

With a sigh the white wolf, Gemini, rolled his eyes, the discussion had been at this wall for a while now. "They're just prisoners, right? So what's the issue?"

"The issue is that while the state restricts their privileges they are still their own people. We can't suddenly spring new, potentially cruel but definitely unusual punishments on them just because some rich ass-" a feline said, knuckles tensing as she was seconds off rising to her feet with a yell.

"-I think what my colleague is trying to say," an equine to her side said, his smile a bit more gentle and calming. "Is that we don't have the authority to grant such leave, even if it is as an extended punishment."

The wolf pouted, thick lips making the expression all the more noticeable. "Such a pity, and to think I had such plans to reward the diligent work you put into your oh so very thankless but vital jobs."

His pen scrawled on a pad in front of him, marking a few quick tally marks.

Even that cat quietened down as she saw that. "F-five million?!"

"I'm not sure where you got that number. Or even what it is." The wolf said with a cool smile, all while his eyes glittered. "I'll give you time to think about it. Until then, the Painted Wolf is always open if you find yourselves with free time and in need of great company."

He'd got his wish and he'd covered himself through it all. A cart of six prisoners were to spend some time in the wolf's club, serving some select patrons. All the prisoners had ostensibly signed waivers and consent forms, even though one of them had technically no knowledge of the fact and it was dubious that any of them even understood. The draw of their crime-filled histories would appeal to some of his more severe clients, the kind who paid more to be able to express whatever they wanted.

Still, if any officials did drop by for a little surprise, the paperwork was there. After all, while one might not be able to punish criminals in strange ways, fully consenting adults who just happened to be undergoing 'community service' were another matter.

Among the prisoners were the feline twins, Victor and Leopold, and as if finding it amusing to pick on them just for his namesake, Gemini paid special attention to them. Matching them to a client he knew would love to borrow them both. The two cats in question heard not a word of the discussions surrounding their fates. Both on their knees with their wrists shackled to their ankles, thick leather hoods over their heads cutting off the outside world.

The cervine he set them aside for had pouted on first seeing them. "When you mentioned twins I was expecting something a bit more... matching?" She said, looking between the pale-tan coloured Victor and the black and blue furred Leopold. One of her hands pushed out, brushing

Leopold's bared belly, smirking as he twitched at the sudden stimulation. His motions woke his twin from whatever slumber he'd been in, though after a few testing pulls to find he was still immobile he calmed again. "That is cute though."

"They may have their differences now." The wolf said at her side, he stood at a height just shy of five feet making the above average doe look like a giant. Yet his confidence and charm were winning her over. "But give me a list and an afternoon to find some fancy attire and by the time you're done with them I daresay you could make them match if certain things were covered. That is, providing you're up for the challenge, Tilly?"

"Oh, Gemini, you do know how to make a girl's thoughts whirr." Tilly replied.

When next the twins were given light it was in a room that matched their prison cells for comfort. "What's happening? What are you going to make us do?" Victor asked once his eyes settled, face twisted in a growl as he saw himself surrounded by muscular figures, staff of the club.

"I was just gonna make you get dressed." One of them said, looking unimpressed with the snarl presented to him. "Why don't you behave like your friend here?"

"Brother." Victor snapped.

The staff member shrugged, it was all the same to him. "I'm sure you're used to prison uniforms, so consider these a nice upgrade."

Their gazes were brought around to two shining latex catsuits, in a hot pink shade that was hard to ignore. "Must we?" Leopold asked, blushing. While his brother sniffed, turning up his nose.

"I'm not wearing that!"

"If you'd rather go naked-" The staff said.

"Maybe I would!" He retorted.

"Fine with us. You three, skip the suit." The indicated three advanced on Victor, grabbing him and lifting him up.

"What? Get off!"

"Hush, you're here because of your actions. This is just our way to punish you for them. You'll be serving the community you slighted."

"Gmmfh!" He groaned as a thick ball gag was thrust into his mouth, strapped in tight. While they let his fur hang naked they weren't going to leave him fully unattended either. He

tensed but ultimately realised it was happening regardless and that any outburst he gave here could strike him all the more later when this community service was over. How bad could it be?

While his brother was helped into the shiny pink suit Victor was shown what awaited him after.

Long paw-mittens and socks were pulled up over his limbs, biting into the fur from the smooth, tight bands at the top, slippery enough on the exterior that he'd struggle to get them off with his digits sealed away.

Cuffs and a collar followed, dressing him further. He bore it with a stern expression, which ultimately made their job easier as the last of the initial tools was employed; a tight chastity cage that left him quite on display while preventing him from growing beyond flaccidity.

The same gear was turned toward his brother, dressing him up and to the twins' mutual embarrassment, finding it harder to cap off as the gear had an effect on Leopold, sending his blood down a different avenue. Eventually it subsided enough for them to clasp his cage in place.

"I guess that will have to do. It's time to meet the one you'll be escorting. You're to refer to her as Miss Tilly, even through those gags of yours. Be on your best manners, you're already on thin ice; I doubt she will be happy that you refused her attire requests." The staff said before he led them away.

The doe was waiting in a private room, relaxed on a thick recliner and having a light chat with the club's barman before he excused himself as the two cats were shown in. "What a lovely matching pair- Is what I hoped to say. I see we'll need some practice to get you there though." Tilly remarked once they were alone. "Let's start things slow, sit." She ordered in a firm but gentle tone.

Leopold and Victor both stepped toward the spare seats, though it was only on the way that Victor noticed his brother had stopped, catching the quirked brow of the doe. Looking uncertain, Leopold lowered to his knees and then sat on the ground. She smiled and nodded in response, turning her eyes to the still standing brother.

"Mhhhh..." He said, torn before he swiftly dropped down.

"Not the worst I've seen, your poses need adjustment though, you look like you're waiting for me to read you a story." She said. "Now, pups. I don't recall what your old names were, and it won't matter. While you're in my care you are to respond only to 'pup'. Understood?"

"Yffm, mhhhf hmmlmmh." They both mumbled, remembering to try the honorific even as it was obstructed.

She smiled at that. “Ah, maybe there’s hope for you, after all a week is such a short amount of time.” She shifted as she took a deep breath, collecting herself and looking down at them.

“Now, for your first test.” She crossed her legs, raising one of her hooved feet, clad in an elegant sleeve that began at the ankle. “Come and show your devotion to me, give me what you think I want from you and if you do well enough, I’ll leave those cages on for only one day before letting you see relief.”

The twins looked at each other before they crawled forward. Leopold looked to the raised hoof crawling closer with his catsuit squeaking. He cupped it gently in his mitts and leant closer, showing deference.

Victor meanwhile hesitated on getting close. The doe saw him and uncrossed her legs, moving the other foot wide. The tan furred cat moved his snout upward, pointing it to her lap and what lay beyond the hem of her dress. She laughed softly, “Perhaps later in the week.” hand pushing down to intercept him. Her leg jiggled lightly in a hint encouraging him to nuzzle against.

It was good enough for her to be getting on with. “Well, you are both off to a good start.” She said before turning her focus to Victor. “That said, pup. I hope tomorrow will find you dressed to match. Had you done so it might have been enough to ensure that cage *stayed* off, but you will find I don’t go back on my word. You will get a break and we’ll see if what you do then earns you further rewards or punishments.”

“Mmmh.... Mhhhs Thmmlh.” He mumbled. Bowing his head.

She grew pensieve for a moment, unsure if it was sincere or simply a show to get on her good side. After all she knew little about them beyond that they’d at least signed up for something like this. “Now, your real training will begin tomorrow. For tonight, you will see at the edge of this room there are two beds. Each day, I will let you both decide between yourselves which bed you earned.”

They turned at her words, looking to see the source. A small cage, barely big enough for one of them to curl up in, lay beside a luxurious, though still degrading, pet basket.

Her eyes were on them as Leopold struck out toward the cage only for his brother to sigh and catch up, nudging him toward the nicer bed.

The deer smiled, a fingertip dancing to her lips, she wondered if they even realised they’d stayed on all fours without so much as a command.

She had such plans, taking stock of every difference between the two. Tomorrow the set of matching hoods would arrive, and if she got Victor into the latex she had planned, they’d be visually difficult to tell apart. She hoped by the end of the week, that she would mould their

behaviour so that even she would lose the ability to distinguish between. While she had her work cut out for her, this was going to be fun.