

The land of Velour caught a wealth of explorers, bringing them into its fantastical grip, often without them knowing how they were entangled to begin with. A realm that at first glance seemed like an elaborate stage built of cloth and textured materials. Yet it stretched on with a full city; a dense jungle; wide rolling plains and a bright, pink castle, seated in the middle of an equally saccharine themed forest before a horizon of void-like darkness. Everything was made of cloth, many and varied types but still unified by the similarity.

It was in the bright forest that the silkat Marie had found herself, walking along a fleeting path that was broken up frequently, dissolving without a clear indication of where it would pick up again. There was only the occasional bright lantern, glowing despite even the flame within being stitched from cloth. As she walked off the path, a rustling of fabric on fabric caught her ear. She took a few paces, yet saw no sign of anyone that might have made it.

However, amid the trees there was something that had caught her focus. A pale flower, formed from fabric with thick plush petals and a thorny stem. It looked so soft and welcoming but those thorns were what caught her curiosity. They looked stuffed and filled with firm, form-keeping material. Surely they couldn't really be sharp? She drifted near to it, before hearing the swish once again, hairs on her back raising a little at the paranoia of being followed. Her head swivelled, looking left, then right. Nothing.

A surge of motion came from directly in front of her causing her to leap with a yelp as curling petals flapped shut in the air where her head had been. The plant's stem had bowed and two previously hidden branches started lashing out.

Startled, the silkat jumped out of the way, claws out. They grasped the cloth but didn't pierce or rip it. She bounced from one vine to another, her tail caught in a coiling twist. Marie gave an indignant yowl as she surged forward. With a combination of luck and desperation her tail drifted free and trailed a rope of webbing on the branch, one which extended and caught the aggressive flower's second arm, snapping it abruptly short. The sudden tension served to tangle the living flora's appendages short of fully seizing her, with her bolting away through its grasp, rustling sounds growing louder all around her as though a great many things were stirring. She ran on, keeping her head down and not stopping until she found the solid path once again.

It was after that escape that she first became aware of the haze. If any of her four legs stepped off from the illuminated road the world around her would grow increasingly foggy, twisting and turning her senses. The mist grew thicker with a swelling sense of dread and more swishing sounds. Yet, if her paws found the road again even just for a moment or two, those noises stilled. The ominous air would dispell and become clear. It might have been that the forest's beguiling traits were to confuse trespassers and stop them reaching the castle, yet she felt as though the place had taken an interest in her specifically and that the haze was a manifestation of the forest's touch, hungry to seize her. Somehow despite the notion it was grasping, it still relented its grip whenever she made it back to the road's safety.

The sensations repeated over the next hour as she delved deeper, having to stray for long stretches until the pink mist had grown so dense she couldn't see the ground below her belly. "No, no, where's the path? Where's the path?" She gasped, starting to feel pressure, sprinting ahead. A glint caught her eye, a lamp. That meant the path! She leapt for it only for something to catch across her front, under her forelegs, something that felt all too familiar to the silkat but twisted to a material facsimile like everything around her.

Webbing.

"W-what?" She squeaked, bouncing in the threads, moving blindly due to the haze that had grown too dense to pierce. Her rear leg found another silken cord which seemed both to wrap, tangle and stick. How could it move like that?? Having the ability to lay webs herself she knew some of the traits it likely held; that a squirming captive could cause their own undoing if they didn't remain patient. Marie held still, hoping that with luck whatever laid the snare wouldn't have noticed until she could eke her way out.

As she hung, she considered her next move before suddenly a fresh, wide ribbon of web snagged around her torso from all sides, catching across the top of her paws and tucking them to her chest, accompanied by the touch of an insect-like leg but one that was massive! It wasn't that the webbing had wrapped and stuck on its own-, her ambusher was already on her hidden by the fog yet able to weave through it!

"Hee hee, finally noticed my snares, did you?" A voice called, the sibilant sounds drawn out in a whisper.

Several more legs revealed themselves through web-laden touch, Marie's shoulders were wrapped, securing her front legs. Her rear legs were stretched and even her tail felt a swathe plastered over it. Already caught, she couldn't resist the several anchoring tendrils of webbing being deftly slapped behind her neck, ankles and tail tip. "N-no! Put me down, put me down!!"

"If you insist." The voice said, bringing something new into the fold, a thick smooth fabric tail that was dense enough to cover most of Marie's back, shoving her, stretching the webbing without breaking it and splatting her belly onto a prepared webbing mire on the floor.

Her legs and shoulders were bent upwards while the thick coating on the ground kept her belly and front paws stuck, jeopardising her position all the more. "What?! When did you-?"

"It's always fun finding another web weaver, especially when you get to outsmart them." The voice said, slowly the fog was thinning, showing the rounded, long body of a snake, rather than the spider she had suspected. The bulk of its body, still hard to fully discern amidst the misty silhouette, was mostly white with hints of pink colouring below.

It's head seemed small, dancing around in front of Marie who growled and spat toward it. "You didn't outsmart me, you just used fog to catch me off guard!" She snared.

“Talking to my tail?” The snake-like being replied its voice coming from behind her while the lumpen shape she’d been watching thrashed abruptly closer, lunging forward to ensnare Marie’s snout in the smooth web-like sensation.

“Mmmhph!?” This close to her face, she could make out two thick plush-looking black-toned claws holding a spool of white thread, yet even that thread seemed alive, it spun faster than it should have been able to, weaving a thick ball with splayed threads that it managed to hook cleanly between her lips. The sudden intrusion caught the feline off guard, gagging her soundly, stuffing her mouth as the animated ends folded around behind her head, effectively constructing a web muzzle with four straps.

“Seems to me you’re caught in the web, rather than fog?”

“Mmmh! Mmmhmmh!” Marie cried out, her legs and arms trying to squirm the futile, pathetic length they had available to them, doubling her efforts as the fearsome head of the beast came around in full. Snake-like indeed, though once it broke the haze she could see four large button-eyes, its menacing countenance slightly tamed by the vibrant pink bow around its neck, the winged end resting behind her head.

The claws she felt earlier also parted the mists, spread around the large serpent’s centre as the fog faded enough that the plush-silkin could be seen in all its pure glory, the pink being the length of its shiny and silky looking underbelly.

“What an adorable little catch you are.” She said, her clawed limbs reaching out to pluck the suspended lengths of thread, twisting and turning them, manipulating Marie like a puppet, spinning her within the mass on the ground before slapping those free ends onto it.

Despite looking and feeling like soft thread it still clung on, wrapping her own black and white fur in an overlapping coating. “Mmmh! Lmmh mmh!” Marie whined as her world spun, the fabric bunching up to smoothe into a thick, uniform mass.

“No, no. I’m afraid that’s just not possible. You stepped off the path too long, anyone who strays for that much time is officially lost. That’s the rules of this place~.” The silkin said, sounding delighted rather than apologetic. “At least you got my attention rather than a pesky plant! They can’t even enjoy gobbling up prey.”

“Mmhry?!” Was this silkin going to eat her?! She kicked and squirmed but she already felt it was too late, from claw to neck her body had been coated in that sensational mix between a swaddling soft blanket and sticky, highly elastic webbing bonds.

She was no longer stuck to the floor, at least but that only allowed her to wiggle around in the awkward wrap. Besides, there was little point in trying to squirm out; the snake’s body had fully encircled her and once she’d noticed it, the coils tightened up drawing ever closer, he

silkat's body was swept up and squashed on all sides by the soft satiny belly, catching her chin to raise it up.

"Let's finish dressing you up." The silkin murmured as her coils smoothly kneaded over Marie's body. Her stretched legs were compressed toward her body, forced to bend and tuck under her, her tail was plastered around to her side, every new thread added making her struggles to stretch less effective as the deftly woven threads plucked on each other.

Her heart was racing, feeling that the creature was balling her up to be an easier to swallow lump, especially when it coiled her neck, squeezing so her head was the only part that wasn't buried by the snake body. Its mouth hung open in what looked like it would be a hungry drooling, if it had the capacity for saliva.

Four of the claws poked down, weaving new web, plucking at the top of the old ones and the gagging mass, slowly building a tight sheath around Marie's muzzle that was breathable but otherwise completely covering. It wrapped behind her cheeks, over her head, even covering and flattening her ears.

"Ah, how wonderful, how absolutely wonderful." The silkin purred. "Now... it's time to prepare you for your new home..." The snake said, jaw wide in delight as it stretched a blindfold of webbing into place. Marie felt her body mushed around, the coils clapping over her head and perfecting the smooth cocoon before she was lifted up, up.

'No, no! Don't eat me!' she begged frantically in her head, lips just letting out muffled cries as the world started to move. The feeling of the jaws never arrived, instead she was slung onto something soft but firm, with some tight lashing threads pinning her there. There was a bobbing undulating as the snake moved, revealing that the silkat's cocoon had been stuck to its back, with her being carried off deep into the woods. "Hhhmmmmnnn!" Marie whined, suddenly not sure if this was better, as now it might simply be saving her till it was hungry. She had to try and get loose but no matter how she thrashed the thick cocoon absorbed all her wiggling.

"Heehee, you haven't given up, right?" The silkin asked, almost mockingly. "I won't be any more or less mean as a result, so do whatever you like the most."

What she liked? Marie was still too worried about potentially ending up in its belly and finding out if plush-monsters needed to actually eat to have thought further over why she was captured. All the same, the helplessness of the webbing did nag a little at her mind in a way that was not all that unpleasant.

Furthermore, gentle though the meandering pace had been, it had seemed to further shake Marie around until her body was fully compressed against itself. Her arms and legs could stretch a few inches but as soon as she relaxed the muscles they'd be pushed right back down.

“Here we are.” The silkin declared, head dropping to the floor and rolling to its side as it plucked Marie from its back and snuggled into the yielding soft floor, pushing the web-cocooned cat into the grip of its arachnid arms, then hugging on tightly. “I really was lucky to find you. I’ve been without something to cuddle and you’re already close to a perfect size.”

Even though the silkin was hugging Marie close, she could feel it twitching and moving, the four free claws and its tail were hard at work on something.

As time passed, the fears of being eaten and of being in mortal peril were slipping away. Though the mystery still clung enough to make her squirm in uncertainty, caught between being afraid of what was coming and of her growing enjoyment of the helplessness. “Oooh, patience, patience.” The silkin said on detecting her latest movements, giving her a warming stuffy cuddle and folding its body to fully envelop her again.

“Mmmmh-” She mumbled weakly.

Another several minutes passed before the snake let out a soft laugh. “There we are, just perfect.” Two claws brushed in under the coils, finding Marie’s head, swiping off the blinding layer and revealing the cave around her. Dim light that was kind to her recently covered eyes showed a sprawl of plush and cushioned goods, yet none so pointed as what hung in the air, suspended by webbing. It was a larger than life, rounded and soft plush of Marie herself, with button eyes and an embroidered smiling set of lips! The four legs and tail were well stuffed but the body and head looked slightly underfilled.

Marie guessed why even before she saw the open pouch at the belly. “Your new home is ready!” The silkin said with innocent sounding glee as she plucked the plush down and pushed it over the top of Marie.

“Mmmhh!” The cat barely had time to move as the extra thick layer pushed around her body. The cocooning web and her own form filled it up to the same firmness as the legs, her face felt the tight neck of the plush stretch open as it popped into position, with firm padding making it a perfectly snug fit. She could see, just barely, through the holes in the buttons but the cocoon and toy’s own stuffing were too thick to let her really bend around, limiting her view to a worryingly short range.

The silkin slung her onto her back and then took her time to weave the pouch shut, the stuffing distributed to overlap and leave her unsure of where that freshly applied final seam even lay. “Now I’ve got you. Hope you don’t have any fantasies of being let go, but don’t worry, we’ll explore other fantasies in the meantime.”

Marie let out another soft whine as the silkin showed just how serious she was about her assertions. From how practised it had been in making the outermost plush that now trapped and contained Marie, she knew she couldn’t have been its first catch. Nor could she see any sign of

other living-filled plushies around. Maybe it was just trying to scare her... or maybe the other toys had given up their squirming and were at rest.

Either way, as the silkin grabbed Marie into the first cuddle-heavy nap of her new 'home'. She realised there would be a great many more such nights in her future, especially given that mention of fantasies and how even if she could squirm, she suddenly doubted if her own treacherous body would really do it whole-heartedly.