

Twitter Story #3 - Last in Stock

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Content Warning: Packaging, casual, light objectification, implied vore, implied digestion, implied fatal, implied sexual content

Prompt by @DirtySnowcat:

"Uh, Sarah (my snow leopard gal) casually shopping for a nice prime squirrel cat that she can tease about having for dinner."

"Are you sure?" Sarah sighed. "Could you just...look in the back? For me?"

The kangaroo behind the counter rubbed the back of his head. "I mean, I guess, miss? But squirrel-cat is pretty rare. Almost extinct, even. Don't want to get your hopes up."

The snow leopard watched the grocery deli worker hop off to the back, tail wagging with just the slightest hint she might've been following a lead. The lead was proven right when the kangaroo returned with a large package under his arm.

"Only one left in stock, and it's prime! You're in luck, miss!" The kangaroo set the package on top of the counter, letting Sarah get a good look. Vacuum-tight plastic wrapped and seated on a meat tray was a chilled, squirmy whole slab of fresh squirrel-cat.

With a smile, she reached over to give some testing presses and squeezes. Around a small breast, over a vulnerable package, against a firm shaft, into curvy hips, atop squeezed back thighs...meaty, pliant, and meekly squeaky...thoroughly embarrassed but not at all protesting.

"Prime indeed," Sarah observed, licking over her lips and peeking at the ear tag with a purr. "If I don't send this one down, somebody else surely will. Look at how much it's squirming against the plastic! It's just begging to be food."

"Our supplier wuff said the same thing!" the kangaroo observed. "That'll come to \$29.64 with tax."

"How affordable!" The snow leopard poked at those folded-back legs. "How can I resist helping such a silly thing go extinct with prices like that?"

The transaction complete, Sarah walked out the store with her future dinner squirming under arm. "So, squirrel-cat..." she hummed as she crossed the lot, "you'll have to tell me about the friends that helped you get nice and registered here before I send you on your one-way trip"

“F-friends? What for?” came the meep, plastic stretched over their mouth.

The snow leopard placed the package in her car’s trunk. “So I can show them what became of squirrel-cats after my guts are done with you,” she purred in reply before shutting them in with a decisive thunk.

The drive home went by fast for Sarah, happily waving her tail as her stomach gave a fortuitous growl. Her purchase’s experience passed a lot slower, but her words clearly helped them enjoy it. Once home, she’d find her meal having already begun a squirmy sort of self-basting.