

Cinua straightened in his seat, the myriad buttons and switches around him would have baffled anyone on their first sight, yet the canine pilot was well versed in what he was doing. The engines of his craft cut to a gentle hum, switching to burning conventional fuel as he entered the pull of the gravitational field.

“Descending on the Black Site now, wish me luck.” He called to his team, quiet greeted him prompted by a sudden crackle, distorted garbling beyond understanding. It was to be expected. The Starweaver, the vulpine tyrant who claimed dominion over much of known space, had access to a lot of dangerous tools. Him having set up a powerful jamming field around this Black Site was nothing that Cinua hadn’t expected.

He powered down every system he could, only using the minimum of what he’d need to guide into a safe landing on the obscure moon. The single person craft he used should be enough to slip in with little danger of being spotted too soon, it was just unfortunate that he was the only member of the resistance that could comfortably pilot the craft in question- a recent acquisition from a raid carried out by his subordinates.

“Didn’t quite catch that, if you’re still reading me, I’ll see you on the other side.” Cinua said.

The moon had been terraformed enough that a swirl of cloud was able to cover his descent from the naked eye while his ship’s remaining routines would cover for any scans.

Moments later, he was setting down. The interference from the field had grown worse, making the landing hairier than he intended, yet still, the rocky ridge he’d found allowed him to break from the clouds unseen and would continue to shelter his ship.

The dog loaded himself up, a tight fitting suit, no loose scraps to catch on anything, muted colours, his mission was to get in and get out without even an alarm. He also optimised his load, figuring out what items he could carry that wouldn’t weigh him down and wouldn’t be easily discovered if his intel on the facility was inaccurate.

After two hours of stealthy approach he had made it to the edge of the target facility. The mountains made for poor navigation but a small chasm led to a river with water access to a service entrance. Even that might be too conspicuous, though a pipe allowed water to be cycled out of the research lab, kept just wide enough for Cinua to squeeze through.

The sensors he wore told him that the fluids were clean, lacking any danger from radioactivity or toxins. All it meant was he was a bit wetted by the time he’d reached the farther end of the pipe, cutting a grate that allowed him to climb out. As he slid the grate back into place, fixing a small catch so that a quick glance would not see his sabotage he had enough time to listen out for anything that might happen.

There was nothing unusual to report, only the sloshing from below, though as he rose to stand he heard motion outside the room he was in. Whirring and slow, mechanical. He risked a

peek, glancing outside. The pristine hallway contained only one moving object, a small cleaning drone, working its way along the floor.

Cinua smirked, it would be a perfect means to cover his tracks. His footprints were still wet and he was dripping from his infiltration. Sure enough, as he set off down the hall in front of the drone, it wiped out all traces of his passing.

Even so, he kept his eyes roaming, looking for any other security or even staff. Luck remained on his side, the solitary camera he spotted was facing away from him. When he passed by it rolled back to where he'd been allowing him seamless progress forward. Surely he'd have seen some more rooms by now? Or some form of decoration? It was possible he was in a fully automated wing of the facility but even so, it seemed surreal.

His fascination with the facility's seeming abandonment was less a cause for concern and more simple curiosity. When he'd finally stopped leaving tracks behind him, he turned away from the glorified roomba, taking his own path, finding a spot where the narrow corridor crossed over with a wider one. A swishing flick caught his peripheral vision, vanishing around a far corner. It looked like the tip of a tail, moving naturally and more important still; bipedally.

One of the staff or researchers, he presumed. If so, it would be easy to subdue and question them. He reached the corner, just in time to see hips and the same tail turn once more, then when he caught up to that corner it was just in time to see the figure pass an automatic door which hissed shut behind them. Cinny let out a frustrated tut. Had he been a few moments quicker he might have got there before them. Still, from the layout of the walls, the room was small and cramped, whatever they were there for it was likely they weren't going to take long. A bathroom maybe?

He smirked, he'd wait low, bide his time and ambush them when they stepped out. Two steps closer and the floor below him clicked. A floor mounted trap sprung by his motion. His eyes widened, how had it triggered on him and not the other figure?

Before he could move away panels fell from the ceiling in front and behind him, walling him off on all sides. A light in the corners of the ceiling prevented it from being too jarring until the bulk of what remained over his head peeled back. The fluorescent glow illuminated long metal poles and rivets as robotic arms pushed forward.

The arms were fast but not overwhelming, had they struck out before the walls had closed in Cinua would have been quite capable of evading them. However there was nowhere for the dog to run, no space for him to use as an avenue of retreat. He could push one or two away at a time, though he couldn't keep all of them back. It only took one slip for the first one to connect a cuff to his wrist, then others reached and pushed something against the outsides of his shins.

Those objects clacked shut sharply, magnetised to each other, slamming to trap his legs from parting. The grip on his arm raised him so that he was kept in range before another pair of the magnetic locking cuffs slapped around his thighs.

With him only able to bounce a little the robotic appendages focused on his arms, cuffing the free one, wrenching his wrists into place and holding them sharply behind his back. “Damned thing, let go!” He hissed, still half whispering though he knew inside that he’d been quite definitely detected even if the alarms weren’t wailing. The last questing arm of the set pressed forward, seeking his face, he tried to twist his nose and muzzle away from it, caught off guard as some of the cuffing arms caught his cheeks and held him.

It pushed close to his nose then stretched metallic fingers outward, stretching a tight, thick pouch which it clamped over his jaw, pulling it until the contours of his nose showed through, where two slits gave him access to air. When the metal slid out Cinua was shocked at just how tight it held on, feeling it squeezing his jaws together.

The lights flickered around him then a steadily glowing shape pressed in towards him from one of the walls. A fox-like snout cast in see-through white emerged through the solid barrier pushing until a full head poked through. A hologram in the shape of the Starweaver! The unmistakable ram-horns tangling around the ears were a significant hint anyone could heed but Cinua was much more certain, leaving no doubt that it was a simulation of the face of his nemesis. “Mmmh! Mhh-mhhhhh!”

“Vile intruder.” The voice pronounced in a monotone, staring toward a fixed point ahead. An artificial construct then, while it spoke lines traced Cinua’s form, scanning the canine as he struggled and twisted. “For your incursion into this private sector you will be punished. The Starweaver thanks you for your willingness to volunteer as a test subject for-” the voice stopped, brow twisting in a sudden display of emotion as the monotone halted and the hologram spoke in an eerily accurate replication of the Starweaver’s voice. “Well, well, not just any intruder but my biggest fan! You certainly picked an odd place to go if you were planning on stalking me.”

The hologram pushed forward, revealing it had more than a head. Hands and shoulders moved in and braced as though physically pushing through the wall. The hologram certainly looked like the Starweaver might if his body was see through and covered in a perfectly fitting shell. “Nnnh, ghhh bhhh!” Cinua growled at it.

“Ohh, is that any way to greet me? Ah, is it because you know I’m not really your lovely obsession? It’s true, let me introduce myself properly, I am the R.AI. I’ll let you guess what that might stand for. A perfect copy of the sentience belonging to the greatest fox ever to roam the stellar seas and the being that runs every little corner of this facility.” The facsimile of life said, ghostly finger flicking between Cinua’s eyes, making him flinch even as it passed through him without feeling. “As I was saying, odd place, if you wanted to be a prisoner of the Vulpon Cloister so badly I would happily have let you pick your choice of jail. Maybe that’s what you’re doing here!” R.AI said, clapping his hands together. They let out a light buzz. “Could it be you and your

uppity cronies heard about the newest in prisoner processing we've been working on and came all this way just to see it?!"

"Ghh bhhh!"

"Don't worry, we're just about ready to move to step two, anyway!" R.AI said, smirking. The whole show had distracted Cinua more than enough for the mechanisms to prepare and prevent him accessing any tools for a last ditch escape attempt. A fresh set of automated limbs slid in on a rail, tipped with a long roll that reflected the light from a pliant, spongy surface.

"Nmmm?" The canine couldn't shift away as the roll was tugged on and brought closer. The thick, wide sheet was pushed against his body then wound around tightly, starting at his shoulders. All slack was sucked up with each turn around his body sitting as tight as the muzzling pouch. Worse still the layers seemed to half inflate, the edge adhering to itself, sticking on, building a thorough covering.

His outfit was compacted down around him, the wrap even pushing under his feet, sliced and then tucked flat so that the circulated air of the facility could only reach his neck and above. "Mmm, I love this part at the best of times but seeing *your* body so perfectly highlighted by those lusciously tight curves makes my metaphorical heart skip a beat." R.AI said, he'd already stepped closer, his hands touchlessly rubbing over the top of Cinua's body, phasing through the springy thickness in a possessive manner. The AI certainly portrayed the twisted tyrant well. "Not that I need to scan you as I already know your size." The voice chimed suggestively as another tracing beam ran along Cinua's body. "Oh, my mistake, someone's lost some of their softness, or maybe that's just the compressing wrap at work."

The wall behind Cinua slid open and a wheeled drone holding a bracing rack pushed in, sliding below the dog, wrapping straps on top of him and plucking him to it. "You know, normally I'd just deliver my little speech and then get back to work but I think it only right that I escort you personally, little doggie."

Cinua had no choice in the matter, the drone carrying him whirled, undeterred by his struggles which only caused the wrap around him to creak loudly. The tension of it barely left anything to struggle against.

The drone carried him down the hallways with R.AI flouncing in front of him. The dog's eyes narrowed, the swishing tail, swaying hips, the staff member he'd been following had been the AI all along!

The path seemed labyrinthine, there was no indication of what any of the rooms were. After all, what would a hologram need to know those for? "So in theory while we've been walking the prisoner processing has been preparing the perfect outfit for you. It's just that as luck had it, I- or rather my other half, had used your measurements as the default, which means we have

variety to choose from. And unlike my other half I get to hover with you all the way. Intangibility sure is a gift~.”

They passed through a door, toward a rectangular gap in the wall filled with a vaguely humanoid indentation. The drone wheeled into it, puffy-stuffed walls pressing over Cinua’s head and the thick wrap. The trolley that held him locked seamlessly into place, pushing him into absolute darkness. “Some part of me was tempted to make cells like these to lock you and your rebel friends in, alas they aren’t properly designed for that, it’s not impossible for you to break out of them. It’ll hold you long enough for its actual purpose though.”

The blackness was broken by the radiating light from the hologram. R.AI floated over the shoulder taunting him. “I could keep you company but I think you’ll be fine sitting here and stewing while we prepare.”

Cinua was left waiting for an hour, despite the hologram’s words it seemed impossible for him to break out. He squirmed when he could, tiring himself then recovering to put another burst of energy into his struggles. The gentle light showed as R.AI returned, phasing through him, hovering in front and then miming that he was pushing Cinua as more mechanics pulled Cinua out of the cell. The lighting in the larger room was barely any better, he could only vaguely see anything and the hologram’s light stopped his eyes from sufficiently adjusting.

The dog let out a relieved ‘mmmh’ as he realised just how hot and stuffy the cell had grown. He was slid over to the start of a new rail, pushed on and then a myriad of new arms descended, flying in around him.

R.AI gave him no chance to wiggle, magnetic poles found all of his cuffs, sitting in position as a sliding blade-arm cut through the thick coating and Cinua’s clothing beneath. The material split, spilling soft brown fur out in its wake. When the layer split wide open the magnetic arms whirled, snapping Cinua’s limbs to them.

“First up, we need to make sure your mouth is nice and comfy.”

The AI’s hands slid in time with the mechanisms around them, pretending that his touch was responsible for their actions. “Nngh, release me you robotic wannabe, or the full force of the resistance will- Eep!”

“Sharp eyes to notice that already.” R.AI said as his other hand cradled a flopping, suggestive and provocatively long item.

“N-no wait wait! Nnnh.” Cinua shut his lips tightly as the flopping length was proffered toward his mouth.

“Ohhh, come on, tell me about your team, how they’ll break in or whatever~. I do hope they try, I’d love to collect the whole set!”

A narrow arm slipped toward Cinua’s nose, pinching it shut, the AI simply waited until the dog had to take a breath, the slip enough for it to exploit. “Nnnngghhhh!!!” His voice grew louder in volume as he tried to squeal and yet became quietened overall as the well lubricated tube pushed in, past Cinua’s lips, down his throat, deep, deep! A rounded ball tipped the far end, making it seem like a simple, if somewhat oversized ball-gag, which a long tube pumped air into.

The dildo-length of the gag inflated, filling his throat, stiffening his neck from bending and puffing up until it stretched his cheeks and mouth out. He couldn’t even gag or choke on it, his reflexes suppressed by the sheer size of it.

“There, nice and comfy.” R.AI teased, ghostly finger tracing the bulging throat as the canine whimpered. “Now the second step, a good cleaning. All this messy fur just gets in the way.”

“Mmm?” Cinua whined in concerned confusion, surely the AI didn’t mean what he thought.

The blades that had sliced his clothing came back, a thin shield pushed on the edge before they began to vibrate rapidly and pushed in! The dog whimpered, squirming at the tickling touch while also fully aware of what it was doing, shaving off his fur, clumps falling in neat waves all around him. A nozzle followed behind a scraping tool which made sure not to leave a single loose hair behind. The nozzle, meanwhile, spread a chill liquid in its wake, giving off an unfamiliar scent.

“That little compound working into your skin there will ensure your hair doesn’t think of growing back. We wouldn’t want your upcoming attire to irritate you more than it’s intended to after all.”

The metal resisted his attempts to jerk against it, not even the magnetic hold did more than budge, snapping back before he could do anything useful. R.AI continued to taunt him, the holographic light dancing in, the fox making a show of things. When every visible inch of Cinua was bared, even his head, the machinery adjusted each of his cuffs, one by one. The clothing scraps were removed then his fur, then the same brush.

The relative cold wouldn’t last and he knew it. Trying to brace himself and stop his body from its urge to shiver. “Time for the real fun.” R.AI said with an insultingly smug air.

More whirring arms hissed into place, the room was kept just as dark throughout. Slowly the ramfox-modelled automata guided the arms, lifting Cinua up off the floor. His bared legs had no energy to kick, only twitch as something was tugged up from underneath him, over the top of them. He knew the feeling, the cloying tightness of rubber, a single-piece suit was dragged up over his legs, individual lengths were fitted to cover his feet and then the inverted suit was

pulled up. Hollowed sleeves pushed against Cinua's legs yet barely a few inches above the ankles it started to become difficult, the rubber was connected together at the bottom of the shins, a slender binding mass, like a long, narrow dress squeezed his legs until the shins pushed against each other. Up and up it rose, the rubber feeling too tight for the canine. R.AI knew however that it was sized perfectly, watching and chuckling. "Feeling it clinging to you? Don't worry, the solution that keeps your fluff in check wasn't hiding any glues or adhesives... we won't need them when this is on you."

"Mmmhf?!" The rubber was pulled up to his knee and then scooped up while a new, thicker clamping cuff was pushed below it, catching him so that they could remove the magnetic cuffs entirely.

The rubber stopped when it got over his thighs, as though waiting for something. "Feeling tired yet? Any chance you'd be a good dear and just let us dress you up?" R.AI asked with a grin. He could see the defiance still in Cinua's eyes, staring into them, his nose against the dog. He stared back, matching the AI's gaze, assuming it needed to look through the projected eyes, that is. A new arm slid almost silently, closing in on the dog and revealing itself with a sudden pressure around his exposed, flaccid penis. It gripped the head, sliding a catheter in and a rubber sleeve over the top! The pouch slipped over his sheath and behind his balls, squeezing tightly.

"You know, about that, I'd have thought you'd have got harder sooner when faced with your little obsession. I guess it's good, otherwise it'd be devilishly hard to get *this* on." As the AI said the latter sentence, something was slipped over the top of the rubber sleeve. Metal bars, squeezing down, sliding over the catheter tube and compressing Cinua's cock, trapping it in place! The AI mimicked a hissing noise in time as a discreet tube was fed air, inflating the rubber tube within the cage, ensuring it pressed against the poor mutt. Then as R.AI hummed the metal cage buzzed!

The stimulation was horrible. Teasing and compressing, carried through the already squashingly tight rubber and metal, baiting his junk to try and rise and realise how uselessly stuck it was. "Now, where were we?" The monstrous AI remarked before the rubber suit around Cinua's thighs shifted upwards once more. "Ah yes, now it won't excite you I can put this in!" Another wide and thick toy, not as long as the one in his mouth, but daunting all the same, suddenly pushed between the dog's cheeks, under his reed-thin tail. "Mmmh?!" He whined, groaning and shifting around, trying to squeeze and clench to make it seem too small. Instead he served only to tease and stimulate himself more.

The plug stretched his ring wide then plumbed into his depths, a ribbed and thick mass, with another hollow. Once it slipped into position a small knot at the base inflated, anchoring it buried in his behind.

The machine resumed pulling the overall suit up. It climbed over his hips, a short motion threading the tail end of the chastity-catheter into place burying it in a small highlighted bulge. Cinua shivered as he looked down, hips wiggling involuntarily from the stimulations. The rubber

was black inside but the outer edge was a bright orange. Markings or text of some kind lurked in the gloom. R.AI followed his eyes, waving a glowing hand nearby. "Oh this? It says Perma-Prisoner." The hologram said, reading it out loud. "There's some fetching little things all over it. A few codes to show off details, by the time you're dressed, all a layman will see is those words, orders to never release, in any sense of the word. Marvellous, isn't it?"

"Mmmh! Mmmmmmmh!" The dog whined, the light showed the words to be true, even seeing a stylised emblem of the Starweaver marking the wearer of the suit as mere property. His body twitched once more as the latex squeaked up. At least the rear plug didn't-. On cue, the buried toy began to shiver to life. A tight pouch slid over his tail then the rubber pressed up his hips once more.

"Let's get those arms!"

His wrists were dragged to his sides, fed into sleeves in the rubber, which themselves were reinforced with a second inner pouch. The suit still squeaked and groaned constantly, drowning out Cinua's noises as it brushed up into position. The inner sleeve had a tight hole at the tip, which the machines dragged powerfully over his hand, slipping over his fingers, trapping them in a tight curl as it popped to the narrow point of his wrist!

The inner pouch would have been hard for Cinua to take off with an arm free, with both of them trapped, the tight sleeve biting in below the shoulder, it was obviously going to be impossible. The rubber clung to his shaved skin, making him all the more conscious of the change as the main part of the bagging rubber was pulled up over his shoulders, the metal relaxing its grip and letting the rubber *squeeze* the dog, eliciting more groaning gagged whimpers.

The feeling was immense! It would have taken many times Cinua's own strength to stretch the rubber like the mechanisms had, as it was, it squeezed constantly, worryingly perfectly sized, as R.AI had teased.

He shook his head struggling, the robotic tormentor smiling lewdly. "Body covered, mostly contained."

To rectify that second part the machines squeezed in, finding Cinua's wrists, crossing them over his front and under his chest. As it was shifted into place he felt something else, two solid shapes brushing his nipples, inside the rubber. They remained dormant but he understood what they'd do before too long.

"Mmmh- mmmh!" Cinua squealed as his already covered wrists were slid into rubber straps on the outside, a long nozzle stabbed into a valve and began pumping a gel into it, thickening the grasp, preventing him from pulling his hand back out.

"There, that will set nicely in a few hours, it's soft now but it will end up more sturdy than air while still affording you room to give some delightful wiggles. We'll pause the buzzing

fun toys there to stop you getting used to them too soon.” The AI leant forward, giving a spectral smooch on Cinua’s nose, he tried to look past and through the projection, already assuming it was once again preventing his eyes growing accustomed to the dark. His suspicion was realised, a glinting orange rubber hood was pulled up through the darkness, it was turned slowly in his view, allowing him to see the detailing, including those ‘Permanent-prisoner’ labels and a ram-fox insignia on the crown. Furthermore was the built in ring of a collar, thicker than the rest. It squeaked as it was stretched open by the metal and swiped toward his head. No matter how Cinua turned to resist the hood slipped agonisingly slowly over his head.

His ears were stuffed into rigid little pouches, the total cover added unwanted pressure to his already stuffed cheeks, the tiny tube from within the gag was threaded into a hole in the mask. The hood was tight enough to show Cinua’s lips and the curve of the ball-like end between them, the rubber traced his muzzle to lie smooth against his head, showing only his eyes. Even the nostrils were blocked now, forcing him to huff through the small hole.

R.AI followed along with more smirking hums, acting as if he were grabbing hold of the arms, directing them as they released the rubber with an audible snap! The nozzle from the cuffs returned, stuffing into the collar behind Cinua’s neck, preventing him from seeing the progress, though he could feel it, the collar inflated, thick and puffy, heavy with the gel, weighing around his shoulders. Then it grew upwards, serving as a soft posture collar, preventing him from turning his head in any direction without it causing more pressure somewhere else by the time it was full. “Now for the true security measure, you won’t have felt it, but the inside of that collar is lined with something to ensure that threat of permanence. Already it’s fusing the pieces together. All this rubber is *never* coming off you, little rebel. How lucky you are!”

“Mmmh?!” He whined, shaking his head, arms fighting in place, legs wiggling, joined together, barely able to stretch the surprisingly tough and thick latex. A new drone had whirred closer as all the arms bar one retracted, the final one slipped a leash into place through a ring below Cinua’s chin and then handed it over to the drone.

“Come along now, time to exercise!” R.AI said in his annoyingly chipper tone. Cinua staggered in pursuit. “Now, now, fall over and I will just drag you there. Much less pleasant, though I’m sure the cleaner will be grateful for the help in buffing the floor.” The little jab was another knife, despite thinking he’d passed unseen R.AI’s words suggested that he’d been observed by that first drone after all.

Cinua strained when he could, the drone leading him stopped every now and then, as if to let him, to help it sink in how trapped he was that even a robot with no special features could control him. The holographic fox tail continued to sway. “I do believe I know what you’re here on this little moon for. Trouble is your intel was probably deceived. Let me guess, some kind of secret weapon we’re developing that you thought you could infiltrate and either outright steal, if not copy the plans.”

The dog was silent except for the tiny puffs of his attempts to breathe, struggling to keep up with the effort of taking the pathetic steps he was allowed.

“So I was right, good news pup, we’ll be happy to show you exactly what we’ve been working on really. Not long now.” R.AI said, they left the dark processing room, crossed a hallway that was dimly lit in a way that seemed to be aiming for atmospheric. At the far end of the hall they turned down was a single door with that same ramfox emblem painted on. As they drew near it opened on its own revealing an opulent bedroom.

“Hhhh?”

“Patience!” R.AI chided as the drone separated from the hologram, dragging him into the bedroom while the AI walked over to something shining and chrome like. “Here, our secret project.”

Cinua was turned around by the drone, made to look at the robotic body before him. It was elegant, exquisitely crafted. A shell built to match Raiko’s proportions and features, from the tip of the finger to even mimic the ruff of fur around the tyrant’s neck. Just like the AI-hologram but solid and sturdy. R.AI turned his back on the robot, faced Cinua, and then slid backwards, phasing into the body, merging with it exactly in appearance, overlapping it in a sheer coat of light before seemingly dissolving.

The robot twitched and then took a step forward as it woke up. The AI took full control of the chassis, his footsteps light despite the metallic frame, practically dancing over. “This body is one of many, each with sufficient storage to contain a full copy of The Starweaver’s sentience. You know what that means, little pup? I can govern the entire Cloister myself. Anywhere that needs direct oversight? I can be shipped out and take care of it without disrupting efforts elsewhere.”

The AI grinned, the metal moving to show the expression eerily well. “Not only that, without a direct eyewitness, no one will really know whether the source of my orders is from one of these bodies or the original. Plus, should some unfortunate series of events waylay our great leader, we can all seamlessly keep things running until he is recovered.”

Cinua let out more muffled grunts of protest, eyewitnesses that weren’t staunchly loyal to the Starweaver were so rare that with those measures his resistance would be gambling on any intel they acted upon!

“And *now* for the best part, finally I can handle you myself, in the ways I’d wanted to, isn’t that simply wonderful~?” R.AI teased as he reached Cinua’s side. His hands pushed into the rubber, smooth, delicately sculpted metal causing it to squeak. Cinua stiffened, grunting and moaning as the hands pushed closer, brushing down his front and then over the sneakily covered bulge between Cinua’s legs. As his fingers dug in the buzzing toys around the cage sprung to life once more, only to subside when the digits traced away again, back and forward the robotic Raiko moved, with Cinua’s loins teased and edged. While toying with him, R.AI

plucked the leash out of the drone's arm, standing and pressing his body against Cinua from behind while he dismissed the basic automata with a flick of the hand.

"Ah all mine, the things I'll do... the things *we'll* do." R.AI crooned, his leash holding hand squishing against the collar, adding enough pressure that Cinua's head was locked in a solid position.

Out of the corner of his eye he was able to see the bedroom door open, a figure strode in, the newcomer's steps echoed with clacks as heeled boots hit the floor. Could it be? His second in command had come to his rescue?! "Mmmh!" Cinua squealed, straining once more, the robot slowly pulled its hand back, letting Cinua gaze at his rescuer, only for his face to fall. His salvation was impossible, it should not have surprised him and yet his gut fell when he saw not a saviour but the face of his doom, the real Starweaver Raiko, in the fur and flesh.

"Well, if it isn't my number one fan! Wonderful work dressing him up." The ramfox teased as he stepped closer, the AI pulled away meeting his double half way, their fingertips met for a moment before they walked together back to Cinua, flanking him. "Mmm, our little firebrand of a rebel has been well behaved, I trust?"

"As you'd expect." R.AI replied, the artificial twist of his voice more apparent next to the real one, yet still close enough to be unmistakable.

Cinua tried to hop back, though the wall was already right behind him. "Oh, someone's getting bored of waiting. Let's keep our guest entertained. After all, the whole reason he made his little rebellion was to get my attention."

"Naturally, Starweaver."

"So let's see how well he lasts when he has my full focus." Both ramfoxes grasped Cinua's torso, the rubber letting out one defiant squeak, the dog letting out a matching whine and then they dragged him several steps forward, throwing him onto the wide, exquisitely crafted bed.

Raiko and R.AI flanked to either side, letting passion exude from their motions as they fell on Cinua, the real ramfox kicked off his boots, one footpaw pressing right at the bound dog's bulge, even that attention was enough to make it buzz in a horrible tease. One hand pushed under Cinua while the other danced to the ball gag, fingers falling over the hole, blocking his air for a moment.

"Mmmm, look at you, marked as my property, I can't wait to try things out, I doubt I'll ever truly get bored." Raiko said, holding his fingers in position.

"Mmmh!? Mmm, mhh.... Hhhh..." Cinua whined, his back tried to arch, legs to kick, the leg-binder however was too much to even let his knees bend to a significant degree. R.AI had noticed, too, pushing over the top of the trapped canine's legs with his hands. Cinua felt something tug realising belatedly that the AI had hooked a strap from the base of the bed into a hidden ring inside the rubber leg-sack. Raiko chuckled, sliding his body around, keeping his

hand covering the air tube as he straddled the sacked up dog, legs holding him high enough that it was only on wiggling down that he made physical contact with Cinua's hips. Each thrust gave a buzz which the dog was too silenced to complain over.

Raiko waited until Cinua's eyes began to look desperate before finally his hand slipped off the gag, accompanied by sitting down on the bulge, making the dog's caged nethers tingle horribly. The grinning tyrant amused himself by caressing Cinua's face and leaning his hand on a shoulder, brushing, squeezing at the bulging cheeks then covering his eyes.

R.AI was also busy, two more straps came from the corners of the bed, strapping in at Cinua's shoulders, holding him taut between three points. "I could just snuggle with you all night long." R.AI said. "And if needs be, I could summon all the mechanical prototypes in this facility, I should be able to stretch between at least five of them without impacting production."

"Up to five already? I can't wait until I have my full army developed!" Raiko said with a laugh, then leaned in whispering to Cinua. "You know, that makes me think of something new. Rather than sturdy robots like the dear R.AI here, what if I made hollow fox shells for your rebel brethren?"

The AI spoke up. "Ooh, we could use their biological functions to help with the power supply!"

Raiko chuckled, flashing his teeth, moving his hand to meet Cinua's eyes as he threatened him with the idea. "Yes, I'll install you into each suit, R.AI, you could take full control of the unruly ones while we work on converting the others to work for us. Don't worry, pup, I won't make them kill each other, when I'm done there won't be any more war or strife, only perfect... subservience."

He emphasised that last statement by falling back and sitting over Cinua's cock, making it buzz to the extremes. "Mmmmm! Mmmmmmmh!" Cinua mewed, the pressure enough to push his rump down and awaken that buzzing plug too!

Raiko continued his pressure before rising up, however the cage and plug kept buzzing! R.AI had been activating the toys remotely all this time, merely acting as though the weight had been controlling them.

The three straps kept Cinua in position as both foxes clambered around, making a show for minutes that stretched past an hour, teasing him, words oscillating between his current predicament and the fate awaiting his rebel companions. Before long the ramfox had started to slow a little, though he projected his feelings onto Cinua as a cover. "It looks like he's starting to tire! You must have really put him through the wringer." Raiko remarked.

"Don't forget you told us to use the newest rubber outfit, why I'd not be surprised if it makes him shrink from the constant pressure."

“Oh that’s right! Well, speaking of rubber, I think we’d better tuck him away.”

“Allow me.” R.AI replied, the mechanical body going still while whirring sounds started in the walls and ceiling surrounding them. Raiko slid back off the bed, standing, preening himself while the automated simulacrum took care of the rest.

“Mmm? Mmmmh?!” Cinua groaned while one of the walls slid up, a frame pushing outward, black rubber stretched around it. It slid over and under Cinua, the straps on the bed retracted, detaching as they did. The rubber sleeve wrinkled as it bunched against the prison-suit that was never again to be detached, straightening with a squeak every now and then. Raiko watched with lustful eyes as the sheets stretched around the canine who tried to summon up one last little surge of energy which was far from sufficient.

He couldn’t even turn his head down to look at the fate creeping up on him, unable to see it until it was pushed over his snout. A few inches later and it had covered him up, snapping shut over his head. The frames squeezed together and began to whine as the air within was sucked out, Raiko’s teeth pushed over his lower lip as he watched the struggling Cinua’s form become more perfectly outlined. “This little vacbed will be your indefinite home. Naturally I’ll take you out from time to time for some fun, but you’ll be tucked in every night, right R.AI?” He teased, stepping forward, careful to avoid the mechanisms while he brushed his fingers in.

“Of course, Starweaver, only the suit is permanent.” The AI attested.

“Mmmmh, lovely looking, too.” He stood up to his full height as the vacuum bed twisted around, even facing downward it was tight enough to hold the trapped dog, soon righting again to place him at the wall across from the foot of the bed. The dark black sheet blotted Cinua’s vision and dulled his hearing, trapping him as a display. “There we go, now you truly will be worthy of my attention.”

The robotic body twitched as the AI took over once more, stepping forward and subtly issuing commands. The vibrators below Cinua’s waist sprang to life, and with them the solid nubs at his nipples finally had their time to shine, making him twitch anew. “And given I have no need for rest, I can make sure he’s kept nice and squirmy for you all night long.”

“Mmmh, that sounds perfect. I’ve decided, you’ll accompany me when I leave planetside, R.AI, I reckon two or three of your units joining me could indulge in all manner of little fantasies.” The ram said, eyes roving between the AI and the captive, watching the light flicker. Made from his sentience as it was, R.AI played with the lighting to make it catch the trapped dog’s form in ways he knew his original would adore.

“As you wish, Starweaver, I’ll continue developing more bodies here to replace them eventually, newer features and all that. Production of the prisoner containment devices are also being miniaturised to the point I could include one to subdue any unruly figures worthy of such treatment. What of the prisoner?”

“The little idol-worshipper? I’ve been thinking. I could leave him behind here as bait for the rebels, I could stash him away on the real Black Site in this sector... but I think the best possible use would be for him to get to accompany me too, everywhere I go, until the end of time.” Raiko said as he lounged back into the bed, propping himself up to look at the trapped rubber coated dog.

A small drone wheeled in from the side, a filled cocktail glass proffered toward the Starweaver. “Yes, I think that’s best. It will be so satisfying to have him available for a personal viewing, I might even have to invite others over to see. And of course, we’ll need to have the occasional public display.”

R.AI picked up his thoughts, voicing them. “Not only to show those who think ill of you the fate that might await them, but to lure in his sympathisers for immediate neutralisation?”

“Exactly!” The ramfox said, gesturing with his free hand. He paused, eyes widening and a smile spreading. The expression on the robotic face too. “Oh, did we just have the same idea?”

“To make a copy of *his* sentience, upload it to a useless body and then transfer it here for us to experiment with?” The pair nodded in unison. “How wonderful. It would allow me to collect all the data we’d need not just to pick on our number one fan, but to focus on training our BDSM prowess for any other uppity fools.”

“Just make sure you pass on all your tricks and results to me.” Raiko said with a grin, propping himself up as he drained the glass. He made himself comfortable, happy to watch until he fell asleep.

Within the dark squeaking confines, Cinua whimpered and whined, his only contact with the outside world was the tiny tube of air and from the sound of things, that contact would only be expanded at the whims of the cruelty prone captor who had claimed him indefinitely...