

## Quickie #32

### RADFEM Clinic

“I just think you'd look really hot as a rubber anime doll!”

It was a phrase most guys never expected to hear from their significant other. On the other hand, Ryan was no ordinary guy and Deborah was definitely not your typical girlfriend.

The short, femmy young man was still trying to wrap his mind around the depraved concept hours after she'd brought it up. On paper, he was already a flawless femboy. Ryan was everything a woman with Debbie's predilections could possibly want. And yet, she was constantly pushing him to try ever kinkier activities. Railing his ass into the night and getting skilled blowjobs from her cocksucker boyfriend wasn't enough, apparently. Not for *'Big Dick'* Debbie.

That's the name she'd gone by on FutaMatch.com, the site where they met. Deborah was a towering amazon with mocha skin and long, platinum blonde hair. She sported massive breasts that were slightly bigger than Ryan's head. As her nickname implied, she had a cock to match. Her sex drive was as impressive as her fleshy rod; her strong body eager to bend over any cute male that caught her eye. She'd long been in search of the right guy who would endure the pounding of her prodigious penis and yield to her libidinous desires.

Ryan and Deborah bonded over many nights of passionate rutting and quickly became a steady couple. It was only after he grew addicted to her haughty gaze, demanding words, possessive touch and pure sexual dominance that the young man realized how much trouble he was in. Over time, he got to know *Mistress D* better and unveiled the darker side of her personality.

She was devious and manipulative beyond measure; always cajoling him into trying new deviant sex acts and wearing increasingly more shameful outfits. Ryan didn't mind the maid outfits and sleazy lingerie, but he didn't understand her fetish for latex and PVC. Yes, the shiny rubber clothes had a certain aesthetic appeal, but they were so difficult to put on and take off. Not to mention how fiercely warm the restrictive garments made him.

Within three months of their meeting, Deborah purchased several latex dresses and a full rubber gimp suit in Ryan's size. He didn't love wearing them, but he did love how absolutely wild it drove Debbie when he put them on. The woman's libido shot through the roof whenever he was dressed in shiny rubber. Her kisses were more aggressive, her gropes more fierce and her pounding of Ryan's ass was frenzied to the point that it caused a pleasurable amount of pain.

Not only had she pushed him to become more submissive and to remain in subspace for longer periods of time, but in the last month she'd brought up making their D/s dynamic permanent. She wanted Ryan to quit his job and be her stay-at-home maid boy. Debbie wanted to start filming their sessions and publishing them online for extra cash; a new career that might allow her to quit her day job too.

She was nudging him toward the extremes a little more every day and Ryan had put up scant little

opposition. He found it almost impossible to say no to Mistress D. He craved her intense affections and heavenly dotting too much to say no. Even on the rare occasion he put his foot down or slammed the breaks on her ever more decadent demands, they both knew it was only temporary. His playing hard to get was a kind of performance; building up the sexual tension until it exploded once again.

That's the way it was between them until one night, before dinner, she brought up the **RADFEM** clinic. For the first time ever, Ryan expressed clear and unambiguous resistance to her suggestion. He'd heard sketchy rumors about RADFEM online. One of his friends who became a member had disappeared completely not long after his first session.

Despite his severe apprehension, Ryan didn't say 'no' outright. He merely stated he would think about it. That didn't go over well with Deborah. She grew annoyed and withdrew emotionally as the night went on. They chatted minimally at dinner and her responses were always curt. She made no advances on him that night and left Ryan to watch TV on his own.

That's how Ryan found himself in the darkness of their bedroom, staring at her wide back as the two settled in for sleep. She rested on her side, looking away and saying nothing. Ryan knew he was in the doghouse and he also knew it was unfair. All the same, he craved her attentions desperately. He hated being at odds with her, especially over something as silly as a sexy costume.

Ryan placed a hand on her side and caressed her gently; an attempt to soothe her and heal the rift. Deborah quickly swatted him away. He winced and pulled back briefly, rethinking his approach.

“Mistress, I'll dress in something slutty, if you like?”

“But not the one thing I want the most.”

“Pick anything from the wardrobe and I'll wear it gladly.”

“No. You've made it abundantly clear you don't want to wear rubber for me.”

“Mistress, that's not fair! I have many times! I just don't understand why you want me to be some... weird anime doll! I'm a fem **BOY**. Not a girl!”

Debbie rolled over to meet his gaze. Her eyes and expression were soft now. She reached out and slid her hand up Ryan's side.

“I don't want you to be a girl, silly. I want you to be a guy in a slutty girl suit. That's what makes it **HOT**. If I wanted a girl, I'd just date a girl.”

A deep shade of red entered Ryan's cheeks. He still didn't understand her infatuation with the idea, but the prospect of being even more desirable for her was undeniably enticing.

“Isn't it really expensive?”

“I'll pay for it” she replied, her body sliding closer to his.

Ryan felt Debbie's half-hard cock, stiffening below the covers. It seemed just talking about him dolled up in rubber was arousing her powerfully. She pressed her growing erection against his nearly nude

body. Her fat, warm length caused his own penis to harden and his pucker to tingle in anticipation.

“I've heard strange stories about that place. One of my friends--”

“Do you really think I'd let anything bad happen to you? I'll be there the entire time. And when they're done turning you into a filthy fuck doll, you're coming home with me. You have nothing to worry about, baby. I promise.”

Ryan stared deep into her warm, glossy eyes. Her massive milkers pushed into his chest. Deborah's glans was leaking pre-cum below. He could feel her thick glue seeping against his torso as her cock filled with blood. It raged to life, ballooning against his skin like a hot, fleshy missile.

“Say yes” she urged. “And I'll plow your slutty twink ass harder than it's ever been fucked. **Right now.**”

The young man's resolve cracked. Within seconds, the dam broke completely. He couldn't say no to his gorgeous Goddess and her glorious cum canon. Ryan bit his lip before responding meekly.

“Yes, Mistress.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Ryan thought he'd have at least a week or two before he went to RADFEM and got suited up. After all, it probably worked like any other medical or social service where you needed an appointment. He was sadly mistaken. Debbie was friends with one of the women who ran the local clinic and she got them a last-minute appointment the very next day.

The skittish femboy flipped through a RADFEM brochure while sitting in the waiting room, though he found it difficult to concentrate on reading it. He was too creeped out by the associates working the desk and the one who kept coming and calling men's names one by one. Each of the employees was dressed in one of the freakish, head-to-toe rubber anime girl suits. Ryan's anxiety was matched only by Deborah's excitement as she watched them go about their work.

He couldn't deny that the suits were impressive pieces of craftsmanship and technology. The giant, colorful anime eyes somehow tracked the movement of the person who was nested inside them. The thick, rubber second skin covered every inch of their bodies. Only the tiny nose holes offered passageways to fresh air. Even the mouth hole seemed to disappear into a latex seal when their lips weren't moving to speak.

They wore the same shiny black maid uniforms and thigh high boots over their rubber suits. Each bore a black leather collar around their necks with a metal D-ring jutting out for easy accessibility. Ryan winced as he watched them work and move around. He couldn't imagine how hot it was in there or how much sweat and grime built up over the day. He had some experience with that himself after long sessions of kinky play wearing fetish clothing for Deborah. Wearing it all day seemed like it would be unbearable.

The wait for Ryan's turn was surprisingly short. The third time the assistant returned to the waiting

room, she looked around and called out their names in a shockingly feminine voice. It looked like it took actual, physical effort for the person inside to open their jaw wide enough and pull apart the rubbery lips at the front of the anime girl head piece.

“Ryan? Deborah?”

“Right here!” Deborah shouted. She grabbed Ryan by the hand and leapt up, leading him to his doom.

Once inside the waiting room, they were met by another anime doll assistant. The two rubber girls took Ryan's measurements. They confirmed that they matched the measurements Deborah had given them over the phone and went off to secure his new uniform.

It wouldn't have mattered even if Debbie's measurements had been off, since they were always prepared to adapt to the situation. The brochure had promised that men of all shapes and sizes could be turned into sexy anime dolls in the space of just one appointment. They carried rubber suits and accessories in every size imaginable to accommodate their customers.

Deborah sat in a comfortable chair and watched with glee as the assistants returned and began their work. Ryan was told to strip down and did so bashfully, tossing his clothes on the counter beside the exam table. First came the latex corset, which was fitted snugly around his midsection. Then a pair of heavy rubber breast forms were holstered around his chest. It was the most odd experience in Ryan's young life, being dressed in decadent fetish accessories that one would normally only use by themselves or with an intimate partner.

It was made more bizarre by the fact that it was being done by two dolls with cheerful, moving, inhuman eyes as they slowly transformed him into one of them. They worked silently for the most part, only speaking on occasion to instruct him or help each other. Each time they did, their girly voices barely broke a whisper, struggling to come out of the tight, rubber mouths of their suits.

The most important garment was finally brought to bear in the form of a sprawling, vast, extra thick pink skin suit. They laid it out for him and pulled the leg holes open with both arms. It was obviously taking them considerable effort to hold the rubbery portals open for him. Ryan reluctantly and gingerly sank his feet into the cool latex holes. As soon as he did, the rubber snapped shut around his feet and the dolls began the long task of pulling the glossy material up the rest of his body.

Bit by bit, the rubber crawled up his skin. It sealed to his body, growing tighter and warmer with each pull, tug and stretch. Once they reached the long zipper in the back, the girls pulled the front half up over his rubber-encased silicone ta-tas. While one of them worked on arduously pulling the zipper up the back, the other reached for his head piece and held it up for Ryan to see.

Debbie had picked out one with blonde hair and blue eyes. It seemed she was going for the *Sailor Moon* look. Ryan stared into the cutesy mask of rubber, latex and silicone that would soon be his face. He only hoped Deborah wouldn't demand he wear it every time they had sex.

After confirming he was ready, she pulled the expertly decorated anime hood down over his face and moved it into place. Ryan's hair and skin squeezed through the portal of clingy rubber and settled in their new home. His lungs sucked in fresh air through the tiny nose holes. His eyes were astonished to find that the colorful anime irises not only tracked the movement of his eyes, but were completely see through. He could see and hear normally, despite the thick cling of rubber around his entire face. The

material stretched over his ears must've been thinner than the stuff lining the rest of his body.

“Ok, we need you to lay down so we can finish the procedure” one assistant spoke to him.

“Yes, face down on the table, please” the one behind him added.

Ryan lumbered forward, his movement now significantly encumbered by the heavy rubber all around his body. He leaned forward and lowered himself onto the exam table, slowly crawling his way up until he was flat against the surface. He could still feel cool air at the open zipper at the top of his back, but he knew that wouldn't be the case for much longer.

He felt one set of hands press down on his back and arms while another brought a cloth to the front of his hood. It had a sweet, pungent smell that flooded his senses in seconds. It mingled with the all-consuming scent of latex around him, making him woozy.

“This will help you relax while we finish up. Breath in, Ryan.”

He muttered into the cloth and tried to flail his limbs, but they were held down tight by the dolls behind him.

“It's okay, Ryan! Do what they say” he heard Deborah's voice call out in the background. “Everything's going to be fine!”

*I.... well. If Mistress says so...'*

As his limbs went slack and his consciousness began to fade, Ryan felt their grip lessen. He heard one of the dolls speak before the world faded to black.

“Alright. Let's seal him in.”

*'...Seal? ...Wha?'*

\* \* \* \* \*

Ryan awoke in a recovery room, his eyes opening groggily. As his brain pieced together where he was and remembered what happened, he noted that it was similar to previous experiences of having surgery and waking up on powerful drugs. Only this wasn't a surgical ward and he wasn't hooked up to an IV drip. So why did he feel so giddy?

His musings were interrupted by chatter not far away. He turned his now rubberized anime head to see Deborah talking to a busty blonde with black rim glasses, a tight scarlet top, a bare midriff, a leather skirt and knee-high black boots. The woman was holding a clipboard and appeared to be an executive at RADFEM. It was probably Mistress' friend who got them in on short notice.

“So it's impossible to remove?”

“Yeah, more or less. The EDL rubber has been sealed, chemically. Our patented *Extreme Durability*

*Latex* is immune to cutting and piercing without certain very expensive equipment. The back zipper is gone. Only the ones at the crotch and ass remain. The headpiece has been sealed to the rest of the suit.”

“Oh my god, that's amazing! I'd heard they were permanent but I thought it was an exaggeration. What about bathing, though?”

“You'll be able to feed warm, soapy water in through a filtration kit we send you home with. We recommend you don't do it more than once a week, if you want the suit to last a few years. More frequent washing degrades it faster.”

“That's fine. He can be a filthy slut in his new **bitch suit**.”

“That's the best part. The suit seals in the sweat and cum, so you won't even have to smell it. Only he'll have to deal with being a sweaty rubber fuck doll. After the first few applications of our special RADFEM '*Happy Slave*' hormone patches, he's going to love it.”

“Those won't transition him, right?”

“Correct. We have separate '*Good Girl*' patches you can buy if you want to fully transition him and those can be applied the same way. One on his ass cheek, every day.”

“I'm not interested in that right now. The *happy slave* ones will do fine.”

Ryan muttered, finding it difficult to stretch open the heavy rubber around his mouth. His plump latex lips parted as he spoke his first words.

“Good girl... wha? I'm a... guy.”

The executive perked up and looked in Ryan's direction. “Oooh, looks like our newest doll is awake!”

She strode to the edge of the bed, followed by Debbie.

“Hey, slut” his dark skinned Goddess spoke. “How do you feel?”

“I feel... funny. But strangely good.”

The haughty blonde set her clipboard aside and put her hands on her hips. “Welcome to your new life, Ryan. I'm Becky. Your Mistress and I are old friends. You certainly are lucky I was able to squeeze you in today.”

“Haha... thanks.”

“It was no trouble.”

“Maybe not” Deborah interjected “But that doesn't mean he shouldn't thank you properly. How'd you like to join us for dinner tonight?”

A devious smile spread across Becky's face as she looked to Debbie and then back to Ryan. “As it just so happens, I have no plans.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“AHHHHHHHHHH!!!! **OH YEAH!!!!**” Becky screamed as she held Ryan's doll-like head and jammed her thick column of fleshy steel into his mouth. It slid through the luxurious, slippery rubber of the hood's plump dick-suckers, through Ryan's real spit and cum drenched lips and deep past his uvula into his velvety throat. She dug into his new, artificial blonde hair with an iron grip as she plowed his face like a mad woman, bathing in the ultimate pleasure of a tight, warm throat.

Ryan's shiny blue anime eyes bobbed and lulled in time with his real ones, quivering like the rest of his body as he was railed at both ends. He lay over the bed sideways, his holes exposed as he quivered in his now-permanent rubber prison and took fat lengths of cock from his girlfriend and her bestie.

The young man wasn't prepared for how quickly the RADFEM chemical cocktail had taken effect. When they were out at dinner together, he was jittery and desperate for Futa cock. Ryan had begged to suck them off beneath the table. Mistress and Becky happily agreed. His dinner went cold and untouched as he stroked and sucked the two Goddesses to completion, his body tingling with giddy rapture in its new latex enclosure.

Even after sucking down their pungent nectar, his desire to submit and debase himself didn't fade in the slightest. It didn't seem real. Fuck knows, he knew what being horny felt like and he'd allowed Deborah to dominate him in ways that most sane men never would, but what he was feeling now was ten times as powerful. It was an all-encompassing desire to be used and a drive to pleasure Futanari cock that now formed his prime directive.

He'd given Becky a second, even more sloppy blowjob as Debbie drove them home. At least, it might've been called a blowjob until Becky took full control. She ordered Ryan to hold his arms behind his back while she grabbed his face and drilled into his mouth, much like she was doing now. Her massive fleshy cum-tanks seemed perpetually full of gluey seed; always ready to feed the nearest rubber bimbo.

Once home, he was quickly flung over the bed and his arms bound behind his back. As if the constricting rubber suit and glossy latex maid outfit weren't warm and sticky enough, now Ryan had an arm-binder to contend with. He could do nothing but lay there and squirm as Becky fed him a meaty foot of fat Futanari dick and Mistress D piped his ass with even more.

They'd each come in him twice and switched positions both times. Not only was the newly minted anime fuck doll getting spit-roasted harshly, he was going ass-to-mouth each time they nudded and started again. He lay, helpless in his hot, sticky gripping rubber prison, moaning nonstop as both women railed him brutally. They dug their fingers into his rubber flesh with maximum strength. Knowing their fingers couldn't sink past the EDL rubber, they were free to be as vicious as they liked with his feminized gimp body.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Debbie typically only spanked him when her passion was at its highest. She was usually too busy fucking and taking pleasure from his savaged pucker to bother. Tonight, she was lacing into him with

endless passionate swats as she rammed his ass. Mistress had never been so happy and thrilled. Ryan could tell from the vigor with which she pumped the small, unzipped crevice at the bottom of his suit. Her tight, bulbous length of dark meat strummed through his silky walls, drilling through the wads of cum both women had deposited and driving her slave wild.

“**Told you** you'd love this, you **filthy rubber slut!**” Mistress D yelled as she mashed her hips into his rubbery ass and thighs. “**Cock craving bimbo whore!**”

Ryan muttered incomprehensibly around Becky's pistoning penis. Wet sputters and globs of cum slid from his rubbery outer lips as her heavy balls smacked into his chin. He wanted to thank and praise his Mistress, but could offer nothing but gagging noises as he happily choked on her bestie's fat, thrusting erection.

Becky cackled and looked down at the former man as she fucked his mouth. “See, **bitch boy**. We didn't change you. We just brought out your **true nature**. Unlocked the real you! All you ever wanted was bondage and cock. Now you can have what you want... **forever!**”

Her words ended on a passionate note and her hips followed them with equal fervor. She took a more firm grip of his rubbery face and went into overdrive, shafting his drooling mouth with total abandon. The thrusting of wet cock, slapping of hips and smack of heavy scrotums filled the room along with the creak of heavy rubber and Ryan's continuous gagging.

Even as he suffered from deprived oxygen and bursts of sultry pain, his prostate glowed brighter and more pleasantly than it ever had in his life. RADFEM's chemical concoction had addicted him to the tight seal of latex all around his imprisoned body. The sweat of their lengthy play was building up around him, a condition that would only grow worse as the week wore on. The very thought made his penis hard, stiffening against the sleek rubber of his suit. As the massive cum cannons buried in his sucking holes began to pulsate, his own twitching member joined them in frenzied excitement.

“**AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

“**UUUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHNNNNNNNN!!!!**”

“**MMMMPPHHHHHHHHHGLLLLLMMMMM!!!**”

Torrents of hot custard blasted into both his clogged canals. Becky and Debbie flooded him with thick nut; the gushing glue mingling with the remnants of previous ejaculations deep in his anatomy. Their gazes lifted to the ceiling, their bodies spasmed and pure pleasure coursed through their curvy frames. As their emissions funneled into Ryan's filthy rubber form, his own balls shuddered and his cock erupted with warm, nougat paste.

His gummy spunk splattered into the bottom of his suit, merging with his sweat and pre-cum and pushing his previous emissions deeper into the crevices of his bimbo attire. As the days passed, the buildup of his own sticky fluids would continue to spread outward until his entire body was touched by the taint of his own filth.

Likewise, the outside of his new fetish doll body would be continually lavished in the thick, ropey jizzum of Deborah and her many Futa friends. Now that he was a proper bimbo anime slut, they were even more eager to fuck him and bathe his latex-locked form in rivers of their spunk.



He didn't know it until now, but this was the life Ryan always wanted. The happy young slut was no longer concerned with silly concepts like gender and autonomy. He'd found meaning in the most unlikely place; a clinic that turned men into feminized rubber fuck dolls. Ryan would swelter in his bitch suit, gladly serving Deborah and every other ravenous Futa fiend he encountered for the rest of his slutty life.

**Copyright © 2022 James Bondage. All rights reserved.**