

A Chinese assassin's teapot used in the assassination of a bear warlord; one of the many wonders Oguma had shoved into his office. The stag didn't even drink tea—coffee fit his palette far better—but he still insisted on having it available at all times.

Louis could only imagine that he wanted to silently boast. Like his expensive suits, it was just a wordless display of wealth of opulence and power. Someone who had enough money to burn away on things like this could not only light yen ablaze but the entire world if he put his mind to it.

“Master Louis.” Gungi bowed, then presented the bottle of wine before Louis. The thick crimson liquid sloshed gently as the sheep placed it on top of the cervid's desk. “It is ready.”

“Did you make sure to run the tests?” Louis asked—frown already forming. “This is the one night where I can't afford to make *any* mistakes.”

“Indeed we did.” The butler announced. “The tests matched the sample that you graced us with. It'll work splendidly on your guest.”

“Thank you.” The bottle felt heavy in his hands. This was *definitely* meant to be savored by carnivores. Call it superstition or call it a gut feeling, but being around felines for so long granted Louis extensive knowledge on what could mess with their bodies and spirits. “You may leave now. I already have the tea prepared.”

“As you wish, Master Louis.”

His pearly whites reflected back through the bottle's glass. A grin stretched across his muzzle, Louis' excitement bled through every pore of his body. Just one drop and the man he longed for would drop *instantly*.

As the elevator 'ding' rang, he was grateful to be alone. Childish excitement like this was unbecoming for the CEO of Horns Conglomerate, but how could he contain himself? The thing that he had *carnally* longed for since the days of his youth was in his grasp. He'd need to be an emotionless husk to push such emotions down.

“I can't wait to see how long you last with this.” If he was a carnivore, he'd surely be drooling all over his clothes and desk. “Oh, you've *teased* me for long enough, William. I'll make sure to clear your head of that awful rebellious streak.”

The notification sound broke through his ramblings. “**im coming in like 5 minutes. Your receptionist is mad annoying**” appeared on his screen. Even when *texting* the man sounded crass and uncaring.

“It's unbelievable how little he's changed...”

Well, he *had* technically changed, just in ways that Louis was impressed by. He knew that under the veneer of absolute douchebaggery and attention-hogging behavior was a dangerously crafty mind. Seeing him mature into a semi-respectable lawyer was a surprise for everyone but the deer.

That perfect balance between wildness and intelligence... it made Louis *ravenous*. He could decipher almost anyone like puzzles to be solved, but Bill was different. He always remained in the limbo between what Louis hated and what he loved. That unpredictability was the source of many sleepless nights, and only *now*—both of them about to reach their 20s and still somehow acting like the same theater stage-obsessed idiots—was he finally going to act on those impulses.

He was going to *unlock* Bill's brain, peer into it, and get what he wanted.

Unlocking the teapot and opening one of the compartments inside, Louis poured the wine. It was a delicacy from the black market—something that their *embarrassing* excuse for an ex-boss enjoyed drinking after defiling and consuming the white-furred herbivores he adored so much.

The label spelled out 'Death's French Kiss', a strong concoction designed to make everything around one's self just stop—at least according to what the lions told him. He wasn't stupid enough to try eating something meant for meat-eating folks after trying to do so for months and consistently puking out his guts. He trusted them.

Louis moved the bottle away from the slot. Despite how complicated the ordeal seemed, The mechanism itself was simple but effective; two chambers that one could switch between by just clicking the small lever on the underside of the pot's handle.

The assassin used it to pour the venom onto his victim's teacup and then get himself a hot, pleasant cup of tea as his companion choked. Of course, he wasn't going to *murder* Bill—if anything he was going to revitalize the tiger's spirit with it.

"Alright... I think I'm done."

Ears perked up as he heard the elevator ding for a second time. Unlike his father, Louis wasn't interested in petty, ambitious pleasantries. The only thing he wanted to conquer was about to be served to him on a silver platter, and then he'd rest in his goal's bliss and ambition.

A perfect and simple plan.

"YO!" Bill yelled. "About time you invited me out to dinner. I was beginning to think that you weren't up for meddling with little league guys like me."

Louis smiled. "Oh, don't demean yourself into victimhood. A lawyer's the last kind of person that should bemoan status."

"Compared to *you*, even bankers look like peasants." He threw his coat at the hanger. "What brought up the invitations anyways? I hope you didn't call to tell me that you got terminal disease or something, because that'd kill my mood."

"Unfortunately for you, my lifespan still remains pretty respectable. I suppose you'll just have to settle with conversing with me."

“Right. Right. Just stop monologuing and offer me my seat. My legs hurt from standing up in court for so long.”

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The sounds of the busy street below boomed so loud that they even reached the penthouse of the Horns Conglomerate building. Fortunately for the pair, Louis had already set up the built-in speakers to play a comfortable jazz melody over the cacophony of the urban jungle below. Most of the time, Louis would be more than happy to just enjoy his meal, but all his focus was nailed down on the man in front of him.

Bill had weathered with time, but Louis didn't mind that at all. Changes brought by his withering ironically only made the tiger look even *more* appetizing, like a finely aged wine.

His clothes still hugged his upper muscles and well-built arms—Perhaps intentionally? Louis never mustered the courage to ask. Underneath the two hard mounds that were his pecs was a small, chubby pouch of a belly. The cervid couldn't be wholly sure of his suspicion, but his gut told him that even with a curvy midsection, the tiger still sported that sixpack that stole gazes away from him whenever they found themselves in the changing room all those years ago.

*It looks like cotton adorning iron. Something so fluffy on top of that...*

The glasses looked good on him. *Really* good on him. If Louis was to be crass, he'd go so far as to admit that glass-clad felines triggered something deep within him. The fact that he had been crushing on the stupid tiger for years certainly helped to make him feel like an idiotic love-ridden schoolgirl.

Yet those details seemed chaste in comparison to the view below. Louis didn't know if Bill was some sort of exhibitionist or if his mind was so raunchy that he found perversion everywhere—it didn't matter in the end, of course. It wouldn't change the fact that the black trousers outfitting Bill's body barely left anything to the imagination. A pair of well-defined glutes on the back and a dick outline so vivid that Louis could swear that he saw the veins on them—how in the world was he supposed to act normal with something like that in front of him?

*Christ... He's not even lost the clothing yet and I'm already craving him...*

Bill raised his arm only to lower it down, then fetched a napkin to wipe away the barbeque sauce smeared across his fur.

*Disgusting.*

He had to force down the urge to grin at the lack of professional manners. If being involved with the law didn't change him, then certainly almost nothing could change him.

Almost.

“Fuuuuck, Louis. Sometimes I think that I can make some decent meals, but then I eat your stuff and it’s like...” Bill mimicked an explosion sound, palms moving from the sides of his head. “Did your dad force you to go to, like, culinary school or something?”

“Not at all. The butlers taught me everything.” His breath staggered for just a second. He hoped that Bill didn’t notice. “Now, do you want some dessert? I made tea to go along with it. It’s infused with catnip, so I’m sure that it’ll fit your palette.”

“Woah... and how are you going to drink it?”

A small giggle turned into a snort as Louis held his hand over his mouth. “L-let’s just say that... I know that I can handle myself. You have no need to worry about me.”

“Alright...” Bill crossed his arms before slamming his hands on the table and shoving his face in front of Louis’ “But if you get a stomachache, you’re paying for the gas that it takes to get to the hospital! You live in the middle of fucking nowhere, man!”

“It’s the *business* district.” Louis corrected.

“Whatever, whatever...” Bill then calmly seated himself like nothing ever happened. “Well, give me my dessert! I feel like my blood sugar’s hella low from standing so long...”

“Alright, just stop complaining already.”

From the food cart that had been resting beside their table, Louis retrieved the final untouched platter. Bill focused on it—pupils dilated enough for mild concern to spread over him—as he lifted the lid.

“Dark chocolate tart made with Swiss chocolate...”

“Woah...” Bill reached for the dessert, eyes wide like a child about to unwrap his Christmas present. He almost grasped it, only to be swatted away by Louis at the last second. “What the hell, man?!”

“I haven’t served the tea yet, you *idiot!*” Louis immediately stepped back. The excitement had seeped into every part of his being to the point that the slight deviation from his plan made it boil into raw frustration. He straightened his tie, looking away in shame. “Sorry. Long day.”

“Yeah. I can fuckin’ tell.” Bill tapped his fingers on the table. He let out a sigh that looked like he had been holding in for quite some time before speaking up. “I understand. Just give it to me already! I can’t stay up this late anyways...”

“Of course...”

His hand wavered just a smidge when he grabbed the teapot. With Bill looking at him—impatient amber eyes gazing at his core—it was like Louis was discovering what stage fright was all over again.

*Show time.*

The almost inaudible click made his blood run cold. Every moment he could get, he glanced at Bill to see if the tiger's face changed. The second he lowered his guard, it would all be over.

*Just a few more seconds...*

*click*

Louis poured his cup and then sat down. His fingers trembled with trepidation while Bill picked up his own teacup.

It was like the world *stopped* existing for a second as the rim of the cup grazed Bill's lips. The only thing Louis could hear was the tiger's slurping and the sound of his own heart on the verge of exploding.

"Ah..." Bill exhaled—a droopy smile painted on his lips. "This was good. I really needed this after such a long day."

The sigh of relief was followed by the *crashing* sound of porcelain shattering into pieces. The steaming hot red beverage splashed all across the dinner table—all while Bill gazed at Louis with a thousand-yard stare.

Bill's pupils have dilated yet again, but they lacked the vigor and excitement from earlier; it was completely involuntary, the creeping slow burn of a body overwhelmed down to the last muscle and organ.

His mouth hung open—dangling involuntarily as the loosened muscles around his jaw let everything rest. The only thing that parted his lips were faint moans that *sounded* like words, yet came out as nonsensical mumbles.

"Bill?" Louis still held onto his mask of concern as he reached for Bill's body. "Are you there?"

"Mmhm..." He mumbled. Drool was beginning to build up in the back of his mouth, overflowing out of it and down the side of his face like a waterfall crashing down from a mountaintop.

"Mmmhoouie..."

"Shshsh..." Louis shushed—finger gingerly placed on Bill's mouth. "That drink must've been a little bit too much for you. Guess that even big cats like you have some trouble with fine cuisine..."

*To think that he went down from a single cup of tea...*

Louis held Bill's hands—feeling up the popped-up veins on the top of the tiger's paw. He could feel the blood rushing nonstop; warm as magma, the flowing river of crimson inside Bill was boiling him alive from the inside, and the only sign he showed of being aware of it was the continuous whines coming off from him.

"Now, let's calm down..." He pulled Bill towards him—gently guiding the tiger to stand up. "And make sure that you listen to me, alright?"

Bill gave a half-hearted nod, head cocked upwards. His arms dangled at his sides, gently moving back and forth, not by his own volition, but by the wind blowing through the window.

Looking down, Louis swallowed at the growing size of Bill's tent. The already stretched fabric of his pants was pushed even further by the tiger's shaft.

The deer quickly moved on to lower the zipper, freeing Bill's cock and giving Louis a full view of the precum-stained boxers. The tip *pulsated* with fervor—moving with far more liveliness than the tiger it was attached to.

“Fuck...” Louis bit his lip as he stared at the monster emerging from Bill's pants. He had used toys in the shape of a feline shaft many times through the years—he had to let out the pent-up longing *somehow*—but even when clothed, the tiger's dick dwarfed them in size. “I've been waiting for this for so long...”

Like a rabid carnivore tearing the fat off a succulent meal, Louis practically ripped off the tiger's pants. The most the tiger mustered for a response was a slight grunt and continuous arousal.

Clad in boxers that probably used to be white—now darkened thanks to the sweat and pre that the cloth had absorbed—Bill's cock continued to throb on its own. The single cup of tea was enough to drown out all thoughts except for the primal lust that every beast had.

Still, even when knowing what this gambit would entail, Louis could barely believe how *empty* the tiger's head was. Just a few seconds ago, he was rambling on nonstop—now, he was dazed to silence and servitude. The transformation from person to *object* couldn't be more thrilling for the cervid.

Louis' slender fingers wrapped around Bill's shaft. It somehow felt even bigger now that he had it in his hands. Enthralled by having the tiger under his control like this, the cervid's hand began to *pump*. Just a single push was enough to elicit a sultry, high-pitched moan out of Bill.

“Mmmghoouis!” Bill's tail shot up straight as he cried out in pleasure. “Mmgh, touch me... Mgh... Please...” It was like a switch had flipped. The complete and utter lack of thoughts—now with someone to focus on—began flooding the tiger's subconscious. All with a single focus; *obedience*.

How could he say no to such tantalizing mewling? Gripping the two halves of Bill's button-up shirt, he thrusts his arms in opposite directions and sent the buttons flying to the ground, exposing a cream-furred midsection.

“He *did* have the six-pack...”

Louis clenched his fist in triumph. Now that he was alone with his prey, Louis couldn't care less about dignity. He was free to be as depraved as his ravenous mind desired. He couldn't control his hands as they wandered towards Bill's pecs. He squeezed the two mounds of muscle and fat with each hand, a shiver going down the cervid's spine as the pent-up stress oozed out of him with each clasp.

“Mmgmh...” Bill whimpered, a shaky smile painted on his face. “Thank youuuu, Louuuis...”

Bill would’ve never thanked him so vividly. His entire body swayed side to side. Louis’ fingers feel like heaven on him. Each subtle stroke was like liquid pleasure painting an empty canvas begging to be filled.

“That’s it. Make sure you take deep breaths.” Louis cooed. “Let me show you how things are done over here.”

Grasping the tiger’s finger, Louis pulled him closer. Their frames rubbed together—sweat rubbing on each other—the sweat from the almost naked tiger smearing all across Louis’ pristine suit. The pungent aroma of feline musk drifted into his nostrils, further flaming up his arousal. His tent brushed against Bill’s stomach, a *smidge* precum dragged across his belly.

“Mgh, Louis... You feel... good...”

“Fuck, Bill...” Louis winced. “Come on, Kitty. On all fours.”

Without even questioning it, Bill stepped away and assumed the commanded position. He looked at Louis with a huge grin—the sense of being adored and fawned over as long as he followed orders. His tail swung back and forth like a metronome, each *bump* of the appendage against the floor harmonizing with his heartbeat.

“Readdyyyyyy, Louiw!” He mewled. “What do you want me to do next? I can do eeeeeeeverything as long as you ask me to do it!” He said with a drunken-like stupor.

Those words were enough for him to undo his belt and drop his pants. Even without any contact, Louis could barely function through the heightened arousal. “You know what? Let’s make sure that you’re *fully* set in your new role.”

He went straight for the bottle and popped the cap off. One hand *clenching* Bill’s neck scruff and the other grasping the wine, he pushed it against the tiger’s lips.

“Make sure you drink it *all*,” Louis growled. “Down to the last drop.”

Like a parched man dying of thirst, the tiger began chugging down. Each gulp only thickened the fog growing around his mind. The flavor was *heavenly*. His Adam’s apple continuously bobbed while he followed Louis’ orders dutifully. From the second that Louis began touching him, it was like everything had gained color from the first time. Following the cervid’s commands only made everything brighter and more vivid. No earthly pleasure could compare to the gratification of being praised for a job well done.

“Make sure you know what the scent of your owner smells like. You need to get used to it...”

Louis gleefully pushed his groin against Bill’s nose while continuing to fore the wine down his throat. He could feel it—the tiger was getting drunk off his musk. The adorable chuffs refused to stop, harmonizing with his pitifully loud moans.

“Mmgmhooui...” Some tea spilled out of his mouth as he called out the name of his owner, but he has quickly silenced again as Louis pushed the bottle deeper into his mouth. “Mmmgh...”

“Drink long and deep, you filthy cat,” Louis ordered. “Forget about everything that isn’t being my slave. You’ll be happier serving me.”

Bill’s brain took the words like a sponge soaking up water. With all his thoughts displaced, his mind happily took the chance to fill in the newly formed gaps with more of the cervid’s words. Everything fit together like a puzzle piece.

“That’s it... Good kitty...”

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“Your tea, Master Louis.”

“Thanks, Bill.”

Bill nodded gratefully, only to look at Louis with expectant eyes. Those damn dilated pupils were a menace—impossible to say ‘no’ to even when completely transformed into the ideal picture of a butler.

“Alright, fine.”

Louis stood up to fetch the wine—although not without using it as a chance chance to get yet another look at the fruits of his work.

Bill—clad with nothing but a bowtie and a tight red speedo with the Horns Conglomerate logo slapped *right* where his cock was—stood happily with a permanent grin on his face. Now a full week since he happily renounced his job and began living as a full-time servant, the tiger spent his days being nothing more than a trophy husband for Louis. He was fully aware of the power difference between them, and that fact only made his dick throb *harder*. He couldn’t help but wonder how Louis would boss him around next.

“Open up, kitty.”

Bill did as told. Happily drinking his mind away, he began gulping down on the bottle with a swiveling tail.