

A New Toy



Story © TeraDyne Ezeri 2018
Pokémon © The Pokémon Company



A friend of yours has invited you into a new downtown kink club—Starlight Strobe—where sex is expected and extremely safe, but he warned you it was *unusual*. You’ve been wanting to meet new people, and you’ve been wanting friends who’d have casual sex with you, so it was obvious what your decision would be. It took almost thirty minutes of security checks to get into, but you got in anyway.

You wait in the lobby for a bit, until what looks like someone in a rubber Charmander costume comes to escort you into a massive closet full of outfits. They say nothing, but point to a sign with the club’s rules on it. One of them is that all occupants must wear either their own transformative suit, or one from the club’s closet, while inside of the club area.

Sighing, you look around at the various costumes. Everything from Digimon to Pokémon, to Zoids, and beyond, lined up in sections upon sections of hangers and boxes within the massive complex of shelves. Not wanting to waste too much time, you start looking in the Pokémon section, and find one that catches your eye.

It doesn’t look like a normal suit, but the male humanoid Bulbasaur outfit seems to be the right size, at least. After taking it into one of the dressing rooms and stripping down, you slide your legs into the one-piece costume, noticing that the translucent skin doesn’t seem to show your own limbs through it. Thinking it’s something to do with the technology that it’s made from, you shrug it off and keep putting it on.

Your feet make their way down to the blob-like feet of the saurian, feeling much thicker once in place. They’re called transformative suits for a reason, apparently. Your arms and hands do the same as you manage to get them inside, having only thumbless mittens on each hand to work with. Even the feeling of having fingers inside of it are gone.

Once you manage to get it zipped up, and the head over your own cranium, you find yourself quite light. Everything in your sight has a glossy shine, along with the painted rubber body you now inhabit. You can see your hand through the skin of the short snout, distorted by the small creases in the translucent latex. But having not paid much attention before, you notice the “mouth” looks like a rolled-up condom, as does the rump opening if the view through the mirror is right.

Your mitten of a hand goes down to the twelve inch tapered and knotted shaft at your groin, and a simple squeeze finds it not only sensitive, but full of air, with another condom bulb on the tip of it. The same air-filled sensations come from the massive flower bulb on your back as well, which seems to have another rolled-condom-like opening within the center.





Deciding it's what you want, you wander out of the closet space and into the club, watching some of the occupants as you pass by. Some have the condom-like look that your suit has, some look more like sex dolls, some look more natural for whatever form they've taken. But all of them are silent, or at least it seems that way. Some of them *look* like they're talking, but you can't hear any of it.

Once you're past the bigger crowds, you come across another Pokémon-suited being. A Charmeleon, made to look like a living sex doll. Their red skin shines from the rainbow lights above, with a virtually featureless face aside from the horn sticking out the back of their head, and the dark red silicone mouth hole at the front of their short snout. Their body is smooth, with the cream-colored belly practically painted onto them, and their hands and feet look like mittens and boots with claws tacked onto them. What really throws you off is the pair of inflatable breasts they bear, combined with a stiff tapered rubber shaft sticking up out of a slit on their groin.

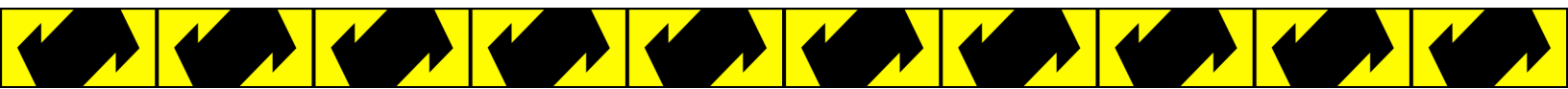
They stop you, caressing your jaw, but you don't fight their advances. Especially when they press their mouth hole against yours in a rather peaceful kiss.

The rubber lizard seems to chuckle silently as they pull a collar from one of the plastic handles on their hips. You'd always been a bit on the kinky side, so you raise your head a bit to let them wrap it around your neck. But once they get that green collar buckled into place, you find yourself feeling somewhat strange.

Your arms and legs segment themselves at the shoulders and hips, becoming more like vinyl than the thin condom rubber of your head and body. Your neck also gains the same dividing wall from the rest of you, changing into the thicker rubber that your limbs turned into, with a silicone toy hole taking place of your mouth. You also notice handles near your joints, and your limbs each seem to have an inflation valve out in the open.

The Charmeleon clips a leash to your new collar and pulls you along behind them. As you pass by a mirror, you catch a glimpse of yourself in it. Faceless, just like your dominant, with nothing more than painted-on markings. Your body also seems to have hardened into more vinyl, with a valve at your belly button, and a thick tapered dildo for a cock sticking out between your legs. Only your bulb seems to still be condom-like.

You soon find yourself being brought into a more private room in the back, where a bed is set up for a bit of fun, complete with built-in restraints and toys. Your lizard dom pulls you up onto the bed with them, where they begin cuddling you rather lovingly. Just the sensation of being with another





person feels nice, but the sound of your bodies squeaking against each other is also making you quite horny.

After a bit, the Charameleon crawls on top of you, caressing your head with one hand, as you feel the other rub along your side. That hand slowly travels down to your leg, then your groin, where they begin to massage your shaft. Then, they press down on the base of your cock and balls, causing a click to sound in your head before those bits pull away from you. Physically disconnecting, only to leave a black feminine toy hole in its place, pointed back like that of a feral Pokémon.

Once they toss the now extracted masculine toy to one side, you find the lizard pulling your hands up against your shoulders. A zipper appears near your elbows, which they draw upward, forming a pouch around your arms. They do the same to your legs, folding them up and zipping them into place. You don't feel like you have limbs anymore, but thick stumps where they once were, padded on the bottoms where you would walk.

Then, the dragon pulls you down onto your belly, before grabbing a pair of handles on your hips and thrusting their shaft deep into your new folds. Your brain sends waves of confused lust coursing through your body, barely able to process these new feelings as they take you rough and hard, like some breeding stock in heat.

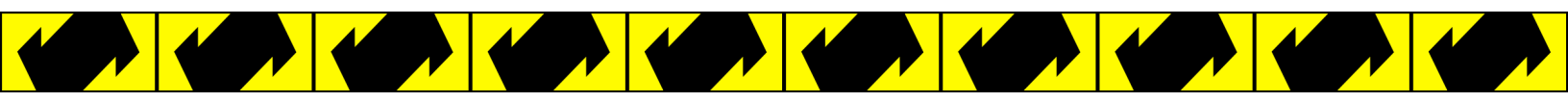
You can't make a single sound other than the squeaking of your bodies against each other, but mentally, you moan out in pleasure. Their smooth cock rubbing against your ribbed walls feels incredible, and being hilted with every thrust only makes you want more.

Over and over, they pump their hips against yours, and all you can do is sit there and shudder, wanting nothing more than to let them take you for everything you've got.

Their eagerness soon results in victory as they arch their back, jet upon jet of warm seed spraying into your body. You can't see it, but you feel that hot cum being drawn up into you, collecting into the reservoir of a bulb on your back. Filling up as the Charameleon keeps pushing to drain even more of their spunk into you.

By the time they finish, you both flop against the bed, somewhat exhausted in your afterglow. Your quivering mass can barely muster the energy to move one of your trapped legs, but the Charameleon gives you a woozy kiss against your mouth hole.

You both recover after a bit, and they reach into your semi-hollow toy body, disconnecting the condom bulb and tying it off, before dropping it into a





nearby waste basket. Your body somehow generates a new bulb pack in its place, once again completing your look, and making you ready to be used again.

The Charmeleon caresses your head and gives you another kiss, but you hear a click just behind your head. The weight of a lock drops against your neck. Seems they've practically claimed you as theirs, and you don't have a single problem with that. After putting your toy cock and balls back into place, they reach over to each of your limbs and open the air valves.

Little by little you feel them crumple, the gas escaping into the room around you, until nothing remains but some limp vinyl flaps. Your body ends up being next, with your bulb retracting into your back, and your cock and balls flattening with the rest of your torso, empty and unmovable.

With another simulated chuckle, the lizard opens up the final valve on your head, allowing it to clear out completely. Unable to move, you watch as they fold your limbs in toward your chest, then roll you up head first into a small package, your cock wrapped around your flattened form and used to tie you up tight.

You find yourself being tossed into some sort of bag, with darkness enveloping you as they zip it shut. Seems someone really wanted a new toy, and for you... You could get used to this.

