

<Well...the other option is I just *take* you Isaac> Galen smirked and stood up with a note of finality in her voice. Even though she stood a short four foot two, the Gardevoir nevertheless managed to intimidate the 5'9" foot doctor; though not cruelly as she watched Isaac stiffen slightly in his chair, her deep red eyes glinting with a hint of amusement.

"I-I have other patients Galen...don't!" he almost shouted the last word as the diminutive, toned girl raised a slender arm, fingers glowing purple. The clip-board vanished from his desk and re-appeared instantly in her hand. A glisten of perspiration broke out on her face, just barely visible under the large fringe of green hair; unlike regular gardevoir Galen was physically strong, and psychic abilities wore her out quickly, but the tiredness of a single teleport was worth it to tease the human doctor.

<Mm, a few interesting patients next, Doctor> She smiled at the names and handed the board back <I'll be in again tomorrow for my jab> She pulled a face at the thought of the injection <And you...whether you want to come or not> She smirked at Isaac, leaned past him and pressed the oversized red button on his desk, signalling the next patient to enter and getting a change to get *very* close to the good doctor. She had first walked into his surgery five weeks ago. At first the diminutive girl had reassured Isaac, normally it was only the seven foot tall gators or worse he needed to watch out for; but Galen had turned out to be potentially the most dangerous patient he could have had. Fortunately, the gardevoir was very friendly, if a little teasing, and apparently couldn't digest meat anyway. He'd spent the first week terrified she would just digest him when the medicine ran out before a few more days saw his clothes melt away but not his body. She had kept him for four solid weeks, two straight trapped in her belly with barely a bulge showing (she took photos to tease him with later) and the other two largely inside her, occasionally let out eat fresh food and beg her, initially for mercy, but eventually just to be freed and allowed to return to work. She had finally released him, and grown him to full size again, a week ago; something that positively astonished his colleagues. Isaac was a *human*, considered a delicacy by many (Galen included, despite being a vegetarian in the conventional sense) and yet he had maintained his job as a doctor, one of the most dangerous branches of work available, for several years now, longer than all but the most lethal species (In fact, the only two more senior doctors was a poisonous frog-girl...Isaac had been lured into a fling with her and spent the resulting month in ICU having his blood systematically replaced with un-poisoned stuff, and an elderly, but very spiny, dragon), not only that but he was one of the best in the whole hospital, a founder of the surgery itself. Most were impressed that he had survived so long, *all* were stunned he returned from what many had assumed to be a *very* clever patient's belly intact and none the worse for wear.

Within a week Galen had returned, threatening to steal him away again. His unwillingness didn't bother her, she *really* enjoyed his 'company' and wasn't about to take no for an answer. Just as Isaac was about to explain he'd have patients *every* day and couldn't just disappear again, the door handle turned.

Acting on instinct, Isaac's hand flicked up to tick off Galen's box and his eyes turned to glance at the next name on the over-sized computer screen, built for anthropic creatures not average sized humans, just as a new voice spoke out in a surprised tone, "Galen?"

<Poojie!> Smiling that Galen's attention had been diverted, Isaac typed something into his computer with one hand while turning to look, Galen had darted across the room and wrapped her arms around a purple furred fox. As the newcomer sidled fully into the room, giggling happily and

wrapping her arms around the gardevoir with a purr of delight, Isaac's face fell a little. A six foot fox, yes taller than him, was usually not a *big* problem.

Poojawa wasn't a fox, she was a kitsune. Seven tails curled into view, and squeezed around Galen briefly "*Finally* got around registering with a doc huh?" They broke apart as Galen nodded vigorously, and looked back to Isaac for a moment. She leant up on tiptoes to give the kitsune a kiss and whisper something into her ear; and as she came down let her hands grope Poojawa's rump playfully before she slipped out of the way.

<I'll see you tomorrow Isaac!> her telepathy called out, somehow managing to make mental thoughts send a shiver up his spine as Galen slipped from the room. <Hands off, Poojie, he's mine!> came the fading final thought as the door clicked shut, and the fox, deep purple fur turning a soft grey on the underside of her jaw and tips of her tail, grinned as she took the still warm chair opposite him. If she was coloured like most foxes that grey on her throat would run down behind the pale yellow shirt and over her belly. The shirt hung loosely over a pair of black cloth trousers, with a belt resting on her hips for decoration more than anything else. Combined with the bracers and shin-high boots her sleeves and trousers were tucked into, the outfit looked distinctly...Egyptian? The smile unsettled him, and he became so very consciously aware of the cool air on his ankle...or rather, the distinct *lack* of his protective unbreakable anklet and rope. With Galen he didn't bother to wear it, she would just teleport him out of it if she wanted, and he hadn't had time to slip it on before Poojawa turned up. Not only was it rude to people *not* looking to eat him to turn away and fasten it, it gave the others a chance to get him with his back turned.

Smiling reassuringly at the fox, Isaac glanced at his keyboard and types, using two fingers on each large key, making small talk as he brings up her file "I see you know Galen..."

"Oh yep...for years, a few of us have been trying to convince her doctors really are pretty good....looks like you convinced her" Something in the way she lifted an eyebrow made him shiver and wonder if she knew...

"Uh, here we go! Right, first time seeing me but *not* first time at the surgery; ah, I see you transferred from Kelly"

Poojawa pulled a face and stuck out her tongue, tossing a few strands of dark pink hair from her eyes "Yeah, she's nice, good at her job too...I just don't fancy being ill for a day *because* I came to the doctors!" Isaac nodded knowingly. Kelly was the resident poisonous frog, usually her toxins only caused an issue if they got inside the body (as a result she was *forbidden* from seeing any kind of actual 'injury' on any non-poisonous species) but the particles in the air tended to cling to fur and hair, so any furry species usually wound up under the weather for a day or two after seeing her. "I hope she doesn't mind"

"Hmm? Kelly, mind? Naah, she usually refers most furies to others in time anyway" Isaac lied openly, mostly to preserve Poojawa's feelings. Kelly was something of a sadist, and *adored* her poison...particularly using it on people in juuust the right doses. His 'fling' with her had turned into two nights with his limbs tied to the posts of her bed, while she fucked him, poisoning him slowly to the very brink of lethality and *finally* driving him to the hospital when he started to turn as yellow as

her. She probably would have happily seen Poojawa indefinitely, getting off just after the purple kitsune left in the knowledge she'd spend the next day in bed.

He tapped a few more times, rolled his eyes at the stupid surgery logo, it had changed while he was...away, and felt a pit hit his stomach hard "Ah...I, uh...see you have...a, um...stomach ache?" He turned back to her with an air of caution in his voice, 'stomach ache' was usually followed by 'get in and see?'

Poojawa apparently picked up on his change in voice and smiled softly "Don't worry, Galen wants you, I wouldn't do anything...permanent. But yes, drink and food doesn't seem to help. I actually ate rather a lot before coming over"

"Oh? What did you have?" Isaac asked idly as he pulls open a draw and takes a few things out; ferreting deep for the stethoscope, and finally pulling the odd looking, but invaluable, instrument out, "Right, come here."

The vixen complied, shuffling the chair closer, "Mmm, just a few sandwiches and cakes and other sn-ooh! Cold!"

"Sorry!" Isaac pulled the bell away and breathed on it a few times before again pressing it to her chest after slipping the ear-pieces in, deliberately ignoring her slight smile as his fingers brushed her firm breasts. As he listened he ran through a mental checklist, lungs; fine, heart; fine. Pressing the bell against her stomach, in the softer parts just beneath her ribs, he listened to the happy gurgles and churns of her stomach as she broke down the apparently recent meal; but he heard nothing untoward. "Well, I don't *hear* anything wrong or out of place. How long have you had a stomach ache?"

"Uhh, a few days?" She shrugged as most did, few ever really noticed the start of illness. Doctors were trained to always lean on the side of safety and assume symptoms were lessened in the patient's mind; Isaac guessed closer to a week.

"Hmm, ok it's possible you have a bug. You don't seem too bothered by it so I'll prescribe some antibiotics," He started tapping again, "and only come back if it doesn't go away in the next...four days." With a final few key strokes Isaac finished her report and bent down, reaching under the table for his on-hand supply of the lesser medicines.

Poojawa accepted the small jar with a gracious smile, as well as the receipt; and stood up, but didn't make to leave. "Galen mentioned I might like the next patient..." her smile widened slightly and she stepped towards him, growing more intimidating by the second.

"I'm sorry, patient confidentiality and all." Isaac quickly snatched the clip-board out of reach; it was an obvious hazard to do so, but he *had* to preserve at least *one* element of his job.

The fox simply pressed a flat palm against his chest, pinning him firmly to his seat and leaning on him to reach past and tap on the computer "I wasn't *asking*, Doctor...ooh, yes, I think I'll definitely like *her*" She thumbs the 'next patient' button and releases Isaac, padding across the room to loiter much closer to the door.

She doesn't get completely into an ambush position, hidden behind the door, before it opens. Instead she's caught stood right in front of it as the very tall feline ducks her head to slip through the door, already speaking "And here was me thinking you were putting off seeing me Isaac! Whatever took so- gah!" With a startled noise the dark brown furred panther bumped straight into the smaller Poojawa and jerked back, looking at the kitsune with recognition and surprise, "P-Poojie! Fancy meeting *you* here!" across the room, Isaac notices a distinct change in Soline's tone of voice, as she takes a second step back and stretches a rather false grin across her face "Uh...I'll be back in a bit"

"Aren't you pleased to see me dear?" The kitsune gives a soft churr of amusement, her tails curling quickly around before the panther can take more than that first step backwards, let alone turn and leave the room. One hooked quickly around the feline's hips and pulled her closer, allowing all seven to snare the panther and wrap around her tightly; despite their size difference in just a few moments almost every inch, save her head and feet, was covered in deep purple floofy tail.

Soline's expression had slowly melted from eagerness to distinct worry, "P-Poojawa...let go? I have a d-doctor's appointment!"

Normally this was the point Isaac might jump in, it was his duty to repair and save people, and while he wasn't about to cross the clearly predatory purple vixen, something as simple as insisting Soline be allowed to have her appointment might work. Unfortunately for her, Soline didn't really *get* ill, at least, not in Isaac's memory. She turned up frequently for routine 'in-depth' examinations; to be honest she was actually worse than Amber, his elderly elephant stalker. "Miss Soline, don't worry, I'm sure your check-up can be postponed." He shivered at the look she gave him and hoped he was siding with the right woman; though the way Soline was clearly struggling against the constricting tails and failing to wiggle free gave him hope.

"Guh! P-oojie. L-let me g-o! Sweetie?" Soline gasped as the tails tightened harder around her whole body, forcing the breath from her lungs.

"Don't worry kitten, you'll be coming back here soon" She smirked and squeezed even harder, watching a blush creep onto Soline's cheeks as the tails trap her completely "With a serious case of 'eaten by fox'"

If beforehand she was just playing, now Soline *really* began to struggle...though for all the good it did of wriggling her feet as the squeezing tails lifted her clear off the ground, "W-what! N-No! Put...put me *down*!" Now she was looking down at Poojawa because the kitsune's tails had effortlessly lifted her up into the air, holding her fully off the ground and bringing her head closer to the vixens. Isaac blinked with surprise, noting the blush and how it deepened sharply when Poojawa's somewhat rough tongue slurped across her cheek, leaving a layer of drool behind on the wincing feline's face.

"Mmm, I love caramel kitties...." She licked her lips hungrily, eyes fixed on the now frantically squirming Soline. The feline opened her mouth, but before she could get out more than the first few syllables of a retort, Poojawa's jaws yawned even wider, the salivating tongue stretching out like an invitation into the soft, squishy depths of her throat, and pushed Soline forwards, sliding her entire face inside with a soft squish and turning her voice into a muffled 'mphh!' against the back of the vixen's throat. With a powerful gulp, her jaws slid wider and then clamped down around Soline's neck, nuzzling into her own tails, teeth pressing softly into the sweet fur and trapping the panther's

head inside the slimy, slick tunnel of her throat while that same rough tongue slurped and lapped over every available inch of fur, enjoying the deep, rich taste of caramel that pervaded Soline's whole body and wafted off tantalisingly.

Her tails wriggled slowly down and curled around the panther's feet to free up her shoulders for just a moment before they sank between Poojawa's lips. As she gulped and sucked greedily, her hands dropped to her waist and fumbled with her belt, unfastening it and wriggling it much looser, until it hung barely off her hips, the front buckle reaching even lower to below her groin. Still using only her tails and the powerful, rippling flexes of her gullet the vixen squished and squashed Soline's impressive bust between her jaws, greedily turning them into nothing more than a substantial bulge in her throat after a few minutes licking and slurping over the soft flesh with obvious enjoyment; rather like the hot, gasping moans that slipped out between the muffled cries for help from within her belly, now bulging out behind her shirt as the feline's head spilled down into the depths of her stomach, though didn't bulge anywhere near as much as Isaac had expected. In fact, as Poojawa worked her way down the unfortunate cat's stomach and hips, two of her tails now looped lazily over one another around Soline's legs, it seemed that the panther was shrinking to fit inside, with almost four feet of panther stuffed into her stomach, Poojawa still only looked rather heavily pregnant...and hungry for more. In fact the kitsune was creating a small pocket dimension inside herself to accommodate her meal, sporting a bulging belly the size of Soline *and* the banquet of a meal she'd enjoyed before coming wouldn't have been very practical in a doctor's office. As she gulped, her hands unbuttoned the lower buttons in her shirt, allowing her increasingly large, lumpy belly to bulge outwards and as she stretched around the trapped, panther's hips and bum she left only one button closed, holding a little decency and her shirt across her breasts.

Inside, Soline squirmed about, the slimy, gooey, acrid scented stomach already full of mostly digested food, and cried out for help, pushing and struggling against the smothering walls and trying to wriggle her face free of the humid flesh, with her arms pinned to her sides and trapped in the tight, tautly stretched muscles of her captor's throat she couldn't even put up a proper struggle; though at least in the 'space' of the stomach she was able to shout out properly. Not that Poojawa cared to listen. She was too busy giving soft churrls of delight and focusing all her attentions on the feline's crotch, her rough tongue slurping and slithering up to press up into the hot, sweet chasm, coaxing out thick, hot juices like mouthfuls of molten toffee. Inside her stomach Soline couldn't help but groan in pleasure and squirm in an altogether more *needy* manner, squeezing her thighs together as that probing tongue slurped and delved deeper, tingling and rubbing across just the right spots to slurp up her juices, gulping them down and adding Soline's own fluids to the saliva coating her entire body. Long before it turned into anything more...satisfying, for the feline the vixen gulped again, using her tails to push the long, smooth legs down her throat, feeling the bulge of her meal's hips spill into her stuffed belly and greedily gulping down the last few inches of leg before finally letting her tails fall away. Tilting her head back, Poojawa stretched her jaws wide and closed them almost seductively slowly behind Soline's toes; with a final, firm gulp, the last inch of tail vanished along with Soline's feet, pushing the large feline into the cramped, clenching depths of Poojawa's stomach, smothering her already saliva soaked fur in mostly digested food and stomach juices.

"P-Poojie! J-jokes over, let me out!" Soline shouted at the top of her lungs, her voice heavily muffled by the heavy flesh all around her. She squirmed desperately, pushing against the walls and trying to

find some way out “Please! T-this isn’t..” the rest of that particular sentence was drowned out by a wet, satisfied belch.

Poojawa rubbed her hands over her distended belly, not as big as Isaac had expected but still *very* large, definitely not something she could pass off as a pregnancy, and smirked, letting out a second, smaller belch, “Urrp, I’ve changed my mind dear” She giggled at the eager pause in struggles “Actually...you won’t be coming back here in a few days kitten, you’ll be too busy suffering from a case of *digested* by fox”. After a moment to relish the frantic struggles as Soline tried to escape...make her throw up...*something*, Poojawa re-adjusted her belt, tightening it a little, and did up a second button before grinning at Isaac, scooping up the bottle of medicine, and sauntering from the room, listening happily to the trapped feline and the lewd gurgles and churns of her stuffed stomach.

Isaac didn’t move for a few more moments, before turning to enter Soline as ‘absent’ from her appointment, and press the button to call the next patient.