

The lioness sent one more text message before she shouldered the door open and stepped sideways into the shop. What greeted her there surprised her: soft, plush carpet, dark in color – *that* was a bold move – and a light, almost pleasant floral scent in the air. The shelves facing the front windows bore some fairly innocent little things, scented massage oils and underwear just *barely* too skimpy for other more accessible shops, but when she passed those...

Then, she nodded. *This* was more what she expected from a sex shop: brightly-colored dildos in a variety of sizes stared at her right from the shelves ahead, with the other side of the aisle displaying rows on rows of literature (*literotica*, the sign overhead said), art and photobooks, magazines... she stood on her tiptoes and craned her neck, squinting to see the other signs. Three rows of *Manga/Doujin*, immediately followed by *Hentai & Animation*, which then turned to *Films*, a large section all its own. On the other side of the store the shelves spread out and back - *Dildos* became *Dildos etc.*, then *Plugs and tails*, then *BDSM*, then *BDSM & Petplay*, then *Pup Play* specifically, and...

This might take a while. For a moment she had to remind herself that she *was* here for a reason, though – and her phone vibrated in her paw then, thankfully reminding her of that reason.

*"Make sure it's red,"* the incoming message said. Seeing how many colors just these portable dicks came in – the lioness nearly passed by that row, then stopped as something caught her eye – reassured her that it wouldn't be a problem to find what she was looking for. Penetrables lined the opposite side of the shelf as she turned and started down that row, *Zhiron the Werewolf* right next to a generic *Dragoness*, then *Otter Power Bottom*, *Vixen's Muzzle*, and a *Lioness In Heat* that she stopped to look at for a moment. Self-lubricating, apparently via a removable interior pore sleeve system; an adjustable tightness at three different points along the depth; four colors, including *natural*; and, for \$30 extra, a model right beside this one that came with a squirting function through a tube and refillable squeeze-pump.

*God*, she thought to herself, *that would make a great fuckin' gift...* but not for *that* price, and besides, it wasn't what she'd come here for. With a bit of a huff the lioness let the toy swing back into place on its hook and continued down the aisle, forcing herself to keep from looking at the other ones. She turned the corner, paused, pursed her lips and looked across the collars, the leashes, the combo packs, the harnesses.

Halfway down this aisle a pair of striped hyenas stood, the cookies-and-cream female holding one of the leashes up to the collar of the more hot-chocolate male. He looked a bit... begrudging, with his lips tight and ears down, and leaning slightly back as the female hooked that leash to his collar and gave a firm tug. The lioness watched the two as she passed by: the male let out a little grunt and growl, which just caused the female to pull that leash tighter so that his muzzle came close to hers. She grinned hungrily, tilted his head away with one paw, leaned down to murmur something into his ear – and made eye contact with the lioness, watching her until she turned down the next row.

Once around the corner, the lioness smiled again. That firmer tug had forced the male to lower his paws down between his legs, and then whatever the other had said to him had just magnified the reaction, judging by the way his ears lowered down further and how a warm blush started burning on his cheeks. *That* was the kind of reaction that this lioness sought from her target today; she straightened up to look over the other aisles again, thinking about where it might be, then sighed and picked up her pace. On her way in she saw an employee at the front desk; usually she tried to avoid bothering the workers, but...

...but...

But *goddamn*, this one was *hot*. A sabertooth cat sat behind the counter, bulky black headphones covering her small ears, double-pierced tongue out and idly running up and down one of her huge protruding fangs, the one that *wasn't* for some reason gold-plated. Bright, crimson-red eyes flicked up to the lioness as she approached, then back down to whatever the saber was reading... which, looking at the cover, seemed to be a doujin taken from one of the shelves; something about a prim, soft-looking elf guy and a much larger stallion.

Once there, the lioness braced her paw against the counter and leaned on it, briefly looking down across the array of lighters and vapes and other such paraphernalia on display there, then focused her gaze on the other feline. Dark fur, not quite black but close, and without that characteristic frizz that hinted at treatment and dye; the saber wore an open leather vest, showing the tight wrappings binding her chest and the piercing through her belly button, a bright silver hoop with a red gemstone and a small chain hanging down. She glanced up at the lioness again, thumb keeping her place in her book.

And said nothing. The lioness swallowed, all memory of why she'd come here out of her head. She tapped her fingers on the glass counter. "Um... hey."

The sabertooth waited a moment, slid her tongue back into her mouth, swallowed as well, and bobbed her head. In the silence that followed she reached up to slide one of the cups of her headphones off. Death metal rang out from inside, though it was a band the lioness didn't recognize. Then, after a painful moment: "Can I help you?"

Low, smooth voice, *rich*... the lioness swallowed again. "Um. Yeah. I'm-" *Why am I here? God, those've gotta be the clearest contacts I've seen...* "Looking for something new. Something that'll... take me by surprise. Just blow me away. Y'know?"

Those red eyes appraised her. "What's your name?"

"Huh? Oh. Myrelliah." The lioness let her eyes wander down across the sabertooth's chest, searching for a nametag, but found none. A moment later she realized she was eyeing those bandages, and forced her gaze back up. "Myr works too. Yours?"

"You wouldn't be able to pronounce it." The sabertooth reached up again to shuffle her headphones all the way off and down around her neck. On one paw she wore a few rings, from black steel to shining silver, and the other bore a golden ring around her middle finger chained to a similarly golden wristlet. "Are you looking for something for you or your partner? Or both?"

"Just me. I..." As she spoke the sabertooth leaned forward, then stood up – and continued standing up, until Myr had to take a step back and tilt her head to look up at her. Rare that she met someone taller than her, and this cat *definitely* hit the mark. "Um. I need – need a break."

She slid her headphones from around her neck and tossed them underneath the counter, where they landed with a gentle clatter. "Hmm." The saber crossed her arms in front of her wrapped chest, looking Myr up and down again. "Yeah. I think I know just the thing. Follow me."

Without waiting to ensure Myr did as told, the sabertooth turned and strode out from behind the counter, though kept near the wall of the store. Myr took the chance to look her up and down from behind, now that she had the chance: well-defined arms and trimmed claws, firm thighs and legs clearly visible within the form-fitting metal-studded black pants she wore, little brush of a tail... darker stripes faintly visible along her revealed fur, lines of solid black among the shadow-grey of the rest of her.

The thing was, though, this saber looked... unkempt, somewhat, though on a closer look it was obvious that had been her intent. From the tatters along her pants showing the grey fur underneath, to the almost-uneven short mane trailing down her back and disappearing beneath her bindings and vest, only to come back out in the space between there and the waistband of her pants. Good, confident stride, sway of the hips and flick of the tail; Myr tried to emulate it, eyes focused in place right there, then felt that crimson gaze on her again and snapped back up. Sure enough, the saber watched her over her shoulder, then turned forward again without a word.

She led her towards the back of the store, where a flat, solid red door stood, set back in a space between some shelves. Myr glanced out among the aisles as they went: in the *Prep & Prevention* section she caught sight of a busty older wolfess lecturing a rather embarrassed-looking otter boy, a box of condoms clutched in one of her paws. As if feeling herself being watched, the wolf glanced up at Myr, held her gaze for a moment, and then gave an exasperated eyeroll before turning back to her victim.

There *had* to be a story there, she knew. Wolf and otter meant that they couldn't be related, yet he looked far too old for a babysitter – about college-aged, so... Myr looked forward towards the saber again. The otter's eyes had flicked down towards that wolf's generous bosom when she'd turned toward Myr, and then back up to her muzzle, then back down again.

Paramours, then? Wasn't he a little young for her – or her, a bit old for him? Other factors notwithstanding, she could be his mother. *I bet he calls her ma'am.*

"Here."

Not realizing that the saber had stopped and turned to face her again, Myr startled a little bit and... took half a step back, so that she wouldn't have to crane her head so far back. She looked from the saber, to the door, and back to the saber, who had crossed those meaty arms of hers in front of her bound chest. The shelves back here bore socks, leggings, thigh-highs, thigh-high boots, fishnets, all sorts of things. An idle thought: *that otter back there might look good in fishnets.*

Myr wet her lips. "What, you... have it locked up or something? Back in storage?" She nodded towards the door.

The saber seemed to think about that for a moment, then shrugged. With one sharp-clawed paw she reached for the knob. "You could say that." Still holding eye contact, she twisted and pushed; the door opened into unlit darkness. "After you... miss."

"So," Myr said, brushing past the saber. She smelled like... like... "What is it you've got in mind for me? I would've thought you'd ask me, like – my preferences, or what I like, or..."

"Don't worry about it." A surprisingly cold paw pressed against the middle of her back, pushing her forward into the storage closet, or back hallway, or whatever this was. A second later, right before she

could turn, the saber drew the door shut behind the two of them – and brought that darkness to close in around them.

A long couple of seconds passed, with Myr waiting for the light to flick on yet never seeing it happen. She cleared her throat and took a few uncertain steps further out into the room. “So, um...” She swallowed. Her voice sounded loud in here, yet at the same time distant, as though something squeezed in around it from all sides. “You brought me here... for...”

The saber’s voice rang in her ears again, taking her by surprise – she had neither heard nor felt the other feline come up behind her: “I’m gonna give you something that’ll take you by surprise. Just like you wanted.”

The more she listened, the more she realized that her voice came from all around rather than right behind her. Myr was a lion, a predator: *I should be able to see*, she told herself, *at least something*. So she turned –

- and discovered that she could. A short distance away near where she felt the door *should* be, two points of crimson light glowed in the darkness. They blinked, then tilted; with that change of angle the light shone out across part of the saber’s muzzle, only enough to show the curve of her lip and the shimmering of her gold-plated fang.

“You said you wanted a break,” she went on, still sounding as though she were speaking *inside* the lioness’s head. “How about I break *you*, instead?”

Before she could respond – *this isn’t funny*, she wanted to say; *you had me at first, but I’m not having fun* – the saber rolled her shoulders, dropped that leather vest down her arms to the invisible floor beneath, hunched forward... and let out a low, rumbling growl. With her eyes just now starting to adjust to the darkness, Myr took another half-step back: those bindings of the saber’s started to pulse and writhe along her back, as though there were something beneath trying to push up through the material. Then – a shudder, a rip, a grunt, and something *did*.

Like fat, ripe worms, a few softly-glowing blue tendrils started to snake out from the tears in the bindings, pushing further out as those wrappings started to fall apart and drift down to the floor. Myr felt herself rooted in place, paw grasping behind her for support that was not there: those tendrils, those appendages, those – *tentacles* just continued to come out, easy to find in the darkness of the room with their pallid glow. Just as they lengthened and thickened, pulsing along their sizeable lengths as though engorging, the sabertooth from which they issued became... somewhat less like a feline and more like something else.

Myr *would* have tried to get a better look were she not already fearing for her life, and just when she caught hold of herself and tried to start sneaking around whatever was going on in front of her, a pair of those tentacles – already there were more than when she first looked, and more continuing to poke out into the darkness – shot forward and wrapped first around her wrists, slick slimy flesh-like cords coiling tight and holding her arms away from her body. The lioness grunted and strained against them, shivering at the feeling of the cool slickness seeping across her fur, then gasped as two more did the same for her ankles.

They were *strong*, too, tight without causing her pain, restricting without making her strain herself to injury. The tension in the tentacles relaxed when she did, then heightened back to their peak if she tried to yank against them. Even though each one had looped several times, still the heads, slightly more bulbous than the rest, could move and wriggle on their own: the tentacle that had seized her left ankle started to climb up her leg, sending an uncomfortable shiver up her body.

“What are y-”

Suddenly she was swept off of her feet and into the air, for a moment flailing to catch herself before she realized that the tentacles tightened and held her aloft. They gradually lifted her further up into the cool air, the smooth movements making it seem effortless; Myr squirmed and tugged against her fleshy bonds again, lips pulling back in a snarl, until those bright crimson eyes found her again through the darkness. They looked slightly further apart than they should be, and a bit larger... and now rimmed with fiery yellow.

Unblinking, they watched her. The lioness swallowed, forcing herself to hold that eye contact. Right as she opened her mouth to speak again, though, another tentacle slid forward through the air like oil in water to feel at her muzzle, poking its rounded little head against her teeth and gums, spreading that slickness into her mouth. Instinctively she turned her head back and forth in trying to avoid it, dodging the strange, slightly-sickening taste that came with it... but while she focused on that tentacle another suddenly entered her awareness, by slipping its way down her shirt and bra. The sudden moist coolness of the appendage shocked her still, with the tentacle worming its way between her breasts and straining against her clothing.

Still it *pulsed* again and again, pressing against her chest like something with its own heartbeat thumping slowly against her own, much faster and heavier. Embarrassment had flooded through her at first with that touch, like a fat, cold tongue pressing against her body and seeking further and deeper – even now it continued down beneath the hem of her shirt, tickling across her belly, and slid on towards the waistband of her pants – but now all that racked her body, other than the unintentional little kicks and twitches in response to the seeking touches, was cold fear and hot rage.

The saber wouldn't respond to her. Again and again Myr called for her, “Stop!”, “I don't want to-” “Why are you doing-” “What's...” and then another shudder spread through her body as the tentacle that had pushed between her breasts and down her body pressed its way into her pants, cool sticky wetness a brief shock to the heat of her body.

It felt like – like the tentacles were coated in a thick layer of soft, squishy *slime*, with a firmer core beneath. Myr squirmed and swallowed, still trying to keep her head turned away from the one that caressed and tapped her cheek like a lover's finger; the other flexed and wriggled down inside her pants, pressing at her in a way that made her legs tighten and her body shake. Just like before, though, the more she struggled against the tentacles keeping her bound in the air, the stronger they held her – and the one that had started poking curiously up along her ankle continued up, squeezing into her pants leg until she could feel the fabric strain and tear.

That continued on up along her leg, past her knee, towards her thigh; the combined pressure of the two tentacles squirming against her caused the button of her fly to pop free, then, with the zipper soon following. Whatever the saber had turned into now turned Myr forward a little bit, letting the torn shreds of her pants hang down off of her legs.

“Is this a – a joke?” she managed, craning her head forward to look towards where she thought the saber might be. All of those tentacles still glowed faintly, and they all centered in on *something*. “This isn’t what – what I meant when I... said...”

While she spoke, the tentacle at her muzzle trailed down her jaw, poked at her throat... and started curling around there, too, wrapping slowly yet firmly once, twice, a third time, pushing her chin up, cutting her words off. With some effort she could still breathe, though it took focus and concentration; and this focus meant that she was *aware* of yet could not do anything against a new tentacle – she’d lost count by now – poking along her tail, following its length to the base, sucking against the underside right at her tailhole. Still that one in front pulsed and squirmed, squeezing against her breasts at one second and then against her lips beneath her panties a second later, each time making her abdomen tense up.

The worst part was, the way that one had positioned itself and how it pressed and pushed against her just as her hips reacted and reciprocated – it felt *good*. The lioness managed to gasp and swallow, mouth ajar so that she could still breathe, and squeezed her eyes shut: she could feel the appendage underneath her tail poking and prodding, testing her muscles, teasing at pushing into her yet never quite doing so.

A cool, wet slickness throbbed against her leg, bringing her back to the knowledge that the one that had popped her pants off was still there, and still crawling slowly up her thigh. As though each appendage could be moved with an individual purpose and mind – and there was no doubt they could; again she pulled at her wrists, then again coughed as the coils around her throat tightened in warning – one lifted her panties up and out of the way for that other coming up her leg to slide up against her, running its bulbous head and the little bumps along its length between her lips, over her clit, and back down again, sticky sliminess oozing along her flesh as it went.

Those two worked in tandem, then, with one poking and pressing against her tailhole like a mouth pushing in for a kiss and sucking against her as it came back, and the other pulsing up along her lips, licking over her clit, and sliding back down again. Myr clamped her mouth shut for a moment, teeth gritted and breath coming hotly out through her nose, then parted her lips again for a shuddering moan. With everything going on she was only partly aware of yet another appendage coming up around the back of her bra, straining against the strap, pulling it tight around her front... and then popping that free, too, for the one between her breasts to shrug off until it hung uselessly in front of her.

Then, like she had just awoken from a dream, Myr’s attention suddenly snapped forward again to those two bright points of red glowing in the darkness, visible yet again. This time a wide mouth grinned beneath them, fangs much sharper than they had been before, though with that one gold-plated tooth still protruding and still clearly there. The lioness squinted, trying to keep herself from making any noises at the squishing and squeezing and poking and sliding, trying not to let the shaking and tension of her body belie the feelings that these tentacles caused to ripple through her. Again and again she tensed up, held her breath, let it out in a shaky sigh; again and again she had to force herself to hold still, when her hips wanted to grind forward against the slick ribbed worm writhing against her front, or when her rump wanted to press back against the fat tongue poking against her tailhole *just* enough to make her reflexively squeeze back against it.

Panting, gasping, sighing; little tense moans, and forced swallows, and grunts, and – the lioness let out a surprised yip when both of those tentacles suddenly strengthened and pushed up into her, sinking

slowly deeper. She could *feel* the pulsing against her muscles this time, stretching and releasing, stretching and releasing; the soft little ribs along the lengths, more rounded bumps than anything, slid into her and made her twitch with each new one pushing past the rim of her tailhole, flexing her legs out a little bit further.

They adjusted to her, too, with the one coiling around underneath her tail responding to the clenching and squeezing of her rump, squishing down like something amorphous even as it continued to pulse, push, sink up into her. She gasped and grunted on her own now, in response to those touches and that slow, steady movement; the coils around her throat loosened a bit, allowing her to once more get a needed gulp of air.

Despite herself, the lioness let out another shuddering moan and this time pressed down onto the tentacles sliding up into her, legs straining and shaking against the bonds keeping them spread and aloft. The one in front had reached its depth and now remained there, pulsing and throbbing and just digging out that familiar growing pressure in her abdomen, the warmth that made her grit her teeth and try to squeeze her thighs together.

Whatever controlled the tentacles now could feel her crumbling resistance. The one wrapped around her throat came up again, slid across her cheek toward her lips, and then pressed itself in along her tongue, taking her by surprise and yet again restricting her breathing – just as the other that had come down between her breasts now slithered back up to focus on one of them, curling smoothly around, squeezing as it went, and then running its end over her nipple, back and forth. Swirling and circling, pressing in at the sensitive skin, flicking over and across like a skilled tongue. Just... a bit cooler than she'd expect, enough to make little goosebumps pop out on her skin beneath her fur.

She swallowed again, already able to feel the thick slickness of whatever coated the tentacles rolling down her throat and coating the inside of her mouth. The lioness pulled in slow, shaky breaths through her nose, and let them out as soft yet needy moans around that squirming appendage, her jaws tightening on it with each pump of both of the others between her legs – just barely off from one another, first pushing up into one side and then the other, then both slipping back out a short ways.

It all worked against her, squeezing in response to her muscles' tensing, pulling her arms away from her body and keeping her legs spread, rubbing her entire breast towards her nipple and then back, massaging at her throat to force her voice into her panting and moaning. By now she had forgotten about the store beyond the invisible door, had forgotten that she had come here for a reason, had forgotten about most everything other than the *intensity* rushing through her again and again, like delicious little electric shocks pulsing up from her abdomen, from each *push* of those soft, fat tentacles deeper inside of her, against her squeezing muscles.

Myr could feel it coming, of course, and certainly her bonds could, too. She pulled and strained against them, arms shaking with the effort and muscles of her legs tightening until she could feel them stand out against her skin; she tilted her head back and to the side, trying to free her maw so she could *breathe* and gasp and moan – but with the relentless pushing and pulling and sliding the most she could do was shudder, suck in another breath through her nose, whimper, whimper again... and then let another, much stronger shudder rack her body, her hips shaking violently with the forced pleasure of her peak.

Already she was soaked, coated with the same slickness that now dripped out of the edges of her mouth and along her chin, but now she could feel a wet *spurt* with each forceful push of the tentacles inside of her, keeping her right on that edge so that those electric shocks turned to a sizzling buzz. She shook and squirmed, panting through her nose and gulping around the tentacle that still throbbed between her lips and on her tongue, trying to catch her breath after that, but they wouldn't let her. Everything still continued all at once, from the squeezing at her throat to the sucking along her breast and nipple, the gentle coaxing at her tailhole, the pulsing inside of her – and now yet another tentacle that came up, poked beneath her belly button, and drew slowly down to suck at her clit, feeling for all the world like a cool pair of lips.

"See?" suddenly came that slightly-familiar voice, still from all around even though she had been hoisted into the air. The saber she had spoken to up at the counter certainly lurked in that voice, somewhere, but here it sounded distorted and stretched. Like something had burst through from underneath the façade. "It's not so bad. You just needed a little persuasion, some convincing. Some things need to be taken by force."

With her rising moans and whimpers, finally she found her mouth freed again, and took the chance to cough and splutter and swallow, throat ragged. "Don't-" she managed, weakly; another moan forced its way into the space between her words, "I already – I'm gonna-" and then let out a shivering grunt as another orgasm was yanked out of her, again tightening her body around those tentacles for just a moment. They all pushed and pulled at her now, sucking on her just as they pressed deeper; like thick cords wrapped in an impossible knot she vaguely watched the glowing lines of the tentacles in front of her in their movements, watched one come forward and wrap around her lower body, adding to the hot pressure that already boiled inside of her with the approach of a third peak – and a fourth, each time weakening her resolve and her ability to resist, shredding what strength remained in her limbs.

It felt as though she had just run two miles, while carrying a sack of potatoes over both shoulders, with a collar drawn too tightly around her throat, and still the attention and focus continued. It all came as if from a great distance to her, now, with her entire body buzzing and tingling in the lingering oversensitivity of being forced to her peak so many times so quickly; still those tentacles worked at her, if anything more forceful and deliberate than before, and just as her nerves felt deadened from the attention, each and every little twitch and touch sent yet another too-sweet shock of pleasure through her loins and out her mouth as a panting gasp.

She managed to swallow, unsure whether this thickness in her throat was due to her own tired drool or the remnants of the slime from the tentacle that still hovered near her face. Occasionally the one at her chest squeezed and kissed at her nipple in a way that forced the air back into her lungs, only to have that breath yanked right back out from another press under her tail or between her legs. "Stop," she managed again – then gritted her teeth as her entire body shook itself. Was that a fifth? She couldn't really tell at this point, with that hot, intense pleasure constantly rippling back and forth throughout her body and awareness. "I can't – I'm..."

The voice made a low, rumbling *noise*, like a hum of consideration. No longer could Myr see those two points of red light; so many tentacles had come out of the darkness to assail her that whenever she tried to follow the trail of one to its source, she just got lost on the way there. With all of this pale light floating around she felt as though she should be able to see the confines of this room, but still it seemed that she had been brought to an isolated void with nothing but an invisible floor.

"I told you I'd break you," it went on after a while. Each and every one of the tentacles tightened on her, including the one around her throat. The lioness squirmed and pulled in her best attempt at a breath, teeth gritting again against the tension. "And I meant it." Even as her thighs tried so hard to squeeze together, to get herself a break from the constant attention, the appendages wrapped around her ankles held her legs open for the ones right against to continue running their soft ribs against and inside of her, pulsing and pushing still.

Pleasure bordering on pain. *That* was it. For a while in the middle there, Myr had let herself enjoy all of this happening to her: she had intentionally let her resolve and resistance down to enjoy the fat, soft things squeezing inside of her, sucking and licking at her tailhole and clit and nipple. Breathing came with even more difficulty now, and the lioness had to focus all of her willpower and getting her words out: "Wait – wait..." She swallowed. "Please..."

Finally hearing her, some of the tentacles loosened their grips, and the ones that had ceaselessly pumped against and inside of her slowed. Still they remained in place, though, keeping her sharply aware of their presence, of the throbbing of her weakened muscles around them, the slickness of her own arousal mixed with their slime.

"Please?" the voice rumbled, drawing the word out. As it did so, each of those tentacles finally pulled back out of Myr, deliciously slow in their movements; she squirmed, gasped, and felt another shudder rack her body when they popped free, then shivered yet again when they drew up along her fur like hungry tongues. "Well, if you say so..."

All at once they started to writhe and climb her body, coiling from her ankles towards her thighs, from her wrists towards her shoulders. Myr squirmed helplessly as she felt her chin and mouth covered, then her nose, her eyes, the rest of her head; that cool slickness wrapped around her body, slow and deliberate. Finally her legs were allowed to close, though only so yet another tentacle could bind them together.

"I'll take good care of you, don't you worry," that voice went on, *still* sounding as though it came from all around. As if it were speaking from inside of Myr's head. "I'll break you again and again until you become used to it, and *then* we'll start having fun. Don't you worry."

Wholly exhausted and still tingling all over, the lioness could not even attempt to resist. If anything, she was thankful for the break, and for the feeling of these cool tendrils slipping smoothly around her body.

"Don't you worry."