

Night of the Living Bondage Gear

By Blue Jay

A group of friends spends the night watching trashy films and getting frisky, but the possessed possessions of the previous owner have other ideas...

Oh, like you weren't thinking it was high time for a whacky bit of sexiness like this?

Well, anyway, I got the idea in my head for a bunch of characters to get together and turn their brains to mush through sex, dumb films/TV, or really weird sex. Naturally, the three were combined to form Captain Pervert. The story was originally going to focus only on myself and Snoe either being silly by ourselves or getting caught by the title antagonists, but then I thought it'd be way sexier if two more hapless friends were dragged into the matter.

It wasn't entirely realistic to have an open call for a pair of extra players, at least not this time around, so I forewent the call for extra hands and just crafted some boys all by myself. Still, I think this will be fairly satisfying.

Enjoy, and Happy Friday the 13th!

(PS – I was sick as hell Friday night, so I couldn't touch my computer at all. I still feel awful. I'm going to try and get a few things done since I feel worlds better than I did earlier, at least).

"So glad you two finally have a place of your own," Xander grunted as he carried in the large bag of snacks.

For as long as he'd known them, Snoe and Perry had been together. The last time he'd seen them, they'd all been at a party, cheering on their hosts' favorite football team. Well, at least most of them had: Xander was more a hockey person, and the rabbit and hyena had vanished upstairs. Had it not been for the rowdy shouting of the audience, the duo's wall-knocking would have been easily noticed.

He'd known each of them long enough that getting a home of their own was enormously beneficial to them. More than once he could recall Snoe relating on how his neighbors had complained to his parents of "loud and weird noises" through half the night, and the dragon could similarly recall a few times in which Perry admitted to frustration in finding more space to store his ever-growing collection of sexy underwear and pornos.

Frankly, it was a small wonder that they had lasted as long as they did under their families' roofs.

“And I’m glad you could make it, hon,” the snow-white rabbit replied, eyeing up the reptile.

Xander liked to think he wasn’t bad looking, with a set of four short horns at the upper back of his head, their dark brown coloring complementing his rust-red scales nicely. He lacked wings, but he had a moderately-muscled physique, and stood at five-foot-eleven.

“You’re taken, remember?” he reminded the lapine, who only chuckled.

It was also a small wonder that the two had been together so long as they had. With the both of them loving to play the field, one would have expected them to only be sex buddies, especially given that Perry actually preferred females to males, and only identified as straight. Xander found that a bit odd, but never pressed the hyena about it; who was he to make someone’s decisions for them, especially regarding sexual issues? The canid could do whomever he wanted.

“Doesn’t matter, since I’ve got a surprise waiting for you inside,” was Snoe’s cheeky retort. “Trust me, you’ll love hanging out with him.”

Rolling his eyes, the dragon continued into the living room. To his left, the stairs went up, the bedrooms, bathroom, study, and bar unseen; to his right was the couch, some small tables and chairs, and the entertainment center with a forty-inch flatscreen. Sitting on said couch was a gray field mouse, watching what looked like a rerun of some old sitcom that Xander was sure he’d himself watched years before.

Ignoring the rodent for now, he moved deeper into the domicile, reaching the kitchen. Perry had left the door open, allowing the smells of the salsa he was preparing to spread all about.

Setting the bag down on the small side table, Xander closed the door; he wanted at least a granule of privacy for the moment. “So who’s the mouse?”

“Eh?” the hyena glanced over at him from the counter, not having realized he’d entered at all. “Oh, hi, Xander. I don’t know who Evan is, beyond that being his name. Snoe brought him over earlier, and he’s just been watching TV for a couple of hours now. Offered to help me, but I’m solid enough on my own, so I told him to just relax until you got in.”

“You know your boyfriend is acting pretty saucy, right? He’s up to something.”

The spotted dog paused, the wheels turning in his head. “Look, I swear, all I know is that Snoe met him at the university. He’s supposed to be a waterboy for one of the sports teams or something.”

“Or something,” the dragon repeated dryly.

Perry sighed. “All right, fine. Snoe told me he has a really cute ass. I swear that is all I know.” A pause. “And before you ask, no, I have not had sex with him. Seriously.”

Xander shook his head. “If you say so, but your boyfriend clearly expects a lay tonight.”

The other male only laughed. “You let me worry about filling his holes, okay? Have a beer, we have plenty in the fridge.”

Xander snorted but did so, even if all that was cold was the usual brand names. When he left the kitchen, a bag of potato chips to accompany his drink, he found the bunny had also come inside, and was speaking to the mouse.

"There you are!" the lapine exclaimed. "Don't keep a boy waiting like that next time."

"Who?"

Snoe gestured to the other guest, and Xander finally gave him a look. Evan was short, maybe only five-five, and with a slender body that would be perfect for swimming or other activities where a sleeker form was more advantageous than a muscular one.

"Xander, this is my friend, Evan," Snoe introduced. "We had a class together back at uni. He's been out of state since last year, pursuing more lucrative career options, but he's moved back here to wrap a few things up and get life moving and all that good stuff."

The two greeted each other, though Xander was still wary that the rabbit was plotting something for the both of them. If it was sex, then fine, he'd have sex. He had nothing against gays, and had in fact rutted a couple males here and there, but he typically preferred females. Still, he did know a few guys who swore that a dude could suck you off better than a chick.

"So what kind of party is this, exactly?" the red dragon asked.

Snoe shrugged nonchalantly. "Oh, you know, snacks and drinks and trashy films. Entertainment of champions."

Xander cocked an eyebrow suspiciously. "What *kind* of films?"

Snoe smiled. "The silly kind."

The reptile was about to press the issue when Perry walked in, a bowl as large as a beast's head in his arms, filled almost to the brim with steaming fresh salsa. "It's all kinds of hot, but not too hot on either account, so don't be afraid to dig in. I'll be back in a second with the tortilla chips."

As the horned male dug in, he found that at least the food was pretty tasty, though he still wanted those cream-filled chocolate bells he'd bought on the way over; they were his favorite, after all.

In front of the TV, Snoe was getting the DVDs ready, inserting a set of them into a multiple-disc player.

"Hey, whoa, wait," Xander said, sitting up on the couch. "Just how many hours are we supposed to be here?"

"We've got a spare room if you want to crash," Perry said. "I don't want you driving with booze in you."

The dragon sighed. "Look, I don't want to be here all night. I may not be working tomorrow, but I like to sleep in my own bed."

“Well,” Evan said, his voice as soft as his gray fur, “Snoe probably couldn’t decide between the ones he really likes, so he just picked a bunch and will just let them play and see how far we can all get. Seems reasonable, doesn’t it?”

Xander pinched the bridge of his snout, reluctantly admitting that arguing would only drag the matter into a dumb fight, and he didn’t fight friends. “Just tell me these are the better kind of dumb films.”

The rabbit held up his right hand. “I solemnly swear that I have watched all of these.”

“Fine, fine, just get on with it,” the dragon grumbled.

Snoe started the player and quickly took his place to Xander’s left, next to Perry, pushing the dragon a bit against the mouse.

Onscreen, the film finally began playing, lighting up the darkened room. At first, it was an ancient-looking city, like something from the olden days of Greece, but then the voiceover started, and things went downhill fast.

“In ancient times, cruel and powerful Cock Lords ruled the lands...”

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” Xander groaned, throwing an irritated look at Snoe. “Cosplay porn? Really?”

The bunny raised a finger. “Gay historical cosplay porn, actually. And I’ve never seen the whole thing; I keep peaking at the fifteen minute mark.”

“These mighty and perverted tyrants plundered the people, robbing the anal virginity of all the most beautiful young studs...”

Onscreen, the image had shifted to a well-muscled lion, who was buried deep into a gasping young jackal. The canine looked as though he was being forced to serve the feline, pushed down into place as he was.

“Is this the one where the sorcerer turns the warriors to stone and then makes them gangbang the young prince they’re supposed to be rescuing?” Perry asked. “Did I just give away the ending?”

“Snoe, honestly,” Xander said, exasperated. “I like you, and I don’t care that you’re gay as all hell, but at least give me a warning when you plan shit like this. I don’t jack it in front of other people, if that was part of your goal.”

“It wasn’t,” the rabbit defended. “It was something I wanted to watch but I keep cumming too early and with Evan back in town, I—” He broke off, looking at the rodent. “Oh crap.”

Evan was staring in wide-eyed, open-mouthed shock at the incredibly raunchy visuals, which had shifted from the lion and jackal to a harem of young males, bathing nude and clearly starting to enjoy each other’s company.

“But not all of these slaves craved freedom. Many of them gleefully served their dark masters, relishing the power of the Cock Lords...”

“I am going to need a lot more beer for this,” Xander huffed. He tried to content himself that at least the imagery wasn’t grainy and swaying constantly. And at least the music was light classical instead of swanky.

Perry, looking at the shocked mouse, shook his head. “Great, Snoe, you broke him. Now we’ll have to buy his parents a new son.”

“Don’t we have smelling salts or something?” his boyfriend asked. “He’s probably just surprised by the blatant sexual content and needs a proverbial slap of cold water to bring him back to his senses.”

“Indeed, two such slaves were engaged in a wicked competition to earn greater favor from their Cock Lord...”

“I’d better check for salts before Evan goes completely catatonic,” the hyena said, getting up from the couch and heading back to the kitchen.

When he had disappeared from sight, Snoe looked to Xander and threw him a cheeky grin before quietly sprinting after the canid. Yes sir, he was after a rump-hump that night.

Grumbling to himself, the red scaly turned back to the rodent, wracking his mind for a solution.

Up above, in the attic, something was stirring.

A large chest, covered in black leather and studded with bronze-leaf rivets along the edges, shook slightly. Dust and cobwebs, having collected upon its surface for several years, were knocked askew and airborne as the chest rattled from within, its contents seeking freedom.

The latch twitched and twisted as it slowly undid itself. Once apart, the lid flew open. There was no unearthly glow, be it red or green or any other sinister color, from within...but there was the clinking of metal and the soft scrape of leather, and just the faintest squeak of latex.

Out over the edge of the chest they came, crawling and slithering, heading inexorably toward the door. Awakened by the psychic emanations of the house’s occupants, their lust bestowing dark energy unwittingly to the darkly erotic devices, the veritable flood of bondage gear sought its prey.

Very soon, the new homeowners—as well as their guests—would find themselves having more in common with squatters than legitimate residents.

Perry scowled at the medicine cabinet. He had been sure something akin to smelling salts was in there, because they had so many damn things to address every possible issue (and with no less than five bottles of Tylenol, no less).

Sighing, the canid was about to close the cabinet when a sultry voice said, "You're looking in the wrong direction."

"Huh?"

Looking down, the hyena's eyes bulged as he saw his lover. How Snoe had managed to squeeze himself between the other male's body and the lower cabinets was anyone's guess, but it was no surprise that the bunny's face was right in front of Perry's crotch.

"Maybe you should look in here," the lapine smirked.

Before the spotted male could react, the rabbit's hands snaked up his legs and had unbuttoned Perry's pants. The hyena managed to get in a quick "Hey wait!" before the fly was unzipped and yanked wide open.

Snoe's brow furrowed as he stared at his boyfriend's choice of undergarments. "Why, exactly, are you wearing *my* favorite pink satin panties?"

Blushing, Perry replied, "They aren't *your* pink satin panties, it's *my* hot pink satin thong."

As if incredulous of this fact, Snoe gave the other's ass a feeling up (which had the added effect of sending a shudder of pleasure through the hyena, rousing his cock), and then humphed. "Okay, I guess this *is* your thong. My mistake." His smirk returned as the bulge in front of his muzzle swelled. "But *this* belongs to *me*."

Fast as his species was known to be, Snoe slipped the front of the thong down and out sprang Perry's cock, the black meat swiftly hardening. The rabbit's lips engulfed it and hurried it along, feeling the rod push to the back of his mouth. Just when the lagomorph was about to begin properly fellating his partner, though, the other acted.

Perry, unable to suppress groans of bliss, grabbed his boyfriend by the ears and held him in place as he began automatically thrusting his hips, his body instinctively entering sex mode.

Down below, Snoe was actually enjoying being used like a fuck-toy, his fingers and toes curling and uncurling in ecstasy.

Above them, their power rapidly growing thanks to the increase in sexual antics, the bondage gear split up. It moved into three separate rooms, choosing the mini-bar, the bedroom, and then bathroom. The first two batches began setting themselves up, preparing to claim their new slaves, while the third batch merely waited.

Soon, everyone would feel the gear's power...

Snoe gave Perry a sharp slap on the ass, bringing the hyena out of his groove. When the latter had pulled back enough that the bunny could pull his cock out completely, the long-ear told him, "Want to get really playful?"

Laughing a little, Perry nodded. "We never did find out if you can keep your legs split wide while getting pounded. Wanna go for it?"

The rabbit's expression told him everything.

"You stay here for a few minutes," Snoe instructed as he squirmed out from his position. "I'm going to get ready upstairs. Come to the bedroom in, say, no more than ten minutes and then we'll get our own party rolling."

Perry frowned playfully. "Aw. What am I supposed to do for ten whole minutes? I want to stuff my rabbit now."

The white-furred male chuckled. "There's a porn on right now, so just watch a bit of that." He moved to the door, blowing his partner a kiss before leaving.

He ignored Xander, who was busy trying to snap Evan out of La-La Land, and Evan, who was busy being sucked into La-La Land by the relentlessly raunchy film (on screen, a pair of giraffes were double-teaming a Labrador, spit-roasting the poor lad).

Up the stairs Snoe went, stripping off his clothes along the way until completely in the buff, and he had just moved past the door to the mini-bar when a sound from within made him stop. Wondering if there was an intruder, the rabbit quickly dismissed the notion and entered; it was probably stink bugs, which kept getting in despite the pair's best efforts at sealing all cracks.

Inside the room, the lapine stopped, confused utterly. Spread out on the floor and on the pool table was a mess of bondage gear, all sorts of things. He was absolutely sure it hadn't been there earlier, because Perry had been cooking half the day, and shopping for cooking ingredients the half-day before that; the hyena couldn't possibly have set this stuff about.

"An erotic home invader?" the bunny wondered aloud as he approached the pool table. "Ha ha, do tell!"

Certainly a lot of this looked like Perry's, especially since the subby little dear had eight different floggers (a bit much, perhaps, but given the variety of styles Snoe often kept mum on the issue). The rabbit had just picked up a leather cuff, turning it over in hand, when something gently wrapped around his ankle.

"Eh?"

It was a second leather cuff, D-rings shining as if brand new. Before the white rabbit could bend over and remove it, the one in his hand snapped onto his wrist.

Panicking, Snoe opened his mouth to call for help, but a bundle of black leather and chromework collided with his face and began to wrap around his head, a second bundle launched and slipping perfectly into place around his neck; he was collared. At the same time, some kind of invisible force pulled Snoe off his feet and onto the pool table, the male struggling on his back for a second before two more cuffs locked onto his other wrist and ankle.

Attached through their D-rings to leather leashes, the upper cuffs pulled the bunny's arms tight, aiming away from his head. Right after they did so, the muzzle around his mouth fit fully into position, locked tight around his head; the plug popped out, allowing access to his mouth.

The cuffs on his ankles began pulling tight much as the wrist cuffs had, though in the opposite direction. Folding the rabbit over, fully exposing his rear end, the ankle leashes locked into position on the underside of the table.

Struggling, unable to get free, Snoe could only give indignant cries of incoherence.

And then he saw it.

Floating there right above his anal crack was a dildo, easily ten inches long. The entire thing was smooth as a baby dolphin's bottom, black as midnight and ribbed as if made out of rubber donuts of increasing size. For a moment that seemed to last forever, all the dildo did was hover there, almost mocking his lack of defense...

...And when that wild part of Snoe that enjoyed the really kinky stuff caused his member to swell to full mast in anticipation, the dildo struck.

The small, knob-like head pushed into his tailhole and the rest followed, spreading him more and more. Snoe moaned despite himself, and perhaps it was lucky he did because with how much force was used to insert the dildo fully into his ass, his own real cock slid through the muzzle's opening. The bunny blinked and reflexively sucked himself...

...And the dildo began pulling out, going halfway before shoving smoothly back into his rectum.

The hare was pinned, forced to fellate himself while being anally intruded, his body already craving more.

Downstairs, Perry figured enough time had passed for him to check on Snoe.

Heh, the hyena thought deviously. I hope I catch him with his pants down; would serve him right, sneaking up on me like that.

With the door to the mini-bar firmly shut and the bunny muzzled by both leather and flesh, he was oblivious to Snoe's predicament as he entered the bedroom.

Not seeing the other male, he called out, “Snoe, are you hiding in the closet again?” It was a preferred tactic of the rabbit’s, and seeing the spread of bondage items on the bed, he was sure that was the case. “Okay, fine, I’ll play along, you crafty bastard.”

He eagerly removed his clothes, including the thong, having spotted a new one on the bed. Did Snoe buy those for him? Wily devil. *I’ll have to make him extra happy tonight, and then probably buy him a nice snack or something clever tomorrow*, Perry thought.

Grabbing the red garment, he stepped into it. It was largely just red elastic, a thin band encircling his waist and threading his anus. The front panel framed his genitals, raising his level of excitement and causing his member to harden.

And then the thong came alive.

Dangling from the bottom of the front panel was the most crucial component of that strange new garment, which Perry had missed. It was a strip of the same silken material that comprised the front panel, and along its length were three short strips, arranged perpendicular, and each one was designed to securely buckle together.

The main strip suddenly defied gravity and pressed along the underside of the canid’s cock, and as he watched the smaller strips looped themselves around his length and snapped securely into themselves, more than snug but not painful.

“What the he--!” Perry gaped before two items from the bed hit him in the face: the gag pushing into his mouth and buckling tightly around his head even as the collar took its rightful place. The hyena grabbed at the gag, tugging with all his might, but paused in shock as the rubbery lump in his mouth suddenly expanded, filling the orifice all the way; it was inflatable!

The cock-torture thong tightened again, dropping the hyena to his knees as he grabbed himself. In doing so, his attention was taken off the last bondage item: the flogger.

It rose into the air and twirled wickedly before its leads smacked into Perry’s ass, the male’s eyes ballooning as his body jerked in reaction.

Working in tandem with the levitating flogger, the thong loosened for a split-second, only long enough for its unfortunate wearer to realize it had, before tightening again. The sensation was strangely pleasurable, and as Perry was smacked again on the other buttock, electric sensations rippled through him, pleasurable sensations.

He dropped to all fours as the gag inflated more, almost reaching into his throat.

Smack! The flogger lashed both cheeks this time, the hyena closing his eyes and giving a muffled groan on pure excitement as his masochistic side rose to power.

“Seriously, where are those two?” Xander grumbled. “They should have finished by now.”

It had been easily a half-hour since last he’d seen either, and he was becoming more and more certain that Snoe had picked entirely the wrong friend to invite over for porn viewing.

Just when he was about to get up and go looking, Evan finally spoke.

“I...I need you,” he softly said to the dragon, his eyes drifting over the larger male.

To Xander’s amazement, the mouse began to undress himself, never taking his eyes from the reptile. In only moments he was naked, his small pink cock hard as a rock and dripping pre.

“Evan, wait, I’m not so much into guys,” Xander tried to protest, but the other ignored him.

The gray-furred femboy put his hands on the dragon’s chest, feeling the larger muscles beneath his shirt. “I’ve always liked big boys,” he breathed. “Always liked them big.”

With no help from their hosts, a sleazy porno on the telly, and a rangingly-horny mouse in front of him, he decided to just give the smaller male what he wanted. A firm hand behind the rodent’s back pulled Evan into a deep kiss, and when it ended Xander was swift to remove his own clothing.

As Evan’s tail twitched in anticipation, the denuded dragon grinned at him. “Like what you see?” he asked the mouse huskily. The reptile was certainly a model specimen, with moderate musculature and a hefty package; he was definitely going to give the poor lad a rough pounding.

Just as the gray fur opened his mouth to give his own saucy reply, there was the sound of movement overhead. Both cast their eyes up, their orbs widening in confusion when they saw the collection of bondage gear plastered to the ceiling.

A second later, it all dropped down at them, moving faster than seemed possible. Xander threw up his hands to try and block some of it and Evan threw himself off the couch, but neither male avoided their fate.

Against the dragon’s struggles, a tight-fitting leather hood and heavy leather collar placed themselves upon him, followed by egg-vibes pressing onto his nipples, the head of his phallus, and nestling at the top of his scrotum between his balls. Xander felt something large wrap around him: a sleep sack, which ignored the red male’s attempts to fight back and laced itself up his back.

Xander lay on the couch, fully encapsulated by the leather gear, unable to do more than shift and make muffled noises of indignity.

And then the eggs activated.

The dragon groaned and bucked, his head rocking side to side as pleasure coursed through him. His cock, already hard from Evan’s attentions, ached for release and grew closer and closer to it, his balls now receiving some fun of their own.

Just when Xander was nearing orgasm, the vibes deactivated. With the stimuli gone, the dragon whimpered futilely, feebly and desperately grinding himself against the sack.

When his cock began to soften, the eggs turned back on, beginning a pattern of orgasm denial that Xander would soon learn to both hate and love.

Evan had been similarly attacked, a latex hood engulfing his head and leaving only his nose exposed to allow for easy breathing; it was tight and sturdy enough that he could not open his mouth to cry out for help; a collar around his neck clamped the hood securely into place.

A latex leotard, specially designed to have no arms or openings for them, had slipped onto his torso. While the mouse writhed trying to get his arms out from the rubber confines, a pair of ballet boots slid up his legs, firmly tying themselves on.

Finally ready, the mouse was lifted to his precarious new stance. Evan wobbled, about to tip over from both the unusual new footwear and from having no sight, when a sharp slap on his ass straightened him up. Hovering in the air behind him, a wooden paddle with light leather padding was ready to do its job. As Evan started to teeter again, a second blow to his bubble butt corrected his mistake.

With the four new slaves so utterly occupied by the dominating toys, not one of them realized that it was only Friday, and that a long weekend was ahead of them...

The End