

The Interview, Part 4...New Suits, New Situations

“Begging your pardon sir, but you want me to do what?” the lion’s eyes were wide as plates, his mouth slightly agape as he looked at the sight before him.

The club was large, with towering ceilings easily 30-40 feet high. This particular club had a wide dance floor that seemed to divide up into one foot by one foot squares, each one set up to respond the motions on top of it. Or at least that’s what they would do if they were on. This particular afternoon, the sun began to hang low in the sky and the lion, tiger, and collie stood on the dance floor, lion and collie marveling the ‘bed’ hanging down from the ceiling, dangling a mere foot from the floor and supported by high-strength steel cables that silently merged with the club’s black ceiling.

The bed itself was actually a simple metal frame with a single sheet of what appeared to be black latex wrapped loosely around it. Hanging next to it was a solid black ‘plunger’ with a hose that ran up and ‘into’ the ceiling as well, which the tiger toyed with idly before turning with a start and walking back towards the lion.

“Why, you’re my new toy, little lion,” the larger tiger purred with a grin, “and it would be a shame not to show you off, no? What better place to do so, then Techno Night at the *Scream*.”

The tiger glided past the smaller feline, planting a firm smack on his butt, “And boi’s don’t beg their sir’s pardon,” he added, his smile fading into a stern gaze, “they just do what their Master tells them.” As if to further emphasize the point, the tiger gripped the lion’s muzzle lightly but firmly, his gaze boring deep into the lion, “Understood?”

Nicky nodded meekly, “Yes sir,” his ears going flat almost instinctively as the tiger released his muzzle and stroked it lightly.

“Good boy. Now, we need you naked for this, please.” The lion blanched a little at this, but quickly did as he was told anyways. It was not often, he had noticed, that his Master had ever said the word ‘please’ to him, but when he did the tiger was testing him, pushing his limits just a hair farther than he had previously.

The lion’s clothes fell away neatly and he bowed his head, closing his eyes as the cold air of the AC played upon his fur. He jumped slightly when the tiger’s hands appeared with their usual silent suddenness and proceeded to guide the smaller feline towards the ‘bed,’ ushering him to hop up and into the frame.

“In you go,” the words were simple, yet so utterly convincing to the lion. He stepped onto the frame, wiggling his way in between the sheet of latex as it tried to cling to his body. Within minutes he was pressing against it, holding the frame for support, which he now noticed, was full of tiny tiny holes. His mind, in its curiosity, also noticed a hole cut about face-level in the latex. He was about to position his face to push his

muzzle through when he felt another pair of hands, the collie's by the feel of it, slip something over his eyes.

"Try opening your eyes now, if you don't mind," the collie's voice was always submissive, despite his being the 'senior' slave in the tiger's harem.

The lion opened his eyes to blackness, but shut them suddenly when the glasses on his head flared to life, showing a picture of his body, squirming slightly in the metal frame of the 'bed.' As if testing to see if it really worked, the lion wiggled his left hand, and watched, astonished, as the corresponding hand on the screen waved awkwardly. As suddenly as it had begun, though, the image disappeared, leaving the lion staring into blackness.

It was about that moment that the lion felt a pair of hands pulling at the rubber around his mouth. Something cool and rubber was slid onto the roof of his muzzle. Exploring the rubber a bit with his tongue, the lion noticed there was a small metal protrusion. Rubbing against it lightly with his tongue produced a small drop of water. There was enough to keep his mouth moist, perhaps, but not much more. In addition to the water, the lion could feel nice, cool air coming in, almost being forced in from elsewhere, and being pushed outwards through tiny holes in the top of the device.

"Get comfy, please," came the collie's voice again. The lion wondered for a moment what he meant, but in the meantime he also moved his feet slightly apart. Even then, this very small act of movement took a while, the rubber clinging to every piece of him, not wanting to let him go. Embracing him like a lover.

Achieving a satisfactory position in the frame, the lion suddenly felt something cold being pressed into one hand, "This is the safety button, kitten," came the tiger's voice over the headset's speakers, "push it if someone starts going too far with you, but only then." The voice was stern, brooking no argument in this particular matter. The lion had learned that for the tiger, the safety of his 'workers' was his paramount concern, and that fact did wonders for his enthusiasm in this new job. The lion was almost settled in when he heard something faintly, perhaps from a ways away. 'Someone in the cleaning crew must be here,' thought the lion, recognizing the sound as that of a vacuum.

Then something odd happened. The rubber in the 'sack' began to go taught, pulled, the lion would later note, by tiny holes in the frame of the 'bed.' A mere seconds later, the lion found himself stuck, unable to move or adjust himself in any way. His mind reeled at the feeling...nothing the lion had ever experienced before could feel like this. To compare it to ropes or chains would be inadequate. Every move his body attempted to make was pulled in the opposite direction. Every attempt at escape was met with a gradual but unyielding resistance.

This was heaven.
This was hell.

And as his headset flared to life again, the lion's eyes bulged wide. The numbers 5:00 appeared in big red font, superimposed over the front of the video image. As the lion watched, the numbers slowly drifted up to the corner of the screen, ticking down after what must have been a minute, to 4:59.

And this was to be his prison for five hours.

The lion gasped as he felt a sudden presence upon his body, rubbing gently at his crotch, "Now 5 hours is a bit long for a new toy," came the tiger's voice, "But I have every confidence in you." He grinned, staring up at the camera with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, "And you will be given a couple hours of break in the middle, so don't worry your pretty little head off." With that, the lion's headset went black and static noise began to filter through the headphones, leaving him with nothing to do but breath in the cold air pumped into his mask and to think on his new job.

Somewhere in that timeless black void, the lion began to relax a little. It was nice and cool, after all, and with nothing to hear but the soft whisper of the static, it was almost enough to make him forget of the omnipresent bondage device around him. At some points he thought he could actually hear words within the static, but he quickly dismissed this as a figment of his imagination.

Sometime afterwards, he awoke to the sudden vibration against his latex cocoon. It was the beat of a baseline...that meant the club was beginning to get underway. Much to his chagrin, the headset began to work again, as suddenly as before. After a moment or two more of giving his eyes the chances they needed to adjust, the lion found that his position was unchanged, but that the club lights were now down, and his body was the centerpiece for the dance floor's bright and flashing lights. Utterly astonished and amazed, the lion struggled a bit more, finding his bonds just as secure as before. He sighed into the mask just a bit before noticing forms moving around the edge of the camera's vision. It was a few more moments till one of them drifted far enough into the camera's eye, and what the lion saw widened his eyes even more and his struggling to resume again, in earnest this time.

Several furs, a wolf, a fox, a couple leopards, and even a bear had ventured forth onto the dance floor curiously. Moving in slowly as if not to 'spook' the trapped lion, the other furs surrounded him, dancing gradually closer and closer. Through the electronic eye, the whole event seemed so unreal. It wasn't until one of the dancers, a fox by the look of him, got close enough to brush the lion with his tail that he was jolted back to reality. The softness of the tail as it dragged itself across the latex seemed blunted, leaving only the pressure of the bones and muscles as the pressed themselves against the rubber, sending a ripple of sensation through the latex and right into the loins of the lion.

The fox continued his 'onslaught,' wagging and rubbing his ass up against the rubber, grinding his body against the lion's now painfully-obvious erection through the layers of the material. It was at approximately this point, that the lion became aware of something else amiss through the video camera. The fox's mouth was moving, but the lion could hear no sound coming through the speakers of his headset. Not that that mattered; at this point the lion was trying in vain to find some way to break the vacuum seal that held him into place. All he wanted to do was to free himself and fuck that fox silly.

SMACK! The sudden sound reverberated throughout the lion's being, shocking him out of his lust-filled fugue. He tried to arch his back, working his body with all his might but still to no avail. His rear wriggled in pain, trying to escape the blow, to hide from it.

SMACK! The strike came again across the lion's rear. He tried to howl in pain, in rage at being trapped like this, but couldn't. He could only whimper softly and finger the button his Master had given him, trying to hold out as long as he could. The sensation across his rear changed, becoming the feeling of a large hand rubbing his ass cheeks in a circular motion. The lion panted, using this time to recover from the pain.

Or at least he would have if the spankings had not started up again. Slightly softer this time, five strikes came in rapid succession across both ass cheeks, two on his left, three on his right. The lion stiffened and shuddered, but otherwise made no sound.