

On a comfortable couch in a small but cozy living room, a curvy and motherly lioness sprawls out on her back, naked, mostly content, and alone.

Or at least... you would think that she was alone if you were to take but a glance at her. Look closer, though, and you would see a series of specks scattered across her body. Two on the rise of each of her motherly breasts standing on pink nipples, a gathering of them across her soft fluffy belly, and, finally, a smattering of them buried into the fur atop toes that were kicked up into the air. Upon first inspection, one might think that they're nothing more than errant fleas, but...

... again, you need to take a closer look. In this case, a *much* closer look. If you were to put said specks beneath a magnifying glass then you wouldn't see a collection of disgusting creepy crawlies, but... a gathering of male anthropomorphic animals. Some things - no, former *someones* - that stood upright on two legs rather than on multiple. Or at least... they usually stood upright on two legs. Right now, they were on their knees with their muzzles cast down and their hands kneading at whatever patch of flesh or fur that they could manage to take a hold of. Look for long enough, and you'd note that they were massaging or even *worshipping* whatever was in their palms. Whether it be toe, belly, or areola.

Most of them were doing that, at least. Two of the *tinies* - as the lioness had come to like calling them - were stood upon her collarbone. Specifically, a wolf and a coyote. Proud of their species, they didn't take fondly to worshipping the flesh of a feline, no matter how big she might be. The fact that she was *huge* made things even worse. That they were stood in a field of her fur - that her scent was thick in the air - and that no matter where they looked that she was all that could be seen... well, it was giving them a severe case of small dog syndrome.

"Listen, if you want us to be quiet, then we'll be quiet," the small wolf gruffed as he folded his arms tightly over a muscular chest that was once broad. "But there's no way that we're doing anything for you."

The skinny little coyote nodded up at the lioness' 'dainty' landscape of a face. "Yeah," he grunted. "What he said. I'll shut up - but I'm not touching you."

The lioness frowned. Were these guys dense? Well, yes, of course they were! They were just stupid college boys. Testosterone-jacked morons who only did a small bit of studying and exam-taking *somewhere* between all their drinking and partying. Before today - before this morning when she'd plucked up the box containing them from her doorstep - they'd lived in the house just down the street. The lioness wasn't sure how they'd gotten so small, but... the feline was positive that she preferred them this way. "Boys," she sighed as she shook her head down at the two defiant little men standing upon the crest of her neck. "You

don't understand what's happening here, do you?"

"Uh, yeah, we do," the wolf snorted with a roll of his eyes. "It was the morning after our usual Thursday night party. Which was a real slammer, wasn't it, buddy?"

"Damn straight," the coyote whooped as he pumped a fist into the air. "The beers were good and cold, and the music was loud as hell as always."

The lioness grunted. She was tempted to cut them off here - to smoosh them down into her fur with a fingertip and silence them - but this might lead somewhere. She had no idea how that box of shrunken men had ended up on her doorstep, after all. "Yes," she sighed through gritted teeth. "I remember how loud it was. It kept me up until 4 AM." Jaw clenched together harder. "On a *school night* of all things."

The coyote laughed in the huge face of the giantess' frustrations. Which was dumb - *really* dumb - but then again, he can't have had much between his ears in the first place to be arguing with someone almost a hundred times the size of him. "Glad you enjoyed it, *cat*," he sneered.

The wolf - who was a little smarter than his friend given that he looked quite uncomfortable after his statement - cleared his throat awkwardly. "Uh, yeah," he chuckled meekly. "So, uh, anyways... it was the morning after that, and we all felt like shit, right? So we ordered some food. Burgers, best for hangovers."

"Yeah. And this rude ass vixen delivered it," the coyote said as he kicked at some fur that was itching at his tiny toes. "This black and orange bitch. Lives on this street, I think. Dunno her name, it's like... Kyoje, or Kobi, or..."

The lioness blinked. The name they were looking for was *Kyobi*. A black and orange cross fox. She knew of her - as the coyote said, she lived on this street - though aside from bringing round some cookies for her and her kids when she first moved in, the vixen hadn't made herself known to the lioness.

"She's called Kyoni, you dunce," the wolf snorted dumbly. "Delivers our food all the time. Likes to demand a tip, too, even though she's basically delivering it on her way home."

The coyote grinned lopsidedly. "She's kinda hot. I'd like to give her a tip," he said coily. "My tip. If you get what I'm saying."

"Ha!" the wolf chuckled back. "Good one, bro."

The lioness gave a roll of her eyes and heaved out a sigh. "Yes," she

groaned, "good one."

"Anyway," the wolf said, still laughing. "We eat the food, right?"

"And then we get these *insane* stomach aches," the coyote grunted as he rubbed his stomach in reminiscence. "Next thing we knew, we were in a dark ass place all bunched up like packing peanuts. Warm as hell. Sweaty. Could barely breathe."

"Then, just as we were all about to kill each other, probably, you opened the box," the wolf said. "And then you dumped us out onto your chest."

The coyote cocked his little thumb backward at the huge expanse of a body behind him - though he was clearly gesturing at his friends over on breasts, belly, and toes. "And then those bitches started listening to a pussy."

"Aheh, y-yeah, right," the wolf mumbled.

"So like my buddy said," the coyote sighed as he gave an *extremely* pathetic stomp of his little foot. "We understand *completely* what's going on here, *cat*."

The lioness' nose wrinkled as her black lips curled together in frustration. So it was Kyobi who had done this. Well, at least she knew who to thank. But for now, she had other things on her mind. And that was the belligerent boys. Given their attitude - and given their size - it was tempting to just grind them into a fine red paste between her toes. To let them serve as an example for the others currently worshipping her. *Don't be like them, or you'll end up like this.*

But the lioness was the mother of a pride, at the end of the day. As much as she wanted to be violent, she understood that the moronic canines that stood so close to her neck were just *boys* at the end of the day. Dumb stupid *boys* in their early twenties who didn't know left from right or up from down. Crushing them to a splatter would be petty - and a waste. Not just of their lives, but... of her stock. She doubted that Kyobi would be gifting her these very often, after all.

The feline had to draw a line somewhere, though. So... a compromise. She wouldn't turn them into toe paste - but she would put them in a situation where they had no *choice* but to worship her. And, given that there was one very sensitive area of her that had yet to be stimulated by tiny bodies and hands...

... she had the perfect idea in mind. With a flourish, she grabbed the bratty coyote from her collarbone. "H-hey!" the wolf yelled as his buddy was yanked up into the air. "Put him down!"

"Y-yeah!" the coyote whimpered in agreement as he gave the fingers holding

onto his waist a pathetic slap. "Get your *feline* hands offa me!"

The lioness didn't oblige with either of their demands. Smiling - so much that she was even beginning to produce a low and satisfied growl in the back of her throat - she carried the coyote over her body slowly. Making sure to give a good view of his journey across her to those that were worshipping her. "See this, my good little *tinies*?" she asked loudly. "This is what a *bad* boy looks like."

Every tiny male presently in worship lifted their muzzle upward, lifting their eyes toward what was a very distant coyote. Their hands kept working and kneading as they observed, not daring to stop for a single moment.

The coyote wiggled back and forth a few feet above her belly as the lioness shook her hand. "You don't want to be like him, do you?"

Practically pissing themselves in fright, the tiny males shook their heads. *No*. They did *not* want to be like him. To prove this, their hands started to knead at nipple, belly, and toe all the harder.

"That's good," the lioness sighed as she continued to carry the coyote down her body. "You all understand that I'm doing you a favor, yes?"

The shrunken party animals nodded their heads quickly in blind agreement and continued to pick up the pace.

The feline's hand - and the coyote - came to a pause in front of her crotch. A set of huge and blushed folds. Aroused due to the attention on her body, and... leaking what looked like a river of cream to the canine's tiny eyes. "That, in a way... you've all entered my care," the lioness went on as she dangled the coyote directly in front of her hot leaking hole. "That, thanks to a very naughty cross vixen - *who I will be having words with by the way* - you've all become my... little pride, in a sense. Yes?"

Once again, every male in attendance nodded. Save for the wolf. He had finally realized how much of an idiot he was - and he was now down on his knees, his face buried in his hands.... quivering in utter fright, more than anyone else.

"And, as the matriarch - or, the *mother* of this particular... little pride, you could say - it's my obligation to serve you. To keep you all safe."

"Oh shit," the wolf whimpered madly as he buried his face further into his hands. He couldn't stand to look down at her body to see where his friend was, but... he knew. And he also knew that he was next.

“And, in return,” the lioness went on as she ignored the wolf completely, “you must serve me.”

The lioness suddenly shuddered as she forced the coyote deep into the depths of her sodden tunnel with a firm press of her fingers. “And - ah - if you... if you *don't*, then... you'll be made to. Understand?”

As the huge body beneath them quivered, all the members of the lioness' tiny 'pride' did their best to hang onto her body - to her toes, to her belly, to her tits - all while continuing their crazed nods of agreement. Some were brave enough to look toward her sex - to look toward the sticky wet fingers that were now slowly rising from folds, no longer bearing coyote.

It felt *good*. The coyote might've been small. Not even big enough to *stretch* her properly. But to feel him *finally* worshipping her - even if it was just with his struggles - was more than enough to make up for the lack of girth and length. Especially after he'd called her cat so many times.

Sticky fingers briefly flicked toward the tinies up on her lifted toes. Then, smirking, she trailed them across her toned belly and between her plump breasts, making sure not to batter any smalls on the way. Soon, her fingers were over the crouched and shaking form of the terrified wolf - and then, with a pleased sigh that was almost a moan, she plucked him from her neck.

“Please,” the tiny male yelled. “I'll be good! I'll... I'll worship a nipple! Or... or your tummy! Or... or even a toe! Whatever you want, just don't-”

“Too late for that now, sweet thing,” the giantess sighed with a melancholic twitch of her whiskers as if she didn't actually want to do this. “You need to be put in line. Maybe next time you'll think before you call me *cat*, mm?”

“I... I didn't call you cat! That was my friend!” the wolf protested.

But the lioness didn't want to hear it. She had an itch inside of her pussy - an itch that had been started by one little tiny and that could now only be fixed by two. Or three. Or four? She wasn't sure how many of them would end up inside of her by the end of the day. Regardless, the wolf was carried quickly toward his destination. Unlike the coyote, she made no show out of dangling him around over his friends. His descent was nauseatingly quick. Pitiless.

And the lioness didn't hesitate before shoving him inside of her to join his friend, either. Into her depths he went - to struggle, to flail, to tease at her insides - and, hopefully not drown in her cream. Perhaps she could drag them out when their struggles started to diminish. When they started getting *really* desperate for air. To see if they'd learned their lessons properly.

Or, perhaps not. The lioness had bigger fish to fry than worry about right now. Like relaxing in the final couple of hours that she had before the kids eventually came home.

“I’m very glad that you all understand, boys,” the lioness grunted with a pleased wave of her hand. “Now, get back to work.”