

A Binding Contract

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 8: Star)

Content warning: Bondage, objectification, casual, and exhibitionism.

At first, she had to think of every motion, mechanically progressing step by step.
Hook leg, release hand, spin. Stop. Climb, bend backwards, hook elbow, release leg.
Then, it became fluid, as if each move slurred into each other within one breath.
Grab below spin straighten leg pause untense arm grab above straighten body...
Now, her body moved on its own. Freedom. It felt like pure, unadulterated freedom.
~No, I can't help it, no, I can't help it! Don't wanna stay or run away...no, I can't help it!~

Brandi had thought the descriptions in the articles she'd read and the stories she'd heard from co-workers were overly romantic. But here she was, just as they'd said: lost in the music, her body matching the tune and reveling in how it could just *move*. Her lithe, deceptively strong form effortlessly glided up, down, and around, the drum-beat of the slow, sweeping song driving her motions. It didn't matter there were a hundred eyes following her, focusing on her curves, on the small star-shaped pasties over her nipples, and on the absurdly thin strip of fabric that covered her lower holes. No, it did matter...and her movements happily showed off everything in powerful poses paused on the deep kick of the drum and released just before the next measure began. This was true freedom...unrestrained, unlimited bodily freedom.

Her tall ears flicked, the deer understanding that there were cheers and particularly brazen lines being called out to her; she paid them little mind. They weren't the reason she danced. They were simply people she accounted for in her dancing. The bouncers were working overtime to manage the worst offenders, but even that didn't phase her. Brandi simply smiled, closed her blue eyes, and let her body work the pole.

Throughout the club, the deer was known as "the innocent one". Never did her displays on the stage become raunchy; there was no licking the pole, no crude humping motions, no purposeful finger placements highlighting her hidden parts in a "come on in" sort of way. Those were the motions of an amateur or someone desperate to make the watching crowd randy. No, when her white-furred thighs or belly touched the pole, hooved feet spreading wide in the air, it was because Brandi felt like doing so. It made her feel untouchable, and the relaxed, unashamed smile that stretched on her thin muzzle, highlighted by black curved marks to either side and a large black nose just above, made her joy to perform clear. All of that made her desired, adored, and frequently requested.

It also made her missed, the disappointed moans almost as loud as the applause when the song began to fade and the deer slowly span down to the ground. Brandi breathed out as

her motion stopped, head resting on the warm, polished metal as if she'd slid to catch upon a lover's leg and nuzzle a nonverbal "don't go". Her chest rose and fell in steady athletic breaths, body speckled in as much sweat as body glitter. Then, to fulfill the manager's request of her and entice the big spenders, she opened her eyes and locked gaze on the first face she saw sitting in the most choice seats at the stage's edge.

Her eyes found Calm, unblinking turquoise ones. The white fox's mouth curled up at the corners, the painted red marks that decorated his face barely budging as he locked eyes with her. Behind his head, four white tail tips gently swayed, still in beat with the song that had long since vanished. He didn't applaud, but his eyes shone admiration and approval.

Brandi shivered, but she kept her smile wide as she stood up against the pole. Turning, she walked with the elegance of a lady, with one hoof in front of the other, a tail back, shoulders back, and relaxed arms. The deer traveled across that thin strip of stage that connected the pole and its spotlight with the curtain-cloaked path backstage. She paused, looked back, and gave a small wave; one wave with her right hand, the other with her small tuft tail. Then, as the crowd cheered their goodbye, she slipped through the curtain.

"Sometimes I hate you," the mare she passed sighed.

"Emma, you spin circles around me," Brandi replied, "Besides, it's not like I take tips away from you, right?"

"You'd be rich if you let your fans do it, you know," Emma laughed. "But you're right, I can't complain about that. Stripper with a heart of gold you are." The mare shrugged her shoulders beneath the cloak of ribbon she wore, feeling the weight she'd soon be removing, then slid her way through the curtains to the main stage.

Brandi shook her head, fingers massaging her lightly furred scalp. She was really glad she didn't have to come up with a response to that. Other than her usual attempt to be pedantic. After all, while she even try to sensually disrobe after the first couple of awkward attempts, the deer was employed at a strip club.

"Brandi, you muse of dance!" the badger cheered, a huge, toothy grin filling his face. Anyone not familiar with the club owner and manager would've thought the backstage lights were too bright, but Brandi had gotten used to her squinty-eyed ermine boss.

"You can't hug me for every dance I do, Jon," she sighed, unable to stop herself from smiling. "The other girls are going to get jealous. Badger hugs are valuable, you know."

"Don't I know it!" he guffawed, squeezing the thin deer's nearly nude body in a tight embrace and forcing her to wheeze at his strength. The badger took a deep breath in, sighed, then released one of his most profitable workers. He couldn't help it; he had wants, too, and the deer always had the most delicate of scents. "But, that's a hug 'cuz you just got us an incredibly generous donation!"

Brandi blinked in confusion as she brushed away some beads of sweat on her brow. "...an actual donation?" she inquired. Some customers didn't know where the lines were drawn, after all.

"An actual one!" he confirmed. "He doesn't even want a private dance, just a conversation with my beautiful cervine lady over here!"

The deer looked over her shoulder. "Who?" she innocently inquired, her expression managing only barely to maintain a poker-like ambiguity.

"You!" Jon paused, then sighed out, his jovial expression falling. " ...admittedly, I know what it's about, and I won't blame you if things go how they often go. He's a regular and an awful generous patron, so I won't steal his thunder. But...as long as you have as much fun as you do now, I'm always happy to have you on board. You know that?"

Now Brandi was confused. But, seeing the rare serious look in the badger's eyes, she offered her softest, most comforting smile. "...of course, Jon. The red room?"

"The red room, Brandi dear," he confirmed. He walked off, giving himself a warm-up chuckle before turning the corner on a new hire. "Hoshi, you gorgeous amphibian beauty you!" he boomed at the startled gecko. Brandi left for the private room hall; the gecko girl would learn to anticipate that badger's high spirited greetings eventually.

Brandi knocked, mostly out of politeness. "Come in," a smooth tenor voice replied, not disturbed or startled by her approach in the slightest.

Slipping into the room, the deer closed the door gently behind her. She'd toweled off most of the sweat and glitter, but her dress was just as minimal as before, leaving her waving the tuft of white and brown wagging in full view as she ensured the room's privacy. The red room was called that for a reason; a large suite with bright red walls, a small yellow stage with its own pole, a large pink table, and a pink, u-shaped lounge sofa encircling the table. When she turned to the sofa, she could only see the back of the donor's head, but it was enough.

"Oh! It's you," she commented, circling around to the opposite side of the sofa and sitting herself down. The white, four-tailed fox grinned toothily at her arrival and greeting, the angles of those small red markings making his pleased expression look almost threatening. The even gaze he had directly at her face was even more unnerving.

"It is. You are a spectacular dancer, you know," he hummed.

"Thank you, sir," she responded almost automatically.

"You go by Brandi Chase, yes?"

"That's my name," she confirmed.

"No, it's not."

Brandi paused, studying the fox's steady expression. Not a single tell came, so she tried not to give any away herself. "I understand many take pseudonyms in this line of work, but..."

"...but you enjoy this work. And Brandi Chase is what your friends call you, so they can corroborate your story. Isn't that right, Priscilla?"

The deer swallowed. Crap.

"Oh, I don't mind one bit, Brandi," the fox said, finally breaking his completely stationary pose by leaning his head forward into his palms, tails swaying in delight at the brief little verbal game that had been played out. "I just like beginning my relationships, acquaintances or otherwise, with complete trust and open intentions. Kitsune and arcanaloth both have a disappointing reputation for duplicity. One supposedly hides it behind dishonesty, and the other supposedly hides it behind double-meanings and legal chicanery. And that's not counting the terrible talk of foxes in general. So, with that being said, are you willing to begin with introductions?"

Brandi chewed upon her lower lip, fingers curling into her own unclothed lap. "My name," she said with a deep breath, "is Priscilla Adcock. But I *prefer* to be known as Brandi because of the highly limiting lifestyle expected of the Adcock family."

The fox clapped. "Excellent! It is wonderful to meet you, Brandi. I am Rashid Najeeb-Esam, but I don't fault anyone for forgetting the last name. Not only is it entirely detached from my actual parentage, but Arabic names tend to be less well-received. I also prefer to be on a first-name basis with everyone because it feels more comfortable. And I am here because I wish to hire you."

The deer settled back in her seat across the table from her customer. "Hire me? Rashid, I'm quite happy dancing here. And money isn't of concern to me either, as I'm well aware you know if you've done background research on me.."

"Oh, I know. I'm not trying to recruit you for a rival business," the fox said, fanning a hand as if to wave the concept away. "I wouldn't be such good friends with Jon and a generous donor if I were a competitor. I want you to be a star in my kink club."

"...kink club?"

Rashid raised an eyebrow. "Yes. Perverse interests for the purpose of open arousal and freely given sexual relief. I want you to be a slut for an array of strange and exotic experiences."

Brandi blushed. "...you're being awfully forthright about this."

"I told you," the fox hummed, "that I like being completely open with my intentions. But I don't think you have any conscious hangups about sex or perversion. You wouldn't if your idea of rebellion and freedom is dancing near-naked in front of people, a larger percentage than you expect of whom will masturbate to the image of you later that night or even days later."

This wasn't helping the heiress's blush decrease by any amount. "Your exact proposal then, Rashid. Including exactly what these kinks of yours include."

"Alright," he said, drawing a stack of papers from inside of his jacket pocket and dropping them to the table. The fox shrugged, knowing Brandi was staring him down at the obvious showing-off of his magic, then curled a finger to invite the deer to sit next to him. Brandi found herself curiously scooting closer until her unclothed body was warmly pressed against the sharp-dressed fox. As she picked up the contract and began to read, Rashid put an arm around her shoulders and, without a note of shame, began to describe his vision.

"You obviously enjoy freedom. You're beautiful and shapely, and you don't have any messy head-hair to manage. So I want to see you bound. I want to see you become an object, trapped in the spotlight with no freedom whatsoever, your dances reduced to squirms. But...you'd only be in the spotlight as a reward. All other times, you'd be under my care, a faceless toy among many, milking cocks with your holes or worshiping pussies with your body. And, if you sign this contract, you'd be mine for at least two full months. If you stay on board after the contract's duration, you'll be free to schedule time to do whatever you want, whether it be attend classes, dance at the club here, or spend time with friends. All other time I will twist and pervert for my kink club, for recordings, or—should you desire it—my personal use. Only your introduction video will ever show your real face, and never will your real name be used. You will be my invisible, unnamed, unknowable star. Just the deer toy everyone loves to see dance against tighter, ever so tighter bonds."

Brandi did not discount the possibility his words had been layered with some sort of enchantment, nor did she disbelieve the contract she was reading had been lined with some sort of dirty magic trick. However, her heart was racing and her cheeks hurt. The two pasties she wore now had tiny peaks poking out from beneath the center of each star, and the line of fabric at her groin began to feel the trickle of moisture. "...and I couldn't say no to anything for the course of two months," she observed, the contract not hiding any condition in words she couldn't understand.

"No. But I am not exposing you to the worst I have to offer," he pointed out, finger drawing towards the line that began detailing exactly what her use would entail. "You would be solely kept to bondage, storage, display, recording, and sexual use under the conditions I'd previously described."

The deer looked up from the contract, studying the fox. The turquoise eyes showed not the slightest glint of dishonesty. "...all of this because you think I want to rebel so badly that I'd give up my greatest joy to flaunt social convention?"

"All of this," he asserted, "because I think you desperately want to try new things that your upbringing wouldn't allow you to try, to consider every taboo for the experience it actually provides rather than what the social convention says about it, and because an innocent girl like you moaning in ecstasy as I teach her about the most perverse things our world has to offer

even while maintaining her bright innocence and delightful manners is absolutely incredible a prospect to me.”

Brandi closed her eyes, huffing a less composed breath than any other she’d taken in her physically active day. When she opened them, the fox simply shrugged. “What? I can’t say I’m not terribly aroused by the prospect,” he slyly mentioned, a finger pointing to a tremendously large tent pitched in his pants. “But I’m honest. Two months. Worst case scenario, you return to your dancing, classes, and rich girl life, and I have a healthy number of assets passed through to your personal Brandi-associated accounts. Best case scenario...you learn how freeing a lack of freedom can be~”

The deer’s ears flicked forward, her eyes soon following. The fox held out a pen, one he’d clicked open and tilted tip-first towards the table. Brandi’s heart beat rapidly, but she couldn’t help herself. Jon was right; this patron had been quite convincing. And so, on the contract sheet, she signed her name. Brandi Chase. And, on the private document behind that second-to-last page, she signed the true, legally binding name in full, elaborate cursive.

Rashid’s tails flicked behind him as he grinned.
“Mine.”

The video began with a brief black screen with white, typewriter print text.

Deer slut-toy acquisition
Last day as a person: 05/16/2017
Purpose: Bondage dancer and sexual relief

Upon a pink table encircled by a pink u-shaped sofa laid a squirming form, Tied with what seemed to be a black rubber band, its wrists and ankles were hog-tied together, leaving the bound thing lying upon its left side. Exposed to the camera’s lens, only two star-shaped pasties atop those firm c-cups disguised any of its body. Its long muzzle did, however, have a small band stretched around it, locking a large red ball just inside its mouth. Its muffled moans still could be heard, though, the thing arching its back as something plugged inside its gaping, arousal-splattered sex vibrated relentlessly.

“Isn’t it cute?” the voice asked, Rashid leaning down into view of the screen. “Just became mine today.” He knelt down next to the form, fingers toying at the vibrator and squeezing it more solidly in. “It used to be a girl who loved to dance and be free. I decided one of those things was a good thing. Don’t you all agree?”

Leaning forward, the four-tailed fox rubbed his hands together. “Ooh, I love savoring the peelies.” Slowly, his fingers reached forwards, snagging one point of the star over the toy’s left

breast. Gradually, it began to pull back, squeaking as it tugged and eventually separated from the pink flesh of the areola and leaving it to redden ever so slightly. Finally, the edge popped off, a muffled squeak sounding from the gagged toy's mouth, and the fox sighed with satisfaction. "One more," he hummed, fingers once more squeezing over the plastic and drawing it away, peeling it off with one more pleasing pop and squeak. Tossing the covers over his shoulder, his hands reached out and groped over the fatty tissue, fingers tweaking at the now-exposed pink flesh. "Fresh!"

Settling his head next to the deer toy's, he blew a small course of heated breath across her ear, giggling as it flicked back and coaxed his new belonging into a shiver. "Well, this is the last time we'll be seeing all this unnecessary flesh. This toy will be joining our other faceless sluts. All you people need is its holes and breasts, right? ...well, not that it matters. I own this, and what I say goes for my little bondage star...goes."

The fox reached his hands up and held the deer's head, cradling it in his palms. Slowly, black fluid began to pulse outwards from his palms, the toy's eyes widening in shock as darkness slowly crawled over them. It painted over the toy's features, tightly squeezing around them as it solidified. By the time he released his hands from his new acquisition, only its twitching nose, and bright red ball gag were visible. Even those tall ears had been pinned within the hood, not even a bump marking where they had once been.

Slowly he worked, fashioning perfect latex pieces to hide away his toy's body and give it a new, more proper appearance. Its tender breasts hung out of small windows, and its ass-cheeks, tuft tail, and cunt similarly were allowed the privilege of touching the open air. Only once it had truly become a lithe latex toy, only its body shape, holes, tail, and tits to distinguish it from any other one Rashid owned, did Rashid bring out a small latex bag. He stuffed the toy inside, closed the zipper over, and vacuumed out the air without delay. Soon, all there was for the camera to focus on was a lumpy-shaped rubber tote with its own lumpy carrying handle.

"I hope you all watching this enjoyed saying goodbye to my dear deer," Rashid said to the camera. "But, if you recognize it at my club, feel free to say hello. If you're polite and use it well, you might just leave an impression. Or at least something creamy for it to remember you by."

The video faded, leaving the exact same type-print slate it had begun with.

...

"I thought that was one of my cutest, personally," Rashid mentioned to a nearby coyote as he locked and once more pocketed his phone. "And the deer's been quickly becoming one of the most popular attractions. Many members now know her by the feel of her mouth."

The coyote grunted and grinned, adjusting his cock as his knot began to finally deflate. "Oh yeah? And where is she now?" he asked, squeezing the red canine shaft as the hooded toy head continued to gulp at the last trickles of seed that drooled from his tip.

"Oh, around I'm sure," Rashid said with a smile, still enjoying how the tongue of another toy slurped beneath his balls. "It's hard to tell when you've got so many. But I'm sure you could learn to find her if you like her. She should be on stage tomorrow."

Nodding, the coyote finally pulled back and coaxed the hooded toy to release him with a sloppy moan, his soft cock finally given the chance to withdraw back into its sheath after being released from the needy mouth. Politely, he pinched the hooded head's nose, forcing the toy to gulp away the spunk that had pooled inside of its mouth. Only once he was sure he'd 'flushed' his mess away did the coyote release the nose and use the nearby plug chained to the wall to close up the hole. "Sounds like a plan! Thanks, Rashid."

"My pleasure," the fox replied, waving away the regular. Sighing, he looked down the wall of latex-covered heads as countless men and women used them for relief. There were far more appealing shows, sure, but everyone used these at least once during their time at the club for a quick finish. It's why they were so unassumingly placed on a wall most visible on the way out.

"You're getting so many fans," he said, looking back down at the long-muzzled head that lapped at his sack. "And you've been having a lot of fun too, it seems. Aren't you glad you tried something new?"

The masked toy huffed, drawing in air through those small little holes over her large, black nose. "I thought so. Now, how about you help me get a load off? I've got to make sure the stage and other features are running smoothly. Don't want things to be ruined for yet another one of your big days tomorrow, right? My dear deer?"

Slowly, he eased his own cock forward, hilding himself inside the willing and open mouth. "Ahh. I have to admit," he sighed as he began to thrust, tiny drops of drool splattering down to the metal grate and drain below, "I may love honestly unlike my heritage...but binding contracts are simply the best~"

All the deer toy had to give in reply was a sloppy moan and a swallow as the vulpine shaft began to fill her mouth once more.