

'If I've told you once I've told you ten dozen times!' The TV droned as Ofenna lazily watched the show, something her brother had recommended to her. It wasn't doing much for the lioness yet but she'd give it a bit more to prove itself.

She lifted her phone, just checking for new notifications, seeing none, yet when she turned back to the TV a weird scene was playing. A large soundstage occupied the frame, looking like it was filmed mid-setup with no clear signage or props. A figure was in the centre of the room, moving a chair around, from the size of the chair to the shape, they were either large for a biped or the chair was scaled down. The figure was a teal and yellow ... bird? Though the curves looked soft, more like a fabric toy than a living person. The bird looked abruptly up at the screen and despite the costume, her expression moved as if alive, looking almost abashed and waving goodbye before the screen faded to black and resumed the show.

It had all happened in just two ticks of the clock, then the show was back to normal. Ofenna looked around her room for the remote to stop the show and rewind it, to confirm what she saw but she couldn't see it anywhere. "Oh for-..." She started before sitting back down to just watch till the end at least. *'Well, I'm sure it'll make sense, maybe this is one of those cerebral mind screw shows he's always talking about.'*

There was no further clarification on it and when she looked around for the remote to pause the show at the end of the episode it was right next to her, how did she miss it before? With it in hand she rewound the show a few times to that transitional scene. Either she kept missing it or she had imagined it. *'One clear way to check.'* she mused, recovering her phone and texting her brother, Ashari.

To and fro the texts went, with him stating that he didn't remember that but could check on his end.

'Eh, no rush' Ofenna concluded. She had other things to get on with before it was too late in the day.

'If I've told you once I've told you ten dozen times!' This was the scene Ofenna had mentioned. Ashari watched, even checking the background of the frame for anything weird. There was nothing of note. With a shrug he left it running to text back, not sure what was on her mind, he made a quick jape. 'If cartoons taught me right, people usually only start seeing birds when they are stunned but I guess you see plush ones when you're bored :P' he teased. 'Still, watched it over, I forgot how much of a dick Perkins is this early. No weird scenes though, just the show.' And send. A rolling eyed emoji was her response.

No sooner had he confirmed it then the scene shifted on the tv. What he saw was close enough to Ofenna's description to make him think she was right after all. A big plush bird on a

stage, but rather than setting things up she was sitting in the chair Ofenna had mentioned, giving a cute head tilt and waving her hand.

Wasting no time, Ashari grabbed the nearby remote and tried to pause, to check the timestamp but it played on. “Ahh, come on.” he grumbled, slapping the battery hatch, thinking the thing was on the blink already as none of the buttons worked.

On the screen the bird had stood up, she was approaching the camera with a merry look of rapt interest. Ashari was transfixed, looking into those eyes, it almost looked as if the performer was stepping *through* the tv and into the air in his room. He broke eye contact in a panic, snatching up his phone but by the time it had accepted his fingerprint to unlock, he had missed the scene, the show was normal once more.

“Getting worked up over nothing.” He chided himself, heart still racing but he had to at least text about it being right.

“Heehee, getting worked up over *something!*” An enigmatic yet peppy voice said as something large, thick and soft closed over his mouth wrapping cheek to cheek and another engulfed his phone and the hand holding it. “Just not worked up in the right way yet! I’m not scary, I’m lovely!” The voice had a thrilling lilt, spiced with a bit of husk, making it difficult to discern the nature of its owner.

Ashari’s pulse quickened again, eyes wide as he tried to catch at the obstruction to his mouth. His hair had been pushed to cover his eyes by a pair of soft orbs that pushed from above. Whatever was holding him pulled him off his feet and onto a thick and yielding soft lap. He recognised the colour of the feather-like fingers -though they were only fashioned in that manner, instead made of soft fabric-, matching that of the bird who had popped up in the show. “Aww, here I was trying something new with the whole ‘whooh spooky walking out of the tv’ thing and then you looked away at the best bit! Well I could just try again but, like, I guess the novelty is ruined huh? Still, I must say, twins huh? I absolutely had to see you up close, so hard to choose where to start but then I noticed your plush collection, so many cute soft toys you have.” The bird said in a rush, speaking almost too fast for the lion to keep up with. “Not to mention just looking at you made me feel you’d love a visit from me, am I right? Say, speaking of plushies, have you ever wondered what it’d be like to *be* a plush?”

“Mhhhm?! Mmh!” Ashari tried to mumble, yet for a mass of stuffing that should only have softened the volume, he found the bird’s palm illogically blocking his words outright. Again his hand rose to dig fingers into hers, attempting to prise it from his face but finding only squishing softness, not even joints or bones or any rigid filling that one might expect!

“Aww, exploring how soft I am, that’s cute and good of you but you didn’t answer me silly puss~.” She said, snuggling into him from behind, she was bigger in all proportions than the lion, making him feel positively dwarfed by the softness. “There’s better ways to check but this is

a good way to start.” She felt him tug away and her hands released him though she kept hold of his phone.

Ashari staggered for a step or two, turning to face her, alert and on guard, finally he could see her in full. She looked like a giant plush but her features animated, her mouth opened, eyes blinked despite being seemingly plastic. The teal shade of blue that he’d glanced before was complemented with a yellow on her hands, front and belly, as well as the tips of the hair-like fronds and some pinion-like tail pieces. Yet bisecting that from neck to belly was a metal zipper with an oversized tag. The softness still didn’t make sense but the rational brain in Ashari’s mind told him it must be a costume, changing his question as he asked it. “What- who are you?!”

“Oh me-?” She said, relaxing back and crossing one leg over the other without standing as music swelled up around her from somewhere.

The TV behind Ashari started to flash with colours as a playful ditty sounded forth, sung by a trio of voices that were eerily close to the bird’s own. Sure enough as his eye drifted there were three of her performing on the stage, one at a keyboard, another on guitar and the third going ham on a triangle.

‘Eliza, Eliza,

she’s here for lots of fun,

with cuddles by the ton,

Eliza, Eliza,

She’s here to make-’

Two more syllables followed the rhythm but the audio on them distorted like from an aged and degraded VHS film. Eliza herself had bounced in time to the rhythm, humming with it but cutting the band off before it launched to a second verse. “He’s quick on the uptake, I think he gets it. Anyway, a decent song but I think we can do better next time!” She said, which made the three Eliza’s on stage react as if in real time already putting their heads together and speaking in a hushed whisper. She held the remote in one hand and turned the tv off. “So that’s me! Eliza! Or if that’s too informal call me Plushy Empress! Heehee~!”

The lion was still pressed defensively against the far wall, edging slowly toward the door. “And what do you want?” As if in response the ditty sang *‘She’s here for lots of fun’* again without the TV illuminating, but more importantly her finger and thumb had pinched the zipper and started pulling it down. “Wh-what are you doing?” He asked, trying not to stare, feeling as if it would be akin to looking at someone disrobing.

She didn’t answer until he looked and met her eyes, which caught and held his gaze. For a second he thought he saw light before assuming it must have been his bedroom lamp reflected

off the plastic. Honey seeped into her voice as she said. “Oh, don’t worry, just calm down cute-stuff. You’re alright.”

Ashari’s body lost tension, the words had a calming effect. “You can look, in fact, **I insist.**” She murmured alluringly as her hands reached to the open zipper and pulled open next to her belly.

The lion couldn’t help but look, proving that the weirdness was not simple theatrics, Eliza was empty yet alive, not a costume piloted by something else. More than that, a dark thick and firm looking mass of fabric yawned at him. It looked unlike the rest of her softness, as if slick somehow despite her cloth nature.

He didn’t even notice that his feet had carried him further until he’d crossed the room and was brushing the interior with a curious finger. “That’s right, doesn’t it feel nice?” She asked in that calm tone, before perking up once more and bringing her bouncy patter to the front. “But it feels even better without all this stuff on! Though it is cute!” She said, pinching at the soft rose-pink clothes he favoured when in the comfort and privacy of his room. Without even confirming he slipped off the gloves and started kicking off the long stockings, totally enthralled to the point Eliza didn’t even need to suggest his next moves for him.

The vest and shorts followed and then the lion was bare. “That’s right, you’re all ready! Now come and let Eliza give you some squeezey fun hugs!”

Ashari’s head was squashed into Eliza’s chest, nose between the zipper, catching a scent that felt so warm and refreshing, like lavender mixed with the fuzzy warm smell of freshly fried laundry, even as a soft yet slick feeling brushed his fur. His hand had slipped right in from where he touched, with Eliza having to pinch his upper arm and draw it back. It could have been seconds, it could have been minutes, yet soon Ashari felt like he’d roused from a daydream feeling twisted and turned and hugged all over. The smell of lavender was all around him, on him and he was sitting in Eliza’s lap, her soft beak resting on his head, with her arms wrapped over his shoulders. “Oh my gosh, you’re doing so good, so great! You know, you didn’t answer that question I asked earlier but it’s okay, maybe we’ll just find out together, yeah? Gimme your leg!” She said releasing her cuddle and putting a hand out.

“Huh? Oh, right... sure.” He raised his leg happily, holding it where she led it as she pulled him up and stood behind him. The knee folded and the top of his foot was tucked inside of her zipper, finding a hole that matched up to her own leg. Slowly it glided down, thick and puffy softness and warmth hugged it, yet the lubricating slickness from before that had seeped into his fur, stopped him getting stuck. His foot touched the ground, feeling the softness of Eliza’s own like a thick slipper, then Eliza helped the next leg find its way into position. Pulling herself up until her waist covered his. She sat down once again, yet contrary to how smoothly her inner lining had gone on, it clung now, making the lion sit with the full weight rather than slipping even a millimetre out. “Hmm? Oh, that’s different.” He said, still sounding spaced out

though able to recognise that something was up with it being easy to enter and difficult to extract himself again.

“I’m all kinds of different! It’s what makes things fun.” Eliza chirped, brushing the side of the lion’s head with a thick digit. “Lean back, now, wouldn’t want your shoulders getting cold!”

“Yeah-... Wait- h-hold on!” He said having leaned back until the softness crept in front of his shoulders before abruptly snapping out of the sleepy daze. He tried to shrug his shoulders out of the grip and lean forward, his arms dropping to the thick and plump thighs over his own, his legs stood, yet the plush body didn’t move with them, holding him from getting up. Furthermore his hands sunk into the soft fabric, gaining no purchase to pull or push, and Eliza’s body gripped tighter than before on him.

“Ooo, I knew this would be fun!” Eliza added, kicking her legs with excitement. While Ashari struggled to manipulate hers from within, she had no trouble moving him from without, knocking him off balance and further into the ravine of her body, squashing his elbows into his side which he found impossible to extend again, his wiggling only set them gradually deeper.

“What’s happening, how is this happening?!” He demanded. Eliza gave a sudden hop, bouncing on the bed, her feet resting upon it rather than over the edge now. The momentum stunned Ashari for a moment, pushing him in closer, feeling the large bird’s breasts pushing against his cheeks and rolling the zipper edge with them.

“W-waigh!” He murmured, feeling the squish. Eliza casually wiggled her own hips, sucking him in by the process while her fingers pulled the zipper at her front up tooth by metal tooth. In its wake her insides gripped tighter, leaving little of the nude lion unsqueezed. The zipper hit a snag- his forearms, poking forward and fingers clinging on in the last token of resistance.

“You ask how it’s happening and you don’t even know the half of what I can do! It’s hard to explain so, like, I’m just gonna say it’s cos I’m the magnificent Eliza! That’s good enough!” She concluded happily. “I can’t show the real fun off if your arms keep wiggling like that, silly.”

“Real fun? E-Eliza? What are you planning to do to me!?”

“It’s not gonna hurt, it’s not even anything bad for that matter! We’re just answering that little question of mine~.”

Before Ashari had opportunity to ask what she meant his world spun as Eliza rolled onto her front, squashing Ashari between her sudden weight and his own bed, pushing him further into the opening. His fingers clamped to the blanket on top of his covers, yet slowly his arms were sucked in, his head swallowed in the mire of soft fabric that squashed that laundered scent all the more strongly against him. “Little more.” She encouraged, rolling her side enough to get a finger in to stroke at his wrists and then he was past the zipper line, squishy folds rolling up and then over his hands to which the plush bird snapped the zipper shut, all the way to her neck.

The scent grew thicker, relaxing him via the aroma as perfect darkness squeezed shut, not even a glint through where the zipper should be. Eliza rolled onto her back again, shuffled to sit against the headboard and let out a chuckle. "There we go, all nice and cosy." She said as she brushed over the lumps and bumps of him that could be seen through her exterior. The more she kneaded the flatter and smoother her coat grew, as if she was merely brushing out folds and creases.

"Let me out! Let me out of here!" Ashari yelped, his hands pushing and shoving, legs trying to kick. Inside those brushes seemed to thicken up the folds, making it more firm and densely stuffed, each attempt requiring effort which only warmed him up and tired him all the faster.

"Really, don't worry about it." Eliza said with a merry chuckle, though her voice seemed to be just as clear as it was before, yet now it came from all around him. "I'm serious, you're not gonna be hurt, you're not in danger! I just got the vibe that you'd have more fun if I *made* you get in. I'm right aren't I? Might as well have fun with me, right?"

Ashari blushed, stilling for a moment within. She wasn't totally off base. The little he believed about hypno related things was that it wasn't like in cartoons, you couldn't make someone do something they would never be persuaded to do. He had no idea how true it was but with some short suggestive commands, Eliza had got him this far. If it was true and if she knew it, then his hidden interest was probably already given away.

"C-could you at least open the zipper a little? It's dark and stuffy here." He reasoned, though inwardly it was a small safety line, a connection to the outside would help him feel a little more in control.

Eliza laughed, giving another brushing knead, Ashari sensed it from her movements but he couldn't feel the brush any more. "I don't know what that'd do for you, but sure thing." Eliza said, her arm pushed up, there was a loud noise as she pulled the tag open wide. Ashari didn't feel anything, how deep had he been shoved?

His hand reached out, stretching, pushing to the limit. "What?!" He gasped, feeling only a perfect plush spread. No seam, no hole, not a trace of the zipper.

"Hehe, see? Didn't do a thing!"

Ashari felt an impossible twist as Eliza's big soft hand pushed into the opening, it should have found him or passed through him, instead there was no contact. "Do you get what that means~?" She asked in a singsong way.

Ashari gulped, saying nothing but letting out a surprised gasp as the walls his arms were pushing into softened, sliding like sleeves to coat his limbs, the seemingly disconnected space he was in grew tighter, the walls closing in on every side until he felt himself being squeezed all over.

“It means, you’re stuck in there until I get all the hugs I want. Though also, think about it, if there’s no way out, what if you’re not the only one there? What’s more appealing, hmm? The thought that you’re all alone, stuck within me, or that you’re just my most recent catch~?”

“You mean, you *can* let me out of here?” Ashari asked to confirm. “Whenever y-mmph-!” He was careful at first, trying not to open his mouth too far as he felt the cloth swirling closer, but a sudden squeeze let the wall into his jaw, filling his mouth with stuffing and then compacting to hold him. He could feel multiple layers of the stuffing and lining, squashing around him, like he was being wrapped within still warm fabrics.

“Let mommy bird do the talking now and do be honest with yourself. After all, you really are there till I say so.” Eliza said, moving around Ashari’s room, inspecting the plush toys fondly, giving them a soft brush with a finger, she really did approve of his collection.

All the while, within the small compact space, Ashari felt his legs moved around in time with Eliza’s, yet the effect grew less and less as the supernatural disconnect became even greater, Eliza’s inner lining squeezed all over his body, sensual, pushing between fingers and toes, squashing and kneading him. His mind tried to cope with all manner of explanation, yet as the stifling warmth became cosy yet thick, and the caress of the lavender lulled him, he reached the theory that somehow Eliza had chosen him because she knew he’d be into it. Even if she hadn’t asked- no, especially because she hadn’t asked. His legs and arms stirred around, unable to reach his own body, but still he tried to squeeze an armful of that interior, to give a hug of his own, mumbling into the muffling fabrics stuffing his lips.

“It’s better not having to talk, isn’t it?” Eliza asked, her tone having dropped to the patter she’d used in convincing his earlier surrender. Ashari nodded and the walls around his head undulated as if petting him in response. “Good, good. You feel so nice, so relaxed, keep enjoying it. You were definitely the right one to start with.” Her implication would usually be quite clear, yet Ashari barely registered it, his own half-attempts to offer some manner of return hug were all that was on his mind. In all that time he never felt an inkling of a way out.

Eliza finished her inspection, he was already lulled, fully in her power. She walked over to his phone, luckily it hadn’t gone idle and locked itself, it still even had the relevant chat screen up. A button press was all it would take...

Ofenna’s phone rang loudly, surprising her. Her confusion at who was calling her at this time only grew when she saw it was her text-focused brother and doing a video call no less. He must have found that weird thing she saw, she concluded.

On accepting the call she was prepared to tell him that a picture would suffice, but she was speechless as the video looked like it was being held by the same bird she’d seen. “Yep, that’s her!”

“Yep, I’m me!” The bird responded before she lunged forward. Ofenna yelped as the giant plush bird leapt from the phone screen, growing and filling her view and landing on top of the lioness.

“What the hell?!” Ofenna shouted, bringing up a kicking knee, claws and scrappy pushing coming out as she bounced Eliza off her. The big bird laughed out loud.

“Oh how fun! You might look similar but you’re *very* different!” Eliza quipped before pouncing forward onto Ofenna again.

“Graah! Get off!” Ofenna growled, arms pinned to her side by Eliza’s hands. Her feet kicked up, with the claws catching but not tearing or causing any damage.

“Very cute, too.” The lioness wasn’t having any of it, actively battling the massive bird, despite being pinned down. Eliza was unfazed by all the kicks, as her soft stuffed body just squashed around them.

Frustrated that she was doing nothing Ofenna’s head pulled back before she butted forward, connecting with Eliza’s beak. A soft squeak-toy sound echoed out from somewhere, though not the beak itself. “Pff, try that again, it might just work.” She taunted.

In irrational defiance Ofenna did just that, pulling right back to swing once more, in response Eliza’s beak opened wide, yawning to present a soft pink lining and she moved to peck, catching Ofennas’ head in her grip. Eliza had been looking to play around a little more, but she could adapt. With how events were going she just had to capitalise on the advantage, squeezing with her hands to lift Ofenna up, closer to her gullet.

“W-what?!” Ofenna gasped, the sound muffled as the smooth yet slick lining caught her by surprise, even Eliza’s ‘breath’ such as it was, contained that floral and clean aspect. Ofenna was still taken aback, if it was a plush costume it shouldn’t be able to move like that, the cool feeling instead soaked the lioness’s head making it all the easier for the bird to feed herself.

Exhibiting further unnatural strength, Eliza stood, still holding the struggling lioness and threw her head back sliding her catch down. There was a hitch as Ofenna’s elbows caught, but Eliza’s massive hand just scooped under her belly and tilted her up, wedging her back in. Despite the kicking and struggling, Ofenna had already lost, a swallow pulled her hips out of view, then her thighs and then with one last gulp, she slipped continuously forward, out of sight. “Ahhhh~” Eliza sighed, “It’s weird doing that while they’re still dressed but I can make do.” She mused out loud as soon as her throat was clear.

Ofenna tumbled far further than she felt she should have been able to. No matter how she twisted the plush gullet just kneaded her into position, slick until she landed shoulders first in a slightly more spacious pouch. All around her that thick lavender scent grew all the more potent. There was more of the slick liquid in the belly of the beast around her and as she

squeaked in surprise at feeling the cool swiftly-warming tingle, she punched out into her surroundings, legs curling up above her as the swallowing pushed them in.

She heard a strange fizzing noise before feeling the change that it was too dark to see, her clothing was fraying? No, more than that it was like it was becoming a foam of torn and tangled fibres that seemed to leave her fur and hide alone. “The hell is going on here?!” She yelled. “Let me out you **big stuffing-brained bird!**” The hell? That wasn’t what she said. Yet though her lips moved and tried to form a far more vulgar insult, what came out of her mouth was far from what she even thought “**Oh man, I can’t believe a big kitty like me lost to a cute bird!**”

All around her the voice of Eliza echoed. “Ahaha, indeed you did. I’d have played with you more, first but I suppose I can have some play time when you’re quietened down.” As she spoke, Ofenna felt her world become a tad more claustrophobic, squeezing around her, clenching and crushing and in doing so pulling apart the already ruined fabric she wore.

“Your brother is far more accommodating, far more honest. Why, he’s getting a wonderful massage as we, or rather, I, speak!” Eliza said.

“What?! You caught him too? Let him go, you **huggable mascot!**”

Eliza let out an adorable giggle. “Aww, flattery and nice nicknames are a bit too late now, oof, I can still feel you punching! If I were a normal creature you’d be giving me indigestion, that’s not very nice! I think I know exactly what I’m going to do to you for that.” Even though Ofenna could only hear her voice, she could picture the body language, cocking her head to one side and tapping her chin as she thought. “Though I suppose, tell me really, does the idea of being my little plaything for a bit entice you?”

Ofenna growled, fully anticipating a trap, that whatever she said would be twisted, yet she gave it her best, delivering a clipped. “Bite me!” Shocked herself when the words matched her intent this time.

“Sweetie, I already did, swallowed you too! Did you forget? Now who’s got a stuffing brain?”

“Let me out!” Ofenna said, ignoring the rising conflicting feelings. Telling herself it was all a matter of external factors, something in the air, or her voice or anything but Ofenna’s own reactions. The lavender scent was indeed leaning hard on her psyche, yet not half so much as those soft lined yet tightly squeezing walls that constantly pressed around her.

“Let you out? Where? How?” Eliza asked in a humoured tone.

As the squeezing continued Ofenna started to realise what she meant, for all the pulsing of what she assumed was a stomach, there was no exit, nor could she even detect the entrance, as though she was sealed in a cramped plush space. “**Darn it**, get me out at once!” She yelled, muscles slowing as the rubbing seemed to relax and weary her faster than she should have been.

“Soon enough.” Eliza said, though somehow there was a sinister undercurrent. “I think mean lionesses who call others ‘stuffing brained birds’ should get their fair taste.”

A thought traced Ofenna’s mind, if there was a time to apologise, this was it. Yet despite the suspicion of mounting consequence, she doubled down, hollering and squabbling on.

How long had it been? Hours or days? Ashari didn’t know. All he did know was that he could stay here quite happily. Content, relaxed, softness surrounded him and became him. The warmth and comfort was the kind that seeped into the bones. The restriction of his circumstances had felt at first like being in a giant soft suit of some kind and now likened more to being within the cosiest, most form-conscious cushioning he could imagine.

He still mumbled from time to time, the stuffing in his mouth discouraged him bothering with detailed words, instead just huffing as a fun, vocal tic.

Within that joyful relaxation he felt the occasional squeeze that kneaded and satisfied in the same way that a good stretch did, reminding him every time of a hug, for some reason. He sweltered in pure, unfiltered pleasure, a sensual and emotionally soothing kind that lulled him to indulge in even more relaxation. “Mmm, you are having a great time, aren’t you?” Eliza’s voice said, floating through the gentle silence. “Time to come out though.” The zipper rasped as it was pulled open.

Ashari was dazed yet still he was sure it wouldn’t work, it didn’t last time after all. However, external light bled through, growing as the zipper followed. Eliza’s fingers came into view, pulling the opening and then just waiting. Like a caretaker, she was holding the way for him to climb out on his own.

His legs felt weird, probably from the relaxation. Softer and lighter than usual. His paws curved over her fingers, his own digits feeling slightly less articulate as he dragged himself out, for all his willingness to stay forever, he’d not overstay his welcome. His foot hit the floor with a soft squash rather than the solid impact he expected, stumbling out and onto a chair in what he realised with a shock, was his sister’s room. “Mmmh?”

He felt the flurry of embarrassment within him, though his cheeks felt calm, mercifully not flushing red and hot. However, when he lifted his hand to clear his mouth a second far more sobering shock hit him, his hand was plush! No- his whole body, vague seams traced him, solid lines as though threads through fabric. He patted himself in confusion, it was all over, he could feel it yet not in the normal way.

Ashari also couldn’t feel anything solid or sturdy as his body squashed at his own touch; it was exactly like his inspection of Eliza. “Mmmh?”

“Heehee, you came out so cute!” Eliza said, clapping her hands together in a soft thud once she’d closed the zipper on her front. Ashari’s embarrassment grew as he looked over

himself. He had a zipper of his own, though his paws were thicker and softer, and there at his leg was a large cloth tag with the words 'Made By Eliza'.

"Mmmh, what happened?" He asked, his mouth finally working with him to talk. "Am I-? Did you-??" He didn't need to finish the questions, not least because he knew the answer was a yes to both. "But why are we here?"

"Oh, that? Well I just *had* to go see your twin! My first plan had been to make a matching set to add to my collection but you proved too loveable for me to just whisk you away! Still I do hope you enjoy your new shape, I know I love it!"

He wanted to ask about that 'new shape' part but the fact he was alone with Eliza in his sister's room sparked another more pressing line of inquiry. "Where is she?"

"Just one second~." Eliza said turning her back to Ashari, he heard the zip open and shut and then she turned around, a smaller, far more simpler plush bird in her own colouring in her hand, though with one distinct difference, the tuft of hair it had was a perfect match to Ofenna's in colour and a close match in style. The plush was limp, inanimate. "Here you go!" She said, flouncing over to Ashari and pushing the small Eliza-like doll into his hands. "She was a bit too fighty so I thought I'd give her a special time-out. Now, you two go and have lots of fun for me!" Eliza said with a current of farewell to her voice.

Ashari looked down in shocked silence at the plush, if that was Ofenna then... how? "Why is she diff-. Eliza?" He started to ask as he looked up, standing in shock. The room was empty, Eliza had vanished just as abruptly as she'd entered. Her own whimsy taking her off to the next thought that had popped into her head. "P-Plush Empress? Hello?" He asked turning around, yet there was no sign of her. He slumped into the chair with a soft puffy thud as he looked at the plush bird that somehow radiated that faintly grumpy energy. More questions swarmed by the minute and yet the only person he might ask had vanished away.

While Ashari's relaxing bliss of pleasure had ended with his freedom, Ofenna's started off worse and grew even more intense. The promised bliss had an even more erotic undercurrent to it, through beady eyes she was dimly aware of the world, yet she could only focus on that all consuming lusty feeling. However the sensation was intense and worse still, unsatisfying, no matter what she tried to think, how she tried to lean into it, with an immobile body and a wanting mind, she could only endure the penalty that Eliza had set.

A penalty that would quite possibly only end if her brother could figure out the path to a solution...