

Making a Scene

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Content Warning: Sadism, casual cruelty, harsh language, unwilling prey, fatal vore, painful digestion.

It wasn't as though Clem had been targeting her. It wasn't as though she'd said something wrong or been set up. It wasn't as though she'd made a new faux pas or dressed inappropriately. No, there wasn't any particular reason for what was about to happen. The beaver girl had simply decided, merely one drink deep into their conversation and of still-sober mind, that she'd make sure Chloe wouldn't survive the night.

Beneath the unpainted wooden beams that formed the ceiling of the basement establishment, the crowds freely mingled and listened to the resident band playing their usual set. It wasn't anywhere that you found a mingling of modern guitar, electric violin, and banjo accompanied by gruff almost shanty-like vocals within a steamy room adorned with gears and pipes. Very few weren't in sleek, roguish leather or fanciful lace or both, and many caught in the almost sepia lighting with glints of polished brass and steel; most newcomers that stuck around either did their research before-hand or were welcomingly but not demandingly guided to a small selection of theme-appropriate apparel for purchase.

Chloe, to her credit, had been in the former category; the busty, speckled pig girl in her mid-20s had been wearing a plain white blouse with a loosely-tied lacy corset, a long skirt, and wearing a bold, blocky bronze broach when she arrived. Clem liked that. Chloe had complimented the bulky goggles atop the beaver's head and her stylish magenta vest to break the ice. Clem enjoyed that, too, happily rewarding the genuine appreciation of her steampunk style by guiding Chloe to the bar and giving her tips on the on-brand drink names and which of the kitchen snacks were worth getting. The pig got a couple of Lidenbrock Lagers and an order of fried ravioli. Clem just got a Heterodyne Highlander.

It didn't really matter whether she liked this girl or not, though. As soon as the mental image popped into her mind, Clem thought of the pig as hers. The beaver would have her, certain in wanting the girl's doom to coincide with the busting of her own corset.

"Nice gold on your finger there; playin' a rich girl's daughter?" Clem asked, giving a big bucktooth smile between sips of her whiskey and vermouth.

"*Hah!* No," Chloe chuckled, extending her hand as she showed off both the gold band and a topaz set in sterling silver, "just not bothering to pretend I'm not married. Love of my life isn't much into either crowds or scenes like this, but she's still fantastic."

“Just here for the music and drinks?” the beaver inquired, making sure to sound almost disappointed.

“And meeting new friends like you.” The clarification came with a sweep of that curly brown hair back. “...though I’m not against fun, if that’s what you were inquiring for.”

Slightly surprised, Clem noted she liked this girl a little bit more...not that it made much of a difference. “Your wife won’t mind? She off working, and you havin’ fun with some younger handygirl you just met in a lace ‘n leather club?” Her firm rudder gave an amused bob behind her.

“Of course not. It’s not like I’d be *making love* with you,” Chloe laughed. “Besides, you’re not Clem the handygirl here, right? I’d be fucking Clementine the *airship engineer*.”

The club regular caught the teasey wink from that green eye and couldn’t help but guffaw in return. “Ha-*haw*! Guess you’ve a point. Well, finish up your drink already! You’re overdue for a tune-up, and I know just how to get you squealing.”

Lani knocked back her second lager, chugging the remainder as to not keep her new friend waiting. It didn’t look like Clem was interested in waiting too long, given how that highlander disappeared past those two buck teeth and down that thick neck. “...oof, there we go. Where to?”

Clem lifted a hand, pointing to a plainly labeled door at the far side of the bar. With that, the two scooted off their stools and shouldered through the anachronistic minglers to swing into the bathrooms.

The pig looked down as she stepped inside first, hands busying themselves with the laces of her corset to free her pudgy belly and allow her seemingly lusty friend better access. “I’m guessing you’ve had a lot of experience nibbling at another girl’s sensitive parts, huh?” Chloe hummed, hoping to fill the newfound quiet with conversation as the door closed and muffled the mingling, music, and mirth of the scene outside.

“Nah, not really,” Clem admitted, taking one last good look at the slightly taller, big-breasted pig. “I don’t tend to chew too much. Not as fun if I don’t feel those screams inside me.”

“...wha-?”

The flat, scaly tail slapped against the ground as the airship engineer swung her butt around, catching Chloe’s ankles and sweeping her feet out from under her. Clem had a pretty average rack, so she never knew if getting a fall cushioned by a prodigious chest felt better or if it was more painful to have most of two-hundred pounds of body crushing down atop those fat tits. Either way, it clearly knocked the wind and senses out of the poor sucker.

“Thank heavens this is one of the scenes that actually cleans their bathrooms, eh?” she casually remarked before yanking the girl’s feet up, tossing off those high-heels, and shoving the soles back against the rear of her mouth. The first few gulps were conservative, but once the pig’s skirt-hidden knees were sliding down her throat, there was no prim-and proper eating from the beaver; Clem was intent on *devouring* the dazed pork.

Scarf! Shlomp, glorf! Gulk gulp, shlorp, ulk!...

By the time Chloe came around, her hands were already being slimily gripped, her feet were squishing into Clem’s stomach, and the pressure had split her blouse and allowed her bra-clad breasts to feel an encroaching bottom lip as two flat teeth slid over her back. All she could do is look down at that quickly enlarging gut below as she descended. “Wh...wuh...s-stop! ***Clem! Stop, please!***”

The horrified gasp as she yawned her mouth even wider and began manhandling and mashing those bulkiest bits of the girl into her slimy, warm mouth was worth it all; Clem rewarded herself for her good decisions by shamelessly lapping and slobbering across those compressed, bruised tits as loudly and forcefully as possible. ***Slurp-shluck suish-slurp slurp slurp sluuuurp!*** Then two more proud *gulps*, and she got to revel in the feeling of those fatty drool-soaked bags stretching her throat and neck to the absolute limit.

“Stop *eating* me! *Help! Mercy! Anyone! SQ-SQUEEE!*” The porky girl looked around as she squealed in terror, only catching in the mirror her own helpless, terrified expression as the edges of the beaver’s mouth came into unreflected view. That cute pair of incisors slipped over the front of her forehead, over her increasingly wet and matted hair and hung there in view, the rear of those teeth reminding her where she was.

As if recognizing the girl’s desperate struggles, Clem simply walked up to the mirror, sat both hands on either side of the sink, leaned forward, and left her mouth open. For a brief moment, in the steady yellow light, she let the pig sit there stalled. She looked in the mirror at the teary, panicked eyes, the flat, sniffing nose, those flopped-over ears...and Chloe looked back.

Then ***gulp*** went the throat, tugging those features deeper into the dark turn downwards. Clem leaned forward more, and the eyes inside her grew wider as they watched themselves vanish. ***Gulk, ulp***, and their own eyes got further away and more hidden. ***Gluck, glrk, GULP!*** and Chloe’s last glimpse was of her own face vanishing from the world and the satisfied *clack* of those teeth closing shut. Clem stood up, and the last of the pig girl slid down the beaver chute and was closed in.

shriiip-pop!

“*Ahhh*, enjoyed that little pause there?” Clem sighed in utter delight as her belly writhed with the girl’s struggles for freedom and survival, her corset splitting from the combined strain of

the beaver's thick yet toned body and the person it contained within. Just as she'd expected and hoped. She swung her own tail around and slapped the shifting bulge of the packed-away pig. "Nice long last look at the world before the dark, yeah? I'm really too kind."

Feeling her insides vibrate with a pleading squeal for mercy, the beaver couldn't resist grinding her hands into her undershirt and jostling her stomach around. "*Ooogh*, that's good. Ha-haw! Yeah, you'd think with a name like Clementine that plea might work," Clem taunted, "but...it really doesn't ever. Face it, Chloe...this is the end for you."

That definitely got the pig inside squealing, fiercely fighting inside the younger girl's stomach as acids sloshed around and a stuffy stench clouded her nostrils. With all that movement in such a cramped space, it was little surprise...

BWOURRGP~!

...that Clem belched so much of that precious air into the mirror, flecking its surface with spittle as the beaver's belly clenched. "Ohh, wow. You really must want to live, eh?" she groaned in debauched, sadistic ecstasy. "Must be awful all crunched up in my belly. You motorboating your own viced tits in there? Must hurt like hell. Betcha your wife's gonna really miss those once I'm done digesting you."

The motions inside stilled for a shudder before the increasingly dizzy, babbling and squealing continued in earnest. The beaver helpfully gulped down some more air, grinding her gut into the sink's edge. "C'mon, Chloe! Just a bit more, and maybe beaver belly won't be your grave! ...nah, I'm kidding. You're gonna die in there. Real shame."

From behind Clem came a flush and the clack of a stall door. A gryphon in stately apparel and a top hat stepped out, occupied the sink next to the beaver and her writhing meal, and turned the water on to wash his hands. "Greetings, Clementine; always good to see you," he hummed, only half-genuine in saying so.

The sound of another's voice got Chloe screaming for help at full power once more as the acids began to wear into her fleshy skin. It provided a convenient backdrop of muffled desperation as Clem nodded. "Heya, Tanty. Not surprised to see you in the wrong bathroom," she jokingly chided.

"How else would I get to have such an interesting show for my relief?" he countered.

"Perv." Those inside her belly lowered; the meat was realizing the new voice wasn't going to help her out of the burbling, burning beaver bath. Clem smirked and gave it a pat.

"But of course. Anyhow, you must've held great animosity for that one."

Clem laughed. "What? No. I like Chloe here. We could've been good friends."

The gryphon rolled his eyes as he shook his talons dry and hit the hand dryer, the whirr drowning out the muffled noises from within his beaver acquaintance. "Ah! Well, you do you," he said, walking for the door as the dryer continued to buzz without him. He leaned down as he strode to the exit, picking up both the packed-away pig's heels and the busted corset. "I'll go ahead and remove these. Keep your tavern's water closets clean!"

"Perv!" she called, the gryphon not even looking back as he tipped his top hat and left. She sighed, the diversion enough for one forceful buck from within to catch her by surprise.

BWORRGGP!...hUrp...

Another clench, and the struggles began to die again, once again having been depleted of most usable oxygen. "Well, that was silly. I'm not giving you another gulp," she notified her despairing and increasingly worn-down occupant. "Guess you're just future pig slop now. Practically letting me snuff you out!"

She slapped the side of her belly with her tail again at the lack of response. "Nothing more to say with your last breaths before you're gone? C'mon, Chloe, I thought we were friends!" The only response was a shift and the *gurgling, groaning, grinding* noises of her stomach continuing its work of digesting the pig alive. "...oh well. Guess you don't want to hear how I fully intend to inform your wife of what happened to you, huh?"

That got a groan from her stomach contents, coaxing them to shift in anoxic defiance as Chloe's body blistered and seared with pain, "Mmm, there we go," the beaver chuckled. "Hang on as long as you can, and I might consider reuniting you two! But yeah, not going to bother you with the details. Bye forever, *ha-haw!*"

Clem didn't bother to wait until her meal stopped moving to return to the scene. The music was jaunty, the crowds either oblivious or uncaring, and the sensation of Chloe eventually entering mindless throes mingled ever so nicely with the sounds of that body *crunching* and *squelching* down in the dank, caustic confines. It must've been agonizing inside there, and all of that terrible experience was given to someone the beaver really liked, too! Having that sexy body churned into lifeless chyme, leaving behind a loving wife....really, it was just too tragic!

And she couldn't be happier. The stocky girl was already looking forward to belching up bones and tattered steampunk apparel and those precious two rings. Clem wasn't sure if she'd actually bother looking for the pork's wife, but it was at least fun to say.

It wasn't as though she'd deserved it. It wasn't as though Clem had no other food at her disposal. It wasn't as though the beaver had a bad day with her company's current job installing that house's new windows. No, there wasn't any particular reason for what happened. The beaver girl just had causally determined, despite how easily she might've enjoyed Chloe's friendship, that she wanted to feel the pig go still in her guts like common meat amid this spectacular scene. And oh did Clem love her scenes.