

It wasn't the first time Rick had woken up in a strange place. It wasn't even the first time he'd been naked when it happened. However, it was very strange for him to not remember even traveling to a party the night before. Usually he remembered at least half the night before the blackout period started. This time the blank period started immediately after he got out of work. The nasty taste in his mouth was par for the course, but this time it tasted more chemical than the stale alcohol he was used to waking up to.

The room he was in was abnormal as well. There was no girl curled up next to him, or even a guy like happened that one time he doesn't like to talk about. The grey wolf was alone in a very boring room, much the same color he was. The walls and floor seemed to be made of large panels of brushed metal, with the monotony broken only by a single black panel on the wall and a dentist-style chair in the center.

Rick slowly pushed himself up from the floor, working out some slight soreness from laying on the hard surface. The temperature was carefully neutral, as if it was intended for occupants of the room to be nude. He lacked a headache or any other sign of a hard night of partying, adding to his confusion. It was starting to look like something very strange was going on. The room looked nothing like the type of club he frequented, and it was even less like the bedroom of someone he'd like to know. That exhausted his list of strange places to wake up that were actually good.

Signs were pointing to some sort of evil kidnapping plot.

A soft chime sounded from hidden speakers, and Rick rapidly looked around, soon noticing the words that appeared on the black panel on the wall, now clearly a screen behind a plastic barrier.

Welcome! Please enjoy your stay at Horizon Labs.

Comic Sans. That clinched it. He was definitely dealing with some evil sons of bitches.

Rick looked around for a camera, but didn't find one. It must be hidden, given that they somehow knew when he had woken up. Lacking a better spot, he focused on the television. "How did I get here?"

You arrived here seeming to be drugged. You were placed in a test chamber for protection and monitoring. We hope you'll stay and do science with us.

Careful wording. They didn't ever admit to taking him or being the ones who drugged him, and the statement would be true either way. Regardless, he had no interest in helping them with anything. "No thanks. I'd prefer to just leave. Where's the checkout desk?"

The chime sounded again.

Our apologies. There was a chemical spill outside your test chamber. It would be unsafe to let you out until it is cleaned up. Please make yourself comfortable.

That was either a lie or a far too convenient coincidence. Rick looked over at the chair in the center of the room. "Um, if you mean sit in that thing, I think I'll pass." He made no effort to cover his nakedness. They got a good enough look while he was out, and presumably while they undressed him. Besides, he had nothing to be ashamed of in terms of physique.

Suit yourself.

Rick looked around, but couldn't even identify where the door would be if it opened. A quick tap on the screen's plastic cover showed it to be durable enough that he was more likely to hurt his hand if he tried to break it. The chair he might be able to do some damage to, but only as far as ripping the padding off. Nothing else looked fragile enough to be torn off to use as a tool or weapon.

He twisted about his waist a few times, working out a residual muscle cramp. "So are you going to do anything else? Just watch me stand here naked? I mean, you could at least give me a sudoku book."

We have no amusements for you. Your options are science or boredom until it is safe for you to leave.

Rick grumbled and sat down against the wall. If that was the game, he could be patient enough. He could go for some breakfast, though. "How about food? You can't expect me to sit here and starve."

Your test chamber has a meal delivery system, but it can only deliver items intended for current study participants. We cannot guarantee your safety if you consume them as a non-participant. Our apologies.

The wolf sighed. "Fine, whatever. I hope you have a plan for if I have to use the bathroom, though."

Nothing appeared on the screen, but he heard a pneumatic hiss and turned his head to see one of the metal floor panels along the wall slide away. Beneath it was a porcelain basin with a drain in the bottom. Of course they would have taken care of that. Nobody wants to clean up that kind of mess. A constant stream of water flowed from a faucet on the side to the drain. At least he could clean up a little with that.

Time passed. Rick couldn't measure how much, because the lighting in the room never changed and there was no visible clock. Hours were marked only by his increasing hunger, soon joined by a serious thirst.

He did eventually use the toilet panel in the floor. That was no problem, at least. He'd pissed in places more public than this, though usually with alcohol helping him not worry about being seen.

Rick rolled his eyes as his stomach growled. "Seriously guys, letting someone starve to death in your test room will not look good for you." He was almost surprised to hear the message ding.

We again apologize. Access to your test chamber remains unsafe, and exit or food delivery remains impossible. At any time you are free to join the ongoing study by sitting in the chair. We can then provide you with meals appropriate for participants.

As obvious as the game was, that didn't make it any less effective. They could probably keep his room 'inaccessible' as long as they wanted, definitely longer than he could go without food or drink.

Nonetheless, he attempted to wait them out, even as his hunger built to a painful level. Hours later, he started to wish he hadn't peed in the drain, just so he could have something to drink, and he knew this couldn't go on. They were probably willing to let him die and call it a 'regrettable accident' if anyone came around asking questions.

With one hand on his painfully empty stomach, he stood and yelled. "Fine! Fuck, I'll sit in your creepy-ass chair." The chair faced the television. "You better not be planning some Clockwork Orange shit."

The chime sounded as he took a seat.

No. More like Dr. Strangelove, in name if not in content. Thank you for your cooperation. The test will begin shortly.

Rick raised an eyebrow. That certainly raised the creepy level a bit. The chair was comfortable, at least, supporting his back well, padded armrests encouraging him to rest his arms. As soon as he did so, cuffs sprang out to secure his wrists and ankles. He sighed, and didn't bother testing them. "Aw man, you already have me locked in a room. Is this shit really necessary?"

The chime again.

Yes. It would be unwise for you to move.

They really loved their vague warnings. "Why? What's going to-- Ah, fuck!" Without warning, a pair of needles jabbed out from the base of the seat, piercing each of his testicles, making them erupt in searing pain.

The needles retracted, and the cuffs followed a moment later, freeing Rick's hands to grab at his burning crotch as he tumbled down off the chair, tail ducking between his legs. He hissed through clenched teeth. "Shit...wasn't expecting that."

He pulled one hand from his tortured balls and looked at his fingers. There were only a couple small dots of blood, nowhere near the torrent he expected based on the amount of pain he was in. The message chime sounded, but he ignored it. He was far too busy writhing on the aluminum floor. The pain slowly dulled, but a disturbing, pulsing heat remained, slowly spreading outward from his testicles.

The chime sounded again, and again, and again. Rick finally looked up at the screen. “*What?*” he growled. “Can’t even give me a second after you pierce my balls?”

Sorry. You wouldn’t have cooperated if we warned you. But now, science!

Rick shook his head. They called this science? “I thought there were ethical rules about testing shit on people?” The heat encompassed most of his crotch now, accompanied by a strangely pleasant tingling that threatened to draw his cock from its sheath.

There are, which is why we thank you for volunteering your services as a test subject. With your help we will gain valuable data to help thousands. How do you feel?

The abused wolf was about to shout a question about how they expected it to feel to jab needles into a guy’s testicles when he realized it actually *didn’t* hurt any more. The warmth and tingling was all that remained, and it wasn’t really unpleasant. “Better than I should. What the hell did you do to me?”

We can’t tell you that in order to control for the placebo effect. It is good that you feel no discomfort at the moment. Please masturbate.

No way. He thought he was dealing with mad scientists, not perverts. It was debatable which of those was actually preferable. “Uh, what the fuck? You expect a guy to do that right after taking a hit to the balls? I’m not really in the mood.”

That was a lie. The tingling was starting to feel really good, and his cock was starting to peek out of his sheath. He shifted his legs to hide the involuntary reaction.

Perfectly understandable. We can help with that.

Rick heard a soft hiss from unseen vents. He had no idea what they were putting in the air, but it would be useless to try and hold his breath to avoid it. Seconds later, a pleasant scent tickled his nose, and he realized what they were doing. It wasn’t something he experienced often, but it had left a strong impression on his memories, and the involuntary reaction from his body removed all doubt. It was the scent of a female wolf in heat, something most females took pills to suppress because of the effect on themselves and those around them.

The grey wolf’s dick was no longer almost hard. It shot to full stiffness so fast he was surprised he didn’t get light-headed. It dripped with his arousal, and the tingling from whatever they injected him with intensified with the increased blood flow. “Aw fuck, now that isn’t playing fair.” The scent clouded his mind, enticing him into atavistic behavior, and soon he was reaching for his cock, spreading his slippery pre along the

length. His instincts screamed for him to find that fertile bitch and plant his seed, and his conscious mind only barely restrained him from searching the room he knew to be otherwise empty.

Gripping his cock felt better than it ever had, every stroke making his hips buck involuntarily. The strange tingling continued to intensify, spreading out through his lower torso, but it only made his self-pleasure more enjoyable. He leaned forward, supporting himself on his knees and one hand, humping at a phantom female below him.

He pumped himself faster, breathing deep in his exertion and growing more cloudy-minded. Rick grumbled when his hand started slipping off the end of his cock on every stroke, and switched to very short movements, feeling his knot start to swell under his hand. His entire groin was hot and eager, tense and twitching with excitement.

A surge of pleasure erupted from some vaguely familiar spot deep within him, and he erupted in climax, clenching his fingers behind his swelling knot to simulate a tie. His balls pulled up tight, emptying their seed in thick waves of cum across the metal floor. He twitched and shook, almost falling forward into his own puddle. Rick groaned, feeling his cock soften and recede in his grip strangely quickly, but after one of the greatest orgasms of his life he couldn't blame it for being a little worn out.

He fell to the side, breathing heavily to recover. The scent of heat was already dissipating, having done its job of getting him to please himself.

Rick shifted slightly, getting his energy back slowly. The tingling in his groin was still present, but had died down a bit, though it felt like his balls were still tight against his crotch. Worried, he reached down to check them and found his scrotum taut, his testicles barely palpable within. Moving up, his sheath felt thinner as well. He stuck a finger into the sticky inside and found his cock, much further down than it should be. "What the fuck?"

The message chime sounded.

Thank you for your cooperation. We have already obtained valuable data.

Rick stood shakily and walked over to the television panel. It was the only thing he had to focus on to speak to his captors. "What the fuck are you doing to me?" He grabbed at his loose sheath. "Huh? What's happening?"

An approved meal will be delivered shortly. We hope you enjoy the rest of your stay with us.

Fuck food, he wanted answers. The wolf pounded his fist against the plexiglass cover of the screen. "I don't care about that any more. Tell me what your fucking experiment is!" The screen stayed blank, no matter how much he yelled or hit it. He could still feel the tingling in his groin, and that only made him angrier. Offering a meal in exchange for shrinking his dick wasn't a reasonable trade.

Another pneumatic hiss signaled a wall panel opening, revealing a simple meal of water and a hamburger. The sight made Rick's stomach tighten, reminding him of his

hunger. Grumbling, he quickly devoured the food, keeping an eye on the screen to see if it revealed their motives.

For the next several hours he was left to himself. It turned out that knowing what their experiment involved was far worse than not knowing. The feeling of change in his groin was soon joined by a strange shifting in his gut. He didn't like the idea of that at all.

As much as he feared what was happening, he had to check the state of his equipment. He cringed as he saw what had happened. His balls were missing, leaving only soft fur beneath his sheath. Was that how they castrated people these days? His sheath seemed to have migrated lower on his body, the opening at the and becoming wider and looser, his cock small but visible within. He whined, starting to figure out where this was going.

The next message ding was greeted with a snarl.

Please masturbate.

Before Rick could even protest, the hiss of the heat scent being pumped in reached his ears. "Dammit! What is wrong with you people?" Despite what they'd done to him, the scent still did its job. His cock emerged quickly from his loose sheath, and the tingling kicked up several notches.

He did his best to keep his hands away. He didn't want to let them control him, but instinct was too powerful. He spared a moment of thought to be grateful to whoever invented heat suppressants. Nothing would ever get done if people were exposed to that all day.

His hand touched his twitching cock, and found it already slippery. His lubrication was not coming from the tip, but rather somewhere inside his sheath. His grip fully enclosed his once-proud length, and he whined for what he had lost even as he started stroking.

The churning in his gut intensified, and he held one hand to his stomach as the other worked his cock. Rick fell forward, tail curling above him to expose his rear and he caught himself with his non-cock hand. His hips bucked, not forward to penetrate, but backward, as if he was the one being mounted.

He barely noticed. The nerves in his cock burned, even as it shrank out of his grip. He was reduced to using a few fingers curled around it to pleasure himself. The entire area was slippery with lubrication, matting his fur. The scent of heat was still in the air, but it seemed less enticing than it had mere minutes ago. He was more concerned with the smell of his own arousal, which was taking on a mysterious note that he couldn't quite place in his distracted state.

Muscles in his groin clenched and writhed, feeling like nothing he'd ever experienced before. Suddenly his fingers slipped from his tiny cock, catching in a depression formed below it.

Rick yelped, feeling strange muscles grip his fingers tight. His hips shook, burying his hand deeper inside himself, into a cavity that did not belong on his body. Hot, wet walls trembled around him as he climaxed, feeling a surge of wetness and a wave of pleasure, but neither bore any resemblance to what he usually felt when he came.

This time he did collapse into his own mess, and as his heavy breaths brought his scent to his nose he finally realized what was wrong with it. It was no longer the scent of male secretions, but of female. He gingerly pulled his hand away, withdrawing his fingers from his slippery new channel, feeling it tug at the invaders like it didn't want to let go.

Rick shivered, and sat up slowly, looking down at his altered crotch. There was nothing to see. No sheath, empty or otherwise, no balls, just a ruff of matted pubic fur. He bent over, parting his pubic fur with one hand and saw exactly what he was afraid of: a perfectly-formed pussy. Two fleshy labia topped by a plainly visible clitoris, the last remnant of his former eight inch cock.

He yanked his hand away as if burned. "How...this is insane." He glared at the display panel. "How did you do this to me? What the fuck?"

The panel remained blank. After a few silent moments, the food chute hissed open and delivered a meal identical to his last. Rick growled and awkwardly walked over to retrieve it, noting the strange absence between his legs. He washed his hands of their feminine juice coating in the basin and ate his burger, trying not to think about what happened. Hopefully it was all a hallucination. That made way more sense than it being real.

An hour later, the lights dimmed. Knowing what they wanted from him, he curled up in the corner. He was worn out, anyway, for obvious reasons. Sleep came slowly as he adjusted his position to try and find one that didn't remind him of the gap between his legs.

In the morning, or whatever time it was when they brought the lights back up, the food chute was already open, thankfully with a different meal of steak and eggs.

Not long after finishing it, another biological need made itself known. Rick whined and looked at the porcelain basin. It was time to learn about another new feeling. He squatted over the toilet drain and reached for his missing equipment out of habit. He sighed and relaxed, cringing at the strange sensation of emptying his bladder. Even worse, there was no toilet paper so he had to clean himself manually by cupping some water up from the faucet.

Rick sat down against the wall, staring at the display panel. Time passed, and nothing showed up. "Well? Are you happy, you fucks? What more do you want from me?" The message tone sounded.

*We were waiting for you to recover before the final part of the test. Please sit in the chair.*

The transformed wolf balked. "Oh, hell no. Last time I sat in that thing it gave me a pussy. What's next, tits? No, I'm sitting here."

*Sit in the chair, or we will release the RAPE-Bot.*

Rick hesitated. "RAPE-Bot? Really?"

*Yes. Really.*

There was no way he could call that bluff, if it even was one. "God dammit." Rick stood and walked over to the chair, pausing only a moment before sitting down. He tensed up, expecting more restraints and another painful poke in his sensitive areas. What he got was a needle to the meat of his rear as soon as his butt touched down and another message ding.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Rick rubbed his ass. It felt a little sore, but that was all. There was thankfully none of the strange tingling heat that had stolen his manhood. "What's this going to do to me?"

The screen displayed nothing.

He sat down against the metal wall again, favoring the side of his butt that didn't receive an injection. In some ways, the silent periods of waiting were the worst part of what they were doing to him. At least when they were actively messing with him he knew what was happening. The waiting and uncertainty weighed on him.

After a half hour of quiet solitude, he started to fidget, tapping his fingers on the metal floor. He sighed and stood up, pacing the floor on the opposite side of the room from where he had made a mess earlier. He started to feel warm, but in a way that felt like the room had a heater in it, not from anything internal. He shouted at the empty room. "Hey, can I get some AC in here?" As usual, he got no response.

The wolf continued pacing, feeling more worked up as he went. Had they spiked his breakfast with caffeine pills? He growled low, and got cut off by a sudden tensing of his abdominal muscles. His pacing halted and he bent at the waist, clutching his gut. Was something going wrong?

Another tensing came, and he realized it was a different, unfamiliar set of muscles distracting him with their twitching. "Oh shit," he muttered, then nervously let his hand drift slightly lower. The fur of his crotch was matted and damp, and even his light, investigative touch triggered a wave of pleasure from his swollen feminine lips.

It had come on gradually enough that he hadn't really noticed, but now he noticed the return of a certain scent in the air. He'd smelled it enough recently that it was undeniable. He raised his damp fingers to his nose to confirm the source and nearly went weak at the knees. The rest of his body was male enough that the scent of a female in heat worked perfectly well on him. His arousal spiked, and he felt the strange new sensation of feeling empty down below. The wolf's new anatomy begged for something to fill it.

His nethers twitched, releasing another coating of wetness onto his thighs, and now he did fall to his knees, one hand diving down to his needy slit. Rick didn't want to give in. This was obviously part of whatever fucked-up test they were doing, but the need was too strong. No wonder women took those pills to stop this from happening.

Two fingers disappeared inside him, filling the emptiness that clawed at his attention. He grunted and fell forward, catching himself with his other arm. His new parts clutched at his fingers, trying to draw them deeper inside, and it almost caused him physical pain to withdraw them, but the stroke of his fur against his sensitized anatomy made him moan in overwhelming pleasure. Scratch what he thought earlier,

why did women *ever* take those pills when going into heat meant you could feel like this?

The message chime sounded and he ignored it. There were better things to do. The next two chimes were lost in the wet sound of his fingers sliding in and out of his dripping sex. His own scent filled his nose, giving him a vague, unanswerable urge to find the heated bitch and fuck her, but it was weak compared to the growing empty feeling between his legs. The need to climax drove him, but no matter how hard he fucked himself he couldn't get there. He needed something more than his fingers in there, as soon as possible.

The chime came constantly now, and Rick finally managed to lift his face to the display panel. Maybe they'd be offering a way to find his release.

*We were kidding earlier about the RAPE-Bot.*

He cursed, annoyed at himself for falling for the bluff and getting himself into this position. Then the message chime came again.

*We're going to release it anyway.*

Rick heard the pneumatic hiss of one of the wall panels opening and whimpered as he ceased his self-exploration to look. A robot about the size of a hunched-over person emerged from the wall. Most of it was covered in smooth white curves of plastic. As it cleared the wall it seemed to raise up slightly, displaying an undercarriage of tubes, omnidirectional wheels on actuated legs, and a large rubber phallus.

The wolf whimpered, now in fear instead of disappointment, and he backed away from the robot as it turned toward him. He could almost imagine a laser sight emerging from the artificial dick and targeting him. In the small cell, there was nowhere to run, but he did his best, diving to the side as the robot lunged for him, narrowly avoiding a grasping claw.

He stood again and looked around, desperate for anything he could use to defend himself, but even the plates he had eaten his meals on had been returned. The chair was far too sturdy to rip pieces off of.

The robot focused on him again and he prepared to make another dive, but just as the ideal moment came a spike of need slammed through him from his heat-inflamed sex, dropping him instinctively to all fours. Almost against his will, his hand was back on his pussy, rubbing the slippery lips, teasing out and pressing hard on his clit, desperately searching for a climax that would calm his body down for just a moment.

And then the robot was on him. Its weight landed on his shoulders, forcing them down to the ground and making him catch himself with both arms. Clawed, metal arms pinned him to the ground, two more grabbing his ankles and spreading them wide. His tail dove between his legs in fear, but it too was caught in a metal grip and pulled out of the way.

Rick struggled to get free, but the robot was too strong. He shivered in what may have been either fear or anticipation. He squirmed to avoid what he knew was coming,

but his movements quickly devolved into a humping motion. His arms pulled at the restraints so he could try and get his fingers back into his painfully empty slit.

Relief came a moment later, as the rubber phallus on the robot speared forward, meeting no resistance as it pierced Rick's slickened folds, sinking in to the base in one sharp movement.

Rick moaned in deep satisfaction, clenching his hands tight in a mirror of the grip his nethers had on the robotic intruder. For several seconds the robot remained still, leaving the wolf to writhe on the rubber cock. The stuffing of his new depths was exactly what his body needed, and his walls massaged the stiff length without his input. A part of him still wanted to struggle to escape, but newfound instincts insisted he stay right where he was. His body didn't care that it was something artificial inside him, it only cared that it was being filled.

The robot slowly withdrew, and Rick whined pitifully at the loss, even as the stroke against his oversensitive lips lit him up with pleasure. With mechanical precision, it stopped right at Rick's dripping entrance, just barely keeping the lips spread apart. He bucked his hips, pulling painfully on his restrained tail, and managed to get an inch of rubber back inside him. Whether on its own timer or triggered by his whimpering, the robot resumed its actions, again sinking the rubber cock fully into Rick's depths.

The transformed wolf arched his back, groaning appreciatively. A fresh wave of dampness coated his thighs, displaced by the quick thrust of the robot. He growled and yipped as the robot kept moving, beginning to thrust over and over in a rapid pistoning motion. Even as wet as he was, the latex cock tugged his swollen labia back and forth in delightfully slippery friction.

Overwhelmed by the intense pleasure from the mechanical fucking machine, Rick's arms gave out, leaving him resting on the ground supported by his chest and shoulders. His head hung limply, tongue lolling out to the side. The altered angle let the rubber cock stroke across his clit as it moved, and Rick moaned anew in sensual delight. The touch of that spectacularly sensitive nub seemed to wipe all other thoughts from his mind. Every time he tried to gather himself and worry about what was happening the robot would press in hard again, and he would know only pleasure until the latex phallus was still again, lodged just deep enough to tickle his cervix.

Rick lost all track of time, buried in a fog lust and primal satisfaction. The intense pleasure brought by the artificial heat permitted no other sensations to get through. Soon the wolf was reduced to a drooling, dripping mess, passively accepting his vigorous fucking at the mechanical arms of the robot. But he still hadn't had his climax. As hot as he was, as wonderful as it felt to have the large fake cock stretching him out, it wasn't enough. His body wanted something more.

He got it. Without any warning, the robot halted, buried to the hilt inside Rick's clutching pussy. He cried out as the base of the rubber cock inflated, simulating the canine knot that matched his altered anatomy perfectly. His entrance stretched around the widening shaft, his body locked onto the robotic attacker, and the extra fullness gave him just the push he needed to reach his climax.

His muscles tensed all over, twisting in the robot's grip and tightening even further on the inflating knot, pressing it harder into his sensitive flesh. He howled his release, fur standing on end as a tingly warmth fills his entire body. In the sudden rush of new feminine orgasm, he hardly noticed the sound of something whirring within the

robot or the sudden blossoming rush of warmth deep inside him that went on for several seconds.

Its work complete, the robot rapidly deflated its knot and withdrew, bringing another tired moan from Rick. It wheeled its way back to the wall compartment, dripping sexual fluids from the rubber cock.

Rick flopped onto the metal floor, utterly exhausted. He breathed heavily, recovering his senses. The scent of heated female wolf remained heavy in the air, but there was a hint of something else new. Concerned, he slowly reached a hand down between his legs, discovering a disturbing amount of fluid leaking from his heavily-used sex. Bringing his damp fingers back to his nose, he sniffed and whimpered, again recognizing a scent he'd smelled a lot recently. He was leaking semen, apparently deposited in him by the robot.

He had moment of panic and disgust where he desperately wanted to dig it all out, but there was nothing he could do without proper cleaning facilities. The feeling of cum dripping from him made him feel ill. He sighed and curled up against the wall, suddenly feeling very dirty for how he had behaved. Even in his exhaustion he could feel the nervous twitchiness and the sensitivity in his new sex whenever he moved his legs.

Over the next hour, the feelings of being in heat slowly faded. Rick felt a moment of relief that whatever they injected him with to make him so horny was only temporary. When the message chime came, he couldn't even muster a curse to yell at the monitor.

Thank you for helping us test the Remote Automated Procreation Enforcement Robot. We have now confirmed it can recognize valid targets even with otherwise male anatomy. Once we have fully verified its performance, it will be safe for you to leave. Until then, please enjoy your stay.

The food chute opened again. Rick groaned, but slowly stood and made his way to the chute. More semen dripped from between his legs, making him cringe in disgust. He ate the supplied burger in silence, then washed himself in the basin, wincing at the touch of his hand on his sore crotch. He also did his best to rinse off the floor where he had made messes, scooping water from the faucet and carrying it to where lust had struck him. The scent of sex was very unwelcome to him at the moment.

The rest of the day passed in solitude, and when the lights dimmed Rick welcomed the chance to sleep. The day's events had been exhausting.

After most of the next day passed without any further events, Rick yelled another question at the display screen, again wishing he had a face to put to his captors. "Hey, when do I get to leave?"

Final verification is not yet available. Please have patience.

Rick groaned and flipped off the screen. It only made him feel a little better. "Will you at least change me back before you let me go?"

There was no answer.

The wolf endured two more days of isolation, broken up only by the machine-delivered meals and his use of the toilet panel, which he never got used to using with his new anatomy. He was ashamed at how happy he was when the message chime finally sounded.

We have now verified the successful operation of the RAPE-Bot. Your impregnation was the final test before shipment. Thank you again for your participation. Any prenatal care you require will be provided free of charge.

Rick stared wide-eyed at the screen. “My *what*? Are you saying your goddam machine knocked me up?” Seemingly in response, two wall panels slid away, leaving a doorway to the hall. “God dammit!”

He stalked out the door, intent on finding someone to yell at before he left. The door at the end of the industrial hallway had a pushbar on it, and he welcomed the chance to angrily kick it open and barge through. He was so surprised to find himself outside, that he didn’t think to turn around until the door had already closed behind him. There was no handle on his side of the door.

Rick yelled and tried to pull the door back open by the edge, but it didn’t budge. He looked around for a tool to use, but despite finding himself outside a warehouse in a run-down industrial zone, he didn’t see anything helpful. “What the hell?”

Thankful there was nobody around to see him naked, he walked the perimeter of the building, careful not to step on anything sharp with his bare paws. There were no other entrances to the warehouse. Rick realized that he was going to have to walk home. Nude. With the wrong parts between his legs.

An hour later he was home. At the start of his walk he had appropriated a pair of cardboard signs advocating some candidate for state representative and used those to cover himself. Eventually a passing car had stopped for him, and the driver bought his story about a fraternity prank leaving him stranded without his clothes. Thus he received a ride back to his apartment, though he made sure to keep his groin covered to avoid questions he couldn’t even begin to think of a believable answer to. It had happened to him and he didn’t really believe it.

Rick was tempted to disregard the final message from his captors. They couldn’t really have given him all the parts necessary to get pregnant, right? Sure, the rearranging of his genitals was beyond what he thought possible, but a functional uterus was still way harder. When a letter arrived two days later with a health insurance card and a list of local obstetricians, he knew they at least believed it. The envelope of course bore no return address, merely the logo of “Horizon Labs” as they called themselves. The mysterious company had no presence on the internet, and nobody else seemed to have heard of them. He had no way of figuring out who had done their “science” to him.

He pressed one hand to his belly, sighed, then picked up the phone to dial one of the doctors on the list.