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Rubber Rocket Zoroark TF

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You strain against your bonds helplessly. Your mounted resistance against Team Rocket was overcome shockingly fast... you're not even sure what happened. It felt like there was nothing you could do. And well, with this new predicament, not much has changed. All that's left is to wait and see what they plan to do with you...

Harsh lights flicker on. You wince as the sterile white cell reveals itself around you. You can see silhouettes of stiff, imposing figures outside the doorway... Team Rocket goons, no doubt. If only you could sneak up on them... unfortunately, you aren't going to get very far with your arms and legs firmly bound by metal cuffs! Well, perhaps you can at least taunt them, even encourage them...

Before you finish the thought, however, several panels open in the walls nearby, revealing a truly daunting sight; a multitude of slender mechanical appendages, each touting some sort of metal cone at its tip. They all extend in a snake-like manner, instantly reducing you to a cold sweat, until 6 of them in all surround you on all sides. You start to hear a strange sloshing sound... growing steadily louder, closer... oh god.

You brace yourself... and then, a soft persistent hissing. Two of the cones point their tips at your feet, and emit some sort of vaporous gray jet onto your feet... so they're spray nozzles! The stuff covers your digits, and before your very eyes, they start to swell up! On top of that, they turn a dull gray, and take on a downright aggressive sheen... all with a harsh *squeeeeeek!* What on earth...? Then, it hits you. You're being rubberized. You're being made into one of them.

As soon as you really start to process that thought, the sensation of your rubberized skin registers... and it feels absolutely incredible! You gasp and squirm, struggling to process this. It's terrifying, but as the nozzle inches its way up along your legs, the wonderful feeling intensifies, pushing back on those fearful thoughts. F-fuck, why does it feel so good?!

Your feet swell further and further, squeaking furiously, until they become big, bulky digitigrade hind paws, each with a trio of wicked red claws. The hissing grows louder... two more of the nozzles activate, dousing your hands and forearms in dark gray latex. The moan escapes your lips before you can stop it... yep, this is arousing you to hell and back. They all close inward, engulfing your forearms in large, bulky lengths with their own red claws(with zero grip, of course), and moving right on to your upper arms. This form is starting to look familiar... a certain pokemon, you're sure of it.

The lower two nozzles finish up your legs, then turn their attention to that eager, throbbing cock front and center. They converge on it, spraying it in unison with a dense layer of dark gray. You spasm helplessly at the enormous surge of pleasure... there's no denying it anymore, you are VERY much enjoying this. But the nozzles don't move on... they just keep spraying. And spraying. So much that your cock doesn't even get a chance to turn rubber; the sheer volume just buries it! Before long, a nice big oversized rubber bulge rises up to swallow it completely. You're so, so very close. You feel it coming on, and thrust with everything you've got-!

But it doesn't come. You can't. The rubber won't let you. You've been nullified~

You thrash and whine helplessly, forgetting all about your plans to escape, to resist... all you can think about is getting your sweet release. It consumes your mind. Loud, incessant squeaks fill the air as a big black bushy bulk swells up around your chest and shoulders, soft and squishable like a bean bag yet still oh-so squeaky! The sensations are overwhelming. All-consuming. Nothing is on your mind but the pleasure. The latex. The release. You want this. You never realized how much you wanted this. You're helpless in a whole new way now~

Two nozzles move on from your twitchy bulge to fill in your new squeaky spine, while the other two veer up and spray you directly in the face! You cough and sputter, but can't do anything as it forces your eyes shut, plugs your airways...

and with gusto, gushes into your mouth, thoroughly and deliberately gagging you, and silencing you completely as your face expands into a sharp point, fitting for a... a...

Zoroark.

The name enters your mind unbidden. But it makes sense... that's what you are now after, isn't it? A Zoroark. It all makes sense now. This is... what you are. A Zoroark.

Zoroark. Z-Zoroark!

Suddenly, darkness gives way to a soothing hypnotic spiral of red and black. Dominating your entire field of view. You can't look away, can't blink... can only take it in. Get lost in it. Submit to it...

Your face is fully smothered in smooth, featureless dark gray rubber, yet you can still hear the nozzles... all of them spraying away right behind your head. Wonder what they're working on...

Glory to Team Rocket.

Another unbidden thought. Team Rocket... that's right, they captured you. You wanted to... resist... them? A faint memory stirs, of fear and defiance-

No thoughts. No resistance. Obey Team Rocket.

The harsh words quickly bury your own fleeting thoughts, quashing your very will to reject it. Constant loud squeaks from every inch of your body, topped off by that ever-present hissing of the nozzles... the *pleasure* wracking every inch of your body... not to mention the acrid smell of rubber, despite your lack of nostrils. Every single sensory signal comes together to railroad you in a single direction...

Obedience. Submission. Rubber. Team Rocket. *Bliss.*

Behind the spiral, you start to barely make out your surroundings again... before your null face is no longer a human body, but that of a fully-formed

latex Zoroark! You even feel a giant, bushy weight on your neck... seems like your characteristic Zoroark ponytail has taken shape as well. But the nozzles still aren't finished. Despite the form of a Zoroark being complete, they keep right on spraying at your shiny skin, painting it an even darker, even shinier jet black! The increasingly thick layers squeeze your body, squeaking and creaking up a storm. The effect is even more intense on your forelegs and already-thick forearms, as they're instead sprayed with a pale gray... gloves and boots!

Glory to Team Rocket. I belong to Team Rocket. I will serve Team Rocket.

It's all too much. Your will is collapsing, succumbing to the inevitable process. Your mind decomposed, reformatted... and restructured. Team Rocket... Team Rocket is mighty. Noble. Powerful. Stylish. It's silly that you ever opposed them, or despised them. The truth is, you want to serve Team Rocket. You NEED to serve Team Rocket. You...

I belong to Team Rocket. Glory to Team Rocket. I AM Team Rocket.

All nozzles shut off except for one, which points at your face, spraying gently and meticulously. Suddenly, you begin to feel your face again!

"Z... Zoroaroo..."

You find yourself immediately uttering that name again... your new name. The only name you need. That being, well...

"Zoroark!!"

It feels so, SO very natural to say. It's the only thing you CAN say, after all... yet as soon as you say it, the meaning behind the utterance becomes clear to you... in Zoroark-speak, you said: "Glory to Team Rocket!"~

Then, you feel your face beginning to smile... is it voluntary or not? Either way, you feel your mind being injected with eagerness, vigor, arrogance, *passion*. Every time you say the word, it involuntarily comes out as yet another obedient tribute to Team Rocket. Not that you mind! You're whole-heartedly ready to serve your new masters, and you won't hesitate to let the world hear about it! (even if only you can understand it~)

"Zoroark! (I will serve Team Rocket!) Zoroark! (I obey Team Rocket!) Zoroark!! (Glory to Team Rocket!!)"

Your smile grows so wide that it'd be painful with a normal mouth. At the same time, your vision clears completely. A mirror is presented with perfect timing... and a spitting image of a zoroark greets you, save for the squeaky skin, far more malicious look than normal... and huge, wide permagrin, pooltoy-style. It's perfect.

"Zoroark! Z-Zoro! (Team Rocket forever! Glory to Team Rocket...!)"

As your mind settles comfortably into its new permanent state, you take a moment to admire your equally permanent new body. Sterile, thick shiny rubber covers every inch, yet your body remains slim and ideal for agility. You sport VERY thick gray gloves with three sharp red claws still protruding at the end, and they feel HEAVENLY. Your digitigrade stance has been reverted thanks to your equally thick boots with extra thick treading... extra hazard-resistant! You've got a thick black collar around your neck, and a nice gray belt too, and beneath that your helpless null bulge, even bigger and more sensitive than before! And above it all, your perma-grinning vulpine face remains, along with a massive, furious bundle of cushiony, squeaky hair. But something's still missing...

The nozzles return for one final step; First, a long, thorough spray on your scalp once again, this time creating a big squeaky cap with a familiar logo. Then, the same logo on the front of your collar, and one final time dead center on your chest; a big, bold, vivid red 'R', the unmistakable symbol of Team Rocket... and as the rubber dries and sets, it becomes part of you. Permanently.

"ZOROAAAAARK!! (TEAM ROCKET FOREVER!!)"

In an instant, your restraints snap loose, and a shadowy figure materializes in the doorway between the two guards.

"At attention, grunt."

Your instincts take over. You spring out of your seat gracefully with a tirade of rubbery squeaks, stand stiff before the admin, and snap the sharpest, cleanest

salute in your life. In that moment, the last of your reservations leave you. This where you belong. This is your purpose... to be nothing more than an asset for the mighty Team Rocket.

"ZOR! ZOROARK! (Yes, sir! Glory to Team Rocket!)"

You can't make out the admin's form, but conveniently enough, you don't need to. All you need to worry about is your steadfast compliance~

"Mmm, wonderful... our rubberizing technology is soaring to new heights. Not long now before we have it in full production. A glorious day for our cause, indeed~"

A rush of pride and glory courses through your body at the thought, along with a wave of arousal; it takes everything you have to not lose composure.

"Now then, given your former status in the resistance, I trust you'll have plenty of useful things to tell us about your former life. Report to the intel division immediately to record all relevant information regarding your fellow insurgents and their hiding places. It will be a great boon to our cause. After that, report to the conditioning room for your thorough orientation. Dismissed~"

"Zoroark!! (Sir, yes sir!~)"

On cue you drop the salute and march stiffly out of your conversion chamber and follow the indicated path as instructed, evil grin still firmly plastered across your face and resounding rubbery squeaks sounding with every step. Obedient thoughts circulate in your mind; it's the only thing a grunt like you will ever have to think about, after all.

Glory to Team Rocket. All must submit to Team Rocket. Submit to Team Rocket. Team Rocket forever.

Never ceasing, never relenting. Just like the noble, glorious cause of Team Rocket~