

A bell jingled softly, the only sound in a small corner cafe on the edge of campus. A lone student shuffled in, a human with long dirty blonde hair dropping down to his shoulders. He looked exhausted, budding bags underneath his glasses-wearing eyes taking center stage of his appearance.

He made his way to the front countertop, adjusting the laptop bag over his shoulder around his dark blue jacket. On the other side was an otter. He also had long hair; a brunette mane cascaded nearly down to the small of his back. He looked flustered, shuffling through things both behind and underneath the countertop. Violet eyes shifted back and forth nervously as he muttered under his breath, wiping the sweat from his palms on his verdant green apron.

"...Hello?" the human asked, sounding just as tired as he looked. A wide yawn ripped out of him, barely able to wave a hand in front of his mouth in time to hide it.

"NGF-!" The otter stumbled, fumbling with a bag of grounds. He succeeded in spilling half of it over himself, the sandy-brown stuff blasting over his apron. "C-Can I help you?" he asked, his voice a stilted monotone, a sigh trailing his words.

"Can I have a dark roast? Venti with cream and," he paused, letting out another uncontrollable yawn, "sugar."

"Sure, that'll... That..." the otter grunted, his brows furrowing in thought. He ran over to the nearby register, resigning the task of sales to the terminal. "It'll be \$4.95."

The human flinched, his expression subtly screwing up. It looked like he was weighing the options—deciding if a caffeine jumpstart was worth the price. Addiction seemed to win out as he cracked his wallet open, having pulled it from his back pocket. The transaction went smoothly as he tapped his card against the screen. The otter let out a word of thanks before quickly zipping to the back.

Huffing under his breath, he looked over the shelves, thumbing at his dark-fleshed lower lip. "Dark...dark..." he muttered under his breath, feeling frustration rise. "Stupid Nina...setting me up with this job," he muttered, brushing the ends of his padded fingers along the boxes full of pre-made grounds.

He only stopped when he reached what looked like the dark roast. Funny...he remembered there being more than one in the selection. Now there was only "Gray Mane Coffee." Maybe it was something new? The boss did seem pretty eccentric—not that he got to know him well. He shook his head, deciding to pull out a bag of grounds from the box before running back to the front.

The human, or rather, George, was already sitting in his chair, slowly yawning. He had pulled his laptop out of his bag, slinging the strap over the back of the wooden chair he had perched. Situated in the middle of the room, he was far and away the only patron in the shop.

It was something that the otter, Bobert, was grateful for. He was still learning the ropes, and the last thing he needed was a crowd rushing in with five million complicated orders. Filling the water up and getting the brew started, he sighed. At least his latest customer didn't seem too keen on getting his coffee instantly; he seemed wrapped up with whatever he was doing, fingers flying across the keyboard, the monitor tilted just enough where the otter couldn't see what was on it.

The sound of burbling brew could be heard as it poured into the cup, filling it just high enough for the afforded cream and sugar. At least it was an excellent job; Bobert took the time to breathe deep the alluring scent of dark roast. A good bag of grounds.

The human looked up from his laptop curiously as he saw the cup slide in his direction. Steam wafted from it, the once jet-black liquid now a warm milky brown. "Thanks," he muttered, mustering a friendly albeit tired smile.

"What cha' workin' on?" the otter asked, a small amount of small talk taking hold—a curiosity.

He didn't expect the question, stopping a split second before his lips met the rim of his cup. "Uhhhh..." he droned awkwardly, dark blue eyes shifting from his drink to the screen and back to the inquisitive otter. "Just...some stories," he answered noncommittally, his cheeks subtly warming.

"Oh? That's pretty cool," the otter said, his cadence becoming choppy—seemingly infected by the awkwardness of his client. "Well...if you need anything else, let me know! Refills are free."

The long-haired human seemed to light up at this, a small smile on his face. "I'll probably need a few cups by the time I'm done," he said with a short laugh. He took a drag of the coffee, eyes rolling shut as he allowed the texture and flavor to wash over his tongue before returning to work.

There was no denying that this was the hit he needed. He felt energized, fingers hitting the keys with renewed vigor as the sound echoed in the small cafe. The warmth in his stomach quickly spread to his extremities as he let out a pleased sigh. It was good—real good.

"Hrm..." He flexed his fingers, typing, having become a little muddled. "Weird..." They were feeling a little strange—almost swollen. Maybe the cold outside hit them harder than he thought. He took another drink of coffee, wrapping his digits around the cup to allow the heat to seep into them.

Little did he realize that those extremities were subtly changing. The ends of his fingers thickened subtly, the fleshy underside plumping up, almost looking a tad swollen. Light-colored skin started to darken until it took on shades of dark chocolate and black, coating the bottoms of those digits in what looked like supple padding.

He took another drink, tipping the cup into the air as his Adam's apple bobbed. The end of his nose seemed to bevel and stretch as it darkened, just like his fingertips. He let out a satisfied sigh, a placid smile on his face.

If he was aware of the subtle changes to his body, he wasn't showing it.

The clatter of keys continued as he worked those thickened digits, having eventually figured out how to maneuver around with them. A soft groan passed over his lips, expression screwing up slightly. Things started to feel tight as he adjusted his seat a few times. His shoes, in particular, felt restrictive, the ends subtly bulging as mesh fabric stretched.

"Gotta get new shoes..." he muttered, brows furrowing.

A few grunts of annoyance later, he was tugging at the back of his pants, feeling an uncomfortable amount of pressure starting to build at the base of his spine. Unbeknown to him was a tag of flesh pushing out above the edge of his shoved-down belt. It lengthened, slithering out into the air, the end of it prickling with dark-blond fur.

"Can I get a refill?" he asked, his voice ringing through the silence. Much to his pleasure, he noticed the otter having already beaten him to the punch, well on his way to handing over another—and then another. The more he drank, the more drastic the changes became as they took hold. The pall of sleep deprivation over him was dispelled as he grew more enthusiastic about his work.

Fattened fingers worked over the keyboard, soft clicking echoing through the room. Blunt nails started to change shape, turning to points as the configuration of fingers shifted. Thickening padding made work a little more complicated, George having to gently pick over his keys as progress slowed.

He shifted below, kicking his feet awkwardly as they swelled and surged. His tennis shoes started to lose shape, warping and beveling to match the burgeoning feet barely trapped within. It began with a pop—and then another. Soon after, the seams and glue holding his sneakers together failed. Thick toes burst out the end, looking even more dense than his new digits.

A sigh of relief passed over the human's darkening lips—the lower one in particular subtly plumping up. He flexed his toes, thick appendages curling and splaying. His feet grew, spreading over the wreckage of sneakers now several sizes too small for them. The same kind of dark padding quickly spread, covering every inch of his wide soles. Wrinkles took hold over the supple, padded flesh; the curves and outlines of his foot's balls and arch defined the meaty appendage.

The rest of his clothes were looking tight. The thighs of his jeans had pulled taut, looking like they were fit to explode at any moment, a few errant seams popping. And yet, despite all of this, he continued to down the coffee—oblivious to the changes taking hold.

Now jutting behind him, the tail swished, flicking back and forth in a very feline fashion. Subtle amounts of body hair started to form, visible thanks to the fact he pulled off his jacket—the warmth from the warm coffee finally beginning to get to him. What started off as spotless skin became smattered with prickles of body hair. From there, it only grew like a forest fire, tawny brown strands flooding over his skin, crawling up his forearms and chest.

He huffed, eyes lidding as he leaned back. Just in time, too. A small forest of curls poked out from the collar of his shirt. His casual demeanor belied the burgeoning changes affecting his body. His chest was tenting out the front of his shirt, the once-twiggy human starting to pack on mass with every sip of his steaming brew.

"Hoooo...yeah, that's good..." he muttered, allowing his eyes to roll shut as he breathed. Every sniff with that padded nose made it swell larger. It stretched, pulling the front of his face along with it. Bones popped and cracked subtly as his facial structure changed. The same tawny brown fur started to take over, spreading across his proto-muzzle.

At this point, he was half man, half lion—a confusing mix of what he once was and what he was quickly becoming.

A loud tear signaled the failure of his shirt. The side of it tore open, a bulging belly pushing out as it gurgled and grumbled. Like the rest of him, it was covered in that brown fur, slowly enveloping it until it was a fuzzy, solid dome. Ballooning thighs also burst from their denim prison, tearing the insides open to reveal powerful trunk-like limbs.

Even if he wasn't completely aware of what was happening, his subconscious was picking up on how pleasurable it was. Soft, ecstatic moans slipped from his lips as his head rolled around. His ears lifted, twitching, new muscles establishing themselves as they pushed higher on his skull.

A soft, breathy gasp came from him, his muzzle opening, several strings of saliva snapping as pointed, dense fangs were revealed. A barbed tongue slathered in his maw as it thickened like George had trouble maneuvering the thickened appendage.

From the other side of his countertop, Bobert watched. His eyes were wide, and the front of his pants was tented with his enormous endowment. He was obviously conflicted; apprehension wrote across his face—no matter how hard his crotch throbbed. His customer seemed to be completely and utterly aware of the transformation that was taking hold. It didn't help that he was moaning up a storm, either.

The sounds deepened in pitch; they adopted a growling tone, a deep thrum that came in as George's neck expanded. It quickly warped the collar of his shirt, forcing it to pull taut around

that meaty pillar. Veins as thick as fingers webbed up and down the appendage as it turned various shades of red, straining against the fabric that dented flesh inwards.

Like the rest of his apparel, it snapped from the pressure. A sigh of relief blew from him as his eyes rolled shut. His tongue dangled between dense lower fangs, bobbing up and down, a few dollops of saliva dripping down to round, soft pectorals that hung proudly from the rest of his torso.

The feeling coursing through his growing body was pure ecstasy. The surface of the chill floor under his meaty feet was orgasmic, the changing human curling his toes, forcing his soles to warp and flex. They were unlike his normal skin, the padding giving a plump layer of reinforced flesh between him and the tile floor underneath. Every flex of his feet allowed him to feel the feeling of that padding rubbing up against itself.

A grin split his newly formed muzzle; dense fur lined around it, and a heavy, dirty blonde beard gave him a regal look as his long hair created a proper mane wrapped around mounding traps and broad shoulders. "Another cup!" he called out with a warm chuckle. The otter nearby was scrambling to get another ready, hot liquid guzzling from the spigot and into another cup.

The disposable containers were starting to line up around those meaty feet, one or two getting crushed under soles that were just as wide—if not wider—than the barista serving them.

Clothes were failing over the entirety of the lion now. A watch burst off, the band stretching to the limit before finally giving. The device shot across the room, clattering across the hard floor. Thick fingers had to adjust his glasses several times, the burgeoning lion letting out a huff as his nose broadened. Thickened nostrils breathed heavily, sucking in the air; a delightful expression passed over George's face as he picked up on the heady scent of coffee and other subtle aromas in the room.

"You smell good," he muttered, his voice a thrumming purr as he spoke, deeply set eyes giving the approaching a side look.

"U-Uhh..." Bobert stammered, feeling hot under the collar from the comment alone.

"Don't be shy, Boy," the nearly-fully formed lion rumbled, a smirk pulling across his broad, leonine muzzle. "Let me get a better look at you."

The otter gulped as he scooted closer, the coffee cup still clasped in his hands. He watched in real time as those changes piled on. Lines etched over the lion's face, crow's feet blooming around either corner of his eyes, a few lines carving into his forehead.

Was he getting...older?

Bobert whined, a dollop of sweat trickling down his forehead as he watched streaks of silver-gray come in. They trailed around the full mane that wrapped around his broad, proudly built head, streaking through the dirty blonde strands.

However, a sudden, dull thunk under the table tore his attention away. His face turned beet red as he realized what it was—trying to avoid looking down at the subtly tilting surface.

"Now, don't be shy," he said with a growling snicker. "I know you've been watching me since I stepped in." The smile he wore was seductive—outright entrancing. Bobert couldn't tear his gaze away, being sucked closer to the behemoth. The cup of coffee was taken with a hand large enough to wrap around his torso, digits as thick as his arm lingering around his limb for an agonizingly long moment.

It felt like his world was being flipped upside down—almost like the shift, in reality, was gaslighting him. He knew he saw a human walk in through that door, right? Scrawny, small... It was nothing like the hulking wall of a perfectly aged lion sitting before him.

The feline seemed amused by his silence, a rolling chuckle bubbling out of him, making his mane-covered pectorals shake. "Speechless? That's alright. A lot of my students feel the same way."

"S-Students...?" the otter muttered, his head tilting, hair subtly swinging. "Aren't you...a student?"

He laughed louder, dimples pushing out above his dense beard as fangs flashed. "Haw! Me? A student? My Boy, I haven't attended classes since you were born."

For some reason, that statement alone made him rock hard. A whine passed his lips as the front of his pants strained; even though they were custom tailored, they still struggled to maintain their grip on a full-mast otter.

The lion brushed his meaty hand across his torso, wrapping dense digits around fat pecs that jutted from the rest of him. A shiver went up his spine as those thickly padded fingers traced around generously sized areola, giving the sensitive flesh a flick. "Never gets old," he chuckled under his breath. Getting back to business, he wiped away the rest of the tattered fabric, shifting his mammoth glutes allowing him to pull the tattered jeans off his meaty legs.

He was built like a living wall; a powerful gut, glutes, and enormous thighs rounded out his look of sheer power.

"B-But your clothes..." the otter muttered, utterly flustered. "I... You..." he stammered, brain short-circuiting as he tried to form a coherent sentence.

"Mm... I suppose that's what I get for wearing a few sizes too small." A crunch from the laptop caught his attention, causing him to hunch over himself to see past his generously-sized chest. A finger had cratered the keyboard, jutting halfway into the machine. Just the end of that digit was enough to press several keys in one go. The screen flickered, spasming before ultimately going out like a light.

"Whoops," he chuckled deeply, removing the digit and revealing the cratered hole he had left behind. "I don't suppose IT is going to appreciate that."

"H-Holy heck," Bobert stammered, threatening to overheat as he tugged on his collar. He watched as the lion tipped his cup to his lips, downing the entire thing in one go, Adam's apple bobbing up and down as he chugged. The lion's hide creaked subtly as he expanded, growing somehow wider, hitting somewhere around the range of 7ft tall and just as wide. Impressive delts pushed out of his shoulders like meaty end caps, merging with his traps as they vanished under that lush, flowing, silver-stained mane.

He could hear another dull thud underneath the table. Curiosity and a bit of lust got the better of him as he decided to loop his head around to get a better look. Bloated balls had made contact with the tile, spreading over it as the churning cum-factories gurgled. The log between his redwood thighs was just as impressive; thick dollops of precum dribbled from the head of his shaft, forming a sticky pool on the floor below.

"You know, come to think of it," the old lion chuckled, adjusting his glasses—now tailor-made to his broad muzzle—up his nose, the glass glinting in the fluorescent light. "I think I forgot to give you your tip..."

Bobert stammered, the sheer allure radiating from the purr of his voice nearly enough to send him on his ass.

"You'll have to forgive me. Gettin' a lil forgetful in my old age."

The otter squeaked as a mammoth mitt wrapped around him, gently looping around his shoulders to guide him closer to that herculean lion. He could smell the masculine scent radiating off the giant male, padded nostrils jumping as he greedily sucked in the tainted air. It was like cotton was being stuffed into the corners of his mind, fuzzing out any complicated thoughts on the matter. The feline's alluring words were enough to coax him closer—enough for him to lean in and kiss his lips deeply.

The fattened lower lip was practically fed to him, that jet-black appendage bobbing in and out of his mouth as it slathered in saliva. However, it was nothing compared to the tongue that came after. The barbed appendage pushed into the otter's mouth, filling it to the brim. It slipped in and out, lewd wet slurps filling the cafe.

A whine barely managed to slip out of the otter, muffled by the intense makeout session with the male that was several times larger than himself. His bulge was squeezed, that massive mitt wrapping around it, thickly padded fingers kneading sensitive flesh.

Thinking of being thickly padded, the otter let out a noise of surprise as that hand wrapped around, squeezing his rear and rudder. He was pushed into the generous belly the lion sported. It was rotund in all the right ways, with a crease forming halfway in the middle and a cavernous navel. The massive middle was like a water bed, shaking subtly as the otter went careening into it. Bobert whined as it felt like it was pulling him in, generously soft flesh wrapping around his body like memory foam.

"Aahhh, yeah," the lion spoke in breathy tones, ending the kiss with a wet pop. "That's good..." He pressed his palm into the otter's back, forcing him in deeper, enjoying the feel of that meaty crotch slipping into him. "C'mon. Get those pants off for Papa. Don't wanna tear 'em off of ya," he said with a teasing chuckle. "Already done enough damage to my own wardrobe."

Bobert whined, shakily fumbling with his pants, shoving his fingers between his crotch and that rotund middle that threatened to envelop him. He loved how it was also creased vertically, showing a subtle divide in that tightly packed sack. Metal clinked as he unclasped the buckle to his belt, fighting with the zipper just in time for his sizable shaft to slip out. The helmeted head plugged the feline's navel, subtle precum slicking the way as it slipped into him.

The lion leaned back, the wooden chair straining, legs wobbling as they bent and cracked. A pleased moan passed George's lips as his eyes rolled shut. A meaty mitt affectionately stroked over the otter's back, a thumb looping around, massaging the edges of his muzzle. To his surprise, he felt a mouth around the end of his digit; Bobert suckled, bobbing as much of his maw around it as he could, only managing the first knuckle due to sheer girth.

Being lifted up, the otter's legs straddled around the vein-webbed long he was now sitting over. The table was just a memory, shoved aside by the feline's hyper-sized endowment. His apron looped around the edge of his shaft as he started to thrust, slick slurping sounds coming from George's nigh-endless navel.

George didn't miss those smaller hands working over his girthy chest. Digits combed through the dense, darker body hair that covered it like a carpet. His expression screwed up, and a lopsided grimace of pleasure pulled across his muzzle, revealing a dense upper fang. Dark flesh pulled and tugged, stretched taut by those grabbing hands. He didn't miss the feeling of those padded fingers squeezing down, only adding to the pleasure.

The chair creaked, groaning sharply before the legs finally gave out. Wood splintered as the massive lion dropped onto his sizable ass. The weight was enough to shake the cafe, with spinning ceiling fans swaying, the front windows shuddering, and even a few things falling from the back shelves.

Bobert whined as that finger pumped in and out of his maw, the tip popping out long enough to wipe the saliva along his lower lip and chin. His hips thrust hard, shoving his endowment into that void of a navel. The feeling of that plush belly wrapping around his endowment was nearly enough to short out his brain. It squeezed in all the right ways, rolling around his rock-hard shaft, caressing it as it slid in and out.

Every slap of those hips against that bulging belly sent ripples traveling across it; like a plate of jello, it shook. The lion leaned back, splaying his meaty mitts, bringing his arms back to keep himself propped up. His meaty stomps went up, legs spreading out wide, his throbbing endowment pushing the otter tighter against his middle.

"You're doin' good, Boy," he rumbled deeply, eyes having rolled shut, rocking his body in the rhythm the small otter had set.

Something about the praise from such a fatherly-figured man put Bobert into overdrive. He huffed and panted, crashing his hips against that malleable middle. The squish of that sizable surface drove him wild as he shoved his endowment as far into that navel as he could.

He was so wrapped up in wantonly thrusting that he didn't notice his world rotating at first. The lion had gotten up, meaty feet slamming into the floor, cracking it as those powerful feet supported his overwhelming weight. "Wh-Wh..." Bobert stammered, wobbling a little—until he was pressed tight against that middle by a gigantic grabber.

The feline passed through the cafe as if he were born with the body. Tufted tail flicked as he waddled along, his bloated balls slipping along the insides of his thighs. His Glutes flexed, deeply dimpling as he strolled; nearly every part of his legs flexed as he walked, from rippling quads to shelf-like calves—even the tendons attached to his toes surfaced.

The door to the back room pushed open, the feline having to maneuver, turning sideways to fit. Even then, it was a challenge, part of the frame being tugged from the wall, plaster cracking, and dust falling to the floor. "Heh. I'll be sure to pay for the damages," the feline said with a deep grunt. The door slapped closed him, a sizable palm pushing it shut.

The otter was dislodged from the herculean lion's ample middle with a wet pop. He landed awkwardly on his feet, nearly toppling over from the weight of his dribbling endowment. The otter's eyes widened as he watched the behemoth turn around, showing off that rear. Perfectly mounded globes were sitting at eye-level with the otter, the feline's tufted tail hiking up invitingly.

"Feel like taking anything else for a spin?" George asked alluringly, his voice a sultry purr. "I've got a class in about an hour I need to teach; make it quick~"

Bobert didn't need to be told twice. The otter let out a lustful huff as he stepped forward, squeezing himself between those powerful thighs as he wrapped his arms around thrumming hamstrings. He nuzzled his face between those glutes, feeling them wrap around his head.

There was enough strength to crush boulders between those globes, and the otter knew it—and somehow—it made it all the more attractive.

The lion slowly got down onto his knees, then his elbows. His pecs and generously sized middle crashed into the ground, rolling across it as he adjusted himself, ass up in the air. It took some time to climb the mountainous lion, but Bobert eventually mounted him. With a swing of his hips, he pushed his already-slicked endowment deep into the feline.

A deep moan bubbled out of George, his eyes rolling shut. The dense donut hidden between those cheeks eagerly grabbed the otter's battering ram, squeezing and pulling it in deeper. The rubbery flesh was decidedly thick, like a plump rubber band pulled taut around Bobert's enormous endowment. His meaty mitts pushed into the floor, sending subtle cracks spidering under padded palms as he balanced himself against Bobert's thrusts.

The otter was giving it everything he had, lithe muscle flexing as he strained. He gripped the back of the lion's mane tightly as he tugged the lush, dark-blond locks. A deep moan boomed from the lion, Bobert biting his lip as he realized it came from his tugging. He clapped his hips against that mammoth ass with a hard thrust, causing it to shake and wobble—all while tugging that mane hard with both hands.

The small of the older lion's back bunched up, glutes banging into his overblown upper back, muscles grinding together in an overwhelmingly lewd display of girthy power. His enormous endowment was pressed under his belly, the massive middle wrapping around it as the head jammed between his furred pectorals. The panting lion leaned down, lapping at the dribbling head that jutted between those titanic tits.

Bobert could only guess what was going on considering the sounds and movements—but it didn't stop it from being incredibly hot. He grabbed that mane, redoubling his effort on tugging it as he wrapped those locks around his fingers to get a better grip.

Sure, things were falling from the walls—containers and coffee beans bouncing across the floor—but he didn't care. Banging a lion this hot was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and he wasn't about to waste it.

Besides, he'd clean up later.

"God, you're such a slut," the otter growled out, dropping his chest so it hugged the feline's broad back. "J-Just so eager to be bred by a smaller guy, huh?" He wasn't entirely sure where this confidence was coming from, but he wasn't about to question it—not when George reacted so readily. The lion bucked his hips, hiking his ass higher, allowing Bobert to drive a few heavy thrusts home.

Bestial, rumbling growls and grunts were muffled by the cock head wedged in the lion's mouth; his beard parted wide, the rough, bristly texture tickling at his sensitive flesh. They were starting to teeter on edge, the lion, in particular, guzzling down copious amounts of gushing precum.

"F-Fuck..." Bobert gasped, sweat rolling down his brow, dripping down to mix with the more potent stuff that slicked the behemoth's fur. The enclosed room was quickly turning into a sweatbox—literally! Sweat dripped from the behemoth as it pooled on the floor around them. Some of it aerosolized, turning into a mind-melting haze that surrounded them. Even with the struggling fan in the upper corner of the room, the intensity of the scent of sex didn't abate.

It wasn't clear who came first. The lion blew his load, his insides constricting around Bobert's already tortured shaft—particularly that swollen donut of a ring. The otter's shaft swelled as he clung to the back of the heaving lion, squeezing his hips as tight as he could against that bulging ass. Bulging like a balloon, the otter's urethra bulged, balls churning as they flexed and pulled upwards.

The only sound that could slip from the lion was impotent, muffled moans. Cum gushed into him from both ends as he blew his load. He guzzled his cum, being forced to swallow it as it blasted down his throat. His stomach ballooned, spreading underneath him, even going so far as to start to lift him up.

And up, and up...

Until he had a belly that was nearly as big as himself.

The lion groaned, George dropping back onto his ass as Bobert popped out. The otter fell to the floor with a squeak, cum splattering over his chest from the sudden movement. "H-Holy heck..." he muttered, getting a good look at the rising behemoth as he got to his feet. The once creased, rolling belly was now stretched tight to a distended sphere. Even that cavernous navel had been flipped inside out from the sheer pressure as the massive midsection hung away from the rest of the oversized lion.

The Feline chuckled, reaching out a hand, stroking over the side of the burgeoning belly, fingers pushing subtly into the dome before releasing, flesh snapping (over)eagerly back into place. He made a thoughtful noise as he stroked it, even so far as to give it a teasing slap, the ripple from the impact traveling around that orb.

"On second thought, I might have to cancel that class..."

The blushing otter strolled forward, unable to help himself as he wrapped his arms around that rounded, rotund orb, nuzzling his face up and down against it. The lion couldn't help but let out a rumbling, affectionate chuckle as he wrapped a hand behind the otter, pushing him tighter in. "You're makin' it real hard to wanna leave, Boy."

"Then don't," he muttered, squeezing that soft sphere tightly, feeling decidedly more resistance than when he first hugged it. It was like an iron dome, abdominals pulled tight underneath it. There was no doubt in his mind that this wrecking ball could smash through just about anything. Hell, he probably wouldn't even be able to get out the door without causing extreme property damage.

And, to think, it all started with those strange coffee grounds...

He hummed thoughtfully under his breath, rudder giving a few swings behind him. "Hey, Professor?"

The lion grunted, signaling his attention—unable to see past the sheer jut of his massive pectorals and burgeoning belly.

"How about another cup of coffee? Y'know...to go," Bobert said, a teasing tone to his words.

The feline rumbled as he thought it over, tufted tail giving a few flicks. A smile formed over his muzzle, parting the thick beard as he beamed.

"Why not? I could always use a good cup."