

John was a somewhat bright eighteen year old without a whole lot of common sense. This readily explains how, one day, he had decided to give his dog a pill that would turn said dog into a lion. The dog went from being 60 pounds of fluffiness to 450 pounds of furry predator, but John didn't really mind, because he still acted just like his old self – just in a much larger frame. He just *looked* dangerous and was a lot bigger, and that was just fine with him (after all, lions were his favorite animal.).

It was rather simple: he gave the dog a pill. Before his eyes, the dog painlessly and quickly turned into a lion. His paws morphed into larger, more dangerous cat claws; his snout became shorter, more catlike; his frame morphed into a larger, but still quadrupedal, lion frame, and his fur became shorter and turned into a tan color. It all happened within a few seconds, just like that: it really was worth every penny he'd paid Walgreens.

“Scientists really can do anything since they invented magic!” he mused to himself.

His project for the day completed, he went to read in bed with the dog-turned lion right on his heels. As he got settled down, he realized that Max hadn't joined him in bed like he normally did, and expected him to calmly jump up. He wondered if maybe Max had changed, somehow.

Then it became evident what was really happening: Max was trying out his new lion body. With a flash of tan fur and coiled muscle, the lion leaped from across the room, jumping a clear 10 feet onto the bed and crashing into John, burying him under several hundred pounds of big, furry cat. The bed creaked under his added weight, and John was afraid it was going to break – it was hardly rated for over 600 pounds of weight, but somehow it managed to keep up.

The human's face was just a few inches away from a pair of enormous jaws when Max decided to take this time to yawn and relax, the nasty, meaty smell from his breath washing over John like a stinky river. Apparently, one thing *had* changed: his breath had become even more appalling, somehow.

Despite the lion's weight on top of him, John wasn't having a whole lot of trouble breathing; Max had sunk right into the mattress and basically taken John with him. That being said, it didn't seem like he was going to be getting up any time soon.

At this point, Max decided it was time to stop playing with John and take a nap, so to John's relief he got up... just to circle the bed and flump right down again, this time covering John's head under his big, furry cat-rump.

*This* time, John was having some trouble breathing; not because he was being pressed down on all that hard, but because he was practically choking on the lion's thick musk. It enveloped him, making him cough and sputter, and this time he desperately tried to escape from the clutches of his playful lion friend. He even resorted to begging – in-between coughing fits, anyway.

He was *trying* to say “hey! Max! Get off me!” and “bad Max!” and things of that nature, but they ended up all coming out as “Mph! Mmmmmph! Mphfuhpuh!” because it was rather difficult to talk with his face stuck under Max's huge bum.

From Max's point of view, things were going nicely. Pros: his friend was stuck under his butt, where he couldn't say or do anything too annoying while he napped. Cons: he was making quite a lot of noise, practically rasping his butt with all of his muffled sputtering and begging. It took him another minute or two to figure out a quick way to shut him up, which he applied with great gusto.

He pressed down on John's face – hard. John's muffling abruptly stopped, mostly because he couldn't breathe and was surrounded by hot, sweaty ass flesh. It was a uniquely unpleasant experience that he tried to escape from, but all he ended up doing was giving Max a butt massage, which was *extremely* pleasant for him and gave him a lot of motivation to continue this practice.

After a minute or so, he realized that the muffled sounds were happening because John couldn't breathe; it took another minute, and for John's struggles to totally cease, for him to realize that his best friend had passed out from a lack of air. He got up again, flopping his ass down in a more relaxed way, before finally falling asleep without all the racket his friend had been making.

When John woke up, he was hit by the lion's musky butt as if it were all new, and started struggling again, but it turned out he'd have to do a lot more than that to wake up Max once he'd fallen asleep. He was stuck under his friend's big, furry buttocks for at least another hour, and when the lion finally got up he was gasping for air that didn't smell like sweat and unwashed ass.

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The next day, he'd made the decision to be much more careful about Max, given his huge size, and also not to let that butt anywhere near him. Unfortunately, it turned out to be impossible for him to actually control the big cat, so he ended up getting jumped on almost immediately as the day began, regardless of what *he* actually wanted.

He was getting ready to go out for his morning constitutional with his dog-lion when the lion pounced, crashing into him and knocking him down. He knew Max was large, but this was the first time he'd realized that the lion was *heavy*, too; the bed was too comfortable and squishy to really translate the immense weight he'd been under, but the floor was hard and didn't have a lot of give, and that made it the perfect place for him to get a firsthand explanation.

His face ended up squished under a heavy, sweaty paw that was easily as large as his head; his arms were stuck under the rest of the lion's body, and he had nowhere to move and no way to really resist his friend's new, substantial body. Max was four hundred and fifty pounds of solid *muscle*, and that wasn't something a person could easily forget when trying to force him to do anything... like get off of him. He felt almost crushed, his whole body squished against the floor, stuck between a lion and a hard place. He could swear that he heard his skull *creak*.

His face was stuck between two big, nasty toes, and he'd realized how long it'd been since he'd given Max a bath. He inhaled pure sweat and musk, and tried to get away from him, but all that ended up happening was that Max had tried his earlier trick: the lion's paw was now pressing down on his face with a powerful shove, stopping him from breathing at all. He gasped for air, struggling with all his might now as adrenaline flooded his body, but nothing seemed to work.

Max was quite happy with all of this. He was having a whole lot of fun that he'd never been able to have as a dog, and John was making a fantastic playmate. He was struggling a little bit too much, though, so he decided to do exactly what he'd done yesterday and shove down just a little bit harder than usual – not enough to break him, but definitely enough to shut him up a little. It was a little harder to avoid breaking him with his powerful paw, but he was pretty sure he managed it.

It seemed that John was still able to breathe a little, so he did what he thought anyone would do in this

situation and pushed his whole body down, crushing John's diaphragm and stealing the air from his lungs. He could hear John gasp and wheeze, and then... nothing.

He didn't let him up, though: he was on a truly mischievous streak. Instead, he dragged him over to his dog bed while John was unconscious, and laid himself down on him, positioning his rump over John's face once more before flopping down on the bed himself.

When John woke up, he was assaulted with the incredible, choking, *acrid* stink of the lion's scrotum; he'd meant to smother him under his butt, but he'd ended up putting his face under thirty pounds of musky lion balls. The nutsack conformed to his face, practically burying him under the smelly thing, and his hands had cupped to the balls to try to push them off of him.

It didn't work, of course; the lion was just too large for him to be able to resist, or do anything much about it at all. But that wasn't going to stop him from trying – it'd take a crazy person not to at least *try* to shove these giant orbs off of him. He opened his mouth to try to breathe through it, and sweat dripped down into it, nastily choking him. *There goes that idea*, he thought with great regret.

Max purred, his entire body vibrating in pleasure as John desperately groped his lion friend's balls, trying to get them at least a little bit off of his face. This was more than enjoyment; it was a base, carnal pleasure, and the big cat intended to wring as much of it as he could out of the human.

He felt like he was drowning in scrotum, thick beads of cat sweat falling down his face as his hands clenched around a pair of thick, furry testicles. He was hot, covered in 450 pounds of fur, and his head felt like it was going to split open with the combination of the body pressing down on him and the purring making his head shake like a rattle.

Finally, he decided to do his last resort, a complete wildcard: having no idea what would happen, he opened his mouth, filling it with a horrid, salty taste as his mouth filled with scrotum, and *bit down*. Max roared, practically screaming in pain, and leaped up off the human, only to come crashing down a second later, trampling him with his four huge paws and crushing him directly under the weight his heavy frame.

This time, John discovered what pressure *really* was; he desperately grabbed at one of the legs, trying to force them off of him, as the lion started to hop up and down on him. Something snapped, and he felt a blinding pain fly through him as one of his ribs broke, snapped like a twig. Max was vibrating again, this time because of a deep, throttling growl in pain and rage; he was out for revenge. Revenge, and maybe a bit of – this time, more sadistic – fun.

He yelled out, shocked and in pain, a primal instinct driving him to try to heave himself away and beat at the lion with his fists... but the lion wasn't going anywhere and may as well have been made of stone, for all of the good it was doing him.

Breath poured out of his lungs; they heaved, screaming for air that wasn't coming. The paws bared down on his chest, claws poking him through his clothing, pressing the air out of him as the lion bounced up and down on top of him, angry and a little bit happy now that his sack was away from the teeth of the nasty human he'd thought was his friend.

Finally, John succumbed to blackness, passing out again from pain and a total lack of air.

When he woke up, he was on the ground somewhere, and it was completely dark. He couldn't see anything, and his entire body hurt and his chest thumped with a dull ache. When he tried to move, he moaned in pain, a pathetic “ahhhh!” sound that he made mostly because he felt like he'd been knifed in the ribs. It was obvious that one had broken; he could only hope that it was a clean break.

“Shit.” He said under his breath. He would need to go to the emergency room and get that rib taped up. Hopefully he'd only broken the one that had responded with an ear-splitting crack, but he'd probably need an x-ray.

He could hear leaves rustling as something moved in the darkness. That same something – Max? – grabbed his leg, dragging him painfully out of the hole he'd been put in. Finally, there was light; Max had apparently taken him into the forest while he'd been unconscious, putting him in a den he'd made somewhere until John had woken up. There was no way he was going to be able to crawl away, but with no cell phone and a broken rib there was no way he was going to be outrunning a lion, either.

His reflections on where he was, and an escape plan, were rudely ruined when he got hit in the face with the lion's enormous black cock. He crawled back away and almost fainted from the pain; he didn't know what Max planned to do with his penis, but he had no intention of finding out, either.

It was at least a foot long, incredibly thick, and contrasted terribly – a big black stick pointing out of two huge tan balls. The lion growled, and then roared: it reverberated through John's body. “GRRRRRR.” He shook from fear, desperate and embarrassed.

“No! P-please, don't- don't-”

His words were interrupted with an ear-shattering, totally deafening roar. It was terrifying; his shaking only got worse as it went on, and by the end of it John was almost convulsing. When it was done, there was complete silence; the only thing he could hear was a ringing noise that felt like it was coming from the center of his head. He couldn't think; he couldn't see. He felt like he couldn't breathe.

The lion took a step forward, shaking in a low growl, and roughly shoved his penis into John's jaws. One second he was trying to recover from that incredible roar, and the next his mouth was overflowing with an enormous cock. The lion was enjoying this, and had no intention of going fast; inch by inch, it entered John's maw. He gagged from the sweaty, almost cheesy taste of the wild, uncleaned dick, untamed by civilization's rules or John's preferences.

The lion took another step forward, using his mass and momentum to force his penis another few inches into John's mouth, finally entering his throat. It burned as it passed, and he gagged again, this time retching and heaving forward, accidentally taking more of it into his mouth. It bulged in his gullet, making him want to grab it and shove it out, but he was too afraid and infirm to even attempt such a thing.

With every step forward, every inch the cock was thrust into John's mouth, Max growled in pleasure and warning, giving John the feeling that if he didn't take the lion's penis he was going to get his fucking throat ripped out.

Finally, he took almost the whole thing, gagging and having trouble breathing. His hearing was slowly restoring itself, the growl getting more intense in his ears but not deeper or more violent. He thought it was almost getting bearable – he could almost really *breathe* – when the lion started thrusting, without

any actual care for John or what he wanted.

This time, it was violent, and it burned. Deep, growling *grrrrs* of pleasure in tempo with Max's thrusts, in and out, in and out. His skull throttled, and his vision got woozy and indefinite; his mind screamed in pain, from his ribs and his bruising and, above all, his throat, as the jet-black cock forced itself in and out and made him gag and retch on penis and precum.

Finally, Max ejaculated with a sudden roar, and an incredibly violent torrent of hot jizz that streamed down John's throat, burning him and tasting like salt. He forced his cock out while still ejaculating, pouring cum all over John's face, getting it into his eyes and up his nose and even dribbling down in his ears a little. His entire face was covered in the thick white fluid.

John groaned and cried, tears streaming down his face. The lion got off him and nudged him over, licking the jizz off of him before burping a big “*urrrrrrp*” that smelled awfully like jizz. Then he slapped John in the face and walked away into the forest, free and wild, no longer anyone's obedient pet, vowing that he would never be captured and forced to live in a wooden box ever, ever again.

John vomited cum all over the forest floor and walked off himself, hoping he could forget the terrible