

# Unexpected Shift

By TeraDyne Ezeri  
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A gryphon leaned back against her bed as she sighed in resignation. It'd been two years since she'd had any work, despite how hard she'd been looking. As much as she didn't mind having to rely on what she got from the government, boredom always seemed to set in.

Gazing over to the other side of her bed, she noticed her toysuit that she'd bought several years back, and decided to put it on just for fun. And as she pulled the head over her own and zipped it up, she stood to look herself over in the mirror near her desk.

A rubber Renamon toy stared back, eyeless and expressionless. Thin red paws and tri-digit hands. A black body with red markings for the tailtip and thighs. Silver arm covers that shimmered in the light. A red silicone mouth with a molded tongue along the bottom, locked in a lustful state. A silver silicone dildo and matching vaginal hole, both open for anyone to use. And her arms and legs decorated with two silver cuffs each, along with a matching metal collar around her neck.

After teasing herself just a bit with a few poses, she grabbed a locking kink belt and wrapped it around her waist, along with her usual silver collar, before leaving home for a while.

It only took a few minutes for her to get there, but Club Jairo was fairly packed for a normally quiet weekend. She could see plenty of people of all sorts on the club floor below the foyer, but she wasn't really interested in mingling with most of them. Instead, she moved through the crowded halls toward the back

rooms, passing people kissing and making out with both friends, and hired toys from the club's staff.

And as she went by one of the patrons, he grabbed hold of her and pulled her to the wall, catching her slightly off guard. A dragon with iridescent black scales was grinning at her as he looked down, his long neck looming over his head slightly. Both of his clawed hands had her pinned to the wall by her shoulders, mouth quite close to her own. Then, she felt him press his lips against the hole on her snout, slipping his tongue in to lap at the lube-soaked walls of her mawhole.

This sent shivers of bliss through the renadoll. She hadn't expected to be taken so forcefully by someone, but she was getting into the mood for it.

The dragon soon hooked one of his fingers through her collar loop and pulled her along toward one of the open sex rooms, closing the door behind them. After silently ordering her to the bed with a finger and watching the Renamon climb up onto it, he opened the club-use closet and pulled out a suit of his own.

A dark purple latex suit with black armor-like pieces on the arms, legs, chest, and face, with a grey-colored belly and neck, and similar wings on its back. A humanoid Pegasmon, as she learned while watching the dragon get into it. His feet slid into the armored hooves, his hands into tri-digit armored gloves with thick hoof-like nails. His tail, tucked away, became wispy strands of rubber, and his wings feathered as they slipped into their sleeves. He had to duck under the body armor to pull his head and chest in, but a quick zip of the remaining spine space made sure it was nice and secure as it transformed him.

He gave the Renamon toy a 'look' of sorts as his wing-like ears twitched slightly. The mask had no eyes, only dark blue markings under where they'd be, but it did have a ribbed mouth hole like her own, complete with a molded tongue along the bottom. Of course, the fox's view was a bit further south, with the black equine cock standing at attention between his legs.

The pegasus soon walked over with heavy squeaking steps before putting down a small bag. He clipped a leash onto her collar with one hand, while the other reached down and squeezed around the sides of her groin, detaching her cock and balls and allowing him to put it off to the side. That hand reached down into the bag, pulling out golden armor similar to his own.

The Renamon could only watch as he tied the leash to the headboard of the bed, and began slipping the new suit pieces onto her body. Hands soon found themselves locked into forehooves and gauntlet-like pieces, transforming her arms into equine legs. Her feet soon followed in their tracks, becoming hind legs with matching hooves. Then came the chestpiece, and finally the head, with new wings tucked against her back.

A gryphon, turned into a kitsu, turned into a pegasus. The layering was only serving to push even more buttons.

After flipping his new toy over, the black Pegasmon wasted no time cramming his thick shaft deep within her opening. Thrust after thrust, relentlessly taking the quivering mare like a beast. The gold-armored pegasus desperately wanted to whinny out in bliss, but nothing more than the squeaks of rubber on rubber could be heard throughout the room.

Her stallion gripped the insides of her wing shoulders, using them to pull himself as hard as he could into her folds. Then, as the sensations overtook them both, the black equine arched his back. Cum shot out of his cock like a geyser, coating the interior of the toy like a new paint job, while the mare herself came crashing down against the bed, her ass and foxy tail the only things still in the air.

He quickly pulled his shaft out of her body, letting his seed coat her backside like a claim of ownership. Then, outside of her view, he picked up her cock and slipped it into a small box, before placing it off to the side.

A few minutes passed as the stallion slipped a bridle and reins over the equifox's face, but once he heard the box ding, he opened the container. The mare's shaft and balls were no more, melted

down and trapped within gold to form a key, which he inserted into the back of her bodyplate and turned.

Clicks could be heard throughout the armor as it gripped her form tightly, locking into place and making sure she couldn't just slip any of it off. Then, the stallion gripped the white tag on her collar and wrote his name onto it, making sure she could see who owned her now.

After cleaning himself up a bit, the dragon got the head of his suit off and grinned at his new property, petting along her squeaky neck as he rubbed his messy member against her face. It wasn't what the gryphon had been expecting, but at least it meant no more boredom. Not with how randy her new owner seemed to be.