

Sounds of the crowd echoed and spilled over the tall stone walls that surrounded the central castle hidden within its walls like yolk inside an egg; though this shell was much harder to crack. The wall made of stone was at least a hundred feet high, made of sheer rock that defied attacks from the angry populous, and between the sheer face of the sand-stone walls that could survive sieges for months and the central castle with its spires upon battlements was a stretch of green land, situated well below like the floor of a valley between two cliff edges. The grass, greenery and trees here were well kept and neatly trimmed by several gardeners, several of which were still at work, despite the cacophonous din echoing of hard stone.

Kept out from the inside and luxury by that wall were the down-trodden, poverty-stricken human race, who had once ruled the city filled with glittering rooftops and pale red sandstone buildings as far as the eye could see. From anywhere in this city, the wall could be seen as barrier, a gate to wealth and freedom that the human race had come to lust and long for, once a cunning and powerful race of Kitsune, seemingly human women with a capability for magic, sometimes subtle, other times frightening in its versatility and power. They could almost travel unseen among the human population, were it not for their unnaturally beautiful bodies and features, which they used to charm foolish men into obeying their will time and time again. Though this could be hidden by a thick cloak, and so the only way to really identify a Kitsune from a particularly beautiful woman was to look at them from behind, as then the fox-ancestry would be unveiled, taking the form of several vulpine tails.

These tails showed how mature the Kitsune who had them was, as well as a quick gauge of magic potential and rank. The highest ranking Kitsune, who were on par with the gods of old, possessed nine of these fox tails, and their magic was the strongest, capable of tearing the earth beneath feet asunder with a swipe of the hand. Naturally, only a few reached this rank, and one who did was the Queen, sitting atop her tower and staring down upon her new territory. She had arrived only a year ago, as just a four-tailed Kitsune, but with practice and a head for politics, her influence grew and her desire for power fuelled her knowledge of persuasive and suggestive speech, to the point where she could have the whole human race desperate for a rule that shut them out and thrust them into poverty.

Though it worked only when they were docile and spoon-fed instructions, and one soul had managed to break through, and through his determination came a riot, and the Queen found that the entire city had begun to try and reclaim their city. This man became known as 'The Breaker of the Veil', and spurred the rebellion. It was said he broke through their ranks and tore his way to the castle, leading fighters to counter the guards along his path to a duel with the Queen. It had been three days since a band had disappeared inside with no word, and in his absence, a grander scale retaliation was unleashed.

You were one of such fighters who joined the second wave, trying now with the whole city to bring the walls of sandstone crumbling down. But the cheap weapons were not effective, and by yourself, you tried to find your way in through a secret passage not marked on any map. Finding it was surprisingly easier than expected; the wall intersected the mountain, and right where it touched was a small passageway through the wall. It would only fit one person, so you went alone.

Silently you stepped through the crack in the mountain, squeezing through the wall as best you could to other side. The view changed like flicking through paintings of scenery; one second it was the dusty, brown walls of the buildings of your town, then a moment of darkness of the wall, then the air was clear of dust. It was green from wall to castle, long stretches of grass and trees lined the strange sight. Even the light dustings of grass outside your home paled in comparison to how perfect it was. You crouched down, hugging the wall and keenly glancing out for any of the guard

Kitsunes who no doubt stalked the wall looking for intruders like you. Your light armour made of leather was silent as you slowly walked closer inwards, hiding behind trees as footsteps sounded and disappeared without a body attached to them.

Further inwards, the sounds of the furious riot outside quickly diminished, until it was almost silent except for the rustling of trees and light footsteps on paved ground. Inside the backpack tightly strapped to your back was a primitive explosive, fashioned from what black powder you could muster and scavenge, all packed around a rope to act as a fuse. There were stories of a single support pillar that, if destroyed in the right way, could bring down the whole castle with ease. Of course, these were unfounded rumours and it was sure to be difficult to find.

Well, maybe not. As you turned a corner around the slight inner maze of walls slightly taller than yourself, a large pillar, made of a different stone than the rouge coloured sandstone, came into view. It was situated underneath one of the outcrops that the castle rested on top of, which made attacking it very difficult. A smile broke out on your face for the first time in a while as your fingers fumbled with the bag on your back. Of course, it was not unguarded. As you stepped closer, the stationary figure of a Kitsune guard, dressed in tight, leather armour that was embossed and patterned with gold and silver. By her side she held a wooden stick, shaped and crafted to be light, yet heavy at attack. The baton of a Kitsune guard was a fierce instrument of protection and aggression. In their hands it was more useful than a sword or shield at protecting themselves and disarming humans. They did not kill, but they did incapacitate and knock out those who attacked.

If she saw you, she didn't make a move towards you, nor did her hand stray to her side to retrieve her weapon, while your hand was already clutching a small, yet sharp dagger that had seen training use and rust only. Behind the Kitsune guard, swaying in an unfelt breeze, were her tails. A quick count revealed four at least, each one the length of your foot to just under your arm, and as wide around as a dinner plate. Each one glided blissfully as if it weighed nothing and was a leaf in the wind, though as a last resort a Kitsune had been known to use them as weapons themselves, capable of manipulating them in ways that seemed impossible without serious muscle power, which their voluptuous bodies did not seem to permit.

Slowly you walked to her, and she stood like a statue, arms crossed. Her gaze was fixed upon you, as only her head turned to keep you in the middle of her sight. Her fur that covered her body from head to toe was a beautiful deep red, close to a swirled wine in richness, and to contrast there were cream highlights all along her fur in sparse stripes, all ringed with black. She spoke first, a soft voice that called out with a hint of suggestion.

"Citizen..." It sounded like she could have been talking to a small child with the smoothness of her tones. "...I warn you to not take another step further." She smiled as you walked nearer and nearer, grasping at your dagger with a dull blade barely longer than your hand itself.

"I have risked too much by coming this far to give up now." Your reply to her made her smile again. "Move aside, or I'll take you out myself."

"That's a nice thought, but both of us know that won't happen." Still she did not reach for her weapon, she didn't need to...your eagerness would be your own downfall. You walked closer, quickening your pace faster and faster until it was a jog. The distance between the two of you shortened quickly as your jog turned into a run, dagger in the arm trailing behind you, and were it sharper it'd cut the air. Even as you ran at her at full-pelt, the Kitsune never moved from her standing position, though her arms had lightly fallen to her sides, hands placed on hips awaiting your misplaced strike at her. Anger flashed through you and it felt right to try and kill her; she was part of the race that forced your kind into poverty and submission.

Your blade harmlessly arced through the air towards her chest, aiming for her heart, and just as your strike would have become useful and deadly, the Kitsune moved with grace and a speed that was unmatched by a human. She ducked underneath your sweeping arm, one hand curling into a tight fist, which met your stomach with the speed and power to knock all the air from your lungs to emit into a single wheeze from you. As she was ducked low, her leg came around to swipe at your legs, knocking one into the other, then taking both off the ground and flipping you to land behind her, directly on your back, landing with a thud. The bag landed next to you with a dull thump as you attempting to gasp for air that would not return to your lungs.

The Kitsune only laughed loudly and mockingly as you fell over loudly on the ground beneath her.

"Is that seriously the best you can do? I thought you'd at least put up some of a fight." She chuckles lightly as you gasp on the ground behind her facing up to the rock ceiling that formed the overhang. "But I guess if that's it..." She left the sentence hanging. As you were behind and underneath her vaguely, you were in direct placement for her tails to act. From the angle, you could see there were definitely four of those long, soft tails waving themselves around above your head.

Two of those tails slowly lowered themselves down towards your body, the tips aiming for your wrists, which were at your chest where your hands clutched for air. Without much resistance or fight from you, the luxuriously soft fur of the tails began to twirl and slither around your hands first. Without effort it travelled down your arms slowly, winding its way around your limbs and immobilising them quickly. Those tails were easily thicker than your arm with the softness of the fur immersing your skin into the plush fur. Before you could react, the tails had taken up to your elbows into their grasp, and though your fingers could still move, the only purpose it serves was emphasising the softness to slide against your digits until they might become wrapped with fur around them.

"Look at you now, pathetic and broken already, barely struggling though this'll mean your imprisonment for assaulting a guard. And to think the Captain believed you humans were anything to be concerned about. I say you're filthy and useless." The tails around your arms squeezed tight, pushing the soft fur against your skin even more so. It was heavily patterned, but looking closely could mean the spaces between the coils became visible. They pulled your arms aside strongly as you fought against them like unbreakable manacles, freeing your chest for her next move.

"I do wonder what punishments the guards can muster this time around, it'll certainly be amusing to watch you struggle and squirm as they break you and fix your mind onto its proper path; the path of undying servitude to us."

"You'll never take me!" Bravado stirred in your heart despite your situation. The tails encircled more and more of your arm until all of it was seized into her grasp and nothing was left outside the burgundy fur. "They will come for me, they will find me, and we will burn this castle until we take back what is ours."

At this, the Kitsune couldn't help but laugh at you. Her laugh was loud and long, a mocking tinge to it as she realised what position you thought yourself in.

"Really?" She giggled to herself. "Do you think the resistance will be able to break through that wall, all to save you? No, the wall is built for sieges, nothing your pathetic human race can muster. And I know these guards who'll...take care of you while your punishment is served. I'll be sure to tell them to treat you like the filth you are. Oh, and there's two of them to handle, and if you were so impossibly unable to even take me on, you'll find they're much more of a challenge."

She was done talking, as the two tails on your arms squeezed tightly and held a grip that seemed impossible. The inner tail wrapped around your fingers too, immobilising them as well which

gave her total control over your arms. A third tail emanated from above her buttocks, and out of a specially crafted port in the back of her armour. It slithered down her leg like a snake down a tree until the tip flicked across your forehead. In your position and with your arms captured, you could do nothing to prevent it, nothing to stop her from doing what she did next.

The soft, wide tip of her tail slid lightly over your face, making you inadvertently taste and smell the aroma leaking off of it now that it was so close to your nose. Determination and curiosity were opponents battling in your mind, half wanting to smell this scent carrying slight musk, the other paramount not to give in to this Kitsune. But she wasn't interested in what you wanted at all, and the silken tip poured over your chin to coil around your neck, slowly at first.

It was warm to the touch as the fibrous hair swirled around and around your bare skin, forming thick, soft coils one after the other. It made at least three thick bands of luxuriously soft fur around your neck, forcing you to look up at her body from below and behind. Enough slack from these coils had been made that the tip was now free again, and it chose to slide under your light armour and shirt, burrowing underneath your clothes without a problem. The tip was inquisitive as the coils around your neck rolled with colour as more length was given to it to examine your bare chest, and it flicked back and forth across your chest.

Before a gasp could be uttered at the shock of the sensation and texture of her tail, it began to squeeze tightly, much like the tight, constant bonds around your arms. The grip around your neck grew tighter and tighter with each passing second, quickly shutting off your capacity for breathing beneath the several coils that obscured your neck.

"Too tight? Don't worry, you'll black out soon enough." She chuckled, looking down at you over her shoulder; for she had not even turned around from your 'attack' on her, as it all it had taken to defeat you was a punch and a swipe before those tails caught hold. The winding blow she had landed on you now worked even further against you. Without much air to start with, the complete absence of the ability to draw breath quickly ushered in panicked and frantic struggles and gasps for air with an open mouth.

The Kitsune held you too tightly and securely for that though, her tails were too strong to fight against with each arm, and she was able to pull them way and that like a puppet on strings. The tips of both tails around your arm dipped under your armour and into your shirt beneath it, sliding against the skin on your chest. They both securely fastened themselves with a coil around your shoulder, tightening enough that it would be impossible to escape her grasp now. And not that you could anyway, as the tightness around your neck was more than enough to keep you pre-occupied.

The soft fur continued to strangle you, and each additional iota of tightness meant more could trail into your chest, the length inside now sliding back and forth more animatedly than before. Were your armour not covering your torso, you'd have been able to see the bulge underneath your shirt of that tail moving underneath it, like a roll of wind on desert sands.

Black spots began to intrude upon your vision of her body from the ground as the tail tightened its grasp again and again, turning your face quite blue as you panted, struggled and frantically scrabbled for air, though none would be coming. As your vision began to fade and turn to pitch, her laugh sounded out again, mockingly as she saw you finally give in or give out to the power of her tails. Sounds began to distort and fade, swirling and swaying much like her tails as the darkness creeps up from the sides of your vision as the battle for air begins to be lost. Your panicked struggles turn weaker and slower inside her grasp as you settle down unwillingly into the comfortable choking prison.

“So pathetic, it’s embarrassing just how weak you are to my grasp.” She tuts, slowly stepping forward, soft paws silent over the stone floor. The last vestiges of consciousness fade finally like the flickering of a dying candle, and you faint with a moan, slipping into the comfy grasp of warm darkness. The tail around your neck slowly unfurls to prevent real suffocation, but with you calmly unconscious in her grasp, that’s all she needed.

The tails were strong enough to completely hoist you off the ground now, using your arms to lift you cleanly up and off the floor. With two tails now not engaged with your body, the Kitsune guard thought it right to slowly wrap these around you for safekeeping. At the same time, both entered your shirt from the base, spiralling and wrapping around your chest in a double-helix pattern, slowly encapsulating from the waist up to the pecs within her soft, warm fur that bulged under your shirt.

With you safely trapped and captured, she set off into the castle, heading towards the prison, where the next stage of your re-education would begin. Sunlight that once covered your skin had disappeared as she took your limp body into the depths of the castle, up several flights of cut-stone steps that were wide enough for two Kitsune guards to pass one another without impacting tails, though that didn’t stop the occasional tangle where two tails would lock around one another in a spiral, and the owners would struggle to free one from the other.

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A while later you began to stir slightly, just an errant breath at first ejecting loudly from your nostrils before your head started to shift left and right. Murmurs of a soon to be extinguished personality were heard, and the occupants of the room you were now held in chuckled lightly to themselves.

“How lucky are we to get some fresh meat around here.” One of them says in a light, chuckling voice that’s equally as smooth as the guard, though with a lower timbre. “It’s been...several days since our last little quarry to toy with.” Her voice was still muffled, swimming in its intelligibility to the point only several words managed to get through to your mind.

“Sandi said she found this one outside, running like a fool for the pillar.” They both laughed loudly, their mocking tone present even in their chuckles.

“Do they really believe that? That we have a pillar that the whole castle just rests on, and a tap will bring it all down?”

Your head was pointing down at the ground when your eyes finally opened as their words which disturbed you from your slumber brought on by suffocation from that wonderful...no, disgusting tail that coiled and squeezed tightly around your neck, choking you out until the darkness took you. The tingle of the softness on your neck was still present, though fading fast as you woke up. Instinctively, a hand was dropped to feel across your neck to see if the texture was imprinted on your skin. But instead of your hand touching your neck, the wrist was yanked back by a chain holding it to the wall behind you. It was a short chain, keeping your arm locked uselessly against the wall.

Only naturally, you tried to shake it off. But this only gave off the sound of rattling steel, alerting to the prison guards that you had finally woken up, and you were ready to be taught. Upon trying to free yourself from the wrist restraints, it became obvious that both wrists were in fact trapped, secured to the wall with chains no longer than a finger is long. They were strong, holding you to the wall with ease, impossible to pull on to break them away and make your escape.

“So, the worm wakes up.” One of the two prison guards stands from the table she had been sitting at, focusing her attention on you and away from her companion who was halfway through

dealing a fresh round of cards. As your vision cleared from the haze of unconsciousness, the two guards silhouettes shifted into coloured figures of red and blue, and soon details began to flow in; lines and curves of their voluptuous bodies, the length of their hair down their backs, the curiously exquisite clothes, that would usually mean royalty, that hugged to them.

The prison guard with deep red fur similar to spilt wine moved in close to the bars of your cell. A smirk on her face was present as she leant on the bars to the cage, looking at you with eyes that mocked you all by themselves. Behind her, swinging to balance her like a pendulum, were five long appendages. Her tails were even longer than the ones on the guard outside, and all of them were surprisingly plush, judging by how it was possible to see every single long strand of hair move back and forth.

"Interested already?" She taunted you. "I guess you humans can't think that much at all, you can only focus on what's in front of you." The tails behind her still swayed and interacted slightly with her own legs. They coiled and wrapped lightly around her long legs, complete with thick thighs and a waist wider than her shoulders, while the other three swung up and onto her back.

"Don't talk to me!" You spat back to her inquisitive probing question with just more than a touch of anger, rattling the chains in a way that wasn't impressive. She just looked at you, lifting a hand to her chin to rest on it while she ensured you were awake for your new teachings.

"Oh, that's no way to speak to your new mistresses." She tuts you softly, like a teacher to a pupil. "You'll learn to worship us in time, and it won't take long."

"I'll never break, not to beasts like you." You shouted back in retaliation to her words, as if it would scare or distract her from the fact that she was supposed to teach you the ways of obedience, though her amused smirk showed off that she wasn't threatened by you shouting.

"How cute. You think you can resist us." Her voice was soothing as she teased you. "You aren't the first, and you won't be the last."

"You'll never get to me."

"Carrisa, leave him alone...for now." The blue-furred Kitsune spoke from the table, tossing the cards between her fingers with agility that was inhuman. "You don't want to go breaking him too early, then there's no fun in it. It's all in the gentle breaking of his will and the conversion to obedience is all the fun."

Carrisa smiled and turned around to walk back to the table, before she returned to her seat, she leant against the steel bars with her ass, and her five long tails slid through the slim space between them. The tips slid sensually up and around the bars that the tails touched, forming soft coils spiralling simultaneously in front of you. It was amazing to watch her soft tails seemingly absorb the steel bars, rising up like the spirals of a barber pole. Her hands traced down her body, sliding over her curves as she looked over her shoulder at you, just her eyes visible through the winds of her tail.

She began to walk away, and her tails slowly pulled away down the bars, the lighter coloured tip winding down slowly around as the coils slithered silently off. It vanished every half of the rotation, and each one flicked away at a different time, and the effect was mildly trance-like, and it was difficult to focus on each tail tip one by one, changing view back and forth, back and forth. The slight flashing of white-tipped tail sped up until each one fell away to be held by her over her back. She let off a small wink, before returning to a table, leaving you into a slightly dazed state.

"Oh don't go breaking him that quickly, his puny mind can't handle it." The blue-furred Kitsune chuckled to her friend, leaning back on her chair and flicking the cards between her fingers.

"Sometimes it's just fun to snap them quickly, Ilyana. Sometimes they're fun to toy with just for a bit, then crush their weak mind as quickly as possible."

"You need to work it a little smoother, more physical."

“Go ahead then.” Carrisa gestured to you with one of her tails. “Show me how you’d break him.”

Ilyana stood from the table, throwing down her cards and turning towards you. Her eyes locked onto you with a seductive gaze as she stepped towards the door of the cell you were in. With just a metal scrape, the bar holding it closed was drawn back, and the door swung open against the wall. Her long legs made it so that her hips were at the same height as your head, and those hips swayed back and forth.

“First of all, you need to make the subject know of the power you wield.” The tails behind her lifted up as if it was going to pounce on her, and those blue tails trailed down over her shoulders.

Her long legs moved her to you quickly, and the height advantage she had on you from your sitting position on the ground became the only thing that was important. In an act of defiance, you didn’t look up; you didn’t give her the satisfaction of the power difference implied by her height.

“Look at me.” She said simply, placing a hand on her hip, glancing down at your ducked head.

“Never.” You mutter, staring at the uncomfortable stone floor beneath you, curling your fingers into fists to emphasise your determination, those she was only amused at this.

“Are you sure you don’t want to look at me of your own will?” She looked down at you, stepping over your legs, placing her paws on the outsides of your knees.

“Never.” You repeat, straining against the bonds that hold you to the wall. The chains were taut and your arms were barely bent from the shortness of the chains.

“Well then, I guess I better show you why it’s better to submit.”

With that, Ilyana turned around, treading close to your legs as she spun. The long, fluffy tails behind her swung and weighted down on your chest, trailing down over your legs. Well, two of them at least did that, and their weight held you down. The soft feeling of the fur was felt through your clothes and light armour, brushing lightly against your skin, curiously and enjoyably warm. One other of her tails rolled down and targeted your head by itself, starting out as a coil around your neck. The tip pushed underneath your chin, forcing it to look up at her back as she stared down over her shoulder at you.

Ilyana’s smirk met your angered grimace as the fluffy tail began to slowly encapsulate your head, winding itself around your features one by one. Your chin disappeared first up to your bottom lip with one coil that tickled the base of your ears too. Any movement of your head was for naught, as the powerful grip of her tail kept your vision straight ahead and up, and if you managed to look away, you’d be ‘rewarded’ with a tight squeeze from the thick furred coil around your neck, choking you out for a second.

Your mouth was next to disappear underneath the azure colour of her tail, a single wrap needed to cover it, the fibrous hairs so soft and smooth as they passed into your open mouth from a gasp for air. It prevented your mouth from closing too, tickling at the underside of your nose. An aroma flooded into them, sweet and exotic and something shocking after so long without any source of unique perfume. With two coils trapping your head and one around your neck, she squeezed once in a tight grasp. The neck coil felt like a collar with a leash attached to it, and the nature of their power over you became obvious.

“I hope you liked my body from down there...slave.” She smiled, pulling your head slightly forward towards her hips in a teasing manner. “But I’m afraid you’re not going to be seeing it for a while now.”

Before a muffled word of protest could be made from your position, the tail formed another coil around your head, this time laying itself over your head down to the line of your eyes, covering them into the dark blue fur. Your vision turned dark, and all senses were now her tails; sight, smell, taste, touch and hearing, the latter of which now that her tail had covered enough of your head.

"The way you lie there, slightly struggling, makes me think you want to be our little slave." She laughs to herself loud enough that Carrisa joins in, and you can hear both through the muffled veil over your ears. "Are you going to give up so weakly so easily?"

Of course, you couldn't respond, and even if you could, she'd quieten you with a grasp of your neck, like a snake coiling and squeezing in; in fact she'd do that anyway. The coil around your neck did tighten, choking like a collar tautly pulled to direct and control the pet in their grasp.

"How long did you say it'd take to break this fool?" Ilyana looked away and spoke to her red-furred companion.

"I was saying maybe in the range of two hours, though judging by those weak struggles I'd say ten, maybe fifteen minutes at the most." Carrisa replied, and through the tail their demeaning of your struggling was apparent, though you had neither the strength nor will nor desire to push them off and away. Was this their magic? Woven into their very bodies all they'd have to do was brush up against someone, and their will would be sapped.

"I think at least one of us will need a drink after this...call for the servant would you?"

"Him?"

"Of course, nothing would break his will more than him." Ilyana chuckled.

The tail completed its wrapping of your whole head, turning it into a tight, blue ball of soft tails around you. Sight has turned black and all you can taste or smell is the aroma flooding off of her fur. But her other tails weren't so happy in just remaining still on your body. No, these tails needed to wrap around something. They needed to tightly seize and tease some unwilling prey between their coils and squeeze them like the grip of a vice. Two tails, one by one, tickled and teased at the lip of your pant-legs and collar of your shirt, one entering from the bottom, the other from your already squeezed neck. With your hands restrained, you couldn't escape from the torturously pleasurable sensation of the smooth fur blissfully sliding underneath your clothes, bulging the shirt underneath it as if something inside was filling it.

The top tail thought it best to start with a loose coil around the base of your neck, covering it completely with the help of the continuously tight tail slowly choking you out. The loose coil allowed you to feel every inch of that incredibly long tail slither around your sensitive skin on its way to toy with your chest. The soft tip would press against your chest, toying with your incapacity to breath by rising and falling to mock inhalations.

But meanwhile, the lower intruding tail had dragged itself to slowly embrace your ankle, winding its way around slowly. The sheer length allowed for it to slowly trail its way up to your pants, underneath the thin and weak fabric. Were you capable of seeing, you'd see the fabric stretch and strain under the stress of the thick tail forming coil after coil on its winding journey up and up your bare leg.

Every now and then, several seconds or minutes apart, the movement of every tail across your body would stop, and the pressure inflicted would be increased to a tightness that forced spots of darkness into your eyes from the lack of air into your lungs. A rush of blood would force thoughts to be quick and rapid in your mind, only to be vapid and empty of ideas when the pressure would relax at the last moment before the comforting dark would take you, and air could rush back into your gasping, burning lungs.

Ilyana would toy with your breath for minutes past minutes, sometimes allowing you space to breathe and calm down your heart, but at others she'd nearly choke you out, then only allow you half a breath in before tightening all over again. Near torturous in its pleasure, endorphins of near-choking unconsciousness were released time after time. She was in absolute, utter control over you, her slave, and there's nothing that you could possibly do to fight against it and her but sit there and take her blissful punishment. This was how they broke pathetic humans like you down; starve them of one thing they so needed, and only supply it back in drops and drops, spoon-feeding until it was necessary for the weakling to be dependent on the Kitsune and her wily, seductive ways.

But just as you thought the pleasurable teasings given to you would finally take you into their power, there was a loud knocking on the wooden door to the prison.

"Carrisa, would you get that? It's probably him with the water, and I am oh so parched right now." She spoke as if nothing had changed and nothing was wrong, though your fiery lungs proved otherwise. The tail began to unfurl from the top of your head, releasing you back into the cool, welcome air. As the tightness unwelcomingly removed itself from your head coil by coil, sight returned, and the dull light from candles seemed almost blinding in comparison to the darkness you'd been thrust into.

The tail dropped away from your neck finally, leaving you to take a big gulp of air into your straining throat, gasping for your life. Though as the figure stepped through the door carrying a small tray with two little cups of water, the gasping and ludicrousness of this outcome was...

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