

Vacation

By Abe E Seedy

"It's the best. Just the most relaxing, blissful sensation. Really, you *got* to let yourself try it."

Frankie bit her lip, her eyes flicking up and down between the door in front of her and the ground. She'd had good sex. She'd had *real* good sex. That wasn't the problem. But it was always... active. She was always on, always pushing, working - even when she was trying to just lie back and get fucked she was trying to reposition herself, or run the right thoughts through her head to get her properly going, or just like... working at it.

"Sub space man. You're just drifting, not thinking about anything except for what you're told to, and just how super good it all feels."

She'd brushed the pitch off at first. But then another of her friends came back raving about it, then another, until eventually the thought of it got into her head. She'd had a hard few weeks, putting in extra hours at work and quite literally taking care of business. Surely she *deserved* a vacation, right? To just lie back and feel *good*, without having to worry, plan, or, honestly, try for anything. She could just be, completely relaxed and fulfilled. Put like that, it was hard to ignore.

Eventually she made the booking. The package was surprisingly cheap, and one good thing about her expansive contacts list was that it wasn't hard to find one of her play partners that she trusted who admitted to having a complementary interest. He'd agreed to pick her up out the other side, either to drive her back to her house if she changed her mind... or. Or he'd give her a good home and a good time for the course of the one-week package, until she was ready to apply the reversative and head back to her regular life.

After one last long second of deliberation, she shook the tension out of her fingers, closed her eyes, and stepped inside the sliding door.

The intake process was speedy, but thorough. A barrage of questions and confirmations, but given that she'd already taken care of so much of the paperwork online it wasn't more than twenty minutes until she was being led to the dull blank conveyor belt that led off into the hidden centre of the building. Somewhere along the line the receptionist had been replaced by a woman in a full-body latex outfit, with the bulky tendrils of some steampunk gas mask wrapping around her face.

"Remember, you can stop it whenever you want to", she whispered, a faint, sweet-swelling mist drifting over Frankie's face as her clothes were casually removed and she was lowered onto the

black rubber belt. The only thing visible beneath the mask were two circles of hazy pink over her eyes, but something about the way the mask shifted made Frankie realise the technician was grinning. "The hard part is wanting to."

Then without anything further she hit a button, the conveyor beneath Frankie whisking her quickly out of view.

To start with, she was simply moved. The light behind her became dimmer and dimmer as she was carried down into the warm heart of the building, and somewhere between the growing darkness, the steady motion, and the soothing whirr of machinery, Frankie found herself already feeling increasingly relaxed. Even though it was *supposed* to be this most sublimely relaxing thing, she couldn't help but overthink her way through the lead up. Would she like it? Would it even work for her? Would she have to make adjustments, would she have to tell them what to say for it to be good, would work try to give her a call on her week off, would sh-

Suddenly, from up ahead, there was a light. Or... not quite. It wasn't that there was a light bulb, but somewhere in the darkness in front of her there was something hot pink and... glowing. The conveyor curved down under it gracefully, filling Frankie's vision with the vast glass tank of viscous pink fluid.

"Oh", she said, right as she slid beneath the very centre of it, and a small aperture opened up above her. "Here we go then."

The first of it hit her right on her ankles. She'd been travelling feet-first, so the steady stream of pink fluid crossed over her feet as she was moved down into it. It felt... warm. Surprisingly heavy, but somehow not in a distressing way. It wasn't that it was weighing her down, it was more that was pushing her slowly but insistently, making her feel like she was sinking into some soft fur carpet. Even so, she couldn't help but lift her legs up in the air, feeling the fluid curl back and forth over on itself as she shifted herself beneath it. It was cool - even though it was warm, as soon as it spread out over her skin it was cool, and then as she slid her thighs against each other she felt it catch for just a split-second. There was a sound, a soft, short, 'sqrrk!', and that was the moment that it really went from being a weird thing to something that was actually happening.

She was being coated with plastic, or, no - she was being turned into living plastic, being remade as a doll, right here and now as the glowing pink fluid poured over more and more of her. And right as that occurred to her, the belt moved her forwards, and the liquid reached her pussy.

Instantly, her eyes widened. The sensation was... she'd been expecting a lot. But it wasn't. It was simple. She felt her body just *shift*, her pussy flowing just as smoothly as the pink fluid that

was pouring over it, sliding into a straightforward open 'o'. She brushed a hand over it, barely even registering how the pinkess quickly swept that too, leaving her fingers stuck together one by one. But her pussy, the way that was so simple now, gone from a complicated intersection of functions and demands to one simple purpose, around which every part of it was exquisitely modelled.

She needed cock. Something to fill her new synthetic slit, and she gasped out loud as the heat of that thought hit her. Or maybe it was the plastic working its way up her chest, building up over her breasts as they became so round and firm. They were a feature, a wonderful, sensitive decoration, something to signal her purpose as an eager, gasping sextoy.

Her throat was warm, her mouth fell open as the pouring pinkness swept inexorably up over her chin. It washed over her lips, and there wasn't even a second of concern as it slid smoothly down the inside of her throat. There wasn't room for concern. That would get in the way of her tongue flattening, making its new home at the bottom of her mouth as her face continued to change. Her lips, ever so slightly too stiff to be natural, so they'd always drift back to a plastic ring whenever she wasn't thinking, and always firm enough to pleasure the length of any cock that was pressed inside her. If she wanted to try and talk she'd have to work and concentrate, but she could have the perfect amount of pressure running up and down the length of a shaft without even thinking about it.

She couldn't *stop* thinking about it. It was only after several seconds that she realised there really was something between her lips, some perfectly-sized appendage of the machine had descended from up above and slid into her mouth, spraying some last coat of the fluid deep inside her. Perhaps it was finishing off the last of her transformation, or maybe it was training her, or maybe just giving her a reward, but Frankie couldn't even begin to wonder about the details. Instead she just leaned back, sunk down and enjoyed it, tumbling eagerly into sub space as her fully pink plastic body moved down the conveyor.

Soon, the appendage made its way back out of her dripping mouth, and Frankie's newly shining body emerged from beneath the great glass tank. She drifted along slowly, the joints in her limbs creasing slightly as they settled against the smooth rubber belt. Light grew up ahead of her, and dimly she was aware that she was leaving the factory, being delivered to the waiting care of her partner. Even if her mind was too adrift to focus on the details of timing, she knew instinctively that there were good times ahead. She would be played with, fucked, filled, cared for and caressed, and the thought of that filled her mind far more concretely than such a sharp-edged notion as 'a week'.

She drifted, the corners of her lips tugging upwards slightly in a smile. This really was the most relaxing, blissful sensation. Really, you have *got* to let yourself try it.