

The image of a hapless cartoon cat races across the television screen, followed by a dog in hot pursuit. It was a scene that I'd seen countless times, but it still manages to make me smile; by the sound of it, I'm not the only one.

I glance down to the red cross fox curled across my belly, and just manage to catch a glimpse of his jaws wide-open with laughter. His name is Julian, my sweet little foxy that I've known and loved for months now, and I continue to brush and groom his soft, warm fur as his head plops down across my body.

"Are they always this funny?" he asks with a swipe of his tail.

"Always," I reply.

I pop another pawful of popcorn into my mouth and send it down with a generous gulp. Julian gives out a quiet little purr and readjusts himself on my stomach. He's listening to me digest, every gurgle and murmur, and probably wishing he could be in there himself. My little foxy happens to be a vorophile, one of the horniest I like to imagine, and I quietly brush a paw across his crotch.

Fully erect.

Where some people would see a pervert, I see only my fox, and I grin and walk my fingers back to his fur. He can't help what arouses him, just like I can't help that I'm very rarely aroused at all, and I've come to find that his pleasure has become mine.

Another punchline bursts across the screen, and this time even I smile as I cradle some more of his fur. It feels so gorgeous against the tips of my claws, so much better than my own, and I wish it never had to leave. As much as I trust him, every night when Julian goes home is hell to me, and as controlling and selfish as it sounds, I always doubt his loyalty. There are so many foxes that are much prettier than a wolverine such as I, and Julian is so sexually open. Does he even have loyalty when there are ones that can match passion as strong as his and return it even stronger?

I brush the thought off as the cat tricks the dog into slamming muzzle-first into a tree, and fake a laugh along with Julian before downing another bit of popcorn. I don't know why, but that suddenly confirmed what I decided this morning, and my mind slowly turns until the single sentence has permeated every inch of my consciousness.

I'm doing it tonight.

"It," of course, means something I've been longing to do for almost as long as I've known Julian: fulfilling his greatest fetish of being eaten, swallowed, and digested by none other than myself. It has been a long, hard effort, and even after I made all the necessary preparations, I was too shy to make a move for weeks.

Until now. Tonight just feels so right for this; right for him, me, and everything. Tonight I ensure that he will never leave me, that his body and beautiful coat will become mine for longer than my fox could ever live, and I give his fur another swirl with my fingers.

And best of all, Julian will love every second. This is what he's always wanted, why else is he currently listening to me digest my popcorn? He wants to be my food; he'd give anything to be inside my stomach right now gurgling away among the popcorn, and this is exactly that.

Or as close as we can get, anyway. I won't be able to exactly swallow him whole, but he loves the alternative as well: being meat for me to consume at my leisure like a slaughtered animal. My little fox is skinny for sure, but I know that he'll more than make up for it with his flavor. Raw, cooked, seasoned or marinated, I have no doubt that my little Julian will be an absolute feast...

One last gag bursts across the screen to send us both into another fit of laughter, and

then the cartoon's credits begin to scroll. We watch quietly as the names roll by, and then I switch off the television with a click – it is time.

“That was great, Rosalee,” Julian purrs and flips around to watch me with his beautiful blue eyes, “I never thought I'd laugh that much at a cartoon.”

“I'm glad, sweetie,” I pet his body and snuggle his fur up into mine, “Those ones are the best, aren't they?”

“Yeah,” he grins and yawns, “They really are.”

Julian closes his eyes and rests on top of me for a few more minutes, and I slowly stroke his fuzzy scarlet coat. I am just about to say something when he glances up and asks, “So... what else would you like to do tonight?”

“Oh, well,” I start, “I'm not really sure!”

“*Really?*” Julian pouts and bops my nose, “There has to be something, Rosy.”

“Well...” I flash my fangs, “I... I have something sexy and special if you want.”

“Oh, really?” the fox grins and shifts across my body. Anything even mildly sexual sends him into a frenzy.

“Yeah. A... surprise, I guess,” I stare down at him, “I got some things set up in the basement.”

“What kind of things?” Julian's response is practically rapid-fire.

“Your kind of things,” I reply with a laugh, “I take it you want to see?”

“Of course!”

The fox jumps off my lap like an excited puppy and stares at me from the living room. I stare back with a happy grin on my face and push off the couch to join him.

“So what do you mean by *my* things?” Julian purrs as we make our way through the kitchen and to the basement.

“Oh, you'll see. And slow down! You're not the one who just ate a few bowls of popcorn!” We turn a corner and make our way to the basement stairs. Julian throws open the door and starts to race down as fast as he can, but I shout after him with a grin.

“Stop right there! How do I make sure you don't peek?” I flash my fangs again.

“Aww, seriously?” he turns around and faces me.

“C'mere, you. We gotta make sure.”

“Fiiiiiiiiiiiiine.”

Julian trots up to me, and I give him a hug and scoop him up over my shoulder with a paw tight around his body.

“Isn't this better?” I whisper.

“You wish,” the fox gives me a nip on my ear and fakes a squirm or two. Just like on the couch, I can feel his cock firm and hard against my body. I can only imagine how it will be once he sees what I have planned.

“Oh, I *know* it's not that bad,” I jiggle him up and down as we make our way to the bottom of the stairs, “Now close your eyes and *no* peeking okay? Don't make me sit on you.”

“Okay, okay,” Julian giggles. Either outcome is a win for him.

Once we reach the bottom I flip the lights make sure that everything is here for my sweet little fox, and then plop him down on a fluffy little pillow right in front of it all.

“Ooof! Can I open my eyes now?”

His little black paws are glued to his face as his body sinks into the fluff, and I gently peel them away.

“Yes, sweetie. Yes you can.”

I watch closely as he pops open his eyes, and his face bursts into overjoyed surprise at my little 'project.' Before us is a basement room filled with sections of stainless steel flooring, hooks, knives, blades, and anything and everything else that one would find in a butcher's shop. Seeing it with him, I almost think it looks like a professional little dungeon.

"Wow..." Julian gasps and his eyes dart around the room, "You made all this? For me?"

"And nobody else!" I give him a squeeze, "Do you like it?"

"I love it!" he squeaks and hugs me back, "It looks incredible, Rosalee!"

"And it will be even better when we try it."

I watch the bulge rise up in his pants and give it a pat, "How about we give it a shot? Let's string you up like a slab of meat."

"Oh, yes!" Julian slides out of the pillow and looks up at me, "I'd love to! How do we get started?"

"Well take off your clothes for one," I smirk and motion to his body, "I think it's safe to say those won't help the taste!"

"Right, right." Like a horny teenager about to go down for the first time, Julian fumbles with his shirt before finally tossing it by the pillow and letting his pants fall down to his ankles. The full outline of his cock is visible underneath his briefs.

"Let's not keep *that* waiting," I give his crotch a little poke and tease the strap, "C'mon, now!"

"I know!" the fox keeps grinning as he finally gets them off. His little red cock is fully hard and complete with a well-formed knot. I can't remember the last time he's been this excited about something, and I toss his briefs with the rest of his clothes.

"Now somebody's excited!" I smile and pull his cock down before letting it flop against his body, "I knew you'd love it."

Julian grins awkwardly and gave it a few strokes himself. He sometimes had problems staying erect, but I don't think that will be a problem tonight.

"So..." he squeezes his knot and glances up at me, "What do we do next?"

"Restrain you, of course," I give him a little pat and pull some rope off a table, "Like any beast for slaughter, we can't have you thrashing around now can we?"

"So true!" Julian squeals with excitement and I hold up the rope.

"Wrists. Now."

He obeys perfectly, and I bind his wrists with a sharp tug. My fox loves it when I play rough, and I give a sharp jerk to get him moving to the other side of the room. There, I connect them to a hook and begin working on his ankles. Once those are finished, I attach another hook and step back to stare at my bound dinner.

"How do I look?" he asks sheepishly.

"Adorable, little foxy. And very, very, delicious."

His cock throbs at that, and I give it a strong squeeze.

"Let me take care of that for you," I whisper and lick his muzzle, "They say foxies taste best when horny."

"Oh yes we do," Julian purrs.

"Hard to believe you can taste any better, though," I whisper seductively and give him a carefully positioned view into my maw, "But then again, this will be the judge of that. Mmmmmmh."

I nuzzle him and step back to the middle of the room. Julian watches as I grab the pulley rope and give it a tug to test.

"Up you go!"

I give a sudden yank to tighten the ropes, and another to send Julian moving upwards. As the ropes lift him, he begins to stretch backwards; I keep tugging until he's left hanging at a tight diagonal, and then secure the end.

"Comfy?" I ask with a smile.

"Y, yes!"

Julian shakes his head and readjusts to look back at me. He is quite a sight; beneath his taut furry body, his face holds a bright, happy smile, and above, his thick cock fox is hanging out like a beacon of joy. It's just like I thought he'd be.

"Oh, I can see it for myself," I purr and walk towards my little foxy to give him a quick little kiss on his upside down muzzle, "I knew you'd love it."

Julian smiles and his tongue flops out of his mouth, "I do."

I squeeze his cheeks, give him another kiss, and then grab a knife from a table behind me. The fox watches with a happy, excited expression as I approach.

He begins to open his mouth to talk, but I then put a finger to my lips and gently close his jaws. I've been planning this out for weeks, and it is a moment best experienced in silence. I begin to trace the knife against his soft furry body, first around his legs and then moving down to his chest, all the time placing the tip far enough through his fur to just touch the skin.

Julian purrs as I make my moves, occasionally giving a shudder of pleasure that is strong enough to make me have to draw away the knife. With my free paw I stroke and twist my fingers through his fur, pulling here and sometimes clumping it up in my fingertips, and I then start moving the knife back up to his crotch.

My free paw shuts Julian's eyes, and I begin tracing the knife around his balls and tight little knot. I stroke his ears keep him from seeing, and then slowly draw the knife down the red flesh of his cock.

"Mmmmmmmh," he moans as my blade traces across each and every bulge until I reach the end. I then tease his tip, move it around back and forth with the knife, and give him a few more seconds of stimulation before moving back down to his face.

Julian gives a shudder of pure pleasure, and I grin at my handiwork as my little fox pants and whines happily in his restraints. He's loving every second, just as I knew he would, and I kneel and let him open his eyes.

It is time for the grand finale.

"Enjoying yourself, Julian?" I give him a small kiss on the nose and rub his ears and chin.

"Yes!" he gasps and looks up at me. His tongue is dangling halfway out of his mouth, and his eyes are glazed partly over from the sensual pleasure. I've never seen him so sexual satisfied in his life.

"Ready for me to turn you into the slab of bones, fur, and meat that you really are?" I ask and scratch his ears, "Ready to be my dinner, Julian?" I pat his chin and then stare him straight in his eyes, "Ready to become a part of your sweet, Rosalee?"

"Yes," he answers again, and I give him a quick kiss on his mouth.

"Good foxy," I pet his head and hold his jaws shut before beginning to straighten out his neck, "Now just look up for me, okay?"

"Okay..." he obeys without hesitation, and straightens out his head so he is staring down into the ground.

That settles it. Everything is in place, everything is ready, and I watch my little Julian as

he slowly drifts in his ropes. He wants this, he wants this more than anything even if he's not ready for what I am about to do, but I quickly brush any thoughts of doubt aside. The way he watches me, the way he obeys without question makes me realize that Julian wants nothing less than for me to slaughter him here and now, and now there is only one thing left for me to do.

I gently place my knife against his throat, hold his head firm against my free arm, and then quickly run it into his flesh.

"Goodnight, Julian," I whisper.

Immediately, blood begins trickling down his fur and the fox starts trembling and shaking in my paws. I hear him weakly say a few things that I cannot completely understand, and I gently hush him and almost start to peacefully rock his body back and forth as I get to work.

"There, there, love," I kiss his lips once more and lean over to stare into his eyes, "I know it's scary now, but soon you'll be mine, Julian. Your fur, your meat, even your bones will all be mine..."

I cannot tell if my fox's eyes meet mine with excited joy or fear, but soon his expression starts to weaken as he bleeds out. His head begins to to limply hang at the edge of his body like the slaughtered animal he is, and I tie a rope around his muzzle to hold his head at an angle as more and more blood drips off him and down into my basement drain.

And now I have nothing to do but wait. I wipe the knife off on a cloth, set it aside, and plop down on the fluffy pillow where Julian had sat just minutes before. I just watch him, just watch as blood keeps trickling down and his beautiful, skinny body hangs motionless in my ropes. He's more beautiful now than he ever was living. Then, I always doubted his loyalty and worried over his safety, but now he and I have nothing more to worry and fret about than how his pelt will look and how to cook him.

I keep watching, and then decide to take a closer look at my sweet little creature. He is completely dead now, even if some of his blood is still draining, but for the most part, he is almost ready. I then begin examining his body from top to bottom.

A little bit of sticky fox jizz dots the fur near his crotch, and I smile and lap it up with my tongue to take in a sampling of his taste. That must have gotten there at the climax when I slit his throat, and I look down at Julian and give the cock a few squeezes before letting it rest back against his fur. The blood has stopped draining; he is ready for the next few steps.

I walk to the table and pick up a knife, this time a thin, delicate one, and return to Julian. I eye him carefully, and then remember what I've learned from my parents and the internet about skinning animals before putting the blade to his ankles and beginning to cut.

I make a small circular cut around each one and then begin to drag the blade down the inside of each leg to make a thin guideline of where to separate the skin and flesh. I then make a connecting cut between the two slits, and finish up before stepping back and pausing.

Everything is going well, but my eyes then drop to Julian's crotch, cock, sheath and all. I'll cut off and cook the fleshy bits, of course, but for the furred ones, I'm not so sure.

They look quite lovely, and my fox always did have a beautiful set, but I do plan on wearing his pelt, and having his bits showing seems a little... crude.

I debate for a few more minutes, and then decide to leave them on as a prize of sorts

and a conversation starter before resuming the rest of my work. I quickly cut down between his legs and make a slit up the tail before pulling the flesh down and out of it. The process takes a few minutes, and I have to be careful with both how I dispose of the flesh and where it spills, but eventually I'm left with a gorgeously prepared tail. That's that, and I then dig my claws into the cuts on his ankles and readjust my paws. It's time to finally separate the pelt from the body, and I start to yank and tug, every now and then making sure my fingers still have a firm grip on his body. The separation makes an almost sickening sound, like that of wet rubber velcro being torn apart, and I don't stop until I pull the last bit of his fur and skin off over his muzzle with special care; it has all come off cleanly and easily.

From there I lay the skin out on the table, careful to angle it so the head of his body gets to watch me work, and then take a different meat knife and begin to cut up his body. I stare at his pink, muscly flesh. There is so much here, so much delicious fox for me to enjoy, and I start daydreaming about all the options I have. What do I eat first...

I decide to push the thought back until I have a little more to work with, and then jab the blade straight into Julian's gut and drag down to the head. The sound of splitting muscle and sinew crackles with every inch, and I then step back as the fox's intestines spill out around his head with a plop like wet, liquid sausages.

What I suppose to be the thick smell of blood and organs floods the room, but and I plug my nose as best I can. I slice and disconnect whatever I can from his gut, and try and contain the bile and whatever else that escapes before tossing it all in a bucket. There's nothing I can make out of this.

I do the same to Julian's lungs and kidneys, but then cut out his purple-red heart and give it a squeeze. I don't dare throw this away, and instead it earns a special spot on the table below his pelt.

Next, I use the abdominal muscles to guide my blade and cut off two slabs of meat and fat. Then I move to the back, and carefully make my way around the shoulders. Julian's skinny, almost skeletal frame makes every action a challenge, and every now and then my knife accidentally nicks the bone. Eventually I manage to strip the flesh from most of his torso and abdomen, and place it on the table in several large chunks. I then cut off his still-furred paws, arms, and place them both on the table.

I look over my work again. His torso and abdomen are stripped clean and the bone is hanging naked and red. I glance between him and the meat behind me, and then begin to work on the head.

I affectionately rub his ears and tilt up his head to stare down into his face. The flesh almost seems to make a smile, and let that help me on and stick a blade under his skull. The knife makes sharp, forced cuts between the skin and bone, and I then sever the spinal cord with a yank the head off the body with a sharp snap. It finds its way onto the table, and probably soon in my home as a centerpiece, and I then turn back to the body. There I cut out the throat, clean out the blood, and start making cuts around the base of the neck before separating it from the shoulders. It forms a sort of fleshy collar under the head, and with a smile, I arrange the rest of the body parts around it to form a figure, almost as if they were still attached to the body. It looks absolutely beautiful, and I pat his head before beginning to cut up the ribs.

I cut the cartilage out and detach them from the sternum before removing the pectoral muscles, or whatever he has of them. They're small, tough, and a little too stringy to eat normally, but I still set them aside. They could always stew nicely.

Julian's sternum, clavicle and any remaining cartilage is then discarded, and I cut the ribcage in half on the table. I remove half the front rack, and then the other, and then place them in the shape of the chest right over the heart. With my paws I make the subtle shape of a cartoon one, and then pat Julian's head again. I know if he could watch, he would be overjoyed.

But for now, I have more work to do. I return to Julian to separate his loin muscles, and lay them out on the table next to the rest. I'm honestly quite impressed with myself. For all my doubts, this is going extremely well; Julian really is no different than any other meat animal.

I glance over at the head. And he loves that. I just know it.

What's next is the pelvis, spine and legs, and with a quick few slices at the hips, I take off the penis and testicles with a smile. They're still beautiful, and still mildly arousing, even in this form, and I give them a little kiss before laying them on the table. I think I'll have that tonight.

I'm almost done now, and I return to the body and take the pelvis from the legs. I set every piece in my arrangement, as I add the legs and then the separated, furred paws, and then glance between the display and the table. Everything is off, everything is done, and Julian and I couldn't be happier.