

Rory had heard about people doing less-than-normal things to get money in a tight spot. Some of his friends donated blood, while some even let a few desperate gay guys from their college top them for some quick bucks. It *could* technically work, but he needed a *big* stack of cash and *fast*. His landlord was breathing down his neck and combined with a few impulse purchases—even if all that rubber gear felt *really* good to wear—not even a well-paying job with a bonus could save him from the hole he had dug for himself.

Feeling the noose around his neck every second that he didn't have the money ready, he eventually went the one track that everyone told him *not* go down; product testing. He didn't need any experience and he was decently healthy, so it meant he'd get picked out over people with histories of cigarette use or any health conditions. Sure enough, a few days after applying, the envelope in the mail arrived telling him the date and hour of his appointment.

The best part? He was going to try out even *more* kink gear. It was an upstarting company trying to appeal to kinkier, more extreme people. They didn't have as many clients as the brands Rory frequently bought, but he'd be a fool to pass such an opportunity up.

“Your appointment is ready. Please go to the fifth floor.”

The receptionist's call broke the sabertooth out of his daydream. The waiting area of the building was drab for a company this flashy, but he was sure they'd pretty it up after they got more budget.

A few seconds of elevator music later, he stepped out to what seemed to be a strange lab area. It was massive; there were a large number of sealed chambers with glass walls attached to large, strange-looking apparatuses. The one thing that wasn't present was *people*. A large floor like this would be enough to host at least fifty persons, but peeking inside, there wasn't a soul in sight.

“Hello?” He asked, his question echoing deeper into the room. “Anybody home?”

**“*Good evening. Are you Mister Rory?*”**

Rory almost choked on his spit as the sudden female voice boomed from above. He noticed that the walls stretched up so high that he couldn't even see the ceiling. Instead, all he could see was darkness engulfing the upper portions of the room.

“H-hello? Is anybody there?”

**“*Scanning for identity.*”**

From the void above, a slender mechanical tendril emerged. It almost looked like an ever-stretching tentacle made out of wires with a rectangular device hastily attached to the end. It looked like it had been forcefully jammed into the wiring, unnaturally wedged inside and its connection seemed like it would be severed if the device was given the smallest tap.

Rory stood still, hoping that the device wouldn't break down. More debt sounded like the worst possible fate at the moment.

A red beam of light burst from the hastily connected gadget. Rory immediately covered his eyes, noticing that it had begun to travel from the top of his head downward through his body. The beam trail left a strange buzz across his body, almost like a constant electrical pulse that kept massaging his muscles and conducting electricity through his clothes. Rory would've complained about the strange prickly feeling left on his fur, but he couldn't be picky with how strapped for cash he was.

***"Identification complete,"*** she said.

Rory lowered his hands slowly as the tendril retreated back into the darkness. For a few seconds, a reaping silence enveloped the room. He could even hear the sound of his own breathing—jagged and rapid. He didn't know *why* he was panicking so intensely, it just wormed deeper and deeper into his subconscious.

***"Subject 'Rory', welcome to Halcyon Enterprises' testing chambers. Due to the increase in daily operations, the bodysuit testing process has been automated. The testing process will begin in one minute. Please go ahead into testing chamber #434."***

A buzzer inside one of the chambers went off, directing him towards it. Rory stood still for a second with his hands over his ears to muffle the noise, looking around in the hopes that there would at least be some other people subjected to the test, but to no avail. The row of chambers stretched in a similarly endless-looking manner to the wall. So many that Rory couldn't even begin to know where they started and ended.

Swallowing his pride and scooting inside, he entered the chamber. The buzzer still kept going off with its ear-grating noise, and the button to shut it off on a podium in the center. "Shut up!" He yelled, fangs clenched as he slammed his fist against the button. The buzzing finally ceased, but immediately after that, another sound followed; the sound of the door locking behind him.

"What the hell?!" He immediately rushed to the exit, gripping the handle as he pulled fiercely. Despite it being made out of glass just like the walls, it was incredibly sturdy and heavy—impossibly so, at least to Rory. It felt like he was pulling on pure steel rather than glass, every muscle on his underworked body straining. "I didn't agree to this!"

***"Aggression and confusion detected. I would like to remind you that the testing chamber must be completely sealed off during testing to prevent any outside interference."***

"I-I thought that it would just be a normal suit try-on! Like, with a dressing room!"

***"Confusion and aggression levels are still high even after explanation. Deploying relaxing gas."***

Some of the floor tiles suddenly became undone, sliding into a compartment underneath them as platforms rose in their place. Rory only pulled even more frantically as the six platforms raised up gas nozzles. They were small—the size of one’s hand—and nailed down onto the podiums.

“Relaxing gas?! This shit has to be illeg—”

The machines whirred loudly with a hissing sound as all six spouted a stream of thick, fog-like smoke. In mere seconds, the room was almost completely filled to the brim. It completely overwhelmed the sabertooth, his breathing growing so frantic that it was almost the only thing he could hear. His heart felt like he was about to explode from sheer panic as the fog crept ever closer. Rory put his back against the wall and turned his head away from the cloud of gas, then held his breath with his cheeks puffed up.

*I-I should’ve known that this was way too good of a gig to be true!*

With how much he had breathed through his mouth while trying to pry the door open, Rory couldn’t last long. It didn’t take too much time for him to start feeling like his lungs were on fire. He kept slamming his fist against the wall, and amidst his panicked fit, he breathed in.

Before he knew it, Rory felt himself becoming dizzy. There was still oxygen in the room—probably artificial, but still breathable nonetheless. It wasn’t deadly, but it was definitely messing with his head. Whatever he was breathing it in, was turning his brain into putty. He had gotten high before—completely lost in a sea inside his own mind—and it sure felt like he was about to embark on that voyage again. He could feel his legs trembling and heart rate slowing down—the entire world coming to a crawl as the gas seeped into his brain and messed with all of his senses.

*Shit... I better not get my organs sold...*

His consciousness remained—fully awake and aware of everything around him. He could hear the hiss of the machines, the sound of the apparatus—the thing probably controlling the strange chamber—beeping and booping constantly, and even the sound of his sweat splashing against the floor.

*What is even... happening?*

**“Aggression levels lowered. Resuming testing protocol.”**

The machines suddenly stopped, turning off and the podiums quickly retreated back under the tiles as if they were never there in the first place. Before he could even begin to work on getting out of the chamber, more tiles shifted. Instead of a podium, a familiar sight brought itself to him. The very latex suit that was promised to him now rested on the floor, discarded and shiny. The rubber reflected the shine coming from the lights outside the glass, bouncing on his eyes and making him look away.

***“Put it on.”***

The voice suddenly turned commanding, but in his haze, Rory—limping weakly while he felt his jaw turning slack—couldn’t think about anything else but following the commands. It gave him a goal, something to focus his mind on. It almost brought him back to reality. Not quite enough—the world still felt as if it was warping and tilting with each second that passed—but it allowed him to keep moving without too much strife.

Grabbing the rubber suit off the floor, Rory found that he couldn’t stop tracing his fingers across it. The squeak of his clawed digits pushed the rubber, making an *SQRK* sound that would turn unbearable to most but sounded comfortingly familiar to him.

***“Put it on.”*** It reiterated, now loud enough to make Rory wince.

Throwing his clothes onto the ground—leaving himself in nothing but his underwear—the sabertooth slowly put on the suit. Even the slightest movements caused the suit to creak loudly. He pushed his legs into the suit’s leg holes, then pulled it up his body. However, as it reached his waist, it became jammed around him. “W-whhaat...?” Frowning, he pulled desperately on the suit, almost mindlessly trying to force himself in. He remembered sending his measurements in his applications, so why is it so *tight* on him? “Cooooome on, you dumb, *dumb* suit. Enteeeer!”

Drawing the rubber fiercely in order to stretch it around, he forced himself into the suit, wincing when the zipper’s cold metal brushed against the bottom of his back. A sharp ache passed through his spine, causing him to grit his teeth in pain. “M-mgh...” Still, he kept on pulling harder and harder. The rubber then brushed against his groin as he continued pushing upwards, barely able to wrap around his dick. He didn’t even notice when an erection began to push forward, a tent forming against his boxer as pre leaked onto the cloth. He pulled as far as he could, ignoring the burning sensation in his lower region, pushing the suit further and further up until it was practically halfway up his body. He struggled with every effort to yank it the rest of the way up, grunting as the friction between the fabric and his groin got unbearable.

Finally, as he pushed it around his neck, Rory let it go. The rubber snapped back into place with a loud *WHAM*. It left the skin underneath his fur stinging red, burning feverishly. Looking at himself on the wall’s reflection, he saw that there were yellow accents printed on the rubber. There were yellow lines going down his arms and legs, emitting a strange neon-like glow.

“This is more like it...” He began to feel himself up through the rubber, groping himself and making the suit squeak in return. *This* was one of the best parts of suiting up. The feeling of being constricted, completely encased. It made him accurately aware of every curve and bit of muscle on his body—all of them pressing against the latex and making it screech loudly whenever he moved. Turning around slightly, he bit his lip at the sight of the suit hugging his ass tightly. He wiggled his hips, moaning as the suit creaked out in return. “Fuck yeah.”

He kept posing in front of the mirror. He had worn many other rubber suits—different brands, different quality, even different colors—but for some reason, the one he was currently wearing made him feel more powerful and aroused than ever before. It was as if the latex was massaging his ego, pushing him to continue moving inside the suit. “Dude, I look fucking *amazing*.”

***“The company agrees. You have the attitude that the company wishes to display with their models.”*** The tile on the bottom left corner of the room rose up, a bowl hosting a large variety of vials standing on the podium. ***“Have a congratulatory sample of our products as an incentive to continue working for us. Do you agree to perform further testing?”***

One glance was all that it took for him to realize what they were offering. “Hell yeah, I do!” Gripping a small glass bottle out of the pile, he popped the cap off. That wonderful, acidic smell passed up his nostrils almost instantly. It compounded on his already weakened brain, the gas and the popper odor from the bottle swirling inside his head like a tempest, scrambling his thoughts. “Fuuuuuuck, that hits the spot. It’s been a while since I took one of these...” He could sense all the tension in the lower half of his body oozing out, blood rushing to his penis as the muscles around his posterior.

Just one whiff was like taking a punch to the face. Everything became even blurrier, Rory *barely* able to hold onto the popper bottle as his hands began to shake. Deep, rumbling tremors began to course through his body as he desperately tried to hold onto his sanity, but it just felt *good*. His cock throbbed against the rubber, pushing against it and tenting through the latex just as it did with his boxers. With a slack jaw, desperate gasps were coming out nonstop. He continued huffing the bottle, his moans growing louder with each inhale.

*God... What is this stuff? I gotta buy some after I get out of this debt...*

***“Affirmation about wanting to test product received. Will deploy a large dose of product. Please, enjoy it and give feedback afterward.”***

He didn’t turn at the sound of more podiums rising up behind him. He was vigorously rubbing his nose against the bottle lid, rolling his eyes back as he continuously rubbed his dick through the rubber. The constricting, almost suffocating sensation of the suit compressing around his dick as he *gripped* it—almost like some sort of barrier between his palm and his shaft—pushed him to continue stroking. He swore that the suit wasn’t thick enough to form such a distance between him and his cock, but he didn’t care. It was just a bigger challenge, an obstacle that would make the experience last even longer.

Suddenly, he felt his arms be gripped from behind. The popper bottle almost smashed on the ground, but a sudden mechanical arm—just like the tendril that scanned him earlier—reached to catch it just in the nick of time.

Rory followed the hand as it retreated back from where it came from. Almost the *entire* upper right corner of the room had become undone to allow a surge of mechanical limbs to engulf

the room. He could count at least ten arms all emerging from the hole in the room, one of them cradling the popper bottle.

*What is... going on... are they gonna put more gear on me?*

His arms slid through straps, a heavy load suddenly pushed onto his back. Whatever was strapped onto him was heavy and metallic, almost sending Rory tumbling to the ground were it not for the hands pulling him straight. “Woooooah...” He mumbled, head lolling back and forth as drool trickled from his muzzle onto the floor.

Rory then noticed a strange shadow cast over his head. Looking skywards, two of the hands held a strange mask above him. It didn’t look like a normal gas mask. Instead of the nondescript, general look like the dime-a-dozen masks of the kink stores; it looked like a latex copy of his head—down to the tufts of fur that jutted out more than the others. Not only that but behind the lens was a phallic, *lubed* tube that stretched on for a concerning length.

Rory blinked, groggily struggling to stay conscious. The next thing he knew, the gas mask was lowered down to his face. His head had been completely encased by the rubber mask, his only window to the world around him being the mask’s glass visor. The silicone dildo kept going further down into his mouth, slowly worming itself through his throat. Rory gently brushed his hands against his neck, feeling the toy bulging against the walls of his esophagus. His moans had morphed into choked-up gurgles, the sounds *wet* and *squelchy* as his body tried to swallow down.

*God. I love this job.*

He felt the tip of his ears buzz at a sudden *click* sound, quickly followed by yet another hissing sound. Rory was afraid that the supposed ‘relaxation gas’ was being deployed again, but as soon as he drew yet another breath, the alkaline-like scent made him realize what was going on. Moving his hands around, they bumped into a series of tubes dangling from somewhere that wasn’t there before. Following them up to their origin point, it was just like he thought; they were connected to whatever was on his back.

*Dude... Are these like... giant popper canisters?*

The sound of his boyish laughter echoed inside the mask. Excitedly, Rory began taking in more of the wonderful scent, continuing to rub his groin with his re-freed hand. The cacophony of the hissing and the almost caveman-like groans coming from his mouth was *addicting*. He had never ventured this far into kink before, the act almost like drowning in a pool of liquid degeneracy. All he could think of was how good the scent made him feel, how *hard* it made his cock. The best thing was that he felt *renewed*, and more and more stamina pumped into him as if he was being injected with adrenaline. He had no idea how long he had been inside the chamber, but it was definitely for longer than five minutes. At home, a few minutes of huffing was enough to get him to cum all over his sheets, but now, he felt like a *machine*. His dick didn’t feel any closer to orgasm despite his relentless pumping, still

throbbing and leaking pre from inside the suit. He wanted this desperate, almost bewitching sense of longing to last forever.

***“Subject is showing amicable reactions to our product. Engaging in audiovisual entertainment protocol.”***

The visor suddenly turned black, completely blinding Rory. He tried asking the voice why, a clogged babble coming out in return. The sound frustrated him as much as it aroused him. He moaned, the sound growing louder in turn. He squirmed in now *complete* darkness, his constant groaning arousing him evermore. He kept pressing himself against the latex, letting pre flow freely as he squeezed his dick harder. The fluid ran down his legs like a river, soaking his boxers as it seeped into his leg fur.

Suddenly, a faint buzz began to sound through the mask. Rory stopped touching himself for a second, realizing that the blacked-out lens was suddenly coming to life again. Instead of showing his surroundings, what appeared to be a video feed was being broadcast inside. He could still see faint hints of the glass walls and mechanical arms swarming around him, but even when squinting, the static completely took over his view.

Immediately, the sight of raunchy porn videos began assaulting his mind. Filmed in crappy cameras inside someone else’s apartment, the videos had a vintage feel to them. Hairy, slightly overweight men on their messy beds pumping their cocks, their faces just out of view. The only words they uttered were random curses as they stroked their cocks, almost impulsively rather than consciously. The clips were switching so often that he couldn’t even focus on the features of the men on the video, only being able to stare at the almost mindless act of their masturbation. As if the sight of the men relieving themselves was a carrot on a stick, Rory followed dutifully. He rhythmically breathed and stoked, feeling himself lose *a bit* of his consciousness each time. He desired nothing more than to be a breathing, living pile of desires just like the animals in the video, unconcerned with anything else but their own pleasure. As the video continued to play, the sounds of grunting, moaning, and slurping filled his ears. It went on for what felt like forever, until suddenly, he heard something new; a chime that suddenly switched the catalog of videos displayed.

The men were now slightly heavier. Their stomachs were bloated; a tight beer belly that looked as taut as a drum. Rory tried biting his lip—the dildo stopping him from doing so—as he basked in the sight of the slowly growing men. Each new video showed off a slightly bigger guy, their stomachs more bloated and bloated. His favorite one was a trucker, clearly resting on what was a shitty motel bed and having to lay down on their back to stroke their dick since their beer belly had swollen to the point that it would've been cumbersome to try to masturbate sitting up.

***“Do you agree with the images displayed in front of you?”***

Rory tried to say yes, and after some muffled moaning, the sabertooth nodded his head. The dildo stuck in his throat convulsed slightly. A shot of sticky, liquid rubber traveled down the

rest of his throat. He was miraculously able to avoid tasting the substance with the dildo shoved so deeply inside his mouth. The sex toy continued shooting out the substance almost nonstop, the bobbing of his Adam's apple alongside the bulging dildo only making his neck feel more cramped.

As the torrent of rubber continued, it began to pile up on his stomach. His gut immediately began to churn, stomach acid bubbling as his body tried its hardest to get rid of the foreign substance traveling through his system. The sound was like the roar of a leviathan, ear-piercing and guttural. Instinctively, Rory began to rub his stomach just as the fat men on the videos on his visor. He followed along, trying to soothe the ever-building pressure.

His gut ached as the rubber began to fill it up. Almost immediately, his stomach began to stretch to accommodate the swelling. The yellow accents of the suit began to glow brightly as the rubber stretched alongside his actual body, more and more taking space. Rory couldn't believe it—maybe it was the constant stream of pleasurable fumes messing with his head—but in the span of a few seconds, he had begun to resemble the men on his visor. The curvature of his swelling stomach was as taut and perfectly round, almost feeling like he had a beer belly on his own.

*Dude... This is, so weird. But GOOD weird...*

He pressed down on his newly formed belly, the rubber screeching against the force squeezing down on it. It was a strange, almost other-worldly feeling where he technically felt like the stomach was part of his body, yet it also felt as if he was pressing down on a large balloon. Almost like a child excitedly trying out a toy, he continued smushing his rubber-filled stomach, causing it to scream even more—a constant stream of *SQRKK* that only drove him to continue doing it even more.

*Hoooooly shit...*

***“Successful bonding of liquid rubber with the host. The suit is in optimal condition and is keeping the rubber stable.”***

*Mgh... lady... speak in English... No more science Mumbo Jumbo...*

***“As the rubber bonds with your bloodstream and nervous system, you'll begin to experience positive changes. This will be vital in making you a perfect model for the company.”***

*Perfect model...*

***“Just like the models displayed on your visor.”***

*Yeah, god... So fucking hot...* Rory moaned as he began to feel his feet warming up. He curled his toes, a pleasant buzz spreading across his feet. The sight of the dirty soles of the



men on the visor only made him even hornier, wishing for nothing more than to have them rub against his face. *God. I need this... I need this... So badly...*

***"The suit will help you utilize our products better. Your sensitivity will be increased by 140%."***

The yellow accents glowed even brighter as the hands began to creep towards him. Two of them joined him in soothing his stomach's churning, the metal palms only causing the squeaking to grow even louder. More hands prodded against his sides and arms, Rory shuddering as a barrage of sensory overload rained down on his body. Each individual trace of the mechanical fingers caressing his body was as potent as dry ice brushing against his frame. In a constant flow of shaking and moaning, he could barely even *think* about what was being done to him. Everything felt so beautifully foreign, so *new* that it was as if he was being reborn, every one of his body *burning* with fervor.

The only remaining pair of hands then wandered towards his feet. It was as if they were attuned to every growing desire of his, because, without hesitation, they went for his tingling feet. They began massaging his paw pads and soles through the latex. Their movements were as refined as a professional massagist, kneading down on his pad pads tenderly. It put the right amount of pressure for it to not be painful but still make him *feel* the hands pushing against his feet. Cold, iron fingers went between his toes, making him giggle slightly from the sudden friction.

***"As a model, you'll learn to be a good spokesperson for the company. You'll be hired as a worker. You'll be compensated in constant pleasure, with a stream of our relaxing products to allow you to enjoy your work here."***

*Like this? All the time?*

***"We'll construct a contract. Does five years sound good?"***

Rory vigorously nodded, still entranced by the videos.

***"Excellent. I'm sure that Halcyon Enterprises will be happy to have you as a worker."***

With his fate sealed, a loud electric hum reverberated through Rory's ear. Squinting to the stream of pornography, Rory realized that his groin had begun to swell. His already thick bulge grew, inflating like a balloon. One step ahead, the hands demonstrated the effect as they squeezed the growing lump—Rory only *barely* able to feel it. They squeezed again, and looking down, he realized that yet another yellow accent had been added to his personhood; a large, yellow lock symbol was printed onto the latex bulge that surrounded his cock.

Maybe before entering, he would've been up in arms that they took away control of his dick, but now? He'd give *anything* to make this experience of pleasure last any longer. Completely isolated from the whole world—locked inside a cage of pleasure—Rory didn't fight. Instead, he gently began to rub his null bulge, tasting the tiny amounts of pleasure afforded to him.

*Dude, I love my job.*

The upper left of the room opened, revealing that the hands already had a canister of gas prepared for him. *Good. That way, I won't be running out any time soon...*

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Carlos knew that his career wasn't the most profitable. A freelance journalist who refused to engage in any kind of tabloid-styled writing meant that no actually profitable company wanted him on the payroll. He had been called a liability so many times that he often turned his head if someone even said the word out of context. Most people would've given up by now, but not *him*.

"I can't believe I'm doing this..." He said to himself out loud.

Principles didn't pay rent or the bills, however. So, in dire need of cash to prevent his landlord's wrath from raining down upon him, he ended up signing up for some shady product testing. He justified as investigating a potential future target from the inside—he had to get even the *slightest* bit of a silver lining out of this. The entire thing seemed shady from top to bottom—a front for money laundering if he had to guess—but he needed the money *desperately*.

Moving past the elevator doors, Carlos immediately stopped. In the middle of the room, standing almost like a statue—the only sign of life a faint, almost artificial breathing motion—was a man clad entirely in rubber. Their eyes were behind a large, opaque visor that glowed in the dark.

"Hello?" He asked, wishing that he had brought his camera to record everything he was seeing. "Who are you?"

**"Welcome to Halcyon Industries."** The rubber drone said. Slowly walking over to Carlos, he forcefully grabbed the man's hand and shook it firmly. **"Please, proceed to chamber #1507."**

The corresponding chamber chimed. Carlos stared at it uncomfortably as the rubber-dressed man stopped shaking his hand. There was something wrong, his gut instinct had never failed him before.

Looking down at his hand, he realized something.

A dark, goopy substance had been smeared all over it.