

Cinni's Last Show

By [Kai](#)

Story written for [Jallek](#)

Cinni Vela belongs to: [Jallek](#)

Antinov belongs to: [Kai](#)

Cinni was dancing at her usual slot, erotically working her body up and down the pole as dozens of patrons ogled her. It was a crass profession to be sure, but it paid well enough in more than one way. But what was to be another typical night would change dramatically as a tall figure entered the club. It was hard to gage at first, but the sheep picked out her lover even through his guise. And just the thought of that tall blue bird come to watch was enough to bring a blush to the sheep.



Anti would watch the sheep for a bit, but that wasn't enough for him. Eventually Antinov would part the crowds, his looming size causing most other patrons to move out of the way as he approaches the stage. Even the security dared not intervene against the towering avian as he approaches Cinni. He'd reach out and grasp the sheep around the waist, making her gasp as those powerful scaled hands seize her body and then lift her up into the air. The sheep can't help but swoon, going limp in Anti's grasp.

Surrendering to the avian, Cinni just lays back in anti's grasp. The large avian spreading his wings and tossing off the overcoat that hid his form. That telltale white dress making quite a difference in appearance from the heavy black overcoat. Now Anti was the undivided center of attention, eyes drinking in his voluptuous and rather feminine form. Anti puts on just a bit of a show, with Cinni reflexively moving her body in time with her lover as the two meet in a kiss.

But that sweet kiss ends all too soon, as the bird wastes little time in opening his large beak wide and slowly shoving Cinni into its hot embrace. Anti works the sheep in slowly to the waist, then cranes his head back and scoops Cinni into the air. He'd rumble around Cinni throatily, while quietly whispering to her. "Soon my darling, you'll be nothing but part of me." Cinni groans, wiggling a bit in protest. She'd built up such a reputation as a predator, and now Anti was about to undo it all.

Cinni's priorities might be just a bit out of order, given she'd not be around to worry about her social status. But such wasn't really on her mind, flustered as she was by the handsome bird who'd won her heart so. Anti up-ends Cinni and starts to guzzle her down hungrily, the Avian tugging his collar out of the way as his ovine meal glides down his hungry gullet with a series of loud wet glurks and gulps. Anti can't help but groan and rumble in delight as Cinni moves further and further into the heat of the big bird's gullet.

Antinov rumbles, huffing out his nose as she slinks right down into his nasty gut and slips right into the digesting remains of his previously eaten dinner. It wasn't anything too fancy, a light meal really, just a few pieces of fruit and some fish. But the sloppy mess of that digested fish and fruit would end up smeared all over Cinni as the much larger meal settles into Anti's first stomach. Cinni can't help but moan and blush, powerless to resist Anti not due to any strength gap, but how much she secretly wanted this.

"Yes... End me my love. Make me part of you." Cinni repeats, almost like a mantra as she rests curled within Antinov's gut. Thick potent digestive juices pour all over Cinni within the hot nasty chamber, starting to work on her quite quickly. Her lovely sheepy wool softening and falling out from the potent hydroxides in the first stomach, as well as her horns and hooves being attacked. And once most of the indigestibles are dealt with and stripped off, Cinni would be separated from them and sent deeper into her lover's guts.

Anti just burps softly and licks his chops while Cinni is hotly digested alive, her sweet flesh agonizingly rendered down by hot digestive juices in the Avalonian bird's second stomach. The proud avian caresses his swollen belly as the club guests look on in a mix of amazement, arousal, and just a bit of fear. That lovely dress can't take the strain of being stretched by such a large meal though, and soon rips, letting Anti's belly spill free lewdly. The rather large jostle of his stomach makes the bird let out a long hot belch, after which he pats his beak.

Even drowning alive in the potent acids in Anti's second stomach, Cinni was in bliss. Well, the sheep was in a strange mix of agony and bliss at least. Anti would finish up Cinni's dance slot, teasing her fans with the rather loud gurgles and groans of her demise in his digestive tract. As her set ends out, the signs of struggle from Anti's belly die down too. That was it, Cinni's life had come to an end, and now she was just a bunch of delicious mutton in a full, happy bird-belly. Anti gives a playful wink before slipping his overcoat back on and heading out.

Antinov had gotten exactly what he wanted, Cinni was all his. Her flesh melting down and being processed inside his insatiably churning and growling gut. Cinni's flesh is steadily converted to a softened jelly-like state as enzymes, acid and strong churning work in unison on her. Her black hide bleached white and sloughing off, extremities worn away and eroded. A grizzly sight to most, but it was one step closer to what Cinni had dreamed of being ever since she first met that lovely bird, his fat and scat. It seemed Anti was all too happy to oblige that wish too.

Soon Cinni would shift down and into Anti's gizzard a bit at a time, her soften body falling apart like a cracker in hot soup after hours soaking in his stomach. Once in that tooth-like scale lined chamber she'd be ground and pulverized, bones and all, into a hot frothy slurry. The thick meaty mess swirled around in the gizzard before being sent thundering down into the greedy bird's intestines to be stripped of nutrients and energy for Antinov's use. All the while Anti would recline at home and pleasure himself lewdly to the wonderful feeling of his lover digesting.

As Anti enjoyed multiple orgasms, Cinni would flood down into the hot catacombs of Antinov's bowels. The former sheep would spew forth from the ileocecal valve and into Antinov's cavernous ceacum. The much more dark mass already pretty nasty, but the gut microbes and fauna of his bowels had yet to get to it. And those micro organisms and gut leeches would hungrily feast upon the bounty that was Cinni, further processing it and making its nutrients available to their host bird. All the while Anti just relaxes, up until he feels the impending shit that Cinni was becoming.

Anti would re-dress himself and then head over to Cinni's house. As he arrived, the bird would cough up her rather wet and softened wool, along with her house keys. With a chuckle, he fishes the shiney keys out of the mess and lets himself in. Anti plops down into Cinni's desk chair, breaking it with his weight, then logs into her streaming account. He'd keep things on the down low, only sending out messages to her followers to show up for a "very special final show" from the sheep. And once most had turned up, then the Avian prince would turn on a camera feed.

Almost immediately her stream audience would be treated to a view of that gorgeous bird ass. The chat was on fire, a worksafe games stream, gone porn? Who the hell was this bird? Some tuned out, but others were enticed by the lovely feminine avian. But before many could tune out, a thunderous fart breaks the silence. Again the comments lit up with all sorts of responses, from disgust to excitement. All too soon Antinov's pucker opened wide, yawning gassily before a deluge of thick golden lumps and gooey white started to spew forth.

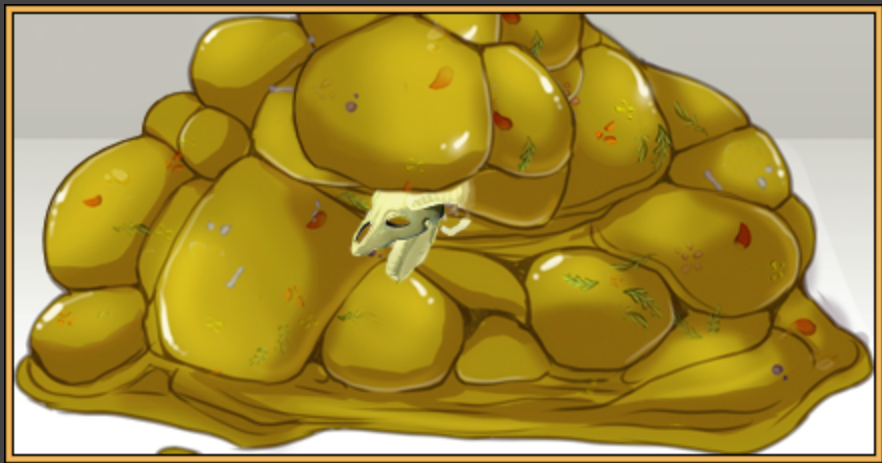


Antinov uses his tail to angle the camera down to follow the first lengthy turd down and let the audience watch as it coils at his feet. "Hah, here she is. The sheep you've all been waiting for. Your friend, your idol... Maybe even your crush. Now she's all mine forever. Just paunch on my hips... and this hot mess!" Anti says with excitement, grunting and pausing often as he speaks. As if just to confirm who it is, Anti cranes his head back like an own and regurgitates Cinni's skull right into the growing pile of shit.

There was no mistaking that ovine skull, that big Russian sounding bird had eaten Cinni, digested her, and was now in the process of *shitting* her own live in front of all her friends. Large farts punctuate the thick visibly steaming logs as they thud onto the growing pile, length after length coiling and draping onto the big mess that was once Cinni. Antinov just kneads his belly, keeping his face in shadow as he does this deed, fulfilling Cinni's last request to him. While he did this mostly out of love for the sheep, Anti couldn't help but revel in the attention.

The comments complimenting his figure, how well he'd digested the sheep. Even more lewd offers sent his way, how could a somewhat vain bird *not* enjoy it all? Antinov would drop to all fours as he continues to heave the remains of the sheep out. "Mmn, you'll never see Cinni again, she's all mine. Not only did I eat her, but right before I did..." Antinov pauses, then flashes a ring on his scaled fingers. "I married her too." Anti finishes, the last of Cinni falling out of his pucker, followed by a lengthy fart. He'd then bend down, careful to keep his face off camera as he recovers her ring.

"Till death, or digestion do us part... At least some of us." Antinov pats is newly more curvaceous hips and chortles with a pleased warble. And just to finish it all off, the bird turns around and rubs out one last orgasm, splattering a creamy black mess all over the pile that was Cinni while letting out a crooning moan. Anti then stops the stream, and puts up a recording of the last stream so anyone who wants can re-watch her end. The naughty bird also sends it off to all her friends and family too, making sure they know just where the lovely sheep had vanished to.



Greedy and possessive as he was, Anti would gather up just about all of the mess that had made of Cinni and put it into a large jar. Anti intended to keep Cinni's steamy remains as a keepsake of his lover, a nasty memento he'd hide away... Or maybe he'd proudly display it somewhere like a trophy!

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Image credits:

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