

In the pridelands without entertainment was never a fun combination. Scar wasn't one to hunt out of his own enjoyment and he already takes in too much sunlight thanks to his fur coat. Though lucky for him, the entertainment would offer itself to him for today. By *it*, it was more like *him*...

"Scar! Brother! Help me!" Scar heard a distant cry sound out. Scar immediately shot up and looked around, hearing Mufasa call out. Much to his surprise, as soon as he opened his eyes, he saw Mufasa just ahead of him, though smaller than he remembered... Much smaller! Had Mufasa somehow shrunk overnight?

"My my what have we here? As much as I admire your change in stature, I'm rather confused about your intent here." Scar leaned up and picked Mufasa up by the scruff in the back of his mane. While it naturally would have taken a miracle for Scar to lift Mufasa, it was comparable to lifting a mouse between his claws. Mufasa hardly shared the notion, talking to Scar without much of an afterthought.

"It wasn't my intention, Scar! I simply woke up at this size! Sarabi left early to hunt so I need your assistance!" Mufasa yelled. With Mufasa's panic, Scar found great joy in the idea. Scar nodded slowly, feigning sympathy as ideas on how to be rid of the king flashed through his mind. He could always simply eat the king, though that was sadly too boring. He needed something that could truly be remembered and remarked. With one solution coming to mind, Scar started his plan.

"Well at this size, I could still call you convenient. With all the nooks and such you could find your way into.~" Scar cooed, lifting himself with Mufasa in his grip. He then tossed Mufasa carelessly under his behind and sat back down over him, the golden lion finding his way perfectly in between Scar's butt cheeks. Scar shifted his waist some to get a good feel of Mufasa as he realized what his future held. With his weight securing Mufasa under his behind, Scar smiled to himself. He could feel the small lion push and prod against his weight to no avail, only making Scar more excited. This too would be a distant fantasy normally. Luckily for him, the new size offered many amenities for his entertainment this evening. With a smirk on his face, he decided that Mufasa would be fine staying down there for a while. With his new 'occupant' down here, laying around suddenly didn't seem so bad. Scar gave his paws a few licks before laying his head down and taking a nap. With how deep Mufasa was, it was unlikely he could simply slip out from underneath him. Scar's ass cheeks posed as an excellent cage for the small lion. Mufasa seemed

less enthused by the idea, kicking about even more ferociously as Scar relaxed, causing more weight to encompass him.

A few hours later, Sarabi stepped into Scar's cave, waking him up from his rest and reawakening Mufasa from under his backside. Sarabi looked around, her eyes soon landing on Scar with a look of confusion.

"Have you seen your brother today?"

"Hmm? I'm drawing a blank." Scar sighed, rubbing his eyes of his tiredness without a care. Sarabi already was irritated with his attitude, stepping off instantly. Once she was gone, Scar looked over to his behind and felt as his 'king' fought harder with the knowledge of Sarabi being close by.

"Hmm? It seems like my brother is excited to find his new palace." Scar laughed, lifting and slamming back down his behind and feeling Mufasa getting squeezed into his anus after taunting it for an entire evening. The muscle quaked in excitement, readily clamping over the small lion and soon taking him in through slow stroking. Scar held back his urges to be rid of his brother in such a way, though he would certainly be an entertaining captive in his backside. But through his rest, a better idea revealed itself. Scar finally stood for the first time in a while, Mufasa lifting alongside him. His entire upper waist had been forced through the puckering hole, his lower half helpless kicking against Scar's taint as he dangled. The temptation to simply lower his tail and conceal Mufasa as he slowly got sucked inside was hard to ignore, but his new plan seemed much better. Scar turned slightly over his shoulder, using a paw to peel Mufasa from his anus. The golden lion was dazed, not even managing to make a noise as Scar lowered him to his sheath, slowly getting awoken in preparation for his excitement.

With a gentle yet assertive motion, Scar forced Mufasa's legs into his sheath, not wanting his lower half to feel left out. Using a dulled claw to force his face slowly into his sheath, gently teasing his cock from inside as it enveloped his lion sibling. Mufasa tried to yell out against this, suddenly becoming aware of this but his maw was caught on the end of his claw. Scar fought to stifle his moans, feeling his digit disappear into his sheath, forcing his 'king' deeper and deeper down his length, soon drenching his paw in oozing cum as his cock unveiled itself, still plugged with his digit. Scar moaned aloud, feeling Mufasa as he kicked about in his balls, the boiling cum working well to drench him and stain his coat of what used to

be golden fur in a brilliant white, shimmering with sperm of what will soon be princes.

Scar rocked his waist side to side, aiming to upset Mufasa's swimming and cover him in layers upon layers of his thick semen.

"Ahh... Worry not, Mufasa. Your presence will not go unmarked. I will strut you around proudly, befitting a lion of your caliber. Surely this stroke of luck proves that I am rightfully worthy of your throne... Now how do I part with the prince?" Scar thought, now walking out of his cave. Sticking true to his words, he strutted around proudly in the savannah, humored greatly by the panicked squirming enough to bestow the sight of his cock to the world. An observant eye could see the imprints of the lion trapped in his testacles but none would assume that to be the case, especially through the layers of fur that kept Mufasa separate from the outside world, with just a cage of semen being all that he could see, feel, and hear. He wasn't even aware of Sarabi and the hornbill unwittingly looking directly at him, though this was more just them curious as to Scar's newfound pride in more ways than one. After an eyeful and a day full of ogling at his junk, Scar decided to leave it there, his balls calming down and plumping up with new cum. As Scar walked back to his cave, his balls gushed over themselves, ready to burst with the cum that Mufasa had been made into. A fresh batch of lion sperm simply aching to blow out.

"Now, now, my dear Mufasa. This proves to be the end of your journey. Though at least the lions of Pride Rock could say their goodbyes to you. Ah, I can hear it now... *Long live the king!*" Scar laughed, fondling his balls and feeling the entirety of Mufasa being assimilated to countless bundles of sperm for him.

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