

*In 500 Words*

*Kuro City: A Wrong Gig*

*Contains: M/M femboy pred, implied violence, observer PoV*

In a dingy old apartment in a dingy old part of Kuro City, a young woman is bound and gagged. She whimpers, she whines, her eyes trembling in fear darting towards the slightest. Her Name was Samia Kanaan, who had the greatest misfortune of being the fourth honest oldest child of Amir Kanaan, a big name with big money that tended to pour that money into nearly every investment venture that looked like it turned a quick buck. One day, she was just walking back to her apartment after lectures, thinking about her studies and what she'd do after hitting the books. The next, six men had burst out of a van and swiped her off the sidewalk quick as a flash, tires screeching as it peeled down the street. That was three days ago. Three days of crying and screaming until her eyes were red and her throat was raw. Sure they kept her fed, gave her a decent bed with decent blankets, but they never said why they wanted her, though it didn't really take a genius to explain why a bunch of masked men kidnapped the daughter of a Stock Market Mogol.

It was deep in the night when the door finally creaked open and immediately, Samia began to worry. She'd gotten it down pretty early that they were feeding her on a pretty strict schedule when it came to feeding her, letting her use the bathroom, etc. Despite the whole kidnapping business, they had been rather polite about it. Samia didn't know if it was out of genuine kindness or if it was just business. Either way, that door coming open at a time she wasn't used to was the first sign something was different. The next was the fact that, instead of a tall, physically built man in a thick coat, it was instead a goblin. A well-dressed goblin who's fine taste in fashion wrapped around a very curvy figure that made up for her lack of height. Underneath a pair of glasses was a confident and smug smile that curled just a little wider to reveal some dagger-sharp teeth. Heels clopped as she took her first couple of steps, a rather threatening, nailed riddled bat dragging behind her. She came to a stop in front of Samia, lifting the bat and planting its top into the floor before resting her palms on the other end.

The goblin took a good, long look at her and sighed.

"Miss Somia Kanaan, I assume?" She said with a voice that struggled over its squeakiness to be polite and businesslike. When the girl nodded, the goblin extended a hand. "A

pleasure to meet you, Miss Kanaan, my name is Jackie Tapp, but you may call me Jackie if you like.”

The hand hung there and after a moment, Jackie’s eyes just sort of said, *look kid, are you gonna shake or not, because I ain’t leavin without a handshake*. Samia got the message and gently took the goblin’s surprisingly smooth hand into her own before a surprisingly firm grip took it and shook it twice. Once it was done, Jackie snapped her fingers and the two men that had followed her inside approached. Carefully, they undid the cuffs and the gags before stepping back to their mistress’s side.

“Miss Kanaan, I’m afraid there’s been a *grave* misunderstanding.” She began, resting her hand back on her bat. “You see, my boys weren’t intending on kidnapping you for...well anything. Not for cash, not for sex, not for life. Well, not for sex personally *with* you, but I’ll explain that in a moment. Now I want you to hear what I have to say, then we’ll take you home and hopefully we can all just...*forget* what happened here. And hey, maybe someone will find some extra cash to say, fund four more years of college, hm?”

Rubbing her aching wrist, Samia silently stared.

“Don’t have to say a word, that look in your eyes is saying get to the point and I shall.” She took a seat on the chair beside the bed, looking at her nails as she went on. “Now, one of my associates-sorry, *former* associates-was apparently trying to get into the prostitution game under my nose and on *my* dollar. Apparently, he’s been plucking girls off the street left and right across town and you were just one of many.”

“No ransom or anything?”

“Nope, didn’t even know who your family was or anything at all! You were going to be some slut gettin’ her pussy pounded by whoever paid, and honestly, not top dollar either. At least, that is until I caught wind of it and here I am.”

“S-So what happens now?”

“Well, I’m glad you asked and I’m gonna give you two options” She counted off one finger, then the other. “One, you go home. Two, you get to have some revenge, *then* you go home?”

“Revenge?” She asked, but judging by Jackie’s suddenly beaming smile, the goblin took it as an answer.

“Hey, that’s a tough cookie! Butch, bring him in!”

“Wait, what, I-”

Suddenly another man was thrown into the room, beaten and bloodied, bruises here and swelling there. He hardly looked like a man, just the twisted shape of one. He tried to speak, but it just came out as guttural noises instead of actual words, but Samia could make out the begging tone in his broken voice.

“That, right there, is Joseph Capelli. Used to have a pretty face, but well...not much to look at now isn't he?”

“Miss Tapp, I really-”

“Anyway, this dirt bag thought he could he swindle money out from under me to start up his little fuck game, but he's about to learn why you don't *fuck* with Jackie Tapp.” She gestured to the demon who'd been standing at the door, who then motioned for someone to come in. In walked a young man that Samia would've thought was a woman if he wasn't going bare chest, his long, platinum colored hair running down his shoulders across his pecs and nearly stopping at his waist.

“Miss Kanaan, this is Jamie Bronze, Jaime Bronze this is Miss Kanaan.” She said quickly. “Now, give us a show would you?”

The young man known as Jamie Bronze looked down at Joseph, curiously nudging him with his foot.

“Tapp, I know you're paying good for this and all.” He said in a very bored and matter of fact voice that was both like rusted steel and pink posies. “But I told you before I don't eat tenderized meat. Do you got like, a face mask or anything.”

“Oh for fu-Butch, throw a goddamn t-shirt over Joseph's face please.” While her right hand man removed his shirt and started wrapping it around Joseph's screaming head, Jackie reached between her fat breasts for a cigarette and shielded the light as she got it lit, sticking it in one of those holders Kanaan had never seen outside of cartoons. “Honestly I was getting tired of looking at it myself.”

“What...what is gonna to do?” the college girl asked as she watched.

“Oh, I'm not for spoiling things, especially when it's one of those, waitfiveminutesandfindout sort of things, y'know?”

Once his head was covered, the big man stepped back.

“Happy?” He grunted.

“Hardly, but whatever.”

Reluctantly, Jamie picked Joseph off the floor and brought him up to eye level and from there, Samia Kanaan watched the most horrifying thing she’d ever seen unfold. Jamie’s mouth began to open, joints popping as it became more and more unhinged. Joseph’s whining grew more intense, his head shaking madly. The young man didn’t seem phased at all by it and instead shoved Joseph’s entire head in his mouth, his throat stretching to accommodate.

**GLRK! GLRK! GLRK!**

Joseph was wailing now, but his voice was muffled by both the t-shirt and Jamie’s throat. With every heavy swallow, more and more of his body was yanked into the predator and nothing seemed to slow down his efforts. This man was thrashing and fully dressed, but Jamie just kept gulping him down like an anaconda with a big score.

**GLRK! GLRK! GLRK!**

Reflected in Samia’s eyes was Joseph’s legs being hauled into the air and the moment they had perfectly lined up, they went plummeting down, Jamie’s stomach grotesquely pushing out his once toned and slender middle into this fat, round orb. He gagged a bit and spit before-

**HHH-RWURP!**

-belching into a closed fist.

“Tasted like shit, but he’s dead meat now. Where’s my money?”

Jackie looked to her henchman and nodded in Jamie’s direction. The big man then promptly nodded and pulled out a duffel bag. As the money was being traded, a feeling that someone was staring at her started to creep into Samia’s subconscious. She slowly turned her head towards Jackie Tapp and Jackie Tapp was looking back at her with a glare that could cut through steel and when she spoke, the words left so cold, hypothermia was beginning to set in Samia’s soul.

“You see that, miss Kanaan? That’s the sort of thing a nice girl like you wants to forget right? The sort of thing you don’t even tell your therapist about, you know?” She sucked on the last bit of her cigarette and put it out right between Samia’s legs, the sickly smell of acrid smoke filling her nose. “So, what I *assume* is going to happen is, you’re going to find yourself right back where you were, like nothing ever happened. You’re going to walk back to your little

apartment on Parkson and Gillespe avenue and you're going to study for those little exams coming up and you're not going to tell a goddamn soul what happened here. Not to your daddy, not to your mommy, not to even your bestest best friend. You picking up what I'm putting down here?"

At a loss for words, Samia nodded and after a moment passed, Jackie's face instantly switched from malice to joy.

"I'm glad we've come to an understanding. Butch!"

"Yes boss." the giant of a man uttered as he pulled out another shirt and buttoned it back up.

"Take Miss Kanaan back home if you would."

"Right boss." The large man approached, offering a hand. "Need help, miss?"

Silently, hand trembling, she took his and got off the bed; keeping her gaze straight as she left the room. The sounds of Joseph Capelli begging for his life in that man's belly would haunt the girl's nightmares for the rest of her days, the price to pay for coming out of this with her life.

Which couldn't be said for many, *many* others.