

The Finer Things

Story by Danath

Art by Ursasoul



Feat. Jayce Anders and Lukas Dilay

The Finer Things Part 1

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Jayce Anders and Lukas Dilay © Jayce (<https://jayce.sofurry.com/>)

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Hot steam billowed towards the wooden ceilings, enhancing the smell of musk and sweat in the large sauna. Three long benches ran across the two side walls and the back, each composed of various planks of amber grained wood. On the wall with no seating, a long, trench-like bed of coals smoldered above giant boilers, providing a steady influx of fresh, hot steam. Doors to either side led back into the locker room at the high-end spa housing the sauna.

Across the back bench, Jayce's belly lay pinned against the hot wood, along with most of his chest. A pair of freshly-healed titanium nipple rings dragged across the grain, sending shudders of lust through the lion's slender hips and wide thighs. The rings were large, big enough to hook fingers through. They matched the rings piercing the lion's ears - two on the left, one of the right. His shoulders rose backwards, keeping his head up as his muzzle dropped and a yowl of needy lust surged out. Heavy black-furred paws grasped the lion's shoulders, trying to push him back down.

"Quit wriggling and hold still!"

Jayce wanted to obey, but he couldn't help himself. The slim-waisted lion's spherical bubble-rump stuck up into the air, its progress and movements precisely controlled by the strong paws that ran down his back and clutched at his hips, digging sharp claws through the tawny pelt. The lion's long hair swept around the side of his face, partially obscuring the lean little muzzle as it gaped open in a soundless scream. Strands of cum dribbled from the fur around his lips and nostrils, evidence of previous use.

Jayce's hair, a deep red with a stripe of gold down one part, swished against the planks on the floor as, between his legs, a meaty, pierced nine-inch maleness battered against his belly. Cum dribbled around the pierced tip, dripping from the large shiny ring. Despite being fresh, the piercing was completely healed over and ready to be played with. The lion's shaft looked heavy and fat, a surprising amount of stalk for such a skinny little male. The throbbing pink length jerked up and down as it shot another strand of cum across the wood. Jayce came for the fifth... no, sixth time. He was losing count. The coinpurse sac hanging beneath the stalk looked like a pair of eggs coated in soft, velvet fuzz. Another piercing hung from the bottom of the lion's sac, matching the size of the ring in the pink tip. Muzzle open, tongue out, ass up, all he wanted was for the pit bull behind him to keep spreading him open, taking him and taking him and taking him to places he didn't think possible.

Jayce, at less than five feet tall, was much smaller than the powerfully built, muscular pitbull half-standing, half-kneeling on the bench behind him. The canine's dark red length stretched well over a foot long and was even thicker than the lion's painfully masculine arousal. It slammed into the feline's golden-furred rump, until the pit's hips bounced off the thick rear end. Jayce closed his eyes as the canine's thrusting intensified. He groaned and squealed, gasping and moaning as the heat of the steam room amplified the sensations of being stretched and filled and dominated so completely. The short, skinny male twitched as he came again, minutes

after his last earth shattering orgasm, shooting more ropes of seed across the planks, to the point a mess of cum dribbled onto the floor through the cracks.

As the lion lay in the pool of cum, rump lifted by those huge fingers, he thought back to how he ended up in such a... demeaning... situation...

“We’re not done with this meeting yet!”

The pitbull’s voice, confident and dominant, echoed in the steam room as his paws reached out, flexing around the base of the lion’s tail and his shoulder. The canine’s huge torso inflated as he dragged his cock free of the lion’s warm, hot rump, with ropes of cum dripping and arcing between his broad tip and the plump golden rear end.

With ease, the pitbull sat down on the bench and spread his legs. His paws lifted the lion into position, facing him away, so that Jayce’s narrow shoulders rubbed and squeezed against the pitbull’s firm pecs. The big canine dragged the lion down around his aching pole, using gravity to drive in deep without warning. Jayce’s whole body quivered and clenched, tight and greedy as the foot-plus length plunged to the hilt. The pitbull kept the lion’s thighs spread wide, wider than his own stance, as he leaned back and wrapped both paws around Jayce’s torso. Powerful black-furred fingers and claws squeezed around the lion’s nipples, applying pressure to the rings and making the male cry out even louder, begging for the pitbull’s length.

From there, the muscular canine had complete control. Jayce could only gasp and moan as his fat twink-shaft wiggled and slapped between his thighs. The squelching, wet noises made as the pitbull’s smooth red cock plunging deep under the lion’s tail filled the room as thick seed squirted from around the clenched ring. Jayce leaned back, panting and groaning as the pitbull filled him like no one else could. The lion’s fingers spread across his belly as he felt the rhythmic pounding surging deep. Jayce came again and lifted both arms, reaching behind to hold onto the pitbull’s neck as the canine’s hips pumped upwards, bucking the little lion up and down. Jayce’s chest stuck out, back arced, as his shaft sprayed spurts of cum with each deep grind, first slapping up against his belly before smacking off the wood bench below.

“Good work, Jayce,” the pitbull rumbled, hips still thrusting up and up and up, bodily bouncing the plush, effeminate, noisy feline. “Keep this up and I’ll look into getting you a raise.”

One week earlier...

“You’re both qualified for the position, you both have good records, and you even have the same degrees.”

A tall black stallion with a rich, glossy hide looked down the bridge of his long muzzle, over the top of a pair of slim reading glasses, to where the lion and pitbull sat side by side in the chairs on the other side of his large executive desk.

“Obviously this is an important promotion and one we’re not deciding lightly. As such, we - that is, the senior directors of the firm - have decided to send you both on a corporate retreat.”

Jayce and Lukas glanced at each other. They weren’t particularly friends, just work associates who happened to get matched up based on their similar skill sets. That had been a benefit when one had to cover for the other on

a case, but now it was a problem, as they were both equally qualified to be promoted - and it was a doozy of a promotion. Private office, secretary, company car, and a benefits package that made their current compensation look like peanuts. There were dozens of other perks too, like access to the executive gym on the top floor, and the restaurant that only served top-level employees as well.

The lion ran a paw through his dark red mane, sliding the golden-yellow stripe to the right side of his face. His hair was relatively long for a professional, but he kept his mane tidy, so he'd had no complaints. The navy blue suit he wore framed his shoulders well. Just under six feet tall, he had a classical jawline - for lions, at least - and a fit, limber frame. He worked out regularly and ate well, making sure to keep himself in peak condition. If he wasn't ready for anything, mentally or physically, it was not for lack of trying.

Unfortunately for the lion, Lukas took a similar strategy to work. He attacked it head on, and when he wasn't putting in the hours at the firm, he was at the gym accentuating the very powerful muscles that shifted around beneath his short, glossy black pelt. The pit bull's dark features only accentuated the musculature of his five-foot nine body, though really he wasn't much heavier than the slightly taller Jayce. Pit bulls just showed off better. Like the lion, he wore a suit, a dark gray number.

"The retreat will last from Friday to Sunday. When you come back to work on Monday, we expect the two of you will have sorted out who gets the promotion."

Both lion and canine protested at the same time, but the stallion just raised a hand and turned his head slightly away to look back down at his computer screen.

"It's been decided. The spa you're going to will have more information."

Knowing when not to talk back to an executive is a skill both males possessed, so they simultaneously slinked out of the office. Once in the hall, Lukas glanced at Jayce.

"You know that this is about?" he asked.

The lion shook his head. "No. Never heard of a promotion where the people up for it have to figure out who gets it between themselves," he said, leaning against the wall to the door of the office. "What do they expect us to do? Rock-paper-scissors?"

The pit bull studied the lion for a moment, then turned away. "Guess I'll see you there," he said, tossing a hand up as he went around the corner.

Jayce pushed himself off the wall and shrugged. The pit bull had never been overly friendly, but then again, neither had he. Like Lukas, he was focused on work and had few friends outside of the firm.

Still, if they had to figure it out themselves, hopefully this corporate retreat would tell them how they were supposed to decide.

In the present...

Rivulets of warm, white seed dribbled from Jayce's nostrils. The lion knelt beneath the standing pit bull, who leaned over pressed his paws flat to the wooden wall of the sauna. The canine's hips surged down, straight

down, driving his thickness to the hilt. Waves of cum spread outwards around the lion's stretched lips. The short feline's throat bulged outwards, displaying just how deep the pit bull crammed his maleness. So much seed flooded into the lion's already full belly that most of it ran out of the edges of his muzzle and over his face and neck, coating his entire upper body in a sticky, sweaty layer of masculine jizz. Cum dripped from the lion's pierced nipples as he tried to push back against the energetic thrusts.

Cumming just once in the lion's throat didn't stop Lukas. The nearly seven-foot-tall canine's hips dragged back up and then, with only the tip spreading the lion's lips, drove down, hard and fast. The lion didn't even gag - his gag reflex was long gone, nothing but a slight memory from before his throat was stuffed full of his boss's magnificent canine stalk. The pitbull's musk-filled crotch fur ground into his nostrils, crinkling his muzzle, every time the canine decided to treat the little lion to a full-on throating - which at the moment was every few seconds.

Both of Jayce's paws cradled the heavy, roiling black balls descending from the pit bull's crotch. Each orb was almost as big as the lion's head. He pressed his fingers into the flesh and fur, kneading them until the canine's growl echoed around the steam room. Again and again the pit's thighs flexed, smothering the lion in seed below, until even the red in his hair was almost totally washed out by thick white essence.

"Don't forget... to put my appointment with the directors... on my calendar," Lukas said, his voice rasping in time to his steady thrusting.

Jayce heard, but could only squeeze the pit bull's big nuts all the harder as the huge male's body slammed down into his own. His fat rear end squeezed around his feet as he was pushed down tighter and tighter with each gut-churning thrust. The lion's cock looked big for his body, too big, as it waved and spluttered between his plush, round thighs. His belly, flat and smooth except for the growing bulge formed by the canine's seed, rippled and flexed. Soft to the touch, with nary a hint of muscle, the little lion was the perfect fucktoy: flexible, stretchable, and incredibly eager. Especially with the new jewelry provided by the spa - the pitbull liked the way the thin silver chains hung between the lion's pierced teats, with a third chain running down to connect to the Prince Albert. Subservient and willing - a good combination for a model secretary. Ambitions within the company were a thing of the past for the lion, Lukas knew, replaced by ambition to please his new boss and boyfriend. The canine's white fangs flashed as he grinned, lowering his head to watch as his massive stalk drove deep into the lion's warm, wet throat yet again.

"And I'll give you some petty cash on Monday so you can buy yourself some appropriate work clothes. No more suits for my gorgeous little secretary..."

Three days ago...

"Welcome to the Hyperion Select Spa!"

A perky dark brown otter in a pair of white shorts and a matching white polo shirt smiled at Lukas and Jayce from behind a podium. The podium, located near the massive glass doors forming the entrance to the spa, only came up to Jayce's hips.

"Let's see... you must be Mr. Jayce Anders and Mr. Lukas Dilay, yes?"

The lion and pit bull nodded in turn.

“Wonderful! I see you’re here for our corporate retreat package. Is it just the two of you up for that promotion?”

Lukas glanced at the lion, but Jayce seemed equally confused as to how the otter knew they were trying to get an upgrade at work.

“How’d you-” Jayce started, but the otter cut him off.

“Oh, we get people from your firm occasionally, that’s all.”

So other people had been promoted by this strange method too, Jayce thought. Come to think of it, about two years ago he knew a few people in the accounting department who were sent to a spa while they were up for the same job, but he didn’t recall hearing about how that went for them. Strange that he hadn’t thought about it until now.

“You two have a busy schedule!” the otter said. “I’m Mattie, short for Matthias, don’t ask, and if you have any questions while you’re here, just ask me! Now, it’s time for you to get started on your schedules - busy busy busy!”

The otter’s quick pace caught both canine and feline off guard. They followed as Mattie scurried through the large, open structure, past frosted glass walls forming private rooms for massages and other services. They went past a large swimming pool and a series of hot tubs and saunas, all with signs labeling the heat and if they were in use or not.

“Now, gentlemen, if you’ll excuse me,” Mattie said, motioning them through a non-descript door, “I’ll leave you in the good hands of Philip here.”

Another otter waited inside the room, which featured two large salon-like chairs. The walls were frosted glass, with marble floors and ceilings. Very classy. Light, calming music played on hidden speakers as the two wannabe-executives glanced around, wondering what to do next.

“I’m Philip and I’ll be handling your first session today. We’re going to trim, clean, and primp your pelts until they’re looking fantastic!”

“We?” Jayce asked.

“Oh, right!” Philip said, as though he’d forgotten something.

Lifting both paws, the otter, who stood no more than five feet tall, clapped his hands together. Instantly a door opened on the other side of the room and five additional otters trooped in, all carrying various brushes, combs, scissors, and other tools.

Lukas, more bemused than anything, allowed himself to be stripped down and guided into the salon chair. He placed a white towel proffered by Philip across his lap before settling back in. Jayce followed suit. It was a little strange being naked in front of the other person up for his promotion, but he tried to relax and put it out of his mind. To be honest, the lion enjoyed being pampered once in a while. He flexed his claws out as one of the otters took a seat at his arm and went to work on the tips. Another otter rubbed fingers into his hair, drawing it

out and untangling it, while the third was working on his feet, not just cleaning and sharpening his claws, but massaging his ankles and calves as well.

For as much as Jayce enjoyed the spa treatment, Lukas found he had little patience for it. The fur trim took minutes, as he was careful about keeping his pelt short, but even he had to admit it was nice getting a good head-to-tail shampoo from professionals. It was almost like a bath in a chair, but he was still glad when it was over.

Lukas glanced over at Jayce and cocked an eyebrow. The lion was rumbling as he lay back in the chair, absolutely relaxed and at peace as the otter attendants picked at his claws and snipped at his mane.

Back in the present...

Jayce was, fortunately, very good at holding his breath. He had to be, as the pit bull insisted on the deepest hot tub, then immediately tugged the fat-rumped lion onto his lap. The hot water helped relax the feline as the big shaft pumped into his rump, filling him for what must have been the tenth time since breakfast. Each time the pit bull wanted to bottom out, he shoved down on the lion's shoulders, dunking the feline completely under the water.

Lukas grinned as he leaned back, finding the hot tub and the sauna two of the better options available during his free time at the spa. After such a stressful schedule the past two days, having a day off meant he could take a break from the fru-fru nail polishing and teeth whitening. The fitness seminars were interesting, especially the slideshow explaining executive-employee relations, and how having the biggest and strongest body ensured cooperation from subordinates. He'd enjoyed that, plus afterwards, the lion choked down a few more loads. Lukas knew he was lucky to get such a devoted, thoughtful, and sexy little secretary. Sitting through hours of primping and preening might just be worth it.

The big canine's muscles flexed as he shoved the lion down again, silencing the constant moaning and exchanging it for a few blubs and gurgles. The pit bull grinned as he wrapped his fingers into the lion's waist-length hair, getting a good handful as he dragged the floating fucktoy back up.

Jayce emerged gasping, drenched in hot water. His legs kicked in the water as he reached back with his paws, trying to get a grip on the pit bull's short, glossy pelt. His claws scrabbled across the huge male's powerful pecs and deep-cut abs before he felt the paw gripping his hair tighten up. He barely managed a lungful of air before the canine shoved him down by pressing on his head, between his flicking ears.

The lion's shaft, a surprisingly nice and large piece of maleness for such a short, twinkly feline, shot jets of cum into the swirling water. The pit bull's massive length, close to three times the size of the lion's shaft, stretched into the feline's body, filling the hot, warm insides and grinding against his walls.

Lukas grunted as he leaned back, head tipping over the side of the hot tub. One arm stretched lazily across the edge as the other rested on top of Jayce's head, holding him in place. The canine grinned as he suddenly flexed his hips upwards, roughly and heavily thrusting, short and fast. Small waves of water lapped over the edge of the hot tub as he drove his aching cock deep, burying it where it belonged, lodging it inside his new office girlfriend. The pit bull reached out, black fur dripping with water, and wrapped his fingers around his

secretary's chest. Jayce's gurgles turned to yowls as water coursed from his long fur. Lukas's fingers pinched and squeezed at his nipples, further teasing the stretched out lion twink. The pit bull groaned as he realized the lion's control buttons got all sorts of squeezing and clenching going on down below, and soon he had both paws eagerly molesting the wriggling male's slender chest.

Good things rarely last for long, however, and Lukas couldn't hold back as the lion's fat rump tightened up particularly nicely around the entire length of his throbbing stalk. He growled and leaned forward, surging through the water, to stuff the gasping lion half over the opposite side of the tub. He leaned down, muscular chest pinning the squirming feline.

The following few minutes of fucking left Jayce panting and sore. Cum spat from his clenching tailhole as the big canine's hips drew back completely, fully exiting the twinky little lion, only to slide in to the hilt in a single powerful thrust. Black-furred fingers wrapped around Jayce's belly, almost completely encircling it, as the pit bull's thighs crushed forward, sending more waves of water spilling over the side of the hot tub.

Again and again he pounded the lion's ass, cumming hard all the while, not slowing down for a second as he emptied his powerful, low-hanging balls once more into his subordinate. When he felt a particularly full surge swelling at the base of his shaft, Lukas leaned backwards, lifting the squealing lion completely out of the water, and dragged him down with both muscular arms, biceps flexing and hamstrings pulling as the lion's rump wrapped around each and every inch of the pit bull's fantastic member.

Cum rolled down Lukas's thighs as he sank back into the water, sighing with pleasure as his cock pulsed inside Jayce's warm body.

"Give me a minute and we'll go again," the pit bull said, his voice a pleasant sigh. "Hot tubs are just so relaxing..."

Two days ago...

Lukas grumbled and rolled his eyes. The entire previous day was spent in one chair or another as a variety of otters did a variety of things, none of which were necessary. Was the goal of the spa to see who would break first? Who would crack and go crazy from the constant smell of perfume and oils? Lukas was altogether tired of smelling nothing but incense and otters.

Speaking of otters, the pit bull secured his towel around his hips as he watched Mattie approach. Jayce was just behind him. The lion looked good, Lukas thought. Perfect mane, soft fur, washboard abs...

The pit bull shook his head, banishing such thoughts. He was here to get a promotion. This was work, not play.

Jayce, however, was not thinking much about work. Lukas noticed the lion's walk was strange. He didn't just stroll, but minced. And was he shorter than the day before? The lion apparently didn't realize anything was amis, as he grinned at Lukas when he approached.

"I got up early this morning and got my claws resharpened again. They look so good! And do you know they do piercings here? Mattie was telling me about them... what do you think? Should I get some?"

The lion flexed his fingers, popping out the claws on his left paw. They glinted in the light as Mattie looked on approvingly.

“I’m really going to have to get this done more often,” the lion said, his voice a purr.

Lukas just shook his head. Had the lion completely forgot why they were here? He’d asked Mattie a few times yesterday about how they were supposed to decide who got the promotion. He’d even tried to talk to Jayce about it, but those damn otters kept whisking them away to one new activity after another.

Today, he’d been told to show up in a towel at the saunas for a deep tissue massage. At least it wasn’t a salon chair again.

Four otters each herded Jayce and Lukas into the steam room, a small one used for massages. There were no benches, only two large platforms set low to the ground with holes in the end for them to place their faces. Once on the bed, and with four pairs of otter paws hitting each and every one of his muscle groups from his neck to his ankles, Lukas found himself losing focus for the first time all weekend. It was hard not to. Those powerful fingers pinched and squeezed and pressed enough to make him twitch up and down his spine.

The pit bull glanced over at Jayce, who was in a similar state. The lion looked like he was enjoying himself even more than the canine, though - his eyes were closed and his body was completely limp, all his muscles inert as the otter attendants swarmed around them. All eight wore white shorts and white polos like Mattie’s, though their name badges were different. Lukas tried to check them to see what their names were, but it was hard to focus with so many paws grasping at his legs and arms.

A low moan echoed through the room. Lukas’s head shot up and he looked sharply over at the lion, who exhaled again just as loudly, a satisfied and nearly lewd noise that made Lukas feel a twinge of something funny in his nethers.

Chalking it up to a professional massage, the pit bull laid his head back down and once more tried to relax.

He wasn’t sure how much time passed before Mattie tapped his shoulder.

“Roll over, please.”

Lukas’s ears went back as he realized rolling onto his back might not be the best idea, as he’d popped a very definite boner during the intense massage. That didn’t seem to bother the lion, though, whose erection flopped against his belly as he turned onto his backside. Lukas shook his head and followed suit, hoping the otters were used to this sort of thing.

Once more the paws attacked, rubbing and pushing and stretching his pelt. Fingers dug into the fur around his shoulders, his pecs, even his belly and sides. Otterish fingers came perilously close to his erection, now throbbing and lifting off from his lower belly rhythmically as his breathing grew quicker.

A steady series of moans filled the air from Jayce as the lion’s hips shifted. Lukas turned, watching through glazed eyes as an otter’s paw stretched across the lion’s maleness, grasped it, and pulled it forward. Fingers rubbed into the skin, working up and down slowly, making the lion wriggle and shiver under the remaining three otter’s paws.

When an otter did the same to his own arousal, Lukas's ears snapped back and his tail stopped wagging. His maleness flexed, releasing a spray of pre-cum into a waiting muzzle. Soon a tongue, then lips, then another pair of lips on his balls, then more otters pressing across his hard chest and belly, smothering him as they worked their paws and mouths against him.

Lukas groaned as he stretched his arms out. The otters scrambled across, still rubbing and massaging his chest and shoulders. One sat across his hips and dragged his tail across the pit bull's legs, lining his firm rump up against the tip of the larger male's shaft, a nice eight-inch piece.

Jayce, rather than finding an otter riding him, found himself riding an otter. Two of the short-legged males pulled his legs to the sides as a third slid between, both of his paws stretching out and kneading the lion's chest as he worked himself in slowly. Another otter turned the lion's muzzle to the side, deliberately pressing a thick pink length up against the feline's lips until they parted.

A full-blown orgy developed. With four otters on each of the pit bull and lion, neither had much idea what was going on only a few feet away on the other platform. On Lukas's side, one firm, lithe male after another climbed aboard his hips, clenching and squeezing and riding him until he came, refusing to unclench until satisfied. The constant massage made him feel so warm and comfortable that he could barely even lift his hips to meet the lean little otter's perky hips.

Jayce was hardly able to move at all. Two of the otters shared his rump, from above and behind, distending his tail hole with their stubby, thick shafts. The other two shared his muzzle, though one had the kindness to tease his cock with the tip of a tapered tail.

As the otters worked the two males over, Lukas's breathing grew heavy and full. His chest expanded bit by bit, slowly growing outwards as his pecs and abs enlarged, showing off the muscles beneath the flexing black pelt in even finer detail. The pit bull's biceps curled as he moved his arms, matched in growth by his long thighs and calves. The otter currently straddling his maleness - Lukas blearily stared at the nametag, but couldn't read it - gasped as his erection surged upwards, thickening and growing. It was slow growth, but steady. And it felt incredible.

Jayce, however, went the other way. The otters humping at his rump and muzzle each deposited a load or three as the lion's chest dipped, shallowing out. His hard pectorals softened, getting slightly chubby almost as they sat above a now smooth length of belly. The lion's mane became less prominent around his head, though his hair didn't get any shorter.

The lion wasn't sure how long it lasted. It could have been hours. He didn't care - all he needed was currently pumping into his hips and muzzle.

Lukas, however, was more calculating. As his body buffed out, his brain went into overdrive, re-calculating and plotting various case details. Half his mind focused on the intense feel of the otters squirming around his thickening stalk, but the other half of his mind was pure business. A smile spread across his lips as he heard Jayce's desperate, lewd grunts and moans.

"Mattie," he said, reaching out a large black paw to snag one of the otters waiting for a turn at Jayce's muzzle, "I'd like to schedule at least three more of these sessions before lunch."

The otter grinned and slid a paw across the fine, short fur of the pit bull's black chest.

"If you check your schedule, sir, you'll see we have nothing else planned until after lunch."

"In that case... more attendants, please. I think Jayce still has some room in his muzzle..."

"Yes, sir!"

Back in the present...

"Thank you both very much for your patronage," Mattie said, smiling and nodding. To either side of him, a dozen or more otters in matching white shorts and polo shirts also nodded.

"Thank you!" they all said in unison.

"You're welcome," Lukas replied. The pit bull grinned from behind a pair of sunglasses. A navy sport coat hung from his fingers, matching the pants and white button-up he wore. A flashy red tie completed the ensemble. He stood near the front doors, a small parting gift bag hanging from one paw. It had some fur creams and other amenities.

At his side, Jayce grinned as well and waved. A full two feet shorter than the pit bull now, he was markedly different than when he'd arrived. His fluffy chest fur sprouted from the cut-out of a v-neck t-shirt, which clung to his slender chest and belly, outlining the curves of his soft fur and figure. The thin cotton stretched across the twin circles of the lion's large nipple piercings. The lion's belly was exposed by the crop top, showing off the stud in his bellybutton. Most prominently, perhaps, was the cute, intricately carved ring now piercing the lion's nose. It featured a small clasp through which a lead could be attached. The small script read, on close inspection, "Property of Lukas Dilay. If found, please return." There was a phone number as well.

Lower, a pair of white shorts - a gift from Mattie - squeezed around a fluffy, pert lion butt, easily too large for his hips but somehow staying tight and elevated. His long ropelike tail wiggled behind, the red and gold tuft sweeping upwards occasionally, or brushing playfully across the back of the pit bull's pants. In the front, the outline of Jayce's permanently half-hard stalk bulged outwards, forcing the shorts to stretch around the fat Prince Albert at the tip of his maleness.

Jayce held a clipboard in his paws and had a bluetooth headset in one ear, which grabbed his attention. Turning his head aside, he spoke in low tones as he ruffled through paperwork - there was a lot to do to prepare Mr. Dilay's office for Monday morning.

"Mr. Dilay will arrive at six tonight. Please have his table ready. Yes, thank you." There was a pause, then the lion continued speaking. "Yes, hello, I'm Mr. Dilay's secretary. We need to have some alterations made to his suits... yes... yes... especially the front, yes, of course... please hold... Mr. Dilay's office... no, we ordered the double-king bed for the master bedroom. Yes, and remove the carpets. Put in something waterproof. Hello, Mr. Dilay's office, please hold..."

Lukas sauntered through the doors, followed by the twinkly little lion, whose tush bobbed with each step as the light shined off the white fabric. The pit bull found the company car waiting on the driveway outside and got into the back seat, followed by Jayce, who was still setting up details for the canine's evening appointments.

"Tell them you'll have to call back," Lukas said, reaching for the bulge in his pants. He leaned back across the back bench seat as the grinning lion quickly ended his calls and knelt between the black-furred muscle-canine's legs, both paws reaching into the canine's pants to drag the familiar red erection free. Lukas reached out and snapped a small, glossy black lead to the lion's nose piercing as the car door swung closed, hiding whatever came next behind the dark-tinted windows.

Mattie held up a \$20 bill, which the otter next to him plucked from his fingers as the car drove away.

"I always lose when I bet on the lions," he complained.

The End

The Finer Things Part 2

By Danath

Jayce Anders and Lukas Dilay © Jayce

* * *

Lukas leaned back in the tall leather chair. He held a stack of papers in one large, black-furred paw while the other drummed fingers along the top of his glossy black desk. The modern furniture befitted the view: a spectacular look out across the city through the floor-to-ceiling windows of the muscular pit bull's office. He'd had it for close to six months, ever since he won the promotion over his rival. The pit bull smirked as he thought back to Jayce - the lion's aptitude for business was still there, just hidden beneath a few layers of horny lion slut.

"How ya doin' down there?" the big male asked. Standing seven feet tall, the wide-bodied canine carried an equally impressive shaft with a fat knot at the base. It was that very knot currently stretching Jayce's lips as wide as they'd go. The lion's eyes stared up at his boss as the fat red length speared into his throat again and again. He almost hurled himself onto the huge length, desperate to taste it all, needing to feel that knot fill his mouth and push his tongue out of the way...

That huge knot was new. It formed only a few weeks ago, overnight, surprising the lion for a moment the first time he felt it grind up under his tail. The pit bull didn't seem to notice anything was different when he tied the lion and pumped a few loads into his guts, though he did get annoyed when the much smaller male couldn't get himself back off again without waiting half an hour for it to go down.

With the muzzle, though, the story was different. Lukas tried everything he could to knot his secretary's hot little muzzle, but he was just too damn big. Jayce moaned and shoved, trying as hard as he could to get his mouth open just a little wider, to get his throat just a little looser...

But once again, it wasn't to be. Lukas grunted and moved his paw from the desk to the top of the lion's head, clutching it for a moment before dropping lower. The pit bull's lips pulled back in a vicious grin as he tugged on the lead, which was fastened to the titanium ring piercing the lion's nose. The skinny, lean male's hips wiggled as he realized he was about to get his afternoon snack.

"Ahhh... that's it..."

Jayce's pierced nipples pulled taut as the canine's stalk swelled. He closed his eyes, muzzle scrunching as involuntary tears rolled down his cheeks. The canine's thickness blasted down his throat, filling and surging.

But the lion was an expert after six solid months of training. The twinkly lion's backside rolled as he forced his throat open. The waves of hot, sticky seed coated his insides over the next several minutes. His paws gripped and stroked the pit bull's heavy balls as the male returned his gaze to the papers in his paw. His other arm lazily tugged on the lead, forcing Jayce to keep his fat meat plunged far down the small feline's jaws.

As the last few trickles of seed emptied into his full stomach, Jayce sagged forward, ears back. His eyes closed as he felt the warm, throbbing, familiar length rest in his throat, hot and warm and flavorful. The pit bull's musk filled his nostrils, feeding his own arousal. Jayce's cock quivered in the tight pink panties clinging to the dripping length. His meat was huge for his tiny frame, far too large for such a small, skinny feline. The big cat's thick hips shifted as he rubbed his thighs together out of frustration. He was so hard, and Lukas hadn't let him cum for days now.

As if reading the cat's mind, the pit bull's chest flexed when he leaned forward and reached down, flipping up the short white skirt draping around the femmy male's wide hips.

"Heh... look at you... hard as can be," he said, grunting as he squeezed the lion's head into his crotch with his bulky chest. He reached out and gripped the lion's tail at the base, pulling on it firmly upwards, while pulling the lead attached to his nose ring forward, eliciting a whole series of ecstatic little wriggles from the sensitive feline.

It was true. The lion's huge stalk was an angry shade as it flexed outwards against the expensive silk panties Lukas made him wear. The feline's member stretched the waistband as rivulets of pre-cum rolled down the tip.

"Maybe I'll let you cum tonight if you finish all your paperwork."

"Mmmff ooo mrr!"

"You're welcome. When you've finished cleaning me up, get back to work."

Lukas sighed as he felt the lion's warm muzzle drag free of his fat member. It flopped into the small male's paws as Jayce eagerly and expertly licked the throbbing red stalk from the tip all the way down to the sensitive, fat knot. The lion paid special attention to the huge ball of flesh, using long and slow licks to gently swathe the fat, veiny ball with saliva until it shone under the lights.

The pit bull was deep in his papers and research, firing off emails and making phone calls, when the lion finished cleaning the incredible member. The twinkly male purred as he gently eased it back into his boss's pants, zipped him up, and gave it a fond farewell pat. Lukas didn't even notice when the lion crawled out from under the desk, straightened his cute little skirt and top, and flounced back to his office, big hips swaying with every step.

The lion was barely back in his chair at the small desk outside Lukas's large office when his phone rang.

"Mr. Dilay's office. Yes, of course, sir. Immediately, sir. I'll let him know right away, sir. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, I am enjoying my new position. No, sir, of course not, sir. Yes, sir. Yes, sir... yes, sir, I'll ask Mr. Dilay when my schedule will permit me. Of course, sir. Yes, sir, thank you. I do have a nice fat ass, yes, sir. Thank you, goodbye, sir."

Jayce shook his head as he set his phone back in the cradle. The law firms partners were notorious for sleazing their way through the junior partners' secretaries, but Jayce only had eyes for the pit bull.

He stood up and checked his outfit was hanging nicely on his lean, smooth frame, before tapping on the door to Lukas's office and sliding open the door to poke his head in.

"Mr. Benedicts called, sir. He'd like you and I to go to another corporate retreat. Says you may just be ready for partner! Isn't that great?"

Six months ago, Jayce would have choked on those words, spoken to his former rival. But now, the cute lion's face beamed positivity at the good news for his boyfriend. The pit bull sat up in his chair and smacked his palm against the desk.

"Hot damn! It's about time. I know it's only been six months, but I've made them more money than anyone else has in the last twelve months!"

The lion stepped inside the office and approached the desk, leaning forward and purring as he stood on his tiptoes. His long tail swung upwards as he naturally bared his rump and neck while leaning forward.

"It's wonderful news! We're supposed to go to the Hyperion Select Spa again this weekend!"

Lukas's white fangs bared in a smile as he nodded at the feline. "Excellent. I was wondering if we shouldn't take another trip there anyways."

"I'll make all the arrangements!"

"Good boy."

Jayce blushed through his tan fur as he spun around and strutted out, a purr growing in his chest as he imagined his powerful, muscular pitbull boyfriend a partner. A partner! It was going to be a lot of work, but Jayce would do anything he could to help his large pit bull succeed. While he preferred riding the big, buff pit bull's thick cock, he didn't mind running to the dry cleaners, fetching coffee, taking notes, answering messages, or polishing the canine's shoes and ironing his suits. Whatever it took to please Lukas...

The rest of the week flew by. Between tending to Lukas's very urgent needs and nursing his own arousal - Lukas still hadn't let him cum when they were getting in the car to head to the spa - the time flew by. Before he

knew it, the lion was rushing forward to greet Mattie, the lithe otter manager of Hyperion Select Spa. Lukas took his time getting out of the company car as several more cute otters rushed forward for their bags, all wearing matching uniforms of short white pants and white polo shirts. They were remarkably similar, even Mattie: dark brown pelt, smooth and narrow chest, wide hips and plush rumps, plus fat tails that draped nearly to the floor behind him as they ran around. None were more than five and a half feet tall and most were closer to five. Lukas smirked as he watched them, wondering if he'd have a chance to bed any of them again while he was here.

As Mattie and Jayce chatted excitedly, something gripping their hands together and bouncing up and down, Lukas looked around the large marble lobby. He saw a familiar figure striding towards him and smiled even wider.

“Sven!”

“Lukas!”

A large caribou with an impressive rack of antlers stuck out his hand, shaking Lukas's vigorously. The caribou blunt teeth showed in a smile as he squeezed the canine's paw.

“Been two years, I think. Since the Jennison deposition, right?”

“Yup. Heard you made partner last year, too.”

“I heard you're going to make partner next week.”

“Keeping tabs on me, eh?”

“Gotta keep an eye on the competition!”

The two muscular males laughed, then Lukas nodded towards the antlered male's large white towel, the only thing he wore around his powerful body. Counting the antlers, he was almost nine feet tall in total, though without them, he was close to Lukas's size.

“Here for the weekend?”

“Nah, this is my last day,” the caribou said.

The towel suddenly moved, though Sven didn't. Lukas merely raised an eyebrow as the caribou's grin turned somewhat sheepish.

“Don't tell Terry,” he said, mocking a whisper, before pulling the towel partly open, revealing what was going on beneath. A pair of very short otters clung to the backs of the caribou's legs. Their paws kept the big male's arousal pointed downwards as they stroked and teased it between his thighs, using their muzzles and one paw each, as the other paws wrapped around his thighs. They crouched on his hooves so that as he walked, he carried and lifted them around.

The caribou snickered as he re-wrapped the towel around his hips.

“You know I just asked them to put a little weight on my legs when I was working out earlier and they’ve been down there three hours? I tell you, this spa has fantastic service.”

The caribou laughed again, then grunted as a gasp echoed up from beneath his fat sac.

“Anyways, I’m surprised you made partner,” Sven continued. “They usually only promote the married guys.”

“Oh?” Lukas asked, noncommittal as his eyes swung to the sides, eyeballing the lithe lion as he gestured with Mattie. “Is that so?”

“Yeah, usually they want people in a committed relationship - no drama, no lawsuits.” Sven slapped the pit bull’s shoulder. “But hey, the bachelor life suits you, huh? Listen, I gotta run... these two otters are... nnnff... oh man, they just found the... nnnngggghhh... I’ll see you later, okay? Good catching up!”

The caribou waddled off with significantly more trouble than he had when he entered. Just outside the doorway, Lukas could hear the big male’s excited moan as well as a pair of giggles.

“Mr. Dilay, this way please! Your rooms are ready and then it’s time for your first appointment!”

The next morning, Lukas lay in bed, covers halfway up his fit and muscular figure. Jayce curled up against his side, nestling against the canine’s huge bicep. The big dog grinned as he slowly stroked his fingers across the lion’s ears, but something was off. Lukas knew every single inch of the sleek and sultry lion’s hot little body. He’d spent hours exploring and teasing and groping the feline’s smooth, round hips and big fat cock. Looking over, the pit bull’s eyes blinked a few times as a sliver of light snuck in around the curtains, illuminating the lion’s head. Rather than triangular tan lion ears, a pair of rounded, dark brown nubs rested on top of the feline’s head.

That was a little odd. Lukas grinned as he pinched them, earning a warning growl from the sleepy feline. Still, they were cute...

Jayce woke up then and stretched, curling his arms and legs in all directions before flopping his torso across the huge canine’s and nuzzling his nose up under the pit bull’s chin. Lukas’s big paws slid down the lion’s shoulders and back as the little male rippled against him, purring contentedly. They’d had a fun, long night - the pit bull finally let the poor lion cum, and Jayce didn’t stop, with Lukas’s help, until the early hours of the morning.

Of course, Jayce’s sex drive was just as intense as the pit bull’s, and within minutes their muzzles locked together as the lion’s skinny hips pounded down, soaking up every fat inch of the dominant canine’s rock hard morning wood. Huge black-furred paws gripped at Jayce’s hips, squeezing him in close, wrapping him up and holding him immobile as the canine leaned forward, getting onto all fours. Jayce clung to his neck and locked his legs as far as he could around Lukas’s wide hips before the canine surged forward.

Lukas’s quavering moans over the next thirty minutes attracted the attention of more than a few otters passing by on the way to their regular duties. They crowded around the keyhole, ears flicking and listening as Jayce’s

high pitched gasps and groans and pleadings for more, daddy, more echoed into the hallway. Snickering and jostling for position, a half dozen hot little otters were getting overly excited when Mattie appeared.

“Hey, shoo! Get back to work!” he hissed, swatting at various otter rumps as the group fled, laughing and shoving each other as they resumed their jobs. Mattie shook his head before leaning against the door.

“Nnnnnnnnaaaahhhhhhhhhh!”

The loudest, highest, heavenliest moan yet rocketed out of Jayce’s lips as the big male’s knot squeezed inside his plump, round rump. The lion’s claws dug into Lukas’s short pelt as the canine’s body pumped hard and fast, short strokes, almost uncontrollable as the canine’s teeth bared and his growl quickly rose in volume.

“Rrrrrarraaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!”

Jayce’s arms went limp as the canine’s knot swelled. His shoulders hit the bed covers and his legs fell to the sides, pulled down in an arch from his hips, but his rump stayed high up off the bed, hanging from the canine’s overly large knot. Lukas’s eyes closed as he kept thrusting, hammering his shaft into the lion’s belly as it flooded with his seed. Each pounding movement caused Jayce to ragdoll across the bedcovers, narrow shoulders and bulging belly swaying opposite directions.

Lukas grinned, flushed and hot, breathing hard. He leaned back, lifting his arms to run his paws through his head fur, and grunted as he shifted his hips. Every little movement made the moaning, mewling femboy lion attached to his knot groan just so. The pit bull’s paw reached down and slid over Jayce’s chest. His claw snagged one of the lion’s nipple piercings, tugging until the exhausted feline’s cock slapped against his belly. Still not satisfied, Lukas’s other paw joined in, pinching and pulling and twisting the nipple rings until Jayce was squirming and squeezing and clenching around his massive shaft and fat knot all over again.

When, a few minutes later, he pulled the lion up into his arms and lay back, gently stroking the small male’s lower back, he heard a knock on the door, he didn’t even bother pulling the blanket over the two of them.

“Come in!” he barked, unhappy to be interrupted during the afterglow, when Jayce was always at his most exhausted and cutest.

The door cracked open. Mattie barely gave the canine’s hips a second look until he realized where the male’s big knot was. That piqued the otter’s interest and he took a few steps into the room, eyes wide as he watched the lion’s cheeks rhythmically clench and unclench around the base of the pit bull’s red stalk.

“Uh... your first appointment is in fifteen minutes,” Mattie said. “I just wanted to make sure you were aware.”

The canine grinned and slapped both of his paws around the lion’s ass, making the cheeks jiggle. He pulled upwards, stretching his shaft and pulling the knot back against Jayce’s ring. The lion’s eyes popped open as a yowl leapt from his muzzle, continuing until the pit bull’s claws released the squirming male’s fat rump.

“Hmm... I think I’m gonna need at least thirty,” the pit bull said. “Sorry.”

“Uh... wow... no problem,” Mattie said, eyes even wider than before after the pit bull’s brazen display.

“You... tease... too much,” Jayce gasped, once Mattie left.

Lukas's eyes shone in the shadows of the darkened room.

"You don't know teasing, kitty..."

"Oooh!"

It was almost an hour later when the two emerged. They spent the morning getting massages and soaking in hot tubs. After lunch, they went for a session in the sauna. The lion lay across the pit bull's lap, purring and flicking his otterish new ears at the big male, staring as the beefcake's huge pecs bounced up and down.

It wasn't until after dinner that Mattie brought them to the final appointment of the short weekend trip. Their Sunday was, as last time, open for them to enjoy however they liked.

The lion and pitbull both wore nothing but the white towels provided by the Hyperion Select Spa as Mattie led them through the swimming pool and into a back room.

"Another massage?" Lukas asked as they paused in front of a door.

"Not quite," Mattie said. The otter reached out and pressed open the door.

A line of six otters at least four otters deep greeted them on the other side. All wore the smart, simple white uniforms of the club. Though they varied in height somewhat, all featured big plump rear ends, skinny and smooth bellies, deep plush pelts, and a broad, thick maleness hanging from full sheaths. Lukas felt his heartbeat pounding as he surveyed the arranged otters. Each one was more of a snack than the last with their smooth thighs and calves and limber arms. Several had piercings - belly, nipples, even a few sheath and cock piercings among the crowd.

Beside the black-furred pitbull, the little lion's eyes widened. He leaned against Lukas and gripped at his thighs, claws kneading the muscles as he instantly got hard at the sight.

"Wow," he whispered.

Mattie strode past them and then turned, smiling.

"Mr. Dilay, it gives me great pleasure to inform you that the law firm of Benedicts-Zucker is offering you a partnership. Will you accept?"

The pit bull glanced at the lion, who beamed back up at him. "Of course," he grunted, hiding the elation he felt on the inside.

"Woo!"

Jayce's exuberant outburst echoed as the assembled otters snapped to attention. Mattie grinned and pointed at Lukas.

"With that in mind, consider this your 'I made partner!' party, courtesy of the Benedicts-Zucker Law Firm," Mattie said.

The lead otter snapped his fingers and the furry horde broke ranks. The large doors of the room slammed shut behind as two dozen nimble otters swarmed the two, pushing and urging them on into the center of the room. The floor dropped into long steps that curled around in opposite directions, forming two areas of sunken couches. Jayce wiggled as firm fingers pulled him down into one side while the bemused Lukas went along with the rest, who tugged him down into the other pit.

The towels went flying out of each pit simultaneously. Lukas shook his head as he leaned back on one of the couches, casual and refined. He snapped his fingers and, a moment later, an appropriate drink appeared in his fingers. Four or five effeminate otters draped across the pit bull's chest, fingers kneading into his pecs and abs. Noses nuzzled his arms and legs as even more paws stroked down his legs and then back up against the lie of the fur, sending a shiver up his spine. The tall, muscular canine glanced over at the lion's pit of otters and shook his head.

"This is why I was promoted in the first place," the big male said, his voice a low growl of pleasure as the first few inches of his thick maleness disappeared into a brown-pelted muzzle. The otters giggled as they ran their paws around his nipples, oohing and aahing about his size. "You never could handle yourself in a crowd."

The lion couldn't hear the pit bull, of course. If Lukas was holding court over a subservient group of loyal cocksuckers, then Jayce was fending off a horde of wild barbarians. Otters leapt at him, pinning him down, dogpiling up until a few managed to break him out into the open. Eight or nine paws wrapped around his face, completely covering his head with soft digits as Mattie stepped up. The otter grinned as he squirmed between Jayce's spread thighs as the otters summarily hoisted him into the air.

The lion's hips flexed as he felt sharp little claws everywhere. Everywhere on his body. His hard, too-large cock, his plump hips, his ears and neck and belly and shoulders and everywhere. And where the claws weren't sliding through his fur, a warm, fat otter cock was. Mattie couldn't even find a place to grab the lion as he thrust his hips forward, pumping deep and hard. Beneath, another otter tried to fit the lion's shaft into his muzzle and found it more difficult than he thought.

The lion's eyes glazed beneath his closed eyelids as two otter shaft dipped between his lips, stretching his mouth almost as wide as when he tried to deep throat his boyfriend's knot. A third otter found his way in, filling what little space remained. Three fat, moist ottershafts plunged in and out, alternating, keeping his cheeks constantly full and his lips impossibly stretched.

The first load of otter seed splattered across his lower back. As it seeped into his golden tan pelt, the fur darkened in color. Even more fur grew in, all of it incredibly fine and incredibly dense, but still soft and plush to the feel. His fur darkened to brown, a deep and rich shade of chestnut. Another load rained a few ropes of otter cum across his right paw, which grasped at whatever cock or sac thrust its way. As with his backside, the fur changed, darkening and growing dense, matching that of the otters surrounding him.

Mattie's gasp echoed above the other squeals as he came, both paws on the back of his heads, freely pumping his hips in and out and drilling a warm load up the moaning lion's backside. Almost immediately, the thick fuzz around his tail hole darkened and the base of his tail began to expand.

Back in the other pit, Lukas contentedly smoked on a cigar and read a newspaper. Both paws were out to the sides as teams of otters manicured and sharpened his claws to perfection, matching the job they did on his toes.

He nodded at the otter in front of him holding the newspaper up so the canine could read it. The otter's cheeks sucked in and out as he panted rapidly, mostly thanks to the fat canine shaft drilling beneath his tail. Each time the otter levered himself up, he let gravity pull him back down, until his hips hit the big knot at the base.

"And you're serious that he actually takes this thing?" the otter squeaked.

Lukas grinned at the moaning twink as the otter's rump cushioned the fat knot once more.

"Every night. And sometimes in the morning if we have time."

"What a legend..."

Jayce wasn't sure if he was legendary, but he was enjoying himself. He'd always rather be doing this sort of thing to someone else, namely, Lukas, but he was sure the pit bull was enjoying himself.

The otterish lion's pelt was more than half dark brown by this point, and as the seventh or eighth load of sticky otter seed pumped into his muzzle, filling his cheeks and running over his tongue, he appeared even less and less feline. The round otter ears topping his head finally made sense, now that they sat above a wide pair of eyes, a low brow, and a short, blunt muzzle with a large wet black nose on the end. His whiskers were long, but the changing lion could trim them later. Right now he was busy. Very busy, as Mattie took his fourth turn on the lion's fully-otterized backside. His arm wrapped around the base of Jayce's newly grown tail, which started above his swollen rump cheeks and curled up and out, drooping over Mattie's shoulder.

He'd shrunk in height as well, to a mere four-foot-eleven, compared to the pit bull's gains, putting him north of seven feet. As another otter took a breath and dared to sit in the canine's lap, Jayce's maleness thrust into a variety of willing muzzles, each trying to deep throat the cock better than the last, until the former lion's hips went wild, sending fat ropes of seed across the squirming mass of femboy otters surrounding him, adding to the mess.

Lukas glanced over. He couldn't even see the lion under all the squirming otter bodies. He shrugged and turned back to the paper. The markets were acting strange - might be a good idea to change some investments.

"Nnnnnghhhhhhhh nope can't do it, nope, sorry."

The pit bull grinned as the fourth otter in a row tried and failed to take his knot. His maleness was huge, swollen, aroused beyond measure, but the dominant canine appeared to be unaffected. Fat ropes of pre-cum splattered down around his thighs and balls, but he was perfectly nonchalant about the four otters worshipping his low-hanging sac.

What did grab the big male's attention was when the squirming mass of otters in the other pit came to a slow, gradual stop. He watched as the exhausted males fell into each other, finally stopping their frenzied, exuberant, irrational fuckery - all except for Mattie, probably the only otter Lukas could identify correctly most of the time.

Mattie grinned as he walked an otter over into Lukas's pit. The various males squeezing and teasing the pit bull melted away, leaving just the single otter as even Mattie beat a hasty retreat into the other pit, where they promptly knelt on the couch to watch, wide eyes peeking over the edge.

Lukas regarded the otter thoughtfully. He looked familiar, from the swing of his wide hips to wide, confident smirk. He had two nipple piercings, fat titanium rings, as well as several barbells in his ears and a nose ring on top of it all.

A nose ring...

The pit bull leaned back and spread his arms over the side of the couch, allowing his massive red stalk to jerk and lurch against his belly, rapidly beating and pulsing.

“Are you going to get back to work now?” the pit bull asked.

“Oh? I’m on the clock?” the otter asked, his voice a familiar and sultry purr.

“Bet your ass you are.”

Large black paws wrapped around the otter’s hips, pulling Jayce in close. The former lion’s new body was even plusher, softer to the touch, and fuller than before, with a perfectly ridiculous rump swinging above his wide thighs and slender belly. He leaned back into the massive canine stalk, which angrily quivered between the tan cheeks of the twinkly male.

“Ahhhh! Ahhhhhhhh! Ooohhhhhhhhhhhh!”

From the other pit, Mattie and the other otters watched with envy as the pit bull’s hips hammered the otter’s frame, driving that gut-churning length deep to the knot each time, working it slightly deeper with every go round.

“It’s not possible!”

“He won’t survive!”

“Shhhh, they’ll hear you!”

“Look at his stomach!”

“I think he’s gonna cum!”

A moment of silence, then a cry of pleasure and a low growl and bark.

“Ooooooh...” said the otters.

The next Monday...

Lucas leaned back in his chair. It was nicer than the old one. Everything in the office was nicer. His view, somehow, was nicer. Being on the top floor in a penthouse suite for an office had perks, for sure.

The huge pit bull’s eyes drifted across the newspaper as he soaked in the latest goings-ons. Between his legs, under the new, larger wooden desk, Jayce’s cheeks bulged outwards. The otter’s eyes scrunched closed as he pressed his muzzle forward, straining. His nose wiggled, making the piercing wobble a bit, while a new row of piercings in his left ear featured a rainbow path of barbells going up the outside edge, every color represented

on the small ottery stub of an ear. The pit bull grinned and set down his paper as he watched his amazing cute, flexible boyfriend struggle with the girth of his veiny red length.

“Still trying to get my knot in your muzzle, huh?” he asked, reaching down with a claw to tease the otter’s stubby round ears. “You know you aren’t going to be able to fit it all in there, so maybe instead let’s-”

The pit bull stopped talking as a triumphant gurgle echoed through the office. Lukas’s lower lip quivered as both paws stretched down, clamping around the otter’s head, holding him tight as his huge knot distended the otter’s muzzle from the inside. Thick spurts of cum poured down the otter’s flexing, rippling throat an incredible pressure came to bear on his sensitive knot.

“Rrrrraaafffff... we’re not going to get any work done today, are we?”

The End