

Weaving the Web: Part 2, "The First Layers"

Dreamt on: August 3-7, 2011

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(the next morning...Saturday)

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I yawned, feeling my ears flatten against my head.

"Good morning, dear," I hear a soft feminine voice say.

I am puzzled by this, as my sleep-addled brain struggles to process why there is a second person in my apartment, let alone my bedroom.

Slowly, I open my eyes, blinking several times...

...and a grey-furred wolf's head slowly comes into focus, smiling at me.

"You must have been all worn out from yesterday," the wolf said, smiling. "You slept quite a while. It's almost noon."

I blinked, confused as to who this person was...

...then the memories came flooding back...

...and I panicked, squirming away.

"Now, now..." the wolf said, effortlessly grabbing onto my legs with one hand.

"Can't have you hurting yourself before our big day, now can we?"

She gave my legs a tug...and pulled me halfway down the bed, toward her.

"Now then..." she said...and ran a claw along my legs.

I blinked puzzled...and moved my legs free of the webbing.

"...you need to go take a shower and get ready," she finished, cutting my wrists free as well.

I slowly flexed my wrists, massaging them gently...then looked at her, puzzled.

"We have a big day of prep work ahead of us," the wolf explained, sitting next to me on the bed. "We are going to get you some nicer clothes, possibly from Donella's..."

My eyes shot wide. *Donella's? That place is so expensive! There's no **WAY** I can afford anything from there!*

...

Essah smiled. "Maybe we'll visit a few other shops I know of. Get you some fun wear as well..."

She trailed off, blinking...

...as the red fox slowly raised its right paw into the air.

She blinked...then it hit her.

"You have a question?" the wolf-spideress asked.

The fox nodded...but stayed quiet.

"Go ahead," Essah commented.

The fox took a breath.

"Donella's is so expensive," it said. "There's no way I can afford anything from there..."

Essah smiled...and gently caressed the fox's ear, causing it to chirr softly.

"Money is no longer a concern of yours, my dear," Essah said softly. "The lone concerns you should have are following directions and doing your work."

She continued to caress the fox's ear for a bit longer, smiling as its tail began to swish languidly...then stopped, patting its head.

"All right, my dear...time to go take that shower," Essah chided gently.

The fox sighed...and got up, slowly heading for the bathroom.

"I will lay out your clothes for the day," Essah said before the fox closed the door...then got up, rummaging through the fox's closet.

Let's see...something that will be comfortable for long-term wearing...

She slid several articles of clothing out of the way...then smiled.

Perfect. Now for the underwear...

...

I sighed as the water cascaded down my fur, washing the shampoo out.

What the fuck am I doing? I asked myself.

Ummm...taking a shower? my brain responded.

No, I mean...why am I taking orders from this complete stranger?

Simple: she kidnapped you, you thought she was going to kill and/or eat you, you agreed to do whatever she asked in order to survive, my brain chided.

I sighed again and shut off the water.

Yeah...now I'm stuck being her...whatever I am.

"Are you done in there yet, dear?" a feminine voice asked.

I flinched.

"Drying off now," I replied, a bit more curtly than I intended...and stepped out of the shower, blotting my fur dry with a towel.

Great...likely going to pay for that...

"Good. I have your clothes ready for you."

I rolled my eyes.

Terrific...she likely picked out something completely slutty and embarrassing.

I used the hot air dryer for a bit...then sighed, placing the towel back over the towel rack.

May as well get it over with...

I edged open the bathroom door and cautiously peeked out.

The grey wolf smiled at me.

"All done?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Good. Here are your clothes for the day."

I looked at the foot of the bed...and was pleasantly surprised.

A light blue bra and matching panty...a grey sweater and brown jeans greeted me.

I looked at her, puzzled.

"You were expecting to go out in one of those?" she asked, pointing at one of my many spandex bodysuits.

Slowly, I slid over to the clothing...and picked up the bundle, doing my best to cover myself up...then began inching toward the bathroom.

"No, no, no...you get dressed out here," the wolf chided.

I froze, scared.

"That way, I can check to see how the outfit looks," she added.

I looked at the clothes, feeling my tail twitch.

Then, defeated, I put the clothes back on the bed...and picked up the bra.

I unfastened it...then slid my arms through the straps, pulling it close to my body.

Then came the hard part...blindly groping for the two ends to fasten it together.

"Here...let me help..."

I felt paws engulf my paws...and guide the two together, feeling the bra close.

Then the wolf slid around to the front as I adjusted the fit of the bra so that my breasts were supported.

She studied my chest...then nodded.

"Looks good...but..." she said...then fiddled with the straps, making the fit more snug.

I felt my breasts get edged outward and upward a bit more...and fidgeted.

"Don't worry...you'll get used to the new fit," she said. "You were wearing it too loosely anyway." She held up the panties. "Now these."

I gently grabbed them...sighed....then began to slide them up my legs.

Then, I deftly pulled my sheath between my legs...and began to pull the panties all the way up...

...when I remembered something.

I looked up...and raised my paw again.

"Yes?" the wolf asked.

"Umm...could I have a pad, please?" I asked, sheepishly.

"A pad?" she asked...then smiled. "Ah, a maxi pad?"

I nodded.

"Hmm...I don't have any. Do you?"

I nodded. "Top right drawer of the dresser, far right."

I watched as she walked to the dresser, pulled the drawer open...then held up a single thick maxi pad.

She looked at it...then smiled.

"Scented? That seems so unlike you," she said.

I blushed, my ears trying to burrow into my head.

She walked back over and handed me the maxi pad, all smiles.

I unwrapped the pad...placed it on the panty directly below where my sheath would now lie...then quickly pulled the panty up, trapping my sheath firmly between my legs.

"You are quite adept at that, my dear," the wolf said admiringly.

"Thank you," I replied...then froze. *Oh, fuck...*

She simply giggled.

"It's rare that someone can accept a compliment like that so gracefully and calmly," she added...then handed me the sweater.

I smiled awkwardly...then slid the sweater over my head...and a soft chirr left my throat as the cashmere slid over my body, soothing me a bit.

On reflex, I reached for the pants...and slid them up my lean legs, securing them around my waist...

...then standing upright, doing a slow turn.

After I finished, I looked at the wolf...

...who studied me for a bit...then smiled.

"You look very beautiful, my dear Tara," she said approvingly.

I blushed...then did a small curtsy.

"Thank you, miss," I said softly.

She chuckled...then walked over to the vanity.

"Sit," she ordered, patting the small stool in front of the vanity.

I felt my elation fade...and did as I was told.

She began to apply makeup to my eyes and muzzle...and I zoned out for a bit, not wanting to watch.

"All right...that is done."

I blinked, jarred back to reality...then looked.

My eyes had long black lashes...light blue eyeshadow and eyeliner...and my muzzle had light pink lipstick on it.

I blushed...then looked up at the wolf.

"It...it looks very nice," I said softly.

She gently patted my head.

"In time, you'll be able to do that yourself," she replied. "Now, we had best get started. You said you had a car, correct?"

I nodded.

"Good. Give me the keys."

I stared, wide-eyed.

"B-b-but..." I began.

She glared at me, displeasure obvious.

I blushed, realizing I was treading on thin ice...then raised my paw.

"Continue," she stated coldly.

"You aren't on my insurance," I pointed out. "If I let you drive and we get into an accident..."

"...you will be in the car," she finished. "And I have a valid driver's license. I will simply explain to the police that you were feeling unwell and asked me to drive."

She towered over me. "And you **WILL** corroborate that story. Understood?"

I emitted a soft squeak...and nodded, hanging my head.

I am so fucked...

"Good." The wolf turned away from me. "Let's go."

Dejected, I followed her out of my apartment...locked it...then gave her the keys.

...

(half an hour later)

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Essah parked the sedan in the parking space...then smiled.

"Okay...here we are," she said, shutting the car off...then turning to the other occupant.

The red fox had been silent the entire trip, head down, ears flat...defeated.

She looks very upset, Essah thought. *Perhaps today, I should go a bit easier on her.*

"Tell you what..."

The red fox slowly looked up at her, its ears still flat.

"While we're out, why don't we relax the rules a bit," Essah said.

The fox blinked, puzzled.

"While we're out shopping, why don't we just be girlfriends for the trip?" she asked. "No waiting for permission to speak...no bossing around. Just two girls having a good time at the mall."

The fox blinked again. "As opposed to...whatever we are now?"

Essah nodded, smiling. "After all, like the song says, girls just want to have fun, right?"

The fox didn't smile. In fact its frown actually deepened.

Essah blinked, confused.

"You don't like the idea?" she asked.

The fox sank back into the seat.

"Honestly, I don't like **ANY** of this," Tara replied. "The abduction...the domination...you basically taking over my life...I don't like **ANY** of it."

Essah tensed, the anger from the fox almost tangible...

...then the fox sighed.

"However...since I did agree to do it...and I keep my word..." the fox looked at its lap, folding its paws there. "I will keep my promise and do what you ask."

Essah felt horrible as the fox shook a bit.

"I just..." the fox swallowed, seeming on the verge of tears, "I just...want to know why?"

The fox turned to face her...and the tears on its face stung her.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Tara asked, her voice breaking as the tears fell.

Part of her wanted to yell at the fox...part of her wanted to scold it for daring to question her...

...but the part that won out unhooked her seat-belt...

...and gently held the fox as it cried.

"I...I really don't know," she admitted.

The fox sniffled...and pulled back. "What do you mean, you don't know?"

Essah sighed.

"When I saw you...you looked like someone I knew...someone who was a LOT

like you," the wolf-spideress said. "Someone...I miss a great deal..."

Essah wiped at her own eyes.

"I guess I just missed them so much...and thought you were them...that I acted on emotion and instinct," she went on. "As for the rest...after you told me you wanted to be female, I thought I could help you..." She blushed. "...just like I did that other person."

"But...the domination...?" the fox asked.

She smiled and let out a soft laugh.

"Got you to not call the cops on me," she said, smiling.

The fox looked at her, stunned...

...then slowly smiled, chuckling as well.

"So...can we try the whole girl's day out thing?" Essah said. "Now that we're a little less hostile toward each other?"

The fox sighed.

"...I don't even know your name..." Tara replied.

Essah chuckled.

"Guess I forgot that little detail, didn't I?" she replied.

"A pretty big one, if you ask me," Tara replied, giggling a bit.

Essah laughed as well...then extended her right paw.

"Essah Vorinah," she said.

The fox's eyes went wide.

"**THE** Essah Vorinah?" it asked.

Essah blushed, her ears flattening.

"The multi-billion dollar ad exec? **THAT** Essah Vorinah?" the fox asked, completely stunned.

Essah looked away.

"Yes...that was me...a long time ago," she replied.

She heard the fox take a breath, preparing to ask more questions.

"I really don't like to talk about it," Essah stated coldly.

The fox blinked.

"I...I was going to say I actually worked for you...for a while anyway," Tara said.

Essah looked up, surprised.

"You ran Shoney and Perkins Ad Agency, right?" Tara went on.

Essah nodded slowly.

"I did...before I sold it off to Glenda Cortia and her firm," she replied.

"I knew it!" Tara exclaimed. "I **DID** work for you for about seven years then."

"Really?" Essah asked, completely surprised.

Tara nodded. "Remember the Buchanan account? The Buchanan Banana Bombs candy?"

Essah nodded...then stared. "That was you?"

Tara nodded. "I worked on their account for about two years. Before they cut ties with us after the sale." Tara leaned back in the chair, smiling. "Also worked with Faldo Cola, Benicio Lawn Care and Gardening, and Mechanos Toys."

"Wow...those were some of our biggest accounts, back then," Essah said, respectfully...then frowned. "Why did I never hear of you?"

Tara sighed, the smile disappearing.

"Glenda Cortia took all the credit," the fox replied. "Used my work as leverage to get the money for the sale...then she screwed them over."

Essah frowned.

"Sounds like...she's not a nice person," Essah stated.

Tara nodded.

"She has actually gotten worse since the sale," Tara added. "Completely controlling...has her name put on every account, but takes none of the blame for any failures." The fox looked up. "If it succeeds, she gets all the credit. It fails, the worker on the case gets all the blame. It's never her fault, even though she's listed as the primary on the account."

Essah sighed...then gently took the fox's paw in hers.

"Let's go," she said.

Tara blinked, confused.

"Let's not let that bitch ruin our girl's day out," Essah said, smiling.

Tara blinked...then slowly smiled...and nodded.

"All right," Tara replied, opening the car door.

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(an hour of shopping later)

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Essah smiled happily, two bags of clothing clutched in her paws.

"All right...now for the last stop on our trip..." she said, heading toward Donella's...

...then stopping, sensing no one near her.

She turned around, looking back.

The red fox had stopped, looking up at the sign for Donella's...and was not moving.

Essah walked over to her, puzzled.

"Tara? Is something wrong?" she asked gently.

The fox looked from the sign to all of the clothing in the storefront...ritzy, upscale, runway-model clothing...

...and it blushed, looking away.

"This...isn't a good idea," Tara said, softly.

Essah gently guided the fox to a nearby bench, helping it sit down...then looked at it, concerned.

"Why? What's wrong with it?" the wolf-spideress asked.

Tara sighed.

"Those clothes...they're so ritzy...so UN-me..." she said, not looking up from the floor.

Essah gently held the fox's paw.

"They could be you," she replied.

Tara looked up at her, unsure.

"Why don't you give them a chance, at the very least, hmm?" Essah went on. "You might find something that **IS** you. Something for a special occasion..." Essah grinned.

"...or for when you want to make all the guys flirt with you."

Tara chuckled a bit, a derisive chuckle.

"Like any guy would want me," the fox said.

Essah gently turned the fox's face toward hers, smiling a very warm and soft smile.

"They will...but you aren't ready yet," the wolf-spideress said.

Tara blinked, puzzled.

"You're still in your cocoon...changing, growing...but when you emerge..." she went on, "you will be a truly beautiful butterfly, ready for the world..."

Essah smiled at the fox.

"...and ready to show the world what you can do," she finished.

Tara blinked, stunned...then blushed.

"Now...are you ready to tackle Donella's?" Essah asked.

Tara took a deep breath, clutching the two bags she held tightly...then stood up.

"Ready," she said.

Essah stood up...and they walked inside.

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"Excuse me! You there!"

Essah blinked, very puzzled at the harsh male voice that had yelled. She looked around, confused.

Are they yelling at us?

A diminutive beige corgi came over to them, clad in a business suit.

"You two...you riffraff...we do not allow **YOUR** kind in here," he barked.

Essah looked down at the man...and felt Tara tense next to her.

"You're...new, aren't you?" Essah asked calmly.

The corgi looked indignant.

"I am asking you riffraff to leave, **NOW!**" he barked angrily.

Essah crossed her arms, towering over the corgi.

"Does Allyson still work here?" the wolf-spideress asked.

The corgi blinked...then glared at her.

"What difference does that make? You are still..."

"Tell Allyson that Essah is here to see her," Essah ordered, glaring back at the corgi. "Now."

"Essie?"

Essah smiled a bit. *She **IS** still here!*

A slender Siamese, clad in a green suit-dress, came over to them, beaming.

"Essie! It **IS** you!" the Siamese said, gently hugging the wolf-spideress.

"Hello, Allyson," Essah said warmly. "It's been a while, hasn't it?"

"Almost six years," Allyson stated, beaming. "How have you been? What's been going on? What are you doing here?"

"We're here to get some clothes, but this..." Essah paused, pointedly glaring at the corgi, "...gentleman...is telling us we have to leave."

"Oh, don't mind Alexei," Allyson chided, still smiling...then paused. "Wait a sec...we?"

Essah nodded. "Yes, we."

Allyson looked past the wolf-spideress...and she turned around slightly.

Tara was directly behind her, blushing...seeming to be making herself seem very small.

Gently, Essah eased Tara out from behind her.

"Is this another project of yours, Essah?" Allyson asked.

Essah blinked, surprised by the question.

"Another of your "Outreach to the Poor and Fashionably Challenged"?" Allyson went on, then giggled. "She could certainly use some new clothes."

Essah looked at the fox, who visibly flinched...and felt something stir within her.

"After all, she looks so plain and poor....so low-class," Allyson went on.

"Indeed....just common riffraff, as I said," Alexei added.

Essah saw the fox flinch again...and turned toward the two salespeople.

"Still, she does dress better than the last one you brought in here," Allyson continued. "I SWEAR, that other fox dressed like such a tramp..."

Essah clenched her left fist tightly, white showing at the knuckles.

"That...tramp...was my **HUSBAND**," Essah growled through clenched teeth.

Allyson and Alexei looked at her...then at the fox...and began laughing.

"That...that was your **HUSBAND**?" Allyson laughed. "My god Essie, why in the hell did you marry him?"

Essah growled, both paws clenched tight.

Why you....

Then, she felt a gentle touch on her right paw.

She looked down...and her anger cooled.

Tara looked up at her, ears flat on her head, a pleading look in her eyes...which were glistening with uncried tears.

"Let's go," she said softly, the fox's voice barely a whisper.

Essah blinked at the fox...then turned back to the pair of salespeople, one whom she had known for years.

One whom she had considered a friend.

"You know....I think you're right," Essah said, locking her gaze on both of them.

"Let's go."

Essah turned around and walked toward the door, Tara clinging to her arm.

"It seems our kind...and our **MONEY**...are not wanted here," Essah added, glancing back over her shoulder toward Allyson.

The Siamese took a step forward.

"Essie? Essie wait..." she began.

Essah kept walking, slamming the door to the store shut behind her.

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Allyson sighed.

"Dammit...I was just kidding her..." Allyson said.

Then she looked up.

Several customers were looking at her...and had likely seen and heard the exchange between the four of them.

As one, they put the merchandise they were looking at back on the racks...and filed out of the store.

Allyson watched them go, stunned.

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Essah growled as she slid behind the wheel.

"I can't believe that! The utter **NERVE** of her," Essah fumed, slamming her seat belt on...

...then she glanced at the passenger's seat...and froze.

Tara was sitting there, head down, ears flat...completely subdued.

Essah frowned.

What she said...she really hurt you...

Then, just slightly, the fox's shoulders began to bob a bit.

Oh no...please don't start crying. I don't think I can handle it...

The fox took a couple of ragged breaths...then slowly sat back in the seat.

"So...where to now?" Tara asked softly.

Essah slid back over to the driver's seat, slightly relieved.

"I think some fun shopping is in order, after that mess," Essah said...then shut her eyes. "I'm sorry...I had no idea she would..."

"It's okay."

Essah looked over at the fox, eyes opening.

"I kinda expected it," Tara said softly...then shut her eyes.

Essah put the car in gear...and frowned.

Maybe you did...but I didn't, Essah thought. *And what she said about Beauregard...*

Essah gripped the wheel tightly, driving on in silence.

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Essah heard Tara gasp as she parked the car.

"You have **GOT** to be kidding?" the fox barked in surprise.

Essah smiled, shutting off the car.

"Nope. This is our fun stop," Essah said, looking up at the storefront.

A plain brown storefront greeted them, a faded and beaten sign reading, "Adult Superstore," looking back at them.

"**THIS** place?" Tara asked, unbuckling her seat belt.

"Yup," Essah replied, then looked at the fox. "This place is a **VERY** fun place."

Trust me."

Tara looked back at the storefront, unsure...then slowly unlocked her door.

...

I followed Essah inside, expecting all sorts of depravity going on...

...so smelling lilacs threw me for a serious loop.

I opened my eyes, looking.

Several displays featuring mannequins in various racy apparel were displayed throughout the store, and there were a vast number of racks containing clothing in between the displays.

Various shelves had all sorts of multi-colored sexual toys, including some that I had never even seen before...and I swallowed, suddenly afraid that they would be used on me.

I felt a gentle touch on my shoulder...and turned to look at Essah.

"Why don't you go look around for a bit," Essah said, smiling. "I need to go harass the owner for a bit."

I nodded tentatively...and wandered off toward a far aisle, wanting to get away from the toys as much as possible.

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Essah watched the fox wander off, chuckling softly.

She's probably a bit overwhelmed, Essah thought, turning away and heading for the counter.

A slightly plump panda glanced up as she approached...then did a double-take.

"Essah? Is that you girl?" he asked.

Essah smiled and nodded, leaning on the counter.

"How have you been, Mort?" she asked.

Mort chuckled. "Eh...business has been decent. Not like when you were a regular here," He laughed a bit, a harsh snappy laugh. "So, what brings you by, lass?"

She leaned forward.

"I need some of that liquid girl you sell," Essah stated. "And some of that anti-male juice as well. Triple-strength for both."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa..." Mort balked. "Essah, that stuff's pretty dangerous..."

"It's not for me," Essah stated.

Mort glanced up at the mirrored ceiling.

"It's for your fox then?" he asked.

Essah nodded.

Mort frowned.

"This the same fox from last time?" he queried.

Essah sighed...and shook her head.

"So...you have a new fox...one you want to make a girl, huh?" he went on. "And fast, if you're asking for triple-strength."

Essah nodded, glancing up at the ceiling...then back at the panda.

"What are you planning on giving her?" he asked.

"Two bottles a day of each," Essah replied.

Mort's eyes went wide.

"No. No you are **NOT** doing that," he declared. "This shit's potent stuff, **ESPECIALLY** at triple-strength..."

"Mort..." Essah began.

"I'm serious Essah," he went on. "This stuff...it messes a person up, even at regular strength. I've seen girlfriends with their guys...big muscle-heads...come in, order this stuff for them...then come back a month or two later, with their big muscle-head guy in full women's clothing, all slim and dainty." He looked at her, a pleading look in his eyes. "Essah...you can't give her that much."

Essah rubbed her eyes. "Mort..."

"I'm dead serious, Essah. I can even show you the video..."

"All right!" Essah snapped, annoyed...then sighed. "What dosage would you recommend, then?"

Mort leaned back a bit.

"Hooo....triple-strength...I'd say no more than a bottle of each a day," he replied. "Probably have to follow it up with some milking work to be completely effective."

Essah nodded.

"Got the milking equipment in stock?" she asked.

"For which? Prostate or mammaries?"

"Both. Electric if you have them."

Mort nodded. "And...how much of the stuff?"

Essah sighed.

"A full case of each. Triple-strength," she stated.

"All right," Mort said, adding it to the list. "And Essah?"

She looked up.

"If you don't follow the dosage...you best not tell me. Got it?"

Essah managed a slight smile.

"If I don't, given how she looks now, would you ever know?" Essah countered.

Mort crossed his arms.

"Actually...I would," he said. "Essah...this shit doesn't just mess with their bodies. It messes with their heads, their emotions...and the people who buy this **KNOW** that."

He placed his paws on the counter.

"Please...be careful," he went on. "She's likely going to be pretty screwy when she takes the stuff. **BAD** screwy."

"I know. This isn't the first time I've..." Essah began.

"I know...but you're using triple-strength this time," Mort countered. "That ups the ante, big-time."

Essah sighed, placing her paws on the counter.

"Mort...I promise. I will be careful with this," she said. "Any problems..."

"Any problems with it, you take her to the ER, immediately," he replied. "Don't be calling me, unless you need a ride there."

Essah nodded. "I won't. We have a car."

Mort nodded.

"All right...I'll get you a case of each. That's 30 bottles of each, a month's supply..." He looked up at her. "I'll add an extra case of each anyway...since I know you and know all my advice is falling on deaf ears..."

"Mort..." Essah began.

"Hon, I **KNOW** you," Mort replied. "The fact that you're ordering triple-strength tells me you want this change done fast, which is **NOT** safe. She is going to need time to adjust to everything that is going to happen to her..."

"Which she will get," Essah said.

"Combine the liquid girl with the anti-male stuff...and she's going to be really unstable," Mort went on. "Just using the liquid girl alone causes serious changes."

Essah nodded. "I know. Would it help if I documented everything? Brought her back from time to time for checks?"

Mort glared at her. "That depends. When are you starting her on the stuff?"

"Probably Monday evening. That'll be her dose time. Evenings."

"Fine. Document everything, bring her in once a week...especially the day **AFTER** her first dose," Mort said.

Essah nodded. "Agreed."

"Fine. I'll put the cases in your car. You can pay after you finish shopping."

Mort glanced up at the ceiling...then smiled, seeing where the fox was.

"Which, judging by where she is, will be a while...and a really big sale," he finished.

Essah looked up...and smiled.

"Sure looks that way," Essah said...then looked back, smiling at Mort. "Thanks again, Mort."

"Meh," he replied, waving a paw dismissively. "I know how you are, Essah." He looked at the wolf-spideress. "She'll make a fine girl...assuming she doesn't go off the deep end."

Essah looked back up at the ceiling and the image of the fox...

...and smiled.

"I know she will..." she said softly.

...

I stared, completely spellbound.

In front of me was a display...showing two canids, clad in jet black suits, covering their entire bodies.

One was strapped to a sawhorse, arms and legs bound to the legs of the sawhorse. The other was standing behind them, a riding crop in their paws and a large jet-black dildo protruding from between their legs.

I looked at them both...going from one to the other...and felt myself becoming very hot.

"Liking what you see?" a soft feminine voice asked.

I squeaked, actually jumping a bit...then turned.

Essah looked at me, smiling...and I blushed.

"So, do you like the display?" Essah asked.

I blushed, my ears flattening...and I nodded.

I felt Essah turn me back toward the display.

"Look at it," she said.

I eased my eyes open, looking at the display...and feeling mesmerized by it.

The sheen of the suits...the potential interaction of the two figures...the threat of punishment...

"Which one would you like to be?" Essah asked softly, her voice a very faint whisper.

I swallowed, glancing from the bound figure to the standing one...and swallowed hard.

"Would you like to be the one bound, awaiting the discipline or pleasure of your mistress..." she asked...and began to gently caress my right breast with a paw.

I leaned back, arching my back a bit, feeling my head begin to swim from the pleasure I was feeling.

"...or would you rather be the one giving out the pleasure or punishment?" Essah whispered, sliding one paw to the front of my jeans and darting it between my fur and the waistband...and stroking the front of my panties.

I felt my tiny sheath begin to get active...and let out a soft moan as both sets of ministrations continued for a bit.

"Hey now! That's enough of that! You're gonna scare off my customers!"

I jumped, squeaking loudly...and Essah simply chuckled.

I looked behind us...as a plump black panda joined us.

"Essah, what have I told you about playing in the store?" the panda barked.

Essah looked at me...and winked.

"Do it more often?" she asked, chuckling.

The panda sighed, rubbing his eyes...then extended a large paw toward me.

"I'm Mort. I own the store," he said.

I cautiously and gently shook his paw. "T-t-tara."

He smiled. "Pleased to meet you, Tara." He turned me slightly toward the display.

"So, what do you think of the display?"

I blushed, my ears immediately going flat.

"...uhh...."

"Well, you must like it," Mort went on. "After all, you've been here for five minutes staring at it."

I felt my blush deepen...and my ears were trying to curl like bacon.

"I have an idea..."

I slowly looked at Essah, who was smiling.

"Maybe...she could try on one of those suits," Essah said.

Mort looked at the display...and nodded.

"Think I've got a few in stock," he said...then looked at me. "Well, little lady? Would you like to try one on?"

I looked from him to the display...and looked at it for a bit.

To be one of those shining figures...clad from head to toe in that fabric...

"...okay..." I said softly.

...

Mort handed me a bundle of slick-feeling clothing.

"Okay, that's the suit. Essah, why don't you help her try it on?" Mort said.

"Sure," Essah replied, then looked at me. "Ready?"

I swallowed...nodded...and was escorted into the fitting room.

"Okay...let's get you out of those casual clothes," Essah said, plucking the bundle from my paws.

I actually felt sad as the bundle was set down on a bench away from me...then pulled up my sweater, giving it to her.

"Did you like what went on earlier?" Essah asked as I bent over to take off my pants.

I felt myself blush and shrink a little...but managed to undo the clasp on the jeans and slide them off.

Then, I froze...as I felt paws gently caress my rear.

"Bone dry...no mess..."

I tensed, feeling her paw delicately slide between my legs.

"No scent of maleness either," Essah commented. "I am surprised."

I pulled away, feeling very embarrassed.

Essah sat down, passing me the bundle.

"You aren't even...stiff...are you?" Essah asked, watching as I unfolded the bundle.

I blushed, looking away, completely embarrassed.

"I...I got hard..." I said softly.

"Oh?"

I nodded...then swallowed.

"I...I just..." I sighed, lowering my arms. "I just...don't have much..."

I shut my eyes, feeling ashamed of myself...

...and I felt arms wrap around me.

"That's because you're not ready yet, remember?" Essah said softly.

I nodded, leaning against her...actually feeling comforted by her.

"Now, we had better get you suited up before Mort comes in here, thinking we're having wild sex or something," she said.

I let out a soft giggle...then pulled back.

"Okay. Suit me up," I said.

Essah smiled, unzipping a long zipper on the suit...then holding it out for me to step into.

I did, very gingerly...and she eased the suit up my legs.

I felt the material squeeze my fur against my body...and compress my legs into a

leaner shape.

"Hmm...feels like rubber," Essah commented...then slid it up to my waist.

I felt the material give a tiny bit as it slid up over my groin...then it began to compress my body, embracing it as if it were a tender lover.

I shut my eyes, feeling myself getting squeezed by the material.

I felt my tail get maneuvered into a long sleeve at the back of the suit...then eased my arms into the sleeves of the suit.

I could feel my arms shrink a bit as the suit squeezed them into a more compact shape...and I wiggled my fingers a bit, feeling the material flow as they moved, hearing it squeak.

Then, it was pulled up over my chest...

...and I let out a soft chirr, my tail twitching a bit, feeling as if I was being hugged tightly by the suit. Like it was welcoming me home after a long trip.

"Okay...turn and face the mirror."

I forced my eyes open and turned toward the mirror.

My body stared back at me, covered from chest to feet in shiny black rubber. Every curve was on display. My hips, my lean thighs, my rear...

I looked in awe at my reflection.

Never in my life had I felt more feminine than at that moment.

Seeing myself in the suit...admiring my figure...seeing my breasts being displayed by the suit...

...I felt sexy.

I saw Essah standing behind me...then felt the back of the suit slowly close up.

I shut my eyes, a soft gasp escaping my muzzle...as I felt the suit embrace my body, caressing every inch of my body like a devoted lover.

"Okay...time for the last bit."

My eyes popped open...

...right when the suit's hood was slid over my head.

The world got a bit blurry, as my eyes adjusted to the lenses in the suit...

...then the world became clear again...and I stared into the mirror.

A completely black, shiny form looked back at me...and I saw Essah finish zipping the suit up.

I felt the latex close around me, squeezing every inch of my body...

...and I felt like a goddess. A sexy, desirable goddess.

...

Essah smiled as the fox ran a paw along its body, examining the fit of the suit.

*God **DAMN!** That looks great on her!*

She watched as the fox took a step of two closer to the mirror, posing a bit...and grinned.

*I think she likes it. No, scratch that...I think she **LOVES** it.*

Essah gently slid behind the fox, trapping its arms at its sides.

It let out a muffled squeak...which became a soft chirr as Essah caressed the fox's

body.

"Does that feel good?" Essah asked, knowing the answer already.

The fox nodded, leaning back in her arms.

"So...shall we get it?" Essah asked, grinning.

Again the fox nodded...then squirmed around to face her...and pointed at its eyes.

Essah blinked, puzzled.

"Something wrong?" she asked.

The fox nodded, pointing at its eyes again.

"Are you having trouble seeing?" she asked, unzipping the hood and freeing the fox's head.

The fox panted a bit, fur glistening with sweat.

"Couldn't....see....lenses fogged...fogged up," it breathed, panting.

Essah chuckled.

"Got a little too hot, eh?" she said.

The fox nodded, sitting down on the bench.

"I think we can fix that," Essah said, sitting next to the fox. "Just get some rubber tubing and put it in your nose."

The fox looked at her, arching an eyebrow.

"It'd be an adjustment, but it'd likely help you be able to see in the suit," Essah said, then leaned in close, "which you really seem to be loving, by the way."

The fox blushed, ears sliding back against its head...then it nodded.

"I do," it replied. "It makes me feel...sexy." It looked up at her. "Desirable."

Essah smiled. "You are both of those things, Tara. You just don't see it yet."

The fox blinked, confused...then sank back against the bench.

"Hey? Things okay in there?" Mort asked from outside.

"Yes, Mort, we're fine," Essah said, smiling.

"So, let's see it," Mort declared.

The fox sat back up, ears bolt upright.

"He...he wants to see?" Tara squeaked.

Essah smiled at the fox.

"Sounds like he does," she replied. "But that's up to you."

Tara looked at her, puzzled.

"If you don't feel comfortable modeling for someone other than me, we can just tell him no," the wolf-spideress went on.

Tara stared at the floor...and her latex-covered legs for a bit...then nodded.

"I think I should," she said.

Essah looked...as the fox looked up, smiling.

"Besides...we can just call this a test of my sexiness," Tara finished, grinning.

Essah chuckled, fuzzing the fox's head.

"All right," Essah said, helping the fox get the hood back on and sealing it in.

Then, she gently helped the fox to its feet, standing in admiration.

"Ready?" Essah asked.

The fox nodded.

"Can you see?" Essah asked.

The fox nodded...then wagged a paw in a so-so gesture.

"Okay...I'll lead you then," Essah said, taking the fox's paw in hers...

...and feeling a flutter in her heart...as the fox gently squeezed her paw back.

...

Mort frowned.

"Geez...I'm gonna have to probably clean that stall up after they're through," he muttered. "Probably did all sorts of hot steamy..."

"Okay. Here we are," he heard a voice say.

Mort turned around...and froze, his mouth falling open.

Essah was standing there...next to a sleek, shiny black figure. One that was blatantly female in form.

It seemed to be looking right at him...and he felt himself stir.

Then, he blushed and broke eye contact, looking at Essah.

"Damn...she looks pretty hot in that," he said to the wolf-spideress.

Essah nodded. "There is an issue though."

Mort looked up.

"The lenses keep fogging up on the inside of the hood," Essah said.

"What?" Mort asked.

"Apparently, she sweats a lot, causing lots of dew to build up," Essah said. "Got any rubber tubing?"

Mort looked at the latex-covered fox...coughed to cover his embarrassment...then nodded.

"Yeah..." he said, turning to rummage through a nearby drawer...then pulling out two slender clear tubes.

"These should work," he said, passing them to Essah.

Essah took them...then looked at the fox.

"This is likely going to be very uncomfortable," she said soothingly.

The fox nodded...and tensed.

Essah gently inserted one tube into the left nose-hole...and fed a small amount of tubing into the hole.

The fox shook a bit, causing Essah to stop.

"You okay?" she asked.

The fox nodded, causing the tube to bounce a bit.

"Is it in?" Essah asked again.

Mort watched as the fox nodded...then frowned.

Weird...she's being a lot gentler with this one that she was the other fox, he thought.

Mort stroked the underside of his chin with a paw.

She said that the last fox was her husband, he mused. *What does that make this one then?*

"Okay...they're both in now," Essah said.

She backed up...and Mort saw that both tubes were sticking out of the fox's nose by quite a bit.

"Are they helping at all?" Essah asked, crouching to look at where the fox's eyes were.

The fox nodded, causing the tubes to bounce...and flashed a thumbs-up.

"Hang on a sec," Mort said.

Essah watched...as he walked in front of the fox...and clipped the tubes down to be flush with the suit.

"There...now we're back to a sleek figure," he said, backing up.

The fox tilted its head to the side...then looked at Essah.

"Any issues?" she asked.

The fox shook its head...and Essah looked at Mort.

"We'll take it...and a package of tubing," she stated.

Mort nodded...then studied the fox in front of him.

"Essah...can we talk for a sec," he asked.

Essah blinked...then nodded and turned back to the fox.

"Can you get that off by yourself?" she asked.

The fox shrugged...but nodded anyway.

"You'll try?"

It nodded...and Essah nodded back.

"Okay. Get out of that sexy thing and back into your regular clothes," Essah said.

The fox gave the body language of a pout...then squeaked as Essah lightly swatted its rump as it walked back into the changing area.

...

Essah sighed as the fox left...then looked at Mort.

"Okay...what's wrong?" Essah asked.

Mort looked at her, waiting a bit.

"Essah...what is she to you?" he finally asked.

Essah blinked. "Wha...what do you mean?"

Mort crossed his arms.

"Hon, I've known you a long while...and I can tell when you have the hots for someone," he said. "You're even treating her better than you did that other fox you had years ago."

Essah blinked, starstruck.

I...I'm treating her better than I did Beauregard? That's ridiculous! That's...

"Essah..."

She looked at Mort, who rested a paw on her shoulder.

"I know that the other fox was your husband and all...but, if you love this girl, you have to let him know," he said. "It's the right thing to do."

Essah sighed...and brushed Mort's paw away.

"Mort...my husband's dead," she admitted.

"Beau's dead?" Mort asked, stunned. "How? When?"

She sat down on the floor near a display.

"Seven years ago," she said somberly. "Car wreck."

"Oh God..." Mort said, sitting next to her. "I...I didn't know. I just thought you guys moved or something...I had no idea..."

Essah nodded...then sighed.

"Umm...am I...interrupting?" a soft, feminine voice asked.

Both of them looked up...

...and saw Tara standing there, clad in her old clothes, the suit in her paws, looking concerned.

Essah smiled, getting up.

"Just waiting on you, silly," she said, fuzzing the fox's head and causing it to squeak. "Let's go get some more stuff, okay?"

"O-KAY!" the fox exclaimed, giggling and following the wolf-spideress into the racks.

Mort watched them go...then smiled.

"God...she's got it bad for that fox," he said softly...then eased himself up and followed them.

...

(that evening)

...

Essah hung the last top in the closet, smiling.

"Good haul..." she said softly, then sighed. *Now the hard part begins...*

"Are you ready for bed yet?" Essah asked, turning toward the bathroom.

"Just a second," came a reply from behind the closed door.

Essah sat on the edge of the bed, causing it to groan a bit.

She certainly seemed to have fun today, the wolf-spideress thought. *Even with that shit at Donella's...*

She frowned.

Still can't believe Allyson would say that about Beauregard...and about Tara.

"Okay. How do I look?"

Essah glanced up...then did a double-take.

Tara was standing in the doorway, clad in a simple white and pink lace nightie that slid around her body as she turned a slow circle.

"What do you think?" the fox asked, smiling.

Essah swallowed hard, stunned.

She...she looks...

Essah blushed a tiny bit, feeling herself get turned on by the vixen.

"It looks...amazing," she finally said.

"Really?" Tara asked, her voice rising at the end of the question.

Essah nodded, regaining her composure.

"Just like a sexy vixen," she said.

Tara smiled, letting out a soft squeak of embarrassment...then walked over to the bed.

Essah watched her walk, staring.

She...she is moving so naturally...so gracefully...

Essah watched as the vixen gently sat next to her on the bed.

She...she is...

"When did you get that, anyway?" Essah asked, curious.

"From Mort's store," Tara replied. "It looked so nice, I thought I'd try it." The vixen looked away, blushing a bit. "I know...I don't fill it out well..."

Essah blinked.

God...her confidence is like the wind, she thought. That needs serious work.

Essah reached out...and delicately turned the vixen's head toward her.

"You look great in it now...and, in time, you will look even better in it," the wolf-spideress said.

The fox blinked. "I will?"

Essah nodded.

"I'll teach you how to walk, how to stand...and we'll do some body work as well," Essah went on. "In time, no one will be able to tell you from a normal vixen."

Tara blushed, her ears flattening out.

"But...work..." she began.

Essah slid her paw down to one of the fox's paws.

"We will handle that when it becomes necessary," Essah said. "Trust me, dear."

Tara looked at her paw...then up to Essah's face.

"Trust a stranger who has turned my life completely upside-down?" the fox asked. "Kidnapped me...intimidated me into becoming her...whatever-I-am...and is keeping me held prisoner in my own home?"

Essah frowned. "I thought we had been over this..."

"We have," Tara said, gruffly. "And, like I said, I did agree to it...so I will abide to the terms of our agreement."

Tara slowly pulled her paw away...and Essah frowned, feeling hurt at the gesture.

She watched...as the fox sighed, staring at the floor.

"Still...today was nice," Tara said.

Essah blinked, confused.

"What you did for me today...taking me shopping...treating me like a real girl as opposed to some disgusting freak..." Tara looked up at her, a smile on her muzzle. "...it really meant a lot."

Essah blinked, feeling very thrown by the fox's rapid mood changes...

...so, when the fox hugged her, she didn't respond right away.

"Thank you," she heard the fox say, albeit muffled by her fur.

Essah blinked...then very slowly hugged the fox back...

...and slowly, a smile crept across her own muzzle.

"You're welcome, Tara," she whispered into the fox's ear...and patted her back.

Tara squeaked at the pats...then giggled as she pulled away...
...then, she sighed.

"So...what can I expect tomorrow?" the fox asked.

Essah sighed.

"Well, the rules go back into full effect...so we really won't have any more conversations like this," the wolf-spideress said.

Tara nodded, frowning slightly.

"Also, you will have to do exactly what I say. No arguments, no protesting."

Again, Tara nodded.

"But...I did like what you did today."

Tara blinked.

"The raising of the paw when you had something to say," Essah clarified. "That was very clever."

Tara blushed, her ears flattening.

"Well...I kinda felt like I was back in school..." Tara said, then trailed off.

Essah chuckled.

"All right...tomorrow, we start your lessons at Girl U," the wolf-spideress said, smiling.

Tara blinked, surprised...then slowly nodded.

"Okay...Professor," the fox said, smirking.

Essah laughed, fuzzing the fox's head, causing it to squeal.

"Okay...into bed with you," Essah chided. "Classes begin pretty early tomorrow."

Tara let out a soft huff...then slid the covers back and got off of the bed.

Essah studied the fox as it walked toward the side of the bed.

So smooth...so elegant...

Essah got up and headed to the other side of the bed.

She will be a true lady, unlike Beauregard, she thought...then felt ashamed.

She watched as Tara slid under the covers, her nightie bunching up a bit...then slid in next to the fox, holding it close.

"Essah?"

She blinked, looking at the fox.

"Can I ask one thing?" the fox asked.

Slowly, Essah nodded.

"What...are we? To each other, I mean."

Essah frowned, uncertain.

"For now...teacher and student," the wolf-spideress replied. "And also a bit of kidnapper and hostage still, I suppose."

She watched as Tara studied her for a bit...then the fox slowly nodded.

"Good night, Essah," the fox said...then rolled over onto her side, facing away from the wolf-spideress.

Essah frowned...and slid up against the fox, wrapping an arm around its middle.

"Good night, Tara," she said softly...and frowned.

I wish I knew for certain what we are to each other, Essah thought.

Essah stared off into the dimly-lit bedroom...

...and caught their reflection in the mirror, her image gently nestled against the fox...

...and her frown deepened.

Even sleeping, you look so much like my Beauregard...

Essah sighed, pulling her gaze away from the mirror...

...and resting her head on the pillow, closing her eyes...

...and a solitary tear rolled down her cheek-fur.

...