

Coco Bandicoot took a deep breath before entering the office. She'd passed the interview for the job the previous week, a little something she'd pursued out of necessity while waiting for her other, hopefully profitable, ventures to bear fruit.

For someone of her skill it would be simple desk work at a computer, it sounded like an easy fit that lacked real challenge but the adventurous days of her youth were gone, she needed to be like the other adults her age and earn her keep.

The twin annoyances she felt over the post were that she couldn't work remotely, having to be in the office to access their closed off network and that they'd told her she'd need a uniform which would be provided on her first day.

When she entered the reception she didn't see another figure. Instead there was a monitor on the desk turned towards her. It lit up as she passed, the head of a sweet looking wallaby moving around. Obvious at a first glance that it was just some kind of AI avatar, yet it was not totally unexpected given the technological nature of the job. "Ah, Ms Bandicoot, welcome. May we call you Coco?" The voice chimed.

"Yep, that's fine." She replied, her eyes shifting around to see if there was an obvious microphone to be sure she was heard.

"Splendid! Well, Coco, we're glad to have you aboard but before we can really begin we need to see about your uniform! The changing rooms are to your right."

"Will someone meet me there? Or do I just have to go digging around for my size?" She asked, keeping her tone pleasant and genuine to make the best first impression.

"Oh, once you step through the door it'll all be figured out. Please save any other questions until afterwards!"

"Alright." Coco replied, thoughts already swimming, it seemed welcoming, yet slightly off. Still, she did as stated, approaching the doors. They slid open automatically, though rather than any lockers or clothes racks, she was greeted by metal grips with flexible limbs that shot out for her.

No sooner had she let out a startled yelp than a thick bracing arm closed around her neck, two more snapping over her wrists and a fourth grabbing her waist and yanking her in. The doors shut sharply behind locking with a clunk.

"Ghhhn, w-what is this? Get off me!" She yelled, protesting, squirming in the grip of the arms. Those first four held her steady while many more emerged from around her. Her feet were stripped of shoes and socks. The overalls she had once again taken to wearing, as a call back to her adventuring years, were unhooked and dragged off her, leaving her in her shirt and a pair of athletic shorts that went most of the way down the thigh.

“Please try to relax.” A calm voice, though more male coded than the receptionist, echoed around her.

It made her tense, imagining that she was being watched. “Put me down, I can dress myself just fine!” She said, irritably, doubting this was as straightforward as being given a uniform, after all.

The voice didn’t chime again, instead the undressing arms clamped directly on her furred legs and arms, holding them straight and stiff while others pushed into hatches above and below her. A vaguely familiar scent filled the air as two rings were pulled out, a sheet of stretched material between them.

“W-what now?” She groaned in concern as the two rings moved toward her from both angles. A cloying, stretching feeling spread where she was pushed between the rings, rubber taking hold, tightly pushing her feet and hands together. She was growing all the more certain this was a trap, set out by one mad villain or another to take care of her before they launched their scheme.

The rubber was too tight for her to struggle loose from, even when the mechanical arms dropped her wrists and just pulled down on the ring, using the stretched rubber to control her.

“Let me out of this at once!”

The systems running the show seemed to not care for her unruliness. A new hatch in a wall opened, with a large rubber ball being pushed forward cradled by straps. It was dauntingly big for its purpose, held inches away from her lips. The bandicoot held her mouth shut stiffly, refusing entry only for a clamp to push over her nose and block her air until she succumbed. “Nnhh... mnn, gaah-aaahhnmn!” Her gasp for air interrupted as arms peeled her lips open enough to wedge the hefty ball. It stretched her jaw to the limit, before being buckled around her cheeks and the centre of her head.

The rings had been getting closer in that time, the bandicoot felt them crawling down her elbows and over the knee. When the gag was most certainly in place, they shifted, stopping for a second before snapping down with sudden speed. “Mmmhhh!”

“Mmmh, gmmhnhhh!” Coco continued to grunt in defiance as the world temporarily went dark. The rings met each other in the middle and clicked together, the thick rubber around Coco squeezed all over, compressing down, making the bandicoot squirm. She felt mechanical arms push around her, kneading the rubber. Her legs and arms were split apart while staying shrouded individually, the same happened to her head, not caught in the same squeeze but slowly vision came back to her as holes were manoeuvred over her eyes.

The bandicoot tried to pull her arms out of the metal grips but still hadn’t been given back full mobility. Instead she saw that the rubber was close to her fur colour but slightly off.

Another sudden blackout shocked her as the machines pulled a rubber shirt and blazer over her head, finally releasing her arms fully when it had passed the shoulders.

At the waist the jacket was covered by a pencil skirt. Long and thin, the pinching garment held her legs together once more, not fused but still constricted. A stronger pinch shoved over her latex coated feet as shoes were forced on, high heels that brought her arches to bend forward.

Finally the machines set her feet down. Her hands still maintained some dexterity but not enough for her to really grip the all covering suit. Her hands stopped short of her head, feeling it settled thicker there than before, the mask deforming her head somehow.

The machine arms fell dormant for a moment. The joined rings clicked open, the bands at her waist splitting with it, giving the bandicoot a chance to fight and squirm, her hands provoking a loud series of squeaks from the rubber on rubber. She attached the freshly uncovered centre only to find it had melded together without a seam. The shoes were clasped too tight to be kicked off, the skirt and blazer too firm to let her bend down and get her hands in to pull them and the ball gag really started to make her jaws ache already.

“Please report to your desk for work.” Another new voice trilled.

“Mmmh, ghhh lhhghh!” Coco yelled angrily.

“Very well.” The voice replied. A mechanical arm dropped down and travelled to her neck where it snapped on magnetically to something metal. A collar! It had been left around her neck when the rubber descended over it, covering it up and leaving it in place.

The arm moved away along a rail, threatening to drag her along if she didn’t keep up with it. The bandicoot co-operated with that, to at least preserve her dignity if nothing else. If she was to be imprisoned it would be with her head held high despite the attempted humiliation. She was pulled to a room, pushed so that she stumbled inside when the magnet disconnected and onto a chair. The chair caught her fall and then secured her, with sudden snapping belts crossing her torso and cuffs grabbing the ankles. The door slid shut, the chair spun on its own to face a keyboard and monitor and in the dark screen, before it turned on, she saw a glance of her reflection.

A smiling bandicoot head not in her likeness but in the shape of her friend, Tawna, stared back. Smoothed off in a way that mostly disguised the thick ball and completely buried her own identity. Similarly she had a chance to glance down, it made sense, the size of her chest had been added to, matching Tawna’s rather than compressing her own assets.

“Whh, whhh ghnn hhn?! Mmmhhh!” She whined, though already the monitor had turned on, the light removing any further view of her own reflection. The computer verified and logged her in, queuing up the workload for her with little further fanfare.

Her mind boggled, after all that, they expected her to work?! She fought the binds, trying to pull free of them, or to push the gag out of her teeth, it was wedged in enough that she would have struggled even without the tight straps and pinning rubber.

“Ms. Bandicoot, please get back to work.” A voice chimed above her head.

She barked up at the source of the sound, though her brow furrowed in a moment’s confusion. The receptionist had explicitly asked if they could call her by her first name, now they were giving her a title that could fit either her or the strange costume she’d been trapped in.

The chair she was on suddenly tugged her neck back, a magnet within it forcing her collar to the edge, while two more cuffs seized her upper arms, trapping her in a rigid posture, only just able to move her arms enough to use the keyboard and mouse in front of her. “Extra disciplinary measures engaged.” She heard, after the fact.

“Ghhhrh!” The bandicoot growled, facing the monitor.

“Please get back to work.” The threat repeated.

Coco may be defiant but she suspected worse would come if she kept it up. Instead she yielded and finally turned her attention to the monitor...

Seemingly as further penance for her behaviour, she had heard other employees on equally clacking high heels leave up to an hour ahead of her. Her restraints kept her working overtime before finally a little message informed her that her work for the day was done.

All the bonds holding her to the chair snapped back, allowing her to push herself to a stand. The bandicoot sucked in a breath of air as her strained muscles protested their treatment, rising on shaky feet, she stumbled her way out of the room. No one else was still around that she could see but at least no arm was forcibly walking her.

With a sigh she reached up to her face, trying to pull at the gag, if she squashed with her fingers she could just about feel it but that served only to remind her of how securely and rigidly wedged it was.

Her heels clicked, the skirt squeaking as she made her way to the door she’d entered by. A regular door was open beside it with a clear view to the hall, but the dressing room, the one full of the machines that had given her the uniform was shut fast. Her hand slapped the door, tried to tug where she knew it opened, it remained solid. Even when she went into the lobby to go in from the other side the door remained shut. “Mmhhn?! Mhh-mhhhghh!” She groaned, hand whacking it once more.

She turned to the reception desk, seeing the same light flash on as before.

“Thank you for your work!” The wallaby said cheerily.

“Mmmh, m-mhhhh!” She said walking to it and gesturing, pointing to the door in flustered protest.

“Don’t forget tomorrow we’re closed all day for the holiday! We look forward to seeing you the day after!” The voice chimed cheerily.

“Mhh? Nhh! Gnhhww!” She said, trying to insist and demand her uniform was taken off now.

The terminal merely darkened, falling silent. In frustration she tugged and struggled, wrenching at the layers. She couldn’t even take off the blazer, nevermind the rest of it.

Her breaths came worried and concerned. Even if she came back in two days there was no guarantee she’d be let out of the uniform. A worried chill brushed her spine as she was left in squeaking solitude. She’d signed a contract for three months. What if this place didn’t intend to damage the uniform until she was no longer working for them? What even was their goal?