

You let out a little grumble as you start to awaken, feeling strangely uncomfortable, at least a little bit. It doesn't feel like you slept well, a few muscles here and there feeling tense and strained. You move to stretch to alleviate the discomfort... only to feel your movements lock up when you try to move more than a few inches. The strangeness registers on your mind, but it does so... slowly. Like your thoughts are a mire of molasses that you have to wade through step by step.

You're... sitting. Sitting up? Why were you sleeping while sitting up, did you fall asleep in your chair or something? That's part of why your neck hurts - your head was slumped forward onto your chest. Your back was bent forward from gravity, and your butt hurts too from sitting on the hard ground...

Hard... ground? Why are you on the ground? That's part of what's so uncomfortable... And your arms, they're behind your back for some reason, your shoulders feeling rough. You... you can't pull them forward, though. You can only move them a few inches back and forth. What's... going on?

Slowly, groggily, your eyes begin to open, your vision swimming. It's dark, *really* hard to see anything around you. There's only a crack of light illuminating your surroundings, coming from a short distance in front of you. Light seeping in from under a door, you realize. You let out a quiet groan of discomfort and try to yawn, only to feel something stopping you there too. Something... stuck to your mouth, sticky.

...Tape? Why...

Starting to feel a little bit of panic bubbling up in the swamp of your mind, you try to move your arms again, realizing what's keeping them from moving very much – a pair of handcuffs attached to your wrists, holding them together with a short chain, and keeping your arms behind your back. Even through whatever's bogging down your thoughts, you can feel that panic starting to rise in earnest.

You don't know where you are. From the little light you have, it looks a bit like a closet? The place is small and cramped, but big enough for your legs to stretch all the way out and not reach the door from where you're leaned against a wall... or rather, what feels like a shelf. Moving those legs is tricky enough as it is, it feels like your muscles *really* don't want to listen to you. Had you been drugged?

Had you been... kidnapped?

The panic starts to fully set in. You're alone in an unfamiliar place, bound up with your mouth covered in tape, and it feels like you've been drugged. You try to think back on the last thing that happened... and

get nothing. What were you doing last? What were you doing... all day, yesterday? Or was it today? Everything feels jumbled, and it's hard to piece anything together at all. Especially when what little cognitive ability you have through this hampering effect is being taken up by rising waves of *panic*.

Okay, breathe. You had to stay calm. Keep your head together. That was step one. You took a few deep breaths through your nose as you tried to relax, which was... marginally successful. As you tried your best to calm down, you caught a sound like muffled speech coming from the other side of the door. It was hard to make out anything that was being said, though the voice seemed fairly high-pitched and feminine, the expression in their voice sounding excited. As you listened, they seemed to be growing closer, that panic starting to rise in your chest once more.

You could make out a few words, sounding like a farewell being given over the phone. Just a moment later and you had to squint as the door was opened, light pouring in from the outside. As your eyes adjusted, you saw... someone standing in the doorway, clad in a simple white dress, looking off-guard and a little surprised. She looked to be part sylveon, part flareon – a hestiad, you'd heard them called. Supposedly quite warm, and dangerously enchanting. She stared back at you for a moment, your heart beating quickly in the silence, before it was finally broken by the sound of her voice.

"I wasn't expecting you to be up so quickly. You must be pretty tough to be awake after a knock-out like that..." The fear grew as the possibility of her being a rescuer vanished. She'd been the one to kidnap you... or was at least an accomplice in it. You let out little muffled sounds of panic through the tape over your mouth, and she looked almost concerned. "Hey, it's alright, don't worry. You're gonna be okay..." The hestiad dropped down to all fours as she walked closer, your body instinctively trying to scoot away, despite already being up against the back wall. A ribbon moved towards you, and...

Gently pat the top of your head.

"There there, it's alright! I know this is all probably pretty scary for you... I was hoping to have everything finished in time for you to wake up somewhere much comfier than this." The shock of her attempting to comfort you was enough to break you out of the pure panic you'd been in a moment before... you simply froze, unsure of what to do, your breaths still coming quickly.

"Hmm... I'm sorry you had such a rude first awakening, dear. How about we get you somewhere much more comfy, and help you get all settled in? I'm sure you'll feel much better taking a nap somewhere comfy instead of this old dark closet they tossed you in..." She walked around to your back as she talked, fiddling with something with her forepaws and ribbons that you couldn't see. There were a few metallic clanking and jingling sounds before suddenly it felt like you could move your wrists a bit more.

Well... only a bit. The handcuffs were still there, keeping them together, but they weren't attached to anything anymore. Immediately you felt like you had to take the opportunity to make a run for it now that you weren't chained to anything, but as you pulled your legs towards yourself, leaning forward to put weight onto your legs, you realized just how sluggish your muscles really were. Despite your best efforts, you only ended up tumbling over face-first onto the ground, not even managing to pull yourself up into a standing position before you fell, letting out an involuntary groan of discomfort.

You heard the hestiad immediately gasp, moving over to your side. "Oh dear, are you alright? It didn't look like much of a tumble... gosh, you've got to be careful, you can't push yourself too hard like that. Here, let Momma take care of that for you, alright?" ...'Momma'? You felt confusion run through your mind as her ribbons gently snaked around you, effortlessly lifting you up into the air in a gentle cradle. You instinctively tried to flex your arms, but on top of how stiff and unresponsive they felt, the ribbons seemed to wrap you up pretty completely.

The hestiad started to walk forward, carrying you with her. You let out little muffled sounds and tried your best to wiggle, but she held you pretty comprehensively. The hestiad gently shushed you as she walked, as if she were trying to calm down a fussing baby. "Hey, it's alright. I'll get you all fixed up, and you'll be much more comfortable in just a bit." You didn't have much of a choice as she carried you out of the closet, the light of the new room you were taken into seeming blinding and spiking your headache. Your eyes quickly closed, but before long, you could see through your eyelids that it had grown much darker in the room, your eyes slowly opening once more.

You weren't able to see much of the room surrounding you before you were gently set down onto... some kind of table, the hestiad standing back up onto two legs. She kept her ribbons around you as she reached behind your back and fiddled with the handcuffs once more, finally taking them off. You felt like moving your arms, but the ribbons wrapped around them moved them for you, gently easing you into laying down on the table and spreading your arms up to the corners of it, only for your wrists to be cuffed into that position instead. You tried to pull and wriggle them, whimpering a bit at your lack of movement, earning some more gentle cooing from the hestiad.

"Now, let's get you much more comfy, alright?" she said, your gaze being drawn to her in the low light, fear in your eyes meeting her gentle, serene gaze. You heard her open up some drawer on the table you're on before pulling out some scissors, a bit of fear sparking in your still addled mind. Her ribbons held your body down as the scissors moved closer, her paws gently beginning to cut away your clothes, piece by piece. She made sure to never touch your skin with the scissors, despite your initial fear... though the worry stayed as she cut off all of your clothes and tossed them somewhere out of sight, leaving you naked on the table.

“Theere we go, all those icky grown-up clothes are gone now. Momma’s gonna get you much more comfy... but first, let’s make sure you’re all properly protected, alright?” The hestiad’s ribbons pulled your legs apart, leaving you fully on display in front of her, your heart beating in your ears. She looked at you for a moment like she was studying you, before opening up another drawer as she put away the scissors, the sounds of metal clanking noises reaching you as she searched through it. You saw her eyes light up as she found what she was looking for, pulling it out for you to see.

A chastity cage. A pretty small one, mostly just a nub made of a silvery metal. You let out a weak “Mmmph...!” and struggled a little as she smiled at you. “I think this will be perfect for you, sweetie. Just your size, and so cute on you! Here, let me get it on...” Her paws moved down between your legs, gently threading your privates into the ring of the cage until it sat flush against your skin. You tried to plead through the tape covering your mouth, but it wasn’t much use as she fitted the nub cage onto the ring, keeping everything nice and compressed. You heard a quiet *click* as she inserted the lock between the pieces and turned the key, pulling it up for you to see. “I’ll keep good care of this, don’t you worry, sweetie,” she assured you, though it did little to help your current fears.

“Now, let’s get your other protection on you...” she said, reaching down below the table once more to pull out a large rectangle of plastic. You looked at it in confusion for a bit, before she began unfolding it, your mind piecing a few things together as you realized it was a diaper. This table was a changing table, and though you couldn’t see much in the dim light as you were strapped down, you could see what looked like a large crib behind the hestiad. You felt even more confused than before at the revelation, making muffled sounds through the tape and wriggling as much as you could, though either you were still very weak from those drugs, or the hestiad had surprising strength to work with, keeping you down with ease.

She raised up your spread legs, sliding the unfolded diaper underneath you and getting it lined up just right before laying you back down onto it. It was thick, feeling like a full cushion underneath you, which only made you worry more about your future... though you were quickly brought back to the here and now as she pulled out a bottle of baby powder, sprinkling it all over your crotch and rubbing it in, making sure to cover every little nook and cranny. You could hear her gently humming a tune as she worked, seeming perfectly calm despite the panic bubbling in your chest.

Once you were appropriately powdered, she pulled up the front of the diaper, quickly taping on the wings before giving you a few pats to the front. “There we go! All safe and sound from any little accidents!” she said in a sing-song voice, her cheeriness and smile spiking the worry and fear inside of you. The way she so easily and effortlessly smiled and giggled as she babied her kidnapping victim gave you chills... you weren’t sure if it was better or worse than someone rough, like how you thought kidnappings were... that’s how they usually were in fiction, at least.

“Now to just get you bundled up and cozy...” The hestiad turned around, walking out of your line of sight. You heard the creaking of something opening, then the distinctive shuffling of hangers being moved around. She seemed to be picking out some clothes, the humming still audible a short distance away. You waited with growing anticipation before she finally returned, setting whatever she brought with her on a shelf below you, out of sight. With a smile, she pulled out the first thing to show to you – a pair of locking mittens, the same color as the diaper she’d given you.

“This should keep your paws nice and cozy, and out of trouble,” she said with a smile as she moved them up to where your wrists were bound down to the table. You flexed your fingers and tried to pull your arms away, but she easily slipped them on without any real resistance. She immediately pulled out a matching pair of booties, her ribbons returning to hold your legs in place as she put them onto you as well.

She then unfolded what looked like a full footed sleeper, one that was apparently made to fit a pair of mittens and booties inside of it, showing it off to you. “Isn’t it so cute? It’ll be so comfy, sweetie!” she said with a smile, maneuvering you gradually into the sleeper, briefly undoing the restraints on your wrists to slide them into the sleeves before putting them right back. Zipping up the front, you were just about as bundled up as you could get.

“And one final touch... this might hurt a little bit, but it’ll be quick, sweetie.” The hestiad reached for the tape on your mouth, and you quickly shut your eyes and braced yourself, before she pulled it off all at once. You winced and let out a sound of pain, and as you opened your eyes, her expression seemed almost like she’d felt it too. Though only a moment later, she was back to work, gently placing something into your mouth. You felt around with your tongue, eventually realizing the thing inside of your mouth was the silicone bulb of a pacifier, the shield of which was pressing against your lips. She continued fiddling around with it, and you realized with a whimper that she was wrapping straps around your head to keep in in place.

“There we go, so much better than that tape. Now you’re alllll comfy and cozy!” She seemed satisfied with her work, though you’d only grown more worried, confused, and scared as time had gone on. You felt more confused now than you had when you’d woken up in the closet, bound and gagged. You tried your best to communicate through the pacifier, trying to ask questions, or for her to let you go, or to at least talk to you... but she just giggled and smiled at your incomprehensible babble.

“Gosh, you’re just too cute... but Momma’s still got a bit of work to do, you woke up from your nap early! I’ll put you back down for your nap for a little while so you can get all the rest you need, alright?” You shook your head and tried to pull at the restraints, but couldn’t really do anything. At the very least, you certainly weren’t going to just lay down at sleep, even if your muscles were struggling to move how you wanted them to.

Though you watched as the hestiad reached below the table once more, pulling out a pipette filled with some kind of pink liquid. “Here, let’s get your night night medicine to help you drift off, alright?” She moved the pipette over to your mouth, and you tried to move it around to the side, but she easily held it in place as she seemingly attached it to the pacifier. In a few moments, you could taste the sweet, sticky, thick liquid slowly beginning to coat your tongue. You tried to keep yourself from swallowing, but you didn’t have much of a choice as it slowly flowed into your mouth, the sweet taste making you salivate even more. It didn’t take long for your tongue to start to feel funny, then your mouth, the feeling gradually spreading through your whole body.

You felt... weird. Floaty, sleepy, like you could drift off on a cloud through the wind. It felt like your body was lifting off of the table even as you were held down to it, all of your muscles so tingly and hard to control. You felt so... tired...

Your eyelids drooped as you were unbuckled from the table and easily lifted up, the hestiad carrying you over to the crib you’d seen behind her. She fiddled with the crib to let down the side of it, gently depositing you inside and covering you up with a blanket. You felt so... warm and comfy. Warmer and comfier than you ever had before. Like the warmth was deep inside you... It was so hard not to just... fall asleep...

“Momma will come get you when napttime’s over, alright? Just get some rest, sweetie pie.” You felt the gentle caress of one of her ribbons before the side of the crib was pulled back up and latched shut. You wanted to... to move, to get up and follow her as she walked to the door... but you were so... comfy, cozy, sleepy...

Slowly, gently, you started to drift off, falling into a deep slumber, comfier than you’d ever been. All bundle up and ready to wake up for the first real day of your new life.