It was a fairly busy night at Ashburne Tavern. The FrostRiver bar was once your typical dive bar with bad service and overpriced grog on the menu, but it had become a proper gem after management changed. A snow leopard and wolf couple by the name Remi and Maddie had initially purchased the place as a fun side project to test out their new line of suits and disguises in the general public, but it turned out that they weren't half bad at running and hiring out the right staff either. Their friend Drakon had helped them out as part of their experiments, passing themselves off as the ever lovely "Sophia", a thick and busty doe waitress in a bunny girl outfit. So far no one had suspected her of being a disguised human man in a high tech rubber costume, thanks to how well the costume had restructured his body, changed his voice and even helped push his mannerisms in the correct feminine directions.

As much as he was a guinea pig for their experiments and tests, he actually did enjoy the thrill of wearing such a tight fitting sexy suit, as well as enjoying himself in private between breaks and after hours. It certainly was a task to ignore the burning temptations from the rubbery pelt's interior rubbing and grinding in all the right spots. Plus the extra cash from cozying up to patrons in that get up wasn't half bad either.

The faux deer bent over seductively to the customers she had been serving, brown furred hands sliding down her slick black nylon stockings. "Will that be all tonight gentlemen?" she cooed, the voice changer in the throat sheath singing the words out in a warm sultury tone.

The blushing men could only shake their heads as they tried to hide their obvious lust for such a fine busty piece of venison from the jealous and judgment laden glares of their partners. After a few taps and swipes of their credit cards, she neatly collected the spread of extra bills placed on the table for her and stuffed them in between the gap of her breasts, tapping them down with a hoof. "Thank you for the...tip...I do hope you come again soon, yes?"

From the corner of the bar, Remi watched her favorite employee walk back to the counter, chuckling as the group's conversation filled with excuses and accusations exited the still busy bar. "Oh my, looks like someone's enjoying themselves tonight..."

"Mmmm, and is that really so much a problem?" the doe batted her eyes at the apex predator.

Remi grinned before snatching the fold of bills out of her friend's breasts, giving the breasts a grope before she could react. "It is when you aren't going to share this with the other ladies..." the snow leopard snickered as she waved the wad in front of the blushing deer's face.

The doe pouted and tried to give her saddest look to her boss. "Now now, we DO have a special VIP tonight who booked our more....exclusive booths. So if you put on your cutest act tonight, you might just make a few times more than this little bundle of scraps right here..." Remi replied with a hint of mischief in her purr before sliding a platter with a VERY aged vintage towards the nub tailed waitress. "Booth 6, private service for one Mr. Xerxes."

With a light slap to her ass, the doe was sent off, clenching the costume's plug stuffed inside the human's rear and blushing as she carried the expensive bottle and approached the VIP booth, pulling open the door and sauntering in. There she could feel the gaze of a tall white goat man in a sharp black suit looking at her inquisitively, before resting at a satisfied smirk as his eyes met hers.

"Oh no, is the gag visible again???" she thought to herself, gulping as she took a moment to feel and adjust the neck of the mask, playing it off as a coy and cute turn of her face from such a handsome devil.

"Ahem, Mr. Xerxes, it's a pleasure to have you tonight at Ashburne Tavern, my name is Sophia and I'll be sure to wait on you, hand and hoof~"

With an approving nod, the mysterious patron waved for her to come closer, stroking his magnificent mane of fur around his neck. The doe gave her softest most sultry eyed smile before cozying up to her guest, gliding her slick nylon stocking sheathed thigh up against his leg, making sure to quite visibly "adjust" the chest area of her uniform.

"Quite the elegant lady now aren't we?" the goat bleated in a deep rich voice before lifting her free hand up to give it a kiss. "I do hope to be in your most excellent care for this evening."

Uncorking the wine, the doe took a glass and began filling it with the slightly paled red contents of the bottle before offering it to the goat. Taking the glass, the horned gentleman gave the wine a swirl, and a sniff, lifting it to admire while also framing his lovely hostess for the night before carefully sipping down the matured beverage, taking care not to stain his fur.

His other hand rested upon the doe's face, gently brushing her cheek and neck, seemingly to admire her lovely fur before giving her face a light pinch. "Oh uh, sir, that's quite the sensitive area you're tugging, would you mind being a bit more gentle?" the doe requested nervously, while gently clasping the white goat's arm.

"Oh but don't you just LOVE tugging at that cute deer face of yours in front of the mirror? You seem to get...rather excited by it hmmm?"

With a firm grasp, the goat gripped the mask and tugged on it, stretch it out of alignment to begin revealing the sweaty and warm human face beneath it. The faux doe under the suit had their protests cut short as they choked and coughed from the thick and long throat gag being extracted from their mouth, every inch of the massive intruder's black lubricated surface dragging across his tongue on it's way out.

The mask contorted to a bunched up empty expression before popping off his face with a wet splatter, his head sent back recoiling from the force of the stretched rubber, only to be caught by the grasp of his patron for the night. A combination of sweat, saliva and lubricants now stained the unmasked doe's uniform while oddly sizzling off and evaporating from the goat's luxurious vestments.

"W-wait, I can explain!" Drakon stammered, eyes darting around trying to find any opening to escape as the goat playfully tossed the mask onto the ground, allowing him to grab and pull at the zippers and neck opening of the body suit. "We were just...short on staff! So you know, we had to...."

"Oh no need to explain, you seemed to be enjoying yourself quite a bit earlier...so how about I trade your cute doe suit for something even better?" the goat chuckled, teasing the human's cock through the costume as the he got popped out of the lubricated interior of their suit like a wet bar of soap. Taking a gold ring from his pocket, Xerxes threw it up into the air, a pentagram sigil appearing above Drakon's head as the object expanded into a hoop with a black substance now stretched across it's interior.

The now naked human attempted to crawl away as he pushed out of the demonic being's grasp, but with a snap of the goat's hoof tips, the artifact swooped down on the desperate creature's feet, coating them in skin tight rubber, forming a pair of high heels as the ring continued to pull itself up his lower torso. With a gasp he felt a rush of intense pleasure as the otherworldly latex slipped over his throbbing member, panting with lust as he could swear he felt something pumping away at his shaft.

He looked down in horror as latex hands emerged from the golden hoop to grab at his body to pull whatever human parts of him through, the ring producing a set of dark grey tits with black nipples. Whatever resistance he had against those fingers pulling his arms down quickly disappeared as he felt a long smooth plug jam itself into his pucker, the liquid latex having no issue squirming itself inside.

The goat watched in amusment as he watched the man gasp from the intruder prodding his prostate gently, the costume's tail nub wiggling happily as the suit made sure to never stimulate that organ enough to allow an orgasm....yet. Drakon groaned in both discomfort and pleasure as the mass of rubber pumping his shaft bent and humbled his cock down into a slit, the precum slicking his plump new thighs as it began fingering his new pussy.

"Please! Aaaah.... Don't-"

The human's vision and voice were quickly taken from him as the ring promptly tugged itself backwards, up and over his head, body convulsing in pleasure as the breasts attached themselves to his chest and immediately began to be attacked by those accursed rubber fingers. His maw was pried open as a tendril of latex poured into his mouth and nostrils, flooding his nose and tongue with the bitter sweetness of rubber and the scent of fire and ashes.

"Mmm, looks like you're forming up quite nicely...I shouldn't let you have ALL the fun though, now should I?" Xerxes muttered to himself as he began to strip, eying the now empty doe suit on the floor.

The gagged and blinded human could only let out a feminine moan in response to the question as he...no...SHE..struggled with her forming mask, a pair of curled horns and thick white wool like hair sprouting down over her shoulders and chest, a heart shaped sigil partially hidden by her bangs anointed onto her forehead. She grabbed at her face and pulled her head back, showing off the squirming bulge in her throat before losing grip and letting the mound finally snap back into place as an adorable stubby sheep muzzle, unaware the ring that had formed this tight fitting outfit had clamped itself around one of the ankles of the suit's prisoner.

"MWEhhhhhAAAAAAa!" the newly born ewe let out a cute feminine bleat as drool escaped down her long white pointed tongue flicking out. "W-what's happened to mEeEeE!"

Her blurred vision eventually cleared up after a few blinks, only to stare in shock as Xerxes nowhere to be found, instead Sophia standing in front of her, packing a long throbbing member poking out of her slit while adjusting her face and the massive bulge in her throat.

She wanted to get away, move away from this ironic imposter as the doe waitress approached her, but with a snap of her fingers, the trapped human could feel the sheeply skin coating force them to their knees, eyes wide with horror as their gaze leveled with the pulsing, dripping shaft.

"Oh just giving you the night off. Don't worry though, I'll be sure to give all your customers a round of 'full service' to help set expectations for next time...starting with you." the faux doe taunted. With that she placed her hands behind the sheep head and slammed her cock home, their white tongue lubing and guiding that shaft towards the back of her throat. The sheep could do nothing but choke on the intruder, swallowing every drop of pre pulsing across her tongue, completely unaware of the growing glow being given by the heart shaped sigil on her forehead and groin.

With every hump of her muzzle, the ewe could feel her thoughts and inhibitions slowly being fucked out of her head, eyes wincing as they glazed over via a combination of pleasure and lack of air from being deepthroated over and over again. Moaning in pleasure the doe grinned as she finally came, sending a torrent of demonic seed pouring down the cum receptacle nursing on her cock, forcing her victim to swallow every last drop. She watched the sheep's once human eyes roll upwards, overwhelmed with pleasure as they were coated by a pair of horizontal slit pupils, the glowing sigils on her body confirming that she was now a fully fledged succubus, both in mind and body.

The horned creature shuddered as she was signaled to pull off that tasty salt lick, gasping for air as the doe lovingly massaged the face of her new slave, the ewe wasting no time to show her new master how needy she was by vigorously fingering her dripping slit.

"Eager little thing aren't you? You'll need a new name though since I'm 'Sophia' for the night. How does Tanya sound my little lamb?" the deer said while circling behind the succubus to massage her tits.

"Mmm, whatever you desire master, as long as I can be of use to you and play with that juicy cock of yours!" the sheep giggled happily before resting on her master's lap.

"Good girl! Tanya, now why don't we see if any of those other holes of yours are just as useful? We'll need to make sure they work so you can harvest all the life energy of those sinful souls out there..."

The night would be filled with the sounds of moans and bleats as the waitress lured more victims to the back room, the tavern far too busy to notice anything out of the ordinary for those VIP lounges, especially with the soundproofing. Drakon would eventually be released with his memories changed and uniform returned, but the hand around his ankle would always provide some fuzzy memories of his late late night duties everytime his favorite patron would come to visit.