

Midden Model

<https://www.patreon.com/ralwatt>

“Viximon, digivolve to... *Renamon!*”

Brilliant against the darkness all around, the glowing television lit up a cluttered but clean apartment, the shifting yellow and purple light falling over an array of figurines, in cases and on shelves, collections of games and comics, and an impressive array of Digimon paraphernalia. In the foreground of the scene sat a half-eaten pizza, a single cup and plate, and a lone human, a young man, watching the show on his TV as intently as any child might.

The buzz of a phone pulled him away, however, and he flicked the smaller screen on to reveal the busty figure of another, somewhat more *idealized* depiction of the Digimon on the television, posing like a pinup as his lock screen.

‘It’s not that I don’t like the show, but yellow’s not really my color. I think I’m going with a Lucario cosplay.’

His fingers flew over the screen as he tapped out an impassioned reply.

‘Come on dude, Renamon is way better than Lucario!’

Send.

The reply came though quickly.

‘Lol, maybe to you, Aren, but drawing them’s one thing, *being* a Renamon’s a whole other matter! I so don’t have the figure for crossplay!’

Frowning, he hesitated, wondering how to reply, when a knock announced a presence outside.

Flicking the lights on, he crossed the room to greet them, but as he opened the door he found the corridor deserted, and a large box left by his feet.

“Hello?” he called.

Thumping music from a few doors down aside, there was no sound in answer.

It was late for a delivery, and nothing on the outside gave any hint as to the contents, but the box *was* addressed to him, so Aren brought it back into the apartment.

The first thing he saw as he opened the top was a flash of yellow, and the tail of a purple tomoe. With that Aren knew exactly what the parcel was – the model he’d ordered had arrived a good week early.

It would be a huge help in his art, to have a fully-posable, three-dimensional Renamon to hand, and assuming that commissions kept rolling in at their current rate, the premium figurine would easily pay for herself.

As he reached into the box his hands felt something quite unexpected.

Not the smooth surface of cardboard, but something soft and rubbery to the touch.

Pulling it out, Aren stared in confusion as his 'figurine' unfurled, into what looked more like an inflatable latex doll, hollow limbs trailing from the opening, the faintly smiling head eyeing him as it lolled from flat shoulders.

"No way," he murmured, as he lay the life-size creation out on the couch.

It wasn't a doll – there were no valves to inflate it – rather, the long zipper running along the back of the creation suggested another purpose.

He was in possession of a rubber Renamon suit.

One more licentious than any he'd created with his tablet and pen, magnificently thick hips and wide thighs matched by the bountiful breasts above, while the four-digit hands and feet were almost dainty by comparison. It was as though the costume were proportioned specifically to emphasize and enhance the femininity of the character, and of course, its wearer.

Aren felt the discomfort of tightening briefs as he admired those alluring lines and sank his hand into the soft squeaky skin.

"Must be some sort of... shipping error...."

He would have to return it of course.

Certainly.

But it was Saturday night now, so there was nothing to be done for over 24 hours yet.

He eyed the door, then strode over to slip shut the bolt.

Returning to the couch, he clutched up the costume, and carried it, hugged in his arms, through to his bedroom.

And the long mirror he used when he needed to take reference photos for poses.

"No harm in a bit of... research.... Maybe if it fits well enough this might actually be *better* than the figurine...."

He made no mention, even to himself, of the greater motivation he felt, as he tore off his shirt and squirmed out of his jeans, but the display his crotch made left little room for imagination as to how he felt about the idea of donning the costume... of seeing *himself* as Renamon.

Aren's heart was pounding as he sat, and slid his foot into the waiting slit of the bodysuit.

Warm and tight, the rubber hugged his skin, but the friction seemed to work with him rather than against, permitting him to easily insert his toes all the way to the end of the first leg.

It was a funny sight, seeing his favorite character bunched up about his ankles like that, but he was more eager to see how she looked *on* him.

Fitting his other foot inside, he could feel the costume stretching around his body.

Aren was far from a butch sort, but his lower legs were still a few sizes too big, especially in footprint.

Lucky then, that it was a stretchy outfit.

Pulling it up his thighs, however, he met with the opposite issue, the latex hanging loose in folds along each, and feeling entirely hollow about his butt.

At the waist, he was again a little wide, while the chest was an odd mix of tight about the shoulders, and empty at the breast. Arms were another squeeze, limbs both a little too long and too thick, while the paucity of digits forced his index and ring together in the gloves. Still, with perseverance he soon had the costume fully fitted. Finally, he pulled up the hood, and fit the mask over his face.

As underwhelming as the result was, he'd certainly looked worse, and the looseness of the latex about his hips at least allowed him to mostly ignore the rampant erection, poking out against the material.

He turned, striking a few poses, enjoying the feeling of being, if not really Renamon, at least rather like her.

It was when he struck upon the idea of finding something with which to pad the hollows of the suit, and tried to pull down the head again, that he noticed the zipper had been closed somehow.

He certainly hadn't zipped it up himself, but as he contorted to take a look at his back in the mirror, he saw that it was indeed all the way up, resting at the base of his neck.

"That's wei--"

"Thank you for your purchase of the Renamon-S lifestyle suit!"

The cheerful, synthetic words seemed to emerge within his own head, a feminine voice which reminded him of Renamon herself.

“Who said th-”

“User’s current physical parameters are incompatible with the Renamon-S, and must be adjusted as part of the digivolution process. Please select from the following conversion methods-”

“What the *shit* is going on?” Aren asked, as his hands tugged at an unmoving zipper head.

“Thank you for your selection. Beginning mass redistribution and digivolution now.”

The young artist didn’t even get so far as opening his mouth to ask what *that* meant, before he felt the menacing rumble in his tummy, and a sudden, tingling pressure in his rear.

He pulled harder at the zip, but the angle was all wrong for exerting any strength, and it remained stuck fast.

Aren moaned aloud, as he felt himself start to defecate.

Hot, soft and horribly sticky, the excretion poured from his rear in a rapidly expanding mass, trailing down his cheeks and legs, to collect in the thighs of the costume.

“Nooooo,” he moaned, clutching his buttocks in gloved hands.

But no matter how he clenched and strained, his muscles ignored him, bowels gleefully disgorging whole logs into the suit as the humiliating evacuation continued, the surreal pleasure of so much soft matter pressing through him evoking some surreal and twisted parody of childbirth.

He had lost all control over his defecation.

Incontinent, humiliated and absurdly horny, he shook, knees pressed together as he struggled to stay upright while ever larger, heavier lumps emerged through his rear each moment, stretching and spreading his asshole wide in that erotic release of so much weight and pressure.

The relief had his erection throbbing too, drooling eagerly as excrement flowed over his skin, down to slick and coat his calves and feet. It piled up ever higher around his thighs, until his balls and butt too were starting to sink into that tingling embrace.

Sewage was hugging his curves, completing the shapes his own form couldn’t fill as he shuddered and shit himself, and each pop and fart and ripple in his rectum made him gasp with the twisted pleasure of it all. Of defiling himself so uncontrollably and of feeling his

own feces seep into his skin, oozing through his pores and setting everything it touched throbbing with new, erogenous awareness.

As muddy, fibrous fecal matter pushed up against his dick, Aren grunted, quivering in his fruitless efforts to pull away... then yielding to the call... the siren temptation of tantalizing shit.

Pushing his erection into his own squishing effluence, he groaned at how absurdly good it felt, so rank and pungent, slop clinging to his cock just as its scent cloyed his sinuses, but wrong as it was, it felt divine.

His phallus floating in the dense embrace of dung hugging his hips, the bucking of his crotch showed no sign of his manhood in that lewd reflection – only a smooth latex crotch, the seam of the suit hinting at lips, while around and below a newly voluptuous butt and thighs jiggled and twisted delightfully.

That sight only spurred him on.

He couldn't stop the endless eruptions of his anus, but nor did he wish to, as those chunks of feces seemed to suckle at his shaft and cradle its head, and kiss their way out through his rear.

Nowhere else to go, they were pouring into his breasts now too, inflating them out into magnificent new bosoms that hung weighty yet pert on his chest.

A moment more, and everything below his neck was coated, soaking, percolating with poop, scat steeping his skin and infusing the flesh beneath. He no longer felt any sense of weight, no bulging padding around legs or rear, nor excess tightness around his extremities, where fingers and toes had formerly been squashed by the latex – bathed in dung as he was, the suit seemed to fit better with each second, the throb of scat infiltrating every part of him equally.

Revolting as it should have been, the artist adored the feeling of that heat, penetrating to his core, even as he pushed out ever more of it from his rear.

A hand ran down, over his hips, and he *murred* at the sensuality of that squishing layer of rubber over soft excrement.

It made his shit-filled tail curl with pleasure.

As rising sewage slid over his neck and cheeks, Aren was moaning with want rather than revulsion.

The smell filled his lungs, thick and rich, bitter yet mouthwatering, and the silky texture of scat coating his face and running up into his hair was the affectionate caress of a lover in his mind. That very same amore still fondling his rear and erection so adoringly.

Finally, he was floating in effluence, encased entirely as it seeped into his skin and gushed still from his anus.

He knew just what he needed now.

The suit gave it to him.

Feces *poured* past his lips as they opened, and the artist whimpered in his infatuation, the enticing heat and that intoxicating, earthy taste simply bliss. Sucking on the masses of sewage that spread out through his mouth, he bid them on. Soft and sensual, his scat pumped into the waiting throat beyond, like a tender, loving phallus.

Fecal fingers seemed to caress him head to toe, holding, hugging his curves as it entered him. They penetrated his nostrils too, then his ears, tendrils of scat worming through him affectionately as they fused with everything they found.

Best of all was the dense turd spreading his dick impossibly wide, pushing down through his aching urethra and stretching his whole shaft around it like a mere sheath as it made love to his sex.

Pooping down his own penis was incredible, and Aren rode that rod gratefully as it slopped in and through of his own, feeling how his flesh seemed to yield as willingly as his mind already had, eagerly pressing hands into the mush at his crotch to feel the mound there and add extra pressure to speed the flow pumping up his prick. Each thrust deposited more poop in his prostate, a steady flow of ever thicker logs sliding through his shaft like a series of sausage links, and his cock seemed to sink down into his hips as they stretched it ever further, erection melting away into the sea of scat all about as he felt that heavenly sensation of *inversion*.

Each thrust of scat into his hips was bunching up those pliable new folds of former foreskin and rod, collapsing them together into rippling layers, achingly sensual, inflating with the excrement inside them, puffing up into something new and slimy and achingly erogenous.

Just as all his insides were doing.

Meeting in the middle, the flows from ears and mouth mingled with the intrusion from his former erection, and spread out in all directions, a churning ocean of liquid excrement sloshing through organs and into muscle and bone, pervading everything with the fluid sewage he was still so gratefully gulping down.

At last he felt his bowels fell still, the jiggling, rotund bulges of his enlarged rear and blissfully engorged pucker wobbling as he moved, so full with feces were they now.

Rather than a man, encased in scat, his body now held it all in one mingling internal morass, as human and dungheap intertwined and merged into one curvaceous new creature.

The sensations of shit, throbbing inside his head, gurgling and bubbling through breasts and into soft, petite paw-hands, made Aren ache with desire. With passion, for his own perversely beautiful body, and the surreal pleasures of his defiled flesh.

“Digivolution complete, thank you for purchasing Renamon-S.”

Finally, the zipper opened, seemingly by itself.

Aren didn’t want the pleasure to end, and a soft, girlish whine escaped his lips as the hood slipped away with a slip slurp.

The reflection which greeted his eyes stayed his protests, however.

Silently, as if not daring to speak, lest this surreal dream be dispelled, he stepped from the suit, as it peeled away from his slimy new surface.

Exposed was a slick layer of swirling browns, feces of all shades merged together to create a ‘skin’ more sensual than anything he had known as a human. It bowed outwards, into curves carnal and voluptuous, and tapered into dainty hands with petite fingers far shorter than those which used to use a pen to draw that self-same form.

With a soft, breathy voice, elegant as a flower, the figure gasped, as darker brown eyes drank in all those details.

Aren had digivolved to... a Renamon.

She stared at herself in wonder.

One hand brushed over the exquisite squish of her new breasts, and she felt the four digits sink slightly into the gooey midden of that mound.

Her tail curled about those gloriously round thighs, feeling their flare and testing the jiggle of ass and leg as she twisted, and raised a foot to run the new appendages down over it.

The other hand went upwards, to rung along the taping snout of her altered face, and feel that muzzle, something between human and Digimon, distinctively still her, rather easily recognizable and quite entirely *adorable*, while a thick tongue of scat slipped out to lick her full new lips, and *taste* that wonderful fecal flavor.

Every part of her was pure excrement, squishing and mushing as she moved, fermenting as she felt the throb of that intoxicating pleasure resounding from every part of herself. The taste and smell, the texture, the whole experience of feces, flooding into her mind from all sides, as she hugged her squishing breasts and rubbed a hand along her reeking curves.

“I’m really... me,” she said at last.

She was also *magnificently* flexible.

As should be expected, of a being made of pure poop, with no bones about her to impede her contortions.

Smooching the stinking new slit of her gooey girlhood was a bliss she'd never dreamed of experiencing before, those thick, full folds deliciously rich with the full and heady taste of scat, more concentrated there than anywhere else.

Save her anus.

That great, gripping set of rear lips was almost as erogenous, and still more pungent.

She buried her face in both, fingers and tailing joining in too as she ate herself out, shuddering and whining in her rapture, until she started once more to defecate.

Shitting into her own mouth was better than sex.

As she fucked her beautiful face with her fecal excretions, she in turn found that her bliss set loose further ejections from her throat, and Renamon writhed in her ecstasy, as she shit into her own pussy through her mouth, making love to her womanhood with her dung, massaging layers of living and inert feces together, until she was a quivering pile of sloppy scat on the carpet, hugging herself and shitting uncontrollably from pussy, anus and mouth all at once in her euphoric climax.

Nothing else could ever compare to her first scatgasm.

It was many hours before the feces-lifeform was able to think clearly again, and realize what a mess she'd made of her room.

Piles of dung were all around her, the reek flooding the air.

Gorgeous and refined as she remained in outline, the scathro couldn't resist burying her face and hips in mess, indulging in her own form of 'cleanup', as she safely stowed her precious shit away once more, packed into her tummy and womb.

However the layer of filth she'd left was harder to deal with.

"I suppose this carpet is ruined," she mused, in her beautiful new voice. "But I can always get tiles put in!"

She giggled, just from the sound, so lovely and melodic to her ear, and hugged herself anew, infatuated with this magnificent gift of a body.

Renamon adored her new self, even more than she did the dung she was perpetually licking from her lips. It was hard to believe that she'd spent so long chasing after this form, *her* form, only to find it in a random package, delivered to her door that night.

But there she was.

Complete.

Perfect.

That did raise one question, however.

What to do with the suit.

She was Renamon for real now, and a far lovelier version than that original yellow and purple creature of digital flesh.

She grinned as an idea came to her. Careful not to deposit too much dung from her hands on the impressively hydrophobic rubber, she returned it to its box. Finding her phone, she squished out the answer to the message which had been waiting.

‘Don’t worry about your figure – or about the color – this suit I’m sending you will totally take care of both! Try it on when it arrives, then maybe you can come over and show me how you look!’

She signed off with a kiss, then sent the text.

The parcel she would dispatch with the post on Monday, not to return, but to spread the wealth.

In the meantime, she would work on becoming more accustomed with her new gender and species.

And substance.

Being a Renamon of thick, delicious shit, she had a lot to get used to.

Digital art would likely be a messy affair, unless she could prevent herself smearing somehow.... It also felt somehow lackluster, compared to the real thing.

Her actual self.

Perhaps an onlyfans page?

Renamon grinned.

She was looking forward to sharing the new her with the world.