

My Dress-Up Sex Doll

Gojo had been to his fair share of conventions with Marin. Even if he felt like he stood out like a sore thumb with his traditional, blue hakama, there was always the reassurance that the people around him were into the same things as they were. However, he couldn't stop himself from nervously fiddling with his head of short, black hair as he walked through the dealer's room at the hotel. The most obvious reason for his nervous fidgeting was that he had never been to a convention like Ecchi-Con.

Everywhere Gojo looked, he was exposed to a new type of perversion. This ranged from risqué body pillows, to revealing figurines, and a plethora of different "toys" meant to cater to any and all interests. The guests themselves were in equally revealing attire, with some showing very little hesitancy to have parts of their body put on display through the means of erotic cosplay. Any chance he had to admire the handiwork of the outfits was undone the moment he saw a little too much skin. At a loss of where he was supposed to look, he kept tilting his head up to stare at the slightly more manageable sight of the banners bearing the convention's name and buxom mascot.

"Gojo, what are you doing?"

Moments before Gojo ran face first into a wall of dildos, he was pulled back to reality by a gentle tug. His savior was none other than the blonde haired Marin who helped him to avoid any other collisions by shifting him over to the side of the walking area. Even though she had been the one to bring him along to the lewd convention, she was moderately dressed in a white, frilled blouse and black shorts. The more conservative attire was in contrast to the wide eyed expression she had been giving as she looked at the various sights they passed. However, the current look on her face was one of concern.

“Are you okay Gojo?” Marin asked. “You seem a little out of it. Did you get enough to eat before we came here? I know we kind of rushed out of the room this morning since I accidentally slept in.”

“I had plenty to eat, thank you. It’s just... I’m a little out of my element,” Gojo answered, trying not to let his eyes linger on the bust of a woman’s enormous breasts on full display.

“If you’re really that uncomfortable we can leave,” Marin suggested. “It’s no big deal.”

“No, we can’t do that,” Gojo said, quickly recovering. “You were telling me how much you’ve been looking forward to this. Especially now since we’re both old enough to attend. I don’t want to ruin it for you.”

“It’s fine, really,” Marin said, locking her arm with his. “Besides, if you need to take a break I’m sure I can find someone else to hang out with, like...”

Marin’s trailing off voice and the wide expression on her eyes, clued Gojo in that she had spotted a certain something. Sure enough, turning around he was met with the familiar visage of the Slippery Girls characters on display. Considering what kind of convention it was, he wasn’t surprised to see the women from the risqué eroge game being sold in the form of various figurines, prints, and other pieces of merch.

“Oh my god, is that what I think it is,” Marin said, rushing over to the booth. “It is! It’s Fehtice-chan!”

“I don’t think I recognize that one,” Gojo replied, glancing over at the display depicting a woman with long, grey hair and a poofy, white dress adorned in frills. Perhaps in the hopes of standing out amongst the other scantily clad women at the convention, the image depicted the character eagerly showing off her largest “asset” while winking at anyone that passed. “You’ve made me play all three games and I never ran into her.”

“That’s because she’s from one of the more obscure spinoffs. It’s called, Slippery Girls: Extracurricular Activities. It’s a game where they break the reality of the franchise by adding in a bunch of out there scenarios. Lots of weird things like transformations, expansions, gender swaps, and all sorts of bizarre stuff.”

“Geez lady, why don’t you just come over here and take my job since you’re so good at it,” said the man behind the booth, the grin on his face showing no malice. “Although, it’s always good to meet a fan of our games.”

“And I’m one of your biggest,” Marin said. Quickly pulling out her phone, she scrolled through until she brought up the old pictures of herself in a Shizuku-tan cosplay. “Shizuku is my favorite. She’s the first character I ever seriously cosplayed as.”

“Pretty impressive work,” the man said, taking a good look at the photo and comparing it to the near identical standee of the character in question’s black dress and pouty face. “There’s especially excellent craftsmanship on the sewing.”

“Thank you,” Gojo spoke up. “Although it’s far from my best work. I’ve made a lot of improvements since then.”

“So you made this yourself,” the man commented. “That’s still quite the feat. Are you two going to cosplay for the convention?”

“Unfortunately we kind of ran out of time,” Gojo admitted with a hint of shame. “And Marin couldn’t decide on which character to go as.”

“Sorry, there were just too many options to choose from,” Marin brought up. “I spent so much time researching and I didn’t Gojo to have to do an all-nighter to put something together last minute.”

“Well... how about Shizuku-tan again?” the man suggested.

“I don’t think that’s possible,” Marin replied. “The costume is in storage, and I think we lost the wig a while back. Besides, I want to try doing different cosplays each time. I love Shizuku-tan, but I already had my fun with her cosplay.”

The man put on a sly grin. “Well, you haven’t done it with one of these.” Reaching below the booth, he came back up with a plastic container. The outer packaging depicted Shizuku-tan, albeit a lot rubberier and doll-like. The odd image added to the mystique of the rubber valve inside of the plastic. The small device seemed to call out to the pair to fill Marin with excitement and Gojo with confusion.

“I... don’t really understand,” Gojo commented as he scratched his head. “Is this some kind of prop or something?”

“Oh, it’s a lot more than that,” the worker replied. “This little trinket has the ability to change a person into a rubber copy of one of our characters. In this case, this would turn you into a doll version of Shizuku-tan. Think of it as an easy way to perfectly mimic a character.”

“Oh my god, I thought these were just a myth,” Marin said, eagerly grasping the package. “I want to try one of these out right now.”

“Is that really a wise decision?” Gojo brought up. “It seems kind of ridiculous that such a thing could exist.”

“Seeing is believing,” the worker replied. “If it makes you feel better, we just had a famous cosplayer pass by to grab one of her own.”

“Really? I wonder if it’s someone I know,” Marin pondered aloud. “We’ve been to quite a few cosplay contests so I wouldn’t be surprised if we knew them.”

“Hold on,” the worker said, scratching his chin. “I think I recognize you. Yeah, you’re Marine. You’ve been on the rise lately on cosplay sites.”

“Thank you,” Marin replied with a smile and polite nod of her head.

“That being the case, why don’t you take this plug on the house?”

“Oh, we couldn’t,” Gojo said, both due to the strange nature of the device on top of its sizable price tag.

“I insist, really,” the worker replied. “If you like it, maybe you’ll come back for some other versions. At the very least, it would be a great way to advertise.”

“I’m still not sure-“

“You can count on us,” Marin replied, giving the worker a salute before turning towards Gojo. “Come on,” she said, handing him the package. Grabbing the hem of her shirt, she lifted it up to leave her belly button bare. “I can’t wait to take it for a spin. Let’s do it.”

“Marin, do you really think it’s a good idea?” Gojo asked, receiving an eager nod in response.

“Come on Gojo, it’ll be really fun,” Marin answered, her eagerness wearing down his caution.

Knowing how futile it would be to try and talk Marin out of it, Gojo pulled the valve out from the packaging. Squatting down to get the right angle, he slowly brought the rubber towards her belly button. Just as the device touched her skin, he felt a sudden shift as he pushed forward. His eyes went wide as he witnessed the valve fully integrate into her body to take the place of her belly button.

“Woah,” Marin said, shimmying her hips back and forth to wiggle about the valve. “This feels super weird. When do the effects kick in?”

“It’s a gradual process,” the worker explained. “You’ll see your body start to change shortly. Oh, but make sure you read over the labels. There are certain... side effects that you should know about.”

“Yeah, yeah, we got it,” Marin said, distracted by tapping her finger against the valve. “Thank you so much. Come on Gojo, let’s go show this off to the rest of the convention.”

“Coming,” Gojo called out, waving farewell to the booth worker before rushing over to meet with Marin who was already meandering back through the throngs of people.

“I wonder what will change first,” Marin pondered as she continued to mess around with her valve. “Will it be my hair? Or maybe my hands? Then again, it could just change me all at once in the blink of an eye.”

“I still don’t believe what that man said,” Gojo commented. “He seemed nice enough, but it’s just crazy to think that something like that would-“

A squeaking noise cut off Gojo. Tilting his head back and forth for the source, he eventually fell upon the wide grin on Marin’s face. Rather than leave him in the dark, she took great joy in lifting up her shirt again to show off the rubbery, deep purple material that was slowly spreading out from the valve.

“Do you believe him now?” Marin asked as more of the rubber spread out from her navel.

“This is amazing,” Gojo commented as he watched the material take over more and more of her skin. His vigil was momentarily hindered as she pulled her shirt back down.

“I know, right?” Marin asked. “And this is just the start. I can’t wait until the rest of my body changes so that I can become-oh, hold on.”

Seemingly unaware of the fact that she was in a public space, Marin began to undo the top buttons of her shirt. As she began to remove her bra, Gojo's first thought was to try and cover her up. That was until the undergarment was pulled away to reveal what appeared to a rubber dress made out of the same material spreading out from the valve.

"Woah, it looks just like that boob bag you made me," Marin said, shaking herself up and down to create a squeaky noise with her rubbery bosom. "Mind holding onto this?" she asked, as she handed her bra over to Gojo. "It's pretty expensive so I'd rather not lose it when the rest of the transformation kicks in."

"Y-you got it," Gojo said, obediently storing the bra in Marin's bag.

"Hmm, I should probably find a place to change soon," Marin wondered aloud. "It's probably only a matter of time before I'm left completely naked."

"I don't think we need to go that far. I'm sure you're clothes will be enough to--"

Gojo was interrupted by the sound of fabric beginning to strain. The sound got him to turn his way back towards Marin. The sight of the buttons on her blouse straining against her chest once more forced him to focus on the rubber making up her body. Just as he realized that her already sizable bust was inflating to match the proportions of Shizuku-tan, he was hit with a sharp pain on his forehead. Reeling back from the force of the dislodged button hitting him in the face, he turned back to see an apologetic Marin and the set of dark purple clad, bouncing rubber breasts wilding flailing about.

"Gojo are you... oh wow!" Marin said, looking down at her chest just as the perfectly, spherical protrusions stopped shaking. "Is this really me?" To answer her own question, she showed little hesitation in nudging her chest to get it shaking again. "Oh my god, it's so weird. It

looks like I'm dressed up, but it feels just like I'm touching my bare skin. Gojo, you've got to try this."

"No way," Gojo replied, frantically shaking his head. "We're in public."

"Come on, it's fine. It's Ecchi-Con after all."

"Marin I told you I'm not--"

Gojo's choice was made for him as Marin lunged forward to press her chest into his hands. On reaction, his fingers closed up around the spheres. Just as expected, the breasts felt as if he were squeezing a set of firm balloons. The obviously fake feeling didn't stop him from experiencing a sense of heightened arousal from the intimacy. Looking at Marin for some form of teasing smile to calm him down, the situation only grew worse as he noticed a similarly flushed expression on her face.

"What are you two doing?"

The familiar voice managed to get Marin and Gojo to part from one another. Forcing his eyes to look away from Marin's jiggling chest, he turned his attention towards the long, pink hair and short stature of Sajuna. Even if she was older than the two of them, the experienced cosplayer still looked as if a kid had managed to sneak her way past the staff to get into the convention.

"S-sorry, we were just--"

"Hey Juju!" Marin said, greeting the pink haired woman with a wave of her hand and a jiggle of her chest. "I was wondering where you went off to."

Sajuna stopped Marin dead in her tracks with a huff. "And I was wondering why you two were getting so frisky. I know this is Ecchi-Con, but you still need to show some restraint when in the public spaces. If you want to get like that, do it back in the room."

“We really weren’t doing anything like that,” Gojo spoke up. “We were just trying out a new type of cosplay accessory.”

“You mean like this?” Sajuna replied, lifting up her shirt to show off another rubber valve sunken into her belly button.

“Yes, that’s the exact one,” Marin said, her excited expression growing wider as she reached an epiphany. “Oh, so you must be the other famous cosplayer that the booth worker was talking about.”

“I only accepted it in the first place because I was trying to be polite,” Sajuna said, wincing at the sight of the skin around her mid-section changing to a rubber reminiscent of a white dress. “I never actually intended to use it,” she added as she tugged her shirt back down. “My plan was just to hold it up to see how it works, but my hand slipped when I spotted the two of you doing... this.”

“Sorry, but my shirt was being undone by these things,” Marin explained with a jiggle of her bosom. “It’s a little disorienting.”

“You should expect it considering that you’re entire body is changing,” Sajuna said. “Before things get out of hand, you should take precautions to prepare yourself for...”

Sajuna’s voice trailed off as her eyes went wide. Curious, Gojo took a step closer and managed to see the pink haired woman’s skirt begin to lift up. The main culprit at first seemed to be a second, rubbery white skirt forming beneath the original one. However, he managed to see the edges of her inflating hips and backside moments before she shifted to try and cover them up.

“I’ll see you back at the room,” Sajuna said, keeping her hands around her swelling, lower body as she sprinted off.

“I hope she’ll be alright,” Gojo commented as he watched Sajuna awkwardly maneuver around the booths. “Those changes look like they can be pretty-“

“Um, Gojo,” Marin began, her voice calling out to him to see the uncomfortable look on her face. “I... need a little help with something. Could you... help me undress?”

Looking towards Marin’s lower body, Gojo could see something pushing up against the inner lining of the skirt. His first thought was to wonder why she didn’t take care of it herself. He got his answer as he saw that her fingers had softened up into rubber digits that lacked any way for them to bend or grab anything.

“I’m on it,” Gojo said, getting down on his knees to address the problem.

Working through his own discomfort of undressing Marin in public, Gojo focused on the task at hand. When he did manage to slip off the garment, he was puzzled by the sight of a second skirt. The bundled up, dark purple fabric was slowly moving on its own thanks to the air filling Marin’s body, but there were still a few wrinkles that needed to be taken care of.

“Please be gentle,” Marin said, a flush of red appearing on her cheeks.

Delicately grasping at the fake garment, Gojo gingerly unfolded it. His progress was slowed with each slight chirp or squeak he heard coming from Marin’s mouth. Trying to convince himself that he was just handling a costume rather than her own flesh, he managed to work through the arduous task. By the time he was done, and he had endured the string of muffled moans from Marin, the full appearance of the puffy skirt was able to be shown off.

“That should do it,” Gojo said, coming back up just as the skirt cast its shadow over the rubber boots that had encroached over Marin’s feet. “I’m kind of impressed by the craftsmanship even if it’s all made out of-“

Gojo nearly bit down on his tongue as he spotted something fall to the ground. Tilting his neck down again, he spotted a set of white panties that had seemingly appeared out of nowhere. Thinking back to the bra that was currently stowed away in his bag, it finally occurred to him that Marin's new body had taken the liberty of leaving her crotch completely exposed. Even if her "skirt" was covering up her lower body, the fact alone that she was technically naked was enough to make him shudder.

"Um, Gojo," Marin said, bringing his eyes up to see her face starting to take on the rubber texture of the rest of her skin, "would you mind picking that up for me?"

"R-right," Gojo replied, quickly retrieving the discarded underwear and stowing it away before anyone could see. "Do you feel alright?"

"I'm still not a fan of letting everything hang out like this," Marin said, seemingly unaware of her hair turning a dark shade of purple as it shortened up and became more bulbous. "But, thanks to you I'm feeling much better."

"Well, at least the skirt, er, your body allows a bit of extra room for your legs to move around," Gojo commented.

"Actually, my legs are still pretty stiff," Marin said as a piece of fabric reminiscent of a lacey, black headpiece appeared atop her rubber strands. "I was more talking about unfolding the skirt. It felt like my own skin was bundled up."

"That makes sense," Gojo said, reaching out towards the skirt, only to stop with his fingers a few inches from it as he recalled Marin's earlier noises. "This is all of your body."

"The good news is that I look great, even if I am technically naked," Marin said, her smile still showing through as four, bulbous, red rubber roses appeared along her head with a

squeaking noise. “I really wish I could get a better look at myself,” she added, waving about the puffy sleeves currently obscuring her hands.

“Is that Shizuku-tan?”

The call out brought Gojo and Marin’s attention towards a man running up to them with an expensive looking camera in his hands. “It is. Wait, why are you so rubbery?”

A small smile appeared on Marin’s face. “Because I’m doll Shizuku-tan!” Using what little movement was allowed to her stiff arms, she managed to gesture towards her valve. “It’s because of this little gadget here. Amazing, right?”

“It sure is. Mind if I get a picture?”

“Of course,” Marin replied, doing her best to use her limited facial expressions to create a pouty look fitting of her favorite character from Slippery Girls.

Just as Gojo had expected, the first few clicks of the man’s camera acted as a siren call for any other photographers at the con. Used to large groups of people wanting to snap pictures of Marin’s various outfits, Gojo knew the exact spot he needed to stand. His position allowed him to both stay out of the pictures, while simultaneously putting him at the right distance should he need to jump in to help. Hearing people comment at how good “Shizuku-tan” looked brought a smile to his face. For just a moment, he was given a sense of calm that had been sorely missing from his time at the convention.

“What’s everyone lining up for?” Gojo overheard someone ask.

“There’s this realistic Shizuku-tan doll. It doesn’t move much, and you can tell it’s made out of rubber, but it looks just like her.”

“I wonder if they sell them around here. I could really use an extra ‘girlfriend’ for my collection.”

The less than polite comments regarding Marin's body laid the seed in Gojo's mind that something was off. Waiting for a series of pictures to finish being shot, he stepped up to her to check on how she was doing. However, all he saw was a stiff expression of poutiness that was perfect for Shizuku-tan, but unnatural for a human being.

"Marin, are you alright?" Gojo asked.

"Y-yeah, it's just a little hard to move right now," Marin said, the voice coming from her mouth despite her lips not moving. "I think I need a break. Could you please help me get back to the room?"

"Sure thing. Can you walk on your own or-"

"Excuse me, but can I get a picture with her next?" asked a woman with a camera clutched tightly in her fingers.

"I'm sorry, but she's a little tired at the moment," Gojo explained.

The woman tilted her head in confusion. "But... it's a doll. How can something made out of rubber get tired?"

"Maybe it's like a condom where you have to worry about it getting too roughed up," spoke up one of the other photographers. "I did see a few people getting a little handsy with it. Last thing you want is a doll of this quality getting damaged. Push a little too hard in the wrong place and it might even pop. It's all the more reason why I want to take a picture of it before... wait, where did it go?"

Rushing away from the crowd, Gojo kept a solid grip on Marin's rubber fingers as he maneuvered through the convention floor. "Don't worry, I'll get you out of here."

"It's fine, really," Marin said, her rubber legs struggling to keep up with Gojo's rapid pace. "They just wanted to take a few pictures."

“It’s more than that,” Gojo explained. “They don’t know that you’re a person. I’m worried what they’ll do to you.”

“I don’t mind. That’s what this form is made for anyway.”

“Marin, what are you talking about?”

“Master, you have nothing to worry about, I’m feeling... just... a little... horn...”

“Marin?” Gojo said, stopping and looking towards her frozen face. “Marin, can you hear me?”

When he didn’t hear an answer, Gojo tried to reach out to check on her. Shifting his hand made him realize that something felt off. Looking back to what he had been holding onto showed off a round, rubber hole that had been shaped out of Marin’s fingers. Curious as to what the purpose for the opening was, he recalled what kind of doll this was supposed to be. Face turning bright red, Gojo’s next thought turned to finding someone who could help.

In-between trying to figure out whether he should take Marin to a doctor or to one of the many sex doll vendors, Gojo felt something shift against him. For a moment, he was elated to discover that she still had some form of limited movement. The initial relief was undone by the sight of her stiff limb bobbing up and down his groin area.

Marin found her mark as she managed to push her puffy sleeve down Gojo’s pants. Despite the stiff nature of her hands, she still managed to get her finger hole right where it needed to go. Though at first he wasn’t in the mood, the soft feeling of her grasp around his member began to gradually bring him to full erection. Before he realized what was happening, his breathing became haggard. Even if the stimulation was from the use of a toy, it was still doing enough to feed into his desires. Just as he felt like he was on the very edge of his limit, he spotted someone out of his peripheral vision.

“Marin, what are you doing?” Gojo asked, pulling away from her just before he hit his limit.

Though Marin couldn't reply, she made her intentions clear by slowly tip toing towards him with her hands read to finish the job.

“Let's get you to the room, now,” Gojo said, carefully grabbing her by the waist to keep a good grip on her and to avoid any unnecessary intimacy as he hurried out of the public's eye.

Gojo's escape route was constantly bombarded with interruptions at every turn. At the peak hours of the convention, it was difficult for normal people to make their way between the booths and people. The task was made all the more difficult for Gojo thanks to having to keep a hold of Marin in the process. A few times people attempted to stop him in order to take pictures of “Shizuku-tan”, but he either politely turned them away or completely ignored them in favor of continuing to push forward.

Finally making his way into one of the elevators, he hit the button to reach his floor and set Marin against the wall. Any chance he had to catch his breath was ruined as her body lurched forward to lean on him. Grasping her shoulders and hearing a squeak echo through the elevator, he managed to push her back moments before she could attempt to slip her hand into his pants again.

“What's gotten into you?” Gojo asked, a blank, pouty look from Marin the only response. “Is this part of those weird side effects the booth worker mentioned? Crap, I think I dropped the packaging when we were rushing out of the crowd. Once I get you safely in the room, I'll try to track him down and figure out if there's a way to reverse this.”

“Yes master.”

Gojo blinked, certain that he had heard a voice. “Marin?”

“My name is Shizuku-tan,” Marin replied, her lips unmoving but the voice of the visual novel character coming through a speaker hidden somewhere on her body. “How may I please you?”

The ding of the elevator arriving at the appropriate floor provided the distraction Gojo needed. Grabbing Marin by the hand, he set off down the hall until he arrived at their room. Fumbling with the keys with one hand while the other kept the rubber sex doll in place, he managed to unlock the door. Stumbling inside, he gently placed Marin against the wall before locking the door behind him.

Bringing Marin over to the bed, Gojo gently set her down. “I’m going to leave you alone for a while. I promise I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

“Master, I’m... horny,” she replied in the same, prerecorded voice.

“I know, but the only way we’re going to fix that is by getting you changed back to normal.”

“Master, I’m... horny,” she repeated in the exact same tone.

“Is that really all you can say?”

“Master, I’m... horny,” she said once more.

Though the cadence of Marin’s voice didn’t change, the constant shaking of her body managed to get across just how desperate she was for relief. Her trembling led to her rubbery dress sliding across the bed to create more squeaking noises that filled the room. In quiet awe once more of her body’s craftsmanship, Gojo let his eyes look away for a moment. When he turned back, it was to see that Marin’s mouth had reformed itself into an open orifice that seemed to be for one specific purpose.

“Master I’m... horny,” Marin said once more, rocking herself back and forth to wave about her “mouth”.

Gojo knew that this was a bad idea. To say that Marin was in a compromised position was an understatement. Though she had always been on the impulsive side, it had never been to this degree. Even still, he felt guilty considering he was the one who had placed the valve inside of her belly button. His own conscience preventing him from leaving her be, he made the decision to try and satisfy her desires.

“Marin, please forgive me,” Gojo said, more for his own guilt as he slid her into the right position.

Pulling down his pants, Gojo gingerly slid his member into Marin’s mouth hole. Holding onto the bed rather than her body for stability, he began to gently rock his hips back and forth. His intention was to simply keep things slow to ease into the sensation. However, his immobile partner had other ideas.

Despite being unable to move her own body much, Marin was capable of making her orifice vibrate against Gojo’s cock. The sensation gradually coerced him to begin moving his hips faster and faster. Sinking his hands into the mattress, he rapidly thrust inside of her to take care of their needs. His efforts eventually gave way to a load of his cum spurting out to fill up Marin’s false mouth.

“I’m so sorry,” Gojo said, stumbling away and seeing a few of his drops seep out of Marin’s orifice. “Let me grab a towel for you.”

“Thank you, master,” Marin said through her speaker as Gojo pulled up his pants and ran towards the bathroom.

Upon stepping through the door, Gojo nearly tumbled to the ground as something caught his leg. Wobbling back and forth to regain his balance, he turned back to see that he had tripped over something large and white. Taking a few steps back, his eyes went wide at the sight of a mass of rubber that looked similar to a character standee he had seen not long ago.

Just like her source, “Fehtice-chan” was adorned in a poofy white dress. The garment stood out from the rest of the Slippery Girls’ attire thanks to the hole in the center of her top that showed off the cleavage of her small chest. There were also the quite prominent buttocks that were put on display thanks to the comparatively small width of her skirt. Following the lead of her long, grey locks, he found his answer as to how she had appeared when he finally noticed the printed expression of ecstasy on her rubber face.

“Sajuna, is that you?” Gojo asked, keeping an eye on the valve sticking out of the doll’s navel.

“Come on, master,” emanated the prerecorded voice from the doll. “Show me just how depraved you can be.”

“Sajuna, now really isn’t a good time,” Gojo began, his search for a towel allowing him to see Sajuna’s scattered clothes along the ground. “Marin is in the other room and-“

“Come on, master,” Sajuna repeated, purposefully shifting her inflated form about to point her backside towards him. Aside from the painted images of a pair of panties thigh high stockings, the position did an excellent job of showing off the rubber orifice placed in the center of her bubble butt. “Show me just how depraved you can be.”

For a moment Gojo just stood there, staring in disbelief.

“Come on ‘master’,” Sajuna teased through the use of her pre-recorded line. “Or do you want me to tell the entire academy what a sick pervert you really are?”

Gojo was well aware that this wasn't Sajuna acting on her own. Rather, this was just the innate urges that had been placed upon her by the state of her transformed body. Again, he was reminded that he was more than a little responsible for being the one to get her into this mess. Just like with Marin, the only solution he could think of at the time was to give her exactly what she wanted.

Without a bed or any other piece of furniture nearby to get a good grip on, Gojo was forced to take hold of the only thing available to get in a good position. Grasping Sajuna's hips, he carefully guided his tip into her waiting hole. Fully inserting himself created a slight squeaking noise that coincided with a recorded moaning noise. Only now realizing just how far he had gone without even asking what Sajuna wanted, he contemplated pulling out and getting down on his knees to apologize.

Sajuna made her intentions quite clear as her faux butt hole began to vigorously vibrate around Gojo's cock. Given more than enough evidence to suggest that this was exactly what she wanted, he returned the favor by beginning to rock his hips back and forth. The result was an unrivaled sense of pleasure for him, while she seemed to experience the same sense of euphoria as she continued to unleash her moans in quick succession.

With one last thrust, Gojo managed to yet again release a load of cum. The warm liquid filling up the doll's insides ended up overflowing to leak out onto the bathroom floor. While he was horrified that he had managed to make another mess, the lingering moans coming from Sajuna told of her appreciation of his moment of indulgence.

"That was great," Fehtice-tan's voice spoke as Sajuna's body trembled. Unfortunately, she could only manage to enjoy the lingering euphoria for a few seconds before speaking once more. "Come on, master. Show me just how depraved you can be."

“You can’t be serious,” Gojo commented as he started to clean up his mess. “How can you still want to go another round after you...”

Gojo trailed off as he realized that he had forgotten the original reason he had entered the bathroom in the first place. Grabbing a clean towel, he profusely apologized to Sajuna as her body continued to shake from the lingering, euphoric shivers. Ready to give the same apologies to Marin for leaving her alone for so long, he rushed his way out of the bathroom.

Returning to the beds, Gojo found Marin just where he had left her resting on the ground. However, she had somehow managed to shift herself a little higher to bring attention to something. Amidst the fake frills of her black skirt, the lace pattern along her thighs, and the rubbery texture of her false womanhood could be seen another hole. Much like the orifice around her mouth and the one on Sajuna’s bubble butt, the opening was an invitation to take care of her overactive libido.

“Marin, this has gone on long enough,” Gojo said, both for the sake of her and his throbbing member. “You need to calm down until I can figure out a way to change you back.”

“Master, I’m... horny,” she said. “Master, I’m... horny. Master, I’m... horny. Master, I’m... horny. Master, I’m... horny. Master, I’m... horny. Master, I’m... horny. Master, I’m... horny.”

Over and over again Marin repeated the same line in the hopes of getting her point across. With each repetition, the shudders affecting her body became worse. Though no actual words were coming from her mouth hole, the shaking did manage to knock loose a few droplets of Gojo’s leftover semen onto the floor. A gush of lingering cum managed to find its way along her plug and trickle down into her faux womanhood. From inside the orifice, he could hear the inner lining shudder in unison with the rest of her body. Her pleas and his own rigid member eventually wore down his reservations until he decided to take the plunge.

Trying to at least meet Marin on the same level, Gojo took off the rest of his clothes. Even if his partner still seemed clothed, there was a noticeable increase in her shaking once she saw that he was just as naked as her. Gingerly holding onto her form, he began to slowly slide his member inside. Not stopping until he reached all the way to the base, he chewed on his lip to suppress the surge of euphoria he felt from the mere act of insertion. It didn't last long.

Upon making the first thrust, a mix of a robotic moan from Marin and the feeling of the onahole-like device caressing his cock made Gojo lose control. Sinking his fingers into her rubbery body, he threw caution to the wind as he began to vigorously thrust inside of her. Adding his own moans to the cacophony of squeaks and Shizuku-tan's euphoric ties, he lost sight of what he was doing. With one last push he ended up filling her hole with his seed and finally easing his libido.

No longer controlled by his own urges and Marin's begging, Gojo was able to pick up the sound of air leaking out. Stifling his heavy breathing for a moment, he looked down to see that at some point he had managed to open up the valve on her belly button. Slowly, the material in his fingers became limper as more of her air escaped. Given clarity in the moment of panic, he placed her on the bed and watched on in horror.

"It's going to be alright, I promise," he said, frantically looking over the room. "I'm sorry, I never should have put that thing in you. This is all my--"

Gojo's panicked gaze eventually fell on the sight of a familiar package lying on the floor. Realizing that it must have been the one Sajuna had taken from the booth, he left behind Marin's deflating form to grab it. Rushing through the instructions on the back, he tried to figure out anyway to solve his predicament. Feeling like he was about to pass out from stress, the pressure of the situation was relieved the moment he saw the procedure to reverse the effects.

Finally allowing himself a chance to breathe, Gojo sat himself down on the edge of the bed. Looking over Marin's flattened body, he assumed that she would start changing back to her old self once the air was fully out of her body. Making a mental note to do the same thing for Sajuna once he was sure Marin was in a stable condition, he tried to calm himself down.

"Thank you, master."

A slight tingle went down Gojo's spine as he heard the voice. Turning back towards Marin, he managed to see her shift slightly. Tilting up her head to make sure he could see the pouty look on her face, she let the message play once more.

"Thank you, master."