

**Build Type:** Amazonian/ Heavily Voluptuous

**Extremities:** Heavy Chested, Anus Puckered/Puffy/Pliable

**Sexual Fluid Output:** Excessive

**Pheromone/Hormone Levels:** Excessive (Warning, high-level tolerance only)

**Body Hair:** Fluffy

**Personality:** Nympho, Exceedingly Friendly, Depraved, Inviting (WARNING, UNSTABLE COMBINATION)

**Behavior:** Aggressive, Perverse, Insatiable (WARNING, MAY CAUSE USER FAILURE)

**Genital Set:** Masculine, Sheathed, Hyper

### **Warning!**

***The following character you are about to create has massive flaws that will make your run of this game incredibly difficult! The unstable nature of their behavior has not yet been tested and may lead to single option character interactions that can seriously limit the scope of your run through.***

***Do you wish to advance...? [Y/N]***

William sat back in his chair for a moment. How long had he been face deep in his monitor for? Were it not for the sudden emergence of the red text before him now, who knows how much longer he would have went without blinking! Adjusting his glasses the opossum at first, denied his completion of his character, wanting to give it one more glance over before he started. "The models in this game are so damn good...how do they even account for all these different body types? There's no clipping at all and the jiggle physics are just so damn smooth and life like..."

The opossum had played plenty of these lewd, adventure style hentai games before but none of them came close to this level of polish. Hell, the fact that it was in 3-D alone showed that it had more promise than anything he'd played hands down! But what really just held him down was the fact that he could play as renamon. Will was utterly infatuated with the digital vixen. So much so that he had a stationary bust of the fox sitting on his desk with a slot for his pens to reside in...well...her bust! So when he discovered a game that promised to fulfill some of

his incredibly specific and heavily sought after fetishes with a fully customizable renamon, he wanted to make sure it lived up to expectations.

“Alright, makes no sense to try and figure out a meta for a game that’s really just for fapping. At least, not for tonight’s run.” Doubling back to finalizing his character prompted the same message. “I mean, what’s the worst that could happen? Not like this is gonna have any sort of real world consequences or anything like that.” And with a shrug, Will unwittingly threw himself into the deep end.

### ***Initializing...Renamon...***

“Ah damn...should probably get some water before I start this up. Who knows how long it’ll be before I get to the good stuff...” Checking the screen told Will he had plenty of time to get up and walk away. With only 12% of that finalization done, he figured he might as well grab a snack too while he was at it. Even after leaving the room everything seemed to be going just fine. Slow, but progression nonetheless.

However as Will returned to his room with a bottle of water in one hand and a bag of chips in the other, he quickly discovered how fast progression could be dashed away. “Holy fuck are you kidding me?!” His monitor was solid blue, throwing him into a swift panic. Was it just a disc error? Did the game make it crash? He frantically clicked around with his mouse, slamming every appropriate key he could think of before realizing that the screen was completely blue. No error text to be found.

“Maybe it’s still going...?” He thought before getting pleasantly surprised by the progress bar popping up and nearing 100%.

### ***Materializing Renamon...***

A message that didn’t mean much to Will at all. He simply just pulled out his chair and waited in front of his monitor ready to give this game a go. Then, his screen seemingly went

dark. "What...?" He clicked around again, tapping spacebar a few times before letting out a heavy groan. "Seriously? Talk about blue balls..." He checked under his desk to see if maybe his tower just conked out on him. "Nope...still running." As he pulled his head back up to check his monitor however, the opossum nearly flew out of his chair as a pair of bright, piercing blue eyes started back at him from the other side.

"GAH FUCK...!" He clutched at his chest only to start snickering once he argued that it was all part of the game. "Didn't think they'd be doing jumpscares in an e-hentai game but okay! Whatever floats their bo-" A heavy hand slamming down on top of his desk shut him up immediately. His eyes wide, face frozen with a fear twisted smile as he glanced over to see the purple sleeved forearm and white paw extending from his monitor. "W-what..."

***W H U D !***

Toppling right onto his ass, as that second arm burst through from his monitor, Will could only stare on in disbelief. This wasn't...actually happening was it? He must have been asleep, crashed out on top of his monitor and having a boner fueled nightmare or something right? He shifted to his knees, peeking up only to see those telltale paws of a renamon gripping onto the edge of his desk. He attempted to get a closer look, only to make an unintelligible string of noises as her muzzle started to emerge from the pitch black screen. "Oh sweet fuck..."

As she pulled her head from beyond that datascape she took her first breath of real tangible air. An excited, breathy sigh that nearly came off as an orgasmic shudder. Even more so as the real struggle began. Will could only watch on in silent disbelief as his desk was pulled flushed up against the wall with a thump. The Renamon seemingly using it for leverage as she squeezed her shoulders through his monitor. "Come on girls...you can do it." Her voice ached as though she'd been left untouched, unsatiated for far too long and had long been burning with desire.

Made so much worse by the act of squeezing that incredible bust of hers through his monitor. Had he been watching, William could see all the soft, shapely but utterly pillow like flesh bulge and push out into the open air before spilling over and knocking his keyboard straight off the desk. A chill dashed up and down his spine as Renamon groaned out. Her voice was so low...so warm and in the right applications could lure anyone in with just a few sweet words. But there was that insatiable burn that crept in from behind that made his body tremble as though he were in danger.

It had all the allure of a car crash however. Even more so as his monitor started to smoke as it was bent, warped and cracked by the vixens awe inducing form. He couldn't tear his eyes from the scene even though he felt compelled to at least scramble to the door. But he just sat there and watched. Watched as she squeezed her hips through the busted frame of his monitor like she was wiggling herself out of a pair of severely ill fitting jeans. He swore he actually watched her thighs and ass expand just a little further out after they initially wobbled out into this reality. Another heavy thud coupled with the sound of his keyboard finally cracking in twain as Renamon's heavy sack came crashing down on top of it.

"Almost there...**Tamer.**" Her voice locked William in place. It was terrifying. The way her insatiable hunger for lust just *oozed* over her voice like that. He felt just as threatened as he was almost ashamedly turned on.

***Initialization Complete...Enjoy.***

She towered over him. Even if he were to stand up he'd only meet her crotch level at best. Renamon was just barely able to stand up straight, the very tips of her ears brushing and coaxed up against the ceiling. She was bigger than he could have expected...and in truth she was bigger than the "game" had planned. "I have to say...you have quite a few salacious filed

tucked away in your **hard drive**. Hope you don't mind me cleaning them out...I thought you might like me with a little extra data. Mmmmph, personalized at all."

Porn. She was talking porn. Every piece of NSFW art and fiction was now coursing through the very being that stood in front of him. It was no wonder why her voice had such a strong grip on his psyche, why she was so bottom heavy...and why the room was starting to feel more and more mired by the second.

Looking over her with a bit more focus he could see the beads of sweat running down her curvaceous figure. Following one heavy bead in particular as it rolled down the contours of her waist and following the long ride over the swell of her hips. He breathed in, and immediately felt the atmospheric impact Renamon had on his reality already. The air was growing denser, more humid and carried scent that was growing more potent by the second.

***Pheromone/Hormone Levels: Excessive (Warning, high-level tolerance only)***

It was a fetish he had yes, but not one he had a whole lot of practice in. Which made the growing tide of intense pheromones all the more effective in wearing down his apprehensions. "You...t-this can't be happening. I was just...it was supposed to be just a game..." He struggled to find the proper words. Taking deeper, more ragged breaths as his body was starting to react. Slowly at first, but the fire was starting to creep over him. Making him tingle and agitated. Like he wanted to tear out of his clothes and lunge at the monstrous woman in front of him. Luckily for him, Renamon was already a step ahead.

She pounced. The room shook with the soft, but tremendous weight of the vixen as she pinned the opossum down onto his back and hovered over him. Will's brain stopped functioning. He could feel her sweat soaking right through his clothes as his body was smothered by her unreasonably supple form. There was still some part of his brain begging for some sort of self control, to wrench away and squirm back towards the door and just...get the hell out of his

apartment. But he just couldn't take his eyes off Renamon. A rookie mistake if one could call it that.

Renamon just smiled at him. A warm and inviting smoulder that would prove to be her most effective attribute. It was a lure, one that eased Will to drop his guard and just smile back at her. But the moment he did, she was on his lips. A ravenous kiss that saw the opossum struggle wild underneath the fox as her tongue slithered past his lips and immediately began to wrestle with his own.

The ferocity, the way her saliva coated the inside of his mouth as she ravaged her way towards the back of his throat! He struggled for as long as he could but as he huffed and puffed against her lips, he discovered the unfortunate truth of his bodacious abomination. Even her saliva was aimed at turning him docile. *"Her saliva...it's...it's full of her..."* Pheromones. He could feel the warmth trickling down his esophagus. Spreading through him like a blaze ripping through dry brush.

Renamon eased back, pulling herself away from his lips for just a moment but Will almost immediately lunged forward for another swift embrace. Pulling up off the floor and chasing after her only to be thrown into an even heavier tongue wrestling session that made his eyes roll. He couldn't fight these urges. Even if he wanted to, desperately fought to keep himself check there was nothing stopping those lust drunk moans from buzzing around in his throat. He lost. It was game over already and he could tell that Renamon had just barely started with him. By the time Renamon finally pulled her lips away and let the saliva string out between their panting maws, Will didn't have an ounce of fight left in him.

He still struggled to accept the reality of the situation but this level of intoxication made him susceptible to anything Renamon was after. She could see that in his eyes. The confused but ultimately desperate for more gaze he laid upon her told her she had him right where she

wanted. She dragged him up on the floor and eased him onto his bed, "That a boy...but your kissing works. Luckily for you, I've got the perfect thing for you to practice with."

Will was still trying to piece together some semblance of an intelligent thought as his head was still swimming in that corrupt batch of vapors. Shaking his head, trying to focus his gaze he let out a drunken, "Wha...?" Before tilting up. He didn't meet her gaze again though, thinking they were just going to keep swapping spit. However he was granted just a few seconds to stare at the utter immense half moon globes that wobbled on the vixen's rear end before he was granted nothing but darkness. Warm, aromatic, sweat soaked darkness that enveloped his head from every angle.

His arms immediately shot up and gripped into more of the same. While there was plenty of muscle underneath, Will just couldn't get over the softness that his fingers were just sinking into beneath her fur. No pillow on the planet could come close to this level of plush comfort...but his mind was far more preoccupied at the moment. Twitching, right up against the tip of his muzzle and practically threatening so swallow it was something he'd desperately wanted to sink into for months now. Hell he had a whole folder specifically dedicated to this, donuts, and renamon's was the right kind of puffy, pliable and slightly gaped, ring of flesh he'd been terrifyingly obsessed with.

Will breathed in deeply, as his lungs expanded his back arched, rising off the bed before he collapsed back down and revealed in the lust inducing high he just couldn't get enough of. Not needing more than that slow grind against his face from the vixen, Will immediately brought his tongue out and just went for it. It was clumsy at first, the sheer amount of excited slobbering he did to the outer ridge of that donut would have made one question if he didn't have a little bit of canine in his blood. But as he dipped and teased himself with the intense flavor that lurked

within that gentle gape, Will moved inwards. Coaxing the inner ridge to give way, expand just a tad more before he started flicking his surprisingly broad tongue at the widening gap.

“Oooh that’s it...just a little more and you-Hnnnrf~♥!” Before he could even finish teasing him, his tongue slipped in. All the way in. His lips cupping and nipping at the outer ridge of his puckered rim whilst his tongue squirmed right through those dense walls of padded flesh. “Oooh someone is more of a fiend than they let on~! Aaaahn, what a tongue you have on you!” Despite his size, it looked like Will was still able to dig in deep. Sliding and grinding his tongue against her sweet spots here and there before landing directly on that button with well placed slap of his tongue.

His eyes widened as he felt those walls come clamping down around his tongue as those cheeks pressed him deeper and deeper into his mattress. Did that stop him in the slightest? With his musk warped brain taking anything and everything as a compliment it compelled him that much further. Fingers deeply kneading thigh flesh, feet firmly planted into his mattress for support. A few swift breathes of her sweat laced aroma just to further psyche himself up before he pulled his head down into the mattress to adjust his angle...and then?

### ***S c h l o o o r p***

He was in. Forehead kissing that stretched puckered rim as he delved in muzzle deep. As if the poor boy didn’t already have his brain scrambled enough and his senses turned to absolute mush. Now? Now he was in the thick of it. An inescapable den of dense, wet pheromones heated to an almost sweltering degree. It was so hard to breathe with those walls clenching, writhing all over his muzzle as Renamon seemed hell bent on grinding his head into a fine paste. But he didn’t care. His sense of shame and self preservation completely thrown out the window as he nudged his way in until he could relentlessly, ravenously, unabashedly slobber down on her prostate with all the gusto he had. His groans of intoxication turned his tongue into



a buzzle of sorts. His voice trembling through the fleshy pink appendage as it lashed out much to the vixen's delight.

"Yes...yes...**yes~!**" The bed creaking under her immense weight. William's grip tightening, raking through her fur as he struggled to keep his hole of her heavy, sweat soaked thighs. When she wasn't visibly riding the poor lad's muzzle, she was sinking him in a deep as she could get it. Sinking down slow, squeezing him, positioning that tongue just right to it really **pressed** into her hot button before her hips jolted into action again!

Renamon howled in lust, almost snarling as her body was just buzzing with desire. Craving, wanting, demanding more! She paused for just a moment, coming down on William's face just admire she'd already made of his living space. All that bouncing wasn't just making her cheeks wobble after all. The hard, aching shaft between her legs was doing the same. Swinging, swaying this way and that and thanks for William's careless modifying, absolutely spewing precum about the room like a busted firehose! Streaks of it everywhere! The floor, his walls...it was a good thing he invested in that waterproof tower because it was utterly soaked in the heavy pre-orgasmic slime.

The vixen steadied herself. Wrapping a paw around the base of her shaft and nearly doubled in as though wrought with pain. So sensitive, desperate to burst and she could have done it right there and then...but she had other ideas. "Nrrrrf...oh...Tamer dear...do me a favor?"

Her words barely reached the opossum's ears. Hell thanks to all this mind melting indulgence it felt like his brain was nothing but mush trying to leak out of them. The sudden rush of cold air was almost painfully sobering as Renamon got up from her throne. William almost desperately reaching out for her before coming to his senses a tad. Any longer under there he'd have probably pass out...or worse. He took a deep breath, trying to steady himself before tilting his head back to look up at Renamon. However his vision was quickly obscured.

The vixen unceremoniously dropped her shaft on top of William with a bit of a thud. The sheer weight of it alone was enough to make his face run hot but the fact that it was just **slathered** in the heady scented lubricant oozing from it's tip made him melt submissively into the mattress. Before he could even ask she had her hands on his shoulders, dragging him a little bit across the mattress until his head was hanging off the edge.

William felt his heart sink. He knew where this was going and it absolutely filled him with dread no doubt but...there was a bigger part of him that was bouncing off the walls with excitement. The positioning, the heavy throbbing cock grinding slowly against his chest and the dense ropes of precum that were soaking his own aching tent; all of it completely drowned out the sheer insanity of what she was about to ask of him.

"Help a girl out and **open wide.**" The vixen requested. She couldn't help but notice the way William shuddered, the opossum's tail swiftly coiling around his ankle as though to steady himself and steel his nerves! She heard him gulp before a tender hand slid up and gave her cock a slow but intentful stroke.

"O...okay." He gulped hard. His was absolutely salivating over that slab of pure vulpine arousal as it shifted over his head. He watched as Renamon's face came into view, shooting him a thankful but cheeky wink before her hand brought that girth heavy erection down to meet his lips. Again his heart jumped. The sheer size of the tip alone should have told him to turn back...but she was hosing him down all the while he struggled with himself. Getting drenched in the titular vixen's pre-seed and before long the want to feel those shots splatter against the back of his throat took over.

He opened wide, gripping the bed sheets and shut his eyes. It was a warm, shy but oh so tantalizing invitation...one that she took with glee. His eyes shot open as that bulbous tip landed between his lips and stuffed his mouth in a matter of seconds. Before he could even

react there was hand resting on his throat. Not a strong grip meant to add any pressure but just to keep his steady as Renamon was just going to go for it! A hell of a time to discover just how little of a gag reflex he had. Luckily, Renamon didn't seem like she was in too much of a hurry, but that didn't mask her enthusiasm in the slightest.

Her hips continued to press forward, even as a struggled moan bubbled up from William's throat she kept on sliding in. Feeding him one inch at a time and utterly loving every second of it. "It's so hot and tight...I never thought...anything could feel this good~!" She had stars in her eyes as she felt her cock bulge through his throat right underneath her palm. "That's it...just keep relaxing just like that and I'll be done in no time~" She assured him but she was struggling in keeping that word.

Feeling her shaft being embraced by those muscles as they swallowed around her sent her hips into a twitching frenzy. Having to clench up and tighten those muscles with every rush that coursed through her as she knew letting even one of those go would have had made her throw all restraint out the window. "Almost...almost..." Her eyes were wide as she watched his lips approach the soft, silky thicket of fur over the root of her cock. It felt like time was at a near standstill as she really had to push to make sure William swallowed every last inch.

William was in a world of pleasure and discomfort he never knew was possible! There was just so much fox cock throbbing inside of him. The heat radiating off her flesh made it feel like he was melting around her but more than anything it was the heavy, near gut churning surges of precum that made his usually lithe belly swell with each shot. Suffocating seemed like it was the last of his problems as the impending flood growing in his gut was filling him with far more concern and yet...

"Mmmmmph...mmm...aaarrgllllrrrk!" He reached out, wrapping his arms around Renamon's waist and pulled her forward until his face was resting up against her sack! His eyes

rattled about inside of his head. Oh god could he feel that mass just aching to blow inside of him. His body shaking in time with each of her heavy throbs that sent her shaft lurching away. William thought that was going to it, that he just needed to fully swallow her length to make her finally go off like the time bomb she was. Then...he felt the bed shift. Her body adjusting on top of him. Back arching, legs spreading, hips shaking. She...she wasn't going to...?

***P L A P !***

***Hrrrgblblbrrrgle?!***

***P L A P ! P L A P ! P L A P !***

It felt like he was being slammed into by a linebacker. Those slow wings of her hips rattled him from head to toe and shook whatever sense of self he had left out of him. Even with a repressed gag reflex he couldn't help but grunt with every deep plunge she made! Over half a foot...maybe more? He couldn't make sense of just how much cock she was slamming in and out of his guts. Especially once she really started to get into it!

"Oooh Tamer~! I never thought...you'd take such good care of me! Mmmph you'll need to treat me like this everyday, you know! I hope you're...aaaahn...ready for the responsibility~!" The very aspect of having her own boytoy like this was enough to send her into a frenzy...but hearing his gargled moans on top of that while she ravaged his throat? Oh she couldn't keep that steady pace for long! She smothered his body down against the mattress, effectively smothering the poor lad as she railed into him like she was trying to mate! The sounds of hot, sloppy flesh colliding together, clapping and squelching through the air was so sharp, so viscous and loud that the building across the street had to know what was going on!

Everything was starting to blur. William had been forced up against those sweat soaked orbs so many times he'd forgotten what anything other than the scent of the vixen's virility smelled like! Drool and precum were starting to ooze down the sides of his face, a heavy froth

collecting at the corners of his lips from the sheer intensity of her hip work. She was throbbing harder, faster, the sensation so powerful it felt like a bass drum going off in his esophagus! And then...she stopped just a moment. The pause so jarring it almost made him think that he'd just passed out with his face buried deep in her nuts. And then, the howl before the storm.

***“OH YES~!”***

The pause should have been a big, blaring clue for him to brace for the worst. But he was too overwhelmed to think about it before it was too late. Her hips drew back, probably about half of her shaft gliding free from his throat before it all came plunging in. His eyes wide as dinner plates, fingers tightly squeezing into her ass before he felt the first of many eruptions. It was like a cannonball of thick, hot tar was sent barreling down into his stomach. Hell he swore he could feel that load surging through the underbelly of her shaft before it erupted inside of him! His stomach immediately lost any shape other than round. Stretching, swelling immediately with each batch of files she “dumped into his recycling bin”.

A glutton he might have been but even he had his limits. Two shots was already enough to make him feel like he was about to burst and chugging her precum that entire time really didn't leave him with much room to begin with! He tried to alert her, doing what he can to get her attention with a swift spank to her thigh but that just made her buck! He gagged, trying so hard to keep it down but she just kept cumming and cumming! Again, he reeled his hand back and went for another swift open palm smack, this tight landing right on one of those heavy yellow mounds behind him. A truly poor choice.

The vixen just felt encouraged to keep going. Her hips battering forward and stirring up the already thick mixture into this bubbly, oozing mess that she dragged up with every swift and clumsy impact! William just couldn't hold it back anymore and with a messy gurgle and a soggy belch saw to it that Renamons' crotch and William's face was absolutely drenched in her seed.

The symphony now taking a much sloppier, messier turn with every gurgling groan and slimy impact that followed for nearly a full minute.

“Ah...ah...” Renamon huffed, taking a deep breath before standing up to see her absolutely ravaged “tamer” still awake and twitching between her thighs. Belly swollen, a notable soaked streak running down the inner left leg of his jeans. A successful introduction to their partnership if she had to give her honest opinion. Walking back slowly with a hand on his shoulder she dislodged herself from his gullet. Making sure to not go too quickly lest, William lose all that waterweight he so diligently struggled through to put on. “There we go...you okay sweetie?”

William cupped his lips. Plenty of her load oozing up out of his throat as he could barely find the strength to swallow let alone respond. He moved over onto his side, slowly pulling himself up and taking a few seconds to catch his breath...and swallow. “G-guh...” He muttered. Face riddled with sweat, saliva and thick vixen seed that was even trickling out of his nostrils. “I...I think I need a shower...guuurf.” He sat down at the edge of the bed. That soggy little belch enough to nearly make him spill her load that sloshed so damn heavily in his stomach. “I...I look like I’m pregnant...w-with like two litters!” He groaned, propping himself up with one arm as the other cupped the bottom swell of his belly.

“Oh don’t be silly! I’m sure there’s no way that could ever happen...”

“Y-yeah I know but still did ya have to stuff me like a pi-”

“I mean...I’m pretty sure at least.”

“...w-what?”

“Oh nothing it’s just...I mean we aren’t 100% right? There’s...there’s always the possibility that it could just take a few tries...!”

“A-ah Renamon hold on a sec! Y-you **just** pumped enough cum in me to supply a sperm bank with enough samples twice over! L-let's just...y-you know take a break? R-Rena...?!” As he spoke he watched the vixen's shaft rise back to the occasion. As if it wasn't spent at all...in fact she seemed harder than she ever was before!

“Aren't you curious Tamer...just think of the possibilities! And even if it doesn't work we'll have fun figuring that out, won't we?!”

“R-Renamon w-wait...l...o-oh boy...”