"Are you sure you don't want the seaweed wrap? It's included in your package."

Rostand quickly shook his head, smiling at the spa attendant. After all the encasement experiences the white arctic fox had enjoyed in his life--some intentional, others not so much--he was pretty sure that if he let this cute coyote gal truss him up in seaweed and saran wrap, he was going to embarrass himself. "No, thank you, not today."

The coyote bobbed her head and looked down at her tablet. She swiped at it a few times, then smiled back at Rostand. "I'll be right back, okay? I'm going to check and make sure the masseuse can be available earlier, so you don't have to wait."

Rostand furrowed his brow. "Oh, sorry about that. I don't mind waiting if-"

The coyote shook her head quickly. "No, it's fine, really. Just give me a few minutes to check in."

Before Rostand could get a word in edgewise, she was already gone. He sighed softly. The last thing he wanted to do was trouble anyone. This little trip had been a gift from his aunt, one he hadn't intended to use. The only reason he'd even come to Angelic Grove Spa was a couple of friends online teasing him for not trying a new experience when he got the chance. Now, though, his very first attempt at making it a relaxing visit had already given someone else extra work.

"Don't worry," a voice said with a thick Eastern European accent, "we are flexible."

Rostand blinked. He hadn't even noticed someone else in the waiting room. He turned to see a large, black wolf, wearing the same grey pants and white, toga-like top that the coyote had been wearing. The wolf was pushing a wheeled cart with a rectangular white plastic box on top, above some folded plastic bags and towels on the tray beneath it. Rostand shook his head. "I don't mean to be a bother."

"No, it is fine," the wolf said, stopping to gesticulate with his hands as he spoke. "Ahbecca take good care of you."

Rostand smiled. "Well, thanks." His eyes landed on the box, his head tilting a few degrees to the side.

"You know paraffin wax?" the wolf asked.

"Huh?" Rostand stepped closer, his curiosity piqued. He wasn't sure, but he had a guess. "Do you use it to make candles?"

"Ah!" The wolf clapped once. "No, but that is smart that you know!" He lifted the lid off the box, showing that it was over halfway filled with a light purple liquid, heat radiating from the opening. "It is for hands and feet. Clean and moisturize the fur, and the skin underneath. Good for circulation, stiffness." He paused, then pointed at it. "You want to try?"

Rostand glanced at where Ahbecca had gone. "Does it take-"

"Very quick to clean! No worries." The wolf waved at the wax again.

Rostand was here for new experiences, right? "Sure, why not. What do I do?"

"Put in hand! First slow, get used to heat." The wolf mimed slowly dipping his hand inside.

"Okay." Rostand stepped closer, enough that he could feel the heat coming from the box. He put his hands over the opening, and it wasn't [i]that[/i] hot, more of an inviting, steambath level of intensity, even when he put his fingers closer. One last peek at the wolf's face showed an inviting smile and nod, so Rostand held his breath and poked one finger in.

A relaxing warmth suffused his finger up to the first knuckle, the liquid thicker than water. It wasn't nearly as viscous as mud, and yet as he pushed in to the second knuckle and removed his finger, the wax stuck to him even [i]more[/i] than mud would.

"Is okay?" the wolf asked.

Rostand chuckled, pulling his eyes away from the sight of the small beads of wax freezing on his fingertip before they could drip off. Despite cooling enough to become slightly firm, the thin shell still held in quite a bit of comfortable heat. "Yeah! It's pretty cool, honestly."

The wolf barked out a short laugh. "Hot is cool! Yes!" He waved at the wax energetically. "Go ahead, whole hand! Then take out, let dry, and in again."

Rostand followed the instructions, the tuft of grey on the tip of his tail slowly swaying behind him as he turned his palm down toward the wax. He lowered his hand all the way to the wrist, his smile widening. "Huh!" He'd seen candles melt off and on throughout his whole life, but he'd never imagined playing with wax like this, or that it would be so safe. He pulled his hand back out, watching closely as two drops managed to fall free before the rest solidified. It took literally seconds to dry, and soon enough he was lowering his hand again.

A small, familiar thrill ran through the fox, as the naughtier side of him realized that what he was doing would build up layers and layers of wax. He pulled back out, and sure enough, the wax was a little thicker, and when he paused to let it solidify again, [i]then[/i] tried to wiggle his fingers, there was gentle resistance.

If he did this to his whole body, how many layers would it take to immobilize him?

"Relaxing, yes?" the wolf asked with a friendly smile.

"Very," Rostand replied, smiling back, doing his best to clear his mind before his thoughts turned him on so much that he embarrassed himself even without a seaweed wrap!

"Ah! Here she comes," the wolf said, bending over.

Sure enough, Ahbecca was approaching from down the spa's long main hallway. "Everything's fine. We can take you right now."

"Thanks!" Rostand said, a little louder than he meant to, almost feeling like he'd been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Not sure what to do with the wax, he reached back toward the box, wondering how to melt it back off.

The wolf held up a small trash bag, aiming the opening at Rostand. "Here. Hands inside, scrape off. Do not re-use."

"Oh, gotcha." Rostand did as he was told, and the wax sloughed off even easier than he expected, almost staying together in one mostly-solid piece like an odd glove. With the wax off, the feeling of warmth lingered for a while, his fur a bit glossier after the treatment. Rostand smiled at the wolf. "Thanks!"

"Yes, good!" The wolf grandly waved his goodbye. "Later we do all four!"

"Sounds good."

And it [i]did[/i] sound good, perhaps a little too good. He was going to have trouble not thinking too much about thick, cozy layers of paraffin wax, surrounding his entire body, for his whole visit at the spa...

Somehow, he made it to the end of the day with his dignity intact. He waited to brainstorm about waxy shenanigans until he had stepped out through the front door of the spa, his body and spirit refreshed. He dropped his fuzzy butt into the seat of his car with a pleased sigh. Seconds later, he could no longer help himself; he pulled out his cell phone and started the first of many Zoogle searches, lasting well into the night!

Rostand knelt down on the plastic-covered tile of his bathroom floor, leaning over the warm bathtub full of translucent, light red liquid, heat radiating off the surface. It had taken a couple of weeks, and some lucky searches, but here he was, ready for his first test run. Buying disposable plastic for his bathroom floor had been easy, and installing a new digital timer for the heat lamp in the ceiling wasn't too much work, either. Finding a heating element he was sure would be safe in his tub took some extra homework, but what proved most complex of all was picking the right wax. He was pretty sure he'd found a winner, and on sale no less.

All there was left to do was test it out. Rostand triple-checked the thermometer built into the heating element base unit, and it was in the green. No time like the present! Already naked, and with the tip of his dick sticking out of his sheath in anticipation, he dipped his whole index finger down into the wax.

"Mm," Rostand cooed. There was that inviting, all-encompassing warmth he'd been thinking about for weeks! He pulled his finger back out, ears perked as he watched the wax harden. It took several seconds longer to turn fully rigid than at the spa, which he'd expected, a few drops landing back in the tub. What was much more interesting to him was the thick, firm, pale pink layer that had been left behind, and the resistance it gave as he bent his finger. It took a hint of effort before it cracked at his knuckles, though once it was partially shattered it was easy enough to sweep the remnants back into the tub, where it sank and was quickly re-melted and absorbed back into the mass. His finger was just the same as it was beforehand, aside from his fur there looking a little lustrous than usual, leaving no remnants stuck to him. Rostand grinned. "Perfect!"

The formula apparently wasn't perfect for everyone, though. The discussion thread about it had "warned" that it would take longer than usual to stiffen, and that re-immersion into the wax would

partially re-melt the previous layers so dips needed to be handled carefully. That meant spa workers and physical therapists who had been using paraffin for years and years had no interest in buying this new wax, both because they didn't want to have to change their ways, and thanks to the side effect of each patient using more wax than usual with each treatment since so much stuck to them.

Of course, all of these things were exactly what a kinky fox like Rostand had hoped to discover! When he'd chanced across the last few boxes of it discounted online, and then found the thread about it, Rosedust Paraffin had seemed like a godsend. Now that he'd actually tested it, he could confirm: the deities of perversity were smiling down on him! Rostand grinned as the lively rumble of distant thunder helped emphasize that tonight was going to be quite the new experience, mad scientist style.

Rostand stood back up, hands on his hips as he peered down at the tub, his dick now half hard at the realization of where it was soon going to be. He glanced over at the side of the room, where he had set up his favorite inflatable deer in the corner to "watch" the fun. "You ready, Cervie? What's that saying about 'the candle that burns twice as fast burns twice as bright?' I think this stuff burns half as fast, so..."

The inflatable just smiled its cartoony, printed-on smile, as it always did.

Rostand shook his head with a chuckle. "Yeah, I don't know exactly where that metaphor was going, either, but how about two hours?" He went to the wall and tapped at the new digital timer, changing the display to say 2:00:00. He paused, then added twenty more minutes for setup time, since he wanted to know that if things went "poorly," then he really would spend at least two whole hours covered in wax. He pressed the circular green start button, and the timer began to count down. When it hit zero, click, the heat lamp would turn on, and the bathroom would get more than warm enough for the paraffin wax to soften, and maybe even run a little.

That just left the final test. The big one. The one that had his cock now rock hard as he stood with a silly grin on his face, staring at the wax, his tail wagging slowly behind him. It was time for [i]all[/i] of him to get in the tub.

After he took care of the nostril and ear plugs, and the snorkel, of course! He wrinkled his nose at the snug fit of the plugs, taking a few experimental breaths through his mouth to make sure they didn't pop out. By the time he got the snorkel settled into his snout, his nose had already gotten pretty used to being full. Not that that surprised him, since he'd tested the plugs, the snorkel, and the heat lamp timer two times before the fateful day.

And now, the fateful [i]hour[/i] had arrived! The fateful minute, even! Rostand triple-checked that the snorkel hose was pointing more forward than up, and then he took one careful step over the edge of the tub.

"Mm." He hadn't felt the wax on his toes in weeks, and it sent a shiver up his spine, his dick bobbing once. Unsure of how slippery it would be, Rostand was very careful climbing into his tub, grateful for the textured grippies along the bottom. Seconds later, both feet were in the wax at once, and he stopped there briefly, leaning his weight from one foot to the other, squishing the liquid wax between his toes, seeing how far up his leg it could reach.

Not far enough! He couldn't resist the urge anymore, and he quickly but carefully lowered himself butt-first into the wax.

"Mmm!" Rostand's eyes closed up as deep, cloying warmth grasped at his butt, coating him perfectly. Then his [i]balls[/i] partially dipped into the wax, and he gasped, fingers clutching at the sides of the tub to stop himself from dropping like a stone. The all-encompassing grip of slightly thick liquid around such a tender, temperature-sensitive part of his body made his cock twitch twice in a row. Rostand followed its bidding, continuing to lower himself, his inner thighs and lower back getting swallowed up, then more of his back, his sides, his elbows, and-

"[i]Nnngh...[/i]" Heat caressed the base of his hard cock, rippling against it enticingly, and with that Rostand did lower himself the rest of the way, faster than he'd originally intended. Like some kind of ephemeral mouth, the warm embrace of being fully consumed slid around his dick, right to the tip, which rudely decided at that moment to let out a spurt of pre and contaminate the wax. Not that it mattered, those few droplets quickly lost in the molten lake around him.

For a floaty second, Rostand's momentum bumped him down against the bottom of the tub, and he was fully submerged beneath the surface. He let out a shaky sigh through the snorkel, letting the heat flow into him from every direction for that short, heavenly moment... and then the urge to feel the shell of wax harden took over and he pushed himself back up to his butt, working his way to his feet. Most of the warmth stayed with him, held in place by the decently heavy layer of wax, which he could feel getting more and more stiff by the second. He stood as still as he could with his chest rising and falling, blindly hoping he was right in the center of the tub, hearing a couple of drips and drops.

Then, silence. The wax was hard. Rostand still didn't move, though he did take a deep breath, feeling the wax bend slightly without breaking. His cock bobbed, and [i]that[/i] made something shift, as if there was a minor crack. As if that broke the spell, Rostand laughed through the snorkel and reached for his belly with one arm. The shell cracked at his shoulder and elbow, becoming semi-connected layers of wax armor that resisted his movements without stopping him, their edges making crumbly noises as they ground against each other, bits plopping back into the wax to get remelted.

Rostand didn't bother to stop himself, very curious what it felt like to have a solid wax hand grab a wax-covered cock! It... didn't feel like much. The two layers between his fingers and his dick did a lot to prevent anything but warmth and vague pressure from getting through. He shivered, equal parts frustrated, delighted, and amused at himself.

"Mmkay," Rostand mumbled, starting the process of breaking all of the wax off himself. The experiments were done. Everything was set. He'd brainstormed, researched, purchased, installed, tested, re-tested... Weeks of effort had come down to this. It was time to be [i]properly[/i] encased in warm paraffin, and maybe, if he was lucky, get so stuck that he'd have to try really, really hard to escape! And, if he got [i]too[/i] lucky, then the heat lamp would be there to save him.

His cock tensed up twice in a row at the thought of something [i]that[/i] delicious happening, his knot fully expanded in preparation for a fun time.

It took a couple of minutes to get all the wax off, especially out of the creases of his closed eyes, but he didn't mind the effort; knowing that the stuff could get into such snug places just made him more excited that maybe he might get pretty darn trapped. He looked down into the tub, mixing the contents around with his foot until all the chunks inside had melted back down. The thicker each piece was, the more wax stuck to it before the new conglomeration began to melt, which was perfect for what he had

planned. He glanced across the room, and the timer reported that he still had two hours and twelve minutes.

"Ghhd," Rostand said with a nod. Just enough time that if his fantasies came true, he'd still get the full two hour "treatment." Besides, the air of the bathroom was starting to feel a little chilly outside of his new waxy home. It was time to dive back in! Grinning around the mouthpiece, he dunked himself into the wax again. He paused just long enough to lift his feet up out of the tub, the rest of his body submerged, and then he got back up to his feet.

And then he did it again, butt down, lying flat, feet up, pausing to let the wax start to harden, and then standing again, the built up layer beneath his paw pads thicker each time. Rostand panted softly in excitement and exertion, going for a third layer; fighting against the liquid and the building weight was a bit of a workout!

How many layers, though? Five? He estimated he was spending just the right amount of time out of the wax that it was partially solidifying, the earlier layers softening enough to keep him mobile without any falling off, more and more collecting on him with every dip. Things seemed to be going great, but it was constantly taking more and more energy just to move. Six layers? Surely that was enough.

"Fhhk ihh," Rostand said with a breathy laugh. Ten! Ten sounded like the perfect number. And, judging by how his cock twitched against the building resistance of wax around it, his arousal seemed to agree.

He did his best to keep his mind clear, to not think about what might happen, to just focus on his process. Sit, butt down, back down, feet up, pause, feet down, back up, butt up, stand, pause. He knew that he was probably making the wax on shins asymmetrical doing it this way, but he didn't exactly own an industrial-sized frying basket that could lower him in and out automatically!

Those were real, right? How much were they? Rostand wasn't sure. Probably too expensive. Still, it was something new to research later...

Silly thoughts like that helped keep him on task, counting in the back of his head, until his back touched the bottom of the tub one last time and he reached the magical number of ten. He couldn't wait any longer, immediately pushing back to his feet and stepping out of the tub. Standing on solid tile really reinforced how much had built up over him, unable to feel [i]anything[/i] except wax and the whoosh of air reaching him through the snorkel. Constantly re-softening the wax had kept even the lowest layers somewhat flexible, but it was stiffening up quickly. Rostand didn't waste any time, carefully keeping his balance as he took two last steps forward.

And then he stood stock still. His ankles were spread to shoulder width, his arms held a few inches out from his sides. He had practiced pacing in his bathroom with his eyes closed a few times, so he was pretty sure he was standing right in front of his towel rack, and if he lost his balance he could lean toward it and not fall far.

The one problem Rostand hadn't foreseen? How much he wanted to move! More specifically, the issue was his rock hard cock, calling out for his attention, trying to bob up and down inside the many layers of rigid heat that were wrapped around it. The fact that it could barely move sent a rush of arousal through Rostand that made him want to reach down for it even more! Somehow, he didn't, not even curling his fingers into fists, using all his willpower to stay absolutely motionless. His breathing was the only

exception, and luckily his chest had seemed to carve out its own space thanks to all his panting while covered in semi-solid layers.

"Hnnh, ooh, eeh," Rostand began counting, unsure if he was going too slow or too fast, or even what he was counting up to. All he could do was distract himself long enough not to ruin his own fantasy by moving too soon. The sound of drops on the plastic had long since stopped by the time he reached thirty, and yet he kept going, thinking about the thick feeling surrounding his ears, the downward tug on his heavily armored tail, the bulk between his toes. Within ninety seconds, his breath and heartbeat had slowed down to something almost normal. After two and a half minutes, he switched to counting sheep, as if he was trying to get to sleep. He did love a good nap, and getting some rest inside such a cozy cocoon would be wonderful. He let his mind wander wherever it wanted, anything to [i]not[/i] think about purposely tensing up his dick and-

It twitched again, and this time, it didn't move at all. Rostand held his breath, then moaned softly and gave in, gently moving his right hand downward.

Except, [i]that[/i] didn't move, either. He expected to feel a small crack, or for it to slightly bend, some sign that with lots of fun, arousing effort, he could break free. Instead, he got nothing.

Rostand gasped, then tried harder, bending forward. He didn't, couldn't, not budging one little bit. A huge burst of lust hit him, strong enough that he clenched his eyes and saw stars, giving a full-body [i]wrench![/i] He didn't shift at all, only his chest able to move some millimeters at a time, the bottoms of his feet sealed so well to the plastic underneath him that he couldn't rock his weight in any direction.

And, of course, his poor dick was held utterly captive, all its frantic twitching amounting to absolutely nothing.

Rostand gave a full-throated groan and didn't stop trying, fingers and toes attempting to curl in or flex out, trying to twist his neck, to open his snout, to bend his hips, to roll his shoulders or raise his arms or kick his feet... He was stuck. Totally, completely stuck, just as he'd fantasized about but didn't dare let himself expect. He'd hoped for this, had a backup plan in case he got what he really wanted, and yet...

He really, really wanted to cum! Worse than if he'd edged himself for hours, worse than if he'd been in chastity for a whole month. Now that he couldn't move, all he wanted in the world was the freedom to wrap his hand around his cock and pump it a dozen times. He was so horny he was sure that mere [i]seconds[/i] of masturbation would be enough to get him off.

But, he couldn't. This basically [i]was[/i] chastity, and there was no escape, not for another two hours. The constant grip of still-warm wax around his engorged knot made him want to thrust in and out of the tightness, or at least fuck his hand while he stroked. His hips quivered helplessly, his fingers failing once again to curl up.

Now that Rostand knew he was trapped, all his willpower and attempts to distract himself failed. He couldn't even take a long, slow breath to calm himself down, the wax over his chest not allowing him the space to take more than medium-sized breaths. There was no cooling himself off, not when all he could think about was his predicament, like a mantra, [i]stuck, stuck, stuck[/i], the concept bouncing around in his mind with no outlet. If anything, his cock tried to get even harder, making its prison all the tighter. Rostand gulped, panting, wondering hazily if the wax around his knot might be acting like a cock ring, helping him get more erect and keeping him that way.

Or, was it just his own libido doing him in?

It didn't matter which, because there was no way out of it, and Rostand moaned again, losing track of how many times his reality came crashing back down on him, sending yet another wave of need surging through his body and mind. In all his times finding his way into encasement and bondage plights, this one may have been the strictest. The endless glow of comfortable warmth around him, especially how it made his cock feel permanently engulfed in a luscious grip, was a regular reminder that there was no way out.

Time passed both in a blur and at a standstill, with Rostand thoroughly unable to track the minutes. Had it been five, or twenty? Ten long minutes, or almost an hour? All the while, his cock stayed just as hard as it had been when he first realized he'd be spending two full hours as a fox statue, sealed for freshness. Not even the wax-muffled sound of heavy rain outside or the pleasant rumble of thunder could lull him into sleep. If he could relax enough to get some rest, then that would make time truly go faster. Instead, even his mind was stuck, quite awake, his arousal barely abating as the seconds stealthily ticked by.

[i]Click![/i]

Rostand jumped in place, which amounted to nothing except a sharp gasp of air. Past his sealed eyelids and the layers of wax, something about the darkness changed. It was lighter, a subtle orange glow. If not for the loud click of the timer, Rostand might have thought it was his imagination, but no, it was real: the heat lamp was on!

He slumped in his encasement, letting it fully support him, his intense arousal finally starting to abate. Soon the wax would begin to melt, the bulkiness holding him still getting softer and softer, until he could either bend it enough to scrape it off of him, or move enough to crack the shell. He wasn't totally sure how it would break, but either way, he knew from experience that the heat lamp was powerful enough to melt the wax. It might take a while with this much, maybe even fifteen minutes, but he was sure to-

The glow disappeared, followed two seconds later by the crash of not-so-distant thunder.

Rostand gulped, his head trying--and failing--to shake in denial. There was no way, right? Surely the lamp was still on, and he'd just clamped his eyes shut in surprise at the thunder, and he couldn't see the glow anymore for a few seconds. If he just relaxed and let the pressure over his eyes go back to normal, then the warm orange glow would be visible again, and he'd know that escape was minutes away once more.

His racing heartbeat and twitching cock seemed to be more excited by the [i]opposite[/i] possibility...

Fifteen seconds passed with Rostand trying his best to chill out, to concentrate on his vision, to practically [i]will[/i] the existence of the heat lamp's light back into being. It didn't help. He didn't see anything. He told himself to wait and see, that surely it was there, then changed his tactic, insisting that even if it wasn't there, the power would come back in seconds, a minute or two at most, as the power station's backup kicked in!

Unless, of course, a nearby transformer was destroyed. Possibly one of many during the storm. Some years ago, it had taken [i]two days[/i] for the power to come back everywhere in town...

"[i]Nnnngh![/i]" That thought was the last straw, and Rostand let out a heated groan, throwing all his strength into desperate struggling, his knot throbbing with his rapid pulse. The ideas of escape and playing with himself mixed together into a sticky morass he couldn't escape, all-encompassing, demanding that he squirm to fight his way free, to break out and reach down and stroke himself and not be trapped here even longer! Two hours of constant lust had been overwhelming already, and now he might have to go through another five, or ten, or [i]forty?![/i]

Rostand froze. Was that another click of some kind? Did he see the orange light? He'd been fighting so hard, clenching his eyes so much, that he couldn't trust himself again. He panted from all the exertions as he stayed still again, waiting, hoping...

Either it had just been his imagination, the power station's backup had failed, or they'd tried some kind of reroute and that didn't work. Rostand tried to tell himself that it didn't matter which, but it did, because if it was one of the latter two, it could change his period trapped in wax from hours to at least a whole day!

Why did he have to set the timer for an extra twenty minutes?! Why didn't he buy that gas powered backup generator he'd seen on sale?!

"Mmmmnngh, [i]nnph![/i]" Rostand went right back to his useless writhing, and each time his body found nothing but firm, inescapable wax, his dick twitched a little harder, his unflagging knot demanding a little more attention. That only made him want to squirm more, and when he did, it only made him hornier!

Rostand froze. What if all this exercise brought his body temperature up? What if that softened up his prison just enough to find an escape? Fighting down the thought that this was just his kinky side coming up with an excuse to keep squirming, Rostand wiggled and tensed, flexing muscles and straining limbs in reps of ten at a time, then changing things up, using all the muscles he would for squats, then pretending he was trying to do jumping jacks. It was an odd feeling, doing phantom exercises that didn't actually move him, and his cock bobbed, crying out for his attention.

"Nnnngh!" Rostand's little exercise routine was momentarily shattered as he went back to aimlessly squirming. Aimless, that is, except for his right arm's constant attempts to reach downward! The wax wasn't any softer from all his efforts, not even his panting chest finding any new room to move.

Finally, all at once, Rostand groaned and fell still, his panting breath fiercely whooshing through the snorkel. He'd tried his best, and nothing helped. Without the power on, the wax wasn't going to budge. If he was lucky, the power might come back on within a few hours. If he was less lucky, then it might be a really hot day tomorrow, and without his central air kicking in, the bathroom might get hot enough that he could break free.

And if he was truly unlucky, then he was a prisoner of his own design until the power in his particular neighborhood came back on. Until then, he was utterly helpless, sealed in wax, unable to play with himself. Stuck, stuck, stuck...

With a loud, thin whine of lust, Rostand went right back to squirming, his fingers straining toward his twitching dick and not making it a single inch closer, not for the coming minutes, or hours, or maybe even days!