

First and Last Time
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“Bailey, I just can’t believe you.” Wes scoffed in his deep baritone voice as he lowered a slice of pepperoni pizza from his mouth, unafraid to talk with his mouth full as a string of cheese snaked from the edge of his lips.

“What?” Bailey’s eyes darted down to his pizza, the tip mere inches from his mouth, then back up to Wes, the handsome bearded man narrowing his eyes with suspicion as he chewed his bite.

“How? How can you eat that?” Bailey cocked his head softly, eyes darting down to the slice yet again, scrutinizing the ham and pineapple topping of his Hawaiian pizza, before furrowing his brow and reaching over to pause the YouTube video playing on the TV. The boy let out a soft huff through his snout, the demi-human twitching his hoggish ears softly as he was asked the perennial question.

“Hey, look... Just because I’m a hybrid doesn’t make it cannibalism. I’m three generations removed from the hog side of my family.” Bailey wasn’t always able to hide his heritage, but a passing glance would make it easy to miss the defining features of the young, professional boar-boy. Bailey’s soft brown hair was interrupted with a set of perked, spade-shaped ears sticking up at just about the fade point on his short kempt haircut. Two pronounced tusks protruded from his bottom jaw, the tips barely long enough to reach the edge of his slightly upturned nose, human in shape but decidedly piggish. Behind him, tucked up against the couch he sat back on was a curly little pig tail, pulled up and over his jeans waistline. It’d be easy to mistake him for a full human if you didn’t pay close enough attention. “Besides, Grandma was the first one in my family to make me pork chops, it’s kinda just not a big deal for us.”

“Dude, no, not that... How can you eat pineapple on a pizza?” Wes smirked as he saw Bailey’s defensiveness fade away, shaking his head as he balled up a napkin and threw it at his joking friend.

“You can eat pineapple off my ass, man! It’s good with the salty ham, and it’s something different. I’m gonna eat way more pepperoni or veggie pizzas in my life, I like doing something different sometimes.” Wes shook his head softly, rubbing his hand up along his shaved head, sighing as he sat back on the couch. It was a lovely lazy afternoon, a case of beer already under their belts, leaving a scattering of bottles littered about on the coffee table and floor. Bailey chuckled, his shortstack 5’3” body standing up with a little wobble before he sauntered towards the fridge to crack open yet another box of beers.

“Any time, broscuitto, any time. I’m always down to eat pineapple off your salty hams. Hey, pass me one of those.” Wes said with a smirk as he looked down over his conquest of empty brown bottles. But when he looked back up, eyes falling on the boar’s tail-topped butt shaking out of the fridge door, he couldn’t help but think about what it took to build and maintain a form like that. “Hey... uh... Bailey?” Inhibitions lowered from an afternoon of drinking, the human was about to poke the bear. “...you, uh... your people really don’t have a problem eating meat, huh?” Wes seemed to ask with a sense of genuine curiosity, a soft look in his eyes as Bailey produced two bottles of summer ale and proceeded to pop their tops.

“Oh, you don’t know a lot about hogs, do you?” Bailey smirked as he got a head shake out of Wes. “Us fine swine are some of the most unique animals in the world. Did you know that we’re the only creatures who vary our diet based solely off our size?” The demi-boar smirked as he took a swig

from his beer and sauntered wobbly around the kitchen island back to the couch, handing off the second beer, but remaining standing at Wes's feet. "You see, small pigs... piglets, young swine... well, they will naturally want to eat a more vegetarian diet." Leaning forward, Bailey placed one hand on the sofa armrest, the other on his knee as that mischievous flash crossed his eyes. His tone lowered as he continued. "...medium sized pigs, once they've grown a bit, will eat an omnivorous diet. They'll usually start with insects and grubs, and work upwards to more... filling meals."

Wes's heart skipped a beat as his drunk-addled mind realized where Bailey was going with this, his jaw slackening into a soft gasp as the boar boy's tusks flashed in front of his face, a slow drawing lick of his tongue across his teeth. Perhaps it wasn't intended to come off as sexy, perhaps Bailey was simply playing up the act of the Gentleman Cannibal. But as he leaned forward to whisper in Wes's ear, he felt one of those powerful enlarged canines brush against his neck as his sultry voice finished its explanation.

"And big pigs... big pigs, like me... can you tell me what Big Pigs eat, Wes?" An involuntary shiver hit Wes's spine, his chest tight as the softest moan slipped from his mouth.

"M- meat..."

"Meat. No matter the source, my succulent little longpig..." Bailey couldn't help but dig the final word into Wes's mind, the phrase for human meat charged from centuries of human-anthro relations. A moment later, the boar let out a little chuckle and plopped himself down on the couch. "Heh, had you scared for a moment there, huh?"

It was then that Bailey noticed something about his friend, the normally outgoing and joking ex-frat boy had seemingly shrunk in his chair, Wes's presence all but evacuated the room as a hot flush tinted his cheeks red. He did his best to shift his weight on the couch, squeezing his legs together just a little tighter. But there wasn't much he could do about his half-chub arousal poking up between his thighs. Bailey's amused smile turned, an impish glee striking his face as he saw the reaction he got.

"S-shut up, bud!" Wes couldn't help but grip and toss a pillow at the hybrid's thigh, huffing as he crossed his arms, "Damn, I think I'm blushing. You're too good at doing that, bro."

"Oh, you're blushing. Keep that up you're gonna be medium rare from all that heat in no time." Wes's mind might not have appreciated the tease but his cock gently pulsed at the prolonged torment, enough for him to finally huff out the question he really wanted to know.

"So, uh... how many have you, uh... eaten?"

"Eaten? Like, eaten-eaten?" Bailey adjusted his bottle in his hand, gripping the long neck of the glass and swirling the contents a little as he contemplated. "It's uh... it's not a common thing to just gulp someone down, Wes."

"So that's not 'none,' is it?"

"I didn't say that, it's... uh... it's complicated." Wes smirked a little as he let Bailey do the talking. "So like... swallowing someone isn't the same as going to the grocery store and picking up a few steaks... It's not even something we really do at the holidays, it'd get too messy to feed a family with a massive vorgy."

“You’re avoiding the question, man.” The boar-boy snorted a defeated grunt as he thought for a moment longer, swigging his beer before finally confessing.

“Five. I’ve eaten five whole, live people in my life.” Wes couldn’t help but be taken aback as he heard the answer. It was more than he would have expected, the thought of the sweet and caring friend sitting next to him having eaten living, sentient meat before. There was a pause before Bailey stood up again, reaching out a hand to Wes as he beckoned. “Here, come with me, dude.”

“Wh- What do you mean?”

“That arousal isn’t gonna go down on its own... c’mon, cuddle with me a little, bud.” Bailey smirked as Wes finally took his hand, hesitation melting away to curiosity as he followed sheepishly to the hybrid’s bedroom. Nicely furnished, situated just off the living room, the soft bed offered them an opportunity to settle in together without contorting on the couch. The two laid out on their backs for a moment before Wes gingerly rolled over on his side to give the boar’s potbelly a little rub. Bailey wore his weight on his gut, his already small frame carrying a rounded potbelly. After letting his human friend fondle and rub a moment, Bailey decided to turn the questions around “Mmm... how long have you liked predators, Wes?”

“I... oh- I... guess I’ve always really loved them. There’s... something about wanting to give myself over to someone, body and life.” Bailey could see Wes’s cock throb as his remaining beer-drenched inhibitions yielded to his arousal. “Wanting to be consumed by someone for their hunger... So, uh... How, uh... how does it feel, when you...?”

“Heh. For me, it feels like a dream. The meat settles in. They squirm and squish around as my stomach starts to churn. It’s more sensitive than you’d think, normal food doesn’t give you that internal reaction. And it feels so good when the meat starts to wriggle. Then when my body overwhelms them, they struggle. They always struggle. But I always win.” Bailey watched as his gut-slut paid rapt attention to every word, hand pressing soft and feeling the churning pizza-filled paunch beneath. “For them... well... for them, it starts off lovely. They settle in to a squishy stomach, squeezing soft around their body, exploring the internal folds of my gut. But then it starts to tingle... starts to burn. They moan and struggle... they cry out for it to stop. And they melt. They melt into fuel for my body, softening until they’re an unidentifiable bulge in my gut.”

“I... oh god that sounds so... so good” Wes’s voice trailed off as he added in a hushed whisper, “I... think I’d... really like...” He tried to swallow his words, too late to take them back after losing his train of thought imagining the inside of his best bro’s gut while experiencing the slow torture of digestion. The human would shyly add a corollary to this nervous admission. “There’s no escape for them...”

“None.” Bailey said with firm conviction. But then his drunk mind clicked on a thought, and the wicked little grin returned to his face. “...well... maybe not no escape.” Wes’s attention perked at the offhand comment.

“Wh- what do you mean?”

“Well... it is possible to, er... well... what I put down my throat can come back up, right?” Wes’s eyes widened softly at the confession, huffing as he haphazardly asked for more clarification.

“You can... you can let me back out again?”

“Who said anything about you, Wes sweetie?” The correction caught Wes off guard, his face blushing a hot red as he realized just how deep his admission went. “Mmmm... you would make for such a beautiful treat, though...” Bailey had him wrapped around his finger, the demi-boar leaning over to give his friend a soft kiss on the lips. It was gentle, exploratory. The pair had fooled around in the past, occasional playfulness turned to sexual fun after an evening of drinking. But today something felt electric about the kiss. The way Bailey let his tongue loll out, exploring Wes’s mouth, coaxing him to reciprocate the kiss. The way his dominance and confidence shown through only served to melt the boy’s worry away. An eternity locked in a kiss ended as Bailey pulled his head back just enough to whisper, “I can let you back out, Wes.”

“I... oh... I think- I think I’d... really like-” Wes’s mousey voice tried to say something, anything, but only managed to stammer out halting phrases. The eager hybrid was patient, his hand slowly reaching down to caress the human’s tender cock, coaxing an even more flustered response out of the boy. “I- I- I thi- Think... I’d really... love that...”

“Love what, my little snack?”

“Y- You... w-would really... let me out?”

“I would, sweet meats.”

“I- I... want you to eat me, Bailey... Th- that sounds r-really... really nice...” There it finally came out, the shy mess of a gut-slut finally said those magic words. The demi-boar just smiled, giving his tusks one more lick softly.

“You’re really sure, Wes? A-alright, just... okay, come up to your knees for me.” The two knelt on the bed looking into each other’s eyes. Bailey reached out a soft hand, slowly brushing Wes’s cheek, rubbing at the scruff of his beard and running his fingers up behind his ear to his temple. “Alright... just... close your eyes and nice deep breath. And, uh... don’t panic, I don’t want you passing out halfway down.”

The boar boy could hardly contain himself as he watched his human snack close his eyes and smile. Bailey planted a soft peck on his bro’s mouth, making his sweet snack blush, before opening his jaws and breathing hot moist breath right into his face. Wes was never one for secrets of course, and he couldn’t resist giving a little peek. His eyes shot open as he watched the boar’s powerful jaws stretch and open, teeth surrounding his field of view and gooey strands of hot saliva trickling off his eye teeth as his jaws slipped around him. An apprehensive gasp was quickly cut short as the hybrid’s tusks pressed firmly against his meat’s throat as Bailey jammed his mouth all the way around his victim. One hard swallow, and a low and lusty moan from the hungry predator, and Wes realized just how in over his head he was. Literally.

With a moaning whimper, the human meal first gave a worried tap, as if that would stop everything in its tracks. When that didn’t work, he started to move and squirm, shivering in the grip of the boarboy’s powerful jaws. But by then a third hard swallow had pushed him deep enough that his shoulders were trapped in the beast’s gullet, sturdy hoggish arms holding his wrists at this side in a mockery of reassurance as Bailey focused only on swallowing his prize meal. Wes’s stifled gasp tried to cry out, mouth opening wide as he got a face full of tongue, before even that plea was drowned out by the beast’s powerful squeezing throat. The pulsing and rippling throat gripped tight around Wes’s face

and head, pulling him in with a force he did not imagine possible, bringing him closer and closer to that deep pit of his belly.

If Wes wanted to back out now, he couldn't, nor would Bailey let him as he pushed forward on the squirming and wriggling form. As his chest began to disappear down the roiling throat, nipples sliding slick over his predator's tender tongue, the human snack was forced to wheeze out his last remaining air as the powerful gullet knocked the wind clean out of him, silencing any cries for mercy or pleas to back out as he disappeared between those eager hog lips. Bailey didn't care he was stuffing his face like a pig and completely ignoring the growing worry on his meal's struggling frame. He was eating the cute man he had always crushed upon at long last, and there wouldn't be any reprieve for his tasty gut-slut.

Wes's eyes began to flash, fuzzy grey and yellow pops from the lack of air as his head squeezed further and further down his predator's throat. In the darkness his quivers became underscored by the strange sensation of the boar's low and slow slurping and teasing of his cock, tongue lolling out to lick and rub at the drippy arousal. It was the real taste test of his bro, lapping his tongue slow and sensually along the tender flesh and teasing with each pass. Bailey couldn't help but hold his meal right there, on the precipice of his stomach, savoring his arousal before making that one hard final swallow. The world opened up once again for Wes, his body suddenly falling downwards once more, plopping face first into a roiling world of half-digested pizza slop.

The human-turned-meat plopped down hard into the filthy, acidic mire of the roiling gut, his face smearing into the fetid acids, soon followed by his body freeing itself from the pulsing gullet above. Despite the darkness, Wes felt the reality of his situation as he righted himself inside the hefty belly, curling up on his back just as the boar's hungry tongue lapped one last goodbye between his toes. One last sensation of the outside world before a hard swallow finished off the impromptu meal.

"Ohhh god, Wes... you were something else, bro..." Bailey moaned to himself, fondling his pouched out gut as the tender human curled up inside him at long last, a triumphant conquest as he settled back on the bed, causing Wes to slosh a little as the boar got comfy. Bailey grunted as he let out a massive belch, a groan that shook his whole body and made his tender meal sway and quake inside the squishy, yet obviously panic-scarred, interior.

"Nnngh... ohhh B-Bailey it's so... so perfect..." Wes groaned in response to the heavy belch, huffing as he took his cock in hand and started to stroke. Despite being apprehensive about getting into Bailey's belly, now that he was curled up in the bowels of his predator's gut, Wes was eager to savor his chance to be deep inside his boar-boy's paunch. It was, after all, only temporary. His words were distant, the moans muffled by so many layers of fatty pork belly. But Bailey heard it, clear enough as he started to press and fondle his hands into the squishy stomach around Wes, teasing as he pushed down on his belly, chubby fingers feeling the contours of his abdomen squish around the obvious human shaped bulge settled on his gut.

But as Wes started to play with himself, stroking in the sloppy mess of gastric juices, something didn't feel right. That gentle warmth he felt all around, the blissful tingle as the stomach roiled and rolled about his body, squeezing and squishing, turned from a comforting glow to a tortured sting all about his form. For a while, he could focus on his pleasure and arousal, the lust he felt at really being inside of someone's tummy, even moreso for a tummy he dreamt of being a part of for so long. As his

sticky chyme-coated hand stroked up and down, teasing the little dribble of pre from his cock tip, he realized the weight pressing down on him was bouncing rhythmically, the squelchy sounds of breathing and heartbeat quickening as Bailey reached over his rotund gut to jerk off. Nice and slow and sensual, his other hand prodding and fondling Wes through the contours of his gut, the two shared their bliss together, separated only by the inches of flesh that the human snack idolized so much.

But as the demi-boar grunted, picking up the pace with his arousal, Wes realized how dangerous it was to be trapped inside, a gentle tingle quickly turned to a deep burn as the acids began to soften and eat away at his flesh, the pink meat turning a hot angry red as chyme attacked him from all sides. Wes finally couldn't take it, so close to orgasm yet his body racked with the burn of seething digestive juices.

"P-please... please Bailey! I- I can't... please I can't do it any more, let me out... I need to come out!" The boar-boy's moaning snout upturned into a broad, tusky grin as his jerking picked up the pace, Wes suddenly feeling the sensation of fingers squishing into his midsection, squeezing his form through the stomach wall, pinching and smooshing in a way that caused him to cry out in pain and shudder as he felt his meat starting to slough and dissolve under the pressure. As his cries calmed to a whimper, Wes heard the most horrifying sound in his life. All about him, Bailey spoke a single, simple word, the whole body rumbling and reverberating as he spoke.

"No." That was all Bailey needed to push himself over the edge, the boar-boy, gasping and letting out a squeal of lust to punctuate his own orgasm, as a heavy spatter of hot seed hitting his bed and belly. A confused and hurt Wes felt tears well up in his eyes.

"Wh- Y-you... you can't, pl-ahh-! Please!" Through teary eyes, Wes gripped his cock, whimpering as he stroked harder and faster, huffing as the growing lust burned in his loins as hot as the acids slathering his digesting flesh. With one final rush, his body flush with endorphins and agony, Wes let out a moaning cry as his cum spattered out in one last panic-gasm, the sticky ropes of hot seed sizzling almost on impact as they hit the churning acid.

As the afterglow faded, Bailey couldn't help himself, the boar-boy grunting as he started to massage his gut slow and steady, aiding in the roiling, churning action his stomach was already taking on Wes's tender form. The process would be agony for poor Wes, his body quivering and struggling as he turned and flipped over inside the roiling tummy, his afterglow filled with swirling pain and shudders of pleasure as the boar-boy began to push and slosh harder. The massage was torturous, causing Wes to grind back, his exhausting body trying desperately to fight and smoosh against the scarred and thickened stomach walls. Where so many had failed before him, so would he too, the struggling whines and wriggles slowly fading as the definition of a once-living man was reduced slowly to nothing but a soft, rounded stomach. For his part, Bailey kept working over the form for an hour at least, shaping and molding his gut, massaging it like rising dough, until the form underneath was nothing but a round paunch of pudge and sludge gurgling away in his gut.

After an hour or so of aiding his digestion, Bailey smiled contently as he fingered his gut a little, puuushing a finger into his belly button while idle resting, letting his body do the work of reducing his bro-with-Benefits down to nothing but fuel for his body. After a moment of idle pressing he noticed something interesting in amongst the now jumbled pile of bones that had slopped to the bottom of his soft gut. It was smooth and felt rounded underneath his pudgy fingers started prodding and testing.

Slipping down he recognized the tell-tale dimples of two eye sockets, what was left of Wes's head laying neatly at the top of the pile. By now there was no movement, nothing left of the human meal to feel or struggle in the tight confines of his gut. Bailey couldn't help but chuckle as he let his fingers grip the skull through his gut, the rounded bone making a sort of mold against his tummy as he squeezed down on the bleached soft bone.

There was a distant sound, like something creaking, before the snap occurred. The thick bone had weakened after bleaching in his stomach acid for so long. Wes's skull, the last recognizable trace of the human that once was, shattered into shards and powder in the deep gut fluids, broken splinters of bone slipping out of Bailey's grip and floating to the bottom of his stomach, one gurgling churn all it took to mix them in amongst the long bones and other detritus. With a soft sigh, Bailey looked down at his phone, checking the time and grunting a little as he swung his legs over the side of the bed.

"...I wonder if there's any more pizza left?" He said idly to nobody as he used both hands to give his sagging belly a lift and flop. He might have been mostly human, but Bailey always ate like one of the biggest pigs.