

Rolling Along

By TeraDyne Ezeri

Ember © Hasbro

It had been a rather successful week for most of the Freelance Team One members, and with their weekend starting the next day, they headed home to get some rest. But not Gallows, their manager and leader. She had other plans.

Walking through her home-away-from-home in the city of Echo Glade, she stopped long enough to toss her usual cloak into the closet before sighing with a bit of relief. Then, she pulled her phone out of a hip satchel and scrolled through the display. Her beak showed a rather elated grin at what was on the screen, and grew brighter when her talon tapped the button just below.

Right in front of her, one of her gemstone outfit cases appeared, which she grabbed onto and pulled over to her sofa in the living room. Wasting no time, the gryphon opened the container and fished out its contents, quickly putting them on.

Her paws and talons into the aquamarine latex suit's feet and hands, her tail dwarfed by the much longer one it was slipping inside of. Her wings felt compacted into those she was putting on, but it was her beak and head that really felt the squeeze at first. Once she was finished, she zipped up the spinal seal and folded it over, letting the transformative effects take hold of her. The mirror wall across the room gave her quite the sight of herself.

Aqua blue smooth skin covered the dragoness, with lighter smooth faux scutes going from neck to tail-tip. Her three-toed paw-like feet were molded into shape, complete with small claws, while her four-digit hands flexed and wiggled as she got used to them. The draconic purple membranes of her wings were folded

against her back at first, though she wrapped them around her front like a cape, chuckling.

Feeling along her thin snout, curled downward-facing white horns, and the small dark blue spines on her head, she had to admit that she was feeling quite aroused at the sight. Not that she could show it with her practically unmoving red gemstone eyes, and a circular silicone hole in the front that was her mouth. She'd become a living sex doll, and she loved it.

"Mmm... You always look so good, Ember." The dragoness told herself as she flopped back on the couch, rubbing along the zipped slit on her groin.

The peace and quiet didn't last as long as she would have liked, though. A knock came from her front door, causing the dragoness to give off a frustrated huff.

"Enter, but I'm not decent!"

"Fine with me!" A familiar voice called out from the other side, opening the door in the process.

Once the front entry was closed, Gallows watched as a eagle-lion gryphon rounded the corner into her living room, messenger bag strapped over their shoulder. She herself was wrapped in latex gear from head to tail, walking on all fours as Gallows often did, colored solid gold from end to end.

"Oh! Did I come at a bad time?" She asked, walking up to the sofa with a worried look.

"You're fine, Ginseng." The dragoness told her, flipping on the voice changer. "I literally just got into suit when you showed up."

"Ah! Well..." Ginseng paused and reached into her bag, pulling out a slip of paper and handing it to her boss. "Special event gig from Queen Star Seer that I was gonna take late tomorrow. Just need your approval to get one of the suits from your personal collection, and a signature on the contract."

Gallows looked over the page to see what the event was about, then grabbed a pen off the nearby coffee table and signed away on it, before handing the slip back. “Looks like you’re gonna be in your element there. Did Hope say why she specifically wanted a Bahamut X statue?”

“Summoner’s convention.”

“Ah. That makes sense. Bahamut are one of the more famous summoned creatures of some worlds.”

Taking her phone into hand again, the suited gryph scrolled around in the Closet Ring app until she found the suit she was looking for, and tapped a button. Right in front of her, another gemstone case appeared, which she handed over to Gensing. “Just don’t forget to have a bit of fun this weekend. You almost ran yourself into the ground with getting those dumbasses from Celestia’s royal guard into shape.”

“I know.” The gryphon replied, smirking as she put the suit case away in her bag. “Besides, I can have a bit of fun before and after the event. Like this.”

Gensing pressed her beak against the static hole her boss called a mouth and gave it a kiss, slipping her tongue into the opening to lap at the ribbed silicone walls within. The dragoness couldn’t help but moan out from the shiver-inducing sensations, relaxing once again against the pillows behind her.

“So, got any plans tonight?”

“Nope. You?”

“Aside from getting your approval and the suit, not really.” Gensing paused, looking over Gallows again, before pulling out her own phone and tapping at the holographic buttons. “Actually, I think I do have one plan tonight. It’s been a few weeks since I got a chance to scratch my own itches.”

Gallows sat up, taking a bit more interest. “Oh yeah? What were you thinking of?”

The gryphon put her phone onto the coffee table as she sat up and put a claw on the small air valve at her boss's hip. Then, she flipped the top out, taking the stem between two other digits and squeezing it open. The hiss of air escaping was almost instant.

"H-hey! Wha— Mmph!"

The blushing love doll's face went red as her gold gryphon friend shoved a finger into her maw, causing her body to shudder. Down below, the dragon's feet were beginning to flatten out as she lost air through her leg, the vinyl skin loosening underneath her partner's weight.

"I seem to remember a few specific kinks of yours are rarely touched on." Ginseng said with a smile, watching as Gallows softly suckled on her talon. "I think I can change that just a bit."

A soft muffled whimper escaped through the hole as the wannabe Ember's body began to go limp. Her legs were immobile as the air was emptied out, then her arms and wings. Just to be sure, Ginseng used her free hand to roll up each limb and squeeze out what remained, before opening a second valve right behind the dragoness's head and closing the first.

Gallows soon found herself being turned into practically a sheet of rubber as her torso was rolled into itself, with just a bit of space in the center. Only her head had anything left, and once that was gone, the dragon could do nothing but helplessly watch as her partner finished getting her around herself, and closed the open stem once more.

A smile on her face, the gryphon took Gallows's spot on the sofa and spread her legs, revealing a red knotted dildo between them. A feature she'd been toying around with for a few weeks, and rather enjoying it.

Without a second thought, she took the rolled-up scroll of a toy that was Gallows and slipped her cock into the hole through the center and began jerking off. No need for lube with her smooth toy shaft as it squeaked against the vinyl. Ginseng wasn't much of a

moaner, but her growls of bliss did echo through the room, as did the panting as she leaned her head over the arm.

It didn't take much to make the gryphon fire off a load. A mess of white seed splattering into the rubber wrapping around her shaft, rubbed into it as she kept up the pace. Gallows could feel every bit of it along her contorted back, unable to even utter a squeak of her own without a filling.

Once her balls were thoroughly juiced, the Ginseng took the dragon's flattened face and cleaned herself off with it, wiping the cum and fluids over as much of her partner's head as she could. Nothing more than a cum rag, and it was making the poor toy's libido wreck her mind with erotic ecstasy.

Ginseng's smile widened as she took the dragon toy and unraveled her, only to fold them up once again, face looking out. A few zip ties added for good measure, and Gallows was placed into the suit's case.

"You might end up being my costume for the private parties once I wash you at the hotel. Hope you don't mind."

That was the last thing the dragon heard before the lid closed, and all went silent and dark. All she could do was mentally whimper.

She wanted a relaxing vacation, and what she was getting was an erotic trip as someone's luggage. The worst part was, she didn't even know which was making her more horny: the fact that Ginseng said she might end up being nothing more than a costume for her friend's sex parties, or the fact that Ginseng said nothing about letting her go. She usually said she'd let her go...