Another day, another exhausting mission of making sure the entire grounds were safe and intruder-less!

Ever since the king took over this human palace, it’s been Welfin’s sole job of protecting the whole place. I mean, yeah, no one told him too, but someone’s got to do it, right? (Of course, he’d love some appreciation and praise for the job but... being safe and secure was more than enough compensation, he supposed.) there were some points here and there were that whole safe thing was put into question, (like when he found those blood covered shoes,) but there was no way to escape his nose, nor his ears! Any and all intruders would be caught, no exception!

But even with all that security, there was still something missing... something that would allow his over-active, anxiety ridden brain some rest.

A new ability.

It was perfect! Of course, his superior brain thought of something so perfect! A new ability would make things oh-so simple, security, defense, it’d be easy! “Sometimes I swear, I impress myself. Heh.” The wolf-ant smugly grinned as he thought it over. Obviously, his currently ability was already superior, he was confident Missileman could defeat nearly anyone, (save the king and his guards, of course,) but it had too many complexities. Sometimes, even if he didn’t mess up any part, it didn’t matter if his enemy was too fast or strong. But this new one, it would destroy anyone! No matter what!

Now the only problem was uh... Thinking of the actual ability... But that should be of no concern, he’s strong and smart, this should be easy.

***Gwooooooorgggg...*** ugh... although he should probably eat something first... “I should check on Bizeff while I’m at it. Heh. Little rat is probably hogging some food down there too.” Welfin said to himself as he wandered around the palace halls, doing his final sweep for the night. Seemed like everything was in orde-

“*Oi! Welfin!”* A particularly loud voice came from behind. With how *utterly* annoying it sounded... there was a pretty high chance it was a certain someone.

The wolf-ant turns around as he acknowledges the annoyance behind him, predictably seeing a cheetah-like ant speedily trotting up behind him. Ugh. *‘Not him... what does this moron want?’* The wolf’s brows furrowed as the cheetah-ant rapidly approached.

This new ant, Cheetu, (Welfin had the personal nick-name of ‘Annoying Moron’ for him instead,) was quite the antithesis to the wolf-ant; Loud, annoying, careless, idiotic, honestly, he could go on. “What do you want, Cheetu? You know I told *NOT* to bother me when I’m patrolling, right? Or was that something else you ignored me on?” The wolf-ant snorts as he gave the cheetah a very intense glare. Having to deal with Cheetu day in and day out was, blegh... a new type of torture. Divine punishment he really must’ve done something terrible to have deserved.

The cheetah-ant blankly stared into the wolf’s eyes as he ignored whatever he was talking about, “uh huh, yeah... Anyway! Wanna see something cool?? I promise it’ll blow you away with how awesome it is!” He excitedly offered as a bit of a glow enveloped him, his nen aura being shown off as he prepared this supposedly ‘awesome surprise’.

*‘Ugh, not again...’* It was pretty obvious what this ‘surprise’ was. *‘This idiot gets a new ability just about every day! Still, again, he wants to show me this dumb crap.’* it was what? The third time this week this dolt has gotten a new ability, each time becoming less and less creative. This new one would probably be no different, and whatever it was, he didn’t care anyway. “Look, Cheetu, I don’t have time for this dum-” His stomach angrily cut him off with a GwoOoOOOorgggl! As he stared at the annoying cheetah, *‘Ugh, not now... I’m trying to deal with this idiot, I’ll get food late- wait...’* the gears in his head started spinning as he thought through what he just said. *‘Maybe I can deal with this idiot...’* The wolf-ant smugly grinned, slowly piecing together an idea out the words with his grin growing ever the wider as he finishes the dark plot, *‘and get food all at the same time... Heheh.’* His stomach lowly growled out a *Glluuurrrrrn~* in agreeance with the thought. His genius wwas almost scary at times. “You know what? Sure, I’d love too! But, outside of course, no need to destroy everything in here with your *totally amazing* ability.” The wolf-ant turns and beckons over to the cheetah, “Follow me, huh?”

“Haha! I knew you’d stop being a prude eventually!” Cheetu dashes up to the wolf, eccentrically grabbing his hand, “Come on!!!”

“Wait a sec-!” The cheetah starts runs off, dragging Welfin right along with him.

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The cheetah suddenly stops on a dime as he reaches the outside, “Here we are!” He smiles as he looks back at the disoriented wolf.

Welfin snatches his hand back as the cheetah-ant finally slows down, “Never, and I mean *NEVER* do that again!” Despite not having been the one running, unironically it seemed like he was the one most out of breath.

“Whatever. Anyway, you ready to see it?!” The cheetah enthusiastically rushes out of his mouth.

“Well... Just wait a bit first huh?” The wolf gets starts putting distance between him and Cheetu as he continues, “How about first, instead, we look at my new ability? That way we could get the more boring one out the way first, while we build a little suspense for yours. Saving the best for last, of course.”
It was easy, playing a moron like Cheetu like a fool. Say some pretty words here and there, and you’ve got them drooling for your ideas like candy.

The cheetah hesitated a bit, even with idea striking chord with him, “...Well I guess... But just make it quick! This thing is too awesome to keep it waiting for too long!!”

Like candy.

“Yeah, yeah, I get it. Anyway, I just need you to run at me really quickly for this new ability to activate. Nothing too big.”

“Run at you? Hah! You sure?” Cheetu snickers as he snidely grins, placing his hands on his hips, “I mean, with how fast I’ll go, you sure you’ll even get the chance to use it?”

“Oh, trust me, it’ll work. You going at top speed is essential! Honestly, don’t even pay attention when you running, I need you to go just that fast!” Welfin darkly chuckled to himself as he looked at the cheetah-ant's face, if the shock is any indicator, he’s plenty in shock over the bluffed strength of this ability. Perfect. ‘And when you and I see just how strong it really is... oh, I’m sure that’ll be quite a sight.’

“Top speed? Heh, Well... You *are* asking for it!”

*‘Of course I am! While you're rushing at me like an idiot, I’m going to rip you to shreds!’* The wolf-ant snickered when he thought about I- wait... *‘If he’s going at me that fast, how am I gonna do that?’* He pondered to himself as he got into position, *‘I mean, he’s probably just going to... run me over...’* The wolf blinked as he realized just what was the problem with his little idea.

With the cheetah-ant merely a couple inches from his face, the wolf yelps out a “w-Wai-!” with his mouth agape, the cheetah, in his blinding speed collides with a-

-*GLLK!*

...*Well*, that’s new.

Not particularly bad, either.

With the head-on collision sending the cheetah-ant immediately to the back of his throat, Welfin got quite the taste in one fell swoop. And, honestly... ‘For such an idiot, he doesn’t taste half-bad!’ The wolf gets quite a licking in on the disorientated cheetah, absorbing the delectable taste that came with the insectoid feline before he came to his senses.

“What the... Oh *ew!*” The feline gags a bit, getting a full face of dog-breath, “Gross! Welfin!!! Get me out of your mouth!!” Cheetu starts to wriggle around when he fully realizes his current location, but the only reply he receives is another lick. “Ugh!! Fine, I’ll get out of here myself.” The cheetah-ant tries to say inside of the canine’s moist maw, planting his feet to the floor as he starts to try pulling himself out with force.

Oh right, his feet. Probably the one of cheetah’s best methods of escaping here. Would probably be wise to grab those.

The wolf snatches both of his catch's legs with a strong grip. His wolf half’s instincts activating, strongly preventing his prey’s escape. Maybe for a human, the cheetah was a bit strong, but with Welfin’s wolf-born superior strength, catching the cheetah-ants bird-like legs were all too easy. The wolf-ant hoisting the cheetah’s lower-half into the air. Food isn’t meant to get away after all, and the wolf is much too far in to let the cheetah go now, not that he’d want to, anyway.

But just as the wolf-ant is about to chomp down...

“Ok, then! If you don’t wanna let me go...” The cheetah’s arms grab both sides of the wolf’s head, gaining a good grip and... Shoving himself deeper?! “Then you’ll just have to deal with the consequences!” The cheetah-ants smug demeanor being a little lost as he’s muffled by the tight throat, although the general idea gets across.

The wolf chokes a bit as the feline starts entering his throat by force. ‘A-ack! Dammit... He’s trying to choke me!’ The wolf’s thoughts get a little crowded as he loses air from the current living blockage. ‘Dammit... get out of there!’ The wolf-ant tugs at the cheetah’s legs ironically, desperate to pull them out rather than keep them in now.

“Hah! I won’t let you get out of this that easy.” Cheetu confidently announces as he pushes himself ever deeper, seemingly unsatisfied with how slowly he’s choking out the wolf-ant. “C’mon, or what, do I taste bad?” The cheetah laughs at the wolf’s current predicament.

The wolf struggles a bit, trying to get his prey out instead of in, ‘Dammit... Let go!’ Welfin’s eyes going a bit hazy as he unwillingly downs more of the cheetah. ‘Hah! I know, Missleman can- damn! I can’t speak!’ The situation going from bad to worse as the feline lodges himself in his throat. The end seeming nigh with his vision darkening. Well... there are worse ways to g-

***GLLLP!***

As the Wolf-ant's grip gets weaker, the cheetah over-ambitiously sending himself even further down with a strong push in, his chest and shoulders being lodged into his throat with some force. The cheetah’s face appearing outlined in the wolf’s strong throat. A bit of a slip, but it’s nothing the feline can’t bounce back fro-

***GLK!***

Cheetu is sent much farther down with the next one, the wolf’s body instinctually swallowing down it’s apparently massive meal. With his legs being the only thing left outside of the wolf-ant's jaws, and his head and chest now inside of the traitor’s stomach, it might be a safe time to panic.

Although for others, the cheetah’s now far worse predicament is quite a relief! The amount of Cheetu’s body being sucked down finally unblocking enough of his mouth and throat to allow for just the tiniest bit of air in. Talk about a miracle! ‘I thought I was done for, phew!’ The wolf breathing out the smallest sigh with the limited air. ‘Although now... this is a bit of a predicament...’

The wolf-ant feels over the constantly struggling bulge of a certain annoyance. But is this really a bad thing? ‘I didn’t even think about how I would hide all the blood from doing it the normal way...’ The wolf loudly ***GLRK!***’s as he thinks it over. ‘And this way, I don’t waste a bit!’ The wolf grins as he gets to the feline’s feet. ‘I suppose your actually useful for something, after all!’ Welfin chuckles to himself as he seals off the cheetah with one final ***GLUNK!*** Sending Cheetu straight down into the acid bath below.

The feline lands into Welfin’s belly with a bounce, sending the now distended gut wobbling. The cat’s arrival displacing quite a lot of air in the wolf’s guts, forcing a large,

***HWOOOOOOOAAAAAARRP!***

Out of the wolf-ant as he rubs over his kitty-filled engorged middle with a bit of a smile, it did feel pretty nice, after all. “Phew... I didn’t know you’d taste so damn good.” The wolf-ant gives his belly a nice *pat* *pat*, as it’s occupant settles inside, “who knew the only time you’d finally be useful is as food?” Welfin’s smug demeanor returning as he recovers from nearly suffocating.

Cheetu doesn’t take too kindly to being treated like food, some very strong struggling making sure Welfin was quite aware of that. “What the hell!!Let me go!” is probably something along the lines of what the cheetah inside him was saying, though with the cheetah being very tightly contained in the swelteringly hot fleshy acid tub, it more came out like “MMmph!! Hmmgh!!”.

“Listen, just settle down in there,” the wolf-ant shoves the cheetah back down into the acidic hot tub boiling below him. “Food doesn’t get this rowdy.” The wolf sits himself down with his rumbling and groaning belly between his thighs, the acid filled sac strongly churning over the feline inside. His gut had been waiting for real food, how hadn’t he seen it this whole time? “You’re just the right dolt for this, too. Only you could manage to send yourself even deeper into my gullet when I’m the one trying to eat you! *Heheheheh.*” The wolf rubs over his large gut, predatory instincts causing him to derive immense pleasure from the cannibalistic act, rather than discomfort or disgust that might be more expected.

“You’ll never get away with this! Once everyone notices my totally awesome presence is gone, they’ll start getting suspicious!” The cheetah yells as the already tight gut contracts even further, the caustic tank pooling with boiling hot digestive juices and growing much stronger despite the cat’s desperate attempts at escape. The feline kicking in a fervor with his ant legs, maybe not with the same strength of some of his peers, but with a lot more speed. “Dammit, you’re *sick!* ***YOU HEAR ME?!”*** The red flesh all around pulsating with excitement, active prey like this seemed to get the wolf’s body all worked up and active.

But, Welfin found it hard to care. In fact, the amount of kicking and moving from inside was far more enjoyable! Seemed like his wolf-guts enjoyed the challenge issued from inside, seeming to spur his body to start churning and burbling quite a bit faster! “*Ohhh, yeaaaahh...*” The wolf-ant moans as he gropes at his gut, feeling every kick and movement in full detail as his gut gets a lot more active around the unlucky feline, acids vocally rising with multiple ***Gwoorb***’s and ***Blurrbl...***’s signifying the strengthening digestion. The Wolf-ant lowly moans with his clawed hands on his churning gut, “*mmmmm...* just keep moving like that...”

As he rubs circles into his furred belly, the distinct feeling of nen seems to flow out of his gut, the mysterious energy pouring out of the cheetah inside as he marinates inside of the powerful guts, the acidic juices growing stronger the more Nen that’s drawn out, the aura making the wolf-ant stronger as it drains from its previous owner. “*Heheheh...* I think I finally figured out what this new ability should be!” The wolf slaps at his gut as its occupant seems to grow slower, unable to keep up with the dangerously high rising sweltering-hot acids surrounding him. Whatever subconscious Ten he was using to keep the digestive juices from eating at him being drained away along with the rest of his energy. “Even with how dumb you manage to be, Cheetu, at least I can get some use out of you.” The canine gropes at the cheetah through his gut, feeling at the not-so speedy cat’s currently melting form as he forces him down lower into the flood of acids, it seems like this was the end of the egotistical cat’s rope. Better get in some final words. “With this new ability you helped me make, not only will I get to digest you down...” He gives another hostile slap to the side of his burbling gut, “I’ll absorb all of your nen right along with you.” He grinned as he finished the explanation, that last part seemed to fall on deaf ears, a large ***GWOORB!*** Making that clear, but that was more than ok.

“Alright...” The wolf grunted as he lifted off the floor, “let’s get you somewhere- whoop!" The wolf-ant surprises himself as his entire body seems to wobble with the sudden movement. What was th- oh. ***Oh.***

Looking back was quite the sight, the wolf’s rear end seeming to have gained quite a bit of mass from the digestion so far. For a skinnier type, that cat seemed to be have a big effect on the canine’s figure. “Hmph. For someone who struggled so hard, you seem to be settling in pretty well. *Heheh.*” He gropes at his now jiggly rump, feeling the soft and doughy flesh in his hands as he squeezes his pliable behind with a salacious want to feel his own furred ass, a warm blush appearing on his face as he grasped the amount of weight now present in his enlarged butt. And with how much there is to go... “*Heh.* Seems like your gonna make me better everywhere, not just my aura, huh?” The wolf lewdly smiled as he played with his fat ass, the new-found weight and mass being sent wobbling as he slapped it with his own clawed hands. Even if it wasn’t smart to weigh himself down with even more ass-fat, he HAD to do this again, the perverted joy he got from feeling himself was far too addictive!

“*Haaah...* well let’s get somewhere safe to digest you on down.” The wolf patted at his still chyme-filled belly, “I’m gonna love how much you add, that much is for sure.” He started to amble off with a start, entire body wobbling as he maneuvered over to the elevator of underground compound, he would have a lot to tease bizeff ove-

***Whump!***

The wolf stopped in his tracks, staring down at his fattened hips. Seeing that indeed, he was now stuck.

“...Dammit.”