

Amaterasu knew that the Demon Lord Ninetails would be a formidable opponent, yet she had thought herself up to the challenge. How wrong she had been.

“Ammy, you have to get up! Quick!” The wolf’s tiny companion called, bouncing around, trying to push her to stand. Battered and dishevelled from the conflict she could only pant in exertion.

“Begone, flea.” Ninetails growled, his claws swatting the minute glowing shape away, sending it far with a tiny squeal.

“I should probably just kill you. I could with ease. Just a bite to the throat and you’d be finished.” He said, his form dwarfed Amaterasu’s, dark power granting him far more heft. “To think your own divine techniques were so lacking that merely mimicking them would give me what I needed. It must be so humiliating for you, yet even so, that humiliation is just about to begin.”

The wolf growled, summoning the will to use her Celestial Brush for one last strike. It hit Ninetails, only serving to anger him with a loud snarl but at least it interrupted his interminable monologue.

“So eager to proceed are you? Fine!” The demonic fox reared up on his hind legs, bringing the front pair crashing down. His claws pierced the ground, scoring deep gouges that filled up with flowing black ink.

When the scored ground filled, the ink leaked out, flowing deliberately toward the white wolf. Ninetails stalked forward, his claws settling on Amaterasu, holding her from squirming away. “So hard to land this on a moving target, thank you for tiring yourself out.”

She tried to bark and wiggle loose, wincing at the pain. The ink closed in, flowing to her paws. It rose, climbing up them as she tried to shake it off.

“Hehe, too late now, wolf.” The fox said, even giving her a shove, sliding her into the spreading blackness. The pools didn’t seem to diminish, flowing without cease. It wasn’t mere ink! As it flowed over her it thickened up, growing solid and weightier. “Yes, squirm, really let it get in every little crevice.” The demon taunted her as he watched. His own press had lifted, the ink stretched, pulling her back as it seeped over.

He shoved her then, rolling her over, black streaks being painted across her from the floor and then oozing to spread out. As he had said, Amaterasu was beyond saving.

The ink stuck to the fur. Already it was taking hold. As it dried, it only grew more lustrous, shining black rubber spreading where the ink had traced. Ninetails had won, his hand dipped into the groove of ink, speeding up the process and directing it on his own.

The writhing wolf found the ink pulling her back if she tried to squirm, slowly her thick white coat became smooth, shining black from nose to rump. The ink bubbled at the base of her

tail, stick-like strands branched out and then grew, becoming heavy tails, imitations of Ninetails' own, though less numerous, As they finished forming, so too did the inky latex swallow the tip of the divine wolf's tail.

None of her previous markings on show. Her own fighting with her paws weakened, they'd been consumed by the ink, swallowed and thickened up until they were in embarrassingly rounded mittens. Not even a hint of definition remained to them. "Hah, look at you, so helpless, so useless. A good start, my new pet." A last surge of the ink coated her, leaving the wells dry as it reinforced its hold on Amaterasu, converting her from her divine appearance into a more compacted fox-like one.

Amaterasu fought against it, brushing her chest, trying to push the rubber around, yet it stretched, bunched up and then calmly pulled back when she couldn't keep purchase of it! Her mouth and ears were covered and filled. Her nostrils and eyes had been coated in a thin enough layer for her to breath and see through yet still present enough that she could never ignore.

There was something else taking her focus, however; A tingling feeling, the more she fought the more flustered it was making her. Some dark energy inside the rubber was influencing her, sneaking past her guard. She'd been so caught up in her predicament that she only now realised that Ninetails had made himself scarce, no longer watching her.

There was little mystery as to where he had wandered. His subordinate oni ran from the same direction, summoned by their master with coils of thick brown rope in their arms. The monsters were more than happy to set the ropes upon her, payback for their fallen comrades and the plans that Amaterasu had managed to thwart.

Weakened from the fight, distracted by the tingles, the wolf still pushed, still growled but her resistance wasn't even enough to stop them being neat in their work. Ropes were twined around her body, coils at the waist bit into the thick rubber, then a latticed harness was built up above and below it, crossing diamonds that were tied as tight as the Oni could make them. They knew the latex fox-suit would be enough to prevent the ropes biting painfully or harmfully. Instead it meant that however she shifted, the squeeze of the brown braids pushed in, making those unwelcomely pleasant tingles even stronger.

They'd collared her with the rope, wrapped it around her thighs and shoulders and left it like that. The point wasn't to truss her up, but to humiliate her further, walking around looking all the more like a willing rope bunny than a subdued captive. Furthermore the oni could hook their hands into the ropes, which they demonstrated by hauling her onto her feet and pulling her away in pursuit of Ninetails.

She could feel dark energy surrounding her from the suit, constantly trying to wear her down, slowing her recovery. It was already an effort to walk, yet the four fake tails made it a

wearying struggle to even raise her flanks. Each time she stumbled the oni yanked her harshly, until they were practically dragging her.

Ninetails stood, watching with a grin seeing her so weak she couldn't even walk on her own. "I think it's time to finish the job."

The wolf let out a questioning grunt, before seeing two fresh oni moving in, carrying something between them. A mask, in the same style as the one Ninetails wore. She tried to turn her head away in one last bid of defiance, yet the oni grabbed the rope collar, holding her close and forcing the mask over her head. The ink coloured rubber quivered, latching onto it, pulling it into place.

All the dark and evil strength she'd felt was suddenly amplified, rocking her body, making her collapse at the sudden assailing flurry of feelings. "You always followed my commands well when I was in that loathsome disguise. I can't wait to break you and then train you up again so that you follow without question."

"You feel that stirring, that energy below your tails that begs for satisfaction? Only I will satisfy that. Only I *can*. But not yet. I'll let it build, let it swell until you would willingly obey an instruction that would go contrary to your very way of life! Now minions, take her away somewhere to think about her future."

She had lost. Lost the fight, lost the war and above all lost her sense of self. The burning she felt was all she could think of. Fresh ropes had been hooked into the harness, she'd been hauled up by them to dangle in a ramshackle cell, shaped in a mockery of a deity's shrine.

The weight of the fake tails held her lower half down, the binds of the rope held her forelegs up. She couldn't even try to rub to appease the feelings. Desperate longing was her companion.

Days later the oni had lowered her to the ground, keeping her tethered in case she tried to run, yet the only thought on her mind made her twist onto her back, fighting to try and sate the feeling.

Another day passed before Ninetails himself returned, he'd had the tip of four of his own tails decorated with ropes that held hooks. The oni pushed those hooks into Amaterasu's ropes, letting Ninetails lead her, half like a puppet, though he didn't even need to try. She was so eager to see him, so desperate to have him do what he claimed he could and give her a pause to that need, if just so she could think clearly for a second.

Even so, he didn't let her rest or give her what she craved. He made her dance by tugging ropes, made her prostrate and debase herself with words, laughing at how the land's chosen hope for salvation was his to toy with.

Yet still, for him to be satisfied, she would need to prove she could be manipulated without his presence.

His words and instructions were simple. “You will go, my pet. Back to that village, steal from them, break anything that catches your eye. Do this, evade capture, and I shall finally reward that throb.” He commanded.

The wolf shivered in excitement at the promise, twitching even before the oni removed the hooks that held her to Ninetails.

Once free of them, she bolted. A black shining fox. The mask, the tails and even the manner in which she would behave would leave no clue to the villagers that this was their saviour.

He had no doubt she would perform as ordered now. Even he could feel the corruption over her. Another week or so and perhaps he really would give her a bit of satisfaction. Yet he himself was patient, he could savour it, especially if it would mean she was truly broken by the time he did...