

It's just a white room, with no doors or windows, but you feel like people are staring at you and taking notes. Correctly, that is. You know they are. Whether it's one or two those pencils are scrawling chicken-scratch on clipboards while you're tied up laying on the ground. Your arms are tied behind your back with your own arms and your legs around them, in some comedic hogtie you know isn't possible but they've already messed with you a lot. It's not coming undone, your limbs tied around each other with some amateurs knot, with no obvious release and no skill at all, but tight. Really tight. Your tail is free, though, and your mouth isn't restricted. You could move or roll a little bit, but not any more than a small one foot area. Your clothes were taken away a long time ago, but you are fortunate to have enough fur that you are not cold.

With your face half squishing against it you see the ground is made up out of hundreds of square inch blocks, each one with the ability to raise itself upwards all the way to the ceiling and any height in between. You haven't had the pleasure of taking them on a trip all the way up quite yet, but you feel like that's coming soon. In your pathetic attempts to move a little bit, the ground responds and just lifts itself enough to unceremoniously roll you back to the center. Too much movement and they box you in completely. Whether it was better to see the large empty room or a small empty room is probably up to preference. There's never a reward or punishment. Your own movement, or any aspect of your individuality, has never been considered here.

A panel opens in the far wall, which is white, but spills some kind of a black sludge that glistens in the over-lit room. Not like glitter, but like the rubber balls stacked on top of each other in a merchandise store. It coagulates over itself in spheres, breaks and rejoins. It fell off onto the floor, sliding down the wall, slowly like garbage out of a truck. There was just enough that it probably could have covered you completely and then some, were it to have been poured on top of you directly. But it was not, so you just watched it.

Where it was poured that panel closed itself, and where it slides the wall is just as clean as before it was touched. For the color of the stuff, it might be thought that it should have left some grease or stain, but only some globs stayed behind, and those too moved in turn.

On the floor, it pulsed with some apparent movement of its own. Faster than anything you could do. There's a thought that you should probably not let it get near you if possible, but that half-hope is erased by how impossible it is to pull your wrists and ankles away from each other. It just strains your arms and wasted your energy.

Apparently it could sense you, and it is much faster than you were ready for. You can just hope this company is ethical enough to not be testing toxic materials on living people. There's a cool feeling when it touches the side of your belly, and you can feel some sort of prickly sensation on contact for a moment, then it goes away. It is not painful, or unpleasant, but it is also not normal.

Some get into your mouth, so you try to cough, and you do. Nothing hinders your cough, but nothing comes out. Half of your face is covered in this black substance, and your mouth fills completely. There's a solid feeling like you should not be able to breathe, but you can. Out of curiosity you do try to talk, but no voice comes out.

After it covers most of your face, you've gotten used to the prickly feeling. At some point you stopped trying to keep your eyes closed. It is hard to tell if the stuff is avoiding your eyes or if it just is not possible to tell that it has already covered them. Nothing looks tinted anywhere.

The goop gets a bit more than halfway up your back, and onto your arms and wrists. There's a really strange sensation here. Like your wrists and legs stopped being tied together and started being merged together. You try to pull them apart again, and they come apart neatly, with no resistance at all. You know you could get up now, and away from this stuff. All you have to do is get up and walk away before it covers you completely. At least show the white-coat upstairs you were going to be somewhat of a problem patient.

You roll onto your stomach, and position your hands and knees on the ground to push yourself up. Not a problem at all. But just afterwards, there is a huge tension in your hands and arms that raises itself from nowhere, and force from all directions pushes itself in. The fingers on your hands being pushed together, the lengths of your arms shortening. You lose your balance from the sudden change and topple over, a small splash into the black goop that had been working to climb you, but now just covered you.

Pressure across your body now, everywhere at once. You roll onto your feet from your back this time with some acrobatic fury, this time actually managing to stand up. You are covered from your head to your toes in this black goo. You reach to pull some off of you but stop startled to notice your hand ends in two sharp points with no thumbs or flexibility to them. It does not feel unnatural, but it is tight, like your real hand could burst out at any moment. Or what you would call your real hand. What you were staring at

was real now. Maybe if you were careful not to stab yourself, you could still use it to dig this stuff off you.

While you focus on that, you also know it is not working. You feel pressure pushing you down, squeezing your tail against yourself, and growing harsher as it can. You know you're losing height, making any goop you scrape off yourself have less work to climb back on. You are not sure if it even needs any more of itself on you, but it definitely keeps trying. You see your feet as having two pointed claws instead of four toes you're used to when you check, and your legs far too thin to support your body, or at least a normal animal's body.

Your tail had been pulled towards you and folded three times, leaving three feathery-looking appendages that you have some ability to move apart from each other. Looking around, you must have lost about half of your height. Putting your claws to your head, you can feel your head is incredibly round. Your hands and paws merge into each other seamlessly but are easy to pull apart again. You feel your left ear longer than the other.

You take a couple steps, walking is not too bad. The goop had mostly finished attaching itself to you. It doesn't seem to be changing anything anymore, it just touches you and becomes part of you and you are not sure if you feel any different for it now.

Another panel opens, and a mirror is visible on the wall. It is far too late for you to not use it, so you make your way over there. You recognize the shape that appears in the mirror as Sneasel, a Pokemon. Except, completely dark and covered in goo. Your face is black too, you just see a blank reflection in the mirror.

A voice from somewhere states "Latex Color Diffraction Test 1; Normal Test!"

The reflections color changes immediately, the solid black dulling except where Sneasels colors should not be black, your ear and tail turning red, the claws on your limbs changing properly. You can see your face now, a bit of a shocked expression, but absolutely Sneasels face: not yours. You open your mouth, it is pink on the inside, but kind of drippy. Putting your claws on your face again, it still feels like the latex that had been over you before. The color had just changed. Moving your body around in front of the mirror, it was a perfect likeness other than that.

"Latex Color Diffraction Test 2; Shiny Test!"

Some points began to appear, but fizzled fast. Definitely a failure. A buzzer played, and the floor began to rise up.

"Let's try re-calibrating. We'll deliver the latex to the steam imprint wing. Did manufacturing give me the uncured stuff again? That stuff's temper is a huge pain to stamp out..."

Not much to do while the floor was raising but try to think of a way out. The floor tiles are water tight, so even trying to slip through the cracks would not be an option, if you knew how to do that. You wonder if you could learn how to do that. Too few options existed though, so eventually you began to meet the low space of the ceiling. You pushed against it for a bit, to try and stall or break the floor tiles pushing you towards it, but your arms yielded fast. You lay on your back in a panic to get the extra time for maybe the floor to break or the power to run out before you are crushed, pushing against it as long as you can. But then, there is no space, and it begins to squish you even more than the latex had earlier.

You did know this would not be lethal. You were already squished so much, it would just be that much more, but now your body was flattened utterly, a sprawled pattern on some lowering floor tiles. You tried a bit to peel yourself up, but there was no luck. You did learn that the ceiling generates the light, so you felt a bit toasty for the experience.

Some otter personnel walked into the room, wearing oversized goggles and PPE gloves and other such equipment as they sprayed some kind of chemical onto your body. There was no physical change that you noticed, you were still Sneasel. The otter tugged you up by the ears and gave you an evil-looking mad-scientist smile as they let you dangle from their paws.

"Hey, recognize me? I'm an otter today! Proud work of your tests. You're not, though. Maybe later."

They laid you in a cart, one of your paws folding out of it, dangling about as they ran through the facility. You mostly only saw the ceiling, but there were a lot of blue doors and at least one black door with "CONDEMNED, KEEP OUT, DANGER" stickers on it. The otter had taken you to a small laboratory room, with a conveyor belt into some scanning machine, and then laid you down on one end of it.

"Please cooperate with me on this one, okay? The colors did not come out again. I think we both want to let you out of here as soon as possible."

There was some sudden kindness that was throwing you off, not worth much in your current state, after they already did so much to you, but still something. At least enough to try talking to them.

"I-"

"Not you. The latex."

That figures a bit. The otter turned the machine on, and the conveyor pulled your flat body towards the thin compartment. You can not see it until you are already part way in it, but it is still strange to watch yourself slot through such a thin hole. It is very warm there, but also very dark. A red light shines itself over you, back and forth several times, and then the conveyor lets you out the other side, back into the same gray room. The otter sprays you with the same chemical as before. You think it makes you feel more solid, but it definitely does not last for long.

The otter deigns to repeat the test from earlier "Latex Color Diffraction Test 2: Shiny Test!".

This time the color on you changes perfectly. "Latex Color Diffraction Test 1: Normal Test!".

And then it changes back.

Writing some notes on their clipboard, the otter seems happy. "I better get you some volume back so you can go to work. Should still be safe for me to do this."

The otter pulls you off the conveyor by the ears again, and waits just a moment to watch you try and flail, since they think it looks funny. But instead they pull you up to their mouth and hold tight while they blow air into your body, returning some of your depth immediately. Another puff and you feel like you could walk, weakly, and a third is enough to feel normal. Or normal for a sneasel, everything is still tight. The otter things for a moment, looking up at the ceiling in some kind of habitual tic, then blows some more air in to begin rounding out your body. You have already done this before, so you know how it goes a bit. This employee likes their own fun as much as their work.

They hold you tight and puff more, letting your claws bloat out only a little as they're sinking into your rubber latex torso. From flat to round, tall and short, your dimensions have been changed over and over in the span of one hour.

"SmartLatex, can you convert that air into helium for me?"

Instantly your body feels lighter than it was before, and increasingly so moment by moment. The otter sprays you with the solidifying chemical again, before tying a light string around your foot, letting you raise freely while they hold onto the string. Your mouth is not covered or shut, but you are not losing any helium despite that. The otter makes a brisk pace, carelessly letting you hit walls and harmless bounce off of them as they walk you through the halls. You can see the black door again. It is heavily dented now, and a large noise and roar can be heard muffled through the walls. Actually, better for the otter to be hurrying.

At the front desk they sign a sheet and walk you outside.

"Some things we want from this test, if you get bored of this shape it's fine to release your hold and let your subject return to a prior configuration. But read their desires, find out what you like that they like and make you both go through it. For now, hold them in this inflated state for at least until they're far enough from the facility to release them. In three months, bring your subject back. This is like a vacation from the facility for you, so think of it like your toy and enjoy your time off. Your preference data you build up will help us develop perhaps even self-reassembling cities and villages, completely aware of potential danger while allowing freedom, so be proud of that!"

"I-"

"Again, I was talking to the latex."

The otter took off their goggles and waved goodbye when they let go of the string, piercing red eyes you aren't sure won't always be watching you.

Your air journey was short, as ten minutes later suddenly all the air in you left through your mouth at once, and a sneasel fell from the sky into the woods near a city, a small splat of goo on the ground, for just a single moment, before they were a sneasel again, with the freedom to go wherever they wanted, finally. If only they had kept the freedom to be themselves.

Walking through the city, nobody seemed to mind too much the pokemon that would occasionally drip a part of itself off. The latex was probably self replicating, anyway. This was the city you lived in, and you made it back to your apartment without incident. Your keys were in the door, which was troubling. Reaching the doorknob itself took a jump, and a turn, but it opened. Clasping your claws together with a second jump, you got the key out.

Nothing was taken from the inside. You thought to yourself maybe if someone tried to rob you your captors took them for additional subjects, but you know it was just more likely nobody thought to enter your apartment. You shut the door behind you. It was already more space than you needed, but now it was just luxuriously spacious. You walk to your room, your bed now taller than you are. It was a long day, so you climb in and cover yourself with it. For the moment, this seemed fine, and you went to sleep.