta chuckles as she stands there with that sly smirk that not once fades from her face.

“T-thank you Mistress,” Brian replies as he closes his eyes for a moment to just simply focus and better comprehend his newfound pleasure.

“I’m not done yet my pet. Since you have a new hole to tease, lets plug up the other as you won’t be needing it for a while,” Thrysta says as Brian opens her eyes to see forming out of the rubber floor a sleek rubbery butt plug. Brian pants as she sees the size grow larger and larger, the cone shape of the plug with an ever-widening base causes her ass cheeks to clench in worried anticipation.

“M-Mistress?” Brian thinks out to her.

“Yes, my pet?” Thrysta inquires as the massive plug is finished and floats over past her gaze, so she can fully grasp the size of it as it moves back behind her and toward her rump.

“W-will it fit?”

“No, but we’ll make it fit,” Thrysta replies as the plug moves through the layers of bondage as if they weren’t even there. It rubs against the soles of Brian’s feet, giving her an even clearer view of just what she is about to take up her rear, the round tip cold and teasing of her sensitive tail hole ring as it begins to push in.

Brian lets out another tender moan, already her sensitive rear felt as good and pleasurable as Thrysta had warned and the rubber plug doubled it. Her nostrils whistled as she breathed deeply, her breasts bounce and jiggle with each breath, each push of the plug as Brian clenches down onto it, fighting it as her cheeks are spread.

“Relax my pet. It makes it easier for me to slid it in, but of course if you want it rough, I am happy to oblige.”

“T-trying Mistress,” Brian replies as she hears her own internal voice grow softer, higher, far more feminine in sound than it was just moments before. Her eyes go wide as she looks up at her Mistress as the plug pushes in the first inch, the cheeks spreading out as it does so.

The sound of a long dragging rubber squeak comes out from behind her as her tail wiggles and tenses against the bondage, pulling at the collar as she lets out more muffled mewed moans as the next inch is pushed in, spreading her sensitive wing further, adding to the pleasure

as more of her internal anal walls as pleased, adding to the raging fires within her loins as Thrysta has yet to let up on her teasing of her new found female sex.

"M-Mistress?" Brian whines out, arching her back as the plug goes deeper, the cheeks spread wider, her body feeling as if it is about to break as the plug is wiggled and twisted, pushing against her instinctual desire to clench down and force the plug out. Her nostrils whistling even louder as her nipples are perky, hard, sensitive to the cool air, her hands clenching, toes curling as it is about to hit the event horizon, *"Mistress?!"*

"Shh my pet. It's almost in, just another inch or so," Thrysta says as Brian takes a deep breath as her thought of being at the end was only her own hopes that it was almost fully in as she is spread wider and wider, her body filled with growing pleasure before it finally happens, her thick rubbery cheeks make it past the point of no return as she clenches down on the plug forcing the last bit all the way in, the cool handle at the base is tightly closed around by the plug as the stopper in the back keeps it there before she feels the rubber spread and melt over, as it merges with her body leaving the massive plug lodged deep within her body, *"There we go. Feel better now?"*

Brian nods and pants heavily as she feels several senses of relief, *"Y-yes Mistress."*

"Good, and I have a treat for you," Thrysta says as her invisible ethereal hand comes up cupping like a sake saucer cup Brian's own female climax. Her attention so focused on the plug being pushed in that she didn't even notice that she was allowed to climax through her female sex. The relief she felt was twofold and she didn't even know it, but that too was quickly fading under the rebuilding pleasure as her body renewed its vigor for more pleasuring torment...

Brian pants heavily her female sex twitches and drips as it is tenderly rubbed by a new ethereal hand, while the other moves her glistening rubbery female juices over toward her face. Her eyes dart between the sweet nether nectar and Thrysta has yet to lay a physical finger on her since this began, *"I...I..., it feels so good,"* Brian thinks to her as her own new found sex twitches and is tenderly teased. Her rump squeezes down on the plug lodged deep within, the pressure of the plug pressing against her inner walls, adds another level of near indescribable strenuous bliss.

"Of course, it does, but your pleasure does delight me so. You see as a rubber mewtwo like ourselves we possess several abilities that are unique to us, but first, why don't you have some milk and honey~," Thrysta say into her mind as Brian's attention is once again pulled towards the ethereal cupped hand of her own female juices.

It moves up to her ball gagged rubber bound lips as the juices are tipped toward the ball, which simply lets the rubber through as if channeled in. Her warm sleek juices drip out of the other side of the ball like a sponge, the sweet tantalizing nectar makes Brian let out a muffled moan as her tongue runs across the other side of the gag, wanting to get a greater taste. Hungrily she swallows down her own sweet delightful juices till there is not a drop left anywhere to be seen or tasted.

"Good girl. Very good girl. You learn quickly. That is what I've always liked about you," Thrysta says as she mentally gives the throat clearing sign, while her actual person simply

paces back and forth in front of Brian, “*Now as I was saying...*” she stops and pivots on her foot with a loud intentional squeak.

*“We rubber mewtwos have unique abilities that traditional mewtwos don’t have, as you can see the ability to manipulate rubber. The level of manipulation depends on a few factors, but lets just say this rubber is **my** rubber, so my connection to everything here is strong and easy for me to manipulate,”* she explains as Brian feels the rubber tendrils of her leg binding slip into her sex and tease body even more, causing her to thrust her hips forward, her breasts bounce as she wiggles in needful delight.

“I feel like a woman. This feels, is this what it feels like to be a woman?” Brian thought out to Thrysta his mind struggling to keep focused as his nostrils wheezed loudly as he looks up to her with wanting eyes.

“For a female mewtwo yes. I can’t speak for every female now. But gender for myself and for the moment for you is truly fluid,” Thrysta says as Thrysta’s female sex suddenly seals up and every mere moments a nice long throbbing male mewtwo cock juts out from between her legs with a nice set of balls, her breasts remain only for a moment longer before smoothing out to a male mewtwo chest, *“We are the literal definition of gender fluid. Though I could create a cock or vagina anywhere I please on myself or on you,”* she explains as she opens her mouth her tongue turning into a throbbing cock for a few moments, which spurts a small climax of blue latex cum which Thrysta guides over and through Brian’s gag right into his mouth, forcing him to taste Thrysta’s male giz as it toys and teases in there with a forced swirl.

“Color is relative,” he says his voice not changing from his domineering female voice as he gains a feminish male physique as the color turns into a bright pink as her dominatrix clothes become lax all around her body, *“Species is relative, but I prefer to keep my two self, but perhaps I might throw on a fun curveball to you soon,”* Thrysta chuckles her dark blue colors fade back into view, her cock in her mouth and nethers disappear as her female bust return as she reverts back to her female self with ease as her clothes readjust themselves to perfectly fit her form once more, *“Do you understand?”* Thrysta asks as she looks down at Brian with a domineering smug grin.

“Y-yes M-Mistress.” Brian mentally replies as she feels the latex tendrils around her sex pull away. She feels her sex seal up, smoothing over before regrowing into an aching male cock while the breasts remain as a blue latex bra forms around the breasts and squeezes, and vibrates around her nipples.

Brian moans as his returning cock throbs, latex tendrils coil around his length, following along the veins, as several tendrils coil around the base of his cock head. Brian’s toes curl as he tenses against the bondage, as a single latex tendril runs across his cum slit of his penis. Brian bites hard on his ball gag as he looks down at his shemale self, his member just visible past his breasts as the tip of the tendril pulls at the cum slit lips, toying with his ultra-sensitive member tip before slowly slipping down into him. Brian lets out a loud moan which is muffled by the fused ball gag to his lips as he realizes something new.

The pleasure within his urethra is also a fivefold erogenous zone of massive pleasure, doubled on top of that by the latex tentacle that slips and fills his length sliding all the way down to the very base of his body, blocking his cock off completely as the latex opening over his member forms once more leaving nothing more than a teasing bulge.

"You are really a slut for bondage and pleasure punishment aren't you my pet?" Thrysta musses

Brian nods several times as he thinks out, *"Yes Mistress!"*

Whack goes the riding crop as Brian feels a shiver run down his spine at the spike of throbbing pleasure, *"What did I say about the cultural body language that you do not need?"*

"S-sorry Mistress! Won't happen again!"

The riding crop floats along Brian's breasts, adding to the vibrating tease he is now being given before the crop runs across his collared neck and under his chin forcing him to look up at Thrysta with his begging eyes crying out for more, *"Good."*

Thrysta says nothing for a good three minutes as she lets Brian simply soak in his new predicament, his body constantly tormented and teased with pleasure that would have made him cum within the first ten seconds let alone however long he has been here. His mind is unable to break through the constraints placed within his mind by his powerful Mistress.

"There is another thing we can do that I will show you now," says Thrysta as she moves her tail over till it is between them. Her tail begins to drip latex as if it was melting but it doesn't change in size or shape, but a large pool of rubber forms between them and as the pool grows bigger and bigger the tip of mewtwo ears pop out from the center.

Slowly floating up out of the pool, absorbing the rubber into her form as a foot-tall duplicate of Thrysta is formed over a matter of a minute. The larger Thrysta withdraws her tail as the new mini-Thrysta stretches, her sleek blue naked rubber body floats over and around Brian as a new cloned voice whispers into his mind.

"Hello Brian."

"Thrysta?" Brian looks at her as the mini two smiles.

"Yes, but so is she."

The larger Thrysta says, *"We are the same yet separate... only slightly. She can think on her own but is still part of me and will be absorbed back into me when I will it. I can make dozens of myself; I could shrink down to be such a size too. It is also how I made your suit. By forming a rubber clone, shifting to male and black rubber then disconnecting the rubber from my mind to make it inert. Do you understand what this means my little pet?"*

Brian looks to the mini Thrysta and then over to Thrysta proper, *"That you are surrounding me in more ways than I could have known Mistress?"*

There is a moment of silence as Brian is just about to question himself if he made the right call before Thrysta answers his concern, *"That is correct my pet. And now that you understand the basics of what it means to be a rubber mewtwo. We will play a game which I know you will absolutely love. Don't worry, I will do my best that you don't fry your brain under the pleasure."*

Brian wiggles and squirms under her words, *“W-what kind of game?”* he asks.

“We are going to make several of you, and several of me, and we are going to have fun, all of us together... or separate, and your goal is to figure out which one is the real me,” Thrysta says as the mini Thrysta chimes in.

“And which one is the clone like me.”

Thrysta continues, *“You’ll also be in charge of figuring out where you are amongst your sexually deviant clones. Do you think you can handle that my pet? Complete it and you will truly be able to handle being a latex mewtwo that you’ve always fantasized about.”*

Brian swallows a lump in his throat as he tries to fathom just the idea of being able to be several separate yet uniform people at once, all hyper pleasure sensitive like he is now. His mind can barely take it all without the aid of his Mistress, *“Y-yes Mistress,”* Brian answers as he tenses up once again.

“Perfect, let’s get started then, shall we?” Thrysta says as the mini Thrysta floats away from him as Brian feels himself lifted up into the air, his body squeaks loudly as he feels his legs dangle out from under him in their tight bondage as he is felt as if he’s being lifted by his waist up.

“Y-yes Mistress,” Brian replies as he squirms a little, his tail still bound by the collar, teasing his sensitive second neck as Thrysta moves close to him, her massive thick rubber tail moves under him as the bulbous end grows wet and gooey.

“But as a gift for being such a good boy. I will let you play out that one dirty fantasy in your mind, the one you didn’t want to tell me, for you were too afraid to tell. Don’t worry it was so throbbing there I couldn’t help but read it as I prepared your mind for all of this, apologies for that though.”

“N-no need to apologize Mistress,” Brian thinks as he knows exactly what Thrysta is talking about. The rubber tail presses against his feet as slick rubber tendrils latch out and wrap around them, pulling at him towards Thrysta’s rubbery tail.

Brian lets out a muffled moan as he feels the warm slick honey-like rubber press down against his body as he begins to sink into Thrysta’s tail which bulges out as he slides in, *“It is amusing how many people want to be vored by my tail, when simply I just like to remain looking like a mewtwo when I cover people in my latex,”* Thrysta chuckles into his mind as Thrysta in the physical world remains silent except for a few squeaks and the squelch of rubber as Brian sinks in like he’s trapped in quicksand.

Inch by inch the rubber rolls around his legs and feet, flooding into the nooks and cranny of his rubber leg bindings Thrysta’s tail opens up wider to provide a larger surface to envelope him. Brian looks down at the sea of slick blue rubber as his legs are drawn into the abyss and then back up at Thrysta who stands there, arms crossed, her ethereal hands caressing Brian’s head, rubbing his bulge as the rubber seeps into that small cavity around his bound and plugged cock delving it into a seat of warm rubber that multiplies his pleasure.

Brian pants heavily through his nostrils, his rubber breasts rising and falling with each breath as his nostrils whizz out air. Latex tendrils shoot out from Thrysta’s tail, like vines

growing on the side of a building as they branch out and grip around Brian's body as he sinks down further and further. Thrysta's tail grows larger and larger as his body is consumed by it.

Brian's toes curl in the slick rubber, his tail twitches as it is pulled down along with the rest of his form, the rubber moving up and over to his chest, the rubber tendrils there already coiled around his mounds, teasing his vibrating hard nipples as Brian feels the warm rubber wash over the top of his breasts and along his back and arms, the rubber slips into every space around his body while squeezing down, constricting him further like a belly of a snake.

Brian bites hard on the rubber glued ball gag as a thick slick rubber phallic tentacle slips out of the tail as the tail has consumed all of his body from the neck down, and only a little bit of his tail is accompanying him above the surface. The rubber tentacle pushes through the ball gag and fills his mouth as thick cock stuffs his cheeks full. Smaller secondary tendrils reach out and attach themselves to his nose providing cool crisp rubber scented air as the warm sleek goo now reaches under his chin as his body sinks in ever deeper.

Thrysta's tail rolls with constricting "muscles" as he is pulled in even deeper as his chin and nose are pulled in as he can see a sea of gooey blue rubber just below his eyes. He looks up at Thrysta who continues to give him that smug smile, her invisible hands petting him behind his ear with a soft squeak.

"Good luck in our game my pet, you will need it," Thrysta says as he is delved into the seat of rubber blue the tips of his ears and tail are the last to disappear into her tail as soon Brian is delved into total darkness as the warm blue rubber of Thrysta's tail overtakes him completely. His body bulging out Thrysta's tail as she takes the last bit of him into her form, her tail waving back behind her with surprising ease as Brian feels himself whipped back around, causing him to let out a muffled groan that couldn't be heard by anyone but those with the sharpest of ears.

"T-thank you M-mistress," Brian thinks out as the tight embrace is relaxing but the pleasure is far above anything that would allow him to simply relax. Delved into total darkness, his mind grows hazy as the gooey latex swirls around him, the soft sound of squelching noises as he hears Thrysta's rubbery body moving, shifting in ways he didn't even know were happening. The sounds are soothing to his mind as he feels himself begin to drift.

Desperate to hold onto consciousness he tries to fight it, breathing in that delightful air laden heavily with Thrysta's rubbery aroma. Surrounded by everything that she is, her domineering strength and prowess makes him feel safe... content, free of all worries and cares allowing him to simply focus on the massive pleasure rushing through his mind, giving him a sexual high like none other that he has ever felt before.

And with this state of euphoria of total bliss, Brian's mind fades away, consciousness gone as whatever Thrysta has willed upon him has won, not knowing that the game he is about to play will make what he all just experienced be like nothing at all...