

It's all so fucking sore. Every inch of my body is so fucking tired. Parts I didn't know could be sore, are sore. My tail; my ears; even my *eyelids* feel sore. I don't think it's gonna stop anytime soon either. All I need is a day--No, just an hour. Fuck, who even needs that. Just one orgasm, please, let me have one mistress! Ugh.

I can barely even tell if I have an erection anymore, it started to go numb from arousal ages ago. If not for the fact that my stomach still feels wet with pre from time to time I don't think I'd be able to tell, actually. Or anything for that matter. It's all so black. I, I would never tell her this, but god I think I want her to come back. She's so awful, so pushy, so mean, but I need it. I need something, I need her. I'm so tired, I think I'm starting to lose it a little. Maybe if I just sleep it'll help. Yeah, I think I can sleep. I just need a little sleep. I'm not sure if my eyes are closed, but I think I'm drifting...

"Hey handsome, here alone?" Whoah, who's this cute lady? Eh, she won't care if I check her out. Wow, she's got some meat out her, her arms and legs seem kinda thick. Hmmm, looks good though. That big toothy coyote grin suits it just fine, she's lookin' pretty fine. Oh shit, I haven't answered her yet. I'm a little more drunk than I thought.

"Yeah, guess so," I try to sound cool, hoping she doesn't notice that I stumbled a bit when I pushed away from the counter. "You know how it is, sometimes you just wanna cruise the bars solo." Does she know how it is? Oh shit, I didn't think I was already this far gone. Just play it cool man, smile, lean on the counter again... Damn, is she wearing fishnets? She's got some balls wearing those with such a short skirt in a dive like this. Oh, whoah, she's leaning forward and giving that scary smile, I can almost smell her. Ohhh, she smells really nice actually.

"Oh I do, but I don't like to *leave* the bars solo, and I'd hate to let you go home lonely too."

Holy shit this girl is forward! Okay, I'm smiling again, I think, everything is starting to feel kinda numb. Oh, I can feel that though. Ohh, those warm hands on my leg, I can feel them through my jeans. Dragging nice and slow. I don't care if I'm closing my eyes, it feels really good. I think I heard her mumble something to herself, but whatever. She's still rubbing my thigh. And moving up, up, oh good thing my tongue is so numb, I think biting it like this would hurt otherwise. Ahhh, holy shit, she's about to touch my boner, oh god fuck I have a boner, hah! Ahhh getting close don't hump don't hump don't.

"At first I thought it was a tie and you lost a bet. Don't see many foxes wearing bandanas," she said, pulling her hands up to my head and taking my bandana off really quickly. Or maybe it wasn't, I can't really tell to be perfectly honest. I didn't realize my eyes were still closed, but opening them, I see her yanking, pulling on the red bandana. It looks like she's testing it? I'm not really worried, it's pretty thick, she's not gonna rip it. Besides after all that leg rubbing she can rip my shirt off for all I care. Okay maybe she should give the bandana back though.

"Awww, here you go," she said, holding it out for me to take, since I guess it was obvious from the look on my face I wanted it back, "I like it though, nice and strong, perfect for you. Actually," she turned to the barkeep now, still smiling, "Two rum and cokes. Make them strong."

Man, I don't know what she's talking about, and I think the bandana is on kinda lopsided? But her hand is back on my leg and she has to be leaning like that on purpose because she has some really nice breasts. She doesn't notice me staring down her shirt right? Naw, she's too busy talking, trying to get to know me. Fine by me. What do they call this, dinner and a show? Hahah holy shit that makes no

sense I'm drunk.

In no time at all a drink is in front of me, oh, she was ordering that for me? I'm about to shake my head, but she's just waggling her eyebrows at me now. I guess a little more couldn't hurt. Hmmmm, actually this is pretty weak, I can't even taste the alcohol. Alright, just some coke is fine then, I'll drink a big swig. Dying of thirst anyway.

She's talking about how she thinks I'm handsome and how much fun I'd be and I'm just nodding along, because wow it's hard to follow. Everything she's saying makes sense I think, I'm just, man I'm out of it. Just nodding my head to what she's saying is exhausting. I'm breathing kinda hard too. It's all so wobbly. I don't remember getting in her car but the leather is so comfy. So many streetlights. I think I kinda blacked out. She's being really nice though. Still really woozy, kind of nauseous. Sleeping, I think. Sorry my body is so heavy I know it's hard to move. I'm trying to help myself walk in but I'm just too drunk I'm sorry. Something feels really tight on my ankles. Too tired to care, goodnight...

I'm awake now, shifting around and trying very hard to get comfortable. I don't want to get up yet, yuck. Things are still wavey, still kind of shifting. I feel like I'm still a little bit drunk, but even as unfamiliar and jarring as this all is, I know that shouldn't be the case. I feel like I was asleep for awhile. Realizing my eyes are closed, I open them up, and immediately realize why my body felt slightly sore.

Apparently I had slept for some time on a concrete floor, which definitely wasn't cold but certainly wasn't warm either. The place must have been a basement; the floor above is exposed by lack of a ceiling and there's a single hanging light bulb. There's also a washer/dryer in the corner and a few cardboard boxes like you'd expect, but it all has some sort of weird fencing in front of it? Kind of looks like indoor fencing for kid. Actually, it looks like it's all around me. I try to sit up to look all around me and confirm this, but as soon as I try to I notice the second reason why I'm sore.

Thick cuffs of leather are wrapped around my ankles (no wonder my ankles feel a bit sweaty), and the inside of each is attached to the end of a thick pole of aluminum to keep my legs spread at a couple of feet at all times. Each of the leather cuffs are way too thick to break or tear, and each one is secured with a latch to boot. Which normally wouldn't be a problem, but after a few moments of dizzy groping I see that my hands are bound too. They look like they're in some sort of leather bag, and even being completely unbound within I can't move or shift my hands at all to get leverage and free them. They're as stuck as my legs.

Still a bit too out of it to panic properly, after some awkward flopping around I manage to sit myself up. Yup, it looks like extra-high child fencing. Seeing this and realizing I'm not just bound, but trapped too, and I'm finally starting to sweat and gulp like I should have been in the first place. I don't remember anything at all that lead up to this moment, and that's only making it worse, because I'm frantically searching my mind for answers and it's coming up blank. I know I probably shouldn't be here, but where is "here," and how did I get "here" anyway?

"Hello?" I call out, spooked out by my own voice for some reason. It did reverberate off the bare concrete walls and echo a ton though, that's not helping.

"Is anyone there? Where am I?" I'm still talking kind of quietly, I'm getting so worried that the sound of my own echo is making me shiver.

I continue to call out, voice getting progressively louder and more nervous. I am almost screaming when I hear the door at the top of the basement stairs open, and then a cacophony of creaking as someone comes down them. I immediately stop talking, but the feet's owner picks up where I left off.

"You can stop yelling. I just took a bit to come down because I was tired of waiting for you to wake up." Wait, that voice sounds so very familiar. And I don't know why, but I recognize those legs too. Wait, she's wearing fishnets, wait, it's that coyote from last night! Why can't I think of her name, why don't I have a name? What is going on here?

"Who are you, where am I? Did you do this?" I am doing my best to sound tough but holy shit I am scared. I'm pretty sure she knows it, leaning on the edge of the fencing and staring back at me with that grin of hers.

"I am your owner, that's all you need to know Tah," as I realize she knows my name but I don't know hers, my insides freeze. I'm starting to freak the fuck out here.

"But from now on, you're just 'pet,' understand?" I can't suppress the gulp. I try to stand up, maybe it will give me courage, but I can't, so I just flop around for a second here making an ass of myself. Good, now I'm scared and embarrassed. My face and ears feel like they're on fire.

"What's the matter? Last night you kept saying yes whenever I asked if you liked bondage. You even said you'd gladly let me play with you pet."

I furrow my brow, did I really say that? How far did I go last night? I don't think I said yes to anything like that, but I reflexively gulp again. My stomach begins to sink, I remember that I sure did nod a lot, and even followed her to her car. Oh fuck.

"Starting to remember? I thought so. Well, I brought you a gift pet." I yipe, and for good reason. It might be the last sound I can make for awhile. In one hand is a ball gag, in the other, is that a butt plug? Oh man come on.

"And if you're good, maybe I'll even let you get off."

"Let me out of here lady! I dunno what kind of sick game you're playing here but I want out, lemme go, this is fucked up! I would have never-!"

I was so busy screaming, I didn't even notice her entering the cage or walk right next to me. No wonder her arms and legs were kind of thick, she pushed me over with ease and held my mouth shut, muffled whimper coming out my muzzle as she made me nip my own tongue.

"What the hell did I just say about being a good pet? Looks like you need to learn your place after all."

I tried to struggle, tried to thrash but she smacked me across the head, making me see stars for a moment. Pinning my arms down she held my nose close until I had to open my mouth, and the second I did, she forced the ball gag in. Now I couldn't even scream properly, every available avenue of escape and expression gone in a second. I can't believe it, there's nothing I can do. Call me a loser if you want, but I can't really move. I can't speak. I can't do anything. After a minute or so more of instinctive flailing and thrashing, I just lay myself across the floor, looking pitiful. She couldn't look happier.

"There we go, that wasn't so hard, huh? Maybe I only have to punish you a little bit." It was at

this point she pulled out the plug, and I flinch, shaking my head awkwardly. She just nods.

She has no trouble getting under my tail. My spirit broken and my body bound, all she has to do is grab my tail and yank it out of the way, and then my whole body tenses (as best it can in this predicament) as lube is smeared across my pucker. Oh god holy fuck that's cold, oh god that feels weird I am not prepared for this. She thinks so though, because after squeezing a ton of lube across the plug she yanks up my tail again, oh fffuuuuck.

Being spread like this for the first time, oh god this does not feel good. I guess I've been curious in the past, but why do people like this. Ahhhh this is what they mean by being tight, I'm trying to relax but I just can't. I feel like I've gotta clench down on it, that cold thing sliding and forcing and pushing in. It didn't look that big, why does it feel so big? Ahh, I'm drooling over the ball gag, hyperventilating out my nose, this is too much too fast. She stops for just a moment, and I see her lean up, she's clearly relishing the discomfort she's putting me in. Her hot tongue slips up, sliding across my triangle ear, ahhh, fuck that does feel nice, I wish it didn't feel nice.

"Relax pet, or you'll regret it."

Eyes screwing shut as I try to blink tears of pain away, I do my best to nod, and she pats my head gently.

"Good boy."

It's so hard, but I have to. Just, deep breath in through the nose, deep breath out. Deep breath in, don't focus on your mouth, just drool and stop caring, deep breath out. Deep breath in, okay, starting to relax, starting to get used to the plug I think, deep breath out.

"Ahhhhffmmmm!" Even I'm not sure what I'm trying to say, because the second my body finally does relax she shoves in the rest of the plug so fast I could swear I heard a "pop!" Whimpering and trying to hold back sobs, I try to howl as I hear a click and feel the vibrations move through my bowels. It wasn't just a plug after all. Even with the humiliation and discomfort the vibrations are almost a reprieve, because as awful as it was at first, it's helping me relax. My breaths slow down, I stop sniffing, even my rear is starting to get used to this after a few minutes. I can hear her giggling, please let this be the end.

"We're not done yet pet," she says, I wouldn't be surprised if she can read my mind, she controls everything else, "You're still missing something. Oh, I know!"

Leaning over, she pulls my headband away with ease and unties it, sitting me up. She then proceeds to tie it around my head, and I can no longer see her terrible grin, only hear it in that insincerely sweet tone as she grabs my chin. She yanks my head quickly to the left, and I feel her hot breath across my nose.

"I'll be back when you're ready to continue. Remember, good pets are rewarded."

I don't know how long that took, or even if she left. I heard some creaking on the stairs, but I wasn't sure if she actually left. Everything was so dark. I couldn't smell anything, my taste was overruled by the plastic of the gag, which I stopped biting into a long time ago. Now my jaw was just sore. And more than anything else, what I felt was the vibrator. Switching speeds, stopping for a second, only to start at full power. I was never able to ignore it, because it seemed specifically crafted to keep that from happening. Even worse, I'm starting to like it. Fuck that lady is so fucked up, and now she's

fucking me up. I rest my hands on top of my stomach at one point and gasp into my gag, realizing I'm rock hard and sensitive as shit. Must be the vibrator pressing into my prostate or whatever. Hoping, praying she's not in the room with me, my bound hands move down, and I use the leather bag at the end to slowly rub myself. Oh fucking shit, it feels awesome. I'm moaning into the gag I think, I don't fucking care. It feels really fucking nice I could almost cry. I stretch myself out as those furred hands rub my dick, squeeze my nuts, oh, I could just lose myself in this. I think I am. Oh well, still so good. Maybe I can forget I'm being held captive by some insane bondage lady for just a second. Mmmmff. I rub my nose as my dick gets rubbed, and then I freeze, my ears lowering. As I itch my nose with the leather bag, a pair of hands continues to rub my dick. I hear an evil giggle, and I bite the gag again.

"Naughty pet, trying to get off. Pets need to learn their place," she whispered, one hand jacking me as another suddenly grabs my nipple, oh god it's hard I didn't know it was this hard ahhhh that feels really good and kind of painful, good painful though. Sharp claws drag their way down my front, around my crotch, in my thigh. I shiver terribly, I'm so freaked out but it feels so fucking good. I don't care alright, I don't care anymore, just going to get off soon and it's going to be so good, at least something will come out of this. I hear her hissing into my ear, telling me I'm such a good little fox pet, I'm her good fox pet. I yelp and stretch out, she grabbed my sac a little too hard but even that feels nice, oh man she's holding my dick pretty hard, really hard, oh god, I need to.

Suddenly, without warning, I cum. All across my stomach, my face, the ground. God, it's everywhere. But there's no relief. Why is there no relief? I know I'm shooting but the arousal is still there, so there it's painful. I feel like I'm still being rubbed, even. I twist and turn and feel like I'm about to explode. I thought I had a blindfold on, why is everything so bright!?

"Wake up pet," I hear, and my eyes pop open. I cannot see her but I know she's there. Her hand back on my dick, the torture beginning again. As difficult as it is with her beating me off without any sign of relief, I remember the difference between dream and reality. I came so close that first time, she almost let me cum. And then the cold metal of the cockring held my base tight, and relief never came. It hasn't come for hours. It might never come.

"Are you ready for some more fun? Maybe this time I'll let you get off."

It's a lie, I know it is. I'll be here forever, just a toy for her to use and abuse as much as she can. I'll never get relief, all she wishes to do is play with me until I have no more strength left. But I nod. Because as my mind glazes over to try and endure the pleasurable torture, all my addled brain can hold onto is one thought:

"Good pets are rewarded."

I'll be a good pet mistress, I promise.