

Secured like cargo, Nub was wheeled hurriedly into the strange building at a reckless pace, taken to a lift which was operated by their new handler's keycard and then taken down, underground.

*'What now? What are they going to do with me?'* The very act of going further underground worried the Riolu more than if they'd stayed at ground level. Out of sight, harder to reach and all the more easy to keep deeds secretive.

That tension only grew as they passed multiple key-card sealed doors. This place was highly secure. The lights were dimmer here, too, with several rooms lining each hallway. The doors were alike save for illegible signs and different coloured stripes marking them. Above each room's door shone a red light and behind each door drifted muted sounds, ranging from the incomprehensible speech of the anthros to worrying, stomach twisting distressed noises that sounded almost understandable if they weren't further muffled by some obstruction.

The cart trundled on until they reached a door marked with a pink stripe. The red light above was unlit, the room itself sitting silent.

The door opened and Nub was taken through it. Cabinets and surfaces populated the room but it was the two chairs that drew the eye, one a simple wheeled stool, minimalist and practical, the other far more elaborate, padded with many adjustable factors, from the arm rests to a head rest, even posable legs which were at a mercifully shallow angle. It had already been shrunk close to as small as it could go, laid back to let the sitter recline.

Beside the chair was a raised tray, higher than the riolu's vision, though they saw some metallic points over the edge. "Whmmh? Mmmhnn.." They mumbled. The feline walked into view, speaking seemingly to Nub in that inscrutable way, she was a cheetah, looking in her late thirties at a guess. Her hands roamed over the chair, patting the shoulder of it as she droned on before laughing and moving back to Nub. The straps holding them to the cart were removed then with a heave, the woman lifted the riolu into the middle of the chair. From one set of straps to another, Nub was secured with a head-cradling brace tucked over their collar, a multiple-strapped harness over their chest and folded arms, with the cheetah pulling on a zipper below Nub's hip. The leg-sack was pulled away, the last of the chair straps running between the thighs to hold them tightly in place as their legs were stretched wide and forced to ankle cuffs.

"Whhts hmmmh?" They tried to ask, looking to the cheetah's eyes then following her hands to the tray. Nub stiffened, the tray bore a mix of soft and pointed implements. None of which were sharp enough to pierce or cut, yet that worried them all the more as they saw brushes, strange rollers and most telling of all the pinwheel and feather.

The cheetah plucked the metal pins up and kicked the stool closer, Nub's foot was already wiggling in apprehensive panic before her empty hand fell behind it, thumbs landing on a pad and pulling back. "Mmmh!!!!" The metal pins pricked the sensitive paw, as the cheetah wiggled the tool flat against it, not even rolling them. The cushioned padding of the chair absorbed the little distance that Nub could have squirmed as the cheetah began to roll the

pinwheel in earnest. A studding strafe of pricking spikes rolled over the sensitive skin and fur as she explored their entire paw. “Mmmmmhhh! Hmmhmmh mmmhmmhmm!!”

First the cheetah traced along the arch, between the pads. Then she moved under and between the toes down to the heel, even rolling over the top and upper part of Nub’s foot, giving them a chance to breathe though still stimulating uncomfortable needling rather than outright tickling. All while her other hand stroked and squeezed in the wake of it.

The pin reached the cuff, then rolled around the base, Nub shook their head in denial as the cheetah casually dragged it around and down the back, finding the more tickle-vulnerable underside and subjecting them to the overstimulation once more. “Hmmmh! Hmhmhmmh, mhmhhhhh!”

Her hands pulled away from the paw, the needle-adorned wheel was deposited on the tray and then the cheetah lifted up a pen, turning it to paper. Still, as if to keep herself getting bored, she flicked the top of it to brush Nub’s paws in between her note taking.