

Ajax's A.R.C. Experience

By Krayne

Ajax woke up as the powerful sedatives he had been given earlier were finally wearing off. He opened his eyes only to be met with complete darkness. Groggily, he tried to roll over and stretch out but was unable to lift his arms. He soon noticed that he was already upright, although not exactly standing up. It felt almost like he was floating in space, but with an intense pressure all around him. He found that he couldn't move much at all, and then he groaned as he remembered what happened.

Ajax was a young fox, lithe and toned with grey fur, dark stripes, a white belly, blue hair, and green eyes. Of course, none of this was visible since he was completely covered by strong, shiny black rubber, suspended over a vast black nothing that he couldn't even see. Suspended by some mechanism on a track above him, he was taken deeper and deeper into the Black Zone of the Automated Restraint Center, and all he could do was think about what brought him here.

He remembered when his parents caught him mid-fap in front of his computer screen which was displaying several pornographic images. He remembered feeling scared as his dad pushed him out of his seat and took over the computer. He remembered feeling ashamed when his dad went into his account and found over a thousand dollars' worth of purchases over the past few years. He had expected his dad to ground him and his mother to shame him, but they had agreed that simply wasn't enough. Ajax remembered feeling fear when they told him that their only choice was to send him off to a private behavior modification camp. He remembered feeling panic when the two men arrived in an unmarked van and arrived at his door, and how he tried to run away but was knocked over by something. And the last thing he remembered was the men approaching him with a strange claw-like pistol-thing.

Now, he was trapped hanging in... something. He could tell the material was rubber, since it stretched a bit and smelled a lot, and that it was what was preventing him from moving. His arms trapped at his side in rubber sleeves, all he could do was twist and bend a bit. With a lot of effort, he was able stretch out the rubber with his elbows and pull his hands almost up to his hips before he couldn't go any further and they snapped right back down to his thighs when his arms gave out. He couldn't even bend his knees or kick his legs out, the feet of his sack were attached to something below him and he could only stretch it so much before the effort became too great. So, he gave up trying and just hung there in total darkness, with no idea what was to come next. Around him he could hear the distant sound of machinery and the hum of motors. He could feel faint vibrations and, every now and then, a periodic increase in G force on his body, and from that he determined that he was in motion, being transported... somewhere.

He didn't even know where here was. Ajax had expected to be put on a bus with other miscreants and perverts and taken to some military boot camp to be yelled at by big guys with short haircuts, not completely restrained and blindfolded! He could only quiver in his sack as he imagined what was in store for him.

After what seemed like ages to Ajax, his journey came to an abrupt halt and his whole body swung back and forth, even though he is sack was still tethered at the feet. After the swinging stopped, nothing happened. He had to wait there for nearly a minute before anything happened. In that time, he struggled some more, and tried to shout out, but his mouth had been filled with a thick, inflated rubber balloon that even his sharp teeth couldn't pierce. He twisted this way and that his bindings wouldn't give, so finally, he groaned and gave up, slumping over as much as his rubber prison would allow and panting heavily. It was only then that he heard the whir of a motor approaching him and the rubber hood covering his head was removed.

Ajax expected to see someone in military uniform, or maybe a prison guard, hell even someone dressed like an orderly at an insane asylum. Instead he was met with a round LED screen about two feet in diameter, displaying what looked like half of a cogwheel with a line cutting it off, in the center of an outer circle, in red against black. He simply blinked, confused as the spokes of the gear withdrew into the center, and the half circle that was left shrank to about half its original size. It moved from the center to the left side of the screen, then to the right, then back to center, down to the bottom of the screen, then up to a position halfway between the center and the top, causing the center line to bend upwards, almost like an eye looking him over. Ajax blinked again, not sure what to expect.

Finally, the eye spoke. “Welcome to the Automated Restraint Center, bitch! You are here because you’re a dick pump porn stealing horny little bitch. You are going to learn to hate these things. You will struggle. You will try to escape. It will not work. You will endure pain until we have determined that your behavior has improved. You have no say in this matter. Is that understood, bitch?”

The voice was clear, crisp, and extremely menacing. “Fuck”, Ajax thought, “an A.I.!” He was confident that he could deal with a drill sergeant or a camp instructor or even a damn psychologist. But this was a computer, an artificial intelligence that was evidently programmed for pain and punishment. He knew that there was no way to emotionally appeal to a computer, and any confidence he had left completely shattered. His eyes teared up and he almost started to cry, but was interrupted by the AI’s voice.

“IS THAT CLEAR, BITCH?!?”

Ajax mumbled and moaned and tried to indicate that he couldn’t talk with his maw filled with rubber, and the eye on the screen appeared to do a little roll. Suddenly he felt a pair of furry paws grab his head and hold it in place as they unbuckled the strap and ripped out the gag without even deflating it first.

He didn’t realize how much his jaw hurt until he tried to close it. Then, pain shot through the sides of his cheeks and he had to open and close his jaw a few times before he could speak, which was good because right then he felt a slap across his face and heard the voice of the computer repeat its inquiry with additional force and anger.

“*IS THAT CLEAR, BITCH?!?!?*”

“Um, no” Ajax sheepishly replied. “What’s going on, where am I?”

He felt an even harder slap across the other side of his face, then heard the voice once more: “DON’T ASK QUESTIONS! You are our bitch, you can’t escape, and I call the shots around here. If that isn’t clear enough to you, then you are as dumb as you are horny and don’t deserve more of an explanation.”

“Ok ok! I get it I understand! Please don’t hurt me!” begged Ajax.

“Clearly you don’t because I very certainly WILL hurt you.” Replied the computer.

“Oh no! No no no please! I promise I won’t buy any more porn as long as I live! I promise...” Ajax was cut off when he was punched right in the snout.

“Shut up, bitch. You don’t get to speak anymore. Steve, shut him up!”

Ajax whimpered. He heard the sound of a cabinet opening and closing, then started thrashing when someone, presumably Steve, came up behind him and threw a black muzzle with a large, bulbous gag over his head. When he tried to twist his head away from it, he felt a sharp jab in his side so he quickly stopped moving. But he kept his maw shut, hoping to stave off the inevitable for a bit longer. He felt the furry hand from earlier grab his jaw just under his chin, placing fingers on either side of the point

where his lower jaw met his skull. The hand then squeezed, hard, harder than he could squeeze back and it hurt, a lot. So he gave in, opened wide and let Steve shove the fat, squishy rubber bulb in his mouth before flipping the muzzle over his snout and securing the straps behind his head with a pair of clicks.

Ajax hadn't really been able to see much because the AI's big, bright, round screen was right up close to his face and the room around him was dark, so he began to freak out when the screen drew backwards and his eyes adjusted.

Before him was what might have been the most threatening robot he had ever seen. It had eight arms connected to a central hub where the screen was, and that central hub was connected to another, larger arm. Almost the whole was black except for sharp, shiny metal spikes that lined each of the smaller arms and adorned the larger arm at the joints. The arms had different implements at the ends, four of them appeared to be claws, and the rest looked like power tools. Ajax shuddered when he imagined what those were for.

Standing next to it was Steve, whom Ajax could now see was large, buff tiger man wearing a one piece, shiny rubber singlet that was black with thick, red stripes going up and down the sides. He also had a pair of wi-fi headphones hanging around his neck. Steve looked at Ajax, turned his head to the robot, and gave a nod to the screen before moving the phones up to his ears and standing back, nodding to the beat.

Ajax barely registered this because the robot immediately approached him again, raising two of its claws which each held two halves of a black rubber ring or something. He didn't have time to look at it to figure out what it was, he found out right away when the robot arms snapped the two halves together around his neck. Two of the tool arms came up on either side of his neck, pressed themselves into holes in the sides of the collar and made a whirring noise. The collar was locked on tight, and the arms withdrew with the rest of the robot.

He was still hanging there in his bag, muzzled, collared, and too frightened to move as he watched eight arms fold inwards placing their hands around the screen, making it look much like a curled up spider. A spiky, black metal spider that was just about ready to address him again.

"You are Ajax, prisoner number 000-078. I am CORE." said the robot, briefly showing the letters C.O.R.E. on its screen before reverting back to the eye. "I am the entity in control of this facility. As far as you are concerned, I am God." The eye on the screen gave what Ajax was sure was an evil grin.

Suddenly, he felt a short jolt as whatever was holding him up lowered down to floor level. CORE continued: "You will now be released from your transport sack and outfitted with the rest of your restraints. Do not resist, or Steve here will have to beat the crap out of you first."

Ajax didn't resist, he could see he was clearly outnumbered and outclassed, so he tried to relax as the sack holding him lowered to the ground and Steve detached the ring on his feet and pulled it out towards him, lying Ajax on his back as he continued to be lowered down. Once he had gone down as far as the hanger allowed, Steve moved around behind Ajax, unclipped the shoulder rings holding him up, and then dropped him the last two feet to the floor. Ajax instinctively curled up so as not to crack his head on the cold, bare metal surface beneath him, so he wasn't hurt. Steve then kneeled over Ajax, straddling his legs across the fox's chest. He gasped the neck of the Ajax's sack and began to roll pull it down, but he stopped and pulled it back up. An evil grin crept across the tiger's face as he gripped just one side of the hem and stretched it away from Ajax's neck. He then let go, allowing the rubber to quickly snap back and hit the fox hard on the neck. Ajax screamed into the gag and his body stiffened up, much to the delight of Steve, whose bulge was now very much showing through his shiny rubber shorts. The tiger grabbed his bulge and gave it a few pumps, before reaching both hands down to both sides of Ajax's neck. He pinched both sides of the transport sack's hem, stretched the rubber out and let it snap his neck

again. Ajax winced and groaned at the sudden sharp, stinging pain. Steve stretched out the sides of the hem again, holding them as if waiting for a musical cue from his headphones before letting them snap back, stinging the fox in the neck for a third time. He only stopped when was interrupted by CORE.

“ENOUGH, Steve. Continue with the procedure, you will get to play with him later.”

Steve just smiled, Winked at Ajax, then took hold of the neck of the bag one more time, stretching it over Ajax’s shoulders and pulling it off the Fox’s body. Once he was free, Ajax scooted backwards, away from the tiger before sitting up and looking all around. He found he was in a medium sized room with black walls and a bare steel floor. The walls and floor were broken up by a seemingly random collection of grooves and panels, the ceiling above him was completely black, and the room was lit by fluorescent lights. The track in the ceiling continued on a few yards ahead then curved away to the left into a dark corridor. When Ajax turned around, the room continued for a few yards before ending in a heavy, metal door that had closed silently behind him when he was brought in on the track. And when turned back around and looked up, he saw the device he was hanging from, Steve, and the menacing robot controlled by CORE.

This robot was on a track of its own in the floor, and it went almost all the way up to where Ajax was currently sitting curled in a ball, shaking. The robot approached him, spinning its hub and all its arms around and sticking all eight of its arms into open panels in the wall, each retrieving one half of a shiny steel shackle.

“Present arms and legs.” said CORE, forcefully.

Ajax just curled himself up tighter and turned away, trying to hide from the malicious machine.

“Steve!”

The tiger stood to attention and danced his way over to Ajax before spinning him back around. He then punched Ajax in his exposed side, grabbed one of his wrists and yanked it away from his body, moving his grip to the fox’s forearm and holding it out for the robot.

“Arm!” said Steve, and the robot clasped a shackle on Ajax’s wrist, locking it in place. Steve then forced the arm down onto the floor, sat down on it keeping it pinned, then grabbed Steve’s other arm and repeated. With both of Ajaxes arms shackled, the robot now had four free arms, two of which immediately grasped the ring on either shackle and lifted up, pulling Ajax kicking and screaming up off the floor. Steve was now behind the fox, with Ajax’s balls at head level. Ajax flailed his legs around for a few seconds before he was shocked by a massive pain to his exposed sack. He felt furry hands around his jewels and they were squeezing hard. Ajax stopped kicking and went stiff, and the robot had no trouble shackling his legs and grasping them with its claws.

Steve let go of the fox’s furry sack. The robot now had hold of each of Ajax’s limbs, and he immediately hooked him back up to the hanger. The hanger’s arm and leg struts moved outward, holding him spread eagle several feet off the ground. The robot in the room withdrew to the back of its track, folded itself up and switched off its screen. Steve smiled and waved “goodbye” as the hanger began moving again, taking Ajax forward, around the bend and into a dark, narrow hallway. He was taken this way and that before arriving at another room. This room was much like the last, except smaller and with different robot arms. There were four of them, and they were much simpler, only having three joints and no extra arms at the end, just what looked like large, articulated hands.

Two of these hands lightly grasped the ends of the leg struts on Ajax’s hanger then pulled forward and up, tilting the poor fox into a horizontal position with his back to the floor. A table raised up out of the floor under him, and he was lowered onto it. The rest of the arms got to work unhooking his arms and legs

from the hanger then securing them to the corners of the table with chains, painfully stretching the fox out spread-eagle on the cold, hard steel. Finally, the arms that were holding up the hanger let go and it swung back upright as it zipped back out of the room.

Ajax stared straight up, relieved that his weight was no longer supported by his wrists from steel shackles with sharp corners, but terrified of what might happen next. He could see out of the corners of his eyes the robots each extend straight up, their hands disappearing into holes before emerging with new attachments. Now, the arms to his sides had some strange contraptions attached, and the one between his legs came back down with another, smaller shackle in its hand which it clipped tightly to Ajax's tail then secured to a ring at the foot of the table.

It withdrew and the arms on either side of Ajax moved in closer. The device on the end of each arm looked like a framework with a motor and gears connected to a bar hold a thin, flat strip of metal bent back. The hung poised at the fox's side, waiting.

Then, the lights turned off and the ceiling in front of him lit up. It was another screen displaying CORE's eye glaring down at him menacingly.

“So, you like looking at pornography, do you, Bitch?” CORE's voice filled the room.

Ajax weakly shook his head, but it didn't matter. CORE knew he was lying.

“Well then, do you like this?”

CORE's eye vanished and one of Ajax's favorite photos from one of his favorite porn sites filled his view. The fox was surprised, opening his eyes wide and going “Hrmm?”

“Oh yes,” replied CORE “Your parents told us about your porn sites and incredible bills. From there I was able to pull your complete browsing history, right down to how long any given picture was being viewed. Well NO MORE!”

THWACK!

Ajax screamed when he felt a searing pain in his side. The device on the robot to the left of him had activated, and the bent strip of metal was released, whipping him sharply across his left ribcage. He looked down at the pain and could see bits of his fur floating away. He winced, bit down hard on his gag and moaned.

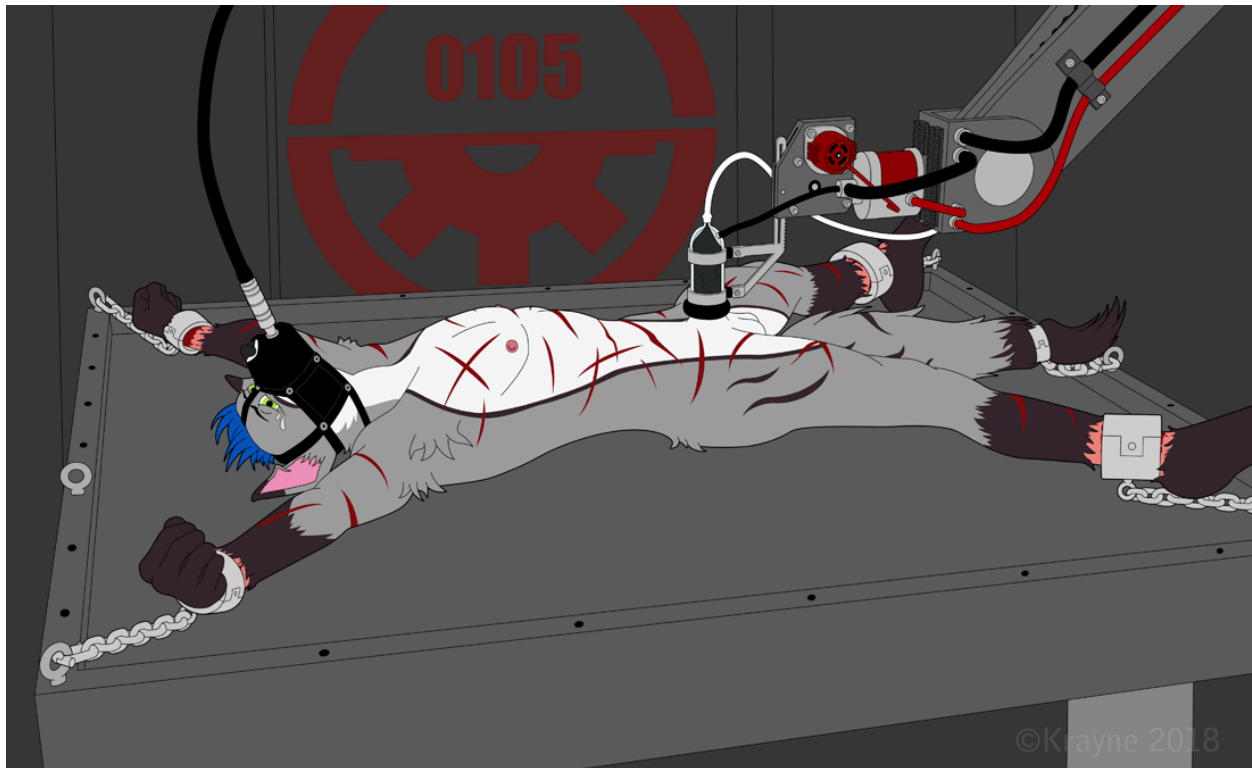
The image in front of him changed, this time to another one of his most-viewed pictures. The device on his right side whipped him in the same way as his left, causing more fur to fly and more moans to come out of the hole that went through his gag and out his muzzle. The two robots then moved a few inches down his body and re-charged their whips.

This continued for some time, Ajax was shown a picture of porn that he (well, his parents, really) had paid for then whipped in a new spot by the robots. At the end, the fox's arms, legs and body was covered in bright red whip marks and Ajax was whimpering and breathing heavily. He had thrashed a lot, and all of the fur had been rubbed off of his ankles and wrists which were now thoroughly red and blistered.

The two robots at his side withdrew, and the one above his head, one that had been inactive until now, began to move towards Ajax's head. This one had a simple claw holding a metal nozzle attached to a black hose that disappeared into the ceiling. The tip of the nozzle tapered then flared out into a ball at the end. The robot positioned this nozzle in front of Ajax's face then shoved it into the hole at the end of his

muzzle. The ball popped in, the claw released the nozzle and the arm withdrew. Ajax could guess what it was for, but all he could do was whimper and wait.

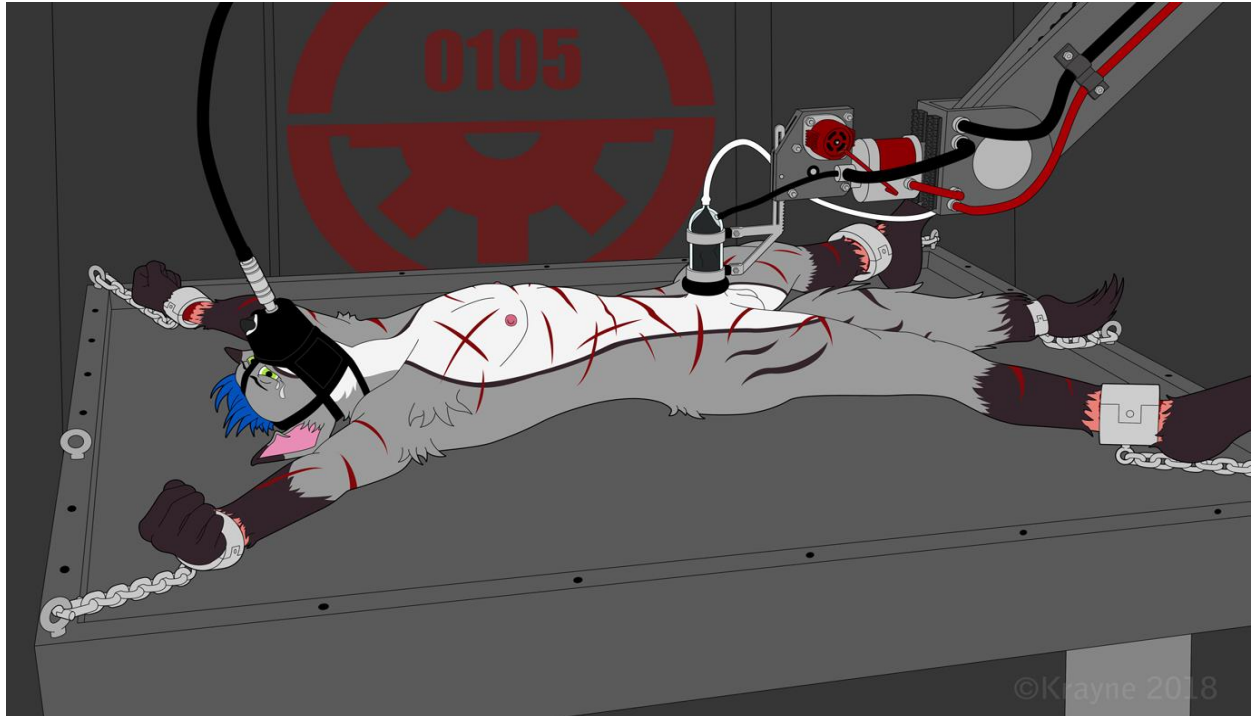
The fox couldn't see it but the arm between his legs had switched attachments and was now slowly approaching his sheath. His meat had remained hidden all throughout the whipping, but now the robot demanded it. Ajax yipped as he felt something press down directly over his slit and began sucking. The intense suction brought his flaccid member out of its hiding place, and rhythmic vibrations caused it to stand at attention. His cock swelled and expanded into a rubber sheath inside of a glass tube, filling it up most of the way.



The screen, which had switched back to CORE's eye, made a sort of frown at this, then a short time later Ajax felt a prick at the base of his cock. His eyes rolled back into his head as moments later his member swelled up with even more blood, causing it almost completely and painfully to fill the tube it was now trapped in. CORE's eye appeared to smile in satisfaction, then faded away to be replaced by yet another piece of pornography, this time a video he had gotten from the premium service on one of his porn sites.

As the scene began, the tube on his cock began to stroke him up and down, pushing his cock out at the beginning of a stroke then sucking it back in at the end. As the scene progressed, the stroking got faster and stronger, and the confused fox could only moan as he felt himself being pleased.

The tube stroked him faster and faster, and as Ajax and the characters in the video approached their climax, there was a loud buzzing sound and the images cut off. He could feel some air come through his gag before his maw was flooded with sludge. His eyes grew wide when he tasted the thick mix of cum, piss and shit, although mostly he could just taste the feces. It was still awful, and it filled his cheeks as he thrashed in his bonds with renewed vigor. He shook his head left and right but nothing he did could dislodge the metal nozzle.



“Swallow.” Said CORE.

Ajax winced and shook his head, some of the mixture seeping out of his cheeks and into his muzzle. The loud buzz came again, and the arm over his head returned, this time with what looked like a nine-pronged claw with a rubber suction cup in the middle. The claw came down over him and grabbed his head, mating with nine of the anchor points on his muzzle and holding his head firmly in place. The suction cup was directly over his nose, and once his head was secured the cup lowered, pressing down the fox's nose and covering up his nostrils.

“SWALLOW!” shouted CORE.

Ajax panicked. Now, he couldn't breathe, and he HAD to swallow his mouthful before he would get any air. So he closed his eyes and swallowed, a tear rolling across his cheek as he gulped down the foul fluid. It was easily the worst thing he'd ever had to eat, and he felt sick to the stomach. But strangely, even though he felt like throwing up, he didn't retch or convulse. He didn't know it, but his gag reflex had been chemically suppressed by drugs in that first load of sludge. The suction cup pulled away from his nose, allowing him to breathe again, but the claw remained locked to his muzzle.

Ajax was crying now, tears streaming from his eyes as the display switched to a new video and the robot began to stroke his still swollen cock again. He wasn't even given any water to wash out the awful flavor, it just sat in his mouth tasting awful as he was once again brought near orgasm. And once again, the video cut off, the buzzer sounded and his maw was filled with more sludge. This time, before the rubber cup could cut off his breathing, he just sobbed and chugged down the sewage being fed to him.

This repeated two more times, before his mouth was finally rinsed out with just piss. A large volume of it. He was feeling positively bloated when it stopped and the nozzle was pulled out of his muzzle. The tube on his still swollen cock spat it out and withdrew, and the claw holding his head let go and disappeared behind him.

For five whole minutes he was left to lie there, sobbing and panting heavily on the hard steel that had only now begun to warm up from all the body heat he had been putting out. But as soon as he caught his breath, a hanger rolled into the room behind him and the arms in the room sprang to life, reaching into the ceiling to change attachments one last time. They then use them to unhook Ajax from the table, lift him up and clip him back on to the hanger.

Once again hanging from his wrists, the fox rode the track system to another, wider hallway filled with nozzles and machinery. He was so worn out that he barely paid attention as machines sprayed him down with soapy water and scrubbed him clean. He only winced a bit as each of his whip marks were sprayed with disinfectant. He let out a momentary sigh of relief as he was blow-dried then moved along to the next station.

Ajax was positioned directly over thin robot arms holding something white and folded up. His head was hanging down, but he couldn't really see as in several quick motions the white thing was unfolded, stretched out between his legs, then raised up to cover his butt and crotch before finally being folded back around his sides. A robot on either side of his hips applied tape to what he now realized was an adult diaper, securing it to his waist. The arms that had unfolded the diaper sank straight down, pulling out the plastic rods that held the flaps rigid then ejecting them into nearby chutes.

Of all the humiliating things, Ajax thought, it had to be a diaper? He had just been force fed several mouthfuls of shit and cum, and nearly a gallon of piss, and now he was going to have to defecate it all right back on to himself! He shuddered, causing his diaper to crinkle a bit, and swore to rip it off the first chance he got.

The hanger moved on and finally, after a long journey of twists and turns he emerged into a large, open area that was dominated by a huge stack of about seventy steel cages. All of these cages held men, woman, furs and scales, all diapered, all gagged, and each wearing a wide variety of bondage gear. His hanger took him toward one cage that was empty and not part of the stack. Next to the cage was an eight-armed robot identical to the one he had first seen. A door on the top of the cage was propped open, and the screen was displaying CORE's now bored looking eye.

When he got to the cage, CORE said "Your treatment for the day has ended. You will remain in this cage until your next session tomorrow. However, until then, we can't have you messing with your Personal Waste Collection Device sooo..."

The robot took Ajax off of the hanger, flipped him around, forced his arms behind his back and clipped his shackles together. Then it attached a chain from the shackles to his collar, preventing him from pulling his arms under his legs and back in front of him. Ajax groaned and whimpered as his plan to rip the diaper off was thwarted by a chain and a few clips, and began to sob.

The robot's claws lifted Ajax up by his armpits and lowered him into the cage before slamming the door shut and locking it tight.

"Goodnight, number 000-078" said CORE, then the robot folded up its arms and turned off its screen.

Ajax felt a jolt, then motion as the cage was lifted by some unseen mechanism and taken near the top of the stack. More machinery shuffled some cages around, and in the end he found himself placed right in the middle, surrounded on all sides by cages holding other prisoners like him. He looked glumly to his neighbors before settling down and trying to rest. To one side was a lizard man, covered head to toe in black rubber with his hands and feet trapped in rubber balls. To another was a man shaven bald and wearing a suspension harness, his arms also bound behind his back. In front of him was a woman bound tightly by a black, rubber straitjacket and an inflatable black, rubber hood making her look a bit like a chess piece. Her diaper was already soiled and soaked, and the smell was terrible all around.

It was all too much for Ajax, who shut his eyes tight and tried to ignore the sounds of moaning, screaming and crinkling around him. He hadn't noticed it but he was completely exhausted by everything that happened today. Eventually he drifted off, and dreamt of happy things.

The next day, he awoke to a foul smell. Ajax shifted around and sat up against the bars, remembering where he was and looking down at his diaper. He had thoroughly soiled himself overnight, and when he sat up it squished and emitted even more smell. It was so full that the discharge from his anus had turned to paste and surrounded the fox's sheath. Much to his horror, the fox's member began to emerge and press up against the thick padding. He didn't know why, but Ajax found the feeling of the thick brown sludge squishing around his thick flesh almost pleasurable.

He also really, really had to go. Seeing no other option, Ajax let his bladder empty into his seemingly bottomless diaper. It expanded even more, pressing his semi-hard member back against his belly before the fluid trickled down between his legs and was soaked up by the last of the absorbent material covering his butt.

Ajax sighed in relief, but it was short lived. He soon heard the sound of machinery and jumped as the cage he was in jolted and started lifting up. It was moved away from the stack then placed back on the ground, next to the robot and in front of a fresh hanger. The menacing, red and black eye-screen moved right up to the bars of the cage and CORE said "Number 000-078... Ajax. Your Personal Waste Collection System will be removed, you will be cleaned, and then we will start with today's treatment!"

The poor fox screamed into his gag when he remembered what had happened to him yesterday and dreaded what the rest of his sentence had in store for him.

After weeks of more or less the same treatment, Ajax was released. The cage containing the bound, shivering, diapered and muzzled Fox was removed from the stack and placed in front of CORE and his robot arms for the last time. Steve was there waiting, dressed as always in his rubber singlet and large, ear-covering headphones. This time, however, the robot was holding a white suspension harness and Steve's headphones were turned off and hanging around his neck. Steve was also holding a tool that looked like a small drill.

"Congratulations! You have completed your term of treatment! I hope you have learned your lesson!" said CORE, in a completely different way from normal. Instead of sounding serious, menacing and slightly bored with a touch of autotune type distortions, he sounded perfectly clear. In fact, he sounded positively upbeat, as if Ajax had just won something on a gameshow or something.

"Steve here will now prepare you for discharge."

The robot opened the lid of the cage and instead of yanking him out as always, it waited while Steve climbed into the cage with Ajax.

"Hey there, guy. It's over. I don't have to be mean to you anymore. Come here, let me take those shackles off." said the tiger.

Ajax was so happy to hear that it was all over he had already turned around and presented his wrists, which Steve quickly freed from the chains and shackles. Steve waited to see if Ajax tried to attack him. When he saw that all Ajax wanted to do was rub his wrists and scratch himself in places he hadn't been allowed to reach in days.

Confident there was no threat, Steve used his tool to unlock and remove the collar, then the leg shackles. He then grabbed the straps on Ajax's muzzle and said "Hold still. This is coming off now."

As soon as he was able, Ajax spit out the gag, sputtered and coughed.

"Are you alright? Can you stand?"

"Fuck you." Said Ajax.

"I understand. Now, I just need to get you into this harness--"

"What! No, come on! Anyways, what about this?" said Ajax, pointing at his diaper.

"That will be dealt with in the usual manner, but I need to get this harness on you so this time you won't be hanging by your wrists."

"Fine." said Ajax, nodding and standing up. Steve helped him out of the cage and into the white harness. After securing locking all the straps, the robot grabbed the rings on the harness and lifted Ajax up. Steve then took a pair of white, heavily padded leg cuffs and put them around the fox's ankles.

As the robot transferred the fox to the hanger, Steve gave a sympathetic look to Ajax and said "Hey, man for what it's worth, I'm really sorry. You got some really harsh treatment. You got some shitty parents for making you go through that."

"Fuck you." Replied Ajax before the hanger sprang into motion and whisked him away. Steve just shrugged, put his headphones on and danced off to his next assignment.

The new harness and cuffs were a big relief compared to the steel shackles, and Ajax was able to relax a bit on his ride to the shower room. There, his diaper was removed, he was cleansed and his wounds tended to this time with a soothing gel instead of an astringent spray. He heard CORE say something about the gel helping him to heal and regrow his hair faster, but Ajax wasn't paying attention. He just wanted it all to be over with.

The fox was then whisked along the track to another room, much like the first room he saw. A woman, a regular, non-altered human dressed like a doctor came in and inspected Ajax. She made a few notes on her tablet before saying "OK, it looks like you are fit to go. I apologize but you are going to have to go home in this." She gestured towards a black transport sack hanging from a robot arm next to her.

"If you want, honey, I have something to put you to sleep for the journey, but it would help me a lot if I saved it and you helped get yourself in this thing."

Ajax reluctantly nodded, and with the Doctor's help he was unclipped from the hanger, had the harness removed and made his way comfortably into the transport sack.

"Thanks for being a good sport, honey" said the doctor before sticking a needle in the fox's neck. "Nighty night!" was the last thing Ajax heard her say before he blacked out.

After a long drive and awkward conversation with his parents, Ajax finally arrived home to his own bed. He flopped onto it unceremoniously and began to take his clothes off. He had a lot of pent up need, and wanted to take care of it as soon as possible so he could finally relax. He took his throbbing pink member in his hand and got to work, sighing in long awaited relief. He worked and worked it for nearly ten

minutes, but couldn't bring himself to climax. Panicked and confused, and a little bit exhausted, Ajax gave up, lying on the bed in a daze trying to collect himself.

He soon found that it had been a long drive indeed, and that he really needed to get up and go to the bathroom. As he did his duty sitting on the throne, the familiar odor crossed his nose and somewhat to his surprise, his cock went from semi hard to fully erect!

"Oh!" exclaimed the fox, suddenly reinvigorated and ready to release that pent up need. After dropping another deuce, he used his hand to work his erection up and down. But it still wasn't enough for him to climax! Without thinking, he reached his other hand down into the toilet bowl, grabbed what he could get ahold of and shoved it in his mouth. His eyes went wide as he realized what he had just done, but his right hand kept pumping away, little drops of pre flying up and hitting Ajax. His left hand, still covered in his own shit, soon joined in. With the foul brown paste filling his mouth and covering his cock, he finally climaxed. His balls tightened as he shot one, two, now three ropes of cum across the bathroom, splattering against the front door. His mind in bliss, Ajax barely noticed the loud, almost screaming moan he had let out during his orgasm. Pretty soon his parents both came to see what was wrong, afraid their son had hurt himself.

Instead, they opened the door to a bathroom covered in fecal mess and genital spew. Their son, sitting dazed on the toilet, panting heavily and covered in even more mess. They looked at one another before his Dad spoke up.

"Well, son, looks like you haven't learned your lesson after all!"

Ajax gulped in terror, only just recovering from his blissed out state. That's exactly how his dad had sounded right before sending him off to the A.R.C!