

Null in Void

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

Looking up from playing to check his preview panel, Jack admired his simulacrum, straightening the androgynous figure's brown scruffy hair and adjusting his glasses. A cheeky smile froze on his reproduced image as his eyes drifted over the viewer count for the stream.

His first time breaking past two figures. Past the fifties even.

White teeth caught a full lower lip for a moment, then he recovered as the game demanded attention once again.

"Lotta you sods in here today, huh?"

He tried to sound relaxed, natural, even if he was playing up his accent and playing down his excitement.

"Well, welcome to the stream! I'm Axios, and today's Friday, so you know we've got some more fightgames. Oh and before you ask, yeah I'm a bloke. And yeah, I know I'm pretty."

His wink to the camera set messages scrolling and his ego growing, but Jack pretended not to notice as he turned back to the gameplay.

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"You guys know anything about this new sponsor going around?"

With the stream wrapping up, Jack was chatting with his newly-swollen audience, when he saw a link for 'Void Media' pop up.

Their email was sitting in his inbox, dubious promises of explosive viewer growth and massive payloads from his audience disregarded as spurious nonsense – whoever wrote it didn't even know the word was 'payouts' after all!

Yet as his chat scrolled he saw just how many of them were claiming to have been sent his way by that very same conglomerate. One they swore was legit, and praised for pointing them towards a streamer of his caliber.

'You should definitely sign up! I'd love to see you showing off their new streaming gear,' suggested Galatea | DmnS.

As his biggest supporter, her encouragement was hard to ignore. So were the other messages insisting on how everyone who signed with Void was successful and sought after now. Several chatters agreed that the 'payloads' were unparalleled too.

“Nice one, marketing dudes, but you should proofread your adverts before you paste them.”

Still, as he looked though the other streamers that had supposedly taken the deal, he saw a lot of gorgeous faces... and viewing figures.

Perhaps they had a better eye for talent than he’d thought.

Even his regulars were excited, cheering for him to finally get signed and start making it big.

It had certainly been long enough.

Ending the stream, he pulled out his phone, and took another look at that contract they’d sent him.

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“A very fair offer, don’t you agree?”

Smooth as honey, Galatea’s voice trickled into him, and Jack felt his sex throb as he looked up, into the eyes of the gorgeous redheaded girl, despite the layers of clothing which obscured her promising figure.

The young would-be streamer had never imagined that his number one fan would be so alluring. Or that she represented the very organization trying to scout him.

He couldn’t quite remember when she’d joined him, but she was gesturing insistently at the pages in his hands, and it would have been rude – not to mention strange – to ask his guest where she’d come from. Especially when she was visiting personally to sign him to Void.

“Become mine, Jack,” she purred, “and you’ll be set for life. However long that may be. And you’ll be set with me... for all the loving you can take....”

Jack’s eyes blurred as he looked through the document again, impatience and arousal hurrying him over the lines about streaming requirements. It was mostly unremarkable anyway – using their custom gear, adding some new channel rewards – his attention was far more attracted to the viewership figures.

Guaranteed channel growth over the six-month initial contract, and once nulled he would be free to go independent again if he wished.

The language was clumsy and didn’t quite make sense – Jack was fairly sure that most lapsed contracts were ‘null and void’ rather than *in* void, but from her voice it sounded like his prospective manager was foreign, and he didn’t like to correct her phrasing before he was even formally signed.

"I just write my name here?" he asked.

She guided the pointing digit up, to luscious, red lips, and planted a kiss on the tip.

Jack winced as he felt a soft pop and a hot, burning sensation.

"Y-you bit me," he murmured.

Her eyes smiled down at him as she guided his hand to the page.

Before he knew it, he was supplying his signature.

There was a tingling sensation in his fingertip as he wrote his name, but it was nothing next to the flutter in his chest.

This was his big chance. For his career, and for his love-life.

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His new streaming gear arrived the very next day, all customized with his 'Ax' logo and 'Axios' decals, rendered in stylish pastel blues and pinks. The cat-ear headset, fashion accessories and custom streaming clothes were high-quality too, if a far cry from his usual style, but Galatea had assured him that brand consistency was vital to success with Void.

He began with the collar, which locked into place snugly around his neck, the little bell on the D-ring jingling cutely as he moved.

Jack felt like he would normally have objected to that, but his head still felt fuzzy from the day before. His thoughts were soft, flowing away from any points of objection, his attention directed elsewhere. Towards his expanding subscriber count... and erection.

His new manager was simply ravishing, and she'd promised him all the intimacy he could desire... at the end of the contract.

Better still, he hadn't even started his debut stream with Void, yet already his sub numbers had tripled.

Next came the cage, a tight rubber prison into which he had to wrestle his unruly sex.

It felt humiliating to be squeezing his manhood into such a tight container, and even once it locked shut his cock was straining against the cage, stretching it out into a large round bulge.

He reminded himself of Galatea's warning. Their sponsors couldn't have erections visible on stream, no matter how many layers of fabric might cover them. She'd assured him that she would remove the cage personally at the end of his initial contract.

If being caged felt restrictive, his new clothing was surprisingly free and comfortable – the one-piece, shoulder-length gloves and thigh-high stockings all fit him perfectly, as did the high heels, the fabrics silky smooth and quite warm, despite how much skin they showed and how much bulge they highlighted. The odd footwear choice was hard to move around in, but he assured himself he'd get used to the heels. They were vital to the outfit, helping to highlight his rear and correct his posture, even while sitting.

Between his pose and attire his ass was totally exposed, but he was lucky to have enough of a butt to not look silly – pretty good for a guy, as he told himself.

The greatest pain in that large ass was replacing his old gaming chair. The new one required a lot of assembly, and the inflatable buttplug built into the seat seemed... impractical to say the least. It was vital to Void, however, who insisted on the proper gaming posture at all times. It also tied into his new point redeems and donation incentives.

Jack made sure to thoroughly wet it with lube before he tried taking his place atop the toy. Popping himself down onto it, he gasped at the sensations of the latex bulb penetrating him, and settling snug inside his tingling rear.

Yet that was nothing compared to the feeling when his first 'stretch' redeem hit.

He'd only been live for a few minutes, still getting used to the idiosyncrasies of a new uniform and the strange sight of his new streamsona on the screen, when 'stretch x2' popped up.

"Got plenty of points saved up, so thought I'd get you started, honey," read the comment from Galatea.

Back straightening and legs tensing, 'Axios' whimpered as he felt the rubber toy buried in his posterior expanding, swelling and pressing against his prostate with an insistent, playful pressure.

Mere moments later a donation hit, and from a new sub too.

Activating rumble mode.

Jack spent the rest of the stream twitching and squirming atop his throbbing anus, thighs rubbing and captive cock straining, as every game-event set off that intensely distracting, diabolically relentless rumble feedback... piped directly into his asshole.

Come evening he was panting and twitching, his cage leaking into his panties as his heated gaming session became as much a hapless teasing show, each donation adding to his erotic stimulation.

Working for Void was *intense*.

“Great stream!” read his new manager’s DM, “lovely warmup, and we’ll really get into the fun stuff next time!”

He would have complained – especially after he *popped* himself off that merciless sextoy and all but collapsed – but his stream numbers were all he could focus on.

Over a thousand people had been watching him, and he’d made more in an afternoon than in a whole year prior.

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The days went quickly after that – as awkward as the new terms of his contract were, he loved to game and he reveled in the newfound attention and income he was earning.

Admittedly, going to bed each night with an aching bulge that was begging for attention through the cage was frustrating, but in those moments of pent-up lust and confused sexual fervor he reminded himself, as he squeezed and humped his useless crotch mound against a pillow, that this was part of the job.

His mornings were tough too, his pleading penis ignored, stewing in its own juices in the cage as he slipped on his only set of clothing atop it and went about his errands.

At first it was hard to walk in heels, but the jeweled posture-correcting buttplug Galatea had given him at the end of the first week fit snugly, and eased the feeling of emptiness when he was away from his chair. Proper posture came naturally with it inserted, and now he was moving with increasing ease, a sway entering his gait as he learned how to move in his mandated outfit. It really showed off his hips and jiggled his ass, but he was growing accustomed to the funny looks he got. Save perhaps when he bent over... Jack couldn’t help but blush at the remarks whenever strangers saw the gleaming posture-plug buried in his butt.

Of course that was nothing compared to when he was live, with that buzzing pressure so perfectly fucking his asshole.... At least his cock-cage kept the constant flood of precum from spoiling his new skirt. No wonder he had to wear one.

Jack probably wouldn’t have thought that way before signing up, he knew, but feeling his dick leaking hopelessly into his sealed sex-bulb as he tried and failed to orgasm was... just a part of what he signed up for....

Right?

His head felt ever hazier in those moments of overbearing need, as his body yearned to be released and to reach release, but whenever he wavered Galatea would be there, with a kind word, or a wink, or a playful caress of his twitching, trapped genitalia.

He never remembered quite how she came or went, but he presumed he was just too horny to notice.

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By the end of the month, out of days off to take, Jack had given immediate notice at work.

His boss hadn't recognized him, even after hearing his voice, and when the streamer gave his name he got back only a strange, skeptical look, eyes lingering on his clothes, makeup and accessories, as well as drifting over his glossy exposed skin.

Neither man had said anything beyond the traditional well-wishes, but the slap on his butt, and the way his flaring cheeks jiggled was less conventional. Rude as it was, Jack had felt a funny tremor running up his body from the contact. A ripple of sensation from those thick, fat glutes, and a pleasing creak, like the sounds of a rubber glove.

His cage felt all the tighter that afternoon, as he sat down to stream, connecting in headset and buttplug, and as his plush thighs and ass squished around the toy and squeaked he gave a moan, trapped cock leaking profusely.

"Damn, Ax, you begging for it now!" one chatter remarked, spurring a flurry of agreement... and a few more sizes added to the inflating plug to make him whimper and wriggle.

There was something strangely seductive about the face moaning in his preview panel. So pretty, so effeminate... the new lipstick was working wonders. Even if he couldn't quite close his mouth.

For a moment he thought the image was wet with sweat, but a closer inspection proved it was just his improved complexion. The makeup and lotions he used each day made him shine like plastic in the light, so supple and soft that any woman would have been envious.

His was distracted from such thoughts by the huge donation rolling in.

'Horsecock unlock' was one of the most embarrassing features his chat could activate... but his lips were already puckering and inflating at the thought as he reluctantly, bashfully pulled out the footlong equine toy.

It was odd how close to skin-texture the silicone was... or was it that his skin was oddly like silicone?

Pushing the rubber cock into his face and down his throat stifled such silly questions, and Jack shivered at the sense of confounding, twisted relief it brought.

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"Aren't you just the perfect model employee?" Galatea murmured, as she stroked those long, dark fingers down his chest.

Jack whimpered through his puffed-out lips as the digits sank into the growing softness around his nipples, palpable even though his bra, and travelled on to cup and torment his trapped bulge.

The chat was exploding, but his contained flesh could only twitch and burn with need, even after so many months without orgasm. He couldn't help but push himself into her palm as those captivating red eyes glowed in his mind.

"So, my sweet, are you ready to sign up for a *permanent* contract with us? Or will you be rejecting me? I would so hate to lose out on a 'talent' like you...."

His hand was already moving to sign the ornate, glowing sheaf of parchment.

Not with blood, this time – somehow it seemed none would come – but Galatea had bitten a digit all the same, and it seemed to work just fine.

Jack was more focused on *her* hands.

Finally, after so long, she was removing the cage, and freeing his erection.

It didn't even occur to him that he was about to flash his cock to hundreds of thousands of people – Jack needed to cum much too badly to think about the potential consequences.

Peeling away, the latex cup separated from soaked, glistening skin beneath. Any moment his dick would spring up, into his waiting, eager hands.

With a soft pop the cage came loose, and he gasped at the intense sensation, arching atop the plug that was tormenting his prostate.

His penis wasn't there.

Beneath the removed outer dome sat a second one, a wobbling, twitching mound that bounced with his clenching and shaking moans.

Jack's cock was totally gone.

Between his thighs sat a rounded, blank rubber bulge, pink with a blue print of a lock on the front.

"Wh-what the fuck is this," he gasped aloud, feeling his face redden.

His lips were too thick to speak with his natural tone, but his voice too was altered too, higher and softer. He couldn't understand how he'd missed that before.

"What did you do to me?!"

"This is the look Void expects for all our stars, my dear," his manager purred, her demonic red hide glowing with a flush of pleasure.

She had a hand on her expansive bust, and another stroking along the cock tenting her bunnysuit, as she admired her latest acquisition.

Yet the sight of the true Galatea was nothing next to his own image.

Looking over at his preview, his jaw dropped... and the fuckable rubber O-ring mouth of the toy staring back gaped wider.

She was stunningly beautiful and incredibly lifelike, her skin looking almost real until the light revealed its sheen, yet her shape was degradingly exaggerated, curvaceous in the extreme, a plaything sculpted from synthetic flesh that could only be latex, the permanently applied makeup and accessories only serving to highlight her artificial nature. As did the handles on her hips and upper arms.

Jack's face was ringed with seams, which continued down his sides, and along those thin arms and impossibly thick, fat thighs.

His pear-shaped figure was so exaggerated that he couldn't help but reach down to check if it was real. Rubber hands sunk into silicone cheeks with a squeak, and he whined, feeling how each squished, soft and springy, with no hint of bones or structure within.

Jack was a rubber sexdoll.

Irresistably, the pleasure pulled his eyes back to the gleaming ball where his genitals used to be.

"What about my cock? The fuck is this useless blob?! Wh-when do I... how do I cum?!"

He should have been afraid, angry, but somehow he already knew the answer... he'd known it all along, hadn't he? As he felt his cock compressed and shrunk away over many months... felt his penis fused into that useless, aching, agonizingly erotic null bulge that danced between his legs.

"Silly boy," Galatea's voice rumbled in his ear, filling his head with perverse longings, "you don't. Not now. Not ever."

"B-but you said- I- I have to f-"

"Fuck me? Oh no," she murmured, beaming.

Her spaded tail tickled his agonized nullge.

"You're never going to fuck anyone or anything, ever again. No more penis, no more orgasms, no more release. You're utterly, eternally impotent, my toy."

Jack whined at those taboo, terrible words.

“From now on, your purpose is to give that gift to others....”

His head was spinning even as he rubbed himself so desperately against her fleeting touch.

She chose that moment to tug aside her bunny-suit, and let her monstrous womanhood leap out. Vast and equine, the pungent horsecock slapped his cheek with its flared edge, and his lips pursed autonomically. Catching her urethral ring, his own larger ‘O’ pressed to it as he kissed her, the only way he was ever likely to, and tasted her salty ‘saliva’ flooding into his mouth.

This was all wrong, he knew, yet the presence, the taste and smell of cock, seemed to take over his mind. It was disgraceful, perverse and humiliating in the extreme, yet his body was throbbing with need, and his mind couldn’t hold out.

“You can’t fight it, my dear, you’re a sexdoll now... made for sucking and humping. This is what you need. Now suck!”

Jack whined with warped passion, as he swallowed the many inches of his diabolical defiler, his throat gripping and massaging, his tongue kneading and pulling on the enormous phallus, his whole face buried in her musky, leathery balls and crotch.

Jack was bound to this monster forever, this alluring, seductive demon he could never even fuck. It should have been a nightmare – it was a nightmare – yet the humiliation, so public and so outrageous, and the degrading, twisted warping of his body into this useless plaything... it made him hornier than he’d ever been in his life.

She guided his groping hands down, from her ass to his thighs, then in, to where that mocking ball rested, at the center of his being, where that orb sat in grotesque parody of his manhood, filling his awareness just as viscerally as the cock filling his face and throat.

Desperately as he fought against his needs, his hands pressed to his nullge without hesitation, and he howled out loud at the incredible, appalling explosion of sensation that wracked his body.

It was supposed to be a shaft, tall and proud and powerful, yet that was utterly gone. His hands felt through the space that should have been manhood, and slapped down into the absurd cartoon of a crotch below, showing him so viscerally what was gone, and what had taken its place.

Every atom of his useless, nullified rubber squeezeball of a former cock was searing, on fire with mindaltering pleasure, beyond any orgasm... and utterly without release.

His hands creaked and squeaked as he squished and kneaded the bouncing, jiggly mound and shook, the mere thought of denied penetration driving him on.

And on.

No matter how he debased himself there, on stream, live to all his viewers, Jack could get not a jot closer to climax.

Not even as they helpfully inflated and vibrated the plug that was flooding his gorgeously squishy, bulbous asshole, and he dutifully, needily tongued Galatea's balls.

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"There, wasn't that fun?" the succubus asked, her giggling mirth playing over his skin as did her agile tail and hands.

Jack was laying spent on the bed, cum oozing from his lips, and from the equally toyified anus at the other end of what he now understood to be a straight line through his torso. It was disrupted only by the cavity she had so lovingly filled with her juices, to make his tummy bulge.

"Now how about we get you settled in to your new home?"

Jack didn't dare ask what that meant. He didn't have to.

Gripped by his nullge, he was pulled all too easily to his feet. Most of his weight was her semen, after all.

Gasping and shaking at the shock of pleasure and perversity, he was held tight, powerless to resist her. On squishing legs he tottered after his 'manager', high-heels almost tripping his petite new feet, tummy sloshing with her cum.

Jack felt like a used onahole.

Because he was.

Passing through the door should have led out, into the corridors of his building, but instead he found himself in another place entirely.

An internet café.

The place was filled with computers, and at each there sat a beautiful, voluptuous, utterly synthetic lovedoll, shaped exactly like him, and supported by a huge dildo that stretched its asshole tight as it moaned and shivered, and squeezed at its crotch.

It should have been impossible, but Jack had seen enough to understand that it was real.

There were another two dozen feminized, nullified figures lined up before his eyes, each with those same perfect proportions and lewd added features. They even had the same face.

All that told one from the next were the streamer names marked on the headsets they wore, and the color-schemes of their permanent makeup and clothing.

Jack wasn't just a sexdoll streamer, he was a mass-produced sexdoll streamer.

And there was a giant buttplug waiting in front of the lone unoccupied PC, just for him.

"Why don't you take your seat?" Galatea asked.

Guiding him by his throbbing non-genitals, her free hand brushed his lips, and Jack felt a surge of renewed frustration as, against his will, he tried to suck those elegant fingers inside.

"I... won't do it," he managed to murmur, through gritted rubber lip-flaps.

"Sit," she said simply.

Jack pushed himself down onto the degrading sextoy stand with a moan and a shudder. It was distractingly, disgracefully large, but that wasn't what ate at his mind as he started up his stream. It was that he had been so unable to even think about refusing.

So unwilling to.

Galatea made him want it.

Chat was a welcome distraction from that, and from the surreal surroundings, but something was off there too.

His chatters were the same, gleefully teasing and amorously admiring him as they had for all those months, but now each familiar name came with an image.

A demonic face, or an inhuman bust, or a decidedly diabolical cock, drooling so deliciously next to their words.

"Can't believe Galatea roped in another one."

"He folded so fast too, usually they at least struggle some!"

"I can't wait to wrap him around my cock."

"Ax has the cutest colors, he's gonna be the highlight of her collection for sure."

They were his own mods talking, along with his biggest donors.

All celebrating his downfall and disgrace.

"You bastards!" he railed, even as he kept gaming, "you set me up!"

"Well duh, we're demons. What else you think an incubus is gonna do, if not corrupt and ruin mortals?"

"Is there no-one human left watching?!"

He was almost begging, praying that someone out there would say something, would see him and send help.

"Not since you signed that first contract," came the dreadful, inevitable response.

"Look, you have to help me get out of here, get back to normal!"

His chatters just laughed and teased all the more, but to one side, one of his surreal clones leaned over. Her headset read 'Brostar'.

"There's no point fighting."

Jack had been trying not to dwell on those identical figures each presumably being a former person just like him, but the light in the eyes, and the empathy in her soft, female tone made it impossible to deny.

"But someone has to have noticed we're missing," Jack hissed back.

"If they have, they certainly didn't come and get us. Not for the last thousand years anyway."

"Thousand? But streaming's only-"

"Time's different here in the Void. You didn't really think it was just some corporate sponsor, did you?"

Gesturing with a slender digit, she pointed. Following her finger, Jack saw a large window, beside the door he'd entered through.

Outside was blackness, shaped only by the clusters and towers of light, glowing in all colors, like a great cityscape, yet ever moving, swirling and smearing together at times, spreading and spiraling outwards at others.

"Each dot's another point of corporeality, but what we're floating in, gods only know."

The chilling sight froze Jack's thoughts, dozens of questions and ideas and schemes dying on his overgrown lips.

Dulled, his mind latched onto one word.

“Gods?”

“Of course. We get all sorts here, spirits, devils, demons, deities... other things... you... get used to it though. Like you get used to never... quite reaching release....”

There was a peculiar, feverish gleam in those rubber eyes, and Jack leant back away. Then groaned as the plug twisted inside him, and made his soft, plump rear hole creak.

He tried to just focus on the gaming – that part was certainly still fun – but his body was too pent up, overstimulated by his transformation and teasing. His rubbing thighs could squeak up and down the sides of his nullge as he played, and unwise as it was, he couldn’t stop doing it, squishing his nullified former genitals between his legs desperately.

Loading screens allowed his hands to join in too, but every time he got distracted and forgot to go back to gaming, a donation would roll in to add a few more inches to the toy gaping his rear as a reminder.

It had just reached a foot long when Galatea arrived, a huge, hulking figure in tow. She was a buxom goddess with a cock that was as long as he was tall, and she gestured wordlessly to ‘Brostar’.

“Break time,” the sextoy murmured, flashing him a wink.

She had barely slipped off her headset when she was pulled up into the air, and then pushed down the huge, glistening cock, her fingers and toes scrunching as she gurgled in delight.

“This is so fucked up,” Jack muttered.

“Ah, cheer up, son,” one viewer messaged, “you’re immortal now, not to mention sensitive af! Sounds like winning to me!”

“I’ll rent you real soon!” promised another, “until then, have a round of cock on me!”

The toy descended from overhead along with the donation notification... only it wasn’t a rubber phallus that appeared, but a flesh one.

Attached to the giggling body of a small imp-like creature, who must surely have been fifty percent penis by mass.

“Nice to make your acquaintance,” he said, smirking, “lookin’ forward to workin’ with ya.”

Jack was already sucking that spicy, musty demondick into his mouth, even as she moaned with the burning, shameful humiliation of it all.

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“So, my dear, how was your first day?”

Jack glared at her, still rubbing his jaw and ass where they were tingling from so many hours of use. Most recently by her cock, her creamy, rich load still flooding his mouth.

“Day? It felt like years!”

“Eternity is funny like that, it somehow makes each moment seem all the longer.”

She recalled the faces of the other toys. Of *the* toys, *he* reminded himself.

All had assured him... that this was forever. Permanent. Irreversible. Inescapable.

Somehow he’d known that already.

“You’re really never letting me leave, are you?” came his growled response.

It would have seemed more imposing if it wasn’t coming from a sentient realdoll, still squirming with her uncontrollable lust.

“No more than I’m ever letting you orgasm,” Galatea affirmed eagerly. “Now since you were so good on your first day, and you gave such gorgeous head, how about I help break in your bubble-butt too, hmm?”

“Hell no,” he managed to sputter... even as he licked that delicious seed from his lips.

“Not quite, the Void is independent,” his manager replied, “more of a neutral party. Emphasis on party.”

“I don’t care, I want out! This is so messed up, so humiliating! I want out of this contract! Turn me back to normal and give me back my... cock....”

His words faltered as her flared glans rose into view.

“If you don’t want to be here, you’re welcome to try to leave,” she murmured, looking all the more amused.

Jack whimpered, as he realized that her toy was already moving into position, down on its knees, the latex doll’s enormous ass sticking up into the air.

Ready to use.

Galatea took her by the handles, and pushed her whole length inside in one long, smooth thrust, one which met no resistance, other than Jack’s ridged innards desperately, eagerly clinging to the penetrating phallus.

She pulled back again with a slurp, and he quivered, one hand reaching half-heartedly towards the door, as the other inched inexorably to his impotent non-genitals.

Those fingers squeaked into the mound as Jack's insides sqrrked and creaked around the pumping penis that was filling his mind.

Proof of just how inhuman he'd become.

Leaning over him, she hilted herself in her toy, and he felt the immense meatstick on which he was impaled growing. Each thrust seemed to bring several more inches of cock, and spread his creaking, puffy rubber O-ring anus wider.

That was when her hands sank into the toy's nullge, alongside Jack's own.

"Just think... no more sex with this... it's just a cute little blob for me to trample and squish now... my impotent, gorgeous girdoll...."

Her whole body was throbbing with bliss as that divine dick flooded the back of her throat, even as her mind burned with overwhelming, desperate, intoxicating shame.

She had never needed anything more.