

The Tree of Spite

Simba and Mansion Transformation Story

Contains: Male to Male, Inanimate, Mind Change. Don't like, don't read.

Getting lost in the savannah was nothing short of a nightmare. Yet, one that Elijah found himself in. Though, on the bright side, the area he was in was barren, and a field with low foliage, so he couldn't be attacked by any animal that lived there.

Due to that reason, he felt oddly... safe. Not entirely, though. Elijah's neck hair stood up as he walked through the field, checking every corner of the place, until he came across a tree.

It was a damn big tree, too. Way bigger than normal—not that he knew how big trees could get, he wasn't particularly smart. Things remained calm, though, until Elijah heard rustling.

And the rustle grew, until something pounced from the grass—on the one area where it was high—before bumping against Elijah and tossing him to the ground.

"This is no place for outsiders!"

Elijah winced, closing his eyes and opening them again, only for the creature in front of him to defy all his expectations: a lion. A young one, with a slightly grown red mane, and fierce eyes. He was locked in there, trying to parse what Elijah's intentions were.

"I-I'm sorry? I don't know who you are, but I'm sorry! I'm lost, please don't eat me!"

He forgot to deal with the part about a lion actually being able to talk, because honestly, Elijah's first concern was whether or not he'd be able to survive this.

"You're... lost?" The lion tilted his head. Though he was suspicious of this guy, he could tell if he was lying; the way Elijah's heart beat didn't indicate any lies. "...Okay, cool, you're still in the forbidden area of the forest."

He stepped back, letting Elijah stand. "I'm Simba, by the way."

"Simba...?" Elijah blinked. He could swear the name was oddly familiar, though he didn't remember where he heard it before. And again, right now it was the least of his worries.

He was more focused on dealing with everything else surrounding him. "Forbidden area?"

"...Of course you'd ask that." Simba blinked, before looking at the tree. "This thing's been here for ages. Legend says it gives people curses if they piss it off. But I think it's all just myths. What do you think... I don't know your name."

"Elijah." And he stared at the tree. It made sense that an animal would have superstitions like this, somehow. Well, he wasn't inclined to believe anything was cursed. "Yeah, I agree with you."

Simba's tail swayed back and forth, and he practically pounced again. "Really?! I keep telling everyone, all this thing about a curse is just lies! But they don't believe me... and you do."

Well, Elijah was at the point he'd believe anything if it meant he could get home. As much as he felt uneasy with how close Simba was to him. It could be much worse, though, that much he understood.

"I guess I should show you to everyone. You'll love—"

A bright flash of light erupted in the area, and Elijah only had a second to realize it came from the tree, before he couldn't see anything anymore. And neither could Simba.

Elijah then heard a loud, cracking noise, almost like a chunk of wood. He blinked, vision slowly returning, before he heard screaming.

"A-AH!" Simba screamed out of nowhere, wincing as his chest began to creak, the same wood sound forming. It made his body expand slightly, while the wood texture started spreading all over his body.

"Wait, what are you—what's going on?!" Elijah pleaded to... someone, though nobody answered him. Instead, he felt a strong ache on the base of his spine.

Cracks and pops could be heard on both of their bodies. For Simba, he was still expanding. Feeling his legs was proving next to impossible, but even if that was the case, he still went and looked down.

His legs were planted on the ground, as if they were sticking to it. His paws were also a lot more like wood, changing shape to look like the foundation of a building.

"H-Hey! What's the big... the big idea...?" Simba blinked. Despite his scare, he wasn't actually in any pain. Just frightened.

Meanwhile, that itch grew stronger, before it *ripped* through his pants, revealing the source to be a strong, thick lion tail, with a tuft of fur at the end.

Perhaps the strangest part was that it looked just like Simba's tail. Simba wanted to comment on that, but his body continued to grow, shedding fur and getting more and more wood-like. His spine popped, and somehow, he grew taller. Feet after feet after feet, Simba's size was getting impressive in how tall it was.

Elijah blinked, trying to really understand what was going on around him. He felt... scared, somehow? His heart sure was beating fast. Too fast, even.

But it continued, whether he liked it or not. Elijah winced again, and the pop he felt this time was enough to force him into all fours, as well as making him gasp for air.

Believing this was happening was... rough? Part of him felt like he shouldn't be worrying about everything. But whenever he looked at Simba and what *thing* he was becoming, he felt nervous. Scared. Terrified.

"T-This isn't... too bad!" Simba panted. He was enjoying this a lot more than normal, but whatever. It continued, and he forced himself into two

legs—struggling to move the hind ones as they expanded to the sides, forming the foundation of what he was *really* becoming.

A house. Or perhaps, a mansion. Whatever it was, he didn't seem exactly too bothered by it. Elijah, on the other hand, happened to be a lot more worried than his friend. Friend? Acquaintance, at best.

Whatever the case, Elijah was worried about his changes. He looked at himself, then at Simba, seeing how... how similar his transformation was bringing him to the lion? Apparently so.

Before he could give it much thought, his spine popped again, and Elijah felt that itch once more, but stronger. More fur grew over him, enough that his shirt was itching like crazy, and he wanted to take it off.

Though, he didn't really have the time to do that, as his hands began to warp next. Their transformation was fast, and honestly a little painful. Two of his fingers merged with others, leaving him with only three.

And it wasn't even the end of it! Something snapped within as his bones rearranged themselves, slowly giving him paws. Of course, more fur was covering those parts. A golden, noble fur. The same kind that Simba had, and Elijah had to take a look at the lion to confirm it—he was turning into Simba.

As for Simba... his body was huge now, and mostly made out of wood. His legs were almost nowhere to be seen, as were his toes. His tail had turned into a hose, and he looked more like a house than anything else.

It was a big house, too. He... was honestly enjoying this a little more than he should be. Probably some kind of mind change, but not a heavy one.

"G-Guh... something's... opening up..." Simba winced, and right at where his stomach was supposed to be, a dual wooden door formed, opening by itself.

During that moment, something odd happened. A bunch of other animals moved through the plains, heading straight inside Simba's... insides. The insides of the house he was becoming.

"Whoa that was weird." Simba blinked. They were all animals from the Pride Lands, from what Simba could see before they entered him. He could even hear some rattling inside his body, which only made things weirder.

Elijah blinked, trying to make sense of it all. Another loud pop on his spine and he was promptly tossed onto all fours, the pain of which was enough to make him snarl.

The snarl itself sounded incredibly like Simba's own voice, only serving to further cement what exactly Elijah was turning into. His shirt began to build up pressure from how much fur was growing, and...

Well, it took next to no time before it was torn to shreds, exposing his new, muscular and furry body. The golden fur even appeared to glow slightly, or at least, Simba thought that was the case.

"Dude... you're looking a *lot* like me right now!"

Simba's words made Elijah stop for a moment. His mind felt hazy, conflicted. He was... he was Simba, no? Or he wasn't, but—but it felt like he was. Something wasn't right over there.

He couldn't focus on it right now. Instead, Elijah took a few, deep breaths. It was relaxing, at least a little bit. With that, he was able to enjoy the moment a bit, letting himself feel everything.

The way his fur ruffled with the wind, the way it soaked in the light of the sun... everything contributed to him feeling good about it. Little by little, a smile formed on his head. Elijah wasn't conflicted any longer, but truly expecting things to feel better from this moment onwards.

"I really... I really am like you...?"

Saying those words didn't feel... *real* to him, even if in the end, Elijah knew that it was. Another grunt left him, just as his waist began to change.

Like before, his posture shifted, finally cementing his new position. The only real answer he could give to that was a low growl, while Elijah looked up at Simba, or what was left of the lion.

Simba was... mostly a house. Giant, large, huge. Elijah could barely see the lion's head on top, and even then, he managed to see wood creeping in around Simba's head.

Elijah was unsure what to think about this, but he was still mostly excited. So much that his tail started to wag. Elijah panted so much that he was almost out of breath.

"That's so... w-weird." However, a growing part of Elijah was finding this very enjoyable. He liked the fact that he was changing so much, both body and mind.

Or maybe the emotions he felt were because of those changes... not that he put that much thought into it. Rather, Elijah was just enjoying himself.

It wasn't just these two that were changing. The animals inside Simba were morphing, too. A deer began to growl as their body shifted, changing into a table, at which point they stopped saying anything.

This happened to all of them. A bird turned into a lamp that hung over the ceiling, a zebra became carpet, and various kinds of furniture. Simba himself felt the changes happening within him, a bit surprised, but happy at the same time.

"Oh wow, that's like... man that's weird."

Despite the way he worded things, Simba wasn't really complaining about how it felt. He enjoyed himself, just like Elijah was. His head felt hard, though.

And there was a pretty simple reason for that; it *was* hard. Due to the fact his body was still turning into wood, moving his head was a hard job for Simba. He almost didn't want to go through with it.

"Wow..." Elijah looked at the house/lion with curiosity. His tail swayed again, and this time, the pain was on his thighs. They were growing furrer, but also more muscular.

In other words, his body was changing to be more suited for a predator, capable of running fast over the savannah. This information was tossed inside Elijah's mind, and it made perfect sense to him.

Being a lion made sense. Being Simba made sense. He still had his mind, his rationality, but it was shifted slightly, so being Simba came naturally for him.

If... if he could even understand that was the case. All things considered, his brain was a bit hazy at the moment, and Elijah got distracted by the growing fur on his ankles.

It prickled quite a lot, but... not painful. Not painful at all. Just odd, but it was still enjoyable to him. He could also tell that this transformation was closer to being done, so Elijah... braced himself for that.

More fur grew over his stomach and back. On his stomach, it was a clearer yellow than in other areas, and it was thicker as well. Elijah found the sensation to be rather comfortable, to the point he meowed like a cat a few times...

Much to Simba's annoyance. "I don't talk like that! Or meow like that. I... don't. I think."

Being completely honest, he wasn't sure if he did it or not, but seeing someone that looked a lot like him do that... it felt weird to him. Meanwhile, his body continued to harden, growing more and more.

There were pillars where his arms would be, and it was looking like he was becoming a mansion rather than a house. Simba didn't know how the word entered his mind, but it perfectly described how he felt at the moment, so he didn't complain about it.

"G-Grrrrowl. Feels... good?" Elijah blinked, maybe a little bit unsure. But as he looked at Simba, at the mansion, he felt a strong sense of belonging, like he was *supposed* to be there, to live inside the former lion.

In his mind, that made perfect sense. He looked at his hands, or rather, his paws, as they were now. Elijah confirmed that they moved with his

commands, and it felt natural. Incredible, to say the least. His main reaction was to just smile at the sight.

"Feels good. Feels *really* good." Elijah was *proud* of himself, like a lion was supposed to be. And in the end, that was him, wasn't it? A lion, one like Simba in so many ways...

The idea stuck to his head, not that he wanted it to leave him. No, if anything he wanted it deeper and deeper into his brain. Being a lion would be fulfilling, being Simba would be fulfilling...

Feeling the fur growing on every part of his body that *wasn't* transformed already was satisfying. And—oh, Elijah still had his pants, but they were so loose on him that he was able to take it all off with a simple kicks.

Now completely naked... this didn't bother him at all. Lions were meant to be naked, and Elijah was really no exception to this rule. Simba himself was naked, at least before his transformation started, so Elijah was simply following along.

Already quadruped, already full of fur... there wasn't much left on Elijah's body that could classify him as a human. He was more lion now, and if the thought came to mind, he'd certainly be happy about that.

A wide grin formed on his face, just as he felt an intense itch forming all over him. Even with his mind in that state, Elijah could tell something fun was happening. Something he wanted to happen.

Simba, though, was getting wider and wider. Windows formed around him, letting anyone take a peek at the wide mansion inside, complete with two floors, stairs, furniture... everything. Though Simba's head remained visible... for the moment.

"A-Almoost... t-there...!" Elijah winced, and the pain finally came back again, concentrated entirely on his jaw. It *snapped* with immense strength, pushing forward and beginning to form his snout.

Despite the pain, Elijah felt happy with the progress, and in fact, eagerly waited for it to continue. And it did, fur growing over his beard while his teeth ached as they sharpened into the fangs he was supposed to have.

His mind was still going through the motions. Adapting, enjoying every aspect of this. It wanted more, and it'd have more. On the sides of his head, Elijah felt the fur with a more prickling sensation and indeed...

...He was growing a mane. A red, lustrous mane, one belonging only to the best of lions. That pride he felt before returned at full strength, and Elijah almost wanted to puff up his chest. The only reason why he didn't was due to the pain still being quite a lot.

And so, his snout continued pushing, growing more. More pronounced, more animalistic, more... everything that made him a lion. That made him like Simba. Elijah even licked his lips, the sensation stronger than it had ever been as a human, so his senses were much better now.

"Looking good there!" Simba blurted out from the top, as the wood began to harden around his face. He couldn't move his head anymore, but that was... fine.

The former human down below wasn't even answering to Simba, because everything overwhelmed him. His ears turned bigger than before, and also fluffier. They were on the sides of his head, partially obscured by the growing mane, and allowed Elijah to hear things better than before.

His nose went through something similar, darkening and adjusting itself to fit with the snout he now had. Like with his ears, the new nose made sure that Elijah could pick up *far* more scents than before.

And his eyes... they were sharper, stronger. The vision of a feline was all he could think of. He glanced up, checking Simba out, and Simba... was now wood. His head stood there, on top of the ceiling, but it was made out of pure wood, a lustrous one.

"He's... he's there? Simba?" Elijah groaned, a pounding in his head stopping him from doing much else, and it forced him to shut his eyes.

The pounding grew, taking away what was left of his mind. Anything that rejected the changes was gone, and he... opened his eyes. No longer human, for sure.

"You're... done... you're... lion..." Simba somehow managed to speak up from his wooden state, though the voice was slow and deeper than it used to be.

Still, it wasn't like Elijah really cared about that kind of thing. He looked at the open doors to Simba's body, and his mind sparked to life. It was his house. His mansion. He lived there, he *wanted* to live there...

Forever.