“Huh? It took you like, *two hours* to get here. I ain’t giving you a penny!”

Kyobi - a black and orange cross fox garbed in the black pants and red shirt that made up her delivery driver uniform - stood bare-pawed upon the fine blue carpet of the sixteenth-floor corridor of *Hampton Suites*. In front of her - filling out the doorway of a luxury apartment - was one hell of an angry customer.

Kyobi took a glance at the box in her hand. Brown cardboard, flattish, perfectly square, with ‘FOX ♥ PIZZA’ printed all stylishly on the lid. There was a meat lover’s pizza inside of it - extra onion. She knew that because it had been stinking out her car for the past hour or more.

Then Kyobi looked up at the customer in front of her. He was a gray wolf. One of the regulars, actually, she even knew his name, which was George. And George was tall and kinda stocky, though… not overly so either way. Just enough that he was about above average in both regards. Someone who liked to sit on the couch a lot, but he had a job on his feet to counterbalance it. Not completely sedentary - just mostly.

Anyway - point was, the gray wolf, the customer, George, was bigger than her, Kyobi, the delivery driver. Taller, wider, stronger. She was just a fox - a cross fox, specifically - a scrappy thing, five foot six, muscular and toned in all the right places, but… not strong enough to fight off a guy who was six foot and two hundred plus pounds. In theory, anyway.

What Kyobi could and *did* do, though, was snatch the pizza box away from the wolf’s grasp when he made a lunge for it with one of his grubby paws. That wasn’t hard. He was slow, and she was quick. He stepped out of the doorway of his flat, swinging his mitt toward the box - and she stepped backward, tilting the box away from his fingers. “Then you don’t get the pizza,” the cross fox sighed.

“That’s not how this works,” George growled as he grumpily withdrew his paw. His eyes - a very ungentle blue - were staring down at Kyobi with utter frustration. Wearing an expression like he was set to throttle the delivery driver. “You can’t hold my pizza at a fucking ransom. I’ve already paid your boss for it,” he said as he reluctantly crossed his arms over his burly chest tightly, just about resisting the urge to assault her with them. “Did it through the app.”

Kyobi lifted her eyes - a very uncaring orange - toward the ceiling. “Right,” she sighed. “You made an electronic payment through the app. Whatever. But you didn’t leave an electronic *tip*.”

“I never tip beforehand,” George scoffed as he leaned against the front door of his apartment. “Why would I do that? You might fuck up my order. Or turn up *two hours late*.”

“George, c’mon-”

The grey wolf raised his eyebrows. “Did you just call me by my *first* name?”

Kyobi glanced down at the receipt on the box - specifically, the part where it said *customer name*. “… Would you rather I call you Mister Waterman?” she asked.

“I’d rather you call me sir.”

“Sure. Let’s go with that, then.” Kyobi sighed. “So… sir. With all of the respect that’s due to you,” which wasn’t all that much in the cross fox’s opinion, “you never tip me. Not ever. Not even when I’m on time.”

George - obviously annoyed about being called out - glanced down the corridor and huffed. “Whatever,” he eventually growled. “If that’s the case, then, why the fuck would I tip you when you’re late as hell?”

Kyobi glanced past the big greasy box in her hands to look down at her boots. There was an inch-thick layer of melting snow on them. “Have you seen the weather outside?” she asked as she looked back up.

“As opposed to the weather inside?” the wolf replied snarkily.

“Yeah, actually,” Kyobi replied with a nod twice as snide as George’s remark. “Perfect example. You know how it’s like, super warm and cozy in here? Well, it’s below zero outside. Six inches of snow. And there’s more coming, too.

George lifted his shoulders. “Yeah? Well, it might be warm and cozy in here, but I’m also fucking hungry. So give me my pizza.”

Kyobi smiled. “Sure,” she said sweetly. “Give me my tip first, though.”

George grumbled. For a moment, his hand shifted down to the pocket of his jeans as if he were going to relent and withdraw his wallet, but… at the very last second, he snatched his fingers away and folded his arms over his chest again. “No. Give me my pizza.”

“Look,” Kyobi sighed. “Gonna be straight, George. You’ve straight up not tipped me so many times on so many deliveries by now that, this? This whole tip thing?” The vixen patted the lid of the pizza box. “It’s turned into a principle thing. Like, this is practically an obsession for me now. I was stewing on it while I walked up the sixteen flights of stairs to bring this to you, even.”

George laughed coarsely. “Why didn’t you just use the elevator?”

“Because it’s broken, George. Have you not been outside today?”

George huffed. “You know, I asked you to call me sir.”

“And I asked you to give me a tip, but…”

“But I don’t want to,” George said while tucking his forearms closer to his stomach. “You’re belligerent, you’re taunting me, and, most of all, you are so late that I already warmed up lasagna and don’t even *want* pizza now. So, no. I won’t tip you.”

The vixen blew a puff of air into her orange shock of a fringe to shift it away from covering her eyes, hoping that seeing how intensely pissed off *both* of them looked might change George’s mind. “Pocket change,” she suggested. “Like fifty cents. Less, even. That’d do. Like I said. Principle.”

“Forget your principle. I’m the customer. And my principle is that I *want* my pizza,” George insisted loudly. “I might not be hungry, but, I paid for it. I waited for it. And now, I want it.”

Kyobi didn’t bother to reply. The cross vixen felt like her head was spinning with how many times she’d said *give me the tip* at this point, so… she just stared at George while George stared back. There was no way that she was handing the pizza over, though. The same thought resounded through her head now as it did when she was climbing all those stairs - *you’re not giving him the pizza today unless he tips you.*

A good few seconds passed before George unfolded his arms with a sigh. His hand dipped down to his pocket like he was finally going to give up and toss a dollar or two in her direction… but, instead, he withdrew his phone. “I’m going to call your boss.”

“Sure, that’ll be fun,” Kyobi said nonchalantly. She span the box around so that the front of the lid was aimed at her bust. Then, after adjusting her grip so that she could hold the big box in one scrawny hand, she moved her other inward to open up the lid. “While you do that, I’m going to eat your pizza.”

“*What*?”

Kyobi lifted the lid, revealing sixteen inches of thick crust pizza. Into it she tore, ripping an enormous slice away that started to drip with grease the second it was separated from cardboard. Frankly, it looked disgusting. Meat upon onions upon meat onions upon… you get the picture. Bacon, meatballs, ground beef,

pepperoni, salami, it was *all* there in multiple, because that was how George liked his pizza and because seemingly George hated his heart. Most people would've balked away from consuming it, even. But Kyobi wasn't most people. Into her slathering maw the tip of the slice went, and, into it, she bit ferociously.

George gasped as the vixen consumed his pizza right in front of him. "Alright," he said as he unlocked his phone and opened the call app, "you're getting fired."

"Ugh," Kyobi grumbled in disgust through a mouthful of half-chewed pizza. "Thish ish dishgushting." A couple of flecks of masticated dough flew out of her mouth and down into the box while she spoke and chewed at the same time. "I chan't heven thaste the cheese hover the mheat ghrease… *how* dho you *heat* this?"

Growling angrily, the wolf jabbed in the number for FOX ♥ PIZZA aggressively and lifted the phone to his ear. All the while, he deliberately kept his eyes away from the cross vixen. She was really starting to get to him now. If he looked at her any longer, then he was going to lunge at her and do something that he regretted.

Kyobi swallowed her doughy and meaty mouthful. Truth be told, it wasn't *quite* as awful as she thought it'd be. Sure, it was slathered in grease, but… pizza was pizza at the end of the day, and her boss made an alright one. "All this meat," she complained as she threw her half-eaten slice back down into the box and pulled a face. "Are you trying to compensate for something, George?"

Ring ring, ring ring. George, seething, pressed the phone tighter to his ear and continued to growl, all while keeping his eyes fixed on the frame of his front door.

Kyobi began to lick some pizza grease from her fingers. "Do you have a small dick, George?" she huffed between laps.

Ring. Ring. The wolf's gaze, cold and blue, snapped right toward Kyobi in a fury.

"Is that it?" the vixen asked, sarcastic and unmoved by the clear signs of canine rage. "You got a tiny cock? You think that eating all this meat'll make it grow or something?"

The phone *thunked* as the wolf dropped it to the floor. *Ring.*

"Ooo. Scary," Kyobi simpered while rolling her eyes back up toward the wolf. "You gonna show me your tiny dick, George?"

The wolf lunged at the fox.

The pizza dropped to the floor.

* * *

Most stores on the High Street are closed. For one, it's late - about 9:30 PM - and, for another, there are six inches of snow on the ground outside. But one business has its lights on. An eatery. A small but cozy-looking place. One with an open kitchen, one with bright and appealing cherry red walls, one with a classic tiled floor of black and white. Printed on the window is **FOX ♥ PIZZA** and behind its classical wooden counter is…

… a red fox by the name of Raruke. Skinny, shortish, and covered from head to toe in a classically orange pelt of thick fluff. Wearing a white and red striped shirt, brown pants, and a brown apron with a few saucy stains scattered across it. At first glance, you might think of him as some mook - wait staff, or some low-wage pizza slinger - he sort of had that air about him. Submissive, meek, and lacking in confidence. But, in reality, he was the owner of the place. It certainly wasn't a position that he flaunted or advertised, though - neither in command nor in disposition. His crew often walked over him… and as much as it frustrated him, he'd rather be a good boss than rule over them with an iron fist. He'd rather just be known as *the guy that works at* ***FOX♥ PIZZA*** anyway. Just another one of the crew!

Right now, though, he was one of only two members of the crew. Thanks to the snow, most of his employees hadn't been able to make it into the store - which was perfectly understandable given the weather. But one of his drivers had - Kyobi, who had a car that could handle the snow well - which was good because Raruke didn't like closing shop. Especially not on a Friday night. It wasn't for the business, as nice as it was - it was the simple fact that people had been working hard and they were looking forward to their end-of-week pizza!

Still, though. With only one driver - and he as the sole chef - he'd only been able to take on a handful of orders at the very most. Six, to be precise. But that meant there were six more smiles in town than there would've been had he been forced to close. Or, well… maybe just five, actually, because one of his customers was definitely pissed off. George Waterman the Wolf. He'd called him three times tonight already asking where his pizza was and…

Ring.

Think of the devil. The caller ID on the small blue phone on the counter read George Waterman.

Ring.

Raruke hesitated. Could he deal with another earful from the wolf tonight? Could he apologize and make excuses for… however long it took to satisfy him this time?

Ring.

Then again, Raruke supposed that he didn't have much of a choice. If he let the phone ring then George'd just ring back and he'd be sat here facing the same dilemma and…

Ring.

Raruke knew that he should pick up.

Ring.

But maybe he could let it ring one more time.

Ring.

Hand went onto the handset. Nerves were steeled.

Ri-

"Hello, Fox Love Pizza," Raruke said as cheerily as possible into the phone as he placed it against his ear. "How can I help?"

Silence. Or… almost complete silence. There was some background noise. Some… concerning background noise. Background noise that sounded a little like screaming? "Mister Waterman?" Raruke whimpered into the phone. "Are you okay?"

Again, there was no reply - at least, not a verbal one - but Raruke didn't need one to know that Mr. Waterman wasn't okay at all. Because he *definitely* heard screaming. Or, more appropriately, someone *trying* to scream. Someone that was probably Mr. Waterman. It sounded like he had a hand over his mouth, or… perhaps a fist down his throat.

"Oh goodness," whimpered Raruke as he hunched over the counter. Indecision wracked him. Should he call the cops? Probably, but… what if he was making a mistake? What if the noise was something else? No, no, it was screaming, but… that didn't mean it was *violent*. Maybe it was a sex thing, or, or… maybe he was just yelling into a pillow because he was *that* annoyed about the pizza being late.

Raruke decided that he definitely couldn't and definitely shouldn't call the cops. Not enough information. "Mister Waterman?" he said into the phone once again. "Mister Waterman, ah… if you can hear me, could you give me a little more information about what's happening? Would you like me to call the police, or…"

Raruke trailed off. No reply. Literally no reply. The screaming had come to a very abrupt end. Maybe that meant that things were okay now? That the pizza had been delivered, or the weird sex thing was over, or maybe he'd died and now calling the cops would be rather pointless anyway and he'd rather just wash his hands of the whole thing than get tied up in some weird criminal investigation…

Raruke's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a familiar voice - though, not Mr. Waterman's. "Hello?" came the distinctly bratty twang of his delivery driver. "Raruke?"

"Oh, Kyobi!" Raruke exclaimed gratefully. Good, good, she'd be able to explain things. Plus, he had been concerned about her driving out in all the snow - and she always ignored her cell - so it was just nice to hear her voice! "Are you okay? The snow wasn't too bad?"

"Snow?" Kyobi laughed down the phone arrogantly. "Snow is nothing. I shit on snow. Barely even a force of nature. *Especially* compared to me."

Raruke sighed. "Well, it's good to hear that you're well."

"Fit as a fiddle, boss. Nothing to report."

Raruke nodded. Truthfully, he was about to make his goodbyes and let the cross vixen get on with her job, but… then he glanced at the Caller ID and remembered whose phone Kyobi was speaking through. And the screaming. "U-uh," Raruke stuttered, "so, w-why are you calling off of Mister Waterman's phone?"

"Oh, I didn't call you," stated Kyobi all manner-of-factly. "He did. I just picked up the phone after he dropped it."

"Why would he drop his phone?"

"Because he lunged for me."

Raruke gasped. "He… he *lunged* for you?!" The hand that wasn't holding onto the phone tightened against the counter in a death grip. "Why… why would he…"

Kyobi sighed down the phone. “Because I started eating his pizza.”

Raruke fell into a stunned silence.

“His *greasy* fucking pizza, I might add. I mean, I love meat, but there’s such a thing as overkill, right?” Kyobi went on nonchalantly. “Still tasted alright, though. So props to the chef, I guess.”

Raruke still couldn’t find his words.

“That’s you, by the way,” Kyobi playfully reminded.

Raruke almost smiled - and then, feeling the metaphorical rope around his neck, came crashing back down to reality. His delivery driver had just assaulted someone. That was surely going to have negative effects on his business… and on Kyobi. Two things that he didn’t want. “The… the screaming,” Raruke eventually mumbled back. “Was that…”

“Oh, that was the sound of George *really* regretting his most recent life choice, yeah,” Kyobi said with a clear hint of pride. “Don’t worry, though, I’m fine. And I even got a free pizza out of it.”

Raruke swallowed. Was Mister Waterman okay? Did he dare to ask for the wolf’s current condition? Did he have a *choice*? He needed to help Kyobi, didn’t he? She was his employee, his friend, and one of the few connections that he had in the world. And he also needed to help Mister Waterman. He wasn’t the best customer - or the best person, for that matter - but every life was precious, even if it belonged to an asshole. “Okay,” Raruke said. “But what about Mister Waterman?”

Kyobi chuckled grimly. “Oh,” she sighed, “he’s fine. For now, at least.”

Raruke found no relief in Kyobi’s statement. One, the chuckle - and, two… *for now?* “Kyobi,” the orange fox said very urgently. “*Please* just tell me what you’ve done to him.”

“I shrank him,” Kyobi replied quickly.

Raruke’s bottom lip wobbled in confusion. That was the last answer that he was expecting. “You… shrank him?”

“Yup. He’s three inches tall now.”

“Three… inches…”

“Pocket-sized, you might say. Or… topping-sized.”

Raruke gnawed on his bottom lip in a mixture of sheer disbelief and pure anxiety. “Kyobi,” he pleaded, “be serious. This is serious. What did you do to Mister Waterman?”

“I shrunk him!” Kyobi insisted. “Seriously. Hold on, let me hold him up to the phone and he’ll tell you, alright?”

Shrunk him. Raruke couldn’t help but snort in disbelief. “Kyobi-”

“Shut up, you won’t hear him unless you’re quiet.”

Raruke palmed at his face with a very sweaty paw for a few seconds before once again falling into still and complete silence. With his jaw clenched, he listened to the phone’s speaker scrape and shuffle as Kyobi moved everything into position.

Just a few seconds later, Raruke heard screams. Quiet and high-pitched screams that weren’t dissimilar to the drone of flies buzzing and smacking into a window. At first, they were incomprehensible but Kyobi must’ve been swinging him in closer toward the speaker, because…

… the red fox soon heard the squeaky words of a shrunk Mr. Waterman quite clearly. “Raruke!” the wolf yelled in a high-pitched voice. “Raruke, you gotta call the cops! Your… your delivery driver, she shrunk me down, and… fuck, I…”

A few breathless and quiet and terrified-sounding gasps. The male had clearly found out that his tiny lungs weren’t capable of holding nearly as much breath as they were before.

Briefly, Raruke imagined Mr. Waterman’s position in the air. Probably held by the scruff of his neck or his shoulders hung in front of a cell phone that was several times the side of him, yelling into a speaker while he dangled what must’ve felt like miles from the ground. It must’ve been horrifying. Humiliating. A total and instant removal of all of his power and autonomy.

The red fox swallowed. *Fuck.* He shouldn’t be getting aroused by this. Not right now. But behind that counter, thighs were clenching together.

“Go on,” said the distant voice of Kyobi suddenly, breaking Raruke from his thoughts while worsening his arousal. “Finish off what you were saying.”

“Fuck you!” the tiny male yelled back. “Fuck you, you freak bitch!”

“Ah, M-Mister Waterman!” Raruke yelled hastily. “G-given your… current position… do you really think that you ought to be talking to her like that?”

“*What?* What the hell are you talking about?!” Mr. Waterman yelled squeakily. “I said call the cops! Call the cops *right* now!”

“Mister Waterman, with all due respect, I… I’m not sure if the police can help you right now,” Raruke whimpered. “Or… or if they’d even believe me. Your situation is awfully unique-”

Raruke was interrupted by an amused snort from the vixen on the other end of the line. “I speak from a *lot* of experience here,” she giggled. “The police will most certainly *not* believe your call. So don’t bother wasting your time with that, Raruke.”

“Don’t… don’t tell them the whole story, then!” Mr. Waterman half-pleaded half-screamed. “Just… just tell them that I’m being assaulted in my apartment! That they need to come over right fucking now and-”

“And by the time they get over here, you’re going to be an unrecognizable stain that’s been ground into your welcome mat by my heel,” Kyobi said ominously. “And me, well, I’ll be long gone.”

“They’ll catch you!” the tiny wolf insisted desperately. “They’ll find you and they’ll catch you and-”

“No,” the cross fox insisted with surety. “They won’t.”

Dead silence. From everyone.

“Mister Waterman,” Raruke eventually said. Being the one to break the silence was something of a surprise even to the red fox, but someone had to be the negotiator here. “Look. Why don’t you just try… apologizing to Kyobi?”

Kyobi laughed loudly before the tiny Mr. Waterman could even attempt such a thing. “Oh no,” she said, “that’s not going to make me stop.”

“What?” Raruke whimpered. “Why?”

“Because I don’t want to stop,” Kyobi replied simply. “Not for an apology or for nothing. This guy’s an asshole - and his soul very much deserves to become a small part of the *writhing mass of* ***horror*** that is the inside of my tail.”

Mr. Waterman began to make tiny sobs down into the receiver he was being dangled in front of. “Oh please,” he cried, “oh fuck, please, just help me!”

Raruke was trying to process and pick apart whatever the hell Kyobi had just said about that writhing mass of horror in her tail, but… no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't make sense of it. "Kyobi," he asked as he did his best to ignore the high-pitched sobbing in his ear. "What do you mean by… the… tail thing?"

Kyobi chuckled, her mirth easily overpowering the tiny male's misery. "Oh, that's a long story," she said, "but, to cut a long story short, I'm a kitsune."

"A… a kitsune?" Raruke mumbled in confusion.

"Uh-huh," Kyobi said wistfully. "I put it on my job application."

"Raruke," Mr. Waterman sobbed brokenly. "Please, man, you gotta do something, anything, please!"

Raruke grit his teeth together in frustration. "Mister Waterman!" he barked. "I'm trying, but-"

The cries suddenly grew distant before becoming absolutely nothing at all. Mr. Waterman must've been dragged away from the speaker - confirmed by the fact that Raruke heard Kyobi's ear fluff brushing against it a moment later. "Listen, Raruke, I'm gonna go, okay?"

"Kyobi, wait!" Raruke said desperately as his free hand slammed down on the wooden counter of his restaurant. "Just… just think this through. Please?"

Kyobi sighed. "Already have, Raruke," she said. "Look, I'll call you back in a bit."

"I-"

"Don't call the cops. Or, if you do, give me a heads up first, okay?" Kyobi requested kindly. "Would hate to kill the poor fucker who's one day off retirement or whatever."

The line went dead.

Raruke dropped the phone and slumped against the counter.

* * *

Kyobi hung up the phone and slid it into the back pocket of her black work pants. "Hope he doesn't call the cops," the vixen murmured to herself as she gave her skinny ass a couple of pats. "Or fire me. Would hate to have to stop working for the guy."

In Kyobi's other hand - the one that wasn't patting away at her butt - was the crying and shrunken form of the grey wolf known as George Waterman. He was dangling between her fingers, held upright by his shoulders. In his current position - held by her collarbone - he could *just* about see the vixen's huge and uncaring eyes of yellow if he twisted his head *all* the way up. "I'm sorry," he yelled between his violent sobs, "please, I am so sorry!"

"C'mon, *sir*, we've been over this already," Kyobi said mockingly as she brought the tiny man from her collarbone to the front of her nose. To little George, the huge leathery pad was big enough for him to stand on. Not that the vixen had any plans of putting him down there. "Apologies aren't going to get you shit."

"Then… then what will?" George asked as a puff of warm breath blasted out of her nostrils and struck his lower body, giving him just a hint of Kyobi's repulsively pungent fox breath. "Money? Do you want money? I can give you money!"

Kyobi smirked toothily, flashing two rows of sharp fangs at the prey betwixt her fingers. Another exhale, which meant another sample of her breath. She knew that the scent must've been repulsive. All she'd eaten in the last eight hours was that greasy mouthful of meat pizza - a greasy mouthful that was currently decomposing noisily in her guts. "Well, why the fuck didn't you offer me that twenty minutes ago, *sir*?" Kyobi asked, deliberately blowing more of her stench over the little man with every syllable. "Could've avoided this whole mess."

Struggling to handle both the humidity, the odor, and the sheer *volume* blasting at him, George turned his head away from the source, whimpering. "I didn't know! I… I didn't know back then, I thought you were just… I thought you were just…"

"You thought I was just a delivery driver, didn't you, George?" Kyobi snarled, sending small flecks of saliva splashing into George's writhing form. "Thought I was just some below minimum wage worker that isn't worth your spit, much less an extra dollar or two of your money."

"Yes! Yes," George said quickly, hoping that agreeing with the vixen might spare him a brutal fate. "Yes, that's exactly right! I didn't realize! I… didn't know!"

Kyobi nodded. "Exactly right, yes," she whispered as she brought George's face in close enough that he could kiss at her snout if he wanted to. "Which is exactly why I need to swallow you and put an end to your miserable existence."

"S-s-swallow?" George stammered meekly.

The cross vixen didn't bother to repeat herself. Instead…

… she opened her maw, spreading shiny white teeth and slick pink gums to reveal the smooth and slimy interior of her mouth. Canine tongue lolled outward like a disgusting welcoming mat over her front teeth. Her throat clenched and then expanded, billowing the hottest and most pungent blast of her animal breath that the wolf had been forced to endure thus far…

… then, with a slight flourish of her wrist, Kyobi threw the wolf down onto her tongue.

"Wait," George screamed as he pulled his face away from sticky taste buds with a pronounced *schlick*. "Please, wait!"

A sharp hoarse breath rasped and resounded around the male as the vixen *gasped* in pure delight. It was very clear that his broken sobs weren't plucking at her heartstrings. That they were simply amusing her. "Y-you're a monster," he whimpered as he made a pointless attempt to wipe thick saliva away from his saturated face. "You're a disgusting heartless monster!"

"Eyup," replied the vixen awkwardly around her half-mouthful of food. "That'sh mhe!"

George began to wail out some more piteous and broken-sounding and muzzle-muffled screams. And while Kyobi would've loved to hang around in the corridor and listen to them and *really* drink 'em in… well, it was time to move things on a little bit. Kyobi knew that she couldn't stand out here all night, after all! Someone was bound to leave their apartment eventually and start asking strange questions and she already had a whole asshole and a pizza to eat and she couldn't be bothered adding a whole extra *witness* to the menu.

But, at the same time, Kyobi had to at least mark this moment. She had to capture George's last moments in the outside world. And what better way to do it than with his own phone?

Keeping her maw wide open, Kyobi reached down into her back pocket and withdrew George's phone. As she did so, George attempted to lunge for the front of her maw. The key word there being *attempt*. As soon as he tensed muscles and sprang forward, the vixen tilted her head backward, meaning that gravity wasn't in the wolf's favor. His body went backward rather than forward as intended.

Which meant that he just ended up getting *much* closer to Kyobi's slick chasm of a throat than any sane man would ever want to. So close, in fact, that his lower

body fell into the sticky void of her gullet while his upper body desperately clutched onto the back of her tongue. The muscles of her powerful esophagus teased at his toes as they brushed against the opening of her gullet, threatening to drag him down - but he could keep himself held at the back of her maw. Just about. No matter how desperate his grip might've been, it was, at the end of the day, a hold against tastebuds that were smooth and slippery and writhing. And all it would take to diminish it entirely was a simple swallow.

Luckily for George, though - if you could call it luck - Kyobi didn't intend upon swallowing *just* yet. She still had a picture to take, after all. The camera app was enabled on George's phone. Then, with an excited pant that blew hot breath and stink all over the micro practically lodged in her throat, Kyobi lifted the forward-facing camera to the front of her open maw…

… and admired the dark pink view that filled the screen. The wolf on the back of her tongue. One hand extended. His face contorted into an expression of pure misery. Slowly but surely slipping down into throat. What a wonderful sight.

"Please," George yelled as he stared in horror at the grim image of himself slowly slipping down into throat. "Oh fuck, please-"

Glrk.

Kyobi watched as the pink walls of her gullet encapsulated around George's lower half, squeezing him almost still. She watched and felt as one of his arms flailed outward onto the back of her tongue, desperately struggling to hold onto something. Then, in an instant - and with a look of pure terror on the male's face - he disappeared forever, making little more than a vague impression in the vixen's throat.

It was a brief moment, but… an incredibly satisfying one for the vixen. Then again, swallowing her prey usually was. As always, she allowed herself to revel in it while it happened. The feeling of the asshole wolf being dragged down by the natural forces of her body… *into* a place where the natural forces of her body would cleanly and neatly dispose of him.

Then, Kyobi felt his descent end. Which meant that it was time to get back to business. "Damn, Geo- I mean, *sir* - I mean, ah, fuck it, *George*," she hissed in delight as she felt him begin to writhe around in the pit of her stomach. "Why the fuck did I just take a picture? I ought to have recorded it and sold it on the internet. Could've made a mint off of that."

The vixen's tall triangular ears wobbled as she listened out for any kind of reply from within herself. Unfortunately, she couldn't hear anything over the rumble of her guts. The wolf was likely doing something quiet and

incomprehensible; like wiping gastric fluids off his face, or spitting out half-digested mouthfuls of that pizza that he ordered, or chucking up that lasagna that he ate while waiting for his order.

Kyobi glanced at the lovely maw shot that she'd just taken. Then, with a few swipes, she sent the photo over to Raruke's cellphone, making sure that her boss had no way at all of pretending the whole thing was some work of fiction or theater…

… while also putting him into a panic. A panic that made him call George's phone immediately. A panic that Kyobi ignored completely - for now, at least - by hanging up, turning off the phone, and putting it inside of her pocket.

Then, with a sigh and a roll of her eyes, Kyobi reached down onto the ground and grabbed George's clothes. They'd been displaced from his body during that whole shrinking thing and were now technically evidence. The pizza was also evidence - so that too was grabbed after she folded the clothes over her arm. Then, after making a glance either way down the corridor to make double sure that there were no witnesses…

… Kyobi sauntered into the apartment proper, crossing the threshold and closing the door behind her. She stepped into a living room. To her surprise, the place was… barren of anything personal. No pictures on the walls, no trinkets scattered around, nothing that screamed *George Waterman*. Even the fancy furniture - a leather three-piece, a glass coffee table, and a big widescreen - look barely used. Not so much as a hint of an ass imprint on the couch.

"Interesting place you got here, George," Kyobi said as she threw the male's clothes down onto his floor while keeping the pizza box balanced in the palm of her hand. "I'd ask if you just moved in, but I'm pretty sure I delivered pizza to you here at least a dozen times."

There was no reply. Well - there was a gurgle - and a very clear scream - but nothing that she could comprehend. Still needed a little more time to settle into his new environment, it seemed. Regardless, forgetting her prey for now - the kitsune couldn't say that was interested in the living area or the kitchen. She hadn't come in here for cover, but to poke around and look at his shit and taunt him about it - and a man's secrets were usually kept in his bedroom. After taking a glance at the television - still on, playing some sportsball match on mute - she rounded a corner and preceded into a tight corridor with a lone door at the very end that she presumed led into the wolf's bedroom.

Kyobi's presumption was correct. After opening the door, she found her way into a small room. A small and very boring room. Like the living room, there was nothing to speak of aside from the usual furniture - a small wardrobe, a chest of

drawers, a bedside cabinet with a lamp and alarm clock. No pictures on the walls. No trinkets scattered around. Even the sheets on the bed were a pristine and clean white. Frankly, it looked as if the place had never even been slept in *once*.

The pizza box was tossed down on the bed. The lid was lifted and a slice was taken out of it. Then, out of curiosity, the vixen tugged the wardrobe open. There were clothes inside, but… only three sets of them. Two formal tailored suits, and the other a comfy-looking pair of silk pajamas. There was also a pair of leather shoes, some expensive-looking blue sneakers, and…

… a small leather wallet. One that was bulging. “Oh, here we go,” Kyobi said gleefully as she plucked it out of the wardrobe. She took a bite of pizza and threw herself back down on the bed. “Fhound yher whallet, Gheorge!” she yelled as she chewed up a mouthful of dough and meat. The pizza had cooled and gotten all clammy due to the long drive and the long argument and the shrinking and… well, everything that had led here. Congealed grease on top of meat and cheese certainly wasn’t a delight on the taste buds - but it’d be even worse in her stomach. Luckily, Kyobi wouldn’t have to deal with that.

Whether it was because of the chewing or the item that she’d just found, the vixen finally heard some muffled words rise from her rumbling insides. “Shit, shit, shit,” she heard through her fluffy ears, “take whatever you want, just please don’t swallow-”

Kyobi swallowed. The male’s pleading was snuffed out by an avalanche of masticated mush squeezing through the cardiac sphincter above his head. “What was that, George?” the vixen asked as she licked a blob of tomato paste from her upper lip. “Couldn’t hear you over the sound of you eating shit.”

A rather predictable silence followed. The vixen could still feel a vague sensation in the pit of her guts, though… so the male was likely preoccupied heaving chewed-up lumps off his own order off of himself. Smiling to herself, she took another bite of pizza and thumbed open the wallet. There was a decent stack of bills in there. Mostly twenties, by the looks of things, but there were a couple of fifties and a hundred or two hiding toward the back.

Kyobi swallowed, casually dumping another landfill’s worth of pizza on top of George’s head in the process. “This all the money you got, George?” she asked as she glanced at the piece of crust in her hand and considered eating it, but… cold soggy pizza rind was the worst. She hucked it back into the box and grabbed another slice, not yet taking a bite.

Given George’s current position - and what was on top of him and around him - Kyobi didn’t expect a reply. But, to her surprise, she felt a fitful wriggle against

the pit of her stomach. She heard a desperate gasp, then, a gag, and then… “I have more money,” came a yell that was barely comprehensible over the surrounding stomach. “So much more! I… I have *millions* of dollars.” A gasp. Another retch - one that sounded utterly dry. He’d definitely added his own vomit into the literal swamp of it around him at some point. “I can give it to you. I can give… I can give all of it to you! Just let me out of here, please!”

Kyobi snorted and glanced around the bedroom, once more noting the lack of any form of decoration. “Really, George?” the vixen asked as she plucked a piece of pepperoni off the slice with her teeth. “Because for a guy that has millions of bucks, you… kind of have, like… nothing in your apartment.”

A vague squirm somewhere in the pit of her stomach. “This… this isn’t where I live!” It’s just where I hide to get away from my wife!”

Lazily chewing on a piece of pepperoni, Kyobi pulled George’s phone out of her pocket. Unlocking it, she smirked at the picture that she’d snapped back when she had a maw full of wolf rather than a stomach full - and, then, she started to look through the rest of George’s photo gallery.

“I live in a mansion!” George screamed. “I swear!”

With a pizza slice hovering absentmindedly a couple of inches away from her lips, Kyobi scrolled into a picture that seemed to confirm George’s claim. A photo of him sunbathing by a pool outside of a pretty fancy-looking mansion. Didn’t confirm anything by itself, though. Could be a buddy’s place - or a home he’d rented for vacation - or someplace he’d broken into. Luckily, it looked like there were plenty more photos to look through…

… Kyobi’s ears pricked as she vaguely heard a sound like a wet splatter. Followed by a feeling like two very small fists pounding and scratching against the inside of her abdomen. George must’ve waded through all the disintegrating pizza slop and hauled himself up somewhere. Either because his animal brain was telling him that the high ground was ‘safer’ - or because he’d gotten sick of chewed-up food falling onto his head. “A mansion!” he repeated. “A huge mansion!”

The vixen took another bite of pizza, ignoring the male’s cries while skimming through the wolf’s photo album, taking a scattershot look at his life through the lens. Not all pictures pointed to the fact that he possessed a mansion - but all of them pointed toward him living a high and wealthy life. Expensive parties. Golfing. A couple of pictures of a sailboat.

Another vague feeling inside of her stomach. “A fucking mansion!” was the quiet yell that soon followed it. “A huge fucking mansion! Do you hear me?”

Kyobi rolled her eyes and gulped down the mouthful of pizza. “Yeah, well,” she grunted as she licked her lips clean. “You don’t live in a mansion right now, do you, George?”

“S-shut the fuck up!” George belted back almost immediately.

“Oh, now *that* was a fast reply,” Kyobi said as she threw George’s phone down onto the bed. “Tucked yourself into an empty corner, huh? Ah, well - I’m gonna eat enough to fill the place up, so, you won’t dodge it for long.”

The man released a horrified howl that barely reached the kitsune’s ears. “Please no,” he begged shortly afterward. “Fuck! It’s… it’s everywhere already! It’s all over me!”

“Oh yeah?” Kyobi said as if she were completely ignorant as to how miserable of a place her stomach was. “Describe it to me.”

“D-describe what to you?!”

Kyobi took a bite of pizza. “My stomach,” she said.

“Why the fuck would I-”

Kyobi swallowed without even bothering to chew. Fuck it. A solid triangle of dough with meaty toppings still attached by cheese awkwardly slid down her throat. “Because I just *told* you to, George,” the vixen sighed as she rubbed at her neck. “And maybe if you do the things that I tell you to, then, I might let you out, yeah? You scratch my back, I scratch yours…”

There was a long pause as George took the time to let those words - and that swallowed hunk of pizza - sink in. The question was - did he believe her? Then - did he have a choice? He was being thrown a lifeline. He’d be a moron not to lunge for it even if it was yanked away from him. “It’s… it smells,” he eventually yelled. “It’s slimy. It… it burns. It’s… it’s hot, it’s so hot I can barely breathe, I-”

“Come on, George, you can do better than that!” Kyobi rudely demanded. “Do you want me to cough you up or not?”

A moment of hesitation. Kyobi expected George to bark at her, but, to her surprise… after taking a moment to dry heave… the wolf went on. “It’s dark. It’s so dark. I’m… I’m covered from head to toe in puke. It’s all I can smell, it’s all I can taste, it…” He gasped for a breath of air that surely hurt. “It… it itches. It burns. Oh, fuck, it burns, it’s… my fur, my beautiful fucking fur, please!”

Kyobi sighed and threw her mostly eaten slice back down into the box. “You’re getting off track, George…” the kitsune warned with a click of her tongue.

“Of… of course I fucking am!” the wolf protested against stomach wall. “I’m melting!”

“Oh shut the fuck up, you big baby,” Kyobi snorted as she gave her belly a gentle pat. “You’ve only been in there for, what, twenty minutes? You realize it’s going to take a *lot* longer than that before you start melting, right? Especially with *my* stomach.”

George audibly spat something out of his mouth. Juices from the wall that he was clinging to, perhaps? Or something from his own guts? It was hard for Kyobi to say, especially when she didn’t give much of a shit. “What… what do you mean?” the wolf asked hesitantly.

“Well, see, George, I’m a kitsune. I’m sure I don’t need to remind you of that given that I *shrank* you and *ate* you after all, but, yeah - I’m a mystical creature,” Kyobi explained as she flopped back on the bed and kicked her paws up in the air.

George screamed as the contents of the kitsune’s belly shifted around him, knocking him from his ‘safe’ spot and back into the growing acid bath around him.

Kyobi went on regardless. “And being a mystical creature, I have the advantage of a mystical stomach, George,” she said as she trailed her index finger over the toned outside of the very belly that she was referring to.

Ears pricked as they caught more screaming. The sound of the wolf attempting to orient himself inside of a shifting whirl of burning gastric slop. The sound of his hands and feet pushing against it uselessly, the sound of him gasping and spitting and heaving as he accidentally swallowed it, the sound of her stomach gurgling all around him as it took its sweet time in processing her meal…

… ah, it was music to Kyobi’s ears, truly, even if she wasn’t making that known. Couldn’t give her prey the satisfaction of knowing that she was enjoying herself, after all. “Which means that I can mystically adjust my mystical metabolism so that my mystical stomach can mystically digest you for as long as I want it to,” she went on, tapping the tip of her finger just beneath the swell of her ribs.

The feeling of the wolf finally finding his place. Of his paws scrabbling up against the inside of her stomach wall to get away from the rising tide. A feeling

that made the vixen smile. “Boy,” Kyobi remarked with a playful chuckle as if she’d just made a fantastic joke in front of a friend. “Bet you’re sick of hearing the word mystical, huh?”

More spitting and retching as the wolf pointlessly attempted to clear his throat of the taste and burn of pizza vomit. The sound and feel of him attempting to shake his diminishing coat free of her wretched gut slime. The high-pitched whine of a wolf that was truly at his wit’s end.

“Anyway, the point is, I like to digest live prey for a good few hours,” the vixen went on casually, deliberately making her voice a complete contrast to the wolf’s intense struggles. “Long enough that I can fuck around for an hour or so, take a long nap, and wake up just in time to hear the last of your screams.”

George released a very coarse-sounding howl. His throat was clearly worse for wear. “No,” he yelled. “Just… let me out! Please! I told you, I have money, so much money! Every fucking cent, it’s yours, just please…”

“For fuck sake, George, I ain’t puking you up,” Kyobi sighed as she plucked the phone up from the bed and dragged the pizza box up toward her side. “That would be terrible for my teeth.”

“You said you would!” George screamed. “You said you’d let me out if I described it! And… and I fucking described it, okay?! I… I told you that it stinks, I told you that it’s disgusting, I told you that it’s hot and it’s fucking awful and it’s making my outsides and my insides burn and that it hurts,” he mindlessly rambled, speaking quickly, desperately. “I told you!”

Kyobi sighed and unlocked the phone, navigating to the phone’s contacts. There were a lot of names in here - women that had stripper sounding names, specifically - but she was only really interested in one. And that was **FOX ♥ PIZZA**. “Yeah, and those aren’t very nice words to use when you’re describing a lady, George,” Kyobi sighed as she hit call and pressed the receiver against her ear, lodging the phone between shoulder and jaw. “So go fuck yourself.”

George released a very broken sob as the rug was tugged from underneath him and all hope was lost. “Oh… oh,” he gasped, making a sound like a man whose world was truly breaking down around him. “Fuck, I’m going to die, fuck…”

“Quiet down, idiot,” Kyobi sighed. “I’m about to phone a friend.”

* * *

On the high street, in the lone business open in the dark and the cold, behind a window with **FOX ♥ PIZZA** written across it in paint… a skinny red fox by the

name of Raruke was slumped against the counter, lost and miserable and unsure of what to do with himself.

For the past half an hour or so he'd been cheek down, arms extended across wood, eyes glued on the cool and unchanging red wall of his pizzeria. Well… for the most part, at least. At one point, his phone had buzzed - and he'd gotten a message, a photo of his delivery driver with a mawful of one of his customers…

… and oh boy, that had quite the effect on him. The first thing that he'd tried to do is call Kyobi - but of course, she'd blanked him - so he'd just stared at the picture for a few minutes instead. Then, after feeling something strange that he couldn't quite describe, he'd gone right back to laying over the counter, his phone up, the picture still on the screen. Now and then, he'd give it a glance. Like he was looking a train wreck.

The red fox would've stayed that way, honestly. But the phone rang. Raruke, broken, picked it up without hesitation. "Hello," he mumbled into the phone. "This is Fox Love Pizza. Sorry but we're closed because the owner is dead and-"

"What? No he isn't. I'm talking to him right now."

Raruke went from slumped over to as straight as a pin the second that he heard a familiar vixen's voice. "Kyobi!" the red fox said, feeling a strange body-numbing mix of both dread and relief as he grabbed at the edge of the counter with one hand. "You… are you… is Mister Waterman…"

"Aw," Kyobi cooed into the receiver, easily sensing Raruke's turmoil due to the high-pitched and breathless nature of his voice. "Were you worried about me?"

Raruke's very sweaty fingers tensed against the edge of the counter. "Yes," he admitted, whimpering. "I'm… I'm still worried." The fox looked toward the front of his store, gazing out toward the snow-covered street. He expected the blue and red flash of police sirens to be reflecting off it any moment now. "Very worried, even, I'm… I'm losing my fucking mind over here."

Kyobi chuckled. "Wow," she sighed. "I don't think I've ever heard you say the word *fuck* before."

"Kyobi, this is serious, okay?" Raruke snapped, taking his tone of voice from a whimper to a firm and anxious bark. "What happened to Mister Waterman? You need to tell me. Am I going to have the cops turning up at my door? Am I going to lose my business? Am I-"

"Holy shit, calm down. Lose your business? All I did was eat some loser," Kyobi groaned. Her voice was utterly lazy, but the mere sound of her timbre cut

the fox off in an instant. “No biggie.”

Raruke blinked. *No biggie*. Like she’d just accidentally smashed a plate or ripped her jeans. Like she hadn’t just swallowed a person. “You… you did it, then,” Raruke said, shocked. “You swallowed him.”

“Well, duh. You saw the picture, right?” Kyobi remarked casually.

Raruke grimaced as he recalled the photo. Mr. Waterman’s fluffy white form surrounded by dark pink, barely visible. If it weren’t for the fact that Kyobi had nailed the focus on the shot somehow, then, he doubted that he’d been able to see him at all, but… he could. Clearly. The image of him - framed by teeth and outlined by tongue - was so vivid that it had been burned into his mind. A single shivering hand thrust out onto slimy fox tongue, pointlessly attempting to haul his body free of the clutch of her throat while his face showed a look of pure horror. He doubted that he would ever forget it.

Kyobi clicked her tongue down the receiver impatiently. “Well?” she asked. “Did you?”

“Yes,” Raruke grunted. “I saw the picture.”

“Huh,” Kyobi remarked quickly. “Your voice is starting to sound kinda husky.”

Raruke’s body twitched so hard that he almost dropped the phone. “*What?*” he balked.

Kyobi giggled. “You heard me,” she said. “Your voice is getting husky. Like you’re getting all turned on over there.”

Raruke growled. “Kyobi, do I need to tell you how *serious* this is? Again?” he hissed down the phone. “I am *not* getting turned on by this.”

Kyobi sighed in eye-rolling disbelief down into the speaker. “Then why do you sound like you have a boner, dude?” she accused.

“I do *not* have a boner!” Raruke insisted. The fox grabbed the front of his pants as he said that to prove his point - even though nobody who had eyes on him was present - but his fingers immediately came into contact with what was most certainly the erect outline of his cock bulging against his pants. Instead of continuing his angry rant, he made a gasp down the phone - one that sounded aroused.

Kyobi gasped too - though not because of arousal. Because of satisfaction. “Was I right?” the vixen practically purred. “You got a hard-on over there?”

Raruke did not answer at all - but his bated silence was a reply all by itself. Yes, he was hard. Yes, he was hard and he didn't know why. Yes, he was pawing at his dick through the front of his pants and breathing heavily down the phone. It was undeniable. Nothing he could say would disprove it.

"You *do* have a boner," Kyobi murmured all amused and ever so slightly confused. "Holy shit."

"This… this happens," Raruke said as he made an extremely poor attempt at standing up for himself - one that was made worse by the fact that he was still groping at his dick through his pants. "This happens sometimes, okay? Erections, they… happen during times of stress, or… or… for any reason at all! Just because a boy gets hard, that doesn't mean that he's aroused."

Kyobi politely let her boss finish - and then, she belted an especially impolite laugh down the phone. "Did you…" she giggled, "did you… did you just call yourself a *boy*?"

"No! I meant man!" Raruke quickly yelled. "I'm a man!"

Kyobi continued to laugh. "You calling yourself a boy because you have a boy's *dick*, Raruke?" she snickered. "You got an itty bitty baby cock over there or something?"

"No! It's normal!" the fox insisted as he continued to paw at a throbbing length that knew was a little below average. Given his skinny form and short stature, though, he was never going to have the biggest dick in the world. "It's… it's five inches exactly!"

"Wooooow," Kyobi sighed sarcastically. "Five inches. *So* big. Huge, even!"

"Kyobi, please-"

The cross vixen clicked her tongue sharply, cutting off the red fox before he had even properly begun. "You must have so many troubles hauling such a *huge* dick around, Raruke," she went on, her voice full of mirth. "Like, shit. How do you squeeze *five whole inches of dick* through the front door of your shop on the daily?"

"Fine!" Raruke yelled in embarrassment down the phone. "It's… it's small! I have a small dick! I have a small dick and it's *hard* right now! Is that what you wanted me to say?!"

Kyobi snickered. "I guess," she sighed, sounding only half-satisfied. "It'll do for

now, at least."

"*Great*," Raruke grunted. Whimpering, he finally let his hand fall away from the front of his pants. He needed to focus. "Now that we've cleared that up, can we go back to how you've *killed* Mister Waterman, please?"

A horrified gasp came down the phone. "*Killed* him?" Kyobi said, her shock so clearly an act. "George ain't dead! He's been screaming in my stomach this whole time!"

"What?" Raruke gasped. "He is? I mean… he has been? Mister Waterman, he's… he's still alive?"

"Yeah!" Kyobi confirmed eagerly. "You wanna speak to him?"

Raruke hesitated. *Did* he want to speak to Mr. Waterman? Well, yes, sort of - he felt like he owed the man an explanation, an apology for his delivery driver's behavior, perhaps a few fistfuls of cash to compensate him or… something like that. But at the same time, given the circumstances… given the fact that the wolf was currently inside of a stomach and likely being digested… what could he say? How could he apologize? How could he give him anything?

"Hold on," Kyobi said abruptly, interrupting Raruke's thoughts. "Let me put you on loudspeaker and drop you on my stomach. See if you can hear him over all the gurgling and growling and churning and all that shit."

Raruke bit his lower lip. No, no, those words were making his not-so-average length throb for some weird reason, and if that was the case then he couldn't *possibly* talk to Mister Waterman. Had to stop this. Had to stop it now! "Wait, Kyobi-"

But Raruke had hesitated for a little too long. The next thing that he heard was a *thump* as phone landed on belly. Then…

… *gurgle*…

… *growl*…

… scream.

* * *

"Oh fuck! Oh, fuck! Please, you gotta help me!" came a choked scream from one George Waterman. Perfectly audible to the vixen he was inside of, and, well…

… hopefully audible to the fox on the other end of the line. Kyobi knew that the wolf's plight wouldn't be crystal clear to Raruke - it was, after all, blocked by fur, flesh, and a stomach half full of meat and dough and person - but given the shocked gasp that came through the receiver, she knew that her boss could hear *something*. Smiling to herself, the vixen looked toward her raised leg - specifically, to the fine fox paw at the end of it - and spread her leathery beans ceiling ward, retracting her claws.

A panicked cry soon came out of the phone's loudspeaker, reverberating against toned fox gut. "Mister Waterman?" Raruke called. "Are you… are you okay?"

"No!" George screamed back immediately. "No, of course I'm not okay! My eyes, my nose, my mouth, my… my everything, it fucking *burns*," he ranted, clearly agonized. "I can't see, I… I can barely breathe, I'm covered in fucking *puke*, and my fur is coming off… oh, oh God… my fur… my… my beautiful fur…"

Kyobi lazily studied her toe claws as George broke down into yet another fit of broken sobs down in her stomach. The guy was like a pendulum - swinging back and forth between the rage of humiliation and the misery of realization. And, frankly, it wasn't anything new to the kitsune at this point. After all, how many live prey had she swallowed through the centuries? How many live prey had been through this very cycle in her belly? Countless. It was always denial into anger into bargaining into depression into…

"This can't be happening to me," George sobbed through his steadily disintegrating throat. "This has to be a dream, it has to be a nightmare…"

Denial.

"Let me out of here you fucking bitch!"

Anger.

"I'll do anything! I'll give you anything!"

Bargaining.

"I can't take this anymore! I can't! Please!"

Depression. Like grief, just without acceptance. Kyobi wouldn't like to say that it became boring after a while - *that* was an insult to how miserable of an experience her guts were, after all - but, like any meal, it certainly required spice to be entertaining these days.

Kyobi sighed and lowered her foot back down to the bed and looked at the phone on her stomach instead. Right. That was supposed to be the spice. But Raruke wasn't saying anything, because… well, understandably, what would he even *say* to George's shrieking and rambling? It wasn't like the fox could do anything to help him or assure him. "Mmm," the vixen muttered to herself as she began to rub at her jaw thoughtfully. "Maybe I used the wrong spice."

"Huh?" Raruke suddenly said.

"*What*?" George yelled.

"Never mind, never mind," Kyobi muttered. She knew that she couldn't get lost in that right now. The spice had been chosen and she'd just have to make do with it. Apply it a different way! Maybe that'd finally make this whole experience tastier. "So, Raruke, it seems that you're at a crossroads, right?"

Kyobi grabbed another slice of pizza as she awaited a reply from Raruke. As she lifted the slice toward her mouth, though, she felt George's fist beat against her stomach lining. It was noticeably weaker than before - much like his voice. "Raruke," the digesting wolf cried, "help me! Help me, please!"

"Shut up, George," Kyobi scoffed, tearing off an enormous mouthful of meat and cheese that she immediately began to chew into a mushy pulp. "I'hm thrying to thalk tho mhy bhoss here."

"Don't you swallow! Don't you dare swallow you bitch-"

Glp. A large mound of dough descended down Kyobi's throat, creating a far larger bulge than George ever had. Indeed, the load was so large that the kitsune was forced to cough and clear her throat a little afterward. Of course, that was nothing compared to what George had to endure, but… given that her sprawled position had pretty much forced her prey beneath her cardiac sphincter, she doubted that she'd be hearing from him for a little bit due to the sheer amount of masticated mush that had just fallen atop of him in his new hell.

"Oh fuck," came the sound of Raruke's voice, little more than a gentle whimper at this point.

Kyobi angrily waved what was left of her pizza slice in the air. "Raruke!" she yelled as she glared down at the phone. "Raruke, are you paying attention to me?"

"I… I heard it. Your stomach rumbling as…" the fox gasped in what was most certainly not a reply to Kyobi's question. "O-oh, fuck, I… I made that pizza…"

“Listen to me,” Kyobi spat impatiently. “You’re at a crossroads here. This? It’s a life-changing moment, right?”

Raruke made a dumb noise down the phone that sounded vaguely like an agreement to his delivery driver’s statement.

“Glad you agree. So, as far as I see it, you got two choices, boss,” Kyobi said, her firm tone receding to become sage and encouraging instead. “Choice one is obvious. Put the phone down and call the cops.”

Kyobi smiled at the grim silence that came following her statement. It was a ballsy move to even throw it out there, but… the kitsune *knew* Raruke, and she knew that she’d thrown him one hell of a moral dilemma. On one hand, he was a good guy who wanted to do the good thing by reporting this ongoing ‘crime’ to the police, but… on the other, he was a loyal fox who didn’t want to get his friend and employee into a bunch of trouble.

There’s the spice, Kyobi thought to herself - and indeed, it was. While she did take some enjoyment in her prey struggling beneath a thick layer of gut slop… Raruke was the salt that made her meal delicious.

“Oh, fuck, oh fuck, it’s so hot!” George suddenly screamed.

Ah, speaking of her meal… it looked like the wolf had seemingly managed to resurface *just* in time to roll himself in the spice that was Raruke’s straining morality. Perfect!

“Call the cops! Call the cops, please!” the tiny wolf begged as he smashed his body back into stomach wall as best he could. Kyobi could feel him constantly slipping down it though - his grip definitely wasn’t as sure as before. His hands and fingers had likely been flayed by acid to the point that holding onto *anything* would be painful - so attempting to get your grip on a roiling slippery stomach wall must’ve been complete agony.

“Oh, and, you’ll have to fire me too, of course,” Kyobi said, throwing a metaphorical cherry on top of Raruke’s straining morality.

“Fire her!” George yelled. “She ate me! She fucking ate me!”

Kyobi nodded her head wisely. “I did, I did, and that’s perfect grounds to fire me on, Raruke. And to call the cops on me. Like, I wouldn’t even be mad,” she sighed in a very understanding tone of voice. “Don’t have to worry about me coming for revenge or anything. Hell. Tell you what. I’ll even go peacefully. Hand myself in when they come. Admit to the crime, even! No cop killing from me, no

sirree."

George released an agonized howl. Kyobi felt the distinct *thmp* of his tiny head colliding with her stomach wall a couple of times as he foolishly hurt himself to try and make the pain go away. "It hurts," he screamed through what sounded like a mawful of blood. "Oh fuck it hurts. Please!"

The vixen bit her bottom lip with a hint of embarrassment as she realized that she *hadn't* turned the fantastical settings of her stomach down as she'd previously claimed to. It sounded like poor George was currently in the thrall of a full digestive melt. Furless, rubbery, flesh starting to tear and sores starting to form. Quite the awful mess. Her boss would have to make his choice rather quickly. Luckily, Kyobi knew which one he would take. She was his employee, his friend - a friend that had come out of her way on a cold and snowy night to deliver pizza for him so that he could fulfill his dream of filling bellies and making people happy.

Then, right on cue… "What's the second choice?" Raruke whimpered.

"Are you fucking *serious*?" George screamed.

"Kyobi, please," Raruke begged, "tell me the second choice."

George continued to scream in his horrible mixture of frustration and agony - but Kyobi quickly began to speak over him, so, it couldn't be heard for long, not even through the phone's speaker. "Pull down your pants and start pawing at your tiny dick," the vixen demanded rudely. "Right there behind the kitchen counter."

"*What?*" Raruke barked. "But. I'm in the store. And… and Mister Waterman…"

Kyobi let out a long and loud and very tired-sounding sigh. "Oh, Raruke, *fuck* Mister Waterman, alright?" the vixen groaned. "Like, seriously, I know you want to make people happy, but… *fuck* this guy. He's a total shithead!" she exclaimed. "You know that he has, like, millions of dollars, right? And a fucking mansion? And that, despite that, he never tipped me - not me or *anyone,* actually - even though we have to walk up, like, a dozen flights of stairs to get to his stupid place here?"

"It's not true!" George howled as he somehow kept his head above the rising tide of hot pungent pizza vomit. "I don't! I don't! I don't-"

"*His stupid place here*," Kyobi went on, overpowering her prey in every form. "That he uses to hide from his wife so that he can cheat on her with girls who have names like *Krystal* and *Serenity* and *Giggles,* going off his phone's contact

book."

"I've never done that!" George insisted. "I've never cheated on my wife! Ever!"

"So, seriously, *fuck* this guy, alright?" the vixen said while raising her middle finger to the air. "He's a complete waste of oxygen. And what's more, there ain't all that much of him left, either. Like, I dunno - if I'm being generous, he's got, like, another ten maybe fifteen minutes, tops."

"No, no, no, no, no," George rambled brokenly. "No! They can… there's still enough… please, please, just call the cops!"

Kyobi smirked. "Might as well just… enjoy his passing, right? I know you still got that itty bitty boner going on over there."

A long period of silence - aside from Mr. Waterman's continued struggles, of course - and, then…

… a low and helpless *moan* came through the phone's speaker.

A moan that the badly digested George heard quite clearly through stomach wall. "What… *what*?" the wolf gasped. "What is wrong with you?!"

"Good question," Kyobi said. "Raruke, what *is* wrong with you?"

The reply was a heavy pant and a barely restrained moan.

George began to yell something - something like *you're fucked up* - but his words were cut short as Kyobi's belly gave a firm and sudden clench of a churn. His environment was made tighter in a moment - and the digesting slop that had been up to his neck before had risen above his head as a result. His screams could still be heard quite clearly through the phone, but… they were incomprehensible to even the vixen. Little more than drowned blubbering agony. The sound of a man being destroyed from the inside and out by a hot acidic fluid that had the consistency of spoiled yogurt.

Kyobi gave her stomach a gentle pat, ever so slightly discomforted by her belly's sudden churn. "Ugh," she groaned as she rolled over onto her side, tipping the phone over onto the mattress. Grunting, she reached down and pulled her work shirt up her stomach, exposing the toned length of her jet-black stomach. Then, shuffling just an inch or so, she pressed the edges of her abs against the phone's receiver, ensuring that it could still pick up her stomach's gargle. "Needed to adjust," she said blandly. "Digesting this guy is a pain. Can you still hear everything, Raruke?"

A lewd pant immediately followed Kyobi's statement. "Y-y-yeeees," Raruke whimpered. "I can still hear… I can still hear…"

Kyobi rolled over onto the phone completely, going belly down on it and pushing her upper abdomen against both speaker and receiver, ensuring that her food and her spice could still intermingle properly. "You still hear my stomach churning around that disgusting fucking pizza that you made?" she asked as she propped her chin on one of her prey's plain white pillows.

The vixen's stomach muffled out whatever Raruke's reply was. She assumed that it was *yes*, though. "Hear it… breaking down everything," Kyobi murmured, giving her belly a slight grind against the phone beneath her. "Turning it into its base components. Into nutrition. Calories."

A higher-pitched and still muffled something came out of the phone in reply. "And, in the middle of all of that," she went on, still lazily rubbing belly against both speaker and receiver. "In the center of a swirl of hot fox vomit, buried and surrounded and boiled by some of the worst mess that my body can produce… can you hear him, Raruke?"

Kyobi's ears lazily pricked upward as she felt George thrash. As she heard him somehow thrust his sore-ridden skull from the quicksand pit of gastric slop that surrounded him. A few almost nonsensical words from vocal cords that had been bit and melted, but they sounded something like… *please*. Or *help me*. Or *it hurts*. Or maybe even *kill me*. It wasn't long before it was drowned out entirely again, though, and reduced to nothing more than muffled incomprehensible agony. The sound of a man on his last legs.

An intense moan reverberated against her stomach. Raruke must've heard it too.

Kyobi smiled in satisfaction and buried her cheek into one of George's pillows, pulling in a deep breath to take in the wolf's smell. It was rich. Masculine. A slight hint of expensive cologne. Most people in the world would equate this scent to an alpha - a male with pristine genes and a full bank account - but, to the vixen, it was the scent of prey. Of a worthless man. Of a fool who had been ignorant and unkind one too many times. "Are you gonna cum, Raruke?" she asked lazily, kicking out her feet and spreading her toes as she spread herself out in a full relaxed sprawl, still belly-down on phone.

Another eek against her stomach. An eek from a man who was pushed to his limits in… many ways right now. Stressed, anxious, depressed, and on the edge of what was most certainly going to be one of the most shameful and unforgettable orgasms of his life. For Kyobi, though? It was just the conclusion of a meal. One where she was relaxed, sleepy, and quite content. "Mm," she said

as she pushed her muzzle down into soft pillow and closed her eyes, “I’m going to take a nap. You finish up by yourself, alright?”

A few huffs and puffs against her belly from the phone’s speaker. A slight struggle from her prey within, still alive, barely. He must’ve been quite the mess now. Fur gone and melted, flesh mostly stripped, reduced to little more than a thrashing twitching tangle of muscle and bone and surrounded by stomach walls that had utterly closed in upon him.

It was a wonderful thing for the kitsune to visualize - the perfect thing to both listen to imagine as she fell asleep. Finally satisfied and full of a well-spiced meal, Kyobi kicked the half-full pizza box off the bed and fell into a blissful slumber.

* * *

Hot cum squirted onto Raruke’s fingers and splattered onto the counter as a pleasure most blissful shot through his body like a bolt of lightning.

Then, shame.

So much shame.

But he wasn’t sure if he felt regret.

With one hand pressing the phone’s speaker against his ear and the other still holding onto his dick, Raruke numbly allowed his seed to dribble down onto the tiled floor of his shop as he stood there in open mouth shocked. He didn’t know why he didn’t call the police - or why he hadn’t just put the phone down and walked away rather than jerking off to the ‘sweet’ sound of a man digesting alive - but he had, he’d enjoyed it, and now he’d have to live with it.

Somehow.

A quiet gurgle gently whispered through the phone’s speaker, making Raruke’s dick twitch in his grasp. He would also have to live with the fact that he couldn’t put down the phone, too. Even now, when post-orgasm clarity was hitting him like a sledgehammer. When the full realization of exactly *what* he’d pawed himself off to was properly sinking in. When all he really wanted to do was go home and drink himself to sleep, he… couldn’t hang up the phone. No matter how much he willed himself, he couldn’t pull himself away.

In the end, Raruke told himself that it was out of respect. He just didn’t know if it was a respect for Mr Waterman’s life… or the stomach that had destroyed it.

So there, in respect of *something*, the red fox stayed. Pants down, drooling cock in hand, phone held tightly against ear. Listening to the last few minutes of Mr Waterman's screams… and the hours of gentle gurgling that followed.