

Ragnos raised his claw and knocked on the door to room 607. His rear leg pawed at the ground in impatience. Eventually, he heard footsteps, and rubbed both parts of thighs together in impending delight.

The door opened a crack, revealing eyes which he recognized as Janet's. He smiled and winked back. "I hope it's not a bad time," he said, locking eyes with her—which made it a perfect time for his rear half to let his front member slide out, while Janet wasn't looking down. "It's time to make good."

The door opened all the way, and Janet smiled back up at him, wearing a yellow bra and panties. "Hello, Ragnos—" she started, before glancing down and stopping short. "Oh gee," she managed, staring at his phallus. "How did you—I know you didn't have that before."

"Do you?" Ragnos bent forward and pecked her in the corner where her neck met her shoulder, nibbling gently. She sucked in a breath: then he moved forward, forcing her to back up. "I see it's to your liking." Ragnos could almost see the hearts in her eyes: she didn't need to answer.

As he walked past, she impulsively threw herself onto him, draped along his back with her arms around his waist. He winced, but knew it wouldn't show on the outside, so he nuzzled his obliques against her black hair, now revealed without Misty's wig. Her breasts were pleasant against his lower back, and his tail rubbed against what lay between her legs, making her coo.

"Hi, Ragnos," Rich said, lying on the bed in blue boxers that were slightly askew. His eyes followed the same parabolic trajectory Janet's had—up to Ragnos's twinkling eyes, and then down to his penis. His eyes widened, and he glanced at his own boxers—or, more likely, what was under them.

"Rich," Ragnos scolded, keeping his tone affectionate, "we talked about this." He propped his front knees on the bed (Janet gripped a little tighter to stay on), leaning in to place his mouth just above Rich's boxers, and let his long tongue trail up Rich's front, tasting sweaty evidence that Rich and Janet had started without him. How *rude*.

Rich's breaths were coming faster, but Ragnos soon put a stop to that: his uphill journey ended in a penetrative kiss to Richard's lips—one which Rich, after a moment's hesitation, returned by sticking what length of tongue he had into Ragnos's mouth. "You're *delectable* just as you are," Ragnos said, once he'd pulled back. "And...."

His hand came to rest on the outside of Richard's boxers, feeling the length beneath. "Mm, that'll be nice," he said. "Nothing to be ashamed of there."

"Whoa," Rich said, feeling his fingers along the saliva-marked trail Ragnos had left. "How'd you even... you're freaky."

"There's that word again... *how*." Ragnos chuckled, and crawled further over Richard's body, straddling him with all four knees and sandwiching himself between Rich below and Janet above. "I don't expect to hear it too often, though—you'll both be too preoccupied by *what*," he whispered into Rich's ear, "I'm doing to you."

As Richard blinked, eyes filled with obvious desire, Ragnos shook himself: Janet fell onto the bed next to Richard, further from the headboard. "Hey," she called out, teasing.

"I love these big hotel beds," Ragnos mumbled, laying down. "So much room." Ragnos made himself at home, his body arranged in a straight line as opposed to its usual L-bend. He held them both easily: arms wrapped around Richard's shoulders, forelegs clutching Richard's legs and Janet's shoulders, and rear legs holding Janet's bottom. Ragnos's dick lay against Richard's thighs, and he pleased himself by nudging it back and forth.

"What's the plan, Ragdoll?" Janet asked, her voice muffled by Richard's back.

"No plan," he answered, rumbling at the nickname: she'd learned to take initiative, hadn't she? Even just for small things like this, he was glad to hear it. "Things will, I'm sure, develop naturally. They usually do." He breathed deep, tasting their sweat in the air, feeling their body heat.

"Mm, good plan," she replied, and reached out in another show of initiative to touch his lower body's abdomen. *Ooh*, that felt nice: a little ticklish, but mostly pleasurable, and his low moan joined the slight latexy sound of his skin being dragged this way and that. His hind leg lazied up her back in response, scratching with the heel just above the line of her panties, as though she were a cat.

She reacted like a cat, too—stretching out and kissing at Richard's lower back. "Mmm," he mumbled. "That's nice, Janet." He wrapped as much of his arm as he could manage around Ragnos's upper body, and pulled himself closer, his face in Ragnos's upper abdomen: Ragnos made sure to leave it relaxed for his landing. "Y'feel nice," he said, muffled. "Y'r lika big pilow."

Rich felt nice too—Ragnos marveled at the sensitivity of his own skin, that he felt the slight stubble of Rich's jawline against him. Or was it just a surplus of imagination from his internal organs? He smiled, letting the question drift away, and tousled Rich's hair, pushing him further in.

Rich swung his right leg over Ragnos's side and held him closer still. "So how's this work... are you in charge here," Rich asked, sounding either fully relaxed or half asleep—but quite comfortable either way.

"Yes." With his other claw, Ragnos brushed through Janet's hair. It was straighter, smoother—not quite as coarse as the wig had been. "Does that bother you?" Ragnos asked.

"Doesn't, nn, bother me, Ragdoll," Janet said, in between kissing her boyfriend's back.

"Yeah," Rich added, "Janet says you're... good at being in charge." Ragnos craned his neck forward and kissed Rich on the jawline, appreciating the stubble he found against his tongue, and the way this newest touch brought Rich's member further to attention, stroking Ragnos's own member through the layer of boxers.

What a *marvelously* sensitive body his back half had crafted for him! What a *panoply* of sensations there were for him to feel, one by one or all at once! He saw his two lovers laid before him, stroking at him and each other, arousal and affection filling their lidded eyes; he basked in the warmth of four arms, four legs touching him, and his own six limbs replying in kind; he heard every whisper, every moan, every rhythmic breath carrying him to a place beyond sight or touch; and he tasted the air above it all, rich with love and richer with desire.

Had his halves ever realized what a joy existence could be, he wondered? Or, locked deep inside his mind as they were, were they only beginning to understand what joys awaited them?

Janet hadn't stopped stroking his abdomen—even in the ocean of sensations that surrounded Ragnos, he'd kept track of this one—but her hand had been gradually migrating down, as if pulled by gravity. Now, at last, her touch reached his rear end. Then her questing touch stopped, and he frowned at the sudden *lack*. “Hang on,” she said, “is this—”

“Ssh, ssh,” he said, rubbing her head gently with his forelegs as she tried to look down, “it's fine, keep going.”

“Sorry,” she said, giggling nervously, “it's just... I was expecting another dick.”

Rich squinted, and his leg's grip slackened; he sagged back into the bed. “What?” he said, looking curiously into Ragnos's eyes, sounding less asleep. “You've got a dick *and* a vagina?”

Ragnos smiled tranquilly back: Janet had moved forward with her hand, and was depositing a few salutatory strokes. “I'm sure that must surprise you, after all the other dracotaurs you've bedded.”

“No, I just mean... well....”

His mouth shut: surely he must have realized that one more absurdity hardly mattered at this point. “That's better,” Ragnos purred. “Don't think, just *experience*. By now you should have learned to expect....”

His left foreleg released Janet's hair to grab Richard's boxers between two toes and pull them down to his knees. Then, using his four front limbs, he rolled Richard over, pointing the man's newly exposed—and quite perky—member at Janet's mouth.

“The unexpected.”

Janet froze for a moment, but then she closed her eyes and opened her mouth. Richard flexed forward—and that was when Ragnos grabbed Richard's penis, guiding it up against Rich's abdomen, and instead pushed his own dick between Richard's legs and into her mouth. Her eyes shot open at the unexpected girth. “Dude!” Richard whined.

“Couldn't resist,” he chuckled, working all his limbs at once. His claw rubbed up and down Richard's penis, drawing little gasps from the man, while his forelegs pulled Janet's mouth forward and back, gently bouncing the 'o' of her lips along his member. “Get it nice and wet, human dear,” he ordered, using his other arm to tousle her hair again; she mumbled in agreement.

With his rear leg—his rear lower right leg, to be precise—he ground into Janet's folds hidden beneath her panties, making her moan even more, urging her to reciprocate. And she did at last: her cautious touches to his vagina became more involved—deeper. The pleasure of being entered lanced up his body, and he shook with it. “Yes,” he moaned, daring deeper and deeper into her throat, feeling her wetness surrounding him, losing track of time briefly... or had he lost a minute or more? “Yes, yes, yes....”

Yet something was missing, and he didn't know what. He didn't like not knowing.

Janet had spent enough time on his member, so he pulled it from her mouth and positioned it

behind Richard. "The safe word," he whispered loud enough for both to hear, "is four taps against your thigh."

"What?" Janet coughed. He was surprised he hadn't activated her gag reflex.

"Things *will* get intense tonight, I promise: it's the first thing I want. But the *last* thing I want —" he massaged Rich's shoulder, and Janet's tense neck "—is to make either of you unhappy. Or myself, come to that. So if you ever really, truly feel like I'm going too far, tap your thigh four times, and I'll stop right then. The same goes if I tap myself four times; you'll need to stop too."

They were nodding vaguely. They couldn't be vague about this. His grips tightened, and he had them in the same dominant holds he'd used before. "What," he enunciated, "is the safe word?"

"Four," Janet began, gasping with unrecognized joy at the oxygen not entering her brain—but Rich was quicker: he tapped his leg four times. At once, Ragnos let go: his hands rose up from Rich's shoulder and Janet's neck, and his rear leg pulled away from Janet's panties.

"You see?" he said, smiling warmly down. "It's that simple. You don't have control over me, but you can make me stop, and the same goes for me to you." He paused. "The second part, anyway."

"When would you ever need to make *us* stop?" Rich asked, staring back at him.

Ragnos laughed. "Maybe you'll find a way to surprise me. Now," he said, nibbling at Rich's cheek, "may I continue?"

Rich quickly nodded, as did Janet. With his rear legs, Ragnos resumed rubbing at Janet's concealed slit while, slowly and surely, he eased his lubricated penis into Richard's ass. "Try not to clench," he murmured, as the stiffening Rich did just that: it felt tight and firm around his member, but stopped him from entering further.

"Fufufuck," Rich whimpered.

"It's a lot, I know, but you're strong," Ragnos crooned, rubbing Rich's chest, teasing at his nipples, "you can do this, and if you can't, you know what to do, right?"

"Four taps," Rich said, panting. "I... it feels...."

"Different? Is different... bad?"

"No, no, it's not." The words were being squeezed from Rich like juice from a lemon. "Keep going, slowly." Gradually he relaxed, letting Ragnos proceed further. Not *much* further, but Ragnos had his fingers to work with: he prodded them inside too, gradually working at the interior of Richard's anus, stretching it bit by bit as the smaller man groaned. It took minutes, but Ragnos was patient.

In the meantime, Janet had pulled her panties down her legs and off her ankles, and was unhooking her bra with one shaky hand; the other was two fingers deep into Ragnos, sliding in and out along the gentle wetness that sweated out from his semi-permeable hide. His back half squirmed, pushing at her fingers. "Keep it up, human girl," Ragnos finally ordered as he buried himself fully into Richard, his groin at the man's buttocks. He took a clump of her hair in one claw, and dragged her

along the sheets until her mouth was once more in front of Richard's dick. "And open wide."

No trickery this time. Ragnos thrust easily forward, and Rich was pushed forward with a groan of pleasure, and his dick slid into Janet's mouth, and Rich's groan grew louder. Her hand shook inside Ragnos.

Ragnos kept thrusting back and forth, fucking Rich, *facefucking* Janet *using* Rich as a *puppet*, a *toy*—and all the while, one of his hindlegs wrapped around Janet's back, the other grinding against her like a bow on a violin, drawing shrills of pleasure from her—or it would have if she'd been in any position to shrill. As it was, she just kept moaning, gasping into the dick that bounced further and deeper each time into her mouth, her throat, while her hand was four-fingers deep into Ragnos, a hand that felt like an extension of his will. He *owned* them, and they *reveled* in it.

And it wasn't enough. He needed more.

"Gonna cum," Rich gasped, and Ragnos felt his quick breaths. "gonna cum, I'm gonna cum, I'm —,"

Ragnos seized his shoulder. "*Don't. Cum.*" His other claw took its familiar potion of ownership around Janet's throat. "Either of you."

She looked up in shock, eyes watering, and he slowed the pace at which he thrust into Richard—he felt Richard's cock in her throat, in his grasp, steady its pace to something more comfortable. Or rather, less frenzied but far more *infuriating*.

"What?" Rich stammered, shivering with tension, wide-eyed as Ragnos eased up with his hind leg against Janet. "You can't—"

"Not yet," Ragnos panted. "Rich, Janet, you trust me, don't you?"

He pulled Rich back, enough to release Janet's mouth, and she coughed a few times. "I... what?" she asked. "I guess I trust you, but this is—"

"No guessing." Ragnos grunted. "Do you trust me?"

Rich and Janet looked at each other, then at him, and said "Yes" in unison, despite the hint of desperation he saw in them.

"Then promise me—don't cum yet, not while the experience is still so... *incomplete*. There's something missing...." He looked off into the distance, despite the hotel room wall that was much closer than the distance. "I'm not sure what it is, but when I find it, I promise you...."

Staring down, he whispered harshly: the tone he knew they'd come to associate with his dominance. "*You will orgasm more fiercely than you ever have in your lives.*"

They stared up at him, limp in his grasps. He took this opportunity to reposition them with his several limbs: unhooking Rich and pushing him down as he dragged Janet up. Now he clutched Janet against his torso, her breasts squashed against his pectorals and her lips inches from his own. Meanwhile, Richard's mouth touched his penis, while Richard's own penis was well-placed to plunge

into Ragnos's more womanly areas.

“We'll try this,” he said, mouth watering at the prospect. “Now... shall we?” Without further ceremony his hind legs pulled Richard's bottom forward, driving his cock within Ragnos's folds, and he groaned into the kiss he had just begun sharing with Janet, as he embraced her and rubbed her up and down his chest, twitching her with pleasure as each rough scale rubbed against her nipples.

His forelegs pulled Richard forward as well, but Rich was resisting here. Ragnos pulled his tongue briefly from Janet's throat and asked, “What?”

“This,” Rich panted, his penis still being thrust into Ragnos. “This was in my ass earlier—it's—so dirty—”

Ragnos glanced down, confirming that the penis was spotless: Rich meant sexually dirty. “Does that arouse you?” Ragnos asked, growling into the question.

“It *does*—” Without further hesitation Rich opened wide and took half of Ragnos's length. “Holy shit—it's—so good,” he gasped between thrusts, all four of Ragnos's legs thumping him forward and back, leaving him limp as a doll.

“Oh fuck,” Janet whimpered—a whimper he'd come to enjoy, come to associate with *victory*—as Ragnos lapped at her neck instead of returning to kissing her. While one arm still crushed her breasts against him, the other had reached further, and he poked one, then two fingers into her cavern. “Oh fuck,” she repeated with increasing speed, gripping his back like bedrock in a stormy sea, “oh fuck oh fuck oh *fuck!*”

“You want to cum?” he asked.

The two of them could only pant, or choke, or whimper.

“*Answer me.*”

The sound came first from Janet. “Yes,” she whispered, “yes, *please* let me cum, this is *so good*—” and he felt her folds around his fingers, on the verge of clenching. Meanwhile, an up-and-down pressure on Ragnos's penis told him that Rich might be trying to nod. It was almost adorable. But still—not enough.

“*Not yet,*” he decreed, and released them both. They whimpered, crawling back to him, and he drank in the power. Oh yes, he loved them—but he loved *this* almost as much, knowing how he held them in the palm of his hand.

As their grasping hands wound around him, he shifted himself, pushed himself upright. “Behind me, Rich,” he said.

Rich scurried to obey as he took Janet in both strong arms, and split her upon his shaft. “Oh my god,” she gasped, and Ragnos let out a moan of his own as Rich obeyed his next instruction before he had to say it, plunging his dick back into Ragnos's vagina. Ragnos quivered with delight, his tail wrapping tight around the man.

Rich held his haunches, and he was pumping furiously, desperately, so much so that Ragnos did not have to do much work to occupy Janet at the front. With each thrust from Richard, Ragnos was thrust forward as well, and his member lanced deeper into her. He squeezed at her breasts with his claws, playing her like an instrument, moaning into her, “Mine, mine, *mine, mine, mine!*”

“I’m yours,” she said, her voice catching with every thrust, “I’m yours, I swear, just let me—”

“Rich,” Ragnos called, cutting her off, “to whom do you belong?”

“You,” he gasped, still pounding, taking handfuls of Ragnos’s hide, “you, you, you, I’m so *close*—” He saw the man’s eyes, saw him being driven mad with desperate lust, saw his mind being driven from his eyes—

Leaving space, perhaps, for something else to take its place.

That was *it*.

“I’ve got it,” he murmured, forgetting himself for a moment—forgetting that Richard, and Janet, were teetering on the edge. “Stop!” he decreed, and Rich did so despite his obvious need. Janet, in front of him, glanced desperately up as he held her steady, still spiked upon him: if he pulled her off now, the friction might shove her into climax.

He couldn’t use this trick even once more, he knew—couldn’t dangle orgasm before them before snatching it back as they jumped for it. Next time, desperation would be replaced by indignation. No matter: he knew what they all needed.

It had been a few seconds, and Janet was no longer at a fever pitch: gently, ignoring her pleading moans, he eased her off his phallus and laid her on the bed. She knelt there, as did Rich—natural positions of submission, to Ragnos’s delight. “I’ve figured it out,” he said, placing a hand warmly, excitedly around each of their shoulders. “I’ve figured out what will take this evening to the next level.”

“What?” Rich grunted.

“You two, you’re wonderful and lovely, and so beautiful I can hardly *look* at you sometimes, like staring at the *sun*—” He leaned in and kissed them, Janet first and then Rich, on the belly buttons. Then he leaned back with a grin.

“But you’re *only human*.”

They stared, uncomprehending, and then Ragnos said, “Richard, dear... where did you put the skinsuits?”

And now the lights dawned in their eyes, and he saw a hint of a smile in their features. Yes—trusting Ragnos did have its rewards. “Oh, wow,” Janet breathed, as Rich hurried to his feet, then to a corner of the room. “I guess I should have seen that coming.”

“Stay close to me for a moment,” Ragnos said, settling down like the Sphinx, but with his front legs folded neatly, and his penis resting behind them. His back half relaxed, almost still except for his

wagging tail that brushed across the sheets. Janet leaned in as he hugged her against his chest, stroking her back—keeping her warmed up. He didn't want either of them to lose that need, that *leash* he held.

Richard was back, carrying the two bodies and followed by sounds of flapping latex. He laid the two bodies on the bed. Ragnos took a hand off Janet to pull Rich up against her and himself, and teased at his chest, keeping ahold of that leash too as they moaned together. They sank into a loving, rubbing embrace against his abdomen. He began his investigation of the skinsuits with the gentle brushing of skin on skin as background music.

Thankfully, his components had kept up to date on the Pokemon series, and he recognized these creatures: a midnight Lycanroc on the left, and a Salazzle on the right. Both, as Janet had complained earlier, were female, with the breasts and genitals to prove it.

Lycanroc had huge white-furred breasts, which would sag if not for the pillowy chest fluff which supported them. Her crimson arms were unnaturally thin, or at least made to look that way with help from the huge, three-nailed claws at the ends, and—

Janet leaned in a little close, and her leg brushed his dick, and Ragnos quite lost his train of thought. He shook himself.

Ah, yes, the arms. He squinted with knowing eyes, or at least eyes that had the benefit of one half's experience, and saw that the shoulders of the human inside wouldn't *exactly* match up with the suit. The human arms would be partially hidden in the mess of hair that covered Lycanroc's back, hiding some of their thickness. Such *clever* craftsmanship.

“Love you,” Rich mumbled. He really was a teddy bear.

“Love you too,” Janet said, between lip-locks.

The white stripe on the front of Lycanroc's body, surrounded by red fur, led him naturally down to her next feature: her vagina. Unlike Ragnos's own, it opened at the back to allow direct contact with the wearer: Ragnos thanked and welcomed himself for taking precautions. Her bottom and haunches were padded for extra thickness, and her feet were digitgrade, with ample structure to stay on tiptoe for hours. A red tuft made up her tail, and Ragnos prodded it and let it jiggle: it had none of the articulation of his own, but then again it also didn't have an articulator. A giant feral jaw made up most of the head, complete with a hollow tongue that felt moist to his touch, though he found no moisture on his hand when he pulled it back. He looked into her savage, pink-tinted eyes, and smiled to say 'Hello'.

While he'd examined, Janet had whispered something to Rich: then he had released himself from her and climbed up Ragnos like a child on a playground. He slung himself along Ragnos's upper spine, resting his head on the dracotaur's shoulders and one arm around his chest. “You're like a radiator,” he mumbled, and Ragnos felt a subtle rubbing of Richard's length against the small of his back, and tapped his shoulder in chastisement even as his own hindquarters quivered at the sensation. Rich's other hand hung down, and Janet took it as she snuggled against Ragnos's folded forelegs for warmth, rubbing her thighs together. Ragnos stroked her back anew as his gaze moved to Salazzle.

Salazzle was naturally sinuous even without being worn: a mold to shape its wearer. He traced the curve from her long, deformable snout down her dark gray neck—necessarily straight, but contoured and shaded to give the illusion of a sharp bend. His clawtip continued down to her pert,

small breasts which emphasized her front, outlined by a fiery crest that carried a ribbony wave of dull blue down her body. Then he detoured to her smooth arms—arms that couldn't help but betray their thickness, with no fluff to disguise the wearer. Idly he felt his back half devise several ways to do it better....

Janet snuggled herself into his lap, a pleasing weight on his legs. Distracted from his devisings, he opened his forelegs slightly to let her rest between them, like a chick in the nest; then he returned to his examination.

Lycanroc's waistline had been generous, but Salazzle's bordered on *obscene*: Ragnos gripped them and felt appreciable weight in them, even unfilled. Her vagina—closed at the back this time, and framed by fire like the breasts—fit easily and deeply on this broad canvas. By contrast, her lower legs were spindly, with another pair of digitgrade feet at the bottom, this time with four long toes sticking out. A sturdy tail grew from the rear: gray like most of the skin, but with a pink stripe to match the symbolic flames on the front. Two fronds jutted out above it, not maneuverable but very accurate to the original. He stroked them, wondering if she'd be able to feel the touch.

They were *excellent* examples of craftsmanship, he conceded, and did fine jobs of matching human bodies to inhuman proportions. Not superior examples, certainly—not with himself around—but even so, he made a mental note to research the creators at some point.

“Have I complimented you on your great taste before, Richard?” he asked, rubbing his neck against Richard's head, and the latter let out a little laugh. “Then you must forgive me for repeating myself. Such wonderful identities you've brought for us to play with....”

Richard's chuckle quieted down at this wording. Meanwhile, Janet—still curled up like a cat on him—was pawing curiously at the costumes. No, not just curiosity: she was transfixed. “We're actually going to wear those,” she said, and for a moment Ragnos wondered if he'd left them to their own devices too long—but no, what filled her voice wasn't fear or uncertainty, but a tremolo of *wonder*. A rush of affection flew through him, and his head darted down to nibble at her, at the crease where her legs touched her stomach, pulling a giggle from her.

Ragnos deftly flipped both suits over, exposing their zippers. Lycanroc's was mostly hidden beneath her back hair, but Salazzle's was unfortunately out in the open. To the artist's credit, the metal of the zippers at least matched the color of the surrounding skin. Easy to ignore, at least.

And what were these at the tops? He pressed at little buttons embedded just under the backs of their skulls, and heard the faintest of *clicks*—and saw hints of circuitry wrapping around both necks. Ragnos smiled wide: he'd *hoped*, but hadn't dared to *expect*....

Quickly he reset the buttons, and then Ragnos unzipped both suits, and felt a thrill of morbidity at opening up fellow creatures like himself—but, after all, they were just costumes.

So far.

“Rich,” he said, reaching into Salazzle and drawing out an unmistakable gaffe, pressed against her vagina. He *knew* he'd felt something as he reached in. “I assume the sinuous Salazzle is meant for you, while the vicious Lycanroc will engulf Janet?”

Rich nodded, as Janet gradually pushed herself to a kneeling position.

“And I assume,” Ragnos continued, “that you've had some experience with getting dressed in yours, while Janet has not?”

Another nod, this time from both parties. Ragnos leaned toward Janet's hand, still holding Rich's, and gave both a kiss as he separated the two. “Stay for a moment,” he told her. He stood up, gently enough so as not to dislodge Rich or bother Janet, and took the one-piece Salazzle in one hand as he walked to the other half of the room.

This hotel room was an interesting one, and perfectly built for his purposes. The bed was close to one end of the room, near the window, while a sort of 'living room' area—couch, table, and TV—was closer to the door. Between them, a curtain could be drawn, no doubt to give lovers privacy.

The air was cooler on this side of the room, and Ragnos frowned in sympathy for Richard. He gently leaned to the side at the couch, letting Rich slide off, and then handed him the Salazzle suit.

“Put this on,” he said, “and be ready. Amuse yourself while I'm away, that I encourage, but remember—no finishing without me. And, most of all—*no peeking*.” He winked. “Though you may listen, if you like what you hear.”

Ragnos was sure that all of those words had made it to Rich's mind, and he nodded—but one word in particular seemed to give him pause. “Away?” he asked.

“Your girlfriend isn't as used to putting a suit on as you are—that is, in a physical sense.” Ragnos licked his lips. “She'll need my help... getting acquainted.” He smiled. “I'll see to you soon, I promise.”

He took the back of Rich's head and pulled him into a delicate kiss. Not the passionate, frenzied kind where his tongue thrust forward, invading the man's mouth, but a softer... *equal* kiss. He tasted the man's lips, and let Richard taste his.

When he let go, he smiled, and Rich was blushing crimson. It took him a few seconds before he remembered his orders, but then he stood up and laid the suit on the floor. He started rolling it up, readying the leg for his entry.

Ragnos wondered if Richard *thought* he knew what Ragnos meant to do with Janet, or *him*—and laughed within himself, secure in the knowledge that poor human Richard could have no idea. He stepped into the other half of the room, drawing the curtain back behind him, separating the two lovers. “Sorry to leave you for so long,” he said.

Janet smiled and gave him a peck on the cheek, and then she stared at the suit like it was a scrambled Rubix Cube. “So, you're gonna help me put this on?” she asked.

Ragnos chuckled, taking a leg of the suit in one hand as he raised her foot with the other. “Little human,” he said, “helping you 'put this on' is the *least* thing I will do....”

Richard unrolled the Salazze's other foot onto his own, and now he had both legs into it.

His ears strained to hear what Ragnos was doing, but the thick curtain dampened much of the sound. All he could make out were low murmurs from them both—pleasure, he could hear, but also something else. Something lower.

He shivered, feeling a little left in the cold—but after everything he'd experienced tonight, he could be sure Ragnos wouldn't ignore him for a second longer than he had to, so he returned his attention to the suit.

Unlike Lycanroc, Salazze could never be mistaken for a fursuit—there was no fur, for one thing—and it fit him like a catsuit instead, albeit a thick one. He rubbed at his leg, feeling the sensation somewhat deadened by the latex.

How had Ragnos felt *everything*, even the smallest of touches? It wasn't possible, unless he really was—

Rich shook himself. Carefully, he eased his penis into the gaff, and tucked it between his legs, where it rested against the suit's vagina. *That* felt amazing: now every movement of his crotch excited his hidden member. He poked two fingers into the vagina, then grunted as he felt them brush against him.

More sound filtered through the curtain, and he didn't hear Janet's pleasure anymore, only Ragnos's indistinct voice. Somehow the sound set him tingling—with unease, or something else?

He shook himself and pulled the suit up further, sliding his arms gently into its slick arms. With Salazze's shoulders over his own, he shook his body and looked behind him: the tail moved gracefully with his movements, and he took a few seconds to practice manipulating it.

Satisfied, he eased his head into the suit's head, opening his jaw up around the jaw rig. “Testing,” he mumbled, and Salazze's snout mimicked him. The word emerged from between its jaws with surprising coherence.

He pulled the zipper up behind him, and Salazze was complete. Richard hurried halfway to the bathroom, before trying on a slower, seductive gait. In the digitgrade feet of the suit, it was a much more natural way to move.

He crept into the bathroom, flipped on a light, and examined himself through the slight purple tint of Salazze's eyes. Oh, he wasn't a performance artist by any means—the suit was still, unmistakably, being worn by *Richard*—but perhaps he wouldn't be easy to recognize? He posed a few times, flexing his body as far as he could and seeing Salazze respond, and then he ground its vagina against the counter. Not hard enough for him to cum—he remembered Ragnos's command—but hard enough to *feel* it. “It's so good,” he muttered, supporting himself by his arms, “*so good—*”

He heard Janet's voice. “No,” she said, “please—”

A jealous, fearful part of his mind—one which Ragnos's presence had quelled, but not erased—heard these words like an emergency siren. He scuttled out the bathroom, turning off the light on his way, and then he turned off all the lights on his side of the room.

Two silhouettes, unified into one, showed through the curtain. On the dark rectangle of the bed, he saw Janet's head, but her body was hidden under Ragnos's huge form, and he had her by the neck.

Rich's eyes widened. "Janet?" he breathed, and pressed his ear against the curtain—but as strong as the insecurity in him was, Ragnos's words were stronger. *No peeking. Though you may listen, if you like what you hear.*

He didn't like it, he was *sure* of it.

"Please," Janet begged, over and over, sounding breathy and terrified. "Don't—"

Ragnos leaned in and whispered something Rich couldn't hear. "No," Janet replied, shaking her head, "no, don't do that, I'm begging—"

Ragnos laid a finger to her lips, and she grew silent. And then Ragnos pulled something over her head, and grabbed her neck firmly once before letting go—and rose.

But what he rose from was not Janet.

Rich's breath caught as he watched the silhouette, the one that had taken Janet's place, quiver with—what emotion it was, he couldn't be sure, it was too *alien*. It lunged at Ragnos, but Ragnos grabbed it in both arms, threw it to the bed, and pinned it. It whimpered, in a voice completely unlike Janet's, as Ragnos leaned down and whispered something into its ear, and it quiesced somewhat, and Richard smelled cold sweat.

Ragnos looked straight at him.

Rich gasped and backpedaled, tripping over the arm of the couch and falling hard on the cushions, or as hard as one could fall on cushions. He glanced toward the door, the crazy thought of *escape* entering his mind—

Ragnos strode through the curtain, letting it fall closed behind him. "Naughty, Rich," he purred, wagging his finger. "Though I suppose you never *broke* my rules.... Did you enjoy the show?"

The thought of running through the door seemed as impossible as jumping out their sixth-story window and landing safely. Rich gulped and looked up at Ragnos, feeling himself shrink. "What," he started. "What did you... what did you do to Janet?"

Ragnos's laugh rumbled in a deep bass that Richard felt more than heard. "Not very much," he finally said, reaching out to take Richard's shoulder, leading him forward around the table. "And I promise you, she is *very* happy...."

Richard glanced at the *thing* behind the curtain, twitching and thrashing. It looked desperate, restrained, contorted, but *happy*? The thought that this was simply her skinsuit entered his mind, only for fear to shove it back out, and after all Janet could never act like that.

"But," Ragnos continued, leaning in, "you won't see any more of *Janet* tonight."

Rich's breath caught, and Ragnos's eye twinkled—mirth and malice combined in one glint of the eyes. “It's easier if I just demonstrate,” he murmured, and swept up Richard's latexed legs in one hand and his back in the other. Ragnos lowered him onto the floor, slightly into the rug, and Richard felt his tail squish beneath him. “Breathe with me.”

Richard was on the verge of hyperventilation, but he heard Ragnos's deep breaths, and felt his own breath gradually slow into rhythm. The pounding beat of the rave hadn't moved him, but this simple cadence had him completely.

“Now,” Ragnos said, without breaking rhythm, “you trust me, don't you?”

“Yes,” Richard said, also in time but not with conviction. Ragnos tickled his chin, and he said it again: “I trust you.”

“And you... want to please me, isn't that so?”

“Yes.”

Ragnos crawled forward, and Richard felt his knees against his own. “Want to be... who *I* want you to be?”

“Yes.” Richard's obedience came before his thought, and then he wondered what Ragnos could mean—but this thought was squashed on the other side, as Ragnos reached down and began massaging his legs, rubbing the tension away.

“Let yourself go limp,” Ragnos instructed gently, and Richard obeyed. “The time for movement, for energy, is later, but for now—breathe. Keep the rhythm. It's all you have to do.”

Richard breathed, and kept the rhythm.

“Good, keep going, let your eyes drift shut, let comforting darkness surround you, let everything fall away but Ragnos's voice, Ragnos's touch.”

The voice was slower, quieter—a gentle, inescapable whisper that Rich could mistake for the voice in his own head, and he couldn't help but do everything Ragnos said. Ragnos was still flowing over him, still rubbing against him, and the touch seemed to block thought from his mind like his eyelids blocked light. He felt a tremor start in his mind, then subside before it touched his body.

“Humans have the wrong idea about the mind,” Ragnos purred, now stroking his arms. Despite the latex, Richard felt each stroke clearly, as clearly as the voice that surrounded him. “I've heard that many of you believe that the mind is located solely in the brain, isn't that a funny idea.”

It was a pretty funny idea, wasn't it? But—

“—the rest of the body disagrees, doesn't it,” Ragnos said, his voice weaving in and out of Richard's internal monologue—*becoming* his internal monologue. “Your mind is made of little, fragile nerves, and your nerves fill your body, and so—”

Your mind fills your whole body, isn't it? And their marriage is blissful, can't you feel me—

“—stroking pleasure into your arms... and they won't be easily separated.”

Not unless the mind wants to take a break.

Richard stirred, but only in his brain. Maybe the mind *did* want to. Maybe it *would* be nice to take a break from the body.

“For you see,” Ragnos whispered, “there's something else that so many humans, that you don't understand, little Rich. And it's about....” He drew out the pause. “Hypnosis.”

The word seemed to fall as gently as a snowflake—certainly Richard didn't move—but something was starting to react within him. Hypnotized.

You think that when I hypnotize you, I'm making you do something that I want. But nothing could be—

Hypnotized?

—further from the truth, because what you want is to feel pleasure, what you want is to please me, and so you see—

He was being hypnotized.

—that hypnosis is nothing much at all, only the chance to help you do something that you want, to help you breathe, to relax, deeper and deeper, further and further. You want to let go of this body. You want—

“To let me help you give it away,” Ragnos said, an edge entering his voice, and his strokes were becoming harder, even crushing. Crushing, like a hand squeezing toothpaste from a tube. “To let me squeeze your mind, bit by bit—”

Out of your body.

The voice was relentless, and Richard watched through closed eyes, horror tinging his view. He couldn't stop it. *Because you don't want to.* He didn't know if the voice was himself, or if Ragnos truly was in his head. *Out of your arms, out of your arms, your arms... out of your legs, your legs, leaving them—*

“Empty.”

Ragnos's voice was more distinct, more clearly composed of sounds instead of thoughts. “Would you like to see it? Open your eyes, Rich.”

Richard opened them, and looked down at his body, and knew something was wrong.

“I've pushed your mind from your limbs,” Ragnos said, releasing him—at least, Richard saw him let go of the legs at the end of his torso, but he didn't feel anything on those legs that didn't even *look* like his. “Now, your abdomen, your lovely hidden chest, and your head—those you still have, of

course. But try to move your legs. Try your arms.”

Richard's eyes felt wider than Salazze's above them. He twitched his shoulders, jerked his hips, twisted his core—but he couldn't send a single signal any further than that. He was an amputee, surrounded by fake limbs that he couldn't call his own anymore.

Ragnos laughed under his breath. “Deep breaths, Richard, relax or this won't be as enjoyable....” He leaned in. “Those limbs won't be unoccupied for long, you see, and their new owner is *eager* to claim what you've given her.”

His mouth was at Richard's ear, and Richard felt every word. “*Salazze*,” he whispered, an echo of that commanding tone that Richard knew so well. “Sinuous, seductive, dangerous, dominant, fiery... *femme fatale* Salazze. Come out and play. Come out and take control.”

Richard saw a twitch in the corner of his eye. With dawning shock, he glanced to his left and saw his arm spasming, shivering—*moving*. It was moving, reaching around, grasping, feeling for whatever it could. *How*, he tried to say.

His other limbs—no, *Salazze's* other limbs were following suit. His legs pushed at the floor, trying to right him, but Ragnos laid a hand on his chest—brushing the boobs he could still feel—and whispered, “Not yet, Salazze, not yet. Not until I've given you everything.”

Everything?

Salazze lay almost still, yet it still squirmed, and one hand crept down to rub at him—he gasped in surprise as it pushed into his abdomen with a savage hunger he couldn't imagine mimicking. He searched frantically around his mind, searching for what hidden part was controlling his limbs, trying to find the man behind the curtain... but Ragnos had told him that his mind wasn't in those limbs anymore, was it?

“But don't worry, Richard,” Ragnos said, his voice returning to its low, insinuating tone. “For everything you lose in control, you gain back many times over... in *pleasure*.”

Feel everything Salazze feels. Feel it twice as strong, ten times as strong... starting now.

Richard felt electricity trace along his arms, and gasped—he *felt* them again, more fiercely than he felt his own bare skin, but he still had no control over them, and he watched in renewed excitement as they rubbed his belly. “How,” he finally managed, as Ragnos traced claws down his legs, and then he *felt* Salazze's thighs rubbing each other, and his eyes rolled back.

“And now the rest,” Ragnos murmured, and took his buttocks in two firm hands, and *squeezed* them. “Out with control—”

In with pleasure.

For a moment Richard felt his hips fall numb, and then they were on *fire* with sensation, but completely out of his control—and the sinuous hand teasing his abdomen moved down to its new prize, and he would have bucked his hips if he could, feeling the orgasm rushing inches from him like a speeding train.

It was incredible.

It was *terrifying*.

“No,” he said, as Ragnos's hands hovered over what would soon be Salazze's abdomen. “No, I, I—”

Ragnos stopped. He looked at Richard, and smiled warmly, and kissed his cheek, and Richard saw no malice. Against his will, he calmed down.

“You know, Salazze,” Ragnos said into Richard's ear, “there is still *one* thing Richard can do. One lever he can pull, that you must obey.” Salazze's arm shook angrily, but Ragnos held it firm, and crooned, “It's the price of getting his perfect body, and not such a price at all... if Richard ever feels that he truly cannot continue—” and here he ran his claw from Richard's head to Salazze's fingertip “—he still has his safe word. He still has his—”

The arm completed his sentence by tapping four times against Richard's thigh.

“But I don't think you need it yet,” Ragnos said, and he cradled Richard's head in his hands, supporting the back of his neck. “Because you may be human but you're so *strong*, and you *know* that I would *never* hurt you, and that I *only* want to make you, and everyone, happy.” He kissed the cheek again, and Richard wondered what it would feel like at ten times the intensity. “Richard, you trust me, don't you?”

Mixed in with the certainty of command, Richard recognized the gentility of the creature who had knelt to him at the rave. So many layers to this strange beast: crooning low compliments, carrying words of unmistakable command, borne by deeper currents of affection....

Ragnos was here. It was okay.

Richard nodded.

Ragnos kneaded at his stomach, and control was replaced with the god Sensation, before whom Richard cast aside his doubts and knelt happily. Not just happily, but fearfully, like any decent prayer to any decent deity—and the fear only increased the happiness, he realized. Only increased the pleasure, the joy.

Ragnos kneaded his chest, and Salazze took hold of her breasts—mentally, and then with one eager hand: the other was still busy down below. Richard gasped with ecstasy, but then Ragnos leaned in, smiling, and said the two most painful words: “Not yet.”

Richard stared at him desperately. He wanted to ask, what more could he give? What more could he sacrifice at this altar?

“It wouldn't do,” Ragnos rumbled, “to let you finish... when you, yourselves, are not finished. Salazze... and Richard.” Salazze's body shook with indignation, but Richard was only desperate. He knew what he had to give.

"Finish me," he said, shaking his head, urging Ragnos to *take it*. Now he understood the fear he'd heard in Janet's voice, because the same fear filled his own. "Don't leave me like this."

"Are you *sure*?" Ragnos said, drawing out the last word to agonizing lengths. "Perhaps I should leave you like this—a body without a head, a head without a body? Twitching, grinding against the door of sweet release, but denied entry?"

"No," he panted, "please, don't—"

Ragnos leaned close, his eyes filling Richard's sight until emerald was all he knew. "*Beg me.*"

"Please don't stop!" Richard begged. "Please let us cum!"

Ragnos smiled. "Goodbye, Richard. Make sure you don't forget *any* of this." He caressed the back of Richard's head. "*I love you.*"

He gripped around Richard's neck, and Richard felt something *click*, and then Ragnos's thumbs ran over Salazze's face as his fingers dragged up the back of Richard's skull... and they met at the back of his head.

And Richard was gone from the world.

Not *completely* gone, to be sure. He watched from inside his own head, as if spread and naked on a bondage cross: helpless to do anything but *experience*, save for the lever he felt at his left hand, ready if he really needed to stop.

But how could he bring himself to stop *this*?

He saw through Salazze's eyes as she rose effortlessly, moving the muscles she'd just been gifted as if she'd been born to them—but he also saw her *inside* him, or perhaps *felt* the presence of her limbs, her pose, her sense of self. It was a third-person view of the body he'd given up, staring away from him and not noticing his presence. Crouching inhumanly, her proportions as exaggerated as they'd been in the video game, and with some *tender* additions from the suit.

It was completely different than the mirror had been, because he didn't see any of himself in her.

For a moment she just stood there, feeling everything. Feeling minute air currents playing against her nipples, squishing the fibers of the rug between her toes, smelling the sweat of the humans who had just departed.... Letting out a rattle from her throat at the *fire* in her veins. Richard twitched with each sensation.

Soon, her gaze found a focus. As warm as she was, there was an even *greater* source of warmth close at hand.

Salazze crept toward Ragnos, and her desire was an inferno in Richard's mind. "*Lazz,*" she whispered, and he started: even his *voice* had been taken. "*Salazz....*" She licked her lips, and Richard felt the slickness of her tongue.

"A fine target you've spotted, my dear Pokemon," Ragnos said, looking Salazze in the eyes—

Richard stared back through them, and saw Ragnos as he never had before.

As a full human, he'd gotten to know Ragnos's tenderness, his strength, his raw dominance. But Salazzele *saw* these things first, shimmering like pheromones as they steamed from his hide. Salazzele was a Pokemon, and she understood dominance. She lived for it.

She scuttled for a moment, rubbing her thighs together in the process—Richard gasped within—then halted in front of Ragnos. In front of his glistening phallus, the most valuable thing she could think of in the *world* right now. She salivated, and her tail lashed, and Richard couldn't wonder how he felt its every move.

Ragnos chuckled as she wound her tongue around his penis up to the balls, tasting its sweat. “You're eager to submit to me, aren't you? In that case,” he said, grabbing around her back with both hands, “I'll take this chance to *tame* you!”

He hoisted her up, and Salazzele's legs kicked frantically in the air, and her rush of powerlessness was intoxicating. Then he slammed Salazzele onto his shaft.

Richard screamed in his mind, screamed with pleasure so overpowering that it *hurt*, and Salazzele let out pants of, “Lazzele, lazzele, *lazzele!*” as she was engorged, over and over, and her limbs grappled at Ragnos for support. Every bump, every *line* on Ragnos's penis, stimulated her like a whole new member—as if she were being double penetrated, triple penetrated, penetrated with numbers higher than her animal mind could count.

This ecstasy was agony, and Rich couldn't take much more before it broke him in two.

“You're mine,” said her master, and there was no doubt in either Richard's mind or hers. “I've caught you, and you're *mine*.” He cruelly pulled her tight to him, abrading her sensitive nipples against his firm chest, and they burned with joy. “Mine,” he repeated, clutching and scratching at her back, as Richard's mind went white, “mine, mine, *mine!*”

“*Lazz, lazz, lazz!*” Salazzele panted in agreement, faster and faster, and Richard felt her arousal rush at him like a tsunami, felt Master Ragnos's length and girth *filling* her up and up and up, and he *needed* this so much! He'd stay locked inside Salazzele forever, he cried out, in a place no one else could hear, he'd obey Master's every word and gesture, but please, *please—!*

Finally.

Mercifully.

Master let them cum.

She let out a strangled cry of animalistic joy, as Richard made good on Master Ragnos's promise, and came more strongly than he could ever have remembered, or ever have *imagined*. Her pleasure flooded around him and through him until he felt *choked* by it, shaking as the member in his mind pulsed *over*, and *over*, and *over*.... Because when cumming was everything he could do, he came with everything he had.

Salazzele collapsed to the floor. She was shaking with aftershocks, and Master Ragnos was

panting too: he'd been denying himself, just as he'd been denying Richard and Janet, in preparation for these moments. "You're mine," he said in a voice that trembled for a moment, but no longer. "You're mine, and you'll obey me."

"Salazz...." she groaned, but Master knelt down and helped pull her to a quadrupedal stance.

"Such a good job," he cooed, and happiness bloomed in Salazzle's mind to hear those kind words. "You're ready to do what I want now, aren't you?"

Salazzle's agreement was a sinuous slither against Master's legs, nuzzling her head against the underside of his tail, with a quick bump at the folds just beneath. Richard felt his back twitch, not noticing the zipper at all, as if it had vanished with Salazzle's ascendancy. "There's a good Pokemon," Master said, rubbing her head, and Richard could have *cried* at the feeling of being *loved* that this gave him.

In a spurt of inhuman agility, she skittered up the left side of Master's lower torso, then skittered further around until she hung from his belly, and her tongue darted forward to tease at his balls. She was ready, *eager* for another bout of obedience training, and Richard wanted nothing more himself—if he had a self. The wave of pleasure that had drowned him seemed to have eroded some of his mental image: he drifted, disembodied, inside her, feeling her will overtake his own will, one which he was happy to surrender. Surrender had given him *so much*.

Ragnos laughed heartily, but he reached back and dislodged her hands, and Salazzle fell onto the carpet. She rattled in dismay, but slithered obediently forward underneath him. "Now," Master said as she righted herself, and he pointed forward at the curtain. "Salazzle, there's a rare, beautiful, *fierce* Pokemon in there. She's called a Lycanroc. You're going to battle against her, and you're going to *win*. You're going to make *her* mine, like I did to you. Understand?"

Salazzle nuzzled herself against Master's front legs. She didn't quite understand the words, even if Richard did, but she understood the intent: *dominance*, *obedience*, and other simple, wonderful concepts.

Master chuckled. "Never fancied myself a trainer," he said, and stepped forward, taking hold of the curtain. "But we've both settled into our roles, haven't we? Now... *go, Salazzle!*"

He thrust the curtain aside.