

Niv typed into his conversation to Anna, "so i just send some money and you'll do the 'just fuck me up' commission thing?"

The typing indicator was visible for a few seconds, before she returned with, "mhm! i promse you'll love it, or your money back! hehee!"

He put in the payment amount she requested and hit the send button, "ok!"  
"got the money, ty! it'll just be half an hour, so be patient!"

Niv was fine with that, a pretty fast turnaround for a commission in his opinion. It didn't take much internet browsing before time started to flow by, making the half-hour pass in what felt like no time at all.

"done! hope you enjoy!"

There was an attachment. It wasn't a story. It was... A picture of a glass sphere? That's weird.

"umm, what's this?" He felt a little ripped off. He hoped it was a prank.

"touch it!" Was all Anna said in reply. Mysterious.

"like, do you mean click on it? or do you want me to touch my screen?"

"silly kobold, of course you touch it with your hands! how else will it work?"

Uh, okay, sure why not. He reached up his hands to his screen and touched the image, only... His hand went into the screen slightly. Somehow, there was a physical depth to what shoud've been completely flat.

"uhhh this is weirddwwhwhhh--"

His typing was interrupted by the sphere of glass attaching to his hand, and continuing to stick to it even as he pulled it back out of the screen. The sphere melted like a liquid, flowing slowly over his hand, and then his wrist, and then his arm. It seemed to grow in quantity as it spread, getting faster and faster and soon entrapping his torso within the clear liquid substance. As the glass progressed, it also solidified, leaving him entirely unable to move any part of his body that found itself victim to the liquid. At this point, this was all of him, except for his head. He was stuck on his chair, encased in glass, with all the clothing ripped off of his body by the glass flowing under it.

He could barely turn his head, but he could see Anna typing a message.

"okay, that should be done now! giggle, i'm sure you love being on display like that. so cute. let's bring you here!" There was another attachment. A blindingly white image, far brighter than his screen was capable of emitting. It lit up the entire room and almost blinded him from the intensity, but once it reached its peak it started to go back down. But... He wasn't in the same place. His room had disappeared, and around him was now a much calmer white environment, completely empty apart from a large mirror and Anna herself. The pink bird had encased him in glass and teleported him here.

Anna giggled, in real life this time, "Well, hello there! Fancy seeing you here! Welcome to my little playspace I have! Well, I say little, it's actually

infinite, but who's paying attention to that anyway!"

Niv groaned. He once again tried to struggle, but once again was completely immobilized within his solid glass prison.

"Ooh, still resisting, cute! Unfortunately for you, a different kind of client I have wished for me to take this cute kobold he found and turn him into something a lot more fun to play with! But still, thank you for the donation!" Anna walked around the confined kobold, his frozen form levitating in mid-air. She seemed to examine his various proportions and details, causing Niv to blush at the realisation of his sheer nudity. Anna snrked at his awkward pose in which he was frozen, and started to change it. She casually re-posed him with ease, the glass only wanting to reshape itself for her, and not for him.

"Nnngh... W-what are you going to do to me?"

"Oh me? Almost nothing, compared to what your new owner is likely to use you for! Don't worry though, you'll quickly learn to love it!" Anna continued to re-pose the kobold until she was happy with it. Niv looked in the mirror and saw that he was posed exactly like a cheap sex doll would be, his arms in front and to the sides, and his legs spread wide for easy access.

"G-gah... Are you just gonna leave me as some embarrassing statue?"

"Oh no no no, I had something far more fun in mind for you," she lifted a pipette in front of his face, a tiny amount of shiny black liquid inside. Liquid latex. She was going to turn him *into* a sex doll.

Before he had a chance to protest, the both-liquid-and-solid glass spread up over his face, holding it tight and leaving only the smallest hole at the top of his head, into which Anna dripped the pipette's contents into.

He could feel its effects instantly. He wanted to squirm, he needed to squirm, but no part of his body could move. The latex had no room to spread over his body, so it simply absorbed straight into him, or rather, absorbed him right into it. As it consumed his biological features it quickly replaced them with itself, the latex spreading and corrupting his body starting at his head. His thoughts clouded and it felt like he fell asleep for a second as his mind transitioned from a series of electric impulses firing over neurons to an enchanted property of the latex he was becoming. It was already irreversible: He was going to be a latex toy, and it was going to take a while, too.

His eyes were now painted orbs within the latex of his head, and the rest of his face was streamlined and shiny. His mouth forced itself open and froze in place, leaving his lips round and his mouth just a simple ridged fuckhole within. His expression was forced into a kind he might have had when he was horny: One with bedroom eyes and an unspoken lust.

As the latex conversion progressed further down his body, his neck was left immobilised. He couldn't even *try* to move it any more, simply having no muscles to do so with, and the magical latex ignoring his requests to squirm.

He could no longer move his eyes. He was forced to stare at his reflection as shiny blackness spread over his body. The beating heart that had once been with him his entire life ceased as the organs within his torso were replaced with solid latex. He had no need for biological functions. He was turning into an inanimate object, and the only thing sustaining his mind was Anna's will.

He couldn't deny that it felt good, though. Pleasure swept through his body, and anything that had turned to latex was now an erogenous zone. His arms had changed, his hips were changing, and his cock was turning into a dildo that would never soften again. His ass turned into a long tight cavity, ridged all the way inside in order to impart the most pleasure when anyone decided to use it for the purpose it was now designed for: He was now truly a sex doll.

It was done. In the mirror he could only see a sex doll modelled in his image. Another wave of changes swept over the pure-black latex: His original colours were returning. He looked like a cartoon version of his former self, but now a lot shinier. He guessed he should start thinking of himself as "it", now.

"Gosh, you turned out great!" Anna examined the toy's completely changed body, doing a cursory examination for any defects that might have occurred during the process, and finding nothing. You really were a perfect sex doll.

Anna snapped her fingers, and the glass prison that ended up also being the mold to which your new form was made simply dripped off of your body and onto the floor, leaving you hovering in mid-air and able to feel the breeze on your new surface for the first time. She grabbed your cock, and if you had any control over your inanimate body you would've yelped in pleasure, but you simply did nothing and remained motionless, blankly staring forwards. With a yank, it popped right off of your body, leaving a flat latex surface behind.

"Very customisable! Now, let's test out your holes quickly, and then we'll be able to ship you off!" You could still feel your cock in her hands, and you knew exactly what she was about to do with it. Mentally whining, you watched as she inserted your thick dildo-cock into your own mouth, stuffing it full. You collapsed in pleasure, the inner ridges of your mouth even more sensitive than your surface, and that combined with the pleasure of your cock filling the hole was almost too much for you as you mentally orgasmed, with not a single sign of the pleasure within showing on the outside. You could barely think as she repeated the test with your lower fuckhole, stuffing your tight rubber ass and again using your own dildo-cock for it. She was toying with you. She didn't even have to think of you as a person any more, as you weren't. You were just a toy, that was about to be sold to your new owner, and live a new life of being fucked whenever someone wishes it. She turned you into a sex doll.

"Looks all good! Time for you to be shipped off, so enjoy your new existence!" Anna pushed your cock back onto your crotch, it instantly merging into your latex surface again. With a final snap of her fingers, you vanished into the whiteness, Anna teleporting you to your new home.