

Worked like a dog

by NoWay

quick and dirty stream version 1.0

“Damn thats crazy, those dance moves look very good” Your coworker says as the youtube video plays on the phone you are holding out for him.

“yeah, of course they program those dance moves in but I do believe that it's holding its balance on its own, its super cool, they also have this yellow dog like robot called Spot, it shows up a little later in the dance video” you reply.

Tomas smiles and nods “yeah i wish we had one around here, haha it could do my work for me“

You join in the laughter: “yeah and mine as well, sadly they cost like 10.000 or something. i doubt the boss would let us spend that kinda dough”

You both return to your work Tomas typing away on his laptop and you review some boring log entries about some test the morons of the testing department messed up. “Ugh! this is all wrong, its like they ran the test backwards” you say in frustration and look over at your co-worker Tomas, his laptop screen filled with pictures and tech documents of Spot the robot dog by Boston Dynamics.

“Haha. got you hooked on him?” you ask with a chuckle as you point at his screen.

“huh? wha? oh yeah a little, i always loved robots. i had no idea they were so far along with this stuff already” Tomas replied before sinking back into his research. you shrug it off, your coworker did that from time to time where he would get too distracted by his work to do social interaction.

“Well im going to walk over to testing and tell them to run that test again but correct this time, after that probably call it a day.....” you say but Tomas just grunts and you realize he didn't really listen with a chuckle and shrug you walk off.

That evening you received a text from Tomas on your phone “damn this spot thing is really cool. I really want one. you think he is cool as well right?”

You smirk to yourself, it was cool to see you shared something with your coworker that he really seemed to enjoy, you start typing , “yeah i think he is pretty cool” you make yourself comfy for more messages but Tomas replies with a “okay cool” and after that no further texts are send

You make it into work the next morning Tomas as always was late for work but that was not unexpected, you sit alone in the office typing away at the report when Tomas comes in looking rather tired.

“another late night D&D session?” you ask him with a smirk, since you knew Tomas sometimes stayed up till 3 am or later and he sure looked like had done that again last night.

“huh oh yeah” Tomas replied though he seemed a bit distracted, you shrug it off and continue your work for a few more hours, luckily by lunch Tomas has woken up a bit more and seems to be more talkative, showing you a few renders he had made on his laptop of a 3d model of spot and being very proud of it.

“Damn you are really falling in with spot huh?” you say and Tomas nods with a smile, “yeah i think he is really cool.... gotta have one of my own”

Lunch ends and you head back to work, Tomas heads out early saying he feels sick and you share him in this. your stomach has been upset since lunch and maybe you should let HR know you are also going home early because it doesn't seem to want to calm down.

You muster on for a few more hours but then decide enough is enough, your stomach is still upset and you feel like you might be getting a fever. you walk by HR to report you are ill on your way out and head home.

Once home you decide to lay down for a while, you just felt so tired. your limbs were sore and your muscles felt like they had lifted heavy things all day.

You grab your phone and decide to text Tomas “Hey, also went home sick, also got muscle pains :P?” you press send and the message is marked as received and read shortly after however Tomas doesn't honour you with a reply.

“ugh whatever” you say to yourself and get up to check yourself in the bathroom mirror, you are clearly also developing a headache, maybe you should call 911?.. it did seem to be getting worse quite fast.

A metallic taste filled your mouth a bit as you leaned your hands on the sink and looked at yourself in the mirror, something looked off, your eyes? something was off about your eyes.

The next thing freaked you out as you hear a bit of a buzzing sound and your vision zooms in on the reflection of your eyes, like a camera lens zooming in.

You let out a soft surprised grunt and step away from the sink, your vision zooming back out to normal. shocked you slowly step back in closer. your eyes did look like cameras? Were you dreaming? hallucinating? what were you seeing? you watch in shock as you under “iris” forms another iris , and another.. another.. 4.. you had 8 eyes? what the hell.

you reach up with a hand to feel your face only to feel cold thick black rubber pressing against your skin. your fingers were stuck together and your hand was balling itself up, quite literally in-fact it looked like a little rubber ball.

This was insane!, hallucinating or not you had to get help!, quickly you turn around and head for the bathroom door. only find your rubber ball hands slipping on the simple door lock, you couldn't grasp it and turn it.

As you keep trying your wrists and lower arms were starting to turn thin.. flesh starting to turn to thick strong black plastic, it somehow looked familiar but you were unsure where you had seen it before. damn this door. Why was it so difficult to get this open?

A few minutes pass and you finally manage to get the lock to open, towards your phone, hoping to dial 911 but the rubber balls refuse to work on your touch screen, you decide to just head outside and find help instead then but as you start moving again you feel your feet slip and you land on the floor with a loud heavy stud, it sounded heavier then it should be.

looking down at your legs and feet you see a familiar sight, your feet had turned into the same useless rubber ball feet that your hands and become and the lower leg and ankles had changed into black hard plastic.

you struggle to stand up your face felt strange, like your nose and mouth had started to push inwards, leaving a gap and causing your eyes to be angled slightly inward.

your eyes look down at yourself, you notice the metallic shine coming of your belly, you try to touch it but your stiff arms wont let you reach it, the metal shine grows more yellow as it spreads over your belly and chest.

you felt heavy and dense, lines and seams appearing as a text appears on your belly right below a handle, "Pull to release battery pack"

battery pack? you gasp as you lay there flat on your back, feeling the metal spread and convert your body.

It was going rather fast and as the yellow plastic coverings started growing on your upper arms and legs you finally realize why your rubber hands/feet looked so familiar to you, "spot?... im.. im turning into a spot robot?" you said to yourself but as you were speaking you realize it sounded like your voice was coming from a speaker.

You lay there flat on your back, robotic legs swirling around trying to make yourself roll over, but you were stuck like a turtle on its back.

Suddenly you hear footsteps walk over to you and a hand stroking over you, Tomas his face appearing in your field of view, "wow. it really worked. look at you"

"Tomas?" you beep confused but Tomas smiled back with a somewhat knowing smirk, "yes spot?"

You realize this was his doing and grow angry, you wiggle your robot legs trying to get a good punch in but then suddenly feel all your servos freeze in place.

“ah ah, lets not do that, you are pretty strong you know, you could hurt me” Tomas says, his hand on a odd looking controller, the text “servo controls offline, its not save to handle your spot” appearing in the bottom of your field of view

you were powerless, you could not move. “god you turned out perfect. my very own spot. when you said they were cool i knew you would not mind being one for me buddy” Tomas said as he stroked over your metal body and plastic coverings

“going to have a lot of fun reprogramming you, but first” -he rolls you over on your belly and turns your servos back on, you feel him use the controller and you are forced to walk. crawling along on all fours as Tomas makes you walk to his home.

“there we go, home sweet home” -he makes you walk onto a platform near his computer desk and before you can move to escape, turn your servos off once more.

“okay lets get started, first some basic reprogramming, but then the fun stuff. i cant wait to make my own robot dance video” Tomas says as you feel a usb cable plug into you.

you were spot, Tomas his robotic dog.

End