

It was *supposed* to be an easy job. Get in, charm the lion who lived there, use the stuff on him, get the deed to Gracie's bar, get out. So easy. Just five steps!

"The dude thinks with his dick, exclusively," his contact Richie had told him while digging through his bag, "Total himbo. Lay on the charm, he'll eat it up in no time." Richie sniffled while digging through his stuff, and then let out a happy little bark when he found what he was looking for. He pulled out a plastic baggie with a blunt inside, and held it out to Charlie expectantly. "Here ya go man. Use this on him. Fuck him up real good. Won't hurt him, don't worry. He'll feel too good to stop ya from getting what ya came for, though."

It seemed so easy. Easier than anything else he'd done at least. Charlie had been to hell and back over a few of the messes he got mixed up in. This should have been cake comparatively, and at first, it was.

When Lush first answered the door, there was Charlie. He was already leaning on the frame, tossing the lion a confident smirk. The german shepherd raised his brow when the lion entered his vision; it was a practised move, motivated a bit more by sincere appreciation than originally planned. The dog had to admit it: Lush was one hot fucking lion. Thick but not too thick, covered in patches of powerful pink mane, and a tail that swayed seductively behind him. The smirk he threw right back at Charlie when they first locked eyes gave the dog a run for his money, and everything from his bored pose to his clothes (jersey, baseball cap, and sweatpants (very clearly lacking underwear)) made it clear that the lion thought even showing up to the door was a gracious favor on his part.

After Charlie recovered from admiring the lion staring back at him, he went on with the lines Richie gave him. He's an escort sent by a local kingpin as a birthday gift this, he hopes that he can help work out something that, he's got something special for you as a token of friendship yada yada yada. Real basic level stuff, mixed in with plenty of innuendo and unsubtle flattery, which Lush was clearly eating up. Charlie was in the lion's living room in no time.

Richie's intel was right on the money. All Charlie had to do was stroke Lush's ego a bit and boy, could that lion purr. A sly hand movement and wink was all it took to get Lush's arm on the couch behind the dog, and after Charlie pulled out the blunt, it looked like Lush was ready to fuck him right there. They lit up immediately.

Damn, that weed was strong! It made Charlie's body feel so tingly, and heavy. Floaty too, though? And a little bit energetic. Fucking horny too, shit. That's why everything had gone south. They smoked so much of the blunt--so much more than Charlie had planned to. He was told the lion would be nothing but a mewling mess on the couch after a few puffs, but it was almost gone and he looked more predatory than ever. Charlie, on the other hand, felt hot. Hot all over. Physically, like he wanted to take his clothes off, but also just like, really horny. It constantly felt like Lush's hand was going to press into Charlie's sheath, but it never did. Charlie secretly wished it had.

Charlie remembered, vaguely, having a flash of brilliance, betting Lush he couldn't smoke the rest of the blunt in one hit. The lion took the bait without second thought, and Charlie did his best not to revel too visibly (and failed, toying with the medal around his neck quite a bit). Lush finished it off without trouble, leaving Charlie in a state of impressed shock, which gave the lion the perfect opportunity to lean in, plant a smooch on the dog's lips, and flood his snout with smoke.

Weight, warmth, pleasure, attraction, everything ramped up suddenly. Charlie was blasted, and undeniably charmed by the lion besides. Horny as all hell, too. His dick had long since begun to slip from his sheath, and the stoned dog made no attempt to hide big tent in his own slacks. Lush noticed it in no time. He grabbed Charlie through his pants; the dog yelped and humped immediately, shamelessly. Lush asked if Charlie wanted to see the best dick he'd ever see in his life. Charlie humped into his hand again, and gulped.

Charlie remembered feeling like he was at a precipice, like he needed to get out of there, or change the subject, or pretend to go to the bathroom and just go for the papers he needed, something. It was all going downhill, and the raw animal magnetism drawing his eyes towards the lion's tented crotch made Charlie worried as much as he was excited. He remembered thinking he was going to say no and bail, but when his snout moved, all that came out was a simple-minded "Yeah."

It was going to be so easy. Get in, get the papers, get out. Save a beloved bar, be a hero, make some arrogant punk look bad. But now, it was hard. No, *he* was hard, so hard. So hard he let out a yipe as Lush pulled down his shorts, and whipped out his own dick. Just like Charlie's, in fact, but... there was something about it. Something that made Charlie lick his lips; something that made his own dick jump every time he watched the lion's knot throb; something that made him not simply want it, but need it. He couldn't pull his eyes away. It was downright hypnotic, and every throb, every twitch, every little spurt of pre dragged Charlie deeper under its spell. When the lion told Charlie to get in front of him, the dog was on his hands and knees in a flash. Where Charlie's clothes went, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but that cock, and the pompous smirk behind it.

"Turn around, sit with your back against the front," Lush commanded casually. Charlie was confused, but his body knew what to do fine, and soon Charlie sat on the floor while Lush's nuts sat directly on top of his snout. Charlie could see the enormous shape of that delicious dick directly above him, and had to slurp up drool.

"Don't use your mouth at all," Lush purred. Every word he said made the dog want to shiver. "Hands and nose only. I'll take care of you." Charlie wasn't about to ask how, since he was much more interested in the fat dick above him, but his question was answered quickly anyway. The lion's tail--smooth, thick, and so much more dexterous than Charlie imagined--had already slid its way into Charlie's lap, and from there coiled up his cock. Charlie whimpered, but that didn't stop him from worshipping Lush's oddly mesmerizing dong.

Charlie went to town on the lion's dick. He sniffed into the tip, and moaned against his balls. He stroked furiously with one paw, squeezing right at the base with the other. He romanced it, nuzzling it from the throbbing base to the leaky tip. Lush huffed and squirmed the whole time. Charlie did too, as the lion's tail never stopped squeezing or stroking him, but everything was a swirling morass of pleasure by that point. There was nowhere the dog would rather be than under this dick., Now, or ever again for what he was concerned. His eyes throbbed with color, in time with the throbbing of the luscious lion knot directly in front of him.

Who came first didn't matter to Charlie, who was only coherent enough by that point to remember the bliss as rope after rope of Lush's cum splattered across his face and front. His own dick screaming with pleasure as Lush's snake-like tail milked him for everything he had.

Feeling everything suddenly reach a fever pitch, before suddenly giving way to darkness. Warm, inviting darkness. Comfort.

So now Charlie sits, stoned, hypnotized, and unconscious between the lion's legs. Lush scratches under his chin affectionately, but is otherwise completely absorbed in his phone. His phone dings from a text, and he absentmindedly swipes to it.

"Happy Birthday kid! Enjoy him, but I need him back by next Friday."

Lush snorted and threw his phone onto a nearby couch cushion. He grabbed Charlie's head with both hands and rubbed his cheeks, making the unconscious mutt whimper with pleasure.

"He'll get you back when I'm done with you."