

“You'll never take me alive!” Cried the black rabbit, running down the hallway towards the kitchen.

“Get back here and put it on!” Barked the German Shepherd racing behind him. Fauve made a sharp turn to the left and disappeared into the kitchen. Jamal ran after him, dragging a white suit in his right hand while in pursuit. “Get your artificial hide in this suit right now you-”

As Jamal turned the corner a black frying pan smacked him in the face. A gong sound erupted through the house and Fauve snickered. He watched as Jamal slowly fell backwards, landing on the ground. His snout pushed flat against his face and his head took the exact shape of a round disk, stars visibly circling over his head.

“Huh, not so bad being a half toon,” cooed the rabbit. He dropped the pan and tugged on the orange collar around his neck. “No real harm comes to us but it sure is fun to try dontcha think?”

Jamal sat on his elbows and wobbled his head from side to side. He shook it roughly, returning his head back to normal and growled at the rabbit. “You know darn well I wouldn't be chasing you around the house if I had a choice.”

“Gud, you couldn't catch me anyway,” Fauve retorted, sticking out his tongue with a confident smile.

“Dude, just put the rabbit suit on,” Jamal said as the black rabbit looked at the white bunny suit and shuddered in disgust. “All you have to do is put it on for an hour. That's it! You put this on, go attend the community event, hide some chocolate eggs, and just keep an eye out as some second graders gather some. What the heck's the problem?”

“Never!” Fauve said bluntly. Jamal growled and leaned forward to get up but Fauve reacted, jumping to greet the K-9's face with the bottom of his feet. The dog yelped and fell back on the ground, flailing as control over his body went towards the rabbit's bidding. “I ain't gonna dress up just to entertain some brats on a Sunday and you're not gonna make me!”

“Grrfmmgmrphr!” Jamal reached up to grab Fauve's ankles' pulling one foot off the side of his face. “It ain't me you need to worry about. It's Ze-gmmgphpm!”

Fauve shoved that foot in Jamal's mouth, grinning as he wiggled his toes and looked down condescendingly with his arms folded. “I don't care what that 9 tailed, paw loving dork wants. He's not here to issue orders and your stupid collar isn't charged yet to overpower mine. So long as you can't fight back, means I'm in control mutt face!”

“Grmmmfgr!” Jamal whined, tasting the flavor of Fauve's natural grape fur. Years under the influence of Zen's magic rendered both of them as pet toys. Forever they'd be naturally clean, Fauve would be grape flavored, himself chocolate flavored, and able to mold each other to any shape the other desired, with random time limits to the length of their transformed appearances.

Fauve stood up with his hands behind his back, wiped his feet casually on the dog's face, jumped off and ran down the hall. Stars and squiggly line appeared around Jamal's head as he groaned, his eyes replaced with confused spirals. "Ugh..."

Jamal snickered and walked up the stairs happily. "Who he think he is, telling me what to do," he said to himself, snickering. "The one time I get the chance to leave this house and I'm forced to do something I don't wanna do? Tsk, yeah right." He got to the top floor and stretched. "Soon as I find a way to get outta this house without this stupid obedience collar I'mma get a mansion to myself. Then'll we'll see who serves who."

"Who are you gonna get for servants?" Asked a familiar voice to the rabbit, the fox leaning against the wall right next to him.

"Well you know," Fauve said cockily with his eyes closed, imagining the glory of his life. "Once I get away from that fox I'll get some money and probably leave this city. I'mma make Jamal into a suitcase and take him and all my stuff with me. Gotta have someone to carry my stuff. Am I right?"

Zen grinned. "Sounds like a pla-"

"Anyways," Fauve continued obliviously. "I'll probably take over an island somewhere and make Jamal my right hand man. He can do all the tedious stuff, cleaning, cooking, basically everything he does here for me. And he'll be doing all the laundry himself from now on. Then he'll hire more people to work for me and all I'd have to do is relax in the life of luxury."

"And how're you gonna pay for all those servants?" Zen asked, folding his arms with a small snicker.

"Haha I never said I'd pay them. I'm so great that for them, it'd be an honor for them to work and do whatever I say."

"Is that so?" The fox grinned slightly and without looking, a shudder traveled up the rabbit's spin. His body physically shook from his feet up to his ears as the voice finally dawned on him. He broke out into a cold sweat, turned his head slowly and opened his eyes. Zen stood leaning against the wall on top of the steps and his grin turned into a smile. "How come you're not in uniform?"

"Heh... hey Zen... long time no see, what brings you here?" He said, scratching the back of his head with a nervous chuckle.

"You are coming to the Easter hunt right? Would be nice to have some little kids collect some candy for an hour."

"Heck no!" Fauve said, his entire being snapped back into his cocky self in seconds. "I am not getting into a white bunny suit. I am a freaking black rabbit! Black," he said, drawing out the

word. "Black ears, black face, black belly, and black feet," he said lifting his foot for emphasis. "With a bit of gray thanks to you."

Zen smiled, looking at Fauve's foot then up into Fauve's orange eyes. He snapped his fingers and a portal opened on the floor. Fauve hovered in the air for a moment, look down, back up, and gulped. He yelled as he fell in and Zen whistled. The fox's ear flicked, hearing some oofs, oomphs, gacks, and other muffled sound effects. The portal shrunk and spat the rabbit out. Fauve smacked against the ceiling, becoming as flat as a pancake, then slowly peeled off and descended to the floor like paper. He touched the ground and popped back to normal, moaning softly.

Jamal came up the stairs, rubbing his head and grumbled to himself as he managed to morph his face back to normal. His eyes widened seeing his master.

"Ze- I mean, master, you're here early."

"Yep, I thought Fauve might be giving you a hard time so I came to help." Zen pointed down at Fauve wearing the white rabbit outfit Jamal tried to get on him. The dog snickered and folded his arms.

"Guess you're going like that one way or another. How do you like that carrot face?" Jamal teased.

Fauve came back to his senses and glared at the mutt who chuckled while on the steps. Fauve look at his outfit and gave a sour expression, pouting as he folded his arms grunting.

"Alright, time to go," Zen said as he opened a portal in the middle of the hallway.

Fauve's floppy ears went up for a second. "Wait! I wanna get something first!"

Zen looked at the rabbit. "Alright fine, just make it quick."

"Will do," Fauve said to Zen then quickly turned to the German Shepherd with an evil grin.

"Meep?" Jamal said, a single drop of sweat appeared on the back of his head. Without warning the rabbit launched at the dog, causing a yelp as Jamal fell backwards down the stairs. Zen ran towards them and stood on the top of the steps.

Fauve jumped off Jamal's chest and launched high into the air, watching below as Jamal landed on his back, sprawled out and dizzy. Jamal looked up, seeing five small gray spots on the ceiling, his vision coming back to him.

"If I'm going," Fauve said as he descended to the ground, legs stretched out and feet first.

"You're coming with me!"

Jamal shook his head and witnessed two gray rabbit soles coming down right on top of him.

“Ahhh!” Screamed the Shepard with wide eyes. Zen flinched when Fauve landed, hearing a large “splat” sound from Jamal's face.

Jamal's face instantly turned to dough, his cheeks and eyes glued to the rabbit's soles as Fauve wagged his little white fluffy tail. “If I gotta stand for an hour, then you're gonna help!”

Fauve trampled Jamal's face while Jamal's hands clutched and un-clutched repeatedly with each stomp. Fauve pulled his arms and legs until the large brown and black dough pile appeared under his feet. He curled his toes tightly, letting Jamal's versatile form bulge between his four toes.

“Grrmmmmrrr!” Jamal said, his face buried somewhere inside. Zen watched and flinched more when Fauve split Jamal in half, bent down, and used his hands to wrap Jamal's bodies around each foot. With his face in the center, Fauve arranged for Jamal's eyes to be where the arcs of his toes will go, his nose and mouth in the balls of his soles, and his arms wrapped around each other for the strap. His tail was under him and his back and the rest of his body formed the rest of the flip flop shape.

“There, now I'm ready.”

“Fauve, don't you da-” Without a second thought Fauve slipped his feet into the slippers and curled his toes comfortably. “Grrmmgph! Fuaughmr! Geuugf fugeee!”

Fauve looked up at Zen and waved. “Ready!” Zen shook his head and turned to leave. Fauve ran up each step as hard as he could.

“Oof, oof, oof, augh, oomph, euugff, eugrrf, gaughf, gack!” Jamal cried muffled under the soles of his friend. He could barely see between the rabbit's toes, each set of eyes watching the ceiling from below. Fauve jumped and landed on the top floor with a large thump. Jamal exhaled, shriveling under the weight before reforming again. His body acted as memory foam, taking the shape of Fauve's clean, 14 size feet. Every step made him exhale lightly, forced to take in the fruity scent of natural grape the rabbit's body gave off.

“No pain no gain right, now how about we go make those kids happy?” Fauve said mockingly. He ran down the hall towards the portal Zen walked into. Before he did he jumped, clicked his feet together, landed, then ran inside. One flip flop growling to express his annoyance while the other gave crocodile tears and whimpers to his misery. Fauve went through the portal and the house was silent.