

“Nnnrf, oh, oh yes, that’s it. Y-yes!” Adrai’s whispering voice said, she kept bouncing her hind legs up and down to spear herself on the huge dildo on the floor, even those motions made the tables nearest to her shake from the motions. The dragoness let out a loud shout of bliss as she climaxed, her juices spraying out onto the ground.

The lights flicked on, illuminating the room and showing off the deep blue shimmer of her scales as she turned her eyes to the opened door, smiling coyly at the enraged faces that peered in. “It’s that damn dragon again. Get the hell out of our store!” The ferret at the front shouted, running at her with his taser at the ready. It wouldn’t do much to someone her size, but he and the rest of his security would be damned if they didn’t at least try.

“Mmm, too late fellas. Watch out, the floor is all wet and slippery!” Adrai retorted, her wings spreading and flapping, buffeting them back and sending the used toy rolling, then she was off, shooting out of the large hole in the room’s corner, a relic of a time she’d ripped her way in forcefully. Her passage through shattered what undergoing repairs were taking place.

“For fuck’s sake!” The ferret shouted at her back, and was met with only giggling laughter from the airborne dragon. Turning to a stag at his side he took a deep breath and tried to calm himself. “Larry, get a crew together and, I dunno, put a tarp or something over that hole. The rest of you clean up and find out what she stole, *this* time.”

Two of the crew walked over to the large dildo, putting on some cleaning gloves as they lifted the offending object up and found the ravaged packaging it had sat in. It was useless to the company now, they couldn’t resell used goods, and so they carried it off to a crate for disposal. Travis, the ferret head of security rubbed at his temple, muttering to himself as he tried to regain his composure, walking out of the room to assemble the rest of the higher ups who were still there that late at the store.

They gathered in the warehouse which was now nearly fully restored to its proper state, Travis explaining what exactly had taken place on their way. “We need to do something about her.” the white owl woman Maria said, “You’re sure your security kit can’t handle someone of her size and strength?”

“Positive Ma’am, we’re not permitted anything stronger than a taser and to a dragon like her, the effect is negligible. At worst it would only be as bad as touching an electric fence would be to us. Not pleasant but nothing you wouldn’t shrug off.” the ferret replied with a sigh.

“We should call the police!” one voice piped up, Travis didn’t know the owner, a new hire, perhaps, the ferret looked down at the lynx and shook his head softly. The rest of the group already had some degree of grimace on their faces.

“We did the first few times, the police have made their stance clear. We’re a small town, a dragoness is outside of ‘their paygrade’ to handle, and they don’t want to associate with a company like ours or some bullshit like that. Basically they said we’re on our own.” Travis

explained. It was nonsense and they'd complained loudly, but if the letters weren't immediately shredded they were likely stuck in a bureaucratic loop for the next while.

"Well isn't that a pity!" A girlish voice said, they looked around, no one familiar with that one. A small red panda woman was in the middle of the room, one of the company's leather collars in her hands which she was thumbing at idly. The long dress she wore, the wide bow in the tip of her purple and pink highlighted hair, the way she was fooling around with merchandise, all broadcast that this was not a member of staff, but another intruder.

Travis and one of his remaining team rushed the woman to apprehend her, and she vanished, reappearing a few feet away, standing on the air. "Now, now, boys, is that any way to treat someone who is just here to solve your problems?" She said, in response Travis stood down, waving to his teammate to do the same. The figure vanished again, appearing in the middle of the of them. "Good, my name is Mei Xiu, and like I said, I have a solution to your little dragon infestation."

"And why are you planning on helping us?" The owner said, a large brown-haired bovine woman who folded her arms across her chest and peered at the just-under four foot high red panda.

"Well they're just such nuisances! Especially in an area like this, acting like they're above the law simply because no one can be bothered to touch them. I just like to level the playing field from time to time!" As she spoke the collar she'd been toying with grew wider, turning into a thick hoop that could have been used as a belt to a generous waisted fellow instead of the small neck band it had been. Coloured lights flashed along the outside of the leather, and then suddenly it was a metal band, solid, yet lightweight. The colours lingered, coiling into shapes as she threw the thing lightly. It landed on a table and immediately fell still, not bouncing or rocking. "If you want to get even with her, leave that collar there. She will return tomorrow night and won't be able to keep away from it. When it's on her neck, you and your men should strike out, the rest I'll leave to you."

"What? That makes no sense! A metal band won't stop her, do you even know what Adrai looks like?" Maria started up, feathers ruffling around her neck in protest.

"Eh, fight and quibble if you want, I have more important things to be doing with my time. Try it before you knock it, but just know she's coming tomorrow." Mei said and then she vanished again, as far as anyone could tell she'd left the room entirely.

"It's too strange and convenient, and it seems too good to be true." Maria irritably murmured to some nods from the group, but then, what else could they do. Still, they prepared for a double shift of security for the next night. If the dragon didn't come then they'd discuss what to do in greater detail.

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Adrai soared silently through the air on her way back to the fetish store. Her body was smooth and streamlined, no ridges or other features interrupting her dark blue scales, they were lighter at her sides and a brighter shade at her belly, but on her spine and poking down her limbs they were so dark they appeared black when not in direct light. A long wavy pair of polished white horns on her head, kept sparkling by the attention of the kobold clan that shared her home. Her tail tapered down to a small thin point, as long again as the rest of her large body.

In the moonlight she could see the blue tarpaulin on the store's ravaged wall and she dove through it, landing on the floor with a relatively gentle impact, given her weight. She looked around for that dildo she'd been trying last night, but they'd seemed to have cleaned it away. How irksome. She'd also sighted some other items that would make a superb addition to her collection, before she'd been so rudely interrupted and chased off.

The creatures should be flattered that a dragon deigned to give them any attention at all. But instead they continued to be petty and greedy things that didn't want to share. At any rate, she doubted anyone would expect her to return so soon, her visits were usually weeks apart, and here she was, no alerts, no noises or complaints, just peace and quiet.

As she explored the room looking for the toy she'd had, her eyes fell on a large metal band... she was sure that was new, as it looked so enticing. She had no idea why but it just appealed, looking as though it would fit her, too. She sat her haunches on the floor, reaching with her front paws to lift the collar, and then she pushed it shut around her throat, it had a built in catch of some kind that clicked and held it there, the dragoness' tail lashing at the smooth fit.

She turned to look at a shiny cabinet that, while not a perfect mirror, still served to give some reflection. It was hard to see in the dim light, but what she made out looked fantastic, preening herself and cocking her head left to right in admiration. She'd be keeping this! Her gaze fell on the disposal basket, the bump of the toy still visible... "Ah, there you are." She whispered walking over.

"Quick there she is!" A voice came. Another flash of lights and the scrabble of smaller creatures running in.

Adrai huffed, interrupted again!? She'd not even started yet! "Assholes." She snapped at them, coiling her muscles to take off.

"Stop, dragon!" The ferret yelled. Adrai rolled her eyes and went to leap, but instead there was a flash of multi coloured lights around her neck and instead of taking off, her rump fell backward, sitting down hard on the floor.

"What?!" Adrai gasped, staring at her legs that refused to move.

"What?!" The ferret called out, shocked at seeing her obey. He smiled as he walked forward, looked like it was working. "Okay, take off, but only do a spin in the air and then come back here." He said, risking it at the deep end.

“I will do no su-” Adrai began but her body leapt forward, acting seemingly on its own, she felt a need to do that spin, pirouetting mid air and then diving back down to land. “How did you do that? What have you done to me!?” She yelled.

“Hush, drake, and roll over.” The ferret called, his crew laughing as they assembled loosely, staring at the dragoness who was busy making a fool of herself.

Adrai’s jaw was clamped tightly on it’s own as she tried to yell at them, but every sound she started caught in her throat, the first noise high in volume before the rest turned to a whisper as she yelled for release and them to stop. Her body rolling over and waving her arms in the air.

“Get up and beg!” One of the staff called and the dragoness raised herself onto her haunches, forelegs dangling meekly.

“Please!” She said softly, released from silence but her words changing. “Please let me serve.” She said, and then choked, she’d meant to tell them to let her go, but... what was happening?

One of the faces looking up at her walked closer, with a swaggering stride, she glared at the Irish Setter and rage bubbled, how dare they mock her like this. Her hand swiped with the full force of her strength, angry enough to bat this stupid woman through the shelves for her impudence. Instead when her hand connected the flash of light happened again, as it had with each order, and her hand landed against the canine with no effect, stopping as if she’d hit an immovable wall. Mei’s enchanted collar not just needing commands but working to sap the strength out of any gesture made with rebellious intent.

That sobered them all up though, even the setter flinched back. They were dealing with a huge and dangerous creature after all. “Get the tapes!” Travis called out, thinking quickly as they had little else readily on hand to deal with something of her size. The security team quickly grabbed a number of spools, specialist bondage tape from the store, long bandages and wraps of gauze and even heavier duty duct-tape from supply closets.

“What tapes? Please tell me~?” Adrai asked, the enchantment forcing her to sound playfully inquisitive with a touch of begging despite her intending for panicked demands.

“As for you Adrai, stop that begging, sit and fold your legs under you.” He commanded and she found herself unwittingly obeying, her claws folding under her chest and belly until she had made a loaf-like pose. “And be quiet.” He added, grinning, he could tell from her eyes that she wasn’t meaning to go along with this so pliantly. “Revenge is a bitch, huh?”

The setter looked up at that, clearing her throat roughly and Travis swiftly corrected himself. “Ah, sorry Kelsey, I didn’t mean it like that.”

The dragoness was soon surrounded though, ripping noises of duct tape, and softer brushing sounds as the lesser tapes were unravelled, they didn’t have enough of one kind to fit

the whole of her after all. Her muscles tensed as she tried to flinch, but even that was beyond her as sticky tape was pressed against her body, and bandages wrapped around. "Assist us by turning." Travis said, and soon Adrai found her body lifting and wiggling to help them as they coated her in tape.

The bandage was prioritised for her wings, but the rest of her was fair game, layers of the tape being built up several rolls thick, coating her legs and squeezing them against her body. Blue scales slowly disappearing under roll after roll of multi-coloured and textured wraps. They were mummifying her from the neck down and she could do nothing to stop it. Even her tail was dragged up to rest the tip at the back of her neck, and then that too was covered.

Her arms bound against her body in the pose she'd been sitting in, she was just a huge lump. Travis had been mulling over his next words and then spoke them once the crew was done. "Tell us truthfully, is that thick enough to hold you?"

"No." She replied. "The arms would need more."

He grinned as she stared in bewildered anger at him. "You heard her, lets attend to them." The strong duct-tape was favoured, adding more and more layers that wrapped up around her back. Travis pulled out a coil of hot pink vinyl bondage tape, and called to her while the rest worked. "Head forward. This one's just for me." He started at the scales on her neck, wrapping over them as he wound the tape up, it ran out at the top of her neck so he fetched another, the bright pink brushing over her cheeks and head. He was careful to avoid her eyes as he depleted the rest on her muzzle.

One more roll was brought out which he wove again and again around her jaws, keeping only her nostrils free as he looked into those bright defiant eyes. "Try talking." He said.

The tape barely shifted, so thick and secure, only a muffled array of grunts coming out. "That sounded rude. Glad you're still spirited." He said with a wink. "Head on your chest!" he ordered. Yet another flash as she craned her neck as far as it would. Travis gestured and then more duct tape was torn and applied to stick her neck in place, a tightly packed bundle, though even this folded up she dwarfed them all in size. "We had a special room picked out for you, but this collar seems to be doing its job, so we'll just leave you here. Rule one, no leaving this room. Rule two, no breaking the tape. Otherwise I guess you're your own dragon. Have fun!" He said.

She thrashed at that, suddenly freed from the compulsion and able to move. But the wrap held her fast, the collar keeping her strength in check. They all shared a laugh at watching her before they were chased back to work by the ferret, he gave her one last smug grin before the light clicked off and the door was pulled shut.

Left alone, the helpless dragoness was blushing heavily, heat building inside her. She'd been outwitted somehow, then trapped in things they had no right possessing and to top it off bound so severely after humiliating herself in front of them. She was aghast at how she'd behaved, how she'd been treated, and yet, there was nothing induced about the wetness between

her legs. Even as she struggled to get loose and realised she was completely trapped, that served only to further her burning passions. She'd have to tear this place down now, when she was free, which was a shame... but for now, she could enjoy the heat of her trapped bliss, or at least she thought, soon finding she was bound so tight that when she rolled onto her side, she couldn't get back to her front. Her waist having nothing to rub against.

No, this wasn't fair! The least they could do was let her cum after all that. She sighed, she was in for a long and frustrated night. When the staff came back the following morning her humiliation began again. The next shift laughing at the wetness in the tape that had pooled against her hips from her arousal. Travis had taken a half's night of sleep to ensure he'd be there for what the company planned for Adrai directing his staff to move on the dragoness.

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Once the staff had all learned how to order her and even that such orders weren't even needed, they took their sweet time with the dragoness. With how weakened she was by the collar their experiments of her limits showed that anyone could manually adjust her body and she had to oblige them, making it almost feather-light to move her.

Her tail lashed in irritation as two sets of hands pushed on her rump, leading her into one of the rooms as big as the warehouse she'd often raided. The scent of fresh rubber was strong here, though wherever it was coming from was packed away neatly for the moment. Her heart quickened as she wondered what was coming.

"What are you planning to do with me? Make me a slave? Test out devious inventions? The worse you treat me the more terrible my revenge will be, you know." She said with a growl. They'd not taped her up again since that first night and they had removed those layers the morning after. Instead she'd been kept in that promised cell, little more than an emptied storage room with an unlocked door, and manacled to the floor and walls in hefty chains, but the charmed collar had prevented her from so much as knocking on the door, let alone breaking free.

"I see no reason to spoil my plans for you, dragon." The bovine woman said. Adrai had learned her name was Sheytha, and she held the dragon responsible for, what seemed to Adrai, unreasonable sums of lost income. "Suffice to say we will find a way for you to make amends for your crimes."

"It's not a crime if a dragon takes something, everyone knows that." She huffed haughtily.

The bovid tightened her fist "Oh I am glad I chose to do more than just watch." She muttered darkly under her breath. Sheytha was the tallest of all the staff at the company but even she still didn't come up to the shoulder height of the dragon. The soft furred fingers

brushed Adrai's side, there was little point being crueller than needs be, this was a professional establishment after all.

On seeing their boss enter the room the workers knew their cues and worked open a large box, pulling out layers of heavy rubber that needed four of them just to slide out and into the centre of the room. "For how much a damn pain you are, you're unfairly pretty." The cow hissed, tracing over the deepest blue scales within reach. "But that'll change, at least by some definitions. Let's get you dressed up."

At that Adrai realised what the rubber was. A suit, for her, it was certainly big enough to be. Her jaw hung slightly open, she'd always dreamt of being in a suit, it seemed unfair how many varieties there were for the smaller lesser races, and she didn't even need prodding to walk over to it. The scraping of the rubber on the floor made her scowl, if she *was* going to wear it she didn't want it to be scuffed and in need of a polish, it should be pristine and glowing like the dragon herself.

Her thoughts were taken away from it as a huge tub of clear, thick and viscous gel was pulled out. Further confirming her suspicions as it smelled of the same lubricant she'd often borrowed for use on their toys. They took up large brushes, more viable for painting a wall, and set to work, gloved hands following behind to massage and rub the goo.

"We'll start with the back; that tail and rump of yours." The cow woman said, the two figures who had pushed Adrai before started to lead her into position, meek and powerless to stop them, but still enthralled at the idea. The dragoness pretended only to be slightly put out by the unwanted assistance. Hands rubbed her thigh, pulling her leg up, she still grimaced in irritation at that at least, having one's own body betray you was never pleasant, or at least so she was sure. They directed her feet into the rubber and it took some strength on their part to stretch back the long tail end, even though it was split open more than halfway toward that point. She growled when one of them squeezed tightly on her tail tip to thrust it into the waiting sleeve.

Several feet of rubber stretched out over the tail then brushed underneath her waist as a few more of the furies around her moved to pull the legs of the suit up, they had a rounded pocket that covered and sheathed her foot entirely. As it was stretched tight against her thighs, she gave a strong shiver just at those sensations. While they worked on getting that on, those who spread the lubricant moved on to her front arms and sides, the thick brushes sliding over her and making her glitter in the light more than she usually did. She noticed something peculiar when they had got the suit out but it only now made itself obvious to her. "Wait that zipper is along the back! How am I supposed to get it on or off?"

"Obviously you're not, it's meant to be put on you and stay that way until others deign to release you." Sheytha said with a snort. She slapped that rubber coated rump heavily, the strength of her arm enough that Adrai grunted without having to fake it.

“I don’t agree to that! Get this off me at once!” The dragon said, raising her front legs.

“You’ll stand and obey.” The collar flashed as the cow spoke, she had no choice, her legs hitting the ground again.

“How dare you, this is an outrage!” She started, but they just ignored her. It was no simple feat dressing up a dragoness of her size but they tugged it on, one bit at a time. Like with her rump they made her slip her head into the neck sleeve first to help them wiggle her arms into place. Those front paws at least had holes for her claws to poke through and were separated gloves so her fingers could flex freely. Every motion the dragon made caused a creak of rubber from somewhere now, but that horrible collar was buried inside the neck sleeve, meaning until this suit came off there was little chance of her getting free of it’s control.

The tabs of the zipper rested half up her tail and between her shoulder blades. With the glistening suit squeezed onto her, she felt a small canine among the staff climb onto her back and crawl down her, tugging the zip as he went. “Nnnfgh.” she whined, the feeling of the boots and their owner’s weight tingled thanks to the tight latex.

“Enjoying it, aren’t you, despite your complaints?” Sheytha teased, she’d moved to the dragon’s face, still uncovered and rubbed her cheek.

Adrai didn’t reply, looking away, but the subtle shifting of her hungry hips gave tell of the truth as another set of hands pulled the other zipper to meet in the middle. They delayed slightly to bring up heavy bag like flaps of rubber over her wings, still all part of the suit. The weighty latex sliding the wings into pouches which kept them folded and bent. The last foot of distance was difficult to close as it tugged out every crease of the rubber, hands smoothing it to deal with those wrinkles but when it was on, squeezing her tightly, there were a series of further tugs and clicks. Heavy duty straps, part of the suit, were buckled tightly shut along the length of the zipper, and a clasp latched onto them to pin them. She’d not even be able to rub her back to get it open. “Alright, enough already, you’ve made your point.” The dragon said, huffing bashfully.

“Oh no, you big lug, we’ve just started.” Sheytha replied nonchalantly. The dragon gulped, hoping she was joking until she saw the second large box which the crew was already next to. “Among what you stole from us, there was a high number of inserted toys, and frankly more than any woman should need. As well as fabrics of a particularly high elasticity which presumably you tried to wear as we often found shredded remnants. Well we made a suit just for you to compensate for the latter. And for the former...”

The dragoness gulped but her breath also quickened, could it be a custom dildo made for her? “Turn your back and present your rump to us, and...” the cow added with a touch of mischief “No peeking.” She did as told, of course, and a zipper between her legs was tugged open, this really was coming then... or so she thought until she felt chilled metal tucked into the flap. Flat and wide, they wasted no time in clamping a tight chastity belt over her privates,

linking them up at her hips. The shield's bulk underneath the suit, but enough of it pressing out to cover the zipper and pin access to both her holes.

“Well, that is our answer, you need to learn prudence and temperance, and besides, we might be getting revenge but sexual abuse is a very grey area. Even for me.” The cow said. The staff scattered as Adrai rolled onto her back, bending forward and pawing at the metal immediately.

“No no no no!” She whispered, hooking her claws at it, she stared, it was heavy duty, no way she could break it open even unrestrained. “You can’t be serious!” She whined, already horny enough from being wrapped, and then suited, to be forbidden access was just harsh. These small creatures dared to deny her bliss with simple tools she could normally shatter, and the fact she could do nothing about it triggered her kinky side, finding that excessively exciting and making her shift, but the belt was stuck to her hips so much that she couldn’t rub at it. It was flush to her belly, but with just enough gap at the vent that even pushing it down there was no stimulation to be earned.

“While you’re on your back, stay there.” Sheytha commanded and the staff, now rallied, grabbed her arms and pulled them down. “Be still.” She added to stop any resistance as the next item came out, heavy bondage mittens, made of a matching textured rubber were thrust over her claws, rounding them off even more restrictively than her hind paws were in the suit. A thick mass inside the mitt forced her hands to curl in place and immobilised her fingers while also sheathing and nulling her claws.

“You can’t do this! This has to be illegal!” The dragoness shouted at them, squirming and unable to disobey to stand.

“I thought you dragons were above the law, it’s not stealing if a dragon does it, right?” The cow said, tapping Adrai’s chin as she pulled her head upward and back, inverted as she was she could still see what the cow held in her other hand.

“N-no not that, don’t you dare!” She tried, even as the bite of her lip betrayed her thoughts on the matter.

“Open wide, girl.” Sheytha said, the huge red rubber shape in her hand sculpted to fit uncomfortably in a dragoness’ mouth. A rounded point like a ball gag at the end with a deeper stuffing tube that poked into her throat. “That reminds me, when did you last eat, and when will you need to again?”

Adrai blinked, compelled to answer of course. “A week ago, and enough to keep me for three more.” Her brow knit in confusion at the question.

The cow smiled, pressing the gag into Adrai’s large jaws. Strapping it on herself and making sure it was pulled tight enough to hold her mouth fast to it. “Good, then we can leave this in for that long.” She chuckled.

“Mnnph, whhmph? Nmmh!!!” Adrai complained, but too late, her cries were muffled down by the rubber.

“How adorably cute...” The woman said, one of the staff bringing over another mass of rubber, looking like a bag. Sheytha picked up one end and stretched it, opening the empty hollow mass and drawing it over the dragoness’ head. Adrai let out another desperate squeak before her world was cast into blackness, the only delay in the hood’s application coming when they tucked her horns into their own little sleeves.

She waited, puffing and restless for air and vision to return. Air flooded into the hood’s nose holes when they were lined up at last, but vision didn’t come. The hood they’d used was solid, no gaps, her eyes sealed away by the thick layer of latex. Not only that, but the hood was tight enough that it showed a bulge from the gag in her mouth and further squeezed her jaws together. There was now not so much as an inch of dragoness showing beyond the flaring nostrils. The rest tucked into shining black latex, and it was maddeningly arousing to her.

Around her there were grunts of exertion from the staff as they lifted up something else, heavy and strong, lined in rubber to keep that same shining appearance as her suit, but metal and leather braced the interior of the overly large custom-fit posture collar. She pulled away instinctively from the noise, shaking her head as she tried to push the gag out of her mouth with her tongue, but even that was pinned below it, unable to even wiggle the mass.

“Oh do behave, in fact, make it easy for them, roll to your side and just place your neck straight ahead.” The bovine said, her tufted tail flicking as she watched the dragoness squirm. She walked around her calm as anything to let her employees work as one of her hard hooves pressed down on Adrai’s belt, her leg rising high to reach as she put her weight on it to torment just a little bit more with that just out-of-reach feeling.

She did as told and guided by hands, stretched her neck so that it was pointed fully forward. The heavy collar clicked on the other side of her neck and the four locking points were buckled and sealed going over the rim of that hood too to pinch it in place. With it locked, she would no longer be able to raise it in its proper high and haughty position. “I did enjoy staring into those eyes of yours, but I’ll show some restraint, you won’t be needing to use them until the gag comes out in... what was it again?” She asked, pretending to have forgotten.

“Three weeks.” One of the employees said with a chuckle.

“Ah, yes, twenty days or so, locked up without sight or speech. Don’t worry though, there’s a small hole in the gag and hood, we can keep you watered at least.” She said with a laugh. “The last parts, then, gentlemen.” She called out.

Last?! There was more to this crazy gear? She was pushed at the side to make her roll back onto her haunches, feeling tugs at her bagged up wings and hands pulling on her tail as they made her curl it until the tip was against her posture collar. Her wings were thrust into hard leather binders, unnecessarily, given how the rubber pockets kept them from spreading

anyway, but the weight of them meant she couldn't even wiggle them. She felt her tail tugged into some metal hoops too, held between the binders, A cuff was added and clipped on, trapping her tail, bent double against her, and forcing her to show off her assets, or at least, the metal shield covering them.

All sounds were dulled to the dragoness, but she still made out the click at her neck of a leash being clipped on, followed by the feeling of rubbery cuffs being tugged on to her limbs. "There, one suited and punished thief. How perfect." The cow said with a dark chuckle. "Come, justice awaits you."

The leash was pulled on and the dragoness stumbled awkwardly and blindly, discovering that there were also stretchy bands linking her forearms. As well as at her hind legs to shorten her steps. It felt horrendous having her head stretched that far forward with no vision to tell her if she was about to hit anything or not, mumbling incoherently through her gag the whole way.

Sheytha didn't tell her to be quiet though, the sounds Adrai made were long awaited, she'd dreamed of having the dragoness apologising to her, but the pleading whimpers would suffice. They crossed through hallways, the staff taking care to not let Adrai actually bump into anything, and then they were outdoors, the sun peeking out from behind the clouds and illuminating the spectacle.

As they kept walking across paved roads, cars slowed to stare at the figure, and the townsfolk all watched, some with gaping jaws, others blushing, and still a fair few hurrying away lest their morals be damaged. Road changed to grass underfoot and then they stopped her, hands pressing her rump to make her sit and then raising her arms in the air. "Stay perfectly still." The voice of the bovine came again. And like that, Adrai couldn't move beyond the rise and fall of her breath.

"I could leave you like this, just walk away, installing a cute dragon statue permanently in our local park as an amenity. Maybe when we take the suit off that's what we will do, put those pretty scales to use by making you a living statue. That would be fun." A sound of a hammer on wood alerted Adrai that other things were going on. "Instead we have other plans." The bovine said.

More voices were heard in the distance and the fall of feet was accompanied by Sheytha's voice again. "Hello, Officers. Can I help you?"

"What's all this, you're causing a public disturbance you know, you can't just go putting up statues without consent." One of them said, a gravelly voiced cat.

"Officer, please, this is Adrai, that dragoness we *frequently* told you about." The woman replied, lacing the words with just enough civility to cloud over the snide tone. "And as you can see. The sign here, like our display, is only temporary." She tapped on the wooden post.

“Public petting dragon?” The cat said as he read it out loud, but he glanced and saw the belt, as well as the too small opening to really misuse the dragoness at her mouth, and so, with a shrug he rolled his eyes. “Well, I guess we’ll let this abide for now, she did steal a lot, from what you claimed. Watch yourselves, though, if this gets much more overt or stays over long we’ll have to step in.” He said, and like that he walked off.

“Good day, Officers.” Sheytha called to their backs, and then under her breath. “Would make a first time for you to step in when it concerns a dragon. See, Adrai, even officers of the law think it’s right for you undergo some public service time to pay for what you’ve done!” She said turning to the rubber clad giant behind her. “Now lie on your back, and then keep in that position to the best of your abilities.”

“Nnnph! Plmmh!” She tried once more through the gag, her body already obeying as she was posed her legs down and as wide as the binding allowed, her mittened hands squeaking on her chest.

“I’ve got more work to do, so I’ll have to leave you and go back to the office. You’ve met Travis, our head of security? Well he and his team are here for your safety. Until he says otherwise your collar is only to reply to his orders.” The flash of magic still shone through the collars and rubber, somehow. But the cow continued calmly. “They’ll also keep the camera rolling so I can watch your plight from my office during quiet moments. Try not to get too pent up in there.” Sheytha said, wandering away.

Adrai whimpered as she tried to move, it was like her body was in some kind of elasticated field, she could pull and shiver, but her limbs always drifted back to the position she’d been left in when she wasn’t actively squirming. How long were they planning on keeping her here?

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Days had come and gone and Adrai’s loins burned with lust. The first day people had stared and commented, offering humiliating words. By the time evening rolled around one fellow had summed up the courage to walk closer and brush his hands against the rubber. Given the dragoness had been trapped in stillness without a change to her surrounding the touch was electric, making her gasp, and the fellow who was rubbing stepped back in alarm. But when nothing followed, he rallied and pressed in again, rubbing along the folded part of her tail with both hands.

Once the first bystander had poked her, more and more started to take up the offer of petting her. She wasn’t to know that the company were offering discount vouchers for anyone who rubbed at her, but here they all came, falling on her with their touches, many of them finding they liked it and continuing to brush the once mighty creature. Bodies had clambered up on her, and one male had even spent the better part of an afternoon napping on her belly. Others tried to tickle her helpless body and more just massaged and rubbed. She muffled into her gag, all those senses made intense by the squeeze of rubber and ongoing blindness. She couldn’t do a

damned thing to stop them, instead all she could do was thrash when tickled and wiggle her hips when teased, bouncing back to the forced pose. Travis's only mercy to her was to let her shift pose to something else every few hours.

The worst was when she had been roused from exhausted sleep by two bodies crawling up her late at night. Two males, one of whom lay across her chest, belly down, and raised his rump for his partner. Were her thoughts clearer she'd have been unable to believe that the guards were allowing this to happen, but instead she squirmed in jealousy. The males started their fun, the sounds of their naked passion filling the air as they shared what she couldn't have, using her as a bed to increase the allure of their fling. When they had finished she felt someone wiping off the mess they'd made but then nothing else until the following day.

It had been almost a week since she'd been in the park when she heard smaller chattering voices. "It's her! It must be! Mistress!" One of them said, a flurry of smaller hands pressing on her rubber.

"Oi, get back!" A guard shouted, the team walking over to grab the diminutive kobolds and tug them into the air. One of the guards looked to the camera. "You'd better come see this boss."

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The kobolds fidgeted in the office, glancing around uncomfortably. "So you serve her, and she went missing and here you are. I see. Well your mistress took a great deal of value from us with nothing offered in return."

They looked up at her as if perplexed by her words. "She's a dragoness, she doesn't need to, merely to take and be served as she wishes." The leader said. A small green lizard with a vast array of horns on his head and spiked ridges at his back.

Sheytha sighed. She'd tried to reason a few times and got nowhere. "Well, she's our dragoness now. And if you want us to return her, we can talk costs. Equal to the price she has stolen, plus a measure for the gear she'll be taking home with her. Not to mention additional damages for the building and payment for those who've had to work overtime."

The kobolds huddled and talked for a bit, those were her terms and she would take nothing less, she'd keep the dragoness if she had to. Perhaps it was the conviction they saw that told them the real threat of her intent, though for whatever reason the creatures nodded. "But please, we must have her back at home."

They all piped up agreeing fervently. "Please return our beloved to us!"

Sheytha leant forward in her chair. "On one condition. You may take her home, but all the keys will be kept here until we have the full ransom. So be quick about it if you want her

out.” The kobolds eyes lit up. They accepted the offer, and for a moment Sheytha wondered if they even cared about their Mistress’ bondage, or just needed her home as a symbol to worship.

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The desperate dragoness was loaded up onto a truck bed and hauled most of the way back home in one evening, but it still meant a long trek blinded and hobbled. While she was at first happy to be back amongst her servants, she wished that they’d sent smarter ones, the kobolds often lead her into awkward terrain, sometimes even getting her stuck by not realising she couldn’t fit through the same cracks they could.

Somehow she made it back to her cave, and finally to her private chamber. She was dripping, the scent of her need turning every male kobold’s head, and some of the females too, but none of them had the initiative to consider taking the belt off with tools. The ransom was already on its way out though, so there was nothing they could do.

Adrai squirmed in her room, feeling her way over to where she slept and finding one of her toys to rub against, she was so needy she couldn’t help it, even though it was futile and only served to frustrate her further. Letting out little puffs of need as she squirmed fitfully on a soft yet firm centred corner.

One of her kobolds came and interrupted her later, “Excuse us dragoness, we sent the demands, they’s sendings up a key! But it might takes a while. You must be patients and wait!”

Her eyes widened her brow climbing under the hood. The collar stopped her from shaking her head to try and tell the kobold not to say that, but it was too late, the collar flashed and she sat down in a patient pose. Inside, her lust soared at this extra denial, but her body refused to comply, standing there waiting. The kobold had already gone and so her whines went unanswered. She hoped that none of them would figure out how the collar worked before she could get it off, and also hoped that there were none that felt so mistreated they might further her punishment.

She must have stood there for an hour, that dread pooling that any minute a kobold would come back and see she’d had to follow orders. There was a strange click in the air, and a feeling of weight falling, accompanied by a metal clunk on the floor. Adrai suddenly stood and found her strength returned, but the only thing on her mind was her arousal. She ran back to her bed, grinding desperately on it, not caring or even thinking about how or why the collar had stopped controlling her.

In the cave, unseen by the dragon, a small red panda stood, she lifted up the collar from where it had fallen. Her magic having phased it through the rubber and collar around it. Raising her hand she made the jointed metal floated into the air and then with a wink of light it disappeared, dismissed from this plane. Mei Xiu watched the dragoness’ fruitless attempts to deal with her arousal for a while, and laughed, though the sound didn’t penetrate the ward she’d set up. This dragoness would be fun to toy with, she’d have to hunt her down again sometime

when she got bored. She thought for a long moment about making a dildo materialise inside that belt, or even the suit to vibrate and tease further, but her thoughts came upon a different idea, some might even say more cruel than the others. She raised her finger, a flash of magic pressing forward and then she was gone, vanishing back to her home in a flash.

Adrai paused, looking up, she felt like someone had been in the room with her and had just gone, but that couldn't be. She sighed and then jumped back to what she was doing, maybe if she kept trying she'd be able to orgasm. If not, then it would mean another week before a key got here. There was no way she could know a red panda had morphed the belt at her legs to lose its keyhole, it would be a far longer time than she imagined before she'd be able to sate that constant need.