

Darkness dominated every corner of the deepest floor of the dungeon, every surface made of shadowy grey stone, the pale mage orbs set into wall sconces carving out small hemispheres of light. Thudding pawsteps echoed through the tunnels as something large stomped their way forward like they owned the place. The lone adventurer who had found herself so far underground didn't cower in fear at the sound...

Because she was the one making it.

Jori the mizutsune strutted down the hallway, passing in and out of illumination, which glinted off the light beige scales that covered most of her body and brought out the vibrant purple of the fur on her chest, belly and elbows. A ton more of that fur ran underneath her tail, and that tail loomed large behind her, so long that with its middle dragging along the ground its tip still stood nearly as tall as her. Considering she was eight and a half feet tall, it was a lot of tail, especially since it was even wider than she was, if you count the scaly fins that extended from the sides of her tail near the base and tip.

Those fins matched the ones on her head, three ear fins on each side of her face, framing thin, antennae-like whiskers that extended from the ridges above her yellow eyes. Despite sharing some features with dragons, Jori had a pink nose pad, resting above the small, confident smirk on her snout, two smaller whiskers peeking out from her chin. She wore nothing but a skirt of dark brown leather strips and a matching chestplate, carrying naught but a bag of coins on her waistband.

Even so, she walked down the hall as if ready for anything, her back straight, eyes forward, her big, digitigrade paws thumping on the stone floor without a hint of stealth. Only someone who had known her for a long time might recognize that her ear fins remained perked, and the tip of her tail swayed ever so slightly behind her. After all, who could blame Jori for being alert? She had been separated from the rest of her adventuring party for over half an hour and hadn't seen or heard a soul since. As [i]clearly[/i] the strongest member of her party--and let no one say otherwise to her face--Jori was on the lookout for them.

She decided it wasn't creepy at all down here, all alone, with only the sounds of her own walking and breathing to accompany her. Her bare biceps flexed as she cracked the knuckles of one big hand against her other palm, the sound echoing off the walls of the long tunnel. The glowing mage orbs on the walls went on and on, perfectly symmetrical. Their light had only changed twice so far: once when she'd come to a right turn, then again at another. She wasn't a map maker by any stretch of the imagination, but she could tell she was walking around a large square.

"I should have gone the other direction," Jori grumbled under her breath. It wasn't the first time she'd had the thought. Was she going in a big square-shaped circle, heading in toward the center of a loop, or moving out toward an exit? Her smile faded into a dour little frown, and she huffed out her nostrils, head shaking. She should probably start jogging, she decided. There was [i]nothing[/i] down here, so it's not like it would be dangerous-

Jori instantly snapped into a brawler stance, fists raised, body half-turned to present a slimmer profile to her opponents. A shape danced in the periphery of a mage orb's light up ahead, and it loomed closer as if fluttering on the wind. Jori's eyes narrowed as the thing faded into the darkness, and then her gaze flicked as it reappeared near the next closest orb. It was... a red jacket? It was open in the front, and large, big enough to fit on her, unlike most clothing.

More importantly, it also had rather long sleeves, with straps dangling from the ends, loops on the sides, and another big strap hanging down the center that split into a Y on the end. Jori took a deep breath as she recognized the ghostly straitjacket approaching her, only now realizing that this was one of [i]those[/i] kinds of dungeons. The jacket looked like it was made of layers of red material, thin enough that small eddies of air were enough to make it rise and fall, light glinting off of it as it passed close to a mage orb. Was it made of... Ribbons?

Well, no matter how flimsy it looked, Jori had no intention of getting caught by anything in a kinky dungeon! Fortunately, she wasn't some neophyte brawler who was helpless against ghosts and phantasms without magical brass knuckles or some other crutch. Standing in the light, she broadened her stance and took a long, deep breath, focusing her aura to concentrate in front of the knuckles of her right hand. The straitjacket's arms went wide as it drifted closer, long straps undulating in the air, the one at its crotch unfurling, all as if inviting her in for a long, cozy hug.

"Crashing Waterfall!" Jori shouted, taking one step forward and punching hard, releasing her focused aura in a burst of blue-white light that momentarily illuminated the tunnel far in both directions. Jori's attention was squarely on the straitjacket, though, and how it dimpled backward at the impact of her aura, smooth, soft ribbon fabric caressing her forearm as it collapsed in on itself. Then, with a quiet pop, it unraveled into dozens of individual ribbons that haphazardly fluttered to the stone floor like individual leaves.

Jori used her toes to nudge around at the ribbons, making sure she'd really beaten it. Then she grinned, dusting her palms off and standing at ease again. "So much for [i]that[/i]," she boasted, kicking most of the ribbons aside with one scoop of her toes. "And here I thought I might find a challenge in here." Well aware that she was tempting fate and far from worried about it, Jori continued walking down the tunnel.

A few minutes later, boredom had replaced her swollen ego enough that she sighed. "Okay, here we go," she grouched, her thudding steps replaced by lighter scuffling noises as she began jogging down the tunnel. After a minute, she could tell up ahead that she could take another right turn, and Jori wondered again if this was the way out or the way deeper-

A shiver rolled up Jori's spine as a shockingly smooth ribbon caressed the inside of her right thigh, at the same time more began to slip around her ankles. She froze for a fraction of a second at the intimate touch, long enough for the tip of another ribbon to just barely graze further up her thigh... and then she sprung into action. "Rushing Torrent!" She jerked her legs free to spin into a swift, wide sweep kick, striking out at the half-dozen or more tentacular ribbons rising up from the stones to surprise her!

And then she was loose. Jori panted softly as she looked down at the remains of the trap, barely visible at the edge of the nearest light source. She had yanked free with very little effort, and kicked so hard and fast that ribbons tore apart at her kick. Jori snorted, standing straight again. That trap wouldn't have worked on her if this was her [i>first[/i] trip into a dungeon, let alone now! She began walking again, shaking her head in amusement at how weak the bottom floor of this place was compared to her.

Jori came to a stop as she realized there had been [i>one[/i] effect, though. She sheepishly took a few seconds to look back and forth down the tunnel, to make sure no one was watching, and then she lifted the strips on the front of her leather skirt. Jori blinked as she was confronted with her own naked sheath and balls. She wasn't in the habit of adventuring bottomless! She turned back and sifted through the ribbons from the trap, looking for any sign of her missing undergarment. Nothing turned up.

Jori crossed her arms. "Fine, if that's the worst you can do to me, then you've already lost, you stupid dungeon." She began jogging again, doing her best to ignore how her naked package now jostled between her legs... and to ignore how it reminded her of the sensation of a ribbon sliding along her inner thigh. The trap had been [i]so[/i] easy to escape, so maybe she should have just stood there and let it do its thing for a while? Jori swallowed at the thought and shook her head to clear it away.

Then she stopped quickly again, this time at a welcome sight: a new path in the dungeon! Up ahead she could continue, looping around for who knows how long, or she could take the new direction to her right, which seemed to lead straight toward the center of whatever room she'd been circling around. Before her easy encounters, she might have gone forward, to try to find an exit. Now that she knew how much she outclassed this place? She wanted whatever treasure was hidden in the center! Jori turned right and headed into the unknown.

For a short distance it was more of the same, the darkness punctured only by mage orbs, but up ahead those suddenly ran out. That didn't stop Jori, who walked right up to the edge of the darkness. A soft breeze caressed her fur, and the dull sounds of her paw steps echoed off the walls of a big room. There was a faint click, and then an orb on the right and left turned on, followed by another pair, and another, outlining a large room indeed. As more lit up, they all grew a bit brighter, or perhaps it would be better described as the darkness getting weaker, light properly penetrating further and further, revealing support pillars around the room, and the mage orbs on those pillars began to glow as well.

Jori stood at the entrance, arms crossed, watching as one large pillar at the center of the room became visible. It was just a vague outline at first, and as the light grew stronger, Jori could see there was a golden throne at the base of the central pillar. Resting upon the throne, lounging on the violet velvet cushions, was...

Someone. A person with a feminine build, a bit on the plump side, wrapped entirely in red ribbons, even over their eyes. That was all they wore, aside from a two-sided cloak, dark grey like the stonework on the outside, yellow-gold like their throne on the inside. Jori couldn't tell if their ears were also covered or if the ribbon was tied off behind their head with the two ends perking out in an imitation of ears.

The figure's lips parted as they spoke, revealing two white, rodent-like front teeth. "You dare trespass into the throne room of Lady Camilla, Ribbon Lich?"

To Jori's ears, Camilla sounded like she was both trying to be intimidating [i]and[/i] amused at her visitor. Jori's jaw stiffened; she was [i>not[/i] here to amuse. Besides, it's not like she was afraid of frilly ribbons. "'Camilla,' was it? I'm Jori, and yeah, I 'dare trespass' in any dungeon I like."

"That's 'Lady' Camilla to you," Camilla said, not sounding offended in the slightest.

"Uh huh." Jori sauntered closer to the throne, beckoning with her hand. "Cough up the treasure, [i>Camilla[/i], and maybe I won't have to thrash you."

Camilla chuckled and sat up straight in her throne, leaning forward a bit. "Oh, good," she said to herself, "I definitely picked the right one."

Jori furrowed her brow at those words. Tracy and Henry had disappeared one after the other, about a minute apart, right before the floor beneath Jori's feet had turned to liquid and she'd been sucked up by

a whirlpool that deposited her into the long, dark tunnels she'd just escaped. Had Camilla used tricks to separate them, and picked Jori in particular for a personal visit? If so, the self-proclaimed "ribbon lich" had made a big mistake!

Camilla cleared her throat and waved her hand around royally. "Waiting for adventurers to find their way here has become tiresome, but I could tell that [i]you[/i], my fine specimen, would make a lovely spectacle."

Jori huffed. "[i]Specimen?[/i]" She cracked her knuckles. "Final warning, 'lady.'"

"Tut tut tut," Camilla said, and for just a split-second Jori thought she saw nothing but darkness in her mouth beyond those gleaming white teeth... but surely that was just a trick of the lighting. "I offer you a challenge, Ms. Jori, and I believe you will like the terms."

Jori narrowed her eyes. She always liked a good challenge, but she wasn't going to just immediately accept it. She decided to be a bit performative, not unlike Camilla, pretending to hesitate for a good five seconds before replying with a demanding, "Go on."

Camilla clapped her hands together once. "Oh, good! The terms are simple." Camilla gestured at the air again, but this time with magical intent. As she did, a large empty painting frame floated into view from behind the pillar, made of finely etched gold. "I shall give you the three finest items in my treasury, and send you and your friends safely back to the surface."

Jori's eyes widened. As Camilla mentioned her party members, the empty space within the picture frame dimmed, going black as it filled with something. Impressions formed in the shiny black material, making colorless shapes that came alive. First, Jori saw a bulbous, snake-like monster slither its way down a tunnel, a person's shape trapped inside of it. Then the image swirled and changed, showing a wriggling cocoon that was suspended between the ceiling and floor by webs, fist-sized spiders crawling across it.

"Treasure and freedom shall be yours," Camilla declared grandly, using a shooin' gesture to make the frame empty again and deposit it back against the pillar. "All you have to do is defeat one of my lovely creations."

Jori had to stop herself from laughing. One of this weirdo's creations? She'd already defeated [i]two[/i] with a single blow each! How had the other adventurers managed to lose in such an easy dungeon, anyway? Had they succumbed to the seduction of kinky traps and let themselves get caught? Jori momentarily considered renegotiating to leave them in here for a while, to teach them a lesson. After all, everyone knows that adventurers don't die inside kinky dungeons, they just take a while to be let go or finally escape.

Jori sighed. No, no, they [i>were[/i] her friends, even if they were a pain in her butt sometimes. Or most of the time. She looked Camilla in the eyes--or, rather, looked where Camilla's eyes [i>would[/i] be if not for the ribbons--and said, "You're actually right about one thing: I do like the terms."

Camilla smiled widely and clapped twice. "Oh, excellent, excellent!" She waved one hand about and ended the motion with a flick of her index finger toward Jori.

Jori tensed, her eyes drawn to movement. The edge of something red peeked out from behind the pillar, a strap billowing around as if hanging laundry caught in a gust of wind. Jori smirked at what she saw. Another one of those ribbon straitjackets? This was going to be the easiest dungeon delve in history!

This one even seemed [i]timid[/i], slipping a bit closer, looking at Jori, wavering anxiously, then creeping forward some more. "Come along, now," Camilla said, cooing. She smiled at the jacket, then turned to look at Jori with a big grin, pointing at her. "That's your new friend. [i]Hug.[/i]"

The hesitation disappeared in an instant, the straitjacket lunging toward Jori faster than a charging gilbeoar! That suited her just fine, since it didn't take her but a fraction of a second to collect her aura in the heat of battle. She dropped into her brawler stance, right arm back, invisible energy building in front of her fist. The jacket's arms and straps flapped about behind it as it flew toward her, its front opening wide, and only now that it was close did Jori notice that it wasn't made of overlapping red ribbons like the first one. No, it was one solid piece, and whatever it was made of was both shinier than ribbons and significantly heavier.

That wasn't nearly enough to wipe the smug smirk off of Jori's face. "Crashing Waterfall!" She stepped forward with her right foot and punched, her fist meeting the straitjacket with perfect timing. Blue-white light flashed...

And thick, slippery rubber slid down Jori's arm to the shoulder and past it, the straitjacket winding its way onto her body! "What?! [i]Hey![/i]" she shouted, eyes wide, mouth ajar. Her "new friend" wasn't damaged in the slightest, and in one sharp jerk her entire arm was covered, her hand entering some sort of thick compartment inside that forced her hand closed into a fist around a dense, spongy ball. Jori shot a look over at Camilla and saw that she was leaning forward on the edge of her throne, fingers and thumbs steepled together, watching with that devious smile still on her face.

"What [i]is[/i] this?" Jori growled. She didn't wait for a reply, already walking toward one of the smaller support pillars, her free hand grabbing at the straitjacket's flailing body as it tried to wind around more of her. She got a grip on a strap and held tight, which left her enough mental bandwidth to focus on her trapped hand, to collect her aura there, so she could punch the pillar and release the energy explosively. With all the released power trapped inside of its "body," there was no way it could survive something like that, right?

Except, her aura refused to build in that hand, disappearing into invisible mist if she tried to send it anywhere past her shoulder. Not only that, but focusing on her hand forced her to realize just how [i]comfortable[/i] the rubber was, coolly gripping every inch of her arm, the ball in her mittened fist cathartic to squeeze. Jori flared her nostrils and shook her head to try to clear such useless thoughts from her mind, stumbling as she fought the jacket's movements every step of the way.

She didn't make it to the pillar. Her leather breastplate suddenly disappeared, letting air waft across the fur on her chest, catching her off guard. Before she could even process the thought, something [i]much[/i] more startling happened. "How the-?!" Somehow, the straitjacket was wrapped around her [i>other[/i] arm, as if she'd helpfully slipped her hand into the sleeve without noticing! "Get [i]off[/i] of me, you!"

A heartbeat later, both of her hands were tucked tight inside of matching mittens integrated into the arms of the straitjacket, and then the front sealed up over her belly and chest, as if laced and glued

shut by a phantom force. Jori was still staring at both of her hands in shock when they were yanked against her body by the straps tightening, and her grunting and straining only delayed the inevitable while showing off her bulging muscles beneath the tight rubber.

"Oh dear," Camilla taunted. "Looks like things have taken a poor turn for our heroine!"

"Shut your-ah!" Jori lost the battle, her arms pulled to her chest in a snug self-hug. She might have had a better chance, but the straitjacket had given her an all new distraction: the crotch strap. Jori's skirt disappeared in a wink, leaving her utterly naked beneath the jacket, and then rubber rolled down her lower belly. The Y-shaped branch split just above her sheath, slid between her crotch and inner thighs, and then wrapped underneath to meet with the back of the jacket. Once it was there, it merged to form one solid piece, at the same time a strap pulled Jori's arms to her body and then stuck in place.

"Alas," Camilla said, her "eyes" still glued to the scene. "It would appear the battle is over."

"I haven't surrendered!" Jori insisted. She struggled fiercely, torso twisting wildly as she jerked her arms side to side. Rubber bulged and creaked, flexible enough that her powerful motions made it give... but not break, not in the slightest. Jori growled, panting from the exertion, staggering as she threw her weight around, tail lashing and slapping at the stone floor. She tried again and again to focus her energy into her fists, or even her elbows; if she could just form one hole or tear, then she'd be able to rip her way free! Sadly, she could not, and the more attention she paid to her arms, the more she sensed how cozy the rubber felt gripping her, and how [i]interesting[/i] it felt to struggle against such-

"Oh, and what have we here?"

That was all the warning Jori got before a heavenly smooth ribbon caressed her somewhere [i]very[/i] sensitive. She yelped and stumbled back, leaning on her tail for support, looking down to see a red ribbon fluttering near her sheath, and the exposed tip of her dick that had slipped out of it [i]before[/i] the ribbon had touched it. Jori turned partially away to hide herself and tried to swallow down her embarrassment. "My blood is pumping from the heat of battle!" she growled, trying to convince herself that was the truth, and at the same time convince her body to calm down despite how lovely that ribbon had felt.

Camilla fanned her own face with a hand. "Oh my."

Jori gave one more harsh yank with her arms, then stomped a big foot paw, the end of her tail lashing. "This was a trick!"

"Oh?" Camilla asked, coyly putting her hand over her lips.

Jori glared. "If I knew how different it would be from your other creations, then I would have easily won!" That was obvious to her. She would have been lighter on her toes, striking and dodging at the same time, instead of assuming she'd win in one blow.

Camilla didn't miss a beat. "Double or nothing, then?"

"Of course!" Jori agreed. After all, she always liked a good challenge! Except, this time, with her arms so helpless, deep in a dungeon, a niggling thought made her wonder if she should have accepted so

quickly. What was the "double" in this case? Jori hadn't even asked what would happen if Camilla won the first time...

Jori gritted her teeth. It was fine. Her kicks were even stronger than her punches, and she could still use her tail for balance. She had this in the bag.

"Wonderful!" Camilla clapped her hands once more, then looked around the room. "Perhaps this time, we can draw out the tension a bit longer..."

The mage orbs all grew dimmer, shadows creeping back into the corners of the room and at the peripheries of the pillars, and soon there were dark places between the orbs again. Jori spun in place, eyes darting here and there. It wasn't quite as dark as the hallway outside, but there were still blind spots that things could hide in.

"Sneak attack," Camilla whispered, purposely loud enough for Jori to hear it.

Only then did Jori see it: a shape at ground level, about half as tall as her, which rushed from behind the central pillar to lurk behind another. She kept her gaze locked on it as she warily stepped so that as much light as possible was between her and her opponent, constantly adjusting her tail to keep herself light on her toes, always ready to leap or kick. Camilla's bright red creation zipped out from behind cover and stopped in the exact middle between the light from four pillars, in a space that was dark enough that Jori couldn't make out what it was, just that it was still there. Then, a moment later, it moved closer again, to hide behind another pillar.

Jori gulped, shifting her weight. Were there really this many pillars when she'd first entered the room? It seemed like there were more now, giving whatever-it-was more places to hide, more opportunities to approach. She kept circling, keeping light between her and it, but after another two quick zips from darkness to darkness, it was even closer.

It was close enough now that when it swept through light, Jori could see it more clearly: a fairly wide tube of red rubber, with many smaller straps lining its surface. She couldn't decide what she was looking at until the next time it lurked closer, and when she did her tail flicked. The thing must be some kind of bondage sleeve for her tail, and the straps on the end connected it to her straitjacket to pin it in place. That explained all the stealth, too; it was trying to get around behind her.

Well, she had no intention of letting that happen! She focused her aura down into her feet, toes wiggling as they tingle in preparation. All she had to do was bat it away from her tail at any cost, right? Easy! She braced herself as the big tube came out of the shadows once more, and this time it didn't beat around the bush, rushing straight toward Jori and her tail! It probably thought she would go for another sweep kick, Jori thought, like when she'd killed the tentacle trap.

She had a lot more kicks up her sleeve than just a sweep! The all-or-nothing style of the rubber's attack left it wide open, and with Jori's tail protected behind her she could take a risk and use a powerful maneuver instead of dodging and potentially exposing her back. She reared and leaned back on her tail, pulling her knees against her bound arms, winding up for a split-second. "Double Deluge!" She lashed out with both feet together, more blue-white energy pouring off her toes and heels as she kicked out with an attack boasting far more force and aura power than her earlier punch!

The tube suddenly flipped parallel to the floor, and the end nearest Jori gaped wide open, revealing a membrane separating two spaces within. Jori's heart skipped a beat as she found it far too late to stop herself, her legs sliding deep into individual sleeves made just for them. There wasn't enough momentum left in her kick to cause damage when her toes bottomed out into thick, flexible rubber at the bottom that cupped around her feet and ankles, sealing them in place as the rest of it cinched taut around her calves, knees, and thighs. By the time Jori had landed back on her feet, the rubber had already finished sealing up from just below her crotch all the way to the floor, the final straps tightening into place.

Jori gave an uncharacteristic little yip as she landed on padding thick enough around her feet that it was almost springy. Between that and being so off-balance from her failed kick, not even Jori's tail could keep her upright, and she teetered, wrenching at her arms, body skewing awkwardly... and then she fell onto her side with a whumph. It wasn't nearly hard enough to hurt her, and Jori immediately began to struggle in earnest, grunting as she writhed, the tight rubber sealed around her arms bulging futilely as she twisted her hips and torso. Her knees strained to bend, trying to pull one leg up and push down with the other, but they were so well stuck together that they could really only move as one stifled unit.

And yet, her legs were [i]very[/i] cozy in their predicament, strategically placed pads between her ankles and knees making sure she wasn't grinding them together, the bouncy booties around her feet bopping against the floor as she kicked and panted and growled.

"It would appear we have another loss on our hands," Camilla said.

Jori jerked and looked up, then froze. There was Camilla, finally out of her throne, standing imperiously over Jori while rubbing her hands together slowly, as if she still had [i]so much more[/i] she had in mind for her new captive.

"I haven't, urgh, I-lost yet!" Jori blustered. She began tensing up her tail, readying it for a big swipe.

"And what have we [i]here?[/i]" Camilla said, repeating the words from earlier with even more of a croon in her voice.

"Yah!" Jori sucked her stomach in and arched her back away, retreating from the soft ribbon that gave her half-stiffened cock a brief squeeze. She felt her cheeks under her scales heat up; had she really gotten [i]that[/i] worked up from all this?! It had to be the tension of the important fight, right? Not the struggling against the tight, glossy-

Jori found out firsthand that she shouldn't have been concentrating on something like that with a diabolical villainess standing over her.

Camilla nudged Jori's chin with the tip of a ribbony toe. "Double or nothing?"

Jori's mouth opened. "Wha-[i]mmph?![/i]" Rubber suddenly blotted out all light, wrapping around Jori's head at the same time it stuffed something oddly small and floppy into her mouth. "[i]Nnh-nnh![/i]" She tossed her head and pushed out with her tongue, but it was far, far too late, soft pads pressing against her closed eyelids, individual sleeves gripping around each of her ear fins to hold them against her head. There was a hissing sound, and the pressure around her head and inside of her mouth began to



grow at the same time, the plug resting on her tongue growing larger, and larger, and [i]larger[/i], as the outer layer of an inflatable ball hood swelled up over her!

Jori couldn't wait any longer; she had to strike Camilla before the hood finished sealing shut! She lashed out blindly with her tail, not even taking the time to properly focus aura into it, vaguely aiming for Camilla's knees. Instead of tripping up her foe, Jori's strike landed amongst a veritable spider web of straps, which all began to cinch up in unison, forming a harness around her tail that wrestled it behind her back no matter how she fought against it.

"Tut tut tut," Camilla chided. "For a brave heroine such as yourself, that sort of underhanded attack is most... [i]unbecoming[/i]."

Jori gasped and wriggled her hips as Camilla emphasized that word by wrapping a ribbon around her mostly-stiff dick, pulling Jori's attention away from how her tail was getting bundled up and bound on her back. The growl she let out sounded a bit squeakier than she intended, and she struggled to pull away from the intimate contact, but this time the ribbon stuck with her, adding another loop and then squeezing tenderly from base to tip. Jori gasped again, sounding [i]much[/i] less indignant... until she noticed the sound she'd just made and she let out a heated, "[i]Nnh-nnh![/i]" and shook her head.

Another ribbon slunk in to help out, cradling Jori's large, fuzzy balls, caressing as they wrapped around them, then giving a pleasant squeeze. Jori shivered, but she wasn't distracted so much that she didn't notice the [i>other[/i] ribbons, brushing at her neck and hips, coiling around her bound legs and torso. She wiggled and shimmied around, in one last attempt to move free of them, and then it was once again too late as she felt herself float up into the air, suspended by dozens of supporting ribbons.

Jori had one more shock, squeaking and twitching as she was suddenly rotated to point her face and belly downward, and then she floated there, her body and the bondage all momentarily motionless, aside from her rapid panting through her nostrils. A few swift heartbeats passed, and then certain ribbons moved again, and with her cock and balls hanging out freely in the air, they were perfect targets for slow, slippery caresses and gentle, all-encompassing squeezes that milked small drops of pre from her tip.

"Nnggh!" Jori complained, her anonymized head shaking under the big ball hood. She thrashed in the air, worming like she was hanging from a hook, summoning her aura and trying to find a way-

"Sshhh." Camilla stroked the top of Jori's hood, a sensation the trapped brawler barely registered.

What Jori [i>did[/i] feel was the ribbons, and how they gently thrummed with... energy? No, it was more like [i>anti-[/i>energy. Wherever they touched, they seemed to be sapping her reserves, and she found her intense struggles were starting to make her weary. Not only that, it also made it harder to focus her aura anywhere, which meant that trying to use her brawler arts was getting her nothing but the side effect of heightened awareness of stimuli. Stimuli like slick rubber and tantalizing ribbons...

She dashed those thoughts aside and methodically tested her bindings while she still had the strength, arms quivering as she strained out with them, toe claws ineffectual in their efforts to scratch the inside of the leg sleeve. Her tongue pushed at the gag again, but her stuffed snout was sealed shut too tight to let anything get pushed out. Instead, a muffled squawk slipped free, as her body was bowed, feet and shoulders pulled up, arching her back.

"Yes, let's try this," Camilla murmured, as she basically pulled Jori into a tight, suspended hogtie.

If anything, this presented Jori's private parts even [i]more[/i], and as if this fact encouraged them, Camilla's teasing ribbons upped the ante, the loops around her cock sliding up and down faster. Jori trembled, telling herself that this wasn't an arousing situation at all, that she should have better control of her own body! Except, well, she felt her hips roll into the feeling against her will... [i]twice[/i]. She groaned and clamped down on the gag with her snout, tensing her body, refusing to do that again. Then she did it again, when the ribbon around her balls began rhythmically kneading every other time the one jerking her off squeezed her base.

Why did it have to feel so smooth, so silken, so [i]good?[/i]

Jori realized all at once that the ribbons had stopped draining her energy, and she thought maybe she'd found a weak point: they couldn't do that [i]and[/i] everything else all at once! She jerked at her bindings again, then gasped and growled weakly when another surge of energy drain taxed her resources. It only left her with enough gumption to twist slowly, tugging on her bindings just enough to reinforce that they were there, without any possible chance of escaping them. Jori shuddered, her hips humping three more times with a mind of their own before she could force them to stop again, her face hot with aroused shame.

Luckily, and most [i>un[/i]luckily, Jori found something else to distract her. She tensed and gave a weak, "Hmmp?" as she felt a thick yet liquidy sensation against her entire right side. It reminded her of how the floor had become a whirlpool and dragged her down into the depths, just thicker, the smooth muck slowly gripping over her as she sank in sideways. The material was just slightly cooler than the air, which was a pleasant counterpoint to how hot and bothered Jori felt, plus it was so thick it was extra hard to struggle against. Except, she couldn't just [i>surrender[/i] to it, could she? Of course not! She tensed up, preparing for another escape attempt.

Jori didn't quite [i>surrender[/i], but it was almost impossible to resist how good it felt as the tight seal of goopy substance slowly swept over her cock. She moaned and thrust, hard and fast, and while she wasn't able to properly fuck whatever it was, it also somehow didn't interfere with the supple ministrations of the magic ribbons. The two feelings added together, and Jori mewled in lust, so turned on that she barely noticed that the goo coating over the ball hood didn't interfere with her panting breaths.

"Not long now," Camilla cooed.

Jori's blush raged unseen; how had she forgotten she had an audience?! Except, there was nothing she could do about it, and she couldn't force herself to stop bucking her hips, the feelings too good, her orgasm rushing too quickly toward her, the exquisite milking of her cock heightened by how perfectly the ribbon massaged her hanging balls. With over half her body sunk sideways into whatever she was being pushed against, it was getting harder and harder to move, adrenaline giving Jori the strength to gyrate what little she could as more and more of her pre dribbled forth. Her tail twitched against her back, thighs tensing in their efforts to help her hump, arms fidgeting as if merely reveling in how helpless they were, all of those motions getting slower and weaker by the second. Her hips churned hardly two inches at a time, then half that, then half [i>that[/i].

But, it was enough! Jori quivered, gasping in a sharp breath and holding it, her balls tightening. Her left shoulder slipped past the "surface" of the liquid engulfing her at the same time she felt herself hit the

edge of climax, eyes clamping shut tight, toes curling, passing the point of no return! She jabbed her hips forward as far as she could and-

And... stayed completely still. Jori didn't even [i]twitch[/i], not one fraction of a millimeter, as the last speck of her body slipped past the surface. She couldn't blink, couldn't wiggle her tongue, couldn't [i]breathe[/i], and didn't find that she needed to. What she did need to do, however, was [i]cum[/i]. Not that she could. She couldn't do anything, except think, and feel. The last seconds of sensation played on repeat for her, the rapid strokes of ribbons, the exquisite tightness of the rubber, the helplessness of the bondage, her belly and crotch tightening and tingling in pre-orgasmic preparations that were certain to send her shooting to new heights of bliss!

Then it looped again, drawing Jori away from orgasm [i]just[/i] before it was hers. She was swept up in a torrent of building pleasure again, driven close, everything she felt reinforcing how amazing it was going to feel!

Then it looped again. Her mind and memories didn't loop, though. She [i>knew[/i] what was happening, and with every loop she wanted to cum more, and more, and [i]more![/i]

Outside, Camilla looked at the lovely, full-color painting hanging above her throne. In the background, a swirl of shades of black and very dark greys, with tiny spots of light glinting here and there. In the foreground, a wonderfully helpless adventurer, suspended motionless in a hogtie, ribbons both supporting her body and bringing her to the brink of pleasure... but not to release.

Camilla steepled her fingers and indulged herself in a long, villainous laugh, her voice bouncing off the walls and down the tunnels of her dungeon.

She tilted her head. "Mm, no, I could still use more practice with the cackles," she decided before getting back into her throne, smiling as she decided what to do with the next party of adventurers who were fortunate enough to choose [i>her[/i] dungeon to delve.

**(NOTE: SFW reference images below)**



# Jori

The Mizutsune  
She/Her







