

New Calling

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by donedonedone

Another day in the life of my unnamed human-turned-synth character. In this story he discovers an unexpected feature of his new body and has an awkward interaction with an old friend. His initial transformation is described in my story [Life Hack](#).

Two weeks into being a rubber raptor my newest problem was forgetting that I was one. Now that I could walk fairly consistently on digitigrade legs it was pretty easy for me to zone out and fall back into my “default” human self-image when I wasn’t thinking about it. That’s when I invariably did something embarrassing.

The most common way I was reminded of not being human was by knocking something (or someone...) over with my tail. The second most common way was by passing in front of a reflective surface.

Any time I saw my reflection unexpectedly, whether in a puddle or in a shop window, the following occurred without fail: first, I’d wonder where I was in the mirror. I’d crane my neck to see if I was behind the odd white rubber, black-visored, digital green-eyed raptor that was blocking my view of myself. Then, after a few moments of dancing like a confused bird, trying to peer around the increasingly frustrated-looking synth in the mirror, I’d realize who I was looking at and proceed to die of embarrassment. I can’t feel the expressions that appear on my visor, so I’ve trained myself to cover it with my paws when I know my blushing is especially bad. I’m not sure it really helps, though...

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For the longest time, I saw becoming a raptor as my end goal. I’d take the pill, no longer be a burden on the environment or beholden to capitalism, and then that’d be it. I could pursue higher ideals than counting change for my next trip to the grocery store. Picking which ideals to pursue with my free time was a secondary objective. I’d figure them out as I grew older.

The kind of thing I didn’t think about before my raptorization was how I would carry my phone after I stopped wearing pants. Really, I never planned on going pantsless in the first place, but I was starting to see why the other synths I saw online did it. Pants don’t work super well on

digitigrade legs, it's a fact. Plus, my only pair of pants with a tailored tailhole was starting to smell.

(Side note: it turned out I still had a sense of smell as a raptor, I just had to open my mouth to use it. It was more like tasting the air, and the air around my pants was tasting a little too much like a certain male bodily fluid. In my defense, it wasn't *my* fluid. That stupid big-horned buck from the other night had just gotten excited much faster than I expected. No one ever warned me how much that stuff stains.)

...Anyway, my phone. I stood in my room holding it and looked down at myself. My pelvic area is perfectly seamless and pocket-free unless I'm aroused. Even when I was aroused I definitely wasn't going to try using my reptilian dick slit or my tailhole as a phone holder. *Technically* since I was non-biological those body parts didn't have to have the same unsanitariness they did when I was human (and, admittedly, I already had an embarrassing amount of experience having stuff put up there) but the idea of carrying my phone in my butt had to be the stupidest intrusive thought I'd ever had. I forced myself to stop thinking about it. I'd just keep wearing pants.

But like many things about my new body, time wore down my resistance. I'd already given up on wearing hats to hold down my over-expressive ear fins, and I'd tabled five or six ideas for how to reign in the sheer destructive force of my tail, so it felt inevitable that I'd eventually give in and go pantless, too. Lack of pockets was just the excuse I used to justify not wanting to feel naked in public.

Unfortunately for my attachment to human modesty, I came up with a fateful idea for a pocket workaround: What if I stored my phone in my mouth? Again, that would have been seriously unsanitary were I a human (which is probably why I didn't think of it for so long) but as a synth I didn't have to worry about germs. My mouth is huge, so it wasn't hard to open up and set my whole phone on my tongue like a massive breath strip.

What I didn't know was that my body has some powerful instincts related to having things in my mouth. As soon as I closed my jaw I accidentally swallowed my phone in one gulp. In surprise and panic I clutched my neck, thinking I was about to choke and die alone in my room from idiotically swallowing a cell phone, but then I remembered that I didn't breathe anymore. I actually felt fine.

When I didn't die for thirty seconds I let go of my neck and patted my stomach. I just ate my phone! I stuck a paw in my mouth to feel around for some trace of it, but there was nothing. How was I supposed to get it back?

I walked over to my closet mirror and opened my mouth wide to peer inside. Hm. I tried coughing, but my body doesn't really cough anymore since I don't have lungs. I didn't have a gag reflex either, as I knew from experience.

I untensed my rubbery stomach and tried squishing my abdominals to see if I could feel my phone in there. Nothing. What was I supposed to do? Stand on my head? Did I need to pipe-cleaner myself from mouth to tail to get it out...?

Of course, that was the exact moment someone decided to call me.

My whole body seized. My tail and ear fins shot straight up. My visor lit up in the mirror, the simplistic representation of my eyes replaced with a flashing green phone icon. Instead of just a rumble in my stomach as I would have expected, I could *feel* the incoming phone call everywhere, all throughout my rubber. I was channeling the call like a lightning rod. I hadn't just eaten my phone, I'd integrated it into myself.

Newly-acquired phone instincts of mine instilled in me a new directive: someone had to answer me! At a loss for how to accomplish that, I did what any phone would do. I started making a ringing noise to attract attention. *Brrring! Brrring!* I spun around, instinctively looking for someone to take my call. *Brrring! Brrring!* Why is nobody around? I wondered worriedly. Where was the recipient? *Brrring! Brrring!* I had an urgent call I needed to deliver to a human named—

Oh! That was my name. I was the recipient! In the back of my mind the “phone”-side of me was disappointed. It wanted the pleasure of delivering someone else's call for them, as it was designed to do. I did my best to soothe myself. I really didn't want to figure out how to handle voicemail...

Feeling awkward, like a phone answering itself, I tapped the bridge of my snout and stopped ringing. In the mirror my visor phone icon lifted and was replaced with a microphone. I looked weird and impersonal in the mirror with just a symbol on my visor instead of visible eyes.

“Uhh... Hello?” I said, hoping my voice could be heard. It was still strange to hear my old voice come out of a synth's mouth, and doubly strange to see it happen while my body was in “phone call” mode.

Suddenly, my mouth started moving on its own! It spoke with a voice that wasn't mine, “Hey! It's Anthony!” My tongue, jaw, and throat perfectly lip-synced his words as if I were saying them. “I know I haven't called in a while but how're you? How've you been?”

Having someone's voice in my mouth was awkward enough, but having it be Anthony's made me want to die. He was a friend from highschool, the only one I still occasionally heard from. Well, I say “friend” but he was one of those guys who was perfect at everything—grades, track, music, all that. I always thought he was only nice to me because “nice” was his default schtick with everyone. All the teachers loved him.

It was weird that Anthony kept in touch with people from highschool. What kind of psycho did that?

There was a long pause before I realized I could talk with my own voice again. "...Aaa—Great!" I yelled. "Great, yep, I'm doing awesome, Anthony, real great, yep."

"Hey, that's good to hear," my mouth said for him. "I was a little worried about you."

"Worried about me?" I asked. I tapped at my visor to try and adjust my call settings.

While I fiddled, Anthony spoke from my mouth, "Yeah, I mean, I guess last time I called you you sounded a little lonely over there. Have you met anyone new?"

"Oh yeah," I said distractedly, "I've met tons of guysss-uh-people. People. I've met tons of people." Oh god, Anthony did not need to know how many guys I'd been with in the past two weeks. Frankly, he didn't need to know I saw guys—or anyone—at all.

"No, I mean have you made any *friends*," Anthony-me clarified. "People you hang out with, not just acquaintances. Like... a girlfriend, maybe?"

At the word "girlfriend" my anxiety bubbled over.

"Beep!" I beeped. Oh no.

"Huh? What was that?"

"Nothing!!" I said, smacking my visor with my paw. "I'm fine! My phone just makes weird noises sometimes, ha ha ha! Everything's cool!" And then I made a fatal mistake. "Yeah, of course I have a girlfriend!" I said.

As soon as the lie left my mouth I wanted to scream. Why lie?? Why did I lie?? Between being a phone and getting questioned about my relationship status I was going insane.

"Really?" Anthony said excitedly from my mouth as I smacked my visor a few more times. "Hey man, great for you! How long have you known her?"

Kill me. "Uhhh... two... wee—months. It's really not a serious thing, Anthony, I—"

"Hey dude, don't undersell it. I'm proud of you!" Anthony said, intolerably nice as always. "I'm just happy you're putting yourself out there."

"So anyway," he continued, "the reason I called is that I'm going to be in town on Monday! We should get lunch! It'll be on me, so you can't say no even though I know you want to. Bring your girlfriend too! I'm really curious to see what your type is..."

I internally screamed at myself. *AHHHHH*. "Ok, sounds great, Anthony!" *NOOOO!*

I scheduled a time and place with Anthony in a daze. When we said our goodbyes the microphone on my visor turned red, then faded, replaced by my defeated-looking green LED eyes. I did a little wiggle to unstiffen my back and tail after being in call mode so long. Even my phone-instincts' satisfaction at successfully delivering a call wasn't enough to counteract my dread. I'd just agreed to lunch and I didn't even eat anymore.

I belly-flopped down onto my mattress. Why had I been so anxious to tell Anthony the truth about... well... everything? I wasn't *trying* to hide that that I was 99% sure I was gay, but throughout the whole call it never felt like the right time to bring it up. I didn't want to make Anthony feel stupid by correcting him. It just felt easier to go with the natural flow of the conversation.

But look where the "flow of conversation" got me: lunch with Anthony and my imaginary girlfriend. Shit, and I hadn't even told him I was a rubber raptor! Dammit, dammit, dammit. It was so easy to be confident about my environmentalist convictions online. Why did the idea of telling people I knew as a human that I was a raptor now make my stomach drop? I just felt like it'd be rude to mess with old acquaintances' ideas of me when I was the one who gave them those ideas in the first place.

Deep down, I think the thing that worried me most was that I really, really, *really* never wanted *anyone* to think I was doing anything for attention. Oh god, but *everything* I did looked like I was doing it for attention, from my tail movements, to my "cute" ear swiveling, to my exaggerated visor expressions, to pretending I had a girlfriend... Announcing I was gay would be the icing on the "special snowflake" cake.

I felt so dumb. How sure was I really that I preferred guys to women? Maybe those nights at the bar were all mistakes. I was probably fooling myself into thinking I was gay because I wanted attention.

I lowered my ear fins and smushed my visor into the covers. It was going to be a long night if I didn't go out to the bar. People were actually starting to recognize me as a regular there, which kind of made me uncomfortable. I sure hoped no one missed me as I moped in my apartment all night.

I imitation-sighed and patted the cardboard box I used as a nightstand. Where was my phone? ...Oh, right.

Thanks for reading! As usual, I appreciate favs and comments if you liked the story.