

Waking up sandwiched between two lions was certainly not what you thought your life would end up being. Not that you could complain, because this was probably the best-case scenario when joining a yakuza gang.

“Good morning, rookie.” Hino tenderly twirled your mane around his finger. Ever since he joined you and Miguel, he had made a habit of playing with your body whenever he got the chance to do so. “Sleep well?”

“V-very, sir...”

You blush at the question. Hino always threw bait for you to bite, and like the lovestruck fool you were, you always took it with gusto and without hesitation. With him added to the equation, passion had entered almost all of the relationship’s facets. Both you and Miguel were far too shy to initiate something, but Hino? He had no qualms about such a thing, especially if it was a threesome.

“Sir this, sir that. No need to be so shy, rookie. We are equals, after all!” He said while wrapping his arm around your shoulder. “You deserve to be treated like the handsome man you are. Isn’t that right, Miguel?”

The mountain of a lion only yawned in response. Rubbing his eyes together and whining ceaselessly, the contrast between his behavior and peak physique was almost comical. Seeing a sleepy Miguel was oddly adorable—a descriptor that you never thought would go along with the big lion.

Almost immediately, Hino’s stomach rumbled vigorously. Like the roar of a beast, it echoed through the walls and overpowered you and Hino’s gasps.

“Seems like it’s time for breakfast in bed again. Whose turn is it?”

“Yours.” You said bluntly. “Miguel did it two days ago, and my turn was yesterday.”

“Ah, fine...” Hino rolled his eyes. He crossed his arms and started getting out of bed. As soon as his feet landed on the ground, his stomach gurgled with an even louder volume than Miguel’s. “A-agh, I...”

Both you and Miguel couldn’t help but snort at something so guttural coming out of the literal embodiment of grace that was Hino. Of course, when Miguel turned to pout at you and him, both of you quickly changed your tunes. Plain, clearly fake expressions that didn’t do a good job of hiding your amusement.

“Just be grateful that I’m a *forgiving* individual and I’ll overlook that, hmph!” Hino said while cocking his head to the side and flicking his mane to the side—a mane that even when sleeping in a crowded bed, remained silky smooth and immune to bedhead.

Miguel hummed as he placed his hands behind his back. “He really is funny when he’s not so high and mighty. Not that I dislike it when he’s like that, but it’s just so nice to see him with his walls down...”

You could certainly say the same for Miguel. As the muscle of the Shishigumi—even if he was more fat than muscle thanks to Melon—he was supposed to be the iron wall that not only protected them but made sure to turn anyone that dared to challenge them into a corpse. Of course, now that you had pushed past his walls, he was really a giant softie underneath all that padding.

Hino was similarly interesting underneath it all. Despite the teasing, it was clear that he craved deeper intimacy than what the streets and the people in them offered to him. You didn't really know what he saw in you—most of the time he'd give a nonanswer, but the sole fact that you had something desirable made it all feel better.

"How about you, Miguel? Did you have a good sleep?"

"You could say something like that." Always the hard worker, Miguel clearly needed more rest than the amount he usually got. "I'm just a little tired. I might need a vacation eventually..."

Despite having seen Miguel with nothing on top of him, the idea of him wearing nothing but a speedo or a thong instantly captivated your mind. It was the balance between teasing and the pretension of modesty that was somehow sexier than simply seeing him without anything on him.

No, stop. You told yourself. Interrupting breakfast with morning wood, while probably humorous and even tempting to the other two lions, would be something that you probably wouldn't be able to live down.

"Breakfast is here!" Hino announced with a breakfast platter in hand. His strength showed as he didn't struggle in the slightest in carrying the giant array of plates. "I made sure that no one would leave this room full, me included!"

Both you and Miguel drooled at the alluring sight of food; pancakes with chocolate chips, berries, and white chocolate pieces all coated in copious amounts of maple syrup—bacon, eggs, and toast—a brownie with a giant scoop of ice cream over it—and so much more.

You really were a lucky lion.