

When Miguel first introduced you to him, Hino looked like a god compared to the other lions; not in terms of might like how Zeus towered over the other Olympian gods, but how Aphrodite shined brighter than any other god, goddess, or any entity between could even imagine. He seemed untouchable, non-mortal in nature.

And yet with that, you couldn't resist his allure. When he told you that you should accompany him to a photo shoot, you nodded without even thinking twice. The image of Hino presenting himself scandalously not just to you but to the rest of the world infested your mind like an all-consuming virus.

The lights of the back alley market passed you by as the limousine sped through the road. Hino—even while seemingly completely fixated on his makeup—still acknowledged your presence. His gaze remained focused on the mirror, but his mind was obviously focused on something else. You wanted to believe that you were that thing, but presumptuousness wasn't the best attribute to have when you wanted to meet someone new.

"Have you ever been to this part of the district?" His voice is silky smooth, a stark contrast to the rough and sharp tone Miguel spoke with. "I know that the others don't like it. They find it too... what's the word..."

"Fancy?"

It certainly didn't *look* like the back alley market. Instead of brown, dilapidated brick walls and paper lanterns illuminating the street that could go out at the slightest hint of rain, there were luxurious skyscrapers, hotels, and restaurants all under a faint, multi-colored neon glow.

"Yes! Excellent job, my friend." Hino cheered. "But I think rejecting the pretty things in life is foolish. Since you seem a little more tactful than the others, I thought bringing you here could be good. You should get a look at what a lion can do when he's not being forced to act out like a brute."

You couldn't help but marvel at Hino's body. While Miguel was mountainous, Hino was far more graceful. It wasn't as if he lacked the extra pounds that every Shishigumi member carried with them, but he made sure to present himself as gallantly as any other gentleman should. It was a rare sight to see a suit that fit its wearer well, let alone someone as handsome as Hino.

Under a neon sign in the shape of a camera, you entered the photograph studio behind Hino's lead.

However, you immediately noticed that this was no ordinary business. Instead of pictures of muscular men right in the middle of their physical peak in college, all the models in the photos waiting room were equally if not more corpulent than Hino. Even when fully clothed, the fact that their bodies were carrying at least one hundred extra pounds was painfully apparent.

Not to mention, the fact that the most modest picture was the one of an obese sheep in his 20s teasingly stretching the side of his thong certainly didn't help your already over-active imagination.

"Evening. I've come to my photo shoot." Hino said to the receptionist.

"Oh, Mister Hidari, right?"

"Indeed," Hino said as he straightened his tie. "I've brought a plus one. They're interested in how the business work."

While you were certainly *interested*, you were caught off guard by Hino speaking for you. Opening your mouth, you were ready to speak, but Hino continued talking with the man behind the counter.

"I'm sure that it'll be okay if I bring him with me, right?"

"Of course!"

"Perfect."

Before you could even get a word out, Hino grasped your hand and began dragging you to the shoot. You were surprised at how slender his digits were compared to Miguel's. While the latter could hold both of your hands easily with just one paw, Hino's were much slicker and soft. They lacked the roughness that most of the lions shared.

While you were stupified by the tenderness of Hino's hands, he dragged you into the studio. Passing through the door—an excessively polished nameplate with the studio's number included—you saw that the room was completely white. All of the workers inside turned their heads toward you and Hino, looking quite shocked to see someone beside him.

"Who's the scrawny kid?"

Looking down at your stomach, the last thing you'd call yourself was scrawny. All your clothes going from M to XL still felt unreal to this day.

"He's my partner," Hino said bluntly. "He said he was interested in how my work went. Since you all use automatic cameras, I'm sure that you can afford to leave us alone. It is just a bonus for the recent volume, right? And of course, I'll pay for any broken equipment if something terrible like that comes to pass."

"Mgh..." The bison crossed his arms. While pouty, he clearly had no real arguments beyond partiality for standard procedure. "Alright, but don't take too long."

With that, the entire room was evacuated by everyone except you and Hino. The air was suffocating—you've never been in a room with someone so forward before. Sure, you've been approached by many of the other lions before, but never to this degree. You could feel your blood rushing to your face—thoughts of Hino doting on you just as Miguel had done before flooded your brain, and now you couldn't even bear to look at the lion.

“Now, we can start. Just make sure to not touch anything and it’ll be fine, by?”

“U-um, yeah. Sir, uh, well, I wanted to ask you why...” You bit your lip as you saw him slowly move to the very back of the room. “...why you wanted to say that? It’s not that I think that you’re ugly or anything like that! It’s just that I never expected you to show interest in *me* of all people! I mean there are a lot more other people in the Shishigumi to—”

“Shush.” Hino firmly commanded. “No need to complicate things, rookie. You’ve clearly shown interest in me, and I’m more than willing to oblige.”

“Interest?”

You’ve certainly found yourself staring at Hino whenever he passed by your line of sight. How could you not? He was radiant in a way so pristine that it overshadowed all the other lions whenever he was in the room. You just didn’t know that you were *that* obvious in your advances.

“I didn’t feel the need to give you the runaround. Dinner dates and such are trivial in my eyes. Getting to the nitty gritty of it all is better for the both of us...”

And as soon as Hino threw his blazer to the floor, you realized what was going to happen. No words left your mouth—only the agitated breathing of a lion too shocked to properly express the state of euphoria he was under.

“It’s such a rarity to see a lion so small and gallant like yourself.”

Button by button, the plush and white-furred chest of Hino bared itself to you. His belly was far smaller than Hino’s—probably just the size of your head if not a little bit bigger—and lacked the drum-like firmness as well.

His sides—instead of the perfectly curvaceous edges of a dome of Miguel’s gut—were composed of flabby love handles one atop each other. Hino immediately recognized your transfixion on his muffin top. With a coy smile, he lifted his rolls and then let them drop. They jiggled up and down like giant slabs of gelatin.

“Most don’t receive this kind of attention.” Hino’s smile grew into a toothy grin, sharp fangs that could tear through meat shown off in a display of absolute confidence. “You’re quite lucky that you get to look at me like this.”

“I am.” You flatly said. “I-I... can you please go... further?” Your voice was squeaky and quivering. Hino’s plump, soft body had enraptured your mind, and you could possibly not love being his captive more than now.

“If you insist, my dear.” Hino undid his tie, then threw it at you. “Let the show begin!”

With the declaration spoken, you sat down and stared at Hino in awe of his beauty. With half of his body exposed, you were witness to him gently stroking every part of it with gusto and irreverence.

Every part of him was like marshmallows; white and fluffy. You stared jaw-dropped as he squeezed every inch of his wobbling body; his moobs, his belly, his love handles, even going as far as to twirl around and squeeze his plump feline butt. He did it all with the utmost bravado and never-ending confidence. An assault on your mind and senses that coated it all with the inescapable power of primal instincts.

The sounds of the chair underneath you being torn apart by your claws and Hino's laughter were the only thing piercing the otherwise silent pure white room. You could sense your heartbeat reverberating across your entire body, bouncing against the walls that were your ribs.

*Hino. Hino. Hino.*

"You're *ravenous*." He did as he undid his belt. As soon as it went flying to the pile of clothes, his compressed belly surged outwards with a *bwomph* motion. Jiggling forward, compressing and decompressing outward again like a lake rippling across itself, the motion was hypnotizing. "I can't believe that you didn't take the first step. Such a shame, really. I would've liked to see what you can do."

"S-sorry..."

"No need to apologize. You're quite adorable." Finally, Hino had his hands over his pant's overstretched waistband. Over it, his fat body overflowed downwards. "And adorable kitties like yourself deserve to have treats every once in a while..."

The pet name made a shiver travel down your spine. Closing your leg, biting your lip, and feeling your tail swish as if it had a life of its own, you couldn't help but feel so much smaller... not that you could complain, of course. Crossing your legs to hide your arousal, you tried suppressing the whiny moans parting your dry lips.

"Getting excited, kitty? You're quicker to rile up than I thought." Hino teased. "Although, I think that's charming in itself. Are you ready, rookie?"

"Y-yes..." You whimper out. Your mind screamed at you to give in to your desires. Wandering hands twitched as they longed to relieve the pent-up instincts working in the background, but the fact that so many people were outside held you back just enough. That didn't stop the precum from lightly leaking through your pants. "Please..."

"Of course..."

He stuck his tongue out as a dreadfully effective taunt before *painfully slowly* lowering his pants. A pair of tight pink briefs were revealed—most of it is hidden under his hanging belly and thick legs. With his stomach acting as his natural censor, you couldn't tell if he shared the same feelings as you.

The blush painted across his otherwise snow-white face was a good enough hint, however.

"Ah, there we go... I feel much freer now." Hino let out a sigh of relief while fixing up his mane. "Now... I'm sure that you're eager to touch it, but you can only *look* at the goods. Sorry for the tease."

"W-wait, what?" The shock was enough to take you out of your libido-induced trance. "But I thought—"

"This is just a *tease* of what's to come." Hino put himself into position; against the wall, gently positioning himself to show off both of his legs while giving the camera some of his crotch too. "After all, I still have a job to do. So just sit tight and enjoy the view."

"But... but!"

"Shush now, kitty. Just sit and watch."

With your unattended-to tent on your pants, the only thing you could do is wait for it to go down. With Hino striking up poses, that might be difficult.

It was going to be a long night.