

Beat and Eat

By: IndigoRho

The Wolf Pack Pub was the most reputable establishment on Fang Station—which wasn't saying much. Bounty hunters, smugglers, mercenaries, and criminals of all sorts filled every seat in the joint. In between sips of cheap drinks and bites of cheap food were the curses of bad luck and boasts of successful ventures. Fighters were frequent and vicious. Dents and cracks in the rough tables told the tales of patrons who'd lost teeth, blood, and worse. Nothing out of the ordinary for Fang Station, where even the buffets were brutal.

At the bar a pair of thieves sulked. One was a black wolf named Cayen, muscular with a jagged slash over his dead left eye. His right arm was a prosthetic, maroon in color and far from pristine. Beside Cayen was his partner—Davon—a jackal. Far less marred but no less foul, Davon idly clicked his claws on the counter as he drank.

“Alright Cayen, what job are you gonna fuck up next?” Davon growled bitterly.

Cayen's teeth were bared, but he didn't bother turning towards the other thief. “*You're* the idiot who managed to trip a half-dozen alarms when we could've been home-free! And for what? A damn worthless statue that even *I* could tell was a forgery!”

“Not in the dark! If it'd been real it would've been worth three times the junk we were grabbing!” Davon downed the rest of his glass, which was swiftly replaced by another complimentary drink from the bartender, a chubby cream-colored wolf. He'd been oddly generous with the free, strong drinks all night, though Cayen and Davon had been too furious with each other to notice.

“At least the other junk had value! I had to ditch it all just to deal with the security drones on your ass!”

The glass was slamming into Cayen's head before he could even consider dodging. Cayen howled in pain as he tumbled backwards out of his stool, hitting the dirty floor with a thud. Conversation ceased in the pub as the other patrons turned to see what had happened. The bartender seemed unfazed, as if he'd expected the attack.

“We're finished Cayen! The score's have been shit and you're terrible in bed!” Davon said as he slid off his stool, looming over his former partner. “Bet I could still make a quick buck dragging your half-dead ass to security, though.”

A boot shot out, striking Davon hard in the leg and making him crumple. The jackal's paw slipped on the spilt liquor on the counter as he tried to brace himself, instead banging his skull on it.

“I was just thinking the same thing!” Cayen said as he slowly pulled himself up, still catching his breath. His head was throbbing, blood trickling down his bad eye. He'd been desperate for an excuse to unload on Davon and now he had it.

As Davon tried to recover, the first of Cayen's prosthetic arm struck his chest, cracking a rib in the process. Doubling over, Davon blindly grabbed the knife from around his belt, slashing wildly and preventing his opponent from an immediate follow-up attack.

Cayen blocked with his prosthetic, sparks flying as it scraped off metal. A lucky counter knocked the knife out of Davon's paw and sent it flying—right into the barkeep's shoulder. The wolf clenched his jaws tight, letting out a faint whimper as blood dripped from a bit lip. He continued shakily pouring drinks as if nothing had happened, though it was clear he was in pain.

Meanwhile, Cayen and Davon had grappled, stumbling into and over a table as they bit and clawed at each other ferociously. Patrons scattered, not wanting to get caught up in the feud. A lucky elbow knocked fangs from Cayen's mouth and the wolf spit blood. He was pelted by bottles, glasses, and chairs, but Cayen was more than capable of striking back. Davon had perpetually been the weak link of their two-man operation, and his insolence demanded a far greater punishment than a simple beating.

Eventually Cayen managed to wrap his paws around Davon's neck, and squeezed. The jackal

flailed, kicking and choking as his eyes bulged out. Cayen held his ground, wincing at every successful strike but refusing to release his grip, even when a claw sliced open his good arm.

Slowly Davon's spasms weakened, and once he was only twitching Cayen threw him onto the nearest table. The jackal was just barely conscious, eyes glazed over and coughing sporadically.

There was a wicked grin upon Cayen's face as he approached his fallen foe. Blood had matted his dark fur and torn clothes, which hid countless bruises and a fracture or two. Cayen was bound to have new scars afterward, but he didn't care.

"A knife through the ribs is too good for you," Cayen said with a pained laugh, not even sure the jackal could hear him. "Now you get to satisfy the appetite I worked up putting you in your place."

Cayen tore away his prey's jacket and shirt, tossing the tatters aside. Boots and belt soon joined them, ridding the meal of anything unsavory. He didn't want Davon tasting bad, not after all the work that had gone into prepping him.

The spiteful wolf made sure to loudly lick his bloody lips before he nudged Davon's head into his maw. Davon merely fidgeted in response.

Every swallow was accompanied by pain, but for Cayen it was all worth it. Jaws stretched over shoulders as his neck bulged. Cayen's toned middle swelled, highlighting bruises as the wobbling mass was exposed from beneath his jacket. Though the wolf preferred to stay in shape he couldn't help but enjoy the power of turning another person into a meal, especially an ass like Davon. Being drunk certainly did nothing to quell his desires, either.

The rush of adrenaline concealed the pain, and soon Cayen was greedily gulping down his former partner. Davon wasn't big enough to pose a problem and too hurt to actually fight back. He'd been doomed the second his head was swallowed. Limp legs were steadily slurped up, paws shoved in and jaws shut tight.

Cayen groaned as his gut wobbled from the final gulp. Sore all over and breathing heavily, the engorged wolf staggered back to the bar and leaned into it belly-first. The bartender's gaze had been locked onto Cayen's bulging middle the entire way, the knife in his shoulder momentarily ignored.

"Looks like Davon's—*braaaaaaaaaap*—covering my tab tonight as his going away present. Isn't that nice of him?"

The bartender nodded frantically, blushing some.

Cayen ran his tongue around his mouth, wincing as he felt the gaps. In his belly Davon was squirming faintly, probably not even aware he'd been eaten. The first tinge of digestive juices would change that.

"I guess I should take back Davon's knife—it'll make a nice memento."

The wolf grabbed the knife's handle and pulled it out in one swift motion. There was a short spurt of blood and the barkeep wrapped a paw around his snout to muffle a cry. "Th-Thank you sir."

Setting the knife on the counter, Cayen went back to drinking. Once he digested Davon he'd need to look for another partner, hopefully one more competent...and less fattening.