

The sterile environment of the maximum security prison cell was far more pleasant than the grimy, dirty floor of the penitentiaries he found himself in when he was just starting out as a mercenary. Instead of messy, unwashed orange prison garb that was always either far too big or too tight on him, he was getting something akin to a glorified motel room; a semi-comfortable bed—a constantly polished glass wall instead of rusty cell bars—some books to read—a bathroom cleaned every day by the staff. Maybe it was to keep him docile—a slow, crawling path to acceptance and mediocrity preferable to his captors. It was than stoking the fire inside of him and risking an escape. The most dangerous men were the ones that didn't have anything to lose, after all.

“Mister O'Donnell?”

Putting down the book—The *Mirror Man*, handmade bookmark stuffed into page 274—Wolf couldn't help but find that familiar voice soothing in an odd, twisted way. He would always detest the ‘above it all’ attitude the guards talked to him, but the foes he'd shared the sky with? Even when addressed by his surname, he could feel that reluctant respect from pilot to pilot.

“I expected McCloud to be the one to call me.” He stuffed the book back into the shelf, gazing back at the man behind the glass. “What brings you here... No, can't call you Toad Boy anymore. Seems that you were a late bloomer. You're *massive*! You're probably taller than Leon, from the looks of it.”

Slippy's lips curved into a smile. “I appreciate the compliment, Wolf. Have you been acclimatizing to your new living quarters?”

“You people won't even call it a cell. It almost feels like you're *rewarding* me for all I've done.”

Wolf eagerly waited for that oh-so-lovable scoff the guards always made whenever he got under their skin. Cornerians were always so easily irritable—a slight disruption and then *boom*; they're fuming at the ‘disrespect’ from someone below them. It was just as easy as putting bait in a fishing line and reeling in at the first sight of vulnerability.

What he was met with was just a pleasant if not dorky snort from Slippy. He quickly moved his hands over his mouth to hide the now full-on grin painted across his face. “Well, I'm glad you're having a good time at least! We can't really expect you guys to want to come around if you spend all your time wanting to kill us.”

“Fair point, although I don't think you can expect people to grovel at your feet for just giving them the bare minimum.”

*What's Slippy doing here anyways?* During his previous captures, Fox—or if the universe was feeling particularly wicked, *Falco*—would come to visit him and explain in excruciating detail the arrangement of his imprisonment. It didn't matter if he knew every single aspect of how it worked—the entire endeavor was a tired song and dance—the pilots always seemed to enjoy grating at his patience. *But it seems like he's not interested in talking back. Figures.*

“Fair point! You’re a lucky one, Wolf.”

“Why’s that?”

Slippy unclipped the badge resting on the right side of his uniform. “I’m the new head engineer of the Corneria Army! General Pepper finally promoted me after being passed over and over again.” He couldn’t contain his childlike excitement, giggling as he told the story. “And not just that, but I’m in charge of the technology division of the Cornerian Rehabilitation Program!”

Wolf broke into laughter. “And what, are you gonna send me to a resort so I can see ‘the error of my ways’ or some other junk like that? Because sorry, not interested. More than happy to just be here, Toad.”

“Aw, but you didn’t even let me finish!” Slippy whined—hands pressed against the bullet-proof glass wall. “Plus, you’d get your sentence reduced! You’d be helping out tons of people! Ooh, you’d even get your name all over scientific research pape—“

“How many years,” Wolf asked. “How many until I can just... leave.”

“Oh, um... depends on the research you’re helping with. Some low-level prisoners have been assisting with stuff like cough medicine, but that will only help if you’re on there for things like assault or thievery. You,”—Slippy jammed his index finger against the wall, a loud smudge made by the friction of his slick fingers—“on the other hand, need something a little bit more extensive than that.”

“What, are you going to waterboard me in exchange for a few years off my sentence? Not interested.”

“Goodness, no! I’m not gonna propose something so dangerous. It’s just something more... experimental.” Slippy clapped his hands and a team of researchers came to his side, with a large black-winged crow wearing a bodysuit. “Meet the team behind the Cornerian Battle Bodysuit Project, or the CBBP for short!”

The crow seemed to be around Wolf’s age. Built but not overtly muscular, the suit clung to his body like a second skin. There seemed to be no kind of button or zipper for him to take it off—instead looking like a slick, tar-ish substance had been glued onto him like resin solidifying around an object. He tugged on the suit constantly to try and readjust it to no avail. Cybernetic markings trailed down around his extremities, glowing blue fragments of data displayed on his chest. Those same markings were on a visor attached to the suit with a neckpiece. “What’cha in for?”

“Oh, Ervo?” Slippy gently tapped the side of the crow’s torso. “He’s in for trespassing into a government facility, but I kinda felt bad for him... so here he is!”

Ervo awkwardly nodded, hands placed above his groin. The suit clearly wrapped around his crotch a little bit too well—detailing the outline of his bulge like a Speedo that was intentionally bought a size too small.

“What even is that thing? Don’t you work on machines and weaponry?”

“I *used* to do that!” Slippy clarified. “The CBBP’s goal is to make a suit that enhances the wearer’s abilities. I’m leading some projects on the side, but this is the one I’m most invested in. It’s basically my life’s work. It could do so many things! It could save so many lives, and that’s why I need someone like you, Wolf!”

“Why me? Wouldn’t Fox or Falco be a better choice?”

“With how busy they are? You’re free since you’re, you know.” Slippy tapped the glass, giggling to himself. “We’ll be conducting another set of tests beginning next week. I’ll give you some time to think, alright? I have another potential tester in mind, but I’m... *really* looking forward to working with you. You’re probably the best hunter in the galaxy behind Fox, a-and you’d do wonders for our research—”

“Oh, would you stop with the blabbering? I’ll do your stupid test. The sooner I’m out of here, the better...”

“Yay! I’m so glad, Wolf! I’ll begin making preparations then!” Slippy cheered. “Gosh, I’m so excited!”

“Uh-huh.” The frog’s optimism was like nails on a chalkboard. Wolf kept silent, simply grimacing at the childish celebration. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’d rather go back to my reading. I’m not interested in chatting with you any further.”

“Of course! So sorry for the trouble, Wolf. Will see you in a week!”

The gaggle of scientists stormed off to god knows where, clearly in a rush. Waiting to be out of their line of sight, Wolf collapsed on the bed. His legs sprawled out as all the things Slippy told him settled in. A reduced sentence; something too good to be true.

Being an obedient dog to the military that imprisoned him in the first place was a fate worse than death. His stomach churned at the thought of being on the station as McCloud; an obedient recruit blinded by the prospect of grandeur and legacy. For how smart his rival was, Wolf always hated that good-natured strike. Only when most intimate to each other—isolated from the world at large—did he ever drop that stupid ‘good soldier’ bravado.

*...Great, now I can’t stop imagining him in that stupid body suit.*

Yet he’d be even stupider for letting his ego get in the way of a free get out of jail-card. A wounded ego was always better than the scorching, hot air of burning metal and the acidic pain of his skin grazing against the fire back when Fox first *dared* to strike him down in Fichina.

*Plus, if I steal their research, I can have Panther and Leon identify them... Slippy probably approached them with similar offers. That means that we’d be getting around the same tie—Toad had specific projects in accordance with our sentences.*

They'd certainly need some time to regroup, but Wolf was sure of it; one way or another, Star Wolf would fly again someday. It was just a matter of time, and in captivity, he had *plenty* of that to spare.

"Just you wait, McCloud. I'm gonna use your own planet's tech against you."

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Pat kept staring at Slippy work—in awe of how... *joyous* he sounded when he was talking to Wolf. Even as an intern, the rat knew how his boss spoke; snarky, slightly jaded with a hint of dry humor always present. He couldn't help but be shocked at how genuine that boyish, excitable manner of speaking was. "Are you sure that he bought it?"

"Of course he did. He never took anyone other than Fox seriously." Slippy continued tinkering with the animatronic lupine head, wires flowing out of the robotic sinew and onto the giant computer monitor above. Smaller monitors were attached to the sides and on Slippy's table for further assistance—all of them displaying vitals, code in the process of being written out, or criminal files. Next to the robot head was a robotic gauntlet with gloves attached to each mechanical finger.

No one but the frog knew how to operate so many devices at the same time without getting overwhelmed. Ahead of every other person his age, Slippy crafted inventions that would take years to develop in just a few months. "He still thinks I'm a kid. He probably believes that he's the one conning me."

"You may be right, but still... I don't think we should let our guard down. I mean, he's *Wolf O'Donnell*. Shouldn't you be a little bit more afraid?"

"Without his *Wolfen* or *W-Blaster*, he's as useless as any other Cornerian. Plus, the suit has a tracker. Once he puts it on, he won't be able to escape, no matter how much he runs." Slippy cackled to himself—a sadistic, voyeuristic grin creeping on his face. It was similar to the same vitriolic euphoria of someone mindlessly roasting ants under a magnifying glass. "I've already dealt with one Star Wolf member. Two more couldn't be any more difficult."

Slippy turned his head to the examination room that lay beyond his massive computer station. Just like every other room in the facility, a large panel of glass was there to separate the good *guys* from the rabble they scrounged up from the Lylat System. He developed this specific type of glass himself—able to withstand the impact of a Landmaster's cannon at full blast. A blow that would *decimate* buildings would not leave a scratch on the panel. It made seeing the prisoners try to slam their fists against it all the more entertaining—the carrot on a stick that was the possibility of escape dangling forever out of reach.

On the very back of the room—strapped to an operating table—Leon struggled even now. Days after his captivity, the chameleon refused to give up on his escape. He thrashed against the metal bands keeping him in place, body stretched out in an awkward x-shaped position that left his muscles strained and aching. His extravagant space suit had been thoroughly trashed and replaced with a plain medical tunic that just *barely* went down his waist. One of

the advantages of his position was that protocol was dictated by *him*—even if it meant the utter humiliation of the prisoner at hand.

Slippy could still remember the moment when Leon *clamped* as soon as he realized what he was wearing. He would awkwardly try to shimmy his legs together to hide the very tip of his dick from view.

Slippy grabbed the microphone from his desk, knocking on the glass to get Leon's attention "Good morning, Leon!"

Leon's head jerked upward at an awkward angle so he could meet Slippy's gaze. Just as with his suit, the synthetic coating around the cybernetic section of his head had been taken care of—the cold, metallic surface of his iron skin and bionic eye unveiled. "Curse you, Toad! Once I'm free from here, I'm going to skewer your head through a pike, you hear me?! Then I'm gonna get your skank of a wife too!"

"Oh, I'm sure that you will." Slippy bitterly looked at the faded, slightly paler green outline around his ring finger. He didn't need to think about her—not when he had all the power. "But you'll be glad to hear that we finally got Wolf! He's resting happily in his cell. Did you know he's a bit of a reader? Didn't expect it myself."

The news of his leader's capture made Leon pipe down. He clenched his fists—knuckles turning white from the pressure as ire built up on his face. The tension in the air was palpable—electricity coursing through the atmosphere as pent-up days of frustration were about to unleash themselves at any second. His entire body shivered with unreleased vitriol, face scrunched up and cheeks puffed up as *nothing* but pathetic moaning came out. Words refused to form until he finally managed to force out a whimpering question.

"What are you going to do to me?"

Slippy walked back and forth across the glass wall, hands behind his back with a smug smile. "You know, you and the rest of Star Wolf are a medical miracle. The fact that you survived with those mechanical enhancements... you should be a vegetable by now."

"Andross was good for something in the end." Leon spat back. "Not surprised a mediocre mechanic like you would be amazed by the technology in my body. Pah!"

"Hmm, you're right about me being *interested*. I've always wanted to know how it worked, you know? I mean, I wonder what's going up..." Slippy inserted his hand into the gauntlet atop his desk. As he clenched his fists, a small current ran from the wiring strewn around the lab to each digit on the iron glove. He clenched his fist, mechanical whirring thundering through the room. A mechanical appendage slowly emerged from the ceiling above Leon, sharp medical tools adorning the robot hand in case of assistance. "...*There* in your brain."

"A-are you going to lobotomize me?! Is my great genius too big of a threat to the Lylat System?! IS THAT IT?!"

“Oh, nah. I’m just interested in *how* you think. I mean, half your face got destroyed after Falco made you crash in Fichina, right?”

“Beginner’s luck. That disgusting cockatoo is nothing but an idiot.”

“Mhm, yeah. Andross gave you those robotic enhancements... and I wonder how he managed to salvage your brain. I mean, you shouldn’t even be speaking right now.” Slippy lowered the robot hand, gently gliding it near Leon’s face to appreciate the craftsmanship of the metal plating. “There must be some incredible pathfinding software up there. Those ones and zeroes going through you... some really impressive stuff, really.”

“Get to the point, Toad Boy.”

“The best part about programming is how versatile it is.” Slippy’s eyes sunk as he got closer to the glass—an unreadable expression written over him as he whispered through the microphone. “All it takes is just one button to just delete unsightly code. Everything I don’t like, just, *poofs!*” He opened his palm as he said it. The unsightly, horrified contorted expression on Leon’s reflected back on Slippy’s agitating eyes; they were dark vortexes devoid of the whimsy that used to occupy them, overwhelming mania. They looked intoxicated—not from any substance but from sheer intense mental contagion of unbridled lust that it was impossible for Leon to comprehend. An *abyss*. “I wonder how much I’ll have to delete to straighten you out into something useful.”

“D-DON’T YOU DARE!” Leon screamed. “I... I will *END* you!”

“Oh, shush. I’m sure that you’ll feel *real* good soon...”

The medical tools whirred into life as they reached the right side of Leon’s face. Slippy gazed at the thrashing reptile—now reduced to screams with no sense or rhythm. It was the anguished roar of a cornered animal. The sight of his undoing was driving him to the edge—a new toy to *break*. Amidst the sharp operation tools was a USB device that hung from the same metal tendril that connected to every other part of the robotic appendage.

The chameleon jerked his head away as he finally realized what the Toad’s plan was. His brain was going to be broken into just like an encrypted computer folder. “STOP! STOHOHOP PLEASE!” Leon cried out as the tools began to gently open up a hole through his metal plating. The outer shell and the metal skull in that area of his face turned numb, the optic nerves damaged to make space for the small device to slowly insert itself in.

The numbness then morphed into a head-splitting pain as he felt the USB jamming *deep* into his head from the side, his lungs left with barely any air as he shrieked out through his panic with banshee-like volume. It was like having something slither directly through his ear canal, *pushing* against the soft walls of his brain. Drool and tears lazily streamed down his face—all of it expelled less out of sheer panic and more from the sheer overstimulation pulsating through his body. His right eye could barely focus—a blurry feed and pure static. It was the most it could scrounge up with the device forcefully plunged deep into his head while his left erratically jutted in all directions.

Pat stared in awe at the chameleon thrash against his bindings like a rabid animal. It was a sight taken out of a horror movie. “Sir, is he—”

“Shut up, Pat.” Slippy drily commanded, not even looking at his fellow researcher. “He’s gonna be fine.”

“FUCK YOU!”

The roar didn’t even sound like it belonged to a person; guttural and thick, akin to the sounds of the deep sea creatures in *Aquas* from what Slippy could remember. The chameleon’s long, slick tongue had shot up as he hollered, only for it to fall on his mouth and chest with a wet *whap*. It was like seeing a flickering flame try its damndest to not be extinguished—peak entertainment.

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“Is he—”

“Oh, my god.” Slippy groaned. “He’s not dead. Why does everyone always ask me that question whenever I do one of my experiments? It’s so damn annoying.”

Bending slightly to the right, Slippy began to type something. The folder was locked, but Slippy wrote out the password at amazing speed. The space filled almost immediately with 30 digits typed in way too fast for Pat to have an inkling of what they could’ve been.

Now open, it was clear to the rat that the folder was different from the rest. It wasn’t stuffed to the brim with alphabetically ordered files and subfolders. Instead, it held a single program called ‘Backdoor. SMUT’ Pat immediately got an idea of what it could be, and his cheeks turned a deep crimson that stood out among his gray fur. What was the appropriate reaction to your own boss showing you what *could* be porn?

Before Pat can ponder it further, Slippy clenched his fist and that same *ear-piercing* whirring starts up again.

The file was executed, and just as Pat suspected, what is unleashed is an avalanche of debauchery. Hundreds of windows pop up of men in god knows how many positions all at the same time. They overflow with each other, popping over already opened windows only for them to be replaced with even *more* windows. It’s like a virus rapidly spreading itself—a lusty, infectious disease that is seemingly frying the chameleon’s brain from the blanked-out yet *agonized* look on his face.

“What the fuck—”

“Tell anyone about this and you’re fired.” Slippy was firm and quick—his words like stab wounds. “Capiche?”

Pat nodded with a lump in his throat, a pit in his stomach, and a tent in his pants. The cacophony of overlapping moans and the wet *plaps* of bodies smashing against each other

filled his ears. Foxes—bears—rabbits—cats—dogs; dozens of them were passing through the screen with their naked bodies and their erect dicks for him to see.

Slippy clicked away at the keys some more. Yet another window popped up, but this one refused to be overtaken by the barrage of pornography. Pat still didn't quite understand what the point of... *all* of this was. That was until he finally read the window's name.

*INTERNAL CEREBRAL UNIT VIEW CAMERA*

"Oh, fuck."

*That's* what he was doing.

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Slippy could see it from the small electronic screen the glove carried on the forearm area. He could see what Leon was seeing. The cruel, uncaring barrage of pure lust. It didn't matter how much experience he had withstanding torture. When one's body worked against themselves, it was impossible to escape the mental rot of absolute fervor. Ever since he saw Leon's ugly mug plastered across those wanted posters all across Corneria, he knew that this was what he needed to do.

Wolf only got scratches and scars from their battle in Fichina, Pigma needed some cybernetic enhancements to prevent his skull from splitting open, and Andrew went blind; all those injuries were nothing compared to Leon's. Half of his face was just *gone*, which meant that he was half machine. He was very acquainted with mixing machinery with carnal instincts.

Sexual drones were a dime a dozen in the slums of Corneria, but they were all an 'it'. Leon, on the other hand, was an individual, which meant a sea of possibilities. Slippy bit his lip at the thought of checking the real-time brain scans later, seeing how he'd corrode Leon's mind, rational thought overflowed by bare, wild desires.

Leon jerked up on the table, like he was being possessed by something truly foul. His dick twitched against the medical gown. Pre stuck to the garment, a large sticky stain spread around his groin. Phlegm and dry tears covered Leon's face—an expression devoid of lucidity haunting his face as the mess of liquids rained downwards.

"How are you feeling, Leon?" Slippy cheekily asked through the mic—well aware that speech had *long* left the chameleon.

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It started out as something boarish. Half of his vision contaminated by crass videos of men in the act. Leon thought that he was above simple matters of body and mind—a man like himself wasn't lacking in pleasure. From brothels to crazed women that fancied Star Wolf's less-than-honest work, he knew what lust was like.

Maybe that's why when it dawned on him that he had never felt *this* good in his life, fear traveled down his spine. He tried screaming out that he hated the view of men taking cocks



that were the size of their arms—convince oneself—but the *parasite* wriggling in his ear prevented him from doing so. That damn thing was a direct link to his head, and that means that he wasn't a well-rounded Cornerian like any other—he was just a meat puppet for Slippy to control.

Slowly, the left side of his vision began to experience that same downfall. Flashes—milliseconds tops—of sex passed his leftmost view. Those weren't normal flashes, not at all. While the right was filled with the most raunchy videos Slippy could've taken from porn sites, these ones were of himself and men he knew—men he fantasized about—men he flew by for months if not years. It flashed so fast that Leon could barely process it.

Wolf putting him in a mating press. He was growling. That gravelly voice from years of smoke inhalation was intoxicating. He was demeaning—in that 'Wolf' way that made him the leader he was. He thrust in and out, not leaving him time to speak between plaps.

Panther biting down on his neck as he slammed his hips against his own. Leon had seen his length whenever they needed to shower together in some shithole space motel, and he knew that the feline had the right to boast. He just never thought he'd finally admit to himself—even if forced to by some pornographic overload infecting his brain—that he wanted it inside him.

*Fuck. Even Pigma. Disgusting.*

But it all felt so good. His cock throbbed and throbbed. Leon wanted nothing more than to press the tip between his hands to avoid any more pre leaking out over thoughts about the cocks of his companions and random men putting on a show on the internet. He wished—*begged* to whatever was up there to let him go and keep his decency, but he knew that he'd be dead from old age before his prayers reached space.

He was milked mercilessly. All he could see was cock. Even when he tried closing his eyes, it was just more naked men. His cock ached as his body desired to be *filled*—by a toy, by anything. He felt like a disgusting brothel whore—taking anything just to satiate desires. That's how they worked, didn't they? He was just like them now. In and out, begging for seed like a horny charlatan with unrestrained desires.

Fox—clad in a police uniform, because why the hell not? It fit him, maybe it was his imagination being corrupted by the programming bleeding into his thoughts—being fucked by him relentlessly as he tried spitting out a gag and breaking the cuffs around his wrists. He imagined the usual goody-two-shoes vulpine calling him all sorts of names.

And *fuck*. Falco Lombardi; an expert in being a jackass—a hot one. They were fucking in the Arwing—his domain—and doing so for hours. He thrust inside him relentlessly, finally settling their rivalry. Leon wanted the man dead—and he wanted the man's body for himself too.

How good would it feel to just... relax for a bit. Wolf was strong. He could get him out of this, and no one would blame someone as magnificent as himself for allowing himself to indulge in the enemy's tempting.

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Slippy was glad he reinforced that table with the strongest materials he could find. Leon's erratic behavior was billowing with each second that passed. No matter, since he was clearly on the brink of falling completely. It was just an upgrade for simple masturbation. Like a rollercoaster, it goes to the peak before plummeting down. Funny thing was that the plummet would last as long as Slippy wanted it to.

He was sinking deeper and deeper. It'd be *cruel* to let him crash against reality now that he seemed so happy. His cocky grin was queasy and wavering, moving like a wave as he moaned out with utter submission. His legs tried buckling back, probably to present himself to whatever imagery he was seeing. The first barrage of porn videos was reaching the end—the sound of men unloading into one another clearly making putty out of Leon as he tried cumming alongside them. Of course, Slippy had jammed that little cock of his. Climax was eons away from him, and he didn't even know.

"Free hands edging. Technology's amazing!"

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He needed it. He needed it so fucking badly. Leon couldn't see, smell, hear or even *think* without the idea of a man's cock ravaging his insides. No, just not one. He wanted to be showered in love and praise—passed around like a living flashlight; used with some jizz still sticking to it, just like the one he discovered on Wolf's Wolfen one time by sheer accident. That'd be *real* good.

*Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.* Even his inner monologue sounded slurred and messy. Everything swirled together in a cocktail of arousal and disorientation. Just keeping himself together—Leon; captured member of the infamous Star Wolf crew—was almost impossible. Each time that he imagined someone's dick sliding in, he felt himself grow more distant. *Mgh... Fuuuuuck...*

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Slippy gripped the microphone again. "I'd love to keep watching you... but I gotta attend Mr. O'Donnell. I'm sure that you'll meet very soon." He jerked his head to Pat, who was still paralyzed from the shock and pressure in his pants. The poor guy had creamed his trousers, a faint trickle going down his right leg. "And for you, there are some sweatpants in the storage closet. Go wear them before the stench gets on you and Bill sniffs it out."

"Y-Yes, sir!"

Not that he cared. He was about to have some more fun with his favorite prisoner. He didn't need to worry about Leon; the room was locked by a code only he knew and he had around five terabytes of porn to jam into his brain. The chameleon wouldn't be getting bored any time soon.

*Now, off to work.*

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Wolf knew he was a sinner, but that certainly didn't mean he was a warmonger. He did what he had to do, but he wasn't interested in serving one single faction. He wanted money—JUST like any desperate folk would. It was what made the entire galaxy turn, and he didn't feel bad about indulging in some crime if it meant he always had a meal ready at the end of his flights.

Yet still, those *long* years of servitude under Andross could never escape him. Even now, taking orders just reminded him of the simian's honeyed words bouncing in his head, echoing deep into the inmost crevices of his brain. He didn't even remember how he came to be Andross' puppet. The days under his control were all a foggy mess marred with blood, gunpowder, and a trail of graves—some of which he was proud of, some of which he was not.

Most people would vomit at the thought of being under someone's control. Still, a part of Wolf sometimes dreamed about it—decision fatigue no longer an issue as Andross commanded them all like a manic maestro guiding his orchestra of murderers. After every mission, the barrage of compliments scratched all the itches Wolf hated thinking about.

*...Good boy... what a pathetic charade. Why did I even like getting called that? Disgusting...*

The burden of leadership wasn't something he necessarily liked or wanted. Every little thing needed his input. Back then, all he needed to do was fly his damn ship and that was it. Not just that, but back then, his feelings for McCloud were so much... *simpler*. The most he ever did was come close to masturbating, only for Andross to whisper in his ear to stop, leaving him pent up and edged inside his Wolfen.

*...Did he ever do the same inside his Arwing, I wonder.*

"Good morning, Wolf!"

Wolf jerked his head to the side. Slippy was waving at him, his shirt riding up just slightly to reveal a smidge of his cream-yellow stomach. He had that same dopey smile he seemed to have in every damn photo—looking like a happy child about to unwrap his presents on Christmas.

"Morning to you, Toad. Are you here to deliver my suit?"

"Indeed I am!" From his lab coat's chest pocket, Slippy pulled out a shiny, reflective black sphere. "I worked all night on this. I had to do some tinkering to add more material to the membrane since you're way bigger than Ervo. Had to make sure that the extra matter didn't de-stabilize the pathfinding on the AI too."

"Wait, what are you talking about? That's just... a ball." He understood most of the words, but he certainly didn't get what the picture of all of them combined was supposed to mean. "Is it like... one of those hammerspace capsules?"

"Oh, none at all! Please, *stay still*."

Slippy bent down and let the black tarry sphere on the ground. As soon as the ball touched the floor, its solid form crumbled into a puddle of goo. The pool of viscous liquid then began to slither forward, pushing through the millimeter-wide gap between the glass panel and the floor.

Wolf stepped back immediately—hand over his waist, muscle memory directing him to reach for a blaster he no longer had. The goo wasn't directly threatening, no toxic fumes emanating from them, but his gut still told him to be wary.

“No need to be afraid, Wolf. It's just nanotech.” Slippy clarified. “It's way better for battle. No need for repairs when it can mend itself seconds after being damaged.”

*So that's why I didn't see a zipper on that guy. Still...*

“Now, if you could stay still, that would be just peachy.”

“Is this thing even safe?” The sludge gently kept skidding around Wolf like an aimless creature. It circled around his feet, oddly not leaving a trail of itself across the floor despite its semi-liquid nature. “How did you even make this?”

“Classified. Now,” Slippy snapped his fingers. A few seconds of silence followed as both he and Wolf stared at the sludge as it began to shake. Bubbles began to simmer on top of it.

“What the fuck!? You said this was—” The slime threw itself at Wolf, sticking to his chest. The lupine immediately tried ripping it away, growling as he plunged his claws deep into the sludge. He pulled and pulled, muscles straining as the goo simply *refused* to budge. “Fuck, why didn't you warn...” His words trailed off as that same murky, deep tar had now stuck to his paws. Wolf flailed his hands violently, but not even a single drop left his paws. “Ngh, dammit, Slippy!”

“Oops, I guess I got too excited and forgot to give you a heads-up. Don't worry, though! It's perfectly safe as I told you before.” Slippy clicked his tongue, hands in his pockets as something clearly passed through his mind. Wolf didn't like how much he stared—made him feel like a circus animal. “I'm sure that you'll feel better if you stop trying to tear my inventions down for doing what they need to.”

Wolf gulped as he saw the goo slowly coating his jumpsuit. “I-I see...” The goo had continued to spread across his torso and hands—now crawling up his forearms and covering his pecs and neck. His shoulders went next, making it look like he had been completely dipped in petroleum from the waist up. The scent was like burnt plastic, irritating his nostrils as it crawled up around his neck. Finally, it traveled down his legs. He was almost beginning to settle under the slime's movement until they reached his feet. He and any other maximum-security prisoner were awarded nothing beyond a pair of white socks for footwear, so the fur around his body stood up when the sensation of coddling cotton was sharply replaced by the feeling of rubber against his naked feet. The warmth sharply morphed into a deep cold, and Wolf almost sent himself to the floor out of sheer shock. “What now?!”

“Oh, sorry. I guess I forgot to tell you that the material doesn’t really play nice with other clothes.”

Slippy’s voice was almost musical in its sound. He hummed every word. He was brimming with excitement, and he wasn’t this... *uppity* the last time Wolf saw him, that he was sure of.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Too complicated to explain, honestly. The short of it is that it’s just like when you dip a napkin into water. It dissolves, but the actual atoms that once composed it are still there. It’s not like it disappears.” Slippy explained. “So, no, it’s not gonna eat through your skin.”

Wolf didn’t even know if that was a possible concern, yet he dropped a heavy sigh when Slippy eased it. That same cooling in his feet now spread to the rest of his body as the semi-solid rubber stuck to his skin, the prison garb dissolved in seconds. Just as how it outfitted the crow from a few days earlier, the suit was as tight as he imagined. He could barely feel his fur with the rubber pressing down on his body. The taut, over-stretched feel of the suit made wearing clothes a few sizes-small look like a tiny inconvenience not worth thinking about. It made every inch of his body feel like it was under a spotlight. The thought was nonsensical, but Wolf felt like this was somehow worse than being naked.

“Fucking hell, Toad. What is this?”

“Ah ah. Not done yet.” Fiddling with his cell phone, a loud chime came from the device.

Almost immediately, those same cybernetic graphics appear all over. These ones were a deep purple, unlike Ervo’s sky-blue ones. A faint buzz spread to wherever the markings appeared. On his chest, around his arm... and down his groin. For a second, he thought that it was just the suit tugging on his ass too hard and making him feel unwelcomed arousal, but no. A cartoonish-looking symbol of a lock was spread right across his crotch. Focusing on that buzz down there, it was surprisingly all he could feel. It was like his groin was just empty air.

“The fuck is this, Slippy?! Do you think this is funny?!” Wolf gently prodded his locked bulge—nothing. He could feel that his genitals were there, but when trying to touch it, it was as if he was touching a phantom and not the real thing. “You got one minute to turn my dick back to normal before I smash your skull in!”

“Now, now, Wolf. I need you to *breathe*.”

“Breathing’s the *last* thing you’re gonna be doing if you don’t leave my cock alone! Why are you locking my dick, huh?! Some sort of bullshit you Cornerians are doing to wear prisoners down?!”

“None of that! It’s just a precautionary measure. Bodily fluids that are... *thicker* than sweat can destabilize the material. Urine and perspiration are fine, but thanks to our friend Arvo getting a little bit too touchy in his chambers, we realized that it could cause some problems, like making the self-repairing algorithm glitch out.”

“And how did you assholes not find out!”

“I’m sorry, have you ever masturbated while wearing an experimental suit before? I just didn’t think that was a possibility. I don’t get why Ervo did it in the first place...”

Wolf was about to bark out a curse-filled rant. How the hell did he not notice how wearing this damn thing would get anyone riled up? He could feel the rubber wedging into his ass like an ill-fitting thong. It wrapped around his dick like someone cupping his groin, making sure that it was constantly restrained. Even from just wearing it for a few seconds, Wolf could imagine the hell that the poor avian was going through.

But he also didn’t feel like screaming at his captors that he was feeling horny about the glorified Halloween costume they were making him wear.

“Why’s the damn thing so tight?” He settled with asking that, trying to push away the thought about how Fox would look in a similar suit. “I feel like you didn’t get enough material for me.”

“How else can I monitor your vitals if you’re not bonded with the symbiotic nanites?” Slippy said in a matter of factly way. “I’m sure you’ll get used to it eventually. If you have any concerns, just let me know and I could get someone to assist you with... *anything you need.*”

Wolf got the message loud and clear, and he’d rather shoot himself than ask Slippy-Fucking-Toad for assistance with relieving himself. Even if all he did was unlock his cock, that’d still be asking for permission to cum. He didn’t know if the frog was a sadist or if he was just rage-inducingly stupid.

“Fine.” Wolf bitterly said. “Go do your science thing. We’re over here.”

“Hooray!” Slippy cheered. “I’ll end be in bio-lab, but all you need is to call a guard!”

“Yeah... a guard.” Wolf hummed. “I’ll just go to sleep instead. Ruined my goddamn mood.”

Once again, he was away from Slippy’s line of sight. He couldn’t feel the textile softness of the bed with the suit in the way. Everything was just so *tight*, a rubber prison that colored everything around him in that stretchy, plasticky feel. That feeling made him think of the fact that Slippy was in control of his cock. That made him think of how much he wanted to touch it. It made him think of how much he wanted to slam Slippy’s head into a brick wall. The covers turned rugged and crumpled under Wolf’s constant shuffling.

He threw them to the floor in a fit, not bothering to pick them up.

///

Panther picked up the sheets. No matter how pleasurable the night was, he wasn’t about to let the guards pick up his laundry and see the mess they are.

He was a ladies’ man. He loved to carousel his way through women—a game where he always went in circles, reaching another woman as soon as he got bored of the precious one. Like an unruly child switching seats in the middle of an attraction, the scorn made the intense

thrill and risk all the more tantalizing. It was easy... and with ease came boredom. Not often, of course. The day he stops caring about women is the day he stops being lucid. Diversions were needed every once in a while to break out of his standard routine, and in his humble opinion, there was nothing more different to a woman than a man.

Slippy was rugged but soft. Thick musculature from working nonstop with heavy machinery was offset by the soft layer of pudg from too many snacks during said work. It was an acquired taste, but Panther didn't mind, thick women fit his palette too, so it wasn't his first rodeo with someone bigger than him.

"I promise I'll visit, my dear serenading Slippy." Panther cooed, gently tracing his finger down Slippy's chest. "You'll just have to wait. I gotta make sure that your friends give up on my bounty."

"I understand." Slippy stroked Panther's fur. "I can't believe that you went through this... when you finally asked me to become yours, I didn't know what to say."

"Oh, I know, I know. I just saw you after all these long years and I couldn't help but be overcome with passion... You've grown up to be a handsome, wonderful man." Panther cooed. "So smart and beautiful."

"Why, thank you, Panther. I've always loved how charismatic you are, and you smell wonderful." Slippy shivered as he took a strong whiff of Panther's scent. "Roses..."

"Wonderful, aren't they? Ever since I discovered what love was, I sought to capture the natural beauty of flowers. I want my body to be adored like how one adores a bouquet."

"You're doing a very good job." But the compliment didn't travel with that same longing Slippy always spoke with. It was deadpan—shortlived—forced.

"Whatever is the matter, my love?"

"...Is there a favor I can ask of you?"

"Of course, Slippy. Anything for you." Panther assured. "What do you want?"

///

Wolf was just about to ask for the noose at this point. He kept tossing and turning on his bed, growling and leaving splatters of saliva on the mattress. Everything about this was terribly unnatural. Passion should have a scent—a feel—a temperature. None of that was here. That fucking lock symbol felt like a cruel, childish prank taken out of the military—young pent-up men with violence running through their veins. His entire body is boiling, begging for release. It wasn't fair that Slippy's shitty tech couldn't handle some jizz, but he wasn't a complainer. No sir. He was going to fester in how horny he was and he was going to keep his pride.

He had to. Wolf O'Donnell wasn't a beggar. There was something he had to do. Something. Pleasure was an ebb and flow inside everyone—it goes and comes. It does so differently for some people, but it's a universal constant, even with its constant shifting. Wolf hadn't done

much experimenting beyond sex with Fox when they were still in their glory days. Everything else was a blur of pleasure—a fog of gasified lust that marred everything with his longing for the fox. He desired the vulpine more than anything, and *fuck* did he feel pathetic for how horny he was about him.

///

“Sleep.”

A stinging, prickling pain spread through Panther’s neck. It was a burning sensation that traveled from the wound downwards. There was something sticking to his neck. Not a syringe—no, something far more technical. He couldn’t see, because he couldn’t move. Just not his neck—his entire body. Every single muscle was completely still, paralyzed. In the blink of an eye, he was no longer a person, but instead a mere passenger in his body.

“Good boy.”

Slippy stood up. He didn’t sound like that lovestruck idiot he swindled. He sounded cold—a frigid, stalwart soldier. He’s what Panther *thought* Slippy could be.

“Sshleepee...” Panther mumbled. He was trying his hardest to strike with his gallant speech, but he sounded no different from a random drunkard. His cheek rubbed against the pillow, saliva trailing down onto the bed cover. “Mmmghmeepee...”

“Oh, don’t worry.” Slippy leaned in closer to Panther’s ear. “I’ll make you as beautiful as a rose.”

///

Wolf hopped on his feet, the squeak of the boots grating on his ears. No one could see him, *no one*. He looked over his shoulder over and over, but he was self-aware enough to know that he was stalling. The suit was programmed to open when he was near the restroom but would close up as soon as he tried stroking his dick. But maybe...

He coated his fingers in saliva. This wasn’t the powerful, controlling lust he felt whenever he pushed deep into Fox. He would hold the pilot’s leg, pushing in and out. Their balls would slap against each other—that earthly, sexual scent spreading through the air. The moment in the now, as his fingers glided down to his ass, trembling as the suit opened up for him, felt like he was a begging, collared dog.

///

After that, everything turned into dust. Panther heard the sound of squeaking tires—blasters being fired—the scent of burnt rubber. He didn’t know if what he sensed was real or if his memories were imploding in on each other, like a cave-in inside his mind. His skull stretched. He saw the floor—the vast emptiness of space—the saloon he lost his virginity in—the inside of his Wolfen as Krystal tenderly placed her hands over his pants to unbutton them.



Then, something far stronger. It's the scent of vibrant, blooming plant life. The grassy scent overtakes all of his fleeting senses. This environment feels far more real; everything is so potent that it drives any selfish thoughts out of Panther. Slippy was swaddling him with his strong body, carrying him through what looked like a manmade jungle. Technology blended in with the flora as if they were one entity, one part weaving into the other. Wires and vines tangled together, all of them directing to the giant pink tree at the very back of the room.

A faint, glowing rosy light splayed out through the entire bio-lab. Strange, ebbing particles flowed through the air, contaminating the oxygen and making every breath Panther took stuffy and dry. A purple base that looked like a massive, alien flower flowed through underneath the tree. Its roots skewered through the flower, forcing those spores into the air.

"Slippy...?" He could at least talk now, but his voice was still raspy. Panther hated how he sounded—weak, whimpering, and lacking in candor. It was *unbefitting* of him! "Slippy, what are you..."

"You're finally awake."

Slippy's lips quivered. His palms were sweaty. This wasn't Slippy, not to Panther. He was forceful, rugged, and rough. He was handling him as if he was just another one of his inventions. There was a ghastly, dissonant tone to his voice, like a messed-up recording of his words.

"I can't wait to make you *beautiful*."

///

It slid in and out. It did it so easily. Wolf had one consolation to his name—the fact that he took his virginity when taking it up the ass to himself and no one else. Maybe it was better this way. He could move in the way he needed himself to move, no commanding needed. No orders. No problems. Just in and out, his rear puckering every time he tried wriggling more than one finger at a time. He was sure he could reach the spot he had managed to find in Fox so many other times.

"Mgh, fuck..." He sounded like a bitch—disgusting. His hips jerked side to side as his body naturally tried rejecting something so sudden and foreign, but he didn't care. He needed release. He could see the spherical bulge shaking slightly. He was throbbing under there, and even a *second* of pure bliss, he would shove his entire fist up his ass if he needed to. "Fox, mgh..."

///

The 'tree' opened up like some sort of alien pod. The wood was bendy and sticky, like taffy. In the very center was a small pool filled with pink goo. rose petals floated across it like tiny boats on an ocean of aphrodisiacs. He could recognize that potent aroma anywhere. Across every dark room in the Lylat System, this pink smog would always spread through the entire club. To incite the carnal desires of every man that wandered inside. And now that smog was

inside him—floating up in his body—spreading to his lungs. His eyes rolled back as that wave of pleasure crashed over him.

“Rafflesia Erosia.” Slippy hummed. “Such a wonderful scent. It’s way better than roses, don’t you think, Panther?”

“Slippy... Stop...” He can feel himself growing stiff. He wants to touch himself so badly, but weakness still overcame him. His arms dangled in the air, the ghastly, stuffy air of the bio-lab brushing against his fur. “Stop...”

“Oh, but why would I?” Slippy asked, his voice on the verge of turning into a full-blown cackle. “You’ve always spoken about wanting all the pleasures life can give, and I’m about to give you just that.”

“But not—”

“Shut up. Test subjects don’t talk.” Now his voice had gone from chill to razor sharp. His words cut through like a meat cleaver tearing flesh. “God, you’re so *stupid*.”

///

God, he was stupid for not trying this. Wolf let his tongue hang out in the air, drool splattering on his knees as he let himself fall deeper and deeper. There wasn’t a soul awake at this hour, so he could continue without a care in the world. He was so warm—so *intensely* hot—that he could feel the wall of rubber coating sandwiching the buckets of sweat coming off him. It was like being permanently stuck in overworn clothes, and a part of him liked it. Just let himself suffocate to his own musk, grow addicted to it.

“Fuck...” Three fingers in. He had tickled his spot just a little bit. It wasn’t even about girth but instead distance, yet Wolf still didn’t care. He just wanted more inside him. To be stretched, to be pleased in such an intense new way. It hurt, but pain was pleasure’s closest companion. They went hand in hand, just like thrill and shame. He was ready to revel in both. He’d be a changed man once the sunlight painted its shine across the jail cell once again—all without even asking Slippy for help. “So close...”

///

It was like swimming across space. It was thicker than water, yet nothing like the murky swamp waters from the planetoids surrounding Aquas. Slippy had placed him inside the small pool inside of the Erosia, and by some miracle or dumb luck, he could breathe even when his entire body was under the thick yellow liquid. He could feel his dick standing up straight even when submerged in the thick liquid. “Please... just one touch...” He was intoxicated—he knew that—but he couldn’t resist. The more he looked at Slippy, the more he noticed things about him; broad shoulders—his shirt was just a bit too tight for his body—the sultry harmony of his true self, and the manic joy he spoke with.

From the walls of the cocoon, something began to slither. It made an odd clicking sound. They writhed and shook like they were in overwhelming pain, one of them lunging at Panther’s

mouth. He could do nothing as it traveled down his throat, its phallic end making him instinctively begin sucking on it. A thick, sweet-tasting liquid came out, a pleasant hum sung out in response.

More vines wrapped around his legs and arms, keeping them bound in case he ever regained his mobility. A loud, wet squelching was heard every time they squeezed his motionless limbs. They crawled up his legs, squeezing his musculature with an iron-tight grip. They would not stop—they would just take and take. Those same vines trailed across his nipples, teasing them. They were stiff, pushing upwards.

Another vine wrapped around his cock. It did so like a pair of lips puckering around his shaft, pumping his dick at an even rhythm. It was like they could taste his desperation—slowing up or down to not let him acclimate to a rhythm. Pre dribbled out onto the plant's 'lips', smearing the flora with his seed as it greedily took more and more. He weakly thrusts into the air, no more than a few millimeters. His entire body is still overcome by a buzzing numbness that just barely lets him keep himself awake. The overstimulation certainly doesn't help his waning mind, eyelids fluttering.

"That's it. I'm sure that you'll enjoy the Erosia. I made it just for you." Slippy stood over the pod, towering above him with his eyes never meeting Panther's. "This flower's very special, you know? It was the only thing that I could imagine that could match your beauty."

More vines protruded from the pod's side. As it forced more appendages out, it began to writhe while expanding, as if it was breathing. Not just from the movement. Behind his ear, he swore he could hear a dry heaving that wasn't his own or Slippy's, but he couldn't see. He rolled his eyes—so far up that his eyes were nothing but white voids for a few seconds—but still he couldn't check behind him.

"And now you get to be a part of my work, Panther... I've always been so *fascinated* as to know how flora and fauna intersect." Slippy trailed his finger across the top of the liquid inside the pod. For him, it was solid; his digit glided across the upper part as if the liquid had gained the consistency of weeks-old gelatin. "I wonder if the Rosalia's scent is gonna change once you bond with it..."

Some other vines broke through the top of the liquid. Two thin, slithery ones pushed deep into his nose. The already potent aphrodisiac smog now burst directly into his nostrils. Panther's body erupted into a jumble of jerky movements. The sheer euphoria overpowered the paralysis, all of his body jerking outwards in an uproar. He screamed out, bubbles flowing upwards as he expelled all the air his lungs could give.

The floral tendrils began to lose their greenish coating. It was like a rotten banana being unpeeled to reveal its dry interior—a pink, crumpled, wrapping paper-esque cylinder. They all planted themselves on top of the pod, letting the liquid unravel them. The sheets of transparent layers planted themselves on top of his body. One after another, they made sure to envelop his entire body.

"So close..." Slippy whispered. "So close to being immortalized into a beautiful flower of pleasure, Panther."

///

Wolf *smashed* into his bed. Pleasuring himself while sitting up wasn't enough. He arched his back up, buckling his hips as he imagined Fox's nimble hands pushing down on him. He would be covered in that cheap cologne that made him smell like the muscle-headed idiots back in the military; those handsome *assholes*.

"Mgh, fuck... Fuck..." The pressure down there had reached an apex. He tickled his G-spot, dry gasps forcing their way out from him. "Fox... I need you... once I get out of here, mgh... I need you, please..." His thoughts continued to orbit around the concept of his oh-so-loved vulpine. Fingers were a poor replacement for what Fox could do.

///

"Have fun, Panther." Slippy sprayed some sort of liquid into the inside of the sprayed-out tree. The splintered logs sprung to life and immediately reconverged into one single structure. "You'll be the most beautiful flower... I'm sure that the Roselia will love all the nutrients you'll give it."

The only thing that Panther could see was the neon pink glow of the tree's inside. As he breathed in slowly, the prospect of resignation grew more tantalizing. Wrapped around so many layers that teased him relentlessly, escape was impossible. Such intense stimulation for how long... he was already struggling to keep everything together.

He could at least be beautiful. A flower of lust encased in a prison of pleasure.

///

"Wooooolf?"

The pleasure *stopped*. All the thoughts of Fox turned into pure and utter shame. He turned around, breathing unstable as he realized that he had been caught. The wind stopped brushing against his exposed ass as the suit closed itself up.

"Oh, guess that you didn't take my advice into account." Slippy grinned, hands behind his back. "Such a shame. I thought you would be a good doggy..."

"W-what are you—"

"No words." Slippy bitterly ordered. "I wanted to make this last... but I guess you can't trust a mutt to keep his hands off his body."

Before Wolf could even try and curse Slippy out, he felt the suit begin to pulsate just as when it first bonded with his body. He breathed in a final breath before the rubber suddenly *shot* upwards and covered his entire face. He desperately tried pulling it away through a fit of muffled screams, the leather stretching around his mouth.

"Oh, struggle all you want." Slippy's cackle echoed through the entire prison. All of the guards ignored it—better to not put themselves in his way lest they end up as another of his test

subjects. “Because... well, I’m sure that you’ll be very glad to be a soldier just like Ervo, and just like your friends...”

“You... YOU BASTAR—”

### **SOLDIER.EXE STARTUP**

Wolf dropped to the ground. His grayish eyes were now completely devoid of life, empty voids lacking in any thought. His muffled words were cut abruptly—like a machine having its battery violently ripped out. He still breathed and blinked, but otherwise, he was completely motionless.

“So adorable.” Slippy cooed. He remained silent for a few seconds, sizing up the broken doll of a canine he had in front of him. “What’s the matter? Don’t feel like cussing me out? Maybe you don’t hate me now that I’ve made you feel so good.”

No response. Just as he hoped.

“Guess that doesn’t matter to you, huh? Especially now that your mind’s free of all those horrible thoughts. Maybe now you’ll be a better person.” Slippy chuckled to himself. “Now, up.”

Wolf did as told. The latex had now acclimated to his face—the sole exception being around his eyes. His null bulge still throbbed intensely, the holographic lock symbol shining in the darkness.

“Hm... I’m gonna miss your voice. I liked that gruffness. It reminds me of Peppy.” Slippy lamented. “Maybe just one more time.”

The rubber redacted from Wolf’s face, revealing splashes of drool that had smeared across his muzzle.

“Do you know your name, boy?” Slippy whispered, the answer tantalizingly close. He knew what it would be, but the excitement was still there. Years of work and sexual frustration; all for this. Slippy was finally about to get what he wanted.

“No, sir.” His response was monotone—neutral. It wasn’t spoken like an affirmation, but instead, like the simple statement of a fact. The drool that had matted the fur around his snout splashed on the suit, trickling downwards.

“Excellent.” Slippy squealed. “And you’ll do everything you say, right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good.” Slippy pressed his hand against the glass. “Tomorrow morning, we’ll extract you from your jail cell.”

“Yes, sir. What do you want me to do, sir?”

“Oh, all in due time. For now...” Slippy pressed a button on his phone. “Enjoy your night some more.” He said in a cruel whisper.

Wolf’s bulge began to buzz uncontrollably, sending pleasurable tremors across his entire body. Before he could erupt into a symphony of moans, Slippy made the latex seal around his mouth once again.

“Welcome to the army, Soldier Drone #2.”