

It was only a matter of time before someone noticed him. Who could possibly keep their eyes off a hefty breeder-bulge like that. Billy wasn't even *trying* to show it off, though his choice of shorts sort of made such a thing inevitable. He was a handsome enough lion already, with his pristine white fur and light-coloured mane, his eyes a steely blue that pierced right through anyone he happened to be looking at. Spinning around in his bar stool, he took a moment to adjust himself, spreading his thighs out, leaning back and giving more than an eyeful to anyone who happened to even glance in his direction. It might have looked pretty self-indulgent, but the truth was he just needed to move those massive tanks around if he was going to sit comfortably.

The bar had pretty low lighting and the music played loud, blasting out some kind of gritty rock through the many speakers. It was the perfect place to get away with something lewd. The bartender and security pretty much turned a blind eye to everything. And there were rumours about the manager, about the shadowy figure sometimes seen in an office window above, watching over everything. Someone was already getting a blowjob just five stools over, some G-shep leaning back against the bar while a lynx slurped up and down his knotted dick. And that was just the start of it. If he squinted across the room, there were plenty of other bodies writhing together, subtly in some cases or full-on nakedly pounding on a table. How an establishment could get away with such a thing without getting shut down, he didn't bother to consider. He was too busy taking in the gaze of the creature eyeing him from across the room.

In truth, Billy was used to being the one getting stared at. It was a strange feeling to stare right back. What was so unusual about her? He'd seen hyenas before, including striped ones. They were fun to tease. Most of them were pretty good at giving it back. But when she rose to her feet, a little taller than him, and thicker all around, he had to fight down the urge to just let his jaw drop at the fluffy curve on display between a truly scandalous outfit that seemed more lingerie than anything, all black leather and red lace. It hugged well around her voluptuous shape, one that was only emphasized the more by her swinging her hips as she approached him. They were locked on each other, their eyes meeting, his bright blue staring into - was it just the way the light was shining on them, or did she have a set of purely red eyes glimmering at him, all but glowing in the dimness of the room? There was something truly enticing about them, almost hypnotic, enough so that he managed to largely ignore just how intimidating her teeth were, all interlocked in a grin that seemed to make up near half her face, as if she were part shark.

When she got close, he couldn't help but notice she had a bulge of her own. She wasn't exactly hiding it in an outfit like that. It was impressive enough, but he was more fixated on her face. And her tits. They jiggled lightly with her every sultry step, ensuring the bulge he was already sporting started to grow, more and more, until his shorts were straining just to hold down the sheer weight of his titanic nuts and growing cock. His balls might have been oversized, but he was plenty hung too, as the button popping free of his shorts soon demonstrated. He was all but exposing himself on the spot, from the sheer force of horny winding through his veins in her presence. The closer she got, the more he noticed particularly warm scent cutting through all the others around him, something he couldn't quite describe but that reminded him of smoky

incense or maybe just pure, concentrated sex. Either way, his nose was twitching, taking in more and more, basking in it while she loomed right in front of him, stroking a single claw under her chin while she shot him that constant grin.

“My my. Seems like the handsome lion has a problem.” Her voice was low and flirty, practically a moan, and somehow it cut right through the noise all around them. “Does he need a hyena’s help with that?”

He responded with a low rumble, shooting back a small smirk. “Mm. That depends. Just what sort of help can a *hyena* possibly provide a lion?”

It wasn’t something he said to be mean or insulting. Being around a hyena just hit on something buried in his instincts, something that made him want to tease and challenge them. She just gave one of those distinct snickers and playfully prodded right back.

“Something he clearly can’t deal with himself. Don’t worry, kitty. The hyena’s here to save you.”

She moved right in front of him, which conveniently put him right on level with her cleavage, gazing at the tuft so silver fur between her massive mounds. It was all enough to make him lick his lips, and he did so, accidentally mirroring the exact same gesture she was making. He only caught a glimpse, but he was pretty sure her tongue was black. Not just dark either, but a sleek, unnaturally onyx tone, slapping and whipping about over her lips, making them glisten. Then she was smacking her lips together wetly, showing off just how much he was making her salivated, to the point it was getting hard for her to even speak. She leaned down, got right up near one of his ears, and spoke in the most sultry whisper he could have imagined.

“I think that’s enough flirting, really. You know what we both need. You’ve got a fat set of balls to suck dry, and I want to see how they taste.” She leaned back, breathing hotly in his face, her breath like sweet candy in his nose. “Why don’t you pull those monsters out for me and let my tongue to work? I’m sure nobody around here will mind.”

Not one to hesitate, she went ahead and took a generous handful of his bulge, feeling him up through the shorts. She was almost rough with him, falling just short of squeezing too hard as she lifted his nuts up, then dropped them back down, watching them bounce beneath the fabric, her muzzle bobbing up and down along with their impressive wobbling.

“They feel nice and full. I’ll help you take off the pressure, don’t worry. You just have to get them free for me.”

He couldn’t argue with that. His response was just a huff through his nose, before he was squirming, fumbling with his bottoms, trying not to completely ruin them in the process of freeing his nuts from their prison. That big fat lion sack bounced generously on its release,

wobbling in front of the hyena's nose. His cock flopped down atop those balls, before stiffening upwards with a heavy throb, trailing a bit of pre. She had her nose enveloped in his sack in a moment, shoving forth with slight aggressive, sparing nothing for decency or dignity as she just went ahead and indulged herself in the deepest, most thorough sniff she could possibly get, completely filling her lungs and mind alike with lion scent. Only then did she pull back, taking a generous slurp over her chops, and along the many long teeth that were soon locked together in a manic, savage grin.

Billy wasn't the kind of lion who was ever going to let himself be intimidated by some hyena. Even if she did have a pretty terrifying smile. He felt briefly hesitant to let so many teeth near his precious balls, near his pride and joy (which he sometimes nicknamed the left and right one, respectively - mostly as a joke) like that. He changed his mind when he saw just what her tongue could do. The colour of it still confounded him, so pitch black and shiny, but that there was nothing wrong with the way it slurped. She worked it up and down his sack, massaging him and bouncing him, getting firm with the ways she licked and worshipped. He heard a breathy moan escape her lips, muffled in his nuts, yet somehow still audible through all the noise around him as if she had her lips pressed right up against his ear. That was enough to get him harder, his cock rising up until it was dripping right onto the bridge of her muzzle. She didn't even blink, just glaring upwards with those crimson globes, reflecting the light in such an odd way, the glow of her gaze seeming to dye his fur red. Were those contacts or ... something else? He still didn't bother to think about it too hard, not with what a good job she was doing.

He liked to think of himself as tough, and stoic, when need be. Not much could startle him, but when he saw that tongue *lashing* out he couldn't help but flinch. It made such a strange noise, lick the cracking of a wet whip, but more than that it moved in ways that he couldn't possibly have described as natural. It stretched out, longer than he'd ever seen, and then began to wrap snugly around his entire cock, coiling around and around, constricting it like a spit-slathered snake, smearing it in her thick saliva while her breath puffed hot over his inches. Once she'd completely enveloped that lion dick with her tongue, she stroked along the tip, wiping up some of the pre he was pumping out, stifling his hesitancy before it was even fully out of his mouth.

"What are you ... nnnf. Oh, that's good."

She kept her tongue fully wrapped around his cock before plunging forth, wrapping his entire shaft in the embrace of her muzzle, sucking his dick even while she massaged him with that strange trick of her tongue. She slurped up and down, rubbing every single inch equally, sucking his entire length just to add more pressure, sucking, slurping, working him until he was curling his toes, trying not to blow his load too early while under that absolutely majestic assault of pleasure. He had to show a hyena like her how virile he could be, and how much stamina he had. It meant he gave a great huff of relief, slumping down against the bar when she unwound her coiling tongue and slipped back, kissing at his pulsing dick. That was enough to bring a twitch out of him, a rising orgasm halted only by him firmly flexing his muscles, pulling them all

taught. The effort was enough to make his lips curl back, a silent snarl appearing on his face while his eyes remained shut tight. Only the sound of her voice could distract him from that precarious edging.

“You know, kitty, Your balls are almost *too* nice. It’s so greedy of you to keep all that cum to yourself. I was just gonna suck your dick, but ... looking at them, tasting them, smelling them, I think I *need* them.”

He wasn’t sure what she meant by that, but he got a weird feeling running down his spine at the way she said it. It didn’t help that she punctuated such a statement with a cackle that couldn’t be described as anything but sinister. Her tongue snaked out between her teeth, writhing, coiling, but tantalizing him in such a way that he held relatively still. But for the squirming. Maybe he should have questioned it when she was coiling up his nuts, encircling the skin just atop his sack, isolating them, tugging them down and squeezing so taut she almost made them go numb. All he could think about was just how impressive it was that she could use her tongue like that. He didn’t flinch anymore, even as she opened up wide, and began to wrap his balls up in the deadly embrace of her teeth, their incredibly dangerous points pressing right up against the skin of those plump, lightly twitching nuts. Then she bit.

Her teeth were so sharp, he didn’t even feel them pierce his flesh at first. It could have been a good, clean bite right through his sack, but she didn’t feel like being that precise. Once she’d pierced through the skin and dug deep into his nuts, she whipped her head to the side and really started to *tear*, ripping and shredding her way through the flesh, sending the first spurts of blood free as it began to stain her muzzle and teeth with crimson. He wasn’t reacting. He wasn’t even moving, caught up, breathless, frozen, his body so fully numbed by the rush of endorphins, blocking out the pain, and the sheer horror at the horrific sight as the hyena chewed his prized balls right off. She worked at them, gnawing, tugging, shredding, slicing through skin and flesh and veins, bringing about a bleeding wound so copious she was soon completely coated in his blood, a mask of fresh red coating her entire face, dripping down into her cleavage, staining her fur, running down her throat in hot gulps.

Surely someone would stop this, would rescue him before any permanent damage could be done, he thought. She couldn’t just bite someone in the middle of a crowded bar and have everyone just sit and watch. He wanted to look to the side, or maybe even to cry out for help, in as dignified a way as possible, but nothing was working. He was completely frozen, transfixed by the horrific sight, by the hyena’s eyes flashing red and evil, shining brighter than the mask of blood clinging to her cruel features. She tugged one more time, and ripped those nuts of his completely free, gelding him with her teeth, stuffing her cheeks with the girthy prize. His jaw fell open as he was left to watch her chewing on them, swishing them around in her mouth as she mashed her teeth into the crunchy meat in her mouth. She crushed them bite by bite, letting the contents squirt out from her lips, painting his fur at the same time as soaking herself in his vital juices.

He couldn't hear anything else, nor could he see much of anything either. He was singularly focused on the sight of her eating his balls, watching as her teeth sliced into them again and again, crunching and smashing them down flat until there was nothing more than paste embedded into those long, wicked fangs. They were completely destroyed, leaving nothing more than a ragged wound where they used to be, his cock flopping down limply to partly cover it. But just in case he thought there might still be some hope for them, he was left to watch as she tilted her head back, torturously slowly, gulping them down in a single go, her bloodstained throatfur bulging out with their weight before they were just *gone*. She looked up at him with a nasty grin on her face, her teeth looking as if they'd somehow grown longer, or sharper, but maybe it was just the blood making them look more threatening. He couldn't feel much of anything, but he did get a shudder down his spine when she took to running her tongue along her lips, slurping loudly, messily, and barely helping with the mess that coated her savage visage.

She was snickering as she rose. It wasn't clear whether she was laughing at him, or just excited. It didn't matter. He was frozen, in shock, and quite possibly bleeding out, though the numbness pervading the moment kept him from truly realizing how dire the wound had been. He kept looking down at her belly, beneath that lacy lingerie. Her whole outfit looked even tighter on her by then, stretched taut around his stripey curves, her assets bulging in them even more than before. She was hard, too. Maybe it was licking his balls that had turned her on so, or maybe it was eating them, but either way she was throbbing there, a pitch black cock sticking straight up towards his face once it popped completely free of her clothes. The whole outfit was coming apart at the seams, as if she were growing. It didn't seem possible, leaving him in frozen denial, even once she was somehow towering over him. She definitely hadn't been that big when she approached him.

"Poor kitty. You were proud of those, weren't you?" she teased, speaking with faux gentleness that just made the taunting all the crueller. "It'd be such a shame to just send you off, and let you live without your precious gift. Don't worry. I'll put you where you belong."

He finally managed to tear his gaze away from her, at least briefly, but his hopes of rescue were dashed with a mere glance. There was no one around them anymore. The bar had fallen to darkened silence, chairs overturned, a layer of dust over everything and the smell of rust in the air. It looked like it had been abandoned for years, even when he distinctly remembered it being a lively, bustling place mere minutes ago. It didn't make sense. Nothing did. And in the growing panic that came as he sat stunned there, dwarfed by her mountainous form that stretched near to the crumbling ceiling, he thought perhaps he ought to struggle, to fight her with everything he had. But the longer he gazed up into her glowing eyes, and basked in the presence of her scent, the closer he wanted to be to her. He couldn't get all that hard anymore, but other parts of his body ached for her, wanting her, needing her. And she wanted him too.

It seemed effortless for her to scoop him right up out of the stool, clutching around his waist with one big hand. How she'd grown so big, he really had no idea. He couldn't think straight anymore. Not with how much blood he'd lost, his head spinning every sensation either blocked by the numbness or made more intense. Her breath upon her face felt like a hot gust of hurricane wind, blowing back his mane while she gave a heavy huff of excitement. His eyes were blurring as his body broke down little by little, but he was still able to watch her tongue working along her chops, along her teeth, cleaning at least some of the blood off of them to prepare to welcome him into their embrace. He didn't want to think about how much damage they could do to his body. They were already as long as his forearm each, and he knew just how hard hyenas could bite. He'd experienced it first hand.

She surprised him by being gentle. Relatively speaking anyway. She was still shoving him headfirst into her open maw, sliding him along her outstretched tongue as it began to coil around his entire body like a snake. It bent and twisted in unnatural ways, choking him slightly as it squeezed some of the air out of his legs. All he could do was wheeze and faintly groan. His blood poured out of his wound as she constricted him, sucking on his whole upper body at once, sealing her lips around his waist. Back and forth he went, sliding along her tongue as she sucked him like a piece of candy, guzzling his crimson while she worked it out of him. He was getting dizzier there in the darkness of her jaws, the echoing sound of schlicking that came with her rolling him around and tasting him from every angle seeming almost deafening. A distinct sense of weakening came with it, his muscles starting to relax, starting to lose the ability to even squirm for her. Her breath steamed in his face, the clamping grip of her gullet beckoning to him, and in the last shreds of his coherence he knew he was in danger. But the hyena just had something so enticing to her, something he couldn't possibly have explained in his diminished state, that he felt anything but fear or disgust as he slipped deeper between her lips.

As big as she had become, he was still a bulge in her throat. His head eased in first, guided along by the constructions of her tongue and suckles bathing him in bloodstained saliva. He could feel her gulping around him, pulling him inwards, locking him tight in that fleshy embrace until he had passed the point of inevitability. He couldn't think much anymore, but he knew he was doomed. Her throat had hold of him, massaging him from all sides with those hungry needs, and from there it was only a matter of time. *GULP* went her throat as she overtook his shoulders, pinning his arms to his sides, *GLURK* the muscles surrounding his face as they squeezed down hard and dragged him deeper and deeper, until there was little more than a pair of wiggly kitty paws and a tufted tail sticking out of her dark black lips. She lingered on that moment for a while, playing her tongue's tip up between his thighs, giving him one last taste, and then she ended up with a toss of her head and a resonant swallow that echoed of finality.

He made a bulge as he descended, one that pushed out on her neck, made a slight shape between her tits, and then finally thudded down into her belly. His weight stretched her and filled her, but he didn't seem to slow her down any. She kept her muzzle pointed towards the ceiling, her eyes closed as she revelled in the blissful sensation of swallowing her prey

whole. Or mostly whole at least, given how grievously she'd wounded him before gulping him down in one big tidal wave of drool. He smacked down hard inside her slimy gut, swiftly compressed by the walls around him, left to curl up while they kneaded and gurgled around him in every direction. If he hoped to settle down and just submit to the impending digestion, he couldn't relax too much with her poking and groping at him, cackling to herself as she lifted him up, dropped him, and groped him all over while she watched her belly jiggle. All the activity on the outside churned up plenty on the inside too, getting some truly damning *glorps* and *splurches* going all around the lion's form, fluids oozing over his body, starting up the sizzling process of converting him to fat and fuel.

The bar was back to normal by the time she took a seat on his stool, far too big for it now, but only getting passing glances from the nearby patrons. She leaned her back against the bar, spreading her arms across it, getting all up in the personal space of several others. Some of them gave her a passing glance of annoyance, but one look at the outline of a lion bulging in her gut was enough to dissuade them from a confrontation, if her size alone wasn't already. The churning just grew louder, tossing and oozing all around the lion while she started to properly digest him, whole and alive, getting him squirming once the sensations kicked in. But there wasn't much he could do anymore, and he wasn't getting any help. Nobody was daring to move or speak to her, giving her nothing more than lingering gazes as she spread her naked, dripping body out for them all to see.

Some people glared, annoyed at the rudeness, or perhaps finding the gruesome sight of her bloody muzzle and breasts to be distasteful. Others stared not in disapproval, but in quiet fascination. Or they were just horny for her. Either way, once her eyes opened again, and she was scanning through the crowd, the red demonic glow shifting over the shapes of various figures like a beacon. Someone was going to be next. Sooner or later. She was going to turn that lion into a permanent part of her body, padding out her curves. Maybe he'd got to her tits, maybe her thighs, or her butt. Or maybe she'd just get a fat gut out of the whole process. It didn't matter. She was going to be plump and satisfied, and he was going to be utterly destroyed, melted, absorbed, and worn as trophy pudge, for little more reason than accidentally attracting the attention of a hungry demon. She wanted dinner. And he was made of meat. That was all the reason she ever needed.