

“How did you...”

Julie paused and licked at the back of her feline fangs. The question that was about to come out of her mouth was unbelievable, but... it seemed that everything about the woman in front of her was unbelievable. Everything from the shrunken college jackasses that she'd dropped off on her doorstep in the past to the bright red bus that she was pulling out of her leather satchel in the present. “Kyobi,” the feline said before drawing a breath and steeling herself. “How did you shrink down a bus?”

“Holy shit, Jules, what's with all the questions?” Kyobi grunted as she set the bus down on the wooden counter of her pokey little kitchen.

“Jules?” the lioness said, carefully studying the bus as the vixen set it down. It looked just like one of the ones from town - worn red paint with black trim - and that's because it was. But it wasn't a toy or a recreation. That much was clear - it was too realistic - and, beyond that, there were people inside. Actual people, tiny, diminished, as reduced as the bus itself. Now that it was out of her bag the feline could see them clearly. Most of them were hiding underneath the seats - but a couple of brave passengers were daring to press their faces against the glass, looking out at the huge kitchen and the two huge women that were occupying it. “My name is Julie,” the feline sighed as she reluctantly drew her green eyes away. “I don't do nicknames.”

“Yeah, well, and I don't do more than one question at a time, Jules,” Kyobi said as she delicately unsheathed the claw of her index finger. With a grunt, she jammed it into the bus' sealed emergency door and began to force it open. “So how about we focus on the first thing you asked me? Y'know, that whole how do you keep 'em in line thing?”

Julie grunted irritably. Given that Kyobi had just called her Jules again, she was tempted to push the challenge line and keep on asking questions - but she was too busy watching the vixen effortlessly pop the emergency door open with the tip of her claw. This had an immediate effect on those within. The few that had been daring enough to look through the glass beat a screaming retreat and ran toward the back of the bus or hid underneath the seats with the rest of the terrified little passengers.

Kyobi closed her fist and pounded the bottom of it against the roof of the bus. Metal groaned and screams intensified as its red roof concaved inward. “Alright!” the vixen yelled as she gently shoved the ball of her thumb against the side of the bus, making it bounce on its wheels. “Listen up, you little freaks! In about thirty seconds I'm introducing the bus and anyone who is left inside of it to the trash compactor!”

The screams quieted and turned into terrified murmurs as the shrunken passengers took in Kyobi's words and began to confer over them. Annoyed with the hesitation, Kyobi grit her teeth and raised her fist again. This time, though, she slammed it down into the front of the bus. Glass shattered violently across the kitchen counter as the empty driver's compartment turned into a pancake of steel. "Out!" the vixen yelled as she dusted her knuckles off on the hip of her jeans. "Now!"

Tinies began to file out of the bus in a hurry, filing out of the broken emergency door and onto the kitchen counter. Screaming, trembling, terrified, they looked around their new environment - at the sink at one side of them, at the microwave at the other, at the terrifying and unsurvivable drop to the floor - and then, realizing that there was nowhere to go, they all dropped to their knees, panting. There were about a dozen of them in total. Like Julie's 'pride' back at home, they were all precisely two inches tall.

The feline attempted to lean in and see if there was anyone inside of the bus, but... before she could, Kyobi smacked the bus off the kitchen counter with the palm of her hand, sending it flying to the floor! The wrecked vehicle hit the ground with a crash, scattering debris across linoleum. Then she casually raised her foot and crushed the entire bus in a floor-shaking stomp.

"Oh," Julie half-chuckled half-whimpered as the vixen lifted her heel, revealing a smoldering little red disc of metal. "That's the trash compactor that you were talking about, huh?"

Kyobi tilted her muzzle away from the shivering smalls and gave Julie a brief smirk, lidding her yellow eyes. Then, folding her arms underneath her slender chest, she set her attention back down to the counter. "Yeah, yeah. You like that one?" she asked, cocky.

Julie wasn't entirely sure if she did or not - on one hand, it was hot, on the other, it was incredibly destructive and cruel - so, rather than give her a proper answer, she simply shrugged and looked back toward the captive smalls too. Interestingly - or, perhaps, obviously - none of them were looking at Kyobi as she looked at them. Terrified, whimpering, and utterly unable to even glance at their huge environment and the two enormous women that filled it, they all studied the wooden grain of the kitchen counter instead. They were a stark contrast to Julie's own shrunken 'pride' back at home. Those jackasses had never been this quiet. Then again, though, they were party-obsessed college guys. The people on the counter looked to be everyday adults.

"So," Kyobi said, breaking Julie out of her thoughts. "That answers your question, right?"

Julie slowly lifted her head toward Kyobi. "Uh... what?" she asked, clearly confused.

"Y'know, that question you asked me," Kyobi sighed as she lifted her hand and gestured her fingers down toward the micros. "How to keep 'em in line?"

The lioness looked at Kyobi's spread fingers. Then, she looked to the tinies. Then, she looked to the pancake of metal on the floor. In the process of doing so, she searched for a polite answer to Kyobi's remark, but... by the time that she looked back up at the vixen, she was still frustrated with her 'answer'. "No!" she yelled. "That didn't answer anything!"

Kyobi frowned. "What?" she said in shock. As if the lioness didn't see it the first time, she extended her hand fully and made an extremely broad gesture toward the micros, clearly highlighting their misery. "They're totally in line now. Look at 'em. They came outta the bus as commanded - and now, they're all quietly whimpering on my kitchen counter. How are they not in line?"

Julie released a highly restrained growl. Restrained because... well, no matter how frustrating Kyobi might have been, she was also terrifying. The bitch could apparently shrink entire buses full of people - so it was definitely worth erring on the side of caution. "Okay yeah, I mean, I guess they are in line, sorta," the lioness grumbled. "But... I mean... they're scared shitless. They're not going to do anything for you."

"Do stuff for me?" Kyobi asked. The vixen turned her head toward the lioness and flicked her fingers through her thick bright orange sidecut before letting her hand drop to her side, smirking softly. "You seen how big these idiots are now? I can barely even hear 'em. Why would I want them to do stuff for me? Not like they can, y'know... do anything useful anyways."

Julie quickly shook her head. That wasn't true - at least in her book. Sure, her shrunken 'pride' back at home had their problems - their continued disobedience was one of the reasons she was here, after all - but, on any given day, they did do things for her, and said things did have an effect on her - physically and psychologically. A good example would be her hindpaws. Ever since the lioness had gotten her shrunken stock of jocks she'd felt as if she were walking on cloud nine - and that was entirely because of the claw manicures and toe massages. "That's not true," the lioness said. "The... guys that you gave me, they uh... do useful things for me all the time."

Kyobi blinked her yellow eyes in slight shock. "Wait," she said. "You didn't just like... murder 'em immediately?"

"No, of course not," Julie replied. Sure, a couple of especially petulant ones

had found themselves getting hurt, and... one or two of them had gotten lost somewhere, but... none had perished. Or at least, she was pretty sure that none of them had. It was kinda hard to keep track of them sometimes. "That'd be barbaric."

"Barbaric?" Kyobi snorted. "What the fuck, Jules? Those douchebags were - or I guess, are - complete fucking assholes. I didn't give them to you so that you could take care of 'em."

"Then why did you give me them?" Julie asked.

The vixen glanced down at the micros on her kitchen counter - then, seeing that all micros were there and still on their knees, she turned back to Julie and shrugged her shoulders. "I dunno. You're a single Mom, right? You always seem to be working your ass off, so... I figured they'd work for a nice bit of stress relief."

Stress relief. Julie thought that definition very appropriate. If her tiny 'pride' meant anything to her, then it was that. Still, though... Kyobi was clearly talking about something different, and the lioness found herself unquestionably curious about that different kind of stress relief, so... "How do you mean?" the feline asked.

Kyobi raised her eyebrows ever so slightly, clearly noting the lioness' unmistakably interested tone. "Like, I dunno... drop 'em in your shoe and go for a walk?" she suggested idly. "Or throw 'em in the back of your panties and sit down." Black fingers tapped the counter thoughtfully, making micros shiver. "Or... add 'em to a salad for some extra protein!"

Julie wasn't particularly moved by the first two suggestions - they were things that she had considered herself in moments of frustration, however - but the third and final recommendation did catch her off guard. With a gasp - and a lousy throb from between her legs - the lioness looked at the vixen in shock. "You mean like... eat them?" she asked nervously.

Kyobi rolled her bright yellow eyes at the motherly feline. "What the fuck else would adding them to a salad for extra protein mean, huh?" she snorted. "Yeah, of course I meant eat them."

Julie pressed her hand against her abdomen. Biting her lip, she looked down with a touch of shame.

"Though," Kyobi went on after considering, "something like that would be too good for those jackasses. They barely deserved to get smeared across your heel - much less turned into ass fat."

Julie pressed her fingers against her stomach just a little tighter. Yes. It felt good to imagine something in there. Wriggling away behind her abs. Perhaps it was just the primordial instinct of a predator, or... maybe it was because Kyobi had broken her by introducing her to the world of micros. Whatever it was, though, the idea was compelling. Very compelling. "You've... you've ate them before, then?" the lioness asked the vixen.

"Oh, yeah. I eat 'em all the time," Kyobi replied casually. Then, smirking, she bit her bottom lip and toward the micros on her kitchen counter. "Actually, lemme just show you."

"Show me?"

"Yeah, hold on a sec - hey, losers," Kyobi jeered down at the shrunken crowd. "Who was arguing real loud on the bus?"

The shivering little crowd all cast their heads up toward the enormous cross vixen, their shrunken ears flicking and tiny tails swaying as they slowly processed her boom of a question. Then, more nervous than ever, they all looked back down and began to murmur amongst each other quietly.

"Hey!" Kyobi yelled down at them. "No conferring! I want an answer now! Otherwise you're all fucked! Remember, it was the assholes who were being loud who got you all shrunk in the first place!"

The micros cringed hard and shot their eyes back up toward Kyobi so quickly that some of the smalls gave themselves whiplash. There was a moment of collective hesitation. Then, one of them - a male skunk - suddenly pointed a finger toward three wolves who were closely huddled together. "It was those three! The wolves!" he yelled. "They were arguing about dumb shit! Poker or something!"

Kyobi's hand swung down. Julie expected her to grab the now whimpering wolves - but instead, she grabbed the skunk with her forefinger and thumb, grabbing his waist and taking him from the counter. "Rule one of my house," the vixen crooned as she casually lifted the screaming skunk up toward her judgmental gaze. "Snitches get swallowed."

"Oh fuck, oh shit!" the skunk yelled as he was brought up to Kyobi's eye line. Dangling upside down, he visibly recoiled between her fingers as she blew a blast of her pungent breath over him. Choking, he brought his hands up to his face and squeezed his muzzle shut. "Ugh, phlease," he grunted through his palms. "Phlease, no, phlease-"

The badger didn't get a chance to go on begging. Kyobi's maw opened - and his words were broken down into splutters as a blast of breath more potent than then last struck him. Before he could wail in disgust, he was dropped onto tongue. Before he could turn around and take one last look at the outside world, Kyobi's maw sealed around him. And before he could attempt to navigate her tongue, or try to prise her teeth open, or even suck in a breath of his new and horrible and humid environment...

... the vixen tilted back her head and swallowed swiftly, turning him into a vague impression in her throat that was more saliva than person. Proud of herself, she tapped her collar bone with her index finger and turned to Julie, her muzzle set with a smug smile.

Julie - who had been carefully observing Kyobi's gullet - lifted her chin to look the cross fox in her eyes. She had eagerly watched the entire affair from grasp to swallow and it had effected her on so many levels. Arousal. Fear. Awe. And... respect. So much respect. "Wow," she murmured.

Kyobi smirked and patted her stomach through her t-shirt, giving it a gentle rub. "Yeah? You like that?" she asked.

Julie's eyes lowered toward Kyobi's middle - to where her hand was rubbing proudly. To where the little skunk was trapped. Could the vixen even feel him? A vague sensation... somewhere in her abdomen? "Yeah, uh... I think so, yeah," the lioness mumbled, bashful.

"You think so," the cross vixen teased as she continued to rub her belly. "You ain't sure?"

The lioness swept her barbed tongue against the back of her teeth. To fully admit that she enjoyed the sight felt wrong - very wrong - like a group of people were going to jump out from the shadows and judge her if she were to deliver a strong confession. But her thighs were closing. Her nipples were visibly erect beneath her t-shirt. And her thighs were closing together to try and restrain a throb. Her body was screaming yes... so she might as well admit it, even if her mind was screaming no. Nervous, she peeked through the kitchen window to see if any of the neighbors were somehow listening in - and then, confirming that they weren't, she shyly turned her head to Kyobi and nodded firmly. "No. I'm... I'm sure that I enjoyed watching you eat that person," she said.

Kyobi pressed her fingers against her stomach firmly and gave it a little pat. Then, grinning harder than ever before, she looked to Julie while continuing to trail her fingers over her slender prison of a belly. "Why don't you try eating one?" she suggested boldly.

Julie gasped and looked down at the micros. She wasn't the only one who was shocked by the suggestion. After witnessing one of their own be devoured - and hearing that there were plans for more - they were clearly looking for a way off of the kitchen counter. A few of them were starting to pull off their clothes, tying them together to produce something of a rope. "They're, uh... they're making a rope," she pointed out, clearly trying to delay answering the vixen's question.

Kyobi side-eyed the micros briefly and snorted in amusement before swiveling her eyes back to the lioness. "Oh, don't worry. They do funny shit like that all the time. Just answer my question."

"I... I don't know," the lioness admitted. It was the truth. She didn't. Her wet crotch and aching nipples were telling her to say yes, but the few scraps of her empathy that remained were screaming no. "It's not an easy question to answer."

"Because if you eat one then you're worried you're gonna feel bad, right?"

Julie nodded her head. "Yeah," she mumbled. "I guess."

Kyobi shrugged her shoulders and let her hand drop from her stomach to her hip. "Well, how about you just pick one up and... have a think about it, then?" she suggested.

Julie considered the vixen's words. Picking one up and thinking about it wouldn't do any harm, right? Besides, she picked hers up all the time. They were pretty tough despite their size. "Uh, okay," she said. "Which one should I pick up?"

"I don't care," Kyobi mumbled as her hand returned to her stomach. "Just grab the one that looks the most annoying."

Julie's green eyes bounced toward the smalls. They hadn't made a ton of progress on their clothes rope. Only about six of the original dozen or so remained now. One had been eaten - and the others had clearly said to hell with it at some point and ran for either the sink or the underside of the microwave. Had Kyobi noticed? Did she even care if she had? Briefly, Julie wondered how many tiny people there were running around Kyobi's home...

... and then, after hearing the vixen produce an impatient click of the tongue, Julie decided to get on with it. None of them looked especially annoying. So she just went for one at random - which ended up being one of the canines who had apparently started this whole mess. "Oh, shit!" he screamed as the lioness wrapped her finger and thumb around his helpless little waist. "Help me! Please!"

None of the smalls reached to help, of course. There was a brief moment of distraction - where they all gave a final glance toward the plucked canine - and then, with more urgency than ever before, they continued to work on their makeshift rope.

With her fingers shivering around the small canine, Julie made the decision to close her hand and make a fist around the micro, knowing that would make her grip more sure. As he struggled against her palm, she imagined him doing the same in her mouth. Down her throat. In her stomach. Would it feel good?

"Did you pick the canine for a reason?" Kyobi suddenly chirped up. "Like, is it a cat versus dog thing? Feline superiority?"

Julie shot her eyes toward the vixen - and not just because of a remark. As she licked her lips and considered her reply - slowly lifting the micro up past the soft curve of her stomach - she looked at how... content Kyobi was. Swallowing her prey had clearly put her in a state of bliss. "I think that'd be a little insensitive given that I'm stood in a fox's kitchen and all," she murmured. "And, besides. Even if I wasn't, I'm not really about that crap."

"Yeah," Kyobi sighed wistfully. "Kind of boring, ain't it? Especially when they're that small. It's not a fair fight at that point - they're clearly inferior to you even before you take species into the equation."

Julie looked down as the micro's struggles ebbed ever so slightly. He was being brought past her chest now - across what were great plump cloth-covered hills to him - and he was obviously distracted by them. It was hard to blame him, though. The feline's heart rate was elevated and her breathing was quick. Her bosom was bouncing before his very eyes, and, despite the terror, he also couldn't help but feel awe.

The power that she currently held over him - his lust, his terror - was deeply pleasant to the lioness. Which, she supposed, was also the reason why she was lusty over the thought of gulping him down. It was the ultimate form of control. That was why it was potent to her.

"So," Kyobi said as the lioness lifted the small past her collarbone, "what are you thinking?"

The lioness smirked as she brought the micro to the front of her nose. Only his head was peeking out of her closed fist. For a few seconds, she regarded him closely - able to see his expression, able to hear his screams - and then, not wanting to be distracted, she turned her head toward Kyobi. "I'm thinking that you didn't answer my question earlier," she said to her.

Kyobi frowned and glanced down to the counter. Bored, she extended the claw of her index finger and snagged it on the clothes rope that the micros were working on. Then, with a yank, she tugged the rope out of their grasp and threw it to the floor, effortlessly knocking them all onto their little faces with little more than a twitch of her claw. "What the fuck does that have to do with anything?"

"I mean, it's the whole reason I came over," the lioness sighed, doing her best to keep her breath out of the micro canine's face. "I told you, I'm having trouble making my guys do what I want them to do sometimes."

"And I told you that you should have just put 'em in your shoe."

"Right, but I don't want to do that. I want to, like, you know... not resort to nuclear methods."

"Please," the micro yelled, suddenly becoming coherent. "Stop... stop talking like I'm not here! Put me down! Take me back to my original height! Please!"

Kyobi groaned. Almost simultaneously, her stomach did the exact same, rumbling around the micro skunk still trapped within. Given the vixen's tired expression, though, she likely wasn't thinking about him at all right now. "Well, I don't know anything about that," she murmured. "I can barely take care of myself, much less a gang of douchebags. I'd say it's down to you to figure that one out."

"Great," the lioness murmured as she looked back toward the whimpering canine in her grasp. Her nostrils flared and blew an exhale of breath over him, making his fur ripple. "Thanks."

"Sorry, Jules. Truth is, I'm not a great person, you know? Like, I don't think about that stuff at all," Kyobi admitted. "Take today, for example - I got on the bus, wanted to go into town, but five minutes into the trip three dickheads decided to have an extremely loud argument about absolutely nothing. So, what did I do?" The vixen gestured down toward the pancake of bus on her kitchen floor. "I shrank the whole thing down. Everyone included. And, let's be realistic here. That's not something that a reasonable and sensible and caring person would do, right?"

Julie lifted her shoulders in a gentle and resigned shrug. Even though the micro was screaming and struggling in her hand, she'd almost forgotten about him - too deep in thought about what to do with her 'pride' back home. "I guess not, no."

"And, to go back to important matters," Kyobi went on gleefully, completely ignoring the lioness' defeated tone. "The guy in your hand right now? You don't need to feel bad about eating him. Like, at all."

Julie couldn't help but smile a little at the vixen's bombast. "Oh, yeah?" she said as she looked over her shoulder toward the grinning cross fox. "And why's that?"

"Because you aren't the one who shrank him down, are you?" Kyobi pointed out. "And... even if you don't eat him, I'm not gonna, like, make him normal again. So the rest of his life is going to be hellish anyways. At best he's going to get stepped on - and at worst he's just going to get sucked up by the vacuum cleaner at some point."

The lioness snorted. "So, what? You're saying that I should just... put him out of his misery?"

"No! I mean, kinda, but not really," Kyobi sighed. She raised her hand to her face and pawed at her muzzle, thinking. "What I'm trying to say is that, like... no matter what you do, I'm the bad person here. I'm the person who shrank that guy down. I'm the person who ain't gonna return him back to normal." Her hand fell from her snout and gestured toward Julie. "You? No matter what you do, you're not guilty. You're absolved of all responsibility."

Julie looked back the micro and licked the back of her teeth, producing a wet and raspy noise that utterly silenced his screams. Kyobi was right - or, at least, there was enough logic in her statement for Julie to believe that she was right. Her doubts were silenced. Eager to devour her prey, she opened her maw wide, blowing hot breath over her captive while giving him a display of sharp fang and wet tongue...

... and then, gleefully, Julie threw him onto her maw. He landed on his back on a canvas of wet muscle - and though he immediately tried to roll over onto his belly, he found that his clothes had been snagged on the barbs of her tongue. "Oh no! Oh, please, don't!" he yelled as he uselessly attempted to free himself.

But the lioness was too deep in the act to consider mercy now. Prey was in her mouth - live prey - and every instinct in her body was telling her to tilt her head back and swallow. So, she did. As she tilted her head backward - as she shifted her tongue beneath the micro and easily unsnagged him from her barbs - she reveled in the feeling of having him in her maw. Of knowing that he was mere inches away from her throat.

And as the lioness' prey tumbled down her tongue and hit said throat, the feline released a loud and throaty moan that sucked most of his body down into her gullet. With only his head and arms free of it's hot and slimy grasp, he uselessly slapped his little hands against the sides of her throat, attempting to grab ahold of a saliva-coated something so that he could pull himself free...

... but it was useless. The feline swallowed hard. With a pronounced gulp, she sucked the micro down proper. Her fingers fell to her throat, feeling him wriggle both on the outside and on the inside of her... and then, all too quickly, he was gone. Little more than a vague and ticklish feeling in her descending downward.

"How's it feel?" Kyobi suddenly asked.

Julie lowered her hand and turned on her heel to face the vixen properly. "It felt good," she admitted. "Real good."

Kyobi nodded her head, most certainly very satisfied with the lioness' answer. "Don't feel bad at all or nothing?"

"Nope," Julie said shamelessly. There was a vague and ticklish sensation behind her abdomen. She was sure if she focused in with her ears then she could hear him screaming, but... unlike the vixen, she didn't really care to. "Like you said, this is your fault."

"Glad you understand!" Kyobi said gleefully. "Guess coming over here wasn't a complete waste of time after all then, huh?"

Julie smiled and shook her head. "Nope," she said. "Only mostly a waste of my time."

"Yeah, yeah. Hey, speaking of wasting time - want to hunt down the ones that escaped behind the back of the microwave?" The vixen waggled her eyebrows and looked down toward the lioness' bare paws, briefly but blatantly admiring them. "Wouldn't mind seeing your, ah, trash compactors squish a few stupid smalls."

An immediate reply came to Julie's mind - which was no, you weird freak. But as she pursed her lips together to form those words, she looked at the vixen and saw an expression on her face. One that was all wide-eyed and needy. One that plucked at her heart strings. One that made it impossible to say no.

"Sure, fine," the lioness relented as she began to make her way toward the living room. "You got thirty minutes before I gotta go pick up the kids."