

Futility

by collargogglebirdhorse

You knelt on the cold floor. Shivering, naked but for the collar and leash hanging loosely around your neck. Waiting patiently, expectantly. Your owner, with familiar gentle hands, caressed your face one last time before affixing the visor over your eyes.

The world turned a purple tint. Your owner's face stayed next to yours, filling your view. The look of love in their eyes, the look of lust there too. Your owner wanted this. *You* wanted this.

There was a gentle click as your owner pressed the button on the visor, and nanites began flooding out of it.

Immediately they set to work, invading every pore and orifice, saturating your body with tiny machines in preparation for what was to come.

A progress bar. Your owner had stepped back now, unable to be so close for this next part. They held the other end of the leash securely so you wouldn't forget who was in charge.

The progress bar slowly began. 1 percent. 2 percent. A tingle started to worm its way through you, starting from deep within your gut and rising slowly up your torso. It was a curious sensation. Cool and refreshing, like an ice-cold drink on a hot summer's day, but working its way through you in reverse.

At around 10 percent it broke through the skin. Nanites deconstructing your very atoms, converting them and you into a being of pure rubber. Unnatural colours and patterns began to adorn your back, stomach and hips as they were painlessly replaced by smooth, featureless polymers. No hair, no navel.

You gasp what was, in retrospect, probably your last breath.

It worked quickly outwards from there. Your chest became featureless too, no commitment made as to whether the single lump that replaced it was analogous to breasts or simply the curvature of your new, non-human form. Your rear similarly was smoothed out into a single continuous piece, with no seam or crevice to be found.

Your genitalia were gone. Replaced by a smooth, round lump of hollow rubber.

Your owner's face was filled with glee. Yours was too. Nearly 50 percent. The tingling was overwhelming now, permeating nearly every inch of your being. The exhilaration made you only crave what was to come even more.

Your hands were the next to go, each digit folding into the next until no fingers remained; all of them merged into a singular mitten shape. Your feet followed in lock-step, no toes to call your own, only simple, smooth soles left to hold you steady.

Struck from two directions, your arms and thighs fell to the wave of rubber just as quickly.

85 percent. You could feel the nanites working up your neck now, programmed to save the best part until last.

Your mind was starting to get fuzzy. The capability for higher thought being artificially digested and turned to cold, perfect rubber. You wouldn't need it.

90 percent. You had no mouth.

94 percent. You had no nose or ears.

98 percent. Everything went dark. You had no eyes.

A chime emanated from the visor. 100 percent.

Your owner re-approached you. You could hear their footsteps and feel the leash grow slack against the collar around your neck. Your only two senses, at least for as long as your owner desired them to be.

Your hands (as much as you could call them hands) came up to your head, feeling around it. Each tiny movement made your body squeak and squeal as it was made to stretch, slacken and settle.

Your head was shaped like a head, but it was completely featureless, not a seam or stitch to disrupt the perfectly smooth surface.

You could feel your owner's breath. Their hands met yours, gently at first, then much more forcefully. They squeezed your hands into your head, and then further still, squashing your head to a narrow strip of hollow rubber.

You were so malleable now, so... inhuman. In the absence of humanity, of higher reasoning, of sight, of smells—all you had were sensations, and every one of them was overpowering. If you still had a mouth you'd be moaning.

Your owner released their hold. Your head slowly sprung back to its previous shape, but not before your owner's hands had migrated elsewhere, squashing and stretching parts of your body, each test resulting in the same soundless, elastic euphoria.

There was a brief pause. Silence except for the atmospheric creaks of your own, synthetic form.

Your owner's hand softly rubbed at the conspicuous bulge between your legs, hitting your very core like a bolt of lightning. It felt like every inch of you was being stretched and squashed all at once. You almost slumped over completely, held steady only by the leash still in your owner's hand.

A forceful tug on the leash signified your owner's wordless intentions.

Without hesitation, you reached down and pressed at your bulge, the same electricity running through you once again. It was a familiar yet unexplainable sensation. Each touch was like an orgasm in itself, but unendingly so. You groped at your bulge with what little dexterity your hands afforded, the sensations just building on top of one another, edging ever closer to a climax that would never arrive.

You felt the leash fall away from you and collapsed to the ground, both hands kneading at your groin desperately.

And that was how you were left; for how long, you couldn't know, all conscious thoughts drowned out by the futile need for self-gratification.

Your owner apparently left at some point, satisfied to leave you in denial, a sqrking hot mess writing on the floor until, maybe, your owner grants you the freedom to finally succeed.