

Decadence and gluttony run rampant in the ranks of the ridiculously wealthy. If one wants it, it is done, no matter the cost. It is often found that those who serve such masters tend to grow fat with similar desires. On the outskirts of a quaint town-like city lies a manor house, owned for generations by the Nivore family. A regal breed, however always prey to their own darker desires that have lead to many a scandal of lust and wrath in the politics and economy of the city. Those who serve come in two breeds: the faithful, family pet that's fed scraps from the Master's table and those who are used, abused, and cast aside. This night, the Nivore Manor has a new arrival...

At the elegant front doors, towering close to ten feet in height, a young jerboa in a far-too-cliche, navy blue, female school uniform knocks meekly. Shivering in the chill of the night, he hugs himself for warmth, not carrying anything save his slim tail with him to the manor. As he is about to knock once more, the door creeps open and the only thought that runs through his head is one of butlers, creepy rich weirdos, and a fairy tale ending. "Ah, you must be Ashe," drifts into the jerboa's large ears, causing him to jump slightly as the arctic wolf at the door grins ever so faintly, "Please, come in before you catch a chill. The Master is expecting you." Without hesitation Ashe bows his head and steps inside, scuffling past the stereotypically-dressed butler. The door creaks to a close behind him and a firm hand grips his shoulder. The wolf leans in close to Ashe's face and gently woofs, "I will show you to your room later. Now we must attend Master and you are quite late for dinner. I have your required attire in the kitchen. Come." The wolverine butler doesn't even skip a beat as he stalks off towards the kitchen with Ashe hurriedly prancing along behind him, his head awash with confusion.

As they proceed through the hand-crafted, swinging kitchen door for the servants, Ashe can't help but think that door itself is worth more than he's made in the last couple years, before taxes of course. On the countertop rests a Swedish maid's outfit. Upon closer inspection, the tag indicates it actually is made in Sweden, but the dimensions seem to be tailored to Ashe's build. How they figured out his size without ever meeting before tonight he will never know, but the butler rushes him along, not batting an eye nor licking his lips as Ashe briskly strips down before him. Clearly it's something Ashe has some experience with as he attempts to tease the wolf. He slowly pulls on the stockings and smiles ever-so-coyly at the butler, meekly covering his nipples with a forearm, as if he had more than a flat chest. The wolf barks, "Dress. Master waits and you don't want to displease Him on your first night." Taken aback by the apparent failure of his charms, Ashe finishes dressing as quickly as he can. Swishing his tail in amusement as he walks, the butler leads the jerboa into the dining room through the end of the kitchen, which appeared slightly odd... as if it wasn't even used. This thought died quickly as they entered the dining hall.

Candles! So many candles, Ashe thought. It was as if they just floated around the dining ha- holy shit, that's a huge table! It was at least the length of a limousine and carved with intricate patterns, grooves in the wood, and holes here and there. At the end furthest from the kitchen sat an imposing

figure, the Master of this house, Karl Nivore. He's rather large for a lion, and even then, more massive than some of the bodybuilders Ashe has pawed off to. Head to toe in formal dinner attire, complete with lace cravat at his neck, he sips wine and calmly growls, "Inu." At the single word the butler bows and pushes Ashe forward, whispering into his ear, "Please Master. Your tardiness is upsetting." Ashe's pulse rises, sweats a bit, and gulps down a dry throat as he approaches the magnificent god of a daddy lion sitting in a throne, a fucking throne, at the end of this unnecessarily large table. Karl slides back from the table, effortlessly moving the huge, wooden throne and pats his lap while his eyes creep over Ashe. At a suggestive cough from Inu, the jerboa jumps to attention and quickly climbs up into Karl's well-muscled lap, leaning against his belly. He places a hand upon the firm musclegut to hold himself and also to try to reclaim some semblance of grace and control by gently rubbing it to get a rise out of the Master of this house. Karl emits what can only be assumed to be a purr, though much deeper and sounding a little too much like a growl, albeit pleased. Ashe's face lights up when he feels a firm pressure under his thigh, right where Karl's sheath would be. The lion motions to the table, "You're late for dinner, Ashe. I expected to have you sooner." Ashe's ears twitch then lay flat against his head as he turns to see a bowl of soup and glass of wine, untouched, sitting there as he stammers, "I-I'm sorry, Mister Nivore, Sir, um, Master, ah..." Ashe clutches an ear with his free hand and wrings it as his face contorts into a grimace, expecting a harsh reprimand, but instead, Karl growl-purrs, "I know you only had access to public transportation and I understand that they're all low-life, scum-sucking wastrels who don't deserve what they're paid, but you're here now." At that Ashe lightens up a bit and Karl smiles, sending Ashe's heart beating rapidly. After a few moments and petting Ashe, Karl motions to the soup and wine, allowing Ashe to sit in his lap. Not wanting to disappoint his new employer any more, he quickly slurps down the soup and chugs the glass of wine. While watching Ashe fill up, Karl sips out of his own glass which just appeared in his hand, perhaps Inu is one of 'those' butlers: The creepily-efficient kind.

As Ashe sets down the spoon from the last slurp, Inu swoops in and clears the table, like some ever-present phantom, not even leaving a finger print on the table's surface. Karl nods in approval at Inu, who already has his back turned, drifting down to the kitchen. Ashe feels as if he's missing something then realizes that the Master's bulge is pressing up against his rump, but he knows the tune to this song and waits for his prey to- Immediately, Karl's hands reach around and feel Ashe, interrupting his thoughts: his chest is scratched, his belly squeezed, tail tugged, neck gripped, and thighs massaged by Karl's powerful hands. Ashe quickly stands and turns about, placing both hands on Karl's knees, and then looks up at him with pleading eyes. The Master grins, lifting his new toy's head with a claw, eliciting a grimace and whimper from Ashe, before he leans in and pecks the jerboa's lips ever so lightly. Ashe digs his fingers into Karl's knees and leans in, wanting more, and he's rewarded with a tongue filling his muzzle and lips pressing down over his. As Karl and his new maid lock maws, he picks him up and sits Ashe up on the table. The jerboa's legs instinctively spread and attempt to wrap around the huge lion's midsection. For a moment, Karl breaks off and stares Ashe down, as if the two are waging a war of their own, vying for control of the situation with nothing but a look. Before Ashe knows it, one of the lion's massive paws is wrapped around his throat as his mouth is filled with a sandpaper tongue, preventing

him from breathing. Karl's tongue runs along the soft underside and edges of Ashe's tongue, purposefully to make him squirm. The jerboa maid gulps and gasps, but no air can enter with the lion's lips locked on his, forming a solid seal. Ashe is overcome with exhilaration, and terrible fear, as his vision fades and he loses consciousness.

As Ashe wakes, shaking his head to get his brain working, he noticed that Karl had taken off his dinner jacket, revealing a shirt that looks too tight for his muscles. Next, after attempting to sit up, he notices that his arms and legs are tied to the table with silken rope. Pondering this a moment, Ashe grins to himself and moans, "So this is how Master Nivore wanted to enjoy his evening." He winks, thinking he has the upper hand, but then inhales sharply as he feels a dry clawtip slide into his tight hole. Ashe realizes that his panties are gone, but just as well, because they would've gotten in the way. Suddenly, Karl growls and pulls his clawtip out of the tight pucker, not straight out, but rather at an angle, nicking the sensitive muscle. Ashe gasps and whimpers, but is soon overcome with bitch-like moaning as the big daddy lion runs his strong, rough tongue over the small cut, plunging Ashe into momentary bliss as his eyes lazily glance over Inu, who stands still as a statue, holding a bottle of champagne. The butler seems to have a kerchief he didn't notice before, the same shade as his panties. Karl continues to probe and press against the Jerboa's warm, quivering hole, managing to slip the tip of his tongue inside, eliciting all manner of sounds from his prey. Ashe whines and begs, "Please, Master Nivore, I want it, please-" But he is cut short as Karl shoves his middle digit into the spit-lubed opening, making the jerboa twitch and sigh as he rumbles, "Not yet." With his finger still buried inside Ashe, the lion steps twice and is beside Ashe, rubbing his bulging package with his other hand. Ashe has tears in his eyes, but one can't know if it's from wanting the Master so badly or from the Master's claw tearing into the soft, fleshy wall inside his ass. Probably both. As Karl pulls forth his finger from Ashe's ass once more, nicking the opposite side this time, a pair of ice-blue paws reach around Karl's waist, undo his pants, and yank them down dramatically, sending the lion's sheath bouncing. Precum from Karl's sheath dribbles down onto his balls and then the table's edge as he brings it towards Ashe, but is stopped by the table's edge. Ashe whines, "Not fair! All of that delicious pre is going to wa-" A finger shuts him up as Karl treats him to a precum-soaked treat. Ashe's expert tongue wraps around and caresses the thick finger in his muzzle, even as the clawtip works its way down his throat. At the feeling of Ashe's practiced technique on his finger, Karl's member stiffens considerably, and emerges from his sheath. Ashe opens his eyes to find a massive cock hovering over his face, at least a couple feet long and as wide as a two liter soda bottle. Yes, the Master of the manor IS some kind of freak, because his cock is impossibly huge, but this thought isn't one Ashe wishes to criticize too long because Karl rubs his precum-dribbling cockhead and part of his throbbing shaft on the jerboa's nose. Having no more finger in his mouth, Ashe tries to lick at the cock, but is denied as the lion moves it out of reach with a playful roar, "No, no. This goes in another hole... all you get is a taste..." At that indirect command Inu comes forth with the champagne and pops the cork with flair, allowing the bubbly liquid to pour over the Master's cock and all over Ashe's face. He coughs and sputters as he tries not to drown in the downpour, but the taste of the champagne is infused with what he believes to be the Master's cock. A bit dry for his tastes but he instead focuses on Karl's cock up above, trying to discern his flavor. Inu sets down the bottle with only a mouthful remaining near Ashe's

head as he stands aside and enjoys the show, grinning. Karl grabs the bottle and holds the remainder in his mouth as he stares into Ashe's eyes. The prone jerboa whimpers, "I want you Master." With that Karl presses his lips to Ashe's and shares the last bit of champagne with him.

Inu moves to a large, comfy chair nearby and reads the local paper. He browses it casually, reading over the classifieds, and puts a note next to one, reminding him to remove it. It reads, "Seeking young, enthusiastic, male for live-in servant at a manor house. Days and nights will be filled with fulfilling the manor's needs and those of its Master. The ugly need not apply." The butler chuckles, recalling how the Master told him to add in that last line as if it were a life of death situation. A few pages later he comes across the missing persons, one of which is a very homely-looking fox. Inu muses to himself, "Well, that's a surprise. I guess he did have friends." The wolf folds the paper and returns to watching his Master at work as he sips coffee from a tiny teacup.

Karl has since moved to Ashe's hindquarters, wantonly rubbing his engorged cockhead against the slightly bloody opening. Ashe cries out softly as the two nicks sting and the glans of this hyper lion presses against them, oozing precum into his ass. He very well knows what's to come and he prays to whatever gods he doesn't care to worship to allow him to enjoy what's to come without dying. After lubing up Ashe with his precum and the jerboa's own blood from the freshly re-opened cuts, the lion starts to push harder, attempting to force his way in. Ashe cries out, practically screaming from the pain of the entry as Karl casually clamps a hand around his prey's muzzle, silencing him to a muffled whimper. Seconds turn to minutes and those feel like hours as Ashe's heart thumps inside of his skull, trying to focus only on the beating, because he had a massive cock forcing its way inside of him and tearing him open at the same time. Just as the two nicks on his sphincter begin to tear, Ashe doesn't feel the pressure at his rump anymore and opens his eyes: Karl is still there, grinning at him and still holding his muzzle shut. Inu chirps from his seat, "Sounds like the drug has taken effect. I was getting tired of hearing all of that... whining." With a sigh the wolven manservant stalks off into the kitchen. Karl growls and slowly slides out of Ashe's ruined, gory hole only to pump back into him. The lion's massive cock pulses as blood rushes to it and slowly trickles out through the engorged blood vessels that snake along his shaft. Ashe knows he's being fucked and can feel it to a degree, but otherwise it's all numbed, and for that he's thankful, but at what cost to his body? Who cares! A gorgeous, musclebound, daddy lion is buried shoulder-deep (that is, if anyone else was fisting him...) in his ass and he was enjoying what little sensation he did feel. After several minutes of pistoning the jerboa's impossibly-tight ass, Karl leans in and kisses him once more, his hand clenched around Ashe's throat as his body shudders, and the distinct expression of afterglow creeps onto the lion's features. Shortly thereafter Inu, wearing a leather apron, returns with a cart. Upon it sit several glass bowls of various sauces, at least Ashe thinks that's what they are, but what's really odd is all of the knives... why are there so many- Suddenly, the butler grabs Ashe's head and smothers him with a chloroform-soaked rag, which sends the jerboa's vision swiftly fading to black.

Ashe shakes his head as his eyes open. The candles around the dining room have visibly diminished in size, so he was out for a while. He tries getting up but something feels wrong, very wrong. Why can't he move his arms? Why does he feel so light? He struggles to sit up and flails, but to no avail, he only ends up spattering the floor beside the table with blood. A bark near his head, "Oh stop that, you're making a mess! Do you know how difficult it is to clean this floor? So inconsiderate." That was Inu, the butler. Karl looms over Ashe and tosses something over Ashe's head, clattering on a metal platter. Inu sighs, "Oh Master, must you always make such a mess with your hors d'oeuvres? Your dinner is bound to be far jucier." The lion lets out a hearty chuckle, "Don't forget who holds your leash, pup. However, that flash marinade was fantastic, so do that in the future, please." While the two converse Ashe tilted his head up as far as he could to see what was thrown. Horror creeps into his head as he sees large bones, the kind found in arms and legs, still covered in bloody gristle, on the end of a large platter that appears to so underneath the rest of him. Ashe's heart jumps and he tries to scream, but something's wrapped around his muzzle and all that escapes is a wheezy whimper. Tears streak down his cheeks but he can't feel anything, not physical anyway.

"Feed me," Commands Karl, "I want to try a bit of each sauce to see which I'll enjoy most with my dinner." With that Inu takes a fork and knife, carves off a piece of Ashe's shoulder muscle. He dips it into one of the sauces on the cart, then holds it forth to his Master, who gingerly takes a bite, chews, and evaluates the flavor. It's cold, Ashe notices, and realizes he's been shaved... or waxed, so he's stark naked on a bed of lettuce leaves on a fucking silver platter. Great. So does this mean he's going to wake up now? Is this nightmare going to end? It doesn't. This is where they always end, where he always wakes up, but no, not this time. This is no dream. Karl begins to stroke himself as Inu carves up Ashe, feeding small bits to the lion. The Master praises his butler, "Oh that one was utterly fabulous, I believe I should like that one. It compliments his flavor quite well." Inu nods and ladles the sauce in question, a well-made bechamel sauce with sumac for saltiness and week-old fox blood for kick, all over the quivering torso of Ashe. As Karl digs into his meal, Inu kneels and uses both tongue and hands to stroke his Master's massive shaft under the table. Being a good dog, Inu runs his tongue along the underside of the lion's member, feeling the urethra throb as it floods with precum, ready for the impending climax. Ashe's life slips with each bite, each cut, and each tug. Finally, he thinks, finally it's over as he no longer feels himself breathing, nor his heart beating, and his body grows colder. Karl exclaims, "So close... just a bit... more." The lion casts aside the silverware and resorts to holding the jerboa's innards with his paws, so he can lift the great, bloated mass of cooling flesh to his gluttonous maw. Ashe's stomach and intestines burst with cum, wine, soup, champagne, and sauce as the Master of the manor tears into them, simultaneously dousing his servant, Inu, in his hot lion seed. The explosion of flavor sent him over the edge, both figuratively and literally, as he falls back into the seat of his throne, rubbing his belly as Inu looks up at him with tail wagging. The lion points at the leftovers, "Bag that up, would you? I think I'll have it later. Be swift about it, I still want you for dessert." The butler grins and laughs along with Karl.

Inu has wrapped up the remainder of Ashe in vacuum-sealed bags, conveniently marked for different days of the week. He opens the large meat locker in the kitchen and stores him inside, wuffing, "Here's your room, Ashe. You did well to please Master today. I hope you last longer than the last one... but seeing as he likes you so much, you might not." He laughs at his own joke and closes the door, soon ascending the stairs to the Master's chambers as the light breaks through the windows. A roar echos from afar, "Come on, pup. I want my treat before bed!" Inu wags as he strips and enters Karl's room. The two proceed to do what they do after dinner as they have for as long as the wolf can remember. The Master feeds then the Master enjoys a special treat, which Inu was all too glad to give Karl, because frankly his tongue felt absolutely amazing. Being held in his strong arms was pretty good, too.