

Homewrecker

There's no use hiding...she'll always find out~

(3rd Person Prey POV - Oral Vore, Unbirth, Sex, Language, Coercion, Digestion, Sadistic Themes, Betrayal, Fear, Bad End)

Desmond was walking a dangerous line.

The timid collie had never intended to become a womanizer - gods know he often had a hard time just talking to ONE girl, let alone two - but sometimes, the universe decides to align things in a way that perfectly wrecks the plans of those who least deserve it.

Des was faithful, always, and he never really intended to cheat. He found that such actions were inexcusable, that any problem could reasonably be fixed with proper communication and a genuine attempt at mutual understanding.

His current girlfriend, however, was anything but reasonable.

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Her name was Beatrice - though her friends called her Triss - and he was smitten from the moment he laid eyes on her. She was huge - twice his size at 10' tall - and quite wide, sporting a delightful pear shape that made Des drool just a little. Her hips easily spanned 6' wide, her belly softly rounded and sagging over her waist. Her bust, though modestly sized compared to her proportions, were more than large enough to catch the lustful collie's attention. Soft rolls of fat adorned her voluptuous frame, a pudgy dewlap encasing her neck to support her head and smiling, chubby face. Honey-colored eyes glanced his way through the strands of wavy, chocolate brown hair, and painted pink lips smiled when she caught him staring.

The bountiful, curvaceous grizzly bear had taken a light interest in him from their first awkward conversation, and as soon as numbers were exchanged, their chatting became far more comfortable. It was easy for them to stay in touch, and soon enough Beatrice began to visit more and more, her presence felt in the random trinkets she left behind and the faint musk of bear that clung to the bedsheets. For the first few weeks, things were truly perfect.

Then things got...weird.

It was no surprise that Triss often took charge in matters that concerned the both of them, not the least of which being their bedroom activities. She was so much larger, after all, and he found that she felt more comfortable making the decisions for the two of them. Des didn't mind, of course. His had been a more stressful upbringing, one laden with premature responsibility, and there was a part of him that relished in not having to be in control.

Control, however, seemed to be something Triss craved. First, it had started with small suggestions about his clothing, how he was styling his headfur, and other casual remarks regarding his overall presentation. He was willing to oblige in many ways - he didn't need to wear *just* t-shirts, he supposed - but soon she started asking about his scheduling. She would make appointments for him, plug his work and school schedules into her phone, and further work her influence into his life.

Des didn't mind at first, but when he had gone out with a few work buddies and returned a few minutes later than he intended, Triss was livid. Between clenched teeth, she attempted to keep her words and tone civil, but the anger was unmistakable. Having had a few drinks, Des even attempted to push back, accusations of smothering his life slurring through past his lips on whiskey-scented breath. He hadn't intended on being so harsh, and after waking up the next day with a splitting headache and an empty bed, he felt genuine remorse for how he had acted.

She didn't leave, though. Instead, as he slid out of bed to greet the day, she emerged from the doorway. In her paws was a tray, a plate stacked with bacon, eggs and pancakes placed next to a warm cup of coffee. He met her eyes, unable to detect any remaining resentment in her gaze. He attempted to apologize, to explain himself, but she simply held up a paw and smiled.

"Accidents happen, dearest." she had said, her smile filled with mirth and honey, "Drinking makes you say some funny things, doesn't it? Perhaps we should take a little break from libations."

Des couldn't agree fast enough, despite his mouth already being full of bacon. In his hungry, slightly hazy state, he hadn't quite noticed just how much...bigger Triss seemed to be. He simply admired her curves, failing to realized her belly was moving a little on its own...

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Things seemed to continue unaffected, with the cycle of work, classes and home time spinning into a comfortable monotony. Desmond had worn himself into a routine, and found himself spending more time at home than ever. You see, many of his personal friends at work

had begun to leave - apparently leaving behind nothing but a note, explaining their sudden employment with a new company. Even Des' boss asked him if he had known about the sudden departures, expressing confusion that Evan - Des' friend and most recent disappearance - had been offered a managerial position mere days before his departure. His boss even expressed that the notes were written far more formally than was expected from any of the missing employees. All Des could do was shrug his shoulders.

His time at home was filled with doting, attention from his massive significant other. By now, he had noticed she was steadily gaining weight, but thought little of it. He loved her curves, naturally, and had remembered hearing that happy couples tended to gain weight as they lived together. After all, he was happy...right?

He didn't enjoy lying, but he couldn't take it any longer. Beatrice had moved from being attentive to being possessive, barely letting Desmond leave the house for any reason unless she accompanied him. He still enjoyed his time with her to a degree, but her constant hovering was beginning to make him feel claustrophobic.

He told her he was putting in a few later hours at work, that he would be at least an hour later every weeknight. Duty called, he had said, and had shown her a fabricated email from his boss confirming the schedule change. She wasn't happy, of course - she sulked the entire night - but was grudgingly accepting. She even sent a message to her own employer, asking if she could receive the same shift extension. "There's no reason for me to be home if you aren't here, dearest..." she had said, a hint of pride in her voice. Silently, he congratulated himself - this was going to be easier than he thought!

At first, that extra hour was for relaxing in his favorite pub, nursing a weaker drink so as not to return home reeking of booze. Des felt a little guilty for lying to his girlfriend, but he tried to justify that decision with the thought that, well, he just needed space. He wasn't doing any harm, and at the end of the day, it would be good for his mental health.

Then came Loretta.

He had arrived at the bar near his usual time, only to find that a young, cream-colored feline gal was sitting next to his spot at the bar. He took his seat, politely acknowledged her, and intended to leave their interaction at that...but something in his mind drew him to her. She was petite, slender, of an appealing athletic build. Her eyes were like sapphires, set into a pleasant face covered in a light dusting of freckles beneath the thin, silky fur. Her attire, as "business

casual” as it was, seemed to capture her curves and show off the appealing slope of her hourglass shape.

They spoke for a time, casually talking about themselves and wiling away Des’ precious hour before the alarm to return home sounded on his phone. The sound made him wince. Loretta seemed dismayed that he was leaving, but on a whim, he promised to be there the next day. This had brought a smile to her face, and after a friendly handshake, he departed.

Time at home seemed to drag even more than usual - tedious routines felt all the more monotonous knowing that there was something to look forward to the next afternoon. Desmond was careful to keep his focus, to not seem as if he was distracted, but he couldn’t help himself. He felt a little distant, and though he was resting comfortably next to his beloved, he couldn’t stop thinking of the mysterious, delightful feline that crossed his path.

As promised, she was there the next day. The smile on her face when she saw him approach was bright, her eyes betraying just how excited she was to see him again. Their conversation blossomed, jokes were shared, laughs were had at the bar, and soon this became a new part of his routine. He spent time with Loretta at the end of every shift, and after a week, their meetings began to be the highlight of his day.

After a joke that made Loretta laugh particularly hard, Desmond couldn’t help but grin to himself. She was everything he had needed, and despite the fear of being discovered, he couldn’t help but feel drawn to her. He hadn’t dared tell her that he was already seeing someone else - he didn’t want to risk losing one of the few parts of his life that he still looked forward to - but the sinking feeling in his stomach wouldn’t go away. Deep down, he knew he’d either have to tell Loretta and lose her, or break up with Beatrice before things went too far.

The thought scared him. As monotonous as his routine had become with Triss, it was stable. There was a bizarre, crushing comfort that came with knowing exactly how the day would go, and what he could expect the next day. Triss was just too...much. Too controlling, too nosy, too rigid. He found himself drawn to Loretta’s brighter, more impulsive spirit, and soon he had come to a decision.

Right as he was about to open his mouth to say something, Loretta gave him a look that caused him to sweat. Bedroom eyes, a gentle lip bite, a giggle that made his pants a little tight.

“You know...we don’t always have to meet here...” she cooed, clearly a little nervous. “Perhaps we could have a drink...at your place tonight?”

Desmond’s mind spun at a million miles a minute. On one hand, he knew this was a bad idea. Even with just a quick “meeting” at home, the risk of being discovered was too high. On the other...well...it was difficult for him to think clearly, what with his heart racing and his pants

only getting tighter. His rational thoughts screamed at him to deny her, knowing this would only end badly, but her face...

He couldn't say no.

"I, ah, have other things to do tonight..." he tried to say, noticing how her smile began to fade upon hearing it, "b-but, um...maybe a quick drink wouldn't ruin my schedule too badly...?"

Her smile returned, and that was all he needed. The sinking feeling only grew, but he pushed it aside. Half an hour, then he'd have time to clean up before Triss got home. He'd even order her favorite for dinner, get her in a good mood before they broke up. He wasn't looking forward to that...

Loretta's hand gently squeezed his, and his worries ebbed for a moment.

I can do this, he thought. I'll figure it out.

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Those thoughts moved through his head when he slid his key into the lock on his spacious apartment, leading the giddy young feline into the immaculately clean space. Triss had always insisted on total cleanliness, and Desmond thanked his lucky stars that there wasn't a great deal of evidence pointing towards his current relationship.

Loretta was chatting softly, complimenting his decorations and sense of cleanliness, but he could barely pay much attention to what she was saying. His worry only rose, realizing what exactly it was that he had done. He had brought a woman back home, a home he shared with another person...someone who would be home in less than an hour...

His anxiety was doused by a kiss. Loretta held his cheeks, her lips planted against his in a gentle embrace. She pulled away slowly, her lips brushing against his when she said, "It's okay...I'm nervous too..."

He went to respond, before he noticed the straps on her dress slide down her shoulders, the silky garment falling around her feet. She was wearing a lacy, periwinkle blue lingerie set, her bra fitted snugly around her modest, yet tender breasts. She turned to walk down the hallway towards his bedroom, allowing him an eyeful of her soft rump squeezing out of the blue thong she wore, while she called, "Why don't you take a moment to breathe...I'll be waiting~"

Desmond's heart was racing faster than ever before. He steadied his breathing as best he could, then began to undress. His button down and slacks came off with relative ease, despite his arousal, and he soon found himself nude in his living room. His modest erection

pulsed softly with anticipation, and after taking a moment to encourage himself, he walked down the hall to the door.

As he approached, Desmond went through all of the sexy one liners he could use, wondering what would best fit the mood. He selected the one he thought would at least get a laugh, put on a smile, then opened the door.

What he saw froze his sappy line in his throat.

The massive bed was completely occupied by a mass of brown and beige, a shape and color with which he was all too familiar...but in the dim light, their menace was far more palpable. Heavy curves wobbled on the bed, the sound of sucking and swallowing heard in the otherwise silent house...along with the faint sound of desperate screaming. In the center of the brown mass was a pair of delicate, feline paws, slowly sinking into the mass with sickening, rhythmic motion.

By the time Des realized what he was seeing, it was already too late.

Her maw open wide, tongue curling around the thrashing toes of her latest meal, Beatrice made eye contact with the terrified collie and swallowed on final time. Her teeth closed over her victim's toes with an audible **CLACK**, and sickening sound of that final gulp resonated in Desmond's chest.

"Well, dearest...now that she's out of the way..."

The massive bear rose to her full height and approached slowly, her belly engorged and slowly thrashing. Triss was naked, allowing her form to fully spread out and wobble with each step.

"Care to explain to me why you're here?"

Her tone was even, but Desmond knew she was holding in her anger. He almost wished she was shouting at him - the quiet menace of her sweet, venomous tone chilled him to the bone.

"You - Triss, I - honey, you were at work! What are you doing here???" He stammered, still finding it hard to register what had happened.

"I wasn't feeling well, Desmond - you'd know that if you had looked at any of the texts I sent you through the day, let alone responded to them." She said with a huff, looking more hurt than anything. Such a casual sentence, paired with the barely audible screaming coming from her belly was an almost comical juxtaposition - but Desmond wasn't laughing.

The full horror of the situation sunk in, and before he realized what he was doing, he was yelling.

"What the hell!?! You can't just... eat people, Triss, let her out! Let her out NOW!"

The desperation in his voice didn't even phase her. In fact, her face was almost...mocking?

"Well, you can't just sleep around when you're in a committed relationship, but here you are! That is what you were doing, wasn't it sweetie?" she cooed, her pudgy paws wrapping around a certain portion of her gurgling gut and forcing something against the inside of her stomach. To his horror, Des realized it was Loretta's face, barely noticeable when pressed against the wall of fat, fur and muscle that contained her.

"I assumed she wasn't a maid, considering her - **buuuuaAAAARP** - lack of attire." The heady belch filled the room, a spit-stained wad of lacy periwinkle slapping Desmond in the face. Beatrice finally let go of Loretta's head, letting her body sink back into the bear's bulk.

"No...Beatrice...please, let her go...she doesn't deserve this..." Desmond cried, tears forming in his eyes. He barely grasped what was happening - his girlfriend was a maneater, and had consumed the one person that was bringing him comfort. The guilt he had pushed away for so long surged back and took root, causing him to fixate on one thought: if he hadn't been dishonest, Loretta wouldn't be bathing inside a bear's stomach.

"*She* doesn't deserve this???" Beatrice growled, clearly taken aback, "**SHE** doesn't deserve this? What about me? Did I deserve your infidelity? After everything I've done for you, all of the time and care I put into our relationship...why shouldn't I melt her down like all the others???"

Desmond's eyes went wide. "...others? What do you mean, others???"

Beatrice rolled her eyes, her pudgy paws slowly kneading her latest meal, "Gods, Desmond, here I was thinking I was being too obvious - then again, if you're dumb enough to believe you could just fuck in our bed without me knowing, you'd be dumb enough to think those 'friends' of yours were actually promoted."

Desmond gasped. "...no...you...you didn't..."

"Of course I did, dearest. They were taking so very much of your time, and, well..." Her voice dropped lower, a seductive, predatory tone overtaking the sunshine with which she usually spoke.

"I wanted you all to myself."

Desmond's head was spinning. He could feel his knees grow weak, but he stood his ground.

"Let her out...please..."

Beatrice rolled her eyes, "And why would I do that? I was just about to order out for dinner, you just saved me a trip."

“I...”

Desmond thought for a moment, before taking a shaky breath.

“...I'll give you everything. My whole life. You can do with me what you will. You can choose everything, make me into whatever you want me to be. I'll...I'll be yours.”

The bear stopped for a moment, taking a moment to think. The silence returned, only to be interrupted by the muffled, frantic screaming that came from within her guts.

“Hmm...no more disloyalty?”

“None at all. I...won't even make friends, unless you want me to.”

“Goodness...you'll be all mine, puppy. Are you sure you want that~?”

Desmond hesitated, but knew this was what he had to do. He couldn't let someone die because of his own mistakes.

“Yes. I'll...be yours, no matter what.”

“Prove it.”

The bear turned around before getting on all fours, her massive belly pressed beneath her. The massive rump that Desmond once adored was on full display, Triss' lower lips pink and oozing with honey.

“I want you to fuck me, just like you were planning to fuck this little bitch. Show me how much you're willing to give me, and I'll let her out.”

Under any other circumstance, Desmond would have been on her in a second, but he couldn't have been more uneasy. As he stepped closer, the one crumb of comfort filled his mind: Beatrice hadn't ever broken a promise during their relationship. She had always seemed quick to forgive, no matter what he had done.

Unsurprisingly, the fear had left his manhood less than solid. His paw wrapped around the soft shaft, and he filled his mind with thoughts intended to get him erect. He couldn't help but feel his mind drifting to Loretta, his length quickly springing to life when picturing her bare curves...

“Hurry up, dearest...I doubt her air is plentiful~”

Without another thought, Desmond plunged his length into her waiting lips, her thick nectar being more than enough to offer a swift entry. He kept his eyes closed, his paws clutching the massive pair of cheeks before him, as he pounded away at his girlfriend's needy lips. Triss' moans filled the room, pairing with Des' grunts of exertion and easily masking the sound of screaming between them, which began to grow quieter and quieter...

After only a few moments, Desmond could feel his climax reach the tipping point, thrusting faster and faster, harder and harder before finally releasing deep into the greedy snatch before him, an intense orgasm ripping through his body.

His head was swimming. The fear, the adrenaline, the chemical pleasure, the exertion, the drinks before he had returned home, they all contributed to the daze he was feeling.

A daze so strong, it seemed, that when he slid into a sitting position on the floor, he didn't notice the massive bear ass that rose above him. Only after the slick, warm honey began to rain from above did he look up, and by then it was too late. With a lusty moan that shook the house, Beatrice slammed her ass onto the ground, her slick folds sliding over Desmond with a wet slurp. Panting with pleasure, Triss ground her ass against the ground, jostling the confused collie and slurping more of him into her cavernous snatch, his hips soon joining him in the hot, slick confines.

By then, he realized he should be trying to struggle. He yelled, pleaded, squirmed as hard as he could against the slowly sucking muscle, but the only response was encouragement from the bear. Clearly, his struggling only made the experience more pleasurable. Thick honey oozed around Desmond, the bear's arousal making it far harder for him to find any meaningful purchase on the lightly wrinkled walls around him.

In only a minute, Beatrice had managed to cram her boyfriend deep within her folds, a shrill cry leaving her lips when she felt his muzzle push through the tight sphincter to her womb. With one final slam of her gigantic rump, one lusty clench of her inner muscle, Desmond could only cry out helplessly as his body was forced deep into the quivering, sloshing chamber at the end of the tunnel. His whole world shook, and a flood of honey covered him before escaping through the passage below, the climactic bellow of an intense orgasm sounding out around him.

Once things calmed down, Desmond took stock of his situation. The air was thick with arousal, and the heat was intense. He was forced into a loose fetal position with very little stretching room, the lightly textured walls around him quivering with post-arousal relaxation. He could hear a cacophony of gurgles and squirts through the thick muscle, the sounds of organic machinery spinning up after such a pleasant experience. The soft echo of breathing and a beating heart offered additional rhythm, the slowing of tempo indicating just how relaxed Beatrice was after her meal and orgasm.

The thought reminded him of their deal, and after taking a big gulp of hot, stale air, he pounded on the walls of the bear's womb.

"We had a deal!" he cried, his movement causing Beatrice to moan out from the tiny, pleasurable aftershocks. "You have me, now let her out!"

His tiny prison shook as Beatrice giggled to herself, and he could feel her massive paws pressing gently around him, “Oh, I shall, don’t you worry...she’ll be out in a day or so. What’s left of her, that is~”

Desmond’s heart froze, and through the walls of muscle he could hear Loretta call out to him.

“Desmond...? What...what did you do...?”

In the dim light, he could see a petite paw press through the walls in front of his face, an imprint of his dear friend. They were so very close, and yet might as well have been worlds away.

“I tried, Loretta...Oh gods, I’m so sorry...”

Beatrice managed to interject, her voice easily overtaking theirs, “Oh, you didn’t know? You were just a side piece, little kitty, and my boyfriend helped turn you into a side dish~!”

Desmond’s eyes went wide, his head swimming from the hot, stale air, “N-no, that’s not what I was trying to do! I really like you, Loretta, I just wanted to - “

“Like? Like??? Goodness, dearest, you really don’t know when to keep your mouth shut!”

Des could hear Loretta on the other side of the wall, crying out softly for help before slowly growing silent...only for the sounds of extended digestion to take its place. He could feel tears in his eyes as he pounded away at the walls of his fleshy prison, crying out for help.

“I really liked you, Desmond. I don’t put this level of effort in for just anyone, you know.”

Desmond didn’t respond. All he could do was thrash and press against the confines of his new home, which was rapidly filling with thick fluid.

“In fact, you’re quite special. I’ve never tried a trick like this on anyone else. Will you melt away? Will you become my child? Who knows...”

The fluid soon overtook Desmond’s head, the lack of oxygen beginning to make his vision fade. Through the haze that would eventually grow to overtake him, he could hear on final promise.

“In the end, you’ll get what you deserve, dearest...I love you~”

END(?)