Warning: The following contains pokemon, ropeplay, bondage, suspension play, femdom, edging, and psychic powers. Female x Transmale.

She was bossy, and she knew it. You wouldn't expect it from her--Crowley seemed the calmest, meekest kadabra you would ever see if you met her in public. But what she and I did at night was anything but public (though I wondered how long even that would last). Here, in the comfort of our bedroom, the mask melted away, leaving her bare, spread-legged as she leaned lazily back upon the armchair. She rest her head upon one fist, propped up by one of the armrests, while she lazily twirled the remote in her other claw.

"So, big boy, light or heavy tonight?" Her thumb ran lightly over the knob as she eyed me, but I knew the setting wasn't what she was was asking about; the phallic toy rested snugly within her. No, she didn't need a single thing to make me squirm. Just the thought of it was making me damp.

She looked towards me expectantly; she wanted an answer right then and there. I leaned forward, tail wagging and head nodding feverently as I cried, "Heavy!" Or tried to--it was hard to generate anything more than muffled grunts with that ball gag firmly in my muzzle. At the very least, I could move my head, which was about all I could manage with how she had me trussed up. She was always a wizard with ropes, and I had to wonder how I looked hanging there, wrists tied together, ankles anchored firmly to a suspension bar, and tail hitched up to touch my back. Crowley seemed to get a rise out of that, the tip of her fat tail swishing back and forth like a cat ready to pounce.

With a sly grin, she responded "Not with words, Mala. Think it to me. Come on, now, or maybe you'd just rather watch me all night?" Watch her all night, playing with that vibrator, cumming over and over while I couldn't even bring my own tail between my legs. That was what she really meant. As much as I liked it the last few times we tried that, it'd been days since I'd gotten off and salazzle like me could only hold on so long. As if to drive the point home, she switched the vibrator on with a taunting grin, letting her faint smell tickle my nose. I thought my answer furiously--mentally screaming 'Heavy! Heavy! Heavy!'. I don't even know if that's how telepathy works, but I hoped it was loud enough.

Apparently, it was; sitting up, she pointed her free hand at me as her eyes glowed faint blue. I jolted--no matter how many times she does it, I was never prepared for the telekinetic force between my legs. Perhaps being poison just made me more sensitive, but it felt like the air itself was content to eat me out. When she curled her fingers it felt like she was pressing them

in me; when she traced circles in the air my bean felt it in turn; when she licked at empty space I couldn't help but shudder.

The vibrator's buzz mingled with the clattering of the harness as she teased me. The motions and forces picking up, boldly, strangely intangible but no less satisfying. You'd think Crowley was some sort of comic book villain the way she laughed, ostentatiously fucking herself with the vibe as she relentlessly fucked me. Every spot was the right one, every wave of psychic energy making me weaker and that much more aroused. I was dripping like a faucet, wriggling in my bonds so fiercely I thought they might snap like cheap string. My heart was racing, chest heaving, muffled groans and pants as that fire grew within me. Hotter, stronger, raging out of control, a blazing inferno about to explode--

And then it stopped. My body writhed in protest as I was stopped just before the tipping point, pleading eyes shooting towards Crowley. She didn't stop though; with a relaxed sigh, she threw her head back and let herself shake with orgasm, the smell of her lust and satisfaction blanketing the room. The kadabra let it ride out for me to see, taking her sweet time to enjoy what was out of reach by a finger's length for me. She looked up at me as she calmed, bringing her claw down to wipe up some of her wetness only to lick it clean before my eyes.

"Hm?" she said with mock ignorance. "What's the matter? You don't look so good, big boy." I yelled out once more in my head, not quite words, but the concept of just how close I was, practically begging. But Crowley simply folded her arms, looking down her snout. "I don't know, Mala, that's a tall order…" I scrunched up my face, muffled sounds through my gag. I needed it, and she could tell. I couldn't stand another night denied.

She gave a small huff and shrugged. "I see. Well, you've been a real good boy, Mala, so I'll tell you what." The kadabra leaned forward, broadcasting the next part into my mind. It seemed to rattle all about my head, but he message was clear: 'I'll let you off the hook, only if you squeal for me.'

I barely had time to answer before her eyes glowed again. And oh, was she not kidding. A wave of force overtook me, piercing me to the core, and my body reacted in full measure. Even with the gag, you could hear me scream, my insides convulsing and dripping with long denied satisfaction. How long did it last? One minute? Two, three? Time melted away as I rode it out, the long wait making me cum that much harder. My back flared with heat, singing the ropes, and when it was done, I felt like I was floating, barely able to tell that it was well-tied knots keeping me up.

The smell was heavy; the lust of both of us filled the room like an idyllic fog. Slowly, Crowley got up and walked to me. Her eyes met mine, and she leaned forward and gave me a kiss upon the snout. Again, my mind was filled with thoughts not my own, but yet it was not words but a warm, familiar concept. Adoration, for me, for her. Our thoughts mixed in that moment, indistinguishable, and I wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

After awhile, we had both caught our breaths. Crowley spoke up. "That was intense, huh? Next time you'll have to tie me up." Quite a statement--my imagination was already running wild with the things I'd do as 'revenge'. "But maybe later. You think you're up for more?"

I sniffed at the air. The exhaustion from cumming just minutes before was replaced with a new fire within me. Crowley could see it too. She gave me one last kiss, and once again her eyes glowed a brilliant blue.