

The Easy Choice

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Content warning: Cock vore, oral vore, soul vore, same-size vore, digestion, cooking, disposal, and cuckolding

Guurrrrgle, glrk! "Mmph...mm..." *Sqsh, slursh, grrrrrk~*

Shlorp! Sqsh, sqk, slurk.. "Rrrmph?! Rrrmph! **Mmmf!**" *Shlurp, shlurp-sqk, shlurp...*

"Mm, just like that, skunky. You're gonna make a nice, big load for tonight, aren't ya?"

Sefra, in many cases, would've liked the scene unfolding before him. A smug-looking brown mouse guided a graceful dancer down his shaft in a far less graceful way, his balls already beginning to bulge with the groaning, protesting shape of Nikki's face. The cock greedily squeezed them down, swallowing the lithe black and white skunk and forcing them to steadily fill out the sack below. The mouse's belly was soft but quite full with something still barely feline in shape. Revya had been churning for at least an hour or so, likely more, and already Sefra could see the shape shrinking as mush began slurping deeper into the mouse's guts. Even further, Sefra could still barely see the feet of a rat alchemist sticking out over the edge of the kitchen garbage bin. It wasn't visible, but Sefra could feel Alys' soul squirming inside the mouse's, digesting slowly away forever while being teased and violated in every possible way.

Yes, Sefra might've have been very much into this scene, and, admittedly, he was still hard and throbbing even now. But Sefra admittedly wasn't as excited as he could've been due to three minor things. First, it wasn't him doing the eating. Second, he was currently viewing the scene from behind an oven window, squirming in a pan and leaking "cream-filling" from his ass as he slow-roasted to perfection. Third, and most importantly, it was supposed to be *his* date with Damien tonight!

Shlllll-URP! "Mmph, mmf...glk! Grgl, mmph!"

Churrrrrn~

Terith sighed with delight, his hands giving his cock a squeeze as it crammed Nikki's feet down and entirely encompassed him. Already his sack was slathering the skunk, making him more white than black for once, and beginning to churn firmly with obvious intent. "There we go! Thanks for bein' so cooperative, Nikki. I'll try not to blow ya all over the wall," Terith promised with a satisfied smile, the promise sounding empty to every one of the four cute furs he'd reduced to the level of a meal for tonight, especially as Nikki began to squirm hard within his prison in an obvious attempt to refute the idea he'd cooperated at all.

The mouse's hands moved up to playfully jostle the meat that filled his gut. "And you're more cooperative now too, Revya!" he chuckled, feeling the lynx inside squirm at the address.

"Most people really fight to prevent from becoming something to flush, ya know? But you might be ready in time for tonight! Keep bein' good meat, Miss 'Apex Predator'." Terith couldn't help but bite his lip and grin at the squirm and push outwards of a paw from his stomach at that last tease. "What? No use pretending. You're mine now."

Sefra stared daggers as the double-full mouse's eyes met his. "Hi bunneh. How's it goin'?" Terith asked from across the kitchen, slowly walking towards the oven to look at the display. It'd only been an hour, and only on low temperature to make sure the moonblossom survived, but the scent of roast rabbit was beginning to already waft through the air.

Sweating, the long-eared meal responded by rolling his eyes, teeth sinking deeper into the apple that gagged him and doing his best to make an intelligible sound. "Bwhh."

"Good to hear," the mouse replied, taking a seat on a nearby stool. One hand went to kneading his gut, squishing and mushing in as the lynx's shape became less and less distinct in the tight, wrinkled confines of his busy belly, while the other shamelessly massaged the base of his cock, throbbing from multiple sources of pleasure. His sack dangled in the air and rocked as it began melting down the dancer inside into a mess of spunk. "You only have five more hours to go, and then we'll all be ready for the date! See, isn't this much better than hoggin' that cute fox all to yourself?"

"Bwhh."

"Come on, you can't say we're not all having fun," the mouse said, mouth stretching into a grin. "I even felt one of Revya's paws go somewhere other than towards an escape attempt."

"Bwhh."

Terith raised an eyebrow. "Back of the oven's reflective, ya know. I can see you leaking from your cute dick."

Sefra obviously knew how aroused he was. Pulled back so they were in plain view of that reflection, his balls and cock were both clearly showing how on-edge the moonblossom was. Shaft hard, balls twitching, pre dribbling down atop the bed of potatoes and carrots...there was no denying he enjoyed it. Sefra just didn't like the mouse knowing he was and calling it out. Huffing indignantly as sweat ran down his body, the bunny-roast didn't give Terith the pleasure of a response.

"I'm sure he's teased you about it, hasn't he?" Terith giggled, still guiltlessly grinding his hands into his own body as his own excitement accelerated the noisy churning and groaning of his various meals. "Told you about how you'd end up in a gut, reduced to a meal for his enjoyment, turned into nothing but waste? How embarrassing it'd be for ya? How much everyone would enjoy hearing about it and seein' the photos?"

The moonblossom rumbled with a low groan, shutting his eyes as he tried to block out the teasing. But he could feel the tension slowly being cooked out of his body, and, even with his eyes closed, his mind naturally played out the vision of what was inevitable: as soon as he

had room, the mouse was going to gulp him down and leave only one choice left for Damien to date. And his friends *would* approve, too. Damn his perverse relationships!

“Just a few hours in there,” Terith mused, leaning forward to the oven window, “then an overnight stay in a messy, gurgling gut, and you’ll be all done! From bunneh to food to waste, and you’ll love every second of it.”

The moonblossom wished the mouse would shut up, his eyes clenching tighter. He tried to resist, thinking of his predatory history, denying he’d squirmed to this idea before.

“That sexy black fox and I are gonna have so much fun, even while you’re tossed about and making lewd digestin’ sounds, and you’ll just have to listen and enjoy all the way until...”

sQLrch, *sloosh~*

Terith’s kneading hand suddenly pressed deep into his own gut, pressing in to the mush the lynx-meal continued to make as it finally surrendered to the steady, casual assault from the mouse’s stomach. Sefra’s eyes opened to see the clear fate of Revya, and soon they rolled upwards as his cock throbbed and began to spurt cum over his own feet and into the pan’s bottom. The hot orgasm slowly added to the other juices that soaked around Sefra’s arms and chest, the mouse snickering at the sight.

“Well, I think you get the point, Sefra,” Terith teased, standing back up and kicking the stool aside. “Anyway, keep thinking about that stuff and basting yourself for me, won’t ya? I’ve got a wall to paint with the cum Nikki’s arms and legs just melted into.” The mouse walked off to elsewhere in their apartment, leaving Sefra to dizzily groan around the apple gag once more.

“B-bwhh...”

Damien raised an eyebrow at the scene in front of him. He hadn’t even taken his copy of Sefra’s apartment key out of the door when he noticed the massive splatter of spunk coating the common room’s wall, much of it having slowly drooled down into a messy pool at the baseboard. He pulled his key out of the door, tail swishing behind him as he closed the door behind him. “Someone’s had fun without me,” he thought aloud.

Flusssssshhhh~

From out of the hallway bathroom walked a naked brown mouse with heavily-laden balls sloshing between his legs, whistling to himself before his eyes met the black fox’s. “Damien! Just in time,” Terith said, a seductive smile stretching across his face and a mischievous glint shining in his eyes. “I was just seeing Revya off. You’re looking fantastic for our date, although a little overdressed.”

Damien considered the statement and shrugged, putting his stuff aside. In doing so, he caught a glimpse of a garbage bag with the distinctive shape of a rat inside; it sat next to the door, simply waiting for someone who wasn't busy to bring it out to the dumpster. The black fox started putting two and two together, but it didn't stop him from disrobing himself, steadily joining Terith in being nude within the apartment's privacy. "You know," he commented, "I was pretty sure I was taking Sefra out today."

"You still might," Terith said, batting his eyelids as he walked forward, his hands reaching up to rest on Damien's shoulders as soon as that shirt was off and cast aside, "but I think you'll find that, between havin' date-fun with Sefra or havin' it with me, it's an easy choice." Once the pants and underwear were off and nudged aside, the mouse let one hand slip off the fox's shoulder to confidently but tenderly grab the package below and give a teasing squeeze before leading him into the kitchen.

Sitting on a platter, looking positively dizzy, was the cooked form of a moonblossom. The scent of roast rabbit struck Damien's nose almost instantly, and Sefra could only look up with desperate eyes at the mouse and fox as both looked on. A fresh apple had replaced the previous one in gagging the bunny, but, exhausted from the oven, Sefra couldn't find the words to say from such a vulnerable position anyway.

"See, it'd be a waste of good food to not have this romantic meal I made for ya," Terith explained, gesturing to the platter in front of them. "And I'm sure a mouse is a lot better to date than meat. Besides, there's more fun things we can do with that meat spending the night with us..."

Sefra's eyes widened as Damien stepped forward with a grin. Sure, it hadn't been the original plan for today, but Sefra had never looked tastier to the fox. And the moonblossom couldn't help feeling a rush of excitement as he realized Terith had planned to give him to the sexy vulpine after all. It didn't stop the plated meat from whining from his throat and looking for a last chance of escape.

"Mm, you're right. This is an easy choice," Damien observed as his stomach growled, lifting up the prone, helpless bunny by the shoulders. He leaned forward and gave the bunny a kiss on the apple before licking his lips. "Have fun, Sefra! I know I will~"

Terith didn't even blink as the fox began steadily stuffing the rabbit down, wearing his usual confident, sultry smile as his last competitor for Damien's affections began to disappear. Slow-roasted squirming Sefra meat, after a thorough slathering with a very pleased tongue, slowly filled out the fox's throat, that flustered and apple-gagged face disappearing down into the stomach below as soon as the swallows picked up in volume and eagerness.

Glk, glup, glm, gulmp, gulk, gulp~

Sefra could only writhe in the slightest ways, his body supple and barely responsive as his boyfriend's mawflesh and throat began to claim it as the fox's dinner. Groaning as heat engulfed him once more, just like the oven's hot coils, the moonblossom was hopeless against the walls that greedily tugged him down and squeezed him through that tight ring. He couldn't even hide his arousal as his stiff, juice-slathered cock slid over Damien's tongue before getting gulped down that gullet. Squeezed, kneaded, and consumed, it was little surprise to anyone Sefra basted himself one final time before being packed away in Damien's gut.

...ulk-GULP!

"Ahhh..." Damien sighed, hands feeling the form of his initial date sealed in his stomach, petting the squirming bulge with appreciation of the immense satisfaction it brought the black fox, "as delicious as I knew you could be, Sefra. And now...all of that bunny meat is all mine~"

"And I'm all yours for the night, foxy," Terith added, quite pleased to have had the day go exactly as planned. No more Revya, no more Alys, no more Nikki...and, soon, no more Sefra. "So why don't we head to the bedroom and let your meal hear and feel all the fun he's going to miss out on?"

Damien gave a broad grin, his tail fanning the air behind him in glee. "Well, since you made a romantic dinner all for me, I suppose it's the least I could do."

Sefra felt himself bob within the squeezing gut as his boyfriend led the mouse to the bedroom, oven-cooked body completely at the mercy of its prison. The heat of the gut wasn't as bad as the oven, but the tight organ squeezing all around the moonblossom made him feel even less in control. Even worse was hearing Terith squeak in surprise and moan, likely from Damien lubing up the very hole that'd passed Revya through to a new home in the sewers. The exhausted rabbit groaned needily, simultaneously deeply jealous of what Terith had denied him and terribly aroused by the humiliating position.

Damien's gut growled as he lined himself up, the mouse bent over the bed and looking back with anticipation. His cock pumped in the prepared hole, the thrust lurching his bulging gut over and against Terith's ass. The fox hummed in pleasure as he rewarded the scheming rodent, pumping happily away as he let his stomach slowly get to work. He couldn't resist licking his lips, bringing some of that delicious taste he'd teased the bunny about many times before to his tongue. It was quite a special taste he'd remember, even if the cute bunny was now beginning to churn in a much less special way. But meat was meat, and meat was meant to digest. All Damien wanted of the squirmy bun now was for him to last the night.

Terith's mouth gaped, tongue lolling as he looked back at the fox he'd gotten all to himself. The fox was stretching him, grinding the mouse's prostate with every slap of his balls against his butt. Those big, round ears, though, were keyed into the subtle noises of Sefra's slow, steady churning. Glurps and gurgles, muffled grunts and groans of flustered panic, squishes and squelches, all of it making the mouse's eyes wide with bliss and shameless

entertainment. “Nhf! This is the good stuff,” he moaned, “what a shame you’re busy becomin’ mush, Sefra.”

“Hush,” Damien said, guiding Terith’s head back forward with a hand, “the bunneh’s getting his own last bit of fun. You should focus on your own fun, hm?”

“What if part of my fun is teasin’ your former boyfriend while he digests?”

Damien hilted the mouse’s ass, balls slapping Terith’s buttcheeks and coaxing him to squeak at the sudden spike of pleasure. “But you’re neglecting your date a little, don’t you think?”

Terith huffed, smile wide as he ground himself backwards into the fox. His tail was pinned down by the busy, bulging gut, but its tip couldn’t help but flick a little as he felt the stomach squeeze and grind the weakly shifting lump of meat inside. “Fair enough, Damey. Now please don’t stop...you’re stretchin’ me all the right ways, and I wanna give you quite the welcome, ya know?”

The black fox shrugged and pulled back, resuming his passionate rutting of the mouse’s tight ass. Between the hours of fucking, conversation, and cuddling, there was plenty of time for the acids to soften and process Sefra. Even after Terith had blown the rest of Nikki onto the bedroom floor and Damien had gotten plenty of use out of the passionate, conniving mouse’s holes, the two finally settling down in bed for the night, the dizzy, flustered expression of the bunny still moaned out from the fox’s smaller, softer belly bulge. The two lovers were snoring as Sefra finally sank into the mush, making one last “Bweh” after having been denied his date night with his boyfriend. As his eyes rolled back, he was pretty certain he’d been denied any future date night, too.

Although Damien walked to the bathroom assuring the new chub on his belly he’d always remember the previous night’s meal, the fox’s tail was swishing without any regrets. He’d loved the whole process, and he certainly was enjoying the experience of sitting down in the bathroom and feeling himself stretch with what he’d turned the cute moonblossom into. Even after relieving himself, he sighed at the tingle that ran through his spine. He kept the skull, but the rest was easily sent away.

Flusssssshhhh~

Terith was awake by the time Damien returned to the bedroom, the mouse bearing a figuratively shit-eating grin and looking quite pleased towards the well-fed fox. “Sounded like your choice went down easy, too,” he observed, brushing a hand through his hair.

Damien smirked. “Mhm. All gone,” he confirmed before giving a brief pause. “Well...mostly, at least.”

The mouse blinked. "You mean...your trophy, right?"

"Maybe. Maybe something more," the fox replied cryptically, his smile growing as the mouse's grew more reserved and cautious. "After all, it might've been an easy choice last night, but...I like having my dating options open."

Terith had no way of checking whether Damien was bluffing or not. If he was keeping around Sefra's soul to possibly reform, then Terith wasn't the only player left in the game. His plan, as fun as it had been, had hit a hitch. With a nervous grimace, he watched Damien plop back into bed, reach over, and pull him into his side. He only grew more anxious as the fox gave him an affectionate lick across the cheek.

"Better be a good boyfriend from now on, mousey. I can always choose again." Damien's tail waved through the air, happy and perfectly unreadable in its intentions. It just went to show that you could never truly plan around a fox.