

Defeat at Last – Commission for Combat

Plish. Plish. Plash. Small puddles splattered beneath Dakol's feet as he sauntered down the street. The silver fox was in no hurry. He had seen the way his quarry had gone and knew that alley ended in a high wall. With a grin on his face, he turned the corner and glanced around.

The cul-de-sac was dark and littered with other people's refuse, discarded garbage bags, and broken shopping carts. What was missing, however, was any sign of the rodent he had been following. Still, there were plenty of places a tasty rat could hide out here and Dakol wasn't going to give up that easily. He had definitely seen the girl's tail vanish into this alley and he doubted she could have climbed the wall at the far end.

Slowly and methodically, Dakol walked down the length of the alley, checking behind each trash pile before moving any further. With the prey cornered there was no need to rush this. Unless she had found some way out of the alley, in which case the hunt was already lost, then her best chance of escape was for him to accidentally walk past her. Conversely, his best chance of a tasty rodent dinner was to stay patient and take the time to search for her thoroughly.

Then a muffled whimper met his ears and Dakol abandoned that strategy. No point in wasting time once the prey had given itself away. Striding to the other end of the ally, Dakol checked behind a couple of battered trash cans and, sure enough, a pair of terrified amber eyes stared back at him.

The little rat was paralyzed with fear. Her mouth opened and closed wordlessly, and a couple of droplets ran down the wet streak beneath her eyes but, other than that, she seemed incapable of moving. Well, Dakol certainly wasn't going to complain about an easy meal. "Hello dinner," the smug fox gloated, then reached down and grabbed his terrified prey by the throat.

His touch seemed enough to bring the girl back to her senses and she let out a mortified scream before starting to thrash desperately in his grip. It didn't help, of course. Dakol was vastly stronger than her and easily pinned her against the alley wall while he worked. Her shoes were the first thing he removed, casually placing them on a nearby garbage can, before pulling off her socks and dropping them on top.

After that, the girl's short skirt was added to the pile, then a pair of frilly panties. Now that his quarry's lower half was completely bare, Dakol shifted his grip before ripping the fabric of her shirt in two. That was always easier than trying to remove it intact. Finally he tore off her bra, letting the rodent's bare breasts hang free.

She really was quite attractive, not that Dakol would have ever admitted such feelings to a fellow predator. He had enough problems without everyone teasing him for being turned on by his food. Still, given that the only witness would soon be passing through his digestive tract, there didn't seem any harm in taking a moment to appreciate her body as she wriggled in his grip.

Moments later, a low rumble from Dakol's stomach reminded him that, pretty as the rat girl was, she also looked quite tasty. He had been hungry even before the hunt and chasing her through the streets had helped him work up even more of an appetite. It was time to stop playing and actually enjoy his hard earned meal.

The rat's expression changed as she watched the fox's jaws part in front of her. Everything until now had been scary, terrifying in fact. She had been well aware that if she didn't find some way of escaping then she would die, but only now was it really starting to sink in what that meant. She wasn't going home tonight. She wasn't going home ever again. She would never see her friends or

family again. She would never do anything again. This was it. Her life was over.

Tang! Dakol jerked back, one hand reaching to touch his shoulder as he glanced around to see what had hit him. An empty soda can was still spinning where it had landed on the pavement. "Hey! Foxy!" Looking back towards the entrance to the alley he was amazed to see a small rabbit standing there. "I think you'll find I'm much tastier than some grubby rat!" she shouted.

Dakol did a quick mental calculation. The rabbit was below average size for her species but definitely larger than his current meal, plus he had to admit a certain fondness for bunnies, but unlike his current meal she was still free. The alley was long enough to give her a good head start and there was no doubt that she would be ready to run if he gave chase. His chances of catching her weren't exactly bad but it wasn't guaranteed. The girl squirming in his grip was.

Much as he would enjoy the rabbit, she wasn't worth the risk of going home with an empty stomach. Turning away from the bunny, he returned his attentions to the squirming rat. "No! No, please?" Having come so close to certain death and then been lowered again the poor girl had begun to wonder if maybe, just maybe, there was still some hope for her. Seeing the fox's jaws descend towards her again and crush that little dream was pure torture for the helpless rodent.

Her struggles, however, meant nothing to the powerful fox. His saliva coated the fur around her head as he pulled her inside. Just as the tip of her muzzle was sliding over the back of his tongue and down into his esophagus another empty can hit him, this time painfully bouncing off his ear. With a growl he spun round, the squirming rat swinging from his jaws as he did so.

The bunny didn't look the least bit intimidated by his growling. "I said, I'm tastier." she insisted. "Now are you going to chase me or what?" Turning round, she bent over and pulled down the top of her jeans. Her little cotton tail flicked provocatively at the predator as she mooned him.

Dakol let out a furious snarl and lunged forwards, spitting the naked rat back out as he did so. He was sorry to lose her but trying to keep hold of her would significantly decrease his chances of catching the obnoxious bunny. Besides, if he could make this chase short enough he just might be able to return before she recovered enough to get away.

It quickly became apparent that that was not going to be the case. The rabbit pulled her pants back up the moment he started in her direction and darted away. Bunnies were known for their speed, and the difficulty in catching one was part of the reason they were so highly prized as prey, but Dakol soon realized that this one was particularly fast.

By the time he made it to the end of the alleyway she had already increased the distance between them. He was just in time to see her cotton tail vanish around a corner. Racing after her, Dakol rounded that street only to see her dart down another. Still, those who were good sprinters usually lacked endurance. If he could just keep sight of her she would likely collapse from exhaustion before too long.

Five streets later, Dakol was starting to doubt that assumption. He was running short on breath himself and the bunny, or at least the brief glimpses he caught of her, showed no signs of faltering. He was beginning to wish he had just ignored her and stuck to the rat. She'd be squirming in his stomach by now if he hadn't decided to try for a better meal.

Round the next corner he found the rabbit had actually stopped to wait for him. "Come on, foxy. Are you even trying?" she called back, before darting into a nearby alley.

Dakol snarled and headed after her but his frustration was rapidly turning to delight. As a skilled hunter he had a pretty good map of the city memorized and knew all the best places to try to corner his prey. The street the rabbit had just dived into was another dead end. Just like the rat, she was now cornered with nowhere left to go but his digestive tract.

Licking his lips, he turned the corner to see his quarry climbing onto a garbage can. Before he could reach her she jumped from the can, fingers catching the ledge of a nearby window. Pulling herself onto the windowsill, she turned and leaped across the alley, this time catching a drainage pipe and scrambling up.

Dakol watched with a stunned expression on his face. He'd hunted plenty of people in the past and none of them, not even the squirrels, would have tried something like that. The rabbit's precise, methodical movements suggested that this was something she had practiced hundreds of times, repeating the maneuver again and again until she could do it flawlessly even under pressure.

Reaching the rooftops, the bunny pulled herself into a sitting position and took a moment to recover her breath. Dakol glanced around to see if there was any way he could still continue the chase but it didn't seem likely. Even if he had been nimble enough to copy her stunt it was unlikely that the drain pipe would be able to support his weight. The hunt was definitely lost but, instead of feeling annoyed about that, he couldn't help but admire the skill with which his quarry had outmaneuvered him.

"Nice ... work ..." He was still out of breath from the chase and panting slightly. "I really thought I had you ... when you ran into this alley. I guess your girlfriend will be gone by the time I get back, huh?"

The bunny raised one eyebrow. "Girlfriend?" she asked. "You mean that rat you were eating?"

"Come on." Dakol objected. "You really expect me to believe that you risked your life like that for a friend?"

"Not a friend. I don't even know her name. I just like teasing dumb preds and costing them their dinner." She shifted her weight on the rooftops, dangling her long legs at him, although her feet remained out of reach even if he were to jump.

Dakol frowned. "That seems like a pretty serious risk to take just for the sake of annoying strangers."

"Nah. It would only be a risk if there was actually some chance of you catching me." she answered. "As it was, I had to keep waiting every few turns just so that you wouldn't lose sight of me. Still, maybe the next person will prove move of a challenge." She stood up and turned to go.

"Wait!" Dakol stared up at her, still struggling with the idea that not only did she regularly gamble her life for no good reason but that, from the sound of it, she had been doing this for some time without ever getting caught. "You do this often?"

She grinned. "From time to time. If you're interested, try asking some of your predatory friends if they've seen me. Oh, and the name's Seela, if that helps. Don't bother telling me yours, though. I'm not interested in anyone I can escape from that easily." and with that she vanished out of sight on the rooftops.

Dakol waiting a couple of minutes to see if the insane rabbit would come back then, shaking his

head, decided to return home. His belly grumbled unhappily on the way, letting him know that he really should have stuck with rat for dinner.

Dakol yawned as he headed home. Tonight's hunting trip had been an utter failure and he had eventually given up and gathered some groceries from a late night store instead. Technically it was still hunting hours but he didn't hold much hope of catching anyone at this time. The start of hunting hours was good for catching stragglers who had stayed out too late or misjudged the time it would take them to get home. The end of hunting hours was also reasonable as there would always be a few people who had early shifts to get to and simply hoped that most preds would have given up by that point. In the middle, however, there was a long stretch during which most prey would either be safely home or already squirming in someone's stomach.

It was, therefore, something of a surprise when Dakol turned the corner and spotted a young rabbit standing openly in the street. She had her back to him and gave no sign of having noticed his arrival, but Dakol recognized her at once.

Since his humiliating defeat by the bunny, Dakol had mentioned the name Seela to a variety of other preds and found that about one in ten had a story to tell. Personally Dakol suspected the number might be even higher and many were simply too embarrassed to admit how badly they had lost to her. It seemed she had turned up a few months ago and, in that time, managed to taunt, harass, and yet always escape from a significant proportion of the city's carnivorous population. The fact that she almost always took the chance to tell her would-be devourer her name suggested that the reputation she was building was at least part of her motivation for taking such risks.

Of course, that meant there was also a good deal of reputation to be gained for anyone who managed to catch her. Very gently, Dakol lowered his shopping bags to the pavement. Seela seemed fixated on the roads ahead of her and had yet to show any signs of looking round. Unfortunately, there was only so quietly he could deposit a couple of full and crinkly shopping bags. At the slightest rustle, one of Seela's long ears pivoted to face him and she glanced around.

Dropping the bags, Dakol broke into a run. None of his groceries were worth as much as a plump bunny, and this one in particular was worth sacrificing some shopping for.

Seela noted the fox barreling towards her but showed no signs of panic. She didn't even start running at once. First she checked the street ahead of her in both directions, making sure there was no one else waiting in ambush before choosing which path to take, then she broke into a sprint.

Dakol had almost reached her by the time she started running but she quickly pulled ahead again. He could barely believe how fast that rabbit was. Still, he reminded himself, she was clearly built for speed above endurance. Last time she had escaped him by climbing out of reach but she could only do that with a significant head start. As long as he could keep her from getting too far ahead she wouldn't be able to try that again. He just had to stay close and she would soon collapse from exhaustion.

Seela was undeniably faster than the average rabbit but Dakol wanted this bunny dinner more than he had ever wanted a meal before and somehow managed to stay close to her. The rabbit's cotton tail flashed at him with every step she took, goading him to run faster. Dakol could feel his chest tightening as he struggled for enough air. He'd never run so hard in his life. His heart pounded with

every step, but it was worth it. Ahead, he could already see that his quarry was starting to tire.

Rounding another corner he was surprised to find that Seela had stopped. She wasn't cornered, but she had ceased running and was leaning against a wall and panting heavily. "Nice ... nice work, fox." she panted.

She seemed to want to talk but Dakol wasn't going to give her any chances to get her breath back. Whatever it was she wanted to tell him, she would have plenty of time to say it once she was squirming in his stomach. Putting on a final burst of speed he closed in on his panting catch.

And then Seela moved. One moment the bunny had been leaning against the wall, seemingly fighting for every breath, then next she was in full sprint again, only this time coming straight towards him. Dakol spread his arms, ready to lunge to either side if she tried to dodge past him, but she made no effort to swerve.

At the last second Seela dropped, hitting the tarmac hard and rolling. Dakol grabbed at her but the rabbit's legs lashed out, connecting with his own and, the next thing he knew, he was the one lying in the road and Seela was standing over him.

"Good effort, foxy." she gloated. She didn't even sound that out of breath any more. "I have to admit, I wasn't expecting you to keep up with me. Still, you'll have to try a lot harder than that if you actually want a rabbit dinner."

Dakol had expected her to run after that. It was clear that the chase was over. The head start she would gain while he was picking himself up would be more than enough for her to get away. Instead she stepped closer, planting one large bunny paw in the small of his back and striking a victory pose over her would-be predator. "You remember my name, right? Or do I need to remind you?"

Dakol let out a low snarl. This was not how food was supposed to behave. He had no problems with prey species during the day but he expected at least a little respect from them at night. "Yeah, it was dinner, right?" He rolled over, tossing her off him and snatching at her ankles.

He missed, of course. Seela had already anticipated such an obvious attempt and skipped nimbly out of his reach before he could grab her. "Tch. Just when I thought you might be interesting. Well fox, better luck next time. Assuming you get one that is, there's a lot of people hoping for a shot at me so who knows." There was a soft patter of rabbit paws as she danced away, still laughing.

Dakol picked himself up and rubbed his hands together. The fall had scraped up his palms and his ankles were still sore from where she had kicked him. There was no point in chasing after her. On the off-chance that he managed to catch up with her he would only be setting himself up for another loss at this point and he wasn't sure his ego could take that right now.

Bruised and humiliated, he headed back to reclaim his shopping bags.

"Help! Someone, please? Anyone?" The little bunny's voice rang out through the city streets as the fox closed in on her. Generally, it was considered impolite for predators to allow their food to scream for too long. After all, hunting hours took place when most people would be trying to sleep.

Tonight, however, Dakol made no attempt to hurry things as he advanced on the cornered rabbit. He wanted her screams to be heard as far as possible.

“Oh come on, please? Somebody help me!” the rabbit begged. Her back was already pressed against the far wall of the alley and her paws scrabbled uselessly on the pavement as she tried to flatten herself against it. “Anybody?”

Dakol stepped closer, licking his lips in anticipation. “Sorry bunny, but it doesn't look like anyone is going to show up. I'm sure you know what that means.” He reached out and started unbuttoning her shirt, hearing his own stomach growl as the rabbit's plump body was revealed.

His prey burst into inconsolable sobbing as she felt her clothes being removed. “Please?” she begged. “I tried my hardest. I did everything I was supposed to. It's not my fault that no one showed up. I just want to go ...” Her pleas stopped abruptly as her eyes fixed on something at the other end of the alleyway.

Noticing the change in his victim's behavior, Dakol ducked and the empty drinks bottle that would have hit his shoulder bounced off the wall instead. Turning round he looked at the new arrival standing at the other end of the alley. She seemed more than a little annoyed that her projectile had missed. “Evening Seela.” He grinned at her.

For a moment Seela looked concerned. Her eyes darted around the alley, taking in her surroundings and looking for any signs of a trap. There was no one else about and no signs of anything designed to block her escape. She relaxed a little. “So, do you want me to leave you to your current meal or would you rather have another go at me?” she asked

Dakol smirked. “Dunno, this one does look pretty good. She might actually make a better meal than you come to think of it.”

Seela rolled her eyes. “Really? I get that you are trying to make me jealous or something but you'll have to come up with a better lie than that.”

“Yeah, well I ... Hey! Get back here!” While the fox's attention had been on Seela the other bunny had managed to squirm out of his grip and make a break for freedom. Dakol snatched at her but missed. Seela merely stepped to one side to allow her fellow rabbit to pass her in the alley.

“Well, I guess that simplifies your decision.” she noted. “You've already lost your dinner so no reason not to chase me. Unless, of course, you want to save yourself the humiliation of losing again.”

“You really do like trash talking, don't you bunny?” Dakol growled back. “Ever wondered if that's really such a good idea? Sooner or later you're bound to slip up and whoever catches you might decide to get a little revenge for all those taunts.”

“If they're good enough to catch me then they can do what they like.” she answered. “So far, no one has even come close and I doubt you'll be the first.” She shrugged casually, making a show of how relaxed she was in his presence. Dakol, however, could tell that it was just an act. She might not actually fear him but she was definitely alert and ready to run the moment he came any closer.

“You never know. I might not be as fast as you, but you're not the only one who can plan ahead.” He gestured behind her.

Seela turned and spotted what he was pointing at. The rabbit she had saved had not escaped and was now standing at then end of the alley. She looked pretty miserable but she was definitely blocking the only way out.

A shocked look crossed Seela's face. "You're helping him? I just tried to rescue you."

"I ... I'm sorry." The other rabbit hung her head in shame but she did not move from her position. "He ... he threatened me. I ... I have to do this or ..."

"Just run you idiot." Seela snapped. "I promise you this fox isn't that fast and besides, he'll be more interested in chasing me that coming after you." She quickly shot a glance in Dakol's direction to make sure he was keeping to a reasonable distance, then turned back to the miserable bunny.

Dakol for his part simply stayed put. There was no need to rush things and he was quite enjoying the mounting look of concern of Seela's face. He leaned back and watched as his unwilling accomplice explained exactly why she couldn't just run.

"He ... he's got my boyfriend." she admitted. "He caught both of us. John's still in a cage at the fox's house but he said that if I helped him with this ... and ... and it worked ... then ... then we could ..." She trailed off, tears dribbling down her nose.

Seela turned her attention back to Dakol. He had been expecting her to look angry with him, or at the very least a little scared, but instead her face had split into a wide grin. "Ha! I guess I really underestimated you, foxy. This is actually a pretty good trap. Can I ask how many times you've had to drag the poor girl out here in the hopes of running into me, though?"

Dakol shrugged. "This is the first time. I asked a few other preds who were prepared to admit to having run into you and figured out the areas you often hang around. Seems to have worked out pretty well for me."

"Yeah." If anything, Seela looked even more thrilled by this news. "Nice to know you did your research. I did wonder how long it would take for one of you guys to figure that out. You know, I think this is actually clever enough that I'd be interested in knowing your name?"

"It's Dakol, but don't worry about remembering it. You won't need it for long." After all the insults Seela had passed to him it felt good to get a chance to taunt her back a little.

"You haven't got me yet, fox." she answered. "I'll admit this is clever but remember what happened last time you though you could catch me? If you wanted to eat dirt again you only had to ask."

"I'll admit, I wasn't expecting a rabbit to try something so direct." Dakol answered. "However, if you think you can do that even when I'm ready for you then feel free to show me." He took a step forward. Seela's confident smile wavered and she stepped back.

"I ... I don't need to beat you though." she pointed out. "You might be stronger than me but I doubt your 'assistant' here will be able to stop me."

"She doesn't need to. I just want her to slow you down. An extra second is all I need." He stepped closer again.

"Hey! Stop that." Seela protested. "We're still talking. I haven't made any attempt to escape yet and you'll have the opportunity to chase me once the conversation is finished but if you come any closer

then I'm off."

"Honestly, it sounds to me like you're stalling for time." Dakol answered. "You know you're trapped and want to draw this out so you can figure a way out. From the sound of it you're getting pretty desperate." He took another step in her direction.

Seela cursed, then broke into a run towards the other rabbit. Grinning to himself, Dakol took off after her. His unwilling assistant raised her arms and braced herself, expecting Seela to try to barge straight past her.

Instead she slowed almost to a stop, caught the girl by one arm, and with a sharp twist sent her tumbling to the pavement behind her. Dakol had claimed he only needed a second but, in truth, he had expected the other bunny to slow her down by a little more than that.

He jumped over the fallen rabbit and broke into a full sprint. Seela was ahead of him but only by the narrowest of margins. He was determined that she would not out run him this time and he would be ready for her if she tried to trip him again. Unless she had something very good planned he would soon be introducing her to his digestive tract.

Seela panted as she ran, chest heaving as she struggled for enough oxygen to sustain her sprint. This time there were no games and she offered no taunts to her pursuer. She was genuinely running for her life. The rabbit's large paws scrabbled as she turned another corner. Large creatures were less maneuverable than small ones so she deliberately chose as twisted a route as possible, gaining a little each time she dived down another alley but losing ground to the predator on the longer roads.

It was a dangerous strategy and one that often resulted in inexperienced prey tripping or running into a dead end. Predators, however, were not the only ones who could memorize the layout of the streets and Seela had spent days wandering local roads until she knew every twist and turn by heart. She knew all the nearby streets that came to an abrupt end and was confident she could avoid them all. She had even taken the time to work out the favorite ambush points of most hunters, which was why she was taken by surprise when she rounded a corner and found herself face to face with a startled looking wolf.

Seela had little time to think this new development through but hours and hours of practiced responses took over and she dived to the floor, lashing out at the wolf's ankles from pure muscle memory.

It probably would have worked had this new predator been trying to catch her. He would have leaned forward to grab at the falling rabbit, leaving himself unbalanced and easily tripped. Unfortunately, he had not been waiting for her, nor by the looks of it out hunting at all, and his reaction to suddenly seeing something fast dart round the corner and throw itself at his legs was to take a sharp step backwards.

Seela's attack missed completely and she found herself lying on the tarmac with the giant canine staring down at her. Half a second later Dakol burst around the corner and the two predators almost collided. The little rabbit's attempt to get back to her feet and slip away in the confusion ended when the wolf's hind paw landed squarely in her chest and crushed the air out of her. Already short of breath from the chase, poor Seela could only whine as her ribs strained under the larger creature's weight.

Dakol stepped back defensively. He wasn't prepared to give up his dinner without a fight, not after putting in so much work and coming so close to catching her, but he was also aware that the wolf

was quite a bit larger than him. If it came to a fight for the captured rabbit then he would be lucky to get away unharmed.

After checking that the rabbit under his foot was definitely not going anywhere, the larger canine looked up at the silver fox and nodded. "Hi there. Name's Arron, and you?" He had a gravelly rumble to his voice and an accent that suggested he was not from the local area.

"Um Dakol?" The fox looked awkward, still not sure how to broach the subject of the squirming bunny. "You're um... kind of standing on my dinner." he tried.

Arron nodded and shifted his weight a little, releasing some of the pressure on Seela's chest but still keeping her firmly pinned. The little bunny let out a weak groan as she finally found herself able to inhale again. "Yeah, sorry about that." the wolf stated. "I wasn't after her myself but she just kind of fell over when she saw me. I honestly didn't intend to interfere with your hunt."

Dakol blinked. He'd been preparing for some kind of confrontation over the rabbit. "Wait? You're giving her to me?" he checked.

Arron shrugged. "I got my own dinner back home." he answered. "Plump little mouse girl. She won't be as filling as your bunny, sure, but she'll do. Besides, she's been stuck in a cage for the last week while I worked of her husband and it wouldn't be fair to make her wait much longer. You enjoy your bunny and I'll stick to the prey I caught."

At this point Seela managed to rejoin the conversation, still wheezing from the pressure on her chest. "You don't recognize me, do you?" She glared up at the wolf. "I'm Seela Birchburrow. I've outrun more of you dumb preds than I can count. Half the city is probably after me by now."

It took Dakol a moment to figure out why she was still bragging even when captured, then he flinched. She was deliberately provoking the wolf in the hopes of starting a fight. Any conflict she could cause between the two predators standing over her would increase her chances of escaping.

Arron, however, just laughed at the rabbit's boast. "Well, nice to meet you too, miss Birchburrow." He grinned. "I'm afraid I've got to be going now but I'll leave you in this young fox's capable hands. I'm sure he'll take good care of you." Then, with a friendly nod to Dakol, he stepped back off her and headed away.

"Wait!" Seela screamed after the retreating wolf. "Seriously, everyone wants to be the one to claim me. You don't realize what you're oof..." Her plea was cut short by Dakol lifting her from the pavement and slamming her roughly against a nearby wall.

Seela's legs kicked furiously at empty air, trying to land a hit on her captor, but it was no use. Dakol was an experienced hunter and knew just how to hold a bunny so that she couldn't reach him. After several seconds of useless thrashing Seela gave in, letting her body fall limp and panting heavily in Dakol's grip. "You ... you got me." she mumbled. "I can't believe you actually got me."

"Don't worry, bunny. You'll have plenty of time in my stomach to come to terms with it." Dakol gloated, then grabbed the rim of Seela's jeans with his free hand and started pulling them down.

Seela squealed in alarm and for a moment started to struggle again, then she abruptly stopped and, to Dakol's surprise, started helping him undress her. The trapped bunny scraped her trainers against the wall to get them off then lifted her legs to help him pull her jeans off.

Dakol hesitated, suspicious of this sudden cooperation. Seela had already proved herself to be full of tricks but he couldn't quite see how undressing herself could save her. After pulling off her jeans, he tossed them aside then glared at the strange rabbit. "Alright," he demanded. "I give up. What are you up to?"

"Nothing. I swear." She stared back at him with wide eyes. He couldn't see any hint of deception in her expression but she didn't look anywhere near as frightened as cornered prey should. "You caught me. I'm going to be eaten whatever I do. Why draw this out more than necessary?"

Dakol glowered at her. In his experience captured prey either cried, begged for their life, or went into shock. He'd never had a meal act so calm before and was certain that she must have some escape still planned. Unfortunately, he couldn't begin to work out what it was. Lowering her to the floor he kept a firm grip on her arm as he started to tear apart her shirt.

Seela shivered slightly as her exposed fur was ruffled by a slight breeze but still made no attempt to escape. The fox's sharp claws made short work of her top and she flinched a little as he tore through the flimsy fabric. He was careful not to scratch her though and she soon relaxed a little, even bending down to remove her panties once the last shreds of her shirt and bra fell away.

"Okay. I'm rea..." The rabbit's voice cracked mid-sentence but she corrected herself almost immediately. "... ready when you are, fox."

"Just a minute. I want to get a picture first." Dakol answered. Still keeping a firm hold on her shoulder he pulled out his phone with his free hand. "After all, a lot of people are going to be quite jealous when they hear that someone finally caught you."

A hint of a smile actually broke through Seela's worried expression at that. "Yeah," she agreed. "So, any way you'd like me to pose or something?"

Dakol frowned. That wasn't really the response he had been hoping for. He'd wanted a photo of her looking scared out of her mind, not smirking at him. No one was going to believe that he'd actually caught her if he showed them a picture like that. With a slight growl he switched the phone from photos to video mode. "On second thoughts, why don't we let everyone watch you go down my throat." He turned the camera to point at her. "Any last words before I start, bunny?"

Seela stared at the camera for a second or two before speaking. "Um, hi?" she offered. "If you're watching this then you probably already know who I am ... or was, I guess, as I'm probably going to have been digested by the time you see it."

Her ears flattened slightly as she said that and Dakol could see a slight flush appear through the fur on Seela's cheeks. "So, um ..." she continued. "The predator that finally got me is a fox called Dakol. So well done to him but I still beat him twice before this. As for the rest of you, don't think this means your side has won or anything. I managed to beat several hundred of you guys before slipping up and, if anything, this just means that none of you are ever getting a second chance at me." A cheeky grin crept across her face before she flipped the camera off. "I still win you dumb preds."

Dakol stopped the recording and stared at her. "Seriously? You're going to die soon and you still think your remaining time is best spent trash talking predators?"

Seela grinned nervously up at him. "Well you warned me that whoever caught me might decide to take some revenge for that but I don't really need to worry about that anymore, do I? I wasn't

mocking you as you're honestly the first pred I have much respect for. As for the rest of them, this is the first time I can be absolutely sure that none of the predators I just insulted are ever going to get a chance at catching me." She looked down at herself then gave her bare midriff a squeeze, showing off her meat to him. "I'm just food now so what does it matter who I insult?"

Dakol's stomach let out an eager rumble at the sight of the tender bunny displaying her body to him. Saliva filled his mouth making it difficult to continue the conversation and he suddenly didn't care if Seela was behaving a little odd for captured prey, he just wanted to taste his hard won meal. "Makes sense." he agreed. "Now hold still and lets get started on that."

Seela stared as the silver fox's jaws parted in front of her, revealing a glistening pink expanse. Her ears flattened against her skull as she stared deeper, at the dark, undulating passage that she would soon pass down. She tried to step back but Dakol tightened his grip on her shoulders, holding her in place for the first swallow. "Wait!" she squealed. "Dakol, please? Just give me one more minute. Please?"

The advancing pink wall hesitated then withdrew, turning back into Dakol's annoyed face. "Why?" he demanded. "You aren't going to talk your way out of this, you know, and an extra minute to worry about things isn't going to make being swallowed any easier."

"I know but ... but I ..." She stared up at the fox. It shouldn't be so hard to speak. No matter what she said she would soon be inside him, curled up beneath that black and silver fur as his body turned her into nutrients. Nothing she confessed now would matter for long. Even if Dakol were to tell everyone, which she didn't think was very likely, it would still be too late for her to feel any embarrassment about it.

"Come on, Seela." the fox pressed. "Either give me a reason or stop stalling. I'm hungry."

She could tell he wasn't going to wait much longer. Her eyes strayed down from his jaws to the fox's waist. She would soon be in there. Beneath his T-shirt, beneath his fur, bubbling away in a little acidic prison. "Can ..." she faltered and tried again. "Can I touch your belly first?" she blurted out.

Dakol stared at the little rabbit. That was certainly not the last request he had been expecting. "What?" he demanded. The poor bunny was blushing so hard the pink seemed to shine through her cheek fur.

"I ... I just ... I want to know what it feels like." she stammered. "From the outside I mean. I get that I'll have plenty of time to find out what your insides are like."

Dakol hesitated a little longer still trying to fathom this strange request. "And you promise this isn't some kind of escape attempt?" he demanded. Seela nodded shyly and so, with a reluctant sigh, Dakol started removing his shirt. At the very least it seemed an easy enough request to grant.

Seela stared as the fox's bare midriff was revealed to her. In contrast to most foxes, the fur on Dakol's belly was darker than the rest of him. Her captor had a fairly athletic build and there was little sign of any excess weight on his belly. "How ... how many people have ...?"

Dakol shrugged. "I don't keep count." he answered. "Could you tell me how many cabbages you've eaten throughout you life?"

Seela had to admit that she couldn't. "Well, how many in the last month then?" she tried.

Dakol had to think about that for a moment. "Two," he answered. "No wait, three. One rat and two mice. It has been a while since my last bunny though."

Seela stared at the fox's tummy. Three people had ended up in there in the last month alone. Hundreds must have passed through Dakol's digestive tract over the years and none of them had left any trace once they were gone. Soon she would be just as thoroughly destroyed.

"Well?" The vulpine gave her an impatient look and gestured at his tummy. "Do you still want to touch it or can we move straight on to dinner?"

Reaching out, Seela brushed the fur on his tummy with her finger tips. From a distance it looked kind of wiry but up close she found it was soft and inviting. She stepped closer, sinking both hands into his thick coat until she felt the warmth of his skin beneath them. Her touch had an immediate effect on the fox and his stomach chose that moment to let out a greedy rumble.

Seela quickly pressed an ear against Dakol's belly. Her acute rabbit hearing allowed her to pick up every drip and splash as the fluids inside were sloshed around. His stomach had evidently produced quite an amount of digestive juices in anticipation of her arrival. Just thinking about what it would be like in there was enough to send a shiver through Seela's whole body and it was not entirely a fearful one.

Dakol didn't miss the pleased note in the rabbit's trembling, nor the soft anticipatory gasp she gave as she listened to his belly noises. Suddenly a lot of Seela's odd behavior was starting to make more sense. "This is turning you on, isn't it?" he challenged. "You actually want to be eaten. That's why you've been going around provoking predators to chase you."

For a while the rabbit gave no answer, although Dakol could see that her blush had somehow managed to deepen even further. "I ... I don't want to die," she stated at last. "I used to be absolutely terrified of predators. That's ... I guess, part of the reason I started doing this was that it was a way of confronting that fear and reassuring myself that most carnivores weren't that dangerous and I could escape without much trouble."

Another gurgle came from Dakol's stomach and Seela pressed her ear to his belly again. "The other part is that, while I really don't want to die, some part of me would very much like to find out what it is like in there." Her fingers traced little circles through Dakol's tummy fur as she tried to coax another rumble from him. "Teasing predators while having an escape route planned was a comparatively low risk way of satisfying that desire. I did spend a lot of time training for this and planning for every situation I could think of. I wanted to make sure that only a really talented hunter could catch me."

Dakol felt he should probably give some response to that but, right now, all his focus was being spent on not snapping up the little treat in front of him. He'd been hungry before coming out here, enough that he had almost decided to eat the rabbits he had already caught and try for Seela some other day. The chase she had still managed to give him, even after walking into his trap, had worked up even more of an appetite. Now a naked bunny, one that he had been hoping to catch for some time, was rubbing his empty belly and telling him how much she had fantasized about being eaten. It was all he could do to prevent the conversation from ending in a sudden gulp.

"You know, I'm pretty sure you've had your minute," he pointed out. "And, nice as that belly rub feels, I'm sure it will be even better from the inside."

Seela stepped back and stared up at him, and equal mix of fear and desire playing across her face. “Just a little longer?” she begged. “I ... I'm still not ready.”

Dakol knelt down to be closer to her height. “Sorry, but no. You knew the risk you were taking when you came out here and, from the sound of it, at least part of you wanted the result that you got.” Holding onto her arms to prevent her from backing any further away, he leaned forward and licked her.

Seela gasped at the wet sensation of the fox's tongue on her body. He started just below her breasts then worked his way upwards to her throat, leaving a wet trail of saliva-matted fur on her chest. For a moment she tried to pull away, then gave in and allowed herself to enjoy the sensation. It was cold standing naked in the street at night and Dakol's tongue and breath felt delightfully warm against her body.

Finishing his taste, Dakol withdrew his tongue and stared down at the trembling bunny. He had hoped that a quick sample of her flavor might satisfy his hunger for a moment and he would find it easier to give her just a little longer. Of course, the actual effect had been the complete opposite. He wanted the prey inside him more than ever now and his stomach let out another rumble, louder and more insistent than those that had come before.

Seela closed her eyes and shivered at the sound, again picturing the swirling acids that were waiting for her. She was only distracted for a second but when she opened her eyes again she saw only a mass of pink flesh in front of her.

The little bunny girl let out a yelp and tried to pull back but Dakol was having none of it this time. “Wait! Just a second longer? Please Dakol? I'm not ready. I just need... mmph!” Her protests came to an abrupt end and she was smooshed face first into the pink wall.

Dakol's tongue rippled beneath her chin. Saliva soaked through her fur in waves. She felt her feet leave the pavement as she was lifted into the air. Seela had spent a long time wondering what this moment would feel like but this was nothing like what she had expected. The videos she had watched of predator's devouring their catches hadn't conveyed how dark it would be, nor how wet. Even clips of people swallowing the camera on a string were usually done with a light attached. Her chain of thought was interrupted as her nose brushed past Dakol's uvula then bumped against the back of his mouth. Beneath her chin, she could feel the deep passage of the fox's gullet just waiting for her to slide down into it.

Stretching his jaws, Dakol started cramming the bunny girl's wide shoulders inside. Of course, that left Seela's head with nowhere to go but down. The little rabbit managed to give one last frightened squeal before being pushed, nose first, into the squishy tunnel of Dakol's esophagus. Muscular walls pressed against Seela's head on all sides and she could feel the peristaltic waves starting to tug her deeper.

The rabbit kicked and flailed as Dakol consumed her but that was nothing unusual. He was used to prey struggling and had no trouble at all in managing his wriggly meal. Holding her arms to her sides so she couldn't scratch him, and letting her legs kick freely, he worked her chest into his jaws. Her bare nipples brushed across his tongue and he gave them a friendly lick. Normally he avoided playing with his food like that but as Seela also seemed to be turned on by her situation he saw no harm in a little teasing.

From the depths of Dakol's esophagus Seela gave a little gasp. The surface of fox's tongue was rough, particularly on such a sensitive area, and a pleased shiver ran through her body. It was

finally happening. After managing to avoid this fate for so long she had finally slipped up and was being eaten alive. A primitive instinctual part of her brain had some strong opinions on that and wanted her to kick and struggle with every second she had left. It was not, however, as powerful as the wave of desire that washed through her at that moment. She wanted to be in her predator's stomach. She wanted to be broken down, destroyed, and turned into fat. She wanted her life to end with a satisfied belch.

Dakol gave his meal's teats another lick. They felt rock hard against his tongue and he could tell that she was enjoying his attentions. Still, appetite was fast winning out over his desire to savor her and he eagerly started to work her deeper again, preparing for the next big swallow.

Gulp! Seela felt the muscular wave of pull her down. Dakol's esophagus stretched to allow her chest and shoulders inside. Somewhere below her she could hear the growling of the fox's stomach, well aware that she was on her way and evidently very eager to meet her. Well, she was eager to meet it too. Her struggles, which had previously been an instinctive reaction intended to keep her out of the carnivore's digestive tract, suddenly changed purpose. Dakol was taking too long. She wanted to be in his tummy now.

The fox was just lifting Seela's butt into the air and starting to work on her nicely toned midsection into his jaws when Seela pushed herself forwards. "Ack!" The fox had plenty of experience with difficult prey but he'd never had a meal try to pull themselves deeper before. He made a choking noise and grabbed her ankles to slow her down but that only made her wriggle more enthusiastically.

Seela squirmed from side to side as she worked her body deeper. The fox's esophagus was designed to give descending prey very little control, but it was also supposed to help them slide down. The walls that had seemed absolutely frictionless when she had tried to push herself back out somehow managed to give her all the purchase she needed now she was pulling the other way.

Below her, she felt Dakol's gullet narrow to a ring of tight muscle and guessed that she had almost reached the end of her short journey. Wriggling her nose against it, she managed to nuzzle it open and found herself suspended above the churning acidic pit that would soon be her home.

Dakol whined as the rabbit tried to force her hips into his mouth. He could probably have pulled her out if he had wanted but chose instead to continue with his meal. Her weird struggling wasn't exactly unpleasant, after all, just very different from what he usually expected. Now that he was getting used to it, it was actually quite nice to have a meal so eager to become a part of him.

The bunny's little fluff tail twitched in excitement as it passed his lips. His teeth ran over the curve of the rabbit's butt and he bit down, just hard enough to make her squeak, before pushing her deeper. He knew she was enjoying it, he could taste the arousal through her fur. His rough tongue slipped between the rabbit's legs and gave her a very intimate lick.

Seela let out a low moan, that felt so good. It wasn't just the slick fox tongue between her legs, either. By now her head was entirely inside Dakol's stomach and her long bunny ears were trailing in the pool of acid that was waiting for her. Already the sensitive folds of skin were starting to prickle. She was being digested.

That thought sent a wave of pleasure through the young rabbit. With an eager groan she started to rock her hips from side to side, rubbing her drool coated slit against the fox's tongue and inviting him to taste her further.

Dakol, of course, had no objections to the delicious bunny spreading her flavor over his tongue and licked, teased, and slurped at the rabbit's cute snatch eliciting a series of muffled moans from his belly. Seela couldn't help but notice, however, that she was still sliding deeper. Her nose inched steadily closer to the waiting pool of acids and she could feel her hips already starting to enter Dakol's gullet.

"Wait!" she cried out between gasps. "Just another minute. I'm so close. Please don't ..." Her plea was cut short as he swallowed and she was plunged head first into the tingly juices. Seela thrashed around as the acid stung her sensitive nose and she found herself unable to breathe. Twisting around she tried to push her way back up but Dakol's esophagus was pretty good at ensuring that food only passed through it in one direction.

Dakol rubbed the bulge in his throat as Seela's butt slid down his gullet. All that remained now were a pair of kicking bunny legs. Holding her ankles together to put a stop to her struggles he began gulping them down.

Seela gasped for air as she was finally able to get her head out of the acids again. Dakol had evidently decided to pick up the pace and more and more of her body was sliding into the stomach. Thankfully the walls stretched as she entered, although she still found the surroundings unpleasantly tight.

As the bunny's ankles passed his lips, Dakol remembered too late that he had wanted to record the scene. With a shrug, he retrieved his phone and pointed the camera at his mouth. Seela's bare paws were recorded sliding over his tongue, toes curling and uncurling in either terror or delight, it was hard to tell which, before his lips close and Dakol swallowed her.

Licking traces of rabbit fur from his lips he ran one hand over his belly then belched and turned the camera off. Heaving himself to his feet, and feeling his bunny dinner shift inside him as he did so, he pocketed his phone and headed home.

Inside, Seela ran her paws experimentally around the smooth walls that contained her. For now the muscles seemed fairly relaxed but she could feel the power in them. Those walls could easily crush her body into a mushy rabbit paste. In fact, it was only a matter of time before they did so.

Her exploration of the stomach walls turned up the muscular ring she had entered through. Intellectually, she knew that she would not be able to get it open. Dakol's species had preyed on rabbits for a long time and were well adapted to their chosen diet. His stomach had evolved to resist anything a trapped rabbit could throw at it. She tried anyway, if only to satisfy the part of her mind that was screaming right now. Needless to say, she couldn't get it open and knew that even if she somehow did, his esophagus would push her straight back down anyway.

"Dakol?" she called out. He didn't answer so she tried again. "Dakol!" This time she distinctly heard a little chuckle from the fox. He could definitely hear her he was simply choosing not to respond, reinforcing her status as mere food. "Dakol, please? I can feel myself starting to break down in here." Still no answer. The fox's stomach simply continued its gentle swaying motions as Dakol carried her away.

Defeated, she slumped back into a heap in the muscular sack. She wasn't sure if she wanted to escape, anyway. In fact, she had no idea what she wanted. Her self-preservation was screaming at her, and telling her how stupid she had been to go around taunting predators just for a cheap adrenaline rush. On the other hand, she had always fantasized about finding herself in here and, as she had already experienced, the actual swallowing part had felt very good indeed.

This was the first and last time she would ever get to experience a predator's digestive system and she was eager to make the most of it. Sliding one paw between her legs Seela started to enjoy her situation properly. Dakol's digestive juices had covered every inch of her exterior, hands and fingers included, and they tingled fiercely as Seela introduced them to a new and extremely sensitive part of herself. Not that she was complaining, of course. The prickly fizz added a whole new level to her masturbation and Seela moaned in delight.

Dakol's stomach seemed to have plenty to say as well. The rumbles and groans reverberated around her as the walls began to secrete more stinging fluids of digest her. Seela's fur offered almost no protection at all. The fox's stomach was too well adapted to processing bunnies and was secreting a blend of chemicals that was almost specifically tailored for dissolving rabbits. The juices stripped the oils out of her fur, removing its water proof qualities, then soaked straight through to her vulnerable skin.

A large droplet rolled down the curve of one breast, leaving a stinging trail in its wake, before dripping onto her belly and continuing on its way. Seela groaned as her whole body seemed to light up with the sensations and redoubled her masturbatory work. She had often hoped that the insides of a predator's digestive system would feel good, but she hadn't realized it would be like this.

So lost was the rabbit in her own euphoric haze she barely even noticed the sound of a door open then slam shut. Only when the swaying of Dakol's stomach came to a stop did she emerge from her own world enough to focus on what was happening around her.

"No it's not Sarah... just stop crying for a moment and listen... I don't know where she is and I don't care... She did her part so I let her go... up to her to get home safely." Another voice was mingled with Dakol's but between its high pitched babble, the layer of fox that separated her from it, and the constant slosh of Dakol's stomach juices, Seela couldn't make out a word it said. She did, however, hear a distinct clicking noise then Dakol speaking again. "Look, the door is open. Just get out of here before I change my mind."

There were some more muffled scrapes then an annoyed sigh from the predator. "So ... That was John, I take it?" Seela asked.

"Yeah." came the reply. Seela could feel him moving again, then her whole world lurched suddenly downwards as Dakol dropped into a chair. "He wanted to know where his girlfriend was. I guess it is kind of cute that his first concern was for her instead of escaping."

Seela waited a moment for the surrounding pool of acid to settle down a bit. "It was nice of you to let him go." she pointed out.

Seela felt her surroundings shift slightly as Dakol shrugged. "That was the deal I made with his girlfriend. She helped me catch you, so they both go free."

"Yeah, but she wasn't exactly much use was she? She delayed me for what, half a second? If I hadn't run into that wolf I'd have made it."

"I know, but I already knew she wasn't going to slow you down much. Admittedly, I had hoped you wouldn't get past her quite that fast but she clearly tried her best. Besides, I've already got a meal so it's not like I'm going to go hungry by letting him leave."

A soft rumble added emphasis to Dakol's words. It was barely audible outside of the stomach, but

inside it reverberated through Seela's entire world. As it died down again, Seela noticed that the stomach juices were trickling in a little faster now. She bit her lip as the tingling in her body increased. "So, if that wolf hadn't caught me and I'd escaped, does that mean you would you have kept him?"

"Possibly." Dakol admitted. "The deal I made with Sarah did specify that he only went free if I caught you as a replacement. On the other hand, if she had genuinely tried her hardest to slow you down and I'd still failed to catch you... Well, that would really have been my fault for running too slow or not setting up a good enough trap. Not sure, but I'd at least feel a little guilty if I offered her a chance of freedom like that then took it away due to my own mistakes. It's not fair to give someone false hope like that."

Seela considered that for a while. In her experience, a lot of predators seemed to enjoy giving their captured victims the illusion of a chance. She'd interrupted quite a few 'games' where the predator had offered their catch some hope of freedom but it was clear to an outside viewer that meeting the conditions was all but impossible. Even if the prey did somehow manage the impossible request, most predators would simply shrug and eat them anyway. Seela had always taken particular pleasure from interfering with those hunters. "Hmm, nice to see that some preds do keep their promises and play fair."

Dakol chuckled causing the acidic pool to slosh around Seela. It was still only a few inches deep but, in her curled up position, that covered a surprising amount of her body. "The same could be said for you prey." the fox pointed out.

"What?" A little flicker of outrage flashed through the bunny at that. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"That generally, if I catch someone, I can expect them to try any dirty trick they can think of if it gives them any chance of keeping themselves on the outside."

"Well yeah." Seela protested. "But that's not cheating, that's just them trying to survive. Anything that happens before getting caught is fair game. It's when predators offer their victims a chance to escape but set impossible conditions, or just outright lie, that bothers me."

"But prey do that too." Dakol pointed out. "Sarah promised to help me catch you but do you really think she would have stuck to that if I hadn't been holding her boyfriend hostage? I could have set that trap for you months ago if I thought I could trust my prey to keep their word instead of escaping the first chance they get. You yourself even encouraged her to run when you saw her."

"But I ..." Seela trailed off and frowned. He was right, she had tried that. Then again, she had been pretty sure at the time that Dakol was only pretending to be willing to let them go and that both John and Sarah would likely end up passing through his digestive system regardless of whether she cooperated or not. "It's still different." she insisted. "Predators make those kind of deals of their own choice and their prey have no option but to accept. Do you think you could keep to your part of a deal if you knew it might result in your death?"

"You did." Dakol pointed out. "I know our chase wasn't exactly a formal agreement or anything but you still seemed pretty determined to play fair, even if it cost you your life. After I caught you you didn't try any of the lies that prey usually offer if they think it will save them. "

"Eep!" The acids were up to her navel at this point and Seela couldn't help but let out a little squeak as they crept higher. Her whole body was coated in the viscous stuff, and there was no part of her

that wasn't tingling slightly, but it was only the bits of her that were actually submerged in the pool that felt the full effects. "Um ... I guess," She struggled to focus on the conversation at hand instead of the fact that she was being slowly turned into soup as they talked. "but I'm not exactly a fair example. Most rabbits don't want to be eaten at all. In my case, the best compromise I could find between my desire to end up in a stomach and my desire to survive was to make sure that only someone who had really earned it would get to eat me. I didn't try to escape because you were the first one clever and fast enough to catch me."

"Not really." the fox responded. "That wolf was the one who caught you. I had a neat trap set up but it kind of relied on you not getting past Sarah so quickly. If you hadn't run into that wolf then I might well have lost you."

Seela considered that, or at least tried to. Her attention kept returning to the rising acids. What would it feel like when that stuff reached her breasts? What would it feel like when it covered her head? As excited as the idea made her, she couldn't deny the rising pit of fear forming in her own stomach. Her remaining air, and thus her life, was ticking away before her eyes. "Yeah, but that was just bad luck." she agreed, not really focusing on the conversation anymore. "Neither of us could have known that he was round that corner."

"Still, it kind of feels like cheating to have beaten you by pure chance." Dakol countered. "I didn't really earn this. I didn't prove myself as fast as you and you escaped pretty easily from my trap."

"You were pretty close behind me though." Seela responded. She was beginning to wish the conversation would end so she could go back to enjoying herself. That or panicking about her situation, she wasn't sure which. "I was already starting to slow by that point. If the wolf hadn't interrupted you might well have caught me anyway."

"I guess there's no way of knowing for sure." the fox answered. There was several seconds pause, during which the only noise was another rumble from his stomach and a steady dripping noise as more enzymatic fluid trickled down his inner walls and splashed into the rising pool. "Um ... do you want me to let you go?" he asked at last.

"What?" Seela couldn't believe what he was asking. It was not an offer she had ever dreamed of hearing a predator make. She also wasn't quite sure what her answer would be. On the one hand, being in Dakol's stomach was an experience like no other. The effect of his acids on her skin was even better than she had imagined. Not painful as she had feared but a far more intense sensation than anything she had fantasized about. A very major part of her wanted nothing more than to stay put and let him turn her into rabbit soup. On the other hand, if she did that, she would die. That was a pretty tough objection to overcome. As much as she was enjoying the attentions of his stomach she wasn't sure it could compare with the lifetime of experiences that she would be throwing away.

"Well, like you said, I do try to keep my word when hunting. I know we never actually agreed on anything but this still feels a little like cheating to me. I guess I could take you back to the alley we met at and let you have another run, but I doubt that would be any fairer."

"No." Seela agreed. "It wouldn't." She had no delusions about how that would end. She had outrun a lot of predators in the past but only by being properly prepared. In her current state, tired from the earlier chase, cramped from being curled up in Dakol's belly, and likely suffering some damage from his acids as well, she would have no chance of outrunning a predator, let alone one as fast as Dakol. She had survived plenty of chases in the past, but only because she never initiated them unless she knew she was at her best.

"Thought not." The fox admitted. "So ...?" He left the question hanging.

Seela almost jumped at the offer. Getting to spend some time in a canine's digestive tract but still be able to return to her life, whole and unharmed, afterwards seemed like the best of both possible worlds. However, tempting as the idea was, she had just as much respect for their unspoken agreement as Dakol. "That also wouldn't be fair," she pointed out. "We don't know for sure that you would have caught me had that wolf not interfered, but we also don't know that I would have escaped. You were pretty close behind, after all."

"You said yourself though, prey species have more at stake so it's not so wrong when you guys cheat. If we resolve this in your favor then at least we both get to survive."

Dakol's reasoning was very tempting but Seela still shook her head. "I said prey cheating isn't as bad as when predators cheat because the predator usually gets to set the terms and the prey have no alternative but to accept. In this case, I was the one who decided to go out and look for someone to tease. You didn't force me into this and it's entirely my fault that I'm here. Besides, it's not like you have nothing at stake. You've already given let two good meals escape in order to catch me."

"Three." Dakol corrected. "First time we met you cost me that rat, remember?"

Seela hesitated for a moment. "Not really," she answered. "I've cost of lot of predators their dinner since starting this and, back then, you were just one more fox that I managed to beat so I'm kind of fuzzy on the details of our first encounter." That got an annoyed snort from her predator. "I'm sorry but I really did do this a lot." Seela continued. "You just didn't stand out much until tonight."

"Well, you're right anyway. I did lose several good meals pursuing you and if I hadn't gone after you tonight I'd be enjoying a nice pair of bunnies right now. Sorry, Seela but I think I'm going to withdraw my offer to let you go."

The acids had just reached her breasts. Seela squirmed uncomfortably as her bare nipples started to prickle fiercely. Her fur didn't offer much protection against the acids but the parts of her where she had none were still more vulnerable than the rest of her body. "Ah! Um ... understood." She wriggled in an attempt to get herself a little further out, but there really was no way of doing so in the confined space available to her. It really wasn't easy to talk while her body was tingling like this. "I went into this knowing that eventually someone would get the better of me. I'm certainly not complaining that it was you," she managed.

A yawn came from the fox then the stomach lurched upwards as he heaved himself out of the chair. Seela's added weight made standing difficult but Dakol was used to handling large prey. "Well then, now that that's settled, I really should be heading to bed. Sorry bunny, but I guess you aren't going to see the morning."

His belly swayed with its heavy contents as he headed upstairs. Inside the acids sloshed and swirled around poor Seela. On the way to Dakol's house the level of his stomach juices had been low enough that she hadn't been too affected by the movements. This time the acids splashed over her with every step. Thankfully she had the sense to keep her eyes tightly shut but the spray of caustic fluids still made her nose and lips sting with each step Dakol took.

Reaching the top of the stairs, Dakol turned and Seela soon heard running water, then the sound of Dakol brushing his teeth. He didn't take long. Seela guessed that if you swallowed most of your food whole then there wasn't as much need to brush thoroughly. Moments later, Dakol spat the froth into his sink and rinsed out his mouth. Unfortunately, he then decided to swallow and Seela

squeaked in disgust as the mouthful of toothpaste water poured over her head. Logically she had already been coated in plenty of fox drool, not to mention far worse fluids, and this shouldn't be any more disgusting than that but she still shuddered and tried to wipe it out of her fur.

Walking into his bedroom Dakol stripped his shirt off and tossed it on the floor. After that he bent down, ignoring the squeal of alarm that provoked from his dinner, and started removing his pants. As he straightened back up, Seela had a few seconds to recover from her unexpected dunking before the fox flopped onto his bed and stretched out. Seela squeaked again as, for the second time in under a minute, Dakol's corrosive stomach juices washed over her. This time, however, the fox showed no signs of returning to an upright position. Dakol simply yawned, pulled the covers over his bulging tummy, and closed his eyes.

Seela started to thrash about in the acids. The air pocket that had previously been at the top of Dakol's stomach had relocated to the new highest point which, unfortunately, was closer to the end her feet were at than her head. If she couldn't reach it quickly then the remainder of her life would be even sooner than she had expected. Unfortunately, the stomach walls were pretty tight and turning herself around in such a confined space was not easy.

Desperation, however, eventually prevailed and, after almost dislocating her arm, Seela gave a relieved gasp as her muzzle emerged from the acids again. "Settle down, bunny." Dakol chided sleepily.

"Wait, did that hurt you?" Seela asked. She had been struggling pretty hard but she had just assumed that Dakol's stomach was built to take anything a bunny like her could throw at it.

"No. It feels pretty nice actually, having you wriggle about in there, but I'm trying to sleep and would prefer it if you were a bit less active. My prey usually stops moving around this point." The stomach wall above Seela's head suddenly lowered, pushing her nose back into the acids, as Dakol gave his belly a quick rub. "You should try to get some sleep as well, Seela. My stomach will take care of everything from here and, in the morning, I'll cough up a little ball of rabbit fur and bones."

Seela didn't resist. Unable to breathe, it took all her willpower to keep herself from fighting to reach the surface but something told her that if Dakol felt her struggling he might well decide to hold her head under until she passed out. Sure enough, her decision to hold still paid off as Dakol lost interest and took his hand away to cover a yawn instead.

Seela resurfaced and inhaled as quickly as she could. Her whole body felt like it was on fire. "Oh!" She tried to keep her gasp as quiet as possible to avoid attracting Dakol's attention again but couldn't resist making some noise. The sensations were simply too intense. Reaching down, she started masturbating again, letting out a series of short moans as she spread the stinging digestive juices deeper into her most sensitive regions.

The stomach walls contracted sharply, taking away a portion of her remaining air, and she heard a deep belch from the satisfied fox but the crude sound only turned her on more. The rabbit's large hind paws twitched and pressed against the stomach walls as she writhed in ecstasy, no longer caring how much or little time she had left, just determined to make every second of it count.

Dakol licked his lips as the flavor of his partially digested meal returned. Very nice. Despite Seela's attempts to keep quiet and not draw too much attention to herself he could still hear her moaning and feel every twitch the young bunny made. It felt good, but it was kind of annoying when he wanted to sleep. Still, he decided not to put a stop to it just yet. After all, this was the last chance Seela would ever get to enjoy herself and, besides, he'd put up with much worse from his prey in the

past. With a contented sigh that turned into a yawn midway, Dakol patted the squirmy bulge in his midsection, then closed his eyes and went to sleep. Wiggly as his dinner might be now, he was confident that she would be a thick and creamy sludge by the time he woke up.

Distracted as she was, some part of Seela was still aware enough of her surroundings to notice the fox's breathing slow and realize that the predator was now asleep. A little shiver ran through her body. While Dakol had been awake her actions had mattered, at least a little bit. If she said something he would hear her, and would possibly remember her comment long after her remains had been flushed to the sewers. If she kicked him, he would at least feel her doing so. Now, however, there was no one watching her actions at all. She could do or say anything she liked and it would not make the least difference to the mess of fur and bone that Dakol would cough up in the morning. Her choices no longer mattered to the outside world in any meaningful way.

The thought was terrifying but also strangely liberating. If nothing she said or did mattered anymore then she was free to enjoy herself. Sliding her fingers a little deeper into her warm folds Seela threw back her head and let out a long groan. If no one would even know what happened in here then there was no need to hide how much she was enjoying it. For the first time she didn't feel even the least embarrassed by her desire to be digested.

Now that Dakol was asleep his body was diverting more and more of its resources to digesting his meal. The stomach walls were becoming more active and starting work on their rabbit prisoner, pushing her around, squeezing her body, and trying to force her head under the swirling fluids. Seela pushed back, determined not to be drowned just yet. She just needed a little longer, that was all.

As she worked her fingers back and forth in her tingling slit she noticed that the fur on her butt was starting to come out in clumps. That was the part of her that had been submerged in Dakol's digestive juices the longest, after all, and the increased motion was helping separate the hair from her body.

Well, that wasn't so surprising. Her body was going to end up in three different places by the time Dakol was finished with her. Her fur and bones would be passing back up his throat in the morning. Her meat and organs would be dissolved and pour through his intestines to be separated further. Useful parts would be kept and added to the fox's body, the rest would be flushed down the toilet to join with all the other past meals in the city's sewer system.

She couldn't help but morbidly wonder how much of her those two groups would consist of. How much of her body would be kept by the fox and how much was just waste product? Would Dakol be any heavier once finished with her? Would she make any visible difference to his waistline and, if so, how long would it take him to work off the excess fat by hunting other meals? She didn't know the answers but picturing herself as a part of Dakol's belly fat was enough to push Seela to climax.

Seela convulsed as she felt the first wave of intense pleasure wash through her. Of course, that was all Dakol's stomach needed to push her head back under. A stream of bubbles rose from her lips as she involuntarily gasped from the pleasure. Of course, she now had no way of replacing the lost oxygen. The fox's stomach was also quick to take advantage of her moment of distraction and tightened around her, attempting to crush its tasty prisoner. Seela kicked back, half intentionally, half from the throws of passion, and somehow managed to get back to the surface. As her nose reached the air again she threw back her head and squealed in orgasmic bliss.

Wave after wave of pleasure washed through the helpless bunny and she squirmed and cried out with each one, knowing that this was the last time she would ever feel this good. It was pretty close

to the last time she would ever feel anything for that matter. Eventually, the intensity started to fade and Seela was left panting in the tiny air pocket she had left.

“Enjoying yourself in there?”

It took a moment for Seela's overwhelmed mind to process the words. “Oh.” she gasped. “Sorry. I didn't mean ... to wake you.” She panted heavily, trying to recover from the intense orgasm.

“Well perhaps kicking me and yelling your head off wasn't the best way to go about that then.” Dakol commented dryly. He sounded more amused than annoyed though. “Anyway, I take it you're finished now?”

“Y ... yeah.” Seela was still panting in the remaining pocket of air but she was gradually realizing that it wasn't working. Instead of helping her recover from her climax, the thin air seemed to be making it even harder for her to think straight. She gasped and squirmed weakly, struggling just to keep her head above the fluid, let alone talk while doing so. “I ... I think ... I am.” she managed.

“Mhh.” She felt an indent as the fox's paw ran over the outside of his belly, gently tracing the bulge she made in him. “It's been a pleasure digesting you, Seela, not to mention that I really enjoyed our little contest.” His hand came to rest over her head, gently pushing her down into the acids.

“Yeah.” She tried to push back and resist a little longer but her limbs didn't seem to be responding anymore. “... enjoyed it ... too ... ya dumb ... pred.” she managed before her mouth slipped under.

“Goodbye Seela.” she heard. “You were very tasty.”

She wanted to say goodbye as well but it was already too late. Her lungs were protesting from the lack of oxygen, but the ache seemed distant and unimportant. The darkness of the fox's insides seemed to spin around her and even the tingly fizz of the acids was fading now. A few bubbles reached the surface of the acids as Seela exhaled her last breath and passed out.

Ending One – A Change of Heart

Seela opened her eyes. The morning sunlight was painfully bright and it took her a moment to realize that she had not been expecting to wake up at all. Groggily, she glanced around, taking in her surroundings.

She was lying on a partially inflated air mattress, with a blanket spread over her, in a room she didn't recognize. Nearby she could see a proper bed, far larger than any rabbit would need, with the tip of a black and silver tail sticking out from the covers.

Still feeling confused, she sat up and winced. Her lower body felt sore, itchy, and hot, as if she had managed to get sunburn on pretty much everything below her waist. Looking down she could see that her fur was completely gone in those parts and the exposed skin was red and peeling. Dakol's digestive juices had not been gentle with her.

Then again, she should have been a thick rabbit stew by this time so it was arguable that his stomach acids had been far gentler than she could have expected. Standing up and flinching, she

walked stiffly to the bed and gave the covers a poke. "Dakol?"

The mound of blankets shifted and a black nose poked out. "Wha?" he mumbled sleepily.

"You didn't digest me." It was kind of obvious but she had no idea what else to say in this situation.

"I very nearly did." he answered. "I was all set on turning you into nice layer of fox pudge when I first went to sleep. If you hadn't woken me in the night we wouldn't be having this discussion."

"So what changed your mind?"

The fox emerged a little further from the covers and blinked in the morning sunlight. "Well, like I said last night, it wasn't really a fair catch." He pulled himself into a sitting position and Seela blushed slightly as she realized that he was naked beneath the bed covers. Then again, she was even more so given that she had neither fur nor blankets to conceal herself with. "I was just going to ignore that," the fox continued. "but when I felt you stop moving I realized how much I'd enjoyed hunting you. You certainly weren't easy prey and I loved the challenge of coming up with plans to catch you."

Seela smiled. It was an odd compliment but she felt flattered by it none the less. "I enjoyed being hunted too, foxy. Out of all the dumb preds who've ever chased me you were definitely the most fun. Probably the most sentimental too."

"Yeah, well, if I'd let you die then I'd never get the chance to beat you properly. I think I would have regretted that, so I went to the bathroom and coughed you back up. I thought at first that I was too late as you were completely limp but then you spat up some acids and started breathing again. After that I hosed you down and made a bed for you on my floor."

"Very chivalrous." Seela commented dryly. "So does this mean I'm free to go or ..."

"Well, I was hoping we could have a rematch at some point. I get that you'll need some time to recover, and to let your fur grow back, but after that we could arrange a time to meet and see how that chase should have gone."

Seela grinned and scrambled up to sit on the corner of the bed. "And what makes you think I'll agree to that, Dakol? Maybe coming so close to losing has taught me a lesson about stupid risks, or maybe you've satisfied my curiosity and I no longer want to know what getting digested would be like?"

In answer, Dakol grabbed his phone from where it was charging on the bedside table. At the touch of a button, Seela appeared on the screen, stark naked and smiling nervously at the camera. "Um, hi? ... If you're watching this then you probably already know who I am ... or was, I guess, as I'm probably going to have been digested by the time you see it." the recording announced.

Seela made a grab for the phone but Dakol held it out of reach. Her voice continued to tell the room how Dakol was the one who had caught her. "Give me that." Seela demanded.

"Oh? I guess this is something you don't want uploading to the internet then?" the fox teased.

"Because that's where it will go if you don't cooperate. I'm sure a lot of people will be interested to hear you admitting defeat."

Seela made another grab for it, missed, and fell into Dakol's lap. "Fine." she growled, trying but not

quite managing to sound annoyed instead of amused. "You'll get your rematch. You didn't actually need to blackmail me, you know?"

"Yeah, but it was fun." he answered.

Reaching out, Seela ran her fingers through to dark fur of the fox's belly. It was kind of strange to think that just a few hours ago she had been curled up in there. Dakol's stomach gave a little rumble at her touch. Poor foxy, she thought. He had already given up two bunny dinners to trap her and still gone hungry. "You know, we could make this a regular thing?" she offered. "Meet up once a week or so. You chase me, I escape. At least, until the day I don't?"

"Sounds good to me." Dakol answered.

Seela smiled and pressed her ear to his belly to better hear its rumbles. From the sound of it, Dakol's stomach was very much missing her. Still, someday, maybe even quite soon, she would be back inside it and those tingly acids would finish the job they had started. Seela couldn't deny that she was looking forward to it.

Ending Two – Bunny Stew

Dakol yawned and rolled over. The action was accompanied by a loud slosh from his stomach. Sleepily opening one eye he gave his belly a gentle rub. That prompted even more wet noises as several pounds of liquefied rabbit splashed around his inner walls.

Half an hour later, Dakol rolled out of bed and trudged downstairs, still naked. His belly swayed as he walked, heavy from his large meal and making crude sloshing noises with every step. Still only half awake, Dakol entered his kitchen just long enough to grab a cup of coffee then went to sit in front of his computer and waste a couple of hours. Fortunately, there was very little he needed to do today. He'd deliberately planned his hunt for the night before his day off to make sure he had plenty of time to enjoy his victory.

As he waited for his computer to boot, he noticed that Seela seemed quite talkative this morning. She glooped and gurgled away in his stomach pretty much non-stop. Smiling to himself, Dakol ran his fingers over the bulge in his middle. It was definitely smaller than when she had been solid, and much softer too. "Well you seem cheerful." he joked, then gulped down a mouthful of coffee, helping to dilute the rabbit mush inside him.

Over the next few hours, Seela continued to slosh around in Dakol's stomach but his belly was slowly shrinking back towards its old size as, bit by bit, the girl was poured into his intestines for further processing. Gradually, the warm fullness in Dakol's tummy dwindled until all he could feel was a few hard lumps. With a sigh, Dakol got up from his desk and headed back into his kitchen.

Bending over his garbage bin, Dakol heaved. A few heavy retches later and a large rabbit skull, followed by a couple of ribs, half a femur, and a wad of sodden fur fell from his jaws and landed among the other waste. Wiping his mouth, Dakol poured himself a glass of water to wash away the stray hairs that had stuck to his tongue. He was about to leave, then hesitated.

Rummaging through the garbage, he fished out Seela's skull from where it had landed between a

screwed up chips packet and the bones of a plump mouse that he'd had just a few days earlier. The bunny's skull was still slimy from his insides, and covered in strands of bleached rabbit fur, so he ran it under the tap for a minute before inspecting it.

Like this, Seela was pretty much indistinguishable from any other bunny he had ever enjoyed. It was kind of a disappointment, actually. After all the trouble he had gone to to catch her, he couldn't help but feel that the reward should have been something other than a fairly typical rabbit dinner. True she had been interesting to talk to, and had wriggled about in a way quite different from most food, but, post digestion, she looked much the same as any other meal.

After a moment's hesitation he dropped her skull back into the trash. He had a nice video of her from when he had first caught her and some pleasant memories that would serve as a much better keepsake than some generic rabbit bones. Seela's skull made a hollow clack as it landed back on top of the mouse. In a couple of days the council would collect Dakol's trash and both rabbit and mouse would end up as landfill, along with everyone else who had been caught recently. With the tougher parts of his meal no longer bothering him, and the rest of Seela still working her way through a series of winding tubes, Dakol headed back to his computer.

A couple of hours later he got up again, this time in the realization that his bunny dinner was reaching the end of her gastric voyage and was almost ready to be released back into the wild. Dashing into his bathroom, the silver fox sat down and allowed the processed rabbit to leave his body. As Seela splashed down into the water as a series of brown logs, Dakol let out a relieved sigh. It had felt great having her inside him but it was also nice to feel that added weight leave and his body return to its original shape.

Well, almost original. Squeezing his tummy with both hands, Dakol stared in horror at the added layer of pudge. He knew that rabbits were fattening but he had hoped that Seela, with her streamlined athlete's build, would not add too much to his waistline.

Unfortunately, that was not the case. His stomach had bubbled up the little bunny girl quite efficiently and, despite the quantity that was now resting in his toilet, most of her body had been converted directly into fox fat. Well, at least he now knew what to do with his day off. It would take a while to work off so much added weight so he should probably head to the gym straight away.

Then again, he stood up and inspected himself in the bathroom mirror, she did look quite good on him and he couldn't imagine that Seela would have objected to being kept around as fat for a few days. Perhaps he would leave her like that, just for a week or so. In the mean time, he had some bragging to do. There were quite a few people who would be very jealous when they found out what had happened to the feisty bunny.