

Terra in Furs

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Terra fidgeted under the gaze of the two women as she stood before them in their sitting room. She had a plain, leaning-towards-pretty, face and kinky, long hair that was a little fried from too-frequent bleaching. Although she looked healthy, she had rings beneath her eyes and her cheeks were a little on the gaunt side. She wore baggy pink nylon jogging pants and a loose white t-shirt that mostly hid the profile of her large fake breasts. The room she was in was dimly lit and sumptuously decorated. Beneath the odors of potpourri, cigarette smoke, and leather furniture was the scent of the dinner which the two women had evidently just finished. Her tummy grumbled, but she wasn't about to ask for food from these strangers.

The older one, an attractive blonde woman in the vicinity of her late forties, had been the one to greet her at the door. Her name was Gladys and she owned a furriers in an upper-class business district west of Los Angeles. She wore an expensive-looking blouse and pale pink skirt. She was standing next to an armchair and was smoking a long cigarette. She owned the house Terra was standing in. The other woman, who had just now been introduced to her as Diana, was dark-haired, in her thirties, and bore a guarded expression. She wore leather pants and a low cut top. She hadn't said a word to Terra, she simply lounged in the plush armchair and sipped brandy while gazing at her.

"I'm so glad you could make it," Gladys said, smiling warmly. "You're a little late, though. I almost thought you weren't going to come."

"Like I had a choice," Terra muttered under her breath.

"Pardon? I didn't catch that," said Gladys.

"I said, I got lost. I... don't know this part of town," Terra said.

Terra had met Gladys for the first time that very afternoon. Terra, a plain girl of nineteen, had moved to California from the Midwest a couple of years ago. She had dropped out of high school and traveled west in hopes of becoming an actress. She didn't have much to regret leaving behind. Terra never knew her father, and her mother was more concerned about her string of boyfriends than about her daughter's welfare throughout her childhood. She had only called her mother once after she had moved out, and it was a brief conversation, at that.

She had big dreams, but reality didn't quite work out that way. To pay the bills, she had been forced to turn to the only job she felt qualified to do—she became a stripper. The work was hard, but it paid decently. Since bigger breasts meant bigger tips, she had saved up much of the money she earned and got a boob job. She had asked for full C's, but the overzealous doctor, either by mistake or perversity, had given her full D's. He had turned her breasts into firm, heavy spheres. She was consoled by the fact that she did indeed get bigger tips.

Things had been going basically okay, and she'd managed to avoid the drugs and prostitution the other dancers often got caught up in. Everything was fine until a few months ago. The owner of the club where she worked got a little too friendly one night. Terra fought him off too aggressively, and in exchange got herself both fired and a bad black eye.

Since she had no savings, she lost her small apartment the following month and sought refuge in the homes of various dancer acquaintances (none of them could have been called good friends). Unable to help with the rent, and not yet willing to turn to prostitution, she found it difficult to stay in one place for more than a week. No clubs would hire her, not until her eye had healed. By the time it did, she had found it hard to summon the will to go back to dancing to endure the lustful, objectifying stares of men. Then one of her 'friends' had taught her how easy it was to shoplift.

That afternoon, on a trip to expand her wardrobe for free, Terra had passed by a fur store. She had no practical use for a fur, even if she could have stolen one of the bulky things, but she had always wanted one. They represented the wealth and glamour of a lifestyle of which she could only dream. So, motivated by sheer curiosity, she had entered the furriers. Almost as soon as she had passed through the door, a well-dressed young woman had approached Terra. With a tone of barely-disguised condescension, the woman asked if she could help her. When told that she was just looking, the woman let her go with a suspicious glance and was soon occupied with a real customer.

Terra had strolled through the store and admired the luxurious coats. She brushed her hands along the sleeves, letting the long hairs slide between her fingers. It certainly felt nice. If only she was rich. Her eyes lit on a short jacket of white fox fur. She could picture herself wearing it with the zipper pulled up to just below her breasts. She thought it would look so hot when she went out clubbing. Lifting the sleeve, she revealed the price tag. Four-hundred and thirty dollars. Terra had sighed. She didn't know if that was cheap or a rip-off for a fur jacket, but either way, it was an impossible luxury.

Glancing up, she noticed that the saleswoman wasn't in the front. Studying the walls, she saw no security cameras. Her heart began to race with the nervous,

giddy thrill she had discovered while stealing. Hesitating only a second, she shed her large, denim jacket and yanked the fur jacket from its hanger. She didn't have time to enjoy the feel as she slid it onto her body and quickly put her old jacket on over it. She studied herself. Although she was a little bulky, the denim was thick and heavy enough to hide the fur at a casual glance. Trying to remain calm, she walked toward the exit. The saleswoman was still in the back and Terra began to exult, positive that she would make it.

When her hand was on the door-latch, she heard the sound of a throat clearing loudly behind her. She froze. Looking jerkily over her shoulder, she saw an older, professional-looking woman standing in a doorway that had been closed a moment ago. Terra stared at her like a deer caught in headlights. "Uh... yeah?"

"Hello, miss. Would you mind taking off your jacket for me?" the woman asked.

"I... um... why?"

The woman smiled coolly. "I have you on tape."

Terra's shoulders slumped. She briefly considered making a run for it, but her friend had told her that running usually only made things worse. Her hand slipped off the latch. The woman approached her and pulled Terra's jacket open, revealing the white fur underneath. Blushing with shame and frustration, Terra fixed her gaze on the floor.

The saleswoman had appeared from the back room. "Oh! Oh! I'm so sorry, Ma'am," she told the woman, "I was only in the back for a second... I didn't think..."

"It's alright, no harm done," the woman said. "I'll take care of it. Come with me please?" She led the defeated Terra into her office, with the saleswoman glaring spitefully at the girl as she passed. The woman closed the door. Terra shrugged off both jackets and passed the fur one to the woman, who stroked it as if to smooth out unseen wrinkles. The woman introduced herself as Gladys, the owner of the store. She quickly learned Terra's name and general circumstances.

"So why would you want to steal from me?"

"I didn't want to. I mean, ya know, it's nothin' personal," Terra said sullenly.

"What were you going to do? Sell it?"

"I dunno. I just wanted it. Never wore one before."

"Hmph. I guess I ought to phone the police," Gladys said. "Unless, of course, you'd like to pay for it?"

"You know I can't," Terra replied shakily, slumping even lower. She had never been arrested for anything. She had never even got a speeding ticket, though of course she didn't own a car or even a California driver's license. She

wasn't a bad person, stealing was just sort of a game. It didn't feel much like a game, anymore. "Please don't call the cops. Please."

"Why not pay? Don't you have a job?"

"No. I'm out of work. I was a dan- uh, an entertainer."

Gladys had peered at her piercingly, mulling something over in her mind. Terra grew increasingly uncomfortable. At length, the woman said, "There might be another way, and we won't have to bother the busy policemen."

Terra's head shot up, feeling as if she'd had a stay of execution. "What?"

"I have a job you might be perfect for. You could work off the price of the jacket."

"How? Here? In your store?" Terra asked.

"No. At my home. Tonight."

Terra grew suspicious. "What kind of work?"

"Nothing illegal. Very easy work, really. Shouldn't take more than two or three hours, and then we can forget this ever happened. In fact, I'll even let you keep the fur, if you do a good job and do what you're told."

Feeling uneasy, Terra said, "If you wanna give me something, I could use money more than the jacket."

Gladys smiled, more warmly this time. "Well, maybe you'll get that, as well. If you do what I want."

Terra didn't know what to do. Whatever the woman wanted from her, Terra was sure she wouldn't find it pleasant. But what was the alternative? Jail? At the very least a fine she couldn't pay? "I... I... guess so."

"Excellent," said Gladys. She wrote her home address on the back of a business card and gave it to Terra. "You realize," she added, "that if you don't come, or if you refuse to do the work, you'll have a warrant out for your arrest by tomorrow morning."

Terra frowned. "Yeah, yeah, I got it." That said, Terra was released from Gladys' office. She walked past the saleswoman in the front, who looked at her in angry confusion. Terra might have gloated about her freedom, if not for the impending, mysterious task set for her that night.

So now Terra was in Gladys' nice, big house, awkwardly watching the women watching her. She had arrived dressed in casual, unrevealing clothes intentionally. She hadn't even done her hair or put on makeup. She wanted to remain as unappealing as possible. Terra was sure Gladys wanted her here for some sexual purpose, but she couldn't think of any way out of it. She had been exposed to lesbianism before, especially working as a dancer. She had grown a little curious over the months and had had her share of offers, but had never done anything about it. And she certainly didn't want it to be under these

circumstances.

Gladys pressed Terra into some small talk, to which Terra responded in monosyllables when able. Eventually, Gladys announced, “Well, I see no reason why we shouldn’t get started. I’m sure you’re curious enough, already.” Terra nodded.

Gladys gestured Terra to follow her down a hallway paneled in dark wood. Diana uncoiled from the chair and followed close behind the girl. Glancing at the decorations to the sides, Terra hesitantly said, “I... guess the fur business must pay pretty good.”

“Oh, I do fairly well,” said Gladys from ahead of her. “Most of this was inherited. I don’t have to work, but I enjoy it. It’s a work of passion. I just love furs, always have. This way I can indulge my passion, and make a tidy income. It’s icing on the cake.”

Terra shrugged to herself. Sure, the furs were nice, but she didn’t know what all the passion stuff was about. And that quiet woman following her was making her nervous. What was their relationship, anyway? Relatives? Close friends? Lovers?

Gladys stopped at a sliding, heavy, paneled door. “Here, let me show you my collection.” She pulled it open—there was a sound of a seal being broken—and turned on the lights. A rush of cool, refrigerated air rushed out, carrying an almost overpoweringly musky scent. Terra peered inside.

The first thing she noticed was that floor of room was covered with fur rugs, layered over each other to make a thick mat. The room itself was about thirty feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The walls were lined with fur coats, hanging from racks, packed tightly together. There were all kinds: short-haired furs and long ones, furs white, black, gray, and every shade of brown. Above the racks were shelves that held things like fur muffs and round, fur hats. The only things that weren’t covered with fur was the ceiling and an alcove at the far side of the room, opposite the door. In the alcove stood a mannequin, like the ones at Gladys’ store, wearing a very thick, dark brown coat with a large, cowl-like hood pulled up, nearly concealing its face.

“Cool,” said Terra, unsure what else she should say.

Gladys strode into the room, her pumps sinking into the carpet of furs, and gestured around. “Isn’t it lovely? It’s the best place in the world. My little nirvana. Come in, come in.”

Terra entered, hoping walking on the furs in her sneakers wouldn’t make them mad, but nobody said anything about it. The smell of fur was so strong it almost made her dizzy. Diana came in behind her and leaned against the wall beside the door. Gladys pushed a button beside the door and soft music filled the

room. It was the instrumental song *Love is Blue* piped in by small speakers inside the alcove. “That’s my very favorite song,” said Gladys. “Sometimes I come and sit in here with my collection for hours just listening to it.”

Diana smirked. “It’s true. She does.”

Right. That’s perfectly normal, Terra thought. She said nothing.

Gladys went to one of the racks of furs. Spreading her arms, she let herself fall forward to be caught by the row of coats, almost disappearing with a soft sound.

She hugged the armfuls of fur tightly against her face and breathed in deeply.

Okay, now that’s freaky, Terra thought, seeing this grown, classy woman behaving so strangely. Diana grinned indulgently and shook her head. Turning around, Gladys giggled girlishly and leaned back against the coats. “I always wanted to do that when I saw coat racks when I was a little girl. Now I can whenever I want. You should try it.”

“Uh, no thanks, I’m cool,” said Terra. Diana snorted.

“Well, you should at least try one on. Didn’t you say you’ve never worn one? Go ahead, pick one out. Any that takes your fancy.”

“Um.” Terra looked around, then plucked at the sleeve of one of the coats closest to her. It was dark and seemed pretty thick. “This is nice, I guess.”

“Ah, a classic mink,” said Gladys. “No, no, you can’t try it on like that. You can’t really appreciate it that way. Take those shabby clothes off, first.”

Oh, Terra thought, *here we go.* It was just as she’d feared. There was nothing for it, she decided. She’d have to bite the bullet and ‘entertain’ the women, or else end up behind bars. She would give them a sexy dance and make them hot and bothered, and then... well, hopefully they’d just do their dyke stuff to her, and not make her do anything in return. She could just lie there and soon it would be finished and she could leave.

Terra lifted her t-shirt, revealing the lacy bra that cupped her large breasts and pierced nipples. She was painfully aware of the eyes of both women watching her closely. Her breasts wobbled heavily on her chest as she unclasped the bra and let them out. It hadn’t been a perfect boob job, especially considering she got more than she bargained for; there were wide scars at the base and the sides showed obvious rippling, particularly when she leaned forward. But she had gotten what she paid for. Neither of the women said anything, so she continued undressing. Beneath the pants, she was wearing plain, white cotton panties. She pushed them down to her ankles and stepped out of them. There was no point in making a big production out of this. The sooner she was done, the better.

In short order she was standing naked and barefoot on the fur carpet. It tickled her feet and actually felt pretty neat. “Nice,” said Gladys, her eyes on Terra’s breasts.

“Nice and fake,” said Diana, breaking her silence. Blushing, Terra began to tug the coat from its hanger.

“Here, let me help,” said Gladys as she approached the girl. She held the coat open for Terra, letting her slip her arms in the sleeves easily. The air, almost cold enough to make her breath visible, was giving Terra a chill and making her nipples erect. She was only too happy to get clothed. The rich, satin lining of the coat was icy cold, but it actually felt pleasant as it slid over her naked body. Terra was surprised by the weight of the thing. She couldn’t imagine actually wearing it anywhere. It was so heavy she’d get exhausted just walking down the street. It certainly did feel nice though. She pulled the collar snug against her neck and ran her hands over the outside. She hugged herself, feeling the thickness. It was so luxurious, and luxury was something Terra seldom enjoyed. She saw for the first time that this side of the door was covered with a large mirror. She had to admit—she looked pretty good in a fur.

Terra became aware that Gladys was rubbing her hands up and down Terra’s upper arms from behind. She could hardly feel it through the coat. “Isn’t that heavenly?” Gladys was asking. “Doesn’t that feel good? And it suits you so well. You look absolutely gorgeous in it. She was born for this, wasn’t she?”

“Sure was,” said Diana. Terra didn’t like the way the dark-haired woman was looking at her. She was used to that dangerous, predatory sort of look from some of the men she danced for, but had seldom received it from other women. Gladys wrapped her arms around Terra’s waist and hugged her from behind. Terra stiffened.

“Uh, look,” Terra said, wriggling away from Gladys. “Can we get down to it? What do you really want from me?”

Gladys looked almost ashamed. She exchanged glances with Diana. “Well, you see,” she started, “a few years ago Diana and I found each other. We found we shared the same passion for furs. We’ve been very happy together.” She paused. “But sometimes we need something more, just to spice things up a little.”

“Yeah,” said Terra, figuring she knew where this was going.

“Well, what we’d like is... to take pictures of you,” said Gladys.

“Pictures?” Terra asked.

“Yes. Wearing furs.”

“That’s all? No sex?”

Gladys laughed. “Heavens, no. Just the pictures.”

Terra considered. That was certainly a relief. She had posed for a few soft-core porn photos before. This, aside from the place and audience, wouldn’t be much different. “I... guess that’s okay.”

“Wonderful!” exclaimed Gladys. “Let’s go. We’ll take pictures in one of

the guest bedrooms. You keep wearing that one, I'll bring along some more." She selected various furs from the racks and heaped them over her arm and shoulder after passing a few to Diana.

Terra found herself in a small, richly appointed guest bedroom with an oaken canopy bed. Feeling awkward at first, Terra soon relaxed and went with the flow. The women were behaving politely enough, for all their strangeness. Diana snapped the photographs while Gladys directed the poses. Terra would sometimes have to stand or sit with the coat closed, other times lying down with the coat spread open, displaying her body.

Over the course of the next hour, Terra must have tried on a dozen different coats. She was tired and sweaty from wearing the thick coats and was even getting slightly turned on. She wasn't sure why. She thought maybe it was the sensuality of the furs or a vicarious enjoyment from the women's voyeuristic pleasure. Whatever the cause, she was more often spreading her legs and exposing her pussy for the camera, forgetting her embarrassment.

"Ah, she's such a vision. Isn't she perfect, Diana?" Gladys asked. "Oh, but you poor dear. You look like your sweltering. Don't worry, we're just about done here. Diana, why don't you go fetch her something to drink."

Diana soon returned with a glass of cold water. Terra took it gratefully and gulped it down. There was a slightly strange aftertaste, but that was LA tap water for you. "Excellent," said Gladys. "There's just one final set we want to take, in the downstairs room. Take that coat off and leave it here, there's more in the other room."

The women stood around for a few minutes, busying themselves with the coats and camera, as if they were waiting for something to happen. Finally, they guided Terra, naked but much less self-conscious now, to the far end of the house. As they descended a narrow stairway, Terra felt a spell of dizziness. She wondered if maybe she ought to lie down. Maybe she could use a nap. It had certainly been a long and stressful day. There was a locked door at the bottom of the stairs, which Gladys opened. Terra was too preoccupied with the strange sensations to wonder why they should have a locked room. She followed them in.

Terra looked around the room with surprise that quickly turned into uneasiness. The walls were covered with drapes and furs and the floor was smooth concrete, which was cold beneath Terra's bare feet. There were several small, stainless steel tables on trundles. Against one wall was a wooden table covered with what looked like various bondage devices and medical implements. On the opposite wall was a desk, upon which was scattered scraps of fur, as if someone was doing a craft project. And strangest of all, in the middle of the room, was a padded vinyl gynecological table, complete with stirrups. It was criss-

crossed with very real leather restraints. Terra sent a searching gaze to the two women. Diana was as calm and collected as ever, while Gladys appeared a little nervous. “Uh... you don’t want to hurt me, do you?” asked Terra.

“Of course not! I know how this must look, dear,” said Gladys. “Don’t worry, it’s perfectly alright. We were just a little embarrassed to bring this part up. You know how it is. Surely, you wouldn’t have a problem with a few innocent bondage pictures?”

Terra, bewildered and still feeling dizzy, didn’t know what to say. She’d seen bondage porn before, even met a dancer who was like a part time bondage model. It wasn’t that big a deal. But Terra knew for sure that she wasn’t comfortable with strangers tying her up, even if they were women. No one even knew that she was here. And what was with all that weird equipment on the tables? She approached the exam table and touched one of the cold stirrups. No, this definitely was not a good idea. A wave of nausea suddenly swirled through her stomach. She clutched her belly. “Climb on up, dear, try it out,” Gladys was saying. “It won’t take long.”

“I... no, I don’t really wanna. I think I better go,” Terra said, turning and heading for the door. The women were on either side of her.

“But what about the deal?”

“I’ve done enough. You got lots of pictures. I don’t feel too good, I gotta go.” The room was spinning drunkenly. She felt one of them grab her right wrist. She jerked her hand free and made for the door.

“Get her!” one of them shouted, which spurred her into a panic. She was at the door when two pairs of hands grappled with her. She was naked and sweaty and hard to keep a hold of, but she was also disoriented and dizzy. Although Gladys was fairly ineffectual, Diana was able to pin Terra’s arms behind her and was trying to force her off her feet. “You said the drink would knock her out!” said Gladys.

Struggling with the squirming girl, Diana hissed, “It was supposed to!”

Without warning, Terra bent double from painful cramps and vomited onto the floor. It splattered against her bare feet and Gladys’ pumps. There was a moment of stillness while everyone was frozen in surprise. “That wasn’t supposed to happen,” said Diana, bemused. She got her arms around the stunned Terra and heaved her off her feet while Gladys took hold of Terra’s ankles. They wrestled the weakened girl onto the table and held her down.

A thick, padded strap was first fixed over Terra's neck, pinning her in place. In a desperate, animal frenzy, the girl started kicking and flailing with all of her remaining strength. It was already too late. The women managed to immobilize her, one limb at a time. When they were finished, she was restrained above and

below her breasts, across her belly and hips, and at her thighs, knees, and ankles. Her arms were pinned to her sides with three separate cuffs each. Her head was held in place by the strap at her neck and another one tight across her forehead, forcing her to stare up at the ceiling. She felt horribly exposed with her legs elevated and her thighs spread in the stirrups. It took all her effort just to wiggle back and forth a little. She continued to swear and struggle in vain as the women stepped back to observe their work. They embraced and kissed each other passionately.

“Well, that was harder than I thought,” said Gladys after they had separated.

“Worth it, though,” replied Diana as she lit a cigarette.

“I hope this works. I need a drink.”

Sweating and panting, Terra watched them out of the corner of her eye, unable to turn her head. “Let me go you fucking... fucks! Dykes! Why are you doing this? Let me *gooo*—”

“I think that’s about enough of that,” said Diana, having picked up a ballgag. She forced Terra’s mouth open, almost getting herself bitten, and crammed the rubber ball between the girl’s lips. Terra was red faced in fury and fear, but could only make inarticulate, sputtering howls around the gag as she felt Diana’s hands roam over her naked body. She tugged at Terra’s nipple rings. “‘Dyke,’ indeed. Look at these balloons,” Diana said, squeezing Terra’s breasts. “The rest of her is great, but she might be a little too big on top.”

“Oh, it’ll work out fine. I think they give her character.” Gladys stroked Terra’s hair and addressed her in a soothing voice. “Try to relax and just let it happen. I know it’s scary. It’ll all be for the best in the end. You’ve had such a hard life, poor dear, so hard. But that’s all over now. From now on you’ll just have softness. Warm, cozy softness.”

Terra had no idea what the crazy old woman was talking about. All she wanted was to be set free. Her mind was reeling, though the effects of what had most certainly been drugged water had mostly worn off. She couldn’t get her mind around how things had gone so bad so fast. Why hadn’t she run when she first saw the room? Why did she even come here in the first place? Why hadn’t she *told* anyone? Her eyes widened in fear as Diana came into her field of vision, wheeling an IV stand next to the table. From it hung an IV bag full of some amber fluid. There was technical writing on the bag but Terra couldn’t make it out. She started howling into the gag again when she saw Diana preparing a needle.

Diana looked at her. “No need to scream. I took some nursing classes.” Terra couldn’t see what was happening, but felt the pain of the needle going into the back of her hand. She thrashed wildly but just produced a creaking of the

leather restraints. “Hey, look at that,” said Diana, “I got it right the first time.”

“I suppose you want to know what’s going into you,” said Gladys to Terra. “Did you know Diana is a biochemist? It’s true. The company she works for was contracted to make a drug for astronauts for long voyages. Sort of a... hibernation thing. This yellow stuff was the first try. Diana snuck some of it out. It didn’t exactly work for what they wanted, so I understand, but it will work just fine for what we need.”

Diana jumped in, clearly enjoying the look on Terra’s face. “It will slow down much of your bodily functions to a crawl. You won’t need to eat and won’t have to drink hardly at all. You’ll just need some protein supplements from time to time. Isn’t that neat? It also stops menstruation, so that’s one less thing to worry about. Works pretty good for helping fight off infections too, which may come in useful.”

Terra stared at them, still completely confused. *What are they going to do to me? Are they gonna hurt me? Maybe even kill me? Why? God, nobody knows that I’m here! Nobody’s going to rescue me. I have to get out on my own. How?*

“May as well start at the top and work our way down,” said Diana.

“Yes,” said Gladys. “I want to do this part.”

They were doing things at the head of the table. Terra couldn’t see what it was, then she felt the strap encircling her head being loosened and removed. The one at her neck soon followed. Where they untying her? She could make a break for it—but alas, those two straps were the only restraints they removed. At least she could move her head again.

Gladys started brushing out Terra’s curly, bleached hair then gathered it into a ponytail at the crown of her head. Then Terra saw the large pair of shiny, silver shears Gladys was holding. Spit foamed and bubbled around the edges of the gag as she tried to beg Gladys not to do what she was obviously planning. Terra’s skin tingled when she felt the metal blades slide against her scalp. There was a loud *scrunch* sound as a section of her long hair was lopped off. Terra produced a long, despairing wail. Being tied up was one thing, but having her hair cut short was intolerable. Tears trickled out of the corners of her eyes as she thought about how long she would have to grow it before it looked normal again. Then again, if she got out of this dungeon with nothing more than a bad haircut, she would count herself lucky.

“Such a lovely pelt you have, dear. The fur of the... rare North American free-range Terra.” Gladys chuckled at her own joke while Terra cried. “You haven’t taken very good care of it, though. Nasty split ends you’ve got. You won’t have to worry about going to hairdressers anymore, though. I think I’ll keep this,” she said as she pulled Terra’s head forward by the remaining hair so she

could get the back of the girl's scalp. "May find a use for it yet."

Once she was finished, Gladys collected all of Terra's long hair into a plastic bag. Terra was amazed at the volume of hair she had had on her head now that she was seeing it objectively. Now it was all gone. All she had left was a short, uneven hack job. Her head felt strangely light and cold. She wished that at least her arms were free so she could feel it.

She saw Diana putting on rubber gloves. That didn't look promising. The woman picked up an unlabeled bottle and went to the head of the table. She squirted some of the contents onto the top of Terra's head and spread it around, working it into the girl's remaining hair. It had a strong chemical scent and felt like foaming shave gel. *Oh, no, they're not going to shave me too, are they?* Not that it would matter much. She only had about a month's growth left after the haircut.

"My company's also been working on this stuff. It's brand new," Diana explained. "It's not even on the market yet. It'll be very expensive once it is. And you're getting it for free, you lucky girl. It dissolves small amounts of hair, like a depilatory, and then it kills all the follicles."

Kills follicles? Kills follicles? No! No! I don't wanna be bald forever! Don't do this to me! I'll look like a freak! she wanted to scream, but all that came out was high pitched squeals and more saliva. She desperately tried jerking her head out of Diana's reach.

Diana was rubbing the stuff into every inch of Terra's scalp and down the back of her neck. "Oh, stop that. It's not like anyone's ever going to see it. Besides me and Gladys."

No one was ever going to see her? Did that mean they were going to kill her? What else could it mean? Tears flowed from Terra's eyes. Diana wasn't finished yet, however, and moved to Terra's spread thighs. She squirted more of the stuff on Terra's pubic mound, making the girl Terra squirm in distress. Terra watched her smear the gel around her pussy. She was going to have to go through life, however long that would be, as hairless as a baby? Terra felt like passing out.

Diana rubbed the stuff all over her lower abdomen and down her pussy lips, all the between her spread ass cheeks. When Diana was done, Gladys wrinkled her nose, saying, "Phew, that stuff is potent. Let's go up for some fresh air, shall we?"

"Works for me," Diana said. "It'll take about thirty minutes anyway. Let's give it an hour, just to be sure. It's not caustic. We'll have to do the rest of her body later, when she's not lying down." The women looked Terra over one last time and checked the restraints. They were still as snug as ever, despite Terra's frantic struggling. Then they left Terra alone.

Terra cast around, hoping to find something that would help her. There was nothing. There she was, she reflected, tied up in the basement of a house by a pair of madwomen, jaw aching and being made permanently bald while some weird yellow shit was dripping into her veins. She wished she was back home so bad, that there was some way to turn back time and for this to simply not be happening. She could only stare at the ceiling and pray for help to somehow find her.

She felt a tingling in her scalp and crotch. The stuff was working, killing the roots of her hair forever. “Nnguuunnngh,” she cried. She tried rubbing her head against the table top to wipe it off, but the headrest was vinyl and all she did was smear the stuff around a little. And didn’t Diana say they were going to do the rest of her body, too? She’d be completely bald, down to the little hairs on her fingers. Then it occurred to Terra that Diana said she’d have to stand up for them to do it. That meant they would have to untie her first. Maybe then she would have a chance to make a break for it. If she could survive until then.

The women returned after what must have been an hour. To Terra, it had felt like several. They cleaned the gunk off her skin, as well as the surface of the table, with damp towels, then dried her. The smoothness of her crotch wasn’t too disturbing, as she had shaved down there before for work. Her head was another matter. The towels felt positively alien as they dried her scalp. It was stimulating skin and nerves that she’d never felt before. She couldn’t bear to think how freakish she looked.

As if on queue, Gladys announced, “Look at her! So pink and shiny. She looks so silly!” Terra could only blush in mute humiliation. Gladys and Diana both ran their hands over her head. “Don’t worry,” Gladys said, “you’ll come to appreciate this in time.”

Yeah, whatever you say, you sick fuck, Terra thought. She made a perfunctory struggle as they refastened the head restraint around her bald skin. They didn’t redo the neck one, however. Instead, they placed a padded belt under her chin that fastened at the top of the headrest. As it was tightened, it forced her head back into the padded vinyl, exposing her throat and made her teeth dig into the ballgag.

In this uncomfortable position Terra could see nothing of what was going on. She felt even more exposed and helpless than before. One of them was swabbing something cold at the base of her throat, down in the hollow of her neck. Now what?

Gladys placed her hand on Terra’s smooth head. “I’m sorry, but this next part is really going to hurt. It’s necessary though. I’d be happy to put you under for it, but anesthetics might react badly with the drugs in your system. You’ll just have to tough it out.”

Something was going to hurt? Tough it out? What the fuck? What were they doing? In the edge of her vision, she saw Diana put on latex gloves and pick up something small and shiny. It was a scalpel. Terra's blood turned to ice. She began to scream at the top of her lungs as Diana leaned over her. Terra felt the blade of the scalpel the skin at the base of her throat. She managed to scream even louder.

Next came a terrible, sharp pain. It hurt so badly that Terra was sure they were slitting her throat wide open, killing her right there. Her fingers clawed at the vinyl. She stopped screaming as she went into shock, taking in huge gulps of air through her nose. She felt the warmth of her blood trickle down the sides of her neck and beneath her shoulders. There was even more pain as she felt a slicing pressure on her windpipe. Blood dripped down inside her airway, making her cough convulsively. *I'm going to die*, she thought. *Why do I have to feel this? Why can't I pass out and at least die without pain?*

"I didn't know there would be so much blood," said Gladys in a thick voice.

"Hand me that salve, it should stop most of the bleeding," Diana said in a professional tone. Terra felt something being wiped on, and *inside*, her throat. Her mind was numb with shock and terror.

"Okay, now the valve." Something thick and round was being pushed into the wound in her neck, poking down into her windpipe. Terra made a guttural moan of pain as the incision was stretched wide. And then suddenly, she could barely make any sound at all. There was a strange hissing noise when she breathed, though breathing itself was much easier.

"I'm sealing the edges now. Almost done," Diana said. Terra was shaking all over. She felt very cold. The pain had receded, turning into a sharp, throbbing ache. It dawned on Terra that she might not die right then after all. She almost wished she had, if this was this sort of thing that was in store for her.

"There, I think that's it," said Diana.

"Thank god. Will it work?"

"Let's find out." Diana's latex-covered hands clamped down over Terra's mouth and nose, cutting off her air. Terra began to struggle before she realized that she was still breathing. Somehow, she was still breathing. She could hear that hissing sound at the base of her throat get stronger. Air was flowing easily in and out of her neck. *Oh my god, they put a hole in my throat... like... like one of those throat cancer people on tv. Oh, my god! Why?*

"Yep," Diana said. "It works!"

"I have to clean this up. Can't stand the sight of blood," Gladys said. She dabbed at Terra's neck and shoulders with a towel.

Diana smirked. "You may have picked the wrong hobby, then."

“Oh, hush, you. Take that strap off her chin. That can’t be comfortable.”

It was a relief to have her head fall back in a normal position, but the movement made the pain flare again. She was trying to moan but wasn’t making any sound. They let her recover for a bit, until her shaking subsided and her heart resumed beating somewhat normally.

“We should start the next part before going to bed,” said Diana.

Gladys pondered. “Hmm. Do you think it’ll hurt her throat worse?”

“No worse than it would if we waited until tomorrow.”

“Alright.” Gladys retrieved a large garbage bag and upended it over Terra's torso. Out tumbled a heavy tangle of furs that piled up on top of the girl’s belly. Terra stared at them with apprehension. It turned out not to be a bunch of furs; rather it was one long, skinny fur. It was a tube, roughly thirty feet long, made of some thick, dark brown sable. The thickly furred core of the tube was about an inch wide, but the dense, longer guard hairs made it bush out and look wider. It was kind of like a long, thin fox tail. One end of the tube terminated in a wide fur pad, slightly larger than a clenched fist. The other end, which Gladys fished out of the tangle, was no wider than the rest of the length, but was capped with a small but heavy plastic sphere. Gladys stroked the narrow fur lovingly. “Do you know how long it took to make this?” Gladys asked. “I had to waste a lot of very expensive fur to make it just right. And then I had to apply a chemical treatment. It is treated to make it hypo-allergenic and waterproof. It’ll stay dry and fluffy, even when wet.”

Meanwhile, Diana was unbuckling the gag. It was an incredible relief for Terra to be able to move her jaw again. She tried to talk, but no sound came out. *What’s wrong with my voice?*

Diana placed her fingertip over the breathing valve. “Try talking now.”

“What have—” Terra croaked, surprised at the sound of her own voice. It seemed she couldn’t make sounds when the valve was open. All the air pressure went straight out of her neck instead of the past her vocal cords. They had effectively made her mute. “Why are you doing this to me? Why?”

“Diana and I have always wanted to do this to someone. I know it's painful, but it's all for the best,” said Gladys.

“What are you going to do? Please don’t kill me, please—”

“Oh, we’re not going to kill you, dear. Why would we go to all this trouble just to kill you?” Gladys asked.

Diana frowned. “Well, she *could* die from complications. This is all highly experimental, you know.”

“Yes, yes, but let’s not think about that,” Gladys said. “Let’s be optimistic, shall we?”

“But I don’t wanna die,” Terra cried as loudly as she could. She sounded very hoarse. “I’ll do anything you want. Let me go, I won’t tell anyone, I swear! Just please let me go.”

Gladys just shook her head, smiling.

“I’m sorry I stole your jacket. I’m sorry!”

Gladys laughed. “This isn’t about the jacket. It’s sheer opportunity... nothing personal. You were simply the right person at the right time. That’s all. Say something for me, would you?” Gladys asked, leaning close. “Say ‘I love fur’ for me.”

“Uh.. I love f-fur?” Terra stammered in confusion. At that moment, Diana took her finger off the valve, rendering Terra mute again.

Gladys just smiled. “Yes, that’s nice. What lovely last words.”

Last words? What was that supposed to mean? They are planning on killing me, no matter what they told me! Terra despaired. Diana was forcing Terra’s mouth open again and the girl’s jaw was too weak to resist. Instead of getting gagged again, as Terra anticipated, she saw a frightening stainless steel apparatus. It was bowed and had hinges at the ends. She tried to close her mouth, but Diana easily slipped it in so that it hooked behind her front teeth. As it was spread apart, it forced Terra’s mouth wide open. Her lips were stretched painfully wide. She wanted to scream. All she could do was breathe throatily and make gurgling sounds.

Gladys had applied some kind of clear lubricant to the half-inch wide plastic ball at the end of the fur tube. She dangled it over Terra’s gaping mouth. Terra began to writhe in terror when she realized where it was going. More silent screams. Gladys dropped the ball into the back of Terra’s open throat. Terra’s mouth was spread open too wide to be able to block off the back of her throat with her tongue. The heavy, slippery thing was bounced around at the top of her esophagus as her muscles panicked over the hard ball they were supposed to swallow. Finally, it entered her throat, pulling its long tail of fur along with it.

There was an awful, stretching pain as the muscles reflexively pulled it down. Terra felt like she would choke to death, but that was impossible now that she was breathing entirely through her neck. She was sure her throat must be being torn apart. Her eyes watered and her breath whistled loudly through the valve. The stretching pain slowly made its way down her throat and into her chest. There was a searing sensation of heartburn as it passed by the frantically beating organ. The furry tube was steadily being drawn past Terra’s open lips and over her tongue as it was pulled down into her stomach.

After almost two feet of the tube had gone into Terra’s mouth, the pain receded and the fur stopped moving. The heavy ball had entered her stomach.

Her throat still ached terribly, to match the pain at the base of her neck, but at least the worst of it was over. She still felt as if she was choking, however. The thick fur completely filled her throat and blocked off air from both her mouth and nose. She could still breathe easily through her neck, but that didn't help the instinctive feelings that came from having her throat clogged up. What were they going to do now? Pull it back out and make the torturous pain go in reverse?

“Yes!” Diana exclaimed heatedly. “It worked!”

It worked? What would it have done to her if it *hadn't* worked? Terra couldn't see clearly, but she thought Diana's hand was thrust down the front of her leather pants.

Gladys also looked pleased, but at least she wasn't frigging herself. “That's a relief.”

It seemed the women were finished with her for one night. They were gathering up stuff and putting it away. That was something of a relief to Terra, but she still had all night to think in fear about what they would do to her tomorrow. She gurgled around the fur that filled her mouth. Her throat muscles were still trying to pull it in.

“You did wonderful tonight, dear,” said Gladys. “I'm just so happy I don't know what to say. You're perfect.” She moved the furry pile off of Terra's stomach and arranged it next to her on the table. She then took the head restraint off the girl produced a small, satin pillow. Unable to resist the temptation of whatever comfort she could get, Terra lifted her head and let the pillow slide underneath. It was very smooth against her hairless skin. Diana placed a metal tray below Terra's crotch, in case Terra had to go to the bathroom.

The women left together and shut off the lights. As the door was shut and locked, Terra was plunged into total darkness. It was disorienting. She couldn't remember being in such utter blackness, even in a shuttered room at night; there was always some small light coming from somewhere. Terra drifted, her only stimulus being the snug restraints, the pain in her throat and spread jaw, and the eerie sound of her breath coming from her neck. That and the damn fur in her mouth. The feel of her warm breath blowing against the underside of her chin was very disturbing.

She slept on and off through the night, but it was very fitful. Sometimes she cried. Other times she simply laid still in a state of numbness. When she heard the sound of Gladys' pumps on the wooden stairs outside the door, Terra was almost happy. It had felt like she had spent days down there, alone and in pain in the darkness.

There was sudden flood of white as the lights came on, burning Terra's eyes. She scrunched them shut and turned her head. “Oh! I'm sorry, dear. I

wasn't thinking. I'll warn you next time," Gladys said. She approached the girl and checked the valve for any hint of infection.

Gladys was wearing a conservative outfit of dark red. She always seemed to look fresh and unruffled. Terra, on the other hand, felt like shit. She was sore all over, her mouth was terribly dry, and she suspected that the corners of her lips were dry and cracked from being stretched wide. At least much of the pain had subsided in her neck. She couldn't even imagine what she must look like now. Hairless, a hole in her throat, and with this long fur hanging out of her mouth like a hairy tongue.

"I suppose you didn't rest very well. You'll get used to it all in time. It won't always be so uncomfortable," Gladys said. Terra just replied with a glare. Gladys proceeded to wipe Terra down with a damp washcloth, cleaning off the stale sweat and specks of dried blood.

Diana came in a minute later. "How's she doing?" she asked.

"Seems to be doing okay. She only peed a little. The incision looks like its healing and she's swallowed more of the fur," Gladys said. Terra hadn't realized she was still swallowing the fur tube. How much of it was inside her now? Were they expecting her to swallow the entire thing? Her stomach would explode!

The women went about preparing whatever was coming next while the frightened, exhausted girl watched. Diana secured Terra's head in the head restraint once more. Terra was too tired to resist much. Gladys was putting lubricant on a pair of what were certainly small, pink tampon applicators. There were going to put tampons in her? What for? Then Terra saw that dangling out of the back ends of the tampons were tiny tubes of fur instead of strings.

"Guess what's inside of these," Gladys said to Terra, holding up one of the tampon applicators so that Terra could see. Gladys then showed her something made of fur she held in the other hand. At first, Terra thought it was a cat toy. It was a fluffy ball of fur, about two inches in diameter, made of the same kind of fur that she was swallowing. It dangled from a inch-thick fur tail. She bounced it playfully around on Terra's eyes and nose, making Diana laugh as the girl squinted in anger. Gladys squeezed it in her hand, showing that it could be compressed into a smaller size. "It has an expanding foam core. Do you have any idea how hard it is stuffing one of these inside a tampon applicator?" Gladys asked. Terra didn't know, and couldn't understand why someone would want to do that in the first place.

Gladys tossed the furball onto the table covered with scraps and drew close to Terra with one of the applicators. Terra watched it, cross-eyed, as it was brought near to face. Gladys poked it, gently but firmly, into Terra's right nostril. Terra struggled first in indignation, then in pain. The blunt applicator wasn't very

thick, but it still stung as it was pushed through tender, damp membranes deeper and deeper into Terra's nose. Terra was rigid with bewilderment and shock.

When the applicator reached where it was supposed to be, Gladys pushed on the plunger at the end. It took some effort to force the furball out of the tube and into Terra's sinuses, but at last it popped out of the end. It entered and expanded, taking up all available space in her right sinus. The soft fur instantly irritated the delicate tissue, but the membranes were unusually dry and couldn't produce any protective mucus. All Terra knew was that she felt a severe burning and tickling sensation, along with an incredible pressure deep inside her nose and almost behind her eyes. She stared, wild-eyed, at the ceiling, unable to believe that someone had just shoved a two inch wide ball of fur up her nose.

Gladys removed the applicator, letting the furry tail of the thing slide through it, just like the string of a tampon. The tail expanded, too, filling Terra's nasal passage and nostril with fur. It hung down a full inch below the girl's nose. Gladys tugged at the tail, stretching it out and making sure it was set firmly in place. There was no way it could be pulled out now. The expanded ball was far too large to be pulled out the way it came in. She trimmed the tail so that only a tuft of thick fur was visible deep inside her nose. Satisfied, she repeated the painful and disturbing process with the other nostril.

Terra was silently screaming as Gladys finished up. Not only was her mouth and throat filled with fur, but now it was inside her head as well. Inside her *skull*. It stung and the pressure made it feel as though her eyes were bulging out. *Why are they doing this to me? What in god's name are they doing?* Mute and gagged, she couldn't even beg for an explanation. Her head was unrestrained once again. She jerked her head around, hoping in vain to dislodge the horrible furballs, but they were crammed in there good. She couldn't even exhale through her nose to attempt to snort them out. All of her sharp exhalations went out through her neck. As she moved, the fur tube from her mouth was whipped back and forth. The women were laughing at her reactions.

"Well, that's cute," said Diana. "Do we do the next part now?"

"I'm not sure. I don't want her to get overwhelmed. Let's let her nose recover while we have some lunch. I think there's still some of that egg salad left."

They left Terra alone again. She hated them, the way they performed inexplicable tortures on her and then went off for sandwiches. She wished she could eat, too. She knew she should be starving by this time, but she guessed her stomach was full of fur. It didn't feel as full as she thought it might have been, but at least her stomach wasn't aching. She wondered how she was going to eat, or even drink, with this fur filling her mouth and throat. Would she endure all this

just to starve to death?

Her sinuses had stopped burning as bad by the time the women returned. The tickling pressure was still there, though. She noticed that she must still be eating the fur. Lying there with nothing to do, she could feel the long hairs slowly, almost imperceptibly, move over her lips and tongue as her throat kept pulling it in. Gladys and Diana continued discussing some mundane gossip as if they didn't have a kidnapped girl strapped to the a table next to them. Terra noticed Gladys looking hard at her breasts. "That reminds me," she said and went to the table of fur scraps to work on something.

Diana set a stool between Terra's thighs and sat down. She put on another pair of latex gloves. The sight filled Terra with impending doom. *No more, she begged, please, no more.* Diana prodded and spread Terra's pussy lips and probed around inside. Terra's face turned bright red with this new violation. There was nothing she could do about it but squirm around in the restraints and make her thighs tense up and quiver. Terra didn't have a great view of what was going on, but with her head free she could at least see what Diana was doing between her legs.

Diana wasn't playing with Terra's pussy for any sexual gratification, at least not for the time being. She was all business. She inserted a frightfully cold speculum into her Terra's pussy and spread it open wide. More poking and prodding. What was all this about? Terra almost fainted when Diana picked up a syringe with an impossibly long needle. The stirrups creaked as Terra tried as hard as she could to clamp her legs together. She watched in horror as the long needle disappeared below the curve of her crotch. Terra waited, sweating, for the needle to jab into something. She wasn't expecting the shock of feeling it being carefully poked into the muscular tissue of her cervix. She thumped her bald head against the table in pain as fluid was injected into the muscle. The procedure was repeated twice in different areas at the opening to her uterus. Finally the needle and speculum were both removed and set aside. Terra had no idea what that was all about, but she hoped that was all the business that Diana had down there.

While waiting for whatever it was to take effect, Diana lubed up a narrow, metal tube. She located the opening of Terra's urethra and unceremoniously slid the tube inside. *What the hell are you doing?* Terra shouted silently. Her urethra flared with waves of burning pain as the tube was pushed up into her urethra. She felt it pushing into her bladder and Terra figured she was being catheterized. She'd heard about that before. But catheters weren't that thick, and didn't have a furry tail sticking out the back, which Terra now saw. With morbid curiosity, Terra watched intently. As the tube passed into her bladder, a brief stream of urine trickled out and dribbled down Terra's ass. "Don't worry," Diana said. "You

won't have to do that anymore. One less thing to bother with, right?" Then Diana pushed on the metal tube's plunger, forcing the furball into Terra's bladder.

It spread out, filling her bladder with fur. As it fluffed up, Terra felt an increasing urge to pee. A few seconds later, it was as though she had to pee so bad that she was about to burst. She pushed, but there was no way the furball would be able to pass through her bladder's tiny sphincter. Her urethra burned like crazy as the tube was removed, leaving the furry tail that was attached to the fur in her bladder. The stretching sensation was still there, as the expanded fur tail felt as wide as the tube. The hairs irritated the lining, making her feel like she had a bad bladder infection. The bushy tail fluffed out of her urethra like a bottle brush and dangled several inches out of her pussy.

Terra noticed a strange feeling deep inside her pussy as she internally struggled with the new invader. It wasn't exactly as if it was numb back in there, but more like feeling all loose and slack. The muscles there didn't respond when she tried to contract them. From a short table nearby, Diana picked up something that looked like a giant version of a tampon applicator, but with a narrow, tapered tip. It was a homemade thing, made of plastic, and was a little thicker than the size of an average vibrator. It was even curved a little. From its bottom end dangled a long, dense, furry tail of startling thickness, somewhat resembling a dark brown fox tail. Terra vigorously shook her head no. Diana caught her eyes and smirked, holding up the applicator thing and squeezing a tube of lubricant over it as she rolled it between her fingertips.

Gladys had stopped her work to watch. Terra's head flopped back onto the table and she waited for the inevitable. She felt Diana spread her lips open and press the tip of the thing inside of her. At the very least it was warm. Terra's brow furrowed as it penetrated deeper. It wasn't too big to fit, but almost. It was as large as anything she'd taken inside of her before, and she felt just about at her limits. *If they wanna stuff my pussy with fur, Terra wondered, why not just shove it in by hand? Why use that tube thing?*

She got her answer almost immediately. As it reached the back of her pussy, she felt the narrow tip of the thing poke into her cervix, which had been injected with strong muscle relaxants. The fact that her cervix was looser didn't help with the pain as it was stretched open by force to receive the damn applicator. Terra thrashed in agony, wondering if this was what having a baby felt like. The widest part of the tube pushed through her cervix and the pain leveled off.

Diana pushed on the plunger at the end of the applicator, grunting with effort. The contents were very tightly packed inside. Terra convulsed each time the woman caused the applicator to move. A large furball was pushed out of the tube and into Terra's womb. Terra could feel it growing and growing as more of it

came out. The fur was larger than Terra's fist-sized uterus and, though that organ was made to stretch, it wasn't supposed to swell that fast. There were the most awful cramps as the furball reached its full size. The fur was soft and squishy, but there was only so much space available. Terra could almost see a swell in her abdomen, as if she was pregnant and just starting to show.

Diana slowly removed the applicator. The tail of the furball narrowed into a thin, yet strong, stem where it passed through her cervix. The abused muscles clamped down almost completely on the narrow portion of fur, trapping the ball of fuzz inside Terra's womb. The rest of the tail was nowhere near as thin. The fur left behind as the applicator slid out was almost three inches across and very dense. Although it compressed a little under the pressure of Terra's vaginal walls, it stayed pretty much the same size. Terra had never had anything close to that size inside of her. Her pussy was agonizingly stretched to its utter limits. The mouth of her pussy was stretched wide around the tail, which hung down from her body a full six inches. Once it was finished, Diana looked very happy.

Terra was soaked with sweat, gasping for air, and shivering all over. Tears soaked the sides of her face. The pain and cramps still hadn't subsided. She couldn't believe what had just happened to her. Weren't they ever going to stop? She was being stuffed with fur. Every hole, every orifice, packed to bursting with expensive, fluffy fur. What would it take for them to be satisfied? They would soon kill her if they kept this up. How was she supposed to pee now? She knew for sure that she would be unable to pull the furball out of her womb, no matter how hard she tugged at the tail. She remembered hearing about drugs that would make the cervix dilate and the uterus contract, forcing a birth. She hoped that would work in this case. Otherwise, it was going to require surgery to get it out. That is, if she could ever get to a hospital. They were systematically ruining her.

Diana stood up and stretched her back with an audible crack. Gladys was stroking Terra's shoulders and bald head. "You poor dear. That must have hurt something awful. It's all over now, though. We won't have to do that again." She moved to the bottom of the table and closely examined Diana's work. She gently pulled at the fat fur tail dangling down, letting it slide through her hands. "Oh, it's beautiful," she breathed. "It's so perfect. Almost looks like a part of you. It really worked. I'll still need to trim it down, of course." She pushed her fingertips down on Terra's abdomen, marveling at the swelling of the soft fur pushing out from within. Although it hurt when she did that, even Terra was amazed at her belly's strange, new cushiness.

"That's almost it," said Diana. "Just about done."

"I'm still working on the other tubes. Are you sure you want to do it? I think it sounds risky," said Gladys.

“Naw, she’ll be fine. She’s a tough cookie. You know you want to do it. Think how sexy it will be,” Diana said, embracing the older woman. Terra turned her head as they made out in front of her while she was in such pain.

They gave Terra a break for a while. Gladys was working on something at the table, but Terra couldn’t see what it was. If it involved more of those tubes, it couldn’t be good. She didn’t know what else they could fill with fur, anyway. Her butt? That was all she could think of. It was the only hole she had left. She wished they would at least give her some strong painkillers. Her belly and pussy hurt so bad.

Diana busied herself with giving Terra an enema to ‘clear a path.’ It didn’t hurt, but it was one of the more humiliating acts done to her. Uncontrollably voiding her bowels in liquid spurts with an audience was mortifying. They didn’t make a big deal out of it, but it was embarrassing all the same.

Some hours later, while Gladys worked, Diana started something new. She set a baggie full of small balls of fur at the top of Terra’s table. The balls were barely half an inch wide. Terra tried to shy away as best she could. She was terrified of this woman who could inflict so much pain with so little emotion. Diana smiled coldly. Without a word, she turned Terra’s head to the side and held it down with a hand on her temple. Terra couldn’t see what she was doing.

She felt one of the little balls drop into the cup of her ear. Diana poked it into Terra’s ear canal with a fingertip. Terra jerked but Diana held her head in place without effort. One after another, fuzzy balls were poked into her ear, pushing the previous ones in deeper. They tickled but didn’t hurt. Hurting is what came next. With the eraser-end of a pencil, Diana prodded the furballs deeper into Terra’s ear. They were packed painfully against her eardrum. Two more balls were poked in. Once Terra’s ear canal was stuffed full of compressed fur, Diana glued a small patch of fur over the opening to make sure they wouldn’t come out. Then she turned her Terra’s head and did the same thing to her other ear.

Terra looked around with a dazed expression. It was the least painful thing they’d done to her, but no less confusing. She shook her head, trying to clear her ears. Now her hearing was screwed up, on top of everything else. She could no longer hear the women when they talked quietly, or hear any other quiet sounds for that matter. The sounds that did get through were muffled and... fuzzy.

Terra started awake at the feel of Gladys nudging her shoulder. She hadn’t realized she was falling asleep. She was a nervous wreck from the long periods of helpless boredom punctuated by pain. The sound-muffling fuzz in her ears didn’t help. Now she had even fewer stimuli, unable even to listen to the sounds going on around her. It was like mild sensory deprivation. She prayed they wouldn’t take her sight as well. She would lose her mind.

“Sorry to wake you, but I might as well get this next part over with. Now, now, don’t start struggling. This shouldn’t hurt at all. I didn’t even think of it until I saw these,” Gladys said as she fingered one of Terra’s nipple rings. “These are metal. I told you: nothing hard for you from now. Just soft things.”

Terra watched Gladys inexpertly take the nipple rings out of their piercings. Terra made an attempt at communication by fluttering one of her hands and trying to write letters into the impressionable vinyl with a fingernail. Gladys glanced down at Terra’s hand. If she understood what Terra was doing, she made no sign. Terra stopped trying. Gladys wasn’t interested in anything Terra had to say. Terra figured the women saw her as something less-than-human, anyway. How could they do this stuff to her otherwise?

Gladys took two small items from the table. They were tiny, furry caps, shaped like thimbles. Narrow strips of fur went across the open ends, attached at one side and loose at the other. Using one of the nipple rings, she carefully poked the little strip of one of the caps through the hole in Terra’s right nipple. Once it was through, she added a daub of strong glue at the end of the strip and placed the cap over it. It hugged Terra’s nipple, held in place with her own pierced hole, and making it look like she was growing a tuft of fur in the middle of breast instead of nipple. After it had set, Gladys pinched some of the fur and pulled, lifting Terra’s breast just the same as if she was pulling a ring. She did the same with the left nipple. Terra was amazed, morbidly so, at the perverse thoroughness with which they were changing her. And she still didn’t know why or where it was all headed.

They left her alone while they had dinner. All Terra had to eat was a never-ending tube of fur while she counted all her various pains. She had no idea how much she had swallowed or how much was left to go. When it was through, were they just going to force it down her throat again? She cried tearlessly for a while. For some reason, tears wouldn’t come. Her eyes were dry. She thought that maybe she had used them all up. Her mouth was even worse, what with it gaping open and being dried with fur. It made her wonder what happened to a tongue when it got all dried out. Yet, for some reason, she didn’t feel all that thirsty.

Gladys seemed nervous about something when they came back in. She and Diana were having a heated discussion and they kept glancing over at Terra. Terra couldn’t make out a word they were saying with her ears plugged up. After a few minutes it appeared that Diana managed to soothe Gladys’ fears about whatever it was.

Gladys approached the table with a guilty look and spoke loud enough for Terra to hear. “I’m so sorry, dear, but we’re going to do something that’s probably going to hurt more than the other things we’ve done to you. It’s a last minute addition. It’s an opportunity that we simply can’t pass up. I really don’t know

how to make it any easier for you. I would if I could. But we've decided this has to be done to make you complete."

I don't wanna be complete! I wanna go home! I want to be back in Missouri! I don't want anymore pain, please, no more pain... if you can't drug me then choke me 'til I pass out, I don't want any more! Terra screamed. *Oh god... my eyes... they're going to pull out my eyes and stick fur in the sockets, I just know it!*

It turned out not to be her eyes they were going for. Gladys unbuckled the strap that was snugged beneath Terra's breasts. Diana rubbed more of that brownish antiseptic stuff over Terra's torso and breasts. Terra watched them, completely frantic yet totally helpless. If she could still pee, she probably would have been wetting herself.

Gladys turned away as Diana brought a scalpel to the bottom of one of Terra's large, round breasts. Seeing this, Terra shut her eyes as tightly as she could and gripped the sides of the table. Diana delicately sliced into the reddish scar tissue where the plastic surgeon had incised to insert the implants. She cut a slit nearly an inch and a half wide and then parted the tissue beneath. Fortunately the skin was so tightly stretched because of the over-large implant that she didn't have to cut very deep to reach it. After some squirts of saline to wash away the blood, she exposed the tough outer skin of the implant. She repeated the process with the other breast.

Terra felt like she was in hell. She thought she must have died some time ago, maybe she had been hit by a car while crossing a street, and she would spend eternity tied down and being cut up a piece at a time by fur-obsessed demonesses. But the scalpel was very sharp and the pain, though terrible, wasn't much worse than having her womb penetrated and stretched or her throat punctured. But these were her *breasts* they were cutting into! She was afraid that they were going to cut her breasts off entirely. She didn't even have the release of screaming out loud.

"You should open your eyes, Terra. This next part shouldn't hurt. You might want to watch this," Diana said. Terra looked down at herself. Her breasts blocked most of her blood from view, but she could feel it running down her sides and pooling under her back.

Diana cut into the surface of an implant. Saline poured out of the bottom of Terra's breast. It was warm and didn't hurt too much as it flowed through the incision. She watched with horror as her left breast slowly deflated. It turned from a firm D to a saggy C before her eyes, and was still shrinking. Not caring if it hurt the girl, Diana pressed on the breast to get as much of the saline out as possible. Then she attempted to stop most of the bleeding.

Terra almost didn't feel the pain anymore, she was in such deep shock. Those breasts had cost her so much. How was she supposed to be a dancer with deflated, sagging boobs? If she ever got out of here, she would have to start all over again just to get them replaced. Bald, sagging, fur crammed everywhere... they were making her hideous. Terra was almost catatonic with despair, and her head rolled back. She couldn't bear to watch it happen to her other breast. She got to feel every second of it, anyway.

Once the implants were empty, limp bags, Diana cut the punctures she had made in them a bit bigger. Gladys handed Diana two tubes. They were actually plastic vibrator shells, hollowed out and hastily modified into fur applicators. The women's intentions began to dawn on Terra. Diana nosed one of them into Terra's breast and empty implant, painfully stretching the incision in the process. Terra realized she had a dildo shoved halfway into the center of her breast.

My tit is impaled with a vibrator. I told myself I'd never let that happen again after last time, Terra thought with a hysterical laugh. The large furball packed in the tube was deposited inside the implant. Terra watched, with mixed relief and horror, as her breast swelled up as it expanded. She wouldn't have to be saggy and mutilated, which was good, but now the breast was stuffed with fur. She didn't know which fate was worse.

The furball was a little larger than the implant shell, so it filled it up to resemble an over-inflated beach ball. It made the skin tight and shiny. Terra stared at her taut and perfectly spherical breast, tipped with the bit of fur that was her nipple. Then she had to shut her eyes and grip the table as the second applicator was pushed into her other breast. When both furballs had filled Terra's breasts to capacity, Diana sealed up the cuts in the implant shells. She then began the painful process of sealing up the incisions.

Afterwards, Diana sucked down a cigarette while Gladys fawned over Terra's new breasts. Terra was trying to cope with the throbbing pain and Gladys' fondling and squeezing of her tits didn't help. Every heartbeat and intake of breath sent a stab of pain through both breasts. "Aww, she's hurting. Can't play with her like this," said Gladys. "How long will it take her to heal?"

"Actually, the drug should speed up recovery a lot. But I have to admit, I think she's pretty much reached her limits," replied Diana.

"Well, that won't be a problem." Gladys patted Terra's head. "Don't worry, there's no more surgery or anything. No more cutting. All you have to do now is regain your strength."

No more cutting? That was cold comfort, considering the misery she was already in. Her mouth hurt, her throat and neck hurt, and it felt like she had a bad sinus infection. Her breasts felt like they were on fire, her pussy ached, her

bladder burned, and her womb felt like it about to explode. It seemed there was hardly an inch of her body that didn't throb with pain.

"Isn't there anything we can give her for the pain?" Gladys asked as she mopped up Terra's blood and implant saline.

"Not that I know of. Anything I give her that's strong enough to overcome the drug might kill her," said Diana.

"That wouldn't be good."

No shit, Terra thought.

Diana messed with the IV bag. "I think her system is acclimated now. I can increase the flow. It should make her feel better. Make her sleep more, anyway."

Terra listened to this conversation with only half a plugged ear. The rest of her was trying to find a peaceful corner of her mind to crawl into. Shortly after Diana adjusted the IV, Terra began to feel drowsy. Sleep would definitely be nice.

Gladys asked Terra, "Would you like that jaw spreader out of your mouth?"

Terra nodded vigorously.

"Alright, I think you've got the point. But if you bite down on the fur to keep from swallowing, this thing goes right back in your mouth. Got it?" Gladys unlocked the hinges on the gag and worked it out from behind Terra's teeth. She had to slide it down the length of the fur tube, but there wasn't that much remaining to be swallowed. Welcome pain flared in Terra's jaw as the tense muscles were allowed to relax. Her lips felt stretched and the muscles wouldn't respond. Her mouth hung slack but that didn't concern her. It was just such a relief to have that metal thing out of her mouth.

Diana went to lie down upstairs but Gladys remained for a while. She had pulled a chair up next to the table and was reading a book. A tape player on the workbench was softly playing that song Gladys liked, *Love is Blue*. Terra hated her for tricking and kidnapping and torturing her. But having someone there while she was feeling so awful, even if that someone was a monster in human form, was better than being alone in the dark. She tried to communicate that she was in pain, but all Gladys did was favor her a glance and a smile. Slowly but inexorably, sleep claimed Terra.

The next day was mercifully uneventful. It seemed that the women really were done cutting holes in her and stuffing all of her orifices full. Terra was amazed how fast her breasts were healing from their traumatic implant adjustment. The incisions ached a lot and itched badly, but didn't hurt unless she caused her breasts to wobble. Her neck only hurt when she turned her head to the side. She thought her pussy must be getting used to being filled to the verge of tearing, but it was sore and her urethra still burned. At least her womb had stopped cramping, but it still ached deep inside from being unnaturally stretched.

After they had checked the IV and put some more salve on her sore spots, Gladys and Diana left Terra alone most of the day. They talked and went about their business in such a casual manner that it angered Terra. She wanted her suffering acknowledged. They were treating her like a pet animal or... an object. However, she found that she wasn't getting horribly bored or restless bound to the table. Her mind seemed clouded and floaty, like she was on some kind of sedative. It was hard to concentrate on anything and she was in a hazy half-awake state most of the time. It cut down on her anxiety but didn't do much for the pain. Terra didn't know if it was some side effect of the shock she'd been enduring or the weird yellow drugs Diana was putting in her bloodstream. She thought it was probably the drugs.

"Well, there's nothing else to do right now except let you heal up," Gladys told her in what Terra guessed must have been the evening. "If you behave yourself, we'll let you up off that sticky table for the night. Would you like that?"

Terra nodded as emphatically as she could without hurting herself. If they let her up, this might be her chance to make an escape. She strategized about the best way to knock over the crazy women and get out of the house before they could catch her. The sound of heavy chains dragging across the concrete floor penetrated her internal earmuffs. She then felt Diana lock steel cuff around her ankle and craned her neck to see what was going on. The cuff's chain was attached on its far end to a bolt in middle of the floor. *Noooo...* Her head fell back against the headrest. She couldn't escape with a chain around her ankle. *It's not fair! They're not even giving me a chance!*

The women unfastened the restraints that pinned Terra to the table while she hastily thought of how she might overpower one of the women, probably Gladys, and hold her hostage for the key. She discovered almost immediately that overpowering anything tougher than a powderpuff was completely out of the question. They lifted her into a sitting position and she could hardly keep herself from flopping back onto the table, she was so weak. Terra didn't know if it was the days of being restrained, lack of food, or the drugs, but she was weak as a kitten. Even a perfunctory struggle to show she didn't want them touching her was too much effort.

Her muscles ached all over as she shakily placed her feet on the floor, using the table for support. Moving around made her boobs hurt and she could feel strange aching and pressure as her fur-stuffed innards shifted. She so wanted to feel her body with her own hands, to feel what had been done to her, but she didn't dare with the two women right there. Instead, she just stood with her hands flat against the table in case her legs suddenly gave out.

"Don't think of doing anything stupid like pulling out that IV or you'll be in

big trouble,” said Diana. “That wouldn't accomplish anything but a slight delay, and would just make me mad. If you've thought things have been bad so far, just think of how bad it could be if we were angry.”

“Oh, now,” said Gladys, “she knows better than to do that. Don't you, dear? You're shivering. Are you cold? Here, I'll make a nest for you.” She started gathering up some of the furs from the walls.

Terra watched from the corner of her eye while trying to pretend she wasn't naked with fur hanging out of every hole. The one dangling from her crotch was tickling her thighs, and the fur tube she was sucking on endlessly, seemed disturbingly phallic. Most disturbing of all was the way her breasts felt impossibly light compared to what she was used to. They hardly sagged at all when she stood, just stuck out from her chest like a pair of small soccer balls. Gladys was spreading a couple of furs on the floor and added a third as a blanket. “You can lie down here,” she said.

The girl slowly went down onto her hands and knees on the fur bed and stretched out. Her limbs quivered from the effort. Funny, the only thing she could manage with her limited freedom after being tied down for days was to lie down again. The fur was cushy. Not as comfortable as a bed, but considerably more pleasant than the vinyl exam table. Gladys spread the blanket over her and gave her the satin pillow to use. Terra tugged the heavy fur up to her neck. The women moved all of the little tables well out of her reach. Then, after Gladys had told Terra a few more honeyed but ineffective platitudes, they turned off the lights and left.

She began to explore herself under the cover of darkness. She couldn't believe how strange her bare scalp felt, it was so smooth and sensitive. She had to squeeze her breasts despite the discomfort, horrified and amazed at how much they felt like foam balls sheathed in skin. There was hardly any natural fleshiness to them at all, not even the artificial fleshiness of saline. They might as well have been absurdly round falsies that could feel. The skin was stretched tight and felt sort of sunburned.

She explored the valve in her neck, feeling her warm breath with her fingertips. It wasn't just an open hole, like she had guessed, but had a fine filter-like screen over it. It barely hurt at all when she poked at it. It didn't seem right for it to be healing so fast. She figured the drugs really must be making her heal quickly, like Diana said.

Next was the fur, the cursed fur. For the first time she was able to touch the soft tube she was slowly eating. Experimentally, she gave it a tug. Her throat muscles had gotten so used to swallowing constantly that the motion made her gag painfully several times. Terra wondered if it would be possible to vomit the whole

thing back up. The mental image of trying to pull ten yards of fur out of her stomach was so unpleasant that she didn't consider it for long. She couldn't even reach the fur tails inside of her nose to try and tug on them. The furballs deep in her head didn't sting anymore at all, but the internal pressure still hadn't lessened. She supposed she could rip off the fur patches that held the tiny balls in her ears so she could dig the balls out. It would relieve the pressure on her eardrums, but she could imagine Diana getting mad and just holding her down while painfully stuffing twice as many back into her ears.

She cautiously felt the two fur tails coming out of her crotch. The little one bushing out of her urethra was of lesser concern, even though inside it still burned and made her felt like she was bursting to pee at the same time. Her pussy lips were stretched to their limit to encompass the fat, heavy tail connected to the furball in her uterus. Terra couldn't help but tug on it to feel the aching pull deep in her guts. It was like probing a toothache. She wondered if it would require a cesarean section to get the furball out of her body. That would leave even more scars, to match her deflated boobs and hairless head. She also wondered what damage it was might be doing to her, just being in there. Would it make her sterile if it was in too long? Was it already too late?

Her thoughts again turned to escape. She tried slipping her ankle out of the cuff, but that wasn't going to work. She knew from watching the women tidy up that there was nothing within reach. There had to be scissors or something she could use as weapon on Gladys' workbench, but that was on the far side of the room. Even if she used one of the fur blankets as a net to try to drag things over to her, she was still too far away. The only thing she could reach was the exam table, but that had nothing useful on it. Maybe she could use her fingers to unscrew the IV stand that was attached to the side and use it as a club. But, no, they would see that as soon as they opened the door. She doubted she even had the strength left to swing it, anyway.

As she lay there thinking, Terra felt the drug-induced lassitude creeping over her. Maybe after she took a short nap some means of escape would occur to her. The fur blankets were so warm and soft and so much better than that cold table. She had to enjoy any small comfort she could get now.

Terra found herself standing on the edge of a lake in the middle of the forest. She wasn't sure how she got there or where she had been, but she had the feeling that she had just escaped from some awful place. All she knew for sure was that she was free. She was naked, but that wasn't important. There was a light breeze that made the leaves rustle in the trees. The thick grass felt so nice and soft under her feet. She stepped into the lake. The water was warm and water

plants growing out of the muddy bank slid between her toes. She waded in deeper and started to swim. Terra didn't know why simply being out in the open and full of energy was so wonderful, but it was. She swam out until she couldn't feel the bottom with her toes. The water plants tickled her calves. Looking up, she saw the sky had suddenly gone dark and cloudy. Rain? So suddenly? The air was so still and quiet. She turned around and started to make for the shore. The weeds at the bottom had gotten thicker and tangled. Some strands had gotten wrapped around her ankle. She kicked and pulled, but they wouldn't break loose. She began to struggle to keep her head above water. The water was turning thick like warm mud all around her, making it harder to stay afloat. She panicked, pulling desperately at the weeds that were keeping her from reaching safety. The water turned heavy and its surface became completely still and dark brown. It was forcing its way into her body, penetrating her in every way possible. As her face slipped beneath the surface she realized the water had somehow turned into fur. She was surrounded by heavy darkness. Her frantic struggles couldn't get her back into the air. The liquid fur poured into her nose and mouth, smothering her. She was drowning in a lake of fur and couldn't escape...

Terra awoke with a start and sat up, disoriented by the pitch blackness. She was all tangled up in the blanket and was gasping air through her neck. Her ankle hurt. She must have been pulling against the cuff in her sleep. She should probably be covered with sweat, but lately, her skin was staying as dry as her mouth, tongue, and everything else. She was suddenly seized by painful cramps in her belly. It wasn't her uterus this time. She had to go to the bathroom, and bad. Not knowing what she could need to pass, not having eaten any food for days, she got on her hands and knees.

Crawling through the dark at the length of the chain, she hit her forehead on the edge of the examination table. Cursing silently, she groped until she found what she was searching for. She took the steel bedpan from its place under the table and squatted over it, lifting the dangling crotch fur out the way. Shivering and humiliated in the dark, she strained until something heavy dropped out of her ass and clinked into the bedpan. It was still attached to her somehow. Reaching down, she felt a hard, sticky ball, still hot from being inside her. It was clamped to a length of fur that was hanging out of her ass. It was the other end of the fur tube, the ball she had swallowed days ago. It had traveled all the way through her and come out the other end, pulling the fur along with it. It was a strange and disturbing realization that the yucky fur dangling beneath her was part of the same fur that was filling her mouth and throat. Her stomach, bowels, intestines, they were all completely full of fur. *Why? Why? What are they doing to me?*

She tried pulling more of the fur out. She felt another inch or so slide out of her ass, but that was all. She didn't know what to do now. Confused and frightened, she crawled back to the blankets, trying to keep the sticky ball from touching her thighs. She curled up on her side and pulled the blanket over her. She cried, which made strange sounds come from her neck valve. But no matter how hard she cried, her eyes stayed dry. Tears just wouldn't come.

Terra was sound asleep when the women came back. She had the blanket pulled over her head and wasn't awakened by the lights coming on. She was startled awake as the blanket was pulled away and someone shook her by the shoulder. She shaded her eyes and looked blearily up at Diana, who was standing above her. Diana was holding the empty bedpan. "What the hell were you doing all night?" she asked.

Terra just shook her head and tried to pull the blankets back over her. She didn't know if she could explain even if she had a voice. It was just too embarrassing. Gladys was lifting up the other end of the blanket, exposing Terra's legs to the cool air. "Come on, now," she was saying, "let's have a look. Oh my! Oh my, Diana, look! It came out. It worked!"

Then Gladys addressed Terra. "You poor thing, you been here all night trying to sleep with that yucky bit sticking out of you. I'm sorry, we didn't expect you to pass it until tonight or sometime. That must have been terribly unpleasant. I'm sorry. Here, let's get you cleaned up."

Terra let them pull her to her feet. She had hoped her strength would have returned by now. It hadn't. Although her muscles were less shaky than when she had just been released from the restraints, she still felt completely weak. She didn't try to resist until they ushered her toward the table. Terra had a near-phobia of the table by now, considering all the unpleasant things that had been done to her while she was helpless on it.

"Stop that," said Diana. "You won't have to be tied down, *if* you're good. It's just the best place to get this taken care of."

Terra reluctantly let herself be helped onto the table. She laid down on the familiar vinyl and hugged herself while her legs were put in the stirrups. She focused her attention on a blank section of the wall while they checked over her to make sure she hadn't done anything like pulling out the IV line or messed with the fur. Terra noticed with distress that the unswallowed end of the fur was almost gone. Only a few inches were left. Then she would have to deal with the big fur pad at the end. It was far too big to swallow. She didn't know what would happen then.

Diana, seated at the end of the table, unscrewed the halves of the ball and unclamped it from the fur tube. Then she squirted some kind of cleaning solution

over the fur to wash it clean. “This part picked up a lot of leftover gunk on its way through. But don’t worry, your intestinal lining should have sealed itself off and be dry now. Won’t be producing anymore mucus or digestive fluids or anything that would cause you to lose water,” she said while she worked. “Of course, it also means you can’t digest anything now, but that doesn’t matter.”

Terra didn’t understand what Diana was saying, but she was pretty sure that her guts were supposed to stay wet in order to be healthy. And if she couldn’t digest anything anymore, did that mean she’d starve? Even after all this time, she still didn’t feel hungry or thirsty. She wondered if what Diana was talking about was the same reason her mouth was so dry. She hadn’t been able to make any saliva for a day or so. Her tongue and inner cheeks feel smooth and dry. They didn’t feel sore or cracked, like she figured they ought to be, just dry and satiny. It sure felt strange to feel the fur in mouth stay completely dry, tickling her tongue and throat as if they were no different from the skin on the outside of her body. She wondered if the rest of her insides were like that, too. She wasn’t able to ask questions about her predicament, though. She could only wait to be acted upon without any understanding. Like some animal at the vet.

Terra looked down at Diana, occupied between the V of her thighs, and was filled with anger. It occurred to her that since she wasn’t restrained, she could easily lift her leg out of the stirrup and kick the mean woman square in the face. She might be weak, but Terra but reckoned she was still strong enough for her heel to inflict some pain. Maybe even break Diana’s nose! That was a happy thought. But even while her thigh twitched in anticipation of the motion, Terra knew she wouldn’t be able to go through with it. She knew that in seconds Diana would be all over her, and she didn’t have the strength to fight back. They would restrain her again and Terra would lose even the limited freedom she had gained. Who knew when they would let her up again if she did something like that. And worse, once she was tied up again, what was to stop Diana from doing something worse to her as revenge? She’d be able to break Terra’s nose if she wanted, or any other bone in her body. One of them had said the two women would be the only ones to see her again, so what would it matter to them if she was disfigured worse than she already had been? Terra felt like crying again, as if she had lost some sort of battle, as her leg relaxed back in the stirrup.

After a while, Gladys got the bottle of what Terra recognized as the hair-killing cream. “Alright, stand up. Let’s get this part finished with.”

Terra, not wanting to lose all of the her remaining body hair forever, struggled and tried to plead with her. She grabbed onto the leather restraints and wouldn’t let them pull her off the table. Even though she was very weak, she had enough strength to keep them from easily prying her deathgrip loose.

Fed up, Diana told her, “Quit resisting! You know you can’t stop us. Look up. Do you see that winch on the ceiling? All we have to do is tie your wrists to that, lift you up, and let you hang there like a slab of meat while we do whatever we want to you. Do you have any idea how bad it hurts to hang by your arms like that? Is that what you want?”

Terra did not. She slowly slid herself off the table and stood rigid, flushed with humiliation and helpless anger. Diana, at least, didn’t smirk or gloat over the girl’s capitulation, allowing Terra a scrap of dignity. She was shivering again. She wondered why she so chilly all of the time now. Was the room colder or was it her? She shuffled away until she reached the chain’s limit, then had to endure them touching her. Gladys wrapped the fur tails in plastic baggies to keep the cream off them before they applied it to her skin. They smeared the stuff from her neck down, not even neglecting her fingers and toes.

“Should we do her eyebrows?” Diana asked as she stripped off her latex gloves. Terra shook her head ‘no’ vigorously.

“Hmm. No, I don’t think so,” said Gladys. “She would look pretty strange without them.”

Oh, great, thanks for being so concerned about my appearance all the sudden. Terra glowered at both of them while huffing heavily through her neck. They wouldn’t let her sit down for fear of some of it being rubbed off, so she was forced to stand there naked and glistening. Then the tingling started. *Well, it’s not as bad as losing the hair on my head, she thought. At least I won’t have to shave my legs anymore.*

After the necessary time had passed, Terra was washed clean and wiped dry. She found that she was breathing heavily. That brief struggle earlier and even the effort of standing for a while seemed to have exhausted her. She went back to the fur blankets as soon as she was able and wrapped them around herself for warmth. Having no body hair at all didn’t feel much different overall, but her skin did seem a bit more sensitive to the fur.

The women talked to each other, laughing and occasionally glancing over at Terra. Terra was watching them nervously, unable to make out anything they were saying. They might be plotting something horrible to do to her, or just talking about the weather, for all she knew. She wrapped herself up tighter in the blanket until she was just a furry mound with suspicious eyes and a dull pink scalp.

“Come on, get up,” Gladys said. Terra had dozed off again. That made her angry at herself. She should be trying to think up a way to escape and being watchful for opportunities. Instead, she was falling asleep at every lull in activity. Terra realized that the wide, padded end of the fur tube had reached her lips.

There was no skinny part left to swallow. Gladys was untangling her from the blanket. “Back to the table. I thought of another last-minute addition.”

Terra shook her head desperately as she was helped off the floor. *I don't want anything more! No more! Please!* she tried to scream, dragging her feet. She struggled and tried to claw them as they forced her back onto the table. She wasn't going to give them the convenience of submitting this time; they had to refasten some of the restraints to keep her still.

“I sure hope she relaxes eventually,” Gladys commented while re-buttoning her blouse which had come open in the struggle. “This could get old fast.”

“Oh, she'll calm down,” Diana said, poking Terra in the ribs. “If she doesn't, she'll just have to be restrained for the rest of her life. Would you like that, Terra?”

Terra wriggled in despair. The headrest was unhooked and taken away, making her have to strain to hold her head up to keep it from flopping backwards over the top edge of the table. The padded end of the fur tube flopped down over her nose and eyes with her head upside down like that.

Gladys picked up a hollow plastic rod that was a half inch in diameter, and examined it. “I don't know if this is going to fit in there.”

“It should. I'm more concerned with tearing her stomach with it or something.”

What? Fit it in where? Tears my what? Terra lifted her head and looked back and forth at them in terror. “No, no,” Diana said to her, “keep your head tilted back. I need a straight shot.” Diana sat down on a stool at the head of the table, so that Terra was looking at Diana's chest upside down. Diana held Terra's head in place by using her knees. “Do I just cut into it here?” she asked Gladys.

“Yes, that should be fine.”

Cut? Oh, no, she's got a scalpel! No! Don't cut my throat again! It took her a few seconds to realize that Diana was cutting something, but it wasn't part of her. She felt a tugging of the fur tube and gathered that the woman was cutting into it for some reason. There was a moment of hope that they were cutting the end off the thing, and that would mean her mouth would be empty of fur at last. They didn't seem to be doing that, though. Diana took the plastic rod from Gladys and held it in position in front of Terra's open, fur-filled mouth. She must have cut a hole in the side of the fur tube. She started working it into the hole she made, pushing the plastic rod into the hollow core of the fur.

Terra felt strange pressure and poking deep in her throat which caused her to gag a little. Diana was pushing the plastic tube down through the center of the fur all the way down Terra's throat. There was not much pain or anything, since her throat was already used to being constantly stretched by fur, but that didn't

make it any more pleasant. It felt even stranger when the tube was pushed into her stomach and wouldn't go any farther. Terra found she couldn't bend her neck with the hard tube in her stomach sticking all the way out her mouth. *This must be what being on a spit feels like. Now all I need is a fire and barbeque sauce.*

"Don't move." Diana pushed a little scalpel blade that was attached to a thin, stiff wire into the plastic tube. There was a tense moment for all, but especially for Terra, as Diana carefully cut the part of the fur tube in Terra's stomach that was blocking the exit of the plastic thing. Terra was absolutely paralyzed with fear of making Diana screw up. "I think I got it," Diana said as the plastic tube slid in a little deeper. "I don't think I cut her, she didn't start jerking around or anything. Your turn."

"Oh good. That's a relief," Gladys said. She took Diana's place at the head of the table. She was holding a plastic bag full of bright yellow stuff. "There, there, I know it's just one traumatic thing after another for you. But I just couldn't let this go to waste. I chemically treated it just like the fur. It'll stay nice and full and dry."

Gladys opened the bag and Terra realized with a surprisingly deep longing that it was her own hair, all the hair that Gladys had cut off. *The last hair I'll ever grow*, Terra thought, wistful. Gladys took a handful and rubbed it on Terra's scalp. It felt softer than Terra had remembered, back when it was still attached to her. It made her want to cry again. "Does that feel familiar? Your own pelt? The treatment made it so smooth and shiny. Don't worry. It'll be with you from now on."

Oh, wonderful. What's that supposed to mean?

Terra soon found out. Gladys pushed a wad of Terra's bleached hair into the plastic tube and used a probe to force it in deep. Again and again she repeated it, slowly emptying the bag. Out of the corner of her eye, Terra could make out Diana rubbing herself through her pants again, apparently aroused by the bizarre sight of the girl being force fed her own hair. Terra couldn't feel anything at first. Then, gradually, she felt her tummy getting full. It was a strange feeling, since her stomach had been empty for days of everything but the fur tube as it passed through. It wasn't long before she was getting uncomfortably full and suddenly wished she hadn't had so much hair.

By the time the bag was empty, Terra was feeling as if she had just eaten a whole pizza by herself. *My belly is full of my own hair*, she thought numbly. Her stomach seemed bloated and she was breathing heavy from the sensation of being over-stuffed. With her stomach, womb, bladder, and throat all packed, she thought she must be on the verge of bursting wide open. The plastic tube was taken out of her throat and she was free to move her head again. They reattached the headrest

of the table so she didn't have to strain anymore.

"That went perfectly! I'm proud of you, you did so well. I bet it feels nice not to have an empty stomach anymore. Alright. One last thing. You may need a little help with this." Gladys began to compress the wide pad with her hands and tried to push it into Terra's mouth. Terra's eyes went wide and her jaws clamped down on the fur, preventing further entry. "Come on, don't make this difficult," said Gladys, straining to get the girl's mouth open. "It's for your own good. This isn't going to work if you don't open up." Terra shook her head. Gladys sighed. "Diana?"

The other woman smirked and pinched Terra's left nipple very hard. Terra still wouldn't relent, so Diana reached down dug her nails into Terra's clit. Terra squirmed and kicked and finally let her jaw open. Gladys stuffed the fist-sized pad of fur into Terra's mouth while telling the girl to swallow. Terra gagged and choked down the last couple of inches of tubing to make room for the wad of fur. It filled every corner of her mouth, making her cheeks bulge out. It pinned her dry tongue to the floor of her mouth. Her lips were stretched out around the thing in the shape of an oval encircling a patch of thick, dark fur. Even without the tube part descending down her throat, she would have smothered on the thing if she didn't have that air valve in her neck. It was squishy enough to bite down on quite a bit, but as soon as she relaxed her jaw it would spring wide open again.

Gladys was suddenly overcome with lust. "Oh my god. That's so beautiful," she breathed, planting kisses on Terra's near-immobile lips and the fur gag bulging out between them. "Your lips smell like fur." Terra was horrified that she was being kissed on the mouth by this woman. Even worse was the feeling of being not being able to stop her, being reduced to sex-toy status. Diana finally coaxed Gladys off the girl, telling her that there would plenty time for that later.

"Right. Of course," said Gladys, regaining her composure. "I'm just a little overwhelmed, is all. Alright, Terra dear. I just need to tidy up these dangling pieces and then that's it. You can rest and recover and sleep for as long as you want. Won't that be nice? And since there's no more uncomfortable things to do, we'll let these straps loose if you won't thrash around again."

That's it? Terra wondered. You won't do anything else to me? But why did you do all this to me in the first place? Terra didn't struggle as they let her loose. Her hands immediately went to explore her swollen cheeks. She pinched the fur in her fingertips and tried to pull it back out. Even stretching her lips wide with her fingers and opening her mouth as wide as she could didn't dislodge it. She had swallowed the last of the tube and so had securely anchored the gag in her mouth from behind. It simply wasn't going to come out. Even getting a good grip and

pulling on it as hard as she could wouldn't accomplishing anything, except, perhaps, damaging herself inside. The tube was tangled through every inch of her intestines like a complicated knot. She couldn't pull it out from either end. *It's stuck in me. It's stuck in me and I can't get it out! How long am I going to have to live with this thing in my body?*

Terra was struggling with this concept while Gladys carefully worked on the dangling tails of fur. She cut the excess off the fur hanging from Terra's pussy and urethra until they were level with the girl's skin. She then expertly sewed them so that the tails were blunt tufts of fur protruding only slightly from the orifices. The fox-like tail end of the fur dangling from the girl's rectum was left alone. "All done! Okay, Diana, I'm going to make sure everything is set up upstairs. You get her ready to move," Gladys said excitedly.

She was being moved somewhere? Terra started to sit up, then stopped with a wince. The pressure of the hair in her stomach, added to everything else that was stuffed inside her, made motions like sitting up painful. The only way she could stay remotely comfortable was by lying down or by arching her back. Arching her back made the fur-stuffed mockery of her breasts extra-prominent. She couldn't help but feel between her legs to see what Gladys had done. She envisioned her pussy looking like some kind of pink pastry with its filling just starting to ooze out, except the filling was fur. Or as if she was dilating and giving birth to some small, hairy animal. She shuddered.

Diana had fiddled with the IV bag and took Terra's hand. Terra almost snatched it away before she realized that Diana was finally taking the IV needle out. Diana unwrapped the tape that was holding it secure and smoothly slid the needle out of Terra's skin. It did sting a little, but that was a small price to pay for not having to have that strange chemical dripping into her bloodstream anymore. Maybe now she would start feeling normal again and get her strength back. Diana motioned for her to get up.

"Now you listen to me, Terra, now that we have a little moment to ourselves." Diana said, getting uncomfortably close to the girl and trapping her against the edge of the table. She spoke to Terra in a quiet, even voice. "I know you, and I know that you're still hoping for some chance to escape. It doesn't matter if I say you can't, you'd still try anyway. But the sooner you get used to the idea that your life is here with us from now on, the sooner you'll get over being pissed off or depressed or whatever other feelings you have, and that'll make life so much easier for all of us. You've probably figured that Gladys is a soft touch most of the time. And you're right, she is. But I love her, and if you *ever* do anything to take advantage of her kindness in some attempt to escape, or if you hurt her in any way, I will fucking make you suffer like nothing you've

experienced so far. Is that clear?”

Terra, nervous and very intimidated, couldn't keep eye contact with the woman. She made little, jerky nods.

“Good. As long as we understand each other, we'll get along fine. Let me tell you something else that might help keep you from doing something stupid or violent in hopes of getting free.” Diana gestured at the nearly empty IV bag. “That drug has changed you more than you'd guess. It has drastically slowed down your metabolism, making it so you don't have to eat or drink. All you'll need is an intravenous infusion of fluids and nutrients now and then to keep you going. The down side is that your body, now that it's gotten used to it, will go into massive shock unless it gets a regular dose of the stuff. It's meant to be weaned off of slowly. You would starve or dehydrate long before your digestive tract was able to function again. Not only that, it's the only thing that's keeping your body from violently rejecting all this fur inside you. Do you understand what I'm saying? Even if you did escape, you would certainly die within a day or two. Does that clear some quandaries up for you?”

Terra's heart had sunk. She didn't know if Diana was bluffing in order to keep her in check or not. Since she didn't know anything about the drug, she could only assume it was the truth. Diana was telling her that escaping would be equal to suicide. The way things kept getting worse and worse, she wasn't sure if death wasn't preferable to whatever they had in store for her. Diana unlocked the cuff around Terra's ankle and let the chain fall to the floor. It was the first time Terra had been completely unrestrained in days. If this had happened right after she'd been kidnaped, she would already have dashed for the door. Now, all she could do was stand there, consumed by weakness, fear, and indecision.

Diana took Terra firmly by the wrist and led her to the door. Then it was open and they were going up the narrow stairs. Terra couldn't believe that she was actually outside of that terrible room. She thought for sure that she was going to die down there, and now she was out! She was so elated and shocked that she was really out that she didn't even think of trying to pull away from Diana's grip. And now she was being led down the hallway. Everything around her had a surreal quality. Carpet, sunlight, paintings, dried floral arrangements—all these normal things had ceased to exist in her world except as a desperate, fuzzy memory.

She turned her head and for a moment, catching her reflection in a hallway mirror. The brief sight made her stumble. The person she had seen had not been her, not the Terra she knew. It was someone else. Someone with a bald head and dark rings beneath haunted, frightened eyes. Someone whose gaunt face was deformed by a big furry gag that was bulging from between lips stretched taut.

Someone who barely looked human anymore. *That's me*, came the horrifying thought. *But it can't be. I can't have changed that much so fast.*

Diana had brought her to the cold room that held all the fur coats. She quickly pulled Terra inside before the girl had a chance to think about putting up a struggle. The chilled air was like ice on Terra's skin and she immediately began to shiver. Diana locked the door behind her.

Gladys was kneeling on the carpet of furs, spreading out some kind of garment. The fur coat-wearing mannequin that had been standing in the little alcove at the far end of the room was now gone. In its place was a narrow, inclined board and frame from which numerous, thick, fur-covered straps hung. It didn't look promising.

"Oh good, there you are," Gladys said, looking up when they entered. "My goodness... she's not tied up or anything. You came up here all on your own, Terra? That's wonderful! Oh, I'm *so* glad you're getting into the spirit of things!" She got to her feet and pulled Terra into an unwelcome embrace.

What spirit, you crazy old bitch? I have to be here or I'd die! Your crazy dyke girlfriend said so! Terra tried wriggling herself free.

Gladys abruptly released her and spread out the garment with a huge smile. Terra couldn't make out what it was supposed to be. It was made of multiple layers of some kind of dense, silvery fur. It had a lot of laces but beyond that, she couldn't understand it. "It's chinchilla. I made it just to your measurements," Gladys said. "I've been so busy. All for you! So come on, let's put it on you and then we can all have a well-deserved rest. I think I'm getting to old for all of this nonstop excitement."

Terra hesitated. Glancing around, she saw Diana looming menacingly behind her. She stepped forward, her feet sinking deeply into the furs. It would be nice to wear clothing again, if clothing was what the thing was, after having been naked all this time. And she was now so cold that anything would be welcome. She knelt down and started to pick at the jumble of furs. Gladys stopped her. "No, you'll need help putting it on. Here, lie on your back, and we'll work it up your legs. Fur isn't elastic, you know, so it'll be a little tight in places."

Her shivering becoming like spasms, Terra did as she was told. Her teeth would have been chattering loudly if they weren't separated by a thick gag. Diana helped Gladys work the garment up Terra's legs. It was a whole-body garment and looked like it had a hood attached at the neck. The inside of the sleeve-like bottom half was constructed like a pair of footed pants sewn inside an ankle length skirt that was split all the way up the back. It was lined with fur on the inside as well as on the outside, so putting it on was like sliding into a squishy, fuzzy pool. It tickled her hairless legs but felt wonderfully warm. They had some difficulty

getting it over her hips but eventually got it in place, snugging the crotch of the pants against Terra's fur-violated pussy. They rolled her over onto her belly and set to lacing up the back of the skirt part. Terra became more concerned as it grew tighter and tighter around her legs. By the time it was laced up to her butt, Terra's legs were squeezed so tightly together in the hobble skirt that she felt half-mummified. She could bend a little at the knees and hips but that was the limit of her movement. Even her feet were bound together as one wide, furry pad. She looked somewhat like a silver, fuzzy mermaid. *How am I supposed to walk in this thing? What am I supposed to do?*

"Oh, almost forgot," said Gladys. She picked up something that looked like a small, furry egg with a thin electrical cord sticking out of one end. Rolling Terra onto her side, she pushed it into the front of the garment and nestled it right above Terra's clit. When she was rolled back onto her front, the hard, furry egg was pressed against Terra's sensitive flesh. She was in no mood to be aroused by such sensations, however.

Terra was confused by the fact that there seemed to be no sleeves or armholes on the thing, only a complicated jumble of fur on the back. They made sure that her rounded breasts were positioned in the cups in front before it was laced up in the back. It hugged her waist like a thick corset. Now the only parts left uncovered were her arms and head. "Here, dear, would you like to put these on? That's a good girl," said Gladys, handing Terra a pair of furry mittens. Terra looked at the woman with misgiving, then slid her hands inside. Naturally, they were lined with fur and encased her fingers with softness.

The women took her arms, positioning them behind her back, and started working them into a broad, single glove that went from her fingertips to her shoulders. Realizing she would lose the use of her arms, Terra began to squirm in vain. The single glove was laced up, forcing Terra's forearms and elbows towards each other behind her back. It wasn't made painfully tight, but it wasn't very comfortable, either. Her arms were rendered completely useless.

Terra was hyperventilating as they pulled the hood in place. She wished she could beg them to slow down, to just wait a minute and let her get her bearings, but she couldn't. The fur lined hood was snugged against Terra's face and head, making her feel momentarily claustrophobic. It had a single, wide opening for her eyes though, like on a ski mask, so at least she wasn't blinded. The fur felt strangely fascinating as it moved over her hairless scalp. The hood was thickly padded over her gagged mouth, so that as it was laced up from behind, her nose wasn't smooshed flat under the pressure. The neck of the garment was also laced up, but not enough to cut off circulation. Terra guessed there must be a hole in the garment at the base of her throat since her breathing wasn't impeded.

Once they were finished lacing and tightening here and there, the women stood back and observed their handiwork. Terra squirmed and writhed on her side, her legs pumping up and down as one, unable to even find the purchase to flip herself onto her back. She was mummified in silvery fur from head to toe. She thought she must look like a hairy caterpillar. With the exception of her toes, no part of her skin was touching another part. Every inch of her skin was caressed by fur.

She was rapidly using up her small reserves of energy and was on the verge of total exhaustion. She was warm again, however—too warm. It was downright hot in her multilayered cocoon of fur. The hotter she became, the stronger the soporific effect of the drug became. Her mind hazed over, overpowering her fear with a calming languor. Her movements grew smaller and weaker, until at last she went still, twitching only occasionally.

“Isn’t that the most beautiful thing you’ve ever seen, Diana? Isn’t she beautiful?” Gladys asked.

“I’ll say. You do good work.”

“*We* do good work.”

Diana chuckled. “Okay, okay. Let’s stand her up. I think most of the fight has gone out of her.”

Terra was almost limp as she was heaved to her feet. For a frightening moment, she thought they were going to let go of her. Instead, Gladys started covering Terra’s hidden face with kisses that Terra couldn’t feel. She was being squeezed and groped all over by both of them. All she could do was stand there like a statue and take it, afraid of falling flat on her face.

“Gladys. Gladys, enough,” said Diana, amused. “She needs to rest and get adjusted for now.”

Gladys got control of herself. “Of course, you’re right. I’m just so excited, I’m getting carried away,” she said. “I’m just so excited.”

They laboriously dragged Terra up into the alcove and gently laid her against the inclined board. Her single-gloved arms were passed through an opening in the board so that she could lie flat against it with her arms hanging behind her. A ring at the end of the glove was tied to an eye-hook on the underside of the board. Terra tried bending at the waist and found that the anchored glove prevented her from pulling herself away from the board. She was stuck. Then straps of dark fur were buckled and tightened, beginning at her ankles and positioned up her body at roughly one foot intervals.

She couldn’t figure out, while they were buckling the straps, why it was necessary to bind her so securely; the secured single glove was enough to keep her flat against the board no matter how hard she struggled. And even if it didn’t

hold and she was able to fall to the floor, all she would be able to do was lie there and wiggle uselessly like before. And even if she were able to worm her way across the yielding, blanketed floor, she wouldn't be able to open the door even if it was left unlocked. Why did they have to keep adding bondage upon bondage, making her so redundantly helpless that it was utterly impossible to escape, even though escape itself apparently meant certain death?

A final strap was tightened over her mouth, pinning her head to the board. As if on cue, she began to struggle, testing her bonds. She couldn't budge an inch. Her strongest efforts resulted only in the silver fur bulging out a little between the straps. The only slight freedom of movement she had was her fingers, which were free to squeeze soft handfuls of furry mitten all she wanted. Being like that wasn't exactly uncomfortable; she was so well-padded all over that the straps didn't hurt. The only slight discomfort was in her shoulders from her arms being pinned together behind her in the glove.

The women, holding hands, stepped back to gaze at her with something like awe. Terra's eyes wandered from one to the other, then fixed on the large mirror on the door behind them. She couldn't believe that what she saw was really her. Within the alcove in the mirror leaned a vaguely human shape—a mummy made of fur. The dense silvery fur bulged out, segmented, between the dark straps. Her fur-inflated breasts, enhanced by the thickness of the fur outfit, looked enormous and gravity-defying. The fur at the base of her throat ruffled a little as Terra breathed in and out. The only part of Terra visible was her wide eyes, peering out of the featureless, furry face of the statue. In fact, the only sign that the fur mummy was alive at all was the movement of her eyes and the slight evidence of her breath.

Stuffed and filled with fur on the inside, encased in fur on the outside, and surrounded by furs on all sides, Terra thought she looked like the centerpiece in some bizarre shrine to fur lust. Was that all she was now? Was that what she was to the women? A holy icon on the altar of a secret shrine? She wished they would tell her how long they were going to keep her like this.

"It's so beautiful I could cry. I wonder what she's thinking." Gladys mused.

"Probably nothing friendly," said Diana.

"Look at me, I'm like a little girl. Oh, Diana, thank you. I couldn't have done it without you. She's what I always wanted," said Gladys. They embraced each other. After a moment, Gladys addressed the bound figure, who could barely hear her. "Terra, I'm so glad you're here with us. I told you there would be only softness for you from now on. I know you don't appreciate it now, but you've made us both so very happy. I want you to be happy, too, though you probably

don't believe me. I hope in time you'll come to accept your new life here."

Terra could only stare in response, overwhelmed and trapped. The women began to kiss and undress each other, right there in front of her. They made love on the furs for a long time while gazing up at her, as if her furry immobility was the most erotic sight in the world. Terra didn't know what to think as she watched them. She was partly angry, partly frightened, and also partly relieved, in that more pain and further dehumanization didn't seem to be in her immediate future.

After a while, Diana approached Terra. "Time to sleep," she said, and fastened a thick blindfold of fur over Terra's eyes.

No! Not that! I'll go crazy! Please don't! she begged as the furry blindfold was snugged tight and she was submerged in darkness. After a few terrified moments of stillness, she realized she couldn't tell if Diana was still nearby or if the even if the women were still in the room. Had they shut the door and turned off the lights? She could hear nothing, not even the sound of her own breath. She struggled until her body gave out and she went limp in her cocoon. She had no outside stimuli except snug fur all around. While her body was completely trapped, her mind was free to wander in darkness.

She couldn't judge the passing of time. Hours or days might have passed since Diana put the blindfold on. She knew she must have fallen asleep and awakened many times, but that didn't mean anything. She might be sleeping in short naps or for as long as twelve hours. Or both. She felt the same when she woke up, either way. Having a drug-muddled brain didn't help matters. She sometimes wasn't sure if she was even awake, or if she was just dreaming of being awake and bound in fur. Occasionally, she would have very vivid, even frightening, dreams. She found herself talking to people who weren't there with a voice she no longer had.

And the fur was ubiquitous. It filled her body and surrounded her. It ceased to become an enveloping material and became her universe. She wasn't sure where her flesh ended and the fur began. Sometimes she cried and sometimes she laughed. She was afraid she might completely lose her mind if this went on for much longer.

While floating in soft, warm darkness, she realized that she was hearing something that wasn't coming from her own imagination. Her mind seized it desperately. It was *Love is Blue*, Gladys' favorite song, that she was hearing. She realized that it must be coming from the speakers in the alcove. She was so grateful to have something to listen to that she cried. It was the most wonderful song in the world to her right then. Did it mean Gladys was in the room, watching her? Were they both in the room? Maybe having sex right at her feet again without her even knowing it? It was comforting to imagine not being totally

alone, even if it was those two who did this to her in the first place. The only problem was that the song, repetitive in itself, was being played over and over. Eventually it became a kind of background noise. She didn't know if she had listened to it a few dozen times or a few hundred. Not that she wanted it turned off. That would mean being plunged back into nothingness.

Terra felt something touch on her chest. It was so unexpected that she jerked in the restraints and would have screamed. She could barely feel it through the fur, but someone was stroking and squeezing her breasts. The touch wasn't exactly arousing, but, like the music, it was the most wonderful feeling to have some kind of human contact pierce her isolation. It continued for the duration of the song played twice, then faded away. She cried out for whoever it was, Gladys or Diana, to come back. She sagged in her restraints.

Then, with the suddenness of a dousing with cold water, the furry egg held near to her clit came to life. She had gotten so used to it being down there that she had forgotten about it. It was vibrating against her sensation-starved skin. She felt like crying with relief again.

It didn't take long for the vibrations to begin to take effect. Terra found herself thrusting her hips to let get buzzing fur to dig in deeper. The fur pressed against her became more sensual with its tickling caresses as she squirmed. She couldn't believe she was getting excited, considering her situation. Part of her was shocked and revolted. That part shouted inside her head, almost like another person.

Stop it! Stop getting excited. What's wrong with you? Did you forget you've been kidnaped and tied up? How dare you enjoy this after what they've done to you? that part scolded.

No, please let me enjoy it. Don't I deserve to feel good, too? Haven't I been through enough? Don't take this away from me, her other half begged.

You slut! You pervert! she railed. *You're disgusting! If you get off on this, you'll be just like they are. You might as well go lick their hairy cunts and like it! You might as well and beg-*

Shut up! Shut up! I don't care! she shouted back. *It's all I have. I'm going to enjoy anything I can get!*

The disgusted part didn't exactly shut up or disappear, but Terra was able to ignore it enough to give in to the sensations. It slowly built up to a surprisingly powerful orgasm that suffused and warmed her body. It was heavenly. For some reason, straining against the unrelenting bondage seemed to magnify the pleasure. It wasn't that she was enjoying being bound, but more like since there was no other way to burn off the energy, it all went into her orgasm. At least, that's the excuse she gave to the disgusted part of herself.

The little egg kept buzzing away, making her stretched pussy spasm around its furry stuffing. Terra gave herself over to the pleasure, not wanting it to end. By the time she orgasmed a second time, her whole body was shuddering beneath the fur. She clenched the fur in her hands. The vibrator still didn't stop. After perhaps the fifth or sixth explosion in what might have in a brief time or might have been hours, Terra's weakened and over-taxed body gave out. It was too much for her, but it just wouldn't stop. She felt herself passing out, slipping from darkness into darkness.

The vibrator had stopped by the time she woke up. Even the music was gone. She was in furry nothingness again. Her overstimulated clit welcomed this, but before long Terra was wanting pleasure again. Eventually, she became desperate for it. That other part of her hated her for wanting it, but that didn't change her desire. It was something to hope for. Anything to stop the endless boredom of being awake. Finally, after what seemed like forever, it was turned on again. Overjoyed, Terra let bliss consume her. It didn't last as long this time, though.

It turned into an random pattern. Sometimes it would buzz for a very short time, other times it lasted for what had to be hours. Terra was always torn between wanting more and wishing it would end. Her world was centered around her clit, it being the only input she had, and on the nearness of her next orgasm. That and the music, which was also played on and off. Terra couldn't figure out if maybe it was played just during the day, or only while someone was there in the room, or completely randomly. Terra had no idea how long it had been going on like this. Had she been bound there for a month? Longer? She didn't know.

After a period of darkness and silence, while she was waiting for her next fix of pleasure, Terra felt something so alien happening that it was almost frightening. Was something wrong with her? She realized what the feeling was... the straps were being loosened! They were there and they were freeing her! Her relief was so great she thought she might pass out. Strap by strap, the confining pressure left her body. Then hands touched her and lifted her away from the board. She collapsed to her knees on the furs. The movement was disorienting, so accustomed her body had gotten to being frozen in one position. Joints crackled all over. Her muscles weren't sore, just incredibly weak and non-responsive.

The blindfold was taken off. The light, though very dim, was like stepping into bright sun after being in a darkened room for a long time. It took long moments for the burning to stop and she was able to open her eyes.

Gladys made a gasp of feigned surprise, saying as if speaking to a baby, "There she is! There's our girl!" Terra's head was bent down while they undid the laces along the back of the hood. It was pulled forward, exposing Terra's

smooth head to the cool air. It felt wonderful.

Terra blinked, having trouble focusing her eyes. Gladys was kneeling in front of her. She was wearing a white fur coat over a burgundy satin slip or nightie. To Terra's stimulus-starved mind, she was beautiful. Overwhelmed with gratitude, she let her head rest against Gladys' chest while sobbing uncontrollably, silent and tearless.

"Oh my! This is a welcome change. Are you happy to see me?" Gladys asked, stroking the girl's bare head. Terra nodded, trying to inch forward. Gladys pulled her closer, cradling her. "There, there."

"Are you okay? Do you hurt anywhere?" came Diana's voice. Terra looked up, wincing from the light, to see Diana standing beside them. Even though Terra had hated her so recently, at that moment she looked like an angel of mercy. "I hope you at least feel better after a week's rest."

Terra started. *A week? I was only in there for a week?*

Diana caught the look on Terra's face. "What? Are you surprised it was that long? Or did you think it was longer?"

Terra nodded.

"A lot longer?"

Terra began to sob again, returning to the safe spot in Gladys' bosom. Diana was being her analytical self. "Hmm. The drug should have kept her practically unconscious most of the time. If she was alert, maybe I need to increase the dose."

Terra couldn't think about such things. All she could do was be grateful as they unlaced the mummifying garment. It was like being born again. She had started to believe that she would be trapped in darkness for the rest of her life. She couldn't even help them undress her, she was so weak. She just sprawled face down on the furs, happy and enjoying the miracle of being touched. When she was rolled over, she shut her eyes against the light. "Look," Diana said to Gladys. "I told you. She's almost completely healed." They touched Terra's breasts and the places where she had been cut open. It didn't hurt at all. It wasn't even sore. It did feel wonderful, though. Her body was incredibly hypersensitized.

"You're so beautiful," Gladys told her. She lifted Terra's arm and held the girl's wrist under her nose and breathed. "Your skin smells like fur. Oh... goosebumps. Are you cold? Would you like something to wear? Look at this, I made it just for you. I'm going to make so many lovely things for you."

She produced a garment that was relatively skimpy compared to the last thing Terra wore. It was a satin-lined, black fur leotard of sorts that zipped up the back. It had high-cut legs and was crotchless and sleeveless, but was solid up to its high collar and would display none of her cleavage. She let them dress her,

unable to do anything but prop herself up a little on her elbows and knees. She didn't even balk when Gladys wanted to put a matching, open-faced fur hood on her. It was better than being bald.

"It fits you perfectly. We wanted to give you a chance to stretch your legs after that confinement," said Gladys. "We were going to let you run around in here, but... maybe... would you like to go upstairs?"

Terra nodded. She didn't know what was upstairs, but she knew she didn't want to be left alone in here again. They lifted her by her arms and supported her on either side. The warm air outside the room felt nice on her bare arms and legs. The furry tail dangling from her ass tickled the backs of her thighs as she walked. She lifted her head enough to see into the living room as they passed by it. She had been standing in there as a normal girl just... a couple of weeks ago? It seemed like such a distant memory.

They practically had to carry her up the stairs. She was brought into a cozy bedroom that must have belonged to Gladys. It was done up like a feminine boudoir with dark woods and rich fabrics. The large, four-poster bed was dominated by dozens of pillows, clothed in satin sheets, and topped with a fur comforter. Terra wondered what it must be like to sleep in such surroundings every night. She was set down on the edge of the bed.

"You're such a vision, dear. You're so beautiful," said Gladys, cupping the girl's face in her hands.

Terra shook her head slowly and stared at the floor. *I'm not beautiful. I'm a freak.*

"You don't think so? Well, we think you are. Diana, tell her she's pretty."

Diana was unbuttoning her leather pants. "Yeah. You're pretty hot," she said with a slight smile.

Gladys rolled her eyes. "*Tch.* She has such a way with words," she said to Terra as if in confidence, sliding the coat off her shoulders. Terra was uncomfortable and scooted farther onto the bed. Her initial joy of being released was dampened somewhat by the realization that she was sitting on their bed while they were getting undressed.

I told you! I told you what would happen, hissed that disgusted part of her. *They want you to be their fuck toy and you're just going to sit there and take it, aren't you? You sick slut.*

I don't want to, but what else can I do? I'm lonely! I don't want to be hurt anymore. I don't want to make them mad while they're being kind of nice to me. Even while she debated with herself, the women climbed onto the bed on both sides of her. She was pressed back against the pillows. She was tense all over, her hands clasped under her chin.

“There, there, don’t be scared,” said Gladys. “There’s nothing to worry about. You don’t have to do anything now. Just relax.”

It took a long time for Terra to come close to relaxation, but eventually, she did. The women’s hands and mouths were gentle, almost worshipful, as they explored their creation. She had to admit, it was nice to be freed from her mind and be touched for real. It was difficult for her to absorb so much contact so soon after being isolated for so long. It would have evoked sighs from her had she a voice. After using their hands and mouths, they moved on to fur covered vibrators of several varieties, all which looked somewhat comical to Terra. They used these on each other as well as on her.

It continued for hours, a tiny, sensual orgy with Terra as the centerpiece. At one point, Diana had her face planted between Terra’s legs and was nuzzling and licking at the fur stuffing there, as though Terra could possibly feel it. By the time they were finished, Terra had been worked up to a very satisfying and soothing orgasm. Caught in a tangle of limbs, Terra sank into a peaceful, uninterrupted sleep for the first time in weeks.

The following morning, Terra woke to find herself alone and chained loosely to the bed by her waist. She could hear the faint sounds of a shower running in an adjoining room. She sat up slowly; she was getting used to the internal pressures of fur when she moved, but it was still tricky. She gazed around and hugged her knees up to her chin. She tried not to think of what she had done the night before. She felt guilty, as though she had betrayed herself in some way by enjoying it. While she was still sorting out what happened and how she felt about it, Gladys entered the room in a bathrobe with a towel around her head.

“Ah, you’re up! Did you sleep well? I thought that you must have, you didn’t stir all night long. I’d love to stay and play with you all day, but real life intrudes. I need to get to the shop. Diana and I have both been taking too much time off lately on account of you,” she said while moisturizing her skin, preparing to apply her makeup. “You’ll need some ‘maintenance’ today, as Diana phrased it.”

Terra watched mutely as the women got ready for their day just as casually as if they didn’t have a fur-filled girl chained to their bed. She wondered how their minds worked, that they could dismiss such a thing as commonplace. Terra was unlocked after they had finished dressing. She was taken back downstairs. Although she didn’t need their support to walk this time, she barely had the strength to stand under her own power. She was afraid that she would never recover her strength and always be as weak as a rag doll.

Diana left to fetch something once they were back inside the fur room. Terra saw Gladys work on the laces of that fur mummy outfit. She shook her

head. *I can't go back in that thing. It almost drove me crazy last time!* She backed away.

“What? What’s wrong? Do you not want to wear this again? I’m sorry, dear, but you have to. It won’t be as bad this time, I promise. Diana said she’d increase the dose of those drugs today and that would make things better for you. And look, I brought some extra toys for...” Gladys trailed off, looking suddenly concerned. “Don’t you go through that door.”

At first, Terra didn’t know what she was talking about. A second later she realized she had been backing away until she was right in front of the unlocked door. Diana was busy somewhere else, Gladys was on the floor, and Terra had a good head start if she chose to make a break for it. The desperate, animal part of Terra took over and, before she could even consider the consequences, she turned and yanked at the latch. The door was much heavier than she anticipated and she lost almost all of her head start by the time she heaved it open. Gladys was right behind her as she turned into the hallway.

She ran towards the living room but barely made it ten feet before her legs gave out. She staggered and fell forward onto the rug, hurting her knees and breasts. Gladys’ footsteps came up beside her and stopped there. Terra, sprawled, didn’t move or try to get up. She didn’t know why she had tried to get away. What was the point? What did she think she was going to do, run out into the street and flag down a cab? And then what, be taken to a hospital to die while doctors tried to figure out what was wrong with her? But not escaping meant spending the rest of her life as a private fetish doll under constant control by fur-crazed lesbians. What kind of choice was that? What kind of world was this? She dug her fingers into the carpet and began to cry.

“Alright, come on.” Gladys strained to get the limp girl off the rug and back into the room. Terra managed to crawl a few feet before crumpling onto the fur floor. “What was all that about? Things were going so well. I guess I got my hopes up too soon. Are you just scared? I suppose that’s natural. You still have to come to terms, I suppose.” Gladys tried to lift Terra up, but the girl didn’t want to expose her crying face.

“Diana isn’t going to be very happy with you. She doesn’t put up with that kind of nonsense. No, she won’t be happy at all,” Gladys said. Terra cringed inwardly, recalling what Diana told her about how she would suffer if she tried to escape. A dozen awful things that Diana might do to her flashed through her mind. She felt a hand patting her hooded head. “But, maybe she doesn’t have to know. We could keep this little incident between you and me. How would that be? Now then, did you hurt yourself when you fell? Scrape your knees?”

Terra was grateful and confused, but could express nothing. Gladys finally

got her into a sitting position. Terra wiped reflexively at her eyes, as though she could still shed tears that needed wiping away. The door slid open and Diana, looking exerted, wheeled a loaded dolly cart into the room. On the dolly was a complicated machine that looked like it came from a hospital. “Fucking heavy,” Diana grunted as she pulled the thing across the yielding floor over to the alcove. She huffed and looked at Terra who, still red-faced from crying, avoided her gaze guiltily. “Something happen?” she asked Gladys.

“No, nothing important, love,” replied Gladys. “She’s just a little overwrought. She’s upset about going back into the bondage suit.”

“Oh.” Diana studied Terra doubtfully. “Well, she has to. We can’t let her just run around in here with this thing going, especially not the first time.”

“That’s what I’ve been telling her,” Gladys said. “She got it out of her system. She won’t put up a fuss now. Will you?”

Terra shook her head. Gladys unzipped the back of the fur bodysuit. Terra slowly wiggled out of it, still not meeting anyone’s gaze. She kept glancing nervously at the fancy machine. Before suiting her up in the mummy thing, Gladys taped four of the vibrating eggs to Terra’s skin, telling her that it would make her feel better. Two were placed beside Terra’s clit, and the other two on Terra’s nipples. Terra was curious in spite of herself about how they would feel when they were turned on. Diana was setting the machine up and checking to see that all was working properly on it.

Terra saw with dismay that Diana was attaching IV lines with needles on them to the machine. Even though she was scared, she didn’t put up a fight when Diana pierced her veins with them, one in each arm. She didn’t know whether she ought to feel proud or disgusted with herself.

“This is a dialysis machine—with a few alterations,” Diana explained. “Got it from the lab. You need it to live. Since you can’t pee anymore, it’ll filter the waste out of your bloodstream. It’ll take about half a day, each time. The drug’s made it so you won’t have to do this anywhere near as often as a person with bad kidneys, but the effect is similar. It will also re-dose you with the drug and re-hydrate you *and* give you the nutrients your body needs. Basically, this is how you’ll eat from now on.”

Great, Terra thought bitterly. *We’ll all get to eat together this morning. They’ll go have eggs and toast and stuff and I’ll get to taste fur while sucking breakfast through my arms.* Strangeness had become so normal to her that she had become almost numb to it. It was enough to distract her, though, from the fear of being laced up in the fur cocoon again. The thick fur slowly tightened around her from her ankles up. The IV lines were fed through lacing in the back of the single glove. The hood and blindfold went snug around her head, occluding her in the

familiar, fuzzy darkness.

Strapped, helpless, and immobile once more in the alcove, Terra could make out Diana and Gladys talking about the machine. “There. It’s working. Seems to be fine. It only takes out a pint a time so she probably won’t even feel it.”

She felt someone stroke her face and shoulders and then there was only silence. She wondered how long she was going to be isolated for this time. At least she knew she’d be set free again, unlike the frightening uncertainty of the first time. After an indeterminable period, she began to feel a little light-headed and dizzy. She imagined the machine malfunctioning and sucking out all of her blood like a robotic vampire. Gradually, she grew drowsy and a little giggly as the sedation got stronger. She drifted off into dreamless nothingness.

This time when the vibrators came on, the sensation tugged her back into awareness as gently as a lover waking her with touches to her body. She writhed and sank her teeth into her permanent, furry gag, giving herself over to the pleasure. Even the tight bondage felt good, she couldn’t deny it. She was brought again and again to orgasm, even when she thought she couldn’t take any more. When the buzzing ceased, she tried to stay awake just for a little while, just to think clearly about things. It was useless, for with no external stimulation to occupy her, the drug pulled her easily back into unconsciousness.

It kept repeating like that—waking up to vibrations and the sound of *Love is Blue*, orgasming inside the fur cocoon while her mind was filled with giggly bliss, then falling back asleep. That other part of her mind cried out weakly. *Resist!* it told her. *Look what’s happening to you. If this keeps up, you’ll get addicted to this. You’ll be just like they want you to be. You won’t even want to escape!*

I don’t care, she thought. The other voice was carried away in a wave of pleasure.

She felt the straps that pinned her down being undone and thought, bemused, *Wow. Has it been a week already?*

Terra’s life fell into a routine. Usually, for most of the week, she would be kept mummified in some way in the fur room. On weekends she would be taken out and played with, and every two weeks she would get her body replenished by the machine. Her strange life became more acceptable as it became more familiar. She grew more comfortable with her own changed body, even though she still couldn’t fully understand why the women liked her that way or what they found attractive about it. The fear she had been consumed with during the first couple of weeks slowly lessened as she learned what to expect from both the rigors of bondage and the moods of her captors.

She also grew accustomed to being used sexually by the women; her

disgust and resentment were eventually overcome by her need for attention and human contact. She found herself indulging in things, even enjoying things, that she never would have believed she could do. The first time Diana sat on Terra's face and got herself off using Terra's nose and fur-filled mouth, the girl was horrified. But on subsequent occasions, she started like it. She couldn't do anything about it, she reasoned, so she might as well get into it. The same went for having a furry dildo strapped over her mouth so they could fuck her face, or the first time she had to finger women for their pleasure—everything became acceptable with repetition.

The main thing Terra couldn't get used to was Diana's penchant for sadism. Diana normally kept her proclivities in check by herself, though sometimes Gladys had to step in when her partner got too rough. Mostly it was limited to painful and grueling bondage positions, but other times she would enjoy doing things like sliding needles through Terra's flesh. Diana got a kick out of observing the girl's frantic reactions to such things. It made Terra feel like a lab animal. For a long time, Terra hated Diana for hurting her like that. But Terra learned that Diana never went too far and wasn't going to go into some killer psycho rage on her. As her own limits increased she was able to find some kind of gratification in being able to endure it. And, oddly enough, the more pain Terra endured, the friendlier Diana became with the girl. It was as if, to Diana, they had shared some kind of bonding intimacy. Terra couldn't understand it, but was glad that at least something good could come out of being hurt.

Another chance to escape wasn't available to her for a very long time. Always she was in a locked room, restrained in some way, or in the company of the women. Terra never found out if Diana had discovered her brief escape attempt, but it didn't matter. After months in captivity, disciplined by pain and seduced by pleasure, thoughts of freedom and living normally again came with less frequency. She wondered if she would even dare to step outside if both women happened to suddenly pass out on the floor and the front door was left wide open. She feared, with growing certainty, that if given the opportunity to escape, and even without the knowledge that such an act would be suicidal, she wouldn't be able to. She feared that she would instead crawl back into her room and hide under the comforting, warm darkness of furs—a place where she wouldn't have to deal with such confusing temptations.

A crushing blow was visited upon what Terra came to think of as her 'old self' when, after being free for a weekend, she realized she was looking forward to being put back in her furry cocoon of bondage. What was at first smothering and claustrophobic became like a comforting womb. Being in there, blissfully unaware until awakened by pleasure, became more enjoyable than anything she

could remember in her old life. She knew that even if she were to be rescued, detoxed, and fully restored, she would probably spend the rest of her life trying to recapture the happiness she got while buried alive in that immobilizing fur. It also irked her that whenever she heard *Love is Blue*, a song she didn't even like that much, she started to get aroused by association.

It wasn't always that same garment that Terra spent her quiet time in. Sometimes she was layered in a dozen fur coats that got so heavy Terra couldn't even stand up. These were wrapped with belts to keep them secure and she was left on the floor of the room buried under a shapeless heap of fur. Sometimes she was put in an elaborate furry mummy suit that was lifted to the ceiling by ropes. Terra would hang suspended in the alcove in a tube of fur like an ensnared fetish angel, free to wriggle in mid-air to her heart's content. Even Terra was intrigued by something that looked like a fur duvet cover into which she was put. It was lined with fur on the inside, but sandwiched between the furs was an airtight layer of latex. The edges were shut and a vacuum was applied, vacuum-sealing Terra inside with only her breathing tube linking her to the outside world. Her featureless body stood out in relief from the outside, and she was squeezed mercilessly by fur on the inside. She wasn't even able to flex her fingers while inside that thing. No matter the device, her condition during those brief 'hibernations' was always the same in that it was tight, inescapable, and composed of fur.

And fur was something Terra was getting ever more familiar with. She came to enjoy its texture, its softness and warmth, and loved to feel it against her body. Eventually, she was able to discern what type of fur it was just by touch alone. Gladys delighted in making endless garments for Terra and dressing her in them like a life-sized doll. Terra couldn't help to feel humbled by the fact that Gladys was spending many thousands of dollars on material and spending countless hours sewing just to clothe her in a fur wardrobe. Nobody had ever spent that kind of money, or gone to that kind of effort, just for her benefit before.

Gladys made everything from simple lingerie to an exquisite gown made entirely of fur. One of Terra's favorite items was a full bodysuit made of spandex completely covered with strips of fur. She liked how it hugged her and made her feel sleek, like a cat. One of Gladys' favorites was another bodysuit, but one that was oversized and full of stuffing which turned Terra into something like a giant stuffed animal—a big teddy bear of sorts. Terra didn't like that one because it made her feel fat and clumsy, and was hard to move around in. It didn't help her self-esteem when Diana had doubled over with laughter the first time she saw Terra wearing that particular outfit. Gladys ignored Diana's comments and would happily cuddle her 'Terra Bear' for hours in bed.

After about a year of slavery had gone by, Terra was given more personal freedom. She was released from her fur entombment more often. She was allowed, freed of restraints, to wander around the house in the company of one of the women. She was able to sit and watch tv with Diana (Gladys didn't care much for tv), which made her feel closer to normal than anything else. She was allowed outside, in the secluded and enclosed backyard, under close supervision. She cried the first time she saw the open sky again and had to be supported. She couldn't smell the flowers, but it was enough to feel the grass under her feet. The experience was like being re-introduced to the world as a brand new person.

Since she tired too quickly to be much use for housework, she spent a lot of free time assisting Gladys with making garments. She learned how to use the sewing machine and how to work with fur, leather, and satin. As it was her only hobby, she became quite skilled. Gladys surprised her one day by telling Terra that when her work was good enough, Gladys might be able to sell it at her shop. Terra was amazed when her first, simple mink coat sold for over a thousand dollars. Terra wondered, with perverse amusement, what the woman who bought it would think if she knew the coat she was wearing had been hand-crafted by a dehumanized fur slave.

Being dehumanized was also something that Terra got more comfortable with in time. After a year, the fur that filled her had become as much a part of her body to her as her fingers and toes. The internal pressure no longer troubled her, and she even came to like the feeling of her fur-stuffed pussy. What she disliked the most, even more than being mute, was no longer being able to eat. Even though she couldn't get hungry or even smell food, she ached with envy whenever she saw the other women eating. All she could do was chew on her dry, fluffy gag and try to recall what food tasted like. She couldn't remember.

She still hated to look in the mirror. No matter what they told her, she still couldn't see herself as attractive the way she was. Maybe she would eventually, since she had already begun to think of herself as something other than fully human. She began to see herself as some kind of bizarre pet: half fur, half human. The fact that the women made her that way got to be less important than the fact they accepted her that way. She knew she was so utterly different from the Terra she used to be that trying to return to society would be all but impossible.

One evening, during autumn, Terra was toying with the muff she had just finished making. She was sitting on the bedroom floor beside Gladys, who was reading in her overstuffed chair and listening to soft music. For a while she watched Diana's smooth back rise and fall as the woman napped on the bed, and mused about the strangeness of her new family. She was not unhappy. She

brushed the muff against Gladys' leg to get her attention.

“Oh, are you finished? Let me see that. Why, just look, it's perfect. I'm so proud of you. It's a very nice piece, so soft inside and out. Just like you.”

Terra laid her head on Gladys' lap so that the woman would stroke her fur-hooded head. *Yes. Just like me.*