

While he may have been trying to be as sneaky as possible, the Sheriff was also very large.

"Owww!" The wolf cried out, not trying to muffle or stifle himself in the slightest as he bumped into a nightstand, the thing falling over with a crash.

The big lump upon the extravagant bed shifted for a moment, and made an odd groaning noise. The Sheriff had by now quieted himself and was standing stock still, hoping not to make any further noise. As the lump stopped shifting and its breaths became relaxed once more, he began to inch closer to the bed.

Unfortunately, the wolf's former hopes were in vain, as he had apparently forgotten about the very nightstand he just knocked over.

"Dag nab it!" he cried out as he tripped over it and fell face first on to the bed, falling against the person under the covers.

"I izzah, wassat?" The tired bear sat up with a start, looking around and trying to blink sleep from his eyes. The sleepy Phillip hadn't the slightest what was going on, but that didn't stop him from cursing under his breath.

"Hey, what're you, what's, Sheriff?" Snapping himself awake, Phillip stared at the Sheriff of Nottingham as the wolf tried to smile disarmingly back at him. The bear was very confused and grumpy.

"What're you doing in my room, and at this time of night? I was having a good dream too! Is this some kind of joke, or do I need to make a complaint to the king here?"

"Oh, no point in doing that, heheheh." The wolf seemed to have forgotten his situation (and mission) finding Phillip's statement hilarious for some reason, "The new king ain't gonna give a lick a care about this."

The bear was now getting worried, and sitting up straighter. "New King? What's going on Sheriff? Did something happen to Uncle Richard? This must be treason or something!" He was about to shake the Sheriff angrily and possibly punch him, then storm out and warn the kingdom what was happening. That something must have occurred tonight. It was probably the most heroic and courageous thing he had ever done in his life, and would have made him pretty well deserving of his prestige (for once in lazy life). If he had, that is. He grabbed the Sheriff by the collar, about to shake (and then subsequently punch) the Sheriff, when all of a sudden, a pair of big eyes flowing with entrancing blue and green circles met his.

"W-what's... Going..." The bear's body began to slack, and he leaned forward some, the snake pulling himself back by looping along the Sheriff's neck (much to the wolf's chagrin). His own eyes began to fill with the beautiful circles, and a smile began to form, a sleepy and warm feeling moving over his body like a blanket.

"You should relaxsss young governor, and ssssleep... This psychotic sstupor of your's is clearly unnecessary..."

"*Sir Hiss is right,*" thought the bear, as his eyes began to close, "*I'm really tired...*"

And with that, his eyes closed, and he fell over onto his side. The large mammal was sleeping peacefully once more, and even deeper before thanks to the hypnosis.

"You're sso bad at this Sheriff," Sir Hiss said with a frown.

"Hey, I'm not made fer sneakin' around, I'm a Sheriff! Not a crook like that stupid Robin Hood."

"Keep your voice down!" Sir Hiss said with whispered annoyance, giving the wolf's neck a squeeze to shut him up.

"Ack, leggo of me! Let's just get the kid to the dungeons, I'm tired of this." The Big Bad Wolf of Nottingham grabbed the blanket and bundled Phillip up with all the dexterity of a blind butcher, hefting him over his shoulder and walking out of the room.

"Dang he's a fat one."

"You're not one to talk sssilly Sheriff."

"Aw hush you."

"We got 'im Prince John!" The Sheriff said as he sauntered into the Prince's private chambers, "The King's nephew is in the dungeon, and the only people with keys are-"

"-Ussss..." Sir Hiss slid forth from the Sheriff's (who was now overcome with a bout of tickle-induced giggles) shirt, and slithered his way up the bed the scrawny lion sat upon, coiled up next to him now.

"He's ssound assleep and chained up quite nicely sire."

"Keep your voice down you fools!" said Prince John quite loudly himself, "Nobody is to know of our plot, and it's King John now, King, King!"

"No need to get your nightie in a twist prin-Errr, King John," the Sheriff said with a chuckle, "Aheheh, it's the dead o' night and nobody knows about it. But uhhh, we do we need him anyhow? We got rid of ol' Richard, he left to fight in the Crusades yesterday. He won't be comin' back ever probly. And since yer ya know, prince, don't that make you king now?"

"Of course not you simpleton," the lion said as he rose to his feet (and adjusted his new crown), "Richard isn't dead yet, and the only way someone could take over rule of king is if there isn't one, the kingdom is in a time of distress, and with approval of the governor of Nottingham."

"Errr, time of distress?"

"Like a war, you ninny head nincompoop. And the king is now off at one, never to return, so all I need is...?"

"Uhhh, what?"

"The approval of the governor ssstupid!" Sir Hiss piped up this time, glaring at the wolf almost as hard as Prince John.

"But sir, he'll never go along with that, he's the king's nephew, and he's actually kinda good at his job even if he's a lazy idget."

"But of course Sheriff. We don't need him giving me a public coronation ceremony though, all we need is his signature."

"Oh! Which is why he's down there in the dungeon! I gotcha."

"Indeed. Hiss," The lion said, turning to his adviser, "I need you to draw up the paperwork for governor's approval of the new ruler, me. And I want it done by morning. And when you're done, you two get him to sign it."

"Sure thing sssire, and what shall you do? Plan out a big display of support for your brother, or make posts to be put up in town saying Phillip lives in the castle now?"

"Don't be silly Hiss, it's the middle of the night. I'm going back to sleep." And with no other explanation, he slid himself back into bed, pulled over the covers, and rolled over.

Both the Sheriff and the snake frowned at the resting cat, but quietly walked out, off to do their dirty work.

Two days later, and the kingdom was restless. They were without their king, their governor had gone mysteriously absent (Even though Prince John assured all the townsfolk that he was comfortable

inside the castle), and rumors were starting to fly around that Prince John had his eye on the kingship. To make matters worse, whoever even so much as looked at (the still Prince) John was threatened to be put in the dungeons. Which was where he was currently heading, ironically enough.

Stomping his way down the spiral staircase, past the big locked door, then starting to open the second door, but finding it already ajar, he walked into the secret dungeon. It was deep under the castle (outside of it's walls), so deep that the only light sources were the lamps Hiss and the Sheriff brought, as well as the little sliver of light that leaked in from the faux well high above in the ceiling. It was a miserable hole, dank and cold and smelling of damp earth. There was a tiny cot in one corner, a latrine in the other, a tiny table, and a singular stool that the Sheriff was sitting on as Prince John entered, Sir Hiss upon his shoulders.

"Now, yer gonna eat, and yer gonna sign the papers," the Sheriff said, staring at the ragged form that was once the proud and happy (as well as lazy and fat) governor of Nottingham, Phillip. He was still large, but seemed to have lost a good deal of weight over these last couple of days, and had a slightly sickly quality to himself. Also, he was quite dirty, and the potato sack pants and shirt only accented the look of "stinking beggar".

"Never, I'm not going to do it," Phillip said weakly, but with resolve. While the rest of him was haggard and pitiful, his muzzle was not, a look of staunch resolution put upon it. He turned to the now entering Prince and glared. He yelled out, "You'll never be king you snake in the grass!"

"Hey, that's offensive," Hiss said simply, now looking to see the prince.

"Hello your highnesss. We were just trying to perssuade the governor, as you can see."

"Well you're not doing a good job, or else I'd be king by now! Why don't you just hypnotize him Hiss?"

"Well, I, uhhh..." The snake suddenly looked very embarrassed, and tried to hide himself behind the Sheriff's head, "He keeps resisting ssire, or not giving me the chance. I've tried ssseveral times, aheheh."

"And we got another problem sir," said the wolf, looking a bit grim, "He's not eatin' anymore, sayin' he won't s'long as he's stuck here. He might die, and then we'll never get him to sign the stuff."

"You useless idiots, you don't tell him to eat, you force him!" John bellowed, taking a hunk of bread, and walking towards the chained bear. As soon as he began to push the bread into his mout, the bear bit down on his paw, and hard, the lion wailing and pulling back. As he nursed his paw and then began to suck his thumb, Phillip just spit out the bread, scowling the whole while.

"You have to eat sometime! Come on you fools!" He pulled the Sheriff (and by coincidence Hiss as well) by the collar and stormed out, tugging all the way back to his room.

"We have to do something! If he doesn't sign the papers, it all falls apart. Oh, mummy, what do I do!" Though the lion had been a frightening epitome of rage a moment ago, he now sat impotently on his bed, sucking his thumb.

"Sire, that thumb-ssucking psssychosssiss..."

"Oh quiet you!" John said, pushing the snake's head out of the way, "That hypnosis is all you can do, and yet you can't even do that right!"

"But sire, I-"

"Enough excuses, I want those papers signed by tomorrow Hiss!"

"Aheheheheh..."

"And you!" Said John, pointing an accusing finger at the chuckling Sheriff, who was obviously glad to see Hiss chewed out for once.

"You'd better help, because you'll end up in the dungeons with him if you can't get it done!"

The wolf just gulped and nodded, silenced immediately.

"Now get out of here, the both of you!"

"How're we gonna get him to sign those papers Hiss? I can't believe it, but that fat son of a gun might really just die not eatin' anything. I can't imagine it meself," the Sheriff said sorrowfully, rubbing his big belly, "I'd be starvin' after the first day."

"Hmmm, you would, and he must be too..." The snake schemed, tailtip rubbing his chin, "Sheriff, get me the following ingredients at the market, I shall show the Princssse how good I am at hypnosis and get him the signature he wants."

"He hasn't wanted to eat anything yet hiss, what makes you think he'll eat this?"

"I'll add the sssecret ingredient Sheriff."

It was now a week since Richard had left for his righteous cause, and now all was well again. Or at least, as well as it could be, with the now *King* John at the helm. Rumors had been squashed, fears stomped out, and doubts eliminated with a single piece of parchment, all undeniably in the governor's sloppy script:

By order of the Governor of Nottingham, I endorse Prince John as the new king in such a time of distress, to watch over the kingdom until Richard is able to do so again. God bless the crown, Phillip.

"How'd he do it yer Majesty?" the wolf wondered, leaning against the big throne John relaxed in. "How'd he get Phillip to write all that out? I still don't get it."

"Who cares Sheriff? I'm rightfully king, the peasants are sated, and with news already of the war going badly it's likely things will stay this way forever. Hiss pulled his weight for once, the silly serpent!"

"But nothing I could do worked sire. I threatened 'im, roughed 'em up a bit, even tried some of that mind games stuff. I couldn't break him. Heck, he even stopped eating, and threatened to just waste away. But Hiss slithers in all by himself with a bowl of stew and gits it done!"

"Sheriff, don't question a good thing. Why don't you go collect taxes, or do your rounds or something? I can't have the Sheriff of Nottingham lazing about all day in the palace. That's my job."

"Hmmph, already did all that today. Ya know what? I'll go check on the prisoner."

"No need, Hiss is there already."

Hearing this, the Sheriff almost started to bolt for the dungeon door, trying to get there as fast as possible. Dad gum it, he'd figure out how that snake got such good results, nobody made a fool out of the sheriff.

The Sheriff made his way down the long spiral staircase, past the empty cells, and through the long corridor. All along the dungeon path he kept getting whiffs of this strange scent, like stew, and something else, but even his wolf snout couldn't place it. He stopped at the door and put his ear to it, trying to listen. It was thick, so he couldn't hear what was going on, but he could swear he heard Hiss laughing. What in tarnation is happening in there?

"Now what's goin' on in here Hi-What the hell!" The Sheriff quickly unlocked and pushed open the door, just in time to see a very startled and guilty looking Sir Hiss, wrapped around Phillip's neck, and spoon feeding him some of that special stew.

That wasn't the shocking part though. What was shocking was that Phillip was clearly hypnotized, bare naked, and horny as all hell, rubbing his belly and dick as he took another gulp of his stew.

"W-w-w-what're you doin' here Hiss? This is just weird!" The Sheriff was dumbstruck, and couldn't bring himself to move any closer to the horrifying scene.

"Nothing at all, nono!" the snake said quickly, slithering down and coiling atop the table, trying to look as nonchalant as one can look when sitting near an entranced and horny bear. "I was just uh-hh, jussst, jussst-"

"What'd ya do to him?!"

"Jussst calm down Sheriff, I can explain-"

"But, he's, and you, you're, dad gummit!"

"Sheriff, shhhushhhh for a moment," the snake said, drawing up to full height, looking him in the eye and giving him a little flash of color from his eyes to force him to focus for a moment, "He wasn't going to help under normal circumstances, sso I had to find a different way to perssuade him, that's all."

"What'dya mean? You were diddlin' him!"

"Well of course sstupid," Hiss muttered, "I made him horny with my special stew, that's how I got him... I made it smell sso alluring, he'd get nice and hard, and begin to get stupid, and then he'd be suceptible to my hypnossiss of course. And it worked, didn't it? He not only signed the form and started eating more, but he's fatter than ever, and happy down here. I killed two birds with one ssstone!"

"You just git herself outta here Hiss, I need to decide how to deal with a weirdo like you," the Sheriff muttered, still a bit shocked, "Yer just lucky King John didn't walk in on ya, or you'd be kicked outta the castle!"

"What, you think sssso?" Hiss's expression of arrogance turned to fear in seconds flat, "Then please, don't tell the King, I'll do anything!"

"Quit yer blubberin' and just git, I need to think about it."

"But Sheriff-"

"I said go!"

Without a single word of protest more, the snake slithered out the dungeon door as quickly as he could, using his tail to shut it behind him.

"My goodness, ya poor idget, I can't imagine what he did to you. I mean, it musta been a nightmare," the wolf muttered, shaking his head at the still rubbing Phillip, who no longer looked hypnotized. Just drunk off urges and pleasure given by the stew.

"And I can't believe food could do that, I didn't think it were possible... I mean, how could... It..." The wolf had realized he had been sniffing for quite a long time, the still hot bowl of stew on the table right next to him. But what really got his attention was how his britches began to strain considerably as his hard-on ached for release, the wolf yowling a little.

"Well don't that beat all, guess it can... And ya know, maybe that snake weren't so weird, you're kind cute." The Sheriff didn't know if it was the scent of the special stew fogging up his mind, or maybe he did actually appreciate his fellow fat male that was making him act this way. Naw, must have been the bear, he was lookin' so sexy... Soon the wolf pulled his pants down, and began to rub his own dick, just staring at the helpless Phillip.

"Heh, ya know, I never did anything like this before, but I think I know what'd help." The wolf picked up the bowl of stew, and took a slurp. He clicked his tongue a few times to get the taste, when the sensation immediately broke over him. He was so horny, so hungry, so uh-hh, not smart, but it

didn't matter! Cause there's this big dumb sexy bear sittin' right in front of him, begging to be used and abused!

"Well now, maybe it's time for a nice pick me up for you too huh? heheheh..." He pushed a spoonful into Phillip's snout and closed it, forcing him to swallow. The wolf just chuckled as Phillip's dick began to throb as if it was ready to burst, and the bear began to sway back and forth, any mind that'd been coming back obliterated again. The Sheriff wasn't actually watching him while the change took place though. No, he was cooling down spoonfuls of soup until they were lukewarm at most, and the dripping them onto his needy wolf dick, it bouncing with pleasure every time.

"Now uhhh, dunno how this hypnosis thing works, but hey. Just uhhh, suck my cock, yeah, that's right, ohh..." The wolf grabbed Phillip's head as he almost immediately dived on the wolf dick, sucking like there was no tomorrow. "Uhhh, just until I cum I guess, a heheheh. Oh, and you don't before me, got it?" He didn't get anything from the bear besides a muffled moan, but he figured he was complying. He hadn't cum yet anyway, and he'd been rubbin' for five minutes at least.

The Sheriff had never been sucked off, or even done anything with a guy before now. But even though it was his first time, he was more than won over. Humping repeatedly into the furry snout like he was in heat, he was getting close already, every slap of his sweaty balls upon Phillip's chin bringing him closer. "Mmmmmfff, tarnation, gonna, gonna, cuuuuum!" He slammed the bear's head back against the wall, and spurted long shots of seed deep down the eager throat, feeling his own legs suddenly stained with shots from Phillip's own dick. The Sheriff just stood there against the wall for a little, panting. It wasn't bad at all, maybe he even saw what Hiss was getting at here.

"Enjoying yourssself?"

The Sheriff jumped back from Phillip's (Who's eyes were now closed. He was surely sleeping, or at least close enough.) open snout, turning to see who he already figured was there.

"Hiss! Whatchoo doin' here?"

"Well, when I noticed as I left that you were hard as a rock Sheriff, I was quite sure that soon we'd be ssseeing eye to eye, hssshsss."

"Yeah well, yer still not off the hook Hiss."

"B-but, why?" The snake looked quite confused.

"You coulda told me earlier! You've been playin' with this guy all by yerself for about five days, and I only just finally got a piece of him!"

The snake let out a little sigh of relief and chuckled.

"Well, don't worry. We can make up for lossst time Sheriff. After all, he's our's for toying with now." The snake had a positively evil look upon his face, as he pondered the possibilities.

"Heheh, ayup. Ya know, I think I now realize I actually always liked how lazy and fat he is."

A month after King Richard had left, and not only was the new King John in charge, people actually wanted it that way. For when Governor Phillip made his first public appearance in about a month, people were clamoring for what they thought was the far lesser of two evils. They weren't sure what happened to their old governor, but the Phillip they had now was fat(ter than usual), smelly, and looking drunk. All had gone according to plan, with King John now calling the shots, and the people behind him.

"It was quite the ingenious plan Hiss. I'm impressed," the lion said with a yawn, shifting in his throne, "I don't know how you were able to fatten him up like that when he was so adamantly against

eating before, but it worked perfectly. Plus, I suppose that your hypnosis worked in the end after all, hmmm? He was as complacent as a pup."

"Indeed sssire," Sir Hiss said, wicked smile adorning his face, "And with him now in private quarters in the castle, quite out of the way but open to the public, if anyone dares to question your rule, they need only open his door and sssee the alternative."

"Hahah, good show, indeed Hiss! You and the Sheriff worked wonders... ..Where is that brute anyway?"

"Oh, checking up on your nephew, sssire. I shall sssee what they're up to myself."

"No need Hiss, but go ahead..." With a dismissive wave of his paw, the new king was going back to what he had schedule for the day, sleeping on his throne.

Sir Hiss had different plans though, and made his way through the stone hall to the big oaken door, rapping on it with the balled up end of his tail four times. From behind a grunt and some complaining was heard, but soon there was a click of the lock, and the snake slithered in, closing and locking it behind himself.

"Hello Hiss," the naked (save for his cap) wolf said, sitting back down next to Phillip. Who at this point was easily 50 pounds larger, a fat slob of a bear. And as he looked to see his who entered, his eyes opened, those blue green circles inhabiting them. "Master..." He said simply, smiling and drooling at his presence.

"That's a good boy, hssshsss... You're looking lovely this evening."

"Ayup, our little toy just finished dinner, but is hungry for some more stuffin' ain't he?" As the Sheriff chuckled Phillip just nodded, tongue hanging out as his cock instantly sprang to life at the prospect.

The Sheriff, already hard and giving himself tentative rubs, moved over to spread the bear's fat thighs apart, and give access to his rear.

"Ya wanna join in Hiss?" The wolf said, in the ready position.

"I think I'm fine watching today, hssshss... ..You know, he was not a great governor, but he is a fine sssubject in the end, hssshshsss..."