

The Lion's Den

Written by KZ3

The only thing worse than working on your birthday is having to do it while you're either angry or depressed and in my case it was both. My name is Levi and I've been working as a bartender at "The Lion's Den" for about two years now. Overtime it has become one of the more popular, as well as exclusive, LGBT clubs in the downtown Los Angeles area. So for the last two hours I've been serving alcohol while electro house and hardcore techno blasts through the speakers throughout the already packed nightclub while trying to put a fake smile on my face so I don't end up ruining someone else's good mood and get into trouble. I should have been focusing on having a bit of fun and enjoying the work because, after all, it was a big city so the money from tips was always good and there were a bunch of friendly faces, both co-workers and old friends, wishing me their best birthday wishes and leaving a 'gift' in the tip jar; but all I could think of was how much I wanted this night to end. It wasn't until Lamar, a great friend and also my boss, came and sat at the table sporting his signature black T-shirt and silver ring with a grin on his face as I served the last waiting customer. It wouldn't be long before another would come however.

"Well if it isn't war hero." Lamar greeted with his deep voice, "How's it going."

"Heh," I couldn't help but chuckle at that. Lamar has always been trying to figure out what my time in the army was like ever since he'd heard I'd served. Honestly I'd tell him but that memory would lead to another that I didn't want to talk about right now. "Well-" As I was about to tell him something that would hopefully shrug off that subject; I was saved when his attention turned behind him.

"Hey! Y'all behave yourselves." He points to a couple holding hands that were heading towards the bathrooms. He turns around and sighs, "Fucking CDHS has been on our case this week; thinks that all the people here are just here for sex."

I raised my eyebrow, "No one here has had sex." I say bewildered.

"They know that." Lamar chuckled, "Just another excuse to try and shut down the 'gross' and 'wrong' club."

I shake my head already a bit agitated on something else to give that subject much attention. "Hey can I ask you a question?"

"Shoot." He says.

"How..do you do it?" He raises his eyebrow a bit confused, "I mean you used to be a cage fighter right? MMA and all that, how do you put up with all that crap from people?"

He chuckled, "Man, if I went around beating the shit out of everyone who pissed me off the world would need a lot more hospitals." We both laugh at that. "Nah, it's like this. Life's too short to spend it on people who want to tell you how you should act, dress,

live, and stuff. Don't give em' the time of day..or in this case night."

"Yeah, if only it were that easy..." I say, "Hold on."

I spend the next five minutes helping two customers who politely say thank you and leave a generous tip. When I get back to Lamar he's already helped himself to a beer.

"I take it this is about Jeremy?" He asks and that instantly made me tense up a little just hearing his name.

I sigh having no other option but to address the issue, "You know?"

"Chris told me."

"Chris knows!?" A bit of exasperation in my voice, "How?"

Lamar shrugs, "Don't worry about that. C'mon, talk to me, how's it really going?"

"I'm fine." I say annoyed already at the subject, trying not to let any of the memories surface.

"Really? Cause that school picture grin that you've been doing for the last two hours says otherwise."

"It was just a break-up, no big deal." I say helping another customer quickly.

"That's not what Chris said."

"Oh what does Chris know?!" I accidentally blurt out. The customer raised her eyebrow and took her drink without tipping, a bit fearfully.

"I see the way you look at him, you're not fooling anyone." He grins.

"..." I had nothing to say to that. I couldn't deny it, but I still did not want to have this conversation.

"Look, I'm not saying what he did to you was fair at all and I can sympathize with you, but what you need tonight is a day off from all this brooding and sulking. So get out and enjo-you know what? Take the night off, Lexi will cover for you."

I shake my head and chuckle at the very nice offer, "I can't do that, I need the money."

"No you don't."

"Yes I do I-"

"NO..you don't.." Lamar insisted, "Chris says you've been trying to get out of the city."

"Is there anything Chris doesn't know!?"

"He's a nosy guy, what can I say." He laughed and pointed at three more customers, and unfortunately for me they all ordered easy drinks, which meant that I was back to Lamar in just two minutes.

"What else did he tell you?" I immediately ask.

"Just those things. Now why would you want to move away from here? You've got a good job, live in the be-au-tiful city of angels where the Clippers win and the Lakers don't, and have people who care about you. Why would you want to start over?"

I sighed again, "I just..."

"Is it family? He asked. He couldn't help but make a face at that ridiculous answer.

"No, that's the one thing I don't have." I say, "My parents learned that I was a defiler of

god's wishes and kicked me out of the house." That was a sarcastic euphemism for saying they kicked me out of their family because I was gay.

Lamar nodded understandingly but I'm pretty sure it was because he didn't know how to respond to that, but it didn't matter, it felt nice to just get these things off my chest.

"That's when I went into the army, because let's be honest, going to college with no money, no home, and no plan isn't the smartest thing to do." I give him a rather exasperated look, "No, I didn't kill anyone, and no I didn't see anyone blow up and completely lose my shit."

"Then, what's all the silent treatment whenever I ask?"

"Heh, 'Don't Ask Don't Tell' right?" I say.

"Aw hell, you had to go through that?"

I nod, "I just remember my experience in the army being very...stressful. I didn't know once you sign the contract you're basically saying you'll be back in the closet for eight years and because I joined the infantry I was deployed three times overseas for a year at a time. I saw combat three times but it usually ended with an air strike before our unit could actually do anything. Word to the wise, explosions are loud, but your sergeant is louder when you fuck up, so I made sure I didn't."

"Wow." He nods.

"The hardest part was socially. Everyone else had someone back home, families, friends, I didn't. So I worked out...a lot, since there wasn't much else I could do back at the base, no letters to write, no phone calls to make, and no one around to really talk to without running the risk of one of them figuring out, 'Hey he's gay', and being discharged." I shake my head. "When leave time came after returning from my second deployment, depressed at that point, I met Jeremy. I was at the gym and he nearly crushed himself trying to bench press." I couldn't help but chuckle at the memory, as did Lamar.

"Yeah, that sounds like something he'd do." He nodded, "What is he five foot nothing?"

"Yeah..." I would have laughed but the memories came back. "We talked and one thing led to another and...we fell in love. It was nice you know, going back overseas knowing you had someone caring about you this time. So after my third deployment, when my eight years were served, I happily did not re-enlist and moved with him to LA to start a life together. Funny how 'don't ask don't tell' ended a year after my contract was up.. Anyway, you already know the rest of the story."

"Wow. That is, wow, that's amazing." A higher pitched voice, that definitely was not Lamar's said. I look up to see a big smile on a slim man, wearing a black collard shirt with the sleeves rolled up and white skinny jeans. He wore black and white shoes that matched the outfit and he had sunglasses on top of his spikey black hair. He had his hands on his hips and I noticed he had on the same silver ring as Lamar, which confused the hell out of me because I knew that they weren't together, Lamar was

married.

“Chris.” I smiled and greeted but I was stopped when he spoke up.

“What-are you doing? Why are you working on your birthday?” He looks at Lamar who just shrugs. “This is your 29th, you’re in the prime of your life, in the hottest club in town, you only get one of these and you’re stuck reminiscing about shitty army experiences?”

“Well I-“ I’m glad the music was there to drown out the fact that I was chuckling.

“No, nu-uh, this isn’t happening. You, need to come and have some fun.” He lays down a one hundred dollar bill, “I want three drinks, you keep the change, Vodka and Oranges.”

“You know I don’t drink that fruity shit.” Lamar says.

“Well tonight you do.” Chris argues.

“Rum and Coke.” He pretty much orders me.

Another customer comes up, “Bro can I get a beer?”

“Here.” Lamar gives the guy his. The guy, confused, slinks off. “So...Levi. I know it’s gonna sound kind of sudden, especially with you going through the break-up, but I feel like I can really trust you and with Chris ordering the drinks I feel like it’s the right time.” Chris watched with a smile creeping up on his face like he was about to win something, which gave me an uneasy feeling.

“Yeeah?” I say with my eyebrow raised.

“How would you like to join the Pride?”

“Oh.” Chris watches like he’s trying to contain his excitement.

“The Pride? What like some Gay Pride thing?” I ask.

“No. It’s just what we like to call ourselves, think of it as board members of the club.”

“What are you serious!?” I say with my eyes wide, “You want me? To be a board member?”

Lamar nods, “I had a good feeling about you since day one when I read your application. And I don’t want you to make a big mistake in your life by throwing everything away.”

“Shit...” I was overcome with joy, but caution was still there. “What’s the catch? I mean, I’ve only been working here for two years...”

“No catch.” Lamar nodded, “It’s because I have reliable people I can trust with my life that the club has become what it is. You’re one of them.” He smiles as another customer comes up.

“May I have a Vodka and Orange please.” He asks. Lamar gives him Chris’s. “Thank you.” He leaves a tip in the jar while Chris frowns.

“So..what does this mean?” I ask, having to fix Chris another one.

“Well for starters, it’s about a twenty thousand dollar pay raise, just don’t go blabbing that out to others.”

This was very surreal. I really couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

“You’ll be apart of the business decisions, you know, typical suggestions for improvements, that sort of thing. However, I will have to log you in for more hours, you’d be our full-time bartender, can you handle that?”

“Y-yeah.” I say, since when was having more hours at a job you liked a bad thing?

“What about Lexi?”

“Oh she’ll help out during rush hours of course, but I’m giving her a shot. She always wanted to DJ.”

“She DJ’s?”

“Ha, It’s been all her the past two hours. That girl is gifted.” Chris says.

“So...what exactly do I have to do? Is there paperwork I have to fill out.”

“Nah, none of that.” Lamar shakes his head, “All you have to do is go through initiation.” Chris turns around trying to hide his excited giggling.

“Initiation? Like? A test or event or something?” I ask.

“Something like that, yeah. It’s not sex if that’s what you’re thinking, like I said the CDHS and blah blah blah, you in or are you out?” He holds up his Rum and Coke with a grin, awaiting a toast.

“Are you kidding?” I smile, “Hell yeah I’m in.”

“Ouuu.” Chris says excited, “To the Pride!” He blurts out, but thanks to the music is drowned out.

“To the pride.” Lamar states casually.

“To the pride...” I say and the glasses all clink together.

Part 2

Everything was hazy and my head was spinning something fierce. My stomach gurgled and I groaned trying to gather myself, but I quickly found that my arms were being held. I opened my eyes wide to find that very strong and thick metal cuffs held me firmly to a table. Quickly panic took over and when I tried to move my legs I found that they were bound as well.

“Shit, shit, shit.” I panicked. The room was very dark and I hadn’t a clue as to how I got here. “Hello!?” I called.

Suddenly there was a bright flash of golden light radiating from my right side that forced me to have to close my eyes while they got adjusted to the light. There was a radiating heat coming from the bottoms of my feet and I could hear the soft hum of a motor of some sort. It didn’t take me long to realize that it was a heater, facing my direction, feet first and that someone had taken the liberty of removing my shoes.

“Well well well war hero, you’re awake.” Lamar states.

I open my eyes fast and turn in his direction as he stood by the golden light. “Lamar,

what the fuck? You drugged me. I told you, I'm not into this shit."

"Do you believe in magic Levi?"

"What kind of question is that?" I ask, my heart was beating fast, either from army infantry instinct, or just from the fact that I was helpless while my boss stood over me.

"You see, the distant cousins of the Maahes people in Africa, most commonly found in Egypt, believed in magic as a means of survival, long ago. Unlike their cousins, however, this tribe didn't see lion killing as brave or an experience of a lifetime. You see, they worshipped the creatures as a religion, preformed rituals, sacrifices, spells..the good stuff. They believed through these tasks that they would gain the power of the lion to take down their enemies."

" Okay, really, Lamar, what the hell? Get me out of this." I could feel the heaters work inside my socks, the fabric now sticking to the soles of my feet.

"But you see slavery happened and all that, but in America there was a free zone for them in Louisiana. A few families escaped and continued the tradition of the Maahes but at this point it was around three or four of them. Overtime all except one of the families quit their rituals and sorcery, and that family moved to California around the 1980's where they had a son." He flashes his silver ring to me.

"Please tell me this is some joke, you're not using me for some sacrifice." I stare wide-eyed, my heart racing.

"Now, I don't think it's as much magic, as it is science. I mean cells mutate at supernatural rate when yada yada. Regardless, it is what it is." He takes off his silver ring and puts it in his pocket.

I stare in shock as I began to see his hand change. His nails sprouted outwards, straight into claws. His hand begins to crack, growing in size as I watch a lighter shade of brown fur cover his skin.

"Nonono, what the fuck?" I yank on my restraints but it was futile, I was trapped.

I could hear more cracking and I turned to see Lamar watching his arm grow in size, his biceps growing under his shirt, and his shoulder growing in size as well with chestnut colored fur popping right out of his sleeve. As if satisfied, he ripped off the rest of his shirt with his clawed hand and I watched as his body grew in both muscle mass and definition. His chest seemingly grew outwards and his abs became more recognizable, even with all the fur covering it, which was a lighter shade from everything else. He put his handpaws on the side of my table as I watched in horror, his claws digging into the wood, and he looked up towards the dark ceiling as the fur began to cover his face. With a loud roar, that causes my heart to skip a beat, his face began to snap and crack, pushing outwards while his teeth sharpened into fangs. Now more feline than man, I notice a long tail escape over his pants and sway behind him. His hair, now a light brown, had grown so much that is was more of a mane than actual hair. I could only stare wide-eyed at the monster that stood over me as his big muzzle came down to face

me, looking down with his golden eyes.

“Do you believe in magic now?” He said with a very deep voice.

“Ah! AHH!” I began to yell in terror and yank on the restraints violently, which cause Lamar to burst out into laughter, but since his voice was so deep even his laughter was menacing.

I heard the sound of a door open and close and heard a familiar voice.

“Levi, relax.” Chris said as he came to the light so I could see him. He folds his arms and looks at Lamar, “Look what you did, you terrorized him.”

“I’m-I’m sorry.” He says too busy laughing hard to mean it.

“What is going on!?” I panic but stopped when Levi put his hand on my chest.

“Relax. Lamar was just messing with you, he’s...we’re werelions.”

“More like Humanus Leo.” Lamar states, raising a pawed finger, still trying to hold back his laughter.

“That’s the scientific name for it.”

“Holy shit.” I say practically staring at Lamar. It was both the most shocking and amazing thing I’d ever seen. “Am I dreaming? I’m high as a kite aren’t I?”

“That’s cute.” Chris smiles. “But, explanations will come later.” He turns to Lamar, “You sure your mans okay with this?”

“Talked to him earlier, he’s fine with it if it’s for initiation.” Lamar looks at me, which causes me tense up, “Usually I’m not into the whole foot thing, but it was Chris’s idea.”

“What do you mean foot thing?” I ask. I see Chris take off his shirt and shoes, revealing his slender frame while looking back at me teasingly. Normally that would have been a turn on, but in this scenario I was more nervous than anything. My trait of thought was thrown off completely when I hear Chris let out a mix off a yell and a roar as he quickly begins to transform into a well toned werelion. His frame was like Lamar’s, who was practically hulking. He was still slender but had a lot more muscle definition. I watched as a long lion tail, covered in white fur slips out from his tight pants while his spikey hair grows back into a mane. He turns around, as his face pushes out into a muzzle and he winks at me with his now ice blue eyes. I couldn’t help but be put in a trance at this new side of Chris; he was beautiful. I didn’t notice the two werelions standing at the foot of my table and my thoughts come back to fruition. The foot thing, the heater, the werelions; it all made sense, and the realization of their plan sent my heart racing with nerves.

“W-wait guys, don’t.” I could already feel Chris’s claws sneaking into the back of my ankles socks and slowly sliding upwards, taking the sock with it. The point of the claw running up my sensitive soles was already enough to make me fidget and hold back a soft chuckle. He lifted up, the fabric more resistant since it was damp, but not before nuzzling the middle of my foot, which made me shut my eyes tight, focusing on not

laughing as to not give him the satisfaction of having me helpless. He looked at me, my brown eyes meeting his icy blue, and he narrowed his eyes, accepting the challenge. He lifted both socks off of my feet and held them both in one hand, taking in another whiff, playfully, and setting them below the table.

“We won’t be needing those for awhile.” He says and he and Lamar kneel down.

I was still too busy trying to hold back laughter from before to respond.

“Hmm, now how should we do this?” He says to no one in particular. “We could always tickle him with our claws until he changes.” He flexes his claws outwards and runs the back of them down my foot. I look towards the ceiling not letting him see an involuntary smile. “But that seems too easy. We could always rub them till he changes.” He grabs onto my foot, bringing his thumbpad to the middle and pressing inwards, causing my toes to curl from the feel. His other handpaws focused on my heel, which cause me to close my eyes. Even in the first ten seconds I realized this was the best foot rub I’ve ever gotten. “But that seems too dull, I mean I have a degree in Massage Therapy and what’s more boring than perfection.” He teases. “No, I say we do this the old fashioned way.”

“Whatever you say, we’ll do.” Lamar says.

“I’m sure a good cleaning with a tongue will do nicely.” Chris states, “What size are you? 12? We’ll make you a 21.” He winks.

Before I could say anything I could feel two, big and wet tongues move up and down the soles of my feet. The sensitivity from the heater made the sensations nearly double and I couldn’t help but let out a snicker, still trying to hold back. They kept licking up and down, stopping at the toe mounds and the heel, the most sensitive parts of the human foot. My snickers turned into giggles as I felt the tips of their warm sand-paper like lion tongues begin to bathe the bottoms of my feet. I didn’t know how much more I could take before I would lose it and laugh uncontrollably. Every second felt like minutes, and every minute felt like forever. All I could hear was the sound of licking and the warm feeling of tongues licking every part of my feet. My giggling turned into laughter and suddenly I found myself losing more and more control every second. I fidgeted around in the restraints that held me firmly.

“HAHAhaohu-p-plehaha-please stop!” I begged but the tickling from the tongues didn’t stop, in fact I felt them licking even more firmly, as if they’d been holding back from me as well. I would have started laughing uncontrollably if Chris hadn’t stopped suddenly and got Lamar’s attention.

“Well, look at that.” Lamar stated and looked at me. “Welcome to the Pride.”

I gathered myself just long enough to see that black claws were beginning to sprout

outwards from my toenails while my pinky toe began to crack and move on its own, fusing with my fourth toe. A golden hair began to sprout on the tops of my feet, and then I realized I was beginning to change, this was my change. My heart raced panicked. A werelion!? How was I going to explain this to peop-

My thought was cut short when the two lions went back to their work, this time licking in between my toes and claws, which only added more to the experience. I laughed hard and heard my feet began to crackle. I couldn't see them but I could feel them growing in size. I could feel the tips of my toes swelling outwards as well as my soles and heel, forming new, and because of the sweat, ultra sensitive pawpads which, combined with the current experience, proved to be too much for me as I began to laugh uncontrollably.

"HAHAHAHA, ohAHAHA!" I couldn't even speak anymore. The transformation sped up, covering my legs in golden fur and ripping out of my jeans at the knees and thigh, which I could feel growing in size with muscle. I felt my stomach tighten as if I were flexing and push up against my black T-shirt as well as my chest. It was hard to tell since my chest bounced from my laughter, but it too was growing in size with muscle and fur, causing my shirt to rip and tear and my muscles to become visible underneath the material.

"AH! AHAHA! WHA!? WHAHAHA!" I tried to ask but all I got was my shirt practically tearing apart as my arms bulked up and got covered in the golden sea. My nails on my hand sprouted outward and I could feel it forming fingerpads.

There was another loud rip and a ginormous pressure at the base of my spine, but I felt a handpaw reach upwards and grab something connected to me and beginning to pull on it. I immediately knew that it had to be a tail and in my laughter I saw Chris wink at me again.

My face began to feel tight, as did my throat. My voice began to change as if I had something stuck in it. It got deeper and deeper till I couldn't even recognize it as mine anymore. I began to cry from all the laughter and tears streamed down my fur covered face. My hair began to sprout everywhere, connecting to whatever part of me it could and once it did that, it grew some more. My face now felt like pressure was building behind it as if something was pushing up against it. I opened my eyes to see my nose began to push itself into a more feline shape and become a dark brown as it opened with new pores. This not only overwhelmed with a variety of scents, one of them being my own licked pawpads, but it caused my entire face to push outwards. I roared from the uncomfortable pressure as all I could hear was snapping and popping. My tongue touched my teeth only once, but it was enough to tell me that my human teeth now grew sharper like a lions.

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When the transformation finished, the two werelions kept licking my warm, saliva-coated feepaws, which had indeed, grown to be a size 21. Chris buried his muzzle in them, this time nuzzling my foot lovingly, kissing the sole, licking my heel and rubbing my big toe pad before moving there to show the same affection. Lamar on the other hand was all business, he stayed at the sole and worked his way down to the heel with his long tongue. He wasn't as into it as Chris was, which made sense, but it still didn't mean he was pretty damn good at it, for I was in tears at the feeling of the two tongues. I had laughed so much my stomach began to hurt and the bouncing of my chest cause my shirt to tear right off. Here I was, a shirtless male werelion having his feepaws bathed in tongue by two other werelions. I was on the verge of either throwing up from laughter or passing out from exhaustion until I heard Lamar order for Chris to stop. I breathed heavily as the two of them stood up and looked me over.

"Well that was fun." Chris said as he walked over to me, sat on the table, and lied down on my stomach, his muzzle facing me, watching as laid back fatigued.

"That was different." Lamar states as he goes over to the golden light. In the silhouette of his form I could hear popping and what looked to be him changing back to normal. Chris continued to look deviously at me as he came back over, putting on another shirt and checking his smartphone. "Alright, well, wish I could stay a bit longer, get you all settled in and such, but I've got another issue upstairs called drunk husband harassing the customers." He rolls his eyes and takes the silver ring out of his pocket. "Now it won't work tonight since it's your first time, but this'll keep you from getting all feline, when you don't want to." I, of course, was a bit too out of breathe to pay full attention to what he was saying. "Now, it doesn't have to be a full moon for you to change," He continues, "So make sure you have your ring on at nighttime." He sets it down at the opposite side of Chris. "And don't let me catch you lioning out in public. Word gets out that the owner of The Lion's Den is actually a lion, they'll shut us down for good and next thing you know we're government projects."

"Yeah, yeah, he gets it already." Chris waves off, "Are you done?"

"One more thing. As you know once every month we have that lion themed night."

The realization slowly hit me when I realized they had that every full moon. I had always just assumed they went all out for the costumes and such like Las Vegas venues. It never ever occurred to me, or anyone that they were hiding in plain sight.

"It'll be okay then to not wear the ring then but I'd rather you not walk around with paws claws and a tail until then. It'll raise questions."

"Okay now--"

"One more thing."

"Augh..." Chris complains and gets to his feepaws.

“If you’re feeling all carnivorous and such, like you want to tear something apart, just go to a steakhouse or something, it’ll fix it.” Lamar begins to be guided out by an impatient white werelion.

“Okay Lamar thanks, problem upstairs to deal with, byeeee.”

“No sex-“ The sound of a metal door closing cuts off the sentence.

After a brief moment of silence Chris walks back over. I was finally regaining a bit of energy from the previous experience, enough to finally be able to speak again.

“This..is..” I say, still breathing heavily, amazed at how deep my voice was.

“Amazing? Incredible? The best day of your life?” He tries to answer, I could tell on his muzzle that he was grinning. He comes and sits by me again with a handpaw on my stomach, rubbing back and forth.

“New.” I finish my sentence.

“Well, out with the old, in with the new right?” A devious smile comes over his muzzle.

“Can you let me go now?” I ask, seeing his sly grin as if he’s planning something.

“Well...I could,” He looks away, “But then what would we do with this?” He puts his handpaw on the bulge from my crotch, much more visible now that my shirt had been ripped off. “You thought I didn’t notice how aroused you got.”

“ C-Chris, d-don’t.” I try to say, “You know what Lamar said.” I try to use as an excuse.

“Yeah yeah, no sex, never said what kind.” He grins, “Besides, if the CDHS did catch two werelions doing it, who the hell would believe em?” He slowly undoes the button to my jeans and moves to grab the zipper. “Is my big kitty afraid of a bit of guilty pleasure.”

“Aye ah-“ I accidentally let out a moan as my member jumped with excitement. “I can’t do this, I just got out of a relationship.” I try to say but the thoughts of my ex were clouded when I felt soft pawpads through the fabric of my boxers.

“Aw, Cute. Don’t be afraid to love again.”

“You think doing this will make me love you?” I ask defensively, a little harsher than what I meant it to be.

Chris looked a little hurt as he raised his eyebrow, “Of course not.” He said, redoing the button on my pants. But then his signature sly grin came over his muzzle, “But it’s a start.” He pulls my erection out of my boxers and through the opening the zipper had created. With my hands and feet restrained to the table, there was absolutely nothing I could do but stare in amazement at how my cock, now having the barbs on the head of it, had grown in length and girth. He began to stroke, slowly, teasingly, up and down as if to say I told you so. Then he slowly lowered his muzzle, his long feline tongue slowly grazing the tip of my throbbing member, before he made it enter, lips first, into him. The feeling and the warmth from this were next to indescribable and it caused my whole body to quiver in pleasure. He looked at me, as if he discovered the power he held in

his handpaws, and closed his eyes, going down with his muzzle once more. His long tongue grazed my throbbing member with every bob and every pump, which put me in a state of ecstasy as if I were actually on ecstasy. Unable to control myself, or my quivering body, I let out a deep moan that caused my tail to thump the table repeatedly, my claws to come out, and my toes to scrunch. The white lion continued to go slowly, but ever so lightly increased in pressure with every bob up and down, and amazingly, he was very good at not using those sharp teeth of his.

My body tensed up more, I could feel myself climbing closer to the edge. My mental trait of thought was hazed and cloudy with a lust for pleasure that I could no longer contain myself from wanting. My hips involuntarily thrust into his muzzle as to aid him in his task to get me to climax and the pleasure that built up from his warm tongue and his muzzle's suction was enough to make me moan and growl in a state of bliss. I gritted my teeth, trying to fight back the waves of pleasure that radiated throughout my body but it was much too late. My body tightened up and my toes scrunched along with all of my claws revealing themselves. My hips thrust upwards and my tail began to thrash. I exhaled with one last warning, "C-chris I'm gon-gonna..." I shut my eyes tight, no longer hiding, no longer thinking, just feeling the intense and impassioned sensations of my first orgasm as a werelion, "RRRAAAAAGHH!" Unable to contain my voice I let loose a thundering roar as I came into Chris's muzzle. The waves of pleasure kept going as I thrust into him and each time unleashing a small roar from me. I felt the warmth of my own seed drip down my shaft and onto Chris's handpaw; he being careful not to get any of it on my jeans. "Nnngh ah-" I moaned as the last waves of pleasure subsided and my body relaxed, no longer quivering, leaving me exhausted and breathing heavily once again but in a state of deep relaxation, where rest was the first thought that suggested itself to me after a dramatic transformation, tickle torture, and an incredible orgasm.

After a moment of silence, Chris wiped his muzzle and looked at me, "Now tell me that wasn't the best thing you'd experienced." He says, a bit winded himself, but trying to hide it. Damn him, he always knew what I was trying to not say out loud.

I let out a big yawn as he went to unlock the cuffs on my arms and feet, with him humming one of the songs that was played earlier. Even though I was finally free from my restraints, I laid in the same position, rubbing my wrists and not wanting to move, much too comfortable in this spot and too tired to make the trip all the way home by myself. I honestly felt like if I tried I'd fall asleep at the wheel and it wasn't like I was allowed to go out in public like this anyway. It was then that I put two and two together that Chris had planned this whole thing out. Damn him, he was always pulling his plans on me. I watched with half closed eyelids as he picked up the remnants of my shirt that had been ripped apart and set them to the side with my socks. Though I was free, I

made no attempt to head for the exit as I put my softening member back in my pants and pulled up the zipper, being careful to not tear right through my pants with this brute strength. Though I tried to look indifferent, but my tail kept thumping the table every once in awhile. To anyone who owned a cat, this meant that I was content or happy.

Chris, seeing that I was too exhausted to move, chuckled and sat on the table again, this time laying his head on my chest, as if listening to my heartbeat. I put my arm around his shoulder and give him an affectionate hug.

“I bet you do this with all the initiates.” I joke tiredly.

“Heh.” He laughs and nuzzles me, “What do you think I am, a whore?”

“Maybe.” I say.

“No.” He answers, “When I found out you were planning on leaving town I sort of freaked.” He chuckles, “I begged Lamar to let me do this...he really trusts you, you know? He doesn't let just anyone know about the Club's secret.”

“How'd he let you in?”

“Not like this if that's what you're asking.” He grins, “I've known Lamar for about eight years, since I was twenty but I won't get into the nitty gritty about how hard I worked as a promoter.”

When I didn't answer as I began to drift off, he spoke up with a question that got my attention, “What happened with you and Jeremy?..I mean, I really thought you guy would seal the deal.”

“...” I wasn't ready for that, “He. Cheated on me.” I say, the memories coming back.

“Remember that night Lexi worked my shift?” I ask, “Well I came back to our place and...” I shake my head, accidentally letting out a low growl that sounded like an engine's hum.

“What happened to the other guy?”

“I'm still paying his hospital bill.” I feel Chris tense up and I chuckle, “I'm joking. I just threw him out. Literally.”

“Well, glad I'm not laying on Dog the Bounty Hunter.” He joked, “I'm so sorry he did that to you...that must have sucked.”

“Tchyeah..” I could only chuckle at that understatement. “It's just that feeling, of what did I do wrong? I wonder if there was anything I could have done differently or-“

“Don't. Just...don't. Don't do that to yourself. If Jeremy couldn't accept you for who you are, or if he made the mistake of cheating on you, then quite frankly he's the biggest idiot in the world.” He puts a handpaw on my stomach again. “After all you've been through you deserve so much better in life...You're smart, funny, I love the way you try to hide your emotions, you're friendly...I would never do what he did to you.”

As I sat there listening to Chris I couldn't help but feel a sense of trust, that wasn't there with Jeremy. Here Chris was, sharing his biggest secret with me, telling me how he

really felt. His true feelings about me, and like all things, even though you have speculation, it's always a surprise when you hear it or witness it in reality. I found myself wanting to get past that barrier I put up after my break-up of not wanting to be hurt that badly again, to actually trust someone else, like Lamar was so trusting of others. Maybe it might turn out badly but to never try again was keeping you from being happy, from ever learning to love again.

"I love you." I finally say.

"You're charismat-wait wha?" Chris says, caught by surprised.

"You've always been there for me. Since I've worked at this club I've always wondered if you and I would work, but never really thought about it since I was with Jeremy... Ever since we broke up I didn't know what I wanted out of life, that's why I was leaving..." I accidentally let out a yawn, which would have come off as rude on any other occasion but I'm sure he understood how exhausted I was. Also, it gave him time to take what I said in.

"...Are you serious?" I could see his eyes widen.

"Yes, I'm done crying, I'm done sorry for myself and being pissed off at the world..." I paused and looked at him, "I know what I want... I want to stay here, with you."

I could see his face begin to light up and his eyes shine for a brief moment. "Oh, I can't believe I'm gonna..." The white lion tried to turn away but I gently touch his chin with my other handpaw and turn him towards me. I could see tears of joy running down his furry cheeks.

"I love you." I say again and kiss him for the first time in this form, muzzle to muzzle.

Afterwards we both lay together on the table, though with our fur pretty much anything felt like a bed and pillow. He lay on his side with his head on my chest while my arm was around him, the two of us in a warm embrace.

"Happy Birthday Levi." He says to me but me being half asleep; mumble a response that only through the audible tone he'd be able to tell it was affectionate. We both fell asleep together, ready to start the new day as a couple. A thought crossed my mind while I was in deep slumber; Chris was right, this was the best birthday I had ever had.