

Riding in – Latex Wolf-Link TF

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Rarity struggles to keep still, twirling in her seat and alternating between staring into space and shooting furtive glances at the message on her screen. Set to fullscreen is a window showing DMs from her mistress, where the latest incoming message reads:

‘Heading over to your place today with a big surprise! I guarantee you’re gonna love it <3’

She’s still not sure how to process this. Mistress is coming over? Just like that, on such short notice?? This is so spontaneous, and she’s not usually this cryptic about her plans either. Rarity’s sent about a dozen replies now, expressing shock, excitement, but also a touch of concern; it looks like they’ve all been sent, but not read. She supposes she must be busy driving, then...? Y-yeah, that makes sense.

And what on earth could the surprise be? A new toy, or piece of gear? Or, maybe... she doesn’t dare get her hopes so high, but a full latex suit and everything?? Maybe she’s just letting the hype and anticipation get to her. Of course, she trusts her mistress to do well by her, and know what she’d enjoy... just, she never thought-

A knock sounds at her door. Loud, and VERY forceful, enough to make her practically jump out of her chair! Is that her?? But that message was sent less than an hour ago, and the distance between them is... th-there’s no way. And why would she knock so loudly?

Still, she shakily gets to her feet. She's letting herself get so rattled, when she really shouldn't... like, things are just lining up in a freaky way, and she's getting crazy ideas as a result. That's all. Whoever's at the door, she certainly shouldn't be presenting herself as such a nervous wreck. She takes a few deep breaths, trying her hardest to contain her turbulent feelings, and makes her way to the door, briefly clutching a nearby wall for stability on more than one occasion. Once she feels like it's mostly under control, she opens the front door, to find-

Nobody. Just an empty porch.

She blinks several times, then scans the surrounding area, her restless mind racing once again. Do people still play Ding Dong Ditch in this day and age? Is this her mistress doing some elaborate bit? B-but no, she already knows it couldn't be...

After a few more seconds, she shuts her door again, feeling a twinge of frustration in more than one way. Just some joker, that's all. She needs to keep a cooler head here, to be nice and presentable for her mistress if nothing else! It's not like she was super prepared to meet face-to-face after all... she feels confident enough though, with her long, lavish purple hair nice and tended to her liking. Nothing fancy to wear right now, with just her casual outfit, but she can't help but wonder if Mistress has a plan for that...

Something occurs to her that didn't before. Could she track her mistress's location? She's heard about there being a feature like that on one of these chat platforms. Seems worth a try... she stumbles her way back to her computer-

"My, you ARE a clumsy one. Tsk, we can do better than that can't we?"

Rarity yelps in pure shock, staggering straight into the back corner of a couch and clutching it haphazardly. She whips her head about, trying to figure out where that sultry voice is coming from; somewhere inside her house, no doubt. She's fully hyperventilating now, working her mouth and struggling to form a single coherent word! Th-there's someone in her house, somehow, and... still, it's not just terror that's overwhelming her right now, she can't help but admit to herself. All the bizarre things she's been hit with, a-and now... it feels like things have been building to this. C... could it be...?



"HMMPHH??" Rarity lurches, and then-

It truly sinks in. Those tender, rubbery lips pressing onto hers, followed quickly by a long, slobbery tongue. Then a pair of petite, tender hands cupping her face, holding her steady, holding her captive to the squeaky onslaught, and-

Just like that, all of Rarity's tension melts away. She moans with indulgence as she melts into the kiss, taking in the intimate gesture, the intensely satisfying texture, as it presses and burrows into her mouth. She forgets her fear, her nervousness, and her panic, and fully relaxes into Midna's overpowering touch for a brief, blissful moment.

Finally, Midna pulls herself away, still nonchalantly floating a few inches off the ground, and gives her fanged mouth a quick wipe with satisfaction.

"That oughta put you in better sorts. How are you feeling now, my little pet?"

Rarity takes a ragged breath, then lets out a deep sigh. No need to deny it anymore... whatever the hell's going on, she's along for the ride now. She knows she can trust Midna. She's gonna take such good care of her, she-

It hits her like a bolt of lightning, just as she starts to process the way she was called a pet. And finally, she manages to get an actual word out.

"M-M-Mistress?!"

Midna lets out a hearty cackle, running a hand along her smooth squeaky chin with a lovely squiiiiirk!

"If you mean who I was before... well, as far as you need be concerned, nothing's changed. You're MINE, and I intend to make it so. Understand?"

Rarity's heart rate is kicking back up, but this time the fear plays second fiddle to a litany of other feelings she's never felt this intensely before..!

"Y-Y-Yes mistress!! I'm, I mean... I obey and... ahhhh..."

"Oh, not sure what to say? Suppose you aren't experienced in serving little old me, are you?" Midna coos, gently cupping Rarity's chin in her small squeaky claw tips, to which she responds by shuddering and nodding spastically.

"Not to worry," Midna continues. "We're gonna go over that right away, right here and now. And it will be a very, very simple lesson. No need to worry about remembering all the right things... not that you'll be in the right state to think any complex thoughts whatsoever when I'm done with you."

Rarity whimpers softly, heart thrumming like never before. Midna leans in close, grinning almost wickedly.

"Now... you'll remain still like a good pet for me, won't you?"

"I-Yes of course, m-mistress!!" Rarity exclaims. So utterly melted before her newly transformed mistress, so utterly ready for... well, it seems beyond question that this has to do with whatever "surprise" she talked about. But then, what's going to happen to Rarity...? She tries to remember what was going on with that one Zelda game...

Just then, she feels the vice grip on her body slowly loosening, and allowing her to settle onto the couch directly. Having forgotten about it in the heat of the moment, she spares a look for what it is... an enormous, gelatinous-looking orange arm, its fingers opening up to let her body go. Bizarrely enough, it appears to extend directly from Midna's scalp...? That's right, that was a weird thing she absently noticed about the design before. Though it's quite a different thing to see it up close, right in front of her, and know that it was squeezing her tight just moments ago. Such intense strength...! And a predictably overbearing shininess to it, true to form.

The arm relaxes and seems to mostly sink bank into Midna's head. Meanwhile, Midna herself holds her regular hands aloft with palms facing one another... suddenly, some sort of strange energy begins to coalesce between them. Then, something materializes there... it looks like a marble at first, but then it swells bigger, and bigger... and then starts to slosh and tremor in place dangerously, a mixture of dark gray, dark green, white. is it some sort of goo...?? Midna grins devilishly as it grows to the size of a bowling ball, and doesn't stop...!

"It's waited very very patiently! I hope you're ready to take it on, my pet.~"

"I-I..." Rarity would respond more substantially, but she's mainly just... intimidated by that writhing mass. It doesn't take a whole lot of deep thought to imagine what its purpose is! She feels that overwhelming sense of foreboding, knowing damn well what's about to happen, but still utterly enraptured, and... enthralled... "R-ready...?"

"That's the spirit!" Midna cries. The stuff in her invisible grasp bulges and throbs, seeming restless, almost bestial. She darts back a few feet, seeming to concentrate the stuff, and... before Rarity knows it, the stuff is flying directly toward her!

BLORP! It connects with her abdomen, hitting hard. She gasps from the impact as thick gray goo splatters across her body, instantly causing her simple outfit to fizzle into nothingness everywhere it touches. It doesn't remain scattered for long! With a clear intelligence, even grace, it spreads across her form in every direction, and suctions onto her skin with intense strength. Its cold, smooth touch sends her into convulsive fits, and she's unable to help moaning and squealing from the overwhelming sensations. And it just keeps getting stronger the more it... spreads...

Chest heaving as it's coated, she reaches toward her stomach with a trembling hand, touching down on a white rubbery exterior that already bears all the subtle contours that should be there... a new latex skin. HER new latex skin. Her own shiny, smooth latex skin that squeaks like crazy as she rubs it!! Gods above, this is beyond incredible...

Now the stuff is traveling over her bare tits, with the t-shirt fully melted away there's nothing stopping it from... she gasps yet again as it seems to smother them with a lover's touch, tightly pressing its chilly mass onto every little nerve until those jugs are fully sealed up. Of course, she's got to feel that out too, and goes into spasms from how insanely good it feels...! The sensitivity, with the rubber's deft touch layered over it... it's truly heavenly. And yet she's also being filled with a strange sort of empty feeling... is she missing something?

"Alright, you've had enough fun on your lonesome there. Your mistress demands your focus, pup~"

Rarity jolts her attention back upward, where Midna towers over her in all her rubbery glory. Except, did she always have a... such a massive... she shudders violently, staring down a truly impressive shaft that throbs with dangerous energy.

"You want your bone, don't you my pet? Come on now~"

Rarity finds herself nodding desperately. She needs her mistress to own her, dominate her, ride her...! It's hard to tell which of these thoughts are even from her own head anymore, but she can't care in the slightest anymore. She just needs more rubber, more tightness, more pleasure, more...

Change...!!

The rubber squeezes her body even harder, to the point where she can feel her very body mass straining, and struggling to hold its familiar shape! Her arms are fully succumbing to the assimilation, not only thoroughly enveloped in milky white latex, but trembling and convulsing as the large lumps where her hands used to be distinctly morph into something entirely new... with bright pink paw pads...! Her legs quickly follow suit, fully covered in a matter of seconds, and are forcibly squeezed down into much shorter and thinner digits. She swears she can FEEL her bones being crushed and reformed into something completely new. Somehow it's not painful... or is it just that everything else is so overwhelming that she doesn't even notice it?

Either way, it doesn't stop there!! Her entire chest is starting to bulge in a strange way, as her whole torso narrows into a more sleek shape. Her breaths come quick and strained, and she whines desperately at the surreal feeling of her skeletal structure being reshaped. Pain or no pain... either way, it's the most magical, freaky, blissful thing she's ever experienced in her life, and it's far from finished!!

The stuff surges for her crotch, immediately flooding her pussy and pushing deep. She wails with bliss at its ruthless yet tender touch, so utterly dominating... but then she feels something more. It's filling in her hole to the point where there's no more depression at all... but it doesn't stop. White latex just keeps building and mounding, and... now it's turning red?

She gasps sharply as she feels the pressure on her breasts swell tenfold. Helpless, she watches as they shrink before her gaze, flattening out and being consumed by her thickening chest. The once-sensitive area suddenly feels almost completely dull. S-so, is she becoming...?

Blind-siding her yet again, her crotch suddenly feels like it's being electrocuted! She focuses back on it in time to see a large bright red rubbery length surge up from the spot where her pussy once sat. She finds herself moaning, whining, and straining her whole body as she watches it solidify into a very distinct shape, sprouting a fat white sack at its base, and a big hard knot just above that. It's a huge canine cock. And it's attached to her- no.

HIS BODY.

Mistress Midna's enormous orange arm abruptly reaches out to grip that shaft, and in that instant a deafening howl pierces the air, bestial yet oddly pure. Rarity- or rather, mistress's pet... for that fleeting moment, instinct took complete and utter control of his mind. The rational part of him only slowly returns, only slowly registers everything that's happened. Th-that howl came from HIS mouth, and that unimaginably powerful wave of pleasure came from HIS cock.

"My, how splendid~" Midna crows, giving that wolf dick a good rubbing now, causing her pet to writhe and moan like a true animal. "You know, once you cum with this bad boy, that's the point of no return. No more human, no more meek little girl, no more thoughts of your own. You'll be giving in to the animal, and to my permanent control. You understand?~"

Rarity's mind strains to process that... the idea that the old her could disappear forever. No more normal life, just... eternal subservience to her mistress. Eternal rubbery bliss. Her head's growing light thinking about it...

But, no. Not a girl anymore. That girlish face is still, showing, but-

As if on cue, the goo finishes up with the neck and surges toward the head and face! In that moment... Midna's pet dispenses with reservations. He's ready for this. He wants this. He NEEDS this. NEEDS to be consumed by his mistress's

desires and lust. NEEDS to become a perfect powerful permanent horny latex wolf for his mistress!!

"Bbhhhaahhhhhhhhhhh!" He roars, once again rendered incapable of normal speech. All he can think about is expressing his desperate desire in whatever way possible!

"I'll take that as a yes. C'mon, pet, let's finish you off~"

As Rarity's face is slowly sealed up by the rubber, Midna floats a bit higher, and spreads her legs. She gives the wolf-to-be's cock a few more powerful jerks, before releasing it. Then she dips low enough that her legs brush against its quivering tip, latex meeting latex with a great deal of squeaky noise! For how much more subtle it is than the big hand, Rarity still finds himself reacting significantly to his Mistress's divine touch. Especially as Midna continues to sink lower, until the tip is pressing right up against her crotch...!

"I want to WATCH your control slip away, pup. I want to see the moment you succumb and become my dumb horny pet forever. DO IT."

Rarity nods feverishly, letting out one last shrill wail before goo surges into his mouth, gushing down his throat and sealing off his airways nice and proper. His eyes roll upward in pure ecstasy moments before they, too, are consumed. Before long his head is fully encased, the long mane of purple hair equally smothered and sealed away. He can only thrash silently, breathlessly, as the goo convulses and compresses, morphs and expands... with a surplus of slimy gooey noises, gradually replacing what lied underneath with something more angular and fierce, something to better match the increasingly quadruped body it's attached to. A proud lupine snout extends forward, and a pair of sharp ears upward. Then, decisively, from the otherwise null face forms an animal nose, a pair of intense eyes, and finally a sharp angular mouth, opening wide with a guttural gasp!

"Theeere's my loyal wolf. What a majestic, sexy thing you are, hmmm?"

With a new face fully formed, an odd curvy symbol on the forehead, the wolf heaves and pants sharply, looking utterly dazed. He takes a long moment to

fully adjust to his new features, and to let all the weird post-transformation feelings pass...

And just as he starts to look down- at the much sharper nose in his vision, and at the far more bestial body he now bears... there's one final push from the goo, a powerful tug right at the base of his tailbone! He lets out a howl as a large bushy rubbery tail sprouts from his behind, finally completing the package.

He's a latex wolf. No more human. No more weak normal skin. This is truly him now!!

"A-Aroooooooooo!!" The wolf howls, an instinct now every bit as natural as breathing to him. He excitedly examines his new wolf paws, with perfect shiny squeaky pads, and presses one against his face. Squiiiiirkk! He lets out an adorable little whine, grinning widely with his new wolf snout and uncaring as little flecks of saliva fly loose as he plays around more with his prone squeaky body. He kicks all four of his paws in the air, hearing each one squeak wonderfully! He wags his rubbery tail crazy fast, brushing it back and forth against the surface of the couch with even more manic energy. He feels the urge to prance, to dart around, to run powerfully...!

And then he focuses, then fixates, on his mistress once again. His purpose. The intense lust strong-arms its way into his mind again, this time flanked by a deep, intense loyalty. An overwhelming instinctual force driving him to SERVE her, PLEASE her, SUBMIT to her with everything he's got!!

"My my, you're practically gone already," Midna muses, examining the wolf's feverish, grinning face. "But we both know it's not official until you've taken that final step."

Just as she says those last words she grinds her hips against his tip, causing him to squirm and whine some more. This new bit is so incredibly sensitive, so powerful...! And yet, he doesn't truly feel on the verge of bursting yet. It seems for the best, that he needs to fully work for it to get that full release... not to mention, as mistress said... it's never going to feel right until he fully surrenders his mind to the lust forever!

After what feels like an excruciatingly long moment, Mistress Midna finally starts to slide herself forward, lining herself up, while sparing her giant arm for her own pulsing, throbbing cock. She takes a moment to get herself vigorously worked up, huffing with energy and returning the wolf's intense stare with her own. She almost looks manic; maybe she feels the same thing he does, that deep, desperate urge to become complete with one another!!

"Hope you didn't miss that old self, pup," Midna growls, as she decisively starts to test her hole on his length, getting another millimeter in each time... "You're never gonna need it again!!"

His old self... Rarity... for a moment, he thinks about the person he was before. Wondering if there's truly anything there asking him to reconsider, wondering if this is what he truly-

With a triumphant hiss, Midna PLUNGES herself down onto her pet's dick, taking it deep enough to bulge her stomach! The last remotely contemplative thought the wolf would ever have instantly goes up in smoke, as a tidal wave of pure ecstasy slams into him. He launches into an ear-piercing howl, thrashing furiously and struggling to even process what he's feeling. His mistress's pussy, so perfectly tight and smooth, so graciously bestowed upon him!! As would become his new norm, instinct takes complete control, and doesn't let go.

He snarls, and as Mistress starts to rise back up, he gives his best THRUST straight into her. She gasps in shock as his knot POPS straight in without any fuss, firmly locking the two of them together!

"O-O-Ohhhh godsssssss..." Midna croaks, losing her composure for a surprising moment, having clearly not expected him to hit quite this hard. But it doesn't take long for her surprise to turn to even more overt lust, as her body spasms violently, which goes double for her own throbbing dick. Her face contorts with pure lust as she tests at the range of movement that bestial thing has within her, then fully lets herself bounce on it as the wolf goes to town on her!

The wolf feels his mind falling apart at the seams, all remaining semblance of identity and agency crumbling into dust as wave after wave of practically nauseating pleasure crashes into him. He's named Wolf-Link, he realizes unconsciously. Not even an original identity, but it's his regardless!! And he

embraces it proudly, committing his entire body to the most powerful and ferocious thrusts he can muster.

Midna cackles maniacally as her body visibly strains from every impact. She's pumping her own cock like mad too, a crazy look in her eyes as she scrutinizes Wolf-Link's face.

"Y-yes! Succumb! Seal yourself away for me forever!!" She laughs, seeming to sync her jerks with his frantic breaths. Wolf-Link wants to lavish her in praises, proclaim his undying loyalty to his mistress... but all he can do is keep thrashing, and thrusting, and sinking deeper into that sweet, poisonous lust.

He feels his cock pulsing and lurching. Not much longer now...! He feels like some sort of pulse cannon, his entire body thrumming with dangerous energy and channeling it all into one little hotspot. His memories, already a distant blur, are all swept further into oblivion with every thrust, replaced with something more generic; adventures in a land that doesn't exist. He knows them as false, and accepts them anyway.

He's completely lost in an indistinct haze of ecstasy and mindlessness. He emits guttural half-howl, half-moan sounds on frequent chaotic intervals. Pump, squeak, pump, squeak, pump, squeak. The feedback, the contact, the connection, the DESPERATION, it all swallows him whole. In a frenzy he goes all in, ramming as hard as he can, as fast as he can. Midna's fat rubbery thighs jiggle violently as she writhes there, floating up and down with no clear mechanism.

Together, they become well and truly consumed by their passion, lust, and unshakeable conviction.

Embracing their new identities, letting go of all inhibition, and surrendering to rubber-laden instinct.

FOREVER.

Something snaps in Wolf-Link's mind at long last, and he unleashes his fury.

"HAUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!" He shrieks, exploding inside his mistress's ass and trembling mightily, not even coordinated enough to howl properly. Midna rams

herself down as hard as she can, wailing with a shrill tone at being pumped so full, so deep inside! It couldn't be clearer, going by Wolf-Link's face... he's lost himself to her, forever. So with that, Midna jerks a few more times, and...

"GYAAAAAHHHHHH~!!" She rears her head back and gives a howl of her own, spraying an immense volume of sticky grayish goo all across her pet's face, and every other surface within a 10 foot radius. Her howl devolves into hysterical cackles, no doubt feeling Wolf-Link's connection to her solidify. Knowing that this majestic creature is utterly hers to control. Knowing that a hole inside her has been filled, in more ways than one.

Together they continue in their mania for several long, heavenly seconds... spraying until there's truly nothing left to spray. Until at long, long last... Wolf-Link sprawls on the couch, and Midna, with only a semblance of grace, topples forward, face-planting directly onto his chest.

And there they lay, for countless minutes. Heaving, panting, moaning, convulsing, throbbing. Trapped in a lingering state of rapture that feels like eternity.

Eventually, Midna re-adjusts, looking up at her thrall and reaching out with a squeaky hand to caress his chin. He snaps out of his stupor enough to look down at her, his gaze unfocused, yet... oddly fierce. Once he does focus on her... the instincts that now rule over him steer him true.

He leans in to give her an affectionate nuzzle on the cheek, squeeeeaking his mass against hers. It sends her into a giggling fit, which in turn gets a mirthful whine out of him. It truly hits him deep, being able to please his mistress in any way possible.

Some time later... minutes, hours, who cares? Midna strains just a bit, and pries herself loose from the wolf's knot with a grunt. A new wave of gooey latex seed gushes forth, making a huge dark-gray mess on the floor and on Wolf-Link's legs, and continuing to drip from her ass aggressively. She pays it no heed, floating back up into the air with nonchalance, and snaps her fingers.

"Pet, heel."

Wolf-Link jolts into action, springing up from his prone belly-up position for the first time since his transformation, and scrambles his way to some resemblance of a standing position on the floor, with an abundance of awkward scratching and squeaking. Seems he'll need some time to get used to his new form!

The moment he's mostly stable, he steps up to Midna's feet, and drops into a kneeling position. Gods above, it feels so good just to present himself to her... reminding himself as well as her that he's eternally at her beck and call. His newly pruned and cultivated mind spins endlessly with nothing but thoughts of obedience, subservience, lust, craving, and just a little bit of majesty. Despite how he may look now, he knows deep down he's destined to be a shining beacon of hope... though, under Mistress's direction that could change into something else entirely. Whatever it may be, Wolf-Link is fully on board. Whatever capacity, let alone desire he once had to resist her will is long gone.

"You truly turned out wonderfully, my little pet," Midna says, having mostly fixed up her little dripping problem. "Told you you'd love my little surprise~"

Wolf-Link rumbles in assent, grinning eagerly as he stands back up, steadily getting better at maintaining his resting stance if nothing else.

"Now then... why don't you take me on a little ride, hm?"

The most sacred of his sworn duties...! He does another little bow, then in a deep voice, utters the only 2 words he sees fit to ever speak again.

"Yes, Mistress."