

*How do I get myself into these situations?* Morgan Bernhardt grumbled to himself as he drummed his paws on the steering wheel of his car as he waited for the next green light. He normally would have been on patrol as a toon bear cop. Today he found himself filling in for a sick friend as a food and safety inspector. Thankfully this had been part of his academy training.

Morgan grunted as he tried to adjust his seat for the fifth time since he had picked up the rental car, attempting to get his large gut away from the horn so that he didn't set it off again by accident. *Oh well*, he sighed to himself, *it's not everyday that a rental company had a polar bear wanting to rent a vehicle at the last minute.*

On most days, he would have either walked or ridden the bus to wherever he needed to go. But the fact that his assignment would take him down by the docks on the other side of town, and he was wearing his best black suit and tie, he had swallowed his pride and rented a car for a few hours. He gasped as the car in front of him slammed on their brakes. As he slammed on his own brakes to avoid an accident, his gut was forced under the steering wheel which made him wince in pain. *I wish everyone would realize that a toon's ability to squash and stretch only goes so far*, he muttered as he rubbed his aching ribs.

Morgan's mind wandered to his assignment: taste the food and inspect a new restaurant called 'Chum Bucket,' which had just opened within the last month. His stomach turned as he thought about the name. *Chum Bucket*, he muttered as his GPS device signaled the last turn ahead, *I just hope they have decent food there.* His friend was going to owe him for this, big time.

Morgan parked the car and looked at the building whose address matched the one he had been given.

The building seemed like an old steel storage facility, all gray and drab. In fact, the only color to be seen was the red neon sign displaying the name 'Chum Bucket' on the outside of a replica bucket. The windows in the building had been tinted so that one had a hard time seeing anything inside.

Morgan reached into his pocket and pulled out the Inspector's badge his friend had loaned him for the day. He took a moment to marvel at how small the shiny gold item looked in his massive paw before pinning the badge to the outside lapel of his jacket. "Well, staring isn't going to get the job done." He opened the door and stepped out into the parking area, taking a moment to adjust his long black tie. The smell of salty sea air stung his nostrils as he slowly inhaled to calm his nerves and compose himself.

The smell of blood, both from fresh kills and old slaughtering areas, made Morgan's stomach turn. Any sweetness that normally would have been in the air being had been stolen by the sensory overload he was now experiencing. After grabbing his clipboard from the passenger's side of the car, he fast walked his way over to the entrance of the Chum Bucket. At the entrance, he paused and braced himself for what he imagined were even worse smells before heading inside.

Morgan was in shock at how quickly the smells around him changed. What once was stinging salt and metal had been completely replaced by smells of food being cooked, served and consumed. His brain was overloaded by the smell of cheddar cheese, of fresh baked sweet breads and or hamburgers being thrown on a grill. *Maybe this won't be so bad*, he thought as he wiped drool from his lips with a handkerchief.

Once he took in the smells, Morgan looked around at the decor of the place. The walls were shiny silver plates, which looked riveted into place. The tables were a mix of wooden doors and planks, all painted red to match the sign outside. The seats looked like ship's steering wheels that had been stained a dark brown. Everything was polished to a mirrored shine.

"Move it, tubby!" someone shouted behind Morgan, bringing his attention back to what he was doing. A large purple hare shoved his elbow into Morgan's side, making him wince in pain. He watched as the hare pushed and shoved other people out of his way as he went to the front of the line. Morgan recognized the hare once he got a good look at him. His name was Hugh Johnson, a former professional football running back. *He is also one of the most egotistical jerks in the city*, Morgan

reminded himself. He and his fellow officers had spent many hours responding to calls of Johnson disturbing the peace, driving recklessly, even a couple of bar fights. Each time the judge or district attorney had dismissed the charges, which made Morgan's blood boil.

Morgan was about to make a rude comment, but then reminded himself that he was on duty and had to remain professional. After a few slow deep breaths, he swallowed his anger and walked closer to the ordering counter.

The menu was simple enough. All the restaurant seemed to offer was some type of burger. The variations included the standards: plain, cheeseburger, chili burgers, bacon and deluxe. All of them were called 'chum burgers' in one way or another.

Morgan looked at the money in his wallet and figured that he had enough for about three burgers and a drink. He didn't worry about the money because he knew his friend would pay him back eventually. When prompted by the employee, Morgan stepped forward and placed his order.

Morgan was given a number tag to place on his table and asked to seat himself. He found a large table in the far corner, place his tag in the center, and watched everything going on while he waited for his food. He thought it was cute that all of the employees were wearing silver buckets with the 'CB' logo painted on the front. They almost looked like old soldier hats he had seen in history books, with the handles making perfect chin straps. There was a part of him that wanted to know how he would look wearing one of those shiny helmets, and he chuckled to himself at the thought.

As Morgan continued to sit and watch the patrons eat, he got the strange sensation that he was being watched. He used his police training to scan the eating area, looking to see who might be observing him. The staff and patrons only paid him a momentary glance, never long enough to make him suspicious of any of them. His stomach grumbled, breaking his concentration, reminding him that food was on the way.

An over-sized raccoon, who was wearing one of the company helmets, brought his food to the table. "After you are finished, the manager will see you," the raccoon stated. He then pointed at the badge when Morgan gave him a curious look.

"Oh, thank you." Morgan stammered. If he would have had the ability to blush, his cheeks would have been as red as the company logo. As the young server turned and walked away, Morgan swore he heard someone whispering nearby. He quickly glanced around to see where the sound was coming from. Once he saw that there was no one close to him, he began to eat.

With the first bite, Morgan's taste buds exploded with how flavorful and juicy the burger was. He could taste the various spices that were used to flavor the burger: salt, pepper, onion powder, and a little kick of paprika. There was something else his taste buds picked up on which he couldn't place. He closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on the flavor. It had a sweet, slightly nutty flavor and a chewy texture that was vaguely familiar to him. The answer hit him like a lightning bolt. They were using seal blubber in the mixture! He hadn't had a burger made like this since he was a cub at his grand mama's house. Without thinking, he quickly gobbled down all three large burgers in seconds. He leaned back in his chair and slowly patted his stomach in contented bliss.

"Excuse me sir" a polite voice said, snapping Morgan back to the present. "Was the food to your liking?"

Morgan looked and saw a tall, slightly chubby brown bear standing in front of the table. The bear was wearing a shirt that was way too small and exposed part of his belly, a pair of shorts that didn't even go to his knees and, of course, one of the metal bucket helmets. The name tag he wore on the right side of his chest stated that his name was Justin.

Morgan smiled. "The food was fantastic."

Justin's smile broadened. "Excellent. Shall we begin your inspection of the back?"

Morgan brushed a few bread crumbs from his suit and grabbed the clipboard before standing. "Absolutely. Please lead the way."

Justin led Morgan over to the large steel door which had 'Employees Only' painted on it. He

opened the door, which screeched of metal on metal grinding, and walked inside. Morgan followed the bear inside and heard the door grind as it closed behind him. He could have sworn he heard a latch being clicked into place, but figured that it was just his imagination running wild again.

Morgan was surprised by how different the atmosphere was back in the prep and cooking area. The back area was not a shiny and polished as the front, which was to be expected, but it was still very clean for the type of business this was. He expected to see pieces of lettuce, cheese or perhaps a rogue pickle on the floor from employees missing the burgers, but there were none. He made quick notes on his clipboard. He noticed how most the animals back here had the helmets shoved completely over their faces, with fluffs of fur coming out the edges. Only the staff that were taking orders out had their helmets raised enough to where they could see. A few of the cooks were even naked, except for their aprons, gloves and boots, which looked like they were made from shiny thick black rubber.

The sight of the thick rubber attire made Morgan's heart race. He always had a fetish for wearing rubber. Something about the feeling of the slick material on his fur gave him incredible satisfaction. He stopped quickly as he noticed that his dick was pulsing inside his pants. He closed his eyes and slowed his breathing, reminding himself that he was in control of his body. After a minute or two he was able to make his dick go back inside its sheath.

Justin motioned for Morgan to follow him further into the back, indicating the areas where the food was stored. After a few more employees walked past the pair with their helmets completely down, Morgan cleared his throat. "Why does the staff back here have their heads fully enclosed in those helmets?" he asked as he pointed at Justin's helmet.

Justin seemed to consider the question for a few moments. "Oh, those are to make sure that they will not get grease in their eyes while cooking. We wouldn't want any accidents, after all."

Morgan wrote down a few more notes on his clipboard while nodding his head in understanding. "Of course not."

"Speaking of which," Justin said, "in order to continue any further, you will have to be wearing one of these." He pulled a spare bucket helmet from a nearby rack of them and presented it to Morgan.

Morgan looked at the item, before placing his clipboard under his armpit, then gently lifted the helmet and placed it on his head. *Safety first, after all.* The helmet was much smaller than his own head, just barely covering the majority of his skull. *How could this be considered safe if it doesn't even cover my entire head?* he wondered. After making sure the handle was secured underneath his chubby chin, Morgan grabbed his clipboard. "Shall we continue? I am anxious to meet your manager." He then noticed that the brown bear was gone and he was all alone in the back room.

Morgan was about to call out for the bear when he heard a hissing sound, like someone was pumping up a bike tire. He nervously glanced around, to see where the sound might be coming from, as it got louder and louder.

Pssst. Pssst. PSSST!

Morgan noticed his helmet was shaking with each hiss, making him realize the sound was coming from inside the item. He dropped his clipboard and made a move to grab the helmet. Just as his paws touched the metal rim, the helmet expanded and plunged down over the top of his head and ears. The helmet was sucking his head in! Morgan gripped the edges of the helmet and pulled his with all his might. Each time he pulled up, something large inside the helmet seemed to grip his head harder. It felt like his entire scalp was going to be pulled off.

With adrenaline surging through his veins, Morgan pulled and pried with all his strength. As his strength was starting to wain, he was able to wrench the helmet off with a loud pop. He threw the helmet across the room into a corner. The helmet struck a corner of the wall with a loud clanging sound.

Morgan knew he had to get out of the area before someone noticed that their little trap had not worked, but he was extremely curious about the helmet. The force of his throw damaged the helmet badly, but he could still see a large black plunger, a set of speakers and a broken visor. "What in the

world is this?" he asked as he tentatively stuck his paw inside the helmet.

Just as he began poking his paw around the big plunger, his world suddenly went dark. Something black and slippery was forcefully slammed over his entire head, smashing his nose tightly against his face. He mumbled and shouted as he shook his head from side to side, trying to get the offending object to fall off. When that failed, he tried to see if moving his head around inside the slick object would help loosen its tight grasp. After a couple of tries, he was able to free his nose from being smashed by tilting his head up. He took a deep breath and recognized the scent around him at once. Someone had shoved his head inside one of the rubber boots! He gripped the toe of the boot, where his nose was now pointing, and pulled with all his strength. The slick rubber slid up and down his neck with each pull, but the leg area of the boot only collapsed and stretched with each pull. It was around this time that he realized the rubbing of the boot up and down his neck was making him exceedingly horny, giving him a huge erection.

*Not now!* he thought to himself as he tried to calm his racing heart. Every breath reminded him that he was running out of fresh air.

Morgan's head began to feel very heavy until the entire world went black.

When Morgan regained consciousness, he noticed that he was no longer wearing the boot. He took a couple of deep breaths, savoring being able to breathe fresh air again. A cold draft alerted him to the fact that he was also without most of his clothing, except for a pair of very tight black boxers. The boxers looked like they were made out of super shiny spandex on the outside, but he could feel the slick rubber which coated the inside. *When the hell did I get those?* he wondered, as he began to look around.

The room he was being held in had green padded walls. *Probably soundproof*, he noted. The floors were gray in color and polished to a mirrored shine. He was being held in a squatting position by four metal tentacles, which kept his knees extremely bent and his back hunched forward slightly. Each tentacle was fitted with a white gloved hand on the end, giving them a menacing but kindly look. There were also about four more which looked ready to be activated off to his sides. He then saw a shadow above his head and saw that another tentacle was dangling another helmet right above him. When he saw the black plunger inside the bucket, he began pulling at his restraints with all his might. Despite his immense strength he could not free himself.

"You might as well give up," a dark voice stated from another corner of the room. "Those hands are able to hold an angry bull elephant."

Morgan's eyes darted around the room, trying to locate who was talking to him. "Who are you? Why are you doing this?" As his eyes scanned the desk in the center of the mostly empty room, he saw a small green figure about a few inches tall waving at him.

"About time you saw me," the figure said as he placed his digits on his hips. "I thought I was going to have to hop on your nose to get you to notice."

Morgan couldn't believe that such a loud voice could come from such a small creature. "What is the meaning of this?"

"You really are the impatient one, aren't you? Very well, my name is Plankton. Perhaps you've heard of me?"

*Plankton?* Morgan thought as he went through a list of known criminals in his mind. When he couldn't think of anyone matching that name or what Plankton looked like, he responded: "Of course, P. Lankton. The owner of this business."

Plankton clapped his digits. "Very good. Yes, this is my establishment. And you are about to become my newest slave."

Morgan made a dry swallow. "Why would you do that?"

Plankton sat at the edge of the desk, dangling his legs. "Because you are just the cutest bear I have seen in a while. But I do suppose an explanation is in order. I was ran out of my previous home by the local village idiot. Now, I have decided to make my home here."

Morgan was embarrassed at another male calling him cute. "Not much of an explanation."

Plankton grinned as he clapped his digits together. "Karen? Would you be a dear and quiet our guest for a few moments?" Two of the tentacles shot out and grabbed Morgan's snout, holding his mouth tightly shut while still allowing him to breathe.

"I wasn't finished yet," Plankton said. "I have always had a fascination with mind control. To what I could actually make other people do. Or to stretch the limits on how far I could bend someone to my whims."

Morgan rolled his eyes. *Oh great, another shorty who wants to rule the world. And who, or what, was Karen?* He didn't see anyone else in the room with them.

One of the flatter pieces of the wall flickered and then went black. Soon a digitized pair of eyes and a mouth appeared. "I told you he was a cutie," a digitized female voice said. "Let me finish wrapping him up for you."

The last two tentacles wrapped themselves around Morgan's midsection, with the hands coming to rest on Morgan's large tummy.

"Oh my! He has such a fuzzy, fluffy tummy!" Karen exclaimed as the two eyes formed hearts on the monitor. One of the gloved hands made a rubbing motion on Morgan's belly.

The rubbing movement caused Morgan to involuntarily moan. He could also feel his erection coming back, causing his new boxers to tent. He started to sweat, hoping that Plankton had not noticed this.

Plankton got an evil grin on his face when he saw the shiny underwear tent. "So you love a good tummy rub, eh? Let's see how much you love it."

The monitor on the wall flashed several heart symbols as the hands around Morgan's belly began slowly moving back and forth, caressing his belly.

Morgan shook his head furiously and pulled with all his remaining strength to free himself from the tentacles but it was no use. All he could do was whine and moan as he was relentlessly teased by the merciless machine. He was so lost in trying to fight what was happening that he failed to notice that he had a full erection, which throbbed to be released from its rubber confines.

Plankton let the rubbing continue for several minutes before asking Karen to give Morgan a break.

Morgan had been reduced to a sobbing blubbery mass due to the over-stimulation. After a minute or two, his erection started to droop.

"Well, this has been fun," Plankton hopped off the desk and started walking over to Morgan. "I was going to just make you a regular slave, but that little display has convinced me that you were made for a more private environment. Would you like to see your new uniform?"

Morgan was still gasping for air when he felt the hands around his muzzle begin to move up and down.

Plankton's grin expanded further. "You would? Oh goody! Karen, bring him over to see his wonderful new suit."

Morgan watched as a piece of the wall slid open, revealing a small closet space. Another metal tentacle removed two large hangers with a black uniform, before the wall slid back into place. His body shook as a set of wheels popped up from underneath the area where he was being held. The platform then began to move towards where the tentacle was holding the suit.

Morgan recognized the uniform at once: it was a butler's uniform. The silken long tailed coat shined, as did the silver buttons down the front. The white shirt looked incredibly thin underneath the gray waist coat. The pants were on a separate hanger. There were made from shiny black latex and ended in a pair of thick rubber boots. The pants reminded him a fancy pair of waders, only without the suspenders. Around the top of the pants was a thick silver belt, complete with a large buckle. In the center of the buckle was a keyhole. He shuddered as he realized that the belt was going to be locked into place. The smell of fresh rubber took his mind off the lock and filled his nostrils, causing him to

cringe as he instantly went to a full tented erection.

Plankton's face stretched into a huge toothy grin. "Do you like it? I think you are going to look so handsome in it! By the way, the belt has a series of brushes on the inside." He held up a tiny remote with a dial and a single button. "Once I press this button, the brushes will rub and massage your belly, stimulating you until I have decided that you have had enough. The belt has been fused to the pants, leaving it impossible for you to remove it. This will be your punishment for ruining your first helmet. But, I'm getting ahead of myself. A good butler also needs a pair of gloves. Would you do the honors, my dear?"

Morgan saw a tentacle bringing a pair of thick elbow length gloves over to him. The sleeve ends of the gloves had small silver bands around them, complete with locks. He felt his arms being straightened in front of him by the tentacles, which stopped once his elbows were locked.

"Now hold still sweetie," the computer chirped, "this will only take a moment."

The tentacle holding Morgan's left arm relaxed just long enough for the first glove to be shoved all the way on before gripping his arm tight again. The motion was repeated for the right glove. A loud click echoed through the room as the latches on the locks closed. His arms were then released from the icy grip.

"We are going to play a quick game," Plankton said. "If you can remove the gloves before this timer runs out, you can go free." He motioned towards a large clock counter on the wall, which started counting down from three minutes.

Morgan began pulling at the gloves with as much strength as he could muster, but the gloves seemed to be glued into place. All he could manage to do was to squash and stretch his arm inside the gloves. As precious seconds ticked away, he wanted to try biting the gloves off but his mouth was still being held closed by a pair of tentacles.

"Time's a wastin'." Plankton teased as he watched Morgan continue to get more and more desperate.

Morgan's arms soon began to ache and get tired from all the pulling and muscle work. The timer ran out and the tentacles wrapped around his sore arms again.

Plankton chuckled as he looked at the defeated bear. "Any last words, slave?"

The gloves around Morgan's jaw relaxed. His fur was matted into place with sweat. "You're insane. I am a police officer. They will come looking for me." He was hoping to shock Plankton into letting him go. To his surprise, Plankton did not show the least bit disturbed by his statement.

"Oh, I don't think so, my sweet belly bear. You see, I can make my slaves say anything I want them to." He motioned for someone to step over.

Morgan watched as Justin entered the room. The brown bear stood completely at attention in front of him.

Plankton grabbed a headset off the table and began speaking into the microphone.

"Now listen here, my little servant," Justin echoed, without any emotional reaction on his face. "This little device," the brown bear moved his paw towards the top of the helmet and indicated the blinking dangle, "helps me to not only control what you do, but what you say as well."

Morgan's eyes went wide from the implications of what Plankton could make him do.

"They won't look for someone who quits working for them!" Plankton began laughing maniacally as the helmet above Morgan's head began to slowly descend.

Morgan was too weak to move his head out of the way and the metal grazed the tip of his ears. He heard the familiar pumping sound as the helmet lowered over his ears. He could feel the metal crawl, as if it was expanded to match the size of his head. Then the helmet stopped moving. The plunger inside was just barely attached to the scalp and the visor was right in front of Morgan's eyes.

He could hear Plankton's voice over the speakers. "You will make a great addition to the maid I already have," he said, as the visor lit up and displayed a rotating green and black swirl.

Morgan was just getting relaxed when he felt the gloves around his stomach begin to massage

him again. The stimulation made him open his eyes wider, as a loud moan escaped his mouth.

Just when Morgan began to lose himself to the hypnosis, someone with small digits began massaging the tip of his dick. Morgan tried weakly to move his hips away from the deft touch, but all he could do was lose himself to the hypnosis.

Plankton watched as a dopey smile slowly formed on Morgan's muzzle. "Perfect. Absolutely perfect." He then asked Karen to start the pump.

Morgan was completely lost in the swirls in front of his eyes as the loud pumping noise came back. But it was okay, his master was going to take care of him. Forever and ever...

The helmet made one final pump, and with a loud THOOP smashed the rest of Morgan's face inside the tight shiny metal container.

Plankton heard the moans and protests softly continue outside the helmet as he continued to massage his new slave's throbbing member. He had specially designed these shorts for the purpose of teasing his slaves. The shorts would allow the wearer to get an erection, but never completely reach release of any kind. *Not unless I want you to*, Plankton chuckled to himself.

The metal dangle on the top of the helmet was beeping quickly to notify that the signal was good. Soon, the loudest noise was one that Plankton loved to hear: "ALL HAIL PLANKTON!" the new drone stated, in a metallic voice.

Plankton turned to two other slaves, one was a wolf hybrid in a maid outfit and the other looked like a blue wolf with antlers in nothing more than a cook's apron. "Alright boys, make sure he is properly dressed from his new role in life." He then pushed the last button, releasing his newest slave from the tentacles.

The Morgan slave stood there while the other two slaves moved towards him with a new outfit. He could see them clearly through the swirls on the visor, as if his new helmet didn't exist. "ALL. HAIL. PLANKTON!" the three slaves droned to each other in unison. Morgan slave understood what the others wanted to do. He extended his arms and the hybrid placed the fancy white shirt on him. The shirt was too small, which didn't stop the hybrid from forcing the buttons closed. The buttons had been reinforced to allow for a space to be open, displaying some of Morgan's belly. The cook soon followed with the gray waist coat, which only covered the upper part of Morgan's belly. Then the black silk long tailed coat was placed on him, as well as the long black tie. Both the other slaves brought over the pair of thick shiny black rubber pants.

Morgan's heart skipped a beat as he happily put on the new pants for his master, the smooth rubber sliding up around his hips and the lock snapping fully into place. He rubbed his new suit all over to get any wrinkles out. His gut bounced as his gloves slid across the pants, giving a loud squeak. Master was so kind to give him such a wonderful uniform. All he wanted to do was serve his master – Plankton.