

Subspace Shift

By Abe E Seedy, illustrated by Angrboda

"These things look like eggs."

Dean winced. "Yeah. It'd probably help if they didn't like... pulsate."

He squeezed her hand reassuringly as Sara stared at the scene they'd just walked into. As much as the room was a pristine, medical-clean white, the feeling of a sterile environment was thrown off by the two oval chambers that formed the center of the space. Each of them throbbed wetly, while the tubes and wires snaking out of them looked almost like veins.

The company rep accompanying them seemed determinedly oblivious to all this. Ushering them towards the lockers beside the door, she flipped a page on her clipboard and started reading.

"Company policy requires one last confirmation of details before the procedure can begin. Are you happy to answer these questions now?"

Her tone was so blithely upbeat it felt almost robotic. Shit, Sara thought - could she be a robot? This was Transgenic Industrial after all, if anyone would have convincingly humanoid androids on staff it would be them. But wouldn't it be more likely that it was someone remotely piloting a synthetic body, considering what they themselves were signing up for?

With that in mind, Sara couldn't stop herself from looking over the company rep with a critical eye. She *looked* like a normal young woman, a professional office assistant with short straight hair and stylish glasses. She wasn't exceptionally tall or excessively shapely, and there didn't seem to be any tell-tale bulges beneath her lab coat that would speak to any enhanced assets.

"Ma'am?", she asked again, cocking her head slightly in confusion. "Did you hear me?"

Sara shook her head clear. "Uh, yes, sorry. I was just... getting in my head a little bit."

Dean squeezed her hand again, while the rep smiled graciously. "We get that a lot. Don't worry about it."

"Right", Sara answered with a nod. "So yes, go ahead."

The questions weren't hard to answer. They confirmed that they were a couple, and that they each knew about and consented to what they were getting into. Then they went through a large amount of personal details; clarifying their ages (early 30's) and height (Dean 5 foot 7, Sara 5 foot 6). While they didn't have to specify their exact weights, they did have to select from a chart

of body shapes that they felt represented them. Dean went for what he called "the stick", while Sara, after due consideration, opted for "avocado". Sensing their draining patience, the rep explained all this was necessary because despite the detailed scan the equipment went through, everything went much smoother if they knew where they 'expected' their perspective to sit.

Apparently that was enough. Any further details of what they'd actually experience would be handled by the machine itself. So they handed back their clipboards, disrobed behind the courtesy screens tucked into the corner of the room, then stepped gingerly into their designated pod.

"See you on the other side", Dean said as the lid hissed closed.

"Yeah", Sara answered. "I guess I'll see myself too."

She was worried the process would be disconcerting, some dark infusion of wires and fluid as she slipped from waking life into the transgenic experience. But, of course, the company had thought of that. There was merely a screen playing soothing images of distant, travelling stars, while all around her there was the sensation of floating as her body was carefully lifted into the suspension substance. A slight tingling tickled at her limbs as they were slowly relaxed for her, then a soothing voice playing from everywhere counted down from ten. With every passing second it felt more and more distant, the starfield racing forwards to meet her. Then one by one each point of light winked out, and she drifted off.

Consciousness flowed back slowly. Sara felt as though awareness was poured into her, building up feet-first until she was finally awake. There was the lingering sensation of floating, but Sara couldn't be sure how much of that was due to still being in the pod or whatever situation she found herself in now. Before she could puzzle that out, a sudden snap-hiss drew her attention, and a growing light signalled that she was being released.

Except where she was emerging was completely different from where she had been. She was standing already, the tube she'd been in lifted vertical, which was especially disorienting given that she'd been lying down the last time she'd been aware. The space still seemed real though, rather than some abstract cyberspace. There was a floor beneath her that she stepped out unsteadily onto, the pod retracting smoothly into the ceiling above her. But instead of stark white it was all moodily-lit wooden panelling, with tasteful decorations of ornate silk arrayed over solid, functional beams. It felt like being backstage at an expensive theatre, an experience reinforced by the low murmur of a crowd coming from somewhere further on.

So. That narrowed things down a little. But context cues would only take her so far, the real measure of what the scenario was going to be depended on the body she'd found herself in. Sara took a breath, but stopped before she could even look downwards.

Breathing was weird. There was a sensation of stretching, an unreality to the way her muscles acted. No, not even that, there wasn't the familiar feeling of skin and sinew sliding against each other when she moved. She felt *wet*, while at the same time so dry and smooth that every shift in her stance led to a dozen tiny squeaks and sighs.

That *certainly* narrowed things down. Even if feeling this synthetic was merely a byproduct of whatever the bodylink procedure involved, if Dean had been briefed on that in his planning sessions, then he would have almost certainly leaned into it. So with that in mind, she shuffled her legs a little wider, and reached for her crotch.

Even though she was expecting it, she was still surprised when she made contact. Her hand had slid down over the sheer surface of her waist, and then all of a sudden there was just something so definitively *else* there. It felt as slick as the rest of her was smooth, and even just touching it left her fingers feeling tacky. Or it would, if she could distinguish her fingers separately, instead of getting the impression that her entire hand was melded together into something like an awkward glove.

A glint of light caught her eye, and Sara realised that she was standing next to a full-length mirror. Whether it had been there beforehand was an open question, but in any case it was perfectly positioned to give her a clear look at herself, so she didn't have to rely on the confusing signals that came from just feeling herself up. That said, she was a *little* reluctant to abandon that interesting form of exploration, but decided that if Dean wanted her to have to confront things more directly, she may as well go along with it.

She started by looking at her chest, which is where her eyeline had been as her attention was drifting downwards. The first thing she noticed was the colour of her body, a shining, plastic-looking pink that was so deep it was almost purple. The shade of it reminded her of nothing so much as a especially blatant sex toy, an impression matched by her unabashedly large breasts. Somehow they managed to convey both nudity and the way someone with an outsized bust looked wearing skimpy swimwear, given that the material that made up her skin provided the creases of stressed spandex all by itself. The sheer size of her nipples belied the impression that she was wearing anything though, pressing out almost an inch all by themselves, and being a little over half that size around.

Her chest set the tone that the rest of her new body followed on from. Bringing her gaze further down, she took in her unrealistically tapered waist, with a few more artful contours marking her bellybutton. Looking slightly to the side she could see her hands, and they had indeed been fused together into simple mittens, leaving her with just enough manual dexterity to clutch artlessly at something sizeable enough for her to get a grip on. And as her eyes scanned further, the answer for just what she was intended to grip was clearly provided.

There was no mistaking the cock that hung heavily at her waist. It was monstrous in size, with a shaft she could barely encircle with both of her palms at once, and a length that reached easily past her knees. The shape of it was customised too; broad-headed with a distinctive ring

halfway down the shaft, and the few veins tracing over it were the closest hint to something truly organic about her that she'd seen so far. Behind all that were a pair of equally outsized balls, just as smooth as the rest of her body but clearly already surging with a slickness that ached to be released.

So. He'd given her the full horse cock then. Sara cradled it awkwardly in her hands, and she could feel how long it took to slowly stretch upwards at her touch. It was hard to deny that it was a powerful, almost intoxicating feeling.

Beyond that things were less surprising. Her thighs were shapely and her legs long, with her feet reshaped into built-in wedges, raising her heels and forcing her into an unsteady, thrust-forward stance.

Sara stopped, taking a beat to acclimatise herself to all that. For all the intensity of her still-swelling horse cock, it was her face she had to take the most care with. That was the part that could most easily break things, turn it from a giddy rush of difference into some goofy panic. It was hard to look yourself in the eyes and see yourself as something horny, let alone something as direct and over the top as a living sexdoll. So she braced herself, storing up the charge that came from staring at her changed body, and aiming to use it to burst straight through the uncanny valley that would come from confronting her face.

Then she exhaled sharply, and looked up at herself.

The face that met her in the mirror was hers, and it hit her in a way she hadn't allowed herself to expect. It was her face, and yet also completely recast, her mouth frozen open into a stiff-lipped 'o' for easy use. Her bangs still framed her freckled cheeks and her button nose still sat cutely right in the center of her face, but her eyes shone with featureless plastic that was barely distinct in colour from the pink that coated the rest of her. Her hair seemed only slightly flexible, molded as though in a single mass, and her ears little more articulated than something painted on.

It was enough to make her stumble slightly, her knees going weak even as what currently served for her blood continued to rush decisively away from her head. It was - *she* was perfect. The goal had been met precisely, leaving her human enough to have all the signifiers of her old self, and yet so utterly fetishised and sexual that she felt like an object to be used. There was no conflict here, or at least not one that triggered the feeling of the uncanny valley, or the reluctance of seeing herself so utterly out in the open. It worked. It felt natural, as though this was the way it should be, rather than something she had to timidly edge around to admitting. She could be this, all the way this, for exactly as much as she wanted to be. Which, as it turned out, was quite a lot indeed.

She was only broken out of her reverie by the sensation of something nudging her chest, and she belatedly realised that her cock had reached almost its full extension, stretching up urgently towards the gap in her breasts as though made to fit into it. It probably had been, in fairness. Dean and the company team he'd been consulting with had put a lot of effort into this, Sara

thought as she idly wrapped one of her heavy mits around her straining shaft. Clearly it was time to start repaying them for their hard work.

Before she could really sink into things, the noise ahead of her picked up. Instead of the muffled talking of a crowd, it segued into a demanding, insistent chant. She still couldn't pick up exactly what they were saying, but the intent was clear regardless. The audience was calling for her. Still a little unsure of herself, but getting more into the role with every step, she walked towards them.

As soon as Sara stepped through the red curtains, the sounds stopped. Not unnaturally, the owners of those voices were clearly still out there, they just settled down to a suspenseful hush as she took center stage. A spotlight glared overhead, keeping her from seeing anything beyond the circle of light she was standing in. But her seeing out wasn't the point.

They could see her. There was a whole crowd of people looking on, seeing her exactly like *this*. Artificial, exposed, completely revealed. They could see the way her thick, plastic cock strained in her inarticulate hand, and there was no hiding the wanton expression frozen on her face.

She was on display. And it was *exhilarating*.

Once again, Sara had to admit that the creative team behind this had done their job well. Whether this was VR or she was remote piloting an actual, physical body, the effect was the same. Even though her exact tastes and desires were so completely out in the open, she herself was safely hidden. And that wasn't even taking into account whether these were actually real people watching her or not. So in all, there was license to just... lean in. She could really enjoy this, without having to have it connect to her actual body, or her actual self. She steadied her stance, feeling the weight of her distorted crotch fill her hands, and let herself go.

She started by running her flat palm along the length of her shaft, leaning her head backwards as her body began to respond. Suddenly she was interrupted by the sensation of something else around her, a series of soft sounds making it clear that she wasn't alone. There was warm breath falling on her from all sides, and the intimacy of it only served to highlight the inorganic nature of her body. There were no hairs to rise into goosebumps on her fake plastic skin, and when a stranger's fingers swept across her thigh she could feel their thumb running over a distinct seam. She was a toy, and they were all so eager to make use of her, guiding her carefully down onto all fours.

Her mouth was already open when a cock started to slide across her face, pressing just enough against her to match the stiffness of her lips to its own. Someone else grasped at her tits, drawing a gasp from her muffled mouth as she panted with heat. The only work for her own hands was to keep herself steady, as even her monstrous cock was soon taken care of, an array of questing fingers teasing across her length. She felt a weight settle in behind her, and with a sudden gasping thrust her slit was deliciously filled.

There was the sensation of closeness, a face lowering down just next to hers. "I hope you're having fun", Dean whispered in her ear. "We certainly intend to."

Her whole body shuddered as her cock surged, a thick wave of artificial cum hitting the ground just in front of her.

She could hear the grin in his voice as he spoke again. "You should probably get used to that by the way. It's going to happen a *lot*."

Fighting to keep herself stable, Sara melted slowly back into his grip. She couldn't even smile properly in response, but she trusted that the slight wiggle she put into her movements conveyed her contentment.

"I choose to take that as you saying 'bring it on'", Dean answered. "Challenge accepted."

His face moved away, and the feeling of being surrounded came back in full force. For as much as she was groped and played with hungrily, it somehow straddled the line perfectly; overwhelming without ever being threatening. Twin sets of fingers slid smoothly over her crotch, with one grasping at her cock while the other tugged insistently at her balls. She could feel them *slosh* as they were moved around, somehow already dangerously overfilled and begging once again for release. And yet, inexplicably, there was something stopping her.

This time Dean's voice emerged from somewhere further away, despite the fact that Sara would have sworn he was still burying himself in her slit. "Now now. Toys don't get to decide themselves when they cum, do they? I gave you an early reward before, but now you have to earn it."

Sara's mind went blank. He was already using her pussy, while another cock was pressing firmly into her mouth. What else was there for her to do?

Fortunately, it seemed like a verbal response wasn't required. She felt a hand grasp her chin firmly, and suddenly Dean was right there next to her once again.

"The answer is that you're still thinking", he hissed. "You're still working through the possibilities, trying to figure out the scene and work out your response to it all."

He leaned closer, and for a moment despite all the hands running over her, his voice was the only thing she could register.

"We need to cut through that distance, remove the thoughts between you and your *needs*. You shouldn't be thinking about how much you're enjoying things, any more than you'd think about how much you need to breathe. Which, incidentally..."

The cock in her mouth lingered in its inwards thrust, almost filling her throat as she simply existed around it.

"...you don't need to do anymore."

The display was enough to drive the point home. For as much as she'd been leaning into this, she'd been approaching it as a person. Someone who needed to think and act, whose body had limits and whose self had boundaries. But that wasn't the case. She could stuff herself with cock without needing to breathe around it, and she could be used far beyond the limits of human endurance. More than all that though, she didn't need to consider things. Hers was not to reason things out, or to decide what the best response would be for this particular scene. Her desires could be simple enough as to be automatic, as crude and as base as the body she'd found herself in. She wanted cock; hers, his, anyone's - all of it, endlessly and unthinkingly. That was her role now, and she dove into it blissfully.

That simple drive dominated her mind for some time, until she was pulled out of it by a slow shift in the sensations behind her. She knew that Dean was fucking her - despite the fact that she couldn't see him, it somehow felt only right that it would be him that was taking that position in amongst the crowd of anonymous patrons around her. And yet she could tell that he was moving away, but not simply because he was withdrawing from her. Somehow she was pushing him out, her pussy narrowing and filling in so as to leave his cock no more space inside her to occupy.

It was weirdly pleasurable, because her diminishing size meant that he filled her completely even as he was slowly pushed backwards. Eventually though what was left of her slit closed over entirely, and a few probing movements of his cock confirmed there was no trace of it left behind. Indeed, the only blemish in her smooth skin was a raised seam, serving to highlight both her newly artificial nature and the sheer distance between her now and the body she'd left behind. Dean further emphasised that point by tracing a hand over her cock as he withdrew fully, tugging at it just a little bit to flood Sara's head with intoxicating lust. Once again she found herself cumming uncontrollably, whether from his unspoken command or the combination of deeply subservient sensations he was bombarding her with, but regardless of the exact cause it left her gasping on all fours as her cock strained and shuddered beneath her.

He must have stepped around her while she was still riding that, because the next thing she knew Dean's hand was gripping her chin firmly, angling her head upwards. She felt rather than saw him press close, the tip of his cock sweeping almost delicately across her lips. And just in that one movement she almost collapsed completely.

It wasn't just the way her lips felt stiff and plastic, although that certainly was a factor. The frozen 'o' she was held in was the perfect encouragement for him to drag himself in a slow circle, and her sextoy mouth offered the exact amount of resistance to stimulate him deliciously. But beyond that was the sensations that bombarded her in turn, the way she shuddered at his teasing and found herself consumed with thoughts about him once again fucking her properly -

except that definition of 'properly' was redefined to involve him pressing his cock between her lips.

It was just as he'd said - she didn't need to breathe, and there was nothing left for her to say. She wasn't even sure if her throat was connected to anything anymore, and in truth she hoped it wasn't. It felt good to think that it was just a hole for him to fill, something shaped for no other purpose than to service him, and to allow her infinite pleasure in that use.

The pieces took a few moments to fall into place, especially considering her scattered and distracted mind, but eventually she realised that whatever sensation she'd previously had in her pussy was now taken up entirely in her face. Her lips maintained the appearance of a simple plump circle, but it felt every bit as good to her as being fucked deliciously in her pussy. And that was not counting her own cock that still swung beneath her, providing a sympathetic sensation of relief every time Dean thrust into her.

It wasn't even like she was operating on instinct, because she didn't have anything left that could be called an instinct. Her only movements were the ones he set her up for, and her only thoughts were a straight line from his desires to her fulfillment. She slipped down, subsumed utterly in that blissful space below consciousness. There was no pretext anymore, no worries about the uncanny valley, or tricks required to avoid breaking the fantasy. She *was* the fantasy. If he'd told her she needed to suck his cock instead of breathing she'd not only have believed it completely, but if she was still capable of speech she'd have said it first. She felt his cum flooding into her, filling up her head with endless, floating warmth. At the same time her balls surged, coating the floor between her shuddering hands with a thick layer of viscous white. He liked it when she lost herself to this productivity, and right now she could only like that too.

He spent some time just toying with her. Whenever she felt herself start to come down from the high there'd be some new possessive twist of his grip, or a whispered command into her ear, and immediately she'd be right back in that same submissive space. All the while her entire body seemed to be being stroked hungrily by the anonymous crowd, leaving no part of her lacking for this overwhelming attention. Eventually she simply lost track of everything, the last vestiges of her consciousness chased away by all this endless stimulation.

There was no way of knowing how long that all lasted, but eventually the intensity of it passed. Like a picture fading back in from a white screen the world came back into focus, and she once again found her surroundings changed. She was back to being alone, only this time she seemed to be in a stylish lobby rather than some indistinct backstage. It wasn't anywhere she could recall being, but the wood panelling and expensive decor put her in mind of an exclusive club. That said, the only two things of note in front of her were another conveniently-placed full-length mirror, and a spotlight door. Leaving the latter for later, Sara took advantage of the opportunity to look herself over again.

She'd been cleaned up. Not only literally, which must have been necessary given the last thing she could remember doing, but her body had been changed back into her old self. Or... something close to it, she realised, leaning nearer to her reflection.

It was hard to say for sure given that she'd been outfitted with a flowing black dress, so there was a lot of her that wasn't actually visible. That said, her face seemed too smooth to be entirely natural, with a distinctively artificial sheen to her skin. Running a hand across her temple revealed a subtle seam running from her ear to her hairline, and her lips looked plump and round enough to at least suggest how she'd been before.

With that information taken in, she had the perspective to pick up a few more things with a second look at her body. For starters her figure was exaggerated, leaving her filling out the dress with a lot closer to an hourglass silhouette than would normally be the case. And not only was the fabric at the top of her clothes straining slightly, but there was a distinct bulge lower down, subtle enough to escape casual notice but pressing enough to demand her own attention. Trying to move certainly didn't help, the dress seemingly designed to tease her with every step. She could have sworn she heard a slight 'sqrkk!' noise as she tested that, proving that it wasn't just her face that still had a plastic-like element to it.

So. With all of that put together she felt like she was still a sex doll, but now one that was just barely subtle enough to be taken out into public.

"We're doing that one too, huh?", Sara said to the room at large, proving to herself that she could still talk if she concentrated on it. "Very well then, bring on the public."

There was a click just to her right as the door unlocked. With no further encouragement required Sara stepped through, blinking as the lighting suddenly changed.

She'd been expecting somewhere outside, a nice open square full of people, but that wasn't the scene. Instead it looked surprisingly similar to where she'd been originally, only now she was looking up at the stage rather than standing on it. A lit path encouraged her to keep moving forwards, and soon she spotted Dean sitting at a table, wedged in among the general crowd. He stood and pulled a chair out for her, but no one else seemed to be paying attention, their eyes fixed on the still-empty stage.

Lacking any better ideas of what to do, Sara sat down. Dean pushed her in, then took his own seat next to hers. He gave her a quick peck on the cheek, and for a moment she was sure the short squeaking noise she made in response would provoke attention, but nothing came.

"Thanks for coming babe", he said softly, resting his hand on hers and stroking a thumb over the molded seams of her fingers. "I hope you enjoy the show."

She gave him a confused look, but he'd already turned his eyes forwards. Presumably the surprise was a part of it, so Sara decided to play along, looking over at the stage herself just in time to see a woman step through the curtains.

It was her. Or, it wasn't, obviously, because she was her, but it was close enough to the real, actual her that it made her jump. Dean didn't react, either to her movement or her doppelganger on the stage, simply clapping politely as she stepped up to the pole mounted beneath the spotlight. And then, without introduction or preamble, this alternate version of her began the show.

Whoever they were, they were good. She looked completely unembarrassed and unafraid to be up there, stripping her clothes in time with the thumping music and spinning athletically around on the pole. The crowd whooped their approval, and the way Dean squeezed her hand betrayed his own enjoyment. But more than anyone else, the performance felt like it was aimed at Sara personally. The woman gave her a wink as she hung upside-down from her powerful thighs, and she could feel the blush building in her cheeks. A few moments after that she felt something else start to kick in, shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

The loud music gave a lot of cover, but she was sure the people nearby would have to be able to hear the sound of tortured plastic dragging itself along the inside of her clothes. She tried to adjust herself to minimize it but she caught another knowing look from the woman on the stage and that sent another wave of heat through her. Dean's hand was a weight keeping her pinned to the table, all the while stroking at her unthinkingly in a way that just amplified everything else. But for all of this she couldn't quite put her finger on *why* exactly this was getting her so riled up.

A sharp 'ping' drew her attention away from that question, and looking down she saw she'd burst a button, either her chest or her cock proving too much for her dress to take. That did draw some puzzled looks from the surrounding crowd, and Sara could see the frowns on their faces transition to flushed gasps as they got a slightly better look at her. She tried to give a disarming smile but her stiff lips wouldn't cooperate, and then all that attention resulted in a second button snapping off into the darkness. That drew yet *more* looks, and suddenly she found herself so stiff against the fabric of her clothes that she couldn't move without provoking even more stimulation.

There was a tug on her hand, and she was able to turn her head enough to see Dean staring straight at her. "You're putting on such a good show", he whispered. "Why don't you show everyone how to take it up a level?"

He squeezed, and instantly the heat in her crotch bloomed. Without thinking she started to rock her hips forward slowly, shuddering as a slickness began to build beneath her dress.

Dean's encouragement was immediate. "Good girl. Don't you want to show everyone just what you can do?"

Gasping, Sara rode that command forwards, letting herself buck and sway as the rhythm of this need hit her. There were eyes on her from all around, and now she was welcoming them, letting the burgeoning lust of every onlooker encourage her to sink further into this. But despite all the people in the room there was only one that she had eyes for, and with Dean's silent permission she took to her feet. Stairs unfolded in front of her as she climbed onto the stage, welcomed with open arms by the duplicate woman in the spotlight.

Sara's dress was already disintegrating as she swept her into her arms, whispering into the woman's ear as she fell back against her. "Let me show you what we can really be..."

Her movements were imprecise, but that didn't matter. It wasn't about putting on an elegant show anymore. She had that ability, that much was clear - she could seduce on stage or tease herself as part of the crowd, but there came a point in either case where the artifice fell away and she could simply be let loose. That's what this was, an opportunity to show how quickly she could cast her reservations aside, and embrace exactly how deep this could go. Pushing the dancing woman until she was bending double, Sara lined herself up.

All around her the music pulsed, growing louder and louder until it was all she could hear. Her already slick cock was ready and waiting, just beginning to tease along her partner's slit, but still the volume increased. It was becoming weirdly distracting, something to compete against rather than a rhythm to drive her onwards. A moment later and it had resolved fully, settling into the shrill tone of an alarm, and Sara was hit with recognition just as the room around her faded into nothingness.

There was the sound of a seal opening, then a halo of light filled her vision. It expanded until it encompassed everything, before slowly relenting enough to allow details to creep back into her view. Sara stepped forward on unsteady feet, soon finding herself caught by the ready hands of the company rep. She folded her into a nearby chair, soothing words about how she needed time to recover going mostly unheard.

Dean was already next to her, his arm around her shoulders gently as she rode the disorientation of coming back into herself. Eventually the world resolved itself enough for conscious thought, and Sara managed to give him an arch look.

"What... what the hell was with that ending? Why'd you stop there?"

He gave a cocksure grin. "Hey, I've got to give you something to look forward to. Besides, isn't it better to leave with that fire still burning, rather than being too spent for us to take advantage of it at home?"

"You ran out of paid time for the shift, didn't you?"

"And ideas!", he answered without missing a beat.

Wiping her face with her hands, Sara couldn't help but laugh. "Well, I've got some ideas on how you can make up for it", she said eventually.

His smile hadn't wavered for an instant. "I'm counting on it."