

OVERDOSE

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Art by: blackshirtboy
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Curiosity is a powerful, dangerous thing.

The day started out like any other, except it's Friday. That alone made today better. But even so, I still had to obey the incessant alarm that reverberated from my phone. Half-awake, I began my morning routine and started the slow, tedious drive to work where I sat at my desk and stretched three hours of work into eight before heading back to my apartment. I almost didn't see the slip taped to my door. I apparently had a package waiting for me, but I couldn't for the life of me remember what it was I bought.

It's the size of a shoebox and had some weight to it. Not heavy, but just enough to know that inside the cardboard box was a more durable container. I gave it a gentle shake as I rode the elevator back up, but despite my best effort, I still couldn't figure out what it was. The shipping label was no help, the company on the return address was some generic corporation. No surprise. Though that did make this even weirder.



Jake and Dwayne stood outside the door to their apartment. Both attempted to hold several bags of food and cases of beer while Jake fished for his keys. They're a pair of recent college grads who decided to hold onto the frat lifestyle for a little while longer. They didn't party every single weekend. Well, at least not at this apartment. Never really bothered me though, my headphones were very good at cancelling outside noise. They occasionally invited me to their soirees—I always declined—but they did provide me with a peace offering of a six pack of a craft beer that I enjoyed.

I spotted the beer in Dwayne's hand as I approached. "What's the occasion?"

They looked at each other and grinned wide, toothy grins.

"Bachelor party," Jake nodded.

Dwayne smirked "We've got a couple *dancers* coming, if you want to swing by."

"Thanks, but I'm good," I chuckled.

I entered my apartment and closed the door before they could try to convince me further. They sometimes come by and invite me again after it's started, especially if it's louder than it's supposed to be. I wasn't that much older than them. Maybe four or five years. I did attend a party of theirs a while back, but didn't say long. It's just not my scene.

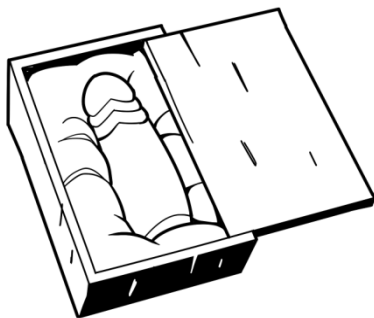
I set the package on the low table in front of my couch. I stared at it as I combed through my memory trying to figure it what it was. I haven't preordered anything in a long while, and I've received everything I've bought online. X-ray vision would be very handy right about now.

I eventually caved to my curiosity and carefully opened the package. Just as I thought, inside was a wood box. Its surface was stained and polished, with brass hinges and a simple hook lock. No markings or labels of any kind. Definitely high quality. My fingers trembled as I undid the latch and popped open the lid.

Only now did the thought of it being some kind of explosive device cross my mind. As quick as that possibility came, it vanished. I lifted the lid just enough to try to see inside, but all that was visible was some kind of velvet lining.

I closed it, leaned back on the couch and looked at it for a few moments.

"Fuck it." I cast all fear and doubt aside and opened it fully. Its contents were something I fully did not expect.



Nestled comfortably in the velvet lining was a dildo.

I blinked. Twice. Three times.

"What the fuck?" I muttered.

It wasn't one of those realistically-designed dildos meant to look like an actual man's penis, complete with veins and a pair of testicles. It wasn't even flesh-colored. In fact, it looked sort of... alien. The head, more pointed than a normal cock, was a bright neon color. It had two layers of frills, each darker than the predecessor, with the shaft a sort of midnight-purple. At its base was a vibrator switch and attached to that was a paper tag. Inscribed on the tag in a decorative font was: "for an experience like no other".

"Huh."

I scratched my head. I definitely did not order this. Was this some kind of prank? Did someone buy this for me as a joke? The list of people that would be capable or even willing to do such a thing was non-existent. It could've been Kara, but our breakup was mutual. If she harbored some animosity toward me, she hid it very well.



There was nothing else inside the box or inscribed under the lid. I lifted the dildo out of its spot to see if there was something else underneath, but there was nothing. The toy was smooth like glass but had a little give to it. It wasn't some cheap Chinese knockoff, that's for sure.

I've never actually held a sex toy before, but at the same time, I never had a reason to get one. That didn't explain why I was so fascinated by this object and why I had the sudden desire to slip it into my mouth.

No one would know.

I gazed around at my living room. I almost got up to inspect my bedroom and kitchen even though I lived alone. The thought made me snicker.

"Here goes nothing."

With the coast clear, I closed my eyes and hesitantly brought the toy to my mouth. Its smooth surface pressed against my tongue as I closed my lips around it. It tasted like plastic, only it also sort of didn't. It was very hard to explain. There was something else there, some flavor I couldn't put my finger on. It wasn't off-putting. In fact, it was kind of savory.

I leaned back as I slid the toy cock in and out of my mouth. I thought I would be disgusted and horrified, but instead, I caught myself *moaning*. I referenced my mental library of porn and tried to repeat the same motions I've seen the women do.



The more love I gave to it, the more wonderful it felt.

I was so enthralled by the act that I failed to perceive the changes that were happening to my own body. When it finally registered, I took the toy out of my mouth. My previously flat chest now adorned a pair of B-cup breasts. My hair flowed down past my shoulders and I had the early showings of hourglass curves. I had no body hair left.

The changes weren't limited to just my body. My clothes had started to transform as well. My shirt was some sort of skin-tight turtleneck and my jeans had become shorts. The denim material replaced with something smooth and dark. My shoes remained unchanged, but my socks were up to my knees.

Despite all this, I was hard as a rock. My cock threatened to burst out of my pants-turned- shorts. I've never felt this... turned on before. I was so aroused. How could this even be possible?

Then I remembered what the tag said and wondered just how much further I could take this. It sure as fuck beats whatever else I had planned for tonight. Which was—not surprisingly—video games and Netflix.

I picked up the dildo and got back to work. I closed my eyes and sucked that thing harder than ever. I wanted to go deeper down this rabbit hole.

I felt my body changing; my clothes changing. My shorts fused together into a skirt and my cock, now free from any constricting fabric, hardened completely. My socks had climbed up past my knees to my thighs and, like my shirt, took on some kind of mesh material. Which, by

the way, was stretched to its limits to hold my now obviously massive tits. They were so fucking heavy, they must be huge. My feet arched as my shoes became high heels.

I finally opened my eyes and as much as I didn't want to, I took the toy out of my mouth and gazed down at my new body.

If I was standing, my jaw would've hit the floor. I didn't have a mirror handy but I knew what I looked like. I was the very definition of a stripper. My breasts were so big I couldn't see past them. Fucking Christ they were the size of basketballs. And so soft too! I gave them a playful squeeze which made my body shudder and me whimper. My fingernails were long and polished a bright, lusty red.



My outfit comprised mostly of fishnets. My top was sleeveless and came to my neck in some sort of collar and I had matching elbow-length gloves. I had fishnet stockings and like the gloves, the tops were solid black and ringed with large rhinestones. My skirt, if you could even call it that, was shiny black and couldn't even cover the entirety of my enhanced ass. My new shoes matched the rest of my outfit. Again, the very definition of stripper: shiny black straps with a translucent platform high heel.



My cock though... it actually looked bigger than normal. The tip glistened with precum and when I touched it, my body shivered. I straddled the edge. I was so close to cumming and all that just from sucking on this toy.

I had to see what I looked like. I just had to.

I stood and much to my surprise, I didn't immediately topple over, despite the footwear and how top-heavy I was. I took it one step at a time, but with each step, my big titties bounced, which in turn made me giggle. My cock also bounced, which only turned me on that much more. I wanted to do nothing more than stroke it.

But I summoned what little self-control I had left and made my way into my bedroom where I had a full-length mirror.

I caught a glimpse of my appearance from the doorway to my bedroom and it made me stop right in my tracks. I blinked several times in disbelief at the total bombshell that stood in the doorway. I moved with determination toward my mirror, laughing at the exaggerated sway of my hips. I even moved like a stripper.

“Oh my fucking god.”

When my ears registered the voice that I now had, I immediately covered my mouth. It was so... sensual. I sounded like all those porn stars I'd seen video of. Not only that, but my face was also almost unrecognizable. I could just barely see the remnants of the man I used to be.

I puckered my lips. They were as thick as a finger, coated in that iconic red lipstick that just so happened to match my fingernails. They glistened with my saliva. Fuck, what it would be like to have lips like that around my cock. The thought made my own cock twitch, and a little dollop of precum dripped down onto the floor.

I spun around, admiring my new look from every possible angle. I could've stood there for hours just gazing at my appearance, but I had some unfinished business in the living room.

With surprising speed and elegance, I made my way back to the couch, reveling in the *clicks* my heels made. Precum continued to drip from my tip as I walked. Without hesitation, popped the dildo back in my mouth while my other hand gripped my cock.

I didn't last very long. Maybe ten seconds into stroking I shot my cum all over the floor and table. Strings of it, more than I've ejaculated before; as if I hadn't cum in years. I moaned audibly into the cock in my mouth, eyes rolling back into my head as the ecstasy of orgasm rolled over me.

But I didn't stop, even as my cock softened in my fingers. Even as it kept shrinking and shrinking and shrinking. I sucked and sucked until there was nothing left between my legs but a ripe, moist pussy.

Still riding the high, I positioned myself even lower on my couch, lifted my legs straight into the air and transferred the dildo straight into my new vagina. I screamed, not from pain, but from pure, unfiltered pleasure as it plunged deep inside me. My fingers found the switch on the back and the vibrations brought what I was feeling to a whole new level I never thought possible.

It became... so hard to think. To focus. It just... felt so good. I moaned and wailed and cried out as wave after wave of sexual bliss washed over me. I probably looked like those girls you see in hentai. Eyes crossed, mouth slack.



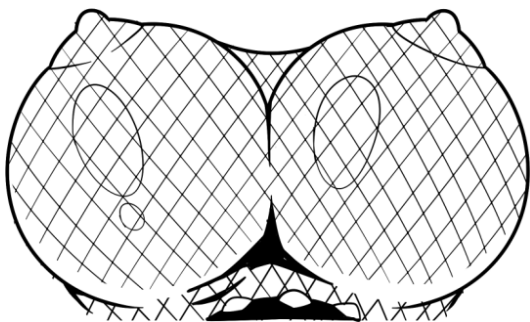
My body trembled. I knew what was coming. I wasn't sure if I could handle it.

It hit me like a bus. My mind went blank as I failed to comprehend what was happening. My senses were overwhelmed and I knew nothing but sheer erotic euphoria.

I felt so numb. So weak. I just let the toy slip out of my fingers. From the sound it made, it must've hit the ground and rolled... somewhere. I don't know. My body was limp. Numb.

The numbness spread.

It crept up from my fingers and toes like a chill. My limbs moved on their own, as if pulled by invisible strings. My legs remained bent, my knees spread open, wide and inviting. My arms came to my sides, palms turned up. The strange sensation made it to my hips. My pussy started to... inflate. Expand. Stretch. Alarm bells were ringing but I was too drunk, too high, too far gone to care.



It pinched my stomach and waist in, beyond what was possible for a human body. My breasts inflated even more. I glanced down at them half in a fog and they looked like beach balls, my nipples replaced with valves. My skin looked... shiny... glossy, as if made of plastic. I couldn't move my arms or legs. All I could move was my head and when I glanced over at my right hand, I saw was a flesh colored oven mitt.

I knew instantly what was happening: I was transforming into a sex doll.

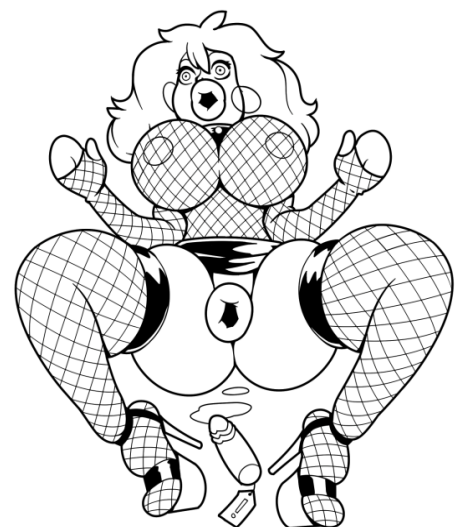
The numbness crept up my neck, forcing my face forward. It spread around my mouth, inflating my lips. Down my throat. It widened my eyes into that surprised look. Up into my scalp, turning my hair into one solid piece.

I couldn't move. I was paralyzed. Forced to wait until someone found me. But who would find me? I don't have a roommate, or a girlfriend. I don't have friends that drop by unexpectedly. How long would I stay like this? Am I forever stuck in this form?

In the silence that followed, I heard the muffled sounds of the party going on across the hall. I listened. It was all I could do. My eyes were fixed on the ceiling.

My deadbolt turned and my door creaked open. I didn't know how wide, but it was enough to let all the sounds of the party in. It was wide enough for anyone passing by to see into my living room.

To see me.



I wasn't sure if I still had a heart, but if I did it would be beating as quick as a hummingbird's. I'd be as white as a ghost and sweating bullets if I still had skin.

As if things couldn't get any worse, I heard a distant door open and the voices of Jake and Dwayne.

"You sure about this dude? He always says no."

"I know man, but the least we could do is ask."

Oh please for the love of god don't come to my door. Just turn around and—

"Hey man, you in here?" My door creaked open further. "Your door's... oh fuck, is that what I think it is?"

It's officially gotten worse.

"Is that a?"



"Yeah dude, that's a fucking sex doll."

Their footsteps got louder.

"Holy fuck that must've cost a fortune."

"Is it just me, or does she kinda look like *him*?"

"Dude look, she's been used."

"Ah fuck that's nasty."

They shuffled about.

"Hey man, you here?" One of them called out.

"He must've just stepped out. Explains why the door wasn't closed."

"Guys?" A third voice appeared. "What are you... oh fuck is that—"

"Shhh! Close the door!"

The door closed and I heard a third set of footsteps.

"Damn she's pretty nice," the third said. "We could bring her to—"

"Nah dude! Why would we do that. He'd come back and find it missing."

"I say we use it. I mean why not?"

The three were quiet for a few, aggravatingly long moments. I hoped and prayed they'd have some sense to leave well enough alone.

"Yeah let's do it."

"Fuck it. I've always wanted to try one of those."

"Ahh hell yeah. I call first!"

I heard pants being unzipped. I felt hands grab at me. I bent forward and I could see the three of them clearly. Jake, Dwayne and their friend, pants down around their ankles with Jake stepping up first.

“Ah fuck, she’s still warm and wet,” he said as he buried his cock in me.

But that didn’t stop him. Oh fuck why did this feel so good! Even when I’m nothing but air and plastic, it still felt so amazing. How was this even possible! They took turns using me. All three of them stuffed their cocks into one of my holes and blew their loads. I was filled—no overflowing with cum. After what felt like an eternity, sense finally crawled its way back into at least one of their brains.

“Shit we need to go. He could be back any second.”

“Aren’t we going to clean up?”

“Nah dude. That’s what he gets for leaving his door open and his fuck doll just lying about.”

“You sure you don’t want to bring it to the party. Everyone else would get a huge kick out of it.”



“Definitely. Way cheaper than those strippers.”

“Just gotta bring it back before the night’s over.”

Jake carried me out of my apartment. They closed the door behind them and brought me into their party. There were at least ten guys there. Maybe more.

“We got a sex doll!” Dwayne shouted. This was followed up by a series of drunken shouts and whistles. “Groom up first! Gotta get it before the old ball and chain neuters ya.”

Despite the circumstances, I still had some tiny shred of hope left that someone would convince a bunch of drunk, horny frat boys to not use a sex doll.

I was doomed.

A drunken, off-sync chant filled the apartment urging on the groom. Even after he caved to the peer pressure and dropped his pants, they still cheered him on. He was so big. He stretched my inflated pussy beyond what I thought was possible. I was actually thankful this body of mine was plastic, because if it was the real thing, I’m sure I would’ve been in pain.



He blew his load into me and his buddies roared. He pulled out and high-fived his bros before putting his pants back on and announcing to not only the attendees, but anyone on this floor—and probably the people above and below us—that “she’s all yours”.

I was handed off from one guy to another. Sometimes two would use me. At one point three cocks were stuffed inside me. I was tossed aside into the corner and for the most part, forgotten. The occasional guy would come by and go another round with me.



At one point, someone had the bright idea to play “pin the tail on the donkey”, only I was the donkey and the tail was their dicks. They placed me on a table and cleared out a large part of the living room. They blindfolded one of the guys and he tried to find me with plenty of help from his beyond drunk friends and the playful teasing of the two strippers.

I’m not sure how long it went on like this, but at some point, the party came to a close and Jake and Dwayne returned me to my apartment. They stumbled through the halls and I was surprised they were coherent enough to find mine. They set me back on the couch and Dwayne turned to leave.

“Yo... dude... you... uh coming?”

Jake lingered. “I don’t man. I’m thinking like, let’s have one last go at her.”

“Nah dude, I’m barely standing. I’ll, uh, leave the door open.”

Jake waited for him to leave before he started fucking me. Instead of filling up my insides, he pulled out just in time to cover me in his cum. He grinned as he put his limp dick back into his pants and stumbled over toward the door. Only he stopped halfway there and spun around looking for something.

Then I heard the sounds of writing. “We borrowed your doll. Hope you don’t mind,” he said aloud as he scribbled. Jake taped the note to one of my breasts, giggling as he did, then threw some cash onto the table before heading for the door.

I was finally alone and all I could do was replay the events of the night in my head.

It was... beyond incredible. I never knew it would be so thrilling to be a literal sex toy. To be used over and over again; have my holes stuffed and filled with cum. Dehumanized. The fact

that they didn't know it was me, their neighbor, the whole time pushed it to a whole another level. What if they knew? Oh how embarrassing that would be!

Before I could consider it any more, exhaustion crept over me and I blacked out.

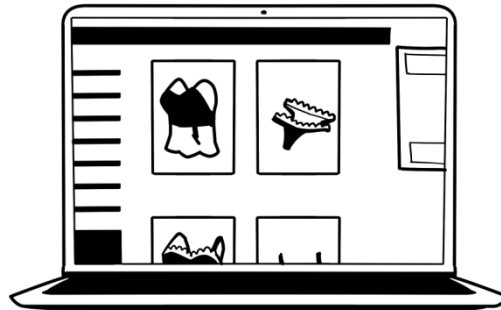
When I woke up, it was morning and I was on the floor of my apartment. I was not only human again, but I was back in my male body in my old clothes. I pulled the note off my chest and tried to read what it said. Good thing I remembered, because the handwriting was beyond illegible.

As I cleaned up the mess I made last night, I found the dildo under the couch and a really mischievous idea crept into my mind. I wondered how Jake and Dwayne would react to getting the dildo. Would one of them use it and turn into a woman? Would they keep going and become a sex doll and have the other one fuck them silly?

I put the dildo back in the box and found a pen and paper.

"Jake/Dwayne. No problem. Least you could've done is clean her before returning. Definitely okay with you using her again, just let me know ahead of time. That way I can get her ready for you."

I taped up the note and slid it under their door. I returned to my apartment and opened up my laptop. If I'm going to do this again, might as well get a new outfit go along with it right?



THE END?