

HEX MANIA: OVER THE HILL

Pandion

3. Frustration and Fulfillment

“Voir! Voir! Voirrrr!” <Haaah. Haaah. Haaaaaaaah.>

Wet, heavy slapping filled the apartment. The heady scent of sex, sweat, and need hung in the air. Kindra lay with her face buried in the pillows and her ass hiked up in the air, and Ti lay draped over her, out of breath and deeply, violently frustrated.

“Voir!” <Make me cum already, you useless hag!> he growled, though it sounded even to him more like a whimper, and smacked Kindra’s big fat ass. It wobbled, and she swung her hips in a loose figure-eight, and Ti sunk his hands in and rode her ass, jerking his hips against her soft squishy body and plunging his dick between her sweaty sticky thighs.

But he didn’t cum.

He hadn’t been able to cum since their consultation.

Since that fucking bitch got one over on him, just because she was taller than him.

Stronger than him.

With a bigger cock.

“Voiirrrr,” Titania whined, striking his Trainer again and again for being so useless. What was the point of her big fat ass and her easily molded mind if he couldn’t fucking cum? “Voir!” <Faster!> he commanded, and Kindra obeyed, as she had to, shaking her ass up and down for Ti as he hit her again and again, until small red glipper-prints formed on her giant ass and she finally bounced her tiny assailant free. Ti flipped and crashed against the headboard, landing on his back with his ankles neck to his head and his hard, throbbing cock drooling inches from his face.

He’d suck himself off if that’s what it took to cum.

But it wasn’t.

He’d tried.

He'd tried everything at this point—blowjobs, titjobs, assjobs, thighjobs, hairjobs, pitjobs, he'd tried the back of her knee, even, and that felt amazing, but it wasn't enough to let him cum. Even now, in a humiliating position with his dick poised to paint his own face white if he could finally just cum, Ti's hands went at it, one glipper pumping his cock while the other cradled his sore, sensitive balls full to bursting with stud seed he wasn't allowed to sow.

Because of that bitch Penthesilea, with her big boobs and big attitude and big co—

Ti's dick twitched and a blob of precum landed on his face, which only frustrated him more.

Penny with her big stupid cock that smelled so stupid good who told him he wasn't allowed to cum and it was complete Tauros shit where the fuck did she get off telling him he couldn't get off she wasn't his fucking **mo**—

Twitch.

His fucking **mom**—

Twitch.

No matter what she said or how much she rubbed his face in it Penny wasn't his fucking **mommyyyy**—

Good boys can't cum without Mommy's permission.

Good boys don't tell anyone if they ever want to cum again.

“Voir! Voir, Voir, Voir, Voir!” <Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!> Ti planted his feet on the wall and pushed, lifting himself off the bed as he **pumped** and replayed that awful fucking consultation for the hundredth time. He had been in control. He was a Pokéstud with a killer plan to catch himself a harem of Trainer bitch sluts with crazy bodies and empty heads. He had already gotten one—Tits was *his*, he *had* her, and then . . . and then . . .

And then **Mommy** waltzed in and took away his toy. Fuck! Who the fuck did she think she fucking was, anyway? How the fuck did she get to be taller than a fucking Trainer? How the fuck did she get to *talk* like that—and to him, of all Gardevoirs? She should have succumbed to his Hypnosis just like Cyndi and worshipped his cock like a good Gardehole, but instead *she* had hypnotized *him*!

It was all! So fucking! Unfair!

And no amount of jerking his hips or his cock was going to help. Ti had never been this pent up in his life, and every day, every hour, every *second* it got harder and harder for him to think without his dick. Kindra stirred, so he grabbed her by her hair and put her on his cock, coupled with a few uses of Hypnosis to keep her down. Ti moaned, and groaned, and bobbed his Trainer's head in his lap, lamenting the horrible turn his life had taken.

He should never have allowed Kindra to go in for counseling. How did she get such a *stupid* idea in the first place, and why hadn't he stopped her? Didn't she know their life was perfect? Fuck being a Trainer, she was perfect just being his meat doll. And now everything was *ruined*. She made a gurgling sound so he let her up for air, just for a moment, before putting her back down.

Fuck he needed to cum.

Something was off with Ti, and it made Kindra feel guilty for not knowing what. Her life had never been better—ever since her consultation with Davide, everything was just . . . amazing. For the first time in too long, Kindra had something to look forward to, a reason to get out of bed.

She was going on a date!

She didn't know when—whenever Davide said, probably!—but a promise was a promise and they had promised to go out not as doctor and patient but as something neither of them knew the name for. Yet!

That was the best part, really, because if they *could* have named it during that first session, it wouldn't have been very special at all. What they were was *complex* and *unique* and magical.

They were peers, occult maniacs who finally found someone to share their passion with.

They were . . . more than that, too, because Davide told her again and again he was interested in *her*, Kindra, the *gloomy thirty-year-old former hex maniac who was totally over the hill and utterly undatable*. Except he wanted to date her. Davide did. Davide who was handsome and patient and kind and understanding and so very pretty and who *understood*, who *got it*, like nobody else in the world.

The only problem she had since Davide entered her life was how she kept waking up late and sore all over.

It wasn't really anything to notice or worry about, so she didn't, but it did give her a great excuse to start out each day with the mindfulness exercise Davide had worked out for her.

That morning, same as she had every morning for the last six days, she rolled out of bed and stood naked in her room. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. And another. Centering herself like Davide told her, she reached up and squeezed her earrings. The earrings he had given her and she hadn't taken off, not even to shower. They were too precious to her now. She held them and felt their subtle, comforting warmth, which reminded her of Davide and helped her relax even more.

Her whole body ached, especially her ass, which stung as if she'd been paddled, and that was fine. A deep breath out. Kindra was in control. She breathed in. Compressed her aches and pains and the anxiety that she might be late to work *again*, twice in two days, Mr. Simmons was going to be so angry at her, but it didn't matter, because she had her earrings and Davide's protective ritual.

Breath out. Rip her worries to shreds. Feed them to her earrings, feel them warm up as they devoured what ailed her, freeing her from the outside forces that wanted to drag her down. Emptying herself so she could become the person she wanted to be, so she could live her life the way she was meant to.

Kindra smiled and went to see what Ti was making for breakfast. It smelled amazing!

Something was definitely up with his Trainer. If that bitch didn't threaten him with never being able to cum again if he talked to her about it, he'd have hypnotized Kindra into telling him everything that happened during her consultation. She *acted* like she just talked with her guy, but that had to be more Tauros shit. That was probably only what she *remembered* happening, and in reality he was some kind of sick pervert who helped himself to the thick body Ti had prepared for him.

That made him feel even more like a cuckold than the orgasm control. *He* was the one who invested a *decade* of his very valuable time grooming an *unsociable loser Hex Maniac* into *walking porn*, and now some random guy was going to barge in and steal away his porn pet? Fuck no, fuck off, and fuck you! Once he figured out how to turn the tables on that bitch Penny, Ti was going to make that Dave prick regret ever laying a sleazy finger on his Kindra.

"Smells good . . ." his fuckup of a Trainer said, slumping into the kitchen wearing nothing but an oversized shirt she had sloppily pulled over her jiggly chest. Living with an

unaware sex bomb had gone from heaven to hell. Everything this dumb bitch did was lust-provoking, which was at least partly his fault, but she was *supposed* to be a stud-baiter.

Just as he was supposed to be the stud using her wherever, whenever.

But now everything was fucked up, and he had to make her pancakes with a rager, which was even harder than it sounded, because their stove was Trainer-sized and Ti had to balance on a stool to use it, and balancing on a stool when your dick was pushing you off of the oven door was annoying as hell and Kindra didn't make anything any easier by coming up behind him and pressing her stupid fucking tits against his back in a way that'd make him cum his brains out if he just fucking could.

"Whacha . . . making . . . ?" she asked, and it was testament to Ti's incredible character that he didn't answer "Pancakes you stupid bitch did your eyes stop working just like your brain?"

Instead he said, "Voir," ^{<Pancakes,>} and flipped them onto her plate.

"Yay . . ."

"Gardevoir." ^{<There's good syrup and fresh fruit already on the table. Don't rush, you have plenty of time to eat before you're late.>} She only *kind of* had time, but Ti didn't make her pancakes with a rager only for her to scarf them down without appreciating his **hard** work, so he garnished them with a little white lie.

"Voir?"

"They're delicious . . . thank you, Ti!"

"Voir." *Arceus* he needed to rub one out. A day spent on the couch sniffing one of Kindra's bras while he stroked it could fix his bad mood. But that wasn't going to happen, was it? That bitch had taken away his every other option, leaving him no other choice than the one she offered. "Voir."

Kindra paused, her cheeks puffed with pancakes. She fumbled around for her Holo Caster, which she didn't have, and Ti handed it to her. She tapped at it with one hand while the other forked more breakfast down her throat. "You're right . . . it's Friday!" She smiled that new smile Ti didn't like and repeated herself. "Friday . . .!"

Friday.

That marked a full week and two days since the last time Ti had emptied his balls.

It wasn't like he was marking off the calendar, but it was something you couldn't keep from keeping track of.

"Oh no . . . I'm only working a half day today . . . I can't be late!" Kindra's cheer bled into panic, and she crammed the rest of her breakfast in her mouth and shot off to the bathroom.

"Gardevoir!" <At least clean up after yourself!>

Ti did the dishes while his Trainer rushed through her morning routine. Kindra liked to take long, hot showers. Ti typically liked to join her. Slippery slamsex in the steam was a delicacy, with the wetness making Kindra's body loud as fuck as they fucked. But he couldn't do that today either. That fucking bitch. She took away the most important thing in his life, and she was supposed to be helping him? Fuck off. As soon as he could cum again he was calling the LCPD on Star City Consultations. The Pokémon Crimes Division could lock her ass up, see how *she* liked it.

"Half day today!" Kindra said as she pulled her jacket over her dress and give Ti a hug goodbye, making his life harder as she always did. "Do you . . . want to come to the office? No, wait . . . I'll come back to change."

Ti didn't say anything, just pushed her out the door and locked it after.

In five hours it might be over. In five hours he might finally manage to find his release.

He just needed to figure out some way to get one over on that bitch.

The image of that too-tall bitch on her knees before him, begging *Ti* to please, please let her help him cum, made his cock **throb** so powerfully he had to brace himself on the door frame.

Yeah, he'd get her. He'd show that wannabe Mommy what a Daddy looked like.

"You're late."

"I'm sorry . . ." Kindra had run from her apartment to the Star City Works office, pausing every half block to catch her breath.

"You've been late every day this week."

"Not every day! Just . . ."

Mr. Simmons sighed, sounding as if Kindra making it to the office ten minutes past her starting time caused him deep and personal agony. It was a long, pained sigh, like that of a ghost

bound to linger long after death under the weight of its regrets. Kindra actually quite liked the sound, and wanted to ask Mr. Simmons how exactly he made it. Did he have experience with placebound ghosts? Maybe he lived in a haunted mansion and learned from its inhabitants how best to produce that long, whistling, rattling exhale. She didn't want to get in further trouble, though, so she apologized and kept her mouth shut.

"Now, I'm only going to dock your pay an hour for each day you've been late, because that clinic you went to was kind enough to reach out and assure me that you're taking necessary steps to fix your behavioral maladaptation. But listen, Kindra, just because you're seeing a shrink doesn't give you the right to slack off. If you're serious about all that self-betterment shit, you can start by getting to the office on time and in proper dress. Speaking of, you're wearing it again."

"I'm what . . . ?"

"I told you not to wear that dress to the office, didn't I? I distinctly remember telling you to start dressing like an adult. Maybe you should talk to that shrink of yours about your fashion sense?"

"No, I . . . Davide says . . ." Kindra felt it. The *gloom* was surging. She hated her job. She hated her boss. She hated having to stand here in front of him while he said whatever he liked about her, tore her down just because he could, made her feel stupid and immature and irresponsible, for what, because she was ten minutes late and he didn't like her dress? *She* liked her dress. *Davide* liked her dress. And it wasn't like anyone got any work done in their first hour anyway. Everyone just chatted and checked their messages.

"I don't *care* what Davide says. Is he your boyfriend or something? Don't you fucking blush when I'm talking to you." He slammed his desk and the whole office rattled. "I'm angry at you right now, Kindra. I'm furious. Now, I can't fire you without five fucking workers' rights lawyers popping up in my office like fucking mushrooms on a rainy fucking day, so I won't. But you're going to change out of that ridiculous fucking dress and get to fucking work for the three fucking hours you have left before you have to go on your fucking medically excused absence, or I *will* fucking figure out how to let you fucking go. Fucking got it?" Mr. Simmons groped around inside one of his drawers and smacked a flat, plastic-wrapped package down on the desk. "Do you understand?"

"Yes . . ."

"That's 'Yes, Mr. Simmons.'"

“Yes, Mr. Simmons . . .”

“Good. Go and get changed.” He pushed the package her way and gave her a look that dared Kindra to disobey.

She didn’t.

Stripping out of her dress in the bathroom, though, she wished she had. Her boss was a bad man. She had always known that, but figured all bosses were bad men. How else did they get to be bosses? Now she was wondering if Mr. Simmons wasn’t an especially bad man; Davide would never dream of treating her that way, saying those horrible things to her, threatening her, insulting her, making demands.

Davide would never tell her how to dress or what she had to wear—and even if he did it’d be different. Because Davide was thoughtful and appreciated her, he’d only recommend clothes that truly did suit her, clothes that made her look good and feel happy. Not . . . this.

A white button-up shirt that pulled on her shoulders, especially behind her back, sewn from some crinkly, overstarched fabric that irritated her skin as soon as she put her arms through the sleeves that were too short for her anyway. Black slacks that were again so poorly sized they hugged her like capris, barely making it halfway down her calves and so tight around her waist if she breathed incorrectly they’d split open at the seams.

Walking back onto the office floor, Kindra had never felt more out of place in her life. She spent the next three hours conscious of every tiny movement she made, suffocated by the dress code her boss enforced upon pain of unemployment, infantilized because she was thirty years old but not allowed to dress herself, catching stares because of course she was something to stare at, wearing a shirt and pants meant for someone a foot shorter and she didn’t even want to think about how many pounds lighter.

Three hours had never passed so slowly in her life, and when it was time for her to finish her half day she was close to sobbing.

She hated her job.

She hated her boss.

She hated being thirty.

But now she was free.

She left the office without speaking to Mr. Simmons. She changed back into her dress in a public restroom, then hurried home to collect Ti. She should have done the ritual but she just wanted her day to be over.

She hoped his half-day had gone better than hers.

Ti's day was going terribly. It felt like each second was teasing him, the hands of the clock stroking him through his dress, promising him that if he'd just be a **good boy** for a few seconds longer, he'd finally find his relief.

Ti hated it. More than anything else he hated how he couldn't do anything but wait. Oh, he thought about barging into the SCC office on his own while Kindra was still at work, but he wasn't *stupid*. If he obviously broke his contract with that bitch Penny, she'd hold his penis privileges as collateral until he calmed back down. If he wanted to get one over on her, he had to play along and wait for a perfect moment to get beneath her ridiculously unfair mental defenses and scramble her brains.

He tried to keep himself busy, distracted, productive, but productivity was the problem, and no matter how much he vacuumed the front entry and dusted the bookshelves and prepped the dressing for dinner, he couldn't *not* think about his throbbing cock that had been forbidden to cum over a week and was hours away (he hoped) from release.

He was productive for the first hour, and spent the next two pumping his dick on the couch, imagining all the ways he was going to take advantage of that bitch Penny. She had a big body, and he was going to put it to some *proper* use. And that voice—

Ti hadn't been able to get Penny's voice out of his head the whole long week. If it belonged to anyone else, he'd call it a beautiful voice. Porntastic. Made for binaural ASMR moaning compilations. But he couldn't say that, because it was the voice of his tormentor, his abuser, the evil fucking bitch who wanted to ruin his life.

But if he could get that voice to moan out his name, to call him Daddy as he fucked her from behind, Houndoom-style, he just knew he'd blow the fattest load ever.

"Fuck you." He said it like a prayer. "Fuck you."

"Tiiiiii . . . I'm home . . . I had a horrible day . . ."

Fuck. Was it noon already? With a powerful sense of déjà vu, Ti hastily hid his erection beneath his dress and jumped to his feet before Kindra found him.

“Gardevoir?” <Wanna talk about it?>

“No . . . it’s fine . . . I won’t make you listen to it . . . I can tell Davide . . .”

She said that a lot now. It used to be she’d always come running to Ti when she was troubled, and he’d tell her how to feel. Making good use of his position of confidence was how he got his hooks so deep into Kindra to begin with. He didn’t like how she was shutting him out—if she had insecurities, he needed to know so he could build on them and keep Kindra from getting dangerous ideas like independence and other friends.

Once that bitch Penny was underfoot, he really would have to do something about his Davide asshole.

If he improved Kindra’s life in any measurable way, he damn well better give her bigger tits in the process. It was the least SCC could do, and he knew they were good for it because Tits existed.

“Gardevoir?” <Ready to go?> he asked, slipping his hand in hers. Truthfully, he didn’t know if he was. All he knew for certain was that if he didn’t cum by the end of the day he was going to go insane.

It was nice that Ti wanted to meet with his consultant as much as Kindra wanted to get to Davide. They walked fast, holding hands, and arrived at the SCC office faster than seemed possible. Checking in was easy—Cyndi saw them, smiled, waved them forward through the empty lobby. Just like last time, she directed Kindra through the left door and Ti through the right. Unlike last time, she stayed put happily at her desk, trusting Ti to know where he was going.

Kindra gave his hand an encouraging squeeze before setting off, first at a walk, then a jog, and then she was sprinting down the pink-painted hallway, trusting the lines on the wall to take her deeper, to Davide.

He sat cross-legged in his high back chair, reading an old book with a gold inlay. “Kindra, it’s so good to see you,” he began before he saw her. When he did his easy smile turned serious and he all but leapt out of his chair to meet her where she stood shaking.

Did he have any idea how good it was for her to see him?

How just that simple, startled response already began to sooth her aching heart?

“Please, sit down with me,” he said, taking her by the arm and guiding her to the couch. It groaned protest under their combined weight but Davide gave it no mind. He paid attention only to her, taking her hands in his own and saying nothing for a long moment.

No words, just close comfort.

His warm hands.

His beautiful face, twisted with concern for her.

His eyes, never straying.

“Would you like to tell me about it?” he finally asked, and she did, though there was a lump in her throat and she stopped now and again to regain her composure. She did not want to repay Davide’s patience and kindness by sobbing on him.

“He made you change—at the office—into clothes that didn’t even fit?” Davide spoke with a slowness and restraint that suggested the barely contained anger she could see raging behind his eyes. He pressed his lip together, carefully neutral. “I see. And you, of course, did as Mr. Simmons asked, because he threatened your continued employment. He left you with no other reasonable choice.” He spoke with a coolness Kindra had never heard before, never expected from Davide, who was so effortlessly affable.

He took a deep breath, then smiled at her.

“Kindra, I think today would be a great day for our date. Why don’t we go out and enjoy ourselves on company time?”

“So, Titania, would you care to talk about your problems first or would you rather skip ahead to huffing my sack?” She said it so matter-of-factly, with *that* voice, that he shivered despite his resolve to take this bitch down several pegs.

“I only have one fucking problem and it’s that I can’t fucking cum!” he growled at her. Penthesilea’s office looked like it belonged to a personal trainer or fitness guru, not a consultant or therapist or whatever it was she pretended to be. On the third floor, the wide, floor-to-ceiling windows looked out over South Boulevard and made the room feel brighter and more open than it was. Near the windows were a pair of yoga mats, as well as an exercise ball and a rack of dumbbells, ranging from small pink five-pounders to industrial black hundred-pound bricks.

Ti half expected a squat rack or bench press, but no. Mats, balls, dumbbells, and then a desk set against the wall, a chair that swiveled away from the desk and held that big bitch of a Gardevoir, and his own seat, shorter than hers, right in the middle of the room.

“So you *have* been a **good boy**. All week even! I’m so happy to hear that, Titania.”

“Don’t call me that,” he said, fidgeting.

“What?” she asked, with her infuriatingly perfect voice and a crooked smile. “**Good boy?**”

“Titania,” he corrected her. “I hate that name.”

“Would you like to talk about why?” Penny asked, crossing her legs and folding her hands as if she fancied herself an actual therapist, and not . . . whatever the hell she was. She wore athleisure clothes today as well, red lycra bottoms that may as well have been painted on for how stretched thin they were and a cropped . . . Ti didn’t know what to call it, some evil combination of a halter top and a sports bra that wrapped around her neck but left her abs exposed and most evilly trapped her boobs in a perfect shrink-wrapped prison. They *jiggled* whenever she moved and it was very distracting at a time and place where Ti absolutely could not afford himself any distractions.

He tried his hardest not to stare at Penny’s tits, but they were very big, and he was very hard.

He finally said “No,” when he realized she was waiting for his answer.

She sighed with a distracting *jiggle*. “Titania, you have to work with me here. If you don’t, I’ll skip the counseling and go right to riding your face. You’d prefer that?”

Would he? He could still remember her **smell**. He hadn’t been able to forget it. And the thought of letting Penny mount him, **smother** him with **Mommy’s crotch**, made him uncomfortable in a way that made him uncomfortable. An uncomfortable feeling that itself was a violation—because he couldn’t definitively say it was *bad*.

“It’s a girl’s name,” he said, surprised he’d rather talk about this. “My Trainer stuck me with a girl’s name, even though I’m a boy.”

“And that upsets you?”

“Of course it fucking upsets me! I’m not a fucking girl!” Ti clenched his glippers in his lap. Venting was complicated by the fact that his dick was poking up happily between his balled

fists, as if it were waiting its turn. “I’m a guy, a dude, a *man* and she gave me a girl’s name and turned me into a Gardevoir!”

“You don’t like being a Gardevoir?”

“I wanted to be a Gallade!”

“Mmm, a Gallade? I’m not sure that would suit you.”

“Of course it fucking would, are you stupid?”

She laughed at that. “You just don’t strike me as the Fighting type, is all.”

“Well,” Ti looked at his lap. “I’m not, really. Even back when Kindra was still Training, I really wasn’t all that big on fighti—Why am I telling you any of this, you psycho?” he interrupted himself, shaking his head free. He stabbed a finger at her. “I *don’t* have problems. *You’re* my problem. My life was really fucking good until you fucked it all up, and now you’re pretending to give a shit so you can get one over on me. Fuck off.”

Penny sighed. “And we were finally getting somewhere. You really don’t want to talk about it? Because you know what’s going to happen if we don’t talk about it, right? I’m going to hypnotize you again, and it’s going to get worse.”

He’d tell her to do her worst if he wasn’t so certain she would.

“Okay fuck it sure fine we can talk about it,” he said, before realizing. “Uh, talk about what, exactly?”

“What it means to be a man and why your gender nonconformity doesn’t disqualify you from that experience, though it may cause you discomfort bordering on dysphoria,” Penny replied, almost too professionally.

“Kindra, are you familiar with the phrase ‘malicious compliance’?” They walked hand-in-hand up South Boulevard toward Estival Avenue, and Kindra was over the moon. She’d skip right down the street—if she wasn’t far too old for that. Instead she just reveled in the feeling—barring a few awkward relationships in her youth (that always ended horribly, for some reason), Kindra had never had the experience of walking around in public as a couple.

Lumiose City had so many couples, and usually their presence hurt her, a reminder that she didn’t have anyone important in her life beyond her Pokémon partner, but now she was one

of them! She had someone! And not just anyone—she had Davide. Next to him she didn't feel like a failure, a lonely old maid with no prospects.

With Davide, Kindra felt like *somebody*.

"Kindra?"

"Oh! Sorry . . . is that a kind of curse?"

Davide laughed and pulled her close to him, then spun her away, as if South Boulevard were a dance hall just for them. He didn't seem to mind the looks they attracted, so neither did Kindra. "Close! But no. Malicious compliance is, well, let's call it a coping strategy. This is," he clarified, smiling, "not professional advice, but a personal recommendation. In a professional capacity, I *will* be exchanging messages with Mr. Simmons, because while his behavior may not necessarily be illegal, it's still utterly unacceptable for him to treat you that way and I am not without my means to make him understand that. But while I promise you I'll do everything I can through official channels, Kindra, it'd make me happy to help you develop an interim survival plan. That office is a hostile work environment, and I refuse to let you go back there without exploring suitable countermeasures."

Kindra said, "Got it . . ." even though she only caught about half of what Davide was talking about. She was too busy staring at him. Out in the city, under natural light, he took on a whole new dimension. She knew him as a patient, kind, model psychotherapist who took good care of his patients. She knew him, too, as a quietly enthusiastic occultist who selectively shared his interests. This was another new side to Davide, a facet that shone under new light. He was having *fun*, almost boyishly, and seemingly just from being with her.

This was Davide on a date, and she loved him.

"I have a habit of slipping into formal speech when I'm worked up," he admitted bashfully, tucking his hair behind his ear and looking Kindra in the eyes. "I'm very angry at your boss, Kindra. How dare he treat you that way. How dare he treat *my* Kindra so disrespectfully." He glowered at no one in particular while Kindra blushed so hard she thought she might pop like a Drifloon. He stopped their leisurely walk and took both her hands in his own. "What I'm saying is you should do what Mr. Simmons says, but in a way that makes you happy and ideally also drives him nuts. That's malicious compliance. He says you can't wear dresses to the office, even though you look great in them? Sure! No more dresses, he's the boss. But that doesn't mean you have to dress exactly the way he wants you to—satisfy his dress code to the *letter*, but with

clothing you feel good wearing. It'd make me happy if I could help you find some outfits that are Star City Works-approved, but your style, not Mr. Simmons's."

"So . . ."

"I'm saying I'd like to take you clothes shopping for our date, Kindra. Does that sound like fun?"

"Yes . . .!"

"So, you feel that being a Gardevoir limits your masculine expression, and that you can't be fully yourself in that body, because it's not quite you?"

"I didn't say any of that," Ti grumbled, half-wishing this faux therapy session would be over already. Why was Penny even pretending she cared? They *both* knew the reason he came back. The one and only reason. And it had nothing at all to do with working through whatever it was she thought he needed to work through. This pseudointellectual psychobabble wasn't going to help him—because he didn't *need* any help to begin with! "I just said it's hard to be a guy Gardevoir."

"It is, isn't it," Penny agreed, crossing her arms under her bust in that way that drove him fucking nuts. Couldn't she keep from jostling her boobs for five seconds while they talked? "It has less to do with your name, I think, than societal expectations. Even though Gardevoir have an even fifty-fifty—"

"Exactly! We're a Pokémon with an even gender split! But because Gallades can *only* be guys, everyone assumes every Gardevoir is a girl. But we're not! I'm not!"

"No, you're not. You're an exemplary young man, Titania."

"I don't want to hear that from *you*. And stop calling me that."

"But I mean it!" she said, with a chuckle that made him doubt that, and another fucking jostle that distracted him from her disingenuousity. "Seriously, Titania, have you ever stopped to consider that maybe *you're* the one disqualifying yourself from being a guy?"

"I *am* a guy," he corrected her.

"Yes, but by whose standards? How much of what you consider 'guyness' stems from your own experience, and how much of it is what you allow others to tell you a guy should be? We both understand that strictly biologically—which is an inadequate lens through which to

view this topic but you're not ready for that conversation yet—Gardevoir are just as likely to be men as women, but socially the assumption is that we're all women. It's just *inaccurate*, and you agree, don't you?"

"I mean, yeah. I guess."

"You are a man, Titania, and while other people's words may influence that self-perception, only *you* get to know who and what you are. So what does it matter, really, if the name Titania belongs to a fairy queen from a folk tale? Does that somehow change the fact that it's your name, and you're a man, which means, objectively, it's a man's name?"

He'd never thought about it like that. "That . . . makes sense?" It was only a girl's name because of that fairy queen, *she* made it a girls' name, traditionally, so what was to stop Ti from rewriting that tradition? "Wait," he said, confused. "Are you actually a therapist? Like actually, actually?"

"You thought I wasn't?"

"You've given me absolutely zero reason before just now to believe otherwise."

"And here I thought my careful analysis of your self-image issues spoke for itself." Penny sighed and fucking jiggled again.

"Stop that."

"Stop what?"

"Stop *jiggling*. I know you're doing it on purpose."

She looked at him for a long moment, nonplussed, then burst out laughing. "What, you think I'm trying to *seduce* you, Titania?"

"Or distract me," he said petulantly.

"Well?" she asked with a deeply amused smile. "Is it working? Are you seduced? Are you distracted?"

It was like she could choose when her voice was hypnotic or not. Not actually hypnotic—but he'd been able to talk with Penny nearly normally for a bit there, but now the ASMR-ness was cranked back up and yeah, it was just as seductive and distracting as her body.

Titania lied. "No, it's not working. It's just . . . annoying. If you *actually* want this to be a real therapy session you should knock it off."

She laughed again, and she was so unbothered it made Ti feel small and silly for voicing his concerns. “Titania, please be reasonable. I can’t stop this any more than you can stop *that*.”

She pointed at his throbbing erection, plainly visible through his dress.

“This is . . . a lot.” Kindra didn’t really go shopping all that often. She preferred to mail-order her dresses from independent seamstresses she found on the net. Not quite bespoke, but custom enough she could feel special wearing them. She never imagined she’d wind up picking out high-concept dress clothes in a ritzy boutique.

She didn’t catch the name when they went in, but it was another new building she didn’t know—so many of them were popping up as part of the Urban Redevelopment Plan. She wondered not for the first time how the old stores were doing—were they being replaced, or priced out? Gentrification was unavoidable with a city-wide project like the URP, and it made Kindra feel . . . off.

Lumiose City was getting replaced piece by piece and when everything was done they’d still call it Lumiose City but it wouldn’t have any of its old parts left.

“I imagine it’s quite a shock,” Davide said, drawing her deeper into the lines and lines of clothing racks. “But it’s nice to experience new things together as a couple, isn’t it?”

Together as a couple.

Those magic words soothed Kindra’s anxiety. The boutique might be alien and unfamiliar, and the city might be changing, but she was together with Davide as a couple.

Could she really ask for more?

“Yeah . . .” she said, letting her reservations go. Davide wouldn’t pick out a bad boutique, and if he did, it would only be because he didn’t know, and he’d certainly acknowledge it afterwards with a bashful smile and ask her to forgive him, and she could do that in advance, because Davide always wanted what was best for her.

But even then.

Some of the tailoring choices on display were . . .

“Kinda slutty . . .” she murmured, looking at one mannequin in particular, wearing a jacket and skirt combo that didn’t seem to include a shirt.

“Oh?” Davide followed her gaze. “Oh. That *is* rather extreme, isn’t it. Not what I would pick for you, personally, but—” He hesitated, and a hesitant Davide was so very charming. “I think I’d rather like to see you wearing that, Kindra,” he said to her, low so that they couldn’t be overheard, low so that she knew he meant it only for her ears, a secret admission, an admitted weakness. “Workplace appropriate or not, I think you would look incredible in that.”

Kindra’s heart pounded in her chest. It was a slutty outfit. Davide didn’t deny that. He even as much said it was inappropriate. But even then.

He thought she’d look incredible in that.

“Excuse me . . .!” she called for the attendant, a young woman with bottle blond hair. “I’d like to try . . . this on . . . for size.”

Davide squeezed her hand.

“Guh.” Ti fidgeted, but he couldn’t break away. Penny palmed his bulge and rubbed it in circles and Arceus it felt so good.

“Asking a girl like me to stop jiggling is the same as asking a boy like you to get soft. Not very easy, is it? All but impossible.”

“G—Guh.” He’d have liked to fire back with something snappy and acerbic, but all the blood was rushing out of his brain to reinforce his cock under attack.

“You know, Titania, I really don’t think you should worry all that much about people seeing you as a girl.”

Rub.

Rub.

Rub.

“This week proved quite definitively what a **good boy** you are. You didn’t cum at *all* did you?” she asked, and he nodded dumbly. “You followed Mommy’s orders and got **all backed up**, didn’t you?” She was laying the ASMR voice on thick and Ti couldn’t resist it any more than he could resist her hand on his crotch.

He nodded again.

“You were such a **good boy** for Mommy, weren’t you Titania? Even now, you’re being a **good boy** for Mommy. **Say it.**”

“I’m a **good boy**,” he mumbled out. He wished it was unwilling.

“You’re a **good boy**,” Penny agreed, rubbing him. “But for whom? You have to say it all if you want to cum.”

He wanted to cum.

He wanted to cum so badly he didn’t care.

“**Imagoodboyformommy**,” he blurted out, and threw his head back.

“You *are*,” she said indulgently, **rub-rub-rubbing** so damnably casual that his hips rose trembling off the chair just to increase the pressure. All week he had been trying his hardest to cum, and now he was closer than ever to an orgasm he knew on some level would **ruin** him—but at this point it was impossible to care.

So what if she was dangerous?

So what if she was the one who did this to him?

So what if his all-consuming desire to get off was her invention?

Nothing could change the fact that he needed to cum **so bad**, and she quite literally held the solution to his problem in her hands.

“You’re *such* a **good boy** for **Mommy**, Titania. You’re **so hard** for **Mommy**. You’re **so cute** for **Mommy**.” She paused, smirking. “You’re a **girly slut** for **Mommy**, aren’t you, Titania?”

That almost snapped him out of it, but Penny **rub-rub-rubbed** his resistance away, leaving only an uncertain incredulity. “**Guh—Girly?**” he gasped out, trying to order his thoughts even though his world was ordered around the dick Mommy kept **rub-rub-rubbing**. “Can’t be **guh—girly**,” he protested weakly. He didn’t seem to have a problem with the **slut** part.

“Titania, **guys can be girly**. In fact, **only guys can be truly girly**. Just **think about it** for a moment,” she told him, **rubbing** the tip of his cock with just one finger. “When you call a **girl girly** it’s redundant. **Girly girl** is an exaggeration, it doesn’t really mean anything, does it? But a **girly boy**—*that* has meaning. *That* is special. A **girly girl** is unremarkable. Who even notices a girl being girly? But a **girly boy**, *he’s* noteworthy. *He’s* important. *He* stands out. *Because* he’s a **boy**. *Because* he’s **girly**. Are you getting it, Titania?”

“G—Guh.”

“Only a boy can be so girly. So, when you’re girly, it reinforces the fact you’re a boy. The more girly a boy you are, the more you are something only a boy can be. So, if you’re *really* worried about people mistaking you for a woman, Titania, what do you think the solution should be?”

“Guhhhh.”

“Exactly! If you want everyone to see what an exceptional boy you are, you need to get more girly. Really, you just need to think about it, Titania. Masculine men are so commonplace. They’re everywhere. Unremarkable. Boring. Your ideal self isn’t a boring man, is he? You want to be better than that. You want to be more.”

“Muh—Mmmmoore,” Titania pleaded, begging for what, exactly, he didn’t know. More of Mommy’s silken touch, swirling around the tip of his dick? More of Mommy’s silken words, curling around his brain? More what? More everything?

“If you want to be an exceptional man, you need to get more girly. If you want women to notice you, you need to get more girly. If you want to put your anxieties, your fears, your inadequacies to rest, what do you need to do? Go on, Titania. Tell me. You know the answer. Say it. Agree with Mommy’s guidance.”

“Guh—Getttt, muh—mmmoore, guh—girlyyyyyy,” he managed, not knowing what he was saying, not knowing what was going on, distracted by his dick by Mommy’s voice by the knowledge that good boys listened to big women and Mommy was so big he had to listen to Mommy’s guidance.

“Good boys get more girly,” Penny said, stressing every consonant. “Now,” she purred, leaning far forward enough that her huge pendulous boobs just barely brushed against the tip of Ti’s throbbing cock, eliciting a girly whimper. “Would Mommy’s good girly boy like to cum?”

“T—Ta-da . . . ! How does . . . it look?” Despite wearing clothes straight off the rack, Kindra felt like a complete mess. Excitement mixed with anxiety and an eagerness to please that bubbled her up while a self-certainty she absolutely could not pull off this ensemble dragged her back down.

She desperately needed affirmation, and only one man could give it to her.

“You look incredible, Kindra,” Davide said, and his stunned smile reinforced the message. “That’s—one moment, please, I need to compose myself.” He spun away from her and ducked his head, clearing his throat at the same time, before turning back around, wearing a comparatively more composed expression of approval.

But that first candid reaction sent Kindra to cloud nine.

“As we both acknowledged, the tailoring is rather provocative. I can’t say I’d be comfortable with you dressing like this for any other man, but you are *stunning*, Kindra. It’s really—you’re really—” For the first time ever, Kindra saw a Davide who didn’t know what to say.

And seeing him so flustered made Kindra want to take the initiative.

“You like it . . . ?” she asked, adjusting the jacket’s lapels, whose double-thickness was the only thing keeping her nipples in check. Even for such a *breezy* design, the fit was tight around her tits—she guessed to make up for the lack of support she’d otherwise have to deal with going braless. The result was a dark brown canyon of cleavage created by two enormous chocolate orbs pressed together by a couple straining buttons down below. Frankly, the strain it put on her shoulders was a pain, and she couldn’t imagine herself wearing this ridiculously skimpy office attire for very long, and never in an actual work setting. It was official cosplay.

But if it let her get reactions like this out of Davide, momentary discomfort was nothing at all.

“It doesn’t make my . . . boobs . . . look fat?” she asked, working to keep her face carefully neutral.

This was fun.

“No!” Davide said. “They don’t—I mean, they do—they are quite large, and the jacket—” He turned red and moved his hands through a constellation of meaningless, helpless gestures as he stumbled his way through his assessment.

“You told me to wear this . . .” Kindra pretended to pout.

“I did!” he admitted. “And if it’s making you uncomfortable, I apologize. It’s just—you’re an incredible woman, Kindra,” he said with a helpless, winning smile. “I truly do believe you’d look good in anything. I’m sorry for asking you to wear something so strange. You can get changed. We’ll pick out something more sensible, I promise.”

“But you didn’t even check . . . the back fit,” Kindra said, turning around.

Sometimes she worried that her ass was overlarge. Ti constantly assured her it wasn't, that, if anything, her ass was on the small side, so she should have an extra serving of this Pinap Berry upside-down cake he made, nobody liked skinny women. Still, even with all Ti's assurances, Kindra sometimes felt she was just bigger than other girls down there. Ordering from indie seamstresses on the net meant she could almost always get dresses that fit her (though more than once her contact complained about having to use up extra fabric, and the expense incurred) but whenever she shopped at a traditional clothing store or a boutique like this one, she ran into all kinds of problems finding bottoms her size.

The jacket was a tight fit.

The skirt barely fit at all.

It felt like it was shrink-wrapped around her hips and if she moved a little too much in the wrong way—like taking a big step—it'd snap like a rubber band and leave her naked from the waist down.

Naked save for her panties, which were clearly outlined beneath the tight black fabric.

"That's . . ." Kindra peered over her shoulder to watch Davide's reaction. He was an even brighter shade red now. "That looks very tight," he managed, finally.

"It is . . ." she said, concealing a smile as she casually, carefully bent forward and stuck her ass out.

She heard Davide swallow hard.

"Very . . . tight," she whispered, swaying her hips slightly, subtly, careful not to strain the skirt that was trying so very hard to keep her covered, but she was honestly considering if she could afford to snap it—because how would Davide act if she did?

She knew she was acting slutty, that she was being a bit of a tease, but it felt *good* to be able to do something for Davide. For once, she could give *him* something. And that something was all the eye-candy he could stomach.

"You know . . . I think I actually might like this . . ." she said, backing towards her date, who was rooted in place with a flustered expression stuck to his face. "Do you like it . . . Davide?"

She asked the important question and wondered if that was the first time she ever called him by his name out loud.

“A lot,” he said, keeping his hands high in the air, as if terrified what he might do if he let them near the black-wrapped dark ass wiggling his way. It was as gentlemanly show of restraint that Kindra appreciated.

But it only made her want to push harder.

“If you like it a lot . . . shouldn’t I get it . . . ?” she asked, hoping she was slipping into the role of temptress as smoothly as she thought. She wasn’t used to being so proactive. But it felt right, in this instance. Davide had done so much for her.

And he *had* told her to play up her jealousy when they finally went out together.

“Actually . . . I bet it’s just this skirt . . . you’d go for any girl wearing this . . . wouldn’t you?” With a quick, dangerous step, Kindra placed herself between Davide and the rest of the boutique, and corralled him back toward the changing room. A perk of having a body as big as hers—she left him with very little room to maneuver.

If indeed he tried, but Davide was just so smart.

He understood her little mental game right away.

“In order to prove that I’d have to bring some other girl here and have her try it on—oof!” Kindra butted him into the changing room and locked the door.

The sounds of the ritzy boutique and its small selection of posh customers were shut out, and Kindra could hear her and Davide’s quick breaths echoing in the small, enclosed space.

“But you won’t . . . will you,” she stated, not asked.

“How could I? Your big ass is in the way.”

Kindra giggled and kept wiggling into him. He had nowhere to go, and while he acted the gentleman with his hands still held inoffensively where she could see them, his bottom half—like hers—was blatant and honest.

Press.

A thrill went up Kindra’s spine when her butt made contact. Davide was hard. For her. *She*, of all people, had managed to make Davide of all people hard. Her, Kindra, a haggly Hex Maniac of thirty years, a decrepit witch well past her prime, had gotten the most beautiful, handsome, mysterious, princely, and eligible man in Lumiose City hard by squeezing into a tight skirt and wiggling her ass.

It couldn't *really* be that easy to make Davide hers, could it?

"I'm sorry I have such a . . . big . . . and heavy ass . . ." Kindra huffed, riding high on the thrill of contact and the knowledge that she was desirable. She had value—if only due to her big ass.

As if he had been patiently waiting for her to make the first move, Davide's hands came down and wrapped around her belly, pulling Kindra's torso up and into him so that her head rested on his shoulder and his chin on hers.

"I love your big and heavy ass, Kindra," he whispered in her ear. "I love your ashen hair. I love your long lashes and I love the heavy bags under your eyes, even though I want to take such good care of you they go away. I love the way you can't smile straight. I love that you agreed to wear this horrible, awful excuse for businesswear because I asked. Yes, I'm fascinated with your big and heavy ass, Kindra. Of course I am. I'm fascinated with everything about you."

He pressed into her and she could have died then happy, melted then and there into a pool of **gloomy goo** and done so with pleasure, because she was sure her life could never get better than that moment, with him behind her crooning into her ear in the false privacy of a public changing room.

But the moment passed and she didn't die.

The moment passed and she stayed firmly solid.

The moment passed and he was still there, holding her, swaying slightly from side to side.

And she was so, so happy it wasn't just a moment.

This could be her *life*, starting at thirty.

"**Mommypleasepleasemommyletmecummommyineedtocumsobadmommypleaseeeeeeeee** !!!" Ti was a mess of his own sweat, spit, and pre—still pre always pre—cum.

"**Pleasestopteasingmemommyillbeagoodboyillbeagirlygoodboyipromisemommypleaseletmecumpleasemommypleasemommypleaseeeeeeeee!!!**"

"Hmmm, I wonder," Penny teased, jiggling her mommy milkers inches away from Ti's dick. "I just don't know if you've *earned* it yet, Titania. You came into this meeting with *such* an

attitude—if I weren't a very patient trainer we wouldn't have been able to make any progress at all!"

"*Im sorry mommy i was so rude mommy i will never do it again mommy i will be a good boy mommy so please just let me cum mommy let me cum mommy let me cummmmmmm!!!*"

"Hmmm." She placed her hand on his chest and thumb-glipped a nipple, and Ti almost fell out of his chair from the resultant full-body tremor. "I just don't know if I can take you at your word, Titania. You'd say *anything* if it'd let you cum, wouldn't you?"

"*Yes yes yes i would say anything i would say anything mommy please let me cummmmmmm!!!*"

"Well, Titania, that's not what I want. Mommy doesn't deal in *lip service*," she said, and she made sure he was looking at her **thick lips** when she said it, so he'd be forced to imagine what it would be like if Mommy *did* deal in lip service, and how hard he'd cum if she did.

He'd cum **so hard so hard so hard so good so hard** if he could.

"You've proven yourself to be untrustworthy," she sighed, so very disappointed in Titania while she tortured him with his nipples. He twitched and jerked like the victim of an electric chair. "So your word, sadly, means nothing at all. **No matter what you say now**, Titania, **Mommy isn't going to let you cum.**"

"*Nononono No No nonono NONONONononon please mommy please i will be a girly boy a good girly boy for mommy i'm girly a girly good boy a slutty girly boy good boy girly boy please nononono!!!*"

"Oh, you're so **cute** when you panic—don't worry, Titania. Mommy's going to take good care of you. I only said 'no matter what you say.' You should pay more attention. **Good boy**. I don't want you to *tell* me what you'll do to cum. I want to *see you do it*."

"*Yes mommy yes mommy anything i'll do anything anything at all mommy please just let me cum mommy mommy i need to cum so bad i'll do anything just tell me what to do mommy!!!*"

"Perfect. It'll only take a moment to get everything set up. Why don't you go stand over there and face the camera, Titania?"

As much as she wanted to, they couldn't stay in the changing room **together forever**. Oh how she wanted to. **Together forever with Davide's** arms wrapped around her and her feeling so confident and sexy and wanted, more than she had ever felt anything in her life before. It wasn't a busy boutique. Eventually someone would come and check on what happened to the couple

who asked if they could take the risqué office lady outfit off the mannequin. She probably would have to buy it, despite Davide saying she could get something else—the silky shirt was blotted with sweat stains, white fabric glued translucent to black skin, and she had probably stretched out the waistband of the skirt too much for it to fit back on the display model.

She had maybe rubbed too much against Davide, but how was she supposed to help herself? In an enclosed space, she could *smell* him. His own sweat, sharp and pungent, adding an addling top note to the complex aromas that made up “Davide.”

Candle wax.

Old paper.

Incense.

“Haaaaahhhhhh.” Kindra couldn’t help it. It hadn’t been this bad while they were walking around town, but here in the tiny box of a changing room she just couldn’t *stop* herself from sucking as much of his scent into her lungs as possible.

Drowning in Davide was an otherworldly pleasure.

One she wouldn’t squander while she had access to him.

“Haaaaahhhhhh . . . hhhhaaaaahhhh . . . hhhhhhhhhahhhhhh . . .” Her eyelids fluttered and she groped around blindly behind herself, desperate to touch him, desperate to feel him more. He felt her need and squeezed her back. “Hhhhhhaaaaaaaaahhhh . . .”

No need for words between the two of them.

Their bodies spoke to each other.

Davide shifted, and Kindra could tell what he wanted. “Hhhhaaaaaahhh . . .” She stood on her toes, heels rising out of her plain flats, and rotated her hips—to stick her ass out even further. He was so hard for her, and the contact between his hard cock and her soft ass linked their nerve endings together, granting them a level of closeness and understanding Kindra knew she would never have with anyone else for the rest of the life. “Hhaahhhh . . .”

Davide was the one.

“Hhhhaahhhh . . .”

The only.

“Hhhhaaaaaahhhh . . .”

He was perfect for her.

“Hhhhaaaahhhhh . . .”

She wanted to be perfect for him, too.

“Hhhhaaaaaaaahhhh . . .”

That would only be fair.

“Kindra, if you’re comfortable . . .”

Of course she was. How couldn’t she be with Davide?

“I’d like to perform our ritual.”

Their ritual. Not his or hers.

“Hhhhaaaaaahhhh . . . yessssssss . . .”

Davide threaded his hands under her armpits, not at all dissuaded by the sweat she so self-consciously had trapped there, and grabbed hold of her earrings.

It may have looked like a headlock to someone who didn’t understand their unspoken intimacy. It felt to Kindra like something even greater than a lover’s embrace.

Davide had her in his hands.

There was not a single place she’d rather be.

She let him take some of her weight in his arms, and he was strong enough to do it. She was so much bigger than him, taller, heavier, but Davide had her in his arms, and he could carry her.

“Hhaaaahhhh . . .”

She could trust Davide with everything.

“Do you remember how to do it?” he asked kindly, gently, prompting her to join her hands with his, holding her heavy earrings in their hands, so much bigger and heavier than she remembered, but that wasn’t anything to worry about.

Davide had her in his hands.

Ti was having second thoughts. Mommy Penny was right, and it was so much easier to say something than do it.

“Is something the matter, Titania? I thought you wanted to cum?”

He did. He so fucking did. It went well beyond want—Ti needed to cum or his brain was going to break. Hesitating now, at this point, was stupid.

But was he really willing to do *anything* to cum?

“It’s so big,” he whispered, looking down at the *thing* planted on the floor between his legs.

“Is it? I had it modeled after myself so I think it’s quite a *normal* size, really.”

Throb.

That was ridiculous. She was ridiculous. There was no way that giant thing was hers. Or modeled after her, whatever. It was as big as his arm. Bigger, probably, or maybe just so wide he couldn’t properly gauge its size.

But it was *not* a normal size.

“It won’t fit.”

“That’s fine. Nobody gets all the way there on their first try. It’s about the process, Titania. You have to put in effort to get results, just like any other workout. This will help you get more girly.”

Throb. “Nngnggfh.” Just hearing those words sent a thrill through his body. Now that he was standing, now that he was a little more away from her and her boobs weren’t brushing up against him even though they were still jiggling way too much and he couldn’t stop looking, he was a little more himself and a little less Mommy’s good boy.

Throb.

But he could only be himself so much when he needed to cum this badly. Penny held his orgasm in her hands and he had to play along with her sick games if he wanted to get off.

“Whenever you’re ready, Titania. Camera’s rolling.”

He could see that. See the blinking red light telling him what he was about to do would be recorded. No doubt to play back to him later, or for some perverse personal collection Penny had. How many other men had she made do this? Was it just him, or did she have a whole

library of footage stashed away of **good boys so desperate to cum that they let her coerce them into squatting on a dildo molded in her shape?**

Would it be better if he was the first and only? Or would it be so much worse?

Throb.

“Come now, Titania. Proper form. Feet close as you can get them on either side, hands behind your head. Straighten up your back—there’s a **good boy**. Now take those knees and **spreeeeeaaaaad** them apart, just like that. Don’t want to block the shot,” she said, smiling behind her handcam.

Titania was too **frustrated** for this shit. But it wasn’t like he had a choice—wasn’t like he thought for more than a moment *not* to do what Penny told him. He obeyed. Hands behind his head. Feet on either side of the massive silicone monster waiting for him on the ground. Back straight. Legs butterfreeing out to either side.

He looked ridiculous.

He couldn’t really care.

“Now give the camera a nice big smile, say hello, and state your name.”

“**Hiiiiii**.” That came out wrong. Too breathy. Ti cleared his throat. “*Hello*.” Penny nodded, voicelessly snickering. “My name is Ti.”

“Your *full* name,” she said, smiling so, so wide.

“Titania,” he said through a clenched jaw. “My name is Titania.”

“Nice to meet you, Titania!” she said, putting on airs like she was a street interviewer or a pickup artist. “What do you do for a living?”

“I’m a Pokémon Partner,” he said, confused but trying not to let his answer sound like a question. Upward inflections were for **bimbos**, not boys.

“Mmm, that doesn’t sound quite right to me. A Pokémon Partner wouldn’t **pose with his legs wide open over a big fat dildo**, would he? What does *that* have to do with Pokémon Battles? And where’s your Trainer? No, I don’t think you’re a Pokémon Partner right now, Titania. Tell the camera what you *really* are.”

He hated her.

He hated her so very much.

She **frustrated** him.

She mouthed, *Say it.*

“I’m Titania,” he grumbled. “And I’m a **good boy for Mommy.**” She gestured for him to go on. “I’m about to . . . practice my **dildo squats . . .** so I can **get more girly . . . for Mommy.**”

He wanted to die. But he wanted to cum more.

“That’s right! Everyone please watch Titania prove how much of a man he is by **taking my dick up his ass!**” After that declaration she fell silent, looking at him with a cool amusement that made him **throb.**

Everything made him **throb** right now. That was a big part of his problem.

Not as **big** as the **problem** between his legs, though.

He had no choice.

He had no way forward but **down.**

Ti slowly, legs trembling from anticipation as much as strain, began to squat.

“Take everything bad that happened today and bundle it up,” Davide instructed, his voice so warm and comforting, like a balm upon her **aching heart.** She wished for a way stronger than words to tell him how much he meant to her. How she valued his every word, breath, touch, every moment he shared with her.

“**Hhhhaaaaaahhhh . . .**” She gathered it all up. Her embarrassment, her hurt, her frustration from before, the humiliation she had felt wearing those awful clothes, all of it, all of it, everything, bundling it up, squishing it into a compact trauma ball.

“We’ll do it together. Tear it apart. Rip it up. It’s just trash. Emotional baggage. You don’t need it. You never did.”

“**Hhhhaaaaaaaahhh . . .**” She didn’t need it. She never did. Davide was right. Davide was always right. His hands on hers, working together, holding the earrings but inside her heart tearing that ball to shreds, to scraps, to the refuse it was.

She felt empty.

She felt good.

“Now feed your earrings. Nurture your new self. Use that trash as compost for your future. Our future,” he whispered.

“Hhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh . . .” Their future. Her future with Davide. She didn’t need today. She didn’t need anything. It was all so much fertilizer. Emotional baggage that kept her down and busy and not thinking about her future with Davide. She didn’t need it. She never had.

Her earrings were so warm in her hands. Tiny molten globes burning her palms, nurtured by the emotions she didn’t need, cultivated not just by herself but Davide. The emotional labor was hers, the direction was his, and together they were building something beautiful.

Not building.

Growing.

“They’re heavy.”

“Haaahhhh . . . Haahhhh . . .”

“You’re empty.”

“Haaaaaaaaahhh . . .”

“You’re free. Free, Kindra, to use that space however you like. You’re empty, Kindra, but you can fill back up with only the things you like. You have no obligation to carry such heavy baggage. You don’t owe that weight anything. It isn’t you. It never was. They told you what to do, how to act, what to think, what to feel. Now you can decide for yourself.” He pressed against her. There was no gap between them, no space, no difference. Where her body ended his began. Where his ended she continued. When she shifted, he followed. When he moved, she moved with him. Like snakes coiled together. No telling them apart.

“Who do you want to be, Kindra? How do you want to live your life? Truly, with no external influence or expectation. No ugly boss to tell you how to dress. No Pokémon Partner to live your life around. It’s *your* life, Kindra.”

“Haaahhhhhh . . .”

“It’s yours to decide.”

“Hhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhh . . .” She all but hissed in the hot, muggy changing room. She leaned her head back and rested on Davide’s shoulder, rolling left, then right, sweat falling

in fat drops from her chin, her fingers, the hem of her skirt. Sweating out her impurities, all the things Davide had shown weren't her. Hollow, beautifully empty, cleaned out. Ready to receive. To fill. To *be* filled. By whatever she desired.

It was her life.

Hers to decide.

And if she could decide, there was one and only one way forward.

"Hhhahhhh . . . I . . . want . . . hhhahhhh . . . I . . ." The words were hard. Heavy. Her chest rose and fell. Heavy. Lungs filling with their combined scent. Savoring it. Reluctant to let it go.

"Take your time, Kindra. Take as much time as you need. Think it over. Decide for yourself."

She had decided days ago. It was just a matter of saying it. Speaking it into the world.

Telling him.

"Davide . . ."

"I'm with you, Kindra. I'm here."

"I want . . . to fill . . . I want . . . hhaaaaahhhh . . . my life . . ."

She let go. Her arms dropped and dangled. Davide caught her, took on more and more of her weight, supported her as she went limp against his body. He held her around her shoulders, around her waist.

"I want . . . you . . . in my life . . ."

"You have me," he said, rocking her limp body back and forth, back and forth. "I'm right here."

"More . . ." she groaned, breathing in, breathing out, full heavy breaths, exhausting breaths, she was exhausted and empty, and she needed to fill the void. Not with something, anything, not just with whatever was at hand. She had done that before and it made her miserable. She was breathing in, breathing out, and choosing what to make of herself this time. "I want you . . . more . . ."

Davide rubbed his cheek against hers. He was hot, and sweaty, and she felt his own deep breaths in, and out, breathing in, and out, together with her. In synch. One breath, two bodies. “You can have me more, Kindra. You can have as much of me as you like.”

“I want . . . hhhhaaaaaahhh . . . all of you . . . Davide . . .”

“You can have all of me, Kindra.”

“And I want . . . I want . . . want you . . . to have all of me . . .”

“That would make me so very happy, Kindra.” He placed his hand on her belly and moved it in slow, gentle circles, in time with their breathing, their breathing in, and out, breathing in the hot humid air laced with their sweat and scent, and out, back into the world, turning the placeless changing room into a space that belonged to them, to just them, separate from the world, separate from their lives, only together.

A funny feeling bubbled up in her stomach, just below where he touched her.

“Hhhaaaahhh . . . hhhhaahhhh . . . hhhahhaaaaappyyyyy . . .” She could make Davide happy. Giving all of herself to Davide would make him happy. Making Davide happy would make her happy, too. Her hips rolled, and he moved with her, always matching her, always predicting and following and perfectly in synch. He rubbed with more pressure, three fingers dragging across sweat-soaked fabric, tracing circles on her skin, surface-level rubbing that reached so much deeper.

“Oh, come on, you’re so close. Don’t just stop there, Titania! Show me you’re a man! Follow through!”

“I’m working on it!” He could have done without Penny’s encouragement. It was so falsely cheery. She just wanted him to make a fool of himself for the camera. And he was making a fool of himself, hovering just an inch above the monstrous dildo with his bow-legs trembling and his cock jumping crazily, as if it knew how close it was to release.

If he’d just commit.

“Do you want some coaching, Titania? Or do you want me to do it for you?” Penny was hard, too, he could see that clearly enough. There was a monster lurking just beneath his hips, and a monster stirring between hers. It was utterly and completely unfair that she got to have such a big cock. Didn’t she know she was a hot MILF? That wasn’t enough for her? She had to

have a huge dick, too? And meanwhile Ti was stuck with a **defective six-incher** that couldn't cum no matter what he did?

Of course, that last bit was wrong. It could cum if he did one specific thing. If he **manned up** and **committed** to it. But Ti was afraid. A strange feeling formed in his stomach and wormed its way up to his chest, curling around his heart like a grasping hand.

A strange but certain feeling that if he **did this**, there'd be **no going back** to who he was before. You didn't just walk off squatting on a dildo so you could cum. That was the kind of thing that came with consequences.

But Ti was just as certain if he could just properly steel himself before going the last inch he'd be fine. He was getting the hang of this therapy thing—if he could just build out a proper mental framework for what he was about to exchange for pleasure then he'd be able to continue his life more or less as it was, with only slight modifications. He just had to—

Not slip up.

“Agyogagagaoyougoabahagoh???” he wailed, wide-eyed as his legs gave out and he landed squarely on Penny's fake cock. An unfamiliar, searing pleasure entered his body from a place he never even knew *could* feel that way, and his eyes rolled back in his head.

“I have *no* idea what you just said. Could you repeat that?” Penny brought the camera closer, eager to capture every last twitch and spasm as it crossed Titania's face. “Maybe try speaking a little more slowly, Titania? Work on your enunciation?”

“Imgonnadieimgonnadieimgonnadie,” he babbled, trying and failing to lift himself back up. Every inch of it was an intrusion that carved out Ti. He couldn't let himself slide down any further.

“You'll be fine! Your file says you have an Impish nature—go ahead and put that extra Defense to good use!”

How was he supposed to defend against something attacking him from the inside? That **thing** was **too big** to endure. Big enough to crack his hips in half and leave him **permanently wider** if he let it in.

Which was insane.

This was insane.

Why the fuck had he agreed to any of this?

Worse than anything, though. He had never been harder in his life.

“Helpmehelpmehelpmehelpmehelpme,” he begged, not knowing what kind of help he needed but that Penny wouldn’t be the source of anything genuinely helpful.

“You’re *such* a drama queen, Titania. Seriously. Would it kill you to just **enjoy yourself**? A guy can only lose his anal virginity once, you know. This should be a magical moment for you, a real affirmation that **you’re a man taking it up the ass**. But here you are, sobbing for help. **That’s not manly at all**.” Penny sighed and placed her hand on his head.

“Waitwaitwaitwaitnonononono—”

And pushed down. Ti’s jaw snapped shut, his body tensed.

“GUMMMMINNGGGGGGG!”

Ti came from Mommy’s cock. After a weak of sealed orgasms, of endless pleasure with no release, Ti came. And came. And came. A first shot with fury, cum leaping from his cock like a Water Gun. But then a second, third, fourth, each with diminished potency, Bubble Beams that couldn’t make it into the air but trailed down his dick to drip off his balls onto the exercise mat below.

This was bad. Very bad. He had to get up. He had to **get off Mommy’s cock** while he still had the strength, this was bad, this pleasure was bad, this pleasure would ruin him, this pleasure would overwhelm him, this pleasure would change the way he came forever if he didn’t hurry up and—

“You’re only halfway there, Titania. Come on, be a **good boy** and **go deeper for Mommy**.”

Like he had a choice. Like she wasn’t pushing down on him with an arm strong enough to overhead press his whole body.

Ti went deeper.

“GUHHHHHHHHHHMINGGGGGGG!” And worst—worst—was that **the deeper he went, the harder he came**. But not really, because as **deep anal orgasms** ravaged his body, Ti’s once studly cumshots grew more and more **pathetic**.

Penny wanted to empty his tanks.

She made great progress.

“Gumming! Gumming! Guhhmming!” Each yelp accompanied by a twitch and a spurt, the former more pronounced than ever, the latter steadily decreasing in volume. They couldn’t be called cumshots any longer, they were cumdribbles. Like the drool running from the side of his mouth down his neck, a trail of weak sperm ran down Ti’s thighs, clinging to his body as if afraid to go elsewhere.

“There you go. That’s a good girly boy. Just keep cumming your resistance away, Titania. Cum more for Mommy and drop deeper.”

He did. How couldn’t he? His jaw fell slack, drool pouring from his open mouth in an unchecked torrent, landing on his chest, his hard nipples, and dripping down his torso. He lost his strength—spurted it all out—and dropped deeper. Mommy made her way inside, and he wasn’t sure if he was ever going to get her out again.

“There, you go, Titania. Isn’t that so much better? Aren’t you happiest when you’re a good girly boy for Mommy?”

“They kicked us out . . .” Kindra was so embarrassed she couldn’t even drink her coffee. She had hers with cream, while Davide took his black.

“Yes, well, I suppose we *were* acting rather inappropriate.” Davide smiled into his cup.

“They made you pay for it . . . I’ll pay you back . . .”

“Kindra! Please.” He laid his hand on the table and twitched his fingers. Kindra blushed deeply, but placed her hand in his. He ran his thumb over her knuckles, slowly, happily. “I’m the one who asked you to wear it, and I’m the one who perhaps took things a little too far in a public place. It’s my fault we got in trouble and my fault”—his voice lowered to a wicked whisper—“that you stained it so badly they refused to take it back.”

Kindra let her hair flop over her face so no one but Davide could see just how badly she blushed. It had been so humiliating—the attendant looking at her like she was some sort of degenerate slut, but Davide had stepped in and smoothed things over, offered to buy the skimpy two-piece office outfit, as well as several other pieces Kindra hadn’t noticed him picking out for her on the way in. The attendant rung them up quickly and suggested that perhaps the boutiques near Rouge Plaza would be more accommodating to such an adventurous couple. Davide had thanked them for the suggestion, and paid more than a little bit extra to show his sincerity.

He took such good care of her.

“Much more importantly, Kindra, how is the new fit? Any tightness or discomfort? We didn’t exactly have the chance to get you properly sized, but there’s a seamstress I’m good friends with in town that I could book a fitting session with, if I misjudged your sizes.”

“No . . . it’s perfect.” Davide had perfect taste. Compared to the slutty parody outfit he couldn’t help but ask to see her in, her new and intended weekday wear was sensibly sexy—and a perfect fit. She wore the lilac blouse—just the perfect shade of off-white tinged with light purple—buttoned up halfway so that her new and frilly black bra could peek out, plausibly deniable it was on display, and not nearly as eye-catching as the nice long line of her cleavage, hefted up and together by what felt like the first proper support she’d ever had in her life. She doubted whether or not she’d be able to use the blouse’s breast pocket, but did anyone, really? It added a nice bit of visual complexity and she loved that, even if it was effectively decorative.

“It’s not too tight around the waist?” Compared to earlier, her new skirt rode much higher, fastening above her belly button and doing a much better job accommodating her only just slightly pronounced hips and rear. She *loved* the color—a rich midnight purple that both contrasted sharply with her mild white top and drew attention away from what was frankly more breast exposure than she would have believed herself comfortably capable of, usually. Her skirt centered the ensemble, geographically, chromatically, and practically. It demanded attention in a more subdued way than her open top, but still had plenty of flair—like how it split open in a V four inches below the hem, revealing what would have been a dangerous amount of high thigh, if not for her nylons.

Kindra *loved* the nylons. Again, the *perfect* shade of Carkol black, diluted to earthy brown as they stretched over her legs, pleasantly clingy and absolutely *delicious* feeling. More than her shirt and skirt, it was her nylons that made Kindra feel *sexy* and in control. Whenever her legs brushed together—which they did a lot—or whenever she crossed them—which she did now—there was a sensual *drag*, a textured glide rather than chafing, that made her movement feel purposeful, intentional, and deliberate in a way that was wordlessly affirming.

“I really . . . *really* . . . love it,” she said, uncrossing and crossing her legs again, just because she could, because she was out and dressed sexy with the man she adored, and she wanted to preen for him. She could never go back into that store ever again upon pain of social death—but she would cherish the moment they shared together in the changing booth forever.

“I’m glad,” he said simply. His gladness made her glad too. It was so easy for Kindra to be happy around Davide. “And the heels aren’t too much?”

“I think I’m . . . getting a feel . . . for them.” They were without a doubt the most challenging part of Kindra’s new ensemble. They weren’t unreasonable—four-inch heels were, she understood, still on the shorter end. But going from flats to any heels at all was an adjustment, and Kindra had never really considered herself as possessing the kind of poise necessary to totter around in designer pumps. They were *gorgeous*, though, a kind of electric purple that really *popped*, and Davide had picked them out specifically for her, so Kindra wanted to put in the effort to make them work—even if she felt like she was going to fall over at just about any given moment.

But they had certain advantages. Like when they finished their coffees (Kindra in one big sweet gulp) and Davide casually paid their tab and they got up to leave, Kindra stumbled, nearly turning her ankle, and in a move that was equal parts spontaneous and planned, Kindra fell into Davide.

“Are you hurt, Kindra?” he asked, concerned as always with her wellbeing.

“I’m such . . . a klutz . . .” she said, taking the opportunity to rub all up over him while the café patrons had no choice but to watch. “Thank goodness . . . you’re here . . . to catch me . . . before I fall . . .” she said in a stage whisper as she wrapped her arms around him and invited his face for a brief visit between her bared breasts.

He *had* asked her for some performative jealousy. What better way to broadcast their exclusivity than with a public display of affection?

“Mmpf. Mm-mmmp,” he said indistinctly before wiggling his way free to smile up at his tall partner. “Of course,” he tried again, princely aura blazing bright despite his circumstances. “I’ll always be there when you fall, Kindra. I promise.”

“So . . .” Kindra stopped caring who saw. In fact, she *wanted* them to see. She wanted *everyone* to see. She held Davide as her most prized possession, and she pressed herself against him to make clear to the world that everything she was, she was for him. “What . . . are we? You said . . . we could figure that out . . . on our date.”

“I did,” Davide said, sliding his arms around her waist. For a moment Kindra feared and hoped they were going to repeat the closeness they shared in the changing room, this time openly in public. She’d do it for Davide, no matter how deeply it might embarrass her—but what, really, was there to be embarrassed about, when she was doing it for Davide? What shame in showing the world who it was she’d give her everything to, and who in turn was her everything?

And further, was there any better way for Kindra to stake her claim, to make sure everyone knew that Davide was *hers* and *hers alone*? She didn't care to share him. He was too good, too perfect for her, to allow anyone else to have him.

Given the choice, she would never let him go again, and they could live the rest of their lives in constant contact.

Her performative jealousy only served to mask the very real jealousy *lurking* underneath.

"Have you given any thought to what we are, Kindra?"

". . . a bit." So much. It was all she thought about. She couldn't stop thinking about it. About him. Her. Davide. Them. Together. *Forever. She'd never ever let him go.*

"And?" He let his hands slide lower to rest on the curve of her ass.

"I think . . . you should decide . . ." That felt right. For it to matter, it had to be Davide's decision. She couldn't force herself on him—though she wanted to. *Badly.* If it were up to Kindra they'd both quit their jobs and leave the city for somewhere *dark* and *remote* where no one would ever ever find them ever and they'd live *together forever with that magical moment in the changing room stretching out to eternity unbroken and he would have her and she would have him and neither would need anything else.*

But what Davide wanted mattered more. She knew that. She was the *mess*, and he was always in control. Even outside of their patient-doctor relationship that still held true.

She needed him to tell her what they were.

"Hmm." He rested his chin on her chest, and his hair tickled her face. White like hers, but silky instead of frizzy. She was addicted to the texture. "I think we both know we mean more to each other than cleanly fits into words."

"Exactly . . ." Kindra straightened her back so he had a better shelf to rest his head on.

"But, if we're to explain what we are to others, we *do* need words, don't we?"

"We do . . ."

"We can't expect all the people who *don't get it* to understand our connection."

"No . . . we can't . . ."

"So, as much as it hurts for me to frame our bond within such mundane words, I suggest we start off calling ourselves girlfriend and boyfriend."

“Girlfriend . . . boyfriend . . .” Kindra couldn’t keep herself from smiling her brightest, gloomiest, most wobbly smile ever.

“Girlfriend and boyfriend,” Davide confirmed, smiling back at her. She wanted to kiss him so bad. She would, she decided, kiss him very bad, in just a moment. He had more to say and it was her job as girlfriend to let him say it. “As a convenience as much as anything else. We mean more than that to each other, and we know that, because we *get it*, but others don’t, and people who *don’t get it* always demand explanations, don’t they?”

“They do . . .”

“So for their sake, let’s officially be girlfriend and boyfriend. But *we’ll* know we’re more than that.”

“So much more . . .” And then, maybe because she could tell it was time, or because her earrings were strangely heavy, or because she just couldn’t *hold herself back* any longer, Kindra kissed Davide in front of the rest of the café. She kissed him loudly, with rapturous moans, and lewdly, trying to use her tongue to tell him what she couldn’t fit in so many words.

Kindra *made out with her boyfriend*, and made the world watch.

“Come on, Titania, the whole world’s watching! You can get up, I know you can! Just *one* rep, you can do it!”

He couldn’t do it. All his strength had *spurted* away long minutes ago. Titania sat on the floor with his legs spread and *Mommy’s cock bulging his stomach* and he couldn’t find the strength to move. There was no strength left, and worse, every time he *tried* to get back up *Mommy’s cock* would touch somewhere new inside him, a new place with new pleasure, and his ass would land right back on the mat with a *slap* and he’d *spurt* some more, his balls working overtime to supply him with *thin, watery sperm* that wouldn’t even be able to make an egg with a Ditto.

It was awful.

Ti’s balls had been emptied without his cock ever being touched.

Mommy did this to him.

“Can’t get up?” She said it like it meant more than it did, which it didn’t, because Ti was still *rock hard*. His balls were empty. His body ached. His belly burned.

But he was still rock hard.

“Oh well, I guess we’ll have to save reps for your next session. Going from zero dildo squats to one is amazing progress regardless, Titania, and I hope you’re proud of yourself for proving what a good girly boy you are!”

“Guh.” Spurt.

“So productive! I’d almost believe your claim to be a stud if I didn’t spend the last hour recording your hands-free anal orgasms. I hope that if there were any lingering doubts in your mind whether or not you had what it takes to be a good girly boy for Mommy, today’s session helped you spew them all out. Pew, pew!” Penny made an obscene gesture and Ti watched, distant and slack-jawed, too spent to be angry, too empty to be upset.

Pew, pew.

Spurt.

He wished his body would just give up already, let him pass into unconsciousness instead of lingering on in this horrible lustful haze with his cock throbbing and balls clenching and ass twitching.

But Mommy kept him awake just like Mommy kept him upright and Mommy kept him cumming even though he had nothing left to give, just trickles of pure pre with no substance at all.

“So, since you were a good boy for Mommy and you kept yourself from cumming for a whoooooole week, you’ve earned a couple rewards, Titania,” she said, still recording, and he hoped he’d never see this footage for as long as he lived but he knew he would. He knew she’d make him watch it at some point in the future, as part of the sick game she called treatment. The idea that he could rebel against Penny, sucker-punch her with hypnosis and bring her to heel to be his little porn pet, he now understood to be laughable. A joke of a dream, a fantasy so outrageous he might as well focus his efforts on devolving and revolving to a Gallade instead.

That was a more realistic goal than getting one over on this smug mommydom who enjoyed watching him struggle, who had set up residence in his head and in his body and wasn’t going to be ousted any time soon.

He was a good girly boy for her now, no matter whether he liked it or not, no matter whether he had consented to his new designation.

Besides. He had earned a couple rewards.

That was good.

He **moaned**, to which Penny nodded and continued, “First off, **Mommy gives you permission to cum whenever** you like, **however** you like, for **seven days!**”

Splurt.

“Exactly, just like that. You still can’t tell anyone about our little arrangement, though—if you do, your **orgasm privilege** is **instantly revoked**. Loose lips sink ships and lock away **good girly boy orgasms** forever! But you won’t tell anyone about us, will you, Titania? No, of course not.

“Oh, but there is a catch. You can cum as much as you like—but **good girly boys must keep a record of when and how they cum**, so they can **report their orgasms to Mommy next session**. If you like, I can provide you with an **orgasm diary**—or should I call it a **cum journal**? Either way, you *will* keep track, and you *will* tell me during our next meeting, because that’s important data for your **personal trainer** to know, and if you don’t—well, I’m sure you’re noticing the pattern. You’re smart **for a good girly boy**, Titania.”

“Guh.” He didn’t feel like it.

“What am I missing? Oh, right! Of course. I have a gift for you, Titania, to help you with your training, and make you an even **gooder, girlier boy** for me.” She clicked her tongue. “Tch, this’ll be a pain to get on with just one hand. Where’d I put the—oh, there we go.”

Ti’s hopes that the shooting was over were shot down when Penny produced a tripod and clipped her handycam to it, red light blinking at him as if he needed the reminder.

Penny squatted in front of him—imitating his own form, which deeply frustrated Ti, because when she did it it was **dominant**. Her **bulge** was so **big** that she almost *had* to spread her legs when she got down, otherwise there’d be no room.

Everything she did was so **in his face** it drove him mad. Penny was what Ti had always tried to be—smug, condescending, always in control.

It wasn’t fucking fair for a woman to pull that off.

And it wasn’t fucking fair for her to put that on him.

“D’you like it? It’s fashionable *and* functional, which I just love.” What it was was a **bright pink choker** so tight around his neck he felt it with every breath, and hanging from it

right above his chest-spike a **tricolor gem** that was actually the wrong color for what he suspected it to be.

“You better appreciate it, Titania. It took more than just a bit of searching to find **Shiny Gardevoirite**. But it goes so well with you. **Good girly boys will keep their Mega Choker on at all times**. It’s an expensive gift, don’t go scorning it.”

She wouldn’t give him a Mega Stone for no reason.

“And that should be everything! All that’s left is to schedule your next appointment with Cyndi at the front desk. You have to be the one to do it, since after all, it’s not like I can **make you come** back,” she said with a sweet, shameless smile.

“Want me to walk you there, or do you think you can manage on your own? Oh, who am I kidding, you can’t even get off the dildo. I’ll carry you down and you can recover in the lobby. I have another appointment after this.”

She grabbed him around the waist and lifted.

Ti didn’t go along quietly.

Spurt.