

“Nnnf, hhhff...” Mickey sighed, his straitjacketed body squirming on the bed. In his rump a toy thrummed, sensually deep and teasing. This toy had been custom made for him, settings checked and tweaked over the months of the fox’s stay. His front end was also equally seen to, his cock stuffed into a sleeve that buzzed through adjusted rings. While it pulsed like this it was enough to keep him constantly desperate for the climax that never came.

On his chest a mouse woman sat, the nurse named Tina who had taken an obsessive liking to him. She stroked the revealed top of his head, finger running down the outside of the padded cloth gag over his muzzle while she waited, feeling him grow tense below her. She’d studied him enough to know when was the closest point. The remote in her other hand clicked, the vibrations halted.

“There we go one last little tease before and we’re back to full deprivation tomorrow. Goodnight, *volunteer*.” The woman whispered in Mickey’s ear, reminding the fox of his part in consigning himself to this hell, though it had long since gone beyond the terms he believed he had agreed to.

He let out a soft huff, head falling backward to the pillow. His good behaviour, more due to the welling feeling of defeat than of a want to obey, had earned him some mercy. They gave him breaks from the torment, edged him less frequently, they’d also given him a more comfortable room and aside from the jacket and gag, left him unfettered, not even latched to the bed. The jacket was also more forgiving, allowing him to move his arms a bit, just never enough to get near his needy crotch.

His ears listened to her leave, for the click of the lock of the door. His body reacted with the same defeat as he felt every night but something was off... his ears perked up as an upswing of energy lifted him. “Hmnh?” He’d not heard the click. Surely she hadn’t forgotten.

Mickey waited, impatience and hope buzzing in him. The fox tried to suppress the feelings so that it didn’t crush him to find he was wrong, yet he couldn’t stand by any longer. Soon he rushed forward to the door, using the give in his sleeves and the pull of his legs he slowly tugged at its edge. It moved! It actually moved!

He let it open a crack, listened and peered through the gap. The silence was only interrupted by one louder than usual grunt from another cell, then it became quiet again. He’d never dreamed they’d lower their guard, yet they seemed to have stopped worrying about him. He wasn’t even aware he’d been moved to the low risk part of the facility as he ran through the halls, heart soaring as he made it out into the world again without a single alert.

Mickey had run to a park by early morning, he tried to approach people, begging for help through the gag, yet they were taken aback, running from the sight of what they took to be a crazed patient or prisoner on the run.

Some others had noticed something else, the device around his length was poorly hidden in the tight leggings he'd been dressed in, his running had also hiked it up, making it stand out to the eye.

"Ahhh, a pervert! There's a perv here!" One woman squealed, turning her morning jog into a sprint away.

Mickey was distraught, not a single person was helping him. On reflection it seemed not too shocking, it was an unusual sight to see. However, he realised something; the teasing device had moved enough that as needy and sensitive as he was he might finally be able to feel what he'd craved.

Suddenly, he was glad to have spooked everyone off, sneaking away from their sight and into the bushes, looking for literally anything to grind against. He was long past caring about appearances, finding a mossy log and starting to rub against it. While a far cry from the comfort he'd want normally, with the time he'd spent kept on the edge, denied relief, the soft moss and the fabric that covered him was somehow enough.

The branches rustled, punctuated by muffled huffs from the needy fox as he swiftly built himself up, focused on business. The climax that hit him disarmed him, making him slump forward for a bit, it was a poor release but beggars couldn't be choosers. The fox's good eye twitched, rolling around as with erratic glee the feeling took him under its influence.

He was so deep in the bliss that he hadn't heard the other figure approaching, a strong, muscled arm grabbed Mickey around the neck, a choking head-lock that was firm but no rougher than it needed to be. "Mmmhh?! Mmhh, nhh, mmmh- mhhhk-!" He gasped, air cut off as he was lifted and wrestled.

"That's it, quietly does it." A gruff voice said, holding on until the fox stilled.

The fox's assailant had been a bystanding panther, alerted by the panicked cries, he'd run toward the metaphorical fire. What he'd found looked like a crazed patient acting in a highly disturbed way. In an act of pity mixed with mercy he'd approached quietly, subduing the fox in as humane a manner as he could, lacking any other means. With Mickey passed out, the man had looked over what exactly he'd caught, finding a tag sewn into the jacket with a contact number.

Knowing no better, he dialled the line. A voice responded with trained calmness, despite this being the first the facility heard of an escape. They'd not even detected Mickey's absence, having been due to check on him in another hour.

Mickey's sleep began to wane shortly after the retrieval team had arrived, they thanked the panther, sent him on his way, then turned to Mickey with a bottle. They let chloroform out to seep into the cloth over his mouth, pressed against his nose, lifting him and carrying him into an

ambulance, acting before his thoughts could become lucid, the chemical was unavoidable and while it took time to take a complete hold, Mickey was in no position to slow or stop it.

When he finally woke properly, he was in an entirely new and unfamiliar position. See-through walls gave off just enough of his reflection to tell him he was once again imprisoned. His hand rose to brush his chest, surprised to find that he wasn't in the jacket, nor was he gagged. Instead he'd been dressed in a fully encompassing catsuit of rubber, one that hugged his curves.

The feeling of the latex on his body stirred him up immediately, revealing two things, first that the catsuit came with a rubber sheath that grew tense with his rod but otherwise seemed free of toys. Secondly, that they'd not made efforts to stop him or prevent him handling himself. His hand dropped down, the rubber barely dulled the feelings, allowing him to brush himself, to grasp and caress. Though he hesitated now.

He blushed as he recalled how he'd tried to get off on a solid object when he had an ounce of freedom, yet even though he was free now, he recalled what happened last time he'd tried to squeeze out some relief while on camera. His eye looked up to the glass, making him tense as he saw Tina and some other nurses watching him from the other side.

Beyond the clear glass cylinder around him was a large, squared off room, bright and littered with many items. Small devices, medium to large accessories, restraints and apparel and a whole range of items that seemed to be furniture.

"Ah, good, you're awake, little fox." Tina said, her voice coming from above him through a speaker. "From what I hear you went looking for a longer break and ruined the conditions we'd built up, setting us back and interrupting the test, that was very rude for someone who had been so good, recently."

"Let me out of here and this stupid place!" Mickey demanded, his hand thumping on the glass. The nurse smiled and her hand slammed back. Mickey started in surprise, her hand made no sound, she leant forward, making sure he could see the microphone she was wearing. Her hand covered it as she to all appearances mouthed some words.

"That's right." She said after moving her hand from the microphone a moment later. "The glass is soundproof, we might have removed that stuff from your mouth but that didn't mean we needed to hear you."

"Let me out! Let. Me. Out." He yelled, slowly announcing each word to make it unquestionable what he was saying. His hands banged the wall in frustration, more to vent than with any hope of damaging it.

He turned his hands to the shining rubber, it was tight enough that he could barely pinch or grip it, the only zipper he found was at his rump, far too small to exit by and if the neck had a

zipper or stretched at all, he couldn't tell under the strap of a hugging collar at the top. At least that was flexible enough that it wasn't holding his head in a stiff position.

"Look at him go." Tina said to her colleagues, "I could explain what our plan is but I'll skip it for now, you'll see first hand. Let's open it up!"

There was a hiss from above Mickey, pressure changing, a rush of cool air letting him know how warm his 'cell' was compared to the outside as the glass sank, pulling away from the ceiling and dropping into the floor.

"Let me out!" He yelled again now he was sure he'd be heard.

"We are, foxy, though we're not letting you *go* if that's what you really meant. Now I saw that anger, did you get it out of your system or do we need to be rough?" Tina asked as the glass descended, switching off the microphone halfway to remove an odd echo.

"W-what are you going to do now?" He asked, trying to quell his frustration.

"Good." She said, noticing the change. "As penance for your choices, you have volunteered to act as a training aid and in addition to that, your rights have been reduced from the level of client to that of prisoner."

"Prisoner? You don't keep prisoners here, this is all just a facility for paid fantasies!" He argued. It was one of the few things he'd picked up, even if in his case he'd been kept far beyond anything he signed on for- Something he suspected he wasn't alone in.

"And with clear rules that decide what happens to those who walk out of line without going so far that they need to be evicted." She retorted smugly.

Mickey wilted, just how much more had been in that contract.

"We'll tend to you well, foxy and think of it this way, you may earn some new admirers, be nice to them and they'll be nice to you when they're fully trained up!" She continued, stepping closer, the glass had fallen to knee height, enough for him to have jumped over yet there were nurses on all sides, he'd not make it any distance before being tackled.

"And what's with the suit?" He grumbled.

"Why, it's your uniform! It says 'Prisoner' on the back in big white letters. Now let me finish, it's not all going to be newcomers, I was assigned to lead the training, you'll be glad to hear. It's not just me, either, there's a few of your other favourite nurses who'll come by for shifts, speaking of..." She trailed off, waving her hand to someone behind him. As he was turning the figure closed in on him, stepping forth and sweeping something outward.

He gasped, his hands coming up to stop the familiar arms of the cougar nurse as more shining rubber, the same colour of the suit, was stretched toward his face. "W-wait!" He demanded.

"Nurses," Tina spoke out to them, "this is your chance to learn first hand, help get that on him, latex is horrendously difficult to apply to a squirming subject."

Hands pressed on Mickey, one set on his shoulders, forcing him to his knees, more at his jaw and the rubber as they tugged it on, "No! O-oh." He gasped in panic as his sight was blocked out, then relief returned as they lined up the eye-holes, not a solid piece of attire just misaligned.

He caught himself in his struggles, trying to behave might be the correct move, even at this point. "Good." Tina said, though her words could have been directed to any of them. The hood smoothed his fur down, pressing against his head and even his ears, then it was tucked against the collar.

"With the prisoner set, this is how you make sure it stays put." The cougar said in a purr, sliding thin rigid slats into a pocket, they hooked on the hood's rubber and then connected into a groove in the collar, strengthening it, stiffening it and turning it into a fixed-posture accessory, holding his head from bending, the freedom woefully short lived.

"Yes, Mitz, you can go ahead." Tina said to one of the other nurses who was holding something, a round bulbous ball-gag. She pushed the centre of it forward, but with his neck immobilised and his body still held in a kneel, Mickey could only grimace in response.

"Open up now." The cougar said, her hands brushing his cheeks from behind.

"Really?" He pleaded with a sigh yet he let his mouth hang open.

Mitz pushed the ball in at an awkward angle, requiring more force than should be needed, making Mickey wince. "No no, out and twist it down, yes like that." Tina instructed, watching.

"Mmmh..." Mickey groaned as his jaws were spread wide around it, he heard a concerning creak, thinking for one moment it was his own joint, but soon the nurse revealed the noise; a thick strip of sticky tape was swiped over the front of the ball and his lips. More tape squashed in tightly, finding his fur and then wrapping behind the head. Mitz worked with enthusiastic vigour to wind the tape around and around, then twisted it and spun it over his muzzle instead. It was so tight that the bump of the gag strap as well as the ball were outlined, yet thick layers softened the curves. "Mmmhhh!!" He whimpered, ignored as Mitz finished using the whole strip and then leaned back to be out of the way.

"Now Alan, if you'd do the honours." The cougar said to another nurse, a coyote at her side.

'The honours' were to pull a second hood over the top of the one Mickey was already wearing. This one lacked any holes aside from the neck and the very tip of his snout, just enough to reveal his nose. His hands stiffened as he gulped and groaned, the collar of the hood tightened over the one he wore, trapping him soundly within, stretched harshly around the packed and compacted muzzle.

"Just an extra accessory for our staff, we find people work better if we crank up the anonymity." Tina said. A foot, hers from the direction and surety of it stroked over the front of Mickey's crotch. She'd seen that despite the situation his body was still enjoying it. It wasn't enough to hurt or even tease him, just to say he'd been spotted.

"Alright, pick up the rest of the pieces." Tina instructed, rattling off other commands in a code that he couldn't follow, some way to efficiently instruct the staff, he assumed.

Mickey's hands were seized and stuffed into pouches, rounded enough to conceal all motions from his fingers within. The mittens were cinched tightly to the wrist though they were spacious enough that he could move his fingers around.

Slowly but firmly they pushed him forward, lowering his chest and head to the floor, picking up his legs. Soft-lined boots were pulled over the rubber, straps at the shin and ankle held them on. Tina encouraged the staff throughout, telling them which size to use on larger or smaller subjects, those with particularly wicked claws or talons and so on. It really was a training exercise, for all the good that did him.

A hand grabbed the back of his head through the hood, tilting his neck upwards. "Alright, we'll see you in an hour or two." The cougar said with a giggle, before roughly throwing him forward.

"If you could avoid teaching the students bad examples... we'll have plenty of time for roughness later." Tina chided her.

"Mmmh?" Mickey asked, wondering what they meant, he tried to rise, only for his padded head to bump against something, the smooth wall of the glass. It rose all around him once more, his hands meeting the edge. "Mmmh! Mhhhhh!" He whined, trying to hold the rim. His grip slipped and dropped him down as the cell stilled around him, meeting the ceiling and pressurising to sound-proof again.

"Mmmf?! Hmmmmh!?" He whined, only able to hear his own muffled voice. He had no idea if they were still watching, one mitten stuffed between his legs to try to hide his shame, standing strong as it was. If he knew they weren't there he could stroke it... N-no, it wasn't worth the risk, he turned his restraints against each other, trying to tug with the mitts, to kick off the boots, anything at all.

Outside of the tube Tina led the trainees in observation, proving how it affected the wearer, telling them about how some captives found it made them more horny. “There’s little chance for real danger, most of those who need such restraints signed up for them. You won’t have to deal with those who sign on to resist and want a forced approach until you’re promoted and even then you’ll only be assigned if you want to be.” She added as they watched him struggle with his bondage and his lust. She chuckled darkly, if Mickey had been anyone else he’d have had his trial finished by now, yet Tina kept fudging the numbers, extending it. Her obsession was one-way and she knew it but it was all quite fun, especially now his little escapade had landed him here for a while more...

The time dragged by for Mickey, he was left totally cut off from the outside observation, panic stricken and struggling to get loose, while undeniably turned on by the situation-something which infuriated him even as he blamed it on the long weeks of teasing he’d been through.

Things changed around him only when he was completely exhausted, the glass sealing him in moved, the rush of cooler air informing him of what his eyes couldn’t see.

Arms took hold of him when the cell wall had retreated, yet despite his exhaustion they were still rough in dragging him around, pushing him down on his front and then wrestling his arms behind his back.

“Nmmh, plhhh.” He whined as they forced leather below his arms, pressing under the forearm and bending them together as it formed a tight box-tied pouch behind his back. A hand pressed onto his hood, using it as a foundation to pull hard on the straps, squeezing the buckles tight. His legs shifted, rolling across the ground until they too were gathered. Less sorely bound, the cuffs at his ankles were simply linked with a tethering strap.

“Oh don’t complain like that, with how much you struggled further binding was inevitable.” The voice of Tina said from a distance away, she wasn’t even the one handling him this time.

“Alright, nurses, now carry out the scene. You’re escorting a max-security patient back to his bed for the night, show me how you’d lead him.”

Mickey heard two clicks, one below his chin and the other behind the neck as they attached two sturdy rods to rings on the collar, by pulling and pushing they forced Mickey to stand, his legs stumbling and almost dropping him to the floor when they drew the snaring tether taut.

“Steady!” One of the nurses said to his peer, catching the fox from falling.

“Good.” Tina called, remarking on their actions, explaining further how the devices could be used to control less compliant subjects. Mickey was walked around the room in a circle as they practised before they pushed and pulled him to the side.

“And down.” They instructed as they pushed him to a solid frame. The leading rod at the back of his neck was at a right angle as they led him backwards to something cushioned. A third nurse moved forward, pulling a solid band around Mickey’s waist. It pushed his hips into more cushions. He felt more of the cushioning around his shoulders, hips and behind the thighs, though there was a gap generous enough for his bound arms to stay without being removed from the binder.

With his body clasped in place by the band they disconnected the rods from the neck before hooking another band over the top of that. His legs were also tucked together, before the frame was kicked back, pivoting on an arm to tilt the fox until he was reclining.

With him lying beside them, the three nurses dove in with a series of more flexible straps, building a harness around his body, further anchoring him in place.

The last pull on a strap nestled a ring into place over his rod, helping it stand out more prominently and reminding him that ultimately for all the talk of prisoners and dangerous subjects this was a fetishistic prison.

“Naturally that allows us to use any of these devices.” Tina said, her words something they already knew but said purely for Mickey’s benefit. “Some of our nurses love these ones that can make them climax repeatedly, others focus on this one, something that takes its time to stir bliss from a subject and gives them quite a ride when it’s done.” She held silence for a moment, even picking it up, tapping a rigid outside edge of it against Mickey.

“Mmh?!” His heart leapt, he’d already ruined the test after all, it wasn’t totally absurd to think that for the sake of demonstration she might have relaxed her rules.

Sadly for him, this was still the same Tina, she pulled away the device, remarking; “But I’ve always gravitated to the other end, isn’t that right, foxy?” She swapped some of the remaining devices around. “This little thing has adjustable timings, you can cater the settings to an individual subject and really get them right to the edge, without overdoing it, if you’re trying to hit that sweet spot.” It kissed the tip of his rubber-coated cock prompting a whining moan.

Mentally he braced for it, for the strumming feeling that would provoke him to the edge. “Of course, we’ve got lots to do.” Tina said, pulling it off. “So, use this little dummy and show me how you would work the real model.”

Mickey let out a groaning sigh, unsure if he was grateful that it was a test-device, lacking any actual pumping or regretful that it wasn’t going to at least offer some stimulation.

The lessons continued for the whole day, devices applied the instructions gone over, adjustments made on a panel to teach them. Yet Tina ensured it was never boring or wholly



relaxing for Mickey, after a few tilts at the device she interrupted the lesson to 'get him out of bed' as she put it, carrying him instead to another frame. This one was closer to a chair, his arms were unbound, even unmittened so that they could be locked down on the chair, once again giving access to his privates, with a toy lined up below his tail for further practising purposes.

Another device saw him kept in a hog-tied pose while Tina made sure the lesson on using the devices was correctly learned before he was brought off it.

For the final lesson of the day the mittens returned. They trailed loose straps that had been tacked on, these were tightened around Mickey's front, forcing each hand to rest on the opposite shoulder, crossing his arms there. The slats were pulled out of his collar, allowing him to bend his neck again, though his legs were strapped up above the knee, greatly limiting his mobility.

"Now, here's a fun exercise. If our foxy here gets out of those restraints tonight, I might have to deduct points from your grades." Tina announced when they were done, making one of the nurses turn her eyes to Mickey, a hand reaching for the cinching straps. "Uh-uh-uh, none of that now." She said, sliding toward Mickey, wrapping an arm around his shoulder. "Now, to incentivise you, if you succeed in getting loose we'll give you the most mind-blowing orgasm you've had, even if it takes multiple tries. That'll be worth it right? Best of luck!"

She pushed him down onto his knees. "You may begin squirming."

Mickey fought with the little energy he'd reclaimed, arms straining against each strap, trying to pull forward so hard that the connections at his back strained with the pressure. He heard the mechanics around him, realising with a sigh that he was back in the glass cell, closing him up. Still, that allowed him a wall to push against, to get off his knees and onto his feet.

His torso rolled, hips bent fully forward as he thrashed left and right in his attempts for freedom. It was futile, the restraints were designed for bondage lovers and experienced escape artists to struggle with, tugging with just enough give that it would satisfy them without ruining their fun by coming loose.

The thick binder at his thighs also resisted his motions, creaking before he could even properly test it, holding him solidly. In the rush to escape them for that promise, he swiftly overexerted himself, sliding down in exhaustion. He winced as he realised he spent all that time on the most secure items rather than trying to get his head free, though he doubted he'd have managed that.

"Hehehe, good night, Foxy." Tina's voice echoed in the chamber's speakers. He let out one last whimper, she'd been watching him all that time!

Days passed in a similar vein, they'd remove the hood and gag to tend to him, then invariably shove the latter back in, though sometimes they permitted him to remain unhooded

and untaped. Whenever a nurse had a question or needed practice Tina was there to help them and forcibly employ Mickey's aid in the matter.

When no one needed training they'd come for recreational purposes to toy with him, Mitz would often try to call dibs on those sessions when her own work allowed.

It was over a week later when Tina handed him over to Mitz telling him. "I'll be taking the rest of the day off, I want you to be well rested before putting you back to work. Your old tests will resume soon, foxy." She assured before she left the room with the nurses.

"Just the two of us." The cougar said with a chuckle, close to Mickey. She threw him forward, pushing him around the room to the corner where they kept the majority of the wearable gear. His eyes fell nervously on the hood, though it seemed for once the cougar was going to leave it off.

She even removed the gag from his mouth, once she had him sitting on the floor with her legs folded around him from behind, though it was clear that she had no intent of leaving him free to talk for long.

"W-what's going to happen? Why back to work? Surely it's simpler to let me go now and find someone new." He said wearily.

"How heartless of you to throw some unknown stranger to the fate you earned." Mitz said with a smirk. "Besides, we already know some of your physical limits and we've spent a lot of time preparing your return."

"Won't you at least tell me how long it'll be?"

"No more questions. Now say aaah." Mitz said, taking up a mass of cloth

"Wai- Nngh." He wasn't given any space before the padded mass was pushed in, the cougar made sure to pack his mouth until his cheeks were bulging and smooth.

Another folded cloth was tied over his lips, then a thicker cloth was wrapped over his muzzle, covering his nose. "Mmmhh..." he groaned, trying to twist his head away to dissuade her. That earned a pinch to one ear.

"If you want me to make that ring about your neck into a posture-collar again then by all means keep wiggling." She threatened, grunting in disappointment when he fell still. "We're gonna put you into one of my favourites. I don't get many chances to really use it on others."

She turned his head to a mass of thick canvas, making him tense and shuffle back. His arms were locked hard to his side by her legs and she stroked the exposed top of his head. "Now now, keep behaving, you're going in there one way or another, do it this way and I'll at least make it comfortably snug, fight me and I'll get the security team involved."

“Hmmmh...” He whimpered as she pulled her legs away. That team always seemed to pull straps an extra notch beyond what they should have allowed.

“Heh, good lad, of course you’re allowed to be into it, you wouldn’t have signed up if you weren’t a little right? I won’t even tell Tina a thing.” She said as she pulled the canvas closer, peeling it open while flapping it in the air to stretch it out. She lifted his legs as she scooped the bag-like end of the canvas straitsack underneath them. The fabric was already tricky to get onto a compliant sub, so Mitz was inwardly glad that she had persuaded Mickey into obedience.

His legs felt the thickly padded canvas on all sides as they got stuck at the ankle before his feet slipped in to touch the reinforced sole of it. The harder, solid piece cushioned there and in several key areas, at his hips, where his elbows would end up and at the shoulders.

The bag was solid up until his lower back, where a heavy-duty zipper yawned open, allowing her to slip his hands into waiting sleeves. There was no questioning that Mickey’s body was aroused by the feelings, he felt it strongly, his heart palpably beating in anticipation, Mitz’s hands tugged the restraining garment up over his chest, tucking it over his shoulders.

The zipper required a strong pull to rise up his back, squeezing over the rubber suit, making it squeak with tension.

He squirmed, the thick canvas made it tricky enough to bend his knees and elbow on his own, Mitz was still able to bend them into place, tucking trailing straps into waiting buckles. Even though he was already gagged to the fullest the straitsack had a built in muzzle which Mitz forced over his snout, stretching the padded layer to its limit around his cheeks. “Now comes the best part.” She said with a purr, turning to the many belts along the legs and torso.

Mickey could barely hear his own muffled moans. Distracted by the additional pressure until he felt the squeeze moving over his body. The straps clicked together into clips which then thunked as they locked into place. While there was no need for locks when the subject would be so diminished, the additional security had the desired effect, making Mickey even more aroused as he realised without a key no one could get him loose, least of all himself.

“There we go.” She said as she tightened the final straps on his legs and swiftly moved on to trap his arms so that they were crossed before him then strapped in place. “Squirm all you want, now, you’re helplessly mine.”

It was true, Mickey tried to kick but could barely lift his legs off the floor, with the nurse hugging him from behind, too, he was firmly locked down. “And now you’re mine it’s time for a bit more overkill.”

“Hmmm??” He squealed in query, the cougar laughed, lifting him at the shoulders and dragging him across the room.

His eyes could only look behind, not seeing what he was dragged towards until Mitz lifted it up. A similar shaped item, though made of rubber instead of canvas, was already being

worked over his legs, clear and shiny, it tugged at the harder points, requiring her to squash him into it which she did with glee.

Mickey squirmed and huffed, he couldn't feel the change of the additional layer yet just seeing it encroaching would have got him going if he wasn't already excited.

As it drew past his neck Mitz stretched a pocket within the material over his nose, connecting to a tube that led outside. The rubber was drawn further up, squeezing over his head. Mitz rolled Mickey onto his front, pulling the sealing tag up the back of the rubbery cocoon, rubbing her hands over his back one last time. A wide flap of rubber was drawn over the opening, reinforcing it when cinched in place, with another needless lock applied at the tip.

The cougar moved away, leaving him there, stuck on his front. No matter how he squirmed or tried to roll, the sack hugging him was too confining and the rubber too weighty and pliant for him to change his posture. Her shadow fell on him as she plugged a hose into the rubber, near his tail.

His groans were drowned out, first by the whirring of an air-pump then by the squeaking of rubber as the bag inflated all around him. "Mmnnh!" He grunted in approval, binding situations that were too implausible for him to recreate on his own, were exactly what he'd envisioned when he'd signed up all that time ago. Even if he'd not considered this exact method, it was enough to really make him squirm his hips with intent.

Mitz had been watching for that sign, and she chuckled out. "Oh good, you're enjoying it, that's lucky because when this is fully inflated that's it for you, forever. Tina might be mad at me for permanently sealing away her favourite customer but her tears will dry up when she sees how snuggly you'll be."

"Mmhghh?! Whh, mhmhmph! Nnhmhmh!" She couldn't be serious! She'd said that he'd be 'put back to work'. His stomach twisted as he realised that with those layers there was no way they could directly access his arousal to give him relief, was that all part of the plan? His punishment for escaping?

He thrashed as much as he could- barely an inch, squealing into the gag as Mitz rolled him onto his back and dropped down to lie on top of him, the half-inflated rubber bunching up around them as she looked into his eyes with a catty smile.

His heart beat as he tried to shake his head and plead, eye wide in panic. The cougar pressed down, feeling his squirms of desperation physically before she winked at him. "Just joking. I knew that would make you really squirm. We don't deal in forevers here."

As the flood of relief hit him, the cheetah smirked. "Though I wonder if you're one of the customer's who is at least a little bit sad that I was only kidding, some get madly aroused by the thought of an eternal prison. Even if they try to deny it."

The air was struggling to puff up with her in place so she relented, rolling back off him. Slowly the air continued, pressing Mickey at all angles while rising gently off the ground.

“That said, you’re probably not getting out of the straitsack until we’ve finished adjusting your new home.” She waited until the bag was mostly filled before turning off the air, giving just enough spare room to press in and recline on the fox without the air pressure being too sturdy.

“Mnh, hmmmh...” Mickey mewled questioningly.

Mitz didn’t answer for a while, cuddling in against him, giggling occasionally and poking into the rubber, then grinning whenever she met his eye. Played with like this he was far more openly turned on, wishing that any of his hip rolls transferred even a little feeling to between his legs.

By the time she did reply, Mickey had half-forgotten he’d even asked. “We’ll show you in the morning, you’ll get to see us make the last measurements and adjustments when you’re not being used for a few last lessons. Now, I’m all tired out from dressing you, so be a good boy and quiet down, hmm?”

Mickey continued to muffle as Mitz got comfy on top of him, his brows raised as she truly slipped into sleep, he was too immobile to do enough to disturb her and trapped there, as well as tired from the struggles of the day’s earlier lessons he soon was lulled toward sleep.

“Wakey wakey, foxy fox.” Tina’s voice called, the mouse stood over him as his outermost layer deflated, gently lowering him back to the floor. Mitz was nowhere to be seen, instead it was Tina and more fresh faces; two trainees and one who looked strikingly different, in a uniform closer to workman’s overalls than the nurse attire. “Good boy, hope you kept yourself nice and teased for the return to your schedule, rather than letting yourself go one last lewd time.”

She clicked her tongue as she swapped gears. The trainees were instructed by the mouse on pulling him out, deflating, cleaning and storing the rubber, adjusting the sack to make sure it was still tight on all angles.

His gag was removed and a subtle zipper at his rump showed that they could access what they needed to, the shock of a hand brushing his tail made him shiver but before long he was belted up and stuffed with cloth to be silent again.

They toyed with him for hours before Tina finally led them to drag him away to a shower room. They worked to fully remove him from the sack and then the rubber suit itself.

“Mmmh, pllhh...” Mickey whined.

“Not sure if you’re begging for some touching down there or for your gag out but it doesn’t matter, neither’s happening.” She said as after a quick clean-up the nurses marched Mickey back into the training room.

“I’m sure you’re desperate to see what our friend has been working on over there, though I assume you realised it’s where you’ll be going.” Tina crooned, referring to the worker who hadn’t involved himself in Mickey’s treatment.

“Mhhhf?!” It looked too compact to fit a full person at first. He could see where the head and torso were to go, but not the legs or the arms, until she brought him close enough to see holes for all four, bent backwards, tucked into the chair.

The naked fox was marched into place and then lifted up. He started to squirm but it didn’t matter, the two trainees were strong enough to shove his legs where they needed to go while Tina pinned his chest into place. “Heehee, don’t get desperate on us now.”

“Mmmh, mmmh!” As his ankles passed into the depths, something clicked around them, clamping and tightening. A hand brushed under his back, finding the tangle of his tail and feeding it into another hole, then reaching for his rump. A sturdy, well lubed tube was stuffed up into him, making him wince and groan, his rod hardened by the stimulation.

“That’s the right response.” Tina said, brushing a hand casually over one of his nipples before pulling away.

Mickey’s arms were grabbed next, thrust into the holes, bent back almost to their limit before being met with another click. Sturdy bands were peeled over his waist and neck, making him stiffen in recollection. “You like them, right? You seemed to respond well to that chair we practised on your first day of punishment so we took what we could from it.”

It showed now he thought about it, the frame all around had been cushioned and sculpted to fit his body, the little his legs and arms moved revealed more of the same.

“This frame’s been specially designed for you! We’ve made others like it, it allows us to save on cell space while ensuring there’ll be no interference from the prisoners and no silly little escape attempts. This one’s got some extras though.” She reached down, rubbing his exposed belly, then skipping over the band as she found his length. “My favourite little teaser-tool, all ready to bring you up to speed and learn how to really torment you! It’ll be hooked up to a waste tube, too, so we won’t even need to give you breaks from it, how nice!”

That implied something further was coming. Though he didn’t need to wait, the bulky object was lifted off the ground by a few inches, a wheeled cart taking the weight as Tina and the worker began to move the immobile fox out of the room. “Say goodbye, nurses! It’ll be back to inanimate dummies until another misbehaving subject or volunteer signs up.”

“Goodbye.” The two chimed in a friendly tone as they turned back to start cleaning up what had been left behind.

Mickey was wheeled down the halls, chatter cutting off from those he passed, a few laughing or whispering as he was led away, through it all he knew his shameful mast was standing proud for them to see, turned on by the shaking motions of the platform wiggling the rump-plug and also by the outright futility maintained by his restraints.

“This is the one. Final stop until your time is served.” Tina declared as the trolley tilted Mickey forward and dropped the restraint onto a rail, with his head and belly facing the door. The cell was dimly lit, with a hole lined up just big enough for the bulky restraint to be slid in which the pair did without a further word.

“Mmmh?!” Mickey mewled as he saw several open plates of some kind above and to the side.

“Oh, silly me, I left this on again!” Tina said, pulling the cloth at Mickey’s snout. She stripped the gagging layers, letting his mouth feel the air and groan as his jaws were given a respite.

“Nurse Tina...” He moaned weakly, struggling to speak loudly. “Please, how long?”

“As long as it takes for us to get you where you were and then get some good results, we tailored all this to your shape so we have to get our money’s worth.” She said with a grin. “Try to keep up the passion and we’ll be there in far less time. Now, any last words before we tuck you in?”

“Wh-why?”

“Cos you’re too damn cute to let off with just a reprimand.” She replied, pulling a muzzle from beside him. She pushed it over his face without another word, a thick gagging bulb inside covered him from nose to cheek, clipping onto the frame he was on so it didn’t even need to wrap behind his head.

The remaining flaps were pushed over introducing further cushioned shapes, moulded to his chest and belly, with two bumps at the nipples that, when the flap was shut, buzzed to life, teasing him sensually. Another sealed off his waist, hooking up as she’d promised to a tube that also set the teasing toy thrumming over his cock while also invigorating the toy below his tail.

“Mhhhh!” He moaned in surprise, only his eyes and the top of his head revealed, no matter how his body twitched he couldn’t escape the four stimulating points or the cushioning gripping him.

“Yes, that’s a good lad. I’ll be back to check in on you tonight, if you’ve been a good boy I’ll open the door for some belly-rubs. If not...” She flexed the final flap at the top, a rounded mask that would bury his head and blind him.

She pulled it back up, out of his sight. “I’ll even leave the door open so you’ve got some people to watch, try not to attract their attention though or they may sneak in to have some fun, too!”

With that she strolled away, her thin tail swishing, her rump shaking as she stopped in the doorway and blew him a kiss. Mickey moaned, he had no idea how long they planned to keep him here but he knew that now they’d make sure to keep him always on the edge...