

**My compulsion to eat him has grown gradually. My master gifted me to his side to humor his exploits and I am beginning to imagine tearing his flesh apart. He is aware of this.**

**I've ensured that I have not unnerved him though I'm sure he has caught wind of my predicament. It is only natural to view him as a meal, seeing as he is a lamb, and I am a tiger.**

**He is a nude photographer selling photos of predators to the Fang Times Newspaper, which romanticizes the consumption of one another through promiscuous poses and contorted narratives.**

**I was sent to be his subject for this month. Despite only being ordered for 5 shoots, he's invited me to 7 and it is only during half of my time here with more in the near future.**

**According to him, I've reignited something within him. I could say the same. I tend to hold in my urges to kill another yet he seems almost thrilled by the prospect. He doesn't seem to mind my gaze.**

**I catch myself glaring at him in hunger. Or rather a different feeling. Hunger leaves the implication that I will gain something from this excursion though it is nothing of the sort.**

**It couldn't be farther from the truth. I wish to have him. Had it been hunger, it would have been an indistinguishable feeling across all other animals before me.**

**There's something about this rabbit. It isn't sexual as far as I could tell. I would experiment with the idea of sleeping with him but it doesn't spark anything. The only thing that he gives me is a sinking feeling in my gut and the compulsive want to tear him apart.**

He enjoys my company as I could tell. He often sees me as a companion to talk to, expositions away to me about things I couldn't care less about. He lets his guard down around me.

It's in these moments I almost feel bad for having such compulsions. This is a man, and he's a man with ambitions and aspirations. To simply eat him would put an end to it all. Though would he be against that?

His fascination far exceeds normal and he has a thing for tigers, it appears. I could easily grab him and tear his face off. Perhaps even photograph it as he does my fangs. Though perhaps his fascination is just that. A fascination.

There is a chance that I'm being too eager. This odd feeling of need I feel, the target of my feeling being far too complacent in indulging. This is too odd.

I'll try. I can grab him after our 9th shoot. As with our normal escapades, he'll offer his camera to act as a buffer between us. But I will stop him. I'll start slowly, laying my tongue on the exposed fur of his collarbone. Simply to test the waters.

As I planned for and scripted beforehand, he is more than compliant, continuing to offer a camera to record a more 'natural' circumstance. Ignoring his occupational insistence, I'll lay my fangs into his collarbone. Not yet biting.

He finally shut up, laying his paws onto my cheeks and flattening my whiskers as I kept my fangs in place. As I thought, the feeling I have isn't hunger. My compulsion is to bite him and consume him but not to simply eat him.

It's simply to claim him. Not something as childish as mates but something worse. My compulsion is to completely take him from others, parting him from the world and those who knew him, keeping him to myself with no remorse.

That is the nature of the tiger and the lamb, no?

