

Interstellar Onahole

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Chapter 2

Jostled and buffeted about, nose forced into the gooey grip of its own throbbing, clenching dog-vagina, Condom whimpered and squirmed for days on end, as it travelled through the shipping service, forced to huff its own animal smell, to pleasure its pussy with that absurd blank cone of a snout which retained nothing of the person it used to be, trying and failing to cum constantly.

Tanith had ensured that was impossible for it, after all.

When it was finally unpacked, the toy sprung back to its proper shape at once, wind wailing through its sex as it dragged over those delicate folds.

It wobbled, unsteady on limbs it hadn't used in some time, and sniffed about for some clue as to its fate.

There was an oddly familiar, alluring scent on the air.

"Oh my, a masterpiece returns... well used but none the worse for it."

It knew Tanith's voice well, after all she'd done to the toy.

For the toy.

She was the one to take away its face.

Its orgasms.

Its self.

Condom's heart would have soared, had it retained the organ. A friendly face, at least in its mind, and an affectionate hand on latex skin aching for overdue touch.

"I told it that this was what it needed, did I not, puppy?"

The dog pressed the softness of its muzzle and head into that familiar hand, and its tail wagged as the woman petted it, rubbing the extra-sensitive spots where she'd so tenderly extracted its eyes... the orbs still lingering unseen in one of the many jars filling that very room.

"It likes that, doesn't it, Condom? Does it still have happy dreams about when I popped out those eyeballs, and smoothed away that face?"

The toy whimpered, as tail wagged all the harder in pathetic honesty, its pussy dripping onto the table under it.

"Good Condom! I still smile every time I look at those lovely little trophies.... But don't be mistaken, pup, I didn't buy it. It's just here for a quick refurb before I ship it on to its new home."

The rubber sexdoll cocked its head at that, but Tanith spared no explanations on the plaything.

Instead, she set to work scrubbing off the most recent daubings from its surface, erasing crude and humiliating messages Condom had never actually been aware of, to get the sex-sleeve fresh and clean.

"Insert brain here?" Tanith read, as she washed the lettering from its forehead, "hardly required for a rubber cocksheath like this. And 'free use' goes without saying," she added, as she turned to dog to cleanse its ass too.

Finally, toy dripping with cleaning solution and throbbing all over from the intensive abrasion of the cloth, Tanith applied a new decal to the thing's head; a rubber sheath which wrapped around the surface. It stuck in place at once, bonding to the existing 'skin' to add a new, even *more* sensitive layer. One decorated with an artfully rendered anime recreation of the former person, Hannah Barca, carefully drawn up to both evoke the human it had been, and draw ample laughter with its eager, wide eyes and open, full lips, drooling so longingly.

A mere flat image, it certainly restored none of the dog-toy's vision, so Condom itself knew nothing of the design.

It was more affected by the hands, cutting and stretching open the front of its snout, where the two-dimensional lips met. The sensation was surreal, tingling and intense, but not painful, even as something thick and long was forced inside the new slit in its muzzle.

Tanith's touch throbbed through it as layers of latex once more fused together, and the plaything whimpered as the new addition came alive with dazzling sensation, all the more brilliant for the lack of other senses of distract.

There was brand new onahole, throbbing in the middle of its snout, lips puffed up into a painfully delicate triad of pillows, pressing together and pulsing with pleasure.

A perfect twin for the dog-pussy at the other end of its body.

Condom was desperately fumbling with its paws, struggling to touch and grip that new sexhole which was all the face it had, just as it was groping futilely at the matching folds

between its hind-legs, squeaking and shaking at the sensations of *two* drooling dog-sexes, each clenching against those pointless, digit-free paws.

As such, the toy barely noticed the extra handles, harder rubber with textured grips, being implanted into shoulders and hips, that users might better hold their cocksleeve.

Nor did it much heed the implant added at the back of its head, a second ring a few inches over the attachment point for a leash, at least until it realized that it was no longer making *any* sounds – not even whines or moaning, as it tried and failed to masturbate itself.

“Just a little voice module upgrade,” Tanith explained, stroking the see-through head of the pooltoy-pet as it rubbed the seams of its face blindly against her fingers. “With how *transparent* Condom is, I felt its voice should be a little more honest.”

A tug on of the drawstring speech-implant showed just what she meant.

“Condom needs cock!” the toy declared.

“Soon, puppy, soon! Just one final ‘upgrade’ left, so to speak,” Tanith said, sounding cheerier than ever, as she rubbed a strange, oily substance over her creation.

Condom’s own self-pleasure, futile as it was, only aided in spreading the goo about, and soon the mobility of those groping limbs was ebbing away with each creak of paw on pussy and squeak of inflated breasts rubbing together.

The toy stared up blindly at the sculptress who had made it, struggling to understand.

She giggled happily, planting a kiss on those lewd pussylips.

“I’m just making it inanimate, puppy! Since it’s to be a cumdump for all time, there’s really no downside to this, other than to make sure it can’t forget its true purpose – from now on it can’t move any part of itself not wet with cum.”

True to her words, the toy’s limbs were already relaxing, back into a default pose, outstretched under it, propping it up on all fours like the inflatable pup it was.

“Of course with where Condom’s going, keeping itself supplied with semen won’t be tough, so this is really just another way to give it permission to really *debase* itself. Since otherwise it’ll be stuck standing around like this.”

Condom’s horny, hapless squeaking just made the woman giggle, as she rendered the plaything utterly inanimate.

Tugging the ring at the back of its head, Tanith drew out the string again.

“Thank you for ruining me!” Condom spoke merrily.

Tanith giggled, and tried the cord once more, as the toy shuddered with the searing humiliation and nonsensical gratitude which threatened to overwhelm it.

“Condom loves being an impotent cocksleeve! Never cumming again is its favorite reward!”

“It’s very welcome,” the woman replied, as she started folding it up once more, “now let’s get it sent on its way....”

The former woman was quivering in lust as its denigration reached new depths, debased and dehumanized to the point of losing even its mobility – at least while not full of sticky, bitter semen – but what burned more than all the heaped up humiliations, was the knowledge that it *adored* this, more than its new voice module could ever say.

As its aching, clenching and drooling dogpussies pressed together, its body folded up and packed roughly back into the box, Condom was trembling with pleasure.

The voice module told no lies; the cocksleeve loved its twisted new self.

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It had ample time to enjoy the sensuality of its improved body.

Thanks to a shipping error, it missed the next sailing of its destination vessel.

Condom couldn’t know it, for day blurred into week and week into month all too easily in the deprivation and delirium of that unending autocunnilingus, but it sat in warehouses and aboard transports for over a year, before its crate was finally delivered and opened again.

When it finally did emerge, it was shuddering and drooling from both ends, trapped in an inanimate, voiceless frenzy of urgent need, body burning all over just to the touch, a fire filling it which only the spicy flood of new seed could douse.

Fortunate then, for the toy, that it smelled canine presences all around.

Vargyrs, just like Rikes.

The cumdump quivered as it thought about that massive phallus, which had so totally defiled it, so very many times.

“This is what cousin Rikes sent?” spoke one, among the many. “Some second-hand dickwarmer?”

“Must be, it’s true it doesn’t look like anything that special.”

“Quality work tough,” growled a closer voice, as a rough hand gripped the plaything.

Upended, it was held by the tail, shivering in midair yet unable even to denigrate itself through the honesty of begging.

Instead, Condom could only pray in silence that someone, *anyone* would *wear* it already.

A fat finger pushed into the folds of its dangling 'mouth', and the toy reacted reflexively, desperately suckling on the digit as it probed those painfully sensitive puffs of wobbling rubber.

Another hand spread its rear, and it felt hot, wet breath against those equally erogenous elevated folds, as they were exposed and inspected by half a dozen dogs, all drooling over it.

"Should be a good fuck at least."

Someone pulled the cord, and at last the thought found voice.

"Rrrruff! Ruff ruff! Condom needs cock! Ruff!"

"Hah, bet it does! Alright, you reeking dogs, this here's the only entertainment for the voyage, so make sure it lasts – and no fighting over it, or you take its place."

For a species as oversexed as vargyrs, that was a real threat, and it kept that disorderly crew in line as they broke in their new toy.

Beginning by stuffing what surely had to be the two thickest dicks on the ship directly into its face and crotch.

Condom's voice module was yipping and barking with pleasure, quite outside of any intention on its part, but the sounds were all too honest as it felt itself stretched around those dreadnought-scale dicks. Each was spreading it wide, muzzle and hips creaking as they distended to swallow such immense phalli, the plaything in between shuddering at the stink of musky dogdicks and sweating crotches, its nose and ass both pressing against the pungent bodies of its new possessors, violating it from both ends with smell as well as sensation.

Hands gripped handles, and the toy lurched into motion, rammed down hard on one cock, every part of it screaming with the sheer magnitude of that thrilling *stretch*, then dragged back off it with a mournful whimper, only to slam to the hilt on the dick opposite.

Each cockhead was kissing through its insides, caressing over the entrances to breasts and limbs, rubbing down the inside of its back and tail, *ravaging* it like the cocksleeve it was, smearing the smell of dog-dick everywhere inside its face and torso.

"Condom needs cum!"

Panting and grinding against one another in its belly, the canines were all too happy to oblige their new sex-pet.

“Ruff ruff! Knot me! Harder!”

Both howled, hands groping, *crushing* those aching breasts and buttocks, as they squeezed the plush, toyparts of their onahole flat, twisting at limbs and stretching the latex of head and body alike, until the cartoonish image of that dog-toy face-decal was warped beyond recognition.

“Condom can’t cum, so make sure you have twice as much pleasure instead!”

Barking in bliss, the former woman felt scalding hot cum drenching the inside of its head and hips, and the dog-toy named Condom came to life as that blissfully musky genital effluvia violated its senses, making it writhe with bliss and disgust.

The taste, the *stench*, the sensations of slimy cockslop, slicking its every internal surface... *this* was what it had longed for, more than anything, in that long year of isolation.

Anything save orgasm, at least.

“Fuck Condom harder!” came that pleading, pathetic voice, so eagerly humiliating it all the more. “Stretch it out with stinky doggie jizz!”

They needed no encouragement.

Already the plaything was sagging and sloshing, breasts absurdly overfull, pendulously thudding against one another like an absurd desk-ornament, its legs able to move, yet too heavy with cock-cream to do more than clutch hopelessly at its breasts. Every part of Condom was bulging with dogcum, and deforming around the two huge cocks, as they knotted fast in face and crotch, each otherwise-blank expanse ballooning out about the throbbing bumps of meat wearing it like a second sheath. It would be hours before they could take it off, and they still had many pints more to pump into it yet.

“This is the best day of Condom’s life!”

As absurd as it was to hear those words... in the midst of that utter, abject degradation, the dog-toy knew they were true.

This violation, this corruption and perversion of everything it had ever been, was the ultimate masochistic ecstasy.

And it couldn’t even cum.

Condom howled in bliss, in lust and anguish, and overwhelming euphoria, as it realized that there was no escape... no release to reach... not now, nor ever.

It was a useless, faceless, sightless sexdoll, a condom for this new canine crew to dump their waste into as they jerked off....

Thanks to Tanith it would *never* be anything else.

“Fuck this toy’s amazing,” the man knotted in its snout growled, hands groping that divinely delicate former face, as he inflated the toy ever further with disgusting sludge.

“True, Rikes really went all out with this thing – you’d almost think it was actually alive!” another piped up.

“I gotta send him a thank-you before we leave,” spoke another, who sounded reminiscent of that former crewmate. “Won’t have a chance after today – we’ll be out of contact for the whole ten-year mission.”

“He musta known you were leaving for deep space, s’why he got us such a great onahole!” grunted the man still grinding his dick into Condom’s quaking, clenching rear pussy, to make the toy squeal and shudder in bliss. “Knew we couldn’t bring much other entertainment, so he wanted you to have something to pass the time with!”

Ten years, Condom thought. A whole decade, of being used like this, flooded with reeking cum and twisted and stretched and groped into an endless frenzy of desperately denied pleasure.

“Please, pump me ‘til I pop!” it declared, in involuntary, incoherent glee.

Condom couldn’t wait.

It just hoped one of them was as big as Rikes had been.