

If he hadn't failed the exam, he could be having fun on his Spring Break. He could be sitting under the clear blue sky on the beach, checking out babes, maybe some guys, too. He could be in Tijuana, or Cancun, or Miami, or *anywhere* but still in his college town! But irresponsibility won out.

Landon *tried* to be responsible. He studied for weeks ahead of time, the rat confident that he would ace his midterm. A little too confident, it would seem. Too confident to tell himself that he should slow down by his fifth shot, which led to him getting much drunker than he should have, which caused him to roll back over into sleep after he hit his alarm, which ended in him waking up four hours after his exam finished. And so, here he was, knocking on some stranger's door rather than living *la vida loca* or however the hell that crap goes.

His fist hadn't even made contact with the hardwood door a third time before it flew open, a corgi eyeing the Landon from the other side of the threshold. A corgi in a lab coat, quite a few inches shorter than the diminutive rat, his head topped with an adorable green hat. Premonitions of being barked at by a dog with a Napoleon complex for his Spring Break flashed through Landon's head, and he said a silent curse, hoping his dirty skunk of a professor would get his comeuppance for sending him here to get the extra credit he would now need to pass his course.

"Hello, you must be the one who slept in," the nameless scientist said, stepping out of the way so his guest could enter. Landon stepped past the door frame, into the house, trying his hardest not to frown. If the musty smell wasn't bad enough, that less-than-stellar greeting did not bode well for the soon-to-be lab rat.

"I am Cosmin," the rat heard a voice say behind him, though when he turned to look, the door was closed and the dog was gone. "I have you for the whole week, correct?" Landon wheeled back around, seeing the dog somehow in front of him once more. Okay, he's small, but how the hell did he do that?

"Yes, my teacher said I need to help you during Spring Break." Oh man, hearing himself say that aloud hurt a lot.

"Good, I needed a new subject. Come along." The corgi began to plod off down the hall, and the rat really hoped that he meant "assistant" and just misspoke.

They reached the door at the end of the hall (passing a living room with an inch of dust on the seating and a kitchen with mountains of instant dinner packages lying around), which this Cosmin character opened silently, the corgi beginning his descent downward into one of the oddest-smelling basements the rat had encountered. And he's a college rat who grew up in New York; he's kind of an authority here.

"Come along," the corgi said without turning around, almost reaching the bottom of the steps now, "And close the door behind you." Landon turned his head around, back into the hall, took a deep breath, and then descended into the lab, closing the door behind him.

The rat tried to restrain a frown as he began his trek down the stairs, but as he reached the bottom and viewed the basement proper, his jaw fell open in astonishment. He expected a few beakers, test tubes, maybe a chalkboard with equations on it. You know, the usual "psycho who lives in their basement thinking they're a scientist" kind of stuff. He expected some Flubber level of bullshit, essentially. However, it was pretty clear that Cosmin knew what he was doing.

The basement was far larger than he expected, much bigger than the house itself. Also,

he must have financial backing from some company or have some sort of large inheritance, because the place was alive with equipment rivaling that of his university. Giant computers, huge racks of materials and notes--Wait, is that a cyclotron? The rat had no idea why the small scientist had all this room to himself, but spying a cot in the corner and remembering the state of disrepair the house was in, it became clear that Cosmin was a bit of a recluse. Forgetting to feel sorry for himself for a moment, the rat actually felt a pang of sympathy for the corgi, though that disappeared the second he heard his short tone once more. "Please, we're wasting time. Come here." Finally locating the source of the noise, Landon walked toward a large metallic table, topped with all kinds of equipment, though the dog was staring at an odd black substance in a test tube.

"What's that?" the rat inquired, leaning over the table to look at the odd goop in the tube.

"It's why you're here," Cosmin answered, straightening himself. The rat was about to say something along the lines of "Thank you, I knew *that*," but the rat quickly realized that no, he did not. He had no idea why he was here. Sure, he knew he was at this man's beck and call for the next week, but his evil (nobody grins like that and isn't malicious, it's a law of the universe) prof had been vague as usual when actually saying how Landon would be lending his aid. He just assumed he'd be cleaning or jotting down notes or something.

"So...What? Am I going to observe, or help create it, or something?" Cosmin just laughed. "No, it's done, and you couldn't help with this anyway. I'm told Chemistry is only a minor for you. You're here to perform a far easier function, but no less useful." Great, so the dog was vague too. Landon was starting to wonder if every successful adult in his life was involved in a conspiracy against him, when a slamming sound that came from behind forced him to jump.

"Here please," the corgi said, indicating to another metallic, but empty table at about the rat's waist height. The rat walked over and looked around, unsure of what to do, and afraid to ask for fear of looking even dumber in the scientist's eyes. Whatever, Cosmin probably thought he was some drunken college student (not wholly inaccurate) anyway.

"Here what, exactly?" An expected sigh of exasperation was heard, and Landon just rolled his eyes.

"Sit down upon it." The dog said, adjusting and fiddling at the table that the black goop was contained at. Alright, that wasn't what he was expecting, but the rat just shrugged and hefted himself up, sitting and facing the back of the Corgi, who began walking to and fro, looking at dials and screens on some of the equipment lining the walls. "So, I don't actually know what I'm supposed-Agh!" A shock suddenly ran through the table and the rat fell limp onto it backwards, shivering a little from the shock of the shock. And the electricity.

He tried moving the second his world stopped spinning, but the rat found his body unresponsive for the most part, only able to squirm and flex impotently upon the table. The electricity must have done a number on him.

"W-what the hell?" he cried out, feeling gradually returning. "Was there a malfunction? Did you do this, what's going on?" Just as the rat was beginning to get the ability to move his arms and legs again, Cosmin appeared next to him, dabbing Landon's forearm with a cotton ball, and then pushing a gun like device against his arm.

"You don't have any allergies, do you?" The flabbergasted rat just shook his head. "Good." Cosmin pulled the trigger, and the rat cried out again. His whole body felt like it was on fire for a moment, and then suddenly the pain stopped. Every muscle in his body was beyond his control, completely unresponsive. Even moving his mouth and eyes was a fight.

"Wha? Whath... You do... Thoo me..." Landon mumbled, words slurred from his lazy tongue.

"I took away your ability to move," Cosmin replied in a matter-of-fact tone, as if the question was childish and silly. "I don't need you struggling when I start performing the tests." The situation was getting scarier by the second for the poor rat, what had he gotten himself into? Was this guy really just some murdering psychopath, and he and his professor were in cahoots? Was this some sort of awful snuff theatre in disguise? The rat began to whimper and squeak as loud as he could, without even the strength to squirm. Cosmin rolled his eyes and clucked his tongue in response.

"Calm down, you're not going to get hurt. These will be simple tests. The only reason why I had to sedate you is because I knew you'd react this way." If that was supposed to calm the rat down, the effect was negligible at best.

"Whath... Are you... Gonna thoo..." The corgi didn't answer verbally. No, before Landon even finished the question Cosmin was again beginning to terrify the helpless rat, a bit of pressure felt on his crotch, then a click came from the clasp on his belt, before feeling his jeans and briefs slide down his legs and off his feet, leaving his lower half completely exposed.

"W-w-why?" the rat whimpered louder this time, again fearful that cameras he couldn't see were trained on him, ready to record some sicko's deadly spectacle.

"Because your clothes would interfere," was all he got, the rat's arms now pulled up towards his head as the dog removed his t-shirt. Landon now lay in a position that he found most displeasing, without any alcohol in him at least. Naked, immobile, and in a stranger's basement.

"Hmmm, five foot six, 161 pounds..." The corgi circled around the immobile rat, like a hyena around its prey. "No known medical problems, or skin conditions I'm sure. Healthy brown fur, slightly longer than normal 3 and a half foot long tail, no piercings or tattoos... Good, perfect. Not that any problems with the physical would deter the scientific process," the corgi said, jotting down on his clipboard. Landon found the process humiliating and scary to say the least, but tried to calm himself with the wild thought that this could not get any worse. He should know better than that, of course.

With the rat now fully exposed and inspected, Cosmin made his way back to the table that had the test tube upon it, filled with the black liquid that the rat was starting to fear. The corgi then plodded his way back, and Landon, barely able to lift his head and see the corgi at his feet, whimpered again.

"W-w-w-w-"

"Enough," the corgi chemist interrupted. "Quit whimpering. If you must know I have been contracted to create an *ethical* alternative to modern torture methods." The way Cosmin said "ethical" could not have possibly contained my disgust. "The U.S. is sick and tired of people griping about the more conventional means of extracting information, and with modern extremists welcoming death as a reward for their actions such methods are growing

increasingly useless anyway. So I'm trying a different approach." For the first time, the corgi wore a smile, one suspiciously similar to Landon's mephit professor, and the rat felt more afraid than ever.

"I'm going to try and pleasure information out of you." Cosmin said as he began to tip the tube of black goop, the viscous substance sliding ever so slowly over the edge of the tube... He stopped.

"You didn't even bother to wonder why you're limp but not numb did you?" He tsked and shook his head, disappointed. Then with much less melodrama the corgi suddenly turned the tube upside down, the goop dripping out over Landon's left toes.

With a sickening squelching noise the thick solution left the tube all at once, and splattered across the big bare rat paw. Landon hadn't noticed it before, but the corgi was right. He could barely move any part of his body, but he could feel everything just fine. Maybe even more so than usual, for as the oddly cold, wet stuff hit his toes, it sent electric tingles throughout his body.

"Aaahhh..." the rat moaned with an odd mixture of discomfort and enjoyment, similar to if the dog as rubbing a sore muscle.

"Good, this is promising," Cosmin was heard to say. The rat wasn't entirely sure what was promising, but as the gloop on his foot began to heat up, he had something else to worry about.

Besides the initial splatter separating few bits across his foot, at first the black goop had stayed quite solid, not sliding or moving at all. It was beginning to heat up though, presumably taking some of the heat from the restrained rat, and whose foot was starting to feel a bit cold.

Landon twitched with fear as the slime began to move. It was not simply sliding down his foot and pooling around his heel, like he thought it would. No, it was *spreading*. It seemed to cover his foot with purpose, every inch of the naked flesh soon overtaken with the wet stuff. Soon his entire foot was covered, even on his heel where it was touching the metallic surface beneath it, the liquid clearly refusing to be denied. And it wasn't finished it either, the goop now moving up Landon's leg.

The slick stuff continued to slide up and up the twitching limb, the rat swearing he could feel every single coarse hair in his fur as it was covered. It felt tingly, it felt weird, it felt wrong, but the worst part was, despite his situation, it felt good. As the goop had moved itself up past his knee, his dick had perked up, and now every other squirm was punctuated by an ashamed attempt at thrusting. All the while, Cosmin paced back and forth, jotting things down on a clipboard, leaning over, poking, prodding, and wearing that smile of his. "Much better than I expected," he mumbled, giving Landon's dick a poke with the eraser of his pencil, eliciting a weak groan.

As his body began to heat up from the stimulation, the goop did too, and its pace picked up. Soon Landon's entire leg was covered with the stuff, a shiny black film where his fur should be. From there, the goop became far more adventurous, sliding not just down his other leg, but it moved along his taint, sliding across his ass and crotch, and down his limp tail as well, the rat squealing now. Even if he could move his mouth properly he'd be unable to voice anything coherent in his current state.

What took minutes before was now taking seconds, the rat's other leg soon completely

ensconced by the black stuff, the same subtle tingle spreading through his body as each nerve was stimulated. During the conquering of Landon's other leg, the stuff was moving up his stomach, having long ago coated that throbbing rat dick and quivering rat bum. The solution pooled and pushed out of his navel as it continued to climb, the rat jerking so hard from the odd feeling that Cosmin tensed up, fearing that the sedative was already wearing off. However, Landon's body suddenly went limp again (save for a few twitches here and there of course), and the corgi breathed a sigh of relief, going back to his jotting down upon the clipboard.

"Hmmm, stronger than I anticipated, this could be problematic..." He gave that now jet black member poke with his pencil. "Need stronger sedative next time, heheh."

His lower half was now completely covered, and his upper half would soon be the same with the speed the goop moved. It was a mercy really, because had the slime still been moving at the same agonizingly slow speed that it had been a minute ago, the rat's poor mind might have broken from the pleasure. His little pink nips, his arms, hands, fingers, neck, the liquid clinged tightly to every inch it slid across, tingling with electric stimulation. It even moved over his head, and how he could breathe, he did not know, but he also didn't have the cognitive function to question such things.

As the last bit of bare fur upon his head was covered, the tidal wave of pleasure finally washed over him, leaving the rat's body feeling an all around weak tingle. It still caused him to twitch, to moan, but he could finally breathe normally once more.

"Hmmm, besides the slight reaction, perfect so far. You're doing well Landon," Cosmin said with very little emotion, sneaking a grab to that almost rubbery dick, rubbing it just to hear the rat squeak. "Very well."

For a few minutes, the rat was completely in the dark. His hearing was muffled, his eyes unable to open (not that he wanted to, he doesn't want this stuff touching his eyes), and his sense of touch was completely overridden by this alien goop, that dull throbbing pleasure spreading out from his dick and diffusing throughout his body. Then, he felt the corgi's hands upon him again, in what was a far less scientific process. They roamed, they rubbed, they squeezed at him through the film. He flicked and pinched some rat nipples gently, he ran his claw across the edge of a slick ear, he caused the rat to cry out as he rolled his nuts in one paw, and he slid a finger between his butt crack with the other. "Yes yes, this will do just fine," Cosmin mumbled.

"Hmmm, let's see." Landon heard the dog say, though he had no idea what the calculating chemist had planned. It all made itself pretty clear pretty quick though, because after feeling the dog push his legs apart and kneel between them, the rat felt his whole length taken into the dog's hungry mouth. The dog's mouth closed and like a pump he began to suck hard upon the rubbery textured dick, moaning into it as he did so. But that was nothing compared to the rat's moans. He had had blowjobs before, and while the dog was good at what he did in his own right, the film that covered his body took it from an excellent blowjob to a breathtaking one, feeling constantly short of breath from the pleasure. He needed to cum, he wanted to cum, why couldn't he cum?

Eventually, the mad dog's ministrations ceased, and the rat was granted a (slight) reprieve. The aftershocks of the pleasure still quaked throughout his body, but at least he wasn't crying out in need anymore.

"Mmmm, a success," Cosmin said wickedly, now shuffling through objects upon the table the liquid came from. He walked back over to the restrained rodent, the corgi's own pants open as he rubbed himself with one hand, an odd cylindrical device in the other. "Now let's see if it'll actually do the job I'm getting paid to do."

Through the thick haze of pleasure and slick black goop, Landon did not hear the corgi's foreboding statement. No, he just let out a quick gasp as a button was pressed on the metallic cylinder, causing the goop to dry and suddenly grow tight over the foot Cosmin held the cylinder over.

"Hmmm, the solution is reacting properly, but is my subject?" Cosmin asked to no one in particular, before looking back at the trapped rat. If the proper reaction was him squirming and yelping silently in sudden, unrestrained pleasure, then the corgi got it.

"Excellent," he said, now moving it further along, causing the entirety of the film to become like a suit around him, growing tight and constraining all around the already helpless rodent.

After a moment to solidify the suit to the shaking rat (the dog making sure to take his time on poor Lando's crotch, and making it even tighter than the rest for his own enjoyment), Cosmin walked around his subject with lusty, and scientific, glee.

"I think we're ready," the dog said, trying to sound completely emotionless again. He failed. "Now, what's your address?"

The rat wasn't sure he heard right, which is unsurprising. However, the corgi repeated himself, and the rat just weakly lifted his head, looking in the relative direction of the sound.

"...Whath? W-w-why?" The corgi presses a button on the cylinder, and incredible pleasure suddenly coursed through Landon, feeling as if a weak orgasm quaked through him.

"Answer, or you will never feel that again." The dog replied.

Landon knew he had no reason to answer, he shouldn't answer, but, oh god, the pleasure. The idea of having it again if he answered, no, at the idea of never having it again if he didn't, he had to tell Cosmin, it wasn't really secret anyway!

"2323 Yohk Dwive!" Another press on the button, and Landon squealed with wonderful, shameful delight.

"Right, tongue still sedated. Going to have to find a way around that," the corgi said, quickly walking back to his clipboard, jotting something down, and walking back.

"Good. Let's test some more. How much is in your bank account?" A quick zap of the material against his skin, and it gets tighter, more restraining, trapping the rat further. He knows he should be resisting, but his body humps, and pushes any silly notions of control away.

"250 dollars!"

"Tsk, someone needs to be more frugal. Good boy though." Another zap and Landon's body quakes. The sedative is wearing off, but now the idea of moving isn't even crossing his mind. All he knows is that he must have pleasure, pleasure from Cosmin, the need beating deeper into his brain with every throb of his dick.

"Your favorite food!" Zap!

"When you hit puberty!" Zap!

"Your social security number... Good boy." Zap zap zap!

The rat was drifting in and out of consciousness after the interrogation, his body still shivering every so often. The pleasure, it was too much, too much, and yet he needed more. He needed to orgasm. And Cosmin knew it.

"Will you come back tomorrow, begging for more?" Cosmin said with an almost sort of delicateness to his voice.

The rat, despite himself, knew what saying yes to this would mean. It would be branded in him; this wasn't just some verbal contract. He couldn't fight this if he agreed. Whether this stuff was a chemical that was just waiting for a moment of weakness to fully take hold, or the corgi was just conditioning and breaking his brain, he didn't know, but he knew deep down somehow that this wasn't a promise he would be able to break.

But the throbbing in his brain made it so hard to think. Throbbing, throbbing, throbbing pleasure, pulsing throughout, his member, throbbing, needing to explode, the throbbing getting stronger, this whole experience, so tortuous, but so wonderful, he wanted to be trapped, by this scientist, in this suit!

"Yes, yes!" Another button was pressed, and Landon's body rocked with orgasm before everything went dark.

"Here's my notes professor," the rat said, handing a stack of papers to the skunk sitting behind his desk. The skunk lifted them up, and gave them all the quick once over.

"Hmmm, this all seems to be in order. I trust you were able to learn a lot from the good doctor?" The rat shook his head, causing the skunk's brow to lift.

"Not enough sir. I'm actually going to be late for my volunteering there if I don't leave immediately," he mumbled, looking away. The skunk could swear that he saw a slight tinge of embarrassment in Landon's ears.

"I see," the skunk snickered. "Go on then, you get your credit. Just don't let him ride you too hard. Or too easy."