

Twatch.tv. What was there to say about this classic 18+ website? It was the home of horny losers with nothing better to do than to watch people play video games. You had your League of Heroes, your Syndicate 2, any popular game under the sun got spotlighted on Twatch. Above all else, though, it was one of the few places on the Internet where one could watch uncensored, entirely NSFW livestreams of people doing whatever they wanted as long as it was legal. If you wanted to film yourself having sex with a complete stranger, you could very well do it on Twatch.

One of the many livestreamers Twatch had to offer was one RenaStan58. RenaStan58, sometimes referred to simply as Rena, was a young man in his mid-20s with long, black hair and an excess of eyeliner who streamed as a full-time job. If there was anything Rena was known for besides his talent at League of Heroes, it was his love for a certain yellow Digimon for whom their account was named. Yes, Renamon had been in one way or another involved in the man's life for quite a while, being his first crush as a child back when the character was introduced and continuing to the present day. This fascination was borderline obsessive at points, yet Rena was not the type to let this obsession get to their head... at least, not usually.

Today was a Sunday, and just like any other day, Rena was getting ready to stream. He just got his groceries delivered to his house via the wonders of modern technology and with it received an excuse to not leave the house for the next week. Rena also got some fan mail in the form of some letters and a small package; fan mail was a regular part of Sunday streams, certainly his favorite part of the Sunday streams at the very least. Free shit was great, and it was always nice to hear that he was making his followers' lives better. With mail in hand, Rena returned to his room and set the mail down on a table.

Rena set a notification for the stream to go live. He logged into his League of Heroes account first thing, just so he couldn't accidentally reveal any password information. Once he was set up, Rena waited for the stream to start officially and for the first viewers to pour in.

"We're live? Okay, we're live, welcome guys. Since it's Sunday, we're going to be starting with everyone's favorite bit, the fan mail. As always, mailing address is on my page, let's get this shit started."

Rena was never very wordy; he always liked to get to the point as quick as possible. As such, he got through his fan mail rather quickly. One was from a pair of college students from Germany, another came all the way from Finland. Their message was relatively the same, of how they loved watching Rena's gameplay and were just as fond of Renamon as he was.

“This one is from... Little Rock, Arkansas. ‘Hi, I’m writing to say thank you for streaming daily, it always picks up my mood whenever I’m feeling down. Also, I have to ask, why did you fall in love with Renamon in the first place?’ Well, I’m glad you asked, since I’ve forgotten to put it in my FAQ.” Rena laughed slightly while he clicked around the menus of his game. “Well, I’m a furry bastard, so there’s that. I think there’s also that... childhood connection, Renamon was really the first time I saw something on TV and thought ‘they look nice and pretty, I like them a lot.’ Turns out a lot of that was a combination of romantic and sexual attraction from my pubescent self. Puberty was a bitch, but hey, it worked out. Thanks for the mail.”

Rena was soon left with one last piece of mail. That package that he’d neglected to open was sitting still on that table. He went ahead and grabbed ahold of it, rattling it around a bit.

“Okay, this one is addressed to... no one, there’s no return address. Fair enough, some people value their anonymity.”

Rena used a small knife he had laying about on the mail table to open the box. He finally got a look at the contents of the inside, including a small greeting card and... something else entirely. There was a pair of long, purple arm bands with the taijitu on one end. Those were unmistakably replicas of Renamon’s armbands. They were incredibly accurate too, as if it was official merchandise.

“Oh my God, these look so perfect, they’re exactly like ‘em. There’s a card in here, lemme read it... ‘I saw you were a fan of Best Digimon and thought I’d make you a gift. I’d be happy to see you put them on; I’m sure you’ll be even happier once you do.’ Well, thank you, kind stranger.”

Indeed, Rena was tempted to put them on. The fabric was so silky smooth, and it seemed to fit the circumference of his arm perfectly. He decided to read the chat to see whether people would want him to put the armbands on or not.

Danganroomba: Just put the fucking things on dude

AintNoCock: we a camgirl stream now

WheresMyDad: they’d look cute on you!

Well, the chat has spoken. It was Rena's duty to try on those armbands, and so he grabbed ahold of them and slowly slipped them on. They were quite snug, form-fitting even, and also quite warm. Wait... warm? That couldn't be right, they felt perfectly normal when Rena was holding them, but he couldn't deny the simple truth: These armbands made Rena's arms feel warmer, in a soothing kind of way. They made him feel safer, more comfortable, even if he didn't get why.

"Well, they, uh... they feel really nice. Kinda don't wanna take them off now, haha..."

Rena rubbed his arm as he looked at himself, before showing his arms off with the bands on. He instantly began to get responses from the audience.

AintNoCock: what'd I tell you guys

14Werewolves: Looking good, Rena!

The positive response inspired some rather positive emotions in the young man. These emotions were enough that he didn't even notice his shirt filling out. Mounds began to develop in Rena's shirt, like a pair of rolling hills. Not only that, but his torso was also lengthening, maybe even thinning a little. This made the shirt seem tighter and more form-fitting, which absolutely did not make Rena comfortable at all. It was at this moment, when Rena went to check his shirt, when he noticed his newly-developed assets.

"W-what the fuck? Are those tits? I have tits now?"

The awkwardness of it all made Rena uncomfortable, though the discomfort from the shirt was even greater. He felt a sudden urge to take the shirt off; not to expose his new chest, but more so he'd be able to breath easier. That meant that he was going to be online with a fresh pair of tits. This was an 18+ website, so he could afford to take the loss and proceed, no matter how much it embarrassed him.

"Guys, I hope you don't mind, but I gotta take this shirt off, it's too tight..."

Rena took off his shirt and tossed it on the floor. There he was, sitting in his chair, with breasts completely exposed. His face was red; there were hundreds of people watching him, and most, if not all of them were staring at this new pair of tits. There was a combination of confusion and

shock, with the second most important thing on Rena's mind being him trying to figure out whether these armbands caused his chest to expand like this.

Danganroomba: Holy shit that's some new wank material right there

WheresMyDad: are you okay?! does it hurt?!

"N-No, WheresMyDad, it doesn't hurt... physically, at least..."

Rena noticed that his chest was, above all else, itching. When he looked down, he saw what appeared to be white fur growing out from his skin. He yelled at the sight, still overwhelmed by everything else that was going on. Not only did he have tits, but he also had fur growing. Rena decided to try and remove the arm bands, but there was something forcing him back. He couldn't even grab them, let alone take them off; for the time being, at least, they were stuck to his arms.

"Jesus fucking Christ, what the fuck is going on? Guys, I'm starting to freak out here."

The fur began to spread across Rena's body. It was thicker in some spots, like around his neck, but there was no spot that the fur spared. The white fur on his torso made way for a different color, yellow, once it began to spread beyond the frontal region. That yellow spread across Rena's arms and down the arm bands, culminating in more white fur on his hands. Those would not be regular hands for long, however, as some of the fingers began to merge, to better fit the shape of the holes in the arm band. Two fingers merged into one, and by the end of it all, there were only three digits on each hand, two fingers and a thumb. To top it off, these digits were tipped with a short, black claw-like nail.

"I recognize those paw-things... g-guys? You don't think I'm being turned into a Renamon, do you? Trust me, this is as confusing for me as it is for you guys probably."

SqueezeMyHog: This is some crazy realistic animation.

14Werewolves: I don't think that's animation, Hoggers.

Slut4Foxes: I wanna see the finished result.

YourFBIAgent: very cool thanks

“Damn, y-you’re really enjoying this, aren’t you...?”

Rena felt something change in his pants. His underwear was getting looser, as if something was disappearing... oh God, it couldn’t be. Rena backed up and took a moment to look down his pants. His balls were pretty much gone, and his cock was receding into his body. Moreover, something new was developing: It was spacious on the inside, plump on the outside, and more or less the opposite of his previous equipment. That dick now formed the clitoris to a brand new, unused pussy.

“Holy shit guys, I have a vagina, I-I’m not kidding you guys, I have a fucking vagina now...”

Rena stood up from his chair and pushed it to the side, now standing up. His hips and thighs were widening a bit, as if to somehow make him even more feminine. Not helping matters was his now-changing face, which was changing in shape entirely. The skull was reforming into something more canine, including a rounded muzzle. His nose was now small, black in color, definitely cuter. Rena could also see in his webcam that the sclera of his eyes were darkening, almost becoming pure black, though this didn’t seem to affect his vision. Those ears on the side of his head moved to the top of his head, reshaping themselves to something more definitively Renamon-like, with the pointed, white tips on a long yellow base. With that black hair all gone, fusing to the rest of her fur, Rena finally had a Renamon’s head.

With a set of spike-like tufts of fur growing from the shoulders, the upper half seemed complete. Now, his lower body began to reform to fit the new top. That pussy down there couldn’t be the only changes there, after all. Fur continued to cover his legs, creeping down toward the ground. With the widening thighs and, now, a filling out rear, even those pants were impossible to bear. Wordlessly, Rena pulled their pants down, underwear included. Rena was now completely nude aside from those armbands, which he now refused to take off.

Slut4Foxes: O_O I wanna fuck her

Danganroomba: Same bruh

UwUnyaa: Just got here. This is some trippy shit.

Rena began to look at the comments some more. Saying they found him hot... he found them quite nice, actually. The fact that they thought he... she was attractive, it meant a lot to her. Even if she wasn’t finished transforming, the fact that she was almost done encouraged her enough to keep going. The fear and confusion was going away, and replacing it was contentedness,

happiness. Rena felt like she was always meant to be a Renamon, and it all felt very natural to her. If only those transformations would speed up.

Above Rena's plump ass formed the base of a new tail, yellow like the rest of Rena's fur. This tail lengthened, expanded, grew furrier and fluffier. It was unmistakably fox-like, down to the bushiness and the white tip. She gave the tail a shake to get a feel for it, and she instantly understood how it worked. This would be great to cuddle when she tried to sleep, or maybe she could find something seductive to use it for.

The last of Rena's changes would be to her legs. The legs grow longer and wider, certainly more muscular. The yellow fur suddenly stopped above the ankles before white fur began to take over. The shape of her legs changed; no longer plantigrade, these new legs were digitigrade, like a fox's legs. They even ended in paws: Pure-white, three-toed, and black-clawed paws. The final increase height probably totaled to four inches, probably putting Rena near that seven foot mark. With a final change in fur pattern, purple swirls appearing above Rena's knees, the changes were complete. Rena was a Renamon now; she was a heavily sexualized Renamon, but still a Renamon.

AintNoCock: finally, a finished product

SqueezeMyHog: I wonder what's gonna happen next.

YourFBIAgent: hope she shows us her pussy again

This change in Rena's state of mind was confusing to even her. She didn't get why she was suddenly so much more accepting of her newfound vixen form, but something, deep down, was clicking for her. She'd always loved Renamon, right? That love always had a hint of sexuality to it, but also a sense of... personal connection. Like... Rena always felt Renamon was perfect yet was always disappointed that Renamon wasn't real. Well, not only was Renamon real, but she was Renamon. She was the very object of her own sexual desires... and it felt good.

"This... this is me now, I... I am Renamon... wow... I feel so... h-hot..."

Rena's blush grew brighter and more intense. There was an aching feeling between her legs, a feeling both familiar and unfamiliar at the same time. This was clearly arousal of some kind... was just the mere fact that she was a Renamon enough to arouse her? That couldn't be it, no... Rena got a better idea. It had to be that audience. The fact that not only was her pussy wet, but

there were hundreds of people watching her, was what was turning her on even more. To see that chat shower praises was all she really needed to keep going.

“Which one of you sent me these... I’ll have to thank you personally. Now, I need to take care of this... sensation.”

Slut4Foxes: Come on, give us a show!

WheresMyDad: I think I’m starting to like this... can we see more?

UwUnyaa: Good thing this is Twitch and not some other website, eh?

Rena got an idea for how she could take care of this. She remembered that about a month ago someone sent her a dildo as a joke gift, still unused. It was even just big enough to fit her own tastes; if only she could find it. She probably put it back in the box when she got it. Rena dug through her closet, ass exposed to the camera as she looked deeper and deeper. She needed some fun, and she needed it now.

At last, after digging, Rena found that toy. It was one of those equine dildos, the kinds modelled after horse penises. This thing was rather big, but with that added height she’d probably be fine. She presented the dildo to her audience, stressing the veiny, realistic texture and flared tip. The dildo also came with a bottle of lube so it would go down easier; how generous of that person who sent it to him! They might have thought it’d go unused, but the joke was on them, she was about to fuck herself silly live on camera.

Rena adjusted the camera to point down toward the grown and zoom in. She then set that horse cock right on the ground before applying a coating of lube to the outside. Rena then leaned up right against the wall for support, then began to squat down. Thanks to those stronger, digitigrade legs, squatting down like this was easier than ever. She slowly edged herself down toward the dildo, the edge pressing against her lips.

“Get ready... you’re in for a treat, everyone.”

Rena slid herself down onto the dildo, starting with the flare and moving down. The texture of the flare along the walls of her pussy drove Rena wild with arousal, and she was just getting started. She pushed herself up briefly before letting herself go back down, allowing more of the

dildo inside of her pussy each time. The more she eased into it, the more pleasurable it became. Oh, how she adored this new body and the freedom it gave her, the freedom to take something like this up her new pussy without injury.

Rena soon found a rhythm of going up and down, up and down. That dildo filled her out and created a visible bulge in her abdomen. She cupped a paw around one of her breasts, running it through the fur and rubbing against her now erect nipple. She soon found both hands fondling her breasts while her legs were busy rhythmically moving, while her hips thrust slightly to fit more in. She became lost in her emotions, forgetting about the chat entirely. They may have got her started, but she herself was able to keep herself going. She went faster, pussy getting wetter and wetter, the only thing that could stop her now was...

“Nnggh!”

Rena bit her lip as she orgasmed. A torrent of pussy juices coated the dildo, mixing with the lubricant. Her paws gripped the ground as her strong legs kept her standing. She tried to avoid moaning too loudly, but it was undoubtedly a struggle at first, with this newfound wave of emotions flooding her mind with pleasure and joy. Though the peak of intensity would fade, that happiness would remain for a long time.

YourFBIAgent: i think i just came

Danganroomba: Best fap 2019.

14Werewolves: You're my new favorite streamer, holy shit.

Rena was left panting, exhausted by the intensity of her orgasm. She slowly lifted herself off of the dildo, which was left completely soaked by her pussy juices. Picking up the dildo, she proceeded to lick it clean; that lube was edible, cherry-flavored, even, and she quite liked cherries. Her legs trembled as she stood straight up once more, approaching the camera once again. She read the comments on the monitor and smiled. She'd done a good job, entertaining not only herself but her audience. God, she never wanted to be a human again after this, and hopefully, she wouldn't have to be. With a few simple breathing exercises, she was able to regain her composure and proceed with talking back to the audience. Certainly, Renamon's natural calm composure aided in this process.

“Thank you for joining me for this... life-changing experience. I would love if the creator of those bands contacted me via private messages, I’ll have to give them a return gift... now, let’s get back to the game.”

Rena spent the rest of the stream playing League of Heroes, as she always did. She found that this new Renamon mind actually made her a sharper, if still lewder thinker, and so she found yet another advantage of her new body. She found greater success in the game, winning slightly more often by slightly larger margins. Being the first non-human League of Heroes streamer certainly had its benefits, many more of which she would find in the coming months. Rena finally found true passion, true joy in being what she had always loved, and she promised herself that she would cherish every single moment of her new life.