

The sound of steam and cogs turning was the first thing that Keaton noticed as he woke up. His ears wriggled, taking in the seemingly endless cacophony of man-made noises. The last thing he remembered was the world going dark, the floor underneath him becoming undone. Alfonse screamed out his name, the Askrian prince's yelling fading away as he plummeted into the darkness below.

I got caught! I should've been more careful...

Kiran had told him a hundred times about the traps, and he nodded a hundred times back, but he was so excited to *finally* be able to explore outside of Askr Castle that he just got caught up in the heat of the moment. They were battling... broken heroes, if he remembered correctly. He couldn't quite understand what they actually were—even after both Alfonse and that weird little girl with the witch hat and the strange gun explained it to him and the rest of the heroes over and over again. The only thing Keaton knew was that they were bad and they were seemingly less human and more like the freaky dolls that the Hoshidans often set out for patrols.

Looking around, he seemed to be inside a giant hangar. The storage inside Askr Castle looked measly compared to the expansive, ever-stretching space around the wolfskin. If he had to guess, he had fallen through what was a hidden entrance. *But the fall was so long... How did I...* looking behind him, he realized that a giant pile of what looked to be pool toys cushioned his fall. He remembered seeing some during the summer parties that Askr held every single year. His favorite was the Lillith plushie that Prince Xander brought one time, although he adamantly denied ever doing such a thing.

“What are these doing here...?”

In contrast to the myriad of animal-themed pool toys back in Askr, almost all of the ones in the pile in front of him resembled *people*. It was a strange sort of fusion between the texture of floaties and mannequins. Their torso and legs were perfectly proportioned, but the feet and hands were featureless, colored rounded-out nubs. Of course, the thing that confounded him the most was the fact that in the middle of a giant storage that hosted weapons and machines so advanced that they were barely understandable to people like him... There was a random heap of toys that would surely burst if they came into contact with the sharp parts of the machinery around them.

Picking up one of the pool toys, Keaton immediately could tell that the armor resembled the one that the people from Lycia had, or at least a cartoonish rendition of the style; simple and plain armor that was functional but didn't have much to stand out beyond some golden trimming. It was made in the image of a man with teal hair that went over his eyes. The giant tuft of hair was a clump of bulbous, rounded-out inflated edges. Keaton moved them up, revealing a pair of printed-on squinting eyes. With the giant smile underneath it, it made it look like the stamped-on expression was forced—as if the design was made with someone smiling so much that it was painful in mind.

“Freaky...”

However, something else caught his eye; on the pool toy knight’s belt was a balloon sword attached to it. Immediately, his brain went off at the thought of adding something so shiny to his treasure trove. Ever since being pulled from Corrin’s castle in Valla to Askr, he had begun building his collection all over again. This balloon sword would go greatly alongside his large pile of knick knacks!

Excitedly, Keaton pulled on the hilt to unsheath it, but as soon as he started to draw the rubber blade, the bouncy sword scraped against the belt and sheath, a deafening squeaky *SQRK* sound of two rubber surfaces pushing echoing across the hangar’s metal wall. It was somehow as bad as a knife scraping against a rusty, deteriorated pipe. Every bit of hair on his head stood up, electricity and adrenaline shooting out. The sound was *haunting*.

Halting abruptly, Keaton’s ears stood up as he threw the rubber knight away. If anyone was down there with him, they would’ve noticed the sound immediately. He dug his hands into his pocket, clenching the beaststone and preparing to transform the second that he heard someone approaching. With how bulky the machinery and armor of the Niðavellir army, he would hear them coming. He waited and waited, tail blistered up and shot upwards, claws brandished. His only option at the moment was to fight if he couldn’t hide.

I’m gonna tear those nasty machines apart if I see them!

He waited and waited, feeling his breath stop and chest tighten. At any moment, something would strike... that’s what he thought at first. Two minutes of holding out in a combat stance later, it finally dawned on him that he was probably alone. Hell, if anyone was down there, they would’ve noticed his presence when he fell down the trapdoor. “Crap, this place’s driving me crazy. I hope none of the fumes coming off the machines are poisonous. Don’t know if they have medicine for that in Askr either... or restore staves.”

Looking back at the balloon knight, the light coming off from the apparatuses surrounding him reflected across the rubber surface. The inflatable surface of its skin shimmered against the barrage of neon lights, reflecting the light toward the wolfskin and making him look away from it. Still, he was curious about the sword. Squinting towards the ray of light, he prepared himself for the piercing grinding. The sword dragged itself across the sheath, slowly coming out as Keaton pulled harder and harder. Despite it appearing like any other balloon, the rubber blade was taut and refusing to budge easily. It was filled with so much air that he could barely squish down on it.

“N-ngh! Ngh, come on... This is mine! Give it to me!” He whined, puffing out his cheeks as a pink tint spread across them. “Come on, you stupid balloon! Let go of it!” He could feel the belt somehow squeezing down on the sword. Was the pool toy somehow trying to prevent him from taking his sword? If so, the wolfskin was even more impressed yet angered at Niðavellir’s tricks. Something so shiny and pretty shouldn’t be stored inside a creepy, dusty hanger. It was just foolish! Clenching his fangs and growling at the seemingly unbudging

rubber knight, Keaton growled as he arched his back even further. The scabbard pressed down on the tip, *adamantly* holding onto the sword. The wolfskin's muscles stretched as he almost failed under the pressure, but with a surge of adrenaline, he managed to pry it out from the sheath.

“AGH!” All the built-up force sent him flying backward, slamming onto the floor with a massive *THUD*. The knight followed in tow and bounced near him, faint thumps coming from each bounce. “Oooooow...” He rubbed his stinging behind, trying to suppress a whine. Ears slumped over, the wolfskin continued to soothe his aching body. He had gone *way* farther than he thought possible. There was at least one meter of distance between him and the pile. The balloon knight hopped a similarly impressive distance. “How did I...” His eyes laid on the glimmering lights reflecting off the sword. As if he were a child snatching a present packaged with scraps of clothing and leaves, Keaton fetched the balloon sword. “Finally!” He rubbed his face against it, sniffing it and taking in the plastic, artificial scent. It would be the standout piece of his treasure trove! “Yes, yes! It's gonna look *sooooo* good on top of my rusty treasure chest and tattered costume blanket!”

Turning to the knight, he didn't think twice before kicking it. “Jerk.” He mumbled, looking at it float into the air before *sloooowly* hovering down. The fact that it kept smiling only felt like whoever made the pool toy was rubbing salt on the wound. If anyone ever found out that a pathetic little pool toy was giving him trouble, they'd definitely never take him out on expeditions ever again. He already had trouble convincing Kiran to take him with them, and after falling for that obvious trap, he was definitely on thin ice.

Making sure that his claws wouldn't make the sword explode, Keaton ventured deeper into the facility. Besides the quadruped horse mechs that looked just like the one Reginn used, there seemed to be pretty much anything one could think of stored inside; toys, mechanical tools, armor, and even strange small apparatuses that seemed to give off the same strange, ethereal 'vibe' as the small witch's firearm.

“Do they ship these out to other realms? I mean, those pool toys did look really similar to the ones Prince Xander had... but how did they even manage to make them? I don't see a factory anywhere...” Keaton rubbed his head. Things like these—giant, expansive spaces of ever-grinding cogs and wheels to make machines beyond imagination operate seamlessly—were simply too advanced for a mere mountaineer like him. It took him a long time to understand human society and the monarchy attached to it, and now having to acclimate to *realms* and *gates*... it was enough to give him a headache. “Aagh, what am I gonna tell Alfonse and Sharena when I get back? Maybe if I tell Lady Anna about all the trinkets down here, she'll forgive me once she sells them to someone...”

As he passed a row of the equestrian mechs, something caught his eye. Slotted between two of the machines was a giant rectangular box wrapped with gift paper. Across a pastel yellow background, a crest depicting some sort of eagle with a flower-shaped design at the bottom was plastered all over. On the top was a giant red bow. Almost acting on pure instinct, Keaton tried leaping to grab one of the ends to undo it, expecting it to fall apart with a single pull.

Instead, the bow remained taut, completely unmoving. He thought that he just needed to pull harder, dangling in the air as he kicked desperately. “Ngh, ngh! Come on! I wanna see what’s inside!” He pulled a few more times, even using his claws to try and tear the ribbon fabric, but it was completely resilient against his scratching.

Keaton dropped to the ground, stomping his feet before turning to tear the wrapping paper instead. This time, his claws tore through it like it was nothing. With tatters flying behind him, the present hidden underneath revealed itself to him. Keaton was expecting some sort of *actual* weapon or a tome. Instead, it was some sort of life-sized toy. Immediately, the wolfskin’s eyes lit up as he beamed with pure joy. The balloon sword looked like nothing compared to the massive action figure perfectly preserved in a plastic box. Now *that* would be a great centerpiece. *Bigger is better* he thought to himself, and that line of thinking had never failed him up to now.

The giant box held some sort of priest inside. Just like the balloon knight, the priest was smiling ear to ear. Atop his head was an inflexible piece meant to look like a piece of orange, wild hair that jutted out. It was obviously trying to give out the appearance of hair, but it was clear that it was one of those toy pieces that could be removed at any time. He was wearing a big gray robe with red accents was draped over him. It extended outwards to give the illusion of puffiness, but it was completely stiff. Besides him were a series plastic, shiny accessories; a book with a cartoonish flame on it and a warp staff that seemed to resemble a pool noodle with a rubber ball on the top more than a magical artifact.

The thing that stuck out to Keaton the most was that the priest doll was holding one of his hands out forward, extending his hand through a hole in the plastic box. On his plastic palm was a button, printing on the outside depicting bright cartoonish arrows pointing at the open hand with a giant *PRESS ME* sign above it. With so many temptations pushing him, Keaton couldn’t resist. The speaker inside the doll’s mouth began to whirr, slowly beginning to play an audio file.

A strange, clattering sound came from within the doll. The toy tome and warp staff shimmered slightly as the toy began to shift, but the movement wasn’t life-like. It seemed pre-determined, completely mechanical in its *emulation* of livelihood. *A-AWOO! Welcome to the So-So-Solm Kingdom! Do you want to party with me?*

“Woah, it even talks?!” Excited, he pushed yet again, tail wagging back and forth. “I’d love to party with you!”

W-welcome to the pack, then!

Suddenly, the priest closed up his hand and interlocked it with Keaton. The wolfskin immediately tried to pull his hand away, but the priest’s plastic clamped down on his palm. A surge of panic burst immediately through Keaton, dread enveloping his being as all the whimsy that he opened the gift with faded away from him.

“L-let me go!” The wolfskin whined, constantly trying to pull away from the doll’s grip. The plastic digits were pressing down deeply against in-between his fingers, clenching intensely and refusing to let go. “I hate these stupid weird toys!” Already exhausted by the constant push from all the items in the hanger, he plunged his hands into his pockets, gripping the beaststone.

An ethereal orange glow emanated from his pocket. The light traveled from one arm to the other, muscles tensing up as his clothes began to blend into the light, fading into particles that traveled into the air, revealing patches of dark fur underneath. His claws burst forward, becoming long keratin blades. Feeling his fangs clench like two pressure plates smashing against each other, Keaton pushed as much energy as he could toward the base of his paw and pressed down on the priest’s hand. He had crushed through things as tough as a general’s helmet before, he *could* do it. He pressed harder and harder, growling louder without any regard if he would get caught. Despite all his efforts, the doll didn’t even crack a little. *How is a puny stupid doll doing this?! I’m not weak!*

His other arm turned, wolfskin musculature working overtime. His upper limbs swelled and pulsated with magical energy, orange lights flowing out of the rippling muscle. He pulled and pulled, his growls devolving into a fit of feral screaming. “LET ME GO!” With a ferocious roar, the rest of his body morphed. His face transformed into a muzzle, slit eyes opening to reveal a glowing red sclera behind them as his face elongated outwards. Denim and cloth faded away, musculature ballooning as he grew twice larger as his body burst free of its prison. Saliva flew out of his face, Keaton screaming at the doll as he pulled back. His back arched as he pulled backward, and *finally*, the sound of something popping rang across the hangar.

Heaving, Keaton looked down at his hand. The priest’s plastic hand *still* latched onto his, now separated from his body. The rattling from the box had become frantic, the doll convulsing and making the items alongside rattle it. Whatever positive feelings he had about the place were now corroded by anger, frustration, and profound confusion. Whatever was being produced here wasn’t just ordinary toys. There was something *wrong* with them, Keaton just couldn’t put into words what exactly it was.

A sudden pressure then surged within his palm. “N-nggh!” He clenched his wrist, the pain coming from the area where the center of his hand and the priest doll’s connected. It was almost like a needle plunged deep inside into his skin, a sharp prickle making his hand suddenly turn cold. “What is this thing *doing*?! Why won’t it come”—seemingly for no reason, the doll hand finally gave up on its grips. It gently landed on the floor, a barely audible *thump* following. It was like in just a second, any kind of life that it held vanished. The thrashing from the toy box subsided as well—“...off.”

Transforming back into his human form, Keaton gently kicked the hand to see if it was still alive. He jumped back as soon as he made contact, ready to sprint apart in case it sprung to life, and began crawling around like a spider. *Is... is it not alive?* He kicked it again—no response. *Guess not.* Still a little bit wary, Keaton made sure to grab it from the wrist with his

claws. As it dangled in the air, he spun it around. On the plastic palm was something written in bright red letters.

*CURRENTLY NOT RELEASED HERO MERCHANDISE: FIRE EMBLEM
ENGAGE—PANDREO, BRIGHT SANDS BANNER. NOT TO BE DISTRIBUTED UNTIL
STABLISHED DATE. UNSEALING BEFORE THAT DAY WILL BE MET WITH
PUNISHMENT*

“Unsealing? What does that...”

His eyes wandered towards the origin of the pressure in his hand. He was expecting to see blood with how hard he was pricked, but instead of seeing his palm marred with crimson, a strange, shiny liquid that had begun to spread around his hand, reaching to tickle the bottom of his fingers. Just like Balloon Knight, the surface reflected the barrage of neon lights back to him. It wasn't just the array of colors staring back at him, but his own reflection warped around the liquid. It wasn't like the normal reflection across a splotch of liquid. It was almost like a warped mirror had melted across his hand.

“W-what... what is this...?”

Almost *hypnotized* by the completely alien substance around his hand, Keaton went to touch it with his unstained fingers to see what would happen. He tried gliding his digits down to see if he could scrape the liquid metal off, only for the goo to then spread to his fingers. Keaton didn't even have anything to say, the bizarreness leaving him silent. He waved his hand to flick the goop off, but just like the doll's hand, it adamantly refused to let go of him. Inhaling sharply through his teeth, he erratically moved his hands, fingers flopping from the speed. That same sinking feeling of unadulterated *wrongness* plunged deeper into his chest like a knife, more and more goop spreading just as the dread travelled through his mind. His peachy, silky skin was covered by a shiny coat that was almost chrome-like. No matter how much he shook—no matter how much he struggled—it would *not* come out.

“Stop, STOP! GET THIS OFF ME!”

A shrieking, ear-piercing noise erupted through the hangar. One of the horse-shaped mechs near the toy box suddenly came to life, an engine revving up in each leg and shooting out steam into the air. The main head atop the equestrian part of the machine began to shake, the plates that composed the upper armor beginning to separate from each other and showing the inner workings. Keaton was half expecting to be met with a round of lead, but instead... *a person* was revealed inside.

“Wait...” He squinted closer. Stuck inside—muscle arms and thighs trapped by metal bands and wires—was a large, blonde man. He was deprived of any clothes, sweat smeared all across his body. *It must be from the steam*, Keaton assumed, which only made him shudder. Trapped in an iron prison, completely isolated while being boiled alive by the hot smoke brushing against one's frame; a fate that he didn't even consider possible, but he couldn't help but feel nauseous. “You're that Raphael guy from the desert... the one with the bow with

the purple fires...” Or at least a *version* of him. He looked noticeably older, but it was still him.

Instead of a panicked or horrified expression, absolutely nothing was written on his face. His eyes were now glazed over, a dark yellow replacing his golden pupils. Even though the strange purple visor draped over his face, Keaton could see it clearly. The sight made Raphael look almost like a shell in human form, devoid of the liveliness that characterized the large man. The fact that his arms gently dangled without movement—moving back and forth like wind chimes being gently swayed by the wind—made him look less like a person and more like an integrated part of the machine.

For a second, his eyes wandered down to Raphael’s groin. Despite the almost *dead* expression on the blonde’s face, his cock was throbbing constantly—also tangled up by wires. Keaton wanted to punch himself for focusing on something like that, but he couldn’t resist. He could feel his entire body heating up as he looked at those shiny wires pumping down on Raphael’s cock—doing so with a pace so agonizingly slow that reaching a climax must’ve been impossible.

“STEAM UNIT RPH01 ACTIVATED. INTRUDER SPOTTED. ENGAGING IN SEALING PROTOCOL.”

Wait, no! I thought that— It finally dawned on him. The mechanical armors weren’t non-operational. They were simply turned off, and every single one could’ve turned on at any single moment. *Crud.* He turned tail and started sprinting, but he was no match for the galloping mech. It quickly snatched him up by the leg, dangling him upside down. “LET ME GO!” He screamed at the mech, now closed up once again and encasing Raphael. “A-AND LET THAT BLONDIE MAN GO TOO!”

It acted like it didn’t hear Keaton at all. While dragging the wolfskin through the ground—completely indifferent to the growls, screams, and curses—it turned right.

“GAAAAGH! STOP YOU STUPID HORSE MACHINE THING!”

While slamming his fists against the legs to try and topple the mech over, Keaton noticed that the rows and stacks of flashy mechs and toys began to fade away. Instead, more of those strange gift boxes like the one the priest doll was in began to appear all over the place, until it was the only thing he could see. Some of them were even shaking, showing signs of life.

Suddenly, the horse mech stopped. Keaton thought that it was his chance, but before he could try and free himself, the armor suddenly arched its arm upwards. Before he could even understand what was happening, he had been thrown into the air.

The world spun around him as he began to freefall, a bright light present amongst the rows. He couldn’t figure out what it was exactly as he spun violently. With a shrill scream, he slowly approached the bottom... *and didn’t smash into the floor.* Instead, something soft had caught his landing. It wasn’t cushioning. It felt squishy, almost like a giant water bed. He still

held his eyes shut, so scared that he refused to breathe. He remained completely still, completely immobilized besides the up and down movement from his chest.

That was until he heard the sound of a speaker turning on, ear-piercing feedback blasting out of it until a pair of voices began to speak.

“I TOLD you that it was going to work. My automated security network would eventually catch someone.” The first voice was high-pitched and haughty. It sounded familiar, but there was so much adrenaline clouding his thoughts that he just barely processed it.

“I never said that it wouldn’t work. I just said that it was a waste of resources in our invasion to other realms.”

“Would you rather let our enemies take hold of our weapons?”

The second voice didn’t respond. The conversation halted for a few seconds with awkward silence, before the first voice spoke up again.

“That’s what I thought, Otr. Now shut up and witness the wonders of science.”

That name... Even through the fear, Keaton managed to realize what was happening. *It’s that tiny guy on the horse mech and the witch girl!*

The second prince of Niðavellir still held silent while Eitri—the one pulling the strings behind the war that had brought Keaton into the booby-trapped forest in the first place—let out a ghoulish cackle.

“HEY!” Keaton screamed. “Let me go, and do it now!” Standing up, he realized that he had fallen into some kind of cylinder—one that went deep into the ground. He could see the mech that had trapped Raphael looking down at him from high above. “What is this place?!”

“Excellent question! I’ve encountered you before, did you know? The version of you that was mid-celebration of the New Year’s celebration was far less palatable, so I was hoping that I would stumble onto a better version of you. I’m very lucky, it seems.”

“Why are you even telling him how it’s gonna go down? It’s pointless.”

“Shut it, worm. You’re in no place to question my procedures. Understood?”

“Ugh...”

“Yeah, whatever. Now, Wolfskin boy!” She said, the speaker booming from how loud she was. ***“Look down. From what my RPH01 unit has recorded, you’re already acquainted with my newest invention.”***

Keaton looked down. What caught his fall was a *massive* pool of that strange liquid metal that had come from the doll's hand. Despite being able to stand on it, he could tell that it was

incredibly deep. It almost felt like he was standing in a thick swamp that was *slowly* swallowing his feet. He could even feel his feet underneath the giant tar-like pit wriggling desperately, unable to break out of the surface.

“W-what is this?”

“We don’t have a name for it yet. It is made by melting down the weapons of the broken heroes I’ve summoned in the past. They’re unstable molecules, constantly shifting, morphing, and changing. They latch onto whatever stable body comes into contact with them, but instead of being saved, they only transfer their instability to the host.”

“W-what the hell does that even mean?! Speak English, witch girl!”

The threat only seemed to amuse Eitri. ***“Well, if you’re not willing to pay attention, dumb dog, I’ll just show you what my wonderful invention does.”***

The liquid metal began to crawl up his legs. Keaton desperately tried to pull his legs out of the pool of liquid metal, but the constant movement only made him sink deeper and deeper. It went above his ankles, and suddenly, a freezing cold enveloped the sunken parts of his body. He didn’t understand it at first, but as he thrashed further, he realized that his clothes were fading away just as they did whenever he used his beast stone. *Wait, that’s it!* He immediately went for his pocket and clenched the gem, but instead of magic flowing through his body, nothing happened. He clenched the stone harder, but still—nothing came out of it. “Why is it not working!?”

“Because my magic suppresses any foolish idea you might have. That dumb rock isn’t going to help you!”

Keaton’s ears lowered as the goop inched closer and closer. The sound of Eitri’s mad cackling filled the chamber as the wolfskin’s clothes dissolved around his groin. He was already blushing from his penis swimming in the liquid metal, but suddenly, he felt it being stroked by the goo itself, almost as if a tendril had been formed inside the pool. “W-wait, don’t touch there!” Instinctively, he reached inside the liquid metal to protect his dick. His mistake only dawned on him by the time he realized that he had lunged his arms shoulder-deep into the goop, having done nothing to stop the sudden stimulation. “N-no, no... Mgh...”

The sudden massaging tempered his fury. He *hated* how effective it was. In just a few seconds, a wave of peace had washed over him. His dick continued being pumped—a slow pace just like how the tendrils were massaging Raphael’s cock earlier. “W-what is this... Supposed to do...?”

“Relax, doggie.”

Another tendril formed, launching itself deep inside Keaton. The wolfskin whined as it pushed further in, stretching his hole and rubbing against his walls. It wasn’t his first time, but from the sheer ecstasy dripping from him, it sure felt like. The tendril wriggled and

thrashed inside him, each bout of movement making the wolfskin whine as he was covered in more and more liquid metal. By now, his chin was budging against the surface. “W-wait...” He weakly whined, almost as if a part of him didn’t want it to end. He couldn’t put his all in defiance. There was just so much *pleasure* being pumped into his body that it had infected a part of his brain. It was like a parasite, worming itself through his mind and shutting down his anger.

As his mouth reached the goo, a curl suddenly sprung forward. He screamed in shock, but the entirety of his mouth was filled by the tentacle. It ballooned inside, expanding outwards as it pushed against the inner side of his cheeks. “*Mmppmh!*” It delved deeper, wriggling its way down to his throat. Keaton could feel it tickle his esophagus, gaining an almost phallic shape as it continued to tease his throat. “MPPMH!”

The last muffle was the curtain call as he was fully submerged in the liquid metal. Despite the goop being completely opaque, Keaton could still see through it. His eyes were covered, but the sight in front of him was perfectly clear; his entire body was coated in metal, a skin-tight layer that hugged his body.

His penis had been completely engulfed by a large, stocky pocket of air and goop that made it look like a strange bulge. The pumping persisted—still as faint as ever. Desperate to preserve his dignity, Keaton held the bulge in an attempt to pry it open. He desperately tugged, clenching his arms as the bulge just *refused* to move. Not just that, but he couldn’t feel his dick through it. He thought that if he pushed he could maybe feel up the outline, but to no avail. It was almost as if his cock and testicles had been replaced by nothing, just air.

“Excellent! Time to drain the metal liquid.”

A drain opened up at the bottom of the cylinder. Slowly, the metal goo began to be swallowed up by the current. However, the metal slime that had attached itself to Keaton’s body remained taut. The wolfskin slowly hovered down to the bottom as the goop levels lowered.

Once the metal disappeared completely, Keaton could stare at his reflection once again. He was covered head to toe in the goop, every one of his features washed out—the only thing that made him *him* was the outline of his hair and his canine aspects; his ears and tail.

W-what is this... He tried speaking, but only squeaking came out; yet another ear-bursting *SQRKK* that made him recoil in return.

Going to touch his face to check if what he was truly seeing was real, he noticed that his hands had been similarly engulfed in large pockets of rubber just like his cock. Rounded out *nubs* that took away his digits, leaving him unable to do anything but run the vague outline of a paw against his blank face.

“Now, for re-designing!”

Mechanical arms descended from the ceiling. Keaton tried to swipe at one of them but with his lumpy hands, he only managed to slightly move them to the side before they jankily moved back into place.

At the end of the arms were some sort of spraying devices. Some were black, while some were white, with one singular red one at the very top. They whirred up, and suddenly, began to sporadically move around while spraying down some sort of sticky liquid on top of his rubber coating. Keaton tried covering himself from the assault, but it was futile—their speed allowed them to find a gap in his defenses no matter what he tried.

More limbs descended, attaching some sort of add-ons to his legs. His reflection showed them to be some sort of handles, like the ones that the Lilith pool toy had.

W-wait... then does that mean...

One of the hands *slapped* him across the face, sending him tumbling to the ground. For some reason, he couldn't stand up. Looking at his legs, he realized that they had morphed into plump, rounded-out limbs that looked like overinflated balloons. His shoes were lumps of air like his hands, but by this point, he was more frustrated than surprised.

“MPHHM! SQRRK! MPHHHM!”

His pleas were unheard as the hands pulled up a mirror above him. His reflection met him; a pool toy with a permanent grin and seemingly mindless expression. Keaton didn't want to believe it, but Eitri didn't give him any reprieve to process his transformation. Two large plastic, rectangular boxes *slammed* against each other with him in between. He tried to break out, but as the sight of wrapping paper met him, Keaton finally realized what was going to happen to him.

There was *no* escape.