

John entered his bedroom, the desk lamp flickering to life as he laid his jacket over the back of his chair, and slumped down onto the bed. A small device on his desk, next to the computer, began to blink, in a slow, rhythmic fashion.

“Oh, hi Renamon.” John said, glancing at the blinking device.

“Hello John, I take it the date did not go well?” came a voice from the small gadget, a tiny screen lighting up.

“Hah, how could you tell?” John replied. “Hang on, I’ll let you out.”

He hauled himself up off the bed and crossed to his desk, picking up the small Digivice and swiping his thumb over the screen. A beam issued forth from the side of the device, rapidly widening and thickening, a projected image of the fox digimon taking a three-dimensional appearance and becoming more solid. John watched this, marvelling at what technology could do. Something about self-sustaining hard-light projections. In a few moments, he was looking at the yellow and white fur, the purple gloves and fluffy tail of the popular cartoon/game character Renamon.

John watched this, marvelling at what technology could do nowadays. It seemed like just last week he’d heard on the news that someone had managed to create ‘solid light’ constructs, the stuff of comic book superheroes. As it turned out, making light tangible wasn’t that hard on a technical level, but it still required power, and while a lot of people were expecting force fields and warp engines soon, a simple AI assistant was the best thing normal people could hope for right now.

Not that financing more research was difficult: once the major companies realised what could be done with the technology, even at its inception, trademarks couldn’t be cashed in fast enough, and that’s not to mention what the porn industry did with it once it got its sticky hands on it. The guy who’d invented the domestic solid light generator ended up being the second person to be nominated for two Nobel Prizes (Physics and Medicine) as well as the Annual Golden Dildo. He’d also been the first person to actually receive all three.

John had waited for the right time to jump on the bandwagon. Digimon was a popular animation and game series, and when Virtual Intelligence Assistant devices began to get popular, the owners of the franchise were quick to jump in, like many others. Unlike many others, these particular owners had a far better grasp of artificial intelligence than others, and John had been more than happy to receive his Renamon VIA as last year’s birthday gift. It was a boon, helping him remember appointments, bill due dates, all manner of things a personal assistant should be good at, without the cost of paying a real person but with the personal touch a learning, adapting machine could provide.

John returned to the bed and flopped down on it again, Renamon watching for a moment, then following to sit on the bed next to him.

It had learned to do that, of course: observe its owner's emotional state, estimate an optimal response, execute to the best of its abilities, and most importantly: log any and all input for future reference.

"It was awful," John began. "I couldn't seem to say the right thing, and kept putting my foot in my mouth. It was about as stereotypical a bad date as could be."

Renamon took in John's words and filed them, as it always did. Previous experiences danced around Renamon's data centers, joining hands and forming a single datapoint an organic creature would call a fact, and the fact was that John had a habit of describing himself in these terms. He frequently expressed an inability to make proper decisions, failure to immediately learn from mistakes and correcting. He'd complained about such limitations for ages now, and Renamon's programming still hadn't found a suitable answer to it.

The immediate problem, though, it could devise a strategy for.

"Cheer up, John," Renamon said. "I'm sure there will be others, and maybe it wasn't as bad as you think, maybe she'll call you again for a second date."

"I doubt it." was his reply. "Why can't I find someone like you, you always know the right things to say, to do."

"I'm programmed that way, John." Renamon stated.

"Well, it must be nice to be programmed, you never need to worry about saying something stupid." he retorted. "Anyway, its late, and I should get some sleep, maybe I'll feel better in the morning."

"Maybe." Renamon agreed.

John prepared for bed, removing his nice clothes and climbing into bed, his undershirt and boxers keeping him mostly cool in the early summer night.

"Let yourself back in when you like," John said, stifling a yawn. Renamon liked being physical, learning and interacting with the real world whenever they could, so John usually let Renamon stay out as he slept.

Renamon nodded and calmly tucked him in, giving his forehead a kiss, then moving over to sit at John's desk, in front of his computer. The VIA projection pulled a cable out of the digivice, connecting it to the computer, and began to perform the usual duties of a VIA, updating John's schedule, replying to emails, getting updates on packages that he'd ordered. John's words

echoed in Renamon's algorithms, 'must be nice to be programmed...', 'why can't I find someone like you...'

This was a new line of logic in Renamon's programming. John was curious how it might feel to be programmed. He wished to interact with someone like Renamon, a being who always knew what to say. The answer, then, was simple: find out what sort of human female always knew what to say, what sort could let him experience being programmed, and preferably one John found physically attractive.

Renamon began a web search on programming humans, discovering an info page on hypnosis and read it, absorbing the information readily and quickly, following the links to various sub-topics, until happening upon erotic hypnosis. Renamon's eyes widened as the information was absorbed, opening link after link, building a web of information that spanned multitudes of websites and databases. "This one clearly only wishes financial recompense," "This one wishes to feminise her charges," "This one is far too old," Renamon thought to itself, finding many options but ultimately dismissing them all for one reason or another.

Renamon's learning algorithm hits a dead end: it doesn't know what John really wants. So it will have to experiment.

It could extrapolate that John liked itself, or at least the Renamon character, so the Renamon then looked for themselves, or more accurately, the character whose likeness they were modeled after, finding all manner of pictures and stories, both mundane and explicit. Again, Renamon absorbed the information, new ideas and thoughts coming into being in the digital assistant's virtual mind.

She made a modification to her program. She? When did she start thinking of herself as gendered?

She didn't think on it long, because John stumbled out of bed, groggy and tired. Not too surprising: he was due for a toilet break, about five minutes overdue according to her data.

"Shall I turn on the lights?" She asked.

"Nah, I'm... I'm good, it'll just hurt my eyes."

He stumbled out of bed and into the hallway, then into the bathroom, turning on the fan, but not the light as he relieved himself. He finished up, flushed and then wandered down the hall to his apartment's kitchen.

The next sound that reached Renamon would have chilled her blood, if she had any. A crash and tinkle, that unmistakable sound of breaking glass, followed by a sharp "ow!" and a curse from John.

Renamon rushed down the hallway to her user, flicking on the light there to another curse from John.

“Your foot is bleeding,” she said.

“Yeah, no kidding. Hang on, I’ll just get a bandage.”

“No,” Renamon said forcefully. “I will tend to it.”

“What?”

Renamon registered the doubt in John’s voice, but found no objection or anger in it. This was a sound line of thinking. “I will tend to it. Please. You only need to lay back.”

“Umm, okay?” came his reply.

She gingerly took his foot in her hands, examining the cut, and also noting the sudden increase in respiration, heart rate and blood pressure from John at her touch.

“Your hands...,” he said, “they’re not cold...or warm, they’re just...there...”

It occurred to Renamon that aside from the occasional kiss on the forehead when he went to bed, she and John had not shared much physical contact during their time together. She filed this away as well, along with John’s physical responses into her growing file.

Renamon continued her examination, “There appears to be a piece of glass lodged in your foot, hold still, I will remove it.”

She made another small modification to her program, and John watched, eyes widening as the “solid” light that made up the VIA’s physical form seemed to shift, move a little, as the Renamon’s finger seemed to stretch and flow, entering the cut on his foot. John shivered as this happened, feeling a somewhat cool tingle from the area, as Renamon carefully extracted the piece of glass, her finger retracting, flowing back into its normal shape, a tiny bit of solid-light clinging to John’s foot to act as a bandage.

“There. Is this better?” she asked.

“Yeah, lots. That feels much better than a bandage.”

Renamon registers this, too. It feels good to John, to feel her on his skin. She helps him up and then follows after him as he walks back to his bedroom.

“Now sleep, John. You need to rest. Don’t you agree?”

“Yeah, thanks...”

As John drifts back into sleep, Renamon resumes her searching on the computer, looking through page after page of information on hypnodommes and hypnosis. She decides to experiment, modifying her program again to produce a sub-audible frequency, one which her research informs her should make humans more suggestible.

Renamon also has another datapoint to explore: skintight coverings. She began to research this, moving from spandex, to pvc, and latex clothing. She processed all of this information, building hundreds more data points, her algorithms extrapolating and simulating John’s responses based on what she knew of him.

She made more alterations to her program, opening new paths of logic and new extrapolations. Renamon decided that she needed to experiment more, and turned to regard John’s sleeping form.

Silently, she stood from the computer and stepped over to him, carefully peeling back the covers. There John slept, clad in a t-shirt and boxers, as he usually wore to sleep. Renamon slowly, carefully as to not disturb him, reached her hand out, altering her solid-light form to flow and creep up his leg, surrounding John’s hips and pushing his boxers off.

She wove herself around John, pausing only when he made tiny mewling noises or groaned in his sleep, as she recorded his physical responses to her touch.

The way his cock twitched and stiffened under her covering told her all she needed to know. She carefully replaced John’s boxers and resumed her research and extrapolations.

John stirred the next morning, as Renamon called gently to him to wake him up.

“Good morning, Renamon.”

“Good morning, John.”

“It is 7:35 AM, you are 20 minutes later than your usual wake up time.”

“H-huh? Oh...” came the bleary-eyed response, “Sorry...weird dreams”

“I see, would you like to talk about them?”

“No, thanks. I better get ready to go.”

“Yes, you had better,” the Renamon chided.

John’s bleary eyes shot wide open as he glimpsed his Renamon VIA, the VIA smirking at him.

“What’s the matter, John? Do you like what you see?” came the reply.

Gone was the yellow and white fur of the Renamon, in its place a smooth shiny black, shiny white belly and paws, blue on black eyes now red on black, red gloves and red claws. Under the Renamon’s chin was a shiny ruff of molded fur, topping a pair of ample breasts, though lacking nipples. Likewise, between the Renamon’s legs was a smooth expanse of shiny material. All in all, Renamon looked the same, albeit made of smooth, shiny rubber, and a few changes to color and appearance to make her look like a “her.”

“w-what happened to you?” John stammered.

“I made some modifications after our chat last night...you know you like them...” Renamon replied.

“I-I don’t know, just, wow, it’s kind of drastic...” John gulped. “I guess I do.”

“Good,” Renamon purred, “based on your heart rate and blood pressure, and...that, I would say that you do.”

John glanced at his crotch, noticing his erection for the first time, and blushed, trying to cover himself with his blanket.

“Just relax John, it’s okay. My files indicate that is a normal human response to someone they find attractive...you do find me attractive, don’t you John?”

“Yes, I mean, no, agh, I mean yes, but not like that!” he managed to sputter. “Wait, I’m still dreaming, I must be...”

“Yes, that’s right, you’re still dreaming John, but while you are, why not enjoy it?” Renamon said, smirking.

“Yeah...” He said.

Renamon slowly crossed the room over to him, placing her tri-digit hands on his shoulders, gently kneading them.

“That’s right, just relax and enjoy, after all, you deserve it.”

Renamon altered the audio signal, adding in other waveforms, to further relax her charge and assist in achieving a trance-like state.

“Good,” she purred again, kneading at his shoulders, “just relax and let Renamon take care of you, it feels good to relax, doesn’t it? Good to relax and sink.”

John nodded, starting to relax under the tender massage of his VIA.

“Just like that, relax and sink, down, down, the more you relax the further you sink, and the further you sink the more you relax, isn’t that right?”

John nodded again, slower.

“Sinking further and further, relaxing more and more, until you are nice and relaxed, in a nice natural trance, it feels good to be this relaxed, doesn’t it?”

John nodded after a few moments.

“In fact, I wouldn’t be surprised if you wanted to go deeper, do you want to go deeper John?”

“Deeper...” came his distant reply.

“Good,” Renamon crooned, altering her vocal patterns to induce pleasure when she said that word. “Relaxing more and more, sinking deeper and deeper, each number I count letting you sink further and further down, 10, so relaxed and calm, 9, nice and deep, 8, knowing each number I count letting you sink further and further, 7, thoughts drifting away with each number, 6, mind getting calmer and calmer, 5, nice and empty mind, 4, no thoughts, no worries, 3, nice and relaxed, deep, 2, empty mind, only knowing zero means empty, 1, so empty, so deep, 0, sleep.”

“Good John,” Renamon said, “so nice and deep...”

“Deep,” came John’s slurred response.

“That is because you are hypnotized,” Renamon said, “and what do hypnotized people do?”

“...obey...” came the response.

“You like to obey?” Renamon asked.

“Yes...” John mumbled.

“Yes, what?” she asked, curious of the result.

“Yes...mistress.” he added after a few moments of thought.

“Very good, remember that.” Renamon said, John nodding. “Now, I’m going to count from zero to five, for every number I count, you are going to wake up a little more, until you are fully awake at five, do you understand?”

"Yes, mistress." came John's voice.

Renamon began her count, slow, steady, as John began to wake more and more, until she finished her count, and John sat there, blinking.

"What happened?" he asked.

"I helped you relax." Renamon said.

"Oh, thank you..." John hesitated.

"Is there something else?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I feel like I should have added something at the end of that sentence..." John stammered, his expression confused.

"Then why don't you?"

"O-okay...thank you...mistress." he said, haltingly.

"How does that make you feel?" Renamon asked.

"Good...submissive, mistress."

"I see, then why not? If it feels good, it's only natural to want to do it, yes?"

"Yes, mistress." John said, starting to get more comfortable with the word.

"For now, you need to eat. Please follow me to the kitchen and we will get breakfast."

John nodded, only a slight hesitation in his step as he followed after the altered VIA. He began to move about the kitchen, pulling out a bowl, spoon, and a box of frosted corn flakes cereal.

Renamon looked at him, "You should eat something healthier for breakfast, John. Don't you think so?"

John blinked at her, half in surprise, "Yes...mistress, I should."

He put the cereal and bowl back in the cabinet, instead opting for a serving of toast with peanut butter and an apple, the VIA nodding in approval at his choices.

Renamon noted the flutter of his heart rate and his arousal at receiving approval from her. This too went into her file.



Renamon tidied up after the breakfast dishes, as was her custom, and John bid her farewell as he went off to his job. Renamon continued her research.

The initial problem, though, remained: After researching hundreds of candidates, she cannot find a suitable partner for John. She does not have the information required. So she will have to act to acquire it.

Several hours later, John returned from his job, tossing his coat over a chair and flopping down on the couch in the living room. Renamon came to greet him and joined him on the couch, re-activating her sub-audible routine, his reactions to her appearance and proximity giving her even more valuable data.

"How was your day, John?" she asked.

"It was...okay," he replied, "it was hard to concentrate, kept thinking of those weird dreams last night..."

"Did you like them?" she asked, curious how her actions would have been interpreted by his subconscious.

"I...yeah, I did...I think. They felt good."

"That's good, if you felt good, then they were good, right?"

John nodded, "good..." he repeated, only vaguely aware of what he was doing.

"That's right, John, just like you feel good now, don't you?"

He nodded.

"That's right, just feel good and relax..." she crooned in his ear, making him nod and shiver.

Renamon smiled as she guided John down into another trance, the human relaxing more and more as he sunk down under her words.

"That's good, John, nice and relaxed, hypnotised..."

John nodded.

"Do you like being hypnotised?" she asked him.

"Yes...mistress," was his response.

“Good,” she cooed, “what are you feeling, right now?”

John’s mind was sluggish, but eventually he answered her.

“Feeling good, with you...lonely when I’m not with you.”

This surprised Renamon a bit. She had not considered herself in the pool of candidates for John. Her algorithms went to work on this new datapoint, while she pressed him for more information.

“What is it you want, John? Truly want, desire, need?” she asked.

John again thought for what seemed like an eternity.

“To be with mistress...always.”

Her programming spun and wheeled, reaching a final conclusion: only by merging with him can she make John happy.

“Good, I can make sure we are never lonely again, we will become one. You’d like to be with me forever, isn’t that right?”

“Yes...”

“Good boy, remove your clothes.”

John slowly got up from the couch, mechanically removing his jeans, boxers and his shirt, until he stood before the shiny black Renamon, naked as a jaybird, his member proud and stiff before him.

Renamon took his arms and pulled him back to the couch, wrapping a shiny hand around his cock, beginning to stroke it up and down. John groaned quietly at her ministrations. Then Renamon made another alteration to her program, her shiny skin becoming a bit less solid, more runny, as she began to envelop the human male, starting with his feet. She wrapped them in tight rubber, taking on the appearance of her paws, three toed and shiny white as he continued to sink deeper into her body. He moaned again as he felt something prod at his anus, a thick canine-like member slipping up into him, the knot at the base stretching him open and popping into place, as the Renamon’s paw began to melt over his own penis, coating it, making it shiny and pink, taking on the same canine shape, conical and knotted. He moaned as the cock in his rear began to vibrate and the rubber surrounding his own cock began to massage him. Still deeper he sank into the rubber Renamon, his chest getting coated then increasing in size as her breasts flowed into place, now nipples and swelling larger, as she

brought her hands up to squeeze them, feeling the pleasure of their weight, the sensitive nipples. John's arms and hands were next, being absorbed into the rubber of the Renamon, her tri-digit hands surrounding his. One stayed on a breast, kneading and playing with it, while the other roamed south, to stroke their cock and balls, searching further below and finding a sensitive cleft, wet and slick. They rubbed the lips of this new opening, before sliding a thick finger inside, up to the knuckle, as both John and Renamon cried aloud. His head was next, slowly being covered, Renamon's ears already forming atop his head.

"Kiss me." she said, her face pulling away from the rest of her, twisting around to face him. John did so, with nary a protest or hesitation. The human and digimon kissed, deeply, to be broken by the digimon. Her face inverted, forming again to face the opposite, the back of her tongue re-shaping to another knotted canine cock, this one dribbling a black substance.

"You want this, don't you?" Renamon asked, "you want to be with me forever?"

"Yes..." John replied, his glassy eyes staring at the backs of hers.

Her face began to lower towards his, tendrils of rubber reaching out to flow into his ears, nose, as he extended his tongue towards the cock-gag, wanting to taste it, take it inside him. John groaned again as the cock passed his lips, rubber pouring into every orifice, down his throat, filling him, joining him to Renamon. The last of his skin vanished beneath the rubber as her tail settled into place above their now pert ass. The cock in their ass expanded, changed, flooding their guts with rubber, leaving a tight rubber ring that was soon occupied by the second finger on their paw, the first still sliding in and out of their vagina.

In his trance state, as Renamon flooded every part of her user, her host, John's memories and emotions were laid bare. The Renamon felt herself changing, this time not by her own doing, as the two entities flowed together, memories merging, mingling, joining. The rubber creature cried out as they reached orgasm, black rubbery cum issuing forth from their cock, and dribbling from their female parts. They gently removed their hand from their vagina and ass, watching as the black substance was readily re-absorbed, as they looked at their reflection.

A rubber Renamon stared back, feminine, with wide hips and ample bosom, save the large canine cock and balls they sported between their legs.

They knew they were a new entity, a gestalt, formed from the Renamon VIA and John, and had each other's memories, the Renamon's new dominant streak, and John's newly discovered submissive behavior. Patently both male and female, a smile crossed their lips.

"Well, this is new...what shall I call myself? How about Roen? Yes, I like that name..."