

Liza's Story Chapter 8: The Predators' Hostage [Scat-Free]

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Summary Description:

This is a vore story with action and drama. Soft Vore, Same Size, F/M, F/Various. Our heroine joins with her little partner to rescue some hostages held by an evil gang of predators. What they find is rather disturbing, and the conflict comes to a point. There's a little bite of hard vore near the end.

For new readers: The setting is a cartoonish furry North America, where magic exists alongside modern technology. This is a super perverse, action/vore story. There is no scat but there is violence and disturbing situations. You have been warned!

*In case it isn't blindingly obvious, this is not intended to be a realistic depiction of anything whatsoever. I apologize in advance if I have depicted anything in an offensive way.

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Content Tags:

F/Various

F/M

Fatal

Non-Fatal

Same-size

Samesize

Violence

Soft Vore

Hard Vore

Philosophy of Love

Romance

Stuffing

Drama

Digestion

Cow

Mouse

Deer

Fox

Sea Otter

Torture

Object Swallowing

Non-consensual

Unwilling Predator

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Elizabeth Bellevue was a big, strong white cow who was volunteering to help the FBI catch a gang of predators.

She set her leather-bound folio on the podium and took a deep breath. A hubbub of conversation bounced about the packed room before her. She glanced out one of the windows, focusing on a yellow leaf tumbling on the wind. It was the first of September, though it had seemed like summer just yesterday.

"Attention, everyone." A slender mongoose with glasses, bobbed brown hair and high heels clapped her hands. Liza blinked lazily at her, reminded of the petite, bookish mouse she had called her own. "Elizabeth Bellevue is a volunteer agent who has been with us for a short time, but provided three valuable services to our cause against predators. She's been assigned to the *Pamangsa* case, but she's had a wealth of experiences which may provide us with the edge we need to close this one. Liza, please go ahead."

"Thank you, miss. Now, to be honest, I never expected to be makin' a speech in the FBI Coordinated Operations Center in Rockville, Maryland, not until one day..." Liza told of her relevant experiences, leaving out the more tawdry parts that she was less comfortable sharing with a crowd. She mentioned only that "my partner Mary Jane Fairborough has been essential to me in the effective handling of every dangerous encounter in which I have found myself." The rodent in question was not in attendance. Liza blinked and took a deep breath, her expression calm and confident.

"More to th' point," Liza spoke, her soft blue eyes scanning the crowd, "There are two primary weaknesses of among predators that I have found in every example I have come across. Firstly, they take a very large, singular *pride* in their destructive exploits, a pride they almost always come to rely on; and secondly, they find a certain..." She hesitated. "A certain *erotic pleasure* in their crimes." She felt a minor emotion, but went on with her speech.

"As a perpetrators of a crime both cruel and physically difficult, the predator has practiced his art long and carefully. While a few are born and raised outside of civilization, notably recluse dragons, most come from inside society, particularly from cities, where they join clubs to..mentor one another, and to organize. There is often a racial component to their ideology." This comment had several members of the audience shifting in their seats, notably one that Liza knew as Agent Jon Macaulay, the same lanky fox she had seen in a compromising position this past Friday. The pretty doe seated next to him glanced questioningly in his direction, but he immediately put his hand on hers. Liza continued.

"What makes these criminals unique is, predators are almost always *good* at what they do. For example, the Pamangsa network actually screens its members and trains them *not* to rush in for a kill unless everything is accounted for. An agent should expect an adult predator to have prepared multiple countermeasures against targets' defenses. All this preparation, however, cannot shield their main weakness: pride." Liza paused, remembering with a smile the last time she had digested a criminal, and for a moment she almost lost her train of thought. But it came back to her gracefully enough. "In a one-on-one situation with a predator, or even against a small group a'them, an agent can exploit this pride to gain advantage, via the subtle use of either taunting or flattery—as the situation dictates."

"The sexual aspect is even easier to exploit..." Liza paused to quickly adjust her bra so that her now-erect nipples would not show. She did not, however, miss a beat in her speech. "Every predator derives some degree or form of titillation from his practice, from light to extreme..." Liza found she liked the way the word 'titillation' sounded on her long tongue. "The predator sees herself as a sexual dominant, an unstoppable—yet playful—force that *dominates*, utterly." The white-furred cow briefly closing her long-lashed eyes and took a breath before continuing. "Now, all this may seem like an odd topic for a federal investigative conference." She drew a murmur of laughter from the crowd, and smiled as she saw others smile. "However, it becomes a very simple and easy way to knock these people off guard and capture them." She drew herself up, feeling her large, heavy breasts bounce within her grey

vest, and tossed her blonde ponytail. “When an agent interacts with a predator, and plays the part of either a frightened victim, or a furiously struggling prey, the predator will immediately drop his guard—for it is this precise reaction that he has both *expected* and *fantasized* about. While playing this submissive role, an agent can easily stall for time, and find the precise moment at which to strike.”

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The fox and the doe had attended Liza’s speech on request. They had been reassigned from the International Operations Division, and were veteran agents with a substantial reputation in the Bureau and even in the several mentions in the press. They were Diane Stalla and Jon Macaulay. David McMahon, the assistant director for Predatory investigations, had requested their assistance as reports of disappearances began to increase in cities with known predator associations. Given that the two special agents had just busted an art theft ring running between Dublin and New York that had eluded the agency for years, it seemed obvious to International division head Tom O’Brien that their inclusion would help matters, so he quickly agreed. They were sent out after the same tip that Mary Jane had discovered—a rumored gathering of predators in the Pamangsa’s secret den hall in Boston, Massachusetts. They arrived in the city quickly after using the Bureau’s private industrial-scale teleportation system.

Using their advanced skills, the pair located the compound in the basement of an office building, bypassing the normal members’ entrance by posing as business consultants headed for the top floor. Once there, they descended the elevator shaft to an old, rusty door. After breaking through, they paused in the gang’s dark, musty-smelling supply room. Jon sat on a box of disposable digestion-enhancing injections while Diane took several pictures of them for evidence, along with the other supplies stored on the shelves: Mass-produced minor magic protection jewelry, padlocked canisters of fairies and nymphs trapped in etheric stasis, cartons of what appeared to be tranquilizer darts.

“This is some *ex-pensive* contraband,” Diane marveled. “I didn’t think this was such a...serious enterprise. And what the heck are ‘elasticization injections’?” She turned over a small cardboard box in her hands.

“Dunno.” The gangly fox strolled around distractedly. He wore a trenchcoat and held his hands in his pockets. His eyes found several large crates of brand-name skin lotion. One of them was opened and there were several similar but empty ones nearby.

“Wonder what they use this stuff for.” Jon kicked the box with his foot while taking a puff from a small hand-rolled cigarette. “Looks like they go through a lot of it.”

“Skin lotion?” Diana looked over, surprised. She was wearing a houndstooth grey wool jacket and skirt, with a white blouse underneath. She sauntered over, her small pointed hooves tapping on the concrete, and bent over to take another picture. Jon’s eye followed with her long, slender legs and smooth haunches, held closely in the tight-fitting fabric. He appreciated her small, compact bottom as she bent over, her fluffy little white tail twitching.

“I don’t know...” She sighed. “It’s kind of creepy. Maybe it’s like that cow said. What was she talking about? Maybe they have a lot of weird sex parties.” Jon took another puff.

“She was a strange one. I heard she actually *ate* someone just the previous day—that’s why she looked so completely obese at her presentation.” He exhaled a small amount of spicy-smelling smoke. It hung in the air, highlighted by dim rays from the nearby doorframe. “She sounded kinda dumb too. That’s par for all of Tom’s ‘continuing education lectures’, of course.” The deer raised an eyebrow.

“Well, I’m sure she did it in self-defense. And come on, Jon.” She rose and smiled, her soft brown eyes looking at him. “Just because you love me, doesn’t mean you have to insult every other ruminant in the room.” She put her hands on his shoulders, and he held her slender waist in for a moment. A sly grin spread on his red-fuzzed face.

"Just showing it, I guess." She cocked her white-and-brown face to one side, and perked up her fluffy white ears, surveying his face.

"I thought you weren't smoking at work anymore?" Jon's smile faded quickly.

"Yeah, well, it helps me relax." He took another puff, then tossed the cigarette to the bare concrete floor and crushed it with his polished loafer. Diane watched him, her ears drooping somewhat.

"You aren't...this isn't just because you're a fox? You don't have any family members who—"

"No." He stood up.

"Anyway..." she took a step. "Where should we go next, honey?" She pulled out a building map they had requested from the city.

"Well, let's think." He folded his arms and paced back and forth, looking at the floor. "The way I see it, we've got two options: A, we keep on sneaking around like this, eventually get caught, and then we just high-tail it out of here. Or, B, we pose as members, and have these jerks give us the grand tour."

"I think B would give us better information," Diane said cautiously, "but based on what Agent Bellevue said, I think it's pretty unlikely they would take walk-ins. I wouldn't want to risk getting surrounded." Jon raised an eyebrow at the mention of the fat cow.

"Take a look around," he said after a moment, gesturing. "Those suspension canisters alone—not even what's inside them—must cost ten grand apiece. And how many are there?" Diane looked up as the crates stretched into darkness towards the ceiling.

"...At least two hundred."

"So that puts the absolute bare minimum cost of what's taking up, like, 5% of this room, at two million bucks. And yeah, they're locked, but the supply room door isn't."

"So what's your point?" The doe didn't seem convinced.

"These people..." He gestured again, looking at the ceiling. "They're—" The fox hesitated, then started again. "They're high class. This isn't some drug gang. It's not even a business. It's like, a social club. An urban country club. So," he continued, turning back to his girlfriend, "They are all about judging appearances." He took off his trenchcoat and tossed it aside, revealing a beige wool vest and striped shirt with tie underneath. "We play it cool, act like we own the place."

"Well...okay. I trust you, baby." She smiled lovingly and gave him a quick kiss, her wet black nose touching his cheek. "So just like we did in Dublin, right?"

"Right." He grinned back at her, seeming to relax.

"What's the story?"

"Well...one of the emails mentioned the supervisor at the Denver branch was named Devon Hines. We're visiting from there, saying we're new members, touring the city."

"Okay. And I'm your wife?"

"Let's see...No. You're just someone I picked up. A floozy, if you will." Diane tossed her head back and laughed, making Jon smile.

"A floozy. Okay. And if somebody wants to eat me?"

"Well, you're mine. And I just happen to be saving you for dinner. So they'll have to get through me first." He kissed her on the top of her head.

After a few nervous moments of wandering down richly carpeted hallways, the doe following closely behind her fox, they found a club staff member. He was a tall, young black harrier named Derek. Jon gave him a fake name and asked if he could direct him to 'Mr. Polyakov's office'. Derek glanced for a moment at Diane, but obliged in a friendly tone.

Derek knocked on the door.

From within, a heavily Slavic-accented voice said "Yes?" Derek opened the door slightly and stuck his head in.

"Serge, I don't know if you're expecting this, but there's a visitor here looking for a tour. Greg Jackson, visiting from the Denver branch?" There was a pause. "Sorry to interrupt." There was a click, like someone shutting the lid of a computer. Then, the voice calmly replied,

"Is fine." Derek pulled back, the door opened fully, and Serge was standing before them.

Jon immediately felt small. Before him stood a huge, smiling white tiger. While he had only several inches in height on the fox, his muscles were incredibly built, with pectorals that threatened to burst from his buttoned shirt, bulging biceps, paws massive enough to crush a cantaloupe in one hand, and a sizeable pot-belly. He looked as though he spent half his day at the gym and the other half eating. *Probably not far from the truth*, thought Jon.

"Gregory. Good to meet you. Serge Polyakov." He extended his paw. It took all of Jon's willpower to avoid any sign of hesitation. They shook hands. When he was done, Jon stared at his hand for a second, as if amazed that it hadn't been crushed into a fine powder. "So! What brings you in Boston?" Jon told his story. "I see. And what is this?" Serge gestured towards Diane.

"Oh, just something I'm saving for dinner."

"Willing?" He raised one extremely bushy eyebrow.

"I guess." Jon scratched his head, glancing blankly back at Diane for a moment. "Picked it up at auction before I left town. It's from Bulgaria, I think. You know the market is, there."

"I know. That is rare. Especially for females, to be so compliant. Looks quite tasty," Serge smiled, showing some very sharp teeth. "Let me give you tour. If you want, you can put her. We have preparation staff as well, they can wash her, treat her, or even cook if you wish, although we most often eat raw. It is tradition." Jon breathed a sigh of relief as the friendly Russian led the way. Jon gave a comforting glance back towards Diane, who flashed a tired smile and mouthed the words *Let's leave soon*. Jon nodded firmly.

The tour consisted mostly of verifying Jon's theories. The place was almost identical to a very high-class urban health club, except for the fact that the members were all secret cannibals. Serge mentioned a large variety of social events for members of all ages— *That must be how they cement their sense of community identity, above the general population*, Jon thought to himself. Towards the end of the tour, Serge showed them something Jon wasn't sure if he wanted to see.

"Here is storeroom. Today, we are transferring stores to better location, but as you can see..." He opened a large, heavy metal door and continued talking. Inside was what looked like a large, strangely antiseptic prison. Over a hundred blank-eyed figures dressed in white paced or sat in rows of cells on a long hallway, two stories high. Serge went on at length about the standards for cleanliness, but Jon's ears caught the sound of a cell door slamming shut. When he looked up, there was a young female mountain lion. She turned towards him. For a moment, their glances locked. Her eyes were an icy pale blue. Jon felt his heart pound, felt small. The girl, who was dressed casually and appeared about twenty-five, walked down the hall towards him, slowly changing her expression to a chilling smile.

"Ah, Tasha. This is my guest, Gregory." Grinning, Tasha held out her paw.

"Nice to meet you. Don't let me scare you, we're all predators in here." She chuckled, throwing a glance at Serge, who nodded calmly. Jon began to feel the urge to bolt, but he suppressed it. *The look alone doesn't mean anything*, he said to himself. *It's just their dominance thing. It's a locker room mentality. I'm just the beta predator in this situation. I need to play the part.* "So how's Old Mr. Hines these days?" She stood rather close to him, close enough for him to be quite sure she wasn't wearing any underwear under her t-shirt. Her breath smelled strange, a dark, musky, heavy scent. *Is that the breath of a cannibal?* He wondered.

"He's good," Jon bluffed, starting to feel as though the tour should be over now. "He keeps the... stores very well stocked." *Shit*, he thought. *I can't believe I hesitated.*

"That he does." Tasha stretched her arms over her head and yawned, thrusting out her soft breasts just slightly, making her little nipples show through her shirt. Jon's eyes were predictably drawn,

which Tasha seemed to enjoy. He felt embarrassed, and didn't dare check Diane's reaction. "Oh, by the way. What do you think of what he's done with his fur?"

"Well, I certainly wouldn't call it conservative." Jon tried to chuckle.

"You wouldn't?" Tasha let the question hang in the air. She glanced up at Serge again, who took a slight step back. "And who's this?"

"Devon held an auction last week," He spoke, feeling his heart about to burst. "You know, for charity."

"Must be a special event..." Tasha purred, walking around Diane, who was playing the downcast part perfectly. "...especially with this caliber of meat." She paused. "I grew up around there. We usually only hold the charity auctions on Halloween."

"I—remember," Jon replied falteringly. The silent tiger behind him seemed suddenly like a wall, blocking the only exit.

"This one's trussed up pretty nicely. Do you mind if I examine her?" She asked politely, gesturing towards Diane. Diane immediately turned her head and looked at Jon. Jon blinked. *I'm sorry, Diane, but as the beta predator, I have to play it cool*, he thought, wishing he was skilled enough to use telepathy.

He glanced back at Tasha, but she waited patiently for his permission.

"Go ahead, as long as there's still some left for me," he joked, but nobody laughed.

"Sorry to manhandle your dinner like this," Tasha went on, pressing and prodding at various points on Diane's body. "We can scrub her down later...Wow, very lean." She seemed genuinely impressed by Diane's haunches. Tasha's heavy paw pulled and prodded at Diane's buttocks, pulling them apart, then squeezing the toned muscle, to the doe's immediate glare. Tasha then proceeded to put her cream-colored paws into Diane's jacket pockets. Jon felt himself sweat. "Sorry," Tasha went on loudly, "It's just that when they're wearing a lot like this, sometimes they can—Hm." Tasha's cheery face suddenly became serious. She pulled her paws back, holding something. "...Serge, check this out." She held up her paws. There was a gun, a phone, a wallet, and of course, an FBI badge. He squinted at it, then spoke slowly.

"Agent Diana Stalla. Is interesting." He drew a breath. "Not completely unusual, but...is interesting."

"I...had no idea," Jon sputtered as his lover stared, wide-eyed, at him. Her soft brown eyes, huge and wet, begged for help, but the fox could do little more than stare right back at her. Serge carefully closed and locked the door.

"You will of course let us check your pockets, Mr. Jackson?" Jon felt as though he was standing on the edge of the abyss. Infinite blackness seemed to yawn up below him. Then, he remembered he had left his jacket, and everything in it, in the storeroom.

"Certainly," he replied earnestly. Tasha found nothing, but her eyes showed intense suspicion.

"Situation like this is unfortunate, but is OK because, we have standardized plan." He patted Jon on the back as if comforting him. "Tasha, we need prepare this one for...questions. Please get tranquilizer."

"I was gonna say, we're fresh out after the last bunch we used during the transfers."

"Hm. Check the boat, or my office." Tasha left. Serge said little while she was gone. Diana began to cry. Jon tried to make conversation with Serge about the 'transfer', hoping Diane could take advantage, and she did, leaping up and hitting the door's push-bar with a massive shove. It didn't budge. Serge said nothing, watching her struggle futilely against the lock.

"Is shame she can't be eaten." Serge's eyes went to her long legs and smooth buttocks. "Such delicious body."

Tasha returned holding the carton of tranquilizer needles in one hand, Jon's discarded coat in the other, and a bemused expression. Serge looked at her, holding the struggling deer by the shoulder with one clawed paw, drawing several tiny drops of blood.

"Him too," Tasha declared. "Apparently they used that rusty door in the back of the supply room."

"Really." He turned around, watching as the younger cat injected both of them with powerful muscle relaxants. "We will have to ask our informant about this. Perhaps he has something in mind."

* * *

Mary Jane, the white cow's lesbian girlfriend, was feeling very low after her drunken fight with her the previous night. Looking glum, she walked around a downtown Washington, DC grocery store, dressed in her striped sweater and white jeans, in a daze. She made her way over to the cereal aisle and there, staring blankly at eighteen different types of granola bars, promptly forgot why she had come. After blinking several times and making an angry face at the brightly advertised boxes, she finally closed her eyes, took a deep breath, said

"Orange juice," turned around, and walked right into somebody. Surprised and embarrassed as she was, the soft, smushy impact was not unfamiliar. As her eyes flew past the croissant-colored fur and pink nose of a familiar snout, she immediately knew why.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" The mouse stumbled back to her feet and dusted herself off as Liza's mother apologized. "Are you—*Well!*" Two pairs of brown eyes met and recognized one another. After this exclamation of surprise, there was a pause, and the old cow stared at her with blank bovine eyes. There was a confused-looking nanny goat behind her, holding an NPR-branded cloth shopping bag. Mary Jane took a breath and put on a bright smile.

"It's good to see you, Mrs. Bellevue!" Virginia blinked once, her face remaining completely blank for one interminable second. Then, like an iceberg crumbling into the sea, she smiled, even coloring slightly.

"My pleasure, Mary Jane." She paused, nearly blushing, looking the mouse up and down. After a moment, she turned to her right. "Now, Linda, this is that girl I told you about—The girl my little daughter's—um—taken up with. Mary Jane," she said, turning back, "This here's my old friend Linda." Linda smiled and nodded graciously, and Mary Jane repeated the gesture, trying not to stare at Linda's grinning, linear eyes.

"Nice to meet you, Linda. What brings you two up to the capitol?"

"Oh, well, we live in Richmond, and we jus' decided to come up here to go to a fancy restaurant an' celebrate Linda's retire'ment from teachin' high school." Virginia paused. "But enough about us ol' biddies." She waved her hand. "How's my little darlin' doin'?" She looked very proud. Mary Jane felt her heart beating.

"She's doing very well," the mouse nodded, finding her cheeks warming as well. "I don't know if you heard, but the FBI asked her to help track down some nasty predators, and she insisted I come along."

"Really." Virginia seemed impressed for a moment. Linda made an odd little laugh.

"That's the first time."

"I know! That's the firs' time she's told her beau somethin' important before she told her mama." Virginia chuckled, eminently pleased. "She really trusts you, little thing." Mary Jane felt her shame press harder. "It's so sweet. Anyways, we'd better be going. You'll give her a kiss for me, won't you girl?"

"Sure thing. On the cheek, of course." Mary Jane winked. Virginia smiled, but then exchanged glances with Linda.

"Oh—"

"Oh!" They both then laughed uproariously. "You *are* a tease. On the cheek only! Too much."

"And mind you, that better be the cheek I'm thinkin' of," Linda added wryly, to another cascade of belly laughs from rosy-cheeked Virginia.

As for Mary Jane, the mouse's smile was long gone by the time she had found the orange juice. After she paid the cashier, she found herself mumbling,
"Why am I such a little *bitch* after just a few drinks."

Having already left one text message and one voicemail for Mary Jane, Liza sighed and decided there wasn't anything else to do in that regard. Although her supervisor with the Feds had told her they were needed in the capitol for several days, there didn't seem to be anything to do at the moment. She found herself browsing the Library of Congress for several hours, thinking few thoughts. Then, she received a call. The excited, slightly Mexican accented voice immediately identified itself as her section chief, Cesar Gomez.

"Hey, ah, Liza. We're having an emergency meeting. I want you to come—I think you can really get your teeth into this one."

The tall, curvy white cow glanced around the conference room as she closed the door behind her. Evidently, it had already begun. David McMahon, a regal-looking St. Bernard, looked up blankly at her appearance, but when she turned to Gomez, the bright-eyed sea otter smiled eagerly and motioned for her to sit next to him. She didn't see Mary Jane.

"...Unfortunately, we've lost contact with agents Macaulay and Stalla." McMahon looked deeply disappointed, his floppy jowls seeming especially leaden. Liza, however, was dumbfounded. She had seen the fox and doe just hours ago, and she had heard from Gomez that they were respected, veteran agents from the International Operations division.

"Well...what happened to 'em? Where are they bein' held?" Liza asked. The few others in attendance, people that Liza guessed were senior staff, seemed surprised at her boldness. Tom looked surprised at her. McMahon just quietly closed his eyes and folded his arms.

"That, we do not know. Hoping to take advantage of their record, I had them transferred to the Pamangsa case, somewhere in the greater Boston area." Liza blinked, struggling to conceal the anger she was feeling. *Those folks weren't trained to deal with predators...they were sent off on Mary Jane's lead just after listenin' to my silly little speech?* Liza knew that the slender doe wasn't as naive and innocent as her big brown eyes suggested, but still, she found herself shivering at the thought of her being captured. *Those predators are nasty, the whole bunch of 'em. And if what I've heard about the gang leader, Serge Polyakov, is right, I don't know if that poor girl will ever be the same after his torture.* She sincerely hoped that Diana's handsome vulpine partner would find some way to free them both before the gang could do any sort of cruel humiliation. Liza decided to speak up.

"Mr. McMahon, if the details of their work could be released, I have no doubt whatsoever that my section—meanin' Mr. Gomez—" Liza gestured, and Gomez nodded confidently, straightening in his chair. "—and Agent Fairborough and I could find at least one of them within twenty-four hours." Liza gazed around but still didn't see her little love. She missed her. "I'm sure Agent Dalesworth would be... eager to help as well," she added distastefully. McMahon watched her thoughtfully.

"Agent Bellevue, I am confidence you possess every qualification to effect a clean rescue. However, I am faced with two obstacles in this regard. The first is procedure." He paced back and forth. "Regrettably, in cases where federal agents are being held hostage by criminals, we must follow a very strict process, the first of which is a vetting of all information the agents were working with, to determine if any of it was a trap, such as might be caused by a mole." He gestured. This time Liza found herself nodding. *The man has a good point, there's definitely evidence of some sort'a mole around here.* "This is especially important in a case as high-profile as this. The second issue is one of more practical

matters. For gangs and terrorists of all types, when they hold hostages, their number one motive is money and their number one way of getting that money is of preventing rescues." Liza narrowed her eyes, remembering the evidence of large sums of money that had been donated by Blue to the gang members located in the Appalachian Mountains. *Assuming she wasn't the only wealthy member, would money really be an issue for them?* "That means that they will be expecting an assault, and their compound will no doubt be extremely well defended, if not by gang members then by traps and bombs. I have seen this type of situation innumerable times during my career with the Domestic Terrorism division." He paused, looking directly at her. "The most successful hostage rescue missions were, without exception, planned in minute detail based upon close analysis of the area." Liza paused, then nodded, thinking that it sounded about right. "Therefore I must ask that you continue with the evidence-gathering work you are doing with Mr. Gomez. The hostage rescue teams at the federal level will plan and execute this particular raid only after taking careful time to assess the situation. Your sense of duty is honorable, of course."

Liza nodded, but couldn't hold back a frown. She still felt like she wanted to do something quickly, something today. *I can't bear the thought of that poor little doe bein' raped. I would hate for that to happen to anybody.*

* * *

For Diane Stalla, time passed in bizarre lurches. She would drift out of consciousness, only to wake up hazily as someone was shouting at her, or hitting at her, then black out again as it became too much. She struggled to move, to turn around just to find her fox, the sight of her love for to rest her eyes, but the sedative was so strong, she could barely lift her head, much less her eyelids.

They demanded information, particularly the tiger and the puma. The young raptor held back and watched.

"Where? Where did you get this address?" was asked at one point. At another:

"Do you see this? Do you see how close I am to violating you, you government whore?" The deer couldn't turn her head to see exactly what object she was being threatened with, but the humiliation was real. Diana cried many times. There was absolutely nothing she could do to resist. She told herself that thinking peaceful thoughts was best, but it was not easy at all. It was very hard. When they threatened to bring a second man, she finally spoke, tears pouring out of her.

"Email, email..." She saw the puma wave off the two men in the room.

"Talk." A hard paw hit her face, bruising her eye.

"Email...she forwarded us an email...email from Tasha." Eyes went to Tasha, who hissed, ears held back.

"Who did? Who broke into my stuff?"

"Volunteer agent..." Diane coughed, her mind spinning with concepts of victimization, of self-hatred, of survival. "Mouse...Mary Jane Fairborough...last Saturday...no more..."

"That *fucking* mouse...they *told* us about her. The scent was fucking *everywhere*." Her tormentors held a conversation. Diane could only hear snippets, and her vision had only just started to fade when she felt herself being stabbed. Her eyes shot open, seeing the puma Tasha injecting a handful of four hypodermic needles into her body, one after the other, no two in the same place.

"No..." she breathed, finding her voice. "I told you...no more..." Tasha turned and stared at her, two extra needles held between her teeth. "...please...you're a woman too. Don't let them." Tasha blinked and broke Diana's gaze. She pulled another needle out of her mouth and pressed it to the base of Diane's jaw. It felt like Novocain, but much stronger. Just like that, she could no longer speak, and her jaws fell slack. Some of it seemed to seep into her mind, clouding her thoughts.

She faded in and out of consciousness for what seemed like hours, but she knew they were shoving things in her mouth, forcing things down her throat. At first, her energy fresh, she would kick, and cough, shout and spit, but no matter what they forced into her mouth, somehow she ended up only able to swallow it down with humiliating forced *gulp* noises. She felt each strange shape distort and twist her body as it slithered down her throat. Diane was forced to ingest reams of old, crumpled-up paper documents, her swallows eased by water or olive oil. They held her jaws apart, and forced in a variety of small data storage devices, ignoring her pleas for mercy, only forcing her jaws together again, and covering her little nose, forcing her to swallow again and again with a slimy-sounding *Ulp*.

She hardly had time between each new item to collect herself, but Diane was fully conscious of the feeling of each new object tumbling heavily into her stomach, crushing the remains of her breakfast, and making her belly groan and squirm in acute discomfort.

With each new item it felt as though her poor, ever-swelling belly would tear, or even burst, but somehow they knew this, and it was never quite too much, only right on the edge, painful but never fatal. Men just out of her field of vision held Diana's jaws apart, while the lioness, Tasha, and others, came forward, holding items. Diane's vision was blurred from pooled tears, and her eyelids were swollen from abuse. She could not see exactly what they were, but they felt dry and uncomfortable. Once, she saw them holding a struggling young boy above her face, a little capybara, and she tried to refuse, but as with everything else, there was nothing she could do but moan, cough, and then swallow him down too—reducing the innocent child to nothing more than a dull ache sitting low in her gut, making her belly twitch. After that, she closed her eyes, no longer wanting to know what they were doing to her body.

The pain was so great, for each successive waking moment, it seemed a miracle that she didn't die. As they stuffed her, stretched her, her body began to feel distorted, diffused, and alien. Her sense of time and memory eventually gave out. Diane couldn't take it anymore. Her soul fell down to the nameless places of sleep.

* * *

After the meeting, Gomez asked for Liza to come to his office. When she arrived, she found Mary Jane sitting in one of his empty chairs. Their eyes met, and the mouse looked incredibly sheepish, but she didn't avoid Liza's inquiring gaze.

"Okay," Gomez said, jumping into his chair. "Now, you two don't have to do this, but I know you're here by choice—because you don't want bad things to happen to good people. Is that right?"

"You're *exactly* right," said Liza, her passion returning. "I'll be damned if I let those two be abused by the gang." Gomez nodded firmly.

"I appreciate that. So many people, you know, they come here, and then it's just a job. These people, like CI—I mean, anyways, they do an operation, their job is to help the innocent, but the whole time they're thinking, you know, they are thinking what they want to cook for dinner, what cheese to use, how much salt." He gestured with his hands. "That's why I asked for your help. Anyways, I want the blame. I want you to go to Boston and rescue them. McMahon doesn't approve, but I will take the blame. So to be sure, I need you to confirm you are willing." His expression was calm, but serious.

"I'm ready now." At that moment, Liza's plump intestines, slowly processing the copious material she had ingested over the action of the past few days, rumbled loudly, and the other two chuckled.

"Are you sure? You have capacity?"

"Y-Yeah," Liza grinned, her cheeks coloring. "I can pack in a few more. That sthug from yesterday was mostly water, apparently."

"And...Mary Jane?" Mary Jane's smile faded, but she turned her brown eyes towards Liza again, and then put her little paw atop Liza's large, white-furred hand. She spoke in a quiet voice.

"I'm with Liza." Liza looked at her, the heifer's deep blue eyes just watching. The cow then blinked rapidly three times, feeling an itch in her eye, turned back to Gomez and nodded her large, horned head firmly.

"You sure?" He glanced from one to the other, his expression relaxed. "The big dog was right, you know, they will expect you to come." He turned to Liza again. "Liza, you can handle yourself. But I know...you care for this girl. You aren't worried she will be hurt?" Liza found her eyes itchy again. She flipped her hand over and enveloped her lover's little paw in hers, squeezing tightly.

"No, sir, I'm not letting this one out'a my sight." She paused, then half-smiled darkly. "In fact, I'm thinkin' of getting her a leash." He laughed out loud while Mary Jane snorted, blushing and covering her face with her other hand. Finally Gomez put up his hands, protesting.

"Okay, okay, that's plenty of information. Here's the plan."

To cover all possible positions for the mole, Section Chief Gomez invited Clyde, McMahon, O'Brien, and his other colleagues to join him and his wife, another pacific otter named Felina, for drinks by phone. As he'd predicted, given the short notice, they all had other plans—although Clyde gave Liza a funny look later when he saw her gathering items in the equipment room.

"You headed out to work?" He asked, leaning against the doorframe as he sipped a cup of coffee. Liza's ears twitched. The stallion could easily see that she was holding one of the Pamangsa case files. She paused before replying.

"Mr. Gomez told me to bring this file to dinner." She paused, seeing a hint of suspicion on his

"That's kind of...off procedure," he replied readily, looking not entirely friendly. "And I wouldn't exactly call Felina Gomez the analytical type." Liza was bending over as she packed a gun and a case of bullets.

"I wouldn't know." She straightened up, staring blankly at him. Liza found herself glaring slightly as she saw the horse steal a glance at her large, plump rear. "I'm just followin' orders, Clyde." He said nothing as she pushed past him, out into the hall.

Felina joined them at the section chief's townhouse and they drove out to a freight teleportation center in an industrial part of town. Gomez met a friend at the desk and spoke in Spanish for a while, before announcing:

"We're good," and then leading them into the transfer grid. Liza was impressed. *He must be a pretty good friend, considering we just saved roughly two thousand bucks each.*

Liza found that she's wasn't too fond of the incredible amounts of focused magical force required to yank the small group north through Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Hartford, nor did she appreciate the drastic, jarring changes of scenery. The whole process took less than ten minutes, but she felt almost sick by the time several station attendants were shuffling them off a platform near South Station, and put her arm around Mary Jane for support. They followed the energetic little otters as they hopped out onto the street.

Liza shivered.

"It's cold," she said, but as her comment was ignored, she quickly realized that she had the least fur of any of them.

They walked north for several blocks, and then Mary Jane said,

"Wait, stop." She checked her phone, then announced, "That's the address," pointing towards an office building on a long wharf. Despite the evening sun, autumn winds whipped in from off the sea, and Liza found herself shivering again. She said nothing, but felt something, and when she looked down, saw Mary Jane wrestling with her backpack. When the mouse looked up again, she held out one of Liza's

college sweatshirts. Liza wanted to smile down at her, but something pressed at her and so she just nodded and blinked away the wetness in her eyes.

"We're gonna stay outside and watch who comes or goes," Gomez announced, his wife staying quiet. "Felina is gonna check the water side. I'll go along Atlantic Avenue, from here to State Street—up that way." He handed each of them a gun.

"When you two get in there—and I'd bet a lotta money it's in the basement of that building—Those troublemakers are gonna know you don't have backup. So you need to scare them. Once they run—send me a text. We'll note the vehicle and try to do some tracking. You got it?"

"Clear."

"Okay." He gestured to Felina. She hopped to the embankment and disappeared silently over its edge. "Go."

Liza and her lover entered the building and walked up to the security desk. A skinny young pit bull wearing an ill-fitting suit was sprawled in the chair and chewing gum. He looked up, bored, as Liza removed the sweatshirt.

"Visitors?" Mary Jane nodded. "Okay...Driva's license?" He looked down at the list of the day's authorized visitors. Liza held out the FBI badge. When he saw it, he stopped chewing the gum. "Huh. That's a new one." He looked up, squinting, and resumed chewing. "Somethin' I can do for you?" "We're from the gov'ment." Liza smiled, leaning forward and resting her prominent bosoms on the counter, immediately drawing his eyes. "You called us earlier about the building code inspection? We're gonna need the key to the basement." He handed it over. The pair entered a door behind him and descended the stairs. They encountered a very thick, probably soundproof door, which was unlocked, and passed through.

"Get ready," Liza whispered, drawing and arming the gun she'd been given.

"Liza, can we—can we stop for a second? I want to apologize for my behavior." Her voice was small. Liza stopped, halfway down the stairs, and regarded the little mouse. Mary Jane stood, frowning resolutely, every soft part of her body drooping. The cow's heart was touched. She leaned over and stroked her girl's fuzzy, floppy ears.

"That's very sweet, sugar." She paused, her long eyelashes lowered, offering a brief smile. "But we're both big girls here. Can you save it for me?" Mary Jane nodded eagerly, twitching her tail and balling her fists. Liza felt her heart flutter again. *She is so adorable.* "Now, follow me."

Silently, they reached the bottom of the stairs. Crouching below the window, Liza put her fuzzy ear to the large double-door entrance.

"Are we trying to sneak by the...I mean are we trying to stay out of sight?" the mouse whispered. Liza nodded.

"I can help, with some spells."

"Go ahead, sugar." Mary Jane spent a minute or two on three spells, crouching down to keep the small flashes of light below the heavy door's glass window.

"Okay," she said after a moment. "First one is detection. There's...there's six people, standing close together, that way." She pointed. "I don't detect anyone else. They could have blocked it in advance, but...there'd be more noise in the view if that was the case."

"Hm," Liza frowned. "But Tasha's messages seemed to say this was an active club. I'd think they'd have more people here."

"I don't know. Maybe that gathering she referred to was the club being closed." She paused. "Either way, I've cast non-detection and a sound muffler on us. They won't see us until we're on top of them." Liza nodded. She stood up, holding her gun at the ready, and pushed open the door.

Before them was a dark and richly furnished reception area, lit with a low, orange light. There was no one at the desk. Recessed lamps set into the high ceiling appeared to be turned down low. There was a placard at the desk showing a weekly schedule of events and office hours. Liza looked at it, then handed it to the mouse, who studied it intently.

"I guess they—" Liza held a finger to her lips. "Oh. Okay."

Quietly, they navigated the halls, passing an indoor pool, a bar room complete with billiards table, a gym, and an exceptionally large dining room with a massive, strangely shaped table. It appeared to have been designed with cannibalism in mind. Mary Jane looked up and saw that her lover was glaring at the table itself.

"Perverts," she spat under her breath. "Are we close, girl?" The mouse nodded.

"Just one more door."

"That one?" Liza whispered, gesturing towards a thin metal door at the far end of the room, appearing to lead to a kitchen of some resort. They could see clean blue tiles through a small, slightly dirty window. A pale, industrial light glowed from inside.

"Yeah."

As they stepped quietly towards it, Liza could see via this window that the kitchen was quite large, and stocked with many hoses, faucets, and implements of uncertain purpose. She shivered, reminded of the frightening 'preparation room' that she had experienced while escaping from an evil azure dragon. Mary Jane voiced these same thoughts.

"It looks like Blue's..." the mouse's voice trailed off. Liza suddenly hugged her tightly, pressing the mouse to her belly, her gaze not wavering from the door.

"Just so you know, Mary Jane," Liza said, her hands becoming fists, "I'm not p'ticularly concerned with brutality, or restraint, self-defense, or...or anythin' like that. These *animals*." Mary Jane blinked at the intense insult. Surrounded as she was by the older woman's strong arms, she felt every muscle in the large cow's body flex and tighten as terrible anger filled her. Powerful, deep breaths flowed in and out of her large lungs, forcing her long, heavy breasts to rise and fall dramatically, tapping on the top of Mary Jane's head. Liza didn't even look down at her as Mary Jane quietly kissed her lover's full belly. They stood together silently in the dim banquet hall. "I'll tell any lie, Mary Jane...I don't care what anyone thinks." She paused. Mary Jane could feel the cow's big heart beating powerfully, the force of it making her plump, partially filled guts gurgle and quiver. "I'm gonna end this racket."

"I'll stay with you," the mouse replied, pulling Liza's fat breasts apart to meet her eyes. "No matter what." Looking down at her girlfriend, the cow's eyes softened only for a moment, flashing a smile, before she looked back at the door.

"..Good." Liza let her go. The bovine checked her gun, and sidled into position, ready to shove the latchless door open with the force of her back. "You stay *right* behind me, girl. On three." The mouse swallowed, and lifted the gun too, despite her discomfort with it. She stood behind her cow, and held on to Liza's short, thick tail.

"One..." There were murmurs of conversation behind the door.

"Two..." Someone was moving inside. Through the window, they saw the flash of a black-and-white striped tail.

In one swift motion, Liza raised her thick black hoof, turned, kicked the door open, and knocked the tiger standing there to the floor. Snorting, she raised her other hoof for a swift kick and thrust, sent him rolling across the floor.

"Ssshit—" he swore, struggling to stand.

"Federal Agents! Nobody move!" Mary Jane shouted, holding up her badge, while Liza aimed her pistol.

The white tiger scrambled to his feet, and Mary Jane noticed his large muscles with surprise. He was only somewhat shorter of stature than her cow, and his stomach looked pudgy, perhaps from a recent prey. Panting, Serge took a small electronic device out of his pocket. It was encased in smooth brushed steel and had a digital screen, but Mary Jane could not read it from this distance. It was then that she noticed the people next to him.

A young male black harrier and a young female mountain lion—who glared angrily to see the little mouse appear from behind the big white cow—stood behind a very large table-like platform at the center of the room, composed of the same light blue tiles as the walls.

Locked in to the platform and lying on her back was Agent Diane Stalla, but she was all but unrecognizable.

Mary Jane stared in disbelief. Aside from her bruised and torn face and ears, which still bore the quiet beauty of a young doe, she looked more like a termite queen than any ordinary bipedal person. Her midsection was horribly stuffed, grossly swollen to the size of a small car, shuddering and twitching uncomfortably with sedate churnings. It sloshed and moved quietly, revealing a broad array of unclear shapes from within—cube-like corners poked out here and there, but some bulges were round, and other indentations were firm but of no recognizable form. Her eyes were closed, her jaws were bruised and hanging numbly open, her tongue lolling on her cheek. She had been stripped of clothing, with her soft, small breasts and tender buttocks showing red welts and scratches from physical abuse. Her legs were bound apart, and it was clear she had been raped. Diana was sedate and drooling. It was not clear whether she was alive.

Liza glanced quickly at the female's tortured body and snorted in rage, stamping her big hoof once, making the loud *Clap* echo throughout the predators' torture chamber. Tasha and the bird flinched. The tiger blinked, but he stepped towards Diana, remaining calm.

"Don't you *dare* go one step further!" the heifer shouted, tossing her blonde ponytail and putting her finger on the gun's trigger.

"I will say this only once," the tiger spoke clearly, holding out the small, cell-phone-like gadget. "This is—"

BANG

BANG

Liza fired two shots. Tasha and the falcon jumped and began to back away. The tiger flinched, cursing, as a light blue-colored bubble flashed above his head. The bullets clattered to the floor.

"Jesus *fuck*—Tasha, Derek, leave," he commanded. "Take the boat." The raptor dashed out a back door, but Tasha hesitated. "Tasha, go!" he shouted. She blinked, hesitating once more, then fled.

"Momentum inverter," Mary Jane whispered to Liza. "It's a spell. He can't be hurt by fast weapons like bullets." Nostrils flaring in fury, Liza threw the gun at the wall and stepped towards him, her cow-tail lashing wrathfully.

"You must be Mr. Polyakov," she snorted. Serge's eyes narrowed.

Mary Jane texted Gomez the signal.

"You are correct, milk machine. And this, is a bomb." He held it out and looked her up and down, as if determining his plan. "Why don't you just let me know exactly what it is you want, and then we can—"

"Drop the device, NOW!" Liza shouted through clenched teeth, stepping ever closer, each of her steps echoing in the room. She was furious. *These people will pay for what they've done to this innocent girl.* "Drop the device, an' tell me where your prisoners are. Or else, you're in for a one-way trip through

this 'milk machine'." Liza felt the lustful hunger stir, deep in her belly. Her mouth started to salivate. She stuck her tongue out to wetten her lips, and as if by her intention, her half-full intestines emitted a low growl, begging for more meat.

Serge snorted scornfully at her for a moment as he took one more step towards Diana. Then a half-smile invaded the left side of his face.

"Okay. I drop it." He extended his arm forward, and did just that.

Liza and Mary Jane looked on in horror as it fell from his black-and-white striped paws—right between the slack, drooling jaws of poor Diana Scally, hitting the back of her vulnerable pink throat with a little *smack*. Her dark brown eyes suddenly shot open, wide with horror.

"Ngf—" Apparently, she was trying to breathe.

"Cough, Diana!" Mary Jane shouted, her little paws balled. "Spit it out!"

The doe could not.

** Ulp...**

She swallowed the explosive device almost willingly—as if all her resistance was long since spent.

The two investigators watched in surprise as the smooth, heavy lump slid down her strained, fuzzy brown neck until it disappeared behind her visibly abused breasts. There was no more sign of it save a subdued ripple throughout her massively engorged, Volkswagen-sized abdomen and a tiny, muffled

** clack **

noise from deep inside her gut, suggesting the metal object had hit something hard.

"If you're wondering, it's a rather sophisticated bomb," Serge put in, gesturing confidently with his hands. "I can control it with an application on my phone. Yet I won't need to. You see, it will explode after ten minutes. So I advise you," he took a step back, "*...do not* pursue us."

"Drop the phone!" Mary Jane shouted. But the tiger didn't even look at her. He turned, and dashed for the kitchen's rear exit.

"*Shit*," cursed Liza. "Mary Jane," she shouted, turning to her little lover, "Stay here with Diana. Do anythin' you can do get that bomb out of her."

"I will."

"I'll be right back, with that *horrible* man put right where he belongs."

Liza bolted through the door. The next room contained boxes of kitchen supplies, and she just saw his striped tail vanish beyond the next door. She pushed through this too, into what appeared to be a long, empty prison area. *Shit, where are the prisoners?* Liza wondered, but she could see Serge running towards the other end, only stopping once to glance over his shoulder. The cow paused for a second, then, her expression as cold as a fighting bull, charged. As her extremely heavy body accelerated down the hall, her hard black feet pounding the concrete floor and making the lights shake, it became obvious to the tiger that he could not outrun her. He glanced over his shoulder for a second, then third time, looking increasingly nervous. When she was just thirty-six inches away, Liza noticed long, sharp claws appear suddenly from his paws. The tiger whipped around and stood his ground, grinning, preparing to slash her soft skin. Liz merely snorted, glared, and bent over. In a split second, she bent over, driving her large head directly into his unguarded stomach.

Serge hadn't expected this. The cow's horns dug into his waist, and he coughed, his vicious claws slashing uselessly through empty air. Liza put her hands to the ground and pushed upward, her immense momentum redirected, tossing him into the air with the force of her thick neck.

His body crashed against the iron prison bars, then crumpled to the floor. Liza collected herself, panting, and stalked towards the tiger. He coughed and clutched a gouge wound from the cow's horns.

"I'll tell you what you deserve," Liza hissed, approaching him. Snarling, Serge brandished his claws and leaped to a standing position. Liza was surprised that he still had the energy. She wondered if he was also a natural mage like Mary Jane.

"What, you going to charge me again?" He panted, sneering at her. Blinking, Liza made a fist and swung at him. Serge dodged easily, simultaneously lashing out with his huge paw. Liza tried to dodge, but nimbleness was not her strength.

"Ahh!" She gasped as she felt his four razor-sharp talons dig into her left shoulder, leaving deep red gashes.

"Not very good wrestler, are you?"

Touching it, her hand came back dripping with blood, but the Siberian tiger was already winding up for a second blow.

Mary Jane paced around in circles, utterly torn. She couldn't decide what to do. Diane's gigantically overstuffed stomach had begun to groan and churn loudly, and the mouse knew nothing about this was normal—*somehow, her tormentors have artificially increased her body's ability to stretch, and also to digest—but why?* She checked her watch—only ten minutes were left. *I have to go in*, she thought, *but if I shrink down to tiny size, I don't know if I'll have the strength to move that thing out of her stomach chamber—towards either her throat, or her bowels—it would either be too difficult, or take too long.* Finally, she decided. *I have to go inside her just the way I am. If her stomach's stretched this much, it can stretch a little further.* The mouse walked up to Diana's face.

"Diana...Diana?" Her eyelids fluttered, and the ungulate's big brown eyes turned towards Mary Jane. Her cheeks were wet with recent tears, and Mary Jane frowned to see the poor doe's absolutely pitiable expression. "Do you know what's happening, Diana?" She stroked her head gently.

"Aff..." Diana struggled to speak. She seemed to have difficulty moving her jaws and tongue—*They must have used a local anesthetic*—but improved after a moment. "Aff...know... a bomb."

"That's right. I'm going to take it out of you. Okay? I have to..." Mary Jane sighed. The whole situation made her feel extremely stressed out. "I have to go inside your...your stomach. Okay?"

"Nff..No...no more..." Diane slowly shook her head. "D-don't want...no more people...no more pain...leave me..."

"I'm sorry, Diane, I can't." Mary Jane was starting to feel emotional herself, but she pushed the feeling away.

"Ppf...Please...don't..." Mary Jane felt a strange mix of despair and anger.

"Diane, I detected six people alive in this room, okay? If they—if they forced you to eat someone—I—If they're still alive—I might be able to save them. Now please, open your mouth for me." Mary Jane began to strip off her clothing. Diane sobbed.

"P-please...don't hurt me...don't hurt my body...don't go inside me..." Now nude (except for her little acid-protection ring) and ready, Mary Jane shook herself, studiously ignoring the woman's pleas, and put her hands around the doe's muzzle.

"I'm sorry, Diane." She pulled the the woman's jaws apart, finding them open surprisingly wide. She was staring down a dark, wet, pink tunnel, dripping with sickly-sweet smelling saliva, and lined with flat, immaculately cleaned white ruminant teeth.

Uhhrrp! A wet, ill-smelling belch billowed up from the depths of Diane's tortured stomach, but Mary Jane just wrinkled her nose.

"I'm going to need you to stay calm. I'm going inside."

Carefully, she first placed her small paws on Diane's tongue, then bent over, slowly lowering her head until it touched the roof of the deer's mouth. Then, she took one final deep breath, and lifted her feet off the ground.

Immediately, Diane's cruelly mutated throat grasped her body, holding it in the air for one long second, and then with an immense

GULP

..the woman's muscles yanked her downward. She was plunged into darkness, her vision pitch black, her entire nude body slathered in spit and rhythmically squished and dragged deeper and deeper, past Diana's weakly beating heart, past her shallow-breathing lungs, until sloshing and churning noises grew louder and louder and a tight valve opened up, gripping her tight as she was squeezed into the hellish mess within Diana's stomach.

Mary Jane landed in the pitch darkness with a great splash, yelping in pain as her bottom hit something hard, which slithered away slowly as she scrambled to find footing in the cramped, noisy space. A viscous, thick stew of chyme came up to her thighs, but the woman's bloated belly was filled with many large, awkward solid objects that Mary Jane could see composed the majority of its volume.

For one thing, she didn't feel she was standing on flesh; the 'floor' beneath of her constantly slipped and slithered around. She reached down into Diana's belly-much and pulled up some sort of stiff, flat item with a horrendous *squelch*. The doe's stretched skin allowed some tiny amount of light through, and just barely, Mary Jane could see what it was.

It's an old file folder... She paused, reaching down, and found that there were hundreds of old records floating and sitting inert in Diana's stomach, slowly disintegrating. "They're destroying physical evidence—Ah!" She squinted as suddenly, Diana's gigantic stomach groaned and shuddered, contracting and spraying a huge amount of acid all over the heterogeneous pile of junk that filled it so. The paper melted away in Mary Jane's hand, and she silently thanked Liza again for buying this ring for her. Then, from somewhere in the gurgling darkness before her, there was an electronic *beep*. She blinked, then stared at her digital watch, using its back light.

Five minutes left—that beep had to be right in front of me... Mary Jane gritted her teeth, reached out her hands, and began to dig through Diane's slimy, semi-solid stomach contents. Some of the items she was moving around were easy to identify—in addition to papers, there were soggy cardboard boxes of old files, small flash memory drives, and acid-soaked old accounts books. *They must have intentionally kept their records offline...* When she found herself tugging and yanking aside what seemed like clothing, Mary Jane felt chilled. In another moment, her hands touched something she was sure was bone—but with a dense, stringy mush still attached to it. She shivered in fear, willing her thoughts to be silent, and yanked the flesh aside. After what seemed like an hour of rearranging everything inside Diane's gut, there it was.

A tiny little red light flashing dimly in the churning liquid. Mary Jane grabbed it immediately, yanking it out from between two squeezing folds of stomach muscle. She felt suddenly elated, but it wasn't the only thing she had to worry about.

There was a loud, creaking groan. Diane's stomach muscles seemed to have detected the empty space the mouse had created. She barely had time to point herself back towards the woman's esophagus before a gigantic *belch* whooshed up the throat, immediately removing her air supply, and causing Diane's hugely swollen stomach to clamp down and clench its massive contents together. Mary Jane was immediately buried in half-digested slop.

"*Fuck wrestling!*" Clutching her bleeding shoulder, Liza grabbed Serge's forearm with her other hand, deflecting the blow. She then furiously kicked the cocky tiger in the shin with her rock-hard hoof. He hadn't expected this either, and collapsed, crying out in pain. "*And fuck you!*" She threw herself on

top of him, smothering his face with her massive breasts. Liza's body slam hit with an audible *Crack* as something, she cared not what, snapped under her weight. Serge's body was very strong as well as rich with magic energy, but Liza was too, and she was large for a cow on top of that. He simply could not lift two and two-thirds times his own weight. Blinded as he was and nearly crushed by the cow's incredible bulk, it only took a few moments for her to pin his arms and legs. She then lifted him up "All right, you little pussy cat. I'm gonna take my time with you." Liza stood, gripping him by the shoulders, and thrust him against one of the concrete walls while she removed his shoes.

"Agh!" he cried out as she hit his head against the wall.

"I ain't got no use for keepin' you alive. I'm not even on duty right now."

"That is useful information," he choked out. When she had pulled off both his shoes (thinking they didn't usually taste very good), he kicked suddenly. She was able to dodge, but not before his knife-like talon tore a bloody notch down her left ear, splitting it halfway down.

"*Fuck!*" Liza very nearly lost focus during the pain, but retained enough presence of mind to bash his face against the steel bars again, her large hand gripping his neck. "That's for tearin' my ear. *God*, I hate cats. So before we go any further..." Fishing in her pocket, the cow found her large steel hoof-trimmer. "That's enough of *these*." Despite his squirms and struggles, she managed to completely de-claw the cat.

Serge, desperate to free himself from the fat cow's unbudgeable mass, tried taunting her.

"I assume...you are looking for our captures? You are wondering where they are?" Liza paused, unsure why he would reveal a clue. He just chortled at her blank, bovine expression. "So stupid. The answer is right in front of you, and you clearly have no hope of finding it." She glared, and noticed him glancing quickly to his right. "You probably don't even know—" He paused, glancing again to his right. "The humans bred your kind for stupidity. You are good only for cheese, and—"

"That must sound real mean in Russian," Liza said, starting to anticipate the flavor of his flesh. "Feel free to keep yappin' while I devour your ass." He blinked and began to sweat as Liza opened her huge maw, now salivating, and moved closer. "I'm sure my belly will be very insulted."

"What? You—you're a cow—you can't devour me," he said, laughing fearfully. "You're incapable. You would burst."

"Nope," replied Liza, enjoying watching his eyes grow wider as she began to drool, not bothering to lick her lips.

"Aren't you—Aren't you going to remove my jacket? It wouldn't be healthy—"

"Not gonna," she said, wrapping her jaws around his head.

"I might—might have some way to hurt your belly—my pockets—" He began to struggle with renewed vigor, now clearly panicking. As her long, wet tongue lapped at his face, Liza found she quite enjoyed the taste of fear-laden male sweat.

"Don't care," She mumbled over his face, pulling his head completely into her mouth and bringing her full weight to bear, pressing him against the corner between the steel bars and the concrete floor. She leaned down over him with her hands against the bars. With the immovable concrete floor beneath him and the unstoppable, slaverling, devouring cow above him, the only place for him to go was further and further into the dark tunnel of her slimy gullet. "Your fear is jus' delicious, you rapist asshole."

His arms now pinned to his sides, Serge kicked frantically, to no use other than stubbing his toes against unforgiving concrete. Finally, he revealed his last card.

"Tasha—Tasha, now!" He shouted, just before his voice was completely muffled, and neither Liza nor, presumably, Tasha, could hear the rest.

This development was not a complete surprise to the cow, who had noted his furtive glances earlier. With his head set firmly in the back of her hot, slick throat, Liza swallowed.

An immense **Gulp** rang out in the large room. The rest was relatively easy for her, so, crouching on the floor, she lifted up his squirming torso and slowly turned around while continuing to slide the helpless bodybuilder deeper into her slick, greedy esophagus.

Tasha was standing there, having apparently stepped out from behind one of the pillars. She stared, as if in disbelief that an herbivore could perform such a voracious act. Liza saw her just as the tiger's crotch approached her lips.

A conspicuous bulge in his pants bumped against her nose. Liza found herself quite amused by this, for she hadn't noticed that her wrestling had had any erotic effect on him, until now. Cruelly enjoying Tasha's shocked stares, she unzipped his pants, and made a perverse show of gently chewing, licking and squeezing his stiff, defenseless penis and soft balls. Serge's huge cock became red, raw, and grew ever more stiff and hard as Tasha became more and more scandalized, slowly covering her open mouth with her hands. Serge's legs went slack, and his cock oozed a thin, clearish liquid, spreading a salty, musky taste into the cow's mouth.

"Mmmm..." She taunted, then swallowed again with a huge **Gulp**, completely ingesting his big sausage-like cock and denying him any orgasm. She felt his stiff member poke and scrape against her throat on the way down. When his massive bulk finally dropped into her belly, Liza's furry white stomach swelled up obscenely, immediately busting the lower buttons on her shirt as she slurped down his legs and emasculated, de-clawed footpads.

"You...fat *whore*," Tasha breathed, her cheeks completely red.

Liza belched loudly, then stood up carefully, licking her lips. Her stomach churned, readily oozing acid all over her prey. She felt him wriggle weakly inside her body.

"You call *me* a whore?" She asked, her deep alto voice low. "After what you done?" She took a step forward. "After you stood by and helped this..." she patted her full belly "...this *punk* violate that poor woman?" Tasha blinked rapidly and flattened her ears, frowning bitterly.

"You don't know...you don't know what it *means* to be a predator." She slowly took a step back, as Liza continued to advance.

"An' proud of it." With that, Liza sprang into action. She dashed forward, her huge meat-filled gut painful as it swayed to and fro, but Tasha was far lighter and leaner. The puma's acceleration was better, but as they reached the end of the hallway, the cow's strong legs began to grant her greater speed.

Suddenly, Tasha hung a sharp right turn, kicking open a door. Liza skidded to a halt, and grabbed the only thing she could reach—Tasha's fuzzy, black-tipped tail.

The girl screeched, squirming and kicking the doorframe with her long feet. She began to slip away—the cow's hands were simply not designed for gripping. So, Liza selected another option.

"OW! *Fuck!*" Liza bit down on the panther's tail, a little past halfway towards Tasha's rear.

"You en't goin' nowhere," she slurred, and bit harder. With a sickening *rrrip*, the girl's tail tore clean off. Liza swallowed immediately, not realizing what had happened until her enemy was already halfway out the door. Tasha, glancing back, looked utterly enraged as her tail was sucked down the surprised cow's throat like a long noodle. "*Ulp!*" She swallowed.

"You'll pay for this, man-hands," she hissed, squinting in pain from her wound. "I know your name. And your little lackey, too."

"We'll see you later, then." The door slammed, and though Liza jumped to it, it was thoroughly locked, and no amount of kicking, even from her, would budge it. The cow took a deep breath, her big, full belly suddenly feeling heavy. She hastily made her way back to the kitchen.

She arrived to find Diana moaning and wailing in pain, struggling, yet unable to move due to her incredibly bloated abdomen. The doe looked up at her, her large eyes noting the wounds. She seemed to have regained control of her mouth.

"Help me." Liza nodded. She glanced around and didn't see her mouse, correctly guessing that Mary Jane had decided to enter her. *There can't be much time left*, she thought. When she looked over the shape of Diane's humongous belly, she noted with a frown that there was rapid movement apparent from deep within its lower sections.

"I'm gonna need you to try an', try an bring somethin' up, but only when I tell you. Got it, hon?"

Diane nodded, watching the wounded cow as she went around, releasing the straps binding her bruised limbs. Diane immediately reached her hand for her mouth, holding out one finger, but Liza caught it gently in hers.

"Not yet, Diane. People die that way. First, we gotta roll you on your side. On three." Liza went around to the doe's left side. "One, two, --Nghh..." The cow found that her naturally powerful strength was only barely enough. *She must weigh 'near eight hundred pounds...I'd bet there's other innocent folks—or what's left of 'em—trapped in that gut*. After a few moments of struggling to get a good grip on Diana's firm yet yielding belly-flesh, she managed to roll over the overstuffed young agent. With a huge, decidedly painful sounding *slosh*, her car-sized stomach crashed down against the edge of the platform. Diane groaned again, squinting as a cascade of squishy crashing, splashing and tumbling noises erupted from inside her huge stomach as the unnameable multitude of things she'd been forced all rearranged themselves. Standing back, the cow finally saw what she'd hoped for.

A rippling wiggle appeared near Diane's prominent navel and edged slowly but resolutely towards the doe's neck. Liza rushed over and began to assist by pushing the struggling lump with her strong hands.

"Mary Jane, keep pushin'!" She put her good ear to Diane's very warm belly, but to her dismay, heard no reply. Liza stood up and turned to Diane's weary face, which was panting and squinting for all the tumult occurring inside her.

"You ready, hon?" For all of her pain, Diane was beginning to revive, and she answered firmly.

"Just say when."

"Wait for it...." The bloodied cow help up her white hand. "...Now!" Liza pushed hard inward against the doe's full belly. It yielded, plumping up around her forward-pressing hand. Diane put her finger down her throat and squinted her eyes shut.

There were loud complaints from inside her. Diane's stomach seemed to have difficulty contracting on its huge meal.

"Something's—Ugh—Urrrh—" Diane opened her mouth very wide and gripped the edge of the platform. With a horrible grimace and a very wet sound, her big stomach contracted once more and something small shot out of her mouth with a loud *belch*, clattering to the floor. It was blinking with a little red light. Liza didn't waste any time.

She reached down, grabbed the device, turned, pushed open the kitchen door, threw it all the way across the banquet hall, then shut the door, ran over and covered as much of Diane as she could with her body.

BOOM

For a frightening moment, the entire basement shook. There was a loud CLANG as some piece of flying metal slammed into the kitchen door and bounced off, harmlessly. Then, everything was quiet once again.

"Well!" Liza put her hands on her hips. "One less thing to worry 'bout." Diane tried to smile, looking up expectantly at her savior. "Only thing left is to get Mary Jane out of you." The doe nodded and sniffed as Liza's fingers wiped away her tears. *I just hope my girl's all right*, she thought.

She returned to the task of helping Diane to bring up what she had swallowed, but just as she was massaging the deer's humongous belly, something inside began to move all on its own. Diane choked, coughed, hacked, and finally, with a great

"Hhurrk—" a slim, nearly hairless young female ibex seemed to shoot out of her mouth onto the floor. Liza blinked, amazed. With another two heaves, a similarly acid-burned female raccoon came out, followed by a relatively unscathed and very familiar-looking mouse. Liza immediately rushed over to her little coughing girlfriend and gave her a big kiss, squeezing her shoulders.

"I'm so glad to see you safe, sugar. I'd hug you if you weren't so dirty," she gushed breathlessly after breaking the kiss. But Mary Jane just laughed and coughed again, as the others slowly regained their breath.

"That was nothing, Liza," she bluffed, secretly glad that her cow had been there to help her when her air supply had run out. "Wait—Your ear—oh! What happened to your shoulder?" Liza just smiled quietly and shook her head, twitching her ear, reminded of the pain.

"You better go shower and help these two girls recover, Mary Jane. I'm not as bad off as them. Diana needs care, too." Mary Jane hesitated, then nodded.

"You're right." Liza kissed Mary Jane once more and slapped her bare bottom playfully as the mouse led the two freed prisoners off towards the club's gym. Diana had been watching them quietly. When Liza turned back around, the doe looked much more relaxed, now that she could digest in relative peace.

"Do you...do you love her?" Diana asked suddenly, something in her eyes.

"I..." Liza blushed. She looked at Diana for a moment. The young doe was lying there, unclothed, her most private places blemished with bruises. *I don't think...I don't know how it would feel to have been in her position.* Liza felt something fall away from her heart. "...Why, yes. I love her very much. I do." Diana smiled, sniffing and wiping one more tear from her eye with her bruised hand. "About the same as you love your dear fox, I'd say." She smiled shyly as she moved back towards the deer.

"I'm glad," Diana breathed. "I'm such a coward," she continued, watching Liza take a bottle of skin lotion from a nearby shelf. Liza allowed her smile to fade as she poured some out and gently rubbed it into Diane's bruised and stretched parts. The deer's huge belly sloshed as the cow gently pressed at it, proving that the solid objects in her gut were being broken down. "I love him a lot. But I...I've never told him." Liza paused, feeling slightly guilty, but said nothing. "I guess I'm just afraid...afraid things might not work out. Do you—" She paused and watch as Liza winced in pain and clutched her torn shoulder.

"Cat scratch," Liza explained, taking a moment to lean over and wash her wounds in a large sink at the side of the room. She hissed in pain at the touch of the soap. "He's taken care of, by the way," she declared confidently while walking back towards Diana. She stood right in front of the deer and lifted up her shirt, revealing her pleasantly gurgling, pregnant-seeming fuzzy belly. Diana touched her stomach gingerly, fascinated. Suddenly, the cat trapped in Liza's strong stomach twitched and squirmed. Liza belched, and both of them giggled.

"Are you...going to release him?" Diana asked. Liza's eyes lowered, and she went back to rubbing Diane.

"Not until it's time," she remarked after a moment. She didn't look for Diane's reaction. *Pity the girl, but I honestly don't even care what Diane thinks,* Liza thought sternly. *This is my justice.* Her stomach emitted a low growl, and she felt the tiger struggle vainly against her powerful guts.

"How do you feel now, sweetie?"

"I feel..." Diane sighed, and sat up slightly. "My bruises feel better, but...I don't know...I don't know if I'll ever feel quite the same." She looked ready to cry again. Liza's ears drooped.

"I'm so sorry, honey." The deer shivered, glancing around her nervously. Liza paused, then went over and helped Diane put on Liza's old Chapel Hill sweatshirt, covering her small, bruised breasts and delicate black nipples.

"Is there anything...anything else I can do?" Liza asked. Diane looked up, blinking away tears.

"Well...we already know who the perpetrators are, so we can get started tracking them down," she ventured.

"And one of 'em's been punished already." Diane nodded.

"Thank you for that. The only ones left are that cat, T-Tasha, and the black hawk." Liza nodded, becoming thoughtful.

"By the way, um...Agent Bellevue? You didn't, didn't see a red fox in the prison area, did you?"

"Diane, you can be assured that—" The cow felt something. She looked down—Mary Jane had returned quietly. Her little lover put out a paw, touching her belly. Liza looked and saw Mary Jane shake her head solemnly. Softening, Liza stepped forward.

"Diane..."

"Yeah?" Diane's eyes were large and sad. Liza's eyes wandered towards the doe's huge stomach. It was somewhat smaller, much rounder and smoother now than before, appearing almost small enough for her to walk on her own. Her bulging belly rocked slightly back and forth, calmly churning the unholy mess inside it back and forth, back and forth. The weight also seemed better distributed on her body, as though much softened material had already been pushed into Diane's intestines for absorption. She knelt by Diane's head, focusing consolingly on the doe's large brown eyes, and said:

"Diane, sweetie, Jon will be a part of you, forever." Diane blinked rapidly, listening as both of them heard a dark, whining gurgle emanate from somewhere deep in her intestines. "Don't let what they did be an insult. Do y'see what I mean? Every part of him, is given to you." Diane blinked back a fresh wave of tears, but nodded silently, biting her small black lip. "His soul—surrounded by yours. Completely engulfed in your love." Somehow, Liza's comment made it unable for Diane to hold her emotion anymore. As her face distorted into the shape of purest grief, Diane leaned over and buried it in Liza's chest, wrapping her arms around her strong torso and muffling her sobs between the cow's generous udders. Liza was not surprised. She patted Diane's back and shushed her. "There, there." They stayed like this for a minute, while Mary Jane waited quietly in the background. Liza waited until Diane's arms relaxed, then pulled away. Instinctively, when Mary Jane approached and grasped Liza's hand, she gave the mouse another quiet kiss and stroke.

Mary Jane spoke up.

"I gave the girls some fur-growth gel. They're resting in the locker room area. Apparently they knew each other—they're the mayor's daughter, and her friend." After looking at her a moment, Diane spoke up.

"Ah...I understand now. They said they're transferring the stores, right?" She glanced around, and both women nodded. "My theory is, one of their members caught those two girls, not knowing who they were. When the local police—maybe local journalists, too—got on the trail, the gang got scared and decided that this town wasn't safe. So when Jon and I arrived and interrupted them..." she sighed.

"...they used you to destroy evidence, and to try and shift blame to you," Liza finished. Diane nodded.

"And it's a good thing we surprised them," Mary Jane said cheerfully, but Diane frowned.

"Are you sure? At this point..." she gazed woefully down at the diabolically roiling dome of her massive belly. It shuddered as its clamped down and churned its nearly liquefied contents, rhythmically pumping them ever deeper into her bowels. "...I'm not sure there's going to be much left to look at in the way of evidence." Liza frowned too. *Unfortunately, she sounds about right. Given that these bastards gave poor Diane some kind'a digestive enhancement, it doesn't look like anything useful would survive the trip through her.*

"Well..." Mary Jane still looked hopeful. "Liza, you got Serge Polyakov, right?" Liza turned, rubbing her full stomach with a hint of arrogant pride.

"That I did. What of 'im?"

"Well, as of the time you chased after him, he definitely had his phone on him. We can take a look at that."

"That's right!" Diane perked up. "I saw it too. It was a Banana-brand aPhone. Unless he did anything fancy, those things have practically no security. I could call my good friend Jason in CJIS and have it cracked in fifteen minutes." There was a pause, and then they both slowly turned towards the cow, who looked more than a little bit sheepish.

"What...You *swallowed* it?" Diane was incredulous at first, but when Mary Jane giggled, she noticed and started to share the smile.

"Come on, Liza, I'm sure you just forgot," the mouse said.

"Um...yeah," Liza lied, feeling dumb. "Give me a minute or two. Mary Jane, if you 'kin give me a hand?" The mouse rushed over. Liza sat down and flexed her vestigial ruminant anatomy while Mary Jane poked and prodded at her large lover's big, plush belly.

"I think I found his coat," Mary Jane whispered, taking a little too much pleasure in Liza's discomfort.

"Nnf..." the cow winced, speaking in a low voice. "He's sure actin' like you have." Liza's large, compressed prisoner had begun to kick and twist away from the mouse's prodding paws. *I guess this's what he was tauntin' me about earlier*, she realized. "I think—there." With a cough and a quiet, ill-smelling burp, Liza managed to bring up a sticky and slimy metal-cased phone. "Sorry 'bout that," she whispered to her partner, but Mary Jane just pulled it off of her hot, wet tongue, pecked her on the cheek and went back over towards Diane.

"Wow—looks like it still works," the doe commented. Liza decided to sit where she was for the moment. "If you have a phone on you, I can give Jason a call. All he needs is the serial number and the owner's email address, which I think he can look up pretty quick."

"Yeah...actually...hold that thought for a second." Diane watched as Mary Jane typed in a guess at Serge's 4-digit passcode. Curious, Liza clopped over to stand behind her.

8673

Invalid Pin

"Hmm..." The mouse looked pensive for a moment, then tried another:

7733

The phone froze for a moment.

Then, its backlight brightened suddenly and the password screen vanished, presenting the three assembled with a tempting selection of "Email", "Contacts", "Notes", and "Documents".

"How did you..." Liza stared down at her girlfriend, amazed.

"Lucky guess." She winked at the cow, and got a playfully suspicious look in return.

After Mary Jane had found the victims some dry clothes in the nearby guest rooms, she went out to confer with Gomez while Liza stayed behind with Diane. After giving her some advice on digestion and other topics in her current state, Liza asked if she had anywhere nearby that she could stay. Diane replied that her older sister worked at a money management company in nearby Newton. Still, Liza

couldn't help feeling that she didn't know the first thing about helping a victim of physical abuse, and had probably gone about it entirely the wrong way. After Diane had made the call, Liza spoke up.

"Will you feel safe, stayin' with her?" Diane flashed a rare smile which calmed Liza's worried heart.

"I will. I'm very close with her." Diane paused, reflecting. "She always resisted me taking a career in investigative work, saying it would be too dangerous. I'm confident she'll be willing and able to take care of me for at least a week."

"All right. Well, you jus' call me if you ever need someone else to talk to." Liza gave Diane her number.

"I will. I think...I think my stomach's compact enough now for me to walk. Can you help me up?"

The group met up on the long stone wharf outside the building, watching the red sun set over the cold harbor. European tourists chattered gaily at an outdoor bar just a few meters away, in odd contrast to the inhumanities that the investigators had just witnessed. Gomez was on the phone, with his wife holding his hand. The two girls who had been imprisoned stood shivering in gym clothes and towels behind Mary Jane, who looked particularly lively.

"Gomez is calling the local police," she announced. "So Ashley, Tina, here's a summary of what happened." Mary Jane got the girls' attention and threw a glance to the older women. "We—myself, Section Chief Gomez, his wife, and Agent Bellevue—were off duty and vacationing in the city. Felina used to work in this building. She was showing us around. We heard strange noises, went to investigate, et cetera. There was a shootout. We believe that Serge, the gang leader, is dead, but the other gang members removed his body." Tina, who was the mayor's daughter's friend, glanced suspiciously at the cow, but Liza only had to raise one eyebrow to make her look straight back at the floor. "However, we recovered his phone, which has plenty of evidence of predation. And now, here we are." Liza whispered in Diane's ear:

"We weren't s'posed to go after you." Diane shivered, and Liza didn't think it was from the cold.

"Procedure, I know. I'm not surprised. But it's hard to...It's hard for me to comprehend that type of thing, now." Liza rested her hand on the doe's shoulder.

She still felt uncomfortable at the idea of dealing with city police, but Gomez proved to be quite a smooth talker. Liza found herself casually leaning against the wall with her lover close by while he explained, partly by way of truth, partly by white lies, and partly by way of things left unexplained, how his team had recovered the mayor's daughter and her friend, and what they had found beneath the building by Long Wharf. The officer in charge of the precinct seemed to get the picture after a few minutes, and waved away most of the onlookers. The young mongoose at the desk, however, still looked suspicious by the time Gomez was helping his counterpart fill out the necessary forms.

"So he's telling us, you did all this, while being pregnant?" Liza was tossing and catching her FBI badge. When he asked this, she grabbed it, and slowly turned her large eyes to him, projecting a withering glare.

"Excuse me?"

She didn't get any more questions after that.

The reporting process did drag on, however, and at some point Liza said she would call a cab to take Diane to her sister's house.

"I'll come too," offered Mary Jane, but Diane glanced down at her with a poorly concealed shade of disappointment on her face. Liza gave the mouse a reassuring look.

"I'll meet y'all back at the station in thirty minutes."

Diane was quiet for most of the ride.

"I'm sure you'll be gettin' plenty of advice from people, starting with your visit to the doctor," Liza began, "but if I could ask one thing..." Diane surprised the cow by touching her hand.

"I know," she said. "I've worked in law enforcement for eight years. It's not..." She sighed, as if thinking she'd started wrong. "I guess, I just want to tell you something...something I heard them say?" The cow nodded. "During one of the...quieter moments, I heard the panther...she was talking to the tiger. I think it he was her boyfriend, or something like that. By the way, I'd keep an eye out for her. She seemed unusually smart—like, very clever, for one of these predators, and she'll be pissed, especially now that she's missing her man."

"And her tail." Diane made a face, glanced at Liza's rumbling belly, then chuckled. "I'll be careful."

"Well, good. So anyway, as you might imagine, she did everything he told her to. But she didn't like all of it. She thought she was whispering, but at one point, I heard her ask him: 'Was r—" Diane paused in her story. "She asked him, was rape really necessary?" Liza blinked, then nodded. "And he said, just like he was talking about painting a house, 'No, not particularly. It's just the fastest method of humiliation.'" Diane took a breath, frowning at the seat cushions. "He also said, 'There is no chance she will come after us again after this.' And I was thinking...that's their goal." She looked up. The cab had arrived. Liza helped the overloaded deer out on to the sidewalk and paid the driver in cash. Her sister rushed out from the modest townhouse, embracing the younger deer. Liza sighed as she watched yet more tears shed.

"Thank you for bringing back my baby sister," the older doe said to her finally, wiping her red eyes. Liza noticed she was carefully averting her eyes from the cow's own big belly.

"I'm sure you'll take good care of her." She nodded, and took her injured sibling by the hand, whispering to her and promising to call the hospital for an appointment as soon as she was ready.

"Before you go...Diane?" Diane bade her sister to wait and turned. "I feel that the directors have things well in hand at this point, but...if there's more work to be done, maybe after some time has p—"

"I'll be ready." Her face was firm, even as her sister frowned.

"I understand. Call me anytime."

"Goodbye, Elizabeth." She blinked at hearing this, but smiled. Liza took the subway back to meet up with the others.

Gomez had made another phone call, about which he was very excited.

"The Assistant Director took it very well," he declared to the small group assembled in South Station. "Especially when he heard about the data we got."

"He's not even a little mad at you?" the mouse asked.

"Well...I guess...he may be a little more inclined to recommend you two for a medal than me." Gomez scratched his ear and grinned.

"By the way—about the phone we recovered. You told him about how the gang doesn't know we have it, right?" Liza asked. He nodded.

"Exactly. They don't know that we have their addresses and numbers. So we can, you know, do a big bust. There's very clear incriminating messages from gang leaders in every major city in North America. From Edmonton to Miami. We can arrest them all by surprise, and with overwhelming force." He clapped his paws together for effect.

"Good," said Liza with relief. "If you go fast, you can free some of the people they've caught, too." Gomez agreed.

"We'll save as many as we can. I'm going to go back to the capital now, to help with the planning. I want you two to rest for the rest of the month." He paused. "If you like, my friend here at South Station can bring you all the way back to Carolina." Liza blinked at this.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gomez, but we were just helpin' out. I don't believe we really deserve that kind'a luxury treatment." Gomez smiled.

"Now that you mention it...I insist."

Watching carefully, Liza noted that the otter actually paid for their rapid transport out of pocket, writing a check with a number of zeros that would have made the cow herself flinch. He and his quiet wife waved goodbye as they faded away from the North. After some time, they re-appeared in a specially designated lot behind the Asheville Police station (from where they had been driven to Washington the week previous). The officer on duty—whom Liza recognized as the rabbit she had met when she had saved Mary Jane from a wolf—was surprised to see them.

"Miss Bellevue! We didn't expect to—oh, my!" When the girl's patchy white-and-brown ears shot up in surprise, Liza felt a minor craving for Bailey's ice cream.

"Good to see you, Lieutenant McLean," Liza said wearily.

"Who've you got in *there*?" the girl couldn't take her eyes off the cow's huge stomach.

"Let's see..." Feeling tired, she glanced down at Mary Jane, who held her hand and smiled proudly. The mouse counted off on her fingers.

"A bull...a Siberian Tiger...and about nine percent of a mountain lion. That and a bunch of other, miscellaneous items." Liza smiled at the mouse, patting her belly as the noted tiger squirmed weakly within.

"All things considred, certainly too many people to be walkin' all around the country with."

"Well! Congratulations, then!" McLean smiled brightly, showing her buck teeth. "I'm sure—I can pull all the others together, an' maybe you can tell us the whole story! I'll order pizza, and—"

"That sounds jes' wonderful, but all that eatin' has made me pretty tired. What I need right now..." Liza pulled her mouse forward and squeezed her around the shoulders. "Is a relaxin' massage from my little assistant here." The little rodent blushed, not having expected Liza to be so bold.

"Oh. Well." Carla McLean nearly blushed as well, forcing her embarrassment into an awkward laugh. "In that case, I suppose it's best you get busy—I mean—please, take your time and relax, Miss Bellevue." Liza couldn't resist rolling her eyes.

"Thank you, officer. I'd be well pleased to attend your event later this week. Do y'have my keys with you?"

They got home quickly after that.

"Um, Liza? Can I stop you for a second?" The shame-faced mouse finally spoke. They were removing their shoes in the mudroom of the cow's spacious farmhouse. Despite the arrival of September, the mountain night air still held the memory of warmth.

"You might think this is strange, Mary Jane, but I am actually feelin' a bit hungry right now."

"I just...I wanted to do my apology." Liza stopped in her tracks, hooves tapping the linoleum. She swished her blonde-tufted tail once, and then turned around.

"We could do that now, if you like." Mary Jane looked up pathetically, near tears. "Only rule is, no crying." Liza wagged her finger. "I think I've had enough of *that* for a good while."

"Well, I'm REALLY sorry." Liza felt her heart warm quickly in the cool air. Smiling brightly, she swept Mary Jane up into her arms and give her a big kiss and lick.

"I forgive you, sugar." She carried her towards the kitchen. "And, I appreciate it. You..." Liza paused, then went ahead with what she had planned to say. "You know, you did hurt me a little bit there." She set her down by the refrigerator.

"I know! I was so stupid." Mary Jane sighed. "It's just—I can't drink more than a couple glasses of wine, and when I'm tired, it gets worse." She frowned at the kitchen's linoleum floor. "I—I was thinking, Liza, can I have a do-over?"

"A do-over?" Liza raised an eyebrow, amused, as she pulled a bag of carrots from her refrigerator. "Hmm...Can we get in bed first?" Mary Jane couldn't help but grin sheepishly.

"Okay." They went upstairs and lay down on the queen-sized bed, each of them stripping off their less comfortable clothing.

"I guess..." Mary Jane reflected, snuggling into her lover's arms, wearing only her spandex underwear. "If I hadn't had been a little drunk, and, well, hadn't been so exhausted after all that I'd been through on that day, what I would have said is..." She sighed, and Liza waited, blinking her big blue eyes, unable to suppress a little smile. *It is just so cute how intent she is on making up with me.* "My last two girlfriends...they both left me for men, and...I found it by the scent, both times."

"Did you check to make sure that they were *actually* cheating?" Liza raised an eyebrow, while stroking her mouse's head.

"Yeah, I did, and they were! So it just goes to show, I was being pretty dumb." They both chuckled. "I don't know. I guess I was afraid...I was afraid that somehow, I don't know, somehow your emotion would get swept away from me. You being...bisexual, and all." Mary Jane rested her nose against the big cow's neck.

"Com'ere, sugar." Liza lay back in the pillows and pulled her lover up on top of her. She cupped the little mouse's bottom with one hand and stroked her back with the other. "If that's what you would've said, then what I would've said is..." She paused, staring off towards the window and the mountains beyond. "Mary Jane, not all of my love is emotion." Liza said. The little mouse blinked, then looked at her curiously.

"What do you mean?"

"Well..." Liza sat up, absently squeezing her little mouse against her breasts as she thought. "The truth is, Mary Jane, I've been blessed—well, that ain't the right word—I've been lucky enough to *be* an attractive woman, of a particular type, at least. And that ain't something that gets ignored. Opportunities arise. Not every day, or every week, but they do. I get asked out on a fairly regular basis, including in the five years leading up until that day—that day we got acquainted." She smiled softly down as Mary Jane nuzzled the cow's lightly clad bosom against her cheek, utterly submissive. "I've had many choices. Choices representing the full range of the personalities there are in this world." Mary Jane held her ear against the warm cow's breastbone, listening to the vibrations of her voice. "There's been funny men, rich men, sensitive men, intellectual men...I even had a girl or two propositionin' me—you weren't the first." She took to stroking Mary Jane's downy-soft ear, holding it and drawing her finger along the grain of the fur.

"How did you choose me?" Liza looked out the window, her eyes lazy.

"Because, in addition to bein' the prettiest little thing, Mary Jane," she said slowly, her alto voice just above a whisper, "...you're intelligent, you know how to save your money, you're brave, you're kind, your scent is irresistible, *and*," she grinned, "...you give great belly rubs." She gently scratched the sleepy mouse's head. "Sugar, I wouldn't trade you for anybody."