

“Is that the one?” A figure asked, indicating the subject of her question with a nod.

“Is that the one?” How many short rabbits do you see openly wearing a collar that matches the description we were given?” Her company replied.

“Heh, easy, easy, was just askin’. On three then...”

The bunny, Bennett, was enjoying a simple stroll. A walk to take his mind off a few things. His fox, his love, Niko, had been too busy to see him for a while and after an emergency intervened to cancel the plans they had made for last night, Bennett had woken up needing space and fresh air.

He thumbed the collar at his neck, idly running his touch over the dangling carrot-shaped tag. It helped keep him grounded, stopping his thoughts straying too far. The walk did him good, he’d be able to spend proper time with Niko soon enough.

As he walked he heard a rustling of branches from a hedge to the side. His ear flicked as he turned his head in time to see a figure emerge, dressed mostly in black with white cartoon bones on their attire. An amused part of his mind wondered that it was a bit early to be roaming in Halloween costumes. A second one emerged, right in front of him, skull-like masks hiding their faces as they reached out, swapping him from amused thoughts to definite concern. “Whoa, watch it, buddy. Hey, keep back!” He gasped.

Panic seized him and he tried to run the one way he could, off to the hedge-less side. Yet the figure from behind had anticipated that. He leapt low, tackling the rabbit and holding him onto the ground long enough for the other one to hurry over and wrap her arm around his neck in a headlock. “Nngh, no, get back! Let me go!”

She was powerfully built, strong enough to hold Bennett on her own, her free hand slapping over his mouth before he could shout any more. Her co-conspirator rose to stand, still holding Bennett’s body and lifting him by the hips, catching one of his arms.

His kicking feet and singular free arm didn’t do enough to dissuade them as they dragged him through the hedge, hidden from the path and from view.

“Mmmh, mmmph!” He complained.

“Told ya it would be easy.” Said the woman carrying him.

They retracted their steps, well away from the areas that anyone might just happen to stumble past, wriggling cargo in tow.

“Here we go!” The woman said, arriving in an area they’d marked out, a few supplies for themselves during the stake out were tucked amid bags, boxes and an extended mat on the floor. This was worryingly well prepared in advance.

From her build and the few distinct things Bennett could make out he assumed his captors were hyenas, yet beyond that he hadn’t a hope of guessing. Her hand moved from his mouth to grab something off the floor.

“What do you want from me? Why are you doing this?!” Bennett demanded, only to fall into wide-eyed silence as the emptied hand came back with a knife.

“I’d advise you to shut the hell up and work with us here. This is happening one way or another. You got it short-stuff?”

He wilted, being under five foot high Bennett felt dwarfed by many others, especially when dealing with the physique of his captors.

“That’s right.” The other one said, plucking the knife out of his fellow’s grasp. “No need to ruin all these clothes, right?” He said, knife brushing near before he simply moved to unbutton the shirt Bennett wore.

The rabbit grew ever more fearful as he was bared to the world, paranoia creeping in over one small aspect. As part of his plans with Niko he’d stuck a chastity cage in place, the fear had chased it from his mind until now but he was terrified of what these figures might do when they saw it.

His hands didn’t drop fast enough to cover it, yet all it earned was an amused derisive snort from the woman.

They ignored the cage and collar, leaving them on but otherwise removing all he wore and owned so that every strand of his light blueish-tinged fur was on show. “Don’t squirm and don’t fight or we’ll skip straight to the awful parts.” The woman said, flinging a couple of silvery rolls of tape in front of him. The hyena man of the pair pulled out rolls of clear plastic instead, unrolling one and moving to matter of factly start plastering it over Bennett. He rolled it around, the woman seeming to wait just enough for Bennett to confirm his behaviour before joining in.

“Wh-wh-” He started before a sharp turn of the creepy skull-masked head reminded him they weren’t taking questions.

His collar was removed making him gasp in worry before they wrapped him up, neck down, leaving not an inch of fur poking through before they turned to the tape. “Time to squeeze ya good.” The woman said, the grin obvious in her voice.

“M-meep...”

Between the two of them it still took a good while to wrap Bennett up yet they made a thorough job of it. Encasing him so that he was just a shape within the tape, arms trapped at his sides, unable to shift them.

As they finished the layers, ending around his neck, the collar was returned, tugged tightly to nestle in place and help secure the wrap. The tape was also sturdy enough that Bennett had a hard time moving!

“So kind of you to make this so easy for us. You know, if you make it *too* easy, we’re not going to want to let go of you.” The woman teased, straddling the short bunny between her as she sat over his chest, holding out a hand for her partner to pass something over.

Bennett feared that those words were trying to bait him into struggling to encourage harsher treatment. He held himself calm as he saw the object, a thick ball gag.

“Pah...” The hyena grumbled at the lack of fight. Swapping gears instead to just get it over with. The gag was shoved into his mouth, buckled down, then a cloth hood with a built-in blindfold and ear holes was tugged on top, forcing him into muffled darkness.

“Alright, last touch and then we can take you home.” The hyena said, filling Bennett with a fresh icy-wash of worry. Blinded he could only intuit by hearing and feeling as something slid under him, something that thinned at his wrapped ankles, taking some work to slip over the feet. A zipper sound sawed the air as the bunny-body shaped sleep sack was closed down the front, an extra layer of pressure building on all angles, reinforced every few inches by a strap that was drawn as tight as his captors could pull.

“Mh-mhhhh... mhhhhh!” Bennett whined as the pressure reached a maximum point. If it weren’t for these strangers kidnapping him this entire predicament might have been intensely attractive.

Indeed, even though it was still scary, the chastity cage was tested from the feeling Bennett still felt, though the fear certainly made it harder to revel in that. The sleep-sack had no hood, but it seemed they’d had a thicker one prepared to compensate. Nestling it over the tip of his nose, pushing so the nostril holes were in place. Before they slipped it full over however, he felt a pressure against the top of his head. “Nighty night.” The woman said before she shoved an earplug into place.

“MmmhH!!! NHHHHG!” Bennett mewled, the second plug rubbed into position, removing one of his few remaining senses. The hood slid over, making sure they wouldn’t come loose, reducing the bunny’s world to scratching vibrations as their fingers secured the final restraint.

He heard light mumbling as the hyena, Samara, finally pulled off the stuffy mask she’d been wearing. “Whew, job mostly done. Ahh, shit, we shoulda got a body bag in orange. We coulda made giant carrot jokes.”

“If only we had time we could rip the stuffing out of a carrot plush instead.” Her brother replied, unmasking as well. “Right, pack this stuff up, stow it, we wasted too much time, we’ll have to pick it up later. Now we’ve got a package to deliver.”

Bennett heard not a word of it, only aware that he’d been lifted and carried off. Worse still, when the hyena twins had dragged him to the van they were using, they’d tied a flock of straps to several rings on the sack and the leather, suspending him in the air. Effective in removing even touch.

He still felt his personal prison shifting as the vehicle moved and bounced, yet he felt in utter deprivation throughout.

As he was driven to parts unknown, his thoughts were of Niko, worrying that the fox might have tried to contact him and be unable to reach him. That he wouldn’t know what had happened.

They drove far, their final destination not all that great a distance from where they’d grabbed him, yet they needed to obfuscate that fact to their passenger. The twin’s role was done when they reached the home in front of them, pulling out the rabbit and carrying him inside, suspending him in the house by just the straps and rings around his shoulders.

The homeowner watched the pair go after receiving a full update from them. The version of facts they were given differed from the truth, enough to get them motivated to carry out the snatch and grab.

With a grin the homeowner approached the lightly squirming sack of rabbit, rubbing in, brushing his hands closer. He wanted to let Bennett stew for a bit, to worry about why he’d stopped moving only to be left in the air, yet ultimately decided that he’d endured enough unpleasant surprises for one day to have earned a good one.

Bennett felt a hand at his hood, prising it apart, pulling it open and slipping up to an ear. The figure gently, tenderly pulled the plug out before leaning in, whispering. “Hey bun, it’s me.”

“Mhhkhh?!” Bennett gasped as he recognised Niko’s voice.

“Bit of a mean surprise I admit.” Niko replied in a close whisper. “But don’t worry, it was all planned, all within your limits, and now you’re here, you’re home. You’re safe.” He assured him, moving closer, hugging the bundle from behind.

The violent cocktail of emotions swirled inside Bennett’s head. Annoyance, frustration, relief, passion and arousal. Yet even he realised that it had spelled an end to any air of fear or dread.

His incoherent grunts earned a chuckle from Niko. “Here’s what I’ll do, now you know you’re a safe, sexy little cocoon, I’m gonna plug that ear back, let you squirm and enjoy it a bit. Then I’ll get you down and we can adjust things. By the way, the tape and the wrap will have to go eventually. But the new bag and hood look like they’re keepers to me.” Niko added planting a loud smooch on the back of Bennett’s head.

“I told you I’d make it up to you and this is just the start of that repayment. Love ya.” He said, seeing the shiver of enticed energy replacing all the concern as he hoped it would. He’d make sure it was a nice, long day.

Within the confines the helpless bunny had been fully calmed, fully reassured, and now a new impatience was welling up. Suddenly eager to see what his fox had planned next, his squirms swapped from testing the bonds to simply enjoying them instead...