

The Trooper's Asylum

Ursula groaned as she groggily returned to consciousness. She shook her head, trying to figure out why everything felt so... wrong. The last thing that she remembered, her unit had been celebrating the end of their tour of duty, looking forward to their return to San Francisco. Then the night got fuzzy. Maybe this was just a hangover.

She tried to stretch, but she couldn't get the blanket off her. Her eyes blinked open, and Ursula realized that something was *very wrong*.

Ursula was not, as she'd assumed, back at the barracks. She was instead in an incredibly tiny space, barely wide enough for her shoulders, with a padded wall a few inches behind her and a full-length mirrored surface in front that gave her a full view of her predicament. Ursula was stuck hanging from the ceiling, twin straps tied in a harness to a slender black straightjacket, which pulled her arms across her body under her breasts and fixed her hands at her sides. Her legs were enveloped in a long, sleek one-piece wrap, with cushioning inside to keep them from rubbing against each other, her feet suspended a few inches off the floor. She tried to pull free, but her well-toned muscles were helpless; all that she managed to do was wriggle in her hanging restraints, her ass bouncing lightly against the padded wall behind her. And her hair, already cut military-short, was now completely shaved off, leaving her head shiny and bald.

"What the hell?" she yelled. "Hey! What's going on?"

A light shone on her, and the mirror in front of her shifted to reveal that it was one-way glass. Behind it, there was a man standing and watching her, holding a small data pad. "Welcome back to the Network, trooper," he said with a broad smile. He was as tall as Ursula, with a strong frame and a light layer of fat, his blonde hair cut short. "My name is Jacob, and I'll be your Assignment Officer today. I'm here to help you through the early days of your treatment in this asylum."

"I don't need a fucking asylum!" Ursula growled. She tried to lean forwards, her body wobbling in its restraints. Almost immediately, she felt a powerful electrical shock discharge directly against her clit. She fell back against the far wall, all of her muscles suddenly disobeying her as the electricity surged through her.

"Please be calm," Jacob said in a patronizing tone. "It's important that you not get upset, or you'll trigger the pacification systems."

"What... is... happening...?" Ursula gasped the words out between breaths as she gradually recovered, fighting not to yell.

"I'm glad you asked," Jacob said brightly. "I'm sure you're aware that your five-year deployment to Critical Zones is at an end. Did you know that your unit saw active incidents at 680% of the standard rate?"

Ursula's mind raced. "We saw a lot of combat, yeah. Lost a lot of good soldiers."

"I'm not surprised," Jacob said brightly. "You see, your first deployment was highly successful, and the algorithm tagged your unit as high-performing. As a result, you were sent into higher-risk engagements, where you continued to perform well, which moved you up the deployment ratio."

There was a long pause. "Are you saying," Ursula said with dangerous calm, "that because we got out of some hairy situations alive, the Network sent us into *even more dangerous ones*?"

"Not the Network, the algorithm," Jacob gently chided. "You should be proud."

"My soldiers *died* in those missions!" Ursula yelled. Almost immediately, there was another surge of electricity, and she collapsed against her restraints, body twitching as she fought to stay conscious.

Jacob watched her with clinical amusement, seeing the way her muscles strained to escape from the onslaught. "Regardless, when your deployment ended, the algorithm looked over your records to determine the best place to re-integrate you into society," Jacob said. "But do you know, you've been in a constant string of violent encounters over the past five years? Well above the average for a Network citizen."

"Because I was deployed to them!"

"Yes, but the psychological effect of that violence remains," Jacob said. "You've been deemed at risk of re-offending."

"I didn't offend in the first.. Aaa!" Another shock, and Ursula was back on the ground. This time, a pleasant woman's voice spoke.

"Three violent incidents noted. Applying Stage Two restraints to prevent subject from self-harm."

"The fuck I need sta-uughh!" As Ursula opened her mouth to protest, a pair of mechanical arms emerged from the wall behind her, shoved a panel gag with a small bulb in its centre into her mouth. "Mmph!" Another electrical shock coursed through her, as a hose lowered and attached to the gag. Ursula felt her jaw strain as the bulb gradually expanded, forcing her tongue down against the base of her mouth and her jaw wide. "Mmph!"

At the same time, she felt air hissing somewhere, and her straightjacket and legbinder both expanded as a layer of air slid into them, locking her muscles even more firmly in places. The collar of the straightjacket also expanded, cushioning her neck and forcing her to stare straight ahead. Within seconds, Ursula was completely stuck, unable to do more than quiver impotently as she glared daggers at her Assignment Officer.

Jacob continued as though Ursula was being calm of her own volition. “Given your violent tendencies, it’s been decided that you should be committed to this asylum until the algorithm deems you safe to re-enter society. Your AI therapist will be providing positive stimulation to help you calm down, and prepare you to re-enter society.”

“Mmmph!” Ursula screamed into her gag, prompting another round of electricity.

Jacob nodded, pretending to look sad. “Yes, that’s almost exactly what all of your squadmates said when I visited *them*,” he informed her. “Some of them were even more aggressive than you. But don’t worry, we’ll keep every one of you here until you’re well again. The Network doesn’t abandon its troops, after all.”

Ursula’s eyes widened as she realized what Jacob was saying. Every one of her squad was here, trapped in the same hell as her. Suffering the same as her. She stared at him, tears welling in her eyes.

“Yes, they’re also safe and pacified,” Jacob assured her, a cruel smile playing across his lips. “I’ll try to get permission for you to have audio records of their sessions, for bonding purposes. On which note, your first treatment should begin momentarily.”

“Mmph?” Ursula twitched as she felt something hum to life at her pussy, but it wasn’t another shock. Instead, she realized with dawning horror that the restraints holding her down were also *pleasuring* her, sending waves of arousal up her battered clit. Two more vibrators hummed to life in her straightjacket, lightly teasing her breasts. She began to shift in her restraints as the power of the ‘treatment’ grew, feeling the waves threatening to overwhelm her, feeling her breath quicken and her body grow flush with warmth. She was painfully aware of Jacob watching her, his eyes roaming over her helpless body. “Mm... mmmm...”

And then, as she felt herself giving way, felt her body starting to buck and writhe and beg for release, the damned electrical shock went off again. All at once, the vibrations cut off, and Ursula screamed into her gag as a new level of agony assaulted her sensitive, engorged clit.

Jacob tsked softly. “Ooh,” he said. “Don’t forget that you’re still in Stage Two restraints. Any aggressive movements will be punished.” As Ursula stared at him in horror, he added, “Just focus on the positive treatments. The system will continue applying them

until it figures out the correct way to trigger a climax, so that you can be clear-headed for the next stage of therapy.”

Ursula’s mind raced, as she felt a new pattern of vibrations start to build, slower and more intermittently. The AI was going to keep forcing pleasure on her until she orgasmed. But if she was about to orgasm, the AI would read it as aggressive action and shock her until she stopped. At which point it would start forcing pleasure on her. She let out a soft moan into her gag, struggling not to give in to the waves of pleasure already battering her, and imagined her squad going through the same hellish treatment process only a few feet away, stuck just like her in this Catch-22.

Jacob seemed to know exactly what she was thinking. He gave her a broad, insincere smile, and nodded slowly. “Don’t even worry about it,” he assured her. “The system is absolutely dedicated to giving you as much attention as they need to, for as long as they need to. Even if it takes *decades*, even if you’re here in this cell for the rest of your life, you are a person in need of help and the Network will never, ever, ever give up on you, or on your friends. So just sit there, and let the program do its magic, and think about how much the Network cares about you and the rest of your squad. I’ll be sure to let you know *exactly* how they’re doing when I come back next month. Until then, try to relax, and just focus on feeling better.”

The lights dimmed and the window shifted back to a mirror, leaving Ursula completely alone in semi-darkness as she felt the vibrations begin to stimulate her once again and stared at her own terrified expression.