

A Dead End Conversation

Sikiel rounded the corner with a triumphant swing in his step. He was panting heavily from the chase, but he knew the back-streets of this area well and knew this particular alley ended in a high wall, the perfect place to corner a hapless meal.

Sure enough, the rabbit he had been chasing was cowering at the far end. Unable to climb the walls and with no good hiding places in site, her only option had been to stay put and hope that she had already lost her pursuer. She whined in despair as her eyes met the fox's.

Sikiel licked his lips, but did not rush in to claim his catch. A cornered meal was good, but by no means a caught one. There was still plenty that the rabbit might try, from a last minute dive past him, to an adrenaline fueled attack. Over time he had learned to stay cautious, even when victory seemed assured. He approached very slowly, eyes fixed on his prey, waiting to see how she reacted.

The rabbit stared at the advancing fox, eyes widening in horror. She couldn't slip past, the fox was clearly ready for that and waiting to catch her. She couldn't climb the wall, faint scratch marks in the brickwork showed where she had already tried and failed. She couldn't hide. She couldn't fight. All she could do was regret her panicked decision to run into this alley. That and wait for the fox to reach her. Miserably she sank to the pavement and began to cry.

Sikiel paused. He had been prepared for a struggle, or a fight, or a debate. Most of his previous meals had made at least some attempt to escape at this point. Prey giving up before he had even reached them was a fairly rare occurrence, but not an unwelcome one. Crossing the remaining distance, he knelt down beside the rabbit and put an arm on her shoulder.

"Are you okay?" he asked. He remained cautious, ready in case this was some desperate trick.

"Y... You're going to eat me!"

"Well, yes. But I'll try to be gentle about it." he ran her hand down the rabbit's back in a soothing motion. "Come on, don't cry. Here, I've got some tissues." he handed them over and waited as the rabbit struggled to dry her eyes.

"Why are you being nice to me? You want to kill me."

"I don't want to hurt you. I'm just very hungry." he ran one hand over the rabbit's head, smoothing back the long ears. "And you look delicious. You can understand, right? I don't want to hurt you any more than I have to. But I am going to make a meal out of you."

"But why me? Why can't it be someone else?"

The rabbit was beginning to sob again. Sikiel quickly rooted through his pockets until he found a chocolate bar. "Here, eat this." he pressed it into the rabbit's paws, "And you know why. I don't hate you. You haven't done anything wrong. You just couldn't outrun me. This isn't happening because you somehow deserve it. You don't. It's you instead of someone else because you're the one I caught." he spoke softly, but firmly. While he didn't want to upset the rabbit more than he already had, prey trying to swap their fate with someone else angered him. At least so far, this one had not offered to help him catch someone to take her place.

"Are... Are you trying to fatten me up?" The rabbit was staring at the chocolate bar in horror. "Isn't eating me enough? Do you really have to..." she trailed off as she started to cry again.

"Don't be silly. For starters, I wouldn't do that. Secondly, one bar of chocolate is not going to make any difference." he almost mentioned her third point, that the rabbit looked like a perfectly plump and juicy meal already, but decided against it "It'll help you stop crying, that's all." he finished.

A little reluctantly, the rabbit took a small bite of chocolate and did stop crying, although mostly due to the difficulty of sobbing with a full mouth.

"There, that's much better isn't it?" He continued to stroke the trembling rabbit's head, gently toying with the soft ears. He edged a little closer, till the bunny was between his knees. You are going to make such a satisfying meal, he thought.

The rabbit noticed his movement "Umm... Mister fox?" she asked, her eyes darted from side to side as she looked for some way out, but she really was trapped. There was nowhere she could run without him catching her in seconds.

"Six." he prompted.

"Oh... I'm Assia."

"It's very nice to meet you Assia." he replied softly.

"Thank you. I'd say the same, but from my point of view, it's really not."

"Of course, and actually on that note, please hold still for a moment." both hands slid to her waist.

Assia's eyes widened, expecting to be shoved into his jaws at any moment, but instead he removed her shirt. "Arms up." He prompted as he pulled it over her head. Assia dropped the chocolate as he pulled the shirt off her.

"Thank you," Sikiel replied, "This is so much easier when you co-operate." he admired the rabbit's torso, exposed to the cool evening air. She was still slightly out of breath from the chase, making her breasts rise and fall in time with her breath.

Sikiel's stomach gave an eager growl as he inspected her and she jerked back, shuffling as far from the fox as the wall would allow.

Sikiel moved closer until his knees touched the brickwork on either side of her. Even with her back to the wall, her nose was only a few inches from his still groaning belly. "Come on, calm down." he soothed. "I know it's scary and however much I try to sugar coat it, I'm eating you. You're not going to enjoy being digested, and after I am done there won't be anything left of you. Still, if you try to stay calm and accept it, I promise I'll be as gentle as I can. Agree?"

She sat in silence for a minute, staring morbidly at the fox's waist, then very faintly nodded.

"Perfect. Then lets get those shoes off." he reached down and began to undo her laces. She held still and let him, even offering him her other foot once he finished the first one. The shoes were lightweight and built to be easy to run in, not that that had done her any good today. Removing the second he placed them both beside her shirt. Then pulled off her socks, revealing the rabbit's large hindpaws. Holding her ankles together he raised her feet to his muzzle. He felt her tense and try to pull away as he opened his jaws. "Don't worry, I'm just tasting. I won't swallow... yet." he told her then pushed her feet into he mouth.

"Mmmhhg." he mumbled through full jaws. The bunny's flavor was delightful, and a full day sweating in her shoes had increased the flavor around her paws. She squirmed a little at the sensation of the tongue on her feet, curling her toes uncomfortably, but this only served to spread more of her taste over Sikiel's tongue. He eagerly pulled a little more of her in, rolling back the legs of her jeans and feeling the tips of her feet brush against his gullet.

For a moment he was sorely tempted to revoke his promise not to swallow, it would be so easy to send her sliding gracefully down. It would not however be so pleasant when the time came to cough up the indigestible remains of her clothes. The denim jeans would break down eventually, but the various clips, buttons and zippers would all need to be regurgitated. A little reluctantly, he allowed her to pull her feet back out of his jaws, giving her toes a last lick as they passed and leaving a thick trail of saliva.

Assia breathed a sigh of relief as she got her feet back out, although it was short lived as Sikiel's stomach gave an increasingly insistent growl. He wiped the drool from his jaws. "Sorry delicious, but I'm going to have to speed this up a little." he

warned her.

Reaching for the hem of her jeans he unfastened the button and slid down the zip. With a little prompting he got her to stand up then dragged them down around her ankles. Assia whimpered a little as the cold air brushed around her legs, she felt very exposed, standing in the alleyway in nothing but her underwear.

Sikiel looked her up and down, clearly appraising her value as a meal. "Nice." he concluded, "Let's get those last few things off and then we can get started."

He reached round her and began unbuckling her bra. So close to her, her face was brushing against his shirt. By now his stomach was rumbling almost constantly, preparing for and eagerly awaiting the juicy bunny it knew was coming.

Her bra fell lose and Sikiel leaned back, tossing in on the pile of clothes. Now she was in nothing but a thin pair of pink underpants. She swallowed nervously as he reached to remove these too, trying to think of some way to delay him.

"Can I see?" she asked suddenly. He withdrew and gave her a puzzled look. "Your belly?" she asked, "Could you show me where I'm going?"

He continued to give her an odd look but obediently rolled up his shirt to reveal the creamy white fur that ran down his torso.

Tentatively she reached out and touched his belly fur. It was far softer than she had expected, thick and downy, she could lose most of her paw in it before she touched the skin beneath.

"My stomach's actually a little higher" he said, guiding her hand up to the correct place, "There, that's where you're going."

"I'm never going to fit in there."

"Oh trust me you will." he grinned "My belly can stretch quite a lot when it needs to."

"I still can't believe you can fit me in there." Although the fox was several times her size, it was difficult to imagine that she could be squeezed inside his body without anything tearing.

"Well alright Assia, I'll make you a wager. You hold perfectly still while I swallow and if I can't get you down, I'll let you go free. Sound good?"

"Not really..." she replied, "If you couldn't swallow me while I was holding still

then you definitely couldn't do it with me struggling. And if you can't swallow me then there wouldn't be any reason not to let me go. It sounds like the deal you're really offering is, please hold still and make this easy for me."

He grinned. "Well, it was worth a shot. Now lets finish undressing you." he reached for the lip of her underpants.

She pushed his hand away, bent down and removed them herself. "Here" she tossed the last piece of clothing to him.

"And I thought you weren't going to make this easy." he commented.

"I don't really have a choice, do I?" she replied. "You could easily undress me by force, so what's the point in dragging it out?"

"Heh. Good point. I'll just get rid your wrapping and then we won't have to drag this out any further." He gathered together the pile of clothes and rolled them into a ball, then stood up and carried them to a nearby trash can.

Assia's eyes widened. For the first time Sikiel's back was to her. He didn't even seem to have noticed that he had left her unattended. A rush of hope flooded through her at the thought that she might escape, that she really might survive to see another day instead of being mashed into chime in a fox's belly.

She timed her movements carefully, holding completely still until Sikiel reached the can and lifted the lid. As soon as his attention was definitely off her, she broke into a run, ducking within inches of him in the narrow alleyway.

As she passed him she heard him shout. Felt the air move as he twisted round to snatch at her. His fingers brushed her arm and tightened round her wrist. She was jerked off her feet as he pulled her back. Twisting her round to face him.

Assia clawed and him with her free hand, desperate to break his grip. Catching her other wrist he held her arms apart to stop her.

She thrashed in his grip, trying to kick him, anything to escapee. In a single practiced movement he twisted her arms behind her back and held them both in one hand. The free hand then slipped round her neck and, with a squeeze, closed her windpipe.

Unable to breath she redoubled her struggles. Getting more and more desperate to escape as her air ran out.

"Stop wriggling, Assia." Sikiel's voice was quiet but firm. "You're only hurting yourself so please hold still."

With no other options she gave in and stopped fighting. A second later, he released his grip on her throat and she took a long breath of the cool night air.

"Now, have you finished fighting, or do I need to keep hold of your arms?"

She panted for a moment, still recovering from being choked, then in a defeated voice, "Alright, I can't escape and I'm not going to struggle if I have no chance."

He released her wrists but left one hand resting on her shoulder. Bending down he picked up the dropped clothes and dumped them in the trash, then dropped the lid back on with a slam.

Assia rubbed her neck. She could feel a bruise forming there as well as around her wrists, but that seemed the least of her worries right now. She kept ready, hoping Sikiel would take his hand off her shoulder and give her another chance to escape.

Sikiel noticed her rubbing, "Sorry I was so rough, but I'm hungry and well..." He bent down and licked her nose, "You really are delicious." His mouth began to water at the reminder of her flavor. "I'm sorry, you very nearly got away that time, but I'm going to make sure you don't get another chance."

One hand slid behind her head to help control her movements. His tongue licked once round his lips to lubricate her entrance. Then his jaws stretched open.

Assia stared into the looming darkness, she tried to back away, but the hand behind her head was too strong, guiding her between his cheeks and towards his waiting gullet.

"Nooo! Please!" She begged. "I was nearly free. That's got to count for something. Anything."

Very reluctantly, Sikiel withdrew his jaws from around her head, "Of course it counts," he told her, "It means that instead of catching you once, I caught you twice. I would have felt a little bad if I'd been left wondering if I only caught you through luck or some minor mistake on your part, but now you've had two good chances to escape and you're still in my grip."

His voice softened, and he knelt down to her height "But it also means that you didn't give up when I first caught you, that you kept on fighting to survive. Don't think that just because you didn't succeed it means the attempt was meaningless. You're won't get a third chance but, while you are in my stomach and I'm digesting you, don't forget that you tried your very hardest to survive. Nothing I do to you will ever take away the fact that you tried and nearly succeeded. I just happened to be slightly faster. Now no more stalling, you did you best to avoid it, but it's time you became my dinner."

This time he gave her no chance to speak. Lunging forwards he engulfed her head. She caught a brief glimpse of pale teeth and drooling maw before his jaws cut out the light. She tried to pull back and escape, but the rows of teeth on either side of her neck dug in a little, warning her to keep still.

Sikiel placed one hand on her back and the other beneath her butt, it didn't matter that her arms and legs were free at this point he just needed to control her center of mass. A tug and a shove got her shoulders into his jaws and he felt her twitching nose brush against the opening to his esophagus. He paused to inhale, as it would be some time before he could breathe again, then pushed her deeper. The epiglottis flipped open to allow Assia's head into his esophagus. His neck expanded around the rabbit's skull, the long dark tube that led to his belly easily stretching to encompass her.

She was struggling hard now, twisting in his grip and trying to scratch him with both hands. Not that it mattered, she couldn't break his hold and her attacks were completely ineffectual. The only thing she was achieving was to swirl her fur against his tongue. He savored the taste of her sweat, the coarse texture of her fur and the warmth of the skin beneath, then pulled a little more of her inside and felt the soft mounds of her breasts slide over his tongue. Assia screamed something as her head was pushed another few inches down the fox's throat, but the surrounding walls muffled her voice.

Sikiel wasn't really interested in what she had to say anyway. Lifting her from the ground, he shoved her deeper, his throat swelling uncomfortably as the rabbit's shoulders entered. Assia's legs kicked freely, unable to reach the ground. He quickly grabbed her ankles and held them together, she might not be able to hurt him with her hands but Sikiel was experienced enough to know that rabbit kicks could be quite painful.

He kept her legs pointed away from him, ensuring that not only would her kicks not hurt him, but that she would be helping push herself into him. With her shoulders down and her legs restrained, the rest of the meal would be easy. All he had to do was pull her legs steadily towards his jaws and enjoy feeling her body slide down inside him.

His stomach growled in anticipation, it knew the tasty bunny was on her way and was already filling with acids to start dissolving her the moment she entered. From inside Sikiel's gullet, Assia could smell the acrid fluids that she would soon be bathed in. She began to scream in terror, pleading for help and begging for Sikiel to let her live. The hungry fox, however, just kept on going, greedily downing the rest of her torso then running his tongue through the downy fur of her underbelly.

Sikiel gulped forcefully, pulling Assia's hips into his mouth. He had meant to slow

down and spend some time enjoying his dinner's plump tummy, but the temptation to swallow had proved to great. That was the problem with bunnies; they were so soft and juicy, it was hard to take the time to enjoy them properly.

He pushed her a little further, feeling the firm curves of her butt against the roof of his mouth, then stopped. Her head had reached the end of his esophagus, her nose brushing the sphincter that separated her from his stomach. Her fingers curled around his lips, desperate for any kind of handhold that might keep her from slipping deeper.

He licked her buttocks slowly, resisting the growing urge to swallow. With each panicked kick he could feel the taut muscles contract and relax, her white tuft of a tail flicking against his palette. He closed his jaws, teeth digging just a little into the juicy flesh of her thighs then ran one paw down her calves.

So much meat, he thought to himself, Assia's body would keep him fed for a week or more. He bit just a little harder into her thighs, the powerful muscles that were supposed to keep her safe from foxes like him would soon be fuel for his body. From inside his chest he could feel her twitching. Being held still, so close to the sloshing acids was torture for the poor rabbit. It would be cruel of him to make her wait any longer.

Tilting back his head, he gulped, pushing her butt into his gullet with the back of his tongue. Her fingers grasped for anything to hold onto before they slithered down as well and her head was pushed into the warm interior of his stomach.

Gulp. Her thighs slid smoothly downwards. Funneling into his waiting throat. Gulp. Her back and shoulders pressed into the stomach walls, stretching them outwards. Gulp. He reached her calves and greedily started work on those too. Gulp. Only her feet protruded from his jaws, the last part of Assia visible to the outside world.

The thick coat of saliva from his earlier teasing had mostly wiped off when she had tried to run so he spent a few seconds reapplying it. Making her toes curl as his sandpaper tongue lapped over her soles and slid between each toe in turn. As he finishing his attentions on her last toe, her feet slipped over his lips and his mouth closed into a smile.

A final gulp rolled the last of the bunny over the back of his tongue and down to his stomach. The pale tummy fur expanding as she filled him, making his shirt to roll up his chest as his belly hung out. He placed one hand on his swollen gut, the movements of his dinner making ripples in the surface. "Delicious" he sighed, then bracing himself against a wall struggled to get to his feet.

The added weight made standing difficult, particularly when it was still kicking. After getting half way up, Sikiel had to rest for a minute. Bent over and leaning

with both hands against the wall, Assia's weight made his belly hang beneath him, swaying slightly from her wriggles. But Sikiel had dealt with far more difficult meals than this one. With a heave he managed to lift the heavy bulge enough to straighten up. Standing upright, Sikiel paused to admire the curve she made in his belly. Now that her weight was supported above his pelvis she made a much less obvious bulge, just a pleasant swelling around his waist and the occasional brief distortion as she kicked inside him.

Her protests were never visible from his exterior for long though. His stomach muscles were doing a good job of keeping her in place, squeezing her around and making sure every part was coated in his enzymes. Sikiel smoothed his ruffled tummy fur back down. she was his now, and already he could feel her starting to break down. Her fur was shedding off and skin softening as it reacted to the caustic juices, her pleas and calls for help were lost in the mess of bubbling acids and churning muscles.

Sikiel gave her one last friendly pat, then rolled his shirt back over his belly. He burped happily, then turned and left the alleyway. Behind him, he left no signs of what had taken place except for a small pile of clothes discarded at the bottom of someone's trash can. His long brush tail swept against the sidewalk as he walked away, making a faint swish with each step he took. His dinner continued to wriggle and protest as he carried her home, but a good night's sleep would soon fix that. Later that night and in the darkness of Sikiel's bedroom, Assia would succumb to the frothy juices and become a part of the sleeping fox.