

The khajiit woman, Tsijarra looked around at the panel in front of her and slammed her fist into the desk. She'd skimmed a book -some luckily found research notes- but still she'd not quite solved the maintenance routine.

The khajiit had come to a strange location in Skyrim; an innkeeper had told her this facility could offer a job, a stable and safe one in these times where peril stalked the lands. A gruff guard had let her in through ancient dwemer-designed ruins, through a place that was half research facility and half rehabilitating prison, the most notable thing was the rubber that all the staff and inmates wore.

She'd not had opportunity or means to ask what the stuff was, it being unfamiliar to her, nor to discover how they harvested or used it. Instead she'd been given a special visitor's catsuit of her own and taken on an expansive tour. A few blush-inducing sights made her chest heave and suddenly the idea of working there as staff warred with the thought of becoming one of their testers.

She'd been set to choose her fate in conversation with the chipper and charming secretary, though she'd still been deliberating on whether to sign a contract to work or one to be 'admitted'. Suddenly the lighting within the stone and metal facility had blinked erratically, followed by an alarm and then a lockdown of several rooms.

The receptionist had fallen into a panic and begged for Tsijarra to try and restart the power. There was no one else they could reach and the receptionist only knew where the maintenance area was, nothing of how to fix things. The khajiit had smirked confidently, affecting a swagger, if she could pull this off they'd hire her for sure. Taking the key, she'd set off into the back room.

That left her where she was now. Ancient yet functioning steam boilers churned away, -Tsijarra had even thought herself done when those began to function- yet the door had been blocked behind her, with another entire room tied to whatever forces powered the building. The complex panel in front of her should let her bring everything back online.

The control room had been thick with cobwebs, with a few dust coated bookshelves and one ominous contraption; one of the wall-mounted dwemer conveyances that spat out their automatons. It had been boarded shut, however, thick planks with heavy nails keeping it pinned that way. The shelves were flush with books, many of which were in ancient dwemer. One had been written in the language she knew, the lucky find of research notes. She'd followed that guide into fixing the machinery but an ominous looking oil spill around the last control panel on the floor had sent her back here, looking for any way to make it work without risking being caught in an inferno should there be so much as an errant spark.

It was useless, she'd have to go to that panel where three buttons lay and according to the book, she had to find the correct three button sequence to initiate the restart.

“Why are things never simple!” She muttered under her breath as she stepped into the pool, having to take it extra slow so she didn’t fall. She walked up to the buttons and with a silent prayer, pressed each one once from right to left.

The cogs on display clanked and her heart leapt, she’d managed to get it on the first attempt?

No. No she had not, the gears sparked in a way that made her hurry back from the oil, tail standing on end but then they stilled again. So that had been wrong she mused to herself. Her next few attempts earned the same result with one making the lights dim ominously to the point she thought she may have broken the entire gods damned thing! There were only six combinations it could have been as the manual explicitly warned against hitting the same button twice.

It was the fifth combination that worked and Tsijarra let out a sigh of relief, stepping away. She nearly slipped on the oil, grumbling under her breath as she bumped clumsily into a wall to steady herself and then she made her way to the narrow gateway that separated this room from the controls.

*Click.*

The **khajit’s fur stood on end** for the second time in five minutes as her foot caused a depression in the floor to dip and sharp-pointed spear-like bars shot up in front and behind her, trapping her in the archway. “What in-” Her question stopped as she heard a loud splintering crunch, followed by a clang of metal on stone. The steam-based hiss gave further form to her suspicions, despite the boards a dwemer construct had burst through.

The dwarven sphere rattled as it rolled close, remaining balled up as it turned the cast metal mask towards her. She was unarmed and sitting between these bars, utterly defenceless. If it pulled out the typical crossbow they often wielded then she’d be doomed, the rubber suit felt like it would not stand up to a blade, after all.

She saw a light glow in its eyes which seemed to grow brighter for a moment, then a louder hiss came from either side of her. The scent of gas hit her first and sent her sputtering, a visible shade of it poured from around and above, heavier than air and brushing over her. She couldn’t hold her breath nor find a clear space and so she got a full whiff of it when her lungs could wait no longer. The mix sent her reeling, light-headed already but a strange tactile sensation grew from the neck down. Like liquid tracing her body. No, not liquid, the suit she been wearing!

As she looked it broke apart, almost melting as it slid off her, boots and all pooling and totally destroyed, however it seemed she didn’t suffer herself. Just what was this? “G-get away!” She hissed at the sphere, which remained curled and staring at her. The khajit pressed to the far

wall, crouching down to try and grab the suit but it flowed out of her hands like liquid, leaving her naked and exposed.

The gas flow had stopped and a whirring fan quickly extracted what remained as the construct wheeled back from her, still facing her all the way. She wasn't sure if she imagined another flash but she heard an intoning voice in her head as though it echoed in her skull. [COME] it said.

The fence before her retracted into the ground but the last thing her survival instincts wanted to do was obey. As she was pressing back to the other wall, which still refused to open, the voice sounded again, at a pitch that made her head throb. [COME]. The sphere unfurled, body-frame and head rising as arms came out. There was no crossbow in sight but the flashing metal of what looked like a blade made her gasp and take steps forward in case it grew violent.

The metal flashed down, grabbing the khajiit by her wrist. Not a blade but a flexible tool that grabbed tightly and then hoisted up, pulling her off the ground. "W-what is this?! **Release Tsijarra!**" She hissed, kicking and **clawing**. The construct may as well have been a wall, all she managed was to hurt herself before more arms unfurled from the main body of the construct.

A cold clammy chill struck her right toes, then traced up her shin. Her other leg felt the same as the many arms dragged a fresh catsuit, thicker and more durable than the one she'd worn, into place. There were no holes for her feet **or her tail, the machine even grabbed the tip of the extra limb and pressed it down the back of one leg, the coating rubber suit pinning it there.**

She kept trying to struggle, to fight and wrench but in seconds it had drawn the suit over her belly. The construct dropped her back to ground level, seizing her other arm and then wrenching both of them behind her back folded painfully tight against each other. The suit was raised further, a special pocket revealing that would pin her arms there, bound and in place!

Her arms were dropped but she was immediately reclaimed by its grip, the arm going around her neck. "**Release this one!** Rele-ahhghh!" The second arm pressed between her jaws and she felt it slide something in between her teeth, a solid, round ring, which the same gripping arm deployed a strap to pin in place.

Tsijarra's tongue was trapped below it, unable to worm back or lift to push it away. A sudden shift took her mind off that. A rounded, blunt shape thrust inside of her nethers! The suit had a slit for such an insert, which itself was chased by a solid clasping belt with a second, built in plug. In additional humiliation, her feet were snatched again and stuffed into heavy rubber boots that matched her suits glossy shine.

She felt a click as the construct locked the items on, dropped her and then rolled backwards. [COME] the voice said, mercilessly, not giving her time to adjust to what this machine had done to her! She growled an angered threat at the construct yet in retort the plug

that stretched her inner walls thrummed with coercive energy, she fell to her knees with a soft mewl of shock.

The construct slid back to her, grabbing her by the neck and pulling her to stand again before it wheeled away down the ramp that led to the room. It turned, watching her. The display of speed and strength cowed the woman for the moment. This thing could break her even without this gear on, feeling the worry build in her she took a step towards it.

With each step the buzzing between her legs grew. It was ... rewarding her? She didn't want that, despite how the rubber felt, despite how the trill was pleasant, she'd not asked for it.

The dwarven construct led her towards the door, her heart fluttering as she tried to figure out what it might mean. Had the staff tricked her? Was this drone going to abduct her for their use?

A small, devious part of her mused that she might actually want that but before she could dwell on the thought, the machine pivoted and rolled to the side. Wary and curiously she followed it into an empty, circular based room. It clanked as it sprang to life, revealing itself to be a hidden elevator that descended downward.

Her escort clattered metallically as it folded up, going almost dormant, even when she tried to strain and tug at her suit. There was nothing she could do, though the teasing plugs seemed to detect her actions. The more she squirmed and struggled the quieter they got, if she stood still they started to buzz and encourage her.

The elevator platform stopped with a crunch and the ball-like sentry unfurled again, wheeling down a high ceilinged hallway. Dust, rubble and cobwebs greeted Tsijarra's eyes, rendering the entire dwemer structure dulled and decaying. Even some parts from on high had detached and fallen. A glowing, sparking cable hung, the chandelier it once held fallen on the ground. To the left the passage had collapsed enough to be beyond traversing, to the right, a giant metal door in the dwemer style blocked the way, there was unlikely anything she could do to open it even if she had the freedom to act.

Tsijarra's escort had gained some distance on her as she looked at the surroundings. Her study was interrupted by the plugs. They jolted between Tsijarra's legs with a punishing electric spark, making her eyes crack wide as the mechanical sentry turned to stare with the unblinking eyes of its solid-cast face. The shock from the plugs sent her legs quivering as the voice rang out again in her mind. [COME]

As the khajiit tried to pull away and turn back again, the stimulation and pain flared up to squeeze tears from her eyes. She moaned a sob through the gagging ring as she stepped closer on shaking legs. The vibrations eased as she closed the distance, muting both the shiver and shock when the sentry began to move with her in step.

The hall was abandoned, clear of furnishings and cosmetic ornaments, only the walls and doors kept the woman and construct company. Still, a dim glow from dwemer lighting shone out, even the bulbs clouded over with time and disuse. She could only move forward. Two paired pillars flanked her where the hall narrowed again. Functioning chandeliers help high. Her steps clonked and the suit on her creaked with each step.

The dwarven sphere churred as it ran ahead of her a little and two more of the dispersion units clanked and banged as constructs climbed out. Dwarven spiders, short, mechanical drones fit more for maintenance than security. The sphere looked between them as if relaying orders which they scurried off to obey, running past Tsijarra.

Her gaze was taken back by a cautioning buzz inside the belt. The sphere rolled on, reaching the large door at the end of the hall. A red inlaid plinth suddenly flashed as it interfaced with it and then the door opened. The crafted metal guard churned forward sinking down into the revealed room. Tsijarra was quick to follow, even though the boots were clumsy for the staircase and ramp that lay before her. Her breath caught as she saw what lay in the room and she screamed in panic into the solid ring.

The first thing that had caught her sight was one of the four toppled and inactive dwemer centurions, giant constructs that could siege a city gate. The room was vaguely cubic, with one larger chandelier illuminating it. A metal ramp at the back led to what looked like another control room. However, the source of her fear was all she had eyes for. The most ominous aspect of the room stood aligned with the middle toward the back.

Her eyes couldn't make it out at first glance but the uncanny shape of it unnerved her enough that she tried to step back. A hollow white frame, the glossy colour untouched by the same dusty ravages that had tarnished the rest of the room. The frame had been split open down the centre, on hinges rather than by damage.

She'd never seen an iron maiden in her life but the vision before her was like one such device if it were crossed with clinical design. The white walls of it were lined with orange rubber-like padding in segments, with a solid round base at the floor. Thick cables connected to strewn pieces of dwarven tech, with one wire loose and sparking.

The maiden was shaped to mimic a body's curves with a raised thin-cushioned ledge to separate the legs. Jutting out on top of that ledge were two thick faux phalluses and the raised face-plate bore another, even longer one. Tsijarra's spellbound gaze was broken as she turned to run, yet instead she tripped, sliding down the stairs. The dwarven sphere grabbed her by one boot, drawing her closer.

"Nnnhhgh! Nnnnhhh!!!" She squealed at its impassive face. She was lifted off the ground by the back of the plug-pinning belt. There was a click as it fell free, the buzzing intruders sliding with it and the poor khajiit was scooped in one motion toward the frame. One hole was fortunately well lubricated but the other tugged roughly as she was impaled upon them

both. The sphere seized one of her boots in a pincer, slicing and wrenching it off before grabbing her ankle and stuffing it into the leg hole.

Tears fell freely down her twisted face as her other leg soon matched in symmetrical imprisonment. She tried to pull out of the frame, though the thick plugs anchoring her meant the chance wasn't even offered. Air hissed as the rubber inflated to conform and press around her torso and legs as the construct pushed her in by the chest. The other arm rose to her face, a flopping rubber mask in its grip, matching the shade of the suit she wore. It tugged it over with sudden energy. Even though it **felt too small, designed for a man or mer, it still stretched to accommodate the feline head, plastering her ears down and** shrouding her skull in darkness with just three holes; two for the eyes and one lined up with the mouth. It pressed in over the top of the suit, covering her neck completely.

"Nhhh! Hllleahh nhhh!" She begged in hysterics as the dwarf construct stared at the device and it gave a pneumatic hiss in return. The doors were closing, her limited view shrinking, suddenly dominated by the long phallus. It slid into the mask and ring as the face plate swung shut, inching over her tongue, tickling her mouth and then with one last click burying two inches down her throat. Mechanisms behind her head slid sharply forward, squeezing over her throat to pin it in place.

The pressure around her grew as the doors joined the plate in sealing her in, the inflating rubber pressing so that she couldn't move at all. The tiniest crack of light vanished as the pieces locked almost seamlessly, clicking. The world was too muted for her to hear as the sphere rolled up the ramp to the panel and began to adjust its capture.

What she did hear though sent a fresh moan into the gagging length. Metal limbs clattered against the outside of the maiden, the dwarven spiders had returned and a loud hiss filled the air as they began to trace the edges. They were welding them shut!

**The cat** strained for all she was worth, her motions completely nullified by the rubber. Through her tears, she was aware of a light blossoming in front of her eyes, a visor inside the mask.

In time with the voice in her head returning, a single syllable was intoned as the word flashed in bright pink. [BE]

She winced, her eyes tried to close or look away. A sudden electric jolt jarred her, worse than that of the plug she'd borne before, the voice continued, the display switching. [A]

The prison around her grew increasingly stuffy, still trapped in the layered rubber, the welding of the gaps was nearing completion, yet not even the sparks made it to her sight. [GOOD]

The khajiit let out one last dread filled moan, the thrum in her throat upset by the hefty plug and making her retch at the feeling. [SLUT] The visor and voice paused, going dim for a

few seconds. She was panicking, what did it mean, how could she be good, what had she even done to deserve this?

The buzzing stopped, the welding done, yet even so her air supply did not seem impacted. Enchantments rested on the maiden, preserving its occupant for as long as it took for them to break and be released.

[BE] it started again.

[A] The speed was consistent, the plugs however were beginning to shudder in time with each swap of the letters.

[GOOD]. Another churning within and as she tried to turn away another cruel shock.

[SLUT] The pleasuring thrum returned in full force as the shock faded and she looked at the words. The voice, the words, looping one by one. [BE. A. GOOD. SLUT]. The message was burning into her as she was punished for avoiding it and rewarded for staring at it, her instinctive need to avoid pain gnawing at her will to avoid this... brainwashing.

Her thoughts wandered in fear. Her final actions above may well have restored power but the generator's surroundings had seen some action in recent years. The hallway to this room, to what she feared was likely to be her coffin, hadn't seen a living soul in a far greater time.

[BE. A. GOOD. SLUT.] It insisted, buzzing to bring her up to the edge. Her vision flicked away and a shock pierced her that chased away all her arousal. Her penance for not submitting. She sobbed, hoping that the staff would look for her, praying to the Seven that they'd know how to get to her.

But that rescue would never come, for when the staff made it into the boiler chamber they found the broken remains of her visitor suit, torn and melted, they found the fractured wood that had once sealed the dwemer hole. While she suffered in unending bondage, they assumed her dead and carried away.

By design she should only suffer until she was broken. Yet given there were none remaining who would come to collect her, the systems damaged to the point that only the capturing units still acted, she would continue to suffer in undening sexual torture long after she'd forgotten what it was like to be outside the pinning device.