

## Satisfaction Guaranteed [for Barca, Doggy Style]

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“So, you’ve come to slake those twisted desires, prowling through your mind and gnawing at your thoughts?”

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 furjob? Maybe eye upgrades? Or indeed a removal? Got someone you want to see on all fours, needily presenting their new parts? Or maybe you’re the one who wants to change... yes, I could see you on a leash 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.”

“Fitting.”

She decided it better not to ask why that might be, as 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.”

“Oh, you don’t like it? I rather think that it suits you.... That’s not all though, is it?”

“No, I... well things can be a lot sometimes, with the ship and crew. I don’t think I’ll ever be anything but a military attack dog to them. They just have no idea of the burden of leadership. Not one of them has the proper respect for the chain of command, despite how many times I’ve saved the lot of them. 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, well I think the puppy fat is here to stay, but my procedure will certainly be a great 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, pet, 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 time off from commanding.... Fine, let’s do it!”

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A few minutes later Barca was disrobed, blushing and covering her bust and crotch with bashful hands. She felt deeply exposed as she stood in the middle of the small workshop, her bare body inspected ponderously by her physician, as one might a hound on display at show.

Including long, probing examinations of her mouth and rear, and the insides of her thighs, hands cupping the plush fat of her legs.

“Yes, this should work just perfectly,” Tanith said, as she donned a pair of gloves.

Already rubber-coated digits slid into them with surprising ease, and as she gripped Barca’s own fingers in hers, Tanith activated them. The captain could feel the tools tingling with electrostatic charge, their energy spreading through her own extremities.

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

With a gentle squish, Barca felt her digits collapse.

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, meat starting to *squeak* as structured flesh was transfigured into featureless, solid latex.

Bright pink and wholly synthetic, it spread with Tanith’s touch, consuming everything organic.

She kept pushing and squashing, bizarre erogenous stimulation intensifying as Tanith twisted her hands, to *smear* away the forms lingering in the surface of her rubberized fists, Barca’s manual dexterity erased as her fingers vanished into the silicone balls of her palms.

Before her eyes, before she could speak a single sound, those palms too were rounding, expanding as the agile touches of her modder crafted new nubs, the shining outlines, *impressions* of something approximating digits... stubby and sensitive, more toes than fingers... yet lacking the separated, freestanding structures even of such limited forms as that. Four such stubs were apparent on each palm, yet they were in reality fused blocks. Shapes Barca felt clearly in her proprioceptual landscape as mere detailing on her fingerless palms, her digits still decidedly absent.

The undersides of each puffed out into startlingly soft pads, near the tips of each of those too-short and wholly immobile toes, matching larger mounds in a three-domed spread on each palm. They were achingly sensual, and as she tried and failed to flex, them, to move them in any way save wagging them on the ends of her wrists, the captain convulsed with ridiculous lust.

Pressing their squeaking edges together, she found them impossibly light and soft, squishing together like balloons.

She trembled as she felt the depressions of lines, ringing the side of each.

*Seams.*

Barca's hands had been remade into inflatable, hollow biorubber; stubby, cartoonish parodies of canine paws.

The captain drew uneven, juddering breath, as she felt Tanith's fingers sink into the soft, plush mounds of her new pads, then work onwards up her arms, to spread the pink substance all the way to her shoulders.

She could feel their structures fading, their shapes adjusted, melting into mere tubes of rubber, creaking as they moved.

Animate though they were, the appendages were much too weak to shake off the modder, now that muscle and bone had yielded to mere air.

They didn't move like arms anymore, either.

Tanith's fingertails dragged along the sides, drawing in more seams up the lengths of each new *leg*, more ringing the joints at wrist and shoulder as they were guided into a new, frontal configuration.

"You... gave me the... the limbs of a *dog*?!"

Each felt shocking in its erogenous sensuality, even more clumsy than it looked, and as she flexed them, feeling that stunning *lack* of motility in her altered appendages, her modder giggled, clearly enjoying Barca's bewilderment.

The captain whimpered as she experienced that surreal, shocking sense of sudden haplessness... so taboo and perverse... setting her heart pounding, as she endured a heady cocktail and humiliation and 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, as the lone hands remaining in the room pushed her down, to press those paws to the floor.

There was a throb in her hips, as she tried to rise again, a steady, firm hand pressing Barca into her place.

She could feel movement, where Tanith kneaded at her back and shoulders, and gasped at the eroticism of that warping massage, even as it restructured her spine and spread latex over her back.

After a few moments more, the hands withdrew... yet she was unable to straighten up again.

As Barca tried, she reared up on her hindlegs-

Her *only* legs, she reminded herself.

-then her muscles shuddered, pushing against joints unwilling to move so, and she flopped back down, onto her paws.

“Stop this, Tanith!” she exclaimed in anger all too visibly forced to the fore, “this isn’t what we agreed on! What have you *done* to me?!”

The fleshcrafter just giggled, stroking a hand along her throat.

Tell-tale prickling energy robbed her of words, as her vocal cords seemed to slacken into a slurring, growling whine of noise.

“Exactly what you needed, pet. Or the start of it, at least. Now be a good girl, while I remake you into a horny little bitch.”

Tanith moved on, down to her feet.

Unable to object, too engrossed in sensation to even attempt to flee, Barca watched as her toes joined fingers in consignment to oblivion.

Her feet were being reshaped, into a matched set with the paws on her wrists. Inflatable, digit-free and horrendously degrading.

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, like flowing clay, putty in Tanith’s hands, yet still more absorbing was the abrupt change in character of her thoughts, as she watched her remaining dexterity removed. Her ability to work a console, or a touchscreen, even to hold the ship’s wheel, all evaporating in instants as she was reduced, from a powerful and puissant captain, to creature vulnerable and pathetic, clumsy paws incapable even of writing her own name.

Her drooling pussy made clear what her real feelings were on that, as she stared down at her suddenly, irreversibly reshaped extremities.

As she felt that visceral rush, of trying to move digits that no longer existed, in those exaggerated plaything paws.

Tanith hummed as she worked on, hollowing out her legs, adjusting rubberizing knees and hips to match the new stance of her subject, emphasizing that big, bouncy butt.

As it became latex Barca’s plush rear pushed out lewdly, Tanith expanding the inflatable cheeks a few more sizes, and sculpting the flourish of a balloon *tail* at the top, curving up a foot or so from her cheeks.

The captain whimpered at the sight.

"I imagine you're feeling better already, to be rid of your hands, and to know that you're going to be such a pretty, hapless little puppy!"

Embarrassment too much to bear, with her voice stolen away she resorted to an angry, threatening rumble of her throat, *growling* at the other woman.

"My my, you do have a temper problem, don't you?" Tanith murmured, patting her head dismissively. "I wasn't sure it would be required, but it seems Vale was right after all, we shall need to totally neuter you."

Barca's appalled whine was a pathetic attempt at apology, but the modder just smiled.

"Now now, I know you need this. *Want this*. The brainscan, well, those can't lie, my dear, even if you persist with your clumsy efforts to deceive yourself about being a person instead of a plaything."

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

"You see how honest your body is? You can't *wait* to feel your remaining features *removed*."

She shook in sudden, overwhelming ecstasy, at the sensations of hands sinking fully into her sex, spreading latex throughout her engorged, aching folds. Barca watched agape as her labia collapsed into one reflowing mass, mashed down in a single smooth sweep, rubberizing and fusing all those rich layers of detail to smooth away her labia into a crude Y of puffy balloon lips, wobbling and twitching like the elastic onahole her genitals had become, the inflating hole filling her sculptress' hand.

It was torture, that Tanith's fingers lingered there to detail her lining for only one short moment, before moving on.

Concern and confusion vied in her chest, as she rubbed her own aching paw to her remodeled crotch, shuddering on her three remaining rubber legs as she felt, pawed at her divinely depraved new caricature of a dogpussy.

This was so *wrong*... yet the modder's hands against her hips made her heart flutter even more than the touch to her canine sex, as she felt the latex spreading on, up through her body. Fingertips tweaking, smearing, smoothing away her nipples, blanking her breasts then drawing on the seams which were her new badge of artificiality. Tanith was steadily erasing every opening or detail... each blemish or trace of humanity from the surface of the toy she was creating.

"There you go... no, there *it* goes – a toy like this shouldn't be pretending to be something it's not. That's been its whole problem, all this time. Trying to imitate a person, when it was really a rubbertoy. That's why it needed this new, *impotent* fuckhole... one that can only give orgasm, and never again experience it."

So saying, Tanith squeezed all structure from her chest.

The words, and that crude, squeaking rush of wind, brought with them 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, as she felt the air driven from her lungs by encroaching rubber, was releasing a breath held in for all those long years of her adult life.

Letting go.

Her entire torso was rubber, mildly transparent like her limbs, and as she stared down in disbelief, she saw the outlines of legs *through* her dangling breasts.

Watched, as new rows were being shaped below those initial two teats, in descending canine style, lining her torso.

Her whimper was a pathetic sound, needy and lustful as were her motions, pressing her jiggling rows of breasts against the modder's touch, even as she struggled to make clear her objection.

"Don't worry, puppy, Tanith knows best what it needs. Now let's finish the treatment, and then I promise it's going to feel just *worlds* better. Especially once its face is gone."

Hands took her head in their grip, and weak, frail inflatable legs failed to shake them off.

Even the effort was too much, driving her paw back into that plush bulge of achingly sensitive, crudely imitated dogcunt between her thighs, as she shuddered against her tormentor.

Barca failed even to make a suitable grimace as she shook with pleasure, feeling her mouth pinched together, then flattened into blankness.

Her throat sealed up, but then she lacked the lungs necessary for breath to begin with.

Her lips, her jaw, her teeth and tongue, even her flaring nose, all were mashed together, into one nonsensical mound on her face, melted down into pure latex.

Only her eyes remained, staring up wide as all around them was painted pink with silicone.

Tanith ruffled her hair... as it too was expanding into a frozen puff of a balloon bob.

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

They widened, at the alarming proposition, but Tanith simply smiled.

“When I said neuter I didn’t just mean removing your silly genitals, pet. An inflatable fuckdoll doesn’t need eyes anyway. You’ll thank me later you know. Well, you won’t be *able* to, but you would if you could.”

She moaned, writhing in place, shaking her head as Tanith caressed her cheek, her toy pussy squeaking loud and lewdly under her paw with her self-abuse.

Barca was masturbating her impotent sextoy crotch at the thought of having her eyes plucked out.

The former human burned at the depravity of it all, yet she was too lost in masochistic passion to preserve those last frayed shreds of dignity.

“That’s right, I’m going to blind you now, sweetie.”

Emerging from the crude squeaker in her neck, her whimper was a plea.

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

It was the kiss of a lover, the final one the toy would know, as they relieved it of that final proof of personhood.

Closed the windows on its soul.

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

Tanith’s motherly touch caressed its eyeballs as they were eased out of its sockets, and the puppy trembled with twisted, atrocious gratitude.

Wanton, longing squeaks and quiet, sensual creaks of rubber were the only sounds of its enucleation... until that last, lascivious *slurp*.

Nothing had ever been more erotic.

Twin plops announced the securing of the spoils, as Tanith added Barca’s own eyes to the jar they had observed earlier.

Its sex seared with the thought, the feel, the very concept of such base, desperate depravity as actually *enjoying* its blinding.

Barca’s whole body quivered, appalled at its own pleasure, as the toy felt the atrocious, intoxicating arousal of having its final facial features smoothed away by those same massaging hands which had so lovingly taken its eyes.

In mere seconds, all human features were gone, reduced to throbbing blankness.

Then the modder pulled, teased out the featureless mass into a new cone, a canine *snout*. The tip Tanith twisted off, taking special time and care to process and texture, and as it was pressed back into place the sightless plaything felt the enervation of a new focus of its erogenous energy, to rival even paws and pussy.

Although it lacked lungs, had surrendered sight, its new dognose was alight with the glows of every scent about it, most of all the smell of that very mound of rubber atop which it sat. Shaped as a muzzle, it squished between the puppy's paws, revealing the total lack of structure inside.

Barca had a snout, yes, but it had no *face*, nothing but the flat, blank *shape* of a dog-toy's head on its blind, squishy front, decorated with a pretty printing of a canid version of the former human, one which it would never see.

It could only feel the soft squishing of that erogenous new surface where a face had been removed, and feel the tingling seam right down the middle, like a reminder of all it had lost.

"Mmmm, now this suits it *so* much better than being a human.... Not a captain... not a woman... not even a person. Just a sex-aid to give the crew relief."

Tanith ran a fingernail along its neck, plucking up a spot and twisting the latex together, into a loop like a little handle, enjoying how the toy wriggled in impotent lust at even that simple sensation, desperately fisting the animal pussy which, nose aside, was its only remaining feature.

To no avail, naturally.

"Perfection," the modder finally declared, "I pronounce this puppy entirely cured! A triumph of medicine, even if I say it myself!"

Barca could only creak in impotent, outrageous lust.

Tanith chuckled, planting a kiss on that blank snout.

"It was pushing itself too hard, expecting too much! It needed a body to make it slow down, and truly enjoy each moment. A day like this and all its troubles will just melt away. And it's getting an eternity!"

Barca dearly wanted to argue – there was stopping to smell the roses, and then there was turning yourself into a surreal, nonsensical, sightless sexdoll, shameless and lewd and utterly helpless to do anything but squirm and squeak.

And yet... as it twisted, perpetually reaching with those non-hands to try and fail to find release, it became aware that nonsensical as the methodology might be, it certainly was

true... Barca's 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 the toy's own helpless, horny, desperately denied body.

Hard as it was to believe, that faceless, debilitated, doll-like form of rubber and sexholes, was the true Barca.

Thanks to the nanomachines, it would be a sextoy for the rest of time.

An existence with no expiry date.

The thought made its creaking rubber form ache with absurd, incoherent gratitude.

It 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, bringing the odor of horses.

"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 its plight with an especially intense groan.

"Oh, but it's still here? Apologies for the hurry, pet, however it'll have to be off now, can't have it eavesdropping on my other clients. 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 it now. Because this is what it needed, Barca. To be a helpless, handless, sightless toy, struggling with its body forever."

The pup received one final pat on the head, and that was the last it ever heard of Tanith.

Footsteps and hoofbeats receded.

It was left in darkness, body shivering with erogenous sensuality and deprivation.

Barca was all the more alarmed as it started to better realize the practicalities – and *impracticalities* – of its situation. The toy couldn't even pick up a commlink and call someone to come get it.

That was in truth the least of its concerns, yet the pragmatic immediacy of the issue brought that to the fore, even amid questions of how it would ever command a ship like this.

The sexdoll determined to not to surrender, however.

Perhaps back at the ship it could... find some way to... ease those dire urges.... Or just get someone to *fuck* it already.

Actually finding to the door was a painstaking process, one of padding along, jiggling ass swaying, sniffing for traces of the equine scent which had recently passed through.

It felt so very wrong, to flatten and squish its blank former face against the cupboards and walls, but the rush of pleasure from that sensitized soft rubber kept it going in its groping search for the exit.

Even on finding it, there was still the matter of the handle to address.

Its paws slipped, creaking from the metal ball, and even sandwiching the knob in both, clenching with what little strength its fingerless paws and their fused toes commanded, was just barely enough to work that well-oiled latch.

The toy toppled immediately, as it stepped outside, unable to see and too delirious to recall, the small flight of steps at the entrance.

It bounced all the way down, until it flopped up against a pair of familiarly scented legs.

“Well well well, ‘captain’, that was a quick appointment!”

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

Its foreleg leapt out, as it tried, reflexively, to throw a fist, and the jackal cackled at the sight of the toy paw rebounding from her thigh impotently.

“I always said you were way too uptight... so consider this my way of helping *it* relax! A nice long holiday from captaining the ship... a permanent one in fact! But fear not, for while Barca indulges itself as a fuckpet present for poor lonesome Rikes, I'll be the valiant new leader, stepping up to take command.”

Hands gripped it once more, and Barca squirmed, wormlike in the crude grip, as it was fitted with a collar, clipped onto the ring at the back of its neck.

Vale marched off, half leading, half dragging it, towards what the puppy could only assume would be the ship.

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“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 the sexpet writhed on all fours, atop the mess hall table.

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

It did the latter.

“This is seriously the captain?” Starhooves asked, with a jocular whicker. “Not just some sextoy you bought in port and printed a cartoon of her face onto? I mean it’s way prettier than she was.”

“Honest truth, I picked it up from the fleshcrafter myself,” Vale said, patting its aching canine crotch. “Poor thing doesn’t quite get it yet that it can’t orgasm not matter what, so it’s extra needy for all the trying.”

The others joined in with her laughter, as they laid their own hands on its remaining features, groping breasts and twisting at that nonfunctional snout as the toy squeaked in lust.

“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 your new rubber fucktoy, blind, mute and desperate for a good filling. The only thoughts in that empty head are of cocks and cum.”

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

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

“It’s Barca,” Vale replied, “you think this airhead bothered to double check what I booked it in for?”

The crew shared a hearty round of laughter.

"It seems stupid horny though," Starhooves pointed out. "Although it always was pretty stupid...."

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

"No 'pretty' about it," she spoke at last, as the moaning subsided, "Captain was in desperate need of a life correction like this, even if it was way too uptight to admit it. Some people are just meant to be sex-aids. *Instead* of people. Really it should be thanking me, I paid a ton extra to get its eyes removed for it. Well, *it* paid."

The visceral, pathetic... *grateful* whimper which emerged from its throat at that, was perhaps the most piercing of all the humiliations of that day.

"What a sick puppy," Rikes murmured breathily, to the sound of his pants unzipping. "I respected it too."

His fingertip probed eagerly at its lower hole, and it shuddered, backing up involuntarily against his right hand, and whining in wanton desire for the cock he held in the left. It was sniffing at the earthy must of that unwashed phallus, and the rank bodily odor made Barca tremble, as it realized what was coming.

"Well, I tolerated it anyway. But this is *way* better than a bossy human bitching all day. I guess only thing to do now is put it in its new and proper place!"

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

Every part of it was pressing down atop the blessed shaft, spreading its crudely recreated animal pussy open wide.

As the crewman hilted himself in it, Barca shook, squeaks and creaks of lust emerging from its chest, plush toyhole clenching adoringly at the cock filling it, even as its body seared with the ache of denied orgasm. Torso twisting, *grinding* atop it, the sexpet was *ravaging* itself with its subordinate's erection.

Yet light as it was, the doll couldn't even move enough to masturbate his cock with its whole self.

Nothing thus far had so perfectly emphasized just how helpless, how impotent it was, as being worn on a dick like a mere condom, slipped on so easily without any question of its own will in the matter, as the rutting male knotted himself in the onahole.

It was denied even the agency of dictating how it was fucked.

Supremely disempowering, each thrust into the squeaking, shaking, jiggling inflatable was a stark and visceral demonstration of its lack of control, even over how others used its body.

“Oh fuck yes, this is the best condom I’ve ever worn,” Rikes exclaimed, bucking in adulation as he flooded its chest with cum.

Barca felt, *smelt* the intensely musky flood, washing through its insides, *tasting* the reeking canine cum as it plastered the *inside* of its face, in an inverted bukkake.

He kept cumming, twisting and groping at it in rough, uncaring hands, using the toy as he would any other, solely for his own relief.

Pumping ever more cum into it, until all its remaining senses were screaming with the intoxicating taste, its whole torso flooded, limbs growing heavy with that hot, slimy filling.

Pooling in sextet of oversized tits, the sexpet felt cum inflating its bosoms, the tender layers of silicone creaking together as they bulged out around its legs.

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

Hands gripped it by the blank face and neck, twisting it around on that enormous rod which was redefining its body, and the onahole howled in wordless rapture, as it felt itself expanding, cum *pumped* into every part of it, blowing it up into a ball, a balloon of dogjizz.

Its own pleasure, that distant, dying fantasy of orgasm, was wholly ignored as the slops and squishes and pops of a filling condom pervaded the mess.

As bliss without release overcame the plaything the canine was unloading into.

There was no use pretending now.

Everyone present knew the truth, even if Barca could never admit otherwise – feeling itself fucked as the onahole it was, stretched out into a sagging ball of churning cum, the toy’s whole body was burning with the rich, delicious sensuality of its true 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 caressing its own body, or relieving that desperate, slick throb of its sex around Rikes’ cock.

It felt *right*.

Being a blinded rubber cocksleeve, unable even to cum, was a wonderful, rapturous *relief*.

Wriggling helplessly and clumsily squeaking, squeezing its own breasts, was just *divine*.

Its limitations and debilitation were wonderful things, reassuring and comforting, ensuring it had no agency left, no control or power.

Nothing left to worry about, but how to best clench and suck and drain its owner.

Ruining Barca's body, remaking the woman into an eternally denied, eyeless rubber dog, was the greatest gift Vale could have given the captain.

The onahole loved and hated her for it.

It adored and loathed its own overwhelming euphoria.

Captain Hanna Barca was gone.

The dog-toy wasn't her, wasn't *anyone*.

It was an overfilled rubber doll, sloshing with cum as Rikes finally pulled out.

"Whew... that was the best," he announced, panting.

"Gross," Vale said, as cum slopped from its engorged emulation of a dog pussy.

Leonides coughed at the smell, intense even for non-toys, not already sloshing with semen.

"Fuck, I cannot actually believe we just stood around and watched that," he growled.

"You seriously just gonna leave it there like that, leaking on the floor?" Vale demanded. "As the captain, I won't allow it. That thing's a health hazard."

"Well, I'm not cleaning out a used condom!" Rikes retorted.

"Maybe it can empty itself out?" Starhooves posited, sounding dubious, given how the dog-toy's paws only just barely reached the floor now, so distended were the cumtanks of its breasts.

"Well either that or we dump it overboard before we take off," Vale said. "Let the port authority deal with it."

"Whatever. Come on, I'm hungry, we can go find a restaurant or something."

"We can use Barca's share of the loot to pay," Vale observed eagerly. "What's left after I spent the bulk on modding it, anyway."

They left it there, shuddering and twitching, too overwhelmed even to think.

Tanith had been right all along.

This was *exactly* what it needed.