

Teplian Sample Pack

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Content warning: Dubious consent, drugs/alcohol, injections, bondage, temperature play, musk, cum play, cooking, same-size vore, digestion, implied fatality, reformation, humiliation, and degradation

More info about teplians can be found at the following links:

[Fact Sheet](#) (one page summary)

[Primer](#) (full species details)

[Kink Guide](#)

Ciera groaned, every nerve in her body aching in all-so familiar ways. Her wrists could still feel those strong hands gripping around them and helping tug her backwards. Each tug strained her shoulders and helped impale her a little deeper on the throbbing cock, the intensity of each thrust matched by the volume of each spank of balls bruising her plump buttcheeks. A rough rut like that was something she'd needed for a while, even if it was with a potential employer and investor in her new line of research. The stallion was all too happy to oblige her sudden desires after their coffee conversation, flare easily punching past her shallow cervix and spilling countless pumps of spunk inside her sack-like womb. While they weren't great at taking long shafts without significant "encouragement", teplians sure had a good way with taking loads.

The short and plump girl hummed to herself at the memory of that rut, even if it had been in that sterile examination room. The cold floor and table had simply driven her unique biology to a keenly stimulated state even as the horse pumped her full of warmth. Each press, squeeze, and probing of his warm hands made her more and more drunk with pleasure, and the red wine he had plied her with earlier didn't help either. Went great with red meat, he'd told her as he groped over her thick flesh, feeling the smooth tan flesh and tracing the wavy patterns of darker color on her naked body. He breathed hotly over her fin-like ears, chuckling as they opened fully up, thumb and finger massaging the fins' tips. His snout would travel further down to breathe again on the back of her neck, the blood bringing every bit of that addictive warmth to every part of her. Ciera remembered beaming with pride as he told her how perfect she was. How tempted he was to keep her for himself. What a stud.

Ciera couldn't help but squirm deeply as he'd felt inside her freshly pumped sex, feeling the fleshy camel's toe his girth had so effectively spread. "Good for stuffing," the farmer had said. It was something short of incredibly kinky as he sprayed her body with warm water and washed his seed out. "Gonna get you nice and hairless, ready for a nice bit of warmth," the stallion had said. While she giggled atop the table, her eyes followed him taking out one of her new experimental serums and a razor. It was awfully kinky of him to try medical play with her, she had thought, but all the serum did was cause animals to exude a naturally produced marinade before their butchering.

She'd asked him if he wanted her to taste nice. He'd grinned and nodded as the razor shaved off her only hair atop her head. "Yup. I want whoever gets you to have their mouth water at the mere sight of you," the nice horse had muttered as he carried Ciera to the next room, a far hotter room. The heat made her head swim, steadily growing drunker on the temperature, inhibitions slipping away as her freshly cleaned sex already glistened with arousal once more. She giggled at the equine's teases as he pressed her down into the wrapping table and began to watch the machine wrap her in layer after layer of plastic. All she could think of, though, was sheer pleasure as she was passed through the heat-sealing oven, the plastic...sealing...her...

Oh boy.

Blinking her eyes to adjust, she found herself gazing forward with no ability to move. Her knees were tucked underneath her belly, elbows tucked deep too, and only her hands were visible out the very bottoms of her eyes. Plastic obscured the dark details around her, but, sure enough, there was a label plastered on the outside of the film. Her pig-like nose squeezed against the front of her prison, the film punched with two tiny air holes there. It was cold, and perhaps it was only due to the adrenaline-pumping cold waking her that she had the presence of mind to figure out where she was. Surrounded by various cuts of cow and chicken that piled around and on top of her in this small box, the teplian had found her way as a few careless, temperature-addicted teplians had before: sold as exotic whole meat. And, even worse, her serum had worked wonderfully. Her sweat smelled like a rich, sweet marinade, and her own musky arousal made even her own mouth water, drenched sex exuding an aroma that proved it was leaking the perfect flavoring.

By the time the door to the cooler opened, Ciera's wrap was drenched from the inside, her own fluids scrubbing all over her body from inside the packaging and ensuring every inch of her smelled divine. Slapped on a kitchen table, she gasped as big, canine hands handled her packaging and cut it open. "Oh wow, the grocery clerk wasn't kidding! Self-marinating meat is something else!" A big inhale, and then a satisfied sigh...the grinning coyote simply could not look happier. And the sudden temperature change wasn't doing much good for Ciera either, shivering as her body quickly began drawing in the ambient warmth. Quite a few blinks later, her eyes adjusted and she focused on the coyote's dopey face.

"There's a mistake," she spluttered, voice cracking from her bad afternoon wake-up call, "I'm not food!"

The cheery coyote did not seem phased, sticking a big tongue out at the teplian in front of him and slurping one long time up her face. "Well, that's funny! 'cuz you were at the grocery, signed contract and everything, and here you are tasting like you slept in marinade for a week before you signed up!"

Ciera couldn't help but blink distractedly, her aching, horse- and hand-tenderized body still yet held down by thin twine. Trussed like a oven pig, she had little hope at breaking free. "Contract?" she mumbled, more delicious sweat trickling from her shaved-smooth head.

Pulling out a small sheet of paper, the coyote playfully put on a pair of tiny glasses that Ciera was 95% sure he didn't need. "I, teplian meat," he began to read in the manner of a called-upon court stenographer, "hereby confirm that my entire species is tasty and horny at the thought of getting gobbled up and digested like good meat. As proof, I freely give all documents to Horsehead Meat Farms pertaining to my teplian marinade invention and have injected my naturally delicious body full of it. May this record prove that Ciera Chibus is just teplian meat and eager to disappear into some proper person's gut for good."

Ciera blinked. Sure enough, that was her signature. But...oh, the contract for the serum's usage rights. It must've been behind it. Before she could even comment on the absurdity of it, the oven door across from the table opened, a huge plume of hot air rolling over her form. She saw it coming like a bright flash, but nothing could compare to the sheer temperature aphrodisiac. Her body instantly responded with need, perhaps still sensitive from what the stallion had slipped into her coffee before plying her with seduction and wine. She shuddered a reluctant moan, feeling her stretched sex dribble thick, flavorful juice behind her.

"Oh, wow! You really are eager, hm?" the coyote teased, having already obtained a bowl of something and positioned himself behind her. Still the oven kept breathing its heat over her, so the teplian barely noticed the spreader widening her pussy open wide until the first huge fistful of stuffing shoved its way through. She gave a loud gasp, just in time for the coyote's other hand to shove a firm red apple between her jaws, her fangs clamping down effectively around it. Gagged, it was all she could do to squirm as hand after hand of herbs and breadcrumbs were stuffed deep into her. "Teplian meat sure is something...I heard your cute camel toes hid a greedy stuffing holder, but I didn't expect it to be *this* greedy!" he singingly teased, a finger staying behind long enough to caress the stretched cervix that—having been gaped by that conniving horse—had no way of refusing any of the tasty filler. But just as she was mumbling out a noise of lewd approval, another hand shoved its way inside, the stuffing filling out what used to be a decent womb.

"That's pretty sexy, meat." Her fin ears perked at the unexpected compliment. Unfortunately, it seemed he was commenting on her pussy, stuffed to the brim and bulging with stuffing that now spilled out from behind her, even as he tugged the spreader out. "Whoops, forgot the plastic you were sitting on." A quick yank slipped out the familiar plastic she'd been atop, leaving her to discover the warm metal of a roast pan, her hands and the tops of her feet feeling the sinking squish of settling atop a bed of cut carrots and potatoes. Ciera quickly was realizing just how real her situation was as the coyote grabbed a paint-brush and bowl of glaze and began to paint her body with the glistening golden slickness. It, too, had been warmed, and Ceira's body responded positively. She couldn't help but wonder if he'd devoured one of her kind before. But, more than that, she cursed herself for how aroused she was, helplessly growing more and more interested in finding the hottest place she could and basking in the orgasmic bliss. And, of course, the hottest place was only a few feet in front of her.

Soon, the teplian was glistening, freshly-glazed in her pan. The bed of potatoes and carrots and the apple filling her mouth eagerly accepted every bit of delicious fluid she produced, lapping up her sweat, soaking in her drool, and happily stewing among her sex's arousal. Her eyes found it hard to leave the gaping oven door, even as the phone began to ring. "Hello? ...hello Mr. Herit! What can I do ya for?"

Her ears perked once more, and her mind snapped back to reality. Mr. Herit was her lab administrator's name! Ciera relaxed with a shiver. As absolutely mind-blowingly arousing as this experience had been, she hadn't been entirely sold on her role in the situation. "Sure, sure. Sorry, who? ...Seer-ra Chee-boos?" Oh thank goodness. "OH! You mean the meat!" Ciera shot a glare, the coyote not seeming to even notice. "...yeah, you should see it! It marinated itself before it admitted and got graded! ...oh, goodness, you should see how it's gushing just looking at my oven."

The more and more her purchaser said, the deeper her blush got. Once just a slight tint of red from the heat of the moment, Ciera's face was now a deep crimson, most especially across her lighter colored features. The coyote just continued to go on and on with her employer, not once referring to her as a person at all and simply detailing every embarrassing reaction she had. The phone call didn't stop him for long, and the teplian realized that once a large carrot began to squirm its way into her asshole. The slow penetration combined with her embarrassment and the growing heat around her sent her over the edge, her stuffed mound spilling rich juices to soak the breeding within, the crumbs bloating with the added moisture.

Ciera's small muffled whimper of delight didn't go unnoticed. "Aww, it's so happy, it just gave the stuffing a soak! ...haha! Yeah, it's my first time. But I've always wanted to try it! They always looked so tasty. ...okay, you have a good afternoon!" By the time she regained focus, the phone call was over. The coyote took a moment to put the phone down to one side and examine his roast's rear as it trembled in residual pleasure. He didn't let the show end too early, drawing out every moment of the teplian's confused ecstasy by twisting and pressing the vegetable deep into her. Her rump tugged around it, soon taking the carrot like a plug as those rounded cheeks squeezed around the top and hid it partially from sight with their plump size.

Her eyes squeezed tight, but she couldn't shut everything out. The deep pressure in her colon, the wet mass shifting deep within her sex, the apple achingly gagging her from having a voice...the sensations never paused for a second. But oh, the oven, it was like a bath in pure bliss, like a dragon's passionate exhale amid a sensual lovemaking session. It permeated through her, choking her more coherent thoughts of denial and desperation and leaving only a slutty obsession with obtaining more pleasure and the embarrassing realization she'd never felt so good before. Even as her pan shifted and her eager chef hummed something about needing a proper finish to the stuffing, her thoughts continued to melt away into a mush incapable of thinking of the long-term.

Which, of course, helped her to focus all the more when something almost as warm as the kitchen appliance's breath stuffed itself into her already slightly gaped sex. Instantly, Ciera knew what it was, even if she couldn't help the only thoughts she had not flooded with that deep, penetrating sensation from marveling at its girth. Unlike the farmer's, this one felt into her with a lewd pliability despite its firmness, and its size forced her body to bulge deep into the pan's potatoes. She could only imagine how it looked, her only information that of mapping every squish and stuff it made within her as it displaced and pumped the stuffing into a denser mush and thrust it deeper into her.

The coyote simply hummed along, casually shoving himself forward and hiding away every bit of his throbbing, swollen canine cock within the squirming meat. He obviously hadn't been lying when he thought the teplian looked just perfect getting prepped as a meal, judging from his eager tail-wag and already filled-out shaft. It didn't help that he happily humped his way forward in little giddy bounces, grinning as his balls slapped once against the tasty glazed cunt and signaled his hitting. Ciera could feel as the stuffing compacted and squeezed into every part of her insides, filling out her womb like a thick breeder's load. There was no holding the coyote's cock inside her shallow passage only, either. Even if she didn't have the typical shallow anatomy of her species, the happy chef must have had the size of a cannon stuffed in a huge sheath with two melon-sized balls hung between his legs.

Like a energetic puppy, the coyote didn't waste time pausing and continued pumping inside her, loud squelching noises from a compacting, moistened breeding mix within a gushing sex echoing about the kitchen. "Hear that?" he sing-songily cooed, hands gripping around her ass and squeezing the glazed meat in playful handfuls. "You're cute when you're playing coy, but you sound more eager than anything I've ever had!" Every so often, he'd pull himself out with a sloppy *shLORP*, and fill more empty space with thick handfuls of stuffing. The only difference between the feeling of the fist and that of the shaft in the head of the dizzy and heat-drunk girl was the almost masochistic feeling of her insides stretching more and more loose when the over-endowed coyote was humping. She never had to wait long, as each handful of stuffing was quickly followed by more spanking of balls against her rear and the growing bulge of compacted stuffing inside. "If you wanted to be meat so badly, you could've just found my door and I'd have been happy to gobble you down right then and there!" One hand found her ear, fingers tickling along the fin-like edge.

"But then I gue-...whoops!" Suddenly, the thrusting stopped, Ciera unable to help from sounding a drool-spluttered and apple-muffled groan of sexual frustration. The hand left her ear suddenly as the coyote reached down towards his groin. He tugged, and the teplian realized the problem. Stretched as she was, she felt herself tight around a thick bulb of heat. Her once-timid tuck was now a strained hole barely trapping in the coyote's knot. "Can't have this. It'll ruin your flavor!" Each tug grew harder and fiercer, Ciera's cunt aching and spreading as best it could. But eventually...the loud and wet pop sounded out, a fully swollen knot finding the warm kitchen air. The coyote took a moment to ignore the meat again, taking a nearby dishcloth and wrapping it around the tip. He humped a few times, and Ciera could hear the thick spurts as he relieved

himself. She was so incredibly frustrated. She needed that! Her aching, drooling sex had needed only just a bit more for another mind-wracking orgasm!

After almost half-a-minute, the coyote looked back to the meat and gave a low "Tsk!" of disappointment. "I got carried away. Sorry, little morsel." He paused, mumbling to himself. Then, a confident snap of his fingers sounded out. Her chef slowly walked around, her eyes instantly snatching towards the still-stiff doggy dick that was smeared with her juices. The tip was still smeared with cum, the cloth obviously not the perfect method of preventing a mess. The coyote grinned as he saw where his meat's eyes were locked while it moaned in tense desire. "Well..." he pondered aloud, "it won't be the best for your tasty flavor, but if you promise to sweat and squirm out that good marinade of yours all over, I'll give you this." Lifting up the dishcloth, Ciera gasped. A wave of heavy musk hit her nostrils, her flat nose scrunching ever so slightly. The rag was drenched, colored distinctly darker and oozing spunk from every thread. Globbs of cum would drop off to splatter against the floor; the once-decent towel seemed to lose pounds with each lost glob, the fabric weighed down by the massive load.

The volume and potency shouldn't have been a shock, given the coyote's girth and balls being almost enough to dwarf her alone. But the lust was unbearable. The scent was addicting. And she could see the heat still fresh in the spent seed, the warmth of those balls still carried in its thick smears. Her eyes turned pleading, gazing up at the self-pleased grin above. It didn't really matter what she thought about being meat; she needed that rag. "Hm? You don't want it?" The tease instantly coaxed a desperate moan, almost cutting in its clarity despite the fat apple stewing in her saliva and sealing her mouth tight. "Okay, okay," the coyote laughed in a condescending giggle. With little pomp, he simply dropped the cloth atop her shaved head with a stomach-turning, lurid splat. With one tug with his fingers, the home chef dragged the cloth's edge over her eyes and its widest expanse flat against her nostrils and then left her to her own devices.

The suddenly darkened vision of the room amplified every other sense, but there wasn't much more her brain could do to amplify the smells she now took in. A deep inhale sucked the cloth deeper against her nose, and every tiny amount of air she took in grew choked with the heavy musk. The cum smeared and soaked over her features, dragging slimy fabric over her freshly shaved scalp. True to her word, the muddled lust and heat that choked every more respectable thought from her mind drew out the most delicious writhing and sweat from her very core. Behind her, the coyote was nothing short of ecstatic at the sight before him, his mouth filling with drool to the point of almost distracting his final task. He scooped some of the spilled filling out and pushed it forward. The meat's cunt was a crater, gaped tremendously by the tug of the knot, impossible to hold in the stuffing on its own. So, instead, he took out some cooking twine and a needle. So flooded in her own world of being facefucked by a cumrag, the teplian was numb to the feeling as her once cute camel's toe was sewn up tight to prevent its slutty gape from ruining the coyote's meal.

By the time the coyote was done, his hands were coated in her juices, another orgasm having come and gone even as his phantom taint teabagged the morsel's face. He lifted off the rag and tossed it into the sink, gazing down at the humiliated expression of sheer ecstasy across Ciera's face. Her eyes were rolled back, drool coursed down from the edges of the apple and drenched the potatoes below. Her face was smeared with his leftovers, yes, but her marinade worked wonders in sweating off the thicker grime. Retrieving his glazing brush, her chef started by reglazing her ass where his hands had groped over earlier. His other hand cupped over her nose, allowing her still some of that musk while also treating her to the scent of her repeated orgasms.

"Good morsel," he cooed, bringing the brush back to her sewn sex with a stretched arm to tickle over its lips. "So, just to make sure there's no confusion," the coyote continued, leaning down to meet the teplian eye-to-eye, "you're gonna slip into this oven and cook up nice and tasty. Then I'm gonna gobble you down and enjoy every little bit, and then you're gonna gurgle away like good meal. So, give me your dirtiest moan if you and your species are meat and you're obsessed with ending up in a stranger's belly until you're all gone. Because if you're not, I'm going to have to close this oven up and you won't get to feel all that heat cover you or get to know my belly's hot squeeze."

Drunk as she was, there were little surprises to be had. Two orgasms in, breathing pure coyote musk, and teased for so long by the open oven, the teplian was helpless to her deepest instincts. She had to be in there. She had to find out what it was like. She had to be meat. So, Ciera moaned. And moaned again. She continued to force moan after moan, each muffled plea growing louder and louder. There had to be no confusion, no chance for being mistaken as not wanting it. This, of course, caused the coyote to clap excitedly in approval. "Oh wow! I was worried you'd not be so tasty or fun since you were being sold so cheaply, but I certainly don't regret spending \$2 per pound now!" Ciera probably would have been deeply offended by learning that fact if it weren't for her world suddenly shifting as her pan was lifted up and slowly slid into the mouth of the waiting oven. "You have fun, my little morsel!" the coyote said with a little wave, his other hand gripping the oven door handle. "Oh, and show your best meatslut faces for the camera."

Camera? But before she could manage any more coherent a thought, the door shut. Instantly, Ciera realized just how much the appliance's heat had dissipated with the open door. The temperature, with nowhere else to go, sunk deep into her glazed flesh, lighting up her every nerve and sense with unbearable pleasure. It was as if she were being squeezed by an aphrodisiac, every pore on her body drinking in so much feeling that any potential for noticing pain was lost. Her thoughts slowed to a crawl, soon focusing only on the things around her. Her eyes gazed out the oven window, looking at the camera that was now situated on the kitchen table pointing directly at her. How long had it been recording? Had it even been in the cooler with her? It didn't even occur to her to imagine it wasn't even the coyote's. Just as it had followed her from her washing and packaging to her sale and preparation, it collected her dizzy

expression as she lost her last capacity for coherent thought, sucking on the cooking apple as her body gushed marinade and began to roast.

How long? Hours? Days? Minutes? It felt like years. The teplian never even had the opportunity to curse her species' weakness to extreme temperatures; she was far too busy cumming time and time again, each camera-captured face growing more and more slutty and passionate. Her skin began to finely cook, both her fairer tan flesh and darker brown patterns increasingly browning with every few minutes inside, shimmering with absorbed glaze and flavor. By the time the oven door opened, Ciera's eyes were clearly that of pure gratitude, unable to argue with being meat if it meant this degree of pleasure. The tray beneath her pan was dragged out, and the coyote's face returned. His tail wagged happily seeing the progress. He took the turkey baster he'd filled with her serum-induced natural juice and rehydrated her. "Can't have you drying out," he explained as the fluids were squeezed out evenly over her body, "since you're so passionate." Perhaps the rush of cool air that hit while she was pulled out would have given her enough coherence to listen, but soon enough her pan was spun around and pushed back into the oven, leaving only her rump, carrot, and sewn-shut stuffing hole visible to the camera as the door closed once more.

Each shift of her body should have filled her with the painful ache of denaturing muscle, each plump curve of fat taking in every bit of offered heat and helping to make Ciera indistinguishable from a common pork roast. Trapped as she was within that tight box, tied down and stuffed full, there was no escaping her fate. But there was no desire to anymore either, and the camera showed it as more arousal leaked out between the sewn lips. Signed contract, eager verbal agreement, bodily approval, and her boss so easily convinced of her new classification, Ciera had not a single excuse to offer. Had she known how it would feel, so humiliating, hot, and kinkily invasive, she wasn't sure she wouldn't have offered herself to Horsehead Meat Farms from the very beginning. Slowly, though, she began to lose any ability to focus. Blackness encroached around her vision as she squirmed, time muddling together as a breath of the stale, hot air filled her with the scent of a delicious meal mingled with the flavor from the roast apple she suckled.

Ciera came to with no guess of how much time had passed, gazing up at a coyote that really couldn't control the drool trickling from the corners of his mouth. Even rid of twine, she could barely move, only capable of the most cautious of squirming; if anything, it was a testament to her species' resilience. The air was like ice compared to the oven, but her pleasant shape retained enough heat to remind her of the countless weeks of pleasure that had flooded her mind...even if it had only been a few hours. Here she was, on a platter, slowly refocusing on the hungry chef before her. Her shortstack body was golden, glistening. The carrot in her rump now loosely jiggled inside her cooked-loose hole. And, with a brief cut to free her sex's lips, a cascade of thoroughly drenched stuffing spilled out from the thoroughly ruined hole behind her with an alien sensation of mingled relief and a deep feeling of emptiness.

Her purchaser didn't say much as his hands wandered the roast, turning the platter to admire his handiwork. Ciera would catch glimpses of the camera every so often, enough to know her sudden shiver and moan would be captured full-on as a canine tongue dragged up her taint and again over her rump. Thick lines of slurped taste-tests continued to cover her body, interspersed with pauses for the hungry connoisseur to consume some of the teplian-flavored potatoes or scoop a bit of the spilled stuffing into his mouth. It took more than a minute before she even realized that the apple was gone from her mouth, the small remnant of core already discarded to the side of her, her every pleased noise having been broadcast at full volume.

"Well, you've sold me," the coyote said as he spanked the roast's rump, slurping the glaze and moisture off his palm while she reeled from the tease. "There's really no way you'll be happy until you vanish into a gut. I bet you were just embarrassed to admit it to all your friends and family and coworkers because of how lewd it was! Luckily, my farmer buddy found you! And he knew I wouldn't judge, so he called me up and told me about what store I could find a desperate little teplian meatslut in." Ciera's platter turned one more time for them to meet eye to eye, the coyote holding the camera. "Don't worry. After you gurgle away, I'll make sure everyone who knows you gets to see every moment. You won't have to worry about anyone thinking teplians aren't meant to be gobbled up ever again!"

Ciera shivered as she processed the words, her uncertainty quickly washed away by the shiver of pleasure she got. With all the teasing, all the disorienting pleasure, it was hard to argue. Her reputation, her dignity, and her future were all worth this deeply shameful wash of arousal. She didn't have the ability or brainpower to think of any alternative. He tugged Ciera closer. She grunted, face pressing into his belly. The hand that tugged her close pressed a few fingers against her stretched pussy's labia, caressing the flesh and coaxing the meat to tremble. For a few long seconds, Ciera found her head nuzzled into a healthy curve of pudge, unable to hear anything but the deep, groaning, gurgling noises coming from the canine's belly. The gut eagerly awaited her, waiting to be filled with meat, waiting to be full of teplian to churn away as an everyday meal.

Two coyote fingers tucked and tugged against her loose sex, coaxing a gasped cry from the roast. The fingertips tenderly teased the arousal-soaked meat, feeling how their every tug and prod overwhelm Ciera and not caring for the cooked juices coating them. Her chef grinned as he set down the camera to the side, lens never leaving the hungry scene before it. He cupped one hand over her gaped hole and the other underneath her belly. His grip stung as it squeezed into the cooked flesh, but it stung only as much as the anticipation. "Goood morsel," he sang down at her as he lifted her up, "time to live your dream and disappear into a 'yote gullet!"

The world shifted as she left the platter and tilted back, her vision filling with spots as her head lost its bearings. The oven had surely softened her capacity to think a little, but she could only blame her heat-mushed mind for a small fragment of her now mindless obsession with the pleasure of being meat. Perhaps it had been inside her all along, a desperate desire to be

reduced to such a role, or perhaps the excited puppy now hoisting her had merely done an excellent job of training her to associate such humiliation with ecstasy. Either way, Ciera only had her vision restored as she tilted back downwards, the blood slow to return to her head.

The meat was treated to a vision that permanently seared itself on her mind: the open jaws of a drooling coyote. Glistening flesh pulsed within the mouth just past a row of clearly well-kept teeth, a deep red color shimmering in the dining room light. The saliva-drenched maw curved deeper, leading her eyes back to that dark turn down, the awaiting gullet. She could hear the wet sounds of the throat eagerly gulping down in anticipation, muscles showing off their ability as if assuring she had nothing to worry about...that the trip would assuredly be one-way. Even held above, gazing down at the final step towards proving her to be meat, she couldn't help herself from growing more and more aroused. It didn't help when the owner of the teplian meat, her owner, exhaled a humid, warm breath. While hardly an oven, it didn't take much to set the desperate roast into a frenzy of desire.

The coyote had waited too long, guiding his meal's face down past his teeth and pressing her face into the back of his mouth. The meat squirmed, face smearing against the throat's hole, feeling it tremble against her cheek so eager to direct her down to where she belonged. He paused there, tongue dragging against the cooked teplian breast-meat, happily slurping over the flavor-soaked flesh and enjoying his work. But with a deep, long growl, the coyote's gut announced its impatience. So without a second thought or regret, the coyote leaned his head back and gulped.

Ciera gasped, that first resounding noise as the muscle yanked her forward into the dark, pulsing tunnel a noise she'd heard so often before but not from this position. Here, she could feel her face introduced to the throat with a solid tug, feel how it claimed her, and know the full reality of what she was now. No different from any other food he consumed before, her owner's throat grabbed more and more of her body with each gulp, sending it further down and down. The air grew thick, the slime even thicker, and the heat more enveloping. Even his tongue had momentarily forgotten she was worth tasting, curling back and helping guide the squirming roast down.

The chef was more than satisfied with his purchase now. He could hardly tell what from the roast's loose sex was an orgasm and what was simply a slow trickle against his hand, but he guessed his morsel had probably come three or four times as he made her vanish from the world. The camera caught every moment in crystal-clear focus. As it had captured a dignified person becoming packaged teplian meat and packaged meat becoming a well-prepared meal, it casually recorded the teplian meal becoming an only vaguely teplian-shaped bulge descending from within the coyote's throat. Every gulp, ulp, ulp~ allowed more, more, more of the morsel to be forgotten away inside of him.

Her species' iconic ears pressed flat against her face as the esophagus determinedly guided her down. The coyote removed his hand from the stuffing-dribbling hole, to press down

upon Ciera's fat, short tail and squeeze it into his mouth. He began to tilt his head forward, lips now only stretched around two fat thighs with dangling legs, showing the camera a glimpse of the meat's cunt still glistening with warm, fresh juices and filled with a messy load of seasoned breeding before it was tugged forward to be squeezed against his throat's opening along with the wide-set hips. As his hand pressed against those soles, the coyote couldn't help but reach to his stomach with the other to feel as the teplian squeezed past that final sphincter and into the waiting gut.

She had lost track of time entirely, lost in a haze of humiliated pleasure as the gullet pushed her past that tight ring. What little light filtered in from above only revealed a moist chamber of dark flesh, but the light grew dimmer and dimmer as the mouth closed more and more around her body. Ciera instead found herself mapping the gut as she began to be stuffed inside. It stretched around her, thick folds happily expanding to fit her body into a scrunched up form. The body heat was immediately more reminiscent of the oven here, the moisture-laden air causing her to sweat. As the gut began to gurgle and squeeze a sense of finality into her, she could not comprehend how she enjoyed this, how she loved it more than anything else. It went beyond her kind's vulnerability to temperature, a biological kink. Here, uncomfortably stuffed inside a gut, knowing every friend, coworker, and acquaintance she had would see her downfall and degradation...Ciera almost felt as though, if given the choice and told how good she would feel, she'd have chosen for this to happen.

Ciera's cooked brain continued its futile attempts to understand her situation, the fire that burned deep inside her sex and drove her to trembled orgasms, even as the final gulp sealed her inside. Coyote lips closed around teplian toes, and soon his gut had even those small digits tucked away. On the outside, the coyote could barely identify what he had eaten even with the bulge of a face or a hand pressed outwards. He stood up, hands cradling his gut, and let loose a low, shameless belch. he took up the camera and put it close to his belly, letting it listen to the gurgles and groans of his gut getting to work while a brief impression of a moaning mouth showed. His meal's compact body and eagerness were unlike anything he'd had before, so fervent in its squirms it actually managed to occasionally shift and rotate within his tightly squeezing stomach. A loud lick of his lips and a confident "All gone" were the only thing escaping from his mouth this evening, the half-day he'd taken to thoroughly enjoy his meatslut worth every minute.

By the time the coyote made it to bed, the fervor of his meal had died down. His hand lazily massaged over his shaft, playing with himself while dinner twitched and made hazy, mumbled sounds. He was sure he had a good teplian meal, but he'd already forgotten its face and name. But he did remember playing with his food, stuffing its sex with self-satisfied humps and hearing it moan as it breathe the musk from his cumrag. The mere thought of more teplian meat, especially meat marinated with that new serum his farmer buddy had, was enough to coax his cock to gushing spurts of jizz on its own. He gave a small sigh at the quick finish, his final compliment to his meal; he had hoped to use one of his toys he had stowed away, but the coyote resigned himself to using them another day.

Over the night, the coyote's gut happily worked away in noisy sounds of digestive juices squishing and gurgling around a filling meal. The teplian inside had long forgotten the more embarrassing implications of its place, mindless and shameless in its desire as it felt the gutflesh squeeze and soften her. Even as it teased into sensitive and once meaningful places, the meat happily groaned and aided it, pressing and massaging those fluids into its own body; it took little for cooked meat to begin to still and separate. The stomach squished and softened the shape until it was only vaguely discernable as prey, and then again until it was a well-rounded bulge of mush. It took hours to even begin to drain the meat slurry away and absorb every bit of use possible, but thankfully the coyote had an exciting day and needed every wink of sleep anyway.

Ciera bumped into work, frantically combing her hair into something capable of resembling a ponytail with the help of a strong and thick black hair-tie. She somehow had slept through the entire previous day, only waking up with enough time to slap on an outfit and grab her building keycard. Like any late arrival in a workplace, her coworkers seemed happy to gossip in hushed tones and giggle at her flustered appearance and lateness. She paused outside of her boss' office to shrug on the other sleeve of her lab coat before opening the door and leaning in.

"Sorry, Mr. Herit, for the lapse, won't happen again," she stated with confidence only possible from someone who'd rehearsed what they were going to say over and over in their head while in-transit. "I'll swing into my office to take care of the paperwork I left, and I should be back in the lab by 2 to check up on the new protein trials."

She was about to retreat when the fox raised a hand, turning up two grey eyes and a beaming smile. "Ms. Chibus, you deserved that day off! Horsehead Meat Farms called yesterday afternoon and said they were willing to sign an exclusive contract for your little flavor enhancer! You impressed him, and the company is in your debt for it."

Vaguely, the memory of her encounter with the farmer stallion echoed in the back of her mind. Blushing slightly, she chuckled dismissively, a hand instinctively reaching to fiddle with her hair-tie as she occasionally did when embarrassed or stressed. "It's not really mine to claim. I discovered it by accident. We were researching how to stimulate muscle growth for people with muscular degeneration, remember?"

"Now, now. There's no need to be humble or lie. I understand if you used the project to pursue a personal interest, and I certainly can't argue with the results!" He crossed his hands across the desk, still beaming with his usual tight-lipped smile. "As a reward, I'm willing to grant you a small personal budget for practical research for use in farming and the food industry. In

addition, I'm giving you additional flexibility and vacation days, as well as a small raise I'm sure you'll make good use of."

Ciera's eyes grew wide, her heart racing in shock. "I, uh...wow. Thank you, Mr. Herit!" she blurted out, not bothering to try and correct her boss for fear of losing such an overwhelming flood of new benefits. "I, uh...I'll get you a few proposals to you by next Monday?"

"Excellent!" the fox emphatically replied, leaning back into his chair as if pleased with himself for the idea. "I look forward to sampling your flavors in the future."

Ciera began nodded and turned for the door. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted her boss licking over his lips as she left. Making a beeline for her office, she hoped that Mr. Herit's glance at her rear didn't mean he'd promoted her for sexual reasons. While highly attractive, the teplian scientist didn't want to have her progression in the company due entirely to sexual favors or trists. Thankfully or perhaps unfortunately, an explanation was provided to her on her desk.

Swinging into the seat, she examined the items atop her computer mousepad. A VHS tape...a small photo of a refrigerator meat drawer with "Wish you were here" scrawled in red ink...and a note with an address and a small note.

"Come back anytime, meatslut."

Ciera took a sudden breath, a hand slipping between her legs. Arousal already drenched the crotch of her pants and seeped into her seat, fingers growing sticky as she began to grow uncomfortable. The memories flooded back, and as they did she quickly grabbed the items and stuffed them into her bag. And that's when another memory resurfaced.

She'd seen the same VHS on every office desk she'd walked past this morning.

Oh boy.