

## Hot Work

### Chapter 1 - Application

Written for Guri

Written by Echoen

-----

Vincent Chavroux slouched forward in his comfortable, customized swivel-chair, his black-furred fingertips drumming effortlessly across the keyboard. Screen-weary eyes scanned reports, documents and continuously flickered to a second monitor to compare against profiles, screenshots and spreadsheets. His white-striped skunk tail was wrapped around his lower body once-over like an over-fluffy blanket, concealing his pantsless, unemployed existence. Music filled the musky, lived-in apartment air with sonic substance, helping Vincent ignore his loneliness.

*“Now Hiring: Information Technology Associate. Hightail Enduring Analytical Technologies is seeking qualified candidates to join our growing ranks, to serve our fast-paced client base with evolving technological needs...”*

*“...HEAT offers an advanced biogeographical benefits package along with generous endowment grants to employees. Upon acceptance of an employment offer, your bio-profile will be customized to fit your agreed compensation package with the addition of ....”*

*“...requirements of employment include certification as a Technology Security Specialist with ACEE-CORP Level 3 Special Exemption.”*

Vincent’s eyes glanced briefly to his resume, and his hand to his mouse. “*I’ve got a Level 6.*” He murmured to himself, after a few clicks. “*I’m qualified.*” His eyes darted back. The tiny camera on his monitor tracked his eye motions, automatically highlighting the text he had just read and copying relevant information into the autofill application program he had written. His second monitor’s screen flipped to a new search page, bringing up relevant news about HEAT, his predictive research programs filtering for negative news coverage that may impact his decision.

*“...reports of ‘specist’ hiring practices at HEAT are vastly overblown.” Says Victoria Hightail, current CEO of Hightail Enduring Analytical Technologies. “We accept applications from any qualified individuals and do not discriminate in our hiring practices.”*

The skunk rolled his finger across the scroll wheel to bring up a photo of the CEO. Victoria Hightail, an immodest semipublic corporate figurehead for the powerful megacorp. Unlike most photos, this one had not been cropped to conceal her considerably straining professional outfit. Vincent could clearly see Victoria’s tremendous bustline and likewise prodigiously overflowing lap pushing out against the fabric of her business suit, as she sat

across from the latest talk show host that had agreed to be her, and HEAT's, latest propaganda platform. Whatever reservations Vincent had about potential discrimination flew out the window as his primary monitor quickly filled with deep-web image searches of busty mice herms.

Vincent was surprised. Usually, when his network snag programs caught the dirty laundry of prospective employers, there was not *actual* lingerie to be found. Yet, on fully display before him and rapidly filling up a terabyte drive dedicating to capturing web pages before they were deleted, was Victoria Hightail's ostentatious past as a Hightail Family Breeder. Vincent found video recordings of her early days, and the numerous scientific and genetic discovery awards she had earned from the prestigious mouse breeding family.

The Hightails, as Vincent discovered while enjoying several of the detailed... reports... of their breeding practices, had made their fortune in Workforce Fulfillment, an industry the Hightails had founded. Wherever workers were needed, especially those with genetic customizations to fit ecological or environmental stresses, the Hightails would provide a literal army of mice eager to fill quotas. Several of the largest megacorporations across the system utilized Hightail breeders in such industries as asteroid mining, subterranean farming conglomerates, and possessed dominant market share of the sex workers industry.

The skunk lashed his tail behind his chair as his seed filled the repository that had swiftly sealed around his shaft, draining his furry balls of his approval of Victoria's history. The semen sample was swiftly shunted to a small canister, sealed and flash-frozen, and packaged away along with the rest of his application. The spent skunk leaned back in his chair and huffed, confident that his technical qualifications and genetic application would pass muster at HEAT. Whatever ethical concerns that Vincent had about potential discrimination or accusations of genetic instability among workers had been successfully satisfied by CEO porn.

Stretching in his seat, Vincent flexed, then exited the majority of his application and search programs. Yet, as tabs flickered closed and shell VPNs were scrambled and deleted algorithmically, an alert popped up on his screen and froze the process. "Fabrication alert? Oh, jeez, I knew this was too good to be true." Vincent sighed and leaned in to bring up the profiles that his systems had flagged.

*"Leaked internal propaganda shows that HEAT's long standing CEO, Victoria Hightail, was subject to several ethics investigations that all ended in abrupt resolutions that cleared her of all complaints. Employee groups that had filed the complaints withdrew their requests shortly after, with sources reporting that employees sounded much 'squeakier' than before, commented frequently on the usefulness of having 'extra arms', and seemed more interested in extolling the virtues of 'Mousification' though records are unclear as to the nature of these comments."*

Vincent sat back again, placing a hand on his forehead, exhaling a long and frustrated sigh. "Dammit! Someone smart enough to fill the back-end channels with hot porn of themselves would, of course, manipulate ethics investigations." The skunk furrowed his brow, glancing at

the drive he had just filled with smut of one of the most powerful CEOs in the system. Flicking through a metadata scanning program, Vincent confirmed that all the images and videos had been published on the same day, years ago.

Rolling his shoulders, the skunk brought up the HEAT application once more, carefully applying his attention to the finer details of the work requirements and duties rather than relying on his autofill programs. Yet, even as he found suspiciously provocative language, Vincent found them to be... inexplicably charming. His genetic profile would be customized to the benefits package? He would be 'granted' generous endowment? Despite the blatant ethical concerns Vincent had with the suggestions, particularly in light with the 'mouseification' mentioned in the leaked reports, the skunk slowly began to realize that the idea had a sort of appeal to him.

Switching back to the latest public interviews with Victoria, Vincent scrutinized the confident and clothes-straining mouseherm more closely. Her suit had clearly been tailored to barely fit her egregiously oversized bustline and the shape and swell of her testes and shaft, as well as the six arms she sported. She seemed comfortable, even proud, of her appearance, as if daring anyone to challenge her on her overt sexuality. The hyperherm wielded sexuality as aggressively a weapon as her intellect, a quality Vincent realized he admired. She seemed self-actualized, confident and mature, motioning with multiple limbs with a practiced manner.

The skunk began to flip through interviews, appearances and reports in reverse chronological order. His data capture programs sped through video news reports while his archival compilers gnawed at dozens, hundreds of published articles. Beginning at the current date of 2190, Vincent found that Victoria's 'long standing' status as CEO of heat was no joke, her presence dating back to the organization's founding in 2132. She looked as beautiful - and as massively hyper endowed - back then as she did now, but Vincent quickly found that her history went further, and further. The Hightail Breeder Family's history stretched back much further, dipping into the previous century.

As his hard drive continued to fill up with erotic images and videos from the dark web, his research into the mouseherm began to uncover a shocking realization. The mephit paused his search to bring up a 2090 image of Victoria Hightail, and compared it to her current-day image, finding she looked *exactly the same*. Mature, bold, and impressively engorged in all the erogenous places, only her style of suit hinting any differences. Vincent began to flip back decades at a time. 2080's, her award for Gene Therapy innovations. 2070s, Workforce Efficiency conference head speaker. 2060's, Hightail Family Breeder *80 year anniversary celebration*. 2050's, her acceptance of an award "For the Advancement of Taur Sciences." 2040's "Patent Awarded for Multi-Limbed Exercise Equipment." 2030's "How To Cook For Five Heads" followed by a stunning image of a five-headed mouseherm sampling from five different soups. Most of these articles had been buried, scrubbed or purged from the internet, but the oft-ignored scraps of archives and catalogues in the dark web - or the planted honeypot trap - hinted at a possible version of events that most modern companies would be oblivious to.

Vincent was agog. Victoria Hightail was over two hundred years old but had barely aged a day since 2010, and had dozens - if not hundreds - of body types she could be found in, as if she possessed some sort of aberrant shapeshifting ability. Jumping back to the first found image of the mouseherm, he found her 1980's yearbook, displaying a cheekily grinning six-armed college graduate sporting a rotund pregnancy stamped over with, at the time, a Hightail Breeder traditional fur-tattoo denoting her as a Class A Birther. Seeing her knocked up like this was enough to make Vincent realize he'd not been this aroused since... ever.

"Damn you, sex brain!" Vincent spat at himself, popping open the compiled file folders of Victoria's dark-web porn, and running a series of programs to separate unique configurations of the mouseherm. While most images depicted a six-armed hyperherm mouse in a variety of poses and intercourse with other mice, he found a surprising number of alternative body types for Victoria, ones that suggested her genetic modification awards were obtained legitimately. Several folders distinguished themselves, ranging from "Micetaurs", "Micenagas" to even a few images of "Mousehydras", though where Victoria found the genetic keys to mythical creatures, the skunk could only wonder.

So engrossed Vincent was in his deeper research that he didn't notice his semen sample extractor had reactivated until it was already capturing his latest load. Normally, it collected his cum just to prevent any cleanup or when a biosample was needed for a security application, but it usually didn't activate unless he had commanded it to. He had never resolved the application process! As the pleasure of a second draining ached through his lap and slowed his movements, the sample had been frozen and sent out as a 'supplementary application' to HEAT. A semi-horrified look scrawled across the skunk's face as he watched the parcel speed through the pneumatic tube, too late to stop.

"I never... should have automated... aw, fuck." Vincent muttered as he slumped dejectedly in his seat. This wasn't the first time he had jerked off while filing a job application, but it was the first time he'd blown a load to a job application. Supplementary biogenic information was usually only sent upon request, and Vincent's head spun with thoughts about how the hiring manager would interpret being sent an unsolicited second load of cum. Unprofessional? Too eager?

Breathing deeply, and ensuring all his processes and applications were properly closed and his IP addresses reset a second time, Vincent considered what he had seen. Despite the ethics concerns, despite the propaganda report, and despite his fumbled application attempt, Vincent found that he still wanted the job. It had been eight months since graduation, three months since his latest security level certification, and the daily grind of finding, researching and applying for jobs was taking a toll on him. He needed an employment offer, and soon, lest he give up his apartment and too many of his electronic creature comforts.

Vincent sat up and activated the fur-brushing settings on his custom chair. Filaments began to comb through his luxurious tail, relaxing him in ways that two fresh orgasms had not. The CEO was hot, and all those other mice working at the facility must be pretty cute, right? Besides, he'd most likely be turned down anyway, and if they asked him if he wanted to be a mouse he'd have the option to say no, right? The skunk adjusted his chair as the filaments finished their work, reactivated a few of his job search algorithms, and cleared his mind of his concerns. On to the next megacorp, the next application, his nuts churning with another semen sample should a biogenic sample be called for once more today.

Weeks passed, and Vincent didn't hear back from HEAT. News reports about the massive mouse-run conglomeration mingled and disappeared with all the other corporate reporting Vincent's programs scrawled through. The IT security skunk filed application after application, as he had for the months prior, attended interviews and waited out eventual rejections. Most of which he was sure was due to the actual specist hiring practice he feared - due to his mephit biology, the stigma of his stink glands. He could tell the anxiety on interviewer's faces as he met with most of them, as if he was liable to burst at any moment. Despite the practice of species discrimination being explicitly outlawed, it was still all too easy to dismiss him as a candidate due to lack of 'experience' or finding a 'more qualified' candidate. Usually, Vincent simply never heard back at all, other than a pre-written thank-you email.

Always, his HEAT application was in the back of his mind. Vincent was careful to not open Victoria's porn folder too often, lest he risk projecting a sexual relationship upon his potential to-be boss. Of course, the self-denial only led to further objectification of the hyperherm, and his 'research' folders of HEAT's corporate activities grew faster than any other company he applied for. Likewise, his knowledge of HEAT's products and services continued to grow, mapping out nearly the full network presence of the megacorporation's business connections across the system.

Vincent paid for forum memberships and premium service accounts with shell accounts, and even found himself developing a small bot network to harvest social media profiles of employees connected to HEAT. As he had before, the vast majority of HEAT employees were mice, and Vincent began to run tracking programs on new employee social media profiles, finding nearly all of them would eventually begin commenting and sharing distinctly rodent-related topics and purchasing hyper-related products.

One morning, as Vincent rose to the smell of his autochef's breakfast preparations, his phone rang. Oddly, his traceback programs hadn't activated, and as he scooped the device up with his black-furred fingers, the Caller ID only read "The Call You've Been Waiting For." Perturbed, Vincent slung on his bluetooth ear device and accepted the call, sliding from his pajamas to a fresher set of clothes.

"Hello?" Vincent spoke clearly into the microphone, his voice clear despite his vision still being a slight blur from sleep.

“Good morning, Vincent. Hightail Enduring Analytical Technologies has received your application and you have passed our vetting processes. Would you be available for a phone screening to review your candidacy?” The voice on the other line spoke confidently, with a self-assured and somewhat squeaky accent that Vincent had heard all too often in the audio clips with sound. Oddly, she did not offer her name or introduce herself.

Vincent furrowed his brow and wiped sleep from his eyes, automatically responding with practiced deference that masked his physically disheveled state. “Thank you for calling. I would be happy to participate in a phone screening.” Despite the clear and affirmative tone in his voice, Vincent quickly slipped on slacks and began to button up a shirt, as if dressing himself to match his own manner of speech. “When would you like to schedule the interview?”

“Seeing as you have already provided your supplementary application,” The feminine voice on the other side of the line said, professional yet sharply cunning. “HEAT would be available at your earliest convenience. You may finish your breakfast.”

Before Vincent could respond, the autochef presented his breakfast to him, a platter of toast with savory melted cheeses and a serving of assorted and sliced fruits, with an ivory white beverage Vincent distinctly remembered as “Milk”. Whomever he had spoken to on the other line had hung up.

Vincent stared at the platter, as if he’d been handed an alien. He did not remember purchasing these ingredients or programming instructions on how to make this meal. It had been years since the skunk had even had any milk, but the implications of the past thirty seconds began to dawn on him. HEAT had compromised his set-up. They wanted him for an interview! His security had been hacked. The mouse-run megacorp wanted the skunk’s services anyway. They had ordered him breakfast and made his own machines make it for him.

Sliding the cheesy toast into his maw with a crunch, Vincent checked and re-checked his programs and devices, ran tracers and security sweeps across his network, to find the hacking programs that had infiltrated his systems. Quaffing half the glass of chilled milk, Vincent found the breaches that had permitted access to his network. Mentally, Vincent felt himself relaxing - they had used a brute-force approach, a method only available with obscene processing power. As he nibbled the fruits and gulped the rest of the creamy beverage down, the skunk swiftly isolated the compromised systems, left exposed like a trail of breadcrumbs. HEAT’s hackers had made no attempt to hide their attack on his system, either demonstrating their skills or simply unafraid of the consequences.

Fully clothed and satiated, the autochef cleaning bits of crumb and sterilizing the dishes, Vincent inhaled a deep breath, then exhaled and picked up his phone. It rang immediately, and Vincent was sure his sensor network had been bugged; there was no other way to know he had picked up the device. The skunk found himself slightly in awe of this level of sophistication

applied to an ostensibly simple job interview. Burying any feelings of intimidation, Vincent accepted the call.

“Hello?” He said, automatically, a social custom, in the non-zero chance that it wasn’t the same mouse who had called him minutes before.

“Greetings, Mr. Chavroux. I trust you are prepared for this conversation?” The authoritative, feminine voice said crisply through his earpiece.

“I am. I’m quite impressed with what you did to my systems.” Vincent steeled himself, his tail slotting through the back of his chair and coiling tightly around the base, where it often did when he was nervous, as if securing him in place.

“We are glad you noticed, Mr. Chavroux.”

“Vincent, please. May I ask who you are?”

“Your recruiter. Our details are less than necessary for you to understand, though I can assure you that your information will be passed to the *highest* levels within our organization, should you be accepted into our employ.”

Vincent felt like he’d swallowed a stone, his gaze briefly flickering to the monitor he most often looked at when... reviewing... Victoria Hightail’s video files. He must be talking to one of her direct descendents. “I.. see. You know, what you did to my network, it’s very illegal.”

“If our activities cause you any discomfort, Vincent, you would have long deleted your archive of our employee’s private lives. We are rather pleased at how complete your collection was, however. A custom program?”

Vincent could feel his sweat soaking through his fresh clothes, his tail like a vice around the swivel on his chair. “Ah, s-several, in fact. Darkweb snippers run by a Markov Chain simulation.” He could feel the heat on his cheeks rising, caught as a peeping tom. HEAT had snooped his porn stash and they were *complimenting* him on it. “B-but it was only for research purposes!”

“Please, Vincent, no deceptions here. We’re well aware of how often your programs accessed our deep-web mines for updates. If we were not impressed by the efficiency, we would not be having this conversation.” The voice on the other line gave a breathless, squeaky exhale, as if disappointed that he had attempted to play dumb with them.

Vincent chewed his lower lip, and apologized. “Erm... I apologize. It’s not every day a prospective employer wants to talk about porn.”

“Hightail Enduring Analytical Technologies is not just a prospective employer, Vincent. We are quite proud of our sexual and workforce breeding background, and our corporate culture reflects that.” There was another, subtle squeak from the other end of the line, causing the skunk’s ears to perk and his head to crane as if to listen more closely. He could hear... something, in the background, as if someone else was there but muffled.

When Vincent didn’t respond, the recruiter continued. “We take it you’re well versed in our benefits package, and may have an express interest in several of the compensation options we offer. While you’ve made an impressive candidate during our background checks, we would like to ensure you possess enough general knowledge of our corporate services to fulfill the role to which you’ve applied.” Another soft squeak, and Vincent was sure he heard the sounds of someone swallowing, not unlike how he had chugged the milk moments before.

The skunk forcibly relaxed his tail from his chair, and drew up what non-sexual information he could. He began to regale an abridged version of HEAT’s past and several of the technological and logistical services they provided, and hazarded his best guess on the IT infrastructure used to secure those systems from prying eyes. Throughout his spiel, Vincent continued to catch the background noises of breathing, squeaking, and occasional fluidic sounds; enough that his own pants were tented by what his loins were imagining happening on the other side of the phone line. He was certain there was more than one mouse on the other end of this conversation, and he could hardly keep himself on track. Still, the skunk managed, only needing to ‘readjust’ himself twice to calm himself down.

“Impressive recollection, Vincent. Restraint, too.” He blushed at the compliment, though it felt somewhat backhanded, as if the recruitment mouse was there in the room with him. By how smoothly HEAT had compromised his systems before brute-forcing their way in, he was sure his was already under surveillance. Vincent could only push forward and hope for a positive resolution. “While there are some ‘corrections’ to the record we at HEAT would prefer, it is enough to pass a general knowledge test. The next step for this interview process is an in-person panel meeting. Would you like to move forward?”

Vincent’s chest felt like it was going to explode. As silently as he could, he released the breath he had subconsciously been holding, trying not to choke out his reply too quickly. “Yes. Yes, I would. Yes, I would like to. Move forward. With an interview. Panel. Yes.” The skunk screwed his eyes shut as his tongue finally fumbled, right at the last moment.

Fortunately, the recruiter seemed to pay it no mind. He had gotten this far, and his technical skills and knowledge were what he was being hired for, anyway. “Excellent, Mr. Vincent Chavroux. We will give you a day to prepare. Transportation will be provided from your residency.” There was a brief pause, and a faint sucking sound, akin to someone pulling a limb out from pudding. “Six of our senior technical staff will ask you questions. How you reply will determine if we extend an offer of employment. Be impressive.”



“Okay. Thank you, uhm... Miss. Ma’am. I’ll do my best.” Vincent exhaled, and a click from the line indicated the call was over. The skunk hung up and sunk into his chair - before quickly fidgeting, tearing his pants off, and firing up his most frequently viewed Victoria Hightail video. He only got twenty seconds in before his seed splattered all over the inside of the semen extractor, and this time he made sure *no* supplemental applications of his genetic material was sent anywhere.