

“You both look so cute like this.” The rabbit said, chuckling as she walked toward the first of two glass walled cells, split down the middle by another pane. Her eyes settled on Ofenna, the more energetic leonine was the left cell’s occupant.

“Mmmnhghh ghhmhrr!” She forced out, glaring outward, fists tightening with a rubbery squeak.

“Can’t hear you with your mouth covered like that.” The rabbit teased, watching as the lioness brought her hands up to her muzzle, her fingers squeaking pathetically as they tried to rub and find purchase on the tight latex that covered her face below the eyes. From that point only her nose was still in view, the rest covered in a coating so smooth and sleek, absent of imperfections. Even her cheeks were coated, hiding the flush of anger.

Ofenna’s claws had been clipped right down, affording her no purchase. Even though the greater length of her fingers and toes were uncovered the digits could only rub and squeak on the suit she had been dressed in. From face to heel the tight latex was all one piece, cast in a shade of brown and white, quite different from her own tan fur, a dark line dividing the colours. A lion, dressed in a gazelle themed outfit.

She balanced on one leg to scrape one foot on the other, short-leashed manacles kept her ankles from straying too far from the cell’s floor or from each other, while a longer leash was clipped to her collar. The leash was comfortably slack when she stood, yet if she were to bend even a little it would grow too taut before she could find any useful point of extra leverage.

“Mmmhgh!” She huffed and stepped toward the rabbit. The triple point of tethers snapped taut, kept at a perfect length to let her reaching hands almost touch the glass but not quite.

“That impotence just makes you *even cuter*.” The rabbit said with a laugh tracing a finger along the glass as she walked to the side. “How about you, feeling as restless as your twin?” She asked as she moved to the second cell. Ashari was dressed much the same as his sister.

Skintight rubber showed off both lions’ muscles, as average as they were, lining almost every curve of them, though below the waist a sculpted pad had formed, covering their intimates. Neither of them could have reached to do anything anyway, making it more of an aesthetic choice just as the theme of the suits was.

“Heh, obviously not, that’s good. I like a little variety. That suit you’re wearing,” she started, speaking loud enough for Ofenna to hear too. “It’s advanced stuff. Highly durable, highly resistant to staining and damage, we’ll only need to keep those claws of yours in check to ensure you won’t even be able to scuff that beautiful sheen. My friends suggested hoof themed mittens and boots, or at least full gloves and socks but I like seeing you like this.”

She’d taken a step back, tilting her head with a growing smirk. “Both identifiable, both ever so slightly different and both helpless and very much mine to keep.” She licked her lips as

she gave both of them a look which at present they were returning rather than struggling or assessing their predicaments. "I'll be back to watch you squirm later. But don't get used to the futility of your situations just yet. After all, your spirits breaking faster won't let you out of those cells."

"Mmmh?!" Ashari grunted, eyes widening. His mind had been trying to discern why they'd been captured, what the rabbit was going to do to them. The thought that she was just going to keep them sent a chill down his back while simultaneously relieving him from other thoughts.

She picked up a remote, making both lions react, Ofenna tensing, drawing her leashed manacles taut while Ashari stiffened upwards. Neither sure what might happen if those buttons were pressed. She gave a little wave as her thumb lined up and clicked one of them. "I'll let you spend some time with each other, try not to cast too much blame. I'd hate to spur a sibling rivalry."

As she spoke, bright lights above and below the glass walls and in their cells flared up, angled so that it made the glass far more difficult to peer out from. Ofenna could only barely see the motion of the rabbit once she'd dimmed the lights on her side of the glass. "Ghmmh?" Ashari huffed to her side. The glass wall that separated their cells had no extra lighting applied, allowing them a view of each other and not much else.

Ofenna shared a look into her twins eyes before she turned back to the latex hugging her body, seeing if there was anywhere at all that she could reach to pinch, pull or scrape, the action was a more comfortable distraction than not knowing what to say or even do.

After a minute, Ashari studied his own attire. Sighing as he couldn't feel a seam or zipper. There had to be some trick to them but until their captor chose otherwise, there was little point dwelling on them further. He looked up and sighed, the lighting would ensure that anyone who wandered by would be able to see them but not the other way, after all, why would those on display need to see their audience?