

A Lesson in Restoration and Turned Endtables

By: A.X. Bueno

“Hmmm, no. No, too lanky. No, I don't like the look in his eyes. No, she's running too fast. No no no, damn, I don't really see any good targets. Why are we here again?” I ask my buddy next to me as we watch the people pass by from our out of the way park bench and look for someone who'll make a good meal.

“Why are you asking me? You're the one who wanted a new place to look for prey and chose this place. I wanted to stick with one of our usual spots or at least a park with more beastmen in it and I recommended at least two!” My friend starts to shout but I put a confident paw on his shoulder.

“No need to shout man, I can hear you perfectly fine *haha*. Our usual spot was starting to become emptier and I was starting to hear whispers about my hunts even if they were vague, I think it's good to give that place a break for a while. Let the rumors fade a bit. As for those other parks, one was mainly catered to rats and stoats and those are beginner's prey. The other didn't allow humans and while I would have got in I wouldn't want to be without my hunting buddy. This park may have a lot of humans but if I get lucky maybe I'll find a good challenge here.” This earns me a raised eyebrow from Mel.

“You're 6 '3” and 310 pounds of wolverine, if you're looking for a challenge the odds of you finding it here are slim. We both know you're more than a match for any human and beastmen are more elusive and tend to hang out together so you're not likely to find a single target here. I know I'm here more for company and to help you look less conspicuous but do you really need me? You could still head to that other park, Ace, on your own.”

“Firstly I'll have you know that I'm 304 pounds and not an ounce more. Secondly Mel, you're my partner in crime I'm not doing this without you. Thirdly, while we may be elusive and *SOME* of us prefer to travel in packs, when it comes to catching my prey I prefer to do it alone.” Mel is about to interject but I tussle his brown hair to disrupt him before he can, it's a sure-fire way to get his attention.

“Current company withstanding of course. There's gotta be someone here that'll be perfect prey so I'm staying here till I find them and you're staying with me or my name isn't Wallace and I'm not the most handsome wolverine here!” I stand tall, leaning a bit on the bench at the statement of who I am, not caring if the park sees right now.

“Uhh, Ace I got that but I thought you'd wanna look over-”

“Please Mel, I’m trying to find my prey at the moment.” I huff in annoyance as I continue to look around, is he trying to make this difficult for me?

“That’s what I’m trying to tell you! Look, right there!” Will points a pale, furless finger towards someone walking along a not too distant path from us and I smile at what I see.

“Nice work, Mel. A polar bear will be the perfect challenge for my predator’s skills. Plus he’s got those delectable looking spots.” I lick my lips and put a paw, black padded but dark orange furred to my contrastingly brown furred chin as I start to make a plan to catch my prey but for some reason Mel seems puzzled then horrified at what I just said.

“THE POLAR BEAR?! Are you serious?!” Mel yells out.

“OF COURSE I AM! Why are we yelling? Who did you have in mind instead?”

“I’m yelling because that’s crazy, he’s almost a whole foot taller than you! Who I had in mind was that cheetah over there with the red headband, you’re close in size and he’s got some muscle so he’d be perfect.” Will smiles nervously at me, seeming to hope that I’ll change my mind and go with his target instead but I’ve already made up my mind for this hunt.

“That cheetah may have muscle and presumably speed but this bear has size, power and they’ve got the reputation of being an apex predator. He’s the best prey I could ask for and I will take him down.” I rub my paws together and start imagining the ways that I’ll make that happen.

“You wolverines really do have eyes for prey bigger than your stomachs.”

“What was that!?”

“Nothing! Nothing at all, *ehehe*. We should get closer to that bear if you’re going to catch him, can’t do it sitting on our butts on this bench.”

“**Umhmm**. You’re right. Let’s get a move on. I already have a plan to catch him, simple but effective.”

I pretend I didn’t hear what he said only because I have considerably larger prey to catch than Mel’s lean self. That said he quietly, diligently follows behind as I sneakily close most of the gap between me and my blue spotted prey of the day. I use the scattered statues, the random crowds and the perfectly placed greenery to do so, keeping a close yet undetected distance from this big, blubbery bruin. So I have the element of surprise still on my side and pull out my first

weapon to bring this bear down to a more manageable size. Mel looks at me with confused gray eyes telling me I should explain what it is so I adjust the collar of my green and black striped polo shirt and take a breath.

Inhales “It’s a charm of miniaturization. You twist and arrange the symbol into the proper shape, point it towards your target, concentrate and then the magic happens. Of course I can also direct it at objects too to pass the effect onto them, allowing them and by extension me to shrink my target indirectly. This is gonna cut that bear down a few pegs, just watch.” I say as I get the symbol and charm into place, towards a water fountain.

“I don’t get it. Didn’t you pick this guy because you wanted a challenge? Why shrink him this way??”

“*Psssh*, I should have expected you to not understand my methods. Catching someone like that by surprise and making them a meal out of them is more than enough of a challenge. How big they are at the end isn’t as important as how big they were when they started.” I say as I finish getting the charm ready and fire its magics into a water fountain I know the bear’ll drink from it cause it’s the only one in this park that works. Plus bears, especially polar bears, tend to drink a lot of water so it’s only a matter of time and if this doesn’t work I’ve got more than a few other ideas.

“So really you could pick anybody but choose to go for the bear because of pride reasons? I bet he won’t even taste that good.” Mel says while crossing his arms with the ends of them covered by the dark blue short sleeve shirt he’s wearing.

“I’ll take you up on that bet because you’re about to witness the magic happen. That bear’s going in for a drink.”

I watch as he walks up to the fountain, wiping sweat from the mostly white, blue spotted fur above his thick black furred eyebrows as he approaches it. He presses the button on the side of the fountain and then separates his black lips to allow the now enchanted, flowing water to enter his muzzle which would allow me to step out of the bushes and shadows. He takes a long drink and I wait excitedly for him to start shrinking as Mel stands next to me with the same mix of doubt and morbid curiosity he’s had for almost the whole time we’ve been in this park. I stay waiting for several minutes as this bear keeps drinking, finishes and then it starts as he’s about to start walking on his merry way. An aura of magical energy surrounds him and I watch his shirt and sweatpants become baggy as inches of height start vanishing from him. I start smiling at a plan coming together as he looks in confusion at his clothes quickly becoming too large for him and his perspective shifting as he shrinks. This is almost too easy as he then starts sniffing the air,

trying to figure out what's wrong but I have confidence he'll never piece it together leaving me to pounce and have my meal but then... then... something I didn't expect happens.

The bear sticks out his paw and it starts glowing a light blue as he raises it high, closes his eyes like he's concentrating and I watch... watch as he starts returning back to normal size with no difficulty. In less time than it took the charmed water to take effect he's already back to his proper size and on his way. There's a proclamation of "Hmmm. Strange." He's sniffing the air some more before shrugging, the only indications that my plan affected him at all.

"I... don't believe it... how did that fail?! You know what... it doesn't matter! I'll make this work somehow." I know I will. I am not gonna botch this catch!

"Umm, I don't know Ace. Didn't that look like magic to you? I think it might be time to let this one go so you can try to get an easier catch, maybe one that you can actually cut down to size."

"Pssshaw, that could have easily been some kind of fluke. I just need to try again with a slightly different method and then we'll see if that oblivious ice bear truly knows magic." He can't know it, he just can't. He'd have seen that enchantment against him coming, wouldn't let himself be so vulnerable or still be acting so casual about everything.

"Umhmm. I guess we'll see." Is all Mel says while nodding his head in sync with his words.

"We certainly will" I rub my paws together as I'm already brewing up my next plan in my mind.

I watch that spotted bear continue his stroll through the park and I prepare something else, something a bit more potent and direct. Me and Mel managed to make it a short distance ahead of my ursine target allowing me to prepare as he closes the distance. I finish laying down my trap and then bolt behind an out of the way tree.

"So what did you do exactly? Cause I saw you sprinkling a bunch of something over there but I didn't exactly see it leave your hands and I really don't see how doing that will catch your bear." Mel starts asking me the moment I'm back at the tree he's also hiding behind.

"It's not surprising you don't see anything, that's by my *brilliant* design. The 'something' I sprinkled over there was a special micro making dust, more powerful and harder to counter than that charm I used just before. On top of that I sprinkled some concealment powder into the air too. A dual attack on his size and senses that'd take some serious magic to undo. We'll see if that bear can luck his way through this time!" I finish only barely not shouting as the target I'm talking about comes almost within range of my twofold trap.

I merely have to stay behind this tree and wait only a little longer. He's practically within breathing range of where both dusts are. He swerves a bit to the left but the dust is spread enough that that makes little difference. He's there, he takes a breath and the effects are even faster than last time with him losing feet of height in seconds. In less than a minute he's only three inches tall and I see his small shape scrambling back and forth around his now way too big clothes trying to escape. I'm not gonna waste time waiting and watching, I get ready to grab him as he only just escapes through a once well fitting sleeve. I swiftly maneuver closer making it within a few feet, about to snatch up the shrunken ursine but before I can he lifts his hand up and seems to be concentrating as before and is already back to four feet when he becomes just within my paw's reach. I back away almost immediately after that while he finishes regaining height then starts speaking out loud as I finish backing away.

"Is someone there? If someone is there and if you're trying to do something to me I suggest you show yourself because I don't like to be messed with." The green eyed bear looks around himself quickly before focusing his eyes back on where he was going, content with not finding anything, like me and my methods of catching him.

"I guess it wasn't a fluke after all, that bear really does know magic. Are you ready to switch targets now? Cause if he knows magic it probably won't end well if you keep going after him." Mel says quietly once we both think that blundering bear is out of earshot, continuing to walk after he got himself back together from my attempt to get him to a catchable size.

"Not a chance! I will catch him someday, somehow! You wait and see!"

"Yeah... yeah I probably will. I guess we've got to get a move on then, Ace." Mel says already tired but me I have tenacity on my side as well as wit and everything else I need to make sure I succeed.

An Hour and Ten Minutes Later

"Ahaha... I think I've finally got a magic proof plan to get that lucky mage of a bear."

"That's what you said last time... and the time before that and the one before that. We've been at this for over an hour, Ace. We're not even at the park anymore. When are you going to just let this polar bear go?"

"I already told you I'm not letting him go because I'm finally going to catch him... with this!" I hold up a small vial of exactly what I need to make this work.

“Okkkk... what’s special about *that*?” Mel asks with what sounds like an irritated inquisitiveness that I can’t exactly blame him for with how long we or rather I’ve been at this.

“*This* not only has an even stronger shrinking enchantment than all the previous... methods I’ve used but it’s also got a secondary enchantment that blocks magic use. I’m confident this’ll do the trick but there’s also always another backup plan.” I pat one of my pants pockets which clanks to indicate where the backup is as we stroll down the sidewalk, this is New York so no one is paying us any real mind.

“I’m guessing we’ll see if that confidence pays off... unlike the last few times. So how do you use it anyway?”

“There’s a number of ways but I’m just gonna splash it right onto that big bear from behind and that should do the trick.”

“Mmhhh. Well, good luck.” Is all Mel says in response to my plan and I’m a bit surprised.

“That’s it? No clever comment or comeback? Telling me this is gonna go wrong?”

“Nope. I’m going to let this play out and be there for whatever happens, to support you. After all, you’ve still got energy somehow, I’ll try to match that.” Mel’s response isn’t uncharacteristic since he’d have left if he didn’t believe in me but it still catches me a bit off guard since it seems sincere.

“... Alright then. I’m going for it, this is my best shot.” I don’t want to admit it out loud but I’m also getting tired of this now monotonous hunt and want it to be over too.

I forgo most of the stealth I was trying to use before and walk to the point where I’m just a few feet behind my ice bear target. His ear doesn’t so much as twitch as I maintain this close distance for at least halfway through the block while managing not to overstep, this bear is either the most unobservant or the most nonchalant person (beastman, human or otherwise) I’ve met so far and while one of those options is better for me I can’t help but be bothered regardless of which it is. When the seemingly oblivious ursine stops at the corner I see my opening and waste no time in using it by uncorking the small vial with one paw and then launching it right at the big bear. My hopes of catching him with this new trick up my sleeve are quickly dashed to my disbelief as he reaches down to pick up a dollar mere inches from the curb as his good luck turns into my misfortune.

The powerful potion once contained in the vial hits the street in front of us both with an unfortunate ***Splat*** as it fails to hit the oversized bruin it was meant for. I take a deep breath and

suck in any panic or frustration as the bear stands back up, putting the dollar in the pocket of his sweatpants and I reach into the pocket of my own pants so that the hunt can go on. My final backup is an amulet, once I get it around that mostly white furred neck it'll shrink him fast and I can grab him to get away with my shrunken meal to be. I take my shot with a mad leap while the traffic light is green.

"Aha! Now I've gotcha." I proclaim. Proud of myself as I manage to leap at least several feet both to reach the bear from where I was and to get the chain of the amulet on a neck that's around the same height as my head, maybe even a few inches above it.

"What the-?! **Uggh.**" Is all my ursine prey says as I open a latch to click the chain into place and don't even get the time to savor his shocked face as he shrinks too fast. About 7 feet of mass displaced in almost an instant as this bear becomes a meager 2 or 3 inches tall.

Another instant is all it takes for me to grab him this time, clasping him firmly but not too tightly between the black pads of my paws. I actually got him, is what I think as I question where to put him since just keeping my paws wedged together to hold a miniature polar bear won't do much but draw unneeded attention. While I'm thinking though he starts squirming and as I'm about to use a bit of loose thread I notice hanging from one of the buttons around my polo shirt's collar as makeshift bindings I hear the sound of something being cut. There's a **Clink** as if something just disconnect...ed... oh crap. My paws are pried open and I watch the regrowing bear leap out of my hands and back onto the sidewalk. He's down on one knee but basically back to regular size.

"**Oof!** What the heck was that about?" The polar bear rubs his head as he says that and is actually having the gall to not even look my way as he starts standing back up.

"Woah, wait a minute are you just up and leaving?!" I angrily say as this aggravating bear is slowly just walking away.

"Ace! What are you doing??!" I hear Mel worriedly ask from somewhere a bit off in the distance but I don't take heed of him, focused on this one man or rather beastman instead.

"I'm... sorry. I'm just walking here, is that an issue?" The big bear stares befuddled at me with those green eyes and that only makes me even more angry at him.

"**YES THAT'S AN ISSUE!!**" I shout no longer caring about anything else but me and my attempted prey. "I have been trying to shrink and catch you for at least two hours! I held you just now within my paws and you're literally walking all that off like nothing happened! How are you *THIS* unaware of your surroundings, gods above!"

“**Ohhh!** All of that shrinking before and just now **WAS** actually caused by somebody. I was starting to think something was wrong with my magic *hehehe*.” The bear comes to this overdue realization and then laughs and I have to put a paw to my chin to keep my jaw from dropping at the absurdity of all this.

“Well now that I know that it was you messing with and trying to catch me for a reason I think I’ve got a good idea of I’d say it’s time we head to somewhere more private to discuss things, like home.” The polar bear now has a mischievous glint in the green and surrounding blue of his eye.

“Wait a sec, what do you mean by hom-?” I’m cut off as I feel the weight of a meaty paw come over me and then a splash of wetness over my head and brown headfur followed by an inability to move just about any part of my body.

“Well you’ve had your chance to try and make a meal out of me. Now it’s *my* turn.” He whispers out that last part and leaves my mind to horrifically ponder the possibilities in it as my body remains seemingly paralyzed and useless. The last thing I hear is the sound of Mel’s voice and presumably his footsteps(it’s hard to tell when you can’t move your neck to double-check) as he cries out for me. “Nooo, Ace! Get away from my friend you bast-” is all Mel gets out before I hear the sound of a chain rubbing against thick fur that isn’t my own and the feeling of a type of energy going from shoulder through the rest of me as my surroundings start to shift. My mouth is still unable to move and so I don’t even get to try and assure Mel that “It’s okay, man. I’ll be fine” even though those are definitely not certainties at this point.

Things become even more uncertain as my surroundings finish shifting in the time it would take me to blink if whatever paralytic overtook my ability to move didn’t also affect my eyes. So instead I watch as things just go from a sidewalk in Manhattan to what looks like a living room judging by the extra large couch, large end-tables and pretty average size tv. This has to be the home of my ursine prey turned captor who now takes his paw off my shoulder and removes the amulet he was wearing, I’m guessing the source of the energy I had been feeling and the ability to teleport. He looks at me, shakes his head and then pulls out a vial from the pouch of some kind of brown belt under his mostly dark green shirt, one that looks almost like a utility belt and I can’t remember if it was there before but either way I’m more focused on the vial.

“Ahh, I see that you see the vial. It’s an antidote to the paralyzing potion I poured on you earlier. It would take hours to wear off otherwise. I’ll use it on you in a minute because having you frozen in place like that is boring and I think unnecessary but before I do allow me to show you a little bit more of why trying to hunt me was never going to work too well in your favor from the start.” The bear states as he raises his hand and grows what looks to be an additional two heads

taller, at least, probably standing at around 10 feet or a little below that. He clears his throat and speaks with a voice that's a little bit deeper now.

"I hope that the scale of my proper height is sinking in. I prefer to be a bit smaller to blend in better but now that I'm home I don't need to be worrying about that anymore. You on the other hand... might still have worries to be had." He brushes his paw under my chin and I can feel that his black pads are a bit bumpy instead of smooth. He then takes the time to lower his paws out of my line of sight and I hear some rustling sounds but can't move my head or really feel anything to know what he's doing. He knows I'm helpless right now and he's taking advantage of it, relishing in it, the jerk.

"I'm going to undo the effects of the paralytic potion now. Given you don't really know your surroundings right now and also what I've shown you so far any escape attempts would be... foolhardy. So any last words? Any final requests... you know besides freedom?" The bear says as he drips a rather warm liquid over my head that I feel around my snout before it sinks in.

The feeling slowly starts coming back to my body along with the ability to move. Starting at my scalp and descending down to my jaw which I start trying to move before it slowly reaches my fingers and then finally my toes which I struggle to even wiggle at first. It takes a few minutes I think, though it feels considerably longer as the bear merely stands back with an eyebrow raised as I test both my mouth and all my extremities to make sure whatever poison this bear splashed over my head earlier has worn off and I can move again. I look him up and down from combed black headfur to toe claws to his special belt and semi snug shirt. Examining him for anything to get me out of the mess this whole situation, maybe even get him in my belly if I can really turn this whole situation back in my favor again. Then a rather bold idea comes to me.

"A last request, hmm? I... **Clack**... I want a deep kiss from... a handsome apex predator like yourself. To become... more intimately acquainted... **Clench**... with the bear I'm going to end up a part of." I'm banking on him being honorable and/or gay enough to go with this wild request. Hoping for the best as I clock the shock in his previously confident eyes while moving my jaw and fingers so I know they work well if he agrees to this.

"Y-You want a kiss?! From me?? W-What kind of crazy request is this??" He's stammering in a mix of anxiousness and disbelief but it seems to be more at the idea that someone would want to kiss him.

"It's the last request of a pred who knows what he wants. With all that bravado and you showing off just now I didn't think a bit of fun before I died would be too much to ask." I take a step forward as I talk trying to initiate things, to look for my opening and this bear actually takes a step back, rubbing his headfur with a paw.

“D-die?! Ohh... yes I suppose that makes sense. I’m just a bit surprised that’s something someone would want. This isn’t usually how this goes... when I... y’know.” Shyness is one of the absolute last things I expected from someone like this. The sheepishness of an awkward teenager from a bear this big and seemingly voracious is something that I’m finding myself having to suppress laughter at.

“Why-why are you smiling? I’m still gonna eat you, you know!” He tries to regain some semblance of confidence, of control by shouting and baring his fangs but it’s undercut both by him taking another step back from me, nearly bumping into an end table in the process before he repositions his step and I notice something new happening.

“Oh I know but I’m certainly getting some enjoyment out of all this before that happens. My question for you is ummm... why is your fur glowing?” I am genuinely asking, to an extent but I also have a gut feeling that the answer he gives, whatever it is won’t change what’s going on much.

“Why’s my fur-OH! Oh, that’s ummm, it’s just -it’s a... reflex. Wait no... I mean mood reaction...I... darn it.” I’m gonna assume it’s that last one and not dwell on it. I’m getting too comfortable with my fate talking to my fellow beastman, letting myself be distracted by this polar bear that would be dorkily charming in some other scenario but in the here and now...

“I think we’re losing focus so if it’s okay with you I’m going in for my kiss now.” I step towards him to begin to close the distance he created between us as he makes movements like he’s unsure what to do.

I don’t let that dissuade me though, keeping eye contact with him, raising an eyebrow as I stand in front of him and wait for a signal to proceed. After about half a minute of my brown eyes looking into his green ones surrounded by that ocean blue sclera he gives me an okay with a shy little nod, seemingly realizing that he couldn’t just stand there frozen in the hopes I forgot my last request. At that okay I take another step and a half forward as he sucks in some air and seems to be trying to calm his nerves. I’d be laughing if I had time to waste but I don’t so instead I reach out with my paws to get good grips on the lower parts of his shoulder and torso, grabbing both firmly as I have to tiptoe and extend my neck to try and reach his face and lips. I barely manage it but then thankfully he lowers his head a little more and I’m able to kiss him more comfortably.

When our lips properly lock he pulls away at first, hesitant and unsure of my intentions which is kind of fair but he also lifts me off my feet by a few inches demonstrating a strength which reminds me of the danger I’m still facing. When he relaxes though we truly go at it and he

doesn't just open up to me but truly embraces my touch and kissing with a hunger running his bigger paws over mine and leaning in to kiss me deeper as I open my mouth and his thick blood red tongue doesn't hesitate before entering it. For a minute I let myself get lost in the euphoria of the moment, eyes closed, me and this seemingly lonely bear exploring each other's maws and bodies. I move my paws to run them along his soft but not overly soft belly and he moans in delight and I can't help but shiver when his paws run along the base of my back only a few inches from where my tail is. We make out passionately for at least two minutes before our lips separate to take a breath and we go back at it within a minute, our paws never leaving each other and our warm breath on each other's faces as we resume.

It's when I'm running my paw pads over this bear's sweatpant covered rump eliciting a deep groan as he rubs his over my chest and pecs that I remember I did this not just to try and stall but to find weak points. I run my paw from his butt back around to his thick neck and I feel a mix of fat and muscle and start feeling a deep rumbling almost like a strong purr coming from this guy. I never imagined bears could purr so that's something new among the things I can say I've gained from this experience. I open my eyes again but it's no good as all I can see is parts of his face too close to really focus on them and we're too wrapped up by each other for me to move. I break what we're doing for a second to ask a question I didn't think I'd actually get to but maybe it'll get me somewhere, at least give a bit of humanity to this whole experience and I know that can make some preds a bit more squeamish about it all.

"PANT You know with all **PANT** we're doing right now I don't think we've even gotten each other's names... I'm Wallace but a lot of my friends call me Ace. You can too if you want." I manage to get out between resting breaths as my paws rest comfortably on the middle of this bear's back.

"You **HUFF** never bothered to ask for it. Usually I'm better about giving it...when I'm not sneak attacked. Though I guess I can't really complain all things considered... it's Theo. That's **MOAANN** my name." He moans because my paw makes it's way back to his thick ass(sliding down his hips along the way) and gropes firmly. We're both still in our clothes so all this smooching and feeling each other up has so far been through fabric...fabric...fabric!

I use my free paw to feel through my pockets including the ones in my polo shirt for literally anything that can help me get the upper hand and escape being bellied by this bear thankfully too caught up by my probing muzzle and paws on his ass and belly to focus on eating me. I've got nothing in my pockets to save myself, Theo was thorough in emptying them out. All I've got now is what nature provided me. I have my claws and fangs but I know from how intimately I've become acquainted with them by way of my own purplish tongue as well as my own fangs colliding with them that Theo's fangs are sharper and bigger than mine. I'm familiar

with his claws too as my paws feel them brush along my neck, they're thick and less sharp than mine but with the power in his paws which are bigger than mine I have to admit I'm outmatched.

That won't stop me from putting that to the test though as we break our deep kiss once more with a single strand of saliva coming off our tongues, snapping as our muzzles separate. Theo doesn't rush things with our long string of kissing feeling like it's run its course but I only really got a taste of the muzzle intent on devouring me followed by a feel over everything else. Now I want a more proper taste of this polar bear. I get a hold of Theo's shirt and start to pull it off, the big bear squirming and snorting in confusion as I tug it off him. This could probably give me some sort of escape opportunity I think as I'm still tugging at his currently very big shirt but halfway through my ursine host gets the idea, I think and helps me slide off the rest of his shirt in under a minute continuing to squash all plans of escape but not all my plans as a whole.

"I don't get what you're-**WAHHH...OHHHHH**." I cut Theo off by rapidly removing his sweatpants with my paws while my mouth closes carefully around his now bare shoulder as he gets on his knees.

"... **CHOMP** You-youf warfre true moch." I garbledly say with a mouthful of polar bear fur and shoulder, trying to stay clamped on while not having my fangs piercing the presumably black skin of my soon to be devourer.

The flavor of this bear rocks my tongue as I slurp on his shoulders getting strong tastes of vanilla and then blueberry as my tongue slides over his now glowing again spots. A part of me is seriously wondering about it now but again I've got bigger concerns. At least I do know that Mel was incredibly wrong and this bear is absolutely delicious as I pass my tongue over his shoulder to get more of those blueberry and vanilla flavors, savoring what I could have had. While my mouth is busy my hands also start getting busy again as with Theo's sweatpants out of the way (he finished taking them off with a final kick which got them out of the way) this leaves his legs and more importantly his half hard member exposed.

I don't get started on the shaft right away. Instead starting at those inner thighs and maneuvering my fingers towards and around those white, fuzzy balls which makes Theo shiver and then smile exposing some of those sharp white teeth that could give a seriously fatal bite. I shake that thought out of my mind and let one paw massage and caress his balls while the other makes its way slowly to a now fully erect shaft. I tease it and him a little more, putting my hand there one minute like I'll start stroking before instead going for his belly and giving that a nice, firm rub instead. A few minutes of the back and forth leaves Theo an utterly blissful, rumbling and close to bursting mess.

I have a knack for knowing when guys I'm providing pleasure to are close. He even starts saying "I'm Clos-" before I raise a finger to his lips and give a soft "shhh" and he gets the picture as I stop playing around and go for the shaft now. Pumping it faster and faster with one paw as another fondles his balls. After that point it doesn't take long at all as I lower my face and remove my hand from his balls to focus on the shaft only at the last second. I get a rough splattering of this bear's seed and it almost knocks me back as it hits me. It's strong, overpoweringly musky and... dark blue? That's pretty unexpected as this polar bear's cock continues to pump cum first on my face and chest and then on the floor as his orgasm produces an ear shattering

“GRROAAAARRRRR”.

Which I'm not sure if I want anyone else to have heard or not given the circumstances. I'm curious what cum that color could taste like so I stick out my tongue since it's all over my face and the sweetness is so much it gives me a slight buzz just from one small taste. It's such a seamless blue raspberry flavor that I would have thought it was artificial and probably from one of those Icee machines if I didn't coax it out of this bear's cock with my own two hands. The cum coming from his dick dribbles to a stop with a bit of time and we're both left panting in the afterglow for I don't know how long. I see his cock softening and then I notice I can feel mine softening too, not rubbing as hard against the fabric of my still on jeans. I can even feel a wet spot, guess this all turned me on more than I realized.

Eventually Theo looks at me with a hunger I can recognize all too well as he licks his lips and I push myself to stand not wanting to be on my knees for what's coming.

“PANT SLURP I didn't happen to satisfy you enough that you've decided to let me go, did I?” I ask after both catching my breath and slurping up excess drool that I didn't even realize I was making. I already know the answer and the bear shakes his head no to confirm it.

“Yeah, I figured as much. So this is the end?” I look back to Theo and am kind of surprised by another head shake.

“It's not quite over yet. I **HUFF** like a bit of a chase when it comes to my prey.” I feel a gust of his hot breath blow through my headfur as he leans over my head while talking.

“What do you m-” I'm cut off as Theo puts his left hand on my shoulder and furrows his brow like he's concentrating as his head gains a light blue glow around it and then he points it and his muzzle downwards.

I don't understand what this bear is doing at first until I feel a weird sensation work it's way from my head to my bushy tail then to my toes and that reminds me that he knows magic. I

start seeing Theo's magic working on me as the room starts growing, I start feeling dizzy and this polar bear that already was already huge starts becoming even bigger. He's shrinking me! My vision becomes subsumed as my shirt is now too large for my much smaller body which is only becoming tinier. Until the dizziness fades and that's when I hear a ruffling noise followed by the feeling of unfortunately familiar fingers around my waist. I'm pulled out from the confines of my polo shirt and into the light which grants me a better perspective on how small I currently am.

"I'm giving you a two minute headstart. Use it well." Theo's voice practically booms in my ears with my current decrease in size as he stares down at me with hunger again while his body gives off a sort of playful anticipation.

"W-What??" I'm frozen in fear for what feels like the first time in my life even though I know it's not but almost all other memories are a blur when the moment has a more pressing thing for me to be afraid of.

"I said I'm gonna give you a two minute head start to try and escape from being a somewhat heavy snack. I suggest you start running, about now." Theo lowers my body onto the floor as he utters those last two words and I get to realize that I've gone from roughly chest high in comparison to the bear to reaching barely halfway to his knee. Not as small as he could have made me but still far from good.

"Your two minutes is about to star-ar-art." He says it like it's a line from a song as he closes his eyes and I'm left wondering what the hell to do.

I'm less than a foot tall and this room was already kind of big when I was regular sized, now it feels fit for a giant. I look around to see the big footpaws of the extra large bear which could stomp me flat with no difficulty at the height I'm at now, a supremely massive couch that I could get lost between the cushions of, there's a decent sized footrest that looks to double as some kind of container judging by the loose lid. Maybe I could hide in there or under the couch, no... I won't hide like a scared idiot. I'll do something to help myself escape and that's when I notice the towering endtables and on one sits my phone.

I make a dash for the end table deciding that my next but hopefully not final action will be to call a friend for help. I'm estimating that takes about 20 seconds of my remaining time leaving me roughly a minute left given the time I spent panicked and examining the room. When I reach one of the legs of the end table I'm left realizing that the only way up it is to use my claws and climb, like a house cat climbing up furniture or like my less evolved ancestors I suppose. Still I've never felt less dignified than clawing my way up basic furniture to call for help. Once I get to my cell phone I make sure it's on and try to open it with facial recognition, that naturally fails with my facial proportions all wrong now. I quickly switch to typing in the passcode which is

actually easier with smaller paws/pawpads although I do have to maneuver around the phone as I'm atop an end table and can't exactly hold it in my paws anymore.

"Come on, Mel. Answer. I need you right now." I whisper out to no one in hope the universe gives me a break as I go to my contacts and make the call. I'm tense as the phone rings for a few seconds and I'm afraid it's about to go to voicemail till I thankfully hear a "hello" on the other end of the line.

"Oh thank goodness! Listen Mel it's me, Wallace. I don't have much time at all. I need you to call the cops if you haven't already. Have them trace this call or something because I don't know where I am but what I do know is that I am in serious danger."

"W-wait, hold on. Ace? Is this seriously you? It's a bit hard to hear you, is something wrong with your phone. What happened to that bear?" Figures he'd be struggling to hear me when I'm this small and in this much danger.

"That bear shrank me which is probably why you can't hear me better. He's gonna eat me, Mel. I need help and I need it fast-" **TAP**. My phone call is cut off by a single claw delicately reaching over me towards the end call button in the middle of my phone screen.

"Seriously? A phone call?! You didn't even try to hide yourself at all. *Hehehe*" The giant bear laughs as he picks me up with one paw like one would a helpless kitten and I'm certain that I'm not going anywhere safe.

"I'd almost say you wanted to get caught. You got a thorough taste of this bear and couldn't help wanting to be a part of me deep down. Of course I can't know for sure without asking you, am I close?" Theo smiles a mischievous little smile as he asks what I know is more of a rhetorical question. This bear is taunting me as he has me at chest level. I want to be mad but truthfully I'd be doing the same, probably worse since I know I wouldn't have taken my time or be as gentle as he's been.

"I might have grown a soft spot or two for you but I've never stopped intending for you to be belly fat on this fine wolverine." I rub my paw over my own, somewhat soft belly to illustrate my point, to try and negate the way he might be making me afraid.

"Perhaps but I do see a bit of excitement there." He points to the erection I didn't even realize I had swaying out in the open as he's been holding me naked by the torso and I can feel a bit of red go right to my cheeks from a mix of embarrassment and uncertainty on what to do now that I'm very exposed.

“**EEP** I-I pr-promise it’s not quite what you think.” I stutter out from that same embarrassment and then say something stupid. “W-Why didn’t you shrink me further?” Of all the things I could have chosen to make my last words I chose a question like that, dummy move.

“I’ll be honest, I thought about making you smaller to make the hunt for you more interesting but then I thought with wolverines being the biggest of mustelids and you valuing yourself so much as a big, powerful predator that it’d be more fun to let you keep a bit of that size. Plus this way you’re less of a mere morsel and more of a full meal. And I think I’m finally ready to make that meal out of you. Are you ready?”

I’m about to answer “of course not, you asshole!” but I don’t get the chance to say it as I’m lifted up right to Theo’s face. Then I’m cut off by the feeling of that thick red tongue coming out and brushing up from my now tiny tummy to my chin bathing me in sticky polar bear drool. That one lick is his first taste of me at my more minuscule size and one of my last tastes of freedom as he promptly opens his jaws. He does it somewhat slowly and in the very brief seconds he takes doing it I absorb the features of the last face I’m sure I’ll ever see. The big light blue spots on his cheeks and atop his big snout, that big black nose huffing out warm gusts of air, the stubble atop his lip that suggests that he recently shaved, that wild headfur in an almost mohawk like shape, those big green eyes suspended in dark blue like a river holding a small island in the middle. Those black lips part to reveal a slimy tongue and inner flesh that have a scarlet color, there are those four massive fangs in front with whole rows of teeth smaller and differently shaped but almost as sharp as those fangs.

In the end as I see and hear those lips come together to make a final **SMACK**ing sound they reopen again almost immediately and I’m unceremoniously tossed inside that drooly maw headfirst. Half of my body is now inside Theo’s hot and humid mouth while the other half including my paws is outside. His hanging uvula is less than an inch from my muzzle to the point it practically blurs in front of my vision but I know it’s there. His tongue moves underneath my belly slathering my bottom half(the half that’s in his maw anyway) in drool as I can hear his throat rumble in delight at my taste. His tongue maneuvers its way from the upper part of my belly to my face, making me close my eyes to keep the drool away from them as much as I can.

He then starts to tongue bathe my upper back without even bothering to flip me over or anything so now all of my upper half is drenched in drool. He lifts me to the soft, ridged roof of his mouth and I think it’s to toy with me further but no it’s actually to start swallowing me down, there’s no more delaying this is happening now. I should be struggling, trying to put up some kind of final fight or push my way back out of his approaching throat and back towards freedom but I don’t. Wolverine’s are supposed to be tenacious and never quit but I’ve already tried everything I could think of more or less. So instead I move one of my paws still on the outside of his maw while my face slips into his throat. Before he can swallow again and bring that paw into

his muzzle I stroke his face one more time with that paw. An action I don't fully get why I'm doing but I do it anyway and he surprises me by warmly covering my fuzzy hand with his paw, that bumpy paw pad providing a final bit of comfort before he lets go and swallows again.

I open my eyes to see rings of muscle in front of me with a black abyss slightly further down that I know will become easier to see with a bit of time. There's a pressure on my shoulders as while my head fits easily into this bear's throat my shoulders are a bit wider and that's what got sucked in by that second swallow. I can feel that my lower legs are still outside and kick them up and down to check. Theo chuckles and there's another swallow pushing the rest of my upper half into his constricting throat and my tail into his hot muzzle.

Another swallow and I can hear the thumping of his heart in my ears somewhere around me. When my legs and feet are fully inside his muzzle he closes his jaws with a rough **CLACK** and that's when I feel his tongue tasting my legs, running along my tail, even teasing my hole but not truly entering it. I can't imagine even the most skilled preds having that kind of control over their tongues to do that from inside their own maws. I feel a special heat in my loins from that but he stops almost as fast as he suddenly started and swallows the rest of me and my limbs in one big gulp. The last words I hear from him are "I love the taste of orange" said in a voice that I could only barely make out from beneath layers of fur, skin and presumably blubber. Now I know what I taste like as Theo resigns me to a fate I never expected would befall me like the many prey I've sent to stew in the pit of my stomach... like I had planned to do to Theo.

Reality sinks in even further as peristalsis finishes pushing me through a thick, tight ring of muscle and I get my first acrid whiff of the inside of the bear's belly as I plop face first into the muscly sac. I squirm a little on entry and realize that it's the first time I've actually moved since my hand was on the outside of Theo's maw. I didn't really struggle at all, I'm thinking as I feel the rest of me join my head in the mostly empty stomach of the big polar bear. My squirms and slide into his relatively vacant gut elicit a moan as I try to make myself as comfortable as I possibly can in here. At the size Theo shrank me I'm too big to comfortably stand up but I'm also too small to make his stomach stretch to accommodate me. I'm stuck in limbo at this perfect meal size, with my best option being to lay down and pretend I'm now surrounded by slime, acid and layers of muscle to try and be comfortable.

I mean I could move, struggle at least a little till the end, cause I have the space to move somewhat comfortably even if it's through slime and berry muck. Which I'm just now noticing rests at the bottom of Theo's belly as I feel it ooze over my footpaws. I punch one of the walls of his stomach to see whether it'd be worth it to fight and the response that gets is a hearty "**BWORRPP**" that shakes Theo's belly followed by what feels like an aftershock as there's a **THWUMP** of Theo's paw hitting his gut like he's trying to settle it. I'm about to try hitting that same stomach wall again(still laying down which isn't easy to do when aiming a punch) but then

I notice it's become a bit harder to breath along with the space around me scrunching in a little. So I don't really hit anything with my palm instead slapping the bottom of Theo's belly which squelches around my landing paw in response.

I've never really thought about how prey breathed from inside a gut. I always took the struggles and the pleading and the occasional one who's enjoying it to mean that they'd mostly be fine, that it was the acid that did them in. Today has left me with a lot to reexamine I think as my lungs and fingertips both start tingling and then I hear a muffled "oh crap" followed by a gasping sound. There's a rush of air that makes me feel less lightheaded but it still stings and tingles going in. I feel a poke which distends flesh and muscle to reach me and I'm startled enough to attempt a jump that lifts me an inch till I'm reminded how much space is in here by the stomach's ceiling as it were which gifts me with some more slime making my muzzle more damp and itchy.

"I'm still alive...if that's what you're poking me for. I don't **PANT** stay down that easy."

"I would **HUFF** hope not. You're a satisfying meal and decent company too." Theo says to me, first thing he's said since he swallowed me down and if it came from anyone else or in another tone it'd be like salt on top of my already wounded pride. There's a genuineness to how he speaks it though that I believe his words.

I lean back on a gut wall listening to the big bear's heartbeat from within until I hear gulps from above then feel some sort of viscous liquid pour in. As it drips off the top of my head I see that it's red and has a syrupy texture which somehow is quickly absorbed by my fur. I'm about to question what the hell that was about but I'm interrupted by being jostled by sudden movements and Theo's heartbeat starting to increase. This is something I am familiar with because I've been on the other end, doing it. He's jacking off to me being in him. I squirm a bit as a result of all the movement as he strokes himself which only makes him increase the pace he's doing it at.

I decide I might as well join him in masturbating since he denied me release earlier and he's got no problem pleasuring himself with me as both a witness from within and his fap material so there's no point in hiding any sense of horniness from all this. I was already starting to sweat in here with it being so naturally hot and humid like a sauna but considerably more nasty and more intense by being the core of a creature, especially one that can retain heat as much as a polar bear does. Meaning I know I'm gonna start sweating bullets as I place my paw on my shaft and start pumping. I get a nice pace going as I try to ignore the movement from the outside still making things shaky in here. Having started first Theo orgasms first, this time not with a roar but with a pretty loud moan "**OOOONNNNNNN!**" followed by an "**Ahhh**" of satisfaction.

That makes the movements in here slow down a little as he winds down and I'm not being unintentionally(I want to believe) shaken around by his jerking movements. From what I can tell he goes quiet and I don't hear anything like cum splattering or him moving to go clean himself up. That said his stomach does start churning so there's still some movement but that doesn't impede from reaching my own personal climax. With a pent up, practically primal growl I give in to the euphoria of release as ropes and ropes of cum burst out of me. I didn't even realize how much I needed to cum before now but I feel considerably better now that I have as my jizz adds a bit of white to the digesting muck sitting in the pit of Theo's stomach.

A bit of extra sauce and protein to go with his full helping of wolverine. Man, I truly am starting to think of myself as a meal. That's a real sign I'm reaching the end and as if to confirm there's a gurgle from the surrounding belly of the polar bear who devoured me. In the afterglow of having just orgasmed my eyelids start feeling heavy and the increasing movement inside Theo's belly along with a stronger tingling feeling in my back, and lower half. All of which are mostly submerged in stomach acid tells me that his belly is more focused upon digesting me now. I hear a hungry *GURGLE* as the walls crunch in a little before pushing back out to where they were before. This is it, I'm finished I think as I close my eyes. It could... have been worse...at least he wasn't cruel... like I... was... a lot of times.

KNOCK KNOCK

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

"Huh... what?" I'm woken up by the sound of some intense knocks on my apartment door. I'm in only my underwear leaving my brown furred chest and mostly brown furred legs exposed. I wiggle my contrastingly orange furred fingers and toes in an effort to wake up a little more.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

"I'm coming! I'm coming. Just give me a minute, yeesh!" I shout out towards the door as I put on some pants and a shirt that suspiciously were folded up right by the couch I was sleeping on. As if someone put them there but I can't remember doing so. Plus there's something not quite right about them but I don't have time to figure out what it is and they fit well enough.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOC-

"Oh gods, Ace! You are alive! Thank goodness!" I interrupt the knocking by answering the door and Mel starts crying when he sees me on the other side of it as he shouts with glee as if he hasn't seen me in years. Right before he wraps his arms around me in a hug.

“I thought you were gone forever till that polar bear called me from your phone to tell me to check on you tomorrow. I didn’t understand what he was up to but you’re here and you’re alive!”

“I am... I am alive.” I don’t understand what’s going on but my arms wrap around Mel to return his hug without any conscious effort from me and I feel tears of joy run down my face. I don’t get why I’m crying either or so happy to be crying tears of joy like this, it’s just Mel stopping by. At least I think that’s all this is?

“I’m very confused. Why are you so surprised I’m alive? Why am I crying? Why’d a polar bear have my phone?”

“Oh man, are you telling me you don’t remember any of yesterday? Tell me you’re messing with me bro.” Mel breaks our hug to look into my eyes and see if I’m being honest with him. I take a step back and nod because I really don’t remember.

“I’m telling you the truth. I don’t remember. My memory doesn’t just feel hazy or something like that, it feels like it’s just gone and I don’t know why.”

“I think I do. It was that strange bear, it has to be. I found this in your mailbox. I’m pretty sure he left it there. It doesn’t have a name or address but he told me over the phone that he’d leave you something to remember him by. Maybe whatever’s in this could help jog your memory.” Mel hands me a regular yellow envelope that’s just got To: Wallace(Ace) written on it like it was a birthday card or something. For some reason I know it’s got a familiar smell on it I think and I take a long sniff of it.

“Theo, his name is Theo...” Mel gives me a look when I say the name and I give him a shrug because I don’t know how just a scent could make me recall that. A scent that’s a mix of vanilla, blueberries and an undertone of ice. “... You wanna come inside?” I ask Mel and he strolls right in.

He takes a seat on the couch as do I. I look at the letter hesitating to open it because I don’t know why and how it’s here, what it could be. Mel looks at it too, he’s sweating, probably scared it could be some kind of threat or an explanation we’re both not ready for. I can’t agonize over what could be in it forever though and open carefully by slicing open the top with a claw. Inside is a letter written on margined yellow 8 by 11 paper and a printed photo. I put it on the table to read it to myself with Mel also looking at it.

Dear Ace (If I may call you that),

If you're reading this then firstly you're okay which is good and secondly your friend did his part in giving this letter to you like I instructed over the phone. I know you're wondering what happened yesterday and to put it bluntly, welllll I ate you. Of course you attempted to eat me first but that's not enough justification for what I did. I'm a pred too, what can I say? If you're wondering how you're still alive to have woken up on your couch, I know you can't remember but I do know magic and I also know a fair bit of alchemy. I used that knowledge both to reform you and to take a bit of your memory, can't have you knowing where I live or my face in case of you wanting revenge... or trying to call the cops on me. As a fellow pred I hope you can understand and not think me a monster like some would. That said if you do want to meet again I'd love to, you were one filling meal. You know the place to find me and who knows maybe you could even make a meal out of me. As long as I survive the experience or vice versa.

P.S. Check the picture, it might jog the memory a bit

Your bear-y grateful devourer

“Wow. That’s a lot to take in. How are you feeling Ace? Do you think you’re gonna meet this bear again and get some filling payback.” Mel playfully pats his slim stomach covered by a black T-shirt and it’s almost cute till I look at the picture that came with the letter. It’s of Theo’s blue spotted belly naked and jutting out like he’s just had a sizable meal, his paw is laying on it and at the bottom of the photo it says “you contributed to this”.

“I-I think I’m feeling kind of hungry. You want to go get an omelet or something.”

“Seriously?? What did that bear do to you, man? You actually seem kind of rattled. Also it’s like 1 pm.” Mel grabs my paw with his hand and a memory comes back that that’s one of the last things Theo did before swallowing me down. Without even thinking about it I grab his hand and hold it tight though not so tight it might hurt him.

“1 pm?! Is it really that late?” I ask to give myself a bit more time to process.

Some memories begin to come back like the sight of Theo’s red tongue and throat in front of my face and looking like the beginnings of a fleshy waterslide. I can’t remember exactly what his face looked like or his house and I can only recall the beginning and end of the hunt to try and get him. But when he paralyzed me and then undid it, the inside of his maw, of his stomach,

my final moments reflecting on the differences between the way we treated our prey. A good chunk of it comes back but there's still more than a few pieces missing. Maybe they'll also come back with time or if I was to meet that peculiar ursine again. Right now though I just want to eat, to have a proper meal. One that I can eat without feeling guilty or that won't make me reconsider my whole life.

"...yeah. Yeah, I don't know when you got back here but it seems like you were asleep for a good few hours at least. You wanna talk about what happened? You seem... off... distant even." Mel has given me my minute or two to process while looking a little worried and also while not letting go of my paw, not that I mind that.

"... I'll be alright. I'm just doing some thinking. Say since it's the afternoon how about we get some burgers. I can tell you what I remember happening on the way. It'll be my treat." I summon up a smile and stand up from the couch almost dragging Mel up with me till I remember he hasn't let go of my paw and move a bit more carefully with that in mind.

"Oh wow. Something really did go on between you two. That polar bear didn't use his magic to replace you did he?" Mel cracks a joke and it gets me remembering the liquid that poured over my head back in the belly of the bear. Even though he doesn't mean it, a part of me starts to wonder if that is what happened before a different memory of the mutual masturbation session between me and Theo comes back to my mind and shoves that thought out for now .

"Who's to say? Guess you'll just have to find out while we walk to that burger spot a few blocks away." I decide to play along with Mel's joke, distracts from my concerns for right now.

"Alright then. Guess lunch is on you, sweet!" Mel heads to the door with enthusiasm and my paw is now freed of his grasp on its squishy surface.

"It sure is buddy. Just let me get the door and we can get a move on." I close and lock the door behind me, admittedly a little slower than usual given both what just happened and the answers I know I'm gonna have to give. I also have questions of my own to ask but those will have to wait till I see that bear again. I'm pretty certain I'll see Theo again, though this time it'll be less of a hunt for him and more me seeking him out along with answers and then seeing where things go from there. The one thing I know for certain is that he left an impression that'll stick with me even if I don't remember it completely, for now.