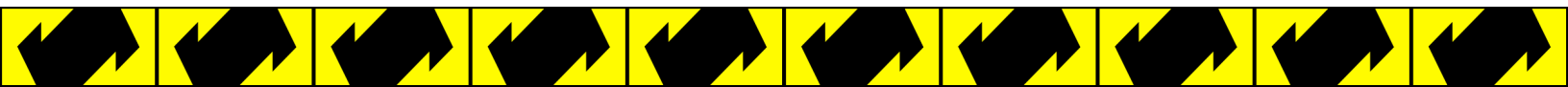


Cubone Cum Dump





Another day, another sigh of relief as Gallows returned home from a day of dealing with some rather irate clients who thought they could pull a fast one on the gryphon and get out of paying a few hundred thousand in gold. Unfortunately for them, disappearances were quite common on their world, and the gryphon needed a couple of new decorative pieces in her bedroom.

After putting her brand new cock-shaped gold statues down in her bathroom, she turned around to find a black case sitting at the foot of her bed, and the product number that was printed on it made her instantly squeee: *CDSC-ALX 008-104-C*. A small pile of other crates also laid next to it, but it was that one that she was exited about most.

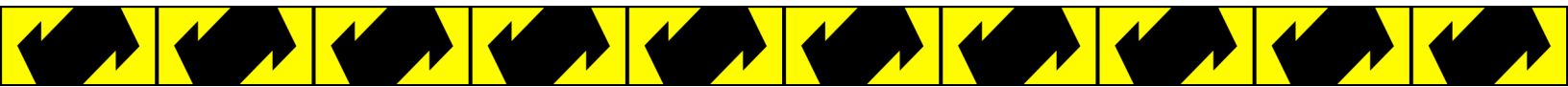
Without so much as skipping a beat, she unlatched the attache case and opened it up, pulling out the translucent anthro Cubone suit with a grin as a book marked “CDSC-ALX Condom Suit Instruction Manual” fell to the floor beside it. The suit itself was made of a thin stretchy rubber, with a brown primary color and white underbelly, and a bondi blue “skull mask” face with painted blue eyes to complete the look. It had mitten hands and stocking-like toe-less feet, as well as openings under the tail and on the tip of the snout. It also had what looked like a cocksheath on its groin, though the tip was bulbous, almost inflated.

The phoenix gryph found the opening along the spine and opened it up, stepping into the suit’s feet with her paws and enjoying the squeaking of the rubber against her body. She got her still-stiff shaft into the sheath, before slipping her talons into the mitten hands, and her head into the attached hood.

Running her mitten along the seal, Gallows’ new raptor-like tail swayed behind her happily. She was practically as light as air, with no sign of her organic body inside of the translucent pseudo-inflated body she now bore. And she knew exactly where to go to give it a proper shakedown.

It only took a few minutes of walking through her base of a home and going through it’s Frequency Gate system before she arrived at the Greenhouse Club on the world of Pokétara. It was crawling with kinksters of all sorts, mostly latex-bound ones. But she had her sights set on somewhere in particular.

The Cubone started making her way toward the back, only to bump into a rather bulky-looking Blaziken. Signaling it was her bad, she started around him, only for the muscular avian to grin and block her path. Christmas electronica music was blaring throughout the so he pointed toward one of the bathroom stalls, giving her an inviting grin. Eagerly, she nodded, and she knew she was about to get exactly what she wanted.





As soon as they ducked inside and the door was closed, the avian pinned her chest—first against the wall over the toilet as he unbuckled his jeans and dropped them, revealing orbs almost as big as bowling balls hiding behind the denim. He licked his beak, and wasted no time plowing his can-thick cock inside her rump. He was pent up, and horny beyond words.

One thrust after another, he gripped the Cubone's hips in his talons as her rubbery body tightened around his shaft, giving him more than enough friction to feel it with every pump of his crotch. Pre began leaking out, splattering into the living condom's feet as it poured into her, replacing the air within her body.

Squeak

Squeak

He took out a marker from his pocket with his free talon, and in the mirror, she could see him writing phrases like *cum dump* and *cocksleeve* and *Fill me!* on her ass, before pulling her head up and kissing her mouth hole, slipping his tongue into the tight confines of the opening, letting her suck on the long appendage needfully.

Squeak

Squeak

The Blaziken cooed and moaned as his sensitive member was massaged and rubbed, in and out of the rubbery dragon ass. More and more of his balls drained into the Cubone, enough to bring the filling up to her ankles.

He gripped her stiffened inflatable shaft and began tugging at it, stretching and flattening the latex surface to tease her. But she wasn't about to get any sort of relief, as he quickly tied off the appendage and painlessly cut it off using one of his claws. With a sly smirk, he slipped the rubber condom sleeve over his tongue and began kissing her with it, as if taunting her with what she'd just lost.

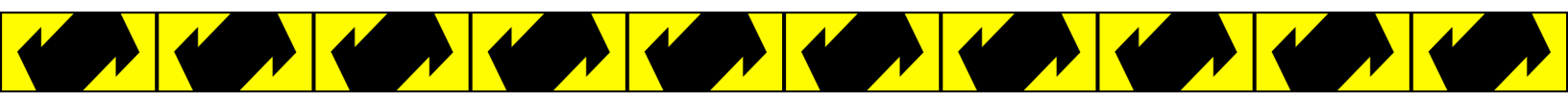
That only served to make her more horny, wishing she could beg him to just keep going all night.

Squeak...

Squeak...

Glug...

His leaking cock had managed to make a pool inside of her, filling her up to her thighs. He shuddered as he gripped her head in one hand to keep her





maw attached to his, the other wrapped around her chest and squeezing on one of the mounds that made up her breasts.

Glug...

Splort...

He soon entered a state of pseudo-orgasm, feeling the buzz as he let out all of his cum slowly into her body. The clear fluid became more opaque and white, and her midsection was beginning to balloon, tail included.

She mentally moaned out at the feeling of warmth building within her, pushing back against his beak as he practically fucked her maw with his tongue

Before his seed raised too high, he tied off her arms, and much like the shaft, sliced each one off, putting one of them on like a glove as he relentlessly continued pounding the helpless Cubone. Rubbing along her neck and sides, letting the squeaking of latex on latex to fill the air around her.

Splurt...

Glug...

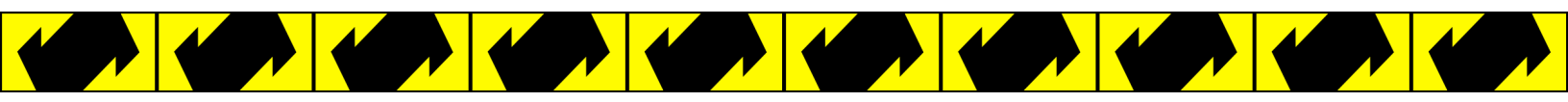
Her chest began to pop out, and her breasts grew bigger as they filled with Blaziken spunk. The bird made sure to squeeze them teasingly as he massaged her form.

Eventually the cum poured into her head, and the feeling of his kiss became much more intense. He'd stopped cumming, but he wasn't done with her at all. He continued his groping and tongue-fucking, both hands gloved as one squeezed her useless balls, the other feeling around her chest and rump.

Once he was satisfied, the Blaziken pulled himself free, but not before tossing the ruined living condom into the nearby trash can like a proper used rubber. Once she was secure, she watched as he taped a few pictures of people to her.

No wonder he was so pent up. Disposing of three bodies digested into cum would leave anyone with blue balls. She couldn't help but mentally grin. Getting used to capacity and tossed away like trash ended up being rather cathartic to her, but being used to store what became of someone's cock meal just made it even more incredible. Her vision began to fade, and darkness soon took her.

A while later, the Cubone awakened in the same bathroom, still in suit. She raised to see her previous body still in the trash bin, lifeless and bloated with the photos stuck to its surface, the words "cum dump" written on her





face, and a few pieces of jewelry and a collar visible within the vat of seed. It was erotic on its own, knowing everything that had occurred. Enough to make her air-filled cock stand even more at attention.

However, before she could take a step, the Blaziken from before shoved her against the wall with gloved one hand, a grin across his beak. He offers her some money, but she shakes her head, surprising him.

The Cubone notices he still seems quite pent up though. She drops to her knees and takes the tender spire into her mouth opening, letting the tight walls of her snout opening milk and coax more cum out of his balls. One of her mitten hands massaged the pair of half-meter round orbs that dangled between his legs, while the other gripped his rump, keeping her stable.

Giving a soft moan, the bird put one of his hands on the back of her head and began giving soft thrusts into the rubbery opening she was sucking him off with. He'd already started forming a puddle within the dragoness, panting and groaning as she gave him some further relief from his gluttonous night.

He didn't have too much left. Just enough to get up to her thighs with the thickest of his seed. But when he was finally finished, he kept her pressed against his messy crotch and pulled out the marker again, writing the same sort of derogatory messages across her translucent head and body: "Cum dump" and an arrow pointing to her snout hole on the side of her face; "Spunk bank" on her chest; "cock slut" across her head.

When he let her up, he continued his tattooing. "Grobe whore", "Fill me", "Dispose properly when finished", "Spread Me", tally marks for the number of liters she'd taken so far, "Daddy Blaze's Donation Bucket". By the time the Blaziken was done, the Cubone was feeling incredibly aroused, and had she not been a living condom, she'd probably need one to deal with the ache she'd feel.

Looking back, he noticed the disposed body and sees the collar of one of his meals from earlier. A simple poke with a talon causes the cum balloon to burst, allowing him to fetch the spunk-soaked ring of leather from the mess. He doesn't even bother cleaning it off, wrapping it around her neck and attaching a leash to it, before tugging on it a bit to lead her out.

She didn't fight it. In fact, she'd used the suit to save the graffiti as a default state. She was about to be his reusable rubber cum dump, at least for the night. Depending on how he was otherwise, she was debating letting him keep her in the spare body. After all, who better to fill a condom than someone with junk as big as his?

