

"...the storm will probably last all night, but tomorrow will be a nice hot day, so get ready for perfect summer weather. That's it for the weather, and remember to stay indoors tonight if you can. See you next time."

A red fox named William was sitting lazily on his couch, bored out of his mind and watching TV - having just sat through the weather service. In accordance with the recent bulletin, it was very much a stormy night, lightning occasionally shooting through the dark night sky and thunder rumbling through the area. However, this was no problem for William, as he was safe and sound in his home.

The fox lived in a large suburban house, about an hour away from the nearest city. He had worked long hours to afford his house and all the furniture in it. Not very long ago, he was living in a small apartment in the ghetto - but after some goat, apparently an escapee from a psychiatric hospital, destroyed his car, he decided he had enough of the big city and moved across the country to a less shitty place with less crazy inhabitants. As a blessing in disguise, his vehicle was apparently an antique, so his insurance company paid him a small fortune for it - enabling him to afford his current residence.

In all honesty, If it wasn't for the goat being shot dead just a few blocks away from his house, he could probably thank him for destroying his car - but right now, he was far too bored to even bother thinking about that. Because of the storm, all he could do was bum around in his house, and with the storm raging outside he didn't want to play video games either. Making good use of his big house and intact furniture - and not having much better things to do anyways - William decided the best course of action was to simply go to sleep; and as such he proceeded to grab a thin blanket, kill the lights and lay down on the couch.

"Knock" "Knock" "Knock"

Before William could fall asleep though, his eyes jolted open at the unexpected sound. Did someone just knock? Before he could answer that, a bright flash lit up the dark living room. *"Eh, it's probably just the thunderstorm..."* the fox said in a tired voice as he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Knock" "Knock" "Knock"

"...Again? I'm sure I didn't imagine it this time..." William looked towards the glass porch door where the noise seemed to be coming from, but all he could see was the darkness of the night and droplets of rain racing down the pane. *"Or was it...? Maybe I'm just so bored I'm going crazy..."*

"Knock" "Knock" "Knock"

"Okay now, it can't just be me!" The fox jumped up from his couch, turned on the light and

walked up to the porch door - before proceeding to look into the darkness of the night and the rain. *"Nothing... Maybe the glass is just too reflective?"* William pushed open the glass door and looked outside - but as he was about to step forward to see if anyone was standing around outside, a strong gust of wind hit him and caused him to fall backwards onto his back. *"Ow!!!"* It took the fox a while to get back up after the rough landing, but as soon as he finally got back on his feet, he rushed back inside and shut the glass door. *"Well, I guess it was just the storm after all... I'd better go to my bedroom and go to bed. At least I won't hear the noise from there."*

William strolled towards the hallway when his feet suddenly stepped in something damp. *"Hey, how'd that happen...?"* The fox looked around his living room, puzzled, as he noticed a wet trail running through it, as if someone had walked through it soaking wet. He scratched the back of his head, struggling to understand where the wet trail had come from. *"...Have I been sleepwalking? No, that can't be..."* He then proceeded to follow the trail into his kitchen, soon noticing wet marks on his fridge. *"...What the hell is this? Did someone try to open the fridge? Looks like a toddler or something... weird..."* the fox said to himself, slightly creeped out as he looked around his kitchen in confusion.

"Creak" "Creak" "Creak"

A creaking sound came from his living room at short intervals, as if someone was jumping on something. William hurried into his living room to hopefully find the answers to his questions and his eyes instantly gravitated towards the very same couch he was just trying to sleep on. Much to his shock, a little folf, no bigger than a small puppy, was jumping around on it, soaking wet and with a big grin on his face; clearly enjoying himself. With how surprised William was, he couldn't even speak, not to mention the dozen questions running through his head: How did the fox get in here? What was someone so small doing in this weather? And most importantly, why does the fox look more like an adult than a child despite his size? It was questions upon questions, but the fox couldn't even begin to get the answers to them and only watched on passively. After the surprise wore off, its place was taken by a slight annoyance as the fox realized that the little intruder was wetting his entire couch. *"Hey fox! Nice couch you've got there. It's really nice to jump around on!"* the folf suddenly said after noticing the owner of the house and looking at his surprised face. *"Wait, shouldn't you be introducing yourself first as the homeowner? It's rude to just stare, especially when someone is shrunken, naked and soaked!"*

"...Shrunken...?" William wondered, shortly before realizing that the small canine had no clothes on - causing him to briefly think that perhaps the Folf had had an accident with a shrink ray - when he suddenly remembered the first few words of the last sentence. *"Wait a sec, you come into MY house, wet MY couch and claim I'm your host?"* William said angrily. *"But you let me in, didn't you? Don't you remember? I didn't even knock on the front door of your house and yet you let me in. So I guess I'm your guest now."* said the Folf in a mocking voice. *"Yeah, but I didn't see anyone outside, and you also wet my living room. Not to mention wanting to raid my fridge in the kitchen,"* argued the fox. *"But that's only because I'm hungry, I haven't eaten for days. Besides, look at me, hungry, shrunken, naked and soaking wet from the storm. I'm sorry*

about your wet couch and the wet floor, I was so happy to have finally found a place to stay for the night that I completely forgot about it," said the Folf as he looked at William with big googly eyes. The fox found it hard to say anything about it, somehow he felt sorry for the Folf. Otherwise, some company wouldn't be a bad thing, after all, it's so boring alone in his big house. "Okay, listen, you can stay. I can make you something to eat and you're welcome to stay in the guest room. But first we'll rub you dry and put some clothes on you, if I have anything in your size," said the fox as he pointed with one paw towards the bathroom.

"Oh yes, thank you foxie, finally a warm meal!"

"But bathroom first! Come on, I'll take you there. I'm William by the way, make yourself at home in my house, little one"

"I definitely will, William. Oh yes, I'll have a lot of fun in your house." The Folf spoke the last sentence particularly quietly and with an almost thievish grin, which the fox didn't pay much attention to, as he was too busy lifting the little Folf, who didn't even reach his knees, up with a thin blanket and carrying him towards the bathroom.

William carried the Folf into his bathroom and put him down in his bathtub. He then dried off his little guest until he was dry. Once the water had been removed from the Folf's fur, the fox used a towel and wrapped it around the Folf's waist so that he was at least no longer completely naked and the private area between his legs remained covered.

"That should be enough for now, my little one. You're too small even for the clothes I've shrunk in the wash," William said as he stroked Micro Folf's head.

"Is there dinner now? Because I'm really starving. In fact, I'm so hungry that I could theoretically eat your whole house!"

When the fox heard this, he grinned. "Nah, we'll see about that. With your size, I highly doubt you'll be able to finish a whole plate."

The Folf's face darkened briefly as if the fox's words had visibly hurt him, but when William looked briefly at his face to pick up the Folf, all he saw was a playful grin. "Okay come on, let's make you something tasty to eat."

William carried the Folf like a puppy in his arms towards the kitchen. When he reached the dining room, he sat him down on a chair and realized that the Folf couldn't even reach the edge of the table while sitting. "Oh, I'm sorry about that! I don't usually have guests as small as you," said the fox with a sharp look on his face. "Wait a minute, I have an idea." The vulpine ran into his living room and after a few seconds he came back with a pile of books. "There, we're almost there." He placed the pile of books on a chair and then sat the little Folf down on it. "I hope you're sitting comfortably, wait here while I make you something to eat."

Not wanting to keep his guest waiting any longer, William quickly prepared a couple of sandwiches and brought them to the hungry Folf. "Here you are, I hope you like them." As soon as the fox had finished his sentence, the Folf greedily pounced on the sandwiches and devoured them in large bites. It didn't even take a minute for the plate to be empty. "More, bring me more food!" said the Folf excitedly while wagging his tail.

"Okay okay, I'll see what else I can make you."

The fox looked in his fridge and took the lasagna leftover from yesterday and quickly warmed it up in the microwave before serving it to his guest. As soon as the plate with the lasagne was put down, the Folf pounced on it. Bite by bite, the lasagne disappeared into the Folf's stomach and after just three minutes, the plate was empty again. "MORE, I want more! Cook me a big meal!" said the Folf greedily as he wiped the last bits of food from his mouth with his tongue. "I think you've had enough!" replied William. "NO, I WANT MORE, MORE FOOD!" The Folf jumped up from his pile of books and ran towards the kitchen with his tongue hanging out, his towel slipping off his waist and leaving him completely naked again. William hurried after him, hoping he had closed the fridge properly.

The Folf jumped onto the kitchen counter. Despite his puny size, it seemed to be easy for him to climb onto furniture. As soon as he was up there, he discovered his first victim, a bowl of fruit. Greedily, the Folf pounced on it and devoured one fruit after another. Apples, pears, oranges, everything disappeared into the greedy maw of the little Folf. William could only watch as the Folf devoured the last of the fruits.

"Tell me, what are you doing? This is my kitchen and my food. It's nice that you have such a healthy appetite, but that doesn't allow you to eat half my kitchen!"

But the Folf didn't seem to care about the fox's words. He jumped off the counter again and went to the fox's fridge. He tried to open the fridge with his paws and scratched the fridge door a little.

"Okay okay, fine! I'll cook you something big, but please stop using my furniture as your personal playground!"

The Folf let go of the fridge and wagged his tail excitedly while William went to the fridge and got some tasty food from it. When the fox had everything, he took some cooking utensils and started to prepare something. The small Folf stood excitedly by and watched as his host made him something big to eat. The smell of the simmering food made the Folf's mouth water and he began to drool while he ran his tongue over his front fangs.

About a quarter of an hour passed when the fox had finished preparing the food. He took two large plates and filled them with the food he had just prepared. He then took the plates into the

dining room and placed them on the dining table. "Please wait, I'm not finished yet," said the vulpine when he saw the little naked Folf running towards the food. William fetched two bowls filled with pudding for dessert and two glasses for drinks. When everything was nicely finished, the fox sat down on the opposite side of the table to the Folf.

"Well, bon appétit then, my little one."

As soon as the sentence was spoken, the Folf pounced on his food and devoured it with incredible speed. William dropped his fork in shock when he saw how quickly the Folf finished his plate. "Tell me, are you still eating that?" William couldn't believe what he was hearing, the Folf was staring at him with a big grin, he still didn't seem to have had enough. "Yeah, sure, help yourself. I wasn't really hungry anyway." The fox handed the Folf his plate and as soon as he had it, he pounced on the fox's food. When the plate was empty, both bowls of pudding followed.

"BUUUUHHWWOOOAARRRPPPPPP"

The Folf let out a loud belch that was unusually loud even for his puny stature. Shortly afterwards, he dropped into the back of the chair and rubbed his now round and fat belly with his paws. "Damn, the food really ruined my good figure and turned me into a fat ball of fur. But thanks for the good food fox, that should be enough for today." the Folf spoke exhaustedly as he hopped off the chair and landed on the ground. His previously slim body now had a proper potbelly that hung down slightly and wobbled slightly with every step he took. His private parts were also no longer visible due to the sagging belly and his bottom was rounder to compensate for the extra weight at the front.

"You've put on quite a bit of weight, my little one. Well, that's what you get for being so greedy and stealing other people's food. Now you can be my fluffy cuddly toy when I go to bed. Even though you actually don't deserve to sleep with me in my bed, fatso!"

The fat little Folf looked disinterestedly at the fox when he heard this and tried to back away when the fox's paws reached for him.

"Hey, let go of me! I'm not your cuddly toy! You've ruined my body with your much too greasy food and now you're going to give me a good shove by using me as a pillow, aren't you?" said the Folf, wriggling as the fox picked him up and held him in front of him.

"Well recognized, fatty! This is my house, so I decide where you sleep!" The fox took the fat Folf under his arm and went into the bedroom. The Folf tried to free himself from the fox's grip, but his big belly and extra body fat made this difficult. But when the vulpine finally let go of him, he was already lying on his bed.

"Well, with your cuddly toy size, I guess you'll have to stay naked. I'll get ready for bed quickly

and then we'll see how cuddly you are with all those extra calories."

But the Folf didn't listen, he was too exhausted to contradict the fox. He could easily run away now, but his ruined body made this almost impossible. The thick cushion of fat pressed him into the mattress as he panted exhaustedly.

"Huff huff, that damn fox.... I should have... revealed my... little secret... and shouldn't... stored the... food... as a fat reserve... Shit!" the Folf spoke to himself, completely out of breath and gasping for air.

After William had changed his clothes, he lay down in bed with the Folf. The fox was only wearing his underpants and an undershirt. "Come here fatty, time to cuddle!" But the Folf didn't feel like cuddling, he didn't mind being naked, but he wouldn't have thought that the fox would take so much advantage of it that the shrunken Folf would resemble a fat and fluffy cuddly toy after the meal. His plan to take advantage of the landlord's hospitality backfired completely, the fox knew this well and made the food extra greasy to take away the Folf's mobility and turn him into his personal stuffed animal. William instead was happy to finally have something cuddly and warm for his bed, the Folf was the perfect cuddly toy for him to cuddle and he could get a little revenge. However, the fox didn't want to humiliate the Folf too much and so he at least kept away from his private parts. Nevertheless, it would probably take weeks for the Folf to burn off all the fat and his body would be just as slim as it was before the fatty meal the fox had prepared for him.

Cuddling the overweight little Folf and burying his face in his fur, William fell asleep contentedly after a while.

The rising morning sun shone gently through the bedroom window. William rolled over in his bed as the sun's rays brushed through his fur. After a few minutes, he slowly woke up and hugged his pillow, half asleep. The fox buried his face in the pillow as he slowly opened his eyes. "Good morning, fatso, hope you had a good night's sleep, hehe." But William got no answer. At first he thought the Folf was probably still asleep, but when he sat up in his bed and looked around, the bed was empty except for him. The Folf had disappeared.

"Impossible, that fatso couldn't have gotten that far. Even if he had rolled, he would never have got the door open. The fatty must be hiding here somewhere!"

William searched his entire bedroom, even under the bed and in his drawers, but the Folf remained missing. "Hey, where are you? Stop playing games and come out, otherwise you can say goodbye forever to ever losing weight again, you fat cuddly toy!" but the fox got no answer. Although he was sure he had searched everything in his bedroom, he couldn't find what he was looking for. He had absolutely no idea how the fox-wolf hybrid had managed to disappear. William sat down on his bed and shortly afterwards fell back onto the mattress and looked up at

the ceiling.

"But it felt so real. Did I really just dream all this and actually fall asleep on my couch? But why did I wake up in my bed now? Did I sleepwalk?"

A thousand questions flashed through William's mind, but for the life of him he couldn't explain any of them. After lying there for a few more minutes, letting the sun shine through the window, his stomach suddenly began to grumble, a sign for the fox to go downstairs, into the kitchen and make breakfast. As the vulpine was in his own house anyway and wanted to eat something first, he put on a pair of short sweatpants and headed for the kitchen.

The fox was walking down the stairs when he suddenly seemed to hear a soft noise. It grew louder with every step he took and when he saw the ajar door to the dining room and kitchen, he thought of the Folf. When he stepped through the archway, he couldn't believe his eyes.

"Say what the fuck?!"

William couldn't believe his eyes, the little wolf-fox hybrid from last night was standing in front of his open fridge, or rather in it. The Folf was standing in the fridge, greedily devouring its contents. All the lovely food the fox had bought disappeared into the hybrid's maw. William could only watch helplessly as the Folf devoured the last scraps of food.

"You fat creature, I should..." but the fox's words got stuck in his throat when he saw what was rising from his empty fridge. The previously fat Folf was now slim again, all signs that he had once been overweight had disappeared. With the best will in the world, William couldn't explain how the Folf had managed to lose weight so quickly. Even someone who goes to the gym every day and eats a healthy diet would still need months.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I only had something for breakfast."

The Folf hopped out of the fox's now empty fridge and approached him with a sinister grin.

"BREAKFAST? ARE YOU KIDDING ME? YOU'VE EATEN MY WHOLE FRIDGE! YOU EVEN ATE THE FROZEN FOOD FROM THE FREEZER!"

William was furious, the Folf had crossed more than one line and he would have loved to throw this little shit out of his house in a high arc with a powerful kick to his Folf butt. But when the hybrid stood in front of him, he froze again.

"Is something wrong, foxie?"

The Folf had grown. It was still small, but it was now up to the fox's knees. William was also sure that the Folf had not grown for the last time.

"Well, if you don't want to talk, then I'll just continue my breakfast."

"OH NO, YOU WON'T!"

William tried to grab the Folf, but he sprinted under the fox's legs and brought him down. The Hybrid then lunged at the kitchen shelves. The Folf showed no consideration and pounced like a wild beast on cereal boxes, tins and other treats. One kitchen shelf after another was torn open and its contents devoured by the greedy Folf, who scattered the packaging on the shelves, the kitchen counter or the floor. After about half of the kitchen shelves had fallen victim to the Folf, William straightened up and continued to try and stop the greedy hybrid.

"YOU LITTLE BASTARD, THAT'S MY HOUSE, MY KITCHEN AND MY DAMN FOOD!"

But it was in vain, the Folf was simply too fast. He evaded the fox's paws with ease and began to show no consideration for the fox's furnishings.

"MY KITCHEN! IF I CATCH YOU, YOU'RE DEAD!"

The Folf leapt towards the remaining kitchen shelves and slammed his entire body weight against the doors. Splintered wood, doorknobs and hinges flew through the air. Plates, cups, cooking utensils and other odds and ends flew out of them in a high arc while the Hybrid searched for food. The fox's good china shattered on the floor and scattered across the kitchen floor along with the shattered glass from jars and bottles. William was furious and tried desperately to stop the rampaging Folf. After the last kitchen shelf had been emptied or destroyed, the Folf turned his attention to the last place in the house where there was still food.

"DO YOU WANT ME TO STARVE?! YOU'VE ALREADY RUINED HALF MY KITCHEN AND NOW YOU WANT TO TAKE THE LAST OF MY FOOD SUPPLIES?"

But the Folf ignored the fox's pleas and approached the fox's pantry, drooling and licking his fangs. With a huge leap, he jumped against it with full force and smashed through the wood. Splinters of wood scattered on the floor and in the hybrid's fur, and shortly afterwards one "gulp" after another could be heard. After it became quiet again, the doors of the pantry flew out of their mountings and landed on the kitchen floor with a dull thud.

The Folf stomped heavily out of the looted and broken pantry. The kitchen tiles were now a lot smaller for him than before and his paws shifted louder. The one-knee-high Folf was now the proud size of a kobold. With a mischievous grin, he approached the fox and licked his lips.

"W-w-will you eat me now too?" stammered William in panic as the kobold-sized Folf approached him.

"Oh, I'm afraid I have to disappoint you, I'm not a fan of vore or cannibalism, after all, as a hybrid I'm half fox. Besides, I'm still far too small to devour you."

Hearing the hybrid's words, William slowly regained his composure. After a big sigh, he looked around his kitchen. "You bastard ruined everything, ate all my food and messed up my kitchen. Do you expect me to just go out and buy you more food after the mess you've made? GET OUT OF MY HOUSE BEFORE I KICK YOU IN YOUR SHAMELESS FOLLIES ASS!!!" But the Folf just grinned and started laughing.

"Oh no foxy, I'm far from finished with you."

"Oh yes, you may be the size of a kobold now, but you're still much smaller than me. Besides, you've eaten all the food I have, so that's it for your growth."

"Believe me fox, you have no idea what abilities I have."

"Well, you may be fast, but I can easily deal with a kobold-sized Folf!"

William was furious, he would have liked to wring the cheeky Folf's neck or cut his head off with one of his kitchen knives, but having to explain to the police what absurd abilities the intruder possessed was probably the quickest way for him to go to the madhouse. But when the fox briefly remembered what he had just been thinking, the idea came to him. "That's it, the police!"

William pulled out his smartphone, which he had put in his pockets while putting on his short sweatpants, and tried to dial the emergency number, but the Folf beat him to it. He jumped at the fox, snatched his smartphone out of his paws and...

"CRUNCH"

The Folf took a big bite out of the fox's smartphone and broke off a large chunk. He chewed on the torn piece with relish and enjoyed the sound of breaking plastic as he chewed up the glass, circuit board and cable of the device. After he had turned everything into scrap metal, he swallowed it with a loud "gulp". The Folf looked at the half-destroyed device in his paw and licked his fangs. Shortly afterwards, he put the rest of the smartphone in his mouth and began to eat it too. After he had finished, he licked his paws and then looked around the fox's ruined kitchen. When he saw all the mess, his mouth began to water and he came up with a good idea to satisfy his hunger.

You know foxy? After all, I was really a bit too hard on you. How about I help you clean up?"

"Wait, what did you..." but before William could finish his sentence, the Folf was already pouncing on the rubble lying around on the floor.

"GULP"

"GULP"

"GULP"

Everything that was no longer intact was devoured. Splintered wood, shattered porcelain and torn packaging were devoured by the hybrid with ease. Objects that were too large were eaten like cookies in several bites or destroyed even further to fit into the folf's mouth. William instead stood rooted to the spot and speechless while the kobold-sized Folf ate his kitchen.

After a while, the kitchen looked almost exactly as it had before the Folf's feeding frenzy, apart from all the missing food, kitchen shelves without doors and the destroyed pantry. After the Folf had eaten the last few pieces of destroyed wood from the floor, he contentedly dropped onto his fluffy butt and rubbed his belly.

"BWUUUUAAAARRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPP!"

A loud belch escaped the hybrid's mouth as he continued to stroke his fur and inspect his body. His belly had become a little chubby now so that his paws sank into it, but in contrast to the night before it had hardly gotten any chubbier. He wagged his tail contentedly as he straightened up.

"Well fox, I told you not to underestimate me. I can't wait to turn more of your possessions into Folf calories."

"WE WILL SEE YOU KOBOLD-SIZED SHIT..." but before William could speak the Folf jumped at him, causing him to lose his balance and fall backwards towards the chairs and dining table.

"CRASH"

With a loud creak, they both landed on one of the chairs, but due to the combined weight of the fox and Folf, the chair crumbled like an old cookie. Splinters of wood scattered around the dining room and the fox hit the floor roughly while his attacker landed softly in his fur.

"Ouch, ouch!"

William writhed in pain. But the Folf paid no heed to the fox's complaining and took advantage of the moment to pick up the destroyed wooden parts of the former chair and eat them. After he had eaten the last of the destroyed chair, the fox was just about to get up.

"Hey foxy, that was a really tasty chair, I hope the rest of your dining room tastes just as good" said the Folf mockingly as he slowly walked towards the fox. William was now standing on both

paws again and couldn't believe what he was seeing. The Folf had grown again and his head now reached just above his belly button. The fox was shocked to realize that it had grown even by eating non-edible furniture. William was sure that if he did not stop the Folf now, his house and possessions would not survive the day. Without hesitation, he tried to grab the Folf, but he dodged the fox's grasp, took one of the three remaining chairs in its paws and smacked the fox hard with it.

"BONK"

"AAAARRRRRRGGG!!!"

The impact of the chair with the fox caused it to explode in a storm of splintered wood. The fox flew in the direction of another chair and also destroyed it on impact, while splintered pieces of wood scattered around the dining room. William saw stars and was immediately knocked unconscious. The Folf instead enjoyed the sight, hungrily licking his fangs as he looked at the mess he had made. But suddenly a better idea came to him. He looked at the dining table and saw a ceiling lamp above it. As the fox was now unconscious, he had enough time to play with his food, so he took a running start, jumped up to the table and jumped again towards the ceiling lamp. The Folf had no problem reaching it and proudly stretched one of his paws towards the ceiling. But just as the Folf was about to start having fun and swinging around, the part of the ceiling to which the lamp was attached suddenly gave way and the plasterboard, ceiling lamp and Folf fell towards the dining table.

"CRACK"

With a loud bang, the dining table broke in two while the table legs snapped to the side. The impact also shattered the ceiling lamp into its individual parts and the Folf landed in a heap of wooden parts, destroyed metal and broken glass while plasterboard rained down on him from the ceiling. After everything had calmed down again, the Folf started to play around in the pile of rubble as if it were a ball pit. After he had let off some steam, he got back to work devouring the pile of rubble. One Gulp after the other cleaned the dining room of the remains of destroyed furniture and it wasn't long before there was nothing left but a single intact chair. Satisfied and patting his slightly bloated belly, the Folf approached the last remaining piece of furniture and was about to destroy it with a few swift punches when he had a better idea of how to eat it. And so he jumped onto the chair and started biting large chunks out of the backrest. The Folf slowly ate the chair from top to bottom like a big cracker. After the back of the chair had disappeared into the greedy maw of the Folf and it now looked more like a stool, the Folf ate its way through the seat until only the legs of the chair were left. It then ate the legs one by one as if they were sugar canes, eating the last one like a corncob until only a small piece of wood resembling a toothpick remained. After he had used it to clean his teeth of wood residue, he devoured it too.

"Buh-UUuurrrrp!"

A short but deafening belch escaped the Folf as he sat contentedly on the dining room floor and digested his meal. After a few minutes he straightened up again and looked towards the kitchen. When he saw all the kitchen furniture that was still intact and the empty fridge, he had the wildest ideas of how he could turn it all into kindling and then eat it. Greedy and full of anticipation, he licked his fangs as he took heavy steps towards the fridge. But when he was halfway there, someone grabbed him by the leg and jerked him to a halt.

"Fucking hybrid! I won't let you destroy my house any further!"

It was William. The fox was still lying on the ground, but had already regained consciousness and was holding the Folf by the foot while the Hybrid just looked down at the fox, unimpressed. Before William could tighten his grip, the Folf kicked him in the face with his other foot, causing him to cover his face painfully with both paws.

"Ouch, you bloody bastard!"

In the brief moment that the fox rubbed his face, the Folf jumped towards the fridge and slowly began to devour it. First he started to eat the shelves, when they were all devoured he tore off the fridge doors and turned them into Folf calories in big bites. The last thing he ate was the rest of the fridge until only the power cord was left, which he sucked up and devoured like a long spaghetti.

"AAAAAAHHH! You don't know how delicious your furniture tastes. I haven't had an all-you-can-eat buffet as good as yours for a long time. You are really lucky to be able to call something so delicious your home. If this was my house, I'd probably have been homeless for a long time, hehehe..."

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME? I never allowed you to eat my possessions, if not my whole house! I'll stop you somehow, especially since you're still smaller than me!"

But William didn't realize that the Folf's head was now sticking up to his chest. Soon the hybrid would be just as tall as him, if not taller.

"BWAHAHAHAHAHA!!! Look at you! You're not that huge anymore, fox. Not long now and there's nothing you can do to stop me from devouring all your possessions. Your pathetic house will soon become Folf Calories and you're welcome to watch me destroy and eat every single piece of your furniture!"

William couldn't believe what he was hearing. He was furious and jumped towards the Folf to stop him by any means necessary. But the hybrid was simply too quick and jumped onto the kitchen counter, running over it and pulling the now empty kitchen shelves down and throwing them in the direction of the fox. Splinters of wood and plasterboard rained down on the kitchen counter, kitchen floor and the fox. While William held his paws protectively in front of his face,

the Folf demolished half the kitchen. After the last kitchen shelf fell victim to the hybrid, the storm of wood and plasterboard ceased.

"Do you even know how expensive this all was?"

William yelled at the top of his lungs, but the Folf ignored him and jumped against the fox's stove instead.

"CLIRR!"

The glass door gave way and in an instant the Folf was in the oven. He then dug his way up through the electronic oven panels and jumped out like a Jack in the Box while sticking his tongue out at the fox. The Folf then landed back on the kitchen counter and crushed the fox's toaster. When the fox jumped up to grab him, the Folf kicked the crushed metal at the fox and began to attack the microwave. He picked it up, fixed it between his legs and squeezed hard. With a long creak, the plastic and metal of the microwave bent until the sides burst open with a loud "plop" and the electronics, cables and buttons were flung through the air. When the destroyed microwave fell to the floor, the fox tried again to stop the house-destroying Folf, but he just dodged again and started hopping around on the kitchen counter. The sight was almost bizarre, as if William was playing Whack-A-Mole with the Folf. But for the fox this was not a game, but a desperate attempt to protect his livelihood. While he was still trying to stop the Folf, cracks were forming on the kitchen counter from the hybrid's constant hopping and dodging.

"CRUNCH"

With a loud crack, the kitchen counter gave way and the Folf fell into a pile of kitchen utensils that were stored inside. William saw his chance and quickly opened the door to the kitchen counter shelf, but before he could open them fully, the Folf dug through the wooden walls separating the various shelves of the long kitchen counter, destroying them from the inside out. Cleaning products, pots, cutlery and glasses flew from the shelves and scattered across the kitchen floor as the kitchen counter slowly collapsed. It wasn't long before the entire kitchen counter had turned into a pile of rubble. The dishwasher and the kitchen sink were now the only intact pieces of furniture in the kitchen, everything else was completely destroyed and unrecognizable.

After the Folf had evaded the homeowner's renewed attempts to grab him, he made a grab for the dishwasher and, with a powerful pull, ripped the door off it to throw the torn-off piece of metal at the fox.

"BONK"

William got the door of his dishwasher in full force and fell on his butt. As he held his head in a daze, the Folf prepared to destroy the rest of his dishes

The Folf took a few steps away from the open dishwasher filled with clean dishes, only to take a running start towards it and drop-kick it.

"CRASH"

"CLIRR"

With a deafening clang, the contents of the dishwasher shattered into a thousand pieces. Porcelain and glass scattered inside and outside. After all the dishes had been dismantled into their individual parts, the Folf climbed onto the dishwasher and started jumping on it. After a few jumps, the metal began to bend and with each subsequent jump the dishwasher became flatter until it resembled a metal sandwich. Satisfied, the Folf jumped back onto the ruined kitchen floor and went to the last intact counter in the kitchen, the kitchen sink.

After the hybrid stood in front of it, he clenched his two paws into fists and began to beat the defenseless kitchen counter. Wood splinters and ceramics flew through the air while the Folf punched a large hole into it. Once the hole was big enough for him to grab the exposed sink, someone suddenly grabbed him from behind and held him in place.

"Got you, you little shit! That's the end of it! You'll pay me for ALL the things you've destroyed!"

William had sneaked up behind him and was holding him tightly. The grip was extremely tight and fixed the Folf so that he could hardly move. Even his attempts to lash out with his tail did not impress the fox. But instead of giving in, he pulled at the kitchen sink with all his strength. The pipes bent and a metallic noise rang through the ruined kitchen. The fox tried to stop the Folf, but the weight of the Folf and the kitchen sink were too much. He slowly lost his balance as tap water began to splash out of the damaged sink pipe. In the end, it didn't help the fox when both of them, including the sink, suddenly fell backwards onto the now wet kitchen floor.

"CRUNCH"

While William was lying on the floor and didn't even realize what had just happened, the Folf was eating the kitchen sink while cold tap water was spraying out of the broken pipes. Just as the fox managed to stand up, the water pressure eased and tap water stopped spraying from the broken pipes. William was completely soaked and his short sweatpants slipped down his hips, revealing his underpants.

"M-my kitchen... huff... huff... I'll finish you off you wretched Folf!"

William was out of breath and puffing out his nose as he tried to grab the Folf, but he just dodged with a grin and started eating up all the ruined kitchen furniture that was left.

"GULP" "GULP" "GULP"

Little by little, everything that reminded him that this used to be someone's kitchen disappeared into the hybrid's maw. The room became emptier and emptier until there was nothing left in it but a Folf and a Fox. William had failed, the Folf had completely plundered his kitchen and dining room. William wanted to start crying. What had he done to deserve this? But the intruder who had destroyed his kitchen just stood in front of him and stared at him with a dominant expression on his face.

"It feels good to finally be my normal size again."

The Folf was now at eye level with the fox and was a full 187cm tall. Although William knew that he probably wouldn't be able to stop him now, he didn't want to give up. The fox was sure that the Hybrid would not be satisfied with his kitchen and dining room.

"THAT'S ENOUGH NOW! I'VE TRIED TO BE NICE, BUT IF YOU DON'T LEAVE I'LL KICK YOU OUT OF MY HOUSE!"

William was furious. Clenching his paws into fists, he jumped at the Folf and wanted to punch him in the face. But the hybrid was quicker, intercepted the fox's blow and grabbed him roughly by the other arm.

"Big mistake, foxboy!"

Before William even realized what had just happened, the Folf turned backwards and yeeeted the fox over his shoulder towards the kitchen door.

"KKKRRRRAAAUUUUNNNNCCCHHHH"

With a loud bang, the kitchen door shattered into thousands of wooden splinters and flew out of the door frame. A hailstorm of door debris rained down on the living room floor as the fox continued to fly through the air. If William hadn't already been sent to the realm of dreams by the impact with his door, the landing would do it.

"CRASH"

"CLIRR"

The motionless body of the vulpine landed crashing into a glass cabinet, shattering the glass doors and their contents. With a muffled "thump", the fox and the glass cabinet landed on the floor while the cabinet shattered into large pieces of wood and the partially destroyed contents scattered across the floor. But although the impact with both the kitchen door and the glass cabinet was rough, the fox only bled from the nose and was otherwise unhurt. But William didn't

care about the nosebleed, he had fainted as expected and the Folf was sure that this time he would have enough time to explore the fox's house extensively and abuse it for his own purposes.

"Hey fox, mind if I take a look around?"

William didn't answer.

"Well, I guess that's a yes."

The Folf went up the stairs and entered the bathroom. After using the toilet, he used the fox's shower to clean his fur of the debris that had accumulated there from the destruction of the kitchen and dining room. He then dried himself off properly and left the bathroom to go back to the bedroom. Once there, his first destination was the closet. He had been walking around naked ever since he had entered the fox's house. He didn't have a problem with this as his sizershifter skills had often ensured that he was naked for long periods of time, but the Folf still had plans for the house and he wanted to be properly dressed for them.

The Folf started to rummage around in the fox's clothes and looked for something suitable to wear. The first thing he put on was a pair of white underpants. This was followed by a pair of gray socks. For his pants, he opted for long light brown cargo pants and a black belt made of imitation leather. Over his furry upper body he put on a gray shirt with long sleeves and over that a khaki green jacket with a zipper and long sleeves. Finally, he hopped into a pair of dark gray casual shoes with white laces and soles. Once dressed, he went to a large standing mirror in the corner of the bedroom and looked at himself in it.

"Looks almost exactly like the clothes I always wear in my spare time. At least one thing that doesn't involve eating food and furniture is what the fox's house is useful for." He said to himself as he examined himself in the mirror.

After he had finished examining himself in the mirror, he walked out of the bedroom, down the stairs and back into the living room. The fox was still lying unconscious in the rubble of the glass cabinet, which gave the Folf the idea to have some fun in his house. First, he went to the fox's TV cabinet and looked at the expensive electronics. In addition to a large flat-screen TV, a Blu-Ray player, DVDs and video games, the fox also had a console in his possession. When the hybrid saw it, he had an idea. Curious, he looked at the associated video games in the TV cabinet and searched for the right game. After a very short time, he found the right game.

"Pawperty Damage!"

The Folf opened the game case, took out the CD and put it into the console. Once it was running, he took two controllers and placed them on the coffee table. But before he sat down on the couch, he prepared himself a snack. But as there was no longer an intact kitchen in the fox's

house, he had to improvise a little. And so the Folf went to the destroyed glass cabinet in which the unconscious fox still lay. There he promptly found what he was looking for, a bowl that was still intact. He took the bowl in his paws and began to fill it with the destroyed wooden remains of the kitchen door that was destroyed when he threw the fox into the living room. When the living room floor was clean again and the bowl was filled to the brim with the destroyed door, he placed the bowl on the coffee table. Then he finally sat down on the couch and stretched out his feet to place them casually on the coffee table. He then grabbed one of the two controllers and started playing.

„CRUNCH"

„CRASH"

„SMASH"

William slowly regained consciousness. Only slowly did he shake himself out of the pile of rubble that used to be his glass case. His whole body still ached and he was visibly exhausted. As the ringing in his ears subsided, he heard the sounds of clinking glass, shattering metal and breaking wood. The fox already suspected the worst but as his vision cleared he seemed more surprised. The noises came from the television. The Folf had made himself comfortable and was playing on his console. The fox approached the intruder but he noticed him first.

"Hey, finally awake too?" said the Folf as he continued to look at the screen of the flat-screen TV.

"P-please just go. Keep the clothes for all I care, but get out of my house."

But the Folf ignored the fox's request and continued to look at the screen. "Oh come on, I've just made myself so comfortable, besides, this video game can also be played in co-op." the Folf pushed the second controller towards the fox at the end of the coffee table.

"Are you kidding me? After all you've done, you want me to play a video game with you now?"

"Do as I say! Otherwise your house won't be the only thing I reduce to dust!"

Reluctantly, William picked up the controller and started playing Pawperty Damage in co-op with the Folf.

"See foxy? Destroying things and growing in the process is fun, don't you think?"

"Why are you doing this? What have I ever done to you why you want to destroy all my furniture and my house? I gave you enough food yesterday, don't be like that." Said the fox, but the Folf just grinned. "Enough food? You wanted to make me your personal stuffed animal! Do you think

I didn't notice that you made my food extra greasy? Well, it's just stupid for you that it's easy for me to burn off my stored fat, the only downside is that I'm hungry again as soon as I do that and that's why I raided your fridge this morning."

"Ransacked the fridge? YOU ATE MY WHOLE KITCHEN INCLUDING THE DINING ROOM! You were planning to eat my furniture from the start just because you're probably too good to go to the supermarket and buy your own fucking food!"

"CRASH"

Just after William insulted the Folf, the controller the hybrid had been holding in his paws flew towards the television and crashed into its screen. The device swayed menacingly backwards only to fall forwards and land with a thud on the floor.

"Pathetic fox, you really think I'm all about eating, don't you? Oh no, I just enjoy watching you suffer!"

Before the fox could get a word out, the Folf grabbed the underside of the couch and threw it over backwards. William landed roughly on the floor as the Folf prepared to demolish the living room.

"CRASH"

The Folf landed with his whole body weight in the TV cabinet. Wood splintered as the contents scattered across the living room floor. After the hybrid had risen from the debris, he began to trample on it. The console, Blu-Ray player and all the video games and other bits and pieces were also destroyed. Broken plastic, cables and destroyed circuit boards scattered across the floor until the entire TV cabinet looked like a pile of garbage. Next, the Folf grabbed the flat-screen TV. The first thing he did was turn it around so that the screen was facing upwards, only to jump onto it with a big leap shortly afterwards.

"CRUNCH"

With a loud crack, the flat-screen TV broke in two, only to be picked up shortly afterwards by the Folf so that he could use the two pieces for his next plan. With his paws, he covered one of the two halves of the broken flat screen TV with the destroyed remains of the TV cabinet and its contents. He made sure to arrange everything nicely, similar to a sandwich. Once he found that there was enough topping, he took the other half of the broken flat screen TV and placed it on top of the other half that had just been covered in debris. As he looked at his slightly different sandwich, he licked his lips hungrily and prepared to eat it.

"CRUNCH"

The Folf happily took one bite after another from his unusual sandwich and swallowed it down. Slowly, the sandwich became smaller and smaller until finally the last piece had turned into Folf calories.

"BWUUUUAAAARRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPP!"

The Folf let out a loud belch as he patted his belly contentedly. His meal had made him a little fatter and his clothes now lay closer to his body while a few tufts of his black and red fur appeared between the area of his pants and shirt. "Damn, I didn't want to overeat any more. But to exceed my natural size now would be too soon. Then we'll just get slightly fat, makes me a lot fluffier." The Folf said to himself contentedly.

Meanwhile, William straightened up and propped himself up on his overturned couch while squatting with his knees on the backrest. "You'll pay for all of this, ALL of it!"

But when the Folf noticed him again, he just laughed and walked towards him. "Oh, I'd just love to see how you're going to do that, poor fox!"

"CRUNCH"

While the Folf stomped towards the fox, he smashed the coffee table. With a loud creak, it broke in half and all the stuff and other knick-knacks on it fell to the floor. When he noticed this, he looked down at the smashed table and saw that some of the fox's possessions were still intact; a controller, a glass bowl, two remote controls and even a laptop. The Folf licked his lips, but instead of eating the objects, he started stomping on them. While the glass bowl shattered and turned into a fine crushed powder of glass, the plastic of the electrical appliances literally burst. Pieces of circuit boards, cables and buttons flew about as the flimsy casing of the fox's electronic devices were trampled under the hybrid's heavy soles. The extra body fat helped him as it made him a lot heavier.

"I hope there was no important data on your laptop." said the Folf mockingly as he turned it into scrap metal.

The table and everything on it was already completely crushed, but that didn't stop the Folf from continuing to trample on it to satisfy his boundless hunger for destruction. The sound of the breaking wood and plastic was music to his ears, while the owner of the objects making these noises could only watch helplessly. The fox knew that he would have no chance against someone his size who had already completely destroyed two rooms of his house and was now slowly tearing apart the third. William thought about simply fleeing, but when suddenly the sound of bending and breaking stopped, the Folf stood right in front of him again.

"Well, you're running out of furniture, foxie."

"W-wa..." but William couldn't finish his sentence as the Folf hopped over the overturned couch, pushed the fox onto the back of the couch and then sat on his waist, pinning him to it.

"Hey, what are you doing? Get off me, you're hurting me!"

The fox tried to lash out with its paws, but only hit the couch, damaging the upholstery and scratching it. The Folf was not impressed, he grabbed the fox's arms and pressed them against his body while he leaned his head down to look it straight in the face with a grin. "Well, I guess I'm not the only one here who's good at damaging your furniture."

William blushed and tilted his head to the side. If the Folf hadn't been holding his arms, he would probably have scratched the back of his head by now.

"I know exactly what you want! And that's why I'm offering to do it together. Let's destroy your house together and turn all the furniture here into kindling!" whispered the Folf sheepishly in the fox's ear.

"No wait! You've got it all wrong. Actually, I'm ashamed that I've just stooped to your level. I didn't mean to damage my couch and I certainly don't want to tear down my own home!"

"You call this material shit your home? Pah, I'll show you what real freedom feels like!"

While the Folf was still pinning the fox to the overturned couch, he began to bite large chunks out of it with his mouth. William could only watch helplessly as his tormentor attacked one of his pieces of furniture again, noticing how more and more of the hybrid's fur peeked out from under his shirt. At first it didn't seem unusual to him, but when the fabric of the clothes the Folf was wearing began to make ripping noises and the Folf's shirt was pushed up so far that his belly button was revealed, the fox noticed that he was growing again. He desperately tried to wriggle out from under the weight of the hybrid but it didn't help, the Folf had simply become too heavy. Slowly, the part of the couch on which he was actually sitting disappeared into the Folf's stomach and turned into calories that gave him his growth spurt. The extra size made it easier for the Folf to fix the fox and so he began to grab the pile of rubble that was once the fox's coffee tables and the destroyed odds and ends in between. Greedily, he gobbled up the wood, plastic and silicone pieces in his mouth as he continued to grow. Not only was William struggling against the slowly growing Folf, his clothes were also trying to withstand the tension of his growing body. This worked at first as the fabric was able to stretch a little or, in the case of the shirt, climb up the hybrid's belly, but when his clothes reached their limit they could no longer hold up to the force.

"rRRIIIIIP!!!"

The belt was the first to tear, and shortly afterwards the upper part of his light brown pants burst open, sending the button flying across the living room. This caused tears to form in the pants

legs, accompanied by the sound of tearing fabric. Tufts of black fur peeked through the resulting holes. Meanwhile, the zipper of the pants moved further and further down, allowing the private area of the Folf covered by the underpants to finally escape from its tight prison and emerge as a kind of bulge between the open fly while the Folf moaned contentedly. But the pants were not the only item of clothing to be affected by the growing Folf. The toe caps of his two shoes burst open, revealing two large paws that slowly began to tear small holes in the gray socks in which they were wrapped. Despite this, the shoes remained reasonably intact, despite the fact that the hybrid's feet, now in holey socks, were peeking out of them and the soles had separated from the rest of the shoes by about half. The shirt was also damaged after it had released about half of the red fur-covered belly. Long horizontal tears formed on the shirt, which were then all filled in with fur, and the sleeves also revealed more and more fur, which was not visible at first due to the jacket the Folf was wearing over them. Only the jacket remained mostly intact, the only exceptions were the sleeves which burst open completely and fell to the ground as shredded pieces of fabric, making the jacket resemble a vest.

"What a satisfying feeling of freedom it is to destroy your clothes every time!" said the Folf contentedly.

When the Folf reached 2.5 meters, he finally stopped growing. Instead of decent clothes, he now seemed to be wearing rags. His clothes were covered in tears and tufts of fur were sticking out of every hole. His shoes looked as if they would fall apart at any moment and his belt hung torn from his pants, while his genitals, still covered by his intact underpants, peeked out from between the broken fly and were noticeable as a large bulge.

The coffee table, including everything on it, had disappeared and turned into Folf Calories. The couch was also almost completely destroyed. Only the backrest was left, on which William was still being held by the now 2.5m tall Folf. He no longer resisted, as he already knew that it was pointless. Nevertheless, he did not want to give up his house yet, even though almost the entire first floor had been destroyed. Only the garage, the entrance area and half the living room still had intact furniture.

"Oh, given up already, foxie? You were so good at scratching your couch... sorry, former couch." said the Folf maliciously.

William, instead, was disgusted by his tormentor's words. "You think you're so great with your sizershifter skills. But all you can do is ruin everything and still be proud of it."

But the Folf just laughed. "Well, sometimes you have to destroy the old to create the new. You don't even realize what a great gift I'm giving you right now. I'm offering you the unique opportunity to free yourself from all this. A life in the wilderness would be just the right thing for you." But the fox knew very well that the Folf was only telling him this to make fun of him and humiliate him. "You don't even live in the forest yourself. You behave far too civilized for that. You're just an arrogant Folf who takes advantage of others and destroys their stuff. Just like

most other sizeshifters!"

"Well, I guess you're right. But I just love our modern world too much to separate myself from it and live in the forest, especially if you can raze it to the ground." said the Folf with a grin as he finally let go of the fox, stood up and walked towards the bookshelf. As he did so, more parts of his now far too tight clothing tore open while tufts of black and red fur filled the new holes. As he stood in front of the bookshelf, he swung out with his right leg and kicked the shelf sideways, breaking it in half horizontally and sending the books in it flying across the living room. He then went for the armchair and the floor lamp to the left of the now destroyed bookshelf. First he picked up the lamp and threw it like a javelin across the fox's living room towards the porch door. With a loud clang, the lamp smashed through the right-hand glass door and punched a clean hole in the glass. Disappointed that nothing more was broken, the Folf also took the armchair and threw it after it.

"CLIRR"

The right-hand glass door literally exploded. Shards of glass flew through the air and scattered across the lawn. The armchair tumbled a little across the property and slowly fell apart until it finally came to rest in its individual pieces. Once again, William could only watch helplessly. He was sure that if he continued to try and provoke the Folf, he would suffer the same fate as his armchair. He had to think of something to make the Folf disappear or at least make him stop destroying his possessions. But the fox was running out of time, or in this case, furniture. But when he thought about how the Folf had fixed him on his couch while he slowly ate it up, he had an idea.

"Hold on, you've convinced me! I'll help you destroy my... er, this house."

While the Folf was about to trample a slightly smaller shelf, including a potted plant, under his paws, his destructive rage suddenly stopped and he looked enthusiastically towards the fox. "So, have you finally come to your senses and realized that you don't stand a chance against me? Then prove to me that you're serious and destroy the rest of this miserable shelf!"

The Folf pointed to the half-destroyed shelf with one of his legs as he stared grimly at the fox. But William approached it reluctantly and when he stood in front of the intact part of the piece of furniture, he lifted his right leg with difficulty and hesitation. When he had it up, he dropped it onto the defenseless piece of furniture. But instead of it shattering into thousands of splinters, all that was heard was a dull thud.

"Useless fox!"

Annoyed, the Folf shoved the fox backwards where he landed roughly on his back. He then smashed the shelf himself with a single stomp.

"Well, at least you tried." Said the Folf as he looked grimly at William from above. The fox didn't try to give the impression that he was afraid, instead he looked at the hybrid with disgust. "You didn't even give me the chance to try again."

"Pah, as if that would have changed anything! You foxes are inferior to us wolves in every way."

"Are you kidding me? You're half fox too!"

"BOOM"

The fox had barely finished his sentence when the Folf's fist thundered down next to him and hit the hardwood floor with such force that a small crater formed around the impact point of the fist and cracks up to a meter long formed around it. The hybrid himself was panting with rage. "Never call me a fox again, or you die!" said he in a threatening voice. William did not manage to speak. Frozen and breathing heavily, he looked at the Folf while shivers ran down his spine.

They both looked at each other in silence for a while. All the while, the Folf knelt over the fox and did not remove his fist from the ruined ground. Only when the fox seemed to have recovered from his shock did his tormentor stand up again and speak. "Well, I think that's enough excitement for one day. All the wild destruction, the food and getting worked up about you have made me tired. I'm going to go to the bedroom and lie down in your bed."

"W-wa-wait! Wait!" But before William could straighten up properly, the Folf pushed him aside and headed for the stairs. The steps creaked under the weight of the Folf as he climbed them. William ran after him after he had picked himself up from the floor again to make sure that the Folf was really going into the bedroom and wouldn't suddenly start eating the first floor as well. But when the fox reached the top of the stairs, he had to watch as the hybrid ate one of the pictures hanging in the hallway of the second floor like a cookie.

"Oh sorry, that picture looked really tasty." said he disinterestedly as he carelessly threw the not yet completely devoured part of the picture on the floor and continued towards the bedroom. When he reached the door frame, he ducked under it after opening the door without damaging it. The fox quickly ran after him and then closed the door after he too had entered the bedroom.

As soon as he had turned away from the door, he saw the Folf in full clothing throw himself onto his bed, causing it to creak audibly and the crossbars to bend slightly. His feet protruded over the back of the bed. William was not exactly thrilled at the sight. "Can't you at least take off your broken shoes if you don't have any manners?"

"Cry!" said the Folf, bored, as he scratched his now exposed stomach. Shortly afterwards, he yawned and put his paws behind his head while closing his eyes.

"What's this supposed to be? A digestive nap?" But the sleepy Folf didn't answer and ignored

the fox. The vulpine didn't want to put up with this and instead pressed a button on his alarm clock, causing it to go off.

"BEEP"

"BEEP"

"BEEP"

"BE---CRUNCH"

With a loud crash, the Folf smashed the fox's alarm clock with a clenched fist, not only completely destroying it but also severely damaging the bedside chest of drawers, visible through a large dent that looked like the roof of a house had caved in. The lamp flew across the bedroom on top of it and landed clattering on the floor. "My bedroom! YOU..." but before William could finish the sentence, the Folf simply slept on.

The fox dropped onto his office chair that stood next to his computer in the room and thought about how he could finally get rid of that damn Folf. He thought about simply carrying him into the garage, putting him in the car and driving into the forest to abandon him there. But the Folf was already far too big and heavy for that. "Maybe call someone?" However, William remembered shortly afterwards that his smartphone had been taken away and eaten. Disappointed, the fox turned around in his office chair when his PC suddenly caught his eye. "That's it!" said he quietly to himself. He quickly put on his headset, started the computer and was just about to call the emergency number via the Internet browser when suddenly...

"KKKRRRAAAUUUNNNCCCHHH"

Without any warning, a visibly busy shoe with four large fluffy toes sticking out of its broken cap came crashing down on the computer's casing, crushing it, bursting open at the sides and scattering the inner workings of the computer across the bedroom floor. Circuit boards, cables, plastic and much more scattered across the floor. The PC screen suddenly went black again and William could only bang both paws on his keyboard in despair as he realized what had just happened.

"DAMN SHIT, SO CLOSE!"

But before William could hit his now useless keyboard a second time out of anger, it was snatched from him and landed in his face shortly afterwards. "Sneaky fox! Do you really think it's that easy?" a voice spoke next to him. It was the Folf, who was now standing on the wreckage of his computer and kicking it angrily several times, not only further shredding the plastic and components but also causing deep cracks to form in the floor. With each stomp, the fox's house shook and small objects began to fall from furniture and the wall. The damaged shoes the hybrid was wearing began to tear open further with his movements, eventually falling off his feet and becoming part of the pile of rubble that was once of the fox's computers. But his pants also continued to burst open at the legs and the holey socks continued to rip open.

"Typical foxes. You want to take a short nap and then you start fucking up again." Said the Folf as he hit William again with the keyboard before he started to eat it like a big chocolate bar.

"Stop eating my stuff!" whined the fox as he tried to grab one of the Folf's arms. "How many times are you going to tell me that? I can eat what I want, you pathetic fox!" argued the Folf and then pushed William backwards, causing him to land roughly on his chair, which rolled slightly backwards as a result of the collision. Shortly afterwards, the hybrid bent down to the floor and began to eat the remains of the destroyed computer. "I'm beginning to understand why Protogens like these so much." He said with a sneer as he was about to eat the RAM components.

But William was not at all amused by the joke. He stood up and walked towards the Folf, but before he could grab him, a large paw grabbed his face and pushed him backwards. "Don't be so hasty." Said the hybrid as he began to eat the computer mouse, the screen and the speakers. As he did so, he began to grow again and the distance between his head and the ceiling became threateningly smaller and his ears began to touch it. His already damaged clothing struggled to keep up with the growth spurt of the Folf and continued to tear. Seams burst open, tufts of fur sprouted from all the holes and the shirt climbed up his upper body until it slowly began to tear vertically in the middle. The pants also tore further and further, revealing more and more fur and the fabric of the underpants underneath. Between the huge fingers of the growing paw holding the fox, he could see sparks spraying from the Folf's mouth as he chewed up his electronic devices. The Folf seemed to enjoy it too. "Uh, how that tingles, yummy." The Folf spoke enthusiastically as he wagged his tail joyfully all while his head began to press against the ceiling.

After the hybrid had eaten the rest of the odds and ends on the office table, he pushed William, whom he was still holding with his left paw, backwards so that the vulpine fell roughly onto the floor.

Both paws free again, the Folf collected the broken lamp and the contents of the broken bedside table and ate these objects too. Shortly afterwards, he tried to stand up straight with his now almost 3m tall body, but this was only accompanied by a loud "BONK" as he banged his head against the now much too low ceiling, leaving a visible dent on it, including cracks that spread out from the point of impact. But that didn't seem to bother him anymore, instead he greedily licked his fangs while looking towards the bed.

"That looks like the perfect dessert to me."

But just as he started to break pieces of wood from the bedside chest of drawers next to the bed and eat them, the owner of the house came running and was about to jump onto the Folf's upper body when he flung the fox onto the bed with a skillful swing of his arm. William was glad that he landed gently at least once. But his joy was cut short when suddenly a 3m tall Folf stood

in front of his bed. The hybrid's clothes were now almost completely destroyed. The shirt was torn into two pieces that were hanging loosely from the Folf's shoulders. The legs of the pants were completely destroyed and the upper part hung torn between the hybrid's legs, exposing what was underneath. The socks were completely destroyed except for a few scraps of fabric still hanging around the lower part of the hybrid's legs. Only the underpants were still partially intact. Only a few scattered tears could be seen on them and the outline of the Folf's genitals was clearly visible through them.

"Oh foxie, you wouldn't believe how good that feels right now." said the Folf as he grabbed his underpants and began to knead his testicles underneath them while sticking his tongue out and resting his other paw on the ceiling.

But William was disgusted by the sight and would have liked to give the perverted Folf a piece of his mind when he suddenly grabbed him and pressed him against his crotch. "Nah, do you like that? Your foxes like that kind of sick shit, don't you?" laughed the Folf. "Let go of me, perverted Folf!" William would have loved to point out his own fox genes to his tormentor, but the last time he had called the hybrid a fox, he had threatened William to kill him. Being fucked to death was the last thing the fox would want. William tried to push himself away instead, but he couldn't get against the firm grip of the 3m tall Folf and so he only scratched his underpants a little, revealing more fur and the furry testicles through a tear that ran across the front of the underpants. But he fox didn't had to struggle any longer, as soon as William had finished talking, the Folf actually let go of him and threw him back onto the bed.

"Well fox, it looks like YOU are my cuddly toy now." Said the Folf as he suddenly sat down on the bed, causing it to crash a few centimeters towards the floor as the Folf was now so big and heavy that the bed's legs could no longer support the extra weight. Now the bed was also broken and William felt the body of the hybrid lay over him and he could no longer move. The Folf lay with the front of his body on the fox's bed, the now far too small pillow tightly wrapped around him, his legs sticking out over the end of the mattress and his tail hanging casually to one side. William, however, was not in a comfortable sleeping position. Worse still, he was pinned between the Folf's legs and the hybrid's genitals were right in the middle of his face, which was absolutely embarrassing, even though there were underpants between them. The fox had never been so humiliated in his life. The only thing he could see were the legs, the torn pants that still covered parts of the hybrid's butt and the damaged underpants with tufts of fur sticking out of the tears and lying on most of his face.

"Mmpf, mmpf, mmpf..." William couldn't get a sentence out. The hybrid's intimate area pressed on his snout and closed it off. The only thing he could still use properly was his nose. He breathed in the warm air that was heated by the Folf's body heat. The body odor of the Folf crept into his nose. The fox was surprised at how clean the Folf was. He had actually expected an unpleasant smell of sweat. In general, it was more cozy than unpleasant. The black and red fur of the 3m tall hybrid was incredibly soft and warm, actually even cozy. Completely unable to move, William closed his eyes and tried to sleep in this embarrassing position.

"HEY! WATCH OUT!" it rang through the bedroom as the fox regained consciousness and saw the blurry outline of the Folf. "I said wake up!" Suddenly everything spun and William felt as if he was weightless. But this only lasted for a moment as he hit it once on wood, which gave way under his body weight and he landed in a heap of cloth. When the fox regained consciousness shortly afterwards, he realized what had just happened. The Folf had thrown the mattress off the bed frame, sending William, who was still lying on it, flying halfway across his room and landing roughly in his closet. The furniture broke when the fox collided with it, leaving all the clothes the fox owned on the floor next to the destroyed piece of furniture.

While the red fox was busy straightening up, the Folf smashed the already damaged bed frame and ate the fragmented pieces. He then ate the mattress, the pillow and the blanket as he grew to a height of 3.5 meters. His underpants tore further and further, only the elastic band was still intact and wrapped around his hips. The ruined underpants now looked more like a loincloth. Scraps of fabric hanging from the elastic band only covered the hybrid's butt hole and genitals. Otherwise, he was now completely naked again.

"Huh, finally awake too?" said the Folf as he crouched towards William, who had only just managed to free himself from the pile of rubble that once was his closet. As he did so, he dragged one paw along the wall, causing deep scratchmarks to form in it. Every step the Folf took caused the whole house to shake. Cracks formed where he stepped and the last pictures hanging on the wall fell down all over the bedroom. When the Folf then stood in front of William, he crouched down so that his body was no longer spilling all over the ceiling.

"Well foxie, you've made quite a mess you know?"

"What do you mean, me? You threw me into my closet. Without you it would still be intact, you damn..." but the fox couldn't say the last sentence because the Folf suddenly covered the fox's snout with one of his big paws.

"Really, don't just blame others for this mess." said the Folf maliciously.

"Mmph... mmph..."

"Did you say something?"

"MMPF!"

"Oh, is that how it is? Well, you haven't really earned that you know? But since I like being nice to foxes like you, I'll help you clean up for once." Said the Folf while his face shifted into a sinister grin.

With a rough shove, the Folf shoved the fox backwards and made his way over the mountain of

scattered clothes and ruined closet remnants. He greedily devoured everything his paws could get hold of. "Stop that shit!" William yelled as he tried to get past the large body of the Folf. But the tail of the Folf kept hitting him and knocking him backwards again.

"rRRIIIIIP!!!"

William could see the remains of the underpants slide down the hybrid's ass and land softly on the ground. The Folf was now finally naked and the fox could see his exposed butt. Between the Folf's legs he could see his testicles and behind them the ever-shrinking pile of clothes the Folf was still eating. As William stared between the hybrid's legs, an idea occurred to him. Maybe he could manage to crawl under the Folf. But he had to be quick, because as the Folf reached the 4m mark, its back began to press against the ceiling and the gap between the Folf's crotch and the floor became smaller as it struggled to fit into the shrinking bedroom. As dust trickled from the ceiling and small pieces of ceiling fell to the floor, the fox wasted no time in trying to crawl under the now over 4m tall Folf. But just as he was about to crawl under the now ball-sized testicles of the Folf, they suddenly landed on him and pinned the fox to the floor.

"Nah nah, where are we going so urgently?" asked the Folf as he pushed the fox to the ground. The vulpine tried to pull himself forward with his paws and clawed at the ground, slowly scratching it. But it was impossible to fight against the heavy body of the folf. More and more cracks formed in the floor and the sound of breaking wooden beams could be heard as William desperately tried to free himself. He didn't notice how the Folf ate the last pieces of the destroyed closet and was about to start eating the next piece of furniture. But while he was still trying to grab the next piece of furniture, his body reached the 5m mark and the floor began to give way under the hybrid's incredible weight.

"KKKRRRAAAUUUNNNCCCHHH"

With a monstrous noise that rang throughout the fox's house, the fox, Folf and half the bedroom landed on the first floor of the house. The hardwood floor of the living room was completely ruined by the impact of the 5m tall Folf and huge cracks ran through half the house. The ceiling between the living room and bedroom continued to collapse and furniture that had remained intact got destroyed by the impact after falling from the second floor into the first floor. William was lying next to the folf and had only one goal: to get out of his doomed house as quickly as possible and get help. Fortunately, he was no longer lying underneath but on the fluffy belly of the hybrid as he had turned onto his back when the floor collapsed. The fox quickly slid down the huge Folf's body and ran towards the partial smashed glass doorwall.

"I have to get out of here, NOW!" William gasped as he grabbed the handle of the sliding door and opened it. In his panic, he forgot that one of the two sliding glass doors got previously smashed open by the Folf. But that doesn't matter anymore, anything the fox wanted was to get as far as possible away from that Folf. It was almost ironic that his only means of escape was the one through which the Folf had entered his home. But the fox didn't have time to think about

it. He quickly slammed the sliding door shut and was about to run off across his back porch into the backyard when he was suddenly stopped.

"CLIRR!"

Before the fox could take more than three steps, shards of glass flew towards him and a huge paw shot out of the now completely destroyed doorwall. William tried to dodge, but to no avail. The fox was grabbed by the paw and pulled back into the house.

"Nah nah nah, where are we going so quickly?"

The 5m tall Folf wasn't very thrilled about the fox's attempt to escape and deliberately squeezed him in his paw until he could no longer breathe. After he had righted himself in the destroyed living room, which was now possible again despite his height due to the collapsed ceiling, he loosened his grip on the fox, but still held him tightly. William rattled a little and gasped for air.

"You big miserable bastard! YOU'VE ALREADY AS GOOD AS DESTROYED MY HOUSE! WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT FROM ME? LET ME GO AT LAST, DAMNED ASSHOLE!" William roared as tears streamed down his face and he punched the hybrid's paw that was still holding him in rage. He kicked around with his freely swinging legs in the hope of somehow hitting the Folf. The latter was not at all amused by his whining. "Now stop that whining! Whiny little fox, you're supposed to watch me take everything you hold dear!" said the Folf as he kicked the wall separating the living room from the kitchen with all his might. The wall was completely destroyed and there was now a huge hole in its place. The kitchen itself was lined with the shattered debris of the wall. The destruction of the wall also meant that the stability of the house slowly began to give way. Cracks formed on the ceiling and small pieces began to fall from it.

"STOP IT ALREADY! PLEASE!!!"

But the hybrid didn't care about the fox's pleading and begging. He hit another wall on the upper floor of the two-story house with his free paw and was surprised to see that although he had knocked a fist-sized hole in the wall, the furniture in the now exposed bathroom were still all intact.

"What did I do to deserve this? Is it because of last night? Listen, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, OK? BUT PLEASE STOP DESTROYING MY DAMN HOUSE!" screamed the fox while still trying to free himself from the Folf's grip.

"YOU SHOULD HAVE THIS ON YOU BEFORE, YOU HORRIBLE FOX!" scolded the hybrid as he put William through the hole in the wall from the top floor and set him down in the bathroom. Shortly afterwards, he tore out the bedroom door, grabbed the right and left door frames with both paws and tore a huge hole in the wall separating the destroyed bedroom from the hallway. The poor house didn't like the widening of the door frame into a gaping hole, which could be

heard from the soft groaning of the walls and ceiling.

"But you know, fox, I would have eaten your house even if you hadn't tried to ruin my beautiful body with your greasy food yesterday." The Folf continued as he began to destroy the wall in the hallway that led to the fox's studyroom. Again, he only used one paw as he used the other to stop William from running out of the bathroom, as the bathroom door was still intact. After some effort, the Folf finally managed to knock a reasonably large hole in it and took a large shelf from the exposed studyroom, which he promptly used to block the bathroom door from the corridor. His mouth watered at the sight of the still intact furniture that was now visible. There was little left in the house that wasn't completely or partially destroyed. Only the garage and the entrance area had so far remained completely intact. The studyroom and bathroom were slightly damaged but still largely furnished. William was now locked in the bathroom. The door could no longer be opened and jumping out of the hole in the wall or the window would result in serious injuries.

"All right, now to YOU, fox!"

William felt a chill run down his spine as the Folf scowled at him. He walked slowly backwards until he reached the wall behind him and pressed himself against it. "N-no, please!" the red fox closed his eyes when he suddenly felt a claw of the Folf on his chest and how it slowly moved down his chest.

"rRRIIIIIP!!!"

The fox felt his pants slowly slide down his legs. The Folf had shredded his pants with a quick movement of his paw. Now the fox was only standing there in his underpants. However, his joy that he was wearing underpants under his pants was short-lived as they were also torn from his body. Red from embarrassment, he covered his abdomen with his paws and was about to grab one of the towels when a large paw beat him to it.

You don't need that before your shower." The Folf admonished William as he dug his claws deep into the bathroom wall, leaving deep scratch marks. In doing so, he damaged the pipes in the wall, causing their contents to spill into the bathroom.

"What the fuck? Give me a towel and please let me go. You can keep the house, there's hardly anything left of it anyway"

William tried to negotiate with the Folf, but he was still busy preparing a bath for the fox. So he smashed the bathtub, dismantled the sink and the wall cupboard above it, scattering the contents of the bathing utensils all over the floor. With a swift movement of his paws, he cut up the shampoo bottles, the liquid from which now mixed with the water splashing from all corners.

"So, time to take a bath fox."

"Are you going to...fuck me!" William was pushed roughly onto the flooded and foam-covered bathroom floor. Shortly afterwards, the Folf began to knead him like a sponge until not a single tuft of the fox's fur was dry. "Blarg" the soaked vulpine couldn't get a sentence out, there was foam everywhere and soap bubbles were rising. The entire bathroom was transformed into a huge shower and William was right in the middle of it. The water was still spraying out of the broken pipes and slowly began to flow through the hole in the wall to the lower floor. Warm water also flowed down the Folf's naked and 5m tall body while he was still cleaning William like a fluffy toy.

"BANG!!!"

Suddenly there was a loud bang, sparks flew through the air and the power went out. The water flowing down from the bathroom fried the electronics and caused a power outage. Smoke rose from the sockets in the living room and the house's electronics were ruined. The Folf took the fox out of the overflowing water and held it up to a jet of pure water spraying from one of the broken pipes on the scratched bathroom wall. Just in time. As soon as William was free of the foam and shampoo, the water pressure eased and the water stopped pouring out of the broken pipes. Next, the Folf took a towel and dried the fox with it. Finally, he set it down outside the ruined and flooded bathroom in the hallway on the upper floor.

"Phew, that was quite an effort to clean you up properly. Next time, please put up a little less resistance, will you?" said the Folf as he dropped exhausted onto his backside and propped his back against the wall of the ruined living room.

"Good, now we've practically done everything I did to you yesterday. Can I at least have my freedom back now? William grumbled as he tied a towel around himself that the Folf had placed next to him.

"Why don't you do what you want? I'll make myself comfortable in what's left of this dump." said the Folf as he covered himself with debris and folded his paws behind his head. "I have to say that you have it really cozy here. I'm almost sorry that your house won't be standing for much longer."

But the fox ignored the Folf's sarcastic praise and climbed down the damaged stairs with a towel around his waist before disappearing into the garage. There he got into his car and got ready to drive.

Meanwhile, the Folf began to break large chunks out of the walls and floor of the upper storey with his paws and eat them. The hybrid just lay there and enjoyed being lazy. He used all the calories he took in to grow, but also to store them as fat reserves. With every meter the Folf reached, his belly inflated a little and his stature became not only bigger but also rounder.

The house itself did not like the fact that the Folf was nibbling away at it. The building became increasingly unstable and slowly the roof began to cave in. Just as the Folf reached the 10m mark, he slammed into the ceiling of the upper floor, causing the attic to collapse. Beams broke and walls collapsed, only the garage was spared so far. William was still in it, but he ignored the sounds of his collapsing house. He had other problems at the moment anyway, because his garage door simply wouldn't open. Firstly because it no longer had any power due to the previous power outage and secondly because all the cracks that had formed all over his former home had damaged the sliding mechanism. "This damn Folf is really taking the piss out of me!" cursed the fox as he tried to open the gate. But it was no use, he had to think of something else, and fast!

"CRUNCH"

"CRASH"

"CLIRR"

The sound of the collapsing house grew louder. The Folf was already over 15 meters tall and was lying on all fours as he greedily scooped up the falling debris. The roof was only supported by his back and from the outside the house now looked more like an egg from which something would hatch at any moment. As soon as the Folf had reached 25 meters, he stood up and burst through the roof with his upper body. Roof tiles and splinters of wood rained down on his shoulders while a still somewhat intact part of the roof was perched on his head like a hat. The Folf sat in the remains of the house and stretched out his legs, completely destroying one half of the house. Apart from three of the four outer walls and the garage, there was nothing left of the house. The hybrid treated himself to a small snack by eating the rubble scattered around the former house, which grew him to a whopping 30 meters.

"Aaaah, that was really good, don't you think, fox?"

The Folf patted his chubby belly with satisfaction. The warmth of his fur and the way his paws sank into his extra body fat made him enjoy the moment.

After things had calmed down a little, William, who was still stuck in his garage, the only part of his former house that was still partially intact, decided to simply crash his car through the garage door. By now he didn't care if his car was damaged, he just wanted to get as far away from this oversized Folf as possible. What did he care about a damaged car now? He had already lost his house.

The fox let the engine roar, backed up briefly and then hit the garage door with the accelerator pedal pressed down.

"CREAK"

With a loud creak, the garage door gave way and William shot his vehicle through the resulting

hole. The fox could only enjoy his newfound freedom for a short time, however, because just before he could reach the road, a huge foot slammed down on the asphalt, right in front of the car's hood.

"CRASH"

William could no longer brake and slammed into the black fur of the foot with full force. The hood of the car was crushed, the engine block destroyed and jet-black smoke billowed out of the demolished vehicle. But even if the vehicle could still drive, the fox was still stuck, as the falling foot had broken up the asphalt and made the road impassable.

"Nah, where are we going now?"

William blanched as he looked up at the foot in front of him and saw the 30m tall Folf. The hybrid was now truly huge and could easily trample individual cars. The fox feared the worst, but was surprised when the Folf suddenly lifted his vehicle with one paw. He held the vehicle so that the doors were blocked. It was impossible for the red fox to escape, he was trapped.

"B-bu-but you said I could go! What more do you want from me?"

William was really scared by now. He wasn't even sure if he would survive the day. He was beginning to feel sure that he would suffer the same fate as most of the Furs whose town had been terrorized by a Sizeshifter.

The Folf began to grin maliciously. "What do I want from you? Just one more thing, a decent dessert!"

As soon as he had spoken the words, he put the car and the fox inside it into his mouth and slowly began to close it.

"NO, PLEASE, DON'T EAT ME!"

The fox cried and pleaded as the Folf's mouth slowly closed. After letting his prey melt on his tongue, he began to chew.

"CREAK"

"CLIRR"

"CRUNCH"

The metal shell of the vehicle was slowly crushed and the windows shattered. William tried with all his might to free himself from the falling car. He stumbled through the cracked windshield, pushed himself off the steering wheel with his legs and scrambled over the crushed hood. Oil and gasoline splashed towards him and ruined his clean fur. The hybrid's mouth movements

became increasingly violent and it became harder and harder for his prey to stand up properly. In his mouth, the fox now crawled over the hybrid's carpet-sized tongue and tried everything to reach the front teeth in the hope of somehow saving itself. But just before he could reach the tip of the Folf's tongue, he leaned his head back and prepared to swallow his food. William slipped and slid the hybrid's tongue back down towards his gullet. He tried to claw at it, but the wet saliva made it impossible. He looked towards the approaching darkness and saw his car, reduced to a heap of scrap metal, disappear into the gullet of the Folf. Before he reached it himself, he closed his eyes and found it hard to believe that this was his end. The only thing he hoped for now was that it would be quick. Not much longer and he would end up in the hybrid's stomach, digested by the stomach acid and end up as calories for the Folf. But when he could already feel the slippery Folf's gullet with his legs, a windy gust pulled him forward again.

"SPLASH"

William opened his eyes. He saw the warm evening sky and felt comfortable grass beneath him. Both his body and his surroundings felt damp. Gentle rays of sunlight warmed his sticky body. Was he dead? At least that's what he thought at first, but when he saw a 30m tall figure standing in front of him, he realized that he didn't seem to have been eaten after all.

"Bwahahahaaa! You should see your face, foxie. I told you that unlike most sizershifters, I don't eat furs."

The Folf laughed loudly and held his chest. He had spit William out just before swallowing. The 30m tall hybrid no longer looked like a horrible Kaiju at all, but more like a normal Folf, if you ignored his enormous size and the fact that he was naked. At the bizarre sight, the fox couldn't help but laugh out loud. He wasn't even sure whether he was laughing because of the oversized Folf or because he hadn't died. William didn't actually feel like laughing at all. The fox had lost everything, his house, his furniture, his clothes and his car. Even the towel he had tied around himself had slipped off his waist while he was apparently struggling to survive in the Folf's mouth, which was why he was now just as naked as the hybrid.

"Well fox, I guess your house is history." said the Folf shortly after he stopped laughing and pointed with one paw at the pile of rubble that was once a magnificent suburban house. "I hope you're well insured, otherwise you can live perfectly well in the forest and build something there. Who knows, maybe you'll meet a nice bear lady to help you."

"Yeah yeah, like I listen to you. All you've been doing all day is destroying my house. As if you could help me in any way." William grumbled as he rose from the puddle of drool.

"Sure I can help you. I can easily make sure you're not so alone, hehe..." the 30m tall Folf spoke as he looked towards the city center. Huge skyscrapers towered into the sky and the facades glistened in the warm evening sun. "Mmmh... I wonder what the rest of the city tastes like. Besides, I haven't been 100m tall for a long time, time to change that." The Folf licked his fangs

while rubbing his fluffy belly.

"Wait, what are you up to?"

But the naked, 30m tall, chubby Folf no longer heard the fox's question. With heavy steps, each one making the ground tremble and the asphalt of the road he was walking on crack, he headed towards the town.

"What a beautiful evening walk, hehe!"