

Reginald Wolverine was a pristine example of his species: intelligent, graceful, and equipped with a bulky, beautiful body to go along with all of it. He was young and handsome, but yet was still able to carry an old-world charm that could only be described as victorian. Whether it was the clothes, the house, or the way that he talked with such overwhelming eloquence, one thing was certain: Reginald was the city's finest wolverine.

And he was determined to make today no different. Reginald made his way down the stairs dressed in his favorite loose shirt and vest, and swung into the kitchen to prepare his breakfast. Stainless steel mixed with muted grey metals composed most of the appliances, and everything else was covered with finely decorated oaken wood to make for a pleasant, old-world experience.

Reginald set a computer tablet down on the table and then turned to the nearby counter. It was covered with fruit, breads, and candies, and the wolverine switched on a toaster and pulled out a loaf of bread.

What he saw next caused him to form a taut frown. There was a finely-chewed hole in the back side of the bag, and the slices had been nibbled and picked at. It was the third time this week, and Reginald let out an annoyed grunt and placed some untouched pieces into the toaster.

"Maybe it's time to buy some mousetraps," he muttered.

The wolverine almost hoped the culprit could hear him, and looked around to send his voice into every corner of the room, "That would certainly solve *this* little problem."

His dark, strong eyes glistened behind his glasses as he watched the walls and counters, and then, he saw something move. Reginald blinked and rubbed his eyes. Did he really just see that? He started towards the source, and sure enough, watched as something else darted across his vision. A wicked grin formed across his face; maybe he wouldn't need those traps after all...

As quietly and carefully as he could, Reginald tiptoed over to a cabinet and pulled out a deep pot. He then turned to the counter and watched where he had seen the movement end. It was right near the edge, next to a few boxes of cereal and crackers, and Reginald carefully made his way over. The only sound was the muted squeak of his shoes against the floor, and the wolverine watched carefully for any sign of motion. But there was none; in a few seconds, he was right on top of the boxes, and gripped the pot before finally making his move.

"Rargh!"

“No!” a small voice screamed out in response.

In a mere moment, Reginald sent any obstructions flying with a bat from his massive paw and slammed the pot upside down on the counter. The clang erupted throughout the entire kitchen, and the pot rang loud enough to probably deafen whatever was inside. The wolverine waited through every second before finally putting a broad paw on the bottom and drumming his fingers.

“Now let’s see what we have here,” he said with a wide, wicked grin, and leaned into the pot, “It’d be *such* a shame if this was all a figment of my imagination...”

He gave a low chuckle before putting a paw on each handle and flipping it around almost as fast as he’d put it on. Once again, the metal rang loudly, and he let it finish before peering down into the pot with an open, full-fanged maw.

“Why hello there...”

Inside was a white and silver mouse spread out on the metal bottom. Reginald could hear a few pained squeaks and groans, and as his shadow stretched over the inside, it immediately began trying to scramble to its paws in between panicked glances at the attacker.

“No! No!” it shrieked and cowered against the side of the pot, “Let me go! Please!”

Reginald ignored the pleas for now. He had a much better view of the mouse from this angle, and leaned in and watched at his leisure. The animal’s bright blue eyes stared up at him in pure terror, and its mouth was frozen in a half-open gasp to reveal a tongue as pink as its nose. It seemed to wear a pair of black glasses beneath a set of flowing brown hair, and had covered itself with a small brown garment that resembled a sweater and long dark pants. Yet it had left the footpaws and tail exposed. Disgusting. The wolverine watched for a few more moments before opening his jaw to speak, “So you’re the one who’s been raiding my pantries, hmm?”

“N... no!” the mouse screamed and tried to escape up the walls, but they were too slippery and instead it fell flat on its back, “It... it wasn’t me! I swear!”

Reginald grinned wider, “I really don’t think you’d be so panicked if that were the case, but who am I to judge? I *am* a lot bigger than you are anyway...”

The mouse’s lip quivered, and its chest heaved in and out too quickly for his eyes. It was holding its tail close against its body, almost like some sort

of lifeline, and Reginald laughed. He had never seen anything look so vulnerable.

The wolverine heard the distinct pop of the toaster, and pulled back and moved over to collect the slices and slap them down on a plate. He went through his cabinet and refrigerator to grab a few condiments, and then returned to the pot and poked his head back inside. Raw wolverine morning breath filled the space with every second.

“So while I’m getting things... ready, why don’t we introduce ourselves, hmm? My name is Reginald. Reginald Wolverine.”

The mouse was in the same place tight against the corner, and continued to stare with its small, beady blue eyes.

“You didn’t hear me?” Reginald asked and began spreading mayonnaise across his toast, “Suit yourself, mouse.”

There was a brief pause, and then he heard a loud squeak from inside the pot, “Alex! My name is Alex!”

Reginald didn’t even glance, and switched to the mustard, “Alright, *Alex.* What do you think you’re doing stealing my food, eh? You’d think someone like you would know better than to take things that aren’t theirs.”

“I... I didn’t think you’d notice! Honest! I didn’t mean anything by it, Mr. Reginald! I’m just trying to make a living!”

“By mooching off a hard-working creature such as myself? And just yesterday someone was telling me mice can live honest lives,” the Wolverine spat and glanced down into the pot, “You’re a disgrace.”

“I won’t do it again!” Alex squeaked, “You let me go and I’ll never come back! I’ll even tell every mouse I see to stay away!”

Reginald raised his brow, “That’s quite a compelling offer, but unluckily for you, I already have my own little means of pest disposal.”

“What!?”

The wolverine layered a pair of pickles across his toast and placed the rest of the condiments aside, “Mind if I show you?”

“Please! Just... just let me go!!!” the mouse shrieked at the top of its voice, and cowered against the edge, “I beg you! I’m sorry! I’m so sorry!”

“You should have thought of that before you started robbing me,” Reginald huffed and peered back into the pot, “Now hold still...”

“No!”

Alex started trying to claw its way up out of the pot, madly squeaking and screaming with every move, and Reginald gracefully plucked up the creature’s long pink tail with two fingers. He gave it a yank to send the

mouse flying away from the edge of the pot, and then pulled up to hold him upside down in front of his face.

"I said hold still!" Reginald barked as Alex flailed and bounced wildly on the tail like a rubber band. The mouse squeaked and screamed, and the wolverine gripped his body and forcefully tore the clothes off before tossing them on the floor.

"Now was that so hard?" he hissed and slapped the creature face-down into the slice of toast. Mayonnaise, mustard, and pickle juice immediately splattered up against Alex's mouth and eyes, and he gagged and coughed as the smell and fluids penetrated his nostrils.

"SQUEEEEEEEEEEEAK!"

"Oh hush, it will all be over soon," Reginald flicked the other slice up over his body and gave the sandwich a heavy squeeze. The mouse's body bulged in the middle and the long, worm-like tail spilled out onto the plate; Reginald casually rubbed it between his fingers before continuing.

"Unless of course, you can convince me to... spare you..."

Alex's form continued to writhe and fight, but then slowed as he heard the words, "Yes, yes! Please! Just let me go!"

"Didn't you hear the first part? Convince me."

Before Alex could even get started, the wolverine continued, "Convince me that I should spare you after for stealing from me and ruining all my food for this week. Convince me that you understand how much money you've cost me and how *hard* I've had to work to replace all my nasty, spoiled, chewed-up food and repairing the holes in my walls," Reginald paused before adding with a laugh, "What on earth were you thinking when you started stealing from me?"

"Mr... Mr. Reginald, please!" the voice was muffled and pathetic from inside the sandwich, "I... I didn't know, okay? I didn't realize it would hurt you so much! You seemed well-off and..."

"And so you decided to mooch of my success?"

The answer came out as a miserable squeak, "Y... yes. Yes I did..."

"Hmm, well I guess I can't exactly fault you," Reginald's fingers lifted off the sandwich for a second, "You never realize it, you vermin *NEVER* do. At least not until you're squirming your way down my gullet."

"What? Wait! No no no! You can't eat me, please! I'm begging you!"

"Then you should have considered that *before* you broke into my house, Alex. I happen to be a very hungry wolverine, and right now I need my breakfast..."

He gave the sandwich a hearty pat and placed it between his paws, "This won't hurt a bit as long as you don't squirm. I've gotten quite good at... chewing, so to speak."

The mouse let out a terrible, panicked squeal, "No no no! You... you can't kill me! Please!"

"Shhhhhh, quiet, quiet!" Reginald picked up his meal and tucked the tail in between the slices of bread, "You're upsetting my appetite!"

He held the bread tight between his paws, fingers pressed against the squirming little mouse, and then began moving it towards his wide-open maw with Alex's head facing towards him. The mouse could just barely see out of the sticky, suffocating hell of condiments and pickle, just scarcely catch the horrible expanse of fangs, flesh and dripping saliva, and kept squeaking and squirming as madly as he could.

"Please! You can't eat me! Please!"

The sandwich was positioned right in front of his mouth now, and the wolverine paused for a second. Should he tease the mouse a little more? Should he see just how much fun he could have with this little catch? The small ones only came a few times a month, after all.

He was just about to say something else when Reginald remembered something his parents had so often needed to tell him at the table: don't play with your food. How ironic; the words were even more valid now than they had been then, and he licked his lips before finally deciding to seal the little mouse's fate.

Alex only had a second to watch before the front of the sandwich was torn away and shredded by the wolverine's savage fangs. He let out a terrible shriek, and tried to squirm backwards and out, but Reginald's paws had him blocked. There was only one way out...

The wolverine took another bite that sent the fangs within a mere half-inch of Alex's small little face, and the mouse watched in horror as bread and a pickle were ripped to pieces before being sent racing down the gaping throat. He would be next if he didn't make a move, and as much as Alex hated the idea, his mind was made up.

Reginald licked his lips and glanced down at the sandwich. He could see the mouse's trembling white and mustard-stained face peering up from inside, and he licked his lips before moving the bread in for another bite. It was time to get to the meat.

The sandwich moved closer and closer to the maw, and Alex tensed and pushed his mouse body up against the bread. He watched with wide,

panicked eyes as the moment neared, and as soon as he was close enough, sprung from the bread and straight into the wolverine's mouth. "Squeak!"

Alex flew in between the fangs and straight onto the tongue with a dull, wet plop. Reginald's fangs just barely missed his tail, and the animal scrambled inside for stable footing. The wolverine immediately dropped the sandwich and stumbled backwards until he hit the table. Had that really just happened?

Reginald snarled and moved his tongue around. Sure enough, he could feel the form of a mouse inside his maw, and he instantly began gnashing and chewing as violently as he could. His tongue flicked back and forth as he tried to toss the mouse straight onto a tooth, and he cocked his head back and forth with a slight grin; it had been too long since he'd had prey that fought back.

"No! No!" Alex screamed and darted around the fangs as he scrambled on all fours. Every time he tried to make his way to the front he was tossed aside like a candy, and he kept madly pushing forward. All he had to do was time the exit, race down the wolverine's body, and make a mad dash to his mouse hole. He was so close, so close! And the mouse dodged a fang before making one last-

CRUUUUUUUUUNCH

Reginald pinned Alex up against the roof of his mouth and quickly brought the mouse between two sharp premolars. It died instantly with one through its skull and the other through its heart, and the wolverine let out a satisfied purr as he lapped up the blood that was beginning to slowly trickle down his chin.

"Mmmmmmmmmh..."

He swished the fluid and condiments around his mouth to form a delicious, iron-hinted taste, and then gracefully slid Alex off his fangs and to the back of his throat. He could feel the animal twitching, and it left a long string of organs across his mouth that he gathered around its body with a swish of saliva. After savoring the taste for a few more moments, Reginald sent Alex racing down his throat to join the rest of the sandwich.

"Congratulations, Alex," Reginald said with a smirk, "You're the first mouse I've seen to have a dash of determination as big as its testicles. Good god, you were delicious."

He licked his lips to take in any drippings across his fur, and then began to clean up the bread he'd dropped. Reginald tossed them in a garbage can,

put the pot in a sink, and rearranged the cereal boxes before washing his paws and sitting back down at the table with a glass of juice.

As the wolverine read his tablet, his stomach gurgled loudly and happily in reaction to the hearty breakfast. He gave it a pat, it gave him a burp, and then Reginald scooped up his things and made his way to the front door on his way to work.

And that was the nicest thing about mice. There was no indigestion, no bloating, and no awkward questions at his job. Reginald had never eaten anything so delicious in such a bite-sized package, and as he stepped into his car, he began to wonder if fixing the mouse holes to discouraging future intruders was really worth it.

Reginald's belly gurgled loudly; it wasn't.