

“Ellie, we can’t keep this up. We’ve got bills up to here!” Metra said, the wolf woman sighing in exasperation as she flicked on the lights to the dark rear office of the agency she worked at. There was a sudden scurry of motion, legs pulled off a table, a file splayed out and a glass so long empty it had dried the last remnants of what it held was snatched into a hand as Ellie, desperate to appear as though she’d been interrupted, looked up.

“Hey, if money’s so tight, why are you turning the lights on?! The gloom fits my hard boiled detective look.” Ellie replied indignantly, the dalmatian moving to take a sip only to notice the lack of any liquid in the receptacle and only a bottle of water nearby.

“Oh yeah, ‘hard-boiled’ eyes work better when they can’t see? Or just when they’re totally lidded? Y’know with how loud you were snoring I’m surprised you *weren’t* downing a full bottle of whiskey.” She said, sorting through the bills in her employer’s sight to try and ram home the point.

“S-snoring?! I wasn’t snoring, was I?” The dalmatian gasped in shock.

“No you weren’t, which you’d know if you’d been awake.” Metra declared with victorious snark.

That set Ellie pouting, she was on the back foot, she needed something to- *Riiiiing, riiiiing*. The old timey bell on the phone set thrummed aloud, startling them both but sensing an escape from the verbal hole she was digging herself, her arm moved on its own, snatching up the receiver.

“Dalmaine Detective Agency!” She said, happy to steal her secretary’s job this time if just to move things away from the awkward line of questioning.

Metra stood there, mouth wordlessly flapping before turning and marching to her desk, sitting abruptly and making a point of shuffling papers loudly.

“Hello, I need to speak with Miss Dalmaine, urgently and on a matter of secrecy.” A hushed but husky voice called through the line, one laced with an accent from the countryside. Ellie could imagine the speaker, the kind of woman who was usually bad news for someone, the kind who made sure to have flowing blonde hair even if they had to defy nature with dyes.

“This is she, speaking, whatever your mystery is, we can get to the bottom of it!” She said Metra curled a brow as if to say ‘please tell me that’s not going to be a new catchphrase’ to which Ellie shooed her attention, sending her back to the bills.

The voice paused for a moment, as if taken aback to have got to the source on her first try. “I see. Miss Dalmaine, there is something I need your agency for. Something I fear I am not at liberty to discuss quite so openly.”

“It’s just me and my secretary in earshot, ma’am. Anything you tell me she can bear, too.” Ellie insisted in a slightly more gentle manner, reassuring her.

“That’s awfully kind of you to say but it’s not your office I’m worried over.” The speaker replied, tapping the receiver itself.

Ellie might not have known immediately what she meant, yet she suspected close enough; the phone lines themselves. “Hmm. I see. Can I at least have your name and any particulars you can discuss?”

“Lola, Lola Thurston. At least, that’s what I’d like you to call me in our dealings.” She said, seeming to end her train of thought there.

“Alright Ms. Thurston. What of the case, anything at all you can give me? A cheating spouse? A crooked politician?” Ellie inquired trying to bring it to the more pressing query.

“It’s ‘Mrs.’. And stop there, detective, guessing over the phone is a risky thing to do. I truly can’t tell you much beyond that this is big. Deep trouble to all involved and sensitive to levels you wouldn’t believe. Though if you take on this case I can promise one thing; you won’t need to think about money for a long time.” Lola said.

Ellie’s eyes darted at the stack of bills, then up, seeing Metra was staring at her. The wolf furrowed her brow and shook her head. There were too many red flags in this call.

Something about the unspoken admonishment gripped Ellie with a spirit of defiance. While surely if it was desperate the client would be able to see them in person, perhaps this was of a magnitude greater than she’d handled, something to put them on the map. And in fairness Metra herself was the one griping about money.

“We have a private spot, I can assure you it’s safe if you’d want to meet there. I’d stake my reputation on its safety, in fact.” Ellie said over the phone.

“You’re interested then? Good. However that won’t cut it. I don’t know where it might be but my movements are severely limited. There’s only one place I trust that I can get to and back without being noticed.” Lola replied with a hum.

Metra’s eyes continued to try to snare Ellie’s own as she shook with further disapproval, to which Ellie smiled back with aggressive sweetness. “Alright Mrs. Thurston, where and when do I meet you?”

Ellie had not convinced Metra to drop the matter, nor to engage and entertain it. Due to the contentious nature of the case Metra had threatened to let her go alone if she insisted on it, hoping that the lack of backup would make Ellie think again.

Instead it drove her to be all the more stubborn, setting off on her own and glad that she didn't disclose the location. Still, that stubbornness faltered in the face of the dark alleyways that screamed their need for maintenance. If anything this seemed like the kind of area one would go to outright hide all manner of activities, not just disclose sensitive secrets. No wonder Mrs. Thurston had delivered half of her directions over the phone and then sent a discreet envelope containing the rest, including some riddles that would only make sense if the reader had both the letter and the notes Ellie had made in the call.

It's all a test, she told herself. Surmising that she had to prove she could deduce the right place, and in following the instructions prove she could be trusted, too before they really told her what was up. She tried to swallow her misgivings as she pushed on. Dark cramped walls stained by leaking water, two separate blocks declaring themselves as condemned sites with cautionary signs aplenty, one of which she had to pass through, hoping that her brief incursion wouldn't be recorded as trespassing.

She hefted the satchel she wore a bit closer to her side, like it might offer some protection from more than just her own nerves. 'Cross past the old, sliding door and enter the doorway on your left' was the last of her directions and no door looked so old as that one, it even looked rusted shut although the eroded holes in it dispelled any thought of it being secure, especially for avoiding an unseen ear.

'Seems more like something out of a horror movie.' Ellie thought to herself shivering as the wind chose that exact moment to rattle something up above her, she scowled in that general direction before stepping around the wall, seeing the mentioned doorway. Her contact had even been meticulous in describing that it should be open but only so much, or else she should assume it was compromised.

It all looked good. With one last breath to steady her nerves she slipped into her professional focused mindset, back straightening, doubts squashed and giving one careful glance to ensure there was nothing unusual about the shadows behind her, she strode in.

It was dark, even before she pushed the door shut as instructed. As soon as it latched there was a click and a flash from behind her. Maintaining that complete control, Ellie turned smoothly to look at a figure illuminated by a spotlight, sitting in a chair, a coat with the collar upturned cradled the neck, while a carefully perched, dramatically wide brimmed hat kept the wearer's face, even to their snout, in the darkness. Mrs. Thurston looked heavier in frame than Ellie expected. Opposite from them sat an identical and empty chair, its back turned to Ellie. "A bit of a flair for theatrics if this is such a secretive meeting." Ellie commented.

"Forgive me, detective, but I thought a little window dressing would show I mean business and am not looking to waste your time." Lola spoke, quieting one fear in Ellie's mind, that the client over the phone might not truly meet her. She didn't let it show, keeping her same sure and calm demeanour. She reached into her satchel drawing out a pad and pencil and took a seat opposite the woman.

“It’s fine, just a bit unexpected. This place is remote but if you vouch for its privacy then I’m not going to second guess you. So what is this urgent yet secret case?”

There was a silence, a pause which drew out. A few clients had needed a moment especially if they were about to open a can of secrets. “You weren’t followed?” She said instead, only needing Ellie’s light nod to satisfy her. “Good. What I’m about to tell you will not leave this room.”

The tension was palpable, Ellie was pulled in, focused on the silhouette, even though she still felt something was off.

“The case I need help with- your help with.” As she spoke something happened to Lola’s voice, as though she was suddenly moved, all while she sat still on the chair. “Let’s call it the case of the missing detective.” There was a rustling noise behind her, before a damp cloth was pushed over Ellie’s lips, a strong arm wrapped in a drab sleeve held it there and grabbed her neck in a headlock. The dalmatian reacted but too slowly, her hands trying to prise the choking arm away even as the cloth’s chemical smell flooded her. She kicked the chair back, catching her assailant in the shin, yet that elicited only a growl and a tightening squeeze as the figure fell forward, using leverage and weight to topple Ellie with her on top. The dalmatian reached her hand forward, catching the coat of the seated form. The garment came away in her grip letting her glimpse something in that moment, though her eyes struggled to make sense of it, beyond that Lola Thurston had not been in the chair, no one had, just a strange shape of grey and white fluff.

The sleep-inducing chemical had blurred her eyes and taken hold and though it felt to her that she struggled with her full might, her kicks were weaker than a breeze.

Only once she was certain that Ellie had fallen still did the alias-using tigress stand and click on a second lightswitch, illuminating the room further. A dalmatian woman out cold on the floor, beside her what looked at first like a decapitated husky head and the hat it had been hidden under until one saw the head itself was too large, hollow, with a cartoonish grin and made of fabric besides. That same fabric on show where the coat had slipped away, pulling the equally empty body with it that sagged into a pool of stuffed softness.

A door at the back of the room opened and two figures walked in, the first a german shepherd had even and measured steps which broke into a more excited pace as he approached, rubbing his hands together. “This is our snoop? Out like a light already? And here I was hoping she’d be made of sterner stuff.”

“Heh, how she looks now is definitely the height of her ‘stern’ period.” The second one said a skunk with slicked fur, his eyes on the large empty body, knowing exactly what it was for.

“Oh be kind, with how new she is this is probably her first professional double-cross.” Lola purred as she moved to the downed Ellie, taking her satchel, looking through it for anything that might present a danger. An old fashioned tape recorder came out, Lola took the tape within

it and made sure to shred the line and crush the case, just to be sure there were no unsuspected records.

“What if she’s wearing a wire?” The second voice asked.

“That’s for our ‘friend’ here to find out with me. Isn’t that right?”

Rough pulling, accompanied by some blade cuts soon divested the unconscious canine of every scrap of clothing, the ruined pieces were scooped up by the skunk, thrown into a barrel and splashed with a token of gasoline.

The fwoosh of flame destroying each scrap showed it was quite unnecessary, though it mattered not, they were not going to leave anything to chance. Meanwhile, the tiger and german shepherd had been seeing to the detective.

Sharp snips punctured the air as a pair of clippers were brought to each of Ellie’s claws by the man. After a hand or foot was done, the tigress slathered its wrist or ankle in liquid, before chasing it with a tight rubber mitten or sock. The liquid would bond to it, sticking it like glue if not removed quickly, something that they had no intention of allowing.

A pair of equally shiny shorts were pulled up her legs next, a struggle that tired the tigress out, yet she was happy to spend the effort, while her german shepherd ally snapped a rubber circle around Ellie’s shoulders, stretching to compress her chest, covering her breasts aside from two rounded bumps- toys secured there for later.

Similarly there was another currently inert treat below Ellie’s waist, outlined by that tightness, ensuring it would stay in the correct position.

The shiny items were chased with a cloying cloth suit, a zentai outfit that caught and stretched on the rubber, requiring a thorough bit of care to squeeze into place. It was cast in an opaque dark blue with a glossy sheen that hid away the white and black spots of the dalmatian’s coat, passing up her back, over her shoulders, with just Ellie’s head left free and even that was only temporary.

“No bugs.” The skunk said happily as he watched the last of the flame fall to embers.

“Good, then get over here, we need you.”

“Aww, look, she already looks so soft.” He said as he approached, the thickness of the suit was palpable in how it softened the curves and masked, if not hid, the vibrators. His hand fell lecherously on a breast before his colleagues reminded him with a grunt that they needed his *help* not his self amusement.

The next part was luckily easier for the three villains, the large plush body slid as smoothly over the zentai fabric as it had over the floor when they’d dragged it near. It was quite easily positioned until they reached her waist, then it was time for the skunk’s expertise, a needle

and thread in hand he wove deft sturdy stitches around Ellie's waist, connecting the sheer fabric to the lining of the fat and soft suit.

Anchoring threads were poked around her shoulders though less powerful than the waist, as if these were meant to be breakable with enough struggles to potentially give her hope the waist would yield too.- If she even got that far.

The opening however, *that* received a surfeit of threads, stitching it shut meticulously, right to the base of Ellie's neck where the suit had a puffed up and squishy piece, like a stuffed version of a fluffy ruff . The tigress supported the dalmatian's upper body, gently stroking Ellie's hair idly, while the others finished.

With the suit on, they all slid their hands in the narrow space of the opening, tugging and testing it. It held, far beyond the strength of what one already dressed up dalmatian could likely achieve on her own even if by some stroke of luck her arms got free. The tigress and skunk let her down on her front, taking a step back and admiring their handiwork. The suit was thickly padded all over, enough to squish under her weight, grey and white fabric with soft fingerless and toeless paws looking more like a truly giant carnival prize than a body-filled suit.

Now was the german shepherd's turn. The other two excused themselves, walking out the back door, travelling to make ready for the rest of their plan. Left alone he gathered up two looped bundles of ropes, employing the first in building a rope harness around the plush-suit's body, making sure it was tight in all the right spots. The second loop was brought to her arms, the entire length used up in restraining loops at her upper arms, her elbows and then her forearms. The lattermost of which were stretched to her sides and bound fast to the harness at hip level in a pose that would make a rope bunny squeal in delight.

The bound up dog brought several thoughts to mind but he suppressed them, it wouldn't do to keep the others waiting. He turned the unconscious Ellie onto her back and pulled her jaw open, selecting several pieces of cloth to stuff into her cheeks and fill her mouth before chasing it with a shaped muzzle.

He brushed her head as he secured the three pointed straps behind her cheeks and between the ears. "Some of the people I've dealt with would love to have an outfit like this. You must be really interesting to our mutual 'friends' if they're giving away all of this for free." He said with a chuckle. "Well, they'll be waiting for me, let's get going." He said, hefting the knocked out mostly-plush over his shoulder, stopping only to pick up the headpiece on the way. "Would have been embarrassing to forget that part."

He headed out of the rear door and to another of the condemned buildings, he heard his colleagues before he saw them, their presence given away by the grinding churn of a cement mixer positioned near a cuboid cut out in the ground. A stiff length of pipe stuck out from the edge and as he approached he saw the rest of what he'd been expecting. A solid box, missing its

top, waited below, big enough for two people if they were naked and didn't mind some close body contact. More than large enough to fit a single suited doggy.

"All ready here." The tigress said.

"Me too." The german shepherd said. Carrying the detective to a chair beside a table with some last bits, a solid looking blindfold, a set of padlocks and keys, a locking collar and a larger chunkier one.

"Y'know, I had intended to watch the fear in her eyes and revel in it." The tigress said. "Now we're here though, I think it's better if she doesn't get to see any of us, that means if the miracle does happen we get a second chance to play. Blind her."

The wolf moved to do so, settling the blindfold across Ellie's muzzle, covering her eyes in padded lining, even weaving the straps through that of the muzzle to make sure one couldn't be removed on its own. "Now we wait..." She nearly named her colleague but caught herself, gesturing to the skunk. "And you can do all the poking you want to help wake her up."

A strange muted rubbing was the first thing Ellie noticed around an overly foggy head. Then the stretch of her cheeks and the packed layers of cloth inside her lips stole her focus. "Mmh? Mhhmhph?!"

Her hands tried to raise up, jerking something tight around hip level where they were trapped, her arms paradoxically felt softly squishy yet with key rigid points that refused to budge. "MMMh!? HLMMHHPH!" She squealed, realising something was up.

"Good morning, Detective Dalmaine." Lola's voice drawled.

"Nhhhhhh!" Ellie growled, recognising the tone trying to stand but feeling two sets of arms, one pushing at her front, the other holding her shoulders. Her brain was playing catch up, rolled back in memory and trying to connect the dots between when she'd last been conscious and now.

"Now, now, we've been so generous in waiting for your attention. You see, I told you a few things about this case. Told you there was deep, deep trouble involved." Her eyes moved to the pit. "Well, you can't see it yourself, but I'd say the trouble's about six feet deep?"

"Nmmhh! Lmmmmhmm! Lmmh-hmmm!" Ellie's mind was able to make some very disturbing and unfortunately accurate guesses even before she started to figure out the sound of that churning mixer for what it was.

"I also told you how this case was very sensitive... boys?" On cue one of the hands at Ellie's front pulled away and there was a click before sudden powerful vibrations thrummed to

life at her nipples and crotch. “I’m sure I gave you a couple more clues but I fondly recall letting you know you wouldn’t need to worry about your finances for a while, possibly ever again.”

“NNHHH NHHHMH!!” Ellie fought and writhed, the two even let go, allowing her to kick off the chair and make a run for it. However, in her blind panic she stumbled on a cable lazily left on the floor, falling further than she should have, down into the very pit they’d prepared, hearing a strange bell chime as she did so.

“So eager to tuck in and get on with solving the case, that’s what we like to see. You’ll have heard that bell there? There’s a nice tube with a cord in it, the tube will let you keep breathing, the bell will let you ring for attention provided you don’t tug hard enough to knock it off its hook.” The tigress drawled on. “Best you discover that while you definitely can still hear us. But keen to start solving as you are, we can’t let you yet, we aren’t finished after all.”

Ellie felt hands on her shoulders, followed by the strange stiffness of the sewn threads pulling on the suit and raising her up, her chest was brought to the pit’s edge then a sturdy knee pinned her back in place. “If you get loose, maybe you can lift my fingerprints from your hair.” The tigress said as she took a handful and pulled the front of the zentai hood over the dalmatian’s face, burying the last of her head. The zippers whistled together before clicking as one of the padlocks was slipped into position, tightening the suit on and protecting it from coming loose. That zipper was drawn down to the nape of Ellie’s neck then chased with the thinner collar, strapped around her throat, biting into the thick fabric before locking to further confound the zipper.

“I’ll at least let you in on what you look like.” The tigress commented. “Maybe it’s a clue, maybe it’s a red herring. You’re now a giant, soft, and squeezable grey husky. Isn’t that fun? Now we’ll seal the deal.”

“MMMh, MmmmmNHGH!” Ellie yelled out loud, hoping someone might be passing, though even if so, it’d have to be someone who was not just willing but *able* to take on her three assailants.

The knee on her back moved and with it her breasts were pushed into the vibrators, teasing her nipples severely, making her gasp in an addled mewl rather than outright yell as intended.

There was some scuffling as the third member brought the heavy husky mask over to the detective and together they worked it on, the final chunky collar threaded between subtle straps on the mask and the fur ruff of the suit to hold it in position despite Ellie’s attempts to throw it off.

With her head doubly covered the air immediately felt warmer, the world more muffled as the tigress spoke. “Good luck with the case, detective. Don’t forget to ring me and we can discuss your proper payment.”

With a dramatic flourish hands scooped Ellie's body up off the ground and back into the hole, sending her tumbling into the box. "Mmhhs Mhhhs! MMMMMH!!" She scrambled back to an awkward stand, legs quivering at the renewed attention of the vibrator kissing her intimacy, not least because of the awkward pose her bound hands forced her to make. She tried to leap, to butt the lid on the case and foul its application.

"Oh I wouldn't." The tigress added. "The lid is for your protection, if we start pouring with that disturbed, well, you'll be a nice solid block but then you won't be able to ring!"

"MMMGH!?" With a whimpering plaint Ellie stopped, the box lid repositioned and settled down above her, pushing her head back down with it. It only further revealed that the box was shorter than she at full height, the only saving grace being that it was wider than it was tall.

All the same, it stirred the desperation of a cornered animal. Every part of her fight or flight feeling wanted to push it open and scramble, yet she knew to have a hope this was one concession she'd need to make. Instead she turned her focus to her immediate stuffy restraints. Her hands could just about move, yet she felt the rubber over her fingers was just out of reach and the glue keeping her moving the mitts closer or further from them. The thick paws were padded up so that she couldn't bend them with much dexterity, barely even capable of stroking at the ropes, hoping she could find a knot. That was before even worrying about the rest of what she was wearing and how to get free from it.

The first of the cement landed on the box, drumming like heavy rain, making her whine and groan again, her frantic thrashing in her restraints caught the bell cord and sent it to tinkle lightly above her, the sound already louder through the tube than from above.

As the foot and a few inch width of concrete settled to pin the box shut, the two men smoothed it out. It would cure and be almost indiscernible from the floor, if it weren't for the bell. The tigress smirked, waiting for them to finish before kneeling at the edge, speaking loudly. "I suppose it's less the case of the missing detective and more the case *full* of missing detective." She said with a laugh, a statement that surely would have made Ellie rage if she'd been able to hear it. "Oh, silly me, I forgot to leave you the key! Well if you're worth it you'll figure something out."

As she spoke the key itself was in her hand, which she used to scrape out the words '-Love, "Lola"' drawing a pair of kissing lips into which she pushed the key, allowing just a little of the wet cement to creep over the top of it. She didn't know how anyone might go about extracting the dog but the idea that they would break the only key in the process was certainly amusing to her.

The bell chimed once more next to them, making her chuckle, waving to the skunk. "Sounds like she needs encouragement. Give her some moral support, eh?"

He smirked and turned the vibrator's linked remote up, unsure if the signal even travelled to her and uncaring besides, though the sudden quivering jingle of the bell made them think it had worked. "Now, you lads go tell 'you know who' that the new snoop on the street has been taken care of. I'll wait and watch to make sure no one comes by for a rescue while it's too easy."

She pulled up the seat, settling down to purr. Whoever said watching paint dry was boring hadn't done so while it was masking a very kinky scenario from the public eye...

'Jingle, jingle, jingle.' the bell chimed drifted through the air of the long since abandoned building. *'Jingle jingle jingle!'* The one pulling the cord wishing with each dance that someone would hear and would investigate.

After long hours of struggling, the unseen dalmatian had shed the ropes, yet try as she might, not a single piece of her costume was moving. "Mmmh... Mmmmhphh!!" She'd had a few moments where she thought she'd felt threads breaking to give her just enough hope that she could be let down again.

She was hot, she was stuffy, and through it all the teasing thrumming toys had made sure she never had a clear headed moment.

When she finally managed to put her back fully against the lid of the box and try to strain it was like trying to push a wall. Her fear only grew. She had held onto some hope that they were playing, pretending to use cement just to scare her. That they'd lift the lid, throw her to the side and send her on her way, still in the humiliating suit. Hoping that it was all a mere intimidation warning to try and assert their control over her.

Instead, it seemed that they very much had buried her alive under a slab she couldn't move. And more worryingly still, she doubted if she had been the one searching that she'd even find this slab in time.

"Gmmh! Fhmmhnnn!" She moaned as she fell back onto her rump trying desperately one more time to pull the great stuffy head with its deceptively cute expression off, feeling the chest of the suit rise with it only to resist as the extra threads grew taut.

There was no getting out for her, not without rescue. With a chill that defied the seeping heat she hugged around her legs, trying to ignore the buzzing, her only companion. Unsure if she'd celebrate or lose even more of her hope when the batteries within them died.

Her hand at least could still find the bell thread, and as the fear she might not be found in time started to squeeze down, she gave it another pathetic tug.

‘Jingle....jingle....’