

The silkat Marie carefully crawled along the walls, scaling the remote building. A hunch had led her here and while she'd not seen the resident herself, she was certain there was treasure to be liberated from within.

It felt like a fifty-fifty chance that they were either some rich, exploitative asshole hiding their second house for tax reasons, or -judging by glimpses of things she'd seen in the resident's van- an artistic sculptor who was just a hermit. Still the security she had to slip past made her feel it was the former and if not, she could just leave the way she came, no harm no foul.

The windows were mostly secured, yet she found one that wasn't locked, just awkward for anyone to try opening from the outside. Fortunately her web not only let her reach the otherwise inaccessible portal but using a little more at the fingers let her stick to the glass and slide it open.

She clambered through, finding herself in what looked like an unused guest's bedroom. There was definite wealth in sight, expensive if not overly lavish, speaking more of pragmatic quality in the furniture and decor. On the whole it was not exactly the kind of stuff that was easy to pinch. There were a couple of nice looking, though not famous, paintings which teased her brain.

She pushed on quietly, sticking her head out of the door and to the hallway. Her exploration found a few things, making a careful map in her head of the route to take to claim the better pieces. Yet her hunch told her there was still a treasure trove to be had.

Marie should have been more careful about what she wished for, pushing into a dimly lit room, evoking a feeling of comfort, before her eyes fell on cheek-reddening sights. A few sculptures were on display, some free standing, others poking out of walls. They were made of different materials and carved splendidly, yet so many of them looked to be in an erotic and alluring pose, some even having what looked like bondage gear sculpted on.

She heard a light mumble that made her start, staring in case she'd overlooked someone in the comfortable chair or strewn pillows in one corner. Another mumble from a different direction caught her ears before her eyes were drawn to a shiny and clear coated metal statue. Her heart lurched as she recognised the muse for it in an instant, a friend of hers who'd gone missing months before! From what she saw below that clear coat of resin there was no doubt that it wasn't an inspired sculpture, it was Misty herself!

The steel dragoness hadn't seen her- she couldn't. Her eyes were behind metal caps that had been seemingly welded to her scales. What's more Marie could see even more work had been done to weld parts of her, with wires and discreet tubes stuck inside, so that she was being teased, edged and tormented.

"Misty! Misty, can you hear me?! It's Marie!" She said, brushing her hands over the resin face. "Hang on, I'll get you out of there."

There was no hint of recognition, she only heard a desperate mewling from the deprived dragoness that sounded more needy and hungry than distressed in any way.

It was some consolation that Misty wasn't squealing for help, though Marie suddenly felt worried over each of the other sculptures in the room. Her eyes turned and a fright conjured a squeal in her throat as an unfamiliar masked face loomed over her shoulder. A strong hand clapped over her mouth as a buzzing taser was shoved into her side, zapping her and making her fall.

Her assailant followed it up by tugging a cloth bag with a drawstring over her head to remove any chance of Marie identifying her. The figure didn't even breathe loud enough to be heard, hiding all tells as the taser crackled again, chased with a sharp stab as a syringe found and delivered a payload of chemicals. Marie's captor sat on her back and arms more than enough to keep her trapped as the world slipped away...

Slowly Marie returned to the waking world, at least in part. Her jaw felt tired and strained, with something stuck in it. She could feel her body, yet it wouldn't move, with her senses clouded and groggy she forced her eyes open. She was in a workshop, judging by the tools and devices on show, yet she couldn't even look to see them, something tight was fitted below her jaw, down to the base of her throat, holding her head from turning. "Aaagh, u-uaahh?!"

Her tongue was trapped, voice sounding hollow as it bounced through a thick tube. While she could barely move her form in tensing up her muscles she made another worrying discovery, plugs had been nestled into her lower holes and some kind of compressing sleeve had been wrapped over her tail. Her tensing muscles also found a solid shell embracing most of her body with just the occasional gap.

"Ah, you woke up before we were finished?" A stranger's voice rumbled, she wore the same mask over her face that Marie had seen, removing doubt that this was her assailant. In her hand was another very different mask, this one far more detailed. In fact, Marie saw it was an impressive replication of her own face made out of smooth white wax, though twisted in a strange expression, like an anguished laugh or scream. "Like it?" The woman said, holding it up to stare the false eyes into Marie's own.

"Ghhh!"

Without another word she inverted the mask, gloved fingers moving revealed tubes into the silkat's nostrils and a thicker one into the mouth.

Marie tried to shake her nose, to wiggle her ears, or anything to dislodge the waxy plate, yet with no mobility it stayed in place. Subtle pins held it steady anyway, to minimise risk of it coming loose too soon.

The Silkat had no way of knowing for sure exactly what was going on, though she had context clues to work with. She'd been grabbed in a room of too lifelike sculptures, one literally containing her friend and now she couldn't move and had been gagged by a mask of her own face. Her belly twisted as she feared she was going to join Misty in a matching circumstance.

There was a deep metallic click as her captor pushed a button, followed by a blaring noise as the machinery in her workshop sprang to life.

In darkness Marie was helpless to know what was going on, feeling a heat growing at the top of her head that seemed to spread and trickle down.

Her captor took off the identity shrouding mask letting her black striped orange fur out and watched impassively as molten wax was poured in a flood over the silkat-statue. She wandered around slowly to make sure that none of the potential problem areas misbehaved. She let herself speak, imagining the expression of her newest collection underneath the mask.

"You know, you left a few too many clues of your nature, by which I mean your thief's getup and the webbing you produce, I've used similar before. There's even some in the wax that covers about ninety-five percent of your body. That mix causes it to become far stronger when melted and cooled. You might be wondering about the other five percent." The tigress added. "To the outside they look like awkward blocks, especially now they're covered in wax but don't worry, I'll make sure to disguise them to look pretty." The wax continued apace, hiding any seams, with the tigress stepping in, a tool in hand to peel off any parts that fell awry.

"Ghhh, uhghh!" Marie tried to mumble from the mask as she felt the lightest vibrations from outside, her captor fitted a fake fluffy ruff around her neck, hiding the rigid posture collar, then took a multi piece carving of an artistic drape, pushing it into grooves, letting the molten wax cool around it to hold on and carefully putting a little more to hide any grooves or seams.

Slowly all of those blocks the tigress could see were covered up, as she worked in silence and ignored the muffled grunts. When it was all done she let herself speak once more.

"It was quite the puzzle I had to solve. How do I deal with an intruding art-thief, how do I make a unique piece and within all that, how do I save future costs by having a personal supply of webbing? I'm happy with my solution." She said, plucking a remote and moving closer so that she could whisper sensually in Marie's ear and still be heard. "In my research I saw them say that the right stimulation causes an abundance of web to be produced. I think that's bullshit, but I do like the idea of having you suffer."

Her thumb jabbed an on switch and then Marie felt a light vibration as multiple mechanisms kicked up. Something pulsed over her tail, first, that sleeve like feeling kneading where her silk came from, encouraging it out and actively milking it. Yet the discomfort of that was forgotten as every other toy sprang to life.

In each box and in the collar itself, whirring ticklers sprang to life, a pure assault of stimulation tucked into her neck, her ribs and nipples, with a many-roller set of tools pushing up to her feet from the pedestal she was stuck to!

“Ghhh-hhhh hhh nmhhh!” Marie squealed in laughter yet she couldn’t pull away from any of them, even her toes were unable to wiggle or curl to protect herself, each of the many tools was tuned differently, too. Round rollers with soft bristles moved in a pattern over the majority of her feet but small circular discs with rough, coarser hairs needled in at the finer points. She could feel the tight encasement around her shins keenly as each soft brush made her quiver and each sharper tweak made her want to kick, yet the casting of wax around her made that useless.

Each new twist provoked a fresh peal of overstimulated plaint, the mask and tube muffling it until even her captor could barely hear it.

At her neck, was a constant, softly buzzing pressure of many tiny brushes that ran up and down rails, trailing sensations in their wake, making her desperate to shrug her shoulders protectively and to hunch down yet she could no more do that than grow wings and fly.

Smooth nibbed mechanical fingers ran over her ribs, stroking the fur and then quivering in an awkward manner before finally at the nipples were a duo of pointy pokes and sensually smooth rubs, to top it all off her spasming attempts at squirming made her clench over the intrusive toys. In the hellish overload, Marie now fully understood the frozen expression of the mask, one of tortured laughter. She was barely conscious of the tigress purring out, “Well, looks like everything’s working as it should be.” before she moved her thumb to the next switch.

*click.*

“GHHHHGHHH!!!” Marie squealed. Those plugs sprang to life, vibrating with a staggered and switching intensity to buzz her. Thin enough to wiggle around, wide enough to be filling and make sure no spot of her could stay hidden in their quivering patrol. She let out a desperate plea for her own body to calm itself, yet even that focus was broken by a spread out gale of laughs. The heat was getting to her and whether the tale was true or not, she could already feel the mechanisms at her tail extracting webbing.

Despite the immobilisation being unwarranted and the tickling torment beyond her capacity, she still felt her body reacting with arousal, which turned to a flood as the toys provoked her into orgasm. With her body yielding her mind did too, stopping in its struggles and letting out desperate muffled laughter and begs for more attention.

“Oh don’t whine, your poor dragoness friend has been desperate for this.” The tigress said loudly but with a taunting glee in her tone as she heard the first climax, clicking all the toys off now they were tested, all except the web extractor. “We’ll let you experience all the climaxes we kept from her once you’re in public. I can’t wait to see people gossiping about the moaning

sculpture. Then when you catch up, we'll move you back so you can stay with her. That's what you were here to steal right?"

She asked, yet even though the toys had stopped, Marie's nerves were still tingling in the after effects. She barely registered a word as the tigress made some last finishing touches to her prison and arranged for her to be moved.

The statue had been taken not to the general public but still to an area where those who passed by knew what was at stake and held no intention of stepping in to help. After all, several of them owned their own pieces or hoped one day to have one.

Marie's brain was mush, overstimulated to an extreme, passing out under the assault only to wake with it still in full swing. She was dimly aware of figures approaching her when, judging by the silence, it was the cold quiet of night time. None of her toys were buzzing, yet she was far too tired to enjoy the peace. She felt some rough vibrations, impacts as receptacles at the end of various tubes were replaced and whatever they were sustaining her with was hooked in for another load.

She dreamed about them, her perception of her situation distorted to that of a naked woman in a glass box, calling for help from passersby who didn't notice her. Only for the dream to crash down as a rumbling earthquake broke her world and woke her into the darkness and overstimulation that was her routine, kicking off with the first of many thundering climaxes of the day.

She hung onto herself despite the situation, able to find rare moments of peace among the lost memories of endless excitement. She was slowing down, or so she thought, her body getting used to it and needing even more to climax, craving even more. To keep herself in check she even let herself give in and enjoy it from time to time.

After many nights she woke again, yet the devices were all still. Even though she heard the faint murmur of conversation and others walking around her. Her heart skipped in hope, were the machines broken? Had they run out of batteries? Did they even run on batteries? Yet no sooner had the hope hit her than it turned to disappointment, if no one noticed did that mean no more bliss?!

"Woke up yet? Ah, there's my sleepyhead." The tigress voice crooned. She brushed her fingers tenderly over the waxen figure, tapping over her smoothed breasts to transfer a shred of feeling through "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting for a whole month, though I am impressed, you caught up to your friend's total much was faster than expected-" her words became meaningless drivel to Marie as she phased out, her own thoughts piling in.

*A month?! It couldn't have been more than a week! Even a week was extreme, no way she'd not be found or rescued or let out for that, or something!! Right?!*

A tired throat tried to groan and whine, not able to even moan correctly as she ran through so many thoughts, maybe it was a lie to trick her, maybe- but to what end? Her attention snapped back as she heard something, her captor had spoken about moving her, 'reuniting' her with what she assumed was... who again? Misty! It was Misty. "It's a shame isn't it. But your web is just too valuable for you to be a display piece. Don't worry, there's a nice alcove already prepared in my workshop's wall, and you won't have to worry about it being on display. When the cement sets behind you no one will even know it for anything other than a smooth wall"

Marie's jumbled brain tried to catch up, what had she missed. Some kind of apology had been mixed in. "You're taking this well." The tigress said with a sadistic smirk. "I'll make sure to give her your regards, though I think her brain is even more scrambled than yours. Try to bear a few hours without orgasm, won't you? You can have all the thrills you need when we smooth the concrete over your new home."

Marie squealed as the tigress stepped away, making sure to laugh long and clear so that the silkat could hear her leaving.

With cold pressure stealing over her, she was given further peace, yet her mind was anything but, considering how if her fortunes didn't change soon, she would be another missing person, turned from a free agent to a simple living web dispenser and embedded inside a wall.

As horrifying as the thought was, her brain still whispered to her; *'I hope they leave me these toys.'*