

Renamon didn't miss the times when there was a new, hostile digimon to battle and contend with every week. Yet, she certainly missed the taste of her other forms, most notably being Kyubimon, the more powerful quadrupedal fox digimon. It was a form she'd had no call to use outside of a worthy opponent or dangerous threat that she needed to contend with.

It was hardly a constant pang, as such she was able to suppress it and forget for days at a time, yet still the feeling would rear up. A part of her thought the simple truth; she could always just ask her tamer, yet something caught her tongue whenever she tried. A feeling of embarrassment crept over her at the thought, more powerful than any urge to feel that other form again.

She tried to continue with her life, easy enough with the other distractions of the day. Yet whenever she was left alone for a few hours with nothing to do, those thoughts were quick to rise again.

Renamon let out a sigh as she saw the car start to roll and gently pick up speed, marking the start of a week on her own without her tamer or anyone else around. Those urges had been stewing in her head, she'd even tried to get the courage to ask yet on one hand thought it too silly, while the other had come up with a thought that she simply had to explore even if it were a dead end.

She had a few chores to do to help keep the house in order yet when that was done, with the winter afternoon already changing the colour of the skies, she finally felt certain she was safe from any risk of interruption. She took her tamer's digivice in hand, a small accessory which could influence Renamon due to her digital nature. Her hand squeezed distractedly over it as she placed it beside her on her tamer's desk, then plugged in a small blank card to the back of their computer.

A few minutes passed and Renamon was on the machine, thick three-digit hands struggling to type at the speed of a human, yet it didn't matter, she had plenty of time. Slowly she crawled through the sites she'd visited after catching Impmon looking at them. The smaller digimon had hastily closed them down, spurring her curiosity and setting her on the path of discovery. Another more surreptitious visit when Impmon thought himself alone had allowed her to glance enough of the page to puzzle out the url through trial and error.

The sites required verification, suggesting their nature by putting up warnings to keep innocent browsers out. It was there that she found them, all manner of hacks, some claiming things that should have been impossible.

Several of them were a mystery to her, why tamers would want to modify their Digimon's hindquarters or chests in such ways seemed odd. The few hacks she found where the image was

pixelated before a click made her recoil on seeing the full thing, backing away. No, this wasn't the site to check.

Another exploration and she found one that seemed more for those who wanted to cheat in digimon battles, understandable if dishonourable. The hacks offered cards that could be swiped to give the digimon an unprecedented level of attack, or the ability to withstand anything. Almost all of those hacks were rated lowly, comments claiming they didn't work or bricked the digivice they were swiped through. Yet, a few stood out, mass reviews giving them four stars out of five.

She moved from the combat cards to the next forum, scrolling mindlessly through lists and pages of evolutions for mega and ultimate digimon with low ratings. Yet suddenly her heart jumped a beat as she scrolled past one, an image of a Kyubimon, the very shape she craved to take on.

Her eyes shot impatiently over the page, high reviews, many comments adoring how well it worked on their digimon partners, perhaps it was because Kyubimon was a mere champion that it was easier to replicate than the more powerful ones. Caught in hope rather than logic, Renamon hit the download button. The blank card, broken to allow hacked data on, clicked lightly as the download went straight to it and started installing the routines.

She was impatient, getting up and taking a quick turn around the room, shutting the blinds as if someone might be watching her and seeing her irrational shame. After all, as long as no one used hacked cards in official events, no one should really care, right? Besides, she'd take it away and dispose of it when she was done, or at least hide it for a second use if it did work.

With hesitation and uncertainty, she made her way back to the card, plucked the cable loose. She stepped into the middle of the room away from any furniture, giving herself enough space to swap into the larger form as with a slow sigh she made a fervent, silent wish for it to work before slashing the card's edge through the device.

A light glowed on it, and then... nothing.

The lack of response struck her worse than if it had tried and presented an error, or had an unexpected effect. She swiped again, waiting for anything. Another swipe, then another. Perhaps it was user error, she'd downloaded it wrong or interrupted the installation or-

The device beeped, she looked down at the display, seeing a pixel form of herself. "Target: Renamon" it stated. "Loading..."

Her throat caught in joy as she saw the motion, it was working after all!

She held on to the device tightly as she looked around for where to put it, where it wouldn't fall from her shifted hands, as the paws she was about to put on might not be of much

use. She didn't make it to the desk before the change took hold, starting at her hand. Yet, it was different than usual.

Before, the shell-like form would twist, revealing an almost wireframe grid that the new evolution would build on. This seemed to flow and grow, sticking to what was already there. Her hand started to puff up, the normally smaller paw folding over the top of it. Stranger still she could feel her original hand underneath it all. Her digits felt a thick and tacky sensation, the exterior shining and catching the light before with an audible 'fwoomp' noise the Kyubimon paw over her hand inflated, digits thickening until they squeaked against each other and knocked the device from her hand.

At first Renamon thought the different application might have been due to the hack transforming her rather than it being the genuine connection normally required for temporary digivolution, though the more it progressed the more certain she was that something wasn't right.

Her other hand shot down, trying to pick up the device, yet while it travelled through the air, that same sticky cloying and bouncy air-like sound struck again, blocking her other palm into a rounded paw. The inflated coating set the device bouncing away under the narrow gap of a wardrobe. "No!" Renamon gasped, hand slapping and squeaking at the too narrow space. As she watched the rubber, it flowed like a thick goo over her arms, catching her with a chilling feeling as a fresh patch appeared on the flats of both her feet. "No no!" She said, falling to her front, making one last attempt at fishing out the device. It was useless, she needed her hands back for that.

Her focus shifted, away from the tool and back to what was happening to her. She tried to paw at herself, to remove the spreading feeling which had covered the purple sleeved gloves she wore up to her elbow, a fresh fwoomp caught her off guard, issuing from the thick ruff of fur around her neck. The resulting push cradled her head and bent it upward as a fluffy looking inflated rubber collar grew around it.

The sudden displacement made her ears touch the carpeted floor, the sturdy puff of the neck-bracing rubber made it impossible to bend and look down far enough. Having to blindly struggle she felt her hands squeaking as they were now pawing well behind the spread.

Her arm lost its motion with the growing flow, constrained by the rubber that grew too tense to move it as it used to. Her legs also felt pressure, forcing the thighs to bend forward, lifting her legs off the floor. Another pillow-pressured sound struck as thick covering grew over her tail, splitting into many opaque tail shaped bags that contained only air.

The thick rubber grew, even branching away from her body to form a twisted cord with gold tipped ends, such as the one Kyubimon bore, which weighed heavily even with the air within puffing it up. As the forcefully inflating rubber sealed the gaps between her neck and tail it knocked her around onto her side.

Clumsy, awkward legs tried to push to a regular stand yet all she could manage was a four legged posture, blushing hotly underneath it all in the realisation that in a twisted way she looked how she'd wanted. The digivice let out a soft chime which snapped her attention back, she had to push with every muscle to compress the rubber low and long enough to peer under the gap, yet she couldn't see the display. Was it saying it was done?

"Cancel!" She shouted at it before feeling daft, the device had no microphone, voice commands would never work. "Gotta find something..." she said to herself, looking for anything thin enough to slip under and coax it free. Her paws would be no use but maybe her jaws?

The device chimed once more, out of Renamon's view the question it had offered timed out, the programmed procedure started automating the next steps.

Renamon fumbled her way to the desk, knocking the chair out of the way accidentally as she tried to rear up and balance on it. Moving as Kyubimon was so natural and easy, yet in this twisted inflation that hugged her true, original form, even walking was beyond her.

The tripped and with it her jaw fell, her eyes shut to brace for the incoming impact yet just before it hit the table edge a soft cushion caught it and bounced her up. A cold feeling traced over her. *No!*

When the spread had stopped before, leaving her head free, she'd hoped that was it. Every other inch of her was sandwiched in pressurised rubber for minutes with no change, why was it moving again?!

The swell squashed against her cheeks, trickling up her head and jaw. She clenched her teeth, ready, then as the rubber reached the tip of her chin she opened wide, trying to bite. As if it had been wanting that very outcome, the rubber squashed in with speed, stuffing over her tongue and filling her mouth, bulging out her cheeks and squashing behind her sharp teeth.

"Mhhh?!" She gasped, trying to prise her jaws apart instead, yet the rubber already had them stretched and filled. The liquid trickle flowed over the top of her snout, washed over her forehead to join between the eyes before translucent thick lenses trickled to fill over the eyeholes.

A last, horribly tickling trail traced her nose before forming subtle narrow holes that whistled with her attempts to breath.

The digivice chimed again, making her twist around to it, then she turned to look back on the desk to find anything to knock it free before the accessory did anything worse to her!

Whether fortunately or not for the poor Renamon, the device's final chime had said that the routine was done. In her vigour and hopes of getting what she wished for, Renamon had overlooked the description, that this was one of a series of hacks containing evolution themed suits. Given that the suits were meant to be enjoyed with a tamer nearby, to customise its appearance, unlock it or set a time for it to end, the digimon was quite truly in over her head, though she had yet to discover by just how much.

Nothing more had happened by the time Renamon knocked the best thing she could find. The handle of a hairbrush, the spiked end thick enough that the digimon wouldn't lose it too, despite her almost useless paws.

With a great amount of time, she managed to knock the device out into the open, yet... her hands were far too soft, there was nothing she could do to grasp it or push the buttons. At least it had gone into a standby sleep, she tried to tell herself, as if that was any better.

"Nnnghh... hhhhgh..." She murmured with frustration as she tried to do anything to get the suit off. The rubber was too thick to damage, too squishy to gain purchase on.

Her tamer would be back in a week, that gave her plenty of time for the program to wear off, right? It had to wear off. If not...

Renamon groaned, the embarrassment about asking to be digivolved would be a speck in comparison to the humiliation that awaited her if someone she knew saw her like this.