

The square pad looked fairly simple. At first Pria had dismissed it, not just because it appeared to be a simple stack of post-it notes in a blue tint, but because the name made her assume it was for enchanters. Whether it was for them to somehow store magic for later or as some manner of reagent for specific enchants she didn't know, nor care to dwell on.

The storekeeper happened to glance her way as she inspected the pad and quickly sidled in. "Ah, you have an excellent eye! A very curious thing, that; It is able to enchant anything, one must simply write the enchantment effect on a note, remove it from the pile and paste it on!"

"What's the catch?" Pria asked, her vulpine tail swishing, an artefact that could do something like that and it was just for sale?

"Why, the catch is the price, yet think of the possibilities." He said before lowering his voice. "The mage who made this fell on some hard times, the enchanters market isn't what it used to be, you see, this is a demonstrative product. If it performs well enough we all profit, them, me, even customers like yourself."

Pria rolled her eyes. "I see, so the first buyer is a guinea pig."

"Indeed he was and a very happy one too." The shopkeeper said. That surprised the fox, she'd assumed she would be that first buyer.

"Mind if I test it before I buy it?" She said reaching for it. The shopkeeper was faster, taking the pad and removing a pen from his pocket.

"By all means, tell me what you want and if it's within reason I'll show you."

She chuckled. "How about you put 'free' on one and enchant the stack."

"Oh ho ho, very droll, miss." The shopkeeper said. "How about I start with 'fragrant'." He picked up a bowl, applied the note and then at once the scent of wood and varnish gave way to floral roses in bloom.

Pria was impressed though it could still be a careful ruse. She'd have to think of something but her curiosity was certainly hooked. "Alright, now I'll pick-."

The shopkeeper had not permitted many more tests without a firm conviction of a sale or at least compensation for any further pages used. Sure enough Pria walked out of the store, the pad in one hand and a few other knick knacks she'd been haggled into picking up. Still, the deed was done and with the magical item in her possession she gave it a few tries.

It was not as powerful as she'd led herself to hope. She could not use it to turn her house into a palace, nor seemingly use it on herself, a few ideas worked,- her table became

self-cleaning, her kitchen's knife certainly felt sharper than before- yet it also seemed that once a note was used, even if it was wasted on an impossible demand the sheet couldn't be reused.

A few days after acquiring the list Pria took a trip to a library, wherein she found a book listing some common enchantments and swiftly worked out that the pad could only affect up to a certain classification of spells.

Yet, as she was browsing those pages a word jumped out at her; 'Secure',- on further exploring the entry it was an enchantment that depending on how it was phrased, could make things more stable or could make them self locking under the right conditions. Her mind went places with that and once she came across a couple of other enchants, one designed to make armour fit more snugly and the other to dull the surroundings to allow focus, her decisions were made for how she would unwind that night.

Her things were assembled, all duties and responsibilities squared away and dealt with. The lights were dimmed, the curtains closed, she had privacy. Even so Pria hesitated from sheer excitement. She'd had passing interests in bondage and BDSM, though she lacked a kindred spirit who lived nearby, giving her few chances to indulge her fantasies. Even so she'd gathered some items, mostly to fool around on her own.

Additionally the things had not been custom made but rather bought from afar, as such there were occasions when things pinched or drooped. The refitting enchantment was the first she tested, tucking the note where it wouldn't easily be disturbed on a long leather-look stocking. With the adjustment it reshaped perfectly, clinging to her leg, letting her see each line while also still being able to bend the knee joint with only a sensual sticking. Nor did she need anything to keep it suspended, it simply hugged her thigh on its own.

Her tail swished with more enticed excitement as that first discovery fuelled her forward. Her fur took on a shaded tone as she slipped out of the stocking and into a full bodystocking instead, with the enchantment it now looked precisely like the advertisement she'd been taken in by all those months ago only to be disappointed when it caught oddly no matter what she'd tried. Now the stocking returned, paired up with its match, before she chased it with a pair of gloves and a tall leather collar.

The long gloves travelled over the elbow, the enchantment holding to keep the bodystocking below from ruffling, instead adding a perfectly tailored sensational tingle along her fur. She already felt sexy and that feeling grew as she caught her reflection in the mirror, yet it also further fuelled her.

To her growing ensemble she added a tail binding sleeve which fit such that only the white tufted tip poked free, resisting her body's desire to wag. To round it off; a cloth hood, with

eye and nose holes, she gulped visibly as she teased it between her fingers before with yet another enchantment, she slipped it on.

The magic worked, it was perfectly refitted to a fox shape instead of the 'one-size kind of suits most' as she'd thought of it. "Oh this is..." perfect, the thought finished in her head. Every step she took she felt as a snug squeeze, as she finished with the fashion portion and turned instead to a box, buried in the corner of her wall-closet.

Leather and metal waited within, straps, studs and buckles aplenty with even some more intense bars and toys.

Pria was certainly carried away as rather than just choosing, she brought the whole box to her bed, sitting next to it and plucking out what her mind was inspired to from among what lay within. Cuffs slid across her ankles, around her thighs. A belt went to her waist, then she secured her arms in the gloves focused around where the garment ended on her upper arm. Her wrists were left free for now, her hand brushing the rounded fist-mittens dreamily.

She began to execute her plan. The 'secure' enchantment was tested on a single cuff and with a flash that made her heart skip a beat, the buckle transformed, becoming a smoothed off cap that clamped the strap shut. This was already proving to be fun.

She could truss herself up in her gear, not having to leave the straps accessible and the keys to hand. The fantasy excited her, self bondage without that knowledge she could get out at a moment's notice no matter how she tried to hide it.

Of course, things would be just as safe and controlled, swapping a literal key to easily detached notes was simpler, if anything, but once those mitts were on she could experience true helplessness until she chose to take them off.

Two locking notes were written, one for each mitt and she set them sticky-side up on her nightstand. There was one more item she wanted on, this one further enchanted not just to fit but to dull the world; a solid muzzle that slipped over her already sleekly covered head, squeezing on her lips. She purred and squirmed softly, no sooner did it rest in place than the lights seemed dimmer, the few sounds of the outside world calmer.

It was time, if this worked well enough for her fantasies then tomorrow she would experiment further, the metal bars, chains and harder equipment all waited for her with patience. She slipped her hands into the mitts, they felt extra softly padded, with her taking a moment to brush over herself before they were locked, to prove she would struggle to knock any of the carefully placed enchantment notes free.

Without plucking the mitts free, she would be quite stuck. Her ardour rose, seizing her thoughts, she had to finish what she started. Her hands moved with gusto, slapping down on the tabletop, catching the notes.

She could feel the straps tighten around her wrists, compressing a little further in fisting up her fingers and she let out a whining moan of bliss, falling backwards onto her bed, twisting and wiggling, rubbing her thinly veneered body on the soft covers while she tested the gear in any way she could. Ankles rubbed on each other, she pinned her wrists below her arms and tugged, she tried to brush the hood up or the muzzle off.

It all stayed wonderfully in position. No matter how she squirmed or bucked. Perfect.

She took a moment to steady herself before on excitement quivering legs she carefully noted how far it was between her bed and the light for the return journey. The switch was hard to press but with one swish she managed, though as her hand moved the sticky note on the mitt got caught and fell away.

'Damn it!' she thought, fumbling the light back on. That confirmed it, the note had drifted to the floor. She'd need to write a new one then.

She caught her wrist in the crook of her arm and tugged to pull it out of the mitten.

It didn't leave.

Her brow furrowed as she tried again and again, it really wasn't coming off. She scraped and brushed the other mitten instead getting the note to fall free and then tried with renewed energy to get either arm off.

Unlike her kinky and fun struggling, where she hadn't truly tested the limits, this was more pointed. At first she had been trying to detach the mittens to properly secure them later, yet now she was learning they were staying secured. Her way out of her bindings was not working!

No no, it had to work. Surely- surely she wasn't actually stuck?!

"Mmm, mmmhhh!" She tried to groan, yet her voice was close to muted, no chance to call for help. Her horny mind had fantasised on how it would be to truly trap herself, yet the reality of it struck with a more panic inducing severity. Furthermore if she did attract attention could she withstand the humiliation of having to explain her situation, not to mention the bodystocking was thin enough to leave nothing to the imagination.

Worse still Pria had chosen this weekend because she had no other engagements in case she found it fun enough to repeat the following day.

Soon she was on her bed once again squirming, trying to trap any part of her gear against the corner of the table or on part of her bed frame, there was nothing she could do beyond potentially ripping the least restraining part of her attire.

Frantic searching in the box found nothing she could cut the leather with, she'd exhausted her options and herself, anything that could do it was either of no use while her hands had to fight the mitts or they were items that were straight up inaccessible.

And yet... as the panic faded into fruitless defeat, an undoubted arousal grew within her.

She'd frequently pretended she had no way out of her little self-binding adventures. The fact that it was finally actually true with no real threat to herself was coaxing her nerves, bringing her around to a new thought. As she moved to root around in the box, she was no longer looking for a way out but a way to further entertain herself.

The enchanting words may not be temporary as she'd hoped but perhaps after she cleared her head and probably had a rest, she might still think up a way out of this in the morning. If not, she'd have to make the most of her circumstances before she tried looking for help, a resort that she absolutely hoped she could avoid.

Regardless, from here on, she'd exercise far more caution in her life, that much was sure. Doubly so when dealing with magic at a price that was too good to be true.