

Sushi Isn't Fish

Raruke violently waved his little hands toward a piece of sushi that was twice his size. "See, I *told* you," the tiny orange fox proclaimed. "Sushi *is* fish!"

Kyobi - an athletic cross fox of a vixen - glanced down at the inch-or-so-high speck of red fluff that stood upon her plate and yelled toward her meal. Raruke - a fellow kitsune - had decided to accompany her to a meal at a sushi restaurant, but... she was barely paying attention to him, even if she *had* started a stupid debate with him. Absentminded, she fiddled with a pair of wooden chopsticks, making them *clack* together gently. "Don't know what you're talking about," she murmured as she shrugged her shoulders. "Doesn't look like fish to me."

Raruke scrunched up his face and stomped toward the huge piece of sushi, his little feet making barely audible *plaps* as they hit the porcelain surface of the plate. Very clearly annoyed, he thrust his hands into the center of the piece of sushi and *yanked* out a small piece of diced salmon. Well... small by Kyobi's standards. By his, it was a heaving fish steak that he had to hold in both of his hands. "This?" he said as he held the slippery chunk up above his head. "It's salmon! Which is a fish!"

Despite little Raruke's best efforts to show off the piece of fish, though, Kyobi was barely paying attention to him. Instead, she carried on *clicking* her chopsticks together in front of her face, her bright yellow eyes fixated on them instead of the screaming micro on her plate. "Right," she mumbled with complete disinterest. "Salmon is a fish. But sushi isn't."

Raruke grit his teeth together furiously. He wasn't sure what was more annoying - the argument, or the fact that she wasn't even *looking* at him while they were having it. "But this salmon was *in* the sushi roll," he insisted, "which, by extension, makes the sushi fish!"

Kyobi sighed and *clacked* her chopsticks together one last time. Then, with a slight flourish, she began to lower them down to her plate. Figuring that they were coming for *him*, Raruke panicked, dropped the steak, and made to skitter away, but...

... she pincer'd a piece of her sushi roll instead. After dipping the piece in soy sauce and smearing it across a green blob of spicy wasabi, she brought it up to her mouth, chewed a couple of times, and gulped it down. "Didn't taste like fish, though," she mumbled shortly after she swallowed. "Tasted like sushi."

Raruke shivered as he watched a slight bulge travel down the vixen's black throat before it disappeared around her neckline. He'd never gotten used to the intimidating sight of a macro eating. Consuming a piece of food that would take him days if not *weeks* to eat himself. All of it was taken care of with nothing more

than a couple of clenches of the jaw and a loud gulp to carry it all down. "It... look, that doesn't matter," he grumbled a little meekly as he tried to focus on the point he was trying to make. "If you cover a beef burger in lemon juice and it tastes like a lemon because of it... then it's still *beef* even if it tastes like a lemon now."

Kyobi licked a piece of rice out from between her teeth and grabbed another piece of sushi with her chopsticks. "Why are you talking about burgers and lemons?" she murmured back at him as she dipped the roll in sauce and spice. "I thought you were trying to make a point about sushi."

Raruke clenched his hands into little fists and waited for Kyobi to shove the piece into her mouth and swallow before going on. There was *no* way that he could compose his thoughts properly while the huge fox was eating... because all his mind could focus on was how easily she could have gulped him down. At least he could teleport and put a magical shield around himself, he supposed... *that* would help if those chopsticks ever came toward him. Smiling and feeling a little reassured as he remembered his kitsune abilities, he looked up toward the vixen as she licked the back of her fangs clean. "I *am* making a point about sushi," he said loudly as he pounded his little foot down into the plate in a cute attempt at a stomp. "A lemon burger might taste like a lemon, but it's *still* a burger. Sushi might taste like sushi, but it's *still* fish."

The little fox frowned and looked down at his feet as he thought over his last statement. Well, sushi was fish as long as said sushi *contained* fish. Some sushi was made with vegetables or other things that *weren't* fish, but... well, that was a technicality. Especially when the sushi roll he was standing next to *definitely* had fish in it. Thinking that he'd best clear that up - lest Kyobi used it against him - he looked back up at her...

...only to see that the chopsticks were swinging back down toward the plate, and this time, they were coming for him.

The little fox squeaked as chopsticks pincered around his hips firmly. Grunting, he grabbed onto the wooden prongs and attempted to pull them away from himself, but... it was no good. Like any giant, Kyobi's grasp was too strong for a little thing like him to pull himself free from.

Little Raruke quickly remembered that he didn't *need* to free himself physically though. He had magic! He spread his arms out at either side of himself, concentrated on the arcane energy burning inside of him, and channeled it into the teleportation spell that he needed to escape this terrible situation.

But it didn't work. Despite his best efforts, Raruke's arcane wouldn't flow. It was like it was *locked* inside of his body somehow. Unluckily, the micro fox didn't have a whole lot of time to think about *why* this might be happening, though -

because Kyobi went ahead and *dunked* him head-first into her soy sauce dipping pot.

The little fox made a soy-drowned howl of agony. Disarmed, he hadn't prepared himself properly before being dipped - which meant that he felt the full force of that salty sauce. It got into his mouth, forcing him to swallow enough of a mouthful that he immediately became nauseated by the sheer amount of salt that was suddenly in his guts. It flooded into his nostrils and infested his airways, making his sinuses burn and his lungs shrivel. Perhaps worst of all, though, it got into his eyes - which meant that not only was he completely blinded, but his optics were thrust into a world of salty agony where all was dry and painful.

The one upside was that the experience didn't last for long. It might have *felt* like an incredibly salty eternity to Raruke, but, to Kyobi, she'd dunked him for about as long as she did her sushi... which was a couple of seconds at most. There was no reason to oversauce the next bite of her meal after all.

The next enormous downfall was that the little fox was given no time at all to take even a breath before being dipped straight into a bright green blob of wasabi. If the soy was salt, then this was pepper - or, well, *pepper spray*, at least. The burn from the soy sauce was *nothing* in comparison. His entire body stiffened up in shock as the very essence of hellfire hit him straight in his eyes, his nose, and his mouth... creeping down his throat and setting his lungs on fire.

Even when Kyobi pulled him free from the green mustard the burn remained and persisted. He couldn't see, smell, or taste *anything* but an intense spicy inferno of wasabi and vinegar as he was whipped into the air with his eyes and nose and maw dripping and drooling. He desperately tried to wipe at his face to at least *attempt* to reduce the burn, but the g-forces were whipping at his limbs well and good, meaning that he wasn't just metaphorically on fire, but also, literally useless.

The little fox came to a sharp halt in front of the vixen's muzzle. He was immediately greeted by a blast of foul fox breath that was so pungent with the odor of fish that he managed to smell it even through the inferno. "O-oh fuck," he barely managed to gasp as he flailed between chopsticks in a mixture of agony and disgust. "No... please..."

The vixen grinned wickedly. If the fox had been able to see all of the sharp white fangs that she was so arrogantly displaying right now then he'd have had a heart attack - but, 'luckily' for him, he was still blinded by a potent mixture of wasabi and soy. "Now you're sushi," the vixen murmured.

The fox might not have been able to see the vixen's smirk, but... the one sense that he really had left was his hearing. As the vixen's darkly spoken words hit him in a full-bodied blast of disgusting sushi breath, the fox's tiny body

stiffened up in paralytic fright. Under normal circumstances, he might have told her that he most certainly *wasn't* sushi because he wasn't wrapped in rice and he was a *fox* and not a fish, but... well, all he could do right now was resist the urge to both throw-up and piss himself.

Before the little fox could do either of those things, though, Kyobi's tongue ensnared him and dragged him into the humid fleshy cavern that was her maw. The wash of saliva that splashed into his body full force as her tongue *licked* at him ferociously was a blessing and a curse. A blessing because it wiped the soy and the wasabi out of his senses pretty effectively - and a curse because it replaced the burn with drool that didn't smell all that differently from fermenting fish.

Quickly realizing that he had far more to worry about than a foul odor, though, a very slimy Raruke flipped over onto his belly and hunkered down as best he could onto the writhing tongue beneath him. He could see - barely - that vixen's maw was still open. Dripping with drool, he stared through red burning saliva-smeared eyes toward a blurry horizon of light that was surrounded by the shape of fangs. If he lunged, then he might be able to make it over her teeth and out of her mouth...

... the only problem with that plan was that Raruke could barely move a muscle. For one thing, he was weighed down with what felt like a couple of tons of thick fox drool. Then, just a few seconds ago, he had been whipped through the air at a speed that his little body *definitely* wasn't designed to take, leaving him aching with whiplash. Perhaps most significantly, though, he was in a complete state of shell shock. He'd been drowned in soy, pepper sprayed by wasabi, and then shoved into someone's mouth. He could barely manage to breathe, much less *lunge*.

None of this would matter if he could use his magic, of course - even in a state of shock he could usually manage that - but no matter how he concentrated, his arcane was completely bottled. "Why... why can't I teleport?" he whimpered. "Why..."

The vixen tilted her head back and swallowed. Unlike the sushi, there was really no reason to chew here. The fluffy micro fox wasn't even *close* to a mouthful. "Because I locked your magic," the vixen sighed as the fox slid all the way down into her guts. "You always forget that I can do that. Idiot."

Raruke didn't hear that, though. Following a short and sharp descent down Kyobi's esophagus, he plunged head-first and whole-bodied into a hot steaming pile of half-digested sushi vomit. It ensnared his little body immediately, dragging him all the way underneath into something that had all the texture of lumpy rotten yogurt and all the stench of a fish that had been left out to rot on a hot summer's day.

Once again, Kyobi had managed to outdo herself without really doing anything at all - for being surrounded by *this* was far, far worse than anything she'd done so far. If the wasabi had been hellfire then this... well, this was the pits of *hell* itself. The digestive slurry around him wasn't just thick, hot, and vile... it was also caustic. As her belly loudly rumbled and churned all that thick fishy puke around him, he felt the burn of her stomach acid. Intense due to the fact that she was already halfway through digesting something, he could feel it eating away at his flesh already. Stripping his fur and turning his skin to raw red jelly.

The fox tried to kick his way toward the surface. To break his head free of the waves of slop that were continually crashing into him in the tight and sickening confines of the vixen's hot belly. But it was no good. Everything on top of him was too heavy with rice and too stirred by guts for him to break free. It was like being trapped inside a foul whirlpool. No matter what he did, he was only dragged further underneath.

He felt the walls of her stomach lick at the back of his burning ankles and then rub against the side of his rubbery arms as they made a particularly fierce clench around her meal. More compressed in vomit than ever, he desperately tried to grab onto their slippery surface to hoist himself free from the rancid stew that he was in, but... he found that his arms weren't able to reach and his fingers weren't capable of grasping. Not even at the chunky sea that he was in. His muscles were already failing. Too worn down by everything to do much more than make his body twitch in agony.

Drowning and deeply submerged in stomach contents, the vile odor of Kyobi's guts was gone at least... though, given what else he could feel, that didn't really matter. Even with ears full of vomit and with his nerves well-digested, he could still feel the heavy churn of her stomach moving around him - it *rumbling* and *gurgling* and swirling all that putrid mulched meal around him, noisily mixing his melting remains into the mass of calories that would distributed around her powerful body. His contribution was scant, though... a handful of calories at best. No more than a clump of rice.

The little fox was surprised that he didn't hear anything from the vixen. Not a laugh, not a chuckle, not so much as a giggle. But Kyobi - lazy and full of sushi - couldn't be bothered delivering that kind of taunt. After having to argue *what was and what wasn't* fish through her meal, she fancied herself a moment of peace and quiet.

The last of the fox's oxygen gasped out of his lungs, creating bubbles that were swiftly wiped out by a fierce churn. Blind, almost nothing, and only able to scent and taste hot fox vomit, he tried to gurgle out to Kyobi. To tell her - *you win. Fish isn't sushi. Fine.* But his vocal cords were gone, disintegrated, melted, just like most of the rest of him.

Outside - far, far removed from any kind of hell, and, indeed, in a sort of culinary heaven - Kyobi gently patted her belly and reached down to grab the final piece of her sushi roll. "In a few days we'll see how you feel about the matter," she murmured as she dipped her food in soy and wasabi. "Until then, though? Enjoy suffering inside of my tails."

The vixen slid her last piece of sushi between her lips, chewed, and swallowed. Then, with as much indifference as she had during the entire debate, she raised her fingers toward a nearby waiter. "Hey," she said, "check, please!"