

Ira finally had her cornered. The raven smiled, and licked her lips. “You remember me, don’t you, ring tail?” she asked with a sneer. “You really didn’t think I would get my revenge, now did you? But here we are.”

Roxy gulped. There was nowhere left for her to run. “Uh, heh heh, yeah, I remember you! How’s it going?” she replied nervously, trying desperately to use small talk to get out of this.

Ira laughed. “It’s going very good with me, especially since you’re going to become food for my stomach!” she proclaimed, slapping her belly. It growled loudly, eager for a raccoon feast.

Roxy started to sweat. “No, please!” she begged, praying the raven would give her mercy. “I don’t want to become bird food!”

“Too bad, so sad!” Ira taunted her meal. “You’re going to go right into my gut!”

She walked forward and grabbed Roxy, who was unable to escape. Bringing the raccoon to her beak, she—

/BEEP! BEEP! BEEP/

The loud sound of the alarm clock jolted Ira out of her dream, and she opened her eyes with a loud groan. “Gah!” she yelled at her alarm clock! “Why couldn’t you wait until after I ate her!” She slammed her fist down onto the device in frustration: as a result, the alarm clock smashed to pieces. Frustrated, she threw the broken pieces in the pile of other broken alarm clocks, all of which had committed the sin of Interrupting Her Vengeful Dreams, and were now wrecked.

The raven grumbled to herself as she got out of bed. “Another good dream ruined,” she muttered, turning on her phone. After the device started up, she pressed her finger on the Glamazon app, eager to check on her order for a new spell book. Once the application loaded, it showed her the shipment status: it was, unfortunately, on back order for the next couple of weeks, and wouldn’t ship until then.

“Curses,” Ira muttered, putting her phone away. As she got ready for the day, she thought back to that blasted Halloween party, and how that ring tail Roxy had thwarted all of her plans. She had wanted to feast on the party guests, but the raccoon stopped her by throwing punch—punch of all things!—onto her. The punch had been spiked, causing Ira to inflate, and Roxy was able to save everyone at the party from becoming the raven’s dinner.

“If only that blasted ring tail didn’t burn my spell book after freeing her friends!” Ira growled as she got dressed. “Then I would be able to still use magic! At least this new one will come with built in fire protection . . . but goodness, that certainly wasn’t cheap!”

The raven slammed her fist against the wall. “UGH!” she exclaimed. “I wish I had my spell book /now/ so I could get my revenge on that dastardly trash panda!”

And so, Ira went about her day, which started off as normal. But in the afternoon, as she was practicing her spells, a brilliant thought struck her! “Doh!” she shouted. “What a dope I’ve been. Potions! I don’t need a spell book for magic—I can just use potions until my new book comes in!”

She rubbed her chin with a grin. “Sure, they’re one use only . . . but that will do fine for my purposes!”

Ira skipped into her spell chamber, humming a happy tune, and looked over at the shelves. They were all filled with various potions, all serving different uses, and the witch looked over them carefully. “Yes. . . Yes. . . These will do nicely,” she said with a sneer.

The witch first took a Potion of Revelation. Uncapping the bottle, she swallowed it down, and said in her mind, /Potion of Revelation, show me the house of one Roxy raccoon!/
/

The potion did its job nicely, and an image showed up in the raven’s mind: she saw Roxy’s house first, and promptly memorized the address. Then the vision went in the house, and she saw Roxy’s living room. The accursed ring tail was currently napping on the sofa! After seeing that, the vision faded away.

“Perfect!” Ira exclaimed. “That ring tail is taking a snooze. And now that I know where she lives, I can just teleport there!”

The raven grabbed a few Teleportation Potions and put them in her pockets. Then she took one out and drunk it, while visualizing Roxy’s living room and the napping raccoon. The potion responded, and a large portal opened up above Ira’s head, sucking her in.

In Roxy’s living room, the exit portal appeared, and Ira fell out of it. Luckily, she was able to land gracefully on the ground, and not make too much noise.

She stared at the sleeping raccoon. She’d had so many dreams of revenge, visions of finally getting back at that dastardly ring tail. And now, she would finally get vengeance!

The raven began to drool as she looked over her meal. Roxy looked a delectable as she imagined, and she pondered how to start her feast. Eventually, she decided to eat the raccoon head first, which would take away the risk of Roxy calling for help if she woke up.

Ira knelt in front of Roxy’s head, and grabbed the raccoon’s shoulders. A moment later, the feast began.

The witch took a deep breath, then put the raccoon’s head into her mouth, letting her tongue glaze across Roxy’s face. Ira let out a soft, happy moan around her meal: her victim tasted just as good as she had imagined, with a soft, sweet flavor that mixed in with a savory taste. She savored her meal, unable to get enough of Roxy’s delicious,

furry flesh. Her tongue lapped up the raccoon relentlessly, not stopping for even a second. She could have tasted her prey forever. . .

But as Ira was licking, her stomach let out an insistent grumble, and the raven knew she had to get on with it. As good as her meal was, it had to go down to her gut eventually.

And so, the witch took the first swallow, gulping down the tasty raccoon. Her head went down to Ira's throat, bulging it out significantly. Feeling the throat bulge, the raven grinned, and continued her meal.

Meanwhile, Roxy was having quite a strange dream. She had been just walking with Steve, but then, Steve gave her a multitude of tickles onto her face, making her laugh. Then something tight pressed around her head, and she found herself getting sucked up some kind of tube. "Don't worry honey, it's perfectly safe!" Steve assured her. And so, she smiled, trusting her husband, she got pulled in. Little feelers poked at her, tickling her body and making her laugh.

Ira was licking up the raccoon's neck and shoulders when she heard Roxy giggle inside of her. "Oh, you find this enjoyable, eh?" the witch teased her victim. "She must be far away in dreamland now. . . I can't wait to see her reaction when she wakes up!" Laughing, the raven ran her tongue up and down her prey's neck, then sucked it into her throat, sending the raccoon in deeper.

Roxy felt herself getting pulled further up the tube. Steve was waiting for her at the top, his arms outstretched to receive her. The feelers were tickling her neck now, but they soon went down to her shoulders. The raccoon continued to laugh as that pleasant sensation spread down her body.

Ira licked at her prey's wide shoulders and chest, her tongue gliding over Roxy's breasts, which were tucked underneath the raccoon's low cut shirt. She tasted the raccoon's arms, pinning them to Roxy's side as she continued to devour her prey. It took a big swallow, but she managed to fit her food's large chest and broad shoulders down her throat, creating a bulge that was bigger than ever.

As she swallowed, she felt Roxy's head, neck, and shoulders slide past the sphincter inside of her, and reach her hungry belly. It grumbled in greeting around the new prey, as eager to digest her as Ira was. Grinning, the raven continued to taste her delicious meal.

Roxy laughed as the feelers made their way down her body. More of her was in the tube now, and she was slowly making her way up toward her husband.

Ira found herself at the raccoon's midsection. She tasted it greedily, letting her tongue glide across those tasty hips and scrumptious belly. The witch got a bit carried away, however, and slapped her tongue against her tasty treat.

As Ira's tongue lathered Roxy's belly, the ticklish sensation became too much, and the raccoon snapped awake, the dream forgotten. "What the. . .?!" she exclaimed as she

slowly took in her surroundings. She wasn't laying on the couch anymore: her body was angled downward. Looking around, she found her head and shoulders in red, grumbling chamber, one she knew all too well—or so she thought.

Roxy called out, "Who's there? Steve, is that you? You really should have waited if you wanted to nom me! After all, I was napping!"

No response. Instead, another gulp sent the raccoon deeper into the belly, and shoved her midsection into the throat. Now Roxy was starting to get concerned. She and Steve had a system for vore times like these: her husband would pat his belly with both hands or squeeze her feet in order to let her know it was him. Her devourer wasn't doing either, so she had to guess that it wasn't Steve. Looking around at the stomach, and feeling it underneath her, it also looked and felt different from her husband's gut, too, now that she was fully awake and paying attention. So who was swallowing her right now, and what on earth did they want? Was one of her friends playing a prank? Or was this something . . . worse?

Ira made her way down the delicious raccoon, lapping up the yummy thighs of her meal. She wanted to savor every moment of swallowing down her tasty treat. After all, the witch had waited so long to finally get revenge, and she had dreamed about this moment many times. The least she could do was savor it.

She tasted Roxy's thighs for a moment longer, then swallowed them down, shoving the raccoon in deeper. Inside the belly, Roxy's midsection slid inside the growling gut, which had already started to distend outward thanks to her presence. She was forced against the wet walls, and she started to squirm, trying to resist the feeding as much as possible, even though rationally she knew that the predator was too far a long at this point for her to stop it.

Ira felt the raccoon's feet kicking outside her beak, and she chuckled softly to herself. Her foolish prey /really/ thought that she could escape this situation? There was no chance Ira was going to let her go now! She let her tongue wash over Roxy's thighs, teasing her prey with pokes and prods as she tasted the last of the legs. Then, she gulped them down, and now, only the raccoon's feet and the rest of her large tail were left to eat.

Part of Roxy's thighs joined her inside the belly, and she felt the gut expand in size yet again, fighting to fit all of her inside. The raccoon kept kicking with her feet, even though she knew it was futile. The least she could do was tell the predator she wasn't going to go down easy.

Ira was amused by her prey's little kicks, and let Roxy squirm in her mouth. The feet splashed pleasantly onto her tongue, giving her delicious tastes as the raccoon continued to struggle. Ah, did revenge taste good. She lathered the feet with drool and spit, then gulped them down. Now only Roxy's tail was left.

The raccoon felt her feet go down the tight, squeezing throat, and she sighed in defeat. Well, hopefully once the predator was done eating, they would reveal themselves to her.

. .

She didn't have to wait long. As Ira gulped down the tail like a spaghetti noodle, the witch slurped it in with a loud, evil cackle, swallowing the last of Roxy. Hearing the laugh, Roxy gulped. "Oh no!" the ring tail exclaimed. "I recognize that voice!"

"Ah, so you do remember me after all, ring tail?" the witch sneered. "I'm quite flattered. Did you really think you would be rid of me that easily?"

"I thought so, considering I burned up your stupid spell book!" taunted Roxy.

"Yeah yeah," the raven grumbled. "Yes, you would think that—and of course, I have you to thank for forcing me to pay through the beak to buy a replacement . . . and one that's still on back order, at that!" She shrugged and grinned, patting her belly. "But no matter. I finally got to eat you after so long and /oh/, baby! What a sweet and succulent flavor you have!"

Upon hearing that, the raccoon started to squirm, thrashing in the belly as much as she could. Her feet kicked the walls; her hands pounded the inside of the stomach. But all that did was give Ira pleasure. "Mmm, thanks for the inward belly rubs!" the witch taunted her prey. "They feel so good! And knowing you're trying to futilely escape makes them even better! MWA HA HA!"

Roxy stopped fighting after hearing that. From the looks of it, the raven was an experienced predator—fighting in the belly wasn't going to get her out of here. But she /could/ get a way to leave this place faster. . .

The raccoon reached into the pocket of her shorts, rustling around with her fingers until she found what she was looking for, and pulled it out: it was a small pill bottle with Quick Reform capsules inside. She always had this on her person, since Steve was the type to do surprise noms now and then. And thanks to these pills, she would be able to reform faster than the normal rate—hopefully that could help her situation by taking Ira by surprise.

She opened the bottle, took out a Quick Reform capsule, and dropped it into the stomach acids below, which were just starting to pool at her feet. Closing the bottle and putting it back into her pocket, she waited for digestion, eager to regenerate and punch the raven in the face.

Ira, meanwhile, felt her meal settling down inside of her belly, and a smirk crossed her face. "Aww, giving up so soon?" she taunted Roxy. "Well, no matter—all the better that you realize you are nothing but food now anyway! And I most certainly am going to enjoy feasting on you again and again! Isn't regeneration wonderful?"

Roxy didn't reply. Feeling the stomach churn around her, she leaned into the walls, and let herself digest.

The gut gurgled and growled, squeezing tightly around the raccoon's body. Then, it started to release digestive fluid: acids poured out from the walls, splashing on Roxy's furred skin and dribbling down to the small pool that was starting to form at the bottom of the belly. By the time the liquids were done pouring, the pool was up to the raccoon's ankle, which meant her feet were submerged. As a result, her toes started to feel very tingly. . . Part of Roxy wanted to fight and struggle to try and stop this. But the wiser part of her knew that the sooner she digested, the faster she could regenerate and find a way to stop the raven. So she curled up against the walls of the hungry stomach, and waited for her demise.

Upon hearing digestion starting to begin, Ira smirked happily, patting her large, ravenous gut. Then she sat down on the couch that Roxy had been lying in, and put her feet up, leaning back with a happy sigh. She was just going to relax here while her food digested, and she wanted to hear every second of her foe's demise.

The belly squished inward again, squeezing the raccoon with hungry, churning force. The liquids that were on the walls got onto her skin, which tingled upon making contact with the juices, but not as much as her feet. It took a while, but eventually the belly walls retreated, and more fluid gushed out of the walls. The pool at the bottom of the gut increased in size as more acids went into it: as a result, it went up to Roxanne's midsection, submerging more of her leg and her butt in the juices. Her body tingled all over, and a very strange . . . melty? . . . feeling washed over her. When the raccoon looked down, she realized that her toes were disintegrating in the juices, and were starting to turn into goop. So digestion had truly begun. . .

Ira heard her stomach growl eagerly, and the witch cackled. "How do you like that, ring tail?" she asked, grinning. "How does it feel to meet your demise in my stomach? Sure, you'll regenerate, as we all do—but I'll just eat you again and again." The raven smirked. "You'll be my belly's permanent resident, always my meal. Doesn't that sound lovely?"

Roxy gulped. That sounded like a living nightmare. She didn't want to be bird food forever! Hopefully her faster regeneration would help her get out of this mess, before she became Ira's forever feast. . .

The stomach around her churned and gurgled, then released more fluids from its walls. The juices filled up the pool once again, and it went up her body, stopping just before it reached her chest. Looking down, the raccoon could see that her feet were completely melted, and had turned into liquid. The rest of her leg wasn't far behind, either.

Ira sighed happily as she listened to her stomach break down the wretched ring tail. After so long of fantasizing about this moment, she was finally digesting Roxy. Smirking, the raven started to massage her belly, knowing that her rubs would make the digestion process speed up. She wondered how the prey inside would react. . .?

Inside, Roxy heard the gut groan louder than ever, and it squeezed in once again, squishing her and making the whole place feel claustrophobic. Juices splashed onto her furred skin, and the pool at the bottom swirled, breaking down her legs. Finally, the belly released her, and more juices began to pour down.

This time, the pool rose up to her collarbone, stopping just before it reached her shoulders. Nearly her entire body was tingling thanks to the digestive enzymes, and she felt her body melting down. First her calves were broken down completely, converted from flesh to ooze. Next, the meltiness spread to her thick thighs, which went from solid to liquid in a matter of seconds. It looked like she was digesting much faster now. . . Roxy wondered, /Did Ira do something to speed things up?/ After thinking about it a moment, she shrugged. /Oh well. If it brings me back faster, then it can only be a good thing, I guess!/

Her thighs got completely converted, and the liquids moved onto the rest of her. Her butt and hips got churned up by the acids, melting away and joining her legs. Next, her belly was broken down into slime, and then her chest got digested. Soon, only her shoulders, neck, and head were left to be broken down.

As the last of the ring tail digested, Ira smiled with glee, and pulled out her other Teleportation Potion, ready to go home. She was about to swallow it—but then, she spotted some pictures on the mantle above the living room fireplace. Walking forward, she picked up a framed photo of Roxy and Steve together, and saw a card next to it. Reading the card, she saw it was for their fifth anniversary.

“Ah, that’s who Steve is!” the raven proclaimed. “He’s your hubby! I remember how the two of you looked like more than friends at the party. . .” She sneered. “Too bad he isn’t here now, but don’t worry. I’ll come back later, and then the two of you can be together again . . . in my belly, that is!” A chill down Roxy’s spine upon hearing those words.

Laughing evilly, the witch put the photo down and gulped down the Teleportation Potion. A moment later, she was back home.

Ira found herself back in her bedroom, standing next to the pile of broken alarm clocks. Walking outside, she made her way to the living room and sat down in her cozy chair. Settling in, the raven ran her hands over her big, bloated belly, and said, “Not to worry, ring tail: I have a special room all set up for you, complete with a reformation pad and everything! It will be perfect for holding both you and Steve, because I will enjoy repeatedly feasting on the both of you!”

In the belly, Roxy gulped. By now, only her head was left, and it was quickly melting. /Oh no!/ she thought. /I have to find a way to escape! But how?/

She tried to think up a plan, but as her head melted down, she slowly started losing consciousness. /I guess I can think of something once I reform. . ./ she thought to

herself. /Luckily I'll be reforming faster than Ira expects—that should give me a bit of an advantage!/
/

With that, the last of her melted down into goop.

Ira heard loud sloshing noises inside her stomach, and saw that her gut had shrunk down considerably, telling her that Roxy had, finally, fully digested. “Oh yes!” the raven shouted victoriously. “The ring tail is all broken down at last! I can't wait to see where she ends up on my body!”

She let out a loud /BEEELCH!/ As a result, the raccoon's acid proof clothing shot up from out of her stomach, and up her throat, flying out of Ira's mouth and landing on the floor with a wet splat. Looking over the clothing, the witch grinned. “These should have her DNA on them,” she said, reaching down to pick them up, “so I can add them to my reformation pad in my 'special' room!”

At that moment, the raven felt Roxy's remains getting added on to her: her curves and bust increased in size as she absorbed the digested raccoon. “Actually, I think I'll wait a while before adding the DNA,” Ira said, leaning back and relaxing in her chair. “She won't reform for a couple of ours, anyway—I think I'll go and admire my new body a bit! I got a nice full body mirror after all, so I better make use of it!”

Giggling to herself, the witch stood from the comfy chair and went to her bedroom, closing and locking the door behind her. This was going to be fun!

Meanwhile, thanks to Roxy's Quick Reform pill, the raccoon was already starting to regenerate. First, her feet appeared on the ground, and the rest of her quickly grew from there, her legs sprouting up to her midsection. Then her tail formed, and her gut and chest after that. Her arms popped out of her shoulders, and her head reappeared. Roxy was back—and had returned much quicker than Ira had anticipated, thanks to the capsule.

For a moment, the naked raccoon was in a daze (the reform process had a tendency to do that to people), but a few blinks later, she was back in business. Looking around, Roxy saw she was in a very unfamiliar house—it had to be Ira's home. In fact, when she listened, she could even hear the raven behind one of the doors: “Wow, I look great!” the witch exclaimed, her voice loud enough to be heard through the thin walls of the home. “That ring tail ended up on some really nice places—I can't wait to show this new body off!”

“Looks like she doesn't know I used the Quick Reform pill,” Roxy said, relieved. “Alright, now I need to find a way out of here.”

She was about to look around, but then she heard Ira walking back toward her! Panicked, the raccoon quickly ducked behind the sofa.

“Phew, that was fun!” Ira said, stepping out of her bedroom. “Now, what should I do next? Hmm . . . ah, I know!” The raven grinned. “I’ll go make myself a nice dinner, so that I can enjoy that delicious ring tail for dessert! I’m going to eat so well tonight!”

Ignoring Roxy’s clothes on the floor (she still had plenty of time before the raccoon regenerated—or so she thought), the witch walked over to the kitchen, humming to herself, and was soon out of sight.

Relieved, Roxy stepped out from behind the sofa. Grabbing her saliva soaked clothing, she put them on with a disgusted face—it was better than wearing nothing, sure, but she /definitely/ needed to put her wet shirt and pants in the laundry when she got home!

“Now to find a way to escape,” the raccoon said, determined. “Let’s go this.”

She crept over to Ira’s bedroom, opening the door and quietly closing it behind her. Looking around the room, she saw a pile of destroyed alarm clocks (. . . kind of strange, but ok), a dresser filled with clothes (mostly witch hats) and a strange looking device that was plugged into one of the wall outlets. Roxy was tempted to try and use it, but since she didn’t know what it did, she decided to leave it alone.

Next, she made her way down the hallway, looking at the other rooms in the house. As she went, she could hear Ira down in the kitchen, cooking and humming loudly to herself. It looked like the witch was pretty distracted—good. That would give her more of a chance to escape.

The raccoon opened the next door in the hallway, and found a bathroom. “Not much useful here,” she muttered. “. . . I guess if I get desperate I can flush myself down the toilet! But hopefully I can find something else—and I’m not that desperate yet!”

She closed the door and opened the next one. That was when she found Ira’s spell chamber.

Roxy’s mouth dropped open upon seeing the place. It was full of a huge array of potions and books, all of which were spread neatly throughout the room. She stepped inside and closed the door, walking up to the potion shelf. To her surprised relief, she saw that Ira had labeled the shelves with what potion went where; clearly, the place was meticulously kept.

After searching the shelves, she spotted two bottles that were labeled, “Teleportation Potion,” and she carefully picked one up. “That must be how Ira got into my house!” she realized. “This is how I can escape—they’ll be my way out of here!” Then she scratched her head, looking over the bottle for instructions. “But how on earth do they work? Do I have to chant a spell or something?”

Roxy looked over at the bookshelf, scanning the titles for something that could help her use the Teleportation Potions. She didn’t want to use them carelessly, after all, if they were her only means of escape! As she scanned the books, one particular one caught her eye: /All Things Magic For Imbeciles/ by one D. Ummy. “Wow, the For Imbeciles

line of books really /do/ cover every topic imaginable!” she exclaimed cheerfully, putting down the Teleportation Potions. She pulled /All Things Magic/ out of the shelf and opened it, skimming the table of contents.

“Let’s see. . . Potions. . . Potions. . . Ah, here they are!” She flipped over to the correct page and quickly read the contents. The intro paragraph read:

/Potions are a common way for laymen to get into magic, as anyone can easily use them. One need only to drink the potion to activate its effect. For specific use potions, such as Teleportation ones, imagining the thing you must do (for the Teleportation potion’s case, it would be the place where you are going) will suffice./

“How handy!” Roxy said, grinning. “I guess I can use them easily for myself then. . .” She frowned. “But even if I destroy one Teleportation Potion and take the other to get home, how can I stop Ira from getting into my house again? After all, she could just make more of them!” The raccoon looked at the book for answers, and found it in a little “Tip!” box near the bottom of the page:

/Like spells, some potions may not work properly when there is an Anti-Magic device present. For more on Anti-Magic devices, see page 232./

Roxy flipped over to that page right away. Here was a chapter on Anti-Magic devices. Its first paragraph read:

/Every budding witch and wizard should be aware of Anti-Magic devices. What are they? Simply put, they are machines that prevent magic from behind used in the house that they are placed in, unless the DNA of the magic user has been added to the device. Once the DNA has been added, that person can use magic in that location, despite the Anti-Magic device./

Next to it was a picture of the machine. Roxy looked at it, and realized: that was what the device in Ira’s bedroom was! “Of course!” the raccoon exclaimed. “That means Ira can use whatever magic she wants in her house, but everybody else won’t be able to.” She continued to skim the chapter. “I definitely need one of those when I get out of here!

“But how can I defeat the device. . .?” Roxy asked herself as she read more about the machine. “It says here that it has a backup battery for emergencies, and the magic crystal inside can’t be removed, except by a special tool from an authorized technician. . .” She scratched her chin. “I guess the only way to defeat is to destroy it then. A big hammer might be the trick! Good thing Ira has one in here.”

Sure enough, there was a very large mallet leaning against the bookshelf. The raccoon grabbed it, then grabbed two things from the shelf: a Super Buff Potion, and a Teleportation Potion, both of which would assist with her getting back home. Before she left, she looked around the potion shelf, and found a bottle whose liquid was very similarly colored to the other Teleportation Potion: a Feral Mouse Potion. She quickly

dumped the Teleportation Potion in a nearby sink, and filled its bottle with the Feral Mouse Potion, just in case Ira tried to use the other Teleportation Potion to follow her home once she escaped. Then, she left the spell chamber, returned to the bedroom, and promptly slammed the hammer down on the Anti-Magic device.

/WHAM!/ The sound was loud, but not loud enough for Ira to hear over all the cooking. The blow disabled the machine, but didn't destroy it. "Good thing I brought the Super Buff Potion with me!" Roxy exclaimed triumphantly. She pocketed the Teleportation Potion and guzzled the Super Buff Potion: it had a surprisingly pleasant taste. And a moment later, the raccoon began to change.

Her body began twitching all over, her arms and legs becoming the main source of the sensation. Then, she felt her muscles start to balloon and swell up: it started in her left leg. Her calf bulged out, becoming bigger and stronger than it was before, and her feet also grew as a result, to match its size. Once that was done, her thigh grew larger, increasing in bulk in a matter of seconds. For a moment it was pretty awkward to stand there: one leg was bigger and stronger than the other, after all! But her right leg quickly grew to match her left, and they were soon equally muscled.

Then the transformation spread up the raccoon's body. As it got to her chest, an eight pack formed on Roxy's belly, tightening it as strong muscles formed underneath her skin. After that, it went up to her shoulders, and her left arm was the first to change. First her upper arm suddenly grew in size, causing Roxy to yelp in surprise as her body became unbalanced. Her forearm then swelled up massively, becoming much bigger and stronger, and her hand grew bigger to match. Then, much to the raccoon's relief, her right arm soon joined in, also growing to an amazing size, changing her upper arm, forearm, and hand. After that, the transformation stopped: it was complete.

Roxy looked over her new form, grinning. Then she studied at herself in Ira's full body mirror, enjoying her muscled self. "Oh wow, I look like the She Hulk right now!" she exclaimed. "Hmm, maybe I should go smash that witch like a bug right now! Or . . . maybe not; she might have other tricks up her sleeve that could counter me. Well, time to destroy the device!"

She brought her fists up. "I wonder what Steve will think when he sees me?" she said, laughing. "But back to the task at hand . . . ROXY SMASH PUNY DEVICE!"

The raccoon brought her fists down on the Anti-Magic device, incredible power slamming into the machine thanks to her new muscles. "I've always wanted to say that!" Roxy exclaimed, grinning.

Ira was just finishing making her dinner when she heard a loud /BOOM!/ coming from down the hall. It was much louder than the previous noise, and she jumped in surprise and bewilderment. "What the freaking hell was that?!" the raven exclaimed, running to her bedroom.

She got inside just in time to see Roxy, who was now a giant, muscled Hulk for some reason, drink a Teleportation Potion and open a portal from above. The raccoon grinned at her and proclaimed, “I’m out of here, feather brain!”

Struck dumb by the sight, the witch took a moment to react—how the heck had Roxy regenerated so quickly? But she soon recovered and dashed to her spell chamber. After all, she didn’t want the ring tail to escape!

Snatching up what she thought was the last Teleportation Potion—and then getting a Potion Of Weakening to turn down Roxy’s muscles while she was at it—she ran back into the bedroom and downed the “Teleportation Potion” in one gulp, determined to get Roxy back by any means necessary.

But the witch instantly knew she had made a mistake. The potion tasted different from normal, and she immediately felt herself shrinking. Had she taken the wrong potion? Then she remembered glimpsing the Feral Mouse Potion bottle on the table and realized what had happened. As Roxy waved at her and got sucked into the portal, the witch started to transform.

Ira quickly decreased in size, shrinking right out of her clothes as her height reduced. As this happened, she felt something sprouting from the back of her head. Confused, the raven went to touch it, and realized it was ears! Curses . . . she really /was/ turning into a mouse!

Her beak softened and formed a muzzle, with a cute pink nose at the end. Whiskers sprouted from the middle of her face, and her hands changed into tiny little paws. The feathers of her tail came together and grew in size, forming a mouse tail instead. The rest of her feathers changed into fur, and Ira felt herself going down on all fours. As she shrunk down, her clothing landed on top of her, and the poor raven became buried.

And so, just like that, she shrunk down to the size of a small feral mouse, all in a matter of seconds. “Damn you, ring tail!” the tiny witch screeched, fighting to escape the pile of her clothing. “I will get you back again! I swear it!”

Roxy plopped back into her home, landing on the floor of her living room with a loud /THUD!/ Steve, who had been looking frantically for his wife, ran into the room and saw that his beloved was there safe—and she had grown quite a few muscles since he had last seen her! “Honey, you’re ok!” the fox proclaimed. “Wow . . . you got really buff all of a sudden!”

“Thanks!” the raccoon said, laughing. “It’s good to see you. Wait until I tell you all about the adventure I’ve had.”

The two of them hugged tightly—a little too tightly. Because Roxy’s new strength easily started to flatten her husband.

Steve gasped as Roxy's arms squeezed him, and felt his head starting to cave in. Before the fox knew it, his face was completely flat against his wife's chest, and the rest of him wasn't far behind.

As they hugged, the raccoon squeezed him tightly, and his neck and shoulders quickly became two dimensional, as they were crushed down to size until they were as thin as paper. Then arms got squashed, along with his chest: the flattening made its way down his body, and slowly crushed his pec area down, down, down, until they were rectangular and squished against his wife's chest.

Then his belly area, which was the last part of him being hugged, joined the rest of him. His stomach started out circular like any other, but it didn't take long for it to be reduced down to size, thanks to the strength of Roxy's big muscles. His belly slowly got squished down to size, flattening gradually as his wife embraced and squeezed her husband. His stomach got pressed into Roxy's body, and it got flatter and flatter against her, along with his back (of course). By the time the process was gone, the fox's midsection had been completely squeezed down from a three dimensional, circular space, to a two dimensional, rectangular one.

Most of him now as flat as a pancake, Steve said in a strained voice, "Uh, hon, as much as I'm glad you're ok, you're really squishing me here!"

"Oh!" Roxy exclaimed, letting go of her husband. She hadn't even noticed what she was doing! Sure enough, Steve's upper body had been squashed pretty good. "Sorry about that! Let me help you change back."

Steve breathed a sigh of relief. His wife took a deep breath and blew into the fox's mouth, slowly inflating him back to normal size.

As air filled up Steve, he felt it travel into his face and sloooowly return it to normal. Currently his head completely squashed in, but as Roxy blew into him, it gradually started to grow in size, starting at the fox's chin. First air filled up the bottom of his head, making his jaw increase in size and return to normal. After that, the inflation began to affect more of him, and oxygen blew out his cheeks, stretching them to their regular, three dimensional size. After that, his squished nose inflated back to normal with a loud /pop/ as air entered it, and his cheekbones went from flat to filled. Finally, his temple and forehead received enough oxygen, slowly growing them back to regular size.

Next, the air traveled down to Steve's flattened neck. Oxygen gushed down his throat, pouring into his esophagus and inflating it back to normal. After a few seconds, his neck had returned to its non-flattened state, and the inflation moved on.

His shoulders received ample amount of air, and they quickly became filled, inflating back to their circular size. Then the oxygen traveled down his arms, one by one. His left arm was first: air gushed down his upper arm, then his forearm, then each individual finger, filling them all up with oxygen and reversing the flattening. His right arm was

next, and soon, it too was back to regular size, going from flat and rectangular to normal and cylindrical in just a few seconds.

The air then went to Steve's chest. It flowed into the fox's pecs, inflating them each one by one until they were both back to normal. As she did this, Roxy was tempted to put more air into his chest area and give him some moobs, but she reasons that now wasn't the time for that sort of fun, and so she moved on.

His belly was the last area to inflate. Steve felt air flow into his empty stomach, and it quickly filled him up, making his belly grow bigger and bigger with each passing second. It inflated outward, going from rectangular to spherical very quickly. Once it looked relatively back to normal, Roxy stopped blowing, and released her husband with a smile.

Sure enough, Steve was back to normal, albeit with some extra air that landed in his belly. He and Roxy hugged and kissed, and his wife was more careful about her strength this time. "So what happened?" the fox asked, sitting down on the couch.

"You'll never believe it," Roxy said, sitting next to him, "but do you remember that Halloween party we were all at? Well, the witch I stopped wanted revenge. . ."

She told the whole story, starting from Ira eating her, and ending with the witch's transformation into a mouse. Steve laughed. "You really showed her, huh?"

"Yep!" Roxy said triumphantly. "Now, I think the best thing we can do is order an Anti-Magic device, so that she can't come here again."

"Good idea," the fox agreed. He took out his phone, opened the Glamazon app, and found the machine.

They paid extra for overnight shipping, just in case Ira decided to get revenge sooner rather than later.