Census and Statistics:

“Alright, Shari. I do hope that the work is finally close to getting completed?”

Shari looked up from her desk, if tired and languid had a face it would be Shari Stirups. The thirty odd woman had been doing extra shifts ever since two of her coworkers had gotten sick with a severe case of being digested and dumping their work on her. The up side since she never broke her contract by staying out of the sewer the deaths of her two coworkers meant she got a decent raise.

If only it didn’t take so long to fill the positions left by the two flunkies who were flushed.

“Yea, yea. I have the report finished, all the information for the U.S. Census Bureau.”

Shari leaned back in her chair and extended her right arm out and groaned when her shoulder’s snapped and popped from her poor sitting posture. She was currently in her business suit with a rather slick skirt. The skin on her legs hidden by her pantyhose, though she was still irritated at the fact she had gotten a tear up her right leg by an inch or two when she stubbed her leg earlier. Once her stretch was finished her bobbed blonde hair swayed back into place instead of being smushed on her shoulder.

“Alright, then give me the run down on the basic details. After all, this is your project.”

Shari peered up at her supervisor, the lady couldn’t have been a year older or even younger then herself. But the fact she had been here longer then Shari meant she had a head start on the rest of the woman and men inside the office. Danny as she liked to be called was a rather slick and lean woman, that is to say the woman had no chest and no ass, getting the shit end of the stick for genetics some would say.

But Danny flaunted her looks because very few anthro’s bothered to give her the time of day, which was fine for the office worker. Unlike the rest of the girls from her graduation Danny was perfectly fine with staying dry and out of a vat of stomach acids.

“Well, you mean this TEAM project-”

“Team, into solo project.” Danny corrected Shari

“But that’s beca-”

“Because they were downsized yes. And who got the pay increase to make up for the heavier workload?”

“Tsk.” Shari clicked her tongue.

“Just please go over the main parts of this census.” Danny let out a sigh, it was already bad enough that they still had openings in HR two floors down.

“Alright, fine.” Shari reached over her desk in her cubical and pulled out the information regarding the statistics of the country at large.

“Well, for starters the amount of people immigrating have increased again. The main culprits are still the south American countries looking for work during seasonal events. Although we’re getting a decent amount of those moving in from the EU, and other Asian countries. The numbers add up to around two million per year now.” Shari looked up at her supervisor waiting for a remark.

“Two million? That’s nearly five hundred thousand more then last year in twenty twenty four. Do we know why the jump?”

“Weeeelll, The numbers at our land borders are still the same, so these increased numbers are from our friends across the ocean.” Shari pointed at the listed countries that were on the rise.

“Yes, but a reason?”

“Ah, that would probably be due to death tourism.”

“Ahh…”

There were two types of population focused tourism, one was when a couple or pregnant lady came to the country and then gave birth on the U.S. Soil to get citizenship. While this type of tourism was frowned upon, often those that were born here would come back to the country for education and end up living here. Which boosted the economy.

Though the second.

Death tourism, Unlike most first world countries in the world. The U.S. had very lax regulations regarding what their body politic deemed ‘freedom.’ Free speech was a given, and freedom to bear arms. Not to mention the notorious, ‘money equals free speech’ but with rampant lobbying groups running Washington, it was a given that certain bills would be passed along the desks of powerful people.

Powerful lobbying groups like the anthro groups, billions of dollars of campaign contributions went towards those in power and by doing so certain laws were twisted and morphed into radically changed things. Such as no regulations for TV ads, and the buying of public business’s for private enterprise. What really set this off was when the Supreme Court had been stacked for one party in particular and a case came up between an anthro and a human. Long story short.

Everyone had a right to get eaten and digested and no one could stop it. As the actions were protected by the constitution, aptly called the ‘Ate Amendment.’ Suffice to say this attracted other people from different countries with stricter laws on who got eaten, and where someone could. Or even if they could get eaten. Half the EU states had a strict no human eating laws, much the negative response from anthro groups stationed across the sea.

“Death tourism aside, whats the numbers for new babies being born?”

“Well, unsurprising that number has exploded in the last decade with the anti sex laws being essentially striped from any state. In twenty twenty four alone we surpassed seven million new borns.”

“That’s impressive, I guess the Universal Basic income, and free childcare is really showing its strengths.”

“It’s not all sunshine and rainbows though. The average citizen’s age has gone down again. Now hovering around thirty five years old, while just back in twenty twenty it was thirty eight.”

“Unfortunate.”

Like all things in the states, everything was generally blasted on the TV and air waves. Many anthro groups had gained a lot of money and power very quickly, and learning from their human co-patriots, started spending billions in ads for things they wanted.

And it worked like a charm, for years it was the hip and fun thing to get digested. And it would continue to be the thing while the money was flowing into the TV stations airing the ads, or the internet companies willing to host them. At first the ads were directed towards the youth the most. Those just finishing school, and entering the job market. At first parents caused major headaches for anthro groups about vanishing youth and over flowing toilets, until the anthros got smart and started airing ads directed at the parents as well.

The blits had caused an increase in orphans being registered but with so much revenue being thrown around the government got a cut, and was able to easily pay for the facilities.

“And deaths this year?”

“Well, we’re still looking positive, at eight million this year, which is still below the seven million births, and two million immigrants. In the last ten years the death rate for illness has dropped to nearly nothing. In fact, the rate has pretty much stayed the same for the past five decades, the causes are different, but it’s essentially stayed the same.” Shari pointed towards the information in question.

“It’s still surprising that anthro’s cause nearly eighty percent of all digestion deaths even though they number twenty thousand in the U.S.” Danny started tapping her elbow once she folded her arms.

“Well, Anthro’s can eat normal food. But with the sexual allure of being eaten its been said to be hard to resist. Like drinking or smoking or casual sex. Also you have to remember it’s only been fifteen years since Anthro’s even existed, and only five years since full citizenship.”

“With how often Anthro’s do the business, you would think it would be more.”

“That’s probably because Anthro’s tend to get into romantic relationships with humans over other Anthro’s. While the pairings of Humans with Humans has stayed the same, it’s simple numbers. Even if each anthro ate a human once per day, everyday that would still be way shy of seven million humans a year. With a population base of over four hundred million, drop in the bucket.”

The girls both went silent, contemplating about their current lives. With all the media surrounding Humans getting eaten one would think that the world would be depopulated in a year, in actual fact it was just anthros tended to ball up inside cities and stayed out of most country sides.

“Oh there was another one the other day.”

“Another what?”

“Brown Town.”

“An entire town?”

“Yea, although the structure’s and everything is in working order, so the government is bidding off all the land to those that want it on the cheap. Generally going for fire sales to a bunch of people in the cities.”

“But thousand people just vanishing like that-”

“Ah, I mean even if its a whole town it’s no different from old mines drying up, or lumber yards closing down. It’s just little messier.”

The girls fell silent again.

“Any other questions? I feel like I should be ready, but I always get so jumpy when I enter that office.” Shari rubbed her shoulder.

“It should be fine. I think you got down the most obvious points…” Danny looked at Shari for a second thinking back on the rough week the girl had.

“Hey, how about drinks after this?”

“Yea?” Shari perked up at the offer of drinks.

“Yea, I think we’ve earned it, I know a couple places down town that’s a bit more laid back.” Danny walked over and placed a hand on Shari’s shoulder.

“Oh yea? Like what?”

“Well, I know the owner of The Coiling Slut, we could get a couple cheap drinks and little dancing.” Danny rubbed Shari’s shoulder.

“Sure, I was thinking of going, after my two ex co workers were gushing about the place.”

“It’s a date.”