

Gadget stood on a branch, overlooking the two metres of grassy ground between the tree and the cliff-like drop that led to the junkyard. Realistically it wasn't going to be all that bad a fall if her test failed in that first length, maybe some bruises and scuff marks. Her concern was if her new device succeeded for the launch but fell later, then she might be in a pickle, to put it lightly.

"Okay, Personal Ranger Glider passenger test one..." She said to herself, stilling her nerves by putting on a clinically scientific voice. Her last few dummy-piloted tests had looked good, the glider had stayed in the air and one even caught an updraft or two, landing gently on a small body of water.

She tried not to think about the prototypes that had spun out immediately and littered the junkyard. After putting them out of mind she pulled her goggles down over her eyes, rolled her shoulders, lifted the glider by the handles and then leapt!

Immediately she was soaring from the branch, angling upward to climb with her momentum, the glider was stable, steerable and her confidence grew! She led the construction over the grassy edge and into the air above the junkyard, angling it down to pick up speed.

The ranger plane allowed a thrill and a whoosh of air, yet it was nothing on the exhilarating whistle that came with the personal glider. Her hair and even her ears were wind-whipped as she turned through the sky, feeling bold enough to twirl and roll. "Yahoo!" She squealed out in excitement. Taking a turn, she flew in circles, managing to recover altitude and stay approximately where she wanted potentially indefinitely! It was another success for the genius mouse.

A high pitched but gentle whirring sounded in the air as strange miniature drones, otherworldly in their advancement, fell into position behind her. The wind in Gadget's ears left her oblivious to their approach until they were upon her, frightening the poor mouse with a shock as mechanical bands, scaled down to her size, suddenly clamped onto her ankles.

The abrupt pull plucked her from the glider, sending it wafting away, out of her reach before she was even influenced by gravity once more. "What- what? W- aaaaaah!!!" The shriek filled the air as she was dragged to stare straight down at the ground, a terrifying drop below her. Whatever had snatched her from the glider held her weight for now. She craned her neck and head up to stare at the cause and saw the two drones responsible, with four more whizzing down. They were all accompanied by a much bigger one which was still some distance off.

"Put me down!" She yelled half-heartedly. If the things took the command literally, she'd only have seconds to regret it. Two more clamping arms swooped in, targeting her wrists, but she shook around, swinging her fists at them, deflecting them.

Out of her view a third arm shot forward to her neck, grabbing her head from behind, inflating an interior lining until it braced her head! It wasn't thick enough to choke unless she

strained against it but it kept her eyes tilted upward, away from the drones. Her blind swinging soon proved useless as one arm and then the other was grabbed.

The drones spun in the air, controlled and precise, turning her so her belly was to the ground with her arms stretched behind her and legs bent at the knees. The neck-seizing drone held her head steady as the sixth flew in, a tiny curved oxygen mask attached to two hoses was pushed over Gadget's mouth and nose, a worryingly close fit, too!

"What's going on?!" She demanded, her own voice distorted as it bounced up the tubes, the air-tight seal dictating the direction as both tubes began a flood of chemicals. Her body began to relax almost immediately, despite her trying to fight, yet soon she didn't even want to as the second agent took hold, a stimulating kind that made her feel vaguely comfortable but also wanting for something more... intense.

Soon her concerns were shifted, her tiny frame influenced very quickly even by the carefully administered dose. Dimly aware of the final small drone clamping around her waist, she was pulled up to the larger one. It dwarfed her and her captors by comparison yet it was hard to call it 'big'.

Slowly the drones returned to a docked position, holding the mouse below them and locking to the larger device which began to drift away.

Forcibly relaxed, Gadget's mind craved to know more, she wished she could open one up and see inside it, those thoughts crowding out the more sensible ones such as wondering where the units were taking her.

A small stab of nervousness encroached upon her fascination, yet the wave was more than enough to hold her enthralled as the drone dragged her to and through a hole in the air, a strange portal that led back to where it had been dispatched from.

The portal vanished and with it all traces of the mouse left not just the world she came from but the same dimension.

From a lightly clouded sky in the warm but refreshing Spring, Gadget was brought into a cool interior, kept at an exactly regulated temperature. Full of clinically sharp angles and smooth perfectly fitted tiles, the drones bore her into the facility's processing wing. As they neared a small ledge the smaller drones detached once more, carrying her into her next destination.

It was rare that this room was used, scaled downwards like the drones to accommodate someone of a much smaller stature.

Mirrored glass greeted her, a sure sign that someone on the other side could be watching. "Hello? What's happening?" She asked, trying to sound more urgent but lacking the strength.

“Huh?!” *‘That’s me!’* She thought, almost woken up by the shock of seeing a holographic display between her and the glass, covering the wall.

It was a profile. It had her name, age, even precise size and weight, with a profile of scrolling text giving a concerning amount of information about her. Still, it was hard enough to decipher the text when it was inverted and overlaid from her perspective, nevermind with it moving.

She gulped as her eyes deciphered one constant; the word ‘Processing’ flashed below in block capitals. The drone arms drifted down, pulling her legs in front of her, leading her to sit and dragging her legs to a specific point. A narrow hatch in the floor slid back with something rising up to cradle her ankles in a cushioned groove. A second piece slapped up from the ground, over the top, clipping with a solid clicking sound.

With the foot-stocks thick enough to hold her legs against the ground, all of the drones disconnected their hold and simply flew away, leaving behind the pinching clasps at her wrists and neck but otherwise leaving her alone with the mask removed. The chemicals still held on with their influence, relaxing her and making her feel strangely excited, yet though it felt a great effort, she pushed her hands forward.

Her fingers were just long enough to grip the top of the stocks and they tried to pull them up. Predictably, they didn’t budge, nor could she see anything on them beside smooth metal and the cushioned cuffs that held her ankles.

Holes seemed to appear out of the wall from how perfectly smooth it had been crafted, with more mechanical arms emerging. Round ball-like ends moved to her hands and her wrists jumped to them as magnets pulled her cuffs and raised her arms. Another caught behind her neck, tucking her back to the wall and holding her still. A blunt-backed but sharp tool pushed forward, it pushed down the back of her head, slicing the strap of her goggles yet so precise that if it cut a blade of hair she didn’t notice. “Hey!” She yelled, with a startled “Yaaah!” As the feeling of cold metal traced down her back, cutting through her jumpsuit and underwear below it. “What are you doing that for?!” She demanded, adrenaline at war with the relaxant as she tried to make a fresh resisting stand, blushing crimson as a pinching arm pulled the garment as it was severed, revealing her body millimetre by millimetre.

The arms tugged her ruined effects to a far corner of the room, well out of her reach while the floor below her opened fresh hatches. One directly at her rump let her rest on a more well shaped cushion, though her fur brushed against something solid rising between the legs. “Oh thank goodness.” She mumbled to herself as similar solid objects peeled out of the wall to mask her breasts. At least they were protecting her modesty, though it did nothing to reduce the shameful blush that she told herself was only because of the chemicals.

“What is this place...” She murmured dejectedly to herself, giving up on hearing any reasoning and trying to muster the will to tug and fight. Her eyes were already scanning the careful construction for anything she could pull apart and use to escape. She heard whirring, out

of sight, blocked by the stocks, only able to see some dim motion in the reflection before that whirr turned to a buzz.

A surge of feeling hit her like a lightning bolt as a quivering pair of fuzzy headed tools brushed into her ankles! “Ghhgh-hhnn—ahahahaha! Ahahahaha!” laughter erupted from her despite her desperation to keep it in.

She sucked in a breath, cheeks puffing and eyes clenching tight to hold it in. Her thick and soft toes curled only for thin wires to snare behind all six of them and reel them back, spreading each three-toed foot wide as rolling heads nestled to surround them, buzzing below the curves and in between each of them.

“Mmmgh- pffft hahahaha! Hahahaha s-stohohoho-stohop!” Her cheeks burst in a fresh peal as the crackling energy flustered her nerves through sheer sensation. It wasn’t even that bad, mostly capitalising on surprise and shock to get the gates of her laughter rolling. Once she’d started it was harder still to stop. Her body tried to squirm, upper half wanting to reach and interfere, lower half to pull her legs away but between the magnet cuffs and the stocks she could not interrupt, only endure it.

“Why-hy-hyyyy.” She drawled. The rollers gave one last surge before they fell still, leaving her limp and panting in exhaustion. Between greedy gulps of exhausted air she cracked her eyes open, looking just in time to see silently extending arms at her sides. “No, no no no! No-hohohoho ahahaaaa! Hahah s-stop! Oh hohohoh!” She cried as a variety of tools shoved into her soft bare fur, tickling her ribs and underarms, meeting at the pit.

Already her cheeks ached from the reflexive smile and this fresh surge twinged them again. Tears starting to well up from the aggressive tickling. Through bleary eyes she saw a reflected light from the two visible points at her chest, a third unseen one illuminated from her waist as she discovered her thoughts of having her modesty protected were wholly naive.

“Hahah, ahah! Go-golleeheeheehee!” Gadget cackled as at her nipples and the nub between her legs the three pieces vibrated at a high frequency, brushing and teasing her. Only for the onslaught to grow harsher as small claws dug into her feet, tickling and scratching, adding to the rest of her torment.

Her body squirmed, unable to process every touch making the tingling twists feel wild and unpredictable. Her muscles ached from trying to avoid it all, trying desperately to stop herself from rolling her hips and gyrating *into* the vibrators for their pleasure, especially as she felt a rounded bump push closer in that lower one. “Gnhhhhhnnn...” She gasped, clenching her teeth as her muscles spasmed. ‘*Would it be so bad to let go?*’ She groaned in surrender as she pushed her hips forward, the machinery matching the rest of the distance to bury against her mound until a tickle and pleasure induced orgasm shook the mousey inventor. In response to her climax the vibrators stopped but the tickling continued for half a minute as pleasure ebbed in pulses from her. Finally they all ceased, the arms retracting, even demagnetising her cuffs.

The mouse slumped forward, adrenaline fleeing and delivering her into pure exhaustion. She could barely keep her eyes open, too blurred from tiredness and the remaining tears to read as the red lettering that had said processing changed to something blue. She fell into an exhausted sleep immediately.

“Level four? For a creature I could fit in my hand?” A figure asked as it analysed the automated assignment that the facility’s supercomputer had decided on.

“She’s a smart one, she built a working aircraft out of junk, she might have ideas she could use to damage our equipment or worse, try to escape. Plus she seemed quite flustered, no I think it’s fair, even level three would be a bit too lenient.” A colleague replied.

“Just for a mouse?” The first one reiterated, taken aback by it all.

“There’s more to it.” A third voice stated. “She is by far the smallest subject we’ve captured yet. If our tools can hold her securely without being too harsh as to hurt, then we will learn a lot. Besides, I can’t parse these readings all that well, but the scans look to show that her higher thoughts only stopped when the erotic stimulation began. Simple tickle torture might not distract her.”

The second let out a small chuckle. “Heh, any excuse is good enough for me. I can hardly wait.”

The collapsed mouse was taken from the chamber, her bare body passed through a bath with precise tools that cleaned her thoroughly, gently rubbing in a chemical mix that would not only soften her fur further but make the skin below it all the more sensitive.

There was no need to dress her up much, though the machinery took precise measurements, storing them in case changes were decreed down the line. All her cuffs were removed, though soon a fresh clamp squeezed over her wrists, locking on a pair of tight, fist-mitts with a grip-filling gel pod to ensure her hands wouldn’t serve her, not that they’d left a gap big enough to exploit on any of their other acquisitions.

By the time her hair and fur were fully dried, her new home was ready for her.

The unconscious mouse was placed in a carefully sculpted and cushioned box. The arrangement supported her by the legs and back while giving somewhere for her elbows to rest keeping her in a seated position. Her rump hung down through a hole leaving her nethers open to the air. Her tail was secured too not just to prevent her defending herself but also to protect her from getting it caught in the planned machinery.

Up above, her knees were folded back as close to her torso as they would comfortably sit, then the box folded down, trapping her ankles with her feet once again proudly on display. Within the box, micro-machinery slid into position, dormant for now yet poised to unleash a barrage at any moment. The lid closed around her neck, supporting her in a comfortable if absolutely secure manner and leaving her head revealed too.

While she slept, the automated machinery saw to her needs, taking advantage to ensure her waking hours would be uninterrupted by hunger or other functions.

Those hours soon came, with Gadget's eyes blinking tiredness from them. She tried to bring an arm up to rub the rest of the fatigue away, only for it to stop well short, contained as it was. "Wh-whah? Oh..." 'Oh right', her thoughts whispered deflated to learn that escaping to sleep had only deepened the mystery of where she was. Her setting had changed, though the profile with her likeness remained in view as well as new information and elements showing five other blank spaces. That set a worrying thought through her mind. She might just be the first abduction among many. What if the other cells were for the other Rangers?!

Her attempt to get up was similarly foiled, barely able to move, though she felt the difference in temperature within the box and gulped as she realised just what part of her was on display. Her fisted-up hands patted around for anything but they were wholly contained with cushioning on all sides. Her mind raced, there had to be something she could do-

The sound of multiple mechanisms beginning to spin up cut off her train of thoughts. 'Not again!' She pleaded in her own head, toes already curling up and hands clenching. Out of sight, an arsenal of tools unfurled and then with perfect timing, all the active tools pressed in.

Rollers struck her soles, circular buzzers pressed in at her sides and her ribs, long multi-pronged tools pushed with tickling trace down the exposed part of her upper arms and even her neck was caressed by a gently spinning feather-light feeling. "Bhhwhhahahaha! Gaaha ahahaha!" Gadget yelped out, her ankles twisting around and her forearms thumping desperately. "No-no not this, ssstohohohop!!" She begged.

With no chemical influences within her, she could squirm back with all her strength, yet that only made her feel even more helpless when it afforded no changes. The inevitable attention to her feet soon followed. Strangely pliable caps were nestled over each toe, yet even as they were slid on the insides of them writhed. It had to be technology and yet the articulation of them made it feel like each sucking cap was alive! The caps were supported by rigid and pointy metallic claws that worked on her arches while another set of brushes tucked into her heels.

"Nnngh. Nohoho. Nnnhhhhh!!" She tried desperately not to laugh, yet the scratching, tickling and buzzing broke that resolve in a fresh peal.

Her eyes roved desperately for anything to take her focus away from her situation, yet her surroundings were clinically featureless, designed to draw the eye to her. She managed to glimpse numbers, her head inverting the text to quickly read it. 'Time remaining, 1:59.' Then

swapping to '1:58' a second later. She snapped her eyes shut, two minutes of this, she could endure two minutes. "Grnngh hmmhmmm mmhhhhhhh!!" Gritting her teeth did little to keep a lid on her laughter but she felt it helped, perhaps if she denied her tormentors the satisfaction they'd see it wasn't worth it.

A chill of fresh, ambient temperature metal elicited a squeak as it touched her inner thigh, below the box. 'Oh no...' VWIRRRRRRR.

With only the light touch as warning a fluffy horrifyingly tickling head buzzed against her lower lips while delicate but twisted-teasing arms zeroed in on her clit. The sensual onslaught made her bite her lip, trying to curl in to the box, even though she knew it was pointless. '*D-don't get excited, don't get horny...*' She chided herself in her thoughts, trying to exert mental control over a physical reaction. The buzz stayed the same, yet it felt like it grew as her body redirected the blood to warm her nethers and welcome it. "Nnnghh. Nhhahahaha ahahahaha ahahahaha!!"

Her control broke, cheeks grimacing and eyes widening even as her brow rose in helpless concern. It was so much worse than before! As if the machines had calibrated for her reactions specifically, with pin-point precision on her poor nerves. "No, noh-ho-hoooo. H-how much. How much long-eeeeheeehehe!" She tried desperately to look at the timer, through eyes made bleary by tears. There were still three digits showing, so that meant at least another minute.

She could outlast it. She could endure.

The tickling stayed horribly constant. The sensitivity raising agent doing its part to make even the lightest brush ignite a crackle of feelings. "Mmmhmmhmm. Hahaha! Ahahahahah no hohohoho!!" She couldn't keep it together, she instead did the one thing she could, counting in her head, she forced her eyes to stay open this time, peeling her head back to stare upwards.

Her count reached sixty. Something felt off, surely that was two minutes yet it hadn't even slowed! She blinked and squeezed until one eye was clear enough to look at the timer. '1:55'... her heart sank. It hadn't been two minutes she was facing but two hours!

"Noooohohohoho nohohoho!!!" She wailed out as the realisation broke some level of resistance and all at once the crowding ticklers mercilessly assaulted her tactile senses into overload. "Chi-hihip, du-du-Dale! H-help!!!"

Her mind tried to picture home, tried to think of the Rangers mounting a rescue even now, yet the thought of them seeing her like this sent a fresh blush creeping over her already laughter-reddened face.

The buzzing at her hips had also reached a peak, with the tools realising she was well warmed up now. They'd tickled and stimulated her, yet even with the tickling provoking spasm after spasm, she felt herself clench as a smooth nub pushed past the lips and quivered as it made its way in. "Nggghhhh hahahaha aaaahaha!" She groaned eyes rolling up as her laughter became laced with excited panting. How did she still feel horny despite all this tickling?! As the torment

grew, she was less and less able to focus on clear thoughts, instead panting, wanting desperately to give in.

Even that the machine seemed loathe to do, she was ready, she was trying to clench to bring herself to climax yet it wasn't until twenty minutes into the session that she was permitted, already her body felt hot, hands exhausted from useless slapping, unable to escape even a single tickler. With that first orgasm rocking her body, she hoped for relief, for a break. Instead the configuration merely changed.

The tools were shuffled without so much as a noticeable gap, rollers where there were pins, vibrators where she'd been scraped. As she was shaking her head she even felt something new at her ears before gentle gripping hands stretched them wide and held them taut for fresh buzzing ticklers to torment her there as well!

And worst of all, she wasn't even a quarter of the way through.

Two hours elapsed, the machines constantly studying and learning. Adapting configurations to give her the harshest overstimulation, or to coax out an orgasm or deny it for a prolonged time.

She was given a mere thirty minutes break, before the whole ordeal repeated, refined to be even more mind-melting in its pleasure and yet also introducing something new. A brush that teased her belly and navel was introduced alongside a visor strapped over her head for the second run, left blank to be a blindfold. The third saw the visor removed only to be replaced with a tight muzzle that stopped her laughter.

After that run she was given a longer break, one she desperately needed to recover. With the machine hooking up a tube to the muzzle, feeding and watering her. That made her all the more scared. If they'd planned automated feeding just how long were they intending this all to last?

Despite sometimes treacherous, sometimes simply scared thoughts, Gadget held onto her courage, she couldn't break. True, the time before she lost focus on her thoughts was shrinking between each session, yet if she could hold out for a day, she could reset and refresh and come back stronger... she hoped.

Soon all plans were chased away as the toys began a dull tickle, not enough to send her laughing but enough to interfere with her thoughts. Her rest period finished and more teasing began, with the mouse dreading to discover what new tricks they'd try this time.

Three days. Three hellishly tickle soaked days passed. The flow of new things had stopped before the first, with them just trying different combinations but barely even letting her

truly rest until 'night time'. They'd figured out she had the stamina to endure it, much to her detriment.

Those periods of thirty minutes between the two hours still had a vibrator at her folds and nipples, with a thrumming teasing kept at her increasingly sensitive feet. There had been no contact, no communication at all beyond the machinery. Nor had there been any sign of someone trying to save her. The only consolation she gained was that those blank spaces remained blank.

Any half-baked plan she'd tried to make all centred around something going wrong with the machines, some moment of weakness, yet she was never granted even a crack in their defences.

The fifth day was the most intense she faced, as the machines focused relentlessly on her erogenous zones. The morning saw them focused on pleasuring her, even her feet and ears were sensually rubbed instead of tickled. Then slowly the day passed with the tickling amping up to join it, making her laugh as much as she moaned. Twisted delight forced from her.

It was only after the last orgasm of the day, when the machines stopped, that she saw a new value. 'Ticklegasms'. Realising after the fact that she'd been climaxing from tickles alone through the day's final session. *'Just what is happening to me?'*

Two weeks had passed, if she counted it right. Though there was room for error. She'd woken up to an audio-visual stimulus in the latter week, her exhausted brain had barely been able to parse the sensations, seeing coloured spirals that made her eyes rove, vaguely aware of messages. All she could tell was her head was completely covered except for the nose, with speakers tucked into her ears.

Golly... I love this. Her thoughts whispered, making her start in surprise. Had she really thought that? No, surely it was some audio being fed to her, that somehow sounded just like her own thinking voice.

The swirls swapped suddenly to warm and relaxing colours, lulling her to sleep as if it had only belatedly noticed her waking up.

Another day of cruel tests waited, with her panting and laughing. Yet this time she realised she was no longer asking them to stop, she had to consciously make the effort to plead, an effort she lost the hold of within minutes of each cycle.

Her eyes drifted back to that profile screen. Her stomach lurched anew as the blank profiles had changed. The feeling changed to relief as she saw strangers, not even mice like her, then twisted to guilt at feeling anything positive over other helpless creatures, presumably being tortured like her.

The more things that happened, the more she started to accept them. Even catching herself hating the breaks on her third week, why couldn't they just keep it spinning all the time. She shivered at the thought, she was losing it...

Gadget was exhausted. After weeks of unending experiments, her body still hadn't grown accustomed to the tickling torture. If anything all she'd managed was greater stamina, which, once worn down, made her pant and squirm in helplessly teased bliss.

The one interruption to the routine came and went without explanation. The tickling ceased, the vibrating too, everything grew still.

A miniature drone drifted to her cell, shocking her with the reminder that there was something other than the cloudy sight of her reflection and the hypnotic swirls at 'night'. With small pincer-tipped arms, it grasped and measured rather than tickling, provoking light giggles out of apprehension only for there to be relief when she was left alone. It measured everything it could see, scanning her revealed feet, her vulnerable crotch, even her head to the very tip of the ears.

When that was done, it peeled back a sliding panel, plugging into a jack. The mouse wasn't sure if she just imagined the feeling of a light brush as the machine scanned inside the binding box.

She waited but nothing else changed, instead it finished its scan and moved away leaving her behind. The lack of stimulation had left her body itching restlessly as if missing the cruel touches, yet it had allowed her to think clearly for a moment.

If she could somehow get a hand out of a mitt she was sure she could have breached the grooves holding her arms and then, with all the tools that had brushed her body it would only be a matter of time before she could crack the case open.

The respite didn't hold. The machinery soon picked up again, making her groan in protest, her hands couldn't budge the mitts, they were as tight as the day they were put on. Perhaps when unconscious they had opened the cell and made sure to tighten them, or they were just that soundly secure. As the tickling returned making her cry out in shock once again, any further useful thoughts were chased away.

She was soon overwhelmed to the point that she questioned if she had even had that first break or if it was a hallucinated dream.

Nothing seemed to come of the drone's visit, with the regime of teasing torment back as fiercely as before.

"The new equipment is finally ready." A figure reported.

“The lab-techs were just giddy with the results, such a great success for our first time in miniaturising.” Their colleague added.

“Good.” The higher up replied succinctly. “Have her transferred.”

“At once.” The colleague replied, the two were dismissed, not stopping until they’d relayed the order and then relaxing a little. “Damn, to think you weren’t sure she was worth putting in level four.”

“Quite. Honestly though, I’m gonna miss her. I’ve grown attached in a weird way.”

“You could always request a transfer to oversee the lower levels.” The colleague suggested with an amused grin.

The figure recoiled and shook their head. “No no, I couldn’t even tough it out overseeing level six, nevermind where she’s going.”

“Heh, fair. Alright, looks like the manual override has gone through. I’ll up tonight’s dose to make sure our transfer doesn’t have any hitches.”

Gadget had whined, it was rare that they blindfolded her for more than a session but this time there’d been a full hood involved, her mouth filled with a thick tube to muffle her. When the last session of the day was finally winding down, she was aware of being fed yet had no knowledge of the drugging mass that was mixed in. For her it would feel like seconds later that she awoke again.

In truth, once she was unconscious, the box holding her was cracked open, as it had been without her knowledge. The equipment was normally sanitised within moments of her extraction but it would receive a full maintenance shift now, after all, the likelihood of its next occupant needing the exact same layout was next to impossible.

The soft furred mouse was gently plucked from the apparatus and put to rest on a gloved palm. From there she was taken to one of the prison’s preparation rooms.

Two technicians stood by, already seeing to the few tools they could use, yet the intricacy needed would mean that most of the work would be done by the machinery.

The unconscious mouse was relaxed, yet as they slid the hood off her head and replaced it with a thick, mouth and throat filling tube, she let out a twisted moan. The noise was soon muffled entirely as two breathing tubes were fed into her nostrils, only when they were in place did the first plug inflate to block any hint of a gap, a hollow tube lined up with her stomach, filling her cheeks while also burying subtle, though inactive tools within.

Her sleepy mumbles were outright silenced by the gag, even as strangely shaped, perfectly fitted toys were buried between her legs and under the tail. The small mousey body

shivered in pleasure, one leg kicking yet she remained asleep. The machinery turned to her ears, a minute speaker was plugged in deep, buried within gel that filled the ear cavity. While the gel remained the only sound she'd hear over her own breathing and heartbeat would be transferred through that speaker.

The next phase began. Gadget's hands were removed from the mittens, the fingers massaged gently and then set to rest as a tiny purple latex outfit was pulled forth, consisting of a perfectly moulded mask, a bodysuit, tail-sock, long gloves and footless stockings. Small symbols on the outside made worrying implications, with Gadget's name printed in white, but also the words 'permanent prisoner' along with the facility's identifying codes.

None of the pieces were plain latex either, within were several carefully positioned pads of micro-tendrils, individual strands so small that even someone as miniscule as Gadget wouldn't be able to grip just one between her fingers. The machinery smoothed the bodysuit on first, it clung to her curves, tightly moulded to match her carefully maintained figure. The gloves, stockings and tail sock were all pulled into position after it, brought to fit so that there wasn't a single gap before the machinery ensured the attire truly lived up to the label, welding the seams, turning it into a second skin.

The pads were tucked into every vulnerable area they had found, her sides, armpits, below the breast and over the nipple, the thighs, behind the knee, even for a change, inside the elbow and between each finger and over her palms.

With how perfectly sized it was, it looked as though she'd just turned to a slightly shining purple from the neck to the ankle. The ankles were the next target for the facility's specialised 'Perma Boots', lined within with an intense array of the tendrils and other micro-sized machinery and tools. The fit bore a translucent toe cap but sealed the rest of her feet, up to the shin, within the rubber, reinforced with metal bands. A miniscule yet still satisfying click sounded as the footwear locked. Like the suit before it, it was supposedly never to be removed and designed with the advanced technology required to make that possible.

The mask was next, threaded carefully to mesh with the tubes, with covers for the ears built into it, allowing just enough of her hair through to still be identified as the subject, an aesthetic choice rather than a necessity. Two thick lenses covered her eyes, closed and blocked for the moment, able to relay the same information as the visor she'd borne before. Even the hood had more of the tiny tentacles and spinning tools, tucked into the identified vulnerable spots at her ears.

A quick sealing made sure the hooding mask stayed in place before the final touches to her personal prison were brought forth. The first was a rigid belt, squeezing her hips and connecting to the lower plugs, allowing a discreet cable to keep them powered.

After which came the heavy duty binders. These at least had locking devices with keys, permitting them to be removed and adjusted, yet for now Gadget was rotated and laid down on her front, thick metal-lined rubber snagged around her knees and shins, pinching the legs

together and denying them the ability to bend or part. Similarly her arms were stuffed into another behind her back, the wrists virtually touching but for the layers between.

The strands of hair and the barely visible toes were the only part on show of what otherwise looked like a synthetic rubber lined, metal-reinforced mouse woman.

The bound bundle was lifted and deposited on a fresh bed where scanning arms ran over her. Tests were run, gradual and slow. Her breathing was normal, the tubes working, and each of the tickling regions was tested one by one, ensuring she reacted while kept from being strong enough to wake her.

As the tests concluded one of the technicians called in. "Lower levels' suiting is finished. The file says Ms Hackwrench is to go to a level ten cell. Please confirm."

There was a pause as everything was checked. The strictness and cost of a level ten left no room for doubt or error. "Confirmed."

And so was Gadget's fate decreed and sealed. A small receptacle was produced and Gadget was laid inside, her tubes plugged into ports at the top and rear of the container. Then the hollow was slowly filled with a clear gel, lifting Gadget up from the bed of it, then covering over the top. The substance was pushed until it filled the box, with the mouse being firmly wedged in the centre of it, gel cushioning her from all sides.

The top was levelled then covered with a lid while they waited for it to set.

The job was done. Gadget was to be the first subject of her size classification to be incarcerated in the facility's most intense levels.

Dimly dreaming, Gadget felt like her arms were stretched awkwardly, yet she was otherwise flying, floating in the most comfortable bed, albeit one where the covers had twined around her awkwardly. Her skin tingled, yet she couldn't bring herself to try to move, instead falling into a full deep sleep.

The sleep passed as Gadget returned to her senses, one second she'd been hooded and sat in her prison-box. Now she felt stretched out yet still compressed.

"....!" She tried to groan yet the sound was caught, her lungs took in the breath but despite trying to she couldn't produce even a muffled moan. Light caught her off guard. Her wakefulness must have been noticed, though rather than a lulling pattern she was shown a clear image that confused her at first and chilled her afterwards. *'What... is that? Oh... oh no.'*

Tired though she was, she could read, she saw her name, saw her body's shape, even saw the object of her view twitching the tiny amount she could in a transparent prison embedded in a wall. *'That's me!?'*

Her mind rejected it. It had to be a dream.

The tools began to whirr at her toes, and she tried to squeal immediately as she felt the most intense tickle yet! *'Wait, stop it, give me a break!'* But the tools had no mercy. Over her soles, between each digit, behind and over the heel, every nerve felt stimulated to an intense degree! She could see the micro-tendrils though from the distance of the camera it looked like an amorphous pink was moving around.

It made her clench and from that, she noticed all the plugs, one buried so far inside her she would have been surprised it didn't reach anywhere painful if she weren't consumed with concern.

'No, no! Stop, stop, stop, stop!' She thought, her mind almost desperate to add the laughter-scattered beats into her thinking voice.

The tickling grew. Step by step the systems turned on, caressing behind the knee and up the legs before becoming a feverish spiral of sensual shock. Her eyes widened, brow twisting, she wanted to scream in laughter, to howl already, yet she couldn't do anything beyond breathe more erratically through her nostrils.

Her thighs and shoulders could strain, though the firm gel cushioning them ensured that only the barest wiggle was actually produced.

With cruel implacability the buzzing reached the plugs, ticklers between her skin and the suit danced sensually over her lower lips and buzzed into the buried, covered mound, while within the dildo-plugs vibrated to a shocking intensity. *"Gah!!! Even there?!"* She shouted in her own head.

The tickling only grew, rising up her sides, pressing in there, making her wish she could squirm and run, then to her breasts, her armpits. A brief detour down the length of them, enabling more tickling horror over hands and between fingers. *"No, no no no, what is this? How is this possible?"*

Even her coherent thought was chased from her for a moment as the last of the buzzers activated at once, sensual spinners pecked at her ears, soft buzzing that she somehow didn't hear but worse than those was the unexpected attack inside her face! The back of the throat to the roof of her mouth suddenly came under a tickling assault as all the systems moved at full speed.

Through all the horrendous overstimulation she tried to squirm back. Over a month subjected to the torture, the teasing and the tickle-gasms had built her up to at least enjoying the bliss she could.

It was closing in, she could feel it... she could feel it! *'Come on, come on, a little more!'*

She'd been edged by the machinery before, yet that had come with a dampening effect, cooling down and turning off anything liable to send her into that joy. This time it had been perfected.

'Come on....' Gadget thought to herself. *'C-come on....'* she hesitated, how was it not happening. She tried desperately to tug on her arms and legs, her arms were behind her back now?! Did that mean she could reach her rump to stir those plugs? *'No!'* the armbinder and gel stopped her from adding any force, she would get only what the machine gave her.

'Gotta cum, then I can think straight-' she told herself to justify giving in, *'I-I-if I focus on that I can ignore the tickling!'* she lied further. Yet still she couldn't. As that first minute turned into five, of her feeling ready to explode but wholly unable, she realised just how in trouble she was.

Gadget was desperately on the verge of it and the machinery was perfect at keeping her there. Ensuring that her climax would never hit. She tried to moan and rock her hips to get that last tickle. However, with the plugs taking up nearly all available space, the gel leaving an insignificant amount of wiggle room and the belt perfectly fitted, even with her gestures she couldn't actually squash any of her insides in a different way. Helpless even to push against the vibrations.

The tickling rose to the forefront again as it was the only thing that changed. The edging didn't need to slow to give her breaks, all the more cruelly making her lusty and wanting for that release.

The camera connection winked out, replaced with a soft light with silhouetted words. She could barely have made them out over the thick laughter-provoked tears if they were clear, yet they were dim words on a background that almost blended into them.

She couldn't bring herself to care though, or even acknowledge that there might be a subliminal attack being carried out. Instead; *'Gotta cum... go-gotta cum. Let me cum! Tickle me more and let me cum!'* Her constructive thoughts chased away, even after the visor had blacked out to throw her into total darkness and a gentle noise had gradually been pumped into the ear speakers so that she was in a world of silence.

The camera fed to a control room elsewhere. The viewpoint of Gadget was fragmented over monitors. One zoomed in on her constantly twitching tickled toes, another viewed her body as a whole while the rest were each zoomed so far in even the gentlest of wiggles could be seen by the watcher.

For the prison, it was a rousing success. Proof that no matter how small their target, they could still precisely calibrate their tools to edge them indefinitely and tickle them such that they couldn't grow accustomed to it.

They were content to let Gadget endure the treatment she was receiving for a while, the minimal hours of rest would just make it all the more easy to influence her should they decide she needed reprogramming but it seemed she was starting to turn into a tickle toy all by herself.

"Finalising level ten containment. Keep the current schedule of three parts rest to seven parts torment, revise schedule in two months time." That would give more than enough time for them to see if she could hold on that long, as well as devise any other things they might try. The one who had decreed that she be moved had even considered that her small size would mean her cell could be used as a desk ornament, it would be an amusing distraction. At any rate, that two month revision wouldn't be of much consequence to Gadget. The poor mouse had no hope of seeing any mercy now she was in this deep.