

“Oh hey dad.” The lion said to his father, who wrapped his burly arms around him in a tight snuggle, nuzzling his muzzle into his son lovingly. Said son was just doing some homework on the dinner table. He and his dad had lived alone for a while now and he was rarely ever this... sudden?

“What? An old man can’t coddle his cub like he used to? Put down the schoolwork, I wanna have a certain... talk with you...” The bigger lion said, letting go of his son and walking to the couch behind him. The son turned curiously, instantly thinking of everything that he hid in his room. The older lion didn’t seem upset though... With some hesitance, the lion stood and sat next to his father, who even now towered over him. He was in his early 20s and couldn’t hold a candle to his father in size. Not in height, in mane, or even between his legs. He would every now and then sneak a glance at his fathers junk when it was exposed, and his first thought was feeling it down his throat or throbbing through his ass. But he’d best not mention it now.

“Well you’re almost out the house and I feel like we haven’t been as *close* as I’d like us to be.” The large lion spoke, his words came slowly, but he hadn’t stopped looking at his son. Flustered, the son could only nod along.

“Y-yeah sure! What’d you have in mind, daddy- I mean, dad!” The lion stuttered, using all his lion strength to resist face palming. The father barely seemed to care about it and instead just tucked his arms beneath his beloved cub and lifted him off the couch, holding him against the bushy mane that rolled down his abs and then to his slightly pudgy gut. Just as the smaller lion was going to plead to walk on his own, he decided against it, enjoying the feeling. The large lion carried his son to his bedroom.

“We really don’t do this often huh?” The lion said smugly, dropping his son on his bed. The son looked around confused on why he was just dropped on his dad’s bed. Just as he was about to question his dad's motivations, it all became clear as his father started stripping, tossing his shirt aside as he dove on the bed, forcing his heavy muscles onto his son as he held his head in place for the best kiss in his son’s life. It started as the father trying to push his lips past his son’s, but the son quickly accommodated, allowing his fathers tongue to travel deep into his muzzle, reclaiming all that used to be his when his son was just a cub. As the father made sure his son’s maw was properly primed, he used his paws to undo his own pants in order to pull his massive cock from his thong, kicking it off as they broke apart for

air. The son was aghast, looking at the dad ahead of him in ashamed arousal before his dad rested a paw on his son's face and licked his lips from the combined saliva.

"I wanted to do that for a while now... You don't even know how proud your father is of this body of yours... You grew up to be just as hot as I'd hoped, if not better... I can't wait to get you in me..." The father said, quickly leaping in for another deep kiss, this time reaching for his son's pants, surprised by the stiffened penis that seemed to tremble under his heavy paws, carefully undoing the clothes. The son was still in shock, wanting to push his own father away but his urge to continue the kiss stopped him. He instead licked his father's rough tongue in accommodation, not wanting this moment of perfect bliss to end... Oh right, oxygen.

With a gasp, the son fell with his back against the mattress, his father quickly picking up on the low energy and leaning over, licking his chest and neck, not allowing a speck of untouched fur on this son of his. The son put his paws on his father's mane, each finger disappearing under the massive layers of fur that dressed him. Between moans, he managed to squeeze out some words.

"Dad... What's... What's gotten into... Into you?" The cub asked. The father hardly wasted a second before prying his feline tongue from his son to dignify the answer.

"I'm show you just how much Daddy loves you~"

Without another word, He lifts his son's legs, lodging his massive head between them as his girth tongue parted the smaller lion's ass cheeks. The son wanted to object, but his mind was flooded with a deep euphoria as his father slipped his rough tongue into his anus. The son arched his back as his father urged further in, his maw opening to allow more of his tongue to rush through, which was definitely necessary if he wanted to properly soften the entry of his cock. The son could hardly contain his excitement, already knowing how attractive his dad is and feeling him in action was surreal. His cock quickly got hard and the son awkwardly arranged it while being careful not to cum already, though it was hard to resist the urge not to masturbate to his life-long wet dream. Once his father flicked the flail tongue from the son's anus, the father mounted his son, a paw preparing his cock for entry while the other caressed his son's head, playing with the low mane slightly as the tip entered slowly, much too thick for the tongue to prepare the son for.

"Ahh... D-dad... ahh it's so big...!" The son squealed, his paws instinctively finding their way around the bulky lion, gripping the fine muscles above him as the lion dad pushed further, disregarding the worries of his son. As the father pushed

deeper and deeper, the son could feel every pulse, vein, and throb from inside of him, the pain quickly subsiding through a more recognizable and savory pleasure that overtook his worries. Once the father had his balls pressed against his son's ass, he wasted no time in pulling out to thrust back in, the elder lion growling in satisfaction, feeling his son around his cock.

"Yeah... Just like I wanted from my son...". The father says, somehow finding a deeper motivation and thrusting at a more aggressive and possessive energy, the paw that used to be placed on his son's cheek shifted to his waist to add more ass fat to his pounding. The son found no problem with this, too distracted by the movement of his father and the look of domination and claiming in his eyes, the glint of white on his fangs as he growled with eagerness to fuck his son's brains out. The son grabbed hold of his father's pectoral, squeezing the flexed muscle as his paw reached down to feel the drilling bulge from his abdomen, quickly shifting to rubbing himself off. As the father watched his son stroke his cock against his filled abdomen, he pushed even harder, nearing his climax as he forced his son into the bedframe and slammed him into the mattress. With a roar fitting of the old lion, his balls smacked deeply into his son's ass, gushing out his warm seed, even flowing so potently, that it streamed back down, causing a rush of jizz to cover their lower waists together. The son finished soon behind, fueled by his father's ejaculation and sending him over the edge, his own cum in much smaller quantity and sending most of it to his father's chest. The son moaned loudly, his breath escaping as his father allowed his frame to overtake him on top of the bed, laying down his weight over the poor smaller lion. The son could only laugh, reaching up to pet his father slowly.

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