

Ofenna was a captive in her own home. The lioness still strained in the ropes that kept her on the chair. The hyena who had trapped her had left the room and Ofenna put her all into her struggles, feeling the ropes starting to get loose at her ankles. Some tugging, stamping and kicking followed and she only hoped Samara didn't realise they were more powerful than her prior struggles.

Ofenna could still hear her, she'd gone straight back to her absent roommate's room. Ofenna cursed in her mind, if only the wolfess had locked her door! While normally the lioness was flattered to be trusted that much, even given an open invitation to use the room and anything within it, so long as it was cleaned and cared for. With several of her roommate's restraints already used against her she was regretting it deeply.

The sound of steps moving closer made the lioness's heart pound faster, she had to get off this chair! The steps stopped and turned, going into another room, her own room. Damn it, just what was that bully looking for?!

No, she had to focus. If Ofenna got free it wouldn't matter and every minute Samara took exploring her inventory was a minute more Ofenna had to loosen the bonds.

The ropes weren't as taut anymore and with a bit of struggling she got her heel up the chair leg, straining against the fibres before it popped loose. After that it was easy to kick her other foot free. There was still another knot keeping her arms stuck but with the greater range of motion afforded to her she managed to wrangle the rope until she could get fully off the chair.

Footsteps picked up again as Samara started to return, crap, had she heard? Ofenna raised the mittens to the blindfold at her eyes. The smoothed leather balls were too secure to let her touch the tightly buckled strap, simply rolling over it. She dropped her right hand between her thighs, trying to squeeze and pull the restraint off while her left pushed it.

Samara chuckled as she came in the door behind Ofenna, dropping her load and stepping sharply forward to hug around the girl's upper body. Ofenna had tired herself out by struggling and so it was easy for Samara to subdue her with a squeeze. "None of that, girlie. If you'd behaved I'd have taken that muzzle off, now. Instead you'll need to be punished!" She pushed Ofenna forward, step by step to the sofa, dropping her into it by tripping her leg and then weighing her down from behind.

"Ghht off!" Ofenna growled at her, though Samara didn't stop.

"Want me to choke you out again? No? Thought not, so hold still for once!" The hyena ordered, pulling at Ofenna's jacket and top. She adjusted her pose as she removed the attire showing the sports bra that Ofenna wore and grinning. "Oh that's perfect."

"Whmmph?!" Ofenna groaned, shaking her head as her clothes were pulled over it roughly, having to also compensate for the equipment that she was wearing. Curled fingers dug into her cream furred belly.

“Coochie-coo!” Samara teased with another snicker.

“Mhhhgm! Stoohp nhnhnhn!” Ofenna squealed before her lungs betrayed her by stealing her voice from the onslaught of tickling.

“Oh yeah, just as vulnerable as I remember.” Samara grinned as her hand moved to the sides and under arms. The exploitation of Ofenna’s sensitive skin let Samara easily shift to a better position to snare one flailing arm. “You know, you’re still an honorary member of the cackle club!” She said.

“Nooo!” Ofenna growled, memories washing over her. The cackle club as she called it had been another nightmare from their youth. Samara would get her brother and some of their cronies together with one or both lions and tickle the sense out of them while the hyenas and onlookers laughed.

The recollection did little to stop the forced laughter from behind the barely stifling muzzle. “Hnhnhn, nohoho! Ghahahaha!!”

Samara caught Ofenna’s other hand when she was sure the lioness had to catch her breath, stopping the tickling to wrestle both mitts behind her back. They had a clip built in which Samara snapped into place, trapping them out of useful reach.

Samara ran a questing hand down Ofenna’s rump, smirking as she felt the same material that was over the lioness’ chest. “Let’s get you comfortable, hey?” She said as she pulled away from the sofa, grabbing Ofenna’s legwear and dragging them with her. She twisted as the hem reached the ankle, pulling the lioness toward her as she worked off her socks too in the same flourish.

With a further twist she got Ofenna’s legs around in front and set them down on the table, she sat on Ofenna’s lap to pin her down, her weight more than enough to trap her prey as she reached for one of the goodies she’d brought down with her. A ripping sound made Samara’s hair tingle, she always loved the sound of tape. The heavy duty roll of the stuff stretched wide before she slapped a strip over Ofenna’s shins and the wood below. More rips sounded in the air as she built up more and more, sticking Ofenna’s legs in place with haphazard tape.

The hyena rose up, the tape wouldn’t survive any serious struggles, so it was lucky the lioness was exhausted, besides, her plans would soon take calculated squirming out of Ofenna’s mind. She gathered the bundle she’d dropped, thick cloth outfits which hopefully were still obscure enough to not tip her hand to Ofenna’s ears, wrapped around some other trinkets and a small bag of items that her brother had brought in before he’d driven away.

“Gotta say Fenny, been looking at your room as well as your roomie’s, I had no idea you were into this stuff! Or was it our fault, did we shut you in too many lockers? Oh! Did we play a formative role in your kinks?” Samara teased while toying around with several items from her own collection and picking up the chair that Ofenna had been bound to earlier. She moved it

around to sit opposite the lioness. *Oh god, what had she found?* Ofenna thought to herself. A light creak told Samara the lioness had resumed her struggles and Samara raised her arm forward, her thumb and finger pinched one of Ofenna's toes and made her stiffen up.

Samara's other hand snapped forward with her claws dancing in a light tickling touch. "Nnoh nohoh hahaha!" Ofenna whined and whimpered.

"Aww, what's the matter, your words are telling me one thing but your laughter's saying something else!" The hyena said with a joyful peal of laughter, matching the rate and rhythm of Ofenna's own. "For real though, Fenny," She said in a sing-song tease. "if you behave I'll be softer." The hyena scraped and tickled her feet even harder after the proclamation, forcing her to twist and squeal and laugh again.

"Nnhh hahahahaha ahah ahahah, s-stohohop."

"Oh dear, so wiggly, certainly not what a behaved individual does." The hyena chided sarcastically. "For that you need some further punishment!" The hyena slipped off her own footwear until her toes were on display then she tucked some implements she'd brought from home between them. A moulded handle with a feather on one, a teasing brush on another and on her other foot teasing, prickly spikes. She leant back, setting her paws against Ofenna's as she simply flexed her toes.

The tools danced over Ofenna making her howl and writhe, her body spasmed at the tickling, unable to rein in control enough to tug in the direction that might get the tape off the table. Her arms wiggled as they still fought to shake off the mittens. "S-sahahaha. Samara! S-stop!" Ofenna said, mastering herself for a second to even get an almost discernable cry out of the muzzle.

Those instructions only made Samara more eager, twisting her feet around while she kicked back and relaxed. She loved this, the pure dynamic, her at ease, leisurely sculling with her ankles while at the other end of her toes someone squirmed, unable to get away. "Of course if I had my bondage bench here it'd be even hotter." She mumbled to herself, not realising she'd spoken out loud even after Ofenna let out a muffled squeak in reply.

Minutes passed filled with that laughter and the hyena enjoyed them in silence before she heard a new sound, a car pulling in. "Well, wanted more private fun with you. Oh heck, I was supposed to send a text, wasn't I? Yo, Ofenna, what's the pin for your phone?"

"Nnn, no!" The lioness said, chest still heaving after her laughter had been allowed to stop.

The door rattled as Cade arrived and tried to get in, followed by a light knocking. Samara kicked the tools out of her feet and rose, walking to open it up. "Hey bro." She said, all smiles.

"Suspicious..." he muttered, looking down and seeing the phone in her hand. "Ah, not done your half yet?" He said slinging down some thicker packed bags. "Clothes." He said,

pushing one with a foot, then “Fun stuff.” as he tapped the other one. Cade turned to go finish getting things in.

Samara lifted the latter bag and bounced back to the lioness. “Remember what I said about being good earlier, Fenny?” She whispered close to her ear, stroking her head as she took the long way back to Ofenna.

She arrived back at her chair, giving a light tap with the back of her knuckles to the abused feet. Her fingers went to the bag, digging around within until she found what she was hoping for; a pair of wide elastic strips, each with two bumps in them. The lumps were remote controlled vibrators. These were then pressed into the base of Ofenna’s feet and the elastic bands were tucked over behind, tight enough to hold the shapes in place.

“Whhht now?” Ofenna mumbled.

“Oh you’ll see, if you don’t give me your pin.” Another strip was tucked against the first foot, the motions were light but still enough to irritate and tingle Ofenna’s nerves from the increased activity beforehand. There was another delay before Samara traced the base of one pad with her thumb claw. “And there’s no telling what I’ll let Cade do-.”

“F-fine!” Ofenna whined. She grunted the first sound and Samara pulled a wry face, not listening as she rose and straddled to either side of the lioness. Her hands were far more sensual than they needed to be, rubbing the side of her cheeks as they unbuckled the straps. Blessedly, the muzzle came off.

“You were saying?” The hyena intoned.

“It’s f-five-eight-four-two-six-five.” Ofenna grunted.

Samara smirked, amused at the pattern her thumb traced to input the code, the phone shook as it unlocked and she smiled. “Oh perfect, good girl, very good indeed.” She stayed in her position, sitting across Ofenna’s lap as she delved into the settings, reassigning the lock-code to something simpler and more perfectly memorable; a series of ones. “I’ll take a peek at this later but it’d be rude not to reward you quickly.”

Ofenna didn’t get her hopes up too much, not expecting that the reward would be one she wanted. Samara rose off her, leaving the muzzle on the table as a gesture of goodwill before she walked back to the pile of items. Her hands dropped to a pair of long rubber stockings from Ofenna’s roommate’s supply, seemingly crafted to fit most sizes, the hyena bunched one up and applied a powder to the inside to help it slip on.

The lioness gasped, still sightless as she felt pressure over her toes, the pressure grew along her leg as Samara tugged the garment on over the bands and vibrating toys she’d left. “Well, well, aren’t these just adorable? And made with safety in mind too!” She said as she got to

the slightly stiff cap at the end that blocked away claws from damaging the rubber. Samara finally had to relent on the table's tape to get the stocking up further.

It ripped off the table with gusto but she was as gentle as could be with getting it off Ofenna's legs. The lioness growled and grunted as some hairs were inevitably tugged with the strips, then swiftly caressed by rubber as the stocking was drawn over the knee and half up the thigh. "Oh come on..." She whispered in protest as she felt a band of tightness as another cuff was drawn slightly below the stocking's lip. Tightened to keep it in place, Samara was quick to padlock it on too, repeating for the other leg.

Like the connecting mittens the leg cuffs also had a simple but sturdy carabiner that she linked to hold her thighs in place and leave Ofenna at least somewhat restricted and persuaded to behave.

Cade's toing and froing had ended for the moment, his trips to the car and back finished and he walked into the room, stirring the pile that Samara had gathered. "Well." was all he said on seeing the two most prominent items of clothing.

Samara grinned as she slid up beside Ofenna. "Nearly time for them, I did promise to dress you up well after all. But how about a kiss for old time's sake?"

"D-don't you dare!" Ofenna growled. "I'll bite your tongue off!"

"Oh-ho-ho, I don't think you will if you don't want me to be actually harmfully mean." Samara replied, her hand rising to get a fist full of Ofenna's hair. She plunged forward, lips pressing against Ofenna's tightly shut ones, clamping them as Samara kissed her. Cade turned his gaze away, it wasn't his thing, frankly it turned his stomach to see anyone kissing. "Mwaah. Oh come on Fenny, you can do better than that... There might be another reward in it for you."

The lioness felt she was being baited to talk and just shook her head. "Fair enough, if you really don't want it, I guess." Samara said with a shrug, releasing her grip she looked back toward Cade, noticing how fervently he was looking away. The sight made her chuckle. "Still so squeamish, just cos it's two girls, huh?"

Cade didn't rise to the bait, she knew that was a lie but sometimes her bullying attitude splashed its influence to target him a little. "So what's the deal with this stuff?" He said, smoothing past the subject as he lifted a long sleeve.

"Oh simple. The white one's for me. The other one's for her."

"For you?" Cade asked, prodding the soft thick mass of cloth she was referring to.

"Get me the chest-belt first." Samara said.

"What the hell is a chest belt?" Ofenna asked indignantly. Seconds later her question was answered, another wider band of elastic was pulled over her shoulders, dragged down until it

went over her hands and then back up to rest on her chest. It was a stretch to get it over her arms but when it sat in place it was firmly hugging the bottom of ribs. It was firm but not excessive.

“The wands, please.” Samara asked in a cute voice, holding out an arm as her brother handed her a pair of buzzing, vibrator wands, ostensibly used for massages. These were an off brand make that Samara had discovered, one that fit her particular interests better. The shaft of the wands were tucked into loops in the band, tucking the rounded head up against Ofenna’s sides and under the armpit.

“Nngh, you said I was getting a reward.” Ofenna griped.

“The reward is that we aren’t switching them on, yet.” Cade called.

“Oh Cade, you know me so well.” Samara said, smirking deeper as he added the implication that they were still going on. “So, my cute little kitty. Ready for us to proceed?”

“I already know you don’t care what I say.” Ofenna replied with gritted teeth.

“Mmm, true.”

Samara moved away to gather up the fabric. “I’m gonna go get changed. You think you can handle the rest of the dress up?”

Cade looked at her. “You still haven’t texted Ashari.”

“Oh I have a plan for that, you’ll see.” She said, winking.

Her brother waved her away as she slunk off with the white mass of fabric, leaving him with a creamy-coloured one. “I won’t even ask why you have this.” He said simply. When Samara had left the room he spoke further. “Here’s the deal, behave for me now and I’ll make her take the blindfold and scarf off entirely.” Cade said.

“I still hate you both.” Ofenna mumbled.

“Don’t need to like me, just need to listen to me.” He replied. She felt something else over her feet, hard to identify at first thanks to the latex stockings, a growing, softer pressure that flowed easily over both legs, when he got the mass off the other end of the table, she felt the weight shift and groaned.

“M-my suit?” She asked nervously, feeling the cushioned fabric.

“Perceptive.” He said. He’d been wrangling the soft padded mass of a single-piece plush suit up her legs, disengaging the carabiner as he went and now it was over her hips. The suit was a stylised, anthropomorphic take on the classic famous lioness character, Nala, with thicker than usual limbs and a big mask with a soft smile.

“You’re not serious.” She whined knowing full well Cade was and by extension so was Samara, after all she’d brought the suit down. Thick fabric moved over her still underclothed waist and then up her front.

“Hmm.” Was all he offered as he pushed her lower back, compelling her to stand. He removed the clip at her mittens, taking one hand up, she tugged it out of his grip.

“I can do it myself.” She stubbornly stated. While she wouldn’t have chosen this, she’d rather do it of her own volition than be wrangled in. She grunted and grimaced as she felt for the sleeve. The suit’s hand had no working fingers to begin with but still Cade left the mittens on. Heavy plush fabric weighed down her arms as Cade drew the suit up to her shoulders, the mask hanging limp over her chest.

Her tail was led toward the sleeve at the back, weighted enough to curve it down if she wasn’t actively stretching her tail out and then smoothing the back of the fabric up. The zipper started at the middle of her back and was drawn up to the nape of her neck, making her stiffen up. The hyena had trapped the elastic belts and their additional accessories in under the suit and the chest’s inner lining was stiff enough to push the wands up to nestle under her arms. “Sam’s gonna love this.” He said with a smirk.

Cade inspected the hood with his hands from inside, finding a removable blinder, given his earlier promise he plucked that away. The rest of the mask was all one piece, no access to the mouth, though thin enough to breath through the nose. He finished his inspection and stepped away. “And now we wait for Sam.”

“What? You said you’d take the blindfold off!”

“I said I’d make her do it, she still has the key.” He lied and fell quiet for a few seconds. “Where is she anyway?”

“Hey bro, come help me out here!” A voice called from outside the room.

Cade looked at Ofenna. “Don’t get up, wait for us, got it?”

“Yeah, yeah.” She said bitterly.

Cade gave a distrusting look. If he were his sister he’d use those ropes to be sure, yet he walked out of the room to look at what Samara needed.

Samara grinned invisibly as Cade stood stunned on seeing her. “Stop gawking and zip me up, these gloves are mobile but not enough to grab it.” She said. A white furred body with similarly plush arms and legs but a more rounded curved belly greeted him. Large, three-fingered yellow gloves with stripes on the back, an exaggerated feline head with purple-tufted ears. The Gatomon costume Samara wore was less stylised compared to the

character it was based off than the Nala suit Ofenna wore but was still resized to fit without being a one-to-one scale.

Cade moved toward her and found the zipper, drawing it to a close. “There. Can you see out of that?”

“Yeah, it’s fine. Stuffy and warm but we knew this was Ofenna’s favourite character, right?”

Cade shook his head. “So why are you wearing it instead of her?”

She grinned. “Well, these gloves are good enough to hold a leash, I think a bit of being dommed by her favourite character will be quite the treat, not to mention it’s part of how I’ll get Ash here.”

He didn’t follow that last part but said nothing, making sure the zipper was tucked in. “All set?” He asked, tugging and pushing the suit once more and she nodded.

There was a soft thud as the table was disturbed in Ofenna’s front room, where they’d left her. They shared a glance before walking back in. The plush-suited lioness was sitting with her hands in her lap, obviously trying to look like she hadn’t moved but the scattered objects showed that to be a lie. Cade walked forward, gathered a pair of remotes and offered them to Samara. She had to press hard with her thumb for the button to register but it was worth it when she saw Ofenna jolt.

“Nnnno! Nohoho! S-stop!” Ofenna cried as the wands at her side and the vibrators over her paws sprang to life, tickling and teasing her horrendously, the wands in particular showed why they were Samara’s favoured brand. She jumped to her feet but the shift of weight pushing the vibes into her soles made her fall back down and kick her legs around, too intense for her to bear.

Cade smirked, the reason he’d not bound her further was coming to full effect now, giving her the opportunity to act up meant a chance to be harsher once again.

“Nnnnah hahaha hah ho ho. Please! Stop it!” She called out in plea, her arms patting her own torso to try and still the buzzing against her body, it did precious little to help due to the spread pressure from the soft layers.

“I promised her you’d take off the blinders.” Cade mentioned nonchalantly as Samara turned the shaking toys off.

“Heh, fine, sets up the big reveal.” Samara said. Her voice softly muffled. A slightly heavier weight pressed down over Ofenna’s body as Samara climbed on top of her again. Her hands rested on her shoulders. “Do the honors.” She half instructed and half asked.



Cade did so, lifting the key off the table and sticking it into the lock behind the blinder. It clipped off and his fingers moved to the scarf, tugging it away with relative ease. The return of light made Ofenna wince and then she gasped as she looked to see the Gatomon suited Samara staring back. "Hey there, Fenny. Good thing that I'm close enough to your size. Hopefully I don't stretch it out too much but I reckon the extra curves add to the charm. How about that kiss now?" She said with a chuckle.

"Piss off." She said, flinching and pulling away when the soft yellow glove rubbed her cheek. Samara responded by sandwiching her face between both, leaning in to bump the mask's mouth as close as she could approximate to Ofenna's lips. "Mmmnhh." She whined.

Cade's rougher hand, uncoated by anything as it was, pushed the back of her head. The hyena pressed something along the back, a tighter muzzle, this one definitely fitted for her, unlike the one from before. It was made of taut rubber with just a nose hole. "The first gift from us to you, wouldn't be right to come over and not give you anything. We bought it specially for you the week after Samara spotted you." He said, pulling a strap across the top of her head to link with the one at the back. No sooner was it buckled than he pushed her head again. Samara's grip receded to let Cade snatch up the mask and pull it over Ofenna's face.

"Nhhhm!" She squealed in shock as he swiftly brought the zipper up the rest of the way. "And this one she bought over ten years back..." He said, reaching from the front to pull a collar around her suited neck. It tightened down over the back of the suit, strong enough to pin the zipper. A buckle was threaded to cinch it on and then a loud click sounded as a locking metal clasp was pushed into place over the top.

"In case you're wondering," Samara said, reaching to flip a metal tag that dangled from the front of the collar onto Ofenna's chest. "it says 'Fenny'. Custom engraved, you know." She leaned back grabbing the buzzing remote again while Cade clipped a leash on behind the collar and handed it to Samara. "Now, squirm for me." She said, clicking the remote.

"Nhhhm nhhhhm hhhmhmmhmmhm!" Ofenna whimpered, her plush-mitted hands uselessly waving and batting at the remote-holding glove while Samara exaggerated her bounces as if riding a bucking horse. Her arms kept the remote well out of reach, laughing as she played with the leash.

"Aww look she's liking it, that's a much nicer smile on our leonine princess!" She said with a giggle indicating the fixed expression of the suit. "You know, I do need to play with you properly, but we have other plans." The hyena said with a grin.

Samara rose again, grabbing Ofenna and pulling her with her, despite the fact that standing was even worse than sitting on her pawpads. No, knowing the hyena it was because of that fact. Cade grabbed her flapping right arm while Samara took the left. "What's the plan Sam?"

“There’s a cage up in her roommate’s room. Since we lack a proper locking toy chest, it’ll do for now.”

Ofenna shook her head mumbling and thrashing while the buzzer still forced too many giggles out of her lungs. “When she’s tucked away, we can begin the plan to get Ashari to visit...”

Ofenna could only pull a little in defiance, easily brought into the absent room. The cage was one she knew well, even on all fours it was a trick to get in. With her in the thick suit it required them both to shove and bend, the plush suit squashing between the bars along one side as they slammed the cage door, bolting it and locking it with a heavy padlock. “Ahhh, perfect, now lemme tell you my plan.” Samara said as the two wandered out of the room.