



“Trick or treat!”

Raruke looked at the black and orange vixen that he’d just opened his door to with raised eyebrows. It wasn’t that he disliked Halloween... infact, he had a bowl of candy ready. It wasn’t that he didn’t like her costume, either. It was a rather cute setup, a pointy purple witch’s hat with black robes, very fitting for the holiday. No, what bothered Raruke was that the woman in front of him was, well... a *woman*. As in, somewhere in her thirties.

The vixen tilted her head and shook the little plastic pumpkin bucket that she was holding onto. Combined with her attire, she in general looked fit for the season. Her fur was jet black, her hair pumpkin orange, her eyes bright yellow, an *unnatural* bright yellow, though... Raruke just figured that she was wearing contacts. “What’s with that look?” she muttered. “This part is simple. You just give me candy.”

Raruke rubbed at his chin and attempted to neutralize his expression, not wanting to be rude. “I... it’s just...” the red fox tried to murmur in reply...

“Candy,” the vixen said *rather* hungrily, clearly not caring if she was rude. “You give it to me. From that bucket you got right there.”

Raruke’s tail sagged behind him as he bit his bottom lip. This felt like it was leading into a confrontation. He *hated* confrontation. So he should probably just hand over a few pieces of candy, right? That *was* the easy way out, but at the same time... “The candy is kinda for the kids, you know?”

"There are zero kids in the neighborhood. It's like, the best thing about the neighborhood in fact," the vixen insisted.

The red fox sighed and rubbed at his face a little, feeling himself begin to sweat. "Right, but you're an adult, you know? You have a job and stuff, so..."

"So what you're saying then is... no treat?"

"No treat," Raruke said shakily as he went to close the door. "Sorry."

The vixen stuck her foot in the door and shoved her shoulder against it, easily forcing it open with her weight and knocking a *very* startled Raruke back in the process. "Well then," the vixen chuckled casually as she barged inside and kicked the door closed behind her. "I think it's *trick* time, isn't it?"

"So, like... I already told you my name is Kyobi, right?"

The witch-vixen - or, as she just introduced herself, Kyobi - shoved her hand deep into the big candy bucket that had once belonged to Raruke. Already she had eaten more than enough sugar and sweets to make any regular person sick to their stomach, but Kyobi was far from a regular person. She was a kitsune, a mythological beast of yore, a living legend of a creature that was capable of eating all the candy that she wanted... as well as dozens of other abilities. Really, it'd take too long to go into all of them, but let's just say that the list of things that Kyobi *can't* do is much, much smaller than the list of things that Kyobi *can* do.

Besides being able to be a glutton, though, there is one more relevant ability at play here... which is that the kitsune is capable of *shrinking* people. If you were wondering where Raruke has gone - or, what Kyobi's *trick* was - then you might just be starting to figure it out, and if the conclusion you've come to is that he's been shrunk to about two inches tall and *shoved* deep into the candy bucket that Kyobi is now groping through... well, you'd be correct!

"You can have the candy!" the little fox squealed as he squirmed around aimlessly in the middle of the bucket, his tiny little form vaguely crinkling around in the sea of plastic wrapped candy chunks all around him. It was dark, there were heavy things rolling around on top of him, he could *feel* everything shifting around him as the vixen rummaged through the bucket... and all he could *really* do amongst it all was wiggle and hope that Kyobi wouldn't grab him. "Just please put me back to normal!"

Kyobi smirked as she plucked a chunk of nougat out that was *just* an inch or so away from Raruke. She knew exactly where he was... she could smell him amongst all

that sweet, and even if she couldn't, the candy shivering on top of where he was buried was a dead give away. The only reason that she hadn't yanked him out of there was because she enjoyed teasing him... because she knew that every time she grabbed a piece it caused him great anxiety. In other words, she was deliberately messing with him. "Mmm," she murmured as she popped the nougat into her mouth and began to chew, "that wasn't the question I asked you."

"Fine! Fine!" yelled Raruke as he mindlessly panicked. The options that he had here were awful, really! He could have buried himself deeper in the candy, but that would have just meant more of it's weight pressing into his already overstressed form... and while he could have dug his way upward to shift some of the candy pressing into him, that would mean exposing himself to the vixen. So, even though it was rather miserable, he elected to *beg* instead. "I know your name is Kyobi, yes!"

"Nice name, ain't it?" the vixen said around a mouthful of gummy nougat.

"It's... it's a lovely name! Very cute!" Raruke squealed. "Now please let me go!"

Kyobi swallowed and licked the taste of candy off her lips. Already eying her next treat, she reached down into the bucket and grabbed a bright red lollipop. It was shoved into the corner of her mouth in very short order. "Listen," she mumbled as she started to slurp on the strawberry-flavored orb, "that isn't really an option at this point. You can't just like... mmm... go back to the treat after turning it down, you know?"

The vixen's casual manner of speaking - the way she lazily spoke, slurping on a piece of candy as she callously dictated his fate - well, that honestly freaked Raruke out more than the whole *shrunk in the bucket thing*. "How... how can you *be* like this?" he yelled, exasperated.

Kyobi blinked and popped the lollipop out of her mouth, bringing it to the front of her muzzle to give it's sticky surface a couple of little licks. "Be like what?" she asked dumbly as she flicked her tongue against her treat.

"Treat me like my life is... like I'm just some kind of joke!"

Kyobi snorted and shoved the lollipop into her back molars, biting down into it and shattering it with loud **crunch** that made little Raruke squeak in surprise. The vixen swallowed. "I dunno," she said with a shrug as she licked lollipop shards out from between her teeth. "Just doing what comes natural, I guess. Oh, hey, speaking of doing what comes natural..."

The vixen thrust her hand into the bucket and wrapped her thumb and forefinger around a *very* shivery Raruke. "Think my stomach is enough of a sugar swamp for you now," she murmured as she yanked the little fox free from the candy.

Raruke tried to shove the vixen's fingers away from him at first... but soon, all too quickly, he was so high in the air that all he could do was stiffen up in fright as he was lifted up to the front of the vixen's muzzle. There, speechless, stiff as a board, all he could do was stare into her huge yellow eyes, in shock at how massive they were and how *cold* and *heartless* they looked. Any creature with a scrap of empathy would have taken in the sight of his miserable little form and felt *something* resembling pity, but... not Kyobi. To her, he was just the next treat to be consumed.

Consumed. Little Raruke's brain kicked back into life as he realized that he was about to be eaten. That the giantess of a vixen clutching onto him had just said something about her *stomach* and how it was *ready* for him. His gaze descended from her eyes to the muzzle not far beneath them. To the spread of black fox lips covered in a sugary glaze and fixed in a big wide grin. He realized that he could feel her gale-like breath blowing gently over his legs. Heating them up while filling his nose with the smell of guts sickly sweet. "You're... you're going to..."

"Eat you, yes," Kyobi said, both finishing the fox's sentence off and spraying flecks of sugary saliva over his dangling legs. "Like... straight down the hatch. No point wasting time tasting you, after all!"

Raruke *wailed* harder than ever as the kitsune confirmed her wicked plan. "No! No, please!"

"Sorry, there's just really no time to taste you, you got all this candy I want to eat..."

"I... I don't mean that! I mean don't eat me!"

"... and you're not gonna taste anywhere near as good as it, so..."

"Don't eat me! Don't eat me, please!"

"... so you're just gonna get gulped, you know..."

"No! No! No!"

"... really the only reason I'm eating you is so that I have something wriggling in my stomach while I eat the rest of this junk..."

"Please! PLEASE!"

"... so, let's get on with it, shall we?"

Into Kyobi's maw Raruke went. At two inches in size, he had *no* problem at all fitting neatly inside of it. As promised, he had only but a split-second to squirm upon the center of her sticky tongue before the kitsune tilted her head back and swallowed him straight down.

It was one short swallow for Kyobi... and one terrifyingly long and sudden *squeeze* down fox gullet for Raruke. It lasted but a second or two but it felt like a lifetime. Sticky throat walls squeezing at him, smearing sugar and drool into his pelt, turning his bright orange pelt from pristine to... well, completely disgusting. The temperature rising, the air growing thicker, the sound of rumbling candy-filled guts growing louder and louder until...

... with a loud *glorp* followed by a sharp *pop*, Raruke squeezed into the vixen's stomach. As she had promised him, there was a bubbling swamp of sugar awaiting. Or, to give a more thorough description, a hot congealed mess of half-chewed half-digested sugary slurry that was as thick as tar and as disgusting as... well, the fresh fox vomit that it was. The little fox plunged straight into it, making a noise that was somewhere between a *splash* and a *slop*.

Raruke's senses were completely overwhelmed as he plunged *all* the way into the liquefying remains of what was once his candy. For a brief moment - just a split second, no more - he was paralyzed beneath the surface of it all. Boiling in it's heat, swirling in it's viscosity, fully submerged in some of the most vile secretions that a body can produce.

Then the nausea hit. The revulsion. The stomach-turning realization that the uncomfortably hot and disgustingly thick 'jacuzzi bath' around him was...

... Raruke jolted upward and pulled his head out of the slop in a hurry. Dry heaving, stomach wrenching, and his body shaking *hard* in pure unadulterated disgust, he soon began to flop. His arms flailing hard, his legs kicking wildly, his fingers and toes desperately pushing through candied gut slurry and rubbing against stomach wall, all in an effort to try and wrench himself free, to find *somewhere* in this hellish place where he could find a scrap of comfort.

But little Raruke was in a stomach. A stomach that had been stuffed with candy over the last hour or so. No matter how much he kicked, flailed, or otherwise fought, the only place that he could go was... well, neck-deep in churning sugar stomach stew.

The only thing that the fox's futile effort brought him was more nausea, more fright, more agony. His arms and legs and all the rest of him had been aching from being squeezed down throat, and now they even *more* sore and getting all the worse as they

continued to push and heave against the acidic swamp surrounding him. His frantic movements and his highly panicked mind were making him breathe harder, hyperventilate even, meaning that he was taking in breath after breath and sniff after sniff of the hot, thick, and pukey 'air' that swirled around the vixen's guts. On top of that - beneath his clogged, ruined pelt, over flesh that was starting to turn pink and inflamed - he could feel an itching burn. The first sign that the vixen's acids were beginning to break him down.

After quite a bit of heaving, after quite a bit of splashing, after quite a bit of *burning*, Raruke's frayed and overwhelmed survival instincts came to the bitter conclusion that both fight and flight were impossible. That he was trapped. That he was going to be digested.

"O-oh god," he whimpered to himself as he realized how small the fleshy chamber rumbling around him was. When he'd been thrashing around he hadn't really been taking the place in, but now that his watering eyes were finally starting to adjust to the incredibly low light of Kyobi's interior... well. There was enough room to wriggle - obviously, he'd been doing that quite a lot - but that was about *all* there was room for. If he spread his arms or legs out - or heaved them through the swilling tar all around him - then the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet would have been stroking stomach folds.

Bubbling away in a boiling sugary nutrient bath, the fox froze as he heard a noise above him. A noise like a loud web rumble. A noise that was growing louder by the second, closer, closer, until...

... a mess of chewed up taffy *squeezed* out of esophagus and *slopped* into stomach... or, more accurately, *slopped* right on top of little Raruke's head. As a gross mixture of saliva and chewed candy poured down onto him like wet cement, the fox let out a wail. Or, well, he tried to. For the most part, he just ended up choking on second hand candy.

Coughing, spluttering, wheezing, choking, *gagging*, the fox threw himself forward and plunged face down into all that surrounded him. Blatantly losing his mind and treating fox barf like a jacuzzi bath, he washed his taffy-coated head and shoulders off by mindlessly scrubbing himself with handfuls of steaming sugary stomach stew.

Then - as the itch started to intensify on his face, on his shoulders, where he was mindlessly *pawing* acids through his own fur and into flesh - the little fox realized his mistake.

Raruke pulled his head above 'water' once again. He dry heaved harder than ever before. He wretched so hard that the noise of it bounced off the rubbery walls around him. He scratched at his shoulders and raked off fur with his claws. "Please," he began

to beg mindlessly, knowing now, truly, that it was all that he could do to be free from his place. "PLEASE!"

Kyobi's triangle ears bounced as she *finally* heard a sign of life from her prey. Her yellow eyes twinkled and her smile grew from gentle to glorious. "Oh, good," she said as she looked down to her belly and ever-so-gently laid a paw across it. "You're alive. I was wondering if I'd *finally* eaten so much garbage that it just straight up killed you on impact."

"No!" the fox yelled, his voice muffled by stomach, by muscle, by flesh. "I'm still alive! Help me! Please!"

The vixen chuckled and grabbed the candy bucket in both hands. Then - feeling far, far too lazy and full to stand - she dragged her ass over the carpet toward the couch and heaved herself up onto it. The sickly contents of her stomach swirled around as she did so, making Raruke's trauma all the worse... though she didn't care. Heck, the vixen didn't even think about it. She was too busy making herself comfortable.

As Kyobi sprawled out across Raruke's couch - as she shoved pillow behind her head and grabbed the television remote off the coffee table - more pathetic little mewls sang from her middle. *Please help me, or stop this, or it hurts, or how could you do this to me, or... please my EYES!* Things along those lines. The vixen wasn't paying attention to specifics - again, her priority was getting comfortable - she more just listened to it all like one might listen to the radio in the kitchen. The words didn't matter, but the melody was comforting.

Kyobi turned on the television. Fitting for the season, and perhaps because of it, it seemed that tonight's movie on whatever channel Raruke had left the thing on was a horror, a slasher flick. A rather generic one at that. Some supposedly teenage girls getting chased by a guy with a big knife. A genre that the kitsune found rather boring if she was being honest. Sure, slashy slashy stab stab was fun, but it was so played out and silly. "They should just turn around and kick the guy in the balls," she said to herself. "That's what I'd do."

Another scream from Kyobi's stomach, one that the vixen heard and paid attention to, if only because it was *slightly* more interesting than what was going off on the television right now. "What?!" the little fox in her belly yelled. "I... I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Oh, right, you can't see the television. All that stomach in the way. You want me to describe what's going on to you?"

“No! No, just let me out of here! Please! I’ll do anything!”

“*Anything?* Well, okay... you can rub the inside of my guts while I tell you what’s going on in this movie, then.”

“Rub your... rub your *guts?*” A disgusted wail at the mere thought. “No! No, please no!”

“Okay, so... the slasher... or some douchebag in a mask... he’s outside the cabin right now, and the dumb girls...”

“... well, they’re inside. Kinda like you are, only it’s a pretty little house instead of a gross little fox stomach,” came Kyobi’s loud disconcerting rumble of a voice.

Raruke grabbed at either side of his skull in horror and raked a few strands of fur away from his temples in the process... and then a few more as he began to knead there. “You can’t be serious,” he whimper-whine-wheezed. He tried to yell, but his throat was raw and burning... a side effect of breathing in stomach fumes. Then again... what wasn’t raw and burning right now?

“He has a real big knife,” Kyobi went on carelessly, “like, bigger than his cock probably. He’s at the front door now. Trying to open it, but they locked it. So he’s going around back I guess.”

Raruke’s claws tore through his acid-worn scalp. The fox cringed, let out a yelp of pain, and yanked his hands away from his skull, bringing them to the front of his face where he looked at them with horror. He saw that they were bloody from him ripping his own flesh, but he could also see that they were worse for wear - or, acids - themselves. The flesh in the gaps between his fingers was utterly shredded and bloody. His claws were off-angle and not seated properly in the tips of his digits. His leathery palm pads were lined with lesions and blisters. The fox didn’t dare look at the rest of himself. If his hands were this bad, then the rest of him must of been...

... the fox swallowed. In the intolerable heat, in the wretched stench, in the disgusting slop, in the middle of a stomach digesting him, he tried to focus on what he believed would free him from this place.

“Oh. They forgot to lock the back door. Of course they fucking did. Well, the fucker is in there with his big knife now. Girls don’t know it yet though.”

Ignoring Kyobi’s continued rumbling... or, doing his very best to... the fox leaned to the side and pressed his forepaws into the stomach wall nearby. Pain flared across his hands and up his arms as he did so. A sore and dreadful pain, the feeling of him

rubbing away layers of flesh away from already ruined palms and fingers, but... as much as his hands weren't fit for rubbing right now, it really was his only choice.

Well. Beside melting.

Could Kyobi feel Raruke rubbing at the inside of her stomach? Could she feel that poor little fox struggling desperately to earn his freedom? No, not at all. The only thing that she had was a vague sorta stomach ache from cramming *way* too much sugar in her guts. In other words, the cost of being a glutton. It wasn't really uncomfortable, though. Just a tingle. Nothing that couldn't be healed by the most briefest of naps. Nothing that stopped her from watching the television or doing a live commentary. "Oh shit, dude," the vixen gasped, "he just stabbed one of them in the neck. There's blood everywhere!"

Raruke whimpered something in reply, but... Kyobi barely heard it. The fox's voice was starting to sound *very* hoarse indeed. His vocal chords were shredded. Hanging on by a thread. "No idea what you just said," the vixen pointed out, "but if it was something about rubbing my belly, keep on doing it. Have a 'good work' from me... or whatever it is that you need to hear to get going." A brief nod, as if the fox could even see it. "Anyway, he's chasing the other two girls down now. They're running up the stairs..."

"... and he's running after them, all covered in blood and shit."

A *good work* was not what Raruke wanted to hear. Indeed, given his situation and the fact that his flesh was, quite literally, starting to drip off of him, what he'd much rather have heard was an *okay, I'll let you out now while you still have a little fur left I guess*.

"Alright. The girls are upstairs. They've ran into a room and there's... gasoline? Well, someone's getting set on fire I guess. Slasher is gonna come through the door any second though."

But that reply would never come. Something that Raruke knew deep down even if the frantic and pointless rub of his bleeding hands against stomach wall said otherwise. The vixen he was inside of... the *predator*... she wouldn't barf her guts up for him and lose all of that sugar she was melting down. Not for the sake of him. Not for the sake of prey.

"Shit! He's through the door! But one of the girls is grabbing a hammer! She's gonna hit him!"

Rub. Rub. Rub. Frantic. Painful. He could feel his acid-eaten legs quivering, flesh peeled and melted away by now no doubt, tightly muscle strands exposed to acid. They wouldn't be able to support his weight much longer.

"*Boom!* Right in the head! The slasher is on the floor!"

Rub. Rub. Rub. Earnest. Agonizing. In the dark he could barely see his fingers, but they were starting to look like stumps. Claws missing from their sockets. Bone exposed around his knuckles.

"He's trying to get up, but the chick without the hammer is pouring gasoline on him! He's slipping around!"

Rub. Rub. Rub. Feverish. Excruciating. His insides were melting as bad as his outsides. His vision was turning foggy. He could barely think. He could barely even feel the pain shooting up what used to be his hands now.

"But he's up! He's standing! He's going in with the knife!"

Rub. Rub. Slip. Raruke's legs finally gave in. He toppled forward and fell face down into the very stomach wall that he was rubbing. "Please," he managed to wheeze as he spat out a mouthful of blood. His hands continued to move in tiny little circles, but... they were barely even twitching now. Motor control was lost. "Please, I did what you wanted..."

"But the blonde *kicks* him in the stomach! He goes flying through the door! He goes down the stairs! He's *tumbling!*"

"Stop talking about the movie... please stop talking about the movie... please just let me out..."

"Oh! Right into a table that had like, four lit candles on it! They've fallen on him! He's on fire!"

"PLEASE!" the fox managed to *scream*. His broken shell of a hand *slapped* against stomach wall in a truly pitiful attempt at a meaningful blow. "PLEASE, JUST LET ME OUT!"

Going off that scream that Kyobi just heard, the 'fun' was about to end. A little sad that their prey couldn't have clung on until the credits rolled, but... now that the slasher was dead the kitsune was starting to get bored anyway. It was about time to take a nap.

The vixen flicked off the television and rolled onto her back on the couch, kicking her paws up into the air with a yawn. "Let you out? Trust me, you don't want that," she sighed as she closed her eyes and laid a hand on her tummy. "I can't see you, but I can *hear* that you're skinless at this point. It'd be cruel to release you back into the world like that."

There was no reply. That rattle of a scream had clearly broken every single of one of his vocal chords. "See?" Kyobi pointed out casually. "You can't even speak. You're just better off letting yourself turn into calories at this point. Much more useful than a broken little fox with no skin."

As expected... no reply. Well, unless you counted a deeply digestive gurgle rumbling through her gut, anyways. "Anyway..."

"... your couch is really comfortable, so I'm going to take a nap."

Those were the last words that Raruke heard before his body slithered down stomach wall and slid into soup. There, beneath the swamp, surrounded by acid, what little flesh he had left and the muscle beneath it were eaten away, stripped down to the bone and turned to calories. This would be a fairly slow process, but... one that would be long completed by the time the vixen woke from her nap.

Under normal circumstances this would have been Raruke's end. But Kyobi was a soul predator. In the process of consuming him, his soul had been absorbed, taken into her being, where it could be used and morphed into whatever she pleased. What would the kitsune do with it? Hard to say, because there were *so* many possibilities in front of her.

Perhaps Kyobi would turn the former fox into a mindless hindpaw worshipping thrall. Or maybe the vixen would force his soul into an apple so that she could eat him all over again. Or maybe, just maybe, the kitsune might just throw turn his very essence into white-hot arcane energy. She could always use a new spell, after all. Whatever she ended up doing with his soul, though...

... well, that's another trick for an entirely different story.