

Winston's workplace was never the most secure. Working in restoring Team Magma's base into a research facility for the league meant working heavy machinery up in Mount Chimney, the mountain's hot temperature forcing him and his coworkers to trek through the boiling, scorching landscape, their bodies marred with sweat and dirt.

The arid mountainscape was suffocating, the heat becoming even worse whenever he and his other coworkers had to delve deeper into the base to see if they could salvage any of Team Magma's technology. The dilapidated and broken-down labs had collapsed into a system of narrow tunnels that they couldn't bulldoze through, lest the entire structure collapse in on itself. Only *two* people were allowed to make their way through the ruined labs with nothing but the bare minimum of construction equipment, and even then, sometimes the debris pile would get so delicate that it was safer to go in completely alone.

It was a safety risk—he was very aware of that—but the only thing that arguing with his boss would get him was just motivation to fire him. Although in retrospect, maybe he *should've*.

I was such an idiot...

Going further than he needed, listening to his boss urging him to push through past the prospected excavation length of the day; a fatal, foolish mistake. One false step across some weak terrain sent him plunging into a deep pool of some sort of liquid metal. Winston shuddered as he remembered struggling to move through the swamp-like ocean of reflective liquid.

The rest of the workday was a blur. He was pulled out by a rescue team and quickly scanned for radiation. There were concerned murmurs and whispers from the other construction workers and league members supervising the project.

I still can't believe that I didn't show any kind of radiation on me... but the machines were calibrated four times and they still showed the same result. Maybe I'm just being paranoid?

Even after finally heading out of work, the thoughts kept swirling around Winston's head. He was given a week off just in case he developed any symptoms from his dip into the strange metal pool. The thought would've left him elated under any normal circumstances, but there was a strange buzz worming itself through his body. It was perhaps just the anxiety tethering to him, yet the possibility that it *could* be something else distanced him from any kind of relief. To make matters worse, that worsening sense of dread and uncertainty boiled him from the inside, sweat pouring out nonstop as if the worry was physically oozing out of his body. The inside of his clothes stuck to him from his rescue all the way to standing in front of his apartment door, the excessive amount of body hair spread across his frame certainly not helping in the matter.

Maybe a long shower is gonna help me relax...

Once inside, he chucked his safety vest on the couch as he sprinted to the shower. He was no stranger to sweating on the job, but today just felt... *different*. Something was wrong. He couldn't picture exactly what, he was just aware of it and the sticky feeling that spread

through his body. It wasn't *itchy*, but instead a permeating, constant sense of unease about the perspiration coating his skin.

Ugh, what is up with me today?

Winston stepped into the bathroom, beginning to take off his clothes. He unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants. The garment fell to the ground, and before he pulled down his underwear alongside them, he froze. The downwards sight—the sight of his normal, pale legs—was instead something incomprehensible. They didn't look like his legs anymore. They didn't even seem human.

“W-what the...?”

They had gone from a peachy, plain color to a strange hue between red and black—starting out a deep crimson at the bottom and a darker, almost brownish-red hue above his knees. He could no longer feel the fuzzy, prickly texture of his leg hairs either. The surface resembled more the feel of a cheap Halloween costume—the kind that would tear at the slightest sudden movement from how tightly it wrapped itself around its wearer.

He pushed down on his underwear. The corruption—just as he feared—had spread all the way to his groin and thighs. His upper thighs resembled a pair of latex shorts more than a simple, fun costume. Winston always went for boxers since he hated the way briefs or jockstraps would hug his junk, and the way the rubber coat squeezed his package only reminded him further of why he had that disdain in the first place. The rubber wrapped around it so viciously that the outline of his cock and testicles left nothing to the imagination—every detail captured through the rubber. It hugged his genitals, even the slightest awkward shift from his causing the rubber to brush against them and further send a tingle down his spine.

Winston gripped the 'shorts', pulling as hard as he could. The garment squeaked with an ear-piercing 'skrkk', growing even thinner as he tried pulling it out of his skin. Even with its flimsy appearance, the rubber refused to budge. The further he got, the more strained his muscles became—their might not a match for the latex's resistance. It slowly slipped from the center of his palm to his fingers—The semi-solid goo having strained itself leaner and leaner. It inched closer to his fingers, and one final push was all that it took for it to escape its grasp and *smack* back into position.

Winston clenched his teeth and puffed his cheeks up to suppress a scream. He couldn't see it, but he was sure that the skin underneath the shorts had turned red from the impact.

“I-I need to get this off me...” He squealed out in pain. Winston breathed sharply through his mouth, quickly feeling like he was about to run out of air if he didn't do something. His darting eyes wandered to the shower, an idea springing in his head. He quickly took off his shirt as he scurried off into the shower. Throwing it behind him, Winston saw that the latex spread had fortunately still not traveled up to his torso. He patted it tenderly. The feeling of his *real* skin compared to the faux, fake feeling of the costume-esque fabric time was a small sense of relief. Yet still, he felt the strange substance slither up past his waist and on the underside of his love handles.

Turning on the shower handles, Winston began desperately scrubbing his body with soap. The rubber expanded from his side to under his belly button. It vibrated slightly, beginning to morph into something else while still remaining attached to the coating around his legs. The tarry black liquid turned into a harder, golden goo. It began to surround his waist, forming some sort of armor plating around him that ended up circling back to the front. Two symmetrical prongs pushed downward, zigzagging past his bulge only to come back together to constrict it between the armor piece.

“N-not there! I thought that—”

As if the rubber was adamant in keeping him silenced, it squeezed his bulge fiercely. Winston inhaled through his teeth, suppressing a moan. He had never felt more helpless in his entire life. The two prongs squeezed again, this time lingering in their grip. He could do nothing against the bout of pleasure that was washing over him alongside the water. The armor pieces tenderly massaged his cock, somehow the latex acting as a dampener from the intense touch so that it would leave him always wanting more—never enough.

Just... Breathe... Don't... Focus on... A stronger, almost head-splitting shot of pleasure burst through his body. Winston stumbled back to the wall of the shower, his breathing turning more labored and faster. The hand that didn't hold the soap—neglected in the midst of Winston's sexual-driven haze—had wandered down to his bulge. Mounting more adrenaline across his cock, it had squeezed the bulge without even him realizing it. It was like the world had gone white for a second. The building pressure somehow hit him harder than a full-blown orgasm would've. His body just barely maintained balance. Every one of his limbs could barely keep straight, a cascade of potent arousal leaving his body in disarray.

Something's wrong... I should've...

With a metallic-sounding **CLANK** two more sets of prongs appeared from the side. With the strange armor belt formed—still vigorously squeezing his bulge and driving control further away from him—it slithered upwards back in its tarry goo form evermore. It held onto every one of the bundles of muscle on his six-pack, squeezing them as fiercely as it did his bulge. He kept a constant watch under his hand. He couldn't afford to.

“N-ngh!”

The rubber refused to give him space to breathe. While holding on to the sixpack, it began wrapping around his chest just as he did around his waist. Covering his nipples, the rubber began to vibrate in place—compounding his overwhelming pleasure. It twisted and teased them, even going as far as to wrap themselves around them and pulling them to force them to be perky and hard. Winston arched his head back, panting desperately as his hand went down to twist the bulge the second his self-restraint waned.

“F-fuckh... Aheah...”

The substance enraptured both of Winston's shoulders, seemingly adding more of itself to that area of his body to form a large clump that enveloped them in their entirety. The rubber massaged his tensed shoulder. The sensation was heavenly; the stress oozed out of his

shoulders like a cascade flowing down a cliffside, a paradoxical pleasure where his entire body felt like it was on fire yet he couldn't have been engulfed in greater delight. Buckling under the ebb and flow of his body's senses, Winston slid down the wall.

The latex stopped around his forearms—the same clump-esque manner that his shoulders were engulfed in also happening to them. Despite the substance being so malleable, it carried quite a heft.

So... *heavy*...

The latex trembled, growing more erratic until harshly stopping... until it suddenly *crackled* with a fiery burst of energy. His muscles swelled outwards, growing like a muscle suit around his frame. He bit his lip. He was already big before, but now he felt *massive*. His body overtook the space that the extra clumps of latex had made, filling out the rubber coating not with more of the same substance but with his own musculature.

Dropping the soap, he was free to use both hands to marvel at his brand-new body. An overwhelming rush of pride for his sculpted frame overcame any kind of humbleness that once resided in his brain. He was so big—so strong—so *great*. He squeezed his pectorals with one hand and ran the other across his six-pack. Every second of touching his latex-covered body was like breathing in pure euphoria. It was an addicting sense of self-love—an over-inflated sense of ego that continued to grow bigger the more he touched himself. “Fhuuuck, yes...” He let the armor continue squeezing his bulge, preferring to marvel at the grandeur of his hulking frame.

That same golden armor began to manifest around his upper frame as well. It contained the boulder-sized shoulders and juicy pectorals perfectly, squeezing them to further placate its host. Not content with simply keeping him down in a bliss-lidden haze, it began to slowly extend its reign up his head. His dark hair was overtaken by crimson rubber, then forming a black hard shell across the upper part of his head on top. The shell slowly began to take the form of a knight's helmet, protruding earpieces going sideways as adornments. It hugged his face tightly, only contributing to the intense heat that had been steadily building up the longer he spent trapped inside the rubber armor.

So... *Tight? Showing off... my fiery passion!*

A visor propped down from the helmet, covering Winston's eyes. The inside of the lenses showed him a barrage of intense, pleasant lights. They compelled him to stand up proudly, flexing his muscles as everything that used to fill him with stress was let go of.

“Hah... Guess I'm ready to be a hero!” As he said it, a small flame popped out to the back of his helmet—a flame of justice!