

Looking Prosperous, Dear Brother

In business, one must plan accordingly and strike at the right moment in order to get ahead of the competition. Those that fail to do so... are struck down. That has been the Law of the Jungle for quite some time, and though the beasts and the jungle may have changed, the laws have not. Scar, second-in-line to his family's longstanding business empire, was idly contemplating this fact from the lounge of his penthouse apartment. Despite the fact it was just after eight at night, the well-groomed lion was still found in a perfectly pressed and functional black business suit, with a lapel chains crossing his front that reflected the dancing flames of his fireplace. Bands tied the lower part of his mane together, creating a makeshift ascot as it lay tucked against his white inner shirt. From his lofty view he gazed down upon the city from on high, though his view always had a habit of being marred by the present of Pride Rock Industries, the family business run by... Him.

Despite the noble name of the enterprise its business had been anything but, until his brother had taken over that is. Scar's expression was unflinching as he took a sip of port, mulling over the past with the bitterness that could only be found in a jilted younger sibling. Pride Rock Industries for a very long time had carried a seedy underbelly to it, rife with corruption and, let's just say... "illicit activities". Their father had promised ownership and CEO status to Scar, having followed very closely in the man's footsteps until the day he died, unlike Mufasa. He had always taken after their mother: Too much of a good heart and far too clean a hand for such mucky business. And THEN! When the old man was at Death's Door what did he do? As if fearing the consequences of his actions the bastard gave control over to the older brother, with the intent to "clean up the family's image". And then he wheezed his last breath and that was that. The kingdom that had been offered to him were thus snatched from the jaws of victory, and given to a sap who tarnished such a longstanding legacy of duplicity with varnish and a new coat of paint. Well lesson learned there; you simply can't rely on the promises of a self-confessed bastard can you? And despite losing out on everything there was at least a rather handsome inheritance, with which he began his own empire to rule. And you can never go wrong with pharmaceuticals. Scar smiled to himself as he fished his pocket watch out and addressed the time. "Seven minutes past eight. Once again, he's late" he said dryly, pocketing the device as he plotted to himself.

Tomorrow at Pride Rock there was to be a rather important meeting with the shareholders about current management, and though their family wielded sufficient power by being the majority shareholders, the balance of power could always be shifted. For if Mufasa wasn't there tomorrow, wouldn't that be quite the bother? The lion's left lip curled just slightly into a smirk as he felt in his pocket, a vial of substance tucked securely amongst his hanky. A remarkable little creation by his best scientists, known for its explosive impact when warmed and yet completely deterred by the cold. It was going to be all too easy to ensure

his dear brother won't be there tomorrow. Bbut if a replacement CEO were to be required, well, wouldn't it be quite the coincidence if he showed up in his hampered sibling's stead? **KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!** "About time" Scar grumbled as he rose from his chair, draining the last of his port as he did so.

From his comfortable lounge to the sizeable hallway, the lion took his time making it to the entrance hall with its grand paired doors. Pressing down his suit and running a hand across the top of his mane, Scar unlocked the doors to a most... welcome? No, not welcome. Not quite hated either. Apathetic? Apathetic will suffice. An apathetic vision of his older brother, Mufasa. The entrance hall's lights glinted off the older feline's glasses, the frames sitting along the bridge of his nose. And unlike Scar's own black suit, Mufasa seemed to prefer a lighter shade of blue, though you couldn't help but feel there were whirls of grey present as well, providing an almost spiritual effect to his appearance. And also unlike Scar, the older brother seemed to fill his suit out more than the lesser sibling did, going for a beefier figure to counter the more trim and athletic build of the other. A freshly pressed hanky sat in his breast pocket, juxtaposing the golden lapel chain attached to his right breast side. He was a vastly more cheerful spirit than his brother, though age has been catching up with him, having been tagged by a fair few grey hairs in his fluffy red mane. "Dear brother, it is so good to see you well" he said magnanimously, holding his arms out.

"Well if my wellness was a concern for you dear brother, you could always inquire with a call. I trust you've figured out smart phones by now yes?" Scar rebuked with hints of acid as he embraced his sibling.

"Simba has helped me out with that, but I still have trouble with... what is it? Linking my e-mail I think?" the older lion recalled, the acid washing uselessly over his steel. "Ah, do you plan to invite me in Scar? Or shall we talk business at your front door?" he added, chuckling pleasantly.

"Oh of course not dear brother. Please, allow me to show you to my lounge" Scar offered with a forced smile.

Mufasa's padded slip-ons scarcely made a sound on the polished floors, his pleasant demeanour seeming to illuminate any space he was in. "Have you redecorated since my last visit?" he inquired curiously.

"Not in any meaningful way, though I have added new portraits and sculptures here and there" Scar answered proudly.

"The wonders that only a pharmaceutical company can buy, eh? Truth be told with the way things have been going in my neck of the woods some cuts have had to be made. I've even started having to drink nineteen-forty wine as opposed to nineteen-twenty" Mufasa chuckled gaily.

"How tragic" the younger brother said crisply.

"That was a joke, Scar" the elder lion explained.

"Oh. Much like the rest of your wit it must have been too subtle for me to notice" Scar mused as they returned to the lounge.

"Well I can't say humour was exactly your forte, much like it wasn't Father's either" Mufasa commented as he sat down in a comfortable chair by the fire. "You know I am still a touch surprised you insisted on me meeting you here the night before the Shareholder's Meeting. It must be quite urgent since I'm not exactly the young lion I used to be."

"Perhaps it was anxiety on my part, but truth be told it had been a while since we had met up. Last time I recall was it was at the Hairball's Sweet Sixteen" Scar recalled as he took his own chair.

"That was five years ago. And his name is Simba, as I seem to need to keep reminding you" the older brother chided.

"Well I did practise my curtsy for our next meeting. Five years, and how do they fly" the younger brother smirked.

"Better late than never really. I had been close to missing Father's death after all, though in hindsight what a world of difference it would have been if I hadn't. I still feel had I not been there, he would have gone through with his plans of making you the heir to the company" Mufasa mused. "What a world of difference but one appearance can make eh?"

"A world of difference *indeed*" Scar agreed with bitter notes.

“I recall you have a butler do you not? I assume you gave him the night off for our engagement?” the elder lion guessed.

“I did; this was to be a family gathering and it’s not like I don’t know how to pour my own drinks. Speaking of which, I have a rather nice imported scotch I’ve been meaning to open. Perhaps we can drink to your inevitable success tomorrow?” the younger sibling offered.

“Hmm” Mufasa paused, rubbing at his chin thoughtfully. “Maybe, though I have been trying to cut back on my drink. Sarabi says that my liver will thank me and you know I can’t say no to her” Mufasa sighed.

“On the rocks then? I’ll be sure to provide enough ice to soften the blow for your ailing liver” Scar pressed.

“Half ice then, as it would be rude to refuse my dear little brother” the older lion nodded.

“Half ice, as you wish” the younger brother purred.

It would be auspicious to mention at this point that the drink’s cart had already been set up, though it could simply be decided as good tactics by a well-knowing younger sibling. The temptation was of course necessary as Scar kept his back to Mufasa, who was idly looking at the pictures adorning the wooden walls. “I see despite your desire for reclusiveness you still think of your family” he remarked, eying all the old family photos.

“It’s important to remember where you come from after you have stretched your wings and flown” Scar responded as he grabbed two glasses.

Adding ice to one, the younger lion took a precautionary look over his shoulder before sneaking the vial of dark blue liquid from his pocket and pouring it on the ice. Kept dormant by the cold, as he knew, allowing it to sit pretty as he poured out ample scotch to mask the colour, with half a glass of straight for himself. They say don’t mix your drinks but at this point he was beyond caring; there was plenty of night to sleep it off and then some. Mixing the mixture with a thin stirrer, Scar returned with both drinks, the concoction handed to his brother who held it tepidly. “No ice for you?” Mufasa inquired.

"I feel it is a worthy enough celebration to have it straight. It's not like I have a meeting I need to be at tomorrow" the dark lion said with a hint of smugness as he sipped his scotch.

"True" the older brother nodded as he got up from his chair, his drink undrunk.

A hint of displeasure creased Scar's brow, but he masked it well enough as he followed his sibling, who seemed quite interested in a particular picture on a side table. Putting his drink aside Mufasa's expression was like stone as he eyed it thoughtfully. "I suppose it shouldn't surprise me that this particular picture would hold such a place in your heart" he said without a hint of emotion, as if he was holding back.

Handing it over, Scar likewise put his drink down and eyed the picture thoughtfully. It was an old one, back when they were both quite young, barely teens. Naturally the younger brother had always kept a trim figure, which is why it always brought a delightful smile on his face to see how his well-built sibling had once been a pampered hog. Nothing ever fit right with that belly of his, and while hand-me-downs were never a thing for their family, Scar had still tried on one of Mufasa's shirt once and it had felt like he had put on a tent. "It was, well, a simpler time" Scar said airily, his lips creasing as he forced himself not to smile.

"What was that song you used to sing while slapping my tummy? "Fatty-cake"?" the older brother said disapprovingly, taking a drink from the table.

Stifled laughter snorted out of Scar as he fought to suppress the memory, his shoulders bouncing from the sheer joy bursting out of him. "You can't be mad about that! I was only ten!" he said defensively, making sure to keep his brother's stern stare as he took the other drink.

"I suppose I could, if you hadn't brought it up at my wedding reception" Mufasa said coldly while sipping his drink.

"I did say I was sorry" Scar snickered as he drank, and found it... odd. Why was his hand so wet? Darting his head down, the younger lion's pupils shrank to pinpricks as he stared hard at the ice shimmering among the meagre bit of scotch left. Staring back, he found his own drink resting in his brother's unknowing hands. "You.... That's my drink" he said faintly.

“Hmm? Oh, sorry brother, I must have grabbed it by accident as I was recalling the riveting tale of how I used to be quite large. Although, at least I have learned to be the bigger man these days” the older brother said.

“R-right, you are indeed the umm, the bigger man here” Scar stammered.

GOOOORRRRRRLLLLLL

The dark lion shuddered, a hand to his middle as a rather off feeling swirled about in it. “Was that your stomach? Are you alright?” Mufasa asked with concern.

“I-I-I-I’m quite alright. I think I err, I may be feeling a little peckish even though I only ate an hour ago. I think I’ll umm, I’ll go check the kitchen for a cheeky snack” the younger lion stammered nervously despite his stomach feeling quite full.

“Well don’t be too long, as despite everything it is nice to see you again Scar” the older brother said sincerely.

“And it’s good seeing you too” Scar said hastily as he hurried off down the hall.

His belly **grumbled** loudly again, and his suit was feeling oddly tight, though “odd” would only be used implying you were a reader, and thus weren’t as fully aware of the situation like Scar was. Now, he knew what was up, and upon bursting into the kitchen he was already fighting with the buttons of his blazer. Gasping for breath as the buttons came undone, the lion growled at how puffy his front was looking. The solution he had intended for his brother had backfired magnificently, and already it was working its sinister magic on him. Rapid weight gain was something of a fine science, and it took some rather shady deals with nanotechnology to fully unlock its potential. And all of it undone because his idiot brother was too blind to even pay attention to his own drink! It would be all too humiliating if it wasn’t so infuriatingly ironic. **Burble!** Pulled from his thoughts, Scar looked down at his steadily rising paunch, his athletic figure looking a little off-season as his tucked in shirt was slowly being liberated from his pants. “**Bwoorrrff!**” he belched, stifled by the back of his hand.

It was getting all too hot in here for his liking, though his scientists had said there would be some heating issues caused by gaining so much weight so suddenly. And they weren’t

wrong as Scar dabbed at his brow, his middle **groaning** in protest as it bulged outwards, building and boiling over. Breathing to calm himself the lion looked through his pockets for the antiserum he had been given, but found himself wanting. "Curses," he seethed through grit teeth, "I must have left it elsewhere. But I can't safely move around, lest Mufasa sees me."

Developing quite a nice paunch now, the lion saw fit to peek down the hall, though he didn't find his brother within view. With some hope he might still be focused on the pictures, of which there were an embarrassing amount. All printed to distract his brother, of course. "Everything alright Scar?" said-brother's deep voice called out with concern.

"**Bwwwaarrp!** Errf, fine dearest sibling!" Scar grunted awkwardly.

"Good to hear it" his sibling replied with relief in his voice.

"GoOd To HeAr It" the dark lion said mockingly as he snuck into the hall.

His stride was already starting to feel a bit uncomfortable, especially in the in-seam. By now the stuff would be circulating through him, which meant he had painfully little time left, as indicated by small **creaks** and stretches criss-crossing his form-fitting suit, a seam along the outer of his right thigh already starting to widen. The omnipresent **groans** and **gurgles** of his stomach were intensifying, and the feline was slowed to a crawl with both hands to it. Sounding like the offspring of a balloon and a blocked drain, his bloating belly peaked through the eyehole of his pulled white shirt, a small diamond popping free as the remainder of the hem was slipping away from his pants. By and large, no pun intended, Scar had seemingly just gained sixty pounds in a matter of minutes, and there was still plenty more to come as the slightest roll of padded fur inched over his immaculate-if-strained pants. With one hand to steady him against the wall, he kept the other to his middle as he inched himself down the hallway. His trembling eyes kept looking straight ahead, for fear of what he may see should they waver, even for a moment. The tightness was all over; a given for someone clearly wearing a suit two sizes too small for him. Even his immaculately hemmed pants revealed an inch or so more of his ankle than he would have preferred to be seen. The seat of his pants especially weren't feeling that great, as an ill-timed hand to his rear found in a supple rump having taken the place of his finely-toned and flattened rear. Scar seethed from the softness; the plush growing by the second as just a hair's breadth of cheekage loomed over the top of his pants. "No time" he told himself, marching as fast as he could for his bedroom.

Fumbling with the knob the lion let loose a low growl/belch as he forced it open, shutting it gently as he engaged with his elegant bedroom. Black wallpaper coated every angle, with green lighting to suit his toxic mood. Most important was the large desk and many sets of drawers he kept for all his personal effects; ones he was going to need quite soon. Taking one step, the lion shuddered as bubbles swirled about inside his belly, his fluffy midriff coming adrift as it steadily lumbered outwards, pulling slight diamonds between his buttons as a nice palm-sized mound of it freely squatted below his shirt. Its bulgingness ran the course from the front around his sides, with secret rolls forming along his hidden sides with a nice muffin-top to crown the width of his pants. Breathing heavily Scar's foresight came to hand as he hastily undid his belt, knowing it was going to be undone for him otherwise. For one thing it at least it eased the pressure on him, but a temporary fix is a temporary fix, and he needed solid solutions. Hastening to his desk he looked through every drawer, desperate to find the antiserum in time before he was going to become the headliner for the next Thanksgiving parade. But for every drawer searched was precious seconds wasted, and for Scar, a waist was the last thing he needed. "**Bwwuuuoorrrppp!**" he belched, his intensifying winds scattering some superfluous papers about.

It was getting worse, and he cursed the fact he wanted belching included just for the sake of mocking Mufasa even more! The feline grunted in a way that was almost a whimper as he kept searching, all the while his body kept growing. His ballooning stomach crept out as if it were a cautious dog, sniffing the place out to see if it was okay or not. It juddered as it fought with his straining shirt, the diamonds intensifying as his crimson fur bulged below the surface, just waiting for their moment in the sun. His blazer was being pulled apart steadily by the appearance of his capable chest: A handsome pair of A-cup moobs eagerly trying to enter the B-cup competition, and they were rising stars indeed. And as the lion bent over, a new tuck of back fat compressed itself onto the scene, squishing against his blubbery hips as his belt-less pants slipped, pushed lower by his bulbous middle, and aided by his helpful rump. Scar's cheeks gleefully popped over the top of his pants, exposing a few good inches of blubbery booty just barely contained by his hyena-print boxer briefs. The feline growled as he tugged at the back, trying to pull his pants up to no avail as with just one hand he could not get the tightening fabric back over his hefty behind. Leaving it out of frustration he kept looking, his gut rubbing against the desktop and wiping everything it could off it. Grabbing it and pushing it back, Scar's attention was split between the antiserum, and the fact that his middle was, in fact, pushing back in turn. Straightening his back, his belly jostled about, having gained enough pounds to win him a blue ribbon in the Biggest Hog Competition. Stuck between growling and whimpering, Scar rubbed at his repulsive gut as he lumbered over to the next drawers, his gait hampered by his thighs in his splitting pants. The finest threads pulled and split along his inseam, his thighs growing mighty enough to be wielded by Zeus himself.

Scar had to stifle another belch as he pulled himself away from his condition, despite how desperately it demanded his attentions. It's not every day your thousand dollar shirt is stuck

straining against a swollen belly of your own creation, nor your three-thousand dollar pants now looking trashy with a derriere spilling over the back like your own personal Niagara Falls. The lion's core **rumbled** fiercely, the beast within roaring for freedom as his middle blorped over the front of his pants, his shirt now riding across the greater heft of his middle as he looked about ready to sing in baritone. His moobs rose and fell as his breathing grew deeper, wet patches of steamy sweat clinging to the see-through fabric as the deepening cleft revealed itself through another diamond in his already strained shirt. Scar dug a finger in the neck of his shirt, pulling it away to try and vent but there was precious few inches for that; even with, as he now realised, the plumper digits he now wielded. His blazer, for as useful as it was, barely had any space left in them, forcing the feline to once again curse at his desire for form-fitting attire. Discarding the damn thing too, it did a good job in revealing the nouveau riche that was his chunkier arms, with noticeable hang on his bicep region. There was thus still time, but it was getting dearer by the second now. How much he didn't know, but by how far apart the sides of his shirt were being pulled, there may not be as much as he thought. Catching himself in his dressing mirror, Scar lamented at the fact he couldn't even get all of himself in, his hips and middle having grown too vast for the trim pane. His smug, angular face was looking even more despairing with his chubbier cheeks and noticeably a second chin blooming on his furry jawline. The lion scowled at his reflection, catching his bellybutton poking out the bottom of his taut shirt. "How unsightly" he grimaced as he pulled himself away, belching loudly as he did.

But the more he seemed to search, the faster his gaining was as the seams of his pants began to split like a banana, his flabby fluff poking out wherever it may, with some of his underwear exposing itself through the upper tears. A bit of self-love one would suppose, as his thighs were so close together any part of him poking through the inner seam eagerly pressed against another part of him from the opposing leg. They were so thick it actually made Scar seem shorter in appearance, though the squatness may have been from his thighs being so much bigger than his calves; or, perhaps, that he was bending his legs to better stand the extra hundred pounds caked onto him. A lion like he wasn't built for such a size, and it showed as his belly drooped over half a foot as he bent over, his sides curling like dough over pants that were themselves descending. A bit of force went a long way in his kind of business, and it showed as his soft, pliable rump aired itself half exposed to the world. And that was with the waist of his pants clinging to those luscious cheeks tightly, squeezing them harder than even his brother could. His jumbo buns squished against the base of his slightly-thickened tail, which had begun to sink into a quagmire made of his bulging back fat and blorping booty. A good inch or two of his pudge happily spilled over his waistband, joined by the growing ring of fat that ran from his back all the way along his cakey sides to his swelling mound of a gut. So much flab spilled off of it that it waved in the air, thumping against the drawer he was searching through. **Creeeeeeaaaaakkkkk!**

Standing up straight, Scar looked down suddenly at his vibrating shirt, the lower-most button exploding off and **plinking** off the walls; ricocheting like a pinball until it circled

around and stuck itself in one of the lion's fat rolls. The sudden force launched another button off, freeing more of his heaving, **sloshing** midriff as the little projectile bounced around the room, eventually burying itself an inch into one of his walls. And while the flabby feline was distracted with that, he wasn't watching as his belly shuddered and swelled, growing in inches with all the free real-estate at its disposal. It quaked with the force of a thousand hungers as it forced its way down, practically merging with his hips and thighs as he was now twice the width he started with, and only gaining from there as his legs hunkered down, the extra tension splitting his pants from the hem going up, leaving streamer flapping against his calves as his thighs bulged out through the rest, taking out everything sans the waist. An absolute fatalanche forced its way from the groin region, his fat-filled underwear suddenly freeing itself and hanging dangerously low, with barely any space between it and his thighs. **RIP! PLING!** Scar's eyes watched the button bounce around just like the others, this one somehow rebounding and striking him right in his bellybutton, forcing another gassy belch out of him. The thing went inches deep, far beyond the reach of his plump fingers even with his best effort. Pulling his digit out with a wet **POP** Scar's fat face twisted into one of annoyed resignation, the weight of the situation really hitting him as he squeezed his squishy middles. With the slightest force pockets of fat obscured much of his grip no matter where on his front he grabbed, and that didn't change as he ran his fingers around the bulging fat circulating his hips, right all the way round to his backside. His doughy tail swished in annoyance, disturbing the tucks of fat caking around it as its root was further buried in the heft of his magnanimous rump. What a fool he had been, especially now that he had searched practically every drawer, and had come up empty.

GOOOOORGLE!

Scar shuddered as the quake jostled every inch of fat he had gained, signifying that he was now, officially, out of time. The lion groaned as he staggered away from his furniture into a clearer space, though regretfully he was dripping sweat all over his new rug. That was going to be a tedious dry-cleaning job, but the worst was yet to come. A fitful **gurgle** forced its way up his throat, another loud belch forcing its way out of him. His tum was vibrating intensely; deep, cavernous **growls** echoing through him as it blorped out dramatically, claiming inches in seconds as his remaining buttons merely gave up, dropping off his shrinking shirt in pitiful surrender. All of his glorious pudgy was finally freed; free to swell and jiggle with pride as his flapping shirt finally revealed the depths of his pudgy sides, with at least three tucks forming in his hefty rolls. They were joined by his ever-present chest, his ample moobs erupting into the comfiest pair of cushions you ever would see, with their hefty sides pressing against his doughy arms. And with the evolution of his upper body soon came the revolution of the lower, his rapid expansion of gut and sides splitting his pants so hard they launched off of him, though maybe they had simply trampolined off his engorged girth. It was liberating in a ways to be so free, with his modesty was at least maintained by his incredibly stretchy boxer briefs. That said, the hyena print was looking rather elongated and stretched out in its effort to contain enough thigh to make a watermelon look skinny, or an ass so thick and juicy his favourite chair could not even contain its mass. A two-seater couch would have to do, if company didn't mind that he needed both seats to use it. In a

ways it was impressive as to how round he was, his width definitely working to challenge his own natural height, and shameful to say, it looked like an even match-up with a very likely chance of a knockout. He felt like he was going to be knocked out as he rocked on his swollen feet, his legs shaking from the intense weight they were forced to carry. His entire body trembled from the effort of keeping his rapidly expanding mass up, and as any good poker player would say: Sometimes, you need to know when to fold' em.

“BUUUUURRRRRPPPPP!”

With that last blast Scar fell backwards, his titanic rear hitting the ground with an exceptionally loud **THUD!** With his fate sealed and posted, the lion groaned as he leaned into his blubber as it spread across his expansive carpet, the smell of his sweat never going to come out even with the toughest of dry cleaning. He could only frown and bear it as his hillock of a gut filled up the entirety of his lap, the damn thing basically now a two foot wall of pure blubber obscuring his front from harm and view. His moobs, the impressive pillows that they were squished joyfully against that hill, equalling his stomach in girth while running that hill all the way to the back, their inversed creases nearly meeting in the middle of his blobby back. And squishing against that was his equally fat cheeks and chin, having so rapidly ballooned his face looked small in comparison, with a neck that had abandoned him, though it did leave his mane in the will. Really it was the only thing obscuring most of the unsightly folds of his neck and face, though with his own girth, it certainly wasn't making it any further than the upper cleft of his pressed moobs. In fact, when you really looked at him (from across a long room), the lion was made of a lot of tucks and folds as his flabby sides squished against his enormous thighs, which in turn squished against his calves, which in turn were squishing around his feet. He was all blubber and tucks and rolls, all the while his inner lard **sloshed** away in his perpetual jiggling. **“UUUUURRRRRPPPPP!!!”** he belched loudly enough to rattle glass.

Groaning pathetically, Scar did his best to try and move, but the weight alone made it impossible for him to get back onto his feet without the aid of industrial equipment. In hindsight he really should have gotten onto his bed, to at least be comfortable. Likewise he should have removed his shirt, as the tiny little thing still clung to his arms despite his arm fat resembling toothpaste coming out of the tube, with enough width they could be mistaken for water wings. At least his thighs and ample rump were comfortable, though there wasn't a lot of appeal to be found in using yourself as a beanbag chair. “Well well, what do we have here?” a smug voice purred.

Mufasa was leaning against the open door, a knowing smile on his face as he made relentless eye contact with his brother. “It was uhh, it seemed I was a bit hungrier than I thought” Scar answered bashfully.

“Really? Funny, I could have sworn it was one of your latest little schemes that has rather dramatically backfired on you” the older lion chuckled knowingly.

The younger brother swallowed hard, his fat neck roll bouncing. “You knew?” he gasped.

“Oh well you don’t think I don’t keep an eye on my dear-but-scheming little brother do you?” Mufasa chuckled. “After all you’d have to be completely blind to not notice the coincidence of you asking me to your home on the eve of a very important shareholder meeting. I knew something was up the second I got here, which is why I was able to get this” he explained, revealing a vial with red liquid he pulled from his pocket.

“Where did you get that?!” Scar gasped.

“You forget Scar: I may have been the nobler brother, but I still did learn a thing or two from our old man. And one thing he taught me well was to have very light fingers” the elder brother smirked triumphantly

The dark lion’s wide jaw dropped as he recalled back to their first meeting at the door. “You hugged me!” he remembered.

“Bingo!” the older brother declared chipperly as he dropped the vial, and stomped it.

The dark lion’s eyes widened as the antidote to his solution was crushed beneath his brother’s heel, and also ruining the carpet some more. “**THAT WAS THE ONLY ONE!**” he screamed furiously, “**UUUURRRRRPPPP!**”

“Oh ease up on the gas there Scar, you only have yourself to blame for this. I mean, you *did* invite me here on false pretences with the intent to drug me and make me your prisoner” Mufasa reminded his brother as he loomed over them. “Also I figured your scheme out the second you offered me a drink. I mean, seriously, when have you **EVER** offered me any of your good stuff?” he snorted as he bent over. “It was far too easy to distract you with a humiliating memory and switch our drinks around. You really can’t help yourself in that regard.”

“Some..., well-researched and observant points” Scar had to concede nervously.

The golden lion chuckled as he his grabby hands hovered over his sibling's ample lard. "And look at you now huh? Finally as fat as your ego. And what a big fat ego it is since you're certainly quite big, aren't you? You've even bustier than Nala, even after her boob job" he cackled, reaching out to Scar's chest.

The younger sibling grunted in discomfort as his impertinent brother squeezed his enormous moobs, his fingers digging deeply into the blubber. "Ngh, ahh! Would, **BWARP!** Would you stop?! Those are, nggggnnnngggg, very sensitive" he moaned.

"I wonder how deep I could fit my finger into your bellybutton brother. Think I'd reach China?" Mufasa teased as he molested a fat fold.

"You'd reach my foot in your ass" the dark lion warned, his threat punctuated by a burp.

"In this position, I doubt it" the older lion chuckled as he dug his fingers under Scar's muffin top, his hands vanishing well past his wrists as he grasped a heavy fold of lard. "But judging by what you're carrying in the back I could fit both feet and probably my Porsche in yours as well" he sassed.

"This is humiliating enough without you suggesting I may double as a garage!" the younger lion seethed in the centre of his blubber.

"I can't help it; it's actually impressive how much of a lardbag you are brother" he remarked, squeezing a flabby side.

"You don't have to rub it in!" Scar hissed testily as he endured his brother's constant probing of his blubber.

"Awww," the older brother crooned, kneading the dark lion's flabby cheeks, "I think you've done plenty of rubbing it in for both of us" he chuckled as he sat upon his sibling's immense side.

"Could this be any more- **Burp!** Humiliating?" the younger brother bemoaned.

“It could. After all, what was that game you enjoyed so much, again?” Mufasa began knowingly.

“N-no, you wouldn’t” Scar quavered.

“It went “Fatty-cake”, didn’t it? “Fatty-cake fatty-cake baker’s man? Stuff you with cake as fast as he can”?”

The golden lion’s smile was so wide it could split his head in two, and the threat was worth it alone from the vibrating chair his brother had become. “Yo-you wouldn’t” he stammered.

“Perhaps not. I am after all the bigger man, which reminds me” Mufasa continued mildly as he got up to seek out Scar’s blazer. Searching the pockets he found the original serum, still half-full. “Interesting that you got so big from just half a bottle. Makes me wonder what the full thing looks like” he mused.

Scar swallowed nervously, beads of sweat coating his plump brow as he caught the look in Mufasa’s eye. “L-look brother, **urrrrrppp!** I-I-I-I know we’ve had our, had our differences, but please **BEEEUURRRPP!** Please don’t” he begged, forcing his hands as close as his chest would allow.

“Hmm, I mean, it would help me in the long run, wouldn’t it? Get you out of my hair permanently as you work all the weight off. No magic potion for weight loss now is there? I learned that the hard way. And it would be interesting to see how big you could get” the golden lion remarked sinisterly.

The dark lion was completely stunned, drenched in sweat, and releasing nervous micro-burps as he genuinely feared for his life. “PLEASE MUFASA! FOR EVERYTHING BETWEEN US DON’T DO IT!” he wailed pitifully.

“Oh stop being so dramatic Scar, it’s not like I was going to use it on you” Mufasa scowled.

“Y-you weren’t?” the younger brother trembled.

“No, I’m using it on me” the older brother declared, uncorking the vial and drinking it all.

“Huh?” Scar grunted.

“Well to be honest I could care less about the shareholder’s meeting; really it’s time Simba took over anyways. I’m too old to be worrying about this stuff and I know he’s ready now. So I may as well have my fun while I can before the old age truck runs me down and leaves me dribbling in some retirement villa not knowing where I am. This is for the best” Mufasa explained as his stomach **growled** fearsomely.

“But what’ll happen when you end up like this?!” Scar demanded, gesturing to himself.

“Oh I’m going to make some calls in the meantime. My butler knows your butler so he’ll easily get a key, then with some workmen they can get us out of the room and we can enjoy being big. Why not? It’s funny” the elder sibling chuckled.

“I just.... I hate you so much” the dark lion sighed. **“BWWWWAAAAAARRRRRPPPP!!!”**