Vic woke up with a groan, body sore from what must have been an hour of being slumped over against a wall. He still felt numb from whatever was used to knock him out and he could barely see anything in the dark room aside from the glow of light radiating from under the doorway. Attempting to move, he soon realized his arms, thighs and feet had been bound by some sort of rubbery rope, keeping his limbs tightly bound together. Was he also...naked???

Head still fuzzy, he attempted to recall the events that had lead to his current predicament. He was.... on some sort of museum tour? Right, his friend had gotten some tickets to the opening night gala of the newest Egyptian collection at the FrostRiver cultural museum, but couldn't make it at the last minute, so he was offered the ticket. Normally this would have been something he'd turn down, what with these sort of things being super boring and an information overload, but his friend had also mentioned there'd be fancy drinks, good food and some refined women and men to seduce.

Propping his head up against the wall, he felt the tell tale splitting headache of a hangover. That's right, aside from whatever had been used to knock him out, he'd also gotten just a tad too plastered that night. In the middle of the tour he'd started frequently interrupting the museum keeper at the exhibits and disturbing guests he thought he could hit on. It came to a head when he ended up puking on the display case of that one super weird exhibit piece, that one with the almost rubber looking female jackal statue with black bandages around it's eyes, and what looked like...some kind of matching servant jackal kneeling and holding a golden hoop of some kind. This wouldn't have been so strange if it wasn't for how erotic the display piece was, massive breasts adorning the two jackals, not to mention the golden vaginas and cocks they were packing.

Oh man was that bearded keeper dude ANGRY when he turned to see the mess he'd made on the glass and floor of the exhibit area. Security had grabbed him no moments after and-

Interrupting his chain of thoughts, he winced his eyes as the door in front of him opened up, the sudden burst of light causing them to tear up and blur his vision. Someone was standing in front of him with some kind of....duffel bag? As his vision cleared up, he was able to make out the same bearded face of the keeper who'd given him that death glare, except...he was oddly calm? Behind him he could make out the background of the exhibit in the distance. Except the display was bare save a lone mannequin with a massive hole for a mouth...

The man walked in and closed the door behind him, flicking on some dim blue lighting and placing the bag on a nearby desk. He tried to open up his mouth to apologize to his captor when he was interrupted by the sudden whir of a drone flying out of the now unzipped bag, carrying the golden ring, except this time it looked as if it was carrying some sort of liquidy looking latex film in the center.

He began screaming for help and trying to wriggle away as the rubber shot out two tendrils to begin pulling him through that inky black void. He could feel each toe being clad in slick shiny material, gaining almost claw like tips??? His horror intensified as the man stripped and began slipping himself into parts of a costume that looked oddly like one of the jackals in the exhibit, golden parts of the costume such as the gold bands and cock glowing in the partial darkness.

Vic felt a tail sprout from behind him as the film absorbed his rubber limb bindings and clamped some new thick rubber bands around his wrist, ankles and cock, just below his tip. His rubber sheathed cock immediately sprang to attention as the latex gently massaged his shaft, causing him to stop his annoying cries for help for a second with some moans of pleasure. This was further intensified as he felt something gently pinch onto his nipples, making him look down to see he was now adorned with a pair of glowing golden nipples breaking up the otherwise perfectly shiny black sea of rubber that was now his chest.

Before he could begin screaming for rescue again, a golden cock gag erupted from the hoop being quickly drawn up his neck, ramming itself into his mouth to silence him. The keeper at this point had put on most of the suit, grinning in amusement and...was that arousal??? His now glowing golden cock throbbed as he massaged one of the massive tits of his rubbery black hands adorned with matching gold claws. His other hand gripped the mask of the suit, dangling it by the hair as as large cock gag much like the one Vic was forced to swallow just now. This would be all he'd see for a while as the drones finally pulled the last bits of rubber over his head, sealing his face in a smooth jackal shaped mask, long black pointy ears with that same golden glow as his gag painting the interior of them.

Satisfied with the newly born jackal gimp writhing on the floor, the keeper opened his mouth and swallowed the cock gag inside his own mask, shaft leaking a bit of golden fluid as he moaned while swallowing every inch of the intruder. While SHE was blinded like the gimp had been by their mask, hers gave enhanced their hearing and touch, allowing them to "see" the world through visualizing their surroundings.

Groaning in frustration at being unable to escape their new skin tight prison, the keeper made sure Vic knew his transformation wasn't quite complete yet. He was pushed over forward, the other jackal feeling the surface of his new slick back before he found his new muzzle bumping into a clearly phallic shape. The faceless jackal servant squirmed and struggled in panic as he felt the tip of the shaft lift away from the surface of their mask, but somehow the suit hardened the rubber around his neck, allowing the member to slam into his mouth, feeling the shaft forming an oral channel in his mask and leading to his mouth. At the same time, rubber near his sphincter pushed itself in and began fucking him in sync to the oral penetration by his captor.

Vic's mind spiraled in confusion as the rubber his ass worked it's way against their prostate, though keeping them from cumming until their mistress did. The dominant jackal moaned against her own gag as she thrusted faster and faster, eventually erupting in a fountain of golden liquids, neatly collected by the awaiting mouth. her breasts began growing with every drop of golden rubber fluid swallowed, a mess of black latex hair sprouting as well to match.

As the jackal servant was finally allowed to orgasm, the sheath neatly collected every drop of resistance the former male had in their body, sheath slowly converting from black to gold as the ring coated their cock in another layer of vibrating latex.

The room was filled with audible creaking and muffled breathing as both of the creatures shuddered in their afterglow of pleasure, her mistress slipping the cock out of her servant's mask to reveal a new glowing hole for use, oozing with that gold rubber cum. Satisfied with her new thrall's transformation, she commanded the drones to lift them up in the air, suit forcing their arms to their sides.

The dominant jackal moaned slightly as she fingered her sheath, pushing some digits into her cock hole to stretch it open. She took in the slickness of her new pet's exhausted struggling with her enhanced hearing and touch, enjoying the sounds of her cock and tits bouncing and squeaking as they rubbed against each other.

With the snap of her rubberized talons, the drones lifted the restrained subject into the air and slowly began lowering him towards that glowing stretched cock hole, still leaking semen and pre. Vic could only wriggle and groan in gagged frustration as he felt his feet grabbed by latex coated hands, slowed slipping into the cock of their captor. He could feel the cock pulsing in pleasure as he unintentionally stimulated it with his squirming, panicking as it tugged him in deeper with each pulse.

Pushed down up to his new breasts, Vic could feel their new tits being played and massaged by those clawed fingers, shoved down further into the rubber member after a moment of molestation. Soon, even his masked head disappeared past the tip, cock swallowing his entire latex sheathed body and depositing him in the inky black rubber sack below it with a wet plop, allowing a bit of that golden cum to spurt and drip over the engorged obsidian sack they were now trapped in.

The latex goddess tilted her head up and let out a gagged grunt of satisfaction as she rubbed her hands together, rubber goop forming from her gloves before she stretched the material out into a thin film, slipping it over her glowing pole, letting it snap into place as an ink black condom with an indented milk jug symbol like the piercings dangling from her tits. Grasping her cock, she began pumping it once more, head tilting back in pleasure as she rubbed her swollen sack her her free hand, condom tip already filling up with fresh latex pre.

Inside her sack, Vic weakly wriggled and worm as he began feeling the odd sensation of....was that his body... liquifying?! Finding strength to resist one last time, the jackal suited man pressed and kicked against the confines of his prison, his ever fuckable masked face push up against the surface of those balls and leaving a visible outline of the visage beneath.

"Oh there you are! Thanks again for covering my shift." Remi purred walked in while drying herself with a towel. "Not exactly easy being teased by a living suit all day long. Those mannequins sure are in short supply these days. You look pretty good in that suit too!"

The black rubber jackal placed a hand up to her mouthless mask as if to giggle as she continued to fap, condom now sagging slightly from the stimulation. The snow leopard watched quietly with a smirk on her face as the faceless canid lurched forward, shiny ass and thighs quivering as she finally began to climax, filling the black rubber sheath with massive amounts of liquid nanotex, the indented symbol on the condom filling with a golden glow as her ballsack shrank and the last bit of Vic's now converted body was spurted into the vessel. It slipped off the goddess' pole and self sealed and bounced on the floor, leaving only behind a smear of rubber cum on her now normalized cock and balls.

"Maybe this will give our little trouble maker here something to think about the next time he decides to ruin a tour..."

The snow leopard hissed as the writhing mass within still attempted to escape by pushing against the walls, earning the living latex prisoner a firm kick. The victim within reacted with panic as the nanotex store rolled across the back room floor.

The snow leopard composed herself, before walking over and picking up the writhing rubber satchel over her shoulder. "But I'm sure he'll make up for it as a 'donated' artifact....maybe we'll let him in a few weeks after you and I have had some fun playing with our squishy new friend here...."

The jackal nodded in agreement before affectionately nuzzling Remi, shaft pressing and grinding against her generous hips and black hands exploring her snowy white and grey body. "Oooh, feeling a bit frisky tonight mmm?"

With her free hand, Remi began to play with that glowing cock between their inky black legs, pumping and squeezing it, purring in amusement as the living exhibit piece let out some muffled moans behind that mask. What she didn't realize however was that the goddess was sizing her up, those gold claw tipped fingers suddenly grasping the hand stroking her shaft.

The snow leopard panicked dropping the still sloshing condom filled with Vic's liquid nanotex form, attempting to wriggle free before the jackal plunged her hand into that shaft tip, cock twitching in pleasure as her struggling only encouraged that cock to pull more of her arm in.

"W-WHAT ARE YOU-MMFFF!" She was quickly silenced by a film of black latex stretched out by the flying drone attendants, the machines forming a faceless rubber hood for the feline. Blinded and partly bound, she could do nothing before her latex suited friend dragged her smoothed over form onto their lap, sitting atop the still squirming and jiggling condom filled with Vic's nanotex form. The jackal continued shoving and feeding the snow leopard into her cock , making sure to restrain her as she continued her failed escape attempts.

Soon the last bits of the kitty disappeared with a wet splatter of pre cum, legs pushed down and consumed by the greedy member, engorging her previously emptied balls once again. Satisfied with the new occupant of her loins, the goddess sat down upon the wriggling condom that the snow leopard had dropped earlier and began pumping her shaft once more after slipping on another self formed condom.

Within, Remi could feel her slit dripping in heat and need as the nanotex worked its away around her body, slowly converting and storing her form in the high tech rubber, slowly feeling more in sync with the pleasure her captor was experiencing outside from both the cat's wriggling as well the jackal's own stimulation. In a desperate attempt to get out, she pressed her masked face and paws pressed against the walls of her slick confines, only to feel the jackal caress and push her muzzle back down into the center of the sack.

After a few good minutes of the goddess stroking, the snow leopard soon only felt the need for pleasure and self satisfaction as more of that unadulterated need made it's way into her head. The nanotex cum that she had been converted into now began bubbling in excitement as the jackal began lurching over, moaning into her mask's gag before finally exploding into the condom, pour ropes of hot golden seed inside. The snow leopard's need burned so hot that the black condom began to glow itself, the sheathing converting from that dark obsidian to a shiny gold coloration.

The jackal shuddered in the after glow, her plump black rubber ass squeaking against the struggling blob of stored cum, relaxing as the new converted artifact slipped off her tip and self sealed. After a few minutes of resting, she got up and ordered her buzzing drones to help grab the sacked victims and bring them back to the exhibit. Pressing a few unseen buttons hidden on the exhbit stand, she posed the new piece of the collection before taking a pose herself. The latex began to harden into a statue mode, keeping them all stimulated yet frozen in a rubbery stasis.

The exhibit for "Anubia, the Godess of Fertility and Justice" would be a smash hit for the coming days.