

"Sean Alvinson," the judge's voice boomed, "You have been found guilty of the premeditated rape of Olivia Bullara. For this heinous crime, I sentence you to be processed and inducted into the Community Stress Reduction Facility."

The gavel banged, and the accused, a stallion in his mid-20s, buried his face in his hands. How had it come to this? He was so young; he had his whole life ahead of him just six months ago. And now—

"Wait, please! *Please!*" he cried as two guards grabbed his already-manacled wrists and forced him to his feet. "*Please!* There's got to be a misunderstanding!"

But the court was done with him. The judge had already called the next case, and despite Sean's desperate pleas, the guards half-dragged, half-shoved him out of the room and into a waiting prisoner transport van. The door slammed shut with a metallic *thud*, and the distressed stallion was whisked away to the processing facility.

No sooner did the van stop at the processing facility than a noxious gas filled the prisoner compartment. Sean didn't notice it at first, but the second his nose caught a whiff of the slightly sweet gas, he held his breath for all he was worth. His head throbbed, and his lungs ached, but the gas had no limit to the duration it could flood the air. After about 90 seconds of holding his breath, Sean gasped and drew in a deep lungful of the tainted air. His eyes immediately grew heavy.

He woke up naked and spread-eagled on a thick slab of something hard and unyielding. His mouth hurt. He tried to reach up to feel inside his muzzle, but something was holding his wrists in place. Struggling, he soon realized that his hands, legs, tail, and even head were all likewise manacled or otherwise affixed to the slab. Some kind of cage had also been placed over his penis—not that he could have gotten erect under the circumstances anyway. Although the room was freezing, sweat broke out on his forehead as he realized where he was. Swallowing hard, he looked up above him and let out a terrified shriek. High above him were the ghastly, gray blades that would remove his limbs and tail, rendering him not only harmless but helpless after his transfer to CSRF.

"P—please," he begged the otherwise empty room. "Please don't do this! I can still go back to society; I never actually raped her!"

Talking felt weird. As his tongue probed the sides and front of his mouth, he suddenly burst into tears.

It was already too late: his teeth had all been removed while he was knocked out. Prisoners on death row are granted a last meal. Prisoners processed for CSRF are not. Sean did not know that the last meal he'd eaten—a dismal, wilted, leftover salad—would be the last thing he would chew. But that wasn't on his mind right now. The realization that his path was already fixed had quickly shifted his attention back to the grim terror of the blood-stained, heavy, sharp blades above him. His pulse began to race, and he began to hyperventilate.

He had heard horror stories of this chamber—who hadn't?—and he knew that there would be no warning, no communication whatsoever. That one minute he'd be lying there, awaiting his fate, and the next, his fate would be sealed, and he would more than likely pass out from the pain. The horror stories said that the lead-up to the moment those blades came down was always excruciatingly slow, deliberately intended to psychologically torment the prisoner. Some said that since the civil rights activists had long ago abolished conscious teeth removal as inhumane, the psychological torture was the compromise they'd had to pay.

"Rapists are the worst of the worst, and they should be made to suffer for their crimes," conventional wisdom held.

One way or another, society would extract its pound of flesh from him—both literally in the removal of his limbs and figuratively in the toll the experience would take on his psyche.

A Charlie horse gripped his hip, and he let out an anguished cry. Glancing down at his naked torso, he suddenly saw the ominous dashed, blue lines that indicated where the cuts were to be made.

He began to cry again. When all was said and done, he would have no limbs to speak of: his arms and legs were to be cleaved off at the ball-and-socket joints where they joined his torso, and his tail would be docked so high up that it would be as if he had never had one.

Something clunked overhead, startling him and making him begin to breathe heavily. Above him, the blades were moving, and to his horror, laser lines began to trace over his body, showing where the weapons would land. Terrified and still reeling from his conviction, Sean began to piss himself as his torso wracked with deep, helpless sobs. The blades above him continued to do their dance, and the lasers on his limbs lined themselves up with the dotted lines.

The clunking stopped. The room grew deathly silent. Sean waited, shaking in terror.

Nothing happened.

For countless minutes that each felt like an eon, the blades hovered, glinting and greedy, above him.

He shivered from the cold and from dread.

CLUNK

Sean saw the blades begin to drop. He screamed in terror. His whole body tensed.

The blades fell in slow motion, their keen edges finding and biting into his skin. His scream of terror became one of indescribable pain.

Unhindered, the blades continued through the small deposits of fat, sliced through sinew like butter, and began to chew into his muscles. The pitch of his scream increased.

CRACK. SNAP. CR-CRACK—CR-CRACK!

Bones snapped beneath the weight of the mammoth blades. The pain was too much. Sean's blood pressure spiked, and he blacked out before the blades made it through the other side.

Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.

Sean stirred, then opened his eyes and gasped. He was in a hospital room, but instead of a soft bed beneath him, he felt as though he were lying on granite.

His eyes caught sight of where his feet should have been, and he snapped wide awake. His legs, arms, and tail were all gone, replaced by fleshy holes where they should have attached. He tried to sit up, but lack of limbs to assist and atrophy of his abdominal muscles had left him too weak to do so. He writhed and squirmed in place, alternately crying, screaming, and hyperventilating as one urge overtook the last.

"Ah, it's awake," a voice said.

Sean gasped and jerked his head to see a balding panda in a lab coat.

"Wh—what did you *do* to me?!" Sean cried, "You've—you've *ruined* me!"

The panda looked up from his clipboard. "Who, me? Oh, I haven't done anything to you, yet. Your beef is with Amputation; I'd tell you take a number for the Complaints Department, but we don't have one of those."

Something about his demeanor short-circuited the panicked questions racing through Sean's head—all of them, save one.

"Wh—what are *you* going to do to me?" Sean whimpered.

The panda reached behind Sean's head and grabbed a large syringe.

"My job," he replied, "Is to implant and calibrate the stimulator."

Sean's eyes bulged, seeing the huge needle. "Wh—what's *that*?!" he cried.

"This? This is the stimulator," the panda replied matter-of-factly. "It goes into your perineum just below your scrotum, lying against the pudendal nerve." He paused for a minute, as if making sure what he'd said was correct, and then, satisfied with his answer, nodded to himself. "This is going to hurt," he said equally matter-of-factly.

He moved between Sean's legs—or where his legs would have been and pressed the sharp tip of the 7-gauge needle against Sean's skin. Panicked, Sean's brain sent out the commands to make his arms and

legs scoot him backwards, away from the pointed tip, but those limbs no longer existed. His mind told his tail to clamp down to protect his delicate undercarriage, but to no avail. His head alone thrashed, but without limbs to aid him, his torso didn't move at all. He shrieked in terror and bewilderment at the inability to muster what should have been an easy escape, but to no avail. The sharp needle pierced his skin, the pain pinching off the shriek in his throat. He held his breath as the panda slowly and deliberately maneuvered the needle this way and that, seeking out the nerve. At last, he pressed the plunger on the syringe and withdrew it.

Sean gasped and jerked, having not taken a breath in nearly a minute. Meanwhile, the panda took out a tablet and began punching buttons on it.

"Let's see," he murmured. "We have good connection to the nerve. Given that, *this* should be all we need."

Sean gasped, his eyes snapping open as a light tingling sensation suddenly manifested in his cock and balls. The cage that had held his flaccid malehood captive had long since been removed, and within a second, his penis began to emerge from his sheath, unfurling and growing erect. He began to pant, his limbless hip muscles flexing impotently as they tried to make him thrust. His penis reached full erection and began throbbing and quivering. Sean's eyes rolled back in his head, feeling his climax imminent.

"*That's* a bit too much," the panda said, pressing a button.

The stimulation suddenly decreased. Where Sean had been on the precipice of orgasm a split-second before, he was now only climbing the hill. His cock began to go flaccid, and he let out a few disappointed gasps, trying to recompose himself.

"Not quite enough," said the panda, pushing another button.

Sean's cock went hard again. He bit his lip and squeezed his eyes closed. He was much nearer to climax now, not *quite* at the edge, but if he could just reach down and—

He let out an anguished wail, realizing that he would no longer be able to jack himself off. He panted, frustrated at how close he was and yet how helpless he was to push himself over the limit.

"That's about right, right there," the panda said. Reaching out with a gloved hand, he grasped the tip of Sean's cock.

Sean's head banged the slab behind him as his overstimulated penis erupted into the air, his balls draining themselves in one hard spurt.

"Mm, hmm," the panda said, letting go of Sean's penis and tapping the screen. "A tad too much."

There was no pleasure associated with getting off, no afterglow. The second the panda released his malehood, Sean immediately felt himself driven back to just shy of the edge. Once again, the panda reached over and grabbed his dick, and Sean felt himself driven right up to the edge again.

"Hmm?" the panda said, giving Sean's cock a few tugs.

Sean's head banged again, but there was no accompanying ejaculation. His balls were empty, but his body had nevertheless gone through the motions of climax. And yet, just as before, there was no relief. Immediately after banging his head, he once again found himself desperately close.

"Perfect," the panda said, pushing a few buttons on the tablet and then putting it aside.

Sean gave him an incredulous look. "Wh—aren't you gonna turn it off?!" he cried.

The panda cocked his head and frowned. "Why would I do that?" he asked. "The point is to keep you on edge and ready for use at all times. Starting now," he added with a perfunctory smile. "All right, number, uh, 513720, your processing is officially complete," he said, making a check mark on his clipboard. "You'll be ready for transport tomorrow. Enjoy your night; it will be the only one you get to recover, so make the most of it."

With that, a guard appeared, and it was then that Sean realized he was actually lying on a flatbed cart. Without a word, the guard moved up behind Sean and began pushing his cart out of the room. A set of push-doors against the wall made Sean wince as the cart barreled towards it, but the doors opened without jostling him much at all. On the other side, though, Sean gasped. In the dark, dingy room were three other

carts, each containing someone who had just undergone the same treatment he had: a fox, a husky, and a rabbit. Sean couldn't help but stare at the rabbit in particular. Unlike the others, she was female.

The guards didn't say anything as they wheeled him over to a free space in the room. There were no private cells, not even any walls to try to keep the inmates separated or prevent their escape. Sean and his temporary companions had been effectively moved into a storage room, nothing more than packages awaiting shipment.

The next morning, he was loaded into a moving van, cart and all, and shipped out to what would be his new home. He had never heard of the town he was going to, but rumor had it that one of their CSRF "installations" had died, and Sean was to replace him. The trip was silent but long. When they finally reached their destination, a guard pushed Sean's cart into the facility.

Sean's heart sank.

The "facility" was little more than a large, air-conditioned room with a line of pedestals in the middle, spaced far apart. The guards wheeled him up to the empty pedestal, and despite Sean's earnest pleading not to be put on a pedestal where a dead fur had lay so recently, picked him up and put him down on the pedestal, strapping him down with one strap across his chest and one across his waist.

Without a word, the guards left.

There were already people inside the facility when Sean was dropped off. One was anally fucking a male goat at the far end. Another was riding the goat's cock while the goat himself bleated piteously, begging to be given something to eat.

"Ah! Fresh meat!" an exuberant voice cried.

Sean whipped his head to see a hungry-looking wolf staring at him greedily. But before he could trot up the steps to the pedestal, a sharp voice rang out through the room.

"Back off! I get him first!"

The wolf and Sean both looked, and Sean's blood ran cold.

"O—Olivia," he croaked.

"Hello, Sean," the she-cow said with a tight-lipped smile.

"What have you done to me?" Sean whimpered. "Why did you say I raped you? You know I would never—"

"Shh," Olivia replied, putting her finger to his lips.

Without a word, she lifted up her skirt to reveal the fact that she wasn't wearing panties, then ascended a few steps to straddle his ever-hard cock.

"You should have just put out, Sean," she said, deftly reaching behind her to grab his cock and slip it into her. "It would have been so much easier for you."

Sean's oversensitive prick twitched and spat into her before he could say anything. Surprised, she hesitated, then shrugged and began riding him.

After a few strokes, Sean let out an anguished cry, his cock so sensitive after its fourth back-to-back, joyless orgasm that the feeling of her once-pleasant passage on it felt like making love to a tube of sandpaper. The overstimulation made both his cock and torso shudder and tremble constantly.

"Isn't this nice, Sean?" Olivia asked sweetly. "That little trembling thing you do is new; I like it."

"Ten-minute limit, lady," the wolf spat.

Olivia looked over her shoulder and scoffed. "Well, getting to see you here was enough to make me go just by itself," Olivia said. Her pussy suddenly contracted, making Sean scream in agony at the overstimulation, and then she squirted all over his crotch.

With an innocent look that said, "Did I do that?" she rose, at last freeing Sean's aching prick. He gritted his gums and squeezed his eyes closed, hissing and hyperventilating at finally getting some relief.

"Bye, Sean. CSRF says we're supposed to seek out stress reduction daily! See you tomorrow," Olivia called over her shoulder. "He's all yours," she said to the wolf.

As Olivia left, Sean's attention turned to the male standing down where his feet should be. The canine already had his cock out and was stroking himself eagerly.

"At least she didn't ruin your ass," he said. "That's my job."

Sean gulped. "P—please," he entreated, "I've never—"

The wolf put up a hand to silence him.

"The only thing I want to hear out of your mouth is how much this hurts. They don't call me Ass-Wrecker for nothing."

Sean's eyes went wide, and he began to struggle. The wolf's cock was huge, and its knot had already swelled up as big around as Sean's fist. The wolf stepped up to him, and though Sean tried in vain to wriggle away, without his limbs, he was helpless to escape.

He felt the wolf's prick poke at his anus and squeezed his eyes closed. He tried to shift himself to the left or right, out of the wolf's reach, but to no avail.

Sean saw stars as searing pain shot through his lower torso, the pain so intense that it took his breath away.

"Ya like that, you little rapist punk?" the wolf jeered. "I always like to miss the first one on purpose," he growled. "It makes the actual blow a lot more fun."

The dismembered stallion didn't have time to react. Another blow shoved the wolf's cock up his ass up to the knot. Tears sprang to Sean's eyes as his anus stretched and tore. The wolf's immense knot shoved into him. His mouth opened, but no scream would come out; it hurt too badly.

"I want you to think about just how fucked up it is that you raped those people," the wolf snarled at him. "How do *you* like being raped? Huh?"

He yanked backward, and Sean's scream finally erupted from his lungs. The wolf's knot yanked part of Sean's intestines out with it, permanently prolapsing the stallion's anus.

"Mm, I love a good, wrecked ass," the wolf rumbled, "But I'm just getting started."

Seconds later, another scream burst from Sean's lips and echoed through the facility.

The wolf had been brutally cock-punching Sean for five minutes without a break when a shadow appeared across the stallion's tightly closed eyes.

"Room for one more?"

"By all means," the wolf said, gesturing to Sean's head.

Sean opened his eyes and gasped to see another stallion standing over his head.

"Looks like you've met Ass-Wrecker," the newcomer said with a schadenfreude-tinged smirk. "I'm Throat-Destroyer."

A doomed expression clouded Sean's face. He tried to clamp his jaw closed, but the newcomer pressed his fingers hard against the amputee's cheeks, bringing new tears to his eyes and finally forcing his mouth open.

The stallion's cock was in his mouth in an instant. Sean's body lurched and retched as the stallion's filthy, encrusted member shoved past his gag reflex and went right down his throat. Tears sprang to his eyes and snot began to run down his nose as the stallion grabbed his face and began humping him like a monkey with a football. The ridges of the assailant's prick irritated Sean's throat, making his body jerk and buck violently against the onslaught. Even worse, Sean couldn't breathe; the stallion's rod had closed off his

windpipe, and even as his body violently tried to reject the unwelcome invader, his lungs began to scream for air.

Abruptly, the stallion pulled back. Sean gasped in a desperately-needed lungful of air, but before he could take another, the stallion had rammed his dirty prick against the back of Sean's throat. The dismembered stallion retched, heaved, and threw up all over himself. His assailant pulled back, then repeated the motion. Sean coughed, but his stomach was empty and had nothing left to purge.

All the while, the wolf was still reaming out Sean's ass. Against intuitive sense, the brutal treatment had already made the stallion spurt out a feeble trickle of cum. Now, as the newcomer lined up his cock and shoved it balls-deep down Sean's throat, the pain, terror, incessant stimulation, and lack of air made his cock begin to buzz. His throat burned; his lungs screamed; his prick felt like it was going to explode. The stallion panicked and began to writhe violently but impotently while his tormentors enjoyed the feeling of his orifices on their cocks.

Darkness began to close in on Sean's vision. He fought it off, terrified of passing out, but fight as he did, he could not prevent his vision from tunneling, could not prevent the darkness from taking him.

His body went limp, save for his cock, which fired a single shot high into the air.

"Oh, fuck, I love a passed-out throat," the stallion groaned as he spat his load directly into Sean's gut and pulled out.

"Welcome to hell, you little bitch," the wolf sneered, yanking his cock out.

The two left him lying there with cum trailing out of his ass and crusting on his buttocks.

A year later, a rat, new to town and curious about the famed CSRF installations, walked with his hands clasped behind his back, surveying the converted prisoners. Without exception, every one of them looked exhausted and gaunt from long days of constant fucking and very few feeding breaks.

He heard a cough from the far end of the room.

"P-please," the emaciated stallion begged, "Use me."

The rat did a double-take. "Excuse me?" he asked.

"U-use me," Sean begged. "Please. I-I can't take it anymore..."

"How do you want me to use you?" the rat asked. "While that is... an impressive cock, I'm not all that interested in taking it."

"It doesn't matter," Sean said hastily. "U-use my ass. Use my mouth. Just... please, give me some relief."

The rat considered it, then shrugged and dropped his pants. He lined his little prick up with the stallion's distended anus, grimacing slightly at how overused the stallion looked, and then plunged in.

Sean's head slammed against the concrete pedestal, and his cock fired one time. An insipid squirt of cum oozed out the tip of his prick and ran slowly down his shaft.

"Th-thank you," the stallion managed.

Then he closed his eyes and slept for the first time in two weeks, not even flinching as the rat aggressively fucked his ass and came inside of it.

"Three stars," the rat wrote in his review. "Equipment is old, outdated, needy, and poorly maintained. Nice ass, though."