

“So, that’s the job. You just sit in this office for eight hours, make sure the cameras are working, and, well... that’s it, really. Any questions?”

James - a short and skinny geek of a brown mouse - frowned at the tall and handsome boss of a gray wolf in front of him. Yes, actually, he *did* have questions. Lots of questions. Mostly about what the cameras were pointed at. But... it was also difficult to *ask* those questions to the intimidating slab of a canine towering over him. The wolf was twice as wide and a whole six foot seven in height... and James was barely four feet tall.

But for as tall and muscular as the wolf was, he also wasn’t a brute. Sensing James apprehension, the wolf leaned against the wall of the pokey little office that they were both stood in and gave the mouse a smile. “No need to be nervous, James,” the wolf chuckled as he flicked a speck of dust from the sleeve of his black three-piece suit. “You’ve already got the job, so you can ask whatever you want.”

James meekly nodded his head and glanced at the wolf’s torso - specifically, at the fine suit that he was wearing. Perhaps that was another reason why he felt so inadequate. The wolf was wearing something expensive, something tailor-made, something that made him look even more handsome than he already was, and... here he was in khakis and a polo shirt. “Okay, well... it’s Mr. Lucre, right?”

“Correct,” the wolf said with a nod of his head. “But please, call me Stan.”

James swallowed and looked over toward the monitor that was on top of the office’s sole desk. It was on, currently showing a camera feed into, well... what looked like a very elaborate and very fancy prison cell. One that had walls of glass and more furnishings and amenities within it’s large single room than James’ apartment. A comfortable bed, a cushy sofa, a wide television across one of the walls, a full kitchen, a gym set, a...

... well, the list went on. James, however, was most curious about the cell’s occupant. The camera was centered on him currently. A white wolf like Stan, though much more skinny and sleek while being no less tall. He was currently laid on the sofa, his shockingly purple eyes lidded and staring up at the glass ceiling above him blankly. He was also completely naked, and seemingly proudly so. Sheath out, thighs spread, round furry balls happily on display as he drifted through whatever thoughts he had on his mind.

James frowned and looked away from the screen. “Well, uh... Stan... I guess... what’s the deal with the guy in the cell?” the mouse asked, unsure of how else to phrase the question.

Stan glanced at the screen and then looked back at James. "It's not a cell," the wolf said cheerily. "It's more like... you know... at the zoo, what do they call those?"

"An enclosure?" James suggested.

Stan clapped his hands together and nodded. "Right! An enclosure. It's more like an enclosure."

James frowned deeply. "So, uh... are people going to come in and look at him then, or...?" he asked as he struggled to parse how what was on screen could be considered an *enclosure*.

Stan shook his head firmly. "Oh, goodness no. Absolutely not. That's what the cameras are for, you know? So that we can watch him remotely. Just like how people watch animals at the zoo."

"I... see," James murmured. Kind of like a live stream or something then, he supposed. "So... will I need to watch the footage? Take notes or anything?"

"Nope. Like I said, your job is to make sure the cameras work. Someone *much* smarter than both of us will be taking notes from the footage."

James figured that you'd have to be *pretty* smart to be able to glean anything important from hours and hours of footage of a guy lying around in a luxury glass cage with his dick and balls out. Or really dumb. Either way, he was glad that it wasn't *his* job. "What if the cameras break, then?" he asked. "How do I fix them from here?"

Stan cocked his thumb over toward a small trapdoor in the corner of the office. "You go down there and you fix them."

James looked in the direction of Stan's thumb. It took him a few seconds to even see the trap door. "So... is there like a remote system down there or something, or..."

Stan smirked. "Nope," he said with a little shake of his muzzle. "Nothing as complicated as that. Down there is where his enclosure is."

James swallowed. The realization that he was standing only a few feet away from what was on screen filled him with a strange sort of anxiety. Whatever was going on in that glass cage was *weird* and he didn't want to be stood right on top of... whatever the hell was going on here. "Why is he in there?" the mouse

suddenly asked. Was this illegal? It felt illegal. And if it was, he didn't want to be here when the cops showed up. "What did he do? Is this like... you know... by the book?"

Stan frowned and looked away from James. Clearly pensive, he chewed on his bottom lip for a couple of seconds, thinking on how to answer that question. Naturally, this just filled the mouse with even *more* anxiety. Eventually, though, after clearly considering his words *very* carefully, the wolf looked back. "Those are good questions," he murmured. His tone was still friendly, but... it had an edge to it now. A firmness. "But they're not questions that we'll be answering, nor questions that we're paying you to ask."

James shivered. He wanted to bolt from the office. Go home and never look back. Indeed, he was eying the door that Stan was stood beside. But for some reason - some stupid reason - he turned his head back to the wolf. "Look, I uh... I just... I just don't want to get in any trouble. That's all," the mouse murmured meekly.

Stan nodded his head. "Of course," he said like he completely understood. "If you're worried about the cops showing up, or... this being illegal, or... you know, any of that... you don't have to be. I can promise you that this is completely legitimate, even if... well... I can't tell you the full story."

"What if he tries to tell me stuff while I'm down there... you know... fixing up the cameras or whatever?" James asked all unsure.

"Oh, he'll absolutely talk to you," Stan murmured. "Not much that we can do about that."

"Do I just... ignore him then?"

Stan nodded his head... but also shrugged his shoulders. "I would recommend that you ignore him, yes," the wolf said. "But at the same time, it's not... you know... part of your job requirement to be silent around him. You can talk to him if you want. Ask him questions. Go inside of his enclosure and blow him for all we care. It's just, you know... wouldn't advise doing that."

James cringed ever so slightly as Stan was vulgar enough to suggest *blowing* the wolf. That definitely wasn't on his list of priorities. "Uh... aside from that whole blowing thing..." the mouse murmured awkwardly, "why wouldn't you advise doing the other things?"

Stan tapped the side of his nose and smiled secretively. "Another question I can't answer, I'm afraid," the wolf sighed. "You'll just have to take my word for it."

James shook his head. That was it. He was done. No job could pay well enough for this level of nonsense. “Mr. Lucre... uh, Stan... I’ve... I think I’m gonna have to turn down the job offer here,” the mouse said with what little firmness he could muster. “I appreciate it and all, but...”

“You don’t want a hundred grand a month to sit in a chair and fix some cameras?” Stan suddenly asked.

James blinked in surprise. For a few seconds, his jaw hung open in shock. “I... a hundred grand?” he eventually squeaked.

Stan nodded his head. “Mhm,” he said. “One hundred grand. Plus all the benefits you could want. You know, medical, dental...”

James was already doing the math in his head. If he worked here for a year then... well, there’d be taxes and stuff, but... he’d be close to a millionaire. Two years and he’d *definitely* be a millionaire. Sure, this job was weird, but he’d be able to retire to wherever the hell he wanted before too long. But then again... one hundred grand for sitting in a chair and replacing a camera every once in a while was suspicious all in itself. Still, though...

... James couldn’t resist. He knew that if he turned down this job then he’d be kicking himself for the rest of his life. Besides. If it got too weird then he could just quit, right? “Alright,” the mouse said, “I... I’ll take the job.”

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Despite James’ initial anxiety, he was, in the end, grateful that he had taken the job as a security guard... or a camera person.. or a... well, he wasn’t quite *sure* what his job description was, but... at the end of his first month, he *did* get a paycheck worth a hundred grand as promised.

It was the easiest hundred grand he’d ever made. Andy hadn’t lied to him. All he had to do was clock in, sit in the office, and make sure to fix any cameras if they broke. And given that none of the cameras had broke in the first month that he’d been there all he’d had to do was... sit there.

Sure, some things about the job were still strange. The guy in the basement for one. But as time went on and James was exposed to more and more footage of him, the mouse found his suspicions about the whole thing wavering. Whoever the white wolf was, he didn’t seem to care at all about being in his so-called enclosure. Indeed, he seemed happy to be in there. James had seen him doing *quite* the range of activities. Everything from watching television to cooking food to working out to laying in bed and jacking off like there *weren’t* a bunch of

cameras pointed at him.

The guy, whoever he was, was happy as could be. Maybe he'd volunteered for this? Maybe he just *liked* being in a weird glass cage? Maybe he was paying Stan and whoever else to observe him? James didn't know, and, honestly, after cashing in his first paycheck, he didn't much care either.

On the 32nd night of James' employment - when he was kicked back in the office's chair playing some braindead cell phone game like he did with most of his time in the office - the mouse heard a *crack* followed by a *fizzle*. His heart leapt into his mouth as he was almost startled out of his chair by the sharp and sudden noise...

... and then, as James looked at the monitor and saw *Camera Failure 2: 3242* wrote across it in bright red text, his heart sank all the way into his bowels. Suddenly more numb than surprised, he placed his cell phone down on the desk and gave an anxious glance toward the tiny trapdoor in the corner of the office. Then, swallowing nervously, he reached into the desk drawer beside him and withdrew a small black book that would tell him what the error code on screen actually *meant*.

A 3242 was apparently a dead battery. The mouse's spirits lifted ever so slightly. That would be quick and easy. Fifteen minutes or less. Plus, he even knew where the batteries were. He'd spied them in a cupboard about a week or two ago when he was just looking around the office in a fit of boredom. Forcing himself to smile, the mouse stood, opened the cupboard in question, and retrieved a battery. He opened up his little red toolbox, dropped the battery inside, and then, *still* wearing a forced smile, he made his way over to the trap door.

By the time the mouse reached the door, though, he was no longer smiling. The trapdoor was completely ordinary - just a square flap of wood with a latch - but looking at it filled James with a terrible dread. Like he was stood above a portal to Hell itself. Like if he went down there then his life would spiral down an uncontrollable and terrible path. "You're being ridiculous," James whimpered to himself as he clutched his toolbox and took a deep breath. "Just go down there. You don't have to say anything to him. Probably don't even have to look at him."

The mouse nodded. Pushing back his fear, he got on his knees and opened the trapdoor. Luckily - as a creature who wasn't a big fan of heights - it only went down about ten feet or so. The wolf's 'enclosure' and his office were more cozy than he had hoped. He realized that he hadn't seen the area *around* the glass cage - or, where he'd be fixing the camera - on any of the feeds. As he looked at it for the first time - a narrow walkway around the glass cube of a cage that was

about three feet wide and made of metal - he didn't feel any better about going down there. It looked cold and dirty.

Down the ladder James went. He did so with as much stealth as he had, clutching his toolbox tight so that it didn't rattle and stepping down the rungs gently, hoping that if he moved quietly enough then the wolf wouldn't even notice he was there. It seemed to be working... at least, until the mouse hopped off of the last rung. "Ah," cooed a surprisingly regal-sounding voice the second James' paws kissed the metal floor. "I was wondering when you'd come down here."

James squeaked and jolted so hard that he dropped his toolbox to the floor. As it landed on the rugged metal floor it produced a loud *clang* that shook the mouse to his very bones. "Oh dear," the wolf chuckled. "Clumsy one, aren't you?"

Shaking, James wrapped his arms around himself and slowly span on his heel to face the enclosure behind him... and the lean white wolf that was looking directly at him. He was close to the glass. His sharp purple eyes fixed on him, a hand raised and fingers pressed against his enclosure's surface, a calm smile on his muzzle that could be interpreted as either highly friendly or incredibly *ominous*. "I'm not supposed to talk to you," the mouse squeaked.

The white wolf frowned and shook his head, his purple eyes twinkling as he did so. Now that the mouse wasn't looking at him through the lens of a camera, he noticed that his irises were literally *glowing*. "No, no, that isn't what Stan said," the wolf said with a click of his tongue. "He said that he wouldn't *recommend* talking to me."

"That's... that's basically the same thing," James whimpered as he tenderly rubbed at his upper arm. All the surprise had ended up making him pull a muscle in his shoulder.

"*Supposed* and *recommend*... those are basically the same thing?" the wolf murmured quizzically. "That's strange. They sound completely different to me."

James frowned. He wasn't sure if the male was being sarcastic or if he was *actually* confused. Either way... it didn't really matter. The mouse had a job to do down here. Focus on that instead of on this bizarre purple-eyed wolf. "Whether I'm *supposed* to or not *recommended* to," the mouse grumbled as he reached down and grabbed his toolbox, "I'm not talking to you."

The wolf tapped his fingers against the glass and smirked. "Really?" he murmured all amused. "Because you're still saying words to me."

Realizing that the wolf was making a *very* good point, the mouse sealed his

mouth and remembered the room's layout. He was stood by Camera 1 - which was on the east wall - and Camera 2 was over on the north wall, so...

... off the mouse went, taking off down the walkway with his toolbox clutched *very* tightly to his chest. He wasn't sure if it was his scared body betraying him, but the air down here felt *very* difficult to breathe. It was musty and thick and it tasted like *rust*. As he walked, the wolf moved through the glass enclosure at his side - following his every step, moving at his pace, keeping his eyes fixed on him, cool, calm, and collected. He didn't say a word... which James was very grateful for. Him following him in the corner of his eye was creepy and distracting enough.

After a few anxious moments, James arrived at the north wall... and realized that Camera 2 was out of his reach. Far, far out of his reach. He'd need a ladder. There was one in the office, but not down here. "Oh no," the mouse squeaked to himself. Now he was going to have to go back up the ladder and then come back down it which meant that he was going to be in this creepy weirdo's presence for even *longer*. "You idiot."

"Hm?" the wolf cooed. "Who's an idiot?"

James growled and threw his toolbox down to the floor in a grumpy fit. "Me," he spat, unable to help himself from replying. As if his statement weren't enough, he turned around to face the wolf and pointed his index finger right at his own face. The mouse was shivering. Shaking. Fear and frustration had taken a full hold of him. "Me.... me. Right here. I'm the fucking idiot."

The wolf frowned. Blinking a couple of times in confusion, he took a step back from the glass and folded his arms over his chest. "Well, that's not a very nice thing to say about yourself," he murmured disapprovingly.

"I... I am an idiot, though," James mumbled back helplessly. "I... I gotta go all the way back upstairs, then I gotta come back down here... all because I was too stupid to realize that *of course* the cameras are too high for me to reach."

The white wolf hummed and pursed his lips. "Why would you need to go upstairs?" he asked, ever-curious.

"Because there's a ladder up there."

"Why would you need to go upstairs to get a ladder?" The wolf unfolded his arms and pointed over to the right. "There's one right there."

The mouse looked to where the wolf was pointing - to his side - and, sure enough, there was a ladder about five feet away from him. Tall and wide and...

incredibly obvious. In fact, it was already positioned *right* next to the camera. How hadn't he noticed it before? "Man," James squeaked with a slow and confused shake of his head. "I must be going crazy."

"I think you're just a little... frightened is all," the white wolf mused with a thoughtful raise of his brow. "Shook up for some reason. You're all... hmm... shivery."

The mouse clenched his fists together and took a deep breath through his teeth. After taking a couple of seconds to collect himself - to fight back most of the shudders - he swallowed and nodded at the wolf agreeably. "I... I don't like being down here," he admitted for some reason. "It's scary."

"Scary because of me?" the wolf asked.

James reluctantly nodded his head. "Yes."

"No reason to be scared of me," the wolf assured. "I'm perfectly friendly. And even if I weren't, there's all of this glassy stuff between me and you." The wolf rapped his knuckles against it, producing a hollow *knock knock* sound that really sounded more like metal than glass. "Can't get through it." The wolf shrugged. "And I don't want to. Why would I when I have everything I need right here?"

The mouse considered the wolf's words heavily while looking at him warily. On one hand, the wolf was right. The glass - or whatever it was - *did* ensure that there was a constant and respectable distance between them, but, at the same time... Stan had sounded *pretty* serious about not interacting with this guy, even if it had just been a *recommendation*.

In the end, James decided that standing here and puzzling over whether he should trust the wolf or not was pointless. Here was his toolbox, there was a ladder, and up it was the thing that he needed to fix. As soon as he did that he could get out of here. Shaking himself off, the mouse bent down, opened his toolbox, and retrieved the battery and a screwdriver set. Then, firmly turning his back to the cage, he began to ascend the ladder.

"Perhaps if you treat this less like a confrontation and more like a friendly encounter then you might be *less* scared," the wolf abruptly suggested as James went up the rungs. "Like... hmm. Hello there, dear mouse, my name is Beck," he said as he lifted his chin and flourished his arms outward dramatically. "I'm that naked weirdo that you've been watching through the cameras for the last month."

"Pleasure to meet you, Beck," the mouse grunted as he arrived at the top of the ladder and looked toward the side panel for the battery on the side of the

camera. It was sealed with screws... size three screws, if his eyes weren't betraying him. He set the screwdriver set down on the top rung of the ladder and pulled out a number three. "I won't be telling you my name, though, if that's alright."

"Oh, no need," Beck announced bombastically. "I already know your name, James."

James twitched so hard that he almost dropped the screwdriver nestled between his fingers. He knew his *name*. That was odd, that was strange, that was *awful*... at least, until the mouse remembered that the wolf had somehow overheard his conversation with Stan. He must have heard it then. Shivering, the mouse leaned toward the camera and unscrewed the battery panel. It came off easily. "Nice trick," the mouse murmured.

"It is! Being able to know the name of every living creature I lay my sparkly eyes upon is quite the magnificent trick indeed," Beck said proudly and agreeably.

"Having ears that can hear through *glass* or whatever and all the way up into the office above is the impressive trick, Beck," James grunted back as he prised the dead battery out of the side of the camera. He was trying to sound unimpressed, but he only really sounded a little less terrified than before. Still, though, Stan's recommendation not to talk to Beck was now making sense, because Beck was completely full of shit. "Not... whatever it is that you just said."

"No no," Beck murmured, "it's not in the ears, it's really in the eyes."

James looked at the dead battery in his hand. Then, deciding that he didn't care where it went, he tossed it over his shoulder and let it fall to the ground beneath him. "Uh-huh," James mumbled in disbelief as he pulled the fresh battery out of his pocket.

"It is! I know lots of things about you," Beck said very knowingly.

James bit his bottom lip and leaned forward to shove the battery into its slot. It fit in snugly. A green LED flared to life. The job was almost done - all he needed to do now was screw the panel back on - and then he could get out of here. All he had to do was keep his mouth shut for another few seconds and... but he couldn't help himself. He had to ask. He had to know what the wolf apparently knew. "What do you know about me, Beck?" the mouse asked hesitantly as he placed the panel back onto the side of the camera.

"Twenty-seven years old. College dropout. Drifted from dead-end job to

dead-end job until, well... you saw an advertisement in the paper offering high pay for easy unqualified work and... well, here you are now, James."

James grit his teeth and *just* about resisted the urge to gasp. That was all true. But at the same time, that could have just been a string of lucky guesses. He *looked* about twenty-seven years old and college dropouts were high on the list of people desperate enough to take this weird job. Ignoring Beck and shaking his head, the mouse grabbed a screw.

"Not specific enough for you?" the wolf said as if he could read James' mind. "Okay. Let's see. Your most shameful secret. At that college you dropped out of, you were president of the chess club. The best player by far. Or at least, that's what everyone *thought*."

The screw rattled in the mouse's now *extremely* shaky fingers before tumbling out of them... though the mouse didn't care about that. Indeed, he didn't even notice it. Now shivering so madly that he had to *clutch* onto the ladder to not fall off, the mouse nervously turned his head toward the glass enclosure and looked down toward a *very* satisfied looking Beck. "How did you... how did you..."

"Turns out that you never won a game legitimately. The whole time you were playing you had a 'friend' that you paid off squeaking instructions on how to win the game right in your ear," Beck went on. He sounded confident, happy, *thrilled* to be spilling secrets that he shouldn't have known about. "They used a... computer program, or... something like that to calculate the best possible move. And that was going quite well for you, until the vice president noticed your earpiece and... oh." Beck smiled and nodded his head as he came to a satisfying realisation. "That's why you dropped out of college in the first place. Wasn't your grades... it was the shame."

"I... I did win games legitimately," the mouse whimpered. "I... I won lots of games without cheating, I..."

Beck shook his head firmly. "Nope," he said sharply, "you've never had a legitimate win in a game of chess in your entire life. Not once. Not ever!"

"I did!" the mouse yelled. Had he? He couldn't remember - for some reason he couldn't remember - but he was *sure* that he had. The friend hadn't *always* been there... had he? "Against my family... and my... my friends! Even at the club!"

"Not one single real win at a game you've played your entire life," the wolf sighed as he stepped back from the glass and shook his head in disappointment. "How completely pitiful."

The mouse began to haul himself down the ladder. He couldn't take any more of this. The basement or Beck. He needed to get out of here - to where the air was fresh and circulated - to where there wasn't a naked wolf taunting him. Shaking like a leaf, he began to descend the ladder quickly, almost tripping and falling off it several times as his feet almost missed rungs in their hurry. "Shut up," he said as he hopped off the ladder and started to storm down the walkway in so much of a hurry that he left his toolbox behind.

The wolf followed the mouse's path across the walkway through his enclosure, merrily chasing him as the rodent stomped away in terrified fury. "You know, I've never even *played* chess," the wolf chuckled, "and I bet I could beat you."

"No you couldn't! Not if you've never played!" the mouse yelled as he grabbed onto the ladder that left back up the office. "I'm leaving! Just shut up!"

"Yes, I can see it now, I'd absolutely *trounce* you," the wolf laughed as he watched the mouse climb the ladder in a hurry. "It'd be easy! Three moves! No, two! No... one!"

James climbed through the trap door. As soon as he was back in the office he felt a great wave of relief. He gulped in a deep breath of fresh rustless air. Then, still shaking - infact, he was sure he'd be shaking for the rest of the night - he reached over and grabbed the trapdoor. He was going to slam it and go back to his desk, but...

... once again, he couldn't help but speak. Or shout. "If you knew anything about chess," he yelled, "then you'd know it's *impossible* to win the game in one move!"

Before Beck could taunt him again, the mouse slammed the trapdoor closed. He tried to pull himself to his feet, but... his legs and the rest of his body were shaking so badly that they might as well have been jelly. Indeed, it was a minor miracle that he'd been able to get himself up the ladder in the first place. Groaning, leaned his back into the wall and took a series of deep long breaths. As he did so - amidst the confusion and anxiety whirling around his mind - he had a desire. A strong and strange desire.

James wanted to beat Beck at chess. Indeed, he had never wanted *anything* so badly. He wanted to walk all over him, to dominate him, to put him in his place and *prove* that he didn't need a friend or a computer to beat a total *novice* at a game that he'd... won plenty of times by himself. Yes. He really had.

But that desire - no matter how strong it might have been - was one that

James knew that he needed to push back. After all, playing Beck at chess would mean spending more time with Beck... and after that brief encounter, James was absolutely certain that he didn't want to spend even a second with the wolf.

But despite James' best efforts, that desire remained. Indeed, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, it grew stronger and stronger, until it was all that the mouse could think about. He even started bringing his chess board with him to work, telling himself that if he had the opportunity, that if a camera went out today... then he'd go down there and challenge him. How they'd play through a wall of glass was anyone's guess, but... James would figure it out. He had to. He had to win against him.

The desire grew more and more until it was burning at James, until it was all he could *think* about, until his once lazy days in the office were spent furiously practicing chess on his phone and poring over tactical theory. Until he wasn't scared of a camera breaking, but... *desperate* for it to happen. But the days rolled on and on. The second month of the mouse's employment passed, his second paycheck arrived, and... not even cashing it relieved him of his need. Not even looking at his fat bank account distracted him for but a second. He *needed* that win.

Beck, on the other hand... well, Beck was acting the same as usual. Lounging around his enclosure. Playing with his dick occasionally. Doing his usual thing of absolutely nothing at all. If he knew of James' need, the wolf didn't show it. Perhaps James ought to just go down there? Nothing was stopping him from opening the trapdoor, after all. But something about that didn't feel right to the mouse. No. He needed to be... summoned.

On the 65th day of James' employment, the opportunity to play finally came about. Red text across the mouse's monitor - an error message that James didn't even bother to read, much less check in the manual. Instead, no longer showing so much as a shred of the anxiety or fear from before, he rose to his feet, grabbed his chessboard, and ambled across the office giddily to the trapdoor. There, he thrust it open and descended down the ladder, board tucked underneath his arm, pieces rattling within as he went down the rungs. "I'm here!" the mouse yelled as he leapt off the last rung.

Beck, who was lounging in an armchair lazily staring up at the ceiling, lowered his gaze upon hearing the mouse's cry. "You are. You seem... excited about something," the white wolf pointed out lazily.

James' nodded his head furiously and approached Beck's enclosure eagerly.

"Yes," he said as he cradled his board in his arms. "I'm excited to finally beat you."

Beck furrowed his brow and gave the mouse a confused look. "Beat me?" he murmured. "At what?"

"You... don't remember?" James said... or almost whimpered. He couldn't help but be disappointed that Beck hadn't been thinking about this as much as he had.

Beck shook his head dumbly. "A lot of things happen down here every day," he said with a shrug. "I talk to a lot of people. You can't expect me to remember... whatever it was that you talked about... whenever it was that you were last down here."

James chuckled awkwardly. "Nothing happens down here," the mouse said. "Other than you walking around and doing stuff. You don't talk to anyone but yourself."

Beck smirked. "How can you be so sure?" the wolf asked.

"Because... I watch the cameras? Every day? Since it's part of my job and all?" James scoffed.

Beck leaned back into his seat and rubbed at his chin. "You know," he said after a thoughtful moment. "Cameras... they're so strange, aren't they?"

James frowned. "What do you mean?" he asked a little impatiently.

"Cameras make recordings," Beck said as if his point was obvious. "And recordings... when you play back a recording from ten years ago, it's not *happening* ten years ago. It's happening now, in the present, but those people in the recording... in the past... they don't know that."

"I... I have no idea what you're talking about."

"What I'm trying to say is the people in the recording have no idea where they really are," Beck said very flatly. "It makes you wonder... what if *you're* somewhere else right now? Doesn't it?"

James licked his lips. He felt as if Beck was talking about something important... or at least *hinting* at something important... but his mind was still focused on the game. Whatever Beck was getting at, he didn't care. "Whatever," the mouse murmured. "Look, I'm here to play chess with you, alright?"

Beck smiled. "Ah, yes!" the wolf said as he clapped his hands together. Smiling, he gestured at the area in front of him - which was set up perfectly for a game. A table in front of him and another chair across from him. "Yes, you wanted to play chess. Why don't you come sit across from me and set the board up, mm?"

The mouse frowned. "But there's glass in the way," he said.

"Is there?"

James blinked a couple of times, and... suddenly, there wasn't any glass around Beck's enclosure. Nothing blocking the way at all. Had there ever been anything there? The mouse couldn't remember, and the mouse didn't care. There was nothing blocking his path to Beck, so he was on the move, padding toward the chair opposite Beck furiously. The mouse soon arrived at it, threw himself into his seat, and set the board down on the table. Then, all shivery again - but with excitement this time - he looked up at Beck with a smirk on his face...

... a smirk that immediately opened into a terrified and shocked gape of the mouth because Beck was suddenly a whole lot *bigger* than he was before. Two times... no, three times... no, *four* times as big as the mouse... or maybe even more. He hadn't been that big before. Had he? James couldn't quite remember... his mind was such a muddle... he still could hardly think about anything but how *big* this guy was. And the game. The game was still *very* important.

Regardless of whether Beck had been this size before, though, something that looked like sixteen plus feet of lean white wolf was now comfortably sat in the chair across from him, dwarfing the mouse completely. Even though he was laid back in his seat all lazy and relaxed, his embiggened form was terrifying regardless. A single one of his hands was large enough to wrap around his head wholesale... or his torso... or... any part of him, really. But most scary of all was his eyes. Huge, purple, glowing gently, and *gazing* at the mouse with what could only be described as *amused arrogance*.

"The game, James?" the wolf said in a rumble of a croon that was deep enough to make the mouse's bones vibrate gently. "I would offer to set it up, but I have no idea how to play."

James swallowed. Right, yes, the game. That was still important - important enough, even, to distract from Beck's enormous height. He unfolded the board and shook out the pieces. Then, shivering - unsure if it was with excitement or fear or both - the mouse set the game up quickly, piece by piece, moving everything into position. When he was done he looked up at Beck. *All* the way up

him like he was taking his eyes up across a fluffy white wolf-shaped tree. "Do you... want to go first, or?"

Beck shook his head gently. "No. I should get a good idea of the rules by watching you play a turn, so... show me how it's done."

James couldn't help but feel a little bad for Beck. If he was as clueless as he seemed, then... the wolf was in for a thrashing. "You... really have no idea how to play?" the mouse asked. "I can explain the rules if you want. It's quite a complicated game. All of the pieces do different things, and..."

"No, no," Beck murmured with a dismissive wave of his hand. "I'm sure I'll pick it up. Just play."

James nodded his head and leaned toward the board. "I'll be white, then," the mouse said. The white pieces were already turned toward him, so... convenient. "You're black." His first move was simple - elementary, even - he was going to move a pawn to...

... the mouse blinked. Suddenly he was no longer at the beginning of the game, but... in the midst of one. One that he was losing badly. Several of his pieces lay slain by the side of the board while Beck's remained untouched and but a single move away from bringing him to checkmate. "Such a dreadfully easy game," the wolf remarked lazily.

"Wait... no, I was... we hadn't even started," James suddenly blurted out as he looked up at the immense wolf. "We were... I was going to..."

Beck sighed - billowing the scent of dog breath in James' direction - and leaned his tremendous form toward the board. He lowered one of his fingers toward a piece that was poised for the kill - his bishop - and lazily rolled his finger across it. Just the tip of his finger was large enough to smother the tiny chess piece entirely. "Now, now," the wolf sighed. "Don't start making excuses. Checkmate."

The mouse groaned loudly as Beck slid his bishop into a position that ended the game. "No," James whimpered. "That's not fair!"

Beck snorted and raised his brow in confusion. "Oh, please. Lose with grace, mm? Let the winner revel in their victory," the wolf murmured all disappointed. "There's nothing worse than someone who can't take defeat."

"But... you didn't defeat me!" the mouse yelled. "I... I didn't even make a move..."

Beck rolled his purple eyes and blew out a long tired sigh. "James, dear, you've been acting strange all night," the wolf grumbled. "You need to get ahold of yourself. You're losing it."

"I'm *not* losing it," James said in what was blatantly denial. "You cheated! I know you did!"

Beck smirked and rolled his finger around the inside of one of his large ears, as if he were adjusting an ear piece. "Oh, yes, well," the wolf chuckled mockingly, "you'd know all about cheating, wouldn't you, James?"

The mouse curled up his little fists. Given the size of the creature in front of him, though, they remained firmly at his sides. "Fuck off!"

"Now you're cursing," Beck sighed. "Look. How about you calm down and we play another game, mm? I think I've got this whole *chess* thing nailed down, so... look, if you want any tips or anything on how to play, then... well, more than happy to share them, you know?"

Pissed beyond belief, the mouse *swatted* the chess board off the table and buried his face into his palms. Everything he had been looking for had been taken from him. The victory. Even the game itself. Unable to *do* anything - for his words seemed to have about as much effect as his fists would - James simply sobbed into his hands. He felt weak. Useless. Outmatched. His pride had been taken from him and there was nothing that he could do to get it back. Infact... he could hardly remember *what* he had to be proud about in the first place. Who was he? Where was he? *What was he even doing here?*

"Oh. No more chess, then?" Beck remarked softly. "Shan't complain. Learned all there is to know about it already."

James gave no reply. Beck licked the back of his teeth delicately. "Much like I've learned all there is to know about you, James," the wolf said. "Read you cover to cover. Several times, as a matter of fact. Not because you were especially interesting... no, the opposite actually. I studied you for so long because I was *looking* for something interesting, but... all I could find was this silly board game thing. Dull, to say the least."

Beck stood from his seat and set his hands on his hands. James didn't dare look at him. He was huge sitting down. Standing, he must have been... he must have been... well, the mouse didn't want to figure it out. All he knew is that he was fully consumed by his grim shadow, physically, mentally... in every way possible. "Anyway," the wolf said, "I'm going to eat you now."

"Wait," James finally managed to gasp as he pulled his hands away from his face. "What?"

But it was too late. The wolf had placed his paw on top of the mouse's head... and as already stated, it was big enough to consume it. Before James could make so much as *squeak*, Beck's enormous hand had closed around his head in a fist, squeezing his skull in a vice-like grip. "Mhm," the wolf murmured as he effortlessly lifted the mouse into the air. "Not much else that you're good for, really."

The next thing that James felt - after his legs dangling in the air - was the feeling of his feet entering the wolf's mouth. His maw was able to contain them easily... it was far from a snug fit. With the wolf's hand around his head the mouse couldn't see anything, but given that he could still wiggle his toes to brush them over the wolf's cheeks, tongue, and fangs, he knew that the huge wolf would have no issue packing him into his stomach. Indeed, the canine had more than enough room to roll his tongue around despite the feet filling his mouth... which he did so eagerly, lapping his smooth and wet buds across the bottom of the mouse's heels and around his toes. Lubricating them with copious amounts of thick saliva, because...

... *glk*. The mouse's feet were swallowed. Into hot wet throat they went, suddenly bound so tightly together that he couldn't move his toes. And as a powerful gullet gripped at his feet, his ankles were submerged into the wet heat of the wolf's steamy maw. Tongue flicking against them, rolling over them, slickening them, before another greedy swallow gulped those down too, taking the mouse in to his hips effortlessly. From there, the wolf had seemingly tasted enough. His hand pushed down on the top of the mouse's head...

... and his throat, eager to take it's owners meal down to where it belonged... well, it did the rest. It squeezed at the mouse, dragging his saliva-sodden body down in a series of fierce gulps. The rodent was taken down into stomach hard and fast, so much so that there wasn't time to feel any dread or fear. By the time he'd even *started* to get used to the feeling of slimy gullet *clenching* around his body his journey had come to an end. A loud slurp of sphincter opening followed by his body being squeezed into a hot and disgusting stomach.

It was like the mouse had been stuffed into a sack. A hot and fleshy and *oozing* sack. Forced into a fetal position with his head tucked against his stomach and his arms and legs curled around him, with absolutely no room to spread his *anything* out. The first thing that hit him was the scent. Acrid, pungent, nausea-inducing. Then, the heat. Sweltering, humid, like being stuck in the bottom of a swamp on the worst day of summer. Then he realized how *tight*

Beck's stomach was around his body. Squeezing him tight enough to make his bones whine, pressing his legs together and his arms against his ribs so hard that he could barely breathe.

Outside, Beck covered his mouth with the back of his hand as he gave a belch. The rodent in his stomach made something resembling a bulge in his belly. A slight outline, not even a bump. Something that would soon be reduced into nutritional slop like everything else that went in there.

Beck laid his hand out across his stomach... just in time to feel it contract around his prey. The wolf heard a scream of anguish followed by the sound of bone crackling and splintering. He felt the mouse writhe in agony... or at least, writhe as best he could. Really, it was more of a squirm. To Beck it was little more than a dull sensation... a vague feeling of something moving around as they were crushed by his insides. The wolf considered making a remark... but in the end, he decided that it would be rather *boorish* to. He had won, effortlessly as always, and now, like a good champion, he would do little but quietly bask in the pleasant feeling of victory.

With the flesh muffled sound of bones slowly *crackling* and steadily *splintering* inside of him, the wolf took off toward where his bed was and flopped down upon it on his back. He stretched - which jostled the breaking James' position inside of him ever so slightly - and then, yawning, he reached down to scratch at his furry balls. Curious as to their scent today - and keen to indulge in himself - he lifted his claws to his muzzle afterward and gave them a gentle sniff. His scent smelled good. Bitter. Rich. "Mmm," the wolf remarked to himself afterward. "Musky."

The wolf's stomach gave a fierce rumble as it churned itself around it's prey. A louder scream emanated from his middle along with a string of *pops* and *cracks* as bone broke around things that were important and vital for life.

Beck reached down toward his sheath. His cock was at half-mast already. Shaped canine, tapered tip and swelling knot, royal purple flesh that matched his eyes. It was twitching gently, throbbing dully, excitedly shooting strings of precum across the wolf's groin and lower belly. He took it into his hand, squeezing at it, coaxing it to life more and more. "Do me a favor and *try* to be quiet in there," he half-chuckled half-moaned as he began to stroke himself. "Or don't, actually. Your wailing is rather arousing."

So much for being a silent and stoic victor. Still, though, Beck couldn't help himself. Besides... it wasn't very likely that the mouse could make much *sense* of what he was saying right now, so... was he even really taunting him? Did it count? Whether it did or not, the wolf didn't care. He was too busy stroking his dick. His pace was gentle and lazy. Slow and deliberate pumps, up and down, all

while his ears wobbled as he paid close attention to the noise of a slow and wet destruction coming from his abdomen. His stomach tightening in fierce churns, slowly crushing bone and tenderizing flesh with acid. To Beck, it was pleasant - an enjoyable soundtrack to paw to - but, to James...

... it was a hell most agonizing. A fierce itch raking across his body like hot razor blades as a hot slimy vice repetitively wound and unwound around every inch of his breaking body. It was pain, it was nausea, it was *horror*, it was... the feeling of being turned into calories. The feeling was all the mouse was aware of, really. Nothing else could make it through the agony. Not the wolf masturbating, not the wolf's moans, not even the mouse's own thoughts. He was but a thing being compacted into something more easily digested. Little more than a largeish meal.

With one hand still stroking his dick, Beck absentmindedly turned his head toward his bedside table and reached for a cell phone there. Then, humming - with one hand operating the phone and the other masturbating - he navigated through the screens to make a call. Soon, the phone began ringing. He nestled it into his shoulder and leaned his ear up against it, freeing his hand so that it could touch his balls while the other continued to stroke.

The call was soon answered. A click followed by a sleepy mumble. "Stan?" Beck crooned into the receiver. "Stan, dear, you there?"

"Yes," replied a very tired-sounding Stan. "I'm here."

"Wonderful," Beck sighed as he stroked his thumb around his leaky glans. "We're going to need another camera fellow."

"Already?" Stan groaned. "Shit, Beck. It's only been... what? A month or two?"

Beck hissed through his teeth as a particularly pleasant jolt of pleasure bounced up his spine. "Yes, well," the wolf sighed, "he was boring."

"Well, interesting people generally don't want to spend the majority of their week watching cameras all day. I mean, there are exceptions, sure, but..."

"Doesn't matter," Beck murmured. "We need a new one."

Stan sighed into the phone. "Alright," he said, "will that be all?"

"Yes, Stan. That will be all."

“I’ll leave you to... enjoy your meal.”

The phone clicked off as Stan hung up.

A fierce growl from Beck’s gut along with a *crunch*. This time, though, there was no scream to follow it. The mouse was still alive... the wolf could feel him *twitching* ever so slightly... but he’d ran out of noise. Soon, he would run out of bones... and then, he would run out of flesh.

But that was far from Beck’s concern. With his hard-on in his hand and ‘business’ dealt with, the wolf tossed the cell phone to the side of him and began to masturbate in earnest. His pace went from slow to fast to furious, until his pre-slick hand was audibly *smacking* against the top of his knot as he stroked his slippery shaft. His stomach continued to gently *growl* as he did so, still churning fiercely around the wolf’s meal... though the cracks and snaps of bone were much less frequent now. Much less violent. There was, after all, not much left to break.

Indeed, by the time the wolf’s balls clenched against his groping hand and his fist squeezed around his knot - by the time he was squirting rope after rope of thick cum across his prey’s tomb - even the rumble of the wolf’s stomach had abated. The mouse was now nothing but slop. Anything that was useful would be steadily distributed to Beck’s body while what wasn’t useful... well, that’d just be turned into waste.

With his load hot and cooling on his belly, the wolf lifted his hand to his mouth and briefly studied some cum that had managed to splatter across the back of his knuckles. Then, always happy to indulge in himself, he lapped his load off the back of his hand before flopping his head back against the pillow, spent.

The wolf lazily turned his head and looked through the glass enclosure that surrounded him. He glanced at the camera he was facing... which was number three. Remembering that it was broken, the wolf rolled over and faced the wall behind him instead, stretching himself out and showing his lean form off to a device that was actually *working*. Beck had to make sure that his best side was being captured at all times.