



[Rubber Ducky](#)

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JaneDoe-2010 edit, Rev. 1.0, Monday, November 04, 2024

As Robert regained consciousness he was disoriented, his view seemed to be of the edge of the tub, as though he were laying down flat in it and looking straight at the side of the tub, yet he was, or had been, over six feet tall and could never have laid in the bottom of the tub like that.

Robert said, "QUACK?"

(OH GOD WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?)

His "Question" sounded normal enough to him. Robert had just poured himself a bath and, as he was soaking, a bright flash emanated from the tub. When it was gone, Robert was left in an empty bath with a new rubbery body and a new predicament. Not only that, Robert had no idea how long he had been in there, or why he couldn't seem to look around at anything other than the end of the tub.

Robert cried out, "QUACK? QUACK? QUACK!"

(What is going on...? WHY Can't I MOVE? I NEED TO GET HELP!)

Then Robert heard someone walking towards the bathroom, most likely his roommate Frank. Robert was unbelievably embarrassed. He didn't know what was going on or how he appeared; but he knew that he didn't want Frank to see him like this! Then he heard, "Knock, Knock. Hello, Robert, are you in there? I heard a weird noise."

Robert tried to stop the inevitable and said, "QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!"

(OH GOD IT'S FRANK!! Don't COME IN HERE! Don't OPEN THE DOOR!)

Despite Robert's quacks of protest, the door to the bathroom slowly opened and Robert's roommate, Frank, stepped inside and surveyed the room. Frank said out loud to himself, "God, it's a mess in here! Why is there water everywhere?! And why is there a female duck Onahole in the bathtub?"

Frank looked down at Robert the duck, as he saw it. He observed the toy's predicament; left there, stuck in the tub until someone came to retrieve it. He continued to stare in disbelief at the "Toy" for several seconds. Frank couldn't tell that the toy was Robert, and that Robert could see him out of the periphery of his vision. Robert's eyes were now simply painted on features, and from Frank's perspective they appeared to be looking straight ahead at the back wall of the tub, unmoving.

Embarrassed and frightened by what his roommate had said, yet knowing that he needed someone's help, Robert said, "Quack... Quack."

(Um, Hi Frank! I don't know what is happening.)

Frank was both amused by the noisy toy and yet frustrated as he sighed to himself and said aloud, "I know that he's an adult, but I wish he wouldn't leave his fetish toys out in the open. What if we had guests? What would they think?" Then he began to reach down to pick up the toy.

The duck was horrified and dismayed when it saw Frank reaching down for him and yelled out, "Quack! Quack, Quack! QUACK!"

(Wait, it's me! Frank, Stop! Don't grab me and pick me up!)

But the toy's quacks were in vain as Frank reached down and picked Robert up. Robert was now truly forced to accept that he was apparently a toy that could not move in any way, as he was easily picked up by his roommate. Yet the toy still hadn't realized that, to a human, it simply was making quacking noises when it tried to speak. Frank then examined Robert's noisy "Toy," and thought out loud, "fuck! This thing is noisy, it must have some kind of electronics in it that makes it quack like that! Still, it's a pretty good quality product, and the silicone is really nice and soft."

Robert was not sure how this happened, or why he now seemed to be a female toy duck Onahole, but by this point it was impossible to deny. And as he felt himself, herself, being turned over and examined from every angle by his roommate, she could not deny the facts. Soon Robert couldn't help herself, and she realized what her roommate was likely thinking. Especially when she felt Frank's fingers entering her Onahole pussy, and the truly unnatural sensations that this brought to the former man. Still trying to talk to his roommate, Robert suddenly cried out in desperation, "Quack! Quack, Quack! Quackkkkkk...."

(Please! stop touching me, it feels....! Moan.....)

But Robert was about to be forced into a new realization, one that would terrify the former man, as Frank removed his fingers from Robert's Onahole pussy, his fingers now coated in lube. Robert thought, but didn't quack, "Ohhhh.... That was weird! But, man what a feeling! Wow!"

Frank, thinking out loud said to no one in particular, "Man that was weird, that last quack sounded like a moan; this really is an advanced toy! Well, I guess it couldn't hurt to give it a proper tryout. Besides, Robert owes me anyway for the mess he left. Too bad for him if he doesn't like me using his toy, I'm going to anyway!"

Robert, upon hearing that, and still denying that his days of speaking were over, desperately cried out as he was being carried away to a place that he knew he didn't want to go, "Quack? QUACK? QUACK!

(Wait, what are you talking about Frank? WHERE ARE WE GOING? STOP!)

But his quacks of protest were ignored as Frank carried his former roommate to Frank's room. Robert's quacks of protest echoed throughout the house. But soon, the quacks of confusion, panic, and terror would change in nature; to a more lustful tone. The new toy was fully "Tested," by its former roommate, and now its new owner. Since Robert never returned, the duck became property of Frank; and the duck's mind was blown by the new sensations and feelings it experienced.

Even though Frank was mad that he suddenly had to take on all the payments for the apartment, he consoled himself knowing that the toy that Robert left behind gave him pleasure for many years to come. The oddest thing, Frank thought, was that the toy never needed its batteries replaced; in fact he couldn't even figure out how to do that. Yet, somehow, the toy never stopped quacking when he used, or even handled it. In fact, it only seemed to stop after being put away in his darkened closet. And even then, the toy would occasionally leave out a sad little quack that almost seemed to Frank as though it were lonely and wanted to be used again; and Frank always felt sorry for, and obliged it.

The End