

Dee's Contamination Chamber

By Abe E Seedy

Dee grinned to herself as she opened her locker for the morning. She'd been here about two months now and it still felt better than her best days at her old office job. The ads didn't lie - it wasn't just the clients' fantasies you got to live out. Doing a job that paid well *and* felt good was hard to pass up.

She slipped off her street clothes with practiced speed, folding them into the cabinet with her shoes set neatly to one side. It was almost funny to think back on how self-conscious she'd been about publicly undressing given what she was signing up for. But they'd warned her about that right from the start, back when they'd gently led her through the whole process. Right now she was just Dee, standing naked in her own little body. After the chamber she'd be someone else, all dressed up and ready to put on a show. It had been intimidating at first, but now? She only felt excited.

With her clothes safely secured she stepped up to the chamber, feeling the little hiss of air rush over her bare skin as the seal released. The chamber brightened into life as she closed the door and unhooked the shower head from the wall. It was already warm and heavy, just waiting for her to be ready to get going. Dee sat down on the built-in bench, spread her legs, then tapped the release to start the flow.

She liked to start with her knees. That gave her a good view of what to expect, so she could imagine the rest even when she had to close her eyes. Today the liquid was an almost fluorescent green, settling in with an inorganic shine almost the moment it touched her skin. That was interesting. Sometimes new clients didn't want to get too weird, preferring something a little closer to normal skin tones on their dolls. Whoever she was working with today clearly didn't have any such reservations. As she spread the goop up over her thigh she felt some of it stay in place, rising up to form a clear, inorganic handle over her hips.

Ah, Dee thought with a grin. A connoisseur.

The weight of the fluid poured easily down her right leg, making Dee's thoughts drift as she slid beneath the comforting sensation. She thought as she often did about where this stuff actually came from. The dolls all had theories, shared surreptitiously during training or the aftermath of the occasional multiple partner session. Candy figured it was a gift from an alien, manufactured in a secret society on another world. Jade thought it was made in-house, a theory which had provoked *considerable* discussion as to what exactly was involved. Dee hadn't settled on a camp yet, but she liked to toy with a few options depending on the mood that took her each day. Sometimes she imagined an otherworldly entity watching as she welcomed the changes it made to her body, spreading its unknowable influence to humanity through her own blissful obedience.

Other days she could almost hear the moans of the staff in the next room directly producing the fluid for her to use. After all, it's not just the clients that get to fantasise, right?

A stiffness below her pulled Dee out of her head, and looking down she saw the goop extending the heel of her foot into a pointed stiletto. It forced her to shift her stance a little as the last of her right leg was enveloped, leading Dee to shift the nozzle a little closer to the center of her body as she leaned backwards, pooling the slickness over her chest and down between her thighs.

They didn't tell you to masturbate, but they *did* tell you that it was okay if you did. Dee suspected that even the most nervous of the dolls couldn't resist seeing what it felt like, and after their first time of pressing that encouraging warmth into themselves nobody ever missed the opportunity to indulge. She dipped two bright green fingers into her waiting slit, patiently sculpting her entrance into a nice, pliable ring as her body shivered with approval. She paused for a second, lingering on the soft plastic stiffness the change introduced to her lips. It always felt good; just the right amount of resistance to give her something to lean into, as all the while her thumb encouraged her clit to form a neat little button right at the top. She came quietly just from that exploration, a nice little warm up that got her blood pumping and left her eager for more. Breathing out slowly, she settled herself back down. She was on the clock, after all.

She raised the shower head again, closing her eyes as she brought it up over her head. This was always where the weight of it really hit home, glooping her hair together as it dripped down her face. She smoothed it outwards with the hand that only reluctantly left her crotch, dipping into the shadow of her chin to make sure she had an even coating. Her mouth slid open unthinkingly, settling into another pliant and welcoming circle. She teased at her stiff lips with her tongue, feeling it plump up with a series of ribs and whorls that were clearly designed more for pleasure than conversation. Dee smiled dreamily, shuddering slightly at the alien sensation of the fluid coating the inside of her throat to leave it nice and smooth. It was safe to assume she wouldn't be talking much this session.

An odd feeling distracted her again as something pressed upwards beneath her dripping hair. She shook her head absently, then heard an unsettling 'whomph!' as the ear that had been coated with fluid suddenly ballooned upwards. Dee poked at it with her fingers, feeling a stiff membrane angled into a curved triangle. She barely had time to consider what that meant before she felt something else at the base of her spine. Normally the leftover fluid filtered away through a drain on the floor, but this time it must have been building up patiently behind her, eventually growing to a size that it attracted her attention. She twisted around as best she could, watching wordlessly as the fluid kept flowing down her back and piling up into this growing addition. Only when it began to sway back and forth did Dee finally connect the dots, grabbing the tip of her growing tail with one hand and stretching it out encouragingly. Raised bumps formed smoothly beneath her fingers, with any brushed movement over the top giving a tiny sympathetic pulse of her heart as electricity jolted directly into her spine. That... was new.

Putting the pieces together, her client had not just requested a bright green, inorganic sex doll look, but also the ears, tail and, yes, her questing fingers confirmed, cute little nose of a cat girl.

One that was decorated with debauched accessories like handles, welcoming, open lips and a sex toy tail, making for quite the specific package.

Dee couldn't help but get excited. This was someone who knew *exactly* what they wanted, and she was being trusted to bring something this weird and intense to life. She couldn't wait to take this body for a spin. In fact, she still had almost half of her body left to change, and she wasn't due in the service room for another ten minutes. She might as well take a practice run. Just to make sure she knew what she was doing, of course.

She handed off the shower head to her right hand, leaning back against the wall as she directed the flow over her chest. The weight of the fluid slid slowly down her body, clinging heavily at her breasts and swelling them outwards. Dee almost laughed - that was about the one option that almost always got selected, so much so she barely even noticed anymore. Still, it was hard to deny she looked good with such a full bust, the shine of her plastic coating reflecting her faintly feline face as she looked down approvingly. With that detour complete she positioned the shower head to spray her as-yet uncoated left side, while her hand fumbled behind her for the swaying tip of her tail. Her back stiffened as she gripped it, then with a slow exhalation she brought it down to her waist, guiding it gently towards her pussy. After another quick breath, she pressed inwards.

It was new. Even pleasuring herself just a few minutes ago hadn't felt like this. Her pussy had been sensitive and inviting for sure, but her fingers paled in comparison to her new tail. It wasn't that it was shaped something like a cock - okay, it wasn't *just* that it was shaped like a cock - but also her body was rewarding her with bliss from both sides. Each round little bump stretched her lips enticingly, but also vibrated with pleasure itself as her pussy pressed back against it. In moments the shower head had fallen unregarded to the floor, all her attention taken up with this new toy. Her mind swam between being fucked and fucking someone; being gripped by her handles and thrust weightlessly down onto a cock before she trembled with the pleasure of pressing herself into a slick, eager pussy. Her eyes glazed over as the last of the green fluid wrapped her in its warmth, a long, low moan escaping her frozen lips as she enthusiastically came.

Dee resurfaced once the flow shut off automatically, pulling herself back upright from where she'd slumped sideways on the bench. Rising to her feet, her moulded high-heel shoes clicked on the floor as she stalked to the other exit of the chamber. Whoever her client was, they had some *excellent* ideas.

She was looking forward to exploring them in detail.