

Funny how I was able to get out of paying my taxes, and got a nice new desk job at the same time. It seems so long ago that I can barely remember it, but I'll try.

I was baking some bread at the time, I was one of three bakers in the little town of Nottingham. Prince John had flexed his iron grip upon the town for a few months at this point, and we were all feeling it. Everyone's spirits were pretty low. Some people couldn't taken it anymore and had outright fled, and some new "hero" had emerged recently. Some guy who apparently stole from Prince John and gave the money back to us poor peasant folk. His name was... ..Lark? No, Robin, there we go. Robin Hood. Funny name for a guy, but I guess that's not important.

So as I was saying, I was in the bakery alone, since the other two bakers, Nicolas and Phillip, were out with a dough related injury and buying ingredients, respectively. Even if this desk job is a lot better, I didn't mind baking really. It was nice. Pleasant smells, pretty easy, and I had a good indicator always on hand to see if the bread was just right. If it was the color of my fur, it was just about done. I was pretty lucky to be born the only tawny cat baker in all of Nottingham.

Now, I'm pretty sure I know the real reason why Phil chose today to get ingredients (and I have a sneaking suspicion why all that dough got inside of Nick as well). Today was tax day, and our bakery didn't have anywhere near enough. The tax rate had gone up to a sterling just recently. Can you believe it? A whole sterling! We didn't even have a single farthing with all the taxes and lack of business as of late. And now it was on my head to explain that to the Sheriff.

I knew the second he was walking down the little dirt path to the building. Anyone could recognize his voice from a mile away. He hummed so jovially, that weird tune of his. I didn't even look up when I heard him knock on the doorjam and "ahem!" real loudly. Still don't like the guy very much, even now.

"Hello, here for some bre-oh! Sheriff, what brings you here today?" I'm not a bad actor, but I don't think that I kept the venom out of my voice too well. Luckily the Sheriff's an idiot.

"It's tax day ya see," he stumbled towards me, big belly bouncing with every step, "And I'm here to collect this place's due. Now Liam, whatcha got for me today?"

Thankfully, I had practiced this many times in my head before he got here, so I was ready. I drew myself up confidently, picked up the big bag near the cutting table, and hefted it upon it, the bag going "thud". The Sheriff's eyes were as big as plates. He tore at the bag like the wolf that he is, only to find a baker's dozen of very old, very hard biscuits.

"Now what's this here?" he said, looking back at me with surprise and annoyance, "This sure ain't the money you owe. This ain't even this month's taxes, you're..." He took a moment to count on his fat fingers, "Three months behind in taxes!"

"Well, I figured I'd give you what you deserved Sheriff, and what more deserving of a guy with a skull as thick as a rock than biscuits as hard as them?"

While it all worked out in the end anyway, as I sat in a cell in the castle's dungeon, I realized that goading the Sheriff from the get-go might not have been the smartest plan. Who could blame me though? I never thought he'd actually understand that I was making fun of him, let alone actually have the brainpower strong enough to act on an emotion other than "eat" or "poop". That's what learning from mistakes are for though, I suppose. And I was about ready at the time to admit that I had perhaps made one.

For a few days or so I sat alone in the cell, given plates of scraps by someone who I think is named "Nutsy", if the Sheriff's insults were correct. I was admittedly pretty worried at this time. Did anyone know what happened to me? Is the bakery alright? What were they going to do, keep me locked up forever? These are the questions that haunted me during that time, so when the door began to open by day three (I think, time is so hard to gauge in there.), I was on me knees before I

could see who it was, head to the ground.

"Please, please let me out! Don't behead or hang me or keep me locked up in here until by fur is gray and I'm toothless! I'll do anything, I'll even work for you until I pay off the debt, I just want to leave this prison!" There was silence for a few moments, and when I finally brought my head off the ground I saw a snake with a small mantle and hat staring at me, his scaly brow raised in shock. It was Sir Hiss, the Prince's attendant and fellow schemer for the crown.

Then that same brow furrowed for a moment as he stared at me and I stared back, before he turned around and said to Nutsy "Leave me be with thissss prisoner, I think I know jussst how to help him." He snickered, and Nutsy gulped, pulling the door closed with a slam and a click. I think I heard him race away as fast as his clumsy talons could take him.

"Apparently, the Sheriff had locked you up in here without telling the Prince, because this is not standard protocol for tax cheats, you ssee." I just nodded, not noticing yet that I still lay prostate before the diminutive serpent. "We usually have you pay off your debt with hard manual labor, or we jussst exact the price in possessions. By the way, do you like my new hat? Hssshss." He chuckled in a very evil way, as if remembering the moment of the malicious deed.

"But apparently you made him mad, and he locked you up here. He told me how you insulted him. It was very funny, hssshs." He shook his head as he began to laugh uproariously, wiping away a tear. "Biscuits as hard as your head, hssshss. Oh that's rich." He continued to shake with giggly hisses of amusement for a moment, before regaining his composure.

"I was coming in here to let you go. Your fellow bakers have paid off the debt by... Alternative means, and you should have been free yesterday because of that. The Sheriff just refused to acknowledge that he messed up and put you in here."

I tell you, at that point I was so happy, I had to have been on the verge of tears. Sure, I was angry that I had been so thoroughly wronged by the Sheriff, but who cares? I could leave this cell, go back to my old life, and best of all, not hang at sunset! I actually went so far as to pick up the snake and began to kiss him quite a few times.

"Thank goodness, I can go! Thank you thank you thank you Sir Hiss!"

"Jussst one moment, hssshss. I ssaid I was going to let you go Liam." He smiled, the small gap in his teeth showing prominently as I just held him in front of my face, stopping mid-kiss. "However, I found today that the bakery is getting along jussst fine without you, and with that display from a second ago, I'm not sure you're re-fit to enter society yet. You sseem to have quite the detrimental emotional psssychoisssss, don't you?"

I wasn't sure what I was expecting, but suddenly the snake's eyes did the oddest thing. For a moment I just stared into his big eyes, and he into mine. Then they changed. Rings of color, from blue, to green, back to yellow, appeared, and each moved inward toward his pupil. It was so strange, that I had to keep staring. I never saw anything like it.

"You ssee, the perfect remedy for ssuch a psssychoisssss, is a little dossse of hypnosssiss, wouldn't you agree?" I had never noticed before now, but that hiss sent shivers up my spine. I must have sat down on my knees at this point, because it was so hard maintaining my crouched position. And that hiss made me just want to sit back and relax.

"It's a perfect way to correct any problems with the mind, like willpower or individuality, undersstand?" My hands had fallen down now, my whole body just kind of sank down, I think. Because I felt so tired, staring into those pretty eyes. It took all of my focus and energy to stare. I couldn't devote it to anything else. I could only stare and listen. To his beautiful eyes. His sibilant voice. Luckily he had begun to slide up along my body, all six feet of him wrapped up along me. Up around my neck. He nodded, his head close to mine. I did too, I had to keep staring directly at those pretty

eyes.

"I sssee that you do, hssshsss. It's nice to just relax and agree, don't you think? You're much happier this way, I can tell. You feel sssso good. Don't you?"

"I feel so good." I heard myself say. My lips felt like weights were attached. Only because he asked, I spoke.

"You feel sssso relaxed, don't you?"

"I feel so relaxed."

"Sssso at ease."

"At ease."

"Sssso obedient."

"Obedient."

"Sssso horny, hssshsss."

"Horny mmmff!" I moaned, because I felt a smooth tail push down the front of my pants and release my kitty dick. I didn't know I was so hard, but it made sense. Sir Hiss said I was horny, and all I had energy to do was focus on him. Listen to him. Obey him. That's all I could do. I didn't have the brainpower to know what my body was doing, let alone control it. That's why I let Sir Hiss do it. His scales felt so good on my member. I began to drool from both heads. I was so happy, and I didn't have energy or need to close my mouth. That would be for someone who wasn't obedient.

"That's right. Sssso, listen. I need a new assistant. And clearly you're qualified, aren't you?" He nodded, I nodded.

"You're relaxed. At ease. Happy. Obedient. And very horny. Perfect qualities for my assisstant. Plusss, you wouldn't mind being my transportation I bet, hssshsss." I am relaxed. At ease. Happy. Obedient. Horny. I'm so glad I stared into his beautiful eyes. They made it so easy to clear out my pesky thoughts and think clearly for the first time.

"Sssso, you're going to say goodbye to your will. Goodbye to your mind. Goodbye to your bakery." I shivered a little at this, I think I began to blink a little off-rhythm. My bakery? I loved my bakery. I loved the smell of bread, of kneading the dough. All of that. I looked around, my vision began to clear of those rings, and those pesky thoughts began to nag at me again. I think I still had some will inside me then.

Luckily, Sir Hiss is smart, smarter than I'll ever be. Immediately noticing that I began to think for myself again, he gave my dick a strong squeeze, and I let out a yelp, turning back around to face him, and his forehead pressed against mine. Those pretty rings again, all I could see. He rubbed, nice and hard now. Oohh, it felt so good. I could feel my balls beginning to swell.

"Feels good, hmmm?"

"Oh yes Sir Hiss!"

"That'sss Master to you."

"Yes Master!"

"You want to feel this way all the time."

"Yes Master!"

"You want to be my new assistant."

"Yes Master!"

"You need to be my sslave."

"Yes Master!"

"Then cum sslave."

I humped his tail reflexively, hitting the cell door and floor with long ropes of feline seed. It all went away then. Everything that was not Sir Hiss, that was not Master. It all went dark. I could still

hear him speak sweetly to me. I was listening, but couldn't understand. But I didn't worry, he'd make sure it got through.

So that's how I got where I am today. It's a pretty sweet deal. I am Sir Hiss's transportation, the snake around my shoulders as I walk about the castle and village. Sometimes he hides in my clothes (I really like it when Master does that). I help him relieve tension after a long day. Sure, I don't have the nice smells anymore, but how he tastes more than makes up for it. And best of all has to be when I help him write, like right now.

"Quit moving your belly sso much kitty." he says to me softly, and I just nod, trying not to breathe in such an unsettling manner. It's hard, since the quill rubbing against the paper tickles my belly, but I like it. I make the best desk he's ever had, he tells me.

"Aaaaand finished. Hmmm, I think sssomeone dessserves a reward for ssstaying so still." His tail tip nudges my cock, which bobs back and forth, throbbing. It has been hard the whole time, waiting for Master's touch, and with that alone it almost explodes.

"Isn't this better than your old job, my cute kitten?"

"What old job?" I say, and he smiles again, showing off his gap. Sure, I remember, but none of that old stuff is important, only pleasing Sir Hiss is.

"Open wide." I do, and I feel something slick push onto my tongue, which I suck dutifully.

"Hsshss, I was right. You aren't fit for society. Only one thing fits you well, hssshshss. "