

Quick Regret

Story © TeraDyne Ezeri
Renamon © Namco-Bandai

Gallows breathed deeply as she relaxed near the beach at Fallhaven Resort. Or rather, as deeply as she could, given the two neon green hoses draping off the sides of her muzzle, mounted into vents on her hips. She'd taken a Renamon toy form before hitting the sand, gold with black biohazard markings on her rubber skin, and white gloves over each of her arms and hands in place of the usual sleeves. Behind her, a trio of inflatable fox tails acted as her backrest as she reclined against them, squeaking softly with each slight movement she made.

However, as she enjoyed the warm sun and sea breeze, the feeling of someone grabbing one of her shoulder handles caught her attention. A grey wolf walked around in front of her, wearing a cruel smile and a rather thick red rocket between his legs. Without saying a word, he wrapped his hand around the small handles just behind each side of her jaw, and unceremoniously plunged his cock knot-deep into the slick drooling hole she called a mouth.

The fox tried to reach up and stop him, but he simply ignored her, panting and growling dominantly above her as he took the sensitive hole as roughly as he pleased. One of his hands did move, but only to clip the leash that was around his wrist onto her collar, making sure she knew who was in charge.

The digimon's design had no eyes, and only a static mute mouth. No one would've known she was in trouble. At least, if she actually *had* been in trouble.

As the wolf continued humping into her maw, he couldn't help but feel more and more pent up. His arousal building almost endlessly as the squeaking became louder and louder. He shuddered and gripped her head hard, trying to get himself off, but it seemed to get even more difficult the longer he went.

He looked down, trying to see what was going on, when he noticed exactly what had happened. His cock was slick and shiny. A hard latex coating had formed over it, matching his own colors as it spread from his groin down to his legs.

Feet slowly turned to boots as he fell backward, his cock seemingly pulling free from her maw. However, it took little to realize that his cock had been

gone for quite a bit, as his crotch was nothing more than a smooth bulge. A bulge with a glowing lock painted right on its surface, pulsing in time with his trapped arousal.

The canine tried to fight it, but his cry came out as nothing more than a squeak of rubber moving against rubber. He reached up with his hands and felt of his snout, only to find it much like that of the very toy he'd decided to take his lust out on. Smooth as his groin, with a drooling hole at the tip that formed what little of a mouth he had left, and a pair of glowing green hoses running through each side of his muzzle. And while he couldn't see it, his eyes had disappeared as well, leaving him nothing more than another faceless toy.

Another faceless Renamon toy.

His grey skin soon found itself slowly turning golden in color, with the same black biohazard markings as his counterpart, and white gloves forming on his arms. A copy of the very being he'd tried to dominate just moments ago.

Gallows rose to her feet as she watched her new plaything try to figure out what was happening. Feeling himself over as the changes seeped into his very being.

The original fox's hand went behind the other toy's head, and with the simple click of a button near the base of his skull, his body went limp and lifeless, and his world went dark. She'd turned the toy off, just like that.

The former wolf awakened some time later. At least four hours, according to the clock in corner of his vision. His mind was a haze, barely registering what had happened to him, but the squeaking of his body reminded him fairly quickly. His clawed hand rubbed along his new thin muzzle, trying to shake the cobwebs from his brain. But as his arm moved across in front of him, it seemed to get caught on something.

A leash.

A golden rubber leash.

His hands flowed across his new form, finding harnesses on his head and body, along with cuffs on each of his limbs, and a hole where his cock once was. A pair of rather sizable breasts had also appeared on his chest, each with their own door-knocker style nipple rings threaded through them, and attached to the back of a vaginal plug.

He tried to speak out again, but only a squeak sounded from his mouth. One that grabbed the attention of Gallows, who'd taken off her own outfit, revealing her red gryphon head and face in the process.

"Well well... Look who's up." She said, a cruel smile across her beak as she crossed her arms in front of her chest. "Just couldn't keep your dick out of someone else's mouth, could you?"

She heard an audible whimper come from the toy, but the felavian simply shook her head.

"Oh *no*... You're not getting out of this. *You're* the one who decided to try and get a blowjob from someone wearing experimental equipment. *You're* gonna face the consequences. Not like I really even know how to reverse this little change anyway. You're not wearing a suit, so I can't exactly just take you out of it."

She paused long enough to sit back on a lounge chair, kicking her feet up in the process. "Besides, it's gonna be satisfying to hand your sorry tail over to Shirohoshi, once Lenne and her team come to pick you up. You're gonna spend some time getting nice and used to what you've become."

He whimpered louder. So much for his release.