

Satisfaction Guaranteed [for Barca, Smooth Style]

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

“So, you’ve come to slake those twisted desires, gnawing at your mind like so many rats?”

Lent further gravitas by a Glaswegian tone, the words croaked from the throat of a hulking figure, hunched and veiled, half-hidden among shelves filled with strange hardware, implants and gadgets.

“Master fleshcrafter Tanith sees all – knows all – and you recruit her prowess at your peril, girl!”

Barca eyed the other speaker with unease.

A jar of mismatched prosthetic eyeballs between the two eyed her back.

They regarded a young woman, tanned and bearing luscious locks of long brown hair, garbed in a stylish but practical blue dress. Form-fitting, it bulged at the side-seam, where her ample padding pushed through. Adorned with the insignia of her rank, *captain* Barca wore it with pride... even after her recent weight gain made it less than comfortable.

The fleshcrafter opposite stepped into the light and doffed her hood.

The girl who emerged couldn’t have been the gnarled and twisted figure she’d perceived at first, yet there had been no substitution Barca could see.

Far from sinister, her air was fresh and easy, a kindly smile tickling her cheeks as she looked her new customer up and down. Hers was a bubbly, warm face, youthful and bright, framed in golden curls, the body-modder about her age and strikingly attractive in her form-fitting attire of latex, adorned with ankle and wrist straps and completed with a cloak.

“So what brings you to my shop?”

Even her voice had changed, now the gentle lilt of an Edinburgh brogue.

“Perhaps a facelift? Maybe eye upgrades? Or indeed a removal? Got someone you want to see break out in a rash of cocks? Or maybe you’re the one who wants to change... yes, I could see you in something latex yourself-”

“I have an appointment,” Barca explained quickly, to stem the embarrassing guessing. “My crewmate Vale arranged things. She said that you have the ultimate treatment for... issues of body image and... ennui.”

“As I do indeed,” she said, taking the captain by the hand. “Right this way, Hannah.”

“Just call me Barca – everyone does.”

She was led through the winding maze of shelves and cabinets, to a small workbench and two chairs.

Sitting the captain in one, the modder took the other, crossing rubber legs and pushing a plate of cookies forwards on the counter at their side.

“So, what’s been bothering you?”

Barca hesitated, suddenly feeling as if she was in a therapist’s office, rather than a mod shop.

“It’s nothing major... some extra puppy fat I picked up thanks to certain pranksters on the Selkie – my ship.”

“But that’s not all, is it?”

“No, I... well things can be a lot sometimes, you know? The burden of leadership. And dealing with those jokers. They’ve no respect for the chain of command, and they don’t seem to have any conception of how much pressure a pirate captain is under to keep us all out of jail and medstation.”

Tanith nodded empathetically, patting her hand as she munched loudly on a chocolate chip.

Barca fell to the temptation, and bit into one too, savoring the rich chocolate despite all those extra calories.

“You feel dissatisfied with your body, and with your lifestyle. You need a change, a simplification. A little... more than cosmetic body modification, of the nanotech variety,” Tanith declared.

“Well, I wouldn’t go *that* far,” Barca replied quickly, as the modder struck a little too close to the mark. “That stuff is *permanent*.”

“Now now, you mustn’t try to fool your doctor – or yourself – and I may be neither, but I know what’s right for you even if you don’t like to admit it. That nice young jackal Vale sent me a brain scan of yours to make sure.”

“What? How did she-”

“So, when I say the treatment is *transformation*, that means you *need* me to remake you, and that’s that.”

The growing sensation in her loins affirmed those taboo words, regardless of what Barca might claim.

“Can that sort of... treatment... really help with things like this? A few extra hands won’t keep the crew in line... or my waist.”

“Oh but certainly it will help!” Tanith said at once, “I’m the last word in life-altering medical care – and don’t you worry, cutie, I know *exactly* what’s the matter, and how to set you right! My store is your one-stop-shop for a life free of stress and worry.”

“Well... what exactly do you... prescribe for me?”

She touched a fingertip to Barca’s lip.

“Let me worry about that, darling, I had a nice long chat with miss Vale about it all. You don’t need to trouble your pretty head with the details – you just focus on feeling a whole new you.”

It seemed highly unwise not to even verify her plan in advance, yet Vale had sworn by her, even forked over the fee in advance. The modder’s confidence was also remarkable, just like her flirtatious manner. It helped too that her dominating personality came with the ravishing looks to match.

“So, you’re here and I’m here, and your life isn’t getting any stranger on its own. Let’s get started!”

“Now?!”

“No time like the present! I have quite a busy morning ahead of me, so all the more reason for me to get you fixed up and on your way before any more customers come knocking.”

It was hard to know what to make of this beguiling, dangerous beauty, but as she ruffled Barca’s hair with that firm, motherly air, the captain felt her resistance crumbling.

“Well... we have already paid. And Vale did want me to take some ‘me’ time too.... Okay, let’s do it!”

~~~

A few minutes later Barca was disrobed, blushing and covering her bust and crotch with bashful hands. She felt deeply exposed as she sat on a stool in the middle of the small workshop, her bare body inspected ponderously by her physician, as if appraising the raw materials with which she meant to work.

“Yes, this should do just perfectly,” Tanith said, as she reached out her hands.

Over rubber-coated digits were gloves, tingling with electrostatic charge, and as Barca gripped the offered extremities she felt their energy spread through her.

Eyes met, a tender warmth in those of her modder, that smile promising all would be well.

With a gentle push, Barca felt her hands collapse into soft nothing.

The captain stared, as reality seemed to give way like her body, only the shock of intense pleasure announcing the action of the nanites. She didn't even know how they'd gotten into her body without an injection.

Bone flowed easily as the blood flooding into her loins, tangling, compressing nerves piling up with the bunched flesh of her oozing fingers, squeezed together as though Tanith were kneading a set of stressballs.

She kept pushing, bizarre erogenous stimulation intensifying as she twisted her grip to follow the lines of Barca's arms, and so much mass of limb simply vanished into nothingness as she went.

Before her eyes, before she could speak a single sound, those palms were rounding her elbows, then rising up to press, to *flatten* against her shoulders.

The captain gasped aloud with a juddering breath, as she felt Tanith's fingers sink into the soft, plush mounds of muscle and fat which were the new *corners* of her torso.

"You... removed my *arms*?!"

Each felt still more shocking than it looked.

Barca flexed them, feeling that stunning *lack* of her bodyparts, shoulderblades waving futilely in Tanith's grip as the modder giggled, clearly enjoying her subject's bewilderment.

Barca whimpered as she experienced that surreal, shocking sense of sudden haplessness... so taboo and perverse... setting her heart pounding, as she endured pleasure she could never have imagined prior to that moment.

Entranced by that outrageous feeling, she lacked the presence of mind to try to object or resist, as the lone hands remaining in the room moved on to their next target.

In just a heartbeat more, she was watching as her legs joined arms in consignment to oblivion.

The humiliation struck in waves, as did the arousal, each equally objectionable. It felt terribly good, incredible even, for her body to be reshaped so. Barca was like flowing clay, putty in her modder's hands, yet still more absorbing was the abrupt change in character of her thoughts, as she watched her remaining limbs removed. Without arms she was reduced, vulnerable and clumsy, but without legs she was truly *helpless*, unable even to stand, or move, let alone escape.

Her drooling pussy made clear how little it minded that, as she stared down at her suddenly, irreversibly reduced body.

As she felt that visceral rush, of trying to reach down and touch herself, and failing.

"There we go, dear," Tanith hummed, as she rounded off her big, soft hips, into plush corners to match those of her shoulders, "no more appendages to spoil everything. I imagine you're feeling better already, to know that you're a limbless torso for all time!"

"Better?!" she spluttered, stumps flailing, "You quack! I needed my limbs! I'm a captain not a concubine!"

"Really? Vale's instructions were quite clear though... and the brainscan, well those can't lie, my dear."

A finger trailed up her quaking netherlips, collecting the moisture welling from her sex, and Barca whimpered, shaking with twisted, depraved pleasure.

"Far from needing your limbs... you needed them *removed*."

Concern and confusion vied in her chest, which felt suddenly much further away from her head, after her body had been so drastically rescaled. Her new stumps were so *wrong*... yet the modder's hands against those bulbous bumps of non-limb made her heart flutter even more than the touch to her sex, a surreal surge of more than just the physical pleasure, spreading through what remained of her body.

A sense of something akin to... bewildering, inexplicable release, of a tension she had not perceived herself to be under before that moment.

As if she had finally let go a breath, held in for all those long years of her adult life.

"Don't worry, darling, Tanith knows best. Now let's finish your treatment, and then you'll feel just *worlds* better. Especially once your genitals are gone."

"My--"

Her what went unspoken, as the immobilized torso writhed in sudden, overwhelming ecstasy, hands sinking into her sex.

Her pussy, generously sized and visibly delighted as it was by the addition of four new areas of erogenous flesh to her hips and shoulders, was the fifth victim of the treatment.

Barca watched agape as her labia collapsed into one reflowing mass, mashed down in a single smooth motion, to form a wobbling, spongy ball, filling her sculptress' hand.

Just like that, she had been nullified.

"S-stop this," she whined, panting, shoulder stumps trying desperately to touch the nullge already, even as she told herself how very terrible it was. "This isn't what I... it's wrong.... *Disgusting*.... Ohhhhhhhhh!"

Her protests turned to guttural moans when Tanith gave her new anatomy another squeeze, and she felt the creaking of latex, spreading out through her loins, as her shape was locked in with the sheen of biorubber.

Her pussy was gone, just like her limbs, and as playful hands painted her stumps and bulge into stylish new two-tone purple and black, the torso-woman wobbled atop the seat, whimpering with pleasure and disgust.

"You can't, I'm not some... sex... *thing*!"

"The word is onahole, hon, and I *assure* you that you are!"

Feigned indignation was belied by how she groped less-than-stumps futilely towards her squeaking nullge, longing terribly to touch herself, yet knowing she never would again. That was so much more *exciting*. The captain's head spun, with the shocking awareness of her warped body. The wagging of her stumps, once proud arms, was impossibly degrading. The throbbing of her ruined, useless former sex as she ground it into the wood beneath her hips was a pathetic plea for release. It was all too much.

Barca barely noticed that Tanith was still working, as her hands continued to spread out from her crotch, not until she felt how the modder smoothed away her nipples too.

She was steadily erasing every opening or detail... each blemish of humanity from the surface of the toy she was creating.

Including her mouth.

"Wai-"

Barca's final protest faded, as her lips were spun into the frozen O of a puffy ring of plush and silky rubber, her complaints reduced to mere grunts and whining, wordless squirms as the modder reached into her mouth to shape the new pussy-pocket that was replacing teeth and tongue.

She couldn't even breathe, as her throat sealed up.

Fortunately, the corruption of biorubber was pervading her innards too.

Inside her chest the latex torso-toy felt bone and cartilage soften, organs melting into the spreading *churn*, as Tanith kneaded her innards away.

Massaging her organs to formless, squishy silicone.

Nanotechnology would preserve her body... and so the modder was free to meddle however she pleased with her anatomy. Such as by removing it.

Barca certainly couldn't stop her.

With how it felt, she might not even have tried, were she able.

"Now let's remove those silly eyes of yours, hmm?"

They widened, at the alarming proposition, but Tanith simply smiled, caressing her rubberizing cheek.

"Onaholes don't have eyes, Barca, you know that."

She moaned, writhing in place, shaking her head... even as she squeaked her nullge ever more longingly into the stool.

"That's right, I'm going to blind you now, sweetie."

The sensation, as those fingertips slipped in, to so gently guide their trophies from her sealing, fading sockets, would live with her evermore.

That moment, as the smiling face of Tanith looked down, and plucked the latex orbs from her head to steal her sight, came with a rush of horrifying, *thrilling* eroticism, unlike anything Barca had ever imagined.

Wanton, longing moans and quiet, sensual slurps were the only sounds of her enucleation.

Twin plops announced the securing of the spoils, to add her own eyes to the jar they had seen earlier.

Her nullge seared with the thought, the feel, the very concept of such base, desperate depravity.

Barca's whole body quivered, appalled at her own pleasure, as she felt the atrocious, intoxicating arousal of having her face smoothed away by those same massaging hands which had so lovingly blinded her.

In mere seconds, her final human features were gone, nose and eyes, ears, even hair all reduced to throbbing blankness, patterned with a stylish two-tone design the toy would never see.

Finally she was hefted, with startling ease, and held aloft, inverted, as the modder worked on that last detail – sculpting her asshole into a second onahole for her users to enjoy.

The twin O-rings and puffy cavities within were the only features left on Barca's body.

“Mmmm, now this suits you far better than being a human.... Not a captain, not a woman, not even a person. Just a sex-aid to give your crew relief.”

Tanith ran a fingernail along her nullge, and watched how she wriggled in impotent lust, the three bulges of null breasts and crotch jiggling and in time with the movements of the onawhole.

“Perfection,” the modder finally declared, as the motions eased.

Gripping her shoulders, she lay the toy down and ran her hands over the shape of the sightless plaything, to show her what remained of herself.

It was a deliciously depraved experience, taking only a moment.

Hard as it was to take in, that limbless, doll-like form of rubber and sexholes, was Barca.

Thanks to the nanomachines, it would be for the rest of her life.

A life with no expiry date.

The thought made her holes and null sex ache with absurd, incoherent gratitude.

“I pronounce you entirely cured! You’re a triumph of medicine, even if I say it myself!”

Barca could only moan in her impotent outrage.

Tanth chuckled, planting a kiss on her blank former face, hand stroking her smooth, squishy handle of a head.

“You were pushing yourself too hard, expecting too much! You needed a body to make you slow down, and truly enjoy each moment. A day like this and all your troubles will just melt away. And you’re getting an eternity!”

Barca dearly wanted to argue – there was stopping to smell the roses, and then there was amputating your limbs and getting nullified, to turn yourself into a surreal, nonsensical sexdoll, shameless and lewd and utterly helpless to do anything but squirm and suck.

And yet... as she twisted, perpetually reaching with those non-arms to try and fail to touch herself, she became aware that nonsensical as the methodology might be, it certainly was true... her usual pressures and anxieties, all those persistent, irritating and burdensome worries... were indeed very distant now.

Quite ridiculous, in the face of this new *issue*.

They had been replaced with the intoxicating immediacy of a perpetual struggle with what little remained of her own body.



She was lost in that thought when the shop bell chimed, followed by a series of thunks, of someone entering with a highly unusual gait.

“Ah, my 11-o’clock,” Tanith said, sounding pleased.

The clunking sounds drew nearer.

“Ah, Donna! Back again so soon?” Tanith asked, Barca seeming quite forgotten on the counter.

An emphatic toot like a raspberry sounded in answer, the sightless sexdoll ignored.

“Well right this way, I’m sure I can rustle up something to help with that. Aftercare is so important after all.”

The other presence moved away with her, making a sound like one hoof, clopping on the floor with a regular rhythm.

Barca could only call attention to her plight with an especially intense groan.

“Oh, but you’re still here? Apologies for the hurry, dear, however you’ll have to be off now. Can’t have you eavesdropping on my other clients.”

Tanith hefted her reduced weight, and then set Barca down on her plastic ass.

“I know it might seem abrupt, but really that’s the whole *point*. Even getting out of my shop door will be a struggle for you now. Because this is what you need, Barca. To be a helpless, limbless, sightless toy, struggling with your body forever.”

She received one final pat on the head, and that was the last she heard of Tanith.

Footsteps and hoofbeats receded.

She was left in darkness, body shivering with erogenous sensuality, the eroticism of her blanked form intense, assailing her and threatening to blot out all coherent thought with each moment as she lay against the ground, experiencing how obscenely good her body felt.

Barca was all the more alarmed as she started to better realize the practicalities – and *impracticalities* – of her situation. She couldn’t even pick up her commlink and call someone to come get her.

That was in truth the least of her concerns, yet the pragmatic immediacy of the issue brought it to the fore, even amid questions of how to talk, or walk, or command her ship.

She pondered trying to wriggle after Tanith, and demand that she fix this... but Barca knew as well as anyone that there was no reversing fleshcraft. The nanomachines had executed their program, and they would work ceaselessly from that moment onwards to maintain her

set form. She also lacked any form of voice, face, limbs or other mode of self expression, with which to mount the attempt.

Naturally, the captain was also totally naked... at least in whatever sense a sexless, nullified doll could be.

There was terribly little to distract her from the pulsing *want*, gripping her nullness.

She determined to fend it off by making an attempt at finding her way back to the ship. Perhaps there she could... find some way to... ease those dire urges.... Or just get someone to *touch* her already.

Actually moving to the door was a painstaking process, one of inching along, jiggling ass and head in alternate against the ground to try to worm forwards.

It felt so very wrong, to flatten and squish her blank former face against the floor, but the rush of pleasure from that sensitized soft rubber kept her going.

The process was also incredibly frustrating for that same reason, stunningly sensual curves and erotic bulges of null non-sex being handled only by the hardwood boards... yet somehow real hands would have been almost too easy, at that point.

As would a push door.

Instead she had to plant her 'face' and bust against the wood, and inch herself up with her ass, until her mouth-hole was in range to grip and turn the handle.

It tasted bitter and metallic, but at least she *could* still taste.

Twisting her head and neck, creaking her head around the knob, it turned – and dumped her back onto her former face on the shop steps.

"Well well well, 'captain', that was a quick appointment!"

Vale, she realized at once, sounding quite delighted with herself from that familiar, toothy tone.

Her shoulder jerked, as she tried, reflexively, to throw a fist, and the jackal cackled at the sight of the toy flopping down the flight of steps impotently.

"I always said you were way too uptight... so consider this my way of helping you relax!"

Hands gripped her once more, and Barca squirmed, wormlike in the crude grip, as she was slung under an arm, and carried back.

She could only *assume* to her ship.

~~~

“No. Actual. Way.”

Rikes’ awe was a fresh surge of humiliation for his denigrated captain, Leonides’ booming laugh coming a moment later simply piling it on thick, as she writhed atop the mess hall table.

A finger probed at the blankness of her face, sinking into the plush padding, and she struggled to know if she should pull back, or grind *desperately* against that fleeting point of touch.

She did the latter.

“This is seriously the captain?” Starhooves asked, with a jocular whicker. “Not just some sextoy you bought in port?”

“Honest truth, I picked it up from the fleshcrafter myself,” Vale said, patting her aching shoulder... making her tremble with the intoxicating sensation of her stumps.

The others laid their own hands on her remaining corners, and on the searing hillock of her nullified nethers, caressing her in all the ways she yearned to touch herself, yet never would again, listening to the faintly familiar notes of her quailing vocalizations as the toy rubbed against them.

“You know I think I almost heard a ‘Vale, swab that floor’ in there,” Rikes observed.

The jackal laughed.

“It won’t be giving any orders from now on. Barca’s just a rubber fucktoy, blind, mute, limbless – good for sucking and squeezing and grinding on cocks, and nothing else.”

“From ship’s captain to ship’s onahole... the universe is a wild place,” Starhooves observed.

“She really just went along with it? Even the sensory deprivation?” Leonides asked.

Vale just brushed her hand over the eyeless expanse of that once beautiful head, and let the others see how the overwrought toy trembled with desire.

“No going along about it,” she spoke at last, as the moaning subsided, “Captain was in desperate need of this, even if she was way too uptight to admit it. Some people are just meant to be sex-aids. Instead of people. Really she should be thanking me.”

“Wow... I respected her too,” Rikes murmured... as his fingertip probed at her lower hole. “Well, tolerated her anyway. I guess only thing to do now is help put her in her proper place!”

Hoisted up in that rough grip, Barca writhed, trying to break loose... yet as she felt the hot, wet tip of a canine cock press up against her throbbing toyhole, it was impossible to feign resistance.

Every part of her was pressing down atop the blessed shaft, spreading her rear open.

As her crewman hilted himself in her, Barca shook, sounds of lust emerging from her chest, plush toyhole clenching adoringly at the shaft filling her, torso twisting, *grinding* atop it, *ravaging* herself with her subordinate's erection.

Yet light as she was, she couldn't even move enough to masturbate his cock, not even by using her whole self.

Nothing thus far had so perfectly emphasized just how helpless, how reduced she was, as being worn on a dick like a mere condom, slipped on so easily without any question of her own will in the matter, and now being denied even the agency of dictating how she was fucked. It was supremely disempowering, a stark and visceral demonstration of her lack of control, even over how others used her body.

Her holes twitched, throat gurgling with lust at the experience.

"Damn, I need in on this."

Leonides gripped her neck, and rubber squished as he fed her head down his own shaft, pushing into the two-tipped plaything she had become.

Barca trembled, impaled between the two rods, feeling each pulse inside her, longing, imploring them to start moving.

It was deeply, dreadfully degrading... yet Barca had never felt pleasure so intense.

Hands gripped her shoulders and hips, and she howled in wordless rapture, as they held those divine stumps and *pumped* her between their bodies.

Cocks were sliding into head and ass, her impotent nullge jiggling and searing with want, wholly ignored as the slops and squishes and pops of fucking a quality sextoy filled the air.

As bliss overcame the plaything the crewmen were bucking into.

There was no use pretending now.

Everyone present knew the truth, even if Barca could never admit it – feeling herself fucked like the onahole she was, her crewmates grinding into her, tweaking and squeezing her erogenous corners as they stretched her over their erections, Barca's whole body was burning with the rich, delicious sensuality of her form, and the deeper layers, of thrilling dehumanization and surreal satisfaction.

It wasn't just exciting, to be unable to see or speak, to be incapable of even touching her own body, or rubbing her aching nullge.

It felt *right*.

Being a limbless rubber onahole, unable even to cum, was a wonderful, rapturous *relief*.

Wriggling helplessly and trying, failing to even squeeze her own stumps felt *divine*.

Her limitations and debilitation were wonderful things, reassuring and comforting, ensuring that she had no agency left, no control or power.

Nothing left to worry about, but how to best clench and suck and squeeze her users.

Ruining her body was the greatest gift Vale could have given her.

The onahole loved and hated her for it, as it adored and loathed its own overwhelming euphoria.

Captain Hanna Barca was gone.

It wasn't her, wasn't *anyone*.

As it writhed and arched, desperately reaching with absent hands for release which could never come, the denied toy throbbed with its own delicious, blissful denigration.

This limbless plaything was all it could ever be now, a pair of holes for cocks to use.

It hugged the twin pillars of flesh with all its being, as it felt them fill it with musky, bitter seed. More splashed on the featureless expanses of face and sex, not a single thought spaced for its own satisfaction.

The onahole was a toy for giving release to others, never to be granted release of its own. Never to feel the divine consummation of all that overwhelming, agonizing pleasure... only the infinite, overwhelming anguish of eternal denial.

That was what it *needed*.