Matt loosened the tie that was all but strangling him, creeping out of the office with his tail tucked between his legs. The feline should have never taken the job, he knew, but he needed the money. How was he supposed to know how terrible the work felt?

It really didn’t matter. After years of working his ass off only to face a stagnant wage and no appreciation, one simple act of kindness had gotten him written up. So what if he had stopped his work to console a coworker?

The leopard pensively scratched at his neck, slender body compressed by the suit they had insisted he wear. It was fitted, but he struggled to yank it over his thighs every morning, the tension sandwiching his cock between them and making even walking a pathetic struggle not to make a scene.

He shrugged. Matt hefted his briefcase up, he walked to the Subway, scanning his card and boarding his train. He connected his earpiece to his phone and turned on some music, sighing deeply at the situation. He was wasting away in a dead end job, living in a tiny apartment, with nothing really going his way. The cat tried not to think about it.

“Rough day?”

The cushion behind him compressed as someone sat next to him, the surprise making him fall into them with a scramble. He overcompensated, flinging himself backwards and onto the floor, groaning with irritation as his hair fell over his face. The mystery figure laughed, and held out a hand. “Didn’t mean to startle ya, dude.”

He took the waiting hand, a coarsely patterned black and white one that absolutely dwarfed his. They pulled him up without any hassle, and he carefully sat down. Matt brushed his hair out of his face and huffed in embarrassment. He looked up at his fellow passenger.

The figure was a zebra, casually dressed. His fur was short and seemed well-maintained, with just the slightest hint of curl. There was a slight discoloration under his pits, likely long stained from work or workouts. He looked down at the feline and gave him a toothy smile.

“Anyways, you sure you’re alright? Had a nasty scowl going just a bit ago.”

The zebra adjusted his glasses, wiping them with a big finger. Dissatisfied, he took them off and wiped them against his beer gut, blowing on them until he was finally satisfied.

Matt didn’t answer, too busy trying to get himself back together.

“Hell week, huh?” The zebra chuckled, and Matt scowled.

“Excuse me?”

“You’re a student, right? One of the preppy ones. I’m in college too but I don’t worry about stuff.”
That much was obvious. He was clad in a pair of bermuda shorts that looked more like boxer briefs on his massive frame. A bulge very clearly showed itself, and it trembled with even the slightest motion. Matt tried not to look down.

“I-I’m not.” His face lit up. He tried to press down the embarrassment. “I work at Tyqoe. Or I used to, I’m not really sure.” His voice hitched and he coughed, placing his hands in his lap.

The zebra placed a hand on his shoulder. “Fuck them, then. I’ve heard nothing but bad stories about that place. You don’t need them, do you?”

“I kind’ve do. I’ve got nothing else to do. Just a shitty job and a shitty apartment, no time for friends or anything.” He growled out.

His travelling companion shrugged, and his fingers gripped his shoulder a bit tighter. The action was oddly comforting, and the leopard leaned into it.

“Alright. Well, I can be your friend. I’m Josh.”

“Matt.”

Josh chuckled. “Just a couple of bros.” That got a giggle from the cat.

“Thank you. I’m not used to strangers.”

Josh shrugged. “I’m not either. I just see people who are in need of a smile and I swoop in.”

He paused, and his hands went behind his head. He untied his ponytail, and his semi curled mane flowed around his face. He whinnied a bit and shook it somewhat, adding to the messy look.

The leopard looked up at him. “I don’t know what I’m gonna do. My job is a crapshoot at this point, I can barely afford my apartment here.”

Josh ruffled his hair, the casualness already setting in.

“You really need to destress for a while, don’t you?”

“If only I could afford to.”

Josh locked eyes with him. “You can. I’ll be more than happy to offer you a permanent residence, free of charge.” He gave a dopey grin.

At any other time, Matt would have slapped the zebra. The offer was incredibly tempting, whatever he meant by it. Josh leaned down to his ear.
“20 minutes. I’ll be in the bathroom. Feel free to turn me down, my dude.”

The zebra stood up, and as Matt watched him leave, he saw a black head peeking from his shorts. The slightest hint of a vein crept up what the leopard could see, and his mouth fell open.

He sat alone then, twiddling his thumbs and trying not to thrust against his pants as the thought became more appealing. It wouldn’t solve his greater issues, but the zebra was very sweet and admittedly tempting.

He sighed, withdrew his phone. He sent out three texts.

To his landlord? *I won’t be needing my apartment anymore. You can charge me for the rest of the month. Sell my stuff too, keep the cash.*

To his boss? *Fuck you and your fucking worthless company, hope the IRS breathes down your neck soon!*

To his sister? *Hey dude, I’m getting a permanent stay in a cute guy on the subway, I’ll give him your number. Love you.*

Matt sighed and cracked his knuckles. It was now or never.

With shaky legs, he left his suitcase in his seat and stepped towards the bathroom. His footsteps sounded so loud, echoing deep within his skull. No one was seated near the bathroom, thankfully. When he opened the door, what he saw all but gave him a nosebleed.

The zebra, Josh, was sitting on the tiny shitter, dwarfing it. His massive cock, a shiny black with spidery veins, was nestled between his legs and dangling into the toilet. His shirt was raised up ever so slightly, exposing a bushy treasure trail downwards.

His new apartment looked at him with a grin.

“Thought you weren’t coming.”

Matt rubbed his forehead. “I had to send a few texts.”

The zebra gave his cock a stroke and pulled his glasses off. “I thought you had no loose ends?”

“Family, but they expected this, I’m sure. Here’s my phone, please stay in contact with them.”

He passed the phone into the zebra’s massive hands, and the zebra carefully stashed the phone in his pants pocket, pushing them aside to keep them out of the way.

“Alright, my friend. Where do you want your stay to be?”

The leopard’s tail curled around his wrist as he bit his lip. “Where do you want me?”

“I don’t really care.” Josh guffawed. “If you really don’t care, I can flip a coin. Heads for the ass, tails for the cock.”

Matt nodded, the sensation almost overwhelming. His fate, determined by simple luck. It was in a way peaceful. He withdrew a penny from his pocket and flicked it towards Josh.

The zebra went to catch it, but he missed. With a kerplunk, it splashed into the toilet. The zebra began to laugh until tears pooled at his eyes.

“Well, if that’s the case, guess you belong to the shitter!”

Matt paled, but the zebra grinned. “I’m messing with you. Guess you can take the ass.”

He nodded. “I-I wouldn’t mind if you made it permanent. I was kind of hoping for it, honestly.”

Josh snapped his fingers. “Are you sure? Most of you will end up in the shitter.”

The leopard gave an embarrassed grin. “I bet it feels nice, I won’t want to leave.”

“If you’re sure.” The zebra stood up, squeezing himself to fit. He stepped in front of the toilet, with only a bit of space underneath him. “Take a seat on the toilet.”

Matt laughed nervously, whispering an affirmation under his breath. He snuck underneath the zebra and sat down before looking up. Black and white stripes dwarfed him, and a pulsing pink ring flexed over his head. A musky warmth radiated from it, and the leopard tried to stifle his shaky nervousness. He leaned forward, the smell burning its way into his nose, not unpleasant but powerful. The leopard laid a chaste kiss on the pucker, and it flexed as if in response.

“T-thank you for this.”

The zebra chuckled, and there was a pause.

“Just helping a bro out, dude. Don’t mention it.”

That was the end of the awkwardness. Matt closed his eyes and tensed as the zebra slowly sat backwards.

The hole laid against his face, flexing back and forth, as his new landlord took in deep breaths. He sucked in a loud gulp of air, and as he breathed out he relaxed the muscle and sunk backwards. He couldn’t help but whinny at the sensation, and the sudden clamp of pressure made the cat fear he’d be glorped before he was even halfway in. Thankfully, that was not to be. Josh stopped to moan, before he began shaking his ass side to side. The motion made his passenger dizzy, but it did the job, pulling his head in bit until he reached the challenge of Matt’s shoulders.

“Oh, man.” He muttered. “Forgot how much of a hassle this was. Usually do it when I’m plastered, makes it a hell of a lot easier.”

Matt could see it now, the buff zebra bent over a counter as somewhat delved within him, so drunk he didn’t even move to drop them back off.

“Ah, well. I promised. Might be a little bit of a rough ride.”

Matt gave him a thumbs up, extending his arm between Josh’s balls and on the other side. The zebra’s massive dick on top of his arm. He muttered his thanks and adjusted himself, arms against the wall.

“Lean to one side. One shoulder at a time.”

It didn’t sound pleasant, but the pucker flexing against his neck was equally worrying. He extended the thumbs up again, before trying to do his part to push into the hole. His legs kicked and tapped as he contorted his body to fit.

And then, with a wet slurp, he lost purchase; the leopard tumbled forward as his feet left the ground. Josh bucked forward and all but roared at the sensation, whole body quivering around him.

When the leopard opened his eyes again, his chest was shrouded in warmth. His suit was soaking wet and matted to his skin with a viscous liquid. He was laying on his side, a sensation not unlike laying in a damp sleeping bag. Not at all unpleasant.

The bulge in his pants was a dead giveaway, too, which was for once thankfully stifled by his tight pants.

The zebra cleared his throat and caught his breath, before his hands smacked the toilet seat and he raised up a bit.

“I need you to move your legs between the seat. I’ve got a grip on you, bro, but I can’t do anymore unless you do that.”

Matt couldn’t help but notice the irony; he’d be putting his legs in the hole they’d later be slopping back into. However, he readily complied; not like he could turn back.

With a kick, his feet slumped into the hole as Josh sat all the way down. Thankfully it was deep enough to keep him out of any mess. He kicked a bit, trying to push himself further into the zebra’s asshole. His new landlord clenched, and the contraction pushed all of the air out of him, but in exchange slurped him down to his thighs. He began thrusting excitedly, cock rubbing against the soaked fabric of his loathed suit.

He wondered if it would gurgle with him, and the thought made him soak the fabric further. He shook, and the zebra clenched in victory.

“Having a good time, my dude?”

Before he could try to respond, the hole pulled him further into the musky depths. His knees were gone, his calves and feet all that remained of him. He kicked a bit playfully, and Josh reached backwards, pressing his massive hands against the leopard’s feet, and pressing ever so gently. Before too long he could only feel his fingers knuckle-deep within his pulsing hole.

Matt, for all of his nervousness, was the most relaxed he had been in years. All of his worries melted away, just as he would, and he simply closed his eyes and drank in the air.

The pulsating walls were a constant deep-tissue massage, that made him purr and grunt with relief. His apartment smacked his ass and made his home ripple.

“You don’t mind if I just sit here until you finish setting up, right? I’ll take the return trip, what the heck.”

Matt opened his mouth to speak, but he found he couldn’t in the warm air. The pulsing became more frequent against him, all but shoving him deeper into the winding maze of intestines. He tried squirming to expedite the process, but he was frozen in place- nothing but a dildo sailing further and further.

The zebra scratched his ass and withdrew his on phone, pecking on it and reading as he waited.

“Won’t be much longer.” He mumbled, voice rumbling in from above. Matt smiled and twitched slightly.

On the next press forward, he encountered some resistance, but with another tight squeeze he was catapulted through, into a slightly more spacious chamber.

The zebra grinned outside of him, and patted his gut.

“Welcome to the party room, buddy. Relax and enjoy the ride.”

The leopard had nothing else to do, so he simply laid against a pulsating wall and relaxed. The space was oddly different, especially after the near-hour of constant pressure. But that too wouldn’t last.

The stomach began to growl, quivering and tightening all around him. The zebra belched, and made it worse. He immediately sucked air in, but the flesh had squeezed the poor cat into a tiny ball. It was a good thing he was flexible.

When it relaxed, his arms were yanked forwards. He growled instinctively, the lack of light hindering his ability to understand what was happening. The flesh around him had for some reason clung to his fingers, coating them in stomach acid. His fingers sizzled but oddly didn’t hurt. They simply went numb, and the feeling crept forward.

The zebra had no idea how his stomach acids worked, usually too stoned or drunk to understand anything beyond the feelings of fullness and energy that a meal brought him.

Inside, though, his guts were compressing around his skin, each squeeze siphoning nutrients directly from his skin. It was a good thing the stomach was pitch black, lest the cat see himself growing thinner and thinner.

Another contraction pulled more fat from his body, nutrients filling out the zebra’s already hefty form. His thoughts began to grow dim and more simplistic, focusing only on the feelings of numbness rather than the circumstances that led to it. The suit became looser and looser as he became more and more thin, until he was able to simply slip out of it.

The zebra belched; with the extra skin to capitalize on Matt was eradicated in only three squeezes, nothing but bones stripped clean, all of the nutrients absorbed.

He burped again, and his gut roared and flattened. The weight in his gut spaced itself out.

Josh cleared his throat. “Welcome home, dude.”

He felt a pressure against his pucker, and wiggled his ass against the seat as the floodgates opened; a loose torrent of sloppy brown mess that slapped into the subway bathroom, to be siphoned out at the next stop. With another clench and a squeal, bones began to join the slop, knocking into the mess and clacking against one another. He gripped his cheeks and spread them, trying to relieve some of the ache from the sheer stretch.

He sighed; within another hour he’d have another messy dump, probably the final number would be in the double digits. The zebra would have to pass all of Matt’s body, not to mention a whole skeletal system.

He had offered himself as a permanent apartment, and he’d keep that promise; he wouldn’t lose the beer gut just in case his tenants were still in there somehow. He stood up and withdrew the toilet paper, dragging the paper against his loose muscle. He patted it clean, but he didn’t pay it much mind. After all, he could shower later, what was a little bit of swamp ass?

Josh cracked his knuckles, grabbed his pants and Matt’s phone, and walked out of the bathroom. The sun had set, and he had missed his stop. He shrugged.

“Oh well, worth the brotein.” He sat down and withdrew the phone, surfing through apps as he scratched his ass, leaning forward to rip out a wet blast of ex-cat.