

The train car clattered against the rails, there weren't many people in the carriage, only people staring at their phones other than Ellis and Jayce. Jayce stood much taller than Ellis.

The coyote practically towered over the rabbit though he didn't seem too afraid of his co-worker on account of the muzzle binding his maw shut, same as the other predator on the carriage who the prey seemed to keep away from.

After waiting around on the metro for a good forty-five minutes the speaker would announce their stop was next, leading to Jayce shifting about and getting comfortable in his padded winter coat, Ellis doing the same with his before the train would slow to a stop; the wheels screeching against the metal as it did every day on the commute back home.

Departing from the train there was nobody else on the platform. Just the predator, and the prey. Ellis would be a little unnerved by this, but would think to himself "We're friends, right? Jayce wouldn't eat his friend..." His breath clouding up in his face as he walked alongside the coyote; almost instinctively he'd keep a tight grip on the stun gun in his pocket, only a small tool but definitely packed a punch.

Only a minute or so later- Ellis would hear a low growl from behind him followed by a clattering sound against the floor... He'd heard this sound once before, when another person was about to be attacked by a predator, and it seemed the same rang true for his fate.

He'd feel a strong grip around his right arm. It was Jayce. The friend he had trusted for so many years was about to try and kill him. But remembering the self defence course he went through he whipped his left arm around, jamming the stun gun in to Jayce's hand and pressing the button, and then, silence.

The tool took a second, he frantically pressed the button again and as if by some miracle, it worked. A pulse of 30,000 volts would tear through the coyote's hand, forcing a convulsion of all the muscles at once- "CRNCH". With that one move, Ellis' forearm's bones would snap almost in two, before Jayce recoiled with a shriek of pain.

The poor rabbit was running on instinct at this point. Adrenaline running through his veins, his arm barely even registering as broken. All he could think was to run from his former friend. And run he did, his body was built for this. Running down corridor after corridor, the mist of his breath trailing behind him under the dim lighting of the metro building. He'd pray for anyone to please find him and protect him...

But as much as he'd pray and beg as he ran, nobody would be around. The cold, unforgiving winter air was all he would find, before taking a bad turn; he was trapped. There was no way out from the turn he just took, it was a dead end; and Jayce was approaching him quickly.

Ellis would try to protectively wield the stun gun against the giant, snarling, teeth baring monster before him, but it wouldn't turn on. No matter how many times he'd press the button there would be nothing, just the bleak reality of what was about to happen to him.

Jayce would approach him, effortlessly lifting him up with one hand and practically ripping his clothing layers off him with the other. Other than his ripped-up shirt and tie he would be naked, the cold biting up against his furred body, countered by the hot, rancid breath of Jayce against his face.

Ellis would try his best to cry out, "H-HELP! PLEASE, ANYONE!" but his feeble attempts at calling for help would be shortly snuffed out by his upper body being crammed in to Jayce's throat. The tight, wet, constricting muscle would force Ellis' arms to his sides, while trying to kick his legs about. It

wouldn't take much for Jayce to force him deeper and deeper, the drooling maw coating his body and helping him slip further towards his demise, the sharp teeth nipping at his legs as they would soon be pulled down, the predator's powerful tongue wrapping around his left leg.

Soon enough, Ellis' face would push out through the stomach sphincter, followed by his arms, then his hips, and finally his legs would be forced down in to the caustic, chyme filled stomach. It was tight, rancid, and burned his skin where ever he was touched by the acid. He'd try his best to scream and push through the gut wall, hoping to get any sort of attention, but it was to no avail. Jayce had already planned this out in advance, he'd zip up his padded coat, rather easily concealing and muffling his latest meal, and slipping on his muzzle with a grin.

He made his way out of the metro, hot breath still clouding up before him, just this time a lot gassier. He'd keep on belching, often just bringing up a rancid stench of digestion, though sometimes bringing up scraps of clothing.

Inside Jayce was a whole other beast, Ellis would scream and cry "NO, DON'T DO THIS-" only to be muffled by the stomach walls contracting around him from a belch, more of his precious air being sucked out...

His fur would start to fall out in clumps from his skin, sloughing off as if it weren't part of his body, revealing bloodied red skin beneath. The acids would bubble and fizz as they slowly digested him, every second he spent in there was less chance of his survival.

The caustic fumes would build up between belches, burning at his eyes, his ears, and especially his lungs. Each breath burned to take in, keeping him conscious for even longer, even more torture at the lapping acids of the gut. Before long, bleary eyed and barely alive, he'd use what strength he had left to push out against the wall, only for it to rebound with great force against him- "CRACK, SNAP!" His unbroken arm would soon enough be snapped, just like his other.

He would whimper and sob but to no avail, he was doomed to die inside of the tight gut, which was slowly shrinking around him, acids growing higher until they reached his neck, the rest of his body in agony as it digested, his head slowly forced down by a strong push from outside.

That was it. In one strong push, the coyote had broken Ellis' neck, his suffering was over as his body would be slowly worked down in to a thick, chunky soup of meat and bones. Anything that wasn't completely destroyed yet was sure to be soon enough as Jayce pushed in to his gut, feeling around if his co-worker was still alive, only to be replied to with a powerful belch and clumps of fur getting stuck in his teeth.

He was almost home by now, it hadn't taken him much time at all to completely mulch Ellis, the name already fading from his memory, but the thrill of the hunt, the taste of his prey, the fear in their eyes. That would stick with him forever.

Once he had made it back to his apartment, he would take off his coat, his shirt, his pants, and shoes. Then flop back on to his sofa with a slosh in his gut, turning on the TV to watch the local news, knowing that nobody would ever find Ellis' body. There would be missing posters and worries, but everyone knew how predators were, that it wouldn't be beyond one to snatch him up.

"Friends always taste the best." He'd think to himself with a sigh and a pat to his gut...