

Rocking One's World

By TeraDyne Ezeri

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“Gin!? You in here?”

Gallows looked around with concern as she entered her friend's bedroom. It wasn't often that she needed to walk in there, but Ginseng hadn't been seen all morning, and hadn't answered her phone once. Something which was quite unusual for the gryphon.

Once she closed the door and wandered into the back section behind her friend's office, things became just a /bit/ more clear as to what was going on. Sitting out in the open was a rather unusual chair. One with big wooden legs ending in paws on the back, and two talons perched on a pair of orbs at the front. Its brown upholstered seat was practically pristine, while its curved oak back wrapped around into a pair of cushioned arms. And at the top of the center, a rather pleased and quivering gryphon's head was attached to it all. One that would likely be drooling from its beak if she'd had the ability to.

Gallows chuckled at the sight, reaching around with a talon of her own and rubbing along the transformed gryphon's seat, where a pair of cables were leading out from an internal vibration pad. “Looks like *someone's* getting some time in with those new transforming leg warmers. Enjoying yourself, at least?”

Ginseng nodded, unable to speak. Barely able to move more than her noggin, which was itself partially secured in place by a dark cherry wood crown wrapping around above her eyes. Despite the effect of the transformation making her lose her voice, her beak was also filled with a red rubber ball gag, wide enough to stretch her maw to its limit.

With a grin, the red gryphon sat down on her friend cushioned accommodations, head resting between Ginseng's bosoms. Her hands ran along the woodwork around her, sending a virtual shiver up what would normally be the raven-lion's spine.

"You *are* quite comfy. I may have to keep you like this a while. Might even have to go into mass manufacturing if you end up being just right for the study in my new private house."

Ginseng's face turned bright red with the teasing of her boss and lover. She wasn't being serious, *was she?*

As the gryphon stood up, she began walking toward a pair of what looked like curved skis sitting on the floor, with pairs of blackish boots attached to each one. She didn't think much of it, more curious than anything, but her curiosity quickly got the better of her as she decided to slip the back pair over her paws. They felt quite comfortable, if not a bit stiff.

Two-person skis? Gallows thought, not seeing the almost gleeful gaze behind her. *Huh...*

Within a few moments of getting into them, she felt a hand gently push her forward. The way the curved planks moved made her put her arms out to catch herself, slipping them into the other pair of shoes in front of her. Shoes that automatically locked around her limbs before she even thought about what was going on.

The footwear stiffened, hardening around her hands and paws, before their presence disappeared into a strange numbness. Replaced by a familiar sensation. Red and grey markings spread out from there, enveloping her limbs as they became quadrupedal legs, stuck to the rails beneath them.

Gallows let out a whimper, mentally cursing her nature as those legs hardened as well. Wooden. Stiff. Glued in place.

Her body followed over a few minutes of struggling. First was her cock, making her quake in her bindings as it grew in length. A long, black flared equine shaft, with sizable balls to match, sticking out in the air for anyone to see. Forced into a state of arousal that only seemed to build up in the back of her mind as it too became a

nice ebony wood, polished to a shine. And just behind it, her rumphole and pussy joined in the changes, with their inner walls swiftly turning into soft silicone, spread wide within their painted oak holders.

Her tail disappeared into her hind end, replaced by a spiky felt grey tail, raised behind the transforming felavian. Her trunk turned a soft red, covered in a light plush fur, while her core hardened into more processed tree carcass.

On her back, she could feel leather forming along her midsection, and it was easy to guess what it was. A saddle, complete with stirrups and an underblanket, buckled around her underside.

Her neck lengthened, and two golden horns jutted from her head, gracefully curving back from just above her eyes. More gold formed along her shoulders like pauldrons, while a collar-like piece formed around her neck, leaving only her throat uncovered.

The former gryphon barely let out a chirp of surprise as her beak changed into a red muzzle, filled with a black ball gag attached to reins and a head harness. Her ears melted away, and in their place, a shiny black skull running from the back of her head to the tip of the bridge of her snout. Only her eyes remained mobile, though plastic instead of organic.

Gallows looked around in silence as her new Cobalion body rocked softly in place. A small, rather young-looking black cat did meet her gaze, sitting just between her front legs as he watched the equine toy fall still. It was Nemi, her adoptive brother.

“Gallows should know to look carefully before handling something they know nothing about.” He said as his long tail swished in the air behind him. The feline’s monotone voice and third-person speech pushed the point as bluntly as usual. Nemi *never* pulled punches for anything in the hundred years she’d been a part of the family.

With one of his large paws, Nemi reached up and tapped something on Gallows’s chest, causing a beep to sound from somewhere behind one of her horns. And in the reflection of her

brother's smooth black body, the Cobalion could read the display quite clearly:

Time Remaining

184:59:50

Within her mind, the equine gulped. That was almost five days time on Omega. She gazed down at her captor, unable to show any sort of emotion, but clearly torn between fear and arousal regardless.

Without any warning, the feline attached a collar to a ring on her throat, and after slipping her rocking rails onto a pair of wheel banks, began pulling her out of the room.

"Nemi will deliver Gallows to the Toybox Club. They have asked for more help, and it will keep Gallows out of trouble for a bit. Maybe Nemi will even let Gallows go after it is done."

It... Hearing herself effectively called an object in that context just made it even more of a turn-on. He knew how to press her buttons, and just what buttons to press.

She just wondered what he meant by "let it go", though. That timer was when she'd be changed back...

Right?

Meanwhile, Ginseng could only watch as Gallows was carted off. She knew it was only a matter of time before Nemi came back for her. What worried her was where she'd end up. Becoming Gallows's desk chair *suddenly* sounded quite nice indeed.