

“A subject has wandered within range. Crossing... yes, the five metre mark from the edge of the marked grounds and going deeper. ETA two minutes until conditions are perfect.” An asuran murmured to their supervisor.

His eyes lit up. Finally another field test to try the most recent modifications to his passion project. “Alright, my sweet little RO-3R-IV, it’s action time.”

Severa had been travelling through the woods, her soft hoodie and loose fitting baggy pants keeping the chill at bay. It was a common trip through an area that she had visited an uncounted number of times before. Sandaled feet hit the floor gently, the path was well worn by others, forming an almost natural corridor, where the tree line had a gradual concave spread.

That same dusty dirt had always behaved as it should, firm, smooth ground, stone free, offering a sure path to walk on. Yet as Severa walked boldly and confidently down the centre, the ground abruptly felt softer, as if she’d just trod on something. She took a hurried step back feeling that softness even there, something on the bottom of a foot?!

The charr woman looked down, a hand grappling the soft baggy pants she was wearing, pushing and pulling to see past the thick material. It wasn’t something *on* her sandals, but surrounding them! The ground itself was thick and sticky, like someone had scooped the path and mixed it with cloying dough.

“What is happening?!” She demanded of the air, stepping and pulling her foot up, the squishy ground moved, too. At the raised right it stretched with it, creaking while her planted left sank another inch, feeling the soft sensation puddling up around the edge of the sole. “Gaaah!”

Her feet stomped quickly, trying to pull each one out in frustration. Brow furrowing in annoyance. Had there always been a weird sinkhole here?! It had been raining recently in the area but everything else had dried up by now. Her feet tugged, yet the ground held her sandal soles firmly, to the point she felt the top of her foot straining hard in the straps now. The stretchiness had seemingly decreased the more she had stirred it up.

“No, come on, come on!” She growled in further grumpy frustration trying harder to pull at least one leg free, her hands scooping underneath the thigh, close to the knee and tugging to give it more oomph. “Damn it all, don’t tell me I’m stuck.” She growled, eyes flicking to the sandal straps, contemplating loosening and removing them, though that would also depend on if she could get her feet out of the sticky patches that were already on her fur. Her eyes moved to look for a safe spot, somewhere with moss or grass where she could at least assume the ground would be stable.

“Burn it!” She yelled in a surge of annoyance on seeing that even if she leapt she might not clear the floor. Her arms wrapped around her leg to prise it up once more. As she took in a

deep breath to yell again, something wet and thick slapped over her face, catching her open mouth, landing inside it and also sticking to her lips! “MMMHPGHAGHhh?!” Her anger turned quickly to shock, as she brought her hands up to her face instead, dropping her foot which landed with a wet squelch, thick enough to be worrying if she didn’t have other things on her mind.

Stretchy thickness stuck to her jaws, refusing to let her spit it free, her fingers weren’t mired but they also squirmed against the tackiness to try and remove any of it.

At first she felt all the more horrified, thinking it was moving and alive. Instead it was expanding, filling her mouth full, prising her jaws wide and even threatening to envelop her finger tips. Those fingers pulled back, it was a shade brighter than the ground her feet had fought but she finally noticed that the dirt itself had lost its sandy brown to a more pale shade. “Mmmh, mmhghh!”

“M...mmmmh?” It hadn’t dawned on her this might be deliberate until now, she looked up in shock for the source of that splat and her throat caught, a strange sphere hung in the air, floating above the trees. A reflective sheen coated it, making her think of white metal for a moment before it let out a quivering wiggle. Silently it launched two more white globs.

They sped as fast as a bullet and with unerring accuracy, splashing over Severa’s hands the impact and weight snatching them back away from her mouth.

Already the expanding stickiness had totally enveloped her fingers. Her hands tried to shake the stuff off, digits wiggling, trying to resist its expansion, yet as it grew outward it also pressed harder inwardly, folding her fingers, fisting her hands together. There wasn’t so much as a branch offering cover between her and the floating blob; she had to run! But how?!

Her feet worked the best they could, yet the ground refused to let her take a full step, forced to an awkward shuffling. The fur on her back ruffled as the airborne assailant drifted between her and the sun, casting its shadow over her as another barrage was loosed, splatting over her ankles, leaving her feet free, with another hitting her shoulders and neck.

The impact of the last one knocked her forward onto her knees. Winded, she could only tense and gasp as the shadow itself grew even bigger. The blob drew near before an unseen set of appendages reached out and grasped Severa. Rubbing the goo at her neck, somehow teasing it to slip around the front of her throat into a thickening band. Her hands also felt the touch as they were dragged behind her back, the inflating mass rounded off to totally lose definition. “Mmmhh! Mmmmmhh!” She tried to thrash and fight it, yet her struggles didn’t win free or even seem to upset the blob.

It was as impassive as though it knew it was totally in control and ignoring her struggles in the knowledge she would only tire herself out quicker. It worked on her with that same calm, its appendages able to merge and unlink with the gooey projectiles on a whim. Her now totally

mitted hands were linked together behind her back, with a tether snared to her gooey-cuffed ankles.

That tether reeled in shorter, widening the charr woman's eyes in surprise as her shoulders and front were bent backwards in a kneeling hogtie, which was secured all the more as an additional tether linked to the back of the collaring mass. Her knees and shins were anchored to the ground by the sticky soil and extra coating, leaving her only able to squirm awkwardly.

With an unknowing fear, she watched the blob drift around in front of her, on the floor instead of floating. Its form was merging with the patch on the ground and travelling through it without parting. The shiny, ominously undulating surface grew a trio of tendrils which swiped forward, one grasped tightly around her nose while the other two ran in a coil, merging with the gagging mass and smoothing it out, peeling it under her chin and over the bridge of her snout before even pulling it back behind her filled up cheeks. They used her ears to anchor the muzzle even as it connected seamlessly behind her head. Next, with a sudden tug, they wrenched the charr toward the blob. She fell short of it but her chest hit the soft sticky floor with a loud squelch which bubbled as the air was squashed out, sealing her fate as it glued fast to her top.

Her mind was racing, was it alive or not? Sentient or controlled? It seemed too focused and deliberate particularly in tying her and gagging her like that. But if it was alive was it about to *eat* her?!

As if giving more weight to the fear it slid closer, prompting her to struggle all the more, though she couldn't even get her chin off the soft ground. It rolled over her the stickiness rising to meet it, compressing her hair and fur, covering her head, -nose and all- for a bit before just the tip of her nose was revealed.

Beyond that mercy a thick coating, over an inch wide, smoothed away the rest of her features, making her horns look more plush than punishing. "Mmmh! Mmmh!!" Despite the passion of her grunts they were all muted away now as the creature-like blob rolled on. It gathered the trapping ground with it, keeping its size the same while also leaving behind that thick coating weighing over the shoulders, adding extra heft to the enfolded limbs. Severa wriggled at the odd sensation as it poked between her arms and body, making sure that each limb was totally covered, each held independently of the body so she had only thick goo to contend with.

More concerningly the tightening layer was squeezing as it cured, rapidly changing into soft rubber, creaking at her struggles, compacting to show those curves until her brows were visible. At least that led her to the conclusion there was something synthetic after all, though rather than being eaten, it led her mind to wonder what other possibilities might await her.

The thick clothing she wore protected her from the worst of the squeezing once it had crossed her shoulders, yet as the blob passed her tail and rump the solidifying metamorphosis had enveloped her arms down to the wrists, even rolling over the top of the mitts, as though it was forming a second layer that made her arms look like elongated stumps. The compression

and weight grew as it finished off the coating and then doubled back, sucking every spare bit of the strange material into itself while it pressed over Severa's lower back.

It pulled the charr with it, burying her within its amorphous body, only the tip of her nose open to the air and two bumps showing her bent knees as, with captive in tow, it defied gravity once again to rise into the air.

She felt the shift in pressure, held up at her heaviest points; the hips, knees and shoulders. Though the hogtie was loose, it still only afforded her to struggle impotently, displacing the gooeyness that made up the blob as it drifted away. The feeling of unfettered wind on her nose both taunted her capture and told her how high they must have risen.

"Mmmh, mmmh!" She groaned all the same, as her situation seemed to come to a standstill, she couldn't hear anything beyond the occasional gloopy quivering of the blob around her.

Eventually there was a change, a feeling of solid ground as the blob landed, then sloughed off from her. The sticky dough had all gone leaving her sheathed in shiny rubber, her struggles renewing one last time as the blob lingered at her upraised feet. Something firm reached in, a pair of hands!?

"Mmmh! Hmmh!" She grunted in plea at first and then in grumpy frustration.

"Heh, hush little kitty." A voice said as a three, pointy-toed boot shoved on the back of her head. There were at least two of them, with the reaching one detaching Severa's sandal straps and pulling them free. The blob slid away with it, letting Severa feel air on her exposed soles and pads.

"Looks like a successful retrieval to me." The voice said.

"Yeah. Alright, send RO-3R-IV back for maintenance and analysis. The brainiacs will love to see the results."

"Mmmh! Mhmhm!" Severa growled in growing frustration.

"What do we do with her?" The stepping one said, poking her body once again with his boot.

"Are you *that* new here? Keep a watch on her, if she looks like she might break out, report how and why then send her to storage for the rest of her week. Otherwise just make sure that there's nothing unusual about our device's leavings. Alright, it's my break, so I'll leave you to lock the cell up."

They said before walking away. The shrill voices and the three toes, Severa could accurately guess who had her; the Inquest. And from the sound of their words they'd be keeping

her here for a whole week. Her thoughts were interrupted as a gloved hand brushed over her exposed soles.

“Heh, struggle, struggle, cat. I’ll be back later to let you out of that tie at least, but don’t worry, when I’m back I’ll make sure you don’t get bored.”

With that ominous declaration a door slid shut, trapping the charr in a soundproofed cell. Her angry grunts were the only thing keeping her company as she was now far too fatigued to effect a real struggle...