

APEX PREDATOR

By Dragonien

"You're pretty aggressive for a fox" The lioness purred softly between sips of her drink, a coy smirk spread across her muzzle.

"Maybe I'm just not afraid to pursue my prey, even when it's a superior predator" Kesin replied with a sly grin to match her smirk.

They both knew the game each other was playing. Tera was playing her role as the 'superior' predator, a lion compared to a fox, by portraying her casual aura of aloof power and disinterest. Acting as if she had nothing neither to fear nor gain from what she perceived as someone not even worth her time. While Kesin on the other hand, both as the inferior carnivore and the smaller and physically inferior of the two, had to fight the uphill battle to maintain her interest. Not that she would ever show it, much less admit it, but just the fact that he had the balls to walk up to her and start flirting was enough to captivate her interest with his bravery. Even if they were the same species she would have been way out of his league. With him being an 'inferior' species on top of that, it was like an ant walking up to try to flirt with a sparrow in her mind.

Kesin was... Cute, if Tera had to describe him in a word. Stereotypical fox down to an almost comical degree. His fur coloration was a blazing orange across almost his entire body save for the black 'boots' and 'gloves' of fur along his feet and hands respectively. His body was lithe and lean. He had no noticeable abundance of either fat or muscle, but still appeared honed and sculpted enough that she was confident he could be pretty athletic if he needed to be. She let her mind wander briefly, her lips twitching to let her smirk widen the tiniest fraction as she pondered how flexible such a lean body type could be. But beyond that he was small, even by fox standards. Short was probably more accurate considering his impressive, if thin, build. He couldn't be more than an inch or two over 5 foot tall and, considering both her towering 7 foot height and her impressively Amazonian proportions, he looked every ounce the tiny, inferior predator in her presence. Yet despite this overwhelming size and power difference, the fox carried himself as confident as the pack alpha strolling through a field of mice.

"Cheeky" Tera accused with a chuckle, downing the last sip of her drink.

Rather than respond, Kesin turned towards the bar tender and made a gesture towards the empty glass in front of Tera and slid a twenty dollar bill onto the countertop. The beefy eye candy of a horse that doubled as the bartender nodded and set a new drink down in place of the twenty. Tera's left eyebrow raised quizzically when he picked up the drink off the counter and raised it close enough to take a brief whiff of its contents, just enough to discern the type of drink it was. When the rather powerful explosion of fruity berry scents that held only the tiniest whiffs of alcohol mixed in hit his nostrils, he almost recoiled in surprise. Thankfully Kesin kept himself collected when he saw Tera's body seem to tense ever so slightly, as if in response to some perceived threat to her supposed dominance of the encounter with him. Almost as if she saw the knowledge that she was drinking anything less than hard liquor as some kind of mark against her. Some predators let their whole dominance instincts go way too far in modern society, but Kesin counted on that.

"For such a big, strong lioness such as yourself, this drink seems a bit girly." Kesin commented, casually setting the drink back down on the counter top. With that offhanded challenge, despite its clearly playful nature, Tera's attention was now honed in on the offending fox like a laser. Her eyes never once leaving their now locked focus with Kesin's own vision as if trying to stare him down.

"Big words from a little morsel" She responded casually despite her hackles having risen ever so slightly. Kesin just held his hands up, palms facing the ceiling, as if in a sign of placation. Though, despite his visual play of apology, his own gaze never backed down from the still ongoing stare down between them.

"So you're admitting you think I'm tasty looking" Kesin cooed with clear innuendo in his voice

"I could go for a bite." Tera responded, showing a bit of teeth as she did. Although there was clearly a subtle threatening tone to her words, a hint of playfulness seeped into them as well. This fox had balls.

"If you think you could handle me, that is. I'm told I can be quite overwhelming even for big, strong predators like you." Kesin replied.

His inflection on the last few words was just the right mixture of flirtatious and teasing mockery to get her more riled up without actually insulting her. Right on cue she stood up out of her seat, just

as Kesin had expected. She was actually slightly bigger than he had expected, and he had to make a stronger effort than usual to keep his ears from flattening and tail from tucking as he craned his head back to follow her eyes upwards. She was definitely in the 7 foot range, maybe 7'1" or 7'2", over 2 foot taller than his puny 4'11" height. Even if she wasn't so tall she'd still be incredibly intimidating. She wasn't quite as built as a female body builder, but she definitely had a lot of muscle mass packed onto her curations frame. Arms bulging with just enough muscle that you could see faint lines of definition while still leaving her with the majority of the smooth, supple feminine proportion, while her legs bulged nearly as thick as wooden poles, yet didn't show the same hard cut outline of sinew and tendon that a man's would. Even if she were the same height as Kesin, she could've used him like a free weight while still looking like a sexy cheerleader when she did. Despite all of that he kept his cool with practiced professionalism as he simply grinned in response to her clear show of intimidation.

"Pretty full of yourself" Tera rumbled, letting a bit of growl well up from deep within her very impressive chest and tint her words with a rumble.

"I read a lot of self-empowerment self-help books" Kesin replied, never letting his sly, cool demeanor wane.

"Think you're too good for the prey now, hm?" Tera rumbled, amusement leaking into her voice despite herself.

"Maybe I like a challenge" Kesin quipped

"I think you're a little too small for this ride, squirt" Tera cooed, one hand resting on her extended hip.

"I'm big enough where it counts."

Tera paused at that for a split second. Just long enough that her eyes darted down towards the fox's pants. He was wearing fairly loose fitting jeans, but even through the thick and heavy hanging denim she could see something pushing out against the fly. Enough of something that she knew he wasn't just blowing smoke, at least about that part. When she realized that she had been the one that broke the eye contact they'd had going for almost a full 5 minutes her body tensed up again, tail

lashing behind her hard enough that it bumped someone walking past and made them stumble ever so slightly. When she regained eye contact with him she struggled not to visibly wince as she saw the expression that had spread across his face.

Victory.

Instinctually her hackles lowered slightly in contradiction to the faint, wordless growl of challenge that had built up within her throat. Muscles tensed beneath the form fitting black dress she wore. Her near-endless legs strained the already tight wrap of it around them as they tensed instinctually in preparation of pouncing upon her prey as she stared down at the little fox who tested her so. Despite the clear challenge to her power, her authority, and the flippant way he had rebuffed all of her shows of social dominance in their conversation she felt a faint heat along her cheeks. A flush of blood spreading through her head, a blush. One that, thankfully, her short tan fur hid from his view.

A look of genuine surprise spread over her face when she felt two black furred fingers hook into the collar of her dress, pressing ever so slightly into the ample canyon of her cleavage. She felt the flush in her cheeks intensify slightly at the feeling of Kesin's fingers brushing against her bare flesh in such a sensitive area, even if it wasn't fully intentional. Before she had time to react, a sudden force tugged on the collar of her dress and she found herself pulled down face to face with Kesin, staring into his deep forest green eyes with her own golden ones. She knew that physically he would freeze over before someone like him would be able to overpower her like that, or really any way for that matter. And yet he had, so she struggled to decide whether it was more surprising he had the gall to tug her down like that, or that her body had willingly followed his commanding gesture rather than resisting on instinct.

She was rocked from her internal debate by a faint clearing of Kesin's throat, and realized she had been averting her gaze while lost in thought. Once more she felt a blush blaze across her face when she had to make an effort to meet his gaze. Part of her was screaming inside to pin him down to the floor and put him in his place, to reassert dominance and make sure the fox never challenged her again. The other part of her, however, found itself too intrigued by both the fox, and by the lack of control over the situation she had in the face of his confident advances. Even among other Lions it was rare to find someone bigger or stronger than her even amongst the males. So, to her, this sensation of submission was... interesting.

A second clearing of the fox's throat snapped her back to reality again. God what was he doing to her? She didn't have a chance to slide back into her internal thoughts this time. He spoke softly, a

barely audible whisper that she found herself paying rapt attention too. His words came out in the same sly, somewhat smug and self-assured tone, but seemed to hold some kind of new air of demand and authority to them. Tera couldn't tell if he was actually speaking differently, or if she was just reacting differently to him now.

"Here's what I want from my overgrown little kitten." Kesin murmured. "I want you to finish off that fruit juice that you call liquor, then you and I are going to go back to my place where we will see who the king of the jungle really is."

Tera stared at him for several moments without moving. Even after he released his hold on the top of her dress she remained frozen in the crouching stance that had brought her eye to eye with him. Her lips twitched slightly, almost like she were chewing on his words and mulling over their taste to decide how to respond. Finally she stood back up, once more towering over the little fox as she made her decision.

"That's Queen of the Jungle to you." She growled softly. Her arm stretched out and casually snatched up the martini glass sitting beside her. In one quick motion she simply upended it in a single swallow before gingerly setting the glass back down on the bar. Only once she had let the liquid settle in her belly did she turn her gaze back down to Kesin, as if dragging time out to make some faint show of him waiting on her. "Now. Where did you park?"

Ten minutes later Tera was ducking underneath the doorframe to Kesin's apartment. She couldn't help but grin openly at feeling her ears brushing the wooden frame even when she ducked down, a subtle reminder of her above average size. That reminder of her natural size brought forth a chain of thoughts that spiraled back to how she had ended up here, and in response she felt herself flushing slightly once more. How had she let herself get pushed into coming over to someone's apartment when they were so much smaller than her. The thought both irritated her to no end and left her almost trembling in anticipation of what surprise would come next.

Kesin quietly pulled the door closed as he walked in behind the towering lioness. He had stayed silent on the entire drive over, and even now in his apartment he didn't immediately speak. It left the

last lingering bit of conversation between the two as the command on Kesin's part and the, if somewhat veiled and snarky, obedient response from Tera. Kesin seemed to radiate some kind of overwhelming sense of confidence, as if he had the force of ego of ten people. She couldn't tell if he was just overwhelmingly cocky and arrogant, if he just had supernatural force of will and personality, or if there was some other secret about him she was subconsciously picking up on. Whatever it was, it made her insides roil with a mix of desire to rebel against him and to knock him down a peg, fighting against a desire to submit to his will and obey. However even if she did obey, she was still too strong willed to simply be an obedient little puppet, and had her own way of asserting herself.

Tera gave one glance around the sparsely furnished living room, making a show of sizing it up as if determining it was worthy of her presence. As she walked into the middle of the room she casually shifted her feet back and forth slightly between steps, so that the clasps of her shoes loosened and she simply stepped out of her high heels, leaving them behind her to reach her destination bare foot. Standing in the open space between the couch and TV entertainment center, with her back still to Kesin, she silently started to reach back behind her with one arm and hook a claw into the thin metal loop of her Dress's zipper. Without a glance in the fox's direction, she slowly peeled the zipper down, letting tufts of her cream-tan colored fur flow out of the parting pieces of tight fabric. The ebony colored strap and buckle of her bra stood out against her lighter colored fur as the dress was unzipped low enough to expose it. This gave quite the tantalizing view of how it visibly dug into her fur with its effort in maintaining a supportive hold on her well-endowed bosom.

She heard a brief, faint buzz of electricity behind her, like that faint humming tone you hear when an older model TV first turns on or like the sound of an old camera flash charging, but she dared not give him the satisfaction of a glance back until she was done with her little show. When her fingers slipped the straps of her dress over her shoulders and her hips wiggled the dress low enough around her muscular thighs for it to no longer be held up by their width she felt a sudden shock along the small of her back. It wasn't really painful, and lasted only a split second like when someone touches you with a static shock from rubbing socks on carpet. But everything that followed after was almost as bad as if she had been electrocuted.

A wave of nausea overtook Tera as if she had abruptly been hit with the dizzying effect of spinning around in an office chair for a good 5 minutes straight. She felt the fabric of her dress falling off of her now that its lower half wasn't being held up by her thighs, but somehow it didn't seem like it was actually falling. More accurately, it felt like SHE was falling, along with the dress, as she watched the straps clearly falling through the air but staying level with her line of sight the whole way through. When she focused on the room beyond those dress straps the dizzying feeling only got worse. It was like the whole room was zooming out away from her in every conceivable direction, making her eyes sore from the strain of trying to refocus, while her already disrupted equilibrium sent new roils of

vertigo induced nausea through her belly. When she could take no more she felt her vision dim, and she mercifully blacked out before the nausea could induce an embarrassing episode of vomiting.

She was only out for a second or two, long enough for her brain to recalibrate itself to whatever the hell had just happened to her. By the time she was able to force her eyes open the majority of the nausea was gone and she didn't feel like the world was spinning anymore. What she saw made her second guess her senses having realigned properly, as what she was seeing didn't make sense. At first it just looked like a wall of strangely rolled and twisted black in a big circle around her. The wall of black stretched well over her head, making it hard to see anything over it. The ceiling seemed to be gone, and instead there was a solid wall of what she assumed were white clouds high in the sky above, but she didn't understand how she had gotten outside at all much less how she was seeing a sky full of white clouds at night. Had she passed out for longer than she thought? Of course part of her knew that she hadn't, the same part of her that knew what had happened and what that circular wall of black was. But the rest of her was still rebelling against that truth, refusing to even let it enter her conscious mind as a possibility. Until, that is, the ground started to shake.

The first quake was only a mild tremor, enough to make her wobble ever so slightly. Out of reflex she widened her stance a bit as if to brace herself for any aftershocks. It was only then that she noticed the oddity of the ground around her. It was like she was in some kind of light brown, ankle deep grass, except each 'blade' of grass was more like a lump of some kind of fabric or fiber that each were almost as thick around as her ankle. The second quake was stronger, enough that if she hadn't braced herself she might have fallen over. It felt like it was closer too, like something was causing it above ground rather than it rumbling up from below the earth. The third one did make her stumble, even with her braced stance, and she saw the black walls of whatever surrounded her shifting slightly as if slightly collapsing under the force of the tremor. It was after the fourth tremor that realization dawned on her, forced itself into her conscious mind and refused to be ignored anymore. It was after the fourth tremor that Kesin came into view... above her.

He towered over her like some kind of impossible, organic skyscraper. For a few seconds she couldn't even comprehend what she was looking at. Her eyes followed the massive black structure standing just outside of her unusual prison, which she deciphered moments later as Kesin's furred ankle just beneath where it disappeared into the leg of his jeans. Then she followed that impossibly long tower of denim clad flesh and fur up to his knee, then higher still to his waist where the denim gave way to the blue Polo shirt he wore and eventually to his face. His face which, to her perspective, looked to be well over three hundred feet straight up in the air like some kind of billboard staring down at her. The worst part was the expression on his face. The smug, self-satisfied grin spread across the fox's face sent a shiver of fear through her. It was an expression of triumphant victory, of pride in that

which he had accomplished. It was an expression completely devoid of any surprise at what had happened to her. Devoid of any surprise at the fact that Tera had shrunk.

All the dots quickly connected themselves after that. The dizzying sense of vertigo, the dress somehow falling but staying in view as she shrunk as fast as it had fallen. That weird sense of the room stretching and zooming away from her had been it growing relative to her. The wall of black that surrounded her from all sides had been her dress, which had fallen in a circular heap around her like some kind of fence or wall of now incredibly thick fabric. A small part of her brain noted that her black bra and panties had shrunk along with her but the dress, which she had removed a split second before she had shrunk, and her abandoned shoes had not. Both of which now towered over her like novelty clothing props for some statue of liberty sized movie monster. Then there were those earthquakes. The realization of their source terrified her more than anything else. Those hadn't been earthquakes, the rumbling of the earth below and its tectonic plates shifting and relieving stress. They had been footsteps.

Kesin's footsteps.

The ground shook again, less intensely but for much longer and more sporadically for several seconds. She watched as the monster that Kesin had become lowered himself down onto his hands and knees almost as if in slow motion. The drastic size difference between them seemed to make all of his movements look slower to her, as if somehow he had gained an incalculable amount of new mass and weight that he now had to move around, rather than her simply losing the vast majority of hers. Even though the impacts were weaker, the chorus of rumbles through the floor that his palms and knees made as they hit the ground sent her stumbling a couple of steps backwards. She barely had recovered before she backpedaled another step when she looked up to see the fox's now enormous muzzle hovering just a couple dozen feet, at least to her, over her little makeshift fabric prison that had once been her dress.

To say the sight was terrifying was an understatement. Where before when he had been 2 feet shorter than her, seeing him baring his fangs even in a grin had been adorable at best. Those 'puny' little teeth probably would have struggled to break her skin even if he had tried to ferociously attack her. But now, with his head literally the size of a multi-story house and with a not small number of his teeth each almost as large as she was, his toothy grin had gone from cute to nightmare inducing. At this scale, Kesin could probably swallow her, a car she was in, and the tow truck that it was loaded on whole with ease. The overwhelming sense of power he radiated now was only further enforced when he spoke for the first time since she had shrunk. His voice sounded like it had dropped several dozen octaves, and seemed to vibrate the very air around her to the point it almost made her joints ache

slightly. The sheer rumbling bass of it was like a constant roll of thunder, like the kind that goes off close enough to rattle your windows.

“Close your mouth, Kitten. You’re gawking” Kesin rumbled.

Almost instantly her mouth snapped shut, not even having realized it had been hanging open while she gawked up at the terrifying, unbelievable sight above her. She hadn’t even made a conscious decision to obey, she simply had done as she was told. If his force of will before had been enough to mollify her sense of dominance when she had been 2 feet taller than him, now that memory along with his overwhelming power made it a conscious battle for her to disobey a direct command. And at least for the moment, it was a battle she did not have the willpower nor state of mind to engage in. She was still simply too shocked at the entire situation to do anything more than stare and do as she was told. She didn’t even realize until she felt her back bump into something that she had been backing up. The wall of smooth black fabric of her dress pressed against her back like rolling, slightly soft walls. At her scale, even that supple thin fabric felt as thick as unlaed carpet, and it barely budged when her weight leaned against it.

“I know this is a shock for you” Kesin’s voice thundered once more. Although his words were apologetic and supportive, his tone and that smug grin broadcast he was ecstatic that the situation had turned out like this and he had no regrets or apologies for her predicament. “And I’m sorry this happened to you. But you’re just going to have to get used to this because this is your life now. You won’t be leaving here anymore. This is your new home.”

At Kesin’s booming words, Tera found herself blinking a moment in disbelief. Then, something unexpected bubbled up inside of her. Anger. Her hackles raised and her fingers balled into fists. Against animal instincts screaming for submission and placation to someone so far out of her league, she took several steps forward and yelled up at the massive fox head looming above.

“New home?! Get used to this?! What the fuck did you do to me?!” she snarled up at Kesin. To her, her voice was an ear splitting snarl that had she been doing this to Kesin at their original sizes he’d be clutching his ears in pain. Lions were known for their roar. What she didn’t realize is that, in the same way that Kesin’s voice had deepened to thunder to her ears, hers had lightened to squeaking to his. So her angry snarling was more adorable than intimidating to him. “Who the fuck do you think you are?! Doing shit like this to people?! TO ME! I don’t fucking know how, but I know you did this to me somehow! Its written all over that bloated, oversized billboard you call a face! So you better turn me back right fucking now, or so help me god I’ll-“

"You'll WHAT?!" Kesin boomed loud enough that Tera let out an involuntary yelp and clutched her ears with her hands.

Suddenly the ground rumbled again and a dark shadow spread across her. The wall of black fabric in front of her that, to her would have been like trying to push a giant roll of carpet away, was flattened beneath an enormous black furred hand like... well, cloth. Kesin's muzzle lowered until his chin touched the ground, directly in front of Tera. Even with his chin pressed down onto the carpet below, his muzzle towered over her so high she'd probably have to stand on her tiptoes and stretch her arms out all the way to be able to touch his nose. His muzzle was now so close to her that if she wanted she could just extend an arm out and be able to brush his lower lip. With it so close, and the wall of her dress behind her, she was trapped in place.

The close proximity of such an overwhelmingly large creature utterly crushed the rage that had built within her. Her tail tucked between her legs of its own accord and her ears pressed flat against the top of her head as sheer mortal terror crushed any pretenses of confidence out of her in an instant. A single exhalation of breath from his lips blew over her like she were in a wind tunnel, whipping her fur and hair back and forth wildly for a couple of seconds. The realization of how overwhelming just his breathing could be to her made her situation hit home even harder. If her ears tried to flatten any harder to the top of her head in sheer submission they'd burrow into her skull.

"There it is" Kesin thundered. His voice magnitudes more overwhelming at such close proximity, despite him practically whispering now. "There's the realization of the situation you're in. Out there you're a big shot. The big bad amazon lioness who can get any man she wants. The alpha girl that can wrap the lesser alphas around her finger like jewelry. Out there, I'd be your whipping boy like anyone else. You could've broken my arm without even trying, or have tossed me into a dumpster and there would've been no way I could've resisted. But here... now... all of that is gone. You're not a powerful predator here. You're not some amazon of primal strength and confidence. You don't have men and women to flock and do your bidding here. You're not in charge here. You're not an alpha now. You're not even an omega." His lips curled into a wicked grin... a smug, confident grin... that same grin that he had used on her when they first met in the bar. Seeing it now in her current situation, she knew where it came from. From knowing she'd be in this situation all along. "You're not part of the social structure at all... You're just a toy. A plaything... MY plaything."

His words dripped venom, as if there was some kind of irony or hidden joke she wasn't privy too. But the raw, overwhelming force of those words she certainly was. He wasn't speaking in

innuendo, in playful teases, half-truths or coy mind games. He was dead serious about every word. And that only terrified Tera more.

Kesin on the other hand, was in heaven. Despite his harsh, angry tones that he used to terrify the shrunken lioness into submission, he couldn't have been happier with the evening's events. He had actually been somewhat surprised that it had been so easy to get her to come home with him. He had almost felt like he had been possessed when he was in the bar flirting with her, as if it had been someone else that had taken over his body and had acted for him. He still remembered how he had grabbed her dress and tugged her down to his level, something he never had a chance of doing through sheer physical force. Yet even with her wildly superior strength and stature, that overwhelming confidence that had been oozing out of him had simply dominated her on a mental level and she had obeyed his action without a word. It had been almost as thrilling as the sensations of raw power that he got when shrinking down those that he lured home.

Almost.

He never felt as powerful as he did during the initial few minutes after his victim was shrunken. That short time span where they hadn't yet accepted their fate, and still retained some level of rebellion and aggression. When they still thought they had control. They didn't of course. Considering that the largest he had left any of them still had left them barely the size of a Barbie doll, there wasn't really much of anything they could do to stop him from doing what he wanted, or make him do something he didn't. But the times that they tried, when they made demands of him, screamed and yelled, snarled at him or even tried to attack him once or twice, those were the times he nearly came in his pants. Listening to their tiny squeaking voices yelling at him to turn them back, demanding explanations or insulting him only to have their anger turn to utter terror when he got right up in their face like he did now was near orgasmic. Feeling them struggle against his grip when he grabbed them, try to push his foot up off of them or even try to bite or claw his ankles or fingers with fangs and claws too tiny to even break his skin gave him a power high the likes of which he couldn't even put into words.

Tonight was the best night yet for him by far. From the moment he had aimed the little chrome shrink ray at Tera's back and fired, he'd had the hardest erection he could ever remember having. Not only was the lioness by a wide margin the largest and most powerful, not to mention probably the sexiest, woman he had brought home since he had started this whole thing, but he also had made her the smallest. The lioness who would have stood head and shoulders taller than the next biggest girl he had shrunken were they all still normal sized, was now less than half the size of the next smallest girl in his collection. Kesin got off on taking away these big, strong, confident girl's size just as much as he did

from feeling the overwhelming power he had over someone so much smaller than himself. Tera had been the biggest and cockiest of them and now she was the weakest and most vulnerable.

Kesin left his muzzle sitting in front of her for several more moments in silence. He wanted to give her plenty of time to take in the overwhelming difference in size and power between his, to her, monstrous five foot height compared to her insignificant inch of miniscule bug-like size. He gave her plenty of time to take in the enormity of his ebony colored nose, the gleam of fangs as big as her leg peeking out of the edges of his grin, the sheer width of his muzzle. He had no doubt from the horrified look on her face and the way her view was wandering across his lip line that she was imagining just how easily he could simply toss her into his mouth and swallow her whole. But before he gave her too much time to adjust to her new perspective, he decided to move on to the next step.

Tera watched with wide eyes, glued to her spot out of confused instinctual terror, as one of Kesin's massive hands started to reach for her. Fingers thicker around than her whole body reached in and gripped her front and back between his index finger and thumb. She could feel the slightly rough skin of his finger pads and the warmth radiating through her to prove that it was indeed real flesh, rather than some kind of elaborate hoax with robotic props. Despite it being flesh and blood, however, she had as much hope of escaping the vice like grip of his fingers about as much as she did pushing apart the walls of an enclosing hydraulic press used to crush cars. If anything they were already squeezing too tight, a sign of either his lack of care or simply lack of ability to control his strength with such an extreme difference in their sizes. He might very well be trying to be as careful as he could, yet even then the pressure on her torso made her ribs creak and each breath a struggle to pull in. As she felt Kesin start to lift her up, the floor simply vanishing from beneath her feet, she heard his thunderous voice fill the air again.

"Now then... Why don't I go introduce you to the others..." he rumbled deeply, licking almost hungrily over his lips in anticipation. The view only made Tera that much more terrified, and distracted her from a response for a few moments. When it finally dawned on her what he had said, her eyes widened a bit.

"Wait... Others...?"