

*In 500 Words*

*The Rabbit and the Frog*

*Contains: Monster/F, Same Size Oral Vore, fatal digestion, Rumi Usagiyama, Gamma Hunter*

“ugh...What happened?” Mirko groaned as her eyes fluttered open, the blurry world coming into focus while a cloud of dust settled. What she found was a hole, a hole in the ceiling that, moments ago, she’d been standing on trying to evacuate civilians. She could hear the screams and sirens now, occasionally catching a glimpse at someone running past. She tried to pick herself up, only to tense up in pain. Mirko looked down and sharply gasped at the sight of rebar plunging through her abdomen and rising up drenched in her own blood. The white-haired heroine muttered a curse as she took hold of the steel, snapping it off with some effort before slowly, and with great agony, pulled herself up and out.

“Grrr-rrrr-rrrRRAH!” She fell to her knees, blood pouring until her hand clasped the wound. “That can’t be healthy.”

She groaned and staggered to a stand, nearly falling over herself.

“But it's better than just-urgh-lying here and dying’.” She reached for the radio earpiece to call in support...but found it wasn’t there. “Dammit...Looks I better book it before I’m zombie chow.”

She grimaced as the wound ached. She ripped the top of her unitard off and fashioned it into a tourniquet, the pain coming out it hisses between her teeth, before shambling down the sewer tunnels, hoping that she could find some way up to the surface.

And then, from the damp darkness, there came a sound. A strange croaking sound, like idle frogs resting at the side of a pond. The way they echoed down the sewers made it hard to tell just *where* exactly it was coming from, but what was becoming *very* quickly clear was that the sounds were getting closer. Having a bad feeling, Mirko continued to shuffle forward, clenching the wound in her side along the way, but croaks were joined by the sound of water splashing and wet footsteps on concrete.

*PSSSSHHHHHHHHH!*

Suddenly a steam pipe burst in front of her, releasing a scalding cloud of steam that forced the bunny hero back. Something exploded above, rattling the sewer tunnel and sharking loose old brick above.

“Dammit, this isn’t good!” Rumi muttered, frantically looking around for any other way around. That’s when she felt it, that terrible feeling that, right behind her, something was there that shouldn’t be. She slowly turned her head until she could see from the corner of her eye, a figure looming in front of the lamps behind her. She stood perfectly still, waiting for the first move while her mind tried to figure out a plan. Was it one of those undead things? No, this wasn’t human, just vaguely shaped like one. It croaked once and came forward, the dim orange glow revealing a toad like monster that stood like a man with a hunched over gait in its posture, its skin blue save for its silver underbelly. When it croaked again, its crimson throat briefly inflated.

“What in the hell are you?!” She uttered and with another guttural sound, it lunged at her with webbed hands open wide. Thinking fast, Mirko responded with a backwards roundhouse kick that caught the side of the beast’s rounded head and slammed it into the wall of their cramped quarters. This didn’t come without a cost however. Mirko flinched, the wound in her side screaming while the blood seeped from it and dripped to sewer water below. She hunched over to the opposite wall, gritting her teeth as tightly as she could trying to ignore the pain. From her peripheral vision, she could see the beast pull its head out and shake off its own pain before slowly turning to her. It hissed and tried to go for her again, but instead of trying to counter again, she swung herself out of the way where it’d slam into the wall at full speed.

She whimpered as the pain rippled from her wound, her head getting a little light, but Mirko forced herself to run. Any other time she could fight to the death with something like that, but here, with this gash, the odds were stacked against her. Unfortunately, luck wasn’t on her side either. She tripped over rubble she didn’t see and hit the water. She quickly scrambled to her feet, but suddenly she felt cold and clammy hands wrap around her entire waist and hoisted her off the ground. Mirko looked over her shoulder, watching as the jaws began to yawn open.

*Shit! Shit! SHIT!* Were the last thoughts going through her head before she plunged head first into the dark, hot maw; sinking all the way up to her waist in the Hunter’s mouth. With its body slightly deformed from having to stretch over the tan-skinned hero’s muscular build, the beast repeatedly tossed its head back with gnawing at her body in an attempt to swallow her whole and alive. Mirko’s legs wildly kicked in the air the whole time, which did a little in keeping her from sliding completely down, while in her throat, Mirko was trying to

wedge herself and keep from slipping any further. Its thick and slimy tongue constantly shifted in between her legs, lathering in her body in the spit.

**GLRK! GLRK! GLRK!**

The walls contracted, each time trying to force her down and for a time, she managed to keep herself firmly planted. Unfortunately, as the saliva began to soak into her body, Rumi began inching downward. Outside, the heroine's legs dipped more and more, forcing them straight up as the knees slipped into the gullet. **GLRK!** Her ankles entered its toothless maw, leaving on her feet twitching outside. **GLRK!** Now it was chewing on her boots, soon spitting out their tattered remains.

**GLRK!**

Mirko plummeted down the tight passage and hit the malleable belly below, forced to curl up into a tight ball in the hot and humid organ.

“Damn it!” She snarled, instinctively pushing back against the walls only for the contractions to tighten around her every nook and cranny. Already the stomach juices were beginning to seep from the walls, what remained of her unitard dissolving with an audible sizzle. Her own skin began to itch and tingle, her eyes watering with the burning sensation. What little air she had was sucked out and released in a guttural belch, making a place that was already difficult to breath that much harder.

“I’m not...going to..die here!” She grunted, fighting until the very end...and that was, sadly for her, inevitable. Outside, the beast held its belly up in one hand and started back towards the hole that led to the surface, guided by its instincts to feed an insatiable appetite.