

It's too late to turn back now, it's far too late. Nouv steeled themselves as they delved deeper into the abandoned warehouse that people say was haunted. Their friends have told them that *their* friends told them about how they could hear moaning and creaking late at night, long groans tailing off in the night...Not even the bravest of ghost hunters have dared go in there.

Of course, this was all hearsay and rumor; Nouv hasn't exactly experienced the phenomenon they speak of for themselves. So that instinctual Kobold curiosity got the best of them, seeing as they had nothing to fear, and they prepared themselves to explore where others haven't dared to venture...and started to feel a bit regretful now that they were actually in here. It was fine though, they were well equipped!

Or at least they thought, their crank flashlight going dim as they were out of sight from the exit, leaving their well-illuminated walkway now mostly shrouded in darkness that left them second-guessing every step they took. 'Fuck', they worriedly thought to themselves, "I could have sworn I'd charged it up to full before I came here!" The lizard quickly got to cranking, the dead light crackling and slowly turning back to life, dimly lighting the room in sharp contrast to the bright illumination they had. Worse, it only seemed to last a few seconds before fading back to darkness, constantly needing their attendance to make sure they don't trip over any of the pipes on the floor.

There was no other choice but to delve deeper until they can find a wall for orientation, taking things step by step while constantly stopping to charge their torch, the muscles in their arm growing tired from how often they had to do so in such a short amount of time. Eventually, they figured they might as well get it done in one go and spare themselves the constant cranking, finding a milkcrate to rest their butt on as they placed their pack on the floor, sitting right next to a conveyor belt.

The motor inside of the torch ca-clacked as it was given some more juice, slowly this time to not pull a muscle. They had the light from it toggled off as well, meaning that while it would have enough charge to last more than a couple of measly minutes, that time powering it was spent in pitch-black darkness. Nouv took this time to contemplate what the hell they were doing and who convinced them to come to this place...well they really can't help but help themselves to investigate a supposed haunting phenomenon that they overheard, so...that answers both of their questions!

"...Mmmmmh...!"

Nouv whipped their head to the right, having heard such a haunting outcry from within the workings of the storeroom. Faint yet just clear enough for them to come up

with a hundred different possibilities. The pipes still have running water, the drywall is shrinking in the cold, *there's someone stuck behind the walls, the spirit of someone put behind the wall is groaning, THE WALLS ARE HAUNTED!*

Nouv hastily turned on the flashlight in their hand and ran as quickly as their little legs could take them without flubbing up and tripping over clutter...in the direction of the noise. Some kobolds are just made differently it seems, their creator put the courage in them! Or foolishness, depending on what this trail of wails leads to.

“...Mmmhh...!!”

Their legs got tired as they could finally see what looks like the tail end of this establishment, a door in front of them at the end of this place, just this one door between them and the source of the cacophony. The rush of adrenaline flowing through them subsided as they came to a standstill. The reptilian creature stood in tense silence, a hand slowly reaching over towards the handle in front of them...

Nouv shone their torch side by side in this new room, but even illuminating their surroundings only made them even more confused. The floor and walls seemed to be made of some strange, glossy material, a light shone on it made the texture glint and gleam, yet even then it was hard to discern what it was. Plastic? Some sort of tarp?

The kobold cautiously crept into the chamber, the surface of the floor clung onto their paws slightly before letting go, a non-slip substance. Nouv shone their lamp upwards, yet they were unable to tell where the ceiling of this place was, it almost felt like starting at a void; it was hard to tell what this room was for no matter where they shine their light. They had no choice but to walk deeper into the room, no turning back now.

They must be near the end of it, the previously empty void reflected some of their light, revealing more of that black surface. It seemed like this whole storage room was just four walls, absolutely nothing has been in the way of the kobold's path. A coating perhaps? Did they put this up just before they abandoned the place? Their contemplations came to a halt as a low, deep *groan* rumbled through their ears, the sound just above their head. Frozen in place, the lizard hesitated to move but eventually steeled themselves enough to pan their torch upwards. Slowly. More groaning. Higher. Shapes coming into view. A bit wider. The revelation...people in the walls.

Mmmhh!

Nouv couldn't move, stone solid at the sight before them. The more they moved the light around, the more people they could see. Everywhere it touched, squirming and writhing shapes were revealed. Each was of differing shapes and sizes, from curvy to muscular, large to rail-thin. The glossy material of the wall was drawn over them so tightly that almost no detail on their bodies was spared, down to their musculature and stretched-over, moaning faces. The shapes only further mawed open, a muffled wave of moans increasingly growing larger as the previously still silhouettes began to writhe and stretch out the enveloping material, the kobold backing up as they got louder and louder...the walls in front and to their sides almost singing a discordant tune of bliss! Enough for the rubbery mosaic to look back at them. Two large, glowing blue eyes opening from the top, staring right back down to the feeble kobold.

They ran, dropped their flashlight, and didn't even look back as they scrambled for the way they came in from. No looking back, even dropping their urban exploration pack behind them to lighten the weight. Running with nothing but their vest and pants. All they could hear aside from the cacophonous groaning was their own heart beating right in their ears, adrenaline surging through them as it practically saturated every vein in their body. No thoughts, other than to *run*.

Too quick to even process where their feet were going, they caught onto a cable with their ankle and fell on their front before they could even catch themselves. They certainly didn't fall onto the floor, textured plastic caught their fall sooner than the concrete. Why they were laying on such a material would be answered as a low buzz could be heard, the plastic beginning to rumble and move them forward...they had fallen on top of a conveyor belt! The kobold would find difficulty in getting up, legs trembling with adrenaline as the rickety belt moved them along.

By the time Nouv got to their knees, they could already see the daylight coming from the entrance of the warehouse, revealing a strange device over the conveyor, twice as tall as them and four times wider. This arch would hang over the explorer's head, the belt stopping...as suddenly everything went dark. Their hands felt over the sudden lack of light, a metal dome having surrounded them here. The kobold began *pounding* at the walls, hoping for someone to hear them, or for it to become loose and let them go, anything that could occur from this pointless gesture!

All was silent for a solid minute...maybe this place was safer than outside? The thought was dashed as the low whine of servos could be heard overhead, the lizard peering up to the inky nothingness...as their eyes were suddenly forced shut with a solid jet of liquid. "W-what the h-mwwwph?!", they attempted to protest in vain, their whines cut short as the fluid, thick and heavy in texture, poured down over their mouth. They

attempted to wipe it off, yet they achieved no such thing and only managed to spread the feeling over to their hands and arms. “Mmmfff!”, they yowled through a smothered mouth, the material already solidifying and forming a durable, almost rubbery layer over their face and eyes! And just when things couldn't get worse, more jets of this rubber splashed all over their body, hitting them from the back, their sides, and even right under their body! The kobold hardly had any time to react and get up, the latex solidifying before they could lift themselves off of their knees, pliable material allowing some give before pulling them back onto the belt when they let up on their struggling!

Nouv could hear machinery lift the pod back up, the conveyor rumbling to life and moving them forwards...yet they were helpless to get off! They were simply too bound; what almost felt like a sack of latex held their limbs close to their body save for the tail, which was practically glued to the plastic of the belt, leaving them utterly doomed to this processing line's whims. Speaking of which, the conveyor came to another lurching halt as more whirring was heard overhead, surrounding them. They felt a pressure on their face, pressing into the draped over mouth they were attempting to call for help as they finally were free of the glued together feeling. Unfortunately, it was replaced with a sensation reminiscent of having a muzzle over their snout, needing a slight bit of effort to breathe through it than if their mouth was simply uncovered. They felt their eyelids becoming unstuck to one another, allowing them to see the world in a darkened, smoky overlay. At least there was some light here.

The kobold saw things come up, mechanical arms that had clamps at the end, one of which caught them by surprise and grabbed them up by the waist, pulling them up off the belt with a series of snaps from the rubber! They flailed, they wriggled, but they were still bound in this sensory cocoon. Something warm came to alleviate the feeling, a heating element was held over their chest and thighs that allowed their limbs to spread out and apart from each other, yet more clamps seized them as soon as they were free, holding them spread-eagle in the air. Nouv's head craned around to their sides to see what the commotion was, watching as thick, elbow-length gloves were secured to their arms and pressed down into that tacky latex coating over them, a view downwards showing the same situation save for there being a pair of thick-soled, shin-high boots. They *eeeped* in surprise as a harness was suddenly pulled over their head, black leather straps closing firmly over their upper body like a tight hug. The last thing they felt from this stage was something firm and heavy pressed onto their back, the harness they had on heard clicking as it attached to their body with a cold, metal touch. Hoses from both sides suddenly appeared, presumably from the object strapped to them as the winding snakes of ribbed plastic went to their cheeks, latching on and fusing to their face. Breathing came to them a lot easier, yet they already felt like this was not such a good sign, heat welding all those accessories to the latex.

In one last attempt, the kobold attempted to writhe and thrash once more as the clamps all over their body loosened up, a spray gun coming into view just as, by a miracle, they managed to writhe free of the grips of this factory! The kobold didn't even pay mind to the sensation of being dropped from this up high, the urgency of the situation dulling the feeling as they made a mad dash off of the belt and back to the entrance, panting heavily as their thick boots clomped against the floor and their thick mitts for hands swung in front of themselves.

So close, they could see the light! Yet...so hard to breathe, exertion bringing heavy breath through the ports along the sides of their mouth. And so heavy too...those boots were certainly not light-weight, every footfall leaving their legs more and more sore at a disconcerting pace. But the urban explorer will not be deterred, this was their chance to escape!

The wind was suddenly pushed out of their chest, puffing out a large gust of their breath as they caught onto something. Or rather...***something caught them***. The kobold felt their heart drop to the bottom of their stomach as the sensation of digits running over their body was felt all over. No!! They were so close!!! Yet they were denied escape as hands kept them firmly held in place, holding them tight in their rubbery, shined over mitts. The light shone right through, the radiance from salvation smothered by those tinted lenses as they could even see the shine of their own body...not a single bit of kobold wasn't covered up. They punched and kicked at the air, pulling out all of the stops to prevent what was coming next...the sound of metal creaking behind their head, followed by a low *hiss*.

Nouv suddenly felt...sluggish, the muscles in their arms and legs getting tired. Everything felt heavy, even their mind was getting a bit slower...panicked and blitzed thoughts replaced with sluggish and timid ones. Ones that brought in noises, temptatious thoughts, positively pleasant affirmations; they got a masked-over huff out of the lizard. Those gloved arms traveled along their body, feeling over the surface of the skin of that kobold with gentle, tracing fingers. Over their chest, their cheeks, the base of their tail, those thighs...between them; groping and kneading over that soft kobold and their pleasantly creaky skin, letting Nouv sink deeper and deeper into their mind. What urgency? Things are fine in the grasp of these hands, the visual of the exit moving farther and farther away not even bringing them concern...they didn't have any business outside. As things got darker and darker from being hauled away by those hands, pleasantly grinding against all those pleasantly sensory parts belonging to Nouv, they could hear the voices getting louder and louder in their ears, clamoring over one another. Eventually, everything went black just as the kobold completely receded to the

subspace in their mind and sunk into an abyss of bliss, only then did they hear a single voice, clear from outside and within their head...

“Welcome to your new home...Caretaker...~”