

Rambo impatiently tapped his talons against the elevator's carpeted floor. He had gotten tired of looking at his watch for the time to not change, so now he was trying his best to hum along to the cheap, pop-esque song booming from the speakers.

Ever since the disappearances started, the elusive Halcyon Robotics Company had been under his eyes; all ten victims were last seen near the building at nighttime—every one of them was either a journalist or online activist that had previously criticized the company—and an anonymous tip said that one of them—a fox who was a niche internet micro-celebrity—was seen walking *directly* into the Halcyon building and never out.

It all seemed so... *wrong*, and yet when he tried to book an appointment with the CEO, there wasn't any resistance. He was half expecting a car to 'accidentally' crash into him on his way to the meeting like he had seen with other detectives trying to pry into corporations' affairs.

I just wonder why he didn't say anything... they should've at least pretended that he was busy and couldn't have a meeting with me.

The sudden ding of the elevator snapped the corvid from his anxiety-driven diatribe. The doors opened to reveal the CEO's opulent office. The hawk was sitting behind his desk with a friendly smile on his curved lip. The walls around him were composed of giant, rectangular electronic terminals hosted behind bulletproof glass. They showered the otherwise sterile-looking office in a giant hue of rainbow light. The constant hum of the machines filled the room, a stream of white noise that Rambo thought would drive him insane if he listened to it nonstop as the hawk would.

"You must be Mister Corvo, right?"

"...Yeah. You're Mister Halcyon, then."

"Oh, no need to be so modest."

Standing up from his desk, Rambo was able to see the man's opulent suit; pure white just as the feathers atop his head. There was a strange badge in the shape of an X where his breast pocket would be.

"Call me Gabriel. Mister Halcyon is my father, after all."

"Uh, okay." Everyone else from the receptionist to the people sitting in the waiting room *did* call him Mister Halcyon, but he kept that detail to himself. "So, I was actually hoping that we could talk about some concerning matters regarding—"

"While I'd love to talk to you about such *pressing* topics, I actually had to do an errand, and I invited you here to accompany me."

"Oh, uh... alright?"

"Excellent!"

Gabriel rushed to Rambo's side, pushing him away as he slid down a key card across a reader underneath the button pad. The words 'STAFF ONLY' appeared on the screen above, and the elevator began descending in the same excruciatingly slow manner just as it did earlier.

Biting down on one of his fingers, Rambo couldn't find it in him to bring up anything. They were alone, but it all seemed so convenient. Gabriel didn't have the same air of gleeful, sadistic malice that most of the people he's been tasked to investigate had. He even seemed elated to clear his name with the way that his smile persevered.

The number above the buttons kept going down, and he expected it to stop at the reception. Instead, they began traveling further downwards into the building.

Minus one... Minus two... How many hidden floors does this guy have? And even more confusingly, why is he showing them to me so willingly?

Finally stopping on floor minus 10, a blinding light peered through the opening doors. Rambo jerked his head away, clenching his beak as Gabriel walked out—seemingly unbothered.

W-what the hell?! What is... He lowered his arm, eyes squinting as the pure white light began settling into his eyes, revealing itself to be a strange lab with an array of giant tubes filled with a strange vibrant blue liquid in the center. Scientists and test subjects all patrolled the area—so enthralled in their tasks that they didn't even acknowledge their CEO waltzing into the premises.

Underneath the lab coats and medical gowns of everyone patrolling the lab was a white bodysuit that covered everything but their head—blue lines going across their limbs, chest, and neck that seemed to display energy levels. Energy for *what* specifically, Rambo didn't know.

"Welcome to my secret project, Mister Corvo," Gabriel announced in a low hum, lacking any fanfare and instead coming off more as a humble whisper. "A bodysuit designed to detect every possible ill that could befall a person. With an update every millisecond, even the slightest discrepancy would be detected and assessed to be eradicated."

"Woah... is that even possible?" Rambo looked at the ones wearing nothing but the bodysuit—who he assumed to be the test subjects. They were all seemingly fine; talking to the scientists with pleasant smiles on their faces and acting normal. It wasn't until he was met with the sight of orange fur and a bushy tail in the distance that his senses flared up. The build and face were the same as the one that his tip gave him, and just like everyone else, he seemed to be radiating joy from being part of the experiment. "Wait a minute, who's that?"

"Oh? That's just another one of our volunteers. They're under an NDA, so please don't try to talk to them. We're very secretive about our technology so it can't be patented over." Gabriel gripped Rambo's hand, driving them further into the laboratory. "I actually wanted you to have a hands-on experience with our Halcyon bodysuits. It would do wonders for our PR with all those nasty rumors flying around. I mean, kidnappings?! For God's sake, the press is ridiculous nowadays!"

"W-why me, though?"

"Oh, any kind of press release from us would be taken as lies, same with a police report. Someone like you is the voice of the people! Of the disenfranchised! The very people that need our bodysuits but can't bring themselves to trust us..."

The barrage of compliments almost disarmed the crow's skepticism. Cross-promotion with such a big company—especially with Kittan currently out of commission—would be a great boon to their detective agency." A-are you sure? I mean, I'm just a private investigator."

"That's precisely why you're the best candidate! You're far more trustworthy than any police officer. Believe me, I'm a man of the law, and even those uniformed-wearing men sometimes go outside of it for their own benefits."

"I..."

A part of Rambo's brain was screaming at him that there was something off with Gabriel's speech, but to be lauded by everyone—a symbol of justice and truth—was... What he wanted when he first started out in the detectives' office. It catered to his pride far too effectively. Maybe it was too good to be true, but what if he missed out on something world-changing because of his distrust? "Sure!"

"Then please go ahead to the changing chambers so your biometric data can get integrated into the suit." Gabriel clapped his hands, then motioned at one of the scientists that turned their heads towards him. "One of my assistants will help you get into the suit while I supervise the operation. I'll be there eeevery step of the way, Mister Corvo."

"Okay then, uh... Yeah! Let's do this!"

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The changing chambers were a large, similarly completely white area to the lab. Rambo stood in the middle, trying his best not to lose control with all the scientists running their hands across his body. It was either a coincidence or a cruel prank that Gabriel had called only the male scientists out to help him. They were all larger than him, carefully measuring every inch of his body while he stood motionlessly in his underwear like a model posing for a painting—the kind that he'd usually point at with Kittan and laugh because of how much the painter must've been getting off to the model.

"Not that I'm ungrateful for your cooperation with the investigation, Gabriel, but... why couldn't I have put on the suit by myself?"

Gabriel—standing on an upper floor with a window to let him see and the rest of his team the experiment—leaned into the microphone on the control pad. "You'll see soon! I don't really have a way to concisely explain it to you without it devolving into technical mumbo jumbo you wouldn't understand.

"Aah..." *Is he calling me dumb or does he think he's just way smarter than me?* "So, where's the suit?"

"Here it is! My assistant has it in his hands right now."

A large tiger handed Rambo not a suit but instead a small, shiny silver sphere. It showed his confused reflection, warped around the sphere. It was almost like a stress ball; the ones that were really good quality and one could squeeze relentlessly. "What... uh, is this like one of those things companies give out as free gifts for buying stuff from them? I really appreciate it! Just..." He squeezed the ball, making the rubbery texture give a shrill squeak. "This isn't a suit."

"Oh, silly me. I forgot the codeword!" Gabriel leaned towards the microphone, giggling to himself before he uttered it. "*Halcyon.*"

The sphere began to morph in his hand, warping from its perfect circular shape to an amorphous glob that looked like a pile of mercury coming to life.

"W-what the?!" Rambo recoiled back in fear, and in turn, the pile of metallic goo launched itself at his body. It exploded into a giant metallic splatter that spread around his feathers. "No, wait! I-is this how the suit comes on?!" Rambo immediately tried wiping it off, but he only managed to spread it further across his hands and wrists.

"Indeed! It's a liquid metal symbiote that is meant to bond with the host. Truly genius, I know." Gabriel gleefully explained, gazing at his nails instead of at the person he was talking to. "How else could it perfectly capture your body health every millisecond? It has to bond to your body so it can know, after all."

"S-so, uh... how does exactly do that?"

"Look down, Mr. Corvo!"

The liquid metal had begun to slither across his plumage without no sign of stopping. His arms and shoulders were similarly coated in the span of a few seconds. Rambo shuddered as it reached his neck, tickling that sensitive spot and breaking his otherwise steady breathing. *C-calm down.* He reminded himself, clenching his fist and straightening himself as the rest of the goo covered his body.

As it reached the bottom of his talons, it came together to form a suit that looked no different from the ones that the other scientists and subjects were wearing. The bodysuit pressed together against his body as hard as it could, squeezing his muscles and compressing itself around the outline of his frame. To his chagrin, it let everyone see the outline of his sculpted torso and toned arms, now gilded in a silver-esque material that just put further eyes on him.

Oh, man... This is so embarrassing...

"Impressive work! The suit seems to have started to bond with you!"

“Is it supposed to be”—Rambo pulled on the bodysuit, pulling it to see if he could get it looser, only for it to snap back into the same tight place as soon as he let go—“this tight?”

“Yes, yes. I know that it can be a little bit offputting, but this is the way things are, Mister Corvo. We can’t afford to throw away innovation for the sake of simple convenience...”

“W-well, alright... Does my body look good, then?”

“Oh, let me look!” Gabriel leaned in towards the monitor on his side of the window, smiling wily as he read the info displayed from Rambo’s suit. “Well, you seem to be healthy enough. Maybe tone it down with the sugar, but this is just basic things you could get with a blood exam. The suit hasn’t fully bonded with you yet, you see.”

“Huh, funny that. Maybe I should take it off and put it back on again?” Rambo was reaching out for his back as he spoke, trying to play it off as if he was scratching an itch. *Where the hell is the damn zipper?!* “I usually do that when my PC’s giving me hell.”

“Oh, I think that we can get rid of any... unnecessary obstructions.”

Two of the scientists that had been manhandling him earlier suddenly brandished a pair of scissors. Rambo immediately backed up, putting his fists up. He opened his mouth to protest, but the sound of snipping blades behind him interrupted. Turning around, a third scientist with scissors of his own had snapped his underwear off.



“N-NO!” He put his hands over his crotch, blood rushing up and down his body. He expected to feel the sensation of his freed junk dangling in the air, but instead, it felt like nothing had changed. “H-huh? What...” He hadn’t even seen what he was covering, now that he thought about it. Pulling his hands away, instead of seeing his dick coated in silver for everyone to see,

the bodysuit had formed a strange bulge around his groin that wasn't even modest enough for it to be considered a modesty feature. "W-what is this?"

"Secret feature. I'll explain it in due time." Gabriel explained, hands clasped and car-salesman grin brandished. "How about we move to the next phase?"

"Screw that! Tell me what you did to my dick right now!" Rambo reached to grab the strange bulge to see what had happened to his shaft. While he could feel the rubber lump moving like a small balloon forcefully attached to his pelvis, any actual sensory input was completely null and void. "Why can't I feel it?! D-did it disappear?!"

"Oh, believe me, Mister Corvo. I did nothing of the sort. It's just to make sure that we can make a controlled test without any unnecessary input from the subject." Gabriel smiled at Rambo, his friendly demeanor twisting into something more methodical and calculated. "How about I give you a demonstration of how this experiment should be conducted." He pressed down on the badge on his chest, and immediately, Rambo's suit began to tremble in place.

"W-what is going on?"

"You'll see in three... two..."

"Stop this right now! I'm gonna call the cops!"

Gabriel leaned in even closer, to make sure that Rambo would hear his downfall as clearly as possible. "One."

A burst of pleasure trailed down his body, blood rushed to his penis immediately. The bulge around it began to vibrate mercilessly, overloading his cock with stimulation. Rambo—mind assaulted with so much pleasure that it clouded every iota of rationale he once had—began squeezing his bulge in a desperate attempt to put a stop to the pleasurable barrage on his mind. "G-gah... Fhuuuck! Stop, i-it's so good! Stop it, please!"

"Oh, that's no way to ask for forgiveness..." The badge glowed even more intensely as Gabriel pressed down on it even harder. "And we should get rid of unnecessary details as well..."

"W-what?" The rubber suddenly burst upwards in an explosion, only for the fragmented splotches of rubber to converge around his face in the form of a latex mask that completely encased his head. The suit was so incredibly thin that he could still breathe through the mask, yet it managed to engulf his face wholly. "W-what is this?! No, ngh!" He used one of his hands to try and pull the mask off, while the other still remained glued to the null bulge in an attempt to reach some climax, freeing himself of the alluring bout of pleasure. "No, no... So... Googhootta resist..."

"Although, it's very cruel of me to not give you any openings. How about I give you a little bit more air?"

At the snap of his fingers, yet another scientist came from behind holding a massive hollow plug. The suit—acting on its own separate from its wearer—began to morph around Rambo's behind, forming a small opening around his behind. Together with some lab assistants, the scientist slowly began pushing inside.

Rambo moaned out in pleasure, the rubber mask stretching as he stretched his beak to let out a pleasure-filled wail. It had just barely nudged his hole, yet the suit had made it so that every single brush against his skin felt ten times more sensitive than it ever did before. He was a walking, whimpering pile of desire and arousal—Gabriel's plaything as long as he was trapped by the suit he foolishly let himself be encased in.



“P-please, please! Let me cum! I need it, I need it so badly...” He whined while everyone else stared either in gleeful sadism or emotionless indifference. He fell to the ground as the plug stretched his ass so thoroughly that he couldn't keep himself standing. The scientists caught his fall, forcing him on his knees so they could continue pushing deeper and deeper. “Fuck...” Even while he knew it was wrong, the slow push of the sex toy inside him brought him a moniker of arousal—a feeling sorely needed that continued eluding him with his null bulge. As his prostate was slowly tickled by the deepening plug, he squeezed his groin harder, the squeaking growing so loud that some people were plugging his ears in annoyance.

“Woah, you're giving us some excellent readings!” Gabriel cheered. “How do you feel!”

Amidst mindless pants, moans, and whines, the crowd could barely speak anything beyond simple words “Cum... Cum... I need to... Cum...”

“Tsk tsK tsK. I don't think you can ask that of me. What have you given me to grant you something so precious?”

“ANYTHING!” Rambo screamed, anger and arousal mixing together to form a hot, stewing brew of emotions. “Please, please! I have to... Haaahve too...”

“Anything?” Gabriel asked, already aware of where things were going. He held all the cards—the foolish crow simply didn’t know better. “My, what a tantalizing offer...”

“Plehehease—”

“Alrighty then! Worker benefits include release.” The hawk explained matter-of-factly. “Can anyone get Mister Corvo a contract, please?”

Rambo didn’t stop his hand from being manipulated. They forced him to grab the pen and started mimicking his signature. How did they know it? How could have they know—
“Mmmghah...” The plug was fully pushed in, a hollow ‘O’ shape present on the sex toy for easy access. The burst of pleasure sent his head spinning, everything becoming white for a second as even his goal of exposing the secrets of the Halcyon facility was banished, everything assimilated into a miasma of pure pleasure. *Please... I’ll do anything...*

“Perfect.” Activating the microphone for one last time, Gabriel spoke. “Everyone, we’re done here for the night. Please take subject #D2401 to the elevator so I can take it upstairs to my office.”

Gabriel walked with his hands behind his back—perfect poise and posture while all the other scientists began shutting off the machinery. He kept a steady eye on the one bringing Rambo—who was still completely entranced by his null bulge and not even attempting to escape anymore—to the elevator. He had been keeping an eye on the crow for a long time, but when he heard that he was asking for him—ready for the taking and in his own domain—Gabriel couldn’t pass the chance to snatch him up.

About time, really. I’ll need to take care of his feline friend, too... but all in due time.

Once he was riding up the elevator with his new acquisition, Gabriel’s beak contorted into a manic smile as he looked over Rambo. Even speech had left the crow—nothing but a creature to be toyed with and lulled in with base instincts. The *perfect* worker drone.

When the doors opened, he dragged Rambo by the hand and pressed his badge. The electronic terminals and the glass containing them opened up, revealing them to be hosting pods for many other drones like him; a wolf, a crocodile, a tiger, a dragon, and many others. By now he had lost count of how many he had caught. It didn’t matter; more always meant best.

Gabriel shoved Rambo inside, sending him crashing against the wall. “Have fun there. I’ll let you out... *eventually*.” Without a single shred of hesitation, he slammed the door to the terminal shut, fully encasing the crow drone into pure darkness.

