

Your eyes sting as you try to open them, quickly leaving you with nothing but blurs and discomfort instead of answers as you try to get your bearings on where you are. Other answers do make themselves known however, even if none of them are the answers you hoped for. You can't remember what you got up to the previous night, apart from it having started with an invitation to a party in a part of town you'd never been to before. Now, though? Now you're naked in an uncomfortable chair and your ankles and wrists have been tied down to it. Now you're sitting in some room that smells of sweet cigar smoke and something acrid and pungent that the smoke is masking. It's too hot, you're already sweating and your throat is parched, and one other thing-

You aren't alone.

"It wakes, *finally*. I had begun to think you might just be broken. Shall we begin, then?"

The voice startles you at first, but the twitch of movement alerts you to just how precarious that little chair you're on is and you quickly ease yourself back into what balance you can maintain. The source of it is right in front of you, something reddish brown with a hint of gold to it, but your vision hasn't cleared enough yet. Trying to answer the voice doesn't go much better than trying to see it's source.

"Wh- *cough* - wh.. o.. w- *cough*- water?"

A wry sounding chuckle bubbles up from the figure before you. Somewhere behind you a tension around your wrists loosens and you find yourself able to use your arms once more, with just enough of your vision clearing to realize that a desk sits between you and the figure. What's more, water seems to have been provided in an oddly old fashioned tankard. You clutch it in both hands and start to drink, relief washing through your body. By the time you're done you can just about properly see your host - a red furred squirrel with gold eyes in a business suit of such a dark green it was almost black.

"Certainly, we'll put it on your tab. Value commensurate to need - and that naturally brings us to the topic at hand. This is a.. well-"

Coughing a bit as you finish the drink and then look down at the tankard and back to the squirrel when he mentions a tab, and whatever 'commensurate value' means. Whatever it is doesn't sound good. Despite how hot the air around you feels, your blood runs cold at the sight of those gold eyes looking you over the way someone would a cut of fresh meat.

"Job interview? Yes, that's close enough I suppose. So, what are you good for?"

You sputter a little again, looking around yourself to try and gauge what's going on. To see what your chances for running are, assuming you can free your legs. Unfortunately for you there doesn't seem to -be- an 'around' to look through. Anything past the first few feet away from your chair and the desk just kind of.. stops. Like you're in a pitch black void but under a spotlight, alone with this squirrel that's giving off all the energy of a hungry predator.

“..W-what do you mean? Like.. like what are my skills?”

The squirrel gestures in a half-hearted 'kind of' fashion at that but he seems, if not satisfied, at least content to continue from there.

“I suppose that's someplace we could start. What can you do – who are you – *what are you good for?* There's bound to be something.”

Nervously, you laugh and try not to think too much about that particular notion. You fidget and swallow hard, ending up with a loud snarl in your stomach giving your nervous state away and getting you a raised eyebrow from the squirrel.

“..Or not, I suppose. So, species: Fox. Occupation.. Oxygen sink? I suppose there's the things you could do for us that purely rely on your ability to persist in an extant state. Wouldn't expect to make that quota any time soon in that kind of work though. Testing, maybe?”

Listening to the squirrel you find yourself wondering just where the heck you are again, what's going on, how you got here. Also, crucially, if there's any way for you to get out of this strange place with the strange man 'interviewing' you from across the desk.

“T-testing..? I don't.. Look, I don't remember much about- where the heck even am I? This is freaking me out more than a little, so-”

A snap of the squirrel's fingers leaves you silent, unwillingly and uncontrollably. Your body fails you, going limp in your seat and leaving you with more questions and more fear as the squirrel simply continues to talk over and around your presence.

“Hmm.. Going to take you the better part of a lifetime to pay off your debt this way. I guess you'd better hope you make it to your seventies, and enjoy whatever side effects you end up with. Of course, you -could- cut the time down by doing multiple test courses at once. Some people do prefer to opt into that, even though it has a habit of exacerbating the side effects..”

Still unable to move apart from your eyes, you watch as the squirrel shoves a sheet of paper toward you along with a pen. It looks, for the most part, like a disclosure form or a contract. There is

a bit at the end though that looks out of place to you. It's a series of check boxes. Two of those were simple enough, something about 'sound mind and body' and 'surrender all rights regarding compensation' that felt like standard corporate ass-covering. Below those though? You see a list of options, if you can call them that. Fates, maybe, was a better word? They seem to be the choices of medical studies the squirrel is suggesting you opt into over this debt.. whatever it is.

When you feel your body start to respond to you again you twitch and gasp, finding yourself too desperate to ask questions to think about the forms in front of you. At least, for now.

“W-wha... w-wait! What debt?! I don't understand, what did I do? I just-”

The squirrel lifted his hand and pinched two fingers shut. Your mouth closes along with them, and he simply gestures at the paper before you. With your body betraying you at his whims you find yourself faced with the sobering, terrifying reality that this was probably not a thing you could get out of. You could try, sure, but it would likely be *profoundly* unwise.

So you look over your choice of fates, and the demands being made for your submission.

((Alright folks, time to see where this goes. I'll list some options here, but feel free to write in your own suggestions in the comments of this post!))

*Appetite Stimulant & Metabolism Augmentations (Weight Gain)

*Protein Supplements & Workout Routine (Muscle Gain)

*Mental Focus & Productivity Program (Hypnosis & Submissiveness)

*Therapeutic Hormone Treatments (Transgender and/or Mild Hyper)

*Relaxation Reinforcement Program (Slob and/or Corruption)