

A gentle singing noise rang out in the darkness behind the sounds of gentle wing beats, a pokémon wearing dark clothes slowly descending to the ground before landing with a gentle '*pomph*'. Dust that was disturbed began to settle again as the flygon's wings settled down, the singing noise from his flapping wings dissipating alongside. He raised his head to look up at the dilapidated building in front of him, the once living factory now in disrepair and disuse.

Dusty's tail slowly snaked back and forth, covered in a black cloth covering to disguise the distinctive and bright colors and markings of his scales – alongside the black clothing over the rest of his body. While his... '*hobby*' of scavenging old buildings like this let him find some things that had long been left unused and wasted, some people weren't as keen to leave him to his own devices. So, of course, he had to hide his presence. While the gentle singing noise that always emanated from his wings as he flew could give him away, he had learned to conceal any sounds or movements well from passerby that would wish him ill.

He shifted the backpack over his back to be a bit more comfortable around his wings before stepping forward into the doorway. A clawed hand slowly pushed it open, lifting the door slightly to avoid it dragging along the ground, and he stepped in past it. The dust that had long since settled in the run down halls stirred as his feet gently padded down the stretch of the corridor, his head peering off into side doorways for anything of note. Broken-down old electronics scattered the various rooms, power to this building having been cut off long ago. Occasionally, a sealed wooden crate would stand out in the flygon's vision, and he'd pull out his crowbar to pop off the lid, looting any spoils it may have, from old but still usable technical devices that he didn't recognize to general purpose materials he could scrap.

Dusty made sure to stop and listen from time to time, always checking his back. He knew not to let anyone get the drop on him now, and he was confident in his sneaking skills, but there was always a chance. His red eye covers stood out in any light let in through windows against the darkness, the only splash of color visible on his form.

The flygon continued into the factory, rooms gradually growing more complex and less barren as he got deeper into the complex. Less confident looters would often stop in the areas closer to entrances, not wanting to test their luck. That just meant that the good stuff would be hidden even deeper inside, though, and Dusty was here for a score. He made his way out of the simple entrance rooms to a centralized hub, which seemed to have some machinery that looked functional... but massive and complex. He wasn't even sure where to begin.

The machine in front of him held two incredibly large reservoirs in the center, with some kind of dark liquid inside. It had seemingly sat undisturbed for some time, and he was sure that whatever it was, it would have spoiled in some fashion at this point. Beyond that, the pools of the stuff that had seeped out of the unkept edges of these giant glass containers didn't fill him with much confidence that the stuff

hadn't been contaminated. Meanwhile, whatever valves, switches, and mechanical controls that presumably *controlled* this contraption were entirely foreign in design to the flygon. He wasn't going to push his luck with trying to safely harvest this stuff, especially considering that he didn't even know what it was, or how to use or sell it.

Shaking his head and clearing his thoughts of the strange goop, he set off down the left hallway extending from this central point, being careful to avoid the puddles of it that had pooled across various points on the room. They looked to be viscous and sludge-like, and he wasn't particularly interested in having to scrub the waste from his scales or clothes. With some careful footsteps and a few short bursts of flight, he left the room and resumed exploration, finding himself in a room that seemed to have once served as some kind of conference room. One large display on the far wall caught his eye, a massive crack weaving down the center of the wall-sized screen. Many seats were positioned around the room to face it, giving the impression that it was some kind of instructional area. Perhaps this was where they taught new recruits, he reasoned, as he began looking around the back of the room for any useful machine parts that might have been left behind.

As he searched, he found what seemed to be the control board for the display at the far end of the room, and seeing that it was in fairly good condition, Dusty decided to pick it up and take it to resell. However, as he picked up the control board in his hand, he nudged a button on it, and froze completely as he heard the display activate. Confused as to how it could still be functional with no power routed to the building, he looked up at the display, which seemed to simply be showing a dimly lit grey screen with no indication that it would be playing anything else.

As he started to look over the control board to see what he had accidentally nudged to activate this device, he heard a quiet, gentle ticking sound start to play from speakers positioned around the room before the crack in the screen started to spark. Beginning to panic, Dusty pressed a button on the controller once more, and the ticking instantly began to speed up, before a blinding flash of white light hit his eyes from the large screen. The flygon covered his eyes as quickly as he could, falling backwards in surprise and pain, before the screen instantly shut itself off as fast as it had turned on.

Dusty tried to open his eyes, but all he could see were stars as he'd been flash-banged by the machine. With an intense headache, the flygon pulled himself to his feet and set the remote down, having given up on the idea of taking it with him after that catastrophe. Much less stealthily than he entered, he pulled himself out of the room, feeling strangely dizzy as he took a few steps forward, intending to go back to the central room and take a different path from there.

However, he found himself having a lot of difficulty even making it to that point at the end of this simple hallway. It was like he could see stars twinkling on the insides of his eye covers, and he kept finding himself veering off course and off balance when he thought he was walking perfectly straight. As he

eventually pulled himself along the wall carefully to reach the central room once more, he decided that he probably wouldn't have the best chances of continuing, anyways. Whatever that strange, broken flash was from that display, it had nearly incapacitated him in a single moment, and going further would only lead to more problems.

Disappointed, he started to make his way out to the entrance hallway, but had a lot of difficulty trying to avoid the globs of that odd liquid along the ground. He had to plan out every step very carefully, ensuring that his legs were aiming exactly where he intended for them to be, along with the difficulty of seeing in general. As he got close to his destination, he hopped into the air to let his wings carry him over the final large patch... only to instantly be completely disoriented by seeing another flash of pure white completely cut off his vision, feeling himself fall into the goop underneath him.

As he felt the sticky, slimy liquid touch his hands and feet, his eyes shut tight, as his eye covers had suddenly manifested that same white light from the screen before and blinded him with it, the light still registering in his vision even through his eyelids. It took seconds before the light died down and he was able to open his eyes again, feeling incredibly dizzy – even more than before. As he tried to lift up his hands, he felt globs of the black substance sticking to them as he pulled them out. It looked to be completely covering both of his hands from where he'd fallen into it, and he could feel it along his feet as well.

As he was about to stand up, Dusty thought about that sensation a bit longer... why could he feel the liquid on his scales, even though his clothes? Now panicking, he pushed himself up off of the ground and looked down at his feet, which had previously been covered in black, padded socks to cover his scales and suppress the sounds of his footsteps. However, he couldn't see the material that had once covered them anymore, instead, only able to see the rubbery goo that was coating both of his feet now. Was it *corrosive*? Dusty started to fully panic as he stepped quickly out of the puddle, seeing himself leaving wet footprints of the liquid behind him for a few steps, before those footprints stopped, despite the liquid still covering his feet.

Extremely worried about what this stuff even was or why it was sticking to him so much, Dusty tried to pull the goop off of his hands only to find himself unable to gain any purchase, especially with it covering both of them. The liquid was slick and gave him no friction as he tried to push one hand against the other, and it made a loud squeaking noise every time he rubbed them together. His confusion only grew as he tried desperately to remove it from either of his hands, then moving to his feet and trying to pry that liquid off as well, only to fail there too.

Even worse, the goop seemed like it was starting to harden. he could feel his fingers under the layer of the rubbery substance becoming harder and harder to move, or even to separate, as it bridged the gaps between his claws, forming what were more like mitts than anything else. Then, as it seemed like it had

fully hardened, he saw the black liquid covering him start to change color, becoming a light green – just like the scales underneath.

Fully panicking at this point, Dusty tried to run for the exit hallway on his new rubbery feet, only to slip on them, gaining little traction from them either. As he looked down at them, he could see the same thing on his hands was happening to his feet too, even matching the darker color of the tips of them. He tried to pull himself back up, but his hands got no purchase on the ground, and his slippery feet couldn't even hold himself up. Even beating his wings in a panic wasn't working – he couldn't get enough lift to pull himself off of the ground, especially with the sheer panic he was feeling course through him.

And his fears only got worse as he saw the rubber now at his ankles, starting to spread upwards.

He tried desperately to push it off with the mitts that covered his hands, but the black liquid rubber kept moving up his legs, defying all logic or gravity as it did, moving up to his shins. Meanwhile, Dusty could see the same thing happening to his arms as it crawled up closer to his elbow, and then closer to his torso. Not knowing what to do, the flygon kept struggling and trying to hold off the flow of this liquid rubber as it moved across his body, only causing more and more resounding squeaks to echo throughout the empty halls of the old factory as one rubber surface squeaked against another.

As he tried to push it off with his new rubbery paws, he found that wherever the rubber converted to the color of his scales, he could suddenly *feel* through it as if it were his body underneath. He could feel through the paw mitts like they were his real hands, and anywhere they pressed against the outer rubbery layer that had begun covering his body, he could feel there too. And any time his rubber paws squeaked and slid against any of those parts of his body... it felt strangely good. Like, *really good*. His struggling and convulsing had turned from a state of pure panic to one of combined panic and euphoria as his paws touched the places along his body that the rubber had covered, unable to stop a moan from escaping his lips.

The rubber kept eating away at the clothing that had once covered him, replacing it with its own covering inch by inch. The rubber on his arms had reached his torso and began moving both up his neck and down towards his stomach, filling him with panic as it slowly approached his head. However, nothing caught the flygon off guard nearly as much as when the rubber finished covering his legs and slowly moved toward his crotch, as he suddenly let out the loudest, throatiest moan yet, throwing his head back in ecstasy as it instantly invaded the most sensitive area of his body. Unable to resist the desperate urge now spurring him on, Dusty reached his paws down to his crotch, only to find that the area where his dick once was had met the same fate as his hands.

Now, instead of a dick, the flygon only had a large, green bulge between his legs, on full and prominent display. And as he ran his paws over it, feelings of pure ecstasy ran through his mind and body, feeling his legs spasm as he rubbed his new, null crotch back and forth. Squeaks filled his ears and his mind as his legs spread as far apart as they could to allow his large, mitts paws as much space as he could get between his legs to rub and grind against them, feeling the most intense pleasure he'd ever felt.

The flygon could feel the rubber beginning to coat his ass as he rubbed his bulge over and over, unable to even think about moving, or standing up, or escaping. He was in the pure throes of pleasure, and he could barely even register the many changes happening to his body while he desperately and manically rubbed at his sensitive null bulge.

In an instant, the rubber invaded his ass, only making him moan harder as it very quickly began to fill him up inside just as much as he'd been covered outside. Dusty welcomed it, the extra pleasure as the rubber inside of him rubbed against his prostate only made rubbing his bulge that much better, building up the sheer euphoria higher than it had ever been.

The rubber coated along his tail, and he felt it snaking back and forth behind him, before it started to rub against the coated areas of his body too, more squeaks filling up his mind and echoing through his surroundings as he built himself up more and more. He was sure he should have cum by now, but it all just felt so good that he couldn't stop himself. He didn't *want* it to stop, he just needed to keep going. To keep rubbing. He needed to cum.

The rubber kept moving up his neck as it coated his wings simultaneously, feeling them grow heavy and hard to move. He wasn't sure if he would be able to fly like this, but he didn't care, he had a singular purpose now, and it was the pleasure that he could feel every time he touched himself. He wanted it, he needed it, and he wanted **more**. The rubber moved up the back of his head and coated his horns before it moved up his jaw and toward his mouth. Dusty gladly opened wide for the rubber to coat his insides and fill him up, he wanted it to do anything it wanted to him so long as he just felt more and more and more and *more and more*.

He could still move his tongue around inside, but his lips felt stuck in an 'O' shape, and he couldn't breathe through his mouth anymore, only breathing in and out through his nose. He didn't care, his tongue just snaked around in his mouth to feel the rubber that coated the inside, and as the rubber moved over his mouth and up to his nose, it left the two holes open for him to breathe through. As the color covered his maw, a wide, happy smile was painted onto the outer surface of his new skin, showing just how happy the flygon was to be his rubbery self and play with his rubber bulge. It covered his ear holes, and he couldn't hear anything outside of himself anymore, but that was okay. He could hear the beautiful squeaks that came from his rubber skin as he rubbed himself. He just wanted to cum. He needed to cum, he needed it so badly.

The rubber was left with just one more thing to cover, and as it approached his eye covers from both directions, Dusty happily spread his legs wide and kept rubbing at his null bulge, watching the rubber smoothly cover the red coverings for his eyes, before turning a red color itself to match. He couldn't talk, he couldn't hear, he couldn't see, but he could *feel*. Dusty could feel everything, and everything felt so good. He could feel the rubber prodding around in his ass and covering his prostate, and he could feel the dull ache of needing something inside of that hole to rub against it. He could feel that same ache from his open and needy mouth, needing something to lick and lap against. He could feel his tail as it explored his body, squeaking against each and every inch and making him feel oh so good. And he could feel his null bulge as it throbbed, as it was kneaded by his big, clumsy, rubber paws. He had built up pleasure higher than he could have ever imagined before, and he'd hit a wonderful plateau that felt so, so, **so** good, but he just couldn't crest over the edge. He couldn't cum, even though he *needed* to cum so badly. But he could feel good. He could feel so good, and he could make other people feel good too. And making others feel good would make *him* feel good. All he needed was for someone to come and *use* him, someone to take him home and *play* with him. To *play* with their new flygon toy!

And luckily for Dusty, someone just so happened to have been watching him enter their old factory tonight. They'd be sure to make him feel good, because the new toy was going to make them feel very good too.