

Dawn Bellwether was roused from her joyful, victorious sleep by irregular noises. She turned to the closet where her two captives should still be hanging, assuming it was something from one of them. Gathering a robe around her to guard against the relatively chill air, she stormed over and snapped back the door.

The two oversized sex dolls shaped like a rabbit doe and vixen in shiny police uniformed colours hung just where they'd been left. One containing Judy Hopps, the other containing Nick Wilde, trapped and helpless. She could see that neither of them had been sleeping, hardly a surprise. "Well, I'm up now and so are you, I guess I can start the fun early." She said simply, already putting her abrupt arousal out of her mind while turning to take a small trip to her bathroom.

As the last of the water drained in the basin she heard dull voices through the walls, rising in urgency and volume. Suddenly a bang made her jump, the door to her room flung open and a tall figure looking around.

"Bellwether! Where are you?" A familiar voice said, making the sheep's face droop in a mask of resurfacing trauma. Leodore Lionheart- the former mayor of the city. Why was he here? How had he found her?

"Y-yes, si-nnh?" She stopped herself from calling him sir, just barely, he had no authority over her anymore, yet the years of subservience she'd had under him were apparently not so easily brushed away.

"Ah! There you are." He said, beaming in a wild grin. "And what are these I see?" He strolled to the closet, pulling the door all the way open, seeing the toys on display. "My god..."

Bellwether's chest was heaving, she looked around the room, where were her guards? No, she had prepared a few sedatives for the fox when she'd captured him, in case he turned the tables. There was enough there to work on a lion... she hoped. She started to sneak out of the bathroom, turning towards the cabinet with the needle.

The ex-mayor turned, holding the toy-encased Nick in his hands. "These are phenomenal!"

Bellwether froze, he was... excited? Her eyes dipped down, yes, definitely excitement.

"Why are you here?" She spoke quickly, trying to fill the silence before he heard Nick or Judy groaning. It was inevitable that he would.

"These things!" Lionheart said, shaking the toy before throwing it onto the bed. "I bought one of these toys and it worked wonders for me, I simply had to find out more info so I dug around and my sources led me right here. I had my suspicions it was you but seeing that many rams out front confirmed it for me, hahaha! I tell you, it's one thing getting high-quality dolls, but ones that look like idols? Perfect!"

Bellwether had continued inching around the room, drawing closer to her supplies. "Really? You came all this way for the sake of that?" She asked. "Well, you're in luck, that's one of our newest, right there. Recognise her?"

"Looks like it's based on a certain, 'he' no?" The lion asked with a chuckle. "Is it... moving?"

"You'll have noticed how heavy it was, advanced additions that help our toys wiggle while in use for an even better experience." The sheep lied, thinking as quickly as she could to keep him busy and distracted. "Since you came all the way here, why not have a demo, try it out?"

"You know, I think I will!" He said, taking little persuasion, he was likely on the verge of asking if he could with how quickly he moved.

Nick could barely hear their words over the squeak of the rubber that encased him. He'd landed on his front, the fake, exaggerated breasts, a mix of inflated latex below silicone pods over his belly, coupled with the stiff frames that held his arms prevented him so much as rolling onto his side. He felt the lion's touch return at his tail, finding himself lifted by the rear appendage. The heavy plug wedged in his rump was pulled loose and a thumb was jammed in, exploring it. "Mmmh!" He groaned and gasped, tensing for what he suspected was to come.

The lion wasn't ready for that yet, giving a boisterous laugh and compliment before flipping Nick onto his back. "Huh, Bellwether, this one has a cock! You trying something new with them?" He asked, his hands giving a squeeze of the inflated mass around Nick's foxhood.

The soft spoken sheep replied but with how desperately Nick gyrated for attention, trying to cry out around the filling, muffling plug in his mouth, the fox didn't catch a word.

"That so?" He said, while his thick fingers stroked down the front, squeezing to either side of the rubber sheath that suppressed Nick's to keep his penis accessible. The lion's zipper had already been opened, his own length growing out from within. Lionheart lifted his hands to the toy's face, bending Nick forward. The fox's eyes were wide behind the mostly obscuring lenses, thick enough to fool anyone who wasn't looking too carefully.

The plug in his mouth tugged once, twice and then popped loose, the length sliding uncomfortably from his throat. "Mmmh!" Nick tried to squeal before the toy was replaced by the lion's dick. The length stretched the toy hole wide, stuffing in deep but as he moved Nick realised he was still growing. Lionheart had started while only half erect!

"Oh, that's a tight fit, what size is it made for?" He asked, grunting as he forced what he perceived as just a toy up to his crotch then back out, several reps of action before he felt warmed up. Nick groaned in protest, heart still beating in the hopes that the lion would notice, Nick didn't care at all as long as it meant he and Judy would be found and freed. After all, in a

few hours more, the sheep had revealed they would both be shipped away to a customer who presumably knew and would keep silent.

“Unnfg, that’s a good warm-up.” Lionheart said. The fox was small enough that the double handed grip allowed Lionheart to prise himself loose then effortlessly pick Nick up.

“Nnhh, nhhh!” Nick squealed, trying for all he was worth to be heard. The lion was focused on him differently; lining the toy-hole up with his cock before sliding the fox down over it, all while his thumbs kneaded the fake breasts.

As the sheep watched them, she waited, her cruel side delighted to see Nick getting ravaged, while hoping it wouldn’t upset the client waiting for the fox. Yet she was also waiting for the lion to drop his guard, her hands were seemingly clasped demurely behind her back, as she dug in the drawer, found the syringe and took her time to fill it.

“Mnnnh! Nhmmmhhh!!!” Nick’s rear thrummed, the physical pleasure of being stuffed and rutted was whittling at his endurance. His rump was thrust into by the lion looking for deeper pleasure than he could accommodate. “For a toy that big you might want to hollow the middle a bit better!” Lionheart critiqued, still stirring himself up.

Bellwether was silent, though when Lionheart pushed his second hand higher, shoving Nick’s head against the bottom of his ribs and turning it toward him, the fox saw the grin she had, a wink of metal in the light. “Mmmh! Lhhnhhn!” He tried to squeal warning in combination with panic. Not noticing himself that the lion was performing a pantomime of his own barely stabbing him half-way while tensing his muscles and face to make it seem like he was into it and taken by lust.

The sheep closed in, three steps away her grasp on the syringe shifted.

On an upswing, the lion let go of Nick, throwing him a few inches in the air to bounce on the bed as he pounced with surprising agility for his size, knocking the sheep down. The syringe fell within reach, easily grabbed by the lion and jabbed into Bellwether’s arm. “W-what, no!” She gasped.

Lionheart threw the syringe away and smirked, a single hand more than enough to completely pin her to the floor. “I’m not as dumb as you think, Smellwether.” He snarked, bringing the name back just to hurt her a little more. “So eager for me to test those dolls, the two suspiciously heavy ones modelled after your foes? And what’s this, you were planning to make a custom toy out of me, too, I imagine. Hah!”

“T-that’s not...” She said, already feeling the chemical spread. Lionheart knew she was subdued and rose up, striding to the inflated rabbit doll in the closet, lifting it up and carrying it back with him with casual ease.

“Sleep tight, while I see to these ‘toys’ of yours.” He said with a chuckle.

Bellwether's brow creased, how could she have come so close to victory, only for the two to be rescued and by *him* of all people! She tried to let out a yell of anger but the sedative took her, leaving her mouth open as her eyes slipped shut.

Lionheart sat on the bed, pulling the two toys to his side. "Well, officers, I am legitimately surprised to see you here. I thought Bellwether's enterprise was hushed and secretive because she modelled toys on living people without their knowledge. There's even a lioness in my image that I've already seen!" He said smiling as he pinched Judy's head between two fingers and removed the plug from her mouth.

"Nhhh! Mmmh- mhhhhgh!" The rabbit squealed happily, joining Nick's grunts. Freedom was coming after all. It would be hell with how the suits had been glued on but neither of them cared, desperate to exit those shells they wore.

Lionheart's hands dropped, not to the toys, but to his jacket and shirt. He shrugged out of them, baring his chest before standing to remove his belt.

"Nngh??!"

"I'm sorry it has to come to this but the pair of you did cost me my job and credibility." He said, insincere in his apology. "Still, while I've been raked over the coals for the scandal I was embroiled in, the fact I was clear of the more sinister side ended up taking heat *off* me. I've never been so free from public scrutiny! Now, if you'll bear with me a little more..."

He made himself comfortable, dragging the two squirming toys with him. He took Judy in one hand, sliding her down his front until her still-plugged crotch was against the top of his shaft. Then he lifted Nick and pulled him up from below, pinning his own dick between the fox and rabbit. "Now this way I hardly have to worry about any damage." He crowed out, adjusting his grip and pose until he found comfort. The two inflatables were pushed together, Judy's nose buried against Nick's chest as they were lifted and dropped. The fox's cock was assailed by being pushed against Lionheart's own, then had an inch of space before being thrust into the inflated rubber of his partner's suit, then back against the ex-mayor's meat when he pulled the two back down.

The two toy's voices were drowned by the squeak of the rubber as Lionheart brought himself up to his peak, pinching both toys until he was ready to go, releasing a spurt of bliss. "Ahhhhh, if only you were more to my size." He lamented, still, that was plenty of entertainment. "Here, as thanks." He said, thumbing Nick's dick, mindless of the lion's seed that dripped down the fronts of the toys. He pulled Judy's vaginal plug out before shoving Nick's member to fill the hole, jamming the toys together.

"If you were thinking I'd let either of you go, it might be better for you to drop those hopes, just by the way." Lionheart said as he picked up his belt, tying it around the squeaking

toys and buckling it so they'd stay linked for a moment. He rose without another word, striding instead into the bathroom. "Hope she didn't use up all the hot water."

For the trapped two, they were left alone, the architect of their predicament passed out mere metres away, their hope of freedom spurning them and even stuffing them together in this outright humiliating pose. What was more, Nick couldn't get himself to shrink down, no matter how he tried or what he thought of, the clenching of the toy hole around his sheathed shaft provided too much stimulation to fully ignore.

He managed to keep himself from letting go, just barely. Unable to see Judy's face, he had no way of telling how she was feeling on the other end, the quivers he felt were likely from her trying to maintain herself in the same manner.

The pair squirmed, bodies craving to push further, minds refusing to surrender to those urges, the time dragged by until Lionheart finally returned. "All right, let's see here. Huh, no mess? I had you two pegged as lovers. Perhaps I overestimated." He said. "Anyway, how do these things come off?"

He swiped Judy up from Nick, making them both shudder as he manhandled the small rabbit. His fingers inspected the toy, double checking each potential spot for an opening until he realised that Judy was truly stuck within. "Oh! She is a devious one, good thing I planned to leave you inside. Well, I can at least give you two a bit of schadenfreude, right?"

He moved towards the bed fluffing up the pillows then propping Nick and Judy against them. He took the plugs that had come from their mouths and from Judy's vaginal hole, then carried them over to Bellwether.

Judy and Nick's bodies were forcibly positioned where they could view as Lionheart settled down in front of them, the only way to escape the sight was to shut their eyes. He stripped Dawn completely and then slid the recently used toys into her three holes, chuckling at the stirred moan.

"Let's see if any of those items I saw in the closet with you two will fit her just as well."

A set of leather cuffs and a muzzle were worked onto the sheep, then a rope was tied around her to keep the lower plugs in and further secure her, though even when the lion was done she seemed deeply asleep. He connected her hands to her ankles with the rope then set up a hogtie, dangling her from the ceiling. "There, I'll make preparations properly in the morning."

He shoved his way up the bed, nestling with one ex-cop under each arm. "I'd planned to strike a bargain with her, genuinely. However, after that attempt she made, I think I'll just take over her little operation, probably won't be too long before I can get her a matching suit to have a full set of you! Now, I'm gonna get some rest but before I do, let me introduce you to one more thing I found in her closet."

“Mnaah, mhhaagh!” Judy mumbled, her own voice joining Nick’s in weak protest. Lionheart ignored the cry, pulling the rabbit up to him first, his hand more than big enough to take in the entire back side of her head in his palm. His free hand held a ribbed, heavy looking, twin-sided dildo, with straps at the centre.

“Since you two need to work on your romance, I thought I’d let you share a long kiss. Open wide- oh, good girl.” He mocked, feeding the dildo into the sturdy tube that held Judy’s mouth open. She sputtered, gulping and gasping around as Lionheart stuffed it in deep until he could secure the straps behind the bunny’s head. His thumb went to the nose, confirming that she was still breathing, as minute an amount as the toy allowed before he took the other end to Nick.

The fox put up even more of a fuss, gagging and choking on the toy as the lion pushed them nose to nose, able to see each other’s eyes now. They shared a tortured expression as Lionheart latched the other straps behind Nick’s head, trapping them, sharing a dildo with their mouth-rings almost touching.

“Be good toys and I’ll use you in the morning like I used you tonight. Misbehave and... we’ll see how well your holes can accommodate a lion.”

With that threat made, Lionheart laid the two across his bare chest, relaxing in the bed and swiftly falling asleep, unlike the remaining figures in the room. Before morning’s light arrived Bellwether woke, squealing over the harsh treatment that had befallen her, yet it was just the start of what was coming.

“Today’s the big day.” Lionheart declared, peeling back the closet door where he’d left the three captives. Bellwether had been unruly, difficult to control, he knew that given the chance she’d turn the tables, as such he’d made sure to buy an isolating faux-leather hood which she wore even now.

His latest arrangement saw the sheep’s rump speared by Nick, while her front shared a different double-dildo with Judy. The two toys had been sandwiched around the sheep so that none of them could move without jostling the others. The fact they’d only been able to move a few inches from where he left them also spoke as to how effectively contained they were.

He lifted them up like a joined bundle, prising the squeaking rubber apart to get at the sheep within.

“Big day?” Bellwether spat moment’s later as the hood and gag were pulled loose. “You’re finally giving up on being a mayor and spending your days as a pathetic pervert?”

“Big words from the one who gimped up as many of her enemies as she could.” Lionheart said, shoving Bellwether’s glasses back onto her face. “Funny you should mention mayors. My new electoral bid is going swimmingly! I’ve pulled a few strings.

For starters, Bogo and all the higher ups of the ZPD have been fired. Taking a fall over the incompetence of losing two of their prestigious officers with no leads. That allowed me to make sure some more friendly hearts and minds made it in as their replacements. Ones willing to back even someone who peddles adult bedroom paraphernalia. And aside from an already generous monetary donation, I’ve decided to give them a little extra.”

He held his tongue, waiting until the sheep saw what he wanted her to. Another hollow, sagging toy, designed just like Nick and Judy’s of Bellwether in a prison inmate’s uniform.

“What?!” She hissed and spat. “Don’t you dare even think of it!”

“We’re far past the thinking point, Bellwether, you and your toys are going to be a part of something special. Especially since I saw that not only had you planned an encasing nullifying toy for myself, the design was created before your fall!”

“Th-that was an idle revenge fantasy!” She protested. She might even have been sincere, though the inspirations of the outfit had certainly been made real for the police-pests.

With the casual air of one tidying a room he took Judy by the inflated thighs to a special stand he’d put together, jamming her buttocks over a sturdy dildo which buzzed at the touch of a button, one he tweaked on immediately. Nick was speared by a similar one, it left them stuck alongside the wall, reduced to basic ornaments with their lack of motion.

Bellwether had been struggling on the floor all the while, though with her limbs cuffed and her hands mittened there was only so far she could get. Lionheart even skirted around her, going to the rubber doll to bring it back to her. “I made it as similar as possible to Hopps’. You’re closer to the same size, after all, even added extra soft foot-covers to deal with those hoof points.”

“We can talk about this.”

“Oh, probably, there might even be some deal out there that would prevent you from trying to ambush me. Trouble is I made a far better one, plus I spent all this money getting you ready.” He said, pretending to sound hard pressed by the cost.

“No! No, wait! Stop it!” Bellwether said, sobbing and clawing at the ground as Lionheart grabbed her leg and pulled her into the air. He didn’t need her calm like she had needed Judy, which was just as well as knowing what her fate was to be, there was no way she would have submitted.

Both legs were lined up and then the suit was vigorously hauled over the top. The narrow, stiff bands pressed over them preventing her bending her legs to any effective range,

then her arms were thrust into the waiting upper limbs. Lionheart took sadistic glee, spurred on by the delusion that this was righteous recompense for her, all while he made sure the two toys were able to watch. “Leodore, l-let me out and I’ll give you anything, do anything!”

“You might mean that but a week of freedom would have you scheming. Cleaner this way.” He said, fingers grabbing the mask while his thumbs pushed the back of the sheep’s head in. Against that force she couldn’t keep her jaw shut to stop the plug that forced her lips apart, and as the last of the suit was tugged into place the lower plugs nestled into their waiting holes. “Sealing you up will be fun but not as much as your inaugural use.”

“Nmmhh! Nh-nhmmm!” She whined as Lionheart pulled the sealing chemical mixture and air pump forward. Bellwether let out one last forlorn yelp of rage and worry, her chest jolting as her eyes made contact with the two toys above. Though she couldn’t see them, she felt they were mocking her and directed all of her hate to them. If they hadn’t been here maybe the ex-mayor wouldn’t have sussed out her plots!

“You know, now’s as good a time as any, while the glue dries.” Lionheart said, grabbing Bellwether’s hands, forced into fists around a stiff but still pleasant hole, his dick was already on show waiting for the squeaking rubber to kiss over the top. He shivered as he forced both holes to work on the shaft, leaning forward, rolling his hips around, turned to the side so that the toys could see if they were inclined to. One of his hands pressed over Bellwether’s head assertively. He picked up pace, humping away, while towering over her, pulling back and pushing forward, while measured to ensure his rod didn’t break free from the hands.

The sheep’s airway was blocked off for long enough that her struggles visibly subsided, Lionheart got too carried away for a moment, yet luckily his endurance was less than her’s. As his spunk shot from the tip, he moved his hand away, making sure some of the liquid seed spattered the base of the inflated sheep head. “Marked and signed by yours truly.” He said through gritted teeth as he huffed in erotic pleasure. “Now let’s see, instructions said to use one of those harnesses to hang you up until it’s dried and sealed. I’m gonna make a game of it... All three of you!” He said, turning to the other toys and shaking the defeated sheep-toy in his hands.

“I’ll be turning those vibrators of yours up to full, as well as decking you out in even more, the challenge is simple, whoever climaxes the least while I’m out will win a long night with me, where I really see just how much those holes of yours can stretch. And try to make a mess, so I have a visual indicator, in case I lose count.”

With the challenge issued the lion did as threatened, suspending Bellwether, employing any vibrator he thought would make a difference and then walking out of the room.

Of the three gasping, heavily muffled toys, Bellwether was the one who still made the effort to whine in the following days, yet all three of them let out a ruckus as some of Lionheart’s



new workers wheeled three boxes toward them, padded, different sizes with one to match each of them, each fitted with an oxygen tank and waste port.

“Glad to see you still have some sense in you.” He taunted as he left each case yawning open. “The three of you are all off to prison, a nice, high security spot that has just the right number of staff willing to turn blind eyes for the right payoff.”

“Whh, mmmnhh!” Judy could believe it, the mayor had managed to set up an entire secret asylum before. Now that he’d shown how cruel he could be, it was not much more of a step to accept he had prisons under his thumb.

“Fraid so, bunny. That’s part of what’s going to get me into office, too. A wide reaching ‘Inmate Pacification Protocol’. We ship a bunch of toys out to facilities to help them relieve stress and channel their violent urges away from each other. In turn they’re nicely calmed, at least in theory. You’ll get to see the results first hand!”

As he spoke the extra hands worked on packing them up, none of them had much issue. They set about removing the plugs that were already inserted, strapping oxygen masks over each toy’s face then stuffing them into the tightly packed recesses. Straps were tugged over the top to ensure they’d stay put. “The fun part is my new buddies at the ZPD were happy to make some prison transfers. You’ll be put in with a good number of familiar faces, ones that are locked up for years because of each of you, as such you might want to try to be quiet and still around them. Let’s hope they take their time to figure out you’re actually inside, eh?”

He stood around to watch the end, letting his gaze linger on each toy as their boxes were shut and latched, one by one. As soon as the lid met the base there was nothing but silence from each package. When it was just Bellwether’s left open he stilled his aides with a hand. “Oh, make sure that she’s put near all the predators she tried to discredit first. I hear that some of them have a score to settle on a personal level.”

The sheep’s wide eyes stared at Lionheart, looking down and smirking without pity as the final case was shut.

“Damn, look at that!” A voice said after the lid had been wrenched off and light had poured over Judy, a cheetah and wolf. Corrections officers, the staff of the prison. Together they dragged the rabbit out of the case. “She really is still alive in there.”

“Yep and it’s our job to keep it that way, you gonna get the fox out or just dawdle?” The wolf commented.

“Eh, what’s the rush? He’s got enough air to last a few more hours.” The cheetah replied. “Can’t believe I have her here in my hands and there’s nothing she can do about it.”

“Let me guess, you’re bitter that a bunny cop was posted to the prestigious big city while we were sent out here?”

“What? Naw, dude! She’s just hot as hell, always admired her spark, too. I just wanna get to the front of the line before the inmates rough her up.” He said.

“Heh, well... they’ll have the sheep thrown to them tomorrow, though we didn’t have scheduled orders on when we had to hand these two over. I’ll go do a round, make sure that the ‘storage rooms’ are fully prepared.” His hands tapped at a tablet before putting it down on the desk. “And this alarm will make sure you don’t get carried away and forget the other one. Want me to lock the door on the way?”

“You’re a bro.” The cheetah said as his colleague closed the door. “Now, bunny, let's see how much you can stretch.”

If even the staff were prepared to treat her this way, knowing full well what was going on, it was worrying to think what the inmates might do.