

"This time, you're never leaving." Yang said with a chuckle, as she pushed the door shut behind herself for the third time in their dating period. The walk in closet had been lined with pillows and cushions to simulate a padded cell; their fantasy.

The 'abandoned' boar, Omen, struggled and squirmed in the knotted sleeves of an oversized and stretching sweater that they'd picked out to simulate the straitjacket in their play. They grumbled through a gag of tied cloth that could have been easily shifted, nudged aside with a concerted effort. Their partner had dressed them up in cute attire to match that sweater, thick and comfy knee-high socks to 'keep their feet from mischief' and a frilly skirt that she had claimed was from her own wardrobe, though it was too big to fit her waist.

Even the socks were long enough that on the red panda they would have trailed off the end of her feet no matter how high she pulled them. More hints that the clothing was bought for Omen specifically.

They would struggle and squirm and if they could get free before Yang had finished watching her show, she promised Omen any reward they would like in return. If the show finished, Yang would come back and that would be the end of the session, probably tapering off with some loving cuddles from the tiny yet authoritative woman.

"This time, you're never leaving." She said over a month later. The closet was now emptied of clothing and other supplies, filled instead with other toys to entertain Omen as the 'nurse visited her patient' putting the last of them away and slipping a blindfold over their eyes before she stepped over to the door. "Click!" She said, simulating a lock.

The rules were different, Omen was allowed to get out of their gear if they could, but the door was to remain shut until the panda returned.

Getting out was now a challenge, too. Specialised but still cheap off-the-digital-shelf bondage tape replaced the cloth gag, wrapped firmly around and behind Omen's snout. A sturdy straitjacket was bundled on top, simple and affordable enough, if not exactly cheap. It sagged in spots but it did the job, holding the boar through their struggles, arms forced to hug, or sit behind the back, however Yang felt like tying them.

Soft bondage cuffs held their ankles together, closed by velcro, attached to each other with a ribbon. Underneath them was a pair of fishnet tights and a pink thong that just barely left some mystery to the imagination. These were definitely in Omen's size, picked out exactly for their use.

They were already exhausted from the playful entertainment that Yang had taken at their expense, struggling that gear was daunting.

The room's cushioning had been improved too, and so for a while Omen just lay there, recovering stamina and energy before squirming and struggling anew. With the secure gear and

lack of vision it was all the more convincing that they'd been forgotten in some asylum. It would only last an hour at most, but they were keen to enjoy that time to the fullest.

It had been more than a year now. Almost every reservation Omen might have had to their playful relationship was buried. The red panda and boar held back little from each other to begin with and now they felt they'd laid everything bare, offering vulnerabilities that the panda had sometimes leaned on to provoke the reactions she wanted. Even so Omen never felt exploited, only bullied in the fun way.

A fresh, nervous excitement flitted in the blindfolded boar's belly, Yang had been planning something, promising they'd enjoy the secret more if it stayed secret. A hand tugged, bidding them to kneel down so that the red panda could easily reach their head. The simple blindfold was unbuckled and pulled off and before them stood a box with someone in it!

No, it just looked that way at first, as their eyes adjusted they saw that the 'someone' had been a depression in the box's padding, filled with clothing, accessories and fetish gear.

"W-what's this? Is it... is it for me?" Omen asked, feeling already turned on and wanting to explore.

"Who else in this house is even close to six foot high?" Yang asked back, giving their shoulders a swift rub.

They gulped as Yang walked to the box and pulled something out, a soft catsuit, thick and cushioned yet still with the fingers and split hoof-like toes free. It was wide enough that it would fit Omen snugly, with a delicate but not overpowering pink and purple mix of colours to it.

At their partner's insistence they stripped and climbed into the cloth, feeling it press in a most welcome way like a soft fluffy full body hug.

With that done, Yang turned her focus to the remaining objects. The most impressive of which even looked like a person when unfurled. Thick white canvas with a padded salmon-pink interior and a solid corset built into the garment. It was more of a sack than a jacket, with thick layers for the feet, a multitude of straps all along with enough to give a massive range of locations to strap the arms down.

Over that another shell could be strapped, one that hid the corset and pinned the arms in a mummy pose, turning the wearer's silhouette into a single smooth lump.

Omen was already squirming just from trying to keep still as Yang dragged it over their body, the corset squeezed, compressing belly and ribs, digging just under the chest. Tight, restricting them from bending even before it was properly laced and strapped up. With that done, Yang moved behind the box, kicking a trolley that held it upright so that it gently lowered

it to an angle. One gentle enough that Omen could lie comfortably inside it without being flat on the floor.

They had some help from the red panda, who pushed and braced them so their legs could get in place, then she walked up to their head, the last of the items in hand, a matching, exceptionally thick hood.

“This must have cost a fortune.” Omen whispered, already feeling how unlike the other jacket every inch of this was a snug, perfect fit. Yang just smiled in response as she moved to finish dressing them. The hood too was shaped for their snout and tusks, tucking over and compressing their head, casting them in darkness and muffling their speech.

Yang pushed gently but insistently, Omen felt themselves sliding between the soft walls of the box, then felt a few extra tugs as Yang drew some straps over the top, shuddering as they realised that the straps connected to the straitsack itself.

The box was shut, a lid pressing down to add a last level of pressure, then Omen was righted, the trolley holding enough of the weight that even the small panda could steer it, bound boar and all, wheeling them away somewhere!

It felt like she'd travelled to an all new building, yet there was no way she got them out of the door and no way she'd walk a bound and boxed partner down the public roads no matter how innocuous the box looked outside.

In the new locale, the box was slid fully off the trolley, so that Omen lay on their back.

Pressure lifted as the box lid was opened, instead a more definite pressure grew on them as the panda climbed on top, knees and belly pressing against their captive partner.

“This time, you're never leaving.” She said, repeating the mantra close to their muffled ears, barely able to be heard.

That was the sign, as it always had been, for Omen to struggle and fight to get out of their restraints, yet, as horny and enthralled as they were, it was difficult to put real effort into it. Instead, leaving him wanting to keep fighting fruitlessly just to enjoy it.

They thought they heard a light giggle from Yang, though they might have imagined it.

Eventually playfulness moved away, thinking she might be watching their new predicament Omen was ready to try seriously. After a solid few minutes of directed squirming they felt one of the straps holding them to the box ping loose.

Putting focus on the legs, it wasn't long before another strap yielded, then the next fell more easily until they were able to shift and get out of the confined space. They stumbled from

the box onto a soft and thick floor, one which sent them falling into their side as the softness defied balance.

“Mmh?!” Omen gasped as they squirmed and rolled around. Could it be? A real padded cell? That must have been why she wouldn’t let them look at the basement for so long, had Yang really overhauled her house to add an actual cell?

With a flurry of excitement, Omen kept squirming, the hood had been buckled but a strap felt loose, loose enough that with another few shakes they felt it shift. The blindfold moved aside, showing what they’d hoped while also being several steps beyond their expectations. It was a padded cell alright, even the ceiling had been dressed up. Red cushions pushed from all sides with a light squarely in the centre above them. However, rather than a square, it was cylindrical, with no hint at all as to which way was out.

She’d done it, made their fantasy real. Omen mumbled into the hood, delighting, brushing against the walls, squirming around in a bid for finding the way out and getting excited when they couldn’t.

Time seemed to stretch though, as half an hour of play turned into a full hour. Then that hour seemed to go on and on. Yang didn’t come back in all that time. Omen assumed it was still only an hour, just that in their excitement time had slowed, even though time usually cheated them out of fun by accelerating.

Still, they started to try to find the door. Yang had to be listening, if they grunted loud enough to be heard she might clue in that it was time for cuddling.

“Mmmh, mmmmp!” They called then crawled another foot of distance to try again. Nothing happened. Omen started to grow worried, what if something had happened-

As Omen shook the worried thoughts from their head, they realised they were feeling sleepy... sleepy was concerningly strange because they should still have some time before nightfall, right? But then, with nothing more to do, a nap would help pass the time. With a huff, they rolled onto their side and started to drift, at least the floor was supremely comfortable.

Omen woke. Immobile again, blindfolded again and judging from how compressed they felt, back in the box again. They tried to struggle as before, enough energy recovered to permit them. The box had been strapped even tighter than before.

They broke free eventually only to land back on that padded floor, but now the hood’s blindfold was tightly secured, in fact they felt a solid lump... a lock. As they squirmed, confused, they felt something press down. Yang’s foot resting on the back of their head.

“Hehe, you know how I said this time, you’re never leaving? For once, I am actually serious. I’ve taken the liberty of locking your hood. Tomorrow I’ll lock something else. I hope

you'll look forward to finding out what I lock when all the gear is seen to." She paused giving Omen a moment's thought and panic as the words sunk in. "Y'know what, I'll just tell you after the sack, that box has locking holes, and when those are gone, all there will be is the cell door."

"Mm-mmmh?!" They gasped, she wasn't serious.

Yang just laughed. "Is it really betrayal if it's something you've craved? Goodbye Omen, possibly forever if you don't escape soon."