

Power came suddenly.

For years, you'd lived what arguably amounted to an outwardly generic life.

Education was difficult - How could it not be?

Hours spent learning information that would take five minutes on your own, while useful knowledge you struggled with merely got a few minutes at tops.

Yet, still, you'd persevered.

The best you could, anyhow.

Your reward was, as expected, a generic 9-5 job at a wage that might let you retire in your lifetime.

Disappointing, you considered, body cuddling up in various intensely soft, fluffy blankets.

As you pondered briefly, a blissful, lustful pleasure flooded your body as an elegant tongue licked teasingly at the tip of your sheath, breaking your line of thought, if briefly. Blushing gently as you glanced under the covers, you soon spotted a blissful, soft, fluffy blue companion, his fur and form marking him as unmistakably that of a Lucario.

Moving your position slightly, before pausing, a single thought rearranged your situation entirely.

In an instant, your form was relaxed on a comfy, fluffy chair, computer booting up as your paws got straight to typing, a jolt of pleasure accompanied by soft huffs, as that very same Lucario lapped at your cock beneath the desk.

Yes, life was indeed perfect, or it was for now. Any thoughts, desires, or beyond could be accomplished with merely a thought - Pleasures brought into existence thanks to a power you'd somehow received. Admittedly, you still weren't sure how you got the ability to change reality - Merely that somehow, through a quirk of fate or otherwise, you had.

Specifics didn't matter, ultimately - You were in heaven.

Booting up was instant, the computer instantly knowing what to open, where to go, directly opened on the group chat as you spoke with various friends, paws dancing along the keyboard.

With such power, you'd naturally indulge every single one, letting them enjoy their erotic fantasies and share plans - Your private messages were usually filled with a request, idea, or message of appreciation. Longer chats of course, tended to lead back to this.

Could you fault them? Nope.

Was it annoying? Rarely.

Anyone that even mildly annoyed you, at present, or in the past, had easily been dealt with.

In fact, glancing at your messages, it was a simple few moments before you decided you were annoyed at their constant badgering of the same repetitive ideas. Such a thing was, in your eyes, an easy thing to avoid.

It was a simple matter to summon 'GamerBro69420'. One glance at his soft, pink fur and cum-soaked form showed that he was the Mew you were looking for. Following it up with a quick glance, you easily made out his expression of horror.

Such an expression was ill-fitting on their body, form easily used to cheerful smiling as well as the expected cheeky behaviour of a Mew. His bright, colourful, cutesy stockings only added to his appearance, the only other garment a large jockstrap. That look of horror would be far more suiting on quite literally any other species.

Still, it always filled you with a strong sense of perverted joy. Combined with the quiet, squeaky begging and pleading, as well as the heavenly fellatio of the Lucario, you simply came on the spot. Relaxing into your chair, you simply enjoyed the sensation of their muzzle rapidly sucking before, lapping up every drop as if a sweet, succulent nectar.

Begging only gave you some satisfaction, though. As always, without the right 'surrounding context' or 'kinky idea', it got rather boring. Pondering, you decided to start on your judgement,, if only to see the Mew's reaction.

"What is your name?"

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His body shook as you idly began to impose your will on reality, slowly, this time. Fast, instant, beyond was enjoyable for a time, but sometimes you chose to enjoy the 'journey' instead.

"P-Please n-no, I-"

By now, his begging was getting a bit tiring, and so you merely willed it away, imbuing him with the inability to only beg. Not to mention, a smidgen of confidence so he wouldn't immediately fold.

"M-W-Why, p-please u-undo it, I-I-"

With another jolt, you reduced his ability to keep being so annoying, by once more reducing his desire to beg even further.

"M-Mew...I-I th-th-thought we were f-f-friends-M-Mew..."

Another orgasm came easily, pleasure flooding through as you soaked the Lucario's muzzle, a slight smidgen of hope moving onto the Mew's muzzle. Naturally, you made sure to increase it, as he almost shook with a desperate hope that you might decide to change your mind - After all, you *were* friends that spoke frequently.

"Who are you?"

Speaking out loud, you decided to speed it up and have the changes finish up shortly, deciding on the moment as you gestured for them to talk.

"P-Plea—"

In an instant, the Mew's demeanour changed.

Form shifting as his outfit dissipated, it was only a few moments before an arrogant, smug look of gratitude morphed onto his features, form changing into a mixture of whites, oranges, yellows, blacks followed up by the clothing of a footballer. Unmistakably in their place was a Cinderace, muscles hidden by their femboyish figure. Confidence exuded from their form, a look of 'victory' as they smugly bounced a football up and down, paws-free, with their jockstrap.

“Thanks for the football! I love football! I love it! It’s my favourite hobby! I don’t care about anything but football! Football is my life, my purpose, my existence! Also I love having a football-orgy with my team after every game! I will go find my football team now! I don’t care about anything but football! My name is Cinderace! I love football!”

Blushing, you listened as they loudly yelled out their sheer praise, history, and how their identity revolves around a kinky idea you’d shared with them three days ago. You waited for them to conclude, orgasming a few times, before they finally came to a close. With an idle thought, reality itself changed to fit their new identity, with a few small ‘tweaks’, to allow them to ‘find’ their football team.

It wouldn’t be anyone you cared about, of course, but they’d go up to someone and turn them into part of their football team, reality changing and form shifting, as it was all recorded for you to enjoy and probably jerk off to later. Setting an upper limit of about fifteen or so, you lazily let them appear in a landmass countless miles away.

Preparing to stand up, you paused as your Lucario continued to suck, bringing you to yet another orgasm. Naturally, it was a simple matter of thinking about it, resulting in a brand new Mew howling with laughter, cock spunking up mid-air, before teleporting off to continue their ‘main hobby’, pranking random people with various sexual antics.

Stomach grumbling, after a brief pause, you decided to go out to eat something, instead of the usual ‘instant hunger-sorting’ antics you’d usually follow. Food was, after all, still very much enjoyable - Even more so when you ensured your body would find any food utterly heavenly, healthy and delicious. Such a change ensured you could truly try out various texture combinations you hadn’t considered before.

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With but a thought, you arrived in a city, idly producing a phone and following it up with some lazy changes this time.

In your power you’d arguably gotten lazy, but the various protections you’d put in place should ensure that you were more than safe.

Shortly after, the city turned into a massive, friendly, Pokemon-filled village the size of a city, keeping the warmth despite the large size. Pokemon happily walked about, with your only intended request being for it to be relaxing, enjoyable and somewhere you can stay a couple of days quite easily. Most importantly, you wanted it to be a surprise - After all, sometimes you liked to discover it for yourself once there.

Walking along, eyes enjoying the scenery, ignoring the happy greetings of the local residents, you soon approached a cute-looking cafe, various Lucario and Riolu milling about, each and every single one in a maid outfit. Out of the various options, you chose this quite quickly, the 'new' sign indicating that the place would likely need all the patronage it could muster - You tended to have a soft spot for these sorts of places.

Approaching a nearby table, you sat down promptly and relaxed, idly picking up the menu and flicking through it with a wave.

"Would you like anything, sir~?"

Flirtatiously, a lone Lucario spoke out the request with an air of wanting, the odour of need and desire easily picked up by your overly sensitive muzzle. Ignoring the peculiar crinkling, you gently tapped at your cock a few times, letting the cum soak into the fur, before holding it back up.

"Like the smell, sexy?"

Without even a pause, their form dove under the desk and shoved their muzzle around your cock, eagerly sucking with soft mutters of praise, thanks, and what you'd expect all in all from a place such as this. Ignoring the occasional crinkle as he eagerly sucked and lapped at your length, you gestured for another one to walk over, enjoying their perpetual look of want and desire.

By now, it was quite obvious every staff member seemed to be horny, aroused, lusty or needy not only in your presence, but generally. Each served their customer eagerly, blushing, with intense, clear arousal, Riolu or Lucario, they all wore more or less the same outfit, with similar expressions of inviting lust.

"Sir, what would you like to eat or drink?"

Speaking out your order of a milkshake and dessert combo, the blushing Lucario nodded, barely able to stifle a moan before practically disappearing into the back. Without even a pause, two more Lucario came out with your meal, a large milkshake being set down followed by a delicious ice cream deluxe, covered with sauce, sprinkles and an odour you could already guess from just a single sniff.

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With an orgasm into your below-the-table companion, you softly took a sip, admiring the taste and only now bothering to glance inside, spotting the cute Riolu biscuit placed gently inside both.

Swallowing the whole thing came easily, outside of a few brief pauses as you made sure to savour the texture. Sure, you could easily order another but, strangely, you felt numb. Of course, that might be a brain freeze, but...

Pausing for a few moments as you spooned big dollops of ice cream into your muzzle, you struggled to think of much. Ordinarily, ideas would come to you in seconds, easily, without even a problem, yet...You struggled to think of anything.

Weirdly, there were even a few stares from the various staff members nearby, smirks, smug expressions, each shifting swiftly back into the standard one of lustful wanting you'd seen on them previously. Instead of curiosity or properly looking into such a thing, you simply...

Didn't think much of it, numbness flooding your head as you put spoonfuls of the creamy, delicious, numbing goodness into your muzzle. In fact, now that you were paying some attention, you could see one of the Lucario maids softly whispering in your ear, pretending to hold a menu as they encouraged you to keep enjoying, speaking lewdness every few words.

An orgasm broke your line of thought, pleasure pushing in as you robotically swallowed the last few scoops of ice cream, your mind emptying shortly after into pure blankness.

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"We finally got him! Uhm, what do we do now?"

You could hear voices, speaking, negotiating, planning. Were you able to think, you would notice that they made no attempt to hide themselves from you, nor the fact that they were pretty blatantly planning some sort of attempt to stop you.

"Disable all your defences and safety measures."

You hear that quite quickly, spoken firmly near your ear.

The thought echoed through your empty, numb brain, the emptiness leading your defences to confuse itself for your own, reality shifting as every single one you'd built up over the time since getting this power simply disabled.

"Make your brain blank until informed otherwise."

While already blank, such a thing pre-empted any attempt your mind might've had to resist.

After all, extreme aura-infused ice cream headaches and numbness would've worn off eventually.

Gathering together once more, the various Lucario discussed, talking through plans and ideas, as one strutted over and smugly spoke.

"Turn yourself into a Riolu."

Body shifting and shrinking, you soon fell to the ground, standing up at attention moments after, completely blankly staring, form now that of a simple cute Riolu. While practically identical to the others, your eyes were the only difference - Pure blue and covered in swirls, indicating your completely blank, hypnotised state.

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The rest of them chatted for a few moments, before one shoved the Lucario nearest who'd spoken out the command, glaring at him, in your hearing distance.

"We've had to wear these pamps so he wouldn't notice how utterly unaroused we are - If we were, we'd have messed up the plan somehow! You know this, especially considering how we all used aura on each other to disable our lust and make us seem like the opposite!"

Those words meant little to you, though everything sounded like jumbled noise. Every word heard bounced in your head, ready to be 'used' by your power, if specifically commanded.

Yelling again, another Lucario sheepishly began to walk up to the arguing duo, whispering something before the arguer exploded in rage.

“I don’t care if those clients are watching! If we don’t act quick, some idiot is going to say something that’ll make us into more sluts, horny, or otherwise! We don’t have time to serve our clients with a smile, or that nonsense! That was *intended* as a trap, stupid!”

Idly watching with mild annoyance, one of the Snivy customers awkwardly walked over, completely unaware of the argument or otherwise, whispering in his ear shortly after.

“Hey, uh, can you make them stop arguing and get back to serving please? Thanks.”

Walking back over to the chair, he sat down as the request entered his mind.

Most of it was mostly overly-nice wording, though his power was not one to trouble on the specifics.

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In an instant, reality and mindsets shifted, each Lucario and Riolu nodding as the argument rapidly concluded with an ‘agree to disagree’. Instead of acting now, they returned to their usual duties, all of them planning on discussing it later in the day, the one beneath the table continuing to suck, each walking about their day as normal.

Nearby, a different customer whinged about the poor service behind the scenes. While before there had been an effort, it seemed the staff were now mostly focused on closing the place down and getting back to figuring out their plan, any trace of arousal, ‘above and beyond’ service abandoned.

As some customers argued, about to leave, another loud yell echoed across the room, followed by a rapid demand for a refund, after yet more terrible, rushed service. Walking past the Riolu as they marched towards the door, an annoyed, disappointed Zorua, grumbled about the poor service.

“Stupid Lucario, ugh, dumb Riolu, stupid liars, ugh, wish that fake acting was real, preferably sometime soon...”

The wish was all that was needed for Riolu’s mind to immediately act upon it, reality shifting as each maid, regardless of whether they were a Lucario or Riolu, paused, eyes widening in brief panic as their minds were slammed with the new changes.

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‘Serve, be sexual and smile, simple~!’

One simple phrase pushed into the mind of every maid, changing about to fit the request imposed upon reality. In seconds, every single Lucario and Riolu, outside of the mindless one at the desk, began to brightly, eagerly smile with intense blushes, resuming and giving every table an intense, absolutely over-eager serving.

Refunds, free meals and apologies were given to every customer, workers shoving themselves under the table to happily suck them off, orders arriving in moments as each put off any plans until the evening. Each and every single one were utterly smitten with their job, serving the workers, not to mention easily aroused. Every bit of aura-infused arousal-removal had vanished, leaving their cocks dripping over-eagerly into their diapers, near-perpetual blushes on every single muzzle.

Occasionally, various paws would sneak into their pamps, stroking their large, red members until they came, frequently mid-stripe and while multitasking massively. Not even a thought was given on closing time.

In fact, when the intended close of ‘8pm’ on the dot arrived, they simply continued, serving every customer as Riolu drooled dumbly, moaning after yet another orgasm, not a single thought in his head still. Below, the Lucario sucking him off could’ve easily given an order, but they were far too focused on serving their customer, not even a thought of pausing crossed their mind.

By the time midnight arrived, the second to last customer had finally left, blushing intensely and stuffed to the brim, with a promise to return the next day.

As a result, every single Lucario crowded around the empty headed final Riolu, ready to serve and offer orders, until, after a long time of asking if they wanted anything, were finally able to have a discussion on what to do next.

Each of them was utterly unable to think of anything but wanting to serve their customers for long, blushing intensely at the thought of continuing the day after, despite their original plans to do otherwise.

One of them in particular, after a few moments, decided to whisper to the others, deciding that they can continue to serve clients, barely managing to break through the reality-change in order to state his plan to change them back, so that they can think things through. This would, he argued, be what the clients would want, as well as letting them come up with the best plan for the clients possible.

There was some resistance to this line of thinking, as would be expected. Despite knowing better, they each struggled to think of what would be best long term for their clients, every idea having to be brought back to the concept of their 'clients' and customers. Countless blushes were shared, ideas had, the final concept of 'turning everyone back before deciding on the best outcome for the clients' had been chosen, one about to speak it before-

With a sudden yell, the Lucario beneath the table moved to the side, shoving a Riolu into their place to take over, before quickly yelling out the order, before the others had the chance to react.

"I wish Riolu joined our team as a new eager member and we all only had to focus on our clients!"

In one sentence, it was done.

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Eyes opening on yet another bright, new morning, you quickly shoved your various fluffy blankets to the floor with a bright smile.

Jumping up and onto your paws, you pressed your hand-paw against the front of your crinkling diaper, bringing it to your muzzle and taking a long, hard huff. As always on a new morning, it was utterly soaked with cum, after a long night of wet dreams relating to serving your clients, and various permutations upon the foundation of your existence.

Eagerly rushing out the door, you practically bounced as you reached into the drawer. As always, everything just happened to be right where you wanted it, a big pack of diapers ready for the new morning. Nestling it under your shoulder, you gently rubbed the front of your pamp, orgasming on the spot, rushing out the door.

"Morning, Riolu~!"

Cheerfully smiling as he stood behind the counter, Lucario happily patted the eager new recruit on the head, both soaking their pamps with another load of orgasmic pleasure. Both, of course, fantasised about serving their many clients and, of course, the new Riolu took to it extremely enthusiastically.

"Morning, Lucario! I'm so excited to serve our clients~! I can't wait!~"

With an understanding nod, followed by a knowing smirk, Riolu jumped up and bounced the front of his pamp against the Lucario's, both once more orgasming on the spot, giggling lightly afterwards. Holding up the large pack of pamps, the Lucario nodded happily, grabbing them.

"Ah! Of course, it's time for every 'lu to have a diaper change! Ah, what about yours?"

Riolu's pamp changed in an instant to a new one, the cum-bloated predecessor disappearing into the 'special request' room as always. Lucario gestured towards a nearby plate as it appeared eagerly into Riolu's paw. Watching him skip off happily, he promptly returned to manning the counter.

Walking over towards the 'special outfit' section, Riolu made sure to put on some cat ears, bells and a collar, matching the client's request. Happily carrying over the desert, he happily smiled at the table full to the brim with various different football-related sweet treats, not to mention the many Cinderaces sat on each chair.

Moving on to the final table, he set down the Mew-deluxe-milkshake before putting his paws up and happily meowing at the Mew happily sitting on various different cushions. After a word of thanks, he came on the spot, returning back to the counter, eager and ready to serve every customer, like every day before...