

Return to game Retire Hand-off EditPlayed by [Throat\\_Wolf](#)From the game [Story Yum: The Vore Game](#)




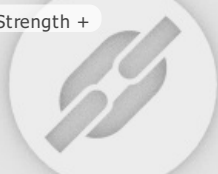

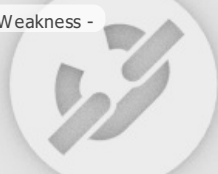



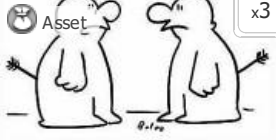
Jeffrey Ramsay was the heir to a decent-sized luncheon-meat company. His parents had died when he was young, and he left the running of the company to the board and CEO while he got his education and his pilot's license. He found he enjoyed school enough that he went to several of them, racking up several undergraduate degrees in largely useless fields like English Lit and Fine Arts.

But for all that, and all the time he spent flying around the country, Jeffrey felt as though something was missing. He didn't really have many friends, and didn't have a higher goal in sight.

Then came the phone call one night at 3 a.m., while he was in the middle of a cross-country flight, telling him that the luncheon-meat bubble had collapsed, his company was bankrupt, and he was suddenly penniless. When he landed in Arizona, the authorities were waiting to repossess his small plane.

Without a home anywhere else to go to, Jeffrey knocked around town, taking minimum-wage jobs wherever he could just to pay the rent, while he gradually lost hope. Could anything make life more than a dull, boring slog?

### Jeffrey Ramsay's Cards

<p> Nature</p>  <p><b>ORDINARY HUMAN</b></p> <p>You're a person like any other. Student, worker, maid, whatever. There's nothing particularly special about you. You're just trying to get by in a world where other people eat each other at the drop of a hat.</p>	<p> Strength +</p>  <p><b>EDUCATED</b></p> <p>Well schooled and informed about the facts of the land.</p>	<p> Weakness -</p>  <p><b>UNSKILLED</b></p> <p>Your education has left you with a lot of knowledge of obscure subjects, but not a lot of real-world-useful skills.</p>
<p> Subplot <span>x2</span></p>  <p><b>FIND A REASON</b></p> <p>You aren't sure what reason there is to go on living, apart from stopping being way too permanent and messy.</p>	<p> Asset <span>x3</span></p>  <p>"I know exactly how you feel."</p> <p><b>EMPATHY</b></p> <p>Whether through experience or simple intuition, you know what these people are going through.</p>	

Would be nice if you could find one.

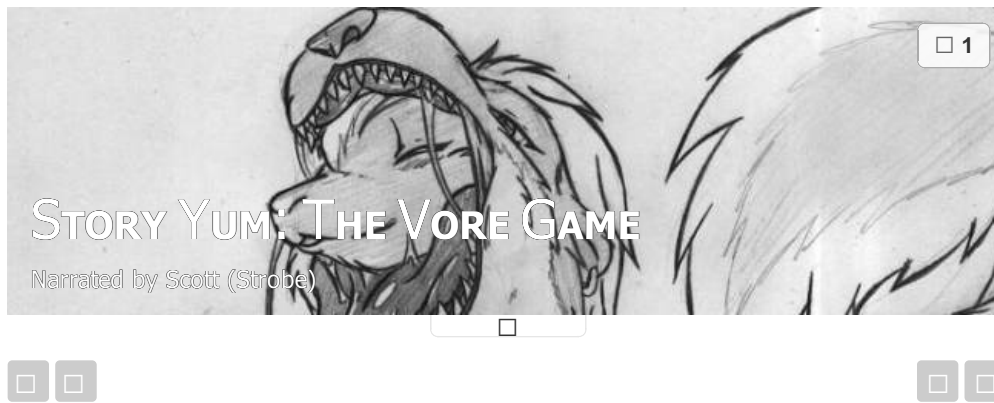


**Comments**

(Only you and the narrator can see this)

There are no comments on this character yet.

Add a comment for the narrator



## Chapter 13, Scene 1 • 05/04/2015

The feast didn't last long after the toast. People were tired, and even with the momentary distraction they had lives to go about the next day. Nakahi, Sabrina, Delia, and Tara (rescued from the naga that had digested her that afternoon) were given a place to sleep for the night.

The next morning, Nakahi prayed to Janice, letting her know Kulkulkan's response to the proposed agreement.

She wasn't particularly expecting Janice to show up a few moments later out of thin air. "I knew you'd do well," the goddess of kitsune quipped. "Now I think I'd rather like to meet this Kulkulkan in the flesh."

The majority of nagas were not particularly pleased to realize a few minutes later that another newcomer had made her way to the camp with seemingly no trouble whatsoever. Kulkulkan himself was in a better mood about it.

"And you must be Janice!" He greeted her much like he had Nakahi - in the form of an abrupt bear hug. For her part, Janice didn't even seem inconvenienced, even though powerful muscles rippled and strained along the naga's upper body.

"And you must be Kulkulkan. I'm glad to finally get to meet you. Nakahi thinks very highly of you." She offered a disarming grin. "I hate to make this about business so early in the morning, but I hear you might be interested in a little deal between kitsune and naga...."

"So that's what I had in mind," Janice finished outlining her plan to foster a closer relationship between the two groups.

Kulkulkan was silent for several moments as he contemplated it all. "For generations, my people have kept to themselves, avoided any outside contact that could be reasonably avoided. You ask much."

"I know I do. But *you* know, as well as I do, that this world of today isn't the same as the one we had before. It's bigger and smaller all at the same time. We both have a vested interest in making sure magic is back around to stay, and this is the best, easiest way to do that. Gotta have followers."

"Yes, yes, I know. Even with that, what you suggest is quite a commitment. And not just from me. I will have to ask to see who among my people will volunteer for such a thing. It is... not something to undertake lightly."

Janice wasn't surprised. "It isn't," she agreed, "but it's something I firmly believe needs to happen, for both of our peoples. In fact..." She shook her tails vigorously, and a half dozen kitsune either fell out or otherwise suddenly appeared standing there (depending on their experience with it). "I've got my 'volunteers' right here. I'm willing to lend my realm to get them grown back up quickly, too. I confess I don't know when a naga is considered of age, but I doubt it'd take more than, oh.... five days, in this world?"

Kulkulkan's eyes rose at that one. He knew, vaguely, from Nakahi's descriptions, that kitsune realms played fast and loose with the concept of time, but that sort of relative difference was still hard to believe. "Impressive." He thought about the best way to undertake an 'exchange' like this. "Come. This is something that my people need to know. Once they do, we will see who is willing to experience a new life as kitsune.

### CHALLENGES

-  SPREAD THE WORD 
-  CRISIS OF FAITH 

"Now, about this 'shrine' idea of yours..."

## Six days later

Nakahi, Sabrina, Delia, and Tara ended up staying much longer than any of them expected. The day had come, however, to finally depart the naga village.

With the benefits of magic, distance while traveling didn't really matter all too much to either group. Janice and Kulkulkan had discussed it at length, while a dozen kitsune and naga had "traded" species and grown back up. They wanted to set up a 'shrine', for lack of a better word, to spread the word about their return, their ways of life.

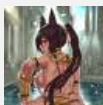
The idea was exposure. A little town or backwater city wouldn't quite cut it. The Project Campus wasn't *unknown* around the country, but it was the stuff of rumors and internet sensation, not popular culture. Janice wanted to change that. They eventually chose Tucson. Close enough that the climate would be friendly to nagas, big enough to get the word out.

The building was fairly unassuming, as buildings went. It might have been a bank, once up on a time, or something like that. An open 'lobby', and a few good size rooms in the back, converted into sleeping quarters for a half dozen people.

The 'half dozen people' currently consisted of Nakahi, Delia, another kitsune who until roughly a week ago had been a naga, a naga who had been a kitsune, an 'original' naga, and then Sabrina and Tara. The building was juuuuust a little bit too small for all of them at once, meaning half the time one or two of the kitsune were relaxing in their realms at 1:1 time so everybody could live comfortably.

The doors to the shrine officially opened at 10 am the morning they arrived. A sign along the sidewalk proudly declared: "Shrine to Inari-Janice" "Shrine to Kulkulkan" "Prayers answered!" "Walk-ins welcome" "Learn about nagas and kitsune in person!"

It was only a matter of time before someone stumbled in.



**Nakahi (OmeQuicksilver) moved** • 05/05/2015



*OmeQuicksilver won control of the story by completing this challenge with a weak outcome.*

This had been alot more then Nakahi had originally signed up for. She had thought she'd simply be playing matchmaker of sorts, and then the three of them would be back to their everyday lives. Instead she was now halfway across the country trying to put together shrines for her patron gods. She didn't know anything about running a shrine!

That didn't mean she wouldn't do her best for her patrons though. *"Never let it be said I didn't go down swinging..."* They had put up fliers all over town and done a fairly good job of getting the building tidied and put together. So when the clock chimed 10 and the doors opened all they had to do was wait.

And wait was...really all any of them seemed to do. They had a few people straggle in as the time dragged on, but they always seemed to be tourists who thought this was some kind of exhibit. Or worse, teens playing hookey from school and making nuisances of themselves.

Maybe it was the days of working putting the building in proper order. Or perhaps the harried feeling that came from being the go-between for two entire species. Whatever the reason was, by lunchtime Nakahi is curled up in a corner of the hallway, head in her hands.



**SPREAD THE WORD**



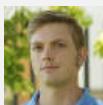
LOYAL



TORPOR



EXASPERATED



**Jeffrey Ramsay (you) moved** • 05/05/2015 • [Edit](#)



*Throat\_Wolf (you) won control of the story by completing this challenge with a weak outcome.*

Jeffrey first noticed the odd new shop in the formerly vacant building on his way back home from the night shift at McDonald's. It wasn't unusual to see businesses come and go in this low-income part of



**CRISIS OF FAITH**



FIND A REASON



UNSKILLED



SKEPTICAL

town. The buildings were cheap enough people could buy them for almost nothing—but unfortunately, the people in the area were poor enough that “almost nothing” was also how much money they’d make.

He supposed a church might have a better chance of making it than a for-profit business, what with being non-profit and stuff, but even so, the choice of deity was a little odd. Inari...and Kulkulkan? It was like the religious equivalent of a fusion-cuisine restaurant. Surely they couldn’t be serious. There had to be some kind of gimmick involved.

But then Jeffrey remembered something he’d seen on TV, concerning Inari. Something about a bunch of magical furry foxes appearing in Japan. He’d thought it was some kind of wacky publicity stunt at the time, but at least some people had been taking it seriously. Now here they were.

That had made him mildly curious, but he hadn’t really had the urge to check the place out until a few days later, after he got laid off from the McDonald’s. It was the economy, they said. The luncheon meat bubble had affected meats in general, and even fast food was having hard times now. Yeah, like that helped him any. *Too bad you didn’t take any **useful** classes in school. Even basket-weaving would have made something you could sell at the farmer’s market.*

On the way home, he didn’t have anything better to do, so he stopped in. Why not?

The first person he encountered was a woman curled up in a corner of the hallway. At least...he thought it was a woman. The fact that she was furry all over, with at least a half-dozen fluffy tails, fox ears, and muzzle confused the issue. Jeffrey had it on the tip of his tongue to say “Nice costume” or words to that effect, but—it didn’t *look* like a costume. Costumes weren’t flexible enough to curl up like that. And there *had* been those fox-people on the news...

“Uh, hi?” Jeffrey said.

“Meh,” the fox-woman replied, ears barely twitching.

Jeffrey could sympathize, as that was about how he was feeling right now himself. “Uh, yeah. Hope you feel better soon.” He passed her, going through the door into the lobby-like area which had two shrines in it—a Japanese-style one, complete with miniature torii and a couple of decorative water fountains at one end, and a Mayan shrine with a little stepped pyramid at the other.

There was another fox-woman at the Japanese shrine, and a woman at the other one who was...well, a snake from the waist down. That was about the only way to put it. A well-endowed female body, wearing just enough clothing to qualify as decent, with her hips blending into coppery scales on a long, rope-like body with a rattle on the end. *Whoa.*

“Hello, stranger!” a cheerful voice sang out from somewhere in the middle. Jeffrey blinked, then noticed a small stone bench, nearly hidden by a couple of over-sized decorative ferns, on which sat a young woman who appeared to be...a cheetah? She wore only a bikini patterned to match her own fur, and a thick cascade of blonde hair that fell all the way to the floor.

“Uh...hi?” Jeffrey said. He hastily averted his eyes when he realized he was staring.

“Oh, it’s okay, you can stare. We get that a lot. Actually, it’s kind of refreshing. Back where we come from, almost nobody even notices us anymore.”

“I..find that hard to believe.” She had a pretty nice body under that fur. “Is that...are you...they...*all* of you, for real?”

“We are!” the cheetah-woman said cheerfully. “Some of us are more real than others, but we all meet the minimum standard. I’m Tara, by the way. You are...?”

“Uh...Jeffrey. Jeffrey Ramsay.” Jeffrey stood there, at a loss for words, until Tara slid over and patted the vacant spot on the bench next to her. Unsure what else to do, he took a seat.

“So, you might be wondering what we’re all doing here,” Tara said brightly. “We’re sort of an outreach program for the couple of gods who’ve just popped back into the world.”

“Gods. Uh, yeah,” Jeffrey said.

“Well, how else do you explain all this?” Tara grinned, showing pointed incisors. “I’m not even one of the most magical ones, but still, look at me. *Feel* me.” She took Jeffrey’s hand and rested it on her leg.

Jeffrey blushed a little, but he had to admit, she felt real. This wasn’t a costume. It felt like the fur on any other cat he’d ever stroked, but at the same time what was beneath it was undeniably a natural human leg. The skin moved smoothly when he moved his hand. It was no costume.

“And what do they want, then?” Jeffrey asked. “Prayer? Worship? Blood sacrifice?”

“You’re thinking of the Aztecs, not the Mayans.” Tara smirked. “Though you’re not *far* off about the sacrifice part...just not a bloody one.”

“Sacrifice of *what*, exactly?”

"Your whole body. Your way of life, for another."

"Uh...that's not exactly *less* creepy, you know," Jeffrey said. "You're making it sound like Scientology."

"Oh, it's nothing like that. We don't have as many body thetans as they do." Tara grinned. "And we mean it in a more literal sense. You give us your body, we give you a new one. It works like this..."

Jeffrey blinked as she explained it. "Seriously? You...they...swallow me whole, and then I get turned into one of them? You expect me to believe that?"

"Mmm." Tara licked her lips. "How about I make you a little wager? If we prove that we *can* eat you, we get to. If we can't...hmm, you look like you need a little extra money. How does a thousand dollars sound?"

Jeffrey stared at her. "You can't be serious."

"Why not? We have the discretionary budget for it." Tara smirked. "Besides, I already know we can do it."

Jeffrey got up, shaking his head. "There's some kind of gimmick here. I don't know what it is, but...not interested." He started to walk back toward the entrance. Behind him, he heard Tara jump to her feet and come after him. Then she put a hand on his shoulder.

"Wait. Please."

He turned to face her. "Why?"

She smiled at him. "Just give me a chance? You seem like the kind of person who needs a change of life."

Jeffrey shook his head. "I don't think you have anything I want."

"Maybe this will change your mind..." She started to lean closer, lips parting as if to whisper a secret—but Jeffrey had already turned and walked away, heading for the door.

### The narrator continued the scene • 05/06/2015

Delia gave Tara a friendly bop upside the head when Jeffrey bolted. He didn't exactly sprint away, but his step was definitely a bit above 'leisurely'.

#### CHALLENGES



THE GOD DILEMMA



"That's the third since we opened up you've driven off by being too forward. And you're not even a kitsune or naga!" The frustration wasn't exaggerated. "I know you're looking for a quick bite, but we've got real stuff to do here."

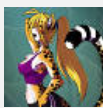
Tara looked suitably chastised. "I can't help that he looked delicious! But... yeah, you're right. Still, how else are you supposed to convert people? Isn't Janice looking for more kitsune?"

Delia shrugged. "I suppose that wouldn't *hurt*, but it's not the whole idea. Gods are more powerful the more people worship and pray to them. You don't have to be a kitsune to pray to Janice, or a naga to pray to Special K." That particular nickname had caught on among the kitsune. The nagas who heard it ranged from amused to scandalized. Kulkulkan himself reportedly just laughed when a naga brought it up to him in prayer. "We're just looking for people who want to follow Janice. Give them something and someone to believe in."

Tara frowned to herself. "Yeah, I see what you mean. But... can't I still just eat one or two? I could have them back to being followers of Janice in just a few days, I promise!"

Delia just laughed. As sincere as Tara was, that was an option they were hoping to be able to avoid using to gain followers.

Sabrina overheard both that, and Tara's exchange with the guy who'd wandered in. She still wasn't sure of exactly her place in this whole thing. Was she supposed to be like a custodian for the building? Secretary? Security? She had no idea, but maybe she could find out. Maybe she could even try to convince the ones who got cold feet to give it another try!



### Sabrina (sansuki) moved • 05/08/2015



sansuki won control of the story by completing this challenge with a weak outcome.

It hadn't been a good week.

She'd ended up doing damage- miraculously, not fatal damage- to



THE GOD DILEMMA



LAZY



GO TO CLASS



FASTLY FRUSTRATED

something important to her friend, and out of guilt agreed to help Nakahi with... well, the shrine thing. And therein lay the problem. It wasn't that Sabrina didn't *believe* in the gods. She'd just met them, after all. It was that she didn't feel any particular need to worship them, and her recruiting pitches to prospective adherents were... lackluster by any standard. Sabrina took the general *laissez-faire* stance of 'if the gods ignore me, I'm happy to ignore them, and everything's cool' in defiance of quite a lot of religious history. This in and of itself didn't cause any problems.

She often skipped out on her duty shifts at the temple, usually when she was supposed to be in class. Bored and frustrated in the shrine, she cared more about learning than helping her friend; not the most unreasonable thing she could do, but combined with her generally unhelpful attitude around what was a holy place it wasn't doing much to sustain her friendship with Nakahi.

"-ou want to know about what gods mermaids worship?!" the faint yelling could be heard, muffled, through a closed door. "Cut your damned hand on a coral reef in an area where great whites hunt and try to get back alive without being eaten, and not in the oh-so-gentle friendly way! That's our gods!"

"That doesn't matter! You were supposed to be at the front desk! There could have been a dozen people trying-"

"A dozen?! Maybe in a week! And they're more likely to go further in if I'm gone than if I'm not, Nakahi! I had HISTORY CLASS. You know I love that!"

"Maybe if you'd do something other than clip your claws behind the desk and try to persuade people who come in! And class doesn't excuse your rudeness-"

"No! You're right! It was a stupid damned idea for me to be here in the first place!"

The door opened. A cheetah, her tail rigidly extended and lashing back and forth, stormed out of the door, down the hall, and out onto the sidewalk. In her wake, there was nobody listening to the argument in the hallway to hear, to watch her go, or to see the aftermath.

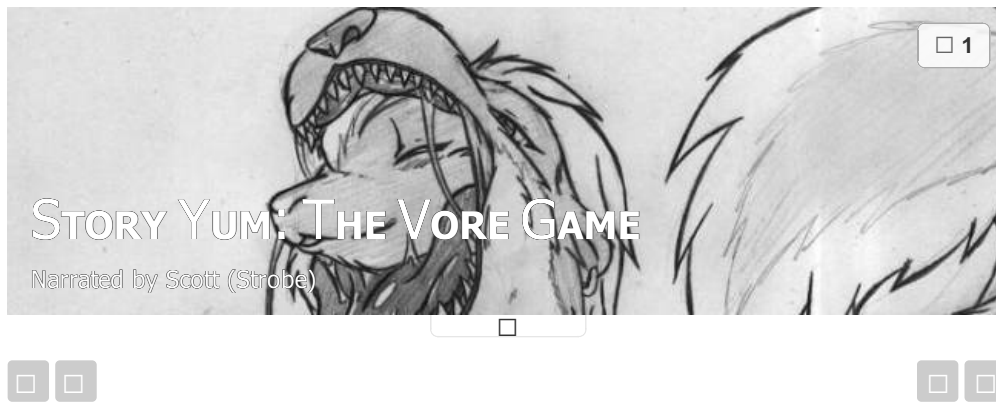
The narrator ended the scene • 05/09/2015



## COMMENTARY

**sansuki:** Tomorrow! I promise!  
05/07/2015

**OmeQuicksilver:** No rush ^^  
05/07/2015



## Chapter 13, Scene 2 • 05/09/2015



### CHALLENGES

-  RELATIVE UNKNOWN 
-  UNEXPECTED COMPANY 

Nakahi watched Sabrina barge out the front door, and sighed. Nothing was going right, and the weight of everything felt like it was pressing down on her shoulders harder with each passing minute. She needed to find some way to cheer up, or otherwise blow off steam. As a kitsune, the way that immediately suggested itself to her was obvious.

She put Delia in charge of the Janice portion of the shrine for the afternoon, and then stalked her way out the front door. Maybe a nice dinner of the walking and talking variety would cheer her up. In the week they'd be in the city she'd eaten exactly zero people, after all.

Kulkukan had mentioned, back during the feast, that the world didn't all work like it did at the campus, but maybe the reason it didn't was because no one had gone and tried it yet. In the absolute worst case, she could just put on someone she'd eaten before and slip off to her realm and then back, and no one would ever know. Actually....

Her fur rippled, and then disappeared, shifting into smooth skin. Her features became less vulpine, more human. Her tails vanished, and her posture changed ever so slightly.

Edward blinked. Nakahi snickered a bit. Ed here hadn't been 'awake' in several months, buried deep in Lexi's head. But now Lexi's head was also buried deep in Nakahi's head, and that gave her a lot of options. She could have just taken complete control, but like all kitsune, Nakahi found she rather enjoyed being able to watch with all the perks of actually doing it - complete with ability to instantly intervene. *I'm hungry*, she said, conversationally. Ed instantly knew what she meant.

He sighed, and started walking. *What a way to wake up.*

A few blocks away, Jeffrey sat in a diner with his head in his hands. Why a diner? It seemed appropriate for a down on his luck scoundrel to loiter. He was tired. Not physically, but mentally. Spiritually. Everything under the surface ached with fatigue, and he didn't know exactly how to fix that.

He looked up, and spotted a rather spotted figure. Recognition dawned. It was one of those weird folks from the shrine. She didn't... look exactly like Tara, but she was clearly the same species of cat, at least. She looked pretty down too.

Jeffrey paused. He could just walk away. Pretend that nothing ever happened, and go on with his life. There was just one problem with that: his life sucked. He wasn't exactly eager to jump ship to a new body (however the hell that worked), but Sabrina, sitting alone in that booth, still represented something new

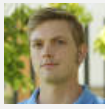


and unusual.

Sabrina looked up from the bare table when Jeffrey sat down across from her. "Uh... hi."



Nakahi (OmeQuicksilver) refreshed their cards  
05/09/2015



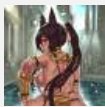
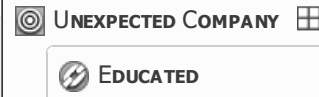
Jeffrey Ramsay (you) moved • 05/10/2015 • [Edit](#)

Jeffrey couldn't resist asking, "What's new, pussycat?" When she rewarded him with a blank stare, he shrugged. "Old song lyric. Sorry. Hazards of several liberal educations. Pick up lots of trivia."

He looked her over as he sat across from her. As with the other cheetah, it was really impressive how...well, *natural* she looked. As if she actually had been born a fuzzy little human cheetah kitten and grown to adulthood, learning to chase humanoid gazelles on some strange African plain. And who knew, maybe she had?

Her body underneath the fur was lithe and muscular—a runner's body, or maybe a swimmer's. Being college-aged and male, Jeffrey couldn't help wondering what that body might be like in bed...but remembering what the other cheetah had said, he had the uncomfortable suspicion it might involve waking up with the smile on the face of the cheetah, to paraphrase the old limerick. Was it preying mantises where the girl ate the guy after the act?

But she was hardly going to lean across the table and gobble him up here and now. Jeffrey did his best to put all that out of his head. Instead, he asked, "If you don't mind me saying, you seem a little down. Anything I can do to help?"



Nakahi (OmeQuicksilver) moved • 05/11/2015

OmeQuicksilver won control of the story by completing this challenge with a weak outcome.

Somewhere, deep down inside there was probably a little voice telling Nakahi that this wasn't a very good idea. But right now that voice was probably getting worked over by the rest of her which doesn't really care anymore. To say the last few days had been stressful would be like saying that the loss of a limb is upsetting, a huge understatement.

So for the moment, she was fine with Edward roaming through the streets, letting her kind of veg out and window shop through their eyes as he goes along. Appraising people like they, in turn might appraise a head of cattle. *To thin. To wide. WHY on earth would you ever put that much metal in your face? It's so-oooh.*

There, across the street was a rather strapping young man listening to an iPod as he walked down the road. Blonde hair, cute face, *nice* butt. Oh yes, she'd be more than happy to let someone like him run around in her head for abit. Doing her best to ignore Lexi and Kai's internal snickering she retook control, steering Edwards body to follow their quarry.

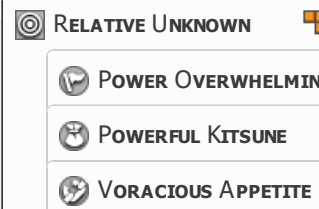
With the young man as intent on his music as he was, the unorthodox posse had no trouble following him through the winding streets. He was so engrossed it took three whole blocks before he even caught on that he was being followed. When he paused to look behind him though he couldn't see anyone. So with a shrug he turned around, and promptly jumped back with a yelp as he found himself nose to nose with a dark skinned girl he'd had no idea was there!

"Hi! Sorry, didn't mean to scare you so bad."

"Oh, um no worries. Guess I wasn't paying as much attention as I should of been. Can I..help you with anything?"

"Actually yes...*you can get inside me.*"

She couldn't help but grin as he turned red and stammered out a few half thought out responses. But even those died out as her ears and tails re-sprouted, followed by her fur. If he had never expected to



hear a random girl say those things to him, he had surely never expected her to turn into a literal fox!

Of course even if he had been expecting that, he wouldn't of expected what happened next. Nakahi smirked and lunged forward, muzzle open wide and arms outstretched. He jerked back, iPod falling to the street at his feet as her mouth opened wider, taking in his entire head. He waited for what he thought was the inevitable crunch, wondering if this was how a chicken felt on the chopping block...but it never came. Instead there was just a *nomf* and he was pulled back into her throat.

In no time flat she was shutting her lips as his sneakers slid down her throat to join the rest of him in her swollen belly. She smiled, letting out a content belch as she rubbed her hands over the dome of her belly, enjoying the squirming and struggling he was doing inside of her.

Eventually though he went still as her belly gurgled and started to shrink away. She had no sooner bent over to retrieve the dropped music player then flashing blue lights and a siren went off behind her.

"Freeze right there, hands in the air!"

She blinked, letting out a silent groan. There was *no way* she was this unlucky, yet when she turned around, there they were. Two officers stepping out of their car, hands warily on their holstered guns. After a quick mental poll of her two chaperones they decided that she probably wasn't immortal enough to survive getting shot in the face.

She sighed, but put on a reassuring smile, she knew she'd forgotten something when they set up shop here. And that was getting in touch with the local law enforcement. In hindsight it was a silly mistake to assume the rest of the world would be as OK with vore as the campus was, even if she *was* legally in the right here. "OK boys, I know how this looks but I assure you I did not murder...um, Carmine." She said, taking a moment to flip through her meals memories. Here on a track scholarship, college sophomore, at least he had taken the semester off to heal from a back injury during a hurdle event.

The officers looked at her incredulously. They had just seen her turn from a girl, into a fox woman, and then eat and rapidly digest a whole other person. Short of the fist of God coming down to directly smite someone, there were very few situations that could seemingly be more cut and paste. With a sigh she reached into her tails, pulling up her phone and bringing up the Vore Report app. Punching a few things into it, filling out the report for Carmine and handing it over. "Here, this will explain everything I swear." Reaching out to hand it to them, but it wasn't until she changed down to her hybrid form, keeping just the ears and tails, that they were brave enough to reach out and take it.

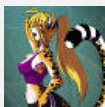
The pair muttered and looked over the phone as she leaned against a building, hands behind her. None of this made any sense to them, what she did had to be illegal and yet...for some reason neither of them could say why. The report was filled out, her personal information was all in order for the license attached to the account. As near as they could figure out she had legally eaten him, which was a statement so confusing it had them scratching their heads. They couldn't even charge her with assault since there wasn't someone around anymore to press charges!

"Everything...seems to be in order. But you'll need to come down to the station and fill out an incident report. This is, ah...this is something we'll need to have documented and researched for future reference." One of them said, handing her phone back.

She cringed mentally but gave only a small nod. It was probably better to get this sort of thing out of the way sooner rather than later. So she took a seat in the back of the cruiser as they headed off toward the station. With a sigh she put her head in her hands, if worst came to worst she could probably gease the cops a/o vanish without them being able to stop her.

No what made her hang her head was what she had just done. A few times since regaining her memories, and even once over the past week she had argued with Delia about simply yanking people off the street and gulping them down. And then she had gone out and done just that! She could even recall what she had said the last time. *I don't want to go around just grabbing people and using them! That would make me just like Carson, with people being happy that I've been taken out!* And now she had Carmine asleep in her head.

"Damn it, what did I let myself do..."



### Sabrina (sansuki) moved • 05/11/2015

Sitting down in a diner, she had no idea what her tirade had prompted from Nakahi- though she'd have been less upset by it than perhaps she expected had she been aware. Instead, when some stranger comes and sits down in front of her as she nursed some orange juice and tried to get her head around what had



happened rather than *actually* go to class, she doesn't find anything particularly suspicious about it.

The song indeed gets a blank look, and that look doesn't much clear up when the reference is explained; she pushes her cup of juice around the table aimlessly a bit as she's looked over, not noticing or perhaps beyond caring that she's being considered in such a way. "Probably not," she says with honesty. "I just had a big fight with my friend. It'll be okay, but right now it's not very much fun. She... got really into this whole religion thing, and I got dragged along, but everything I do makes things worse especially when I don't really *care* about either of the gods I'm supposed to be prompting people to worship, let alone worship them myself!"

She sips her juice, cocking her head to a side. "You were there! I think I was trying to catch a nap in a side room, but I noticed you. You didn't stay. Nobody really does. I guess it's not too surprising, since at least one or two of the people there are more looking for a meal than to actually help Nakahi- that's my friend, the kitsune. I'm sure she'll get over it," she concludes, "eventually. Until then, I'm skipping a college class to have an hour or two to calm myself down." Was it odd to just freely chat about problems to a complete stranger? Probably. Was Sabrina of a mind or mental state to know that? Not even a little.



**Jeffrey Ramsay (you) moved** • 05/12/2015 • [Edit](#)

Jeffrey shook his head. "I'm still a little weirded out by the whole...meal thing. You can really just...*eat people* like that? How does that even work?"

"Oh sure. We just open up and swallow 'em whole. Magic's involved somehow."

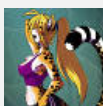
"'Magic,' huh? I'm not so sure I believe in that." He held up a hand. "But...I'm not asking you to *make* me believe it. Enough of *you* seem to that you might just be right."

"That's probably wise of you."

"But as for your problem..." Jeffrey shrugged. "If you're not getting on well with your friend right now, maybe you should just hang out somewhere else for a while. Give her some space."

"Like where, your place? I wasn't spawned yesterday." She mumbled, "Though I was, uh, reborn just a few days ago..."

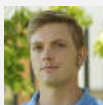
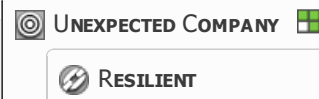
Jeffrey shook his head. "My place is a dump. And given that I just got fired, from McDonald's, I don't know if I'm going to have it much longer anyway. My life kind of sucks right now. But that's on me. You...I'm sure you've got someplace else you can go."



**Sabrina (sansuki) moved** • 05/13/2015

"Don't worry," she said glumly. "I do my best to only eat people who want to get eaten. Limits my options, but... what's the rule called? Silver rule? Figure I may as well follow it." She pushed her mug around and sighed. "Well, she's also my roommate, so that's out. I'm skipping class, so that's out. So that's why I'm here and not anywhere else." Looking up, she snorted. "Oh well. I can't really complain too much. Still got enough money, still got my education coming, even if I miss the ocean- but hey! How'd you get fired from a Mcdonalds?"

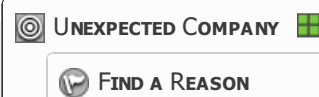
"Well, she's also my roommate, so that's out. I'm skipping class, so that's out. So that's why I'm here and not anywhere else." Looking up, she snorted. "Oh well. I can't really complain too much. Still got enough money, still got my education coming, even if I miss the ocean- but hey! How'd you get fired from a Mcdonalds?"



**Jeffrey Ramsay (you) moved** • 05/13/2015 • [Edit](#)

*Throat\_Wolf (you) won control of the story by completing this challenge with a strong outcome.*

"They're putting in more of those automatic ordering stations, where you choose what you want from a touchscreen. They're trying to reduce their dependence on salaried workers in This Economy, apparently. And I had the least seniority, so out I went. Story of my life." He shrugged. "Well, no. The story of my life would start with me being heir to a lunchmeat company until the



big lunchmeat bubble.”

Sabrina cocked her head. “Lunchmeat bubble? How would you even blow a bubble with lunchmeat? It’s not really stretchy enough, is it?”

“It’s...uh, an expression. Financial thing. When everyone pours all their money into something and then they discover there’s nothing there. It popped, like a bubble.”

“Oh. I guess when you can eat other people, you don’t need lunchmeat so much.”

“Uh...” Jeffrey considered how to respond to that, then shrugged. “Who knows, maybe that’s part of it. Anyway, I lost all my money in a financial crash I didn’t have anything to do with, I don’t have the right education to do ‘real’ work, and now I go from job to job trying to keep my head above the water.”

“I hear that. I have to keep my head above the water now, too, since I don’t have gills anymore. It sucks.”

Jeffrey’s response to that was forestalled by the loud strains of Duran Duran emanating from Sabrina’s purse. “The union of the snake is on the climb...”

Sabrina blinked. “That’s Nakahi’s ringtone—my roommate.” She fished out her cell phone. “Uh...hello? ... what? ...how’d that happen?” She sighed. “I see. ...no, no, don’t just *leave*, it’ll only make things worse! I’ll be right down.” She hung up, grimaced, and dropped the phone back in her purse.

“What happened?”

“She’s at the police station. They’ve charged her with public indecency.”

Now it was Jeffrey’s turn to blink. “Public indecency?”

“Eating someone doesn’t actually seem to be illegal, but apparently they decided that since doing it involves licking someone all over in public, that *is* something they can charge her with.” Sabrina rolled her eyes. “So I have to go down and bail her out before she decides to eat everyone in the police station to conceal the evidence or something.”

“She...can do that?”

“Knowing her, she’d probably try.” Sabrina got up. “It was nice meeting you, uh...”

“Jeffrey. Jeffrey Ramsay. I didn’t get your name either...?”

“Sabrina.” She dropped a couple of bills on the table to pay for the lunch she’d hardly touched. “Maybe I’ll see you around again?”

Jeffrey got up as well. “Mind if I tag along? I could at least show you where the police station is. I don’t have anything better to do.”

“If you want.” Sabrina shrugged. “I should warn you...people who spend too much time around us tend to end up inside one of us. Her, more than likely, since she can’t ever seem to watch her appetite. How on earth she keeps that girlish figure, I’m sure I have no idea.”

“Not if she doesn’t want to get charged with more public indecency.”

Sabrina smirked. “Who says it has to happen in public?”

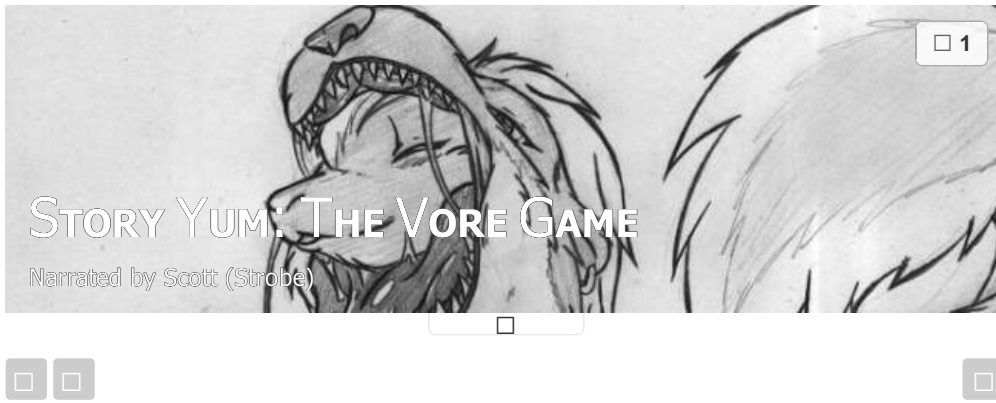
“Er, yeah. Anyway, come on, police station is this way...” Still not entirely sure what he was letting himself in for, but figuring it had to be better than sitting around jobless and moping, Jeffrey led the way out the door.

**The narrator ended the scene** • 05/14/2015



**COMMENTARY**

No comments



### Chapter 13, Scene 3 • 05/14/2015



#### CHALLENGES

 **STUBBORN POLICE OFFICERS** 

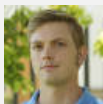
Jeffrey and Sabrina arrived at the station to meet a thoroughly disgruntled Nakahi. Well, they met the couple police officers that had brought her there first (who made a doubletake when they saw a *second* furry female figure walk through the door), and *then* they met Nakahi, sitting on the other side of a cell door.

"There! My friends are here, can you let me go now?" she grumbled, clearly annoyed at the whole ordeal. She'd only wanted a snack, dammit!

"Sorry, no can do missy," one of the officers said. "We've gotta fill out the incident report. Once we find the paperwork. We've never... uh, had to deal with someone eating someone else."

"I told you, that's not against the law!"

"I know but... we have to do *something*. You... you ate that kid!" There didn't seem to be much budging on either side. Or, at least the sides that were in the police station before Jeff and Sabrina walked up.




**Jeffrey Ramsay (you) moved** • 05/14/2015 • [Edit](#)

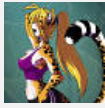
Jeffrey recognized the black kitsune he'd last seen moping in the hallway on the way in to the temple. "Uh...hi again. Glad you're, uh, feeling better?"

Nakahi crossed her arms and glared at him. "Meh."

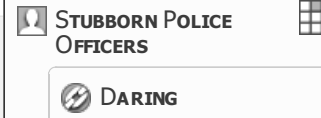
"Uh, yeah." Jeffrey was suddenly glad for the solid bars between the two of them. "I'll just...stand over here now..."

 **STUBBORN POLICE OFFICERS** 

 **SOCIALLY AWKWARD**


**Sabrina (sansuki) moved** • Last Friday at 7:00 PM

"So?" She blurts. "I mean, you're just not familiar with the whole vore thing, are you? Sure, she ate a kid! So've I. I mean, gosh, back home there's dozens, hundreds, heck there are entire classes on it in college!" She gives the nearest officer a bemused grin. "Laws aren't different, eh? And public indecency! C'mon, you're just trying to find a reason to keep my roommate in here!" On being given the papers, she growls, "Public indecency. Where was she, anyway? Probably in the shadows if I know my roomie well. Doesn't sound very public to me! And all the licking was done inside her mouth, outside of public view! You don't have a case, buddy."


**The narrator continued the scene** • Last Friday at 8:30 PM

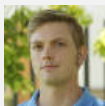
At least one of the police officers in attendance had the decency to look embarrassed by that. Another one just got more indignant. "Like hell we don't! What she did... it just ain't natural. There's gotta be somethin' wrong with it. There's gotta be." He seemed to have conviction until right up to the last sentence. Most of them seemed to be reacting badly to it, but it's becoming more clear that it's their utter unfamiliarity with it as it relates to the law that's the problem. Not that they think it was *actually* indecent or illegal.


**Nakahi (OmeQuicksilver) moved** • Last Saturday at 12:19 AM

Nakahi paced behind the bars like...well like a caged animal. She was so sick of being the universes punching bag it was taking all her effort not to go frothing at the mouth mad. She wasn't sure what was more irksome, getting caught eating someone out of the blue like she said she wouldn't or forcing herself to wait in the cage she could easily escape from. The snide attitude of the officers in the squad room wasn't helping.

What was worse was that she also knew they could hold her for 24 hours without having to actually charge her anything. She knew that they couldn't charge her with murder, assault or even kidnapping. They had no proof Carmine had been an unwilling participant, nor was she going to let them ask him. But they could still decide to try and pin Public Indecency on her, just to be petty.

And then her Hail Mary pass arrived...with a guy in tow. A guy that seemed to know her? That made little sense to her, but it could be a puzzle for another time. "I've been telling these dingbats that for the better part of 20 minutes. Do we have a lawyer or anyone else who speaks moron well enough to convince them to let me go? Before I end up doing something *else*."


**Jeffrey Ramsay (you) moved** • Last Saturday at 1:02 AM • [Edit](#)

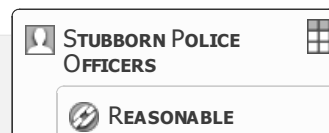
Jeffrey took a deep breath. Time to try to pour some oil on the troubled waters, maybe. "Uh, look. Do you guys even know exactly what you saw? Do you know how ridiculous it sounds for someone to...eat somebody else? Maybe you need to get your eyes checked."

"But she admitted it!" one of the cops said. "Even showed us a license that said it was legal!"

"So? Maybe it's part of a role-playing game or something."

"But we looked it up, and it checked out!"

"Well, then, if it checked out, and your own sources say that it's legal, why are you making up something else to hold her on? A *real* lawyer would have a field day with that." Jeffrey grinned at them. "Anyway, there are a lot more of these people where she came from, so if you decide to arrest everyone who eats someone, you're going to be making a lot of extra work for yourselves."



### The narrator continued the scene • Last Saturday at 11:34 AM

The resolve of some of the officers was faltering, but the one who seemed to be so up in arms about it didn't budge an inch. He just seemed to get angrier and angrier the more reasonable everything sounded.

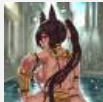
"I don't give a shit whether it was legal! It's wrong and unnatural, and I'll be *damned* before I let her get away with that... that filth!" Nope, nothing reasonable to be found rattling around in that head.

"Hey, sarge, we really don't have anything to hold her on," one of his less fanatical colleagues spoke up, "You know how bad it looks when we arrest someone just because. And if she ain't a minority.... no offense meant, of course. Press is gonna rip us a new one."

"The sergeant seemed to calm down on that one. "Calm" didn't mean "see reason". "Kathy, just go file the charges," he said, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "I'm *not* letting her leave without *something*. I don't know who or what the hell she is, but damned if I'm going to let her *eat* someone and get away with it, no matter how 'legal' it is."

It was becoming clear that this guy, in particular, was the reason for the whole hold-up. His subordinates didn't seem to be averse to the idea. Or, rather, if they were, they knew better than to raise a stick about it when the people they were antagonizing could just as easily eat *them*. Something the police sergeant hadn't quite seemed to grasp yet.

*[Narrator's Note: I just noticed you don't have any helpful cards whatsoever, sansuki. I'd recommend trading in that stack of Student Notebook for something that might help. Otherwise just play any old card.]*

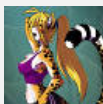
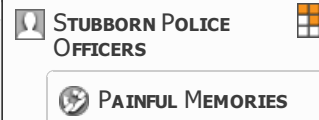


### Nakahi (OmeQuicksilver) moved • Last Saturday at 1:09 PM

Nakahi growled loud enough when the sergeant spoke that everyone else in the room looked at her with a healthy amount of trepidation. "I am *not* going to let some little...little pissant like you keep me here against my will. Not anymore. I'm not going to be some scared little girl who capitulates to authority on a whim!"

She plastered a slightly unsettling grin on her face as she pressed it against the bars of the holding cell. The sergeant, to his credit at least had the fortitude to stand his ground.

"I've dealt with wacko's before. You and your lot are nothing special. Just another breed of crazy."



### Sabrina (sansuki) moved • Last Sunday at 10:20 AM

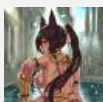
"Hey, uh, Nakahi?" She says. "Why don't... why don't you try calming down here? I mean, worst case, even if they charge you you want be in here long, I mean, the judge'll just throw this out in a blink..."

Sabrina discarded Student Notebook

### The narrator continued the scene • Last Sunday at 9:31 PM

*[That's not exactly what I meant. Still, nothing insurmountable. Here ya go. This should be at least marginally more useful. Take it in the good humor it's meant.]*

The narrator gave 2 cards to Sabrina: The Almighty Internet

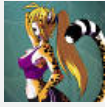


### Nakahi (OmeQuicksilver) moved • Last Tuesday at 1:39 PM

"I AM CALM!" She yelled back. Her eyes closed as she took a deep breath, trying to keep her volatile

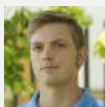
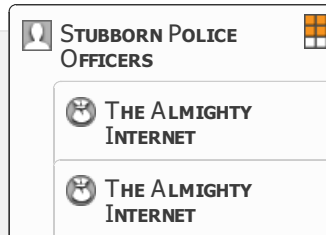
temper in reign.

"I'm sorry. I'm just really sick of all this runaround, and I want to go *home*. I can't fix what I did stuck in this cage anyway."



**Sabrina (sansuki) moved** • Last Tuesday at 8:12 PM

Sabrina rubbed her face, trying to encompass the stubbornness both of the police officer and Nakahi alike. "Alright, officer, look—" Taking out her phone, she fooled around until she came to a number of videos of smiling, laughing people getting eaten and digested, showing them off sequentially. "Y'see that? It's not uncommon for people to want someone like me or my roommate here to eat them! I mean, you might think it's weird, but you think LOTS of things are weird, don't you?" Sabrina waggled her eyebrows suggestively.



**Jeffrey Ramsay (you) moved** • Last Tuesday at 11:09 PM • [Edit](#)

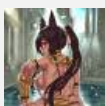
Jeffrey watched Sabrina put on her little Internet video show. *Oh, great. I'm in an episode of "America's Hungriest Home Videos."* "Uh... are you sure that's a good idea?" *With the luck we're having, she'll probably get locked up on pornography charges or something.*

The sergeant scowled at her. "Just because there's a video on the Internet doesn't make it right. There are videos of terrorists beheading people, too, but that doesn't mean I'm gonna give you an axe!"

Jeffrey looked from the earnest cheetah-girl to the angry fox-girl to the stubborn cop, and started to get a sinking feeling. "Look, I don't think this is going to work. Maybe you should call a lawyer..." Maybe this was why he'd stumbled into this situation—to be the voice of reason. There had to be *some* reason he was here, didn't there?

"I'm sure that's not going to be necessary," Sabrina said calmly. "We're all *reasonable* people here, aren't we?" But her smile was beginning to look a little fixed.

"Uh...okay." Jeffrey backed away. "I'm just going to be over here, in this corner, out of the way..." *Making myself small and hoping nobody eats me by accident...or on purpose...*



**Nakahi (OmeQuicksilver) moved** • Yesterday at 6:54 PM

*OmeQuicksilver won control of the story by completing this challenge with a weak outcome.*

Nakahai had had enough of this little farce. It was one thing to have agreed to come down and fill out an incident report for the sake of everyone involved. But it was another to be locked up on some trumped up charge by a cop with a chip on his shoulder. And then have him argue with her friend right in front of her.

"Alright this is enough. I may not be a lawyer but I *do* know my rights, and this is wrongful detention since you're detaining me for what isn't a crime, and I've had it. We're going home." One moment she was behind the bars, and the next, she had simply appeared on the other side, ears flicking in irritation as the collected officers gaped at how easy it was for her to just leave the cell. "Come on let's go."

She yelped suddenly as the stubborn sergeant, unwilling to let his prisoner just walk away, lashed out. Grabbing a few of her tails in his hands to keep her from fleeing. Glowering at the trio and shaking his head, "Oh no, *now* you're under arrest for resisting arrest, and you two are under arrest for interfering in a police action, and conspiracy to—"

He never got to finish his statement. With a swish of her hips, Nakahi's tails fanned out, obscuring him from





sight for a split second. And when they settled, he was gone, leaving the remaining humans staring in confusion until Jeffrey finally voiced what they were all thinking.

"Did...she just eat him...with her tails...?"

Sabrina sighed and shook her head. "No, they kinda go to a weird little pocket space. Think of it like how in cartoons a character will just pull things out of nowhere."

"They also get a geas placed on them. Not a cripplingly powerful one, but one that will be useful right now." Nakahi said with a grin, a shake of her tails sending the sergeant tumbling onto the floor, looking as confused as he was irate now.

Jeffrey wondered if he even wanted to ask what kind of geas it was, but finally worked the question out. "And that is...?"

"Ownership. He belongs to me now. Which means you're going to let us walk right out that door, aren't you?" The kitsune asked and smirked down at the sergeant. His face twisted and contorted, but after a moment all he could do was nod. The spell wouldn't let him do any less.

"But you don't want to, do you? I bet soon as you figure out how to work around it, you'll do everything you can to make yourself a pain in our butts, won't you?"

He did more than simply nod at that. "You're damn right I will. You think you can just waltz into this town act like—"

"Shush." she said curtly, his mouth snapping shut in an instant. Her fingers idly tapped on a nearby desk before a grin spread across her face, a decidedly wicked grin at that. "Well then there's only one thing to do. Go feed yourself to my friend here. You want to do that don't you, won't that be nice?"

He blinked, looking confused before a look of blank acceptance crossed his face as the geas worked its magic. "I...yes...that would be very nice..."

Sabrina blinked, having been zoned out and playing with a staple remover she found on a desk. "Hey wait what now?! Nakahi I don't think..."

"Shh." The kitsune grinned, suddenly behind her friend, hands on her shoulders. "Don't I owe you a few meals anyway? Consider this a down payment."

Whatever the cheetah was going to reply was cut off as the sergeant abruptly shoved his hands into her mouth, making her cough. Once his arms slid down her throat she settled down and stopped squirming, giving a swallow instead.

Once she stopped fighting it, the sergeant didn't last long. More of him vanished down her throat as the cat-girls belly swelled with each gulp. Making a face as the rubber soles of his shoes slid down her throat to join the rest of him in her belly. Nakahi smirking and rubbing its swollen sides.

"There, better now?"

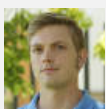
"Yes, and no. That was rude, to *both* of us...but it does feel rather nice to not be empty inside anymore." Sabrina said, the twitch of her tail belying the annoyed look she tried to keep on her face.

"I'll make it up to you later. Now can we *PLEASE* go home? I would really just...like to go home and put the last few hours behind me. Figure out what I'm gonna do with my own passenger."

The pair walked off, Sabrina's belly shrinking with every step, leaving Jeffrey staring blankly at the remaining officers who seem as out of sorts as he was. Did he really just...watch someone get eaten? Yes... yes he apparently had. Did he understand it? Not in the slightest.

"Hey Jeffrey, you coming?" Sabrina asked as she peered back into the room.

Jeffrey looked from her, to the cops and back again. He let out a sigh and followed after the two. "Alright, just keep your mouths where I can see them..." Hurrying after the duo before the remaining officers tried to get him to fill out an incident report or something.



**Jeffrey Ramsay (you) moved** • Today at 1:29 AM • [Edit](#)

Jeffrey followed the two furry girls out of the police station, unsure who was more stunned—him or the cops they'd left behind. He couldn't believe they were just letting them go—but then again, he didn't imagine any of the other cops were exactly eager to follow their sergeant down the hole.

He listened to the two of them chatter about wanting to put the incident behind them, and sighed. "Uh, guys? Er, gals? You realize this is just the beginning, right?"

They turned and looked at him. "Huh?"

"I'm pretty sure you're going to be in the news. They do tend to cover arrests and stuff that happens at police stations. And there were closed-circuit TV cameras..."

Nakahi glowered. "Well, that's just great. Why didn't you say anything at the time?"

"I didn't think you were really going to...I dunno, just *eat* him just like that? I guess I didn't really believe you could even eat people at all."

"But this could be good for you!" Sabrina pointed out. "Maybe this is just what the temple needs. Didn't someone say there's no such thing as bad publicity?"

Nakahi started to make a retort, then paused and looked thoughtful instead. "Huh."

"Just try not to eat any reporters, when they come around looking for interviews?" Jeffrey suggested.

"Unless they ask you to, I guess."

Nakahi frowned thoughtfully. "No promises."

**The narrator ended the scene** • Today at 12:18 PM



## COMMENTARY

No comments