

Snatch had been quite surprised how easy infiltrating the king Ariel's private chamber had been. She had been ready to observe the room for days to figure out the best timing to snatch some valuables, but with how loud the king had complained about the hours long negotiations he had to attend, the perfect window had opened before her.

The anthro rat had been hanging right above the window for hours, her dark grey fur blending in perfectly with the tower's wall. She had observed the king carefully the whole time, though all there was to watch was him sitting on a chair and rhythmically grinding his ass on his chair.

It was quite the shocker for her when the king left and one of the servants lifted up the seat, pulled a tied up and gagged wolf from beneath and lead him out of the room.

Obviously the king had been grinding his ass and the wolf's face even before Snatch had started her observation, but now that the room had been cleared it was her time to strike.

She quickly crawled into the chamber through the window and got the ground right next to the chair. Just out of curiosity she lifted up the seat and looked inside. As expected she would easily fit in there, but that was obvious, the wolf had been quite the bit taller than her. Not as tall as the king, but the rat barely reaches that lion's chest.

After putting the seat back down, her eyes were looked on the cushion. It was very thing, just some red silk as the face of the person inside was meant to be the actual cushion.

However, she could clearly see imprints off the king's massive rear. The cloth had been deformed by his movements and the sweat from his ass got it stuck in the form while also leaving dark prints on it. It also emitted an incredible stench that reminded Snatch of an uncleaned outhouse after the crops had gotten poisoned. She gulped and shook her head. She had work to do.

But before she could even move from the spot she began to hear voices.

"I am very sorry about this, my lord.", a male voice said.

"Do not trouble yourself with things you have no control over.", a deeper voice replied, "It is better to reschedule than forcing her to attend the negotiations sick. We might have all end up in bed the next day if she had. I will return to my chamber, I have... Unfinished business to attend to."

As the large door slowly opened, Snatch quickly climbed into the chair, her snout ending up right against the stinking fabric.

After the door was shut, she could hear clothes falling to the ground.

"Now, where were we?", she heard the king wonder.

For a moment she was confused. Even if he had somehow noticed her, that would be a strange way to address her. But then she recalled the scene from before.

The king left and THEN the wolf had gotten taken away by a servant who must have assumed the king would not return so soon. He had no idea that the wolf was no longer in his chair!

Through the thin cloth Snatch could see the lion's huge cheeks appear above her.

"Oh, right!", he said, "I was about to finally rip some ass on you!"

Snatch's pulse went up as those two moons came crashing down on her.

Most of her snout went right up his crack with the cloth and the king began to slowly grind his ass around.

"You feel different.", the lion noticed, "But not less comfy, hehe~"

She could feel his asshole behind the cloth. It was pressing right against her nostrils.

"I have warned you that I was going to do this if you would not start talking.", he said, still thinking the wolf was beneath him, "I admire your loyalty... Or did you want this to happen? Ha! I don't really care either way~"

And then the lion farted. A hot, close to a minute long blast of beyond foul gas was short right up Snatch's nose. For once the rat was happy about screwing up a hiding spot.

She happily took a deep breath, inhaling all of the far beyond pungent gas.

Were rat-noses not so tolerant about nasty stench, her nose would be burning, but even though the stench topped the sewers she had to escape through so often in her life she was sucking it all in without any trouble.

The cloth was really nothing more than some barely see through net. It neither caught any of the gas or sweat from the royal rump, so it all ended up in Snatch's face.

"Oh? No more struggling?", he king teased who he thought was his prisoner, "Are you already that exhausted? Hahahaha~"

Of course the reason there was no struggling was that Snatch enjoyed every second of cushioning this swamp ass, unlike the wolf who had been in this position before.

After letting out another gust of vile winds the big lion realized just how well his gas got sucked up. He felt that something was off. The wolf has been coughing and struggling so much that a good amount of gas had been reaching his nose, but after he had left for a few minutes everything is getting sucked up.

The king moved his fingers beneath the seat and touched the runes carved into the sturdy wood. He felt the warmth emitting from them activating and smiled.

Snatch had been far too distracted by the stench at to notice at first, but as her face aggressively pushed into the cloth she realized that her body not only got pulled into itself, but straight up into the cloth and the second she had finally realized, it was already over.

The lion had stood up and looked down at the now fully filled cushion.

"Well, that is definitely not the wolf I have been sitting on for the better part of the day.", the king said as he looked at the rat's face that was now displayed like a cartoonish portrait on the cushion, "Seems like some pervert has managed to snuck in here, lusting for the royal tush.", then he smiled and turned around, "But I am not one to complain about a new butt-loving servant!", he did not sat back down, but hopped up to let his butt slam onto the new cushion with as much force as possible. The custom made stool easily took the impact, but the rat turned cushion went quite flat from it, the face already turning into close of a perfect imprint of the royal ass with her snout back in the royal crack. The king was not satisfied with 'close to perfect' though and pulled himself down with all his might while grinding his ass around.

"You can go right back to huffing my gas. I just need to make sure your new form fills out my crack as well as you did before, so no gas escapes!", the king explained his actions.

Snatch was still processing what had just happened. The king had turned her into a cushion, declared her to be a new servant and then proceeded to completely destroy her new form with his massive ass. She could do nothing to fight back, was entirely at the mercy of the king's gat ass and she loved it with every fiber of her transformed body. His sweat soaked into her fabric as his ass kept molding her into the perfect butt imprint he wanted her to be. Only once she could feel her face being pressed onto every inch of that furry but did the lion stop his powerful ASSault.

But she could not even attempt to think straight as the moment he stopped grinding his ass, the king pushed out an over a minute long bubbly fart that invaded the fabric that was filling up his buttcrack. Snatch took the full force quickly noticed how much stronger the stench was.

The king had gone easy on the wolf to not actually cause any lasting damage, but fartsniffing pervert would not get the same treatment.

The lion took a few deep whiffs and chuckled in satisfaction.

"Not even the tiniest bit of stench escaped.", he said, "I will go back to studying the new books and just... Let. It. ALL. Out."

And that's what he did. While fully engulfed into the books the academy of magic had sent him, he

would just rip ass without wasting as much of a thought on it, though like whenever he was gassing up someone, a fulfilling feeling persisted inside of him that kept him motivated to just keep sitting there for hours and hours only occasionally shifting his ass around.

In the meantime Snatch's mind got wiped of any sentient thought beyond admiration for the royal butt and lust for more. She really became nothing more than a cushion in form and mind.

The ever renewing stench kept clouding her mind while the pressure from the heavy ass dominated her very form. More gas and sweat filled her by the minute and she was unable to do anything to stop it. Snatch was experiencing paradise, the feeling of being where you belong and fulfilling your purpose as the rat saw herself as nothing else, but the royal cushion.

Fart after fart came out of the royal ass, muffled in sound and scent by Snatch the cushion.

The hat from the cushion kept the ass of the lion sweating and all of that sweat eventually found its way deep into the fabric of Snatch the cushion.

For hours that was all she was, Snatch the cushion that brought comfort and convenience to the king. Up until she fell to the ground and stared up at the cloth the king's fat ass was hanging in like a hammock.

"Tsk, the stool ran out of magic already."; he complained and got up.

He flung the stool off her and got a first good look at the servant he had acquired.

"A rat, huh? I guess your little snout did fit in deeper than the wolf's.", he muttered to himself, "I should have noticed right then, but anyway.", a big smile appeared on his face, "You are in luck your perverted rat, you have come to lust after my ass just at the right time.", he grabbed Snatch by the back of the collar, brought her around and shoved her face back into his ass, letting out a satisfied hum as he felt the tip of her snout press against his asshole. From the outside it look liked Snatch's head was a cork up the gassy lion's fat ass and just like a cork, her head was actually completely gone from few. The king then squeezed his cheeks to make sure his buttplug would not fall out.

"You see, because of sudden weather occurrences all of the servants I had sent out for 'diplomatic deals' have been unable to return to me and I just sent out the last one this morning, so I was in desperate need of a toy for my ass.", he began to grind Snatch between his cheeks, "If you had not shown up, that wolf would have had to go through hell, but now you can start your new life as my servant off with maybe an entire week of serving my needy ass all by yourself.

He blasted a fart up Snatch's nostrils and sighed.

"THIS will be normal for you. Besides eating and using the toilet, you will be barely ever spent a second without your head in my ass like that.", he explained and let out another fart, "The times you aren't you will be my subject for magic, so you go back to being a literal cushion or maybe even my underwear if not a rag or doll I shove up and down my ass. I have also many things I am experimenting on for even more fun.", He then chuckled, "Given how easily I can shove your up my ass, calling you a servant might be a bit much. You really are just a toy!"

He then laughed as he walked towards his bed, ready to show his new servant just what her life was from now on.

Snatch was not going to complain or even say a word. She was not even going to move a muscle.

All she had to do was let her new master use her and it truly made her feel fulfilled.