**Prisoner of the Machines**

**By Elfy**

“David, are you paying attention?” Mr. Healy asked with exasperation.

“Yeah, of course…” David replied as he tried to pretend he hadn’t been bored out of his mind during the tour he and his college classmates were on.

In all honesty the eighteen-year-old David couldn’t be less interested on this tour of a manufacturing plant. When he signed up to the Business Management course at his local college he had done so just as an excuse to put work off for longer. He had very little actual interest in his course and even less interest in walking around a factory making all sorts of boring things.

David was slouching along at the back of the group and paying more attention to his phone than anything going on around him. In the absence of paying attention he was planning his evening, he wanted to go to his friend’s house for some video games before they went out later in the evening. It would be pretty much the same evening he always did.

“You can learn some really interesting things about managing a company here.” Mr. Healy said loudly as the disinterested students milled around.

David rolled his eyes as the tour continued. The group started walking away and David was going to follow until something else grabbed his attention.

“Boring tour, eh?” A man in his forties was looking up from some kind of large cutting machine and wiping his hands on the messy shirt in front of him.

“Yeah.” David nodded his head and smiled, “Like, Mr. Healy is just the most boring person in the world.”

“I can see that.” The man said as he nodded his head. He smirked and walked over to where David was standing, “My name’s Steve.”

The man wiped his hand on his pants and held it out. David hesitated before grabbing the hand and shaking it. It seemed like he had found a kindred spirit and David looked at the thing the man was cutting. He seemed really friendly and disarming, even though David was usually quite shy he had no problem talking to this man.

“What do you do here?” David asked as he let go of the man’s hand. His fingers hurt a little from Steve’s strong grip.

“I cut shit.” Steve let out a loud bark of a laugh, “Metal, mostly aluminium. Cut it into the exact shapes and sizes so the guys down the line can put it all together.”

“Sounds interesting.” David was lying but he didn’t know what else to say.

“You’re not a good liar.” Steve smirked, “But that’s alright. I enjoy my work and it pays well. Your group are business students, right? Maybe you’ll be my boss.”

Steve laughed and slapped David on the back roughly. David smiled uncomfortably in return, he had changed his mind. Steve wasn’t a kindred spirit after all, he was someone who gave David a really weird feeling about everything going on. David looked around and suddenly realised the group he was with had all disappeared. He had no idea where they had gone. He felt very alone.

“I’d better get going.” David said as he started walking away, “I don’t want to miss anything.”

“Mmhmm.” Steve nodded as he watched David moving away.

David looked around to see if he could see any sign of his professor or classmates but they were nowhere in view. He looked around nervously feeling very out of place within the unknown factory. He could see some of the other workers looking his way and he felt vaguely threatened.

“Lost?” Steve’s distinctive voice came from behind David.

David closed his eyes and nodded his head without turning back around. There were several doors and he wasn’t sure which one his group had gone through. He cursed his lack of attention but blamed his professor for being so boring.

“I think they went through that door.” Steve pointed to a door a little off to the side of the others. There was a sign on it that said “No Admittance!”

“Really?” David looked doubtful. He knew how factory workers liked to play practical jokes on outsiders and he felt like he was being set up to get in trouble.

The door looked different to all of the other ones around the room. It looked stronger and whereas the others were old and wooden, this one seemed very new. It even had a digital lock, it looked very out of place in an otherwise rather uninspiring factory.

“Cross my heart.” Steve said.

“It says “No Admittance” though.” David tried to see any hint of a smile or some sort of tell that Steve was playing with him. He knew people like this liked to prank outsiders.

“That’s just for the general public.” Steve said, “Seriously, I’ve seen a bunch of these things in my time and they all go down there. It’s where we store the raw materials. I’ll even come with you if you don’t believe me, hold on a second…”

David watched as Steve lowered the cutting machine and grunted with effort as he pressed it down. Bits of metal fell away to the floor around the cutter as it lifted up again. Steve quickly swept up the fallen metal and indicated for David to follow him.

David hesitated but realised he had no other leads to follow in this bustling factory and he was getting in the way of all the workers trying to move around him. He was getting some evil looks from the people he was holding up.

Steve walked around his machine and over to the door he had pointed at. It was behind another machine and looked fairly hidden from view, there was an overweight man operating a large drill in front of it. David moved a little closer as Steve unlocked the door and pushed it open, the corridor beyond was very dark.

David walked over to stand next to Steve and looked into the darkness. It didn’t look likely that anyone had been down there in a while, David was unsure but when Steve indicated for him to step inside he decided to do so.

“Just head down there.” Steve says.

“Its pitch black…” David replied sceptically.

“Hold on a second…” Steve fiddled with something on the wall and several small lights hanging from the ceiling flickered into life. Their light didn’t reach the floor.

“Are you su-” David turned back to the doorway and was about to ask if Steve was sure this was the right way but the door was closed and Steve was gone.

David hurried up to the door and tried to push it open but it was locked. Even worse than that the little window was covered by some card. David trying yelling and banging on the door but no one could hear him with all the machinery going on.

David didn’t know if this was a prank or not but he turned to look at the dark corridor with worry. This didn’t seem right but he could either walk down there or stay here for who knows how long.

“Great…” David’s voice echoed around the walls of the dark and bare corridor.

Walking down the hallway rather gingerly David looked around for anything which might show a way out. He slowly walked through the darkness and expected Steve to suddenly yell that he had pranked him but there was nothing, the sound of the factory sounded like it was getting further away and David didn’t understand how he could’ve walked so far and still be in the building.

In the almost complete silence of the hallway David felt like he heard some clanging from somewhere ahead. He could hear a low hum of electricity going through the walls.

David suddenly found a staircase leading downwards. It seemed impossible that this was where his group had been taken, the guys in the factory must be playing a prank on him. Whatever they were doing David was determined to continue forwards since he was sure it was the only way he would spring their trap and get out of this strange and dark place. He walked down three flights of stairs and then continued down another hallway, he thought he was walking back towards the factory but it was easy to lose your bearings in such a dark place.

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“Hey! Tom! Get over here!” Steve called down the line of machines which were stopping for lunch making the factory an eerily silent place.

“It’s lunch time.” Tom replied with his older voice. He was in his mid-fifties and his hair was greying quite dramatically.

“It’s an emergency.” Steve said rather pointedly. His eyes shifted to the door he had sent David through a few minutes beforehand.

Tom’s whole demeanour changed and he looked around conspiratorially as he put the sandwiches he had begun unwrapping on his work bench and started walking over to Steve. With the factory now silent the two men withdrew away from everyone else and spoke in hushed voices to each other.

“I just sent a fresh one down.” Steve whispered.

“Did you tell the guys upstairs?” Tom asked as he nodded towards the offices with windows overlooking the shop floor.

“I was just about to do it.” Steve said as he hit the button on his machine to power it down, “I know they were looking for someone to send. I might get a nice little bonus for it.”

“And I guess you want me to do the dirty work?” Tom looked mildly annoyed at his younger co-worker.

“Don’t be like that, man.” Steve said as he clapped his friend on the back, “Help me out here and I’ll split the bonus with you. We need to make sure he gets into the room.”

“Fine…” Tom put the tools he was carrying down on Steve’s workbench.

“Good luck.” Steve said, “And don’t look so miserable. This is a nice little earner for the pair of us.”

Tom nodded his head and stretched. He lifted the card that blocked the small window to make sure the person Steve had sent through had walked away from the factory. He keyed in the code and opened the door.

Rather than walking down the hallway where David had gone Tom turned immediately to the right where there was a heavy slab on the floor. As the door closed behind him he pushed the slab out of the way to reveal a hatch with a ladder, he climbed down quickly until his feet hit the floor again. He quickly pushed the ladder up and it went up into a ceiling where it was hidden by a hatch.

The hallway Tom was now in was illuminated by light shining through the window in another door. He made sure to give the door a wide berth as he hid behind some boxes nearby. He prepared for action because he was never sure what he would have to do. All he could do now was wait.

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David was thoroughly creeped out by the hallway he was in. At the bottom of the stairs the corridor was much different to one he had previously in. This corridor was much colder and looked like it had been abandoned for a long time, it was pitch black apart from a light at the far end of the corridor. David could see no other doors or anything else so he started walking forwards towards the light, he assumed he would walk through that door and end up in another part of the factory or something.

As the door got closer David felt like something was wrong. He couldn’t be sure what exactly was going on and he was starting to feel increasingly fearful of what might be happening. This was all so weird, he should’ve just paid more attention to the tour he was on. He had always had trouble listening to others and he was always described as being off in his own little world.

When David was a few feet away from the door the corridor opened up a little bit. He saw some large and heavy looking boxes to the side of the wall and they disappeared into the darkness. It was next to impossible to see anything in that murky darkness.

“Is anybody in there?” David called out towards the door in front of him. His voice quivered slightly with the nerves he was feeling. There was no answer. If anyone was in the room in front of David they were staying quiet.

The door in front of David looked heavy and was made of steel. Just above the door handle was a frosted glass window, the eighteen-year-old couldn’t see what lay beyond the door but the light was pouring through and almost blinding in the otherwise dark hallway.

David reached the door and gently pressed against it. The door, much to David’s surprise, opened with ease. The door swung slowly open and David covered his eyes as they adjusted to the sudden light. He tried to see what was happening in the illuminated room but it was all coming into focus very slowly, he eventually saw a long padded table and in the centre of a large room with other things around the edges.

“What the hell!?” David asked to no one in particular as he saw a small cage against the rear wall. What kind of room was this?

David sensed some movement out of the corner of his eyes and his head shot up just in time to see something descending from the ceiling, he soon realised there were multiple things moving around up there. It was only as they got close that David realised that these white gloved hands, mechanical hands that moved like snakes as they twisted and turned. David was reminded of an octopus as he watched the hands moving independently of each other. It was the strangest sight he had ever seen.

Just as he was about to back out of the room and close the door David felt a sudden shove in the back. He stumbled forwards and fell to his hands and knees, he turned just in time to see the door slam shut.

“Hey! Wait!” David scrambled back to his feet and scampered back over to the door. He pulled on the handle but the door refused to budge, it was absolutely stuck.

David could see a retreating shadow heading down the corridor the way the eighteen-year-old had come from. Was it Steve or someone else? It was impossible to tell from inside the room, the frosted glass stopped anything from being clear.

“Hey! Come back! Let me out!” David yelled. He felt certain the man on the other side of the door could hear him but he was walking away until he was swallowed up by the darkness.

David turned his back to the door and felt his heart stop with terror. He looked around the room at what seemed like a swarm of robotic hands. There had to be at least a dozen just floating in front of David, they were eerily silent as they flexed their fingers. All the hands looked exactly the same with white gloves covering the ends, it made them look terrifying and David had no idea what to say or do.

“W-What do you want?” David called out into the room. His question echoed around but there was no sign that anyone or anything had heard him.

Looking around David tried to find another exit but none was forthcoming. There were no doors, no windows and no vents. The young man couldn’t see even a small crack in the high walls, he wondered what was happening here but he had a strong feeling it wasn’t good.

“Is this a prank?” David yelled out rather desperately, “You got me! Time to let me out!”

There was still no sign of any kind of response. David could feel sweat on his forehead but even as he stared ahead in horror he couldn’t help but marvel at these machines in front of him. He wasn’t an expert on technology but he was sure that these mechanical limbs were far more advanced than anything that had been created before. The thought that he was alone with such cutting edge technology did nothing to quell his fears.

When the hands didn’t move for a minute David felt a little more confident. He slowly took a step into the room and advanced towards the mechanical hands, they seemed to move in relation to him so that the palm always faced the man.

“What are you?” David asked with a frown.

For the first time David noticed the metal tubing that connected the gloved hands to the ceiling. The tube looked very strong and yet also flexible, it seemed like the hands weren’t hindered at all and could move however they needed. With another step forward David was within arm’s reach of the hands. He gently reached forwards and touched the gloves, they were a soft and thin leathery type substance. They seemed slightly slippery but he was sure they could maintain a good grip if they wanted to.

David suddenly became very fearful of what he was looking at and doing. He pulled his hand away from the mechanical arm and he quickly turned away from the mechanical monstrosities. He ran the few steps back to the door and pulled on the door knob again, it still didn’t budge.

“Fuck this…” David hissed to himself as he pulled his arm back.

David was preparing to smash the frosted glass but as he went to swing his hand forwards he found it completely stuck. He tried to pull his arm forwards but he couldn’t move it an inch. He felt strong fingers gripping his wrist and with a deep amount of fear he turned to see one of the hands holding him back.

“W-What’s happening?” David had time to stutter before he was roughly pulled away from the door.

David stumbled into the room and tripped over his feet. Even as he went down the hand maintained its grip and continued to drag him, it seemed impossibly strong and David was unable to get back up to his feet. He was facing upwards and could see the other mechanical hands following his progress menacingly. He had no idea what technology could possibly exist to create these things.

Trying to pull his arm away from the hand was useless. It held on easily and soon more hands were coming down and grabbing at him. He tried to fight them off but soon all four of his limbs had been grabbed and held out in the star position, he was unable to move a muscle as he went red in the face from his efforts to resist.

“Get the fuck off me!” David screamed at the hands as if they could understand him.

Someone must be controlling these things, David thought, he just couldn’t see who it was or where they were. This was the strangest thing he could imagine existing and it was right underneath a regular factory. Did Steve have something to do with this? Was his friendliness just an act to trap David like a fly in a web?

“What do you want!?” David yelled out to the person he presumed must be nearby, “I’ll do whatever you want, just let me go!”

The hands did nothing to suggest they were going to release him. David was off the ground slightly, the super-strength mechanical limbs easily lifted him about a foot off the floor. David pulled against the grip but it didn’t make any difference at all. He shuddered with fear as he felt a wave of concern and anxiety spread throughout his body.

The other hands started descending from the ceiling. They were all eerily quiet except for a very quiet mechanical hum with each movement, it made the situation seem even more threatening. He watched as the swarm of hands came down to his body where they started roughly grabbing at his clothes. David felt his clothes stretching all over him, the hands grasped his clothes strongly and started pulling.

All of a sudden David felt his shirt and pants starting to rip. His eyes bulged out of his head as they started to give way. His shirt ripped along the front and his pants legs started opening up. He belatedly realised that these mechanical hands were stripping him and he redoubled his efforts to stop them, he couldn’t even slow them down.

David’s shirt was the first to give way and he heard a loud rip as the thin material split open completely. The tattered remains of his shirt fell away from his body and down to the floor. His slim body was left open to the room and he was speechless as he looked down at what had once been his favourite shirt. He was starting to realise he might be in an awful lot of trouble.

David’s shoes and socks didn’t last long. They were pulled away from the man’s feet and dropped on to the floor. He was held a foot above the ground and was almost completely naked. The only thing protecting his modesty was his underpants but they didn’t feel like much of a barrier when these mechanical hands were having their way with him.

“What do you want!?” David repeated as his eyes filled with tears. He was getting desperate and the fight was falling away from him. All this struggling was tiring himself out and he wasn’t getting anywhere.

There was no response in the eerily silent room. The mechanical whirring was the only thing David could hear as the machines seemed to gather together for whatever they had planned next. David could only pray for help as he watched the hands getting closer and closer, soon they were grabbing at the waistband and legs of his boxer shorts. The thin material felt even less secure and he shook his head uselessly, it was just about the only part of his body he could move.

David suddenly saw some movement at the frosted glass of the door. He couldn’t make out what was the other side but he saw a shadow moving against the glass.

“Help!” David yelled out as loudly as he could towards the doorway, “Is anyone there!?”

The shadows retreated from the glass and David was alone again. He didn’t know who had been there but he could imagine it was Steve since the factory worker had been the one to send him down here in the first place. Did the people running the factory know what was going on underneath them? David had so many questions but the urgency of his situation meant he couldn’t really concentrate on anything.

David felt the tension on his underwear increase and with a sudden ripping sound the material split open and fell away just like everything else. David blushed deeply as he was left completely naked in the air and unable to cover himself up in any way, he didn’t know if anyone was watching but if they were he knew he was totally exposed to them. He was helplessly held as the hands grabbed the tattered remnants of cloth that used to be his clothes and took them away. For a brief moment he was left alone with the four mechanical hands that were grabbing his limbs.

David used this time to look at the machines more closely and he couldn’t help but be impressed with how sturdy and strong they were. If this had been any other situation he would’ve marvelled over these mechanical limbs but because he was being held captive by them he felt nothing but terror.

As quickly as they had disappeared the mechanical limbs returned and swooped down from the ceiling effortlessly. David watched them all come down until they were level with him again, he got a sense of severe malice from them even though none of them were anything other than a gloved hand. They floated in front of David as if waiting for orders from something that David couldn’t see. Was there some central brain or control centre operating everything?

Without much warning one of the gloved hands suddenly lunged forward to his groin. He winced thinking it was going to hit him but it stopped just inches short, David relaxed slightly as everything seemed to stop again. He looked down at the hand hesitantly and wished it would leave him alone, he didn’t even know what his captors wanted. David didn’t even have a way of finding out the demands since no one would communicate with him.

“H-Hey!” David yelled as the hand moved forwards again, “Y-You can’t do that!”

David looked down in wide-eyed horror as the gloved hand start gently caressing his junk. He saw it cupping his balls as another hand moved forwards and stroked his shaft softly. The gloves felt soft and slightly slippery, despite his shock and horror he couldn’t deny that the hands felt good against his sensitive parts.

Whilst David’s face went bright red and he felt butterflies in his tummy his dick had the predictable reaction to all the soft caressing. Despite not wanting it to do anything his biology reacted to the intimate touching by slowly swelling his penis. David closed his eyes and looked away in shame as he renewed his efforts to pull free of the hands that held him resolutely in place.

The two hands seemed to have no shame and they knew exactly what they were doing. The one cupping David’s testicles moved back between David’s legs and felt his buttocks whilst the other hand continued to play with the stuck man’s reproductive organs.

David’s cock soon reached full length and he couldn’t help but glance down as he saw his manhood at full mast. The hand continued to gently stroke him until David couldn’t ignore the pleasurable sensations that ran through his body. He let out a small moan despite wanting to remain silent.

The hands seemed to pick up on David’s soft moans as they became more interested in his whole private area. David tried to twist his body out of reach but the mechanical limbs would not be denied. More of the arms came down from the ceiling and started to twist their way around David’s arms and legs. Another of the arms snaked around David’s chest, it didn’t squeeze or anything but the metal felt very strange against David’s skin.

“I… I don’t want this…” David said in between small grunts as the hands sped up a little.

David looked down again to see the tip of his penis glistening slightly with pre-cum. The mechanical hand that was forcibly pleasuring him was collecting little bits of the slippery liquid and rubbing it along the penis and making the pleasure feel even better.

Despite David’s complaints the hands continued without interruption and David wasn’t able to hide the fact that he was finding considerable pleasure in the soft touch of the gloves. He found his hips starting to move against the hand and he felt sweat appearing on his forehead. This was such an alien situation but the pleasure seemed to be grounding him and giving him something to focus on.

The gloved hands continued to up the pace and before long they were rubbing the man in a way that made it certain he would soon be losing control. David threw his head back and couldn’t help but let out a deep guttural moan as his stiff dick was pleasured and he was pushed to the edge.

“I… I can’t stop it.” David moaned to no one in particular as he felt himself reaching the point of no return.

David’s hips started bucking and as if knowing what was about to happen another of the gloved hands moved just in front of David’s rod. With a cupped palm the hand seemed to be ready to collect David’s seed.

“Oh… Oh!” David felt an orgasm growing deep inside him and he started moaning loudly with no thought for how he must sound or look.

With a final grunt David’s head fell backwards and his mouth fell open. He felt his balls pulsing and shooting his creamy load out of his body. He bucked his hips wildly as he groaned and came everywhere, he could feel the sticky man milk spurting out of him for a few seconds before everything finally subsided. He finally looked down and saw the hand in front of him with his ejaculate. The hand that had been pleasuring him so effectively finally let go and moved slowly away, David could see that his penis was looking a little red as it slowly returned to it’s limp state.

“C-Can I go now?” David said breathlessly into the room. There was no response to his question.

The hand holding David’s cum lifted into the air slowly and David watched tiredly as a few of the hands moved over towards it. They made their palms face the cupped hand and almost seemed to be looking at what David had produced. They couldn’t be looking though because they had no eyes, David had no idea what they doing.

David was slumped in the hands that still held him off the ground but a low mechanical whirring from the ceiling got his attention. He looked up with his red face to see another hand coming down, it looked the same as the others with the big cartoony white glove but it was carrying something. David didn’t really make out what it was until it got closer to him when he finally recognised the clear cylinder of a baby bottle with a long latex teat on the top. The bottle was a lot bigger than a regular baby one and it was filled with milk.

The thought of being naked like this and drinking from a bottle wasn’t very pleasing but David was about to see that everything could get much worse. The bottle moved over to the gathering of the other hands and stopped next to the cupped cum filled hand.

David could see the scene in front of him clearly as one of the hands unscrewed the top of the large bottle and moved it aside. The cupped hand started slowly moving towards the infantile drink causing David’s eyes to widen in alarm.

“No, no, no…” David repeated quickly as he realised what was about to happen. He shook his head as much as he could, “Stop it! I’m not doing that…”

David’s words clearly had no impact on the plans of his mechanical captors. He watched in open mouthed horror as the hand with his still warm semen tipped its contents into the bottle of milk. The lid was screwed back on and then David watched the hand holding the bottle shake it violently to mix it all up. By the time it had stopped shaking David knew his seed was completely mixed with what he assumed was regular milk.

When the hands were done with the mixing David saw the huge bottle being carried towards him. It was tipped up and aimed at his mouth with a glistening drop of the milk dripping from the teat. David quickly closed his mouth and turned his head away in disgust, there was no way he was going to drink the milk when he knew what it was mixed with.

David was only allowed to look away for a few seconds as two hands swiftly grasped the side of his head with their padded gloves. Using supreme strength they forced the man to look forwards and even as David tried to keep his head turned away all he could do was hurt his neck in the futile attempt. He was now even more firmly under the control of these awful machines.

The teat of the bottle was pushed against David’s lips but he refused to open his mouth. The sweet and cold milk dribbled down his chin a little as the soft nipple of the bottle tried to get through his mouth’s defences. He knew he wouldn’t be able to stop this bottle from being fed to him forever but his resistance was ended very quickly when two gloved fingers pinched his nose and stopped him being able to breathe.

David tried to shake the fingers away from his nose but he couldn’t move his head and after a few seconds he was forced to open his mouth to gasp for the air his body craved.

The moment David opened his mouth the latex teat was pushed forwards until his lips hit the part of the bottle that connected to the lid. He felt the dripping of milk on his tongue as the bottle eagerly awaited being drank from. The hands surrounded David with their palms facing him as if watching the man struggle as he tried desperately to stop himself from reflexively sucking on the bottle.

It was only a matter of time and the mechanical limbs would not be denied. After a minute of trying to keep his tongue still David shifted slightly and his tongue pressed against the bottom of the milk filled teat. He immediately felt the cool milk squirt into his mouth and he was forced to swallow so he could breathe easier. He winced because he knew his own semen was mixed with the milk but there was nothing he could do to stop it. He was glad that the only thing he could taste was sweet milk.

As soon as he swallowed the first of the drink he was forced to continue swallowing as the liquid relentlessly filled his mouth. He tried to shake his head but he was held strongly in place, it soon became clear that he wasn’t going anywhere until these hands were satisfied that he had drank every drop of milk.

Giving up hope on stopping this humiliating and disgusting drink David started sucking more forcefully and drawing the milk into his mouth faster. He thought a few times that he could taste the thicker and saltier contents of his drink but after all the shaking he felt sure it was his mind playing tricks on him. Either way it didn’t make this horrible drink any easier to finish. The bottle just didn’t seem to end and his reflexive swallowing soon became laboured as his already tired body struggled to keep up with the pace.

Finally and mercifully David swallowed the last of the milk and felt only air come through the bottle. He almost felt like he could feel the massive amount of milk sloshing around inside himself as his body tried to process everything it had absorbed. David tried to push the knowledge of what was in the milk far from his mind to stop himself from feeling sick. He was gasping for air by the time the bottle was pulled out of his mouth and the hands holding his head finally let go. David’s head flopped forward and he saw a long trail of sticky milk and saliva fall out of his mouth and on to the floor.

“Can I go?” David said in barely more than a whisper, “What do you want from me?”

Whether the hands could hear what David was saying or not they didn’t seem to react to what he was saying. There was a second where nothing happened and David could almost relax before the gloved hands that had held him in the air finally started to move him.

David was given no more control over his body than before and with a belly full of milk he wanted to move as little as possible. He was taken backwards, further into the room as he was forced to submit to the will of his captors. They carried him backwards and then held him horizontally in the air with David looking up at the ceiling, after everything that had happened he barely had the energy to hold his head up anymore.

Slowly David saw the ceiling move further away as he was lowered down towards what he assumed would be the floor. He was surprised when he found a hard surface above the floor covered in a soft foam and plastic. David looked around to see that he was on a long table and he was soon held down with each of his limbs being pulled towards a different corner of the surface. Despite David’s fear of what might happen next he felt relieved that he was laying on something rather than being suspended in mid-air, his limbs hurt from the way they were being held.

The exhausted man allowed himself a brief flicker of hope that the mechanical captors would let him go but he was quickly disabused of that notion when he saw a couple of hands start pulling things off the shelves below him. David frowned as he tried to look over and see what they were doing, he couldn’t see over the edge but he didn’t have to wait long to find out what was happening.

“No! I don’t need that!” David made renewed efforts to pull away from these strong hands, “Stop!”

It was pointless to shout but David did it anyway. He shouted loudly and unintelligibly but it didn’t make a single iota of difference. The mechanical hands lifted up a thick disposable diaper and started unfolding it whilst other hands brought up a bottle of baby powder and a container of baby wipes. David could do nothing but wriggle slightly as the objects were set up at the foot of the table. He tried to kick them off but he couldn’t move enough to do so, he was utterly trapped as the hands unfolding the diaper began to move closer to his naked crotch.

The diaper crinkled loudly and as the hands lifted up David’s feet he got a close up look at his own crotch. He could hear the diaper being slid up the table and David struggled again, his eyes were full of tears that he couldn’t wipe away. They stung his eyes as he twisted and pulled desperately.

David was lowered back down and instead of the pleasantly cold plastic of the changing table he felt a much warmer padded feeling. He shuddered as he realised he was sitting in a blown up version of a baby diaper, he could hear it crinkle whenever he moved his waist. It felt big already and it hadn’t even been put on.

David looked down through his wet eyes just in time to see his genitals become encased in the diaper. He felt the padding against the skin all over his crotch and as the sides were pulled up he was soon taped into the diaper just like a baby.

“You bastards!” David yelled as his anger and frustration bubbled over, “I’ll rip this fucking thing off as soon as I can!”

David saw the hands pause suddenly as he spoke and then two shot up into the ceiling. He felt like he had made a mistake in yelling and his suspicions were confirmed seconds later when he saw the hands descending again. They were carrying something that he couldn’t make out from the table, they got lower and lower until they were right over David’s crotch and that was when the man heard the clinking metal of a chain.

David’s legs were lifted again as a medium sized chain was slipped around his waist tightly and locked together. David saw the key leave with one of the gloved hands back into the ceiling and he closed his eyes, he had just made it much harder to get out of this humiliatingly infantile underwear.

“I’ve got some money!” David yelled to no one in particular, “My parents have more… Just let me go and I’ll give you whatever you want!”

There was no sign that anyone or anything holding David captive here had heard him and he was soon lifted off the changing table with a mixture of crinkling diapers and clanking chains. He could feel the large padding being pushed against his crotch by the chain, the soft absorbent material seemed to wrap around his still very sensitive dick as he was carried through the air towards the wall on the far side of the room.

David couldn’t see where he was going and he tried to look over his shoulder for some signs of whatever was planned for him. He couldn’t see anything as he was jerked around through the air. As well as the four hands that were lifting him he could see a swarm of many more following like an excited crowd of onlookers. The soft mechanical whirring of the machines was only made creepier by the way they lightly echoed off the walls.

David’s horizontal progress was only halted when he felt his head bang into the wall. He exclaimed loudly as his head pushed against the solid surface before the limbs started lowering him slowly. For one hopeful minute David thought they were putting him down on the ground to let him go but he was deeply mistaken and as he was lowered he saw bars raising up all around him.

When David was just a foot from the floor he felt the strong grip that held him in the air suddenly release and he fell against a metal surface on the floor. As soon as he hit the ground he heard a loud bang and looked up to see a lid on top of the cage had clanged down and locked him in. David pressed against the solid metal roof but was unable to move it.

David was trapped in a small box with barred sides which barely gave him another room to sit up in. He grabbed at the bars with his hands and looked through the strong bars as his captors lifted up into the ceiling and disappeared.

“You can’t lock me in a cage!” David yelled out as the panel in the ceiling closed and effectively left him alone in the small cage.

There was nothing in the cage and the only thing against the bars was a baby bottle full of what looked like water. There was a long metal pipe coming out of the bottom of it and a latex teat on the end. It looked almost exactly like the water bottle you would give a hamster or some other rodent.

David banged against the bars with his hands and then tried kicking them with all his weight but he made no impression on the very solidly constructed cage. He was feeling less like a person and more like an animal by the second. After a few minutes of struggling he gave up trying to break the bars and laid down on the aluminium floor. It wasn’t comfortable and he could feel his claustrophobia being triggered but it wasn’t like he had an option to leave.

Minutes passed and David soon came to the conclusion that he was being left there for the time being. He had no idea how long whatever had captured him wanted to keep him but there was little he could do to improve his situation from inside his new cage.

It was impossible to say how long David had been laying inside the cage. His hands went down to his crotch where he found the tightly locked chain and even tighter diaper. He thought about trying to rip the padding off his body but knew that if he was successful it would only bring the wrath of this building on him again. Whatever was going on he couldn’t help his position from here and he would be foolish to try anything that got him in even more trouble.

David tried to occupy his mind with anything he could think of. He was desperate to stave off boredom because every time he allowed himself a second to think about what was happening he started to panic and get emotional. He sang songs in his head, ran through his favourite movie scenes and set himself trivia questions to try and answer, anything that didn’t let him think about being locked in a cage under a factory in nothing but a diaper that was chained to his body.

Eventually David felt himself becoming thirsty and the hamster bottle that had seemed repugnant when the lid had first slammed down now looked quite attractive to him. He started eyeing the teat which occasionally let out a drop of water and licked his lips, the water looked more and more delicious the longer he was left alone.

David couldn’t say whether it had been minutes or hours by the time he finally broke down and twisted his body around to get closer to the water. He looked around as if expecting to see someone watching him debase himself. After a few moments of hesitation he crawled forwards slightly and wrapped his lips around the artificial nipple. He sucked hard and felt the room temperature water flooding his mouth, it was a very pleasant feeling in the warm room.

Before David knew what he was doing he had grabbed the bars either side of the bottle and started sucking as much of the water as he could. He knew he must look ridiculous but with no one around to judge him there was no point in resisting the drink he was so thirsty for.

David didn’t stopping working on the bottle until the only thing that entered his mouth when he sucked was air. He pulled away from the bottle with red cheeks as he panted slightly. He felt embarrassed to have used the bottle but he didn’t see what choice he had, he either drank from the bottle like an animal or he went thirsty.

Having downed the large bottle of water as well as the meal earlier he started to struggle with a whole new problem. He felt the familiar feeling of needing to piss.

David’s hands went down to his diaper and he nervously pressed the thick padding against his crotch. Using this diaper was a horrible thought but just like the water bottle he didn’t seem to have any choice in the matter. He looked out through the bars and up to the ceiling, he had the thought of calling out for help from the robotic tormentors in the ceiling but he had the feeling he would, at best, be ignored.

As David scanned the room he was imprisoned in he saw a door on the opposite side that had a picture of a man and woman on it. He assumed that it was a bathroom but with it being on the other side of the room to his cage it might as well have been on the other side of the Earth. He wasn’t going anywhere soon and his growing need to pee was getting worse by the minute. He wouldn’t be surprised if they were fake doors just made to taunt him.

More time passed and David was becoming increasingly disorientated. There was no clock in the room and David lost track of how long he had been locked up. He had no idea if it was night or day and it could’ve been anything from an hour to half a day in this barred box. He felt frustrated and angry which was making him even more restless, he wanted to sit up and move around but he was completely unable to do so.

The pressure in David’s bladder soon grew into a pain. He held on to his control for as long as he could but it soon became such a bad situation that he wanted to do anything to relieve himself. Slowly but surely his mind came around to the idea of just letting go in his diaper, something that started off unthinkable when the feeling first grew was now seemingly preferable to holding on.

David struggled to get up on to his feet in a squatting position. His head hit the ceiling of the box and it was very uncomfortable, David had to widen his stance and his neck was tilted at a painful angle. It was an embarrassing situation to be in and this was far from the ideal position but what else could he do. He was resigned to wetting himself like a baby, his hand went down and pressed against the front of the padding that encased his crotch.

David closed his eyes and slowly took a deep breath. He tried to relax his muscles and his mind, he attempted to forget where he was and what was happening as he tried to empty himself. He felt a tear trickle down his cheek as urine began to trickle into the waiting padding of his diaper, he shuddered involuntarily as the diaper grew suddenly warmer.

As the first trickle entered the diaper it became impossible to hold back the flood and before David knew what was happening his bladder relaxed and he felt himself flooding the disposable underwear. The hand he had placed on the outside of his diaper felt the heat as the burst of warm urine started spreading around the diaper and he closed his eyes in shame as his cheeks burned.

It was over just as quickly as it had started. David’s bladder finished emptying and his diaper had expanded to soak in the urine that had been deposited. The trapped man could feel the heat still spreading and he placed his other hand on the rear of the diaper where he could feel even more of the wetness.

“I can’t believe this…” David sobbed to himself as he wiped the tears away.

David slowly lowered himself down into a seated position and he felt the diaper squashing beneath him. It was humiliating to be sat in his own urine and as he returned to his position laying on the floor he felt the last drops of unabsorbed urine trickling around his genitals.

There was little that could break David’s fragile resistance more than wetting himself like a baby. He rolled on to his side and felt the padding between his legs pushing his thighs apart. He slowly closed his eyes again and waited for something to happen. He didn’t know if he should look forward to the return of the hands or fear them.

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It must’ve been many hours later when the ceiling opened up to reveal the mechanical arms again. David had been laying in somewhat of a stupor and he really couldn’t be sure that he hadn’t been there for a day or longer. He had wet his diaper several times as he laid there, each time seemed to be easier than the last as the padding slowly expanded and pushed his legs apart.

David opened his eyes when he heard the ceiling move and with the fearful eyes of a wild animal he peeked out through the bars to see his kidnappers coming down as swiftly and easily as ever before. David’s body tensed up, he had no idea what they had planned but he had a deep fear of them. His fear of what they had planned even overrode his joy that he would be getting out of this cage. He knew his freedom wouldn’t increase, it would just mean that instead of the bars he would have the grasping hands holding him in place.

The lid of the cage lifted up on its hinges until it leant against the wall and for the first time David could see the ceiling directly above him. He was able to sit up for just a brief moment before he was grabbed by the gloved hands that swarmed on to him just like when he had first arrived. Unlike the last time he had been grabbed David didn’t put up any resistance as he was grabbed, he knew there was no point trying to stop these super-strength robots from doing whatever they wanted with him.

“C-Can I go?” David asked although he felt he already knew the answer. They wouldn’t have kept him locked up for all this time just to let him go at the end of it.

The robotic hands grabbed on to David with their ultra-secure grip and lifted him out of the cage. He was lifted into the air above the cage and moved back towards the centre of the room. David could feel his diaper sagging below him a little as the swollen padding was affected by gravity.

David was surprised that instead of taking him to the table they carried him towards the side of the room where he had seen the doors with the bathroom symbols. With quite a lot of surprise David found himself looking at a small closet sized room with a single toilet against the far wall. The hands stopped just outside the doorway and David looked at the in confusion.

Four more or the limbs that had been following the ones holding David up now came around his body and unlocked the heavy chain that prevented him from taking the diaper off himself. Then they pulled at the tapes of his diaper. David looked down just in time to see the diaper fall away from his body and on to the floor below him. He could see how yellow the padding had turned and he blushed, he had known he was wet but he didn’t realise just how much he had pissed himself. It shouldn’t have been a surprise since the man had no choice but to use his padding.

David was swiftly carried away from the discarded diaper and into the small room with the toilet. The hands knew exactly what they were doing as they turned him around and lowered him into a sitting position. It was clear what they wanted him to do but it wasn’t exactly easy to relax and use the toilet when the whole swarm of these hands were floating eerily in the doorway and watching him.

Regardless of the uncomfortable situation David hadn’t been able to use the toilet for a long time and all the milk he had drank seemed to have upset his digestive system. He found a need to defecate growing quickly and he was glad his diaper had been removed.

After a few minutes of embarrassing but fruitful effort the hands were satisfied that David had emptied himself fully. He was leaned forwards and one of the gloved hands roughly cleaned him with toilet tissue that led to him protesting at the rough treatment, it was a waste of breath and David knew that.

As soon as the robot hands were satisfied that David was clean they lifted him off the toilet and back into the main room. The naked David looked over his shoulder to see the door to the tiny bathroom closing and it made him wonder if there were other hidden doors, perhaps ones that might lead to his escape.

David was carried towards the long table from the previous day and he had been expecting a new diaper. He didn’t want it but it seemed like that was the most likely thing to happen, he was surprised to see nothing on the table as he was carried over to it.

“What are you doing?” David asked with more than a hint of fear as the hands laid him down on the table, “If you let me go I promise I won’t tell anyone about this place.”

David might as well have been talking to a brick wall for all the good his pleading and questions were doing. The scared man was placed on the table in the same spread eagle position as the previous time and the strong grip on his limbs meant he was just as immobile to resist these hands doing whatever they wanted with him. He worried somewhat that they were about to forcibly massage his crotch again.

Finally a new diaper appeared which made David actually feel quite relieved. As long as his crotch was covered up these autonomous hands could do little to him there. Maybe they just wanted to change his diaper and lock him back in the cage, David didn’t know if that would be a good thing or not at this point. The cage wasn’t pleasant by any stretch of the imagination but at least nothing else happened whilst he was in there.

As the diaper being carried over got closer David suddenly realised something was very wrong. This wasn’t a fresh diaper that had been unfolded ready to take his bodily waste, this was the diaper they had just taken off him. As it got closer David could smell the stale urine and he could see the discoloured piss soaked padding.

“You… You can’t… No!” David shook his head as he watched the hands bring the diaper closer and closer to the table, “I’ll wear a fresh diaper if you want me to just… Not that! Please!”

David’s pleading did nothing to influence the hands around him who didn’t seem to care about what he had to say. The old diaper was placed between David’s legs and he shook slightly as he instinctively tried to push himself away from the used underwear.

What David wanted or didn’t want seemed to make no impression on the mechanical limbs that were imposing their will on him with no regard for his thoughts or feelings. Hands came down and grabbed him by his slender hips, he tried to make himself as heavy and difficult to lift as possible but he was like a baby to these things, easily manipulated with their far superior strength.

“No…” David moaned uselessly as he was defeated and his waist was lifted from the table.

David winced before he could even feel the diaper. He heard the crinkling plastic getting pushed up the table until it sat underneath his rear end. He was lowered and this time he tried to avoid touching the diaper, he pushed up to try and keep his hips in the air but the gloved hands were not to be denied and they pushed down until David couldn’t resist their force anymore.

The older diaper felt horrible. When it was freshly wet and he had it on it didn’t feel too bad but now that it had been taken off it felt so much worse going back on. The expanded padding was no longer warm and it felt lumpy in places where the absorbent material had soaked up the urine and stuck together. The cold feeling only got worse as the front of the diaper was lifted up between David’s legs, the cool urine felt awful against his genitals. He almost immediately felt an itchy feeling and he really wanted to reach down to rip it off but he couldn’t do anything as the diaper was taped back on to his unwilling hips.

David didn’t know what these hands had planned for him now that he was in the used diaper again but he knew he wouldn’t like it. He looked to the door he had walked through when all this had started and wished he could rewind time.

There was one thing David could do to make himself feel a little better. There was one way to warm up this cold diaper and David was just about desperate enough to do anything to make himself more comfortable. He closed his eyes and tried to relax as much as he could as he was held in this position. It took a few seconds but with a burst of warmth he felt his bladder muscles relax and the diaper splashed with warm and fresh urine.

David smiled and sighed slightly. As humiliating as it was to wet himself the itchy and repulsive feeling of the stale urine had been replaced by a pleasant tickling and warmth. It was stupid but David almost felt like he had scored a small victory over the limbs. He opened his eyes with his smile and saw the hands watching him with curiosity. One of the hands made David jump as it snaked its way between his legs and pressed the padding up against David’s crotch.

After a few moments of stillness everything seemed to burst into life again. David suddenly felt himself get rolled over so that he was on his stomach, he felt at least three of the hands rubbing the rear of his diaper and seemingly exploring it. David could do nothing to see what they were doing back there but he worried about their position and winced as he felt another hand briefly slip inside the waistband of the padding before pulling out again.

The hands started to manipulate David again. He was forced into a position on all fours. His hands and knees were held in place along with his shoulders and hips. He had more hands holding him in place than ever before and he felt almost like a statue as he struggled to move any part of his body. He was getting very worried now at what was planned for him, the more he saw the less he liked about where this was going.

Quite suddenly David felt something very different on the rear of his diaper. Something was poking into his butt and it felt very different from a soft gloved finger, this was something sharper.

David did his best to look around but he couldn’t see past the arms that were holding him in place. The pressure on the diaper seemed to be increasing until he suddenly felt the plastic splitting. He tried to move his ass away from whatever was happening but it was impossible, he was being held as still as a statue and the only thing he could move was his head.

Soon David could feel the cool air on his but as the rear of the diaper was ripped open. It was the part of the padding that was covering his delicate hole and he found himself sweating uncomfortably as he thought about the horrible things the mechanical hands might be planning.

“Please do-” David was very suddenly cut off as he started to beg for mercy. One of the gloved hands had forcibly inserted its finger right into his mouth. David was forced to breathe through his nose as the digit filled most of the space between his teeth.

David’s worse fears were basically confirmed and he squirmed as much as his captors would allow. He grunted slightly as he felt two hands pull his cheeks apart, his anus became exposed to the room as he was spread open.

David jumped suddenly when he felt a finger coated with a cold slimy substance. It reached forwards and rubbed what David assumed was lubricant all around the sensitive ring. David’s eyes teared up and he shook his head but there was nothing he could do to change his position of offer any type of resistance, it felt like every muscle was frozen in place and held exactly where these machines wanted it to be.

David couldn’t believe what was happening and yet, rather embarrassingly, he couldn’t deny that the soft finger gently rubbing him in such a sensitive spot was quite erotic. David was very inexperienced sexually and this was something he had never felt before, despite his embarrassment and worry he let out a small moan.

David immediately regretted his little moan because it seemed to make the hands more inclined to continue with what they were doing. They started speeding up with their spreading of the lube.

“Ah!” David’s eyes flew open and he let out a small gasp of shock as the finger suddenly pushed into his anus. It was just the very tip as it continued to swirl the lubricant around but it was shocking to the man who was still held in position.

David had never experimented with anything back there before and this was the first time he had felt something going in his out hole. As quickly as the finger had entered David it exited again, the still partially diapered man was left panting slightly as if he was exerting a lot of effort. He couldn’t help but worry about what was going to happen next and it didn’t take long to find out.

Mechanical whirring above David’s head made him strain his neck to see what was coming. His mouth dropped open and his eyes flew wide again when he saw another mechanical limb dropping from the ceiling. This one was different from the others, it was the only hand David had seen that looked separate from the swarm that tormented him.

This new limb that was lowering itself from the ceiling had a hand that started like any other. The palm was the same and it was wearing one of the gloves just like all the others however this one had fingers that were much smaller with the exception off one. Four of the fingers were much reduced in size compared to the other limbs but the fifth finger, the middle one, was much bigger and longer. It was very vaguely phallic but still clearly a finger.

It didn’t take a genius to work out what the plan here was and David redoubled his efforts to escape as it slowly descended from the ceiling. He only succeeded in tiring himself out as the hands maintained their firm grip of him. He could see the cage against the wall and wished he was back inside it, it would be preferable to where he was right now.

The hand lowered down behind David and he braced himself for what he knew would be coming. These hands were determined to take his anal virginity and there was nothing he could do to stop them. He closed his eyes as he felt the longer and thicker finger lightly brush against his butt.

The finger slowly pushed forwards until it was putting pressure on David’s sphincter and it relentlessly increased pressure despite David clenching as much as he could in his current position. He could only hold out for so long before his stressed body gave up the fight and David felt the finger slowly breaching his defences and forcing itself forwards.

“Ugh…” David grunted as the finger pushed in. Now that it was inside him there was nothing to stop it from going even further.

The machines around David held him as still as possible as the finger slowly probed the man who could do nothing to stop them.

David grimaced as he felt the finger exploring him in ways and places that he had never been explored before. He could feel every inch and it felt like he really needed the bathroom, his body was reacting to the invader by wanting to push it back out.

It was impossible to know what the fingers were doing or why they were doing it. David could only lay his head on the table and grunt as each movement seemed to bring him newer and stranger sensations. Despite how strange the whole situation was the combination of the rear entry and the feeling of the warm diaper on his genitals was having a strange effect on David. He found himself getting a little aroused despite himself.

All of a sudden and without any warning David went from enduring this probing to feeling an intense feeling of pleasure going through his body like a lightning bolt.

“Ooh…” David’s grunts as he endured what was happening suddenly changed into a loud moan of sudden and unexpected pleasure. He blushed around the finger in his mouth as he felt shame at his enjoyment.

As if reacting to the sounds David was making the finger that was probing stopped its aimless wandering and suddenly focused on the very area that had caused the sudden reaction. It started gently rubbing the area causing David to moan a little more.

David’s worries about what was happening started to be replaced as he felt the bizarre feelings of pleasure jolting his body. His mouth hung open now as he breathed heavily from the increasingly pleasurable massaging, he had never felt these kinds of feelings before.

David felt the muscles in his ass relaxing and allowing the finger better and easier access. It was hard to imagine how far the finger to his rear had entered him, it felt like several inches but David had no frame of reference.

As David gasped around the finger in his mouth he found himself inadvertently sucking on it. He didn’t know why he did it but it just felt right, closing his mouth around that one outstretched digit seemed to allow him to concentrate on the feelings down below even more. He closed his eyes and allowed himself to forget about the hopeless situation he was in, he focused everything on the immediate enjoyment he was getting from this experience.

The finger inside David’s ass continued to massage the sensitive spot which stimulated the prostate and created the waves of pleasure which washed over the diapered man. He felt extremely feminine at the moment but the shame that feeling produced did not overwhelm the feelings of ecstasy pulsing through his body.

By this point David was desperate to orgasm. The pleasure that radiated out from his butt made him feel a strong need to rub his now completely erect dick. He didn’t care how awful the situation was or that he was wearing a diaper, he just wanted that sweet climactic relief.

David wondered if the machines could read his mind. Not a minute after he started thinking about his need for sexual relief he felt a hand wrap around to his crotch and start rubbing the thick and saturated padding.

The moaning coming from David’s mouth was now loud enough to be heard even around the finger that filled it. He fell completely under the control of the machines who were doing whatever they wanted with him. He pushed his legs further apart which allowed the finger inside his rear end to stimulate his prostate even further and the hand rubbing his dick to have better access.

David felt like some sort of slut who was desperate for the pleasure he was being given. He arched his back like a dog in heat doing everything he could to make this easier for the machines. He really wanted to cum and he could feel the moment wasn’t far away.

David started pushing his hips back against the finger inside his ass. He was rewarded for his efforts by even more pleasure and as he moved forwards each time he felt the hand rubbing his dick massage him harder. He was moaning loudly and felt completely lost in the moment. He couldn’t believe what he was about to do but as the feelings of an orgasm began to build he found himself unable to resist them. He felt very glad that no one could see him.

Moving his hips backwards and forwards much faster now David was pushed over the edge. Drool fell from the sides of his mouth as he let out a loud grunt and felt his cock start spurting into the padding that surrounded it. With each shot of his creamy fluid he felt the muscles of his ass contract around the finger that continued to tickle his now extremely sensitive prostate.

By the time the orgasm was finished David felt exhausted but he was still plugged up by all the hands that had him under control. None of the mechanical limbs made any movement and David slowly came back around as he recovered from the intense sexual experience. He belatedly realised that the arms hadn’t even been holding him down.

David looked around guiltily with the finger still in his mouth to notice the hands had stopped holding him but instead of trying to get away he had stayed there and accepted what was happening. Even worse, he had moved to help the hands do their business.

Before David could make a movement he felt the hands suddenly come back down and grab him again. He was just about to try to get off the table when the machines swooped back down on him, the fingers in his ass and his mouth stayed exactly where they were as David was swiftly held in place again.

“Mmm! Mmmm…” David tried to speak around the finger in his mouth but the only sound that came out was a muffled jumble of noise.

David felt weak after his orgasm and wanted to be let down from this table. He expected to be let down but instead he was held in place as if the machines that were violating him were waiting for instructions.

It was very uncomfortable for David to still be in the diaper he had just orgasmed into. His dick was shrinking back to its unaroused state but the sticky substance it left behind pressed against his skin causing a horrible itching sensation.

David prayed that the hands would leave him alone now but he knew deep down that wasn’t going to happen. He looked up at the ceiling as best he could with the finger in his mouth holding him still, he wondered if there was anything up there that was making these decisions. Who controlled these seemingly space age robotic limbs?

Without any delay the finger that was still deeply embedded in David’s ass started to tickle his prostate again. David mumbled around the finger in his mouth, he was feeling very sensitive after the orgasm but the hands didn’t care. He felt the finger inside him massaging his prostate whilst the hand in the front began to rub again.

David winced as he was stimulated again. He was feeling sore but his body was reacting to the attention he was given, he slowly felt his penis starting to swell again. There was less pleasure than pain but he was still made to moan around the glove that kept his mouth open. His skin was sweating as he was rubbed much more vigorously than the first time, whatever feelings of enjoyment David had the first time this happened had now gone.

David was silent as he was pleasured and soon he felt himself starting to approach orgasm for the second time. He had no interest in what was happening but as the gratification reached David’s limit he began to pant as he closed his eyes. His dick, already lubricated by his first orgasm, pressed against the wet padding of his diaper and he was relieved when he felt himself explode into the diaper for the second time in just a few minutes.

When David was finally done making his milk he slumped and the hands stopped their movement again. David was infinitely happy that the finger that had been in his mouth began to pull out, a long trail of sticky spit trailed from the end of the glove into David’s mouth.

As David closed his mouth and watched the hand moving away from his face he felt a sudden shift from behind him. He yelped out suddenly as the large finger that had been buried in his ass pulled out. David thought he was pooping as he felt his sphincter close around the now empty space. His ass ached and felt suddenly empty without the finger embedded deeply within it.

All of the hands except the four holding his limbs let go and David was able to slump against the table. He was exhausted after all of the exertions of the day and panted lightly, he was glad it was over even though he had actually found himself finding some pleasure in what was happening.

The hands started lifting David off the table and he wondered what could possibly be happening next. Surely they would just put him in a new diaper and lock him up, he was beyond hoping that they would let him go. He didn’t know why he was here but he felt certain the machines had no intention of letting him leave.

“W-What’s happening?” David asked tiredly as he was lifted off the table and carried in the opposite direction of the cage.

David just wanted to lay down. He didn’t care if it was back in the cage, he was just desperate to rest his exhausted body. The diaper drooped dramatically from his waist, it was a mess after everything that had happened and it seemed like a miracle that the tapes were still holding on.

In front of David a section of the wall opened up but he couldn’t see what was beyond. As he was carried forwards the lights in the room seemed to flicker on and David could see a row of showers. He found it odd that there were three showers in the room when there was only one of him.

David was lifted through to the middle shower and held underneath it. He looked up just as the shower opened up with a stream of mild water straight into his face. He quickly closed his eyes and looked down as the water ran down his chest and back and into his diaper. Far from being unpleasant he was glad to feel the water over his tired body, for a second he allowed himself to believe that the mechanical limbs were giving him a break.

Just as David started to enjoy the unexpected cleaning he felt a pressure on his crotch. He looked down to see a gloved hand come from behind him and reach through his legs. He could hardly believe what he was seeing as the water from the shower started to trickle into the already wet padding.

“No…” David whined. His poor crotch could surely take no more. His testicles ached from being overworked.

The hand immediately started rubbing the padding and David moaned in resignation. He had always had good sexual stamina but this was a lot even for him. The hand was not taking no for an answer and it rubbed increasingly vigorously until it started getting a response.

The diaper around David’s waist started to swell up with all the water that was dripping down into it. He could feel the shower water already coming out around the leg bands and the previously fluffy padding was quickly falling apart. David opened his eyes to see the diaper swelling up as it became saturated, the hand massaging his genitals just didn’t seem to care at all, it just pressed harder and harder to make sure it was felt.

David felt very sore after all the attention he had received down below and it didn’t seem like his dick wanted to react any more. The hand would not be denied though and despite the diaper falling apart and the disgusting state of what was left David’s penis slowly started to swell up again.

There was little pleasure involved in the rubbing now. His body was tired and not keen on what was happening but he could do little except hang in the air and allow it to happen. More hands started coming down but David recognised them as being different from all of the others, these ones had soft sponge-like material on the gloved palms. The hands moved forwards and started rubbing David all over his body.

David moaned as these new mechanical arms started lightly rubbing all over his body. His chest, back, armpits, neck and limbs were all rubbed down with sponges that seemed to dispense soap as well. Whilst all this was happening the hand on his crotch continued to monotonously rub.

David’s dick reached the biggest size it was likely to get after everything that had happened that day. He moaned a little and heard himself as he echoed around the room, the only other sound was the running water as it cascaded down his body and to the floor. The diaper wasn’t absorbing anything now, the water was barely even slowed down by a diaper that could take no more.

Very suddenly David felt the sensitivity in his private parts increase dramatically and he looked down to see the front of the plastic had been worn away. His aching penis was out in the open but the hand continued to rub it against his body, it was just the extra sensitivity he needed to start building to yet another orgasm. He didn’t feel much joy thanks to everything that had happened before but the soapy water not running over his dick provided just the extra lubrication he needed.

It took several minutes of rubbing but eventually David felt yet another orgasm building. There was no excitement in his body and he winced as he came for the third time since leaving his cage. The little fluid he created spurted over his tummy and was quickly washed away with the water.

As the hand finally stopped masturbating David he felt the tapes of his diaper finally give up. He looked down to see the tattered remnants of the padding drop to the floor. His cock was still slightly engorged and David could see it was very red, he prayed the hands had no more plans for their sexual games.

David was still held out in the familiar star position as mechanical limbs brought down towels. They didn’t seem to care about his comfort all that much as they roughly rubbed him dry and then retreated back into the ceiling with the towels.

David thought he had been exhausted before being taken into the shower but he was even more tired as he was carried back through to the main room. He had no resistance left as he was placed on to the changing table and lifted for a new diaper to be slipped underneath him. He didn’t even care about escaping at this moment, he was more concerned with just getting back into the relative safety of his cage. He would accept anything that would give his aching and exhausted body some relief from what had been happening. He needed to recharge his batteries if he ever wanted to get out of here.

David was already naked but the mechanical hands chose to rub some cream over his sore genitals. He winced as he felt the hands cover his penis and the rest of his crotch. Thankfully they weren’t planning more games and it seemed like it was done solely to prevent a rash. David smiled despite himself, it was nice to know he wouldn’t be completely neglected. These hands clearly wanted to keep him healthy, it was hard to tell if that was a good thing or not.

The front of the new diaper was pulled up and taped closed. David allowed himself to sigh slightly, the soft cotton of the diaper felt good against his skin and he felt like he was finally going to be left alone by these hands.

A long clear tube came down from the ceiling next and David could see a large latex bulb at the bottom. It reminded David of a pacifier but rather than the latex being whole and unbroken he could see a large part of the bottom was cut off. Long pieces of leather came off either side of it and David knew where this was heading. He was too tired to resist and too hungry to ignore the food he was sure was coming.

The tube descended all the way down until the latex bulb poked David’s lips. The trapped man looked around to see that he had no option and he opened his mouth willingly rather than put up any futile resistance.

A couple of the spare mechanical limbs tied the leather straps around David’s head and tightened them to force the latex teat further into his mouth. David’s mouth was forced open by the new tube and he felt it start vibrating suddenly, he looked up to see a brown mushy food forcing itself down and towards his mouth. David could feel his heart beating fast as the first of the food dripped down and through into his mouth.

The lumpy mush was very bland but it was warm and David appreciated getting to eat something. He reflexively swallowed the food as it was pumped into his mouth and as soon as it left his mouth he found more food replacing it, he had to keep swallowing just to keep pace with the feeding tube that relentlessly pumped the mush down and into his waiting mouth.

David soon got into a rhythm of swallowing and he tried to forget about the horrid taste as he ate. He had no idea what he was eating but he had no choice but to force it down, if he stopped he felt like he would be drowned in the lumpy food.

David couldn’t look down but as the feeding continued he felt like his tummy must be expanding. Minutes seemed to pass and the food still wouldn’t stop coming, David was starting to struggle with the swallowing as he felt his body fill with the mush. He was getting tired and as he felt like there was no more room he started to try and shake the tube away. It was strapped securely to his head and David had no say in when this was going to end.

David winced as he felt himself cramping slightly. He felt like he had swollen up like a balloon as he tried to keep his swallowing going. Finally, looking up at the tube, he could see the end of the food. As he made those last few swallows he felt so full that he would burst. The leather straps were loosened and undone as the tube pulled away, he felt a small trickle of his food slip out the corner of his mouth as he burped and smelt what he had just filled his body with. He looked down to see his belly bulging almost comically, it was full of the supremely large meal he had eaten. The hands could’ve all let go now and he still wouldn’t be able to go anywhere, he was so full that he was fairly sure he was stuck completely motionless on the table.

After a few moments of nothing David was lifted up and carried over to the cage. He felt like his weight had doubled from all the food he had been given and he was lowered on to the bottom of the cage. The hands withdrew leaving him lying at the bottom of the cage on his own, the lid came down and locked shut with a click. There was something different from the last time he had been left in the small space, a note was taped to the lid. How and when it had been placed there David had no idea but he reached up with an exhausted hand and pulled it down to read.

“To whatever unfortunate soul reads this.” The letter began, “You probably have a lot of questions about what is going on. We don’t blame you, but we regret to inform you that the routine you are experiencing will likely continue for the foreseeable future.”

David closed his eyes and sighed deeply. His worst fear was that he wouldn’t be released and it seemed like this note was confirming that he was the prisoner of these mechanical monsters.

“We don’t know what they are or who put them here.” The note continued cryptically, “They appeared under our factory completely out of the blue. The room and everything in it seemed to just pop into existence. We sent someone down to check out what was happening when we first noticed it and he didn’t come back.”

David flipped over the paper to see it continue on the other side. This strange story of the impossible machines.

“A week later he came back but he wasn’t the same. He was ranting and raving, seemingly insane and almost incoherent. “They demand tribute! They demand tribute!” was all he would say. We thought he was mad and ignored him. Management sent him away somewhere, they couldn’t tell anyone what had happened or they would be held liable for sending him down in the first place.”

David felt a slight ache in his bladder and didn’t hesitate to wet himself. The warm urine cascaded between his legs and was absorbed into the padding that surrounded his crotch. He felt apathetic to the feeling of heat spreading around him, he was far too absorbed in this story. He wouldn’t have believed what he was reading if it hadn’t been happening to him.

“We ignored what the man had said and continued with regular factory operations. We barricaded the door and tried to forget about whatever was happening beneath our feet. People who knew what happened were replaced with others that were ignorant of the danger, only a few trusted employees were kept.” The letter kept going, “After a week we thought we were safe from whatever was happening. One afternoon everything seemed to be like any other day when suddenly we heard a rumbling coming from behind the barricaded door.”

David’s wide eyes scanned the room around him as he tried to digest what he was saying. No one knew what this place was? No one knew how these things worked? David didn’t think it could be any scarier in here but he was feeling worse and worse with everything he read.

“The door burst open and we were confronted by a dozen of these strange hands that you have no doubt grown accustomed to. They scanned the room until they all moved together like a hive mind controlled them, they grabbed one of the nearby employees and pulled him away through the tunnel.” The letter continued, “We tried to hold on to him but we were no match for the hands. That was the last we saw of him.”

David couldn’t believe what he was reading. He shifted slightly to get more comfortable and accidentally banged his knee into one of the tough metal bars.

“Ever since then they would come up and grab someone until our company manager decided we had to do something about it.” The letter continued, “To stop the company from losing employees we periodically send people down to be their prisoners, it stops them from coming up and grabbing any of us. We don’t know what happens to the people that get sent down there when they get bored. We’ve never seen any bodies or anything so maybe they get taken elsewhere. The point is that no one who has been sent into that room has been seen again.”

David’s eyes were watering as it started to dawn on him that he would never be seen or heard from again. He would become yet another in a long line of people who disappeared in this room, what happened to the others and what would the machines do with him? He had no way of knowing.

“Good luck.” The letter concluded, “I’m sorry for you.”

David felt a shiver go down his spine. Surely he couldn’t just disappear, he was with others who would be looking for them. He had friends and family who would look for him. His hope of being found was tempered by the fact that he knew there were many powerful people above him in the factory doing everything to keep all of this quiet.

“Help!” David yelled through the bars, “I’m down here!”

His words echoed in the silence of the room. There was no one to hear him and no one was coming to save him. He would be here for as long as the hands wanted him and then… Who knows what happened next.