

“Huh, Futaba is running pretty late isn’t she?” Ann sighed, checking her phone before slipping it back into the pockets of her denim short shorts, turning around to look at the rest of the party planning Thieves.

“I suppose you’re right Ann-chan, but we shouldn’t rush her, we aren’t even done with the set up quite yet.” Haru smiled, pinning up a hanging streamer, Makoto stiff and overly worried looking as she was prepared to brace the clumsy girl in case any trouble befall her.

“Relax, knowing her either she is sleeping in, or off shopping with Akira.” Ryuji laughed, elbowing Yusuke’s side, the banner painting artist’s brow twitching as the chibi rendition of their pespeckled dorky friend now had an extra long index finger.

“Do you mind Ryuji? I’ve been at this all day and all I’ve seen you do is eat the ice cream bars.” Yusuke growled, his voice filled with annoyance, earning yet another set of loud guffahs from the blond trouble maker as he walked over to Ann.

“So, what did you get Futaba for her birthday? I got her something Akira is gonna TOTALLY freak out over.” Ryuji’s hands shot up and curled as if he were squishing the blond models chest, her baby blue eyes rolling harder the wheels of Mona when they were in Mementos.

“Ugh Ryuji! Tell me you actually got something that SHE would actually like!?” Ann groaned, clutching her temple as Makoto shot the back of his head a death stare, his hand creeping up and scratching the pinch like sensation he was currently feeling.

“Hey, hey, come on, of course I did, uh, hold on, I forgot to grab it!” Ryuji’s left foot was raised, but before the ex-track star could book it from the dangerous feeling room, he felt the slender smooth hand of his childhood friend grab a hold of his collar.

“Nuh-uh, you need to be here in case the big girl herself gets here. So stay put mister. You’ll just have to fess up. Worst she will do is chide you.” Ann said, indicating that the now slumped over boy was much luckier than he should have been.

“Heh, big is not exactly what I would call her.” Yusuke commented, the poor artist giving off the petty insult, knowing that it was his chance to verbally bite due to the absence of the feisty gremlins fists of fury.

“I don’t know man, she has a pretty nice-” But a slug to the arm, and a loud, long ‘ouch’ silenced the comment, as Ryuji nursed his arm, making sure the confetti canons were locked and ready for their set off upon VIP entry.

“What did you get her Yusuke?” Ann smiled as she turned over to the blue haired artist, her mood immediately brightening. Yusuke stood up straight, Putting his arm to his chest as he cleared his throat, Ann immediately regretting her decision to ask.

“Well, seeing as she never seems to appreciate the fine arts, I got her one of those American ‘How To Draw’ books concerning her favorite characters. I think she shall find drawing is not such an easy task.” Yusuke radiated proud, as he produced the book, Ann’s face falling a bit. On the cover was a crudely drawn representation of several modern anime characters that even she knew, but she could figure how the short neon haired elitist would act.

“We got her stocks and bonds in Big Bang Burgers shares! Makoto thought up the idea, and it was too good to pass up. It will really help Futaba in the future!” Haru cooed affectionately, Makoto softly smiling and nodding along. Ann planted her pair shaped butt down into one of the stalls, realizing that all her friends, despite being roughly the same age as Futaba, failed to realize what she would want.

Ironically, it was Ann who had got the closest gift in relation to Futaba's interests, the latest release of Rise and Kanamin Kitchen's CD's, completely oblivious to the fact that Futaba had pirated them before they even hit digital or physical stores. Still, despite the knowledge of such lackluster gifts to the geeky girl, Ann knew it was the thought that counted, and that's what mattered.

Taking a breath, Ann knew that regardless, Futaba would just be happy to be spending the day with her friends and most cherished ones. Getting out from her seat, Ann went over and made sure the music CD was stocked and ready with the 'Party Jam Mix' she had coordinated with Ryuji, knowing that the day would really end with a bang.

"Fuck... fuck what happened?!" Ryuji gasped, his entire body feeling cold and sticky, the sugary overbearing scent of chocolate for some reason assaulting his nose. It had happened literally in the blink of an eye, one minute the gang getting ready in positions to jump out and surprise Futaba after texting her, the next moment everything flashed white, then went dark.

The lights were still out, the only way they could be turned on was if Ann was still near the juryrigged auto switch and decided to illuminate the overly dark cafe dining space. Little did Ryuji know that Ann, like him, were no more than the size of ants. Ryuji's body plastered in hardening chocolate sauce, and Ann losing her mind near the door, the poor girls screams unheard even to the rest of the tinies.

But the two of them had it good in comparison to Haru, the sobbing fluffy girl trapped on the special plate of curry Boss had made up for Futaba before he went out to reserve the family dinner. She was just barely scraping by, her huddled up form trapped on a small bit of floating tempura shrimp, the heat around her burning her delicate skin.

"H-Haru! Stay right there dear!" Makoto cried, but her shouts over to the trapped tiny fluff were no use from her own freezing cold position, her body performing a balancing act on the floating cube of ice below her, the stinging pops and crackles of the cola below her drowning her mite-like voice out.

Yusuke could be counted as the luckiest, his minute form stranded on the building like seat of the main booth, the leather around him extending for what seemed like miles, but even compared to the others, the anxious artist still could feel the terror of the situation. Then the sound of the door handle jiggling caught their attention, and froze their hearts, more in some cases than others.

"Oooo, it's dark in there Akria, is there something you were hiding from me? You lasted extra long today~" The teasing cackling tone flooded into the restaurant, along with the light shining through the now cracked open door. Despite the erotic undertones of such comment, making the elderly couple passing by the younger one shudder with the noisy indecency, the now year older girl simply referred to that days fighting game session.

"Oh ho, does my little champion think I'm often bad at games?" Akira chuckled, giving her a hug, delaying the blinding lights from being turned on, revealing to each of the tiny friends just how screwed they truly were. Futaba playfully stuck out her tongue, before hugging her tall boyfriend back, her boot covered foot snagging on the 'trip' wire and turning on the lights.

And yet, there was no surprise shouted at the two new arrivals, three counting the shoulder mounted cat. Futaba jumped a little at the loud gunlike pops and shots of confetti, the

dropping of balloons, but not a single soul was there to greet her. Instead of screaming 'happy birthday Futaba!' the small Thief's simply screamed for any sort of attention to be brought their way.

"Huh... Akira, that's... odd... didn't Ann say that the others and herself would be here?" Akira nodded, checking his phone, as Futaba looked around in excitement at her first surprise party. Akira's face showed small signs of worry, but was relieved as soon as he saw the text from Ryuji:

"Hey bro! I got a spicy gift for your smoking hot gf, but Ann said I would need to get her a real gift. Sneaking off to go get her a game or something!"

Akira smiled, letting out a small breath as it all made sense. They had gone to get Futaba a game, and knowing Ryuji, did not trust the frizzy haired punk to go alone. While Akira did feel bad for the still bouncing and wide eyed girl, he knew they wouldn't let her down, and figured he could get the party going regardless.

"Futaba! God Futaba, Akira, either one of you! Down here! Please look down here!" Ann cried, waving her hands enough to hurt, harder than she had ever done so for Shiho, she needed to get the giant couples attention however she could. She did, but Futaba's reply quickly caused Ann to realize just how poor her mistake was.

"Oh gross! Sojiro is going to be so mad if he finds out we let a bug get in!" Futaba hissed, her face contorting in disgust upon seeing the shiny flesh colored creature, figuring the gnat like friend she failed to recognize was simply a bug that crawled its way inside while they had left the door ajar.

"N-No! FUTABA STO-" But with a cutesy 'bye bye buggy', and a looming shadow of death, Ann's life was forfeited to the treads of the teens massive black combat boots. Ann in her final moment did one of the few smart things that came to her often aireheaded brain, which was to try and make it so she was spared by one of the treads. She did not count on Futaba grinding her heel.

"Crunch crunch, no lunch for you little pest~" Futaba sung, Akira smiling a little at the sweet silly antics that masked the horrific act of not only snuffing out another life, but unknowingly snuffing out the life of a very close friend. Morgana stuck out his tongue, but Futaba just grinned at him and pinched his cheeks calling him a 'bad kitty' for failing to get the 'bug'.

A stain was an understatement, as flesh was torn from bone, and meat was rendered into paste, Ann's one beautiful body and face literally wiped away into nothing more than a grease looking stain on the hard wood floor.

"Got him! Ten points!" Futaba cheered, reaching up her hand as she did her victory pose, Akira nodding in acknowledgement, as he patted her head, earning a warm blush and stammer of thanks. Moving on from the snuffing, they planted themselves down at the counter, as Futaba's mouth began to salivate at the rich brown meaty curry in front of her, unaware of the extra bit of spicy meat topping her special meal.

"Woah! Sojiro really went all out on this!" Futaba, whiffed in a long breath, slamming her utensil holding hands onto the table a few times, the soft haired boy calming her down before she caused any unintentional damage to the table.

“F-F-Futaba... it’s me... it’s Haru...” Haru choked out, the spices and fumes from the perfectly blended aroma of savory smells shortening her breath as she reached out, quickly retracting her hands as a bubbling bit of popping curry seared her hand, the poor senpai wailing in pain.

“Om nom nom!” Futaba cackled devilishly, spooning a glob of rice and curry, gulping it without any thought as she smacked her lips around. Spoonful after the next, Haru watched as the dangerous sea of molten food around her was somehow devoured with ease, little spicy burps escaping Futaba’s mouth, as she welcomed in the next.

“Final level! Eat!” The playful announcement was boomed out in a husky voice, Mona shocked and asking for her to slow down, but his words went ignored, Haru being lifted straight into the air, her body pinned to the scratchy crunchy landing, as her entire view was obscured by soft shut-in lip.

“Fut-” but Futaba shoved the unseen Haru in without the rich in both currency and flavor girl into her mouth, Haru being shredded worse than the shrimp by the not so well taken care of molars of the girl she had stood up for and protected, her entire form being reduced to nothing more than the meat that she had been sitting on.

“Ahhhhhhh! My regards to the chef!” Futaba belched, patting her stomach with her free hand, as she reached over for the shell shocked and sickened Makoto, who was sipped up quickly. Not that Makoto had any reason to live, her mind replaying the grotesque bone tearing like crunches in her head on repeat, as her eyes fogged over with heart break, as she was thrown painfully down the long stretch of throat.

“You guys even got my favorite drink!? It taste even better than ever!” The sweetness of the sip being offset by the smallest bits of sweaty salt from Makoto, dashing it with the perfect snack time appeal. Downing the rest of the drink, Futaba belched loudly, Akira waving the stink away and Mona shooting her a disgusted glare as he hopped down, prancing to the attic to await them.

“Don’t forget the best part.” Akira enabled the sugar fiend, as she grabbed the cold bowl of partially melted soft serve from him, downing the bowl of creamy shloppy goodness quickly, Ryuji lost in the endless snow like hills, as like Makoto, he was spared the quick death that was granted to his upper classmen.

Giving her lips a quick lip, Akira aiding in that to get a small taste, Futaba’s vision locked onto their main booth, the site of ‘loot’ catching the birthday girl’s attention, as she sprung from her seat like a frog.

It was Yusuke’s worse nightmare, more awful than being forced to work on ‘cartoons’, as he had just watched the carnage unfold, and now the murderous giantess was coming his way. Each lumbering foot step boomed louder with each closing in motion, before her short short covered, musky smelling rear end hovered above him like a God.

“If I fits, I sits!” Futaba slammed her ass down, Yusuke’s spine shattering for only a second of earthly pain, as his body collapsed like a can in on itself. His bones cut through each layer of muscle, before simply being refined into a gory wet dust, the flat butt of his most despised friend bringing an end to his already miserable life.

“Oooo let’s see what we got here!” Futaba giggled with glee, pulling the presents in close, as Akira sat on the other side, pulling out his camera, wanting to capture her excitement to share with the other in case they didn’t make it. They didn’t.

“Oh heck yeah! Stocks?! I can sell these for some serious bucks! WOAH!” Futaba gasped, her voice cracking and stammering as if she were a broken record, as she held up the PC looking pointer panties, even Akira hunched over a little as he realized exactly what Ryuji meant.

“A-Any way... an... artbook... damn it Inari...” Futaba muttered, the unequal grin of bootleg Naruto shot her a thumbs up, as she mentally gave the gift a thumbs down, her thoughts softened ever so slightly by the feeling of happiness that even a hard ass like himself did try.

“And, oh! Oh! Ann must have crushed some serious competition to get these! These are the dual audio track versions of the album!” Futaba bounced, her mouth open in amazement as her statement couldn’t ring more true, the wet sound of squelching gore hidden by the leathery sound of the cushion.

“And from me... well, I can’t give your gift here, but I think you’ll like it later tonight~” Akira smirked, leaning over and pecking the now hidden in jacket burning sensation that was his cute little girlfriend. The two of them chatted for a bit longer, before deciding to head back to her room, as Akira shot Ryuji a text letting him know what’s up, the notification ringing around the gurgling stomach, as Ryuji’s melting form sunk further into the digesting mess of food and gore.

“Happy birthday babe, I’m sorry if it wasn’t everything you hoped for from your frist b-day with friends.” Akira still felt bad that the gang unintentionally had ditched them, Futaba stopping as Akira felt him anchor him for a second.

“Are you kidding?! It was great! I loved it all, from the food, to the gifts, to even that dorky banner Inari made me!” Futaba’s eyes were starry, every word sincere to a fault, as she pulled Akira in for a tight hug.

“And even if the others weren’t there then, I felt like they were with us in spirit.” Akira completed the hug, agreeing that he too felt the same way, as the continued on, the day the happiest their lives had been for a while.