

Curiosity Smothered the Lion

by ThunderDramon

Aside from the sounds of iron clanking and minor conversations, the gym was deserted. This was a normal scene for a Friday night, two males finishing up their workout with idle conversation. The gym showers were mostly empty for the night, some of the patrons of the 24 hour establishment gone home to relax their sore bodies or head out into the night life.

“So, what’s the plan for tonight?”

The door creaked, two males walking into the empty showers with nothing but a towel covering their waists and below. Knux grumbled, adjusting his mane and tying the ends of it with a rubber band as he and Banjo split into different stalls. The kangaroo and lion had become quick acquaintances as they worked out on the same days. They went from offers to spot for another soon to idle conversation as they pumped iron or did cardio. With the weekend upon them, the duo decided to discuss their plans.

“Probably gonna relax and draw, feel like it’s been ages.” Knux commented, scrubbing himself down with his own soap. The feline had run himself ragged during the week, most of his excess frustration and energy going into exercising. After an unintended hiatus, it was going to be nice to put some pen to paper and draw purely for fun.

The two continued their conversation as they cleaned themselves up, the shower heads running on full blast, steam filling the room slowly. Knux was the first to finish early, purposely avoiding getting his mane wet until he got home. Damn thing was always an annoyance to clean and he really wanted to get his nose back into the familiar grind. As he passed by Banjo’s stall, his eyes were drawn to something on the marsupial’s person. While the feline wasn’t exactly a good friend of his, something seemed off. His focus was on the brown leather collar, wondering why exactly he was wearing it, along with a pair of briefs.

He hadn’t thought much of it as Knux simply assumed it was a fashion accessory and nothing more. But the fact that he was showering with it on didn’t seem right to him. Leather tended to smell when wet and on skin, so it didn’t add up. When Banjo finished his shower was when the lion noticed he was staring a bit too much and chuckled nervously.

“I’m sorry. Was just wondering why you have that collar and all. I noticed you’ve had it on all week.”

Banjo merely smiled and waved him off. “Nah, I don’t mind. And it’s kind of a long story.”

Knux’s curiosity was piqued. One could call it a feline instinct, but he couldn’t help but have his mind wander for a few moments before he walked up to the kangaroo. “It seems kind of silly if you ask me. Why not just take it off...” A furred hand rose up to Banjo’s neck and attempted to tug and loosen it.

“Nah, it’s really no problem...!” Banjo moved back a bit into the shower stall. Unfortunately, the lion was faster than he looked. Once he had one finger curled on the surface, the others followed. With one hand gripped on the collar, Banjo tried to push Knux back as gently as he could. The single push, combined with the slippery shower floor gave the lion enough leverage to pull the collar back a few notches forcefully before losing his grip. The accessory hung over his neck by at least a few inches, Banjo

looking down at it with a surprised look on his face. Knux looked back and blinked. In the midst of apologizing for being so aggressive, Knux was interrupted by the visible throbbing of the kangaroo's body.

What occurred after could only be described as an explosion. The entirety of Banjo's body expanded in every single direction; width, height and muscle size. Everything about Banjo swelled in size at a rapid rate. Once barely defined pectorals pushed and grew against the feline's own before overshadowing his own in size. Power surged through the kangaroo's body, the grip on Knux's wrist loosened as Banjo's arms increased in size and muscularity. Incredibly thick and almost un-proportional forearms led up to engorged furred biceps and massive triceps. Knux looked up as the process continued and ended as soon as it occurred. Banjo's neck thickened out, sporting a bull neck as veins lightly throbbed across the surface. The collar fit tightly around that enormous neck, Banjo looking down at him with that same smirk. A mass of kangaroo looking down at him with a sly grin, Knux could only look up in shock and awe as the marsupial simply wrapped an enormous around his waist, bringing up to the giant slabs of muscle that were his pecs. It was then something else caught his attention as he was mashed against Banjo. A thick, musky scent rose up amidst the steam, hitting his nose like a ton of bricks. If Knux had bothered to look down, he would have seen that the male's boxer briefs were not spared from the growth as well and suffered several rips starting from his thighs, the elastic waistband stretching to contain the package within. With the kangaroo towering over him by at least several feet at this point and his increase in testosterone and overall hair, that smell was almost intoxicating. Knux squirmed around before Banjo flexed his chest once more and snapped his fingers.

"Um, my eyes are up here." Banjo snickered. Despite the laughter, the 'roo seemed to be flushed pink as he set the feline down.

"B-but...how?"

At this point, Knux was at a loss for words. Seeing someone miraculously gain such enormous sizes in a matter of seconds seemed like something out of a cartoon, the leaps in size included. Banjo only shrugged his broad shoulders, brought up an arm and flexed it with a pleasurable rumble. His biceps slowly increased in size, the peak close to passing his head in size! He looked back Knux with a sheepish grin which was returned with a slack jawed expression in response.

"Well, like I said, bit of a long story. At the end of it all, I have to wear this collar. No ifs and or buts." Banjo continued his idle flexing of his arms before Knux prompted him to kneel down.

"Well, that doesn't seem too bad...So, if you grow to match the collar, then what if I keep loosening it?"

Banjo gave another shrug of his shoulders. "I haven't gone that far yet. How about we try and get out before--"

The kangaroo wasn't even done with his sentence before the lion gave another mighty tug and loosened his collar by another several notches. The shower room could only house about several people at the maximum, and Banjo seemed to take up a lot of space already. His large ears brushed against the ceiling and wide enough for two people. Once that collar was loosened, Banjo had already filled the place to maximum occupancy within a few seconds flat. His body exploded with muscle as it packed on to every available spot on his body. His pectorals pushed out a few inches past his muzzle, and his arms were left rigid at his sides due to the lack of space. Surprisingly, those boxer briefs held out and left nothing to the

imagination, every powerful throb and pulse racking the fabric. The legs were almost completely shredded, leaving the kangaroo with something akin to a stretchy thong that clearly did not keep the male decent. Thankfully, Banjo had not gone through the roof as he was still kneeling, but those tree trunk legs pushed him higher still, tail casually thumping about. The shower room had suffered a bit of damage from the constant growth; the stall walls were bent, the shower heads bent upward due to the swell of his pectorals and shoulders. The walls groaned with every slight movement, Banjo looking down with a smirk.

Throughout the entire process, Knux had been pinned against two walls; the tiled wall behind him and the fuzzy wall of muscle that were Banjo's abs. As the feline squirmed against the walls, his hands and legs flailed about to try and get topside. Sadly, for the kangaroo, Knux's feet began to use his bulge as a gentle springboard, toes digging into the surface of the fabric and essentially squeezing that large equipment. Banjo's pleasurable rumbled echoed throughout the room. The lion's squirming and shifting about against his abs and bulge provided some arousal, prompting the kangaroo to slowly grind against Knux and the wall. As he continued grinding, that masculine scent was all the lion could smell, given his current positioning. Face wedged against Banjo's stomach, his hands inadvertently groped the tense, muscled surface in some attempt to get himself free. With a painful grunt, his head popped out the side, taking a deep breath and sigh of relief.

Knux looked up to see Banjo looking down at him yet again with a toothy grin as he tensed and flexed his abs against lion's body. "Well, that was...something." He thrummed, giving some of his body parts an experimental flex and shift. "Though, we should probably get going before someone catches us here. I'm lucky I didn't break anything *too* bad."

Knux would have voiced his opinion, but being trapped between a kangaroo and a wall made it rather difficult to talk. As Banjo attempted to shift back, the lion was freed from his impromptu prison of muscle and cheap tiling onto the floor. He brushed past Banjo's thighs, the limb big enough that he could hide behind it like a giant boulder and just as thick to the touch. As the duo tried to leave as silently as possible, something else happened. Knux had reached Banjo's front, and in that time, a pipe jutting from one of the bent in walls from his growth spurt had caught onto the leather. As Banjo tried to move, the collar was tugged forcibly.

Banjo yelped as his body lurched and grew by a small margin. The jump, as sudden and small as it was, caused some damage. The stalls separating a few shower heads were blown back by Banjo's increase in size, the showers themselves becoming bent and still spewing steaming water into the air. The kangaroo was somehow able to stretch his mighty legs from the change in positioning, showing that his boxer briefs had given up the long fight. The massive, tan colored cock had ripped through his briefs, throbbing idly against his thigh. It thumped on the ground near Knux, the smell hitting the lion full force. While the musky scent was addicting and intoxicating, they had a bit of a predicament. Banjo's enormous legs took up most of the space in the room alone, his extremely muscular torso bent to try and not destroy the room. His head neared the ceiling, one of his ears bent against the surface. His face was pushed right near the cleft of his pectorals, the fuzzy mounds themselves twitching and flexing as if they wanted to catch his chin.. As he shifted around, the kangaroo huffed and panted. The steam rising in the compact room along with his own natural smell, it seemed he was getting himself a bit riled up just by being. His cock gave a needy throb, but Banjo resisted.

Between his legs, Knux stared up at the mass of kangaroo in front of him. Banjo was a literal mountain of muscle and utter maleness. He noted the square lined rugged jaw with a bit more tanned fur under as if it served as a beard and the tufts of hair that poked out from under his arms. After the armpit hair, Knux was focused on the shelves that served as Banjo's pecs. Each slab of muscle seemed much bigger than before, the pierced nipples that capped the enormous mounds a tad larger as well. Under those massive pecs laid an even bigger belly. Beforehand, Banjo had a set of hard-as-rock six pack abs, but those were replaced by a doming gut covered with hair on top of his natural fur. While a belly normally indicated that someone was fat, that gut didn't seem to sag or even show signs that it was caused by overeating, but rather tons of calories poured into working out and keeping it just as strong as the rest of that gigantic body.

Then came the actual scent with the 'roo's presence. If it was possible, the manly scent that Banjo emitted somehow got even stronger. After being exposed to it in varying levels, both he and Knux were used to it, but the sheer level of musk was close to hypnotizing. Knux stared at Banjo, a thin line of drool on the side of his mouth. The mass of muscle that was Banjo let out a light huff, grinding his thigh against his cock for a few moments. He rumbled with a content look on his face which soon disappeared with one of nervousness. He fought the feeling down and reminded himself of where he was. Banjo looked around and chuckled nervously.

"As nice as this feels, lemme get back down to size..." Banjo muttered to himself. His face flushed even darker when he realized the normal constriction down there had faded. Meanwhile, Knux had been staring at the kangaroo's flopping equipment with a bit of a surprised, yet almost lustful look on his face. When he turned his gaze back to Banjo, he gave a nervous cough.

"I am so, so sorry."

"No problem at all. Just a freak accident, heh." Banjo nodded, almost embarrassingly so. Bringing up a hand as gently as he could, he started to tighten his collar as much as possible. Right before Knux's eyes, the mountain of mass that was Banjo began to shrink. The entire scene was comical to an extent as Banjo continued pulling on the collar and adding more notches with a grunt and pained expression. If the lion didn't know any better, he would have expected for his eyes to pop out of his skull for added effect. The muscle, added hair and overall size began to diminish as if the kangaroo were popped like a balloon and squished him back to normal size. Once the marsupial returned to normal, his briefs were beyond stretched to the point it looked like a dress with a hold through the middle. The two shared an awkward laugh before looking around the semi-destroyed shower room and leaving as silently as possible.

No one needed to know that curiosity resulted in a smothered lion and a destroyed room.