

Reindeer Flocking

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Content warning: Venom drugging, dubious consent, fatal cock vore, implied and fatal oral vore, digestion, public humiliation.

“Clarice North” was a holiday favorite at the club. The regulars knew the dancer as Brandi Chase, but those who came for Christmas cheer appreciated the antlered deer spinning the poles under the name of Rudolph’s girlfriend; it added a certain illicit flair to the performance and her company. A whisper of “Don’t tell Rudy” caused more than one pleased noise from one patron or another, and Brandi was happy to get those reactions from such harmless fun.

The antlers were fake, but her dancing was not. The felt appendages, held on by a firm headband, were merely a tool for the club’s shared fantasy as she spun around the metal pole, lithe body gripping it with deceptive strength and letting the deer’s joy and sense of freedom shine through its motions. After all, she danced purely for the fun; every cent of her earnings went to the other dancers’ paychecks. When you were secretly an heiress looking to escape the overprotective eyes of your family, money was less a concern than freedom. Which was why, unbeknownst to many, her manager had only one rule for those in the know: as long as she was having fun, nothing is off-limits for “Clarice”.

Therefore, only the true newcomers were stunned or surprised by this dance. Her clear rubber panties displayed the cum that sloshed and flooded her gaped cunt, held in only by the tightness of the garment that wrapped around her hips and underneath her wagging tuft of a tail. However, this was little compared to the massive bulge on her belly from the liters if not gallons of spunk that had been pumped down her throat and smeared across her face. There had only been one contributor for that, though, and he watched carefully her expression as she danced.

When she’d seen the particularly wealthy patron that her manager had told her would “make her holiday one to remember”, Brandi had thought him handsome. But as she danced, her increasingly hazy mind obsessed over the whispers they’d shared. His image in her mind became akin to that of an idol or god. Even in the dance, her hands wandered, groping herself, feeling her body filled with his and others’ loads, squeaking fingertips across the rubber barrier to her tube-gaped sex, and rubbing across the top of her head where the horns gripped. Every time she licked her lips, her lungs worked that much less; her breaths stalled, her vision grew blurry, and her skin tingled. Her expression had grown increasingly slutty and dumb with every passing measure, much to her patron’s pleasure. Drunk as she was on that venom, she had never been more impatient for a song to end.

Then the song slowly began to fade. To the jealousy and excitement of the watchers, she dropped from the pole and crawled to the edge of the stage where her patron for the night

sprawled. “Maxy?” she whimpered, sprawling across the stage’s raised platform on her belly in order to dig both hands against her cunt. “I think you were right. I don’t think I’m satisfied just with being bred by all these nice folk. But I don’t know what more I can do.”

The long catsnake, bearing a gentlemanly smile, Brandi’s phone with the steady red light of a live video recording, and literally nothing else, simply stood up. “And you don’t think it’s enough to satisfy you to know I’ll be sending all this footage to your loving, faithful red-nosed reindeer?” Maximilian Essurius hummed with almost genuine concern.

“N...no. It made me feel so good to know he’d get to see me impregnated with all these strangers’ cum,” she admitted, the lines between fantasy and reality blurring in her mind behind those hazy blue eyes, “But the more I thought about you, the more I wanted. You make me so hot, Maxy.” Her last words slipped from her lips like a whine, a particularly rough grope over her rubber panties accentuating the passionate call of the cat-snake’s name with a slutty groan.

“Hmm. It sounds like you’re addicted to me,” he observed coolly, smile never once leaving his face as he reached to caress the side of her hot, blushing face. The touch set her skin on fire, and the only way she could bring herself to focus was to worship him with her eyes. The black fur and white belly, the intelligent and intimidating glint in those eyes, the length of his lithe body, the confident voice that whispered... “But I can’t say I’m really interested in you romantically.”

Brandi’s heart dropped. She didn’t know if her disappointment was as Clarice or Brandi, but the deer did know that was not an answer she’d take. “No, no, there has to be something. I *need* you.”

“Yes, but I don’t need you.”

Brandi whined. “Please...I’ll do anything just to please you! Anything so Rudy knows how outclassed he is by you, Maxy! Please...”

Maximilian pondered for a moment before shrugging. “Well, I do have one idea. It would entertain me for a few minutes and make it clear how much better I am than your red-nosed boyfriend. But it’ll cost you everything.”

Even if Brandi’s breath hadn’t been shallow and desperate before, she wouldn’t have managed to take one in that moment. Wheezing, she pleaded. “Tell me.”

The catsnake slipped on stage easily, slowly walking around the sprawled “reindeer” before circling closer and closer, his warm coils drawing her slightly off the ground and tight within his grasp. “I’ll have you announce your identity. You’ll tell Rudy what’s going to happen, and then it’ll happen.”

“What...what will happen?” she gasped, squirming in Max’s tight embrace.

“I’ll devour you with my cock,” he purred.

Brandi panted, her arms trapped groping those panties now hidden from the crowd, a crowd almost as intrigued as her. "W-...what?"

"I'll slide you down my shaft," he whispered. "I'll take you into my balls and churn you. I'll end your life. I'll erase your existence. Literally everything you were will be mine...and I'll make it into a load of spunk." His smile stretched slightly as he squeezed her body, the sound of her oxygen-deprived wheeze like music. "I don't need a load of spunk, though. So I'm gonna immediately dump you. I'll spray you somewhere where people can see and know it was you. I'll forget who you were within minutes, but I'll make sure everyone who actually loves you will know the truth."

Brandi's mouth was dry. She moaned, leaning her head towards his face, and asked: "What truth?"

As her body trembled, he leaned in and licked her closest flicked-back ear. "That letting me end you for a minute's worth of my pleasure is worth more to you than living with your Rudy, your family, or anyone else who cares about you. That you'd rather be a cumstain for me than a respectable girl for them."

There was no question on her mind. Her arousal demanded satisfaction. The consequences, as shameful and horrible as her conscious mind understood them to be, would be worth it. Looking to the red light of the phone camera, she didn't even notice as a sloppy feeling enveloped her feed before she even spoke. "Hi everyone, I'm Clarice! And...h-hi Rudy! I'm sorry, but...I need to be eaten by Maximilian's cock!" The resulting roar of cheers and jealous murmurs from the crowd made Brandi's chest fill with confidence, a dopey, excited grin stretching across her beautiful muzzle.

Maximilian, however, seemed unimpressed even as he showed off Brandi's disappearing legs sinking down the lewd pink length to the crowd. "Not that name, my lovely jizz-to-be," he encouraged, "Your real name."

Brandi's drugged and deprived brain chugged for a few moments even as her ankles felt the tight grip of a slurping, greedy tunnel smeared with leftover smears of seed. "...oh, um, I'm Brandi Chase. Thank you all for your attention, but I've got to get made into cum!"

Maximilian sighed. "Come on, my future cocksnot. Your real name. This isn't a fantasy. If you really want the nice catsnake to end you in an orgasm, you should try to be more creative with your words too."

Brandi thought for a moment on the empty threat, given how the cat-snake's cock gulped more and more eagerly around her legs, swallowing the promising dancer's limbs down to where all their potential would go to waste. Then, blushing, knowing she couldn't say no with her cunt trembling as much as it was around the cooling loads sealed inside by those tight panties, she surrendered to the awful fate with a timid smile into the held camera. "I'm Priscila. Priscila Adcock. And...I want the nice catsnake I just met today to make me worthless spunk!"

Maximilian smiled and nodded. "Such a good slut. No need to worry about having a dirty mouth, though. So look down, get some inspiration, and say whatever you can be truly ashamed of in the last moments of your life."

The deer looked down and gasped as the fleshy cock let loose a lurid noise as it swallowed her hips down. The tightness of its grip and claim squeezed on her spunk-bulge, the pressure squeezing cool breeding mix out and around her tight panties, splattering her entire crotch in a mess of lukewarm sludge.

shlulk~squelch-splffrrt...

Instantly, the "reindeer" forgot her pretenses as a character. The encroaching heat and dominance of Max's body claiming hers for so frivolous a purpose send her venom-addicted brain into overdrive, squeaking in delight as an orgasm forced her coil-held body to shudder. Her fingers spread only for a second before the slick tunnel pinned them firmly to her crotch.

All anyone could do was watch and masturbate as the dancer they knew as Brandi did her best to please the casually recording and consuming catsnake, her expression more and more muddled with mingled humiliation, fear, and desire.

"I'm...I'm going to be spooge! No, wait, ballslime!"

Shulrp~

"I'm food for Maxy's cock! Eat me, please!"

Shlup-shplurch-gluck~

"Oh, I've never felt so hot! Let me be your load! Waste me!"

Schulf-splch-schLORP~

The crowd cheered as the squirming "reindeer" disappeared more and more down the cat-snake's cock, her feet already having vanished past the knot at the base and curling into an internal bulge on the furry body's groin. It hurriedly slurped her down, shamelessly slathering her body in slick gunk and showing off her squirming form. Her words cut off anticlimactically as the cumslit gulped over her face and antlers headband, splattering fluids across the tip as it sealed her fate. If they hadn't noticed the last glance of her face, one of terror as she fully realized the reality of her encroaching demise, they'd notice the bulge's squirms grow more and more passionate. The catsnake did, and he smiled knowingly; Brandi would get what she begged for, whether she truly wanted it or not.

Maximilian didn't spend much time squeezing his prize down into his body, doing his best to emphasize how bored and in a rush he seemed. His hands shoved her downwards on his cock, paws insistently hurrying her to descend and be processed into the worthless form she desired to be. In fact, already he'd laid himself out on the stage, letting people see on his stretchy body how rapidly his body digested their much-loved Brandi. She danced her way into his body, but now all that could be heard were whorish moans of ecstasy, muffled by flesh, and the increasingly loud gurgling and sloshing of meaningless cum.

The vice-like grip of a seemingly uncaring and impatient cock around her body had felt like one of the most humiliating and arousing things she could've imagined. But nothing prepared Brandi for readily the cat-snake's balls ground her down, sweltered her with heat, and roughly slathered her in seed. Her last thoughts contained few regrets; as a hand began to squeeze and hurry along her end, she screamed in bliss with the understanding there was likely no more shameful way to throw away her life than this very moment.

glrk-SPLURCH...slish...slosh...

In truth, Maximilian was endlessly entertained when someone so beautiful and filled with so much potential became something so lowly for him. Why else offer such a hefty donation to the club for this opportunity? There was a good chance he'd send the video to himself when he was well and done. But first, he had to make sure there was no doubt what he'd done to the desperate deer.

Walking over to the club's artificial Christmas tree, he lifted himself up and leaned on the decorated plastic trunk and fir branches. Humming to himself, it barely took a few moments humping the air before his cock swelled and bulged with thick spunk. Then, it erupted, spurts of cum splattering across the tree's decorations and branches, thick enough to hang but fluid enough to slowly drool their way to lower and lower branches. Wet splatters and warm breaths sounded out as not a trace of the popular dancer remained, just jets of wasteful gunk that flocked the tree and knocked off the star at its peak.

A particularly thick few clumps squeezed out of the powerful shaft to slap against the tree: a pair of transparent rubber panties, a cunt-gaping metal tube, and a fake reindeer antlers headband. Maximilian smiled as he picked up the headband and placed it atop the tree in place of the star. "Even looks like snow. At a distance, at least," he observed aloud. "Bringing holiday cheer even as worthless spunk."

Maximilian left the club minutes later. Priscilla and Brandi's social media had appreciated the various lewd images, the video, and the final, embarrassing statuses he'd left in her stead. One of the other dancers had tried to show her appreciation by cleaning him off, only to be poisoned by need for him like Brandi before. Unlike Brandi, though, he hadn't bothered learn her name or make a recording. Instead, his stomach bulged with her shape, muffled sounds failing to reach his ears as he returned home, long body swaying with the increasingly mushy mass. She'd be disposed of the next morning without a care.

The catsnake smiled to himself. Good food and memorable gift exchanges...that was what made the holiday special to him. And he made it special for the beautiful deer, too. Brandi certainly wouldn't ever have a better holiday. In fact, if the club washed clean their Christmas tree, she'd never have another holiday again.