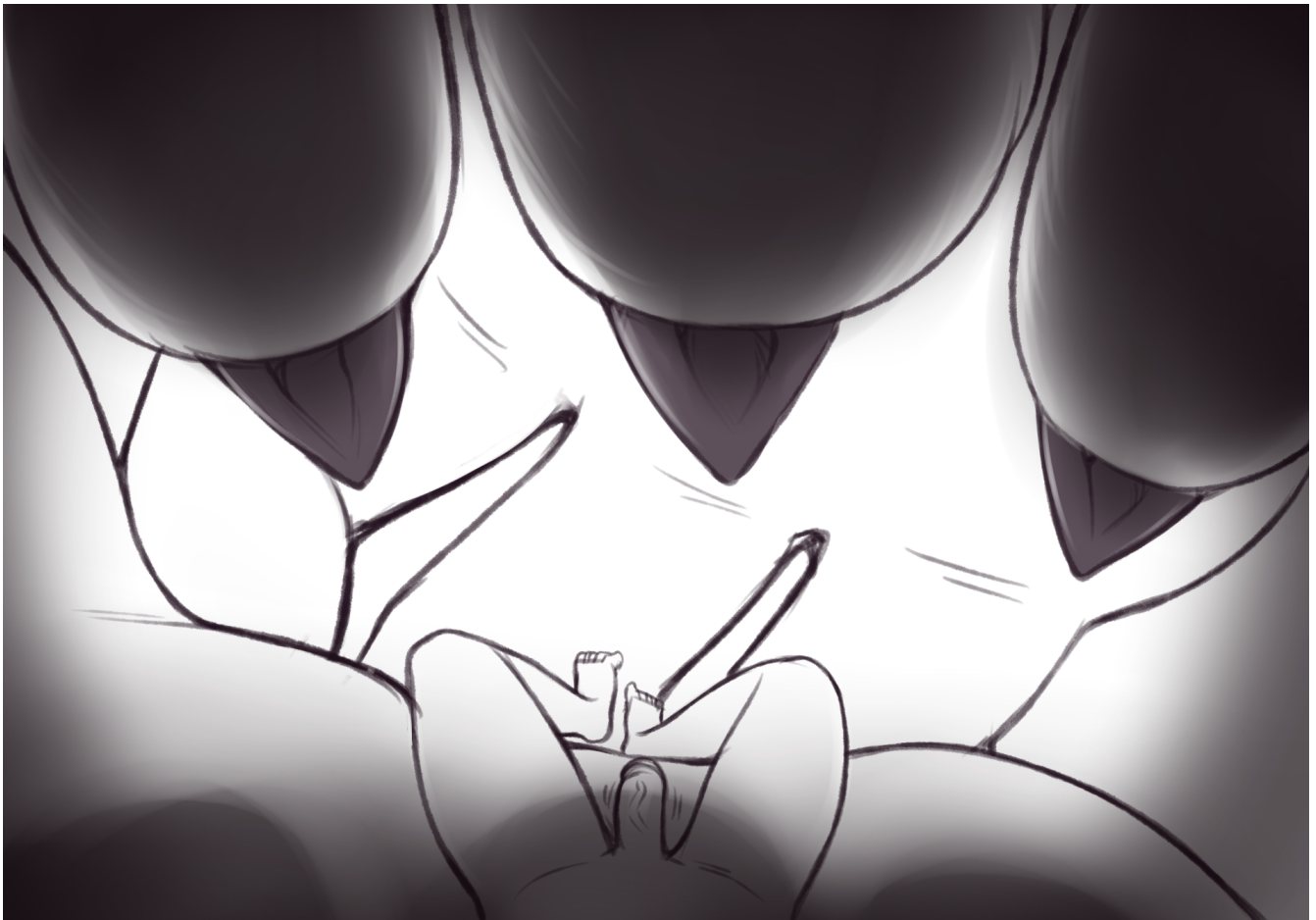


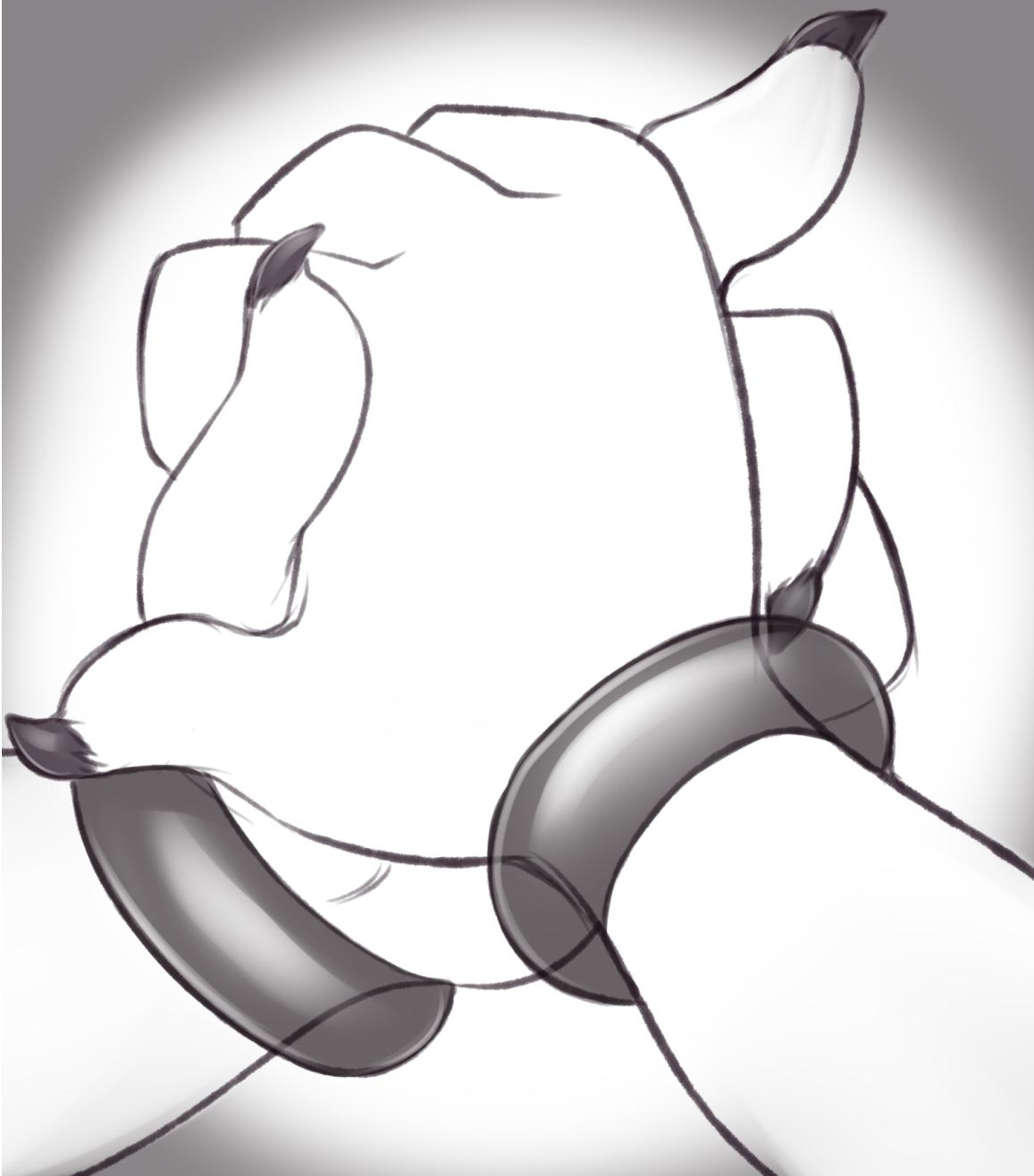
He found himself sat in her palm - a broad, thick bed of silky white fur beneath him, and four huge digits that were each thicker than his torso, partially curled around him as she inspected him from above. There was a look of satisfaction painted across her beautiful, billboard-sized face. To say that her appearance was striking would've been an understatement - no human gazes upon a female kitsune without a brief pause for breath, let alone one standing more than ten times their height and cradling them in the palm of her hand, level with the massive hills of her generously endowed breasts.

In other circumstances, he might have admired such a view for hours, but given the obvious peril in his predicament, his attention stayed largely with her face - specifically her golden eyes - two glowing, shimmering pools of sunlight that gazed down upon him, appraising his worth.

Her lips parted in a toothy grin that he knew couldn't bode well for him, and a teasing, chuckling whisper of Japanese followed . It was a short phrase that he'd heard many times before. Its literal meaning escaped his memory, but the way she smiled and the tone of her voice told him enough, and further confirmation wasn't long in coming as her clawed fingers soon curled further around him. He shouted in protest - more just a noise than any real words as he stared up at her golden eyes above him until they vanished from sight behind the incoming ceiling of her other hand, fully encapsulating him in her grasp.



Only thin slivers of light made its between her fingers, but he didn't need his eyes to know that her hands were moving ever closer together, constricting his living space into something ever smaller, until every inch of him was pressed deep into her fluffy palms.



And then deeper still, into the flesh beneath. Her massive hands squeezed with more force than he could've imagined, or at least, more force than his body had any hope of resisting. The pain came from every angle, but was surprisingly brief.

The grim sounds of crunching, squishing, popping and gushing, however, went on for an uncomfortably long time. Impossibly long, even, for he knew that he should no longer have been in any position to hear them - at least, going by his understanding of how the world worked.



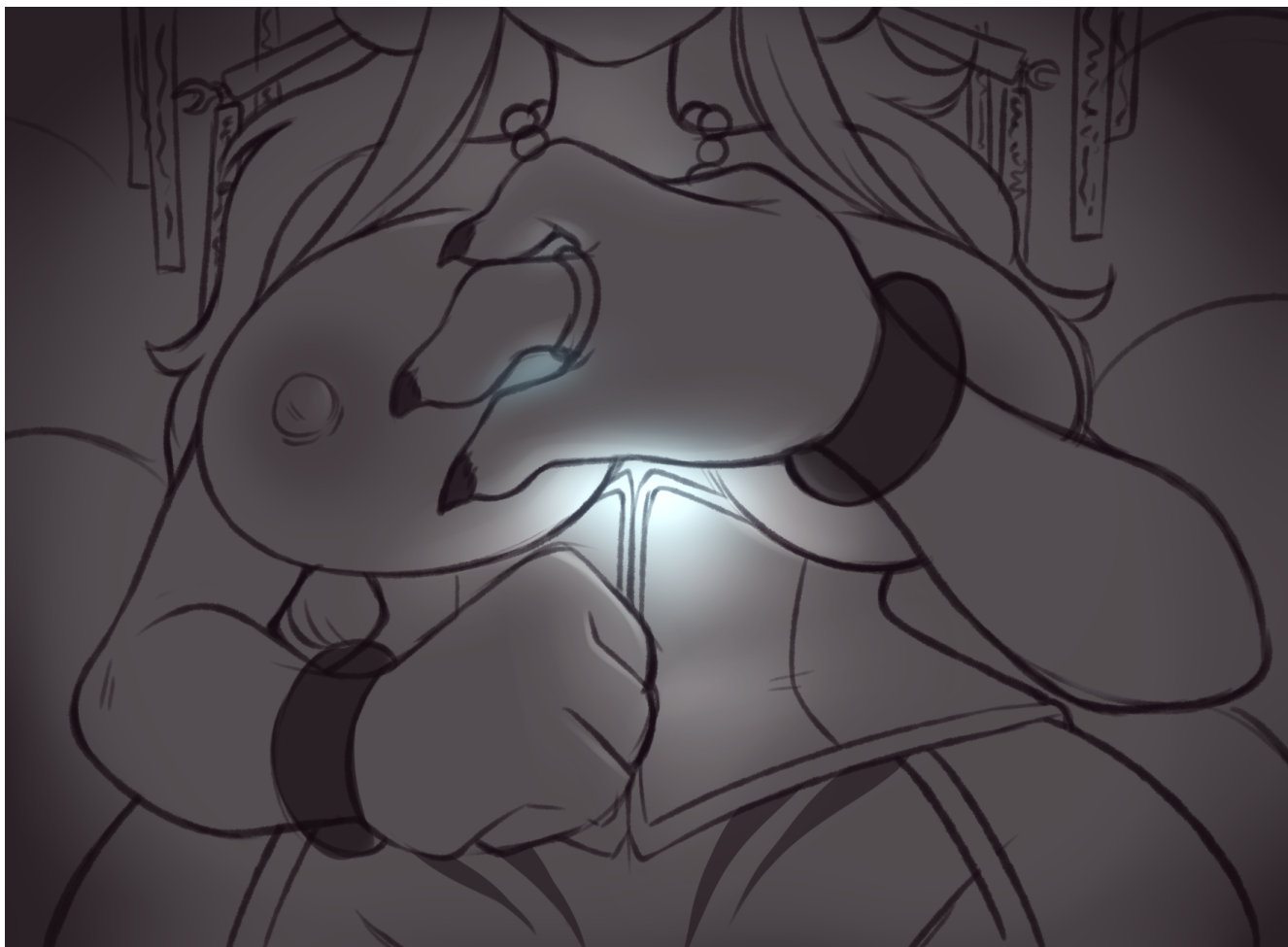
The meaty sounds subsided, replaced by whispers and whooshes of a flame, and although he didn't really see it, nor particularly feel it in any tactile way, he sensed her palm open around him.



Where he had been, the kitsune now held only a glowing blue ball of chi - a flaming wisp - his soul. She tilted her palm this way and that, watching the bright little orb of his life force roll with her motions, and sensing every thought that fluttered through the panicked little speck of consciousness within it.



“You needn't be so worried...” She teased in his mother tongue, giggling and cooing as she continued to roll the very fiber of his being around in her palm, taking clear pleasure and amusement from his situation even as her words reassured him. She brought him to her bosom, breathing in deeply as she flattened her palm - and the wavering blue flame of his spirit - against the soft, warm, heavy spheres of her chest.



Her smile widened, and she closed her eyes as she breathed deeper still. The blue glow between her fingers faded, and in almost the same instant, the proud mountains of her breasts heaved against her inhumanly large, fluffy hand. Majestic hills of flesh quickly expanded, rising like bread in an oven as she gorged upon the energy of the human's soul, and within seconds, she stood, contently cupping an even mightier set of mountains than before - their great heft wobbling and spilling behind hands that had previously seemed somewhat disproportionate, but now seemed to be exactly the kind of hands needed to contain such a tsunami of tit-flesh.



The human, if he could still be referred to as such, found himself lost in a warm, dark place, with only limited awareness of his surroundings. In some ways, it was not dissimilar from lying in bed, half asleep and half awake. Pleasant, even. The world swayed, rocked like a cradle. He dreamed of the beautiful creature he'd encountered, the heavenly feminine curves he'd beheld. He felt like he was snuggled into them, enveloped in their comforting embrace - as if they were all around him. They squeezed him, surrounded him.

Something vast gripped the corners of his universe, incomprehensibly far away, and yet immediately recognizable to his senses. A hand. A four-fingered hand. Squeezing his entire world from beyond.