

A Showering Surprise



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The sound of a door sliding open echoed through the bedroom of a small-time writer. The barrier itself was surrounded by latex curtains on each side, keeping sounds from passing through either way, so the squeaking of those sheets signaled someone entering the room.

The mysterious guest soon slithered their way into the living area, rounding a few corners silently as they snuck their way into the bathroom. Just inside, they could see TeraDyne taking a shower, its back turned to them.

The normally serpentine wyvern had put on a Renamon trans-suit for the day, and was hard at work washing the dust out of its white and light blue fur, latex sleeves hanging over the shower curtain rod. The fox only stood about five feet tall, its pointed ears folded back under the running water, and its eyes closed while it bathed.

With a grin, the intruder swiftly slipped a molded rubber hood over the Digimon's head and pulled it back taut, wrapping its long body around the struggling Digimon's arms and legs. As soon as its mouth opened, the gag made its way inside, forcing the thing's muzzle open with a tube. There were no eye or ear holes, nor nostril holes. Just a practically featureless mask in the vague shape of a Renamon head, with a single ribbed opening into its maw.

Spinning the fox in their coils, the intruder guided its head down toward their groin, where a large knotted cock was standing at attention right in front of Tera's face, out of sight. The intruder took the fox's head into two of their four arms, and guided its mouth over the girthy shaft, slowly bobbing its head over the pointed tip, teasing it by cutting off most of its air for only a few moments at a time.

Bit by bit, the fox gasped weakly each time it was given a chance to breathe, but the serpent had other plans. They slipped their plaything out of their coils, wrapping only its arms and legs to let it hang just above its cock like a trophy fish. Then, they crammed their entire length into the Digimon's face, pressing the tip of its nose into their slit while its throat is stretched by the wall-to-wall meat filling it.

The intruder grasped the two sides of their victim's head as they repeatedly thrust into the warm, damp hole. Once and again, as rough as they please, even the

tinest of air pockets disappearing with every pump as the fox's body shuddered in silent moans. Even as a victim, it was heavily aroused by the situation. Even as it felt weaker and weaker by the moment, its oxygen cut off completely, it couldn't help but try to grind against the tail that ran just between its legs.

Before long, the fox's own cock poked out from its sheath, dribbling precum onto its attacker. Its lungs cried for air, aching and burning, but its own shaft pulsed with every pump the serpent made.

Then, just as the attacker felt themselves growing close to the edge, they pulled back, and in a strong squeaky impact, pushed the fox as far as they could onto their cock. TeraDyne's body writhed as its lungs and belly were flooded with hot, sticky seed. Seed that made the fox feel like it was drowning on land. Drowning that caused its barely active mind to go into overdrive as, just before the darkness truly began to overtake it, and the convulsions of its dying body began to intensify, it emptied the contents of its own pent-up balls onto the floor and serpent.

Tera's attacker held the fox on their flaccid shaft, watching as it jerked and twitched with the deaths of hundreds of muscle cells and neurons, before finally going limp and still. They dropped the corpse onto the ground, and pulled their groin away, a stream of cum dribbling from the wide open hole of the hood and the fox's maw.

Of course, they weren't stupid. They knew of Tera's phoenix blood. Nothing killed it for good. They'd heard from a friend about how much Teradyne enjoyed death of various kinds, and was known for openly letting itself be killed for sexual purposes—in private or public—so long as it wasn't busy with anything. They weren't a rapist, just one who enjoyed providing such feelings to *willing* participants.

With a grin, the serpentine dragon took off the hood and posed with the limp sack of meat propped up in their arms as one took a selfie, the fox's face as blue and purple as their own rainbow scales, before leaving a printed copy with the corpse for TeraDyne to find. And on it, they left their phone number and name, along with who referred them to their victim, for TeraDyne to find with it re-formed in the next several minutes.

And once their job was done, they slithered out of the room, feeling rather content with both their work, and the much-needed release.