

# Rodent Empathy

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Whas’up?” Natasha tapped her fingertip on one of her wireless earphones to pick up the incoming call. It was her good friend Faye Colson, a fellow one-percenter and founder of “Good Bird Inc” the popular chicken brand. “What do you mean change of plans?” she asked with an inconvenienced tone. She was already waiting for her for the past 15 minutes. An agonizingly long amount of boredom for a person as privileged as she was.

“Tsk, fine...” the woman rolled her eyes, having no choice but to go along with this sudden change of her coffee-date’s spot. Hey, at least Faye had dispatched a car her way. She loathed walking. Faye sounded a bit off, but Natasha didn’t give it a second thought, tossing her phone on the cute, round table. Her friend had a ‘press thingy’ beforehand, so maybe she was tired or something.

It wasn’t just meet-up switcheroos that annoyed her. Overall, Natasha hated change. She was very well off in this world, and that meant things changing meant a higher probability of it being for the worse. With her very own cosmetics business raking in hundreds of millions of dollars each year and giving her a lifestyle of sheer luxury and comfort, Natasha Melinova was pretty pleased with herself.

Even before her career as a famous supermodel started declining, the foxy blonde had jumped into the beauty business, in her mid-30s. It was a business she could promote herself very well in, being a 5’10”, 94-pound jaw dropper of a female specimen, with legs for miles and a skinny physique that made both photographers (and the male population) drool. Her Russian heritage had given her porcelain-fair skin that everyone was drawn to touch, luscious full lips that begged to be kissed and large, blue-gray eyes that could stare into your soul and enslave it forever.

Now, at 41 and retired from modeling, Miss Melinova could reap the rewards of her smart business moves, as the CEO and owner of ‘Femme’. She still as looked as sexy as ever, sipping on her cappuccino with her long legs crossed, dressed in a stylish, burgundy skirt-suit. The suit’s neck made a modest V over her small, barely-B cups and the skirt was short and tight enough to flaunt her flawlessly smooth, lotioned legs to the public, adored in some hot high heels. Her long, straight sunny hair was caught

with a pretty bow in a simple, elegant ponytail that reached down the middle of her back. Her cold, but at the same time steel-melting eyes were hidden behind a pair of large, tinted sunglasses.

It only took a few minutes before an immaculately polished black Mercedes with tinted windows entered the pedestrianized road of the café and stopped right in front of the femininely perched woman. Without a doubt in her mind, Natasha got up, grabbed her leather hand-purse and entered from the back doors, like any self-respecting millionaire that's being chauffeured around.

"Where is my mysterious friend taking me?" the woman asked the driver jokingly, making fun of Faye's flawed exposition of their new plans. She hadn't even closed the side-door when she started speaking with a wise-ass smirk, but as soon as it was shut, Natasha turned to see two strange women, one in a cow mask, the other in a fox mask, hurl themselves at her!

Her smirk was transformed into a face of terror, and before a scream could exit her widening lips, a thick, folded pad of chloroform was shoved over her face. "GHHMMMMMMMMnf!" Natasha shook her head in a muffled frenzy, her designer sunglasses flying off her face in this close-spaced brawl to reveal her gorgeous, fear-struck, wide eyes. The luxury car had already leisurely taken off, but inside its privacy-securing windows, concealed from the clueless crowd, a spirited, but rather quiet fight had started!

"MMff!MMMMMMMMNGGF!" the face-smothered cougar struggled very much seated, overpower by the two strange attackers. Her arms were folded and pinned onto her chest by one woman's grasp of her wrists, while the other assailant had climbed on her skinny thighs (to keep them from kicking) and was pressing the paralyzing rag over her mouth and nose, keeping one hand around her neck to 'steady' her. Meanwhile, two more masked strangers sat in the front, one in a pig mask being the driver, the other, a girl in a rabbit mask, calmly observing the scuffle in case something went wrong.

"Mgg! MGGG!" Natasha let out these gagged attempts at screaming, her panicking eyes shifting rapidly from the fox-girl to the cow-girl. They (or rather, their masks) looked back at her with a creepy stillness. The Mercedes was spacious, but not enough for the tall woman to crawl or slither away anywhere, trapped between the leather seats and her attackers' bodies.

As the car was making its slow turn out of the stone-paved road and onto the asphalt, Natasha's eyes were rolling to the back of her head and her struggling was all but done. The edge of her expensive, black lace bra was visible since her red blazer had opened during the hustle. The next moment, her long eyelashes fluttered shut and her skinny figure slumped on the back seat.

It had all taken about 10 seconds.



The silence was deafening inside the small room. So deafening that one could hear the steady hum of the wide, flat ceiling lights that put out an icy cold, but very bright light. There were also a couple of maneuverable medical lights, mounted on poles. The floor and walls were covered with sterile-looking, white tiles. The vibe the room gave off was one of a medical purgatory.

In the very center of this room, very fittingly suspended in this contextual limbo of a place, was a rectangular barred metal cage, its wider side parallel to the floor. It was hanging from the ceiling by four strong chains clipped to the top corners.

“Gheeeeeahhh! NNNGGuuh” (*Please!*) a scared-shitless Natasha, having come to her senses a few moments ago, tried pleading to whoever might listen, along in the scary exam room. Her cries sounded nothing like proper words, since her full lips, glossy and sparkling by a magenta-colored, glittery lipstick, were pried viciously wide by a pair of steel jaw-spreaders. Each dental device was hooked over Natasha’s side teeth and its ratchet had been turned again and again until the blonde’s jaw was locked invitingly open. It was so tight that even without any other securing mechanism like a strap or buckle, the woman could not the slightest slack of jaw movement to dislodge the painful things.

Natasha’s naked form was crammed inside the cage, dangling five feet off the floor. Her slim arms and coveted, filly legs had each been folded onto themselves and encased in some semitransparent, white silicone sheathes that snapped with elasticity over each folded limb. They ended at the hottie’s wrists/armpits and her ankles/upper thighs, completely frogtying the helpless businesswoman and forcing her to remain on her elbows and knees. The woman’s delicate back all but scraped the closed ceiling of her cage, her pedicured toes meeting the bars behind her.

The cage’s side-walls were made of bars that hid nothing of the naked ex-model’s nudity and bondage. On the front side of the cage was a round enclosure, a metal stockade through which Natasha’s long, slender neck passed through, separating her head from the rest of her caged body. Though sticking out of the cage, you could not say Natasha had much mobility of her head besides the useless turns and shakes, her neck viced securely by the metal stocks.

Upon yelling more incoherent (mostly) vowels, another strand of drool left Natasha’s juicy, hot-pink, vulnerable lips and her stupidly flailing tongue to land on the floor beneath her.

Natasha whined with a pathetic sigh, giving her dangling cage a small sway with her aggravated struggles. Besides the uncomfortable bondage, she was registering a painful, stretching sensation in her ass. A metal butt-plug of considerable size had been shoved in her ass, its exterior being an adorably fluffy, round light-pink bunny-tail. With her hands far out of reach of her rear and stashed

inside some adorable, light-pink bunny-paw mittens, Natasha could do nothing to alleviate this 'issue', wiggling her tight booty did nothing to dislodge the rectum-buried piece of steel.

Matching her cute bunny-themed presentation, an Alice band of long, light-pink fluffy bunny ears had been fastened on her blonde hair, which had been made into cute pigtails, located just behind the bunny ears. Her bunny nose had been painted with the same hot pink, glittery dot to match her lips and some light-pink bunny whiskers adored each cheek.

Not the slutty Halloween costume the cover girl might have gone for.

It was a few seconds after that annoying gagged whine that the double doors of the small room flung open and the four masked kidnappers burst inside, all dressed in white, medical coats, still in their creepy animal masks. The caged woman went on this droning gagged cry that none of them acknowledged, even as her teary blue eyes met them. "EEEaahhh, eeek 'iii guuu" (*Please, let me go*) her pried mouth allowed for little in terms of bargaining, as her stumpy arms and legs nervously shifted inside her suspended enclosure. The four 'doctors' kept looking at her with a cold detachment, doing nothing. Fearing them more with each second, Natasha tried (once again) passing her head through the trapping hole that circled her neck, finding only the non-negotiable resistance of steel against her soft flesh.

After a few, spine-chilling moments of threatening stillness, a fifth person, the leader of the group, entered the room, with his white lab coat and a hippo mask over his face.

"Hello, Natasha" the man's pleasantly raspy, deep voice filled the bright examination room as he made steps towards her. 'Guuuhh...aaaauhh" Natasha moaned some more, not even trying to really say something specific, trying to stretch her aching jaw just a sliver more to free herself from the oral speculum. It didn't leave her any room, keeping her mouth as wide as it could go. For once, she would not be ordering anyone around. Only listen.

"Like you do with thousands of small animals each day, we're going to do some tests on you. See what your...response is" the hippo-faced man let a small, horrific pause imply more than his words did. In the terrifying uncertainty of what her forced fate was, Natasha spotted the rabbit-masked girl lift a camera over her face. She pointed the camera straight at the caged human animal that like all the others at Femme's many labs, did not want to be there. A red light started blinking on its top, the international signal for 'record'.

Even though her current looked pretty fucked already, the filming of her degradingly bound and disrobed body added another strange layer of misery for Miss Melinova, whose immaculately trimmed eyebrows furrowed at the sight of her masked 'camerawoman'. She jerked inside her restraints, causing more drool to leave her gaping mouth. Each time this happened made the lanky, white bitch blush behind her cute whiskers.

Natasha was so overwhelmed with fear; she barely could keep her attention to the speaking leader, who briefly introduced her to Pegasus, their very determined animal activist group.

Then, Natasha's kidnappers ominously disappeared from her line of sight, moving to the sides of her cage. She fought against her 'neck-brace' with increased nervousness, unable to see them unlock only these two barred sides of her cage via two padlocks at the bottom and open them upwards like a hatch.

"Auuuuuu...uuuuuuuuuuuu...aaaaaaaaaaaaa..." the jaw-locked slut breathed heavily, each exhale vocalized in a trembling moan, as the sounds of metal meeting metal were followed by the snapping of latex gloves, that each member doctor-role-playing of Pegasus put on their hands. Their use was necessary for what would commence.

Each of the four boys and girls took a tube of paste, blank and wordless and squeezed a generous blob of thick cream onto their palm. It was the same chemical all around, only differentiated by a different color for each tube. The mysterious paste had little visible grains mixed in, like an exfoliating cream.

Without a hint of warning or notification, the fox and the cow girls from her right side and the hippo and the pig boys from her left, started rubbing the cream all over Natasha's vulnerable body, gradually coating it from her neck down to her round ass-cheeks on either side of her bunnytail. "NGGG! PHEEEEEAH! HKOOOOOOOH!" (NO! PLEASE! STOP!) the skinny girl's protests were followed by jaw-stretched cries, as her shapely body was roughed up by four pairs of latex-covered hands, that spread the insidious cream all over the caged portion of her body. Only thing that was left were her folded arms and legs, due to their sheathed nature.

Very soon, the cream made its effect known. First faintly and then more with each passing minute, Natasha felt an itch creeping up in all areas 'treated' by this 'experimental beauty product'. It soon went from worrying to irritating, and from irritating to torturous, making the reason for them wearing gloves obvious.

The cream was rubbed on her small titties, down her beautiful back and her poking ribs, her flat belly and her skinny waist, on her wide hips, her tight, plug-filled ass and especially her pristine, shaved pussy-lips, making sure they reaaaally got in there in-between the 41-year-old folds. No inch of her accessible body was left uncovered by the grainy cream, which now painted her body like some kinky performance art in swirling colors. Mauve, Peach, Cyan and Lime hand brushes all but hid her very light complexion.

As much as she frequented some elitist art galleries, Natasha was far from appreciating this edgy performance 'piece'.

The spoiled bitch was now broken down to desperate tears and gagged pleas and raw, instinctive attempts to flee, her weak body shaking in place in her enclosure. Her stumpy, silicone-encased arms and legs did a horrible job of shielding her from her 'handlers' who found it pretty easy to lather up her skinny body in all kinds of private parts. As much as she pulled backwards with her whole body, the neck stockade of her cage kept her crawled body right where it was. Her cage wasn't even swaying, pinned on either side by the dutiful 'testers'.

The four activists stepped away from their 'test subject'. Predictably, it was in great distress, experiencing ungodly amounts of itchiness all over her torso. More importantly, she could do NOTHING to alleviate that itch. "PHEEEEEEEEEEEh, gke' ih Oh!" (Pleaaase, get if off!) Natasha pleaded amidst continuous cries, her frail constitution and lack of hardship causing her to immediately melt into a begging mess.

The group just watched her squirm in agony, idle. She tried to find any way to deal with this awful feeling, shaking her head rapidly and causing her bunny ears and her blonde pigtails to move along with her.

The rabbit-girl set up the camera on a tripod, facing Natasha from a 45-degree angle, and then the group unceremoniously exited, leaving Miss Melinova to scream and buck inside her dangling cage.



Natasha's voice had gone coarse and weak from all the screaming. It's hard to describe itchiness relative to any other feeling. It's a sort of a burning pain, but not really. Akin to tickling, but not quite. Whatever words you used, the irritation, the frustration had driven the bound woman insane during the over 7-hour-spam of her 'treatment'. The ointment had peaked in its torturous potency about 10 minutes after the application, and had never really tapered off since.

As much as Natasha tried relieving some of this horrible sensation, her silicone-stored arms and mittened hands could not reach anything substantial. Even when she tried rubbing some of the cream off her cute titties and nipples with the inside of her folded arms, it did little to appease her, and often worsened the itchiness via these ungratifying scratches.

Her useless struggling and wailing caused the humiliated businesswoman to sweat, and that sweat mixed in with her 'body lotion' to bring out further itchy irritation.

Throughout these 7+ hours, she twisted and bent her all-fours body to try and scratch her back or sides onto the walls of the cage, but her stocked neck and strict bondage did not let her. Her hips and ass got a bit of 'action' along the cage's bars, but it was too small of a reward for what she was going through, and even when the itch was scratched, it came back quickly with a vengeance.

A digital clock on the wall of the sterile-white room taunted Natasha with its irrelevance, becoming apparent as time went on and. Each horribly slow hour that concluded, each time the right-side digits wrote 00:00 Natasha prayed that the double-doors would open. That her ordeal would be over. She couldn't take any this anymore; this had to be it. Right?

But the clock kept ticking and her solitude would continue. Only to endure for another hour, then when that would prove not to be the actual deadline, another. Not knowing when her captors would return only added to the frogtied, jaw-stretched cougar's sense of dread. The camera documented every second of her naked, bound misery.

What are tests without records, after all?

Her nicely-shaven and 'pampered' 41-year-old pussy was far out of reach though and although every inch of her 'treated' skin itched like crazy, it was that particular itch on her genitals that drove her the wildest, sending her in fits of frenzied desperation every 20 minutes or so.

Even when she closed her skinny thighs tightly to 'get something going' down there, her shifting only managed to irritate her tormented labia lips and add to her misery, rather than dampen it. But staying perfectly still didn't reduce the itchiness, either.

Whatever she tried out to ease her suffering, blondie was along for the itchy 'ride'.

7 hours, 21 minutes and 13 seconds after their exit (she could thank the digital clock for that accuracy) the five masked doctors returned. Natasha immediately started whining and crying in their direction like a hurt puppy, (or bunny-girl), pleading to her captors to put an end to this 'lesson'.

She actually had to contain her exhausted joy, when she saw the two of them coming in the room holding two rubber hoses. Not needing to unlock anything, they started hosing the caged bunny from either side with two strong-pressure streams of water. "Aaaaaaaaauhhgh!" Natasha yelped as the piercing water hurt her fragile body, but the knowledge that it was washing the itchy cream off of her helped deal with the indignity.

Free from the tormenting ointment, but dripping wet from the neck down, the sexy bunny was approached by the male 'hippo', the king of this new, much smaller jungle.

"Interesting results..." he mumbled, though Natasha was unsure what was so interesting about her prolonged torture. The Russian chick still looked far from antagonizing though, having gotten a glimpse of peace she didn't want to lose again and eyeing the masked man with shy, submissive eyes. The cow-girl and the fox-girl grabbed a hold of each of her pigtails and coiled them into their latex-gloved hands, making a pretty inescapable hold on the bitch's head. They then tilted Natasha's face up as the leader placed a medium-sized dropper through the woman's magenta, gaping lips.

"GuugghH!" Natasha's reflexively flinched and tried to back away, as any normal person who's about to be forced to ingest something. "Hush, bunny, it's ok" the cow-masked girl cooed with an iron grip on her hair/head, though it certainly wasn't ok.

With a squeeze of the rubber bulb, the dropper's clear, liquid contents were empty down the woman's throat, which was helpless to deny them. Natasha coughed and choked at what she was certain was pure vinegar, unable to shake her well-held head away. That was indeed 80% of the solution. The other 20% would be a surprise for Miss Melinova:

A powerful aphrodisiac.



Another 50 mL dropper was emptied down her mouth and like the previous one, the gagging chick downed most of it, the rest dripping down her chin. “Good bunny” the fox-girl booped Natasha’s glittery, magenta-colored nose, receiving a look of deep hatred from the abused captive.

But Natasha did not have much time to adjust to the awfully acidic taste of vinegar lingering on her tongue. Immediately after, it was time for the ‘eye test’:

The pig-faced ‘doc’ and his rabbit colleague leaned over uncomfortably close to the specimen’s face, each holding an eye speculum, of similar design and steel material as the ones prying her teeth open. With the two others firmly holding the shifty bitch’s face stiff, Natasha protested all she wanted, but in the end found the cruel, curving bars of metal lodged underneath her eyelids, a simple turn of the screw-dial distancing them further until the bunny’s gorgeous, blue-gray eyes were unable to close.

“Aaaaughhm., NNnggggn!” Natasha’s pretty eyes both scanned nervously around their field of vision, stretched by metal, as the leader brought forth another, smaller dropper, containing a faintly beige colored liquid.

It was simply lemon juice, but none of the testers bothered telling the anxious bunny-girl that. She never sat down all the furry animals in her labs to give them the gist of their scary fate. Why should they?

Natasha was now resorting to screaming cries, shaking her crawling body and trying to do the same with her face (but failing) as her handler let numerous droplets drip into both her open pupils. More cries from the terrible sting of the otherwise harmless acid followed, Natasha fearing she might even be blind by the end of this. It felt like needles were pricking her eyeballs. She knew closing her eyes would get some of the liquid (and the pain) out, but her eyelid-spreaders kept her from doing that.

The silent, expressionless testers used the woman with the same callousness she used her company’s test subjects. Her fear meant nothing to them. Close-ups on the bunny-girl’s teary-eyed, steel-pulled face told the whole story of her dehumanizing shame and pain.

Finally, they let go of their wrapping grip on her pigtails, and Natasha’s head slumped weakly downwards, facing the floor. Pure sobbing was now leaving her stretched maw, with lemony tears coming from her bloodshot eyes to meet the drool that was involuntarily flowing once more down on the floor.

An image of pure debasement.

The eye-spreaders were mercifully removed from the blonde whore’s eyes. It was only a couple of minutes after the oral and eye ‘tests’ had been administered that the first waves of inner warmth

started flowing through Natasha's body, starting from her loins and unexplainably returning back to them. The strong, lust-inducing drug was taking effect.

"Huuuuuh....huuuuhhh..." Natasha started letting out these deep breathes of worried horniness. She didn't like the sensation one bit. Maybe if she was lying on her giant bed, in some hot lingerie, enticing a similarly hot (and younger) playboy, ready to fuck her. But definitely not here. This was wrong. This had to stop.

Her cute, whiskered face got flustered as the bunny-girl was soon in heat, uncontrollably air-grinding inside her cage. Natasha hated herself for it, but she couldn't help it. The bastards had spiked her 'lovely' vinegar with the female equivalent to ten Viagras. Her long, skinny body was now dripping wet in more ways than one.

"Gaaahhhh" Natasha blushed even more as she heard her own sighs were now turning into clearly needy moans. She was craving something to fill her up and could not hide it! The fulfilling ass-plug of her bunnytail was now feeling more and more welcomed, her moderately meaty, soft cunt-lips quivering right underneath it. They needed to be spread just like her ass was.

With one camera pointing at her panting, increasingly flush face and another at her rear, 'documenting' her involuntary hips gyrating through the bars, Natasha was left alone to experience all the 'note-worthy' side-effects of her newest product-testing, for a once-again undetermined amount of time.



The numbers on the digital clock changed from 04:40:59 to 04:41:00 as the seconds kept changing. Letting out another long, droning moaning of unfulfilled horniness, Natasha shifted her too-hot and too-bothered body in the confines of her suspended encasement. Her adorable, pink bunny ears tilted once more along with slumped head, as if too heavy to hold itself. Copious drooling left her hot-pink lips and free-roaming tongue, as the woman was over-salivating as a side-effect of the drug. Besides the little puddle underneath her, more lines of drool had formed down the woman's chin and her slender neck, even going through the stockade to wet her small titties.

Speaking of, her nipples were rock-hard the entire time, begging to be squeezed, milked by someone, anyone! "GGGGGggaaaaawwwwwwwwwww" another gagged moan of horned-up frustration left the clearly drugged damsel.

Natasha looked only half-present in the room, with the mule-strong, date-rape drug forced down her throat working wonders in rendering her a true bunny in heat, ready to mate with anything. Like her front-side, her backside was also drenched. A river of sex juices was visible, dripping from her red-hot cunt down her outer labia lips and over the thick silicone that was tightly pressing over her folded inner thighs. Her body was flush all over, and once more drenched with sex-sweat, even though Natasha was certain she was far from adequately 'fucked'. The uncomfortably stretching feeling of her anal plug had now become irrelevant, with her asshole all loose and accommodating now, but it did not

Throughout this 'clinical trial', shifting her tightly bound body around had a similarly teasing effect to the itchy cream, in that it gave little relief to that different 'itchiness' the ex-supermodel was trying to scratch. Though in her dazed state Natasha might have believed it was possible to orgasm by clenching her tights tight enough, the truth was she only got a couple of 'sparks' of orgasmic preview and nothing else, left to ride that endless wave of lust.

A tad before the 5-hour mark the double-doors swung again and Miss Melinova's five testers/kidnappers came to check-in on their guinea pig's progress. More incomprehensible pleas were made, as Natasha begged them to end this intoxicated fever dream.

What happened instead was that her tongue was pulled out of her gaping mouth by the pig-faced 'doctor' who hooked a piercing gun on either flat side of her tongue. This was not "Uuuuu...Oooww" Natasha begged with only vowels but she only had about a second before the man 'fired' the gun, shooting the stud through her tongue and clipping it there. A shriek of pain followed that 'click', Natasha now with a brand new tongue piercing. The pain put a momentary cap on her horniness, which returned very soon after.

"Let's get a good look at that tongue" the rabbit-girl tied a thin thread on both the top and bottom part of the piercing, securing it well enough. She gave a light tug, seeing Natasha's tongue have no way but

to follow its new leash. Satisfied, the rabbit-woman tied a 2-pound weight on the other side of the thread, before softly letting it dangle in the air, two feet from Natasha's tongue.

"Aaaagh, Aaaaauhgh!" Natasha let out panicked moans, watching her tongue inadvertently 'fly' out of her stuck-open lips and towards the floor. This was far more than when the doctor would tell her child self to go "aaaa" real' wide before pressing that little flat wooden stick on her tongue.

Now a 'big girl', Natasha refused this forced tonsil-test, trying her hardest to pull her stretched tongue back 'inside', but she was losing this tug of war to the small, metal weight. She tried facing down to relieve some of the strain, watching the weight hang by the string, far from touching the floor.

Busy with yet another degrading predicament, Natasha's eyes strained by the narrowed field of vision her stockade provided, barely spotting a veiny, pink, realistic dildo that her captors moved to the back of her cage. They inserted it through the bars and using two C-shaped plastic hooks, attached the phallus to the two bars behind the girl's tight, tail-plugged toosh, pointing right at her crotch.

While very short (not enough room in the cage), the cock replica was girthy as fuck, its 'swollen' cockhead set to make light contact with Natasha's needy pussylips, grazing them ever so softly.

"EEEEewwwwwwwww!..." with her cranked-open lips and her pulled tongue, Natasha immediately started whining like a squeaky rodent, upon feeling her drenched pussy even lightly touched. A huge contrast to her hot, slim human body and her gorgeous Russian face. With her glittery lips and nose and her cute whiskers and ears, she looked like a slutty Halloween bunny in the midst of a very 'unfortunate' after-party.

Her cries were followed by quick, panting nervous breathing, as she realized she was being faced with a dilemma she did not want. With five strangers and a short film's worth of recording equipment staring at her, the last thing the horny businesswoman wanted to do was 'back that tight ass up' on that dick replica.

But even in her dismal, ruined state, what her intoxicated brain was craving more than anything was to be impaled by that fat, rubber cock behind her.

*Oohh, its veins would feel so goooooood sliding up and down her hole. It would fill that gap in her tight pussy soooooooo nicely.* Her instinctive, drugged thoughts took over first.

*NO! I have to be strong! Don't give them the satisfaction.* Her weak rational mind chimed in, holding on for dear life.

This internal struggle went back and forth for minutes, as the five 'doctors' stood stoically around the caged, experimented-on animal and observed. It was so intimidating, so dreadfully overwhelming, to have not just your nudity exposed to all angles, but also your image distorted and contorted into that inhumane shape. And on top of that, to have your purest, most feral instincts rubbed on your face, forcibly brought to the surface.

Still in a total lust-haze, Natasha tried shuffling on all fours forward to 'get away' from the temptation of her cage's new gadget. But it was so snug in there, that there was no 'forward' to move to. However she moved her tight little ass, the masculine object brushed up against her sex, tormenting her with its mere presence. Her fluffy round bunny tail followed her anxious shifting and turning, which were accompanied by more uncomfortable, 'unsafe' moans. Meanwhile, drool was lining up on the softly swaying thread connected to her tongue, like a row of ants making their way down towards the weight.

13 whole minutes Natasha's captors stood and watched her. They didn't look like they were going to give her privacy any time soon. And during that, her willpower was dwindling further and further, that rubber stick behind her charming her more and more. It felt like she had to consciously strain every muscle in her silicone-packed body to not start stabbing herself on this lover they had brought her.

It was at this point that the fox-girl and the pig-man stuck their latex-gloved hands through the bars and gave the stubborn cunt a 'head start', in the form of some rough, but sensual groping. The female dug her fingers on Natasha's perky asscheek, while the male more softly rubbed the small of her back, down her womanly hips. Moans of surrendering worry and lust escaped the frog-tied whore. The cow-girl joined in and flicked Natasha's hard nip through the bars, causing a yelp of both ecstasy and pain.

Natasha was playing a losing game, and it was only a matter of when, not if.

Her jailers fondled her helpless, lust-ridden body some more and a few minutes later, she finally gave in. With a long, miserably moan, knowing what was happening as it was, but unable to stop it, Natasha found herself lining her lips up with the well-rooted dick and inching her knees back so that her hips moved that extra few inches to penetrate herself. This was too bad, too demeaning, but there she was.

On top of the world less than 24 hours ago, now the famous model and entrepreneur was about to masturbate on a fuck-stick like some sort of brainless animal. Everyone stood a step back and watched, their 'helping hands' no longer required for their horny guinea pig to 'latch on'.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaawwwww” Natasha’s large, blue eyes rolled up and towards her forehead, in a crazed, ahgao-like expression, made more graphic by her stretched oral features, as the bunny-slut FINALLY found that feeling she was longing for. Even at 2-inches-thick, the cock slid in effortlessly, as the caged bunny did her best to get some friction on those sopping wet pussy walls. Her neck stocks left her little leeway again, and she could only ride the dildo in about a 3-inch length. But she did it anyway, taking anything her captors so generously ‘gave her’.

At this point, the caged whore would get a rhythm going no matter how tight the space. High out of her mind in dense aphrodisiacs, you could seal her inside a highschool locker and she’d find the room to pound on that dick. Not that it was much different from her current state.

“Aaaaww...awwwwww..aawwwwwwww...awwwwww...” with her tongue fully sticking out and the dangling weight swaying a bit more lively from it, thanks to her self-fucking hip-bobbing, Natasha was in a heroin-like high, completely removed from her surroundings. There was no cameras, no ominously lit exam room, no cage, no masked people watching her, torturing her, having her at their mercy.

There was only the indescribably wonderful gratification the 41-year-old bunny got as she pegged herself literally silly with her new ‘carrot’. “Au....Au...Au....Au...” her slutty, mouth-cranked squeaks got real staccato as she savored that faster ‘rabbiting’ she gave herself. It only took like a minute for the bunny-whore to climax in the orgasm of her life, writhing with her folded arms and legs and shutting her eyes hard as she remained cunt-stabbed on her inanimate lover, humping it slower and slower until she was spent.

“Congratulations, Natasha” the leader gave his (deranged from lust) test subject a slow clap, approaching her. “You’ve successfully concluded our test trials” he said to a Natasha Melinova barely able to hear his words, in a pathetic state. Her silicone-trapped body was still twitching with post-orgasmic sparks of sexual joy, eliciting weak yelps from her. Despite the orgasm, the aphrodisiac drug was far from leaving her bloodstream. The bitch-in-heat would probably go straight for a second one, had she not been so exhausted.

It was at this point that the lab-coated, hippo-masked puppet master took the cap out of a small syringe, full of another strange liquid. Natasha’s weak, bloodshot eyes met the needle, too tired to express her fear. Hell, she was barely able to keep her head straight.

“But as with any unfortunate rodent your company tests on, it is time for your disposal” the man said and that was when Natasha showed some life, her eyes perking up at the clear insinuation of her demise.

“Aaaaauuhhh....aaaaauuhh!” Still chemically entranced into being hornier than a catholic schoolgirl, the caged lass started panting wide-mouthed, each exhale sounding louder and more worried, as her abusers lifted her bunny-eared head up (along with the 2-pound weight clamped to her tongue) to expose her pretty neck to the incoming needle.

“NGUuuuuuuuuu! AAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” Natasha cries turned to screams as the needle was now an inch from her flesh. She was an inch from death! She squirmed and twisted with the renewed energy that the instinct of self-preservation gives, suddenly hit with a dose of adrenaline. All 5 members were around her, most of them holding her shaky head still. Her caged body had little agency in all this, banging on the bars with her stumped, folded limbs and jerking about in place. Her pussy was still half-penetrated by her sex-toy, though more important things seemed to be in order than getting off.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!” the teary-eyed blonde let out a long, miserable, tongue-flopped cry as the needle was buried on the side of her neck and she felt its contents deposited in her veins.

In reality, no one bothered telling her that the serum was actually not some deadly toxin but a strong sedative. “There, you fulfilled your purpose to our cause” the man did not feel bad about rubbing Natasha’s company policy in her face one last time, letting her think she was moments away from dying. Everyone else stepped back, watching their dread-filled plaything sit there in panicky anticipation of the inevitable, balling her eyes out. Then the man leaned over so that his masked face was at level with the heartless, wailing bitch.

“You will stop all animal testing at your company and you will lobby that all cosmetic companies do the same. If you don’t, this little movie will go viral on the internet” he addressed her in the firm, no-bullshitting tone of his deep voice, glancing with his head at the camera. “Understand, little bunny?” He softly capped the jaw-spread damsel’s cheek with his gloved hand.

Natasha nodded, her sad eyes stuck at him. A couple of seconds later, her eyelids got too heavy and her bunny-eared head slumped forward, knocked out.

She woke up a few hours later, dressed back in her sexy burgundy outfit, in the back seat of the black Mercedes that had ‘picked her up’ for her date with Faye. The car was all but alone in an empty underground parking lot, outside downtown. The terrible headache, the sore jaw and the undetectable hole in her tongue the only things reminding Natasha that had transpired was not just a fucked-up dream. Oh, that and the wet spot on her designer, lace panties.

