

A Barbaric Party

For TerinasTiger

By Draconicon

As a way of showing support for local businesses, the accounting firm that Raja was part of had decided to all buy costumes from the same place. The lion had to admit, he wasn't disappointed in the slightest

He smiled as he looked at himself in the mirror of one of the offices, looking over the buff lion that had picked out a barbarian costume for himself. The loincloth ran down between his legs almost to his knees, and he felt confident enough with it to try running around the office with nothing on under it. A plastic sword at his side completed the costume - after all, what barbarian worth his salt would wear much more - and he looked...well, pretty good. He was a bit past his prime, after all, and the lion knew better than to believe that the slight gut that he carried was all muscle.

Hey, you don't gotta look like Boneran the Barbarian to look sexy, though. he said, giving his muscles a surreptitious flex. He ignored the slight bounce in his chest and his stomach, and just enjoyed the hardness that lay beneath it.

Turning away from the mirror, he looked over the rest of the party. Most of the desks had been cleared away to make room for an easy space for the gathering, and most of the various clerks, accountants, and the lawyer or two that they hired were there. Some were congregating around the punch bowl, others were spending time by the buffet table, and still others were yapping at one another about something involving the cases that they took on during the week.

One such was a rhino rival of his, Chet Thaddington. If he wasn't assigned to a high-profile account, then Chet was, and vice versa. The pair of them warred for attention from the CEO, and it seemed like they were warring for attention from the various members of the party, too. The rhino had come in dressed as He-Man, and was showing off almost as much body as he was.

Though I bet he's not brave enough to go commando, the way I am, the lion thought with a chuckle.

He turned his attention from the rhino to the ladies of the office. They were gathered off to the side as well, though most of them were talking to each other about...well, he wasn't quite sure. He just knew that they weren't talking work, from the sound of the giggling that came out of that part of the room every so often. It sounded too lighthearted for that.

Among them was a black-robed 'sorceress' of a rabbit, named Amanda, and he smiled as he looked her over. She had really gone all-out with her costume, braving the possibility of a sexual harassment lawsuit with how much skin she was showing. Hell, he was half-convinced that her boobs would bounce out of her clothes if she got a good slap on the back, and he was half-tempted to give it a try.

Yet, he didn't. Mostly because he knew that Chet was sweet on her, and didn't want to step into that mess.

Then again...

Nah. He might have the costume, but he didn't have the muscle to back it up. Probably best to allow it to go off on its own course, and then -

The clock struck midnight. As the soft gonging echoed across the office, everyone suddenly pressed their hands to their heads, as if they were struck by a headache all at once. Raja blinked, trying to think through the sudden discomfort, when suddenly, *it* struck.

He slumped sideways, one hand grabbing at his chest as he felt a sudden thud through his body, a streak of discomfort followed by an extreme tightness. The lion coughed, shaking his head as he squeezed down. He gasped as he found, rather than the soft flesh that he expected, hard muscle. He forced an eye open, and looked down.

His chest was hardening even as he looked at it, the flab that stuck out in his pecs getting sucked down, and muscular, hard plates popping up to replace it. Even as he touched it, he felt it was...was...

His thought disappeared, his grip on reality shaking for a moment before coming together again. By the time he was able to see clearly, his chest was hard as a rock, and the muscles were popping out on his arms as they swelled to match. A series of bubble-like pops filled the air as his abs grew in, hard and solid, a six-pack swelling out one bump at a time.

How...

His thought stopped, changed direction.

How did I get...this out of shape?

It felt wrong, but only for a second before the lion snorted. Raja was strong, but he needed to be stronger. Barbarians could not stand as weak as this. He flexed his arms, and felt the power rippling through them.

"Weak? No, STRONG!"

He roared, and the sound echoed back at him, the sound almost serving as another boost to the swelling muscles in his limbs. His tail whipped around behind his loincloth, and he leaned back his head and let out another, louder roar.

"STRONG!"

And stronger he was, his arms and legs oozing with power, his toes curling hard enough to crack the floor beneath them. He swept out his arm, grabbing hold of a desk, and lifted it with one hand above the ground.

Desk?

No, no, board. Board attached to small boards. With more wood making chair. He growled under his breath, turning his eyes to the others in the room again.

Some were still bent over, but the rhino. Rhino.

"Chet! You weak, me strong! Prove in front of all!"

"Fool. You think that you can defeat He-Man, Master of the Universe?"

"Ha! Puny rhino with puny words. Come, fight me!"

He charged forward with another roar, his body swelling and feeling hot and hard as he moved. The ground felt like it shook beneath him, and as he slammed into the charging rival of his, the shockwave knocked down others that were standing near them.

He took a punch to the face, and gave one back. They exchanged a kick to the knee, and then fell over each other. Chet was on top for a second, then he rolled, shoving the rhino down into the ground.

Their arms were stretched out overhead, trying to get leverage over each other. He screamed, and Chet - no, He-Man, he thought, with another swell of power, another drain of thought - kept bucking and shouting back at him. The words meant nothing, were little more than babble. They didn't have meaning to one with muscles.

Suddenly, he was shoved back, slamming against a desk hard enough to smash it in half. The rhino was on him again, pinning him down by the neck, and the lion roared against him, grabbing for any handhold that he could get.

They were pressed so tightly together that loincloth and breeches were grinding against each other. Leather and fur, and the bulges beneath, ground and slid along each other. He grunted every so often, his cock throbbing, his body getting slick and wet with sweat as the fight went on and on.

Sweat proved his escape, as he slipped out of He-Man's grip, and slid under him. He grabbed the other warrior from behind, and pinned him down, holding him there with an elbow to the neck and his hard cock -

"Puny man weak! Me strong!"

"You are more powerful than you look, beast! But I - AH!"

Raja shut He-Man up with a grab around the crotch, lifting him up in a move that he vaguely 'remembered' from wrestling. He swung the rhino over his head, and then down, standing with his foot lightly over the barely-covered crotch. His own cock stood up hard and proud from his loincloth, bouncing and twitching.

"I win! I stronger! You weaker!"

There was no answer from He-Man save for the soft throb-throb of the trapped dick under his foot. He laughed, walking over the splayed out body, and made his way through the other costumed people.

There was one, just one, that had his attention. Others were breaking away, some making their way into corners, others swelling with power as he had done. Some were muttering under their breaths, holding their head as if arguing with something, while others had changed so much as to be unrecognizable.

Not that he recognized anything but one female, anyway.

He grabbed the black-robed rabbit by her arm, spinning her around and throwing her over his shoulder.

"Woman mine! Mine!"

His roar echoed once more around the room, challenging anyone to say that it wasn't so. Nobody looked up from what they were doing, and nobody said anything to him. Good enough for his work.

He carried her to the far end of the room, where another set of boards were laid out. He tossed the rabbit down on it, and threw her robe up past her hips. The lion laughed, seeing that she was as bare as he down there.

"Ha! Woman know what woman want!"

"Mm, never hurts to have eye-candy as well as a big dick in a man...Alright, big guy, come here."

He had no idea what she said, nor did he care. She spread her legs willingly for him, and that was all that the barbarian needed. He leaped over the table, slamming into her hard enough to draw a scream from her lips. Whatever it meant, he knew three things.

She was hot.

She was wet.

And she had invited him.

As the barbarian lion slammed in harder and harder, fulfilling the role of the costume, he turned ever stronger, and ever dumber. His cock throbbed with each shift that fell over him, and slowly but surely, Raja the accountant faded from the room, replaced by the Wearer of the Barbarian Loincloth.

The End