

The Organization for Wayward Otherkin

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Content warning: Accidental soft vore and digestion.

Two furfolk, both standing at the base of a tall ladder, earned a wide berth from passerby in the hanging gardens. Furfolk on their own were already somewhat conspicuous in the kobold city of Lark, but these two were possibly two of the most conspicuous individuals in the entire mountain. Admittedly, the berth itself was more the fault of the less conspicuous one of the two. While the strange bunny dressed in loose purple clothes with bells drew plenty of eyes, especially those confused by a prominent udder on his belly, most made the decision to give the two space upon recognizing the short, big-eared, long-haired, and accident-prone vulpine next to him.

“Maven and Oji have been gone a while,” the half-fennec quipped, antsily fidgeting with his copper armbands while staring up at the many rungs between him and the vivarium above.

“Yup,” the bunny oracle replied, clearly bored but otherwise unbothered..

Danny’s head swiveled to their companion. “Like, a while a while,” he insisted.

“Seems like it.”

The wild alchemist and furfolk livestock had been adventuring with two other furfolk slaves under the banner of the Organization of Wayward Otherkin for over a month, gathered by the organization’s leader Cassidy to be a non-kobold solution to unusual problems and interests. While the grouping was still relatively young and there was still much to learn about each other, the bond seemed to be strong and only growing stronger between the strange assortment of people.

“I said splitting up was a bad idea,” Danny fretted, fingers nervously tapping across a coat pocket bulging with small vials of extracts, ingredients, and assorted curiosities. “I read it in a book, Sefra. ‘Don’t split the party’, it said. It was a good book. And we experimented with this before, Sefra, and it didn’t go well. The data says this is a bad idea.”

“We also tried climbing ladders before and it didn’t go well,” Sefra pointed out, crossing his arms, sleeve bells jingling, and sighing. “Besides, they’re the ones who can climb and investigate the place.”

The bunny’s words did little to calm Danny down, the half-fennec’s ears flicked back and his tail swishing. “I’m just trying to be responsible. And safe,” he insisted. The rabbit’s silence didn’t calm him down either, the frazzled vulpine throwing his hands up in the air. “Can you believe Cassidy suggested I should join the organization’s ‘risk aversion’ meet-ups?! And here I am, being the most risk-averse of the organization’s adventuring group.”

“Um...you are known by the entire city to regularly cause explosions,” the bunny observed. “Last week, you did so purely with the OWO bar’s drinks.”

“It was a controlled explosion! Besides, now the Organization for Wayward Otherkin knows not to use that one drink. Until I find a way of stabilizing it.”

“Which you will learn by...”

“Randomly mixing equally volatile chemicals together with it until I find what works, obviously,” Danny said with an eye-roll that said everything his next words did and more. “Geez, Sefra, I thought you’d know that much about alchemy by now.”

Sefra refrained from commenting on that, his own eyes rolling as he idly jingled a sleeve in the air. “I thought those OWO meetings were more for furfolk at risk ending up in an...embarrassing way, not people with jobs or hobbies that have realistic risks.” Sefra observed. “You know, predators and prey and the like.”

“Hey! I-I’m a very good predator,” the small half-fennec insisted, color rising in their cheeks before the claim even fully left their mouth. “I eat...all the prey. Whenever I want!” The claim was backed up with a noise that clearly surprised Danny, ears and tail perking upwards and eyes growing wide as his gut loosed a high-pitched, squishy growl.

girrk!-grgrrrrrl...

“Of course,” Sefra said with a smile. “Want me to go get you a kobold to snack on? Maybe you’d be less nervous if you weren’t hungry.”

“...I don’t want to right now. I-I said whenever I want. And I don’t want to right now.”

“Mhm.”

Danny turned away, fishing a small granola ration bar from a different pocket and ravenously nibbling the snack down. It was also a good opportunity to hide his flustered expression, even if Sefra could see plenty with those ears and tail advertising every last feeling his alchemist friend was having. It didn’t take more than a minute for Danny to finish, and Sefra enjoyed almost a minute more of quiet following the awkward moment.

“...go up and check on them, Sefra,” the fox chirped, voice cracking slightly as if he’d been holding back that sentence from being spoken the whole time.

“What? Why me?” Sefra pouted. “You’re the one nervous about them.”

“Yes, but as the responsible and clearly not risk-prone nor wayward otherkin of our party, I should be down here just in case.”

“Bweh...” the bunny sighed, understanding rather quickly how futile it would be to argue. Walking over to the ladder, Sefra grabbed a rung and started awkwardly hoisting themselves upwards. Slowly jingling his way upwards, the weight of his udder became all the more obvious when it swayed during the climb, teats occasionally bumping against the horizontal bars. He

didn't climb things frequently for a reason. The soft mutters of "heck, heck, heckin' heck heck..." from below didn't do much to calm the oracle's growing nervousness either.

Looking up, Sefra groaned. It had felt like minutes of climbing, but they had barely climbed fifteen feet of what must've been eighty feet of ladder. Despite knowing what happened last time one of the party had rushed a climb, the uddered bunny couldn't help but feel a little desire to try going faster...if at least to reach something interesti-

"Heck! I'm coming up!"

Sefra spun their head downwards to see the short fox beginning to scramble upwards. "Hey, wait a minute..." the bunny gasped, hand slipping away from a rung to instinctively wave away the sudden pursuit. Then a foot slipped backwards too, and his weight suddenly shifted down and away from the ladder. All grip was lost, and suddenly Sefra plummeted butt-first towards the ground. "...*Dannnnnyyyyyy!*"

All Danny could do at the cry was look up and gasp. A wide-mouthed gasp.

SHGLURk-GULP!

Danny's butt hit the ground, one solid fear-swallow sending a hundred-something pounds of furfolk livestock past his lips and down his throat. A startled follow-up *gluck* sent the wiggling ear-tips, toes, and hands of his companion out of sight, the squirming mass quickly sliding down his neck to be snugly packed into his stomach. Thanks to his loose, durable clothes, nothing seemed to rip despite the massive predatory glut that stretched his belly.

Instinct drove the fox's hands to feel around the bulging form of the bunny, massaging for a moment where tight, squishy organ walls now ground and smeared over what it determined—and not incorrectly so—to be farm-fresh meat. A hiccup snapped Danny out of that moment quickly enough, sending his brain into overdrive. "I-I-I-I, heck, heck, *heck*..."

From within his stomach, a muffled noise of a half-aggravated, half-flustered question managed to mumble forth. Danny couldn't hear it, but he assumed he knew what it was asking. "No-no, this is fine. I can get you out," he quickly excused, hoisting himself up. "I am a...a-a-a very experienced predator, yes. A very experienced one. This should...not be a problem at all."

gllrrgl...glrrrrrn~

Danny hadn't a clue how to get Sefra out. It didn't hurt that every deep instinct he usually never felt was absolutely pleased with the current situation. His stomach was full of squirming food, meat that served his needs far better than the remnants of granola it was rolling in, and it felt really good. Already Sefra was feeling the churning beginning in earnest, juices sloshing around and growing ever-higher. But Danny knew he could fix this! He just needed to...

“Welcome everyone to this month’s first OWO meeting for risk-prone otherkin,” the smiling squirrel said, standing atop a chair amidst a small circle of chairs occupied by other furfolk. “My name is Cassidy Pharris, and I’m the organization director. I see we mostly have familiar faces this meeting.”

Very few eyes were on Cassidy herself, despite her usual charisma and energy. “Since everyone seems keen on jumping to it,” Cassidy continued, a knowing and clever glint shining in her eyes, “let’s give a warm welcome to Danny and Sefra. This is their first meeting.”

The furs around clapped politely to the sight. On one of the chairs sat Danny, pouting, his ears flat and his arms crossed. Normally, he would have appeared sufficiently less burdened, Cassidy having ‘encouraged’ him to empty his pockets outside of the meeting. However, a rounded belly sloshing with plenty of digested food appeared to make up for the missing mass. As his body glorped and slurped all that mush through, a few clients of the OWO nearby could’ve sworn they heard a faint, groaned “*bwehhhhh*” from inside.

What everyone heard as the clapped greeting quieted down, though, was the firm curse from the clearly displeased and embarrassed fox.

“Heck!”