

Hilda held her breath as she heard some rhythmic noises up ahead. Repeating, peculiar sounds. The anthropomorphic Nergigante woman hadn't expected there to be much life or signs of function, though she'd anticipated some and come prepared for it.

Even though strength was her forte, she wasn't about to run into the unknown without at least a vague idea of what she was getting into. She remained as stealthy as a muscular ten-foot giant of a woman could as she peered around the corner, having to bend to look under the door frame.

She saw the source of the noise: it was an automatic door at the far end of the room, one which was stuck trying to open fully but seemed blocked.

"Getting me excited over nothing." Hilda growled, her horns scraping the ceiling as she ducked inside. Her hands grabbed the door and wrenched, hearing an audible snap as she forced it open. There was another off whirring noise, likely whatever mechanism had been broken by her practical approach to maintenance but now at least the door was open and would stay that way.

"Ugh, pointless." She mused, thinking of the whole expedition itself. Some figure had asked for assistance investigating something. They held a high-tech laboratory with top notch security, yet somehow some intruder had got in undetected, abducting some of their staff but more importantly to the one in charge, a valuable blueprint.

Hilda had gone off on her own in the investigation, finding a trail that had led her here, to this abandoned and decrepit place. It wasn't much of a lead, either. Some manner of device built over ten years ago had been out of place on the scene with a serial code she'd traced back here.

From the look of this area, it had been out of use for at least half of those years. All I'm gonna find is some recently broken crates in a store room, she thought to herself.

The broken door, some worn out lights and some damage from wildlife sneaking in showed that the building was most likely abandoned despite the fact it must still be generating power from somewhere, if just for the doors to be working.

Still, there was also some automation in place as while all the surfaces were dusty and worn with time, the floors were spotless. She spotted the culprit a short while later in her investigation. An autonomous vacuum cleaner was patrolling, simply brushing the floor and taking the traces of dust that had accumulated in its last pass.

A destructive spirit nearly took over Hilda but she would vent her frustration on the next door she saw, rather than the harmless cleaner.

She didn't have to wait long. A still locked door stared her down, a red caution sign plastered the stern warning for 'Authorised Personnel Only'. Hilda rolled her shoulders, cracked her neck and then laid into the door.

Heavy metallic thuds echoed in the dark room beyond, light seeping through the cracks as the solid door became dented, buckled in on itself and then clattered free.

"Heeeere's Hildy!" She yelled as she walked in. Still nothing and no one was around to see her performance.

As she stepped in, lights flickered on, stabilising and revealing the room. Now this area was dusty, with the floor so caked in it that she smiled on seeing tell tale bootprints. "Gotcha."

Someone had been here, though even those prints were left so long ago that they had dust filling them up, which made her sigh, so many hints of potential action without anything of note.

She explored this restricted area, more locked doors awaited, ones she wasn't desperate to break just yet. Instead she followed the tracks until they came to a store room. "It hurts to be right so often." She bragged to herself, seeing a trio of opened and empty crates that had contained ... tools of some kind. She couldn't guess their intent beyond that they had to be heavy yet delicate with that much padding in the box.

She shrugged, turning to a row of crates on the other side, these were undisturbed. Weird that there were only so few boxes messed with among so many others. Either they found what they wanted right away or knew in advance.

Curiosity took hold of her and she brushed one of the sealed crates open at random. A solid reinforced plate stared back at her, it looked plasticky though a light tug showed it was heavy, some kind of armour perhaps?

Far too small for her, whatever it was.

Her interest waned and so she turned to another crate, pulling off the lid. Darkness greeted her from inside before she realised she was just looking at something black and glistening.

"Ooo, what's this?" She asked of it, placing her hand on a firm and dense orb. Her claws sunk into it as she pulled it out, it held its shape well. With a flick of the wrist she bounced it on the floor, hearing a satisfying reverberation. Her hand dribbled it a bit more before she missed, sending it out of the room. "Pff. Whatever." she said, so these people were making plasticky armour and shiny black bouncy balls. What else...

Moments later Hilda left the store room, disgruntled, the lead hadn't paid off like she hoped it would. There was nothing to identify the contents of the raided crates and none of the remaining ones had the same interior lining. It was as if the raiders had taken every last one of the product they'd targeted.

Hilda also couldn't make sense of what else she found, metal canisters, more protective looking gear, more strange items that didn't have an intuitive function. It was like it was either some kind of defensive gear that wouldn't stand up to actual damaging firepower or it was all prop work, for some show or game or the like.

She'd have to look in one of the locked rooms to see if she could find a file on the products.

Turning back into the hallway, she saw the ball she'd carelessly bounced, looking a bit flat, deflated like it had landed on a spike or something. Maybe one of her own spikes had hit and punctured it? Whatever.

Her foot lashed out to kick it, yet rather than sending it flying the foot squelched, flicking stretchy blackness up from that spot on the floor.

It followed the arc of her kick but then seemed to stretch and angle up, as if drawn by its own internal gravity or magnetism. Hilda's eyes stared, feeling caught in slow motion as the stretching wave turned and splashed over her head and horns. The liquid never broke free either, staying united as a whole, something which became troublesome as it contracted, pulling back sharply to the part of it that rested on the ground.

The sheer force of it was enough to drag Hilda's head with it, forcing her off her feet and splatting into the orb head first. "Mmhgh! Mrhghghghrrrh!" She growled, one hand pushing her up from where she'd collapsed the other seizing the pliant yet gripping mass at her head. Rather than staying firm as before, her hand sank into it.

A thin layer kept it from touching her face, like it had formed a coating over her palm and features in the short time it had been touching them.

The blackness quivered around her head, filling her with panic as it was seemingly now stuck to the ground with enough power that she couldn't pull to a stand. A tickling surge of liquid filled her nostrils and mouth, making her all the more scared, a sense of dread that it might fill her lungs. Yet instead it seemed to form sturdy but hollow tubes, connecting suddenly to the air outside.

While that had taken her focus, the rest hadn't been idle, creeping over her shoulders from the head and down the gripping arm. Wherever it found her naturally grown horns and spikes it thickened up, rolling over and coating them in enough pliant black that they were dulled.

Her legs tried to prise her free from the floor once again, thick claws pressing into the ground and walls. The current flowed over her other arm and then suddenly her momentum worked. The glob of black goo pulled off the ground, yet the abrupt, unexpected release carried her onward, causing her to fall backwards instead, landing with a thud on her shoulders.

The former orb did a little to cushion the impact, yet now it was moving faster, spreading out below her back in a thick wave while a much thinner brush traced down her chest. The arm trapped at her face came free, only to thud into the thickening pillow below her.

Hilda tried to right herself, to sit up, but her working seemed only to allow more of the unnatural mass to spread around and fill in the gaps, glueing her to the floor more and more.

“Mghhh! Hmm mmghmhh!” She groaned and grunted, her voice distorted by the covering that had thickened around her head, tight enough to define her snout from her brow, but otherwise soft and sturdy enough that it rounded her other features, almost anonymising her if it weren’t for her massive size and horns.

She kicked and thrashed yet it was an already blatant defeat, a one sided battle as the flow pressed down her belly, anchored her waist to the pillow-like softness behind her, just a thrashing tail and kicking legs left free.

The rapid coating soon saw to them, skin tight black covered her before it inflated almost an inch at all angles. It was building up pressure to keep her joints from bending usefully.

With every inch of her finally covered, the thick pillow from behind spread out, creeping up her sides and rolling over the front of her, joining together, softening the angles and compressing her form within.

The enraged nergigante kicked and squirmed with her limbs, yet for all her power the creeping encasement only creaked defiantly before pushing back.

The more she struggled, the further back her thighs and arms were worked. The latter folded gradually above her head then pulled in a stretching tight tuck behind it, so that her elbows jutted out to either side of her horns.

Her legs were raised until the back of her knee was in line with her navel. Clawed toes raised higher still.

As one final insult, the thick cushioning pressed into her lower half, like with her mouth and nose. A thick flood of goo filled and stretched the passageways, making her groan in a much less defiant way, which only fuelled her anger more from the embarrassment. It grew solid and hollow once more, opening like a tube.

Sightless since the blob had first pulled her in, Hilda could only intuit from how it stretched her body that she was left in a most provocative and revealing pose, as if caught in a mating press with nobody above her.

She heard something dimly, footsteps, quiet enough that she might have been hallucinating them. The reality was brought to focus as the boot that had left the tracks in the dust pressed over her belly. “Well now, someone found us out, eh?”

“Mmmhh!?” Hilda grunted, not knowing the voice.

“Don’t worry, doll. We’ve got room for another, though damn. I can’t wait to see how you feel before I introduce you to the boys.”

A feeling of dread grew once again. For a moment, Hilda had been scared she’d be trapped, helpless and alone in a forgotten building. Now, she almost felt like she wanted to go back to that...