

The hyena could not believe what he was hearing--the lack of respect these days, and for the Boss of all people! If one of his lackeys or mooks was getting this kind of treatment it'd be bad enough (albeit funny, just a little), but him? *He*? Unacceptable! Who did this little fucker think was running this town? Gerrark's frown sank even lower if that's somehow possible, and his brow followed right behind. The many pieces of gold hanging from his ears and nose and neck and fingers and plenty else tinkled gently as he breathed in, and out.

"What do you mean, 'too small?'" the hyena growled, polished clawtip tapping dangerously upon the counter, chunky arm wobbling with every **clack**. He knew damn well what that meant, and the raccoon cowering behind the counter knew he knew it as well. Not an enviable position, this clerk's.

"I is, I mean, it's-" the man's eyes darted around the store, desperate for some sort of salvation, but all his coworkers vanished the second they heard those heavy steps approaching... what a time to come back from the bathroom. His tail twitched nervously as his eyes fell back on the hyena dominating the space on the other side of the counter.

"I-it's not going to fit, sir. S-s-surely you can-"

"Not going to fit!?" the hyena suddenly roared, his body shaking like an earthquake, "It was custom-made for me!"

"W-well yes, but that was a month ago, and-"

"*And?*"

"Well, I, you-" His eyes dragged up and down the huge beast glaring at him. The hyena's breaths, so heavy, pushed his even heavier chest up and down, obscuring all but the tip of his snout at the height of its expansion. There was a brief flutter of white at the peak of this mountain of a monster--his mane, shifting as the air conditioner kicked on.

"I what! Out with it, you fucking fool!" Gerrark slammed both paws on the counter, the thud tremendous--his wobbling gut started to swallow the laminate slab as he leaned forward. That poor clerk was entirely eclipsed

"You're really fat!" the raccoon blurted out; you could tell from the look on his face that he knew what a tremendous mistake he had made, immediately.

"I'm what?" the hyena growled, a giant paw clamping onto the raccoon's shoulder. The heat peeling off of this beast was absurd.

"R-r-really big? Imposing? Powerful?"

The hyena growled and grabbed the raccoon with both hands, yanking him over to his side of the counter. The clerk had no time to struggle or fight back, because as soon as he was off his feet he was under the hyena's. That big paw, big before but even bigger over the course of the past few weeks, pancaked out across the clerk's body, pinning him with ease. He wheezed, but knew better than to struggle.

"B-boss!" the raccoon only just managed to gasp. Gerrark leaned onto that pinning paw just a teensy bit more, and felt a slight pop in the clerk's sternum. The raccoon tried to yelp, but only managed a whimper.

"Please!"

"Please what?" the hyena drawled, leaning down to look the clerk in the eye. He was obviously seconds from passing out, but the second his gaze was caught up in Gerrark's, he froze.

"Please crush me!" he whispered, his fur wet with sweat, "Smush me, flatten me, destroy me!" Just as his eyes started to spiral Gerrark leaned off, and let him breathe. He coughed and sputtered, the hyena staring down at him with disdain.

"Fucking freak," Gerrark spat, redoing the belt of his robes, "Next time I'll make sure you regret asking for that." He shook his foot, just to make sure that none of the raccoon's cowardice was still attached, and then started to walk away.

"Make sure those pants are ready for me next time I come by," he said, each gigantic step shaking the floor beneath the raccoon, "Or you're dead." After a couple of pushes he made his way out the front door, which he slammed with his massive ass. The glass cracked, but he was already walking away.

The clerk sighed, but he did not move. The pain was one thing, but the throbbing boner pressing against the front of his pants was much worse. He took the rest of the day off, which absolutely none of his coworkers questioned.

Everyone moved out of the Boss's way as he strutted down the sidewalk--they always did that, but these days it was a necessity if you didn't want to get belly-bumped into oncoming traffic. The sun shined brightly upon his deep purple robes and mocha fur, plenty of the latter exposed because the former could not possibly keep his hundreds of pounds contained. Every step made every part of him wobble--a few of the sidewalk slabs as well. The cheeks on his face puffed up, bouncing like balloons with every labored breath; the ones hanging off his ass bounced so hard that several passerby were instantly hypnotized by his wobbling strut; everything in between rolled ad infinitum, waves of hyena crashing into every psyche within range of his animal magnetism. The only thing that could possibly keep a poor fool free of stupor was when fear managed to overcome the irresistible urge to worship the hyena's massive ass--the state that gripped the owner of the curiosity shoppe, when he saw the front windows of his store darken entirely.

"Oh no," the beaver whimpered as the door began to creak. The bell attached to the frame could not have jingled more ominously.

"Darmur," Gerrark said as casually as he could, right before grunting himself through the too-small door frame and then acting like that didn't just happen, "A pleasure, as always." His steps seemed so careful, so sure, and yet every single shelf shifted ever so after each one. Sweat soaked the beaver's back, his pits... darn near everything. It felt like the inside of his mouth was sweating, too--he gulped.

"Much more a pleasure for me, Boss," Darmur replied. Luckily for him, there was a time when he could say that and it was actually, factually true. Then was not now, but at least he could remember that time and make sure his greeting didn't sound completely insincere. He breathed in slowly through his snout as he watched the Boss waddle towards him.

"Now, I heard-"

The sound of porcelain shattering cut the hyena's sentence in half--if that wasn't enough to make Gerrark's ears pink, having to spin around in place for a moment so he could find what he broke, because his hips and gut and ass were simply *too* big to look around, well... let's just say his ears were plenty pink. It was a particularly gorgeous lamp that fell by the way, emphasis on *was*. After a slow breath through his own nose Gerrark turned back towards the beaver, who was nothing but nervous from tip to tail.

"I'll have that taken care of," the big bossy beast of the city mumbled, and then cleared his throat, "So as I was saying." He began his long trek over to the counter once again, his massive tail mere millimeters from carelessly knocking over a 300-year-old incense burner. Darmur's mental list of items to hide safely in the back following this visit was rapidly becoming as long as the hyena's gut was wide.

"I heard you came into the possession of an-ooop."

Gerrark's shimmy was just not enough. Were he a couple hundred pounds more lithe, perhaps, but such a maneuver was not possible for a big (fat) barker like himself--the display case he was trying to navigate past fell over, and the many, many pieces of ancient dishware within shattered to pieces. Both Gerrark and Darmur were unable to do anything but watch in horror as it fell, frozen as the store filled with what felt like an unending cacophony of stoneware destruction. Generations of culture and knowledge, belly-bumped into oblivion. It took several seconds of silence before Gerrark could turn his snout even halfway towards the beaver, who might as well have been the dictionary model for "aghast."

"I'll, uh, pay for that t-"

While turning, Gerrark's chunky bicep smacked several books right off of the shelf that held them--plenty fell to the ground just fine, though one practically exploded from its binding as it hit the wooden floor. Embarrassment sublimated into anger.

"Goddammit Darmur, when did you decide to crowd this place so fucking much?" the hyena shouted, knocking over a few more tchotchkes with his gesticulations, "A man can't even walk up to the counter without knocking over half the store, is this some new racket you're trying out?"

"Please, please!" Darmur said, rushing from behind the counter. The hyena's blustering came to a sudden stop when the beaver fell before him, tears in his eyes.

"What'd you come here for Boss? Just tell me!"

"Oh, uh," the hyena said, scratching his chin, "I heard you got a new knife. I wanted to see it."

"Yes, oh yes of course, duh, right away," the beaver said, scrambling to his feet and bolting off to the back. In a blink he had reappeared, rushing back towards the hyena with a long box.

"Here, here!"

"Wouldn't it be safer to--"

"Here is fine!"

Gerrark shrugged, and took the box. Within was one of the most beautiful knives he had ever seen--jadeite blade with golden inlay on the hilt, several strange and alien designs tangling with each other across every visible surface, up to and including the edge, which looked sharp enough to cut the hyena's gaze, lest it linger too long. A ritual knife if he'd ever seen one, and he'd seen *plenty*.

"I'll take it," Gerrark said, placing the lid back on the box, "Let's head to the register so I can--"

"No, no need for that," Darmur said, eyes darting over to the till, leagues away. When his eyes snapped back to the hyena his smile got wider, and no less anxious. Gerrark shrugged again.

"Well alright, let me just get my wallet--"

"No!" Darmur shouted, unable to stop himself. Gerrark froze, completely unaware that the simple act of reaching for his wallet had him inches away from knocking over a mahogany coat rack with his massive buttcheek.

"I mean, don't worry about it!"

"What?"

"Seriously, Boss, *please*," the beaver said, his tone hysterical, "Don't worry about it. Truly!"

"I, uh--"

"I'll send a bill, I'll clean this up, don't worry about it, it's a beautiful day, you should enjoy the sun, do you need a bag?" Darmur gently shooed the larger-than-life hyena out of his shop as he rambled, voice peaking every time he needed to speak over the sound of another priceless artifact bouncing off of Gerrark's prodigious gut and onto the floor. By the time he got the Boss to the door, it looked like the world's tiniest tornado just blew through.

"If you're sure this'd be easier Darmur--"

"Oh I'm sure I'm sure!" the beaver responded so fast it was clear he would have said that no matter what came out of Gerrark's mouth, "Please, enjoy your day!"

After his third and final shrug, the hyena opened the door, and started the laborious task of squeezing himself through the doorway. At about the halfway point he looked back at the beaver and smiled that trademark-but-now-much-heftier smile.

"Pleasure as always, Darmur. I'll be back soon." After one last grunt Gerrark yanked himself free, almost tumbling into the road from the force of it. Darmur did not see that, because as soon as the hyena left his shop he was sinking to the floor. When

his butt finally connected with the floor a nearby statue immediately fell to the ground, its stone lapine head popping right off, and rolling right beside him; its single eye stared up at him with pity. He closed early that day.

Gerrark, on the other hand, still had something to do before he would head back--it did not go well, however, if it wasn't abundantly clear from the moment he burst through the front door of his home.

"Rrr, rruff! Ugh!" shouted the red-faced mutt as he stomped around the foyer, shedding shoes and the like, "The nerve of those kids! They're lucky I didn't kill 'em right then and there!" Every step was now a stomp, the entire household shaking with his anger. The vibrations slid up through the walls and into the upper floors, bouncing the bed that the house's only other occupant was lounging on: an impossible long, shining black naga of a snake man. When his eyes opened, he smiled.

"Are you sure that's gonna be enough for you, Boss?" Gerrark spat in the dopiest voice he could muster, "Rrrrrr, I shoulda knocked that shithead to the ground! Where's the fuckin' respect these days, who's raising these little dipshits?!"

The hyena's barking was so loud, so endless that he didn't hear the heavy thudding of the snake slithering down the steps. Didn't immediately see him either, despite the snake's buffness or insurmountable length (Gerrark's cheeks were so puffed up he had practically no peripheral vision.). It wasn't until he tripped on one of the snake's thick coils that Gerrark remembered anything existed outside of his anger, but when he did, that rage dissipated almost immediately.

"Oh! Hey babe," the hyena huffed, still baring his teeth but at least speaking at a normal volume. The inky black coils that had caught the hyena as he fell were already lifting him back to his feet, while more and more filled the space around them. The snake stared down at the panting mongrel with sympathy in his eyes, affection in his sibilant tone.

"Bosssss... what's wrong?" he said, leaning his body down, closer, his head now at the hyena's level--the hyena was big before and bigger now, but still small compared to the snake, "You ssseem upset."

"Rrr..." the hyena growled, trying to cross his arms, failing, and then looking away.

"Bosssss," the snake said, using the tail tip that had already made its way up Gerrark's shoulders to turn his head ever so, "Ssspeak to me." The hyena caught the serpent's shining eyes, sighed, and turned towards him.

"You always get me with that look," the hyena grunted, "Anyway... there was a... a thing at the pizza place."

"A thing?" the snake repeated, leaning on a peak of coils that rose up to meet his arm.

"Yeah, a thing," Gerrark snorted, already lounging on his own set of powerful coils.

“What kind of thing, ssssweetheart?”

The hyena sighed and said something under his breath, much to the serpent’s obvious amusement. He simply stood there, watching the dog squirm atop a pile of scaly muscle until he finally overcame his embarrassment, and spoke.

“I went to Marco’s for a slice or two--first of all, those doors of theirs are a menace, total shitshow, and I-”

“Sssweetie,” the snake said, with a snap of his jaw. Gerrark’s head turned back towards him.

“Yeah well, anyway, so I go up to the counter, order a slice, and the kid behind the counter says, can you believe this?” the hyena rolled his eyes and growled, “He said ‘are you sure that’s gonna be enough for you, Boss?’ Straight-faced, like he was doing me some sorta fucking favor!”

In a flash, the fire of his rage was burning just as hot as it had been a minute ago. His eyes were almost as red as his face, and his claws flexed at the tips of his fingers and toes (though the fat made that pretty hard to see). He looked like he might foam at the mouth at any moment, but eventually, the chuckling snake stepped, or rather, slithered in.

“Sssweetheart,” he hissed, tilting the hyena’s many chins with both hands, “He was jusst trying to help.”

“Ah-”

Gerrark opened his mouth to protest, frown already formed, but then his gaze met the snake’s. When he did, the serpent’s eyes began to change. It was subtle at first, his pupil throbbing, like it was dilating or something similar. But then all of a sudden that pupil expanded, pushing out into a ring as thick and as black as his coils; a ring of gold, just like his normal eyes (but so much prettier, shinier somehow) followed the black one to the edge of his eyelids, which was followed by another black ring, another golden one, black, gold, black...

The first time the hyena had seen this snake’s terrible gaze, he fought so hard. Pushed against the coils, growled and jerked his head away, even tried to scratch and bite... but that was so long ago now. A month to the world, but to the hyena, it might as well have been an eternity. An eternity in this snake’s gaze, fighting and losing and fighting and losing and losing and losing and--there was no more fighting now. As the first rings of gold and black washed over Gerrark’s face, the programming the snake had implanted was immediately summoned to the fore. Wide-eyed, he watched the colorful display, only moving to keep it in front of his drooping face. With speed unmatched by every time previous, only ever getting quicker, the rings of black and gold exploded out from the center of Gerrark’s eyes, reflecting the snake’s perfectly. The reptile didn’t even have to sing his song anymore, the hyena was already gone; his tail thumped a thick coil gently.

“Good boy. I was ssspeaking,” the serpent hissed, his eyes returning to normal--Gerrark’s did not.

“As I was saying: he was jusst trying to help, my darling dog,” the snake said, nodding slowly. The hyena tried to nod as well but he was too clumsy, and doing so almost brought him to the floor. Luckily for him, there was no more floor. Only coils, endless coils, lifting up his fat body only to tumble it down a slide of several more.

“He was worried about you... I’m worried about you, sssweetheart,” the serpent said without a trace of guilt, “You’re all ssskin and bones.”

“I am?” the hyena mumbled, right before his body dripped down another ledge of coils, landing in a seat just big enough for his massive bottom. His snoot was pressed right up against the snake’s.

“Yesss,” the snake said, his eyes strobing once again, though only for a second. He had to suppress his smile when he felt the hyena’s cock throb against his coil, even under that tremendous amount of pudge.

“You are.”

“I am,” the hyena repeated, smiling like an idiot.

“You’re small, skinny, practically a wissssp,” the reptile cooed, as Gerrark was bounced to and fro in front of him, “You should eat more.”

“I should eat more,” Gerrark was barely heard to mumble through the coils dragging against his face.

“You’re the Bossss,” the snake muttered, leaning back against his own coils now, “Your body should be as big as your ego.”

“I’m the Boss,” the hyena sleepily repeated, sliding down a spiral of coils, the sides of his wobbly gut almost getting caught in other loops on the way down.

“And I’ll take care of you,” the snake said, just as the hyena slid into his lap (eliciting the softest little “oof”). The hyena’s colorful gaze met his own again, his face nothing but smiles. The reptile smiled back, a very different kind of smile.

“You can trust me.”

Everything was so heavy, so warm to the hyena. Lifting his jaw was tremendously difficult, and wrangling his tongue felt impossible. Still, with all the energy he had left, he opened his fat yap, ready to tell the snake that yes, yes he did trust him. That he knew he could trust him, only him, and that-

As soon as Gerrark’s mouth opened, the serpent’s tail pushed on the back of his head, pushing him directly onto the snake’s nipple. Warm milk instantly flooded his mouth, tantalizing his tongue. Automatically the hyena began to suck, and his eyelids started to fall. The snake shivered, and then patted the back of Gerrark’s head.

“Dinnertime, pup. You haven’t eaten all day.”

Gerrark responded, though it was impossible to understand a single milk-drowned syllable. Right after, he went back to pulling that massive tit with his teeth,

drinking great gulps of milk that went right to the thighs the snake was currently rolling around in his hands.

“That’s my Bossss.”