

It was common sense, street smarts, or gut instinct that told him it would be a bad idea to cut through the alley as a shortcut but Azura ignored all the warnings and darted through anyways. It should have been a quick 1-2 minute jaunt.

The raccoon shouldn't have been stopped midway through by a drolf.

Said drolf shouldn't have been so strong.

And Azura shouldn't have been kidnapped and dragged into what looked like an abandoned warehouse.

Yet here he was. He wasn't out of shape by any means but the dragonwolf had effortlessly thrown Azura over the shoulder and carried him in. Despite the protests his clothing was literally ripped off his body. Scraps of denim and the arms of his shirt scattered across the dusty floor.

Now tucked under the arm of the dragonwolf Azura's own arms were easily pinned down and he could barely wiggle, let alone fight back. Without skipping a beat a thick, heavy hand slapped the raccoon on the ass eliciting an appropriately loud yelp.

"Heymmmmm!"

Mission accomplished. As Azura opened his mouth to protest it provided an opportunity for something hard and round to be crammed right behind his teeth. He struggled to breathe, unable to even lift his arms to remove the offending object, spittle already leaking out the sides of his lips.

But he wouldn't have much time to worry about the gag. He inhaled deeply as something warm and wet snaked around his penis. A tongue? No, impossible. There's no way a tongue would be long enough to reach that far back. If he wasn't so panicked he might have enjoyed it but as things were he was terrified.

A single rough hand groped around his groin and pushed his flaccid but well-lubricated penis down as something cold and smooth was slipped on. He struggled more but the drolf was still too strong. Held down with a single arm Azura was helpless as a metal ring grazed his scotum before tightening almost too snugly.

At least his new penis sleeve wasn't as tight. He heard the dragonwolf rummaging for something before reaching back to Azura's groin.

Click.

The new crotch addition clacked softly against the metal penis holster. It wasn't too heavy but it was shiny? Wait, was that a lock?

"Mmmph?!"

A single hand wrapped around both his ankles and squashed them together. With one swift motion the drolf hefted the raccoon up and left him dangling upside down. Azura attempted a

limp swing but his fists did nothing. His forearms were grabbed and with hands suddenly cuffed behind his back he could feel his shoulders being pushed together.

With another click he found himself suspended from a hook and staring at the ground. How many times had the drolf done this before? Before he had even noticed his ankles had also been cuffed. He tried to push back on the latex but to no avail, he could barely twist his limbs now. The drolf must have noticed the minute movements as Azura felt him reach up and tighten the cuffs by another notch. Now he could only wiggle his toes.

A thin trail of saliva began forming at the corner of his mouth and ran through his fur, down to his chin. It tickled. Strangely enough, his hands were left alone, not that they could do much in their current position.

With great difficulty he craned his head to the side and tried to get a better look at his assailant but the dragonwolf had walked off to the back of the warehouse. At least he got a better look at the metallic cage? Yep, it looked like a cage with wires coming out and yep, there was a small metal lock dangling from it.

Drool was dripping onto the floor now and at this rate a small puddle would form soon. If the situation wasn't so dire he would have laughed. Look at him, dangling naked like a slab of meat at the butcher's. The metal hook creaked quietly, accompanied by the clink of suspended chain links. He began to swing from side to side in an attempt to free himself. The blood was slowly rushing to his head and it was beginning to make him dizzy.

His mind started to panic when the rough hands returned from behind and held him still. He could hear and feel his tail pushed around and away as the drolf sniffed. Azura's crotch felt exceptionally vulnerable to the cool air of the warehouse as the dragonwolf's hot breath puffed on exposed nethers.

"Hm? Hmmmmm?! Mmm!"

Something warm and wet began stroking the inside of his thigh, not unlike what had previously lubed his penis up. Wait, so the drolf's managed to suck him off from a standing position? Damp and sticky trails ran up and down his thighs and began to lave his balls. It was actually quite pleasant but a sudden frustration became apparent.

The cage prevented Azura from getting a full erection. And as the blood began to divert from his head to his penis the discomfort grew. A different trail began to leak and the strong hands on his hips stopped him from gyrating to derive any sort of pleasure. Not that gyrating would would helped but it may have acted as a diversion, maybe.

"HmmmmmMMMMMRRRRRRRRRRRRRGHHHH?!"

Azura screamed and bit into the gag. The harsh taste of cheap rubber filled his mouth even further as he coughed and failed to squirm away. Out of nowhere the "tongue" had stopped caressing his anus and instead dove deep into his rectum. Even as strong as the drolf was it wasn't enough to entirely stop all hip movement and the lock clanked sadly against the cage.

The dragonwolf's snout continued to poke and sniff the raccoon's testicles and despite the rows of sharp teeth that poked nothing ever bit and those were surprisingly gentle. But the "tongue"

was anything but. Like a sentient worm it searched and clawed its way downward, seeking some unknown prize.

The screaming had reduced to panting and heaving. Sweat began to bead around Azura's forehead and neck, dripping onto the dirty floor joining the small puddles of saliva.

But the worst part was that the racoon was enjoying it.

The head of his penis swelled but due to the small size of the cage it remained indefinitely stunted. Forever pressed against the now warm metal he began drooling from his manhood as well. Sticky ribbons of pre-cum were spilling out with wild abandon, coating both his penis and the cage.

Tap. Tap tap tap.

It didn't make sense, but he could not only feel, but hear the drolf's tongue palpating around inside his anus. And it had found something. Something good, something oh no. Azura began to writhe again with renewed panic. As the pressure and the pleasure began to localize and ramp up.

Like a full-body torture the raccoon felt the first waves of an oncoming orgasm arriving. Except, it couldn't arrive, and never would. Not with his penis being restricted like this. But as the tongue continued to poke and prod in that one special spot it was the worst and best edging he had ever experienced.

His stomach was even more sticky with strands of pre-cum and Azura was losing his mind when the tongue suddenly and unexpectedly withdrew.

He allowed himself a quick exhale of relief as the dragonwolf walked off. He could still feel the pleasant throbbing deep within his bowels and cursed his body for betraying him. This wasn't right, everything about this entire encounter was wrong. The creaking of the chains agreed with him, echoing in the vast warehouse.

Footsteps. Azura's entire body went rigid as the heavy stomps returned and stopped right behind him, out of sight. He could feel the drolf's devilish grin as the hands returned to the raccoon's thighs and tails, pushing them aside.

And then his buttocks pushed aside.

And then something pressed inside.

"URRRRRRRRRRRGGGMMMMM!"

It was far too big, far too wide, and it would never fit. It shouldn't fit. Why was it fitting?! The entire thing was being coaxing in inch by inch, the dragonwolf's tongue providing plenty of additional lubrication, or outright pushing Azura's asshole open for easier insertion.

He almost passed out, maybe it was better if he did and he could wake up from this nightmare. It just felt so full, his bowels cramped and stuffed, and the tip of the object was comfortably

nestled against whatever nub the tongue had earlier found. Whenever he so much as moved it rubbed ever so slightly and sent gentle tingles through his entire abdomen.

The dragonwolf took advantage of Azura's stunned state he stroked his hanging prize. He ran his scaly hands through gummed up fur, prying apart and playing with the semi-dry pre-cum. The tongue returned but this time to snake around the stomach and playfully tease both nipples. But just for a lingering moment, there was work to be done.

There was no struggling when both sets of cuffs were removed. With his limbs now free, the drolf held him by the ankles as something cool and smooth was slipped on and also, lubricated? How, what?

He snapped back into reality. Already his legs were inside this strange suit made of rubber? Latex? Some kind of smooth material and it was thick. The raccoon attempted to swing and punch the drolf but each motion cause the thing in his butt to rub and he would gasp at the ripples flowing through his body and he was forced to stop.

With the first portions of the outfit on Azura was gently deposited on the floor. It barely fit, and he was super conscious of every part and bit of leg touching and rubbing against the suit. Worse yet, when the suit finally overcame the hump of his ass the plug inside was pushed further in, applying additional pressure and Azura couldn't stop himself from moaning.

"Hrrrrrgggguuhhhh..."

His tail had a separate sleeve as it initially slipped in with no resistance thanks to whatever lube was being used. But just like everything else, it was just a bit too small. With a heave the covering finally went over and was zipped in. A small pocket was allocated to his crotch cage and it too went over with little incident, with one exception. A substantial amount of fluid was already gathering.

The drolf was spending too much time around Azura's crotch. He couldn't feel the floor with his legs anymore, the latex must have been at least an inch thick. But that didn't stop the massive hands from molesting his limbs. His tormentor whistled merrily as he cupped the tightly-bound package at the racoon's groin.

Even through the cage and the cock holster the racoon swore he could feel trailing fingers and the individual digits kneading into his scrotum. It was only when the hands upward that he realized how much pressure was being applied in order to feel anything at all.

The drolf couldn't control himself any longer and picked up where he had left off earlier. Together, both hands traced patterns through the fur filled with drying saliva and pre-cum. They danced across his chest and stomach, only stopping when they reached his nipples. The dragonwolf then proceeded to twist and tease again, his tongue stroking the entire length of Azura's neck and the racoon shamefully moaned into the gag. His eyes filled with tears at the loathsome debauchery.

The raccoon felt his cheek rubbing against the gritty warehouse floor, his eyes rolling into the back of his head, and the clank of wet metal against concrete echoed as his penis continued to leak and struggle to become erect. The dragonwolf was humming now as he pulled Azura's arms through the suit and then tugged the zipper.

And nothing happened.

Tug. Tug. Tug.

The drolf placed a foot into his shoulder blades before pulling again. Slowly but surely the raccoon's body was forced into the suit. Fingertips fought against the edges of the gloves while each additional bit zipped up made breathing just a little more labored. He could barely move his hands, let alone fingers as they struggled against the sheer weight of the material, let alone its thickness.

Satisfied with his work the dragonwolf stood and left again. This was his chance. But all the strength in his body was gone, and Azura could barely push himself up. The suit squeaked as it rubbed against itself but before he could get any further something dark and dense was thrown onto his head.

Asides for an opening for his mouth and gag there was no wiggle room in the hood either. Cloudy lenses sat in front of his eyes and further obscured his senses. He felt his ears press slip into a slot? They had their own individual pockets and in they popped, slightly pushed towards the back of his head. The sound of his ragged breathing became amplified in the offending headgear but the rest of the world became a bit more muted as another of his senses became dulled.

The material constricted his head ever so gently. The hood was zipped up across his head and then the neck was cleanly zipped into the hood. All around he was confined to this latex prison, fully at the mercy of the drolf. Wait, what was the drolf saying? Azura tried to tilt his head to better hear the words but everything was muffled beyond comprehension.

Just as suddenly he stopped talking and he wasn't done yet. Leather straps began to wrap around the raccoon's body. Up and under his legs, over and across the chest, and back and forth between his back. But no matter where they travelled they always returned to his crotch, and with each return they increased the pressure.

Azura gurgled, and he wasn't sure if it was in despair or reluctant acceptance of the despicable pleasure. The straps flattened as the dragonwolf continued to tighten to an arbitrary amount of snugness and Azura could feel indentations being made into the ensemble. He didn't need to see, he knew that the bands of leather were putting his whimpering penis on display.

With one final insult to injury the racoon's head was lifted while an extra bit of leather was placed around his neck. A collar? It was humiliating, and as it was jerked into one notch too many Azura fell onto his back panting through the gag. Through the mask he could barely make out the dragonwolf, hands on his hips, clearly proud of the handiwork.

He could barely move his neck, let alone his head. Craning his head up by a few centimeters he stared at the drolf and wait, what was that in his hands?

"HAAAAARRGGHUHUHUHU"

A jolt ran through the cage causing him to roll around the dirty floor. His penis throbbed and fought against the metal once again. But all the pre-cum in the world still wouldn't be enough to free it.

As Azura floundered on the floor the drolf had taken the opportunity to leave and obtain another item of torment. He could have been gone for a minute, an hour, a day, it didn't matter as he would have still returned to see the raccoon desperately humping the ground, grinding his cock cage against something, anything to pry himself free and get some form of release.

Scaly hands patted against the well-padded groin allowing Azura to hear the squishing fluids reverberating within the latex jail. Despite all the exertions, despite appearing completely enclosed, despite the warehouse having no ventilation, the raccoon was still comfortably cool. A small blessing as the buttplug settled and his penis tensed at the barest hint of being shocked again.

A leg was lifted up and the dragonwolf grunted and struggled to slide something heavy onto Azura who resigned himself to his fate. It felt like a giant snowboot? The zippers in the neck creaked as he rotated his neck to try and get a glimpse out of the corner of the dusty lens.

It was certainly a boot. Whether or not it was appropriate winterwear was an entirely different question. He could see numerous dangling straps hanging from the side and shuddered. It wasn't even tightened yet and was already so snug.

He felt one foot hit the ground with a dampened thud and while his limb barely registered the impact the vibrations caused the plug to tickle his innards again. The other leg was methodically raised and the process repeated. Pressure increased in his toes as they gradually entered the tip of the boot, threatening to buckle under until finally the drolf stopped pushing.

Clink. Clink. Clack.

He couldn't feel the individual straps being secured onto the boots. But he could definitely feel the dense material wrapping around his ankles and squish his calves. If it were any longer it would have pressed into the back of his knees but as it were, his shins would bear the brunt of the compressions.

"EUUURRRGHGHGHGH!"

His penis was cruelly zapped again. Was this how the dragonwolf intended to signal when he was done? Was it random? Azura was heaving again as he felt the dampness and heat of the groin pocket increase again. But despite the discomfort, the raccoon was barely able to manage to flip himself over halfway, the suit rubbing against itself and creaking the entire time. It was the best he could do with the fatigue, the heaviness of everything, and how stiff all the joints were. The longer this lasted, the more he felt like a grotesque statue.

During the fit of thrashing he had somehow ended up on his side with one arm being crushed. The drolf must have noticed because he crouched down and pushed into Azura's shoulder, causing the latter to roll onto his back. The slurry of pre-cum and saliva started to dribble back down the cage and across the raccoon's penis as his torturer took the opportunity to sit on his chest.

Breathing was difficult in this position as the drolf was just as heavy as he appeared. Azura watched one arm get raised for inspection. The dragonwolf was stroking it but the suit was too thick to actually feel it, perhaps that was for the better. With that being said he could feel something rubbing against his hands. It was just too high up to see no matter how much he tried to crane his head forward.

No no, not rubbing against his hands, going over his hands. The drolf had grabbed the raccoon by the wrists to better aid in shoving fingers into the nooks and crannies. There was no need to worry about the digits buckling from the force, they were far too rigid for that now.

But at least before he could waggle them. Now, it was impossible. They were now permanently frozen in whatever pose the newest gloves molded them to. Not that he could see what that was. The first hand was unceremoniously dropped onto his face into the mask while it was now the other arm's turn.

The drolf was having a bit more trouble and even licked Azura's hand to better lubricate it. And while it couldn't be felt, he could still hear the obscene sucking and slobbering that was taking place. Even the warmth of the dragonwolf's mouth was noticeable but that could have been an overly active and/or fatigued imagination.

Even with the excessive slobber it was a battle to get the remaining glove on. The fluids did their job however and despite the momentous resistance Azura winced from the increasing pressure encroaching on his pinkie. With a final *slooorp* the other hand landed somewhere near his leg.

And then he was zapped again but this time the electricity didn't stop.

He didn't even have the energy to scream, it was more of a dry wheezing at this point as he pathetically tried to roll around. The occasional muscle spasm caused muscles to push against the latex or try and maneuver his legs to hopelessly squeeze against the crotch pocket.

Finally he ended up balanced precariously on his side. How he got to this position he had no idea but it seemed to satisfy the dragonwolf. The shocks stopped, but the penis shudders didn't. It was begging for release now, or at least, freedom. Anything to escape the sticky confinement. Azura didn't even care who saw or what he had to do to get out, he just wanted to cum, no matter how pitiful or embarrassing it was.

But his mental pleas couldn't be heard. And with the ballgag digging deeper and deeper into his mouth there was no way he could form a coherent word, let alone sentence. A heavy boot tapped into his spine and the raccoon toppled over onto his belly, limbs flayed out looking like some kind of inflated starfish.

More clanking. Something new and heavy was thrown onto his shoulders and back before he was pushed up so it could wrap around his chest. One limb after another were pushed through loops before finally locking in place somewhere near his butt. While this was not tightened to anywhere near the same as anything else so far Azura was having trouble figuring out what it was for. Other than the fact that a majority of the bands seemed to zero in around his crotch.

Face crammed into the concrete he couldn't summon the strength to fight against the weight of the hood to turn his head. His legs were bent backwards and the drolf took the time to have Azura kick himself in the ass a few times. At least his assailant was having fun, the raccoon was

near tears now, confident that the dragonwolf knew how these actions caused the buttplug to rub against what had to be his prostate.

Wait, more cuffs? He tried to pull his legs apart or push them together and couldn't. No, cuffs weren't this stiff or that far apart. What was this new contraption? Wait no, there were also cuffs. He could hear something clicking in place around his ankles but there was something keeping his feet apart.

The drolf grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him so that he sat on his haunches. A bar. It was a bar keeping his legs apart at a set distance. The seating position would have been comfortable if the bar wasn't applying so much pressure to his butt. Another squirt of pre-cum splattered somewhere.

And another bar, but this one was raised to his chest. Azura's head lolled downwards as he stared directly into the dragonwolf's paws working on the pole. They were adjusting it, but what for? More cuffs came and snapped around his wrists while the raccoon was gently pushed back.

It didn't seem to make much sense to him, but honestly the entire experience wasn't making sense either. The rod locked into place on the sides of his shackles keeping his hands approximately shoulder-width apart. Perfect, now he looked and felt the part of being a prisoner.

More cords. The first bundle looped his calves to his thighs. Even with all his strength the drolf was starting to have difficulty lifting and maneuvering around the bulky mass that Azura had become. Even through all the padding he could hear him breathing a bit harder from all the exertion.

Next set of limbs. Lifting them up, his forearms were tied to his upper arms with his hands left to dangle freely. Well, as freely as the dense gloves would allow him to move, which was none. To an outsider it probably looked like the raccoon was begging. And to be honest, he was still begging but perhaps not in the way most outsiders would assume. A strange fear of wanting to be zapped again, but yet, not wanting it.

While dealing with such conflicting emotions something was being attached to the mysterious shoulder garment from before. With a grunt the drolf burrowed an arm underneath Azura's legs and butt and hoisted him into the air. And when he let go the raccoon found himself suspended in the middle of the warehouse again, this time upright.

It was odd, finally being able to fully see the dragonwolf. Even if it was through the tinted lenses of the mask, even it was from an overhead view, even if he was completely bound, gagged, and humiliated. The drolf was just as muscular as imagined and probably wore the same terrifying grin throughout the entire torture session. Wait, was that?

Oh shit.

The drolf pulled something rectangular out from his pocket and held it out for Azura to see before several bright flashes filled his vision.

*Click*Click*Click*

How the hell did he unlock his phone? When did he have time to steal his phone? A different kind of dread and shame filled the raccoon as picture after picture, video after video was taken against his will. Were these being sent somewhere? Would anyone else see him in such a debased manner?

“Hurrrrgggghhhhhh....”

He was certain that people can hear the buzzing and the cackle of electricity coming from his groin, and anyone with half a functioning ear drum could definitely hear the moans emanating from under the hood or the frantic squirming and squeaking from the suit rubbing on itself. At least the chains were somewhat quiet?

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Of course he was sending the pictures and videos to people. Wait, was he also uploading the images somewhere? The drolf kindly raised the phone halfway to the suspended raccoon but even without the hood his eyes were too bleary to see who or where would be receiving the lewd images next.

“Alright big boy, it’s been fun, but I’ve got more prey to catch.” The dragonwolf spoke clearly for the first time as he let his hands manhandled Azura’s groin once more. Squeezing it as if was an overripe orange, just begging to burst and share its juices with the world.

“But I got a parting gift, I’m not that cruel to leave you empty-handed after we’ve gotten to know each other so, *intimately*.” He grinned, letting his tongue peak out from a row of razor sharp teeth. With a final grunt he forced the raccoon’s butt up as much as the straps and harness would allow and shoved something in-between.

Bzzzzzzzzzz....

The instant he let go Azura felt even more powerless, his own body betraying him one ultimate time, as he sat on the trigger that maxed out the stimulation. He already knew it would be impossible to stop the cage now and all the tears in the world wouldn’t be enough to save him.

Now the stimulation would be unending with both ends of his body crying in their own pained way. Even through all the padding the crackle of electricity could be heard, though it was hard to hear over the joints of the creaking to contain the writhing raccoon. The last thing the raccoon says as the drolf stomps off to find his next victim is a raw, agonized cry from the depths of his throat.

“MMMMPPPPHHH!”