

The cloaked figure made his way hurriedly into the darkened alley, looking back and forth all the while. He had nothing on him besides some money, his clothes (cloak included), and paranoia. No one was to know who he was, or that he had come here. If asked, he would only give the name Rudiger (obviously fake), and scurry away before anyone had a chance to question him.

No one did though. He was not followed or questioned the entire length of his journey, and made his way through the city to his destination without incident. He stood before the door of a dingy building, not even twenty feet wide between the two buildings that sandwiched it. It looked dilapidated and possibly abandoned. The lack of a sign or address only magnified this suspicion. However, as if it were the house of a beloved neighbor, the large cloaked man walked calmly into the dusty dark.

"So I suppose you're here for it then?" Said a bird that looked as old as the curios he sold.

"Yes," replied the cloaked one, his voice low and gravely, an obvious attempt to disguise himself.

"Just remember, it's very potent, only a little is needed."

"Here," a hand pushed four hundred dollars across the wooden counter; he had no time for warnings.

"I only wish I could be around to see it used. This will be very very interesting, hekekekeke..." The bird chuckled and coughed. A horrible, grinding kind of cough, one that came only with a voice that had said many terrible things in its time. He reached under the counter and set upon it a small bag, chuckling all the while.

"Thanks," the mystery man said tersely, hand almost shying away from the small pouch for a moment, as if reconsidering. But he snatched it up quick and soon stole away from the shop, sure he would never return. And if things went according to plan, he wouldn't have to.

"Cake time! And this time it's not a lie! Haha, look at how clever I am," a smiling lion said as he brought out a large chocolate cake. The tall creature flicked his plumed tail back and forth, looking even less presentable than usual with his messy mane and batter covered t-shirt. This was the reason Derek couldn't bring any chicks over here. Well, that and the fact that Henry was a huge nerd. The lion sat the cake upon the lacquered coffee table that a lean bunny's paw also rested on, the rabbit's eyes straying above the screen of his laptop only for a moment.

"That was just bad Henry," he said, trying to suppress a groan. Sure, it was cute, but damn it got annoying sometimes.

"Pfffft. Now come on, I baked a cake. Chocolate, with yellow batter. Your favorite!"

"It is, but I had dessert yesterday. I'm trying to stay in shape."

"But, you're all skin and bones, and..."

"Henry, come on. I'm trying to be in the best shape I can for try-outs, alright?" Derek sighed, and shook his head. His roomie was a cool enough guy, sure, but he had a hard time taking no for an answer, especially when it came to food. If he didn't cook all their meals (delicious ones at that) and keep the place spotless the rabbit might have been searching for a new apartment ages ago.

The lion held in one hand a saucer, which contained only a sliver of the sugary treat, and a fork in the other, looking at the rabbit pleadingly.

"Just a teensy piece? It'll go to waste."

Derek groaned, and slid his portable computer out of the way. The rabbit tried hard to keep his runner's physique; it was difficult staying so attractively thin when you're 6'1. Just look at his

roommate for goodness sake. The snow white hare was almost the opposite of the slightly pudgy lion, and he intended on keeping it that way.

But if this would get Henry to shut up, it was worth it. He reached out begrudgingly to take the cake and suddenly froze, a thought crossing his mind.

The lapine reached into his pocket with his other hand, confirming the location of his small plastic bag. To his roommate? No, that'd be too weird. It probably wouldn't even make him shut his trap anyway. Hell, it might make him worse, and besides, how would he get him to take-

"Derek, are you going to eat your cake?"

"Ah yes yes I will!!" The rabbit yanked his hand forth quickly, banishing the thoughts from his mind. It was just easier to give in to his ridiculous request than waste something like that. For now at least, who knows what'll happen later if this keeps up. If used preemptively next time maybe it'd get him an evening of quiet.

The rabbit looked a bit more peeved than a person should while eating cake, cutting off a tiny bit with the edge of his fork, and sliding it into his mouth. His frown disappeared the moment the cake touched his tongue. His roommate was a good chef, but this was a whole other class of cooking. He'd never had cake, or any food at that, that just exploded with flavor like this. Suddenly ravenous, it only took him a moment before he wolfed down the sliver of cake, licking the edge of his furry snout and trying to get every last morsel of the stuff into his mouth.

"Oh man, I'm so sorry Henry," Derek said, his voice carrying a whimper of gratitude. "That cake is the best man. Can I have some more?"

"Why sure!" The lion's disappointed visage transformed instantly to pure joy, heaping another (far larger) slice onto the bunny's plate. "Have as much as you want."

That's exactly what Derek wanted to hear, and it wasn't long before he was shoveling the entirety of this bigger piece into his muzzle too, sitting and savoring the last bite for a long moment. He looked like he had finally attained nirvana, and apparently it was 800 calories a serving.

He swallowed, and sighed as if in afterglow. He didn't lick his lips this time, and instead reached for another slice of cake, a hefting a quarter of it onto his plate, which he instantly began to ravage. The lion just stood there, his smile becoming quite a bit more wicked as the bunny continued to eat.

"Go ahead, eat it all if you wish Derek," Henry said softly, licking his own lips now.

Derek only grunted in approval. He had stopped the unnecessary work of cutting the cake at this point, and was just shoveling it into his gaping mouth, fork forgotten. As he ate, while it wasn't noticeable at first, some changes were occurring. His belly was getting bigger faster than it should have, and his fur seemed to be changing slightly. At first it just seemed like chocolate was staining his white fur, but there was far too much upon his snout now, and it was spreading. It was all over his body, from his face to his widening paw, and all of it seemed to have this rich brown quality to it. On top of that, his body seemed to be getting bigger as a whole. Burlier really, and soon the barely a rabbit hunched as he shoveled more cake into his lengthening maw. Even worse, his mind was undergoing changes as well, and as a result, the once rabbit was far more comfortable with his growing addiction than he should have been.

It was so delicious, Derek needed more. He didn't, no, *couldn't* stop eating it. He needed more, more. More cake, more food from Henry. Only he could make something this good. He needed more food, more of Henry's food. He needed Henry.

The "rabbit", with chocolate lips and a crumb laden front, stood up from his seat, his newfound belly jiggling for a moment from under his now tight shirt. He moved over to the lion, and pulled him by his arms, staring at him. "More man, I need more. That was fucking amazing. I'll do anything, just

more cake.”

“Heheh, just calm down dude... You sure you want more?” What a tease he was, that evil snickering lion.

“Yes, please, please!”

“Good.” The lion pulled the changing rabbit into the kitchen, who almost immediately fainted upon entering.

He didn't know where Henry got the time, but there was a smorgasbord of food waiting for him. Pretzels, pie, burgers, fries, pizza, everything the rabbit could want and more. And it all smelled as good as the cake; it all had that quality to it that the rabbit just could barely define. The only word that crossed his mind was “bliss.”

“Ah ah ah,” the lion said, grabbing the rabbit by the collar to stop him from leaping, “you know, you're already pretty addicted, and not thinking clearly. If you keep eating, I doubt there'll be much left of you...”

Derek was only half hearing all of this. And with what he did hear, he hardly cared. He just wanted the feed, needed the food. Needed to get fat, enjoy. Needed to enjoy himself, thank Henry properly. Henry was so nice, generous, to a rabbit like him. Henry deserved the best. Henry deserved everything Derek could give him.

The lion seemed to be able to read thoughts, because he only grinned again, and pulled the rabbit close, to stare in his eyes.

“You already don't care about anything but food, anything but me, do you?” The rabbit shook his head.

“What about staying skinny, joining the track squad?” Derek whined at this.

“Not important. Food important, you important....”

“Eating a lot is important,” the lion said with finality.

“Eating a lot is important...” the rabbit replied mechanically, his muzzle lengthening.

“Getting fat is important.”

“Getting fat is important,” Derek mumbled as teardrop shaped tail became round and stubby.

“Giving Henry, your master, what he deserves is important.”

The rabbit stumbled mentally for a moment.

“What do I give you...Master?”

“I only want what isn't important. Isn't that nice of me?”

“Very nice Master.” Derek's ears shrunk, in proportion to his brown head at least.

“I just want your mind.”

“My mind?” Derek stumbled again. That wasn't important? But he was sure...

The lion pulled a piece of pizza from the dinner table nearby, and waved it front of the long brown boxy snout of the once rabbit beast. No, minds weren't important, he realized as the scent seductively slid across his nose. Only food. Only Master.

“Only Master.”

“Only Master,” the big brown bear muttered, drooling copiously

“Good boy. So, *you* get all this. All you could ever want, all you could ever need, for the rest of your days. All *I* need it your mind. Sounds fair, right?”

A moment ago, the rabbit would have told him he was some sort of freak, and have called the police. Now, a bear was nodding his head with the dumb bliss of a lapdog. Another sniff of the pizza entered the brown bear's nose, and the fight disappeared from him completely. He began to sway, dull-eyed, jaw dropping, and drool hanging off of it.

“That's a good boy...” The lion said, pressing his front to the bear's back, rubbing over his

newly budding belly. "Go ahead; fill up on food for now. Then I'll fill you up." He gave the bear a grope, and in doing so felt a bulge in the pocket of his tearing pants. Giving him one more grope for good measure, he then pulled out the offending item and let go the bear go, giving him a slap on his fat butt.

"Go ahead cutie, eat."

The lion watched the bear from his peripheral as he examined the object, a little plastic bag. The lion looked inside at the contents and smirked. Apparently the rabbit had some ecstasy on him. Henry shrugged and pocketed it. Maybe he'd find some use for it later with his new plaything. It's not like the big dumb bear had the mental capacity to use it himself anymore.

The lion admired his fattening bear boy for a moment longer, before he took a pouch of his own out of his pocket, and smiled. The old man was right, this was potent stuff. Even better than he expected. Perhaps the lion should thank him, if he had the time. He would have to do a lot more cooking now to keep his big bear full, and any time not spent in the kitchen was sure to be spent working some of that fat off in the bedroom.

"Come here for your treat Derek, this'll be the best treat yet..."