

The Morning After

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Content warning: Vore, digestion, unwilling, and fatal

Tantianar didn't need an alarm, but he'd set one last night just in case. Yawning, stretching, the blue and black gryphon lazily reached over to flick the switch off. A movement beneath the sheets jostled his extended arm, but it wasn't one so surprising that it caused him to fumble with the beeping electronic clock. He, after all, prided himself on being well-educated, and it only took a little knowledge of biology to know how one's digestive system slowed to a crawl during sleep.

Glrrnn, glrk! "Hrph mmh...prhs..." ***Blrrp, grgl...***

"Good morning, my late-night snack," he groggily greeted the squirming weight as he cast the sheets off his bulging gut. Its shape had softened slightly, but he could still see most ample curves of the bunny milf he'd so casually downed the previous night tightly held by his stretched-tight belly. He scooted back in bed, one hand reaching to squeeze tight over one of the massive bulges made by the middle-aged woman's large breasts and was rewarded by the impression of her tired face stretching into a low, flustered groan.

Tantianar swung his legs over the side of the bed, hands lifting up his belly before dropping it against his thighs with a dull thud and a lurid *slursh* from within. His tall ears flicked, briefly registering a moaned plea muffled by his flesh or at least the use of his name. But, looking down at his filled stomach, he had significant trouble recognizing his prey as anything more than meat. The gryphon didn't think a response was necessary. However, after standing up and feeling the bunny inside writhe at the disorienting sensation of gravity acting upon the hot, slimy organ she was tightly packaged within, he couldn't stop himself from sighing a delighted "*Ohhhh...that feels so good.*"

Sllrsh, glorp... "Tnthy...hm mhlth-" ***GLRGRGG, grooan!*** "Mmph!"

As he began to move, hoisting and swaying the living meal sagging within his body, he could feel his body slowly ramping up once more. Stomach juices were rising, the stomach's wrinkled walls were squeezing and churning around her, and the pleasing motion within gained a new sort of urgency. He could feel her soft, weakened form begin to mush just a little more inwards, and it felt *amazing*. Legs shaking from the indescribable pleasure, Tantianar found himself stumbling from a particularly strong squeeze, his belly slamming against his dresser and putting that much more pressure on the bunny inside. "God damn," he moaned, "this is what you feel like after six hours in me? Definitely made the right call..."

Tantianar's hands busied themselves with manhandling the sleepless meat as he staggered towards the bathroom. "I'm pretty sure I could've given you that fling you were asking for," he mused, tongue hanging out from his beak in a blissful expression, "maybe even dated a sexy older woman like yourself. But then you just had to go and feel *this* good *smelting* down inside of me."

"We still could d-date! Please, Tanti!"

The gryphon pondered as he popped the shower door open. Just her good fortune to find her breath in the acrid, awful, and limited air in-between the noisy gurgles and sloshes of his stomach busy at work. Tantianar was never one to let good fortune go unrewarded. "Well, my massive motherload of meat," he hummed, "I suppose it's possible. How's this: if I remember your name before the end of my shower, I'll let you out. If not, then this is the end of the road for you. How's that?"

The rules set, Tantianar didn't bother waiting for a response before twisting the shower knobs to his favorite positions. The water hissed as it beat against his feathers and fur, soaking down the predator as he picked up some shampoo, pressed it between his hands, and began to lather it through his head and body. His meal, feeling the strange warmth beating against the outside she feared she'd never see again, was trying to shout something...probably her name, the silly cheat. It was in vain, though, as Tantianar's belly met the hot shower with a rush of blood and energy, churning down in full force.

GLRGRGLL, SHLRRN~ GWOORGLE-GWORSH! BLLRUUURP, SLORSH~

"Danielle?" Tantianar inquired to himself, not trying *too* hard as his belly oh-so-pleasingly jiggled and squeezed, swung side to side with his blissful dance, and buckled beneath his kneading. "Rhonda? ...no, you'd have to be in your fifties for a name like that. Rachel?" Even beneath a layer of suds, he could see the bulge growing softer, his flesh compressing the whimpering meal down more and more. "Mmph...Monica? Mar-***BRWUOOORUP!***"

Staggered by his own belch, he fumbled the shampoo bottle to the ground. "Huff...Lydia? Ruby, perhaps?" He bent down, his laden bulge getting viced between his legs and body as he did so. Maybe he could've heard something from the woman in such a position, but his meal was gargling on the sudden flood of stomach acid submerging her. Her head pressed desperately against the entrance that'd squeezed her in the previous night, but it was clenched firmly shut. His smile stretched wider as he stood up, feeling the form inside of him begin to twitch and spasm. "Mmm, hearing and feeling that, I'm pretty satisfied calling you meat. Probably hairless already with the bath you're taking...why don't we both just finish up?"

By the time he'd washed himself clean of the foam and squeaked the two shower knobs off, the motions from inside had stopped. The bulge was still lumpy and firm, but it had lost the clear definition it once had and now was rounded out by a messy mush that squeezed around it.

What had been two lewd protrusions were now mashed into submission, much of the material beginning to drain into his intestines with a shlorping noise and shuddering sensation that gave the gryphon pause. Hugging his soaked belly tight, as if giving his date a grateful hug, he felt the slight press of resistance before feeling the triumphant sensation of something surrendering entirely.

Craaack-CRUNCH~!

“Mmm...so soft now,” he cooed down at his black belly, reaching for a towel. “Maybe you could’ve been more than this, Lydia, but...damn if you don’t feel good disappearing inside me. Too bad you can only drain through my guts once, huh?”

As his belly rumbled and sloshed, squeezing down to a more subtle size, the gryphon dried off and began thinking of the day ahead. Idly, he picked up his meal’s wallet, took out her license, and slid it into a binder, transparent sleeves full of ID cards. “Oh...huh. Guess I got one of those names right. My bad,” he observed before shutting the binder and replacing it on his bookshelf.

Today, he decided, he’d take it easy. The next day, before the missing posters would even go up, he’d be at another local bar looking for fun. Maybe this time he’d try to remember his hook-up’s name.