

Weaving the Web, part 3: Cocooned

Dreamt on: August 3-7, 2011

Recorded on: August 18, 2011

(the following morning...Sunday)

...

"Time to get up, dear," I heard a soft voice say.

I fidgeted, trying to slink back under the blankets.

Someone gently tapped me on the head.

"Tara....time to get up," the voice said again, a bit more forcefully.

I yawned...and slowly wriggled upright, rubbing my eyes.

Then, I forced them open...

...and saw Essah standing over me.

"Time to get up," she said, stepping away from the bed.

I grunted as I forced myself upright, my nightie falling gently back into place.

"Now...go take a quick shower," Essah ordered, gently.

I nodded...and staggered into the bathroom.

...

I stretched, feeling my shoulders and back pop.

And so it begins, I thought, slipping out of the soft nightie.

I gently laid it on the towel rack, doing my best to keep it smooth and wrinkle-free...then turned on the water for the shower, letting it heat up.

I stepped inside the shower, pulling the curtain taut...then hit the lever, triggering the shower.

I felt the water wash over me, cascading down my naked fur...

...and felt soothed by it, the heat gently suffusing its way through my body.

I pictured the water swirling down the drain, taking my cares and concerns with it...

...then sighed, shutting off the water and the shower.

I shimmied on reflex, causing drops of water to strike the walls of the shower...then pulled the curtain back, groping for a towel.

"Here," I heard, then felt soft fabric being pressed into my paws.

I quickly dried my eyes...then stared.

Essah met my stare, arms crossed across her chest.

"Dry yourself off, then meet me in the bedroom," she stated coldly, stepping back out of the bathroom, shutting the door as she left.

I watched her go, stunned.

I thought I locked that door, I told myself...then began to pat myself dry.

Okay...quick jaunt into the dryer...then back into...

I froze, staring at the towel rack...

...where my nightie was no longer resting.

Where...where did...?

Then it hit me.

Essah! She took my nightie!

I huffed a bit...then frowned.

Great....the hazing has already begun, I thought, smacking the button for the air dryer.

I frowned deeper as the hot air quick-dried my fur...then sighed.

This is going to be really rough, I thought, wrapping the towel around my body, covering myself from armpits to thighs.

Then, I blinked, feeling puzzled.

This...this feels really soft...

I looked down...

...and saw bright pink fuzziness staring back at me.

Oh, come ON!

I sighed...then chuckled softly.

Really driving it home, aren't you Essah?

I let my smile fade...then walked to the door.

...

Essah looked up as the door opened...

...and the red fox slowly stepped out, covered only in a bright pink bath towel.

"All done?" the wolf-spideress asked.

The fox nodded.

"Good. Stand by the bed."

Essah watched as the fox slowly stepped over to the bed, looking straight ahead.

"Remove the towel."

The fox blinked, a little surprised...and looked at her.

"Remove...the...towel..." she stated again, deliberately clipping each word.

The fox gulped...then took the towel off, setting it on the bed...paws instinctively covering its male parts.

"Arms at your sides!" she snapped forcefully.

The fox squeaked and locked its arms stiffly at its sides, cheek-fur starting to glow and ears flat.

Essah walked over to the fox, examining it thoroughly.

"Slim figure...good muscle tone..." she said callously.

She noticed as the fox swallowed nervously...and grinned inwardly.

Oh, you have no idea what you are in for my dear, she thought...then stepped around to the fox's front.

"Step around to the front of the bed, facing the bed."

She watched as the fox blinked...then it did as she asked, hesitating slightly as it stood there, ears twitching.

"Bend over."

The fox's ears shot straight up...and it cautiously glanced over its shoulder.

Essah frowned...and stepped forward, roughly pushing the fox onto the bed, bending it at the waist...and causing it to squeal in pain.

"When I tell you to do something, you **DO** it. Understood?" she growled into the fox's ear.

"Y-y-yes, Mistress," it squeaked in reply.

"I said..." she grabbed the fox's tail tightly...and gave it a sharp yank, causing it to yowl in pain, "**UNDERSTOOD?**"

"**YES! YES! I UNDERSTAND!**" the fox screamed, tears streaming down its face.

Essah let go of the fox's tail, slamming the fox back onto the bed...and stood there as it sniffled.

"Good. Now, lie very still."

The fox laid there, still sniffing...but did not move.

Essah frowned as she picked up the lubricant.

Dammit...you had to go and show cowardice, she thought as she applied a generous amount of lubricant to the plug.

I hope I didn't hurt you, she thought...then blinked. *Wait...why do I care?*

Essah looked at the ebon plug, glistening with lubricant.

Beauregard always loved it when I was rough with him, she went on. *I think he even disobeyed me on purpose sometimes.*

This fox isn't your husband, her brain countered. *This fox is a stranger you abducted, scared half to death, then tried to be all buddy-buddy with.*

Essah frowned.

Yet...why do I care about her? she asked herself.

She turned and looked at the fox, who was still motionless on the bed, bent at almost a right angle...and frowned.

She needs this, she thought...then approached the fox.

"Now...you need to hold still for this next part," she began...then paused, surprised by the gentleness of her tone.

Dammit, I'M supposed to be the domme here. Act like it.

"This will be uncomfortable for a bit," she went on, gently...then gently placed the tip of the plug against the fox's tail-hole.

It squeaked, startled...and moved on reflex.

"**HOLD STILL!**" Essah snapped.

The fox froze. Even its tail went still.

"That's better," Essah said softly...and began easing the plug into the fox's rear.

It met resistance...but she forced it in, despite the fox hissing in discomfort.

Eventually, the plug slid in...and she stepped back.

"Stand up."

Essah watched as the fox snapped upright very quickly, wincing a bit at the intruder in its rear.

Essah scowled at it, causing it to look down.

"That plug will stay there until evening, every day," Essah said gruffly. "It will help coax you into walking more like a lady." Essah smiled. "When you no longer feel discomfort from it, you are to tell me, understood?"

The fox nodded...then slowly raised its right paw.

"Speak."

The fox swallowed.

"Umm...how do I...y'know..." it asked, tentatively.

Essah kept her facial expression calm and collected.

"From now on, you will be on a liquid diet," Essah said. "That will eliminate any need for you to use the bathroom that way. However, if you do feel the need to go that way, you may remove the plug...but you will have to re-insert it afterward. Understood?"

The fox nodded, keeping its head down.

"Good. Now, as for your clothes for today..."

The fox peeked up, hope in its eyes.

"Today, you will be completely naked," Essah said.

The fox's eyes went wide.

"You are going to practice walking and moving like a girl," Essah went on. "And, you will also be practicing walking in high heels as well, though that will be later on today."

She looked at the fox, who was blushing deeply.

"I am doing this so that you will get more comfortable with your body," Essah said tenderly. "Your body is nothing to be ashamed of, though it is not ideal."

The fox blushed again, ears flattening.

"Once your figure gets more like a female's, you will be glad to show it off," the wolf-spideress went on. "And you will do so, too."

The fox's eyes went wide...and its paw shook as it went up.

"Speak."

"I...I'm not gonna...have to be naked in...in front of...guys...am I?" it squeaked.

Essah crossed her arms, scowling.

"You will be naked in front of whoever I **TELL** you to be naked for, understood?" Essah barked.

Slowly, the fox nodded...and hung its head.

"Good. Any more questions?"

The fox shook its head, its ears flat and shoulders slumping.

"Stand up straight."

The fox's body shot upright, head coming up to look right at her...

...and Essah flinched inwardly, seeing the tears on the fox's cheek-fur

Then, the cold taskmistress took over.

"Now, start walking."

Essah watched as the fox took a few steps, wincing at the plug in its rear...and causing its hips to sway and roll a bit as it walked.

"Good. Keep walking. Back and forth."

Essah sat on the bed as the fox paced around the room, hips wiggling, muzzle crinkling a bit as each step caused the plug to grind into its body.

The wolf-spideress studied the fox as it walked.

Good...she is getting acclimated quickly, she thought as the fox slowly began to relax.

She let the fox do a few more laps around the room, noting that it seemed to be becoming more comfortable with the plug...and that its walk was almost completely feminine.

"Stop."

The fox stopped immediately, frozen rigidly in place.

"Now, for the high heels. Sit on the bed."

Essah got up as the fox walked over to the bed and sat down, its body rigid and inflexible.

Essah turned...and picked up a pair of black 5" stiletto heels...then turned to the fox.

She saw its ears go bolt upright...and its eyes widened.

"These...are your goal," Essah said. "Every time you take a step, I want you to picture yourself walking in these."

Essah slowly approached the fox, noticing that its eyes grew wider as she got closer.

"Today...we will try them out and see how you do," she stated. "Left foot."

Obediently, the fox presented its left foot, trembling slightly.

Essah slid the shoe onto the fox's foot...then padlocked it onto the fox's paw.

"Right foot."

It held out its right foot, leaving the left one up.

Essah smiled despite herself, and touched the left foot.

"You can put that one down," she chided gently.

Slowly the fox lowered its left leg, the heel clicking as it landed on the hardwood floor...and Essah buckled the right foot into the matching heel.

"All right...stand up."

Slowly, the fox set its feet down onto the floor...then slowly eased itself upright, wobbling quite a bit as it struggled to stand.

Essah slid next to the fox, helping it stand.

"Easy now..." she chided gently, helping the fox get steady.

The fox exhaled, body tensed like a spring.

"Now, slowly take a step."

The fox slowly stepped forward with its right leg...

...and Essah frowned at the serious wobble of the fox's ankle.

That isn't good. She can't handle these yet.

Then, the fox took a step with its left foot...

...and rolled its ankle, hissing as it stumbled.

Essah caught the fox in her arms, keeping it from falling.

"Easy now..." she said, guiding the fox back to the bed. "Okay...obviously you aren't ready for these yet."

Essah stole a quick glance at the fox's face as she undid the locks on the heels...and saw the disappointment and shame on the fox's face.

"We will work toward these. As I said..." she held up one of the heels, "...this is your goal."

Essah set them aside...then went back to the closet.

"But for now....we will start smaller," she finished, turning around with a pair of black 2" heeled shoes.

"Feet."

The fox raised its legs, presenting its feet to her.

Defly, Essah slid the heels onto the fox, again locking them on...then stepped back.

"Stand."

She watched nervously...as the fox slowly eased itself upright, barely wobbling. She took a few steps away, toward the closet.

"Walk toward me."

She watched as the fox swallowed...then slowly took a step.

It wobbled slightly...and winced as the plug caused a different pressure than it was used to...but finished the step.

Slowly, cautiously, it made its way over to her...then looked up at her, ears flat.

"Not bad. You were still wobbly though," Essah chided. "Go back to the bed and do it again."

The fox turned away...and slowly made its way back to the bed.

Essah watched...as the fox's hips rolled gracefully and elegantly...

...and felt herself becoming aroused by the motion.

She is doing very well indeed. She will have any man eating out of her paws in time.

The fox reached the bed...then turned around, blushing...

...and Essah looked at it.

Its head was bowed and its ears were flat.

Essah followed its gaze down...and frowned.

The fox's sheath was fully upright...all four inches of it...and it was leaking.

Some of that is likely the plug, Essah thought...but still...

"Stop."

The fox froze, flinching just slightly.

"This arouses you?"

Slowly, obviously ashamed...the fox nodded.

"Then we will have to fix that," Essah said. plucking something from the bag she had left on the dresser.

I really wished this was not needed...

...

I tensed, very embarrassed.

Dammit...why the hell did I get so turned on by this? I chided myself. *Now she's gonna probably make me eat it or something worse...*

I saw a shadow fall over me...and held still...

...as the pink bath towel appeared over my upright sheath.

"Finish," Essah said.

I blushed very deeply, my ears going upright in surprise...and I very slowly raised my paw.

"Speak."

I slowly looked up at her, feeling very ashamed of myself.

"Y-y-you want me...t-t-t-t-to..." I began.

"Yes." Essah stated. "You will masturbate in front of me, now."

I blushed very deeply, my cheeks radiating enough heat to cook food on...

...then slowly made to sit down.

"Remain standing."

I froze...then straightened up.

I gulped...then moved my right paw to my sheath.

Oh, god....please let it not take forever...

I slid my paw along my sheath...and felt it shrink in my hand.

"Ah, ah, ah...you will keep going until you climax," Essah chided. "If that goes flat before you do..."

I swallowed, mind already thinking of all the possible punishments she could visit upon me...

...and began to rapidly pump my sheath, tears starting to soak my fur.

I felt my sheath begin to swell again...and felt it begin to both become wet and start to burn from the friction.

I held the towel in my left paw, sliding it over the tip of my sheath as I pumped it with my right...

...and I eventually felt it start to spew, semen gushing from it and coating the towel.

I felt it moisten my left paw...and slid the towel to a fresh section, gently cleaning my sheath off...then slid the towel away.

My sheath was already retreating back into my body, shrinking rapidly into the tiny nub it usually was...

...and I stood there, completely embarrassed...feeling like a failure as a man.

"All done?"

I nodded, completely defeated.

"Good."

I saw Essah move near me...and didn't flinch.

I was hers...and she knew it.

I felt cold metal slide over my male parts...and didn't move.

I heard the snik of a lock...and stayed still.

Essah slowly pulled back...

...and I saw the cold grey of metal over my male parts, holding my sheath firmly between my legs, my testicles not even visible...

...and I just stood there, mute and beaten.

"Now...that part will not be a problem any more..."

I felt Essah slide her paw under my muzzle...and lift it up...

...until I was looking her in the eyes.

"From now on, you will not climax unless I allow it. Understood?"

I shut my eyes...and whispered my reply.

...

Essah smiled as the fox shut its eyes...and whispered, "Yes, Mistress."

The wolf-spideress nodded. "Good. Now, go wash this out by hand."

She placed the semen-soaked towel in the fox's paws...and turned away.

"When you are finished, come out into the living room," she added, walking away from the fox.

"Yes, Mistress," came the soft reply...and she frowned a bit.

Dammit...I know I'm being hard on you, Essah thought as she walked. But you need to be a tough woman.

She sat in the chair in the living room, a brown corduroy chair that gave her a very clear vantage point of the hallway.

*You **NEED** to be strong to face the challenges ahead, Essah thought. You **HAVE** to be strong.*

You can't be weak like you are now. You can't be all chummy and buddy-buddy...otherwise the world will eat you alive.

Essah shook a bit, digging her paws into her legs.

*You **NEED** to be strong...can't be weak...*

She squeezed her eyes shut, tears starting to fall.

Strong...must be strong...

Essah shook, tears falling into her cheek-fur

Have to be strong...have to see this through...

Her ears went up at the clicking of heels on wood...and she forced herself to regain her composure...

...as Tara entered the room, standing across from her.

"Is the towel clean?" Essah asked, not looking at the fox.

"Yes, Mistress," it replied calmly, its voice a monotone.

"Good. Get me some water to drink."

"Yes, Mistress," the fox said...and she heard the heels click as the fox walked away from her...

...and she felt each click stab her heart.

No...I have to be strong. I have to be strong for both of us.

She forced her body to straighten, a scowl crossing her muzzle.

*I **HAVE** to see this through. I cannot go soft on you...*

Essah watched, scowling...as the fox filled a silver-colored glass with cold water.
...even though I don't want to, I have to be hard on you.

She remembered the talk they had last night...and how the fox's confidence wavered.

You need this. You need to be a strong woman, Tara.

She pulled her gaze away from the fox...and shut her eyes.

Even if I don't like it...this is how it has to be.

"Your water, Mistress," a soft voice said.

She plucked the glass from the fox's paw and took a deep sip.

"I want you to do laps up and down the hall for the next hour," she ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," the fox replied automatically...and she heard the heels click as they retreated.

Each click was like a dagger into her heart and soul...yet she kept her eyes shut.

I have to be strong...I must be strong...

She forced her eyes open...and saw the red fox walking down the hall, graceful and elegant, hips rolling, heels clicking on the wood.

...I must be strong...to make you strong...

Essah chugged the water, draining it all in one long gulp...then wiped her muzzle with the back of her paw.

We will both be strong...

...

(an hour later)

...

I kept walking up and down the hall, the plug rhythmically moving inside of me, my heels clicking as I walked...my sheath throbbing inside its metal prison and my feet barking in pain.

I think I'm doing well...I thought. I hope she's pleased with my progress.

I reached the far end of the hall...then blinked as I turned.

I really am noticing a difference, I thought. My hips seem to be swaying a lot...and I think my heels don't hurt as much as they normally do.

I walked back down the hall, toward the living room.

Heck, even the plug isn't bothering me anymore...just got sore feet.

I shut my eyes briefly.

Now I know what walking in heels is like. Should see if I can get some padded insoles for my shoes going forward.

"Stop."

I stopped at the end of the hall, head and eyes down, looking at my feet.

The shoes do look nice, I thought. Definitely businessy. I bet they'd go great with that black suit-coat.

"Good work."

I smiled, feeling proud of myself...and dropped into a curtsy.

"Thank you, Mistress," I said, pride swelling.

"How does the plug feel?" Essah asked.

I kept my gaze down...and told the truth.

"I am used to it now, Mistress," I said.

"I have noticed. And it shows as well."

I felt myself blush a bit, but still smiled.

"I have decided to change my mind about your outfit for the day," I heard her say.

I felt my ears stand up...but kept my gaze down.

"Bedroom."

I saw her move past me...and followed, head down and heels clicking on the wood.

...

Essah smiled a bit as she entered the bedroom.

You are progressing so quickly, she thought, walking toward the closet...and smiling at the clicks that followed her into the room.

"Stand by the bed," she said.

She smiled again as the clicks moved toward the bed in the room...then went silent.

Good...you are not hesitating anymore...at least for now.

Essah opened one of the boxes she had gotten from Mort's store...and nodded.

This will be tough for her, she thought...and turned around.

...

"Look at me."

I forced my gaze up...and felt my eyes widen.

Essah was standing there...holding up a jet-black corset in her paws.

"Today...and every day from here on, until I say so....you will wear this 24/7," Essah stated, walking toward me.

I examined the garment...and swallowed.

It was larger than a normal corset, going down to mid-thigh...and it was an under-bust corset, meaning my breasts would be exposed.

She opened it up...and I blinked, not seeing laces on the corset.

Instead, the back had what looked like links, with little hexagonal connectors at the center.

"Arms up over your head," she said.

I reached my arms toward the ceiling, struggling to reach it...

...and I felt her wrap the corset around my body, covering me in a slick yet sturdy fabric.

I listened as she zipped it shut...and felt small tugs as she closed the front of it, feeling my body being squeezed a bit.

"It's a latex corset," she said. "I remembered how much you liked the suit, after all."

I blushed, still reaching for the ceiling.

"Turn around."

I spun around, my heels clicking as I stood there, arms above my head...looking like a person getting searched by a cop.

I felt her insert something into the back of the corset...

...then heard a ratcheting sound...

...and winced as the corset tightened around my body, forcing my breasts up over the top of the garment.

I felt my insides get squeezed as she tightened it, ratcheting it tighter and tighter...

...and my only thought was what would happen if the plug shot out of my rear.

After a few more clicks, she stopped.

"Breathe."

I took a breath...and felt my ribs stop expanding after about an inch.

"Bend over."

*You have **GOT** to be kidding?* I thought...then attempted to bend over...

...and was greeted with intense pain as my body fought against the corset's grip, trying to expand the fabric.

The fabric won, however...and I bent over, resting my torso on the bed, arms still over my head.

"It hurts, doesn't it?"

I nodded, that little movement causing pain to ripple through my body.

"In time, you will get used to it. Stand."

I did, keeping my arms above my head...body screaming in agony with each motion.

Essah slid a yellow tape measure around my waist...and nodded.

"Down to 26"," she said. "Very good."

26 INCHES?

"Eventually, you will get down to a much slimmer waist...but for now, that is good," Essah said...then stepped out of my view.

I saw myself in the mirror...and stared, lowering my arms.

Standing there was a red and white-furred, black-pawed fox...with a very curvy figure, due to the black corset...and wearing two-inch high heels.

I look like a damned doll, I thought...a sexy doll, but a doll still.

Slowly...I raised a paw, knowing I'd likely not like the answer to the question I had to ask.

"Speak."

I took a breath, feeling the corset crush my ribs against it.

"How am I going to wear this at work?" I asked.

Essah frowned at me.

"The bottom portion of the corset unzips, allowing you a better range of motion," she said. "However, the only time that it will be unzipped is at work. Not here."

I nodded, actually relieved.

Good...means this won't be an extreme hindrance at work, just a major one.

"Now...you will resume your walking practice, with the corset on," she went on.

"And, you will continue to be at my beck and call, should I need you. Otherwise, I want to hear those heels clicking around the house. Understood?"

I bowed my head, nodding.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied.

...

Essah allowed herself a slight smile as she saw the fox walking around the house in the corset and heels.

She is becoming quite the natural, she thought, sipping her water.

She watched as the fox turned and started to walk down the hall...back upright, chest and breasts out, legs sleek and straight, taking short quick steps....and felt very proud of herself.

She really IS becoming quite the natural, Essah thought...*and I think she may even be enjoying it, a little.*

The fox finished its journey down the hall...and Essah heard it walk into the bedroom.

She's moving pretty fast too. Might have to increase the heel height...or the plug thickness.

She sipped her water...then heard the clicking of heels again as the fox walked back down the hall...

...and she stared at it.

Its fur was glistening with sweat...its hips rocking sultrily with each step...its body and back upright, breasts bouncing with each step...

...and Essah smiled.

She puts Beauregard to shame.

The fox walked around the living room, doing a slow lap of the entire perimeter...then Essah realized something.

"Stop and come here."

Essah heard the fox stop...then slowly approach.

"You haven't had anything to drink yet, have you?" she asked.

The fox looked down, not meeting her gaze.

"I thought as much."

Essah got up and walked to the refrigerator, pulling the door open...

...and staring at the 120 bottles of liquid girl and anti-male juice, sitting in their pink and grey bottles respectively.

She reached for one of them...then stopped.

No...Monday for that. I have plans for her tonight.

She grabbed the orange juice instead, staring at the cases of liquid girl and anti-male...and smiled.

Tomorrow...

She pulled out of the fridge, shutting the door...then proceeded to pour a glass of orange juice for the fox.

"Drink. Slowly." Essah ordered.

Slowly, the fox took the glass in its paws...and took a small sip of it.

Then, it began to drink a bit more, remaining standing.

"When you are done, clean the glass and put everything away," Essah ordered, walking past the fox to what had become her chair.

"Yes, Mistress," the fox replied...and she watched as it slowly drank the orange juice.

She sat down, noticing the fox begin to relax a bit as it drank the orange juice...and smiled.

Graceful, dainty, elegant...

Essah blinked, noticing that the glass wasn't even a quarter of the way empty...and smiled.

And completely milking this break for everything that it's worth.

Essah rested her muzzle in her paw...and smiled.

Ah...she's earned it.

...

(around 7 PM)

...

"Come here."

I froze...then slowly walked over to where Essah was, heels clicking on the hardwood floor.

"Now, this would normally be the time you would get home from work, correct?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"When do you normally get home then?"

"Six-fifteen, Mistress," I replied.

"Oh...well then, let me show you what your ritual will be upon coming back then." She paused. "And you **WILL** come back, correct?"

"Yes, Mistress," I stated, completely cowed.

...

Essah sighed inwardly.

Guess that's good...

"Now, once you get home, you will immediately take off your male clothes and zip up your corset," she explained. "You will also slip into whatever height heels I have left by the door. Understand so far?"

"Yes, Mistress," the fox replied.

"Good. After that, you will go into the kitchen and sit on one of the chairs there, and await my arrival." She pointed at the kitchen.

Wordlessly, the fox padded off into the kitchen, heels clicking...and gently eased itself into one of the chairs there.

She watched...as the fox demurely tucked its legs underneath the chair, crossing its ankles and resting its paws in its lap.

Just like a real lady, Essah thought.

"Now, remain here until I return," Essah said, heading off to the bedroom.

Okay...glad I tested this stuff out before today, she thought, picking up the milking equipment...then heading back to the kitchen.

...

I stared as she dropped a bundle of tubes and hoses on the kitchen counter...yet didn't move.

Aw, hell...what is that?

"Now...we will remove your plug."

I sighed. *Great...more stuff going into my rear. Oh, joy.*

"Stand and lean on the counter."

I got up out of the chair, eased it to the side...then bent over the counter.

I felt her paw slide under the hem of the corset...then felt a tug followed by a slow, steady pull...and finally a pop...

...and I felt empty...and also sad.

"Now, hold still."

I forced myself to relax...as I felt something new go into my rear. Something hard and kinda bulby, with little knobs on it.

Then I heard a snik sound...and my ears shot up.

She's freeing me? Why?

I felt something slide over my sheath, then shrink...and I felt aroused by that feeling.

"All right...sit back down on the chair."

I slowly eased myself up, feeling the bulb squirm against my insides...and sat down, forcing it into me.

"This thing is designed to milk your prostate gland," Essah said, patting a small bundle of tubes, leading to a clear jar. "Now, continue to hold still."

I did so, sitting upright...

...as she attached two clear plastic bowls over my breasts...then sucked the air out of them.

I squeaked, feeling a slight pain as my nipples were pulled out...then blushed, fearing punishment.

"This one, will stimulate and milk your breasts," Essah said. "Both of these devices will be on for an entire hour, and you will remain here until they are finished."

I nodded assent, mutely.

"Today, we will start your milking program, just to see how it goes," Essah said...and pushed two small buttons.

Immediately, the cups around my breasts began to pulse...the tube around my sheath began to throb...and the bulb in my rear began to vibrate.

I hissed, tensing due to all the stimulation...then froze at a gentle touch between my ears.

I looked up at Essah through narrow eyes.

"I know it hurts, dear...but it is necessary," she said softly.

I swallowed...and tried to push the discomfort out of my mind.

...

Essah watched the fox fidget a bit...then sighed.

*It is necessary...*she thought to herself, glancing back at the fridge...knowing what was inside it.

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(8 PM)

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Essah shut down the two pumps...and the fox exhaled, relieved.

The wolf-spideress smiled, detaching the cups from the fox's breasts.

"All done," she chirred, bundling up the tubes for the breast-milker.

The fox panted as deeply as the corset would allow.

"Stand up."

Slowly, the fox did so...and Essah pulled the tube off of its sheath, causing it to moan softly.

Delicately, she cleaned it off...then secured it back inside its chastity device...then gently pulled the vibrating plug out of the fox's rear and re-inserted the old plug.

"There...all done. Sit back down."

Gingerly, the fox sat back down...and Essah smiled as she noticed that it sat just like a lady: feet tucked under the chair, crossed at the ankles, legs together, back straight...but it looked drained.

Essah removed the glass bottle from the prostate pump.

"Not a bad output," she said, holding the half-full bottle up in front of the fox.

It blushed, looking ashamed.

"Now...this we will freeze...and I will run it to the sperm bank in the morning, after I drop you off at work," Essah said, placing the bottle in the freezer.

"As for this one..." Essah pulled the bottle off of the breast-milker and shook it, frowning at the quarter-full bottle.

"This..." she began...then held the bottle out toward the fox, "this you will drink. Now."

The fox stared for a second...then reached out and took the bottle, draining the contents in two sips.

"Good girl," Essah said, plucking the bottle from the fox's paws. "Now, normally, I would have you drink something else, in addition to that."

Essah opened the fridge, revealing the four cases of bottled juice inside the fridge.

"The pink bottles contain Liquid Girl," Essah said. "It's a formula designed to help feminize the body."

She reached inside...and pulled out a grey bottle.

"This one...is called Anti-Male Mix," she went on. "It's designed to get rid of all the male hormones in one's body."

She studied the bottle...then looked at the fox.

"After you are milked, you will proceed to drink one bottle of each," Essah said.

"These will help you get the physical form of a vixen and supplement all the work we are going to do."

She watched as the fox raised a paw.

"Speak."

"Ummm...how long will I be on that, Mistress?" the fox asked softly.

"We have a two month supply, although I doubt we will need to go much past one month," Essah stated...then noticed the fox still had its paw up.

"You have another question?" she asked.

The fox nodded.

"Speak."

"What...what will it do to me?" the fox asked.

Essah sighed...put the bottle back in the fridge, closing the door...then sat next to the fox.

"These juices will change your body, altering your shape and your appearance," Essah said softly. "Using this, in time...you will look exactly like a normal vixen."

The fox sat there, silent.

"But...according to the labels, there will be some mental changes as well," the wolf-spideress went on. "Your mind will likely become more like a female's as well, and your emotions will likely be all over the place."

Essah reached out...and gently held the fox's paw in hers.

"It won't be easy...but I will be there for you," she said. "I might not always be gentle...but I will always be there."

The fox shut its eyes...then nodded, very slowly...

...and kept its paw raised.

"Speak."

The fox took a jagged breath...and squeezed Essah's paw.

"How...how long...before I start changing?" Tara asked softly.

Essah shook her head. "I don't know. You might begin changing after the first dose...or it could take a full month to see any changes. I don't know for sure."

She squeezed the fox's paw.

"I do know that one person went from being a macho bodybuilder to a dainty femme in about two months on this stuff, according to Mort," she went on. "Since you're already thin...it could work faster."

She felt the fox tense, her paw squeezed tightly...

...then she heard it sigh.

Essah looked up...and saw the fox lower its other paw, closing its eyes.

God...this is going to be rough for both of us, Essah thought. Even harder on you...

She gently reached out...and hugged the fox close, patting its corseted back.

It squeezed her gently, trying to sink against her...

...and then she felt its shoulders begin to bob...and heard it sniffle.

...and she cried as well, holding the fox close.

Strong...have to be strong...

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(9 PM)

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"All right...bed time."

I slowly approached the bed, heels clicking on the floor...until Essah stopped me, a paw on my shoulder.

"Sit on the bed so I can take those heels off," she ordered.

She stepped away...and I walked over to the bed, delicately sitting down on the bed.

Essah bent down...and I heard two sniks...and felt the shoes come off.

I wiggled my toes a bit, wincing slightly as they moved...

...then Essah stood in front of me.

"Now...into bed."

I stood up...walked over to the side of the bed...eased the covers back...then very gently slid myself into bed, the corset making moving very difficult.

I felt Essah slide into bed behind me...then felt the covers get pulled up around us...

...and allowed myself to smile, a tiny bit.

"A good first day," Essah said. "Class will resume after you get home from work...and will be all day on the weekends."

"Yes, Mistress," I said...then felt her slide her arms around me, pulling me close.

I smiled and shut my eyes...

...part of me still resenting her for what she had done to me...

...but part of me also very grateful for all she was doing...and grateful to not be alone anymore.

"Good night, Tara," she whispered in my ear.

"Good night, Mistress," I replied...and settled in for the night.

...

Essah smiled...and gently ran a claw along the fox's side, caressing the corset.

So much progress...and it's only the first day.

Essah sighed, wrapping her arms around the fox.

Tomorrow will be very hard on you...but I will be there for you, she thought...and nestled against the fox.

Hard...but we will get through it...

She smiled...and started to doze.

...get through it...together...

...