

A frustrated sigh slipped past the lips of a supremely bored monarch. On top of a gilded throne sat a hulking white lion, his muscular form barely obscured by various silks with his knee-hanging junk firmly planted between his thighs. Even with the advisors prattling down below, his mind was on other things.

Mainly the fact that he had not mated in *several* weeks. His libido was running hot, and he couldn't be bothered to pick up on any of the fine details the pack of rats down below were squeaking about.

"And that's why, King Luther, that—*blah blah blah blah blah...*"

Honestly, the inane drivel was enough to feel like it was drilling into his skull, a headache quickly starting to form. He flicked through the papers that he had been given, thickly padded fingers almost too much for the pages, his sharp nails threatening to tear through the flimsy parchment.

"Yes-yes," he finally interrupted after minutes-long prattle from the rodents below, his deep voice rumbling through the throneroom. "You have my permission to do whatever is necessary. Is that satisfactory?"

"Absolutely Your Highness!" squeaked out one of the rats, his glasses bobbing on his wiggling nose. The entire group looked almost identical, boring gray robes with flashing spectacles casting a harsh glare back into the lion-king's eyes.

"Your will be done!" another one chimed in, sounding nearly indistinguishable from the first. The crowd of rodents scuttled to the nearby double set of doors, taking two of them to pull the heavy thing open.

"...*Do you think he was paying attention to us?*" one of them asked in hushed tones.

His companion shrugged his shoulders quickly before slipping between the open crack. "*Probably not, but he's got more important things to think about!*"

Luther grumbled on his throne, keen hearing more than enough to pick up on the fading conversation before the doors clapped shut. He rolled his eyes, letting out a soft huff, leaning back in his chair as he allowed himself to deflate. His chin bumped against his bulging pectorals, the golden chain for his cloak tickling through the fur on his jawline.

Without a care, the lion tossed the papers aside. The pages fluttered over the edges of his throne and onto the floor nearby, lazily floating through the air as they descended.

"You should be more careful with those, Your Majesty," an aged voice chimed, causing Luther to perk up from his throne. Across the room was an old skunk, his bushy tail following behind him as he used a cane to keep his balance. He was smartly dressed, his thin body tucked in an immaculate white and black suit, complete with a golden pocket watch and a red tie. As if to add

to his appearance he sported a bushy snow-white mustache, a neatly trimmed beard wrapping around the rest of his jawline.

Despite the impairment, the old man made his way across the marble floor, passing over rose-red carpeting to scoop up the papers diligently. "The information in these documents could harm your kingdom - should they fall in the wrong hands."

The lion on the throne scoffed as he put his elbow on the nearby arm rest, plonking his chin into a curled, meaty fist. "Isn't that what I have you for?" he asked, the sass evident in his voice as he spoke.

The aged skunk sighed, shaking his head back and forth disapprovingly. "Certainly I taught you better."

"You did. I just ignore it because I'm king!~" the lion said with a booming laugh, the volume of his voice causing the stone walls to subtly shiver. Sebastian didn't seem particularly pleased, his brows furrowing, sharp brows angling in as he scooped the last of the papers up, sifting through them until they were neatly in order.

"Perhaps I should take you over my knee like I once did when you were a small cub. Maybe you would change your mind."

Luther balked, the lion's jovial, toothy grin sliding right off of his face, a look of shock and a little horror passing over his face.

The old butler let out an amused, satisfied chuckle as he witnessed the lion's bravado promptly deflate to nothing. "Mayhap you should reflect upon your royal responsibilities while I have dinner served?"

A frustrated, flustered huff blew through the lion-king's padded nostrils, the insides of his ears burning a fierce pink. He gripped the edges of his throne as he watched the skunk saunter away - an impressive feat considering the cane he was leaning upon.

There weren't many who would dare speak to him like that. Not just because of his status as king, but because of the sheer intimidating appearance the white lion sported. Being larger than just about any man in his entire kingdom, he was a force to be respected.

And yet, this old butler still treated him like a cub.

He rumbled under his breath, brows furrowing in thought, the feline stroking his furred chin thoughtfully. He carried a will that was far stronger than others in his court. One that he could even begrudgingly admit was stronger than his own.

He dropped back in his seat, a toothy smirk forming over his muzzle. He looked at his clawed fingers, the lion twiddling with them, a small swirl of ethereal magic tendriling around his digits to the tip of his nails.

Why not have a body to match?

Dinner wasn't exactly on his mind, the feline's crotch throbbing, the big cat pushing it down with a paw; there would be time for that later. Though, he was certainly drooling over the prospect of getting to sink his teeth into another rack of juicy beef.

---

Dinner went by without much of an event. The lengthy table that stretched from one end of the royal dining room to the other piled up with all sorts of food. Considering the carnivorous nature of most of the attendees, it was primarily meat. Roasts steamed, seasoned and cooked to perfection as sticky glaze dribbled to the plates they rested on.

Even while stern and gratingly blunt, unlike other rulers, Luther was not a selfish one who kept the food to himself. The rest of his court dined with him; everyone from guards to servants were lined up at the table, the bustle of conversation a constant, comforting hum throughout the hall.

Unlike the others, his eyes were focused on something other than the silver-lined plate in front of him. Nearly halfway down the table and on the right side was the impeccable skunk, Sebastian. His movements were elegant and calculated, using a silver fork and knife to cut through his meal, making calculated slices befitting a gentleman.

With a flick of his fingers, a small sparkle of magic flashed from Luther's dense digits. It was so subtle that the action was lost in the rumbling aura of the gathered crowd. Despite this, it seemed that the connection was successful, Sebastian's gaining a momentary ethereal glow before fading away.

"*Excellent*," the monarch rumbled under his breath, feeling himself already starting to stiffen up under the table as he thought of the changes to come. The other felines that made up his personal guard blinked as the table suddenly jumped, a hefty thud from underneath causing dishes and cups to subtly bounce.

Across the table, an oblivious butler continued to eat, failing to notice the subtle swelling in his sleeves. White fabric pulled taut as they slowly filled up, stress creases beginning to form, showing off the muscular contours. Even the front of his vest started to pull taut, his once lithe form starting to gain pound after pound of muscle as the seconds and even minutes ticked on.

Sebastian let out a sigh, the old skunk adjusting a pair of glasses over his nose, his clothes subtly starting to creak from the movement. Opening his eyes back up, he snapped them over

to the lion sitting at the end of the dining table, narrowing them as he gave the feline a glare that could melt steel.

Even though he internally balked, Luther tried his best to hide it, flashing his butler a confident, toothy grin in response. He snatched up his mug of wine, the contents sloshing dangerously inside as he raised it in a mock toast towards the old skunk.

Sebastian grumbled under his breath, keeping his eyes on his king even though his sleeve ripped when he went to toast back. A meaty bicep pushed out of the tear, a vein as thick as his index finger snaking down it. He flicked his gaze away, looking at the damage to his sleeve, seemingly more upset to the tear to his garment than the dense muscle that caused it.

The skunk groaned in frustration as metal squealed in his hand. Looking down, the fork he was holding was bent nearly in half, dense digits having wrapped around it, now several times thicker than they once were. He let out a frustrated sigh, closing his eyes before setting down the warped silverware. The chair he was sitting on scooted backwards as he stood up and snatched his cane - and just in time too.

Hamstrings ballooned, filling his slacks to the point of bursting, perfectly framing the rounded glutes that were burgeoning the back. Even his calves swelled, every shift and step he made causing more meat to pile onto them. A few of the nearby diners blinked, looking at the suddenly muscular skunk as he passed by.

The changes were magnified by the fact that the old skunk was still only little better than five feet tall, making the changes to his width and girth all the more dramatic. Every step was calculated and careful, Sebastian concentrating to try and keep his engorging form from bursting out of his suit. Like his hands, his feet were expanding as well, straining the walls of his dress shoes; the ends bulged out in the shape of meaty toes by the time he made it to the end of the table.

The rest of the court nearby was starting to become hushed, more than a few eyes catching on the expanding skunk as he passed by. A few whispers began to pop up, only muted by the sound of Sebastian's seams starting to fail. The squeal of metal revealed that the skunk's cane had completely buckled under the weight it was forced to bear, Sebastian grumbling under his breath before tossing the ruined thing aside.

"I need to have a word with you, Your Majesty," the expanding butler said, feeling his neck thicken with every word, his collar stretching to accommodate the growing pillar of meat. Even his tie was starting to strain, causing several veins to sprout and crawl up the engorging spire that threatened to snap it.

"Can't it wait until after dinner?" Luther asked, a low, teasing rumble following his words, his smirk growing as he noticed the frustration growing in his *growing* butler. "I'm not sure my subjects would appreciate their king being absconded with before the end of—"

“You either come with me, or I’m going to make good on my earlier threat.”

The tone was sharp, cutting straight to the soul as even the intimidating Luther balked, eyes going wide. Even as he sat on the edge of his chair, he could see the size still subtly piling onto Sebastian, the skunk’s engorged body looking like it was shrink-wrapped by his previously form-fitting suit.

Folding his ears back, the lion reluctantly got up from his seat, following his butler along to one of the side sitting rooms. The sound of tearing fabric was getting worse, every step the skunk took causing more of his garments to burst open. The front of his shoes were the first to fail, dense toes jutting out as the sides split clean open.

Sebastian growled in frustration as he pushed the door open, the strength in his dense limb nearly cratering it into the wall behind it, the hinges bulking and warping. The thing slapped back into place with enough force to cause it to lean into the frame awkwardly, wood splintered along the hinges and handle.

Even though he knew he was in trouble, Luther couldn’t help but stare as the front of Sebastian’s shirt started to give out. Buttons popped off, shooting across the room as a pair of pecs pushed out. Dense silver-white hair coated them, the carpeting seeming to spread between the twin mounds as it eventually engulfed them. Vivid pink nips jutted out the bottom as they blossomed out of the vest, tearing it clean open as they hung proudly into the air.

“You could have waited until we were in—*NNggg*—private for such tomfoolery,” the skunk groaned, the changes seeming to accelerate now that his iron-will was losing its grip. His shoulders engorged, delts humping up along with traps that split his collar clean apart. “Your conduct in front of your court has been—*NNgguh*—uncalled for!”

Luther could barely pay attention to the scolding that Sebastian was attempting to lay on him. Far too busy watching the seams over his body splitting open, dark fur spilling out along with a creeping, silver hirsute pelt. The lion was surprised how far the transformation was going. He had only put a small amount of power into his spell, the skunk’s body seeming to take to it far more than he would have imagined.

“Are you even paying attention to me?” The skunk disgruntledly asked, the surge of anger seeming to fuel his expansion, his back ballooning out, thick curvature ballooning like mountain ranges as the back of his jacket split open. “This childish behavior is inappropriate for a king! And...*Hrrggh-!*” He groaned as his shoes completely split open, powerful padded stompers stepping out of the remains. The last of his slacks seemed to go with it, powerful trunk-like thighs tearing through fabric as a set of twin dimpled boulders pushed out the back below his fluffy tail.

The lion-king was practically drooling at what was revealed as those pants tore open. The log-like schlong that dropped to the skunk's knees wasn't his doing - his spell purely focused on the more muscular elements of his devoted butler. The skunk sputtered as his endowment was hefted up by a padded hand, Luther examining it closer with wide eyes.

Much to the feline's surprise, it twitched to life without much prompting, a few veins surfacing along the sides of that throbbing leviathan as it arched up into the air. "I had no idea you were hiding so much from me, Sebastian~" his voice came out as a lustful coo, especially as a dollop of clear precum dribbled from the end of the skunk's uncut shaft.

The butler let out a series of flustered noises, his endowment being sensually caressed, padded fingers grazing his bulging, hose-like urethra. He continued to subtly grow, his clothing turning to tatters that clung to his hulking body. He was growing even larger than Luther at this point, the sheer amount of bulk burgeoning his frame pushing him to be just as wide as he was tall. Swollen lats hung down to his rear, grazing those jutting boulders as powerful thighs grazed and ground against churning balls.

Luther's nose jumped, picking up on a growing scent that was radiating from the short-stack old man in front of him. "That smell..." he rumbled, licking over his chops as he lowered himself down onto his knees, cape spreading across the marble floor behind him. Sebastian seemed to become acutely aware of what was going on, his face turning red along with the insides of his ears.

"S-Sire... This is not—" But his words were cut off, his left arm being yanked up by the wrist, the side of his entire torso swelling and twisting with absurdly packed brawn. The lion's nose homed right into a densely furred pit, diving straight into the bush that sat underneath the skunk's trunk-like arm. "A-Ahh..."

The king's rough tongue caressed his butler's fur, scratching through it as he let out his own sensual moan, the two voices harmonizing for only a brief moment. His dense digits wrapped around his butler's meaty lat, appreciating the sheer heft of that massive slab of muscle as the skunk's arm hiked up higher. He was a wall of raw muscle, thick veins branching down his limbs and webbing over his chest and cobbled abdominals.

Speaking of which, they weren't nearly as trim as Luther's own. They were rounded out: like a bloated keg of rippling bricks. They were flanked on either side by just as impressive obliques, looking like scaled armor underneath his creaking-taut pelt.

"*Delicious...*" the king rumbled, pulling back from that pit, huffing, his eyes nearly crossed from how overloaded his brain was from the musky delight that had assaulted it. Sebastian growled, a deep thrum in his voice. The feline king balked as he felt his mane being roughly grabbed, those dense digits gripping tightly into it, forcing him down lower.

His nose was buried into that bushy crotch his butler sported, the renewed scent of heavy musk threatening to short out his brain. It was far more potent down below, Sebastian's endowment throbbing, hooded head glistening as thick dollops of precum dribbled from the head, the skunk now fully hard.

"If you're going to insist on such uncouth behavior, I might as well lean into it," he growled under his breath, Sebastian's swollen pectorals bobbing up and down as he heaved, blocky jawline and cleft chin grinding against it, his dense beard melding with his forested chest hair. "This is the only way to calm you down once you're in such a state..."

Luther moaned as he felt that cock being shoved between his pecs, the vein-webbed pillar prying them apart as thick dollops of musk-infused precum stained his mane. He let out a gasp as he felt one of those powerful feet sliding over his own endowment. It turned out that Sebastian had hiked one of those monstrously thick stompers up before dropping it over his king's endowment. Thick, supple soles slid over Luther's endowment, making the lion's eyes roll back in his head as he bucked his hips into it.

The skunk's body was like a furnace, heat radiating off of it. Sweat dripped from him, some of it vaporizing into the air, creating a natural haze around the hirsute skunk. While Luther was busily servicing his cock down below, the old man couldn't help but marvel over his engorged body. Bringing his arms up, he hit a double bicep pose, meaty fists curling, swollen biceps slamming into pillar-like forearms. Veins webbed down those limbs, feeding the over-engorged muscle as his pelt creaked.

He was absolutely hairy, the dense silver and gray body hair that coated him threatening to obscure the sheer shred of his muscular bulk. A curious sniff came from Sebastian as he leaned towards one of those biceps. Experimentally, he opened his mouth, dense mustache tickling at his furred flesh as he gave it a slow lick. The salty tang of his own sweat sent a jolt of pleasure through his brain, his cock reflexively responding in kind. A thick jet of precum gushed, urethra bulging like a balloon as a shameless moan boomed from the short-stack skunk.

Sebastian was surprised to feel a pair of hands reaching up. Greedily, Luther was grabbing at him, squeezing at his pecs, padded hands pressing down over jutting nipples in a way that made the skunk grimace with pleasure.

"I want you..." Luther growled, his voice husky with lust, his rough tongue dragging along the jutting urethra of Sebastian's shaft. "I want *all* of you." He let out another growl, his voice growing even deeper. "I want *MORE* of you-!"

Sebastian let out a shock of a gasp as he felt that same magic tickling his frame, heat burning from his core to the tips of his fingers and toes. Just like last time, he could feel his body starting to tighten, every bang of his heart causing his muscles to pump up larger, causing him to become even more absurdly packed with brawn.

Luther was shamelessly licking over his butler's chest, licking over a nipple, biting down and tugging teasingly as his hands worked over that wide back. Meaty fingers traced the jutting lats his butler sported, traveling down to his glutes before giving those burgeoning boulders a squeeze. They were unyielding, banded muscle rippling and jumping as Sebastian clenched his rear.

The ground was starting to crack under Sebastian's meaty feet, the sheer weight that was packing onto him starting to become too much for the floor to handle. In any other circumstance, the butler would have been fretting something fierce, however, far more important matters were on his mind - namely the feeling of his traps swelling up around either side of his head.

Luther had torn any semblance of clothing off of him, throwing his cloak aside along with the royal silks. His own endowment was just as hard as his loyal butler's. He took the time to grind them together, adding his own slick precum to the mess that Sebastian was quickly starting to make. Churning balls hung to the hirsute old man's knees, jumping, twitching, veins as thick as Luther's fingers webbing over those engorged testosterone factories.

"Get down onto your knees and lay back."

"Y-Your Majesty?" Sebastian protested, his voice coming out as a deep thrum thanks to just how engorged his neck was, the mighty pillar eclipsed by a combination of his burgeoning jawline, dense beard, traps, and swollen pectorals.

"Just do it. Your king commands." Luther's voice came out as a lustful growl, his hands caressing over those hirsute pectorals, marveling at the sheer size and heft - just how far they jutted away from the rest of his servant's torso. While he had his own impressive set, they were nothing compared to the mammoth melons that Sebastian sported.

The lion climbed up onto his butler, still sporting the height advantage as he straddled around his waist. He ground himself down against his butler's engorged member, loving how thick it was - just as big as one of the regal lion's arms. Sebastian blinked in surprise as he saw Luther lean down the lion rumbling, nuzzling along that jawline, feeling the prickle of his rough beard and the silky mustache that sat above.

"S-Sire..." the skunk tried to protest, but the lion cut him off with a sudden, passionate kiss. Sebastian seemed hesitant at first, Luther's tongue slathering between his lips. However, he eventually relented, opening them, allowing his king access. The lion rumbled passionately, leaning down, deepening their makeout session; tilting his muzzle, he locked them together, the sound of wet slurping echoing in the room's walls.

There was no doubt in his mind that other servants were listening on the other side of the doors. After all, neither one of them were attempting to be subtle - not this far into the game. It only turned Luther on more, the lion bucking his hips against his old caretaker's engorged endowment.



The haze of musky scents around them was enough to drive both of their libidos into overdrive. Even Sebastian was humping back, thrusting against his king's hips. He let out a short gasp as the kiss broke, the lion standing up, angling his rear over the head of his cock. Before he could suggest anything otherwise, Luther dropped himself down, using the copious amounts of gushing precum as natural lube.

A sharp sigh of a moan came from the lion as his insides stretched, fat veins catching along his pucker as they pushed into his warm insides. It seemed that lust was taking over the butler's refined sensibilities, the feeling of Luther's squeezing glutes enough to drive the skunk wild. Either powerful stomper braced into the floor, his knees going up as he started to buck his hips up and down. The ground cracked, fissures forming as his wide feet cratered into the floor, leaving behind deep prints of those powerful stompers.

"Y-Yes-!" Luther moaned, the lion bucking his hips, his own endowment slapping between his mane-covered pectorals. A flick of precum splattered over the bridge of his muzzle, but he didn't care - far too busily stuffing inch after inch of his loyal butler into his backsides. He huffed, spreading his legs, squatting up and down, toes grazing against sweat-soaked lats as he adjusted his stance. Fingers pinched at his nips, the lion purposely putting on a show for Sebastian down below.

And it was working.

Sebastian let out a deep moan, voice having grown to the point of being able to shudder the walls. The old man used his new muscle to savagely shove his hips up, clapping them up against Luther's ass, making the lion's stomach stretch and bulge obscenely. Cobbled abdominals warped, stretching around the head of the skunk's endowment as he used his charge like a living condom.

"*MMNNhhh... Always wanted to see this side of you...!*" Luther moaned out, throwing his head back, his breathing coming out in lustful puffs as his tongue hung out between dense lower fangs.

"You're going to...get more than you bargained for...!" the skunk below growled, his voice booming from his overblown chest. "You need to...NNGGRR—be taught a lesson!"

Luther let out a howl of a moan as his sides were gripped by the skunk's mammoth mitts, those meaty fingers wrapping around him, tugging him all the way down, completely hiltig him on that log of a cock. His ring was stretched like a rubber band, pulled taut to the point of breaking as the skunk's shaft throbbed and swelled in time with his hammering heartbeat.

The lion let out a noise of surprise as he found his world tilting. Sebastian, being only half of his height, managed to flip the lion right onto his back, effectively switching their positions. He howled, moaning loud as he was forced to curl onto himself, the old skunk essentially mating

pressing him into the floor. His toes spread, curling as his entire form shook. A few whimpering mewls came out of the king as he felt the bushy prickle of Sebastian's mustache sliding against one of his sensitive soles.

The skunk had apparently taken interest in those royal stompers, his nose sliding along them, taking in his liege's musky aroma. He seemed to enjoy the noises he was eliciting from his young charge, his dense beard parting to reveal a smirk after giving one of those susceptible soles.

The sound of wet slapping echoed through the room, punctuated by the wailing, higher pitched moans that came out of the squirming king. There was no doubt in Sebastian's mind that there was a growing crowd on the other side of the double doors. He could hear subtle moaning coming from the other side, a few stray subjects unable to help themselves as they needily whined.

Oddly enough, it seemed to spur the testosterone flooded skunk, his thrusting growing more labored as he slapped and clapped the king's ass. Those cheeks were growing red, glutes rolling and flexing with every slam of Sebastian's strong hips.

"F-Fuck... I..." Luther barely managed to get out, completely pinned back, little better than a toy for his old butler to use. "...*Haaahh*... I... Love you...!"

Sebastian let out a snort of a sound, pulling back from his king's meaty sole. While he might have been surprised to hear it, he couldn't deny the hard flex his cock gave. However, with far too many ears against the wall, he leaned in, wrapping his mouth around the lion's just in time for him to try to repeat the sentiments. Muffled moans came from Luther as he eagerly lapped his rough tongue into Sebastian's maw - not that he could do much else in his situation, far too pinned by the muscle mass of his own creation.

Both males were starting to teeter on the edge, sweat mingling together as it pooled underneath them, a generous mess of precum adding to the mix as hips clapped against ass. The sound was like a whip crack, a sharp, needy yell coming from Luther with every impact. Sebastian had a hard time keeping himself perfectly upright, even with wide stompers balancing him out. He huffed deeply, plowing home one last time.

The skunk's balls churned, flexing hard, a few pulsating veins wrapping around the edges as he went tumbling right over the edge. Rope after rope gushed into the lion, taking his taut abs and causing them to balloon outwards up against Sebastian's pecs. The stimulation was far too much for Luther to handle, the lion roaring, maw opening wide as strings of saliva snapped between sharp fangs. However, in comparison, it was nothing to the detonation deep inside of the feline, the pressure growing so great that it blasted back out of him.

This went on for several minutes, the milky puddle spreading out under them. Two meaty males heaved, huffing as musk-infused sweat dripped from their heavily muscled bodies. The lion

underneath was finally allowed to unfurl as Sebastian pulled out of him. A torrent of sticky seed gushed out of him now that he was uncorked. The mammoth log was still twitching, a few stray ropes splattering over the feline's midsection.

Sebastian finally got a chance to look over himself, a soft huff blowing through his padded nostrils as he looked himself over. He let out a grunt, a wave of weakness falling over him. Just as easily as he became endowed with muscle, it started to bleed off of him - like someone having pulled a plug. He groaned, stumbling back, dropping into a nearby chair. It squeaked, groaning under the weight. It didn't last, however, his body stopping just short of a proper bodybuilder.

The spread of silver fur had retreated as well, forming a comfortable carpet over his chest, forearms, and shins. While he was nowhere the size of his previous incarnation, he was still a far sight from his scrawny, weak self. He grunted, looking down at himself, feeling over his muscled chest, appreciating the banded muscle that jutted.

*"Hmhmh... Unexpected."*

Luther chuckled, slathered in various musky fluids as he slowly sat up, his white-furred mane an utter mess. "Like your present?" he asked, his breathing labored, barely able to get out the words between heaving, panting breaths. "My best butler could use a boost..."

The skunk scoffed, getting up, dusting the worst of the sweat off of his torso. "Perhaps. It may aid me in my duties."

"You know you're going to have more duties now that you're..." The lion gestured with a clawed hand, his smirk widening. "...More endowed~" The skunk rolled his eyes, feet stepping into the large craters he had left behind as he moved to help pick up his king.

"Perhaps. But we should get you washed off first." He paused, turning his gaze towards the nearby door. "And...have a chat about your personal sentiments for your head butler."

Luther rumbled, his tail flicking excitedly - especially with the teasing inflection Sebastian had laid on. He followed his butler, not even bothering to collect his clothes as he finally stepped through the set of double doors. A few other felines that had gathered were nearly toppled over, scrambling to try to pretend like they weren't listening in - or jacking off from the sounds of their king being used.

Still, it didn't matter to the buck naked lion, his grin threatening to split his muzzle as he was dragged along by the muscled old man.

He couldn't wait to grow him again... Maybe the showers would be a decent place.

Plenty of space~

