

Punching Bag Fox

Irbisgreif

for Aira

Description

AIRA is a fox who loves his bad-end transformations, and I was all too happy to accept a commission from him to utterly wreck his stuff. Given the nature of the commission is not unlike that of a picture series we got together a while ago, I suggest that if you liked those you check out this story. Similarly, if you liked this story then I find it likely that you will enjoy those pictures!

Our story begins with Irb having captured* Aira and strapped him down to a chair in the moogle's frighteous workshop of terrific horror! Basically, it is a garage.

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GENTLE rattling filled the air as Irb made certain the threefold locks on his workshop door were well and truly secured. He took his time, letting the rattling and thumping continue as he carefully slid each bolt through the staple. Tall lapine-styled ears flicked

with the muffled yelling and pleading coming from behind. Irb grinned and clicked the last bolt into place before turning slowly to face the fox-laden chair.

His voice was melodic and teasing as he shuffled closer to the hapless fox, he drew out the vowels of the fox's name, teasing him "Aira. Aira. Aira. You're such a pretty, pretty foxie, kupo." He was half Aira's height, and he had to float up slightly to be face to face with the bound and gagged fox. "You're going to make a wonderful punching bag, kupo."

Aira's eyes glared in annoyance, half from the moogle's catchphrase and half from the threat of transforming the living, breathing being that was Aira into something as silly as a punching bag. Clearly, the fox was not interested in being one, no matter how 'wonderful' it might be.

Irb chuckled at the clear lack of interest and pulled a stool over to let him stare into Aira's eyes. "Yeah, you don't seem too interested, kupo. I can get that, it's not exactly a glamorous, pleasant, or healthy lifestyle, being a punching bag!"

The moogle starts to tilt his head slowly as he teases the fox about his plans, "And

*It is not really 'capture' if the fox helps with it, but such is the nature of things!

yet, I'm sure that soon enough you'll like the idea more than anything else, kupo!"

Aira continued to glare, staring in annoyance at the moogle and no-doubt planning some gruesome revenge on the moogle once he was free. Fortunately, that was exactly what the moogle was counting on as he continued to tease, tilting his head back and forth, back and forth... "Oh now, kupo. Aren't you just thrilled at the thought of being made a wonderful, useful, and very effective punching bag? That's been your life-goal and dream all these years, hasn't it?"

Aira watched the moogle, his eyes flicking back and forth as that pom kept swinging by, enticing him to relax. The fox began to fidget, growing transfixed.

"See? You just wanna relax and help me make you into the best punching bag you can be, don't you. Don't you, kupo?"

Still bound and trapped in the chair, Aira blinked and swayed with the moogle's pom, growing rapidly entranced. The fox mumbled something, and Irb looked closely into his eyes to make sure they had the semi-glassy look of a properly hypnotized fox.

As expected, Aira had not resisted being hypnotized at all! With glee, Irb began to unbind his victim.

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WITHOUT the bindings holding him in place, Aira was—theoretically—free to go! However, the fox was sitting next to the moogle and wagging his tail slowly, watching as Irb

set up a band saw. The moogle looked to the fox's paws as he fidgeted and awaited his processing.

Seeing them, Irb frowned, "Now, we have to get rid of your arms and legs, kupo."

Aira nodded in agreement.

"I should be able to put a tourniquet on the bases, run your limbs through this saw, and then, limbless Aira. Sound good, kupo?"

Aira leaned in, looking at the fresh band as Irb threaded it into place on the machine. "Yeah, then I can be a good punching bag. But what about the stubs?"

Irb grinned at the fox and pointed behind the band saw. Turning to look where Irb was pointing, Aira saw the other tools to be used on his body. First, a low-grit sandpaper belt sander. "Oh, sanding them off?"

"Kupopo, precisely! And then the hot-plate to the right... to cauterize the wounds, of course."

"Is this going to hurt, Irb?"

"Probably a lot. Probably a whole lot, kupo." The moogle took hold of Aira's left arm and pulled it out, pushing the fox to stand beside the band saw.

One painfully tight tourniquet later, and Aira was watching as his paws—indeed his whole arm—started to turn an even deeper shade of blue. It was fascinating, the way the loss of blood and bluing of his skin made the—

The sound of a saw biting into first flesh (soft, wet, and just a bit gooey with the speed of the blade) was sudden and followed rapidly by the sound of metal tearing through bone without even slowing down

(higher pitched, a grinding whine that reverberated off the walls and seemed to almost ring with vibrations in the metal). Irb was undaunted, focussed, and even just a bit eager to see the fox totally bereft of limb.

For his part, Aira seemed just as thrilled with the going as the band saw worked its way slowly through his arm, severing it permanently from his body. Despite the pain, the totally hypnotised fox helped out. With his first arm taken off and set aside, he whirled about without resistance to allow Irb to cut off the circulation to his other arm before sliding the base right up to the still-bloody blade. The sounds filled the air again, and Irb noted that Aira—now facing him—was wincing. Powerful as pom hypnosis may be for controlling and manipulating the fox into wanting to be the perfect punching bag, there was no way that it could mask the pain of having one's limbs stripped from their body.

The metallic smell of blood filled the air from the two separated limbs as Irb tossed them aside, clearing the space for Aira to pull his legs up on to the table, ready to be removed. Irb began to tie the tourniquets for the legs as Aira stared slowly from one stump to the other, staring at the oozing wounds left by the merciless saw blade.

Irb saw the fox staring, and knew that shock was likely—and potentially trance ending. He cinched the legs and then quickly pushed them into the whirring blade to get the fox 'back with him', tutting as he did so. "Come now, kupopo. We have to get these legs off you too. We don't want

any limbs sticking out while you get pummelled, after all!"

Aira nodded as blood sprayed across his chest from his legs; the pain of the saw separating his last two limbs was making his eyes clench and wince. It radiated slowly up from the stumps, oozing only slowly thanks to the bindings preventing blood flow. Thighs took much longer than shoulders. Nevertheless, the flesh and bone gave way steadily just as it had on fox's upper body, soon leaving the blue fox with the crimson bloodstains a limbless, wriggling mass that Irb could pick up and carry to the next station.

The hotplate was already glowing and ready to permanently cauterize the fox's wounds, but Irb couldn't employ it until he had fully shredded away the last little stumps of Aira's limbs. There was no ceremony to kicking the pressure-step on the belt sander on to spin it up and pressing the fox's stumps against the belt to rapidly grind away the little bits of flesh and bone that were sticking out.

Much like shaping a carving of wood, Irb worked quickly and efficiently to scrape and grind away any trace of the limb, leaving a smoothed, rounded place where once a shoulder and arm had protruded. Without the tourniquet, it was bleeding profusely all over the floor, but Irb was able to put a stop to that with the hot plate, searing closed all of the blood vessels and ensuring that Aira did not bleed out.

The smell of burned fox fur and flash-cooked fox flesh flooded the room as the moogle applied the cruel, high-temperature

hæmostat, sealing Aira's left arm-base up before flipping him around to do the other. Blood loss had rendered Aira a little bit loopy as the sander began working on his other arm, but the process was simple to repeat.

By the time all four limbs were done and Aira was a pillow-bodied mannequin of a furry, Irb was standing in an eighth of an inch of coagulating blood. He carried the dazed fox over to a soft bed and lay them out, getting an intravenous flow of fluids and replacement blood running before he returned to hose off the plethora of gelatinous body fluids from the floor of his workshop.

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NEEDING to give the fox time to recover, Irb finally let Aira pass into a fitful sleep and cleaned the room, and the bloody fox, getting everything nice again and giving the fox plenty of time to recover. However, he never gave the fox much space. Rather, he made certain to be near Aira so that when the time finally came and the fox started to stir and groan, he could repeat and enhance the trancing of the fox, ensuring good behaviour while the process of making him into a punching bag continued.

Irb set the torso atop a pristine medical table, smiling down at Aira as he lay haplessly. "Did you have a good rest, future punching bag, kupo?"

Aira nodded and smiled through the pain of his now-missing limbs. "Yeah!"

The moogle responded by picking up a pair of pliers and leaning in close to that

vulpine face. "So, we have to take your teeth—and tongue—out. You'll probably feel a pinch, kupo."

Aira smiled as wide as he could, though he began groaning as the pliers touched to the first of several teeth. A crunch filled the air as Irb yanked—hard. The tooth came free at the root, leaving Aira's face bloody and with one of his long canines missing. Irb applied dental suction to deal with the blood in Aira's muzzle. Despite the trauma, surprisingly little blood leaked from the wound, letting Irb move quickly on to the second canine.

As each tooth was yanked free of the fox's face, just enough blood seeped out to keep his muzzle moist despite all saliva production being halted and the dental suction pulling intensely to drain it out. By the time Irb was wrenching free the molars, Aira was shuddering on the table, with his eyes dilated to different amounts from the intensity of the grinding sensations.

This left the fox without last words as Irb set the pliers aside and brought a pair of aviation shears to that muzzle. Scissoring through the tongue proved surprisingly easy on the weak fox, as was clipping away the tissues of the cheeks and lips all the way back to the roots, leaving only gums and an empty muzzle left staring at the ceiling.

Sewing the cute vinyl smile and mouth gag into place, leaving the fox with a cartoon-like grin, was a lovely change, and made Irb smile at how different Aira's face looked now. Far more artificial and less like a person, which was perfect for the moogle's plans. There was nothing left to ask the

fox as he slowly recovered from the oral trauma—he could not answer if he wanted to thanks to the gag and lack of tongue. Still, the fox could hear; there was no reason whatsoever for Irb to stop teasing Aira.

“Well now, Aira. Turn to your left and look at those teeth, those won’t be hurting anyone pummelling you now!” Irb walked off—where could a limbless fox go?—and returned with a set of scalpels and a cart carrying heated, sterilized sand.

“So, we’ll need to simplify your body cavities, getting rid of a lot of organs and such, getting you filled with sand so that you’ll stand up to a *ton* of abuse we throw your way. So go ahead and lay back and relax while I gut you. This won’t take long at all, kupo.”

The moogle began his work with the easy step to do with the scalpel. Flicking Aira’s eyelids away so he would remain attentive to his duties took only a moment, and the special contacts that would keep everything ‘safe’ for his vision despite the repeated blows to his face were easy to install and gently stitch into place to render them permanent.

Once the fox was rendered unblinking, Irb got to work on the hard task of replacing every single optional organ in the fox with the warm sand that would be absorbing the repeated blows required of a punching bag. The first step was gently opening the fox’s belly and fishing out optional organs. Depending on how long a punching bag was to last, more or less could be left, but Irb was going maximal. Aira would only be up in the gym for a half-year at most before

retiring, and Irb was not looking to leave anything he could skip. The large intestine and stomach were completely removed. The small intestine was rendered a short loop that would accept Aira’s liquid meals.

One kidney, two-thirds of the liver, half a pancreas, two adrenal glands, a gallbladder... one by one the organs that made up the fox’s insides were gently separated from the surrounding tissues and dropped unceremoniously in the biohazard-marked bin that his limbs were already occupying. Once the space was made, Irb sliced open a bag of sand and began gingerly pouring it into the open body-cavity, stuffing it as full as possible to ensure the most absorption of the intense blows the fox would be taking to his belly.

Once the abdomen was transformed and carefully sewn shut, Irb got to work on the chest cavity. The diaphragm was easy to reduce, as it only had to power half a lung, rather than two whole ones. With the fox being totally sedentary, there was no need for him to be getting a full breath of air each time, he just needed enough to ‘make do’ as he hung in the gym. The remaining bit of lung and the heart got a shield to ensure they had enough space to beat and breathe, but the rest of the chest cavity—just like the abdomen—was filled with the sand to the brim.

Irb loathed using magic on these sorts of projects—after all, he could painlessly and instantly transform Aira if he wanted to be lazy. However, he did use some gentle healing magic to ensure the closures of the fox’s body cavities was complete and with-

out seam or weakness. It would not do to have the fox burst from a belly suture and spray blood soaked sand all over the gym floor!

With the interior complete, Irb set Aira up on his bottom, letting the weight of the sand hold him upright as the moogle again swapped out his equipment and cleaned up, preparing for the final and perfect touches on the punching bag. Touch-ups and changes that would be important to making Aira the absolute maximum of useful when installed in the gym.

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ELECTRICAL buzzes filled the air as Irb finally finished preparing the last pieces of equipment needed to complete Aira's transition from a happy, healthy, and free fox to a secure and very usable permanently-installed punching bag. Pressing the button to start up the pneumatics on his system, Irb picked up the piercing gun that would begin the work on the fox.

Properly suspending the punching bag from the ceiling was an absolute must. For that purpose, Irb had brass rings ready to embed within the now-faint scarring where Aira's limbs once were. Correct installation would require piercing the bones. Irb had immense pneumatic pressure in a piercing gun to achieve that.

The sound of the first ring going through the left portion of Aira's torso was as loud as—if not louder—than a canon being fired. Aira's ears were ringing and his phantom limb aching as Irb clamped his hands over

his ears, groaning with the pain of the intense noise being directed straight to his eardrums by the massive moogle ears. Only after several seconds of kupos and grunts did Irb fully recover, fetch ear protection, and add the other ring to the other side of Aira's torso, enabling him to be suspended correctly from the ceiling. A third ring, for balance more than suspension, went through the tip of the blue fox's tail. That was the end of the lengthy, fluffy appendage's avoidance of Irb's attentions.

With no piece of Aira remaining untouched, he had advanced his transformation greatly. Unblinking eyes, permanent grin, and lack of limbs now made the fox look almost artificial. Irb shifted the fox so that he was laying on his back, making his front easy to access. The piercing gun's role was completed, and Irb changed out the imposing device for one that was much less intimidating, albeit as the last device Aira would face, it meant that the hypnotized fox was soon going to find himself enjoying a good pummelling.

Without a place to aim for, there was no way to encourage proper practice on the fox. A gym that does not help people develop good skills was not going to be popular! That was the reason for the last device: a tattoo gun. Irb started with Aira's chest. As that would be the primary target, Irb put a nice red bullseye, a small dot right at the centre of the fox's sternum, and then two-inch wide rings after that. Once that was done, Irb got to work on the Aira's nose, colouring it identically and looping it with rings down the muzzle, just as he had done on the

chest. The rings looked a little funny with the permanent vinyl smile, but once it was all done, it looked like they were part of the fox's fur and simply interrupted by the huge, happy-to-be-beaten grin.

Of course, no gym would be truly great if it encouraged only boring, *fair* blows. Chest and face were good targets, but Irb began adding an identical set of rings to Aira's belly. Marquess of Queensbury rules it was not, but it was not like everyone training was going to be going for such a refined, sporting match. It only made sense for Irb to go lower. As soon as the belly target was completed, Irb moved right to the bottom of the fox's torso to his groin, exposed and vulnerable without legs on either side to protect it.

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AIRA hung from the rafter in the corner of Irb's gym, one of the prize additions for the grand re-opening! All that remained was testing everything, and naturally, Irb was sure to work his way to the corner slowly, wanting to enjoy the sight of the fox before finally beginning to pummel him. To an outside observer, Irb would have seemed almost to avoid the fox, passing by and pausing before picking some other destination. Indeed, the best had to come last, and Irb made sure to take as long as possible.

Getting the right mind-set on the eager fox was important, but eventually, Irb could see the longing in Aira's unblinking eyes. Then—and only then—was the fox ready. Irb stood before him, strapping the boxing

gloves on and looking at each of the four targets that were now a permanent part of Aira's appearance. The only question remaining was which of the four vulnerable places would suffer the first blow of Irb's fist.

Irb tapped the boxing glove softly to Aira's cheek, then his chest, then his belly, and finally then to his groin. Then he tapped the other hand slowly back up, teasing the fox with a little game as he settled slowly on where he wanted to place the very first bruise. "Go up, go down, then up the back. Where is the best place to whack? Break the nose? Break the chest? Tummy blow or on the breast? Smash the nads or crack the skull, where to dent this foxish hull? Probably best, looking over all, to break the fox's little—"

The moogle's fist had surprising force as it ploughed right into Aira's face. There was no gentleness or kindness, just sheer punching power in the sucker-punch as the boxing glove wrapped around Aira's muzzle and transferred the kinetic energy of Irb's muscles, carried in the the speed of his fist, right into Aira's cheekbones, pressing out the flesh and crushing it forcibly against the bone beneath. With that kind of blow, the fox was guaranteed—absolutely guaranteed—to end up with a huge shiner on his eye.

Aira got no time to recover before another fist landed in his belly—strong enough to bring up the fox's lunch, though there was no lunch to bring up. The next blow was right beside that one and even stronger. The fox swayed from the blow. The sand ab-

sorbed much of the force, but momentum is momentum. There was no way that Aira would not move as each of the blows landed.

As he swung back, Aira's chest met another one of Irb's punches. The strike's force was sent reverberating through rib and sternum, making Aira's lung remnant close just long enough for the fox to gasp. Irb tilted his head back, and rolled it on his shoulders. Cracking filled the air, and Irb followed his neck up by stretching both of his arms. Loosened by a few warm up blows and the stretching, the moogles' next punch was the strongest yet, crushing Aira's groin so flat as paper. At least, given the amount that Aira recoiled from the blow, it must have felt that way.

Irb's workout lasted two brutal, untiring hours. Only when Aira was covered in a complete layer of bruises did Irb finally call it quits, leaving the fox with a bleeding nose as he bandaged a few cuts and then hung up the boxing gloves to head home. Tomorrow, Aira would be available to the public for 10 hours for the grand opening. Ten hours a day after that as well. Every single day.

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FIFTEEN patch jobs were required over the next six months to keep Aira functional. Irb could have kept the fox's fur from his legs and arms and used that, but the discoloured leather scraps gave Aira a bit more of a scruffy look, the kind of thing that dragons, charizards, gryphons, kangaroos, and other punch-happy patrons could really get a work-out. Aira was particularly

popular when the bruising and hematomæ began to build up, leaving him looking perpetually like he'd just gotten out of a bar fight in a particularly seedy part of town.

However, patch-jobs—and one sand re-fill due to a huge tear—eventually add up, and six months was as long as a punching bag like Aira could be expected to last. Irb had the fox hefted over his shoulder as he walked out back, whistling to himself. “Well, you’ve been good, Aira, but disposal time is here, you know.”

Aira had stopped speaking long before, but Irb still loved to chat with the fox. Chatting got a lot harder when he pulls the cord to start the diesel carcass grinder he had rented for disposing of the fox. The metal teeth within began gnashing, ready to eat Aira the moment he was cast in.

Irb set the fox first over the dumpster and slashed a knife right across his belly. Sand poured forth, dumping the bulk of the bloody mess that had served as the fox's innards out into the trash. A couple of stabs later and the portion in the fox's upper body came too, along with a totally wrecked portion of a rib. The bone had crumbled like sand itself, given how often patrons aimed right for that point after it bruised and swelled up.

“Now, Aira, you’ve been a good—even a great—punching bag, I hope you’ve loved being beaten every day, but it’s time for you to go into the trash. After all, you’re falling apart at this point!” Irb laughed and patted the fox softly. It was hard to tell exactly how he felt about the situation, because his eyes were swollen shut from all the punching.

“Anyway, gonna toss you in the grinder. You be good and get ground up and then spend the rest of eternity that way, okay? No silly things like reforming or an afterlife—got it?”

Irb knew the fox got it; the whirring machine was then ready to be fed. Irb wasted no time in tossing Aira in without ceremony. Normally a person who was put in one while still alive would scream a while, but between the hypnosis and the body damage from being a punching bag for six months, Aira was quiet. Quiet enough that Irb tapped his feet happily and listened to the snapping and squishing as bones were crushed into dust and flesh was torn and mashed into a pulp. Within a few seconds, a bloody mess began to ooze from the outflow, followed by a spray of meaty chunks of ground fox. Everything straight into the dumpster to be hauled away.

Making Aira a punching bag had taken about six hours of hard work, and he had lasted for six months of hard labors. With all that done, final disposition took only about six minutes total. Nobody ever saw Aira again.

