

Planets and Pacifiers
By Horatio Husky

Ion engines engines efficiency at 87%
Cooling system: normal
Internal atmospheric composition: normal
Navigation system: active
Radiation shield: active
Cargo Hold temperature: 282.9 degrees kelvin
Cockpit temperature: 293.9 degrees kelvin
Bridge temperature: 293.4 degrees kelvin
Exterior temperature 2.7 degrees kelvin
Complete system diagnosis: nominal
Current Coordinates: 14.22524 tesseracts, 1532.24642 leths,
35.99946 endons
Nebula Location Adjacency: Iago's nebula
"Yeah yeah yeah, stuff it."

A light orange fox lounged in a pilot's seat, designed to be sat in in an upright, rigid position in order to maximize alertness in its user. Apollo did not seem to be so keen on respecting the design of the chair, for his posture gave off every impression except one of attention. He rolled his eyes and twirled a finger in his thick, yellow-dyed headfur. Did the machine really have to recite the information out loud every hour he thought to himself, as he yawned and stretched his arms and legs lethargically. A little shorter and light furred than most orange foxes his age, the 20 year old pilot was bored of his freight mission.

"Work in the space fleet they said. It'll be an adventure they said. You'll rise through the ranks quickly they said." he spoke aloud in a mocking tone, scrunching his face up and bringing his lip back, wagging his head in mock chipperness.

The fox once again rolled his eyes, and glanced up at the various monitors in front of him, his well trained eyes picking out the pertinent pieces of information before him amongst the myriad of pointless stats and figures. The fox was driving a standard issue military freighter, loaded with food rations, armor supplies, energy cells, hygiene products, and other various necessities required by the military. A crucial job to keep the military sane, but still a very boring one. Apollo wished he wasn't still such a low ranking pilot, and getting assigned a two month mission of just going from

system to system had been taking a serious toll on his mind. He had grown tired of video games, movies, and even the virtual reality simulator, which unfortunately for him, had only demo access on the ship model he'd been stuck with. Cheap bastards.

An notification appeared on one of the 9 monitors display on the glass in front of him, behind the glass a dual star system was fast approaching, the twin suns each radiating their light, as if to welcome the pilot to their system. The ship itself was shaped like the tip of an arrow, with a larger cylindrical portion hitched to its back, containing the various supplies. The dragon sperm was the nickname Apollo had unaffectionately dubbed his ship which he was more and more beginning to see as a prison of little stimulation. He waved a paw lazily, the dashboard registered his lackadaisical movement and opened the notification. A green x-ray image of what looked to be an abandoned station appeared in front of him, along with coordinates. His eyes glanced to them, and then excitedly sat up in his seat, boredom and self-pity forgotten.

"It's in the upcoming system, along the way!" he said aloud, ecstatic at finding such a relic.

Running a quick diagnosis he was told that the station's power system was in sleep mode as well as the on board AI, for how long it had been deactivated wasn't specified, but the exterior looked as if it had taken a few decades of being beaten by the radiation pouring out by the sister stars only around 19 million kilometers away. Its primary objective for construction was also stated as infant care, which took him aback for a second. Recovering quickly, Apollo stuck his tongue out to the side of his maw, and excitedly concentrated at overriding the ship's commands to continue on its passage, just for a quick stop to explore this obviously very important case of spatial exploration. He scratched at his white chest fur with a paw absentmindedly as he flipped a few switches, and pressing a button a semi-circle attached to a bar appeared, grasping the steering wheel he began to gently guide his ship towards the abandoned space station.

"Haha!" he grinned to himself, "Finally I can actually use this piece of ship!"

Grinning at his stupid pun, he approached the station. As he grew closer he noticed that it was larger than he expected, with a

wide array of solar panels that seemed mostly intact, and surprisingly large ship loading and unloading docks. It's gravitational anchor was a small, red looking planet which Apollo knew from his space class was probably due to oxidation of iron with the soil. Ignoring the planet he synced up his speed to the velocity of the station and chose a smaller landing area that seemed best sheltered from the radiation pouring from the center of the solar system.

"Easy does it, come on you've done this dozens of times, YES!" exclaimed Apollo, as with a resounding noise the ship docked with the docking area, and the all too familiar hiss of an airlock engaged, connecting with the station.

The scrawny fox giddily hopped out of his pilot's seat and scampered his tail swishing excitedly over to his space suit. Almost shaking with glee, he quickly stepped into his space boots and allowed the system to place the rest of the suit on him. It couldn't do it quick enough, however after a minute his helmet had set in place, and, clicking his heels together, the static adhesive pads activated on his boots and he stepped into the airlock. More hissing followed and the sounds of heavy metals moving was heard, and with a shudder, the airlock opened to reveal a more colorful spectacle than he had expected.

A green light appearing on his helmet as he entered, he clicked a latch on the side of his space suit neck while also pressing a button on a wrist terminal on his left arm. With a sharp hiss, the helmet came off, and Apollo breathed in deeply. A strange yet oddly nostalgic smell entered his sensitive nostrils, and he frowned sniffing further, trying to identify the smell.

"Is that... talcum powder?" he mused to himself, as he took a step further into the station.

Along the walls were various infantile patterns of little cubs, kittens, puppies, and other children, some of them wearing little space suits and diapers, while others slept on crescent moons or floated through space, attached by a lifeline on a spacewalk exploring the galaxy. Cute, thought Apollo to himself, as he tapped his shoulder to activate a flashlight on it and after moving his eyes up and down and side to side, its beam synchronized with his own focused vision. He continued to walk through the facility, which was only lit by some of the twin star's lights coming through windows that appeared every once in a while spanning from floor to ceiling, the red gravity anchor planet also reflecting the starlight into the station, giving it a soft, almost pinkish atmospheric light. On his way he passed a particularly sophisticated looking synthetic arm, hanging from the ceiling presumably via magnetism, for there seemed no obvious mechanic for it to be able to move from its spot as it hung dejectedly from the ceiling.

"Aww man, is there going to be any loot in here? I really want to be able to show off to the others that I had an actual adventure!" Apollo complained, as he rounded into a corridor with several entrances.

Picking the closest one to his left, the door opened automatically when he stepped in front of it to his great surprise, and revealed to him what looked like a room to change an infant's diapers. A changing table with a menagerie of baby products stood as the centerpiece in the room, along with more depressed looking yet highly futuristic mechanical arms hanging above it, their skin a shiny white color and their exposed wire and machinery parts a glistening black. He noticed that the floor he'd been walking on was a rather soft looking blue carpet, and looking back the way he came he also observed that everything seemed to be designed with comfort in mind, for the safety of the children being taken care of here presumably.

Clicking his wrist terminal, he tapped around until he found a locator, and followed the instructions on his monitor through a series of doors and corridors. Seeing much more of the cutesy tyke space exploration mosaic, he finally arrived at a hallway where he saw what looked like a terminal at the end. Striding over to it, he tapped experimentally on the large black screen. To his delight the

screen illuminated, and he tapped through various windows until he arrived at an inventory and functionality list. His trained mind perusing quickly behind the boring details, he arrived at the description of the station's purpose.

"The primary objective of this institution is the cultivation and upbringing of infants through the first few stages of development; giving them an opportunity to develop stronger immune systems through systematic control of inoculation as well as stimulated development via exposure to an environment such as this space station, where the air, food, and lifestyle are all designed with the healthy and happy development of the child in mind. After the period of post-birth incubation is over, the children are then shipped out using a state of the art long-term space travel system to arrive at their final destination with highly stimulated beginnings and a matured immune system. As of this past century, the entire system has undergone a success in complete automation."

"Huh, a retro-nursery. Sure wish my parents stuck me in one of these before I turned 2, maybe then I could have become a cyborg engineer," the fox muttered to himself sarcastically.

He tabbed through more information screens, which just displayed various shipment records of supplies as well as a few analytics on the function of the energy system. Apollo was a little confused why the station was in a state of hibernation, for as he clicked through he realized that all of the systems in the place were running smoothly with no need for any major repairs. He frowned, and tried accessing an administrative tab to see if he could see if the station had been turned off intentionally.

Something squeezed his shoulder and Apollo yelped loudly, "BWAH!" His helmet which he'd been toting with him under his arm fell from his grasp, and landed softly on the carpet. Whirling around he

found that one of the mechanical arms was firmly grasping his shoulder, tapping its index finger expectantly. He brushed away at it, but before he could try and get away from it it released him and pointed down the hallway to the right of the terminal, as if saying, "Come on bub, this way." The fox blinked, then leaned down to pick up his fallen helmet, cocking his head to the side curiously, "I thought this place was in the hibernation mode." As if to directly prove him wrong, the hall he was on became illuminated with cheery yellow lights, and he could hear whirring and clanging, as well as what sounded like a generator firing up somewhere in the institution.

He looked around, bewildered but a little excited to see the station coming alive again. His excitement turned to a startled feeling however as the arm, seemingly rather impatient, grabbed his wrist and began tugging him down the hall at which it had pointed. Apollo protested, and tried yanking his way out of the arm's grasp, but found himself comfortably yet firmly trapped in its vice, and all he could do was keep up with wherever it was leading him. His heart rate increased and he tried getting to his wrist terminal, but found that the jostling rate of the arm's tugging didn't allow him to punch in the code for a distress signal back to his ship.

"Let go you piece of scrap! I'm the captain of a ship! Even though it's a one man ship... Still a ship!"

The arm utterly ignored his indignance as they rounded around a bend and the fox found himself back at the familiar hall with multiple entrances on the left and right. He was half lead half dragged into an entrance to the left, where he found himself faced with five more arms all expectantly holding various physician's items and forms of measurement. Apollo was seriously starting to panic as the arm that lead him in released him only to immediately click a button on a panel next to the entrance and shut the door behind him. Two more arms descended from the ceiling and grabbed him by the upper arms, he thrashed and kicked, dropping his helmet once again and flailed, trying to get away from the metal captors. The arms began to assail their poor victim with the various instruments, looking inside his ears, forcing his jaw open to inspect his teeth with the instruments, grabbing at various muscles and one arm even had the gaul to gently squeeze his unspeakables. He yelped and twitched a little bit when that happened, yipping at an arm as it passed his head, furious with being manhandled without any consent.

The arm that he had snapped at stopped moving, and quickly reversed direction back upwards into a surprisingly high ceiling. Noting that it seemed to reach for something high above him, it quickly descended back towards him and before he could react popped some sort of rubber bulb in his mouth. He tried spitting it out, but

found that another arm was fastening something behind the back of his head which pulled on his cheeks, and with a muffled gasp he realized he was being gagged. Not just any gag though, as he moved the alien structure around in his mouth and attempted to suck on it, he realized the arm had stuck a pacifier in his mouth.

"Em nawt a ba-MMM!" the bulb in the pacifier suddenly inflated in his mouth substantially, and Apollo found to his dismay that he was not longer able to open his mouth enough to even attempt to say words. He huffed into his pacifier, but before he could further reflect on his situation a panel appeared in the wall in front of him approximately a yard wide and tall, and looking closer he saw that a conveyor belt appeared to be moving inside of the panel opening. Jostling him the arms pushed him towards the conveyor belt and then lifted him onto it, he thrashed and flailed but to no avail, as he was deposited on the conveyor belt the panel shut behind him, and the only illumination was the flashlight on his space suit, which still followed wherever he gazed. The company which had designed the clever device warned strongly to never have it synced with in total darkness, for only seeing light in one's central vision but never in their peripheral vision could cause bad paranoia and even hallucinations. Given the situation the fox seemed to have landed himself into, his paranoia was already sky high.

He got himself up to his knees on the moving belt, only to have something thump him on the back back onto his stomach. He growled into his pacifier gag with frustration, and then began to panic as he felt something unzipping his space suit and grabbing the wrist with his personal terminal on it. The flashlight switched off, and the poor vulpine was thrown into complete darkness as the suit registered it was being taken off. Helpless and blind, the fox soon was being completely stripped of all clothing he wore. He shivered, terrified as his naked body continued to progress on the belt. He felt more things touching him, the machine examining every nook and cranny of his body, leaving him feeling completely helpless. Suddenly another panel opened, and he found himself being thrust unceremoniously into a pool of bubbly water. He spluttered, his thick yellow hair in his face.

He tried to clear his eyes of hair but once again found his arms restrained and felt several brushes assault various parts of his body. Surprisingly pleasant, he was able to see past a break in his sopping wet hair that he was being scrubbed head to toe by more mechanical arms in what he guessed was a large bath. Unable to do much but allow himself to be cleaned, Apollo cursed his stupidity at not being more careful.

"Still," he thought, "once the system does whatever this integration protocol is or whatever, I'm sure when it's satisfied I'll be able to get back to my ship." Confident in this assumption, he reluctantly allowed the arms to finish cleaning him, lifting him out of the tub and blasting him with air from vents below where they had deposited him. As the air shut off, his hair fluffed out. He groaned, he must really looked like a little kid with all his fur all over the place. He reached back to try and unfasten his pacifier gag, but wasn't quick enough for once again an arm grabbed him by the wrist and dragged him out of the room, down the soft carpet, which the still naked Apollo now appreciated, and into the room he had first seen.

Before him stood a changing table. "That is a big no from me," thought Apollo, as to his dismay he was lifted up onto the table and had his wrists and ankles strapped to the corners. The poor fox whimpered, unhappy that he seemingly had lost all freedom and trust to do anything for himself. He winced and tried moving away from an arm that began to spread a white cream into his fur around his groin, on his bottom, and, tensing, around his sensitive bits. Another arm gently slid a hand under his lower back, and lifted him upwards. The fox looked down at himself, and saw that one arm was rising up clutching a thick, dark blue diaper with constellation patterns adorning it. The solar sailor squirmed and moaned in objection as the diaper was unfolded and slid gently under his quivering bottom. As he settled down on it he was surprised at the incredibly softness of the material against him. Another mechanical arm began applying generous amounts of baby powder in his diaper area, causing him to sneeze and shiver.

Putting away the various infantile cosmetical supplies, the arms folded the front of the diaper over Apollo's front, and snugly taped it in place, three tapes on each side. Apollo flexed his thighs and his buttocks, realizing that the soft padding was firmly in place. The corner restraints released, but before he could attempt to escape where previously the restraints held his wrists and ankles arms grasped him, lifting him out of the changing table and unceremoniously carrying him out of the room, much to his displeasure. Trying to thrash and twist out of their grasp, the fox suckled nervously on his pacifier gag as he was carried into yet another room, inside of which were various mirrors and cabinets from the floor high up into the tall ceiling. The arms carried him to the center of the room, where he was able to see his pathetic state in one of the mirrors.

His cheeks reddened, the fox was already a little bit on the small size, but the pacifier and the diaper did little to make him look like the adult he was. The poor pilot had gone from commanding

his own ship to looking like he able to do little else than use his own diapers and suckle his pacifier. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed some more arms that had appeared from above shuffling through the cabinets. The four arms that had carried him in still firmly holding him in the air, and the arms that had been searching through cabinets soon descended on him with various items. He felt a pressure on his ankle, and looked down to see a slim black bracelet placed above his footpaw. A small red light appeared on it, which turned to green and quickly vanished. His tail curled around his thigh, right under his diaper.

"I've just been tagged! Am I going to be imprisoned here? Why would they need to track me?!" he thought apprehensively.

Something went over his ears and onto his head, then fastened underneath his chin. He looked up into the mirror to see what was being put on him but was blinded by yet another thing being pulled over his head. The arms meandered their way into releasing and grasping his limbs once again as he was forced into a piece of clothing. His head emerging, he saw in the mirror that he was garbed in a thick, and rather heavy infant gown with a bonnet fastened over his hair. Feeling incredibly humiliated and infantile, his indignance was further increased as the arms thrust his hands into blue rounded mittens, and locked them in place with a touch of a finger on the wrist cloth, a lock symbol glowing briefly, telling Apollo he was not getting out of them any time soon.

"Blasted station! How on earth is such a sophisticated looking system mistake an adult for a newborn infant?!" he once again thought to himself in frustration and panic.

He moaned desperately into his pacifier, realizing that he may not be able to get of his situation as soon as the machine was done babying him. He'd have to wait until the machine left him alone with some time and he could figure out somehow how to get his gag and mittens off. Seeing how his clothes and wrist communicator had been confiscated by the machine, he'd have to do some exploring through the facility to voice activate it. In an all too familiar motion the arms grabbed his limbs and raised him up once more, parading him out of the room and down the hallway. They traveled for a longer period than previously, and Apollo was able to marvel at the true size and infantile design the station sported. It really made him feel as if he were inside a giant nursery, designed to make the environment as soothing and babyish as possible with the patterns on the wall, soft curves of the corners, and the ever persistent smell of baby powder lingering in the air.

Or maybe that was just him, "Ugh..." thought the fox to himself, "Where on earth are these things taking me?"

After a minute more of being carried through the various passageways they arrived at a large arch, above which was written "Incubation Pods." Apollo's pacifier would have dropped from his agape mouth had it not been snugly strapped in. The room they entered was gigantic, several hundred meters from wall to wall, ceiling to ceiling, with wide pathways in the center allowing access to both mechanical arms and any bipeds or quadrupeds wanting to admire the space and walk through it. Between tall, narrow windows revealing the gorgeous outer space outside were several spacious pods, around three meters long and two meters wide. Apollo's question of what was inside of the pods lining the walls was soon answered as the arms magnetic rail connection clipped onto a vertical rail line and he began to ascend upwards.

Although a pilot, Apollo still was rather uncomfortable with large heights and with no titanium and carbon fiber vessel to hold him securely in place he tensed with apprehension as the arms carried him upwards. Maneuvering towards a pod in the center of the room, a few pods away from the nearest vertical window the fox saw that the interior was lined with soft, blue padding, a thick fleece blanket covered the middle, and several large fluffy pillows and a few choice large stuffed animals were contained within the pods. The upper half was made of a clear substance, and one of the pods lifted this translucent lid slightly with as hiss as the arms approached with their prey: the poor, rather babyishly garbed fox pilot. Presuming that he'd be put in one of the pods Apollo once again resumed his struggles, now in bigger earnest than before. He kicked and thrashed, yelling into his gag in anger as he exerted himself.

His elbow connected with something hard, and he felt a rather nasty pain coming from his arm but realized with delight he must have succeeded in causing some damage. He glanced down, just in time to see one of the arms shattering into a million pieces on the walkway below. Looking up, he saw the end of what remained of the arm, sparking with electricity. Using his now freed arm he reached to attack the others that held him, but almost wet his newly acquired padding instead. Two dozen arms were now surging towards him, they grabbed his arms, legs, torso, and head, with the firmness increasing more and more as he attempted to resist them. They deposited him into the pod, pulling back the heavy looking blanket several arms pulled out several straps and folds hidden within the seams of the internal bedding. A harness with straps thick enough to almost constitute as clothing were drawn across his torso and crotch, tightly fastening them by what looked like velcro the fox. He tried moving and pawing at the restraints with his mittens, but found that

it held him tightly in place in the center of the pod. He threw his head back and harrumphed in frustration as the arms retreated from the pod, the glass covering sealing back into place leaving the pilot to his own thoughts.

He squirmed, pathetically trying to his use mittened paws to grasp at his secured torso, his pacifier, and the bonnet on his head tied under his chin.

"This is humiliating," he thought to himself, "I'll never be able to live this down if anybody finds out, but how the hell am I supposed to escape if every time I do anything I get swarmed by those wretched arms!"

He gasped slightly, and suckled on his pacifier a few times before consciously stopping himself when he realized what he was doing.

"That's it! I just have to do exactly what the system wants me to do and behave like a baby, then pull a fast one at the last minute!"

Had he not been limited in his mobility, Apollo would have patted himself on the back for such an ingenious idea. Before he could further congratulate himself on being the smartest space pilot in the entire galaxy he jumped with surprise as a panel in the side of the bedding of the pod appeared out of nowhere, and more arms appeared. Gods above he was getting really sick of him he thought, as he wearily watched them approach him. Unstrapping the pacifier gag behind his head, the fox had hardly an opportunity to say anything until another rubber stopper was deposited firmly in place. He frowned, biting down on it. A squirt of sweet liquid came into contact with his tongue, and he looking down he saw a large baby bottle had been placed into his maw, patterns of stars, comets, and planets adorning it. The liquid inside of the container was a slight pink color, and as the fox took an experimental suckle on the thing, realized it was flavored strawberry.

Apollo loved strawberries, and against his better judgement listened to the anguished growl that arose from his stomach as he realized he had not eaten in quite a while. Mentally shrugging, he allowed himself to be fed from the bottle, the contents tasted like a creamy strawberry milkshake, one of his favorite treats as a young kit back on his home planet. His eyelids drooped, and the interval between each suckle on his baba lengthened. A soothing female voice suddenly began to filter into the little crib pod, whispering little nothings into his ear, cooing and admiring on how incredibly cute and sweet he was. Apollo's ear twitched and a drol smile spread

across his face, feeling surprisingly content albeit the situation. He wondered why he'd been so worked up just a few minutes ago. Why fuss? He was snugly secured in his little crib, and his belly was full of delicious strawberry flavored milkshake!

He wriggled comfortably, feeling almost fuzzy with coziness. He hardly noticed as the arms withdrew the bottle from his milk stained lips to be once again replaced with the pacifier gag, pulled the heavy blanket onto him, moved a pillow under his head, and placed a large, red dragon plushie in his arms, which he sleepily hugged tightly to himself with both arms. The little pilot's consciousness dripped, then ebbed, and then slowly sank into a deep sleep, his breath slowing and his mind set at an ease he hadn't experienced since he had been a little kit oh so many years ago.

Apollo would barely remember this occurring later, but after what must have been only a few hours he woke up, but still felt incredibly sleepy from his deep sleep. He squirmed uncomfortably, and found that his surroundings were dark. His mind still in the clouds of hypnos, he tried to get up to empty his bladder. For some reason he wasn't able to, and his still incredibly sleepy mind didn't want to put forth more effort than it had to. He settled back down, and as he drifted back to sleep he felt a warm dampness spreading near the front of his crotch. His previously very full bladder now relieved, Apollo snuggled his cheek against the dragon plushie he hugged tightly, his padding now a little bigger and more tightly pressed against him than it had been previously. Apollo let out a sigh, and went back to sleep.

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His vision was blurry and the light too harsh for his dark-accustomed eyes. He raised a paw to shield them from the brightness, and as his eyes went back into focus he saw the locked mitten still fixed on his hand. The events that had recently happened to him came flooding back, and suddenly he was wide awake. Shifting around to check if he was still secured in the straps, he felt something damp in his diaper. A feeling of shock and slight dread filled him, as he moved around further. "Did I wet myself when I slept?!" his mind screamed, as he brought his thighs together. To his dismay the absorbent material inside his diaper squished and crinkled, confirming his suspicions.

His stomach gurgled, and his anxiety intensified as he realized that he had not used the toilet in a very long time. A pressure began to form on his lower abdomen, building up and pressing on his furry behind. Groaning he covered his face with his mittened paws

and unconsciously suckled on his pacifier, he clenched his cheeks together, refusing to give up this aspect of his adulthood. The battle was waged for several minutes, but Apollo saw how it would eventually end. He whimpered, the pain beginning to register a higher intensity as he tried not to mess himself. A tear welled up in his right eye, and with a defeated cry muffled from his pacifier the contents of his bowels thundered into the backseat of his padding. He leaned forward slightly, bringing his legs up only to be hindered by the heavy blanket still weighing down upon him. The warm mess ballooned into his diapers, spreading out slightly into the front of his diaper. His release had been complete, for along with the back he had also wet the front even more. Apollo, military space pilot, captain of the 'dragon sperm,' had helplessly used his diapers like a baby.

No readjustment or movement allowed him to get away from the mess in his pants, the crinkling was muffled by the blanket as he shifted, the restrictive straps further pressing the padding onto his body as the material had swelled with his multiple instances of wetting. He lay there for what felt like an hour, during which he once again wet his diapers. "I must have been drugged, why would my body be reacting like this just because I'm dressed in baby clothes?" He shook his head, cursing himself for being so stupid as the puzzle pieces fell into place. They must have given him quite the cocktail to have completely incapacitated him to the point of being unable to keep his pants clean.

"Good morning piddlepants!" a voice rang through the pod, jumping Apollo out of his reverie.

He looked around confused, the voice behind the exclamation was the same as the AI announcer voice he had heard before his rather lengthy nap, and it surprised him to be hearing it addressing him so directly.

"How's our little baby boy today! Did we use our diapers last night? Good little babies use their diapers and let their mommies and daddies love them for it!"

Blushing at the infantile talk, Apollo saw through the glass that several arms were approaching his pod, clutching various changing supplies they approached, reaching into it as with another hiss the upper dome opened. Moving the blanket off of the little pilot they worked at unstrapping him out of the bundle and unclothed him until only his used diaper was open to the air. The smell hit his nostrils and he whimpered, a feeling of complete helplessness coursing through his mind as the arms held his own above his head and untapped his diaper. Cool, soothing baby wipes began wiping his

messed fur, and he was slightly relieved that the arms were doing a good job at cleaning his accident from his body.

The diaper was wrapped up, and a cream and powder was once again generously applied to his diaper area, his boy parts and cheeks rubbed with the substance to ensure maximum coverage. Cringing at the infantility of it all, he was both glad and dismayed when another, even thicker, diaper was placed beneath his raised behind, and he was securely fastened back into thick padding, the tapes snugly ensuring he was nice and comfy inside of his thick underpants. The arms did what they did best and grabbed and lifted him up, his heart falling somewhere into his thick padding as he was retrieved from inside of the pod and carried back down onto the walkways in the middle of the vast space. At the bottom he saw what looked like a carriage, and found himself being placed into a thick, cushy bag of sorts. His arms were wrapped around himself and his knees were brought up to his chest. The fox squirmed, not uncomfortable but confined in what the fox took to be an oversized bunting bag. The arms placed and secured him into the carriage, strapping the bunting bag in over his chest and legs. Apollo could only suckle on his pacifier still lodged in his mouth and squirm as he was lead out of the giant room and further into the station.

Something about the structure of the station where he was traveling through rang a bell, and he realized that they must be heading towards the main docking station he had spotted earlier when looking for an appropriate entrance. One of the arms delicately pushed the carriage through the station, and after what seemed like the longest hallway in the entire facility they emerged into another open space, smaller than where the pods were kept but still impressively large. The docks overlooked the vastness of space and were separating the bubble of air that Apollo relied on by a pink force field which buzzed quietly. Apollo was lifted out of his carriage and saw out of the corner of the force field window about half of his ship, still docked where he had left it. His heart leaped up in excitement, as he began to struggle even more against his bonds, hoping the ship would register his distress through the force field and send a signal for help.

Help arrived at that very instant, but not the kind that the pilot expected. Another military freighter arrived, decelerating as it approached his docked ship, and Apollo whooped into his pacifier as he saw it approach his ship. His vision was blocked as the arms placed him into a small ship he hadn't noticed. Seeing his reflection in one of the arm's shiny white limbs he saw a picture of a stork in a spacesuit flying a ship with the words, "Baby on board" written across its side. A glass seal then slid in front of him as arms located inside of the little space vessel secured him into a

small baby seat, like the carseats he had seen kits being placed in when going on car trips. His pacifier gag was removed, and a bottle was thrust in instead, he bit down on the nipple of the bottle clenching it shut, he refused to be drugged again, he refused to be babied, he wanted release!

A sweet, tinkling melody began playing from the speakers in the ship, and the voice of the AI once again began to coo at him, reassuring him that everything was going to be alright, that he was just a little helpless infant, and that he was well loved and comfortable. The ship rumbled, and the engines fired. As the little vessel rocketed out of the station, he saw way off in the distance the new freighter that had arrived, towing his old ship behind it as the ion engines reached maximum velocity. Apollo looked up in dismay and frustration at realizing that the new ship had not noticed his plight, and saw that a mirror was placed above him. He gawked at his appearance. The pilot was small for his age true, but now he looked even fluffier, shorter, and younger than he had before. With a bit of effort, he pulled his arms out of the bunting bag and examined his mittened paws. It was true, they seemed stubbier and shorter for some reason. The arm holding the bottle in his mouth squeezed it, and the fox found he was no longer able to contain the liquid from entering his mouth.

As the liquid poured into his mouth the effect was almost immediate, he relaxed, his arms laying down by his sides as the babyseat began to rock forwards and backwards slightly, a slight vibration starting at the front and back seat of his diaper as the seat worked away at his tense nerves. The stars outside of his window twinkled, and the voice informed him that he should be excited for the future. His new mommy and daddy were waiting for their new baby. Apollo felt a release happen, and uncontrollably wet the front of his diaper. The sweet, strawberry solution tasted rich and creamy as allowed himself to be fed. His mind felt once again at ease, why should he care about his freighter? He was only a little kit! Piloting ships was something big furs did, not little baby ones! His eyelids grew heavy, and the fox began to doze contentedly; the ship cruised through the ethers of space, gently rocking the little fox to a pleasant sleep. The last thing his eyes saw before they dropped were the twin suns, their bright light still warmly radiating into space, now as if to wish him a farewell.