

Gene was on the floor, Edgar relaxing in his lap as the mixed feelings washed over him, the relief of his rescue, the erotic teasing that had his body squirming despite how he'd felt about it and then the wash of relief that it had all been a ruse warred to occupy the Scyther's mind.

Gene had suggested to Edgar that the two of them head upstairs to watch a movie, in order to have a break or the like. Even though the lucario was keen for his turn with the green bodied bug, a small part of him insisted that the break was the safe and calm thing to do first. Still, he couldn't resist asking.

"So, Edgar. I've been thinking..." He started massaging the scyther's shoulders to help relax him.

"Thinking what?" Edgar asked when the response wasn't forthcoming.

"Well, now that you know you're not actually in any danger. You wanna actually try out that box...?" He said in a tone that, while toying, also hinted that he was only asking to be polite. Edgar picked up on it, tensing in excitement as he glanced back to the object that minutes before had been a thing of worry but now had a forbidden allure to it.

"Oh man... well... o-ok!" He said, slowing down, half ready to be bound up.

"Great." Gene whispered. "We can get to it after the movie."

Edgar blinked and sighed, Gene was difficult to predict at the best of times but that allowed things to be fresh and fun once one got over the more confusing edges of his penduluming priorities.

"You've been in there for hours and you need a stretch, regardless of your thoughts on the matter!" Gene continued, insistently.

Edgar smirked, it was reasonable enough and the patter was letting blood move back to his head, the delay was a light disappointment but it would serve to make the eventual return sweeter. "F-fine, but can I at least choose what we watch?"

"I'll think about it."

To Edgar, the movie felt thrice as long as it had actually been. His thoughts kept drifting down to the dungeon room below the house, even though the movie had nothing of the sort within, though perhaps that was the problem. His lust-fuelled thoughts weren't too intrusive, though when coupled with growing impatience it made it difficult to sit and enjoy a show, even with someone like Gene with him.

The movie itself seemed bent on teasing him, building to a climax and then just when it felt like the credits were due to roll another scene began, wrapping up the plot, then another to

address things that might be forgotten. Finally it looked to be over only for it to be a fake-out sequel bait.

When the credits finally began Edgar let out an audible sigh of relief, turning to Gene. They shared a look, an exchange told through their eyes, brows wagging at each other and with their heads, pointing toward the door down. Breaking into grins they slunk into the dungeon together.

The light clicked on, revealing the room. When it was no longer a stranger's basement with the skeezy, unwholesome vibes he'd associated it with on waking but instead a fully furnished, secure playroom, it filled Edgar with a much different sense of excitement.

The black furred tip of Gene's hands rubbed across him from behind as Gene picked up on his energy, hugging him close while rubbing cheek to cheek over his shoulder. "Mmm, that's more like it, just how a dungeon excursion should be, what say we get started?"

"So back into the bag?" Edgar asked looking over where the rubber sack lay on the floor, the same one that he'd been trapped in when he woke.

"Mmm, really should have put that away first, huh? I thought we'd be daring and different so I have something else planned." Gene said. "How does an armbinder sound?"

"Oooh, now we're talking. That sounds great!"

The scyther was led forward toward a bench, Gene gathered up the fallen bag on the way, folding it loosely and putting it to one side to properly put away later. Gene's hand pushed Edgar to bend over, raising his arms behind his back. They were kissed from below by a sheet of sturdy leather, fitted with dulling, thick points for Edgar's blades. The binder wrapped up the side and was anchored with straps over the shoulders, these in turn were drawn back tight to secure it before Gene added the heavy leather belts over the top, locking Edgar's arms in behind him.

With multiple tapered points, it had been a fair task to get the device custom made but that just made it all the more solid and inescapable when the laces were drawn together to fully seal the restraint on.

"Comfy?" Gene asked, to which Edgar nodded. "Mmm, then it's not tight enough!" He declared, pulling the highest belt as snug as it could go. It was more theatrical than his tone implied, as the restraint was only as secure as it needed to be but that suggestion made it feel stronger on Edgar.

"Now, the box!" Gene said, pushing Edgar assertively away from the table, both hands guiding him as he made Edgar step backwards.

"Nnnh, I-like this?" Edgar said, blushing, the rest of his body exposed and naked.

“Just like that!” Gene insisted, slowing when he neared the frame. The back of Edgar’s heel tapped it and then the Scyther’s stumpy legs were placed inside. This was new and thrilling, when he’d been inside it before he’d been further bundled into the now empty rubber bag, supported somehow by the pressure, yet the casket seemed open to fit him at a full stand.

“How does it work then? Won’t it be loose?” Edgar asked.

“You leave that to me.” Gene said, hand pushing Edgar’s chest until his arms were hitting the back of the bondage furniture. The device cradled the back half of his neck and accounted for more than half of his body’s depth when he pressed against it. “Time for more devices before we shut it!”

The lucario pulled out the thick leatherette hood that Edgar’s head had been stuffed into before his ‘rescue’, reintroducing it to the bug without much play, after all he was more interested in seeing the steel casket closed properly. The hood was secure and covered all the bases, tight enough to force the jaw shut, smooth to the head to stop it coming loose and lacking pesky eye-holes. All it had was the twin hoops for the wearer to breathe through.

Edgar tried to speak, testingly, his voice turned down to a mere “mmmph.” by the gripping force.

“Ah, great.” Gene said with a whisper, patting Edgar’s head. He moved around in front and then returned his attention low down, slipping one finger slowly up Edgar’s thigh. “Brace yourself.” He said as a tease, focused on Edgar’s prominent cock. Wet warmth followed as the lucario sucked gently, bringing it up to full size and wetting it in the process.

He pulled his mouth off with a light pop before his fingers led a tight band with four rounded vibrators attached, tight enough that they dug into the semi-soft organ. “I’ll be back for these.” Gene said as he left once again.

Gene turned to the front of the casket, detached and on the ground. He intentionally let it bump against the floor as he brought it closer, alerting Edgar that he was moving it. The scyther shivered and sucked in air in anticipation. The casket was slid into position lined up carefully until it clicked softly. Edgar’s rod was still in the air, a small square window permitting it to stand free, though he stiffened up as he realised something else. The bottom of the leather hood was now pinned inside the metal around his neck! That hood wouldn’t budge until the casket was opened. “Mmmh, hhhhh.” He mewled in growing bliss.

Gene himself was hard pressed to finish the task, feeling quite ready to proceed. However he took a calming breath before he ran his hand down the side of the case. Every few inches rested a clasp, which he slipped into place. A padlock clicked over them, shortly after, locking the container shut. Every click of locks aroused both of them in different, yet tangible ways.

Edgar was squirming, his hips hungry for attention, however his face received another strong dosage. A tight muzzle was pulled over the top of the hood, looping over his snout and

then behind his head! “Hfff! Nnnmmm!” Edgar squeaked, his excitement only growing as he bounced in the padded metal walls.

“Ready for some comfort?” Gene asked with mirthful love at Edgar’s ear. There was a light squeak as Edgar tried to nod but then gave up fighting the solid metal and just mumbled his assent. A thrumming sound, not quite vibrating enough for sensual goodness, echoed around Edgar as Gene turned on the casket’s special feature.

The padding around Edgar inflated, growing to press into him, slowly removing the gaps. The casket was designed for whoever came to the play-room, thus the growing cushions seemed a logical way to accommodate more sizes. It shoved Edgar forward and even slightly upward, pressing him so that his rod was standing out with his hip pressed to the gap behind.

Soon all the wiggle room had been significantly reduced, allowing Edgar to only squirm a little. Gene knelt down on the floor, next to the rod of pink flesh peeking from the green shell. He leaned in close, his breath hot and teasingly caressing over Edgar’s cock. The scyther thought he was so ready for this, so happy and excited.

He wasn’t ready for the sudden sensual cocktail that washed down, Gene clicked a button, turning on the buzzing vibrators as his lips reunited with the organ. The lucario’s free hand dropped between his thighs to find his own swollen length and started to rub it smoothly. He let his own moans turn into extra vibrations, his tongue pressed to the tip, then rolling down and to the sides as he pushed and sucked. Breathing outward with more trills than sucking as he inhaled.

Edgar was swiftly headed toward his limit, spurred on by his lover who was keeping his own business going with deft squeezes and soft rubs. Gene clicked the vibrator up a notch as he sucked passively, focused now on his own pleasure. He felt himself getting close and thus needed the tool to pick up the slack as he drew himself to his own edge. However, he wanted more than just a simple wank, he stopped when he felt any more would spell his end, just as he broke his own kiss over Edgar’s length with an audible gasp.

Edgar mewled questioningly but hungrily, assuming he was being let to relax so that Gene could prolong their play for a bit longer but his mood swiftly shifted when he heard Gene’s voice. “Aw, did slut want me to keep going? Poor thing.” He said, tone devoid of sympathy as he clicked the vibrator once again, turning it off completely.

“Maybe I should shut the hatch on you, see if you can still get off when you’re forced back in your sheathe!” Gene taunted, slapping the metal hatch lightly so that the cold material hit him.

“Mnnnh! Kmm hnnn!” Edgar yelled, huffing harder as his body tried to jerk in the tight binding box. His hips didn’t even move, they were too forced into place. He could do nothing to

stimulate himself! Gene was smiling, standing up, with no intent to press on as he saw the effects of his teasing.

Edgar was devolving into a horny addled desperation, “Lmmmh cmmh! Lhmmm mmmh cmmh!” He yelled out into the doubled layers over his mouth. It was time for the next act from Gene.

With genuine sounding shock in his voice the lucario gasped. “Really Edgar? You can only think of your own arousal, even after I rescued you? No sense of what I want, just what you want?” A dissatisfied huff added to his charade. “Fine, enjoy it!” He said, clicking the vibrator one last time, yet rather than the satisfying thrum it was set to a low buzz, the kind that could edge and tease for hours with no release.

While Gene hadn’t planned it from the start, the idea had dawned on him and he’d run with it, more of his flighty, unpredictability coming into play, with Edgar having little way of escaping it beyond calling the whole thing off, he had to just accept it and take it. “Mmm, pathetic little bug, you’re so cute when you’re stuck and horny, you know?”

Gene said, not just to cement the fact in Edgar’s mind that he was doing this to him, but also to fill time as he brought out a tripod and camera. Gene was careful to ensure Edgar didn’t hear any of the noises of the device being set up, adjusting it so that it was centered on Edgar’s face. “Ahh, that’ll about do it for me. I’m gonna go watch the sequel!” Gene said, stepping away as he checked the receiver, it picked up Edgar’s grunts and the image was clear enough to see the minute struggles. While it might have been designed for voyeurism or archival, Gene’s goal was simply security and safety.

“Okay, buh bye Edgar! I’ll be back in a few hours... or maybe in the morning.” He said waving over his shoulder as he walked away. He let the bug believe he was being abandoned, helpless and erect for the long while. It was even mostly true. Gene walked slowly up the stairs savouring each of Edgar’s whined grunts and cries for attention.

The door creaked behind him before he pushed it heavily, sending it shut with a slam that echoed down into the basement.

The darkness around Edgar felt all the more oppressive with the silence that came with it. He’d been unable to see before thanks to the hood but he’d still felt warmly comfortable with Gene nearby. Without the lucario’s presence, Edgar was left with his own thoughts, which themselves were dominated quite squarely by the thrumming vibrator.

He couldn’t stop himself whimpering, the sounds forced out of his throat as he tried everything to help hit that peak; holding his breath, trying to flex any muscles that might add to it, trying to think of the sexiest thoughts. It all served to make him more horny but no closer to satisfaction.

If the hour and a half of movie had felt like a full day, Edgar's new predicament would feel like quite the stint...