

“H-Hey! She stole my purse!” The shrill cry was soon joined by confused and concerned whispers and commotion, as the soft cackle of a successful steal slowly started to blur into the crowd, much like its owner.

It had been an easy day for Ichigo Asuki, or as she liked to call herself: Pack Rat. She was short, scrawny, and not much of a fighter, but she had her speed, and goodness did she do it. Most villains got off on being stronger and more intimidating, while the mousy girl on the other hand simply used her quick, bratty wits to rip people off.

“Losers! Dummies!” Ichigo cried out chortling, her honey colored glasses glinted the sun mischievously, as after a moment of sprinting, even the police had to give up chase to catch their breath.

The only issue Ichigo had, was the fact that her costume wasn't exactly one that blended in all too well. Sure, there were plenty of people in and out of outfit that looked odd enough as is, but with her soft face, fuzzy twitching gray ears, her rounded front buck teeth, and her gray runner's outfit, it was pretty easy to be able to tell her from a crowd.

After a couple hundred more feet, Ichigo finally made her way into one of the many back alleys twisting and hiding themselves away from the city. She couldn't help but laugh, taking in a breath as she pulled up the purse.

“Ooo, let's see, cash, nice, nice, phone, extra nice, gonna need to wipe that...” She murmured, her teeth chattering in excitement as she looked through her loot. While it wasn't a big score of any kind, for the young villain, a few hundred bucks was definitely a sight for her wide, excited eyes.

Pausing for a second, she pressed her back against the cool cement wall, her eyes shifted to the side, as the sound of several uniformed boots clapped their way down the street. She could hear the cop's voices asking if anyone had seen her, and Ichigo had to stop herself from giggling and giving herself away.

“Hehehe, that's too funny.” Finally the softly snorting girl let herself laugh a bit, patting her paw like hand onto her thigh, before sighing contently. It was always amusing that not a single bit of law enforcement, hero or officer, had ever caught on to the fact that the alleys were the place to hide.

“Oh? I'm not really sure what the joke is. Mind cluing me in?” Ichigo froze, her fur standing on edge, her skin pimply with goosebumps, as the boyish, sultry cool voice filtered into her ears. Despite it being calm, it did anything but that for the even wider eyed girl.

“W-W-Who are you?!” Ichigo hissed, her stance taking up the defensive, as she was prepared to run. Or, she would have been, if the cool grip of smooth, leathery glove didn’t press down harshly onto her shoulder.

“Ah, that doesn’t really matter, does it? Besides, I already know who you are, so formalities aren’t really in order.” Ichigo shivered upon hearing the bored, yet surprisingly playful reply end with a soft hum of a sigh.

The soft sound of fluttering wings somehow finally picked up by her senses, as she looked up. Greeting her was a pouty, tired, but equally satisfied face looking down at her. It didn’t even take the frozen girl a second to realize who it was.

“Y-You’re... Hawks...” Ichigo chattered, sweat running down her face as a slow grin grew on the taller man’s face. He nodded, giving his dark red wings a stretch as his grip on her shoulders began to tighten even more.

“Yeah, and you’re lunch, right?” There wasn’t so much a question or confirmation in Keigo’s words, as there was just a cruelly teasing jab, that stabbed itself more harshly into the girl than his talon like fingers were.

“W-Wait-” But before Ichigo could protest her ‘innocence’, she felt her feet leave the ground, and her breakfast try to leave her stomach, as with a strong pushing gust, the two launched up into the sky.

“P-P-Please put me d-down! I-I’ll turn myself in Mr. Hero...” Ichigo stammered, tears running down her red face. She hadn’t wanted to realize how high up they were, but the quiet sound of traffic, and the loud sounds of calm winds finally made her look.

It had gone from one displeasing view to another, as she looked from the blond, rugged man’s face, down to the ground below. She simply watched still horror as her glasses slipped from her moist face, and spiraled towards earth, eventually becoming too small for her to see.

“No can do I’m afraid, I saw that you saw the cops ran passed your little hiding space. That was the perfect time to do it, and now it’s past.” Keigo shrugged, lifting the shivering and shaking snack of a girl held up by his hands.

Keigo had adjusted his grip so he was holding onto the grip near the villain’s pits, her body hanging stiff and limply all at the same time. She couldn’t stop crying, the words all the same pleads and begs for him to let her go.

“Well, you know, if I let you go, you’re gonna die...” Keigo raised his thick brow, his lip following suit into a small, barely noticeable smile. Ichigo’s face was puffy and quivering, as she bit her lip in pathetic fear.

"I-I really don't want to die..." Ichigo sniffled, Hawks jaw dropping a little, not due to surprise, but more so the boredom of the petty purse snatchers pleas. Letting one hand slide out from where it was holding, Ichigo let out a shriek as her weight began to pull her down.

"Now, you see, that's just not how this is going to work. Sorry. I'd imagine for someone of your status and crime, they'd probably give you, hmmm, I'm going to say community service. I don't really see you changing, no villains do, but I have an idea." Keigo ran his gloved hand against his chin's stubble, his eyes staring up into the sky as if asking a greater power than himself for judgement on the girl.

"O-Oh! I'll do anything! Seriously!" Ichigo smiled, nodding her head as if it was connected to a can shaker, as Keigo returned his attention to her wildly grinning face. Once more his brow raised, his smile a bit more apparent this time.

"Yeah? Alright then, this works out well. Looks like you'll be living up to your name." Keigo nodded, Ichigo breathing a sigh of relief before... Her eyes opened wide, her brain finally connecting what exactly the hero had just said.

"WAIT! You called me lunch! I-I thought that was just a joke! I-I mean, I get it, you're, ya know..." Ichigo laughed a bit, unable to believe the handsome hero was being serious. But his deep, glasses masking eyes weren't joking in the slightest.

"Uh uh, you agreed snack. Besides, this will be over quicker than the few months they'll give you cleaning litter or whatever." Keigo grinned a bit, his tongue running over his lips. Ichigo simply whimpered, Keigo bringing his face closer to hers, as he let his warm breath wash over her once cool face.

"You smell nice, I imagine you're gonna taste pretty good... For a rat and all." Keigo whispered into the fuzzy ears of his prey, before bringing his face down to her cheek, giving it a taste. Pulling his tongue away, Keigo cut off the long strand of molesting spit, sucking on his tongue for a moment.

"Yeah, I'm right. Not to rub it in or anything." Keigo yawned, showing the petrified pest of a girl the wide open maw of where she was supposedly going to be sent into. Then it hit her, a grin coming back to her face as the coldness around her body finally went away.

"H-Haha, I get it. I fucking get it! Jeez, you heroes are always finding new ways to scare villains into getting straight huh? Well, I can tell you, it's not going to work-" But Ichigo was instantly silenced as Keigo engulfed her head into his awaiting mouth.

Keigo was efficient, not wasting a single second gulping down the now thrashing girl he had claimed as prey. He still remembered the first time a girl had kicked his wings and knocked him off balance, and he wasn't about to allow that to happen again.

The only real issue was that he didn't get to taste as much of the mousy meal as he wanted. Although, he rationalized the tonguing violation was something a villain would do, and suppressed his urges and mild irritation due to the situation.

It only took a handful of gulps for the fairly small woman to vanish from the outside world completely, her body bulging out Keigo's throat at first, before she finally started to 'settle' in his stomach. Ichigo could simply wince in discomfort, as her body was folded into itself, her knees pressing into her chest and the bottom of her jaw.

On the outside, Keigo's shirt yellow patterned dark shirt rolled up his now bulging belly, the faint outline of his meal pressing through his well built muscle. The trail of hair leading down from the bottom of his navel to his crotch was now like a trail up a fleshy mountain opposed to a soft landing strip of lust.

"Filling enough, it's good that you villains are able to help out the community in one way or another." Keigo covered a small meaty belch that passed by his lips, a wincing smile on his face at the foul, but confirming smell.

Looking down, he couldn't help but wrily chuckle at the slight dome that was now pressing out his gut. He had had bigger meals in the past, but there was something charming about the pathetic lump of girlmeat nestled deep in his innards.

"Huh? What was that? Sorry, I really can't hear you." Keigo looked at his gut with bored curiosity, hearing the muffled moans of pain try to escape his taught flesh, just like their owner was. Relaxing his face a bit, Keigo couldn't help but poke his gut, earning another annoying escape of raunchy air which he quickly waved away.

"Still proving to be a nuisance, figures you wouldn't learn. Look, I'm not going to let you out." Keigo bluntly stated, putting his arms behind his head as he crossed his legs. He simply floated there, enjoying the slowly stopping struggling that came from his sloshy stomach.

Closing his eyes, the soft sound of the city down below helped lul the voracious hero off to sleep. If he was off the clock, he would have gone home to relax and have some fun, but on the clock, Keigo knew it would be better to be prepared to deal with any other criminal that caught his attention.

There was a few benefits to just how small Ichigo was, one being that if crime caught Hawks' attention, he could give his gut a small push, crushing her further into mucky mush, before tucking in his t-shirt.

Another was the fact that she didn't throw off his balance. Often with larger meals he would find a roof to chill on for a bit while he let his gut rest on the ground, but the petite girl barely caused his gut to sag, more so just plumping it out with a nice rounding to it.

And finally, it was the fact that, if Keigo was awake and he could notice, but Ichigo was already softening. The well built boyish man's body spent a lot of calories flying around doing his job, so it was pleased to receive some new, fairly filling meat.

Ichigo's cries and raspy screams were quickly silenced, as her soft skin, and fluffy fur were quickly peeled and liquefied in the warm, biting acids of the bird guy's gut, her expression changing from frantic horror, to tired, dead defeat in moments flat.

Not that Keigo was awake or really fully aware of this as he slept, the occasional bit of gas escaping from his lips, as he gently floated in the sky, waiting for the next job. Although, while Keigo wasn't awake for the painful death, he would come to wake up to a nice, plush trim on his fit figure, not that the relaxed hero even cared. It was just a sign of another job well done.