

# ***Rubbersuit Rick!***

By THRONE

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**\*\*\*DEVIN DICKIE NOTE\*\*\***

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# ***Rubbersuit Rick!***

By THRONE

When you have more money than you could spend in three lifetimes, what do you do with it? Well, if you're me, you pursue your most elaborate and kinky fantasies. Mine was to create a living doll. It would be an attractive flesh-and-blood woman, sealed into a bodysuit that enhanced her natural contours and gave her an exaggeratedly sexy face. Of course, that face would include a mouth with very full lips. I'm sure you get the picture. I put a tiny fraction of my vast fortune into a research company that was developing something that could be adapted to my purposes.

They were creating it for other, more humanitarian purposes, but were still happy to accept my investments. They didn't appreciate that I insisted on being able to use the fruits of the labor for my own bizarre ends, but they couldn't afford to say no. Eventually their work was done and I was ready to move on to the main phase of my project.

I had ditched my wife Sandy for a younger model, with the rather exotic name of Tulla. She was a slender blond, short like me, and willing to put up with my sexual peccadillos. Those consisted of the demands I made on her in bed, and the fact that I gave nothing in return. I loved to hear her say, "Yes, Richard," and "Whatever you want, Richard." But I kept my major kink from her. After all, how happy would she be if she discovered that I was going to transform her into a real-life sex toy for myself? And once it was done, Tulla would have no way to reverse it. Only I could make that happen. So, she would be more under my command than ever. I also decided to get a few enhancements for myself, but those would be of a more temporary type, that could be applied when wanted, and then discarded until needed again.

To get her measurements, via a full-body scan, which were needed before the big change could be made, I said that we were just going to do something for fun. Because I was getting scanned as well, I figured she would not be suspicious. I explained the basic methods to her, leaving out the parts about mine being as-wanted and hers irreversible. She had majored in computer science in college, so she had an understanding of how our information would be gathered and used. I told her the name of the company, to make her feel more relaxed. Then the big day arrived. We headed to their facility and stripped down to be scanned. I went

first, to reassure her. The technician explained how wearing what they produced was safe, because the synthetic, rubber-like, outer skin didn't interfere with touch, perspiration, or even receiving vitamin D from sunlight. Body hair growth would be stopped, though it could be duplicated on the new skin, for a more natural appearance. Also, he added, they could even make the second-skin permanent, with an equal lack of ill effects, for those who needed it for medical reasons. I didn't appreciate him mentioning that, but Tulla didn't seem to notice. I figured she was too busy being impressed with the scanning chamber and multiple computer terminals. Later on, I would have a talk with that technician and tell him how stupid he had been to let slip the fact about permanent rubber-suiting. At one time or another, I'd had to scold every member of the small staff over one issue or another. They didn't like it, but money talks, and those who need it keep their mouths shut.

I stripped down and entered the scanning booth. I had nothing to be modest about. I was trim, though not muscular. I had enough body hair to announce my masculinity, though I wasn't overly hirsute. And best of all, I was well endowed enough, where it counts, that I didn't mind being exposed to the female techs. I wasn't thrilled to be naked in front of the male employees, but this was just a one-time event. Then Tulla took her turn. That swimsuit-model body was mine to possess in bed, and I'd bragged about it often enough that the entire staff knew. Gridlines of light and multiple moving cursors mapped her facial features and contours, just as they had done with mine. As it went on, I mentally pictured her with the puffy lips, huge boobs, and a wide protruding ass that I had designated for her. It was going to be so

hot to handle the new Tulla. And the way the second-skin worked, she would be able to feel every touch of my busy hands.

All the information was stored in the computers. Next it would be fed into the 3-D printer that would apply our new outer selves, my six-pack abs and enhanced biceps to be worn only when desired, and her outrageous curves there to stay. We had to wait a few days for the programs to be reviewed, and any glitches to be eliminated. I contacted the lab and tweaked her new look some more, adding larger nipples and having their nerve connections with her natural breasts enhanced. My slightest touch would drive her into desperately craving more, as if she had taken some super-aphrodisiac. I was going to have endless fun after she was changed.

Then came the big day. We went in and entered the makeover booths. One of the staff administered a mild sedative, because we had to remain still most of the time, but also be able to follow simple spoken commands when it was necessary to shift our position. The drugs made me passive and obedient. I stood in the booth, my wrists in rubber cuffs that were attached to straps that kept my arms elevated. The guy positioning me made sure my feet were in the right spots. I didn't like having a man touch my bare legs, but it was a small price to pay for what came next. And more so, for how much my getting done reassured Tulla about her own situation, though our results would be very different.

As I slipped deeper into warm enveloping calmness, the door was closed and the walls of the booth began to hum. I closed my eyes and was aware only of gentle invisible forces playing over every inch of my body. There were some odd sensations, in various

parts of my anatomy, but I had enough euphoria-producing substances in my system to ignore them. I drifted along on a cloud and then lost consciousness for what I guessed was a brief period. When I awoke, I got the first of a series of unwelcome surprises. The door to my booth was opened and I was looking out at a naked... me?

The mirror-image of myself raised both arms and said, "What do you think?", but the voice was Tulla's. She said, "Wait, let me see if all my practicing paid off. "How about now? Sound better?"

It was a convincing enough imitation of my voice. But was that really her? I noticed that my doppelganger was perfect, including what was between its legs. The other Richard saw where my eyes had gone and said, "Yes, it's just like yours and -- thanks to some new advances the staff didn't tell you about -- is fully functional." After letting me absorb that revelation, or at least try to, it added, "And yes, it's me, Tulla, wearing the duplicate of your physique that the scanners recorded."

Then I got an even greater shock. Tulla said, "And how do you like what we gave to you? You'll be happy to know that I used my computer skills to help them do it."

My arms were stretched out to the sides, wrists still in cuffs. That was probably good, because what I saw next might have made me collapse, if I hadn't had that extra support. Looking down the length of my body, I saw a huge set of knockers, with prominent nipples, just like I had intended to give my trophy wife. As I bent further forward, I saw that the rest of me was smooth and pink

and curvy, with flaring hips and shapely legs. I whimpered loudly and shook my head. Long hair brushed my shoulders.

"What did you...? How were you able to...?"

My own face smiled at me. "It was a simple switch. No one here was very fond of you, to put it mildly. And I didn't want to be transformed into Barbie Bimbo. So after I hacked into your laptop and discovered your naughty plan, I got in touch with the good people here and we concocted this switcheroo. Clever, don't you think?"

"I'll cut their funding immediately," I yelled, noticing that my voice was pitched higher than normal.

"No, YOU won't do anything like that. Know why? Because I'm going to be Richard and make all the decisions regarding your money. Whenever you need to be present for a teleconference or even an in-person meeting, I'll simply jump into the booth, get turned into you for as long as needed, and do what needs to be done." As if to emphasize that, she began to put on my clothes.

"The minute I get back to normal," I told her angrily, my voice driven up to a squeak by emotion, "you're going to be sorry you ever attempted this."

She didn't get upset. Tulla smiled with her perfect reproduction of my mouth. "Here's the thing. The way you are now is your new normal. For as long as I say so, which in this case I intend to be for always. And the modifications I made to the system allowed



us to make some changes to your actual physiology as well, which is how we adjusted your vocal chords."

"That's not possible."

"It is now, thanks to your money and my smarts, which were considerably more than I let on about."

"So, my voice will stay this way?"

"It sure will. Soft and girly. Plus -- and this was my personal inspiration -- we made your bladder smaller." She chuckled. "You'll need to go potty more often... and to sit when you do it."

"But did you...? I mean, you didn't...?"

"Get rid of your cock? Of course not, Rick. That would be terrible. And it would play havoc with your male self-image. Let's have Bob free your hands, and Shondra help you over to the video unit."

The guy I'd always tagged as a fairy stepped into the booth. He smelled faintly of some flowery scent. As he unfastened my wrists, his hands touched my ribs and hips. Maybe he was just helping me keep my balance, but it was exactly as if he was touching my bare skin, and I didn't like it. Then Shondra, a dusky mixed-race girl I'd always looked down on, took my hand and I stepped out. As I walked, my overblown bust wobbled nonstop. She led me to a large screen that wrapped halfway around me. When it was turned on, I was looking at a video image of myself. Before that, I hadn't been able to see between my legs because

that big bust got in the way. Now I had a clear look at my cock, or what used to be it. There was only a nub there, and a total absence of pubic hair made it appear even smaller.

Tulla got behind me. She explained, "We left it normal size, but I programmed the new rubber skin in much smaller dimensions. The result is that it's like you're wearing something over your penis, like a chastity device. You can get aroused but you can't get hard. So frustrating. Let me demonstrate."

Her arms wrapped around my torso and her fingers found my nipples. When she toyed with the two points of tissue, it sent powerful arousal signals to my dick. I tried to get hard but could only strain against the new sheath of rubberized covering. My response to her tantalizing was several times stronger than it would have been in the past. I got weak in the knees. All I could think about was receiving more of her touch. I gasped and moaned.

My attention on the way to the video mirror had been fully on my groin. Now, as what she was doing made me bring my head up, I got a first view of what had been done to my face. It was how I had intended her to appear, but taken even further.

Still fingering my massive boobs, she said, "I figured that, if you liked the bimbo facial features so much, you'd enjoy it even more if we went further. How about it?"

I gaped at my unrecognizable reflection. Staring back at me was someone with long blond hair, now streaked with red highlights. Her eyes were rimmed with impossibly long lashes. The lids were

naturally flushed, as if she was in a state of high excitement. She had an extra layer of softening thickness all over her features, but her cheekbones were so strong as to still stand out. Worst of all, her lips were pillowed up to a ridiculous size and colored bright pink.

Tulla said, "I went with that color for your kisser, because this way you can still put darker shades of lipstick over what's there. Wasn't that smart of me?"

"You can't do this. I'm a wealthy man."

"Actually, now I'm the wealthy man, whenever I put my Richard disguise on. You're my poor penniless wife, Tulla, who now finds herself reduced to a salivating sex addict, thanks to what happened while she was in that booth. And the staff here will tell anyone who asks that she requested everything that was done to her. In fact, we have signed documents to prove it. Naturally, it was me who signed them, over a week ago."

"This isn't possible."

"Of course it is. You paid for it."

"But what's going to happen to me?"

"Part of the time you'll spend here, Ricky. They want to run some tests on you. And all of them have personal grievances to settle with the old Richard."

"And the rest of the time?"

"You'll live where you always did, in MY penthouse, atop that building that I now own, where you can model all the hot sexy outfits that I found out you had ordered for me. And those bondage clothes? Naughty Richard. You've earned yourself a spanking for that. Well, many spankings. And some of them while you're wearing those very outfits. We are going to have so much fun together. Just like you planned."

"But I was supposed to be the one putting you in those... I mean, you were going to be the one who..." His words trailed off.

"You know what they say. Change is good." She slapped me on the butt and I felt it sting as hard as if it was on my uncovered bottom. "Now turn to the side a bit, hot stuff."

Realizing how helpless I was, I did what she said. There, in profile, was my rear end. It was full and jutted out dramatically. With the aid of the curved video screen, I was even able to see it as if I was standing behind myself. That bum was wide and round. Tulla suggested, "You are going to look so rump-a-licious when I put you in one of those tight skirts you bought me, and take you to a party. Imagine how your buddies will react, when they think it's me, and that you had me made over to your specifications. Some of them might even want to see if they can get a piece of the action." She winked broadly. "Know what I mean?"

I was stunned speechless. She had me in a perfect trap, one of my own making, with plenty of ingenious input from her. Then I suddenly had to speak.

"Oh my," I said, sounding more girly than ever. "I have to take a leak."

"No," the Richard-version of Tulla gently corrected, still with that spot-on imitation of my voice. "You have to pee-pee. Or piddle. Even tinkle is okay. Tinkle like a princess. But someone who looks like you never needs to 'take a leak'. We'll be doing plenty of work on your vocabulary, dear. Now who would you like to walk you to the lavatory? Bob? Or Shondra? How about Mack?" She leaned in to whisper confidentially, "I think he likes you."

She summoned that last choice over, to walk me to the toilet. He was tall and as manly as I was feminine. To my humiliation, he stayed with me while I did my business. Then it was time to begin those tests Tulla had mentioned. To my shame, they were like naked aerobics, with my outlandish curves bouncing and jiggling the entire time, the staff ogling me with only the slightest pretense of scientific detachment. They made frequent checks of my vitals, which always involved excess touching. Then came the sexual response evaluation. One after another they stroked and fondled me, while I squirmed and moaned endlessly. My heightened responses had my entire body tingling and twitching. I wanted to beg them not to stop but managed to keep myself from doing it. My balls, which I could only assume were somewhere under the rubbery covering of my crotch, throbbed with need. I was given water, to avoid dehydration. Almost immediately, I had the urge to drain the dragon -- I mean go wee-wee -- again.

"Tulla," I said to the mirror-image of myself. "May I please use the potty?"

"That's good," she congratulated. "You're already improvising on your word-choice skills. So yes, you may... in about ten minutes. This time Shondra will accompany you. Until then, let's see you do some upper-body twists. Really jerk yourself side-to-side. And let's do it in front of the video screen."

It made those supersize boobs swing wildly. That overfilled bottom quivered. As I blew out through my lips, they stuck out even further. My nipples wouldn't stop buzzing. I perspired mildly through the new coating that covered my skin. It was as if it had bonded to me, which might have been true. At last, I was allowed to visit the restroom, Shondra at my side the entire time. After that, it was time to leave. I was permitted to dress in the sleeveless top and short skirt that Tulla had worn. They were stretched to their limits by my new contours. I showed plenty of side-boob. My nipples made themselves visible as two points, pressing against their confinement. I wasn't given my wife's panties, so there was a constant fear of someone seeing what was under that high hemline. Tulla gave me tips on how to slide onto the passenger side seat like a lady, or at least like a bimbo.

She said, "You'd have trouble sitting behind the wheel, with those monstrous mammary glands, so I think someone else will drive you anywhere you have to go. Maybe it can be that handsome Mack some of the time."

I shuddered at her suggestion. She got me home and announced that it was time for me to try on some of the goodies I had purchased for her to wear. Because she had expanded my curves even more than I was going to enlarge hers, everything would fit very closely. She had me wriggle into a tube top and mini-shorts,

that made me look like a sleazy hooker waiting to be picked up by a John. That outfit was completed with sandals that had thick cork soles. They were tricky to walk on but reminded me to take small mincing steps, which she said should be my new way of moving.

"You'll graduate to high heels soon. Repeating some of those movement tests at the lab, while you're in stilettos, might yield some fascinating and very scientific results." She laughed at the obvious absurdity of that. I understood that my workouts at the lab would be less for anyone there to gain knowledge from, and more for them to be entertained by.

Passing through the lobby of my building went smoothly. No one suspected she wasn't me. My new figure attracted lots of male stares. One we were in the penthouse, Tulla got out of her Richard disguise. She made a point to remind me that the male equipment was fully functional, linked to her nerve endings, and that she would try it out on me soon. It was a relief to see her as herself. But it was also arousing, especially when she didn't put on more than a skimpy bra and bikini-cut panties. My cock twitched inside its sheath. She smiled seductively and came to me. Her hands went up under my tube top, to fondle those jumbo jugs. She rolled the nips between thumbs and forefingers. I nearly melted from how it affected me. All I could do was mewl with need.

It got so bad that, this time, I wasn't able to contain myself.  
"Please, Tulla. Don't stop."

She took that as her cue to do exactly what I didn't want. "This has to be an equitable arrangement. Tit-for-tat, if you'll excuse the expression." Her hands went under my boobs, to jog them up and down. "It's time to head to the bedroom, so you can do something nice for me." She undid the front-closure of her bra and opened it up. Those medium-size breasts that I had intended to mercilessly expand, added to my excitement. "Since your dick is now too small to do anything for me, you'll have to learn to use your mouth, instead."

"You know I never do that." My girly voice lacked authority. "It's disgusting."

"Oh? Was it disgusting for me, when you demanded blowjobs all the time, even on our wedding night? And when you neglected my needs during regular sex? Hmmm? Somebody owes me a LOT of orgasms. Starting about three minutes from now, Ricky."

She took me by the hand and I followed passively as she walked me to the bedroom. Tulla made me undress, slowly and erotically. I had been king of that room, master of the bed, ruler of her body. The role-reversal was traumatic. Having to lick and suck her was unthinkable. But it happened. I had to slurp her labia and apply suction to her clitoris. She murmured appreciatively and eventually had a climax, a very wet one. I was relieved for it to be over. Except that she expected a second one and then a third. In the end she was satiated and I had a sore jaw.

After she had lazed for an hour, with me lying alongside her as she toyed with my nipples, keeping me in a constant state of heightened arousal, it was time for one more event. She said, "I



hope you don't mind, but I can't wait to try one of those bondage costumes on you. The ones that you bought to make me wear. Isn't the irony delicious?"

"Y... yes, dear," I said in a strained whisper.

"And some of those sex toys you stocked up on... whew!"

I did a mental inventory of the butt plugs, dildos, vibrators and more. It made me tremble all over. At the same time, my nipples pulsed. I craved stimulation so powerfully that even a session with those devices sounded attractive. Would I get addicted to them? And even to what she was about to make me wear?

She went to the back of my walk-in closet, where I kept the secret stash of my fantasy wardrobe for her. The fishnet and rubber and leather and more. There was one outfit that was pretty much just a series of straps, all connected to a central strip that ran down the back. She got me into it, starting with the wide stiff collar that forced my chin up high. Then came straps that held my upper arms against my sides, one that went under my breasts to hold them up, unnaturally high, another that fit around my middle and could be tightened until it pinched my waist into narrowness, and others that hampered my legs at thigh and calf level, enabling me to take only the tiniest steps. Then came the rubber paddle I'd selected for spanking games. On one side it was flat, which was bad enough. But the reverse had the name TULLA spelled out in metal studs that would add to the instrument's pain-inflicting capability. She slapped the less punishing side against her hand.

"I want to keep you in tip-top shape, Ricky-girl, so we'll have plenty of exercise sessions. Let's start this one with an energizing walk around the penthouse."

She slapped my rump hard. I could imagine what a tempting target it made, so broad and jiggly-bouncy, below my constricted waist and above the thigh bondage, pale pink skin against black straps. She struck again, and I started moving. How much walking would she make me do? The penthouse was very spacious. And my steps were the smallest possible. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! I yelped each time, making high-pitched sounds. My big bottom was on fire. Even so, at some level the penetrating discomfort was being translated into a weird type of libido-stirring. The shame, the semi-nudity, those exaggerated, jelly-filled curves, being encased in that rubbery second skin, my financial reversal, the maddening arousal that led to no release, her absolute control over me, the ordeals ahead at the lab, and even the pain, were all strangely turning me on.

How much worse could it get?

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