The difference between nosiness and the pursuit of truth was a fine line to walk. In his line of work, Carlos knew that such a line was almost impossible to see until it was far too late to take back a job. One day, he'd be photographing cheating husbands and scammers. On another, he'd be essentially stalking an employee so a company could fire him. Still, groceries couldn't be purchased with morals. Being picky with whatever assignments he took wasn't a luxury he could take, much to his chagrin. So of course, when given a task that would be enough to pay him a whole month of rent, no matter how illegal or immoral it could be, he *had* to take it, even if the guilt of taking it over more pressing matters like a disappeared civilian that simply paid less.

It was simple. Inside a storage unit, there were three upcoming attractions for Nintendo World. He didn't know why someone would pump so much money for photos of something that would be announced just a few months down the line. The only reason he could think of was because the benefactor was a big fan of the property. “Star… StarFox? I think that’s what it was called…” He vaguely knew of it—mostly because Detective Nova had his office plastered with memorabilia of it. That and an awkward night where the detective was high as a kite and rambling about his complicated headcanon that was apparently not even related to the *actual* games. “Is that guy even boning the wolf or not? The internet is just filled with pictures of him boning him or a blue chick…”

He parked the car twenty minutes from the storage unit and camera in hand, he made sure that he wasn’t being followed. He was given a copy of the key—probably illegally obtained, but that wasn’t for him to know—and quickly found the unit. Marked #1993, it was *massive*—far bigger than what Carlos expected. Whatever was being hosted here, it was massive. The actual shutter was still small—probably so that a person could still open it. “That means that there’s tons of things there. Shit, gotta be quick…" Even worse, he had to take pictures of the inside of the attractions as well. They were supposedly left in testing mode—you just need to pass a faux access card on the card reader and it'd still work—so he could do it. That just meant more work to do. More chances of getting caught. More chances to not get the money.

Rising the shutter, he saw that there were three spaceship rides neatly spaced away from each other. From left to right, a blue and white one—a black and red one—and a seemingly separate model of a ship with a white base adorned with red plating.

Besides the latter two, strange… life-sized figures—that was the closest thing Carlos could refer to them as—were posted. They seemed life-like in every way except for one odd detail; their glossy, rubbery texture. The fluorescent light above reflected off their shiny, artificial bodies. Still, the first time he saw them, Carlos had to do a double-take to check if what he was seeing was a person or an object. Such a shiny texture on otherwise life-like faces was… disconcerting, to say the least. Maybe the people who were fans of the characters would love seeing them completely brought to life, but to Carlos, it was just creepy.

Still… he had a job to do. He slowly encroached towards the two figures, turning his camera on and capturing them in detail.

The first one was an avian—a pattern depicting blue feathers depicting adorning his body. The way the pattern was printed on the figure was made with such detail that the depth that appeared to be on his plumage wasn't even there—an optical illusion depicted on top of a completely flat material. His eyes were locked in a fixed position, yet it felt like they were always looking back at him. It was impossible to explain—a simple, straight bad gut feeling that he was unable to rationalize. Around his blue latex body was a tight red jumpsuit that was equally tight on what Carlos assumed to be a base made of solid material underneath it all—he didn't want to touch the merchandise just in case they were fragile. A jacket was placed on top of the jumpsuit, but that was just equally vacuum sealed to the body.

The second one was similarly dressed. It was that guy that his boss Nova loved to draw fucking the fox guy. Wolf—that was his name. He was affixed in a cocky pose; back straightened, chest puffed up, a massive grin, and his thumb pushed against his chest. The dark violet purple and the purple jacket to accompany it were similarly sealed onto the base. The only difference besides coloring with the avian’s jumpsuit was the spikes that rested atop the lupine's shoulders. It looked completely unmoving. How were these supposed to sell? They looked so uncanny that Carlos couldn’t wrap his mind around it. “The noise these two must make must be awful… I mean, how could people handle touching this? I bet…”

Well, maybe he was a *little* nosy. He approached the Wolf figure, slowly reaching his hand out around his muzzle. As he squeezed down, he cringed at the ear-piercing *SQUEAK* that came from putting pressure around the material. Carlos continued exploring, feeling up the figure and squeezing. He started with the waist and began to go up. First, he noticed that the belt around the jumpsuit wasn’t a physical object but something painted around him. Second, when he grabbed the shoulder spikes, he felt them mold and bend around his grip. In the end, it was even more life-like than he thought. The anatomy was as realistic as it could be. It was as if the base was molded around an actual skeleton with how realistic and accurate it was. Years of having to do Photoshop work for people’s photos had taught him a lot about how correct anatomy was ‘supposed’ to work—and these figures were eerily realistic.

He moved to the avian figure and did the same. The results weren’t too much different… that was until he arrived at the face. He squeezed the beak, feeling that there was much more empty space around it compared to Wolf’s muzzle. “So maybe the base is the same species? Makes sense. Most models to make a base off are wolves…” He tried pulling, just to see what would happen. The once completely normal and well-constructed face morphed forward as he yanked the puffy, empty beak towards himself—facial features dragged forward. “Gross.”

*Wait, crap. Can’t get distracted.* Focusing them on the frame, Carlos snapped a picture of the two and their ships.

The photo was quickly processed. He gave it a quick look to see if he should take another shot, and while the actual lighting and pictures were decent, there was something that he only just now noticed. Right in the figure's crotch was an inflated, round nub that jutted outwards. The way it stood out from their otherwise realistic anatomy was almost juvenile—like the latex around the groin had been filled with staunch, unmoving air. "What…?" Carlos didn't even know what he was exactly looking at. It reminded him of what he would use to do when alone as a teen—shoving socks into his boxers to make his bulge bigger whenever he looked in the mirror. Of course, the difference was that instead of being bumpy and shapeless, the bulge that the two figures sported was perfectly circular. "What is even the point of this…?"

He encroached closer, a swirling hot podge of feelings stewing inside his stomach. He studied their inflated crotches, seeing his own anxious reflection on the glossy surface. Surging curiosity mixed with disgust. This was clearly not meant for something inside an amusement park, yet that unnatural object jutting out of their pelvis only made his mind rush with thousands of thoughts and possibilities, all of them equally bizarre. "These couldn't be… no, that can't be right. This is meant to be for all ages. How in the world could something like this…" Looking behind him—feeling like he could be caught at any time red-handed—Carlos reached out to touch Wolf’s bulge, his fingers pressing against the rubbery material. The bulge was hard around his hands, almost completely unmorphable and unmoving. As he did so, he felt a sudden surge of heat wash over him, and he quickly recoiled his hand away. “W-what the hell…?!”

Carlos took a step back, shaking his head as he tried to clear his head. “Work. Work. You have work to do. Focus." He said to himself. Outside photos would be good, but he knew where the *real* prize was inside of the attractions. “It’s probably just something that an employee did to be funny. It’s nothing that weird…”

He knew at least from Nova's merchandise plastered all over the office that the 'main' ship was the blue and white one. There were some steps installed underneath the ship to form a path to the ship. He swiped the card reader and opened the hatch, revealing the inside of the ship. Just as he expected, it was made in the image of pseudo-futuristic aesthetics from the early 90s. He was sure that It had its charms, but the sheer amount of lights in the control panel and around the cockpit made him instinctively squint. The barrage of luminous stimuli was like glaring at the sun for a prolonged amount of time. Could his camera even pick up anything with that much light in the way? Then again, he could just say that he couldn't turn anything off to leave the scene as untampered as possible.

He squeezed himself into the seat. Besides the myriad of panels, buttons, and control sticks in the front of the cockpit, there was a series of three square touch screens to the left. The first two displayed something that looked like a medical diagnostic; two 3D holograms spinning side by side with the text ‘HOST BONDED’ placed above them. With the low poly look that the holograms had to them, he couldn’t quite figure out who the people displayed were. “Probably some reference that I can’t understand… I’ll have to ask Mr. Nova about it.” He snapped a picture, but as soon as the flash went off, a high-pitched buzz came from the speakers inside. “SHIT!” He hissed.

Adrenaline surged through him as he lunged to the side, but before he could even move, the ship’s doors closed around him, sealing him inside. He crashed against the glass with a loud thud, sliding down against the sleek surface. “No. Nonono...” The loud, blaring alarm increased in volume—deafening and ear-shattering. Carlos instinctively covered his ears as a horrible, terrible feeling welled up in his throat. He felt like he couldn’t even scream.

He instinctively began to press every button and lever he could find. The constant barrage of noises and beeps assaulted his ears. The sounds were high-pitched and ear-grating, like nails scratching against a chalkboard going off over and over again. "God dammit, where is the button to open the doors?!" He dragged his hand across the control panel in front of them, pressing a wave of buttons—all to no avail. "Shiiiit, a-ahokay. Okay.” Panic gripped him as he tried to pry the doors open, but they wouldn't budge. The ship hummed to life, and he felt it shudder beneath him as it began to rumble and thrash violently. He was thrown back into the seat, the straps tightening around his body. “No, get me off this thing! HELP!" He shouted, his voice drowned out by the roar of the engine.

Then, amidst the cacophony of alarms and beeping, a jolly, almost commercial-esque chime came through one of the speakers. *The screens…* The third one to the right started to boot up, showing a strange logo before it began to play an audio message.

***“Welcome to the Cornerian Training Experience. A host has been detected. Determining available slot.”***

Carlos violently and vehemently continued to smash his fist against the glass. The skin underneath his fur turned red as he slammed his knuckles violently against the glass—each impact making little to no impact, nor a crack or splinter made on the reflective surface.

***“Falco Lombardi and Wolf O’Donnell already are selected. Do you want to play as…”*** The strained, text-to-speech voice suddenly changed pitch as it listed the only available character. ***“Fox McCloud?”***

“I don’t wanna play as any of those guys! Just get me the hell out of here!” Carlos screamed. “There has to be an emergency stop button! Why aren’t any of these freaking buttons labeled correctly!?” Seeing red, he kicked against the main control panel out of sheer frustration. The bottom of his boot scraped against the top of the buttons, and a loud scraping sound was heard that made him wince in return. The uneven clacking was like hearing thousands of diminutive bombs going off.

***“Improper pilot behavior detected. Will assist in correction.”***

Crevices around the cockpit began to come undone—perfectly blending into the metal just now. The hatches slid deep into the inside of the machine, a myriad of holes left. Out of them, metallic, chunky tendrils began to crawl into the cockpit. Carlos' mouth hung open as he saw them slither out of the darkness, resembling snakes and cobras crawling out of holes in the wall. Despite their mechanical, cold bodies, the puma still refused to scream—fear that he would somehow upset the man-made elongations.

One of them began to whirr loudly. It became undone like a closed-off rose blooming, the insides showing. Carlos was expecting something akin to a Taser or a scalpel—a mind poisoned by too many horror movies running wildly—so when what looked to be a small spray emerged from inside, he breathed easily. "W-what… is this going to d—“

A torrent of brown liquid burst out of the spray can, forcing a scream out of the puma. The spray was boiling hot. The searing strands of black fur compressed against his body, turning flat under the pressure of the spraying paint. “W-wait, no! Stop that!” He swatted his hands wildly, but the unoccupied tendrils swooped in and wrapped around him, pinning his hands against the back of the cockpit. “Eugh, plah! STOP!" He demanded—pleas unheard by the ship's mechanisms. The spray was seemingly so corrosive that it began to tear through his clothes—at least leaving the fur unharmed. The small silver lining was just about to snap with how much he was struggling, the ship racketing against his constant struggle. "Let me go, LET ME GO!"

The brown spray paint continued going down across his body. From his shoulders, to his chest, and then to his waist and legs. The feeling of hot fluid sticking to his body was like having something alive crawling around him. Carlos' breaths came in short gasps as he felt the hot, sticky liquid coating his fur and skin like a forming cocoon. The metallic tendrils holding him in place tightened as he struggled, each movement causing the paint to spread further across his body. By now, the paint covered him entirely, hardening around his skin—the temperature intensifying. Only his face remained free from the paint's grasp.

“S-stop, Sto-mphhh!” He was finally silenced as the spray paint was smeared around his mouth. The tendrils strained as he tried to reach his mouth to pry off the paint, squeezing tight around his wrists. It crawled up his nose, feeling two smaller tube-esque shapes form around inside his nose and crawl deep inside. *Is it… trying to let me breathe?! Is it gonna seal me inside?!* The paint finally crawled up to his head, covering his ears and those same tube-esque protrusions crawling deep inside his ear. Carlos tried to scream as they crawled inside his head, touching his inner walls like parasites. “MPMHH! *MPHHH!*”

He heard another tendril being undone, a strange hiss coming from it. Carlos could do nothing but wait for the inevitable change. *What* exactly was going to happen was impossible to know. The uncertainty made the lump in his throat grow even bigger, sweat pouring out of every pore.

A suction cup pressed against his groan, making him moan loudly. The pressure was making the area around his dick vibrate relentlessly, pleasure rushing downwards in masse. Every inch of his cock turned sensitive, suddenly aching and needy. Carlos' muffled screams filled the cockpit as he involuntarily buckled his hips under the sudden barrage of stimulation. The feeling of constant vibration against his dick was indescribable. Peaking pleasure building up on the tip—never enough for what his body demanded. *W-what is… no…* The rush of pleasure wasn’t natural—not wholly his own. The sound of his own jagged, panicked breathing only made him all the more aware of his helplessness against the barrage of pleasure.

His heart raced, thoughts of being trapped forever racing through his mind. Forever encased in this thick, squeaky material that he was beginning to realize wasn't paint at all. Could he even pry it off himself? The substance stuck to his body to such an extent that it was as if it were one with his skin. *Just… need to… hah…* His hands twitched as he yearned for stroking his slowly inflating groin, humping the air like a dog in heat.

***“Character base applied. Applying further details.”***

Carlos recoiled back as something began to be applied around his face. A variety of paint colors were applied not by yet another spray can but by a brush. They started by adding details around his head, the substance around his body *squeaking* violently against the brushes. He stood motionless in sheer confusion and amidst arousal until they moved down towards his face. They drew two circles in front of him, and suddenly, the world began to turn clear around him. The color-filled cockpit came to life, the sudden switch up from complete isolation to seeing again leaving him disoriented again. *W-what the… How can I…*

He wasn’t allowed to dwell on the change as the brush painted a large smear around his muzzle. He turned around to look at what the machines had just done to him, swallowing immediately as what met him in the window wasn’t himself but instead… Fox McCloud. It was a cartoonish depiction of the character covering him from head to toe. Bright, wide green eyes with an oversized drawn-on grin that stretched to the edges of his muzzle. He looked down, realizing that his once obsidian fur was now a shiny, featureless glossy brown.

Yet that was nothing compared to what he gazed upon once he looked down. An inflated bulge jutting out of his crotch, constantly shifting and buzzing. *Just… Just like the…*

The ‘figures’ around the two other ships outside weren’t figures at all. The ‘host’ thing—their shiny exterior—their completely frozen expression and poses—the holograms; it all fit into place. They were real people turned effigies of fictional characters.

And he was going to become just like them.

He could do nothing as more and more details were painted on top of him. He shuddered as the warmth crawled up his feet, forming tight, squeaky rubber boots. The accursed sound went off nonstop as he struggled to break free, kicking everywhere he could. *Let me go! This is ridiculous! I’m not a fucking ad*!

He would quickly come to regret his defiance as the brush moved past the boots and started stroking around his upper knee. He braced himself for the rush of orgasmic pleasure as it slowly encroached on his bulge, and the second those bristles made contact with his synthetic skin, Carlos felt like the world went white for a second. He began to convulse like a dying animal as he feverishly tried to reach for the inflated bulge.

The sensation was suffocatingly insane, Carlos' mind covered in an arousal-made haze as if every nerve ending was being stimulated to the point that he couldn't focus on anything else other than the pleasure of his bulge being stimulated. He screamed out in pleasure, and the machine only seemed to increase the intensity as it moved around him. It was like a wildfire of pure arousal, spreading throughout his body and further corroding his mind.

***“Detail progression is 50% underway. Please stay still as we apply the rest of the jumpsuit and jacket.”***

Carlos swallowed harshly as the bristles traveled upwards, reaching his nipples. He bit his lip as the machine moved around his chest, tracing circles around it. By now, every inch of his covered body was as sensitive as a cock tip. His body lay still as the machine continued its work, painting jumpsuit and jacket with intricate detail until he was completely transformed into a rubber Fox McCloud.

*So… good… hard to… think…*

He was barely conscious by the time the machine completed its task and the tendrils let go from his hands. Sweat dripping from his body, Carlos could barely keep his eyes open as he tried to comprehend the situation. Still, carnal desires ran wildly through him. He was a vessel both for branding and pleasure. Greedy, coveting hands reached towards the inflated bulge and he began to feverishly squeeze it in an attempt to reach some kind of pleasure. He tried stroking, yet no matter how much he gripped it, he couldn’t put any kind of stimuli on his cock beyond the constant humming from the rubber.

*No, please… pleasepleasePLEASEPLEASE.*

He squeezed. He had to. He would squeeze his bulge no matter how null the feeling was. If he squeezed hard enough, maybe—*just maybe*—he’d be able to receive a smidge of pleasure. The desire to cum completely overtook him, squeaky hands moving faster and faster around the protruding crotch. *PLEASE! PLEASE! I’M BEGGING YOU! I HAVE TO CUM!* He begged for a release, for anything that could provide him with the slightest glimmer of pleasure. He felt his body go numb as he kept rubbing his bulge, but it felt like he was squeezing nothing but empty air, cock forever out of reach.

***“As you get accustomed to your new work uniform, you should meet your co-workers. Please, make sure to only use the name of characters during work hours.”***

A hologram was displayed from the cockpit.

***Percevus Nova starring as “Wolf O’Donnell”***

***Vince McCloud starring as “Falco Lombardi”***

*W-what? Detective Nova… and… that is the name of the… civilian from the case I had to turn down…*

***“We will assist you in getting into character. Please, stay still as we put on your communications helmet.”***

A squeaky, soft headgear forced itself onto his head. It hugged the sides and top, firmly planting itself across the surface of his skull. He couldn’t even find the will to scream as he continued gripping his null bulge, moaning non-stop.

His moans turned into screams as something came through the headgear and pierced the rubber. It crawled up across his face and then into his ears. It used the tubes set up during the initial transformation to slither itself into his brain, and as soon as the protrusion hit his mind, it was as if everything made sense.

*My name is Fox McCloud. I'm a good rubber toy and work at Nintendo Land with my rivals Falco Lombardi and Wolf O'Donnell. I do not have any other aspects of life. I just exist to greet guests and squeeze my null bulge.*

***My name is Fox McCloud. I'm a good rubber toy and work at Nintendo Land with my rivals Falco Lombardi and Wolf O'Donnell. I do not have any other aspects of life. I just exist to greet guests and squeeze my null bulge.***

***MY NAME IS FOX MCCLOUD. I’M A GOOD RUBBER TOY AND WORK AT NINTENDO LAND WITH MY RIVAL FALCO LOMBARDI AND WOLF O’DONNELL. I DO NOT HAVE ANY OTHER ASPECTS OF LIFE. I JUST EXIST TO GREET GUESTS AND SQUEEZE MY NULL BULGE.***

The cockpit hummed once again. ***“What is your name?***

“F-Fox McCloud, ace pilot!”