

# Another Meal





You find yourself in Daddi Blaze's home. He'd invited you to his place after meeting with you at the Greenhouse Club, promising you a good time. The humanoid fiery kickboxing chicken of a Blaziken sits on his bed, his shaft flopped onto it. The massive member is about as thick as a three liter cola bottle, and long enough for the tall avian to shove his own head into it without bending over, if he wanted to. And the orbs beneath it were like beach balls, as big around as golf cart tires.

Sitting with him is what looks like an inflatable Cubone, with a greenish-blue painted skull mask and painted-on eyes. You notice its own cock looks like a condom sticking out from it, but then you see the mouth and tail hole being quite similar, with rolled-up edges like a rubber fresh out of the package.

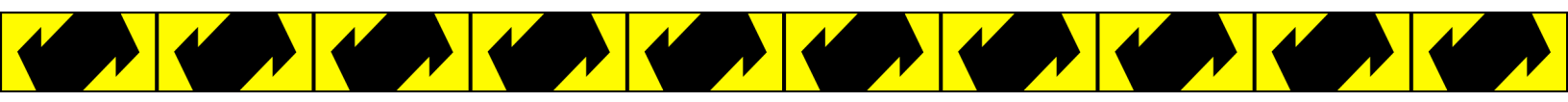
With a grin, the Blaziken beckons you to join them. You quickly shed yourself of your clothes and climb onto the king-sized mattress, sitting in front of him. You know what he wants, and what you want.

You press your head against the tip of his cock, causing him to moan out with pleasure as your face slips inside those loving walls. Darkness fills your vision, and his heartbeat muffles all but its own sounds as the rest of your cranium joins in the fun. The slick walls keep you from moving around too much, but you feel yourself getting a bit of *help* from the outside as rubbery hands help to push you deeper.

Your shoulders and arms slip in almost effortlessly, allowing you to draw your hands up and forward just enough to pull them above your head, to massage the inside of his body as you go down. Shivers of bliss come over the Blaziken, shaking you to your very core as you sink down into him. Your cock at attention, the strange Cubone seems to help you a bit further in by slipping it between your belly and the flesh consuming you, before ultimately lifting you up and letting gravity pull you the rest of the way to your destination.

After a few seconds, you find your hands slipping into a warm liquid, with the rest of your body joining only moments later. The salty seed tastes sweet, but it becomes a slight struggle to keep your head above the surface until you flip yourself around a bit. The movements only seem to turn your predator on even further, though, as that seed warms up even further.

You curl up inside the pool, finding yourself growing just ever so slightly numb on points of your body. But as the seconds tick by, that numbness slowly grows. Eventually, you bring up you hand, or at least what's left of it, trying to touch your face. All that's left is a gooey stump, melting into more of the hot cum surrounding you.





Your limbs, drawn into the space around you, become more of the mirk, leaving you nothing but a torso. Your groin and rump, the next to join in the dripping pool.

More time goes by, and you find yourself unable to breathe properly, sinking into the dark vat of his balls. Your chest drizzling away into white spunk. Your face, growing numb, follows it into the growing lake. Then, true darkness and void take over as your body ceases to exist, leaving your consciousness floating free in the sea of what seems to be nothingness.

Somehow, you can feel yourself sloshing around, being thrown back and forth as Daddi Blaze thrusts himself into someone or something. Your entire existence heating itself up as you seem to grow. Once and again, you find yourself splashing up against the walls. And then, a rush of sensations flood your mind, stretched and pulled up and out.

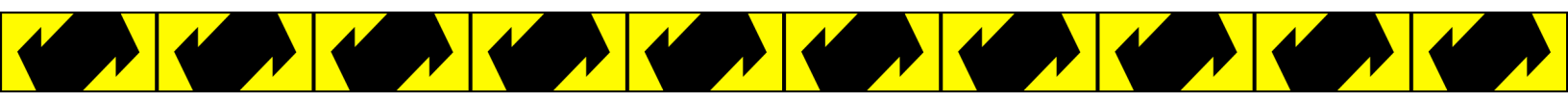
Distorted light fills your vision as you find yourself outside of his balls again. Puddling within something. You realize what's happened. You not only melted into his seed, but became his seed. His next orgasm, filling the condom-like Cubone slowly with your mass as the bird moans and pants above you. Blissfully unaware of you seeing everything he does.

You fill out the rubber dragon, combining with what he's produced in his other orb and growing in size. You yourself begin to feel aroused, though with no way of finding relief for it. No physical form to take, much less a way to move.

Once full, the rubber Cubone seems to generate a new body, appearing on the bed next to its owner, while leaving you in its bloated corpse. Daddi takes a bit of tape to the forehead of the used condom and sticks on a picture he took of you at the club earlier, then picks up the inflated rubber container and carries you away. Several rooms of his small mansion pass by before he makes his way into one of them, and places you on a shelf.

Behind him, you see more condoms, each with their own contents and pictures pasted on them, all of the containers modeled after various Pokémon species. His other meals, put on display as trophies. Some still containing the preserved clothing or restraints they wore when he turned them into cream. You're just the newest one.

Near the back of the room, he grabs the tail of the Cubone condom and puts the whole thing up on a shelf, folding it in half so its bloated cock piece is pushed right into its mouth, and making sure your picture is visible from the front. A lewd display for a lewd trophy.





The question is, will you remain his trophy, a puddle of cum in a used condom to admire? Or will you be able to return to normal?

Only time will tell...

