

It was a late night at Club Devourer, party music was blaring from the tower speakers by the DJ's deck, people were whistling, shouting and generally having a great time under the flashing, colourful lights; to the side of all the rowdiness by the bar would be an average sized but stocky Lynx, Alec, the lights would highlight his bright white underbelly and darker grey overcoat, ears and hair highlighted with streaks of crimson red. He sported on a small, and tight fitting, tank top that matched his ears. The music was blaring, drinks were in hand and his friends were having a good time. It was a night to remember.

Alec and his friends were sitting at a booth vibing to the music, none of them realising that they were being watched from the other side of the bar by someone else.

Soon enough, the watcher would come up to the table, holding two glasses of top shelf bourbon, seeming to look over Alec. He was a taller Horse, who introduced himself as Max, his fur was of a similar colouration to Alec's fur though darker shades of grey, almost blending into the dark, his blue streaks through his hair and tail, splotches of white adorning his legs.

"Enjoying the club?" The Horse asked while dragging a chair to the end of the table glaring at the Lynx and his friends. He slid the glass of bourbon over to the Lynx specifically. Max wanted the Lynx to be his. Everyone at the table rejoiced that another person joined in their celebration of the Lynx's birthday. He just turned 25 and felt he was on top of the world. Alec accepted the drink and chugged. The alcohol burned his throat as it went down causing the Lynx to incessantly cough. The Horse's nose flared when he sat the drink down.

"Hey! Let's all go dance! C'mon, it'll be fun Alec!" One of his friends pressed Alec to join them, though Alec would decline, wanting to talk with this new mysterious person some more, all shuffling out of their seats and making their way off into the crowd.

Max got up to wedge himself next to the Lynx, trapping him between his massive frame and the wall, wrapping his arm around the Lynx's shoulder, forcing a blush out of him before taking a swig of his own drink. The Horse's armpit musk permeated the immediate vicinity shooting daggers at anyone's nose that dared to smell his dingy, salty, and sweaty armpits. The closest of its victims being the Lynx who got a face full of it. The musk seemed to beckon the Lynx to come closer to it. Alec blushed as he scooted himself a little closer to the Horse resting his head on the Horse's shoulder. Max took that as an invitation to caress his soft cheek fluff, and whisper into the Lynx's ear, "Wanna take this back to my place?" The fateful words would demand the Lynx's ears to perk up to attention, and nod in agreement. The Lynx just unknowingly signed his own death certificate. "Sounds good, the others will be fine without me." Over the next half an hour the pair would order themselves a cab and make their way back to Max's place, being drunkenly cuddly the whole ride.

Eventually they'd reach Max's house, turning the key in the door, switching on the lights, and locking it behind the pair. "Strip." The Horse commanded before disappearing upstairs. Alec would oblige and start taking off his clothes at the doorway. After what seemed like minutes, the Horse returned with rope in his hand. This caused the Lynx to bite his bottom lip. "Oh, you're kinky." The Lynx chuckled as he was being led to the living room. "Yup, and you're all mine."

The Horse easily shoved the slightly intoxicated Lynx onto the couch before starting to thread the rope around his body, tying it in spots so that it restrained the Lynx's arms and

legs, he'd be on his knees with arms behind his back, purring as he wondered what Max was going to do next; he didn't have to wonder for long though, the Horse would roughly hold his tied up form and place him in front of the couch before sitting in front of him while turning on the TV to pre-recorded football.

"Open wide, you slut. You don't want to be punished, do you?" Max would say in a gruff voice, while pushing off his shoes right in front of the Lynx. The room's air immediately was filled with his pungent musk. The immediate reaction forced the Lynx's face to curl up out of self-preservation. A sock appeared outside of the murky cave entrance. It was tinted yellow and brown from being well worn throughout multiple days. The fabric clung to the Horse's sole outlining each and every feature he had from way from his plump toes were to the rough ball of his foot Max swirled his foot in a circle before pressing it into the trapped Lynx's face, rubbing that rancid sweat all over the kitty's face, being all he could smell now as it seeped into his fur. The foot encompassed the Lynx's world. With each press of the Horse's foot, sweat rolled out of the fabric onto the Lynx face. Each new volley of sweat started to turn the Lynx's white hair into a more discoloured yellow. All the Lynx could do was allow the Horse to do what he wanted to him. Alec opened his mouth in an attempt to breathe without smelling the pungent odour soaking into him. Max felt the opportunity as the Lynx opened his mouth and shoved his toes into the deep wet cave. It tasted awful but he wasn't able to do anything about it, just squirming about beneath his partner. "Mmr Mphf..." is all that Max could hear as he stuffed his kitty's mouth.

Max's socks would quickly be soaked in Alec's saliva. Max flared his nose again out of disappointment. He didn't want his socks to be completely cleaned just yet, he would roll them off his feet and stuff them into his pocket, using his dampened bare feet to swab around in Alec's mouth, the taste and stench only getting worse now, nearly causing him to gag but he held back the instinct, not wanting to piss off Max. The foot's features were not visible whereas the sock only presented certain aspects of it. The toes and his heel's skin was rough and jagged from the amount of times the Horse would work out.

The onslaught of probing and swabbing away at the tied-up Lynx's throat would continue, making sure that his mouth was filled with the lingering taste of his sweat and musk, before grunting and standing up, hefting up Alec over his shoulder.

"Hey, wait- where are we going?" Alec would squirm about in confusion as the Horse effortlessly carried him over his shoulder, but the question wouldn't gain an answer from Max, not till the pair climbed the stairs and Alec would find himself in Max's fairly large bedroom, a big king-sized bed in front of them, with a TV and several drawers and cupboards adorning the walls of the room; it reeked of musk, despite seeming fairly well kept.

The Lynx would be dropped down onto the bed, followed by Max stripping naked, letting free his half erect shaft; it had to be at least the size of his forearm, if not bigger. Alongside his almost tennis ball sized nuts; the Horse would be more than well endowed. Almost as if he were compelled to, Alec would start to strip as Max was, letting free his fluffy white sheath, bright crimson tip peeking out at the thought of what the night was going to bring them...

It wouldn't take much persuading for Max to get Alec on his back, head laid back over the end of the bed as he'd quickly find his throat filled with thick, musky Horse cock. It would

stiffen up inside his throat as Max thrust in and out, slowly at first with those sweaty, musky balls pressing up against the poor Lynx's snout; soon enough both of them would feel Max's tip flaring in Alec's throat, almost forming a perfect seal inside as the thrusting pace would start to pick up, the Horse holding on to his fluffy cheeks, each thrust eliciting a grunt til Max was thrusting at full steam, his sac slapping against Alec's chin over and over and over, each thrust intensifying the sweat, and by extension the smell of his musky sac. A mix of saliva and sweat would absolutely coat Alec's face which mixed and matted up his fur.

After almost half an hour of gagging and Alec's throat getting absolutely destroyed by Max, his muscles would tense up, holding the Lynx's maw against the base of his shaft, shooting load after load of sultry cum almost directly in to Alec's stomach, bulging it out somewhat as he'd cough, a bit of cum shooting out his nose and mouth. Max would slowly pull back, letting his still rock hard lay against the fluffy chest below him, Alec gasping for air and coughing up some more cum, managing to get himself up onto his knees and wiping off the mess from his mouth.

As Alec faced away from Max, he'd feel himself be grabbed by the neck with one hand, the same socks as before stuffed in his mouth as a pseudo-gag. It'd be hard to breathe; suddenly, he'd be pushed down to the bed by his partner's weight, crushing him against the soft covers as the same shaft that was just destroying his throat would now be pressing up against his plush ass, the slick mixture of saliva and cum covering the fur as Max slowly hotdogged Alec, mouth up to his ear. "You're fucking mine, slut. Nobody else will want you after I've ruined you, that way I can keep you all to myself." The Horse spoke with such dominance in his voice it almost made Alec shudder, he didn't want this, but he couldn't resist. Especially not once he felt the flared tip press up against his tight pucker, breaking its way in; he would have to hold himself back from yelping as he was thrust into once more.

Despite the amount of lubrication coating Max's shaft, its girth still hurt like hell as he pushed deeper and withdrew over and over, each thrust going even deeper than the last til Alec felt the Horse's medial ring pushing against, and then past his pucker. Eventually, Max would manage to force everything but the sheath into the Lynx's ass with his sac slapping up against his partner's; "There's a good kitty, take it all..." His tip was still flaring inside, practically stopping either of them from pulling out. Once again he would keep thrusting at a constant rate, wet slapping and moans filling the room with each push deep into the kitty's walls.

After a while of thrusting, the thrusts would start to become harder, as the Horse would tense up against Alec, almost choking him in a neck hold as he started to cum again, shooting more of the hot ropes in to Alec's depths, filling him up further; Max slumped down against him with a bray, the weight of his body squishing Alec but not choking him as badly as when he was in the choke hold. "Huff... Fuck me you feel fucking good... It's a shame that nobody will get to enjoy your sweet ass again."

Those words caused Alec to squirm beneath him, "I- I don't... What do you mean?" The Lynx seemed confused and slightly scared, unable to move more than an inch or so in any direction. "Well, I'm gonna eat you. Plain and simple." Max half whispered into Alec's ear before hoisting himself up from on top of the Lynx, but still holding him tight; he'd roll Alec over on to his back, sitting the entire weight of that muscled body down on his latest preything's pelvis, giving a long, sensual lick to Alec's fur and licking his lips. "You taste

delicious, I can't wait to fucking destroy you..." Max would tease, resulting in even more squirming beneath him.

Squirm as he would, nothing Alec did would stop himself from being lifted up by the midsection and legs by the much stronger Horse, followed by his feet being pressed up against Max's winking throat which happily engulfed his ankles; the tight, wet, fleshy throat would pulse around them, almost as if it wanted to drag him deeper of its own choice, independent of Max.

Alec would try his best to wiggle against Max's grip, though it would be to no avail as all that resulted was Max huffing, and proceeding to gulp against his legs again, even stronger this time. He'd try and desperately use his claws to gain some traction against the throat, but it would be to no avail as he realised he'd had them manicured recently, they were nothing more than rounded nubs that slid off the walls.

GLRK-

He found himself going deeper, Max's teeth brushing up against his fluffy thighs, his feet pushing against the upper sphincter of the stomach he was going to soon be inside of.

"P- Please. Don't do this to me! I don't want- mmph!" His protests would be quickly cut off by the same sock being stuffed into his mouth again as he felt his body being moved, he was being spun around so that he was facing the gut that his feet were now pressing out against, his nubby tail being easily engulfed as Max didn't seem to struggle at all with taking in his ass.

Glp!

Another gulp and his midsection would easily vanish down the hungry Horse's gullet; his arms pinned to his sides as he desperately tried to struggle free, though it would be to no avail as he would find his view framed by the jaws of his hungry predator.

Max would shift about and stand up from the bed, moving over to his closet, the one with a large mirror adorning the front giving Alec a good view of his head stuck tight inside Max's mouth. Flecks of slobber matting into his fur and masking his tears, the poor Lynx whimpering and begging to be let out as he was unable to do anything but squirm and stare at himself, the bulge he was making in his predator's throat, his legs visible as they pushed out against the stomach walls.

Gulp! Glup! Glllrk...

Almost suddenly, his vision would go dark as Max closed his mouth, trapping Alec in the foul smelling, wet, tight Horse throat; almost instinctively he'd try to yell out against the throat flesh only to be met with a tight grip against his head which would force him down further to his inevitable caustic demise. Any sounds coming from outside were almost entirely muffled as the throat muscles around him would pulsate over and over, rhythmically dragging his body deeper. From the outside, the bulge in Max's throat would slowly become smaller, and his gut bigger, filled with the squirming tightly packed mass of Lynx meat.

BuuuUUURROOOOOOOORRRP!!

He let out a rolling, rumbling belch, compacting the stomach walls around Alec for a moment before more oxygen re-entered the stomach, for a moment Alec's whimpering, shaking form could be seen within the stomach, before it rounded out slightly, hiding him beneath the pudge.

"NO- NONONO! PLEASE! LET ME OUT!" He managed to yell while gagging around the sock stuck in his mouth and at the rancid stench of the guts, the smell of rotting meat, churning food. At this point he was truly desperate, forced into a foetal position within the gut, an almost unbearable heat and pressure surrounded him, the fumes lashing against his senses and burning them, only causing him to cry more...

Slrrsh...

Alec slowly adjusted himself inside of the stomach, his hands slipping against the chyme coated walls before all of a sudden, a crushing weight came down upon him. Max would press his weight down onto his distended gut, crushing Alec into the acidic mess around him; it stuck to his everything, his fur, his pads. The mess wouldn't leave him as the acids around him burned, almost as if his body was on fire, fur sloughing from his red, bloodied skin. The last things he would hear were the taunting words of his predator.

"Just fucking digest already meat...", "Nobody will remember you when you're digested and gone.", "Horse fat."

Those jabs would keep running through his head over and over as he choked back more tears, trying his best to squirm but to little avail, the ropes still binding his form, digging in against the raw skin. There was nothing he could do, he knew he was going to die in Max's gut, and that he would never see the light of day; a rumbling snore would suddenly echo through the walls, it seemed Max had fallen asleep from all the squirming beneath him as the acids slowly rose higher around him.

Nothing Alec did would help him beyond progressing his digestion, what light he had through the stomach becoming blurred and dim as acids continued to lick at his senses, soon after his hearing fading, followed by his nose...

All that he could feel was the burning pain of the acids now, til even they would slowly start to fade, along with his consciousness. He was nothing more than cat meat now.

It was finally over, Alec drawing his last breath of acid wreaked stomach air, slumping against the pulsing walls, Max's body going into overdrive over the right, working to digest what was left of Alec into a thick, rancid slurry of meat.

In the morning, Max wouldn't even remember the name of who he digested, just what they added to his body.