

Becoming your master.

(Story Commission)

For many, Monday was just another day, perhaps even the worst day of the week. But not for Smack. Definitely not for the anthro wolf with predominantly yellow fur. This slender young canine, with the appearance of a twink, had the courage to launch his own venture early in life. He proudly owned a small diner on a bustling corner of the city's commercial district. Smack served various meals daily—breakfast, lunch, and snacks—to the diverse array of customers hurrying along the sidewalk in front of his shop, caught up in the rush of daily life. The diner was always busy, and Smack had no reason to complain. Business was good, and there was a steady stream of customers. However, one thing Smack lacked was prestige. Prestige was everything to a high-end, top-rated restaurant, and one such establishment was located just a few blocks north of Smack's diner. It was on this Monday that Smack was finally ready to seek out what he needed to bring that much-desired prestige to his own establishment.

Smack's plan was as audacious as it was simple: he would infiltrate the kitchen of the five-star restaurant early in the morning, while the staff were still preparing for the day's routine, slip into the office of the head chef, and steal the most famous and prestigious recipes. It was a straightforward plan, and thus, brilliant. Nothing could go wrong. To ensure everything went exactly as planned and to eliminate any doubt that a competitor might have the audacity to invade their kitchen and steal their recipe book, Smack had prepared a special extra detail for the occasion. The real reason for Smack's excitement that Monday morning was a small part of his master plan—to transform himself into a small cookie to gain access to what he desired most.

There was no way this plan could fail. The staff of the fabulous restaurant would never suspect that among the newly delivered batch of cookies, one of them would be a living, spying cookie—Smack himself! Even better, the bakery that supplied the cookies used as appetizers for the high-end restaurant was located right next to his diner. Smack had no trouble sneaking into the bakery, locating the fresh batch of cookies that had just come out of the oven and were ready to be sent to the five-star restaurant. Once he was sure these cookies were destined for the right place, he pulled from his pocket a tiny vial containing a powerful potion with a strong, bitter taste, which he drank in one gulp without hesitation, driven by his anxiety. Within seconds, Smack felt a tingling sensation spreading throughout his body. His vision began to blur, and he felt his limbs growing numb until he couldn't feel them at all. His clothes merged with his body and were absorbed into his skin, which was becoming softer and crunchier, transforming from fur, skin, and clothes into pure dough. Smack was now a crispy, chocolate-filled cookie.

Taking great care to position himself correctly, Smack, now a chocolate-filled cookie, fell by gravity into the basket, surrounded by countless identical cookies. All were warm and clustered together, making the poor canine-turned-cookie feel crowded, surrounded by his brethren, all nestled in a beautiful basket soon to be on its way to the final destination he had in mind. The only clue left behind that Smack had ever been in the bakery was the small glass vial, which now rolled across the cold ceramic floor, hiding behind the leg of a large gas oven. The cookie wolf's plan was set; now, no one would know he had ever been—or rather, was—there. Smack just had to wait patiently, and he didn't have to wait long.

It didn't take long for Smack—now just a mere cookie—to feel a jolt. This was simply the act of an employee picking up the basket full of warm cookies, carrying it out of the bakery's kitchen, and toward the vehicle parked right outside, ready to start the day's deliveries. Though Smack had lost all

his limbs, the potion he had ingested allowed him to preserve all his senses and, most importantly, his consciousness. Though now just a cookie, Smack was fully aware of everything happening around him. When the basket with his "cookie siblings" was placed inside the van, which would soon head to the renowned restaurant, the young canine found himself in a dark environment, able only to hear the vehicle's engine and feel the gentle jolts as the van navigated through the city's avenues, heading towards its first destination of the day. Naturally, the first stop was the best-paying and most prestigious client, who also happened to be the target of the little sentient cookie.

Soon enough, Smack could see daylight again, but this time he noticed that the basket with the other cookies was being carried by an employee into the fabulous and luxurious restaurant. Passing through the service entrance and walking down an employee corridor leading straight to the heart of the place—the high-end industrial kitchen where only the finest chefs in the region had the privilege to work. Even from a distance, Smack could already smell the fabulous aromas of delicacies being produced at a constant pace to satisfy the demanding customers who made this place their morning stop. With each step the giant employee—giant relatively speaking, at least from the perspective of someone who was just a single cookie—took toward the kitchen, the smell grew stronger. Suddenly, Smack's triumphant entry was interrupted; someone had blocked the bakery employee's path.

At that moment, Smack felt a shiver run down his "forehead," despite no longer having a forehead. It wasn't long before the cookie-turned-canine could hear a new voice dominating the conversation with the bakery employee carrying the basket full of cookies, which contained a clandestine passenger. For a second, Smack thought he had been discovered! If he still had his legs, he would probably have been running away by now, but for Smack, running or moving was no longer an option. At least not until the potion's effects wore off, which, according to his calculations, would be in about half an hour.

However, the voice that had interrupted the bakery employee's work was not just any voice. It was well known to the young canine—it was none other than Rodolfo! Rodolfo, the renowned head chef, owner of this restaurant franchise, known not only for his excellent dishes but also for his typical and characteristic appearance expected of a five-star chef. Rodolfo was a well-rounded canine, no longer young but not yet old; his white, fluffy fur helped mask the effects of time on his body. Beyond all this, Rodolfo was Smack's most admired idol! The yellow-furred canine dreamed of one day achieving what the white-furred chef had—starting from scratch with a small restaurant and growing it to become one of the most acclaimed establishments in the culinary world, recognized worldwide.

“You must be one of our contractors, I believe. What brings you here?” The impactful voice that usually sounded charming on TV now sounded hurried and slightly arrogant as Rodolfo questioned the poor bakery employee, who just wanted to complete what was for him just one of many deliveries he had to make that day. Shortly after, more light entered the basket where Smack the cookie was hiding, as Rodolfo removed the cloth covering the basket's contents, exposing Smack and his "cookie siblings" to the bright light of the industrial kitchen.

One lesson Rodolfo had learned in his long career as a chef was always to check the quality of everything entering and leaving his kitchen personally. It didn't matter if the items were ingredients, condiments, or even small treats and snacks pre-cooked or prepared elsewhere. Even if these items were not part of the restaurant's main menu, they contributed to its atmosphere. Especially in this case, where these cookies played the fundamental role of whetting the customers' appetites while they eagerly awaited the main course. Thus, as a good chef, Rodolfo randomly picked one of the many cookies from the basket, ready to conduct his personal quality test here and now. But not before allowing himself to lean closer to the basket and inhale the delightful aroma of freshly baked cookies.

From Smack's perspective, the entire scene unfolded quite differently. The first thing he saw was the giant black nose of the canine chef approaching just above his head, taking a deep sniff of his aroma and that of his "siblings." The loud sound of air being sucked into the giant's nostrils only heightened Smack's anxiety. Furthermore, he witnessed a small, involuntary act—a tiny gesture. Smack saw Rodolfo pass the tip of his tongue over his lips, licking them, which indicated that the chef had found the smell pleasing. However, what truly instilled fear in Smack's mind was seeing two fingers longer than his "body" approaching, casually and effortlessly grabbing his soft, doughy form and lifting him into the air.

"No! WAIT!!! HELP!!! NO!!! DON'T DO IT!! SOMEONE!! HELP!!!" Smack mentally screamed, as he no longer had a mouth to vocalize his words. The adrenaline in Smack's mind was so intense that his perception of time seemed altered. The cookie-canine could almost watch in slow motion as Rodolfo's plump, warm, saliva-coated lips approached, growing larger until they split apart, revealing the cavernous interior of the giant dog's mouth. Sharp, enormous teeth surrounded Smack's doughy form, and the poor young canine, transformed into a cookie, was so terrified that his mind nearly froze with fear! He was being placed inside another person's mouth, about to be eaten! It wasn't long before Smack felt the moist, warm tongue of his idol touch his body. The pressure from the giant canine's fingers on his form faded away. Smack now lay completely on Rodolfo's saliva-coated tongue, able only to take one last look at the outside world beyond the powerful row of teeth and lips before they closed tightly around him.

At that very moment, everything happened swiftly and without ceremony. Rodolfo closed his mouth, allowing his jaws to push his extremely sharp canine teeth against a small part of the cookie, tearing it off. Smack experienced the worst pain of his life; from his perspective, it felt as if his leg had been crushed and simultaneously shredded by heavy, powerful machinery. The pressure a giant's jaw could exert on his body was overwhelming, and this was only the beginning. Unconcerned with the well-being of the cookie in his mouth, Rodolfo continued to chew, his tongue moving the cookie from side to side in his cheek, pushing every bit towards his powerful molars while he relished the chocolate filling that flowed over his tongue. From Smack's viewpoint, beyond the agony of having his left leg completely crushed, torn from his body, and ground into the finest powder, he now felt his idol's tongue pushing him back and forth. Soon, he realized that his upper body was positioned right in the midst of a row of massive, saliva-coated molars. "PLEASE! NO!!!" *CRUNCH!!!*

Smack once again felt a wave of vertigo as Rodolfo's jaw clamped down! This time, the damage was extensive; his right arm was torn off, and part of his chest was crushed in the process. Smack now felt his blood pouring out, spreading across Rodolfo's tongue and mixing with his saliva. All this while he watched and heard what remained of his arm being ground up, enduring the same fate as his leg, between Rodolfo's teeth. With the powerful sound of *CRUNCH CRUNCH* echoing around him, eternally ingrained in his mind, Smack screamed in agony—mentally, since he had no mouth to vocalize his pleas—as if someone could rescue him from this profound torment before he could even adapt to the new pain he was experiencing. *CRUNCH!* This time, his entire lower body, groin, and genitals were completely pulverized into oblivion. Only his head, part of his cervical spine, abdomen, chest, and left arm remained intact. But blood—or rather, chocolate filling—spread throughout Rodolfo's mouth as Smack remained conscious of everything happening to him and around him.

At some point, Rodolfo began to play with the cookie dough and filling that filled his mouth, letting his tongue savor it even more before finishing off the delicious treat. Smack was forced to endure the

remains of his broken, bleeding, and injured body being brutally tossed from side to side inside the giant's mouth, as if his pain and suffering were being mocked. The stumps of his limbs dragged against the firm, strong musculature of Rodolfo's tongue and gums, causing excruciating pain and overwhelming the few active nerve endings in Smack's brain. Then, the master chef tired of this game, and with the same casualness and lack of ceremony with which he had picked a random cookie from the basket, he pushed the last solid remnants of Smack's body between his teeth and chewed forcefully and quickly. The young canine who had drunk the transformation potion saw as his head and upper body were once again positioned between the upper and lower molars of his idol's mouth. By this point, Smack was coughing up blood, his lungs perforated numerous times by what was left of his own bones, and his eyes bleeding dark, ominous blood, almost as if it were gangrenous—or at least that was the sensory state of the canine's mind that had transformed himself into a mere cookie. Then, the chef's teeth came down on his head, crushing his skull and pushing bone fragments into his brain, causing instantaneous pain, agitation, and brain death for the young canine.

The small portion of Smack's body that remained had been reduced to a crumbly, cookie-dough mass mixed with chocolate filling, now on its way down his idol's throat. Worse, given the properties of the potion Smack had drunk, he remained severely conscious of everything, even after his body had been severely disfigured. Smack could feel the muscle, that tongue, lifting to push his pulverized body parts down the giant canine's throat, where the remnants of his body were pressed by the muscular walls of Rodolfo's esophagus, descending toward the chef's empty stomach. In pain, despair, and fully aware of his surroundings, Smack knew he still had more than half an hour before the potion's effects would completely reverse. However, it was too late to think about that now. Even if he had the time, all that would happen was his body being restored to a pile of unrecognizable, disfigured flesh on the floor or somewhere else. Moreover, since Rodolfo's stomach had been completely empty that morning—having eaten nothing all morning—the tiny cookie he had just ingested would have to suffice to sate his hunger. Within minutes, the chef's stomach began to do what it did best: produce gastric juice to fill the empty belly and initiate the digestion process.

For Smack, this would be the process that would ultimately end his suffering, albeit in a most unfortunate manner. If for people or micros who usually met their end being digested by the stomach acid of a large predator, for someone in Smack's state at this very moment—having his limbs pulverized after a brutal chewing process, his skin literally torn from his body, and all his organs either crushed or turned inside out—in other words, every nerve ending in the young canine's body was exposed to the outside. Exposed to receive the hot acid from the giant canine's stomach, burning his body rapidly due to his reduced mass and proportion, imposing pain as Smack could feel each molecule of his being being torn apart and broken down brutally by the slow yet simultaneously fast chemical reaction. Gradually, the young canine found it increasingly difficult to concentrate; it was as if it became harder for him to focus on the world around him. Smack could feel his consciousness fading bit by bit. Soon, the canine who had transformed into a cookie would struggle even to access his memories, and it didn't take long before the deepest silence and darkness reigned. Smack no longer thought, heard, or felt anything... Smack was no more! His existence absorbed to add to the fat on the hips of the chef he once so greatly admired, now and forever he would just be a small part of Rodolfo's body.

Rodolfo, after savoring the delicious cookie, gave the confectionery employee the go-ahead to continue with the delivery. He stepped aside and headed towards his office, utterly unaware that, as he walked, there now existed a small piece of matter amidst his hips that had once been a sentient being. Smack, now fully digested, was nothing more than a tiny bit of fat within the warm mass of ass fat that swayed and bounced somewhat gracefully with each step of the enormous chef. With every stride of the white-furred canine, his large, round backside jiggled proudly, flaunting its bulk to the world until he finally reached the comfort and security of his private office.

Once he closed the door, Rodolfo planted his large, canine posterior on a chair that could barely handle his immense weight, thus finishing the job of crushing the scant remains of what had once been Smack between the layers of fat that now served solely as padding to support the colossal canine's heft.

Opening the secure drawer of his desk, Rodolfo retrieved the very book Smack had so desperately wanted to steal—his original recipe book, its pages slightly worn by the passage of time. This treasured volume, which the master chef kept locked in a reinforced drawer in his office, remained always close at hand. And now, without even realizing it, Rodolfo would also keep with him forever the remnants of a small competitor, an ex-competitor who would never again have the chance to grow and become any threat to his reign as the best chef in the city.

The end.