

“Finally I got my first job,” Fred said to himself as he gazed at the mirror-front of a store. The sight greeting him was exciting, at least to him, clad entirely in black, the Fennec had picked something formfitting, jeans, tall boots with short high heels, a turtleneck sweater and long latex gloves to leave no finger prints behind. Beaming brightly, he flicked his ponytail over his shoulder and took a few selfies with the camera build into the set of spy goggles. A few clicks on the, to the naked eye, invisible keyboard projected over his left wrist, he uploaded them to *Spybook*, the social platform where he got the job from. “And off we go!”

Another few tabs on the screen and the eighty storey-building marked at his target glowed faintly, lines of different colours showed various ways of approach to the designated target on the seventy-fifth floor as well as the security measurements.

“Should I take the sewage?”, the fennec pondered and looked down to his fancy boots, then shook his head with a disgusted snort. “Nah, too dirty! The front door? Too obvious...” Haptic sensors in the right glove skimmed through the schematics, bringing up pictures of all possible entrances. Soon he had found something that looked suitable enough for him, an entrance used in various spy movies, so, it should work in real life as well, shouldn't it?

The delivery entrance was a on the backside of the building, right on the exact opposite side of the front door and littered with crates and trucks, perfect to sneak around and get in while avoiding the security cameras! “Almost too easy,” he giggled to himself and quickly made his way through the maze of obstructions, weaving left and right, sometimes stopping dead to not get caught on tape by the scanning cameras.

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01001001 01001110 01010100
01010010 01010101 01000100
01000101 01010010 00100000
01000100 01000101 01010100
01000101 01000011 01010100
01000101 01000100
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For a brief moment a random number of ones and zeros flicked over the inside of his goggles and startled him, but as soon as he had noticed it, it had vanished again. “What the fluff?” A light slap on the computer mounted to his forearm and a set of quietly muttered curses followed, before he was sure it was just a brief glitch, maybe he should get the proper version of *Thiefhelper* next time, the job certainly was lucrative enough.

Soon enough he had reached the gates and doors of the delivery entrance and found a highlighted portal. With the help of some multitools and a hacking software he rerouted the power and basically blinded this door and all near cameras. With a soft chime and faint click the door opened. “I’m in!” came an excited and hushed whisper, followed by another selfie, this time with the help of a camera on his wrist, showing how he slipped through the gap and into the darkness beyond.

The way through the loading bays and the storage rooms beyond was fairly simple and not much of a challenge. The occasional glimpse into the crates was as disappointing as Fred had guessed, dust, pellets and vats of liquid were all he could see, no formulas or anything worth mentioning, at least for him, but as his client had demanded he took pictures and samples of everything he saw. “Whatever it is worth,” he grumbled and pulled a finger out of the latest tank of white, milky and quite thick liquid. A brief sniff made him cringe away and wipe his finger on his pants, where it briefly stuck to the fabric. “Rubber? Bleh...”

After checking some more storages he left the loading bays behind and penetrated deeper into the building, past some offices. Thanks to the labels he knew they were not of any interest for his client, who would care about something like itinerary planning or human resources?

“Stairs or elevator?” Fred wondered as he had checked the ground floor as thoroughly as he dared and cared to, leaving the entire entrance hall untouched. “I think the stairs are safer, but the elevator

is so much quicker...” In the end laziness won over stealth and he slipped into an elevator. Once more he rigged the systems with the keys given to him by his employer and like before his goggles briefly flickered up with an even longer series of ones and zeros. “Must be the code,” the thief concluded and smiled to himself, this was as easy as stealing candy from a baby!

The ride to the floor with the laboratories he had to check didn't took long, not even long enough for the tunes to repeat. Like before in the loading bay, dark halls waited for him, but his goggles had excellent night vision and also showed him the occasional laser beam. Leaving the elevator turned out to be a problem, though, Fred hadn't noticed how a thin layer of some sticky liquid had covered the floor and now his boots were stuck!

“Let go!” he growled and grabbed his left ankle to give it some tugs. The substance was clinging to the soles of his boots, but with some force he managed to free himself, strings of the glue-like stuff trailed behind him and made each step hard as his feet adhered to the floor. Thankfully he found a doormat and could clean his boots off. “I hope the guards won't notice,” mumbled Fred and gazed at the white stains left behind. “Nah, they won't, I am too far up for them to check!”

A few minutes of sneaking around, avoiding cameras or disabling them led the thief to his first actual target, the research facilities! Once more his lock picks and some hacking opened the doors for him. As before the lines of code appeared in his visor after he had applied the hacks.

The room behind was as he had imagined it, centrifuges, tanks and vats, pipettes and even more equipment Fred could neither name nor understand. “This must be the place,” he whispered cheerfully and sat down behind one of the computers.

Booting the computer was easy enough, breaking through the log-in screen as well, this time the code on his goggles was briefly mirrored on the screen in front of him. “Now, now, let's get started!” Pulling up the instructions on his forearm-mounted screen, he clicked himself through various menus and folders until he had found the

one he was looking for, the formulas. Copying the files from the hard drive to his own device took some time and so he unclasped it and set it down on the keyboard to go and examine the facility.

Striding through the office with the confidence of the CEO, he made his way over to the office cooler, hips swayed and tail swished in time. Latex gloves squeaked quietly as he filled a paper cup and sipped at it. The first taste was marvellous, the water was fresh and quite tasty, refreshing beyond everything he had ever imagined or even deemed possible! It ran over his tongue like warm oil, washed over his gums as if having a life of its own, the feeling was stunning! Even more stunning and unbelievable was what happened next, just as he set down the cup and wanted to lick his lips. Somehow the drink had reacted with his saliva and turned into something viscous and hardened even further! He clawed at his snout, tried to force his jaws apart, but they were already glued shut!

His heart was pumping hard and fast and he started to hyperventilate. Had he drunk enough to have it run down his throat? Would he suffocate with his windpipe glued shut from the inside? Fred had never been so close to panic like that before in his life.

With shaking hands and frizzed tail the thief walked back to his computer after realizing he was still able to breathe through his nose. Thankful for small mercies, he sat down again and disengaged his computer to strap it back onto his forearm. Putting his fingers back to the keyboard of the desktop computer, he typed in the commands to power it down. All he wanted right now was to get out and home again, he had the requested informations.

Suddenly he heard voices and steps on the other side of the door, someone was coming!

His heart beat harder again, the fennec's huge ears turned around and made out two different speakers and three distinct pairs of feet, two in heavy boots and one with high heels. 'What is that?' he wondered and tried to sit up. Before he could even lift his rear, something started to wrap around his waist and thighs, quickly and tightly! Looking down he spotted a small drone with a tape dispenser circling

his lower body and encasing it with a layer of silver duct tape! He tried to swat it away, but his fingers didn't want to come off the keyboard, a thick, black substance was oozing out from the keys and ran upwards over his hands, forcing his digits against each other. With a growl of panic and anger he yanked the keyboard off the desk and swatted the drone away before it could go past his knees. He threw himself off the chair to get free, bashed the keyboard into the floor until it broke apart, the black goo was oozing from the cables as if it was bleeding. His hands were useless, though, a thick layer of latex had formed over them and encased them like mittens.

It took some effort, but soon he was back on his feet, the voices and steps had passed by without noticing him. Panting hard through his nose, he pawed at the tape-made hobble skirt, but noticed he couldn't get it off. A soft whimper left his throat as he realized the distress he had gotten in to. Blinking some tears of fear from his eyes, he sneaked back to the door and listened intently, even held his breath and willed his heart to not be so noisy inside his ribcage.

Minutes passed without him hearing anything.

Certain he was alone again, he slipped through the door and made his way back to the elevator. Pressing the button with glued-together hands wasn't that easy but after a few attempts. Unlike on the ground floor, Fred had to wait this time, almost long enough to consider walking downstairs.

A soft humming tone from behind startled him and he spun around, scanning the hall for any signs of... well, anything, but he spotted nothing. The sound most certainly wasn't the elevator, location and pitch were wrong. He flicked through several visions, infra red, ultra violet, infra sonic and even unaided sight, but he couldn't spot a thing.

His tail twitched nervously, hitting something at knee-height.

Again he spun around and looked down, but still, there was nothing, the door was too far away for him.

A muffled yelp escaped his glued-shut jaws at the elevator finally arrived. He quickly shuffled into the cabin and hit the button for the

ground floor.

Another light bump against his thighs made him flinch and jump, but like before he couldn't see a thing. Unlike before, he felt more this time! Something was playing with his tail and caressing his rear in a circular motion. Fred jumped, almost thudded into the door, before he shook his rear firmly. After the first shock, he pushed his rear out and turned his head around to look down at his rear. He couldn't see a thing apart from his backside in those tight, black jeans. Reaching out to feel around, he pushed his goggles up as well, maybe there was something with stealth technology hiding behind him.

This thought turned out to be the truth, another drone was clamped onto his rear and buzzed lightly, before it departed again, flying in tight circles around his tail, covering it with a firm layer of more duct tape!

"Mmph!" he growled and swatted at the contraption, but it turned and weaved away, avoiding the clumsy swipes. Even bumping his rear and legs into the walls of the cabin didn't shake the thing off. It just stopped when the tail was wrapped up from base to tip in tape. What some seconds ago was a fluffy tail had turned into a rather thin and almost immobile stick poking out from his rear.

Another muffled whine escaped his throat as he watched the drone settle down at his feet to wrap them up as well. This time, the attack from the fennec was quick enough and he stomped the drone into the ground, destroying it under the heels of his boot.

Pulling his goggles down again, he now could see the nasty metal beast. He bend down and poked the remains, nudged them this way and that. An anti-grav unit, lenses, a tape dispenser, antennas and some circuits were all that remained.

He stood up again and stretched out, his body was trembling again, this time not from fear but from the adrenaline rush of a successful hunt. It was such an intoxicating feeling, Fred didn't noticed the elevator had stopped moving between two levels, nor had he heard the high-pitched sound of generators powering up.

Just when it was already too late, the tone was reaching his mind...

The thief spun around, searching for the source of the sounds. The two and a half meter squared cabin was empty. Scanning the ceiling showed him nothing out of the ordinary either, but his own senses told him something was closing in.

Another surprised and muffled yelp escaped his throat as something pinched the tips of his ears and pulled them upwards. He slapped after whatever was holding them and hit bars of metal coming down from above, but all the hits were hurting him more than doing any good, if anything it was getting more painful, the tugs came harder and the pinching felt close to piercing.

Something thin and cool slid into his huge, fuzzy ears and almost sank down to his ear drums. Not daring to pull his head away in fear to get his ears pierced or worse, the poor, trembling fennec could only whine and whimper as a cool, thick liquid was oozing into his ears, filling them up quickly. Hearing first turned muffled, then totally stopped as liquid latex filled those huge auditory sensors to the tip, long fur soaked up the substance and held them perked up as it quickly hardened.

Once his ears were filled to the brim, the pincers slipped away and Fred dropped heavily to his knees, panting hard and pawing at his ears. He couldn't hear anything, not the couple of drones slipping free from hidden panels in the walls, nor the multi-jointed limbs unfolding from the ceilings.

One of the buzzing drones swung around his neck, caressing it gentle on the first run, before coating it with layers over layers of thick and stiff tape, covering his neck from the shoulders to the chin. Fred tried to swat it away one time, and only one time. Cuffs clamped around his wrists and pinned them to his hips, while another arm picked him up by the shoulders to hold him upright.

Struggling and kicking out, the thief tried to escape the machines holding him tight, but the more he tried to squirm free, the harder they grabbed him.

Soon he gave up, too exhausted and afraid of getting hurt. He hung limply, feet a good ten centimetres off the ground. His neck was stiff and he could only look straight ahead thanks to the posture collar

made of tape around his neck. Both drones were working in concert now, wrapping his thin body up from the tips of his toes over his chest up to his neck in one sturdy layer of tape.

Having his arms pinned to his sides and his legs wrapped up tightly, Fred was lowered back to the ground. For a moment he was afraid he would topple over and faceplant, but he was held in place by an arm trapped against his back.

Another set of metal arms unfolded from the ceiling, this time he could see them, and lowered down to his feet. Even when he couldn't hear it, he still did feel how they sprayed something over his encased body, a layer of sticky latex was added to the coating of tape, sealing him in even further. This time the coating didn't just stop at his neck, instead it sprayed over his cheeks, closing around his muzzle and oozing across his goggles. His hair got plastered across the back of his head and his face, mercifully his nose remained free, breathing was laboured though, the pressure on his chest was immense.

This procedure repeated for two more times, one layer of tape followed by a layer of latex, leaving Fred in a heavy cocoon of black, quickly hardening goo. During this hardening process he felt the arms grab him by the knees and chest, bending him over, forcing him almost to kiss his own knees. Bundled up latex and tape pressed into his groin, making breathing almost impossible and left his belly cramping.

Deprived of all senses, even the goggles were only showing black, the fennec could only stand there, whimper and wonder what he had done wrong.

The answer came after some time, he couldn't tell how long exactly. A pict-feed showed up on his goggles. Fred noticed the shadow of his employer, just like in the first video he had gotten.

A band of text rolled along at the bottom, subtitles.

“Thank you for testing the security facilities of my new laboratory, my dear Fred. You have done a great job... or should I say a really bad one? You trusted your devices, devices you got from your employer. You have seen what I wanted you to see and in the end... you turned out to be a very nice plaything, at least for a while. Have

a good night!”

With that the subtitles rolled out and only some mocking icons were shown..

Hours, if not more had passed with Fred in the uncomfortable, cramp-inducing position. He was sure he had been moved a bit at some point, but with the maddening thudding of his heart in his ears as the only sound and his vision filled with mocking icons and even pictures of his own demise, he wasn't sure of anything anymore.

“Fred, wake up!” This message flashed up in bright, angry red letters in front of his eyes, pulling him out of his stupor. He flinched, squirmed and panicked, but no matter how much he struggled, the impossibly tight bindings weren't moving even a centimetre, he couldn't even shake his head!

Every limb was cramped, fingers and toes had stopped tingling ages ago and now he could barely feel them at all.

“You silly thing, if you behave I might free you and use you as a personal toy... or just as a foot stool, I haven't made my mind up yet.” The fennec managed to groan quietly, what use it has, he couldn't tell, nor did he care.

“But I will grant you one boon, I will tell you who your employer is...” With the last letters fading away, a spotlight lit up and illuminated a female shape from behind, from the long, slim tail and the rather round ears, the former thief could tell it was a feline, maybe a tiger or leopard. The light wandered, just as the camera did, showing only a pair of high heeled leather boots. Slowly the field of vision wandered upwards, showing black, tight skirt reaching past the knees and hugging strong thighs tightly. Up and up it went, revealing female curves clad in a black latex catsuit rippling with rainbows like oil on water, most certainly some kind of nano-tech. The suit went up over a decent bust and a slim neck framed by brown curly hair. Finally, the face of the captor!

A cougar, Fred had been quite close, was staring with a superior sneer at the camera, dark green eyes gazing through frameless glasses.

The cougar-lady placed a gloved hand on the lens of the camera and Fred flinched away involuntarily as latex oozed over the screen, not realizing just the camera got coated. “Enjoy the sight and treasure it, for it will be the last thing you will see in a while....”