

Zheil had been instrumental in setting up the eventual meeting. Over the last two weeks the wolf had been persuading her dominatrix friend Drevari to come and visit. All to try and help her house-mate gain some interest in bondage-oriented explorations. Despite acknowledging it as something she could do, the bat had still refused to see Ofenna unless the lioness called on her own, not convinced it wasn't just the wolf projecting her own obsessive desires.

Ofenna had summoned up the courage to call eventually. The following weekend the bat *domme* had come in person and the pair had just talked for the evening. Their topics eventually dipped into discussions of BDSM and the like, but nothing happened beyond the chatter. Even so, Ofenna could see what her wolf friend saw in the bat. She was calm yet confident, as well as discreet. The way she eyed Zheil had a predatory hunger to it, but where others would undress a woman with their eyes, Drevari's gaze instead looked at the wrists, ankles... places to restrain.

Despite this, the look she gave Ofenna was entirely civil, making eye contact and losing the hunter's aura, instead becoming a solid force of stoic rationality. She excused herself after about two hours, just establishing a rapport and leaving it at that.

She had been convinced from that meeting that Ofenna would enjoy such pursuits if she could be coaxed to trust in a safe environment and had returned the following evening, asking Zheil to give them some privacy. Both so she could hear anything the lioness cared to say to her alone, and also to keep herself from becoming too distracted with what fun things she'd do to the wolf in future.

Ofenna had opened up a little more in that chat, enough that they'd made further progress, the bat almost acting as a therapist in consoleing and hearing everything out. She assumed that the lioness was ready to take things to the next level and arranged for a more personal meeting. To take place in a week's time at one of her favourite clubs, discreet enough for them to be private, but public enough that Ofenna wasn't in danger of being 'hidden away'.

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Drevari sat, taking a sip of whiskey from her glass, she let her good eye roam the room nodding at the few who made eye-contact while maintaining the formidable impression that was her trademark, even just while relaxed. Her long ears picked up the occasional sound from the back rooms, but tonight the main stage was quiet and intimate, and she was not one for eavesdropping, especially on romantic couples.

Her attention drifted to the clock, it was half an hour past the meet up time and Ofenna had not shown herself. The bat sighed softly, she was hardly surprised and only a little disappointed for her own sake. Musing in her own head that it was perhaps not meant to be after all, which was fine, of course. She could feel the gaze of hopeful people in the club. There were a few of a submissive persuasion who came here alone, and were always trying to catch the eye of almost anyone who would give them attention.

It seemed these few were of the patient variety at least, normally she'd have to fend off at least one advance from someone eager to kneel at her feet before even introducing themselves, which was less a statement of herself and more an indication of just how worryingly desperate some people could be. Those types would come even if she was clearly busy and occupied. Her eye fell on one panther at the back, he had the calm demeanour that had attracted her to Zheil, and she wondered how he'd look in a yoke-

Her attention was snapped to the door where her aide bounced on her heels softly. The short Cocker Spaniel, Cerise, was slight enough and dressed unassumingly to the point that most people would have overlooked her were this not the kind of place where she was made conspicuous by her conservative attire. The dog nodded softly towards the doorway where the lioness walked through, looking unsure about herself all the way. Drevari flicked her index finger, a gesture only Cerise saw and noted, the dog falling back with a bow until she was needed. Drevari was always grateful for her, and as was her custom, the canine seemed to have arrived at the perfect moment, halting Drevari from disappointing someone with a proposition that would have abruptly ended.

The bat rose gracefully from her chair, setting the glass down with the last measure of the whiskey left untouched. She spread her arms to the side, wide sleeves of her kimono falling until they were level with her waist, approaching the lioness with her usual confidence. Her passage also drew several eyes from around the club, all keen to see who her target was. The sudden attention made Ofenna stiffen up but Drevari closed on her, smoothing away her concerns by moving so that the girls gaze fell on her rather than the public. "Ah, Ofenna, so glad you could make it." This close the bat could see her nervousness for what it was, and no doubt that was the reason for her late showing. She dropped her voice to a murmur that only Ofenna could hear. "It's alright dear, if you're having second thoughts we can call it off, even if we just talk again."

Ofenna shook her head, "No, no," she took a deep breath. "I'm here to try it, lets just do this." She set her jaw in determination. Drevari said nothing more, her eyes narrowed suddenly, beset by worry that the lioness was just showing bravado.

"We have a side room prepared for us. If you are certain about this then let us head straight there." The bat pushed her fingers softly between Ofenna's shoulder blades, spurring her onwards to outward appearances but also testing how worked up the lioness was. For once she didn't flinch at the physical contact, which afforded the bat some more peace of mind.

They went together into a room, softer and more intimate looking than the rest of the kink club. Drevari walked Ofenna over to a tray, displaying a multitude of leather straps and a softer padded riding crop. "Normally I hide my tools with a bit more discretion, but this is all I will be using tonight." She'd agreed to this after all, in order to keep the play gentle and test the waters she had to do her utmost to keep surprises to a minimum. Her fingers spread, gesturing for the lioness to touch them and familiarise herself with them before they were employed against her.

She pointed out which pieces would fit where, giving a detailed run down of her plans and letting Ofenna set her own pace. There was no rush after all, Drevari had rigged up highly complex ties in a fraction of the time they had to share tonight.

“I’m ready to begin.” The lioness stated, walking to the mat placed on the ground and removing her clothing. Not baring herself completely, her shorts and tight sports bra keeping her modesty intact. Drevari took the tray off the table, setting it down within reach as she pulled the first pair of straps out. Pressing the leather to rest above her ankles, she tugged to draw the limbs together, then cinched the buckle to hold the strap shut while she brought up the second.

The next was placed higher up to hug below the knee. The bat being deliberately slow and delicate in tightening it until Ofenna’s shins were held in place at two points. “How is this?”

“Uh, alright... it’s not overly tight.” She replied. There was still some lingering discomfort at having her mobility restricted, but she still had her arms and so she was managing to relax and try to enjoy it.

The bat cast her eye along those legs, it was a simple tie and she was already dreaming up how she could cross more straps along the side to make it firmer, maybe bring out a full binder... a plan for some other time. She brought the thickest strap up, planting it across the middle of Ofenna’s thigh, with two smaller lengths joining in. One above the knee and one an inch away from her hip. Starting by tightening the thicker one, the bat’s ears listened intently for any sound out of her subject, hoping for a purr or the like, she was rewarded.

Ofenna herself blushed when she realised the sound she’d made, with the extra bindings being snared she could only twist her hips or bend her knee, and with the lack of danger attached it did have an allure to it all. The bat was encouraged and slid closer, supporting Ofenna’s torso with her arm and encouraging her to test the straps and how they felt for a few minutes before they continued.

The next piece of the entrapping puzzle was a bundled pair of belts for her torso, feeling like just one thick band at the back that branched to hug above and below the breasts, while also going across the upper arms, pinning them to Ofenna’s sides. The bat tugged until it was secured, feeling the girl’s heartbeat and breath both rising in tempo. “You’re okay.” She whispered, her free hand squeezing gently on the far shoulder.

One of Ofenna’s paws fell over her hand, patting back in silent thanks. Drevari brought the next strap forward, this one for the girl’s wrists, binding them in front of her waist, loose enough to still wriggle, but prevented from separating. Her breath had quickened again and the purr had yet to return, the bat reached to the floor, grasping the next strap all the same. This one was longer still than the others, she led it gently across Ofenna’s belly, further holding her arms by covering the forearms. As she’d explained to Ofenna earlier, she planned to use that to wrap

behind the torso and meet the ankle strap, pinning her down, but as she reached back the lioness stiffened.

“Granite!” Ofenna snapped out, she’d tried to bear it but the thought of further helplessness was too much. Drevari recognised the safeword and that the lion had chosen and swiftly removed the belts, wasting not even a second. Ofenna was shaking. Her legs kicking at the leather and pulling loose as soon as the straps were removed. Scurrying to get to a stand.

Drevari herself took a step back giving her space for the moment as the lioness hugged herself and screwed her eyes shut. “Shh, shh, it’s all alright, dear.” her hands spreading out after throwing the last strap off to the side, Ofenna was trying to get her breath under control, panic clear in her eyes when they opened. She stiffened slightly as the bat closed the distance and slid an arm around her shoulders.

“I-I’m sorry, I just... it was too much.” She said, her voice bearing a slight quiver. The bat smiled gently, her otherwise intimidating facade had been set aside, suddenly calm and quiet as she hooked a chair with her leg and dragged it closer. Her hand went to Ofenna’s head, pushing it gently to the soft ruff of her robe as she sat back. The lion followed, sitting on her lap as she kept shushing, her hand rubbing the feline’s arm comfortingly.

“It’s all fine dear, truly, I’m not upset, nor angry, nor even disappointed.” She crooned softly. Her hand bringing her phone out and tapping a button. The door opened almost immediately, Cerise entering. The dog took one look at the shivering lioness, she wasn’t sobbing but she was clearly rattled. Without another word Drevari’s assistant shuffled over to the straps, collecting them all and bundling them out of sight.

Drevari watched her go with her good eye while murmuring words of comfort to Ofenna, constantly brushing her fur and alleviating her fear bit by bit, grounding her and soothing her nerves. The door rattled gently as Cerise returned, a thick soft blanket in her arms. Drevari smiled, accepting it and the glass of water she carried too. Her aide always knew what was needed...

The dog pulled out another chair, sitting close to them as Drevari draped the blanket on Ofenna’s shoulders. “You should never be worried about your partner’s disappointment if you’re facing discomfort. You did well to get that far, and showed tremendous courage.” The bat said, her tone soft and with praise.

Cerise didn’t speak, her presence there simply to add to the soothing effects. The play was over for the night, and even though they’d not got far, Drevari had learned some more about Ofenna, and revealed that spark of pleasure when she was feeling safe. It was something to work with.

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Drevari escorted Ofenna home, delivering her into Zheil's care once she was sure the lioness was back to earth and had resumed her usual character. She instructed Zheil very firmly not to press her friend or ask how the night was, and to let it come from Ofenna if it was to come at all.

Drevari imagined it would be a while before the lioness was truly comfortable engaging in the same level of BDSM antics that Zheil loved so much, but when she got a call asking for a meeting next month, the bat thought it entirely plausible that one day she'd get there.