

The dinner they were served was tense. The pair of hyenas had to persuade the lions to accept being bound to their chairs and fed by hand, as neither of them were trusted to not misbehave or try to turn the tables when they'd been removed from their prior bondage. Ashari sat in despondent silence while his sister spat insults and threats, up until Samara used the remote to set the buzzing toys at Ofenna's paws thrumming, drowning her anger in imposed laughter again.

Samara threatened that she and Cade could just as well ring-gag them both and feed them nothing but soup through a syringe and that their fate on the matter would be shared. No matter how well behaved Ashari was, if Ofenna didn't shut up, they'd both be gagged. When the vibrators stopped, the flustered lioness scowled but no longer spoke.

The one silver lining was that Samara was decent enough at cooking that the food was something they could enjoy, if not the circumstances surrounding it.

When the meal was done and the lions gagged again, Samara stood and moved over to massage Ofenna's shoulders through the thick Nala costume she still wore. "Right, I reckon the pair of you need some necessities, tended to. We're not so juvenile that we'd enjoy watching you wet yourselves, plus we're sure as heck not about to clean up after it. So, Fenny, you gonna be a good girl and work with us?"

The lioness let the question hang before she gave a reluctant but firm nod.

The suit was removed, Ofenna was glad to be out of its stifling and hot confines. Then the bands and the vibrating toys were stripped and finally off came the mittens at her hands. She was permitted to go into the bathroom unsupervised, with the lingering threat of both hyenas staying with her brother to keep her in line. They'd even permitted her time to shower to get the lingering feeling of the suit's warmth off her mind.

Ashari lay on the ground at the base of a sofa. His arms had been kept in the tight packing binders throughout dinner while his legs were unrestrained and his body had been extracted from the hyena-themed bitchesuit. However, with the meal over, the leg binders had been slipped back on. Samara was sitting above him, running her striped-stockinged paws over his belly and chest as she relaxed. Her hand rested in her lap holding the leash to his collar with the slack curled around it.

"She always take this long?" Samara mused out loud, the water had stopped and now there was the sound of a hair-dryer whirring away to get the moisture out of her fur. Cade had his head cocked and ear raised, listening for whether she was trying anything under the cover of the noise. "Maybe I shoulda told her to open up and let me dry her." Samara murmured. "How much do you think she cares for you, Ash? Enough to resist her rebellious tendencies?"

She made eye contact with the question which encouraged him to respond for a change, his head nodded once and Samara grunted. "Pity. Gives me less excuse to be extra mean to you both."

Cade tensed, on the verge of standing up but then the dryer clicked off and he settled back, not hearing anything more. Being that she was still gagged, Ofenna had been instructed to knock when done, which she did. Samara dropped Ashari's leash and ran her feet in one last stroke along his body before she hopped to stand, strutting over to the bathroom.

She opened the door and stepped back, ready for Ofenna to try something. The lioness had her hands raised and head lowered, though the glare she wore was hardly submissive. "Aww, look at you, all clean and softened up for us but you didn't dress yourself in the uniform we gave you?" She remarked. The lioness grunted and rolled her eyes, her tail flicked in further irritation as she indicated the fallen garment with her hands.

Samara cracked a grin and giggled. "Oh man, I wish I'd been able to watch you try! Didn't think you seriously would." She closed the bathroom door behind them, the smell of sweet soaps and warm water surrounded her as she picked up the fetish straitjacket off the floor. It came with a built in cover between the legs and was sized to be an alluring fit, making it all the more difficult for someone to get on. Samara directed her to step her feet through the jacket's leg-holes and then drew it up to her, flapping the limp arms with a taunting smirk to goad her into putting them on.

Ofenna stuffed her arms into place, equal parts to get it over with and also to deny Samara the satisfaction from predicting her.

Samara didn't let the small denial of fun slow her, stepping around and yanking the shoulder parts back before pulling the zipper up. She threaded Ofenna's custom collar through some loops at the neck while the lioness winced at the snug squeeze.

Thankfully the pressure was focused on the waist and shoulders, the chest spacious enough that it would have fit someone a size up from her before it got too tight for them. Her arms were threaded through a front strap that tightened down the centre of her torso, then straps that hung loose on the arms were drawn through to connect with the buckles behind her, forcing her arms to hug around her waist. Further straps were drawn together at the hip, at the chest and soon the lioness was very much secured.

As was to be expected of a straitjacket she could barely squirm an inch in any direction and her hands were in closed-ended bags that prevented her tampering. The buckles were all covered in that same locking sheath that was on her collar.

Samara walked to the door, pulled it open and bowed in mock respect to beckon Ofenna through. Ashari and Cade were waiting on the other side, the lion raising shocked brows at seeing his sister clothed like that. He didn't have time to look as Cade pushed him into the vacated bathroom. The collar came off, the armbinders were stretched off and Cade draped a

fresh set of underclothes on a surface “Clean up, dry up and wait.” The hyena instructed, then Ashari was left in the bathroom alone.

Ofenna turned her head in time to see Cade close the door and lash a rope around the handle, anchoring it to a table across the hall to keep it shut. Neither hyena expected Ashari to act up but it was for insurance while they attended to Ofenna. She was pulled upstairs, into her room where she balked at seeing the Nala and Gatomon suits both laid out at the far end of the room.

“Ah, don’t fuss so, we’ve set ‘em aside for later but you’re not getting in those suits with a jacket on. Use some sense!” Samara said with another cackle. Beyond the suits Ofenna saw a pile of clothing, her clothing, stacked about as neatly as one would expect a pile of clothing on the floor to be. The closet they’d come from was hanging open and emptied, except for a pair of straps that must have belonged to the hyena’s.

“Mmnnh! Nhhhn!” She grunted around the gag as they pushed her closer. Her shoulder’s wiggled to try and dissuade them as both hyena twins took a strap each and threaded them through rings in her jacket’s shoulders.

By tugging on the lower end of the strap Ofenna was pulled so that her feet were barely touching the bottom of the closet, the ends tied to hooks that Cade had installed in a free moment. Ofenna felt them seize her right foot, another padded and secure cuff being wrapped around the ankle but it had an off-centred weight to it.

A long metal bar- a spreader bar. It already had the other cuff attached and Ofenna kicked a little to get the hyenas away. They weren’t stopped for even a second. The cuff snared her left foot and then when they released her legs they swung to find equilibrium, setting Ofenna’s feet well off the floor by a few inches! “Mmmmm!!”

“Haha, yeah, you’re adorable.” Samara said with a sneer. Two simple lengths of rope were attached to the hooks at the side, then to the cuffs, just taut enough that no matter how she wiggled Ofenna wouldn’t be able to touch the ground. “Enjoy your bed, these babies can hold a weight equal to me and Cade dangling from the same thread!”

“It’s true, we tested.” He said with a smirk, fetching something else. “Here’s where we say goodnight. It might only be nine in the evening but getting good rest is what a good toy-to-be does.”

“Yeah, if we don’t say it now, you won’t hear it!” She said, bouncing something in her hand. “Night Fenny.” She stepped forward, holding a thick round ear-plug in each hand. She stuffed them into Ofenna’s ears, ignoring the lioness’ thrashing head. A weight bumped her chest as the audio device hooked up to the plugs was clipped against the jacket and then Cade handed a leather hood to Samara. It slipped over Ofenna’s head, straps in place to pin the

padded interior against her, cutting off light, putting further pressure on her gag. Only two holes for air remained once it was laced up.

“Hey Fenny. If you call me cute right now, I’ll let you go!” Samara said.

All they heard was incessant mumbling from Ofenna, who showed no sign of having heard them.

“Damn, must be a good fit.”

She pushed a button on the device and the audio began to play. Ofenna shivered at the voice right in her ear holes. The volume was low, gentle enough and the tone was soothing. The voice had a long loop to it but the intent was clear, it was an influencing tape. However, the real shock came when she listened to it. It told her to rebel. It told her to give her captors a fight, let them know she wasn’t a spirit to be cowed.

Her thoughts swam, she couldn’t keep her head clear enough to really focus, but she was shocked! Samara and Cade wanted her to resist! It became clear, they wanted an unruly slave to play with, to justify punishing and teasing! That it would make it all more fun for them was cruelly confusing to Ofenna.

If she resisted and squealed, kicking and fighting every inch, then was she playing into their hands?! But she couldn’t just submit!!

The agonised thoughts plagued her as the recording kept encouraging rebellion... what was she meant to do?!

The pair looked at each other and laughed, hearing the whimpers and gasps from under the hood. “God that’s gonna be a soothing lullaby to sleep next to. You sure you don’t wanna be in here?” Samara offered her brother.

“Only you could find that relaxing. I’d be too distracted to sleep. I’ll take the other room.” He said casually. “Let’s see how your pet is doing.”

Ashari had dried himself and changed before he heard a rattling at the door. Though it seemed neither of them were trying to come in. He sighed heavily. It must have been some trap they’d left. How could he prove he was going to keep his word and hopefully earn a lesser sentence if they never trusted him to?

When he was finished he knocked on the door in the same way as Ofenna had.

“Finally.” Cade said, making Ashari flex his lips. It annoyed him that Cade was pretending he’d been waiting when the lion was sure he’d just got back. Cade gestured to Samara

to stand back while he entered the room. "Since it looks like you have been behaving, we'll do without the suit for the rest of the night but you're going back into your binders."

"Samara had a lot of time playing with your sister before you got here, mostly tickling her to the point of exhaustion. She wants to make sure you're equally exercised before we put you to bed and since you're gonna be on all fours for most of the next month, we're going to start your training with them now. Understand me?" Cade said, taking the straightforward approach, Ashari had earned the rationalised explanation after all.

He paused and then nodded.

"Good boy." Cade said, purposefully patronising him. "If I take that gag off will you stay quiet unless permitted to speak?"

Another nod. Cade reached up, stripped the muzzle away and stepped back. "Anything you want to ask straight away?"

"Why are you both doing this? What have you done with Ofenna?" Ashari asked in a calm tone, he even surprised himself that he could keep so civil.

"I'll answer only one of those questions. Take your pick." Cade said equally cool.

Ashari took a breath. If he asked the first and Cade just said 'for fun', it'd be a waste. "What are you going to do with Ofenna?" He asked.

Cade gave him a judging look. "Don't think I'll let you be cute by changing the question half way. You've earned the following from me though. First we tucked her into her new sleeping arrangements, dangling by the straitjacket. She's not in any grave peril and the only discomfort is from the restraints she's wearing. What we do with her depends on how she acts. If she's a pain in the neck, Samara will be delighted in bringing her in line. If she's totally subservient then we have another bitchesuit ready so you can both walk around on all fours." He stopped for a moment, wondering how much he should disclose. "If she manages to bore us without being actively defiant or a doormat, I guess we lock her in her room until your time's up. I know you're not so cruel as to call the police on us but I wouldn't be shocked if she would. Hell she'd probably hope we both get shot."

He stopped himself from saying anything further on that matter, swapping the subject with. "Now, anything you want to add that's not a question?"

"Just that you can trust me to behave a bit more." Ashari remarked.

"We'll see. The binders, then."

He submitted to them, trying to show his word. It was more effort since Cade dressed him alone, the hyena was silently glad that Ashari was making it as easy as he could, too. The door opened and he was led out toward the living room again. Samara was already waiting, more

toys stretched on the coffee table in front of her, the surface was high enough that Ashari would need to crane to see it, a luxury he wasn't given.

Samara lifted up a strap that had a thick, heavy, double metal ring on the end, with another strap dangling... a rather imposing and invasive looking ring gag. The lion's eyes widened and he swallowed, not wanting it or the implications of what it might be for.

"Oh don't give me that look." Samara said, though she still beckoned him closer. Cade's leg nudged the lion who painstakingly wandered closer on elbows and knees. "Open wide." She said with a lilt in her tone. The lion gave a grunt but obeyed. The double-ring pushed into his mouth, well past the lips but not enough to strike a gag reflex. It pinned his tongue down once the strap was tucked behind his head.

"Haaagh." He mumbled.

"Good boy!" Samara said encouragingly, already reaching to the table but then pausing. "Let's exercise you a little first, mm?"

The lion was leashed again and the hyena pair spent most of the next hour with one of them walking him around the room or deeper into the house for variety, Cade using it as an excuse to head to the kitchen and fetch another drink. When he got back he traded places with Samara and round he went with Ashari once again.

Ashari was soon tired out that his breathing came hard through the ring gag. His mouth felt dry before they were half done, pressed on until the twins were satisfied. They did another swap back and forth but afterwards Cade politely declined rising again. "One more turn then." Samara said, dragging the now obviously fatigued Ashari with her. When done she slumped into a chair, pulling Ashari closer until his arms were off the floor and perched near her legs.

Her hand went down, stroking his muzzle as her thumb stuck into the gag. Brushing the inside of both rings with the digit, she giggled once again. "Whoops, guess you need some water there, huh?" She found some drool with her finger and spread it a little while reaching over him, finding a water bottle. She plucked his gag loose to let him swallow, gasp and even drink comfortably. "No talkin' now. Pretend you're still gagged."

He pulled a grimace but obeyed, the gag was pressed in once again when he was done but this time she reached further behind him. Cade passed the object of her attention over, a black rubbery tube, almost too big to fit into the gag. It slipped into place, a groove at the middle and the far end clipping, filling the space up as she grasped a pump hanging from the back and gave it some squeezes. The lion let out a whine as the object pushed deeper into his throat from the inflation. The grooves also locked it between the two rings and put a touch more pressure on his tongue.

Samara screwed a valve shut and detached the pump, locking it in place with a grin. "Whine like a pup all you want, it just makes it more fun for me." She cooed, patting him

between the ears. She let him down to the floor, where he slipped onto his front, too exhausted to try standing properly. “Good, looks like we can let you out!”

His limbs were freed and he was left on the floor. His hand rose to the sofa’s edge to pull himself up but Cade stopped him. “Uh uh, pets only get on furniture designed for them or when invited to.” He stated.

“Wanna get him to bed?” Samara asked with a smirk.

Cade shrugged. “I’m all done with him for tonight. Might as well.” He replied before lifting Ashari by one arm to stand.

“Haha, let’s do it then.” She said, taking his other arm, the pair supported him as they went up to Ofenna’s housemate’s room. The bed had been made neatly and yet Ashari could tell at a glance where he was going to be sent. A modular, padded table had been set up, open straps hung waiting and a mass of fabric was laid inside, a body-sized bag with an opening down the middle.

Cade pushed him forward, stumbling toward the table. “Here’s a chance to behave then; climb into the sleepsack.”

A hand reached up to touch the gagging straps as Ashari sighed, he was tired but had been given some time to recover a little, as such he was able to shimmy up the table and tuck one leg into the bag. Samara was taken aback, definitely not expecting it. “So subservient. Do we even need the recordings?” She mumbled to Cade.

“Can’t hurt.” He said. Besides he wasn’t sure Ofenna needed to be told to struggle yet they’d given her a tape too.

The hyenas advanced on Ashari, pulling the bag up and tucking his arms inside it, the bottom of the opening was already above the waist with laces over the top to drag it shut and tight over his torso. It had a cushioned bracing at the back of the head and interior sleeves that he couldn’t pull his arms out of unassisted.

When it was in place Cade started with the straps on the table. From the bottom and up, he dragged them over the top of the sack and tightened the buckles until they squeezed down. Ashari grunted into his gag, squirming a little with each fresh squeeze he felt.

While Cade reached the waist, Samara was already moving on. Like Ofenna had been given, she slipped a pair of thick ear-plugs into Ashari’s ears, his eyes widened questioningly as sound was cut out.

He could see the lips moving and hear an impression of noise, yet he couldn’t discern a legible sound. Samara pulled up a leather hood, flaunting it back and forth in front of him before opening it up. He tensed for it but couldn’t pull away, the leather went over his head, though instead of tucking behind it and being pulled shut it clipped into the sleep-sack, binding him

into it. He tried to lift his trapped tongue, to jostle the gag and bring it to their attention, though he suspected they'd left it in by design.

The last pressure fell over his torso, the chest strap pulled tight into place. There was a delay and then a soothing voice played into his ears from an audio tape. Contrary to Ofenna's cassette it told him he was a good pet, he should behave, he would be rewarded. The whole thing looped eventually, cradling him to sleep with promises and encouragement if he acted as they intended him to.

Cade and Samara looked at each other, Samara caught his expression. "What's on your mind there, bro?"

"Just that it's a shame we don't know any of their friends, we could dial one, tell them to come over and then walk on home leaving these two as a gift."

Samara chuckled in response to his words. "That's super mean but I know you don't mean it. Just fantasizing, huh? Why would you give up a month to play with them both?"

"I wouldn't. Are you turning in already then?" He asked as he wandered to the door.

"Naw, probably in an hour, I don't wanna stay up too late, we'll have to get them out in the morning after all."

The twin hyenas split up there. Cade went back downstairs while Samara took her phone into Ofenna's room, comforted by the device and the trapped lioness' occasional grunts. Some time later Cade turned down for the night, too. He checked quietly on Ashari who already seemed to be asleep before relaxing and drifting off in the unfamiliar bed.

The following day Ashari was slipped into the full regalia once again, the stumpy binders on each limb then the hyena-themed oversuit. He was shocked to see his sister behaving well, too. He knew it would be in her best interest and assuming she'd had the same audio as he, he thought she'd actively have fought it.

As to his sister, she was stuffed back into the Nala plush-suit, kept gagged underneath it while Samara strutted around as the Gatomon once again. She played with Ashari for a little at the start, cooing excitedly at him as though he were a pup. Soon after though she spent her focus on Ofenna. Stiff cuffs sat above Ofenna's elbows with a mid length chain tethering them behind her back. It allowed the soft suited hands some range of motion while keeping her contained.

The days continued, the hyena twins varied the lion's treatments and the following day Ofenna was more like her usual self, fighting, struggling. The few times Ashari and Ofenna were

left alone in the same room they were kept gagged. When in the hyenas' presence if they weren't gagged their mouths were kept occupied or the twins spoke over their attempts at making noise.

They treated Ashari more and more as a pet, while Ofenna was either kept in restraining gear that prevented her doing anything of use, or rigged up and bound in immobilising ways for them to practice different poses on. Both lions found they preferred Cade, though calling it a preference was only on a technicality. Cade tended to be more pragmatic, he'd have an idea and then carry it out where Samara would get inventive, inspired and lump new and unusual things on them, overenthusiastic every step of the way.

The hyena woman took a liking to the inventory already in Ofenna's house, most of them belonging to her room-mate, though rare items. It felt to her like her only chance to use such high-end things, as she doubted she could budget for them. It was one such item, a piece of furniture, that she'd left Ofenna in for the evening.

Back in the costume once again, Ofenna had been locked into the device. Four cuffs mounted to a central platform that kept all four limbs bound behind smooth, magnetically locking cuffs. When in place the cuff lining inflated to a rigid, yet not crushing, pressure. At the top of the platform was a waist-band, acting like a corset, keeping her body trapped with nearly no room to struggle.

Samara had locked it in place, not sure how to set the timer or anything and had assumed one of the remotes in the same drawer would release it, she wasn't particularly in a hurry though and swanned out of the room to play with Ashari.

In a building across the city, a phone let out a unique chime. A small canine snatched it up in surprise, checked the message and then shot into her employer's office. "Miss Drevari, an urgent message for you." She said, interrupting the question before it passed the bat woman's lips at being so interrupted.

She took the phone, saw the code. "Thank you, Cerise, prepare-" she looked up, Cerise was already slipping on her coat and driving gloves, Drevari smiled warmly as she rose. "I'll be down in two minutes, this particular code is, as you rightly told me, urgent."

"Come on boy, hop up!" Samara said, dangling a key to the strap that had bound Ashari's already folded legs together over the sofa. He knew it was pointless to try and that Samara wanted to see him struggle pointlessly.

Cade wasn't even in the room with them, relaxing by doing something unrelated to the lions to save himself from burnout. Samara's ear flicked as she heard the front door. "Huh, you

goin' out, Bro?" She asked, looking over, then feeling an icy chill as she saw a tall, dark, unfamiliar shape walk in.

Samara rose to her feet, her instinct to fight triggered by the newcomer. The bat woman stood quiet and stoic but with a seething anger bristling her fur. "You have a submissive bound and you aren't even in the same room?" Drevari demanded as Samara approached. The hyena let out a yell, trying to scare as she leapt forward to catch Drevari off guard.

The bat raised one brow in surprise feeling something more sinister was at play. "A thief, then." Drevari muttered, she stepped to the side, enough that when Samara impacted her she could hold her ground. Her left hand held her at bay while the right shot down to Samara's left wrist.

Her fingers were tight as a vice, making the hyena yell just from the pain of that grip. Cade had been alerted by the noise and had hurried out, the sight he saw made him hesitate looking for something to protect himself or his sister with.

Using leverage, momentum and her strong squeeze, the bat forced Samara's hand up, then her body down to a kneel. Drevari's knee came up to knock her onto her back and then her foot pinned Samara's chest. "I'd stay still if I were you." She said, twisting her face to peer at Cade with her uncovered eye. "Where is Zheil?" She asked.

The question confused them both, Samara stayed down for the moment, trying to figure out how to gain the upper hand. "Who?" Cade asked back.

"The blue wolf who lives here."

"Listen lady, only person we know living here is a lioness." Samara spat.

"You can wait to be spoken to." She said, to Samara while still looking at Cade.

"My sister speaks for both of us but if you're looking for Ofenna too, she's upstairs."

Drevari blinked, she'd seen a leonine tail-tip and turned to look at the source. Keeping her leg on Samara, she relaxed a little. "What is going on here? Ashari, do they have you here against your will?" She asked flatly. Cade looked at the lion, with worry.

He paused, thinking. He'd technically signed up for this but he needed to at least see if Ofenna could be saved, as such he shook his head. Drevari's anger rose, foot pressing down harder. "What?! He-he agreed! It's in writing!" Cade said in a flustered lack of cool.

"Is that true?" She demanded. Ashari nodded again. "You three will explain yourselves after I check upstairs. Woman, you will not attack me again." She commanded Samara.

"Do as she says, Sis..." Cade said consolingly, hearing an angered grunt from Samara.

Drevvari wheeled and took her foot off. “Wait in the living room and have Ashari ungagged before I arrive.” It went against the bat’s principles to interfere in another’s BDSM session, if that’s what it was but given the alert on her phone she felt these two were not practicing it in a good sense, if so her guilt would vanish as swiftly as her temper would return.

She walked into Zheil’s room and saw the trapped lioness, who mewled weakly when the lights went on. Drevvari’s phone tapped the base of the device, recognising an application and telling it to unlock. She caught Ofenna in one arm, helping the lioness down gently. Drevvari pulled at the collar on Ofenna’s neck, it didn’t budge. “Ofenna, can you hear me?” She asked gently, soothingly, the lioness gave an affirmative squeak. “Can you bear with this a moment longer? Grunt once if so, twice if not, three times if you want to be cut out of the suit, though I can’t guarantee it will be the same again if dismantled so.” The lioness took a few breaths before giving one grunt.

“Can you stand?” She asked her. Two grunts, a no then. “Will you be strong for me and wait here? I will be back as soon as I can and I’ll send someone up.” Another affirmative grunt.

“Good girl.” She said in that same soothing, calm tone. She set Ofenna lying gently and then rose up, striding out of the door and down the stairs. Her aide, Cerise, was at the foot of the stairs, scowling into the living room.

“The hyena lady was about to follow you up, Miss, I let her know you weren’t alone and what I was prepared to do.” She said.

“Thank you, Cerise. There’s a flustered, exhausted lioness upstairs, please treat her with the utmost kindness.” Drevvari whispered. The canine bobbed and hurried along. “Now, let’s see about this mess.”

Drevvari had rejoined the hyenas, looking to Ashari for the truth as she pieced the whole thing together. She first got the key to the collar off them, took it to Cerise, who freed and then comforted Ofenna properly while Drevvari headed back downstairs. Cade had produced the contract in that time, which the bat sat and read over in silence.

“You know, a contract like this, signed in duress, too. This thing would barely hold up against competent scrutiny. It offends me with how vague it is and yet I see nothing about Ofenna being mentioned even by implication!” The bat said, glaring at the hyenas, making them wilt. “I will get Ofenna’s version from her, too but for now, Ashari, tell me, have they violated any limits you have?”

“No, miss.” He said simply, closing his mouth before he added anything that felt like rambling.

“And if they had let Ofenna go, as they led you to believe, would you be enjoying yourself in their care?” She queried, bending forward and setting her arms on her thighs.

“Uh, p-probably.” He confessed.

The bat took a deep breath as she moved back, folding her arms in thought.

“Ya see! No harm done!” Samara said nervously as the silence filled the air too long for her.

“Quiet!” Drevari snarled. “Regardless of Ashari’s consent, you attacked someone for entering a home that is not your own, presumably with thoughts to add them to whatever your twisted play is, or worse. After all, don’t think I missed how you could sign another name on the contract to transfer ownership. Were you planning to sell him after you were done or is it just coincidence that you used a contract template from the more dubious circles?”

All three of the others were stunned, Cade spoke first, his face appalled. “We wouldn’t... we might be assholes but... a month is pushing it even for us!”

Drevari was unmoved by his apparently genuine shock. “I owe you no benefit of the doubt. Frankly, were I to act how I feel I would have you both blacklisted by the community at large for what you’ve already done, as well as seek a more public punishment. Instead, your fate will depend on Ofenna’s testimony and response.”

“Miss Drevari...” Ashari spoke up, getting her attention. “...I... I wanted nothing to do with them when I ran across Samara in the street weeks ago but they’re not bad people really. Let them redeem themselves before you get the law involved.”

She sighed. “We shall see, Ashari, we shall see...”

Drevari eventually heard the other side of the story, for her part she considered Samara and Cade as dangerous, even after she realised there was some history between the lions and hyenas.

As such, she took some convincing, even with Ashari vouching for them further. He protested that despite their approach in grabbing them and despite how they broke BDSM rules, they weren’t acting out of malice, convincing her they were merely ignorant of there being any ‘proper’ way to do things. Citing the care they gave him and Ofenna when they could trust them.

While Drevari was too busy with her day to day life to assign herself as a full time caretaker for rest of the contracted month, something she would have preferred, she arranged for Ashari and the hyenas to be moved to another location to let Ofenna return to her life, at least until the bat was sure she was alright.

Even so, she checked in daily on the hyenas, with a trusted peer hired to do intermittent inspections for the sake of the lion's safety. She said nothing further to the hyenas but this was their test, if they played in a consensual and sane manner for that month, she would do nothing more.

Whether they passed the test or not, Drevari was sure of one thing. Both she and the lions would cross paths with them, again.