

theLatex Machines

By Mr. Potestas

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Unbound Edition

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Disclaimer

This adult story is a work of fiction. It is meant for those eighteen and older, while there are sexual acts depicted that may not even be possible. All characters are eighteen or older. Though there are inspirations from other fictional sources, any similarity to real people, live or no, is merely coincidental.

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Forward

This short story is based on the Latex Machines flashes found as The Realms of Mr. Potestas. It has been expanded and restructured. The story follows the journals and research notes of multiple individuals involved in the study of latex-based nanotechnology. While 2067 had many forms of nanotech, the abandoned yet seductive past research of Dr. Noah proved ahead of its time. Enjoy!

theLatex Machines

Journal of Jason Prestley

April 1, 2067

I walked into the dim basement of a musty old house today. This was a rare occurrence, and I felt an odd unease. The Chesterton Museum of Science and History just accepted a donation from the estate of Dr. Reginald Noah. It was considered a coop. Though the medical scientist was considered a recluse later in life, he was a top scientist at the Landry Research Institute, which went bankrupted nearly fifty years before. The organization never disclosed why they collapsed, but it was assumed they failed to create a mass production solution to their practically fabled latex-technologies.

The stairs creaked uncomfortably beneath my feet. No one administering Noah's estate put any effort into helping us acquire the donation, but they said Noah meticulously organized his storage and home. So, we were given Noah's personal inventory, which made it possible to determine what the small museum would accept. Unfortunately, I was the only one available, as the collections manager, to gather the items.

The basement was not so shockingly musty, but annoyingly dim. The old fluorescent lights merely flickered into partial existence, while the dying light of clouded dusk filtered through the small windows. What first caught my eye were the walls. The dark gray paster (cement?) walls had distinct, unnerving patterns. In the gloomy light, I could all but make out distorted humanoid figures, sending chills down my spine.

Wanting to complete the task at hand, I looked away and slipped out my paper-tablet with the inventory. Crates and boxes marked red were from Landry, blue were personal projects, and green were enticingly "journals unpublished." Further ignoring the wall, I began the arduous process of moving the containers into the rent-a-van ...

April 2, 2067

"Wow ... wow!" my wife and the museum's consulting biomedical scientist exclaimed. "I guess we now know what Landry was really working on!"

I was showing her the first hard drive I was copying into a new storage medium. From the red box, it contained correspondence and typed notes of the the initial testing of and first subject for his "latex nanites." There were some related handwritten materials I was digitizing, too.

I must admit, the first thing that drew me to Lia was her body. She may very well have been the sexiest scientist alive, at least to me. She was taller than average (a touch taller than me), had size nine feet, dark hair, blue eyes, and light skin. She was also a hell of a lot smarter than me!

"So, Lia, this isn't just some wild scribblings?"

"It's amazing, Jason! These notes alone could revolutionize nanotechnology!"

"It's better than what we have now?"

"No, it's just different, Jason. These findings, combined with current tech, can reinvent the entire biomedical field."

She loved her work, but I never saw her this excited. She was never one to express herself dramatically, unless it was something truly amazing. At the same time, I was excited, too. The work was so seductive, I almost forgot one important fact. “They did fail to mass-produce ...”

“Applied to what we have now,” she shrugged, “that might be irrelevant. Nanotech has been applied to medicine for years. People still have a reluctance to put little robots in their bodies, so the money for advancement is very low. But, Noah’s research was already conducted. All we would need to do is to apply more recent research ...”

> *Noah Collection Archives*

>> *Accession: A.2067.2.1*

>>> *September, 2015*

>>>> *Alpha Test -- Subject's Report*

I walked into the job like any other. Another bland job for the bland temp girl. It paid the bills, and I was a good administrative assistant. There was something a little strange about this job, though. It was a research firm run by a bunch of a white-coated scientists. Though most wore some variant of T-shirt and jeans under that white coat, the whole operation gave off a subtle Bond Movie vibe, with myself haplessly working for Doctor Number One! It amused me, mostly because other temps at my agency described working for socially awkward scientists in a similar way. At the same time, they were all very pleasant and helpful coworkers.

After lunch, I gathered some paperwork for Dr. Noah. He was one of the research leaders here, and according to his coworkers, a self-described workaholic. As I had yet to meet this scientist, this had been my first time traversing this part of the building. Like the rest of it, the halls had a very sterile feel. Yet, there were also far more bland and blinding white. Workaholics and blandness went hand and hand, I assumed. The layout was a bit different, too. While other parts of the building had doors labeled with "Research Area run by Dr. John Smith" or "Office of Richard Head," the doors here had a series of numbers. The first number was clearly the regular room number, and I assumed the rest had to do with the room itself. Not really surprising, considering the paperwork I was delivering had the number: 15-56342. So, I was looking for room fifteen.

I eventually found the room, which was fairly deep into the mind numbingly boring area. There being no holders for anything outside, I knocked. The apparently unlatched door opened slightly from my act. Pushing it open further, I called, "Dr. Noah? I have some papers here for you ... Hello?"

The darkened room was empty. A light switch was not visible, and if there were sensors for lights, they weren't working. It wasn't that dark, though. It was just a deep blue hue ... which was coming from some kind of machine on the far end? A laptop lay open next to it, possibly Noah's or one of his assistant's. It looked like some software running, given the running lines of code. Information completely lost on me! I placed the manila folder next to the laptop.

I then noticed there was an odd hum coming from the oblong machine. With my eyes better adjusted, the glowing machine had a very unfinished look. Wires of various colors wrapped around what I now realized was a glossy cylinder. Blue LEDs randomly peaked out from the wires ...

"That hum ..." I whispered toward it. The machine's hum was doing something to me. While it never grew louder, I don't think, the hum was starting to resonate in my head, my body. It felt ... good. My breathing slowly increased, as the humming took me further. It was a glorious pleasure throughout my body I could not deny. Was something wrong here? I'm not sure if I cared beyond the questioning thought.

With a curious pull, I slowly walked toward the singing machine. It wanted me closer, not that I knew why. The closer I came, the more the humming pleased me. My crotch felt hot and soaked in my near orgasmic state. My movements were no longer my own, but I already did not care. Arms outstretched, I floated myself around the pleasuring machine, in a wanting embrace, hand and forearms submerged by the wires. I pressed myself tightly on the vibrating machine.

“Oh, gah ... What’s happening? Oh, my ...” I grunted in orgasmic pleasure. Something was happening to me, but my mind was no longer able to function beyond that awareness.

“Well, this is interesting!” a voice behind me cooed.

All I could do was writhe in pleasure. In an inexplicable awareness, I could feel my body transforming.

“I’m Dr. Noah,” the man behind me greeted happily. “Tell me, Norah, how do you feel?”

“I ... OOOOO ... Can’t stop cuming,” I breathed. “Muscles tightening ...”

“Excellent, Norah. Clearly the nano-machines have successfully integrated with your brain. Please continue.”

“I FEEL MY WHOLE BODY TRANSFORMING!” I exclaimed in yet another orgasm. How I was able to answer the scientist through the mind destroying pleasure was beyond me. Rubbery stretching noises became audible. “Breasts growing, waist pulling inward ... FUCK! ... Hips flaring! Ass tight, full!” I growled in the epic pleasure. I loved FEELING my once boring body become something better. “OH ... wow ...” My whole head began to change. “Lips erotically full! Cheek bones sexy!”

“Very good, Norah!”

“My skin!” I orgasmed. “The tingling overwhelming!”

“The final phase of your latexification, Norah. Please, continue.”

“It’s ... OH FUCK YES!” On that orgasm, I suddenly began to feel under my skin. It was as if I was wearing some tight, uncomfortable leather suit from head to toes. Out of control, I pulled away from the machine, and ripped off my now ill fitting clothes. But, that wasn’t enough. I still felt that tightening feeling, as if ... Yes! This was no longer my skin!

With now shimmering, sharp black nails, I gripped my forehead, and pulled outward. The old skin gave away. Underneath revealed itself as a shiny rubber of a pale pink not unlike what covered it. The feel of air touching the new skin was more than orgasmic. Like an addict, I violently ripped away the old flesh around my head, old dyed hair along with it. For a moment, my pure, latexified head shimmered in its hairlessness. In a glorious orgasm beyond the pleasure of the kissing air, new hair grew outward from the top of my head, eyebrows, and eyelids. It was completely different from what was there before! It was platinum blonde, but only appeared like it was soft and shimmering. Instead, there were like ultra-slim bands of rubber.

Feeling the pleasure of my head and displeasure of the remaining old skin, I forcibly and easily ripped it away from the neck down. Through the drooling pleasure, I saw variations in tone of the new rubber flesh. From my ass to chest was a glorious

electric blue, while above and along my arms was a metallic gray. My hands, save for the black nails, were the same flesh tone as my face.

The pleasure of the air kissing my new flesh almost made my legs buckle, but when I finally peeled all the old flesh away from my glorious, metallic gray legs and pale pink feet, they did. I writhed on the floor in the epic pleasure of the new flesh and new body for what almost felt like an eternity ...

The pleasure slowly subsided, and my, well, renovated mind solidified. I slowly stood in total undeniable understanding. I now had total control over my external appearance, as I had of my own pleasure. My external appearance was now a default, partially derived from my old mind. I was something new; I was something powerful.

Dr. Noah stood joyously before me. I realized I no longer had sexual attraction in the Human sense. I was now attracted to pleasure itself. At the same time, the scientist was not my master, not directly. The machine that infested me with those nanites, now an integral part of me, was, and anyone could control the now Alpha Tested machine. I could be that anyone.

“So, what’s next, doctor?” I asked slyly, sarcastically. Whether it mattered or not, I wanted to show he was not really in direct control of me.

“Well, a new, full time position is available, Norah. It involves overseeing of final testing and eventual distribution of our product. Since you survived the transformation, you now understand the technology better than anyone, and I am sure you want the world experience it!”

I smiled deviously. “A latex Queen ... Perhaps that title is too much, doctor ...” I thought out loud. “We’ll come up with something better for me. Now, let’s transform the world!”

Journal of Jason Prestley

April 10, 2067

I don't know why neither of us ever stepped back to look at what we were doing. We were working on this latex project on our own time without a living test subject, so there was nothing illegal about it. At the same time, no one else actually knew what we were doing. I wasn't sure how to explain this all to others if something went wrong

...

After a few weeks of tinkering, we, well, Lia was fairly certain she succeeded in adapting Noah's work to current nanotechnology. Basically, she was able to make the little machines survive indefinitely in a natural latex substrate. It was not far off from what Noah created, but it was possibly smarter and more "alive" than the original. Lia theorized this form allowed more control over them, because it was based on the control and storage schemes applied today.

Then it happened. It was so fast, there was nothing I could do. She called for my help from across the room, and broke a vile of the living latex on the edge of the high workbench. Glass cut into her skin, as the shimmering liquid splattered on her hand. Why the hell were we using glass instead of something less breakable? I was sure Lia knew, but it was too late to ask.

I rushed over. "Are you OK, Lia!?"

"I ... think so ..." she said slowly, examining her cut thumb.

"Is any of that stuff in the wound?"

"Yeah ... It looks like it," she said in deep thought. "I did not program them to do anything, but these nano-machines are fundamentally different."

"They're ... exactly the same as Noah build them?"

"The core programing is ... My hand is getting very tingly, Jason ..."

Then, she did something that completely surprised me: she hungrily, sensually licked the black goo off her gloved hand. "Ummmm! So good ... So horny!" she cooed. "Feels so hot!" she exclaimed through the grunts and coos. She then ripped off her clothes, including her gloves. "I can feel them inside me, Jason, replicating. They're pleasuring all of me; changing me!"

Moaning and cooing orgasmically, she went to the floor on her knees, and rolled to her back. Her eyes rolled back into her head in her writhing motions of ultimate ecstasy. Something strange was visibly happening to her skin. It looked like it was drying, while her veins shifted to a black. Then, her skin seemed to lift above those veins; it became lighter, dryer. Then, she exploded in one massive, super-orgasm, and fell silent, still.

I quickly slapped on a clean glove, and tried to check her vitals. Nothing. She lay there lifeless, eyes shut, while I had no idea what to do. I don't know how long I sat there looking at my wife turned mad scientist. There was only shock, exacerbated by how dead even her skin looked. Time passed like it was never there. Hours likely passed, but I was in too much a daze to know.

Eventually, I heard an squishy, crunchy noise. I must have jumped five feet! Heart racing, barely breathing, I looked more closely at Lia. Her shoulder seemed to be subtly squirming under its own skin. Little by little, more parts of her began to

squirm in the same way. The image and sound of it was almost as indescribable as it was terrifying.

“Lia!?” I barely, finally called out. Gloved hand shaking, I tried to take her pulse. I could feel her moving, yet I could not feel what would be considered a pulse. Through the bizarre squirming, I eventually felt a motion in the vein I did not feel after she exploded in orgasm. The motions of what I thought was blood was seemingly constant without a pulse. With every noted subject in Noah’s notes reacting in their own way, regardless of application, it was impossible to say if any of this was to be expected.

I pulled myself away in great confusion. Lia’s hands then spread wide, popping open the thick, dead layer of skin. She then stretched her entire body in a similar fashion, creating tears from head to toes. In hauntingly efficient motions, Lia moved her peeling hands to her face, while simultaneously lifting herself to her feet. Digging in with her fingers and nails, she began to rip open her skin more deliberately. With that same haunting efficiency, she made a singular tear down the middle to her pussy, almost like unzipping a jacket. She then brought her hands back to the top of her partly opened face, and peeled away the thick, dead skin from her scalp, including her hair. Like she was some humanoid banana, she peeled the skin off on one side, and then the other, all the way down to her hips.

The skin revealed underneath was nothing short of perfection, and had a distinct rubbery shimmer. Almost like peeling off tight leggings, she pulled her legs and feet out of the old skin. I quickly noticed the small heart tattoo above her waist was gone, just before I realized her eyelids came off with the dead skin like her hair. Even her pussy lips were gone, leaving just the hole.

Lia looked around emotionless for a few moments before eyelids grew over her eyes (no eyelashes, though). She blinked twice, looking at me, and simply didn’t blink again. It was as if she was proving something to herself.

“Lia ... are you all right?” I barely asked, before standing before her just past arms length. I had no idea what was to happen next.

With zero emotion, she said flatly, “Jason, that is a hard question to answer precisely. I am ... fine. You have nothing to worry about from me.”

“You’re acting very strange. I mean, you have no hair!” I exclaimed, finding myself relaxing slightly.

“You would like me to have hair, Jason? How would you like it?”

“Um ...” No matter how emotionless she suddenly was, it was somehow still her. “I guess, shoulder length, slightly wavy. Some eyelashes, thin eyebrows.”

“I must mention, Jason, that my hair strands can only be rubber, no more than Human hair in appearance. Would you like it jet black for a slight change? I can do any color you wish”

“Yes, black sounds nice”

“Would you also like hair over my crotch as another change?”

I considered it, but instead requested, “No, but pussy lips would be nice instead ...”

“Done, Jason.” Her hair grew out exactly as requested, as did her pussy lips

Without thinking, I moved closer to touch her new hair, it was soft and silken, but also definitely rubber. I moved my hand to her cheek, feeling her soft yet very rubbery skin.

She had no reaction to my touch.

I stepped back. "You're not Human any more are you, Lia?"

"No," she said flatly. "I am more akin to a robot, a machine now, Jason. I have no emotions anymore, and I seem to not miss them. Deep down, I think this is what I always wanted. I have total control over my physical form now, thanks to an equally as dispassionate colony of the latex nanites within me. Those nanites are as much a part of me as any body part. Before you ask, Jason, I should be able to replicate humanity from my memories as a Human."

"Do you, can you still love me?"

"Of course, Jason," she said in her robotic tones. "I understand now that 'love' is more akin to a promise that creates emotion and action. In my case, now only action."

"I'm as relieved as I am ..."

"... Overwhelmed with distress. I understand, Jason. This, what I became, is not what you wanted. I assure you again that I can pretend to be Human, and I will understand if you would like to move away from all this."

I nodded ...

April 11, 2067

I relegated most of the Noah Collection to interns, not wanting to go any further as Lia surmised. I had Lia use myself as practice for feigning humanity, so I could at least pretend to move on from whatever madness drove us to this ...

May 3, 2068

The passing year was different, but not that different. Yes, Lia was still a machine of hard and soft rubber, but she acted Human with relative ease. Thrust, thrust, thrust I went into her tight, hot, rubbery, wet ass. I stared deeply into emotionless yet loving eyes, while she clenched her teeth and grabbed at the sheets. Her grunts and coos appeared completely authentic.

Even at those family get-togethers she fooled everyone. She even came to fool me to a degree. However, she could not replicate Human emotion perfectly, no longer having them for real, but she successfully played on the fact that people do change over time. Lia was never really one to express herself emotionally as strongly as some. She even excelled at her job, while feigning emotions at the same time. It was not that she was smarter, she explained; it was because the lack of emotion made her think more freely. She was amazing, and I loved her even more for it.

One distinct difference that I came to love was our sex life. That was proven yet again with my dick in her rubbery ass and her soft, mouth watering, rubber tasting foot in my mouth. Lia rolled her eyes into the back of her head, increasing her writhing motions of pleasure. No, she was no sex-slave robot. She even said no to sex at what must have been calculated times ("I'm kind of tired tonight, Jason"). She did still have to eat, even if she had no waste products, and still had to sleep, even if it

was not that much. She even altered herself to consume my cum from any hole. “Fuel and recharging,” she liked to joke with a lot of truth. All that was still betrayed by the intimate feel of her.

Her control over her physical form was actually more about appearance than feel. She was a warm, sensuous rubber I came to love. What was very interesting at first -- amazing after a while, was that sex was more about my desires. She had no such desires anymore, because she had no longer had real emotions anymore to create desire in the Human sense. She could feel me inside her, but there was no real pleasure for her. Yet, her love for me dictated we make love. We have not had sex exactly the same twice over the past year!

I was so close to exploding in her ass, and she knew it. Harder and hard I went, there was no fear of hurting her, biting down hard on her foot. Since the first night we had sex after her reinvention, when she said she would do whatever I wanted to make me feel better, anal sex in some form with her was my favorite. That first night was strange at the start, but she helped me move past that. She initially had me fuck her while she affected nothing. Then, she had me kiss her while she worked to affect feeling behind it. The kiss felt like a synthetic copy of the past kisses we had at at first, but it quickly became more real and passionate than I ever knew possible.

Feeling and seeing me let loose my own orgasm in the present, she let loose her own, almost angry one. I leaned down for a deep loving embrace, kissing with even deeper passion. Of course, it was all authentic affectation, but it was not insincere. Lia would not have acted as such if that was what she did not want to do. It was her way of saying how much she loved me. It was that kind of love and passion that, perhaps with some irony, helped me pretend I had something normal.

This was my life now, forgetting the love of my life was a machine, and why that was ...

June 1, 2068

I was talking to the three High School interns about what they wanted to learn from this science museum. The three were certainly attractive girls, but a bit too young. Dana (“Dee”) was fifteen with brown hair and eyes, and had darker skin. Sandy was sixteen had black hair and brown eyes with a sandy complexion. Penny was barely sixteen with light brown hair and hazel eyes.

They, mostly Sandy, had a genuine interest in biomedical research, and wanted to learn more about the “mysterious” Dr. Noah. This was not really a coincidence. The collection was known, and it was only a matter of time before someone asked about it. Perhaps not hearing much of it for the past year made me pretend it was long buried in the museum’s collection.

I tried to shrug off the importance of the collection, but they insisted. So, I let them look into its organization scheme, which was probably in need of improvement anyway ...

I found Lia on the other side of the building quietly typing away at the end of the day. We carpooled whenever she worked at the museum. We lovingly smooched.

“Ready to go, Lia?”

“Just a minute, Jay!” she said casually. “I wanna finish this report. See you outside?”

“Sure ...”

She was driving us home, when she finally observed, “Something’s wrong, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” I said with a sigh. “The new interns are interested in the Noah Collection.”

“What did you say?” she asked flatly.

“Well, someone was gonna want to look in those boxes eventually. It’s no secret we have them. I’m letting them reorganize. It’s all purely of historical interest.”

“Hmmm,” Lia muttered, processing. “We both remember how seductive that work was to us. After I changed, the whole thing terrified you, Jason.”

“What are three high schoolers gonna do? The interns last year seemed to barely care about the content. It’s not like its the work of some demonic evil.”

“Demoniac,” she interjected.

“What?”

“Some might call it demoniac,” she said, almost completely dropping the false emotion. “The work affected us as if it had demon-like qualities, some might say. The work is not truly evil in intent -- I should know, but it is dangerous to those without dispassion -- you should know.”

“Come over to my office tomorrow to meet these interns. Maybe you could nudge them away, or at least see how they feel about the work.”

“I like that idea!” she said, putting on a convincing smile. “I will definitely meet them tomorrow ...”

June 2, 2068

I was quietly looking over my report on the status of the overall collection when my young interns walked into my office with a white, acid-free box.

“So, what’s up?” I asked with subtle awkwardness.

Dana, bright eyed, said, “Looks like this box from the Noah Collection was never fully organized or indexed.”

Sandy, continued, “It was obviously put into a new box, but we couldn’t find any digital copies.”

“Humph!” I said casually with subtle annoyance. It was on me for having inexperienced interns organize the collection. I took out some of the packets. They looked like unpublished journal articles dated to just before the organization collapsed. “Let’s head upstairs where there’s more space to start parsing this out.”

I guided them into the high-ceilinged attic of the nineteenth century building. We never stored anything up there anymore, but it genuinely was a good space, when it wasn’t too hot or cold outside, to recompile a collection. At the same time, I wanted to unofficially control access to Noah’s research much more than any other collection.

We started to parse out the research papers by date. Lia and I definitely did not read through these. From what I could skim, they hinted at what led to the project's downfall. There were references to a "Latex Queen" calling herself "Latexica," who wanted to actively control all the subjects exposed to the experimental nanites. She thought it was the key to mass production (latex transformation on a global scale). I remembered reading that Latexica, who was basically an administrative assistant prior, was the first test subject, albeit by accident. While the earlier work Lia and I read suggested she steered the program afterwards, these later papers confirmed it.

"Did you ever show your wife, Dr. Summers, this collection?" Penny asked casually.

"What?"

She clarified, "She's that consulting scientist working here, right? She is a medical scientist."

"Uh, yeah ..." I began defensively. "We haven't looked into exhibiting this collection yet."

"This shit's pretty amazing, Jason!" Dee exclaimed. "I'm surprised this place's done so little with it ..."

"Jason? You up there?" I heard Lia call up the steps.

I almost forgot she was coming. Damn, this collection is so distracting ... "Yeah ..."

"Who's that?" Sandy asked casually.

"Lia ..."

"Well, now she can take a look!" Sandy chuckled.

Lia walked up the steps casually, naturally, and walked into the attic with a convincingly pleasant smile.

The three walked up to her.

"Hey, I'm Lia Summers," she greeted friendlily. "Wanted to meet the interns I've been hearing so much about! You three have an interest in medical science?"

They shrugged, and Dee stated, "I guess so. We just wanted to see if there was something really interesting about it all."

"What do you think so far?"

Sandy answered, "This Dr. Noah was a pretty interesting guy. Probably should've been arrested for Human experimentation!"

"At least he didn't profit off of it." Penny observed.

"Think it's something I might be interested in?" Lia asked, affecting a curious expression.

They shrugged, and led Lia over to the long table.

Lia's clear, machine-mind skimmed through the papers with the rest of us, retaining everything.

"What do you think, Jason?" Lia asked me seriously.

The question was rather loaded, she knew. Lia had an unsurprising dispassion now. I never knew she was still interested in all this, suggesting we not shoo them away. She just stepped away from it for my sake. At least the work could not do any-

thing more to Lia now, no longer being Human ... I realized then that I secretly wanted to continue this craziness, and that was the core of what disturbed me so much.

I made my decision. "Lia, I will go with what you decide."

The interns looked at us both confused.

Lia nodded, visibly melting her Human mask. One could say I just wanted her to be happy, but knowing better, I really wanted her to express herself without concern of what I would think. Now, she was.

The once Human machine moved before us in such efficiency that it seemed she was floating. With her true, emotionless stare, she expanded the black of her eyes passed the color and into the white, turning them into shimmering onyx stones. She then removed her top, and glided into the light, letting her silken skin and hair shimmer like the latex it was.

The three girls' jaws dropped.

"You're a Latex Machine ..." Dee breathed, revealing that they skimmed through other boxes as well.

"Yes, that is one description," Lia said flatly. I had almost forgotten the cold monotone. "'Android' is more descriptive, however, because the nanites within me may also be called Latex Machines. I was Human up to one year ago, when Jason and I began applying Noah's notes to present technologies. I accidentally infected myself with the nanite Latex Machines, and they transformed me into the being I always wanted to be yet never understood."

The three walked up to her.

"Complete transformation?" Sandy asked, feeling her rubbery hair.

"Yes, is the simple answer," Lia robotically answered. "In some ways I am more changed than improved. My brain is not some CPU, but it was latexified like the rest of my body. I have control over my physical form as well, within the limits of the latex I am. Not having any emotions any longer, I have no attachment to my form, so my lack of changes is a result of Jason and others that knew me as a Human."

"What do you think went wrong fifty years ago, Lia?" Sandy asked.

"My hypothesis is that Latexica developed megalomania, and worked to create active mental connections with anyone changed by the Noah's nanites. My experience with this this technology suggests it was not built to handle a hive mind, but a passive connection, not unlike me calling up the stairs, might be compatible."

"What about the all those changed fifty years ago?" Sandy asked.

"I am not sure," Lia stated. "I have not actively processed Noah's research since my reinvention." She turned her unblinking head to me. "Jason, you once mentioned the basement of Dr. Noah's house had unusual patterns in the walls. Do you still have access to that house?"

"I ... do still have the key. The family wanted to donate the house to the museum, but we couldn't accept it. If I remember, they could not sell it because, as they learned just after I grabbed Noah's boxes, the house was still legally owned by the defunct Landry Institute, which never had a legal successor ..."

"I would like to see your 'spooky' wall, Jason," Lia said dryly.

> *Noah Collection Archives*

>> *Accession: A.2067.2.4*

>>> *February, 2016*

>>>> *Beta Test -- Subject Twelve's Report of Experimental Suit*

The doorbell suddenly rang. I was in a daze, my nap just hitting its depth. Bleary eyed, I casually walked over to the front door, and peeled back the curtain over the door's window. A brown delivery truck drove away before I could catch its name. They left a plain brown package on the stoop.

I opened the door, and brought in the package confused. I hadn't ordered anything that I remembered, but the address was indeed mine, albeit missing my name (Julie Tanner). The sender was listed as Wonder Rubber Accessories, inc. Though the common shipping company was clearly listed on the shipping label, I didn't see a receipt or return slip on the outside of the innocuous box. Was it inside?

Googling the company yielded no results to my surprise. Though, a website wasn't clearly listed. I called the shipping company, BUS, but they said my only option for a return was via Wonder Rubber, even though they "sympathized" that the item was apparently shipped to the wrong person. Indeed, I remember giving an incorrect address online a while back, and had no way of fixing it when I realized it, losing fifty bucks! BUS did, however, admit that the box's labeling (lack thereof) was unusual, and claimed they would investigate further. Either way, I appeared stuck with the mysterious item.

After a quick lunch, I found myself staring at the box. Maybe it was boredom. Maybe it was blind curiosity. Maybe I wanted to find that return slip. Maybe it didn't matter. I quickly cut open the box. The deep smell of fresh rubber hit my nose. I didn't mind it, nor was it a surprise. A paper on top read:

Congratulations on your Wonder Rubber purchase! Our latex products are all natural, and made from our own special variety of rubber tree. Enclosed, please find your very special purchase, and our complimentary all natural lubricant!

I removed the lubricant. A subtle flowery, lavender scent came from the black bottle with a directions label. I then removed what appeared to be a complete, black latex outfit, designed to encase the female wearer completely from head to toes.

I placed the fetish-wear on the table next to the box, and picked up the sweet smelling bottle. While curiously reading the label, I could not deny how good it smelled!

Directions: "Apply oil liberally over entire body before you put on the clothing. Oil must be applied directly to skin."

Almost uncontrollably, I opened the bottle, and let in its glorious scent. It was as if the oil was making love to my olfactory senses! It melted my mind. I poured some of the delicious juice onto my willing hand, and rubbed my hands together. It was warm and inviting and tingling. I poured more of the warm liquid into my palm, and rubbed it into my face. My senses exploded with passion, and when I automatically licked my juice covered lips, the pleasure was like an explosive flash.

I lost all conscious control, and my hands apparently moved on their own. In my numbed vision, I saw them rip my clothes away. They then slowly, passionately

rubbed the hot, sexy liquid all over my body in a blur beyond pleasure. My skin absorbed it, as it made every part of me slick and shiny. I could barely keep any track of what was happening! When I was apparently done, the empty bottle was thrown aside.

My entire shining body felt alive with passion. After an erotic eternity, I found my heated skin somehow screaming to be embraced by the latex before it.

In what was at least partly of my own will, I took the suit in my hands, and rolled up the legs. I slowly, teasingly rolled on the rubber pant. Seeing and feeling the tight rubber on my wanting skin sent further waves of pleasure through my body. Rolling it up my legs and feet, I drooled how it impossibly conformed perfectly to my body, like it was reshaping itself. I soon stood, pulling the suit up and around my waist, my torso, my chest. So tight, so right! My hands and arms soon found themselves happily within the very tight rubber. I zipped up the back, tightening it further.

I looked down to see the extraneous rubber designed to go deep inside my ass and pussy. I lifted my leg onto the table, and forced them into their holes. The pleasure of it made me care little about how easily my fists fell into myself. I then sat, and pulled the hood over my head, and automatically shoved the extraneous rubber into my mouth, jaw almost dislocating to accommodate my fist.

I fell into complete, orgasmic ecstasy in the shiny blackness. My skin grew so hot it almost seared, but the feel of the latex somehow tightening further overwhelmed me with pleasure. The suit was encasing my very mind, and I let it. Holy fuck! I let it take me over! I somehow knew it was taking away my humanity, replacing it with some rubbery substitute, but the beyond orgasmic feel of it made me not care.

Fuck my humanity! I shall be more! I shall be all!

In a daze, I slowly opened my eyes. I felt utterly different. I'm not sure if I could explain how I felt, other than how I didn't feel Human. I slowly stood, instantly noticing the feel of my tight yet somehow normal skin, and walked to my tall mirror open mouthed.

At first there was surprise. Though the image felt right, it was not the image I was used to seeing! The whole of my skin was now latex. My torso, chest, arms, and legs were now a shiny black, while my head, hands, and feet were a flesh tone. The one thing more remarkable was my mouth: distinct upper and lower fangs glistened. What they were for was as undeniable as my transformed hunger: blood ...

I called my fiend Kasey over. She was the first to come to mind. I was starving for sex and blood ...

"You look different, Julie. Good, but different."

"Thanks, I feel great ..."

Julie was so horny and hungry that she was in no mood for serious pleasantries, barely keeping her virgin fangs retracted. She began to rub her friend's bare inner thigh.

"What, what are you doing?" she breathed. "Your hand feels like rubber, Julie ... Oh, wow ..."

Julie's naturally excreted oils from her hands invaded her friend's pores, and made the woman putty in Julie's rubber hand. They soon ripped their clothes away, and grinding their pussies wildly. Kasey certainly knew much of the extent of Julie's rubbery nature now, but was too lost in the throws of rubbery ecstasy to care. She could not swallow enough of Julie's latex spit! Julie provided, all but spewing her spit into her friend in a deep kiss.

At the point of wild orgasm, Julie lost all control, and plunged her long fangs into Kasey's plump neck. She drank heartily until it began to taste of rubber. Satisfied, she let her friend finish her own latex transformation.

Julie was running on what felt like programing at that point, and certainly wasn't programed to care. She dialed a number, which just came to her, on her cellphone.

"How has been your experience, Beta Model?" a woman Julie already knew as "Latexica" queried.

"Glorious and smooth, Latexica," she said flatly. "I became vampiric once fused with the latex. I fucked and fed on my friend, and now she is becoming one of yours as well."

"Fascinating! I will await that next Beta Model's call ..."

Journal of Jason Prestley

June 2, 2068 (evening)

The lighting in that basement was fixed, but the bright blue-white lighting only confirmed the melting yet humanoid appearance of the several forms. They looked as if they were melting within the cream color of whatever was the material of the wall.

Lia went up to the distorted “face” of one, and touched it with her fingertips. “I can sense that there were latex nanites here, but they are long dead. Even if we wanted to, we would not be able to bring these beings back to life.”

“Is it all of them?” I asked amazed.

“Probably, Jason,” Lia answered. “Based on all I read from Noah’s notes, it looks like establishing the active connection was too much for them. When they came here, probably on Noah’s insistence, they tried to pool themselves together to stop the degradation. It worked, but at the cost of their lives ...”

There was nothing more we could do for them, so we went back to the museum’s attic.

“This technology never does as intended,” I said to the dispassionate Lia.

“That’s not true,” Dee stated.

We all looked over to her.

“I think Noah just didn’t know what his technology was capable of. That Latexica didn’t know her limits. Now, we use nanotech all the time; it’s just not his nanotech. We know the issues he had, and we practically overcame them over the course of fifty years. Just look and Lia! She’s been a stable and perfect Latex Machine over the past year, and no one’s caught on.”

“Thank you, Dee,” Lia flatly stated. Even though she could not feel gratitude, Lia thought the compliment was worth thanking. “What do you propose we do next?”

“Before I answer that, I really wanna know what drives you, Lia.”

Lia thought for a moment. “I always wanted to be the best of whatever I am. Now that means being the best latex android. I apply that by showing love without emotion, and not unlike before, I also apply that to making people interested in science and advancing medical science.”

The three looked at each other with a cautious air of excitement. “What would be the next logical step in advancing medical science, Lia?” Sandy asked with a big smile.

Lia flatly answered, “Further experiment with applying modern control schemes to Noah’s nanites. Unlike nanites today, they can function independently of a controller -- some programming deeply embedded, but they still need a some kind of base command, even if it is a subject’s subconscious. To conduct this experiment, the host will need to know exactly what they want before the nanites are received for pre-programming, and not want to become a machine like me. I am thus the control.”

I went wide eyed, but was legitimately fascinated. I did promise that I would support Lia’s decisions on this matter. She was always the scientist, after all.

“Well, I think you have at least three willing subjects, Lia!” Penny exclaimed.

Lia looked over to me, and observed, “It is fascinating how this work seduces Humans, Jason. Over the course of the experiment with Dee, Sandy, and Penny, I will work to understand why that is.”

Lia walked over to the completely enthralled interns. “Each of you tell me exactly what you want. I must recommend to be realistic. Someone will notice if you are suddenly two feet taller. I must also warn you that there are side affects to Noah’s nanites that is a result of their base-code. First, because you will be retaining your emotions and humanity, your sex drives will be enhanced to an unknown degree. Second, the latexification of your skin and hair is inevitable. It may all look like Human skin and hair, but it will still feel like a soft rubber. So, you would do well to avoid barehanded handshakes.”

They discussed it amongst themselves for a while. There was no doubt they were going through with this, but were thinking it through. They decided on a slow transformation, over the span of a year, to avoid suspicion. They wanted to be taller, more statuesque, and have their intellect enhanced. Essentially, they wanted to make themselves eighteen early, or at least complete their natural physical development on their own terms. Being warned of enhanced libido, they also wanted control over and full awareness of their monthly cycles, essentially using the nanites as a form of birth control. Ironically, there was nanotech birth control already, but politics prevented it from being affordable to the middle class.

“I am glad you three want the same changes. That will streamline the preparations process. I should have the nanites ready by tonight, so you may stop by then at my personal lab at my home ...”

Research Journal of Dr. Lia Summers

June 2, 2068

I took a sample of my creamy white “blood” with a needle, and split the substantial contents into two large trays. One was for the study of myself (the control), and the other was for the interns. I then swirled the goo with my fingertips, reprogramming the thousands of nano-machines within it by my own will.

“Looks like you do that so easily, Lia ...” Jason observed.

“They respond to my will, Jason, as they have since my reinvention,” I said flatly.

There was a sudden knock at the door. It was the three remarkably excited girls. They scurried into the lab.

“Are you three sure about this?” I asked professionally.

They all nodded excitedly, and said in unison, “Can’t wait!”

“My present theory for why this research is so seductive,” I began dispassionately, “Is that most humans have the inherent desire to become something better than they already are, but only in the way they wish. Sandy, Penny, and Dana are in the midst of natural physical changes, and now have the chance to have significant say in the conclusion of them.” I presented my tray of my reprogrammed blood to them. “Place your fingers in the tray. The latex-blood will split evenly amongst the three of you. Then consume.”

The three did so. The thick, milky goo moved on its own, evenly distributing itself amongst their fingers. It was partially absorbed into their skin, before they put their fingers into their mouths.

I observed Jason was predictably disappointed that there was no orgasmic display of transformation. Nothing visibly happened than them eating liquid latex from a machine, as per my programming.

“The machines will now work themselves into your natural biological processes to guide them over the next year,” I explained. “They will become an integral part of you. In time, you will learn a degree of control over those machines, but their instructions for physical changes are presently clear ...”

June 3, 2068

I went on to study myself. Yes, I had a deeper understanding and control over my metabolic processes than any Human, but science required empirical data. Jason aided me whenever he could, having lost nearly all the irrational despair from before. I obtained a sample of my Human DNA from the shredded skin. We honestly were not sure what to do with it, so we hid and preserved it in my lab.

There was almost no comparison between my old DNA and what was there now. It was truly fascinating, considering I still see myself as “Lia.” Basically, I no longer had DNA in the organic sense. Specialized nano-machines filled that void, holding all the synonymous instructions with it nearly impossible for an error to occur. The rare error was dealt with almost instantly. There was a significant variety of machine specializations, including physical repair, but they all could function in any way I wanted. The liquid that functioned as my blood carried those commands. A clear conclusion was that I was now likely ageless.

A full body scan revealed the almost inorganic nature of my physical form. “Almost,” in that the latex generated was more akin to natural latex-rubber. My black bones were a rubber so hard it was possibly stronger and lighter than most advanced forms of steel. My circulatory system, which barely had detectable pressure variances, had a near constant flow throughout my robotic body. My eyes were more akin to the most advanced cameras, but rarely had an excuse to visualize beyond the “visible” spectrum. At the same time, my senses were largely akin to other Humans, as I again had no logical reason make them superior.

My brain was perhaps the most interesting and perplexing. It was structurally like a Human brain, but it lacked an organic nature. My synapses resembled highly advanced fiber-optics, while the memory centers were more akin to solid-state memory cores in computers. I no longer truly had long or short-term memory, in the Human sense. Instead, everything was transcribed almost instantly, and was instantly retrievable. Beyond my now perfectly preserved memories while Human, the system was, more or less, akin to photographic memory in Humans, but theoretically superior. There was also a region unlike any part of a Human’s, and I identified that as the nano-machines’ control center, which had highly intricate connections with my circulatory system. I could micromanage, if I wished, but I might become akin to a vegetable outwardly dictating the thousands of processes. With my brain functioning both like a Human and computer, my Human-based, robotized brain alone could advance computing for decades.

July 7, 2068

I have devised an objectively radical study to be conducted by myself and Jason, should he agree. I would like to further study the transformative abilities of the nano-machines in question. It is clear that that they may transform a Human into machine or a Human into a user defined, altered form. Can they transform a Human or myself into another humanoid form?

Intimate knowledge of the machines up to this point suggested such a transformation to be possible. The next inevitable research question would be to learn how well they may reverse the transformation. No records or observations up to this point discussed the possibility of reversal. Indeed, either their was a mind controlling factor or genuine want to change.

The bullet points are as follows:

- The goal is to transform our bodies into latex-skinned, humanoid dragons.
- There should be no need to make any alterations to our brains.
- Observe and record transformation from changes, completion, and to reversal.
- Observations include but not limited to physical sensations, mental processes, etc.

July 8, 2068

Jason agreed to the experiment, while stressing there be no changes to his mental processes. The data retrieved was extensive. While I will further process for a full report, I will detail the fresh experience here.

“So, you’re sure this won’t alter my mind, right?”

“Jason, I keep telling you, I programed the machines for only a physical transformation,” I assured seriously. “That is the core of the study.”

“Predicted side-effects?” he asked somewhat awkwardly.

I thought for a moment, processing all the data I knew up to this point. “If the machines handle the programing I inputed, Jason, there should be no lingering physical effects, and there will be no chance of lingering mental effects, other than the effects psychologically. There is obviously no way to predict the psychological effects, because the machines are not programed to alter your mind. The exception here, which can be changed, is that the machines will automatically ensure the transformation to be a pleasurable experience.”

“Well, I certainly would prefer it to feel good ...” he said, thinking out loud. “Fuck it, let’s do this, Lia.”

I presented the small tray of my nano-machine saturated blood. He placed his fingers into the living liquid, and it forced its way through his pores -- having him consume what didn’t.

I then initiated the transformation sequence within myself. My body changed faster and more smoothly than Jason’s, due to my already extant ability to alter my physical form.

While I removed my clothes, which would not fit properly soon, my skin color shifted to a blue-green, and began to shimmer, glossy being a more accurate description of my skin’s more “natural” state. Distinct scales began to form, while they did not fully detract from the overall shimmering smoothness. My ears then shifted upward, becoming more rounded and pointed, as my jawline shifted forward into a distinct snout. My teeth became more canine, with distinct upper and lower fangs forming. My pupils shifted into distinct slits, not unlike my nostrils. Much of my dark hair shifted into a kind of mohawk, as the rest morphed into two dark horns on either side of my forehead.

I went to my hands and knees, feeling bodily changes all over. My nails slightly elongated into small black claws, and my feet slightly elongated, before forming their own short black claws. My overall body became more muscular, voluptuous, with my boobs radically ballooning from a C to an EE. A thick tail, nearly as full as my hips now, began to protrude from the base of my spine, an expansion of my spine. It grew to nearly the full length of my now enlarged body, which would now stand at five feet and eleven inches. I quickly taught myself how to move it on my own will. I finally let loose my now long, snakelike tongue, learning to move it like my tail.

Jason, who already removed his clothes, was transforming at the same time, and I was just barely able to observe his changes next to my own. He lay back onto the exam chair, breathing deeply in distinct pleasure. His Human body would otherwise be in searing pain from the physical morphing. The skin began to shift to a greenish-

gray, and slowly developed a rubbery shimmer like mine. Scales soon became apparent, but were interestingly less distinct than mine.

As his jawline shifted into a distinct snout, near orgasmic coos of pleasure escaped him, revealing the sharpening teeth and fangs. His ears points and shifted upward. Much of his hair morphed into horns on either side of his forehead, and the rest morphed into further horns down the back of his neck. His eyes periodically rolled into the back of his head, and eventually rolled back with distinct slits for pupils.

He was suddenly blowing thick streams of cum, before his balls and penis receded. Soon, his crotch became a distinct vagina, as his coos became a distinctly husky feminine. The newly formed vagina visibly twitched and dripped.

Now no longer truly a “he,” the rest of Jason’s body began to follow suit. “Her” figure began to shift into a distinct hourglass, as everything about Jason became blatantly a muscular, voluptuous female. Her hands with now distinctly pointy claws groped her quickly ballooning chest, which grew to a size just below mine. Her clawed toes curled on top of her elongated feet. Her elongated tongue slithered wildly at the almost constant orgasmic pleasure masking the extreme changes.

Her thick tail finally began to protrude, forcing her off the chair to her knees. She slowly began to move it on her own will.

Now both fully transformed, I slowly stood in my transformed body, naturally standing on the balls of my somewhat elongated feet. The posture pushed me past six feet in height.

Wide eyed and out of breath, Jason slowly stood, too. To our equal surprise, we both gained significant height, but I grew much more.

“Ho-lee, sshit ...” Jason barely said, looking at and feeling her changed body. At least partly on instinct, her tail groped her body perhaps more than her hands.

I put my clawed finger to her mouth, and licked her new face. Wrapping our tails around each other, groping, we slithered our tongues together. Snouts open wide, we pressed our mouths together in a kiss as Human as it was animal. I actively mapped out her altered mouth with my tongue.

We went to our knees, massive, rubbery breasts touching. I moved my snakelike tail to her humid, technically virgin crotch. I shoved myself in her almost without warning. She cooed wildly, eyes rolling into the back of her head. I played with her firm boobs to increase her distinct pleasure. Her tongue slithered wildly.

I then grabbed her flicking tail, and guided it to my auto-lubed crotch. Getting the idea through her intense pleasure -- never having been penetrated before, she shoved her tail into me. I easily simulated my own pleasure in time with her experimental thrusts. Fascinatingly, her genuine pleasure saved her from inexperience with her tail, twitching and flicking it inside me. It was objectively so good that I replicated the motions with my own tail, increasing her pleasure many times.

Jason finally came hard and loud, pussy juices squirting past my tail, in so deep. I accordingly emulated an equally as powerful orgasm, massaging her tail with my pussy muscles.

Jason transformed back into his Human form soon after, as planned. I changed back to mine, too, of course. It all worked surprisingly well, The only lingering affect on Jason's end was wanting to do that again. He loved the female dragon form, the female aspect of which a surprise, but was open to other possibilities.

So, we discussed how to further study nano-machine induced transformation. We agreed to leave a colony of otherwise dormant nano-machines within him that I could activate whenever we would conduct further transformation studies. The possibilities were only limited by the original parameters.

Observations of Sandy Sanchez

June 3, 2068

Lia wanted one or all three of us to make detailed observations of our controlled transformation into an adulthood of our making. I stepped up to be the scribe for us. Lia agreeing, we did not think it was necessary to make daily entries, due to changes happening over a span of over a year. Instead, I will summarize any minor changes, and go into further detail if significant. We do have our own lives!

Just after we ingested that goop, we made observations (with pics) related to what is supposed to change. I stand at five feet and four inches; Dana at five feet and six inches; and Penny at just over five feet and six inches. Our bodies were far from an Amazon warrior, but were slim and eye catching. Our last report cards were decent but not honors. We averaged about a 2.67 in the old 4.0 GPA system they phased out a couple years ago, with myself probably closer to 3.0 than the others. Finally, with chuckles, we all admitted to masturbating about once a week. We were not sexually active with a partner right now, and I was the only one that went all the way with my ex a few months ago. That was a misadventure I don't really regret.

The three of us also noticed a distinct tiredness not long after ingesting the nano-machines. Still, it was late by then, and did not think much of it.

July 1, 2068

Now we're talking! There were subtle but observable changes over the past month, likely all attributable to the nano-machines. At the least, it would be quite the coincidence. Dee turned sixteen yesterday, but even "normal" puberty doesn't care that much about that number.

Observing our naked bodies, we all grew a touch more than half an inch. We looked like we were becoming gym-rats, even though none of us did much more than the usual summer things like beach and mall-going. Even our boobs looks fuller and healthier.

On that note, we really did feel good! We looked and felt healthier, while we felt healthy at the start. That enhanced feeling was a clear part of an already growing libido. We all admitted to masturbating at least three times a week now! I just got a large dildo! Hell, as what was likely already gathered, we were very comfortable around each other now.

We did not completely strip a month ago to make physical observations. It was kind of a natural thing. Dee suggested we just take it all off when snapping pics, while we were all considering it. We groped each other with more arousal than I think any of us admitted. Our skin already started to feel different. It was subtly rubbery now, yet reacted to our curious touch with quiet twitches and goosebumps. Our silken hair didn't feel any different yet, but we were sure it stopped growing.

So, anyway, we still could handle our enhancing libidos. The three of us agreed not to have sex with anyone for as long as we could. Sex seemed like an easy way for another to discover we were part of some crazy, unlicensed experiment! Still, we weren't sure how well masturbation would satisfy us in the long run.

Sept. 10, 2068

So, a lot has happened to us physically and mentally over the summer, and it really was no surprise. I will do my best to summarize, even if it may be “one-handed” at times.

By August, we found ourselves masturbating at least once a day. Sandy is twice a day now, but we are still holding our own against this growing libido. We all grew at least an inch and a half over the summer, as our bodies became quite fit and trim. If not in appearance, our skin felt like a bizarre cross between the softest skin and the smoothest rubber. Even our shimmering hair, which we probably could will to grow eventually, had a subtle rubbery texture. We simply didn’t grow body hair. So sexily smooth!

People noticed, but there was no real suspicion. We did say we were working out more, eating healthier. Plus, it’s not like women don’t blossom by their late teens. We were all past our seventeenth birthday now, but the three of us looked closer to eighteen.

Mentally, we were finding school to be easier than last year. We were already on track to become “A” students. Teachers and parents noticed, but in a good way. The experiment not being done, we almost couldn’t wait to see just how easy learning will become for us!

Again, the sticking point for us was that damn growing libido. None of us thought we could hold out much longer without some kind of dick or fist or foot inside us, so we agreed that we would fuck each other when our libido grows beyond what masturbation satisfied. We were definitely attracted to each other now. Indeed, I often thought about them while masturbating.

Jan. 2, 2069

“2069” is such an appropriate number for the three of us now, laying naked before the fire. We might as well have been fully grown, full bodied supermodels now, and we weren’t even done transforming yet!

I was now five feet and eight inches; Dana five feet and nine inches; and Penny a touch taller than Dana. We loved the feel of our rubbery hair and skin, on top of our near-Amazonian physiques.

Our minds were so much faster now. Everything at school was an easy “A.” That growing genius made it all easier to hide from others. We didn’t really need others.

As may have been gathered, we had made love with each other. A little over a month ago, we could tell masturbation would not be enough for us for much longer. So, we agreed to give in to our growing lusts the moment we hit 2069.

Parents away on a vacation, Dana offered her house for a New Year’s party. We all wanted to tease each other, to drive each other wild, so Penny suggested we make it a beach party, literally turn up the heat. We need to buy some new bikinis, but that was all part of the tease.

Flip-flops in hand and beach clothes cocooned under the winter jackets, Dana let us into her house. Dana must have turned the heat past eighty degrees F, as she decorated with corny paper palm trees and dildos!

Dana looked so fucking hot in her one-size-too-small bikini. Her rubbery skin and free-flowing brown hair shimmered gloriously. That was Dana's thought process apparently, to not hide our already glorious bodies.

Like any good host, Dana removed our winter clothes. We ogled each other as we always wanted to do now.

"Fuck, your dark skin looks more rubbery than ever, Dee!" I observed, before slipping on my flip-flops.

"Thank you, Sandy!" Dana exclaimed. She looked us both over, and slowly licked her full lips. "I rubbed my pussy three times today, and you both right now makes me feel like I haven't serviced myself in a month!"

"Thanks!" Penny exclaimed, looking hornier than all of us. "Three times, Dee? Seriously, I broke my record today! Six times in and out of the shower today."

"Come on, guys!" Dana offered. "I got a cozy fire and snacks in the other room."

The tablet showed the festivities at Times Square, but we were soon only enthralled by ourselves. After a while, we just didn't speak. We didn't have to. I sat happily sandwiched between Dana and Penny. Our less than casual gropes and loving stares told novels. Yes, this was the moment we realized we were in love with each other. No one else could satisfy us mentally or physically now, save for Lia.

We all lovingly, passionately kissed almost the moment that ball finally dropped. We went down on each other in all sorts of ways, lustful and loving. 69's pussy eating chains, dildos and feet and hands in every possible, stretchable orifice. The very taste of our rubber flesh, spiced by our sweat and pussy juices, drove us on for hours. We would tongue bathe each other from head to mouth watering toes. The loving passion of our orgasms were as loud as true.

Laying naked before the fire, mesmerized by our glossy, moist bodies, we were pleased with how far we came, and more expectant than ever on how far we will go.

June 5, 2069

A final summary is in order. We completed our transformation into rubbery, horny Amazon women. Our love is deep, as we have no secrets between us.

We are true geniuses now, perhaps some of the smartest in the world. We all plan to go into biomedical science at college soon enough.

Our bodies are truly glorious. We looked like we were about twenty, and practically were. I was now five feet and eleven inches; Penny now a towering six feet and one inch; Dana was six feet even and yet the most imposing. My figure was the most athletic of the three. Penny's figure was certainly athletic, but was a rather voluptuous hourglass with her full ass and large breasts. Dana's imposing figure was the most athletic, and more resembled that banana shape of many supermodels. Indeed, Dana resembled Gal Gadot from fifty years ago.

What truly excites us now is that we can feel the growing control over our bodies. Control over our monthly cycles is largely irrelevant, though, because all we want is each other. Our rubbery possibilities will soon be limitless!

Research Journal of Dr. Lia Summers

August 29, 2069

Jason and I are ready to go public with all our research tomorrow. Legally we will likely be OK, in spite of the unlicensed nature of our research. Full consent was given by all involved. And, we all discussed the ramifications of the work. The key is that we already did the research. The likelihood of some cliched, forced examinations is unlikely at best. Now with the proper understanding, the world deserves to be augmented with Dr. Noah's technology.

The world was not to be conquered by Latex Machines, but the world shall have them nonetheless. A vac-bed to reinvigorate the body perhaps; a total reversal of physical age perhaps. The copyrights are written; the patent is pending. This world shall never be the same ...

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