

“H-huh? What?” Dalian asked the dark room around him. He was half lying half seated, with the mystery furniture cuffing his arms near his hips and holding the grey wolf’s ankles in place. While a lattice of belts braced and held him down.

“Who’s there?” Another voice asked somewhere to his left.

A similar distance to the right side, a familiar voice spoke. “Dalian?”

“Yes it’s me, is that you, Savannah?” He replied, recognising the brown wolf by sound alone.

Brightness suddenly revealed the room with the cinematic thudding of a floodlight. Four voices replied to the jarring light with different grunts and gasps. When his eyes were finally accustomed, Dalian was able to see the unnerving decor in all its glory. Scrappy walls, with shadows made all the darker by the spotlight on him and the others. The rusted metal and poorly maintained patches seemed like something from some deranged killer’s basement.

Even the chairs they were in looked like a hasty DIY project from scraps in a junkyard. Four chairs, arranged so that no matter where the occupants looked they would see each other, thanks to the large mirror dominating the opposite wall.

Four subjects, all as naked as the day they came. First to the left, he saw a distinctly feline form, a lion with tan fur, strapped down just the same as Dalian with his footpaws loose to the air. When he turned his head, Dalian discovered he had been correct. Savannah lay to his right, and beyond her another wolfess with comparatively striking blue fur, biting her lip and trying not to fidget. She’d seen something before the others. Articulated arms were fixed around the edges of each seat, tipped with devices that suggested their purpose for a very specific kind of torture.

While at first guess he might assume blades and horror, he instead saw feathered tips. They were to perform a kind of torture which would leave few marks in methods Dalian was quite familiar with.

An intercom crackled, fitting the intensely oppressive feeling in the room as a heavily filtered voice spoke through it. “Before you waste our valuable time in getting yourselves acquainted. I have brought you all here for a reason. Each of you has made an assertion in the past, ego-centric, self-aggrandizing. And so, I have chosen you to be punished. This is a competition and the rules are oh so simple. The tools at your side will give you pleasure and mirth. You must endure them. Should you give in to pleasure, then the mirth will follow you until the end of your days. Should you beg relief from the constant caress of that mirth, then pleasure will be permanently withheld.”

The terms were vague, yet from the looks Dalian shared with the others present he knew they all got it. Pleasure would be the sexually stimulating toys around them. Mirth; the feathers, pins and other more tactile and tickling implements. The voice continued after a pause. “I am

not without mercy, as a sign of good will, should two of you give up, I will accept your eternal doom as payment and release the others to a fitting reward. Your punishments begin.”

There was another boom as the lights shifted, the room-flooding one swapping to spotlights on all four of them. The tools whirled as they lifted and any thought of conversation was gone the moment they connected with one of the furred bodies.

Shiny metal glinted and small red LEDs showed the motions of each hand even in the darkness as sturdy but teasing feathery tips brushed up and down Dalian’s body.

He wasn’t alone either, fortunately the voice hadn’t said anything about whimpers short of giving up as the pair on the outer edges were provoked into laughs. The wolves in the middle may have been able to keep their composure slightly longer had they been on their own, but their voices soon joined in. “Ghh, nhh-hahaha!” The lion cried, trying to hold it back.

“Hahah, ahahah, s-st- mmhgh!” Savannah nearly begged for it to stop, catching herself from the instinct in case she lost in record time. She, and the blue furred wolf beyond her both let their laughs ring out loud. Dalian winced, light chuckles flickering up his lips, the tickling hadn’t gotten too bad on him yet.

As feathers were joined by rollers and scratchers though, none of them could keep their lips shut. The chairs creaked as each occupant was prompted to wriggle. Dalian saw every reaction in the mirror, his own spasming body was jerky, with harsh reactions when the ticklers found a sensitive point, then lulled to complacency by the lighter touches before they dug in again.

The lion seemed the most sensitive, shrinking away and shrieking, trying to avoid the closer tools and ending up bumping into the others as a result. The blue wolf was the opposite, her laughter was loudest but any control she had she spent pushing in, as if welcoming them.

“Ah good, you’re all enjoying the mirth side of things.” The voice crackled, revealing in the inference that they were not only listening but watching too. “Time for the second act.”

There was a louder mechanical thrum as without pausing the ticklers, larger, steadier tools moved over each bound fur’s waist. For the two to Dalian’s right, that meant a sturdy hafted vibrator with several heads, easily rotated by what looked like an old revolver’s chamber. Some more delicately teasing and others more widely stimulating.

For Dalian and the lion, already buzzing, tight but flat silicone bands were tucked over their rods. With more tools dangling nearby. He stared in distraction, starting to fidget at the waist while the feathers continued to dance over him. Lighter mechanical arms slapped up, knocking lightly adhesive pads in place before as one the apparatus surged.

The feathers drew back making way for the intense rollers, vibrating points were pushed between the rings which wiggled and purred, and through wires connected to the pads, a lightly

tormenting electric shock zapped and shook the wolf. “Oh, s-shihihit.” He gasped, tensing up, squirming and wiggling.

“Ghhnh, hahaha, ah ahhhhgh!” The lion groaned, yelping as he squirmed along.

“Mmmh, mnnhhhf.” Savannah purred, her stimulation focusing her mind over the tickling. Yet beyond those noises Dalian was heedless of their plight. The fizzing zap and the sudden surges of each tickling push kept lowering his guard, making it hard to keep from the joy being stirred along his nethers.

It was only when he was standing fully up, that he felt yet another mean tease- a lick of a feather running directly down the bottom of his shaft, making him squirm profusely as it tickled along.

The shrieks that joined his own self-surprisingly shrill yell told him he wasn’t alone in receiving even more attention.

“Remember. It can all end in a moment.” The voice crackled over them, somewhere between threat and offer.

“P-please!” The lion shouted. “S-sto-stopohop. I chh, nnmhm can’t b-breathe!” He protested.

“Oh too bad. Our first defeat.”

“Y-yipe!” The lion yelled, as he was given one last cruel surge of stimulation, worse than anything before. “Sto-hohohoop!” But then mercifully it did, leaving him panting loudly in exhaustion.

Any fear that their captor was not a figure of their word was dismissed as all the tools pulled away. The spotlight over the lion shut off, casting him into darkness as the attention went back to the three that were still in the running.

The thicker furred, heavy set blue wolf was laughing more than she was moaning despite still doing her best to seemingly lose, almost welcoming every aspect of the onslaught.

Savannah winced with each crackle of the electrodes while fighting through the tickling suddenly seeming to focus on that. “Hahhnh~. Nmhh hah ahhh ahhhhah.” She still cried, yet her voice was tinged with more joy than the forced mirth might ask for.

Dalian was still absorbed in his own world. Despite the crude and horrifying surroundings, the machinery was expertly tuned, driving him to the verge of wanting to give up already. He was sure it must be the same for the others as time crept past them.

“Ghh, mmh. Mmmmhh!” He groaned before being provoked to an outburst of laughter. As his lungs let forth the cackling tide he heard an almost adorable squeak, one he’d heard before as it was Savannah’s turn to yield, at least according to the rules.

Her body shook and writhed as the buzzing heads provoked the climax out of her, withdrawing once their work was done. Instead of cessation and relief however, the stimulating toys were replaced with more ticklers, running over her body, attacking each vulnerable exposed inch. There was also further motion from the chair. An unused pair of thigh bands slid over her legs, tightening them in place. Another band snapped around her neck, restraining her further while from above a fitting leather hood was stretched open by mechanical tongs, thrown over her snout and tightened before the light over her went out. The tools whirled on as the now muffled Savannah received her punishment- to be tickled and stimulated without mercy.

The tools tormenting his body finally slowed to a halt. The blue wolf too made a sound on the verge of being frustrated to be left alone so soon.

Dalian glanced at the patch of shade that supported the familiar wolfess, worried that in giving him freedom she’d sealed her doom. He even had a feeling of pity for the lion, a survivor’s guilt weighing on him.

The lion had grown quiet and still, mystifying Dalian until the general lights flooded once again. Like Savannah, a hood had been snared over his head and below the waist was the most rigid belt Dalian had ever seen. A solid mass that buried any hint of his genitalia and looped around his hips. His own penance, yielding to the stimulation ensured he’d never feel any.

“Savannah? Can you hear me? Lion?” He called, yet either they couldn’t or they were both too overwhelmed to reply.

“Ignore them, leave them.” The voice said before with an even more ominous tone it added. “Forget them...”

The bonds holding Dalian and the other winning wolf snapped back before the voice crooned out. “Come. Claim your rewards.”

In the control room, shielded by the one way mirror, the bat Drevari toyed with a few switches to dim the lights, illuminating a way out of the freaky themed room. The corridor that waited beyond would take several strides towards grounding the escaped winners. From the longing looks she saw on Zheil, the blue wolf’s face, she already knew what she’d ask for as a reward. Good thing she had an even more binding chair prepared just for her to experience.

She was keen to know what Dalian would ask for. This had been her first interaction with him and with Savannah but they’d played their parts wonderfully. She looked over the files she’d prepared for the two losers.

In both cases “forever” was merely part of the play. The lion would have to endure that belt as long as he could for the month-long chastity enduring event known as ‘locktober’ but when Drevari had entertained her winners he would otherwise be free to go.

For Savannah, it meant an hour and a half of sensory deprivation combined with overstimulation.

The door behind her opened, Dalian and Zheil walking in, shivering as the erotic energy still crackled within them, pent up and unreleased something she was more than willing to remedy on their terms. All in all, the devious domme had more than earned her fill from watching the show, with some precious after-care prepared for each of them in turn. One way or another, each subject would have something to remember with joy from this little contest...