

A

Permanent Vacation

By

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The warm wind streamed through the window and ruffled Makuta's dark-blue fur as he tried in vain to stifle another yawn. The cat had made good progress so far that day and, despite really needing it, he didn't want to stop driving. As this was the first day of his long-awaited vacation and there wasn't anything that could stop him from enjoying it.

That had been the idea at least. However, his bladder soon started to complain, and his stomach chimed in to join it with its own, rather persistent, noise. So, he grudgingly decided that a break might be a good idea after all. Besides, he needed to stretch his legs anyway. Which was quite handy, as he was already passing the first of several exits for Seldon; one of the larger cities in the area.

He took the next exit off the highway and spent a half-hour or so meandering around while exploring the area. During which, he passed by a large plaza near the center of town and decided it was as good a spot as any to pull over to take in the sights for a bit and stretch his legs. Not to mention find a bathroom... preferably one very, very close by.

After taking care of the more immediately pressing issue, he proceeded to wander the area and explore for a bit. Despite really wanting to get back on the road and resume the drive, he allowed his legs to carry him about the streets for another hour or so. Each step moving him further into the city and showing him more interesting ever-intriguing sights.

Which turned out to be a rather pleasant experience. As after only a couple of blocks, he felt the anxiety and slight frustration drain through his legs and onto the cobblestones under his feet. This trip was about his getting out to explore and relax, wasn't it, so why not take a while to explore?

Soon, however, his curious exploration led to a rather parched throat and he started to direct his steps toward a place to slake it. Which, oddly enough, didn't take very long at all for him to find. As after only a couple of blocks, a plain, non-descript door seemed to appear out of a small crook in the wall as he rounded a corner.

The only indication of what lay beyond was a small, simple sign that said, 'Nathan's Pocket.' Makuta didn't think much of the name but shrugged and entered anyway. As he really needed a drink just then and that was probably as good a place as any other.

Once inside, it took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the darkness within after leaving the cheerful brightness of the sunny day outside. As the room came into focus though, he saw that it

was practically empty, with its only occupant being a rather bored-looking fox. Dressed in the usually minimal attire that most furs tended to wear, taking the form of a simple vest. As to what covered his lower extremities could not be determined just then but was most likely shorts or something similar. Just big enough to cover the sensitive bits and satisfy whatever moral standards applied in the area.

The vulpine perked up, however, as Makuta took several more steps inside and started to look as though he was busy. Which was the usual obsessive-compulsive barkeep trope of polishing a clearly already clean glass. Although, he did it with enough vigor and confidence that it did the job nicely.

“Why, good afternoon, my good friend,” the fox said with a jovial smile as she motioned to one of the many empty stools. “Come in, have a seat, relax and let me pour you a drink to wet your whistle.”

“Sure, why not,” Makuta said with a shrug as he took a seat and began to inspect the rows of colorful bottles that lined the wall behind the bar.

He ordered a drink and watched with mild interest as the publican mixed and served it. The fox's hands moving with a subtle, fluidic grace as they grabbed bottles and blended it all together.

“So...” the fox began as he placed the drink before the feline, “...You, ah... from around here? It’s a bit early for most furs to be out and you don’t look like one of our regulars.”

“Oh, no,” Makuta said after swallowing a mouthful of his drink, “I’m just passing through. Heading down towards the coast for a couple of days.”

“Ah, I see...” the fox muttered through a thoughtful look, “...Well, I suppose it’s good to get away from work every once in a while. Spend a few days with family and friends.”

Makuta shook his head as he took another sip, savoring the flavor for a moment before letting it slip down his gullet. “No, just taking some personal time. In fact, I’ve made it a point to try and not let too many people know where I’m going,” he said as the alcohol started to create a pleasant buzz in his brain. “The more privacy I have, the better,” he added with a shrug, “Right?”

“I see,” the barman said with a gesture toward Makuta’s now nearly empty glass. “So...” he continued with causal inquiry as he placed another drink before the feline, “...What convinced you to stop and visit our fair city along the way, eh?”

“An empty stomach and a full bladder, for the most part,” Makuta replied with the realization that he probably shouldn’t be drinking so much on such an empty stomach. “But it was also a good chance to stretch my legs and explore a bit.”

“All very good reasons indeed,” the host replied with a nod. “Say, since you’re a guest and all, would you be interested in trying something really, ah... special?” he queried as a small, green bottle was produced from an inside vest pocket. “A special drink we reserve for our very *special* visitors.”

Makuta examined it with a dubious look for a moment. “I’m not sure that I should drink too much on an empty stomach,” he said with a frown. “In fact, I think I may have already had enough for the moment.”

The fox smiled and made a dismissive gesture. “Why, that’s no problem at all, my good friend, I can always whip up something for you in the back really quick, if you’d like.”

Makuta considered the fox for a time. Wondering if he shouldn’t just pay the sly vulpine and leave, as he really felt the need to get back on the road. However, his ever-present feline curiosity soon got the better of him. After all, he’d heard that some of these places made their own special drinks that were pretty good, if not a bit questionable.

So, he gave a little shrug and gestured toward the ominous little flask. “Sure, why not, I guess there isn’t any harm in taking a small draft of it. I’m already getting a bit tipsy as it is,” he said then looked around the bar before adding, “Is there a menu or something I can look at.”

“Oh... there's no need for that, my good friend, we don’t have much of a selection anyway,” the barkeep said as he rummaged around under the bar for something. “Although,” he continued as he found what he sought and placed a sheet of paper before Makuta, “I will need you to sign this first.”

Makuta looked at the form in silence for a moment as he tried to get his eyes to focus on the small text that covered it. “What’s this for?” he asked with narrowed eyes, “Is the food really that bad?”

The vulpine laughed and shook his head. “Oh no, it’s just a simple release form,” he said as his dark-furred finger pointed toward the signature line at the bottom. “This drink’s a bit... well... *strong*, so, it’s best to have you sign one of these. That way... should *something* happen... all parties are covered. I’m sure you can understand.”

The feline looked down at the form, but the room's darkness and alcohol conspired to keep his eyes from focusing on the text. He was able to make out the words, ‘...Subject released from all...’ and ‘...acknowledges dangers of...’ as well as ‘...could lead to possible loss of...’ though. However, he seemed to understand the gist of it after going over the text several times. So, with a shrug, he took the proffered pen and signed the form as clearly as he could, given his lightheadedness.

The barman seemed like he was trying to hide a little smirk as he poured out a well-measured shot and handed it to the swaying feline. The liquid within was rather strange-smelling and a bit on the thick side, but he figured that now was a bad time to back out. He tipped the drink back and swallowed the tart mouthful in a quick gulp that coated his mouth with an odd oily substance and burned his throat. Which then set fire to his belly and sent an alarming tingle through his body.

Makuta set the glass back onto the bar and went to comment on the overall experience of the drink. However, before his lips could form anything, the world spun and went suddenly dark. The last he remembered, was a weird, sinking sensation along with a sudden increase in volume of the fox’s voice, all while the vulpine guffawed softly at him.

* * *

Makuta awoke sometime later, surrounded by darkness, with a soft groan as his pounding head chastised him for having drunk so much. Whatever they’d put in that last drink had really hit him hard. His main concern, for the moment at least, was that he'd been robbed, or worse, and began to feel around for the belt pouch with his wallet and so forth.

Although the moment he tried to move and get up, he froze in horror as the realization swept through him that he was now both naked and tied up. His hands and feet having been bound with some kind of rough, thick rope. It was hard to tell exactly what it was, but it was certainly too tough for his claws to have any substantial impact.

As time passed, and his senses continued to return to him, he noticed that wherever he was shifted and moved in strange ways. Not like one would expect the back of a vehicle to anyway. While the various muffled noises of the streets and close conversations reverberated through the dimly lit walls. Walls that made the area far too big to be even a large truck.

The effect of which made seem as though he was in a moderately sized room that bounced along the sidewalk. It wasn't quite as alarming as it should have been though, due to the weird combination of it all being oddly calming. As though every that was happening was far too weird and bizarre to really be happening to him.

After another moment of struggling against his bindings, he bumped into something. Where he looked over to see that he wasn't alone. All around him, bound just as he was, were an array of other furs, perhaps nine to eleven of them. The sight only further confused and alarmed him about what the hell was going on.

The motion suddenly stopped, where a rather loud, yet muffled, conversation occurred above them for a time. After which, the room accelerated downward and stopped with a teeth-rattling thump, and the roof was peeled away to send light pouring down onto the assembled group. Where their heads all strained to look up through the blinding light and to see what was going on.

Which didn't take very long at all. As the massive head of a vixen appeared and loomed above them, while her eyes played over them, each dancing with eager delight. It soon swung down to get a closer look at the group. The action sending her sweet-smelling breath gusting down against them and filling the space with the scent of her fur.

Makuta's eyes widened in curious horror as the giant fox's head came into focus. The terrifying size of it allowed him to make out every small detail. From the texture of her dark, moistened lips as they twisted into a smile, to how each, individual hair of her muzzle looked and twitched.

"They're perfect," she said after with a toothy smile after a moment or two, her voice booming around the small space, "And so many of them. Where did you manage to find them?"

Her head withdrew and they all craned to listen to the conversation, with mounting concern, as the two vulpines casually discussed their fate.

“Oh, come now, Penny,” the male, who's voice was rather familiar, chided, “You know I’m not one to kiss and tell, as it were. But, suffice it to say that I acquired a couple here and there in the usual manner.”

“Fair enough,” she replied with a little sigh as her head peered in at them again briefly.

His voice shifted down to a low, conspiratorial tone as he added, “Although, one of them was an eager and willing volunteer to be included with the rest.”

“Really?” she inquired with notable intrigue, “It’s always nice to get an enthusiastic toy on display every now and then. However, all that really matters is whether they're here legally and all. I assume you have the proper paperwork, you know how hard it is to sell them otherwise.”

He made a noise of mock indignation. “Me, not remember to get the forms filled out? For shame...”

“Just like you *remembered* to get them completed when you brought in that big group of a couple dozen or so, only six months ago?”

“Come on,” he said with a sigh, “That was a onetime occasion, and besides, how could I have passed up such a large group of willing participants. They might have changed their minds if I’d brought out a clipboard and bored them with all the *gory details* involved. Besides, they could still have signed them after being reduced, it’s just harder to read is all.”

“Still, they were a pain in the ass to move, Nathan,” she hissed at him, “Even with them begging to leave with each customer that came in. And yes, I could have had them sign the forms before putting them on display. But by that time, it was already too late to be legal, as you very well know. So, do you have the fucking forms or not?”

Nathan let out a long sigh as a shadow rolled over the box from a stack of papers that were passed between the two. Makuta managed to catch a glimpse of one as it bent slightly from the breeze and saw, with dread, that it was identical to the release form he’d signed earlier. The bastard must have tricked him into signing some kind of paperwork to make whatever they’d done to him legal or something.

The fact that he’d been tricked into whatever it was that now awaited him managed to piss him off more than anything else. And as the sound of her flipping through the paperwork echoed

around the container, he struggled with furious effort against his bonds. Which proved to be just as vain as before. Where the only result being the fur on his arms nearly rubbed off from the friction.

“Hmm... everything seems to be in order here,” she said after a moment with only a tinge of surprise. “Your usual fee then, I assume?”

“Of course,” he replied as his hand slid drifted into view above them. “Although, just so you know, I’m going to have to raise my rates at some point. It’s getting harder to ”

“Careful now,” she said in a sweet, yet clearly venomous tone, “Don’t bite the hand and all... or else you’ll end up in a box just like this yourself. And who knows, I may decide to keep you around for myself, why, just think of all the fun we could have together...”

Nathan gave a soft, nervous chuckle at realizing it likely wasn’t an idle threat. Then left, the bell above the door tinkling merrily as he went.

“Now then,” she said after a moment of silence as her face again appeared above them. “Let’s get you little ones out of there so that I can have a proper look at you. I’d like to see what you’re all worth, and whether or not that crook is trying to screw me over somehow.”

Her large, nimble fingers reached in to pluck them out one by one. When they finally came in to close around Makuta, he tried to wriggle away and avoid her grasp. Which proved fruitless and only seemed to amuse her more than anything.

“My... aren’t you a spirited little fella,” she mused as her fingers plucked him from the box with a firm, yet gentle, grip. She held him in front of her massive face as she let her large, yellow eyes play over him as she added, “I like that, and do keep it up. As it always fetches a better price when there’s a good bit of fight in you.”

She placed him down onto a soft cloth, laid over a long tray, with the others she’d already removed while the rest of the group were collected. When they’d all been arranged, she tossed the box aside and carried the tray out of the room and into a small back office. Where she set it down on a desk before sitting in the small chair before it and gazing down at them inquisitively.

Her muzzle again drifted down close to loom over them, as gusts of warm, humid breath washed across the tray. Penny shifted her gaze between them for a time as she closely inspected her

newest merchandise. After a moment of this though, her expression darkened as her eyes fell onto one of them.

“Hmm... what’s this?” Penny said to herself as she bit her lip in a thoughtful manner. “I keep telling that careless rube that I can’t sell damaged product,” she added as her black-furred hand snaked out to snatch one of them up.

Makuta and the rest watched as she picked up an Otter by the legs between her thumb and forefinger. Who twisted, and writhed while crying out in distress as she lifted him up toward her face. She held him up, just before her muzzle, as gave his fur a very close inspection. Where parts had become discolored and even noticeably thinned in several places.

She made a disgruntled sound in her throat as she turned him over several times. Thinking that he must’ve had some kind of accident or was recovering from a rather nasty skin ailment. Either way, she couldn’t sell him in such a condition, even with a discount, as she prided herself on only carrying top merchandise.

There would have to be a *discussion* with Nathan about that later, the stupid tod knew better than to try and pass off such inferior stock. Perhaps it was time to finally *dispose* of him after all and find a new supplier. One that wasn’t an overly ambitious con-artist, who’s only real benefit was having the right connections to acquire a steady supply of serum.

The thought of the fate that most likely lay in store for Nathan made her suddenly aware of the slight grumble in her belly. With everything going on she’d failed to notice how late in the day it was getting and had even managed to miss lunch earlier. No matter, she had an easy solution for that little problem right there in her fingers. After all, there wasn’t anything else that could really be done with him at that point.

Certainly not restore his size, that much was clear. Which may not be even possible... for all she knew about how the drug worked. And, of course, letting him go was unthinkable, as the last thing she needed was a visit from the authorities. Besides, whether knowing what he was doing or not, he’d signed his life away and was basically property now.

She pondered about keeping him in the shop for a second, as having an adorable micro around to do odd jobs here and there could be handy sometimes. Perhaps even as a little mascot or similar; something to have around as a sample for her special clientele. But realized that, in the end,

the little otter would be more trouble than he was worth, and besides, she was far too hungry at that point to give the matter any more serious thought. So, with a sigh, she extended a claw to cut the twine that bound his hands and feet, then licked her lips and opened her mouth before him.

They all watched with shocked horror as she tossed the still struggling otter into her gaping maw with little ceremony. Where his shrill cries could just be made out from within her cavernous mouth as she worked him around for a moment to enjoy whatever flavor came from him. After a second or two though, as though he were nothing more than a simple hors d'oeuvre, she swallowed him with a small, casual gulp.

Makuta's eyes locked onto the little, squirming lump as it traveled down her slender, red-and-white furred neck. Unable to turn away until it passed down beyond his sight. He even thought that the poor creature's screams could be heard through her flesh as the other furry descended. His ears even picking up a faint cry or two after the otter reached her stomach. All while a wave of panic and primal fear rose up within him at the sight.

The unfortunate male was just... gone, as quick as that. His body cast down into her digestive system to be dissolved and leave little evidence of him ever existing at all. She'd eaten him as easily as though he'd meant nothing to her, which meant she likely cared little for any of the rest of them either.

He tried to tamp down the fear and not hyperventilate with panic as her eyes moved to drift over them again. Inspecting each of them with a hungry gleam. As though searching for a reason to consume another one and further sate her hunger. However, she seemed satisfied that their quality was up to her standards, and she picked up the tray to carry them back out to the front.

Where they were then placed under the glass counter-top at the front of the shop, to be easily seen. And, of course, sold off to her eager customers as several long, anxiety-filled hours soon drug by. While he, and the others lay, naked and exposed, on the tray. During which, a few customers drifted through the store every now and then.

Over a dozen pairs of eyes occasionally stared down to examine them from a variety of curious, furry faces. Most of the glances were passive, made by customers as they waited for another purchase to be rung up. While others would look down with keen interest, clearly tempted by the opportunity to purchase one of the shrunken furies.

Again and again, the tray was pulled out and set onto the counter for a curious patron to have a closer look at them. Where their colossal furred fingers would trace along the edge of the tray, examining each of them in turn. Until finally, pointing at the unfortunate soul they'd picked., and the lucky micro would be scooped up and disappear from sight. Their fate unknown.

One by one, they were sold off to one fur or another as the afternoon wore on. Until only Makuta and two others were left on the tray, and he started to wonder what might happen if they weren't sold by the end of the day. The diminished feline didn't want to think about what she might do with them if they were still around.

It sent the image of the lump made by the otter as it slid down her throat playing through his head. While the sound her throat had made as it gulped him down echoed loudly in his ears. The thought caused a fresh wave of dread and panicked terror to rise up within him. Where he considered trying again to escape, no matter the cost.

The distraught cat was soon so lost in anxious contemplation of his dire future, that he failed to see the large shadow fall over them as another patron approached the counter. Nor did he manage to notice the jolt as the tray was grabbed and lifted out to be set onto the counter yet again. Or even comprehend the eager look the patron gave him as she examined the last few furrles left.

It wasn't until her tree trunk sized finger pressed lightly onto his chest that he realized what was going on. The pressure of it finally forcing him to surface back to the present and look around him.

"Yes, I think this one will do nicely," a low, female voice rumbled above him, "A little feline is just what I'm looking for."

He blinked and looked up at the female shape above him in slight confusion for a moment. Until the looming form of a massive bovine came into focus. Her eyes still looking down at him with an eager, and a rather lascivious, glint that only scared the cat further.

"Very good," Penny said with a smile as her own face appeared over him, "He's quite the specimen, don't you think? I have to admit that I almost kept that one for myself. Felines can be quite energetic and a lot of fun at times."

"So I've heard," the cow said with a little smirk down at Makuta.

His senses managed to come under control long enough for him to get a good look at the giant female about to own him. She was as pudgy as most bovines tended to be, at least from what he could see of her body above the counter. But it had quite a few curves to it as well, which gave the cow a rather pleasingly milf-like look about her.

Although, it was rather hard to focus on too much of her massive, looming form that hovered over him. As her large, voluminous breasts swung down heavily not too far from where he lay. The massive, fleshy mountains strained against the fabric of her modest shirt and bra that contained them. As they pulled his gaze and tried, with some success, to incite his loins to action, despite the blinding terror that continued to roil through him.

Penny's reached down and plucked him off the tray to hold him up for the bovine's further inspection. Then, after a deep grunt and small nod of approval from the eager female, he was placed into a small box, lined with soft, pink-colored silk. He got one last look of the vixen, who winked at him, just as the lid dropped into place, shrouding him in darkness and muffling the outside world.

His new prison jostled and shook as it was picked up and placed into a bag. Then, after another minute or so of muted conversation, the world shot upwards when the bovine picked up the satchel and carried it out of the store. The experience that followed made him rather glad for the silk lining in the box, as the constant motion of her steps and the bag swinging would have left him somewhat bruised, or even worse.

The journey to wherever she was taking him, lasted for about an hour or so. Which felt like the longest of his life, between still coping with what happened to him and stressing over what was most likely about too. Of course, as there was no telling what lay in store for him at the end, he was nonetheless grateful that it dragged out a bit.

Although, it had to end sometime, and with a final lurch, his motion stopped as she removed the box and set it down on something. Where he lay in the pitch-blackness around him for several minutes as the muffled noises of the room filtered into his ears. He used the brief calm to take another quick opportunity to try and wriggle free of his bindings. But gave up after only a couple tugs as it proved as fruitless as ever and not wanting the thread to cut into his already agitated skin.

Her voice was suddenly close and rumbled around him, muffled but still somewhat discernible. “Hello there, my darlings, I hope you’re all having as good a day as I am,” she said as though speaking to someone.

Makuta lay still for a second as he tried to figure out who it might be, the cat hadn’t heard anyone else in the room. The confusion only added to his fear and anxiety about the matter.

“And I hope all of you came prepared,” she continued, “Because, as promised, I have a very special show for you today.”

The silk-lined prison shifted, and light poured in around him as the lid was removed. It blinded him for the second time that day. Then, before his eyes could adapt to it, her fingers close around his waist and lift him out into the bright lights of the room. As his eyes finally adjusted to the intense light beaming down on him, the sight only filled him with further fear and confusion.

The colossal bovine had changed into some lacy, red lingerie, that did little to cover up the important bits. While she lay, partially reclined and propped up by pillows, back onto the massive plateau of a bed. The room around looked as normal as any other, down to the simple nightstand that held the box he’d just been removed from. The one difference, however, was the large, high-definition camera and lights that were set up and pointed at them.

From what he could see of it, as she held him pinched between her fingers, was that it was already on and filming. While a large monitor set up next to it displayed a growing list of text as what must have been viewers commented on what was going on. Where it dawned on him that whatever she meant to do with him was about to be displayed for the world to see. This wasn't the way he'd ever thought of making it big, nor did he think the coming experience would be all that much fun for him.

She held her hand up and made a big show of giving him a quick examination while partially hiding him from the lens, to ensure that he hadn't been injured during the trip home. “This month’s private stream is going to be quite fun indeed,” she said as her hand drifted up closer to the camera. Then added as it twisted to fully reveal him to the lens, “I have a very special guest here to assist me and you all get to choose some of the exciting activities this evening. So, get your accounts loaded up with plenty of Stars and have them ready. Because tonight’s stream is going to be just as interactive as before.”

She let her grip slip so that her fingers held his feet to give him a quick dangle before the camera. There was a quick temptation to hold him by the tail, as it would have been more dramatic. But settled for his feet, as she didn't know if it would fully support him and didn't want to hurt him. Just yet anyway.

The screen lit up with a sudden bevy of comments about her newest little playmate as well as several small donations. Which came with a couple of suggestions included on exactly what she should do with him. It made her chuckle at their enthusiasm about what was to come.

It always was a nice boon to her shows when she brought a little friend along. Like the time when one very lucky patron got to join her for the show. He'd enjoyed the festivities right up to the end, which he seemed to have been looking forward too more than anything else.

“So then,” she said, as a small, thin-bladed knife was produced, “Shall we begin?”

Makuta watched with immobilizing apprehension as she picked up a little knife from the nightstand. His eyes fixated on the implement, searing the details of it into his mind. It was short with a slight inward curve, almost like a crescent moon, which contained the sharpened edge. And he watched the glinting metal of its blade as it whipped up towards him. The cat didn't expect to be flayed alive just then, but was still surprised when all it did was cut the cords that bound him.

The sudden freedom of his appendages spurned yet another burst of desperate movement. Where he struggled and pried against the massive fingers that held him in a valiant but fruitless effort to escape. Which only served to amuse the bovine and further entertain and encourage her viewers.

“Quite a feisty little one we have with us today,” she said in a soft chuckle as she watched his little struggles. “What shall we do with him? No rush, my darlings, but while you all decide, I'll start things off by putting the little fellow to work and getting myself into the right mood.”

Her free hand reached back and undid the feeble knot that valiantly held her top in place. Which slipped free and fell away to expose the soft, white-fur covered breasts that lay underneath. She twisted back and forth a little with just enough motion to let them swing gently, like two large, fleshy pendulums. Which generated another spasm of lewd comments and enthusiastic tips.

With her sizeable mammaries now free, she brought the still wiggling feline up to them and pressed him against the growing nipple of her right breast. The impact startled him and he froze for

a moment, not sure what was going on. But the realization of where he was managed to brighten his mood a bit while calming him down.

Her finger pressed into his back as she smiled down at him. "Come on," she encouraged with a soft smile, "It's time to earn your keep, little one. My fans are waiting, so, why don't you start by seeing what you can do with that. See how well you can get me worked up, and maybe have some fun for yourself, while you're at it."

Makuta, not seeing any other option available to him just then, began to rub and squeeze the nipple as well as the soft flesh around it. Which wasn't an easy task, as it started out a little bigger than his head and quickly grew to something roughly the size and shape of a five-gallon bucket. Still, he managed to get a solid grip on it and was soon giving as much as he could reach his full, careful attention.

After a moment of this, she let out a soft moan of approval as he worked. Which vibrated the flesh under the feline while threatening to dislodge him in the process. As he continued, she offered a little encouragement here and there to keep him on track. All while teasing her viewers and discussing the various way she could enjoy her time with the little cat. Which didn't escape his notice, despite giving her most of his attention.

When she felt he'd finally done enough, her hand shifted him over to be pressed between the two ponderous orbs of flesh. Where she began to roll, press, and squeeze his tiny body with them. While being sure there was only enough pressure to elicit an occasional cry of distress or alarm, which kept her audience well entertained. During which, her own fingers continued the work he'd started on her nipples as she read out some of the suggestions and chatted.

Despite being encased in warm, furry flesh, he could hear every word she said, and even caught an occasional glimpse of the comments she didn't read aloud. Where he found that some of them were quite disturbing, to say the least. From having her crush his limbs, one by one as slowly as she could, in some horrifying manner. To stuffing him into several very disgusting places or doing some other rather painful and humiliating thing to him.

Although, one or two of them did seem like they might have been a bit of fun. Such as; letting him run around her naked body as she lay on the bed. Or perhaps having him paint her nails

or lips, and then feed her grapes. However, they all hinted at him meeting a considerably grim fate in the end, later that night. Which wasn't very reassuring.

A low, rolling guffaw shook the bosom around him with amusement at a particularly entertaining comment. At which point, her fingers fished him out and held him up his somewhat disheveled body to the camera again.

"Well now," she said as her eyes drifted between him, the screen and the camera, "Those are all pretty good suggestions. Especially yours, GreyF@ng420, I think that would be quite amusing indeed, but I think we'll have to keep that one in mind for next time. Perhaps you could even join in for it, wouldn't that be fun?" She brought him closer to her face while giving the camera and screen a quick, thoughtful glance before continuing, "I could always just end it here... if that's what you all want. As some of you can't seem to keep it in your pants long enough to wait for it. So, how about it, shall I call it an early night and send him sliding down my gullet now?"

Her hand drifted upwards to carry him over her jaws as they gaped open lazily. Where, by the time what she'd said fully registered in his head, he found himself gazing down into a massive, pink cavern. Where tendrils of saliva stretched between almost every surface like wet, oozing spider-webs. While her tongue extended slightly in welcome that formed a long, slick slide to funnel him into her dark, pulsing throat at the end.

He went to scream, but it was cut short when he got a lungful of humid breath that stunk of rotting foliage and wine. Which had him too busy coughing and trying to not gag on it to do much of anything else.

"Ahh, hold up!" he screamed when he stopped coughing as his hands grasped at her fingers, "No, no, no... wait, please... please don't do that!"

His hands scrambled for purchase against her fingers so that he could hold on if her dangerously loose and tenuous grip gave way. While his small voice seemed to echo back to him from the within the slimy, squelching abyss below him. The blind terror made it hard to tell, but it seemed that he was sinking ever closer to it with each passing second.

"Oh shit... please no!" he cried out to her once more as he felt her grip loosen a little and her fingers slip a little way up his torso.

Meanwhile, his shrunken, squeaky voice was easily being picked up by the microphone and his tiny pleas only excited the audience further. Which soon had the stream buzzing with excitement as quite a few tips and donations rolled in. Along with quite a few comments that called for her to let him slip from her fingers and send him plunging down her throat right then. Although, most wanted her to drag it out a bit longer, but still loving the idea and would be happy either way.

She let him teeter ever closer to the point of slipping through her fingers for a minute or two. Listening as his high-pitched cries grew more and more desperate the higher her fingers slipped up his body. Just when he seemed about to fall into her maw, she closed her mouth, swallowed the ocean of drool that had by then accumulated within it with a quick, powerful swallow.

“Oh... not just yet, my darlings,” she cooed with a wink toward the camera. Then rolled out her broad, rough tongue and drug it across him, soaking his dark, blue fur with a copious amount of saliva. “Mmm, he does have such a wonderful taste though, but I think it’s missing something, don’t you? Let’s make it a bit better... shall we?”

The bovine reclined further back as her free hand drifted down to pull away her panties while scooting her midsection a little closer to the camera. Where she then introduced the struggling feline to her wet, hungry snatch. Despite his struggles, he managed to slip inside without much effort and disappeared between the soft folds of her labia. Leaving only his feet to kick in the open air amongst a forest of dark, tangled pubic hair.

Makuta was still trying to figure out how he was going to breathe, let alone worry about what was about to happen, when he felt her fingers grab powerfully onto his ankles. Where she then began to slide him in and out in a firm, steady rhythm. All around him was soft, slick wetness that threatened to smother, crush, or drown him with each passing moment. While the merciless muscles within her pulsing love canal squeezed his strength away. Until his meager struggles finally grew weak and all but ceased.

His thought was that as his movement grew less vigorous, she would remove him from the fleshy hell that imprisoned him. However, she simply increased the speed and force at which he was thrust into her, making up for his lack of movement and limp body. The locomotion soon became almost violent and, coupled with the lack of air, he began to feel lightheaded and sick. It was a struggle to stay conscious, as he didn’t want to pass out and miss a possible opportunity to escape. Or to wake up in someplace much, much worse than where he was then.

Despite his constant fight against the sweet liberation of peaceful sleep, the darkness soon won out for a moment or two. After one such lapse, where the flesh around him had clenched so tightly that it almost cracked several of his ribs. He was slapped back into wakefulness by the sudden change in temperature as she finally yanked him free. And he blinked against the harsh light again as his now rather soaked and matted body swung in her fingers.

“Oh my,” she said with a little giggle, “I think he might be broken. That was quite the climax you gave me there, little kitty.” She giggled at a comment and replied, “Yes, I now where broken toys go. But I think he’s still in pretty good shape, don’t you?”

She held him up closer to the camera for a short time so that her audience could get a good look at his disheveled state. Where his appearance and weak struggles did nothing to curb their excitement or elicit any mercy. Quite the opposite, in fact.

“So then, my wonderful darlings,” she asked the camera as he swung before it, “What shall we do with him? He’s been such a good boy and played with us very nicely, perhaps I should keep him around for a bit longer. What do you think?”

Her optimistic tone gave him some hope and a little surge of energy. Where he twisted to see her looking at him in the same, thoughtful yet dispassionate way as earlier, while flicking her eyes toward the screen every now and then. He was nothing but a toy to her, and it was quite clear that she cared very little for what happened to him. Whether he ended up in a box or her stomach later that night, wasn’t much of a difference to her in the end.

Although, he might just manage to survive long enough to find some way to escape. Of course, then there would be the problem of being only a couple of inches tall. Which gave him the life expectancy of around five minutes once he got outside. If he was extremely lucky.

The screen started to light up with activity as she continued in a teasing tone, “But I don’t know if he’d last more than a couple of days.” She held him up to her long, pudgy, bovine face as she examined him further before giving a small nod of approval. “The little fella’s got a lot of spunk though, I think it might be worth letting him stay and play with us for a little longer. After all, it would be a shame for everyone to miss out on all the fun we could have.”

Her hot, humid breath blasted against his still-damp, musky scented fur as he dangled limply before her nostrils. Although, the position allotted him a good view of the screen, and what he saw wasn't very encouraging.

"Oh... I guess you've all finished and are ready to move on then?" she said in a slightly disappointed tone at the comments as they scrolled up the screen. More out of having to end the evening so soon and miss out more revenue than for the fate of the unfortunate feline.

"Pity, I was really hoping to have a little more fun tonight," she reiterated in the small hope that they all might get the hint and keep their enthusiasm in check for a while longer. However, several large donations dropped just then, which made it quite clear how things were going to progress from there.

"Very well then," she sighed at the camera. "Since you're all so close to popping already and just can't wait for the money shot. Shall I enjoy him as is then, covered in my own juices, or should I season the little feline with something a little more... delectable?"

The screen became a torrent of scrolling text and emoji's as they all realized that the moment had finally come and commented with an almost unanimous answer. Nearly all of them calling for her to at last send him down on the final plunge to her churning gut. She smiled at their excitement, despite the slight regret at having to dispose of the little blue cat so early, he'd been rather expensive, after all.

But it didn't concern her too much, as she'd already made several times what he'd cost her. In spite of the abbreviated playtime, the little fellow had been well worth the price and the evening was more than a success. These special monthly shows always were quite lucrative. She might even try to get a couple of little playmates for next month, who knows what kind of kinky fun the three of them could get up to.

In fact, she'd already received several direct messages. Both for a private session or two and even a couple of eager volunteers, interested in playing with her during next month's show if they could. The price they'd pay for that privilege could buy a dozen or more micros like the little blue cat in her fingers. There really wasn't a need to prolong things any longer, besides, there was still more they could do afterward.

So, she shrugged and popped him into her mouth with a casual flex of her hand.

Makuta was able to do little more than utter a small, surprised cry as her mouth opened before him and he was thrust into the pink, squelching chasm within. And as he tumbled inside, he realized that the brief view he'd received earlier had done nothing to prepare him for the sheer size of it. Where after a short fall, he landed flat on his stomach upon her broad, writhing tongue with a dull, wet splat. Before being surrounded by sudden darkness as her powerful jaws hinged the great chamber closed around him.

Just as her lips came together and sealed him inside, the world exploded into a maelstrom of swirling liquid, pressing flesh, and deafening noise. Where he was tossed and churned around her mouth as the terrifying vortex of ingestion threatened to drown him. While every now and then, light would flood in to illuminate the quivering cathedral of flesh. Which only increased his alarm as it showed how dangerously close he was getting to her massive teeth.

She let her mouth open a little bit every now and then, while working her jaws in a slow, careful chewing motion. Which gave the stream an occasional glance on him thrashing about as she enjoyed his subtle flavor, as well as letting them hear his tiny screams. This continued for some time as she put on a good show of rolling him around within the large, humid cavern of her maw. All while ensuring the camera caught his every struggle and cry that her well-paying audience wanted.

After what felt like an hour, her mouth fell still around him and Makuta lay in a small pool of slime somewhere on her tongue. His fur had been thoroughly soaked through and slickened by that point from the tide of saliva that flowed through her mouth at his presence. He tried to take a moment to gather his senses but could only cough and gasp for breath. Which only filled his lungs with the pungent smell of her mouth and the already oxygen-deprived air from her lungs within it.

She held him in her mouth for a couple of seconds, enjoying the way his subtle movements felt and letting the moment drag on to build some tension. When the matter couldn't be reasonably stretched any longer, as she thought those who were waiting for that particular part were right on the edge of climax themselves. Her head tilted back just enough to give the viewers a good look at her neck.

The great plain of her tongue shifted under him and tilted suddenly as her head swung up in a slow, graceful arc. Where it's slick, slightly-bumpy surface started to rub against him as he began to slip down the steadily increasing slope.

“Wait... no!” Makuta shouted out into the humid, uncaring darkness as his claws extended to dig into the thick flesh of her tongue. His arms flailed in every direction as he tried to halt his slide and climb away from her unseen throat that grew ever closer. “Please, don’t eat me, anything but that! I don’t want to die! Not now, not yet... and certainly not in someone’s stomach!”

His begging cries went unheard and would have been unregarded even had they been. As, with a casual flick of her tongue, she pitched him back into her gullet and swallowed. Which gripped his nutritious flesh and pulsed around him to send the diminutive cat slithering down the long passage with a thunderous gulp. Where he plummeted down her esophagus as she traced his progress in a slow, smooth and very well-practiced manner.

She’d spent some time training her throat to pass the bolus through at just the right pace. It allowed everyone to watch as the slightly wiggling bulge traveled down her neck before it disappeared into her chest. And they all greatly appreciated it very much indeed, as another wave of tips came in. Just as the last evidence of the cat’s existence was hidden behind her ribcage.

After several long, near-suffocating seconds, he was squeezed through a tight ring of flesh and dropped into her sweltering stomach. He splashed down among the acrid, foul-smelling slime that was already pooled within the spacious chamber. Which then gurgled and grumbled as a greeting, while the flesh rippled under him in preparation to process the new arrival.

He made several failed attempts to stand, which only resulted in him falling back into the caustic muck, due to the mucus that now coated his body. So, after a bit of fumbling around, he managed a half crawl and was able to find the sac’s wall, or where it sloped upward at any rate. And began to pound against it with as much as he could muster.

“Oh God, let me out! Please... don’t do this to me!” he screamed at her with ever-increasing desperation. “Please... I’m not food... Please, don’t digest me... don’t just flush me down the toilet... alone and forgotten!”

There was no immediate response from his shouts as they echoed oddly within the shifting stomach. Makuta gave the flesh another punch, ignoring the mild tingle flowing over his hand it was already causing. He went to cry out again, but everything shifted and the stomach made a violent shake that sent him sliding back into a deep pool of thick, stinging chyme.

“Ah,” she sighed with a pleased smile as she relaxed back on the bed into a more reclined position, “He made a delightful little snack. Too bad I didn’t think of getting any more of them... oh well.”

The camera’s focus changed to her belly, as a small microphone was placed against its soft, white and black colored fur. She let out another long, satisfied sigh and lay still so that his faint cries could be heard over the increasing gurgles of her gut. It was a nice change of pace that would still manage to keep most of her lusty audience entertained. While also catering to a different set of kinks that some of her audience enjoyed.

One where they could pleasure themselves to the sultry sounds of digestion and his frenzied cries created by it. All while she continued to talk quietly to them, answering questions and taking suggestions for next time. Which was always a fun way to indulge her viewers while getting ideas for later streams.

“Oh...” she exclaimed in a soft coo, as another faint tickle emanated from within her stomach, “He’s really putting up quite the fight in there. Anyone care to make a wager on how long he’s gonna last?” She uttered a soft moan at the warm tingles his movements sent through her, while the feeling brought up wonderful memories of several past playmates. She sighed and asked her audience, “You all remember Zack, don’t you? The lucky patron who got to be my special guest for several fun-filled days, a couple of months ago? Oh yes... he lasted for quite some time... and you all really seemed to relish the sounds he made while enjoying his short stay in my spacious gastric-hotel.”

She waited as a half-dozen comments made guesses on how much time the poor cat had left among the living. Based on his continuous struggles, it would be several minutes at least, as he had plenty of fight left in him. Where the prospect of his extended thrashing made her eyes drift over to the nightstand, where a glass of dark, red wine sat.

She always kept it at the ready to help ease her little playmate’s suffering in the end. As she wasn’t too cruel enough to let them linger on like that. Despite her feelings about them as individuals at that point, they were still living creatures, capable of experiencing pain. So, she’d often relax while sipping her way through the glass, letting the liquid slowly fill her belly and stimulate the digestive process.

Where her latest *friend* could enjoy the numbing effects of the alcohol while it shortened what was likely an excruciating experience. Then, as things got too unpleasant, they could simply drown themselves whenever they wished. A relatively quick way to end what would otherwise be a long and horrific process for them, at least, that was how she always justified it.

She picked up the glass, gave it a quick swirl and brought it to her lips. Where it was tipped to pour a small amount of the rich liquid into her mouth, just enough wet her tongue and fill her pallet with its taste.

After a few moments spent enjoying its flavor, she swallowed and said to the camera in a soft hush, “Now then, I think that about does it for today. Not much else we can do without our diminutive main attraction, now is there?”

She paused to take another slow sip before continuing. “So, you can all sit back, relax and enjoy the sounds of our little friend here as he’s slowly welcomed to his new home by my tummy. While being transformed into a little part of me as well and, of course, something else that all of you secretly hope to become someday, my scrumptious little darlings.”

She took a large swallow of wine and winked at the camera as she swallowed. Knowing they’d all love how the microphone picked up every sound it made, from her gulping it down to the slosh of its arrival in her stomach. Especially the small futile cries from the little meal as he was dowsed by the small wave of alcohol.

“Which,” she continued as the comments streaming across the screen twisted her lips with a little smirk, “My special VIP patrons will all be able to join me tomorrow. Where they get to watch as he’s reborn and I welcome the little guy back into the world. Well, what’s left... anyway.”

She lapsed into silence for a while as the varied sounds from her gut continued. Where the cat ended up lasting far longer than she, or any of her viewers, had guessed. It wasn’t until the last of her wine had sloshed down her throat to join him, that the feeble tickling had finally become faint.

Which then stopped altogether a minute or two later, shortly after she accidentally belched out the last of his air. So, with an apologetic shrug, she winked at the camera and ended the stream.

* * *

She awoke the next morning with the slight pressure within her abdomen that signaled it was almost time to start the VIP stream so that she could let her special guest of honor out. It was a bit earlier than she'd planned on it, but one can't fight the call of nature for too long. So, she sent out the notifications to her patrons, took a quick shower, and started to get everything in place.

Which didn't take all that much, as this had become a rather common thing for her to do recently. She'd even taken the time to set up a special, permanent place just for it to take place. Complete with multiple cameras, plenty of lighting, a simple computer with a monitor positioned for easy viewing, as well as a little fan to keep the inevitable smells at bay. It was essentially just an old closet, but after some work, the space had made a nice little studio to film herself having a grunt.

When everything was ready, she entered the room and placed the small tray floor. Which was usually employed to receive what remained of her guests after spending a warm, cozy night traversing her ponderous guts. Then did one last check of the cameras so that they were working and still angled just right to ensure her audience had a good view of the proceedings.

By the time she'd finished all the usual last-minute checks, the pressure had increased quite a bit, and the cat was clearly getting rather impatient to be set free. So, she got the cameras running and checked to see that her special patrons were starting to tune in so-as-to witness the results of the previous evening's festivities. That done, she stepped over the tray, squatted down with a little groan, and gave the camera focused on her face a wide, welcoming smile.

"Good morning, my little darlings," she said with a little wave at the camera, then gestured towards the tray. "I hope you're all having a wonderful morning and ready to welcome our little friend back into the world. As from the feel of things, it seems he's in quite a hurry to make his appearance." She let out a soft, seductive chuckle before adding, "You'd think he didn't enjoy his stay, as he's in such a rush to leave and all."

A smattering of comments scrolled up the screen. Where most were simple greetings to her and others in the chat, while several contained a clear excitement for the upcoming show. Complete with the usual lewd suggestions and remarks that demonstrated their eagerness for such activities. So, she spent a minute or two chatting a working them up as the pressure in her bottom increased at a steady rate. Wanting to wait until she didn't have to work too much to get things started.

It wasn't long, however, until she was cut short while answering a question by a low rumble that reverberated throughout the small room. "Oh my," she said with an honestly abashed look, "Excuse me... I guess it's finally time to move things along, as it were."

The active camera swapped to the one focused on her ample posterior. Which gave her audience a nice, high-definition view of her feverously winking pucker. As it was already starting to distend slightly in preparation to expel the fetid contents of her sizeable colon.

A pleased sound filled the room as her bottom shifted over the tray and began to visibly relax a bit. "Mmm... yes, he's all ready to come out," she cooed with just a slight hint of strained tension, "And such a nice, little addition to my morning dump. Wouldn't you all agree?"

Several comments drifted in as most of her viewers again lacked the free hand needed to type a proper response. Not that she really expected any, one way or the other.

She grunted softly as her sphincter was allowed to finally relax and the first turd began to slowly slip free of its dark, fleshy imprisonment. "I wonder if there's anything left," she pondered with a small sigh as her anus was spread wide from the large, brownish log that began to emerge. "It's always nice to find a keepsake or two from those I've given the ultimate tour. I know most of you are probably a little busy at the moment, but do any of you care to guess what might've endured my superior, withering insides?"

The rather hefty cowpat slithered out and stretched down onto the tray, where it coiled into a small, slick mass. Where no visible signs as to whether it contained any of Makuta's remains could be seen. It elicited several comments here and there on how mercilessly efficient her bowels must be, which seemed to excite them all the more.

"Not to worry, there's plenty still in there," she replied to them with a laughing grunt, "He's just a little shy is all." Her ass flexed again and, as another fecal deposit stuck its head out, she added, "Let's see if he'll come out to play in this one, keep your eyes peeled, my darlings."

The next piece of waste oozed out through her wrinkled gootch. Which, as it was somewhat smaller than the first, landed with a sad, little splat on the pile.

"Mmm, it always feels good when I drop them off in the morning, I must say, you all really know how to leave a woman feeling so satisfied."

A small flurry of comments peppered the screen as several viewers thought they saw a few flashes of white here and there. As though several pieces of bone lay mixed in with it amongst the lumpy mass of dark-colored sludge. A couple hefty tips and donations followed, congratulating her on giving the feline a proper welcome. As well as several lewd comments, where some of them expressed their sincere wishes to share the cat's fortunate fate.

One even asked to be reduced and allowed to honor her by spending the rest of his short existence sifting through her fetid waste. To worship her body by searching for those prized, little treasures with his bare hands. It was a little odd, even for her, but she found it quite flattering nonetheless and made a note to give it some serious consideration later.

"Ah, good to see the little fella found the way out after all," she chortled as another small lump of excreta slopped down onto the ever-growing pile. "I suppose that's that then, I'll be sure to let you all know if I find anything worthy enough for my little *collection*."

With a final grunt, she quickly expelled the last of her morning poop. While her viewers chatted or called attention to what they'd seen within it. Of which, several pieces of bone, glinting white and in clear contrast to the waste around it. Not much could be seen of the remains before the lumpy mass before it sank into the steaming heap. But there were definitely what looked like partially dissolved or splintered shards of bone sticking out here and there.

She glanced down at the slowly spreading result of the previous day's activities. Where she caught a quick look at the lingering evidence of the processed feline's presence, which brought a little smile to her face. After which, she swapped the camera back to her face, blew them all a little kiss then ended the stream.

Several days later, she posted a picture for all her favorite patrons. In which a tiny feline skull, polished and rather etched, mounted and placed on a shelf. Where it stood next to a long line of others that were similarly sized and mounted. With a small caption, bracketed with several, cute smiley emoji's, which stated: Another purrfect little playmate.