

Silver to the Gold

a story by Meruri

"Don't miss the spectacular match featuring our champion, Golden King! Make sure to come and watch tonight, tickets for sale..." the radio chimed on while Shu stored away his groceries. He set the bags on the counter and let out a sigh, thinking about how that night's match would be another one of many that reminded him of how far he was from his dream.

Shu was a young man who would best be described as average in physique, job, and pretty much everything else. Then there was his idol, the world-renowned wrestler Golden King. How he wished he could be like him... His costume had him adorned with an elegant lion mask, lycra briefs and golden leg-guards, a gorgeous look which only seemed to rival his combat prowess and skill. Shu couldn't even remember a time when the wrestler wasn't internationally acclaimed and praised by legions of fans, and it was pretty clear that he was a die-hard fan of the man too. Golden King was the reason he even wanted to start wrestling in the first place!

Unfortunately he wasn't going to be able to watch the match live. It was taking place somewhere far from where he lived and he had to work the next day. Watching Golden King appear on the television was pleasant, but it wasn't the real thing. There had been moments in the past where the young male had watched his performance live in the grand arena, but it was usually expensive and impractical nowadays. It made him glad that they would at least broadcast the matches directly so that he could attend them from the comfort of his own place, but he wanted to feel that thrill of watching his hero with only a few dozen feet of distance.

He let these thoughts drift away while he continued to stack his shelves with the food, heading to take a shower shortly after. There was really nothing special to his routine, and thinking about how mundane it was would only have frustrated Shu more. He had never been able to reach anywhere near his dreams.

"Look at this... I doubt that I'll ever have *any* muscle on me, let alone reach the level of a wrestler..." he muttered in a defeated tone, his naked body not having much to show for it. His mirror wasn't being kind to him, even if he was a good-looking male. It just happened to be that he wanted to have the body of a wrestler, and this was one of the highest standards he could have for himself. For all he knew, it would take decades to build up enough muscle to be noticeable! He eventually shrugged off the thought,

showering and making sure he prepared everything for work the next day so that he could watch the match in peace.

A few chores later, Shu could already hear the excited announcer voice from the TV. It was time! Not that anything special was programmed to be happening at the match tonight. It was pretty much routine at this point, sort of like watching the news every evening and being surprised at some particularly interesting events once in a while. With the focus brought to the sport by personalities such as Golden King, wrestling became one of the most popular things for people to be into. Other modalities still had their own flair, but no one could deny their feelings of excitement whenever a touchdown occurred in the ring.

Oddly enough, it was hard for him to remember a period where Golden King wasn't the famous wrestler he was today. Almost like an eternal presence, the man didn't seem to age or get in any trouble like other celebrities would every now and then. If anything, it was a huge surprise whenever something special was announced. His fans supported him almost obsessively, and no one really seemed to doubt that the champion title was his and would always be. His physique could easily be passed off as one of the main reasons as to why he was so successful. Standing at a proud six feet and a half, the muscled beast of a man was so hairy that he truly resembled a golden-pelted lion of sorts, living up to his stage name.

The match was interesting, albeit similar to most previous ones. Powerful and unique moves that seemed to counter every blow his opponent tried to deliver him, a beautiful fighting style akin to movements of the most graceful dancers, and a victory pose to show for all of this. His costume never got old, either! Red and gold, a classic combination that always worked. His body was probably still the most impressive part about him. Some badly-intentioned people said that it was the product of drugs such as steroids, but how could it be? The King was frequently examined and taken care of by doctors, and the few who leaked information about his body guaranteed that he was completely natural. If anything, Shu was sure that many males out there envied the wrestler's magnificent build.

It was impressive, the amount of information Shu had amassed about his idol. To some it would seem obsessive, but to the young man it was just a lifestyle. Posters covered his bedroom walls, just like something one would expect from a band-loving teenager; merchandise was common, too, and Shu always felt the most comfortable with a simple King-themed hoodie that he was able to buy from the arena a few years ago. And this was just the physical manifestation of the boy's interest! He used to do extensive research on Golden King, and despite him being a somewhat mysterious celebrity, the young man had gobbled up almost every single piece of info there was about the fighter. His real name was Simba, and while this was widely known, it only contributed to intensify the subterfuge under which this figure hid... After all, he was built just like a lion! Could it be that this too was a fake identity? That was another theory that many people had. Some

thought that he had a secret life, and of course, plots full of deceit and corruption composed these speculative narratives... There were so many questions surrounding the wrestler, no wonder it was such an exciting endeavor to try and learn about him.

His deviating thoughts were quickly interrupted as the match came to an end and the announcer gleefully mentioned having something important to say.

“What a wonderful performance from our favourite champion, Golden King! And today we have some great news to share with you all! This week we are going to open a gymnasium created especially for training wrestlers, and it’s going to be run by no one other than the King!” chimed the always upbeat voice, being met with an additional round of applause from the excited fans. “I know this is going to be an amazing opportunity for some of you, and we can guarantee you that the training will be fit for a champion!! Are you tired of working out at regular gyms and wondering why it’s hard to become a professional wrestler? Then come and sweat with us at the King Gymnasium!”

The match was now officially over, and this was definitely a surprising piece of news for those who aspired to become wrestlers. It was even more so for Shu, who had always wanted an opportunity to try and follow in his idol’s footsteps. Shortly after the TV had transitioned to commercials, but he still stared at the screen with the same awestruck expression on his face, a special desire now growing inside of him.

“I’m going to be like Golden King!!” Shu shouted excitedly, already decided that he was going to give the gym a try.

After the outward display of emotion, he reconsidered his statement and thought to himself, *“Well, maybe not like Golden King, I doubt that anyone would ever be able to reach his level of build and skill. But I’m still going to try my best. I’ve waited for too long!”*

It wasn’t as if anyone would have heard and judged him for his excitement either way, as it was late and the rest of the apartment slumbered in their own affairs, probably not sharing a bit of Shu’s enthusiasm towards the tasks their lives demanded. And even if they did, none of it would compare to the drive that resided in the passionate boy’s heart. This would be the first step towards his dreams, of that much he was sure.

It had been a few days since the announcement gave Shu’s life a different pace. The mundane tasks of his day-to-day were all receiving the least amount of focus possible—they just didn’t matter as much when compared to what he was going to do today. He was finally going to enroll at the King Gymnasium, and he was so excited

about it! Luckily for him, it wasn't too far from his place, even though he still took about an hour to reach it. This didn't bother him much; he was just so happy about the fact that he was going to be training there that every commute was only going to be filled with excitement and enthusiasm from his part.

Not to mention, it motivated him a lot more to know that he was going to train under Golden King's supervision. His previous gym had nothing special to it, and it eventually became a boring grind. He hadn't even made any real gains! It just kept him from putting on unwanted weight, but that was about it. Now he wasn't just going to maintain a presentable physique, no. He was going to grow into a wrestler.

He arrived. Before him was a modern building with a great fashionable design, one that blended in perfectly with the rest of the city's architecture. Although no less was expected when it had been built specifically for this purpose! It was completely unlike Shu's previous gym that was just a little installment beneath a suburb apartment. But maybe all this fawning was just due to the man's appreciation for the wrestler and not the building itself. After all, Shu didn't even know much about architecture! It was just another example of how admiration towards someone can make them so much more susceptible to the things related to it...

The lobby was somewhat crowded, mainly with people who had probably spent all their lives working out—their builds were evidence of it. Shu was sure that he even saw one or two professional wrestlers that he recognized from the television! All of this contributed to his growing feeling of excitement.

"This place looks so great... I wonder if I'll finally be able to become a wrestler too..."

Allowing this positive driving force to take over, he made his way to the front desk in hopes of enrolling. At the desk was a rather muscular man with a calm expression on his face. It was inviting to the young man as he felt a little nervous about the whole situation. While there wasn't much that would realistically make him any worse than the others, he still felt like he didn't belong there.

"Good afternoon, welcome to King Gymnasium! I take it you're looking to join?" the man asked with a helpful smile.

"Yes! I'm..." he paused, "I'm hoping to take a few weekly sessions here, where would you be able to fit me in?"

"Oh, well that's perfect! But before we talk about scheduling you'll have to fill in our form, that way you—" the receptionist was briefly interrupted by an increasing muttering, the attendees' words slithering like a rattlesnake that slowly approached.

Both of them turned to the side to try and figure out what was causing all the noise, and

it soon why it was happening became clear—Golden King had finished one of his classes and was heading to the showers, prompting attention from all the aspiring members who were excited with being able to see their idol up close before working with him personally. This would have been a painful reminder that Shu wasn't the only King fanatic there, if he too weren't allured by the scenario.

A few seconds after, the boy's admiration grew into indignation as his senses were overridden by the smell that gathered in the air with the hairy wrestler's approach. It was so strong and manly it almost burned his nose, but it was as if he were the only person noticing this. Maybe the others were used to it already? Even so, it seemed like something too potent to allow for such an easy adaptation... Just what could enable such a scent?

After that brief moment, Shu had a hard time finding his way back to reality. While the rest of the gym seemed to continue on with its business, the young man was still entranced by the sudden event which absorbed him from what he was doing.

“As I was saying, we require all our members to fill in an information form before we can start scheduling the sessions. It's gym policy, but I'm sure you know about that already. Afterwards we can get you started on the King Gym programme!” the man continued.

Shu blinked and shook his head, being anchored back to the present moment by the receptionist's words.

“R-right! The form...” he muttered, taking the pen that was provided to him and attentively reading the sheet of paper that only wanted to know about basic details such as his name, age, weight, health conditions... But even this form-filling process was done absentmindedly, and it was uncertain if Shu's head was in the clouds due to the first of many proximity scenarios between him and his idol or if something else had set him off like this.

Voices of men chattering echoed throughout the locker rooms, people who knew each other and came to the gym for training sessions together got their equipment on so that they could work out. Standard procedure, everyone did that. Shu was quickly undressing, trying to not leave any room for mockery as he was a little conscious about his average body. He couldn't compare to all the muscled men that attended the gym, let alone with Golden King who was going to be his instructor for the following class! The thought made him so nervous that he couldn't help but remember how his anxiety affected him the last time he encountered the champion at the lobby.

“Do you think he’s gonna retire soon?” one man asked his friend as they slipped into their shoes.

“I dunno, he’s still been going strong! Why would he leave the scene at a time like his?” the other one replied.

“Well... what if he wants to leave while he still has a good reputation? You know, to avoid having something stain his career.”

“But he’s the champion! Golden King! His reputation is never going to be stained. Goodness, I’m not even sure if he’s able to lose a match!”

“Why else would he be giving classes though? He’s probably looking for something calmer to do after retiring from the grand arena.”

“I don’t believe you! He’s just as good as ever, this is just something else he’s doing to show his great skill and passion to his fans...”

Shu overheard the conversation while he got into some comfortable workout clothes, absorbing the questions presented in the dialogue as if they were his own. Could it be that his idol was going to retire and this was just the first sign of it? No way! Shu shook his head and shrugged the idea off, they would have at least announced something regarding his final matches if that were the case. It couldn’t be true. Not like silly rumours such as these would be able to stop his excitement—this was going to be the first session he had with the King!

After closing his gym bag in the locker, he made his way to the room where his class was going to take place. There were some mats on the ground, and a few of them were already taken. It seemed like he wasn’t the only one who decided to come earlier, but then again that was an easily dismissed suspicion for whoever took a look at the crowded place.

Not wanting to create attention upon himself, Shu sat near a mat in the right corner beside the door. The mirror was located far ahead— he expected that it was near the front row that the most confident attendees would take their place. He wondered what they would be doing in this session, but he expected it to be a simple workout routine. It was the first time, after all!

“Greetings future wrestlers!” a booming voice brought everyone’s attention to the door, from which Simba entered immaculately. Once again, that peculiar scent from last time was felt, seeming to tickle Shu’s nose. “I hope you’re all excited for your first lesson,” he continued. A few late members entered after Golden King, quietly finding their own free spots while the large male poised in front of the mirror wall.

“I would like to say that I’m really glad to see you all here. While I know that some of you are already somewhat experienced, these classes will assume that you’re all completely new to the scene.” this little detail made Shu sigh in relief, attentively listening out for the further details.

In a matter of minutes the class was proceeding in a smooth manner. The males were made to partner up with each other so they could practice the various types of basic moves with each other, the mats underneath serving as protection for any eventual falls. Thankfully it was really simple, and Shu didn’t seem to struggle much with his partner. It was an exchange of simulated blows and guard moves, and when they moved to the part where they actually came in contact with each other as if they were on the ring, it was all done without any real violence. The main aim of the class was to show how to react to different situations, and how to deal with some predefined moves that most people already knew about.

As the lesson progressed, Shu could sense the tangy sweat growing stronger, starting to cause that slight nausea it did at the time he was enrolling. Oddly enough, he was skin-to-skin with this other sweaty male, but the scent didn’t really bother him too much. The real thing was coming from further ahead, and he was *sure* that Simba was the male producing such a powerful stench. What surprised him was how no one else seemed bothered at all, yet he was starting to get dizzy-headed and saw his performance grow gradually weaker as time passed.

It was to the point where Shu had to ask his partner to calm down a little, even if everything was already very tame. He wanted to ask him if he didn’t also find the smell weird, but judging from the pumped-up expression he found on the fellow wrestler, his suspicions turned towards the sensitivity of his own nose. Thankfully the class was reaching an end and he wasn’t going to have to endure with the strange sensation anymore. It was a real shame that this was preventing him from enjoying the fact that he was having classes with Golden King.

“Okay everyone, that’s it for today!” Simba said while he did some cooldown stretches. He looked at the room slowly emptying yet had an eye out for Shu, and called him out as he saw him heading out the door.

“You! Uhm, Shu, was it?”

This made the turn around right away, his heart sinking in fear. What could he have done? Gah, it must have been the fact that he was so distracted by the strong smell that he couldn’t even perform properly!

“Yes, you. Come here, I’d like to talk to you.”

Shu nodded obediently and wiped his forehead with the back of his wrist, still sweating from the activities. The wrestler looked at him with a kind and welcoming smile, initially making his fears go away only to have them return right after as he then suspected that this kindness was only so that the scolding wouldn't be so aggressive... All he wanted was to be able to cause a good first impression to his idol, but this class certainly didn't showcase his best self. Golden King walked towards him, the musk getting stronger once again.

"Hey, pal. I've noticed you were kinda off today. The most important thing about these courses is that our participants are able to safely reach their aspirations." Simba said to the young man, looking as confident and joyful as ever. "If any of our routines put your health at risk, you should consider talking to the medics and we'll see if we can adapt to whatever problems you have." he placed a hand on Shu's shoulder, smiling brightly.

"N-no... It wasn't that, sir. It was just that-"

"Oh, don't call me anything like that. I'm also your instructor, but first and foremost, I want you to call me a friend. I'm Simba to you, young man." the bigger male interrupted. "But tell me, what is it?"

Shu was overjoyed at the thought, the man he admired the most was allowing him to see him as a friend! But it didn't help that he was extremely close to Simba—the musk was much stronger and it only made him feel dizzier and dizzier.

"Well... I guess I'm not used to environment here, it gets a little hot and-"

"I see! Well, don't you worry." Simba grinned, already having identified the issue that the young boy was suffering from, but not wanting to give it away. "It's absolutely normal that you would feel this way! The gym is a place where people work hard to get strong, and it's normal that the temperatures would rise in such a situation. You're probably not used to your body producing that much heat, and it's making you dizzy! Don't worry, that will fade away with time."

The smaller man nodded and smiled faintly, still trying to regain himself from the mentally draining stench. It was easier to agree with the King's words, and it wasn't really like he could do anything else with how susceptible he was.

"Actually, I wanted to ask you something else." Simba's expression turned serious. "I've seen you training, and while your physique isn't ideal..." This prompted an awkward frown from his pupil. "... your technique is incredible. While other people only have the muscles to show, you have the *spirit* that only a real wrestler can have."

His fickle expression gradually lit up to a grin, and he wasn't able to believe the words that were grazing his ears. He hadn't only been noticed due to his awkward performance,

but Golden King had also seen potential in him?? If only he weren't so distracted by the overwhelming musk, these words would have had him jumping in joy! Instead he was only able to stare at the burly man with awe, taking a good five seconds before he could mutter out a "Thank you."

"No need to thank me, champ! It's all you. But this leads me to my proposal..." he paused for a moment, his paternal smile irradiating warmth before any sort of question was even thrown. "Would you like to be my apprentice? I know that it sounds like it will be extra work—and it *will* be, but I think that with personal training you'll be able to become a great wrestler. Just like me! You'll attend my own private training sessions and workout with me, how does that sound?"

Shu stood there in disbelief, his mind instantly telling him that he had heard it wrong. It just couldn't be true! Golden King asking him to become his apprentice...

"You there?" he got tapped on the face, reminding him of where he was once again.

He wasn't imagining things, it was true! Shu's expression lit up and he started nodding energetically, not wanting to let any trace of doubt surface.

"Yes! I would be honoured!!" he exclaimed, hoping the opportunity wouldn't slip by.

"Here's a copy of my schedule, if you can make it to any of these sessions that would be great! Now go get some well-deserved rest, today was a tiring day." Simba sighed in satisfaction before exiting the place, his manly scented trail lingering and continuing to buzz Shu's nose.

After a minute or two the scent started to fade, and the boy quickly gathered his things and went to the locker rooms so that he could get changed and head home. Clutching Simba's training schedule in his hand, he smiled and wondered if this 'apprenticeship' experience was something exclusive to him or if this was some sort of attempt at making him feel better due to his lackluster traits. That said, it wasn't as if he was going to doubt the champion's words, and he was already planning to attend as many extra sessions as he could.

Shu had attended a few of these special sessions that Simba had invited him to. They weren't as special as you would think, but for the young man, being able to watch his idol's personal workout routines—the routines that made him the star he was today, was something incredible. Last time, he even got the opportunity to try and participate, something that was met with great praise from his new mentor.

The only issue was that he noticed that he always felt a little dizzy-headed around the man, but he was sure that the problem was his own. In an attempt to find a way around this, he scheduled a doctor's appointment for later that month to see if something was wrong with him. He wondered if his diet was lacking, or if maybe all the exercising was just taking a while to adjust to...

These thoughts were interrupted by the loud sound of cheering. Shu looked at the ring and saw Golden King in his familiar victory pose. Another match won and another wave of joy that echoed throughout the arena. His entire performance had been spectacular, and if anything, the wrestler was only getting better! This reassured Shu regarding his worries about Simba's retirement.

The young apprentice had been given the opportunity to watch from near the ring instead of needing to buy a ticket, courtesy of Simba. And what a match it had been! Shu's only regret was that he got distracted by the time the final blow was delivered, but he hoped to be given a few more opportunities in the future.

After the initial minutes of hype quieted down, Simba made his ring exit and smiled proudly as he approached his assistant near the benches, being greeted with a towel from the boy.

"Thanks Shu!" he said as he uselessly tried to wipe his sweat on it. The only thing he managed to accomplish was to dirty the towel with his powerful scent, a treasure that he was quick to toss away.

Struggling to catch it, partially because of the unexpected swiftness, and also the dizzying concentration of body odor, Shu set it aside and tried to keep it somewhat tidy so that whoever was in charge of cleaning things wouldn't have too much work. Now the wrestler was probably going to head into the changing rooms, and Shu would get ready to go home.

"Hey kid, come with me." Simba ordered as he continued walking, expecting the young man to pick up the pace right away.

"O-okay... Where are we going?" he wasn't waiting to be called for anything post-session, so the hint at it made him curious.

"You've been in my care for a while, but I think it's time you got taught the truth regarding this arena." his expression continued stern and solid, not wanting to give room to doubt.

It was unavoidable, however. Simba, no, Golden King just had a spectacular performance in the ring, and instead of wanting to celebrate he was going to show him... something?

Something that didn't even seem worth celebrating, given the man's expression!

"The truth...?" Shu asked, a little fearful. The way Simba had worded things was so ominous, it was hard to not find the statement suspicious.

"Yeah! Come on, follow me."

Shu knew better than to question him, after all, he hadn't ever wronged him in the past. But the area to which they were heading was somewhat sketchy. Passing by the changing rooms and the waiting rooms, they continued down the hallway until they reached what seemed like a metallic elevator door. The light wasn't as strong here, and Shu could have sworn that he would never have noticed this door if it weren't Simba leading him!

There was no ding to the mechanical door opening, but it creaked slightly before inviting the males inside. Shu was glad that it was large enough for him to avoid direct body contact with Simba, but as one would expect, being closed *anywhere* with the musky man was a rough predicament for the apprentice.

"We're going to the manager's office." the leonine man said to break the silence while the lift began its descent.

"The manager's office? Down here...?" Shu inquired in a sceptical tone, finding the location rather strange. Thankfully he wasn't allowed to spend too much time dwelling on these questions as the elevator door soon opened and revealed the splendor of the underground level. Simba left and led the way as if everything else was completely normal, but there was no way to describe the abundance of colour and smell and man that he witnessed.

For something below surface-level, the ceiling was somewhat high. The area was vast, like a concrete field that could have been built into a parking lot. There was another ring, one that was slightly bigger than the one they had just left behind, and while the seating capacity wasn't as grand as that of the arena above, it could still hold a decent amount of people. Only that in this case, Shu wasn't sure that the attendants of this place were human at all!

As they walked through the unusual scenery, wrestlers could be seen gathered around the ring, while two were in the middle of what seemed like a practice match. They all had the strangest costumes, however. It was almost like they decided to take Golden King's animal-like attire to the next level, and chose something that would cover every inch of their bodies in animalistic patterns and textures.

Only the grunting from the wrestling males echoed throughout the place, and Shu couldn't take his eyes off them. It was an enormous muscular hare who struggled to hold his ground while faced with an equally large boar. The dynamism of the bodies'

movements while they fought against each other was undeniable, making Shu start to think that these were either extremely well made costumes, or if they were actually... animal-people of sorts?

Even though the fight only seemed like a practice match, there were cameras pointed at the ring and one particular reptilian camera-operator waved at Simba as they walked by him. Shu continued to look at the fighting anthros, cringing at how lewd they managed to make their wrestling scene. Maybe he was just imagining things, but it was almost as if they were grinding their costumed bulges against each other as they tried to overpower one another.

“H-heh Simba... what is this place?” Shu asked while tugging on his arm, not wanting to let himself get too far from the only person he felt somewhat safe with in this questionable place. He worried that maybe this was some sort of illegal fight club where the attendants wore masks to hide their true identities, and he didn’t want to discover that Golden King would participate in something like that. The mental image of that was just so wrong!

“It’s our Lord’s arena, you’ll meet him soon. Follow me, we’re almost there.”

Even if confused, he just nodded knowing it was too late to turn back, and made sure to keep close to Simba. It frightened Shu to even consider this, but it felt like the scent of the creatures here was even stronger than Simba’s, and it was at the point where he felt his inhibitions slip away as they strolled past the musky males. It allowed for such a warping experience, and Shu was having a harder time keeping in touch with reality. Part of him wanted to run away because of how strange everything seemed, yet another part of him felt comfortable, almost as if this was a normal scenario.

Soon enough they both approached a large door that looked incredibly strong, even when compared to all the bodybuilders that frequented the place. Simba struggled a little to push it aside, and he allowed the other male to enter first.

In the ‘manager’s office’, Shu was only more surprised by what he saw. The room was beautiful and ornamented with draconic statues and various glass cases full of trophies that ranged from last decade to last week. In the middle of the room sat a giant golden dragon, possibly even taller than the other furry creatures they had passed by before. He had a wide grin on his face, and Simba seemed to kneel before him as soon as they approached his vicinity. The young man didn’t want to be there. He felt extremely uncomfortable, but his mind and body felt a little weak from the intense musk. Tagging along seemed to be easier. Not having to think was so much easier... But he had to, didn’t he? There wasn’t a way he could be okay with this.

“Here he is, Lord Fafnir.” Simba said in a monotone voice, and it took Shu a while to understand that he was what was being presented to the strange dragon creature. As

every other anthropomorphic wrestler seen until then, he was largely muscular and imposed great respect. But it was clear that this one was the leader as everything about him denoted power and superiority.

“I see. I can sense it too, you’re right. What a good job, Simba!” the dragon got up and approached them both, only making it more evident that he was bigger than them. His fangs and the natural slickness of his tongue glistened against the light after he smiled, making the young boy gulp in confused realization that this was in fact true, and they were in fact... talking animals? There was no way that these were costumes. But just how could such creatures exist? It wasn’t easy for Shu to reach these questions, however, as his mind couldn’t focus on anything for too long. Almost as if he were struggling against something else, something that crawled against his skin and wanted to take over.

“W-what is this? What are... you?” Shu managed to ask in fear, hiding behind Simba as if he were going to protect him from whatever was happening. His eyes soon drifted to the dragon’s body, and he couldn’t believe how strong he looked. Golden exuberant scales that were built with the utmost muscle, an evident manifestation of perfection.

“That’s a good question. I’m Fafnir, a dragon. But you will call me Lord Fafnir.” his smile suddenly turned more sadistic.

He continued. “Say.. you know that scent you’ve been struggling with? Those are the special pheromones that all of my wrestlers release. Not everyone can sense them, you know... That’s how Simba knew that you had the potential to come and serve me. This was how Simba could see... *you*. You will absolutely love becoming your true self, Shu.” this had the boy confused. There had to be a hint of truth in this, as it explained why the other gym attendees were never bothered by the champion’s scent, but all of this just seemed like the plot of a weird movie. True self? None of this made any sense, Shu was almost paralysed in fear even though he wanted to get away from these freaks as fast as possible.

“Show us your true form, Simba.” Fafnir ordered, hoping to further clarify what he meant with his words.

And as soon as commanded, the burly wrestler expanded a little further and his golden hair started to cover him like fur. His majestic lion mask soon grew even more realistic, as if that were even possible, and it was almost as if the mask became his face. The feline features now moved in perfect sync with his expressions and mannerisms, and it was at this point that Shu was sure he had seen it all. He *turned into* a lion? And... he was slightly *bigger* than he was as a human? It amazed him how such a thing was even possible, but it shouldn’t be. All of this was so unnatural! The boy started to wonder if this was a dream that he was having and that maybe he had passed out during the match, but that wouldn’t be possible with how overloaded his senses were.

“Ah ah, I can see that you’re surprised. The Simba you see in the surface world is but a disguise we use so that he may take his place as a human champion, but his true form is a nice and loyal lion. Worry not, you’ll get your own chance to experience this soon enough...” Fafnir said before petting the transformed man, making Shu grimace at the exaggerated submission he saw come from his idol.

“You see, Shu, Lord Fafnir gave me the opportunity to become who I am today. In exchange, all I need to do is to be his loyal servant—and I wouldn’t trade that for anything in the world.” Simba flexed his insanely powerful biceps and a damp stain seemed to form in his briefs. Was he leaking pre-cum? The sight was supposed to be appalling, but he couldn’t help fixating his gaze on the glorious men he had in front of him.

He was... he was getting aroused? Shu had always admired Golden King for both his charisma and his physique, but it was definitely nothing more than platonic admiration. But at this moment, with the hazy musk doing his mind over and the surreal scenario in front of him... It felt right to feel aroused at the sight. Of course it did. Such a big, strong, beautiful lion Simba was... And just how much he lusted him, how much he wanted to touch that wonderful body... No! These thoughts weren’t right. Something was making him think this way! But it was now too late to try and fight against it. Fafnir’s influence already had Shu in its claws.

“Look at you, poor creature... That’s right. You want to be like Simba, don’t you? You want to have such a wonderful manly body, you want to serve me...”

Just as the dragon whispered these poisonous words into the struggling human’s ears, he snapped his fingers and created what seemed to be a costume similar to the King’s. A silver lion mask, briefs and legguards. Except that instead of being red and gold, this one had blue and silver as its main colours. He undressed Shu and managed to fit these garments on him with ease, chuckling at the sight of how funny they looked on him when he was still so small. What instantly struck Shu was how strong they smelled, the scent being exactly the same as that of Simba. That almost bitter, manly fragrance of musk... He wasn’t even able to consider that this magical costume initiated the physical changes in him, making it so that both his body and his mind could evolve to that of Fafnir’s slave at a steady rate.

With that same malevolent expression on his face, the golden dragon decided to continue adding to his torment. The best time to do so was when they were transforming, after all. “So you might be asking yourself *why* I’m doing this to you, right? Hmm...” he faked a break of confusion to make the moment slightly more dramatic.

"...that's hard to explain. Well, for starters, it will be amusing to see you fight. My roster needs some new additions, and talented men like you suit my taste best. I only choose men with a strong inner beast, and you happen to have just that. You'll see." even while

hearing these cold words, Shu struggled against the restrictive magic and tried to escape. Just what was this? Magic, these creatures, this scent... It always came back to the scent. Fafnir noticed that he was preferring to try and struggle against his magic instead of paying attention to his words. It didn't bother him though—he would just continue until the boy broke.

"Not many wrestlers of mine have an important role outside of the special hideout. I like knowing that my fighters are dedicated to impressing me and me alone, but I guess there's something special about having a successful wrestler fight for me too." Fafnir circled around the boy, grinning at the pitiful display. "You're such a fan of Simba here, aren't you? Well luckily you're going to get the treat of a lifetime~"

With this, the golden dragon leaned over to caress the human's cheek before getting back to his throne and crossing his legs. For Shu, it felt strange to be touched while the lion mask was on—the sensation was as if it started to fuse with his human face.

Simba adored being able to witness the transformations his master induced whenever they were to happen. It always started the same way, and the giant lion brought out his long semi-hard cock to start masturbating as he observed the show. He approached the transforming boy and made a point of tugging on the elastic band of his costume's briefs, snapping it against his expanding flesh.

"It's just like mine... You will love this costume, trust me! Not only does it look great on you, but it's going to help get rid of all those doubts you still have in your mind." The lion made a flexing pose while he stroked his cock, grinning before continuing to ramble about why he should give in to the costume's magic. Shu still had a flicker of fight inside of him, and he tried to release it before the situation consumed him entirely.

"L-let me... let me go..." Shu pointlessly managed to mutter out. If the musk from his earlier encounters was strong, this one was absolutely unbearable. He found that even pronouncing those scattered words was an extremely hard task, and his mind was adamant in not succumbing to the crawling desires that the dragon's magic created inside of him. But how strong could the young man's mind be when his attention was forced to shift elsewhere? Focusing all of his attention to try and fight against the mental induction could have worked if he was able to dedicate 100% of his strength to it, but that was absolutely impossible. His skin felt warm and tingly and it started to expand smoothly, a layer of hardness trying to manifest underneath it.

"Simba told me about how much you struggled to grow a muscular body... Your Lord is giving you such a nice gift, so take it." the dragon commanded from a couple feet away. It wasn't as if he expected any possible resistance from the human, but these words always helped dynamize the process. Instead of having his victim doze off, he occasionally reeled him back in during the transformation until his mind was completely broken and bent to his will. That was his preferred strategy, even if his magic was flawless either way.

Blinking a little, Shu tilted his head and looked to the side. His arm felt so overextended, and there was good reason for it. What was once a regular human arm started to bulk out and became thicker than a thigh. Speaking of which, Shu's legs also widened and pulsed with energy as the muscle built in them, his glutes aching in pain from all the tight outwards pressure.

His breath ran short as the transformation occurred, the weight on his chest making it hard for air to circulate. This only contributed to the dizziness that the nauseating musk had already created in him, and he knelt against the ground to try and avoid collapsing from the heft that was adding to his figure.

Stronger. That was how Shu felt. It was strange, given that he was near fainting, but he could feel all of his body sizzle with the immense strength that the muscle mass was bound to give him. His submissive body wouldn't stop growing, and little did he know, soon enough he would rival Simba's size! Although it would be hard for him to make this comparison at the time, as the golden wrestler only manifested a greater figure in his leonine form and it was hard for him to properly grasp these details while transforming.

"Just give in, you know you want to become a lion like me..." Simba said with that same sinister expression on his face, anticipating the sidekick that he was finally going to get after being a solo act for so long.

"Isn't he turning out wonderful, my underling?" Fafnir asked Simba, amused at the sight. His throbbing member couldn't deny it either, emphasizing his tight bulge. The dragon didn't want to passively watch the transformation happen anymore, and decided to take some direct action. With a graceful stride, he moved over to Simba and stroked his large, muscular chest, making a point of squeezing his left pec.

"That's the size..."

And so he proceeded to the magic-bound human, placing his strong dragon claw against the bulging frame. Just as the firm touch grazed Shu's body, he felt the tingling intensify and his mouth widened in awe at the sight of how large his chest was becoming. This... this couldn't be possible, could it? To think that he was only built at around 165 pounds and he now looked like a 250 pound bodybuilder... It was insane. And he could feel his crotch tighten against the lycra briefs, most likely due to how large his butt was growing too. He would have worried about ripping through the costume, but thankfully Fafnir's magic made sure that the material was as elastic as needed to accommodate the newly-gained girth. That didn't necessarily mean that he made it comfortable—it was so tight that his well-defined ass was almost visible.

Shu's underwear tightness wasn't only caused due to his enlarged rump, however. Between his meaty thighs was his own slab of meat that started desperately throbbed against the briefs, stretching them even further.

Simba watched the spectacle while rubbing his own bulge, knowing that the best part was yet to come. His apprentice looked huge, but it wasn't enough.

"And now you're going to release the true wrestler within, *Regulus*."

The dragon's sharp words seemed to increase the effect of the magic, and Shu felt confused about being called Regulus. Who was that? Wait... that was his real name, wasn't it? Shu was just... He knew that Shu was important, but all meaning started to flake off the name. It became something hollow that he simply acknowledged, and it soon changed to something that desperately clung to the ledge of his memory. Regulus was taking over.

His scarce body hair started to grow out and extend, and before long his body was all coated in a nice layer of what seemed like fur. He was starting to look like Simba, although his fur was silver-coloured, something that he thought matched perfectly with the lion's pelt. But was he becoming a lion too? A tug above his briefs seemed to confirm his suspicions, an appendage that morphed into a nice tail pushing out until it could freely sway over his buttocks.

In the former man's mind, a desire to serve Lord Fafnir gathered and melded with that previously blank canvas of Regulus' identity. Pleasure, pride, arousal... These feelings became staples of his essence. Just as his new body assembled, so did his new personality. Confidence, diligence, a hint of arrogance... These attitudes flourished from bland words to the core of the male's life. If there were reasons for him to admire Golden King, he was embodying them all. In that case, was it wrong for him to be feeling so happy with himself?

He turned to the side, a beautiful silver mane stretching out from his mundane black hair and framing his gorgeous feline face. As his face elongated into a muzzle, he looked at the masturbating lion, no longer seeing him as a superior. An equal, a partner, a brother. That was what Simba was to him, right? He was Simba's sidekick, but their lord always told him how equally important his role was. It made him feel so proud, too. If they were equals, it only meant that they were able to be Fafnir's finest servants together. Such a thing was very important to Regulus. He was so better than everyone else, wasn't he? He was a champion! The only person he was inferior to was the golden dragon who gave him this gift, but that was natural. There wasn't anything else he wanted, either. If anything, the physical restrictions of the transformative magic were becoming a nuisance as the silver lion wanted nothing more than to get frisky with his horny brother to please his master.

“Soon, my dear... I can sense how pent up you are!” Fafnir made a point of cupping Regulus’ crotch, an action which immediately caused the lycra to stretch, thinner and thinner. Not only was he getting more aroused, but his genitalia were also growing in order to conclude the transformation. He could feel his testicles tingle as they swole, growing big enough to take up the entirety of the dragon’s large claw if they weren’t hidden by his briefs. This didn’t last for long, however, as his cock elongated and stretched out the fabric. It poked out so far that a small slit now appeared over his groin, allowing air to brush against his balls.

“You’re growing so much, aren’t you? Look at this, you match Simba now!” Fafnir said joyfully, making sure to squeeze his bulge.

Watching all of this made Simba groan as he continued pleasuring himself while he witnessed the transformation’s finale, now approaching climax. He pumped his cock harder, a slight roaring becoming audible from under his heavy breath. It soon became too much for him to handle and he had to release it, orgasming all over his lion brother.

The seed only contributed to give Regulus’ form some shimmer, and Simba was already prepared for more action. His member hadn’t even lost any of its hardness, and if anything, the scent of semen being added to the musk only made him hornier. Getting the opportunity to show his new partner some love for Lord Fafnir’s pleasure would be his biggest pleasure too.

Regulus felt as if he could orgasm then and there, the sight of the golden lion intoxicating him with lust. His first movements were still similar to those of an unsuspecting newborn, as he hadn’t had time to get used to his new form. Fortunately, there was so much firmness and balance to his figure that it wasn’t hard for him to adjust to all the muscle. Taking a proper look at himself, he grinned in utmost satisfaction.

This was only interrupted by the feeling of an arm reaching around him, a golden paw placed on his abs. “You look really good Regulus... I was so excited to see you.” Simba murred into his ear, nibbling on it before reaching both of his paws down to his crotch.

A gentle tug slid the elastic material down his waist, making his erect member spring out.

“Let’s help you out with this, big guy.” he teased, tugging at the large, silver phallic member. He placed both of his paws on the shaft from behind him and aligned his cum-coated dick with the recently-transformed lion’s butt. The golden paws slid down, pulling the throbbing member’s skin down a little, before sliding back up, all the way to the tip. This was met with an unsuspecting yelp from Regulus—he had penetrated him as he did this motion, and the alien feeling was amazing. There was barely enough time to process this, however, as Simba took the lead and commenced a steady pounding rhythm.

“Haa... this feels so... so good...” the silver lion growled out, reaching his strong arm back to Simba’s head and bringing it close to his neck. The other lion got the hint and started kissing and biting beneath Regulus’ silver mane, drool drizzling over the gentle bite marks. Now he took control of his own cock, pumping it frantically while he kept getting fucked. Not once had he experienced anal pleasure before, but the look on his face gave away how good it was being for him.

This all made the dragon smile as he watched the boys’ great performance. So gentle, so violent... So passionate. He couldn’t deny his own excitement as he saw them acting upon each other just as he commanded. Watching the small movements of their bodies, the flexing of every muscle, big or small, watching the expressions and microexpressions... Fafnir took it all in, and his own arousal increased with every added second of sexual tension between the two.

The silver lion's anus expanded and contracted like a rubber band in the hands of a child, accompanying the monster cock that greedily found its way to his prostate. His moaning was guttural and masculine, portraying the aggressiveness that came bundled with all the love they were sharing. Anyone watching such a scene would be scared at the two beasts' mating, worried that they would crush each other while they tried to achieve sexual release.

In a way, this was somewhat like wrestling. That was what Fafnir saw, at least. Here, there were two males groping and kissing and fucking each other, but in the ring the same thing happened albeit with different forms of expression. Skin on skin. muscle on muscle, strength being forced against strength... There was a reason that he loved wrestling so much. When he wasn't busy seeking out new recruits or watching his wrestlers fight live, he gladly went through his recordings of matches that were masterfully captured from every single angle, emphasizing each moment, each point of view, each bead of sweat...

He was so captivated by his servants' fucking that he could tell they were about to ejaculate, bringing the gorgeous match to an end. One of many, of course, but it was still the first. Such a special, remarkable moment. And only he was there to witness it, only his memory would have this scene recorded on it.

Regulus was now bent over, one of his strong arms providing support against the floor while he used his other paw to jack himself off, it was all he could do while having all that pleasure imposed on him. Simba too had to lean a little so that he could get a grip on the silver male's buttocks, each the size of a large bowling ball. They were so firm that he could feel his cock graze against the well-defined glutes with every thrust, it was incredible. The wrestler finally had the chance to fuck himself, or at least someone that was equal to him in terms of physical composition.

"I... I can't take it for... for longer..." a string of drool threaded out from the bottom lion's ferocious jaw. Dripping seemed to be a trend of his overexerted body, as he was already drenched in slickening sweat from the activity.

"Me neither... Regulus..." Simba grunted from above, his pace speeding up even more. The ramming up the male's anus was uncontrollable, Regulus could barely think while being fucked. There was no second for recovery, it was just potent, indescribable ecstasy to the point where he felt a wave of tingling overcome him, almost as if all his nerves had been deactivated yet sent into overdrive at the same time. He knew it. He was going to orgasm.

His paw was long off his member, the lion needing the extra support to make sure he wouldn't collapse from the sex. Simba had gone crazy inside him, but that soon ceased. The second he was to orgasm, he pushed deeper than ever before, making one worry that maybe he would mess up Regulus' insides. And just like that, the silver lion could feel himself getting hit in that special area that would trigger an orgasm more powerful than any other. And it was. He roared in delight, the manly grunts melding in orgasmic unison. The monstrous cock spurted out strings of seed just as he felt warm, sticky cum coat every inch of his anus. Beneath him, the floor became a complete mess from how messy his release was. He didn't even know that it was possible to produce that much semen!

Just like that, Shu was sealed far away. If a part of him was still kept intact, forced to witness everything that his body was going through... it wouldn't have survived all of the pleasure that he had just experienced. Regulus was complete, and by the look on his face, quite satisfied too.

"You're incredible, Regulus..." Simba reached down to his partner and gave him a deep kiss, their breathing still being extremely heavy.

Both of the males groaned into each other as they made out, feeling and groping each other as much as they could, even if their sexual desires had calmed down for a while. They just couldn't get enough of their strong bodies, and they wanted—no, they needed—to explore every inch of muscle, every inch of warm flesh, and then they had to give in to their libido once more.

Lord Fafnir looked extremely satisfied with the outcome. He was now more certain than ever: he had made a great choice by having Simba recruit the former human known as Shu. His new human form would be one fitting for Regulus, being similar to Shu in nothing at all. Even so, there couldn't be a better fit for Golden King's sidekick. The world would know of them both as if they had been a duo for eternity, and Fafnir would take great pleasure in watching them fight—and fuck—for as long as they could.

"An amazing performance from our favourite duo, Golden King and Silver Leo!!" the cheery announcer beamed into her microphone. Soon there was no space for any talking whatsoever as the arena filled with the sound of proud fans, and it was at that moment that the two men knew they had achieved yet another victory together.

It had been a couple months since Shu joined the world as Regulus, an exceptional wrestler possessed of remarkable skill. He was absolutely equal to Simba in terms of physical and technical prowess, and the world soon knew them both as the fantastic lion duo. The introduction of Regulus into the wrestling scene was accepted by everyone, almost as if he had always been there alongside Golden King. This would have been another effect of Fafnir's magic—he was able to make any of his transformations accepted by society. That was also what happened with the rise of Golden King, way before Shu could have even dreamt of becoming Regulus. This explained why no one could seem to remember what exactly brought him to fame and success, other than his seemingly natural talent...

Silver Leo now gave lessons in King Gymnasium alongside his twin, and despite needing to leave his previous job filling open, people only seemed to have a blurry memory regarding the existence of Shu. Not even Regulus cared about whatever his past identity was, his warped perception of time only seemed to focus on the present and the short-term future at most. The past wasn't something to worry about. Now he was an internationally famous wrestler and he spent all of his time either working out, wrestling or personally serving Lord Fafnir. All of these being activities that he would perform with the utmost delight. Needless to say, the male's musk had also increased to an extreme level, rivaling that of the other transformed wrestlers. Now it only created arousal in him, any thoughts of disgust having been completely washed away at the moment of his transformation.

Speaking of the present, that was something that the man was enjoying after the match. Posing in front of the waiting room's mirror, Regulus admired his physique and how odorous his body was.

"Looking good, brother!" Simba came from behind him with a towel, playfully squeezing the flexed bicep. "Seeing you in that costume never gets old."

"I know right? I look so good, I can't believe it." he replied before changing his pose to one where he made a point of flexing his pectorals. One of his favourite activities was feeling himself and just gazing upon his massive body. Both his human form and his anthro form were incredible, and there wasn't ever a time he tired of it.

Receiving this gift from Lord Fafnir came with the price of eternal servitude towards him, but there was nothing bad about that, at least not for these two. All they had to do was to work their bodies and enjoy them while wrestling with each other... What else would they have wanted in life? If anything, even this condition was a prize to the males. Shu would have been disgusted at the thought of serving such a perverted master, but Regulus was so absorbed in his own perversion that he couldn't get himself to care about such a thing. At this point, there was no emotional attachment to whatever still-existent fragments of the past lingered in the depth of his tainted mind. Even a short detour like this one was quickly dispelled by the bubbling pride he felt while gazing at his own figure.

Now his priorities were quite different, and thankfully he was allowed to explore his primal desires in whatever way we liked, as long as he kept being an obedient servant. Focusing back on his muscular reflection and the equally well-built image of his partner behind him, he was reminded that the only thing better than looking at his own chiselled form was to share it with the only person who loved it as much as he did.

Turning around, Regulus wrapped his arms around Simba and started fondling his muscular pecs, making sure to gently pinch his nipples as he did so. His crotch was rubbing against his partner's butt, and he let out a manly groan as he felt the amazing slab of man. They both had the same constitution, but it was always better to feel each other up after spending so much time admiring and working on their own bodies. Being able to take in the scent of each other's musk only intensified the feelings of lust. Regulus was now addicted to both his and his partner's scent, and he truly understood how great it was to be as manly as Simba.

"Mmmh, it's time isn't it Regulus?" Simba murred out before pulling down his underwear, the large veiny cock pulsing as he got played with. He made sure to grind his butt down against the crotch behind him, and a short nub of his lion tail started to sprout above it.

"It sure is... I love transforming with you." the other male growled, turning Simba around and sliding down his own underwear, their cocks now gently grazing against each other. Basking in each other's heat and musk only accelerated the transformation, and they felt hornier as they transitioned to their true forms.

Simba reached down to the kissing members and leaned in, placing his large hand around as much skin as he could reach and carefully going up and down with them both. This only made both of the males grunt while the changes spread out, starting from the hand-turned-paw to the rest of their large bodies. The act of transforming always increased the pleasure felt by their flesh, so initiating intimate contact whenever it was time for them to transform made both experiences so much better. It was another little perk of Fafnir's gift—every detail of their new, enhanced forms was built to give them the utmost pleasure, both so that he could bring out the best in his subjects and so that they

would have little to no reason to ever try and deny their servitude to him. If he was such a benevolent master, why would they want to look elsewhere?

“Hnnng, I’m getting close already...” the golden lion said, continuing to frot with Regulus, the feeling of throbbing cock against cock driving them into a frenzy of guttural groans of pleasure.

“Then... then let’s...” the silver lion attempted to add on, their faces becoming the feline busts that their masks previously tried to make them resemble. The transformations always included the increase of their body mass and so their cocks thickened and enlarged against each other, bringing the two males to a point of near-orgasm haze. The waiting room was unfortunately fitted with benches suited for humans, and so it wasn’t a surprise that creaking could be heard underneath the pounds and pounds of pure muscle.

“Aah... I’m coming!” Simba said in his husky voice, their pleasurable gasps becoming the room’s soundtrack. With how lewd they were being, it was impossible that anyone else would be able to survive in the waiting room without feeling disgusted—or extremely aroused, if that was what they were into.

Their pulsing tips couldn’t take the pressure anymore, and they happened to orgasm at the exact same time, each string of cum shooting against the opposite lion’s chest. Regulus leaned back while his cock let loose, enjoying the feeling of Simba’s seed splotching against his pecs. It lasted for a few more seconds, and both lions were coated in sticky cum.

Still panting under his breath, Regulus decided to get up, a weaker rope of seed that dangled from his member dripped onto the floor. They had to put their costumes back on.

“Our Lord is waiting for us, Simba.” he added, smiling at the beautiful lion he had in front of him. They only looked better in their anthro forms, and every single moment of their lives now contributed to this spiral of lust and narcissism.

“He sure is. Let’s go and give him a show he’ll remember forever.” the other male replied.

This was received with an affirming nod, and they both headed out of the waiting room, not worried about finding any human along the way—no one would be at this part of the arena at that time. Given that there was also a waiting room underground, why wouldn’t they have waited until they were down there to transform? The answer was right in front of the lewd men.

“I worry that this thing is gonna break under our weight someday.” the silver lion said in a mix of both humor and genuine concern.

“Well, Lord Fafnir says that it was built with wrestlers in mind. It can probably handle us for a little longer, no?”

“It depends! If you keep getting bigger...” Regulus suggested, not at all bothered by the idea.

“As if you can talk!” the golden lion chuckled, “With how much you workout, you’ll be outweighing me soon!”

“I suppose that our master would be pleased with that, so why not?” he replied, flexing while he winked in a cocky manner.

“You’re right Regulus. I can only imagine the look on his face once he sees that us, his greatest servants, are only working towards better results with each passing day.”

They both grinned, sharing the same dream of serving their master to the fullest of their ability. The elevator’s doors opened.

“It’s here now, let’s go.”

Once inside the elevator, that same elevator from which Shu returned as a completely different person, both Silver Leo and Golden King were fully equipped and ready for their wrestling session under Lord Fafnir’s supervision. Nothing compared to the feeling of releasing all that testosterone-enhanced energy while in their leonine forms. Despite already having dealt with a portion of their sexual tension, they couldn’t stop feeling each other while the mechanism sturdily brought them underground. That was the reason why they enjoyed transforming before: these moments of added pleasure while in the elevator were always divine.

As soon as the doors opened, they ceased their touching, looking ahead and moving towards the ring with expressions of great pride on their faces. Thanks to the dragon’s favour, they were able to experience the rushes of being incredible wrestlers. The thrills of this life never seemed to end, and even if any of it became monotonous or routine-like, it wouldn’t have bothered them at all. Underneath the spotlight of the arena, they could barely notice the seats occupied with eager anthropomorphic males and the plethora of cameras excited to capture their performance. The pair took a moment to look up at the special balcony in which their master was seated, and they felt the pleasurable infatuation of the mind-control surge through their bodies. How lucky they were to serve such a great dragon... This gave them both the drive and the arousal to try and get through their first match of the evening with spectacular results, and it was soon going to begin.

They were now in the real battlefield, and they wouldn’t hold back.

