

Personal Assistant
By Tredain

It was five o'clock and the office was a ghost town. Everyone usually bugged out by three and even the straggler workaholics never stayed longer than four. By four thirty the 'power saver' feature turned on and half the lights in the building automatically went off. It was now just a couple of minutes until five as Chester picked his way through the half lit cubicle farm, grumbling quietly to himself. He paused only a moment, in the middle of the floor, to glance around at the rows and rows of empty work stations and the way the shadows were everywhere.

"Creepy," the otter muttered, turning back to walking and glad he didn't work in this peon farm. He looked back down at the note in his paw and the fine writing that said:

Come to my office at 5. Come alone.
Be on time or else.
Sinclair

His fist curled over it again and crumpled it up, his growl getting louder. Who the hell did Sinclair think he was ordering *him* around like some common clerk! He was the Senior Vice President of Accounting and Acquisitions and basically one of his myriad of bosses but he knew like everybody else you didn't get far bossing the CEO's son around. One uppity little manager beagle was already working in the mailroom now, and lucky he'd been able to keep that much.

Chester made it to Sinclair's door, a corner office of course, and paused to scowl at the nameplate. It was simple, gold, and had his name and title written in fancy print.

Sinclair D. Potere
Senior Vice President of Accounting and Acquisitions

For a moment, the otter considered plastering it with a bit of spit but thought better of it and pushed his way inside. He paused a moment in the doorway.

The office was HUGE! It was almost as big as Dad's office, he thought. He tried to avoid the senior management as much as possible because they all gave him that "We know the only reason why you're here," look frequently. The old farts could piss off but he had to admit at least Sinclair had a pretty posh office. It was ridiculously spacious with a dark black floor polished so well it was basically one giant mirror. The walls were hung with fine art, mostly landscapes, and a couple busts mixed in with a few desks and cabinets full of files and office supplies. The back wall was nothing but a giant window and with the light of the setting sun casting a backlight all Chester could make out of the very large desk at the end of the room was the shadowed outline. The office chair swiveled and a dark figure looked at him.

"Ah, Mr. MacIntyre, come in, come in," a shadowed hand waved him over and something glowed, a bright hot little cherry that cast just enough light to outline the lion's thick mane.

Chester grumbled and started forward, the door slamming shut behind him.

"Where the hell do you get off calling me in at five o'clock on Friday? I've got plans this weekend!" he practically snarled.

The big lion didn't say a word but quietly watched as the pudgy otter made his way across the black pool of his office floor. The cherry glow brightened and a puff of smoke rose up from the shadows.

"Well? Are you going to answer me?" he growled down to the cat. Sinclair merely steeped his fingers together and looked up at him, the soft glow of his cigar getting brighter every time he took a gentle puff.

"Take a seat," was all he said and nodded his head toward the small chair in front of the desk. A thick plush carpet stretched out from beneath the desk and made a fuzzy white island in the sea of smooth black glass. He sat and found the chair was shorter than the desk by a good margin, the sharp corner of the heavy oak coming up almost to his chin. It made him scowl worse.

The lion, on the other hand, smiled wider, shifting the cigar to the other side of his muzzle before plucking it out with a couple of thick digits.

"The hell did you want already?" the otter growled, his arms crossing and face scrunching in like a petulant child's. Even at twenty four he hadn't quite kicked the habit of tantrums.

"An offer," the lion drawled softly. "Well, a promotion really."

That perked the otter up. His ears and head came up and his paws went to the arms of the chair.

"What? Really?"

Sinclair put the cigar to his lips again and took a long, slow draw off of it, the end glowing bright, before he took it away and blew a fat smoke ring. It glided across the desk before hitting the otter and disintegrating. Chester coughed. He started to growl something but bit it back as the lion rumbled.

"My assistant. Personal assistant, in fact," he said and grinned widely, rows of perfectly white and perfectly sharp teeth almost shining in the low glow of the cigar. Chester's brow furrowed.

"You think I'm just going to bend over and be your little secretary coffee bitch? I know what this is you fucking old fart you just want to humiliate me!" the chubby otter snarled and started to rise out of his chair. "Just you wait til I tell Father about.."

The lion cut him off with a snap of his fingers, his grin shrinking to just a cocky smile.

"Right. I have something just for that, actually. A gift."

The lion set his cigar down on the nearby obsidian ash tray and reached down under him, drawing up a pair of boxes that he promptly set across his desk. One was rather large, about the size of the boxes for paper that the office kept in high supply, and the other was small, about the width and length of a shoebox but much thinner, maybe for a tie Chester considered.

Curiosity piqued, Chester shoved the little box aside and pulled the big box toward him, pulling the top off.

"Leather straps? The fuck..?" he scowled again, looking up at the lion. Sinclair bent his head back and laughed loudly, both paws going to his gut.

"Oh, ha, I thought you'd open the small box first. Should have guessed," the rumbling laugh turned to a low chuckle. "The little one, then. I'll explain the other shortly," he said and just smiled.

The otter perked an eyebrow but quietly moved the big box aside, taking up the smaller box. He gingerly took the top off and found inside a credit card and a cell phone nestled in a lot of foam padding. He lifted the card out and read it. It was his! Rather, it was a company credit card in his name. But he already had one.

"I've got one of these already," he said flatly and tossed the card down to the desk. It spun a little before stopping halfway between them. The lion never stopped smiling. "And a phone too. A better one than that, actually. Who the hell still even uses a flip phone?"

"Why don't you open it?"

Chester hesitated. The lion simply sat back and smiled with the cigar in his mouth again, staring down at him. Carefully he pried the phone out of the foam and flipped it open. The little screen came to life.

"No."

"Oh, that's just the background. There's more. Just click the little button in the corner and you can flip through the whole gallery."

The otter's heart stopped. It felt like it did to him anyway. He stared at the picture. Then, with thumb trembling, tapped the button as directed and the gallery indeed came up.

"No. No no no," was all he could mutter as his claw tapped the control, flicking through picture after picture. It was him. All him. Drinking. Snorting. Fucking. Just about every illicit act he'd done in the past six months was recorded in high res for posterity. With his father's secretary, with her daughter, with Sinclair's last secretary, with one of the mail room ladies, with those sorority girls. Completely drunk or high with all kinds of evidence to show it.

He looked up at the lion just in time to catch another smoke ring in the face. He snarled and scrubbed at his face, his nose tingling.

"You know this is a no smoking building right?" he snapped. The lion stared at him quietly, still smiling, rolling the cigar between his thick fingers.

"No worse than what you've been doing, my dear boy. Quite better, in some regards," he chuckled. "You've been quite busy lately. And on the company's dime, no less."

His heart stopped again and he started to snap a desperate retort. The lion, however, merely leaned forward and stabbed a claw at the credit card still on the desk. He slid it toward Chester again and tapped it.

"Already had one, right?" he growled lowly, those teeth showing again in a vicious grin.

The otter shivered, dropping the phone to the plush carpet below. The big cat retracted his arm and casually took another draw off of his cigar, letting the smoke puff out his nose.

"I've been paying a lot of attention to you Mr. MacIntyre. Actually, by direction of your father," he smiled widely. Chester's eyes grew wide and he finally went completely silent. "Yes, that's right. You be a good boy and just listen. I've been very aware of your little accounting tricks since we gave you a company card. Clever, but too clever by half to get past me, using all those dummy account. The pictures come from some very well paid associates who've been keeping an eye on you. I have quite a file on you now, as you can see,"

He paused only when the otter glanced down at the phone.

"Oh, don't bother destroying it. I've got backups," he chuckled darkly. "And it is your phone now, after all."

The otter's brow quirked again. Even terrified Chester had a propensity for curiosity getting the better of him.

"Y-you said this was a promotion. Your p-personal assistant," he managed to stutter. Sinclair took another long draw and blew yet another smoke ring into the otter's face.

"That's right. Well, it's more of a deal, at this point. You see, for all your father knows, you've been a good little boy and haven't been stealing from him so you can bang anything with tits in the office while you get blitzed out of your mind."

Chester nodded dumbly as the lion took a moment to admire his claws, smoking curling up from between his teeth.

"S-so, I become your office bitch and you don't tell Dad," he finally said. The lion gave a nod and a chuckle.

"Oh yes. My 'office bitch'. I like that actually, we should make that the name on your new phone."

The defiant scowl came back. The lion smiled and continued.

"Yes, you will do exactly that and every little thing I say from now on or else Daddy finds out about all your little adventures, which you'll be ending post haste. You know just as well as I do you're already on thin ice with the old man." That grin came back. He glanced down at the card "As of right now, everything the company has given you has been frozen, canceled, or changed over. You will only have access to what I give you and you will ask me for permission before you use any of it."

Chester still scowled but nodded. Then glanced at the big box. The big lion grinned wider and nodded toward it.

"You may as well open it, even though you've already spoiled the surprise," he said with a little chuckle. Another mute nod from the otter and he opened the box again. Inside were several leather straps and metal rings. Chester gave a curious look then began to pull them out piece by piece onto the desk. There was an x-harness, a collar, several bracelets and anklets, a heavy pair of chaps, and a small box of cigars at the bottom.

"You wouldn't," Chester growled finally as he emptied the box.

"I would, I have, I will, and I'm going to. You like to be a party boy, well, you're going to be my party boy or Daddy finds out about all the nasty little things you've been doing with his money and to his employees and others. Out on the street without a penny to your name with no one in this city willing to hire you. Now, why don't you try it on. Want to make sure it all fits, after all," the lion leaned back in his chair, puffing lightly at his cigar which was nearly down to a nub.

"You're a sick fuck," Chester growled. He did, however, stand up slowly and start to unbutton his shirt.

"Just good at what I do," the cat purred and watched, even kicking his feet up onto his desk as the otter began to undress. Scowling the entire time, Chester peeled his shirt off and undid his belt, revealing the chubby, fuzzy paunch he shared with his father thanks to years of little exercise and a penchant for alcohol. He peeled his pants off and stepped out of them to show his likewise heavysset thighs, almost matching his tail. Nestled between were his sheath and balls, both fairly average in size, the sheath even a little small. He blushed furiously as the cat's eyes draw him up and down, completely naked now.

"Just like your old man," he rumbled, tapping the nub of his cigar into the ashtray.

"How do you... no. I don't want to know," he grumbled back before he began picking up the leather gear. He pulled the chaps on first, acutely aware of the open air on his ass and genitals. He slid the harness over his head and was surprised how perfectly it fit across his form, crisscrossing over his chubby pecs and fuzzy gut. The bracers and anklets came next, simple straps with chrome rings around them, the inside lined with a very soft felt. He paused as he reached for the collar, giving one more scowl to the big lion. The cat remained content, his big arms up behind his head, smiling coyly. He gave an approving nod.

It all fit perfectly. He stood there on the plush white carpet and checked himself over, feeling the strange clothes, the cool leather against his fur, the open air on his privates. He couldn't help but touch at the collar, feeling over it, feeling like it was made of iron and weighing him down. He glanced down at the phone with all the black mail evidence and considered, for a moment, stamping it to pieces if only to feel a little better. Instead he turned and glanced down at the black floor, trying to see his reflection in the dying light. It was too dark.

Then the lights came on. He glanced up as the long line of track lighting that lit up from the ceiling, bathing the room in a soft white light. He turned back to the lion, finally seeing him.

He's seen Sinclair around. Every one of the big execs liked to stroll around the office on occasion, so he knew the lion was big. But being alone in the office with him, dressed in his kinky leather gear, the cat seemed so much bigger than he remembered. Especially as he stood up, he had to be half a foot taller than the otter.

His mane was thick and rich, a golden honey luster that only seemed darker against the nearly sun yellow of his fur. He wore a black suit with a red tie and it seemed like it was molded to his big body, thick arms threatening to tear the suit at the seams if he merely flexed. He walked around the wide desk to Chester and smiled, looking down at the otter's reflection.

"Don't you look handsome," he growled happily and clapped a thick paw to the otter's back. Chester blanched and frowned, looking at himself in the sheer black floor. Actually, he considered, he didn't look half bad.

"Now, let's open that cigar box," he rumbled. Chester turned back as the cat picked it up, opening it up and offering it to him.

"Uh.." he pulled one out, then realized what the cat wanted when he leaned his head forward. He carefully set it in the cat's lips, those sharp teeth just barely catching onto it. A little nod back to the box and Chester took the cigar cutter out, nipping the end.

"Good boy," the cat said with a grin, pulling a match from somewhere and lighting it, taking several puffs off the fresh cigar. "Do one for yourself."

"But I don't like.." the otter started before the cat actually scowled, those heavy brows furrowing up just a moment. Chester complied and soon the cat was waving a second lit match in front of the cut stub. He puffed experimentally. The flavor was rich, heavy, and it made him tingle from his chest down to his toes.

"Wh-what's in these?" he asked as he took another puff, much to the lion's pleasure. His nose tingled like it had earlier and the cat just chuckled as he blew another smoke ring into his face.

"My personal blend," was all Sinclair purred out. He took another couple puffs then set the cigar down on the ash tray, shrugging himself out of his suit jacket. It was then that Chester realized the cat was wearing something underneath his clothes.

"Now how about you undress me," he smiled down at the otter. Chester growled a little and wanted to say no, to spit the cigar in his smug face and rip off this kinky gear and get the hell out of there. Instead he reached up and carefully undid the blood red tie, setting it on the desk before he began unbuttoning the shirt. He kept puffing from the cigar and every breath made him tingle in that pleasant way. His head was starting to swim, he felt flush all over, and the room was starting to feel so much warmer even with how little the leather covered him. He got the shirt open and, as he had guessed, the big cat had a similar harness on underneath. His thick gut spilled out beneath it and Chester found himself staring at the two fat nipples with golden rings pierced through them.

"Like what you see?" the cat grinned "Looks like you do."

Chester perked a brow then glanced down, his cock rising up out of his lap, throbbing hard as the sheath peeled back to show the plump head. He was already starting to dribble pre.

"Hey, I'm not some kind of..." he trailed off, then let out a long, loud moan as the big cat reached down and gripped him. It felt so good to be touched. He'd had all kinds of women and none of them had made his cock spark like that. He throbbed hard and more pre dribbled out of him right into Sinclair's paw.

"Of course you aren't, party boy. Just keep puffing that cigar now and get these pants off of me."

Chester dropped to his knees obediently, his hands going up to undo the cat's belt. He breathed deeply through the cigar now, drawing in deep and letting out great puffs of smoke through his nose. Every inch of him tingled pleasantly and the nagging panic of the blackmail sank into the back of his mind. He popped the button on Sinclair's fly and drew the zipper down slowly. Underneath, the cat was in some kind of black speedo, the contents bulging obscenely out to the point he could see the base of the cat's junk with his nuts practically popping out. It was kind of hot, he thought. Kind of really hot, the more he thought about it in fact.

He peeled the well tailored pants off of the lion's thick legs and the cat stepped out of them, popping his shoes off in the process. He grinned down to the otter and stroked a hand over his gut, his long tufted tail flicking back and forth slowly. A long, pink tongue flicked out to lick his chops as he stared down over the chubby leathered out otter. Chester looked him up and down in return. He was more muscular naked than the otter would've guessed but he was certainly as heavy as he looked. The

cat was just wide everywhere, from his biceps to his hips. He wore a leather x-harness, a pair of bicep straps, and what Chester quickly realized was a black jockstrap, which matched the black socks he still wore.

"You're going to make a fine personal assistant I think," the cat chuckled deeply. Casually he plucked the cigar from Chester's lips and set it down beside his on the ashtray. He turned slowly and leaned forward until he set his elbows to the desk and arched his back, his tail hiking up over his round, golden ass cheeks. "And you know what any good assistant does, right?"

Somewhere in the back of Chester's head he was screaming. He was raging. He was stamping his feet and shouting and saying every nasty obscenity he could think of. That part, however, was completely not in control. The otter licked his lips reflexively and nodded as he leaned forward and grabbed both bulbous cheeks with his paws to give them a good squeeze. They were warm and solid to the touch, the fur soft and well groomed. Everything still smelled like that lovely cigar smoke until his head got closer and he was breathing in the lion's scent. It was almost as heady as the cigar, really.

His face pressed into the warm crack until the broad cheeks were rising up on either side of his face and his tongue scraped out, brushing into the dark valley beyond. A low rumble went through the cat that vibrated all the way down to Chester and he eagerly pressed his tongue in again, brushing up and down.

"Mmm, just like that," Sinclair encouraged, leaning onto the desk to press his ass back against the attention. His cheeks squeezed around the otter's face and Chester could feel the tight bud 'wink' against his tongue as he licked across it again and again, pushing his lips right up against the hole. His tongue wasn't exactly virgin to going down on someone, though it'd certainly never been a guy's ass before. That little part in the back of his mind was still raging but it was growing quieter and quieter by the moment. The warmth from the lion's cheeks felt so nice, even nicer the tight heat of that pucker. He kissed it again and swirled his tongue around. A growl rumbled out of the big cat and a big hand descended to pull the otter free from the crevice.

"Mmm, tempted to just let you do that all night, you're not bad with your tongue, party boy," he chuckled, running his claws through the otter's hair. "How bout you treat the front like that?"

The big cat turned again, setting his fat butt onto the edge of the desk and spread his legs, giving Chester a head on view of the bulging jock. The tip of the tent was already wet and the spot was growing bigger by the moment. His tongue went across his lips again and he pressed forward until he was sloppily kissing the cloth covered knob. He growled lowly against it and let his fingers slide up the cat's heavy thighs, running through the fur and feeling how solid his legs were.

Another smoke ring gently splashed against his face and this time the otter drew it in with a deep breath, taking in the scent of the lion's sweat and musk as well. A moan followed out of him and he couldn't help but rub his face into the warm crotch, smoothing his face back and forth over the jock bulge and letting the pre smear across his fur as more and more leaked out.

"Getting good and eager," the cat purred happily, taking another deep draw off his cigar. "You can let him out, he's ready."

The chubby otter needed no prompting now. One paw hooked into the waistband and pulled down until he was greeted by several inches of fat hard lion. His nose went into the bushy thatch of pubes around the base and breathed deeply, letting the thick cock throb up against his muzzle. He pulled the waistband further until he could hook it below Sinclair's hefty nuts, each orb about the size of a jumbo egg. He offered each one a kiss before his tongue went to the base and drew up the underside of the hot shaft. The plump plum colored tip met his lips with a big pearl of pre welling up out of the slit.

"Mmm, you look good with something at your lips, otter boy," Sinclair let out a long, low rumble, blowing another ring down.

"Thank you, Sir," he answered completely unprompted. His mouth opened wide and sank over the fat shaft, curling his lips over his teeth and gently pressing down to squeeze the veiny length before

he started to suckle on it. With one gentle push he swallowed the cock down to its root and garnered a loud moan from the lion above. A hand slipped down to cradle the back of Chester's head as he felt the dick throb inside his throat. Those fat fingers curled and gripped his hair gently to start guiding him up and down, slurping along the lion. Sinclair pumped him like that a few times, his free paw tweaking one of his pierced nipples as he watched Chester's head slide over his cock, the rod glistening in the soft white light.

He pulled the otter back until he popped off the hard dick, reaching his free paw down to grip it at the base and lightly pistol whip at the otter's whiskers and nose.

"You want it?" he growled. "Tell me you want it, party boy."

That little part in the back of Chester's mind tickled faintly but otherwise couldn't be heard. The fat otter nodded eagerly now, his eyes a little glassy as he stared hungrily at the throbbing cock.

"I want your cock, Sir. Please let it use me," he said in a soft moan. It tapped down against his nose a couple more times and he moaned louder.

"What a good boy. See, special blend," Sinclair chuckled. He reached down and retrieved the otter's cigar, pressing it back to his lips and getting a third moan out of the mustelid. A gentle pull on his shoulder and Chester stood up, shivering a little as the big lion's claws ran down his chubby form, roving near his pecs and down his gut. Their dicks started to rub together and Chester sucked in a deep breath through the cigar, his eyes rolling up as he let out a delighted moan. The cat's hand gripped around the both of them and squeezed them together, sliding back and forth and mixing their pre and the otter's saliva together over each cock.

He pulled back and guided Chester forward, setting the otter's paws to the desk and bending him over.

"Let's see what we've got here," he growled huskily in the otter's ear as one paw went down and grabbed the chubby bottom. Like grabbing his cock, Chester couldn't help himself as he moaned, that spark of pleasure running down his spine as the lion's hand groped him shamelessly, squeezing each cheek then running a finger up the crack. The finger pressed in, probing into Chester's crevice, and he snorted out a puff of smoke then spread his legs wider and arched his back against it.

A claw circled his ring before it retracted and the finger pushed in. He bit his lip, bowing his head a little as he hiked his thick tail up higher. Sinclair pulled his paw back, only to wet his finger, and the digit pressed in, this time slipping in. He'd had girls toy around down there before, it wasn't anything unusual, but he couldn't help himself from moaning as it sank in to the knuckle. It worked in and out slowly and his toes curled into the plush carpet, his cock surging and offering up another dollop of pre that just drooled down to the floor in a long thread. He grunted as the second finger slipped in, his ring burning just a little from the sensation but that gentle massaging motion quickly overrode it.

"Hm, party boy or pussy boy?" the cat chuckled, which made the otter just blush. He sidled up behind Chester and rolls his hips forward, letting his slick cock slide up between the bare cheeks. "I'm not sure which I like more."

Chester could feel the heat of Sinclair's body against him now, pressing into him, the thick, hard pressure between his cheeks demanding access and the heat of his broad body. The lion paused only a moment, snatching a bottle off of the desk and then something chilly and slick pressed under his tail. It was the cat's fingers again, wet with a lube now. They pulled free and were quickly replaced by the lion's cock, the knob likewise slicked up. It pressed back against his ring and this time there was no resistance. It slipped past his ring with a gentle push and soon the lion was sinking into his tunnel. The both of them moaned and Chester pressed back as he hunched over the desk and pressed his ass out. His gut perched onto the edge of it and he began to half lay onto it, hands flattening against the hard oak as his mind focused on the feeling of that hot rod parting his cheeks and sinking into him.

"Been waiting all week for this." The cat hilted in his butt and stayed there, grinding his groin into the fuzzy cheeks. The both of them let out little grunts and moans, steadily puffing their cigars.

"F-fuck me," Chester said and with that the little flared up voice in the back of his head died out completely. Everything was just the foggy, smoke filled euphoria. He spread his legs wider, his thick rudder tail hiking up as high as it would go, and he pressed his broad belly into the desk and braced himself. The lion immediately took the offer and started to pound forward with all his strength. His heavy nuts slapped the otter's taint over and over as he plunged into that sweet warm hole. The desk didn't budge even with their combined weight pounding against it, though several items on it shuddered or just rolled off.

Two broad paws reached up and gripped the otter's shoulders, holding him down as the two of them groaned loudly. The lion's strokes began to get shorter and shorter, smacking his lap against the otter's cheeks and compressing them repeatedly as he kept half his cock buried between them. He huffed and puffed at the cigar more and more before his teeth bit into it, a loud growl rumbling out of his throat. It turned into a snarl as he slammed forward and pinned Chester down with his weight, every inch of him buried in the otter's butt as his orgasm hit.

The both of them groaned and shuddered against the desk for a long moment before the lion leaned forward, panting hotly against the otter's neck. One paw reached up to pluck his cigar out and dumped it into the tray, doing the same to Chester's. He pulled back slowly and took a step back to admire his handiwork. The chubby leather clad otter rested against the desk with his legs still spread, his gaping hole a dark spot under his thick tail that was already starting to seep. He grinned widely.

"You're going to make a fine personal assistant Mr. Macintyre. I'm sure you'll make your father very proud," he said as he pulled a washcloth out from one drawer to wipe his groin clean, and then pressed it under the otter's tail. "But you're going to have to cancel those weekend plans. I think I'll need you to put in some overtime with me."

Chester lay against the desk, listening, and just offered cursory nods, panting heavily as his head swam. His hole ached in a new way but it felt so nice. His cock ached too but he would have to wait until his overtime with Mr. Sinclair, he expected. One paw reached back to clutch at the cloth, holding it as the lion stepped away and began to pull his clothes back on.

"Y-yes Sir," his lips said, thoughts slow in coming through the haze. The scent of cigars still curled through the air with his head right by the ash tray. Some bare flicker of thought passed the back of his mind. Something about rage and embarrassment. He stood slowly while keeping the cloth under his tail.

"In fact, why don't I give you a ride home. My home, specifically. Then we can put in some more time tonight and first thing in the morning," the cat grinned before plucking the cloth from the otter and unceremoniously thumping it down into the nearby trashcan. The otter gave another nod.

"Yes Sir," he muttered. Everything was so hazy now. Was it just the cigar smoke? Thoughts came slow, except those about the lion. Even with him back in his suit all he could picture was the broad golden gut with the black leather crossing over it and the big golden cheeks framed by the black jack. It made his dick throb and ache all the harder. The lion seemed to notice.

"If you're good, I'll take care of this," he said, one paw wrapping around it to give it a firm squeeze. Chester moaned loudly and nodded eagerly, 'yes sir' 'please sir' spilling out of him in quick succession. Sinclair simply chuckled and let go.

"Now go get dressed. Can't have security seeing you in your new little outfit. We don't want dear Daddy finding out about anything unsavory about you, do we?" the lion chuckled again and bent down, plucking the phone off the carpet. A hefty dollop of cum drooled off the side of it, which he just flicked off before slipping the phone into the otter's pants pocket and handed them back to him.

Chester merely shook his head mutely and pulled his clothes on though finding they fit a little tighter with all the leather underneath. The lion took up his cigar again, handing Chester his, and took the two of them two a soft puff.

“Shall we?” he offered, walking toward the door. Chester followed behind and then churred quietly as he got to watch his new boss’ butt. He licked his lips and idly wondered why he’d never before considered how nice a guy’s butt could be.

(The end.)