

## Computer Conundrum

Val viciously laughed at the wolf's joke. Splicer let off a nervous chuckle himself. He really didn't think his joke was that funny, but maybe it was just a hyena thing. Splicer couldn't really be sure. He didn't want to be rude and ask or anything. Besides it was his birthday and he was at the bar with a bunch of frat mates from his unifursity. They were probably some friend of a friend he just hasn't been introduced to yet. Besides, the drinks must have been talking to the wolf because he couldn't help but find them a touch, well, really hot.

Splicer looked at the hyena sitting across from him at the booth. They weren't wearing much nor did they mind. The loose letterman jacket with the sleeves cut off was open, showing off their cream chest and dark brown arm spot speckled along the caramel of their thick, muscular arms. He blushed, he couldn't help it, just the drinks making him feel that way. That was all.

"Rounds on me!" Jam, the dog who indoctrinated the wolf into the Kappa Beta house cried while slamming another tray loaded with drinks on the table. More than a few drops were spilled onto the surface, not that they seemed to care much, slotting into the booth next to Val.

"I think I'm good, thanks though..." Splicer said, barely a whisper over the loud music of the bar.

"Nahhhhhh you're not good until you've had at least three more!" Jam jammed the drink into the wolf's paws while jamming to the music, bobbing his head up and down, off beat. "I see you've already met Val!"

One ear was always folded half over, each time they bobbed their head, the other would flop down and the other would stand straight up. They were definitely a little more than sloshed, Splicer figured. Honestly with how often the dog partied he was amazed they were somehow still nearly in line grades wise with him.

"Oh we've met for sure!" Val said, making eye contact with the wolf for a moment, making them get even redder, suddenly fascinated by the drink in their paw. They folded one leg over the other to try taming their steady rising tip, which was fighting to poke out of its sheath. "Fun friend! Glad you told me about him!"

“What did you tell them about me?” Splicer nearly shouted at the dog who had more than a fair share of dirt on the wolf after he had carelessly left his computer unlocked that one time...

“Oh nothing!” Jam reassured the wolf with a wink. “Just that you’re funny, single, looking for a guy friend and smart! Too smart!”

Splicer downed the drink in his paw, reaching for another one on the roulette table of drinks. He started drinking that one too. Then he realized what was in it. He hated tequila, it made him sick and sleepy in that order. He put it back on the tray and selected a different option.

“Well keep your secrets then!” Val chuckled playfully, sliding a paw over to the tray and picking one at the same time. The two fur’s paws brushed momentarily. Splicer let out an involuntary squeak as he withdrew his drink.

“Uh, I’ll be... right back!” The stammering wolf shouted as he ran to the bathroom.

Splicer cupped cold water in his paws and splashed it on his face. Why was their fur so soft? Why was he getting so hard? He fought with his own body for more than a minute trying to get the hard on in his jeans to subside. He was somewhat successful, feeling a little cooler, he walked back out to the table and resumed the celebration.

Splicer felt a little more calm, the three actually got into a nice rhythm of telling stories in turn, laughing, joking and vibing to the music. The table was littered with trays and empty glasses. All empty save for one.

“Splicer you already drank from that one!” Jam said, shoving it across the table to the wolf. “Gotta f-finish, them’s the rules!”

“Nooooooooo I hate...” Splicer hiccuped. “Hate tequila...”

Still he couldn’t let a drink go to waste, as disgusting as it was. He took a small sip of the tequila sunrise, finding it was actually surprisingly better than he thought. He paused, it had an oddly fruity flavour, almost hidden under the harsh citrus. He wondered what it was with the glass frozen to his lips. Watermelon? Strawberry?

“All of it, wolfie...” Val purred, helping the wolf by tilting the glass for them. Watching them down the rest of it. It was so perfect he had to restrain the cackle rising in his throat.

Splicer felt sick, not like he was going to throw up, but he couldn't stop his body from breaking out in a cold sweat. His head was starting to swim. Too much to drink. The sparkles in the hyena's eyes started multiplying until they were floating around like stars in the air. A paw waved in front of his face leaving a long afterimage tracing down his vision.

“Whoa, someone drank too much!” Jam confirmed, wide smile across his muzzle.

“That's alright let's get you nice and safe...” Val chimed in, all the while the two of them had to pull the wolf from his sitting position.

“H-home?” Splicer asked with one of them on either side. He was less walked out of the bar and more carried from it.

“Something like that...” Val whispered into the wolf's ear when they got outside, something about the tone had an odd ring in the wolf's ear. The words were slow, then fast, then coated in a sinister edge in the wolf's brain.

Maybe that was the drinks talking again though. He looked over at the hyena, they were really hot. He wondered what they'd look out of the black leather pants they were wearing. All the neon colours pouring from the signs of the bars were so vivid, swirling, blending together. Maybe it wasn't the drinks? Had he been drugged?

The wolf tried to ask but words were hard, his mouth made moans and groans, lips not moving the way he wanted them to. Finally the two on either side of him shared a hearty laugh, picking up the pace. Splicer jolted forward, his legs stopped working and they began to drag him through the streets in earnest. Definitely drugged.

No one even stopped to bother asking about the wolf's state, just walked by wordlessly assuming he had too much fun that night. He wanted to cry out for help but his maw was stuck in a half open state, he felt his eyes closing. How long had they been walking? He didn't recognize any of the buildings, at least he didn't know if he did or if the drug in his system was dulling his thinking.

Eventually the two stopped escorting him wherever they were taking him. He was staring down at the ground, unable to find the strength to look up, he could only see the

bottom of a garage door as it opened, feeling his paws brushing against cool concrete. He lost the last of his strength, he was so tired, surely they wouldn't have drugged him? If they did, maybe it was unintentionally too much. They were pranking him? In any case, a nap couldn't hurt. His eyes slid shut slowly. The two dropped the wolf's unconscious form in a chair, setting about setting up the plot they had been planning for weeks now under the studious hyena's paw. The wolf would wake soon enough and preparations had to be done fast.

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Splicer woke up, shaky still. He looked around, not recognizing anything he saw. A small desk was set up in the corner with a computer attached to a long cord with an open end resting on top. His legs were aching like he had been squatting for a while. He looked down, he was squatting, and, naked. Why was he naked? What the hell was he doing with a tight metal chastity cage locked tight to his straining sheath? His paw tugged at it but he couldn't slide out, maybe if he wasn't still in the after effects of the drugs influence.

He rubbed his head, it was throbbing hard. Much like his dick with its tip struggling fruitlessly to poke out between the bars. His legs wobbled. He figured whatever the black thing he was squatting over would serve a good enough seat as any. He began to slide down. Something thick poked at his tail long before he sat down. He struggled as the toy's tip slowly slid into the wolf's well-lubed and prepped tailhole.

He wasn't a stranger to sticking things in his ass, but the current situation he was very much a stranger to. He suppressed the rising moan, fighting and struggling to stand back up but his legs just weren't responding. It took all his strength to keep himself from sliding further down on the toy. He couldn't shimmy back, or forward, or do much of anything but quiver in place, praying salvation would come sooner rather than later.

Hell, where did the other two go? What kind of weird kinky prank was this? The wolf felt sweat form on his brow. He lost another millimetre, feeling the toy sink deeper.

"Finally awake?" The familiar voice behind him asked. Splicer couldn't turn around to see but he could tell it was Val. The hyena soon sauntered into the wolf's field of view, tracing a claw along their back causing them to shiver. He lost a little more to the toy.

“Wh-what’s happening?” Splicer’s long lost voice finally came back to him. It was shaky and had the high pitched tell of terror, but it was his.

“Well I am running a little science experiment for a class project. I needed a test subject but no way was I going to do it myself so I asked my classmate Jam and he instantly pointed his paw to you.”

“What kind of experiment?” Splicer knew it had something to do with the cord and computer, but how did a dildo and chastity cage fit into any of it?

“Well that would ruin all the fun, wouldn’t it? Buuuut since you’re so ready to go we’ll start right away!”

Val was reveling in the worried wolf’s expression. The effort they exerted in the losing battle against the toy was deliciously cute. He passed the wolf on his way to the computer. On the way he gave a few firm pats on their shoulder. The soft whimpers mixed with moans were so lovely he couldn’t help but give off a loud chuckle as his paw gripped the cord.

“Alright here comes the airplane.” Val started ‘flying’ the cord towards the wolf’s mouth playfully putting an inflection in their voice like they were talking to a pup not taking their food.

“I’m not putting that in my maw are you serious?” Splicer replied, trying to keep his mouth shut while moving his muzzle as much as he could with his unresponsive body. Much like a pup not taking their food.

“Haaaaaa. Just kidding!” The hyena chuckled once more, quickly taking the chord and sticking it into the wolf’s ear.

“What are you? Ohhhhhhhhhhh...” Splicer shivered at the feeling of the thick, cold, metallic cable entering his ear. He couldn’t help but moan at the odd sensation. It felt wrong, it was impossible. But the hyena kept snaking it deeper into the wolf’s ear until they were met with a squishy resistance inside the wolf’s head.

“There we gooooo. All prepped and ready...” The hyena stepped back and admired the work. Splicer had the cord lodged deep into his head. He knew what the resistance was, but he couldn’t bring himself to fully believe it. He reached a shaky paw up to the cord and was about to pull when an iron grip closed around his wrist.

“I wouldn’t do that...” Val warned as he pried the wolf’s clutching paw from the cable connecting their brain to the computer. “Unless you want to fry your brain that is...”

“Fry?” Splicer was revulsed. Surely they were joking? He felt his knees dip out of pure fear. By his estimates the toy was already more in his tailhole than out. At least he had the far too large knot to rest upon as it grinded into his ass. It would never fit though.

“Mhmmmmm. Fry! like seriously mess you up...” Val confirmed bringing the screen to life and clicking run on the preloaded program he had created.

Splicer saw the cord from the corner of his eye start lighting up blue. A few tears dropped down his cheek.

“Please stop... Let me go? I won’t tell anyone, I promise!” His begging fell on deaf ears as the hyena was too busy trying to figure out what name they wanted to put in the blank field. Sure the wolf’s name was Splicer, but that wasn’t going to be very fitting for the wolf’s ‘upgrade’.

“Hmmmmmm...” Val stayed in contemplation, all the while watching the blue run all the way up the cable into the wolf’s head. It would be hitting their brain soon enough. The extraction bar was still at zero.

Splicer felt his whole body go numb for a second, but then there was an odd sensation of relaxation that flooded over him. He was still terrified, but his body felt so good it was hard to hang onto it. He felt the knot pressing harder as he let most of his weight drop down onto it. The smallest corner of his mind was still struggling and fighting. He couldn’t quite make out the computer’s screen but he could see a bar filling up ever so slowly.

“Some... One... Help...” He murmured slowly.

“Oh that’s right! I’ll help you don’t worry!” Val went over and turned the sybian they were squatting on to max vibration. He couldn’t help but let out a long chuckle at his own wit.

“N-nooooo...” Splicer’s maw said. But his body was screaming for more as the heavily shaking toy bounced around his insides, smacking his prostate with each bounce. Pre started dripping from his tip which was still straining within its prison. The

bar was a quarter full from the corner of his eye. Why did that bar matter again? Something... Important? Yeah it was doing something to his brain! How could he forget? Oh right, it was making him forget...

Splicer tried to hang onto his brain. He focused on remembering everything he could, but the more he focused on remembering, the more obvious the things he forgot slipped out of him and into the computer. He felt himself slip down deeper onto the toy, the first quarter of the knot was stretching him wide open. Unifursity, he was a student there, right? He couldn't quite recall. The bar picked up speed. His dick was vibrating hard in its cage, pre was spraying all over, flying from his tip to the sybian, the floor and his chest. His brain felt like it was spraying at about the same rate.

He opened his muzzle to plead for mercy, forgiveness, to ask why this was happening to him but all that came out were dumb moans and small puffs of air as the knot worked on worming inside deeper and deeper. The bar was in the middle, what was that again? Halfway. Right, halfway.

Val stood before the wolf, contemplating. He still didn't have a name for the dumb pet pup being made before him. Splicer definitely wasn't fitting for the new toy. He rummaged around the wolf's pants pockets hoping to find something that might work. He pocketed the money inside, before coming upon their driver's license. He held the smiling photo of the wolf on the dumb thing it was supposed to be mimicking. Suddenly the last three digits caught his eye.

"Three hundred and seven, Three, Oh, Seven... Three Oh Seven! That's your new name! What do you think? You like it Three Oh Seven?" Val jumped over to the computer and typed the three numbers in the name field. He didn't need to wait for approval because the wolf didn't know what that word meant at this point. The bar was almost full, just a little longer.

Val was right. Splicer couldn't form an opinion in his rapidly emptying mind. he could barely string together a thought, hell, half a sentence was about all his brain could form at the moment, even then that was getting harder and harder. His mind devolved into words, concepts, abstract images then nothing. Drool started flowing from his muzzle freely, mixing into the large smattering of pre onto his chest.

Val came back up and compared the photo of the wolf's past to compare it to their present, and future.

“Cute pic.. Though I can’t imagine you’ll be doing much driving when that’s done **frying** your brain.” Val put as much emphasis into the frying as he could. The wolf’s brain was well and truly cooked. He almost felt bad. He chuckled though, almost being the key word. His own dick was straining against his pants as he realized how much fun he could have with the new Three Oh Seven. Oh how good that dumb drooly muzzle would feel sucking down on his cock.

The bar was nearing the top, Splicer didn’t try to fight it anymore. Splicer gave in, he was too far gone. Three Oh Seven was bouncing on the toy, trying to satisfy the empty head he had by filling his ass with the massive knot. He gave one final long moan, his glazed-over eyes filled with a semblance of satisfaction as the knot passed the point of no return, popping into his hungry tailhole. He sat on the sybian feeling the full vibrations on his balls as the knot hammered away on his prostate, even the tip felt good as he rubbed the bulge that had formed on his stomach.

Three Oh Seven came the remainder of his brains out in long spurts over the sybian’s surface and the concrete floor. Val turned the machine off, noting how quick the wolf was to scoop up their own cum, lapping it off their paws without a shred of shame.

“Fuuuuuck... that was so fucking hot...” Jam finally stood from his seat, paws covered in his own cum. He probably shot two loads over the course of the wolf’s brain draining. He strolled over to the wolf’s side, jamming his fingers in their muzzle for a free paw wash while looking at the hyena with a mix of awe and a touch of fear.

“Did you actually fry his brain?” Jam asked, more curious than concerned.

“Well, not really no. I just extracted it into the computer there. Everything that made him him is in there. I just... Haven’t figured out how to put it back in yet...” Val gave a soft chuckle. Something told him neither the dog or the wolf really cared about that fact for now.

“Well... I suppose eventually you can give it back to him. Don’t rush it or anything though!” Jam did feel a bit of relief knowing that his friend’s mind was safe and sound in cyber storage. Still though, watching the whole thing happen was the best show he could ever ask for. It made him excited for the after party.

“Yeah true. Well I guess I’ll be taking him now...”

“No chance! He’s Kappa Beta property!”

“He’s *my* test subject and I need to monitor him accordingly.”

The two bickered all the while Three Oh Seven pulled the knot out. Slowly and sloppily letting the toy slide out of the wolf’s well used hole. He almost came a second time.

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“Fine!” Jam said, exasperated, putting a collar on the new frat pup. “Compromise! How about you stay at the frat house? We’ll throw Three Oh Seven’s stuff in storage and you can have his room and we can get a decent sized dog bed for him to sleep on! How’s that?”

“Hmmm” Val considered the offer as he clipped a leash to his test subject’s collar. “I have been looking for a new place and I suppose it could be a good opportunity to see the subject respond to familiar environments.”

“Deal?”

“Deal! I get to walk him though!”

“What? Bullshit!”

“And first fuck~”

Jam tried to argue his case at the hyena who was already halfway out the door. Three Oh Seven wagged his tail happily as the two continued bickering the whole way home. All the while his tailhole leaked lube and his caged dick dripped pre onto the sidewalk. He was happy, all the whistling muzzles and blushing looks made him oddly happy. Though he didn’t actually know the word.

Or any word...

It was better that way...

Val viciously laughed at the joke of a wolf obediently following behind, Jam joined in.