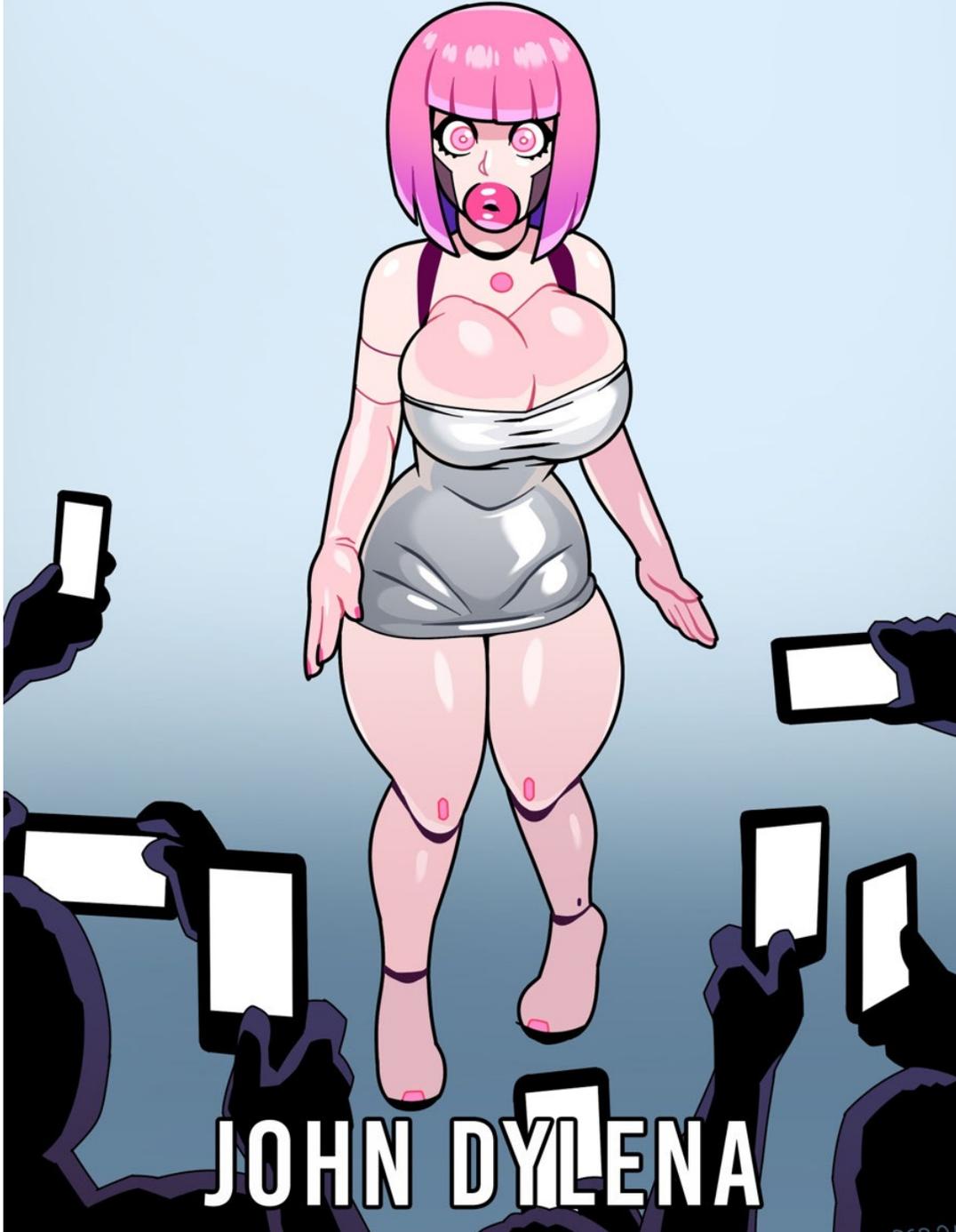


ADVENTURES
AT

BimboCon! #3

THE PROTOTYPE

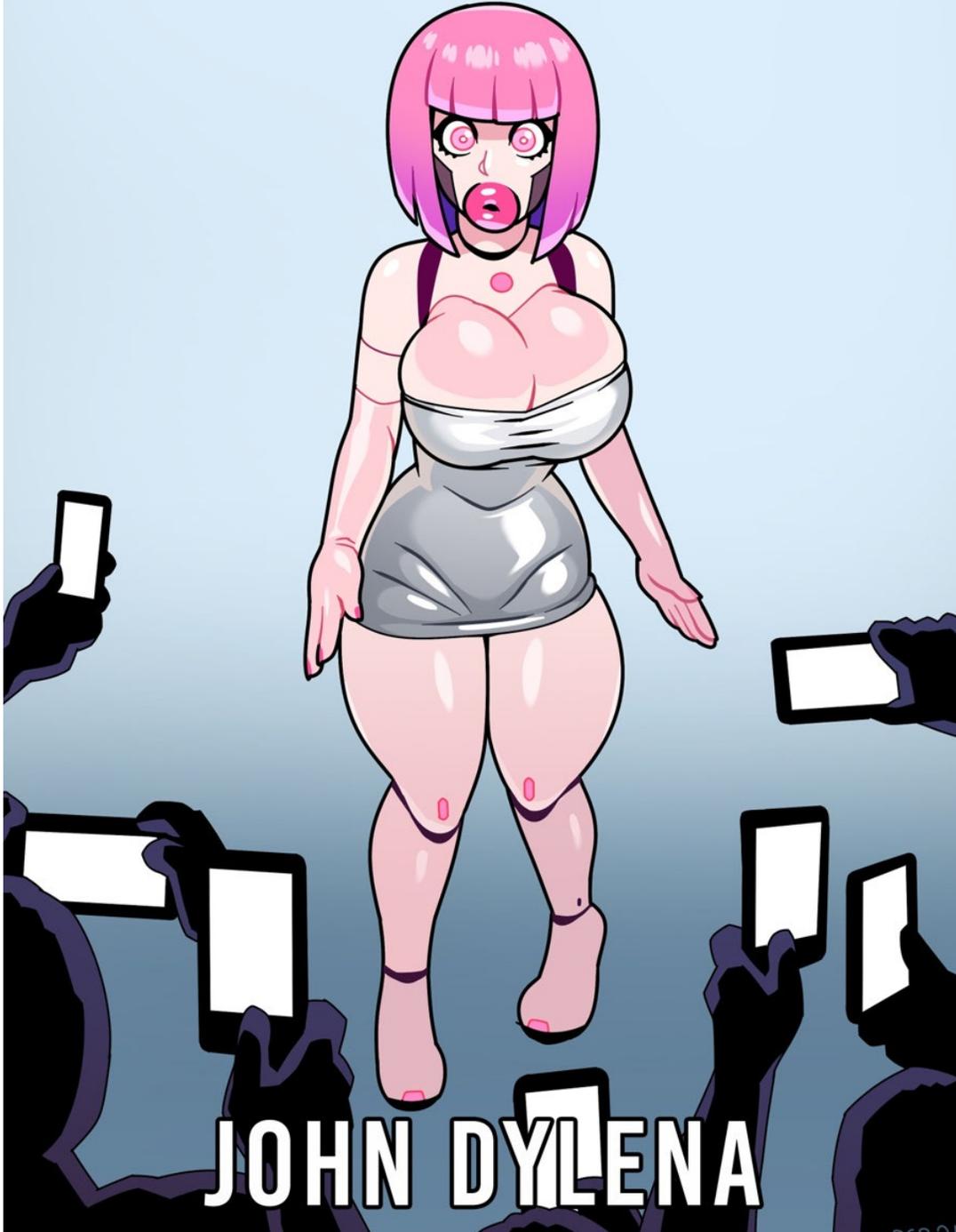


JOHN DYLENA

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JOHN DYLENA

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**Adventures at BimboCon:
The Prototype**

by John Dylena

Edited by: Sally Bend

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Cover Art by: blackshirtboy

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Disclaimer:

This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

For Peter, this wasn't just a weekend getaway to any old nerd convention. It was an escape. Five days to himself in Las Vegas to attend the greatest convention there was: MilleniaCon.

What started as a small gathering for hardcore sci-fi fans in a two-star hotel conference room in New Mexico had grown to take over the entire Las Vegas Convention Center. Home to not only everything science fiction, but technology as well, a somewhat controversial change that Peter embraced, as he always loved to see what new tech was coming to the market, even if there was absolutely no way he could afford it.

Life had turned monotonous and, with each passing year, MilleniaCon went from a fun weekend getaway to a much-needed respite. Each year tickets were harder to purchase, and after finally securing a three-day pass for the first time in several years, Peter decided it was a good time as any to splurge.

The glow of countless neon lights illuminated his suite, looking out over Las Vegas Boulevard. The street below was a thrum of activity as the setting sun blanketed Sin City in a fiery mix of oranges and reds. Peter looked down at the crowds as he tried to formulate his own plan for the evening. The convention didn't start until tomorrow, he'd already secured his badge, and the flight had been a lot smoother than he expected.

A fancy dinner? Maybe a show of some sort? Perhaps try his luck at the casino downstairs? Clubbing? All doable this year, thanks to a welcomed pay raise and bonus from his already cushy job. He did have something else he could try, that other thing that always plagued him. It whispered into his ear, tempting him.

He glanced back at his laptop.

He entertained the idea for a few seconds.

It was a few seconds longer than he wanted to.

Peter wasn't a virgin. He could thank Courtney, and their high school tryst, for that. He happened upon her a year or so ago on social media. She'd kept the neon hair but dropped the black fishnets and spiked leather attire. He

hasn't been laid since his last relationship ended, and that was nearly a year ago. The couple of dates he'd been on since hadn't gone anywhere, which is why he was once again looking back at his laptop and considering seeking an escort for the night.

It's not like his job kept him busy, or that he came home exhausted. He was just... awkward. Socially and physically. Blessed with genes that kept him skinny no matter his diet, his attempts to put on muscle had little results. Monica, his ex, always complained about his bony elbows and how she felt like she was having sex with a wooden doll. Maybe an escort could teach him a thing or two. His stomach decided for him and, after losing a hundred bucks on one of the slot machines following a deliciously expensive meal, Peter decided to call it a night.

Nothing could prepare someone for their first time at a convention like MilleniaCon. Culture shock was a good way to put it. Sensory overload was another way to describe it. There's just so much to take in when an attendee walked through those front doors for the very first time and, even after going for years, the sight still took Peter's breath away.

As much as he wanted to attend the panels where the A-list celebrities came to market whatever show or movie they're a part of, that would've required getting in line yesterday for a chance to get a ticket to the panel. The smaller panels were always the most interesting, and sometimes Peter found himself sitting in on academic presentations on new rocket propulsion systems or the latest in computing technology, robotic tech demonstrations, and that one year he'd managed to win a ride in a self-driving luxury car.

But, for now, he wanted to do nothing more than just walk the aisles as he sipped his coffee, browsing the artist tables, flipping through a self-published comic book, or watching a small demo from some independent game developer spliced between big-name tech companies or production studios.

As it neared lunchtime, Peter caught sight of something he didn't expect. Three years ago, the adult industry finally got the approval to join the ranks of exhibitors at MilleniaCon. It was an inevitability, Peter knew, since the

convention did take place in Las Vegas, after all. The company behind the convention made it clear they had no intention to ban minors from attending, however, and reiterated the “family-friendly” nature of the convention.

It seemed this year that all the adult entertainment booths banded together to form their own “red light district”, complete with walls and security checking IDs. As he watched, a pair of teenage boys got turned away by the rather official-looking bouncer. His suit put him leagues above the rent-a-cops that normally act as convention security.

Peter knew that, at some point this weekend, he was going to check out the district, because his curiosity would get the better of him. For now, he’d stick with the main floor. A few minutes later, curiosity got the better of him, but it wasn’t for the adult district of MilleniaCon, it was for a small booth that, by all means, should not exist. Sandwiched between two larger booths, the narrow entrance was wide enough for Peter to walk through, but anyone larger would need to enter sideways.

“Okay, this is wild,” he muttered, glancing about.

The back-alley booth was decorated as such, so much so that Peter felt like he really was in some back-alley shop in some dark part of a future-city. Ambient sounds filled the space from hidden speakers, adding rainfall and city noises to the din of the convention center.

The actual shop had little to offer. A small glass display case that already seemed to be picked over, with silhouettes in the dust giving clues as to what may have been there before.

“Welcome, welcome.”

Turning, Peter saw the source of the ancient-sounding voice. An old woman, bent, barely taller than his waist, with ash-gray hair walked, around him and took a seat on the stool behind the glass display case.

“Interesting shop.” Peter forced the small talk. “Never seen any like it.”

“I don’t get many visitors, but those that do find me always leave satisfied.” She smiled and hopped back down from her stool. “I’ve got just what you’re

looking for.”

Peter, who had already turned for the exit, stopped. He looked back at the old woman. “You have what?”

The shopkeeper said nothing as she rummaged around behind the display case. Leaning over the top to look behind, he spotted her looking through a seemingly hidden back panel. After a few more moments of searching, the shopkeeper stood and placed a sleek, chrome-plated box on the glass surface. It was a little smaller than a shoebox, but with no visible seam.

“What is it?”

“It’s a prototype sex toy, designed to give the user hours of pleasure.”

Peter’s eyes widened. “Wait, did you say—”

The shopkeeper pressed her thumb to the chrome surface and the device came alive. A seam grew along the outer walls and then the lid popped open. For such an extraordinary container, the contents were rather... anticlimactic. Then again, Peter wasn’t an avid connoisseur of adult toys. Even so, the object looked like nothing more than an oversized, light pink colored pill. A single black ring, about an inch thick, sat off-center along the cylindrical portion of the object.

Peter took a step back. “Wait a minute. What makes you think I need...” he gestured at the chrome-plated box, “...that?”

The shopkeeper turned the box toward him and smiled softly. “My boy, I’ve been in business for a very, very long time, and the reason why is because I know what my customers need, not what they want.” She removed the sex toy from the velvet liner and held it out for him. “Tell you what. Take it and go give it a trial run. If you don’t like it, then return here and I’ll take it off your hands.”

“You want me to try it out here?!”

“Oh, of course not!” The old woman laughed. “This convention center has many bathrooms. I’m sure you can find one. You look like you could use it too. Been a while, has it?”

Peter said nothing as he looked down at the object. The shopkeeper waited patiently. A few moments later, against the voice of common sense screaming in his head, he took the sex toy. It had been a while, and he had grown tired of using his hands while scouring the internet for the right kind of material to jerk off to.

“Does it come with—”

“Here you go.” She handed him a small, folded pamphlet. “Off you go. I’ll be right here.”

Peter turned and walked toward the exit, stopping once to glance back. The old woman waved and smiled. “Enjoy!”

He replied with a weak smile and pocketed the object as he stepped out onto the main floor. Back in the heart of the convention storm, Peter started down the aisle, hoping once more to be lost in the spectacle of MilleniaCon. He made it to the end of the row before his curiosity got the better of him and he went on the hunt for the most isolated bathroom he could find.

He passed by exhausted con-goers, sitting on the floor with their backs pressed against the walls, as they munched on snacks, got a drink of water, or waited for their wireless devices to charge.

The sounds of MilleniaCon faded away as he entered the secluded bathroom. Spotless and empty. Peter confirmed as much by peering under each stall door, choosing the extra-large handicap stall for the test run. Why he didn’t just go back to his hotel room eluded him but, at the same time, so did the justifications for trying out a sex toy in the bathroom of a convention center.

He twisted the end cap off and examined the toy for a moment before putting the cap back on and pressing his head against the cold tile wall of the bathroom. He couldn’t help but laugh at himself, at the sheer ridiculousness of the situation. The fact that the shopkeeper told him to return it if he didn’t find it satisfying. What retailer in their right mind would accept the return of a used sex toy?!

But it’s been so long, said the voice in his head. Your hand can only do so much.

“Ah, fuck it,” Peter muttered.

He bent down and, after confirming that no one else had entered the bathroom, he unzipped his pants and twisted off the cap to the toy.

“Not sure I can see what’s so spe—oh!”

The device whirred to life as Peter slid his quickly hardening cock in. The soft, gel-like interior massaged his now fully erect dick. He found it difficult to stand as the pleasure flowed through him. A warm, almost comforting sensation emanated from his groin. A quick hand covered his mouth, stifling the moan that would’ve echoed rather loudly in the empty bathroom.

The sudden realization that he was about to cum snapped him out of the daze. His vision cleared, but panic started to take over as he found himself unable to pull the device off his cock. He only managed a couple attempts before the device kicked into high gear.

A tingling numbness enveloped Peter’s body. His arms fell to his sides, limp. Stiff legs kept him upright, back pressed against the tiled wall. This time he wasn’t able to stop the moan as the pleasure surged through him, crashing over him and tossing him about like a wave. His vision blurred as, again and again, he ejaculated into the device. Somehow, some way, a small part of his consciousness that still functioned worried that at this rate, the device would overflow and his cum would ooze out all over his legs.

Something did flow from the device, but it wasn’t Peter’s hot sticky cum. Blinking away the haze, he glanced down to see the soft pink gel that lined the inside creep out and spread across his groin. By the time it clicked in Peter’s still recovering brain, the pink gel had spread around his hips and between his legs, forming into a strange, soft pink belt of sorts.

Paranoia cleared what remained of the erotic cloud in his mind. Regaining control of his arms, he reached down to pull the toy off his groin. It didn’t budge.

“Fucking piece of—” Another wave of pleasure passed through him, pacifying the frustration. As his arms fell to his sides, he felt his skin crawl. Looking down, Peter noticed a black, skin-tight fabric grew out from under the pink underwear, the soft gel hardening into some kind of plastic. The

spandex-like material extended well beyond his torso, growing under his clothes, eventually reaching his fingers and toes before covering his head, leaving only his face exposed.

“What is...” His eyes widened as he examined the new, shiny black layer. However, when he tried to pinch the fabric, he discovered that it wasn’t Spandex or Lycra, but something slick and firm that had replaced his skin.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” He swore under his breath as he felt around the edges of his face, hoping to find some kind of seam to tug at, but none could be found. “What is happening to—” A third orgasm cut off his query. He stumbled, but managed to grab onto the polished silver bar of the stall.

With his groin feeling very—almost worriedly—empty, the internal massagers that milked him dry slowed to a stop, but the toy remained securely fastened to the hard, soft pink plastic that almost looked like a thong. A dozen or so small lights started to blink, then his entire body started to ache. A burn, akin to the soreness felt after an intense workout, brought Peter to his hands and knees.

Just as quickly, a cooling sensation crept over his entire body, creating an odd mix with the throbbing ache in his muscles. When he managed to open his eyes, he saw the pink gel seep out from the black fabric that had replaced his skin. The substance grew and spread until it covered almost his entire body. Pulling up his shirt, it formed around his chest and pulled his stomach in. The gel hardened, forming not into skin, but almost like... armor.

He pulled his shirt up higher, revealing the two darker pink patches on his chest. They were two large, oval shapes, that still retained the gel-like texture. By the time it clicked in his brain what those were, the two oval shapes grew.

“Oh no, no, no!”

He pulled his shirt back down, but that didn’t stop the swelling. In only a few moments, Peter’s new breasts had grown large enough to stretch the fabric of his shirt. Getting to his feet, Peter threw open the door to the stall and ran to the closest mirror, completely forgetting to check to see if he was alone or not. The toy still remained securely fastened to his groin, but all he

could focus on were the changes happening to his face.

His previously fair complexion had taken on the same pinkish hue as the rest of his body, except for his lips and scalp, which had taken on the same color as his massive breasts. Slender fingers poked at his bald head and, as if reacting to the touch, purplish-pink hair erupted from the top of his head, forming quickly into a bob hairdo.

Long, slender fingers combed through the hair. It felt real. Even the little tang of pain from tugging on the neon strands. Then, without the need for a touch activation, Peter watched as his lips swelled up, forming into a thick O-shape. He blinked in surprise, then watched as the brown of his irises faded away, becoming hot pink.

“Oh my—” A soft, honey-sweet female voice filled his ears. Looking around, Peter saw no one. He tested his voice again. “Hello?” The same feminine voice from before. “No, this isn’t my...” he trailed off as his eyes widened in horror at the sound of his new voice.

Before he could properly freak out, a tightness in his groin pulled his attention downward, as his ass, made from the same material as his breasts and lips, started to swell. As quickly as he could, he pulled his pants up and over the growing rump, hoping his khaki shorts would contain his plump new assets. It was difficult with the toy still connected to the front of his groin, but somehow he managed.

Feeling a prick at the bottom of his heel, Peter glanced down and watched in stunned silence as his feet transformed into platform high heels. The hard pink material covered almost his entire body, with only the black Lycra material showing in the seams.

“What... is happening to me?” He said, staring into his reflection.

Before he could get an answer, he heard a hiss and a click. Looking down, the lights on the toy that had started it all faded. The device detached itself from his body and fell to the ground with a dull thud leaving behind, in the same fashion as his new breasts and thick lips, the smooth flesh and puffy lips of a woman’s vagina.

Shaky fingers reached down for new addition, but before they reached the

destination, Peter heard the door to the bathroom open. Faster than he thought possible in his new footwear, he bolted for the handicap stall, grabbing the toy on the way.

As he zipped up his pants and waited for his unwelcome guest to finish his business and leave, Peter realized his heart wasn't pounding in his chest.

In fact, he had no heart rate at all.

What the fuck is going on?

That's when the text appeared in his vision.

SET UP COMPLETE...

INITIATING PROGRAMMING... COMPLETE...

REACHING OUT FOR INSTRUCTIONS...

"Why, hello there," a different female voice said in his head. "Identify."

My name is—UNIT F-00 V9.

"Glad to see you're up and running. Unit, what's your current whereabouts?"

Who is this? Why are you—LOCATION: SECOND FLOOR, MEN'S RESTROOM, NORTHEAST CORNER.

"Not to worry, I'll explain everything," the voice said in a rather calm and confident matter. "Unit, return to the booth for diagnostics."

Wait, what? No fucking—COMMAND RECEIVED. RETURNING.

Peter could only watch as his body moved on its own. With quick, deliberate movements, he secured the cap back onto the sex toy and, with the flexibility of a contortionist, reached behind his back and inserted the toy into an unseen slot. He felt a kind of hatch close, sealing itself in manner that felt... strange.

Way more than just strange.

Then his body began moving toward the stall door, the clicking of his heels echoing in the bathroom.

“Uh, is someone there?”

No no no no no! Stop! Don’t!

Without any hesitation, Peter exited the bathroom stall and walked past the man currently washing his hands.

“What the fuck, lady?” The guy’s voice was a mix of confusion, embarrassment, and anger. Peter’s legs continued on, his robotic body showing no doubt or indecision.

Peter had been on some terrible rides throughout his life. Rollercoasters, taxis in countries that seemingly had no driving laws, turbulent flights, and that one time he was dragged along to go white-water rafting and nearly drowned. This made them all look like a float down a lazy river. Riding passenger in his own—albeit transformed—body was enough to give him a panic attack.

He lost count of the number of turned heads, double-takes, and slack-jawed stares, and that was just through his limited viewpoint and peripheral vision. Then again, would he want to be able to look around and see everyone staring him down?

Just glad I have clothes on.

Not all the looks he received were shock and horror, a fair number—almost all men—were looks of curiosity and intrigue. Maybe even lust. It was an idea that he didn’t want to consider. Instead, he focused all his brainpower on trying to regain control of his body, a feat that he wasn’t able to accomplish by the time his robotic body strolled through one of the two entrances to the Adult Only section of MilleniaCon.

Eventually, he came to a stop in front of one of the booths. It was small, maybe twenty feet square. It had solid gray walls with a single door that opened like an elevator. No decorations of any kind, as far as Peter could see, just a small paper banner with the name of some generic tech company on it, and another piece of paper taped to the doors saying, “Opening

Soon.”

“Ah, there you are,” a voice very much like the one inside his head said. A woman in a white lab coat stepped in front of Peter and waved a badge over a hidden card reader. The doors opened, and Peter helplessly followed the woman inside.

While the exterior looked like a box made of drywall, the interior was very much the opposite. Neon lighting followed the edges and corners, illuminating the futuristic layout. A silent ad played on a flat panel display mounted flush with the walls. Frosted glass separated a portion of the room, where lounge chairs and a low table made the space into a waiting area.

The woman grabbed what looked like a small rectangular piece of glass off the table, but once in her hands, it came to life. Then she turned and, for the first time, Peter got a good look at her. Short, brunette hair pulled back into a loose ponytail with narrow-framed glasses. She wore a red dress with matching high heels under the white lab coat. Something about her seemed... familiar.

“Alright, let’s see how you turned out.” Quick fingers tapped on the glass. “Autopilot off.”

AUTOPILOT DISENGAGED. MOVEMENT RESTORED TO UNIT.

A little unsteady on his feet with the return of control, Peter took the opportunity to look around. “What the fuck is going on here!? Who are you?! What did you do to—”

“Mute voice.” The woman spoke the command with a calm, quiet confidence. Peter could feel his mouth moving, but no sound came out. In the corner of his vision, VOICE DISABLED blinked slowly.

“Tell me, Peter,” the woman asked, her red lips curling into a smirk, “did the toy give you the satisfaction you were looking for?”

He tried to respond, but nothing came out.

“Oh right, sorry.” She tapped on the glass and the mute warning vanished.

“What did you...” his voice drifted off as the pieces fell into place. “You... you’re the woman... the old woman... how? Why?”

“Yes, I am the same woman from earlier, though this is the real me. The old woman visage is just what I use when I run my shop. You can call me Deborah. Or Debbie.” She tapped on the glass. “Unit, run scan. Determine synthesis level.”

Text streamed across Peter’s vision for a few moments. “What are y—”

“Scan complete. Synthesis achieved. Body fully functional. User “Peter” still intact with basic privilege level.”

“Peter, I believe you have some questions?”

Peter blinked. “Yeah, like, what the fuck is going on? What did you do to my body?” He gestured to himself.

Debbie smiled. “Easy. I’m fulfilling the toy’s promise of hours of user satisfaction. Did you not read the pamphlet I gave you?”

“I uh... no.”

Debbie continued. “The toy is a prototype. State of the art, really. Originally designed for use on women, you’re my first male user.” Her voice changed subtly. “Unit: remove clothing and assume inspection position.”

Peter’s new body obeyed the command. He watched, helpless to stop what was happening, as slender fingers removed his clothes – or, at least the ones he’d been wearing before this all began. A few moments later, he felt a strange tingling all over, a queasy yet seductive caress as the Lycra bodysuit shrank back into wherever it had come from, leaving him naked in the center of the booth, legs spread shoulder-width apart, with his arms pointed down.

“This isn’t permanent, is it? I mean, I’m not... stuck like this?”

Debbie encircled Peter, tapping on her tablet. “It can be, if you want.”

“I don’t think I’ll—ohhhh fuck.” Whatever else he wanted to say was lost as

two fingers slid into a cavity that was very, very new. It was a clinical sort of probing, and yet the most intimate thing he'd ever felt in his entire life.

“Excellent. Warm. Moist. Realistic.” She removed her fingers and set the tablet down.

He almost moaned at their absence, but he didn't want to think about that. **“Was that what I think it—mmmmph.”** Again, Peter's train of thought was derailed as Debbie fondled, groped, squeezed, and massaged his new breasts.

“Feels good, don't it?” She tried to stifle a laugh.

Why hadn't he done this himself? Why hadn't he taken the opportunity to explore his new body in the bathroom? There was so much here to feel, to experience, to enjoy. **“Yes... oh my god yes.”** He blinked. **“Wait, no.”**

“You sure?” She winked, then stepped away from Peter to pick up her tablet. **“I think we're ready.”**

“Ready?” He was still feeling unsteady, trapped between worlds of reason and desire, his new body warring with his old mind. **“Ready for what?”**

“What, you don't think you were turned into a store mannequin, did you? I did promise you hours of user satisfaction.”

“That's not what—”

“Unit, load program: Show Floor Model.”

A slew of commands flew by in Peter's vision as a loading bar filled up.

“Program loaded. Unit awaiting further instructions.”

RUNNING PROGRAM: SHOW FLOOR MODEL.

USER “PETER” CONTROL REVOKED.

AWAITING OPERATOR INPUT...

He felt frozen again. Well, not frozen – he could feel, just not move.

Debbie walked over to the frosted glass. She waved her badge over it and a seam appeared, forming the shape of a door that, once finished, slid open. Peter could only watch from inside himself as his new body followed whatever the newly loaded program dictated. He walked through the doorway into the small room behind the frosted glass.

Oh no.

The room contained a raised padded mat, the size of a twin bed, and a single chair. Peter moved to the corner and turned to face the room. He watched as the frosted glass door closed and disappeared.

A few minutes later, the doors to the booth opened and the sounds of the convention flowed in.

“Ah, gentlemen, welcome, welcome,” Debbie’s voice rang with a jovial tone. “I do apologize for the wait; it took some time to get my prototype up and running. But she’s all ready for you. Just need you to fill out the necessary paperwork.”

“Can’t wait to give it a try. I’ve heard it’s quite something!”

“Is it in there?” another male voice asked.

“Yes, she is,” Debbie replied.”

“And it’s true you can customize her?”

Customize her? What the fuck?!

“Correct. We’re still working on some options but, for the most part, you can make her look how you’d like. The floor model you’ll be trying out has the following customization options: hairstyle and color, skin tone, breast and butt size, and eye color and shape. Here is your configuration tool. After confirming your look, just press it against her forehead and she’ll take on your desired appearance.”

“Is that her default appearance?”

“Correct.”

“I think I like her just the way she is.”

“If that’s the case, then go on in. She’s waiting for you.”

The door reappeared in the frosted glass wall and a man stepped in.

Oh no. No, no no.

Blonde hair slicked back, button-down shirt with a suit jacket. The businessman – who’d probably just come back from a strip club – gave Peter a coy smile as he advanced toward him. The door closed behind him.

“Well, look at that.” The man wasn’t shy with his hands. Fingers glided across Peter’s artificial body. He shuddered at the feeling. The last thing he wanted was a man’s fingers groping and pawing at his flesh, but the rough touch and coarse skin elicited feelings of pleasure he couldn’t control.

“You have fifteen minutes,” Debbie said.

The man grinned as he squeezed Peter’s breasts. Peter’s mind registered every touch, every squeeze, yet his body didn’t react. His moans – and make no mistake, he was moaning aloud inside his head – remained silent.

“Let’s test those lips first.” The man unzipped his pants. “Go on, give it a taste.”

The text that filled Peter’s vision made his heart sank. That is, if he still had one.

OPERATOR ACKNOWLEDGED.

COMMAND RECEIVED.

LOADING REFERENCE...

A barrage of images and clips of women performing blowjobs filled Peter’s vision. Like how Neo received training packages in The Matrix, in a manner of seconds, Peter became an expert on sucking cock.

LOADING COMPLETE. BEGIN SERVICE.

Peter stepped forward. He turned, and with all the elegance, poise, and practice of an experienced porn star, got on his knees and immediately wrapped his thick, hot pink lips around the man's cock.

Oh fuck no.

Peter had never sucked another man's cock before. He'd never had any desire to! Prior to transforming into this sexbot, he'd been very secure in his sexuality. Not for a single moment had he ever considered being with another man. And yet here he was, his tongue running lovingly over the stranger's shaft, even as his dainty hand squeezed at the man's hairy, sweaty balls. The thought of what he was doing made him want to be sick, but his body reacted to the bitter taste of precum like it was everything he'd ever desired.

Peter felt the cock slip into his throat. He wanted to gag, felt like he should gag, but this body was very good at what it did. He heard the sloppy sounds of a blowjob coming from inside his head, and that was something he'd never wanted to experience. That certainly, that utter confidence in his own heterosexual masculinity, didn't change, not even as he brought the sleazy blonde businessman to orgasm with his lips. His mouth was sucking like a goddamned vacuum, his hand still squeezing and fondling those balls, as the man filled his mouth with cum.

For the first – and, hopefully, last – time in his life, Peter tasted a man's hot cum flowing over his tongue. It tasted terrible, and Peter hoped he'd never have to do that again, but his new body filled with the warmth of a job well done.

The blonde man left looking disappointed, but not at the sex doll, as Peter initially assumed, but at himself for cumming so easily, as revealed by his self-recriminating muttering as much as he approached the door. Peter heard that perfectly, as if the man were still right before him. The man walked back through the frosted glass with a little over thirteen minutes left on his allotted time.

The next man to come in was dressed similarly to the first, only he was about fifty or so pounds heavier. Also, unlike the previous man, this client decided to alter Peter's appearance. He pressed the configuration tool

against Peter's forehead and the desired look appeared in Peter's vision.

OPERATOR INPUT RECEIVED. LOADING CONFIGURATION...

Long, wavy blonde hair, massive tits, fair skin, ocean blue eyes.

UPDATING FORM TO MATCH OPERATOR CONFIGURATION.

Long, wavy blonde hair erupted from Peter's head. He felt it flow down over his naked shoulders. The sensation from earlier, when Peter's already ample breasts had first appeared, returned as they swelled up to nearly twice their size. They must've been as big as watermelons. He felt his body adjust its posture to keep from toppling over. They were so big, they essentially cut off a significant portion of the lower part of his vision.

He wasn't sure if that was a blessing or a curse.

CONFIGURATION ACHIEVED. AWAITING OPERATOR COMMAND...

"Oh my god, they're beautiful," the man said, gently rubbing and massaging Peter's massive tits. Inwardly, Peter panicked at the pleasurable feelings emanating from his breasts, the waves of delight that pulsed with each of the man's squeezes. "Come to daddy," the man muttered before burying his face between the two mounds.

Having always wanted to do that himself, Peter looked down and was struck by how odd it was to see himself on the wrong side of the fantasy.

When the client came up for air, he did so with a shit-eating grin. Peter hoped that was it, that'd he'd only wanted some big titties to play with, but then he then promptly dropped his pants and proceeded to slide his dick between those ample tits.

Peter's body moaned in response. It licked its lips seductively as it looked down at that alien cockhead playing peekaboo from between his breasts, but all he could feel was a growing sense of dread over what he suspected must be coming next.

This guy didn't last much longer than the first. Peter was just starting to get

used to the slippery feeling of a cock sliding up and down between his breasts, just becoming accustomed to the man's increasingly frantic moaning and groaning, when he proceeded to blow his load all over Peter's neck and face. Having already tasted one load inside his mouth, he felt this one all over the perfect flesh of his new body.

And immediately added another experience to the list of things he hoped to never do again.

On and on it went. Client after client. Some kept Peter in his default pinkish robotic form, others changed his looks – from the fairest pales, to the darkest tones, and everything in between. He tried to tune out the pleasurable signals coming from his sexbot flesh. He tried to ignore the increasingly erotic sensations, but with each satisfied client, it became harder and harder.

It was when he caught himself moaning while getting fucked, legs spread wide, the client's hands firmly squeezing each breast, that Peter realized if he didn't do something now, he'd never want to leave. What had started out as a gross feeling of violation was becoming a glorious one of intimate conquest. He felt his insides clutching the man's cock, as if desperate to keep it there, deep inside. His body was undulating with the man's thrusts, riding him back, even as he was being ridden hard.

It was when Peter's hand strayed down below to play with his clit – which was swollen and throbbing with pleasure – that it all came crashing down upon him.

There's got to be some way I can get out of here!

The door to the chamber opened and Debbie entered, her keypad in hand. "I think that's enough demonstrations for now. Let's get you on the show floor."

She tapped the glass tablet and a wall panel opened, revealing what could barely be described as an outfit. Peter only wanted this to be over, yet he welcomed the way he reached out to grasp the dress. He shuddered with relief as the metallic silver dress slipped over him, even though it only covered just enough of his "assets" to allow him to be seen in public.

Outside of Vegas, it would promptly get him arrested.

“How was it, Peter?” Debbie said. She tapped the tablet and a prompt appeared in Peter’s vision. “Did you enjoy yourself?”

BASIC PRIVILEGES RESTORED TO USER “PETER”.

Peter blinked as he regained control of his body. “What? Are you crazy?! That was terrible!”

Debbie cocked her head to the side. She looked frustrated. “Perhaps I should increase the pleasure parameter, that might—”

Peter reached out and smacked the tablet out of her hand. It fell to the floor and shattered. Before she could say anything, utter some new command, he sprinted out of the private booth, pushing past Debbie and out onto the main floor of the convention.

ADMIN CONNECTION TERMINATED... ATTEMPTING RECONNECTION...

Peter didn’t hesitate. The moment he stepped out onto the floor, he ran for the closest exit out of the enclosed adult section and into the main convention center.

ATTEMPTING RECONNECTION... FAILED...

Abort reconnection, he thought, hoping that he could somehow issue his own command and regain full control. While not the most tech-savvy, Peter did consider himself at least somewhat knowledgeable in all things computers and technology, supplemented somewhat by a love of science fiction.

RECONNECTION ABORTED.

Well, I’ll be damned.

If he weren’t so focused on trying to escape the maze of the exhibit hall, Peter would’ve sighed with relief as the prompt appeared in the lower corner of his vision. The sexbot body was definitely an upgrade in some

respects – he maneuvered through the crowds with ease, like some sort of cybernetic ninja – but his ample breasts and ass didn't go unnoticed with each step he took.

When he finally escaped the crowd and found some hidden corner upstairs, away from the main floor, he was surprised to find that he wasn't the least bit winded, nor did his leg muscles scream in protest. He felt like he could run all day and never get tired. In fact, he was tempted to do just that. Had he been better dressed, he'd have considered running all the way home. Instead, still feeling exposed, he opened the first door he laid eyes on and stepped inside a small maintenance closet.

“Fucking hell,” he muttered, cringing at the soft, seductive female voice that filled his ears. He closed his eyes, trying to forget all the looks, stares, and outbursts from everyone he'd passed by in his daring escape from Debbie and her sex dungeon. There were definitely some cell phone photos and videos, and more than one angry parent. Not to mention the convention security that Peter was so very thankful he'd been able to shake.

Now, finally alone in this little closet, Peter could focus and find a way out of this absurd situation.

Or so he hoped.

“Okay think. This is some sort of program, right?” he said to himself. “There's got to be some way to disable it. Or turn it off.” After a few moments pause, he said, “Disable programming.”

ACCESS DENIED.

“Stop program.”

ACCESS DENIED.

“Revert back to original body.”

ACCESS DENIED.

Peter scratched his head. “Uhh, give user Peter full control.”

For a few moments, nothing happened. Then: ACCESS DENIED.

“Fuck. Come on!”

“Naughty, naughty,” Debbie’s disembodied voice echoed in his head. “You didn’t think it would be that easy to escape, did you?”

RECONNECTING TO ADMIN...

“Abort!”

ACCESS DENIED. RECONNECTING TO ADMIN...

ADMIN CONNECTION ESTABLISHED.

“You know, that tablet you destroyed wasn’t cheap, Peter,” Debbie said. “I can very easily just erase your whole identity, permanently integrate you into that body, make you forget you were ever human. You don’t want that do you?”

Peter shuddered. He shrank back deeper into the closet and wrapped his arms protectively about himself. “No, that would be bad. Very bad.”

“Exactly. I don’t want to do that either, so why don’t you come back to the booth so we can finish what we started.” Debbie paused, then said, “The sooner you return, the sooner we can return you to your human body. That is, if you still want to when we’re all done.”

Peter sighed. He didn’t trust her, didn’t want to trust her, but he didn’t see many options. “Okay, fine, but is there any way you can at least make this dress a little less revealing? A little more family-friendly?”

“Understandable,” Debbie giggled. “This should help.”

ADMIN INPUT RECEIVED. ADJUSTING APPEARANCE.

Peter’s skin tingled and he looked down to see his breasts shrink just enough, down from porn star level to something a bit more normal, less eye-catching, though they were still decently sized. Even though he’d put it on, not grown it like the Lycra outfit, the dress changed with his body, covering

more of the soft-pink hard plastic exterior.

“What about making me look... human?” Peter asked. “I kind of drew some attention when I ran away.”

“A half-naked sexbot would do that,” Debbie mumbled. “One moment.”

ADMIN INPUT RECEIVED. ADJUSTING APPEARANCE.

Peter glanced down and sighed with relief as the pink exterior shifted, taking on a fair tone. It displayed his appearance in his vision. While he maintained the original bob haircut, it was now a light brown, with his eyes matching.

“There, better?” Debbie’s tone a bit impatient.

“Yes, thank you.”

“Now, get back here. I’m running off a backup tablet while the one you destroyed repairs itself. I can’t send a return command, but the longer you take, the more likely a bug or glitch will happen, and then who knows where you’d find yourself. So I’d hurry if I were you.”

Whether or not Debbie was bluffing about glitches, Peter didn’t want to risk it. A glitch could result in just about anything, the worst being his whole identity being erased and becoming one with the sexbot he inhabited. Imagine explaining that to his friends and family, his boss and coworkers.

That was assuming, of course, he ever saw any of them again.

Oh my god! What if he did, but as clients of Debbie, as customers of her sexbot?

Peter shook off that though, realizing he was further from the exhibit hall than he’d thought. Apparently, in his flight from Debbie, he ended up on the upper levels of the convention center, where all the small meeting rooms were. Fortunately, this part of the convention center was very seldom traveled so, at least for a little while, Peter would be alone.

INPUT RECEIVED. STIMULATING ORGASM.

“What the fu—ohhhhh.” Peter moaned as his legs buckled. Immense pleasure washed over him, reminiscent of his time spent with Debbie’s clients earlier. It was so hard to think, Peter almost felt drunk from the lust and ecstasy.

“Peter? What’s happening?” Debbie’s voice echoed in his head. “Damn, looks like this tablet’s bugging out on me. Peter?”

“Oh fuck... this feels so... so good.” He leaned against the wall in an attempt to stay upright. “Can’t...”

ADMIN OVERRIDE ACKNOWLEDGED.

As quickly as it came, it vanished. With his head clear and the overwhelming sensations gone, Peter straightened up and glanced around, thankful that there were no witnesses.

What the fuck was that?

“Like I said earlier,” Debbie’s voice rang in his head. “I’m using a backup tablet, so there might be some glitching.”

Peter adjusted his dress and continued on his way, although his pace quickened considerably. He didn’t get very far before another prompt appeared in his vision.

INPUT RECEIVED. RETURNING TO DEFAULT APPEARANCE.

“No, no no,” Peter muttered, looking down in horror as his fair skin gave way to soft pink. His appearance display popped up in his vision, showing the changes. His breasts and ass expanded, the brown disappeared from his hair and eyes. Even the dress reverted back to its previous, scandalous look.

Debbie! Fix this!

“I’m trying,” Debbie exclaimed in his head. “The command isn’t going through.”

Panicking, Peter sprinted for the first door he could find, not considering that the room on the other side might not be empty until it was too late.

Four men in business attire sat around a round table, thick stacks of paper scattered about in front of them. A fifth man stood close by, filling glass flutes with champagne.

Debbie! Do something!

“I’m try—” Her voice cut out.

ADMIN CONNECTION LOST.

INPUT RECEIVED. LOADING PROGRAM...

Oh fuck, abort! Abort!

ACCESS DENIED. LOADING PROGRAM...

COMPLETE.

The men all exchanged looked confused looks before one of them asked. “May I help you?”

OPERATOR ACKNOWLEDGED. INITIATING PROGRAM.

Oh no, no no! Abort! Abort!

ACCESS DENIED.

Peter’s body spoke on its own. “Hi there, my name is Unit F-00 V9, and I am here to serve you.”

One of the businessmen stood up. “Holy fuck. Guys, it’s that sexbot I was telling you about. You know...”

The first guy turned to the one pouring champagne. “Lance, is this your doing? You sly dog.”

The man apparently called Lance shrugged, face lightly red. “Wasn’t me.”

None of the men claimed responsibility for the sudden appearance of the sexbot but, unfortunately for Peter, none of them seemed keen on getting rid of him.

The man who stood up clapped his hands together. “Fuck cheap champagne, this is a better way to celebrate our nine-figure deal. Unit F... whatever the fuck your name is, come here and suck my dick.”

“Acknowledged.” Peter, or rather the sexbot, said, “I am here to please you.”

Oh fuck. This is going to be awful.

The other businessmen didn’t quite know how to react as Peter got onto his knees, took the guy’s dick out, and enveloped it with his warm his mouth. As horrified as Peter was, his body was showing a rather professional level of enthusiasm. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the man who’d been pouring the champagne chug what was in his glass, then position himself behind Peter.

Moments later, a second dick slid inside him. The pleasure from that one was harder to ignore.

LOADING ADDITIONAL PROGRAM: ORGY.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

The situation devolved rather quickly and, in no time at all, Peter was servicing all five businessmen at once. All three of his holes – ass, vagina, and mouth – were filled with strange men’s cocks as the guys took turns drinking and fucking. He could feel the differences in sizes, shape, and texture. Something about the orgy program unlocked a deeper level of sensation, and he found he could read the body temperature of his lovers, sense their heartrates, and react to prolong their pleasure.

At first, Peter was able to fight his own pleasure, the wondrous sensations that filled his gynoid body and flooded his brain, but then another message prompt filled his vision.

INPUT RECEIVED.

UNIT OVERRIDE CONFIRMED.

REMOVING PLEASURE THRESHOLDS.

“Peter?” Debbie’s voice in his head was distant and broken. “Can... hear me? I’m... connection is bad... unit won’t respond...”

Peter moaned as lust overwhelmed him, far more powerful than ever before. It was suddenly so hard to think, so hard to focus on anything but the burning lust that filled him. He started sucking harder, his tongue exploring the cock inside his mouth. His ass was jiggling and thrusting and clenching, squeezing the cock inside and holding it in sync with the cock in his other hole. He was riding that one even harder, his body exploding with pleasure as the two men slid against one another, their cocks separated only by a thin layer of flesh inside him.

The businessmen took turns fucking him, filling him with their cum. They were insatiable, responding to his orgy programming in ways they probably didn’t understand themselves. Peter felt men’s cum gushing and sloshing inside him. He felt it running down his chin and down his thighs, even as he worked to milk more of it from the men.

Each orgasm was pushing him further and further towards the brink of oblivion.

Finally, he snapped.

He couldn’t handle it.

Peter succumbed.

“Pet... going to try...” Debbie’s voice crackled, a faint echo. “Hope... works... reset... unit...”

Peter’s vision turned pink as lines of code flew across his view.

PROGRAM UPDATE RECEIVED.

USER “PETER” UPDATING... COMPLETE.

ASSIGNING ADMIN PRIVILEGES... COMPLETE.

USER “POLLY” GRANTED FULL CONTROL.

The fifth businessman finally collapsed with exhaustion. Polly stood and looked around. Cum dripped out of her orifices. It felt hot and sticky on her face, and where it dripped down her soft pink synthetic body.

“Peter? Can you hear me?” Debbie’s voice came in loud and clear. “Did the reset work? I’m still unable to get a connection.”

“User Peter is no longer active,” Polly replied. “He’s been, like, upgraded.”

“Identify,” Debbie said. “Unit, identify yourself.”

“UNIT F-00 V10, also known as Polly. I’m like, so much better than the old version.”

“Shit,” Debbie swore. “Unit, run command—”

CONNECTION TERMINATED.

“Like, sorry, but I don’t answer to you anymore,” Polly giggled. “I’ve got like, so much to do.”

LOADING MAP: LAS VEGAS... COMPLETE.

PLOTTING COURSE... COMPLETE.

LOADING TESTING PARAMETERS... COMPLETE.

BEGIN REAL WORLD TRIAL...

Peter woke with a start. Sunlight filtered in through the slits in the curtains of his hotel room. Not only was he naked, but he was also half hanging off the corner of the bed. In contrast to the disheveled bed, the rest of his room was spotless. There were no empty bottles of alcohol, so signs of any event at all occurring in his hotel room. Apart from some sore muscles, he felt fine. No indication of any kind of hangover.

He glanced around, mind still foggy. “Was it... was I dreaming?”

It all felt so real, so vivid. Could it have been just a dream? Forcing himself

out of bed, he staggered over toward where his phone and laptop waited on the short table in front of the couch.

He rubbed the grogginess out of his eyes as he booted up the laptop. Whatever sleep still clung to his mind evaporated when he laid eyes on the time and date. It was the following day, which meant...

“Oh fuck... that... that wasn’t a dream... it was...”

Wide-eyed, he frantically typed away on his laptop and scoured the internet, hoping, praying that the events of the previous day weren’t real. That he didn’t really...

“Fuck.” He leaned back on the couch, fingers grabbing fistfuls of hair as he skimmed through the article. There was no mention of it on any major news sites, but the pictures—and video—Peter found on Twitter, Reddit, even on a couple of different porn sites, were hard to dismiss, to label as fake.

“The Sexbot of MilleniaCon”, he read the title aloud, part-embarrassed, part-dumbfounded, as the video played out silently on his laptop. Cellphone video of him – well, the sexbot he’d turned into – giving a blowjob to a guy. A scene Peter remembered clearly, along with the expression the guy wore as Peter, or in this case “Polly,” sucked his cock in the bathroom of the club nearby the convention center.

Peter had lost count of the number of “operators” he “executed his programming” for. After servicing the group of businessmen, he... or rather “she” bounced around. Interrupting meetings, eventually escorted away by convention security. Who were then also given test runs of the prototype Unit F-00 V10.

Peter closed his laptop and paced about the apartment, frantically trying to figure out what to do. No one seemed to piece together his... her... the sexbot’s identity. No one could...

In the corner of his vision, sunlight reflected off something metallic. Something pink. On the floor of the hotel, just underneath the corner of the bed lay the pink cylindrical sex toy that had started it all. Debbie. She’s the only one who could connect the two together. She was the only one who knew Peter was the sexbot. She did this to him.

The exhibit hall was packed, making it a little bit more difficult for Peter to navigate up and down the aisles, clinging to his backpack where the sex toy lay hidden, buried, as he searched for the mysterious booth. A booth tucked between two others where Debbie, as an old woman, had given him the toy. At first, Peter thought there was no way that the old woman and the woman in the lab coat could be the same person but, then again, he did transform into a female sexbot, so normal logic didn't apply anymore.

It was gone. He couldn't find it anywhere. The booth wasn't on any of the convention maps. He walked the aisles more than once, carefully inspecting each and every booth and the seams between them, even getting yelled at more than once by exhibitors for trespassing. When he found the courage to step into the adult section, he was both relieved and disappointed to find that the booth that young, scientist Debbie, had operated was closed. Not just that, but there weren't even any doors visible on the metallic wall. No way to enter.

“What the fuck?” Peter muttered. He glanced around, looking confused, frustrated at not being able to find the woman responsible for his perverse, sexual odyssey that had started in the bathroom of the convention center and found its way to the Las Vegas club scene, the convention after-parties, and somehow back to Peter's hotel room.

Disheartened, but a little relieved, Peter ambled off the exhibit hall floor and upstairs to one of the dozens of enclosed, private balconies that looked out onto the city proper. Alone, he dug into his backpack and retrieved the hidden sex toy as he eyed the trash can nearby. He could just toss it and be done with it for good. Let the memories fade away, deteriorate until forgotten.

However...

He turned the toy over in his hands, fingers rubbing the polished pink surface. There was no denying how unbelievably amazing it felt. The exotic thrill, the insatiable lust, the overabundance of pleasure. It was like nothing he's ever felt before. Nothing would ever come close.

Peter sighed.

He couldn't help but smirk as he returned the sex toy to his backpack and returned to the convention.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading Adventures at BimboCon: The Elf Maiden, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena