

In 500 Words

Kuro City: The Ire of Madam Roatta, the Gullet of Rokuno

Contains: F/M, same size hard vore, muscular oni pred, violence

It was cold, it was damp, it was only lit by an old fluorescent lamp above that flicked in and out of life and somewhere a pipe leaked and its droplets fell to a puddle below. Deon knew he was fucked, absolutely and utterly fucked. All the years he'd been working for Madame Auriane Roatta and her black market dealings, he heard the stories what happened in these four walls and now here he was, cuffed to a steel chair bolted to the floor, about to live the cruel and bloody truth of it.

Soon, the door creaked open and heels clapped against the cold concrete. In walked Roarra herself; dressed as if she were about to attend some victorian banquet let alone deal with a thug in some moldy old basement. An elegant black dress adorned her slender finger while her hair was tied back in a bun beside a small, black and lacey bonnet. Behind her prinz-naz glasses was a gaze sharper and colder than steel and that edge was aimed squarely at Deon. She pulled back one of her gloves and flexed her fingers.

“Look, boss-”

“Shut it!” She ordered in a heavily accented voice. “I didn’t come here to listen to you grovel!”

“I don’t know who told you what, but I didn’t-”

CRACK! Went the back of her hand across his cheek that would’ve had him toppling over if the chair didn’t hold steadfast.

“I said **BE QUIET!** I don’t want to hear the bleating of a welp that doesn’t know his place!”

Deon didn’t say anything more, but his eyes were certainly doing a lot of begging. Begging that her’s definitely wasn’t receiving.

“Six months, Deon.” She said, walking over to the table in the corner and picking up the steel baton lying there, gazing at it as she went on. “Six months it took me to put that deal together with Jackie Tapp, that green midget bitch was so stubborn, undercutting me at every corner but finally, **finally** I had her under my thumb.”

She suddenly spun around, stomping forward while raising that baton and driving it across Deon’s cheek as hard as she could. Something definitely broke with that god awful crack.

“AND YOU RUINED EVERYTHING!”

Deon spat a whole wad of blood and teeth.

“Madam Roatta, I swear-” She swung for the stomach that time, knocking the wind from his lungs and leaving him gasping like a fish.

“I know what you're going to say. Oh, Madam Roatta, it was not *me* who called the law on the deal! It was not *me* who spilled all my negotiations behind closed doors to my competition! It was not *me* who got Joris shot up by the Capueno Family!” She slammed the baton against the back of his head before her fingers gripped his broken chin, forcing him to look her in the eye. “You thought you could take me for a fool, thought you could take pig pay for everything I had!”

She slowly grinned, then shook her head.

“No, Deon. You did not.” She whispered. “A minor irritation, yes. But one that will quickly be forgotten about.”

Deon whimpered.

“You are going to die down here Deon and no one will ever know what happened to you. Not your family, not the police. And you will be forgotten to the world.” She paused in thought, then wickedly smiled. “No, your family will know. You had a mother, yes? Name was Sydney yes? Lived on, what was the name, 1326 Gravenstable, apartment 402.”

Deon began to beg and plead, but it just came out as babbling and crying.

“She will know.” She uttered with a deathly cold in her voice, looking him in the eye with an unhinged, lifeless stare. “And then, in your place, she will be reminded why no one goes to the police.”

Auriane gave him a condescending pat on the cheek.

“Do not cry, Deon. It is all your fault that everyone you know and love will bear your responsibility.” The Madam leaned upright, scowling. “You should have thought of that before you crossed me!”

She raised a hand and snapped her fingers with a flick of the wrist.

“Rokuno!”

Deon looked to the door as a massive beast of a woman hunched over and side-saddled into the door to get inside, standing taller than everyone in the room. It was obvious what she was, an Oni, towering monsters that stood at eleven feet *at the very least* and full of muscle.

This one was no exception. She stood twelve to be precise, her shoulders broad, hips wide and a blood red body that was a good balance between athletic and very muscular. She had that tough, knife sharp glare in her eyes, her blond hair flowing madly down her back coming to a halt at her knees while two pointed horns rose from her head, one of them chipped. A giant like her couldn't exactly fit into the nice suits the madam liked her minions wearing, instead opting for a tank top that barely managed to fit over her titanic tits and pants that looked like they could tear loose any minute. Tightly clenched in her bandaged hand was a spiked club, a weapon from her homeland, but she set that aside when Madam Roatta shook her head.

“Yeah boss?”

“Deal with him, but take his hand off first.”

“What!?”

“You want the whole hand or just the nubs?”

“The *whole* hand, dear.” She gave the giant a pat on the cheek, speaking to her more like a mother would a child than a crime lord and her underling. “And then you can have the rest.”

“As you wish boss.”

Auriane didn't even give Deon a second glance as she turned and walked out of the room, tossing the baton back on the table. Now, it was just Deon and Rokuno.

“Please, if you just...just lemme go, I'll give you whatever you want. I'll even...even get the cops off your back. You just have to let me go, you'll never see me again and no one will ever know you ever gave...gave me the slip.”

No one ever wants to take an Oni's fist to the stomach and most that did would tell anyone that it was like a five ton tractor trailer going ninety down a hill headlong into your flesh. Deon, at this very moment, would agree. It didn't just knock the wind out of him for the second time, but he could've sworn a piece of his soul had gone with it. His eyes rolled back, his consciousness instantly fading with the painful feeling that his organs were now just mashed potatoes. If he wasn't dead, he damn well felt like it.

Rokuno pulled back her fist and shook off what little pain there was in her hand before reaching down. She took his hand and yanked it, snapping the cuff clean off the chair, before bringing it up to her parting jaws; baring her teeth as fingers, palm and rest passed over the guillotine.

CRUNCH!

Like scissors cutting through paper, her teeth sliced through flesh and bones before she spat the limb out. That was all the boss wanted, his tattooed hand that anyone who knew Deon well enough would horrifically recognize the moment they saw it. Rokuno then ripped the rest of his unconscious body out of the chair and held it aloft. She gave him a shake.

“Damn, knocked him out cold.” She said that like it was a bad thing. “Hmph, whatever. Saves me the trouble even if it's not as fun.”

And she opened wide again.

CRUNCH!

AA-OMPH

CRUNCH!

URMPH!

CRUNCH!

And the next time that door opened, a bloody stained Oni was stepping out, sucking the flavor from her fingertips, her once toned stomach now a lumpy orb that looked less like a belly and more like a sack of baby turtles with a nice six pack. She tossed the hand to a guy waiting by the stairs leading up to the next floor before picking her teeth with the nail of her recently freed hand.

“You know what to- **HURRRRROOULLURWARF!** do, so do it unless you wanna be next in there.”

As she stomped off up the stairs, the old wood creaking underneath her massive footfalls, the good wiped the drool and blood off his face before dropping the last remains of Deon Yuliani into a trash bag.