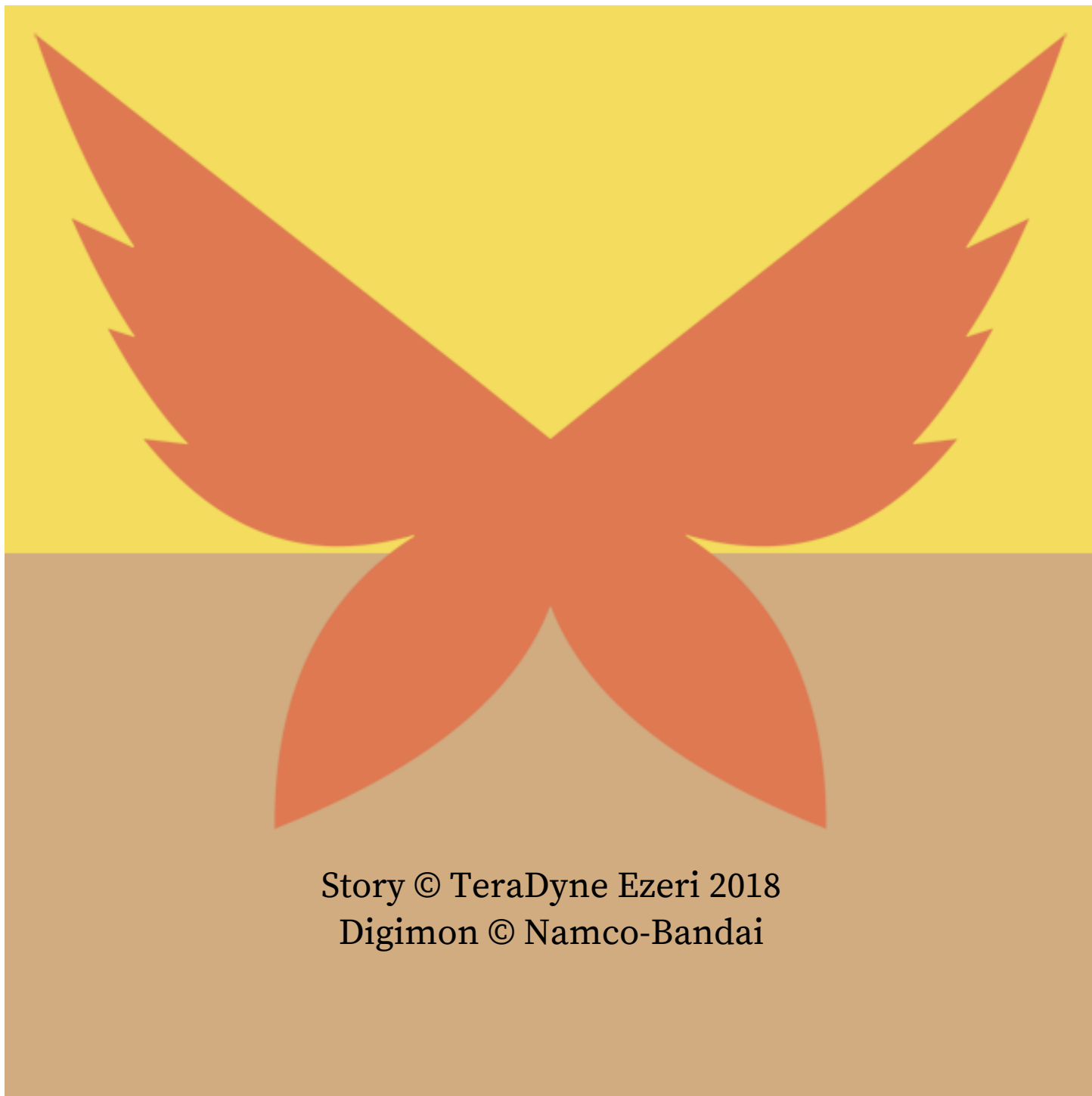
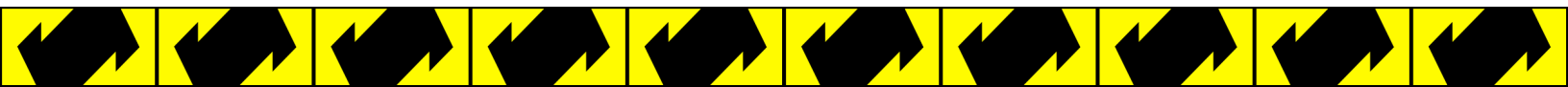


# A Good Toy



Story © TeraDyne Ezeri 2018  
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As the light of the world returns to your eyes, you groggily look around the room you're in. You can barely remember what happened before waking up, aside from walking into a store to respond to a job ad looking for some people to do special services. Just nothingness after that.

As your senses return, something tells you things aren't right, and the moment you look down, that's more than confirmed. Your hands are two thick digits with a similar-sized thumb, and your feet turned to paws, both red as a sunset. The rest of your body that you can see is black, and all of it is shiny and smooth.

You get to your feet, and find a mirror is propped up nearby in the doorless box you're trapped in. The image staring back isn't *you*, but one of a humanoid fox. The small black void at the bottom of your vision turns out to be a vulpine snout, but you seem to have no eyes. Just a smooth black face with small red markings below where your eyes should be. Your arms are covered with red rubbery sleeves, each with a yin-yang on them, and the same symbol is on each of your thighs, as well as around the edge of your thick tail, near where the black once again turns to red.

Your mouth, nothing more than what looks like a silicone hole with a molded tongue along the bottom of it. Your chest, adorned with a pair of firm C-cups. And between your legs, a thick red knotted vulpine dildo, along with a pair of black baseball-sized orbs just below them. Your neck adorned with a collar, your arms and legs each having cuffs on their upper and lower portions, along with your wrists and ankles, and one around the base of your scrotum. All of them the same red as your markings.

You've become some sort of Renamon. You look like one of those sex dolls they sell at novelty stores, but a Renamon regardless.

You try to speak, but nothing comes out. Nothing but a whimpering, lustful moan. Digitized, as if coming out of a speaker somewhere on you.

Panicking, you look for a zipper, or something to get you out of whatever you're in. But there's no zipper. No openings, outside of that silicone mouth, and as you soon discover, a silicone vagina and anus down below, both the same red color as your gaping fuckhole of a mouth.

Realizing there's likely no escape in your current state, you sit back down.

Time passes, though you don't know how long. It could be minutes. It could be hours. But eventually, a sliding door opens across the room, and what looks like a black humanoid gryphon begins walking toward you. They're





dressed in nothing but a golden skirt, with a pair of breasts about the size of your own laid bare on their chest, rings through the nipples. You can also see something poking against that skirt of theirs.

Without a word, they wrap a collar around your neck, and clip a leash to it, holding a button on the lead's loop. Your body reacts almost instantly, standing at full attention as if something had taken control. No matter what you do, you can't move yourself.

Another button pressed, and you begin walking along behind her, out into what looks like a bedroom. A large bed, laid out with shiny latex sheets and pillows. And as she brings you close, you can see something on the night stand next to one side of the bed.

A piece of paper. A receipt. "Renamon Toy. ¥185,200."

You've been sold to the strange creature.

She has you climb up onto the bed with her, laying at her side. Her clawed talon begins to pet along your head, telling you you're going to be a *good toy* as she pulls you close.

Just those words begin making your mind melt...

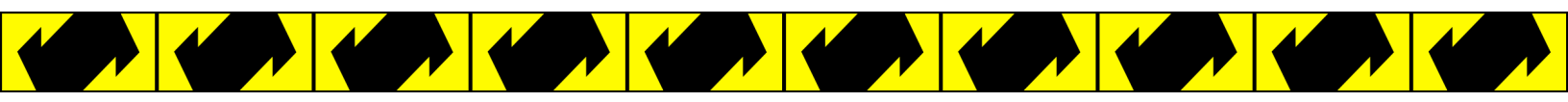
*Good toy...*

As she rubs along your body, her talons squeeze your breasts, sending a blissful shiver coursing through your very existence, especially as she plays with the prominent nipples on them. Her hands moving lower as they caress your belly, and down toward your shaft. A soft but snug grip against the silicone rod almost makes you want to cum then and there, just from the sensitivity.

But she isn't finished. She gives that slit between your legs a firm testing, placing one talon after another inside. Stretching it painlessly, pleasurably. One talon. Two. Three. Four. Her whole hand comfortably enters the rubbery hole, up to her wrist. Then her forearm. Then her elbow. Your inner womb just as tender to the touch as the rest of your body.

The gryphoness pulls herself free, then slips her legs over your waist, straddling your groin as she leans over you. Calling you *her toy*. Her *good toy*. *Mistress's good toy*.

Her beak meets your snout as she gives you a kiss, slipping her tongue into your fuckhole mouth. Lapping at the ribbed walls and molded tongue along the bottom. Just as sensitive as your other silicone parts. Your mind swimming in a sea of bliss from just what little she's used you so far.





You still can't move under your own power, even after she lets go of your leash. Your body limp, like a rag doll, but your new shaft pulsing.

She stops, leaning over to pick up a few items from a bag on the floor nearby. The entirety of her lower head slips into what looks like a wrap-around rubber muzzle, only for her to raise her head to proudly show off a black beak with a golden silicone mouth, much like your own. Her body rising up to allow a pair of black shorts to be pulled up to her waist, her skirt falling away to reveal a matching set of golden genitals that mimic those you bear. Stockings pulled up her legs and gloves pulled up her arms. A shirt that gives her breasts somewhat bigger than your own, but with the same rubber teats.

She finishes by pulling along the ridge of the muzzle, revealing a hood that goes over her head, sealing her ears into molded pieces and all seemingly melding together into a full body suit. Her eyes, nowhere to be seen. Just a smooth face with golden markings beneath where they should be.

A toy, just like you.

Even with nothing more than a static hole for a mouth, she still speaks to you. Rubbing along your head with mesmerizing squeaks of rubber on rubber. Telling you to be a *good toy*. To *submit* to your *toy mistress*. Her voice echoes in your head, almost hypnotically.

She pulls herself lower onto you as her words continue bouncing throughout your mind. Her mouth hole slips over your cock, making you give a digitized moan in response. Lubricating fluid drips from her beak, and she begins to bob her head up and down along your length, from tip to knot. Over and over, your senses making you shiver, even though your body remains unmoving.

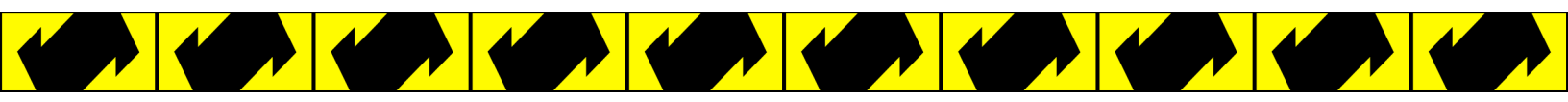
Little by little, the pressure builds.

Up and down. The sound of slickened silicone being the only other thing in the room as she somehow lightly sucks on your cock with every pass.

Then, as you reach the edge before climax, she stops, pulling herself away from you. Your mind barely registers anything but the dull ache between your legs. Your mouth and vaginal holes drip with black lube, ready to be used by your new owner.

You hear her chuckle as she presses her beak against your snout. You simply groan, wishing you could beg Mistress for release. You've been a good toy, after all.

However, Mistress seems to have other plans. She soon strokes herself a few times, having already been pent up quite a bit from putting on her suit.





Warm white cum sprays from the pointed tip, coating your chest and belly.  
Marking you as her plaything.

The gryphoness cleans herself off, then rises to her feet, before pushing her shaft down into its sheath to hide it, and putting her skirt on. She tells you to stay there, as if you had a choice, then puts on a golden chest wrap before leaving with one more kiss, telling you she's heading off to work for the day. Still in her own suit

Leaving you there on her bed, coated in her seed and your own need unsated. Your mind in an ocean of bliss, and her words from before echoing in the void.

You'll wait. You'll be a *good toy*.

