A Lion’s Pride

By bearmonster

 The shower door creaked open.

 Hot water cascaded against the tile floor and steam began to rise.

 The lion slowly pulled his shirt over his head, sending his thick barrel chest into muscular concert. Broad pectorals bulged and flexed as he dropped the garment to the ground before hooking his thumbs into the edge of his jock.

 The edge of Lex’s lips curled into a smile so sinful it would’ve made the devil blush.

 Lex was a big lion stud and he knew it. He had been born into the genetic lottery with a direwolf for a father and a lioness who’d already dwarfed most average male lions. A towering mountain of muscle and sinew, he was used to turning heads wherever he went. He carried himself with the kind of authority that only a lifetime of envious stares in locker rooms could breed. As a paragon of masculinity he had little trouble finding himself entertainment.

 And tonight was going to be no different.

 The lion’s teeth bit down on the edge of his lip as he took his time removing his jock, his pants long discarded in his bedroom. His eyes were half lidded as he looked down and breathed out a lungful of air he hadn’t even realized he’d been holding.

 To call it a ritual would have implied that Lex had been aware of what he was doing.

 But it was automatic. Every time he looked down at the heavy pendulous bulge that inevitably groaned and stretched the fabric of his jock, he felt his pulse quicken.

Today the jock was a deep voluptuous red, a red that bleeding sunsets were made of.

 It was a masterpiece. And it was his.

 When Lex’s claws dug into his waistband, they didn’t yank down. They seductively inched their way down his well toned thighs to reveal a magnificent cockroot that, even now, was soft but as thick as a fox’s wrist. Its fat shaft was adorned with an equally impressive vein that sinuously snaked along its side before disappearing down beneath the elastic that had not yet been removed.

The sheer warmth that trickled down his cock from the friction was then met with cool air as the shuddering jock slipped down to the floor.

The sense of relief was palpable. The fabric fell away and the sheer meat of the lion’s heavy balls cascaded towards the floor only to bounce at the end of their tethers, his thinly furred sack wobbling, silently straining under their precious cargo. Hanging low against his thigh, Lex leaned his head back and sighed indulgently before reaching a paw over to tug them away from his body. Stretched as they were, the aching flesh sent a fresh spark of electric lust up into the base of his cock.

Lex reluctantly let them go, knowing that if he’d started now he wouldn’t finish his shower for another couple of hours.

 With a sly grin, the lion stepped out of the shower and shook out his mane sending droplets cascading. He strolled over to the sink and let out a heady sigh before hefting his oversized nuts into the bowl. The cold porcelain caused a shiver to run down his spine as his leviathan cock twitched and his heavy balls pulsed from the chill. It really had been too long since he’d gone out on the prowl and his nuts were starting to ache as a result.

It was both a blessing and a curse; being shouldered with the burden of such bountiful harvest. There was a perverse joy in watching a fox’s jaw drop to the floor when he walked by but at the same time the damn things were insatiable.

Lex began to groom his mane, eyeing himself with a smirk as the fine toothed comb parted his fur oh so perfectly, the light creating a delicate sheen that men and women alike went crazy for.

A touch here. A touch there. A couple modest spritzes of cologne that melded with his natural musk patted into neck and shoulders. Fangs were polished to a mirror shine. His tongue tingled from his mouth wash.

The lion rumbled a deep baritone chuckle that echoed through the tiled bathroom.

 “Perfect.”

The lights clicked out and then he walked to his bedroom, a cotton swab twisting in his ear lasciviously making his whiskers twitch. A few stray water droplets dripped onto the carpet as he made his way to his dresser and pulled it open. Within, jocks of all types were laid out like a surgeon’s tools. A single claw tip traced over them, his critical amber eye imagining the blues, pausing over a black but then moving over to pick up a flimsy thin looking white jock with a black stripe running across its elastic.

Doubly perfect.

Lex doubled over, his firm rounded bubble butt prostrated outward as he hunched to fit his legs in before stretching up straight and carrying his jock up with him. His back arched and cracked and popped, his eyes shutting in subtle pleasure before setting down to the true task at hand.

Despite owning XXXL jocks, Lex squared his paws off with his elastic as he set about the monumental task of trying to wrangle his nuts into his underwear. The massive spuds always resisted as he tried to maneuver the bottom of his jock down below them. The cloth seemed to stretch at the seams, the quiet whisper of panicked fibers desperately trying to hold together against the lion’s hefty nuts. The lion clicked his tongue with frustration as one of the fat kitmakers inevitably spilled out of the cockholster. Trying to shove it back in only caused his other orb to silkily glide outside the jock instead, dragging along the titanic shaft with it, the thick mushroom tip lazily peeking down around the lion’s thigh.

Finally, Lex took a hold of the sides of his jock’s cloth and stretched it wide until it fully encompassed the base of his broad nutsack, oh so carefully coaxing the fabric up along his sensitive balls. The lion held his breath, causing his nuts to tuck up just enough that when he finally let his breath out, it was a sigh of relief as the sheer see through white cloth finally provided his cummers with the support that made walking comfortably possible. Once again harnessing the beast, Lex let out a hesitant chuckle and slowly waggled from side to side to watch the monster bulge sway, practically hearing his aching boys slosh with anticipation for tonight’s conquest.

Tonight the big lion was on the prowl.

Once the great task had been accomplished, throwing on a fitted white t-shirt that accentuated his statuesque proportions was simple by comparison. He’d considered throwing on a pair of jeans but the warm weather being what it was made him opt for a pair of red and black designer shorts that grappled tightly against his cock and balls, only further exaggerating the heavy fruit within. They were among Lex’s favorites because instead of a traditional zipper or buttons, the shorts had been cross laced with thick ropelike cords that instantly encouraged locker room fantasies, coyly goading onlookers to think that the sumptuous delights that lay within were only a simple tug of a string away.

Cracking his neck with practiced casual ease, Lex snatched his keys from the hook and minutes later, his convertible sped into the night.

The line leading into the Cheshire Club was brimming with youth as Lex wheeled himself into the parking garage. Felines and canines alike milled about, restlessly awaiting the go ahead from the roughnecked grizzly bouncer who’d already looked as if he were ready to send someone flying but when Lex sauntered his way past the line, the murmuring stopped altogether as jaws dropped and mouths drooled.

A ferret had just gone skidding to the roadside with a muffled yowl as Lex approached the door. Like royalty among rabble, the lion simply walked forward and like clockwork, the grizzly slid over to the door to open it for him.

No one objected. No one raised an eyebrow.

Among animals, some things were simply understood.

And while maybe a whisper of jealousy may have swirled through a lust addled mind, it only fueled their desire to enter knowing that such devious delights lay only a few mere feet and minutes away.

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 Heavy bass thumped through the air the moment the doors split open and was immediately followed by a wave of humid heat that clung to the lion’s lungs. Like a hit from a cigarette, Lex inhaled the scent of sweat and cologne and raw energy. When he exhaled, he felt tingles run through his chest and arms and legs, all the way down to the balls of his feet as anticipation swelled its liquid course through his body.

The first drag of that salty air always seemed to slow everything down, a kind of hyperawareness where his every step forward reverberated, resonated out from him. He could almost see ripples of awareness spread away from his body like invisible gossamer threads, ghostly fingers that reached out and tapped shoulders, his raw scent filtering into the club’s atmosphere. Where he physically felt every eye that looked him up and down, unrequited lust causing tongues to lick at lips and the unconscious swallow of drool.

 It was like watching stories be born.

 A smirk glacially crossed onto his lips and just like that the illusion faded, the spell broken by the knowledge that this was his world to reach out and grab.

 And so he did.

Like a sovereign deity, Lex swaggered through the crowded mob, his extravagant bulge becoming a prow that parted the sea of people swaying to the beat. The slumbering beast had been awoken and it seemed as if the hungry eyes that followed him were only all too willing to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of masculinity that had made itself fit to be seen and known. Hands in the dark strobing light brushed and squeezed against his shorts, hoping to fulfill their mediocre lives with even a single brush with virile divinity.

In every corner of the club that was under his thrall, the hushed murmurs of his supplicants spread like a wildfire.

Every head turned as he made his rounds, offers of drink and body alike being brushed aside with a coy smile that melted hearts and caught breath in throats.

Yet, slowly something wormed its way into his consciousness.

It felt like a tooth he couldn’t stop worrying.

As if there was some niggling… thing that he couldn’t quite place.

It was the subtle burr in a dream that slowly brought one to consciousness.

Lex’s eyebrows creased a fraction of an inch but continued to sweep through the crowd that continued to lap from the palm of his hand and then all at once, a ray of clarity pierced his consciousness.

Sitting at one of the corner tables, there was a sheep separated from the flock.

Or rather, a tiger.

Lex’s eyes narrowed, watching the tiger casually sip from his tumbler of whiskey. An air of boredom settled around him like a mantle as he looked down at his phone, his face illuminated by its whisper thin glow.

 And then the tiger yawned.

 To Lex, the tiger might as well have spat in his face, that cavernous maw languidly stretching open while his tongue wriggled and twisted before lazily exhaling and settling back down in front of his phone.

 Lex’s tail went rigid with irritation and then furs yelped with confusion and surprise as the lion began pushing people out of the way, his eyes lasered in on the sedate feline. A torrent of black thoughts descended upon the lion, eagerly feeding upon his bruised ego.

 Who the fuck did that tiger think he was? Hadn’t he heard the murmurs..? Hadn’t he thought to look up and see what all the commotion was about? Was the miserable bastard deaf? The little shit should have known better. It wasn’t every day that marvelous specimens such as himself graced the lowly common folk.

 Lex’s face slowly cracked, feeling his features carve into deep angry furrows that marred his practiced and cool exterior.

 He may not have worn a crown, but here, he was royalty and the affront to his authority rubbed his fur in every single possible worst way.

 Twice.

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 Charn’s thumb idly swiped across a couple of his open chats on his phone. After the week he’d had, it was nice to slow things down. Getting out of the office and grabbing a couple shots of whiskey had been just the thing to finally settle down from the daily grind. With a little liquor coursing through him, the tiger felt just enough of that sweet alcoholic buzz to feel those first exquisite warm tingles of flushed blood settle down into his balls. His toes curled just enough to trigger his claws, the stretch of tendons feeling luxurious and perfect.

 As happy as a housecat in a shaft of sunlight, the tiger shut his eyes and felt his lungs fill with air. He tilted his head just a titch and then sighed happily as the perfect yawn washed over him.

It just didn’t get any better than this.

And as soon as the thought occurred to him, a heavy thud jolted the tiger from his reverie.

Charn slowly lifted his head from his phone to find himself looking up into the eyes of a leering lion whose sheer bulk and posture utterly demanded admiration.

“Hey.”

The lion seemed determined to look as domineering as possible as his amber eyes tried to pierce straight through the tiger’s skull, his charming predatory smile cracking at the edges as if insecurities were just begging to spill forth.

“Hey.”

The lion’s fat bulge practically throbbed and pulsed with indignation as Charn’s bemused smile only seemed to boil the feline’s blood even more.

In truth, the lion was confused and the confusion only spiked the lion’s temper. The tiger should have been all over him and instead, he smiled as politely as if he’d been offered a piece of gum. Inwardly, Lex scowled. Any other slut in the bar would’ve melted at being spoken to.

Now this was a challenge.

Lex made a point of leaning forward a little bit causing his bulge to drag along the table, the ponderous flesh beneath finally stopping a mere inch away from the back of the tiger’s hand, its sheer heft unmistakably radiating heat.

“...You look a little lonely tonight…”

 Lex’s voice dripped with resonant baritone that held just the perfect amount of purr to tinge its timbre with sultry dominant tones.

The lion’s finger reached out to push the tip of the tiger’s phone down flat against the table to reveal a particularly generous set of fat bull balls that hung low in their smirking owner’s sac. Lex’s face suddenly beamed with genuine delight as he let a dark and rich chuckle fill his chest.

“You know… If you’re looking for a real man tonight, you don’t have to look any further than right in front of you.”

The tiger’s eyes slid down the lion’s chiseled features with a kind of placid disinterest. His gaze half-heartedly meandered down to the painstakingly perfected muscular gallery of the lion’s pectorals that uselessly bounced in an attempt to flatter. But when his eyes alighted on the ample bounty of the lion’s manhood, he felt his heart skip a beat.

An idle thought brushed past the tiger’s openly interested gaze that was now utterly carving every inch of that mammoth bulge deep into his memories. His imagination immediately ran away with lewd thoughts of what those straining shorts might contain.

Charn inwardly smiled a smile that only the darkest desires could induce.

Earlier, he was wrong.

It didn’t get better than *this*.

“Looks fake.” The words spilled from the tiger’s mouth like carelessly cast stones and then Charn was picking his phone off the table, scrolling once more past its virtual meat market.

Lex had started to feel his confidence waver momentarily as the tiger looked him over and felt it rise again as he saw that lingering gaze on his crotch. But when the tiger’s words fell on his ears it was a shock to his entire foundation. Two and two no longer equaled four. The earth was donut shaped and somehow, inexplicably, someone didn’t jump at the first chance to smother their face into his pride and joy.

 Dumbfounded, the lion felt hackles rise in his throat and before giving it a second thought, he reached down to the laces on his shorts and began fumbling with the cords, claws hurried with a kind of irritated fervor that almost had him clawing the damn things off until he finally managed to push them down to reveal the meaty sheer covered lump within, now entirely on display for Charn to flick an eye over the edge of his phone.

 “Look at it!”

 Lex’s voice held a tone of command that had Charn putting down his phone in the same way that a parent turns away from their task to deal with a particularly petulant child.

 Inwardly, Charn beamed as the lion heaved down at him, face flustered and riddled with arrogant self righteousness. Outwardly, he folded his hands together and casually tilted his head at the new development that had unfolded.

 “WELL?!”

 The lion stared and then jolted his head down towards his own bulge in a frustrated gesture, his palms facing up while framing his family jewels. He moved so violently it made the entire musky mass bounce and jiggle, as if it were inconceivable that the tiger could possibly be stupid enough to not pick up his cue to reach out and touch.

 When the tiger remained still, Lex practically snarled as he reached out and snatched one of Charn’s paws and lifted himself up only to send his heavy love spuds crashing down on top of the tiger’s palm.

 “You think these are fake? Son, these are Grade A Made In America certified fucking organic B A L L S balls.... You’re not gonna find another fuckin pair anywhere near as fucking amazing as these that aren’t photoshopped on some nerd’s website. Fuckin dick like this is premium quality… I’ll have you shittin cum for the next year…I’ll drown you in… Uh… uunnnnghhh...”

 Frenzied as he’d been becoming, Lex completely failed to notice how Charn had slowly scooted closer, his fingers somehow having slipped beneath the sheer fabric of his jock to begin firmly massaging his eggs. The lion’s words died on his lips to become reborn as groans of utter pleasure as those masterful fingers began to grope and squeeze and massage the lion’s nuts with skill that soared far beyond perfection into complete and utter transcendence.

 Charn’s chuckle was like liquid chocolate enrobed in velvet in the lion’s ear. When had the tiger stood up..? The hazy thought lasted a single second Lex’s head before getting completely obliterated by a soft warm wet raspy tongue suckling on his earlobe. The lion’s knees grew weak as his hands went flat against the table, trying to hold himself upright.

 His cock had gone from being soft to rock hard in the space of a few breathless moments and now strained his jock so hard it hurt thanks to the fabric refusing to give. Every sheer fiber that rubbed under his cockhead had him suddenly panting as his aching nuts continued to be squeezed well past the point of pleasure and into pain before being released.

 Half murmured words oozed over his tongue like melted butter and cinnamon sugar as the rush of blood to his cock had left him feeling lightheaded, his dick harder than it had been in his teenage years.

 The lion suddenly bucked as Charn’s fingers gripped down hard again and tugged the nuts away from the feline’s body so quickly that it caused his biceps to flex to keep himself upright and pain to spear into gut with a wave of nausea that had him mewling like a whimpering kitten and his mouth opened in silent protest only to have him shudder with unbelievable pleasure as the pain gave way to sheer ecstasy. His still intact nuts were throbbing from the abuse but his brain was swimming, releasing adrenaline fueled serotonin that had his eyes fluttering shut with bliss as a warm mouth suddenly began to lather his agonized nuts with long languid sucks.

 The lion’s dick felt like it would explode right then and there. He didn’t care about anything anymore. All he wanted was for the pleasure to go on and on forever, his proud spire of flesh already drooling pre that sank down to the heart of his balls, veins positively throbbing with eager need and yet left painfully dry.

 Lex’s arms trembled. Bent over as he was, anyone looking over could see him hunched over the table shaking like a leaf. It was nothing like how the lion had imagined his encounter would go. And this time at least, that was fine. It felt so good. Felt so right. And yet he wanted more.

 The lion’s lust-addled mind began to shift a paw to shakily rest atop of the tiger’s head but his fingers seemed to refuse to clench. He just needed to pull the feline’s mouth away from his balls… just a few inches from his swollen balls up to his stiff pulsating cock…

 “OW!” The lion suddenly flinched as he felt teeth nip his nutsack and he groaned. “Hey… Just… Suck my di-oohhh…. Ohh god….”

 Charn smirked as he leisurely began to flick his raspy tongue against the bottom of the clueless lion’s exposed testicle, his nip having opened up the drooling pouch. The raw metallic taste that danced over the tiger’s palate sent ripples of anticipation rolling all the way down his spine and into his curling tail. The sheer sensation of that quivering orb, to say nothing of the now moaning lion, made the tiger’s cock strain against his pants even as he casually brought his phone up alongside his carnal delight, his thumb idly punching icons until he’d landed upon his camera app.

It was every bit as delectable as he’d hoped it’d be. He lolled the heavy egg around, occasionally letting it graze the side of a tooth just to make the lion gasp and twitch, completely at the tiger’s insatiable mercy. With a lewd, borderline evil grin, Charn began to tongue Lex’s nut free of its shaking sack which made the lion yowl with unparalleled pleasure.

 Nausea and stars threatened to pull the lion down under but the sheer will of his needy cock kept him awake, the oversensitive sensations making him balk but crave even more, addicted to the towering plateau of pleasure the tiger had brought him to. It was a burning flame to his stupefied moth brain and as he blearily looked down, he caught the flash of the tiger’s camera and forever immortalized his blank, drooling expression looking down upon Charn’s mouth halfway around his exposed nut. Blinking woozily, Lex’s ego soared, dazily dreaming of the tiger showing his friends the majestic specimen he’d been “forced” to service.

As endearing as it had been for the lion to grace him with his presence, Charn felt his appetite begin to grow more insistent. While Lex was busy moaning like a whore in heat, Charn’s other paw slowly came up to slowly wrap around the base of the lion’s cock. A single slow stroke was all it took for the lion to roar as electricity shot up and paralyzed the lion long enough for Charn’s teeth to neatly sever the cord of that divine treat, the heavy thump of bass swallowing up the lion’s quiet whimpers of joy.

Charn’s eyes closed as he slowly slurped the virile testicle into his mouth and when the cord slipped into his mouth, he could taste and even feel the potency of the lion’s abandoned treasure. The tiger quietly moaned as his tongue pressed the still twitching ball to the roof of his mouth. The egg was so full, so utterly bursting with life that even the simple pressure caused the organ to give up its sweetest salty nectar. It was properly thick, creamy with the foolish hope that holding in a week’s worth of seed would have made for a gratifying orgasm. Pride and arrogance seasoned with folly had always been a recipe for satisfaction that never failed and tonight was no different. It was with particular relish that the tiger swallowed the aperitif whole, his throat slowly distending and bulging before bringing his treat down to rest within his belly.

The first course was always the most intense, simply demanding that the tiger enjoy his dish the way his chef had prepared. The second tended to bring out Charn’s creative side and while the lion pathetically thrusted, trying so hard to use the simple grip to bring himself to shoot, the tiger was busy looking down at his phone, already planning ahead to his next meal while idly plucking the lion’s plum with a simple knick. The lion’s ragged cry of ecstasy was muted to Charn’s ears as he idly toothed his second course, the smooth texture and slightly metallic taste making him yearn for a glass of white wine and a few slices of nutty Swiss. Perhaps a sharper goat cheese like Manchego.

Lex groaned with frustration.

He’d been so close to shooting his load when Charn’s hand slipped away from his cock and batted at his strangely sore groin.

“Hey… I’m… I’m not done…”

The words sounded lame even to him as Charn’s lip graced his cheek, a soft puritanical kiss that for some reason smelled like his own cum. Had he shot? He hadn’t remembered blowing his load.

“Trust me…” Charn purred as he reached down into his pocket to put away his phone and pull out his wallet. “...You’re done.”

Lex whined softly as the strange sense of nausea began to grow heavier, causing the edges of his vision to blur with more vibrant stars and an encroaching darkness.

 “I… I need to sit down…”

 Charn chuckled softly even as he felt the last of Lex’s pride settle in his belly before pulling five dollars from his wallet and pressing it into Lex’s far emptier jock that now sadly dwarfed what was left of him. A hollow shell now, the once straining garment now wrinkled deflatedly, mirroring the ruined sack beneath. Gone were the days of Lex’s wobbling shuffle, his struggles with his libido and the stares of the crowd. Those perks had circled the drain and been swallowed by the striped feline who’s cheshire grin teased the dazed lion.

“I’m sorry you couldn’t keep up, but here’s five dollars. Thanks for, well, you know. Everything.”

Lex slowly slumped into his chair and tried to regain his breath as he folded his head into his arms, feeling very tired and drained. He felt so… light… And light headed… It was all very disorienting.

“..I… Uh… Su...sure…” He mumbled before slipping away into slumber as Charn smiled, watching the stud start to snore.

With a satisfied sigh, Charn stood up and then froze. A moment later, a fragrant burp escaped his lips.

The grin that spread across his lips afterwards was downright predatory.

As Charn made his way to the exit, he found himself musing that perhaps he might head home and take a nap himself. With every step forward, Lex became a shadow in the distance.

 The door to the cool night air opened up and for a moment, Charn stood silhouetted by the drowsing streetlamps. A couple of clicks later and his new background photo had him chuckling.

The tiger’s striped tail flicked and curled and then was gone, swallowed up by the night as muted bass faded into the background.

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