

Charlie's Musky Change

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I hope you enjoy!

"Welcome to All Around Fitness!" a cheery fox girl said from her seat behind the front counter. With a big smile, she waved to Charlie as he walked through the automatic sliding doors. Charlie gave a small smile back and walked up to the counter.

"You're looking good, Charlie!" The fox said when he got to the counter, and she looked up and down his body. Charlie's muzzle and big, batty ears went red, and he adjusted his shirt at the hem.

"Th-thank you, Sarah." he said softly, pulling out his membership card out of his wallet and placing it onto the counter. Sarah took the card and entered in all the necessary information into the computer before handing it back.

"Here you go! Have a great workout! And hey, maybe stop by to see me once you're done?" Sarah smiled. "I'd love to talk."

"I don't know. I'd be pretty tired." Charlie took his membership card and made a nervous laugh.

"It's up to you! I'll be here!" Sara said.

"Mmhm. See ya." Charlie muttered, and he and Sarah waved each other off.

Monday afternoon, Charlie's workout time. He hadn't even started and his heart was pounding heavily in his chest. He turned left down a white walled hallway and then turned again into the men's locker room to get changed. Focused on the workout ahead of him, he tried to ignore the flutter in his heart and the fox girl at the front desk. Charlie's claws ticked and tacked against the cool tiled floor with each step. The air around him was warm with a slightly sweaty, humid smell to it. Looking down at his feet, he didn't see another fur turn the corner.

"E-excuse me!" Charlie squeaked.

"Hey, don't worry about it." Some deep voice said before walking off. Charlie kept his eyes glued to the ground. Once he felt like he could get away with it, he turned his head to look back. He saw the back of a tall, muscular otter wearing only shorts; really muscular and broad

shouldered. Charlie mentally kicked himself for not getting a better look, but that would be a bit creepy, wouldn't it?

Charlie shook his head clear. His imagination was running wild; his only interaction with the otter was bumping into him and a few words, but he was already building the otter up as this huge softy. Other furs said that his personality didn't match his body. Being pretty muscular himself, he was as reserved and quiet as the scrawniest nerd in any old movie. He had figured out over the years that it wasn't a bad thing, it was just odd.

He kept his eyes towards the ground, pulling his bag closer to his body, and wandered into the corner of the locker room for a bit of privacy. The bat put his bag down, pinched the handle of the locker with his claws, and pulled it open. Looking down, Charlie didn't see the jock hanging from the hook attached to the inside of the locker door. He shuffled his bag off, one specially made to fit around his wings, and pushed it into the locker. The bag thumped against the back wall, giving the jock just enough of a nudge to fall off the top hook and directly onto Charlie's face.

It landed in what could be considered the worst possible way. The crotch of the jock landed perfectly over Charlie's sensitive nose. Charlie's first instinct was to gasp, which only pulled in the musk through his nose, and the taste through his mouth.

"Eugh!" Charlie flicked the jock off of his face and back into the locker, on top of his bag. He stepped back and took a few deep breaths of fresh air before blowing out of his nose to try and get the smell out. But each time he blew out, he had to inhale, bringing in the musky smell into his lungs again and again. Charlie started to breathe slower, the smell of musk fading away, but something gnawed at the back of his mind, an urge and a need.

Charlie looked at the jock. It was plain white jock that was a bit yellowed from musk and sweat. He leaned in, one hand covering his nose, and gently plucked it off of his bag. He intended to throw it into a corner, but his mind stuttered and a stray thought shot across his mind.

Sniff it.

Charlie held the jock between two fingers and stared at it. His nose twitched behind his hand. Looking left towards the entrance to his little alcove of lockers, he made sure no one was watching. Maybe he could find a name? Still tightly held between two claws, the bat brought the jock closer to his face. Of course he was lying to himself. Lowering his hand just enough, he brought the jock closer and 'looked for a name.' Then, he took a short whiff.

More!

The traces of musk were pulled into his lungs through his nose. He exhaled, then sniffed again, bringing it closer. He stopped 'looking for name' immediately and instead purely enjoyed the sweaty, earthy, warm musk filling his nose and lungs. After two more sniffs, he pressed the still warm fabric against his nose and inhaled as deep as his could until his lungs hurt, before exhaling with a soft sigh.

“W-wow.” He said, breathlessly. Pulling away from the jock and getting a bit of fresh air, there was a moment of sudden, shocking realization. “Wait, fuck!” he held the jock at arm’s length again and felt a shiver down his spine. Wide eyed, worried, and just a bit scared, Charlie repeated in his head, *Don’t Sniff Don’t Sniff Don’t Sniff Don’t Sniff*. It should be easy, right? He didn’t like smelling the sweaty jock of another dude even if he was into men. This just seemed too much

Charlie checked to make sure no one was watching again. Once he felt confident that no one was watching, he reached forward to place the dirty, musky jock onto the nearby locker bench. But before he could even think about letting it go, his mind drifted to shoving his nose into it again. Charlie’s cock twitched and slowly hardened within his boxer briefs and shorts. *Oh god, m-maybe just one more?*

Putting the jock in his palm, he slapped the jock against his nose and inhaled deeply. A shiver ran down his spine and his knees wobbled. Charlie stumbled for a moment before sitting on the bench he previously intended to set the jock down on, pressing the jock up to his face and taking deep breaths. It was like he was in a dust storm and this jock was his only way of getting a good breath of air; he needed to keep it pressed into his mouth and nose as best he could. The other hand went to his groin and shamelessly massaged his bulge around in small circles with a few thrusts from his hips.

“Ohhhh god.” He moaned out a little louder than he probably wanted to. He pressed the fabric harder into his nose and even began moving it back and forth, as if it would mark him with its scent.

He didn’t even notice that the jock owner peeked around the corner, hearing the soft moans and looking to investigate. The jock owner, a male bat named Renegade, grinned ear to ear. Renegade was mostly a beige color with darker brown patches over his legs and his hands. His wings were mostly beige too. He also had more of a nose leaf, unlike Charlie who’s bat species was mostly called a ‘flying fox’ for the canine like muzzles and noses. He had piercings on his ears and on his wings that were little gold rings.

Renegade kept quiet, watching the other bat huff and sniff the jock. He reached down and adjusted his workout shorts, still sweaty from his workout earlier. Of course, the only thing he took off was the jock, and he was halfway home before he realized that he left it here in the locker room.

Renegade relaxed when he realized that the musk addicted bat wasn’t going to focus on anything but the jock unless he shoved his sweaty dick in the other bat’s face. He heard foot falls behind him and quickly looked over his shoulder, seeing a sweat drenched herm bat, also in workout sweats that were soaked through. Renegade smiled and waved her over closer and pointed around the corner towards Charlie, mouthing silently to her, ‘Check it out’.

The herm bat, Nordlicht, or Nord for short, was vastly different than the other two. Nord was an array of stellar colors that would fit perfectly in a picture taken of space. In fact, her wings were somehow a deep, dark blue and black, dotted with white spots to resemble

stars. Unlike the other two bats, her wings weren't attached to her arms. They were separate appendages that grew out of her back, like dragon wings. Her fur color was the color of a dark, dim red sun, except for her belly, the tips of the 'fingers' of her wings, and her feet, where the color had a gradient to a slightly brighter orange. Along her body, blue swirls traced her fur, completing her nebular look.

Nord pressed into Renegade, not worried about the addictive musk at all. Renegade, in fact, was the one stifling his breath. "What's going on?" Nordlicht said.

"Some dude's sniffing my jock, he's already super addicted." Renegade said. Nord leaned further over Renegade and peeked around the lockers, seeing Charlie now sat on the floor, hand down his pants, nose still buried into the jock.

"Think we could take him home?" Nordlicht whispered.

"I don't see why not. Stay here for a bit." Renegade stepped forward into view and slowly walked forward toward Charlie, watching for any signs of sudden awareness. But there were none; Charlie was simply too engrossed in the jock to notice anything else.

"Hey." Renegade said. Charlie was pulled out of his state of bliss and had a knee jerk reaction. He threw away the jock onto the floor. A small part of him regretted throwing it away, but he mostly felt ashamed and embarrassed.

"H-hello!" he said as his cheeks burned. He leaned back away from Renegade with an uneasy smile. Renegade held back a smile, hoping to mess with him more.

"Uhhh, hey." Said Renegade. "I was just looking for my jock." He reached down and picked it up, looking confused at Charlie, putting on an act of semi concern. "Were you sniffing it?"

"Yes! Wait, no." Charlie squirmed in his seat and shook his head. "I wasn't." Charlie tried to clear his head from the fog that had taken hold of him. He couldn't stop thinking about that musk.

"Then why did you have it?" asked Renegade. He stepped closer, almost threateningly. Charlie leaned back and stumbled over his words. He was just about to get an answer out when Renegade's musk, the source of his state of bliss, reached his nose again. He took a deep breath in, filling his lungs with that scent once more. His cock jumped to attention; it was the source of the musk, he couldn't fight it anymore.

Charlie leaned forward and pressed his nose against Renegade's crotch, burying his snout into the sweat soaked fabric and nuzzling into the soft bulge.

I gotta stop! This is wrong! Charlie thought as he struggled to stop himself, but that hypnotic musk was mind numbingly strong and addictive. The humid smell stuck to the insides of his nose and almost tickled. With the musk laced sweaty shorts pressed in his nose, and the

throbbing cock growing turgid and erect against his face, Charlie was in another state of bliss. But now he was sniffing the source, and it pulled his mind deeper and deeper into depravity.

Renegade smiled and pushed his hips forward into Charlie's snout, waving Nord over to join them. She walked over with a grin and a tent in her sweats.

"He's cute." She said.

"Yeah. What's your name, buddy?" Renegade asked. Charlie tried to keep tight lipped.

"Ch-charlie." He said softly.

"Hey, Charlie, sniff MY dick." Nordlicht said, gently grabbing Charlie's head and shoving his nose into her own sweat soaked bulge. Charlie was still in a state of bliss as every sniff turned down the volume on the pesky voice of reason in his mind, until it was completely silenced. Nordlicht's musk was a tad stronger than Renegade's, but while it wasn't hypnotic in nature, it was still a source of musk for Charlie and his new musk addiction. However, both Renegade and Nordlicht have learned through trial and error that having a person sniff both of their musk in excess caused a few interesting changes.

Charlie let out an involuntary shudder as the skin underneath his fur felt something like a wave of pleasurable electricity flow through out him. Then, Charlie started to change. It was barely noticeable at first, but Charlie's fur flattened and melted together. The organic texture faded away and a latex sheen replaced it. It started at his nose and, like a wave traveling down his body, spread to his toes. Still under the influence of the pleasurable musk, Charlie didn't notice. In fact, he enjoyed it. With the change of his fur and skin, he felt 'better'. It was hard to explain, but as his nose was rubbed into the herm's groin, he could 'feel' more. In a way, he was just more sensitive.

"There we go, he's changing!" Nord said, gently stroking behind Charlie's ears. He shivered at the touch. "Hey, go look in my bag; I still have all the fun stuff." Nord waved an arm in the direction of her bag. Renegade went to retrieve it. In the few seconds he was gone, Nordlicht had taken off her shirt and was pushing it against Charlie's nose. He accepted it and was sniffing it eagerly.

Renegade tossed the bag at Nordlicht's feet when he returned and said, "I locked the door." Nord reached down, picked up the bag, and sat on the bench next to Charlie to start rifling through it. She pulled out a small box about the size of a cell phone, and then a weird cock sheath. It was bumpy and had odd ridges all over meant for tickling and teasing at the insides of a person for maximum pleasure.

Charlie started to whimper quietly as his body continued to undergo changes. As his body turned to latex, his libido skyrocketed, His cock throbbed and ached for touch and release, and his ass felt empty and needy for a fat dick. Nordlicht kept a watchful eye as Charlie lowered his hand, stroking a few fingers sensually over his chest to savor the feeling of his claws gently dragging along his smooth body. He traced the claws down his belly and over his cock, grabbing

his twitching rod. With a loud gasp, he shot a big glob of pre into the air that splattered against the tiled floor.

“Charlie, no touching.” Nordlicht said, and Charlie reluctantly obeyed, his fingers lingering on his pre oozing cock as long as they could. Nord smiled, the air beginning to reek of a mix of musk, sweat, and a bit of latex. Charlie was nearly finished with his latex conversion. The brown bat fur had melted together to form a pure latex body, shiny and smooth, with an increased sensitivity to any touch. The only thing left to change was his dick. Before that got too far, Nordlicht took the cock sheath, the bumpy ridged alien one. “Charlie, strip and sit on the bench.”

The slave bat stood up, stripped off all of his clothes, and left them on the floor. He sat down on the bench like he was told, staring at Nordlicht with needy eyes. Every command he obeyed he felt closer and closer to getting a reward; he wasn’t even sure what the reward would be, but it felt like he absolutely needed it.

The cosmic bat stepped in front of Charlie and looked down at him with the cock sheath in hand. She crouched down, watching the latex texture begin to wrap around Charlie’s dick.

“Keep still.” She demanded as she gently put the cock sheath on Charlie’s dick. It slid down his cock with ease since it was too big for him. Charlie bucked his hips and moaned out loudly as it teased his cock flesh. She pressed it all the way down to the base of his shaft and waited. It took a few moments, but eventually the latex that was wrapping around his cock began wrapping around the cock sheath too, giving it a shinier and slightly smoother texture. The sex slave bat was in bliss. The cock sheath was merging with his dick; the hollow inside was filled with his dick and latex until there was no way to tell where his cock ended and the cock sheath started.

Nordlicht pulled her hands away to watch the change, and when it was over she gently gripped the textured shaft and squeezed. Charlie bucked his hips, shot a wad of musky pre onto her chest, and whimpered loudly. Nord wiped some of the pre off of her chest and played with it between her fingers. The latex bat pre was different; it was slick and less sticky, and imparted a slightly warm tingling feeling wherever it touched her. It was lube and the latex bat was starting to produce it in copious amounts instead of actual semen.

“Aww, that was your favorite toy.” Renegade said, watching with crossed arms. Nordlicht shrugged and gripped the fat length on Charlie.

“He’s going to be my new favorite toy, right Charlie?” She said.

“Yes!” he said happily, his eyes trained steadily on the two of them as he eagerly waited for more orders. He bucked his hips and thrust into Nordlicht’s hand. He tried to get himself off then and there, but something within him prevented orgasm until he was given permission or was ordered too.

“Here, have some lube. Charlie, cum.” Nordlicht said as she moved to the side and pointed the cock at Renegade. Charlie cried out loudly and it echoed throughout the locker

room. He bucked his hips once, and it was enough to get his cock to shoot out a thick rope of slick lube like jizz that sprayed in a huge arc onto Renegade. The first rope of goopy jizz-lube hit his face, but brought his arm over his head and used the back of his wing to take the brunt of the next few ropes of cum-lube.

"You dickhead!" Renegade said as he stepped out of the way. But as he expected, Nordlicht just adjusted the cock so that Charlie would continue to spurt all over Renegade. It wasn't long until Charlie was finished, but even after the intense orgasm he was still erect and ready to spurt; a part of his transformation into a living sex toy. Renegade flicked his arm-wings to get most of the lube off, then grabbed a towel to wipe away the rest of it.

"Hey, you still have those piercings?" Renegade asked as he wiped away the cum lube. Nordlicht nodded and picked up the tiny box, about the size of a cell phone. She opened it up and picked out three piercings, two barbell piercings and one Prince Albert. "Good, I wanna do the cock, you can get his nipples." Nordlicht handed over the Prince Albert, and then looked down at Charlie.

"Okay Charlie, get on the bench and lay on your back." Nordlicht said. Charlie nodded happily and did what he was told, laying on the locker room bench. Then, Nordlicht straddled the bench just above Charlie's head and scooted closer until her sweaty bulge pressed against Charlie's head. Charlie tilted his head back, buried his nose underneath the sizable bulge, and began sniffing and sucking in the addictive, spicy musk as fast as he could. It was heavenly, or maybe hellish, but in a good way.

With the hot and humid junk distracting the sex toy, Nordlicht leaned forward and gently placed her hands on the rubbery bat chest. She tweaked and pulled gently on the smooth nipples to gently stretch them out. Renegade sat at the other end and took Charlie's dick in one hand, and the Prince Albert in the other with one ball tip taken off, ready to pierce.

Renegade guided the uncapped end to Charlie's lubed up cum slit and pushed the tip down. Renegade was treated to a face full of pre cum, but he managed to firmly push the end through the bottom of Charlie's rubber dick. It went through easy, and the hole sealed itself around the piercing quickly. After screwing the cap on, creating the twin balled tips of a Prince Albert, Charlie bucked his hips and let out a whimpering cry into Nordlicht's cock bulge. Charlie felt no pain.

"Calm down, Charlie. Almost done." Nordlicht waited until Charlie's breathing evened out and his squirming stopped before grabbing the two barbells and unscrewing one side for each piercing. Then, Nord pierced each nipple with ease, pushing the ends through Charlie's nipples one by one, the rubber quickly sealing up around the metal as she screwed the caps back on.

"Ahhhhh! Fuck!" Charlie cried out, bucking his hips in a desperate attempt to get off. His hands twitched and acted like they were trying to move to his cock, but were strapped down. They were twitching and writhing in place as he oh so wanted to touch himself, but was unable to disobey orders. Nordlicht could feel Charlie's warm breath blow against her bulge.

Nordlicht gently kneaded Charlie's chest. "How do you like your new piercings, they feel great huh?" She said.

"Yes! I-I...nnghhhfuck...I need to fuck." Charlie moaned breathlessly into her bulge. His back arched and he thrashed against restraints that only existed within his mind.

"Ren, could you get the lube out of my bag? I think its time we break in our little toy." Nordlicht cooed softly.

"Yeah!" Renegade reached into his duffel bag and pulled out a bottle of special lube, specifically for rubber toys to stretch them out a bit and make the toys nice and tender. Of course, the two of them bought it for their *very special* rubber toys. "You get his mouth, I want his ass." Renegade said. He gently pat Charlie's hip. "C'mon, musk slut, get on your hands on knees. On the floor!"

Charlie jerked his nose out of Nordlicht's bulge and quickly rolled over his side to drop onto the floor. With his rubber body, the fall didn't hurt and the tiled floor wasn't uncomfortable to rest his knees and hands on. But the other two bats undressed and grabbed a few towels nearby. They used a mix of their clothes and the towels to act as cushions for their knees. Charlie's short tail was raised as high as it would go as his ass eagerly waited for a dick, and his mouth drooled at the idea of sucking on Nordlicht's musky, sweaty, cock.

Renegade knelt behind Charlie and planted his hands on the rubber butt, grasping at the twin brown rubbery cheeks. He pressed his thumbs gently into the crack and sunk his fingers into the rubbery flesh to spread them. He got a good look at the toy-bat's asshole, nice and tight. One thumb gently prodded at the flesh; it felt firm, dry, and unused, like any new toy. He left one hand on Charlie's ass as the other grabbed the bottle. After popping open the cap with a thumb, he pulled back the left cheek and the right hand gently poured the lube at the base of Charlie's tail, and let it drip and ooze down the ass crack. Once he felt like he got a liberal amount of lube on it, Renegade pushed the cap closed and then pushed his thumbs between Charlie's cheeks again to spread the lube. He got really firm with it, his thumbs slowly rolling in little circles, working it into the rubber. It wasn't long before Renegade had to push against the toy's sensitive asshole. Without hesitating, he pushed both thumbs, now soaked with the goop, in.

Charlie gasped out loudly and arched his back, his toes and fingers clenching in sheer pleasure. It was a similar feeling to getting a nice savory bite of food after waiting for it, while basking in its smell. But it was only a bite, and he craved more. The sex-toy bat tried to push back, but Nordlicht was already kneeling at his head. She gently cradled his head in her paws and pulled back, forcing him forward and away from Renegade's prodding thumbs. But that didn't stop Renegade from pushing his two thumbs deeper into the tight asshole to knead the special lube inside. The bat-toy's butt became easily malleable and not as resistant to force, soft and tender.

“Perfect. I think I’m ready back here.” Said Renegade. He got into position, bringing himself closer to Charlie’s ass, his dick gently bouncing in time with his heart beat. “Hey, Charlie. Suck Nord’s dick.”

“Yes!” Charlie said. He gasped out loudly and pushed through Nordlicht’s hands and towards her dick. He opened his mouth wide and plunged her dick down his muzzle and throat without hesitating. His nose bumped into her crotch and the tip of her dick pushed down his throat. Nordlicht gasped. Her toes and fingers clenched as the sudden warmth of special lube like drool and the bumpy ridges of his rubber teeth and mouth wrapped around her cock. She bucked her hips, grabbed the sides of Charlie’s head, and pressed Charlie’s canine like nose against her fuzzy groin to sniff at her musk.

It was an intense musk too, spicy and nearly burning at Charlie’s nostrils. But he didn’t care; it was alluring and satisfied his addictive need for the strong smell. He inhaled deeply through his nose before the cock pushed too far down his throat for him to breathe.

Nord said, “Oh fuck, his mouth is already feelin’ good!” With her hands firmly holding his head, she slowly pulled out, letting him get another few deep sniffs of her musk, before she slowly pushed back in. The inner ridges of his mouth and the added small rubber bumps teased at her cock, while the sex-bat-toy’s lips pursed against her throbbing meat. She worked up a slow thrust and felt her cock slip down Charlie’s throat and his nose bump against her groin with each thrust forward.

Meanwhile, Renegade was kneading Charlie’s ass cheeks with his fingers, watching Nordlicht get a nice rubbery blow job from a lube drooling maw. But not wanting to be left out, he scooted forward enough to gently press the tip of his own bumpy cock against the needy rubber asshole. Nordlicht kept a good hold on Charlie’s head so that he couldn’t push back with his ass, and that gave Renegade full control. The lube definitely helped as Renegade slowly pushed his dick in. The rubber anus stretched easily around his cock, but squeezed firmly enough to still be a nice snug fit. He grabbed Charlie’s haunches and pushed himself all the way in with a wet schhlick. The inside of Charlie’s ass was also ridged and textured as a part of his transformation into a sex toy.

What made Charlie’s ass different than just a regular sex toy was Charlie clenching his ass around Renegade’s cock. The sex-bat happily began milking Renegade’s dick. While it was Charlie’s first dick up his ass and the first dick he’s ever sucked, the hypnotizing musk from Renegade was enough to make it seem like Charlie was an expert at doing both.

Both Renegade and Nordlicht worked together to spit roast their new sex-toy properly. When one pushed in, the other pulled out to create a ping pong like rhythm back and forth between the two. Both Renegade and Nordlicht were in bliss, but Charlie was doubly so.

Gone were the thoughts of a normal bat, and replaced with a sex starved, depraved slutty sex toy. He only thought of musk and pleasing his masters, whether that be sucking dick, taking it up his ass, doing their chores, or being ridden like a dildo, it all gave him a sense of satisfaction to obey. So right now he was pleasing both at the same time, and that was

heavenly. He closed his eyes, each breath he was able to take was laced with the strong stench of Nord's sweaty musk, the taste of her dick and pre sliding along his tongue and then down his throat. The snug cock filled his ass and he clenched, unclenched, milking the cock for his masters seed. He lost track of time, it wasn't important, so he didn't care.

Nordlicht and Renegade lovingly, but firmly fucked their new toy, breaking him in with the slick squelching of their dicks sliding in and out of the rubbery bat. Once they felt ready, they looked at each other, nodding in mutual understanding. They sped up their thrusts, the wet schlicks getting louder. Then, with a powerful thrust from both of them, they buried their cocks as deep as they could, and came.

Charlie shuddered as the two cocks shot their thick splodge into him. By instinct, Charlie clenched his tailhole tightly around the base of Ren's dick, and kept his lips pursed tightly around the base of Nord's as he swallowed her load; he didn't want to upset his masters by losing a drop of their seed.

Unfortunately, Charlie couldn't shoot his own load by himself. He would have been left on edge, but Nordlicht was kind enough to reward the rubber slave bat with an orgasm, "Cum, m-musk slut!" she panted through her own moaning. Charlie's cock immediately shot his cum-lube all over the tiled floor, splattering loudly and accompanied by eager gulping.

The three soaked in their orgasmic bliss until they finished their respective orgasms. Nordlicht and Renegade's cocks softened slowly within the rubber bat, but Charlie's cock kept its rock hard rigidity. Renegade and Nordlicht slowly pulled their cocks out with a wet 'plop'. Charlie's ass tightened back up immediately, ready for another dicking, while Charlie quickly pressed his nose against Nordlicht's balls to start inhaling her scent again. They savored the moment as long as they could, until there was a clattering at the entrance of the locker room. Someone just tried to open the door and failed.

"We should get out of here before people really need to get into the locker room." Renegade said.