

"Eclipse---The Burglar"
Dreamt on: October 6, 2010
Recorded on: October 7, 2010

"Wakey-wakey, little kitty."

He felt a gentle tap on his head...and slowly came back to consciousness, his eyes fluttering...

...then slamming shut, adjusting to the bright light, a whimper leaving his throat.

"Oh, is that too bright for you?" a feminine voice asked...then the light dimmed a bit. "Better?"

He slowly opened his eyes, blinking several times...then stared, wide-eyed...

...at the jet black vixen in front of him, clad in a grey tunic top, a lone slash of silver fur in the shape of a crescent moon cutting across her right eye.

"Better?" she asked, looking at him, a smile on her muzzle.

He nodded and tried to speak...but his muzzle wouldn't respond...

...and then he remembered where he was...and how he got there.

He began to growl and "Mmrrph!" loudly, causing the vixen to giggle.

"Now, now...I wouldn't struggle too long," she said, walking a bit closer to him.

"Because you'll get tired and miss out on all the fun."

He blinked, puzzled.

"Well, fun for me, anyway," the vixen went on. "I seriously doubt you'll enjoy it."

She lowered her head to look him in the eyes...

...and the smile vanished, replaced with a menacing scowl.

"After all, burglars and thieves like you typically don't enjoy their...punishments," she stated coldly. The iciness in her voice sent a chill along his spine...and caused dread to take root in his heart.

Oh, shit...she's gonna...

He began to grunt and struggle harder, trying to escape whatever bonds he was in...which caused her to smile again.

"I suppose I can let you talk for a little bit," she said. "Not like it will do you any good or anything."

He watched as the vixen raised a single finger and made a slight twirling motion...and it felt like his jaw popped.

"Please...let me go," he whined, shocked that he could actually speak.

The vixen smiled again, a crocodile smile.

"Why should I do that?" she asked. "You broke into MY home, remember?"

He watched as she moved around behind him.

"Please...just turn me in to the cops...I won't do this again, I promise," he mewled, fear beginning to grip him at the truly strange feeling he was getting from this vixen.

She was dangerous. VERY dangerous.

He felt her rest a paw on his head, between his ears.

"Now, now...I'm investigating," she said...

...then he felt a gentle push in his mind...

...and saw the events of the past few weeks replayed in his brain.

Noticing that the vixen paid with a large credit card every time she shopped...following her back to her home...noting her patterns and tendencies...

...and then, his fantasies about her came up to the fore, very roughly.

He felt his mind start to swim, along with his vision as all of the memories began to play at once...

...then she was gone, her presence left his mind.

He slumped forward, panting.

"Gglb...fleh..." he muttered.

"Don't worry...you'll recover, in time," he heard as the vixen walked back out in front of him. "Going into someone's mind like that does cause a bit of a reaction." She looked up at him...then sat down across from him.

"So...not only are you a burglar...but you're a stalker as well," she stated, the coldness returning to her voice.

He kept panting, his brain still feeling like it had been blended into goo.

"Don't even bother trying to deny it. I saw your memories." She lightly tapped his skull. "It was all in there." She let out a soft chuckle, an ominous chuckle. "Of course, now it's also in here." She tapped her own skull with an ebon claw.

"L...l...lady...jus...turn me...inta...the cops..." he stammered.

She let out a long laugh.

"The POLICE? Do you actually think they will do anything better to you?" she laughed. "Arraignment...trial...time in the slave market..."

She stopped laughing...and glared at him, her green eyes devoid of any warmth.

"You are not getting off that easy," she stated.

His eyes widened...and he renewed his struggles against his bonds.

"Please....please just let me go! I won't do this EVER again! I pro-"

"ENOUGH!" she snapped, making a slashing gesture with her finger...

...and he felt his muzzle seize up...and something flow over it, capping it off.

"...mrrph! Mrrph, mrrphle hurh!"

The vixen came closer to him...then stepped to the side, revealing a full-sized mirror not far away from him...

...and he stared, eyes wide.

Where his mouth had been...was now a solid mass of fur. There was no mouth opening anymore. It looked like there never had been.

He began to whimper plaintively...and struggle against the bonds that were holding him...

...until he stared harder into the mirror...

...and saw that NOTHING was binding him to the chair!

He looked at the vixen, fear flooding his hazel eyes.

She smiled at him, a predatory smile.

"I think it's an improvement," she stated, then gently caressed his throat. "And, well...since you don't have a mouth anymore..." She rested her palm against his throat. "You won't need a voice box anymore."

He felt a warmth shoot through his throat...

...then tried to scream from the pain as he felt the inside of his throat melt and burn.

He shut his eyes, screaming inside...

...then felt her pull away...

...and slumped forward, breathing deeply through his nose.

He slowly looked up at her...and tried to make a sound.

Nothing came...and she smiled.

"Good," she stated. "Now I won't have to hear any more of your pathetic whining and grunting." She ran a paw down his belly, her touch gentle. "Hmm...pretty smooth there," she commented. "Do you work out?"

He shut his eyes, not wanting to answer...

...then they shot open as he felt a touch on his penis.

"Well, well, well...looks like someone's enjoying his predicament, judging by this," she commented, fondling his fully-erect shaft.

He blushed...then remembered all that she had done to him thus far...and tried to pull away.

She firmly grabbed onto his shaft, the barbs holding him close to her.

"Well, again...since you won't be needing this any more..." she began.

His eyes went wide...and he shook his head.

Please...please don't...

He felt that warmth again...and screamed mentally as it felt like his penis was melting away.

He took great lungfuls of air in through his nose, fighting the pain...

...then felt the warmth fade away...along with the pain.

He looked down...

...and saw a completely smooth surface where his penis and testicles were.

No opening at all. Just smooth, unblemished grey fur.

He looked up at her, a tired and beaten look on his face.

"Now...since you no longer have that little thing down there..." she paused, "and trust me...it WAS a little thing..." she rested a hand on his bladder, which was quite full.

He shut his eyes, bracing for the pain...

...and screamed mentally as his insides began to burn, feeling like they were dissolving away.

After a while, the heat faded...and he knew what she'd done.

She smiled...and backed away.

"Look at it this way," she said, grinning evilly, "in a way, you get exactly what you wanted."

He looked up at her, sweat soaking his fur.

"You get to watch me...every single day of your life," she said, raising her paws to her chest.

He stared, eyes wide...as emerald green lightning began to crackle around her paws.

He looked up at her, a pleading look in his eyes...

...then, she gestured toward him, causing the lightning to strike him...

...and he succumbed to unconsciousness.

...

(the next morning)

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"Goddess? It is morning."

Eclipse slowly stretched, a yawn leaving her muzzle.

"Thank you, Maid," she said, sleep still clouding her brain for a bit as she sat up, stretching again. "Is breakfast ready?"

"Indeed it is, Goddess. Exactly as you like it," came the reply.

"I sincerely hope so," the vixen stated, standing up, her naked ebon form, gleaming in the light.

"Goddess?"

She turned to look at her maid, a lean white tiger dressed as a serving girl.

"Is this one new?" the tiger asked, holding up a stuffed grey feline form.

Eclipse smiled.

"Yes. That one is new, Maid," she stated. "Please put him back."

"Right away, Goddess," the maid replied, placing the feline back where it originally was, next to two others: a brown collie and a golden fox.

"Make sure that they are cleaned properly when you clean the room," Eclipse ordered, waving a paw over her form...

...causing a green tunic top and dark brown leggings to appear on her body.

...

The maid curtsied.

"By your command, Goddess," he replied, watching as she headed toward the door...

...and hoping that she did not notice the slight bulge in his underwear.

"And once you're done with that, report to me for discipline," Eclipse stated, heading out of the room.

He felt defeated. She had noticed. She always did.

"As you command, Goddess," he said again...then gently began to clean the three figures on the vixen's dresser.

They stared silently at the maid, unresponsive as his delicate touch began to remove the dust from their forms...

...

...but inside...

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...inside, there were three voices, screaming and pleading for release...

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