

Turkey Run

by Maven Treecat

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Commissioned by [pokemonmanic3595](#)

Content warning: Feather removal, house traps, bondage, stuffing/inflation, cooking, humiliation, masturbation, digestion, disposal, implied fatality. Reformation after the double-line break.

Luca's eyes snapped open, tired circles advertising just how poorly the cardinal had slept. It was Thanksgiving Day— a Thursday—and Thomas was gone, forced by his boss to work the morning shift. A small note had been left on the cheap nightstand.

"Happy Thanksgiving! Make sure the bird's ready for the oven when I get back. ~T"

The knowledge of what *should* be happening wasn't enough, though. Nervous energy forced the red bird to his feet, and he snuck slowly and silently across the small bedroom to peek into the neighboring room. Luca's beak stretched into an excited smile. His apartment-mate's bed was neatly made, the sheets tucked tightly in on both sides of the bed.

He'd gone to work.

Escape was possible.

The relief that washed over Luca wiped away all the many plans and schemes he'd prepared for this awkward day. *He's not going to be home until noon at the earliest*, the cardinal thought, chuckling to himself, *I've got time to clean up and get dressed!*

Luca prided himself on cleanliness. Every morning, no matter how clean he felt, the bird took a long shower in the apartment bathroom. It was relaxing to be free of the previous day's weight, a way of escaping the past and preparing for the future. Besides, Thomas had long since made the poor bird associate being dirty with...well, being dirty. Even when he wasn't around or was off having fun with others, the feline fiend's perversions wormed into Luca's thoughts. *Not today!* Luca confidently thought, sliding the curtain closed and spinning the knob to that familiar position. All he had to do was brace through a few seconds of chilly...

Huh. The liquid that sprayed across the crest of his head, down his throat, over his back, and about his wings didn't carry that immediate freezing sensation; instead, lukewarm fluid began to drench the bed-ruffled feathers across his body. *Maybe Thomas left some hot water in the pipes.* He wasn't the type of bird to look a gift-cat in the mouth—even if he'd been invited to against his will numerous times—and his continued good fortune on this usually most uncomfortable of days made him even less inclined to think on it. Instead, he began to run his wingtips over his body, scrubbing the fluid deep even as he preened the occasional pinion back into place with his beak.

It took a minute before Luca noticed three things. First, the lukewarm fluid failed to get any hotter. Second, the fluid was far more viscous and gooey than water. Third, his pinions weren't straightening. The more he preened and scrubbed, the more uncooperative and loose the feathers became. The more he pressed in the clear, drooly fluid that drenched his body, the heavier his body became. His flesh absorbed the fluid, drawing more and more in until, in clumps, bright red and dark black feathers began to fall out and slap on the shower tile below.

"What?! No no no..." the bird gasped, an itchy feeling driving him to helplessly scrub his body, harder and harder. Luca clenched his eyes, finally understanding but unable to stop, rubbing away his beautiful colors until a naked, fleshy bird was left to fiercely slap at its own body. Eventually, the shower-head's slimy flow reduced to a drizzle; however, once more it caught the cardinal by surprise, switching to a steaming hot power-spray of water that drummed against his vulnerable body and washed away the uncomfortable gunk.

By the time Luca had managed to brave the shower-head's mighty assault and turn off the water, he was thoroughly humiliated; his body rubbed and pummeled to a pinkish color, he felt a familiar ache across his form. Even worse, his cock was stiff, throbbing in the air; Luca and it had a running disagreement, especially on Thanksgiving Day. "I'm not having your lip," he muttered down to his own crotch, not even daring to give it the attention.

Clearly, his complacency had done him a disservice. Now, it was time for strategy. Slipping on some pants, a t-shirt, and a large baseball cap, Luca made his way to his bedroom window. There was a fire-escape outside, all he had to do was slide the window open and squeeze himself through...

skrrt! PSSSHH!

....directly into a firm, stretchy layer of cellophane. As his beak pressed into the clear barrier, tiny nozzles hissed all around, spraying his clothes and knocked-backwards cap with a fine mist. Luca thought he jerked backwards quickly enough, but soon he found his clothes and cap falling to the floor. The fabric-devouring mist dissolved away the last remnants of his hastily assembled outfit. "Goddammit, really?!" the naked bird exclaimed, casting an irritated look down at the cock that once more throbbed in the open air. It, after all, thought far more fondly of those humiliating words Thomas had once said: "Meat doesn't wear clothes."

The cardinal refused to give up. If Thomas was going to try and predict him with needlessly cruel traps, Luca was going to surprise him. If Thomas expected a lack of clothes would keep him trapped, then—if just to show up the know-it-all cat—he was going to charge out the front door nude! Angrily, he swung open the door leading to the common room.

CLUNK-SPLOOSH, *clank-rattle-rattle...*

.A bucket of slimy turkey basting toppled from its perch above the door, dark gold fluid sliming over his exposed, tender flesh. Huffing indignantly and licking at thick drops of the stuff that ran down his beak, he marched straight towards the front door, kicking the bucket aside as

he did. "...that one wasn't even lewd. C for uncreativity," he grumbled, knowing that Thomas probably put that one there just for a laugh...even if the sauce was tasty.

The second his featherless wings began to fumble with the doorknob, basting-slickened nubs slipping across the brass handle, Luca knew this wasn't going to go well. Even if it did, it wasn't as though he was going to march out in public like this; he'd probably be devoured on the spot! But spite and stubbornness demanded he try. He finally found purchase on the knob, twisting and pulling at it. The door clunked against something, jammed shut from the outside. The handle did, however, pull a string that led up to two weights just above two large whoopee-cushions taped far above the door.

PthtbbPPPPPPPPPHHhhHHhFffffbttt~

Clouds of seasoning farted into the air, raining down and sticking to the vast smears of glaze that drenched the cardinal's skin. Flecks of pepper, salt, garlic powder, and paprika slowly drifted down upon Luca. Eventually, he let go of the doorknob. The sheer absurdity of the moment forced him into a smile, a quiet chuckle building into a wheezing laugh. Staggering his slathered, seasoned self away from the door, the naked bird carefully wiped a tear from his eye; he couldn't tell whether it was from the salt or awkward mirth.

Thomas had thoroughly gotten him. Each trap not only had anticipated his movements, prepping him like a proper Thanksgiving bird, but they had also anticipated his moods. Luca reached down to pet his wingtip over his throbbing shaft, a bead of his own fluid at its tip. He'd been aroused, humiliated, and shamed into arousal...only to be bombarded with silly, light-hearted assaults on his sense of dignity and seriousness. The message was clear: Luca's yearly Thanksgiving fate was to be lewd and degrading as always, but Thomas did it at least in part because the bird enjoyed it on some level.

Only one more possible escape remained: a small apartment window in the kitchen. It was primarily for ventilation, half-the-size of the bedroom windows, and with no easy descent available like the exterior fire escape's ladders and steep stairs. However, that was Luca's only option left. He walked to the doorless passage that led into the small kitchen, one made smaller with the addition of all sorts of less-than-innocent implements and more conspicuously sized appliances. Giving his shaft an idle grope, he prepared to step forward.

A glint of light caught his eyes, the morning sun cutting through the kitchen window just perfectly to highlight a tripwire stretching across the opening. Luca took a step forward, brushing his foot across the taut string.

Immediately, the kitchen whirled to life, the bird squawking in a most undignified way as metal arms snatched at his body. Plastic wrap flashed, a large cooking bag was shaken to its full size, and a nozzle keenly angled itself before shoving insistently forwards into its destination...

The black cat hummed as he kicked away the door jam from his apartment door, sliding his keys in and unlocking the extra deadbolt. It probably had been overkill to reverse the deadbolt's knob to be on the outside of the door, but, despite getting the feeling that he'd anticipated perfectly, he hadn't wanted to take any chances with his favorite yearly meal. As he dropped his keys on the living room table, the faint noise of a whirring machine and the rhythmic grunting of a familiar voice suggested that Thanksgiving dinner was just about guaranteed.

Naked, plucked, drenched in basting juices, and speckled in seasoning, Luca had never looked more appealing to the feline. Bent wings wrapped tightly to his sides, thighs and ankles also bound in tight layers of plastic wrap, Luca was splayed out belly-up on the kitchen counter. A nozzle was solidly embedded in his ass pumping ounce after ounce of breading into his increasingly packed bowels. The cardinal's cock periodically twitched, releasing a spurt of cum all across his own chest every time it gave a particularly firm throb.

"So I see you got my note. Thanks, Luca," Thomas purred.

Luca's eyes snapped open, locking on the black cat's gleaming eyes. "F-fuck you."

Thomas patted his hands against the plastic around the bird's bound legs. "Solid. Not much stretching. And you're spilling seed, too. You must really love this?"

"Eat my dick." Luca was smirking, his tone more of friendly banter than anger.

"I'll eat all of you," Thomas laughed. "Honestly, if you like this so much, I'd be happy to go all-out on a recipe before making you meat for good. We've been best friends for, what, six years? Seven?"

"Die." Cleared of his usual red and black feathers, there was nothing to hide the potent blush on his cheeks. With all his meat on display, every shift, swirm, and potent throb at the teasing was visible; all of it only encouraged Thomas.

"You know, I did leave a way out untrapped," the cat sighed, leaning over his bound prey to fiddle with the stiff length of pink cockflesh, his touches encouraging the bird to buck and pant at the sensation, "but you'd have had to have gotten creative to use the drains. Besides, I figured I'd be flushing you down the toilet's drain eventually, so I didn't see the point."

Luca's shudder did not go unnoticed. Thomas firmly gripped around the bird's shaft, his paw tightly clenching shut the opening within. The bird immediately began to whine, humping at the hand as it slowly rubbed up and down. The feline's ears turned as the whirring machinery clunked and slowly grew quiet. Calmly, he looked back to the tormented, aroused expression on Luca's face. "Sounds like you're all finished with the stuffing, birdie. Ready for an afternoon roasting like the lovely meat you are?"

"J-just get it over with! F-fuck..." Luca panted.

"And since you hate it so much, I should go ahead and tie your lovely cock down, right?"

Luca's eyes widened in a panic. "No! Don't you fucking dare!"

The black cat grinned, his grip growing tighter. "What? You actually want to cum at being Thanksgiving meat? At churning away in my gut? At knowing you're going to be dirty, shameful *waste* that I could so easily forget and flush away like any other shit?"

Luca didn't dignify a response, a simultaneously pleading and threatening glare meeting Thomas' yellow eyes with an impressive intensity, especially given the source was trussed like a common turkey.

Thomas shrugged, releasing the cock he'd been holding. Instantly, the shaft slapped against the bird's belly, jets of semen splattering across his exposed chest. The feline happily caught a spurt of the fluid and licked at it. "Mm. I'm so happy you love this so much," he purred, licking over his own lips. "You'd taste so much worse if you weren't so happy to baste yourself in your delicious spunk for me."

Even while panting and jetting seed across his chest, Luca managed to give a dirty look at the cat. It didn't stop Thomas from lifting him up, popping the stuffing injector's nozzle free from the bound bird's ass, and wiggling the now-gaping hole down on a vertical roaster rack. The metal rods hilted inside the bird's stuffing-filled hole, and their base fit snugly in the pan waiting below. The feline whispered to his holiday meat, punctuating his words with a kiss on the bird's cheek. "See you in a few hours, buddy." With that, he grabbed the roaster bag and shoved it over Luca's head and vulnerable body, plastic rustling over his sauce-covered, seasoned flesh before being tucked under and tied shut beneath the pan. A quick shove slid the bagged bird and pan into the oven, coils already glowing warmly in anticipation. Thomas gave a friendly wave goodbye before slamming the oven door shut, setting a timer on the nearby counter, and walking away for a relaxing Thanksgiving afternoon.

Luca watched the feline move out of view from the oven window, holding back a noise that the dominating heat inspired his body to make. Only once he was sure Thomas was gone did he let loose a horny groan, that shameful arousal from enjoying such a humiliating and uncomfortable process demanding to be vocalized. Already he could feel his flesh beginning to roast and sizzle, but all that there was in his head was pleasure. Bound as he was, the bird's only possible option was to focus on how much he not-so-secretly enjoyed it all; only through that focus could he find relief for his cooking shaft, the length spurting stream after stream of bird cum in powerful bursts. Each time his face or chest felt a particularly strong shot of the slimy fluid, his senses spun in dizzy approval. *Making me baste myself in cum...Thomas, you're a dirty cheat*, he begrudgingly thought to himself.

The only reason their apartment had such perverse materials was because Thomas had found the kinkier content on his laptop one day. If the feline hadn't been so convincing and trustworthy, Luca wouldn't have ever let Thomas convince him to try it that first Thanksgiving so many years ago. Now, whether Luca liked it or not, it was a yearly tradition, one Luca desperately tried to escape in the hopes of having at least one dignified "turkey day". But...even

their “with benefits” fun had become kinkier over the past few years, leaving the bird increasingly torn between clean life and dirty surrender. Now, begrudgingly, even that final fate in the sewers caused him to squirm in embarrassed pleasure. While Thomas clearly loved doing it to him, Luca still was convinced he’d never do it if the cardinal wasn’t so flustered by having it done to him. Perhaps that knowledge was why he tried to deny it so much.

But now, as with the previous years, he was left to smell his own body happily cooking away, skin browning and seasonings cooking in. The bag around his body collected with drops of evaporated fluid, hot juices dripping back down all over his body and ensuring he never dried out. The bag’s air did slowly grow stale, though, giving Luca the time to slowly grow dizzier and less coherent with each passing hour. It didn’t stop him from cumming time after time, the roasting shaft more and more haphazardly pumping white pleasure across his body and against the bag’s interior. The searing hot coils, glowing orange upon the oven’s walls and humming with energy, were relentless.

Stuck in a machine set by his apartment-mate, the bird’s transformation was inevitable. Escape wasn’t possible.

In a vulnerable moment of shamelessness, smelling his own body grow more and more mouth-watering, Luca realized he was glad he hadn’t escaped. A bird in the oven on Thanksgiving day...it just felt right.

Thomas had spent the past five hours mostly in the living room. He’d brought out his own laptop to browse the internet on, enjoying the chance to listen to one of his best friends orgasm countless times as he roasted like a good stand-in turkey. Maybe the oven door would’ve muffled all those pleasure-filled noises with its thickness, hiding just how much the cardinal loved his predicament, if Thomas hadn’t put a livestream camera and heat-proof microphone inside the oven. “Vore enthusiasts make the best products sometimes, I swear,” he mused to himself. He wasn’t entirely cruel, though. He was sure Luca would appreciate that he only gave out the livestream link to a few (hundred) online friends.

Idly, he browsed through a private folder of files he kept on his desktop. The black cat smiled and patted the large bulge that grew within the crotch of his pants. Video files and images—interspersed with text files detailing previously used recipes, reviews on used products, and fun little quotes he’d coaxed from the bird during loose-lipped trips to the bar—from his most degrading fun with the cardinal filled the screen. There were even more than a few images detailing where the bird had ended up each time, more and more frequently a toilet filled to the brim with solid brown mass and occasionally a rare glimpse of a broken skull or flecks of bone. Birds digested so nicely, their hollow bones often breaking down easily in a proper feline’s gut as if begging to end up completely indistinguishable to normal food at the end of a digestive tract.

But really, it was the fact that Luca moaned and gasped so passionately like that whenever he thought he wasn't being observed that truly inspired Thomas. He'd once thought about offering to paying a larger portion of the rent in exchange for Luca being the apartment's "emergency food supply", but all that indignant resistance and arousal at such dirty and humiliating things surely showed that no compensation was needed. Thomas almost couldn't resist unzipping and enjoying the sights and sounds right then and there, watching the frog-legged, featherless morsel stuck and squirming towards a delicious state. However, he was willing to wait. His greater desire, after all, was seeing that meaty bird fill his gut.

With a promise to forward a few pictures to the friends in the livestream's chat, Thomas closed his laptop and set it aside. He'd been waiting long enough. Even if he weren't getting impatient, the feline wanted Luca out early enough that the bird could still be entertaining in the long hours of churning to come. Opening up the oven hit Thomas with a plume of heat, the scent instantly making his mouth pool with drool. The fresh aroma of cooked bird, white and dark meat both, filled his nostrils. He reached for a pair of oven mitts, protecting himself from the superheated metal pan as he withdrew his friend from the oven.

Setting the pan on the counter, he took a moment to admire the work he and his traps had done. A flawless cardinal slut-roast, skin a bubbly brown crispness atop cooked-through meat. Splotches of slight discoloration marked where ropes of bird cum had been launched by the helplessly aroused morsel; while huge concentrations marked its belly and face, the sheer amount it had enjoyed its degrading position was clearly demonstrated by how widely it had spilled across every possible expanse. At the bottom of the pan sloshed plentiful juices, the same that speckled the interior of the bag. His eyes had rolled back, a shallow breath wheezing from his beak due to the exertion of such an overwhelming transformation. Most enticingly, though, was how delectable his cock looked still twitching in the urge to release; golden in its color, thick with meat, and lewd in nature...it was everything Thomas wanted in a Thanksgiving meal.

A quick swipe of his claw tore through the oven bag, the full smell hitting him all at once. Who would blame a cat for letting a line of drool dribble from the corner of his mouth at a hit of pure deliciousness like that? His apartment-mate gasped at the sudden impact of cool, fresh air on his senses. "So...had fun?" Thomas asked. Luca only groaned in response, and the feline took that as an invitation to continue. "Well, if it's any consolation, you were clearly born for this. If I had any doubts on whether or not you were destined to be a squirming mass of meat in my belly, they're certainly gone now. You're incredibly convincing."

Another few swipes of the cat's claws tore through the plastic wrap binding his wings and legs, allowing Thomas to grip the bird and lift, wiggling Luca off of the stand. He made sure to carefully reach around and cup over the stretched hole, the stuffing that filled his insides having expanded and grown thick with natural juices. The cat didn't want to lose a single bit. In fact, after laying the exhausted bird on a large platter, he made sure to taste the cooked stuffing on

its own, licking over the pads of his paw. "Mm. That's good. ...well, I suppose we should start the festivities! But first, the holiday tradition."

Thomas leaned against the wall and clapped his paws together, a peaceful smile stretching across his face. "I'm thankful for my job, even if it caused me to miss the fun this morning. I'm thankful for the apartment...and all the fun nooks and crannies to hide things." While the tone and words from the cat were genuine and honest, Luca couldn't help but roll his eyes at exactly what his apartment-mate decided to focus on. "I'm thankful for good friends of all sorts who I get to enjoy a *wide* range of interests and activities with. And, of course, I'm thankful for truly good food that squirms and loves getting churned up to mush. Not many people are so lucky to find horny pieces of meat that squirm at the idea of becoming shit and just can't help but thank the upstanding predators that pack them away properly."

Ten or twenty seconds of silence passed, leaving the roasted bird to squirm awkwardly. Eventually, though, he caught Thomas' expression, the feline raising its eyebrows expectantly. Slowly, it dawned on the Thanksgiving dinner what his friend expected. "I'm...thankful for," he muttered tiredly from where he had been laid out upon the platter, "...friends."

"Oh? Friends like who?"

"...like you."

"Me?" the feline gasped, drawing a paw to his chest in feigned surprise. "Whatever for?"

Luca scowled. "...really? Really, Thomas?" The innocent expression on his face wasn't helping, but it was clear that nothing would progress without the cardinal's cooperation. "...fine. I'm thankful for friends who have fun with me and help me find pleasure. Happy?"

"Very," Thomas purred. "But what about you? What about...today?"

Luca looked at the increasingly naughty look his friend had and clenched his beak. He was really going to make him say it. Again. Given how his body still pleaded for further use and abuse, even in its denatured, roasted state, there was no way he'd be able to justify not seeing this day through to its logical, degrading end. "I'm thankful for the chance...to be meat. To be lewdly made use of and digested. ...and the chance to be processed into shit, okay?!"

Thomas gave a small round of applause. "Oh, I knew you were!" he cooed approvingly. "Truly, you are the spirit of Thanksgiving. And, of course, you're welcome." His paws reached out, firmly gripping the roast bird by the shoulders and lifting him up. "And, since I'm a good friend, I'll be happy to see your dream through once more. See you tomorrow morning when you're done 'cooking' in my body, Luca!"

The black cat yawned, dark gums, sharp teeth, and lolling tongue all glistening with pooled saliva, a compliment to Luca's current state. However, that was the last sight the cardinal got before squishing into the slimy cavern. Despite how good the meaty, seasoned flavor flooding his taste-buds was, Thomas wasn't planning to savor things; today was a day to be gluttonous and *binge*, and there was nothing more satisfying than hastily packing a friend away into what could easily be their final home as something even vaguely resembling a

person. A mere second after the bird opened his eyes once more, his face was ground deep into the beginning of a long, dark hole, snagged, and noisily dragged down with the first of many eager bodily noises from the feline.

GULP~

Thomas fed pound after pound of squirming bird meat into his mouth, slurping and gulping and gobbling it all greedily down his throat to an increasingly anxious and noisy belly. A guiltless purr vibrated his Thanksgiving dinner, one that caused the bird to shudder as he began to instinctively squirm at the tight confines guiding his descent. Soon, Luca's wings were pinned not by plastic wrap but by pure muscle that squeezed and tugged him along. The heat that enveloped his body wasn't entirely different from that of the oven; whereas the appliance stimulated and actively worked upon him, the body of his friend seemed to relax him and soothe his nerves. It welcomed him and assured his senses that he was headed in the right direction even as a noise from deep below assured him that his fate would not change.

grrrrrk~ grrrrnnnnn~

It wasn't long before the roast's head was squeezing into the feline's gut, gasping at the gross, acidic scent that hung in the air. As stale and humid as it was, just breathing the air made his head swim. The awkward feel of wrinkled gut walls squeezing around his tender, loosened flesh intensified his squirming, a feeling that immediately pleased Thomas. Guiding his friend by the hips and legs, head tilted back, the cat wished he could purr at the same time as stuffing him away. A slight reflection of the last afternoon light against the oven door's window allowed Thomas to watch Luca vanish from the world and be replaced by an increasingly gravid bulge on his own body. It was an undeniably sexy sight, claiming someone close to him in the most complete and lurid way possible.

ulk-ulk-ul-ulp-GULP! "Ahhhh~"

The final swallows were hurried, Thomas anticipating the final moment where the bird's feet twitched and gripped their last at free air before being sealed over by his mouth. The second his throat worked the last of the meal away, he was sighing and admiring the shifting, lumpy shape on his gut. His stomach sealed over the feet, instantly getting to work squeezing around the contents that stretched it and filling with eager acids. "And I'm thankful for a belly that loves to gurgle meat away," he purred, licking his chops for every bit of the splattered juices that soaked his lips and the fur around his mouth. The shape of his prey was almost entirely obscured by black fur on his belly, a fact Thomas didn't mind. After all, all of that shape wasn't going to last for long in there.

gllrgl...gllrp!...chuuuurn~

As the cat lugged his laden belly towards his bedroom, the other bedroom gathered dust. Its usual occupant was busy squirming in a stomach's mess, the bird's cooked flesh made especially vulnerable to the gurgling fluids and grinding organ walls. Luca could only squirm and gasp; occasionally finding himself twisted around by the fierce churning and his head submerged in an acidic pool, he found his moans and shudders turned into a drowning gargle of gut juices. Steadily, his muscles stopped responding entirely, his movements entirely at the whims of the tight sack that squeezed and clenched around him. The meat softened, sloughing off to add to the chamber's upsetting scent and make the surrounding pool thicker until it was a slurry of his own former flesh burning his form away. Yet, all the while, Luca whimpered in ashamed delight, feeling his friend's body entirely conquer and use him. His shaft, reveling in the gross conditions and heat as it was ground against organic walls and pushed into his own digesting body, spurted cum for hours until it too was mushed into a pulp.

Although the bird meat thought its orgasmic bliss and humiliated ecstasy was muffled to the outside, Thomas petted over the humping form completely aware of what those deafened sounds actually were. He could push a particular lump inwards and find it give way completely, and his friend inside would only squeak a weak sound of discomfort at the worst. More often than not, the cat found his every assault from the outside met with a sound he could keenly identify as another cardinal groan of release as more seed was added to the mix. Perhaps those sounds of approval were part of the reason he purposefully collapsed into bed belly-first.

"mmPH-"**sQLRCH**

The mass of meat was still twitching as Thomas rolled over on his back, wiggling off his pants and boxers to toss aside and lazily pawing at the erection his meal had provided him. Occasionally, he'd lift the pink length to have it slap its head upon the very bottom of the massive bulge of churning meat. It didn't take much for the feline to huff, ropes of pent-up spunk pumping out and leaving lines of white splattered across the black fur that stretched over the lumpy, shifting shape.

"Big Thanksgiving meals always make me tired...but it feels so *good* to have this much meat filling me out," he rumbled to no one in particular, although he secretly knew the last vestiges of person inside could hear him all too well above the medley of his heartbeat, noisy gut, and pleased purr. The noises would keep his stomach's occupant awake the whole time, but they served as the loveliest of lullabies to Thomas. Sinking into a sleep full of tasty dreams, he yawned and patted the trembling form before pulling the sheets up and over himself. "Fuck turkey, a yearly cardinal is where it's at."

Thomas could always shower and wash the sheets tomorrow. His prey, however, would only get messier until he became that most dirty of final forms. No showering for digested meat, and he knew Luca loved it that way.

gllrrrk, slosh, glrp~

Thomas was always thankful for lazy Friday mornings, his usual off-day from work at the store. It was especially good to have the day after a big meal, feeling his bowels packed with former meat. He threw the sheets off of himself and shuffled through his apartment-mate's room to the bathroom, scratching flakes of dried jizz from off of his belly. More than a few layers of extra fat were there, but by and far the bulge belonged to the waiting mass in his colon. Both extra elements, however, brought a dopey smile to the cat's face.

Groggily, he sat down atop the toilet, instantly beginning to squeeze out the first large log. The size of the shit stretching his asshole brought a certain sense of carnal pleasure, letting his toes curl into a nearby discarded towel his friend had carelessly left strewn on the floor the previous day. It reminded Thomas there was something he had to remember, but the thought was just out of reach. The thought drifted further away as his asshole released the large log into the porcelain bowl beneath, the plop noise a satisfying accent to the sense of delighted relief that flooded through his body.

Each grunting strain was followed by an equally pleased huff of relief, slowly filling the toilet with compacted waste as his morning mind clutched towards that elusive, drifting thought. Minutes later, and Thomas found himself no closer to remembering what it was he was supposed to do; however, he had completely emptied his bowels, the relief finally enough to let his cock release a stream of yellow to splatter atop the pile and down the polished white interior of the bowl. Playfully, he toyed with the shaft as it pissed out the last liquid waste, shaking the last few dribbles out and giving it a pleasant squeeze.

Standing, he looked over his work. Thanksgiving dinner had become quite the disgraceful looking mound of shit. Looking at the solid brown waste amid the yellow-stained water, Thomas found his cock hardening in his own paw at a distant memory. He smiled, always a little proud seeing how his body was so wonderfully efficient. It was all he could do to chuckle at the bowl as he reached to flush it all away, marveling at how not even a single fleck of bone or trace of that cute cardinal skull was left in the now-worthless mass...

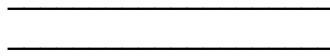
fluuuuuushhhh... "Oh fuck!"

Suddenly, he remembered, scrambling for the small vial of reformation serum he kept for special meals inside of the sink mirror cabinet. The shit Luca had become was already being pummeled down into the apartment pipes by a strong spray and swirl of water, the last traces of yellow-tinted water beginning to gurgle away at the bottom of the bowl as the feline lunged to pour the serum down with it. The light blue solution vanished in the last noisy glugs of water before the toilet got to work refilling with fresh, untainted liquid.

Sighing, Thomas corked the vial and put it back behind the mirror, closing it and looking at his own reflection. A far bit more awake than he had been, he hoped the serum would catch up with his best friend in time. However, he couldn't help but smile at himself, a paw resting on his rock-hard cock. *Well, if it doesn't, he thought as he relaxed, it's absolutely the way he would've liked to end up. And it's a hot thought, too.*

It was arousing enough, the idea of having possibly ended a friendship by having turned it into the best meal of his life and completely conquering it with his body, that he decided to sit on Luca's bed just outside for a nice, enthusiastic wank, one potentially in memory of the cute cardinal he loved to tease. As he blew a load across the unmade bed-sheets, only one thought detracted from the moment of ecstasy in the slightest.

It might be tough to find another cardinal for next Thanksgiving.



The apartments had their share of forgetful predators in the past, and for that Luca was somewhat grateful. As a result, thanks to the accommodations the building had made, it was relatively easy to free the cardinal from one of the large basement septic tanks once his filthy shape was spotted by a janitor. Not so nice were the humiliating teases and jabs he received from the staff in the basement while having his fresh coat of red and black feathers hosed off with freezing water. The oversized shirt reading "I got eaten in a Springfield Heights Apartment and all I got was this stupid t-shirt" they gave him to cover up and head on back with didn't help, either—Luca wasn't about to tell them he already had that same shirt from two years ago, one that Thomas had forced him to keep between fits of laughter.

As he slumped up two flights of stairs and headed back to the apartment, Luca grumbled to himself about the indignity of such a thing. It didn't help that he had yet to break off their friendship from it all. All it did was draw attention to how much he loved it and refused to admit something so shameful. And he did love it, if the stiff cock underneath the shirt had anything to say about it, not a single potential throb of arousal lost from the knowledge he was very nearly shit for good.

All those thoughts did was make him a little thankful that Thomas was his friend and apartment-mate after all, and Luca was not in the mood to think like that. Waving away the wholesome revelation, the cardinal decided to focus his thoughts on the only other thing he could think of as he approached their door in the hall.

Next year, he thought as he rapped a wing against the outside of his own apartment's door, I'm escaping. Next year.