

SUBJECT AL-1C3

by Dreyer

I just can't sit still right now. It's about that time. I don't have a clock, but I can feel it. It's just about time for more testing. I'm sitting in my enclosure, bouncing on a big rubber ball, sipping on a box of apple juice and watching silly cartoons on my TV, while I wait for someone to come get me.

Well, I call it my enclosure, but it's more like a little girl's bedroom. It's where they've been keeping me for the last few weeks: a fairly spacious bedroom with beige walls, a comfy queen-sized bed covered in Care Bears sheets, a wooden chest full of colorful toys and stuffed animals, and a changing table stocked with diapers and pull-ups and cartoon-printed panties. And I certainly look the part of someone who belongs in a room like this, dressed in a white long-sleeved shirt and a lilac jumper dress, a bow in my hair and white and pink-striped stockings on my legs.

It's been like this ever since they beamed me up those few weeks ago, right off the street while I was on my way home from evening classes. When they first brought me aboard, they stripped off my hoodie and jeans, along with every other stitch of clothing on my body, and I haven't seen them since — I get the feeling they burned them, but I don't have any proof. They bathed me in a big tub, they put me in these juvenile clothes and stuck me in this juvenile room, and every day they bring me out to do these weird, embarrassing tests on me — and strangely enough, I've started looking forward to them. The Doctor tells me that I've got a very important role to play in advancing the state of medicine throughout the cosmos... but for the life of me, I can't imagine what it is.

Suddenly, I hear the tell-tale beep at the door, and before I even realize it, I'm on my feet. I toddle over to the door and I stand there waiting, sipping from my juice box as I rock back and forth on my toes. The door slides open, and in steps Nanny Jogon, dressed in her snug-fitting white vinyl suit with a red symbol on the chest, a glass bubble helmet on her head. She looks at me with four pink eyes, and her antennae wiggle as she greets me with a smile.

"Well, look at you!" she coos. "Aren't you eager to get going?" She dips down a little and puts her four-fingered hands on her knees. "Do you wanna bring along a testing buddy today?"

Testing buddy. Just the word 'testing' now is enough to make butterflies flutter in my belly! With a bashful smile, I nod, and I hurry back over to my bed to pick out a testing buddy from the pile of plushies! Promptly, I decide on a fat little blue dragon with spikes along his back and tail, each one a different color of the rainbow. I stuff the dragon under my arm and head back over to the Nanny, holding my left hand out — she's already holding out the little pink leash. She snugly cinches the vinyl strap around my wrist, and she leads me out the door and down the hall.

It's not a long walk to the bathroom. We pass by the doors of a few other enclosures on the way, a few of which I'm pretty sure are occupied. I haven't met any of the other patients on the SAuCER yet. I wonder about them: Do they get the same kind of treatments as I do? Are they scared? I was scared, when I first got here. Embarrassed, too, by the way that they treated me. But the longer I stayed, the more I started to feel... I don't know. Like I belong here. Like I need to be here.

The bathroom is all white tile, and it smells of soap. A porcelain bathtub sits in the middle of the room, freshly filled with steaming water, and a yellow rubber duckie bobs among the bubbles. The nanny walks me over to the tub, she takes my empty juice box and my stuffed dragon, and then she

starts to undress me: First she unbuttons the shoulder straps of my jumper and pulls it up over my head, then she takes the bow out of my hair and pulls my shirt off. She rolls my stockings down and wiggles them off of my feet, and then she hooks her fingers into the waistband of my pull-ups and slides them down — my penis bobs as it's freed from the crinkly cotton. I'm almost always at half-mast whenever they bring me in for testing. I'd be more embarrassed about it, but the staff don't seem to care.

She has me step out of my pull-ups, then gives me a little smack on the booty to drive me over to the tub. I toddle over and hold my hands against the rim of the tub, peering into the bubbly water for a moment. I step in gently, dipping my big toe in to make sure it's not too hot — it never is, of course; the staff has lots of machines and computers to make sure of that. I put my one foot in all the way, then the other, then my butt, then my whole body after. The bath is so comfortably warm, and I lay back and sigh.

Just as I'm starting to get comfortable, I hear the familiar whizzing and whirring all around the tub. My nanny is standing just a short distance away, tapping away at a tablet in her hands, keeping an eye on me. There's no surprise to it anymore: she's just turning on the helping hands. Several robot arms rise up around the tub, each one coated in layers of a soft and malleable silicone-like substance — to keep the water out, I assume. I sit up and start playing with the rubber duckie, while the hands reach into the water and start to clean me.

A pair of hands pour water onto my head from a cup, then squirt a dollop of shampoo into my hair and start kneading my scalp with their fingers. Others raise my arms, lather up loofahs and scrub up and down my arms and in circles across my pits. They rub sudsy washcloths all over my face, then pinch my ears and fold them over so they can scrub behind them. They pick my legs up, holding them by the ankles, and they wash the insides of my knees, my calves, the soles of my feet, in between each pair of toes — it tickles, and I can't help but giggle and squirm a little, but I do my best to keep still!

The hands stop after a little bit, and a chime rings out — that's my cue. I get up and bend over, holding onto the sides of the tub and sticking my bubble-covered bottom out. The hands get right back to work — they slap a soapy loofah against my butt, and they scrub all over in vigorous circles, then up and down my butcrack and in between my thighs. Another arm drags a loofah up and down the length of my back, across both shoulders and around my neck, then in circles all over my belly and chest. They let me back down on my bottom, then they scoop up bath water in cups and pour it all over me, rinsing off my hair and my body.

There's another chime, and the tub starts to drain — I step out of the tub, and several arms are waiting for me, holding out a big white towel for me to step into. The hands wrap me up in the towel and pat me dry all over, rub the terry cloth against my hair, run it up and down my legs. An arm blasts my head with a blow dryer to get the last bit of moisture out, and then another runs a comb through my hair to straighten it out, with a level of gentleness and grace that I can hardly understand coming from a machine. Once I'm all dry, Jogon is waiting for me, my stuffed dragon in one hand, and that pink leash in the other — she tucks the plushie into my right arm, then cinches the leash around my left wrist, and she leads me off to the testing room, still naked!

When we arrive, there's a padded examination table waiting for me, with a big cotton pad spread out over it. On one wall of the testing room, there's a big silver-tinted window, and through the glass I can just barely make out the shapes of several researchers sitting at consoles, quietly observing. Nanny Jogon leads me over to the table, and she guides me to lay down there on my belly, with my penis pointed down and laying flat against the cotton. She pulls a pair of straps over my back and my

calves, securing me snugly to the table, but leaving my arms free so I can hold onto my stuffed testing buddy. I hug his squishy body against my cheek, while Jagon carefully inserts a pair of earbuds into my ears, then steps back and starts tapping on her tablet again. There's a gentle whirring sound, and the table starts to fold under me, forcing my hips up — by the time it stops moving, my bare bottom is sticking up high in the air!

"Subject number AL-1C3 secured and in position," a voice speaks overhead. "Commencing testing."

A hatch opens up in the ceiling, and a flatscreen monitor lowers down in front of me and flickers on — to show me live footage of my own round, naked bottom! My heart races, and I can watch my own butt wiggling as I start to squirm: what are they going to do to *this* time? I'm pretty sure they're not going to just probe me, like they did when they first brought me onboard... And what's so important about me getting to watch it?

My curiosity doesn't go unanswered for long: I can watch as a mechanical arm, one coated in silicone much like the ones that washed me, descends from the ceiling behind me. Its four-fingered hand lines up with my backside, and I can feel the soft material gently thump against my skin as it gives me a pat. It holds its position for just a moment, and then the hand rises up — and then quickly swings back down — WHAP! The silicone palm sharply pops against my left buttock, and I scrunch up my blushing face and give my stuffed dragon a squeeze. "Mmmh—!" Before I have time to recover, the hand zips up again, and lands an equally hard spank against my right cheek — WHAP! I wince and squirm, and I try to look back over my shoulder, before I remember that I can just watch the screen in front of me. I watch as the hand lifts back up, and it spanks my buns briskly and firmly, left then right, left then right, spank, spank, spank, spank, spank, spank! I whine and moan, and I try to kick my feet in a fuss, but to no avail — the straps over my legs are too snug for me to do much more than wiggle my feet around!

By the time it stops, my bottom is toasty and rosy pink all over — and my cock is stiff as a rod, plainly visible between my thighs. The arm raises back up into the ceiling, and then something else comes down to take its place: another mechanical appendage, much cruder in its construction, with a wooden paddle sticking out of its end! The flat of the paddle presses firmly against my hiney, and I clench my thighs as I brace myself for the impact! I tremble and watch as the paddle pulls back, and then — WHOP! A burst of red-hot pain, right across my sit-spot! "Oww!" I can't even try to stop from hollering — the impact is *intense*! And it's only followed by another, and another, and another — WHOP! WHOP! WHOP! I howl and wail and rock against the table, squashing my hips into the padding as the paddle lays into my poor hiney!

When the paddle is finally done, I look at the screen through teary eyes: my butt is *glowing*. But the spanking isn't done yet — after the paddle comes another machine, one with two smaller leather paddles on rotating axles, that line up perfectly with my buttocks and take turns rapidly thwapping them as they spin! And after that, another axle with thick rubber flaps attached to it, that spins around and whap-whap-whaps both my buns at once! And after *that*, a pair of thin whippy rods on ball joints, that take turns going *thwick, thwock, thwick, thwock* across my sizzling red buns! I holler and whine and wail, but rock and buck as I might, I'm not going anywhere — my butt is stuck right where it is, and it has to take every single lick!

My tears flow freely, and I suck in deep wet breaths and let them out in big babyish blubbers. I almost don't notice when the spanking is over. I have a moment for my crying to settle down, before I

hear the whir of machinery behind me again. For a brief moment I'm nervous, wondering what else I'm going to be spanked with — but this time, I see on screen another silicone-coated arm, and another cruder arm with a little nozzle on the end. I feel a pair of silicone digits poke in between my buttcheeks and spread them apart, and then something cool and slippery squirts onto my buttock! A firm finger pokes and pushes against it, wiggling around in tiny, controlled circles until the tip works its way in — my toes curl and my eyes scrunch shut at the intrusion. The finger pulls out just as quickly, and both arms retreat into the ceiling once more.

Another low hum of motors behind me, and when I look at the screen, my eyes go wide as I see what I've been prepped for. There's no other word for it: a dildo. A thick, purple jelly dildo on a mechanical arm, its tip pointed squarely at my lubed-up bottom! And with another gentle whir, it starts to move forward, maintaining a steady course...!

"Try to relax, dear," Nanny Jogon tells me. "Keep your muscles loose, and take deep breaths."

What choice do I have? This is happening, whether I'm ready for it or not...! With a little fussy whimper, I take in a deep breath through my mouth, focusing my attention on my backside, and relaxing my thighs and buttocks along with my exhalation. Just as I'm at my most relaxed, I feel the soft tip poking between my buns, and it pushes its way in so much more easily than I expected! My mouth opens wide, and I gasp and moan as its girth fills me up, sliding in deeper and deeper...! And then it comes to a stop. My anus quivers against the jelly shaft, and I can feel the tip pushing up against my prostate.

And then the dildo starts to pull out. I clench my teeth and draw in a sharp wheezing breath — which only comes out as a deep, husky groan as it pushes right back in, just as slowly, but so much more decisively. Out, and in, and out, and in, slowly, cautiously, as if testing whether my bottom can take it; each careful thrust pushing firmly against my button, teasing it with a promise of what might soon be.

"How are you feeling?" asks Nanny Jogon. "Does it hurt?"

I have to think about it for a moment. With a whimper and what I'm sure is a confounded look on my face, I shake my head. "No," I whine.

"Does it feel good?"

I have to think even longer on that one. "...I don't know."

"Is it okay if we make it go faster?"

I feel uneasy at the suggestion. "Not yet," I mewl.

"Okay," says Jogon, patient as ever. She signals to the window.

The dildo keeps its pace, pumping in and out of my bottom, slowly, deliberately. My toes relax as it pulls out, curls as it pushes in. My thighs relax as it slides out, pull together as it slides back in. I take in everything that I'm feeling: the throbbing red heat in my hiney, the fullness inside of my bowels, the nagging shooting sensation just behind my penis every time it pushes in, the swelling of my shaft, the tickle of my tip straining against the cotton padding, the soft crinkle of my plushie against my

cheek. I give the dragon a good squeeze, and I shut my eyes and ride out the feeling, take the time to get used to it. Soon it starts to feel... good? I'm not sure if that's the word. Perhaps... it starts to feel right.

I open my eyes, and I look up at my Nanny, perhaps still looking a little uncertain of things. "...Faster, please," I squeak.

"Faster?" she repeats softly. "You want it to go faster?"

I swallow around a knot in my throat and bite my lip gently. I nod my head.

Jogon signals to the window again. It takes a second, but I can feel the exact moment that the pace starts to pick up. "Ahh—!" A high-pitched squeal escapes my throat, the precise pronunciation of an exclamation point. I bury my rosy red face in my dragon's belly, as the dildo has its way with my little red bottom, the firm tip jamming insistently against my button now. Every thrust is a statement, a stern declaration — but I can't make out the words. My toes don't know what to do anymore; my thighs wobble and my shoulders shake.

"How do you feel now?" my Nanny asks after another moment. "Does it hurt?"

With a shameful whimper, I shake my head. I can feel a sticky dribble on the cotton.

"Does it feel good?"

I swallow again. After a long moment of deliberation, I nod my head, but I say no words.

"Can you describe how this makes you feel?"

Thinking up the words is so hard. When my mouth opens, it's only to take more deep, panting breaths, as the jelly shaft keeps on pumping in and out of my rump in a steady rhythm. "...F-full," I finally managed to croak after a long while.

"Full," Jogon repeats, tapping at her screen. "Anything else?"

"Nnnh..." There's something else, yes, but I can't quite put it into words — or maybe I'm too embarrassed to do it. But my nanny is so patient with me, so kind. I have to try to say it for her. "...Like a naughty girl." It takes a moment for me to even realize what I said.

Jogon looks at her screen, and her four eyes widen. She looks back at me. "Can you say that again for me, dear?"

The words come more easily this time. "Like a naughty girl..." And at that moment, it all becomes clear. That rhythmic jabbing against that sensitive spot, that stern statement being repeated over and over again — I know exactly what it's saying now. *Naughty girl. Naughty girl. Naughty naughty naughty girl.* My butt, my red butt, my naughty red spanked butt, getting stuffed and pumped and jammed up with cock — it's what I get for being such a — "Naughty girl!" I'm squealing the words now, trying to arch my back, to lift my rump up into the dildo, to open myself up for more, to show off just what I am! "I'm a naughty girl!" I moan! "I'm a naughty girl! *I'm a naughty girl! I'm a naughty naughty naughty GIRL—*"

My orgasm is explosive. I can't even begin to describe the noises that I'm making. But my mouth is wide open and my tongue hangs loose, useless for doing anything but making those noises, as every drop of me gushes out onto the cotton cover. When it's all gone dry, I slump down into the table, exhausted, spent. I pant, I gasp, I lay limp as a doll, as the dildo pulls out of my naughty, red, spanked bottom ever so slowly.

Once it's all the way out, the table flattens once more. I almost don't feel it moving. My bottom is full of warmth, my head is full of bubbles. I'm so easy for the robot arms to lift up, so they can pull the used cover out from under me. I'm turned over like a pancake, plopped down onto my back, and I'm staring vacantly up at the ceiling while the hands grab onto my ankles and pull my knees up to my chest. They wipe my bottom and the tip of my softened penis, they sprinkle my red buns with baby powder, and they pull a panel of thick cotton and plastic taut over my lap. A diaper. I just lay there obediently as they tape it up snug, and my nanny comes to look over me, smiling in approval at a diapering well done.

I have to ask her. "Nanny...?"

She tilts her head to the side. "Yes, dear?"

"What was..." I swallow. "What was that even a test of?"

Her four pink eyes blink at me. She cracks a little smile and chuckles softly, and she opens up the little box she's holding in her hands. From inside, she pulls out a big candy-apple red pacifier with a big silicone bulb — and without another word, she stuffs it right into my mouth. She holds it in place with one finger, smiling gently at me, until I start to suck on it.

Of course. What am I thinking? I don't need to know these things. That's for the big smart doctors to worry about. All I need to do is behave myself, and be a good little girl, and do everything that my caretakers say. A dopey smile spreads behind my pacifier, and Jagon pats my head and tousles my hair.

"Good girl," she praises me. "You did a very good job today." And my whole world becomes bubbles and sparkles and butterflies, and I don't have to think anymore.