

She'd had to take matters into her own hands, or at least that's what Severa had told herself. The charr had found what should have been enough evidence to prompt the authorities to at least look into the recent pollution that had seeped from the factory up in the hills. Yet, without absolutely conclusive evidence, no one in her admittedly rural district would lift a finger.

She'd swallowed her anger, opting to infiltrate the place on her own. A hoodie and soft mask gave her some anonymity from any wayward cameras, her cargo pants also shifted with the handful of snooping tools she'd brought and strapped sandals clung to her soft paws, allowing control and freedom of motion, with the snug straps keeping them from shifting. - Not the most stealthy footwear in the world but the best she had to hand.

By employing wire cutters on a poorly lit segment of fence she'd managed to get into the compound, hiding in the shadows as the lone, bored asura security guard walked past, whistling some tune caught in his head. The sway in his step showed he was intoxicated on the job, enough so that he couldn't swipe his card right and had to key in the password, taking four attempts, more than enough for Severa to deduce the right code and learn that mistakes didn't trip any loud alarms.

After half a minute the charr followed, the pad beeping and accepting her, to her relief.

Any hope she'd held for clear signage were dashed, however. The building must only have been used by its employees, there was nothing but unmarked corridors to go through. She still heard the off-pitch whistlings bounce from one hallway as the guard stumbled along, so she took a separate path.

The decor shifted, looking more advanced, definitely not the kind of thing the general public would see, with floors polished to an almost mirror shine. Something about it hinted of something all the more sinister, red lights on the walls cast imposing patterns on the ground. Severa was starting to suspect that the authorities' reluctance could be part of something bigger than basic lack of resources or interest.

Despite her caution, she was relieved to find neither further patrols or even cameras watching this area. Her carefully placed steps made minimal noise as she crept on, feeling confidently successful until her sandals refused to pull off the floor.

The mirror shine on the ground had been a trick in itself, hiding a pool of clear, thick and fast acting adhesive. "Oh goodie, now what?" she whispered to herself, trying to pull on her sandals. The glue had caught in between the treads, happy to use the texture of her footwear to cling on. Luckily it hadn't been so deep that it had oozed over the sides of the sandals, but it was damn close, squeaking and bunching up around them as she tugged her legs.

There was a loud creaking, a 'splat' of trapped air being squeezed out as the glue filled a missed crevice and then just like that for all the power of Severa's leg she could only take the slowest most laboured steps. The glue stretched with effort, giving her just enough space to

catch her back foot up to the front one but in doing so the straps on her sandals, despite being as tight as she could buckle them, started to shift.

“Damn it...” She whispered, with her legs having to stop awkwardly apart it would make it tricky to easily bend and reach them and that was assuming she could tighten the straps enough.

Her conclusion was clear, she had to ditch the sandals to have a hope of getting anywhere. If the place had glue traps lying around, it likely had solvents too, one more thing for her to find so that she could reclaim her footwear and not leave evidence of her intrusion.

The glue floor squeaked and creaked obnoxiously as her weight shifted, one worrying moment of swerving balance shook her but by taking deliberate steps that set her panting from the exertion, she worked her increasingly gummed up soles closer to the edge of the hall where a raised ledge would allow her to inch along, glue free. She managed to rotate so her back was to the wall, the pristine floor showing definite smeared tracks of her passing. “Damn it!” She repeated. It’d definitely be bad if someone saw those tracks, she just had to hope the glue would even out by morning and return to its previously undisturbed sheen.

Her ears flicked, thinking she heard the trace of a whistling but while the sound bounced down the corridor, the guard didn’t so much as peek. ‘The last thing I’d need.’ She thought to herself, giving a grunting chuckle as she slid down the wall and made it to a squatting pose, her hands unbuckling and loosening the sandal on her left foot, feeling a light kiss of glue on her fur but not enough to prove a hazard. Balancing on the ledge and wall she carefully shifted her weight to the other foot.

The second set of straps fell off with little further encouragement, unfortunately that set them landing right in the glue. Her adjusted weight also meant she pushed enough to make the glue burble up the edge of the freshly discarded sandal. It was going to be a pain to remove these from the sticky mess but that was a problem for future Severa. She got her bearings. it would be a short distance back to the assuredly safe ground she came from, or she could press on, after all the hallway looked to be promising something of use only a little further up ahead. She chose to edge deeper in, the ledge at the corner being sufficient to keep away from the potentially glue laden middle of the road.

After crossing the main span a few doors offered her refuge from the awkward ledge. She simply took the closest one, trying the same door code on a panel outside of it and being rewarded with a merry jingle as it slid open. A grey floor waited within, no shiny qualities, no hidden pools of liquid. Thank goodness. She stepped onto it, finding it surprisingly soft but also chilly and cold, her toes leaving subtle imprints on it as she moved. The softness of it meant her steps were silent as she placed them but it too was sticky, if not as bad as the glue. It stretched onward, needing her to take much longer steps to get rid of it. However when she reached the height of its elastic potential it squelched and smacked like a kiss, snapping off her foot and back to the floor leaving her blessedly untethered.

The sound of it might have been alarming if the door hadn't already closed behind her, as such she was certain that the noise wasn't escaping to where it would be overheard.

While this room was seemingly empty itself a glass window and door at the far end showed tables with files and documents aplenty. That might well be something she could use.

"Finally I'm getting somewhere but... ugh, what is this stuff?" She stated as she looked down at the stretching putty like ground, striding as wide as she could to try and get past it while touching it as little as possible. She'd been alert, the ground she'd been on had only left the barest of prints which had faded, but as before, a trap had been hidden, a long wire halfway up her shin that had blended in well with the floor.

A snap sounded in the air as the wire tripped her, sending her toppling forward. She let out a yelp, her hands landing to catch her fall. Both palms splatting into that chilly, springy floor, as too did her knees and the top of her feet. "Oh blech!" She groaned, looking around, seeing the now loose wire, kicked free by her stumbling and her fur ruffling as surprise and confusion were shunted aside by a grossed out disgust. The stuff clung to her hands and fingers, thick and gooey. "Get off." She grumbled at it, trying to wipe it off and only managing to further cake up her hands.

Through it all there was also a stubborn sense of worry, had it been a trap or an accident? Had that wire merely tripped her, or had it triggered something else? She had to get back to her feet, whatever it was but six points of contact were harder to overpower than the two, especially given she was fatigued from her glue-walking.

As she pulled and thrashed, trying to get onto her knees so that her hands would break, her eye glanced about the room, noticing now that the door she came in by had no keypad to get back out. Another chill traced down her back at the revelation, she'd *need* to go forward to proceed!

Her fingers tensed, trying to bunch up the floor enough that it would release any part of her, straining as she felt her palm pop free and carefully tried to stretch the hand off it. Another wet smack let her at least remove one point, using the hand to wipe her brow and smooth her hair into the cover of the hood again. "One down but... ugh, c'mon, c'mon!" She huffed in frustration, starting to understand why they didn't patrol this way. With one hand free she hoped she could focus on the other but it also meant her upper body was weighing more heavily upon it.

The ground itself seemed unwilling to let her rest. It was tugging back, softly at first, such that she didn't notice it was the floor itself but then it began pulling on her knees and feet with growing intensity. "Huh?" She had time to ask before with the same force she'd employed to break her hand free, the floor seized and pulled down as it came alive! The tripwire had indeed done something!

The once solid ground was rippling and writhing. It flowed over her stuck hand and feet, up the back of her shins, before all around her the surface quivered.

“Ah-ghmmghhffh!!!” Suddenly a wave of it erupted upwards, cascading and falling over the top of her. In mere seconds the charr woman was splattered by the material which weighed and pulled her down, sealing to itself and contracting. “Mmmhh!” She squeaked, the substance flowing over and under her clothing, brushing all over her fur in its chilly cool touch then creaking as it forcibly compressed her down until her forehead was kissing the floor, legs trapped, bent at the knee. There was a ping like a sheet of rubber being released all around her, snapping her slightly up from the ground, detached in a tightly compressing bag.

“Mmmh?! MMMMHGH!” She groaned, her legs kicking together, trying to stretch the bag, managing until it went taut over her head and shoulders but that catching proved her limit. “Ghhhhmmhhh!!” Her arms similarly tried to push, feeling the mass stretch around her forearms, yet she couldn’t even get them off her body to really thrash. Her own clothing was also working against her, the baggy hoodie compressed both inside and out was getting in the way of her squirms while the mask over her face had effectively been inflated, instead of covering her face it was outright blocking her nose and mouth.

Her situation had gone from inconvenience to outright peril! She was breathless, struggling to get out of the bag that rocked around with her, denying her any form of leverage needed to fight it.

Moments later it had tucked her knees close to her bent-forward belly, arms stuck fast to her sides, yet, starved of air, she was growing weaker by the second. The chill surface had warmed to match her heat, with her fighting desperately to stay awake while her lungs began to burn. While her thoughts were lost mostly to desperate panic, she managed to get one wry thought out; if she did go missing, surely that would cause them to finally look into the place... Darkness took over, no more thoughts came beyond pleas directed at no one and soon those too fell quiet as the creaking squeaking bag of charr fell still.

A mechanical voice chimed in the air around her. “Subject detained. Delivering recovery then relocating and storing for staff inspection.”

Severa bolted awake, her head hurting, her jaw with it but her arms wouldn’t reply right when she tried to reach out and touch. At the very least she could see and could *breathe*. Yet, she couldn’t move, at least not in any way that mattered.

A blush rose to her cheeks in fury as she woke up and understood her situation. A hefty ball gag had been lodged behind her teeth, locked in and covered up by something that could have been rubber or more of that strange putty-floor material. That coating was along her snout

and cheeks, giving her room for her nostrils but otherwise so tight it even showed the bumps of her fangs, pasted to the ball.

A short band around her eyes was spared, as was the fur below her ankles and her thick fluffy tail but aside from a grip behind her neck that felt like her mane of hair was also on display, every other inch of her body felt that stifling grip of tight material. She also seemed to have been cuffed at the ankles and collared around the neck, the former cuffs holding her anchored to a spot, where cool air kissed over her bare feet. The inner toes of which had been cuffed and tethered to each other.

She was contacting the ground on her knees and elbows, with it sucking and squishing when she moved. Furthermore, she was unable to extend her arms, as she realised that the fully body coating had been converted into a bitchesuit. After straining uselessly, she turned her gaze upward, realising she was inside a large glass case that should have given her room to wander if her ankles weren't locked with the floor of the case being yet more of the sticky substance. Beyond that glass were more of the angular lighting in foreboding red, with an eerily familiar symbol hanging from some banners; that of the Inquest.

A door slid open, casting a brighter light over the dim red interior. Someone had noticed her activity. Two sets of footsteps, one belonging to someone of a short stature approached her holding unit, a teasing thumb traced along one of her exposed soles before there was a loud beep. The ankle cuffs detached, letting her crawl awkwardly into her small cell the floor clinging and sucking, adding to her humiliating predicament by not even giving her a smooth passage. Even those shuffling steps were impeded by the taut band that linked those toes. Barrelling through the insult, she turned to round on her captives with a scowl on her face, instead it froze into shock as she saw a familiar face beside the strange Inquest asura, that of the town's sheriff.

"Hey, now. Is that any way to glare at us?" The asura spoke. "You're lucky we didn't let you suffocate. Never thought our test-subject retention measures would be triggered from someone trying to get in, rather than out." He said with a chuckle.

"Ghhh, ghmmhgh mhhmhn!" Severa growled.

"Did you catch that? I didn't get a word." The asura cackled.

The sheriff waved his hand to cut him off. "He showed us the tapes, you broke and entered, trespassing. And for what? I don't know what you've got against this place but they've agreed they won't press charges against you, on one condition, you stay in that get up until you've learned your lesson. However, I don't want to look after a 'pet' in my office, so they've also agreed to offer you a free room and board here."

"Behave right and you'll get to see what goes on here first hand, kitty." The asura added with a smirk. "Or keep glaring at us and we'll just keep you as a piece of squirming, grumpy

decor. That's certainly more fun for us. Not sure how you'll be able to prove you're feeling contrite like that though."

Severa stared between him and the sheriff. Surely none of this was legal. But then... if it was the Inquest, and the sheriff himself were here-. The charr groaned. Money had probably been passed under the table long ago, no wonder they hadn't investigated this place.

"Mmmh... Mh- mmhhhh?!" Severa looked up, lost in those thoughts for a moment, long enough that the two of them had already walked away. The sheriff went on ahead while the asura lingered to give one last toothy grin before shutting the door, leaving the charr behind to await whatever might come next...