

Ofenna looked up, the timer was on the last thirty seconds and she watched them tick down. On the last click she put her phone on the table and wandered over to sit on the bed. Her housemate lay there, clothed inside a soft red nylon zentai suit and then tightly hogtied on her back. The suit bulged around the hefty ball-gag in her mouth. "That's time, again, Zheil, ready to get out?" She asked. Her hand gently falling on the wolf's covered head.

The azure wolf still looked in two minds, even though she'd had an hour's extension after the first proposed time limit. "C'mon, you said I owed you to get you into this, if you carry it further then you'll be the one with a favour to pay. Besides you need a drink." The lioness said, her tail flicking. The wolf nodded and Ofenna let out a small sigh. She didn't want to seem ungrateful and knew that if she could be sure of safety the wolf wouldn't need anyone else for her self-bondage adventures.

Reaching to take the key off the table she inserted it into the padlocked collar that kept the zipper pinned shut, and pulled the hood part off to dangle loosely. The lion brushed her hands through the wolf's fur, finding the buckle strap that held the ball gag in place and loosening it before pulling it off to let her jaws rest.

While Zheil grew accustomed to that, Ofenna removed the binding knot that held the hogtie at its strongest point. The whole bind came a bit looser letting the wolfess stretch her legs, though still not part them from each other. Ofenna propped her up with a shoulder-hugging arm to take a sip from a water bottle, waiting patiently as Zheil slurped for a moment, wordlessly drinking and still wearing a blindfold. When she mumbled to say she had drunk a good portion, Ofenna took the bottle away and started working on the ropes. Normally Zheil could struggle out from there but she had spent the last two hours squirming to her heart's content, and so she'd be too exhausted to break loose on her own. This meant that the lioness had to, a burden Ofenna knew was now her responsibility from past experience when spotting for the bondage-crazed canine.

She rolled the wolf onto her side, starting with the legs because she knew Zheil would have more fun having her arms left helpless as long as possible. It was just how she was wired. The soft nylon fabric pooled around Ofenna's hands as she smoothed it out behind the removed ropes. "Mmm, Nice~" The wolf said, her tired limbs enjoying the fleeting rubbing. She stretched her legs out once they were unbound, rising to kneel on the bed and allow better access to her torso.

"You sure you don't want me to return the favour? It'd be fun!" Zheil tried for the dozenth time while Ofenna started with the ropes clustered around her.

The lioness sighed, and for a moment Zheil thought that was the only reply, as it had been before but after letting the words dry in her mouth a few times Ofenna eventually formed them. "I don't know if it will be, Zheil. I've spent enough time with my life on the line, forced into things..."

The wolf winced softly, feeling immediately embarrassed for the faux-pas of mentioning it, sighing quietly in relief as the last of her ropes fell away. Ofenna stripped the collar off and with that Zheil only needed to take off the zentai and she'd be free, but instead she turned and sat beside her friend, putting her mittened hand on Ofenna's thigh. The lioness flinched, never one for touching or any physical contact, but she endured it, relaxing back. The wolf took over speaking. "I understand, I don't ever want you to feel peer-pressured into it. But if it's someone you can trust, someone you like, then it can be wonderful to surrender."

The lioness gave a grunt, smiling wryly. "I bet if you did get me into something, that's when a perverted burglar would jump in through the window and subdue you, leaving us both in deep shit."

The wolf laughed but let it stay there. Ofenna's deflection unremarked upon, as the lioness was simply trying to be evasive in her own way, and Zheil truly didn't wish to pressure her unduly.

"You're strong, you know, physically and mentally, there's proof enough of that in how you keep bouncing back. So thanks that you're still willing to put up with my own obsession, even when it could potentially be rather off putting." Zheil did wish she could find a tactful way to bring it up, and not just to share the hobby for the sake of it, either, she'd known Ofenna before even the first unfortunate events happened to her, and the younger lioness had been fixated on very similar tastes. It was simply the hand fate was dealing her that kept pushing her away.

After a long moment of silence, she responded. "Were I to offer the chance for you to try it... I dunno Zheil. Even if I could be persuaded what's to stop it getting too weird between us? Besides none of your things will fit me, I'm sure." Ofenna continued, though her eyes fell on the rope and the suit Zheil wore, it might be a bit looser than on the wolf but it would still fit, and wielded correctly, rope suited any shape. It was something the lioness had wanted to consider but there was always something to stop her, wounds that were too recent, excuses she had to deal with such as work problems.

Zheil nodded, she well understood, a number of people already found it hard to believe that Ofenna could be 'just a friend' when she lived in the same house and helped her practice with or sate her kinky needs. She sat quietly in thought sipping more water from the bottle as Ofenna put a friendly arm around her shoulder. An idea struck the blue wolf and she looked up, hesitating only a moment before voicing it "Stop me if this is too forward, but, how about Madame Drevari?"

"The bat domme you visit? Isn't she intense even for you?" Ofenna replied thinking back to multiple occasions where Zheil had needed more than just a friend chatting for aftercare.

“She found my limits and knows me well enough, but if we make it clear that you just want to talk, she’d oblige, I’m sure of it, then if you felt like something else you could ask on your own! You know, she even teaches escapology to a degree. She might be able to assist you practically, that way... if the unfortunate does happen which we all hope it doesn’t, you could slip out on your own, maybe? And avoid the worst of it...” The wolf reached to the zipper behind her neck, even though her hand was inarticulate it was easy enough to chase it down her back a little further.

“I’ll give it some thought.” Ofenna offered, taking over by drawing the zip down. She got up and walked to the door out of habit, shutting it after her for Zheil’s privacy. “She’s visited our house, right?” She called back, carrying the conversation onwards despite the door that separated them.

“Yep! And it’s funny you mention kinky burglars because that was the theme of her last visit.” The wolf replied, shuffling out of the nylon suit with some small reluctance, she loved how it squeezed and compressed her fur, but all good things had to end, and it was best to remove it before the suit lost any novelty and charm, removing the blindfold, too.

The sound of a closet opening tipped Ofenna off that she was dressing herself properly. The lion waited for a moment of quietness before speaking again. “Could we ask her to come by here to talk and discuss things? I don’t want to just commit.”

Zheil chuckled. “You know me, I just need an excuse to do that, and then think up an idea that catches her interest. But if it’s just a visit to talk, she might not need any further reason or encouragement than that!” A light knock on the door behind Ofenna let her know that Zheil was decent. She opened the door to find that, while dressed, Zheil had tucked one of her play collars around her neck and her hands were deep in a pair of large paw-mittens with the key balanced on top. She was grinning with only the slightest hint of being bashful about it.

Ofenna shook her head grabbing the mitts by the larger middle fingers and pulling them off. “No, come on, you said you were going to do some work today and you can’t very well get any writing done in them.”

Zheil pouted, but the comment was fair enough. “Alright, but could you at least hold onto the collar key for a day?” She tried, not pushing it too far.

Ofenna gave a light hearted cluck of laughter, checking the lock on the collar and then pocketing the key. “You really are insatiable. I’d love to see what you’d get up to if you didn’t have to make a living. But tell ya what, get some good progress done before dinner and I’ll give you a head pat and that title you love.” She knew that if she even mentioned the words good and girl in sequence that it ran the risk of immobilising the wolfess, but that seemed encouragement enough for her to pack the mittens away and join her.

“Whose turn is it to cook today?” Zheil asked as they walked toward the living room together.

“Eshri will send us a message if she’s going to make it back in time to, if not, I guess I can take it up...”

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Ofenna retired early that evening, but she was beset by thoughts that kept her from sleeping easily. There wasn’t much wrong or incorrect with what Zheil had been suggesting, she just struggled to make peace with enjoying the situations she was put in, but the trophies she had kept hold of from her eventual escapes and rescues had more symbolism than just to display her victories.

She glanced over to the cupboard, sliding near silently out of bed. She pulled open the drawer, and looked up into it. Brushing some of her coats to the side and pulled the largest hanger forward, the soft plush-suit dangling in front of her. Despite its origin she had kept it. For the first week, she’d thought of throwing it on a fire and spitting on the ashes, but she’d held onto it anyway, and on quiet, introspective nights like this she’d wander over and squeeze the soft hands, brushing at the fur. Often tempted to try it on but never able to bring herself to be rid of it or commit to it.

She took it down from the hanger, holding the weight of it against her, one hand slipping into the mask to look into its smiling sightless eyes. Maybe one day, but not today... She took it to her bed though, something she’d not done before, and laid it down, a sudden wave of nostalgia struck her as she remembered how she used to own a plush toy or two and would act out scenes from books, tv or even her own imagination with them. Often fantasizing that she and the toy were captured and tied up, using long sleeved shirts or bedding as props. A small part of her was calling to find an impromptu set of makeshift restraints to use on the large plush suit, suddenly desiring to have a tied up captive next to her and pretending to share in some conundrum... but she shook her head, dismissing it. She clambered back into bed and tucked the suit in with her, resting against it as she finally fell asleep. Resolving that if she couldn’t put it out of her mind, she’d tell Drevari about it at their proposed meeting.

Maybe it was time for her to try to find enjoyment in these things after all. Maybe even go and find a situation she willingly placed herself in, just to see what it was like.