

You feel your muscles go slack as the visor is strapped to your face, pretty pink swirls beginning to spin, surrounding your vision, sapping the strength in your muscles from where you tried to push back. Your eyes fall on the cutesy fox in front of you, who seems *delighted* that you aren't resisting anymore. She gives you a big smile and a giggle that draws you in, the swirls in your sight already doing their job of slowly entrancing you, just like you did to her before.

"There we go, that's so much better!" she exclaims for you, and you can't help but agree that it *does* feel better to just relax like this, rather than fighting her. Is... is this how it felt when you put the visor on her before? Those thoughts quickly drift away as your attention is called back to her words. "So much nicer to relax and listen, huh? That's what you told me, and you were so right..." You nod - you *were* right about that, it *is* nice to relax and listen. You feel the tension in your muscles ease as the thought takes hold.

"Now, take some deep breaths for me. Feel yourself slipping deeper and deeper into relaxation with each one." Your breathing steadies and slows, feeling your heart rate decrease from the intensity before. What were you so worked up about, anyways...? It doesn't matter, you feel so relaxed now that it couldn't have been important. "So much nicer to let that relaxation wash over you, and just listen to my words. So much nicer to not have to worry about those thoughts for just a little while."

You watch her reach down, your gaze following her down between your legs... where did your clothes go? ...It doesn't matter. Her paws gently cup your balls, feeling so nice down there... you watch as she takes a large ring in one paw, slowly and gently putting your balls through it, and then the sheath of your dick, resting the ring flush against your crotch. Some part of you feels like you should be worried about this, or trying to take it off... but doesn't it feel better to just relax? Her voice echoes through your head, reminding you how nice it is to relax, to not think for now.

Watching through the spirals, you see her fitting your sheath into a small, pink chastity cage. That worry comes back even louder, but as you feel the strength returning to your arms for just a moment as you slowly urge them to reach for it, a fast pulse of spiral rings occludes your vision for a moment, throwing off that thought completely. By the time your sight returns to you, the cage is attached to the ring, and you feel so *very* relaxed about it.

"Doesn't that look nice?" she asks, and you can't help but nod in agreement. The cage does look very nice on your dick, fitting nice and snug around it. It feels comfortable, like it's the perfect size and shape for you, and part of you wonders if it was *made* for you... "I think it's perfect. So perfect that it never needs to come off again, right?" The warning bells in your head start blaring at that statement, but they sound so far away, like they're for a different person entirely. To you, those words sound perfectly natural. So natural... so right.

Maybe it didn't have to come off. "You can wear your chastity forever, just like me! I love being in chastity forever, and you should too!" You... you should, shouldn't you? It made so much sense, she's been so happy and horny ever since you permanently locked her away. Don't you want to be happy and horny too? "You'll love it, just like me! I just want you to be happy like I am!"

Your vision refocuses on the new object she holds in front of it – the key, fit into the lock. You slowly reach up and take it from her, knowing that she wants you to. "There you go! Just slide the lock in there and turn, and you can be a happy sissy too!" With limbs that don't feel like your own, you slowly reach down, sliding the lock into its section of the cage and turning it, hearing the click of it locking shut. But for some reason, that doesn't quite feel like enough.

You're vaguely aware that at some point the spirals changed shape to pretty hearts... and your breathing has gotten heavier again. It feels hot, and you can tell your cage is straining already, feeling yourself being denied from getting hard, the feeling you know you'll feel for the rest of your life. It feels... so good. You keep turning the key more and more, feeling the pressure of trying to push it farther than it's meant to go. But you want to keep turning it. You want to do what she said to do, you *want* to be a happy sissy too! You push and push and turn...

And the resounding **snap** nearly sends you over the edge, flooding your mind with pleasure.

"Good job! Now we can be happy horny sissies together, forever!" Your foxie giggles with glee, and you can't help but do the same... your cage strains and jumps with how horny you are, and the feeling only seems to grow in intensity with every passing second. You feel a paw on your chest, pushing you to lay down on your back, and you comply, your legs and bottom being raised up as a poofy pink princess diaper slides underneath – one of hers... but now it's one of yours too. She sprinkles powder all over your sensitive area and caged bits before taping you up into your first new diaper, looking proud of her first time changing you.

You start to lean up, only to feel her paw return to your chest, keeping you down as she climbs on top, her own diaper resting against your own. She holds up the vibrator in her other paw before placing it down between both of your diapers, giving a big smile to you. "Now we can have lots and lots of fun together, forever and ever!" She turns on the vibrator and the two of you moan together, straining against your chastity and humping your diapers against the shared vibrator, enjoying the need and the desperation and the wonderful feelings shared between you.

Of course you'd be happier locked away!