

A Normal Vore Day Party

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Content Warning: Soft oral and cock vore, willing and unwilling prey, skulls and bones, dark language, graphic digestion, fatal, implied disposal

“Ugggggh, finally!”

Helena gave an accusatory look to the bus stop a few blocks down as she walked up the path to the small house’s front door and stepped onto the brick doorstep. A sign taped to the door read “Holiday Party Inside!”, and that was all the red-haired skunk girl needed to decide she’d found the right place.

“Thankfully,” she said, adjusting her mask and rolling her shoulders beneath her gaudy and old-style cloak, “less than two hours late only makes someone like me **fashionably** late. I’m sure that cute rat won’t mind!”

Confidently, she swung open the unlocked door, strode in, and let her double-striped tail slap the entrance shut once more. “Hey everyone!” the chocolate-colored skunk announced, all four feet of her stanced up as if a true superhero landing upon a stage where she was scheduled to receive the key to the city. “how goes...the...party?”

At first glance, especially through the slightly limiting eye-holes of that smug-looking drama mask, the room was deserted. Helena wasn’t one to stop at first glances, though, amber eyes scanning for clues. A long table at the rear clearly had partyware, drinks, and a bowl or two of snacks. This clearly *had* been the site of a party, but it clearly should’ve *still* been the site of a party; all the table’s chairs were still pulled out, various bags and purses seated upon the seats, and there was one too many for them all to have been simply forgotten about and left behind. “Dunno what holiday he was talking about when he invited me,” the skunk hummed, tapping her chin, “but I’m pretty sure there’s no ‘Leave Your Purse Unattended Day’.”

Her pointed ear twitched, catching a distant, muffled sound. Helena swiveled her head, eyes landing on a slightly ajar door down a small hallway off the living room; the room had its lights on. The skunk skittered stealthily forward, soft steps muffled both by the carpet below and her theater experience quietly moving backstage between scenes. The skunk’s black nose twitched, a self-indulgent sort of scent beginning to drift by her sensitive nostrils as she pressed up against the wall and analyzed the suspicious portal.

The door’s placement in the hall suggested a bedroom, and that in turn suggested a degree of privacy. Helena didn’t even hesitate, though, letting her curiosity rule her and shamelessly peeking into the room. As soon as she looked, Helena forgot entirely to examine

the bed, the posters, the computer, the dresser, and all of the other interesting features that were the normal snooping targets for someone seeking a glimpse into the owner's mind. How could she pay attention to those when there was such a macabre and perverse scene before her?

Numerous skulls littered the floor, each one too unique to be a manufactured prop. Some rested in small stacks, and some looked freshly discarded on their own. Some looked dry, others looked like they were damp and dripping, and still others were splattered with a thick white gunk. Although there was a diversity of shapes and sizes, some even with horns or beaks or little round poms, every single one looked as lifeless and helpless as the rest. There were other bones too, but they all looked far more cracked, worn, and broken than those grim faces.

As if to further drive the obvious fact home, all around these skulls rested discarded accessories, clothes, and trinkets from a wide array of styles. There was a collar with a bell, and one with a tag reminiscent of a Taoist symbol. There was a red tie, and there was a pair of nerdy rectangular glasses. There was a frilly white shirt, and there were a pair of brawler's hand wraps. There were four golden earrings, and there was a plain iron nose ring. There was a captain's hat, a baseball cap, a rubber suit, a chicken broach, a wizard's and a witch's hat, a pair of cut-out jeans, a hoodie, a drill necklace, and a purple top with bells on the sleeves. Every time Helena's eyes thought they'd seen it all, there was another piece to glimpse.

But all of that faded into the background for Helena. After all, the brown rat who'd invited her there was seated on the floor, nude and reclining against a particularly sizable pile of skulls and bones with a casual and lazy expression. Had Helena not met him a few times before, she'd have thought he looked bored, but there was that slight curve of a smirk and a glint of pride in his eyes. Perhaps it was because, amid the verifiable graveyard of what was now obviously of his own creation, he was currently looking over a shifting lumpy bulge in his gut. Or maybe that pride was from the squirming shapes inside his balls. Either way, he was languidly rubbing one hand over his large, hard rat cock and curling that unfurred tail around a particularly fresh wildcat skull.

Gworgll, glrrn. Squish! Shglorp, gurgle...

"Not much left of you, huh Jahan?" Terith chuckled, decidedly enjoying the increasingly soft and squelchy noises coming from his churning stomach, another muffled groan slipping from the still-living contents inside. "Told ya you wouldn't last even ten minutes. Not after I got warmed up. Guess you know what that means." The rat slurped over his lips. "You're **done for**, kitty~"

Helena made no secret of her own kinky interests and philosophy, especially at the bar and club she'd met Terith at. She wasn't surprised either; she'd seen his gut with a vaguely curled-up shape there once. But the sheer excess of the scene definitely hit her **hard**, forcing a hand to dive into her pants a sighed breath to escape her lips.

“Glad you could make it, Hel.”

Helena gave a small jump at the address, squeaking and curling her fingers a little harder than she'd intended inside her sex. Self-preservation told her now was the time to run, and that same feeling convinced her to push the door open just a slight bit more, clacking and sliding a few skulls and items along on the other side. “Geez, Terith! How busy have you been today?” she said, stepping inside and stepping on less-crushable items—a silver starburst and crescent necklace here and some red and beige cloth garments there—when there wasn't open floor to use. “Were the other party goers really **that** bad?”

The rat didn't get up to meet his final guest. He didn't stop rubbing himself either. “I didn't make **all** of this today,” he replied. “...just most of it. And this isn't punishment. I'm just enjoying the holiday.”

“Holiday?”

Terith smugly shifted in his pile, the bones clattering beneath his back. “Vore Day. Surprised you didn't know, given what you talked about that one time. Something something ‘what predators are supposed to be’?”

Helena laughed, kneeling in a slightly open space not occupied by expelled trophies in front of the indulgent rat. “Wow, an entire day for that! So you took that as an opportunity to surprise all your friends with some rough and final gurgling?”

“Oh, but they enjoyed their stay *so much*,” he fibbed, his cock throbbing in his hand as his last few cocksnacks gave a firm struggle. “In fact, they're so delighted at the thought of company that they're eagerly making room for you to join them.”

SQuELcH! “Mhhfl...”

Despite a sudden squelching from a formerly firm part of the ingested kitty seeming to lend credence to Terith's words, Helena just planted her hands on her hips and tilted her head. “Terith.”

Terith stuck his tongue out. “Okay, fine. Maybe a few of them really wanted to live instead of getting an acid-bath. But it didn't stop them from being **rat food**. Sorry not-sorry. But if it helps,” he said, pressing his cock against his gut bulge, “*this* one is *loving* melting down. Isn't that right, Jahan?” The embarrassed contents gave another sound much like the one that'd initially caught the skunk's ear and attracted her to this gluttonous display.

“And those?” Helena asked, pointing to his balls.

“Oh, no, those two imps were going to go on a date tonight,” he admitted. “But they went down so smooth. And so easy to...*nnff!*” His sack gave a clench and, suddenly, those struggling plump shapes lost all definition with a loud **GLORP**. After that, there only seemed to be the sloshing of rat spunk left in those balls. “...whoops~”

Helena watched a thick dollop of white squeeze from the tip of Terith’s cock, her fingers not finding the right leverage to really press into her growing warmth from the sight. “Whew, guess you’ve a point,” she tittered. “And I guess a silly rat like you doesn’t feel the least bit bad whacking it to such a grizzly reminder of all the people you’ve melted and mushed, huh?”

“Might as well? Best thing to remember a good meal by.” He placed his unoccupied furless hand on his brown belly, as if anticipating something. “...not like I’m going to keep what they turn into. That all goes out the same way. Right, Jahan?”

The shape inside might’ve tried to find some words, but the firm squirm it gave from those words got that rat gut to squeeze back. After all that soaking and softening, staying solid after such a squashing wasn’t in the cards, the cat boy within entirely surrendering with a potent **CRUNNCH**. The sensation of the rat food mulching down helped Terith empty some of the excess made by the imps before, spurting globs of spunk over the ground and occasionally hitting Helena and decorating her fancy clothes with an errant spurt. Two cum-soaked imp skulls hit and rolled on the ground to add to the many, many others.

Helena answered in Jahan’s stead with a heated, heavily aroused sigh, especially as the bulge in Terith’s belly turned similarly grim to the room she now sat in. “*Hhh...*you looked pretty alright with that sort of belly at the club,” she admitted, “but this...oh *wow*.”

Terith wasn’t about to apologize for potentially staining Helena’s garb. “Want to add those clothes of yours to the pile?”

The skunk answered by stripping layer after layer from her shortstack body, tossing the eye-catching and unique pieces into a messy pile of their own. In fact, she even reached to remove her mask before Terith held a finger up. Instead, she waited...she looked expectantly at the rat seemingly in his own world, still keeping that finger up as if to-

HuRp...BELLLLCH!

A feline skull, churned clean and devoid of life, ejected from Terith’s throat, landing in Helena’s hands. As the short actress seemed to consider a role in Macbeth, Terith licked his lips. “Keep the mask on. I want to belch that up too once you’re **mine**.”

Helena dropped the skull to one side, dripping between her legs as she scooted closer. Instinctually, she reached for the rat’s still-stiff cock to offer a more sexual pleasure first.

Terith, however, wasn't about to wait. She'd been late getting here, and he wanted to cap off the holiday properly. He snatched her hand, dragged her up, and stuffed those spread fingers and masked face into that gaping maw. Greedily, he tilted his head back, stuffing more and more gasping chocolate-colored skunk girl in as that arm led the dive down his throat, **gulping** and **glugging** the squirming dessert inside until he could feel her body dunking into the mess his friend-turned-food had left.

Feeling his belly stretch with one last celebratory meal, Terith groaned with predatory delight. The small skunk with high standards, sealed in his acid-flooded stomach, was just the right size to use as a humpable bulge for his throbbing cock. "No wiggling out, meat," he ordered smugly, well aware of what she could do but decently sure she was in for the long haul anyway,, "it's Vore Day, so *digest* like *good* rat food."

GLRGLE, chuuum, squelch-shlorp, GRRRNCH...

The rat leaned back, returning to that lazy, masturbatory gut-humping like Helena had spied upon first peeking in. This time, though, he was making sure she got to *feel* his length throbbing against the *bulge* she made as his meal writhed in his uncomfortable, deadly gut. The skunk was definitely squirming now amid all that meat slurry, moaning in delight at the rough and humiliating sensations even as her fur sloughed off and her flesh softened and burned.

"Heh, that was quick. Already squishing in, Hel?" he teased at hearing the messier meaty noises. "Won't be long before you'll be mush too. Then you'll be another skull in my collection...whatever I'm not squeezing out, at least." That deep, horny writhe his last remaining prey gave was well worth the wasted breath, her shifting weight grinding so nicely on his dick.

Terith relaxed, basking in the steady *crunching* and *squelching* inwards of the spunky skunk girl inside him. He looked over the relinquished skulls, clothes, and accessories, grinning at just how many cute people were *gone* now, only recognizable as trophies in his private graveyard. That greedy pride seeped in, pressure building in his heavy, cum-laden balls as he watched his body easily take care of one final meal. He could feel parts start rubbing off of Helena inside of him, all of the skunk's talents and potential not making much of a difference once reduced to mere living meat for a just-for-fun gurgling. "Mmph, and that's pretty much the end for you," he said confidently as the squirming, moany treat was reduced to a shuddering, boney impression, the point of no recovery having far passed. "Hope you enjoy your send-off with the rest in a few hours; I'm *definitely* going to enjoy adding your mask to the pile."

His cock throbbed in anticipation of that final sound. "Happy Vore Day, *bitch~*"

ScRRRUUNCH~

"Nnnf!" Triumphantly, he coated the now-shapeless mass of dead meat in heavy jets of spunk, splattering the brown fur of his belly with white. But there was a second-to-final release that couldn't wait, causing his cheeks to bulge with air.

BUUUUUUUURP!

A mask and acid-polished skull clattered to the messy floor, devoid of any life. "Ahhhhh...what a good holiday," he sighed, looking over all his work with a smile and whisking his tail amid the ghastly pile behind him. "...for me~"