

There were several things wrong at the given moment, the main one was the massive tentacle that had wrapped itself around Renyard's waist.

"Toby!" - the fox yelled, trying to untangle the thing from around his middle. He was currently spinning around like a top as it added more and more coils to his legs. He could feel the blood welling up in his feet from the pressure as the suckers attempted to stick to his pants. "Toby!" - he yelled again, his voice peaking at the end as the tip of said tentacle snuck under his shirt, sliding wetly across his belly.

The blue ferret looked up from his notebook to the fox, tilting his head so they were at the same angle, "Yes? What is it? I'm trying to take notes on the side effects."

"Of what!?"

"Of the truth poison."

"TRUTH POISON!?"

Toby shrugged: "Well yeah, we gather intelligence, don't we? I figured if people could just tell us what they didn't want us to know our jobs would be a lot easier."

The fox struggled as he was turned more. The suckers were now crawling along the fur on his stomach as the whole thing turned about to bring him into the creature's embrace. Several other tentacles grasped about in the air, but couldn't find anything to grab. He didn't even want to know what was in the box they were coming from, "And you decided to give it to this THING!?"

Tony gave a second shrug. Toby shrugged a lot, "Well yes, if you're going to go, go big or go home, right? I mean, I didn't want to test it on a coworker but won't look a gift horse in the mouth."

"TOBY GET ME OUT OF THIS THING RIGHT NOW OR SO HELP ME WHEN AGENT 78 GETS BACK I'M GOING TO TELL HER WHO SAID PINK WAS GARISH!"

The ferret paled, but then looked interested, "Hey Renyard?"

"Yes?"

"What magazine do you keep under your desk back in the computer room?"

The fox tried to keep his mouth shut but he found the words spilling out of his mouth like water, "Vixens Monthly Fluff edition!"

The ferret got a lot paler, "Oh gods, that means that that last thing you said was true too, fine..." The ferret went over to a little module and typed in a few words. Suddenly a mesh-like construct appeared out of thin air and closed in on the fox and the tentacles, as the one around him tried to snake its way out of the neckhole in his shirt. He shuddered at the sensation of the suckers kissing along his collarbone and chest.

The beast however recoiled at the touch of this strange net, though it seemed to pass right through Renyard entirely. He was let go as though he was on fire, falling back onto the ground with a surprisingly wet squelch.

"Oh god... slime, too?"

"What's the point of tentacles without slime?" - Toby asked in complete earnestness.

Renyard rubbed his forehead, "Alright... never mind, can we just move on to the next thing?"

Toby nodded, "You got it!"

As they left the experiment room Reynard rubbed the side of his head, "When will that truth serum wear off? I'm very worried about what I might say if someone asks me how my day is going." He grumbled.

"You'll know when it does."

The fox blinked, "I will?"

The ferret nodded, "Yes, half the reason we don't use it on everyone is because it turns you bright purple as your body processes the agents within. I mean, there's no point in gathering intelligence if your enemies know just who you gathered it from - can't have our captures looking like plums. can't we?" He reached into his lab coat and pulled out a little cardboard square. "Juicebox?"

The fox just stared, "Keep walking, Toby.. just keep walking..."

Reynard ruminated on how he'd gotten here. He hadn't wanted to work for a spy organization. Now, he'd just wanted to work somewhere nice after college. Perhaps get a nice desk job. But no, he'd had to just go and show aptitude in matters of the mind. In the Citadel that was quite a rare thing. A lot of the people who lived in the city were not only not well versed in hypnosis, but incredibly susceptible to it. Heck, there were few places that even taught it (The more... unsavory types in the city tended to dislike giving away their trade secrets, kept such classes at bay.) But no, on his finals he'd apparently shown promise, so next day he'd been spirited away to this place.

Not everyone was happy with the way things were run in the Citadel, some wanted to change it so at least preying would only happen to (mostly) consensual parties. A laudable goal, but perhaps a foolish one. It was really rather ironic, they planned to save the city by taking people against their will, using often crazed secret agents to their own end. It really didn't make much sense when you got down to it.

Since being here, Reynard had seen many strange things, from the spy he'd recently graduated to handling, a strange rodent woman with an affinity for... contact, to snakes made entirely of pink goo. It seemed every day there was a new, strange challenge, when all he really wanted to do was work a nine-to-five and go home, preferably without being eaten by someone.

Tony had been in the same graduating class, and had apparently shown the same aptitude. He however, seemed to show no such qualms about their day to day work. He only ever seemed to be worried about going out into the field.

They walked past several large glass rooms, one in which a large shark girl swam about through rings, testing her skills, another filled with a strange pink mist, in which a skunk woman sat, apparently tending some flowers. In the third was some... elephant... thing he'd never really been sure about, but Toby stopped at the fourth.

"Here's my newest endeavor." He opened the door, walking inside, "Well, I say 'endeavor', but I actually just got her in recently." - he assured Reynard.

"Got her? What do you mean got her?"

"Well, we found her in a warehouse somewhere on the east side. Well, I say 'We' but I of course mean the field agents. I don't tend to bother with such missions, but her abilities could have lovely applications if we could reason with her a b-"

The ferret was interrupted as the door slammed. Reynard gave a yelp as he noticed what looked like a... thick, cloth sleeping bag pressed against it. There was a clicking sound as the door locked.

"T-Toby!" Reynard yelled. "I'm very frightened of being alone due to abandonment issues with my family!" The fox clamped his hands over his mouth, and he could see the ferret yelling from outside, but all sound was lost as he frantically worked on the door.

Reynard's eyes trailed back down to what had apparently closed it. It was... a lot longer than a sleeping bag, and easily thicker around than all of him. There was a soft blue shade to it, occasionally cut up by flowery patchwork, almost like a quilt. He followed it as he turned around his gaze traveling along its length. It led to a pile of what appeared to be blankets in the middle of the room, but the way they were arranged seemed familiar...like something he'd been warned about in school as a little kit, living in the heart of the Citadel.

The blankets started moving, there was an audible noise.

"Sssssssssssssss....."

Reynard's ears folded as his eyes widened. A massive head, done in the same blue rose from the pile.

Snake.

"T-Toby!" - Reynard backed against the door - "What is this thing!?"

But the Ferret was still beyond the door, anything he said might as well have been silenced. The cloth snake slithered its massive head forwards through the air. Its eyes were closed, but as a tongue patterned in red plaid snaked out of its mouth to taste the air inches from his face, they opened.

It was an odd mix, her eyes looked painted on, like a doll's eyes, but they moved with a strange life, taking him in, appraising him with an oddly sleepy interest. Its head looked strangely real for being made of cloth, in the dark one might think it was a real, enormous snake. That head alone was wider than Reynard's waist.

"I will have you know..." - she said at a gentle hum that seemed to vibrate through him. He felt his legs grow a bit weary without reason. "...that I am not a thing..." - she said gently. Her voice was oddly motherly, like someone speaking to a child before bedtime. "...am Sssssssabani." - her tongue flicked his nose as she said that.

Reynard tried to press himself back against the door, wishing quite a bit that their phasing technology had been more successful than it was right now. He watched as her coils, at their thickest quite worryingly large, perhaps enough to contain him in four coils or less, shifted. The sound of cloth across cloth filled the air as his nervous ears twitched.

She took notice of him and tilted that great head. "Do you fear me, fox?" - she said, her tone that of a confused elder almost. The closest thing the fox could think to compare it to would be the time his elementary school teacher had asked why he was painting the trees blue. "You needn't do sssso..."

As she spoke she slithered in a slow circle around his body. He found himself pushed away from the door by her sheer bulk alone, twisting about to try and keep an eye on her head and also those massive coils waiting beyond. She came around to hover at his side, her large head very nearly pressed against his cheek, her words in his ear.

"Come..."

Renyard was marched forwards as she simply moved her neck. It wasn't quite forceful, he sank into the softness of her curled body, the girth of her neck enough to cover most of his back. It felt soft, he'd laid on memory foam mattresses at the stores of the Citadel every now and again, but this felt softer still, slightly warm too, it vibrated with her speech.

"U-uh... look. I work here, I'm not a target or anything... i-if you could just patiently wait until we get the door ope-"

"Sssshhhhh..." - he sound was far from a command, but as it hit the air he found he really didn't want to move his mouth as much anymore.

He stole another glance towards the door to see Toby looking in as his hands worked on something, hopefully the lock. Renyard's glance cost him as his feet hit one of the heavy, soft coils and he toppled forwards. He braced himself for impact, tossing his hands forwards on instinct, but the fall was broken by yet more lengths of the snake. It was like landing among a pile of the softest blankets he'd ever encountered.

Sabani looked down at him, her tone flicking out again: "I see you are eager. And I can see why... you are quite weary..."

Renyard opened his mouth to refute her, but found words he didn't want spilling from his mouth. "I am, I've had a long day dealing with idiots." - he gasped.

Sabani smiled and Renyard stiffened as he felt the tip of her tail snake over his middle. He looked down and tried to push it away.

"W-wait, I really just want to go home." - that was the truth.

Sabani shook her head, snaking forwards to look him in the eyes, "No...you want to rest, that is what you have wanted all day..."

Before he could reply she suddenly kissed his cheek, like a lover before bedtime. He felt the inside of her mouth then. If the outside of her was made of cloth, the inside was surely silk. It caressed blissfully against his fur and that feeling he'd gotten in his legs when she'd talked seemed to spread. His arms felt loose and he couldn't help but give a little noise, almost like a coo.

"You will forgive me for not giving you a proper hug... I am not the coiling sort..." - her tail resumed its path across his form, more coils began moving under him, rolling like a sea, he felt his mind grow hazy. - "...But I can still keep you warm... keep you safe..." The slow, gently drone of her voice washed over him. She was still there, at his cheek, with every word, her lips brushed his face, a slight slip of silken caress across his features.

Her coils were moving in, her tail already across as more moved themselves, draping over his form. He looked briefly down to see the white of his labcoat vanishing under softness. He wasn't sure what she was filled with, but it was heavy, very heavy. He could feel it shifting across his form. He couldn't have lifted his arms if he wanted to, the coils just kept piling higher and higher as she spoke to him.

"Let yourssself drift...and you will feed me..." She leaned up, taking a pointed ear into her silken maw, her lips undulated around it and he felt his eyes flutter. She was so heavy, so soft, those thick lengths of her body pinning him there felt inescapable, and yet so welcoming all the same. "Feed me your dreamsssss... "

Renyard's body was awash in a sea of caresses, the heavy weight of her body atop him almost making it hard to breathe. At times his hands or legs would be coiled about, slithered across, but then quickly unwrapped as yet more of her massive form lulled against him.

Her head in front of his now, her eyes looking into his. She kissed his nose and he felt sleepier hardly able to form thoughts at all now, his eyes began to close as he glimpsed her mouth opening wide, her maw a deep, silk pink, shining in the light.

His world turned that color as her mouth clamped gently down over his head, a tender, soft suckle against his features as her body kept him utterly pinned. The sensation was too much, he fell into a deep sleep then, a strange suction following him into slumber... a bit like something... inside was being drained, skimmed off the top of his sleep like foam from a warm glass of milk. Even now, in the darkness of his rest, he could feel her body around him, her mouth over his head, the silk plush of her maw caressing and undulating, and now even the gentle 'Mmmmmm' of her pleasure as she enjoyed him.

Sabani fed on Renyard's dreams, and from her touch, and her voice he was happy to give.

Eventually he felt that silken touch move further down, Sabani cloth jaws stretching wide to welcome him. It was different from being eaten by a regular snake, this he knew from the PSAs of the citadel. There would be a humid, stifling warmth for one, saliva as well, but none of that was here. Just silken warmth and the vibration of her voice.

This is what he dreamed, and this is what he was, his body was sensation, and the sensation was of her.

Sabani's cloth throat bulged with the shape of the fox as she languidly licked across his body, more and more of it vanishing down her gullet, every inch swathed in silk as it left her heavy coils.

Finally the fox's feet came to her nose, she smiled as she saw them, and curled her cloth tongue over his soles, pressing forwards and welcoming him to his rest, his dreams fueling her.

His bulge traveled down her throat to rest in her coils. She set her head atop his impression and gave a slow sound of somniferous enjoyment. Closing her own eyes and enjoying her time to feed.

"Uh... shouldn't we help him?" Said a bear fellow watching from an observation room.

"Not a chance!" Said Toby, writing notes. "This is great stuff! This'll be feedback to keep me in experiments for months!" He waved a hand. "Besides, she lets people back out... eventually."

End