

A doorbell's chime was followed by sharp, excited knocks. Within her home Nira's spine tingled in anticipation. She tweaked a curtain back subtly, just to make sure it wasn't a mail delivery or unexpected guest. The shiny-black swish of a tail outside caught her eye and confirmed it was who she expected.

The arctic fox was dressed in her own shining tight rubber catsuit, covering all but her head in black that matched the style of her guest. She rushed to the door, opening it and before she could speak to welcome Vikki, she burst into a round of 'Happy Birthday' singing, stepping inside and putting a bag on the floor before finishing up.

"I hope you're ready for your surprise." Vikki said, giving Nira a gentle squeeze on the shoulders.

"Oh yes, it's so good to see you, by the way!" Nira chirped, mulling over the squeaks of rubber on rubber.

"Now I know you can behave yourself but I want to reveal what's coming at my own pace, so I'll be using some safety measures... hands behind your back now." The vixen said in a soft and playful growl.

Nira shut her eyes, feeling Vikki's finger tips trace down her arms and position her wrists loosely in front of her. The vixen's chest pushed into Nira's back for a moment, holding them still, indicating for her to do the same, then she pulled away, crouching to the bag she'd prepared. A shiver inducing creak of a peeled roll of tape stirred in the air. Vikki pulled the loose end of the adhesive up, stepping beside Nira and gumming the end at the base of a wrist.

Vikki wasted no further time, swiftly rolling the tape above and below Nira's hands. Her fingers pressed over her digits, compressing them into fists then sealing them away, light bumps showing the bends in the first layer before a second and third wrap sealed them into feature-lacking balls. Nira let out a squeak of her own when Vikki pulled the bundled hands behind her back and connected them with another band of tape.

"There, a good start. We really can't let you see what's coming though, so this is the last you'll be seeing for a good while. Ready for the lights to go out?"

Nira didn't trust her voice to remain steady due to the excitement that was already stirring within her, simply nodding in response. Vikki slid out a tightly rolled piece of vinyl, Nira had a powerful attraction to trash bags after all. The vixen did her best to keep it packed so that the rustle didn't betray it too soon. Ever so slowly she found the opening, prised it apart and then sped up, swinging it above and over Nira's head. The bag shifted as Nira's shoulders stretched it, falling down until it reached the top of her tail.

Vikki bunched the excess material up before taping it, tucking Nira's arms under the hem so that her entire torso and above was caught within. More strips of tape ripped and squeaked as they were plastered down to reinforce the bag, leaving Nira secured.

With the bag in place, Vikki added a few more intimate touches. “See you in a while, little kit.” She said before her hands squeezed over Nira’s muzzle and jaw through the smooth vinyl. When her snout was well defined another swath of tape pushed down, a strong layer built to seal her jaws and muzzle. Without breaking the line of tape, Vikki rolled another loop behind Nira’s head then over her eyes! Adding pressure, ensuring that she would remain blindfolded even when under a light strong enough to push through the material.

“Any last words to share before we set off.”

“Hmm mhhghh! Mhhn lhhm hmm.” Nira replied as best she could.

Vikki smiled warmly, just the result she’d hoped for. “Alright, slow steps now, my car’s out front then we can get you where you need to be.”

As Vikki stepped out, one arm around Nira’s hips, the other in front on her shoulder, she felt her own tail wagging in excitement, it kept impacting with Nira’s own excitement. If she was happy and excited by this much, she was probably going to love what else they had planned.

The drive was spent in darkness, with Vikki giving nothing away while constantly telling Nira that she had quite a show in store for her. If she kept saying so, Nira felt certain that there was something special planned that would exceed even the expectations that Vikki was building.

The car stopped, the two foxes exited and then walked across a path that felt more haphazard. From the sounds of birdsong and the lack of traffic, they had to have been somewhere remote. Even those sounds grew distant, the squeaks of their rubber outfits echoing as they went inside somewhere. Were they underground?

Vikki pulled Nira to a stop. A rhythmic tapping alerted her that someone was coming before the bag, tape and all, were split open and tugged off. Nira let out a shrill squeak of excitement as her eyes adjusted, seeing a third vulpine visage. Decked out in yet more latex, the third figure’s catsuit covered her ears, leaving just her face open, the rhythmic tapping had been her eight spidery legs. Vikki had brought Nira into the cave-home of the drixen, Typhoeus.

Nira’s body was seized in Typhoeus’ humanoid arms, pulling the small snow-fox into a warm, close hug. “Oh, what a tasty little fly to have wandering into my parlour.” As if Nira had stumbled there on her own. Typhoeus shared a knowing wink with Vikki while her arms squeezed with excited joy.

“Oh my gosh, it’s been too long since-.” Nira began when the hug receded.

“Quiet, little pet.” Typhoeus replied, turning Nira’s words into flustered stammering and a squeak as she asserted the relative position. The drixen’s hand drifted down, pushing between the legs, kneading teasingly through the rubber. “Such an eager little latex-foxlet aren’t you? I’m

sure it wasn't just the sight of me that got you going but I like to think I helped. Yes, that's the spirit, seems like you are just about ready for your gift then."

While she'd been toying with Nira, making the vixen's face- and body- burn hotly in excitement, Vikki had gently pushed a bundle closer, allowing Typhoeus to pluck it up and display it without interruption or pause. Thick, heavy black rubber, four foreshortened limbs, even a flopping empty pair of bags at either end, one for the tail one for the head. "Oh my gosh... a..." Nira gulped, as if naming the bitchesuit for what it was might scare it away or wake her from some dream.

"That's right, you'll be climbing in here and then we'll be zipping it shut for the weekend. A whole weekend, just for you, little vixen."

Nira's legs folded quickly as she knelt down, telling herself it was to aid her two friends and soon to be captor-owners in dressing her and not to hide the quivering shivers that threatened to topple her on their own.

Typhoeus chuckled as she worked the suit in her hands, preparing it while Vikki knelt and leant in behind Nira, the arctic fox felt a gently affectionate nuzzle at her neck, Vikki churring in approval and murmuring to her. "You're being so good." Her hands lowered to the tape, breaking the connecting part but not the mittens themselves. She moved to hug the other vixen from behind. "Such a pleasantly well behaved pet already."

The squeaks of bending rubber complemented the clatter of Typhoeus' arachnoid legs as she also descended to the floor, lowering herself to be in range. "And just think, this is only the start of your birthday party - tomorrow you'll be a year older and already lost in tight latex bondage while we edge you over and over and over!"

Between the two vixens, Nira's arms were led into the waiting rubber, bent at the elbows, her legs folded at the knees. The heavy latex required them all to chip in as it stretched around Nira's petite frame, a small bracing ridge had been arranged, like a loose corset, at the torso segment. While it didn't restrain or restrict her bending too much, the firm hold helped them dress her up and left her with a more generous shape.

Before long the suit was over the tail and shoulders, the head covering mask pulled up, in the same style as Typhoeus' leaving Nira's face open to the world. The rest of her was completely cut off within the suit, the double layer only adding to the fun, making Nira squirm when Vikki hugged her again, tighter than before. When her hug receded, her hand rose, showing off the tape roll, significantly smaller than when she'd pulled it out before. "Knowing this foxlet, she'll also very soon be moaning and begging us to let her cum. So I think it's about time we gag the birthday-kit."

“Mm, mmhmm!” Nira said, eager, enthusiastic and already keeping her lips pushed together for Vikki to tend to. The tape crackled and rustled as she folded a fresh muzzle over Nira’s snout. Taking her time to keep it both neat and tight. “Mmmh!”

“Before we let you try out your legs and stumble around we’ve simply got to have some fun, first.” Typhoeus interjected, lifting Nira from Vikki’s grasp and turning her, laying her down onto her back.

With a rubber coated vixen to either side of her, Nira was soon beset with strokes, pettings and rubs. All along her body. They varied the strength between kneading in strongly and gentle barely-felt brushes along the surface. Every inch of Nira was explored, with a few affectionate brushes to her face and a focus in teasing prods and kneads between her legs.

In minutes, Nira was a mewling, squirming and horny mass, begging as predicted with little mmphs and louder moans. Moments later the two had her near to her peak, careful to edge the lucky little vixen, making sure to pull back without letting things get too far and then tease before she had time to cool off, keeping her at a stuffy, needy simmer.

When an hour had passed of their constant ministrations, Nira barely had the energy to squirm with anything other than her hips.

“You rest for a moment, foxlet. I have to tend to my other pet, he also wants to wish you a happy birthday, after all.” Typhoeus walked through the cave into her bedroom, a series of squeaks growing distant as she walked, then joined by smaller ones. The drixen came back into view first, a leash in one hand. At the other end was the diminutive dragon, Raigan, fully suited in hefty black rubber of his own, complete with ball mitts, wing-binding sacks and a heavy muzzle, keeping any noise he might make to a gentle muffle.

“On to the table.” Typhoeus commanded him, the small dragon hopped up obediently, turning when commanded, showing his rear side to the room. His tail sprung up at another command, waiting as a small cuff at the tip was connected to his collar, holding it that way.

Vikki was giving Nira a well deserved break, allowing both vixens ample time to watch Typhoeus slide the tailplug out of Raigan, then replacing it with a stirring, teasing finger. Typhoeus’ hand brushed under his belly, closing in to his hardening rubber-coated member. “Start thrusting, pet.” She commanded him, which he did with gusto. Her hand was held forward, finger curved enough to keep him well teased, shifting when he started to get going to fondle his orbs tenderly. Her finger scraped up along the bottom, keeping him encouraged to rock back and forth while, just as expertly as with Nira, she made sure the dragon was pent up but never overcome.

“Why do you think she’s showing you this?” Vikki asked with some amusement as she hugged and petted Nira still.

“Mmmh, mmmh?”

“That’s right.” Vikki said, teasingly pretending that Nira had struck the answer. “We’ve only got two days to teach you how to endure it but we’ll make sure you’re squirming on command just as much as little Raigan. And if you think the last hour or so we spent was a lot, wait until you see how long Typhoeus is going to work him over.”

After watching for a while, letting Nira get back enough strength that she could stand on all fours, Vikki declared that she was taking the ‘lovely little foxpet’ out for a bit of exercise. Even that was just another excuse to show Nira how dependent she was on the others. The suit kept her hot and huffy, with Vikki pausing every now and then to let her limbs rest and tease her up again.

Vikki took her on a small circuit around and near the cave, eventually bringing her back inside by which point Nira had been well worn out. Raigan was still being toyed with by Typhoeus who had moved to sit in a relaxed pose where she could focus entirely on making her dragon squirm.

Nira was led to a cushion then hugged and nuzzled with affection by Vikki, while the two of them watched. “Hope you’re looking forward to tomorrow.” She teased, causing Nira to squeal and groan again.

“What say we bring bedtime forward to make tomorrow arrive sooner?” Typhoeus called with a sly smirk.

“Oh, a wonderful idea.” Vikki agreed, nodding in amusement.

“What about you, pets? Do you agree with us?” Typhoeus asked.

“Mmmh.” Nira mewled, while Raigan, shaking in arousal, reined himself in enough to nod agreement.

“Good, good.”

Typhoeus left Raigan lying on his side as she rose, then crossed the cave to Vikki, handing her another trash-bag while taking one for herself. Fresh rolls of tape went with each bag.

The dominant pair worked on their subjects at the same time, the vinyl rustled in the air as it was pulled over the top of Nira’s bitchesuit or twisted around to compact Raigan further, plastering his arms to his side and legs to his tail.

The bag was pulled up to Nira’s neck, secured with even more tape, locking it on, with a few bands in key places, around her legs and between them, making sure that she couldn’t get too tangled in the bag, nor accidentally stretch it where it might break. For Raigan the tape was wound fully around his shoulders, thighs and forelimbs, leaving them pinned by bands. Raigan was purring, delighted and nuzzling against Typhoeus’ hand whenever it drew close enough.

“He’s happy because the bags come out as a treat for great behaviour.” Vikki remarked.

“Phmhm?” Nira replied believing it and feeling all the more well treated as a result.

“Alright pets, bedtime.” Typhoeus declared, lifting Raigan in her arms while she stood and walked toward Vikki. Vikki helped Nira back onto all fours then they walked together toward the room, the posts of the large, welcoming bed caught the eye. Raigan was laid down first then the dominants lifted Nira together onto the mattress.

Nira and Raigan shared a moment, able to nuzzle each other before Vikki climbed into bed behind Nira and Typhoeus shored up the other end. Rubber sheets were pulled up, turning each motion, however gentle, into a squeaking brush.

Typhoeus moved to push her body behind the stretched out Raigan, bending him gently forward as her hand found his rod and started to play with it once again. “Thrust for me, little pet, nice and slow.” She instructed, brushing and teasing all the way along the shaft and below, quickly working him back up to the desperation he’d been kept at moments before.

An arm tugged over Nira’s gut, pulling her back toward Vikki who squeezed herself in behind, spooning Nira in a like manner. Her hand rustled and squeaked as it quested through the trashbag to find Nira’s eager nethers, stroking her there, bringing her back to her own heat.

Soon the bed was filled with the muffled sounds of the two bound figures moaning and mewling, peppered with squeaks and squirks from all the rubber. “A wonderful little lullaby.” Typhoeus said with a chuckle.

“Indeed, let’s add another harmony to it.” Vikki chittered, nuzzling against Nira and whispering encouragement. “Do as Raigan does, work yourself into my hand, little foxlet. We’ve got plenty of toys to help in future. The more you impress us now the more passionately we’ll be able to work in the morning.”

Vikki barely needed to say the words and Nira was thrusting, wiggling her hips with need and want. “Good girl, keep it up and don’t forget you have a whole weekend’s worth of loving, teasing and wonderful, mind scrambling edging in store.”

Nira quivered, the vibrating tremor down her spine felt keenly by the hugging Vikki. Nira had no idea how she could possibly last for the full weekend, though in the hands of the two expert teasers, she was sure they would find a way to keep her time in their care as memorable as possible.