

"Haha, awesome, so hey, what are you getting Anna for Christmas?"

"Oh shit, I totally forgot! Dammit, don't tell me I'm going to have to go Christmas shopping..." You sigh. That's not a crowd you want to be a part of.

"Nope! I figured it all out!" Your friend passes you a bag, with something small rattling inside it.

"Haha, what's this? You think she'll like it?"

"Nope! It's for you!"

Before you can ask, your friend pulls a Christmas-y coloured collar out of the bag and clips it around your neck.

Instantly, a barrage of ribbons and sheets of wrapping shoot out from the collar, consuming your head before you can even yelp and sealing it up tight whilst the rest of your body is quickly mummified under the wrapping. Within seconds of your friend putting the collar on, you're completely sealed up inside wrapping paper with a bow tied on your neck.

"MMMMMM??"

"Shh, don't you worry, your 'suit' will take care of you until Christmas. Enjoy the next 24 hours! I imagine Anna will be *very* delighted with you~"

Your arms and legs were bound. You could do little more than squirm under the thick layers of wrapping paper. Breathing was difficult, you had two tiny holes for your nostrils and not much else. There was a distant hint of daylight visible through the wrapping, but not much. You could still hear, but it was difficult and muffled.

Somehow, your friend had made you into a Christmas present.

"Now, let's get you delivered!"

The ride over was pretty bumpy. They had put you on some kind of trolley for ease of transport, and it's not like you could run away. Try as you might, the packaging barely creased as you strained within it. You weren't all that far away from Anna's home to begin with, so it only took a few minutes before you heard a door open and the two of you slip inside.

"Shh, quiet now, don't want to spoil the surprise before Anna opens you up!" Your friend giggled, snuggling you right into a bunch of other presents. You could've sworn a few of them were people too.

Now that the adrenaline cleared, the oddity of what just happened hits you. What the hell?! Why were you wrapped up like a present?! Where did your friend even *get* that collar?

You try to yell out in hopes that someone, anyone, will find you, but before you can even make a noise the suit wraps itself into your mouth like a gag and keeps you from saying a word. The most you can do is make muffled noises, and you doubt they can even be heard through the wrapping.

You try to push back on the gag with your tongue, but the more you resist the more it invades your mouth. Soon your tongue is trapped, unable to move an inch. Gah, it was just wrapping paper, surely you should be able to tear yourself out of it, right?

The moment you begin to struggle within the confines of your wrapping, the suit detects it and begins to reinforce itself. You're no longer allowed to hold your legs straight, having them pulled up to your chest and locked in place tightly, leaving you curled into a ball. You can no longer move at all.

At this point, your hopes of escape were all but crushed. The suit could somehow adapt to everything you did, and it looked like you were just going to have to wait it out until Anna found you. In 24 hours.

It wasn't long before the wait became torturous. You really wanted to stretch, but of course the suit prevented that. You could guess the suit was keeping you in some kind of stasis, as you weren't getting hungry or thirsty, and you didn't need to pee. You even felt a little comfortable, even though you were wrapped up into a ball.

Hours passed. Slowly, ever so slowly. You didn't know how long you had left, and there was nothing you could do but wait. You couldn't even fall asleep, as somehow the suit was keeping you awake. You could just wish you had something, anything to keep you company.

Soon, you got your wish. Lights suddenly fill your vision, almost blinding you with a spectacular array of colours, swirling and twisting around no matter where you looked. You were unable to close your eyes, all you could do was stare into the endless dance of spirals. You know you had to look away, close your eyes, do *anything* but slip further into your trance, but you couldn't.

Soon you heard noises, and what seemed like whispers in the noises. Your senses were being overstimulated, your conscious mind just couldn't handle it all. You started to feel yourself drifting off into a blissful sleep, the whispers in your ears seeping straight into the deepest recesses of your mind and taking their place within your subconscious.

You were snapped back to reality, suddenly regaining consciousness as for the first time in 24 hours you saw the outside world, and someone's face looking down at you. It was Anna, and she was smiling.

Your mind was hazy, all fogged up from your deep hypnotic sleep. Somehow, you don't feel as changed as you expected, and you can remember everything that happened to you up to your sleep. Did the suit just do nothing to you?

Your head spun, and your mouth felt dry from the gag filling it just seconds ago, "Anna? Is that you? I-I can explain everyth--"

"Assign new identity as being known as 'Toy 43'. Toy 43: Mute."

Your words were suddenly cut off as your vocal chords clamped shut; You couldn't make the slightest noise. You clawed at your throat, desperately trying to figure out why speaking was impossible.

"Toy 43: Limp."

Your body went limp as to her orders. You were unable to move a muscle, and in your mind you were screaming. How did she have full control over you? Did the suit implant a bunch of hypnotic triggers into you? And what did she say before that, something about having a new name? You didn't understand, you were Toy 43. Wait, no, you were... Oh god, you couldn't remember who you used to be. You couldn't remember a single thing about your past life. All you knew about yourself was that your name was Toy 43.

"Toy 43: Perfect obedience."

Of course. You were Toy 43, Anna's obedient pet. You belonged to her, of course you belonged to her. You vaguely remember not liking this a second ago, but now all that matters to you is obedience. Obeying every last order your owner gives you, no matter what it may be. You are incapable of disobedience; The thought is simply unable to manifest within your mind.

"Follow me."

You stand, not caring about how sore your body is. Anna walks, and you follow.

You only vaguely take in your environment, as all that matters to you is obeying your owner. After a short bit of walking, she leads you up to an uninteresting blank wall.

"Walk through it."

You obey, walking straight into the wall with no regards for your safety, as the wall shimmers around you like a mirage. You find yourself on the other side of the hologram, in a high-tech looking laboratory-like environment. Anna follows you through, once again taking the lead. You follow her downstairs, deeper into the facility. There's an endless arrangement of various lewd-looking gadgets, with distant moans being heard from within a few closed rooms. After a few minutes you arrive at your destination, a relatively small chamber with a cold metal table in the middle of the room and complex machinery all around, with a large strange-looking device directly above the table. Anna leads you right up to the metal table, adjusting its various straps and confinement devices to your height.

"Lay on the table and bind yourself."

You get on the table, binding a pair of thick straps around your ankles before lying back and binding one of your wrists, leaving the last for Anna to do herself.

"Good. Toy 43: Disable perfect obedience."

A powerful force tingles in your mind for a few moments, and once it's done

you blink a few times as you regain awareness. Oh god, did you... Did she...

You gulped, remembering everything that just happened, and how good the act of obeying her orders felt to you. You looked around the room, at all the heavy machinery and down at your own body bound up tightly. You struggled fruitlessly against your bindings.

"Aww, you were so good a second ago, what changed?~" Anna giggled, circling around your naked form and eyeing you. "Toy 43: Disable mute."

You gasp as you regain your voice, "W-What is this?! What are you doing to me?!" You gulp, as you can already guess what she'll do. The room smells strongly of latex, and, well, you already knows how much she loves that.

Anna doesn't reply, and only moves up to a control panel and presses something. The machine whirrs to life, and above you the strange device lights up. Waves of light pass over your body, scanning your form. Your body tingles as it does so, but soon enough it finishes its job. The machine is busy with... Something. You can't tell what it's doing, but after a few minutes it begins to quieten down as it completes its task. Anna grabs a bucket and puts it under a nozzle, pressing a switch and depositing a thick black liquid into it. Latex.

Anna grins as she walks up to you with the bucket in hand. The liquid inside is churning and bubbling. "You see, I *could* totally just make a machine that automatically turned you into a toy, but I find doing the process manually just so fun..."

You struggle as Anna uses a pipette to take a small amount of the liquid. Ever so slowly, she lowers it over your arm and squeezes a drop out onto it.

You gasp and shiver. It feels so cold, and you can already see out of the corner of your eye as it begins to slowly spread over your right arm.

"The process is irreversible. There's no known way to stop it once it has begun, and there is no way to bring back what it's taking from you. Are you enjoying it? The sensation of your organicness being stripped away from you, your skin replacing with latex? Is your mind just begging for more?" She smirks, reaching over and squeezing out another drop onto your other arm.

The latex on your right arm had already spread to your wrist and your elbow, and you couldn't feel a thing under it. You imagined that if your arm was cut in half now, all you would get is a rather pretty cross-section of the latex assimilating your flesh. She was right, it *was* your skin.

You laid your head back and sighed. There was nothing you could do to stop the process, and you both knew it. As time went on you could only feel the tingling as your organic flesh was replaced by synthetic latex.

Anna yawned, "Okay, bored now." She threw the entire bucket of latex straight onto you, splashing it all over your body. The sensation was intense as all at once every single part of your form the latex landed on was converted, and the mass very quickly spread to fill in any gaps it might have missed. A

hefty amount of the liquid landed in your mouth and immediately began reprocessing it to better suit your new form. As the latex flushed down your throat to change you from the inside out, your teeth were left useless rubbery nubs and your mouth was smoothed. All useless anatomy was removed, leaving only what was best for... Sucking.

Sensations burned within you as the latex flowed through your bloodstream, quickly taking its place and fading into the rest of your form. You didn't need blood, hell, you didn't even need organs. Only organic creatures need those.

With the added litres of latex the process was swift, and after just a few minutes the sensations stopped. You were complete. You were fully assimilated into the latex, and you would never part with it. You *were* latex. Your mind was no longer contained within neurons but a property of the latex itself. All sensory organs were replaced with far superior artificial versions. Your senses were enhanced, and your processing capabilities too. By all measures, what had happened to you was incredible. You no longer needed food or water or sleep, you no longer even needed air. You could survive in the vacuum of space just fine. For a moment, you felt yourself wondering why you were even sad about this before remembering all iota of personhood you once had was stolen from you. You weren't a person any more. You were a Toy.

Your straps were undone, leaving you to lift your arms and investigate your new body. You looked almost identical to your old form, only with any sharp details now blunted and, of course, the black shininess. Your body squeaked with the sound of latex on latex as you stood up from the table. Surprisingly, there was no liquid left on it, as it had all been attracted to your form.

Anna looked at you, grinning as she admired your body, "Toy 43: Cum addiction."

Suddenly a new urge rushed over your mind, a fiery need for something you once thought disgusting. You needed cum. You needed cum so badly, all over you and all inside your mouth. You fell to the floor and moaned just from the desires overloading your mind. Anna lifted your head and tugged at your throat as long thin strand of latex came out of it; A leash. Once it was at full length she giggled and tugged on it, pulling you forward harshly.

Without any opportunity to stand back up you were forced to crawl on all fours behind her, your body squeaking every time it rubbed the floor. Your mind was hazy. It was so hard to think of anything but cum. You needed it, you *needed* it. You felt like you were going to die without it, even though death is only a thing organics are capable of. You hoped so badly that she was bringing you somewhere you could get cum. Soon, you got your wish.

Anna sat back on a comfortable-looking chair and spread her legs, tugging you forward as she did so. Her cock hung in front of your face, and your mouth began to water. Your saliva was some artificial lube now, designed for maximal efficiency when it came to having cocks in your mouth.

“Suck.”

You didn't need to be asked. Within moments you had your mouth wrapped around her amazing length, desperate to taste her sexual fluids. Your lube made sliding it deep into your maw easy, and soon you developed a steady rhythm of raising and lowering your head over her cock. Your slender latex tongue, more tentacle-like than anything, wrapped itself around her shaft and squeezed, masterfully pleasuring her length. You needed cum so bad. You were so desperate for just a drop of pre, and soon your unheard begging was answered. Your mind exploded into bliss from the taste of Anna's incredible juices, sucking even harder and more vigorously with a reignited urge. You couldn't think, you couldn't even care about how you were just a cock-sucking slut, you just needed that cum. As the amount of drops grew so did your pleasure, an intense arousal building up inside you. She was so close, you could feel it. She had her hand on the back of your head, but you didn't even need it. You wanted that load so badly. You needed it beyond comprehension.

And with one last thrust into your mouth, she cummed.

Your mind shattered under the pleasure. Your whole body trembled as you needily swallowed down her amazingly delicious load. You felt like you had experienced 5 orgasms at once; All you could feel was bliss as her cum filled your mouth. Your hypnotic triggers were practically useless now, you were so broken that you would be her obedient cock-sucking toy forever. Even if you could escape, you needed her cum far too much to even want to.

“Mmm... I'll have to thank your friend for the gift later, maybe by letting you suck their cock too. You'd love that, I can tell. In a way, you weren't even their gift, as I was the one that gave them that collar...” Anna stood up, smiling down at your spent form, “You're a very good toy. I'll be using you for a while, but for now, we need to get you into the Toy Box.”

You followed Anna away, still on all fours and with cum dribbling out of your mouth. You are a good Toy, and you will belong to her for the rest of your existence. You love being Anna's good Toy.

*The end.*