

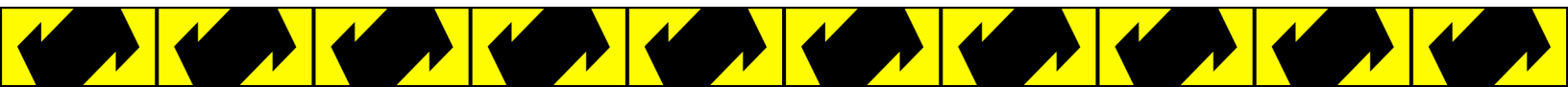


A New Ful-Filling Life



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As you awaken from your sudden nap, you raise your head up to look around. The room is quite dim, but you see enough. You try to move your arms, but find them quite secure against whatever you're laying against, held above your head by leather straps. Your legs seem to be in the same predicament, latched to the surface beneath you as you try desperately to move them.

After a few minutes of silence, the restraints push you upward into the air, holding you upright on heavy steel arms. The darkened room becomes even darker around you as a single light beams down from above, taking away any hint of there being something beyond the void. Nothing but the arms holding you, and the outline of several more coming from the ceiling and floor.

Two of the arms from below grip what look like a red-and-cream rubber outfit, though you can't tell what it is just from the pile of shine that you can see.

Another pair of jointed limbs join them, opening up the suit as it's dragged over your legs, the rubbery mass melting around your shackles as its pulled taught up to your waist. Toeless blobs of feet shine in place of your own, looking almost translucent in the light, though you see no sign of the limbs inside. Nor do you feel your toes. Just a solid mass where they once were.

The suit is worked up your body, slipping tight over your groin as it becomes smooth and slick, your backside soon following suit. A long lizard-like tail comes into your mind, moving and twitching with all of the feeling of such a limb. You look back to see it, and at the end, you notice an inflated bulb at the end, shaped and colored like a flame.

As the outfit is pulled higher and higher, you can feel your chest and shoulders become lighter. Your arms drop inside, and once pulled taut, your fingers seem to disappear as well, leaving behind nothing but a flipper-like thumbless mitten in its place, painted to look like three clawed digits exist where they don't.

Soon, the hood of the suit is pulled over your head, and you gasp as the cool latex sends a shudder through your entire body. In your vision, everything gains a very faint semi-transparent shine, including your new short broad snout, which you can also see through. But you don't feel a jaw of any sort. Just a hole at the tip where your mouth would be, along with one forming under your tail shortly after.

You can't hear your heart beating in your head anymore. You can't bring yourself to breathe. And yet, you don't feel like you're in any danger.

The arms open up and drop you to the ground with a very light squeak as you practically bounce off the hard stone surface like a balloon. The lights





come on, and you can finally see the glass room you've been trapped inside of. A mirror gives you sight of what you've become: a humanoid Charmander of sorts. Painted eyes stare back, along with a few more features to make you look the part. No sign of your original body is seen through the translucent rubbery hide you possess, but one feature does catch your attention.

You mouth, and the hole beneath your tail, have thick rippled rims around the "lips" of the openings, leading into small depressions with tiny bulbs at the tips. You swear you've seen something similar elsewhere.

You don't get long to explore what's happened to you before someone enters the room through a sliding panel nearby. Another humanoid Pokémon, this one a cherry red Mightyena. The scruffy black-and-grey canine grins with his underbitten fangs showing, pushing you chest-first against the wall with his thick paw-like hands.

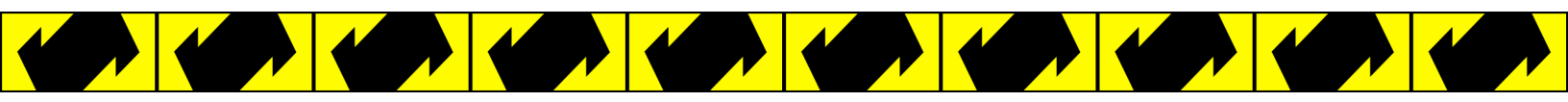
He tells you it'll be okay, so long as you're a good little condom for him. As he licks along your neck, you look down through your body, seeing the blurry silhouette of his thick red cock, standing at attention in the air just behind you.

Without so much as a chance to brace yourself, he plunges his rod deep into your tail hole, an extended and heavy squeak sounding as the opening stretches around his long member, tightening against it like a second skin. The bulb at the tip disappears, and he begins to slowly thrust into your rump, your tail tucked under one of his arms.

He growls happily, whispering into your ear to just relax, enjoy the feeling, and let him have his way. To just be a good condom for him, because the injection he gave himself has him *quite* pent up. Something that's quite clear as literal deciliters of precum begin dripping from his shaft, visible through your body as it drops with heavy splatters into your feet and along your legs. You can feel that, too, the warm ooze teasing you from the inside.

He quickly begins to pick up speed, one arm wrapped around your chest while the other rubs along the smooth crotch between your legs. The sensation of just being touched there sends pleasuring chills throughout your body. You can't make a single sound, but your entire form squeaks with every pump of his hips.

More and more, the pool of fluid begins to rise, one leg filled to its knee, the other to its ankle. He grunts and nibbles softly at your neck, his hand moving from your chest to your mouth as he pokes and prods at the sensitive opening. Much like your rump, it tightens against his finger, getting pulled out and pushed in over and over again. And as he pushes that finger deep into your maw, the ring unrolls into a tube of rubbery flesh that you can see.





A heavier growl and a harder push from the Mightyena signals his arousal is getting him close. He moves to pin you to the wall by your shoulders as his hips thrust even harder and faster, the flow of fluid growing with the speed. Both of your legs are almost filled, with one spilling over into the other.

His panting intensifies in your ear as he repeats over and over to be a good condom for him. And then, a piercing howl escapes his lips as his knot penetrates past the opening of your ass. Thick hot seed flows into your body from the shivering canine, quickly raising up past your groin and into your tail, forcing it to drop toward the ground as it fills from tip to base with his spunk.

More and more pours out into you, practically by the liter, and the warmth and pleasure from it sends your mind into a spiral.

Into your belly.

Into your chest.

He nuzzles against your neck and cheek, calling you a good condom over and over in his afterglow-addled slurring of words. One hand begins playing with your mouth opening again as the cum starts to enter your arms, filling them as well.

By the time the seed stops, you can barely see some of it in your vision, having raised up just past your snout. Your body feels heavy, practically immobile.

He gives your mouth hole a kiss, slipping his tongue inside, before pulling his cock free from your rump, tying off the rubber tube as it comes out with the rod. Then, he picks you up and carries you off to a nearby chute, dropping your used body into a large rubbish bin.

After a while, your mind begins to drift, becoming tired and warmer with every passing moment. Darkness soon takes you, and you feel yourself drifting off into the void of sleep.

You awaken, rising up and looking around the room. You're in bed, and start to sigh with relief, thinking it was only a dream. Then you realize you can't sigh. You can't breathe. Looking down, you see yourself still as the Charmander condom creature, your useless hand mittens feeling along your snout and body to confirm what your eyes tell you.

On the nightstand to one side, you see a receipt for one "Self-replacing Charmander Condom". On your other side, you see the Mightyena from before, his grin just as wide. He pulls you close, calling you a *good condom* as he nibbles at your neck, his morning wood rubbing against your belly.

Seems it wasn't a dream after all.

