

Cradle Robberz

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You are passing through a different dimension than what is known to humankind.

It is a dimension as deep as your pockets and full of opportunities. It is the staging ground between fan and fiction, between patron and creator, and the rules of reality are malleable as long as the price is right.

Within it you may see beloved characters from other works, but they may act differently. Almost as if someone else were writing them. This is a dimension fueled by imagination.

You are entering...

*The **Commission** Zone.*

Chapter 1: Garage Band

"We are... CRADLE ROBBERZ! One two three FOUR!"

Tapping his drumsticks together above his head in time with the counting, the young lion paused for just a moment, before slamming them down against the set of his drums. Golden furred paws gripped the sticks tightly, as he lay down the beat with a frenzied energy. The smokey air of the bar filled his lungs as he played, tossing his head with a deep brown mane bouncing floofing out against his chest. His pulse was racing as fast as the beat of his drum. He was alive, this moment animating him like nothing else ever could.

"You're putting up walls, we're slashing 'em down..."

Whipping his head back up, he gazed out at the scene in front of him. Almost on cue, the weighty notes of the bass guitar joined in. The drummer gazed up as his bandmate, a slender young buck working a set of hoof-tipped fingers against the strings of his instrument. The electric pink bass guitar stood out against the milk chocolate brown and creamy white of the buck's fur, easily visible through a tight fishnet shirt. Buttons affixed to his baggy cargo pants clacked and clattered as the buck paced on the stage, hooved fingers working furiously along the strings of his instrument, spiked lime-green hair waving as he played with alacrity.

"Quit making up rules, authoritarian clown..."

To the deer's right was a large gray furred husky, clad in a shiny latex shirt that clung to his chest, outlining his abs as he headbanged to the beat. A pair of dog tags shaped like a bone

and a hydrant jingled against the belt they hung off of, as he bopped and jammed, thrashing to the beat. It would take a keen eye to notice those little tags, however, behind the two-necked cherry red guitar he was jamming on. His tongue flopped out and his tail wagged as the husky laid down the beat.

“Can’t stop the beat, so don’t even try...”

Sandwiched between both of them was a muscular, shirtless stallion stud with a microphone. White furred and with a deep black mane, the big burly horse flexed his pecs and ground his hips, posing in a pair of tight black leather pants while belting out a song. The metal bits of an ebony spiked leather collar glinted in the dim lighting, matching metal studded black armbands wrapped around his wrists. As he sang, the stud’s deep voice sent a shiver down the spines of everyone listening.

“Get in our way, you’ll find yourself going bye bye bye...”

Which happened to be the bartender.

And no one else.

A night’s performance that fell on mostly deaf ears. Ending with the group hauling their instruments and equipment out the backdoor of the bar and towards a ratty old van.

While tucking his bass guitar into a carrying case, the buck looked up at his compatriots, a glint in his deep brown eyes. A slender rack of antlers sprouted out of his head, two thin, curling things that rose upwards and ended in several pointed tips. “H-how did I do?” He gave a weak smile, his ears twitching as he walked towards the van, two pierced ears with diamond studs twinkling from the glow of the streetlights. “I t-think it went pretty well, this time?”

Carrying the largest drum of the set, his equine bandmate passed. “Clarence, you need to practice more. I still heard you missing notes on that song like, all the time.”

The deer known as Clarence lowered his head and stammered. “I- uh- well, I’m learning a whole new instrument. If you let me just play keyboard, Stephen, I could-”

The horse known as Stephen snorted and turned around. “Keyboards aren’t metal, Clarence! We agreed we were going to do a metal band for the badass image! Hell, the song we just played was named ‘Rulez Busters’!” He stomped a black-painted hoof, narrowing his green eyes and leaning down to glare at the slender buck, who seemed to wither under his gaze.

Passing by them both and carrying some of the other bits of his drum set, the lion among them coughed. “Don’t throw a tantrum while carrying my drums, Stephen. And double-don’t throw a tantrum about Clarence. He’s trying his best, man.”

The horse looked over towards him, scowling for a moment before taking a few deep breaths and relaxing. His expression softened a bit. "Yeah, I guess you're right. Sorry, Clar' You know we're bros, right?" He shrugged, not giving his band-mate a chance to respond before setting the large drum into the back of the van. "Hey, before we get rolling, mind if I take a few shots of all of us for the FaceBark page?" Whipping out a cell phone, the horse held it up just above him to take a selfie, smirking and winking for the image while fussing with his ebony mane. Turning and looking towards the lion, he coughed. "Hey, Maximilian, come here and pose with me."

At this, their fourth member emerged from the bar's back door, carrying a large amp. "Who cares if we're behind on practice!?! I had fun, man. That's what the music's all about." The husky barked, scowling. "Although... I thought you said this place was a popular bar when we came, Max?"

At this, the lion put his hands on his hips. "The review app I used said it's really popular on weekend nights, Siber."

At this, the husky growled. "We played at 6:30 pm on a Wednesday."

Wincing, the lion known as Maximilian felt his ears flattening down against his head. "W-well, the owner said it was the only time he had no one booked for." As he finished saying that, a groan rose up from the rest of the band. Siber smacked a palm against his face, while Stephen rolled his eyes and Clarence lowered his head and sighed. With a grumpy snort, the lion glared at each one of them, one at a time. "Hey, at least I'm trying to see us succeed! I'm the one lining up gigs for us!" With a growl, he tossed his arms up in the air to either side of him. "I don't see anyone else stepping up! I organize our practice times, I reach out to venues to get gigs, I even borrow my mom's van so we can get places!" With a growl and an irritated swish of his tail, the lion folded his arms. "I'm our band's agent and drummer all in one!"

At this, Stephen the stallion scoffed. "Not much of a drummer."

"Yet!" Maximilian sputtered. "Gimme a break. Clarence is still learning his instrument too, ok?!? Besides, you just sing. I do all the work!"

With a snort, the horse folded his arms. "Oh, don't you dare tell me singing ain't work. You've gotta stretch your voice like a muscle, practice breathing from the diaphragm, do regular exercises and practice your scales... all that shit! And I gotta write the lyrics with my vocal range in mind, y'know? My voice IS my instrument and I practice just as much with it as you clowns do." Narrowing his eyes, he stomped a hoof. "Besides, I run the Band's Facebark page, kitty."

"Which is mainly pictures of yourself looking sexy and showing off for girls." Siber barked out, as he finished loading stuff back up.

At this, Stephen sputtered. "There's stuff about the rest of the band up there too! I just... when you've got a body like me, you wanna show off, is all." At that, he snapped another picture of

himself with his cell phone.

“Guys, guys, stop fighting!” Clarence said, walking between the group of them and holding his hands up. “Running a band’s a lotta work, and we’re all in this t-together, right? Max and I are still learning our instruments, Siber and you are working on songs, yeah... but as long as we’re having f-fun with it, it’s ok, right? Like Siber said! We should just focus on the positive. T-that jam was really great, right?”

Nodding, Stephen smiled at the deer. “Yeah, Clarence is right!” With a swish of his long, ropey tail, the stallion trotted forward.

Maximilian watched as the slender stag’s face turned a bit red under his brown fur. “I-I am?” The lion sighed. Clarence had been crushing on their equine buddy since middle school. It was almost heartbreaking to watch, given how Stephen was dating a different girl every week ever since college graduation.

“Yeah. Who cares if we suck as long as we’re looking damn good doing it!” Stephen grinned. “Besides, telling a girl you’re in a band is like the best way to get their panties to explode, you know?”

The lion watched as Clarence’s expression fell. “Y-yeah, I guess so.” The stag’s words were a quiet mumble as he looked away.

But Maximilian wasn’t quite ready to let the subject drop. As he watched Clarence’s dejected face, it suddenly felt to him like everyone needed a fire lit under their butts. “Well I care! It’s my dream for us to be rockstars! And I think we deserve some fucking success!” He threw his paws up. “I mean we all work really hard at this! I give you shit, but Stephen, you’re an awesome singer and a damn good wordsmith!” He thrust a paw over towards the stallion.

“We all already knew all that, you dork.” Stephen smirked, still clearly basking in the compliment. “Not to mention I’m a damn handsome hunk of man-meat.”

The lion turned to his husky friend. “And Siber, you’ve been playing Guitar since you were six! You write all the melodies for our songs. You’re the best musician in our whole group. You deserve success at this more than any of us!

The husky wagged a gray tail, his dog tags jingling. “Well, I guess it would be more fun to have everyone watching how good I am. Everyone’s eyes on stage watching us...” He rubbed his chin. “Yeah. Yeah! It would be pretty cool to get our names out there.”

“Exactly!” Smacking a balled up fist against his other paw, Maximilian turned to Clarence. “And you, man, you’re the heart of the band!” A gentle purr on his lips. “Whenever we practice you’re always there with snacks and water to keep us going. You always show up early to help me set up, and you started learning bass when we needed one, without anyone even asking! Come on,

you're awesome and you deserve the attention too."

The stag flashed a soft smile, reaching up to rub the velvet of his fluffy antlers. "Aww-thanks, Maxie... b-but don't ignore yourself, you know? I know the other guys give you crap, but it's fun learning to play with you guys!" He coughed. "P-play instruments, I mean! And you're the one who's always organizing us. It's k-kinda a thankless job, so thanks for doing it."

The name stung. "Don't call me Maxie." The lion spoke a bit too quickly. "But seriously, think about how good it'd feel to be big shots! Rock stars!" With a snort, the lion looked around at his bandmates. "We're all working hard on this. We deserve to hit it big. We have to keep that attitude! We have to keep that dedication! We have to put in the work! And it'll all be worth it someday, right?" The other guys nodded in assent, before moving to get into the van. As he parked his butt into the driver's seat, Maximilian added, after a thought. "It would be nice to have an agent, though. I could focus just on learning drums if we had someone handling gigs and logistics for us."

Siber took a seat in the passenger's side, buckling his seatbelt as he looked over to his friend. "Yeah, a good agent can work wonders there. Like that Paulie Leon guy up in the city."

Maximilian's ears perked. "What do you mean?"

The husky looked back towards Stephen, right behind him. "Hey, Plowhorse, you wanna look up Paulie Leon? Used to manage the band Devil's Cucumbers, before they broke up?"

"Wait, he was handling THAT band? Shit!" Stephen sat up, tapping a finger on his phone. "Damn, they went platinum a few years back!"

Clarence giggled. "Well, they were really handsome, weren't they? I still remember seeing them on stage last year! The music was kinda juvenile, though."

At this, Maximilian's ears perked. "So the agent of a really popular recent band might live nearby, and he doesn't have a client right now? Is that what you're telling me, bro?"

Siber nodded. "That's what I heard. Found anything, Stephen?"

"Gimme a moment, uploading some pics of our concert tonight to FaceBark." Stephen snapped in response, before nodding. "Alright, lemme look. Paulie Leon, Paulie Leon..." He tapped the screen of his smartphone a few times as Maximilian started the van. "Oh yeah, he has an account on Facebark that says he works around here. Just put out an open audition for new clients, office hours every weekday..."

The lion's eyes went wide. "That! We do that!"

He pulled out onto the street, feeling his pulse quicken.

"W-what?" Clarence perked up from behind him.

Maximilian tried to resist the urge to look behind him while he was driving. "We sneak in a practice session tomorrow, then go knock the socks off this Paulie Leon guy on Friday! Get him as an agent and we can be as big as the Devil's Cucumbers!" His grip tightened on the steering wheel as he drove out into the night.

"We are going to blow that man!"

At that moment, Clarence coughed. "Away, Maxi. We're going to blow him away!"

Blowing that man turned out to be more work than Maximilian expected.

Although Paulie Leon had opened up his schedule for different bands to audition, they apparently still had to schedule an appointment. And the famous agent wasn't available for a week. A lot of other bands had the same idea the young lion did, apparently. So Maximilian spent a whole week thinking about their open audition, working his job at a local grocer while worrying that another band would convince the agent to take up them as a project before "Cradle Robberz" even got a chance to try out. It was at the forefront of his mind, even when he was doing other things. When he and Clarence were jamming together trying to learn their respective instruments, he had the audition on his mind. When he was playing video games with Siber, he was thinking about their upcoming shot. When he and Stephen were hanging out at a club one night he still couldn't get his mind off of it. Maximilian didn't want anything to jeopardize it, and even convinced the rest of the band to meet three times that week to practice.

But eventually, the day finally came.

Paulie Leon's office was an extravagant complex on the twelfth floor of a twelve story building. The group got checked in by a slender white rabbit working as a secretary, who had some release forms for them to sign. Maximilian signed off on each form, he couldn't help but perk his ear as he heard an odd crinkling noise from the bunny's general direction behind the secretary's desk. The noise had no source, and when asked about it the bunny would just squirm and claim he didn't hear anything... even as more crinkling noises filled the air. Maximilian decided it wasn't anything worth looking into though, so he eventually just tuned them out and focused on signing papers. And then, after all the paperwork had been processed, it was finally time. As he entered Paulie Leon's extravagant office, Maximilian noticed the band was flanked by small water fountains on either side of them. The air smelled sweet, and the sound of running water made the lion's bladder twinge slightly. The energy drink he'd slammed an hour before the audition was making itself felt as they began to set up. He tried to ignore it. "Ok, Cradle Robberz. We've only got one shot at this." He watched as the group fanned out in front. "Our instruments are all set up in the audition hall downstairs. Wonder why he wanted to meet us up

here first?" The lion arched a fuzzy golden eyebrow.

The young buck, Clarence, shrugged. "Maybe to see what the band looks like before he decides to judge our music?"

With a laugh, Stephen flexed a big white-furred arm, showing off his biceps. "If that's the case, then I've got this in the bag, guys." Maximilian watched the stallion admire his muscles, kissing the bulge on his arm before lowering it again.

His tail wagging, Siber just looked around. "Dang, look at all the chrome and leather... the seats look modern, the floor is all hardwood... even the air smells nice! Kinda like baby powder, huh?" The husky's nose twitched as he sniffed it.

Maximilian pressed his thighs slightly together. The lion hoped this wouldn't take long, so he could hit the bathroom before they performed. "I don't know why he wants to meet with us first, but-"

"But you could just ask, you know." Sitting behind a mahogany desk that was polished to the point of gleaming was a large wolf, reclining in a leather office chair. His black business suit meshed with the sangria hue of his fur, a white undershirt standing out as the only bright hued part of his appearance. A pair of cinnamon eyes stared over the group, as the wolf tilted his head. "So you're my three o'clock, eh? 'Dreidel Cobblers' or something?" Arching one eyebrow, the wolf cracked his knuckles and then sat forward, getting some paperwork out and writing something down on it. "Ok, so let's push through this. What sorta music do you play?" The agent's tone was casual. Almost bored. Paulie Leon jotted something down on the form he'd gotten out, not even bothering to look up at the band.

All of a sudden, the confidence drained out of Maximilian. He'd expected- well, he'd expected anything other than this. "C-Cradle Robberz, actually." He held up a fuzzy finger, trying to be polite as he corrected their prospective agent.

"Oh, that's original." The wolf looked up for just a moment, red-brown eyes glinting slightly as he appraised the lion. A single fuzzy eyebrow arched, as if he was mildly interested for a second.

At this, Stephen tapped a hoof. "And we're a metal band!"

"Mmmhmm..." Paulie Leon said, going back to his paperwork. Maximilian wasn't even sure it was about them. What had they possibly said so far to encourage him to keep writing like that. Rolling his eyes, the wolf rolled his free hand at the same time. "You're going to have to be more specific there, dearie. 'Metal' music could mean a lot these days. Folk metal? Heavy metal? RELIGIOUS metal?" With a derisive snort, the wolf scribbled down something else onto his paperwork. "I've met a lot of bands in the past week, guys. Over half of them are 'metal' bands. First question: What makes you lot stand out from the crowd? What makes you unique?"

Maximilian's ears drooped into the fluff of his mane. "Er- well, it's kind of punk-"

"I thought we were more indie?" Siber turned to look at him, the husky's tone filled with confusion.

"Um, I a-always thought we were going for a New Wave sorta vibe, myself..." Clarence said, poking his two hoof-tipped pointer fingers together, hanging back behind the rest of the group.

The agent just sighed, putting a palm to his face. "Come on guys, do you even have a vision for what your band's supposed to be?" Looking up at the quartet, the wolf gave them a stern expression. "Come on, if you don't know enough about music to know what your sound's supposed to be, then what would I even have to work with here?"

Feeling some panic filling his mind, Maximilian stepped forward. "You- you haven't even heard us play yet!" throwing his arms up in the air, he growled. "We're good! We've been practicing for this meeting for weeks now! At least give us an audition!"

"I don't got the time for audition from a group of garage band punks with no idea what they're playing!" With an exasperated tone, the agent shook his head. "Look, if you can't even agree on what kinda band you are, that tells me you ain't serious. You're here for fun-" He gazed at Siber with a sympathetic tone "-or pussy-" The wolf turned his gaze towards Stephen, his tone shifting to disdainful "-or because they're your cr-, ah, 'friends'-" His gaze lingered on Clarence for a few moments, before the stag blushed and looked away. "-And that means when the going gets tough you'll fall apart. Seen it happen a million times with bands, and makes you a bad investment." Pointing at Maximilian as the lion felt indignation boiling up within him, the wolf finished off. "You and yours wouldn't hold it together when the going gets tough. And it WILL get tough." The deep red furred wolf just snorted. "Plus, y'wouldn't be willing to pay my price. Even if I could turn you lot into something big, you'd never agree to my terms-"

The wolf's spiel was interrupted by a loud roar from the lion in front of him. Maximilian snarled, claws out, as he decided he'd heard enough. "Fuck you! You think we haven't put in the hard work already? Sure, we might be ragtag, but we all haven't given up in spite of never getting anywhere." His bladder's need was REALLY making itself known now. He squirmed a bit, shifting his hips and pressing his thighs tighter together as he pushed past it to continue his own rant. "Hitting it big and being rock stars has been m- all of our dreams since we were little." His gaze narrowed as he locked eyes with the wolf. "And we'll do it with or without you." He thrust a finger towards the wolf behind the desk. "We have practiced, and we have struggled, and we will put in the time." The lion let out a derisive snort. "What gives you the right to judge m- us, when you won't even give us a shot?" He started taking a few shallow, rapid breaths and counting them. He'd lost his temper there, and he needed to calm down and get his emotions back under control.

There was a moment of silence as the large wolf stood up, folding his arms as he appraised the band. Maximilian counted his breathing as he watched the expression on the agent's muzzle

shift through a few different emotions. It seemed to the lion almost as if the agent wasn't sure how to feel about this. After a moment, Paulie Leon heaved a heavy sigh and narrowed his gaze at the quartet. "Fine. You want to be big? You prepared to do whatever it takes for me to give you a shot at stardom?"

Maximilian turned to look at his bandmates, his mood more calm now. Everyone smiled back at him. With the knowledge they were backing him up, the lion gave a nod. "Yeah, anything."

"Fine." Paulie Leon held a hand up. "Piss yourself."

The lion drummer's train of thought derailed entirely at that moment. "...what?" His band mates were entirely silent.

The wolf's wide-eyed gaze was unceasing. Maximilian could've sworn the canine wasn't even blinking, just staring at him intently. "You heard me: Mark your territory. Soak your shorts. Shame yourself like a tantruming toddler right in front of me." The wolf's muzzle grew a slight smirk, pushing his stern expression into something a bit unsettling. "Prove you're willing to debase yourself, no matter how much, to hit the big leagues. Because If you actually become a big star you'll have people looking for scandals about you no matter what. The constant efforts of PR and spin and public scrutiny from fans can break bands who aren't strong enough. So prove to me you're willing to do whatever it takes. This place has got a really good janitorial staff who'll handle the mess real well." His tone grew more amused, almost as if he was giving someone a saucy dare. "So come oooon, kid."

"Pee your pants."

The words rang in Maximilian's ears. He felt his face getting hot, as his bladder seemed to throb with every chiding statement. He grit his teeth. "B-but I-"

"Oh, guess you aren't ready to do whatever it takes after all." Paulie Leon began to sit down, the wolf getting a pen in his left paw. "Go ahead and leave, then. Ain't got the time for a bunch of kittens and pups who aren't serious-"

The sound of hissing filled the air. So did the scent of urine. Maximilian whimpered, covering his muzzle with his paw, shutting his eyes, as he let go. He couldn't see anyone's expressions in the room, but he could just imagine how horrified his friends were, and how amused the big bully of an agent was right now. As humiliating as it was, there was a certain pleasure in the release of it too. The big cat had been holding his bladder for so long. There was a euphoria in letting it all out. He could feel the wet warmth spreading down his blue jeans, tingling against his fur and flesh. "Aaaaaaaaah..." The sigh of relief escaped from his lips as he felt the stream continuing, every moment of his intentional accident feeling slightly better the more he did it. It was like an afterglow after an orgasm, but he knew soon enough he'd realize how much of a mistake he was making. It felt wrong how right it felt, peeing himself like a newborn cub.

As he opened his eyes, Maximilian saw an almost hungry look on the canine agent's muzzle. "Well well well... I can admit when I'm wrong. Maybe I actually misread you lot. Maybe you are ready to pay my price after all, kitten." The word made the lion blush. "Anyone willing to walk out of a fancy office building in wet pants, smelling like a baby, clearly wants it enough to be worth my time. So..." He tilted his head to gaze past Maximilian. "How about all of YOU? You gonna follow the leader, kiddos?"

"Hey, you didn't say we had to-" Stephen snarled as he planted his hands on his hips.

"I said anyone who wanted a shot wouldn't have a problem pissing themselves in front of me." The wolf reclined back in his office chair. "The kitten here, he's worth my time. The rest of you gonna let him be a solo act? Or are you going to show me you're all ready to rock?" Curious, Maximilian turned back to look at his friends.

Stephen stammered and sputtered, the horse momentarily too angry to say anything. Clarence grimaced, a noticeable tint of red forming along the white spots and brown fur of the young buck's snout. Neither of them seemed sure what to do. Siber whimpered. "Aw geeze..." Maximilian heard his buddy sigh, the husky blushing and rubbing the back of his head. Before his eyes, Maximilian saw the cargo shorts the husky was wearing that day start to blossom outward, a dark spot forming as trickles of yellow ran down the fur on his thighs. "Follow the leader, I guess? Damn canine instincts." He almost sounded amused, blushing a bit.

The horse just gazed at his friends with disdain. "This is the most fucked up job interview I've ever been in." Stephen closed his eyes and grunted, straining. "This- better not- end up on Facebark..." He muttered, as a slight dark spot formed on his pants, growing larger by the second. Though the horse didn't wet enough to leak on the floor, Maximilian could see the growing outline of one of the largest cocks he'd ever seen traced in the fabric of Stephen's pee-stained denim jeans.

And then, Clarence blushed, his gaze having been towards Stephen's lower regions. With a nervous squeak, he just took a step back. "B-but, um, ok, but... if I'm gonna... just... um... look away!" He managed to squeak the sentence out, the slender buck whimpering, as no one gazed away from him. After another few moments of trying, the buck sighed, a similar dark spot forming on his crotch, before pee dribbled down his legs, dripping onto the floor. The whole band was practically standing in a puddle, as the buck covered his face to hide the blush. "I saaaaaid don't look!" He whimpered out.

The big bad wolf behind the counter, as Maximilian was starting to see him, just smirked, silent for a few moments, moving a hand down beneath the surface of his desk. "Hah! I can't believe I got you all to do that!" Paulie Leon chortled for a few moments, announcing to the whole band how amused he was. "Sheesh, I'm gonna have to tell the cleaners that everyone in my three o'clock was so nervous to meet me they piddled themselves like babies watching a horror movie!" Laughing a bit, he stood up to walk around the side of his desk. "Alright, I like you kids now. So here's what we'll do." Approaching the shamed quartet, he held out a paw. "I'll go

downstairs and hear you play. If I like you, I solemnly vow that I'll make you all stars. In five years you'll be the hottest thing in music. Cradle Robberz will be seen as the best new band to hit the rock scene." His eyes glinted as Maximilian looked into them. "You all live the high life, and I'll see to it you never have to take care of yourselves ever again. And for those five years? All your needs will be met, and your wants will be indulged. But after five years are up?" Maximilian could swear he saw an odd spark of red in the wolf's eyes as he spoke, his voice taking on a sudden odd resonance.

"You're mine."

"To do with whatever I choose."

A hand was thrust out to the lion to shake. Grappling with the agent's words, Maximilian supposed that they meant he'd be more of a hands-on manager after five years. "... guess that's alright." They could always renegotiate the contract after five years, right? "The Cradle Robberz accept, right guys?"

"Sure." Stephen sounded, though he didn't seem that enthusiastic.

"Of c-course!" Clarence said, hurriedly after Stephen.

"Right on!" Siber said, barely even seeming bothered by what they'd just done, panting and smirking.

And with that, Maximilian shook a devil's paw, a sudden charge running down his body as a pact was made.

Paulie Leon was true to his word, going downstairs had watching them all play. However, he was insistent that it happened immediately. The band didn't even have time to change their pants, though Maximilian hadn't expected to pack a change of clothes anyway. It had felt a bit awkward to perform in wet pants, certainly. But from the applause Paulie Leon gave at the end of the song they'd chosen, "Crashing Bang Boom", the lion suspected at the very least the agent himself didn't care.

He was probably the only one who didn't, however, judging by the stares from people passing by. The band left Paulie with a demo-cd of some of their other songs and began what Maximilian could only consider to be a Walk of Shame. The departure out of the office building and back to the van was awkward. Maximilian felt every stare, the wet stains on his pants and those of his friends blatantly evident for anyone to see. Clarence hid behind Stephen, a blush practically tattooed onto his muzzle. Stephen tolerated it, but was otherwise in poor spirits, scowling and grumbling at people who stared. Siber just ignored the on-lookers as they stared and snickered. And Maximilian, leading the four of them, kept his paws in front of his crotch, trying in vain to hide the obvious. He felt like a little kitten who had had an accident in a grocery store. The thought made his ears slump down into his golden bushy mane, as he kept his eyes staring

down at the ground. As they walked, he could hear people talking around them.

“Why do all four of those guys smell like piss?”

“Aw, the big babies wet themselves!”

“Look at the huge stain on their pants!”

“Does that lion just have no control?”

“Someone forgot their pampers today...”

“I’m going to have puddles to clean up, aren’t I?”

As the janitor cursed his luck, Maximilian stopped listening in, squirming uncomfortably in his humiliation. “Come on guys, let’s just get back to the car.” He had to keep reminding himself that he said he’d do whatever it took. They all did. This whole experience was degrading, but it’d be worth it to be the next up and coming rock stars. Paulie Leon had worked miracles before, and he’d promised them the moon. Yet as they passed another snickering man, the lion heard his equine friend grumbling.

“That wolf had better fucking deliver.”

Those words felt exactly like the emotion Maximilian was feeling at the moment. Turning his head back, he looked over at Stephen. “He said he’d meet us tomorrow at my parent’s house to ‘work on our image’. Stay focused, this little wetting accident is going to pay off.” He only half heartedly believed it at that moment, but mentioning the incident reminded him of how easily he’d gotten caught up in the moment back in the wolf’s office. It’d felt so euphoric, at that one moment, to just give in, let his bladder flow, and wet himself. There was a weird sort of pleasure he’d felt back there. It wasn’t something the lion wanted to dwell upon, but it stuck in the back of his mind and wouldn’t go away, flashing every time someone snickered or commented on their situation.

Beating like a pulse.

Making him feel like his cock was stiffening against his wet pants.

Reminding him he’d been first.

He’d been the first to go peepee, the one to lead his sexy friends down a well of infantile lust.

With a soft huff, Maximilian felt his paw snaking down towards his crotch.

The feline could feel his dick sliding along the soaked fabric of his underwear.

His cock bathing in that sensation of helpless release.

He just needed to touch it.

Just needed to grope himself, enjoy the sensation of having wet himself like a little kitten.

Needed to rub his soaked kitten panties against-

Siber's paw smacked against his shoulder, and Maximilian jerked up. "Huh?!?" His hands shot up, as he turned back to his friend. "What?" It almost felt like snapping out of a trance.

The husky thumbed in the direction of the van. The quartet were standing right in front of it. "We need you to unlock our ride, you know?"

After a moment, Clarence tilted his head. "You, ah, feeling ok, Maxie?"

The lion hissed. "Maximilian. Not that kitten name, please." His cock throbbed slightly at the thought. "But yeah, I'm fine. Just lost in thought is all." For a moment he'd had some really weird thoughts. Why had his own soggy drawers been turning him on again? Shaking his head to clear it out of his thoughts, the lion reached into his pockets for the keys. "I mean, we did it. Aren't you guys excited?"

Clarence gave a nervous smile as he let go of Stephen's back. "Y-yeah!" He pumped his slender arm, bright cocoa fur glinting in the sunlight of the outdoor parking lot.

Their equine friend stepped forward, trotting forward. "Yeah, mission accomplished Bro!" It sounded to the lion like Stephen was trying to convince himself to get excited.

With a chuckle, Siber just opened the door. "It's certainly not the weirdest thing this dog's done in his twenties."

At this, everyone stopped to stare at the grey fuzzy husky. "What-" Stephen started.

Before Siber thrust a pointer finger at him, interjecting. "You don't know what weird shit I get up to in my alone time, Facebark-whore!"

The horse responded by sticking his tongue out at his friend and folding his arms. "And I hope I never find out, wolf wannabe." The two laughed, hurling a few more insults at each other in jest as they got into the car to drive off. Maximilian felt like everyone was eager to forget that awkward scene and what they'd had to do to get their agent.

But part of him didn't want to forget.

Staring at the demo-cd his newest pet project had left behind, Paulie Leon frowned for a moment before setting it off to one side of his desk. The entire experience had pushed several of the old wolf's buttons. There was a hunger in him now, a fire that needed some quenching.

Leaning forward, the wolf pushed a button on his phone system. "Twinkle, please lock your workstation and meet me in my private office."

"T-that's not my name, Mr. Leon sir, but o-ok.." The reply of his lapine secretary came with a slight burst of static that Paulie Leon had come to expect from such devices. Though there'd been many improvements to them over the years, he wondered if anyone would ever figure out how to make phone systems without static.

His office door shutting and locking snapped the wolf out of his mild reverie. Looking up, he watched as his secretary, a slender white furred rabbit, crinkled into his line of sight. He looked up, watching the creature's toned thighs and athletic body move, a thin layer of fat marbling an otherwise gymnastic body to make the bunny-boi he called Twinkle look every bit the delicious treat he was. His backside and crotch were swollen and outlined against his pants, of course, but such things were to the wolf's tastes. "Mmm... ah, what fools these mortals be." The wolf growled, standing up and walking around his mahogany desk. Moving a paw down to his own crotch, he cupped the outline of a fat erection within it. "Turn around and plant your arms against the wall, Twinkle. It's time for... a check."

A deep reddish tint crossed the white rabbit's face-fur. "I- Um-um..." He reached up to twist one of his long, floppy ears. "G-golly." Turning his backside to the wolf, he leaned forward and planted his arms against the wall. Paulie Leon watched the twink's little white cotton-tail twitching in anticipation and anxiety alike. "I, I don't know if there's any need for it, s-sir..."

But the big bad wolf wouldn't be denied. "Of course there is." Pressing up against the bunny's butt, Paulie Leon growled and dry-humped against his secretary's backside, a loud crinkling and a squish hitting his ears. "Do you know why I call you Twinkle, Anthony?" He moved a paw around to cup the front of the man's crotch. Another squish. And that crinkling noise that was music to his ears.

"U-um... Um..." Anthony the secretary bunny shook his head, his muzzle still turned away from the wolf. "I don't know, sir."

He never remembered. Paulie Leon chuckled, pulling down the young twink's pants to reveal a swollen white pair of absorbent underpants, the front and back stained a bright yellow. "Because it rhymes with what you do all day in your diapers... did you really think you were dry, bunny-boi?"

At the teasing, Anthony just winced and shook his head. "I didn't even notice..."

"Of course not." Paulie Leon chuckled, sliding the backside of the diaper down to reveal a delicious plump tailhole tucked beneath the boy's soft little tuft of cotton. "Baby bunnies don't know when they have to go potty. They just do." Unzipping his fly, the wolf licked his lips, soon revealing a bright red rocket that he began smearing with precum. "They just know when Daddy decides to change them."

With a loud squeak, Twinkle the bunny secretary stammered and looked back. "S-sir! You said not t'call you that in public! And- um, as your secretary, I'm 'sposta remind you when your appetites make you lose sight of-" As the wolf ran his cock up and down that rabbit ass, Twinkle moaned and whimpered. "Y-You have another meeting in j-j-just five minuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuoh!" The rabbit arched his back and whimpered, feeling the wolf pushing through his tailhole.

Paulie Leon ignored the half-hearted protest with a growl, sawing his cock back and forth into the bunny's backside. Twinkle was always a nice tight ride, which was the real reason why he kept the wolf's schedule. "It's cancelled. As are the rest of them." Paulie Leon reached around to wrap his arms around the bunny's waist and pulled him tight, with a needy yelp from his horny little twink of a secretary. "I have a greater need for bunny ass right now." With a growl, he humped at the baby twink's wet bottom, while cupping Anthony's cock with one paw and thrusting back and forth. The big wolf huffed and moved fast, not bothering to take his time with this fucking. All he wanted was to empty his balls and he wanted it NOW.

"Flex your pucker for me, tinkle-bunny..."

The secretary did as he was trained to and tightened his backside to give Paulie Leon a proper cock-milking. The wolf panted as he climaxed into his bunny-boi's backside, shuddering for a moment as he filled his secretary with his spunk. After a moment of blissful afterglow, he reached into his pocket to pull out a bright red pacifier with a yellow nipple on it. Reaching around, he shoved it into Twinkle's muzzle, and then patted the bunny's butt.

"Good baby bunny. Now lay down on my desk. It's time to get you plugged up so you don't waste a drop of my spunk... and put into a fresh diaper, I suppose."

He looked down at the bunny as the little twink lay down on his desk.

"After that, cancel ALL the rest of my appointments. I don't need to interview any more bands. I found my new project, after all."

The wolf felt the hunger growing in his loins again.

"And once I give them everything they could ever want... I'll relish the price they pay."

TO BE CONTINUED!