

The black fabric bag that had been thrown over her head was wrenched off, as was the cloth that had been knotted behind Ofenna's head, covering her mouth. She was dressed normally, though a cloth blindfold rested over her eyes and a set of handcuffs held her wrists together behind her back.

The perpetrator of her predicament, the prank-inflicting, tease loving hyena Samara, had dropped the lioness off here in the middle of twisting confusing alleys. She'd given a meaty shove into Ofenna's back to get her moving before she retreated, snickering quietly. By the time Ofenna regained her balance and tried to find her, Samara was already gone, the lioness instead bumped into a solid wall where she was sure she'd come from.

"Ack, hells. Damn it Samara!" She yelled. Soon after she set about stumbling in a random direction. Something was hung around her neck, the weight of it bouncing as she walked on blindly. She kept a brave face despite her worries. Not knowing where she was in town meant this could be one of the most dangerous alleyways around. After several minutes and a great many grumbles, she seemed to have found a path that didn't turn into an immediate dead end of solid stone or blocking fence.

As she rounded a corner she impacted with something, not a brick wall but built like one! "Hey! Watch it!" A voice yelled, turning to stare at what had hit them. The smell of hyena and the obnoxious cackle that burst out from in front of her robbed Ofenna of any motivation to apologise. "Oh my god hahaha, what the heck is this?"

Ofenna scowled, there was only one hyena woman she knew in this area and it wouldn't be the first time Samara had tried to hide her voice to pretend she was someone else. "You know what this is, you spineless spotted simpleton! Now get these damn cuffs off me already! Hey, are you even listening?!"

Unfortunately for her, the figure beholding her, while matching some of Samara's physical qualities, was a stranger. She'd been looking the lioness up and down, seeing a small digital camera on a strap around her neck, with a note pasted over the lens. The note stated "film what you do!" with a doodle of Samara giving a peace sign and wink. The stranger- a woman named Sheena, was always up to go along with a fun prank, even one that seemed like such an obvious setup at the lioness' expense.

A thick hand took the camera from Ofenna, hanging it from a nearby pipe when it was recording and then starting up a performance for it.

Sheena hadn't listened to the words that Ofenna had said before and she kept rambling, throwing choice words and insults. Sheena had, however, caught the tone of the tantrum. It was all the reason, or rather, the excuse, she needed to take advantage of the gift that had bumped into her.

"What did you just say to me?!" Sheena growled in a facade of anger, finally breaking her silence. Her right hand shot forward, plunging into Ofenna's top, twisting it around and lifting

her up. The left tugged off the blindfold as Sheena leant forward, pressing her nose to Ofenna's glaring into her eyes.

The yelp of surprise Ofenna gave, not just at the grasp but at the revelation she really had run into a stranger! "I didn't mean- I thought you were someone else!" Ofenna stammered hurriedly, tripping over her tongue.

"What did you say?" Sheena repeated, piercing the lioness with a glare.

"I said ... s-spineless, spotted simpleton.." Ofenna replied.

"And then I'm supposed to believe you weren't talking to me? Huh? Ohhh, missy, you're in trouble now!" The hyena said almost mirroring Ofenna's own thoughts.

"I wasn't! I was talking about a different hyena!" She protested.

Ofenna was already lifted off the ground, the imposing hyena having an entire foot of height over her. Her thick fingered left hand pressed over Ofenna's whole face, shoving the rolled up blindfold into her mouth. "Quit that struggling!" Sheena yelled as she twisted Ofenna around and threw her over her shoulder, pinning her in place with the powerful arm.

The lioness didn't stop, kicking and protesting, the blindfold tangled in her mouth long enough for the freed left hand to return and clamp down before she could spit it out. With a deep, exasperated sigh, Sheena shook her head. "Looks like you're giving me no choice. I'm gonna have to bully some manners into you!"

She made it a few steps down the street before turning, recalling the camera and strutting back to retrieve it. A long finger stuffed the gagging cloth back in deep so she could swipe the camera, paused and placed into a pocket. Ofenna's eyes widened on seeing the thing, noticing too that it had been recording.

They'd gone down several paths, Ofenna carried with all the grace of a sack of potatoes, into the back door of some factory. Judging from how a keycard in Sheena's pocket worked on every door, it had to be some place she either worked or was familiar with.

"Oh, looky here, a classic place for nerds like you." Sheena remarked as they made it into a locker room.

"Nhkh, dhnn't yh dhghm!" She growled around the gagging hand. Sheena barked a laugh, knocking the ajar door of an empty locker fully open with a toe, then scooping Ofenna into it. The metal slammed behind as she swiftly kicked it closed.

"Chill out in there for a moment, it's not like you'll be there long." Sheena said, marching away. A tripod was what she needed, something to make sure the camera got all the action she

planned for her behavioural adjustment. Then if she just borrowed a couple of canisters from work...

With easy familiarity, Sheena gathered what she'd need, made sure there was enough space and battery for the camera, then went back to retrieve the lioness. "Get me out of here and stop this at once!" She shouted, clanging against the door as Sheena returned.

"Tch, finally managed to get that cloth out did you? Ah well." Sheena replied, brushing the combination to open the locker. She sidestepped a shoulder tackle, stuck out a leg to trip Ofenna and then as the lioness fell, grabbed her by the back of the shirt and the handcuffs. Marching her through the halls to a back room.

"Get off me! I told you it was a mistake but now you're just aggravating!" Ofenna spat with spirit. "I'll bet you know Samara and she put you up to this!"

"Oh, what, she's the one you were supposed to be yelling at? So every hyena knows each other?" Sheena quipped, she placed Ofenna on the ground, belly down, and knelt to remove the handcuffs, before she stood up and reached into her overalls.

As though the laws of physics had been suspended, the hyena pulled out a shining suit of rubber from underneath! It should have been too big to have fit without making a mark yet it had managed just that. The suit was also lacking in any zippers or openings, just sporting an open-faced cowl. Exploiting the same toony impossibility, the hyena just swung her hands at Ofenna, blocking her out from the camera's view with her back. When she stepped aside, the lioness had already been perfectly redressed!

"What the hell?!" Ofenna gasped, shocked and bewildered at it all. The sudden application made her entire body feel like it was being squeezed on all sides. Moreover it alerted her that her clothing had vanished too. She tugged furiously at it, fingers taking up a bunch of suit that stretched out, only to slap back with perfect smoothness when she stretched it further than her fingers could hold. Her palms ran over her body, squeaking rubber on rubber as she searched for any hidden seams that could be used to escape its embrace. Sheena was just calmly humming, as she went to gather other things, keeping Ofenna's plight in the edge of her vision.

Her thumbs rose to her face, burrowing under the cowl, trying to peel it back and get the suit off. It was a tight fit and a struggle, as though the suit were a size too small. Nothing else on the suit budged but the head seemed to respond to her efforts and luckily the hyena had turned away. If Ofenna could get out of this suit, she might be able to escape before she answered the mystery of what Sheena was looking for-. As if her thoughts compelled the universe to frustrate her, Sheena spun on her heel, a wad of more shining rubber items tucked under arm.

"Oh, where'd you think you're off to?" She said seeing Ofenna had bared her head and was fighting with strained grunts to get the suit over a single shoulder. The rubber pieces she

had carried were a bunch of transparent rubber sleeves, with no opening at the end and a single hoop-like item, the former four dropped to the floor as she descended on the lioness.

“No!” Ofenna whimpered in defeated annoyance as Sheena snatched the rubber out of Ofenna’s grasp and in mere seconds drew it back over her head. The hoop of rubber was jammed down over her neck, then a sturdy arm locked below it. Sheena’s head darted forward, jaws snapping, making the lioness panic for a moment that she was being bitten at the very least. Instead, a hollow huff and a growing tightness emerged from where the hyena had landed.

With her lips closed tight around a valve on the hoop, she was puffing great lungfuls of air into the collar. It swelled up, feeling all the more tight due to Sheena’s squeezing arm. “What? Hey, stop that!” Ofenna insisted, only to earn herself a pair of intrusive fingers in the mouth as Sheena pinched her tongue, holding on to quieten her. She took another huge, bellows-like breath and then puffed stronger than before, quickly ballooning out the collar until her arm was pushed away from the neck. The inflated ring itself now nestled under the entirety of Ofenna’s head, from chin to jaw, and tight to the collar bone. Keeping her from tilting too far. The hand slipped out of her mouth, with Sheena wiping it on Ofenna’s cheek before she moved to continue her attack.

“Aaah, no!” The grip released from Ofenna’s head and she was shoved forward. The hyena started to wrestle with her, managing to trap Ofenna on her back after a spirited roll. The lioness had one arm pinned behind her and the full weight of Sheena kept her stuck as the hyena used a leg lock to hold the other arm. One sleeve was snatched up and over it. An extra tight band at the end bit into the rubber, generating significant friction to hold it in place when Sheena released it. Again her lips found an inflatable valve and they started puffing, the air capacity that she could carry seemed as surreal as the way she’d suited up the lioness. Soon the sleeve was filled with air, the double-layer puffing up around the outside while the inner part squeezed on solidly.

Ofenna was even made to stretch the arm out by the air! In addition, a rapidly shrinking chamber at the tip forced her fingers to curl up, the claws stretching the lining but not enough to puncture it. The arm was dropped and without the heavy hands of the hyena squeezing it, there was just enough flexibility for Ofenna to bend her elbow again. Though the stiffness of the trapped air made her protesting swing weak and the cushioning inflation meant the impact of her arm did nothing to Sheena. She didn’t even bother telling her to stop, instead laughing out. “Whew, two down and I’m not even light headed yet, I reckon I can get them all without a breather!”

With the one arm pinned and the other nullified, Sheena turned her gaze on the kicking legs, and turned so her rump was insultingly close to Ofenna’s face, her short tail pushing against the lioness’ snout. Bunching up one of the leg sleeves, she waited for the perfect moment of a kick to shoot out then stretched and swung, slipping down over the limb. “What are you doing this for?!” Ofenna growled.

“Told you! This is to teach you manners!” Sheena replied, taking her weight off Ofenna by leaning forward. She was playing defensive with her other leg, so the hyena had to get creative, running her arm under the thigh in a lock, she pulled upwards, dragging the leg back as far up as it would go. “And you’re being a real slow learner.” She remarked while slowly dragging the other sleeve-stocking into place. Sheena rolled forward, pressing her chest over Ofenna’s lap, taking both leg valves into her mouth at the same time. One of her legs shifted to push the underside of her foot-paw behind Ofenna’s head, then the other joined it. Her ankles added weight to the puffy collar while her toes touched, squeezing and cradling the lioness. Meanwhile her arms rose to grab Ofenna’s shins, then another loud breath signalled the start of their inflated entrapment. Each time Ofenna swung her ineffective arm at Sheena’s back or rear the hyena squeezed with both paws at Ofenna’s head.

Slowly her hands were forced away, the thigh-high rubber puffing out to the fullest. Sheena took hold of one, between both paws, standing and lifting the lioness by it. Ofenna yelled yet more protests as she was dangled from one leg. The grip of the rubber was strong enough that it didn’t slide off, able to take the lioness’ full weight without detaching.

“Haah, perfect! That just leaves... oh right.” She said not asking for cooperation, as she was having too much fun throwing the lioness around. The puffy covered limbs bapped ineffectually at her, all the force removed as Sheena lay Ofenna down again, moving quickly before she thought to employ her free arm in deflating any of the rubber. This time her legs locked around the lioness’ torso as she pulled the final arm out. Ofenna gave her all in the struggle but the bigger, stronger hyena only faltered out of playful teasing. When she grew bored she pulled the arm back, doing the same ever so slow draw over the soon to be useless final limb. “Let’s see if I can do it in one puff!” She cackled, challenging herself with a deep inhalation.

“Damn it!” Ofenna squealed, craned back in the grapple while the last arm felt that creaking caress as all the creases were pulled out. Smooth and thick, the final trapping arm squashed as Sheena managed to puff it up without stopping. She let out a long gasp when it was done, grinning all the while.

“The last touch.” Sheena said, running her hands to each of the valves, she pushed them in, then pulled a special clipping flap over the top of each one, reducing any risk of the feline figuring out a way to get the valves open. She checked each limb and the collar before putting her hand on the back of Ofenna’s head, shoving her to the floor as she used that as a point to stand, herself.

“How is this meant to teach me anything, other than all you hyenas are the same?!” Ofenna grunted when Sheena stepped away. Her body emitted squeaks as her arms rubbed against each other, the legs and collar, unable to do anything about it.

“Oh, finally that question! I’m so glad you asked at the perfect time!” She said, spinning from the table she’d walked to, a heavy air canister in one hand, attached to a breathing mask.

The air canister had a label slapped over it that said 'Good-manners Gas', yet was slightly peeling, showing off the letters Hypn- below.

"Hey, no! Don't you bring that closer to me!" The lioness said, stumbling and squirming in place as she failed her first few attempts to crawl back, finally getting the hang of it enough to scooch away. Sheena approached with slow implacability, grinning wide, raising the mask in one hand and canister in another as she put on a villainous chuckle.

When she got within range, her legs launched her forward. The surge sent her barrelling into the lioness, tackling her down so she was prone again.

The mask was shoved over her nose and mouth, though Ofenna was quick to hold her breath, especially when the Hyena set her other hand on top of the canister, twisting the valve to start the hissing flow. She kept trying to shake her head away to get access to clean air, yet Sheena held on tight and easily kept the mask fast to her snout, not least because the collar interfered with Ofenna's motions. "Aww, breathe in whenever you want, or keep holding out. I've got all night and nothing better to do." She said, adjusting herself so that she was sitting over Ofenna's arms and body, trapping them straight by her side so she couldn't interfere.

Eventually Ofenna couldn't take it anymore, a long exhale followed by a squeaked "No!" As she realised she'd taken some in. She still tried to keep her breaths to a minimum, inhaling and quickly exhaling to try and stop the gas having whatever effect it was meant to have on her. Sheena watched for a moment, smiling softly as she turned and winked at the camera, Ofenna started to relax, her resistance lowering, her breathing becoming normal again and then after one heavy blink her eyes opened, changed. Rather than the blue iris with yellow sclera, they were alternating pink and purple concentric circles, shrinking in around the pupil constantly.

Sheena smirked, adjusting herself, testing something. Sure enough the lioness slowly pulled her arm out from underneath and tried to press the mask into position. "After your earlier performance, I think it's best we give you the slow treatment to be real sure. Right?"

"Yes." Ofenna whispered.

"And I'd better use the whole canister on you, eh?"

"Yes!" Ofenna said with slightly more power.

"Hah! Deep breaths then! Let's see if we can turn you into a balloon!" Sheena said, jokingly this time, though the temptation to see if she could was there. The lioness was already entranced enough to keep breathing it in. Sheena watched the needle on the canister slowly show how depleted it was, switching it off about two-thirds through, she needed to save some for the trip back, after all. "Well, you can learn some manners after all, huh?"

The lioness didn't reply but gave a squeaky nod.

“Alright then, let's see if you've earned a reward. Gimme your arm.” She said, holding out her hand for Ofenna's right. With some squeezing she popped the valve open, letting enough air loose to be able to peel it open and remove it. She got off Ofenna, grabbing the back of her collar and tugging her to her wobbling feet by it, then leading her over to the table where a wide array of items had been set out.

“Here's a test for you then. Pick the right thing and you get a reward. I want you to choose what you think I'd choose for you. What should be put on a disobedient lioness who needs to learn her place?”

The colourful haze made it slow going for Ofenna to discern and decide, her dextrous hand rolled over the items, eventually pushing some away and bringing a few together. She selected a full-face gas mask, complete with a visor and locking straps, one that could be hooked up to another canister without the need of the mask.

The hyena grinned, shoving the other things aside. “Good. Very good.” She swiped up the mask, holding it up, Ofenna pushed her head into it willingly, the snout filling the confines, the rim of the mask pressing over the top of the open cowl of her suit, sealing the lioness off from the world. Sheena pulled the straps back, clipped them behind Ofenna's head, strong enough to hold the mask air-tight. They clicked together as they were locked down, Sheena removed the short piece of metal that locked it all, bouncing it in her palm.

“For your reward, I'll let you keep hold of the key. It's the only key that fits, so I think it's only fair you get to choose the day of your freedom, though I'll make that offer later.” Sheena said, slipping it into the inflated and detached sleeve. “Now, put it back on.” She instructed.

Ofenna obeyed, her palm closing around the key to her mask as another puff trapped her arm away once again. “Alright, let's go home.” Sheena said, before striding over to the camera, turning it off, pocketing it and walking away, the dazed lioness stumbling after her.

The camera footage resumed some time later. Seeing the powerful Hyena resting on a couch. No longer in her work overalls but in a fitting hazmat suit that went up her long neck to cradle around there. In her lap, cupped in one arm, sat the lioness, still in a daze and laconic way. “There it is, little lion drone. Smile for the camera.” She said.

The feline head turned to face it, the visor and mask impenetrable from that range, yet she tilted her head into the cushioning collar, raised one hand up and forward and showing practice with the inflated confines, she managed to stick out two fingers in a peace sign. Sheena laughed again, squeezing and snuggling into the lion as one might dote on a pet pulling off a trick. “See! Looks like she can learn!” She quipped to the camera, resting her head on the drone's shoulder as she faced the lens. “Now I've taught the little kitten a few more tricks and rules, like not speaking out of turn. She's mastered that, though she hasn't got the hang of when it's 'in turn' yet but we've got time to do that. As for you kitten, you remember the rule which I'll

explain for your audience right? You're free to go, whenever you think you've learned enough manners. Right?"

She stopped, waiting, the droned-up lion gave a nod, stirring more squeaks from her suit and collar. "And so it's time for your daily offer. What do you want? Freedom?" Sheena said, squeezing Ofenna's key-clinging paw. "Or another top up of your good-manner gas?"

The lioness didn't hesitate, tapping the mask with her left paw while the right gestured to point toward the canister.

"And how do we ask politely?" Sheena crooned, relaxing her hug enough for Ofenna to display what was expected.

She slid off Sheena's lap, struggling to kneel due to the inflated legs. Humbling herself at the Hyena's feet, she raised her hands in a begging motion. Giving plenty of time for the camera's benefit, Sheena watched and waited until Ofenna started to whine and plead wordlessly, her begging arms more emphatic each second.

The hyena guffawed, rolling her head back in laughter as she slapped the armrest in joy. "All right kitten, you can have another dose." Again she raised her attention to the camera as she brought the canister close, plugging the long hose directly into the gasmask and letting the lioness indulge in it. "Good girl, such a well behaved cat you've become. Positively domesticated already." She crooned, petting between her ears for a little while. With a stretch, the hyena stood up, walked over to the camera and halted it again.

"That's enough footage for me to send to whoever set you up like this but don't worry, I won't let you go till you want it." Sheena told the lion. The dilemma was just that, by keeping her topped up on gas, Ofenna wouldn't think of freedom. Eventually her body would get used to it and the gas would have diminishing returns, then the cycle of begging for more mindless submission would potentially break.

Sheena let herself drift out of those thoughts. "That's assuming you don't fall in love with the idea of being a drone after it's faded. Hopefully that gives me enough time to figure out what else I could use a lion drone for." She said, reclining on a couch now and scooping Ofenna up to join her. "These sleeves sure do make chores difficult. But maybe that'd be fun, seeing how a dork like you would manage to clean and wash things."

The lion just lay down, relaxed and calm, far different from their first meeting. If she did decide to escape or make a bid for freedom. Sheena wouldn't interfere or slow her, however, the lioness would also have to figure out how to escape herself, starting with getting that key out...