

Thug Trash
by Holo

The wail of police sirens filled the streets and alleyways as the pair of punks fled from the bank they had just robbed at gunpoint. Their bags were bulging with cash, and they ducked into a side street and pulled off their ski masks as they kept running. The road was too narrow for cars, which would force the cops to chase them on foot through the dark, maze-like network of alleys and backroads.

"Shit R, we gotta keep away just a little longer! Once the sun finishes setting, they'll never find us!" one of them said, sticking to the one-letter code names they had come up with.

"I know I know W, we gotta find someplace to hide! We can't run forever. Fuck... There?" R pointed around an approaching corner.

Just ahead was an old dumpster, likely long forgotten by the city sanitation services. Despite that, it wasn't overflowing with garbage. In fact, it didn't seem to be in use at all. The thieves both turned and made for it, concealing themselves in the growing shadows between the buildings. They pulled the lid open partway, threw in their bags, and then hopped in themselves, letting the lid close.

It was dark inside, and smelled like musty garbage, and a foot-deep layer of the stuff crunched underneath them as they dove in. They stayed quiet, taking shallow breaths both due to the smell, and to not make much noise.

Something scurried around in the corner opposite of the two, and they took in a sharp breath and held it, backing themselves against the metal inside of the container.

"Man, d-did you hear that?" W stammered.

"Sh-shut up! The cops might hear you!" R hissed at him.

"B-but!" A hand clamped around W's muzzle to keep him from continuing.

"I said, shut up!"

There was another rustle, and a chittering sound like that of a wild animal.

W whimpered through his held-shut muzzle, and his breathing sped up. R shot him a glare in the dark and shook him by his face, and then felt W start to try and slip away. R snorted and pulled on him, which was met with even more struggling and whining.

R was fed up, and he used his free hand to pull out his phone. He turned on the screen, ready to slap some sense into W. As the blue light of the phone lit up the dumpster, his eyes went wide, and he released W's muzzle.

W was halfway vanished into the throat of a huge raccoon. Not only was this thing easily two to three times the average height of one, it was also an easy three to four times the weight. R swallowed hard, realizing why there was no trash overflow in this forgotten dumpster. In a split-second decision, he grabbed W's hands and started pulling on them, which the raccoon clearly did not like. It probably wasn't used to trash fighting back, it it started growling. R was making progress though, and W was slipping back out of the raccoon's jaws.

Until they both heard the sound of heavy footsteps approaching.

Faint voices were heard as people milled about just a few feet from the dumpster. "Yes dispatch, we're checking the alley now. No sign of them yet, but we'll keep looking."

R couldn't risk being heard, so he let go of W's hands and grabbed his muzzle to shut him up again. W's eyes went wide as he started to slide into the raccoon's gut once again, but with W released, the raccoon stopped growling and resumed its gorging. W grabbed desperately at R, who only punched W in the face to get him to stop thrashing. R looked at the two backpacks of money in the corner, and swallowed hard.

Without stopping to think, he suddenly shoved against W, pushing him another few inches into the gluttonous raccoon. W's muzzled pleas intensified, but fell on two pairs of deaf ears. R kept pushing, and pushing, and he could swear that the raccoon's face had gone from irritated, to very very pleased. It silently gulped up the last of W, who thrashed inside its grey gut. It chittered happily and seemed to knead its stomach with its little paws, pressing against the bulged that W made as he tried to escape the cramped and garbage-filled raccoon innards.

R sighed in his head, relieved. Now he had twice the money, and no noisy worrywart to get him discovered. He moved to hug the bags close and kept listening to the world outside, still hearing lingering footsteps crunching on the crumbling asphalt.

He barely suppressed a yelp as he felt a pair of wet, hot jaws close around his feet and ankles. He looked down and could see a pair of hungry, gleaming raccoon eyes looking right at him as the critter started to swallow him as well. His fight or flight response was overloaded. Escaping the raccoon meant running to the cops, but if he just waited another minute, they might leave...! He swallowed hard and prayed as he slipped in up to his calves.

He suddenly felt a pair of hands grab his ankles, and yank. In an instant, he had been sucked into the raccoon's gullet up to his thighs, and another yank, up to his waist. W was clearly keen on not letting R get away with his betrayal, even if it meant them both getting eaten by a freakish raccoon. R's minutes of time were down to seconds as W kept pulling him in. The smug raccoon's hungry glare grew closer and closer, and soon he could feel its tongue licking at his chin.

By the time he decided to shout for help, it was too late. His cry was cut off by the snapping shut of the raccoon's jaws, and a last swallow shoved the criminal down into the fleshy prison he now shared with his friend.

The raccoon was now properly beached on its stomach. Any further movement would have proven difficult, but it still had a good bed of garbage to snack on, and so it grabbed a few pieces and tossed them down its throat, enjoying an opportunity to pelt its delicious captives with trash. Its insides groaned and bubbled, churning loudly as its pair of meals continued to struggle against one another.

"BHHUURRAAPP!" The bloated raccoon let out a belch so powerful, it rattled the metal container. The tremendous sound caught the attention of the cops, who opened the container on one side. They glanced in, and their eyes immediately fell on the two money-stuffed backpacks. The sight distracted them from the reason they meant to check the container in the first place, so they grabbed the bags without glancing deeper in.

If they had, they would have noticed that the container was half-filled with a raccoon whose gut was writhing with the criminal pair they had been after. They might even have been able to rescue them, but as they closed the lid and walked away, it was clear that help wouldn't be coming. Doubtless, all of the writhing in that gut was W beating the shit out of R, preventing them from working together to attempt an escape that may very well have succeeded. The

raccoon was glad for their idiotic bickering. The faster the two of them tired one another out, the sooner he could digest the human garbage into even more fat.