

Make a Wish

“This ... this really is moving a little faster than I’m used to.” Sanarra protested.

“Well maybe you shouldn’t be so beautiful then.” The fox replied, “It would be much easier to take things slow if you weren’t so utterly irresistible.”

The chicken blushed. Ever since she had first spoken to the vixen, Dee had been nothing but charm romanticism. “I ... well I wouldn’t say I was ... I mean normally I would have just given you my number and we ...” She had never been good at dealing with compliments although until today it had rarely been much of a problem for her. “I just abandoned Sue on her own,” she managed at last, “she doesn’t have a car so she was kind of relying on me too ...”

“Did you know, when you get flustered your feathers puff up?” Dee interrupted, “It’s very cute. Ah, here we are.” She walked down the corridor to one of the doors and started rummaging through her pockets for the key. “But if you’re really worried about Sue, I guess we could call this off. Hopefully reschedule some time when you are less busy?”

“No! That’s fine. She’ll be fine. We probably aren’t going to be long. I ... I mean we might, but we probably won’t be so long that it’s a problem. I ... I mean ...” Sanarra was sure that her feathers had never been more puffed up than they were today.

“I know what you meant dear.” Dee finished unlocking her door and pushed it open. “Welcome to my home.” She declared with a mock bow, “It’s not exactly much, I know, but I hope it will be enough to keep you comfortable.”

As Dee was clearly waiting for her to go first, the chicken stepped inside and looked around. The room was large in comparison to what she was used to but she guessed that it was probably quite small for a fox, particularly given that the single room was all she had. Still it had a certain coziness to it. Everything was neatly ordered and stacked so as to get the most use out of the limited space. The only thing that seemed out of place was the sheet of tarpaulin spread across the bed.

That was odd. She was here for sex but surely the fox didn’t expect things to get that messy. No, of course not. The tarp had to have been put there before the fox had even met Sanarra so there was no way she could have known that she would be bringing someone home tonight. Unless of course, Dee had been fairly confident of bringing someone back home and hadn’t cared much who it was. Sanarra hoped that that was not the explanation, her self esteem hadn’t exactly been great these last few weeks and the vixen’s flattering had been a very welcome boost. There were plenty of other reasons that the tarp could be there.

Dee closed the door behind them and locked it, then turned to her chicken guest. “Fucking hell, you’re dumb.” She announced abruptly. Sanarra jumped at the sudden change of tone and wheeled round to see what she had done wrong. “If some compliments and a few flirtatious glances is all it takes to get you to follow a predator home, there is no way you should have survived this long. Don’t worry though, I’ll be happy to fix that for you.” Dee walked towards her and Sanarra involuntarily backed away.

“Um, this is a joke, right?” she asked. The fox had dropped a few unsubtle hints about sometimes being a little rough in bed, but if this was just a roleplay it seemed a bit of an extreme one to plunge into without warning.

“No, not a joke. I brought you here to eat. Now if you could undress and get on the bed for me?”

Sanarra wavered. Despite the fox’s reply, the fact that Dee wanted her naked on the bed suggested that this might be a sadistic game after all. Not that she had a lot of choice in the matter anyway, she realized. If this was a game then refusing to undress would only spoil the fun, if it was not then it didn’t really matter what she did. The door was locked and Dee could easily strip her by force if she chose to. Seeing no other alternatives she took off her clothes then clambered onto the oversized bed.

Dee smiled and started undressing as well. That encouraged Sanarra, you didn’t take your clothes off to eat dinner, if the fox was getting naked then the evening would probably end well for her after all. Relaxing a little she leaned back on the bed and decided to enjoy the show. She didn’t get to do this sort of thing very often and Dee’s body was quite appealing. In particular, Sanarra couldn’t help but admire the fox’s breasts. Avians, regardless of gender, didn’t have those and, on her few previous experiences with mammals, Sanarra had always found them delightfully exotic.

As Dee removed the last tantalizing bit of clothing, Sanarra moved one hand down to her groin, she hoped the fox would not mind if she started a little early, but it really had been too long since her last time. Looking up she met the fox’s gaze and smiled, “I’m ready, if you want to take a taste now?” she offered.

Dee bent down and gathered up her discarded clothes, “Just let me put these where we won’t get any blood on them.” she answered.

Sanarra’s smile froze. That was a reason for the fox undressing that she hadn’t even considered, her stomach sank further as she realized that it explained the tarp as well. Still, predators didn’t usually leave much blood when they caught their prey. People getting eaten wasn’t exactly common and on the rare instances when someone did become a meal, they were usually swallowed whole and intact. “Blood?” She asked, trying but failing to keep the fear from her voice.

“Yeah.” Dee rolled her clothes into a ball and tossed it onto a nearby chair. “I can’t stand the sensation of feathers in my throat and plucking requires more patience than I have. Whenever I get a bird, I usually just make a hole and eat from the inside out. Less hassle that way.”

Sanarra shuddered at the horrifying mental image. “Please?” she tried, “You’re really starting to scare me. Can’t we play something else? Dee?”

Dee sighed and came to sit on the bed beside the quivering chicken. “I’m not playing.” She reiterated, “This is not a joke or any kind of twisted game. I brought you here ‘cause I wanted a chicken dinner, not for sex. I don’t even swing that way. Sorry.”

Sanarra stared up at the fox. There was no hint of amusement in the predator’s eyes, no suggestion that she was teasing in her voice. If this was a game then Dee was the best actor she had ever met. Her vision began to blur as her eyes filled with tears. “Please?” she sobbed, “I don’t know what I’ve done to

deserve this but I swear I won't do it again. I'll go away and never bother you again. Please? Don't kill me?"

"Ssh. I'm not doing this for revenge or something." Dee assured, "The only thing thing you've done to deserve this is walk around looking absolutely delicious, and I don't believe you could stop that if you tried. Now lie back and let me find a good place to start." She didn't wait to see if Sanarra would obey before pushing the trembling bird down flat on the tarpaulin.

Sanarra continued to sob and plead but Dee ignored it all, lowering her muzzle to the chicken's belly until the feathers brushed her nose. Breathing in, she inhaled the smell of her prey. Fear laden sweat, warm meat, and just a hint of lingering lust all mixed in her nose. A little drool spilled out from her lips and landed on the feathers below and she quickly licked it away. Gradually, Dee moved her head up the trembling girl's body, licking, tasting, occasionally nibbling until they were almost face to face. "A wing." Dee decided, "That's got lots of nice muscle. That's where I'm going to start." Grabbing a handful of feathers from Sanarra's upper left arm, Dee pulled back sharply and tore them out.

Sanarra let out a silent scream, the fear and the pain of having her feathers ripped out seemed to have taken her voice from her. But, however much losing the feathers hurt, it was nothing compared to what came next. The fox's teeth clamped down on the now exposed flesh of her arm, sinking through the skin and deep into muscle. Sanarra arched her back, kicking and writhing in wordless agony. Then there was a horrible tearing sensation and the fox drew back with her gory mouthful.

Dee stared down at the panting avian, apparently not in the least bothered by maintaining eye contact with someone while she ate them. Casually she chewed the lump of muscle in her mouth then swallowed and licked the stray blood from her lips.

Sanarra stared at the predator then at the missing chunk of her wing. Dimly she realized that she must be in shock. The pain was terrible, but at the same time it seemed kind of distant. She tried to move her left arm but it wouldn't budge. Too much of the muscle was missing. She realized that this wasn't something that she could ever recover from. Even if she made it to the hospital right now, she would never regain the use of that arm. This probably should have bothered her more than it did but in her shocked state it seemed little more than an annoyance. She wasn't going to make it to the hospital anyway. She was going to die here, so what did it matter if one wing didn't work anymore?

Dee bent down to the gaping hole and started to lap at the pooling blood. After licking the area clean she took another large bite from the muscle. Sanarra watched helplessly as the fox tore into her flesh. By the time Dee sat back up, most of her arm was gone and Sanarra could see exposed bone. Dee grinned at her and grabbed what remained of her lower arm, ripping what little skin that still connected it to her elbow with a savage twist.

Raising it to her jaws she started to gnaw on the exposed end of Sanarra's ulna and radius, her teeth making deep grooves in the fragile bird bone. There was nothing the poor chicken could do but watch. That was her arm. The idea seemed almost comical. Half of her left arm was now some distance from the rest of her and being chewed on. Experimentally she tried to wriggle her fingers and half expected to see them move. They didn't, of course. Her hand hung limp and unresponsive while the fox gnawed on the bone.

After breaking a chunk of bone off and lapping up some of the marrow from inside, Dee tossed the arm aside and leaned back over Sanarra. The marrow was nice but she could save that for later. Right now she was in the mood for more warm meat. “Where next?” she teased, “Is there any part that you wouldn’t particularly miss, dear?” Her eyes fell on the curve of Sanarra’s belly, rising and falling in time with the chicken’s erratic breathing.

“No.” Finally Sanarra had found her voice again. “No please. Not there.”

“But it’s so full of juicy organ meat.” The fox answered, “One little cut and I’ll be able to get my nose deep under your skin.”

Sanarra could tell that her shocked state was starting to wear off. She could talk again and the fear and pain were becoming less distant and threatening to overwhelm her. Her brain was starting to catch up with the fact that her left wing was missing and she knew that she would soon be in absolute agony. “Please? My neck?” Sanarra gasped. “If you’re going to carry on, go for my neck.” She didn’t want to die but she knew that it was inevitable at this point. The only thing she could hope for was that she could end this before her body realized how much pain it was really in.

“Oh but that’s no fun.” Dee laughed. “I like feeling you squirm as I eat. I want to enjoy every bite and, when I reach your heart, I want to feel it still beating as I bite down.” She started pulling handfuls of feathers from Sanarra’s belly, clearing herself a space in which to make the opening.

“PLEASE! Dee! I can’t stand this! Just end it now! Please!” Sanarra howled. The clearer her mind became, the worse pain she was in. Already it hurt more than she could have imagined and things just kept getting worse.

“Fine.” Dee leaned forward, bringing her jaws away from the tempting curve of Sanarra’s belly and up towards the chicken’s throat. “But only ‘cause I did actually like you.” Her jaws settled around the bird’s neck. “Goodbye dear.” she mumbled through the feathers then bit down hard.

It was not a clean kill. Sanarra’s neck was too thick for the fox to get through in a single bite and she thrashed about in blind panic when Dee tried. Clamping her teeth as deep into the flesh as she could get, Dee shook her head from side to side, tossing a mist of feathers into the air with each savage jerk. By the time she had finished the chicken had gone limp. Opening her mouth, Dee let the girl drop back down onto the tarp and turned her attention back to Sanarra’s belly. Her dinner might not be moving anymore but it still tasted delicious and she was going to enjoy every bite.

Two hours later, Dee was washing her hands in the sink when she heard someone knock on her door. It was a timid kind of knock, suggesting that the person on the other side didn’t really want an answer and was hoping they would not be heard. “Hello?” Dee called out.

“Um, Hi? Sorry. It’s just ... If you and San are finished ... I was just ...” The reply from the other side devolved into panicked stuttering and apologies. Dee recognized the voice. It was that rabbit who had been hanging around her dinner when they had first met.

Still naked, she crossed to the door and threw it open. “Yeah?” She asked.

The rabbit stared for just a second, then quickly spun around to face back down the hall. "I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to interrupt. It's just that I didn't bring my phone and San is really the only way I have of getting back home. I honestly thought you would have finished by now and that, if she doesn't want to drive me back, I could at least borrow her phone or something." In her embarrassment at seeing the fox naked she had failed to notice either the stains of blood that still streaked Dee's pale belly fur or the stray feathers hanging from the fox's hair.

"Wait a moment." Dee told her closing the door again. Gathering her clothes from the chair, she got dressed then crossed the room to where the grisly remains of her meal still covered the bed. A moment later she returned, opened the door, and thrust something hard and white into the bunny's paws. "Make a wish." She instructed.

Sue blinked at the pale object. She had been expecting a phone or something and it took her a moment to realize what she was holding. Then she stared up at the fox in mounting horror.

"If I were you I'd consider wishing to get home in one piece." Dee recommended, then took her end and pulled. As a reflex the rabbit held on to her end and there was a sharp crack as the wishbone snapped in two. Finally tearing her eyes from the fox, Sue stared at the small fragment of what had once been a part of her best friend in her paw.

"Aw, too bad." Dee stated, putting one arm round the trembling girl's shoulders. "Still, it does look like I'm about to get my wish." She pulled the helpless bunny into her room then closed the door behind them.