

Predator Training

Dilla struggled with all her might, but it did no good. She simply wasn't strong enough to break the fox's grip. He had her arms pinned against her sides and, despite her best efforts to free herself, barely seemed to have to put much effort into keeping his hold on her.

The soft pad of footsteps drawing near drew Dilla's attention and, for a moment, she dared to hope that this might be a rescue of some kind. It was not a rescue. The new arrival, a large vixen, smiled brightly at Dilla's captor. "Nice work." She complimented him. "I got the other one." Lifting her arms, she held up the wriggling bunny trapped between them.

Dilla stared at her boyfriend in despair. She had hoped that, even if she was going to be eaten, at least Carmon might have escaped. Unfortunately, it was looking more and more likely that they would both be meeting the same gurgly fate. So much for his idea of a romantic late night walk. "Please?" She whispered up to her captor. "Please? Just let one of us go? I'll do anything you ask? I'm begging you?" She didn't expect it to word and, indeed, the fox didn't even bother to acknowledge her request.

Placing her own catch on the pavement, and twisting his arms behind his back, the vixen gave her companion a suddenly doubtful look. "You sure you want to do this, Artes?" She checked. "I know most of your family are rabbits and we could always go look for some prey of a different species if you like."

A sudden rush of hope burst through poor Dilla. Her would-be devourer came from a mixed species family, and was related to other rabbits no less? It seemed too good to be true. Not only that, but the other fox had just implied that she was willing to let her Carmon go if her hunting partner wanted. Twisting round as much as the vice like grip on her would allow, Dilla did her best to face the predator. "Please? Artes, right? I know this is asking a lot but ..."

"Yeah, I'm sure. If they were someone I knew it would be different but I don't recognize either of them." Artes still wouldn't address her directly and continued to speak only to the vixen. "They're just prey."

"You're sure this will be okay?" The vixen pressed. "The last thing I want is to get you into trouble with your family on your first hunt."

"Come on, Susan." Was Artes's response. "You've met most of my mother's side of the family. Do any of them seem like the type to kick up a fuss just because I ate some strangers who happened to be their species?"

"I guess not." Susan agreed. "Well, in that case, lets enjoy your birthday dinner." She bent down and began stripping the clothes of Dilla's boyfriend. Carmon wriggled and screamed, but it was clear from the start who was going to win that fight.

Artes took a similar course of action, starting to pull Dilla's shirt over her head. She made it as difficult as she could for him, fighting to keep her arms down and begging him to reconsider. In the end, however, she had no more chance of resisting than her boyfriend.

Once her shirt was off, the fox knocked her onto her back, pinned her down, and started removing her skirt. Dilla hung on as best she could, but that only left her clutching a handful of fabric as the flimsy material tore apart. With her skirt gone, the fox moved on to her feet, pulling her shoes and socks off one by one.

It was hard to hear over her own cries for help, but Dilla was suddenly aware that Carmon's screaming was no longer as loud as it once had been and had become strangely muffled. Glancing in the vixen's direction, she confirmed her worst suspicions. Her lover of six years, the one who she had been hoping to marry someday, was now waist deep in the vixen's jaws. His legs kicked helplessly in the air and his cream under-tail flicked in blind panic.

Dilla could only stare in horror as the large carnivore began to swallow, her throat bulging out as Carmon's head and shoulders filled her esophagus. She was so distracted by the sight, she barely even noticed her own predator removing the last of her underwear. Only when Artes picked her up and lifted her over his head did Dilla finally start resisting again.

Looking down she could see her own naked body, vulnerable and exposed, above the fox's muzzle. His tongue ran once round his lips, lubricating them in preparation for her, then his jaws opened and she was lowered into the vulpine's hot maw. She tried tucking her legs in to keep herself out of his mouth for as long as possible but it didn't help. The soft pads of her hind-paws brushed against his tongue and it pressed against them in greedy anticipation. A low rumble from the fox's stomach signaled its eagerness to get started on her and he quickened his pace.

Dilla squirmed helplessly as her hind-paws, then ankles, then calves, slid over back of the fox's tongue and down into his gullet. Soon she found herself sitting in his jaws, her bare butt resting on his tongue and saliva already soaking into her fur. Defeated, Dilla threw a tearful glance towards her boyfriend, looking for comfort, but all that was left of him was a pair of twitching paws protruding from the vixen's lips. A long tongue ran over them, savoring the taste one last time, before her boyfriend's feet vanished from sight and the female fox swallowed the last traces of him.

Devastated as she was to see him go, Dilla's attention was quickly brought back to the fact that she would soon be taking a very similar ride. Artes's head was tilting back and her butt was sliding down his wet tongue to join her legs in the waiting gullet. Her eyes filled with tears as she felt her hips press against the entrance to that dark passageway. This was it. She tried telling herself that she'd had a nice life while it had lasted but she would have done anything if it meant surviving for just one more day.

The fox let out a little frustrated growl, working his head from side to side as he tried to get her hips down his throat. The growl was quickly followed by a nauseous sounding whimper and, for the first time, Dilla felt the esophagus walls push her back up instead of dragging her legs steadily down. A little spark of hope rekindled in her heart and she quickly started wriggling again, doing everything she could to push herself back out of the carnivore's tight gullet.

Moments later she found herself thrown against the pavement. Her legs were free, if sodden with drool, and the fox that had been devouring her was bent double and retching. "Are you okay?" The vixen was at his side in a moment looking concerned.

Which meant that no one was watching Dilla. Scrambling to her feet, she took off at a mad dash and quickly put some distance between herself and the two predators. Only when she was far enough to be sure that neither of them were chasing her did she risk a glance back. The vixen was still helping her mate and neither of them showed any interest in pursuing her. For a moment, Dilla's eyes lingered on the smooth curve of the female's belly. Her boyfriend of six years was trapped in there. If she left now, Dilla knew that she would regret it for the rest of her life. She also knew that she would actually get a life to feel sorry for herself in, which is more than could be said if she went back. Even if the male fox still couldn't get her down, she suspected that the female would not turn down a second helping of rabbit if offered the chance. Already hating herself for her decision, Dilla

turned tail and fled. She probably wouldn't have been able to save him even if she had stayed.

"Are you okay?" Susan repeated.

This time her boyfriend managed an affirmative whimper between gasps. Straightening up, he nodded then burst into a second coughing fit before finally recovering. "Just ... just couldn't breathe with her in there." He muttered once able.

"Yeah, that can take a little getting used to at first." Susan sympathized. "Don't worry, you'll get the hang of it in time. I had trouble with my first prey as well."

"I bet you didn't end up nearly choking and coughing them back up." Artes whined.

"Well, no." She admitted. "Then again, my first one probably didn't have that bunny's hips so it's kind of understandable. Oh, she's escaped by the way. Sorry about that, if it hadn't looked so much like you were dying I probably could have stopped her."

Artes let out an unhappy whimper. He'd been looking forward to this day for months. His first hunt. His first chance to show off his skills as a predator and to find out what having a wriggly little treat in his stomach would feel like. He'd known not to get his hopes up. Most hunts ended in failure and it could take weeks before he would actually expect to catch anyone. The fact that they had run into two incautious rabbits on his very first hunt and that, with some expert guidance from Susan, they had managed to catch both of them, had seemed like a sign that things were going well. He was going to be a pretty good hunter after all and would be able to return home with a full belly to show off to everyone.

Now he just felt like an idiot. It would have been better to return home after failing to find anyone than to go back knowing that they had made a very impressive catch but that he had messed it up. The fact that he had done so in front of Susan, who was a pretty experienced predator already, only humiliated him more.

"So ... " His girlfriend seemed to have noticed his downcast expression. "You want to go look for some more. We probably won't catch anything as large as those bunnies again, but there's still time to find something if we're lucky."

Artes shook his head vehemently. The last thing he wanted was to draw this disastrous night out any longer. "Nah, I'm going to head home for a bit. I promised my parents I'd let them know how it went but I'll drop in at your place once that's done." He managed the facade of a smile. "You enjoy your catch and I'll see you soon."

Susan gave him a doubtful look but knew better than to protest. "Sure. I'll see you then." she told him, then left.

Once alone, Artes trudged back to his parents' house. He was still weighing in his mind whether to admit that he had managed to lose his catch or if he should simply pretend that they hadn't found anyone. Pushing open the door he recoiled in surprise at the crowd waiting within. He'd been expecting just his parents, not what seemed like his entire extended family. "Happy First Hunt!" Someone shouted from the back of the room.

The crowd inside would definitely look a little odd to any newcomer. His mother's side easily outnumbered his father's half of the family with more than three quarters of the room being rabbits. The foxes, however, still managed to take up the majority of the space, each standing clearly over

the surrounding sea of bunnies.

Artes glanced over the familiar grinning faces in confusion. "I ... what's everyone doing here?" he protested.

"They all came to celebrate your birthday and first hunt, of course." His mother responded from somewhere in the crowd. The little bunny wrinkled her nose as he looked behind him, obviously expecting to spot his girlfriend. "Didn't Susan come back with you?"

Artes looked crestfallen. His first hunt was certainly not an event he felt deserved celebrating. His first catch maybe, but not this. "No, I told her I'd drop in on her later." Artes explained. "I didn't know everyone would be here to see that I failed." he added as a little protest at this unwelcome surprise party.

Aira's face fell. "Artes, I know it must have been disappointing not to make a catch on your first hunt but you'll get there." she assured.

Had they been alone Artes would have explained that he had not been expecting to make a catch on his first attempt and was not disappointed but angry with himself for losing prey that Susan had helped him find. He wasn't prepared to do that in front of his whole family, however, so he put on a brave face and nodded in response.

Unfortunately, his attempts may have fooled a few aunts and uncles but could not deceive his parents. Aira continued to look sorry for him, her long ears drooping slightly and Takkos evidently considered that it was his turn to make an attempt.

"You know it took me six weeks before I made my first catch, right?" His father pointed out. "It takes time to work out where are the best places to look and, even then, it's still a matter of luck whether anyone turns up or not. One bad night is certainly not a reflection of your hunting skills."

Again, Artes merely nodded. Not finding anyone might not be an indication that he was a bad hunter but choking and managing to lose his prey certainly was.

"Come on Art, cheer up." Aira tried. "It's your birthday. Even if you didn't catch anyone you're still old enough to hunt now. You can go out and try again any night you want. Not only that but we have a special treat for you." She grabbed his paw and started pulling him towards the dining room. "We did know that you might be coming back feeling disappointed so we brought a nice plump squirrel for you. She's all tied up and waiting."

Artes pulled back from his mother's grip sharply. The last thing he wanted right now was to have to swallow a live and kicking squirrel in front of his entire extended family. He just knew he was going to choke again and that the squirrel would slip away, just like his earlier meal had done. Still, he couldn't explain that to Aira in front of his entire family and he couldn't be impolite after everyone had put in so much effort just for him. "Thanks mom," he stated. "but could I just go upstairs for a bit first? I've only really got back in from hunting and need a moment to adjust." It wasn't a perfect excuse, he would still have to come back down and face the problem soon but at least it would give him some time to prepare.

"Of course." The rabbit nodded. "To be honest, we weren't sure how long you'd be out tonight so we planned to have the actual party tomorrow." She let go of his paw and Artes gratefully disappeared upstairs to the safety of his bedroom.

Once there he closed the door behind him and sat down on the bed. He wasn't sure what to do. Everyone downstairs was waiting for him but he just couldn't face them right now. He felt an utter failure as a predator. Susan was the one who had found and put in the majority of the work to catch those rabbits, all he had done was to screw things up and allow one of them escape. He couldn't keep it secret forever. Sooner or later, everyone was going to find out how useless at hunting he was.

A soft knock came from his door. Artes ignored it at first, still sulking, but that only resulted in the knocker opening the door herself and coming in. It was his cousin, Maria. Of everyone who could have entered, she was probably the one he objected to the least right now. "Artes? Are you okay?" She asked quietly.

He did his best to hide his problems. "Yeah, just a little disappointed that I didn't catch anyone."

The little bunny's expression told him that she knew it was more than that but she didn't comment. "Are you coming down soon?" she asked. "People are waiting."

"Yeah, I just ..." He sort of for an excuse to change the topic and found one in the form of the nervous looking squirrel loitering just a little behind his cousin. "Um ... Isn't she supposed to be downstairs?" He asked. "And, well, tied up or something?"

Maria grinned awkwardly and blushed. "Actually, this is Amy. She's not the one they got for you. Nobody even told me they were planning on doing that until after I'd already invited her here. That was kind of awkward." She admitted. "Actually, I'd kind of appreciate it if you'd consider her permanently off the menu?"

Artes raised one eyebrow. The dynamics of having a half predator, half prey, family could get complicated at times and, in general, his larger relatives would try to avoid hunting anyone that the smaller ones might be friends with. In return, the rabbits did their best to accept that their carnivorous family members needed to eat and just accepted it when someone they knew disappeared. Asking for someone to be considered permanently off-limits wasn't usually done for those who were just friends. "Um ... Sure. Nice to meet you Amy." He nodded to the squirrel who stepped uneasily into his room and stared at the carpet, blushing even harder than Maria was.

"Heh, sorry you were the last to find out, and that I kind of hijacked your party as an excuse to come out to everyone." Maria stated.

Artes grinned at her. "No problem. Is everything going okay for you?"

Maria shrugged. "More or less." She dodged. "What about you? Want to talk about it?"

Artes hesitated, but if there was anyone he could talk to it was Maria. He did consider asking if Amy would leave first, then decided that he might as well get it over with and told them both about how Susan had found two rabbits on their very first hunt together and how he had managed to lose one of them.

Maria listened carefully and without interruption until he was finished then climbed onto the bed and sat beside him. "You ... you know I failed my exams?" She asked after a moment's silence. Artes's concerned look told her that no, he had not been informed of that. "Not all of them." She assured. "A few I just about scraped a pass. Still, it kind of puts a hold on my plans to go to uni next year."

"Oh Maria, I'm really sorry." he told her.

"It's okay. I can try again next year." she pointed out. "I'll just have to put up with everyone knowing that I'm stupid and took a year longer than normal to pass. Assuming that I do any better the second time round, that is."

Artes hung his head. "Yeah, that does sound worse than people knowing I screwed up a hunt. I shouldn't be moaning about this to you." He admitted.

"Which is worse wasn't really my point." Maria countered. "We both failed, but we can still put in the work and try again later. You just need some more practice."

"But I can't practice." Artes pointed out. "Everyone keeps saying that I shouldn't expect to catch anyone on my first try and that it will probably take weeks before I do find someone. I found someone on my first attempt then went and messed it up. Now I'll have to wait until I can catch someone else and probably just end up choking again. Assuming Susan still wants me tagging along on her hunting trips that is."

"Susan's not going to judge you for almost choking anymore than you're going to make fun of me for failing my exams." Maria pointed out. "Besides, if you want to get some practice in, there's a plump little squirrel ready and waiting for you downstairs."

Her cheerful comment did not make Artes feel much better. "Please don't remind me of that." He groaned. "I'm just going to end up choking again. In front of everyone this time."

Maria struggled to think of a reply to that. If Artes was feeling self-conscious about his abilities as a predator then having to swallow someone in front of the entire family probably wouldn't help matters in the least. "You could say you wanted to eat her in private if you think it would help you get her down." She suggested. "Or, if you needed a better excuse, I could say that seeing a fellow squirrel getting eaten might make Amy uncomfortable." She glanced in her girlfriend's direction to make sure the squirrel was okay with being used like that.

Artes also looked to her. She was keeping so quiet that he had almost forgotten she was there. "Does it make you uncomfortable?" he checked.

Part of him was hoping that she would say yes, then he'd have a good excuse to skip the meal altogether, but Amy quickly shook her head. "I knew Maria's family was part predator when I came here." she told him. "Yes, it was a bit of a shock when I first saw the girl tied up on your dining room table but she's no one I know so I don't really have any reason to object. I don't really mind who you eat as long as it isn't me."

Artes sighed as that escape route was closed off as well.

"You know," Maria began, searching for any way to cheer him up. "If you want some extra experience before trying the squirrel, you could always practice on me." The words slipped out of her mouth before she fully realized what she was saying. Instantly she regretted it. Both her cousin and girlfriend were staring at her in shock. "I ... I mean ... not the whole way." she added quickly. "You wouldn't need to actually swallow me, just see if you could get me part of the way down then let me back up."

"Um, really?" Artes protested. "I'm not sure that I'm comfortable with that."

"I'm definitely not comfortable with it." Amy insisted. "Come on Marr, you can't seriously be going to let a fox start swallowing you."

"Only halfway." Maria defended herself. "If it helps Artes, then sure I'm up for this." She narrowed her eyes slightly. Ostensibly, inviting Amy to the family gathering had been purely to let everyone know that they were dating and make sure she wouldn't get accidentally eaten. She couldn't deny, however, that she was also watching to see how well her girlfriend handled the introduction to her carnivorous family members. Until now the squirrel had been doing fine in that respect, she had barely reacted at all to seeing a fellow squirrel trussed up and waiting to be eaten. However, Maria really didn't like the tone with which her girlfriend had just pronounced the word fox. If this was going to work out between them, the squirrel would have to change that attitude pretty fast.

Amy seemed to realize she had made a serious error. "Look, I'm not saying you shouldn't trust him, just that you should think about what you're doing before offering to climb into a predator's mouth." Maria's glare worsened a little and again Amy tried to change tactics. "I mean, even if you're safe, it's just ... I still think ..." She trailed off with a defeated sigh. "Fine. He's your cousin and you clearly know what you're doing. I'll butt out of this."

"Look Amy, I appreciate that this is a probably little weird when coming from an all prey family, but I'm just offering to give my cousin a hand with something he needs some practice at. I'm sorry if I'm a little touchy about this but the implication that I'm doing something unsafe kind of undermines everything that makes my family family." She turned back to Artes. "And what about you? Are you up for this or not?"

The fox still looked uncertain. He wasn't entirely sure about the idea of trying to swallow Maria, even part way, but he was also very reluctant to go downstairs and try to swallow a squirrel in front of everyone without any idea of whether he would succeed or now. "I guess." He agreed. "Just hold still, okay?"

Maria nodded as the fox got off the bed and knelt down on the floor in front of her. Lifting her hind-paws she helped guide them into her cousin's mouth. Warm canine drool soaked through her socks and she curled her toes in mild disgust but kept going. As her feet slid over his tongue she tucked them together and made an attempt to help direct them down his esophagus. Unfortunately, the moment her paws brushed against the back of his throat, Artes started making gagging noises.

He tried to press on regardless, pulling her forward in order to gulp a little more of her legs down, while Maria kept as still as possible to avoid worsen the reflex. Edging herself slowly closer to the end of the bed, Maria managed to get her knees into his gullet but by now they were both working against the esophagus. The peristaltic waves that should have been helping pull her deeper were running in reverse, trying to push the invasive object out of his throat before he choked.

Lifting herself, Maria made another attempt to slide deeper, hoping they would at least be able to get her thighs inside before having to stop. Unfortunately, that was a little too optimistic. Artes pulled back sharply from the bed, leaving Maria still sitting on the edge with his drool running down her legs. For a full minute, the fox could only make retching noises before finally recovering enough to speak. "That ... that was even worse than last time." He whined. "And you weren't even struggling. I doubt the squirrel downstairs will be so cooperative."

"Yeah, but you were expecting to fail." Maria pointed out. "The more tense and worried you get about this, the harder it is going to be. Try relaxing next time."

"Easier said than done." Artes retorted. "I'm going to get a glass of water first, okay?" He vanished

to the bathroom and Maria and Amy could hear the tap running for a second. When he returned, he knelt down in the same position, evidently expecting Maria to hold out her hind-paws again.

Instead she rolled over on his bed so that she was lying face down with her head towards him. "Feet first wasn't working," she pointed out. "so lets try starting with my head. At least that way you won't be working against the grain of my fur."

Artes nodded and opened his mouth, allowing Maria to slide her arms inside. This time she was extra careful not to touch the back of his throat as she slipped her hands past his epiglottis. Crawling slowly forwards, she guided more and more of her arms down into his gullet until her chin was resting on his tongue. Bracing herself, Maria took a deep breath, then pushed forward, pressing her face into the tight muscular tunnel of the fox's throat.

It resisted her at first, then stretched enough to allow her head to enter. Unfortunately, at that point, Artes made a little nauseous "urk." and she felt the surrounding muscles spasm in an attempt to push her back out. Not prepared to give up so easily, Maria began working her shoulders into the gullet as well, using slow gentle movements to avoid agitating his esophagus more than necessary. If they could just get up to her waist or so then she would be able to back out without considering this another failure. Unfortunately, that proved to be impossible. The resistance from the esophagus grew rapidly stronger and Artes started making more and more distressed noises before finally grabbing her legs and dragging her back out.

Again it took a while for him to recover and he had to go get a drink before coming back. "We made slightly better progress that time." Maria encouraged, gesturing to her drool saturated shirt. "Are you ready to try again?"

Artes whimpered slightly. "It doesn't feel like I'm ever going to get the hang of this." he complained.

"You just need more practice." Maria insisted. "Come on, lets try again."

The fox groaned. "I don't think you realize how unpleasant it is to repeatedly make myself want to throw up."

"A ... actually? Maybe it would make more sense to start practicing on someone smaller?" Amy commented quietly.

Both Maria and Artes turned to look at her. "Wait, are you volunteering?" Maria checked. "I thought you weren't keen on this whole idea."

"I ... well, I'm not." the squirrel admitted. "Still if it's safe enough for you then it's safe enough for me. Besides, for tonight at least, he only needs to get good enough to swallow a squirrel so it makes more sense for him practice on one. I'm a much closer match in terms of shape and size to the girl downstairs than you are."

Artes looked doubtful. "Amy, you're a guest here. I don't want to do anything that will make you uncomfortable."

Amy shrugged. "Watching my girlfriend repeatedly vanish into a predator's mouth is already making me uncomfortable." she answered. "Like Maria said, my whole family is prey. I didn't exactly grow up with the most positive attitude towards carnivores but I can see that's something I'm going to have to get over if I'm going to be a part of this family."

“Well, okay? I'll try to be as gentle as possible.” Artes answered. “And the moment you start to feel uncomfortable with this, just say so.”

Amy nodded reluctantly, clearly having second thoughts already, but bent down and began removing her pants. The other two stared at her. “Um, what are you doing?” It was Maria's turn to protest.

“Does your cousin usually swallow his prey fully clothed?” Amy answered. “If we're going to do this we might as well make it as realistic as possible. Don't worry, I'm keeping my underwear on. Besides, I don't have anything else to change into and I'd prefer to have to take a shower than to spent the rest of the night wearing drool covered clothes.”

Her reasoning was hard to argue with so Maria and Artes simply watched as Amy stripped down to her bra and panties. “Okay?” She declared once finished. “I guess I'm ready to be eaten now.”

Blushing slightly, and trying not to stare too hard at his cousin's half-naked girlfriend, Artes knelt down in front of her and opened his jaws.

Amy stared up into the drooling fox maw. She'd spent most of her life doing her utmost best to avoid ever getting such a clear view of a predator's mouth. Looking away, she shot Maria a nervous glance. “I hope you realize that there is no one else in the world who could convince me to do something like this.” She told her, then reached upwards and put her hands on Artes's tongue.

Artes had tasted rabbit before. Growing up in a half rabbit family he had occasionally bitten his smaller relatives, although more often in playful wrestling than actual anger and never hard. The importance of being gentle with those smaller than him was a lesson he had been taught pretty quickly. Still, he had been familiar with their flavor long before his first hunt. He had, however, never tasted squirrel before and found that he really quite liked it. His stomach gave a little growl and he instinctively placed one hand on Amy's back to keep her from getting away.

The poor squirrel whimpered at the sounds coming from Artes's belly but, after another glance in Maria's direction, resolved to continue. Bracing herself, she pushed her hands over the back of the fox's tongue and down into his esophagus. Artes lowered his head, helping ease more of her inside until his tongue touched her face. Again Amy flinched but managed to hold still, allowing the predator to work her shoulders into his jaws. His tongue slithered beneath her chin as her head was pushed to the back of his throat, then she tipped over the end of his tongue and started her journey down.

Determined not to choke this time, Artes took hold of the squirrel by her waist and began lifting her into his jaws. Amy squealed and kicked a little as her feet left the carpet but quickly calmed down and relaxed again as Artes began work on her torso.

Maria watched in amazement as her cousin devoured the squirrel. Even in a mixed species family, it wasn't every day you got to watch someone swallowing their prey. Her girlfriend's chest made two fluffy bulges in Artes's neck before sliding deeper. At this point Artes had to let go of her waist and hold her by the legs instead. Amy's butt flashed briefly at Maria as it slipped between his jaws, then vanished from her sight. Then there was only a pair of kicking squirrel legs remaining. Then only Amy's feet, toes curling and uncurling in panic. Then those were gone and all that remained was the tip of her bushy tail, puffed up to almost three times its usual size, but still looking pretty small next to the fox.

A lick to pull the last inch of tail inside and a gulp to send it down, and Amy was completely gone from the outside world. Artes smacked his lips in satisfaction, gathering up the last few scraps of delicious squirrel fur. "I did it." He stated with pride. "I actually managed to get her down. I didn't even feel sick that time."

"Told you you just needed some practice." Maria retorted. "That said, you were supposed to stop halfway, remember?"

Artes's ears flattened back in alarm. "Oh shit. I'm so sorry, I just got a little carried away. I'll get her out at once."

He bent over to begin regurgitating the squirrel but Maria held up a hand to stop him. "It's not me you need to apologize to and this really isn't a big deal. Lets just let her know it was an accident and work from there." She stepped forward and put on ear against her cousin's belly. "Amy, can you here me in there?" Despite containing an entire squirrel, Artes's belly only had a slight outwards curve to it and only the occasional twitch gave any sign that she was still moving in there. Once touching, however, Maria could feel that the squirrel was actually struggling quite hard beneath her cousin's fur.

"Maria? Maria, help!" The voice was muffled and very scared. "He wasn't supposed to do this. Get me out. Please?" She felt another flurry of kicks through the stomach walls.

"Amy, calm down." Maria insisted. "Yes, Artes went a little further than we had agreed but it was a mistake. We can get you out any time but it will be easier and comfier for Artes if you stopped wriggling first."

With her ear against Artes's belly, Maria could hear the squirrel take several long breaths and begin to regain her self control. "O ... Okay." Amy managed after a couple of minutes. "I'm okay now. Sorry about that, I know you wouldn't actually put me in danger. I just panicked a little and, once I'd started, I couldn't stop."

"But you're okay now?" Maria checked.

"B ... better at least." the squirrel answered. "Part of me still feels like screaming but I'm mostly in control at the moment."

Maria nodded sympathetically even though there was no way for Amy to see her. "Would it help if I joined you?" she asked.

"Wait, you mean in here?" came the muffled reply. "I really don't think there's room and besides ..."

"I'll fit." Maria answered. "Trust me, one of the things you learn growing up in this family is just how much a hungry fox can actually swallow in one sitting." She glanced up at her cousin. "So, how about it, Artes? You've shown that you can manage squirrels, are you ready to have another go at a rabbit?"

The fox wavered. "You mean right now? Shouldn't I bring Amy back up first?"

"She's fine." Maria insisted. "Besides, if I'm down there with her I'll be able to help keep her calm which should make things easier for you. And don't you want to find out if you can manage two meals at once?"

“Well ... kinda?” Artes admitted, unable to hide the temptation.

“Thought so.” Maria quickly stripped down to her underwear, rolled her clothes into a ball and tossed them aside. She had been a little tempted to try and keep them on but, as Amy had pointed out, Artes wouldn't normally be swallowing fully dressed prey.

Once she was ready, she allowed her cousin to pick her up and begin. This time Artes seemed much more confident. She didn't have to guide herself into his jaws, he simply opened wide and shoved her in. Hot breath washed over her face and his saliva soaked into her fur as she was pushed to the back of his throat. Glancing down, Maria barely had time to register the dark tunnel that loomed beneath her before another shove funneled her down into it.

The way his esophagus behaved was different as well. She didn't have to fight against it to work herself lower, instead she found the muscular walls gripping her and dragging her deeper. She couldn't have resisted it if she had wanted to. Which was good. This was exactly how Artes's digestive system should treat someone he was swallowing. The squirrel waiting for him downstairs would have no chance of resisting this.

A second powerful swallow pulled her shoulders and upper torso into his throat. She felt Artes grab hold of her legs and begin shoving her deeper, and started to struggle. She wasn't actually trying to escape but her cousin was going to have to deal with wriggly prey sooner or later and she wanted to test how well he could handle it. To her satisfaction, Artes didn't even seem to notice her attempts to push herself back out and easily continued cramming her deeper.

As the fox pushed her butt between his jaws, Maria suddenly found the space around her head open up and took in a deep gasp of the pungent stomach air. It smelled sour and faintly of meat. It also smelled pretty strongly of squirrel. Another push from Artes and Maria found her self being shoved face-first into her girlfriend's soft tummy fur.

Amy squeaked and wriggled about as Maria was deposited on top of her. With her arms still pinned to her side by the esophagus, Maria wasn't able to do much to make her arrival any easier for Amy but she did her best not to come down too heavily on the poor girl. Somewhere above she could feel Artes gulping down the remainder of her legs.

Being deposited in the already full stomach was a less than pleasant experience. Each swallow pushed a little more of her body inside, forcing her and Amy into new uncomfortable positions. Maria yelped slightly as her ear got caught on something and pulled painfully, as she tried to unsnag herself she ended up pulling on what turned out to be the base of Amy's tail, and that in turn resulted in Maria getting the squirrel's hind-paws in her face.

Fortunately, however, it wasn't long before Maria finished her journey down Artes's gullet and the stomach sealed behind them. Now that Maria was no longer being pushed inside it didn't take the two girls long to re-orientate themselves into a somewhat more comfortable position. Maria allowed her girlfriend to climb over and on top of her as, being the smaller of the two species, it was more comfortable overall for the squirrel to be on top of her than the other way around.

“I told you we'd fit.” Maria commented once things had settled down a little.

“I didn't say we wouldn't fit. I said there wasn't enough room.” Amy protested. “It was cramped enough in here before you arrived.”

“Well if you don't want me here, maybe I should leave.” Maria teased.

“Actually, on that subject, when are we getting back out?” the squirrel pressed.

“Maybe we're not.” Maria dropped her voice into a mock horror tone. “Maybe Artes has changed his mind. Maybe he plans to digest us!”

“That's not funny!” Amy insisted, trying to hide the fact that her fur had puffed up at the suggestion. “Where's he taking us anyway?”

Only when Amy pointed it out did Maria realize that the surrounding stomach was swaying back and forth more vigorously than could be explained by natural movements. Clearly Artes was walking somewhere although, from the pitch black depths of his stomach, it was hard to guess where. “Bathroom?” she hazarded. “We are probably both going to need a shower once he lets us out.” Her theory was rapidly disproved as they felt the motion change a little as Artes started down the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs they heard a door open, then the sound of voices. “Hey Artes, I was starting to wonder where you had got to. Um, where's Maria and that squirrel she was with?” The tone of the question suggested that the one asking it could see exactly where they were but was more curious than concerned by this development.

Artes gave a reluctant sigh, then explained to the surrounding relatives the difficulties he had had with swallowing his first catch and that both Maria and Amy had volunteered themselves for him to practice on. From inside the stomach, Maria smiled in amusement. Only in her family would ‘they asked me too’ be accepted with so little suspicion.

“So, are you going to let them out now?” a different voice asked. It was a little hard to tell through the stomach walls but Maria was fairly sure that the asker was her Aunt Aira, Artes's mother. “There's still a squirrel waiting for you when you're ready.”

“Actually, I was considering dropping in on Susan first?” Artes mentioned. “I did say that I'd be round to see her earlier and, after making such a mess of our hunting trip together, I'd kind of like to show her that I can manage to swallow someone without choking.”

“You could just eat the squirrel we have ready for you.” Aira pointed out.

“She wouldn't make such an impressive bulge though.” Artes explained. “I choked on a rabbit so showing her that I can manage a squirrel doesn't really prove that I'll do any better next time.”

“That's no excuse for messing up your cousin's fur and likely terrifying her girlfriend.” Aira insisted. “The poor girl might be putting on a brave face, but she would probably like to get out of there sooner rather than later. You've no reason to put her through all that just to show off to your girlfriend.”

“Come on, Aira.” This time it was Artes's father who spoke up. “I can understand him wanting to show off a little after having such a bad time on his first hunt.”

“If it was just Maria then I'd be fine with this.” Aira answered. “But Amy is our guest and has been incredibly brave to go along with this so far.”

“Well you should at least ask them before making assumptions.” Takkos pointed out. “Amy, Maria? Artes was planning to take you to Susan's house. Are you both okay with that?”

"I heard." Maria responded. "And it's fine with me. Amy?"

"I ... well, I guess so?" the squirrel answered. She wasn't at all sure if she wanted to go along with this but she definitely didn't want to be left behind, in a strange house, along with a large number of predators, while the only person she knew was carried off in a fox's stomach.

"See. Neither of them mind." His voice dropped a little lower, presumably to prevent those in the stomach overhearing. It didn't work, of course. Like all rabbits, Maria had exceptional hearing. "Besides, can't you think of any reasons they might want to be together in an enclosed space where no one can see them?" Maria blushed a little at her uncle's implication. She was quite glad that Amy had almost certainly not heard that.

"Have it your way." Aira answered. Her voice became a little louder to ensure those in Artes's belly could hear her. "Maria? I'm just making sure that know that, once you're there, neither you nor Amy are walking back on your own, okay? I know it's not far but either get Susan or Artes to walk with you, call someone to pick you up, or stay there until after hunting hours, understand?"

"Yes Aunt Aira." Maria droned wearily. She appreciated the concern but honestly felt that she was old enough to decide for herself what risks she took.

"Oh and, Artes, if you are planning to stay the night there, you may as well take your actual meal with you. That way you can have her once you let the girls out." Aira continued.

The stomach started to sway again, then paused and Maria could hear a frightened "Mmph!" from outside as Artes scooped his meal-to-be off the dining room table and tossed her over one shoulder. Then the swaying started up again, she heard a few goodbyes exchanged between her cousin and the rest of their relatives, then the front door opened and closed behind them.

"Maria?" Amy's voice sounded small and timid. "I'm starting to have some second thoughts about this."

"Yeah, I'm sorry about that." Maria replied. "I know this is scary for you and you've been far more patient with this than I could have expected, but I promise Artes is not actually planning anything bad. If you like I can get him to bring us back up, here and now?"

"No. I ... I do trust your cousin." Amy sounded a little surprised as she said it. Before tonight she wouldn't have thought that she would ever trust a predator in that way. "But I can already feel my nose starting to tingle slightly. How long is it safe for us to stay in here? I don't want to get digested by accident or something."

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that." Maria assured her. At first the question seemed a little silly but Maria supposed that, having grown up in an all prey family, her girlfriend wouldn't have had many opportunities to learn about canine digestive systems. "It actually takes quite a long time for a predator to digest someone. We should be safe enough in here for another hour or so and the walk to Susan's place is only going to take a few minutes at the most. Even if we did somehow lose track of time, it's not like we would both just pass out at once or something. Trust me, we'll get plenty of warning that it's time to leave before anything bad happens. The tingling is a sign that his stomach is starting to get to work on us but it would have to get much worse before we were in any danger."

Amy nodded, then realized that Maria couldn't see her in the absolute darkness of the stomach.

“Okay. I guess I was just being a little paranoid.” she admitted. “Thanks for reassuring me.”

“No problem. It's really flattering that you to trust me enough to do this in the first place. You've been far more accepting of my weird family than I could have expected.” Leaning closer, Maria brushed her lips against Amy's in a kiss.

At the kiss, all the remaining fear and tension vanished from Amy's mind and she relaxed against her girlfriend with a happy sigh. A fox's stomach was likely the strangest place she had ever had a date but, to be honest, it was not bad a location. It was warm, surprisingly comfy, if somewhat cramped, and definitely very intimate. Most importantly, she trusted Maria to keep them both safe.

Maria ran her fingers through the fur on Amy's back as the squirrel nestled closer to her. Right now she could almost believe that her girlfriend was the only other entity in existence. She couldn't see anything, couldn't hear anything but the organic noises of the stomach and Amy's breathing, couldn't feel anything but soft surrounding walls and the weight of Amy's body. The rhythmic sway from side to side each time Artes took a step was actually kind of relaxing. Bit by bit, she started to drift into sleep.

A short while later, Maria heard the rattle of keys, then a door opening. “Susan?” Artes's voice called out.

Blinking herself awake, Maria shuffled into a more upright position, hoping that Amy had not noticed that she had dozed off. This situation was already stressful enough for the poor squirrel. The last thing she needed was to find out that the only person she really trusted to protect her was asleep. She needn't have worried however. As she moved she felt the squirrel stir and give a sleepy “mrr?” Amy apparently found the inside of a fox's stomach just as soporific as Maria.

“I'm upstairs. Just a minute.” came Susan's voice. There was a rattle from somewhere else in the house. “What took you so long? I thought you were just heading back to your parents' to let them know how the hunt went.”

“Yeah, it turns out that they had actually arranged a surprise for me.” Artes admitted. “I kind of got caught up talking to Maria for a while.”

“Well, I'm glad you're back now. I just ... Oh my goodness! What did you catch?” Susan had apparently just noticed the size of Artes's belly, not to mention the squirming, tied up squirrel slung over his shoulder.

Maria could practically feel Artes basking in his girlfriend's amazement, but he couldn't keep it up for long. “Nothing actually.” he admitted. “The squirrel was a present. Everyone knew it was likely that I'd come back empty handed. As for the others, well ... Maria and her girlfriend offered to let me practice on them once they found out I was having difficulties swallowing.”

“Well it looks like you aren't anymore.” Maria could hear footsteps coming closer then felt the space around her contract as the vixen gave her boyfriend's belly a rub. “Hey Maria.”

“Um, hey?” she answered back. “Could you not do that? It's kind of making his stomach more active and Amy's already a little nervous about this.”

The pressure released as Susan stopped rubbing. “Amy, huh? I never would have guessed you were into girls.”

“Well you can meet her, just as soon Artes lets us out.” Maria responded.

“Nah, I’ve got a better idea.” the vixen stated. There was a zipping noise, then Maria felt the stomach around her lurch slightly and Artes let out a soft groan.

“Susan! I’m right here.” Maria shouted. There was no answer but a series of wet slurps and another moan from Artes. “Susan!” She tried again. “You can do anything you like to my cousin when I’m not around but, please, give him a chance to let us out first.”

The vixen only chuckled. “Hey Artes, you can stick that squirrel in one of the cages in my pantry for later, but then come join me upstairs, okay?” Maria heard footsteps on the stairs as Susan headed up, then felt her cousin start moving as he went to store his catch.

“Okay Art.” Maria growled. “I’m calling a stop to this right now. It was fun while it lasted, but Amy’s been asking to come out for a while now and I’m definitely not letting you and Susan involve us in some weird sex game while ... Mmph!” Her protest was cut short by Amy’s lips suddenly pressing against her own.

“Shut up, Maria.” her girlfriend commanded. “Artes, you can just keep doing as Susan wanted.”

“But ... I thought you wanted to get out.” Maria protested.

“Yeah, and now I’ve changed my mind.” the squirrel answered. “Besides, you said yourself, we should be safe in here for at least an hour.”

“No way.” Maria insisted. “For starters, an hour is how long we could survive. I don’t want to have half my fur fall out from getting partially digested, and there is absolutely no ... Eeep!”

Her continued protests were abruptly interrupted by the squirrel’s paw sliding into her panties. Unfortunately, that paw was also thoroughly coated in Artes’s digestive juices and its introduction between her legs spread the tingling sensation to some very intimate places. Actually, it felt unexpectedly good. “Amieeee!” Maria whined as the squirrel’s fingers explored a little further but it was getting really hard to muster much resistance. “Come on. This is my cousin. Can’t we please continue this on the outside?”

“Why?” the squirrel asked. “He’s clearly not the least bit shy about doing stuff in front of us so why should we be with him?” She pressed her lips against Maria’s again.

The rabbit was pretty sure she had an answer to Amy’s point but, by the time the squirrel’s lips left her own and she was able to speak again, she had completely forgotten what it was.

Outside, Artes unlocked one of the wire cages in his girlfriend’s pantry and tossed his squirming captive inside. She stared pitifully out at him, her wide eyes brimming with tears, but it wasn’t enough to stop him from closing the door on her and heading upstairs. He could already feel the girls in his stomach moving more vigorously.

Amy unclipped her bra while Maria wriggled her panties the rest of the way down her legs. The surrounding stomach walls were getting more active by the moment and Maria could feel that her fur was not going to protect her for much longer. The warm tingling that had started in her nose was beginning to spread across her entire body and she suspected that Amy, having shorter fur, feeling it even more intensely. “We really should insist on being let out.” She protested, although her position was somewhat undermined by the fact that she had already started removing her bra.

“Come on, how often are we going to get a chance to do something like this safely?” Amy retorted, helping Maria out of her bra then pulling down her own panties.

Through the stomach walls, Maria could hear Susan's voice again, although she didn't manage to make out the words before Artes bent down to start undressing, throwing her on top of Amy. The little squirrel squeaked as she found herself on the bottom of the pile, then shuddered in pleasure as the pool of tingly juices that had been gathering around Maria's feet now washed over her.

After removing his pants and shirt Artes crawled forward to join his girlfriend on her bed, belly swaying beneath him with the weight and movements of its occupants.

“Oh, hello.” The vixen growled appreciatively as he climbed on top of her. Her lips brushed against his neck, leaving a wet lick beneath his chin, then one hand trailed through his fur paying particular attention to the shifting forms inside him. “And hello to you too, Maria.” she murmured.

The bunny currently had her mouth pressed against Amy's lips making any answer difficult, but she managed a vague “Mmph” in greeting.

“Sorry if I came on a little forceful back there.” Susan stated. “If you want, you can back out now but it certainly sounds like you've come around.” With a hind paw she snagged the fabric of Artes's boxers and dragged them down, revealing his ready erection. “So ... given that neither of you have said otherwise, I think it's time we got started.”

With a fluid movement, she flipped her boyfriend onto his back and rolled herself on top of him. Squeals of surprise came from his belly followed by happy moans from the foxes as the tip of Artes's penis entered Susan's warm depths.

“Get used to it, you two.” Susan gloated, staring down at the squirming bulge in her boyfriend's midsection. “No one said you were going to get a smooth ride.” Lowering herself, she groaned in pleasure as Artes's girth stretched and filled her. After reaching the lowest point, she lifted herself back up, taking equal delight in feeling him slide back out. “So, how are you liking your birthday so far?” she teased.

The only answer Artes could give was a primal growl of pleasure. After several more slow strokes from his girlfriend he rolled them both over again, bringing himself back on top. Pressing his body hard against hers, he started to thrust, prompting deep, needy gasps from the vixen.

Maria and Amy yelped as they were tossed around, and felt the acids swirl over them again. This time Maria found herself back on top, with the little squirrel writhing in delight beneath her. Her body was starting to sting from constant exposure to the digestive juices, the pain adding an intensity to the sensations that she had never felt before. The squirrel's nimble fingers explored everywhere, their touch electrifying on her already oversensitive skin.

Unable to stand much more of that, Maria wriggled around in the tight ever-moving confines of the stomach, managing to get Amy back on top of her and to turn herself around in relation to the squirrel. Now curled head to tail around each other, the bunny pushed her nose between Amy's thighs and started to lick. A little shiver ran through the squirrel's body and, moments later, Maria was rewarded by Amy's tongue slipping into her.

The stomach rocked and sloshed the two lovers around, in time with Artes's increasingly passionate thrusts. The gasps and groans of the two fox's permeated the stomach walls, but were mostly

drowned out by the rhythmic thud of Artes's heart and the liquid sounds of his digestive system at work.

Maria's ears twitched. Actually, there was one other sound she could hear, although it was even more muffled than the voices of the foxes. A soft garbled whimpering that grew clearer each time Artes pushed forward, then faded again. For a moment she couldn't work out what it could be, then she remembered.

Although Artes had returned from his hunt empty handed, Susan had actually made a catch. Susan's stomach would have had a good head start compared to Artes's but it was still too soon to expect her meal to have passed out. While she and Amy were enjoying themselves in one fox's digestive tract, another rabbit was having a far less pleasant time just beneath them. Now that Maria had worked out what the noise was, she even thought she could make out some of the words between thrusts. "Please" seemed to be a common one, along with "help" and what may have been "it hurts".

Amy seemed to have noticed that something was wrong. "Everything okay back there?" the squirrel checked.

"Yeah, just got distracted for a second." Maria answered before pushing her tongue back into her girlfriend. As a squirrel, Amy's hearing was far less sensitive than her own and Maria doubted that she would even notice the crying unless it was pointed out. She also suspected that Amy would, at the very least, consider what was happening to the other rabbit to be a little off-putting. Personally, Maria didn't see any reason that she should care. She knew that Susan was an experienced predator and had often seen her with the after effects of a large meal still visible although, admittedly, never with one that was still moving before tonight. As far as she was concerned, as long as it wasn't her or someone she knew in there, it was just a natural part of life. She only hoped that the current meal would settle down before Amy noticed.

Still, there was plenty she could do to keep her girlfriend distracted. With a little shrug, Maria stopped worrying about the other bunny and resumed her work on the squirrel. Sinking back into a haze of pure bliss, Maria's paws explored every inch of Amy's soft body as they brought each other towards climax and the acids slowly rose higher.

After what felt like no time at all Artes finally came, releasing a spurt of semen into Susan who groaned in equal pleasure. As the orgasm ran through his body, his stomach contracted hard around his prey. With barely any warning, Amy and Maria just had time to grab a single gasp of air before their heads were forced beneath the swirling juices.

Maria let out an involuntary squeak, losing several bubbles of her precious air as she felt the surrounding muscles squeeze tight against her body, grinding her and Amy together. Unable to call for help, she tried pounding on the stomach walls, hoping to draw her cousin's attention that way, but she could barely move. For the first time, a little trace of fear started to build in her chest. Her lungs were already starting to ache.

Pressed hard against each other, Maria could feel Amy starting to wriggle as well. To her surprise though, the squirrel was not fighting to escape. Instead she was working to get her head back into position between Maria's legs. Despite her pressing need for oxygen, Maria found that the touch of the squirrel's lips created an even more demanding sensation. She had just time to get her own lips into position and give her girlfriend's clitoris a passionate kiss before she was overtaken by the most powerful orgasm of her life. A stream of bubbles rose from her lips as she emptied her lungs but she barely noticed, let alone cared, as the last of her oxygen escaped.

Artes let out a short gasp, holding Susan tight as he deposited several creamy loads into the vixen's body. Susan was panting heavily from her own orgasm, breasts moving against Artes's chest with each breath she took. Only once he was sure that he was spent and no more semen was coming did Artes pull himself back out and stare down at the vixen beneath him. "That ... that was just amazing," he breathed.

Susan smiled back up at him. "Swallow some air, dear." was all she said.

Artes's ears snapped back in alarm and he quickly gulped several mouthfuls of air to replenish what had been lost from his stomach. Two desperate gasps followed, loud enough to be heard through his stomach walls, as the occupants of his belly found the surface again and filled their lungs.

Maria panted in the newfound air. For a moment there, she had actually begun to doubt that she would ever get to breathe again. "You ... you okay?" she managed at last.

"More ... than okay." the squirrel panted back. "Hurts though."

Now that the pleasure was starting to fade, Maria was also becoming aware of just how much pain her body was in. They had stayed far longer in Artes's stomach acids than she had meant to and her skin was raw from the constant assault. Running her fingers gingerly through the fur of one arm, Maria could feel that it was already coming out in handfuls and that the skin underneath was very tender.

"This will heal, right?" Amy asked, unable to hide the concern in her voice.

Maria nodded, which was pointless in the darkness of the stomach. "Yeah, but it will take a while for your fur to regrow and it will probably hurt. Like getting bad sunburn." she added.

The squirrel considered that for a while. "So worth it." she decided.

"No objections there." Maria agreed. "Hey Artes, I think Amy is ready to come out now and, seriously this time, no more excuses."

The fox obliged and carried them both to Susan's bathroom, before bending over the tub and starting to retch.

Inside, Maria felt the stomach start to squeeze them again, this time pushing them towards the ring of muscles that separated Artes's stomach from his esophagus. Leaning forward, she planted a soft, goodbye kiss on her girlfriend's lips. "Bye sweetie." she whispered. "I hope you can find someone else soon. Promise me you'll live a full and happy life, okay?"

"W... What?" Now that the pleasure had faded, Amy had been hoping to get out of here as fast as possible and take a nice long shower to wash to digestive slurry off her body. She was certainly not prepared for this kind of conversation. "What are you talking about?"

Maria pushed her girlfriend towards the opening to the esophagus, which was already widening to allow them through. "I'm staying." she confirmed. "I failed most of my exams. I don't have any real plans for the future. Honestly, if it wasn't for the fact that most of the predators around here know me, I'd probably have become a meal long ago. If I go anywhere else, it will only be a matter of time before I end up in someone's belly. It's better all round if I settle down in here and let Artes have me." A soft smile played across her lips. "You've still got a life ahead of you though. Go on and live it."

Amy shook her head and resisted the pull of Artes's esophagus, forcing herself back into his stomach. "If you're staying, I'm staying." she insisted.

"Come on Amy, don't make this difficult." Maria protested. "You've always had plans for the future. Things you wanted to do and places you wanted to see."

"Things I wanted to do with you." the squirrel insisted. "Places I wanted us to see together. If this is the last thing we'll get to do with each other then I would never forgive myself if I missed it."

"But you didn't even want to let Artes eat you in the first place." Maria tried. "You've always been so careful around predators, I'm certainly not asking you to join me in this."

"Yeah, I've always been scared of predators." Amy admitted "I've always feared that someday I'd be caught, digested, churned into a thick nutrient soup, and that would be the end of all of my dreams. But, if you've already decided that being soup is what you want then I can't think of anything I'd rather do with my life than to become a part of that with you."

Maria stared, wishing she could make out the squirrel's expression in the darkness. "Wow," she stated at last. "I don't think I've ever heard anything so simultaneously romantic, corny, and utterly disturbing as that."

Her tease got a laugh from the squirrel which Maria found strangely infectious. Once they had both calmed down enough to speak Amy slid an arm around her girlfriend. "So, we're agreed then? I'm staying?"

"I ..." Selfish as it felt to admit it, Maria couldn't deny that she would really like to have Amy with her for this. "I feel terrible asking you to throw away your life like this. You had so much going for you."

"So did you." the squirrel answered. "Whether you would admit it or not. Besides I'm not throwing it away I'm choosing to spend it with you." Her lips brushed Maria's and the rabbit's remaining resistance melted away.

"Okay Artes," Maria stated when the kiss finally came to an end. "you can stop trying to throw us up now. We're both staying."

Outside, the fox stared at his belly in disbelief. He'd overheard the majority of their conversation but didn't know what to make of it. Leaving the bathroom he returned to Susan's bedroom. "They ... they're not coming out." he told her helplessly.

Susan flicked an ear in amusement but did not look particularly surprised by this news. "Heh, prey." she muttered.

Artes felt that that was less than helpful. "But what should I do?" he asked.

"Come back to bed?" was Susan's simple answer. "They've made their choice, so leave 'em to it."

"I can't do that!" her boyfriend insisted.

Susan rolled sleepily onto her side to face him. Her own belly sloshed a little as she did so. The rabbit inside had long since stopped moving and was already starting to soften up. "What else can

you do?" she pointed out. "I'll miss Maria as well but if this is what she wants then the best thing for everyone is to simply accept that."

Still looking doubtful, Artes rejoined his girlfriend in the bed. He could still feel the two inside him moving about but knew that they would not last much longer.

Susan yawned and put one paw on her boyfriend's belly. "You comfy in there Maria?" she checked.

The answer was a muffled noise that suggested the bunny wasn't capable of using her tongue to speak right now, but it definitely sounded positive.

"Glad to hear it." Susan answered then yawned. "You two have probably got a while left to have fun in there. I would try to stay with you for a little longer but it's getting late and I need some sleep. I know you won't be around when I wake up though, so I hope you don't mind me saying goodbye now."

This time Maria's response managed to convey that this was not only fine with her but that the added privacy would be appreciated.

"K. Night then." Susan responded, then tucked her muzzle under her boyfriend's chin and soon started to snore.

Artes lay awake a little longer, listening to the final moments of his cousin and her girlfriend, and feeling their movements through his stomach walls. Idly, his fingers traced the shifting bulges in his tummy, gently encouraging the digestive process taking place inside. He was careful not to belch up the remaining air but also made no attempt to replace it as it grew increasingly stale, deciding to allow the couple to pass out whenever that came naturally. He had planned to stay awake until after they both stopped moving but it had been a long day for him. In the end, the inviting warmth of his girlfriend beside him, and the soft gurgling of their bellies, proved too much for Artes and he dozed off in her embrace.

"So ... this is it." Amy muttered as she noticed the breathing of the fox slow. "We're completely alone now." The stomach juices had been rising steadily and were now up to their necks. Both Maria and Amy had to tilt their heads back to keep their mouths and noses in the remaining air pocket.

"Mmh." Maria agreed. "And soon we'll both be chime. Any regrets?"

The stomach walls squeezed against them, pushing their heads under. "Not one." Amy answered once they had both surfaced again.

"Not even about that time you tripped while wearing that short skirt and flashed half our biology class?" the bunny teased.

Amy laughed. She'd specifically forbidden her girlfriend from ever mentioning that unfortunate incident again but, given that they would both be dead by morning, it no longer seemed to matter. It was nice to be able to laugh about stuff like that for a change.

"And what about ..." Maria began but was interrupted as they were both pushed under again.

This time it took a little longer before they were able to resurface and, when they did, Amy found that the acids were even higher. She really had to crane her neck to keep her mouth above the fluids

now. Not only that, but the air that remained was getting thinner fast. She could feel herself starting to pant involuntarily. "Maria?" She interrupted the bunny's attempt to continue her question. "We're not going to be able to breathe for much longer."

"No." the rabbit confirmed.

"Are you up for one last go before the end?" They were both pretty much spent from their earlier sessions but Amy wanted something to distract her from what she knew was coming.

"I am if you are." Maria answered.

"I love you so much, you know." Amy took a deep breath, filling her lungs with as much of the remaining oxygen as she could, then willingly ducked under the acids.

With a little wriggling, the two girl's managed to get themselves back into nose-to-tail position. Like this, there was no chance that either of them would be able to reach the air pocket again, but neither of them planned to.

Knowing that it was the very last time she would ever taste her girlfriend, Maria buried her nose in the squirrel's waiting vagina and started to lick. Her whole body was already burning from the digestive juices and already she was starting to feel the ache in her chest from the lack of air. Her head swam, and her heart was hammering, but she focused solely on the task at hand; giving Amy one final send off before either of them passed out. Below, she could already feel the effects of Amy's own work. A fierce passion building up in her body, rapidly overwhelming either the pain of the acids or her desire for air.

Amy came first, but not by long. Maria climaxed only a second or so after her girlfriend. Arching her back in pure ecstasy, Maria let out a triumphant moan of pleasure. A string of bubbles burst from her mouth, mingling with the ones from the squirrel, and then she was forced to breathe in, involuntarily inhaling the digestive soup around her. Even that only registered as a little extra tingling in her lungs, indistinguishable from the other sensations overwhelming her body. As the waves of pleasure finally started to fade, so too did the consciousnesses of the two girls. They never even noticed that they were dying.

Amy's skull was the first to come back up. Dropping from Artes's jaws it bounced off the toilet bowl and landed with a splash before sinking to the bottom. Artes wiped his mouth on the back of his paw but found that he was still a way from being finished. Another heaving retch brought up a tangle of wire and frayed elastic that had once been part of the girls' undergarments. Tufts of bleached fur from both creatures were still caught in it and, fortunately, his stomach had managed to bend it into a position with none of the spiky bits sticking out. It almost joined Amy in the toilet, but Artes caught it and tossed it into the trash instead. He wasn't sure how well it would flush and didn't want to clog Susan's toilet.

Finally, Maria's skull came up looking a little worse for wear. The lower jaw was missing, along with several of the teeth from the upper half and there were chips and small cracks around the eye sockets. She landed in the bowl and sank down to rest on top of Amy.

Artes stared down at the contents for a while. He'd never had the chance to get to know Amy so felt little regret for what had happened to her. Maria, however, had been his friend and confidant throughout most of their childhoods. Now she was nothing but a chunk of bone waiting to be

flushed away.

Still, it had been her decision to end this way and, much as he would miss her, it was not an uncommon fate for prey species. Pressing down the lever, Artes watched as the two skulls twirled around each other in rushing water before being swept out of sight. Still, one thing had definitely come from their sacrifice. There was a plump little squirrel waiting for him in Susan's pantry and there was no way he was going to choke this time.