

FA: ~Dead_Monsoon

Discord & Telegram: mobydawuf

Hypnovember 2023, Day 28: Defeat(Rubber Meowscarada TF)

Themes: BDSM / gooey takeover / tentacle-play / loyalty

Word count: 1,350

You? Lose a Pokemon battle? It's unthinkable!

Yet somehow, this passerby trainer, wandering around just like you, somehow made a clean sweep of your whole team.

Well, it's not the worst thing in the world. You sigh, and pull out your wallet...

But they shake their head. You pause. Does that mean they don't want your money...?

And what on earth are they holding? Some sort of pure black... Pokeball?

Whatever it is, it comes sailing straight at you before you can even react.

It bounces off of your forehead with a harmless impact, and snaps open. You barely manage a yelp before your vision goes red, and the world dissolves around you.

Next thing you know... darkness.

You're cramped... in some sort of tight round space. There's no obvious light source, but you can still just barely see.

And there's... goo everywhere?

You scramble to claw at every surface you can reach, hoping to find any sort of opening or vulnerability.

Nope. It's holding tight. Everything's all slimy, so your fingers only slide across it helplessly.

It's not just coating the walls, either. It's in a puddle around you.

And it's growing bigger.

Encompassing more and more of your cramped form. Inescapable.

A strange, continuous low-pitched thrumming sound pierces the air.

You yell and strain and squirm as much as you can, but there's no sign that anyone can hear you.

After all, you're inside of a Pokeball, aren't you...? That's what this must be. But you're not a Pokemon...

Nonetheless, you get a strong sense of foreboding as the goo rises without any sign of abating. But, you won't be able to breathe!

Even in the midst of your panic, something... else sets in. A strange soothing sensation, somehow encouraging you to be at peace, and let it happen. How could you possibly...?

The goo rises to your neck. Sloshing and squelching sounds fill the entire space. The dense substance constricts your body, in a way that's oddly comforting. You have to admit, it feels oddly good... Not that you should accept what's going on, but maybe you can at least... enjoy it...

The ball fills up, submerging you completely. You hold your breath instinctively, and feel an overwhelming serenity settle over you.

The stuff seems to compress you with growing strength... maybe it's still growing more dense. Regardless, it feels good.

Even as your lungs start to burn, you don't feel panicky. Something within tells you that you don't need to worry. This is what's supposed to happen. There's no fighting it. You need to submit.

Serve your... Master. Yes...

It's a little hard to tell, with no way to sense your body other than your over-stimulated touch, but your body is definitely changing. Growing shorter, diminutive... Face morphing rather drastically... new extremities growing out all over, and something thick forming around your neck.

All of it just feels so RIGHT.

Finally, the goo drains away again, giving you your breath back. Your vision seems noticeably better, too... did it get brighter in here? Or...

Either way, the first thing you get a look at, other than pure black, is your hands. Or rather... your PAWS. Three stubby digits with small paw-pads.

You immediately reach up to feel your face, and... you're greeted with a gentle kitty snout. Something large and pointy affixed to your face. A pair of proud fluffy cat ears behind it.

But what REALLY strikes you is the sound, as you rub your paws against your skin. Squeaking and creaking, in abundance. Not only to the touch, but every time you so much as shift around. It's pervasive. It's your entire body. Looks like the goo imprinted on you quite strongly!!

And finally, as the last of the stuff seeps away, you can see an extra bit of fluffy bulk around your waist, and a pair of cape-like flaps hanging out behind you. All equally rubbery, of course. Every inch of you glistens in the uniform light.

You're a Meowscarada. A pure rubber one, at that!

You're in a daze. So much to process, but so little capacity for it.

That sound is still going... it worms its way into your ears, weakening your will ever further.

"M-mmeow...?" You find yourself mumbling softly. It just... came out.

You dimly feel like you should be scared, angry, desperate... but you just aren't.

In fact, you feel a sort of giddy excitement as you feel at your own body. The sensory cavalcade of your rubber skin, which you can FEEL as your own, gives you such a rush!

"Meow... scarada!"

A grin crosses your face. Somehow, this cramped, gooey little space is starting to feel like... home. Like you belong in here. Inside your Pokeball.

Ready to serve your Master.

Just the thought of it causes your excitement to spike. In fact...

Suddenly, goo returns in a rush, intelligently enveloping your arms and legs halfway, and forcing you into a spread-eagle position. You yowl in surprise, but can't be bothered to fight it.

An oddly hollow tendril of goo surges up toward your squeaky kitty cock, fully extended, and swallows it up.

"Nyaaaa~!!"

It feels INCREDIBLE.

But then two MORE tendrils emerge, and immediately get to work on your maw, and your exposed rear end.

It's time to let go completely. You writhe and shudder with bliss, eyes rolling upward. The goo penetrates, caresses, surges, and ravages every sensitive spot with an expert touch.

Squelches and squeaks fill the air in abundance. And underneath it all, that humming sound pulses, growing louder and louder. Dulling your thoughts, ebbing away your old identity.

You willingly offer it up. Whatever you were before can't compare to this.

The tendrils dig deep and fuck you raw. Your kitty cock is squeezed and milked for all it's worth. You whine and moan hungrily, straining against the goo gushing into your maw if only to be able to say your name again, and again, and again...!

Memories scrubbed away. Identity smothered. Intelligence smoothed over. Personality molded into a compact, discrete nature... docile. Unquestioning, cooperative, loyal, no interest in self-expression. Wholly committed to your owner.

That's all you are.

Spasms wrack your body. S-so deep, so intense... You don't even have time to savor your horny high. The moment you come to the edge, the goo pushes you straight off with a series of decisive, furious rubs.

Your mind snaps. A distinct *CLICK!* sound resounds; you faintly recognize it as the sound of a successful capture. In this case, *your* capture.

In that moment, you BURST with your orgasm. You let out a hysterical high-pitched whine as you spray your seed into the column of goo, surrendering completely to your new life as an obedient rubber Meowscarada~

Halfway through, the goo yanks itself out of your maw, allowing you to hoarsely express yourself in the only way you know how.

"M-MEEOWSCARADAAA! S-SCARADAAAAA!!~"

Once finished, you find yourself purring softly as you drift off to sleep, still held in that compromising position, in your tight little living space. Ready to be summoned by your new Master at a moment's notice...~

-

In an instant, you snap wide awake. You somehow know with a startling degree of certainty your ball has been thrown. Time to make your Master proud!!

A flash of red comes upon you, and you find yourself in an unfamiliar bedroom.
No sign of a trainer, or other Pokemon anywhere...

"Meow...?"

"Over here, cutie."

You turn around, and there they are... the trainer who caught you... your
Master.

Completely naked, lying on their bed and giving you a devious look.

Even for a simple mind like yours, the implication is obvious.

"Come here."

"Scar!~"

You crawl in with them, happily listening to the soft squeakiness of your new
body, delighting in how *different* it feels to move around with your new shape.

But most of all... how blissful it is to serve your trainer! They look so pleased
already, so it'll be a true joy once they've had their fill with you.

No better way to begin your new life, really~