

Tyler`s New Position in Life

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Disclaimer:

the following story contains sexual tinted events, containing restraints, laboratory/industrial setting in which a young adult male gets transformed into a sex play thing against his will. If you are offended by any of these things, use the back button on your browser. All scenes in this story are a work of fiction, no actual people got hurt in the making of this story also both authors do not own laboratories that are capable of doing such acts, but do have some mad scientist genes in them and some humour.

Tyler, a young adult male in his early twenties, is waking up, feeling dizzy. As he opens his eyes, he realizes that he's fastened to a metal table, his arms and feet held with shackles, and that he's completely naked. His eyes quickly opened wide, looking around in a panicked mood, "What's going on, where am i?!"

Further inspection of his current state reveals that he's also wearing a thick leather collar around his neck, softly beeping, and he can see a faint light flash from it. He tries to struggle free, when he suddenly hears some steps, and a man comes in. He looks at Tyler with a nasty grin.

"Hello there nr. 54372, glad to see you are awake", says the man, who is dressed as a scientist, with a lab coat. Tyler looks both angry and scared at the man, "I'm not 54 whatever! My name is Tyler! What have you done to me! Let me go!"

"My, my, this is a good test subject we have here, I love it when they got a little fight left in them." Without further thought the man bends down to the tied up boy, sticking his fingers into his mouth and checking his teeth, "Hmm yes, good teeth, strong build, nice size dick, you're going to make a fine toy for one of our clients."

The man then opens up the drawers under the table, which are full of scary looking contraptions. "You're a lucky one, I see here on your paperwork that your a special order, which means you probably have someone that is paying big bucks to have you be his toy. We will go through the complete process with you.", the man says as he takes out a syringe and a little bottle filled with some glowing green mystery liquid, drawing a dose from it and tapping the needle to get the air out. "This wont hurt a bit, boy!", he lies, as he injects the poor boy in his dick.

The Injection burns and its quickly showing its effects as veins on the boys dick and balls

starts bulging, "Tell me boy, and be honest, what's your favourite animal, our client gave you a choice, so I suggest you use it, or I'll pick one for you".

Tyler grunts in pain, looking confused at the man; with anger he spits at him, "Go fuck yourself! Stop this bullshit and let me go!". the man just grins and wipes the spit from his face, "good then, I'll pick." He quickly adds another smaller, painless injection. As soon as it enters the bloodstream, it shows the obvious signs.

Tyler watches helplessly as his once human dick changes in front of him, growing more pink and thicker with a strange bulge at the base and a pointed head, the skin covered in veins.

"This cant be real! What the fuck is going on!", Tyler shouts as he squirms against his restraints.

The man doesn't seem to reply or pay attention, kneading the poor boys balls a bit as they grow bigger and fuzzy. a strange flap of skin forming and attaching itself against Tyler's belly, Tyler blinks. He used to have a dog, knowing that he has just grown a sheath. At first he sighs in relief, thinking it's over but it soon comes clear the liquid isn't stopping there. Spreading out like an ink stain, fur starts growing and taking over his body, black fur with grey accents, muscles and abs forming as it spreads.

Tyler tries to break free, he's panicking as he sees he's more and more losing his original body, the bounds holding him, straining against his wrists and ankles, "Don't hurt yourself boy... it would be such a shame if you did", the man says as he is inspecting his handy work, as if Tyler was nothing more then lifeless object.

The changes keep going until they reach the feet and hands, nails curling up and digging themselves deeper into the changing flesh while dark pawpads form on the bottom. The claws look sharp and Tyler grins, maybe he can fight now.

From the neck down Tyler is now clearly a anthro wolf, but he could feel the changes start reaching up to his head, "Here it comes boy, don't worry its over in a few minutes." Tyler gives one last try to break free but even his new body can't defeat the restraints, the fur crawling over his face, jaw line warping as the bone underneath changes, tongue lengthening and hanging from the still human mouth as the ears move up his head. Eyes turn into dark eyes with a golden iris. The man grins, seeing there is just one last part to go, the human mouth warping shape now as a muzzle starts pushing out of Tyler's face, teeth sharpening inside as the long tongue finds a better home now that the muzzle is forming. Tyler opens his eyes as it finishes, the pain fading as a few tears roll from his eyes. "What have you done to me?" he asks with fear and sadness in the tone of his now deeper voice.

But the man seems to be one step ahead of Tyler as he takes out a nasty looking tool from a drawer, and looks straight into Tyler's eyes as he says: "Our client asked that you be made into a nice pet, so we're going to make sure that you're totally harmless, boy". He then takes one of Tyler's new claws and inserts it into the clipper and snips it off, proceeding to do this with each one of his fingers and toes, removing all the sharp nails

and making his paws look like those of a harmless pet.

The man seems quite pleased with his work and ignores the question, Tyler now having just been turned completely into an anthro wolf. "Fantastic, I'll be finishing your change into a toy after I get a coffee", he says while petting Tyler's fur softly. He then leaves Tyler alone

Tyler lays there on the table. Staring down at his wolf body, "This cant be real" he says to himself as he doesn't believe or doesn't want to believe it. And why turn him in a toy? Why did that man say that? Isn't he done yet then? What else can they possibly do to him more?

Coming in back after what seemed like an eternity, the man has an even more ominous smile on his face, and is now wearing large rubber gloves. He takes out a transparent tube from under the table, with a scary looking nozzle, and then painfully inserts it into the wolf's anus, Tyler wincing and grimacing as his orifice is violated. The man then opens another drawer, taking out a dark black muzzle with a strange opening, and violently fastens it onto Tyler's canine maw, keeping it open as he fastens it very hard, and then proceeds to fasten another tube into that contraption. He then flicks a switch, turning on some loud machinery, and a thick, shiny liquid slowly oozes down the tubes, Tyler being extremely worried as it starts flowing down the nozzles. The cold substance flows down both of his openings, forcing its way down Tyler's throat and up his anus. Tyler moaned as he felt it intruding his deepest places. The man slowly rubbed Tyler's rump, easing the flow of the goop, until it completely fills Tyler, who feels like his body is becoming solid and rubbery from inside out.

Tyler's fur then retreats into his skin as it smoothes out, turning extremely shiny with a painted on detail of the fur pattern he used to have. The man rubbed the belly to inspect this, and the pet shivered at the feeling, as there was no friction at all, his skin without any imperfection. He keeps stroking the pettoy and grins, "What's that toy? No objections? No fighting?" He strokes over the changing cock, which is starting to look more like a dildo than a real life flesh one as it becomes more and more smooth, the stroking removing the little details, until even the head smoothes out. Tyler shivers, the pleasure he is receiving from the stroking is to much to ignore, making it hard to fight it or resist it. Panting with his now blackening rubber tongue, he looks at the man handling his dick, unaware that his lips are forming into a o-shaped hole from where his panting tongue hangs.

The man then starts stroking Tyler's declawed paws, and the fingers start to smoothed out, the fingers fusing together slowly with only small ridges to separate them, the thumbs sinking into the paws and disappearing completely, leaving some of the detail to make them look like paws but being completely unable to hold anything.

Tyler watches, not really registering what's happening to him now as the man grins and nods after he's done with the paws, coming over to Tyler's face he strokes the o-shaped ring of the panting muzzle, pulling off the leather muzzle to be able to inspect it for flaws. "Hmm that turned out nice and smooth boy, I'm sure your owner will be using you a lot",

he says as he runs a finger inside, finding no teeth or anything other than the tongue, the hole fully smoothed out.

Tyler wants to bite down, spit the finger out, but he realizes that all that his body allows for is suckling and wrapping his rubber tongue around the intruding finger.

"Alright, that's one toy, few more things, let's see". The man grabs the paperwork and grins. "Ah, harness and a nice one as well, hmmm, oh, and of course he wants you to have a better collar than the stock we use for subject containment", he says. With that he leaves for a few minutes, only to return with a very thick leather collar with spikes and a leather harness, both being strapped on poor Tyler.

"Almost done pup, just one more thing, and I'll pack you up for delivery". He takes out some tool that looks like a strange kind of hot iron, pressing it against Tyler's ass, leaving a imprint of standard production data, even a list of possible allergic responses that can happen from using him.

While Tyler is trying to comprehend what just happened to him in the last few hours since he awoke, the man is working hard on getting a sort of dog carrier ready, setting it up and preparing it for transport with the right documents and labels on the sides. After a while, he turns around and faces the Tyler. "Alright boy, you're all done, I hope your owner will be happy with you". He releases the restraints and motions Tyler to head into the dog carrier.

Tyler sees his chance and tries to run but the collar around his neck gives a sharp pain, sending him quickly back over. "Bad dogtoy!, now come on, in you go", the man grins evilly as he shows Tyler how he should behave from now on.

Tyler crawls into the dog carrier, afraid for more pain, scared and unsure. He watches as the man closes the door and lifts him on a transport cart, wheeling him into a truck that leaves soon after a few more of his now fellow models have been wheeled in.

The Journey doesn't take too long: only one other toy gets delivered before him. The second time the truck stops, the delivery guy picks up his crate, feeling both fear and anticipation for seeing who bought him, not sure if he will be angry, still feeling strange. As he is wheeled out the truck, he sees a familiar face peaking through the bars of his carrier. "Hey there Tyler, you're looking good!", Alex says, with a wide knowing grin.

Tyler gasps, "Alex?! You?!... You did this to me?" Alex nods and grins, tipping the delivery guy and closing the front-door behind him. He opens Tyler's cage. "Yes, I special ordered you, we are going to have fun, my rubber pet toy. I always wanted to have you as my fucktoy, and now.. I do!", he says as Tyler crawls out of his carrier and he snaps a dogtag with his ownership information on it on the collar.

Tyler whimpers softly, feeling Alex starting to explore his rubber body, he knew it was either being a good toy for his old friend, or be a bad one and get sent back, getting sold to a stranger that might even do more to him.

-The end-