

(Primer: Leon is an anthro lion. Below a proud lion's head and mane is a muscular body -- excessively so. Perhaps a bit too much, but nothing ridiculous. Reference can be found on F-list. ...That's about it.)

The lion prowled through the woods, intently following the scent that led him this far. It started as a subtle, flowery scent that he was keen to pick up on, and as he weaved through the trees, it grew identifiable as a characteristic scent indeed -- the scent of a female in season.

He padded mostly silently through the Spring foliage, a toothy grin creeping across his lips, as that pheromone scent did a number on his mind, inciting all sorts of carnal instincts.

By the time he arrived at a humble, thatch-roofed cottage, nestled in the middle of the deep woods, his urges drove him to skip all more... civilized formalities, and he entertained an internal debate, just as the door to the cottage swung open. His predatory instincts kicked in, and he froze, shrinking back into the trees.

Out poured a lovely fawn, a curvy, creamy thing of a deer. Her entire demeanor exuded an earthly, motherly aire, with thick thighs, heavy, full breasts; a healthy amount of fat in all the right places. She swayed up to a simple clothesline hanging in the sun, and peacefully draped white linens over it, oblivious to his presence.

...Leon would have settled for a 6, and here a 10 out of 10 walks right into his life! It blasted all his restraint, logic and reason to pieces, as he slinked out of the shadows, walking straight towards her with that same grin. Below his simple, rudimentary clothing, his muscles twitched and surged with excitement and anticipation, as a vulgar amount of testosterone circulated in his blood. His yellow, feline eyes dilated, soaking her shape up greedily.

As he approached the simple, wooden fence surrounding her property and stepped over it, she looked at him with a small, almost silent gasp, and an understandable look of shock on her face. ...But rather than fear, she smiled sweetly and motherly

at him, looking calm and happy, as she turned, done hanging her linens, and carried an empty wicker basket back into her cottage, the door closing behind her.

...Now, Leon was so riled up that he planned upon blasting that door off it's hinges, with ease, before claiming his prize inside. Her enchanting aroma had his blood boiling so much that her life was in danger, lest he find the willpower to control himself. But as he arrived at the door, his mind swimming with the thoughts of him throwing her to the floor, tearing her clothes off, holding her face down to the ground by her lovely hair and raping her until her stomach was visibly swollen with his young, he found the door... already open.

He scoffed, to himself, that she just made things easier on herself, as little as she may know it. He sufficed to calmly push the door open, revealing her leaning against her table, inside, smiling calmly. It was a cozy cottage, filled with the smell of a slow-cooking meal, ...along with her lovely scent, of course. It was thick, heavy -- the scent around her was fresh and rich in vitality, but the cottage's smell was... otherworldly. It invaded his nostrils, intoxicating him with such an exotic scent mixing with her own lovely bouquet, wracking his mind more than he yet knew. That maternal exhuberance she had made him feel relaxed, like he had all the time in the world to take her, and it was all that kept him from pouncing on her right then and there. "...Good evening!" he said, favoring a more civilized approach after all, "..Care for some... male company?" he added, nevertheless far beyond any subtleties.

"Sure, I would love some... 'male' company", she replied, in a sweet, almost sensual tone, matching his nuance. "Come in."

At this point she spoke rhetorically, as he had padded inside quite a bit already. She leaned up from the counter fearlessly and non-assumingly, as Leon circled her, carefully sampling her scent up close. "...So... you live alone?" he said, making conversation.

"Yes, I do. So I'm quite happy to have some male company, today." she replied, running her hand softly down his back as he passed in front of her once again.

Leon was captivated by her... whole presentation, at this point, and grinned that toothy grin once again, his excitement obvious, and straining against the leg of one pant. "Well, I'd LOVE to give you some 'male company'. I promise I'll do everything it takes to be the best 'company' you've ever had." he said, bragging quite a bit, being a bit hasty in trying to attract such a perfect specimen.

The fawn giggled, sliding her hands over his pectorals, from behind. "Mmmmm, you're so eager... you want to take me to bed that badly? Are you sure 'everything' isn't too much, for you?"

"Honey, I can take whatever you can give." was his reply, as he ran his paws over her arms. The shapely deer smiled widely, leaned in and kissed his back, through his tunic, before taking one wrist and leading him upstairs, to her room. She scarcely made the trip in one piece, as the lion practically stepped out of his own clothes before they even reached any steps, and immediately got to work peeling her clothes off, managing to almost completely succeed before they stepped into a very stylish, unique room, thanks to her clothes being simple and humble.

Nevertheless, when she was reduced to a white blouse and a skirt, Leon tore her blouse in two, tearing in opposite directions, in an arrogant display of his strength. Her large breasts fell heavily and bounced somewhat violently, her bodice being gone, and she smiled through the momentary wince of his roughness.

The doe giggled, ruffling up the lion's mane, running her hands down his form, revealed by his nudity to be chiseled and thick. There was certainly no question he could overpower her. And yet, she led him with soft taps and pushing, his cooperation more than eager, as his tail swished back and forth. His... 'enthusiasm' hung invasively aimed at her, but she paid it no mind, as she pushed him with a single, gentle push, with him flopping back onto her bed, lined with several exotically

colored blankets and pillows. As his big, heavy body flopped into those linens, her smell blasted out. ...The entire room's smell was thickest even still, stronger, more alluring... mind-clouding. There were lit incense sticks every few feet, and it was dizzying, for Leon... so dizzying...

"You sure about this, stud?" she asked, as she ran her hands up his thighs, now, as she crawled over his frame, enjoying his muscles nevertheless.

He stared up at her with proud, sharp eyes, trained on her constantly, as he examined how her perfection failed to disappoint, now that nothing was left to the imagination. "Anything. We can fuck however you'd like, honey. Just as long as we get to breed." he replied, his tail flicking back and forth, too excited and distracted by the otherworldly experience to be as aggressive as he originally planned.

The doe continued to smile, crawling seductively up his form, her motherly breasts hanging and swaying with her movement, her hips swaying back and forth, as she planted kisses up his torso, her wet, ruby lips leaving little marks, before she kissed him directly on the lips, particularly wet and sultry. ...Almost too wet, as she dipped her tongue into his mouth, her saliva flowing over her lipstick, into his mouth...

The lion was QUITE enjoying himself, at this point, his member poking her in the stomach threateningly, as his hands slid up her hips, with a healthy amount of pressure, feeling her form. They felt her breasts, explored her back, and draped down her hips, cradling her butt as they kissed.

She drew her tongue back and smiled down at him, with a calm smile. The lion's face was red, and he had a dopey curve to that grin of his, a silly, enchanted look, like she had his complete attention, at that point. She left him to his charming face as her hands crawled back over his impressive musculature, checking each part of his body approvingly, slowly rubbing down to his big, firm ass, giving the muscled cheeks a squeeze to mirror how his own wandering hands were feeling hers.

The doe smiled to herself, before she crawled up, next to the lion, settling next to him. He leaned his head down,

looking drunk on pleasure, and began to suckle on one of her breasts, as they hung enticingly before him. While he did so, she giggled peacefully, as her arm reached behind her back, while he was so plainly distracted, removing a toy from a nearby drawer.

She barely was able to get it in her grasp before the lion grew too eager, and yanked her towards him, until she straddled his form, as his mouth stayed clamped over her breast. She watched him, smiling, as she strapped the toy to her crotch. It seemed she had all the time in the world, as his boyish fascination with breasts seemed endless, as she tightened the final strap running between her legs.

She then began to gently slide up and down his hips, the member she strapped onto herself sliding up and down his own, the fluid the toy was steeped in rubbing onto his cock. The lion felt an odd sensation tingling on his crotch, that spread oh-so-quickly, but immediately started purring, as he felt a wave of pleasure. His mouth slowly popped off the breast he loved so much, and his hands kind of lost their enthusiasm, as a moan escaped his lips, that sounded oddly sing-songy, not very fitting for a big guy like him.

The doe giggled, at the lion's change of pace. Mmmm, the big kitty is feeling good, hmm? Shall I make you feel better?", she said, as she slid her hips back, sliding her hands up over his thick thighs, before sliding them under, pulling them apart slowly but surely while that thick toy rubbed down the crease of his cute little butt, over and over, oh-so-gently and non-invasively.

The same, strange sensation spread throughout the lion's hips, and he purred even heavier, his tail flicking back and forth contentedly, as he felt a strange sensation on his butt. Despite his thick, hard exterior, the hole she gradually massaged was virgin, soft and plush. He likely never even had it manipulated in any way, yet he had no words of complaint, even as she began to prod it, gently.

His movements had almost stopped entirely, as he laid with his arms curled up contentedly, only his tail wiggling and his chest purring as he watched her with a blank smile. The doe

licked her lips, before she took the next step, and gently began to push the toy forward, spreading the lion to make way.

Leon grimaced, a little, as he felt an uncomfortable, strange sensation down below. He moaned, an uncomfortable, but not painful moan, the rest of him feeling too good for him to complain. He felt so lucky, being fucked by such a beautiful woman, with such a gorgeous body... wait, fucked? That IS what he wanted, but something was off, something... he couldn't concentrate, and the roles in his mind blurred, vague enough to be reversed without a hitch, and he just kept purring, even with the toy inside his virgin ass.

The doe smiled happily, her warm, motherly glow still never fading, "Mmm..! We're gonna milk you all night, honey. Gonna need tons of your potent seed for my spells, later.." she said, as she finished sliding that toy all the way into him, her large, lovely ass nestled between his thighs. She gripped her hand around his excited, eager member, and began to pump it, blurring, mixing and confusing his impulses even further.

Leon, however, only purred away, "Aah... okay... that's what I wanted to do anyway... I think.." he says, while his erection bobbed up and down. His tongue lulled out of his mouth, as he laid there like a whore, taking a cock in his no longer virgin butt.

The doe nodded at him, and began to slap her cock into that hole hard, not afraid to make loud, wet slapping sounds, while that stud laid on her own bed, legs open wide while he got stuffed. A large, purple ring drawn around the bed began to glow brightly; it was easily missed at an inert brightness, but it now grew quite fluorescent, as everything began to fall into place.

Leon's face grew hazy, with the glowing of that ring. He was now drowning in the pleasure spreading upwards from his hips. His hazy, addled mind lowly lost his sense of self-awareness, and started speaking, albeit a bit more honestly
"...Mmmm.....yesss... fuck me... ohhh, I like how you fuck me... ohHh... I think I may like being the woman more than the man... A-aaHH! U-uhhm... could you keep fucking me...?" he said, with no realization of what he just uttered.

The doe licked her lips again and smiled, as she slammed the toy into the kitten, now. "Oh, certainly, honey. YOU be the woman. YOU be the whore. My whore. My cum factory."

The lion smiled at the suggestion, and moaned like a depraved whore, not worried at all about how he sounded. His cock shot off a thick rope of cum, but he didn't seem to mind at all. His ass was giving him much more pleasure. His cock stayed hard, and his balls still churned, ready to have another orgasm. ..Just like a female. "Oh, g-good, I'd love to be your whore, p-please just keep using me... oh, you're so beautiful... ohh... keep fucking me..."

The doe licked her lips, that thick rope of semen landing on him, making him look even more depraved. She smirked, pumping his still rock-hard cock harder and harder. She was going to get more powerful, and for that, she was sacrificing his mind. The ring around the bed was shining brightly now, as his cum slid down his body and dripped onto it.

Leon could only keep panting and moaning like a slut, bouncing up and down with each of her thrusts, just staring at the ceiling, just before he came once again, just as much as before. And even then he stayed hard, and eager. Eager from the buttfucking he was receiving, like the butt-slut he already was.

The doe kept humping at him steadily, even as his cock slowly grew limp... his body slowly grew accustomed to it's new role, and it hung there, useless, still firing cum from a flaccid state, bouncing around lifelessly at her thrusting.

The lion's body only lay there, his big, muscular arms laying like slabs of meat, panting like a whore. His mind was gone, at this point, even as the ring drained him further, and further...

The doe blushed, rubbing one finger across her lips, and watched intently, seeing just how far she could push it, as the last parts of the sun set, over the sky.