

## Dating 101

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*Content Warning: Sexual content, bondage, public molestation, silliness*

Rumors didn't take too long to get around in the desert merchant city of Oreath. While the Aphara family was often the source of much gossip in the upper city, the lower city knew little of the opossums of lesser nobility. However, it was hard not to be the talk of the town when something like that had occurred.

An opossum, bound, blinded, and gagged, wearing little more than lacy skivvies and boots, had been found atop one of the flat sandstone roofs in District 1 in the cool early evening. How could they not talk and speculate? It was as scandalous as it was enticing, both illicit and lewd, and filled with mystery. The city guard just snickered when approached with questions about the rumor. They must have known something....

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"Clothes are very important for dates in Oreath, you know!" the elegantly garbed opossum explained, seated upon the changing room bench as her companion carefully considered their reflection while wearing a sharp-cut tuxedo.. "A fancy outfit says 'I am willing to put my best forward'! A good one can even show off your best features while also hi-"

*ktch-shRIIIIP!*

"-iiiiiii did you just...?"

Revy dropped the torn sleeves to the changing room floor, toned arms entirely exposed. "What? Revya's best features include muscles," the lynx remarked. "This outfit be good now."

The door opened, allowing the clothier to peek cautiously in. "Misses? Are you alright? I heard a..." The aardvark's eyes caught the newly edited outfit, then fell to the floor where the once carefully tailored cloth now lied as mere rags. "*Eeeeeeeek!* M-...my beautiful work! *Oh...*"

As the aardvark's body fell to the floor in a faint, Revya glanced to Ophelia. "Did this one do the...?" she asked, wiggling her fingers in the air as if to imply something less easily explained in words.

"No, no hexes or spells this time," the opossum remarked with a wry, slightly embarrassed smile. "Pretty sure you just broke his will by breaking his craft"

"Hm. This be new way of breaking one to Revya. Revya be keeping this in mind."

"We...should probably go and buy this outfit now. Before he wakes up."

As the lynx paid for the outfit she was wearing, the shop assistant's eyes flicking between the coin she was counting and the unconscious form of her boss while beads of sweat ran down her brow, Ophelia stood in the doorway and sighed. Courtship in the Lynx Tribe clearly went at a very different pace with very different standards. The opossum witch was equal parts amused and astounded at Revya's lack of romance by Oreathan standards; perhaps that was why she'd offered to help tutor her fellow adventurer in "a little Dating 101!" She'd read enough romance novels to know all about it, after all.

"Bought. We be going now?"

Ophelia nodded. "Yes! I've made reservations at a restaurant in District 3. It's that one with the nice outside seating?"

"Ah. Revya believe she know of this place," the lynx said with a nod, already stepping out into the street to begin the long walk around the city's main streets to reach the neighboring district.

Ophelia blinked in confusion as the lynx marched off before scampering to catch up, hand grabbing her lacy dress and the brim of her tall witch's hat. "You know," Ophelia mused once striding alongside the intently focused Revya, "it's also good manners to convenience your date as much as possible. It's a pretty long walk, and she won't be in a good mood if she's exhausted!"

Revya looked over, raising a brow both to meet the slightly taller possum's eyes as well as express skepticism. "Ophelia be adventurer. Revya hiked desert with this one."

"It's still a consideration! Makes your date feel taken care of," the opossum asserted. "Besides, you wanted to learn this for more than just me, right? Maybe a certain lioness...?"

For the first time in their "playdate", the lynx was almost bashful, rubbing one of her exposed biceps with a hand and slowing her walk as she considered her romance tutor's words. "Ah. Very well." Then, with full confidence, Revya reached over to the opossum with both hands and unceremoniously threw her over her shoulder before striking up a firm pace once more..

It was all Ophelia could do to grab her hat and hold it to her head, to prevent it from toppling off behind Revya into the streets. Quite a few eyes fell upon the carried girl, and the witch was, for once, keenly aware of many of them. Those walking towards the pair seemed particularly entertained by the view, the opossum's skirt insufficient to cover the lacy underwear

she wore for her own sake. "Ah..." she quietly interjected, "I had meant something more akin to a carriage or cart ride?"

"This be quicker. This one's time also a consideration, yes?" Revya observed, oblivious to any issue with her mind now not only running with thoughts of not only what she might do to an opossum but also with thoughts of a lioness.

Ophelia found it difficult to object, blushing as she helplessly wiggled over her friend's shoulder as if some hefty rucksack. In a city where slavery and disappearances both were not unheard of, though, she couldn't help but think...

"Miss? Miss! Excuse me, miss lynx? The lynx with the possum! H-hey, halt! City guard! Halt!"

Revya eventually slowed, rolling her eyes as an armored dog pushed through the crowd, the medallion of the city guard prominent on his breastplate. "What be matter? Revya be on date," she huffed indignantly towards the officer.

"...uh. Is...that what this is?" the dog stammered, caught off-guard by the forward comment. "You seem to have...captured a witch."

"Oh, I'm a good witch, if that's a concern!" Ophelia interjected with a raised hand. It did fall quickly, though, to tap against her muzzle. "...oh, though I suppose it would be less a concern if I were a captured wicked one. Ah, no, definitely a date!"

The dog looked over Revya's shoulder towards the source of the voice. "Uh, hold position, citizen," he mumbled to the lynx who growled irritably. Managing to limit himself to one glance upskirt, the guard moved to see the opossum's face. "...blink twice if she's making you say that."

As Revya facepalmed, Ophelia put on her best smile. "Nope! No blinking. Look, uh, if this were actually an issue, I could just...poof out! I'm an adventurer. I've magic boots," she explained, jerking a thumb back towards Revya's front. "Just gotta...click my heels or something like that!"

The dog skeptically looked at the fitted black boots, not trained or knowledgeable enough to fully recognize boots of escape, and then looked cautiously back to the held opossum. Ophelia did her best not to blink from the occasional grain of sand kicked up in the desert city's streets and kept smiling. "...uh, okay. If you say so," the guard slowly said as he backed up a step. "But...if it is a date, do be careful about the...public displays."

Ophelia blushed a little harder as the guard backed away, but she was soon jolted back to awareness as Revya began walking again.

"That one not going to leave us alone, no?" Revya muttered after a few minutes, not even turning her head to acknowledge the guard now trailing at a distance.

"I don't believe so." The witch caught the dog's eye as a twinkle rose in hers. "Not unless he gets a little lost in the streets," she said with a grin.

"...this one be using an evil eye?"

"A good witch doesn't reveal her secrets!"

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Revya set Ophelia down before the restaurant entrance for the opossum to confirm with the front their reservation. Waved to a table underneath a canvas awning, the lynx pulled a seat out and sat herself down into one of the seats. She looked up to notice Ophelia standing behind hers. "...is this one doing a date thing? Standing sign of respect in Oreath romance?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that," Ophelia stated, voice calm but leading as if a school teacher speaking to her class. "I just can't sit down if my chair is pushed into the table. It sure would be a considerate gesture if somebody pulled it out for me."

"Ah." Revya looked over her shoulder as a waiter took a nearby table's orders. "You! Revya demand attention be paid to the chair of Ophelia," she said, clapping her hands.

All parties involved seemed to startle from the sudden interjection. Ophelia couldn't even manage to say something before the stammering, humiliated waiter stepped over to pull the chair out for the standing witch. Only after Ophelia scooted in, and the waiter returned to the prior table was she able to take a breath. "I, ah...usually, it's best to do considerate things yourself."

"...ah. Revya now knows."

"And it's polite to the servers if you ask for things rather than demand them."

Revya blinked. "...what if server say no?"

"...then they usually get in trouble with their boss, unless you're asking for something outlandish from them!" Ophelia explained.

"Ah. So this one asks so boss must demand instead," the lynx said, nodding with confidence that she had now grasped the concept. "Make problem another's problem. This make sense for Oreath."

Ophelia smirked behind a hand as she thought of a reply. The waiter's arrival, however, broke her train of thought. "Can I get the vegetable medley?"

Revy glaced at the small paper on the table. "...can Revy have the steak?" she asked, attempting to mirror the opossum's format.

"It's not required," her faux-date said with a shrug as the waiter walked inside with the orders, "but it is often a good gesture to order the same thing as your date."

"Then Ophelia next time maybe order something...tasty?" Revy suggested back, shifting in the new sleeveless tuxedo with an increasing awareness of how uncomfortable it was. "Then Revy will consider."

The witch laughed, sitting back a little more in her chair. "I suppose that is fair," she relented. "Now! Conversation."

The lynx crossed her arms. "Revy is fine at conversation. This one talks with Revy many times."

"About something other than work?" Ophelia pressed.

"We talk clothes. We talk dates. We talk...Cassiel?"

"Your dates aren't always going to know our mutual party member," the opossum observed. "Especially not in the way we might 'know' him."

The lynx shrugged her shoulders. "Revy still talk fine with Ophelia."

"Well, you're already familiar with me. And I guess you're already familiar with your Amelia, too..." The opossum's brow furrowed in thought. "What's missing here, then? You certainly do talk more easily with me than with her..." Then, Ophelia paused. She grinned, Revy's ears instinctually flicking a little back in a subtle display of nervousness. "That's it!"

"What is it?"

"You're not nervous with me because you're not as attracted to me!"

Revy snorted back a laugh. "Revy assure you, Revy is attracted. Revy would very much enjoy you," she rumbled, smiling as she licked over her lips.

"But not in the same way as Amelia!" Ophelia asserted, sitting up as she drew back her sleeves. "You get tongue-tied around her. And I know how to help you practice!"

The lynx warrior paled at the opossum as she began cracking her fingers, grimacing at the clear motions of her party member preparing a schemed spell or hex of some kind. "Revyra not sure changing into Amelia good idea. ...tempting, but not good."

"...also a good idea," the witch conceded, already beginning her tinkering with the occult in her mind and wiggling her fingers much as Revya had to her in the changing room. "But no, I just need to get you to *feel* around me like you do around her! And I have just the trick..."

"Oh."

"Just a hex between friends."

"Oh no."

"Ready? One, two..."

"Ophelia...!"

The opossum tweaked fate in that newly familiar way, a hex she found as entertaining as it was useful. Unlike the last time she'd tried it on Revya, this time she was sure it would stick. A little witchery, and the lynx was suddenly tugged into a state of...

Revyra launched herself across the table, her own chair flying out from behind her and Ophelia's quickly tipped over onto its back. As the opossum gasped in surprise, the lynx's hand shoved up the witch's dark dress, plunging towards those lacy panties, and diving in.

"Ah! I...I don't think Amelia would appreciate this!" the witch gasped, her legs squeezing together and her tail lashing beneath her dress. "A...and you're not supposed to be able to do this anyway!"

"Revyra *always* act on seduction," she growled dominantly, slipping more fingers into her friend's sex as diners gasped and scattered away from the increasingly adult scene. "And *Ophelia* seem to appreciate this."

"I...well, at least you did get gussied up first!" the opossum moaned in resignation, sprawling out on the patio floor.

"Stop! City guard! Y-you are causing a disturbance! Cease now and unhand the opossum!"

Ophelia rolled her head to one side. The dog guard from before had found them and was now rushing towards them, two other guards following his lead. "Oops. Uh, hang on Revya?" she gasped, throwing her hands around the lynx's neck. "Time for an exit."

*pop!*

Then, as the guards vaulted the small railing between the street and outdoor seating, the two entangled girls vanished with a single magic word from the opossum. Standing amid a thoroughly disheveled set of tables, the dog groaned. "...Dimension Door seriously needs to be banned in this city."

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Revya sighed, leaning in her apartment's entryway, head against the wall. Ophelia, meanwhile, was laughing to herself as she closed the door behind them. "Revya think dating in Oreath maybe...outside skillset," the lynx muttered. "Expecting...disaster with Amelia, yes?"

"It could have gone better, yes," Ophelia replied as she walked past and flopped into a cushioned chair in the living area, voice still evening out after giggling for so long. "But I am sure, with enough tutoring, you will eventually get a hang of being considerate!"

"Mm. Revya think this one's optimism be...misplaced."

"Well, I had fun. So there," the opossum said with a grin.

Revya looked down at her outfit and scowled. She was definitely not wearing that again. "Well, Revya has had enough learning for today," she retorted, stripping off her clothes bit by bit and tossing them aside. "Feel better in full armor even."

"Alright, well...maybe Amelia will see past the outfit, then."

Revya, nearly nude, strode into her living space and looked down at the sprawled-out opossum. Ophelia's clothes had been thoroughly disheveled, although their sudden exit and scamper back to Revya's place had clearly left things incomplete. At least, it was incomplete in Revya's eyes. "Revya may be done *learning* today, but Revya ready to teach."

Ophelia blinked, eyes widening as Revya opened a nearby chest and retrieved a few items from it. "Oh. Well, I suppose this would be a very Revya way to end a date," the witch observed, sitting up so she could begin untying her dress and shuffling it off. "And I guess we're in your territory now, so...when in Rome!"

"...what be Rome? This be Revya's apartment."

“Ah, well, nevermind.”

Revyra didn't wait long at all. As soon as the dress was off, the lynx took control. She slipped a blindfold over the opossum as the girl grinned. She wedged a ball-gag into that ponty grey muzzle as the witch squirmed. Rope encircled Ophelia's curves, Revya knotting them all in very tight, precise, and elegant ways. The bindings soon were tight over her bra, tight over her panties, tight over her legs and arms, and her hat had fallen by the wayside.

Ophelia was tightly trussed up, entangled and pinned on the chair. She squirmed, her fingers spreading as she enjoyed the sensation of complete helplessness. She shivered as Revya moved in, pressing her body against hers. She wiggled her thighs together, and her tail's tip flicked happily out from the rope loops keeping it snug against her legs. She even spread her toes in her boots and happily clicked her heels togeth-

*pop!*

Ophelia suddenly felt a little warm, as though sunlight was now beating down upon her nearly nude body. The sounds reaching her ears weren't that of a quiet, muffled apartment but the open, busy city. She wiggled in anticipation of something, though she felt a little strange after a minute of nothing. When she squirmed, her body didn't feel a chair or cushion against her curves but flat, hot sandstone. Her brow furrowed after a few minutes, and she clicked her heels...only to find the boots without a charge.

Her mistake had been so easily accepting the bindings to be part of herself.

Revyra blinked. She looked at the fallen witch's hat, then back to the empty chair. Slowly, she brought the hat up to her face, kneeled down in front of the chair, and groan-screamed into the accessory and cushion both.

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It didn't take *too* long for the city guard to find the “kidnapped” Lady Ophelia Aphara on the roof of some District 1 apartments thanks to the alert put out by one of their street officers. It did take a while—and a lot of embarrassment—to convince the guard that Revya wasn't guilty of foul play (this time). By the end of the day, everyone in the District 1 guard station agreed amid fits of belly-laughter that Dating 101 was maybe rushing things for both of them. “You two might need remedial classes first!”

Afterwards, it was all the guards could do to limit themselves to grins and snickers when a curious citizen asked them about the opossum found on the roofs; it was their way of being considerate, after all.