

It was hardly an uncommon occurrence for the circuitry to degrade and develop glitches among the dolls, products of an adult oriented factory that sexualised and generally humanised a multitude of characters and creations from many kinds of media. Those who had a typically anthropomorphic body were frequently on model, aside from the breast and rump being increased in volume for their target demographic.

The advanced AI in the dolls was intended to make them good company, yet with no humans around they had ended up creating their own society in the ruins of the factory and its long abandoned environs. However with the enhanced libido that many were programmed with, they would often develop kinks and quirks on their own, which only became more twisted as their programs degraded.

Amid twisting turns an agumon doll was on the run from a decayed and damaged suicune doll that stalked her relentlessly. She'd been caught out on her own, having to rely on cover to shake her pursuer but even so she'd only managed to extend the time between being noticed and chased once again.

Even with the various glitches that manifested as a result of many dolls receiving low to no maintenance, there was something unnatural about the way the imposing doll moved and behaved. One hand jerked and shook, the fingers in constant motion, reaching and hungry. Compounding that she walked as though she'd developed a limp, yet still kept to a usual walking speed, striding to keep pace and catch up if the agumon hesitated or got turned around.

The digimon felt the tensions in the pursuit, running from cover to cover, she tried to think several steps ahead of her stalker feeling finally rewarded by hearing the dragging shuffle of the suicune's steps turning around and losing where her target was.

Trying desperately to keep her voice from rasping in the simulation of breath, and staying low to try and hide the sounds of her whirring fans, the agumon slipped down a side path, snaking and retreating from view. As she neared the end of the narrow trail her head turned and then before she could react a blue-white painted arm shot forward, grabbing her by the throat and ramming her back into the wall.

As if galled by the long chase the suicune pulled her close and then shoved her again in another slam, producing an awkward cracking sound along agumon's left shoulder.

"Who- what do you want!?" The agumon demanded. This close she could finally see the details of the doll's face. The smooth silicone visage of the suicune bore a ragged scar, looking like she'd tried to patch it back together without a mirror, with whatever had caused the scar reaching up and visually scratching the optics of the affected eye.

The suicune's mouth opened in return but rather than speech an incoherent, chilling garbling crackled through her vocaliser.

The agumon knew what happened between her kind in these situations, it might do best to get it over with. She went limp, holding her hands up, angling her hips forward. The uncanny wordless doll tilted her head, looking down, her free hand moving to the presented nethers, toying and exploring. The agumon doll groaned, partly as performance though partly letting herself feel the potential good vibes.

The suicune pressed her body against the agumon, dragging her down to the floor, plastic chassis clicking on each other as she dropped her to the ground and moved to lie on top. Her hand shifted from the throat as she twisted around. With a twist she shoved her rounded silicone rump over the agumon's face, already seemingly teased from how the synthetic fluids dripped. The heat in her body was palpable.

Slowly she began to rock back and forth, the broken voice of hers wailing and creaking into the air. Agumon obliged, pressing with her tongue, feeling that her own nethers were being played with. In retort she found herself trying to bring her arms up to tease and toy with the rump, yet after the damaging slam and cracking of her shoulder, the left arm wasn't responding.

Suicune turned her head, dropping her hands away from where they'd been playing, they took hold of the limp left arm and then, sitting down, pushing her butt firmly into the agumon's face, she pulled and twisted. There was an audible crack as the break in the shoulder sent a fragment of orange-painted shell pinging off.

The agumon let out a simulated scream as the doll's version of pain shot through her arm before it was wrenched out of the socket, anchoring wires snapping from the suicune's strength. Even that pain had a twinge of pleasure, due to how the dolls were designed to enjoy any fantasies forced upon them by their theoretical purchasers.

While the jolt of pain nearly overloaded the agumon doll, whose head fell back, gasping before the smothering cheeks returned, she was dimly aware of plastic tapping noises. The suicune had taken her removed arm and was pushing the digits into herself, using the detached limb as a toy. From the blue painted doll's motions, jerking and crackling as though rocked by an invisible current, agumon could tell she was nearing a climax, yet suddenly her rear lifted up, lying forward, showing the juice-slicked arm which got caught between agumon's breasts.

The suicune pressed even further forward, her own hands digging into agumon's fabricated folds, clawing and scraping in a way that was far more stimulating than expected. Pressing on until the submitting digimon doll felt herself wanting to give in. A few fingerfuls of squeezing more and the sexualised doll let out a squeal of bliss as the joyful receptors sparked to the fullest, giving her one hell of an orgasm.

The suicune shoved her folds over the agumon's groaning face, managing to use that last stretch to join her, before she stood on that shaking, limping leg. The mauled face turned back, giving a sudden threatening snarl, emphasised by a twitching violent looking hand, before the

suicune pushed the detached arm down, jamming it to rest between agumon's round breasts. Then turning to take the downed doll by one leg and start to drag her off.

She already knew what it meant. Suicune was laying a claim on her, even lacking the ability to talk. The damaged doll conveyed that and while the agumon didn't exactly want to give in, she knew resistance wouldn't work, and may even cost her other arm.

Despite everything else that seemed abnormal about the suicune, she had enough presence of mind despite her corruption to have a definite destination in mind, a lair, located below an old hatch in the ground into which she took the exhausted agumon.

She pulled the small door shut behind her. Cutting off the world beyond it. Dim light seeped through small cracks in the ceiling and from a barely functioning light drawn on the floor, from that the agumon gasped. She saw a wall strewn with dangling loose limbs. Arms, legs, wings and tails, in various shapes and colours yet all with something vaguely familiar about them.

The suicune pulled agumon's arm up, off her front and placed it on a table, to be mounted to the trophy rack later.

As the agumon got her bearings, she tried to stand, the suicune doll turned, giving a creepy head tilt and rasping corrupted vocalisation before raising an arm, pointing down a hallway in the basement-like twists and turns.

A sense of dread built over the digimon as she began to walk, hearing the occasional moan and grunt from behind the closed doors she passed. One was open on the way, and within she saw the source of two limbs, a human-proportioned impmon doll missing one arm was going to town on a one-legged deviwomon doll.

The stalker was a collector, and as she opened the door to the cell in which agumon was to stay, something grabbed the orange doll's foot, pulling and tripping her after the suicune gave her a shove and closed the door behind them.

A horny gargomon doll, eager to release pent up frustration and welcome her new paired cell mate, pulling her in, shoving her around, using her upper body to compensate for her own missing leg. "Sh-sh-shush." She insisted. "I've been waiting nearly a week. Please, please show me a good time."

"What?! This is too sudden I -ahhh!" Already the other toy was playing with her, trying to instil the same mood she felt no doubt. "Alright!" She said, moving her hand down, if just to make some space and start the play off.

A shuffling sound came from the door, as though the suicune had been waiting to make sure they played nice, before there was a scratching as she drew a bolt to hold the cell shut.

Agumon shivered slightly, at the thought but soon she was too distracted by her cell mate to dwell on it until she was pacified. The stalking suicune had added another to her collection, rounding out her captive digimon to an even number once more.

As she fixed the broken orange arm to a pin and then to the wall, beside the gargomon's leg she looked at the vacant spaces. Still three cells to fill, yet even if she did, there was no guarantee it would sate the insistent need she felt to hunt...