

Interstellar Onahole

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Chapter 1

For the distended sexdoll which had formerly been Barca, being grotesquely overinflated with stinking, bitter canid cum was almost as repulsive as it was intoxicating, the slosh and slop of the toy's innards making the faceless cocksleeve shudder atop the mounds of its own sextet of inflated breasts.

Barca's dogpussy was clenching and twitching, its paws fumbling clumsily against the floor in their post-digit-state, every part of the latex doll creaking and squeaking with helpless lust.

However it couldn't stay there forever.

Not if it wanted the crew to keep it aboard the ship.

As absurdly unfair as it was, the used condom shuddered with arousal as it recalled the words of its former subordinates.

The cumdump was expected to empty *itself*, or else be tossed away with the trash.

Dragging and pushing its swollen torso, paws creaked against the floor, struggling for purchase, the solid lumps of latex only just catching enough to start rocking its body towards the nearest disposal chute. Ironically, the vast reservoir of salty, slimy cum plastering its insides, flooding it with the taste and smell of Rikes' seed, also helped it travel, the sloshing speeding it along.

Naturally it couldn't see the chute it needed, but this was Barca's ship, at least until that day, and it knew the layout well enough.

Not *quite* to the point of navigating the mess-hall without eyes, however.

The achingly erogenous expanse of blank non-face squished against a featureless wall, and the toy squeaked and whined in its twisted lust, barely able to think beyond that sensorial assault of drooling, clenching ona-crotch, and churning, flexing latex 'flesh'.

All it could do to navigate to the chute was drag its smearing snout-shape along the bulkhead, *feeling* for some trace of the hatch with its shockingly useless former face.

Barca's whines of arousal grew all the louder, as it was forced to rub its blind, nullified form against the cool metal walls.

As a result of that spiraling, impotent arousal, it missed the hatch entirely.

When it finally found the opening, after a complete circuit of the room, the toy felt something almost akin to triumph... but then it recalled that it had yet to actually empty itself into the chute.

Just rotating around, to press its canid crotch to the hole, was the work of many minutes.

After that, Barca strained. Clenching and squeezing itself, the toy howled in pleasure as it pushed its owner's cum out through its silky, sensual folds, draining its body into the waste disposal.

The process grew easier as it slowly returned to its original shape – or rather, to the shape which Tanith had made its permanent new baseline – yet there was a sharp spike in challenge again, when it came to clearing the pockets of cum still filling its breasts and paws.

A series of clumsy efforts to stand itself up risked spilling the semen onto the floor instead, and ultimately the toy was forced to try washing itself out with the galley taps.

Climbing up onto the counters was easier, at least, now that the toy was relatively light again, the lack of gripping paws only a minor impediment, overcome when it found a suitable chair to hop atop.

The sensations of pushing itself onto the hard metal sink head were a greater challenge. The toy felt as if it were inserting itself onto a perverse display stand, already a deeply humiliating process. It grew far worse as Barca wrestled with its paws to turn the unit on, and set it spraying water against the back of its face and breasts.

Shuddering atop the sink, it cried out at a whole new form of degrading delight, as the living onahole hosed itself out internally, like one might any other sextoy.

Finally, hours later, it was clean enough that it only smelled *somewhat* of cum, the taste likewise much reduced.

The past afternoon had been an excellent demonstration of its new status and form – after scrubbing the inside of its own head with its useless paws by kneading and smushing its rubber cranium together, the toy could hardly deny its new reality, or absolute inhumanity.

Its aching Y-slit was drooling lube at the thought, desperate already for more misuse.

Barca was nothing but a hollow rubber cocksleeve now.

“Oh hey, it really is self-cleaning! Fuck yeah!”

Rikes' voice made it shudder, as the canine snatched it up and pushed himself inside once again.

It had just gotten itself back to something approximating acceptable... for a fucktoy at least... yet as that magnificent shaft slid through its clinging, plush folds, Barca clung to it with every inch of latex, *pleading* to be fucked, in the haze of its desperate longing for impossible release.

Squeaking in orgasmic abhorrent pleasure and atrociously delicious denial, its climax-incapable body tried all the harder to cum, amid the intoxicating masochism of its ruin, as the giant cock stretched it to the limit, its crotch creaking about the knot swelling up to plug it.

Sour, musty seed painted the toy white once again, Barca writhing in want, while that former subordinate just slammed it flat against a wall to grind all the deeper, smushing head and chest and forelegs into a formless pile while he was flooding hips and crotch and tail with semen.

"Mmmh, needed that one," he murmured at last.

Barca felt a tug at the grossly overstretched opening which was its sex, the sole remaining feature of that otherwise useless body, taut and tense around the immense bulb at the base of the canine cock.

"Ah, fuck, knotted it," Rikes observed. "Oh well, crew can't complain if I can't get it off. And it looks like it's pretty happy to be here anyway."

He flicked its nose, and the organ sprung back.

"Can't believe you used to be a person. Barca would never have gotten off on being wrapped around my meat like this, but you're practically begging for it. Guess maybe this is what I shoulda done with you all along, huh?"

Barca shuddered at that, yet even if it had a voice, beyond those needy, pleading squeaks, it could hardly have denied it, as it felt its wearer moving about the ship, publically displaying it for all to see – and denigrate.

"Wow, again, Rikes?" Vale asked, from somewhere ahead.

"What can I say? You know my kind have a high output, and this toy's great. Comfy and stretchy, and catches all the extra spurts after the fact...."

One emerged as he spoke, the creamy sludge inflating the dogtoy's tits another cup-size.

Rikes wasn't even fucking it now, yet still the toy squirmed and clenched atop his rod. Paws clutched at Rikes' arms and hips, tail creaking as it wagged, keeping the contents of the cumdump churning, and he chuckled as he pumped himself deep into his quivering, clinging condom, pleasuring himself even as he tormented it with the pleasure and degradation it both urgently required and abhorred.

“Damn, no-one’d ever recognize it now,” Starhooves observed.

“Let’s help with that then,” Leonides suggested.

A moment later, a marker was pressed to Barca’s muzzle, and it shuddered as it felt the deposition of ink in strange, exaggerated lines atop the empty expanse of what should have been its face, curving around snout and reaching up towards ear-shapes.

“Pfft! Looks just like her!” Vale chortled, as she admired the crude caricature.

“Nah, it’s way better looking,” Leonides said.

Barca couldn’t see the puerile ahegao-expression of the insulting echo of its original face now daubed on its head, but its imagination was eerily close to the mark – it simply had to assume that they had drawn on the most embarrassing image possible.

“Still hard to believe this is really the captain,” Leonides said, snickering at how the plaything was pawing at its own face, trying to feel what was drawn there.

“Fuck that, I’m the captain,” Vale reminded, “this is just what *used* to be Barca. And it’s *exactly* the Barca we knew and tolerated. A pathetic, horny dog, pleading to be pumped with cum until it can’t walk.”

The quailing whine, as the cocksleeve tried somehow to cower away from that truth, even as it clutched the phallus filling it all the tighter, made the crew burst out in laughter.

“It really found its purpose, huh?” Leonides observed. “Probably needs a new name, can’t call this thing ‘Barca’ when it doesn’t even bark!”

“I thought the same,” Rikes said, with a firm nod that jiggled its breasts.

“Condom,” Vale said at once.

“Perfect!”

Three voices agreeing in unison easily drowned out the puny whine of protest from the plaything itself.

Condom squirmed all the more, as Rikes patted its non-face, to make it feel once again just how much it had lost.

To make it tremble with pleasure.

“Love that this condom can’t even cum,” he murmured.

Fingers sinking so perversely into the featureless expanse of what should have been its eyes, he turned those sounds of vain protest to grateful, licentious whines of sightless lust, as he teased his longing toy.

“Look how eager this makes it!”

“Condom’s so nasty, damn,” Starhooves muttered, wandering off with a fading clop.

“Come on, Condom, gotta get back to work,” Rikes said, at last, “maybe if it really squeezes and twists just right, I’ll pop it with all this cum.”

Despite itself, Condom found it was kneading and groping the cock filling it all the harder at those perverse words.

It should have been struggling, fighting to free itself, but really what would have been the point? It was a blind cocksleeve, a dog-toy made to be worn around Rikes’ erection. Made to need nothing more.

This was its life now, forever.

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Or least... for a few months.

Condom was certainly never going to be a person again – or have sight or hands or a real face – but even Rikes, oversexed and absurdly productive as he was, could tire of a sextoy.

So it was that the inflatable rubber dog was being flattened under his ass, all the air squeezed out of it as it squirmed and whined in its perpetual, hapless lust.

“You really ditching that thing?” Leonides asked.

“Yeah, soon as we put in to port. Think I’m gonna try one of those new vibrating cocksleeves, with the automatic cum-ejection – this one takes way too long to reset between uses.”

“Fair, it makes a *nasty* mess when it’s trying to empty itself too. Good riddance, I’m sick of the smell around the ship.”

Condom moaned, as it’s hollow, deflated limbs were folded over, against the emptied sacks of six bosoms.

“Is this the one you got on Rigel?” the leonine man asked idly, as he was boxing up his own post.

“Nah, this is Condom – used to be called Barker or something.”

“Oh, the captain!” Leonides exclaimed, with a snort of amusement. “I didn’t even recognize it.”

“At least, I think it was her,” Rikes admitted. “Either way, I got a hundred credits for it, which just about covers my drinks for the night.”

Those were the last words Condom heard before the blank expanse of its face was folded up against the aching bulge of its pussyfolds, the plush surfaces squeezed together as Rikes stuffed it into a shipping cube several sizes too small.