

## You Break It, You Become It

“And here we have one of our newest permanent displays which has just opened at our gallery. You will see the subject is in deep sensory deprivation. The artist wishes to convey a sense of isolation and helplessness felt by many in modern society and its focus on sexual, rather than truly personal, gratification.”

The tour guide, a tall zebra, pointed to the panel with dials and monitors in front of the large glass sphere, three meters in diameter, which dominated the hallway the tour group was standing in. Inside floated a rodent-shaped creature, sealed in black latex that shone under the water under the gallery lighting. Its muzzle was the only thing not blacked out, covered instead by a clear rubbery mask that expanded and contracted slightly with its breathing although it held some form of clear regulator between its teeth. A pair of tubes led from it to the top of the tank. Its cock was sheathed in a lewd-looking milker, all clear tubing and silicone liner, which proudly showing off the catheterized rodent meat. Under its tail another thick tube snaked away, presumably from some kind of plug, and descended to the bottom of the tank to the platform it rested on. Its handpaws were covered off in rubbery mitts that were easily as big as its head and attached with steel cables to a belt fitted around his latex-sealed waist.

A wolffess with the tour group stood transfixed as she watched the rodent bob gently within the tank, buoyancy gently changing with its breath. She also noted that its face looked odd as well; the mask it wore bulged from its eyes disturbingly as one looked closely. She continued to stand and stare as the rest of the group moved off, her interest noted by the guide who whispered in her ear “It’s an interactive exhibit.” as he passed to the next installation.

She barely acknowledged his words but as soon as the group had finished moving on she stepped forward, laying her handpaws gently on the controls and gazing at the creature suspended before her. It was suspended at her will. It was her mercy and under her will. She looked down and started analyzing them. There were separate controls for each of the normal elemental gasses, breathing rate, the milker and e-stim. There were also two monitors, one for the blood oxygen level and another for the heart-rate.

She reached down and slowly began turning down the air flow. The rat inside the chamber started to twitch and then struggle, pulling at its bond and sucking air in from the mask; plastering it to its muzzle before it expanded again. She watched, enraptured, as it started writhed in the sphere, chest heaving hard and filling more with any air it was allowed to get before collapsing to repeat the process. The heart-rate monitor had begun beeping softly, the rate increasing as the oxygen levels in his blood slowly began to deplete. Still she turned the levels down until she’d turned off its air supply entirely.

The realisation that she could smell her own arousal snapped her back to her senses and she ramped up the breathing rate again, probably more than she needed to, and the heart-rate took a nose-dive and its blood oxygen level climbed again. She found she was panting sympathetically, leaning against the panel and wagging as she took the milker and slowly engaged it on the slowest setting she could. She may as well give it a ride, she thought, and set the e-stim on a pleasurable setting as well.

The rat twitched and swished much more purposefully now; trying to thrust into the milker in the energy-absorbing water. No, it wouldn’t have it that easy. She took the breathing rate and pulled it down again; turning up the oxygen now and pulling down the nitrogen down to balance things out. The rat sucked air in as before but seemed calmer.

She was wagging faster as she took the carbon dioxide control and slowly started forcing it up.

By the time she’d hit five percent he’d become visibly distressed again; bucking and thrusting once more and sucking the mask completely to his face again with every breath. His cock twitched in the milker and she found

herself panting again but did nothing to stop, watching his blood oxygen level as she pushed the carbon dioxide levels over ten percent.

Buy now a small crowd had gathered around and two uniformed guards had arrived but did nothing to intervene, just watching her 'play' with the rat as she finally turned up the milker and dropped the oxygen levels like a stone to zero. The rat came almost instantaneously, monitors beeping shrilly as it bucked and heaved and writhed in its prison and started kicking helplessly. She'd been fingering herself through her pants now and came through them, juices soaking the fur of her thighs as she watched the form lose consciousness.

Two things very quickly happened, then. The panel forced the sliders into a high-rate, high oxygen setting and refused to obey her brief effort to change them and the two uniformed guards; large black dogs, grabbed her arms and sunk a syringe deep into the meat of her neck.

She was out cold before she could even start to struggle.

Latex filled her dreams as the sedative coursed through her; handpaws were moving her; pushing, pulling, sheathing her in the sweet, slick latex. They teased her, pressed toys into her and she moaned incoherently as the wrapped her head in more latex and pushed it between her jaws. She came so many times, like it was like the most wonderful sex she'd ever had and then the dreams stopped again suddenly.

There was another period of blackness and then she awoke. She felt like she was floating, sheathed in tight latex. Toys were firmly lodged under her tail and between the lips of her sex; filling her with hard steel. She wanted to groan but only a soft gurgle came from around the tube lodged in her muzzle, a deep breath in confirming what was going on as soft, supple latex collapsed onto her snout.

She was just testing her arms, finding them locked to her sides, when a voice spoke into her ear. "Oh good, you are awake! Our newest exhibit and the gallery opens in an hour so let's get the final testing done." She felt the shafts between her legs start to vibrate and a rolling wave of electrical power flow between them, forcing her to clench around them. "Let's see if you're as primed as that poor rat was." And the air supply abruptly stopped.

She squealed softly and sucked the dead air of the mask hard into her lungs, bending at the middle as she clenched against the toys. The electrical pulses did help but it was seconds until she could hear her heart pounding; hypoxia already starting to settle in as she writhed, sightless, in the pod. Her lungs began to burn in earnest now, the fire in her loins heating at an equal rate but with the spots in her vision she was certain she would asphyxiate in this watery cell.

The controller wasn't letting up, either, the stimulation continuing at the same rate as she started to thrash, now, desperate for air, her arms tugging hard at the wire cables which bound them to her hips with increasing desperation but nothing did any good, the steel and rubber held strong and she could feel her heart hammering in her chest as bits of her started to fall numb even as she was on the verge of orgasm.

Everything suddenly became very clear, the burning in her chest stopped being a problem and her intruders felt a thousand meters away. She let her body go slack and then tried one last time to pull anything to her muzzle and then gave up and surrendered to the toys. She tensed around the intruders, now clear of mind and let the orgasm thunder through her, arching out and surrendering to the now sweet blackness. She didn't care anymore if she woke up; 'This would be perfect...' she told herself as she floated down into the blackness.

She felt her heart beat, first, then heard it. It pulsed through her aching head, reminding her that she was still alive. Aching lungs and the feel of the tube still lodged in her muzzle returned next as she realised she was drawing deep, deep breaths. Still alive, at least for now and her senses tingled with what was likely an oversaturation of oxygen in her air supply. It seemed that they weren't letting her go that easily.

The world appeared before her in a blinding flash, but not from her eyes; her body floating in a three meter wide glass sphere, sealed in black latex just like the rat in the gallery. Now, though, she was in her own gallery. A new tour group led by an Oryx in a sharp black suit was passing by her display. It was the first of the morning and making the round. Light streamed in and refracted off the glass and water; warming it slightly as she watched him give his lecture.

One figure, a young deer, stood in rapt attention and failed to follow the rest of the group.

Her head still ached and the toys within her were sending pulses of current through her loins, though at a 'maintenance' level, forcing her to constant awareness of their situation. She shook her head gently to try and clear the tell-tale effects of hypoxia and watched him intently.

All the while she realised she was craving the breathlessness now. The feeling alarmed her but she was powerless to do anything but heed the desire, trapped by the water, restraints and tight bodysuit. She relaxed into her bonds as the deer approached the control panel.

Part of her willed him to turn back and follow the group but a larger part urged him to work the dials and sliders that would start the cycle of pleasure and breathlessness over again. She twitched softly in her bonds as he touched a slider and she felt the latex mask around her muzzle close tight to her. A little moan escaped, drowned by the water, as she clenched around the toys and felt her heart start to pound against her ribcage.

She wished she'd be able to see him suffocate with her.