As soon as the lights in the venue began to dim, the crowd erupted into a massive roar. There was a moment where only the windows let in any semblance of light into the inky stage, but blacklights soon bathed the stage in a subtle purple light. The crowd hushed itself down into silence, breaths hitched in anticipation, only to erupt again once they heard the sound of footsteps on stage.

The first thing touched by the light was a thick, olive green tail, that swished back and forth hypnotically, before the heavy ass that it was connected to backed up into view. With the tease out of the way, the crocodile boy twirled gracefully only to lean on the mic stand, blowing a sharp-toothed kiss to his audience. He covered his mouth with a closed fist, and his Adam’s apple bounced gently. The audience once again seemed to hush itself into only a subtle murmur.

The crocodile boy opened his orange, slitted eyes, staring at each of them with predatory sharpness until he finally opened his mouth, and let his pointed tongue unfurl from his maw.

“UURRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPPPFFFF” The belch that exploded from his maw was legendary, quenching the audience’s lingering sound in an instant. He made sure to unhinge his jaw as far as he could as his gums and tongue shuddered from the force of the raucous gas, his uvula swaying like a pendulum at the force, his abyss of a throat clearly on display even through the very low light.

He brought his lips close to the microphone. “Well, how are y’all doing tonight?” He drawled, the heavy southern accent making some of the cuties in the front row swoon. “Y’know, I can’t stand stadium lighting, but I managed to convince the boys upstairs to let me swap ‘em out for blacklights. This place looks pretty sharp tonight… How many stains are y’all gonna make for me tonight? We bought out the room for a good week, so don’t hold back on really getting messy with the Miscreants.”

It was a perfect segue into the first song of the show, and Mason Jones let out a cocky grin as the crowd ate it up. He let his tail slap the ground as the first bass licks twanged from behind him, keeping the rhythm. The first song was always a warmup, getting his voice warmed up in a way that got the audience just as hot and bothered. His twin guitarists, who both towered above him in height, intertwined a groove as he started to do an approximation of a belly dance, swaying his thick hips back and forth and humming huskily into the microphone.

The crowd was already eating it up, but the demi-gator had more brewing. The mic stand, an old driftwood craft of his, was built with a jagged end. He always cut small slits into his performance attire. With one subtle dip with the mic as he placed it to his throat and swallowed, he snagged the mud stained leather jacket and ripped the microphone away from him. The old leather was frayed enough that it split without much effort.

Mason threw his arms up, his painted green claws spread wide as he pushed the jacket off of himself, exposing a much tighter fishnet top that made the audience go absolutely wide. He pressed the microphone against his lips and coaxed a much smaller, cuter burp from between his lips. “Whoops.” He gave them a snaggletoothed grin, and placed a hand over the interlocking diamonds that did nothing to hide his lithe, lean gut, or the top of his double-wide hips. The crocodile-boy was infamous for devouring thousands of his fans every month, but they never seemed to add any weight to his frame, occasionally adding a centimeter or two around his thighs that would be rapidly metabolized away unless he maintained the diet.

The rhythm behind him came to a grinding halt, and Mason struck a pose, jutting his toned tummy out, and hovering the microphone over his gut. He licked his lips, letting his eyes comb through the crowd. It only took a few seconds of picking out especially cute fans to find one that made his stomach rumble, sending the roaring noise through the speakers and making his audience collectively squirm with delight.

“Had a little bit of a wardrobe malfunction, but y’all don’t seem to mind.” Mason gave them an ecstatic grin. “I’m afraid you got the ol’ meat grinder all worked up, too, though. Who wants to be the first mess of the night?” Practically everyone in the crowd began jumping up and down, hands raised as they babbled pleas to take a trip through him. Mason combed the aisles of begging preysluts, until he finally found someone who refused to match his gaze.

“You, in the fourth row, baggy pants, get up here!” One of the lights drifted to his selection. A short brown mouse, wearing a thick pair of glasses and a pair of earplugs, snapped to attention, the blush apparent even through his bushy fur. With a bit of extra prodding from his jealous seatmates, the mouse slowly stepped towards the stage, his ass being groped and smacked by other fans congratutorily.

Once the fan reached the stage, Mason sauntered over to him, hips swaying and tail hovering like a blunt weapon. He loomed over the obviously intimidated fan, placing a hand on the brown mouse’s shoulder, and opened his mouth, letting his tongue poke out just enough to push his prey into squirming. “Well, aren’t you just a doll?” He cooed at the mouse, waving his fingers in his trademark command to strip. His choice obeyed, practically ripping the green shirt from his torso, and letting his baggy jeans fall to the ground.

“You’re built like I am, sweet thing!” Mason analyzed, ghosting the mouse’s toned stomach with one of his sharp nails. He heard his meal squeak beyond the encouraging cheers of the audience, and let his hand drift lower, keeping his eyes locked on the mouse’s own. He knew he hit the spot when the mouse’s squeaks grew even louder. “Don’t tell me that a cutie like you is a Miscreant, too. What’s your name?”

The mouse was grinning, even though he was still trembling with a mix of intimidation and excitement. “S-Scott…” The lithe mouse panted into the microphone, before Mason casually dragged his tongue over his meal’s face. “Well, would ya look at that, Scott… you’re already brown. That’ll really help make things easier for me.”

He heard Scott whisper something, and he set the microphone down on the stage, taking a few crucial steps to close the distance between himself and his prey. “What was that?” He said, voice softening so that he could only be heard by the mouse (and the front row).

“Y-You’re the best, Mace.” The mouse told him. Mason snorted, licked his lips, and muffled the mouse’s last squeal by engulfing his head, careful to keep the brown-furred snack tucked away from his teeth. He only bit when properly asked. The first swallow was enough to suck his shoulders into the ravenous croc, Mason’s greedy hands caressing his entire body and coaxing him upward. The androgyne-adjacent predator could feel himself already hardening at the hundreds of voyeurs watching him feast, only worsened by the olfactory arousal that he was tasting on the mouse. He let his teeth graze over Scott’s chest, laughing around the prey when he squealed and stiffened in the rocker’s hands.

There was going to be plenty more eating, though, and Mason was already getting tired of the cuteness of the mouse. He swallowed ravenously, opening his throat as soon as he had the air to do so, plunging the mouse into his depths at an expedient speed. Just as the brown-furred meal’s hips slid onto his tongue, he felt another flavor make itself known, as a salty sauce complimented his meal. He snickered, snatched Scott’s legs, and simply jammed them into his gullet, letting his mouth close behind the fan’s dainty feet.

He placed a hand on his inflated gut. “Shit… y’all always make me look like I got knocked up.” Just on time, the rest of the rodent splashed into his stomach, pushing it out with the visible bulge of the meal curled in a fetal position. “Can y’all believe that he blew his load on my tongue?” He snickered, ignoring the mass affirmative that came from the audience. “I mean, I didn’t realize that my music attracted so many preysluts. If you ain’t a miscreant, darlings, then you ought to be mulched by one.”

Mason’s stomach was a vice grip, so it wasn’t visible to the audience, but he could already feel the mouse squirming as his body was coated in incredibly powerful acids. The rodent was eradicated in less than forty seconds, barely enough time to hear the first notes of the next song in the concert. That left a swamp of stomach slop to be processed, but as Mason began to sing, the lyrics occasionally overwritten by belches as some of the gases his fan boiled into escaped upwards rather than downwards.

By the second verse, the demi-croc’s stomach had deflated, only a thin layer of pudge remaining of his first meal of the night. By the time that he wrapped up the song with an explosive, rancid blast of methane from his backside, his six-pack was back on display. He cackled at the audience, who eagerly cheered with anticipation for what was to come next.

He wrapped his fingers around his belt loops, and wiggled his heavyset hips back and forth, slowly dragging them down. He turned sideways so that his ass was on full display, his toned, half-scaled cheeks bouncing as he sprung free from the prison that was a pair of pants. He had skipped underwear with the express knowledge that pants would only stay on for the first tiny chunk of the show, so his thick shaft swayed as he moved, the crowd cheering and collectively moaning at his body. Mason felt the self-assured satisfaction rolling over his form, his jagged tail swaying back and forth like a cat swishing smugly.

“Y’all ready for the best part of this whole thing?” He squatted, using the microphone stand as a support as he shoved his dumptruck ass as far out as he could. He grunted, and let his tongue loll out as his pucker began to pulse with pressure. “Here comes a hell of a fan. He didn’t even ask for a dedication or his favorite song before he got slopped!”

There was nothing left to identify the mouse save the amount of shit that began spraying from the croc’s ass. Rather than being brown, barely solid clumps of swampy green assmud spilled onto the stage, barely maintaining a decent pile, but rapidly softening under its own weight. Everything that had once been Scott was left in the messy swamp of scat, blended into a uniform slop by Mason’s insides. The crowd oohed and aahed at the messy disposal, occasionally gasping as a brassy fart turned the coil into a loose spray for a split second.

Mason let out an uncharacteristically authentic moan into the microphone, and he widened his stance so that the audience could see his heavy cock bobbing up and down as he emptied his bowels for the next guest. “Y’all are a bunch of perverts.” He sneered at them, groaning as a clog of concentrated crap finally popped free. A blush found its way to his face as he panted, the dump pushing him to a hands free orgasm. He let his tongue hang lower out of his mouth as his cock finally sprayed three thick ropes of cum over the stage.

He locked eyes with the white-haired catboy who had taken most of the load onto his face, looking slightly astounded by the taste as it made its way into his mouth. “You’re just getting a preview, all of you.” He taunted the audience, listening as his bassist absentmindedly strummed. The band was really a front to suit Mason’s devouring needs, the live shows always devolving away from the albums and much more towards the croc’s needs.

“Even if y’all don’t realize, you’re all stains in the making. You wouldn’t have come to a live show if you didn’t know that deep down.” He walked over to the pile of clothes at the side of the stage, and scooped the green shirt into his clawed hand. He dragged the fabric up and down his ass, scrubbing what little flecks of leftover mouse remained. His stomach was so effective that he rarely had to wipe, save for the flair of such an act. Just in case, he turned around and spread his ass cheeks, giving the audience a view of his perfectly plump hole, perfectly clean from any hint of the damage it could do when given the chance. “Look clean to y’all?” The crowd whooped in affirmation.

He gave the shirt a lewd sniff, snorting the rustic odor of his own natural musk that now radiated from the fabric. There wasn’t any waste on it, just a thick streak of sweat from his crack mixed with the swampy musk concealed inside of his pucker. He shot the crowd a shit-eating grin, baring his fangs to all of them through the blacklight. He held the solid-colored shirt up to the lights and snickered once he saw a sea of illumination. “Well, that’s not just from me! No wonder that bowel blockage was so eager to get eaten. Ain’t no doubt in my mind that he painted that shirt time and time again dreaming about this.” He crumpled the shirt into a ball and tossed it into the audience.

“And you.” He blew a kiss to the catboy. “I always enjoy a cutie who looks good after a facial. Why don’t you help me give the rest of them a preview of what they’re going to end up as, okay, honey?” It didn’t take a second for the barely-clad catboy to scamper up onto the stage, wordlessly slumping to his knees and caressing the croc’s cock with his cheek.

“Goddamn…” Mason loomed over him, and shook his hips so that his shaft could slap the feline hard enough to make him mewl. “According to the last shit I took, whatever his name was, some of you guys call me Mace?” The crowd, save the catboy with his throat now stuffed with dick, roared in approval. “Y’all are mistaken.” He corrected. “This.” He pulled his cock free from its holster, only to slam in back into the catboy’s throat, giggling lowly as he gagged and teared up in accepting the size again. “This is my mallet.” He placed the mic on the stand, and used his now free hands to seize the catboy’s hair and fuck his throat without mercy, leaving thick trails of saliva to streak the catboy’s mouth and chest. “My gut is a meat grinder. Don’t get ‘em confused or it’ll be the last thing you do.”

He laughed, and waved his hand up, a signal for the next song to get moving. “Well, I take that back.” He slowed his pounding into the feline’s throat for emphasis, hilting in the fan’s mouth. “Y’all mess with me, whatever it is, it’ll be the last thing you do. Don’t want to mince words, I suppose.”

Mason began to croon into the microphone as he scratched the feline behind his ears, letting him slide back and forth over his shaft. The catboy’s face was red with arousal and excitement, and his skirt bulged obscenely with his own stubby dick. The first verse came out as a barely-veiled threat about the dangers of worshipping his cock, and Mason took pleasure in directing much of his lyricism at the catboy between his legs.

In contrast, the second verse swelled, and Mason pulled his hips back, sliding his spit-slicked shaft from the demi-cat’s mouth. One of his hands slid away from the preyslut’s head, instead moving to his cockhead. With a knowing grin, and a wink towards the rest of his fans, he parted his cockslit, and thrust gently towards the feline. The catboy gasped, and rose slightly, crawling along the floor on his hands and knees in order to stare into the cum-scented abyss in front of him. His skirt rode up, and he exposed his own fat ass to the crowd, who yelped and hollered at the sight of his poofed-up, swishing tail, and the dangling nuts of the prey.

“Y’all know what they say about curiosity and cats, right?” He teased, using the hand still in the feline’s hair to shove him into the croc cock, snickering as the feline stiffened, before he too let out a pathetically loud moan and stained the stage with his own pitiful load. He gave the feline a final scratch behind the ears before bucking his hips and slurping the feline’s neck into his shaft.

His cock already well lubricated from the previous orgasm, it was only a matter of force to compact the feline into his slit. The cat didn’t mind helping, his purrs making him like a vibrating sanding rod. The femboy’s legs kicked back and forth as he tried to stuff himself deeper into Mason’s pole. He stuffed his shoulders in before the crocodile boy could do it himself.

“Damn, no wonder catboys are one of my favorite foods. They’re all so slutty, and they’re damn flexible. Ain’t that right?”

The femboy pushed his chest inside, leaving only his plump ass sticking out of the slit. It would’ve been a challenge, but Mason had a different idea. The inside of his shaft was lubed enough with his spunk that it could digest the feline just as effectively as his nuts, even more when he massaged his nuts. He slowly began to roll the baseball-sized low hangers back and forth, essentially edging himself. The cum threatened to spray out, but it was restrained backwards, rising just enough to coat the upper half of the catboy. Slowly, he watched the kicks grow more frantic and could feel his balls swelling with freshly brewed ball batter. Then, as suddenly as the kicks had started, he heard his nuts rumble contentedly, and felt the feline in his dick go limp, feet slapping against the ground without any control.

The feline’s legs still jutted out, and he shot the audience an almost demonic grin. “Y’all want to see what happens to cuties who play near my cock?” The audience whooped in approval, and he squeezed the cat’s legs together. Ignoring the groan of protest from his nuts, he pulled backwards, until half of the catboy managed to spring free. His hips were positively soaked in white spunk, but he ended there. His head and lean chest had been completely spunked, and were now floating in the croc’s nuts, slowly being overwritten into another fertile load of jizz.

The audience went positively wild as Mason let him go, and let the half-melted feline hit the ground with a splatter. The cum on his thighs was still working on cooking him down, and the catboy’s lower half slowly began to develop a creamy sheen as a puddle formed around him. Save for the spunk coating his hips, the upper half of the catboy had been completely erased.

Mason guffawed at the audience. “I was trying to stir up some ruckus. Didn’t realize all of you loads in the making would get so worked up, though, goodness.” He laughed almost callously, feeling his cock grow rock-hard at the sight of the decimated catboy. “Shouldn’t waste a good snack, though. Don’t suppose one of you wants to help me lube up my butt with him?” A few girls booked it towards the stage, but the first one to make it was a small, almost pastel pink vixen, her ears just as big as her head.

She stared down at the catboy’s remains with a visible jealousy, scooping a bit of the spunk he had been boiled into her palm and licking it clean, meeting the croc’s gaze almost shyly. “Well, get to it, pinky.” He ordered her, letting the growl in his voice intensify until the little fennec yipped in delight. “Why are y’all so easy to read?” He asked them all. “All it takes is a little gruffness and ain’t none of y’all refusing the offer to get destroyed by this southern boy.”

The fennec was small enough that she struggled to heft up the lower half of the cocksnack, but she managed, jamming his cum-soaked half into the awaiting pucker of the punk. Mason wriggled his butt at her, whispering something away from the microphone that made her slump to her knees in an instant. There was enough lubricating from the catboy’s remains that he was slurped in a matter of seconds like fresh noodles, their limpness only contributing to the ease of consumption. Then, the pink fennec pressed her snout against the self-creampied hole, and pushed her head in, her hands squeezing against his scaled tush. As her head was slurped into the same abyss, she slapped his cheeks three times with both hands, tail wagging back and forth as she felt his cheeks jiggle around her, the fatty flanks flattening as a wave of force rolled through them.

She patiently put her hands to her sides, and thrashed against him, the force stretching him out and making it more palatable to consume her in only a few clenches. The croc let his tail flick about as his stomach was finally stuffed with the catboy’s legs, gesturing at long last for the next song to start. “I’ve gotta be honest.” He pointed at the silent salamander in the back, who had a slight look of bemusement on his face. “Sloane’s been nagging me a lot lately. He’s been telling me we can’t start having some jazz in our music.”

The crowd whined in apparent support of the frontman, a hollow act that nonetheless made Mason feel incredibly smug. “Well, I keep telling him, how can we not when I can make such amazing brass?” He shook his ass at the audience, the motion shaking the vixen about like a ragdoll. With her shoulders gone, his backside had a complete hold on her; she was completely his, hands-free. He gripped the microphone as a jazzy beat started to play, and he began to croon, slow dancing with the microphone stand. He made sure to do plenty of dips, showing off his fat ass and motioning in a way that practically slurped up the feisty little fennec without any serious effort. By the time that two minutes had passed in the song, his pucker had clamped shut once again, but his stomach was bloated out intensely.

The fishnet top he was wearing was beginning to fray in certain spots as his swollen gut shuddered and struggled. Inside, his stomach was filled to the brim with intense acids, so powerful that the meat inside was boiled down into a slop that was then condensed and condensed until it ceased to even be liquid. His audience watched in veritable amazement as the bulge slowly drifted downwards, as his intestines began to swell with gallons of methane, the only thing that remained of either the fennec or that half of the catboy.

“I had some egghead swoop in and tell me that I was worsening global warming with all of this methane.” He wiggled his tush at the audience, and touched his tummy, ensuring that he was full of enough gas to put on a good show. Once he was content, he turned his ass towards the crowd, and let the jazzy instrumentation intensify, as his asshole began to yawn, and spray the audience with a thick cloud of methane. The farts roared out, hearty and brassy, the lingering smell of death and wet dog tainting their essence. Had it been on an album, and compressed, it would have sounded enough like a trumpet to pass, Mason knew. After all, that was how he had created the acclaimed brass interludes in their last album.

“Wasn’t my fault that he made it even worse.” The demi-croc taunted, continuing to further marinate his audience in freshly-brewed methane. “Y’all think he smelled like rotten eggs?”

Towards the top of the venue, there was already a slightly smoggy drape of ex-fan floating about. Certain fans were taking heavy whiffs of the intoxicating brew, while others broke into additionally lewd activities, losing their clothes and beginning to enjoy themselves in earnest.

He continued into an impromptu solo, his ass hissing and sputtering as firecracker farts added their own rhythm to the song. Fans whirred to life, breaking up all that remained of his previous meals into nothing but regular air, simply erasing them from existence.

Once his reserves of gas withered away, and he was left to merely whistle what little pressure remained out of his colon, Mason was able to feel all three hungers within him strengthening simultaneously. He was getting bored of the singing, anyways.

“Who’s up for riding the wave?” That turned the crowd’s attention right back to him. Behind him, Sloane snickered and started up a long instrumental piece, the ambience for the true depravity that always came. After all, this was Mason’s signature move on stage. “Sounds good to me!” He took a running start off of the stage, and leapt into the sea of people, tucking his knees towards his chest. A horse had her arms up to catch him, but the angle perfectly sent her arms up his arse like a sort of inverse diver. There was a loud slurp as he welcomed her into his body, before his ass smacked the ground with a hearty thud.

In an instant, the crocodile boy was swarmed by the greedy hands of his fans, each one sneaking a squeeze or grope as they worked in tandem to scoop him off of the ground. Slowly, without any need for his own effort, Mason felt himself being carried along the crowd in a sort of jagged diagonal, every inch of him being worshipped by travelling and cheering hands. Before long, he saw people in his floating path squatting down to the floor.

Once he passed over the first husky girl to do so, he realized what was happening; she jolted up and jammed her head into his fat schlong. As soon as a part of her body cleared the threshold into his dick, it was melted, and she was left dripping back onto the floor, creating another fluorescent spot for the blacklight to reach. Through the faucet-drip of ex fans, others shoved themselves up into his pole, slowly inflating his balls until they were each the size of sloshing beach balls.

Even as the number of fans necessary to keep him up grew exponentially, a very similar amount took the chance to crawl up his sewer chute, Mason not even seeing the faces of the fans that he would be destroying with his body. Of course, that was part of the appeal; unlike other predatory celebs, he refused to even pretend to care about the fans that he destroyed. They knew that they were food, and so did he, and that was the end of that.

He watched a line of kneeling men and women of all species form directly in front of him, each one within range of his pulsing cobra of a cock. The crowd took pains to move him just quick enough to accommodate each sacrifice to his fat nuts. Some of them, like a deer with fat knockers that was the second to vanish within his pole, managed to make it to his nuts, which was comparably a safe zone compared to his shaft. Those that hung around at the base of cock were often melted into the snow-colored slush that painted the floor in musky streaks.

Out of the dozens that made it past his slit, roughly two thirds of them passed the point of no return in his nuts, while the lightest and smallest of his fanbase were creamed almost instantly. As for the tens of eager audience members that crept into his backdoor to be processed into fertilizer, none of them had yet been wasted by his body. Instead, they were packed like sardines into his winding intestines, and slowly slurped up the trail until they squelched past his sphincter, entering his unnaturally flexible stomach, which was rapidly becoming incredibly packed.

Nonetheless, his stomach soon hung down to the ground with squirming imprints within, and to their credit the remaining members of the audience still tried to heft him up, but it was growing harder and harder. One in front of him began to falter, squealing out an apology towards him. Mason forgave her by opening his mouth, and offering her a trip down his VIP tunnel. He took it without hesitation, the canine sticking his toes into the crocs’s maw and slowly hefting himself up, until he was able to slide in like a waterslide. The bassline that filled the venue slowly faded away, just in time for Mason to clamp his jaw shut behind the most recent meal.

As the crowd gave up on maintaining the wave and set him down, Mason let out an explosive belch that pushed the fur of some audience members back, and drawing an eager cheer from those around him. Roughly half of the venue had been packed into his body, roughly three tons of meat between his sack and his gut, both of which were shuddering wildly as an orgy erupted inside of him. Mason stared over the wide sea that had become his body.

“I don’t mean to keep flip-flopping on y’all… but maybe calling my body a meat grinder wasn’t truthful. Y’all want to see what a trash compactor can do?” The unclaimed prey that surrounded him all seemed to sneak additional gropes of his stuffed form, giving him a more earnest encouragement than the monotone cheers that always started a show. He giggled, and focused, letting his stomach begin to clench down on the meals in the making below him.

In order to kickstart the same process in his nuts, he began to thrust against his tummy, sending both parts of his anatomy into a frenzy. As his cock stretched into his rubbery gut, he began to make the acids slosh like ocean waves over his prey. He occasionally felt the ass or maw of one of the prey inside, their last cries muffled by the raucous roars of his stomach. Rapidly, the fifty-plus people in his gut began to soften into something like chocolate, losing form and merging into a uniform swampy soup that sloshed about, further reducing into a creamy fudge consistency before it finally began to drain downwards. The lingering goop that clung to his stomach walls, on the other hand, stayed in place. Those pieces of people would be further evaporated, the mass boiled away until all that was left was methane.

That uniform slop drained downwards, the excess nutrients that were rapidly absorbed rapidly inflating the croc. For a few seconds, Mason slowly gained weight, gaining roughly two-hundred pounds from the tons that he had eradicated with his gut. That didn’t last, though, as his rapid metabolism kicked into overdrive, erasing that corpulence into empty calories, concentrating that compacted fat back into his gut for a second round of processing.

As his intestines began to accommodate the sea of adoring fans, Mason continued to fuck his barrel gut, his face growing red as he pushed himself closer and closer to orgasm. He was further encouraged by his voyeuristic fans, who massaged every part of his body that he would allow them to reach. On stage, the band had largely tapered off. For his part, Sloane was smoking a cigarette, watching things unfold with an intense disinterest. Mason shot him a smug look, the croc’s greed coming into full play.

“I love that you’re all mine.” He told the crowd. “Can’t wait to bake all of ya down into sewer sludge. Isn’t that the rumor with crocs, living in the sewers? Sweeties, I don’t live there. I just make them uninhabitable, with your nasty help.”

His taunting pushed him closer and closer to the edge. Inside of his nuts, the orgy inside was marinating in his spunk. Their bodies slowly grew more white and transparent, but unlike the gut they didn’t lose form on their own. Once Mason was ready, he let out a heavy grumble of excitement, and thrust against his gut, yelping as his sack began to tighten. In a split second, his sack squeezed tight, compacting every last occupant in his nuts upwards towards the open air. With only a wet gurgle as their last words, the volunteers were sprayed right onto his lower gut, staining his lower legs and creating a massive white puddle around him, that a couple of fans began to lap up around him. He rose up and watched them with eager glee.

A pair of humans were licking up the mess loyally, a cute look of focused devotion on their faces. They were so enraptured in the task that they failed to notice the tingling on their bodies as the hot spunk that was soaking into their clothes was still digestive. In a short while, they only stretched the width of the puddles, losing the ability to bear their own weight and slumping into the cum, which only converted their cells into more squirming sperm at a quicker space. As Mason waddled back towards the stage, he left behind him twin puddles of spooge, two piles of sloppy, soaked-through clothes dead center in each one.

“Shit.” Mason sighed under his breath as he hefted himself up the stairs, the remaining bloat in his gut only due to the fashion in which all of his meals had been compacted into his colon. He snickered at his own expletive. “I suppose I don’t have to say that, given y’all know what they were baked down into, right? Don’t be jealous. Won’t be long before all of ya will be nothing but butt mud or ball batter.”

He raised his tail and used his tail to spread his cheeks, keeping his ass hovering over the audience area. The forty or so remaining attendees watched with bated breath as he slowly relaxed his muscles, and with a sickeningly wet gurgle his hole sputtered out the first rope of fan-turned butt baked brownie batter. “Don’t hang around the outhouse unless you want to get real messy, folks. Come on stage and let’s wrap up this show.” He crooned at them.

The audience swarmed the stage as the swampy muck began to spread out around the floor of the venue, steaming with the remnant heat of the crocodile’s colon and barely able to support its own weight. Once the audience members that were the least processed had escaped him, however, the muck slowly solidified into something much more creamy, going from a stewed meat to a soft-serve ice cream… but the smell still remained. There was something akin to rancid spice that hovered around the stage, but Mason was used to it, and paid it no mind. Instead, he merely wolf-whistled as the muck blooming from his bum grew thicker, and it began to be interrupted by brassy, sputtering, twice-brewed braps.

“Goddamn, you guys are the best crowd I’ve had all year!” He drawled, as an effeminate husky fell to his knees and began to caress and smooch his cock, smearing it with lipstick all over. Just as he was about to compliment the canine’s efficacy, an almost identical one plunged her hands into his maw, a gesture that he was far too polite to refuse. Instead of the smartass comment that he had planned on, Mason merely rumbled with delight around her hands. He refused to swallow at this point, far too lazy to put any effort into feeding himself. After all, he had no doubt that his audience wouldn’t put in the effort of reducing themselves to slop.

His expectations were validated as she heaved his heavy jaws open and began to stuff herself down his gullet, as the titular twang of Sloane’s guitar filled the room. The five note rhythm made the remaining audience squeal in delight, the amplitude of the noise a far cry from the audience that he had started with. The fans had known the track for years as a live exclusive, the regular grand finale that they had nicknamed “Erasure” on their fan mixes. It was the message from the Miscreants that the concert was wrapping up, and any who had not yet experienced their frontman’s gut or nuts were expected to do so as soon as possible.

Thankfully, much of the piece was instrumental, leaving Mason’s maw free to do the hard job of gobbling up the fans that remained, as his ass continued to belch a hot trail of fertilizer into the shitpit that had been the audience’s ground. It could have tapered off, but the husky vanished into his vortex of a throat just soon enough to be smelted into an extension of the same coiling pile.

Then, it was practically a fight to maintain the coil. His fans plunged down his gullet without hesitation, pressing each other in with their palms in order to maintain the coil. A conga line of soon-to-be coils of croc crap formed all around the stage, wrapping around the other members of the band as they played without attention towards their crude frontman.

Mason began to hum around them, his throat rumbling as the last dozen or so attendees prepared for their fate. Those in the back stared at the massive steaming piles of assmud around them with a sort of jealousy, and gorgeous eagerness to experience the same fate. His rumbling throat seemed to urge them to expedite the process, the next sacrifice gripping the previous one’s legs in order to be yanked down along with them. Mason had to give them credit- the crowd’s dedication to continuing the coil was impressive.

The logs had taken on a galaxy of colors, as each person melted down into their own unique shade, some an olive green, some an inky black. Each one was still a unique fan, at least until the sanitation crew slurped up the muck with their machines to ship it out to local farms. It was a taunt that Mason always gave to his fans, an impromptu little quote that had made it onto shirts, stickers, lingerie, toilet paper…”

As the last sacrifice for the show plunged her arms inside of his gullet, Mason locked warm eyes with the quivering rabbit that seemed to try and force herself deeper. He swallowed and held, creating a vacuum seal over her arms in order to keep her still. She squeaked against him, obviously intimidated.

Mason held her there as the coil came to a sputtering stop, and the constant slapping noise of shit creaking from his hole was overwritten by a number of brassy, moist farts that reeked of cinnamon and sulfur. Once the massive shit finally finished, leaving the entire venue stained in brown, the blacklight working overtime to illuminate the spools of dna that soaked into the entire mess, he then let his throat stretch again, letting the warm look he gave her fade into a cocky, almost monstrous smile, before he swallowed, and sent her entire form into his gut with a single swallow. She lasted less than a second in his gut before she was completely erased into slop.

“What was that, darling?” He asked her, giving his slightly inflated gut a shake that made it audibly slosh. “Did you say you loved me? What was your name again? Aw, hell, I ain’t got time to love all of my concert crap.”

He heard a moan from between his legs, and stared down to the husky that was still loyally slobbering on his knob. At the grin, the canine rose to his feet and stepped as if to crawl into his mouth, but Mason raised a hand to stop him. “You know how it goes, cutie pie. Last survivor of the concert gets a special reward!”

“O-Oh..?” The husky asked, his voice a dainty falsetto. His cock peeked from his skirt though, obviously betraying his gender. “W-Well… this is my first concert, so…”

“Don’t play coy, sweetie. This is everybody here’s first Miscreants concert, save me and the boys. Everybody else gets slopped. That’s stated clearly in the tickets.”

The husky shuddered as a red-hot blush bloomed onto his face, obvious even though his white fur.

“I’ll at least ask your name before I tell you what the prize is.”

The husky gulped, and a hand covered by a striped arm warmer reached down to massage his boner. “I’m Jesse, Mr. Mason…”

“You’re among friends here, Jesse, you ain’t gotta call me mister. Tell me. Was that your sister who decided to keep that fat shit going?”

“Leliana, y-yeah…” He yipped out, laying his head against the rocker’s shoulder. “She used to get off talking about getting slopped by you.”

Mason giggled. “She did a good job. Got everybody mulched nice and efficiently. Shame she only gets to do it once. Want to join her?”

The husky was trembling with excitement, and barely even able to mouth his approval.before Mason shoved him back down to his knees and levelled his shaft at the canine, slamming it down on him like a striking snake. However, he was not one of those that were boiled into ball batter before being permitted to experience time within the croc-boy’s boiling insides. Although the heavy load of remaining spunk soaked into his fur and matted it down, the husky was safely deposited in the sack, left to rub one out for himself as the rocker went back to work.

There were a few more moments in which Mason crooned to an audience of absolutely eradicated fans, their bodies all compacted into thousands of gallons of steaming shit and methane, leaving Jesse to listen in solitude from the echo chamber of the croc’s bubbling nuts, fapping for as long as Mason would let him.

At the last crescendoing note, the croc-boy let his voice swell, before it was at long last accompanied by a rancid roar from his backside. A number of shoestring coils of shit slapped onto the stage, less than a pound of waste from the rabbit girl that was the last to meet her end in that manner. At the same time, he gave his cocks a few strokes, letting the massive meat swell and begin brewing a thick load. Jesse was experienced enough to notice the tingling, and the husky began to shovel handfuls of the sweetened spunk into his mouth, until at long last his hand turned white and fell apart in his throat, disappearing into his gut and then dissolving him from the inside.

Astounded by the ferocity of the croc’s cum, the husky began to enjoy the fruity taste that he himself contributed to the spunk, as he was overwritten and melted into a thick load of nut butter. Out of everyone in the audience, he took the longest to digest, solely a result of Mason’s mercy at hearing him moan so cutely through his sack. That was still only a few minutes, and soon beads of cum began to drip from his cock onto the pitiful pile.

Mason stroked his cock with a similar intensity, milking himself until he was snarling and snapping at the heavily tainted air, pushing him closer and closer to an intense closer of an orgasm. Thick ropes of the husky soon splattered against the coils, splattering them into the stage and completely soaking them with fresh spunk. The croc growled as he milked his cock of all of the remnant streaks of his fans, not only the husky but some who had remained inside to lubricate his nuts. Once he grew tired of the feeling of pissing cum, he let the flow taper off, and turned his ass to the crowd.

He let out one more, massive fart, so powerful that it visibly created streaks of wind, and roared so hard that it created a clean spot on the otherwise swampy floor. He examined the clean spot with a scowl. “That won’t do at all. I always was told that if was gonna do something to do it right, and I said I was gonna ruin this venue, darn it.”

He pointed his cock at the divet, and hissed as his cock relieved another need. A massive spray of piss thicker than his wrist and incredibly pungent began to shotgun from his cock, mixing with the assmud and creating an even more depraved slop. The unique streaks and colors of each of his fans were forced to slough together into a uniform yellow-soaked slop, making the rancid venue more like a bog than a swamp. Roughly a thousand gallons escaped his bladder before he was able to finish, barely three inches away from soaking the stage too. Mason grinned. The number of tickets was perfectly adjusted by the toilet capacity of the audience area, and this performance had gone above and beyond. For the first time all night, he let himself wrinkle his nose at the stench, as he turned around and walked backstage. After a moment of admiration for his ability to make an incredible mess, the rest of the Miscreants joined him back on the tour bus, ready to chow down on some leftover roadies and make plans for the next controversial part of their tour.