

He's Eaten at the End of This Story

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Content warning: Soft vore, feral pred, reformation, digestion, implied disposal, and meta humor.

The skunk sighed as he dried off, hands busy shuffling the towel through his black and white fur while he looked at his empty bottle of shampoo. "Either I need to mix more, or I'm going to need something that works on ghosts too," Stank sighed to himself. "It's like I'm the only one in this city that knows how to make decent *Negate Aroma* shampoo." Fur sufficiently ruffled, he tossed the towel atop a nearby counter and began brushing it down. "...and yes, Cassidy, that's what the spell is called. Maybe it *is* false advertising. I didn't name it."

Looking in the mirror at his finally fixed appearance, the skunk reached for his pants. A shiver ran down his spine, freezing his extended fingers in place. He looked over his shoulder. "...oh no," Stank said. "...I know this feeling."

Just to be sure, he grabbed his pants and glasses and ran to a nearby window. The streets of Lark were relatively calm, and the kobolds and occasional furfolk walking by paid little attention to the freshly cleaned, bespectacled alchemist peering out from his small alchemy shop and apartment combo. "...no one's watching me from there," Stank observed nervously.

While hopping into his pants, he toppled against the wall and reached into his coat for a small vial. Popping it with a practiced thumb and draining it, he peered around the bathroom once more. "...no magic, no scrying," he said through grinding teeth, "which means..."

Stank leaned out from around a wall, his gaze aiming up and around the page's margins. "Oh boy..."

The alchemist leaned back into the room. "*He's Eaten at the End of This Story*," Stank groaned into his bathroom mirror, repeating the words he'd read a mere paragraph before. "...not even two hours after being revived, and I'm already in a vore story. ...well, fudge nuggets."

Stubbornly, Stank straightened his pants and crossed his arms. He waited, eyes staring unamused at their own reflection. After a minute, he began tapping his foot against the cold stone floor. As the second minute ticked past, he petulantly bit his lip. "...this isn't going to be a one-pager, is it?" he finally sighed after three minutes of half-naked stubbornness. "Well, let's get this day over with. I *suppose* I'm running late for my errands anyway."

It didn't take long to shrug on his usual outfit, the flamboyant and storage-heavy clothes that served as his alchemist's regalia, and Stank soon slipped out the front door. At least, he did

so after hiding a spring-loaded squirt gun in his sleeve loaded with the most vile and repulsive-smelling spray fluid possible. “Gonna at least make it hard on them,” he mumbled as he closed the door and locked his shop behind him. “Not even having the decency to give me a single day off...what’s a skunk got to do to be undigested for a while, anyway?”

The streets of Lark, as Stank had observed earlier, were relatively calm. This, of course, meant that it was still thick with yapping kobolds crashing into things and bickering between each other, the city’s dominant race not necessarily its most civilized or intelligent. For a city of kobolds, though, Stank supposed it ran extraordinarily well. For instance, he’d only had to pry one of the smaller yappy kids off of his wide, striped pants leg and tell two shopkeepers that there wasn’t a “stinky tax” and that silver coins weren’t a furfolk conspiracy to overthrow the gold coin economy thus far.

Still, throughout his shopping for alchemy ingredients for his shop, baby food and child care essentials for Cassidy’s orphanage supplies, and browsing for some new clockwork parts to tinker with, the skunk was regularly looking over his shoulder and keeping away from the shortcuts and alleyways he’d normally take. He’d clearly read what was to come, and, while the feeling of being watched had somewhat relieved during his errands, Stank was beginning to feel like eyes were once again firmly on him.

“Hey! Hey, skunk! You’re with that Homeland Malt Remittance group, ain’tcha?”

Stank rolled his eyes. “Heartland Mil-...yeah, I’m one of the otherkin adventurers,” he answered, deciding against trying to clarify the strange name the primary adventuring group had chosen for their operations. Turning to look, the kobold in overalls who’d called out to him was the second thing the skunk noticed. The first thing he’d noticed was the massive chicken that filled the cage on the cart nearby, a huge six-foot cock that had clearly been well-fed, its fat causing its black feathers to literally tuck in underneath rolls of flesh. Its eyes were bright and full of vigor despite, and it looked desperate for escape. Its beak gaped wide, and its entire body rose and fell with heavy, labored breaths.

“Oh, good! I was hopin’ to find someone to pay to take a look at Bessie here,” the kobold cheered, slapping the side of the cage with a *clang!* “I’m takin’ her to the market today, but she seems a little slow. Dunno what she needs, but I need her to perk up if she’s to fetch a good price!”

Stank looked briefly at the cage. The bars were weak, rusted, and cracked. The cage’s gate looked like it had been repaired with foil and tape. He looked back at the chicken. He could tell it wasn’t out of shape; it simply was particularly well-fed. “I’m...not really good with animals?” he replied, stepping hesitantly backwards, hand slipping into his jacket for an alchemical extract.

“Aw, c’mon! I can pay you a whole ten gold if she can get up to speed again!”

Bessie breathed. The chicken stepped forward, its bulk causing the entire cage to buckle. It didn’t look slow at all to Stank. It looked...hungry.

“Oh, look at the time!” Stank said, flipping open his compass and gasping as if it were pointing to an hour instead of simply left. “Late for my other adventurer business, really sorry, send future contract inquiries about the HMR to the OWO, bye!”

The skunk turned on his heel and began speed-walking away, his perfectly flat grimace hiding his alarm until he heard the sound of metal creaking. That was the moment he upgraded his pace into a light jog. The screech of bending bars and pops of splitting steel? That was the cue to enter a flat-out run.

Stank tore into a small alley, crashes and bassy clucks sounding out from the street he fled. The unleashed poultry seemed blind to its bulk as stands and carts crumpled and crunched down before it, solely focused on chasing the black and white fur it’d laid its eyes on. He’d been running for quite a few minutes and only just gotten the opportunity—even after draining an *Expeditious Retreat* extract— to take two sharp turns in a row and break line-of-sight.

He held his breath. *Could chickens smell breath?* he thought. *You’d think, after the bulk orders of eggs I’ve had to order to satisfy my and my alchemy students’ needs, I’d know more about these white meat monstrosities.* It almost slipped his mind that his own odor was far more than his own breath, but at least holding his breath was something to do while anticipating imminent consumption. *I focused **far** too long on that for it **not** to be the thing that eats me...* he comforted himself.

Unless...this is one of those stories that subverts expec-

“Hi there, tasty~”

Letting loose a surprised “GAAK!”, the skunk spun to face the sultry voice. He flicked his wrist, spring-loaded squirt gun jumping to his hand and immediately taking aim in front of him. A touch of the hair trigger, and a squirt of foul-smelling fluid spritzed out and directly into the face...of a tall, curvy, pretty skunk woman.

“Akkpth! My nostrils!” the skunk gasped, nose clearly not prepared for Stank’s most potent concoction of his own flavor. She clawed at her own muzzle, gasping and sputtering, tears welling to her eyes. “Why does it burn so much?!”

"Sorry, sorry! Sorry!" meeped the alchemist, hunched apologetically as he circled around, hands up with the offending weapon still with a drop of solution at its tip. He wasn't necessarily apologizing for the squirt gun...no, he was apologizing for putting her between the looming, ruffled shadow of a beast and him.

The black-feathered chicken huffed, shuffling its six-foot tall bulk and looking at the two figures before it. It looked down at the woman still gasping for air, and its gaze slowly drifted upwards. It locked with Stank's eyes. A bloated tongue slurped across its beak.

"Oh, *come on!*" the alchemist yelled in frustration, turning on the balls of his feet to scamper down the alley. The chicken was dead-set on him, crashing after him and toppling garbage cans and denting dumpsters in the process, leaving the other skunk to wash her face.

"It doesn't come off! *Why doesn't it come off?!*"

With sufficient time and duration of *Expeditious Retreat*, Stank found himself once again with some distance between him and his reckless pursuer. With enough twists and turns, he'd found his way to a familiar location and threw open the back entrance. With a slam, he shut the door behind him and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Heya Stank. That druid lady after ya again?" a nasally voice questioned.

The alchemist sighed, rubbing the back of his head as he turned to face the kobold. "Hey Chimes, and no, not Phife this time...I think. Giant chicken."

Chimes nodded, shuffling the last little bit of cheese into the sandwich he was preparing and handing it over the counter to the waiting patron. "I'll never understand how y'keep finding things that wanna eatcha," he chuckled.

"I'll never understand why the universe wants to watch it happen, either," Stank said, spitefully staring at where he thought he felt the watching eyes gazing from (and missing by a good 120 degrees). "I'm just gonna...catch my breath here, if that's alright with you?"

"Sure thing, want a sandwich while ya wait? Five copper, or one silver if you want the non-mystery stuff."

"What's the non-mystery meat today?" Stank asked.

"Chi-...oooh. Uhhh, pork, yeah. White pork."

"...I'll take the mystery meat."

Chimes nodded, grabbing a piece of bread and reaching his tongs into an empty tray of meat scraps. "Aw hekk, let me just go an' get some more from the mystery barrel," the kobold muttered, putting the tongs down and shuffling past Stank's tail.

A chill ran down the back of Stank's neck. "Wait...where's your mystery barrel?"

"Oh, I just keep it in the alley nowadays, just right out back he-AKK!"

The skunk watched with wide eyes as Chimes was engulfed by a huge yellow beak, lifted up by a massive black chicken head, and shook up and down. Slowly, with barely any gulps necessary, the squirming kobold's form vanished past the beak and down into the belly, thrashing in protest as the overfed cock's stomach began to handily churn and gworble over its found meal. The chicken looked at Stank and licked over its beak...and then turned around and walked back down the alley from where it'd arrived.

Stunned, Stank watched the hulking black-feathered shape walk away. Then his face slowly contorted from shock to confusion and from confusion to irritation. "...really? Really?! *That's* the anti-climax you're going with?! The 'I didn't specify who the pronoun referred to despite the title *usually* applying to the protagonist' bit?!" the skunk exclaimed at the sandwich shop's roof. "And not just almost giving me a heart attack, but taking my favorite sandwich vendor too?! You are a terrible and cruel story writer! I honestly would've preferred just being eaten at that rate!"

"Oh? Well that can be arranged."

Having quietly lifted the counter's entrance open and slipped in, a female skunk with a face dripping with tomato juice stood next to Stank. However, as the skunk's gaze slowly fell to meet hers, his expression melted into one of nervousness. The face wasn't a skunk's anymore but that of a familiar kobold's. "...oh, uh. Hi. Phife. I, uh...didn't really mean it?"

"Hi." Firmly, she reached up and pressed the back of his head down, down and into the squishy confines of her maw. Slowly, deliberately, she slathered the fur's features with her tongue, enjoying how he sputtered and meekly protested. Phife was in no rush, especially not after slipping her hand up his sleeve and tearing away the pesky squirt gun stashed away there. Only once his flavor overpowered that of the tomato juice she'd dunked her face into earlier did she begin to swallow. And, given she wasn't in a mood to bother removing those pesky clothes anymore, she swallowed **hard** and **fast**. There was no point in tasting clothes.

By the time Stank was squishing his cheek into the hungry confines of Phife's gut, he was pouting petulantly at his story's arc. Arms crossed even as a gullet squeezed around them, broad striped tail flicking in irritation, the skunk was unceremoniously shoved inside. Seconds

later, a tight squeeze sealing the last of him inside, he was well and truly eaten, just as the title promised.

Phife belched, allowing her altered form to fully revert to that of a kobold's to squeeze even tighter around the sulking meal. "Hrrf. See, this is so much easier." The druid smiled to herself and pat the shape Stank's displeased face made on her belly. "Next time, I won't even bother with the intrigue when I want to put you away again," she lied.

It didn't take long for the skunk inside her gut to become enthusiastic once more, especially as the organ began to gurgle and glorp and begin melting her lunch down. She casually walked back around the counter, flipped the store's sign around to "Closed", and hefted her belly as Stank began thrashing and groaning. "I really ought to transform you more, but you *asked* for this," Phife mused. "And, honestly? After making an innocent skunk girl after your own heart stinky? I really want to make you something that stinks, too. **HuORP!** Excuse me~"

The mischievous kobold walked back home, hands petting over an increasingly mushy mass until passerby stopped recognizing the somewhat familiar shape of a certain nerdy alchemist snug in a digestive tract. All Stank could think, as he squirmed and sloshed and slipped deeper into Phife's intestines, was that he really had to stop taking the universe's bait...regardless of his proclivity for trouble.