

A Raccoony Reunion

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Content Warning: Sexual content, sex toys, betrayal, casual cruelty, soft vore, hard digestion, fatal, disposal, implied incest

"Come on, don't ya wanna see?"

Slk-pap, slk-pap, slk-pap...

"Hnnh...uuunnnhhh..."

Malcolm grinned, bouncing the curvy form of a rare imp upon his lap. The shortstack boy was all blushes as usual, burying his face in his hands and whining and moaning as he was used like a toy for the raccoon's shaft. He wasn't used to sitting or even standing on much, given how naturally he and his kind hovered about, but he'd grown to need these sexy seatings upon the lap of one of his best friends in the city. His own libido, after all, was particularly needy; the not-even-three-foot imp's body and his foot-long member were constantly begging for attention despite his own desires for respectability and restraint.

The raccoon didn't mind that his friend was more endowed than he was, nor did he mind the bigger balls thumping against his own package as he lifted the imp up and down. The imp barely could use his. Besides, the sneaky thoughts that naturally came to him made Malcolm pretty certain the imp would never get the chance to really learn how to use that floppy cock that bounced along with Malcolm's use. Those thoughts, more than Sarei's tight, lubed pucker or plump asscheeks, quickly caused him to throb and spurt; soon, Sarei was full of racoon seed.

"Mmph, that was really good! Best one yet," Malcolm said with a wide grin as if having remembered a private joke, reaching up to ruffle the imp's messy auburn hair. He looked down, amused as always at the imp's slab of cockflesh, how its weight prevented it from ever growing fully stiff, and how it drooled pre down to the bedroom floor so shamelessly in stark contrast to the imp's own shame. "Not enough for you or your lewd package, though, huh?"

The imp shook his head, looking over his shoulder at the casual expression of the raccoon with brownish-red eyes full of flustered need. "C-...could you maybe..."

"Handle it like I would a piece of meat?" Malcolm filled in, purposefully choosing words Sarei would never choose himself. Sarei might've looked away to bury his expression behind those small hands again, but he didn't say no. "Sure, anything for one of my best mates."

The raccoon's hands reaching around to grab hold of the smooth, girthy flesh almost instantly sent Sarei into trembles. Malcolm didn't hold back, utterly unbothered as he groped and manhandled the oversized cock without finesse or a care in the world. "You know," Malcolm

hummed, teasingly humping his lap up against the imp's ass, his own shaft hardening once more inside Sarei's ass as he thought of what to say, "you really stand out from the crowd. Imps are something special, aren't they?"

"Ahh...ahnn...I-...I guess? I-in this world..." Sarei whined, eyes watering from the overwhelming sensation of those strong yet nimble hands squeezing and kneading at his most sensitive flesh.

"Mhm. It's hard not to notice an imp, even if they don't have a silly cock like yours," Malcolm continued. "Big thighs, round ass, wide hips, a cute pouty face...you probably know the feeling, given how head-over heels you are for a certain other imp, huh?"

The poke at Sarei's "special relationship" only made his cheeks grow redder and his cock throb harder. Malcolm rewarded that with a squeeze at the imp's heavy sack, kneading what he could fit in one cupped hand. The squeak he got in reward made his grin stretched wider.

"Well, I have to agree with you!" Malcolm said cheerily. "You see something like that, you just have to have it for yourself. Like this meat I'm working between my hands! Clearly mine." The raccoon emphasized his point with a tight squeeze.

Sarei rocked his head back, hands pressing down against his groin, a pressure building up inside of him. The possessive talk always got to him, and all the attention was finally coaxing his cock to consider spilling spunk across the already soaked carpet below.

"I thought that the first time I saw your sister too, you know."

"L...Lenai?!" Sarei gasped.

"Shush. Focus on blowing your load," Malcolm chided sillily, intensifying his squeezes until Sarei couldn't help but focus on his tender package and its throbbing once more. The anticipation of this moment had the raccoon's own shaft harder than it'd ever been. "But yeah, Lenai. Had to make her mine, too. And I did. Gave her a makeover to *die* for. Her coworkers loved it!"

"Wh...where is she?" Sarei moaned, so desperate for information that he pushed the words out despite the feeling of cum readying to push through his throbbing cockflesh and give him release.

Malcolm leaned down, evil grin settling against one of Sarei's pointy ears. "She's in a trash bag in my closet," he whispered with delight, giving a forceful grind behind Sarei's balls and humping his. "I turned your sister into a dump! Nothing but raccoon shit now."

Sarei's face suddenly washed with horror, but that was short-lived. Soon, all he could emote was humiliation as he pumped out the strongest orgasm of his life, pouring white seed across the saturated floor to thickly pool all at the thought of his best friend disposing of his greatest love.

Malcolm had been friends with Sarei for at least a couple of years. The raccoon's interest had been piqued when the strange floating imp came into town, doing odd jobs, making the occasional mystifying painting, and asking around if anyone had any information on the whereabouts of a second imp like him—his sister. Malcolm had plenty of extra cash from a bodyguard gig he'd gotten recently from a wealthy businessman who'd seen his fights, so the professional fighter saw nothing wrong in giving his friend a startup fund for his art. Sarei was incredibly grateful.

But a note of mischief kept rising up in the raccoon's mind every time he talked, hung out, or hit the town with Sarei. Certainly, there was the fact the shy imp was very obviously packing despite his best attempts to hide the oversized member away. But, more than that, the imp's innocence, honest character, and bashful demeanor invited Malcolm's deviousness to build and dream up awful scenarios. Those thoughts, almost more than the lewd endowment the imp carried, aroused him in a way he'd rarely been. Well, maybe once before...

So, when the raccoon happened across a curvy female imp making money in a particularly kinky strip club, he couldn't resist. While Sarei was rendering his missing sister's image in beautiful, hazy, impressionistic paintings, Malcolm was busy telling all Lenai's co-workers what he planned to render her into. When Sarei bashfully asked if he wanted to fool around in a lewd sense, he didn't know Malcolm was already fooling around with his sister. When Sarei was reaching the end of a mind-melting orgasm beneath Malcolm's fondling, he didn't know his hook-up had already scheduled the day he was going to melt and end his sister.

And, one day, a particularly aroused and well-fed raccoon stopped by for some fooling around. He even let Sarei plow his ass this time. How could the blushing, moaning imp have known he was knocking against the still meat bulge of his long-lost Lenai?

Shlk-plap, shlk-plap, shlk-plap... "Hnn...hfff....ah!"
Krk-crunch, gworgll, glrrk... "Hehe~"

"It's really amazing how aroused you are at me telling you all of this, Sarei!" Malcolm observed, tapping against the base of a buttplug he'd popped into the imp's ass. "You really must love my work! But you have to admit, no clearer way to show I made her mine forever. No going back for her. And that's art, right? Making a potent statement, or something like that?"

Sarei's eyes barely had left the half-full garbage bag with his sister's face taped on, its only contents being a fully imp-sized mass of logs, a buried buttplug not unlike the one pressing against his own prostate, and the faint glimpse of a hair clip he'd given Lenai as a gift years ago. But the utter despair he felt was only surpassed by how potently desperate his body had become. His best friend's words, groping, and toying only made him feel lower and lower, and his cock clearly was approving. Even with a massive load still warm and still finding patches of carpet to stain into, his need only grew and grew as he whimpered and whined.

"You've no idea how much I've wanted this," the raccoon grinned, taking one hand away from Sarei to massage his own stiff shaft. "You look really tasty like this! But this is only the second-best look for you, in my opinion."

"S-second-best?"

"Yup. Well, maybe third-best. You'll look pretty nice as a bulge, too," he answered. "But you'll definitely look best once I reunite you and your sister!"

The shudder Sarei gave as he tried to find a reason to object and failed only proved how utterly defeated he was...that, and the drool of pre from his cock. His best friend had knowingly snuffed out his sister for the sake of a fun dump, and he'd been fooling around with him the whole time. As far as his body was concerned, he was already Malcolm's.

"Mmm, don't think I can wait. Hope you squirm as good as she did!" Malcolm lifted the plugged imp and pinned him atop the bed. He folded those small legs up and those arms tight to the Sarei's sides, and he lined up Sarei's drunk-expression with his ass. "You're going to have a lot of twists and turns to do it, after all. And it's going to feel *great*...for me, at least!"

Sarei could only look up in horror at the tight pucker of the raccoon. His face was shoved up and against that furry taint, raccoon balls bouncing against his chin, before those cheeks spread at that hole opened up. Then, Sarei was doomed with a lurid noise, a toy demoted from squirmy fleshlight to single-use buttplug.

SqRLrCH~

"Ooohhhfffffuck!" groaned Malcolm as his passage stretched to accommodate the pinned imp, the smaller boy only able to wiggle as his head, shoulders, and feet sunk into raccoon bowels. "If you feel this good sliding up and in, you're gonna feel amazing going down and out!" Greedily, he squeezed, slurping more and more of the imp into his colon, inch by inch being tugged in towards its end.

The musky, slimy passage overwhelmed even Sarei's small nose, the imp groaning as organ walls and darkness replaced the world before his eyes. His smooth body glided in, even his hands and desperately spreading fingers devoured and tucked out of sight for good beneath

a happily swishing raccoon tail. He wondered...had this been his sister's final moments too? Was it as humiliating and degrading for her as it was for him?

As if preempting his thoughts, the raccoon huffed in extreme pleasure again from a particularly greedy *shlrkph* from his asshole. "Oh, this is so much better too...I gulped your sister down to churn, but sending you up feels wonderful! Maybe a little of what's squeezing you came from her? None of you's making it there, though."

Suddenly, the passage forward stopped. The walls continued to tug at the imp invitingly, but no progress was made. The pause made the despairing imp's heart leap with a moment of hope.

Malcolm turned his ass to the mirror over his dresser and snickered. Beneath a raised tail, the imp's fat plugged ass was framed by his own stretched-wide hole, its girth barely too large to take in naturally. Dangling straight down was a fat pair of balls and a heavy, swinging, throbbing shaft as if Malcolm were trying on the package for size. "Imp-ressive!" he cheered, swaying his hips to make the needy cock sway in the mirror's view. "But it looks a little silly on me. Not my color, either. I'll miss it a little bit...but at least it's going to a good place!"

The raccoon grabbed his phone, snapping a photo in the mirror's reflection. "For posterity," Malcolm explained in response to the betrayed wriggle from his buttsnack at the shutter-sound. "That thing's just as much meat as the rest of ya; it isn't going to last like a photo will. Time to put you away!"

Leaning against his dresser—one hand on his own cock, the other reaching back to the stuck imp ass—Malcolm pressed firmly in and grunted, shamelessly masturbating to the awful future he'd planned for his friend. One second, two, three, four...then, with a *shlk*, his ass stretched wide and slipped over Sarei's rump. Certain this meant the end for his fuck-friend and feeling that massive weight begin sliding up his bowels, the raccoon moaned and painted the front of his dresser with a naughty orgasm.

His friend having clearly purposefully sent him past that last point-of-no-return, Sarei whined in awful surrender. His shaft pushed backwards, the base sliding flat against the bottom of the slimy ass-passage and wedged up against his balls, the imp experienced the once-in-a-lifetime (and life-concluding) sensation of a slimy embrace sliding not head-to-base but in the opposite direction. So obscene was the feeling that Sarei couldn't stop it; as the semi-flaccid member's last few inches finally slid in, jets of imp spunk pumped and drooled to the floor beneath Malcolm's tail. Malcolm's ass gulped away, and, for a moment, the hungry hole was seemingly shooting seed out from itself. Then it clenched shut, and the last of Sarei's final peak was sealed away.

When Malcolm's ringed tail finally lowered, it wasn't any less happy in its swaying back and forth. "Mmph...there we go," he sighed contentedly, patting the sizable bulge on his

abdomen. "You enjoy those twists and turns while you can, buddy! I'll be adding you to the imp bag soon enough~"

Unable to justify hope any longer, Sarei squirmed and listened to the guts noisily beginning to dissolve and convert his body as he slid further and further in. He couldn't manage to exhaust himself, his body too aroused and now finally realizing the danger. Malcolm fell asleep to feeling his insides squeeze over and map out each and every panicked, humiliated expression as the buttsnack writhed for his life.

Slrrrk...glrrg...CRK-CRUNCH-"Mmghf! Ghh..."

Gwrgl....shrp, SCRNCH..."Phh...mmklm! Hm hrhm d dhh!"

Slrsh...Pop!-sqlrch...gworp~ "Hhn...mmh...mm..."

Sarei's eyes rolled back hours later, only after realizing his sensitive member had become warm, firm, and solid behind him. Mulching down in a far more direct way than his sister had, his final thoughts were of how certain he was he'd end up exactly the same anyway.

When Malcolm woke up, he wasn't in any rush to clean the room. He wouldn't mind the stains on the floor and furniture that would be certainly left if he put off the cleaning for an hour or two. If anyone asked, he'd be genuinely proud to show off his claim. But, after waking up, all he wanted to do was finish and add one more lewd memento to the floor.

Into the bag dropped log after log of pure raccoon shit, the new pile becoming quite familiar with the previous one. It entertained him without end that he could tell exactly what those first few logs were previously, Sarei's lewd package both the first in and the first out. He wondered if it was his imagination or if those logs really did retain that soft, phallic shape. The garbage bag soon accepted its second buttplug to the mix, a marker of their more toyish states before they were sent to die inside a mischievous raccoon. But still there was more to push out from his loaded bowels.

Malcolm always underestimated the bliss he got from fully claiming and ruining someone inside of him. But this was so much more special and potent. Even as the final few masses of waste pressed out from his tailhole, the raccoon was already blowing his load all over the space in front of the closet.

When he was finished, there was little doubt Sarei had been entirely dumped. The bag was entirely full with two imp-sized loads, but it tied off and permanently sealed easily enough. All it took was a single piece of tape to attach a pre-prepared photo, and the trophy was complete.

“All reunited, the raccoon way,” Malcolm said triumphantly, settling the bag back into his trophy closet and looking at the remains of those two rare visitors to his world. “You never looked better. ...ya looked a lot cuter before, but this is definitely better.”

With the highlight of his day having been squeezed out from behind him, Malcolm cleaned up himself and, once he was sure the carpet and dresser would keep those marks forever, the bedroom. His only remaining guilt concerning his fun friend was that he'd never gotten in touch with Sarei's new agent. “Ah well, if I happen across her,” he mused to his closet, “maybe we can make that art exhibition happen! An artist's work is always more valued after they've passed. Or *been* passed.”

Then, with a thought, he clarified himself with that broad grin. “Temporarily, of course. You're both mine for good~”