

Dr. Momoko Ono's ride had not been a gentle one, trussed roughly in the trunk of the car. Her short stature at least gave her more wiggle room than most and the marten woman had managed to get her arms in front of her instead of bound behind, for the fraction of comfort that gave her.

Her clothing was roughed up by the trip as well as sporting an irksome stain down one sleeve, caused by some oil or grease that hadn't been cleaned from the vehicle's storage. The car had stopped though and soon sound and light focused around her as the lined metal cover was drawn upward. She could have torn the tape off her lips while she lay there and maybe even broke out of the ropes on her wrists and ankles but she'd thought better of it.

Her prudence was rewarded, the bear woman who had grabbed her noticed her new pose but she said nothing of it. "Right, let's get you moving, I'm sure a smart girl like you already knows exactly who's so interested in you."

"Hmnh." She mumbled, rolling her eyes.

"Oh, not scared? I'm impressed, maybe you're safe because of the boss' prior dealings, or maybe you just think you're safe." The tall bear said as she reached in and scooped Momoko out. She could easily have slung her over a shoulder as she had when grabbing her but there was nowhere for Dr. Ono to run. Set down on the floor, she was given the choice to follow, which she took, glowering all the way. "Those who steal from the boss often get far more than they took in repercussions though."

The vast mansion grounds around her would have told her anyway. This was the house of Romeo King, the hyena billionaire with quite a sizable chip on his shoulder.

During her brief time under King's employ, Momo had been in the building only a few times. Enough to have seen things that had made her more than a little concerned. Romeo's depravity weighed up to his wealth, as far as he cared he'd proven to be untouchable thus he did whatever he wished.

If his money couldn't buy willing silence there were always those who were willing to keep others silent.

A cash payment was handed over to the bear at the door and Momoko was transferred into the hands of King's household staff; muscular figures in sharp suits who escorted Momoko down several hallways. "Eyes forward!" The one behind her growled, shoving in the centre of her back.

Standing only five foot high, Momoko felt dwarfed by most people but these guards were larger still. She'd not even been looking at anything in particular, the growls and pushes obviously hinting the staff were hired for their ability to abuse power rather than simply wield it.

She was pressed into a room and the door was slammed shut behind her. It locked with a mechanical click, putting her guards outside. Dr. Ono looked upwards and winced, Romeo King stood at the far end of the room, his finger pulling away from the panel that had locked the door. “Why, doctor, so good to see you again.” He said, smirking. “You look awful though, what a mess! Is that the condition that being on the run keeps you in?”

The hyena strode closer, his generous chest puffed out already as he closed the distance. Momo’s hands were still tied with the fingers now clenched into tight fists. He towered over her for a few seconds before he went from relaxed to active in the blink of an eye, his hand closed over the marten’s throat, pushing her to the door and dragging her up it until their eyes were level.

“You needn’t worry, I’ve got a fresh set of threads prepared for you.” He whispered, tone sharp as a knife. His free hand gripped the tape at her mouth and wrenched it off. Momo gasped as her lips came free, sucking air through her teeth.

“You... monster.” She hissed with the limited space afforded to her.

He chuckled as he slid the free hand below the grasping one, under her shirt collar and then tore in a single fluid motion, slowed only by a quick tearing of the bonds at her wrists. “I hope you don’t mind me using secure data to get your exact measurements. I would so hate for my revenge to be soured by a poor fit.” The fingers dropped as he spoke, his knuckles rubbing against her fur as he also tore off the long shorts she’d been wearing.

Despite the precariousness of her position, she still felt some odd confidence in the knowledge she wasn’t what he really wanted. Grunting around the hand at her neck she summoned her courage to sneer at him. “Grabbing me in broad daylight, you’re not as subtle as you think, Romeo. You’re using me as bait.” She scoffed, thinking she was calling his bluff.

He squeezed down in response, fingers and palm pressing to her throat. “True, you always have been perceptive but that doesn’t mean I can’t get to know you a bit better, first.” His voice came back smugly. King’s arm released her, dropping her to the ground. She fell to her knees, hand rubbing her neck as she coughed and struggled back to normalcy. He strode away while she sat on the ground.

Something cold and oddly flexible struck her knees, her breath caught on looking at it, a long mass of rubber that seemed worryingly small, even for her. “Put it on.” Romeo commanded from across the room, sitting on the edge of his desk.

“I’m not your damn plaything, Romeo.” She hissed back, as she brushed it aside, it looked like a dress of some kind.

He shrugged, pulling a box closer to his side. Another unwelcome shock for Momoko as she saw the logo on it, declaring it a product of Glaze Inc. A company that King often lent his

patronage to, one that specialised in fun and frisky toys that were no doubt intended for safe and sane play, however they were powerful in the hands of one with less honest intentions.

He cracked the box open, showing her a big, tiger's mask. "You know what these are?"

Momoko winced and nodded. "Guises." Masks that on activation would coat the wearer in an artificial rubbery body, sometimes they stopped there, as elaborate costumes. However, she knew Romeo well enough, the kind he bought would likely have all the explicit and exploitative addons that could be bought, his next words all but confirmed it.

"Indeed, and these are the more intense ones too. You know I could overpower you, I'm offering you a choice here. Put on the damn dress, or this goes over your head."

She didn't exactly want to go along with any of his demands but the man could be violent and dangerous even to those he had no history with, much less someone like her who had actively crossed him.

King watched with his good eye, smirking as the marten woman tried to cover herself up and keep her back to him. He let his gaze turn lecherous, eyeing the curves of her legs and posterior as they stepped into the shining red rubber. She grunted at the realisation that the dress was designed to be overly tight, practically pinning her legs together if she wasn't pulling them apart.

It was a real strain for her to get the dress up that high and the man made no attempt to aid her. Her head swivelled round as she shot a glare. "The least you could do is help."

"I'm helping you more than you could know. You have no idea how hard it is for me to suppress the impulse that says I should sling this mask over the top, anyway." His hand was still caressing the feline facsimile of a face.

Momoko growled and turned back to it, it took some unsightly and embarrassing wiggling to get it over the hip, and then she could tuck her arms into the sleeves. "Well that's a relief." She muttered as her hands slipped through into the air, she'd half expected mittens or the like to be hidden inside. She rolled the fabric up her arms, but it couldn't reach the shoulders. The marten closed her eyes and let out another sigh when she realised that was by design, the blasted thing left her shoulders and collarbones open to the air. It would have been a flattering cut in a more refined setting.

She set her back to the wall as she rose to stand at her full height, inching forward a little and nearly stumbling as she tried to get her arms to the zipper at the back. King stood to his full height and walked back, grabbing the metal and yanking it up. Momoko's eyes snapped wide as the dress squeezed, especially around the waist.

"Damn you." She hissed.

“Oh, cheer up, that’s the hard part done.” He said. A light trilling from his desk brought him back to it, he lifted the receiver. “Speak.” He said, his attention on the words, though one hand still raised up and crooked a beckoning finger at the marten.

Momoko sighed, making the tiny steps that she could to cross over to him.

He turned to meet her gaze. “One of my men has reported seeing Ayame in town. How marvelous, still that gives us an hour or so.” He grabbed her arm suddenly, pulling her close and making her stumble. As she fell, he side-stepped with a dance-like grace to drop her into a chair. The confusion on her face didn’t last long as he stepped over her, grabbing one arm against the chair’s own and pulling a strap out from under it.

“You dressed me up just to pin me down?” She asked, incredulous and not fully comprehending his actions as her other arm was bound too. Both her ankles were looped into a final strap at the base of the chair. Romeo turned away, picking up a long stick of red lipstick.

“Now now, Doctor, you’ve always held my grudging respect, despite the enmity I feel for you. Casting you as a damsel in distress is one piece of poetic joy, yet still you struck me as more the kind who would fit a femme fatale role. I’m simply mixing the pair.” He said, standing up.

“Which makes you the cliché, moustache twirling villain.” She said acidically.

He shrugged. “Were you expecting that to sting? You didn’t think I was deluded enough to call myself a hero, surely? And like the cliché villain, I believe it’s time to show you my plans a bit more. You see, when my dear Ayame returns to me, she will see you at my mercy, she will charge right for me... and then after I best her, I get to use the main item I ordered.” He said, nodding toward a screen. It had been positioned so that she could see it from the chair, though not from where she’d been accosted before.

A large, exaggerated lioness sex doll was posed in the corner. Vacant eyes that even still had an enticing look that elicited thoughts of bedroom peeked out above voluminous lips, stuck open and inviting. The head was otherwise normal, as far as a rubber toy could be, but the body was deformed. The torso in a tight, sexualised hourglass, while the limbs were cumbersome and clumsy, even the fingers were unwieldy. Momoko knew it to be a Lusty Lioness, having been shown their design and use by her superiors when she was still programming robots like Ayame.

“You’ll be sitting here, waiting, vulnerable and helpless when my guards bring her in. She’ll also get a choice. Push the button on the back of the head and transfer herself into the lioness, or we’ll tear her head off and have it positioned so she can watch as we bury you alive. You gave her a consciousness, I certainly hope for your sake you gave her empathy and a conscience too.” King said, brushing his hand up Momoko’s body as he stood, she tried to wilt and tug away from his touch, though she had no room to maneuver.

“You sick freak, you’d really use me just as collateral to compel her to you!?”

“What should you care, Momo, she’s just a sex robot.” King replied simply, rolling his eyes.

“So you force her into the lioness, and then what, take her body away and get someone to fix it?!” Momoko yelled, her angry defiance was emphasised if just so that she didn’t need to consider her fear and panic. If Romeo King stole Ayame away then Momoko would have lost her closest friend. “She has free will, she’s more of a person than you are! What you’re doing is wrong.”

“I don’t need you to tell me what I’ve already done and furthermore, that’s the point, I won’t fix her programming, it will be all the sweeter to break that independent thought the old fashioned way.” He said, the anger in her voice sparking some irritation in his own. He snatched up a stick from the table and grabbed her cheeks between his fingers as he rubbed it over her lips. The dark, cherry skin red that was painted into place seemed to thicken up more than usual lipstick.

More for your damn villain fantasy?! She’d meant to say, but as soon as her lips pressed together on the first syllable they were joined. Her eyes widened. “Mmmph?!”

“I was tired of hearing your accusations, besides, you took my eye from me, only fair I take something in return. I thought long and hard before I decided to take that mouth. Why else would I give you all the information you could share? Maybe I’ll have the ladies work out a more permanent glue to make sure you won’t ever be talking again.” He declared, dropping the stick back on the table. He pulled out a handkerchief, laying it loosely over her snout and wrapping it in place before knotting it behind her head. “Maybe I’ll make her kiss you before I transfer her to stick those lips together too. Then again, maybe not, that would be a terrible loss of that okapi tongue.”

King chuckled as Momoko shook her head, thrashing and pulling as a moment of self-focusing panic took hold of her. He walked away, taking the heavy box that contained the Guise, shutting it and putting it behind the desk, out of sight. “I didn’t even get to the best bit. When you’ve watched me have my fun with her, this mask will be going over your head anyway. My staff will be looking forward to having two new toys who can’t object to their advances. I’ll be sure they treat you passionately.” He said while sitting down in the thickly lined armchair of his own, fully at ease beside her struggling. “Ah, just picturing it makes me feel alive already. You know I already have two toys wearing this exact Guise. I’ll let you mingle with them until I’ve lost the ability to tell you apart. When that happens, I hope you’ll pardon me, my perception isn’t what it used to be.”

Momoko knew how serious he was. King was in the habit of acquiring new toys, never one for letting them go. The desk trilled again and Romeo smiled and Momoko. “That’ll be her, now.” He said, taking the receiver. Worry was blooming in Momoko’s face as she stared at his smug gaze but then a crack appeared in his smile as it became fixed. Whoever was speaking was

still in mid sentence when it stopped. “What? What was that? Respond damn you!” He called. Seconds later a loud rattle sounded at the door to the room.

Finding it locked, there was a pause and then a violent boom thrummed at the hinges, the door knocked out of place. King stood up in a flash as the strong form of Ayame filled the doorway forcing its way in.

“Got past my escorts, did you? How rude. Well I’m not above skipping the foreplay and taking matters into my own hands.” He said, adrenaline pumping through his body at the idea of punching the lights out of his arrogant escapee.

Ayame said nothing, her eyes swivelled, saw the distressed form of Momoko, and she leapt forward, swinging her fist.

King smirked raising his arm to take the hit on the forearm. The robots might be stronger than the ‘Lusty’ toys but he knew their specifications. What he didn’t know was that Momoko had heavily adjusted them, particularly the strength of her arms.

The force from the blow sent him reeling, shocking him as he fell back, crashing into his desk. “What the hell-.” His brain fired quickly, something was wrong, he shouldn’t be losing to her in a fight, that wasn’t part of his plans. He dashed for the box, if he could get back to Momoko he could use her as leverage-.

The desk he was skirting around pitched sideways into him as Ayame threw it bodily. He let out a wheeze as it landed firmly, pinning him down. One of the hyena’s arms clawed frantically forward for anything he could use, to fight, to escape, to call for help, anything! The robotic okapi slowly marched to his head, she grabbed the man’s hair in her hand and saw the shred of fear in his eyes. Her hand jerked the head down, concussing him against the floor.

Momoko’s mumbled words started as soon as she saw King go unconscious, or at least stunned. Ayame turned and jogged to close the gap. “Momo!”

She pulled the cloth away, saw the parting but joined lips, and taking the risk, plunged her fingers in between them. Perhaps it had been a bluff by King, or perhaps it was just still weak and soft until fully set. The robot Okapi’s hands were more than enough to split and pull away the worst of it. It peeled off weakly, not even tugging any fur on Momo’s lips.

“Hoh wow, thank you Ayame. You got here just in time.” She said, relief flooding her body though she dared not relax yet. Ayame was already breaking the straps that held her down, after which the marten rose to her feet and the pair embraced warmly.

The hobble dress was shaken off next, and the robot shrugged out of her own top to give Momoko something a bit more flexible to be dressed in. “What are we going to do about him?” Ayame asked when they’d finally calmed, he was groaning, perhaps about to wake up.

“Bring him over here. I’ve got the perfect idea.”

It took some hauling to move the hefty desk off King, the hyena was grabbed in a heavy head lock by Ayame and dragged over to the Lusty Lioness that hung on the wall. “Careful now.” Momoko chided. The pool-toy like lioness doll was unwieldy even when it was on the ground. They found the activation switch at the back of the head, next to the lock. King had already engaged that for them in preparation. All one needed to do was hold a finger to it and the doll would take care of the rest. King’s fist was still balled from the fight and Ayame had to strain to pry it open enough. They pressed a finger in place and the soft signs of activity flared up and the transfer began, within seconds King’s body had gone limp again. For him, it would seem almost instant but it still gave them some time.

“Strange, it already feels like the doll is the person but then I guess Romeo only qualified as a person by technicality.” Momoko said. Ayame chuckled back.

“A good dose of revenge.” Ayame stated as she moved behind the Hyena, lifting him up and waving the limp arms around as she spoke, gesturing in a comical way. “What do we do with the body, take it with us? Leave it? Hide it?” His chest still rose and fell, breathing as calmly as a sleeping babe.

“Oh, no, he gave me some *very* pointed threats. I think my revenge will be two-fold.” Momoko said. She walked over to the Glaze Inc. box. It had been knocked over by the early action, the remote and Guise spilled on the floor. Even the glue-stick had landed nearby. She was going this far, what was one more step?

She handed the Guise to Ayame as she painted the lipstick over King’s lips. Making them plump and juicy, though not as exaggerated as the thick pair sported by the Lioness. She nodded and winked toward Ayame. “You do the honours, partner.”

The Okapi lowered the mask into place while Momoko jabbed the remote against it and it sprung to life. Thick goopy ripples of tiger-coloured rubber rolled down over the top of King’s suit. The fact they were probably ruining or at least rumpling the pricey fabrics was just icing on the cake at this point. The chest flared out even further, thick arms, thighs and large hands that were already in mittens-like proportions formed over his body. The waist also sported a noticeable if somewhat smoothed off bulge between the legs. The marten gave a tight-lipped smile, mostly satisfied. “And here I was hoping he’d be a big busty tigress, not a beefy tiger. So that’s what he planned for me, eh?”

“As much as I’d love to stay and watch, I also want you to be safe, Momo.” Ayame interjected, touching her friend’s arm gently.

“You’re right... Think you can put the door back in place?” Momoko asked in return.

“If we move one of the tapestries a little we can cover the hinges. A half decent inspection will show the truth but we both know he hires most of his mooks for their power, not to mention how harshly he disciplines those who exhibit curiosity.” Ayame hefted the heavy body of the now perfectly formed rubber tiger toy over one shoulder and lifted the far lighter weight of the lioness in another paw.

Ayame had been thorough in clearing a safe path in and so their flagrant actions were unseen, the toys were dropped in the hall, the door set back and disguised, with Ayame bending the hinges back to at least hold it nearly in place. They moved with the toys, stopping at a lounge that some of King’s staff used and dropping both shiny shapes onto the ground. “If only I had time to leave a note but I’m sure they’ll do what we want, anyway.” Momoko said as she pressed her foot into the side of a groaning guard.

Ayame smiled with affection, taking Momoko by the hand. The two of them walked out of the grounds. If anyone had spotted them, they had the presence of mind to look the other way and ignore the fact.

King growled as his consciousness returned. Though his voice came a bit more thick, turning the sound to an enticing purr. His eyes flicked to the shiny vivid shape before him, black, white and orange. His thoughts raced. The tiger was there, did that mean he had won? Had he just dreamt that he’d been defeated?

It made a lot of sense. If he was in an actual fight then he’d have remembered it instead of the fragmented thoughts that made it seem he was down on the first punch. Preposterous. He sauntered up to the tiger, ogling the body, wondering how she must be feeling, trapped in a large masculine frame of twice her normal volume. His hand reached out and he froze, the alarmed roar he attempted turned to a cute squeak. The creamy colour, the useless, barely moving fingers, the palm that could cover a whole face. He looked down at himself, pawing uselessly, he was in the lioness.... He needed to get-... off.

No, out! The damned toy programming melded with his consciousness, demanding his lusty subservience. His cry of outrage turned to a gentle. “Grraugh, mnaaah.” Sounding more of a yawn. It prompted a groan from his staff as he looked around the room. Dents and damage showed where they tried to stop Ayame and failed miserably. He tried to slap the highest rank of them, the soft pap instead only made the man blink and look up. “Meehn, nnnah!” He mewled laconically in his best attempt to bark.

King was sure he’d been flashing his most affronted, intimidating glare, the kind that made them all stiffen but the fellow looked back with a warm smile. “Well, well. Look at that.”

He said, grunting as he sat and then rose. “Aww, I can see you’re already so needy. Well bitch, time for payback.” He said.

“Wheeh? Neehe?” Every emotion King tried to convey was twisted, almost mirrored. His heart jerked, he could tell that Momoko hadn’t turned on all the settings or else he’d be immobile to boot. Just how many were on though?

The toy shuffled back as the fellow advanced on him but then stopped. “Oh, the scientist is here too?” The staff member said upon seeing the still sleeping tiger. “Well lads!” He yelled, waking those who could be got through to with a shout. “Seems like our boss took out the pair of them and has rewarded us with some fun of our own.”

He pounced on the doll, weighing the transferred king down, who could only mumble and mewl in useless, hungry tones. The fools thought they had Ayame at their mercy?! “Gnnaaa, yeh, hyeeeh.” King uttered, trying to command him off but instead sounding ecstatic and wanting.

“I owe you for the lump you’ve given me.” He said, tapping his head and wincing. “Even though my head's pounding from the blood, I think I still owe you a pounding right now!”

His hand went to the face which mewled incomprehensibly, the programming taking over and working at the fingers as they traced over the pillowy hills of succulent red. The guard pulled out a nightstick and pressed the object closer, laughing as the Lioness face started to suck at it, eyelids drooping as the expression rolled up in lust.

More of the staff had woken up and were looking at the tiger that hid Romeo’s body in plain sight. He’d realised what had happened, he tried to yell that they’d be fired or worse if they didn’t stop now. All that came out however was a simple “Ooohmgh. Haaaahn.”

The guards were quickly disappointed with the tiger, a few still vented some frustrations but they soon took the Guised body away to the ‘toy room’ to join the other pair King had promised.

His stubborn consciousness was quickly subsumed into the Lusty programming under the flurry of use. Every sense so heightened, every feeling electrifying. He knew he had to find his body, to find some way of communicating his plight, yet as soon as he saw a fresh face, he felt the need to flash his rump in invitation.

The fools had to realise soon. Didn’t they?

