

There existed a sanctuary for Holland, a quiet and submissive succubun who found solace in the most unexpected of places—the gachapon room at the back of Harlequin Romance, owned by his sexy and sweet domme, Harley.

Harlequin Romance was more than just an adult store; it was a haven where desires were explored and fantasies fulfilled. Tucked away from the main showroom, hidden behind a discreet door adorned with a subtle "Employees Only" sign, lay Holland's favorite retreat to ever exist in all of Burrowgatory. The gachapon room was a whimsical chamber filled with rows upon rows of colorful machines, each adorned with playful stickers and flashing lights that beckoned Holland most of all with promises of small, delightful treasures.

For Holland, this room was more than just a collection of vending machines; it was a haven of peace and relaxation. After intense sessions of kink and submission with Harley, where he eagerly fulfilled her every command, the gachapon room offered him a tranquil respite. Here, he could unwind amidst the soft hum of the machines and the gentle clinks of coins dropping into their slots.

On a quiet evening, after a particularly exhilarating session with Harley, Holland found himself standing in front of his favorite machine—a vibrant pink contraption adorned with tiny hearts and stars. He inserted a carat into the machine slot with delicate fingers, watching as it clinked and spun inside the machine before releasing a small, plastic capsule into the tray below.

The thrill of anticipation tingled through him as he picked up the capsule, his heart racing with childlike excitement. Carefully, he twisted it open, revealing a tiny figurine of an imp with oversized eyes. It looked to be one of the ones Quince sold at Pedigree Pets, though he couldn't quite remember the—oh! Floracoon?

That must be it! It was yellow and pink with a fluffy tail that was actually fluffy on the toy when he touched it. When had they gotten these in...?

Holland smiled softly, admiring the craftsmanship and the care that went into the toy. To him, each capsule held a small piece of joy for him, that offered respite after intense kink sessions!

As he stood there, surrounded by the rows of gachapon machines, including the famed Underwear Gacha, Holland felt a sense of calm wash over him. This

room was his sanctuary, a place where he could be himself without reservation or judgment and recuperate all the while. It was perfect.

“Hey there, sweetie,” a cheerful voice broke through the silence, and Holland turned to see Harley leaning against the doorway, her gaze affectionate and playful.

She looked beautiful as ever. Holland flushed happily. This room—the gachapon room—only got better when he was joined by his girlfriend and domme.

Harley, with her peppy demeanor and commanding presence, was the perfect counterbalance to Holland’s quiet submission. She wore a mischievous smile as she approached, her heels clicking softly against the tiled floor. Harley knew just how to tease and please Holland, pushing his boundaries with gentle insistence and rewarding his obedience with tender care.

Holland’s heart skipped a beat as he met Harley’s gaze, his eyes conveying the gratitude and adoration he couldn’t voice aloud, his mouth always occupied by the gag she lovingly placed on him during their sessions. Instead, he expressed himself through subtle gestures and the softness of his gaze.

Harley reached out, brushing a lock of hair away from Holland’s face with delicate fingers. “Finding something good in there?” she asked, nodding towards the figurine in his hand.

Holland nodded eagerly, a smile (or—however much Holland could manage to smile) spreading across his face as he held up the tiny creature for Harley to see; the Floracoon. His eyes shimmered with happiness, reflecting the warm glow of the gachapon room around them.

“It’s adorable,” Harley commented, her tone filled with genuine affection. She leaned in closer, her presence a comforting warmth against Holland’s side. “You always find the cutest things in these machines! I got a little imp gacha imported. You like?”

Holland nodded and blushed faintly, a gesture not lost on Harley as she chuckled softly. She understood Holland’s quiet nature and appreciated the depth of his submission. In the gachapon room, surrounded by these simple pleasures, she saw the joy and contentment that filled his heart—a testament to their intimate connection and the trust they shared.

“Let’s get you cleaned up,” Harley murmured, guiding Holland towards a nearby sink where she could remove his gag and clean him gently. She spoke softly to him, her words a soothing balm after their intense play.

Holland leaned into her touch, his gaze never leaving hers as she cared for him with meticulous tenderness. He felt safe and cherished in her presence, knowing that she saw beyond his quiet demeanor to the depths of his devotion.

As Harley finished cleaning him up, even patting off his ears, she leaned down and pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead. “You’re my good boy, Holland,” she whispered, her voice a soft affirmation of their bond. “And I’m glad you like the new machines. I think you’ll like... something else, too,” Harley teased, grinning widely.

Holland’s eyes sparkled with unspoken gratitude as he nuzzled into her touch, his heart overflowing with love for the woman who understood him like no other.

“...I’m excited,” Holland whispered.

“You better be, cutie,” Harley whispered back, placing the gag back into his mouth. “And you can come back here to collect yourself whenever you’d like. That’s what this room’s for.”

Holland smiled. “Yeah.”

In the quiet intimacy of the gachapon room, surrounded by the whimsical treasures and the gentle hum of the machines, Holland knew that he had found his place—a sanctuary where he could be himself, cherished and adored by Harley, who was not only his domme, but the bun who understood him most.

And as they stood there together, the world outside faded away, leaving only the sound of the gachapon machines stirring softly.