David sensed some movement out of the corner of his eyes and his head shot up just in time to see something descending from the ceiling, he soon realised there were multiple things moving around up there. It was only as they got close that David realised that these white gloved hands, mechanical hands that moved like snakes as they twisted and turned. David was reminded of an octopus as he watched the hands moving independently of each other. It was the strangest sight he had ever seen.

Just as he was about to back out of the room and close the door David felt a sudden shove in the back. He stumbled forwards and fell to his hands and knees, he turned just in time to see the door slam shut.

“Hey! Wait!” David scrambled back to his feet and scampered back over to the door. He pulled on the handle but the door refused to budge, it was absolutely stuck.

David could see a retreating shadow heading down the corridor the way the eighteen-year-old had come from. Was it Steve or someone else? It was impossible to tell from inside the room, the frosted glass stopped anything from being clear.

“Hey! Come back! Let me out!” David yelled. He felt certain the man on the other side of the door could hear him but he was walking away until he was swallowed up by the darkness.

David turned his back to the door and felt his heart stop with terror. He looked around the room at what seemed like a swarm of robotic hands. There had to be at least a dozen just floating in front of David, they were eerily silent as they flexed their fingers. All the hands looked exactly the same with white gloves covering the ends, it made them look terrifying and David had no idea what to say or do.

“W-What do you want?” David called out into the room. His question echoed around but there was no sign that anyone or anything had heard him.

Looking around David tried to find another exit but none was forthcoming. There were no doors, no windows and no vents. The young man couldn’t see even a small crack in the high walls, he wondered what was happening here but he had a strong feeling it wasn’t good.

“Is this a prank?” David yelled out rather desperately, “You got me! Time to let me out!”

There was still no sign of any kind of response. David could feel sweat on his forehead but even as he stared ahead in horror he couldn’t help but marvel at these machines in front of him. He wasn’t an expert on technology but he was sure that these mechanical limbs were far more advanced than anything that had been created before. The thought that he was alone with such cutting edge technology did nothing to quell his fears.

When the hands didn’t move for a minute David felt a little more confident. He slowly took a step into the room and advanced towards the mechanical hands, they seemed to move in relation to him so that the palm always faced the man.

“What are you?” David asked with a frown.

For the first time David noticed the metal tubing that connected the gloved hands to the ceiling. The tube looked very strong and yet also flexible, it seemed like the hands weren’t hindered at all and could move however they needed. With another step forward David was within arm’s reach of the hands. He gently reached forwards and touched the gloves, they were a soft and thin leathery type substance. They seemed slightly slippery but he was sure they could maintain a good grip if they wanted to.

David suddenly became very fearful of what he was looking at and doing. He pulled his hand away from the mechanical arm and he quickly turned away from the mechanical monstrosities. He ran the few steps back to the door and pulled on the door knob again, it still didn’t budge.

“Fuck this…” David hissed to himself as he pulled his arm back.

David was preparing to smash the frosted glass but as he went to swing his hand forwards he found it completely stuck. He tried to pull his arm forwards but he couldn’t move it an inch. He felt strong fingers gripping his wrist and with a deep amount of fear he turned to see one of the hands holding him back.

“W-What’s happening?” David had time to stutter before he was roughly pulled away from the door.

David stumbled into the room and tripped over his feet. Even as he went down the hand maintained its grip and continued to drag him, it seemed impossibly strong and David was unable to get back up to his feet. He was facing upwards and could see the other mechanical hands following his progress menacingly. He had no idea what technology could possibly exist to create these things.

Trying to pull his arm away from the hand was useless. It held on easily and soon more hands were coming down and grabbing at him. He tried to fight them off but soon all four of his limbs had been grabbed and held out in the star position, he was unable to move a muscle as he went red in the face from his efforts to resist.

“Get the fuck off me!” David screamed at the hands as if they could understand him.

Someone must be controlling these things, David thought, he just couldn’t see who it was or where they were. This was the strangest thing he could imagine existing and it was right underneath a regular factory. Did Steve have something to do with this? Was his friendliness just an act to trap David like a fly in a web?

“What do you want!?” David yelled out to the person he presumed must be nearby, “I’ll do whatever you want, just let me go!”

The hands did nothing to suggest they were going to release him. David was off the ground slightly, the super-strength mechanical limbs easily lifted him about a foot off the floor. David pulled against the grip but it didn’t make any difference at all. He shuddered with fear as he felt a wave of concern and anxiety spread throughout his body.

The other hands started descending from the ceiling. They were all eerily quiet except for a very quiet mechanical hum with each movement, it made the situation seem even more threatening. He watched as the swarm of hands came down to his body where they started roughly grabbing at his clothes. David felt his clothes stretching all over him, the hands grasped his clothes strongly and started pulling.

All of a sudden David felt his shirt and pants starting to rip. His eyes bulged out of his head as they started to give way. His shirt ripped along the front and his pants legs started opening up. He belatedly realised that these mechanical hands were stripping him and he redoubled his efforts to stop them, he couldn’t even slow them down.

David’s shirt was the first to give way and he heard a loud rip as the thin material split open completely. The tattered remains of his shirt fell away from his body and down to the floor. His slim body was left open to the room and he was speechless as he looked down at what had once been his favourite shirt. He was starting to realise he might be in an awful lot of trouble.

David’s shoes and socks didn’t last long. They were pulled away from the man’s feet and dropped on to the floor. He was held a foot above the ground and was almost completely naked. The only thing protecting his modesty was his underpants but they didn’t feel like much of a barrier when these mechanical hands were having their way with him.

“What do you want!?” David repeated as his eyes filled with tears. He was getting desperate and the fight was falling away from him. All this struggling was tiring himself out and he wasn’t getting anywhere.

There was no response in the eerily silent room. The mechanical whirring was the only thing David could hear as the machines seemed to gather together for whatever they had planned next. David could only pray for help as he watched the hands getting closer and closer, soon they were grabbing at the waistband and legs of his boxer shorts. The thin material felt even less secure and he shook his head uselessly, it was just about the only part of his body he could move.

David suddenly saw some movement at the frosted glass of the door. He couldn’t make out what was the other side but he saw a shadow moving against the glass.

“Help!” David yelled out as loudly as he could towards the doorway, “Is anyone there!?”

The shadows retreated from the glass and David was alone again. He didn’t know who had been there but he could imagine it was Steve since the factory worker had been the one to send him down here in the first place. Did the people running the factory know what was going on underneath them? David had so many questions but the urgency of his situation meant he couldn’t really concentrate on anything.

David felt the tension on his underwear increase and with a sudden ripping sound the material split open and fell away just like everything else. David blushed deeply as he was left completely naked in the air and unable to cover himself up in any way, he didn’t know if anyone was watching but if they were he knew he was totally exposed to them. He was helplessly held as the hands grabbed the tattered remnants of cloth that used to be his clothes and took them away. For a brief moment he was left alone with the four mechanical hands that were grabbing his limbs.

David used this time to look at the machines more closely and he couldn’t help but be impressed with how sturdy and strong they were. If this had been any other situation he would’ve marvelled over these mechanical limbs but because he was being held captive by them he felt nothing but terror.

As quickly as they had disappeared the mechanical limbs returned and swooped down from the ceiling effortlessly. David watched them all come down until they were level with him again, he got a sense of severe malice from them even though none of them were anything other than a gloved hand. They floated in front of David as if waiting for orders from something that David couldn’t see. Was there some central brain or control centre operating everything?

Without much warning one of the gloved hands suddenly lunged forward to his groin. He winced thinking it was going to hit him but it stopped just inches short, David relaxed slightly as everything seemed to stop again. He looked down at the hand hesitantly and wished it would leave him alone, he didn’t even know what his captors wanted. David didn’t even have a way of finding out the demands since no one would communicate with him.

“H-Hey!” David yelled as the hand moved forwards again, “Y-You can’t do that!”

David looked down in wide-eyed horror as the gloved hand start gently caressing his junk. He saw it cupping his balls as another hand moved forwards and stroked his shaft softly. The gloves felt soft and slightly slippery, despite his shock and horror he couldn’t deny that the hands felt good against his sensitive parts.

Whilst David’s face went bright red and he felt butterflies in his tummy his dick had the predictable reaction to all the soft caressing. Despite not wanting it to do anything his biology reacted to the intimate touching by slowly swelling his penis. David closed his eyes and looked away in shame as he renewed his efforts to pull free of the hands that held him resolutely in place.

The two hands seemed to have no shame and they knew exactly what they were doing. The one cupping David’s testicles moved back between David’s legs and felt his buttocks whilst the other hand continued to play with the stuck man’s reproductive organs.

David’s cock soon reached full length and he couldn’t help but glance down as he saw his manhood at full mast. The hand continued to gently stroke him until David couldn’t ignore the pleasurable sensations that ran through his body. He let out a small moan despite wanting to remain silent.

The hands seemed to pick up on David’s soft moans as they became more interested in his whole private area. David tried to twist his body out of reach but the mechanical limbs would not be denied. More of the arms came down from the ceiling and started to twist their way around David’s arms and legs. Another of the arms snaked around David’s chest, it didn’t squeeze or anything but the metal felt very strange against David’s skin.

“I… I don’t want this…” David said in between small grunts as the hands sped up a little.

David looked down again to see the tip of his penis glistening slightly with pre-cum. The mechanical hand that was forcibly pleasuring him was collecting little bits of the slippery liquid and rubbing it along the penis and making the pleasure feel even better.

Despite David’s complaints the hands continued without interruption and David wasn’t able to hide the fact that he was finding considerable pleasure in the soft touch of the gloves. He found his hips starting to move against the hand and he felt sweat appearing on his forehead. This was such an alien situation but the pleasure seemed to be grounding him and giving him something to focus on.

The gloved hands continued to up the pace and before long they were rubbing the man in a way that made it certain he would soon be losing control. David threw his head back and couldn’t help but let out a deep guttural moan as his stiff dick was pleasured and he was pushed to the edge.

“I… I can’t stop it.” David moaned to no one in particular as he felt himself reaching the point of no return.

David’s hips started bucking and as if knowing what was about to happen another of the gloved hands moved just in front of David’s rod. With a cupped palm the hand seemed to be ready to collect David’s seed.

“Oh… Oh!” David felt an orgasm growing deep inside him and he started moaning loudly with no thought for how he must sound or look.

With a final grunt David’s head fell backwards and his mouth fell open. He felt his balls pulsing and shooting his creamy load out of his body. He bucked his hips wildly as he groaned and came everywhere, he could feel the sticky man milk spurting out of him for a few seconds before everything finally subsided. He finally looked down and saw the hand in front of him with his ejaculate. The hand that had been pleasuring him so effectively finally let go and moved slowly away, David could see that his penis was looking a little red as it slowly returned to it’s limp state.