

Hidden Opportunity

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Content Warning: Betrayal, cruelty, unwilling, sexual content, fatal vore, graphic digestion, disposal

Oreath Adventuring Group #117 had yet to choose a name, but few for-hire groups from the Lower City's sole guild were requested more than they were. A not insignificant number of citizens in the desert city could even identify the four most frequent members. However, in a stroke of bad luck, Group #117 had the misfortune of accepting a contract requiring them to use their worst skill: going unnoticed.

Nobody was happy about this.

"Come now!" Ophelia quietly encouraged, the opossum lifting the corners of her skunk friend's mouth upwards as to affix a smile upon the sulking warrior. "It's not *all* bad. Besides, I am grateful for once that killing isn't the only solution!"

As soon as her hands left his face, the affixed smile fell back into a pout. "They guard," Cassiel mumbled, arms still crossed across his heavily armored chest. "Job to fight. Quit if no want to die."

"Revyra not be pleased either," the lynx grumbled, looking out from over the box they were seated behind, scanning the alleyway next to the sandstone Inner City office building. She fiddled with her bracelet, colored beads that she and her adopted tribe member both wore. "Contracts have those...prohibitions already. Adding prohibitions after contract is signed is cheating."

"Yeah, I'm with the lynxes on this one," Malcolm said, his normal speaking volume drawing dirty looks from the very same two warriors he gestured to. The raccoon quieted down. 'Oh, right, sorry...but yeah, like...why can't we fight? I could just knock them out.'

"While Revyra agree it likely they would not remember this one from that," she retorted, "brain damage is not solution here. Besides, Malcolm has 'knocked out' the life of how many?"

Malcolm rolled his eyes. "I'm never gonna live those down, huh? I bet you're jealous just because I've had more fun than you lately at a certain club."

A lacy-garbed opossum body scooching between the two temporarily blocked Revyra's scowl and stare towards the pugilist. "Well, I think this is a perfectly good time to try one of my new tricks!" Ophelia insisted, maintaining her optimism despite the growing feud.

The group stared as their resident occultist removed a small bottle from within her lacy bodice. The substance inside, rather than being a consistent, liquidy potion as they had expected, instead appeared to be a mushy substance of a stomach-turning brownish green color. "...I'm not drinking that," Malcolm immediately chimed in.

"Well, that's a shame," Ophelia teased, "because that means you won't actually have any fun here! ...anyhow, this is one of my first brews! The coven has been teaching me how to put magic into more consumable forms for others. Not quite like a potion, a little more volatile and short-lived, but...a spell for you all!"

Cassiel leaned up tapped the held bottle. Something wiggled inside. The quiet warrior slowly sat down again.

"So...what be spell?" Revya asked.

"It's called...*hidden presence*!" the possum proudly but quietly announced. "But it's a special witchy one. This one will work on everyone around you in a small area; it'll be like you're not even there. So you can walk in, find the paper that says what warehouse our client's object is being stored in, and walk out without any issues!"

The lynx blinked. "So...invisibility."

"No, it's different," Ophelia insisted. "You're not invisible...you're still there, you just can't be noticed unless you do something drastic around them. Like being ignored in a crowd."

"Psh, I could do the same thing to Revya without a brew," Malcolm fake-boasted, his voice rising in anticipation of his own joke. "All you have to do, Revya, is come with me to a certain café, and I'll hide your presence and make you ignorable!"

Revya's tall ears flattened as the raccoon snickered; she was displeased with the increasing confidence of her punchy associate. Hearing Cassiel shift behind her with a low rumble she could identify as a stifled bark of laughter didn't improve her mood. "...give Revya brew. Revya want this mission to be over."

Ophelia handled the bottle over, watching as the lynx popped the cork and sniffed at the viscous mash. She successfully inferred what the lynx was asking with her sudden recoil and accusatory look. "I promise it's safe! The coven says these ingredients have been used successfully for generations," she whispered. "It's just your everyday basics. Ground grasshopper, blended eye of newt, congealed goat's-

"Stop," Revya dryly ordered. "Revya do not want to know." Then, she kicked back the brew and, through sheer fortitude and willpower, forced herself to swallow down the old magic mixture.

Ophelia leaned forward, watching as her companion chugged the vile brew and finished the full dosage. As the last gulp disappeared down the lynx's throat, the opossum adjusted her wide, pointed hat anxiously and smiled wide. "...so? How do you feel?" she asked.

"Nauseated," Revya muttered before belching the foulest scent she'd ever smelled emitted from her own mouth. Her companions didn't seem to notice, instead choosing to stare at her just as their witch did. She tossed the bottle back to the opossum. "Never make Revya do this aga-

Crk-kssh!

The entire party looked down, the brew bottle smashed upon the ground before Ophelia's lap. "What was that?" a guard muttered near the administrative building's side door.

"Psh, probably some rat breaking a flower pot again or something," his buddy scoffed.

"Probably..."

As the sudden feeling of alarm eased, the party looked back at the bottle's shards. "...did you break it?" Malcolm asked.

"No, I gave it over...and then suddenly it was breaking against the ground," the opossum mumbled aloud.

Revya blinked and stood up, looking down at her hidden party. She looked at the distant guards at the side door; they should've seen her. And Ophelia should've seen the bottle, t... "Oh," Revya said, "the spell be working. That was quick."

"Oh," Ophelia said, snapping her fingers. "The spell must already be working! That was quick."

"Revya just said th...never mind."

Revya brushed past her party. To her surprise, their bodies just pushed away from her body, none of them seeming to notice as she stepped on their toes or swept her tail against their faces. "Not even touch," the lynx pondered aloud. "This...be powerful brew."

"So...we just wait for Revya?" Malcolm groaned, twisting his body impatiently.

"Yup! She'll get it done. We're just here in case," Ophelia confirmed.

"...how know...when Revya done?"

The adopted lynx's question made both the witch and brawler pause. Not that anyone could know, but Revya paused too. "...well, I guess she can drop something?" Ophelia hummed, tapping her chin. "We noticed the bottle once she got rid of it, right?"

The heavily armored skunk nodded slowly, settling back down against the crates.

"They cannot see Revya...hear Revya...smell Revya...feel Revya," the lynx pondered, watching as the three other founding members of Group #117 checked out and began retreating into their own thoughts to fight the boredom. Slowly the gears turned in her head, this new state of being mingling with her other recent thoughts.

Revya's eyes widened. A low, rare purr rumbled from low in her throat. There was only a moment's hesitation before she bent her knees to squat just behind Malcolm. Then, carefully, she licked up the back of the brawler's neck.

Malcolm didn't even flinch.

Revya put her muzzle to Malcolm's grey-furred ear. "Revya be going to eat this one, digest this one, and shit this one out," she purred into his ear.

Malcolm played with his fingers.

Revya had intended to stop there (or at least she had told herself such). However, with the group having done no actual fighting recently, the raccoon's flavor was clean and unmasked...and now it was on her tongue. Having said those words aloud, Revya's confidence and planned vision became ever stronger. Most of all, a spark of chaos flickered in her heart. *He brought it up first*, it said. *Revya know what Petunia said: don't say thing if one do not commit.*

Revya wasn't a quitter. Revya was going to commit.

Fuck it.

She firmly grabbed Malcolm's arms, lifted, and yanked them to the back of her mouth. Then, with building eagerness, she gulped the raccoon's prime weapons back and down, her throat beginning to excitedly grip his digits and yank them down.

sqsh...Glk-gulk!

A tight, warm, wet, and fleshy squeeze should have been something Malcolm could feel. The very, very happy purr should have reverberated through his arms. At the very least, Revya was expecting him to realize he could no longer move his hands or arms. Malcolm, however, seemed lost in his thoughts. *Oblivious*, Revya thought, *or Ophelia be getting really good at being witch. Too good for this one's sake.*

“How long brew last?” Cassiel mumbled, his eyes closed as he thought about what he might cook for dinner that day as, hidden from his conscious mind, mere feet away, Revya clamped a paw over Malcolm’s muzzle and began to guide the roguish raccoon’s features across an awaiting tongue and into increasingly saliva-drenched mawflesh.

“About ten minutes? Plenty of time,” Ophelia off-handedly said as, in the cracks of her awareness, directly behind her, the raccoon finally felt something—a firm vice around his wrists—and raised his eyes just in time to have fade into view a row of lynx teeth passing over his eyes and introducing him to a darkened view of the roof of Revya’s mouth.

“*Mhf? Mmh?! Hhmmf!*” Malcolm confusedly grunted into Revya’s paw. All at once, his senses snapped into focus. He was suddenly smelling a repulsive fume and the rank, stale air of a gut made for meat. He could feel his fingers dipping into a pool carrying clumps of mashed witchery and a sphincter relaxing just enough to squeeze his arms in. Drool soaked his head and arms and his tunic was beginning to cling to his fur with fresh slimy fluids. The back of his neck brushed against a rough tongue that rolled him further along, *Squelches*, *squishes*, and *rumbles* echoed around him, noises he’d not expected to ever hear from this position.

Revya was eating him! “*Hmrr-eelp!* Revya’s-”

Gulp-ulp! .Sqsh, shlrrp.

Revya glanced curiously to her other friends. She’d had to remove her paw to finally feel Malcolm’s face getting firmly squeezed down her throat, but the brief outburst surely had been heard. Not that she was pausing her feasting, lifting the thrashing raccoon up and sending more and more of him down to an increasingly rumbling gut.

“Shhh! You’re too loud again,” Ophelia chided, speaking over her shoulder without even looking. “Revya’s fine! Nobody, including us, can even be aware of her right now. So even if she *did* need help, she’d have to start fighting and making a big show before we’d even know *how* to help her.”

Cassiel’s nod, eyes still closed as he tried to focus on recipes and what ingredients he had in stock for his second-favorite trade, probably was of little comfort to the increasingly ingested raccoon. It was incredibly comforting for Revya, however, who redoubled her efforts to utterly engulf her long-time comrade. It wasn’t about taste anymore with all that rough fabric covering her prey; it was about claiming Malcolm *entirely*..

Gulk-ulk, glrk, shlurp, gulp, shorf-gluck, squelch, shluk...

“Mmphmhnn! Hmmmph! Hm bhhf!”

Malcolm's face smeared into the belly's caustic pool against his braced arms and textured stomach walls. He gave his all punching and protesting, but the lack of leverage and direction hampered his attempts. Never before had Malcolm regretted so firmly having his fighting styles rely entirely on bludgeoning his opponents; all he could do was give Revya exactly what she wanted: the feeling of a feisty but helpless meal stretching her insides. Tossed about, forced down by his body, he couldn't help but allow some of that foul-tasting slop to slosh into his own mouth.

Cassiel, satisfied with the recipe he'd prepare for their house's evening meal, opened his eyes. Dangling in the air was a swishing raccoon tail and thrashing raccoon legs with particularly recognizable magic boots still on. The scene was so absurd and noticeable, right before his very eyes, that his mind briefly recognized the sight of a lynx and the sound of a whole person being swallowed alive. Then, the moment passed, and the raccoon legs seemingly vanished. With nothing for his eyes to notice, the impression of a predator mid-meal also vanished from his mind, as if he'd imagined his fellow lynx tribesman. He hadn't, though. The skunk smirked and shook his head.

Everything Malcolm had sunk down Revya's throat until, with some amount of haste at the harsh taste of enchanted leather, the last of a ringtail and the heels of those boots vanished into the dark, humid heat of her body, tightly collected inside the first stop in an intimate tour of the lynx's digestive tract. "There," she groaned with extreme satisfaction, patting the fiercely-fighting Malcolm-shaped bulge. "Revya hide your presence. No need for Wild Cat Café; you can tour wild cat right here."

"Revya! This isn't funny!" the muffled yell answered.

"This one said that already, but Revya was busy when this one first said," she retorted, stretching and ensuring her graceful desert garb had comfortably stretched around the newly added bulk. "But yes. Revya find this *very* amusing. Now *shh*. This one food now. Revya have job."

"Fuck your job!"

Gwrgll...grrp!

Revya strode down the alley, relaxing more and more as she felt that exquisite sensation of a stomach full of live meat and her body ramping up to process it. "Is this one's job too. Malcolm want perfect record still, yes?" she asked as she pushed through the building's alley door directly between the two guards.

The guards just glanced at the suddenly opened door as it slowly began to creak shut. "...did the wind come through?" the guard asked.

“Had to have been. Wards would’ve gone off if it was something invisible,” his buddy responded.

Revy brushed past the occasional desk worker, happily grinding her belly against folks and furniture, smiling as everyone was entirely oblivious to the massive gurgling bulge. “Say ‘excuse me’, Malcolm,” she chuckled. “Is not polite to bump into people.”

“They can’t even hear me! Stupid witchy brew. *Gugh*, your stomach *stinks* from it!” the raccoon complained, giving one more spiteful punch towards Revy’s innards before stilling.

Revy spotted the file cabinet, opening a drawer and grabbing a large folder filled with pages and pages of a master list of the warehouse’s contents and their locations. “This one not need to worry. This one would smell anyway when Revy done with him.” Her casual remark was interlaced with the sound of pages turning, Revy scanning for her objective.

Malcolm gulped. “...you’re not serious, are you Revy? ...Revy?!”

“Ah,” Revy stated aloud, tapping on the page, “here it is. Listed as steel box, locked, five by fifteen by four. Exactly as that one said would be. Storage UL4-D, Row 14, Aisle 2...okay.”

“Revy! Don’t ignore me!” the raccoon huffed.

“This one impatient,” she huffed, walking back out of the office and repeating each and every firm press of her stomach against the obstacles that she’d made on her way in. . “Revy be trying to keep this one’s perfect record.”

“Oof! *Gh...* Which doesn’t matter if you digest me! You’re not going to do that, right?”

“That for Revy to know and this one to find out,” she purred, pushing through the door back into the alleyway.

The guard huffed. “We really gotta get a door stop for this thing.”

His buddy nodded, removing his gauntlet to curiously try feeling the air for wind.

Grrp! Skrr, glk! Gworgle...

Malcolm wasn’t satisfied with the lack of an answer, but Revy was quite pleased with the results; his fierce squirming made an entertaining show as she brushed her belly over Ophelia’s head, the squirming and churning shape almost knocking her hat off. “Hello, Ophelia,” she purred to the utterly oblivious opossum. “Malcolm be on...team-building exercise. Revy hope you enjoy feel of Revy’s belly; Revy will make sure it all...work out.”

"Not funny!" the brawler protested with another shift only to find the gut clenching him tightly together and beginning to firmly squeeze and grind around him.

Revyra reached into Cassiel's pack and plucked out his chalk and slate. "UL...4D..." she said aloud as she etched the message onto Cassiel's alternate form of communication. "...row 13, aisle 2."

"It was row 14," her belly interrupted with a grunt.

"Oh, yes. Revyra thanks this one," she said with a nod, erasing and replacing the faulty number. Below it, she added another line quietly. "Meet me at the club, 🌻" She brushed her hands of chalk dust, put the writing tool away, and placed the slate on the ground. "Good job, Malcolm. Perfect record."

"...t-thanks? Can I get out now? There's a lot of...acid in here now!"

"Hmm, no," Revyra said with a smile, walking out from the alley. "Revyra not decide yet if this one should leave wild cat. But Revyra know where to ask."

"Oh no..."

Gwrrrrp!~

By the time Revyra made it to Dreams of Fire, Malcolm wasn't feeling too good. It'd been at least an hour, maybe two. Clumps of grey and black fur had rubbed off his body, his entire body was beginning to itch and burn, and his prison only got more and more passionate about potentially digesting a fellow party member. His best efforts couldn't do anything except make the lynx feel good, and she made it clear that the only place she'd consider his fate was one with an expert on "wild cats".

When Malcolm realized where they were from how Revyra casually disrobed and how the casual admiring hands kneaded and pushed against his curled up form, pressing into his back and ass and feeling up an increasingly bare tail. He gave a groan and tried his best to squirm as enthusiastically as before in protest. His friend couldn't be serious! He was starting to lose hope.

"Sekhmet, what a lovely surprise!"

Revyra grinned at the nude pantheress that sauntered from the back hallway into the club's main room. "Tasha," she greeted the pantheress, knowing that of all people here...it was the proprietor who had the least use for sweet names and anonymity, "Sekhmet seek council of

Black One.” There was a shudder of horror from within, and she patted her belly in acknowledgement of it.

The group of admirers split as Tasha approached, especially seeing how firm and erect the pantheress’ cock was getting. She slumped into the large sofa-like seats and leaned into the lynx’s side. “Sekhmet, my wisdom is yours. But what could a full, pleased-looking princess like yourself wish to consult me about?” The eerie violet eyes of the perverse Oreath-based club and cult’s leader glinted, fully aware of the situation from a mere glance.

“Hmm...Sekhmet has *good friend*,” the lynx began, looking up at the ceiling as if having to imagine the subject of her inquiry far away. “Maybe...top five closest of Sekhmet friends. Good friend be adventurer, perfect record, proud. Enjoy eating like Sekhmet, often at this one’s café. But likes cat too much. Talks of bringing Revya to café, making her...ignorable.”

Tasha nodded thoughtfully as she idly stroked her own cock in anticipation. “Go on...”

Revya licked her lips. “If friend were, say...in Sekhmet gut right now...would it be wrong of Revya to keep there until done?”

Tasha leaned over further, laying her head atop the bulge and against the lynx’s breasts. Her ear to the distended stomach, she listened to the gut doing its work on a grunting, squirming, and deeply uncomfortable slab of live meat. Every particularly enthusiastic *squelch* or nasty *gurgle* or enthusiastic *churn* made the pantheress throb and purr. “Ooh, if it was your friend in there, it sounds just *awful*! He would be terribly uncomfortable with your gut treating him like common meat instead of a friend.”

Revya nodded and purred in return. “So...?”

Tasha cuddled closer to the bulge. “So...you’re asking if you should churn one of your closest friends? Destroy a promising adventurer with your body for the fickle pleasure of doing what he teased he’d do to you? Smelting him down and draining him dry until you’ve reduced him to shit and letting the world turn unknowingly without him?”

Revya chuckled, nodding as her food gave a protesting push back and only managing to make the back of his head more pronounced against Tasha’s chin.

“It would be an awful thing to do!”

Malcolm paused in shock, his heart racing with hope from the most unlikely of places.

“Shitting out your friend would be such a betrayal!” Tasha said aloud, stroking the raccoon’s back through lynx belly as he curled his hands around his ankles even tighter. “He’ll never recover, even if somehow you manage to remember an otherwise indistinguishable dump

long enough to find the funds and cleric to revive him! Sure, he talked about possibly doing the same to you, but actually doing it is another story! If he found his way in there, I'm sure he'd have learned his lesson after an hour or two."

Revya's smile didn't falter. She knew better. She anticipated Tasha moving to straddle her lap, leaning down, licking affectionately at Revya's belly where the top of Malcolm's head protruded, and reached down below to squeeze at the raccoon's balls through that layer of flesh.

Tasha breathed, quietly, firmly, and passionately, to both predator and prey. "So yes, I would *love* to see you make that sexy raccoon yours. So many kitties ended up in those balls and gut of his! Only fair a kitty should do him in and make him meat." She shivered with evil delight, grinding her cock against the trapped adventurer's ass. "Turn him into shit forever! There's nothing more satisfying than ruining someone who trusted you for so long."

"N-no! Wait Revya, I-"

"Expert wild cat has spoken," interrupted Revya with a purr. "Time for Revya magic. Even stronger than smelly witch brew. Revya be hiding Malcolm presence...permanently. Revya even not need concentration! Just hours of...how you say...evoking acid?"

"No, wait! Hhf. This isn't how...I don't want to..!"

Gwrooroglll, glorp-sqish! Slash, glllrrRRrn-grunch~

The hands came firmly down, pantheress and lynx both kneading and throwing around the former raccoon. Soon, soft bits became squishy, and squishy parts started to slough away. Once the **ccrrnches** and **snaps** began to sound, the proudly struggling adventurer's motions were reduced to helpless twitches. All he could do was listen, fate sealed, as one of his best friends enjoyed every moment of processing him.

Before the hour was up, Malcolm's eyes were rolling back. Even he realized he was more chyme and lumpy meat than proud raccoon brawler now. Revya and Tasha had both found release multiple times before Tasha was dragged away by her assistants to ensure she finished her work in the back. Malcolm, on the other hand, had only managed to get a twitch before there was nothing left to throb with; whatever he'd had was now slurping through his friend's intestines after a particularly enthusiastic shove of his rounding, mushy bulge downwards from Revya.

"Mmh, Revya cannot wait more," he heard the lynx groan in bliss. "Say goodbye, Malcolm!" There was a pause, then she spoke again. "Oh, and do not worry. Revya will take care of this one's beloved Lin. A nice date as Revya guest to Wild Cat Café soon, Revya think? Maybe that one, like Malcolm, can stretch Revya ass after."

Malcolm only had time to gasp in horror before Revya's gut tensed.

SCGRUNCH! *Bwurrple, glrp~*

When Cassiel finally arrived that night, armor left at home and wearing only his old tribal clothes, his keen knowledge of his fellow lynx tribe companion allowed him instantly to see the difference. Splayed out on one of the couches in a now mostly empty club was Revya; he could see her hips had gained extra heft and her thighs were just a little less toned. More than that, her tight stomach looked slightly lumpy.

"Petunia! Finally," Revya greeted casually.

Glancing around and spotting only the familiar tiger bartender in the far corner he walked to sit down next to the sprawled other lynx. "...Revya have plan...for new member?"

She shrugged. "Revya...think four still be good. Hester can come more often, yes?"

"...so no plan."

Revya looked at her companion's unreadable expression. "Revya saw opportunity. Malcolm be asking for it. Revya know this one found it funny. Or hot."

Cassiel's gaze was still cool. "...Revya spoil appetite. Not eat Cassiel dinner."

The response briefly stunned Revya, guilt hitting for the first time that day. She hastily sat up, preparing an apology, when the sudden motion finally kicked her belly into motion. Her cheeks ballooned outwards, before....

BwROooOURRRP~!

A mass of brown and green fabric ejected from her maw, splattering to the floor. But it took a few hacks to get the main source of blockage out: a pair of thick leather boots.

Revya groaned for a moment at the floor before looking to Cassiel. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught motion: a distinct throb beneath the single band of green cloth that, slung over his shoulder and down either side of his body with only a red fabric belt to hold it, served as his only form of clothing.

Revya's worry fell from her face, grinning wide. "Revya knew it. This one scare Revya!"

Cassiel grinned back, his poker face having paid off, and barked a laugh.

Revy chucked at her lover's prank, but she had other things on the mind. She shifted her legs, spreading her newly enhanced thighs, and leaned back. "Now...this one put Revy's new hips to work?" she inquired, raising an eyebrow expectantly.

Cassiel was already disrobing when she asked.

And as the two lynxes enjoyed themselves and Revy's predatory gains, neither one of them paid any mind to the garbage bag filled with fresh logs of waste mere feet away. It was as if it wasn't even there, perfectly hidden in plain sight.