

## Take Home Jurassic Latex Park

The aroma of wet grass after a summer's drizzle hangs in the air, mixing with the scent of latex, the sounds of squeaks, moans, growls, chitters. The exhibits have rubber bound feral dinosaurs in all kinds of kinky situations. They squeak, moan, growl, some more bound up than others, an arousing delightful sight. A sleek black and blue rubber anthropomorphic Dilophosaurus with a white belly moves through the park, leaning against the railing to stare at the bound up feral Utahraptors in their vanta-black drone suits. His blue head frills expand outward, while feeling a pressure of delight between his legs.

*"So this is what it's like to be a Dilophosaurus,"* Brian thinks, feeling a little relief that the advanced rubber suit hid his *other* bits of excitement under the layer of latex that tightly clings his human form, giving the perfect example of the dinosaur that he can't get out of his mind, yet so drawn to the raptors, reminding him of the other less kinky park only an hour away from here, *"Jurassax Latex Park is just amazing letting me wear this suit as a simple fucking rental."*

The cool air across the suit transferred well through the rubber, making him feel like he was wearing nothing at all, yet the only thing he is wearing is the lovely suit caressing his skin, *"They make these suits absolutely amazing. I should find out if it is really a Toys-4-U production or not, probably is. Perhaps if I can run into K-2003 I can ask her about it."*

"Isn't this park just the bees knees? Such divine smooth latex creations for all to enjoy!" exclaims a very familiar voice.

Brian mutters, "Speak of the latex sergal shaped devil."

The black and cyan rubber sergal ears twitch. The six-and-a-half-foot tall toy towers a solid half a foot over their normal sergal counterpart. The rubber fuck toy with its iconic "Fuck Toy" cuffs, the smooth shiny body, the collar with the silver tag on it that reads its name "K-2003." It's holding the hand of the two-toned purple female sergal that has two different color eyes, one pink the other grin.

Despite its somewhat bashful look, there's a hint of kink on them with rubber cuffs with D rings around their wrists that look set up for somewhat 'casual' wear, "You know when you said you wanted to show me the dino park, I thought you meant the one that's not full of bondage and kink."

K-2003 tilts its head, "But you love bondage, and being tied down, this one thought you'd love to see something like that here, give you ideas," it says with a rump wiggle.

Silent moves in closer to the sergal toy, "Don't say it that loud. I'm still getting used to all of this, and it being so... uh public is kind of weird."

"It's a private park, how is it public?" it asks, tilting its head.

"Never mind," she says with a sigh.

"Are you not having fun?" it asks with concern in its voice.

Silent waves her hands quickly, causing the cuffs to jingle, "No, no, no. I'm uh... enjoying what I am seeing."

“Yay,” it says with a happy rump wiggle.

“I’m just surprised by your uh... *generosity*. There’s so much to take in that I get a little overwhelmed. I don’t deserve all of this toy.”

“This one thinks you do.”

“I appreciate it, I really do, but...”

“If you are bashful about being seen like this, you could have worn one of the rental suits.”

She blushes a bit, “I’m fine.”

“Toy is sure we could find one that could suit yourself... suit yourself... perhaps toy should name a model brand that helps suit itself around you called Suit yourself.... Oh, what a humdinger of an idea!”

Silent rubs the back of her head, “Uh...”

“Now if you can somehow hold onto a thought, this one would like you to do it,” it says, looking in Brian’s direction.

“Okay... what’s wrong?”

“This one recognize a voice and it wants to double check who it is, surprise running into friends is always a delight,” it says, scampering off toward the rubber dino.

Silent follows in suit, “Friends? More toy friends?”

“This one doesn’t think so, though they are looking very rubbery right now,” says K-2003, standing before Brian, bending over, tail hiked, hips swaying, breasts out, “Hello! It’s good to see uh well not see but hear you again? Yes, good to hear from you again.”

Brian chuckles, “Good to see you K-2003. I certainly wasn’t expecting to see you here.”

“Toy hopes it is a good surprise then.”

“Pleasant indeed, and who is with you?”

“This is a very dear friend of toy’s that it made when it went to college, Silent meet uh... Sorry toy can’t identify you from your voice, but it recognize it,” it says with an affirmative nod.

He laughs a bit, holding out a rubber claw, “I’m Brian, just a human in a dino suit right now. I wanted to try it out.”

Silent shakes his, “Nice to meet you Brian.”

K-2003 leans in closer, “Brian Dack?”

Brian shakes his head no, “No, it’s...”

“Let this one guess it can get it,” it says, rubbing its chin, “Brian Kirk?”

“Nope.”

“Brian Brian?”

“Na-uh.”

The toy squeaks loudly, tongue slipping out of its mouth, sensually licking its lips, “Brian Fenwick? This one thought you were at the commune still?”

Brian remarks, “How many Brians do you know?”

“You would not believe. There are two that are in love with Lugia too, would you believe it? Though it thinks one moved on as it hasn’t gotten any updates on its… oh!” K-2003 exclaims in delight, “Brian Zielger! Is that it?”

He smirks, “Bingo that’s the one.”

“Yay, this one never forgets a voice, it has good hearing,” it says, pointing to its sergal ears.

Silent says, “It’s a blessing and a curse.”

“Sort of like knowing this one here?” he asks, motioning to K-2003.

The sergal blushes a bit, noticing all the eyes on them from the toy’s very expressive antics, “You could say that, but a bit of a gem in her own unique way, wouldn’t you say?”

“I’d say so,” he replies, feeling all those eyes in their direction, his head frills spreading out a bit.

K-2003 gives the two a big squeaky breast pushing hug, “It was good meeting you again. We should catch up, but it wants to show Silent around a bit more. Come, we have some dragons on display that it knows you’d love, you do like dragons right?”

Silent chuckles, “Yes toy, I like dragons.”

“Wonderful,” it says, grabbing Silent’s hand, dragging her away, “Talk to you again soon Brian!” it says, waving goodbye as it scampers off with the helpless other sergal in toe.

“Bye you two, and good luck,” he says, muttering, “You’ll need it.”

K-2003 yells, “We won’t, it knows the exhibit is there!”

He tenses a bit, “Famous sergal hearing,” he remarks, taking some time to admire the raptors, looking at the designations of each of the raptor ‘drones’ they have on display. Two are so bound up they can’t move, only hang and be teased by the other three bound raptors. Amusingly each of them had their own set of bondage with similarities between them, but each one had something unique about them in one way or another. Be it how their claws were bound, mittens, hooves, round balloon balls, to seamless muzzle, gag, open mouth hole that let them drool, so on and so forth. What made it even more fun was their two kinds of interactive parts of the displays.

The first was the obvious “Interaction” one could have with the dinosaur bondage drones, but that cost a bit of a fee, the other was in Brian’s mind a bit more tantalizing. A touch screen interactive display that allows you to look at each bondage dinosaur in greater detail along with an “X-ray” mode, which enables one to look under the various layers of bondage down to the very person underneath. Of course, the person underneath is blurred and hidden away into a generic blank of a person, unable to tell who or what they were before they dived into their current roles.

His rubber claws dance across the screen, head fins rising, spreading, falling depending on just what he sees, focuses on, and adjusts to. Mind swimming in the sensation of what it could be like to be one of these dinosaurs, so tightly bound in safety, security, and for all the world to see. Eventually he checks the time, “*I should be going, the place will close soon,*” he

thinks, the sky having grown dark and the park's streetlamps switch on to provide a little extra light, whether it's needed or not.

His frills a bit out, their bounce and movement against the air that goes past him, reminds the suited human just how much he's *enjoying* the suit, "*I really should look into getting one of these. The frills are rather cute and neat,*" he thinks, heading back to the rental booth where there's a little bit of a line for the people wanting to get their suits off. With a soft sigh he gets in, admiring the varied anthropomorphic dinosaur themed attire.

"Hey, watch it," says one in line.

"Sorry, I'm not used to the tail," replies another.

Brian snerks, "*It took me a while to adjust to a tail,*" he thinks, eventually getting to the checkout station,

He types in his security code, and ID, an automated voice says, "Please step into pod twelve."

"A-ffirm-a-tive," he responds in a joking synthetic voice, getting into the pod as he chuckles.

"Please face toward the doors and let us do the rest," says another synthetic voice.

The next thing he knows is a tingle down his spine, the suit loosening up around his body. A synthetic finger press unsealing the suit, the flow of cool air rushing into the suit as its pulled off of him, revealing his light Caucasian skin, brown hair, matching eyes. He takes a deep breath, blushing a bit, noticing his perk of arousal.

"Suit removal complete. You have two minutes to dress," says the synthetic voice, his clothes he dropped off before suiting, given to him in a packaged box that is shipped right into the hold.

"Quick but given how many people they rent out too. I'm surprised they don't dress you for it with how much it also costs. Good thing I had a voucher."

"If you'd like to be automatically dressed, that would be fifty..."

"No, no need. I'm good."

"A-ffirm-ative."

"Ah... did it just it just... naw," he shakes it off, coming out ready to head home, walking out of the pod rooms.

"Brian?" asks a familiar voice.

He turns around, seeing an anthropomorphic green, black, brown and red dilophosaurus, her red head crest going from the top of her snout up along her head is a brilliant red. His eyes light up, feeling a little flutter in his stomach, "Amia? Fancy meeting you here."

"I was about to say that myself," she says, walking over to him, smoothly walking over to him, body squeaking, breasts bouncing as she barely has street legal clothes covering her form, "I tell you about this place, and you say no. Now I see you here... wait, were you wearing a suit? I feel *betrayed*," she says with a teasing giggle, showing her sarcasm.

He blushes a bit, expecting to feel frills spread around his head, only to feel a pressure press up against his pants, "Ah, well you offered me to go as an exhibit. Not so much a patron."

She sauntered over to him, “That so? And I don’t recall telling you where this park is. Who do you know that knows about it? This is one of those fancy exclusive parks.”

“I have another friend who knew about it,” he says, thinking of a certain squeaky someone who he talked to on his previous birthday.

“Oh, I see. Did you enjoy yourself? If you wanted to come as a guest, you just had to ask.”

“I did. I even got into a suit, which was rather fun. They are so very reactive to your body reactions, it makes it feel like you’re whatever you’re wearing, it’s amazing. What about you? What are you doing here?”

“I work here from time to time, but you didn’t answer my question. I thought I saw a dilophosaurus walking around the park earlier today. We don’t get too many like that here.”

“What? You don’t? I thought the movies would have done something for your image.”

“They have, for better or for worse, but we’re still uncommon. Stop skirting the question,” she says, moving up almost right on top of him, “Was that you? You don’t have to be shy about it. I’d be rather flattered if it was,” she says, frills fanning out.

He smiles uncontrollably, “Y-yeah... It was me, you caught me red handed.”

“Well, your claws were black, and you had a nice butt there,” she giggles, her frills pulling back, “Now what? Are you just going to head back home?”

“That was the game plan.”

“What are you doing after that?”

“Dinner? Some shows? Sleep? I’m off of work for the next few days, so if you are trying to ask if my schedule is free, the answer is yes it is.”

She smiles, frill fanning out once again, “Are you? How about I put a little monkey wrench in those plans, and you come with me? I have a place where I can really show you some of my *toys* that knowing you, you’d *enjoy* oh so much,” she says, running her claw along his chest, leaning in closer, whispering, “I’ve managed to make a fun little park of my own, that you could join in, if you’d *want*,” she says, licking his ear with that sleek rubbery tongue.

He shudders, gasping, toes curling, hands clenching, “A-ah... sure, why not. I have a few days, and with nothing else planned. Spending a few days at your place will be fine. But what about you? Don’t you have work?”

“Work has been telling me to take more days off. Work-a-holic and all. They don’t like how many vacation days I’ve accrued. It’ll be fine, and I like to spend some time with you that isn’t tied to work. That is if you want to too?”

“I-I’d love to do that. Let me get to my car and I can follow you there?”

She smirks, grabbing his hand, pulling him with her, tail gently brushing up against his side, “Oh that is so *boring* and *normal*. How about we spice it up a bit?” she says, taking him over to the employee parking lot, to her black and red colored car. She pulls out her free on-board device, pressing the button for the trunk, “You can give me your shoes and shirt if you want to go a bit naked,” she says with a giggle.

He swallows a forming lump in his throat, clenching her hand a bit tighter, “What you want to play kidnap me?” he asks, with a nervous laugh.

The trunk opens up all the way revealing a built-in vac bed device, with gas mask with attached breathing tubes, “Who says I was going to *play* kidnap you?” she says with a sly smirk, head frills expanding, “Now quick, shoes off, shirt off, put the mask in. When I start up the car, you’ll be nice and sealed, snug like a bug in a rug.”

With uncontrolled excitement, forgetting that he’s in a *relatively* public place, he strips down to his knickers in under ten seconds.

Amia whistles, “That has to be a new record, get in.”

“Yes ma’am,” he says, slipping the trunk, feeling the smooth rubber press against his body, slipping on the mask while his legs try to hide the not so budding arousal between his legs. She chuckles.

“What is it?” he asks in a muffled voice.

“Nothing, air flow alright?”

“Yup.”

“Good, there is an emergency button that will flood the trunk with air if you feel dizzy or anything, but I’ll be able to monitor from my driver’s seat.”

“Fancy, have you done this before?”

She smirks, closing the trunk, delving him into darkness. The flow of air in the mask smells sweet, making him feel ever more relaxed. Not *sleepy, relaxed*, but calm, a bit of a *high* when it comes to the sensations. His hands caress the latex along his back, pressing down into the soft cushion on the back side that adds a cushion. His other hand runs across the roof, feeling the latex wobble, then comes the rumble of the car, a hiss, the latex sealing, air sucked out as the top comes down upon him like a layer of latex pressing down upon him. Squeezed between the two sheets, he moves into a more comfortable position as the weight and pressure of the atmosphere presses down upon him, locking him into place, movements slowed down to a complete standstill. The two thin bits of latex sandwiching him in place, allowing only vertical movement, and the stretching of latex for the horizontal.

Left in total darkness, the outline of his body is perfect, so much so that he bets the raised engraving of his named-brained underwear would be just barely visible. The latex shifts and moves across his skin ever so slowly with each breath. Feeling the movements of the car.

“*This is rather nice,*” he thinks, the faint sound of music, muffled, and slightly distorted make it to his ears through the rubber, much like hearing music from underwater. The squeezing latex shifts, the soft cushion is lessened, while the music from the car grows louder.

The squeeze of the latex grows ever tighter, squeezing his chest, every inch of his body, suspending himself in the center of the trunk. As the car moves toward its destination he listens to the muffled music, the soothing cool air flowing into his lungs from the rubber mask pressed up tightly against his face. His body held in place, suspended in the middle of the trunk. Each bounce, bump, stop. His body wobbles in place, occasionally bouncing low enough to hit the soft cushioned roof of the floor.

There's a speed bump, wobble, wobble, wobble, there's some rocks on the road, slowing down. There's something more about it, to be held up in the air in a moving object. His cock twitches, arousal growing. He relaxes further, huffed, tensing, relaxing, trying to wiggle his toes, only to get a little movement. It's almost hypnotic, to bounce about in the car, knowing he's going somewhere but not knowing *where*.

*"This is so nice. So wonderful. I can just relax here, bounce about. Caressed and taken care of. I don't need to worry about anything. Simply be..."* he thinks, slowly breathing, keeping pace with the beat of the music. Every note, every bump, the vibrations flow through him, tickling every sensitive spot across his body. His soft moans mingle with the vibration of the environment, feeling a world that he's never known before. One that tantalizes his senses, knowing just how much he can *feel* every inch of his body, to the point he can tell when which tire bumps into something big or small, turning left, right. All of it is so rather soothing that he's left to let his arousal grow and blossom into a soft aching need that fights against the complete serenity of the moment.

Drifting in and out of a lucid state of consciousness and fluidity of rubbery dream, relaxation and excitement. He feels like a string on a guitar being plucked, vibrating to create the sweet melody that his moaning body produces. He doesn't even notice that the music that is playing has changed. The words muffled, that he can just *almost* hear them. His mind filling in the blank of what could be said, or is it the reality? It's hard to tell, listening to the rhythm while slipping in and out of conscious focus, occasionally just giving up on what is now being played to just enjoy himself.

"Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey."

Was that what he's hearing? So difficult to tell. Trapped in the total darkness, the bouncing body, like relaxing on a hammock of a ship, feeling part of the vessel, the sway, bounce, motion of the land, every hill up, down, curve.

"Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey."

"Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey."

"Listen, follow, obey, don't question. Listen, follow, obey, don't think. Listen, follow, obey, don't worry."

The words eb and flow into him like the turning of tides while constantly moving along the spectrum of awake and sleep. Brian doesn't recall when the car stopped or for how long, but when he feels the pull of the latex as air rushes into the rubber vac-trunk.

"Good thing it's night, or I'd have to warn you about the sunlight," chuckles Amia, opening the trunk, helping the latex peel away from Brian's body with a loud schlunk.

The human softly moans, feeling so relaxed, but also pleased he can move his limbs and stretch them out, "All good," he says, looking up at her, feeling how tensing his muscles, "Ow... I guess I did more walking than I thought I did."

"Doesn't surprise me. You relax and let me handle this," she says, reaching down, slipping her rubber claws under his legs and back.

“H-hey, I can get up,” he says, feeling himself be effortlessly lifted out of the trunk, latex clinging to the last bits of his skin, before it whips back into the trunk.

She nuzzle boops him, “Now, now. Let me handle this,” she says, closing the trunk with her tail with a heavy thud.

“Fine, fine,” he huffs, feeling her warm rubber scaly breasts up against his body, hands shifting over his pop tent, looking up at her as she looks down at him, a smile creeping along his face, her frills fanning out. Movement not far away and his sensory deprivation lets him see there’s a paddock in front of the home, her estate out in the middle of nowhere, and three feral rubber raptors are currently moving about their one wooden box. It’s difficult to tell but he swears one is green, one is blue and the other white and pink? But as he focuses on them Amia spins him toward her two-story country style home, “What was that?”

“What was what?” she asks, letting out an inquisitive trill, her head fins blocking his ability to see past her.

“The dinosaurs back there, are you keeping raptors?”

“Oh, those?” her frills extend fully, looking over back at them, her frills bap him on the face. She gasps, “Oh, I’m so sorry I didn’t mean to.”

“It’s fine,” he says, rubbing his nose.

“They are my boys, I’m sure you’ll get to know them soon.”

“Your boys?”

“Yup, my little feral raptor pack all out here in the countryside, free to enjoy their wild instincts, sounds lovely, no?”

He huffs, feeling his member press up against his palms, “That does sound lovely, reminds me of the time at the park.”

“Exactly. I’ve learned a lot working at both of them,” she says with a giggle, taking him inside her spacious home, “Now, I want you to just lay on this couch and just *listen* to me, okay?” she asks with a pleasant smile.

Her words bounce in his head, “*Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey.*” Something about her felt so safe and inviting that he can’t just help but lean in against her, “That sounds wonderful Amia. I’m so tired I don’t think I could move if I wanted to.”

“Perfect!” she trills, placing him on soft black cushioned couch, rest his head, gently running her clawed fingers around his naked chest, pressing her digit into his innie belly button.

“H-hey, that tickles,” he chuckles.

She pulls her hand away, “Sorry. I just find them so cute and curious. Not having one myself. There’s just a hole there. So odd, and exotic.”

“That’s one way of putting it. It’s pretty normal to me,” he says, stretching, a bone or two popping, “Ah fuck I needed that.”

She smiles, “You know what else you need?” she asks, her claws stepping up along the center of his chest.

He chuckles, “A kiss?”



“Well there is that,” she says, claws trailing forward, along his jawline, pulling him into a soft tender kiss.

Brain tenses then relaxes, enjoying the kiss, while his hands are pulled together over his head, held by Amia’s free claw, while the other tends to caressing the back of his head, claws teasing along the backside of his ears. When the kiss breaks he gasps, “Ah, I wasn’t serious about that, but it was a nice surprise.”

She giggles, “I’m glad it was nice,” she says with a playful wink, frills fanning out a bit for just a moment before steadily furling back up.

The next thing Brian knows is his wrists being tied together with a soft velvet purple rope, “H-hey, what are you doing?”

“What’s your safe word?” she asks bluntly, making sure his wrists are tightly secured to the point where he can’t pull himself free, but is not cutting off any blood circulation.

“My safe word?”

She gives him a curious look, “Yeah, you have a safe word don’t you?” she asks, leaning in close, licking across his ear, whispering, “Come on, a bondage slut like you? And you don’t have a safe word?” she asks, biting his lower ear lobe, giving it a soft toothy tug, letting it slip through her somewhat sharp teeth.

“Dactyl!” he exclaims, watching himself, blushing as he notices the obvious circus going on in his pants, “It’s dactyl,” he takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself, giving the bondage a little tug, noting how secure his arms are.

She nods, softly blowing into his ear, cooling it, then letting her hot breath wash over it, “Good. Now just *listen* to me and *follow* what I am doing. You are *free* to tell me whenever you get uncomfortable got it?”

“*Follow, listen, obey, no free will,*” an echo in his head whispers, while he nods, “Ah, yeah, sure that sounds good to me.”

“That’s just wonderful. You are such a good *listener* Brian. Just let me take care of you,” she says, her hands caressing his legs, claws gently scratching his soft skin, “Just trust me, and we’ll have so much fun.”

He huffs, grunting, tugging on the ropes, pressing himself up against her, hips bucking into the air, cock twitching harder, “That sounds great. What are you planning to do?”

“I’m going to have you earn some new toys to play with,” she says, reaching from under the touch, pulling out the other half of the rope. She tugs on it, pulling his arms up, keeping the rope taut while she coiled the rope around her ankles, weaving the rope into a web that holds his legs tightly together, while keeping him *tightly* bound and exposed on the couch.

He huffs, taking deep breaths, hearing his back crack as he’s straightened out, the moment the bones pop he groans, “Ahh... fuck.”

“Are you okay?” she asks, gently running her claws along his thigh.

“Y-yeah, I think I feel better, were you a chiropractor previously?”

She chuckles and gently gropes his crotch through his boxers, “Perhaps, I do like the idea of straightening you out and having you come back to me again, again, and again,” she states,

squeaking softly, climbing onto the couch, pressing her breasts, rubbing her breasts against his body, claws gently slipping under the boxers, giving them a little tug, “Would you like that? To *listen* to me and *obey* me?” she asks sweetly, leaning forward, pressing her muzzle against his lips.

Thump, thump, thump, the smell of latex is heavy on her, a sweet perfume tingles his nose, reminding him of the mask that was on his head back in the truck. His cock aching harder, throbbing, pressing up against her warm body, only a thin layer of fabric separates them. The rubber band of his boxers, is now hooked on his length, pulling his pleasure pillar to pull up, and press straight into her body, “Y-yes.”

“What a good boy, eager to *listen* and *obey* me,” she trills, reaching her hands under the boxers, claws gently caressing his soft shaven balls, gently fondling them, while she presses her lips against his, tongue pushing into his mouth, turning into a deep wanting kiss.

“*Listen, follow, obey, aroused by Amia. Obey Amia. Serve Amia. Amia is always sexy, no matter what,*” a voice whispers into his mind, hearing it with the grinding squeaks of the dinosaur’s latex body, her warm breasts pressing tightly up against him, “Yes, good to listen to you,” he groans.

She breaks the kiss, giving another kiss, breaking it, pulling the shorts all the way down, letting it rest on his knees, the Dilophosaurus’ warm female sex rubs against his dick, gently letting her warm juices flow across his sensitive bit, “You want to stay here for a bit? Longer than just tonight?” she asks, running her claws along the top of his dick, keeping the underside pressed up against her warm vent, letting him see the glistening juices. Her legs rubbing along his side, squeezing him nice and close to her, “To have some fun with me?”

“Fuck yes I do,” he groans, pressing himself up against her, feeling the smooth latex, with the impression scales that add this bit of texture to the smooth rubber. Her tail brushing up against his legs, running across his feet, curling around them with a playful half hug. The weight of her body pressing down on him, while he tries so hard to slip his member into her, his pent-up desire bubbling forward, balls churning away at his eager essence.

“Such a good boy, wanting to *listen* to me, to *follow* my instructions and simply *obey*, it feels great, doesn’t it?” she asks, her frills constantly extended, her sex glistening in the light, so warm, throbbing like his dick, making him grind himself against her.

Yet, Amia holds all the power, while he tugs and squirms, wiggling under her like a simple worm, her claws dip into her sex, coating her digits in her own lubricants, then gingerly running them across his cock head, giving it a few finger strokes.

He huffs, “Please, please, let me slip into you Amia. Let me feel your insides,” he asks, begging, his cock head flaring as blood is pumped through his twitching member, toes curling, enjoying every inch of her touch across his body.

She runs a single claw along the top of his dick, from cock head down to base, and back again, giving a single firm grind of her hot rubbery vent. Slowly she leans over him, her other hand propping herself over him, pinning him tightly down on the couch, “I’m going to need

more than that. I want *you* more than you know. I want to have you. *All* of you. Do you hear? Will let me have all of you? To keep you, protect you?"

*"Listen, follow, obey. Listen to Amia. Follow Amia. Obey Amia. She's always right. Always sexy."*

He looks up into those lovely dazzling amber eyes that pierce right into him, a tingle running down his spine, "Yes Amia. Yes, I want it so badly. Let me have you, you can have me," he moans, trying to buck up into her when he feels her sex just hanging over head, dripping down onto his aching cock, yet she pulls away before he can get more than a simple kiss on her folds.

She leans down, keeping her butt hiked, breasts pressing down onto his chest, letting him feel her weight against him, the smooth latex breasts push down on his chest, nipples to nipples, her head frills blocking out anything he can see except for her. A hand gently caressing your head, her powerful legs, pinning him there, preventing any more attempts to slip in, "So eager. Accept me more. Let me have you, all of you."

"Yes Amia. I hear you... I want you. I obey you," he groans, accepting his fate at being at her complete mercy.

"Good boy. Obedience is pleasure. And you will get rewarded for your service to me very soon," she says, slowly sliding herself down on his needy cock, one hand holding the base between two fingers, making sure that his member guided nice and true into her warm slit. She milks across his length, his instincts taking over, thrusting up into her, hitting sooner than either were expecting as they share a passionate moan.

"Thank you Amia," he whines, pulling and tugging at his constraints, wanting to reach around and embrace her, but simply left wanting. What little he can do is put to good effect, as she grinds herself against him. Breasts rolling up and down his smooth clean-shaven chest. The moment of bliss building up slowly for the two.

"Welcome my dear lovely pet. Let me take care of you. Your every need, every want. I'll guide you to bliss beyond compare, and will reward you equally to your devotion," she says, grinding herself faster, squeezing Brain's length harder, letting her warm fluids allow him to slip in and out of her under mostly the pace she sets, but such strength, beauty, bondage, it's impossible to hold out for long, either of them.

The surge of pleasure, an explosion of dopamine in both of their minds, their essences mixing together, while her sex tightly milks his length. She gently bucks down on his twitching member, hips grinding against his, the extra motion, working him up for a possible round two, but just as that starts, she slowly pulls off of him, "Such a good boy. Do you think you are rested enough to get to the bedroom on your two feet or need me to carry you?" she asks with a playful wink.

"Well..." he says, pulling on the ropes, feeling a pull on one end causes the rope to tug on the other, "If you get me out of these ropes, I think I can do it. But you'll have to guide me, miss. I'm not sure where the bedroom is."

She giggles, frills shifting, “Of course, all you have to do is *follow* me darling,” she says in a hushed tone, sliding off, working to untie the ropes, “There is much I want to talk to you about, but that can wait till tomorrow once you’ve spent a little time in your reward.”

He sits up, rubbing his wrists, feeling the sensation of rope linger, while it takes a bit longer to release his legs from her silky web, “Yes, you said something about a reward, what was it again?”

“I didn’t say, you’ll just have to come and *follow* me and find out,” she says with a playful wink, giving his head a little ruffle.

*“Listen, follow, obey. Amia is always sexy, no matter what.”*

Brian smirks, excitement rushing through him, already feeling a wanting for *more* yet not feeling the fun he has had has left him not *satisfied*, “With pleasure,” he says, grabbing her hand, pulling himself onto his feet, “I’ll be glad to follow you anywhere.”

“That’s a good boy,” she giggles, her warm rubber grip guiding him through her home, upstairs to a large King size bed with black rubber bed sheets with red pillows.

Brian’s shorts slide down his body, falling off him without a single thought or care, leaving the human butt naked as they enter her room, which is not exactly what he was expecting. In his mind he was thinking of a frilly girly set up, yet it was less extravagant, a bit more function over form, yet it still had some charm here and there. She has toys just sitting out on dressers on display, a real kink show, and somehow, he didn’t mean. There were pictures of her at work, of the rubber raptors at the two parks, and he recalled his time there fondly to note that a *lot* of the pictures were of him, “Amia?”

She turns to him, pulling him over toward the bed, “Yes darling?”

“Do you have a thing for me?”

She looks over the pictures, “Perhaps,” she says, pulling him onto the bed, “Just sit there and I’ll get you, your reward, okay?” she says in a sweet soothing voice, “But I’ll need you to stay ready for me, okay?” she says, giving a playful glance down at his length.

He takes a deep breath, feeling the smooth latex against his butt, hands gently caressing the sleek material, “That shouldn’t be a problem.”

Her frills unfurl, “That’s good, I’ll be right back,” giving one last wink, sauntering over to her walk in closet, slipping inside, the door closing behind her before he could get a good peek inside.

“I was about to say how would you be right back just going into your closet but now I know,” he chuckles, “*Girl must have so many clothes in there,*” he thinks, a minute later she comes out, automatically opening and closing behind her. In her hands is a bunch of black rubber materials, that holds close to herself, “What is that you have there? Some full body bondage for me?” he asks, eyeing some black rubber belts, and the metal rings of a crisscross body harness.

She grins from ear hole to ear hole, “Far more than that. It’s an advanced rubber body transmogrifier.”

He quirks an eyebrow, “It’s a what now?”

“You wear the suit and you become what you are wearing, transferring sensation and pleasures to the new rubbery body.”

“Oh, Toys-4-U suit?”

“*Mostly,*” she giggles.

“Mostly?” he asks, raising an eyebrow, his cock twitching in curious arousal.

“My experiences with the suits and technology has giving me some fun insights and how to play around with them.”

“Play around with them?” he asks, feeling a tingle run down his spine, “Is that wise? Thought it was not legal to crack and play with Toys-4-U suits like that?”

“Nonsense, not at least if you don’t get caught doing it,” she says with a giggle and a playful wink, “But you don’t have to worry about that. Better you forget your worries and just *listen* to what I have to say and *follow* through and *obey*. That sounds good right?” she asks, placing the pieces of a solid black rubber raptor suit with several fixings ready to be slipped on once the suit is in place, the tail itself was massive and thick, bouncing around showing it had a little bit of solid mass to it.

*“Listen, follow, obey. Amia is always right. Don’t question. Amia is always sexy, no matter what,”* a voice whispers in the back of his mind.

His cock twitches, rubbing the back of his head, “Yeah that does sound good. Why should I worry about it? After all we’ve been through? I trust you Amia,” he says, reaching over to feel just how *sleek* the latex outfit feels. It’s like there’s a thin layer of lubricant across the entire suit, yet when he rubs his fingers together there is nothing there, “Is this a one piece? The head looks attached.”

She lets out a little saurian chirp, “Yup, now get that white ass of yours inside, so I can seal it up and make it smooth, shiny and black,” she says, pulling the gear off to the side, the metal bits on the belts and gear rattling, sounding like a sweet symphony of the pleasures to come. But that was simply the dressing for the main dish. She delicately runs her latex claws across the back of the suit, opening it up like a delicate flower, revealing the dark black interior, “Get in,” she says with a soft command.

“You don’t have to ask me twice,” he says, his dick aching hard, mind in a pleasant, aroused haze, crawling into the suit, sliding his feet across the smooth insides, feeling his legs slip into the lower half like he’s sinking down into a waterfall.

“There you go, such a good boy, eager to please me, aren’t you?” she asks, her claws running along his spine, making him shudder, “Keep going, slip in and let it envelope you. Let that human slide down, and let the raptor come out,” she says with a playful growl, her claws caressing the base of his spine, giving his tush a little tender squeeze.

The latex moans out, stretching around his legs, squeezing his thighs while not slowing down his descent in the rubbery abyss. Further the latex slides up his legs, or should it be that he slides deeper into it. Climbing up his inner thighs, his mammalian bits slipping into a sleek black rubber codpiece, as the cool latex presses against his butt, the weight of the tail becoming more defined in his mind as he pushes up against it. Feet popping into place, toes locked into

their alcoves, for each of his toes, squeezing around the base like popping his digits into a spring locking to hold his feet in place.

“There we go, you’re fitting in just right. And there are a few adjustments in this suit. I think you’ll just love it once you’re all settled in,” she says, giving one last push to get his butt into the back of the suit, the front stretching around his body as he does an awkward upside-down U shape.

He shudders, pressing up against her, only to find himself pushed into the suit further, her hands caressing his arms, breasts up against his back, tongue licking across his ear, “I know how to get these suits on myself... but this is feeling better than the ones at the park... though those were feral this is very much in between,” he says, swallowing a lump in his throat.

“I’m sure you’ll love this even more than that,” she giggles, grabbing the front of the latex suit, the head bobbing in place, gripping the rubber tightly as she pulls and tugs it forward, letting his arms sink in, the rubber going over his shoulders, the smooth black latex grinding against his front.

He groans, arching his back, pressing himself against the suit, grinding his hips against it, tensing his butt, cock jumping in response, member slipping deeper into the latex embrace around his crotch, like slipping a hand into a glove. Each thrust, wiggle of his body against the suit and her, the better fits him.

She holds the suit together, running her finger across the latex as it presses and seals around his body, the suit pulling tighter, shifting more into its proper place around his form, freeing her hands so she can pull and tug the latex hood over his head, “I hope you like this part,” she says, smoothing out the hood, the latex enveloping the human’s head.

He takes one last deep breath, the hood creaking around his head, mouth forced open from the hood, his vision robbed of him once again. The rubber soon sealing around him, holding him tightly like it was a suited vac bed., caressing every inch of his body. The shifting of latex around his neck felt nice and tight like a choker locked around him. He takes a deep breath, tasting the latex on his tongue, smelling it flood his lungs, soothing his body, doubling his arousal, cock pushing outward, feeling the weight and heft of his building up pent-up length hanging between his legs, “Ahhh...” he growls playfully.

Amia’s body squeaks loudly across his body, breasts sliding across his back, hands gently caressing his hips, legs squeezing his thick tail, holding him close, “Go ahead, feel your new body, it’ll only grow tighter to it with each passing moment,” she lets out a saurian growl.

Heart racing, the rubber running along his fingers, his raptor claws running down his body, sending tingles down his body. His body aching harder with ever growing pleasure. His mind’s eye slowly drew the image as he felt over every inch of his form, along his chest, feeling the smooth sleek saurian design, no nipples, no belly button, long raptor muzzle, sharp teeth, nostrils flaring at the end of his muzzle, “*This is so wonderful.*”

He takes another deep breath, toes curling, the sickle claw hitting the ground, making him *feel* those black rubber sickle claws, “I can’t see,” he groans, words flowing out of his mouth relatively easily to his surprise, the suit shifting further, squeezing him tighter, cock throbbing

between his legs, while Amia's claws caress his sides, breasts pressing up against his back, the creaking embrace felt around him, her warmth bleeding through the suit, down into his body, making his arousal bubble up and burn hotter.

"Don't worry about that, the suit will let you see when I want you to. And I just think," she says, hands moving up along his arms, reaching out to grab his hands, clasping them as one was embarrassingly touching his aching rubber clad dick and balls, the other along his face, to get an idea just how far his muzzle extends out, "Isn't it not better to feel the sensations you'd otherwise ignore if you could see? Why don't you just *focus* and follow my lead, *listen* and obey, as I get you geared up to spend the night in bed with me. How does that sound to you?"

*"Listen, follow, obey. Trust Amia. Amia can't do wrong. Amia is always sexy, no matter what,"* the soft whisper in the back of his head, mixing and swirling into his head like a blender turned on low, filtering into the rest of the human's thoughts.

"Sounds great," he says, shuddering, wanting to bite his lip, but the rubber suit pressing itself up against his, his body warmth activating it, letting it conform and transfer more sensation to his body, making him feel more like the rubber that contains him is now his skin. Each sensation is transferred to a corresponding part of his body, with only his tail teased and played with, sending signals to his body that would slowly facilitate the sensation of having a tail, but thanks to his experience and time spent in such suits before, the process is practically seamless, feeling his heft thick rubber appendage press up between Amia's legs, feeling her warm vent along the top of his tail, squeaking, grinding, clenching down around him, making his dick jump, wishing it could trade places and just slip back into that wanting hole, the thoughts that he only recently climaxed, sinking down into ancient history.

"Knees on the bed, legs spread, tail up, arms forward, positioning yourself like a stool to put my feet up at the base of a chair so that I may if I so wanted to, kick my feet up and put them on you, pushing you down, holding you in your place," she commands.

"As you wish," he replies, following through the command with ease, trusting as he leans forward there is a bed there to catch him. His mind knowing better, yet that hint of fear that he was going to fall forward and not stop was there for that one instant, adding to the sense of trust and obedience he has with her. He spreads himself, holding himself up, dick dangling between his legs, twitching and throbbing in the air-conditioned bedroom, the sense he's wearing nothing at all grows, as his human body feels ever smaller. Her words continue, mind focused on each syllable, each pronunciation, feeling her paint an imagine in his mind. Downstairs by that black cushioned chair that was near the couch. Amia sitting in it, naked, glass of wine in her hand, her feet kicked up onto his back, heels pressing into his back, grinding against him, while he provides that support she needs after a long and hard day, which is almost matching his own... long and hard length, *"She's so wonderful,"* he thinks, listening to the rattle of gear from his left, the creak of rubber from her latex body.

The sinking of his knee and hands into the bed, feeling the rubber bed sheets move toward each point of contact, feeling just how sleek they are, only the folds giving texture as he runs his claws against them. He tilts his head in Amia's direction, hearing the groan of the bed

as she moves beside him, listening to the rattle of other gear behind her? Yes, it has to be behind her, for their's another rattling that comes closer, "*What did she grab?*" he thinks, suddenly feeling the weight of straps placed along his back, dangling against his sides. Cold metal rings rest on his rubber skin, making him tense. The way she gently whips it against his back is by no means painful, but simply draws his attention to it, feeling it bounce against his sides as it comes to rest there.

"Look forward my precious pet. I am going to do this in layers working from your head," she says, running her claws along his muzzle.

He stiffens, following through with Amia's command without a thought of hesitation, like a dog using his muzzle to point forward toward something of value. The touch of her claws along his jawline tingles through the rest of his body, like getting a tender scalp massage when it causes a burst of relaxing pleasure through the rest of his body. Her claws go down his body, along his neck, down his spine.

"Down your back," she says in slow lustful dripping words.

"Down to this sweet tail of yours," she says with a playful growl, gripping his ass, claws tracing along his round tuckus, "Past your tail, down your legs," she says, claws tracing down his exposed body, "Down to your feet," she finishes, the claws running along the sole of his feet, doing a single ticklish flick down the center, making his claws tense, sickle claw twitch as his cock jerks so hard it manages to just touch his body before coming back down to rest, knowing that if he wasn't so spent, he'd be making a huge puddle on the bed.

"Yes Miss."

"What a good pet. So ready to enjoy yourself, to let me enjoy you, and best of all, have you stay here with me as I get to do it," she giggles.

"Thank you, Miss," he replies, hearing something get close to his head, more rattling, the shifting of weight on the bed as she moves closer to his head... no, she's moving in front of him, his body shifting back and forth. His mind eye focused on her wonderful form, her breasts probably hanging just over his head, then, there's something caressing along his head. Straps, yes, it has to be straps, it slides up, running across the side of his face, then along the back of his head, pulling something along, another set, another belt, that runs across his muzzle, tightening as its pulled back till it can't go back any further, locking his muzzle tightly closed, letting him get out nothing more than a huff and muffled moan.

"I do love to hear you talk, but right now, I don't need you to focus on words. Just on what you are feeling, thinking and *me*," she says, tightening the belt along the back of his head, locking the head harness into place so it can't be pulled off without undoing the belt straps.

He huffs, nostrils flaring, feeling the straps go through the belt buckles, the clips going through the holes, and then sliding across the top of the strap. He feels all of it, the sensation and knowledge he's being gagged without a gag placed into his head. An animal muzzled, a divine delight, and he's a simple thrall to this lustful saurian succubus.



Her claws race along the center of his head, while cupping his muzzle, “Let out seven long moans in a row for your safe word, with two confirmation grunts if I ask for confirmation, do you understand my precious?”

He huffs, nodding, knowing that she could stop him from doing so, but she *allows* him to do it. The grace and caring she gives, to give him an out, yet doing everything she can to have him not want it, expressing the concern and control over him, is the icing on the cake.

The straps on his back are moved, spread across his back, laid along him like a table covering, three cool metal rings press along his back side, four more, two on each side off center between them. A weave pattern, that lets three straps to be pulled across his body, for a matching set across his chest. The straps are pulled *tight*, squeaking across his rubber, pushing down on his chest, belly, shortening his breaths only slightly, but it feels so snug on him when Amia pulls the straps through the belt buckles, tightening it against his body.

Air flows through his nostrils, whistling past them. The air flowing down his throat, flooding his lungs, making the straps feel *tighter* against him, pushing into his chest and back, feeling every inch of the crisscrossing body harness, noticing there’s a unattached strap resting on the base of his neck, “*I wonder where that goes,*” he thinks.

“Such a good pet, you’ve done this before haven’t you?” she asks with a giggle, shifting on the bed as it creaks, latex sheets squeaking, the sounds of rattling gear and shifting of objects filling the room.

All Brian could do is nod, cock twitching, tensing, throbbing, ready for more, his swears he’s never felt so hard before, unsure if the thought was in the moment or it’s actually true. He tenses and relaxes when her tail brushes up against his side, the thought of that perfected naked saurian ass just ready to be taken... Another wave of euphoria, of selfish indulgent pleasure that he doesn’t care about how greedy he is for more, at this moment they are both sharing the delights, and that sensation that *she* is happy, makes it all the worth it.

“*A belt?*” is the first thought he gets when he feels something press up against his upper arm. It pulls around his arm, and then is with a press and seal touch it attached to itself, for a seamless *perfect* fit. It comes to him, “*Rubber cuffs,*” their tight form fitting grip was only slightly more than the suit itself, making them feel distinct, and holding him there, ready to be used. The D-rings built into them shift slightly letting him feel their hanging weight. Then he feels a pressure along the center of the cuff around the entire circumference. The grip of the cuff grows, sinking into the suit ever so slightly, separate yet knowing it’s a part of him now.

She does the same with the other arm, then each wrist. The cuffs thick, bracing his wrists, easy to become a constant reminder that they are there, and that it’s only a simple click away for him to be held down like he was on the couch.

“It’s great working with someone who knows their bondage. There’s that excitement there, nervousness, arousal, and a dash of fear, that keeps you reminded that you are *mine* and you can’t escape, yet its controlled, modified to best suit our fun. The uninitiated let their instincts take control, fear overrun their pleasure, and can so easily ruin the moment. Yet, you’re already tempered, and ready for more, and more, and more. And guess what?” she asks, leaning

closer to him, her hot breath washing over his ear hole, her tongue licking around it, “I’m going to do just that, and so much more my precious pet. And you’ll be left begging for even more... and I’ll give it. Just *listen* to me, *follow* me, and most importantly *obey* me.”

Her hot breath warms her lick, the sensation of how close she is, words dancing in his mind, followed by the cooling blow to dry out the area, makes him quiver in delight. Such anticipation of what she could have planned beyond the here and now, draws him into a spur of fantastical thoughts, but when the next cuffs, one placed around his thigh slips into place he’s quickly drawn back into the reality that he’s currently in a real life fantasy and that what will come, shall come but it’s best to just focus on her touch, the squeeze of the cuff around his leg, another point of contact, “*I wonder if K-2003 feels this way with them on, or has just gotten used to them?*”

Elsewhere, far away, K-2003 hangs upside down, arms tied behind its back, attached to its belt cuffs, with a bondage rope going from the bound wrists to the floor. It’s ankle cuffs, pulled back to attach to its wrists, hog-tying the toy. The toy is held up by its D rings on its thigh, arm, and belt cuffs. It remains tightly held suspending in the air thanks to the rope tied to the ground. The toy’s body softly glows in the dim room, the smell of latex heavy in the air, its clit hood tightly sealed around its sex. And then... “Achoo!”

Silent, the purple sergal dressed in a sleek domineering black shined leather dominatrix outfit, with her own set of ankle and wrist cuffs, that match the color of her fur. With a silver zipper across her leather pantie crotch, she chuckles, “You sneezed? I didn’t know you sneezed.”

“It happens, but not often,” K-2003 responds.

“You know what that means when you sneeze?”

“That it got dust up its nose?”

“No, that someone is thinking of you.”

“What? That can’t be true.”

“Why’s that.”

“Then you’d be sneezing all the time,” it says with a sly grin.

She smiles, running her hands along the toy’s head, “Toy...”

Amia was thinking a lot about Brian when she grabs the next set of gear, placing the next bit of bondage onto his back.

Brian feels the heft of the two items. Their natural form seems to want to grip onto his back like a pair of fingerless hands. His mind swimming with just where that is going to go, when the first one is taken off his back, placing it along his neck.

“Straighten your head and look down,” she commands.

“*Listen, follow, obey.*”

He huffs, doing what he’s told. The neck harness wraps around his head. Feeling two sets of belts slip through the buckles. The vibrations felt through the suit, reaching his ears similar to how the vac-bed in the car but also it is clearly audible to him. He feels the neck

restraint soon realizing its a similar form to a posture collar. Not as restrictive but has a very similar function.

*"I feel two rings, I wonder what those are for,"* he ponders, but as the restraint is put into place, he soon finds out just as he figures it out. A small strap is attached to the collar and his body harness, locking the two pieces together, while a second, thinner yet longer strap is attached to the top of the collar, running along the back of his head, attached to his head harness to a ring in the center back of his head, adding another layer of constraint.

The restraints on his body feel so delightful, his body aching for just a little bit more, just one more layer, begging, aching for it. Then he realizes there is another piece to add. The last piece is placed at the base of his tail, the constraint is wrapped around the base of his tail, adding a subtle restraint on its movement. The belts tighten, and with each jerk and pull into place, there are a pair of moment rings on the top of the tail, a perfect place to add a rope or bind something to him, to lock him in place. The neurons in his mind fire off, like a car revving up for a race.

"One more layer to go, and then I'll let you see the final product, my pet," she says with a playful growl.

He lifts his head, feeling the restraining grip of the posture collar, pressing along the back of his head, creaking, groaning, the sound of rattling chains draws his attention like a cat to hearing a can of tuna being opened.

"There's no point of having your constraints if we don't use them."

He nods, the rubber creaking, fighting against his every movement, increasing the sense of being completely restrained. He hears the chains grow closer, sense just how thick and heavy they'll be. Imagining they are indestructible in his mind, building them up to be something heavy and drawn down. Click, tug, his wrists pulled closer together. A tug on the chain, hearing them run down the center of the bed. The metal constantly rattling underneath him, ankles pulled a bit closer. He gives a little tug, testing his range of movement finding it under a foot for both hands and feet.

"Testing your bonds?"

He nods, wiggling against the chains, listening to their song. He stiffens though when Amia's claws run along his side, her body pressing up against him, causing him to shudder, cock twitching, feeling her body press up against him, the breasts parting as they run along his side.

"Someone really enjoys their place underneath me. Now be a good pet and get on your back."

He nods, falling to his back with a thump, feeling he could fall off the bed, off the edge of the world, having completely lost his spatial awareness. The chains holding his limbs close, realizing now that there's another running between the two bonds. The cool metal along his chest, brushing up his dick before it twitches forward.

"Good pet," she says, adjusting his position, gently placing his head on those pillows. The dazzling red pillows that he recalls so brightly in his mind. The squeaks and grinds his body against it, feeling himself sink into the pillow, the bed, his spine relaxing, like slipping onto a

bed made just for him after a long hard day of work. Her knees press into the bed, feeling her hands over his head, smoothing the pillow down. “You may now see,” she states in a sweet commanding voice.

He flinches, vision blurring but it quickly comes into focus, the sweet Dilophosaurus with her marvelous frills completely extended out, blocking the view everything but her. She rests her elbows on him, letting her hold his head in place. She leans in close, giving a deep passionate kiss. He leans up against it, unable to do anything but wiggle underneath her.

“Ready to see how you look? One... two... three!” she exclaims pulling back, frills furling up against her head, sliding herself down to wiggle herself between his legs, forcing his knees to bend, feet pressing up against her butt, tail wishing past and against his toes, her legs squeezing his sensitive rubber tail, “What do you think? Rather delightful? Isn’t it?” she asks, glancing up at her ceiling.

Time stopped. There he is, staring up into a mirror on the ceiling. Was it always there? Of course, it was, he just couldn’t see it, more than that, he was not paying attention to it. But now, his world is this mirror. The reflection, more than that, *his* reflection. The silver chain running across his body stands in stark contrast to his black rubber. The bed sheets are barely a different color to outline his wonderful latex shine, but it’s still enough to outline him, his anthropomorphic raptor form, the sickle claws, the aching cock between his legs, the heavy balls...

“*I don’t recall being that big,*” he thinks, grunting when Amia caresses his sleek smooth ass, his cock twitching, dribbling a bit of pre-cum, which smears against his rubber form.

“Like what you see my pet?” she asks sweetly, her claws tightly caressing his butt, claws tracing along his rubber pucker, making him tense and moan out in ever greater delight.

All he can do is nod vigorously, looking up at the mirror, seeing the top of Amia’s body, how much bigger and domineering she looks sitting there, towering over him, teasing his sensitive rear, massaging his tush in a way that sends tingles of pleasure through his body like someone was massaging his scalp.

“Wonderful. Stare at your beautiful self. The gift I have given you. So tightly bound, held in place, unable to do anything, but look at how gorgeous you look under me. A helpless raptor looking for his place under *me,*” she says, her words pounding into his mind.

He quivers, the pleasuring delight grows further, heart racing, pressure building up in his loins, balls starting to ache. Something about her, her words that just cause him to *ache* more.

“*Follow, listen, obey. Follow, listen, obey. Follow, listen, obey.*”

“You love it so much you just want to *cum* don’t you? To express just how much you *love* to *listen* to my every words and *obey* me. To climax at my slighted touch, tease, and at my commands,” she purrs, chittering in delight, frills ever shifting, claws squeezing his butt, kneading at the deep tissues, listening to the rhythmic squeak caused by her tight grip.

He’s drawn deeper into the delight, tugging and jerking against his bondage, limbs unable to pull apart, the chains rattling, the musical display of his bondage all before him, wiggling like a helpless worm under someone so much more powerful than him. The pressure builds higher,

higher. Amia words sink in and stoke his fire, the heat within his loins, make the bubbling lust pressure to the point of bursting. His body is holding against it, but he can only wonder what that *it* truly is. “*I can’t be ready to climax again. I’m not even touching myself. And neither is...*”

“*Listen, follow, obey,*” the words bouncing in his head, louder, stronger, fiercer, hitting against the walls that contained his aching arousal, cock verbally twitching, throbbing while Amia massages his butt.

“Show how much you love this. Show me how you want to be under me. By *cumming* to the thought of *obeying* me,” she says in a sultry commanding tone. Her hot sex runs across the underside of his tail, breasts bouncing in the mirror, yet hardly blocking the view of the bound and enthralled raptor before her.

“*Cum, cum, cum, obey,*” It spoke louder and louder in his mind. His toes curling, hands clenching, chains rattling. Amia’s claws on his ass, so strong, firm, her strength, power, spreading his cheeks, teasing his aching hole, the words spoken to him. It was just so much to... A surge, the wall broken, pushed over the edge, unsure just how but it was clear as day, his dick spasmed, shooting out his white sticky essence so hard that it lands on his chest. A glistening streak of pleasure and satisfaction painting him.

She gently caresses his rump, watching that dick slowly drip as the last bits of his seed comes out, “Very good, such a delightfully hard climax you had there, didn’t you?”

Breathing heavily, he slowly nods, grunting, still curling his toes.

“Just shows how much you want to be here under me, doesn’t it?” she asks, her frills unfurling, claws patting his hips, thumbs reaching up to touch his spent balls, drawing his attention away from the mirror and toward her.

He slowly nods when her attention suddenly shifts, frills furling up, “*Did I do something wrong?*” he wonders, slowly trying to regain his breath. She lets go of his rump, her claws dancing across his dick as she says.

“You just wait right here,” she says, getting off the bed, rushing toward the window, opening it up. A faint sound of growls, squeaks, whimpers come from outside, “Awe, my poor pets are a bit hungry. I’ll be right there!” she calls out with a cheerful voice. She turns to him, “Sorry, I need to do a quick errand. You just lay there and think about your position in life, and just how much you’ll enjoy it,” she giggles, heading off.

“*What could that be? Were those the shadows I saw? Were they raptors?*” he thinks, taking a moment to catch his breath, let his body relax and *sink* into the bed. The worry of having to do anything, move anywhere, slipping away from him, allowing him to find the depth of relaxation.

He looks toward the window hearing squeaks, growls, chirps, pleasure. Amia’s voice whispering in the wind as she does something with those there. The mystery as to what builds, mind building scenario after scenario, shifting and changing when he hears a pleasure raptoric chirp, growl, squeak, mixed in with Amia saying “Liked that didn’t you?” and like phrases. So

many possibilities dancing with his imagination. He drifts in and out, the cum cooled and drying on his body. A hand presses up against his side causing him to jump.

“Oh, I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you. Were you getting into the zone?” she asks, claws running along his side.

He turns his attention to her, heart starting to race, his half-mast-length hardening with each heartbeat. While trying to speak, the tight belt around his muzzle reminds him that it is impossible, simply nodding in response.

She giggles, “Thought so. My other precious pets needed a moment of my attention. They can get so *needy* for my attention, and pent up. *Helpless and so dependent on me*. Sounds like a dream come true, doesn’t it?”

He nods, squeaking, shifting in the bed, chains rattling, gaze locked on her smooth sleek rubber body. Her subtle movements cause her breasts to bounce, hypnotically.

“Good pet, ready to accept my power over you, for you to *listen* to me, *follow* me and most of all *obey* me,” she says, taking a cloth she has in her hand, sliding it across Brian’s body, massaging and cleaning his form, cleaning his spent essence, “You were really needy, to cum so much. Such a good viral pet,” she purrs.

Wiggling like a worm, he presses up against her, wanting the touch, the cool sensation of washed over rubber, removing the signs of how much he enjoyed himself over an unknown length of time. There was no meaning to it, only the start of bliss and end of bliss, and the bliss has had yet to have an end. His shining latex draws his attention, looking up at the mirror and then back at Amia as she continues to rub and polish across his body. The white cloth gently caressing and squeeze his dick, drawing out any hidden bits of cum, folding the cloth to let her continue to polish and clean.

“I can’t rest with my pet if he’s all dirty. Can I?” she asks, claws dancing across his balls, the cloth sliding across them, giving a nice firm fondling polish.

He shakes his head, his balls pulling up, member twitching, his body aching, pulling against the chains not so much to get free, but to be reminded how *limited* his decisions are, letting him to just focus on her.

“That’s what I thought,” she says, polishing the rest of his form, caressing his butt and tail, flipping his helpless body onto his back.

He huffs, hiking his butt, pressing up against the polishing cloth like a cat who enjoys getting their tail base scratched. Metal rattling, latex squeaking, creaking, dick hanging between his legs, but his body is too spent to even drip anything more.

“Such an eager pet, but rest. We have plenty of time to enjoy our time together,” she says, her claws gently push down on his rump, making him lay down. She lays onto the bed, leg slipping between his legs, claws gently caressing his side, pulling him close.

He wiggles up against her, nostrils flaring, nuzzling up against her snout, looking at her wonderful form, her smile, her frills relaxing, feeling a rush of heat in his cheeks when his dick presses up against her. To his pleasant surprise she pulls him in closer, squeezing him like a full body pillow, nuzzling against him and leaning into her pillow.

“Good pet,” she mutters, “Blind mode, twenty minute,” she says with a yawn just before slipping into her deep slumber.

He watches her slumber, his body twitching, aching, wanting to shift due to being a bit uncomfortable but dares not to. He feels her tight grip around him, another layer of bondage placed upon him, making it all the sweeter as he looks at the two of them in the mirror, so tightly embraced, unsure how this could get even better, then the blind mode overtakes him, forcing him to feel his position once again, perfect...

It's been a few days since that night, and it was the last night that he slept with her like that. Now he waits, sucking hungrily on a dick, tongue coiling around it, feeling the texture of the dick, pushing it deeper into his mouth, feeling the spray in the back of his throat, drinking it down as his muzzle hits the balls. His hunger slowly being satiated, while his arousal grows. His dick aching hard between his legs, the rattling of chains on his chain link cuffs, attached to the cage only tall enough for him to kneel or lay down in a ball, while rest on a bright red latex pillow, that provides all the comfort he needs.

His water and food feeder, attached to phallic dicks which he must deep throat to get what he wants. Not that he minded the feeding regiment, it felt all the more alluring, but it is rather maddening to feel his dick aching for a climax that has been denied to him for the past several days, his chains woven between the bars of his cage in such an intricate manner that it is impossible for him to get anything more than a claw tip to touch his twitching length, and that is only when he takes painstaking efforts to get that much.

He remains there, sinking further into his own lustful depravity, uncaring what others will think of him, more than that, it's not a thought on his mind. He could see his friends come through that open door in the living room of Amia's place and he'd be happy to show off what a bondage slut he has become.

He hears growls, moans, squeaks coming from outside, Amia talking to her other pets, the voice she uses, sounds deeper, more domineering than he'd expect, it makes his dick twitch in delight, wanting to know just what she's doing. He listens to their names, “Kisha, Aqa, Lika. Why do those names sound so familiar? Yet clearly, they are different. But hearing their pleasure pants, the squeaky latex. It reminds him of the time he was at the park, and deep within his mind when he recalls what it feels like to be a feral beast, giving into the trained instincts, understanding on a subconscious level that they are having a blissful moment with their Mistress, making him whine and huff more, tugging at his chains, toes curling, pre-cum dribbling down his length as he must endure listening to their euphoric moments, wanting a little piece of it that he was given on that first day.

He felt so bound to her, that anything she says, that she wants, he wants to do, no more than that, he is obligated to do so. What kind of person would he be, if he didn't follow his Mistress? Listen to her? Follow her? Obey her? She's given him so much; how could he not repay the efforts she's gone through to bring him to such a deep hole of blissful bondage delight.

Letting him have the worries of the world fade away from him, so he can simply relax in a calming soothing state that he's deeply wanted all this time. Taken from that stress that was eating away at his core, so he can finally recover and heal from the marathon of life. To be given this reprieve from the expected duties of him, thrust upon him without his consent, but not unwarranted either. One state of helplessness that he loathed is replaced by another he adored. The irony is lost upon him, especially when Amia steps back into the house, the door clanking behind her. Her smooth rubber naked body as tantalizing as ever, her rubber glistening from what appears to be a recent polishing around her hands.

"Taking care of pets is a handful but so rewarding," Amia chirps, approaching the cage, standing over him, while Brian looks back up at her, "Speaking of pets. Have you been enjoying yourself in that cage?" she asks, her frills unfurling, sex clenching as it glistens before him.

His nostrils flare, smelling the scent of sex and lust in the air, emanating from her. He barely recognized he's wearing a suit anymore, and that the gear on him is part of who he is, how he defines himself, a simply submissive raptor. He licks his lips, pressing his body up against the cage, his length slipping through the bars, claws gripping the edge, as he looks up at you, licking at the bars, nibbling them.

She chuckles, "Such a good pet. Haven't spoken a word in two whole days since I told you not to. What a good boy you are. I think you might be ready for the next step. But first I need to kick my feet up and take a moment to regain my strength," she says, stretching, then crouching down to the keypad lock, typing in the eight-digit passcode, twice, before it would unlock. She unwraps the chain from the door, revealing that one of his metallic bondages is a leash attached to his restrictive posture collar, "Come pet. You're going to provide a wonderful service to me."

He huffs, licking his lips, remaining on all fours as he crawls out of the cage, following her over to the chair only a few feet away.

"Stool," she states, pointing to the spot a foot in front of the chair.

He nods, moving over to it, positioning himself like a foot stool, the excitement of which feeds into his mind, "*Good pet. Listen. Follow. Obey.*" feeling so helpless against each and every one of her commands.

She gently pets his head, "Such a well-trained pet I have. I don't think I could ever let you go," she teases, slipping into the couch, kicking her feet up, resting her heels along his back, "Ahh how nice," she says, sinking into the chair, but it only takes a moment for her to shift, "But I feel like it's missing something... Ah I know," she says, pushing herself off the couch, going from resting her feet on his back to standing on him, but only for a moment. She steps off, "I'll be back pet," she says, heading off to the kitchen.

"*This is better than I imagined,*" he thinks, regaining his posture after being stepped on. He looks ahead toward the door. He could go right now, sure slowly thanks to the hobble chain, but is it really that bad to be here? Held here? Contained here? Restrained here? No, he's a lovely, restrained raptor, safely kept from the world, taken care of by her. He hears her



approach, turning his head just enough to see her saunter back with an empty wine glass and a nearly empty bottle of wine.

“Might as well finish this one up,” she says, placing the glass and bottle on a nearby stand, kicking her feet up back onto him, “You’re so well adjusted, I swear you were just made to be my precious little pet,” she says with a relaxing sigh, sinking into the chair, pouring herself a glass, taking a slow savoring sip, “Ahh, nothing like kicking up your feet, enjoying a bit of wine with those you care about to support you,” she says, swirling the wine, “Wouldn’t you agree?”

Brian’s tail wagged, nodding along, which causes a soft rattle in his chains, body squeaking, giving her everything he could give, “*I couldn’t agree more. Just being under you like this is wonderful.*”

“I bet you could stay here *forever*, couldn’t you?” she teases, running the heel of her feet along his spine, causing the latex to squeak.

He shudders, a tingle rushing down his body. Amia’s soft rubbing touches feeling so good, words bouncing in his mind, sinking deeper, cock twitching. He simply nods, not thinking of the repercussions of what that could actually mean.

She smiles, frills unfurling, “There is something I have been meaning to tell you Brian, and you are going to be a good pet and listen, and accept it, won’t you?” she asks, taking another sip.

He nods, “*I wonder what she could be referring to? I hope it's nothing too serious.*”

“I have this condition where... I can’t be outside.”

He tilts his head, giving her a curious look.

“Funny right? I bet you are thinking, “What do you mean? I was just outside.” she says smiling rubbing his back with her feet, “I need a layer of protection. Ergo, this suit. The real me is hidden underneath but I am far too shy and uh... it would be difficult for me to show off who I really am, but it does give me the opportunity to be who I want to be. The job at the park is fantastic for it, letting me feel and be so many facets of who I am and now...” she says, frills extending out, “I get to be out in the world, see such fun and wonderful things while portraying a part of myself and stay... well hidden. And it will be that way. With that being said,” she says, pushing herself up, standing on him.

He grunts, feeling those clawed feet press into his back, his body wobbling for a moment as he works to adjust to the sudden added weight. He lets out a soft moan, his body aching, feeling her steps press into his back, walking along his back, putting her toes along the curves of his butt.

“You won’t be seeing me underneath, but let’s just say I have far more than you know. And I’m going to show you some of it,” she says, looking down at him, giving a playful wink before her frills cover her face, stepping off him, “I’ll be back, you wait there, hike your tail and be ready for me.”

Toes curling, heart racing, the total loss of control now added by a mystery. What could she be planning to show? “*Is she like that famous Lugia poker player? He wears a suit and no*

*one knows what he really looks like because he suffers from extreme type of shyness or fear of the outside.*” His mind left to wonder, unsure how long she’d be gone but eventually he hears the creak of footsteps coming down the stairs.

“I hope you are ready pet, for this is my *other* favorite form to be in, a little closer to home,” says Amia, their voice sounds deeper, but just as soft and domineering.

*“That’s her... but sounds so...”* he thinks, thoughts trailing off, hearing a soft squeak, creaking of latex, *“I’d recognize those footsteps anywhere. That’s Mistress’ walk,”* he thinks, turning his head just enough to see her... him approach.

A sleek masculine yet hints of femininity in a domineering femboy shape of an anthropomorphic red bodied, black striped latex velociraptor. His smooth sleek claws reflect off his well-shined body. He saunters over to him, running his claws along Brian’s back.

“What do you think? Don’t I look *sexy*?” he asks with a raptoric purr.

*“Listen, follow, obey. Amia is always sexy no matter what. Amia is always beautiful, always handsome.”*

The sensation builds within Brian’s mind. His nostrils flare with a loud whistle, cock twitching harder. He nods to him, accepting his Master’s transition without a second thought or even hesitation. His arousal burns greater, especially when he notices throbbing between his master’s leg a wonderfully sculpted red dick, glistening with pre-cum at the tip.

“Oh dear oh my,” he says, “Does my precious pet approve of what he sees?” he asks, his claws caressing Brian’s butt, one claw tracing along his tight rear, while the other rubs his chest, leaving his twitching cock unattended but wanting the attention.

He huffs, squirming, wiggling, chains rattling underneath him, tail hiked even higher than before, claws clenching, toes curling, legs spreading till the chains become taut. His gaze locked onto his domineering yellow eyes, lost in their dazzle.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” he chuckles, slipping a claw into Brian’s pucker, giving it a few good pumps, “Ah yes, milk it, just like that. I want you ready to accept me. You slipped into me, now I get to return the favor, aren’t I a well loving Master, giving you equal parts fun?” he asks, claws dancing over the spots in his chest where his nipples would be as a human.

Nodding vigorously, Brian is helplessly enthralled by this sudden unexpected but loving turn of events. He’s always been a bit loose in terms of what he liked, more of he liked what he liked, and wasn’t defined by one thing or another. And right now, what he *really* likes is to have his Master dominate him with all of his might.

“Such a good pet. I bet that hole of yours is so snug and delightful,” he says, sliding himself behind, hotdogging his twitching length between those cheeks letting the tip of his cock press against the underside of Brian’s tail, “Blind.”

Suddenly Brian’s world turns dark. He gasps, cock twitching in delight. His mind drawn even further back towards the twitching pleasure pillar pressing up against him. He tenses his cheeks only to feel them be spread by Amia’s tight loving grasp, the strength behind his touch now becoming all so clear, *“He’s so lovely and sexy. Amia is always sexy,”* he thinks, pressing himself up against his lover as much as he’s allowed to.

With each grind against his body, he gets a better feel for the size, girth, textures of the dick pressing up against his butt. His mind piecing together the puzzle, painting with each strike, each grind a bit more of what is about to slip into his eager body. He gasps, letting out a whine of delight, unsure if this time when he pulls back from him is the time he'll be penetrated. A mixture of delight and sadness fills him each time it's not the case, only because he knows the tease will continue.

“Such a good pet, wanting to stay here. Remain with me, nice and *safe*. All you need to do is *listen* to what I have to say, *follow* my lead, and forget the troubles of the world as you *obey* me. Isn't that just great? You don't have to worry about anything. Go anywhere. Just relax and serve me,” he says, spreading his cheeks wider, pressing the tip of his shaft against the black rubber hole, “Don't you want that pet?”

*“Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey. Amia is always right. Amia is always sexy. Serve Amia. Obey. Obey. OBEY.”*

He whines, nodding vigorously, the lust washing over his brains, smoothing over his thoughts, concerns, worries, troubles, second guesses, and that is what made it heavenly. That tip, pressing into a tight sensitive hole, slipping in deeper. More of Master's wonderful cock feels through the rubber, pushing into his sensitive insides, giving him an ever clearer picture of just how great Master's dick is.

Bit by bit he slips into him, Brian squeezing the length, milking it, the sound of creaking latex behind him, a soft gasp, nostrils flaring, the aroma of rubber flooding his lungs, relaxing him, letting another inch or two sink in before he clenches down again, gripping, holding, doing all he can to give back something to his Master. Hearing his moans, the claws sink into his ass, while another firm thrust pushes the cock ever deeper.

“Such a tight pet. A good pet. A slutty pet,” Amia growls, thrusting hard to push his dick all the way into the tight rubber rear. His member pressing up into the soft tender insides, the pre-cum that has dripped out of him providing a sleeker path to crush his pet's prostate. Each hump aims right at his pet's inner hot button, “Take it. Love it. Want it,” he states domineeringly, getting over him, pulling out slowly to start his rhythmic thrusting.

Grunting, moaning, aching, cock twitching. Slowly the pressure builds within his loins, member pressing into his body, massaging his prostate, causing pre-cum dribbling from the tip. Amia's smooth chest pressing along his back, grinding along him. His mind expecting the breasts but that strange feeling of having a smooth feminine male chest along his back fading away.

Amia's claws run down his side, claws digging in just enough to let him really **feel** his claws as it scratches against his latex, that squeaks loudly, though half as much as he's taken faster, and faster. He stiffens, clenching his lover's cock.

“Such a good pet. You want more, don't you? To be taken for all your worth. Taken away from the world you know and given a new purpose, serving me,” she says, her muzzle pressing up against his head, gently licking across his pet's ear.

Thump, thump, thump. Rush of air through his nostrils, whistling loudly. He never knows what he'll feel next, what Amia will do. Her... his hot breath on his ear hole, the firm pounding sensation in his rear. The raptor's claws moving along his sides, over his arms, to slide and run across his chest, constantly rubbing and massaging his body. Every bit of it he could feel, the slowly coiling of Amia's tail around his own. Accepting and being embraced by him, while his chains rattle, growing taught, unable to do anything. Completely helpless to his lover in a way that just shows to not only Amia but to himself the level of trust and power he's handed over.

And yet it's not enough. With each thrust Amia's words, inquiries, bounce in his mind. *"Could I go deeper? Could it be this wonderful? More so?"* he thinks, tensing, clenching, milking the dick. His hole is now well lubricated from Amia's pent up arousal. There's something more to this, something deeper, then Amia hilts into him, balls pressing up against his ass, occasionally tapping his own balls before they bounce away.

*"Yes, yes, yes. I want to go deeper,"* his unconscious mind processes. All that Brian knows is that he wants to go ever deeper. To accept whatever Amia is offering him. He milks his lover's cock for all its worth, ready to feel him fill his body so fully. Unsure when it will happen but given the strength and pace of the thrusts it can't be that long. He listens to his Master's breathing, moans, groans, the strength of his grip around him, steadily noticing moments when Amia loses himself in the moment.

"Fuck yes, yes, take it, love it, you want to be mine, all mine," he growls, slamming himself hard into Brian's rubber raptor clad body. His claws digging into the latex, holding him as tightly against him as possible as he slams in hard and deep, a torrent of his essence unleashed, balls pulling up to help pump and funnel his juices into the wanting hole.

The moment came, feeling each spurt flow into him, the quick small milking thrusts that pounded his ass again, again, and again. Feeling a bit of his Master's soul be pumped right into him. Life giving juices sinking in nice and deep, and all he can think of is the bliss of the moment. Squeezing and milking that cock for every single drop, while his own member drips heavily on the floor below, glad to know its hardwood floors.

"You may see," commands Amia, panting heavily, leaning against his pet for a moment, caressing his chest, steadily regaining his composure while he teasingly slowly pulls out, showing the wet muttered hole, "That was good. Now, be a good pet and clean up your mess," he says taking a look, smirking at the puddle.

With a pant he nods, the chain rattling. He shifts himself, getting down to lap up his dripping essence, tasting his own lustful need that aches between his legs, letting out a soft raptoric purr when Amia gently pets him on the head.

"Good boy. Are you ready for the next step? This one will seal you away further and make you my perfect raptor slut pet. Doesn't that sound grand?" he asks, running his claws along Brian's jawline.

Squeak, tongue running across the hard length, making sure every drop is cleaned up. Master's claws along his muzzle, sending shivers down his spine, tail hiking higher. He raises

his head looking up at him, “*Yes, yes, a thousand times yes,*” he says, looking into his Master’s eyes, while all he could do is nod along.

Amia reaches down, grabbing the chain, “Good pet, come along, we’re going to get you molded into your new body,” he says, giving it a playful tug, motioning him to follow.

*“Follow Amia. Obey Amia.”*

Brian looks up from his down low position, humbled by his Master’s presence. He just barely keeps up, staying on all fours he’s led to a door where the moment it opens a wave of cool latex heavy air hits him in the face. It’s like one part air two parts latex its so heavy, but with a gentle tug on the chain he steps through, moving down the steps that creak under his weight into the basement, where he’s greeted by an amazing sight. A full sized three dimensional printer with a dozen independent nozzles, with a curious bondage harness stand in the center.

“First let get these chains off you, you won’t be needing them in there,” says Amia, unhitching the heavy metal chains from her pet’s body, gathering them all up, placing them to the side, “And all you need to do is slip yourself into the center of the machine, I hit enter and it will do the rest. Though do try not to move, the latex won’t be fully activated till the printing is done.”

The chains that are pulled away leave him with a sense of wanting. He looks at them, gently rubbing his cuffs, the sudden freedom gives a sense of uncomfortability that he desperately wants to go away, “*Listen, follow, obey.*” He eyes his Master, loving each move he makes, listening to each word as if it was the word of law. He nods, standing up, making his way to the stand, placing his head into the neck brace, arms forward and then held by the metallic arms that grip his wrists. His ankles and tail are next, his body lifted up by the metallic arms, leaving him held above the ground.

“Such a good boy, don’t move. And this will all be done before you even know it... say... thirty-six or so hours. I’ll be done to check up on you, but I already had a long day so I might take a nap for now,” she says, yawning, stretching, hitting the enter key, initiating the process, “See you later pet. I’m sure you will enjoy the process.”

He tugs at the constraints, cock twitching, the machine warming up, whirring of machinery, the heating of latex, the tubes being filled with black rubber as the nozzles get to work, laying the foundation of his new feral raptor body.

“Oh, don’t squirm, don’t want to mess up the new you, don’t you?”

He huffs, nodding, trying to relax his body. His Mistress command drives itself into his mind, a chain wrapped around his thoughts, a new type of bondage, self-imposed by himself with the will of another over him. To be so tightly held by someone else’s word, gives another sense of loss of control and delight.

He watches them move, slowly building layer upon layer the raptor feet, the foundation of his new body. The massive size of the sickle claws, a clear indication that he’s going to be placed inside a very large feral rubber Utahraptor. He takes slow deep breaths, shivering when the nozzles after hours of work begin to make touchdown with his body. The heat of the nuzzles

pressing against his skin, moving along the rubber with a programmed route, not unthinking of what it will do to the human trapped underneath.

The burst of warmth that quickly cools and fade, only to be heated again, and again, tracing along his body, building upon the raptor. From the feet up. His feet merge in with the raptor, locked away under the thick layer of latex that is already adding some real noticeable heft to his form. The whirr of machinery, never stopping while he takes in slow deep breaths, doing his best not to move no matter how much he wants to. A random itch on the top of his head that won't seem to go away, not that he could do anything about it anyway.

The thick muscular raptor legs take shape, the warm thin line of latex swirling around him, extending outward, a layer upon layer upon layer. The warmth sinking in, cooling down only to come back again with a vengeance as the next layer is placed upon. The rubber raptor suit melting and merging with the rubber raptor body. The smooth latex dinosaur skin visibly from some angles when Brian looks upon it.

Each layer further binds his feet and legs, the latex printed up past his knee, locking it into place. The metal bondage that holds him in place, adjusts and moves around Brian's body, keeping a firm contact and steadying constricting force around him, while giving enough latex time for the latex to fully take shape and be locked into place before it will move back to hold him by his new ankles.

The constant hum of machinery, the soothing warmth of the suit, the ever-growing constriction of the new body around his own, adds a bit of a comfort. The moment his limb is under the thick layer of completed hard rubber, there is no more worry. He can simply relax, not having to fret of having to move or jerk at the wrong time to ruin Master's work.

Suddenly the steps creak. A swelling up in his belly wants him to look to turn his head, but the previous command to not squirm, not to move, not to risk ruining Master's work. How could he disobey now?

"Oh my, oh my. You are coming out lovely," he says with a yawn, stretching. Coming into Brian's view, letting him see his throbbing dick, "Shame you have to be in here for so many hours, but I'm sure you won't mind, let your new body build and be further enthralled and needy when I give you, your next big surprise," he says with a playful wink.

Brian half-expected the frills to extend, reminding himself that she is no longer a beautifully sexy dilophosaurus but a handsomely sex velociraptor. His master's cock twitches in delight, making his own jump. His low-level arousal keeps him hard yet not dripping. Unsure just how much time passes, fading in out of consciousness for minutes at a time.

Amia looks at the computer, checking several things over, their tail hiked to show off their cute plump balls that are just barely visible between his legs from Brian's angle, "Everything looks to be in order. I'm going to give my other pets some time and let them know they'll have a new playmate to enjoy by tomorrow morning," he says, waving him goodbye, "Don't you go anywhere, just relax and *listen* and *obey*," he chirps.

*"Listen, follow, obey. Listen, follow, obey. Amia knows best. Amia is always sexy,"* the words repeat in the back of his mind, the machines building his middle torso, awakening him

from a small nap when the warmth of latex is crafted around his cock and balls. The weight of his new junk slowly extending while his balls are buried deep into a cloaca being crafted just for him. His thick tail is made thicker, longer, to counterbalance the extra weight he'll feel on the front end.

One could not fathom what its like to have such heat and warmth in such a hard sensitive area. Like bits of melted wax dripping along a smooth shaving bit of chunk. The heat spreads out, making his dick want to twitch, throb, move. Brian restraining himself to clench down to limit just how much his precious but does shift. The machines working non-stop preventing any time for him to relax.

Every line of latex, every addition, layer felt through his ever thickening and growing dick. A constant tease that pushes him toward the edge, while he does his damndest to fight against his instincts to thrust. The command of his Master the only solace, providing the strength he needs to restrain himself from running the well-crafted dick. But even then, it's too much for him to bear, gushing out a climax, whining as he struggles against curling his toes, finding that was easy enough as he couldn't move them. Ball his hands into fists or jerk his hips forward. A strange sensation of letting his seed flow out of a cock that is nearly completed, dripping with his essence and yet the machines don't care, they continue to print and move. Leaving him pleased yet still wanting for more.

By the time Amai comes back the molding process is now working on his new arms and upper chest. The layers working up on an invisible plane, extending outward from his hands, and chest. He looks over the work, whistling, "The barcode on your thanks came out wonderfully. JPB-249, perfect. I always wanted one of those toys growing up, and now I have one," he says with a playful wink, using a small mirror to let Brian see the movie logo ingrained into his flank in white latex.

*"I didn't even feel that happen,"* he thinks, taking a deep breath, arousal growing, his mind now imagining the different feel of the white latex, the marking, burning into his side, only snapped out of his own fantasy by Amia gasping.

"Did my pet have a little accident? Got all hot and bothered by that new dick of yours, did you?" he says with a chuckle, "Normally I'd have you clean it up, but I'll let this one slide, just this once," he says, grabbing some cleaning supplies, pausing the printing in order to scrub the mess he made.

*"This is punishment enough,"* he says, no longer hearing that wonderful hum of machinery, the heat of latex building his form, locking him deeper into a solid layer of bondage made perfectly around his form. Soon realizing by just how *slow* he's cleaning up his mess the true meaning behind it. He tenses but quickly gets himself to relax, accepting his earned punishment.

"There we go, all clean, I have to keep my machines clean, or they won't work," he says, resuming the work, "I'll be back later, I'm sure you'll enjoy the markings on your forehead. For some reason I think you always had a thing for that, don't you?"

Sheepishly he nods in his bondage.

His eyes light up, “Thought so. You still have another eighteen hours to go. Just relax and enjoy,” he says, walking off, leaving him to his fate. The desire to *listen*, *follow*, and *obey* grow ever more in his mind. Simply washing over any concerns such as, “How do I get out of here later?” and meaningless things like that.

More layers are added, his limbs held in their own bondage, the claws crafted, those sharp dazzling claws. He looks down at them admiring them, the arms complete, attaching to his growing torso, but then the nozzles go back to his hands, making him grow curious, tilting his head just a little to get a better view.

The warmth between his digits grows, the machines working around in a circle starting at his wrist, slowly growing out toward his slightly curved resting claws. A thick solid ball of rubber mittens is printed right before his eyes over the next hour or so. The ever-creeping machines go ahead and make the new layer of bondage, the sense that he’d have hands removed from him, adding a layer of wondrous torment that he couldn’t have hoped to be any better than it is now.

The heat of the mittens seems to linger for longer than other places, the solid mass of latex cooling, solidifying, locking away his hands in a forever bound uselessness that makes his bound dick twitch within its own new mold.

Eventually though all good things will come to an end, and his head the last bit to be crafted is to take place. The slowly creeping layers of latex, the machines holding his mouth open as they build a new tongue a new set of teeth, binding his mouth to that of this larger more primal raptor that in any other situation would make him feel strong and powerful, but has only left him feeling more bound, contained, restrained, helpless.

The dichotomy of being something so powerful yet made to be so low is not lost in the depth of his depraved mind. His arousal and lust grew to new exciting plateau that could not have been achieved otherwise. His mind swimming in an endless ocean of lust, pleasure. His head being formed, and though he really couldn’t feel the designation being printed into his new head, he could *feel* it in his mind, and that is all that really mattered, wasn’t it?

It didn’t matter if he could really feel it or not. It’s real to him, this entire process a long slog, but a joy, nonetheless. How could he not feel a pit in his stomach that it is coming to an end, that he’ll be unable to enjoy something so wonderful and holding him so firmly as this?

Of course, he was left in there the rubber cooling, the machines winding down, the devices going back to their default locations, the metal constraints that were holding him in place now gone, presented by a life-sized rubber statue of a feral Utahraptor. Slowly, steadily as the minutes ticked by, he began to wonder, “*Wait am I to be a statue? Held in place?*” he thinks, his hearing deafened, sight stricken from him, only the hot air warmed by the machines flow into his lungs, tasting the latex on top of latex on his rubber tongue, making his lustful hunger grow.

“*It would not so bad, would it? To be just a statue? Something for Master to flaunt? Not a bad idea honestly,*” he thinks, jumping when he feels pressure on his side, hearing the muffled voice of his Master.



“You came out gorgeous. All I need to do is give the latex the activation and we are good to go,” he says.

“*What is he doing?*” he wonders, knowing time is passing but unsure just how much. He feels faint vibrations through the latex, giving a vague idea there is movement but is limited at best. Then he feels it, something wraps around his neck, a click, tighten, then, everything shifts, that same swirl of sensation that he felt in the park where his sense of self is shifted from the bound human to the thing containing him. His vision shifts, hearing, sense of body, standing a clear foot over his Master is... himself.

Amia pets his muzzle, a soft raptoric purr escapes him, his arousal keeping his twitching dick out, throbbing in the air, feeling so wonderful to have such a powerful piece between his legs, his claws felt within he tight bondage mittens, now understanding that the crafting of them was separated from the rest of the suit, so he may *feel* that he has fingers that are held up in endless bondage.

She attaches a chain to Brian’s collar, “Come JPB, time to meet your other pack members. They are just so eager to get to know you, and I am so eager to watch them get to know you,” he says with a chuckle pulling him forward, toward a large set of stairs designed for someone his size that leads right out of the basement. Amia taps a button on the side the doors open up, a stream of light comes in the cool air rolling in, feeling so nice against his warm latex.

Brian follows with great eagerness, his tail slightly lifted, his previous time as a feral raptor coming in handy to adjust to the new form with ease, the sense of sinking into that feral mind set from before bubbling up. All that training is coming in handy now.

“Though I am sure you’d recognize them. Kirisha, Aqua, even Leika. I got the whole pack back together, with a few playful adjustments for my tastes,” he says with a playful smirk.

“*Them? Why would they...*” his train of thought pulled away by the simple tug of the chain, guiding him toward the open paddock, where from here he can see a green utahraptor with stripes, a blue with black stripes and last but not least a white one with pink stripes.

“Come, come. They’re so eager to meet you and get to know the new you,” he says, guiding him forward, the three raptors becoming clearer. Their sleek smooth shiny bodies, their twitching aching dicks between their legs.

“*Oh, so they are...*” another tug from Amia ends that line of thought. He purrs and gives a soft raptoric chirp as they give one in kind. Kirisha was in the lead with Aqua pressing up against her right, and Leika on her... his left.

“I trained them up good. They are now good eager males ready to please me. And what will please me,” he says, opening the gate, guiding Brian into the open field, taking him toward a thick metal pole in the ground. On the way, Amia gives each of his other raptors a friendly pet which they nuzzle lick him back in kind, “So affectionate once they know their place,” he says, watching them nuzzle and sniff Brian, “Easy now boys. Let me set him up and you can get to know him all you want,” he says, the other raptors pull back, holding their claws against their bodies, lowering their heads. Amia smirks, “Good boys,” he says, his dick twitching, throbbing,

aching in delight, knowing what is to come. He takes a moment to hitch and lock the chain to the hitching pole.

Brian watches him gently run his claws along his side, making him shiver and moan, his dick twitching, dribbling, the cool grass under his feet. Feeling all the more naked, vulnerable, visible, all of it feeding into the lustful blender of his mind. He hikes his ass when his Master gives him a hard firm smack.

Amia whistles, “Okay boys. Show JPB just how much he is welcomed into our new pack family.”

The three raptors let out a raptoric chirp with lustful growls. They fan out, Kirisha taking center point from behind with the other two on Brian’s flanks. He looks at them, growing all the more eager, submissive, raising his tail, shuddering when Kirisha nuzzles the side of it, licking along the spine, feeling his warmth press up against him.

“I’ve kept them very pent up just for you!” Amia calls out, taking a seat on the grass, his claws gently caressing his own aching length, ready to enjoy the show unfolding before him, “Have all the fun you want with him boys. I know you want to show him his place in this pack.”

The trio of raptors growl and chirp in acknowledgement. Each showing just how deeply entrenched in their new mindset they are. While Kirisha slides up behind him, claws running along his flanks, showing his strength and process, the twitching member running along his aching cloaca, Leika makes his move.

The white and pink raptor reaches up and grabs Brian’s head, making him shudder and moan. The second in command raptor, pulls his head down, guiding it down along the raptor’s latex body, creaking all the way down to that witching hot pink raptor length.

Brian’s eyes lock onto it, gasping when Kirisha’s dick pushes a bit into him. He can’t help himself; he wants what he sees before him so badly. His black tongue slips out, licking across the front, suckling the cock head with surprising ease.

Steadily Leika growls and thrusts into his hungry maw, nuzzling and licking Kirisha’s face, while their mutual lover Aqua rolls onto his back, his length throbbing and twitching in the air, but his desire is on that throbbing dick. He takes Brian member into his mouth, giving a few tender suckles before licking from cloaca opening all along the underside back to the tip where he takes it into his mouth again.

Kirisha grunts, pushing himself into Brian, aching and groaning in desire, his member slipping into the hole where Brian’s member would reside. The muscles squeeze and tease Kirisha’s raptor-hood, while providing a unique new pleasure for Brian’s mind to figure out and embrace.

Spit roasted between the two domineering lovers, Brian takes their thrusts with ever growing love and lust. Taking in real time, lessons from Aqua’s expert cock sucking, giving Leika the same loving hungry treatment. Tongue snaking around the cock, teeth teasing the member, before taking it all the way down to his lovely, delightful cloaca.

The sweet scent of latex and sex fills the air, only diluted by the crisp clean summer winds that blow across the open fields. They each grow deeper into the zone, only paying more attention to their surroundings when Amia speaks.

“Aqua love, you are so eager to please that you are leaving yourself open. JPB is the new bottom, I need you to have something,” he says, his body on edge, claws pulling away from his dripping length. Heading over to Aqua, reaching out to caress his blue dick, grinding his much smaller red length up against him, “I’ll make sure you get to enjoy Master for your dutiful service,” he chirps.

Aqua’s feet visibly twitch in the air, sickle claws twitching, bucking up against his Master while sucking away at Brians’ member. The sight of which brings envy in the pit of Brian’s stomach, working hard to be such a good submissive that he can be rewarded by Master in such a way.

The drive builds within him, drinking down the leaking pre-cum, savoring the salty sweet flavor of Leika’s juices, feeling each twitch and throb of his dick in his hungry mouth. Savoring the oral sensation of being so filled and to bring pleasure to another. Sensing Leika’s claws running across his sides, and his particular chirping growl, expressing his pleasure in such a gorgeous way.

Kirisha on the other hand tightly holds and practically pins Brian against him. He thrusts harder faster, only taking moments to nuzzle lick and kiss Leika, looking over at his Master being a bit envious that he gets to have Aqua like that, but is too well-trained to go against Master’s wishes.

Their four-some orgy builds up higher, and higher, their strength and power all controlled by their one and true Alpha, Amia.

*“Listen, follow, obey. Amia is your Alpha. Amia is your one and only. Listen to Amia. Follow Amia. Serve Amia. Obey Amia,”* the words push into each of the raptor’s minds, without resistance, the pleasure bubbling up into a torrent till it could no longer be held back. A surge of pleasure as they climax.

Amia exclaims out in lustful delight, milking Aqua’s dick as their cum spews out all over his body, drenching himself in the feral raptor’s essence, with only a fraction of his own mixing in, “Fuck yes,” he growls.

Leika and Kirisha unleash their powerful loads into Brian, flooding him from both ends almost instantly. The novice raptor underneath not expecting just how much power and potency the two have.

Brian does all he can to accept the load, his rear milking the dick, feeling the overflow of seed, while he gets a few solid gulps of Leika’s essence before it overflows from the sides of his mouth, much of it spilling onto the grass below.

Aqua on the other hand, shows just how good he is, while squirming underneath his Master, he takes all of Brian’s pent-up desires and lusts with heft solid gulps, bobbing his head up and down the sleek black length, letting not a single drop escape, licking the tip clean when he’s done spewing his load into Aqua’s hungry belly. He even gives Brian’s member a playful

lick before laying there, waiting for his Master to step off him before even trying to get back onto his feet.

Kirisha gives a few more hungry thrusts into Brian, making sure he takes as much as he can give, before going over to Amia, wanting to lick his lover's essence off of him, but Amia stops him with a single raise of his hand.

"Sorry Kirisha, this clean up job is not for you."

He huffs in response.

"You may clean what's left on Aqua, I want JPB to clean me off as I have a private chat with him, okay?"

Kirisha nods in acceptance, Aqua having already run off, giving a playful chirp over to him. Kirisha playfully growls in kind, running off after him.

Leika pulls slowly out of Brian's muzzle, letting him catch his breath before nuzzle licking clean his own excess off Brian's muzzle. He looks to Amia with loving obedient eyes.

Amia gives him a pet, "Good boy. Now go play with your packmates."

He growls playfully, giving Amia one lick on the muzzle, scampering off toward the rest.

Amia smiles, "Those boys, always so eager and obedient," he says, turning over to Brian who is still busy trying to regain himself from the orgy, "Now my pet, do you understand your place? What kind of position you are in?" he asks, gently caressing his muzzle, guiding him down to his cum covered body, "Drink, my pet."

Brian pants, mind eager for so more yet his body is so spent. Passionately he licks and cleans up Aqua's mess, tasting his packmate's essence mixed in with that unmistakable flavor of his Master, pressing up against him, the chain rattling in in the process.

"Good pet. Just know, you aren't going to leave this place. You're all mine. And once you are mine, I am *never* going to let you go," he says, holding his pet's head close to him.

The words sink in, the meaning does too, a small part of him knows what this means, that this is his life now. Forever bound, helpless, a fuck puppet for his packmates and his Master, and that there is no way he's going to escape or have been allowed to leave. And just as he is about to think about those concerns and voice his opinion against it... the sweet hypnotic voice returns.

*"Listen, follow, obey. Amia is always right."*

Brian leans into his Master's touch, "Yeah... *Amia is always right,*" he thinks, tail swaying, cock half out of his cloaca, feeling good this is his place now, forever.