



My Date With A Rubber Duckie (The Sentient Object Holiday)

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Category: Fantasy

Description: Bath time just got a lot more fun!

When Anita picks up a Rubber Duckie just like the one she had as a kid, she thinks her terrible day is about to turn around. Nothing beats a duckie for a sounding board, and now that she has one, she's determined to solve all her life's problems with a long bath.

But this Rubber Duckie isn't what he seems...

My Date With A Rubber Duckie is part of The Sentient Object Calendar Series, a shared series curated by some of your favorite off-the-wall authors: Biblio Barbie, Dakota Cockaday, Holly Wilde, Luna Cantrip, Nicole Parker, Sylvia Morrow, Thea Masen, Unfortunate Reads, and Vera Valentine. It's meant for readers 18 and over who are ready to embrace a deeper experience with some unusual holidays.

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Rubber Duckie

Drake

I 'm gonna kill my cousin Perry. It's bad enough that he constantly teases me about my shifter form—something I had no control over—but now, he just fucking left me here! When I get out of this, he's a dead man.

If he hadn't convinced me to break into this toy store, I never would have ended up trapped. He told me this place was laundering money, so we planned to sneak in, get the evidence, then steal some toys to donate to the local children's hospital. This is what we do, after all. As object shifters, we're perfectly suited to sneaking in places because the second there's a risk of getting caught we can just change into our object form and wait out the danger.

Perry said he staked out the place and no one would be in until late morning. But right as I was going through the accounting records, and realizing he was wrong about the money laundering, the lights flipped on. I ducked.

The squeak I made as I hit the ground in my shifter form attracted the owner, who picked me up and put me on top of the display case of rubber duckies, which is right next to the front register. In plain sight of the door and most of the shop.

He barely puzzled over my left-behind shirt and athletic shorts before shrugging and chucking them in a lost and found bin behind the counter.

Considering where I'm perched, there hasn't been a single opportunity for me to shift back without someone seeing me.

Fucking Perry! He's long gone, ditching me here, probably laughing his ass off. This was planned. It's so fucking clear that this was planned.

The owner is a sweet old man who definitely isn't laundering money. Perry knew there was this display case here. He knew exactly where I'd be put if I had to shift to avoid getting caught. He purposefully trapped me here all day.

I should get him to do a B&E with me in a frat house. As a remote control, he'd probably be stuck there forever, with some jock always watching something or playing some video game on the TV. Yeah, that's what I'm doing once I get out of this.

While the clock ticks down to closing, I make plans for revenge. But just as the owner is about to lock up, a woman stops in front of the store window and looks right at me. She changes course and comes inside.

"Sorry, miss, we're closing up," the old man says from behind the counter. The rest of his employees have already left, and he's even shut off the lights in the back.

"I'm so sorry. It's just... I saw the rubber duckies. And..." She gets this faraway look in her eyes that makes me want to hug her. "I had one as a little girl, and it was always such a comfort to me. Today was the worst, and it would mean a lot if, well, how much are they?"

"Fifteen dollars," he replies.

Her face falls like he's said the little plastic toys cost a million. She bites her plump bottom lip. She's pretty. Really pretty. With light grey eyes, the color of a bath

bubble reflecting light. Her skin is pale, her face angular, her hair a dark brown. She's got this glamorous beauty to her that makes me think of starlets from the 1950s.

"Here," the shop owner says, picking me up and holding me out to the woman. "My gift. Everyone deserves a little compassion and a bubble bath on a bad day."

She shakes her head. "Oh, no, I couldn't."

"None of that." He leans over the counter, takes her hand, and drops me onto her palm.

Her touch is soft, almost reverent. Her fingers are long and elegant as they run over the dips that mark my fake wings.

"Thank you." She pulls me into her chest. If I was breathing in this form, she'd be suffocating me, but what a way to go, clutched to the bosom of a woman like this.

"I lost my job today," she says, "and I know fifteen dollars isn't a lot, but it would be enough to pay—"

"No need to explain." He pats her hand. "Just enjoy, dear. Alright?"

The woman pulls me back enough that I can see her nod, somewhat awkwardly. Then she gives the old man a wobbly smile. She leaves the store, holding me close to her heart.

Considering how meaningful a free rubber duck is to her, I feel sorry I'm gonna have to disappear on her.

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You're the one

Anita

As I leave the little toy store and make my way down the street, I replay the interaction over and over. I shouldn't have let him give me the duckie. It sort of feels like stealing from a sweet old man. I wonder if the cost will come out of his paycheck. Or if the owner will be angry.

I'll have to go back and pay him once I have another job. But right now, fifteen dollars is enough to pay my cellphone bill, or get three microwave dinners, or two bags of coffee beans. All of those things are more important than a sentimental toy from my childhood.

But... I couldn't just walk out of there and refuse either. It was like something was drawing me to this toy. More than a memory, a promise that the future would be brighter than today.

My old Rubber Duckie got me through the worst days of my life—until I left home for college. My mom convinced me not to take it with me, and when I came back for winter break, she'd gotten rid of half my things.

Today was the kind of day that made me miss that little yellow duck. So when I saw this one in the window, it felt like fate. I can't wait to get home, draw a bath, and tell my Duckie all my problems just like I used to.

Looking at the toy in my hand, I don't notice the mud on the sidewalk until I slip, slide forward, and land in a puddle on my ass.

"This fucking day," I mutter under my breath.

A woman walking by gives me a scolding look, but I'm too exhausted to care about some stranger's judgement over my public use of a curse word. I just want to get home.

When I finally reach my apartment and step inside, my roommate runs over and throws her arms around my neck.

"You'll never guess what happened!" She's strong enough to pick me up and spin us around in a circle. "I got the job!"

"What job?"

She puts me down and rolls her eyes. "You know, the job . The one in London."

Months ago, she'd mentioned off-handedly that she was going to apply for some position in London. She told me it was a long shot, and she wasn't likely to get it, so when she didn't mention it again, I assumed it fell through.

"Anita!" she yells. "I'm leaving in three days!" She jumps up and down, too excited to contain her movements or the volume of her voice.

"I'm happy for you, Haley." Really, I am, even if I don't feel it right at this moment. Having to find a new roommate on short notice is the last thing I want to do right now. "Let me get cleaned up and we can have some dinner together to celebrate."

"Oh, let's order sushi."

I cringe, knowing the cost, but she doesn't notice because she's already got her phone to her ear. I'm sure she's calling her favorite sushi place down the street.

Leaving her to work out dinner, I make my way through my room and into my bathroom and set the Rubber Duckie on the cracked counter. This apartment isn't the best. The drywall is flaking, there are stains on the tile floors, and the fixtures are all outdated by at least three decades, but the bathtub makes up for all of it.

Each bedroom has its own private bathroom with a clawfoot tub deep enough to sink up to my neck in bubbles. I chose the apartment based on the bathtub alone.

Now that I have my Rubber Duckie, it's truly perfect.

"So, what do you think, Duckie? Should we take a bath now or later?" This is exactly why I loved my old Duckie. It helped me process aloud all the things I had bouncing around in my head, all the decisions that left me overwhelmed throughout the day, from the mundane like whether I should take a bath before dinner to the monumental like how the hell I'm going to pay the bills without a job or a roommate.

Of course, the duck says nothing, but that's part of the benefit too.

"The food won't take long," I say aloud, while stripping out of my mud splattered pants. "But I'm all gross and dirty." Pulling my thick sweater over my head, I continue to deliberate. "I could take a quick bath, but who wants to do that? Baths are meant to be relaxing, not rushed." Patting its little yellow head, I say, "You're right. Shower now. Bath later."

Leaving Duckie on the counter, and turning my back, I turn the water as hot as it'll go. While I wait for it to warm up, I unclasp my bra and shimmy out of my undies, then step immediately into the shower.

Peeking around the shower curtain, I give my new Rubber Duckie a cheeky wink.
“Don’t look, Duckie.”

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So much fun

Drake

How the fuck am I supposed to not look?! I can't close my eyes in this form. They're plastered open, staring at the shape of the beautiful woman softened by the thin white shower curtain.

This is so wrong. A complete and total invasion of privacy.

I mean... it's not like I've seen that much. She was in her bra and panties until just before stepping behind the curtain. Underwear is basically the same as a swimsuit, right? I only saw her ass for a second. Nothing too scandalizing. I've seen plenty of ass before. But, man, what an ass!

She's got the kind of ass you could bounce a quarter off of, all tight and thick. I couldn't look away. Not only because I can't turn my head, but because hot damn, I wanted to touch it, bite it, smack it.

If I was in my human form, I'd be sporting a massive boner right now. The shower curtain is too opaque to see detail, but thin enough to see the shadowed outline of her. And that outline is making my squeaker want to go off without even being touched.

I should really get out of here. But before I can contemplate the distance to the door and how loud it would be if I opened it, she's shutting off the water.

Shit, she's gonna step out here all dripping wet and naked. If I shift in order to avoid seeing her, it would just freak her out. But watching... seeing her like this when she doesn't know... fuck, I'm no better than an obsessive stalker right now.

To my relief, or disappointment—I'm not sure which—she sticks her hand out of the curtain and grabs the towel before stepping out of the steamy shower already wrapped up .

She walks past me into the bedroom, and I can vaguely hear some shuffling around before she comes back into the bathroom dressed in sweatpants and a sweatshirt. Nearly every inch of her beautiful skin is covered, and I have the sudden urge to shift and rip it all off her. Yeah, dangerously close to stalker territory here.

She brushes her hair, then braids it down her back before gently brushing her lips along the top of my head in a sweet kiss. “Don't worry, Duckie, I'll be back soon. Then we can solve all the problems of my life.”

She bounces out of the room ten times lighter than she was at the toy store. The doorbell rings with their food. Damn, food sounds good. I haven't eaten all day. Not that I really get hungry in this form, but I still crave food. I hope Perry hasn't eaten all the leftover pizza in my fridge.

I feel bad about leaving Anita. I don't know what kind of woman buys a rubber duck and talks to it, but just having me here seemed to make her feel better, and it's clear she needs that right now.

But I'm not what she thinks. And I can't stay.

I wait one minute, two, three. The sound of muffled voices and clattering utensils comes from the main living space. This is my chance.

The counter creaks as I shift back to my human form. I quickly hop off, nervous it'll break. It's already got a thick crack in it. I'm naked, of course, because clothes don't shift with object shifters, so I quietly search under the sink for a spare towel. Nothing but a few extra rolls of toilet paper, a can of bug spray, and a bottle of cheap bubble bath.

Hands over my groin, I peek out into the bedroom. If this were a regular heist, I'd have studied the layout and know all the exit routes. But it's not, and tucked as I was against Anita's breasts on the way inside, I'm not even sure I'm still on the ground floor. For all I know, her apartment could be five stories up.

I skim the room for something to cover myself with. Her towel is on the bed, still damp from her shower. The thought of wrapping myself in something that so recently touched her wet, naked body, has me sporting a serious chubby. Getting home wearing only a towel in ten degree weather is gonna suck, but like the sick fucker I am, I want the souvenir. It smells like honeysuckle and hibiscus. Wonder how long it'll be before the scent of her fades.

Clutching the towel around my hips, I move to the window and peek out. We're only one floor up. And there's a decent size tree right by the window. Perfect. A hop and a jump, and I'll be shimmying down that tree and well on my way.

"No, it's not a problem," Anita's voice rings out from the other side of the bedroom door. "I'll get it for you right now, before I forget." The doorknob twists.

Shit. There's no time to look for somewhere to hide, so I shift and drop to the floor.

Don't notice me.

Don't notice me.

Don't notice me.

Her eyes immediately land on me and the damp towel under me. Crinkled eyebrows and a frown tarnish her pretty features. "Didn't I leave you in the bathroom?"

She picks me up and studies me like she's questioning if I'm real. After a beat, she shakes off any confusion and shrugs as if she's decided she must have moved me and forgotten. She picks up the towel and carries both it and me back into the bathroom. The towel gets put back on the hook, and I go back on the counter.

"I'm almost ready for that bath, Duckie. Just be patient one more minute."

With one more longing look towards the tub, she goes back into the bedroom to grab whatever she was getting for her friend.

Does she really mean a minute or ten? While I debate if I should risk trying to escape again, the clock ticks down and before I've decided, Anita is back in the bathroom, turning on the tub and dumping in mountains of bubble bath.

She drops me into the bubbles with a giddy little laugh. "You don't know how much you saved my day, Duckie. Having you here with me makes me feel like I'm going to figure everything out." She pats my head, which sends me bobbing under the water.

She steps one silky leg in at a time. Bubbles block most of my view, and a wave tilts me to the side as she sinks into the tub. But I don't need to see much for my imagination to run wild with images of her.

She moves her hands through the water, creating little ripples that have me bouncing closer to the plump curve of her breasts floating at the surface. The bubbles cover all the parts of her I desperately want to see, but know I shouldn't. Including her nipples.

No, no. I don't want to see them. I don't want to be that creep sneaking peeks when she doesn't know, but fuck, I wish I could look down, part the white foam and take in the sight of her pussy. Is she covered in curls or shaved bare?

She moans as she sinks deeper into the hot water, letting it ease the tension in her shoulders. I wish I could rub that tightness away, massage her until she's relaxed and pliant.

"Alright, Duckie, ready to solve the problems of the world?" She proceeds to tell me all about her worthless boss who fired her because she didn't reciprocate his inappropriate interest in her. I'm almost glad I can't talk or do anything, because by the time she's finished, I want to gouge the man's eyes out.

What she really needs right now is just someone to listen. Really listen. So with her head back along the edge of the tub and the bubbles slowly popping around her, she tells me every thought she has.

"I wanted to be an architect, you know. This job was always supposed to be temporary, a way to save up for my degree, but now that it's gone, I just feel lost. I don't have the training to be what I want, and I haven't saved anything, because every time I do, something unexpected happens. Like when my last roommate left, and I had to cover the rent by myself for two months until I found someone else. Or when my car broke down. My best friend got married a few months ago, and I had to plan the wedding shower. There are just constantly expenses I wasn't planning on, and oops, there goes my savings."

She moves a little, and I bob enough that my plastic beak kisses her right breast. The longing to kiss every inch of her skin, suck her nipples until she forgets all her worries, hits me so strongly it makes my hollow insides tremble.

"You know how it is, Duckie. When you're young you think you can do anything, but

then days and weeks and years just sort of slip away from you, and suddenly you're staring at yourself in the mirror and wondering how did I get here? This isn't where I want to be."

Before her bath, when I tried to escape, I thought this wasn't where I wanted to be either, but right now, I can't remember why I ever wanted to leave this apartment and the beautiful woman in front of me.

"I'm worried about Haley, too. Happy for her, of course, but jealous... and worried that this new job won't be what she thinks it'll be. Nothing ever is, is it?"

Ha! Yeah, not even her little Rubber Duckie. The longer I stay, the more I feel like I'm lying to her. Guilt scratches my insides, threatening to make me shift right here and now. I don't want to deceive this woman. In fact, I'd really like to get to know her for real.

She sighs and sinks against the back of the tub. Her eyes close, and she's silent for a few minutes. I plot ways to see her again in my human form. I'm not leaving here without memorizing her address and knowing exactly how to get back to her. How weird would it be if I just showed up at her front door and asked her out? I probably should arrange some kind of meeting instead. Maybe I can follow her to out to drinks with friends or something and then—

A moan stops my train of thought.

Her head's thrown back along the edge of the tub, lips parted. There's a slight flush to her cheeks as she closes her eyes.

The soft waves in the water, combined with the look on her face, let me know exactly what she's doing. Shit. I really shouldn't be here. But there's no escape.

And, fuck, there's nowhere else I'd rather be. I'm mesmerized by the expressions flying across her face.

"Mmm, this is what I need. Don't you think, Duckie?"

Fuck, no. And... fuck, yes. You deserve all the pleasure, baby. Make yourself feel so good.

"Bet you're jealous." She giggles, eyes locking with my wide-open plastic ones. "Bet you wish you could touch me right now."

Oh, if she only knew.

Her wide smile makes me feel like I'm floating. Is she getting off thinking about a rubber duck watching her, wanting to touch her? Does she know? Can she tell?

"I like being watched, you know?" One hand cups her right breast, pinching her nipple between the knuckles of her pointer and middle finger, tugging enough to pop the bubbles and reveal just a hint of her dark areolas to me.

"Back in college, I used to touch myself out on my balcony." She's breathing faster, panting enough that her breasts bounce in the water. "I loved the thought of someone watching, of never knowing if someone saw me or not, sharing a moment with a stranger I never met."

I'm suddenly feeling a lot less guilty about watching. Most of the bubbles have popped now, but I still can't see what she's doing below the water because I can't look down. Damn, I want to know how she touches herself. Does she circle the little bundle of nerves or pinch it? Or rub up and down? Does she use one finger or two? Does she like her fingers inside her pussy or does she just play at her entrance?

“Want a better view, Duckie? ”

How the fuck is she reading my mind? I'm frantic with the desire to nod. The water bobs me up and down like I'm saying yes.

A beautiful giggle escapes her as she scoots up. Her breasts lift slowly above the surface of the water, bubbles rolling off of them. Two big round nipples capture all of my attention. I want to twist them with my teeth, pluck them with my lips, suck them so hard they bruise. Fuuuuuck. I've never seen such pretty nipples.

Continuing to rise, her soft belly comes into view. I feel as if I'm holding my breath, even though I don't breathe in this form.

Higher, higher, and there it is. A thin strip of glorious little curls. A thrill runs through me at what's about to happen. But it's instantly followed by a sense of dread. She said she liked being watched and didn't mind strangers taking a peek without previous consent, or even knowledge, but that was back in college. How would she feel if she knew a stranger was right here, right now, in her bath?

But... what can I do?

If I change into a man, I'll freak her the fuck out. She'll never give me the time of day after that. I'll lose any chance of getting to know her for real. And apart from shifting, I can't do anything to control myself in this form.

As if the universe is hearing my plight and agreeing that this is wrong, the wave that ripples away from her turns me around, so I'm facing the cold bathroom tile. Relieved and disappointed.

“Where do you think you're going?” There's a cheekiness to her voice that's all new, and I fucking love it.

She plucks me up and turns me back around, so I'm looking right at her. Balancing on the edge of the tub, she lifts one leg, spreading herself for me. Curls part to reveal a glistening paradise.

If I wasn't already hard plastic, I'd be harder than I've ever been. The lust I feel for this woman is more intense than anything I've ever experienced. Maybe it's the taboo nature of watching her like this, or maybe it's just her. After she shared so much of herself with me, I feel closer to her than I've ever felt with the quick hook ups I usually enjoy. There's a connection here. Even if it only goes one way right now.

"Be a good boy and watch me fuck myself." She trails a hand down the front of her body. Fingers wrinkled from the tub. Languid strokes brush the lips of her pussy. Her eyes never leave mine. I drink her in like she's a cold beer on a hot day. Intoxicating.

Forget getting payback on my cousin. I could kiss him right now for trapping me in that store. I'm gonna fucking marry this woman and make Perry my best man.

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Awfully fond of you

Anita

This should be weird. Getting off while being watched by a fucking toy. Pretending a rubber duckie likes it, wants it, is all hot and bothered for me. Yeah, weird, right? But I guess I'm a weirdo, cause this is really doing it for me. I've never felt so turned on before.

Duckie bobs his little head up and down, like he's earnestly cheering me on. My fingers move faster, a warm tingling sensation tightening my nipples.

I used to imagine my toys were alive and could only move when I was out of the room. I think I watched Toy Story too many times as a kid. When I found Duckie on the bedroom floor earlier, I actually thought for a minute that maybe he'd moved himself. It was ridiculous, but right now, I let myself give in to that fantasy. Duckie, alive and watching me with rapt fascination. My little Rubber Duckie who knows all my secrets, memorizing how I like to touch myself.

Yeah, this is the stuff you tell therapists.

Maybe it's better if I imagine there's a little camera inside the duckie's eyes, transmitting all of this back to some sick freak, stroking himself while he watches. A man, not a toy. A hot, sexy, stalker man, spying on me, wanting me. Obsessing over me.

“You like watching me, don’t you?”

I slip a finger inside while continuing to stroke my clit with my thumb. Cool air caresses my skin. The scent of bubblegum follows each popping bubble. My breasts ache, and I use my free hand to cup one and twist the hard nipple. An electric zing charges down from the rough touch to the soft strokes on my clit. Tingly and tight, I’m so close.

I imagine picking Duckie up and rubbing that soft beak over my pussy while I curl a finger inside. Shoving his rubber between my lips and using him to get myself off. A sound that’s half groan and half gasp leaves me.

Before I can act on the idea, my muscles are clamping, my building pleasure overtaking me like the swell of a wave, surging from my core to my toes. I throw my head back against the bathroom tile.

“Oh, Duckie, yes, yes! Ooooooh Mmmm.”

I slip down the porcelain and back under the water. Scooping Duckie up, I nuzzle his smooth side against my cheek. A fit of giggles over takes me. I just got off fantasizing about a rubber duck.

Once I control myself and stop laughing, I plug my nose and dip all the way under the water.

All the worries and concerns of the day are gone. My body feels loose and languid for the first time in weeks. Everything is going to be all right. Tomorrow I’ll start looking for a new job, and it’s all going to be fine. Better than fine. It’s going to be amazing.

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When I squeeze you

Anita

I 'm barely drifting to sleep when my eyes fly open, some instinct telling me something is wrong. I sit up, look around, and scream.

Haley comes running in with a frying pan clutched in her hand. She's wearing an oversized sports jersey. Her hair is a tangled mess, and her eyes are only half open.

"Are you okay?" She flips the light switch and swings the pan around, swiveling her head in every direction. "What's going on?"

"I thought I saw a man in my room." I clutch the comforter to my chest.

Haley steps forward and a loud squeak makes us both let out piercing shrieks. She bends down and picks up my Rubber Duckie. "Is this yours?"

My eyebrows pull together, and I nod. "I swear I left it on the bathroom counter."

After tossing Duckie at me, she stalks to the closet, then the bathroom, checking every place someone could hide. "There's no one here."

"Um, sorry," I say, feeling sheepish. I didn't even get up and help her look, still shaking from the adrenaline. "It must have been a dream."

She grunts and heads out of the room. I can't sleep after that. Instead, to calm down, I spend the rest of the night talking to my Duckie. I tell him about the nightmares I used to have as a child and how my mom used to always make me a blanket fort whenever it rained. I tell him about my first job and my first kiss and my secret fear of cats.

The sun comes up, but I have nowhere to be today, so I stay in bed with my little yellow friend. Haley clanks around in the kitchen for a while, but then the front door slams, and I know she's left for work.

"Well, Duckie, I guess I should try to sleep." I yawn, finally feeling tired, too tired to keep my eyes open. My body feels heavy, like it's sinking. I close my eyes. My breathing evens out.

"Sleep well, bubble," a man's voice whispers, achingly soft.

"Mmhmm." I roll over, happy to do just that, and then it registers with my brain. A man. In my apartment.

I shoot straight up. There, standing at the foot of the bed, staring at me, is a naked man. He's holding one of my little throw pillows over his groin. It covers his important bits, but doesn't cover the thickness of his thighs, the way his hip bone juts out, the V that lifts from his groin to his defined abs. He clears his throat, drawing my attention up. He's got the most beautiful yellow-blond hair I've ever seen. It's swept to one side in a way that makes me want to run my fingers through it. He's gorgeous.

No. Not gorgeous. He's naked in my bedroom! What. The. Actual. Fuck?!

Instinctively, I reach for Duckie, the closest thing I have to throw at him. But Duckie isn't there. "Did you steal it?"

He frowns. I pick up the lamp, ready to throw it at him. “Did you steal my Rubber Duckie?!”

That probably isn’t the question I should be asking right now, but it’s all I can think about.

The man holds up his hands. “Woah, wait, it’s okay. I didn’t steal anything, and I’m not gonna hurt you.”

“What the hell are you doing in here?!”

“Um... you... kind of brought me here.”

“No. I didn’t.”

He smirks, then vanishes. I tentatively creep forward, head turning every which way until I’m close enough to the edge of the bed to look down. There, on the floor, right where the man was standing, is my little yellow Rubber Duckie.

Just as I’m about to pick it up, the duckie is gone, and the man springs up in its place, grabbing the pillow as he rises and holding it over his goods.

I tumble backwards, barely catching myself on my forearms. “You? How? What just happened?”

He rubs the back of his neck with one hand while keeping the pillow in place with the other. “Yeah, so, you see, you kind of did bring me here.”

“ You're my Rubber Duckie?” I blink and shake my head in disbelief. “My Rubber Duckie... is you ?”

“Yeah.” He laughs, almost like he’s nervous. “Look, I didn’t want to be a creeper, I tried not to look, but I couldn’t exactly—”

It takes me a solid couple of seconds to figure out what he’s talking about. “The bath!”

“Um, yeah. I really am sorry.”

“You... watched me?”

“Couldn’t look away.” There’s something almost shy in his tone that’s kind of endearing.

This is a lot to take in. But I find I’m not at all repulsed by the idea of this man watching me. I mean, it’s like my ridiculous fantasy just became a reality. The laugh I let out borders on manic.

He fidgets with the pillow and a little half smile toys at his lips. “You said you liked being watched.”

Composing myself, I bite my lip and give him an appreciative appraisal. This is strange, fucking bizarre even, but... “Did you enjoy watching me?”

His head rolls back, and he puffs out a breath of air as he looks up at the ceiling. “You have no idea how much.”

“Tell me,” I ask, nervous in a different way than I should be right now. I should call the cops, chase him out of my apartment with a broom or something, but instead I’m moving closer.

There’s something kind of sweet about him. He seems uncomfortable about the

whole situation, and that makes me feel better about it. I don't know what to make of this whole rubber-duckie-man thing, but I don't find it as hard to believe as I should. Maybe I've read too many shifter books. And had too many fantasies like the one I had in the bath.

My fantasy just became real, and it has me seriously turned on. My normally soft shirt feels abrasive against my hard nipples as I shift on the bed. Thinking about what he saw earlier has me slick between my thighs and aching to be touched.

"You..." He groans. "You're the most stunning woman I've ever met and when you came... fuck. I've never seen anything so beautiful. You have no idea how much I wanted to touch you." He groans, then looks at the bedroom door. "I was trying to sneak out so that I could come back fully dressed and create some excuse to see you again. I really didn't want to freak you out like this."

I scoot closer. "I'm not freaked out."

He gives me an incredulous look.

"I should be," I concede. "But I'm not."

"You're not?"

I shake my head and tuck a strand of hair behind my ear. "You really think I'm stunning?"

"Fuck, stunning isn't a strong enough word for what you are. You're... you're..."

As he struggles to find words, I rest my hand on top of his hand on the pillow. "Show me."

His Adam's Apple bobs. "Show you?"

I chuckle lightly. "Yes, that's what I said. Show me what I do to you." I accompany my words with a light tug on his wrist.

He gulps, and the pillow drops to the floor.

Woah. He may turn into a little Rubber Duckie, but there's nothing little about what I'm looking at now. His hard cock twitches, bouncing up against his stomach, which hollows and flexes. I'm still touching his wrist, fingers just a few inches from his impressive length.

"Touch yourself." I lick my lips. "It's only fair. You got to watch me. So, I should get to watch you. Tit for tat, right?"

"You want to watch me jerk off?"

"You like to repeat what I say, don't you?"

"I'm just having a hard time processing all this. It's... a bit too good to be true." His goofy smile spreads warmth through my chest, and for a minute we just look at each other. There's something about him that makes me feel safe, an instant connection I've never experienced before and didn't think actually happened outside of romance books.

"Do it," I goad, letting go of his wrist.

With his eyes on me, he drags his hand down his flat stomach, circling his fist around the base of his cock. There's something insanely hot about the sight of his masculine fist wrapped around his pulsing shaft. His breath picks up under my gaze, and his hand flexes.

Slow and steady, he moves up and down his length. His eyes skim over my body. I'm only wearing an oversized t-shirt I threw on after my bath. It barely covers the crease of my thighs and, with no panties, I lean back, bend my knees, and open my legs for him .

I can't believe I'm doing this. Maybe I'm just dreaming. Because, yeah, this is every fantasy I've ever had.

His groan is a deep hum. His hand moves faster when I trace my pussy with my forefinger. I'm dripping wet, so I bring the coated digit to my lips and suck.

"Fuck, how did I get here?" He stops stroking himself and just stares at me. "You're incredible." Moving to the foot of the bed, his knees press against the mattress for support, my toes barely brushing his legs. I want to be closer to him, want to touch him, but I don't want to stop what we're doing. I've never watched a man masturbate before. It's surprisingly erotic.

I press the soles of my feet into his thighs, needing some contact with him. He pushes back, leaning his weight into me in a way that shoves my knees into my chest. His pace speeds up in response. The grunts he makes are entirely indecent.

"Come again for me, little bubble. I want to memorize how you look when you pop." He releases a harsh grunt as he thrusts forward into his hand.

I bring my finger back to my center, taking my time as I drag it through my wetness, slipping it inside before teasing my clit. I add a second finger, pressing on that rough bundle of nerves as I watch him.

He curses and slows down. "I can't hold off much longer."

"You don't have to."

“Oh, fuck yes, I do. I’m not coming without you, bubble.” He drops both hands to the bed beside my hips and leans over me. “So get those fingers in there and make yourself come like you did in the bath, all fast and pretty.” He sighs like he's remembering it, his hot breath hitting my lips. "Were you thinking about me when you made yourself come?"

“Yes, I... I... imagined you were alive. Watching me, just like this.” I drop back, unable to support myself on one hand anymore. Staring at the ceiling, I work two fingers over my clit, rubbing back and forth at a furious pace. I look up and see his face contorted like he’s in pain. He’s got one hand still braced on the bed, but his other hand is back on his cock.

He licks his lips, and I lick mine. He gasps, and I groan. He grins, and I smile right back at him.

“Come for me,” he whispers.

“Only if you do, too, Duckie.”

Like a dam breaking, he loses control, and hot ropes of cum hit my thigh. His mouth falls open in an expression of such pure euphoria it sucks the air right out of my lungs and sends me over the edge. The tension bursts and I’m awash in ecstasy.

“So fucking beautiful,” he murmurs before bending over and kissing my knee.

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6

You make noise

Drake

I don't dare to move or even blink. She's gorgeous, and I don't want to miss a second of her pleasure.

I had every intention of waiting for her to come before I did, but I'm glad I was too eager, because now I can focus all of my attention on her without my throbbing cock causing a distraction.

I watch her, watching me, and something shifts in the air as she relaxes with a happy grin. Now that the adrenaline has worn off, I'm not sure what to say to her. Should I apologize again? Did I take things too far? She asked me to, but still, that was... intense.

With her messy leg pulled up, what's left of my cum oozes down her skin. Impulsively, I rub it around, smearing it over her like lotion.

She giggles. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, um, sorry. I guess you probably want to get cleaned up."

Before she can say anything, I scoop her into my arms and carry her to the bathtub. Setting her on the edge, I turn on the faucet and check the temp until I get it just right.

Remembering where she keeps her bubble bath, I pull it out, putting in a generous amount, but not as much as before. I don't want to obscure her beautiful body completely.

For a moment, I deliberate whether I should just help her into the tub and go, but I immediately decide against it. She hasn't told me to get out, so I'm going to stay as long as she'll let me. Now that I'm not worried about being found out, I don't feel the same urgency to leave that I did before.

Without overthinking it, I get into the tub.

"I thought the bath was for me," she says in a teasing tone.

"I like bathing with you, bubble." I bop her nose with my finger, then wrap my arms around her waist and pull her onto my lap. She laughs as she tumbles into the half-full tub with her oversized shirt still on. The sound competing with the splash.

She scoops up some bubbles and blows them in my face. I tickle her and we laugh until we're gasping for breath. When the tub is full, I turn off the tap, then rest my chin on her shoulder, playing with the hem of her soaked shirt.

"You can take it off," she whispers.

It hits the floor a second later with a slop. I pull her against me, relishing the feel of her skin against mine and slowly trailing my fingers across her belly, just below her breasts. My cock is already hard again, but I will it down, wanting to just be here in the tub with her, getting to know her.

She's silent.

The last time she was in the bath, she was so talkative, spitting out everything that

popped into her head, but now she's biting her lip.

"What are you thinking, bubble?"

"You're really my Rubber Duckie?"

"Do you want me to show you again?"

"No. I just... so, you didn't just watch me? You listened to all my rambling?"

"Every single word."

"That must have been annoying." Her laugh is self-deprecating. "I'm sorry."

"Pretty sure I'm the only one who needs to apologize in this situation."

"But you were forced to listen to me babble and complain and tell you every benign thought that popped into my head."

"And?"

"Well, that had to be boring, right? I mean, you must have wanted to pull your hair out, listening to some stranger who wouldn't shut up."

"Hey." Gripping her shoulders, I maneuver her around, forcing her to face me. "I loved getting to hear your thoughts. It was a privilege."

She dips her head, avoiding my eye, but I pinch her chin and force her to look at me. She bites her lip, keeping her gaze down even though her face is tilted up. What happened to the open woman who poured out her heart and her hurts to me earlier?

“You don’t share your thoughts or open up like that very often, do you?”

Her lashes flutter closed, and I can’t tell if the dampness on her cheeks is from the bath or tears.

“Most people don’t want to hear what I have to say.” She shrugs one shoulder while slowly swirling her hand at the surface of the water, parting the bubbles. “As a kid, my dad told me I talked too much and my mom complained that she never had enough quiet. So... I started talking to my Duckie. Whenever I needed to get out all the thoughts and words I’d held in all day, I’d take a bath and spill them to my little yellow duck. It’s silly.”

“No. It’s sweet.” I kiss her temple. “But I wish you didn’t have to look to a kid’s toy for comfort instead of your family. They should have loved you enough to listen.”

“Oh, it’s not like that. They love me. They’re great parents. But we just... I don’t really need to share every thought that pops into my head. Everyone needs some quiet now and then.”

“Sure, but everyone also needs to feel heard.” I stroke her cheek and she leans into the touch.

“You really didn’t mind listening to me?”

“Not a bit.” Truthfully, every word captivated me and made me fall a little in love with her. Which is an absurd thought since I barely know her, so I keep that part to myself. “I only wish I could have responded to a few things.”

“Like what?”

“Well, for starters. Your former boss is an idiot. And if you want me to, I’d happily

break into his house and smash his nose for you.”

Her laugh is beautiful. I want to bottle it up so I can shower myself in it everyday.

“And you’re wrong about The Beatles,” I continue, “one hundred percent right about Star Wars, and I desperately wanted to tell you not to give up on your dream of becoming an architect.”

She turns to her side so she can snuggle against my chest. “Tell me about you.”

“Well, you already know the most important thing about me.”

“Are there other people who can change into rubber ducks?”

I shrug. “Not sure. I know about fifty object shifters, half of whom are family, but none of them shift into bath toys.”

“They shift into other things?”

“Yeah. All different things.”

“That’s cool.” She plays with the bubbles for a minute before asking, “And what do you do with that ability? I mean, it’s not like a traditional super power or anything, but do you... I don’t know use it for good somehow?”

Not sure I want to tell her this, but I need to be honest with her, because I have every intention of seeing this woman again. “Well, we break in places. Or at least my family does.”

“You’re criminals?” She pulls away and turns so she’s sitting with her back against the opposite side of the tub.

“Not exactly.” I hold up my palms. “We’re licensed contractors. Mostly for the government, doing jobs that other people can’t do. They don’t know we’re shifters, just that we have a skill for getting in and out of places. I don’t do a lot of the B&E jobs myself, since a rubber duck in an office would be suspicious, but my brother’s a pen and he gets lots of action. Mostly, I run the computers.”

“Hmm, and how did you end up at the toy store? Did you break in there?”

“I did, but it was on misinformation.” Feeling bad for thinking that the sweet old man was a criminal, I quickly explain how my cousin set me up. In response, she tells me how her cousin once trapped her in the school locker room by stealing her clothes—unoriginal, but still horrifying.

I see a glimpse again of the bright shining woman I came to adore earlier tonight as she slowly opens back up, talking more and more while the bath water grows cold. We swap stories until the bubbles are gone and our fingers are wrinkled, and then I lift her out of the tub and wrap her in a towel.

“Sorry, I only have the one.” She shifts uncomfortably on her feet.

“Not a problem, bubble.” I smile, relishing the thought of sharing. Why is that so appealing to me?

Slowly, I unwrap the towel I just put around her, and use the plush terrycloth to dry her neck, her back, rubbing it up and down her arms, her breasts, her belly. With a tap on the insides of her thighs, I get her to spread so I can run the towel up and down her legs. On my knees, I blow on her sex, watching the droplets fall from her curls. She leans back and grips the bathroom counter.

I rise back up, drying the spots where her wet hair has dripped, then wrapping the towel around her head and massaging the cloth along her scalp, eliciting a moan .

Once her hair is reasonably dry, I give myself a quick pat down, wrap the towel around my waist, take her hand, and lead her back to bed.

“I don’t think I got this pussy dry enough.” I guide her to lie back on the top of her comforter and spread her legs. Then I blow cool breaths up the inside of one leg and then the other. She squirms and writhes, but I grip her hips and hold her steady while I blow dry the apex of her thighs with my breath.

“That won’t get me dry,” she gasps, which just makes me smile.

“Maybe I should give up then,” I tease. “Maybe I should make you wetter instead?”

She nods, and I dive in, licking up her center.

“Fuck, you taste good.” Like that bubblegum bubble bath she uses mixed with something tart and all her. I lap her up, slow and steady. She bucks and tries to thrust, attempting to grind herself against my face, silently communicating exactly how much she’s liking this .

Some men would take that as a signal to speed up or increase the pressure, but I know better. If I fell into that trap, I’d stop giving her what’s feeling so good and ruin it all. So, I pin her down and keep up the even pace.

She stifles a moan with her arm.

I stop just long enough to say, “None of that. Let it out, bubble. Let it all out for your Duckie. I want to hear every gasp.”

When I go back to eating her out, she complies beautifully. A gasp. A moan. A grunt. A groan. Little noises that grow into big noises until she’s jabbering nonsense about how she never wants me to stop and how she’s never had it this good. She curses like

a sailor. And I love every word that tumbles from her lips.

“That’s it. Tell me how good I make you feel. Gush all over your Duckie’s face.”

“Yes, Duckie, yes!” Her legs fling out. Her body shakes. “Y-y-y-yessss!”

She squirts! Fucking squirts like a squeezed rubber duck! A flood bursts all over my face faster than I can lick it up. Her pleasure splashes over me, the hottest thing I’ve ever experienced. Fuck, I’m a lucky duck.

I know it’s too soon, but I think I might be falling in love with my sweet little bursting bubble.

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7

My very best friend

Anita

My Duckie wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, looking like I just gave him a present by letting him eat me out. I suddenly realize, for all we've shared today, I still don't know his name.

"Who are you?"

He chuckles. "That good, huh?"

"No, I mean, what's your name?"

"Oh." He sits up. "Oh, I should have told you that right away. Sorry." He rubs the back of his neck. "I guess I liked you calling me Duckie." There's a blush along his neck and ears. "But my real name is Drake."

"Drake," I try it out. "I like it. It's not too far off from Duckie, actually. But I agree, I like calling you my Duckie better." My hand clamps over my mouth. "Oh shit, that wasn't what I meant. I mean, you're not my Duckie."

"I could be. If you want me to be." He crawls up my body, leaving kisses along my skin as he does. "I kind of like the thought of being yours."

With his face inches from mine, I lick my lips. “W-what do you mean?”

“Your Duckie. Your plaything. Your confidante. Your... boyfriend.”

“Isn’t it too soon for that?” I bite my bottom lip, gnawing on the tender skin.

“Do you think it is?” He pulls my lip from between my teeth.

I’ve shared more with him in the last twenty-four hours than any of the men I dated in the past. And some of those relationships lasted years. I’ve gotten a good sense of who he is, too. Enough to know we have a lot of things in common, and I want to know more.

Shaking my head slowly, I whisper, “I don’t think it’s too soon.”

“Good.” His lips are on mine in an instant, consuming me completely, tongue diving into my mouth.

I gasp when we break apart. “My Duckie knows how to kiss.”

“Your boyfriend knows how to do a lot of things.” He winks mischievously. “And he’s utterly and completely at your service.”

“Is that so?” I push his chest, prompting him to roll onto his back.

“Play with me, bubble.” His gaze is heated and full of desire as I climb on top of him. “Use me. Let me be your toy to command and control.”

Fuck. I’m normally not very dominant in bed, or very vocal, but he has this way of bringing out the side of me I keep hidden and locked away. The side only my Rubber Duckie gets to see. But he’s not a Rubber Duckie right now. He’s all man, and he’s

mine.

I rub myself along his length, loving the way his tip teases my clit. His hands glide up my stomach to my breasts. Kneading the tender flesh before tormenting my nipples. He plucks them both, pulling before letting them snap back. I feel it straight down to my aching center.

“Can I... are you...Do you want...?” I gasp as he does it again, at the same time as his cock rubs my clit.

“I want you to do whatever you want to me, bubble. I think I already made that clear.”

I stop moving, needing to think straight. “Do you have a rubber?”

He laughs. “Well, I could shift if you want, but no, I don’t have much of anything, remember?” He waves a hand at his naked body.

“Are you...?” I always hate having this conversation, but I know it’s important, so I suck in a breath and spit out, “Are you clean?”

“As clean as a rubber duck after a bath.”

When I just stare at him, he smooths my hair out of my face. “Yeah, bubble, I’m clean. If I had my phone, I’d show you. But if you don’t want to risk this, I understand. There will be other times. I have every intention of treating my girlfriend right.” Another wink, and I know he’s telling the truth. If I said I wanted this to stop, or said I wanted him to just go back down on me, he would.

“I’m clean too, and I have an IUD.” I give him a soft kiss and speak right against his lips. “Come inside me.”

Reaching between us, I line him up, maintaining eye contact as I lower myself down on him. We both roll our eyes back and say, “Fuuuck.”

Laughing at our synchronized cursing, I move, rolling my hips, driving him into that spot I want him, taking what I need just like he told me to.

“Touch yourself,” he says through gritted teeth.

“You okay, there?” I tease.

“Right as rain, bubble, but I’m... not... gonna... last long.” Panting breaths heave out of his chest. “You feel so damn good.”

The way he’s looking at me shoots my pleasure higher, and I work myself over his length a little faster. When he props himself up and bites my nipple, I overflow. Bliss pours through my body, dousing every cell as I come.

He finishes just after me, his whole body spasming as he thrusts up and spills himself inside me. His warm release is a flood against my womb. It feels like someone turned on a faucet and it just keeps coming, filling me so full it drips out around where we’re joined.

Tender amazement fills his expression as his gaze comes back into focus and lands on my face. We stay like that for a minute, just looking at each other. Then, he lifts me off him and eases me down onto the bed, kissing me one more time before he scoops me up and carries me back into the bathroom.

I only have a second of hesitation before I sit down and pee in front of him. He grins at me the whole time, like he knows exactly how rare it is for me to be this vulnerable with someone. When I get up, he lifts the seat, relieves himself, and closes the lid before washing his hands.

Together, we make our way back to bed. It's well into the afternoon now and we haven't eaten, so he orders food—insisting on paying. Apparently, he has his credit card number memorized for just such an occurrence as having to shift and ending up stranded somewhere without his wallet or his clothes.

We eat pizza in bed and watch an episode of Friends, The One With a Chick and a Duck . It seemed appropriate.

When we hear Haley come home from work, I find Drake a pair of sweatpants. He can barely pull them up over his beautiful ass, but he's a good sport about it and doesn't complain as he squeezes himself into my clothes. He also makes no move to leave, which I'm grateful for. I'm not ready to say goodbye yet.

Once we've shared a pizza with Haley, and she's said goodnight and gone to her room to pack, Drake says the words I've been dreading. "I guess I should go."

"Oh, um," I tuck my hair behind my ear and speak to the floor. "Do you have to?"

He tugs me close. "I might have time for one more bath."

He's on me in a splash, shoving me against the wall, and kissing me like he hasn't seen me in weeks. One bath turns into him shifting and me using his beak to get myself off, which turns into him ravishing me in my bed, and drifting to sleep in each other's arms.

I think I might be falling in love with this man.

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8

I'm lucky that you're mine

Drake

It's only been a week since Anita first brought me into her bath. But it feels like I've known her forever. We fit so well together. She's the one. My best friend. The love of my life.

We're in the bath, where we end up most nights. She's leaning back against my chest while I run my fingers through her hair and she tells me about the job interview she had today.

"I'm really hopeful about this one," she says.

I kiss her forehead and continue combing her hair with my fingers. "Any luck on finding a roommate?"

I try to keep my voice even, but it wavers a little at the end. I've contemplated suggesting I move in with her a hundred times, but haven't been able to work up the courage, certain she'd spook. People don't move in with each other after a week.

She's very quiet as she turns around and straddles my hips.

"Actually, I wanted to talk to you about that." She bites her nails in the way she does when she's nervous or overthinking. I pull her hand from her mouth, massaging it,

but my heart is beating twice as fast as it was before her words. I tell myself she's not going to suggest what I hope, but my pulse doesn't listen.

"Um..." She sucks in a breath. "Would you want to... maybe you could... move in with me?"

I stare at her, slack-jawed. Unable to express the elated feeling swirling in my chest.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have asked." She looks down at the fading bubbles and our entwined hands. "I know it's too soon."

"Who fucking cares if it's too soon," I say, loud enough to startle her. "Yes, I'll move in with you. Abso-fucking-lutely! I've wanted to ask, but didn't think you'd say yes."

"Really?"

"Yeah." I wrap her in my arms. "You're braver than I am, little bubble. So brave. I'm proud of you for saying what you want. And you didn't even ask me to turn into a duckie before you did it." I tickle her side and she squeals.

Sometimes, when she's struggling to get words out or I can tell she's not telling me everything, I shift to make it easier for her. She knows it's still me, but it helps her. This time, she just asked me right away, and I'm so fucking proud of her.

She blushes and plays idly with the hair on my chest.

"Can I move in tomorrow?" I ask, eager to leave my cousin's place and be with Anita every night and every morning, to share a space with her and make a home .

She smiles her widest, most genuine smile. "Abso-fucking-lutely."

After a quick kiss, I say, "Get on your knees and lean over the edge of the tub."

She tilts her head, giving me a curious look, but does as I ask. Kneeling in the deep tub, she presses her hands into the hard bathroom tile, belly dropped over the ledge, and ass beautifully lifted for me. I bite her butt cheek, then pull the drain. My legs frame hers as I take hold of her hips with a tender grip. Lining us up, I slide home and fuck her right there in the tub where our relationship began.

I tug an orgasm from her within minutes and follow her right over the edge. It's quick and dirty, even though we're both squeaky clean.

Afterwards, I pull her into my lap, cock still warm inside her, and turn the water back on. As the tub fills up, I kiss her neck and whisper, "I love you, my sweet little bubble. I'm so grateful that you found me."

She wiggles just enough to wake my cock back up, so with lazy thrusts I fuck up into her as the water rises against our legs.

She twists her head so she can kiss my chin. "I love you too, Duckie."