

Bowels of Holly

By Anima

For Bottler <https://www.furaffinity.net/user/bottler/>

M/F and M/M Anal vore, explicit digestion, implied disposal, masturbation

George leaned out the window of his work-truck and waved at the burly polar bear fuming in front of her coffeeshop. She scowled and jerked a thumb towards the lock on the front door.

“Full of gum! And it’s so cold out it *froze* on top of that!”

George glanced around the business plaza, looking for other early-risers and spotting none. Swinging his big mustelid head the other way, he noted access to the alley which ran behind the the coffee shop and its neighboring businesses.

“Mrs. Landry, would you mind giving me a hand with my compressor? I’ll need it to try and clear the locks. I can’t park this thing on the street so I’ll need to tuck it back here.” George nodded at the alley.

The polar bear gusted an impatient sigh and followed George as he backed down the alley and parked. “This better be worth it, and you better not make any kind of mess!” She folded her heavy arms, more flab than muscle, across a pair of breasts that could outright crush some of her smaller customers.

George schooled his face into a calm, professional mask and managed not to snicker as he replied. “No Ma’am, no mess at all.” He hopped out of the truck, gut wobbling beneath the snug confines of a button-down shirt. George stood over seven feet tall but slouched around his clients to cut his intimidating size down a bit. The bear still had a head and a half on him, but especially large clients didn’t worry him. Quite the opposite...

The otter waved a paw to direct her to the back of his truck. “Here, just put your hands out behind your back and I’ll set your half of the compressor in them, and you can lead the way.”

Mrs. Landry was at the end of her patience, and thrust her hands out behind her so hard she nearly struck George. When she felt pressure around her wrists and heard a soft ‘zzrrrrp’ sound, the bear twisted and craned her neck. “What--?!”

George lifted a boot and planted it on the back of her left knee, giving her a shove. She went down with a thud, wrists neatly bound behind her with a thick zip-tie. As soon as she was down on her knees, the otter bent to bind her ankles with another plastic band before straightening back up and tapping a spare one between her ears.

"I just found these online a month ago. They're biodegradable but as strong as the old ones." George unbuckled his jeans, the chill December air teasing his swelling, uncut cock and enormous anal crater while he stepped out of them. His stomach unleashed a rolling growl, prompting him to give it a soothing pat. Food was on its way.

Floe, the bear he'd watched cheat customers and her own staff alike for the past month, gasped at the sound of his buckle jingling behind her. "Rape! Police!" she bellowed, voice echoing off the brickwork of the alley. George didn't even bother trying to muffle or muzzle her. Instead he planted a hand on her back, forcing her to hunker further over, letting him straddle her huge frame. She whimpered, feeling the weighty warmth of his balls sliding over the top of her head.

"Joe and Marty are still on the other side of the square in their cruiser, nursing coffee and keeping an eye on the bank. It's just you and me, breakfast." The otter's huge anus literally steamed in the chilly air, and the thin layer of sweat coating the thick folds of flesh made every pink ridge and crevice glisten as they hovered inches from Floe's eyes. A gape of a couple inches at its center seemed permanent but as the bear watched, the gape spread, the fat folds of muscle drawing back like the lewdest curtains imaginable.

Without any further preamble, George ground the obscene, plush rim of his asshole down over the top of Floe's head. Conditioned by decades of eating 'backwards,' his huge hole relaxed instantly, sliding right down over the bear's huge skull to let George's ass rest on fat-padded shoulders muffled in a wool coat.

"Been a while since I've had a girl your size," he groaned, feeling his foreskin stretch as his cock reached full mast. He slipped a condom he'd been palming over his rigid meat, catching every gooey drop of precum. The otter's tail and asscheeks quivered from the thrashing of Floe's head within his rectum, panic and disgust fueling her struggles. He crouched a bit lower, anus loosening further, rolling down over her shoulders and even those gargantuan ursine tits. He could feel the vibrations of her enraged bellows against the rectal flesh cloaking her body and throbbed just that much harder. His stomach answered Floe with an eager groan, trained to prepare for a meal when the otter's bowels began to fill.

Another conscious relaxation of his rump and George shaped his thick lips around a moan as he sank lower still, feeling Floe's bound arms stretch and deform the rough circle of his pucker into more of a triangle as he fed. The polar bear's huge stomach stretched his sphincter so wide, he felt the same strain he had two months before when he stuffed three squirming felines in simultaneously! George felt his cock thump against the underside of his bloating belly, straining and spurting within its rubber cladding.

"What would I do for a Klondike bear," he laughed to himself before the chuckle melted into a fresh moan, feeling the last of Floe's doughy stomach squelch home into his rear. All that ursine fat was packed against the pulsing bulk of his prostate, creating a delicious pressure in his loins quite different from the satisfying sensation of a prey-packed colon. George's cock reached a new level of rigidity and precum gushed into the condom's reservoir, making it droop off his shaft like a slime-filled water balloon.

George straightened from his crouch until he felt Floe's breasts tug against the inside of his quivering rim, revealing a few feet of mussed clothing smeared with slippery mucus and natural oils. When he sank back down, reclaiming Floe to the tops of her thighs with a juicy squish, his shaft jumped again. He had every intention of using that exquisitely thick toy to get off before entombing her fully in his bowels, but a rusty squeak brought his head whipping around as a door opened into the alley

A heavy-set badger emerged who George recognized as the owner of a hardware store beside Floe's shop. He was toting a huge garbage bin and without glancing George's way, he made a beeline for the dumpster at the opposite end of the alley. George clenched at Floe, ravenous ass sucking in a few inches of her gloriously plush hips and fat rear, the otter's pucker acting as a squeegee and shoving the bear's pants down as it went. He bit his lip to keep a grunt of bliss from escaping, stomach expanding further with a flab-muffled glorp. He popped two buttons off the bottom of his shirt, shifting stomach forcing it to ride up over the huge mass. He could hear greasy squelches and muffled cries from beneath his fat but felt little movement by then, as the cocoon of his guts bound Floe tightly.

George slowly reached for his jeans, slippery anus toothlessly munching those bear legs deeper, but the badger finished his garbage duty and turned around before he'd managed to get even one foot into those pants. Cock out, stomach bulging in a very unnatural way and two bound legs bouncing about beneath his tail, there was really no talking his way out of this. George let his pants drop again and waddled awkwardly towards the badger, hoping shock would slow the fellow down enough to get a hand on him.

"George, I don't know what's going on, but you obviously want some privacy so I'll be going now!" His words slurred together as he sprinted the best his portly self could back to the door to his shop, slipping once on some loose gravel, letting George make up some distance.

"Heath, I know this looks bad but I can explain if you give me a second!" George wrapped his thick tail around Floe's legs to at least keep her from slipping any further out of his enormous hole as he bounced and jogged along. The sudden, vigorous motion made him sound like a water balloon filled with half-firm Jello, every heavy step and bounce jostling the enormous dome of his lumpy bear-gut. He cursed under his breath when Heath made it into the shop, but he lunged out and caught the door before the badger could slam it shut.

Heath barked in pure panic, stumbling backwards into the store and right into a display of pre-decorated Christmas wreaths. They went everywhere, their colorful lights nearly the only illumination in the store, shining off the badger's spectacles and changing the hue of the silver in his fur. George crowded into the store, letting the door slam shut behind him and paused a moment to finish clenching Floe home. His knees trembled, cock flaring and squirting more slimy approval. Squelch, squish, slurp--his flabby pucker slid closed over Floe's Ugg-covered toes, the bear's dangling pants falling to the floor in a heap.

George tucked both arms beneath his enormous belly, the gut larger than his entire body, and hefted it with arms whose muscles were concealed beneath layers of pudge. He let his belly drop with a viscous slosh, acids in his stomach ready to provide Floe a warm welcome when she finally finished traversing his colon. "I'm sorry about this Heath, but I can't have anyone spilling the beans about my work here." George's apologetic tone was genuine. He'd spent a lot of time at the hardware store over the past month, buying supplies and consulting with the gruff but knowledgeable badger.

"You just keep your distance, George! I don't want any part of this fad diet of yours," Heath babbled, using the shelf he'd collapsed against to help pull himself back to his feet. George made a grab for him and missed, the badger waddling as fast as he could deeper into the store. The sight of all that badger pudge jiggling as he fled made the otter's mouth water, heavy pink tongue sliding over his plump lips in pure, gluttonous reflex. George gave chase despite the handicap of his ursine-loaded middle, shoving displays over and even nudging heavy shelves aside, Floe's otter-muffled mass robbing him of his mustelid grace.

Heath knew the store better and darted down an aisle too narrow for George's bloated bulk to follow, crowded on one side with Christmas trees and stacked bags of rock salt on the other. George whipped around the corner into the next aisle, jammed his back against the shelving behind him and shoved as hard as he could! A despairing cry preceded a resounding crash as hundreds of pounds of fake evergreen pinned the badger against the salt. George found a plastic tarp at his feet, and smiled. He still had a little time left...

When Heath came back to his senses, he found himself bound in illuminated Christmas lights, resting on his back upon something that crinkled. George stood above him, the condom gone from his shaft, caressing his belly with one paw while the other gripped a cock well over two feet long, aiming his arcing spurts of precum onto the badger's body. "I didn't think you'd mind in the grand scheme of things if I used a few things from your inventory. I've been a great customer over the past few weeks after all, haven't I? Ordering all those parts, buying all those tools." George's stomach lurched, and his webbed paw slid more swiftly along his shaft. "Now you're treating me to lunch. You're a real stand-up guy, Heath."

Heath could only watch, squirming upon the tarp George had laid down as the otter jerked himself off and fondled his noisy stomach. His bowels emptied an exhausted polar bear into his stomach with a slithering rush and a goopy splash, and Floe resumed squirming with the extra

room the otter's belly afforded her. That was enough to push George over the edge, and he hissed, eyes squeezing shut. Heath saw that fat otter dick swell fatter still before its underside bloated with a traveling pulse of cum. It erupted from the tip to splatter his chest, startling a cry from the badger despite seeing it coming. That first fat jet was chased by a second, a third, and perhaps dozens more as the huge otter virtually glued the badger to the tarp with a mass of milky jizz. George's fat sac fractionally rose towards his body with every spurt before sagging again, and his hips gave the air shallow humps out of reflex.

Heath writhed in his cocoon of lights and cream, trying to get away from the endless gooey barrage or at least shield his face somehow from the musky mess! When he'd finished, George reached down to pluck Heath's spunk-spattered spectacles off, restoring his sight. The Christmas lights wrapped around Heath continued to shine beneath the blanketing semen, their glow diffused by the thick ivory sludge.

"Mmmm, feels like the chute's clear. Let's get you tucked away too." George turned around, scooped up Heath's cum-coated shoes, and brushed them against his ass. The thick folds of his eager anus grasped and engulfed, like a horse lipping up a carrot, dragging Heath's plump legs into an incredible heat.

"George, you don't have to do this! I can keep my mouth shut! None of this ever happened!" Heath tried to drag his legs back from the sucking heat of George's ass but found the grip of that supple ring was implacable. The otter's fat sphincter could look and feel as soft as the rest of his tubby frame, but much like George in general it hid an inner strength, able to tense until it felt more like iron than flesh.

George hoisted a dark eyebrow, craning his neck to glance back over his shoulder. "Twenty years ago I might have believed a line like that, bud. I'm afraid you'll just have to blame this on all the liars who've taught me to doubt anything said by those knee-deep in my ass." He shrugged pudgy shoulders, and gave his stomach a slap, making Heath jump at the loud report. "Besides, I don't really mind losing a friend to feel a fine, fat squirmer glide up beneath my tail. I can always make more friends."

Heath had run out of ideas and yelled for help, struggling against the cords wound along the entire length of his body. Opening his mouth so wide allowed otter cum to run into it, and his cries dissolved into a series of sputters. Meanwhile George had clenched and grappled Heath past his knees into his luxurious sinkhole, finding the going even easier than usual thanks to the stretching Floe had given him. His tail flagged up high to stay clear of Heath's cum-slathered form, leaving his pucker itself to take the brunt of the creamy mess.

Slimy sounds ran beneath the weakening shouts of the badger as jizz-slathered anal flesh swallowed inch after squirming inch of its lunch. George shuddered, resting his hands on his thighs, feeling the ridges of the badger's bindings sliding one by one through the sensitive rim of his pucker. The spunk-slimed electrical cords interspersed with warm glass bulbs provided

unique stimulation, bringing his shaft back to throbbing life. Having trapped and devoured all sorts of spined, horned, and antlered creatures, George didn't stress about the thought of a little glass inside him.

Once he'd engulfed the badger's hips, Heath started to hyperventilate, staring at the otter-ass that grew and grew until he could see nothing else. He watched his fat hips, fists tied snug against them, squish from sight. His big tubby gut, concealed beneath a semen-soaked sweater, stretched George's hole enough to coax a lazy moan from him but didn't present anything close to an obstacle to that voracious hole. The depths of George's bowels rippled in backward peristalsis, urging his legs into tighter and hotter territory while his anus itself loosened before it bulged outward, claiming another few inches, tightening before pulling back.

Heath thought of nature documentaries and the sickened fascination he felt watching soft, gelatinous sea creatures snatch and swallow hapless meals with mouths much like the otter's voracious anus. Never once did he imagine what it felt like for those tidbits, overwhelmed and sucked down alive into the merciless anatomy of a fellow creature. George's muscled portal was so strong it lifted Heath right off the ground once it had swallowed his belly, letting his upper half dangle beneath the otter's tail. Cum oozed down his body, flowing once more over his face, and Heath shook his head side-to-side to try and fling it off.

A faint glow began to filter through the hardware store's front windows, and George knew he had to finish up or risk getting caught. It was such a shame though. When he dragged someone in feet-first, feeling the folds of his pucker cinch gradually closed over their muzzle was arguably the best part! "Next time," he promised himself, as Heath's shoulders sank from sight with an especially juicy slurping sound.

George reached back to rest a palm on Heath's head, squishing into the cum-saturated pelt, and gave one long, firm push, slotting the badger right into the creampie they'd made of his rump. George's pucker closed over Heath's ears with a gentle squish, leaving nothing but a fat dollop of otter spunk drooling down the back of his sac and the trailing electrical cord for the lights. He gave the cord a yank to pull it from the socket a few feet away then straightened up, smiling at the sensation of the last few feet of wire slithering up his ass to follow the badger oozing through his guts.

Heath forced his eyes open to find the gleaming, ghostly-pink interior of George's rear lit by the cum-muffled glow of Christmas lights. Seconds later though, those lights went out, plunging him into perfect darkness. The sounds of digestion were so loud in his ears they overwhelmed the huge otter's heartbeat entirely. The gooey sounds of undulating intestine flexing around his goop-covered body were only slightly quieter, and while the sensation of those guts slip-sliding around him was muffled by his clothes, his face couldn't escape the contact. Thick, well-muscled rectal flesh gave way to the tender, living sausage-casing of George's large intestine. The intense heat swiftly brought a sweat out beneath Heath's slimy clothes.

As George moved around the store, presumably cleaning up, every flex and bend the otter's torso made squashed or contorted Heath. His cries for help, for mercy, and his grunts of discomfort seemed totally ignored and the badger quieted down, saving his energy for...for what? He felt like he'd slid through yards of slimy bowel, a never-ending journey to the center of an otter. Heath remembered poking fun at George a few times for his girth, and realized he was about to become more than the butt of the joke, but the jiggle gut and soft thighs of it as well! It was about then Heath noticed he could no longer hear any protests, curses, or cries from George's stomach. The only sounds left from above were those of the organ processing a heavy meal.

George used one of the store's own crowbars to damage the back door to make it look like forced entry, and left a few other clues to send the police on a wild goose chase when they eventually discovered the mess. Gathering up the cum-soaked tarp and a souvenir he'd taken from Heath while he was unconscious, George sprayed some industrial-strength air-freshener everywhere he'd been to erase his unique scent. Furred hands left no fingerprints, but his musk was as good as a calling card.

Before even attempting to squeeze into his truck, George adjusted the seat all the way back and raised the steering wheel. Grimacing, he practically dove into the cab to wedge himself into place, stomach emitting a GLORT of protest. Somehow he wiggled in behind the wheel, the hard plastic of it jammed right in between the mismatched lumps of Floe and Heath. George belched like a volcano threatening to erupt, a gob of saliva spattering the inside of the windshield with the force of it. He used Floe's discarded pants to quickly swab the glass clean again and headed home, doing his best to keep as low a profile as possible. Even a casual glance into his truck would tell anyone that something was going on with George, given the size of his churning belly!

What George called his home truly belonged to a moose he'd devoured a month and a half ago when he'd first moved to the area. The furniture was all sturdy enough for him and the facilities were of an appropriate size, barring one. He'd taken steps to fix that, though.

George's stomach wobbled, a low growl competing with faint cries from within. The steering wheel had pinned Heath in place during the drive over, but his progress had resumed as soon as the pressure let up.

The fat badger felt the bowel-walls squirting him along faster as if to make up for the time lost pinned in place by the steering wheel. At the same time George's guts were narrowing, cramming Heath through the small intestine. The flesh around him clasped his body so snugly the Christmas light bulbs dug into his yielding flesh. His shirt and sweater had been pushed up even beneath his bindings by the muscular action of the intestinal gullet swallowing him, exposing the soft blob of his belly to the slimy embrace of George's depths.

Heath whined when his feet met resistance in the form of a gooey sphincter. As it irised open to accept him, chyme gushed out to bathe his body in fresh heat. Foot by foot George's guts squeezed their second course up through an immense 'pot' of bear stew, the sloppy mess as thick as mud. When his head slipped into George's stomach as well, fat pyloric valve squinching shut behind him, the badger was sure he would drown in seconds and find his sweet release early.

George stumbled into the bedroom, throwing back the sheets before carefully rolling into the bed. He spooned his obscenely swollen stomach, gripping handfuls of his own sleek-pelted flab and began to hump the gurgling, glorshing mass of digesting prey. "Mmmph, the more I load myself up the better it feels," he confides in his stomach. "When my belly aches so much I'm actually afraid I'll split, it's not time to quit...just time to slow down a little. You all melt so quickly after all," he grunted, jamming his cock into a patch of his gut slathered in precum, "so eager to become one gluey mess and ooze back through my guts."

When George sprawled out in bed and began humping, it reoriented Heath's new world, even jostling him enough to let his head breach the surface of the slop that used to be Floe. The air Heath sucked into his burning lungs was caustic and foul but his body didn't care. While Heath wanted this whole experience over with as quickly as possible, his body was hard-wired to stay alive, forcing him to endure the gastric nightmare of George's belly.

The otter's acids seemed diluted by the huge amount of food already present, so Heath felt just an insistent tingling on his more exposed bits like paw pads, nose, and the insides of his ears. Each thrust of George's dick against Heath's flesh prison rocked the entire sac, slopping more hot former-person over Heath's body. He felt rough wool brush against him at one point and put that together with the glimpse of white legs he'd caught beneath George's tail.

"Floe? Ugh..." It was no wonder there was so *much* meaty goop rolling around in there. Heath tested his bonds again and again but never managed to do more than stretch them out a few inches. The disgusting sounds of the busy belly around him were magnified by George's humping, piling gooey squelches and buttery squishes into the badger's dripping ears. Every time his partially-floating form nudged the stomach walls he got a better sense of how well-cushioned George's gut was. It was meals like him, surely, that afforded the giant otter such luxurious cushioning. It was hard not to wonder what he looked like from the outside. Was he a mere lump or something more detailed?

Heath's clothing had filled with liquid-bear, ensuring not an inch of him was dry. Bigger lumps in the stew continued to dissolve, raising the level of fluid higher around him until it lapped insistently across his lips. Something heavy rolled through the protein-rich sludge to rest atop the crest of his gut, and Heath worked a couple fingers over to brush against it, curious in spite of himself. When he felt a smooth, hard surface that gave way to regularly-spaced spikes, he jerked his hand back with a cry! The movement rolled Floe's skull back off him into the slop where it sank with a 'bloop,' eye sockets refilling with polar bear bisque.

Every breath was a monumental effort, the air so hot and laden with fumes that it triggered a coughing fit half the time. When blackness edged in around the badger's mind's eye, he could only mumble one word. "Finally."

George grinned, slapping his fat-cushioned tank when Heath began squirming again inside. He pictured the fat badger's luxuriously soft rolls, remembering what they felt like smothering his prostate. He paid no attention to the disgusted sounds Heath made as he got acquainted with his liquified roommate, but thrust all the harder, before grabbing a buttplug the size of a fire hydrant off the nightstand. He rolled its shape against his cock and belly to grease it before shoving it up his unresisting ass, giving it a thick mass of gently-rippled silicone to squeeze around and milk.

Adding the toy did the trick, ending his ten minutes of thrusting. As climax rolled over the otter again, his ass swallowed the base of the toy with a moist 'slorp,' but a thick nylon cord tied to the bed frame kept it from burrowing too deep into those insatiable guts. George let a throaty roar of pleasure roll up from his depths while sloppy surges of cum painted the underside of his gut and splashed back over his shaft, thighs and bed. As his stomach kicked into a higher gear to try and digest the immense meal he'd packed into it, George felt a deep wave of lethargy pass through him. He didn't fight it, rolling onto his back in a sticky swamp of his own cream. "See you two in the morning," he sighed, and as his stomach churned like a cement mixer full of lasagna, he sank down into dreams of patient, premeditated gluttony.

Sunshine beaming through the window to warm his ass woke the otter, and George caressed his smaller, much smoother dome of a belly. It was still larger than he was, but at least all that food had been compacted. He grimaced when he felt the texture of the fur he'd jizzed in last night grind against his morning wood, and slid out of bed to head for the shower. The buttplug, forgotten but still well-anchored, schlorped free of his ass to bounce back down onto the bed, gleaming with warm slime.

Hot water streamed over his bulky form, washing away the traces of some of yesterday's indulgences. His paws dug into his belly, kneading through his flab at the subtly glurping bulk still crowding his plumbing. George shut off the water and briskly toweled off before making use of his specially modified facilities.

"Couldn't have put this all together without you Heath," he grunted, standing and flushing a final time, flabby anal folds sagging shut again. His emptied bowels ached, already eager to be crammed full again. George stroked his shaft with one webbed paw and fondled his belly with the other, gauging how much pudge the two had left behind on his frame. Not enough to warrant skipping pizza night, he decided.

George stepped back into the shower, cleansing himself of the last traces of the morning's debauchery. After drying off and throwing on a robe, George shuffled downstairs to the basement.

The otter had the foresight to keep trophies so *some* trace remained of the pair. He took two plastic cards from his robe's pocket and pinned them to a map of the town's business district. Floe and Heath's driver's licenses wound up right next to each other, bad DMV-faces gazing back at him along with two dozen others already pinned to the board. Not all were business-owners of course; some were customers who had stolen, cheated, or simply rubbed the otter the wrong way. Gazing at their faces, George remembered the thrill of conquest, the risk of discovery, and above all the delicious feeling of living food squirming through the greasy labyrinth of his colon.

George's stomach growled and he gave it a fond slap, like a huge dog he enjoyed pampering. "Better get one from the post office next. Keep them guessing. I don't want to have to leave town until I've processed as many as I can through my 'complaint department,'" he laughed, fingers sinking into his hard-won fat.

"Maybe I'll even have some folks over for a holiday dinner," he mumbled down at his stomach, as if conferring with all the friends, enemies, lovers and strangers he'd ended within it. "I can even dress up as Santa. My belly jiggles. I'm plenty jolly, especially after some eggnog. But they'll all slide up this Santa's chimney," he grunted, reaching back to mash his heavy asscheeks together over the huge hole they had no hope of hiding. "Or maybe down into his bottomless sac... That would guarantee a white Christmas." He shrugged and yawned, heading for the stairs. He'd see how he felt after a long nap.

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