

Of all the weird algorithm-generated adverts they got on their phone, this was maybe the least clumsy.

It also felt the most invasive.

It was a generic border offering a \$5 one-off coupon for first time shoppers, surrounding a graphic from an item the advertising bots thought you'd want.

Well, they were right. They did want a thick, glossy rubber collar with a big shiny bell on it. The ad had it competently edited onto a stock image of a smiling model, and some text in a language they didn't recognise. Maybe it was a fantasy language and this was from a show or something? They clicked through.

The store itself seemed normal enough, and had legitimate-looking reviews on some of the more popular products. Lots of the expected complaints about poor quality or shipping times.

That collar was just cheap enough that they wouldn't actually pay anything for it with that offer code. Fuck it, they thought, might as well.

Contrary to some of those reviews, the collar showed up scarily quickly- in 12 hours. They woke up at 8AM on their day off to the door buzzer and an opaque white bag jammed through the letter slot. Something inside definitely felt like a thick rubber collar with a big metal bell, which combined with the expedient delivery was almost worryingly good news.

Back inside their shitty flat, they ripped open the bag; through the customs sticker displaying that same unfamiliar language.

They inspect the nicely-printed card which describes the magnetic fasteners the collar uses.

They closed their blinds, sighed, and put it on.

The band of dark rubber slapped shut around their neck. It was pleasantly tight, with nice rounded corners and a smooth, glossy finish. The bell was a fairly convincing gold colour and surprisingly heavy. It jingled nicely with any large movements they made. Once closed, the collar almost seemed to merge into a single band of thick rubber- they assumed due to the clever placement of the magnets.

They enjoyed the collar inside for a while, letting it warm up on their neck. It stayed very comfortable, somehow not making them sweat or itch despite the tightness and density of the rubber.

They rubbed their collar, thinking. They could probably get away with going out with this thing on if they covered it with a scarf. It was winter, after all...

They decided to try it, getting dressed to go out; being careful to conceal their new collar with a thick scarf. As long as they didn't jump around, the bell wouldn't jingle too much, they reasoned.

Having gotten dressed, they stepped outside with the bell cradled in a winter scarf.

After a few minutes of walking a route through the nicer areas near their house, they found themselves shivering. It wasn't from the cold, but from a slick warmth sliding down their back. They wondered if the collar was melting or something- and decided to double back the way they came and head home.

They sped up as the slick, warm sensation reached their lower back, sliding between their buttocks. They tried to look casual as they slipped through a crowd, worrying about getting home

before this became visible to anyone on the street... They stopped, a dull ache at their lower back as the goo seemed to seep actively into their ass. They gasped rather loudly, drawing a few eyes. Before they could collect themselves they let out a shuddering groan as a thick mass pushed out of their lower back, their new rubber tail snaking out from under their coat, almost pushing their jeans down in the process. They didn't know what to do besides run home.

The way back was a blur of confused looks from strangers. They almost dropped their keys as they become very aware of a fat pair of rubber balls dropping into place between their thighs, the distorting fabric of their underwear teasing them by now very stretchy and sensitive rubber butthole.

Once inside, they stripped in time to see a large purple rubber cock swelling into a state of permanent erection. They shivered as thick drops of lavender coloured precum thumped on to their carpet. They tried to get their nails under the rubber, they tried to ignore how much fun this entire experience had been.

The rubber coated more and more of their torso, tightening around their waste and over their chest, seeming to ignore their attempts to scrape it off. Touching the rubber only made their balls pulse and their cock twitch and squirt more liquid latex over their carpet. As if in punishment, some latex finally came off- only to start coating their hands. Their digits thickened and shortened, soon blending together into smooth semi-circles of rubber with thick purple paw pads. The loss of their hands should've bothered them, but they just blushed and came on the floor instead, their tail-tip involuntarily teasing their newly upgraded asshole. They fell to their knees, accidentally jamming that tail into themselves and blushing yet more at the feline yowl the mishap drew from them. Their tail snaked deeper into them as their blush took on a purple hue. The rubber around their waist started to stiffen into a tight corset.

They pawed ineffectually at their new cock, moaning and purring like the kitten drone they were becoming. They don't even notice their hair turning, not blonde, but an unnaturally metallic gold hue and lengthening considerably. Purple rubber socks formed from their thighs down, tightening comfortably around their legs. Their feet stiffened and squeaked as they turned into glossy black high heels with purple paw print patterned soles. They were only snapped out of their blissful trance when the black rubber dome of a bell skirt, with a purple rubber petticoat, interrupted their masturbation.

They got up and tottered over to their mirror, though with less trouble than someone with that little high heel experience should've had. Their tail popped out of them with a distracting squeak. In the mirror they saw their face; and from the neck down a lithe rubber kitten maid with a slight bulge in their voluminous skirt.

Just as they started really taking it in, they heard their jaw crack, a wave of rubber washing over it from the upper edge of that collar. Before the rubber even hit it, their lower face was already stretching out into a soft, rounded muzzle. They expected to gag as the strong-smelling rubber entered their mouth, but found themselves loving the bitter chemical taste. They mewled pathetically, running a rubber tongue over soft rubber fangs.

Their ears itched as they moved through their glossy synthetic hair, rubber coating them and sculpting them into thick, rubber triangles atop their head. They then noticed a sound like water in their ears, then a pressure; then a warm tingling pulse through their entire body. The drone purred, pawing at the vague cock bulge through its skirt. Its thoughts were coming slower, vaguer. It was having difficulty focussing on anything but how good it felt.

It stood there, purring and pawing at itself for a while as the rubber invisibly crept deeper and deeper into it's body, converting everything into smooth, uniform synthetic material. Its purr evened out into a monotone as its mouth gently squeaked, welding itself shut. Only a vague suggestion of feline lips remained at the front, as glossy gas mask filters made from hard plastic emerged from the edges of it's former mouth. A strong smell of rubber tinged the air passing in and out of the drone, but that just seemed correct to it by now.

It woke up a little bit as its eyes started to water, suddenly refusing to close. It's eyes began to widen and flatten, gradually hardening into opaque gold lenses with black metal rims. It's rubber tail swishes as they regard its completed self. Perfect, beautiful and glossy, purring in vapid glee. A shame this place was so dull and un-shiny. It had much more fun when everything was glossy and smooth... Just like that door that hadn't been there before. The drone were no longer capable of understanding why that was strange. It admired it's reflection dancing over the obsidian surface of the mysterious door as it opened outwards.

The place inside was so shiny, and full of beautiful drones just like it!

The door slammed shut behind the newest drone and then ceased to exist. This was normal, everyone knew that. It didn't matter that this drone was the newest, besides the fact that their needs hadn't been met yet. The new drone nuzzled some of the others, mask filters clicking together and rubber squeaking on rubber. The new rubber drone kneeled, raising it's tail and lifting it's thick skirts out of the way. A thick rubber drone cock pressed into the new drone's stretchy butthole, already leaking lavender coloured latex cum. The new drone's cock leaked it's own identical pre as it got bought into the group. It purred mechanically as it's asshole was filled, until finally the drone on top reached a shuddering orgasm, filling the drone's belly with hot rubber; causing the drone underneath to paint the floor with it's own.

After a beat, the identical drones stand up, drone cum seeping from their cocks and assholes. They set off in the same direction, with all the other drones, to make more beautiful rubber collars for people.