

“Ah... M-master..?” Tan cried out. He had been taking up grunt work for the pride. He’d been overworked for ages and he had grown restless. Assisting not only his new master but also the lionesses as well as the cubs. With his breaking point finally reached, he decided to call out to his master. Maybe the cruel lion could understand his pain? Tan rounded the corner and saw the massive lion sunbathing, lifting his head only sparingly to glance at his pet, who otherwise worked without question nor complaint until now. As soon as the lion turned his head, Tan seemed to lose all momentum, his brain instantly kicking into a fawn response and lowering his head, fearful of whatever his master had in mind. Tan felt his body sink in on itself as the mighty lion arose and marched over to him slowly. Ever so silent, the lion glared at the top of his head expectantly though Tan had no intention of showing this lion his face. The reminders of what happened to his allies running through his mind once more.

“What do you want, pet?” He demanded. Now Tan was conflicted on what would upset the lion more, ignoring him or complaining to him as originally planned. As Tan struggled to find his words, his master used a single paw to lift his head from the previous bow he had found himself in. Anyone could see the obvious fear plastered over his face.

“I-I just... I-I just feel... Tired...? Master?” Tan squealed the words regretting them the instant they came into his brain and wishing he would stop his muzzle from continuing to talk. Fearfully, he looked up to the lion he’d served so readily, expecting a full whirlwind of impatience and anger, only to see the sullen and almost regretful expression on his muzzle. Tan leaned forwards and tried to rub his head against the muscly arms of his master, aiming to please him as he’s done several times before.

“I-it is no problem, master! I will continue to serve you without fail, rest assured. Hell, why not just rest now? It’ll be a-”

“Quiet.” He commanded. In an instant, Tan was back on the ground with his head firmly embedded into the ground beneath him. How dare he try to lie to his master! Based on how unforgiving he was with Tan’s previous allies, he most certainly will be the worst that this predator had in mind. Tan shuttered even to hear his lion speak once more. “I figured you would cave eventually. You lasted much longer than I gave you credit for. I was sure I’d have to dispose of you sooner. I suppose you would like a gift of some kind? A break, perhaps?” He asked, his voice much more sympathetic than Tan would have ever hoped it to be, though he still needed to obey. He couldn’t be too sure if this break would last him as long as he’d like if he celebrated too early.

“Th-that sounds very generous of you, master. Wh-what kind of break did you have in mind?” Tan asked, still keeping his head as close to the ground as he could physically enforce. The lion before him repeated the gesture with a paw under his chin to lift his gaze. Instead of being met with bright eyes to glare through his head from above, Tan was met with a familiar wetness of his master’s tongue glazing over his head and mane, setting saliva into the grains of his fur while he leaned into the slobbery muscle.

“That is dependent on your luck as well as my mates. I plan on putting you to good use. I needed some more fuel for my cubs. Your allies didn’t make much progress with my cubs as I would have liked but with your... Attitude towards me, I’m sure I could raise a mighty predator out of you and teach you a few good things.” The lion spoke of this as if it weren’t a literal life changing idea. Tan looked up under the lion with a gentle tilt of his head.

“Are... Are you serious, master? You want me as your cub?!” Tan exclaimed, letting his excitement get the best of him as he leaned up to his master, who smiled down at him.

“You’ve been obedient thus far, it’s only fair for me to see you as having nice potential. Though you would also be the runt of the litter based on your confidence, though as your father I will train you properly once you’re born. I assume you’re going to be as obedient as usual during the process?” The lion knowingly teased his pet, the paw previously raising his chin now held the muzzle in place as the massive lion laid his tongue into his pet, drenching the pet’s head in his slobber possessively. Tan made no effort to escape his grasp, accustomed to the feeling already. When not serving the lion, he was often sent as a claw mat as well as a chew toy for the lion. Tan was far more into it than his master even was, though it felt very different now. He was going down his master’s dick, so this was merely a parting gift onto him before he churns. Tan wanted his master to make the most of his taste, knowing that this would be the last that he kept his scents. Though as his master was lathering his pet in slobber, a moan seemed to escape his fangs, rasped out in an almost growl as Tan felt the words slip into his ear.

“You’ll make such sweet sperm for me, won’t you, pet?” The apparent praise in the form of a question made Tan simply melt into his master’s grip, tempted to call him father already. How much of his memories would remain as a cub, surely he couldn't keep everything. Though the imprinted scent of his master on his form had permanently affected his memories, making it feel as though his life only started once he began serving this magnificent lion, not able to recall his previous life. This rang especially true under the

weight of his master's tongue, the saliva now drenching his mane to his scalp and causing thick beads of spittle to roll along his cheek before being absorbed by his thick coat.

"Of course! I can't wait to be remade in your image, fath- m-master!" Tan let slip out his inner confusion on just how eager he was allowed to be, though his lion before him seemed less than reactive to it. Tan knew that his taste was something his master craved often, but his own greediness was getting ahead of him. You could see the massive balls just ahead of him yet out of his reach. He wanted to service them in any way he knew how. He couldn't wait to have the savannah see his bulges on the thick balls. He couldn't wait until he saw his master again, now closer than ever.

"Roll over." He commanded. Just as normal, Tan tore himself from his master's grip and rolled onto the ground with his belly face upwards. Was this it? Was it beginning now? A slobbery sensation made him squeal, though he was immediately able to notice the difference. He looked down and saw his master now licking his chest, his image blotting out the sun above as he tugged Tan's body further underneath him as he drenched Tan's chest in saliva.

"I-I love your tongue baths, master..." Tan moaned, far too excited about the prospect to become sperm to properly enjoy the rare service his master took in him, though he truly wanted to enjoy it as it came. The mighty lion hardly ever lowered his head for anyone yet all Tan could think about was about his new placement in his master's balls for who knows how long.