

A Fluid Fuck-Up

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 29: Double)

Content warning: Teasing, soft vore, fatal, casual, digestion, trophy collection, implied disposal, and implied gender transformation. Implied reformation after the double-line break.

“...even without being fully inside, he barely took an hour to break down. But he made the cutest sounds, and, once I felt my stomach clench through those ankles, I pulled up the rope and got myself both of those cute paws he was so proud of.” Sighing, the lion patted his belly. “Got those sitting in foyer for now. He didn’t last long as fat, though.”

The lion’s companion found his eyes locked on the firm chest on display. Being shirtless for their stroll down the sidewalk, Zerky left little to the imagination. All there was on that belly was muscle and only the faintest curve of pudge; even if the lion hadn’t made a point to be brutally honest, especially after learning how flustered and squirmy the squirrel-cat got listening to even his lowliest conquests, there wasn’t any evidence to suggest he was lying.

“Um, wow. I’m glad you had fun,” the squirrel-cat chuckled, his eyes eventually managing to leave where the lion’s hand had patted. Seeing Zerky’s hazel eyes knowingly focused on his embarrassed expression coaxed Maven into a sheepish grin. They both knew he was terrible at hiding his emotions, but it didn’t stop the squirrel-cat from trying anyway. “Someday I suppose I ought to see what all the fuss is about.”

“What, squirming to your demise in my gut?”

Zerky’s comment retort was rewarded with a furious blush on the squirrel-cat’s cheeks.

“No! I mean, like, watching. Maybe trying to eat someone myself!”

Zerky’s grin didn’t subside. “We both know you’re not the type.”

“Yeah, you’re right. I’d feel terrible,” Maven admitted with a sigh.

Zerky reached around and pulled the squirrel-cat into his spotted pelt. “Nothing to be sad about. I wouldn’t have *nearly* as much fun teasing you if you were some sort of life-destroying gut on legs. I value our little lopsided friendship.”

“Thanks...I think?”

“Aw, come on. Surely you enjoy my company too if you keep meeting me for these walks and hang-outs, right?”

Maven sighed again, a slightly less awkward smile stretching across his face. “Well, of course I enjoy your company. Doesn’t make our particular brand of fun any less awkward.”

Zerky chuckled and released his grasp on his friend’s shoulder. “Well, that just tells me I should be more enthusiastic about bringing the fun to you. As a good friend should.” Maven

didn't miss the lick over Zerky's lips; Zerky hadn't bothered hiding it. "Anyhow, I plan on grabbing coffee at the usual shop tomorrow afternoon. Maybe we could meet up then?"

Maven nervously nodded, massive tail whipping behind him. "Sure, see you then."

Maven groaned to himself in his apartment. He hated coffee, why couldn't he have proposed a different sort of hang out? *Oh right*, he thought, *because A) I'm terrified of saying something wrong or overstepping boundaries and B) I'm a fucking sucker for teasing. Ugh. Self-control is not my forte.*

With no plans for the Friday evening fast approaching, the squirrel-cat looked over himself in the bathroom mirror. He never particularly felt comfortable with himself. As a hybrid species, there already tended to be a few people who'd try and categorize him as one thing or another. Not many knew what to do with a squirrel-faced, cat-eared, squirrel-colored, cat-patterned guy like him, and he wasn't entirely sure he knew either. At least everyone loved his tail, a rounded, fluffy appendage that was almost as long and as wide as his entire body was tall and wide.

Focusing on the good parts of one's self took time and effort, and Maven did his best to build his self-confidence. He smiled at himself in the mirror and posed. "Hi! Can I buy you a drink?" he practiced, realizing only a few words in that it just didn't feel right. The more he looked, the more conflicted he felt. *Well, of all the reasons to like teasing*, he thought, *I guess feeling a sense of belonging and desirability is a better reason than some.*

Still, though, Maven's eyes glinted. Well, if he didn't feel comfortable as this right now, there was always that one little trick. The squirrel-cat reached up, a finger tapping on a small mark on his neck; it was shaped like the eye of a marble, a wavy form of paler color not even a foot above his heart. Sometimes, he was really grateful for that mark and the friends who understood why he had it.

Tonight, she was going to do her best and find some fun for the evening.

Zerky slipped into the establishment in a button-down shirt and loose black pants, eyes carefully browsing the selection of newcomers that hung on the walls, sipped at standard cocktails at the bar, or idly looked for conversation amidst the club floor. While the club offered no obvious signs of danger, regulars knew what this place served as: a prowling ground for the most twisted interests possible. The spotted lion being no stranger to said interests, he knew well that if he wanted someone to surprise with their doom he had to look for the faces that hadn't been around enough to read the place's mood.

Then, he saw it. A huge, long, fluffy tail of brown, one that swayed like a cat's but was as broad as a squirrel's, attached to an unsuspecting girl dressed in a sleek black dress at the bar. It was a beautiful tail, and the early winter was becoming a bit nippy. Zerky knew it'd look perfect slung around his neck so long as its owner was willing to part with it. The lion was sure she would; he and his body, after all, were very convincing.

The lion walked up, leaning into the bar with a charming smirk. "Hi, cutie," he said, brushing his fingers through his dark red mane, "what are you drinking?"

"Oh," the voice replied, smiling and turning to look at the newcomer, "just a blue hawai..."

The silence between the two hung for a few seconds as their eyes met. Zerky's eyes carefully studied the slope of the girl's muzzle, the stripes of darker color on her cheeks and small lines on her forehead, the long, straight brown hair that framed her face, and the increasingly-wide brown eyes. The girl, however, seemed stunned, her eyes locked on his.

"...do you know a Maven Treecat?" he asked, a smile beginning to stretch across his face as his thoughts ran wild.

"...y-yes?"

"Oh! I bet you're a sister or cousin of his. Not too many squirrel-cats around," Zerky observed, his own tail-tuft now whipping behind him eagerly. "I'm his friend. Name's Zerky. It's an absolute pleasure to meet family of his." He raised the squirrel-cat's left hand to his lips and kissed it. It didn't seem to make the girl's awkwardness subside to any degree, but it did begin to color those familiar-looking cheeks a few shades of red..

"So," Zerky hummed, "I'm not surprised he's not told me about you, but has he told you anything about me?"

"No! I mean, not really? Nothing I can recall, at least!" the squirrel-cat replied, her voice wavering as if telling the world's biggest lie.

Zerky was too focused to care, though. All he heard was that she had no way of knowing what was to come, and that excited him. "Well, then maybe I should help you get to know me."

He stepped closer, fingers unbuttoning his shirt buttons one by one. Letting the two halves separate, Zerky pressed his chest against the squirrel-cat's body, gripping, raising, and placing the hand he kissed upon his exposed belly. "I'm a terrible tease, I treat my body well, and I love delicious things," he purred, eyes locked on the increasingly flustered look on the girl's face. He leaned down, lips curling over the edge of the drink her right hand still gripped, and sipped. "Mm...like that blue hawaiian." Then, his lips slipped off the edge, the lion's head dipping down to the nearby wrist to lick across the exposed fur. "Mmmm...and you~"

The squirrel-cat in the black dress clenched her fingers more firmly around the glass, her other hand instinctively digging into the furry muscles of Zerky's exposed chest. Her breath

caught in her chest at the fur and flesh denting in, the lion's body heat warming her digits and palm. Zerky got the impression from how she squirmed upon the bar stool that she was easily convinced. His tail swayed to stroke against her twitching, swaying fluff. Soon...that'd be his. "Bathroom. Now. And I'll make you mine."

Whatever the squirrel-cat had come for, Zerky's teases had clearly sent her into a state with only one dominant need: him. Wordlessly, she slipped off the stool, leaving behind her glass of blue cocktail and the skewer of orange and cherry. A firm lion's arm arced around her shoulders, the girl shuddering at the familiar sensation with its new and more awkward implications. A few regulars gave knowing glances towards the open-shirted Zerky. Unknowing regulars got the wrong idea, though, and were left blushing and whispering as the two vanished into the men's room.

Immediately, Zerky slammed his cute find against the tile wall, deeply probing her agape mouth with his tongue and slurping across her lips. "Mm...strip for me," he growled. Immediately, the squirrel-cat began shrugging off her dress, kicking off her heels, and haphazardly slipping off her stockings. "Too slow." The words preceded Zerky tearing through the girl's panties and bra with his claws, letting the cut fabric fall to the floor with the rest of the shed clothes. He wasn't in the mood to wait, after all.

"There you go. You won't be needing any of that," the lion rumbled, hands squeezing firmly around the squirrel-cat's body. His thumbs massaged into her flesh, testing every inch of her, groping without feeling across any expanse he wanted. "Mm...all mine." The squirrel-cat's breath raced, her nude body anticipating all this cool teasing leading up to a particular conclusion. That conclusion, however, was not what Zerky had in mind.

His eyes briefly locked on the girl's neck. A small marble's-eye-shaped mark of pale color decorated her neck. "Heh, same birthmark?" he purred. "You're Maven's *twin*? What luck. I can't wait to see how much he'll squirm once I tell him where you ended up." Strong arms lifted the girl by her massive tail, the squirrel-cat squeaking in sudden surprise and pain. However, it was only a second later that her body weight stopped pulling upon the fluffy limb; the treat's feet sunk into the waiting maw of the lion.

Before any protests could be heard, Zerky reached up and grabbed the girl's hair, forcing the squirrel-cat's face down until she was bent at the hips, head-to-feet, and her whiskers tickled her ankles. All she could manage was an uncomfortable squeak as she looked at her feet that were sunk deep into the gums and tongue just a few inches ahead, watching the lion slurp over her without a care. Then, his hand forced her face forward even further as he sounded out the beginning of her final descent.

GULK~

Her mouth opened as if to say something important, but the girl's face was soon smooshed into mawflesh, slathered with drool. Even if her words hadn't been entirely muffled, it wasn't as though he had any plans of stopping. Having properly positioned his meal, Zerky sealed the squirrel-cat's face inside with a couple more hasty gulps. Her toes spread within his gullet, and her face soon felt the squeeze of his throat's entrance. There was nothing for her arms to gain leverage on; a few more fateful swallows echoed in the bathroom, and her shoulders found themselves lodged in the throat as well. Tightly gripped in squishy darkness with shameless gulp after gulp, Zerky happily ensured her first trip to the club would be her last.

One eye watched the reflection in the bathroom mirror as her fingers spread in panicked desperation; her curvy thighs and rump wiggled in the air, and her fluffy tail slapped against the walls, floor, and sink in confusion. He loved the sight of it jerking ever-downwards, more and more slipping from view to become a wriggling, protesting bulge upon his body. The flavor was enough to almost entirely forget that this was a living person, his mind having already relegated her to the label of meat. *His* meat.

One or two passerby used the toilet stalls as the squirrel-cat began to pack into the lion's gut, smiling at the sight and knowing that soon the squirming thing likely would be visiting a stall herself in a more intimate manner. The squished, drool-soaked feet and face of the meat were, after all, beginning to feel the squeeze and stretch of that tight sphincter as they were thrust insistently into the empty sack; once a cute thing was sealed in there, no respectable predator's stomach would let them out the same way they came in.

Within a couple of minutes of having teased the poor girl into the restroom, Zerky finally found her fingertips and rump ready to slip out of view. There was no hesitation in the lion's mind, packing her away with just one more declarative **GULP!** He traced her meaty end all the way down with his hand until her twitching cheeks were finally sealed within the gastric organ. It had clearly eagerly awaited her presence, stomach acids pooling at the bottom and dribbling in to slosh and slather around her form. Wrinkled walls squeezed and ground her form firmly, tight enough in its squeezes to both soften her delicious body and display her desperate expressions in adorable, useless bulges on the outside Zerky's gut.

The only thing that remained was that large, fluffy tail. Zerky chuckled as he wrapped the tail around his hand, massaging the beautiful limb and binding it to his grip. It was the only part of the squirrel-cat left with any taste of freedom, the cool bathroom air a far cry from the torrid atmosphere of the lion's body. The base of that tail was tightly gripped by his gut's opening, sparing it from the thorough, instinctual churning any common meat got as a welcome. It also served to keep his meat's ass up, her face pressing out, and her squirming both fierce and contained.

"Fuck yeah, squirm like that, meat," the lion rumbled, just barely able to speak with a couple of feet of tail still frantically waving inside his gullet and even more outside flailing

helplessly. "You feel amazing in there, but I need you to get soft good and quick so I can get my prize. The prize other than, of course, a good meal and some fat to work off."

gllrrrgl...chrrrrn...glurk~

"Hm Mrphn! HRM MRVHN!"

The muffled exclamations weren't particularly audible even if Zerky had been actively listening to his slowly dissolving meat. Still, enough of at least one word got through that the lion allowed a sigh and smile. "Oh right, and teasing Maven. That's a wonderful prize, too," he agreed with what he thought he'd heard. "Don't worry. While I'm going to make sure you're nothing but mush by the end of the hour, I'll tell him I digested you over the whole night, that you moaned and loved every second of becoming slurry and pudge. A little white lie to fluster your twin a bit more. ...honestly, though, I think he might squirm just as much if I told him how quick and thoroughly I killed you off for a meal."

As if on cue, his gut felt a bit of give. Firmly, he tugged on the twitching tail before feeling a satisfying *pop* and the tension give way. From out of his mouth, he drew out the saliva-matted feet of squirrel-cat tail, watching as it grew limp and entirely powerless in his grasp. "There we go." With that declaration, he walked his way to one of the bathroom's hand dryers and began to slowly rotate the soaked portions of his new trophy beneath the hot, screaming air of the machine.

The squirrel-cat inside found her desperate cries falling on deaf ears. Her own hearing, despite the harsh volume of the machine outside, was dominated by the *squelches* and *glorps* of her own body burning away. Pain seared through her flesh as the lion's trained stomach hastened her demise. Even if Zerky hadn't completely forgotten she was anything more than pleasingly writhing meat, her bulge had grown soft and featureless on his belly. A few tight squeezes from the wrinkled walls around her let the meal hear her own bones ***crack*** and ***crunch*** into nothingness. Within half an hour, she was twitching her last, gurgling and bubbling out her final breaths at the bottom of a rising lake of gut juices and her own mushy form.

Zerky left the bathroom as he patted the rounded, compacted belly his dinner had become, a fluffy new tail-scarf wrapped around his neck. He couldn't wait until tomorrow.

Zerky groaned. He'd been waiting in the coffee shop for thirty-minutes, and the usually punctual Maven had yet to show. While he had been tempted to go shirtless once more, his new scarf of real fur looked a lot better when paired with a regular winter jacket. It made the long appendage-turned-garment less conspicuous, too; one shouldn't underestimate the value of surprise in a good tease.

"Hey, Zerky!"

The lion glanced up, spotting a warmly-dressed black fox of an almost equally enviable floofiness as his new scarf. "Damien! What's up?"

The fox swung himself down to sit at the coffee shop's table, tail waving behind him. "Not much, as far as I'm aware," Damien said, focusing on the uneasy expression on the spotted lion's face. "How about you? You look...agitated."

Zerky sighed. "Been waiting for half-an-hour for Maven to show up..."

Damien's eyes glanced to Zerky's neck. "Uh..."

"...I went through all the trouble of eating his twin sister to tease the guy with..."

The fox raised a finger. "Zerky..."

"...and he doesn't even show up! I thought he loved this sort of stuff!"

"Zerky." His tail stopped swaying.

"I didn't even savor her 'cuz I was too focused on taking care of my trophy and figuring out how to best torment the cute guy!"

"Zerky! You ate Maven!"

The fox's firm exclamation drew a few heads, but most customers quickly refocused on their drinks with the shared realization it was probably best not to pry in predators' business. Zerky blinked in confusion. "But...I ate a..."

"You know the mark on Maven's neck, right?"

"...yeah?"

Damien rubbed the slope between his eyes. "Maven's genderfluid. Literally. Their gender changes based on the perceptions of those around them or their own perception of themselves. They don't have a twin. So they probably felt uncomfortable yesterday night, swapped genders to go exploring, and then..."

Zerky couldn't help himself from chuckling in embarrassment. "Oh. Well...my bad, I guess," he said, hands going up to pat the tail that served as his scarf. "I'd say sorry, but I'm pretty sure there's not much of him left to say sorry to." There was a pause in the lion's mirth, then he grimaced. "Hey...you're not mad at me for eating him, are ya?"

Damien laughed. "Of course I'm not mad. They went to a good place, didn't they? Besides, even if they couldn't come back, food is food, right?"

"Come back...?"

The black fox paused. Leaning over his own hot drink and the table, he brushed aside Zerky's mane and pressed down their mutual friend's former tail. There, on the thin yellowish fur of his neck, was a pale marble's-eye mark. It, however, was subtle and slightly faded compared to the one Maven bore. "Well, good thing I caught you then. Yeah, as long as that mark of his doesn't completely fade away, you can just will him back. Part of the mark."

Zerky glanced down at his neck, his tail swaying behind him thoughtfully. "...they'd remember what happened, huh?"

"Probably."

“...has this happened a lot?”

“As far as I’m aware, only a few times.”

“Then he’s...they’re going to be mad.”

“Likely.”

The lion leaned back in his seat, sipping at the last of his now lukewarm coffee. “Well, then, I think they can squirm as lion pudge for a little longer, right?” he nervously commented. “Maybe they’ll warm up to the role. No sense in facing an angry squirrel-cat right away, right?”

Damien’s tail began to flick behind him, a relaxed smile once more stretching across his face. “Right. But, uh, do tell me how quick the anger dissipates. That is a *lovely* scarf.”

Zerky toothily grinned. “Thanks. I got it from a friend.”