

Mass Production Model Wife (TG, Rubberization, Hypnosis)

Jack screamed as he tumbled down the chute, scraping his hands as he scabbled at the walls in a desperate attempt to slow his descent. *No! No!*

With a thunk, he struck a turn in the pipe and bounced around the corner, sliding down a steep metal slide and back out into the light—the dull, sterile light—of a factory. Before he knew it, he'd slammed into a conveyor.

Sitting there, his heart pounding, he adjusted his coat and reviewed his recent decisions. What the hell had he been thinking, trying to investigate the most suspicious company in the entire east side of Michigan? Why hadn't he just gone into law like his mom had told him?

Groaning, he struggled back to his feet. No sooner had he stood, however, than a pair of mechanical shackles, like little jaws, clamped into place around his ankles. "Hey!" he cried, struggling to pull free of them. "Hey, what the fuck—?! Let go of me! Let go!"

With a whirr of motors, the belt started to move. He gasped and almost toppled over, waving his arms in a desperate attempt to keep his balance. What the fuck was happening now?

The belt carried him on through the whirring, steam-filled maze of the factory, where a machine approached like a pair of witch's hands, claws aimed right at his delicate body.

"H-hey! Hey!" he cried as the belt snapped to a stop with him right in the vice and the machine started to move, pincers aimed at his clothing. Seizing his jacket, they wrenched it off him so hard it came apart, ripped to pieces. Tossing them into a nearby shredder, the machine soon returned for his other clothes, which it removed from his body with exactly as much care.

"Give that back!" He covered his crotch, struggling to reclaim some small percent of his dignity. It didn't help.

Finally, the tens of pincers and arms retracted, and the belt shuttled Jack forward towards the next station in the line. This one had only a single mechanical appendage, though the device at its end was scarier than all the other machines combined: a giant syringe, filled with a pink fluid which sparkled in its container as he approached, struggling to escape the manacles around his feet.

"St-stay away!" he cried, raising his arms in a feeble attempt to protect himself. "Stay away from me, you—"

The machine jerked, and the syringe stabbed into his arm. Gasping, he wrenched away as it pulled out, leaving him rubbing the spot and sore. "F-fuck!" He watched as the pink stuff spread through his veins, shining through the skin, and finally faded entirely out of sight. What the fuck were they doing to him?!

No sooner had the belt carried him on than he got his answer. Raising his hands, he gasped to see them becoming brighter, glossier, smoother to the touch, as if his entire body had been coated in varnish. Even as he watched, his hairs were sucked back into his skin, leaving it as smooth as it had been when he was a baby. Pinching it, he gasped to hear a squeak. “Wh-what the fuck?”

Things got worse before they got better or, in his case, even worse. As the belt trundled on, carrying him swiftly towards the next machine in line. Jack found his body sagging as if all his bones had turned to jello. It took every ounce of willpower he had to keep himself from collapsing to his knees and lying there unmoving. It felt as if his entire body were turning to rubber!

Too late, he realized that was exactly what was happening.

The next machine on the conveyor approached swiftly: two stark blocks of metal like the pylons of a futuristic tomb. As he grew closer, he had time to see the shapes inside—the wide hips, the breasts, the hint of ridiculous hair—and realize their true purpose. Why would they have made him so malleable if not to mold him?

Heart thudding painfully, he struggled even harder. Bending down and grabbed his legs and tugging, hoping somehow to overcome his restraints through sheer force of willpower. The result was comical: his legs, rubberized, stretched like elastic bands, his feet refusing to move even a centimeter. He moaned and tried again, over and over, but no matter how hard he fought, he couldn't change reality.

A shadow loomed over him. Jack snapped upright, sweat (or was it something more plasticky?) running from his face. One moment he stood in the open of the factory floor, the next the great monoliths surrounded him on both sides, the jaws of a vice, just waiting to close on him.

He had just enough time to look around for help, to throw wild glances at the catwalks above and the windows beside, to draw in breath and plead for mercy.

No one responded, of course, and a second later, the mold slammed shut with a resounding *thump*, cutting him off from the outside world.

Inside, Jack squealed, feeling like a pharaoh trapped in a sarcophagus. “Let me out!” he cried, running rapidly out of breath. “Let me out!” he could barely move a centimeter.

As if this wasn't bad enough, he heard the whirring of motors, and with a vacuum-like sucking, the coffin grew even tighter. He squealed as the compressing walls wrapped around his body, forcing its way between his fingers and toes even and forcing its way up his nostrils. When he opened his mouth to scream, it forced its way inside that as well, thrusting a thick rid of plastic through his jaws and partly down his throat. He squeaked, unable to move even a millimeter.

Still whirring, the mold continued to shift: pinching his shoulders, it crushed them tightly inward. It did something very similar to his waist, forcing all his girth there downward to his hips, which it allowed to grow till they were almost double their former size.

At the same time, it crushed his hands and his feet, shrinking them until they were soft and delicate and dainty. Stroking his jaw, it rubbed all the masculinity out of his chin, smoothing it till it had the curve of a woman's. Speaking of curves, it wasted no time in boosting his assets: he moaned as the suction tightened on his chest, drawing out his once flat pecs into a pair of enormous breasts which only grew larger with the second. It did something very similar to his ass, bloating it to better fit his exaggerated hips. He wanted to scream, it felt so good to feel the surrounding mold.

Whatever they'd injected him with hadn't just changed his body to rubber: it had also made everything hyper-erogenous, to the point that the touch of the mold alone made him want to scream in pleasure. Trapped, caught so tight he had no recourse whatsoever, no ability to touch himself or even mewl in delight, he nonetheless felt his cock stiffen and grow, grow harder and longer with the mold's strange encouragement. Gripping it, the machine stroked, sending a wild spasm of ecstasy flowing down his length and through his body. If he'd been able to speak, he would have screamed so loud he could be heard on the other side of the factory. As it was, he came in silence, emptying his balls for a final time with little more than a twitch of the eyes.

A second later, the feeling of the mold around his cock inverted. Instead of sucking it out, the mold started to push it back in, leaving Jack to scream in silent delight as it tucked his deflating member neatly back into his body with all the tenderness of a mother stuffing a sock into her son's drawer. Finally, his shaft slipped inside him, but the machine didn't stop there: no, it gathered his balls and tucked them in after it, before pushing both deep, deep inside his flesh and leaving only a long tunnel in their wake. Jack mewled at the feeling; having the machine inside him felt better than anything he'd ever experienced.

Finally, the device retracted, leaving Jack to stand there and moan inside at the feeling of the new emptiness between his legs and what it meant for the future. A part of him, a tiny repressed part of him, wanted nothing more than to take two fingers and stick them as far inside it as they'd go, but alas the machine prevented him.

Even as he squirmed in frustration, it released its hold on him. Second by second, the mold grew looser, freeing him to wiggle his toes and move his arms just a little, just a little. It wasn't finished with him yet, of course: a second later, something sprayed him with a hiss, and his scalp tingled as the machine dyed his hair. As he gasped in surprise, it blasted him in the face as well, leaving him looking like a hooker (presumably, not that he had any way of seeing his make-up at the moment).

Of course, it still wasn't finished: a moment later, he felt a sharp jab in the lips and looked down and moaned to see them inflating, pumped full and fat.

The machine followed up by sticking his boobs and buttocks, four sharp jabs one after the other. He gasped in surprise, jerking back and forth with each impact, but the pleasure soon grew so great he could only moan in delight. His body felt so big and warm and jiggly and

horny, every little wiggle and motion of his assets striking him with ceaseless, unbearable pleasure.

Finally, just as he thought the whole strange experience must be coming to an end, something dropped from above, stopped in front of his eyes, and lit up, shining bright and pink and swirly. Something else clamped to his ears: a melodic voice flitted through his head.

A good wife is happy to serve her husband. A good wife is smiles at all hours, especially around her hubby. A good wife is happy to cook and clean. A good wife is happy to make love. A good wife is...

Again and again it came, over and over, one line after the other after the other after the other until they blended together in her head and left her brain feeling like an overlaid sponge. She moaned, lips moving automatically, and out of her mouth came the same repeated phrase, consistent as water leaking from a faucet and about as meaningful.

With a *schunk* and a hiss of escaping gas, the mold snapped open. From the steam rolled a pristine young woman with child-bearing hips and weighty breasts and immaculately-curled blonde hair. She looked the perfect housewife—the only thing she was missing was an apron and some oven gloves.

Staring mindlessly ahead, she rolled down the belt to the next machine in the line: another one-armed robot equipped with a needle, though instead of injection, this one was designed for tattooing. Coiling around her body, it took aim at her tailbone. It worked fast—in seconds, it had finished the tattoo and withdrew, waiting for the next mass-produced wife to come rolling down the line. All were absolutely identical save for one little detail: the name it had just applied, which referred to a different man for each.

'PROPERTY OF MICHAEL SMITH,' read the latest.

With a whirr, the belt moved on, carrying its cargo towards packaging and delivery.