

It was disgusting, that's what it was. That little idol of frilly pink perversion was radiating waves of filthy cooties all over the room, and Kit had to hold himself back from recoiling in horror every time he laid eyes upon the loathsome thing. He hated it more than he hated anything else on this planet, and every single day he lived was a day filled to the brim with fantasies wrought with its destruction. In fact, it was only because he had so much love for his roommate that he had not yet annihilated it with extreme prejudice. But the day would nevertheless come, and come soon. That Easy-Bake Oven would taste his wrath, the bitter flavor an appetizer of the destruction he would visit upon it.

"Kit, I was asking you a question?" Quinn said in his usual "statement asked like a question for some reason" kind of way.

"Oh, right. Sure, I'll make sure to pull the muffins out on time." Oh, oh yes. And when that time came, the Sword of Damocles would finally fall on that infernal device. As soon as your usefulness was at an end oven. Just you wait. Oh damn Quinn was frowning at him smile smile smile.

"That is so? Well then how long do the muffins be in there then?" Quinn could tell deep down how much he hated that thing, Kit was sure. Why Quinn used that awful little thing was beyond him, but damn if he didn't make the most delicious little pastries with that incandescent bulb box of hate.

"Oh, uh, umm, 20 minutes?"

"No, please Kit!" Quinn said, sounding annoyed. Man, no matter how hard he tried to sound angry he just sounded more adorable.

"Ten minutes, ten! 20 and they would be burned Kit, no one likes burned muffins!"

"Okay okay man jeez, ten minutes, ten minutes I'll take them out. 3:54 p.m. no earlier and no later."

"Yes alright. Just be careful it is very important these desserts turn out good I am testing for cooking final tomorrow and practice is good!" Quinn rambled on as he pushed the muffin tray until the little Easy-Bake slot, "And these are the only things I need help with because there is not enough room in kitchen for everything I'm cooking."

"Okay okay man seriously," Kit rolled his eyes, "Quit expositioning over there and get going or else your other stuff will burn too."

"They will all be fine. After all," Quinn fished into his pocket, pulling out a pair of sunglasses, as dramatically as possible, "I am 'on time.'"

Kit just sighed as Quinn walked out of the room, laughing his head off. Like most of every "joke" Quinn made, Kit was just going to ignore it and go back to what he was doing. These macaroni ninjas weren't going to free the country of Cheddartopia themselves.

"HIGH SCORE. LEVEL COMPLETE. GAME FUN," the screen blurted out at Kit. Fucking finally, past that damn water level. It was like a goddamn rule that every water level in every video game ever sucked entire bags of dicks. Kit still saw his therapist over his Ecco flashbacks.

"LEVEL TEN START."

"LEVEL TEN."

"LEVEL TEN."

"LEVEL TEN."

“Oh shit!” Kit completely ignored the fact that the game seemed to have locked up and kept screaming the same line at him, because he was scrambling over to the accursed baking cube as quickly as he could.

"Please don't be burnt please fuck don't be burnt please fuck fuck fuck fuck."

If Kit had bothered to check the time, he would have noticed that he was only a minute late, but he didn't and was now on the verge of having a heart attack as he scrambled to use the odd little pink grabber thing to pull out the muffin tray. It took him a few tries to finally extract it, burning his finger slightly and almost dropping it in the process, but he got it out.

A deep sigh of relief issued from Kit's mouth, and he fell back against the couch (again, almost dropping the tray, Jesus man). Quinn would not kill him today. Heck, Kit maybe even did him a solid by leaving them in that extra minute. Kit's nose had been sniffing like mad without him even realizing it initially, and when he finally realized that he couldn't stop himself, he had to wipe his mouth to stem the tide of drool. Oh my God they smelled delicious, and they looked absolutely perfect. He could swear he saw delicious scent lines wafting off of them like this was some sort of weird Tex Avery throwback.

"One couldn't hurt." Kit said, reaching out towards the tray.

“No!” Quinn shouted from the thought bubble dangling above his head, smacking his hand away.

"You know I said it was for my practicing Kit, I did not say you could eat one!"

“Hey, wouldn’t it be good to get some feedback? I mean, you can’t really look at your own food objectively could you?”

"Kit remember last time you did this I said I would hit you with a rock," the skunk said, crossing his arms as the thought bubble turned dark red with annoyance.

"Except it wasn't a rock..."

"It was a rock lobster!" Kit said, merrily humming the tune and reaching for a muffin after successfully distracting himself from the warning the imaginary Quinn had given.

It was absolutely delicious. That was really the only way to describe the thing. Texture, taste, temperature, even the way it sat in his stomach felt amazing and seemed to spread warmth throughout his entire body. Kit had no idea how Quinn did it, but he had seriously made the most perfect muffins in the entire world. Kit couldn't even seem to pin down the flavor; just that they tasted absolutely amazing.

"Burrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr," Kit shamelessly expounded, sitting himself back on the couch. Man, that was good. He'd have to ask Quinn to make some more. Maybe if he was lucky he could have more of Quinn's stuff when he got back, because *damn* was Kit hungry. In fact, maybe he should have just one more muffin. That would be cool, right? I mean as long as at least one was left, this was just practice for the exam anyway. Besides, Kit was definitely going to tell Quinn how delicious these were, dang. Best muffins he ever had, ever. Yeah, one more would be alright.

And Kit would have had that one (several) more, but as he reached over to the tray and turned his head, he almost fainted. Every last one of the muffins was already gone, no indicator that there had even been any muffins in the first place besides the perfectly sweet smell that hung in the air and a couple of crumbs.

“Wait what the hell? No no noooo, I did not just do that.” Kit was pacing out of fear as he was wont to do, unsure of how on earth this happened exactly. Every single muffin gone,

already? He didn't even remember eating them all! All he remembered was eating the one, that first bite so perfectly melty in his mouth--Then another bite, and another, and another. Oh crap.

"Holy crap what do I do what do I do!" Kit pounded on his head as his pacing grew faster. Okay, so he did somehow eat all of the muffins, because seriously, no, really, they were that good. But what was he going to do now? There were no more muffins to eat, and he was starving! What on earth was he going to do? He needed more of them dammit! Oh wait, right, and Quinn would be P.O.ed... Whatever he needed more of that taste dammit.

"Kit! Whatever are you doing?"

Quinn was standing in the doorway with several tupperware containers in his hands, watching as Kit knelt hunched over the empty muffin tray. His snout was buried in one of the dimples that once housed one of the muffins, while his tongue flicked out, trying to catch any last crumbs he may have missed. He looked over at Quinn for a moment, his body tensing with the guilt of his insane actions. Then he took another sniff, and suddenly stopped caring, continuing his sad ritual.

"Kit! What are you doing! You ate all my muffins!" Quinn stomped his way over to the common room couch, setting down his backpack and tupperware, and looking annoyed. Well, actually not as annoyed as Kit expected him to be at all. Kind of over the top annoyed, like he wasn't actually upset and just trying to make Kit think he was. Though admittedly Kit probably wasn't the best judge at the moment, as half of his face was buried in an EZ Bake Oven tray in a vain attempt to extract crumbs from its recesses.

"Quinn, I am tho thorry," Kit said, sounding as genuine as a person with his tongue stuck to a muffin tray could, "but they were tho delithiouth. Can you make more by the way? I really really want thome."

"Kit, I told you those were for my class, but yes you should I think have more desserts." Quinn's tone softened considerably, all traces of anger gone entirely. Kit was too busy marveling at the idea of more of the most delicious muffins in the world to notice.

Finally dislodging his face from the indents in the tray, Kit tossed the suddenly useless pan away and sat at the edge of the couch, reminiscent of a pet waiting for a treat. He was clearly restraining himself as best he could, but he was twitching with excitement at the idea of more muffins, and as Quinn bent over and opened a container (teasing "pop" included) it looked like he was about to tackle the skunk and go hog wild. He didn't, but only for now.

A disappointed look painted his face as soon as the container's contents were shown to him though. Somehow, he was expecting more muffins, even though a single rational thought would tell him that would be silly. No, this tupperware was filled with chocolate chocolate chip cookies, not that that mattered. Kit might have started out frowning when he first saw them, but the second he caught a whiff of them an all too recently familiar feeling of intense pleasure shivered through his body and he began to drool on top of them.

"You can have as many as you want Kit," Quinn said in a very, very devious sort of way (Kit did not notice), "but on the condition that you let me feed you. You'll make a mess."

So many things about that statement should have upset Kit. Firstly, he was not a child, or an animal for that matter. He could feed himself he didn't need a bib or any help. Secondly, what on earth was going on with Quinn? This was a side of him that Kit had not seen, and it was disconcerting to say the least. And last but not least, Quinn had grabbed Kit by the chin to keep

him from just openly drooling into the container, a type of physical contact Kit had never before witnesses with him. But despite this list of good reasons to be suspicious, Kit's body responded before he had a chance to even rationally assess the situation. If he wanted more food, he'd have to sit down, so in a split second he plopped himself back onto the couch, staring up at Quinn expectantly. The skunk was wearing quite a big smile.

"There we go. Let you get helped by me Kit," Quinn said in a low voice, pulling his backpack next to the couch, and plopping down next to him. Kit just looked up at him, wanting desperately to dive at the pile of cookies within reach, but would not, *could* not. He would have to sit back and wait for Quinn to feed him if he wanted a cookie, and as weird and degrading as it was--oh my god, the warmth, the flavor.

What was Kit worried about a second ago? He couldn't remember, but more importantly why would he want to? Marring this perfect moment with any thought outside of enjoying Quinn's baking and deft hands would be criminal. One skunk hand pushed cookies into Kit's mouth, not too fast, not forcing him either; instead allowing him to enjoy each silky smooth chocolate bite, and let them slowly fill him up and spread warmth throughout. The other hand was no less busy, and had now taken itself to patting Kit's belly. Rubbing it, even teasing into his belly button ever so gently. Kit had never been a fan of his gut before, but now with such appreciation and pleasure coming his way, Kit didn't just like it, he wanted more it. More cookies, more belly for him and his skunk friend to enjoy. This wasn't just for him, no, it was for Quinn, he only now realized.

"See, much nicer yes Kit?"

Kit just nodded, letting himself sink more into the couch, which just so happened to cause Quinn to sink closer to him as well. He felt really big, really full now--How long had he been eating cookies? It was hard to gauge, but it never lost its appeal. And heck, full as he was, he always felt like he could take just a liiiiittle bit more. Oh well, who cares how big he got. Just made him better at cuddling Quinn, it felt nice to have his friend lay against him like this, nice big pillowy belly to lay on.

The roo didn't realize he had been opening and closing his mouth with nothing in it for a good few minutes, until he felt a smooth hand caress his slightly wobbly cheek. He opened his tired eyes with some difficulty, and saw Quinn smiling back at him, almost bringing Kit to tears. Well, Quinn didn't have that effect alone, the big glazed donut that swung like a pendulum next to Quinn's face helped a ton. Somehow, despite how much he had already eaten, Kit was suddenly hungry (starving) for more. But as he reached up for it face first, Quinn pulled it back, smiling.

"Nonono, lay back Kit. If I make your belly bigger I want to appreciate." Kit just opened his mouth dutifully. Questioning Quinn or the situation was no longer an option mentally. If the food wasn't winning him over by itself the touch of Quinn's delicate fingers across his big body was the final nail in the coffin. So with a grunt he lay on his back and let his jaw go slack, prepared to receive more baked goods. His now prominent belly so large it provided a veritable hill for the skunk to rest upon as he dangled donuts in front of Kit's snout, which is exactly what he did.

Kit didn't get much bigger, because Quinn didn't actually have many donuts to feed him. Quinn just needed an excuse for Kit to lay on his back, the bottom half of his belly poking out from under the shirt that was unable to contain it any longer. "Pop!" went the finger the

yanked itself from Kit's mouth, Quinn giggling in his flamboyant accent as he had Kit clean the glaze from his fingers. Even with the feeding finished, Kit just lay back in a food induced daze, as if enjoying the afterglow. Dull claws from dainty skunk hands traced little patterns through his short fur, the belly in question just gurgling in response. It was a tad bit difficult because of Kit's new girth, but the kangaroo now took up his rightful role as a body pillow for the skunk, who pulled himself as close as he could to him.

"Ahhh, perfect, this is definitely most perfect," Quinn muttered, closing his eyes himself.

Yeah, perfect, this was perfect. Warm, full, but somehow not too full. Feeling the skunk lay next to him, hug him, squeeze him. Kit was feeling perfect.

"Ahhh wait, dangit," Kit frowned, his brain finally beginning to work through the sugar haze, "You're gonna fail your test for sure. Weren't you gonna need to have people taste these?" Kit tried to sound as concerned as he could, even if his question was punctuated by a satisfied burp.

"Oh, I was lying, I just baked up a batch of maguffins to get you fat Kit."

"Oh, okay."