

## Temp Job: Manager Promotion

It's been a few weeks since that fateful night he spent in Marilla's place with her Mistress Gnaria. Arrcrao checks over the various drone hoods and suits, polishing and cleaning them, "Had two calls today already and it's not even noon... what a day," the anthropomorphic red, black and yellow dragon mutters, "I should eat my lunch while I have the chance."

He slinks into the small breakroom, with a microwave and mini-refrigerator. He looks at the cozy little place big enough for two people of his size comfortably at best. He grabs his sandwich from the fridge, sitting down at the table, "Hmm, baloney." He takes a moment to enjoy the sandwich, looking out toward the exit, letting out a soft sigh, "I hope Marilla is okay. She's never been this late."

A thud echoes out from the drone and toy storage room. He lifts his head, quickly scarfing down the rest of the sandwich, "Marilla?" he calls out, rushing out, seeing her looking a little haggard, holding a mug of coffee that reads "Mistress is #1" She takes a big chug, her tail whipping back and forth.

A pit hangs in his stomach, "Marilla? Are you okay?" he asks, making his way to her, the salandit looking up at him, cracking a smile.

"I certainly hope so."

"What's wrong?" he asks, bringing his hands together.

She smirks, thinking, "*He's so cute and feminine when he thinks of me like that. I'm so glad the suiting has really helped...*" She let's out a soft sigh, "Nothing is wrong per say? It's more my big promotion review is coming up in just..." she looks around the room to spot a clock, "Four hours and it's been really worrying me."

"Worrying you? Why? You're the best boss I've ever had, and I don't mean that because we've uh... you know..." he puts a finger into a circle, blushing hard, "Sorry, I really shouldn't have done that," he remarks, placing his hands over his face.

She giggles, patting him on the side, "I needed that tension break. You're sweet in your own way, and I appreciate that. I'm sorry I wasn't here to help with the morning routine. It was that my Mistress was helping me prepare for it. She says I'm good, but you know. It will be a big change for me."

He peeks through his fingers, relaxing, crouching to be eye level with her, "Promotions are a big deal, but I believe in you. You've trained me so well that I knew exactly what to do, and I got it done without issue. So, you don't need to worry about being late this one time."

She chuckles.

"What's so funny?" he asks, tilting his head, wings fluttering.

"You're so sweet. Thanks. I appreciate the vote of confidence, unfortunately I'm not trying to impress you. That would be easy, but The Mistress."

"I've met your Mistress a few times. I'm sure you've done that with ease," he says, a moment later the earlier comment sinking in, "Hey now, I'm not easy now."

Marilla giggles, “It’s not her, it’s not *my* Mistress, but *the* Mistress. You’ve seen her, remember? At the pool?”

He blushes, heart speeding up, “Ah... yes. How could I have forgotten that. A pool full of salazzles. It was so surprising it was like a dream or a fantasy.”

“Are you fawning over The Mistress?” asks Marilla, placing her hands on her hips.

He stiffens, “What? No, I only have eyes for you Marilla. I’d never do something to break the trust and bond we’ve built up.”

She chuckles, “Relax, I’m only teasing. Everyone has eyes for her. It’s her thing... well one of many things,” she says, looking down bashfully, “But you’re awesome. You helping me with the suiting? Not many would be willing to do that.”

The heat in his cheeks grow, “Ah... well... I would say that it was a very... enlightening experience? Then again all I do is get in suits and provide a service for work,” he stiffens a bit looking down at her, “N-not that I find when I do it with you to be work at all. No, no, no, nothing like that. It’s more just that I-uh, it’s not work with you. It’s pleasure... oh gosh I said it like that, I can’t believe I did,” he hides his face behind his hands.

She lets out a soft sigh, Arrcrao relax. You’ve been the sweetest boyfriend I’ve ever had. Not that I’ve had many, but that doesn’t matter. I’m happy to share experiences with you. It’s helped me know who I am.”

He feels her hand run across his thigh, “You’re the one who needs consoling and somehow you’re doing it for me,” he lets out a sigh, “I should do better,” he says, crouching down before her, “Look Marilla, I’m not the manliest guy there is.”

“That has never been a problem for me and you don’t have to be. Being you, and being meaningful in your concern is what matters. Seeing you puts me at ease that though its nerve wracking for me to be up for promotion and all that comes with it. That I think I can do it.”

He smirks, “Not sure if I should be thankful or concerned about what you just said.”

She rubs the back of her head, blushing a bit, “Sorry, I meant it well.”

“I know you did, but what I want to say is, you’ve been accommodating, helpful, take action kind of girl. You helped me open up and be okay with myself and this job I got here from the job agency turned out far better than I thought it was going to be. And I couldn’t be happier, and you’ve ensured I’ve done my job and despite our relationship, you keep our time on the job professional. That’s not easy. I know I have a hard time doing it. There’s not many who could if I’m to be honest. And from what I’ve seen, bias or not, I think you deserve that promotion.”

“What if my promotion takes me away from you?”

“Don’t worry about the what-if’s. Worry about what you have. If you are put elsewhere at the casino, would it be really that big of a deal?”

“Ahh... yeah, well... If you haven’t noticed this casino has a lot of odd quirks and well... It’s just that...” she pulls away a bit, “I don’t want to lose you but I really want to get promoted, and I loath to think of what I would do if given the choice.”

The dragon moves in closer, holding her sides, “Marilla. Relax. I know I get jittery and full of anxiety with everything I do. After this, I’ll be questioning ever word I’ve said,

wondering if it was the right thing to say, or what stupid mess up I've done, but it doesn't matter. Don't be afraid of a chance at success because there's going to be challenges. Live a life of failure than of regret. That is what I always say."

She smirks, "What you always say? I've never heard you say that... not once."

"Well..." he rubs the back of his head, "I never say it often but I say it when its relevant."

"Oh, alright, I'll give you that one."

"I can't be wrong all the time."

"Sure, you can, but on occasion you can be accidentally right."

"Hey now, that's not fair."

"Relax, I'm just teasing," she says, giving him a hug, "I appreciate what you've done for me, and the hard work you've done here. The reports have been positive. It's just... the promotion process is rather long and it will take some time to get adjusted. So, at the very least there'll be someone else here keeping an eye on you and your work."

"Are you worried I'll fall for some other salandit?"

She takes back, "What? Me? N-no, I'd never assume that."

"You are the best looking salandit around."

"Pffff, sure I am, and that won't last forever."

"As long as you are a salandit, I'm sure you will be."

"Uh-huh, right. You're full of shit, but it's adorable."

"Feeling better?"

She sighs, "A little, yeah."

"And that's all that matters."

"I think doing a good job will... speaking of which, shouldn't you be working?"

"Lunch break, which I have..." he checks the time, "Three minutes left."

"Then we have three minutes before I get your butt back to work."

"Yeah, you do," he says with a smirk, giving a big passionate hug.

Marilla leans into it, being lifted off her feet by his strength, feeling safe within his arms, but that constant sensation that something isn't fully there, a spark of something that she's been constantly ignoring, wanting, yet feeling so much of what she needs and desires here in this moment, leaving her conflicted, yet pleased, *"I will need to talk to my Mistress about this... but if I am accepted and become a Salazzle? One of The Mistress' lovelies? I know what she wants, and I do want to please her, but will I be able to? I don't want to lose him, but I have to be true to myself. I hope there's a way for this."*

"You'll do just fine. Believe in yourself. Have confidence. You know, everything that I'm not."

She snerks, "Come on, you have plenty of that," she says, nuzzling him, "But your break is over, get back to work."

"Yes Ma'am," he replies, reluctantly letting her go, "I'll do my best to ensure today goes smoothly that there is nothing to mark against your promotion, not that I think it's possible. You'll succeed. I'm sure of it."

“Arrcrao?”

“Yes Marilla?”

“You’re talking in circles. You’ve done plenty. Just wish me luck and be done with it. I would rather work than dwell on it anymore.”

He blushes, “Got it. Good luck Marilla, not that you need it.”

“Thanks,” she says, watching him head to one of the suits to polish and clean it till the system tells him he’s needed to wear one, *“Not that I can’t not think about it, but if I say that he won’t stop worrying. He’s such a sweetie, I love him for it,”* she smiles, getting back to her work and before she knew it, she’s in the elevator with her salazzle mistress, Gnaria standing beside her. The smooth and shiny salazzle and salandit pair move on up, each floor increasing the warming aroma that hangs in the air. Marilla flicks her tail, fidgeting.

Gnaria places her hand on her head, the salazzle’s long fingers run across the salandit’s head, gliding across the body without a squeak, even though her sleek shiny body would indicate it otherwise, “Relax. You’ve earned this.”

“W-what if she says no at the last minute?”

She smiles, looking down at her, “And why in the world would she do that?”

“You know... my feelings for *him*.”

She sighs, crouching down beside her, “Don’t let that worry you. Speak honestly, truthfully if she asks you about anything. And do what she says, but that goes without saying.”

“Then why did you say it?” she asks with a little smirk.

Gnaria chuckles, “Sometimes it’s good to be told it even if you know it. And don’t forget, I’m here all the way. I’m your mistress, and this is a proud time for me, to see you reach this point.”

She leans into the touch, tail swishing, “Thank you Mistress, I appreciate it,” she says with a playful nuzzle, the elevator dinging, doors opening, a rush of The Mistress’ sweet aroma hitting them, causing both to let out a soft gasp, a tingle rushing down their spines.

“Come, best not to keep the Mistress waiting,” she says, motioning her to follow. They step out of the elevator and are greeted by what looks like a lobby, in the center is a large fountain in the colors of the Mistress salazzle. Water trickles down the fountain’s body making it glisten under the lights.

“Yes Mistress,” says Marilla, admiring the fountain, the flowing water, her heart racing, the Mistress’ colors are all over of purples, pinks, blues, the ritzy carpet catching her attention, so immaculate and eye catching that she can’t help but only look at it for a moment before looking up, following a step behind her Mistress, past the fountain off to the left, each step makes the aroma grow, the Mistress’ haze is so thick they can almost taste it.

Gnaria softly moans, “I love this room, and to spend time with the Mistress again? I almost feel like it’s a dream,” she says with a soft pant.

“Sounds like you want this more than I do Mistress,” she says, feeling herself grow even more excited, nostrils flaring, catching her Mistress’ budding arousal just as they reach a fancy

door with gold inlaid, white background with the Mistress' colors waived into the oversized-door that screams, "I'm rich."

"A meeting with the Mistress is unforgettable... especially this one," she says with a huff, her back tentacles squirming, grabbing the door handle, "Help me, we'll do this together. If there is any salazzle that can handle the Mistress, it's *me*. So don't worry we got this."

She blushes, reaching up, grabbing the base of the handle, "Yes Mistress, thank you," she says, pushing the door open, being hit with a wave of intoxicating aroma so strong that they can taste it, making both of them warm, wet and in need for someone's passionate touch.

The doors open revealing a large room with windows on the far side that let in the later afternoon sunlight, a view of the ocean from where they stand is easily visible but their attention is on the center of the room. A large canopy bed with purple, black, blue and magenta covers and silks sits in the very center. The carpet's design shows off the Mistress in a strong imposing self-delightful stance.

The massive immaculate design of the room, filled with iconography of the Mistress is lost upon them for the real deal is sitting on the edge of the canopy bed, legs crossed, leaning back as a salazzle in a gas mask provides her with back support. The mask has a long rubber breath tube attached with the other end held by the Mistress, who runs it through her fingers, taking a deep breath, blowing it into the mask which inflates, the salazzle behind her stiffening, and moaning deeply, the sight of which sends a tingling shiver over both Marilla and Gnaria. The Mistress with her blue eyes, sleek shiny body, black, with a purple belly, and pink underside tail, with dazzling pink fire markings, what makes her unique is the glowing blue outline that surrounds her pink colors.

"Come here my lovelies, don't leave me waiting," says the Mistress in a soothing, domineering and sultry voice, hand motioning them forward.

"Sorry Mistress," says Gnaria, running her hand along Marilla's back.

"S-sorry!" squeaks Marilla, approaching the Mistress, her eyes locked on her unique glowing body, the smooth shiny form that is like latex, but doesn't squeak, something she knows very well being smooth and sleek like her, that she doesn't want their kind to be associated with rubber toys.

"It's quite alright, I know my presence can be rather daunting to those unaccustomed to my presence. Come to me Marilla, let me get a closer look at it."

"Y-yes Mistress," she responds, the salandit approaching her, looking back at her Mistress who is giving an approving smile but she is torn between supporting her and admiring the Mistress' presence.

The Mistress takes a huff of the salazzle's intoxicating aroma, then blowing her own more potent into the salazzle's tube right into the mask, making her moan, her sex glistening in aching need. She slides off the bed, looking over the salandit like a prize animal, "I've heard much about you Marilla."

She stands tall, nervous, swallowing a lump in her throat she responds, "Y-you have Mistress?"

“Yes, such a hard-working salandit, eager to make your way up to the top, into my salazze echelon, and a natural shiny pokémon? A woman like myself can’t help but take notice.”

“R-really? Uh, I mean, thank you Mistress.”

“No need to thank me on being what and who you are. I respect that, and I’ve respected your hard work ethic, whipping your employees into shape, and your service to the casino but more importantly to *me* should not go unrewarded... but I do have some questions.”

“Questions? I’m an open book Mistress, ask away,” she responds, eyes locked on her magnificent form. Something about her just draws her in that she’s getting a little lightheaded, “*She’s the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. She is everything I’d want physically in a woman... ahh... I just... oh my gosh, I know I’ve had leanings but... what about Arrcrao?*”

“Arrcrao, that dragon who was assigned to work at our casino as part of our local worker’s program deal, what do you make of him?”

Her heart flutters, a pit forms in her stomach, she tries to speak but the words don’t want to come out. She looks at the Mistress with increasing concern and worry, “*Why can’t I speak? She’s going to judge me harshly,*” she thinks.

Gnaria speaks up, “It’s alright Marilla, answer her.”

The Mistress raises her hand, “Give her a moment. The question appears to have a lot of *weight* behind it,” she says, moving in closer, “I want *her* to answer it, without any interference.”

Gnaria lowers her head, “Yes Mistress, apologies.”

The Mistress runs her finger across Marilla’s chin, holding her head up. The salandit trembles, gasping, the Mistress’ aroma so powerful that she can barely stand her, her sex burning, body aching, everything in her body screams for this moment, and it’s easy to read for the well-trained Mistress, “Take your time, but remember. The time you take is also *mine*.”

Marilla pants, “M-may I ask for a clarification Mistress?”

She grins, pulling her hand back, “You may.”

“What do you mean what I make of him? As an employee? Or as...”

“*All* of it. I want to hear your thoughts on him.”

“Well... he’s sweet, kind, thoughtful. A great employee who comes in on time, and when he can’t he lets me know. One of the best employees I’ve had the pleasure of overseeing.”

“And your relationship with him? What does that mean to you?”

“Ah... well... he’s been the best guy I’ve ever been with. He’s a nice guy without being one of those ‘nice’ guys if you know what I mean Mistress. And he’s been very accommodating to my needs and we keep our work and private lives separate.”

She tilts her head to the side, “Do you now?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You care about him, don’t you?”

She blushes, “Y-yes I do. He’s wonderful.”

“Yet he’s not what you *want* what you *need* is it? He’s not what you’re attracted to.”

She tenses, rubbing her hands together, each heart beat feels like there's a weight attached to it, "I... he... He's not what I'm attracted to... that's right."

"I thought so."

"But!" she squeaks then covers her mouth at the exclamation.

She crosses her arms, "But?"

"He is what I want... what I need. We work around my attraction through suiting, and it frustrates me that I'm not attracted to his form. I feel... shallow for not."

"Don't be. We are attracted to who we are attracted to, and we can't help that."

"Yes Mistress," she says, lowering her head.

"And if there's a way to draw him into our world, would you take it? Would you do it?"

"What?" she asks, looking up at her, her heart about to leap out of her chest.

"Would you take him as your salandit if that were possible?"

"Ah... I mean, if he was okay with it, I would do anything to help him join me, I would love nothing more than to be with him as a sweet lovely girl, under you Mistress."

Her grin grows, "And if he were to say no? Would you leave to be with him?"

"Leave?"

"Given the choice, live in his world or mine."

She huffs, squirming more, sex burning, "Honestly?"

"I loathe lying."

"I would detest having to leave you Mistress, leave my Mistress, leave this place and all the wonders and love that it has to offer, but if given the choice between spending my life with him and trying to make it work despite... what I like? And enjoying the paradise you've made for us? I..." she says looking around the room, catching a glimpse of her Mistress watching with concern.

"I'd choose him!" she forces out, wincing, expecting the Mistress' punishment to be harsh and swift. She stiffens when she feels the Mistress' touch, an explosion of pleasure and love, the fingers running across her head.

"Is that so?"

"Yes Mistress. It may not be the best plan, but it's what my heart would want, even if it makes no sense."

"Love rarely makes sense, and I've watched you. Tested you. Brought out your desires to enjoy your fellow salazzles, and as your Mistress, I care about all my lovelies and those they hold dear. I will do what I can to never put that choice before you as I'd hate to lose any of my girls."

She leans into the touch, looking up at her, the torrent of emotions rushing through her, "Really Mistress?" she asks with a soft huff, her excitement growing, barely able to keep herself contained as her mind grows drunk under the Mistress' haze.

"Of course... It's my lovelies that get me up in the morning and do what I do. Your admiration, love, worship. It's a wonderful relationship, and love is also a relationship, and its more than a one-way street, it's give and take, do you understand?"

She sways her hips, panting, leaning into the touch, her breathing growing heavy, “Yes Mistress, I do.”

“Good, and I want you to think about that relationship. As one of my lovelies we share a bond and a love, and a compromise. I wouldn’t want you to leave me and *my* service and so we’ll need to compromise. Understand?”

“*She called me one of her lovelies... does that mean I’m... calm down Marilla, Mistress is asking a question,*” she thinks, her mind going a mile a minute, “Yes Mistress,” she manages to squeak out of her mouth.

The Mistress now cups Marilla’s head, “Good. I don’t want you to choose between *me* and another. And so if you want we can draw him into our fold.”

“Mi...”

She puts her thumbs on Marilla’s lips, “Ah, ah, ah. I don’t want your answer now. I want you to *think* about it. Come to me another time and let me know. But right now, we have the issue for your promotion to deal with, don’t we lovely?”

Marilla nods her sex twitching, burning like a fire has been lit underneath it.

“Let us begin,” she says, her blue stripes shimmering, glowing bright as she takes a deep breath, the fire markings on her light up, the power of her fire poison building and with a single exhale a haze of pinks, blues, purples and black roll over her, enveloping her in her power, “Breathe in and embrace your Mistress.”

“Yes Mistress!” exclaims Marilla, the heat of the Mistress’ flame surrounding her, body shifting changing, growing, the evolution of her form taking place, a dream coming true, a lust building within her. Her vision blocked by the Mistress’ smoke, unable to see that Gnaria is running her hands across her form, barely able to contain herself and sexual desires as she watches her salandit evolve into a beautiful salazzele.

Her feet grow larger, muzzle more pronounced, her body stretching and shifting, becoming larger, more in charge, the size of her most sensitive bits increasing and along with it the area of pleasure that drives her instincts wild. Her power and strength increases, the power of fire and poison, her own miasma becoming a reality, the defining feature of her species that she’s longed for, and been hooked on for as long as she could remember, now hers to share with her Mistress, to give as much as she receives.

Her tail elongates, body grows, back tentacles sprouting behind her, while moaning in pure ecstasy breathing in the burning intoxicating haze, filling her lungs, making her fires burn hotter and hotter. Her body is heated and ‘molded’ into shape, and when the smoke pulls away, she stands there face to face with the Mistress, her touch a burning pleasure that imprints itself on her mind, her pink gaze locked on the Mistress’ captivating blue.

She pants, feeling as if she’s run a mile but yet full of energy and vigor like a two-year-old. Her tail flicks, her back tentacles stiffen, she feels it, she knows it, yet she can’t believe that she’s ascended, evolved into a salazzele and better yet one of the *Mistress’* salazzles. A pipe dream that involved so much work to become a reality and now it’s here, with all she cares about



here to see it... save for one. But the hole that's left by his absence is filled with the Mistress' tantalizing touch and smoke.

"Welcome Marilla as one of my salazzles, one of my lovelies," she says, pulling her hands away, the smoke dissipating, while she sauntered over to the bed, one salazzle hidden off to the side rushes in and offers herself as a stepping stool.

Gnaria chuckles, thinking, "*Verenice, how did you manage to get in here to serve her? As tempting as that spot is, I am better serving her, here.*"

Verenice softly moans as she's stepped on, the Mistress taking her place back on the bed, while her feet gently caress the salazzle's head and back, making her moan.

The Mistress leans back against her gas masked salazzle, simply admiring her work, "My, my, aren't you just so lovely?"

Marilla takes a moment to look over at herself, her sleek and shiny body black and smooth, the purple belly, and inner thighs with hot pink underside of her tail, hands, feet. The 'flame' markings along her chest and belly are a tantalizing mark with little stripes of red along the underside of her chest flames. Swallowing a lump in her throat she looks over her back side, her thick tail and back tentacles that wave in the air, feeling so light that they are floating, "I can't believe it."

Gnaria approaches her, "Believe it and we have our Mistress to thank for it," she says, running her hands along Marilla's back, "Thank you Mistress."

She leans against the touch, not the same as the Mistress, but just as welcomed, her sex burning with a hot delight, the warmth of her Mistress adding to the fires that have been stoked within her, "This all means so much to me."

The Mistress rests her head on the palm of her hand, "So loving, so wonderful, and you came out great. And your pheromones are sweet like honey with a hint of spice like cayenne pepper. A little bit of a kick, different but welcomed," she says, licking her lips.

"It is?" asks Marilla, gaze turning back to the Mistress, admiring her domineering pose, making her body tense, taking a deep whiff, smelling her Mistress' pheromones, but is nearly completely overtaken by the Mistress' sweet intoxicating aroma. "I can't tell."

"Oh, sweet Marilla, one can never enjoy their own delectable aroma, immune to its effects, and blended into the background lost upon your senses."

"Ah... I didn't know that."

"Well..." she motions her hand to her, "Now you do. And now you will test out your new body. Gnaria darling, be a dear and help Marilla understand the pleasures of her new body," says the Mistress, taking a deep breath, blowing her haze out over both of them who stand just a few feet away.

Both salazzles shudder, the warmth of the Mistress miasma sliding across their forms, their lust and pleasure spiking to the point that Marilla is impressed she manages to hold on and not find instant release from her glistening petals. Her Mistress wrap her arms around her, sliding her fingers across her wide hips and thick thighs, pressing her smooth chest against her back, tail wrapping around her own.

“You’ve grown so much, and now we can share this moment together before the Mistress. I’ve longed for this ever since I took you under my wing,” she says nuzzling and kissing her cheek.

A loving embrace, the warmth of her Mistress’ touch, “Thank you Mistress, I have you to thank most of all,” she says with a pant, reaching back to grab her, hold her, squeezing her tail around hers while the warmth of her Mistress’ sex presses up against the base of her tail, making hers twitch eagerly. The trepidation of her Mistress’ touch grows as the fingers slide down closer to her sweet petals.

Her gasp betrays her delight but fills her lungs with the Mistress’ aroma, burning her lungs with a level of ecstasy that she can feel the build up towards a climax flow in only to ebb away just as Gnaria’s fingers caress her slit.

The Mistress speaks up, “Ah, ah, ah,” she wags a finger, “Careful. I want her first as a salazle to be *mine*. After all I deserve it,” she says pointing to herself with a smug grin.

Gnaria shivers, “Y-yes Mistress, I will make sure she remains a virgin salazle, for *you*,” she says with a soft moan, grinding her sex against Marilla’s tail base, edging out her own pleasure while her fingers tenderly run across the outside of her folds, cupping her crotch, rubbing her palm against it.

The new salazle tenses and moans, grinding against her Mistress’ hand, she huffs, her aroma coming through, released from her mouth with the sexual haze that hits, her, “Oh... this is just...” she tries to put the words together but her thoughts are slow, pressing even harder against the hand, spreading her legs, while gripping her Mistress tighter.

“I hope you are enjoying the show Mistress, for I sure am,” says Gnaria, running circles around Marilla’s sex, making sure she’s exposed and facing the Mistress, sliding in a digit into the new salazle’s tender and sensitive slit, giving a few good finger pumps, before sliding in a second.

“M-Mistress,” Marilla whines out, arching her back, closing her eyes but catching a glimpse of the Mistress’ intrigued and calm demeanor.

“Pushing the limits of what I want, hmm Gnaria?”

“Would you want any other kind of salazle under you Mistress?” she responds with a smug grin, giving a few good pumps, listening to Marilla’s moans, gasps, tight grip of her sex around her digits and just when it seems she can no longer take it, Gnaria pulls out, her sex dripping with her nectar, fingers glistening with her fluids, “Good girl Marilla,” she says, the Mistress saying nothing when she shows off the dripping fingers before her pet.

Marilla pants heavily, the high, the tension of trying to *not* climax as her Mistress pushed her closer to the brink, “*Mistress... you know the Mistress wants my first... I want to give it to her, you dirty tease.*”

“Lick,” Gnaria commands.

Without another word she runs her tongue along one of the digits presented to her, tasting her sweetened nectar on her lips. Everything has changed, even the taste of her own fluids, driving her wild as she feels the delight in submission once more, the other digit marks her snout,

with her own delights, pulling out once Gnaria has felt she has had “enough” only to take the other dripping finger and suck it clean herself.

Gnaria moans softly enjoying the taste, pulling her finger out once every drop has been taken, then gives a ‘surprised’ look, “Oh, Mistress, did you want the first taste? I’m sorry, you didn’t say anything about that, only letting her first climax be yours.”

The Mistress says nothing, letting out another huff of her miasma, making her tantalizing haze grow thicker, all in the room falling deeper under her spell, yet her gaze doesn’t shift from the pair, she simply hand motions for her to continue.

She huffs, “Of course Mistress, I wouldn’t want to deny you your show,” she says, licking across Marilla’s muzzle, reaching down spreading her legs, exposing her sex, letting her thumbs gently run across the sex, “She’s so very plump and needy, right Mistress?”

She takes a deep breath, gasping, feeling herself becoming so vulnerable to the two Mistresses, her gaze locked back onto the Mistress, “*She’s so calm. Collected... wonderful,*” she thinks, watching her cross her legs, giving only a quick glimpse at her sweet nectar. Her tail squeezes her Mistress’, heart thumping, sex throbbing, tensing, feeling her hot juices dribbling out of her vent. She tries to move her arms forward but her Mistress holds them back with her arms, so her fingers are forced to squeeze her wonderfully thick thighs.

Gnaria asks, pushing down on the sex, slipping her thumbs into vent for a moment, only to pull back her folds, revealing more of the sensitive folds to the cool air, and the Mistress’ haze, “Is this what you want Mistress? Is this the show you desire?”

“M-mistress...” Marilla moans, feeling the dribble of her Mistress’ juices running down her tail, the back tentacles wrapping around her lover, trying to keep herself calm and collected.

The Mistress finally breaks her silence with one commanding word, “*Kiss.*”

“With pleasure Mistress,” replies Gnaria, Marilla looking up at her with wide eyed lustful delight. She moves in and gives a deep passionate kiss, forcing a bit of her own poison into Marilla’s lungs, a delightful feeling though nothing like the Mistress’ own, but it still leaves the new salazle leaning into the kiss, moaning, huffing through her nostrils as their tongues intertwine.

Gnaria eyes the Mistress while Marilla simply tries to take notice if she’s doing a good job, wanting to make the best impression she can, while a quick thought crosses her mind, “*Arrcrao in suit is better...*” The thought causes her to stiffen, then the Mistress snaps her fingers, drawing her out of her thought and back to her.

“Come here,” says the Mistress, sliding off the bed, using Verence as a stepping stool once again, snapping her fingers, while Verence’s lover Zirra and mutual friend Kristina, two salazzles coming out of the shadows pushing up a hand cart that has a menagerie of sex gear. Latex gas mask with breath tubes, magenta ball gag with purple straps, and a nicely wrapped up pink, blue and purple interwoven shibari rope.

Their loving embrace is broken, leaving Marilla longing for more while Gnaria approaches with confidence, “Did we please you Mistress?” Gnaria asks.

“*Mistress...*” Marilla thinks, eyeing the equipment, growing more aroused, each step closer to the Mistress upping the height of her ecstasy. Though she’s the same size as the Mistress being close to her, she can’t help but feel *small* like a salandit, a warming comforting sensation yet the heightened tension of the moment only leaves her wondering, “*What’s next?*”

The Mistress commands, “Zirra, Kristina, get Marilla geared up. Verenice, bring out the stands.”

“Yes Mistress!” the three salazzles exclaim. Zirra and Kristina grab the shibari rope, and quickly put Gnaria in bondage, pulling the salazzle’s arms behind her back, legs spread and bent behind her back, while in the shadows Verenice is pulling out a stand big enough to hang two people from such ropes, but all this is lost on Marilla as this happens, all of the Mistress’ attention is on *her*.

The Mistress’ finger runs across Marilla’s muzzle, the warming touch burning with lustful delight, making her legs grow weak, but she manages to will herself to remain standing, “M-mistress...” she moans, bashfully looking at her.

“You came out beautifully.”

She meeps, watching the Mistress using her free hand to grab the rope, pulling it out, making it taught, “Spread your legs lovely.”

“Y-yes Mistress,” she responds, doing as she’s commanded.

“Good girl,” she replies, reaching down to wrap the rope around her legs, weaving it across her body.

With a heavy pant Marilla moans, being so close to the Mistress, her aroma, her warmth, its maddening and addicting experience, the rope sensually sliding across her form, forcing her to kneel before her, legs pulled back, tail raised, arms held back, behind her, tentacles bound together, leaving her completely bound and held up, belly on the ground, face inches from the Mistress’ feet, gasping when the ropes are tightened to fit just right.

“Put her on the stand,” the Mistress commands.

“Yes Mistress,” the other three salazzles respond

Marilla is lifted, pulled over to the hanging harness, seeing her Mistress, seeing she’s in the same get up, and when the rope is tied to the stand, they are facing each other with just enough space for one salazzle to fit between them, but with a tug of the rope they can easily be pulled together, “Mistress...”

Gnaria grins, tugging against the constraints, “Been a while, hasn’t it Marilla.”

She blushes.

The Mistress saunters back into view, the other salazzles pushing the carts with the equipment along with her to keep them within arm’s reach, “Gnaria, my sweet Gnaria. You always enjoyed challenging me, and it is such a *delight* that you do so. To have such a lovely domineering salazzle as you around, but I can’t just let you get away with it. What would my other lovelies think? I can’t give you special treatment as I love you all equally,” she says, running her fingers across Gnaria’s head, keeping herself from blocking Marilla’s vision.

“Would you have me any other way Mistress?” she grins.

She holds Gnaria's head, taking a deep breath, giving a giant passionate kiss, tilting her head to make it completely lip to lip seal and in this moment The Mistress unleashes her miasma, flooding Gnaria's lungs with her intoxicating lust.

Marilla moans out, panting watching her Mistress get hit by the purest taste of the Mistress' aroma, her body tensing, twitching, tugging hard against the ropes, her sex a dripping until it gushes out. A scream of pleasure muffled by the Mistress' never-ending kiss, "*Did just make her climax from a kiss?!*"

Continuing the kiss, the Mistress grabs the ball gag and like a magician swapping out one item for another she switches her kiss with the gag. Marilla only hears a short moan before its muffled, the gag tied around her muzzle, "There we go, *much* better."

Marilla pants, seeing the Mistress turn her attention back to her. She wiggles and moans, her sex twitching, dripping onto the floor below. The Mistress snaps her fingers, "Verenice, Kristina, make sure there isn't a mess left behind."

"Yes Mistress!" they exclaim, the two salazzles getting onto all fours, lapping up the juices that have already hit the ground before position themselves underneath them, mouths open, ready to accept the drip feed.

She smirks, "Good girls," she says, crouching down so they are face to face, her fingers run across Marilla's jaw line, "Enjoying yourself?"

"Yes Mistress," she moans, says with a huff, body tensing, toes curling, tail pulling against the bondage, wanting to lean harder into the Mistress' touch, "It's wonderful."

"Of course, I do a great job," she says, lifting Marilla's head by a single finger on her chin, "Such a sweet virgin salazzle," she licks her lips, unleashing a huff of her poison, letting it roll over her.

Marilla shudders, her sex twitching, feeling like she's being bathed in sexual warmth and love, squirming harder against the bondage, sex clenching, an ounce or two of her juices squeezed out of herself like squeezing a fruit of its juices, "Mistress..."

"Yes lovely?" she asks, making small circles under the salazzle's chin.

She huffs, unable to formulate the words. She closes her eyes, focusing on the Mistress' warmth, "*I can feel her... She's so close.*" When she opens her eyes again, she is staring deeply into those lovely baby blues. She lets out a squeak, realizing that the warmth was not only in her mind but *very* real. The Mistress' fingers run across the outline of the ropes, leaving a line of fiery glee that lingers like a smoldering bursts of sexual jubilation.

She chuckles, "Did the Mistress catch your tongue? I know I am rather *brehtaking*," she says, continuing to run her hands along the ropes, standing up, gently caressing and playing with Marilla's back, "Take your time, hang around a bit. I'm sure the words will come to you."

Marilla whines trying her best to keep track of the Mistress as her fingers caress her form, finding hidden sweet spots that she didn't know existed, pressing her fingers into them making her squeak like a salandit.

"You like that? Don't you? My sweet lovely, cry out for me, cry out for your Mistress. Call out *my* name."

“M-mistress!” she exclaims, arching her back, toes curling hands bunching into fists, her sex clenching and relaxing as her sweet juices continue to be squeezed out of her, “I never knew I could feel such things.”

“Well...” she says, running her fingers across Marilla’s back, stepping back in front of her, back turned to Gnaria who has been left to helplessly watch her pet get endlessly teased by the true Mistress at this casino, “I know my lovelies well, and I am me. None other than I could give you such physical pleasures. Your body is an instrument and I’m going to play you as you cry out sweet music. And I’ll show you how I am a savant of the physical form.”

“Mistress...” she moans.

Gnaria squirms and wiggles, the Mistress’ tail brushing up against her body, the touch of her causing her to moan and bite down on the gag, saliva building up, the Mistress’ aroma still lingering in her lungs, her flavor locked on her tongue, admiring the Mistress’ form, wanting to touch her more, yet she’s left to helplessly swing side to side, with each bat of the Mistress’ tail, giving her the briefest taste of her delight.

“What’s that lovely? Do you need me? Want me?” asks the Mistress, looking over her shoulder at Gnaria, “If you need me, just speak up,” she raises her hand to her ear, “Hmm? Just say something and I’ll give you something.”

Gnaria moans and groans, nostrils flaring, eyes locked on the Mistress’ form, her sex twitching when the Mistress’ tail runs across her vent, the tip flicking across the entrance parting her lips.

“Hmm, guess not, which means I will put all my attention on you, Marilla. See the importance of talking to *me*?” she asks, her hands cupping the salazzle’s head, lifting up to gaze up at her.

“Y-yes Mistress, I understand. It’s wonderful to talk to you... be near you... to have you touch me... everything about you is divine,” she says, swallowing down the Mistress’ aroma her sex burning hotter than the sun, the ropes smooth and binding around her, but the real bond she feels right now is the one forged in the sexual heat of the moment with the Mistress.

She chuckles, “Oh please, do go on. Tell me,” she says, her fingers petting around the back of her head, thumbs gently running across her lips, while her tail flicks across Gnaria’s vent, slipping in just for a moment, enough to get a deep muffled moan full cry then flicking out, giving the dripping tail tip to Kristina who is under hear, letting her suckle it clean.

Marilla is lost on what the Mistress is doing as her gaze is locked completely on her, “I feel like you’re my high school crush. I can’t deal with it. It’s blowing my mind, the torrent of emotions, sensations, feeling, it’s all new to me yet so familiar. Words can’t fully describe this moment and for that I am sorry Mistress, leaving you wanting for something I can’t provide.”

“Oh, how articulate even in the depths of my haze. What a delightful sweet one you are,” she says, taking a deep breath blowing another wave of bliss over her newest pet, feeling her twitch and moan.

Marilla's sex clenches, the pressure in her loins bubbling up, crashing against the damn that is the barrier between this endless bliss and oblivion of a climax. A sauna of sexual delights washing over her form, leaving her totally unable to do anything but accept and embrace it.

The Mistress slides her hands along Marilla's body, along her sides, caressing her underbelly, running across her flame markings, skipping over the ropes that crisscross her form, moving towards the warmth of her slit. Two burning flames combine as she runs a single finger across the vent, her head running across Marilla's, threatening to kiss her but moves past to whisper into her ear, "Let's see if we can take your breath away."

Every inch she touches the Mistress drives her wild. The mystical power she has over her and other salazzles is not lost upon her. There is a reason why she's the Mistress and it's this and so much more. "M-Mistress?" she whines, tasting her natural aroma in the air, wanting to reach out and taste *her* yet feeling it's a forbidden fruit that requires permission.

The Mistress slides her hand so it rests under Marilla's sex, she turns the new salazzles head to her, "Yes my sweet lovely?"

"L-love you," she manages to eek out.

Her grin grows, "I love you too," she takes a very deep breath, slips in to give a deep passionate kiss.

She watches, body tensing, preparing for the inevitable, their lips touch, a miniature explosion of pleasure that expands as their kiss grows, the Mistress tongue coils around hers, embracing together, the warmth in her belly grows, the pressure in her loins, a moment of tasting heaven but the heat of 'hell' hits her. A full blast of the Mistress' tantalizing bliss is blown right into her lungs. A firestorm of love, lust, and control flooded into her, rolling down her throat like a pyroclastic flow of love, slamming into her lungs, replacing her air with the Mistress'. The heat propagates down her spine, expanding through her entire nervous system, down to those tightly packed nerves in her aching vent, which surge up into her mind. Her body and mind are overloaded and instincts take over. A hot gush of her juices squirts out of her vent, screaming out in pure ecstasy. Cloud nine, seventh heaven, nirvana, were words that had no existence in reality she could draw from till now. This is the moment those words were created for, and her climax shows it.

The Mistress cups her hand, rubbing her palm against Marilla's sex, edging out the climax as long as she can, the other hand caressing and petting the back of her head, the groaning moans of Gnaria falling on deaf ears while she just enjoys this moment with her newest lovely, but even then all good things come to an end and the kiss is broken.

A surge of cool air mixed with the Mistress' aroma floods in, this watered-down version is nothing than what she had just experienced, but it's just as welcomed. She is left wanting yet exhausted, her body quivering, glad she's bound and held up here for she feels he couldn't stand up if she wanted to. Grateful for the rope that keeps her there in the moment. She watches the Mistress pull her hand from underneath her, a pool of her clear nectar held there. Her eyes going wide when the Mistress takes a single lick.

“Sweet like honey is an insult to your nectar for its far more delectable,” she says, bringing it up to her lips, “Here, have a lick.”

Weakly she slides her tongue out, into the pool, tasting herself, finding the truth spoken in the Mistress’ words, yet... she delved too deep, her tongue touched the Mistress’ skin, the flavor of which is burned into her mind, she quickly withdraws her tongue to savor it.

“Ah, the dangers I bring when I don’t wear my polish, but this is a special occasion, isn’t it Marilla?”

She huffs, looking up at her, nodding.

“Still unable to talk?”

She lets out a whine.

“Drink up, I don’t want you to get thirsty in the middle of our fun,” she says, bringing the nectar to her lips, tilting her hand so it flows into her mouth, snapping her fingers, Zirra rushing out to get something, “You need to cool off a bit, both of you,” she says, looking over at Gnaria.

Marilla has little idea that her dripping sex is feeding the hungry Verence underneath her, her sweet juices falling onto that salazzle’s tongue. She is savoring her own fruits of her labor, drinking it down, wanting to lick the Mistress’ hand clean but it's pulled away, watching as she does it herself with slow, long teasing licks.

Zirra returns with a bucket of ice in a silver cylinder and a pair of tongs dived in, “Here you are Mistress,” she says happily.

“Good girl,” she says, grabbing the tongs grabbing a single ice cube, placing it on Marilla’s upper back.

The new salazzle tenses, panting hard, her sex twitching, the sudden burst of cold in one small part of her body a complete shock. It shifts and moves, the cool water flowing down her spine, the ice cube held up by the ropes so it stays in place steadily shrinking down.

“How’s that, does that feel good?” asks the Mistress, grabbing the ice bucket.

She huffs, swinging on the stand a little nodding, “Uh-huh...”

“Want another?”

She nods, “Y-yeah...”

The Mistress places another cube, this one higher up at the base of her neck. Marilla groans, toes twitching, the single numb spot of the first ice cube almost completely gone as the new one takes its place, “Fire types are always weak to water,” she says, turning to Gnaria, “Isn’t that right my lovely?” she says, pouring the bucket along the entirety of Gnaria’s back who grunts and moans loudly, biting hard on the ball gag.

The Mistress chuckles, “You really needed to cool down,” she says, turning her attention back to Marilla, “Such a sweet new flower in *my* garden of lovelies,” she says, grabbing a gas mask, motioning to Zirra to grab the other, “You will do well in pleasing me,” she says, unzipping the hood showing the black rubber interior to her.

“T-thank you...”

“No need to thank me, but please continue to do so,” she says, slipping the hood over Marilla’s head, muffling the world around her, the sound of latex squeaking as the hood is



adjusted around her head. The sound of the zippering, the growing tightness of the hood as the mask inflates and deflates with every breath she takes, the hiss of air through the mask which filters out that delightful aroma, leaving her wanting and hungry for more.

She peers through the world through the goggles, seeing her Mistress get a hood placed upon her. She huffs and puffs in the mask, looking up at the Mistress with a needy whine, yet part of her is happy to get a break from the constant bombardment of the Mistress' aroma. Her mind swimming in the Mistress' soup, which is slowly being strained, letting her thoughts be closer to her own, *"This is amazing... I bet Arrcrao would love this too. To share a moment like this with the Mistress? But... he'd have to be... is that possible? The Mistress is offering so she must have something up her sleeve it's just..."* her train of thought ending when a three-way tube is attached to the front of her mask. The T section interface is a knob which could adjust the airflow.

She looks to see the Mistress has the third tube in her hand, the other on the knob, "My lovely, let me taste your sweet aroma, give to me what I gave to you."

She tenses, *"I have to... she's counting on me!"* she thinks, taking a deep breath the scent of rubber heavy in the air, the mask squeezing her head, the knob is turned the Mistress puts her lips to the tube, breathing inwards, the moment is *now*, she unleashes her own poisonous intoxicating fumes, the core talent of any salazzle that draws to her a reverse harem of males of all species. She watches the Mistress suck it up like a long drag of a cigarette, taking her potent aroma with a trained ease that Marilla couldn't fathom, holding it in her lungs... slowly releasing it.

"Marvelous, let's try the two of you together," she says, twisting the knob.

Marilla and Gnaria breathe out together unleashing their miasma, enough to overwhelm any male but is a gentle 'hit' for the Mistress. There is no reverse harem here, it's a harem for the Mistress. No men, only the delightful women, other salazzles like themselves, loving each other, having each other, enjoying the dynamic experience like no other.

The Mistress softly moans, keeping her calm collective control, "Such a unique combination, how *wonderful* you could give this to me, my lovelies," she says, taking another deep hit, "And let's see how it works mixed even more," she takes a deep breath.

Marilla's eyes go wide, "M-mistress! W-wai--" her words are cut off by the surge of the Mistress' poison, flooding back into her lungs, tasting her on her tongue, her body tensing, moaning, another climax hits her hard, Gnaria following suit. Marilla cries out her own power is nothing compared to the Mistress, showing her, her place, underneath her and her Mistress. She isn't sure how long she'll be trapped here, caught in heaven with the Mistress but in the back of her mind she knows one thing... If Arrcrao would want to go this route... she'll support him all the way.

Arrcrao drinks his morning coffee, rubbing the back of his head, "Maybe she'll be in today. I hope she got the promotion... No, no," he shakes his head, waving his free hand at no one in particular, "The fact I haven't heard from her in a week means she must be training for her new job. This means she had to have gotten it."

“Gotten what?” asks Marilla, having slinked up beside him, the new salazzle smiling when the dragon jumps.

“Ah... what?! Oh... hi, sorry you heard that? Saw that?” he asks, blushing, rubbing the back of his head.

“Yes, I did,” she says with a chuckle, “But you made me curious what you were talking about.”

“Oh well... uh...” he looks over the salazzle, “Could we chat on my way to work? I don’t want to be late.”

“Sure, sure, I don’t want to make you late now,” she says, walking beside him, “*I wonder if he’ll figure it out.*”

“Thanks.”

“So... what was that little display there about?”

“Oh... ah... well. My boss was going through a job performance review of a promotion.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I’m hoping she got it, but at this point I think she has.”

“What makes you so sure?”

“She’s a hard worker. Wonderful really. Not to talk bad about her current replacement but much better.”

“Better? How so?”

“It’s not right to bad mouth someone like that.”

“It’s not bad mouthing if you’re being honest.”

“Ah...” he raises a hand and lowers it, “You got a point there. Well, she’s not bad, but she’s very to the point in her work? She’s like a salandit on a mission and doesn’t let anything get in the way of it.”

“That does sound like her. She’s very goal orientated.”

“You know her? Oh... please don’t tell her I said anything.”

“I won’t... if you tell me more about this other boss of yours.”

“Marilla?” he asks, tilting his head.

She smiles, “Yeah, her, that’s her name right? Of your boss that is?”

“It is. She’s very sweet and hard working. Showed me the ropes and helped make the transition from this being just a temp job to get me back on my feet to a full-time employment, which really has helped me out.”

“That is certainly nice to have a boss that cares about you.”

“She does a lot and I care about her too. She’s sweet, funny, and very thoughtful. Honestly the best boss I’ve ever had or could have hoped for.”

“Sounds like you like her.”

He blushes, “Well... yeah, I do. But we keep our work and off time separate.”

“Are you sure about that? It could be so tempting to use that to get off easy at work.”

“What? No, I’d never do that. It is a betrayal of her trust.”

“Isn’t it awkward though? Having the hots for your boss?”

He blushes, “I wouldn’t put it that way... And it is, but that’s because I like her, and I’d do what I can to help her like she’s helped me.”

“Sounds like a two-way street then? The two of you working together despite your differences?”

He looks at the salazzele for a moment looking her over, the smooth shiny form, her curious color scheme, “Yeah, it is. Though I would really hope she comes into work soon.”

“Oh? Why is that? Miss her that much?”

“Part of it,” he says, entering reaching the entrance of his work, “I still have a moment, if you want and are able to join me? You’re a salazzele, you work at this place too, right?”

She grins, “You could say that,” she says, following him into the work space with all the drone hoods and suits on display, “So you were saying that was part of it?”

“Yeah,” he simply responds, heading into the breakroom, “One moment I need to put my lunch away, we can talk in there for just a moment longer too, alright?”

“I think I can manage that,” she says with bemusement, “*He doesn’t know. It’s going to be such a surprise when I tell him.*” She internally giggles, following him into the breakroom, watching him open the little refrigerator.

“It’s full... someone kept something in here, I guess I should take it out,” he remarks, pulling out a cake that reads “Congratulations Marilla on your promotion!” He places it on the table, putting his stuff away, while Marilla stares at the cake.

*“Oh... he shouldn’t have. Now I feel...”*

“Surprise Marilla,” says Arrcrao, turning around and giving her a hug, “You didn’t get just a promotion but you are now a full grown salazzele! That’s amazing! Congratulations.”

She blushes, holding him back, loss for words for a moment, looking away, “Y-you knew?”

He takes a step back, blushing a little, “Well... not at first. But after a little bit I put two and two together, and then when I saw you eyeing the cake, that sold it for me.”

“You sneaky dragon. You didn’t have to do this.”

“But I wanted to. You deserve it.”

“But...” she blushes a bit, rubbing her hands together, “Here I was playing a trick on you, not telling you that I was me.”

He holds her hand, “Marilla. Don’t feel bad about that. It was a simple prank. If I was to get mad about it, that would be just as silly. You pokémon are amazing, able to shift and change so quickly in such a short period of time. If I didn’t know about it, I doubt I would have caught it. You’re amazing and I am so happy you got your promotion. What will you be doing now?”

“It’s a mix, I’ll still be doing work here, but Shera, the salandit you mentioned will be reporting to me. But I’ll also be working as a helper on the casino floor.”

“Helper?”

“There are ferals who come to gamble, and I as a helper move their bets, hold their cards if they so need. Providing a service to those who need an extra set of hands,” she says, showing off her fingers.

“Oh, that’s nice. I hope it goes well.”

“It’s a lot more work, but it does come with some benefits.”

“Oh?” he asks, his wings fluttering.

She giggles at the sight, “I get my own place. After work would you like to see?”

“I would absolutely love that, but right now,” he says, popping the top off the cake cover, “Let’s have some cake before I have to get to work.”

“I would love that,” she says, thinking, *“Maybe he’ll go for it... I hope it does. But let’s not rush it. After work.”*

After work Marilla takes him to the elevator, using her biometric signature to give her access to the highest floors of the hotel, “I’m on the lowest level for where salazzles stay.”

“Is Gnaria there with you?” he asks.

She shakes her head, “Nope, she has her own room, but it’s not like I won’t see her anymore.”

“An entire place to yourself?”

“Yeah,” she says as they watch the numbers go up.

“That must be nice, to have your own privacy like that.”

“A little lonely though... do you live by yourself?”

“I bunk with four other people. We split rent.”

“You never told me about this.”

“Ah...” he rubs the back of his head, “They’re roommates, nothing special.”

“If you could would you go someplace else?”

“Someplace else?”

“By yourself that is.”

“Oh, yeah that would be nice, but even with this job I don’t make enough to get an apartment. A casino city is expensive.”

“Yeah, it is, which is why the Mistress provides us rooms to live. And we get to stay close by too. So, it’s a win-win,” she explains, thinking about the Mistress is making her heart skip a beat, a warmth in her loins, the faint hint of her intoxicating aroma hangs in the air, so close yet so far away. The elevator dinging, the doors opening, showing the dazzling colors of the Mistress on the carpet, and hallway like any the hotel has on the lower floors, “This way,” she says motioning him to follow, passing a few other salazzles, which mutter talk amongst themselves.

“I know it’s the casino’s thing, but there’s really a lot of salazzles here.”

“Well, the Mistress does enjoy the company of her own kind... ah, I don’t mean it in a negative way. She just loves salazzles.”

“I wasn’t, I could understand it.”

“Here we are,” she says, unlocking the door with her biometrics, “I don’t even need a key for I am it,” she says, showing him the inside of the room, nice cozy with a kitchen, living room, bathroom with a hot tub/shower combo big enough for two and a sizable bedroom, “What do you think?”

“It’s wonderful,” he replies, thinking, *“It’s the exact same as your previous place with Gnaria.”*

“Thanks, and I have the Mistress to thank for it. Now…” she says, closing the door behind him, “Would you care to help me with a bit of housewarming gift?”

“Housewarming gift?” he asks.

“Yes, it’s accusatory to bring a gift to someone’s new place.”

“Oh…” he blushes, “I didn’t know that,” he replies, rubbing the back of his head, wings pulling back.

“Relax,” she says, grabbing him by the hand, pulling him into the bedroom where a flat screen TV sits across the bed, “You didn’t know I had a new place till just today, and I want you to help me break in my gift.”

“M-me?”

“Yes, just sit on the bed and let me bring it out from the closet.”

“Oh… okay,” he says, admiring her form, *“I shouldn’t tell her she’s sexier now than before… that would be bad right?”* “Ah… you do look great Marilla… as a salazzle that is.”

She stops at the closet door, “Thanks.”

*“There you go. Nice and simple.”*

“Does that mean I didn’t look as good as a salandit?” she asks, teasingly.

“*Oh crap,*” he thinks, waving his hands, “N-no. Not at all. Both forms you’ve had are wonderful and lovely. I just wanted to let you know how good you look even as a salazzle.”

“Even as a salazzle? Are you saying salazzles aren’t breathtaking?” she says with a smirk, grabbing a Toys-4-U rubber salazzle hood from her closet.

“What? No, no, salazzles are wonderful and beautiful but you’re the best either as a salandit or a salazzle is what I mean.”

“I hear you,” she says with a chuckle, tossing the hood over to him, “Catch.”

“Ah!” he exclaims, catching it, feeling the heft of the rubber hood, the smoothness of it against his scaled fingers, “This is a salazzle hood like I’ve worn before.”

“Yup, and it’s mine… well technically mine for you to wear as I don’t need it,” she says, sauntering back over to him.

“If you don’t mind, I’d love for you to put it on and share a moment with me, just us, here now on the bed,” she says, taking a deep breath, releasing her haze over him.

The dragon moans, his arousal spiking, his aching length pressing up against his shorts, popping a tent, the mask quickly placed over his crotch, his mind filled with delight, breathing in the sweet and spicy aroma, “I would love to Marilla,” he says with a pant, closing his eyes, feeling the sensation roll over him.

“I hope you don’t mind.”

“N-not at all? What guys wouldn’t want to spend time with a lovely gal like yourself.”

“I know it's putting a lot on you, wearing the suit to be a salazzle female just for me, but a woman like me has needs and I...”

“Marilla?” he says, interrupting her.

“Yes?”

He smiles while he blushes, “It’s fine. I love wearing the suit, and I love being around you. I would say if wearing the suit is the price, I pay to be with you, I’d be lying, for it feels like a reward not a price. I treasure the time I spend with you, and the efforts you go through to help make this work. I just want to let you know, I notice and appreciate it.”

She smiles, climbing onto the bed, running her hands across his chest, “Arrcrao... Strip and get that hood on. I’ve been wanting to have a moment with you and I aim to have it.”

“Yes Miss,” he replies, wings fluttering, undressing, revealing his red and yellow salamander dragon form with his little wings and broad tail.

Marilla feels that oddness, enjoying him, but seeing his hard length and feeling nothing for it, a lack of excitement that she would get when seeing a dripping tight salazzle sex, “*He’s so sweet, if only he wasn’t a guy this would be so much easier, but I love he’s trying and I love him enough to try.*”

“Here comes one of the fun parts,” he says, slipping the hood over his head, the sleek rubber squeaks around his head, gripping it. The rubber feels warm and delightful when it flickers to life.

“Registered user detected. Welcome to Toys-4-U Salazzle Drone series drone hood. Settings have been set by the owner: The Mistress. These settings cannot be changed. Duration of use, NA. Pre-programed settings uploaded. User set to temporary owner Marilla Salazzle.”

The rubber grows warmer, sliding across his scales, his body feels like it's getting reversed dipped into a warm wax candle bath. The latex clings to his body, providing a layer that steadily takes and transforms his external appearance. His wings pressed up into rubber sleeves and binding them against his back, the rubber rolling down his back.

Marilla commands, “Salazzle Drone, disable hypnotics and give a full salazzle look.”

The suit responds, “Command Accepted”

The dragon pants, the rubber continuing its march across his form, encasing his length, sliding it into a wonderful sleeve, transmitting the sensation of the forming female sex to his length to fake the sensation his sex is real. The rubber enveloping his legs, thickening them out in the warm embracing rubber and within moments the dragon is gone with a generic looking salazzle in its place, with the purple chest and belly, pink underside tail and flame markings on the belly and chest, with the black rubber body for the rest. His purple eyes glow a little.

He huffs, “That is always a thrill,” he remarks looking over himself, feeling his arousal continue to burn, shown by his twitching female sex. His fingers run across his body with a tender squeak, the warmth and sensation spread to his true body and it takes only a moment for his mind to adjust to the body of a salazzle thanks to all the times he’s worn such for others, “How do I look?” he asks, showing off doing a little spin.

“Sexy, now get your ass up here,” says Marilla, patting the spot beside her on the bed, pillows that mimic the Mistress’ colors prop her, “I want you beside me,” she says, feeling the spike in her own arousal, watching him as a perfect female salazzle.

“Yes Miss,” he replies, climbing up, and sliding in against her, feeling her warm salazzle body against his own, “Now I don’t feel so big against you Marilla.”

“Just more of me to love,” she replies, nuzzling and kissing him.

He leans into the kiss, hands caressing her sides, “*Don’t rush it... let her take it at the pace she wants.*”

She gives a little huff of her poison into his lungs. She feels him tense, watching him quiver a bit, sex twitching, “*Oh now I see how she loves to do that.*”

He moans, breaking the kiss, “Marilla,” he says with a pant, his cock aching, dribbling, the female sex mimicking his need, his body presses up against her, running his leg against hers, “That is just a mean tease.”

“Sorry,” she says with a blush.

“Don’t be, it was great.”

She nuzzles and pulls him close, wrapping her leg and tail around his, running her fingers across his smooth rubbery salazzle chest, “It’s nice to spend time with you like this.”

“It doesn’t matter what I am as, I’m happy to spend time with you. You’ve changed my world for the better.”

“You’re just a sweet talker aren’t you.”

“Not as sweet as you.”

She rolls her eyes, “Oh, okay now you’re putting it on a little thick,” she replies giving him a little kiss on the cheek, “And I know exactly what we’re going to do next?”

“You do?” he asks, pressing himself a little harder against her thigh.

“Yup,” she says, reaching behind her.

“*Oh no... does she have a sex toy hidden there?*” he thinks with a bit of worry.

She pulls out a remote, clicking on the television, “A few of my shows I’ve been missing are recorded, and I think we could watch them together.”

“Oh... that’s great,” he replies, feeling a hint of disappointment mixed with relief.

“You sound disappointed.”

“What? Me? No, no, not at all,” he says with a soft pant, “Just after all we set up, I thought we were going to... you know...”

“We will, but I don’t want to rush it, do you?” she asks with a grin, feeling him press harder against her thigh, “*He’s so needy. So, wanting, its cute.*”

“What? No, na, I would never want to rush any the time I spend with you.”

She grins, “Wonderful,” she says with a kiss, “And... I was talking to the Mistress a bit about you,” she says casually after a bit of time has passed as they watch the first show.

“Y-you have?”

“And she said I could have another stay with me and though this is a salandit and salazzle only area, she’s willing to make a special relationship exception for you.”

“What do you mean?”

“What I’m saying is…” she says, running her fingers across his twitching sex, slipping a digit in, “If you want to stay here with me.”

“M-move in with you?” he asks with a moan.

“Yes, that is what I’m asking.”

“Is that a little fast?” he asks, his sex tensing and squeezing her finger, body quivering in delight.

“It only is if you feel it is. If you think you need more time, I won’t rush you,” she says, thinking, *“I guess it was a bad idea to suggest it so soon.”*

“No, no. I don’t think it is. I would love it. I just don’t want to impose.”

She smiles, “Not at all. I’d be tickled pink if you stayed with me.”

He chuckles, before Marilla’s finger slips in deeper, transforming it into a moan.

“What is it?”

“Tickled pink? You’re plenty pink already.”

“Hush, it’s a human saying.”

“Then why did you say it?”

“I’ll continue to tease you and not let you off if you keep this up,” she huffs, blowing some of her miasma over him.

He groans, “Alright, alright I’ll quit it,” he says with a smile, leaning up against her, his hands sliding down to gently run across her sex, *“She’s doing it to me… it will be fine, right?”*

She softly moans in return, pressing up closer, finger deeper, “Good, I don’t want this relationship to go the wrong way now.”

“If a simple thing like that would, we’d never made it this far… Love you Marilla,” he says with a blush, which is hidden by the suit.

She feels a tingle run through her, one similar to that of the Mistress. The words sinking in, and she feels there is only one way to respond, “I love you too,” she says, giving him another deep passionate kiss, *“Perhaps things will work out after all… with the Mistress’ help.”*