

Birthday Bash at the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino

The Mistress leans back against one of her lovely Salazzles. The supportive Salazzle wears a gas mask tightly locked around her head as she shivers, feeling the Mistress' touch as she looks up at the hanging ends of the canopy bed, looking at the camera feed. The silky bed sheets underneath her, mimicking her fine blue, magenta, pink and black colors. Everything in this grand room screams to her loving vanity. The bed is silhouetted by light coming from the massive windows that face the beachfront property of this jungle island paradise. Only the mostly drawn curtains keep the light limited to her position.

A Salazzle appears from the darkness holding a silver platter, "Phone call Mistress," she says, giving a respectful bow while holding the dish up to her.

The Mistress gingerly grips the phone, "Moshi moshi?" she says in a sweet sultry voice.

"The money has been confirmed and secured, Mistress. Everything is good to continue as planned for the special guest."

The Mistress looks up at her other Salazzles working to get everything prepared for this event as she simply says, "Perfect." She hangs up the phone, placing it back on the platter, which the other Salazzle takes it away. She grabs a long breathing tube, attached to the Salazzle supporting her back gas mask, and takes a long deep breath, smoking the darling like an elegant cigarette, before she returns the favor with her potent miasma, making the Salazzle shudder and nearly cum herself right then and there, "How about we make an appearance, what do you think darling?"

The one behind her nods eagerly, her toes curling as her lungs continue to fill with the Mistress' poison.

She smirks, slipping off the bed, the Salazzle behind her rushing to help her, "That is what I thought," she muses, reaching around the mask, gently caressing her salazzle's head, slowly unzipping the hood, pulling it off with a firm tug. Her Salazzle pet works with her to get it off, "We have to look presentable now."

"Y-yes Mistress," she says, her tail wagging happily as the Mistress offer's her hand, which she gladly takes, "I-if I may be so bold to say Mistress?" she asks with trepidation as they walk.

"You are always free to speak your mind my sweet lovely. In fact, I *encourage* a little fight and vain attempts at *dominance*," she chuckles.

She swallows a lump in her throat, "I-I think I've gotten a better handle on handling you."

She cracks a smile as they reach an elevator, "Oh?"

"W-well I mean not you as a whole. You are so much to handle, Mistress. You are *the* Mistress. What I mean is that I can handle your pois..."

The Mistress places a finger on her lips, "Shh, I know. As much fun it is to see you be lust Brian dead in my presence. It doesn't help when I want you to perform your duties in my presence."

The Salazzle shudders, her toes curling. Her back tendrils stiffening with her tail. She looks into the Mistress' blue eyes, wanting to wrap her lips around that digit, her burning arousal growing hotter. It feels like an eternity has passed since that finger is placed upon her and then it's removed.

She pulls the finger away, dispelling her time stop spell over the Salazzle, "You don't need to say it. I have eyes, I know."

"Y-yes Mistress. Sorry," she says, licking her lips in the hopes to get an aftertaste of the Mistress.

"Don't be sorry, simply do better and that will be enough for me, but your words are appreciated," she says, gently caressing the salazzle's head one last time before the elevator dings, reaching the designated floor.

"Yes Mistress," she replies. It's difficult to know if the Salazzle is guiding the Mistress to the destination or she's being allowed to be up in front as she's led around like the pet she is. The collar around her neck feels so snug and delightful. The invisible leash from her to the Mistress is as real as any other.

They reach a sectioned off location of the casino, signs read "Private event. Invite only." Inside dozens of Salazzles busily work to get everything in order. The venue is a gambler's wet dream. The perfect mixture between a party venue and a gambling floor. With slots along one wall, a few poker tables that can double up as dining tables, craps, roulette and much more. All the heavy work and lifting has been done, and now the Salazzles here are just getting everything perfect. And perhaps because of or in spite of the Mistress' alluring presence they are working extra hard to get everything in order.

She walks up to a DJ stage in the far end of the room, where a lottery ball cage is set up on a table. She snaps her fingers, and all work stops, and the Salazzles turn to look up at her. The Salazzle beside her, looking a little nervous, blushing all the eyes by happenstance on her. The Mistress grabs a mic from the stand nearby, "Hello my sweet lovelies. I'm here to tell you that everything is set for our guest's big day tomorrow. And the extra I've asked for, for his... curious demands has been paid in full. Which means it's time to see which of you lovelies will get to be his pair of escorts for the venue."

The Salazzles talk among themselves, phrases pop up like, "He does tip well. The Mistress enjoys his company, I bet I would do. A special guest deserves special attention, and I can give it. Not as great as I. I simply want to curry favor with the Mistress by treating her guest well."

"My sweet lovely, please spin the cage," the Mistress says with a commanding undertone.

"Yes Mistress," her Salazzle servant replies, spinning the cage as she waits for the signal to stop. The Mistress delicately puts her hand into the bin pulling out a ping pong ball, "Verenice. It looks like you're the first *lucky* lovely to watch over my special guest during his special day," she says with a grin, motioning for the one Salazzle to step up onto the stage as the

other Salazzles clap happily, along with a few hopefuls they can be next. The Mistress looks to her Salazzle servant, “Spin it darling.”

“Yes Mistress!” she exclaims, turning the wheel, waiting for the signal for her to stop. The balls churning within, rattling to a halt when the Mistress raises her hand.

“Now, who is the lucky other Salazzle, ready to earn my favor, helping a VIP of our marvelous casino...” she says, digging her hand into the bin, taking her sweet time to pick a ball to the point that any mixing done beforehand was merely for show. She pulls the ball out, rolling it along her fingers. She reads the text, a sly grin grows on her lips as she turns to the Salazzle standing by the ball turner, “Why, look at this. Aren’t you a lucky darling, my sweet. It’s you, Marilla.”

She swallows a lump in her throat, “*Crap, I wasn’t expecting to win. I only did it on the Mistress’ encouragement to participate with the others!*” Then all the eyes are upon her, another set of envious glares, but that all fades when her gaze meets the Mistress.

“How fortuitous that you get to participate and help our special guest. It was lucky I had you volunteer to put your name in the bin,” she muses, her words washing over the other Salazzles in the room, calming any possible ire they had. The Mistress continues, “Now that we have our two special girls selected, let’s get down to business. Brian isn’t the only VIP coming to this party tomorrow.”

Brian sits back in the limo looking out the tinted windows at the casino strip, passing the Golden Egg dragon themed casino, pulling right up to the very extravagant and a pillar of dedication to the owner of the Salazzle Dazzle Casino. The Caucasian human dressed in a nice white and blue colored tuxedo, swallows a building lump in his throat, “Alright, you can do this. Not like anyone is going to *know* who you are right away. No one is going to look at you, stare at you. Judge you,” he tenses, checking a mirror to see if this dark brown hair is order. He takes the moment to stare into his baby blue eyes, “You got this.”

But as the door swings open a long purple and pink laced cart is literally rolled out right up to his limo thanks to a pair of salandits working really hard to do so just before he steps onto it. The area is roped off with black velvet ropes with placed along providing a barrier between him and any other guests, which immediately draws the attention of those said guests.

“*Fuck me... I told her I wanted to have the VIP treatment, I forgot to mention as **secret** VIP.*” The door swings open, and he steps out, tipping the Salazzle chauffeur, “Here you go.”

“Thank you, sir,” she says, the truck already popped as three salandit bellhops, one of which is of a shiny variant, and not the rubber sleek kind that some of the salazzles and salandits here are known for. The white and purple shiny color pokémon variant that is a rare genetic trait amongst pokémon that makes this particular lady stand out amongst her companions.

The Salazzle chauffeur works with the Salandits to grab Brian’s things, which is only amusing since all he has with him is two suitcases which are about as tall as the Salandits and a carry-on bag. The shiny Salandit takes the bigger suitcase.

"It looks like she's new, and trying to prove herself," Brian thinks as for a brief moment he forgot where he was, what was happening.

But he's snapped back to reality when the chauffeur closes the trunk, saying to him, "Please enjoy your stay."

He jumps a little bit, "Right, right," he looks over at the gathering crowd. He feels as if each gaze adds weight over him, another set to figure him out, another to peer into his soul, and find it hollow, his mind racing with impossibilities, inconsistencies, logic is tossed out the window, *"They know, they have to know. Is my hair, okay? I am probably dressed so tacky. I bet they think I am full of myself or some rich jackass..."* His heart races, his breathing quickens.

The shiny Salandit speaks with a soft unsure stutter, "W-welcome to the Salazzle Dazzle Casino, we are honored... honored to have you with us. Please, right this way, everything has been put in place... set up for you as you requested," she says, swallowing a lump in her throat.

She's trying so hard. Calm down Brian, you can do this. You don't want her to feel bad because of your own anxiety, he thinks putting up a smile front, "Thank you. What's your name?" he asks, focusing on the Salandit, making that his focus of his world as he follows her forward, trying to tunnel vision himself out of the world around him.

"Aria sir," she replies, as the doors automatically open and they step inside.

The cool air-conditioned air blows across them. The sweet aroma within tingles the senses and soothes the human further. There's just something about being in the building that is so delightful but it's more that he can't put his finger on it, but it's so subtle he doesn't even know it's happening. His attention soon shifts from the shiny collared Salandit to the two collared Salazzles that bow in unison before him. As per usual Salazzles look remarkably similar to one another with a few key exceptions such as the Mistress that has a streak of dazzling blue. And it was only through their perfectly uniform bow that he could spot the differences between the two, is subtle differences in how their markings are shown, and the hue of purple in their eyes, "Hello, and welcome to the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino. Please follow us to your special casino suite. We are your accompanying Salazzles that will be here to assist you as you desire," they say together.

"My name is Marilla," says the darker purple eyed Salazzle.

"My name is Verence," says the other.

"We do hope you enjoy your stay," they say in unison once more, guiding him toward the elevator.

Brian smirks, looking at the two short stack sassy Salazzles that he knows both of them are to be, "How long did it take you to get that down?"

"All night," remarks Marilla.

Verence elbows her, whispering, "You're not supposed to say that."

"S-sorry," she replies.

Brian waves it off, "It's fine. I was curious. No harm in telling me."

Verence quickly changes the subject, "We have your biometric data on file, and have already activated it to your room along with the special privileges in accordance to your pleasure

package,” she says as they reach elevator doors open up, letting the Salandits rush in first with his baggage.

The human nods, stepping in with the Salazzles in toe, “So, everything was put in order? I was talking to the Mistress the other day about some of my requests and there are no issues?”

The Salazzles look at each other then back at him, Verenice answering, “None that we know about darling,” she says, moving in closer, “All we need is a verbal permission from you to begin.”

He smirks, “I would very much like that, but the question is does this elevator count as a private space as its just us or public?”

The Salazzle runs her fingers along the small of the human’s back, “Wouldn’t you like to know?” she huffs, letting out a bit of her intoxicating aroma, which visibly makes the three Salandits squirm and the human’s heart races.

“I think I do,” he playfully responds, feeling his anxiety melt away under the intoxication.

“I-its considered public,” Marilla responds with a soft meep when Verenice’s tail brushes up against her side.

“Ruin the suspense, why don’t you?” she says with a sly smirk.

“S-sorry, I mean... the Mistress wouldn’t want our VIP to get confused and do the wrong thing. It’s his big day, isn’t that right Mr. Brian Leontes?”

Brian smiles at her, “It’s quite alright, and you can just call me Brian for now.”

“As you wish Mr. Brian.”

“Just Brian. Simple Brian. Though I want to be pampered during my stay, I don’t want to be considered better than anyone else.”

“Oh, I understand, but it’s a sign of respect and the Mistress wants us to show you the utmost respect.”

Verenice shakes her head, “But the Mistress also wants us to do what is asked of us to give him the best experience. We should do what he desires.”

Brian waves them off, “It’s fine. I’ll accept either. I don’t want to make a big deal about it. I just wanted to let you know there is no pressure on it, that’s all,” he replies, the door elevator doors open with a pleasant ding, the delightful aroma within the hotel stronger than ever on these upper floors, which soothes everyone.

“Thank you for your understanding, Mr. Brian,” says Marilla, the group reaching the hotel room, the shiny Salandit stretching to reach the handle, and just manages to do so.

“I could have done that,” he comments.

“Oh no Mr. Brian, it’s the bellhops’ job to first open the door for you,” explains Marilla.

The shiny salazzle pushes the door open, holding it open for the other Salandits to bring in the luggage as the human walks in right behind them with the salazzles in toe, “Then why have a special way for them to open seeing they are so height challenged?”

Marilla grins, looking at the shiny salazzle in particular when she says, “To remind them of how small they are compared to everyone else.”

The shiny Salandit blushes.

Verenice adds, "It's a habit of the Mistress. I wouldn't worry about it. She doesn't allow anything that will hinder the customer's experience. Come we've got everything you'd want as you requested," she says, starting the tour "We have a luxurious kitchen with white marble tabletop. Not that I think you'd want to use our ovens with such fine dining we have on the ground floor on the Seventh floor where we have our Salazzle Seven Heaven dining."

"The bathroom has a twenty-one-jet hot tub and mini sauna for all your delighted needs. Never need a towel to dry off, and it can be turned into a steam room if desired," says Marilla, showing off the room.

Verenice continues, showing off the living room with the fancy vases that depict the Mistress in a pseudo-Egyptian Goddess like depiction, the massive flat screen TV along the wall with elegantly carved mahogany wood furniture and a couch that looks like you'd go broke just sitting on it. The massive windows show the ocean and the beach front property, but with an added bonus, "The infinity pool of your very own," she says, sliding the window open, showing off the breathtaking, acrophobic inducing blue water pool.

Marilla moves over to the hallway, "But if heights and the view aren't your thing, we have a game room."

Brian turns to her, "Game room? Are you two going to watch me play and bet poker or blackjack?" he muses.

She shakes her head, "Not that kind of *game* room, but a pool table, video games, and so forth. That kind of gaming. Sorry I wasn't clear with it," she says, tensing up a little bit, giving a bow, "Apologies."

He waves her concerns away, "It's fine. I'm pleased to have such lovely ladies here to accompany me during my stay. It really helps ease my anxiety being out of my skin," he says with a chuckle.

"Out of your skin?"

"Oh, right, sorry. Were you told about how I wear a lugia suit all the time?"

She nods, "I have. But I haven't been told why and I thought it would be rude of me to ask."

"I have a variant of agoraphobia which I have been working on. To be honest the suit helps a lot, I feel safe and secure in it, but I can't live my life hiding, too afraid not to face my anxiety, fears."

"Oh, so that's why the Mistress got..." she trails off when she catches Verenice's gaze as the other Salazzle as she closes the door to the pool behind her.

"Got what?"

"Oh, um... you'll see. It's a surprise," replies Marila looking off to the side.

Verenice saunters up to the hallway leading deeper into the luxury suite, "It's only moments away. The Mistress had many of us working hard to get your room set up. We're not the kind of establishment but as the Mistress says, 'money talks' and you certainly had a lot to say," she chuckles, motioning the human to follow her.

“She is free to say no. I know some of my requests are a bit... self-indulgent and not part of what is normally offered here. But you ladies are just so alluring, enticing, that it's hard not to have you all on my mind,” she says with a little blush.

Just then the Salandits walk back into the living room, “Your luggage has been delivered and is beside the bed,” says Aria, with a little blush, looking at Marilla for just a moment, who gives a subtle nod to her.

Brian smiles, “Here let me get you a tip for you three,” says Brian digging into his wallet and placing some cash into their hands.

“Thank you,” the three say as they depart.

“Lovely Salandit girls the Mistress keeps,” the human remarks.

Marilla give sone last look to the trio Salandits as the door closes behind them, “She knows how to pick them,” she remarks.

Verenice muses, gently running her hands along the wall, “It's part of the charm of the casino darling,” she says, opening the door to the bedroom, “This last part I am sure is to razzle, dazzle and enthrall you,” she chuckles walking inside.

Marilla quickly adds, “I am sure it will really ensnare your senses.” The Salazzle looks a bit sullen at her own perception of the poor choice of words, which become evident when the human walks into the room.

Before him is a rubber wonderland of delights. The carpet is covered in a bright hot pink rubber, the walls a black, the ceiling an electrifying blue, and the bed a deep purple. BDSM equipment line the walls, with a electric-blue vac bed on the side, ready to be utilized in a moment's notice. Purple ropes, black bondage hanging equipment ready to be placed over the bed. The vision of delights assaulting his gaze is too much for him to contain, and the mixing of latex and delightful aroma that grows stronger the longer the Salazzles are in the room with him only intensifies his bubbling lust and desires, “T-this is amazing...” he smirks, “And I see the Mistress has set up the room to really remind me who the one in charge of this is.”

Marilla blushes a bit, “The Mistress is really good at that.”

“Is it to your liking?” asks Verenice as she climbs onto the bed, running her hands across the sheets, making them squeak.

The human takes a moment to take it all in, “It looks good to me. We'll have to save the fun in here till after the party. It's in a few hours, isn't it?”

“Three-ish hours,” she replies.

“Clearly not enough time for any extra fun in here,” says Brian looking over the bondage gear, swallowing a lump in his throat.

Marilla tilts her head, “Three hours isn't enough.”

“When it comes to bondage, I don't want to rush the experience,” she says with a little sly smirk, unsure if its the girl's easy presence, Marilla's own uncertainties or the delightful aphrodisiac that's boosting his arousal to circumvent his own mind's anxieties and self-doubt. Drunk on the heat of the moment, that pushes him to go deeper, to want more. But he stays his

instincts, desire, basking in the moment, the anticipation of what is to come is almost as great as the act itself.

The human walks over to the vac bed, running his fingers across the smooth rubber, feeling it bounce like the skin of a drum, “That is certainly going to be a bit of fun.”

“The room is soundproof so you wouldn’t have to worry about anyone hearing your fun,” Marilla suddenly spouts out.

“Really? Isn’t that a piece of good news,” he smirks.

“That isn’t the only good news we have for you deary. Come hither to me, and I will show you what surprise the Mistress has planned for you...” she drums her fingers along a bright pink box, suddenly stopping, to then just run her finger across the lip of the lid, “You’re willing to accept what the Mistress has to offer.” She leans forward over the box, letting out a little bit of a miasmic huff, “I doubt even someone as *important* as you would want to turn down anything the Mistress offers.”

A shiver runs down the human’s spine. He approaches the smug Salazzle, “Well Verenice, how could I turn down the Mistress and her offers when she has already provided me with so much. What is it that she has to offer?”

“Verenice grins wider, “The Mistress, ever the thoughtful one and considerate of not only your needs but of her fellow Salazzles has graciously decided to help with your... anxiety that you are to if you so choose to accept it... which I *know* you will, because who could ever deny what the Mistress *wants* she does *deserve* it, wouldn’t you agree?”

“You speak well for her, though it leaves me to wonder what it is that she is offering. You failed to mention that, but from what I can tell, it's something that you are confident that it will be something I’d like but also something the Mistress is sure to enjoy... is it a salazzle suit?”

Verenice’s smile fades for just a moment, her gaze shifting toward Marilla, “You told him, didn’t you?”

Marilla shook her hands, “No, no. How could I? You were with me the entire time.”

She huffs, releasing more of her own miasma into the room, “I wanted to see the look on his face when I pulled this lovely up,” she remarks, showing off a human sized Salazzle suit, “The Mistress got it custom ordered as her birthday gift to him.”

“She wants me to pose as a Salazzle during my escapades outside of the bedroom I see,” he says, feeling up the silky-smooth rubber, instantly recognizing the Toys-4-U quality latex.

“If you wouldn’t mind. She says with how you fantasize about us; you might as well be us during your stay. Even If you’re a little... *tall*.”

Marilla clambers on top of the bed, “Not that is a bad thing. It’s more you’ll stand out being such a tall Salazzle, but I am sure it’ll be perfectly fine with whatever you decide.”

Verenice hands the suit over to Marilla before grabbing Brian’s blue and white tie, pulling him closer to her, “Now... Marilla and I read what we are supposed to do during your stay. I hope you don’t mind we get started on that, right away, now, hmm?” she asks with a grin giving a purposeful puff of her intoxicating fumes right into his face.

The human shudders as the tightness grows tighter around his neck, blood flowing to his head, making him stiffen, “Ahh... well if you already know, I can’t be too against it. But I just want to get the suit on and head out. Get my Salazze legs before the party, you know?”

Verenice grins, “Want us to get under your thumb that fast darling?” she says, running her long smooth finger across his chin, “But I can’t fault you wanting to be a sexy Salazze like us. It’s what I love too,” she teases with a little wink, beginning to undo his tie, “Marilla, are you going to make me do all the work undressing our important guest?”

“N-no, no, of course not. Sorry Verenice,” she says, gently placing the suit down, sliding off the bed to work his belt and pants, revealing the bulge in his boxers to the other Salazze.

With a soft groan the human responds, “It’s alright. No need to be nervous with me. I’m not one of those stuck-up rich folks. I started off with not a lot and played my way to wealth and fame.”

“Maybe that is why the Mistress likes you,” remarks Marilla.

“Huh? What was that?”

“Nothing, nothing,” she replies, pulling down his underwear in one quick motion in an attempt to distract him, *“I hope he didn’t hear or think that the Mistress would like, like him. She’s an ultra strict lesbian... I hope the Mistress doesn’t find out. If she hears I could have planted the wrong idea in his head...”*

The human bucks forward, the tease working to get his thoughts off what was said and on the Salazze in front of him.

She leans forward, reaching down and walks her fingertips across his length, while holding herself up with his tie, “Are you ready to be a good *human* and listen to your betters?”

“Well I... hmm, yes, yes,” he groans, shuddering against the silky smooth fingers.

“Wonderful,” she muses, releasing his tie, helping remove his coat and unbuttoning his shirt. Marilla grabs the clothes and puts them away while Verenice turns the suit around, revealing the deep purple hued color inside. The Salazze opens the suit further, welcoming the human to slip inside, “legs first.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice. I’m an expert in getting these suits on,” he says, his member bouncing with each move he makes. His thoughts too much on what he’s going to wear, and what he’ll be doing later with these two fine ladies that any thoughts of embarrassment of showing off his naked body simply melts away in the heat of the moment. He climbs onto the bed, slipping his hands into the suit, helping it stay open and pin the one side down as he slips his legs down into the other half. As the rubber glides across his thighs, caressing and squeezing his body like a tight body suit a thought pop into his mind, “Am I going to be uh... shapely like you ladies?”

Verenice, runs her fingers through his hair, messing up his hair, “Darling whatever could you mean by that?” she asks, huffing her poison over his face.

The human shudders, groaning as his feet slip into the suit’s rubber insides. Marilla runs her fingers across the latex, smoothing and tugging the suit. Sliding her fingers between the human’s toes making sure everything is locking into place. His lungs fill with her warmth,

which soon spreads through the rest of his body as he stretches, helping the suit slide up along his legs, and caress the underside of his butt, “Well...” he says, blushing as his eyes look down to the salazzle’s thighs, “You’re all known for more than just your poison and reverse harems you know.”

She tilts her head to the side, continuing her grin, “We’re also known for our sass,” she baps him on the nose, “Put on the suit and you’ll see how shapely you can be.”

“Yes Miss,” he replies, swallowing a lump in his throat sliding back off the bed, pulling the front of the suit up just as Marilla pulls the back of the suit back, pulling it around his butt before it slips from her fingers and it makes a loud squeaky snap against the human’s ass, “Ow...”

Marilla stiffens, “Sorry, sorry. My body polish makes latex slip really easily between my fingers.”

Brian looks down at the nervous Salazzle, “Relax, it’s one of those... hurt so good moments.”

She relaxes, “Oh good, thank you Mr. Brian.”

Verenice reaches around the suit and grips the human’s cock, “Now, now. We need to guide this in its special place. We can’t have a *male* Salazzle in our midst. We’re very traditional with our Salazzles here at the casino,” she muses, slipping her fingers around the length, guiding it right into a tight rubber cavity that grips and holds his aching member in place. The Salazzle rubs the crotch from the outside, feeling up everything as she pulls the human’s balls forward, pushing one and the other into the cavity, “Hmm, it feels like its fitting well,” she muses, rubbing the crotch harder with the palm of her hand, pushing, squeezing and shifting the human’s cock, till it’s very nicely snug in the center of the suit, making to look nearly invisible from the outside.

The human is a prisoner of his own delights, his length bounced around within the cock cavity, as the rubber wraps around the whole thing. His junk is pulled into the suit's opening, as if it hungers to consume his bits to give that silky smooth female look. The air within the suit rushes out as more of it is pulled closer against his body. He runs his hands across the front of the suit, teasing himself as he is about to move his hand down to feel his held-up cock but Verenice baps it away.

“Come on now, we can’t have you be improper and touch yourself like that. At least not *yet*,” she teases.

“Sorry Miss,” he grunts, holding the front half of the suit, while he feels Marilla’s delicate hands actress and check over every inch of his lower half, “*She has loving hands*,” he thinks.,

Marilla meanwhile hopes, “*I hope he’s enjoying this. I know Aria did when she...*” she trails off from the thought, focusing on her duties, caressing the latex, smoothing out any wrinkles, tugging, pulling, squeezing as she massages the human’s calf and upper thigh, pressing right in the center o fit with a loud squeak, “Once you are suited, you can enjoy a nice polishing.

The Mistress would want you looking your best for your big day... oh, and happy birthday, I didn't say that yet. Sorry."

Brian was a bit too lost in the moment, nodding along, "Yeah, that sounds good," he huffs, taking the initiative to slip his arms into the suit. The rubber crinkles and squeaks as it slides across the human's appendages, spreading its latex along his smooth human skin, hiding away his humanity, and joining the pokémon species, one rubbery inch at a time.

Verenice presses her smooth chest up against his, squeezing the latex against his body, quickly warming up the rubber as the attached Salazzle hood dangles off to the side, "Someone is clearly enjoying themselves and the day is so young," she huffs against in his face, washing over bliss across the shuddering human before she gives a single command, "Turn around."

"Yes Miss," he says, the flaccid Salazzle tail and tendrils pressing between the bed and himself, bouncing around wildly, and having to be pulled back into a proper position by Marilla, who is working hard to keep everything in order.

"Marilla don't worry about those. Help me get this suit around him and sealed. You're in charge of the suit department, you should know these things."

The other Salazzle shoots her a look, "I know what I am doing," she huffs, climbing onto the bed, "It's press and seal technology. It's super easy," he states, bumping Verenice's hips, pushing Verenice out of the way as she grips the rubber back, pulling the ends together. The latex stretches and creaks as it slides smoothly across the human's skin. Marilla smirks hearing the human moan, "You do enjoy your rubber, don't you?" she asks.

"Yes, I do. I wouldn't wear a rubber Lugia suit wherever I go as who I am for years on end if I didn't," he says with a blush, looking down at his purple and pink chest, running his hands across his arms, smoothing out the rubber.

"Your room request also lends credence to your claims. Verenice, help him smooth out the rubber on his arms, I got this. I am the *expert* after all. This is my charge; didn't you say that?" she says with a sly smirk.

She huffs, "Sure," she climbs on top of Marilla, clambering over Brian like a cat who is claiming their spot. She wraps her legs around the human's head, holding herself there, feet gently rubbing along the rubber chest, reaching over to grip and pull the rubber smooth, "How's this?"

Marilla shakes her head, "You'll have to ask Mr. Brian that."

Verenice smirks, running her hands through the human's hair, her sleek rubber thighs running across his face, but without the squeak, "What do you think Brian? Are you enjoying yourself?" her foot reaches down just enough that her toes can gently caress that fairly hidden bulge.

The human closes his eyes, only to open them for the goddess' view of them thighs for days, the purple and pink, "Oh, yes, I am very pleased right now," he huffs, holding his arms out so the Salazzle can continue her duties.

She looks down at Marilla, "See? He's pleased."

Marilla shakes her head, running her finger along the rubber she's holding together, which then shifts and merges with itself, forming a seamless seal around the human. Steadily she works her way up to the very base of his neck, which can only be done when Verenice grinds her crotch up along the human's head, resting on the top, giving her a good view of her slit, *"Such a showoff slut."*

Brian groans, bucking his hips forward, feeling the full weight of the Salazzle over him, reminded that these relatively speaking small pokémon pack a massive punch. Her heat around his head grows ever hotter. He's unsure if it's her own arousal or simply her fire nature teasing him. The latex shifting and moving along his spine as it seals feels cool, wet for just a moment, tingling his senses as it crawls up his body to the very base of the neck, leaving only the head needed to be slipped on, "Ladies, please. No need to be hostile. There's plenty of me to go around."

Marilla reaches around and gently rubs Brian's crotch, now that Verenice's feet have moved up to keep herself balanced on the human's head, *"I'm appreciative the Mistress is going to feminize him for a good amount of this. But any good dom can top someone they aren't attracted to,"* she thinks, teasing that subtle bulge with her caressing fingers.

"Time to give you head," chuckles Verenice as she stands on the human's shoulders, her massive feet providing excellent grip as she grabs the hood, opening it up for him, "I hope you are ready."

"I am ready, but I'd like it better if both of you gave me my head at once."

"Such a charmer," remarks Verenice.

Marilla nods, "Sure, we can do that. If you don't mind Mr. Brian, could you sit down to give us a better grip?"

"Of course," he replies. Like a pianist about to sit down at a piano, he lifts his tail and tendrils and places them on top of the bed, looking into the Salazzle hood. The near twin Salazzles reach over, pressing their smooth chests up against his shoulders. Their warm bodies, teasing him, soothing him as the sleek inside is ready to grip around his head, "I'm ready ladies whenever you are."

Verenice looks over at Marilla, and gives a playful wink, "Ready?"

Marilla tilts her head, curious for just a second but then picks up what her partner in crime is putting down, "Ready."

Together they pull the hood back, rubber sliding across the human's face temporarily blinding him as the two girls adjust, slipping their fingers into his mouth to make sure it all fits just right, but they then squeeze all the excess air out of the hood, making the latex really squeeze around his head before they lift the back of the rubber hood up just enough for the two girls to take one single deep breath and blow their miasma into his hood, flooding his head with their seductive poison before running their fingers across the hood sealing it in there with him.

He tenses and moans backing forward, his words muffled by the salazzles' teasing fingers. They press up against him, running their free hand across his chest, "Oh God..." she groans.

Verenice chuckles, “There is no God, only the Mistress now darling.”

A moment later the suit grows tighter around the human’s body with a monotone voice whispering into his ear, **“Hello, welcome to Toys-4-U advanced Salazzle suit. Uploading user Brian Leontes profile. Profile loaded. Welcome to your Toys-4-U advanced character suit. Please wait as physical adjustments are made.”**

The human sinks into the heat of the ladies’ intoxicating poison, the suit spreading around him, filling out. The tails and tendrils come to life as he feels a tingle rush down his spine. His body grows more responsive to the latex shell that contains his human form. He’s all too familiar with the adjustment process which helps blur the line between suit and the person within. He feels the cool air transferred through the rubber to his body. Thighs thickening out, becoming so very shapely. His throat is squeezed as his vocal cords tingle, “Fuck this is a lovely part of it,” he remarks, the fingers withdrawn from his mouth as his voice cracks and grows slighter, feminine, making it on par with the ladies around him.

His vision clears up, the suit expanding, forcing that aroma that the girl’s gave him to really sink in, while his crotch grows tighter, a smooth crotch, hiding whatever bulge he has completely away into a traditional Salazzle female sex. Despite how naked he looks, he now feels clothed, protected, hidden away, while being true to an aspect of his delight and self. His body squeaks as he looks over himself. Or perhaps for the moment, herself if he wanted to, but either way he looks dazzling.

“Physical adjustment complete. Please enjoy your Toys-4-U emulation suit. If you have any questions or concerns, please contact....”

“Command, skip,” he says, ending the message, “As much as I love their products on occasion their adverts can get bothersome... some of them at least.”

Verenice runs her hands across Brian’s Salazzle body, “Now, don’t you look better? How about we get you all polished up after we present you with one last thing to really help you find your place amongst us.”

He looks over at her, “Whatever could that be?”

The Salazzle gives a sassy grin, using a back tendril to reach into the box and pull out a collar exactly like the ones he’s seen around the other Salazzles and Salandits of the hotel, “As a reminder of just who you are a guest of at this establishment,” she says, holding the collar out to him.

He chuckles, grabbing it and slipping it around his neck, feeling its choker grip, and weight around him, “I don’t think I could forget, collar or not,” he says with a soft shiver, watching Marilla busy gently polishing his latex to a wonderful shine.

Verenice continues, “Our collars have an adjustment so you can leash us once we leave the room,” she says, showing off the ring to clip the leash, “The leashes are on the bottom drawer over there,” she says, pointing to a dresser that has all sorts of adult toys placed neatly on top.

He smirks, “Thank you, I appreciate it darling.”

Marilla speaks up, “But first we have to use the special polish that the Mistress requested you wear during your outings with us and at your party while here wearing that suit.”

Brian gives her a curious look, “That’s oddly specific, and makes me curious what kind of polish you are putting on me. Is it to lock me up as a Salazzle forever?” he asks with a chuckle.

“What? No, no. That could never happen,” she says, looking off to the side.

“Relax. I know it can’t. It’s a teasing dream for some to be sure, but I am happy who I am, and what I can be,” he replies, stretching, lifting his legs for the Salazzle as she gently polishes his thick feminine thighs and hips.

“It’s an anti-squeak polish. The Mistress prefers not to hear the sound of squeaking latex.”

“Really? How odd, giving how she looks. Normally those who love latex, love the sound.”

Verenice explains, “She’s born that way, and people have presumed she was a plaything. So she likes to differentiate between the two as much as possible.”

“I suppose so. Interesting how one’s experiences can change their outlook on some fun things,” he says, shuddering as the cool polish is rubbed into the rubber body. The two Salazzles work diligently to get every *inch* of his body and just as they finish, giving him a glistening shiny body of perfection the two are about to polish themselves when Brian says...

“Polish each other... slowly,” he gives them a sassy Salazzle grin.

Verenice looks up at him, “In the bedroom aren’t we supposed to be the top girls and when we’re out there you’re a Mistress?”

Brian crosses his arms, leaning back against the bed, “Come on. It’s my birthday, and you want to please your Mistress by pleasing me now, right?”

She huffs, “Fine, fine.”

Marilla moves in quickly, gently rubbing Verenice’s crotch with the polishing cloth, “Come on. You want to please the birthday girl, don’t you?” she muses, giving a firm rub, “We want to look the best for her to boot and the Mistress for the party.”

The surprised Salazzle shudders and moans, grinding up against Marilla’s touch for just a moment, before she counters with a polish crotch rub herself, huffing her warming poison into the air, “Of course I do. Hopefully you can even stand being near the Mistress for longer than five seconds before melting into a puddle of needy lustful goo,” she muses, slipping around Marilla and rubbing along her back.

“I provide what she wants, and she loves it when I melt,” she winks, grinding up against the other Salazzle, taking the polishing cloth and rubbing Verenice’s sides while looking over at Brian who looks at them with a sense of approval and delight.

“*I can use this,*” Brian thinks, “Ladies please, continue, I am enjoying myself. Perhaps you should kiss and make up when you’re done polishing each other.”

Once Marilla’s back has been polished, she spins around her companion and runs the cloth along her back, gently squeezing the tendrils to let the fabric run along the entire length, “I think that is an excellent idea. We shouldn’t fight.”

Verenice chuckles, "Didn't you hear him? He wants us to tussle," she gives Brian a wink, turning around once her back polishing is done and giving Marilla a quick peck on the cheek.

"Eep!" exclaims Marilla, blushing a bit as she's taken a bit back, "Well ah, I..."

The other Salazzle slips back in front of Marilla, running her hands across her smooth, shiny, rubbery, squeak free but shiny chest. She runs the cloth across, teasing, rubbing polishing, bringing her muzzle close to hers, "Just don't tell Zirra I'm getting so close, she might get jealous," she whispers into Marilla's ear before giving her a deep passionate kiss.

Marilla tenses, blushing a bit, a soft moan escaping her lips as she leans into the embrace of her fellow Salazzle, her mind drifting off to the desire, the urge, picturing a different Salazzle before her that is neither the Mistress or one that exists just yet. Slowly the kiss breaks and she pants, "S-sure.... I won't," she replies with a soft purr.

Verenice chuckles, "That is what I like to hear," she turns to Brian, "We're polished and ready to go ma'am when you are. The leashes are in the drawer."

Brian's suit shows a Salazzle smug smirk, he crosses his arms, "Ma'am?"

"You are a Salazzle girl right now, aren't you?" she says with a wink, walking up to gently rub Brian's smooth feminine crotch.

He shudders, "Fair enough," he says in his clearly female sounding voice, "But why don't you grab the leashes, since you know where they are."

She lets out a playful huff, "Sure, anything you say Miss, you are the boss," she replies, whipping around, purposely letting her tail smack Brian's thigh as she grabs the neon blue and hot pink leashes with a black lacing woven in, "Our leashes Ma'am," she states holding them up to her.

"Collar yourselves then hand your leashes to me."

"Sure," she replies, tossing one leash to Marilla who stumbles to catch it.

"G-got it," she says, swallowing a lump in her throat as she leashes herself, giving the leash a tug, tensing at the feel of it as she looks up at Brian sheepishly, while Verenice hands the leash off with controlled dom confidence.

"Here you go Ma'am," she states, giving Brian a sly smirk.

Brian takes the leashes giving them a little tug, "How lovely. Both of you are lovely. And for two lovely girls who will be spending so much time with me, I have a special gift for the two of you so you can enjoy in my kind of fun," he says, going through his pockets, pulling out his wallet, which contains two golden cards with black lettering and a image of the Mistress in her fine colors looking smug and sassy in the upper right hand corner, "These are for you two."

Marilla takes her card, "We're not normally allowed to gamble."

"I've talked to the Mistress, and she gave me the go ahead. She liked the idea as long as it was with my money," he chuckles.

"H-how much is on it?"

"Enough to last," he replies with a sly smirk.

Verenice runs the card through her fingers, “This will certainly add to some loveliness. I should have brought my wrist wallet.”

“We’ll get you some,” he replies, giving both girls a pat on the head, Marilla meeping, Verenice taking it with suppressed shame but more repressed enjoyment, “And we’re going to play a little game with those two cards.”

Marilla sheepishly asks, “What kind of game?”

“The one who can win the most will get to be the top girl when we get back to the room after the party.”

Verenice grins, “This will be fun. I have this in the bag. I don’t think you ever gambled once, have you Marilla?”

“Truth be told, I never did it.”

Brian pats her on the head, “Well best way to have fun gambling is with someone else’s money. And don’t worry. I don’t care if you lose it all or not. Just have fun.”

“Okay, I will Mr. Brian.”

“For the sake of appearances, how about we go with ma’am when outside the room?”

“Sure thing Mr. Brian, I can do that.”

Brian gives the leash a playful tug, “Good, let’s go. I am hankering for some slots as a warmup, a bit of blackjack and to earn back anything I lose, some poker,” he laughs heartily.

Verenice smirks, “Sounds like a plan ma’am,” she coos, leading them out of the room, with Marilla right behind her.

The trio come onto the gaming hall turning a few heads. Their leashes remained lax, but they reflexed dazzlingly under the game floor lights. Marilla blushes a bit, while Verenice shows off her stuff, being the head Salazzle in the pack throughout their trip. They start with the slots, with their dazzling lights, interactive games that give the illusion of control in this game of pure chance.

Verenice hits a nice interactive game jackpot on the Salandit shuffle. She leans back, hands on the back of her head, pleased with herself as the free games keep on going through with all their flashing lights and dazzling sounds, “At this rate it looks like I am going to come out on top,” she shoots Marilla a look, who is sitting on the other side of Brian, who is keeping the leashes on his lap.

“It’s fine. It’s about how much ahead you are at the end, not in total right? Or is it just how much you win?” she asks looking sheepishly up at him.

Brian, who is slapping the button with max bet, his gaze is clear he’s more interested in the two girls playing than whatever he wins. He smirks fiendishly, “Well that is a good question. When you play is it how much you win in total that matters or how much you win left over? But it's true you can't win if you don't play.”

Marilla huffs, “Come on Miss, could you let me know which?”

Verenice chuckles, “It’s the one who wins the most in total, the more I play the more I get to win and come out on top. Stop being so sheepish about your bets and go all in like me.”

Marilla swallows a lump in her throat, "I think being careful and not getting too lost in the game is important. I think I'll play around a bit within leash range... though I don't want other customers to trip over it..."

Brian moves to unleash her, "You can move around a little bit, but come back here."

Verenice snarkily remarks, "Already being let go off your leash, eh?"

Marilla raises her hand, stopping Brian, "It's fine. I was just thinking out loud a bit. I prefer to stay near you and do my job."

Brian responds, "Once Verenice is done with her free game spin, we can go to another machine, how about that?"

She smiles, "I'd love that very much Miss. I think moving around helps with winning and then you get to see all the different types of games."

"Pff, it's all the same, better to stick at one and play it hard," replies Verenice.

"I wonder which style will win."

"Hard to play mine if I have to move."

"I could let you off your leash as we check the nearby machines."

Verenice makes a move to accept it but then catches Brian and Marilla's sly teasing grin and she stops, "No, I'll make do," she replies, Crossing her arms.

"That's a good girl, come, let's try the Sassy Salazzle next. I'm feeling lucky with that one."

"That is another one I like. It speaks to me."

"I wonder why," he replies with a chuckle. The games continue between the three till it shifts over to blackjack. A feral dragon sits on one end with a Salazzle helper there to help slide tokens for him, while Brian's group takes three empty seats. A Salazzle dealer shuffles the card with an expertise that is surprising given their long fingers.

Verenice blushes a little bit, reading the name of the dealer, "Zirra."

Brian catches the look, the two salazzle's eyes meeting, "Hello there, I haven't seen you before, or have I?" he asks the dealer.

"Perhaps," she says, shuffling the cards, "Perhaps not. Such fine company you keep Miss," she replies, dealing out the cards after the cards were swiped and turned into chips for the trio.

"The casino has a lot of fine delights for one such as myself," he chuckles, looking at his cards, a nine and seven, while the dealer has an eight. He taps his card to get hit once it's his turn.

"Twenty-one. Very nice. You seem to be a lucky gal to have such dazzling ladies by you," she replies, going to Verenice, "I'm sure you agree, don't you?"

She swallows a lump in her throat, "I can't play this hand."

Zirra chuckles, "I'm sure you can play one. The bet was laid, the card has been dealt. The cameras are watching. After this we'll get a new dealer."

The dragon huffs, "What's wrong with the current dealer? I've been doing great today."

"Can't have a close relations deal..." says Verenice.

“A close relation? How close?” asks Brian.

“Plenty close,” says Zirra with a sly wink toward Verenice.

“It’ll break the rules.”

“You didn’t know it was me till after you placed your bet.”

“I…” she huffs, “I knew it was you the entire time.”

“Sure, don’t look it to me. So do you fold or hit?”

Marilla thinks, “*She’s so going to get it from her afterwards for not noticing she was right there.*”

Brian teases, “You can’t surrender now, you’ll only help Marilla catch up. And what was that about you can’t win if you don’t play?”

“You’re the one who said that not me, but fine hit me,” she took another card hoping to improve her current hand.

“Maybe later, when we’re alone,” she teases, giving Verenice a card, and then another hit, “Twenty-two, bust. Sorry darling.”

“I prefer I didn’t win this hand for our sake,” she says, crossing her arms, “To play it safe I’ll wait.”

Brian nods, “We can go to another table, it’s alright. It’s a pleasure meeting you, Zirra.”

“Nice meeting you, I get off just in time for the little bash you have going on. So, we’ll see each other again,” she says with a smirk shuffling the cards, getting back to the dragon as their game continues.

As they sit at another table, Brian inquires, “Tell me more about her. She sounds nice.”

“She is nice,” Verenice huffs.

Marilla leans up against Verenice, “Don’t be so bashful about it. You can tell her. I can tell you two are together.”

“Of course, we are. That’s Why I can’t play a game she deals at. It goes against company policy, which would go against the Mistress. She’s lenient on you Ma’am but she’s not going to allow blatant house rules being broken, slide without consequences.”

“Fair, it is why we left after that one unintentional hand.”

Marilla smirks, leaning against the table, giving Verenice a teasing grin, “But I don’t think Zira is going to let your mistake slide all that easily, will she?”

“Why… I… uh… It’s fine,” She cocks her head up, “Nothing to worry about. Hit me!” she exclaims.

The Salazzle dealer replies, “It’s not your turn yet Miss, please wait and don’t talk so loudly.”

“Sorry,” she replies bashfully.

“Don’t worry Verenice,” says Brian, giving a playful tug on her leash, “If you are afraid to go home tonight, you can always work late with me.”

“I think that will only be delaying the inevitable.”

“It’ll be fine, I’m sure of it.”

Marilla who meeps happily when she gets twenty-one, “I won!”

Brian smiles, “Very nice, now let's see if that can turn into a streak a maybe you'll get some action with a split.”

“A split?”

Verenice shakes her head, “How do you not know what one is? You work at a casino?”

“You know I work in the back off the floor most of the time.”

“That's criminal,” says Brian.

“W-why?”

“Such a lovely face like yours deserves to be out there.”

She blushes, “Thanks, but there are plenty out here already. I don't need it to show my face to many, just to those I care about.”

Verenice remarks with teasing sarcasm, “That's very touching.”

“I'm sure Zirra will do plenty of that with you when you get back home.”

She huffs her miasma in her direction.

The dealer wags her finger, “Come on now, none of that here at the table.”

She lowers her head, “Sorry.”

Brian nods, “Sorry about that, I need to keep these two on a tighter leash and be better behaved,” he says with a teasing leash tug.

“Sorry Ma'am,” the two replied.

“Much better girls.”

The dealer Salazzle says as she shuffles the deck for another hand, “Careful, the Mistress can get very protective over her darlings.”

“I'm well aware,” he says, looking at his hand a pair Aces, “Now this is *always* split,” he says, explaining the rules to Marilla as their fun at the table continues before it eventually shifts over to a poker game. The Salazzle suited human sits at the table as the two girls say to him in unison.

“We'll watch for now.”

Brian gives a tug, “Are you sure?”

“Very sure,” says Verenice.

“I hope you don't mind; I want to observe how to play a game I know nothing about.”

“Only way to learn is to play.”

“Maybe in a bit.”

“Suit yourself.”

“Look who's talking,” remarks Verenice.

Brian gives the leash a playful tug, “Best not to do that.”

“Do what ma'am?”

“Play with words. I have a friend who doesn't get certain things and I can't be sure if she is just messing with me, but there's only so much of it I can take in a day, and she'll be at the party.”

Marilla tilts her head, “A lady friend? Who's that?”

“I wouldn’t call her a lady, but she is finely shaped as one,” he chuckles as his game begins and the moment it does, his mood subtly shifts. He’s as talkative and pleasant as ever, but his gaze betrays the fact he’s reading his opponents. Figuring out each of their tells, the game is on, and he intends to win, and for most of the hands he does.

The two Salazzles watch in awe as the human maneuvers in his suit like it wasn’t even there, taking on his opponents with pleasantries and yet unforgiving fierceness that he doesn’t let any win that he could not. And as they become enthralled with his display of card prowess a pleasant aroma washes over them that makes them feel good but causes Marilla to shiver in delight. She clenches her mouth, holding back thoughts and desires that bubble up into her mind, “*Now is not the time.*” she thinks, but stiffens when she hears the Mistress talk.

“There you are darlings; I was wondering where you three absconded off too. Making me find you, how treacherous of you,” she says, approaching from the other side of the table, “And wearing your gift no less. I thought you were coming in your own birthday suit,” she chuckles.

“If you are looking for a rematch, just take a seat, and how could I not wear such a dazzling gift?”

“I was going to, but when you have the best at your casino, I might as well dress the best.”

“Well... I can’t fault you for that,” she says, eyeing Verenice and Marilla, “It’s a shame you lost track of time,” her gaze moved back towards him, “Finish the hand and come, we have your party to attend to.”

“Everyone has arrived?”

“Many, you can’t be the last one to arrive, birthday boy.”

The other players at the table exclaim, “She’s a guy?!”

Brian chuckles, “Guilty,” he shoots them a wink.

“Come, stop giving my customers existential crises and finish your game. It’s best not to keep me *waiting.*”

“I won’t Mistress,” he replies, as he lays down his cards, the other players grumble at their ‘bad’ luck, “I’m just now finishing up.”

“I can clearly say that,” she bemuses.

Brian hurriedly gathers his winnings, turning them into credits which he swipes back onto his card and then follows walks beside the Mistress with the two Salazzles up ahead.

Verenice mutters to Marilla, “You better keep your head straight.”

Marilla smirks, “You know there is nothing straight about us, thanks to the Mistress.”

She chuckles, “Okay, you got me there.”

The Mistress walks tall and proud with two other Salazzle servants walking beside her, “Enjoying yourself and your gift so far darling?”

“I have been having a great time.”

“And the party hasn’t even started. I will say your invite list was interesting to read over.”

“What can I say? I get around.”

“Apparently you do, Mr. Brian. Now come, we can’t leave your guests waiting,” she states, leading them to the grand ballroom with all the gambling mixed fixings completed from yesterday. Humans, anthros and two dozen Salazzles mingled in, shiny and normal with Salandit servers offering food and drink with the best of their ability despite their short stature, along with a few other human servants to keep everything refreshed.

Along one table is a massive cake that is too big for any one party to eat in a single setting. A half a foot deep, blue frosting, pink decorations with black lettering that reads out the birthday boy’s name and wishing him the best happy birthday possible, with a life-sized image of the mistress casually laying across the entire cake, making it seem as if she’s the one saying the words written on the cake.

When Brian sees it he’ll give the Mistress a cursory glance, remarking, “When I said you had free reign on the cake design, I didn’t think you’d be so bold with it.”

“Go bold or go home darling,” she’ll respond.

Salazzles and a few of Brian’s guests that he invited come to greet him but then one guest catches the human’s eye as a sleek black and cyan sergal with elegant cursive lettering on its matching set of cuffs that read “Fuck Toy” it’s silver tag jingles as much as its breasts bounce as it skips its way over to him. Brian smiles at the toy, saying, “K-2003, you made it.”

The sergal toy’s eyes literally and figuratively light up, as its sleek movements leave nothing to hide on its nearly completely naked body, its cyan clit hood tightly sealing its devious sex, “This one makes a lot of things, and it did head up on your new birthday suit. It’s so glad you enjoy its gift already,” it says with an affirmative nod.

He tilts his head curiously to the side, “Your gift?” he asks, giving the Mistress a curious look.

“Yup! This one had it sent here early to make sure you got it just in case you wanted to use it for your party. This one thought you’d like to add to the Salazzle themed birthday party you were planning.”

“A Salazzle themed birthday party?” he asks, his gaze focusing more on the Mistress.

“Yup! Do you like it?”

“Oh, I love it K-toy, it fits me so well,” he says with a soft huff, “Did the Mistress tell you all of this?”

“She did.”

The Mistress who was gently caressing one of her companion Salazzles remarks, “I never said it was my gift to you now did I?”

“Ah...” Brian thinks for a moment, as the realization hits him, “What about the girls saying that you had something special for me?”

“Yes, I had it, but I never said it was mine. I’ve learned long ago to choose my words wisely.”

“You got me there.”

K-2003 wiggles its rump excitedly, "And this one is eager to show you something. It's been wanting to do this for a very long time," it says with a big toothy grin.

"Oh boy, this is bound to be good. What is it, K-toy?"

The sergal toy eagerly waves over another, a silver and hot pink colored female sergal toy much like itself just a fair bit shorter, "Now, don't freak out, but Brian, this one would like you to meet Brian. Now this one knows, crazy, two Brians that love to wear suits, that are human right? But fret not, this isn't a clone of you or something. You're Brian Leontes and this here is Brian Aumerle."

The rubber sergal Brian rubs the back of his head, "Ah, hey. How are you?" he says, Holding out his rubber hand.

The Salazzle Brian shakes it, "Pleasure to meet you."

"It's nice meeting you too, and sorry if this is awkward on your birthday. K-toy can be rather forceful and a free vacation to a tropical casino paradise was hard to turn down."

"Come on, don't be so shy, it's your birthday too! This is what makes it so amazing!" exclaims K-2003 gently running its claws along the small of the Brian sergal's back.

"Why happy birthday to you too. Don't let me take all the thunder. It says Brian on the birthday cake, consider it also yours and a seat at my table today."

"I do appreciate it. I don't want to impose, but well you know," his head motions to the sergal toy.

Salazzle Brian gives a smug grin, "Trust me, I know how convincing K-toy makes things.

"You don't have to tell me twice," he says, looking over at K-2003 who is looking around, "What is it K-toy?"

"This one was hoping the other would have arrived. Then three out of the four Brians it knows will be here. It would have gotten the fourth, but it hasn't been able to get in touch with them after he got pulled into a very tight binding relationship with their partner."

The sergal Brian remarks, "Knowing you, that sounds like fun."

It's just then the space behind the group clears of everyone as four people teleport into the area. A sleek blue two toned latex mewtwo's eyes glow a fierce blue but slowly fades as she makes touchdown, "Just in time," she says as her massive latex tail runs across the magenta and pink rubber mewtwo beside her, the tail seemingly able to move into and through the other mewtwo as if he wasn't even there, making that mewtwo shudder. On the other side of her is another mewtwo, one of flesh and bone, with dark blue fur and red markings and a purple tail, and the other is a two-toned latex pony, dressed in tight form fitting leather, with deep dazzling hot pink eyes.

K-2003 squeaks happily, "Thrysta! You made it and really just in time. It wanted Brian, to meet Brian and Brian! It's Brianception, this one hopes the universe can handle all the Brians! And see Brian this one wasn't crazy at all the Brians in the world," it says with an affirmative nod, "And get this, you won't believe it... you were all born on the same day!"

The mewtwo Brian turns to them, waves with a soft squeak, smiling, but feeling a little bashful, glancing up at Thrysta with a submissive gaze, "H-hello."

Thrysta's tail gives him a gentle rub along his rump, this time not passing through him.

He clears his throat, "Hello, I'm Brian Menelaus, it's nice to meet you all on this day. I was told by my Mistress that I was specifically requested to come from a close friend of hers."

Salazzle Brian shakes his hand, "It's a pleasure to meet you Brian. Are you a human suited as a mewtwo now?"

“Well... No, not any more...” He twitches for a second as if he’s possibly hearing something as Thrysta pleasantly talks to K-2003 for a moment, “Than you two are your suited selves.”

“Ah, so today is your birthday too?”

K-2003 nods, pulling away from the conversation with Thrysta, “Yup, crazy, isn’t it?!”

“Are we born in the same year?”

“Ah... no, different ages.”

“Then we clearly are separate people aren’t we K-toy?”

“This one never said you weren’t. More of the options of multiple realities colliding together to make one fine mesh of a timeline that could barely contain this Brianception that could unravel the universe as we know it as the timelines and options and choices of each of you could change the very fabric of time and space as we know it.”

The three Brians look at the toy and blink in unison, saying, “K-toy you are drunk go home.” They stop, turn to each other and then laugh heartily.

“See, this one has proof now,” it says with an affirmative nod and a rump wiggle.

Thrysta smirks, her tail coiling around the fleshy mewtwo, keeping him in place, “Or maybe I had a helping hand in their... unison speech,” she muses, “That or they know you so well K-2003 that they know exactly what to say to you. But now that’s handled, Lucas, why don’t you wish the birthday boys a happy birthday.”

Lucas’s eyes locked on all the gambling tables, the sexy Salazzles, his nostrils flaring from the aromas flooding his lungs, “Ah, yeah, right. Happy Birthday Brian. It’s nice you could bring me.”

Mewtwo Brian remarks, “You sure it’ll be fine with him?”

Thrysta replies, “Don’t worry, he’s, my guest. I’ll make sure he behaves and keeps himself moderated,” Thrysta says, her tail coiling tighter around Lucas’, stretching, squeaking, holding him firmly, “And before I forget. Someone dear to me, Spreading Shine, meet the Brians and K-2003, the Mistress.”

Spreading Shine’s ponytail flicks as she gives a little curtsy, the unicorn anthropomorphic pony looks at everyone, “It’s a pleasure to meet you all.”

Brian Salazzle returns the greeting, “Pleasure is all mine to be surrounded by so many interesting people. I wish my friends Ken and Ryan could have made it to be here. They’d love to see all of this.”

Spreading Shine walks up to him, “Oh? I’m so sorry to hear that your friends could not make it.”

It happens, another time then.”

K-2003 rubs its chin, “This one is not sure how often it can get so many Brians in one place. The universe may not be able to handle it.”

Brian Salazzle ignoring K-toy looks to the sergal Brian, “I like your suit. It’s very nice. I thought I might enjoy a sergal sometime, but Lugia and now this seems to suit me just fine.”

K-2003 remarks, “It is a suit.”

All three Brians roll their eyes.

Brian Sergal replies to the Salazzle one, “Thanks, I’m fond of these colors. Couldn’t tell you why.”

The sergal toy replies, “They are nice, it has a friend toy just like it at another store.”

“What about the one at the store? It seemed to give me a look when it saw me as this.”

“Oh, that one? It’s just happy to see its style really catch on.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that. That one has a mischievous look about it.”

“Hardly they are a friendly toy just like this one,” it says with a nod and a rump wiggle, followed by a very loud squeak as Lucas gives the butt a firm grope.

Thrysta baps the mewtwo on the head, “Lucas, really?”

“Lucas replies, “What? I’m a cat, I can only handle something wiggling near me for so long before I have to poke it.”

“Come, let’s find a slot. Mistress, are there any psychic approved machines here?”

“The six over there along the wall are,” the Salazzle says pointing to them.

“Thanks. I need shining lights to keep this one a bit busy before we have our friendly poker game.”

The Mistress smirks, “Seeing you are psychic it won’t be for cash, but it shall be fun.”

Thrysta nods, “I read up on the laws, stern but fair.”

“I’m a gal who likes to stay above the law.”

Thrysta eyes her, “I’m very sure you are, thanks again for inviting us. There’s not many casinos that let mewtwos in.”

“I understand why, but this is a pokémon establishment, all pokémon are welcomed to enjoy our hospitality.”

Lucas remarks, “I am really enjoying the hospitality,” he chuckles, eyeing a Salazzle that is walking by, catching the two on a leash, “Oh my.”

The two leashed Salazzles blush, Verence walks up to the much larger mewtwo, “You can look but you aren’t going to touch,” she states with a huff.

“Verence, you don’t have to be so forward to a mewtwo,” replies Marilla.

Thrysta flicks her tail with a loud squeak, “Relax, he may be lewd, but he’s harmless,” she says, giving the other mewtwo a domineering look.

Lucas sheepishly grins, “Yes Mistress, I’ll be good.”

“I know you will be or *else*.”

“Thrysta please, don’t threaten me with a good time.”

“Come on you. You three Brians have fun, I’ll keep this one out of your tail for a little while,” she says, pulling Lucas along toward the slots.

Brian Salazzle remarks, “Sheesh, is he always like that?”

Brian mewtwo answers, “He’s not so bad once you get to know him. He means well and kindhearted. He just can be a little odd at times. Says those wearing a latex suit in public meant for sex play,” he smirks.

Brian Salazzle rubs his muzzle, “Well now…”

Brian sergal chuckles, “But its fun and K-toy makes it so normal and liberating.”

“This one likes to make things that suit people best, that it does,” it says with a nod.

““That it does”? What are you some mystical space alien now?”

K-2003 tilts its head, “No, this one is a toy, that’s it.”

He sighs, “Never mind.”

The Mistress remarks, “Such a popular name and day to be born on, isn’t it Mr. Brian?”

He rubs the back of his salazzle suited head, “Yeah, I guess. But that doesn’t justify the toy’s crazy theory.”

“What do you expect from a toy stuck working at a sex shop all day? That has to do something to it.”

The sergal Brian remarks, “I see the other toys, and most aren’t like that, but a few are a bit odd. Like this one paired toy couple…”

The Salazzle Brian asks, "Is it the sergal and shark couple?"

"Yeah, that's the one!"

"And here I thought I was the only one."

As that conversation was kicking off Marilla looked at all the other Salazzles, blushing a bit, "*I'm so glad she can't see me like this. She has pool duty today and tomorrow.*"

Another salazzle approaches, "Verenice, look at you, leashed up with the human, how cute," she giggles.

Verenice shoots the salazzle a look, "Hey Kristina."

"Oh, don't be so sullen. I'm envious you get to be all leashed up like that," she says, shuddering.

Marilla replies, "Don't mind her. She's annoyed that she didn't recognize her mate at the dealer's table."

Verenice stiffens up, "I did too."

"Did not," chuckles Zirra as she approaches the group.

"Z-zirra. How are you doing? Nice party the Mistress set up for her special guest, right? Crazy that toy brought in so many Brians to muddle up his birthday."

"Don't try to change the subject."

She swallows a lump in her throat, "I was distracted, okay?"

"Well..." she says, walking her fingers across her chest, "We'll just see how long I'll be distracted to have any fun," she remarks, giving Verenice's muzzle tip a playful flick and then walks off, "See you later, maybe," she winks.

Verenice drops her shoulders, "I'm screwed."

Kristina chuckles, "Probably not for a while when you get in trouble with her."

Verenice gives her friend a glare.

Marilla then comes to the realization, looking around, "Is Gnaria here?"

Kristina replies, "She's around, why do you ask?"

She blushes, "N-no reason."

Brian Salazzle gives the leashes a playful tug, "Come girls. We're going to the main table and play some poker. And this time you are going to join in on the fun. It's not for money, so nothing to lose."

"Sure, thing ma'am," says Marilla, following him.

"I'd love that," says Verenice looking at Zirra, "Sorry darling, work calls, talk to you later, love you bye," she coos, waving her love off, who gives her a sly look before passionately kissing Kristina who is caught off guard but doesn't struggle long against it.

Verenice gasps, with her jaw dropping tease, crossing her arms, letting out a huff.

Brian looks at the Mistress as she sits at the poker-table food table hybrid and remarks, "The dynamic between your Salazzles is so charming, I absolutely love it."

"I like my girls to get along and enjoy themselves to the fullest," she leans back as a Salazzle pet gently rubs her back as servants bring out freshly prepared hot meals that are way too fancy for the setting. She looks at the other two Brians, "You're both free to sit down as well. I already planned the seating arrangements. With your friends not here, it made adjusting things rather easy."

"We appreciate it, Miss," says the sergal Brian.

"Please, call me the Mistress, it's what everyone does."

"Sorry Mistress."

Mewtwo Brian sits down next to Verenice while the sergal one sits beside Marilla, the two Brian saying, "It'll be odd calling more than one person Mistress, but it will do."

"If you need to refer to her, say Mistress, to me, *the* Mistress. Simple as that," she says with a sly grin.

"Fair, fair," he says, looking over at Spreading Shine, "Are you going to join us?"

The latex pony shifts on her hoofed feet, her leather creaking, her flank showing a cutie mark of some bondage gear and a riding crop, "I'm not big on poker, and I want to look around, get to know the place, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind, this isn't my party."

Brian Salazzle, who has been eyeing the pony's cutie mark, snaps out of his gaze when he was questioned, "Oh, yeah do what you want. Have fun. This is my party and the best gift for me is people having fun.

The pony smirks, their gaze's meeting, "I appreciate that. I really do," she waves them off as she goes off to mingle with the others.

The Mistress snaps her finger and a Salazzle rushes up and begins to shuffle the cards while they all start to eat, "Now then Mr. Brian, shall we enjoy a nice appetizer game?"

"I live for the game, let's go!"

The Mistress snaps her fingers again and a stack of chips is placed by each player, "Perfect."

The game begins with a very casual feel with pauses to eat, wipe their hands before moving chips or cards. Salazzle servants provided the cloth to do so at the Mistress' beck and call and any time the salazzle Brian required. Mewtwo Brian simply used his psychic abilities to move the chips and hold his cards. A few hands were played before Thrysta returned with Lucas.

Her Mewtwo tail coiled around him, "Sorry about that, I had to pull him away from his streak."

"I love the fact I can't tell if I am going to win, I was doing so great too."

"Correction, you WERE. That's enough for now, time to sit and eat."

"Ah..." Lucas looks at the table, "But there's only one more seat."

Thrysta smirks, "That you can see."

"Oh my.... But what about..." he looks over at Brian Salazzle and the Mistress.

"I don't mind. I find it rather amusing. Seems like you'll belong there."

"The rules in this room for the duration are rather lax. What's the point of running the place if you can't bend the rules a little bit now and again," she chuckles.

Thrysta nods, "You heard here, get to your seat."

"Yes Mistress," he replies, slipping under the table as Thrysta takes her seat, with a loud drawn-out squeak.

The blue mewtwo leans forward, "Now, who wants to have some fun? And I promise I won't cheat, mewtwo's honor."

Brian Mewtwo says, "I've been good on that too Mistress."

Thrysta glances at him, "Of course, I knew you would. That goes without saying, but it's nice of you to say," she says with a smirk.

"Let's have a friendly game and may the best Salazzle Mistress win," she says with a smirk.

"Didn't this one-win last time?" K-2003 remarks.

Brian Salazzle comments, "I still didn't see that one coming."

K-2003 tilts its head, "How? You were there to see it too."

"Never mind, let's have some fun," he muses as they play and enjoy themselves in every way possible. The party eventually shifts to the cake which Brian gets to cut the first piece, but he brings on the other two to have their first and second pieces. The party turns into dance, wining, dining, delicious food, drink, more gambling with actual stakes, Brian salazzle encouraging his little Salazzle pets to continue their game, and by the time it was all said and done, the time has turned well over past midnight, and he went back

Marilla sighs, leaning against the wall, "That was some party and I ate so much cake," she gently rubs her belly.

"I don't get how that toy won so many hands," remarks Verenice.

Brian chuckles, "That toy is very hard to read. And rather unpredictable. I think it knows more than it lets on, but I can't be sure. What I am really not sure of is how did the Mistress get the cake filling to mimic her colors. I swear if there was anything more about her in the party, people would think it was her birthday and not mine," he chuckles.

Marilla stiffens, "Oh, I'm sorry. Shall I tell her about it?"

"No, no. It's fine. My fault for saying to let her go with the theme she desires. I should have known."

"She does mean well, truly."

"I know she does. She's given me a lot of leeway and I appreciate it. And now to show my appreciation of what good girls you've been for me with me on top, it's your turn."

Verenice grins happily, "I've been waiting for this," she muses.

"But first," he says, holding up his hand, "Time to see who won the contest. Which one of you won the most?"

Verenice puffs out her chest, "It's clearly me, I played big, won big. Sure, I lost a lot, but I won a lot too. No way she could have done it with her small paltry bets she's been doing all night," she says, holding out her card for Brian to scan and see the balance, and history, that gives the amount she won and just as importantly has left to play with.

Marilla hands him her card, "I just wanted to have fun and now go through it quickly. I hope that is okay."

Brian swipes the card looking at the balance, "First I'll ask you; did you have fun?"

"Huh?"

"I'm asking if you had fun playing."

"Yeah I did a little bit. I'm sorry if I didn't play as much as her."

"It's true you didn't play big numbers and as many games as Verenice here. And the overall amount you won from your games is notably less."

Verenice's grin grows bigger, "See, I am the winner."

"But you still have a lot more money left over from the original total while Verenice has less than half. Which means you won more than she did."

Marilla meeps in surprise.

Verenice's jaw drops, "What? That's not fair!"

Brian remarks, "It doesn't matter how much you win during play, only how much you take home with you. If you are up a million and take home five bucks, you haven't won anything."

Marilla says, "But we both started with less than what we started with."

"True but you both had fun. And in the end, you have more left to play with to win. So, in the end your fun won the most."

Verenice huffs, "That's not fair!"

"Life isn't fair, but this does mean one thing Marilla."

"W-what's that?" she asks timidly.

"You're the one who gets to be the top Salazzle and dominate the two of us."

Verenice grumbles, "Very not fair," she huffs letting out her miasma.

"I-I do?" Marilla asks, looking at them both.

Brian smiles and nods, "Yup."

Marilla takes a deep breath, as her shyness melts away as her self-restraint has been broken free, and her smug grin appears, "How... wonderful."