

Cheap labour was in high demand in Oldfield. Hordes arrived on trains every day seeking work, filling the construction lots with bodies as the building sector boomed. Money was easy and life was fast here; it made for a perfect climate where migrant workers from all over the country could come and make a quick buck for a solid month's effort. There was a darker truth to the hungry city, always wanting more and more people in its clammy streets, and that was the turnover of its workforce. So many fell victim to the shadowy underworld after just a short stay. Paid in cash, labourers and unskilled workers took to the town to blow their free coin and, more often than not, ended up in the schemes and ploys of the vore loving natives.

Makuta was one such worker who had come to the city when work in his current place of habitation dried up. There was always call for his kind in Oldfield. Makuta had a simple education and no tradeskill - he was instead a grafter, a feline who enjoyed the burn in his legs and back after a long day lifting and hauling, one who took great pride in using his paws to lay brick and shovel earth. Lithe and muscular, he did not shy away from hard, intense physical effort. He expected it, but more so, he enjoyed it.

What he did not enjoy was Oldfield itself. He had found himself simple lodging in the cheapest part of town, in the run down tenements besides the grubby red light district. It was nothing more than a rat's cage in truth - a room with a bed, a sink, a toilet and a window. He crammed what little he owned into it. Always travelling from place to place he had few material possessions; all he laid claim to could be stuffed into a rucksack and a suitcase. This didn't bother him, for having a bed and a roof kept him happy. What did bother him was the smog, the noise, the insufferable urban ennui. He was surrounded by people and yet all seemed remote, islands in of themselves. He learned soon enough it was fear that had people so cooped up and quiet, at least for the common folk. The natives knew to keep their voices down and their head lowered unless they wished to end up on an aristocrat's dinner table or chained to a bank boss' leash. Makuta resented them - both sides in fact: the normal folk for accepting it and the rich for enforcing it.

Every night he would lay in his bed, exhausted and in need of sleep, only to be awakened by street races howling along the oily boulevards, or fist fights as the bars vomited out their unruly patrons. Every morning he would commute across town, walking, for he detested being rammed into busses or metro cars with the suited overseers, their stomachs still full and rounded from a night's binging on their working class. He instead walked, moving briskly and proudly with his head up in his blue, dirty overalls, claiming the streets where others merely slept walked, ambling through their daily lives under the oppression of the gleaming glass towers overhead.

Makuta made no friends here. He resolved to leave town once he'd received full pay on the final week of work. As much as he loathed the place and its inhabitants, the pay was extraordinary and well worth the suffering. He was happiest when he laboured, for in the mud and dirt of foundations and tunnels he could shut off the conflicting poverty and decadence in the simple minded joy of hard work. Yet this did not mean he was without vice. He enjoyed a

good drink, and with fistfuls of hard earned cash he made sure to spend what he could afford, once his savings and outgoings had been accounted for. Through the blur of alcohol, the seedy streets seemed far more appealing, and after a while, Makuta grew used to the nightlife, slipping into its lewd, lusty embrace.

Whores were easy to come by. Just about every bar in the damned city was also a brothel, though the degree varied. Makuta enjoyed himself in this regard, the lads and ladies more than happy to tend to a toned construction worker with plenty of free cash and much booze in his blood. Each night - and it really did become every night as Makuta neared the end of his stay - he would tour the bars and pubs and taverns of the red light district in search of the best fuck. He never found it, for, as was often the case, the revelry and abandon of Oldfield caught up to him first.

He had been noted by unseen eyes. Plenty of scouts and headhunters lurked in the red light district's fine establishments, looking for additions to their employers' stock of slaves and meat. Makuta was a prime specimen. Tall, slim, handsome and svelte enough to serve as a meal. Thus, when he decided to leave a bar one Sunday night he was happened upon by two beefy goons, beside whom stood a slender fox dressed impeccably. The bouncers did nothing - they only watched and made room as Makuta entered a clumsy fistfight with his assailants. Bribes were a powerful force indeed.

The feline lasted longer than he could have expected. The two assaulting him were under careful orders not to disfigure or break the feline - thus their punches were reined back in power, and their fighting style more in line with submission moves, grabbing and twisting limbs and holding the struggling feline tight until the breath slowed from his lungs and his heart steadied. Makuta remembered little of that fateful night - the faces and species of his captors, how they incapacitated him, how they stole him away; it was all a blur of alcohol and asphyxia.

He awoke with a terrible headache. His joints were sore and his body was bruised beneath his fur. Heavy lidded eyes blinked and surveyed the scene in which he found himself. He was in a dark room with two benches, on which sat other furs like him, three to a row facing one another. All were gagged and bound, their hands behind their back and their ankles tied together. Each swayed with a jagged, jarring motion, suggesting that the room they were in was in fact the rear of some van. A rumbling sound around them only reinforced this.

Makuta gave his bindings a tug. Both the set on wrists and ankles were attached to the bench firmly, leaving him with no room to fight or slip free. His mouth was filled with the bitter, chemical taste of plastic, a black ball gag between his lips. It forced him to breath through his nostrils. To his surprise, he didn't stink of alcohol or sweat as he might have thought after a night of drinking. Instead he was soapy and fragrant, his fur clean and soft. His captors had, in the time he was unconscious, washed and bathed him, as well as the others captured, before tying them up and bundling them into the van.

Nervous glances were exchanged by some, but for the most part all six remained silent and sullen, their heads hung looking to their paws in bitter defeat and shame. Makuta was a proud feline, one who took such a physical restraint as a challenge, not a final verdict, and so as the others resigned to their bondage Makuta struggled and fought on, uselessly tiring himself out as the journey pressed on.

They came to a stop some undetermined time later. There was no telling how long they had been travelling in the gloomy, windowless storage. Makuta had fought and struggled almost the entire time, never one to give up, but he became fatigued. His stomach rumbled in hunger and his eyes were heavy and itchy. It had been a deep but restless sleep overnight, being beaten and moved and chained. Thus he found himself snoozing now and again, waking up when the road would jolt the wheels, leading him to resume his struggling.

The doors were thrown open, and standing there in the light were three figures, ones Makuta recognised instantly. The fox he knew - that smarmy, smug face was impossible to forget with its tiny spectacles and pointed nose. The others were the brutes that had subdued him - both lions with trimmed, patterned manes. It signified their belonging to a certain organisation, though which Makuta did not know. He was not versed in Oldfield societal rankings.

“Wake up my delicious food-things,” the fox said in a whiny, whimsical voice. “We’re here, we’re here, so wake up!” He giggled a dark and almost maniacal laugh, giving a signal to his henchmen to unload the captives. What surprised Makuta was that the fox was so open about his plans: they were prey now, not citizens of Oldfield. Why else would they have been captured, but to be sold on the exotic meat market?

With enforced vigor and speed the six captives were marched from the back of the van. Now, as they stood, it was clear that all six were bound by the ankles with a thread of iron chains, just like a prison chain gang of old. Makuta was second from the front - he felt both the tug of the individual in front of him and the pull of the slow, tired, frightened folks behind. He stumbled out into the light, into a courtyard where a gravel path grazed his shins and knees. A kick to the gut from a lion had him up onto his paws again.

A manor now stood before them, its facade overrun with vines and deep green ivy, coating windowsills and lacquered wood beams. Smoke puffed from two proud chimneys on the old roof, sending black soot up into the clear, cold November sky. The sun was tall, beaming down its frail light. This sort of work, Makuta assumed, was best done at night, but in Oldfield (if indeed that was where they still were) such dealings could be done in the light of day without fear or reprimand.

They were indeed in Oldfield, in the legal sense at least. This was a part of the more rural, pastoral suburbs, a substantial drive from the city centre but nonetheless involved in all its gruesome, sordid dealings only with less pollution and noise. The train of preyfurs were led

around the back, through what was a charming, beautiful garden of fountains and ancient oak trees, coming to a pavillion beside a pond of koi carp and sprawling lilies. At the head marched the fox like a ringmaster in his silk jacket and baton swinging at his side, leading them to a shaded spot beside a raised area, before which were rows of neat chairs all lined up in the sun.

“Now my pretties,” he said sweetly, “we are going to have an auction. Isn’t that exciting? You lovely specimens have been hand picked and selected for your physical perfection and size, and as such are going to fetch a fine price I hope. Coming from all over town will be some of the wealthiest individuals in Oldfield, eager to pick up the very best food for their deserving pets.” He paused and let that sink in before continuing with abounded joy. “Oh yes, pet food you will all be. Fed to snakes and elephants and orcas and all sorts of beasts that deserve only the very finest meals, alive and fresh.”

There were groans of fear and rage from the bound half dozen. Makuta, in particular, was furious. His orange eyes were burning with anger, focused intently on that foppish fox who enjoyed the process far more than any sane fur should.

All at once, not long after the preythings had been assembled beside the raised pavillion, a group of well dressed furs exited from the grand doors of the manor, walking down the hedge lined paths between the jumping fountains. They chatted and mingled, the males in tailored suits and the females in a mix of designer dresses or sleek, confident suits themselves, depending on their profession and lot. All took their seats, ushered by well dressed servants who looked on them with reverence and fear. Once all were seated, a figure took to the stage and stood behind the lectern placed there. He was a hyena, one that looked as smart and clean and wealthy as a ragged canine breed could. His face was scarred, as were his arms - on closer inspection one would see his left paw was missing fingers. The battered but ineffable individual was a certain Mr. Ricky Gladwise, the chief and boss of one of the largest meat rackets in Oldfield.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” he said, his voice loud but unassuming, that of a great orator capable of softness and clarity all at once. “I thank you for taking the time to come here today for our monthly auction. I apologise that some of our lots today are not in the brochure - number two was only acquired yesterday.”

Number two was Makuta, the blue feline realising that the others around him had been enslaved for days if not longer.

“Now, without further ado, let us commence the auction. First, lot one, a fine and worthy fennec fox.” Gladwise looked over to the side of the pavillion where the deranged fox and his henchmen stood with the produce. The lions leaned down to disconnect the first in line - the fennec - from the chain, allowing him to be brought up onto the raised area to be sold off.

A round of civilised bidding occurred, the gavel falling after the humbled fennec was sold for a staggering twenty thousand dollars. Such money Makuta could only dream of, and here the richest of the city were throwing away their pocket money on treats for their pets, treats that were living, breathing furs themselves.

“Lot two now,” the hyena said. “A blue furred feline. A solid body with little fat, made hard through manual labour.”

Now Makuta was marched up, dragged between the two lions and placed beside the lectern in their solid, unyielding paws. Now the feline could look out across the audience. In all there were more than forty individuals, most of which were in pairs of spouses. This event was not just an auction, but a social event where the rich and powerful could mingle and talk. It was an afternoon of decadence, a retreat from the busy world of finance and politics that was at Oldfield’s bustling heart.

The feline was spun around to show off his back, while the lion’s rough paws even lifted his tail to show his tight, taut rump. Makuta had never felt so violated or humiliated as he was displayed naked for all to see. His sheath, his balls, his ass - all were being oggled and judged. The question was how much the crowd was willing to pay for the privilege of feeding it all to their choice pet.

“A fine male I’m sure you’ll all agree,” Gladwise said with a smile. “I’ll start the bidding at ten thousand.”

A hand was raised in the audience.

“I have ten,” the hyena said. “Do I have fifteen?”

A paw shot up quickly after. A bidding war ensued, escalating higher and higher into dizzying figures. Makuta could not help but blush when the final sum was announced.

“For one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, sold.”

The gavel fell with a resounding thud, echoing like the slamming of a guillotine blade into soft wood. Makuta had seen the individual that had so enthusiastically bought him; it was a panther of pure black fur and icy blue eyes, one that wore not a suit but instead a polo shirt, its pink fabric clinging tightly to his chest of hard muscles.

The lions dragged Makuta away, pulling him off stage across the other side where a crate was waiting for him. Another pair of henchmen were here, waiting. They had already packaged the fennec up. There were size equally sized plain wooden crates in a row, five of which were open lidded, the sixth bound and sealed with the fennec hidden, locked within.

Now it was time for another humiliation, though Makuta's mind was not on the bondage but on the panther that had bought him. As the blue feline was pushed into the tight, uncomfortable crate and packed in with padded lumps of bulky styrofoam to keep him still and motionless, he did not complain or fight - but he thought, long and hard, about what that cruel panther had in store for him. The lid was placed over the top, sealing him in darkness save for tiny rays of light that penetrated the air holes. The confines squeezed around him, packed tightly in wood and foam, still bound by ankles and wrists but now curled up in a foetal position. He heard clasps and bolts being shuttered, holding him perfectly still in his crate, a delivery of fresh food waiting to be sent off.

A label was attached, the name and address of the owner written upon it. Only after the auction ended - half an hour later - were all six boxes of meat shipped out in individual vans, taken to their new owners after the post-auction social. Thus, in the darkness and tightness, bound and gagged and sent away, Makuta was left only to think and muse on what awaited him.

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Makuta slept in fits and bouts. The dull motion of travel in the darkness was almost hypnotic, lulling him into an uneasy rest. Mindlessly he drifted in and out of consciousness, realising only after some period of stillness and quiet that he had arrived at his destination. He did not know where that was - such knowledge would only come when the crate was opened, presumably at feeding time.

He had to wait for hours more. It was early in the evening when such freedom was afforded to him, by which time Makuta had been crammed into his crate for almost five long, aching hours. He heard scuffing outside, that of paws or feet on a hard surface. Then above was the scratching of metal on wood, bolts being cast aside and loops of tape being torn. A moment of stillness and silence followed, after which there was light pouring in from above, falling around the looming face of a stern, cold-eyed panther.

Makuta twisted his head up best he could to meet the gaze of his new, wealthy owner. Callousness and calculation was in those eyes; impersonal and sadistic. Such hardness made Makuta - a normally proud and tough feline - melt away in fear and submission.

"They tell me your name is Makuta," the panther said. "Mine is Rufus."

Makuta wondered how his captors had learned his name. Perhaps he had bandied it about too loosely while drinking and whoring. It mattered little. What did interest Makuta however was that Rufus cared to speak to him with his name, whereas until now his captors had only referred to him in passing as meat or some other object. Gagged, he did not reply, but looked up attentively, guarded and beware.

“I wish to see you eaten tonight,” he continued matter of factly, without much emotion in his voice. “I enjoy watching strong, confident, healthy felines like ourselves succumb to the natural prowess of my pets. Worth every penny I spent on you. Those other prey didn’t have that fight, that... ruggedness that I saw in you. You shan’t let me down.”

The panther reached down and pulled the foam chunks out of the box, allowing Makuta to move and flex a little. With a helping paw Makuta was soon standing, facing the taller, stronger, and most importantly unbound feline. Any thought of defiance would be folly, and yet Makuta managed to growl and snarl between his gagged lips - his jaws aching from being spread so long.

“That’s the spirit,” Rufus said, eyeing over Makuta’s slim body. “I hope you’re just as feisty when you’re inside my pet. I do love watching a good, long digestion.”

Makuta was in a strange place indeed. Around him was foliage, short trees and dense ferns arranged around a grassy knoll, beside which a slow moving and shallow river ran. Light poured in from above where rows of bright, intense lighting hung, buzzing quietly. He was inside though. Though the leafy shrubs and bushes he could see walls. A smell of rich, natural forest filled the place, which combined with the gentle tinkling of water produce a very authentic effect.

“This is my terrarium,” Rufus explained, following Makuta’s eyes about the strange room. “It is where my pet resides in comfort. It goes on quite a way. In fact, this whole forest scene stretches under all of my manor and much of the gardens. It’s an ecosystem of its own, but my pet is the king of all that dwell here - though he only feeds on what I bring him, in this case, being you.”

Makuta snarled at the panther, wanting to play no part in this disgusting little show.

“And that is why I bought you,” he said calmly. “I’m going to make you into game. A sappy, willing prey wouldn’t have half the energy and vigour that I wish to watch. See, all around are cameras watching, microphones listening. From afar I shall watch you, Makuta, as you die for my pleasure.”

The panther was now standing behind Makuta, and from there he pulled out the gag after unclasping the buckles behind the blue feline’s head. A sharp blade cut through the heavy ropes that bound his arms and then his ankles, before a soft kick to the rump sent the now unbound Makuta to the ground, unbalanced and weary with his limbs having been stationary for so very long. Before he could get up and turn to fight his captor - not that he would win - Rufus was already distant, closing a tall gate behind him that stretched from the floor to the roof, one of solid metal and glass.

Gathering his strength, Makuta hobbled over to it, slamming his fists on the heavy metal as it locked shut. "Damn you!" He screamed with bitter fury. "This isn't a game! This is my life!"

The panther moved away, standing beside an intercom, smiling as he replied. "It shan't be your life for long. Now, I daresay my pet has already caught your scent. He's not eaten in months, so he'll be hungry. Let's see how long you last."

With that, Rufus stepped away, out of sight from the window in the door, retiring to a comfortable place to watch the hunt. A room with many monitors, with his favourite chair and a footstool to prop up his paws - not to mention a fur serving him drinks and another serving his cock.

Makuta was oblivious to the luxury and style with which Rufus had enshrouded himself. For the blue feline, there was only the heavy door and the wide expanse of ersatz forest behind him, a forest which despite its calm and serene appearance harboured a deadly predator. A lesser fur might have hammered the door further, begging and railing; worse still they might have slumped to the floor in defeat and waited for death to take them - but Makuta was not a lesser fur. He was strong and feisty. Even after over a day of bondage, without food or proper rest, he was capable of endurance and resistance. Resolve filled him. If Rufus wanted a hunt, then he'd get one - but Makuta resolved to be the hunter. He'd find this precious pet and slay it before it could slay him.

The underground terrarium stretched on far further than Makuta first assumed. The area he first stood in had been nothing more than a clearing, a small vestibule attached to a much larger cavern. He pressed on along the slow moving water, following the stream into dense foliage, fighting against branch and root. There were no clear paths, or at least he could not find them. All was overrun and rugged. His mind turned to arming himself. Strong though he was, he felt safer with something in his paw. A heavy stick would be of little use, but one sharpened to a point, or fashioned into a hammer with a rock attached could be helpful.

He struggled on through the thickets, sweating and panting. The heat and humidity were utterly stifling. Having not eaten or, more pressingly, hydrated himself since his boozing night out, the glimmering stream of clean cool water looked incredibly refreshing. Having spent almost an hour traipsing and trekking through the artificial wilderness without anything accomplished, he sat down by a brook and dipped his paws into the water. At once refreshment came to him, sweeping along his body like a revitalising wave. He cupped the clear water between his fingers and splashed his face, shuddering in delight. Another splash greeted his cheeks before he drank deep, kneeling down and pushing his face into the shallow stream, gulping down the crystal clear water with zest and joy.

Then, in that moment of distraction, his predator struck. It happened very quickly - too quickly for Makuta to do anything other than yell and fumble, throwing his arms wildly as his body was assailed. A snake - most likely an anaconda given its ease of movement and familiarity in the



water - had ensnared him, and was quickly looping its thick, massive, scaled body around the struggling feline. It was no contest. Even if Makuta had been aware and guarded he would have been overwhelmed, for this was no typical pet snake. This was a monster, a true giant of its kind, almost ten metres in length and hundreds of kilograms in weight.

It very quickly put all this power and strength to use. Makuta found himself in the constricting coils, with his arms pinned to his sides beneath the thickest and hardest sections of snake - easily wider than his shoulders were broad. A set were pressed about his thighs too, but these were of little importance. Makuta realised very quickly that he was being constricted. He felt the hard muscles compressing and hardening like rock, pressing to his chest. When he exhaled, he could not then inhale - his diaphragm could not expand, his ribcage could not enlarge. Under the creaking of scales and the ever crushing pressure he strained and struggled helplessly, breathlessly.

His tongue pushed from his mouth, his eyes bulging and his cheeks swelling. A terrible pressure build in his head as the blood was squeezed out of his torso and as the oxygen in his arteries was spent. He gasped and gagged, flexing his body and curling his toes - but it was useless. The snake had him. All he could see were thick, gleaming, smooth scales around his chest and the inverted forest beyond, the bright rows of light blinding him as his vision slowly grew dark.

Then, from afar it seemed, a voice spoke - it was Rufus. "Seventy-four minutes," he announced, "not bad, but I was expecting more of a fight. Oh well, now you get to enjoy being food."

Makuta could not reply. He could barely even think now as he was strangled and asphyxiated. He was brought to the point of unconsciousness, to where his heart beat slowly and his limbs tingled with numbness. Only then did the relentless grip on his chest wane, just enough to allow him a fraction of air, the tiniest amount to keep him awake and lucid yet powerless and sluggish.

Now, as if to taunt him, the snake revealed its broad snout, its face one of a wide, shovel-like mouth and black, beady, unblinking eyes recessed above it. With its pale green and yellow coloured scales, the black eyes seemed as cold and dark as death itself. A fat forked tongue flickered just short of Makuta's face, tasting the air and the prey whose scent was cast upon it. There was no smile, no emotion, nothing in the anaconda's simple face that Makuta could read. It was just an animal - a very strong, very experienced one that had done what its instincts commanded; to stalk, to ambush, to constrict, and to eat.

This is did slowly, starting at Makuta's exposed paws. The feline had expected to be swallowed head first and was thus surprised when he felt the wetness of hot saliva and slick flesh encompassing his toes and soles. He'd been dragged from the water in the brief tussle, and his fur had dried somewhat in the heat and friction of the scales. He heard the jaws

popping and unlocking to stretch around his feet, though in truth this was in preparation for the larger, wider parts of the feline. The paws were themselves no issue for the snake to consume. They were pocketed smoothly and gently into the jaws, greeted by the flickering tongue and a bed of soft flesh. The roof of the maw pressed to his ankles and sank them into the lower half, wetter and more cushioned. Soon, these were accepted into the gullet, a tube of intense tightness that had to expand and stretch, hugging to Makuta's paws with frightening intensity.

It had not been a swallow or even a suction that had brought his toes into the slimy, saliva filled folds of flesh. No; the snake had instead pushed itself over his paws, stretching itself like a glove or a stocking up around its bound, linear prey. The coiled creature had enough of its body laying in wait, straight and ready aligned with Makuta's orientation. All it had to do was superimpose itself upon the cat and thus consume him utterly.

That was not to say the throat muscles were idle. Far from it: Makuta could feel the rings squeezing and pulsing with a chaotic fury around his paws and shins, gripping and kneading without direction or purpose. Fur tight, the flesh caked his fur with slime and mucous, hot and sultry, making the humid exterior seem positively arctic by comparison. Makuta realised that those rings would need unified, coordinated direction to turn that passive clutching into a deadly and intent swallowing - but that would come later. For now, the snake was making good progress slithering itself forward, stretching its body over Makuta's as rings of coils fell away, packing the poor, helpless feline inch by inch into the tight, salivating jaws.

After just a few minutes, Makuta's tail, knees and hands were being pushed into the now swollen and dislocated jaws. Everything so far consumed was wrapped in tight muscles and a coating of heavy, oily saliva. Had the circumstances been different, Makuta might have found the slickness and snugness appealing. Indeed, the raw sensations were very pleasant - erotic even. But Makuta's mind was solely on surviving. This was no leisure trip, no idle game (for him at least - Rufus, watching from afar and remote, found it a wonderful game). Any further progress into the hungry snake would mean death and doom. Such tightness around his legs suggested breathing would be difficult, if not impossible. He'd find out soon enough.

Still he struggled as best he could. With his thighs being gently gnawed upon between the gummy, toothless jaws he tried to kick and shift his legs in an attempt to dissuade the predator from continuing. His defiance was in vain. He was already weak, given his position and his immediate past - and the anaconda was in a situation of immeasurable strength. Whenever Makuta so much as flexed his toes or wriggled his paws, the gullet clenched down on them with fury, commanding the prey to be still and be eaten in an orderly fashion.

Deeper Makuta went, still the anaconda progressing, stretching itself over the linear prey. Its coils retreated from Makuta's belly, showing a pattern of scales imprinted on his fur, dampened with water and sweat. His ass was seated into the lower jaw, acting as a soft, smooth, slick basket that accommodated his cheeks almost perfectly. Saliva spluttered and

squelched between his buttocks, but his thighs were clamped tightly together from the press of the gullet, meaning little slickness reached his taint. Luckily, his balls had managed to end up on top of them, not crushed between them - though his tender orbs were soon squashed against the hard roof of the maw, sending a shiver of pain along the feline's spine. His sheath, thankfully, kept its cock hidden and safe from the probing tongue and oozing flesh.

It was now, with everything below his hips firmly and securely inside the bulging snake, that his predator started to genuinely swallow. The force of it made Makuta moan in pain as his legs and joints were squeezed and crushed in the rippling muscles, all working together along him to draw him deep, a staggering wave of peristalsis that gurgled and smacked with the sound of flesh on fur. He sank, with that one guttural gulp, up to his nipples, anchored into the snake's pulsing, sucking innards.

There was stillness then, comparatively at least. The coil around his chest had been pulled away, leaving him with a clear, unobstructed view of the tube of glistening, fattened scales that now encompassed him, tight and snug like a sleep sack. The snake was wide before, but now it looked utterly monstrous, distended and bloated with far too much food. It was a humbling sight, and a horrifying one, for Makuta was the cause of that stretched flesh. His body was stuffed inside it, compacted and compressed by an inch of bone and muscle, made into nothing more than a pretty patterned oblong whose struggles barely even impacted upon the taut outer layers.

He could breathe a little easier now that his chest was free - he knew it would be a brief window, for soon his face, all of him intact, would be submerged and smothered inside the anaconda's digestive tract. He tried to calm himself, to steady his breathing and prepare for the plunge. He knew not how much would be taken in the next swallow, but he wanted to be ready for it. His preparations were interrupted by the sound of Rufus' voice on the ever present speakers overhead.

"Don't you think you look so good like that?" He said magnanimously. "A fine, healthy male like you makes such a wonderful bulge. So tight and snug and full. Yes, my pet will enjoy having you inside him, as will I."

"Fuck you!" Makuta yelled, teeth gritted in rage. "You sick, twisted bastard."

"Save your breath," Rufus shot back, cold and bitter. "Or don't. My pet has a talent for keeping his victims well supplied in the stomach, so they might linger and perish in long, drawn out agony."

"You'll pay for this," Makuta snarled, knowing of no way this could be true, only wishing that the cruel panther would someday have his comeuppance

"I already *did* pay for this," Rufus replied, "to the sum of over one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. More than enough to enjoy watching you perish inside my pet."

Makuta would have spat out another insult or hurled more abuse, but the anaconda wished to resume its meal. Another powerful, soul wrenching swallow had him being tugged all the way in, so that his shoulders were popped between the slick cheeks and his head brought under the curve of the snout. He whined in terror, all manliness and bravado leaving him as the reality smacked him in the face, along with a wall of stagnant, stale heat and moisture. The sight of lights, of trees and grass was replaced by pink flesh everywhere, dripping and drooling onto his face making him cough and splutter. At his chin the gullet flexed and gurgled, adhering tightly to his chest, now buried in those squeezing rings of flesh.

"Oh God," he moaned, barely able to draw in breath with such pressure and tightness clinging to his chest and belly. "Not like this..."

The snake lashed its tongue around his face, getting the blue fur wet with slime and spittle. From toes to chin he was cocooned in snug, powerful muscle, gripped all over without an inch to move or fight. Truly he had been overcome, overwhelmed by millennia of natural biological mastery. All his personal strength - years of labour and fitness - were rendered useless as he lay ingested, waiting for a final swallow to finish him off. There was no hope now, nothing to save him.

"Savour your last look upon the light," Rufus' voice called out, viewing a favourite position of his - that of a prey's head and nothing more between his pet's salivating lips, all else a fat bulge waiting to be pulled down to the stomach.

Makuta was panicking now. His heart thumped as the spectre of death haunted his mind and soul. He twisted his head side to side, looking desperately for something to stop the last swallow. Everything was just slick, pink flesh. He tried to bite at it but his teeth found nothing to sink into - all was too slick and rubbery. All he served to do was smother himself in more lubricating slime, making his fur sloppy and slick.

A great swallow then pulled him in fully, sucking his head into the gullet with a rippling wave of clenching muscle. Saliva welled up around his cheeks as smooth flesh plastered to his face. A quiet moan escaped him, one of terror and disgust. The rings stretching over his skull and sticking to his ears to his head, all pushing and kneading to push him down into the hot, gurgling depths. There was a furious mixture of sound, wetness, darkness and suffocating bondage; Makuta could do nothing but whine and struggle in fruitless attempts to halt his descent, fighting against the unstoppable rhythm of the gullet.

The stomach greeted his paws soon after. A ring of tight muscle gave way as his legs pushed through, entering a slacker space with walls that were smooth and soft, but no less conforming. The ribs above still locked down on him, but now there were fewer muscles to

clench and pull him. The walls of the gut were instead designed to hold and knead, not tug and direct. Slowly Makuta entered the digestive chamber, squeezed along in the tight folds with only his vast amount of lubrication allowing him passage; were it not for that, he knew that the pressure on all sides and small width of the gullet would have prevented him from advancing any further.

With a foul, crass gurgle he came to a halt. The cardia had slurped over his face and locked shut behind his head, sealing the stomach off from the gullet. An offensive chemical odour, stale and stagnant, lingered in Makuta's prison. What little air bubbles between the folds and around his slick body carried that ripe acidic stench. All over his fur felt hot and smooth, the secretions getting to work on digesting him immediately - but it would be a long, gruelling process, one that Makuta had no control over.

Makuta had nothing to fight against. There was no purchase for his fangs to grip onto, no room for him to move his limbs. He could not speak or shout or yell with so much slime and mucous smothering his face: his focus was on breathing, on finding the pockets of air in the folded walls that pressed and squeezed to his form. His heart was still thumping hard and fast, sweating and panting in the sweltering heat. He could feel the tautness of the scales on all sides, stretched to their very limit around his broad shoulders. Such pressure, such immobility, such bondage Makuta had never felt before.

From his safe distance in the comfort of his personal study, Rufus eyed over the screens displaying the fat, motionless bulge. The cameras were incredibly high definition yet he wanted more. Within minutes he was entering the basement, traveling through the terrarium along secret ways and hidden paths to where he knew the snake was currently resting. He moved loudly but slowly, so as not to spook the beast. The last thing Rufus wanted was for the snake to spit up its expensive meal.

There it was, laying before him beside the stream, bloated and stuffed. It was an incredible sight, one that truly boggled the mind. At a casual glance it seemed as if the snake was but one fat tube without shape or feature - from broad snout the neck stretched thin and narrow before expanding into a cigar shaped lump, before becoming slender once more towards the tail. Yet with closer inspection Rufus could see hallmarks of a humanoid prey. Though the scales and flesh was thick and the spiny backbone with its many ribs concealed much, one could detect a breadth of shoulders and hips and a slight protrusion for arms locked to the sides. Carefully so as not to disturb the snake, Rufus knelt beside the bulge, the lump radiating great heat and gruesome gurgling noises, laying a soft paw upon it.

Inside Makuta felt nothing of an outside presence. All he felt was supreme, constricting bondage holding him perfectly still. The walls continued to squeeze, lap, knead and churn against his slick fur but somehow held him rigid and unmoving. The digestive chamber was so alive and busy with motion and deadly intent - but Makuta was stationary, unchanging, as if he were a statue crammed into a tight and snug body suit made of rubber and oil.

Nonetheless he tried to escape with nothing more than willpower alone. His body was useless. It flexed and bucked without any consequence, save for tiring him and spreading the juices with crass, crude splutters. It mattered not - he would not lay there and die defeated. He would fight and struggle to the bitter end.

This struggle Rufus could hear and see, for while at a distance the fat bulge looked still and peaceful, up close the small motions were visible. The panther noted two types; first, the continual and rhythmic pulsing and squeezing of the flesh that contained the prey; and second, the prey's futile attempts to fight it off and keep his digestion at bay. With an outside perspective, Rufus could appreciate exactly how futile those attempts were. The anaconda seemed utterly relaxed and content, its body stretched and taut but otherwise holding the meat well. It was perfectly clear nothing inside would ever come out - not alive, at least.

So, silently, the panther remained beside his pet as it did its thing, gently rubbing and patting the scales which rumbled with the gurgles and churns inside, beyond just an inch of flesh, bone and scale. He would not remain for the entire duration - it took hours, days even, for a prey as large and healthy as Makuta to fully digest. But Rufus would linger and appreciate the quiet noises, listening over time as the organic spluttering and squelching of digestive juices became louder, and with them soon were whimpers of pain and discomfort coming from the poor victim within. Rufus often taunted his prey - certainly when *he* ate he liked to nurse his swollen abdominals and remind his food how little they meant to him. But it felt off here. In the peaceful, natural setting - fake though it was - Rufus wanted to enjoy the process as it should be, untainted with recourse, to allow the horror and humiliation of digestion speak for itself.

Makuta thus suffered alone and in silence for hours. His fighting fell to a lull after a while, for the rubbery, slimy walls had worked all energy from him. His wriggling served only to agitate the warmth - then a tingle and then a burn - seeping through his fur. Staying still kept the growing pain to a minimum, but this was where the stomach's natural convulsions entered. Ever churning, ever squeezing, ever kneading, the gut mixed and moved the grainy slimes and heavy secretions around, introducing them to new patches of furless skin while dragging away useless or digested material. Little by little, Makuta felt (but could not see) his fur thinning and his skin reddening. Smooth as the stomach walls that held him now, his tender pink flesh was being basted and stewed in hot, disgusting chyme and acid, melting him down like a piece of slow cooked pork.

He did not cry or scream, at least not voluntarily. As he breathed in the burning, steaming fumes he would often whine and groan, his body shaking and his voice wavering as the pain and suffering convulsed him. He tried his very best to maintain some degree of honor and dignity, wishing to die without breaking in spirit, even if he was melting away in body. He could smell blood in the air, as well as singed fur, but more and more his senses were fading over time. As the acidic vapors etched away at his throat, nose and mouth, so too his eyes were being blinded and scoured. His fingers and toes - the space between them particularly - was

burning intensely, while his groin and ass were quickly targeted by the oozing, creeping juices.

And the kneading never stopped. Always he was squeezed and churned, pushed an inch up and down, just enough to make the slop flow and the digested skin on his burning body fall away, Blisters formed and broke along his skin, the surface cracking and peeling off in bloody patches. He could not tell how long he had been digesting now - it mattered not. There was no escape, save death, and that was rapidly approaching. Every minute grew more unbearable than the last. Every breath was harder to draw in as his strength waned. Every heartbeat more laboured as his blood pressure plummeted, so much leaking through the many wounds spreading over his body.

Yet there was almost no change in his outward appearance. The green scaled flesh remained taut and bulging, a sausage stuffed with living meat. Inside he was haggard and gruesome, like a cartoon zombie with flesh falling from his bones and shiny, glistening guts starting to peek through the resulting holes. His cheeks were burning through, his lips were all but gone revealing bloody gums and white teeth, his eyelids and now his eyes turning to liquid in their sockets. He gurgled and spasmed, wracked with agony. It was torture, insufferable, horrific torture, and still his body refused to die. His mental strength and physical resilience had him living for four hours inside the snake, unmoving and melting away, for which Rufus watched only one intently. The other three were spent in true solitude with just the cameras recording for posterity.

But, with his face falling away and his throat unable to hold back the growing swamp and tides of bloody, meaty chyme, the feline was at last given his peace. It came not swiftly - no, he choked and drowned in his own digesting flesh, for he had not the lips to keep it from oozing into his open throat, nor the strength to swallow it to his stomach. With his fingers worn to bone, with his groin bare and barren, with his back and belly torn open and his face an utter wreck, the feline shuddered one last time and fell away into death.

This was not the end of Makuta's journey. Though in spirit he was no more, his physical body remained. It took three more days to fully render everything of his into nutritious soup, from skin and fur to bones. Eventually the taut, handsome bulge narrowed down, the energy being stored in the snake's body as fat to be used over the coming months. But not all of the feline could be converted to useful material. There was waste, and this waste needed to be passed.

The snake did not choose a discrete place; it did its foul business in full view in the grasses by the river, for it had no qualms with its waste or repulsion. Under its massive body, where the scales were soft and light, was a tight, small pucker, one that expelled the last mortal remains of Makuta. After half a week inside a snake, what was left was utterly foul and ruined. Nothing but minerals, hardy fur and some bone fragments. It was nothing like mammalian scat - not the brown slimy logs Makuta himself might have made after a large meal. No; this small pile

that had once been a feline was truly waste, broken down material that could not in any way sustain or benefit the snake that had consumed him.

Thus a pile sat in the grasses, no larger than a football, of dark black sludge peppered with white specs of undigested bone. This was Makuta's only grave, one that in time would dissipate through the soil and vanish. Nothing remained of him then. Makuta was just a memory to some; to the snake a layer of fat under its scales, and to Rufus a very expensive recording in his ever growing collection.