

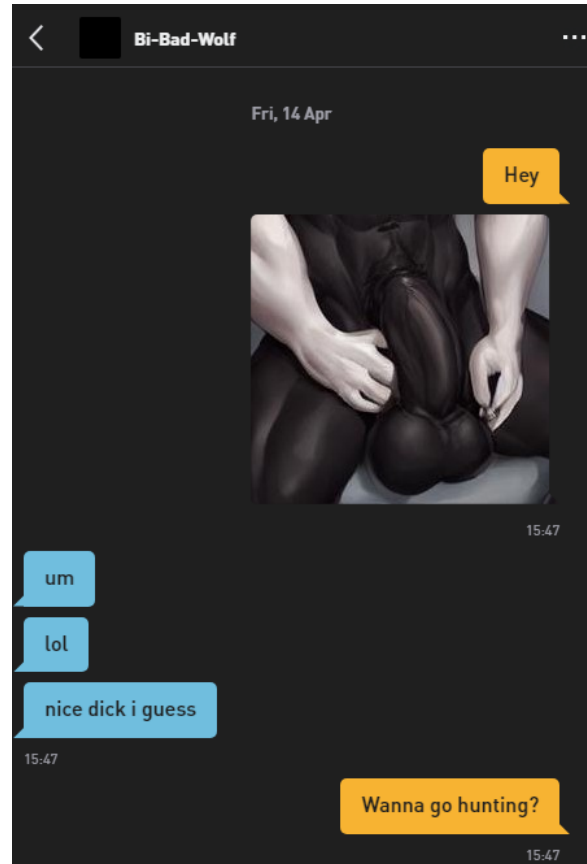
## SCENE 2: BUTCHr

Bruce licked his lips as he looked over all of the possible meals just waiting for him to eat them. He was amazed. There were so many preys on this app. Predators, too! Though he supposed that they were predators like him. He had filtered out the females. Just for now. Maybe when he was more experienced he could munch on some tits or whatnot, but for now, he wanted to play with other males. He had seen all the sexy horses on the vore tapes. He wanted a scene like THAT.

There weren't any horses available, just now, though. He thought about it, as he flipped through the possibilities. Of course there wouldn't be that many. They'd be in very high demand, most likely. And it's not like you can get vored twice. The males on here were just... easy pickings. The lowest hanging fruit. The ripest, most delicious fruit, the males who NEEDED to get eaten, RIGHT NOW! And the preds who wanted to eat them.

Bruce grinned. There was a picture of a wolf, wearing dark sunglasses and wearing dark green camo, sitting in front of a tree in the woods. Bi Bad Wolf. Definitely pred, definitely game for some fun. Bruce decided to start with him. After all, maybe he'd have some suggestions, and he was about the same age as him anyways.

He tapped on the icon, opening up the blank conversation screen. How to start? Hmm. Well, he could always lead with a dick pic. Everyone loved dick pics.



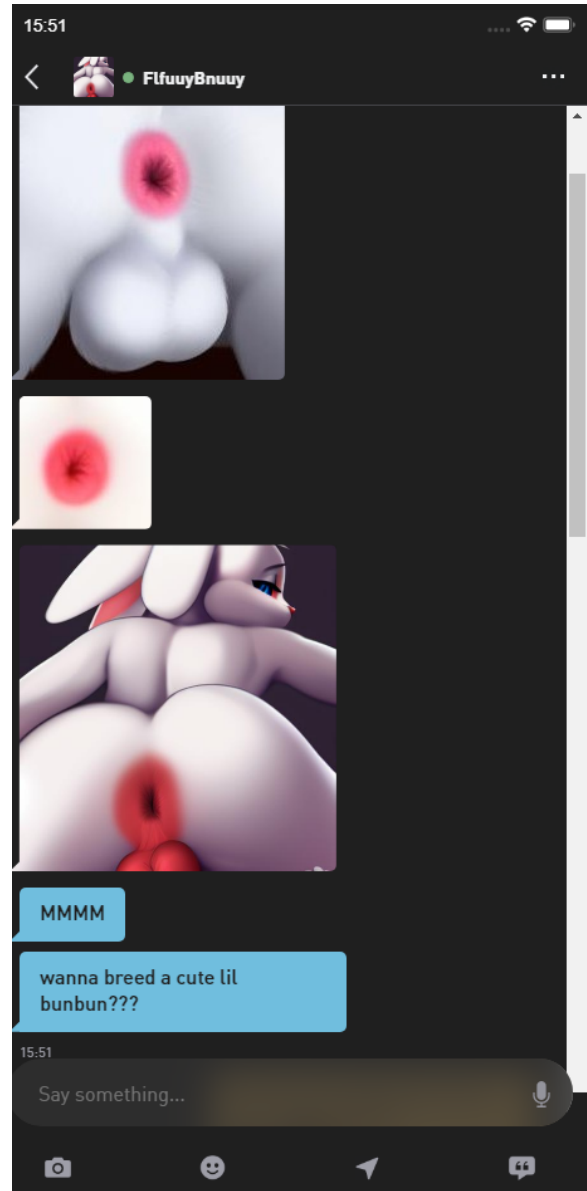
At that point, the convo disappeared and Bruce found himself staring at the messages screen; there was no trace of BiBadWolf. Confused, he went back to the main screen, but the profile was gone. Had he been blocked? Why would the wolf block him? He hadn't done anything bad, had he?

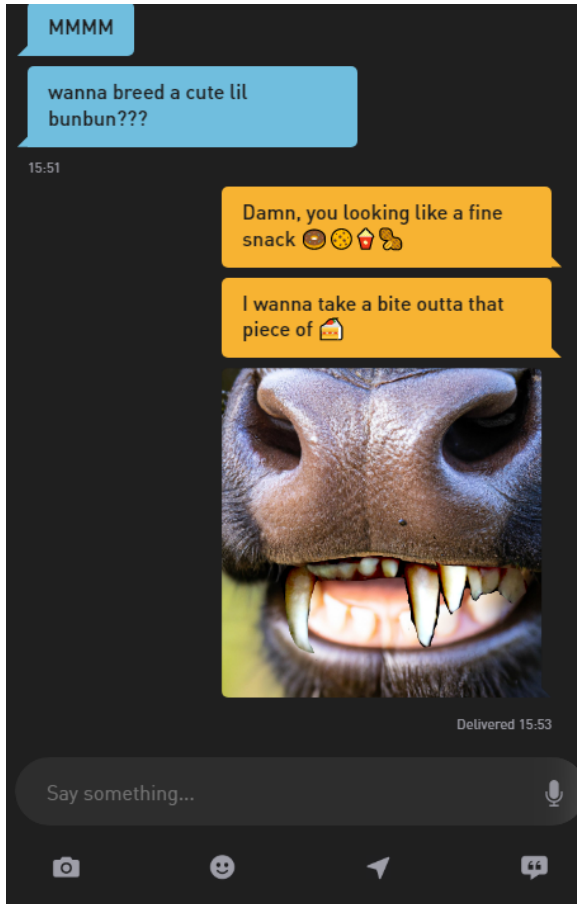
Undeterred, Bruce returned to the grid. He had a new message, from "FlfuuyBnuuy".

Bruce grimaced as he remembered the night before. He swiped down at the top of his phone, to check for replies from Greg, but there was nothing. He thought about it. Did he really want to eat another rabbit? It made his dick shrivel when he thought about that scream. Nah, there's no way he could eat this rabbit. Not tonight anyways. He thought about blocking him, but then thought again.

Even if he wasn't going to eat the rabbit tonight... after he patched things up with Greg.... and ate Greg... he'd be getting hungry again. No reason to throw good food away, right? He thought about it. Even if he wasn't going to eat the bunny tonight... he could still tease him.

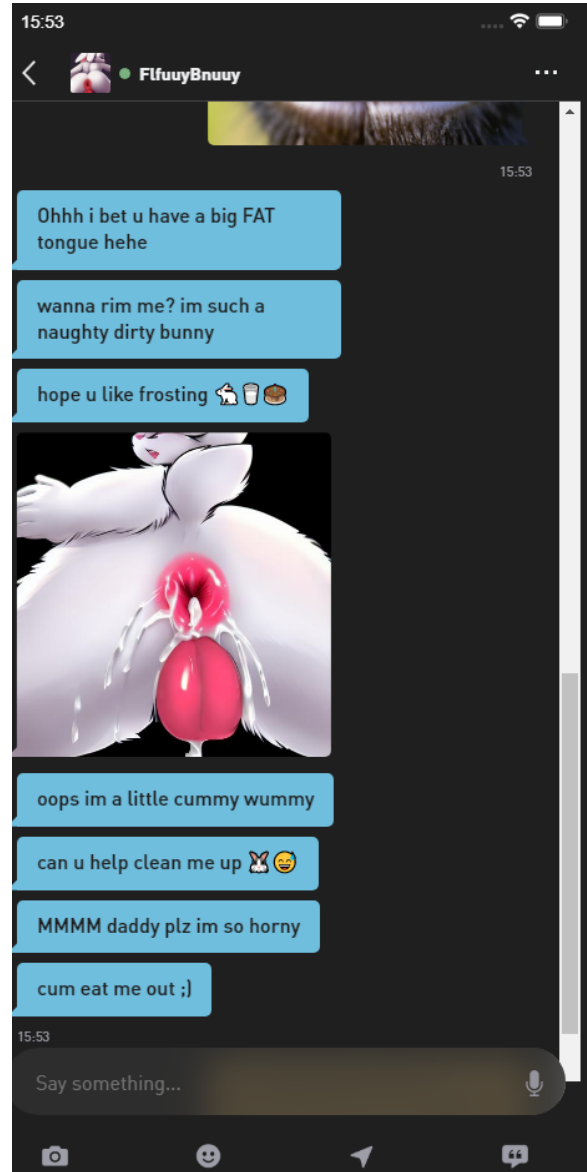
He popped onto the discussion, reveling in this app's ability to help him 'meal plan'.



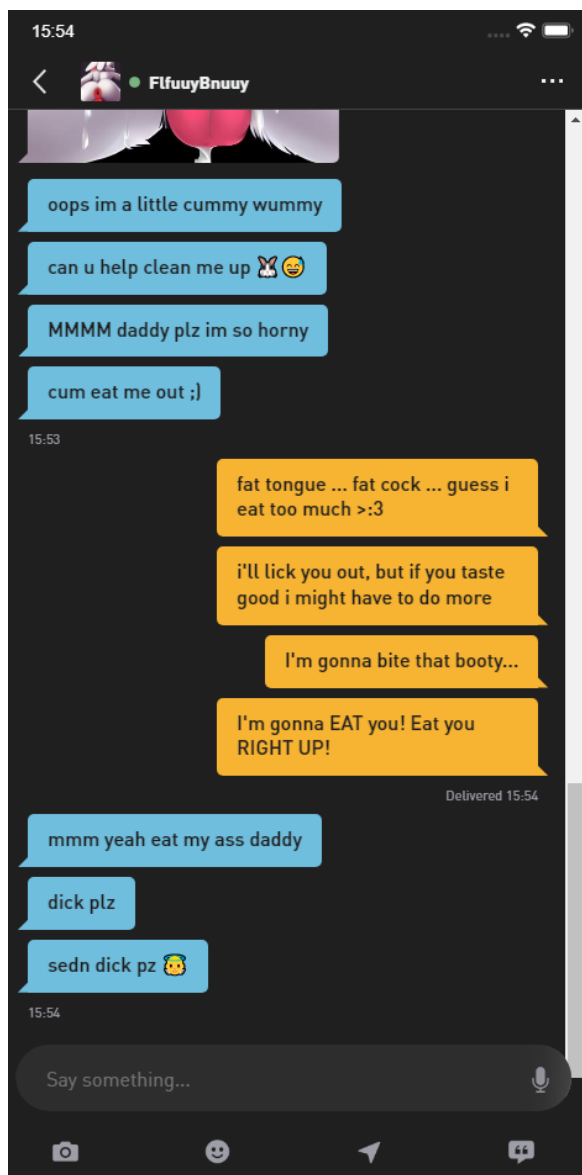


Bruce almost didn't send the picture. He had spent most of a night adjusting a picture of him, correcting the teeth and making sure that they looked sharp and predatory. Unless you knew exactly what to look for, the image was seamless. The fangs looked so natural in his mouth. It made him excited, thinking about sinking them into the flesh of some squirming, beggy soft prey animal.

He stroked his tongue along the smooth, flat dental plate along the top of his mouth, holding up the phone and leaning back, to see how the bunny responded.

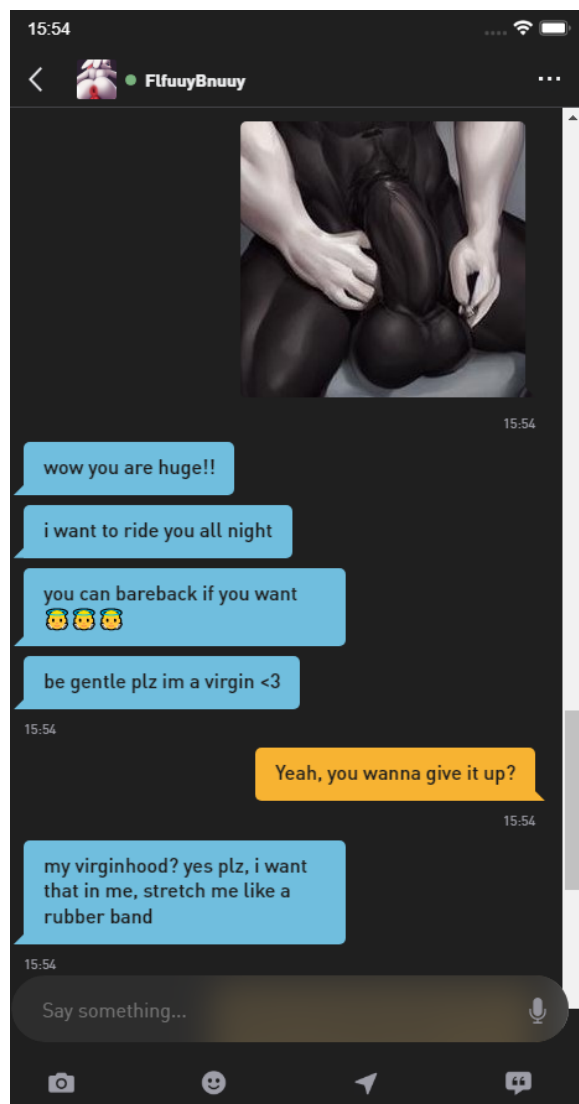


Fuck yeah, the rabbit was into it. Bruce's heart thudded, head spinning. It was so easy! Some part of his mind had thought, deep down, that maybe the rabbit wouldn't be interested. He was though. He was telling Bruce he wanted to be eaten, right there in the chat. He was INTO it. Bruce's cock slapped heavy against his belly, as the bull tapped out a response, thick fingers carefully choosing a response on the screen.



Bruce frowned. The bunny didn't seem to be as.. serious about this as Bruce was hoping. He was hoping for terror, fear, pleading. 'Oh don't eat me', that kind of thing. Or even, "Yes, EAT me, feed on me so that I can be part of your big PRED body!"

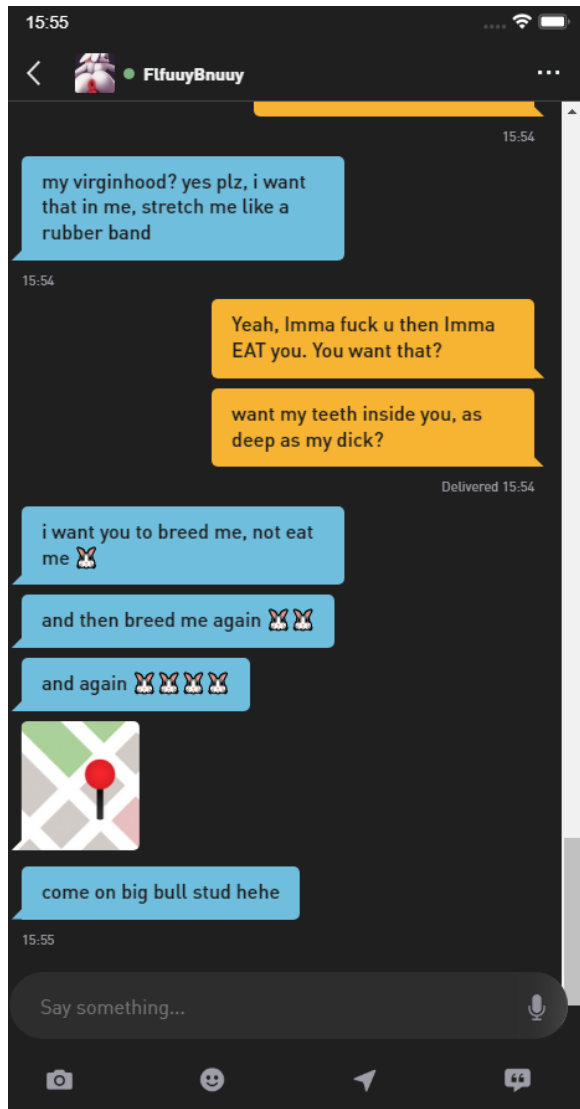
Bruce pursed his lips, and reluctantly sent his dick pic. He immediately regretted it.



Bruce sighed. He was beginning to think that the rabbit was not interested in being eaten, after all. He had said he did, even invited Bruce to, but he kept going back to getting his ass plowed out.

There was no way he was a virgin.. was there? was he like, using fake pictures to make it LOOK like he was taking a bunch of dick? No... no, he wouldn't do that. That would be unethical. That was lying.

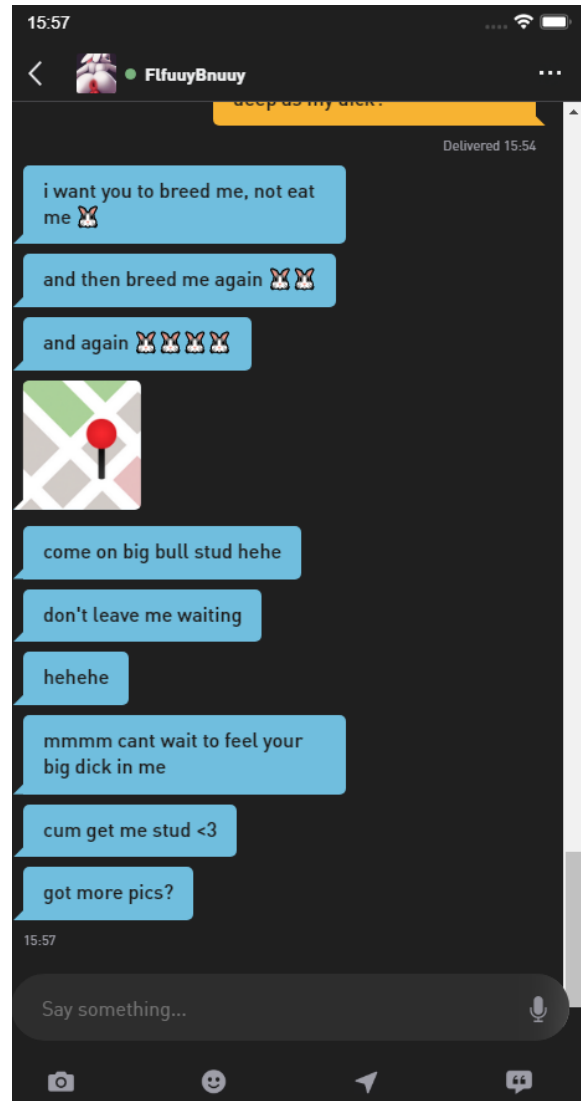
Bruce needed to know the truth, though.



Bruce balked, at this. Dammit. Now the bunny was saying he DIDN'T want to be eaten. But why had he said he did?!

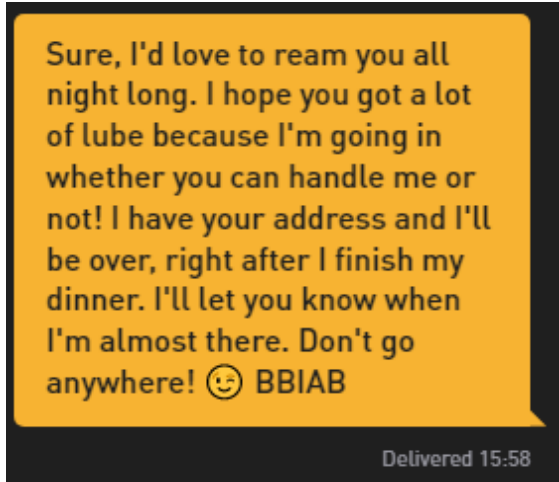
Bruce scrolled back up, through the conversation. Right there, he had... Oh. Bruce's ears burned. His head throbbed with the beginning of a tension headache. He had completely misread... *everything*.

Fucking hell. What the fuck kind of app was this? Who would LIE? Who would be so misleading, just to get some tail?

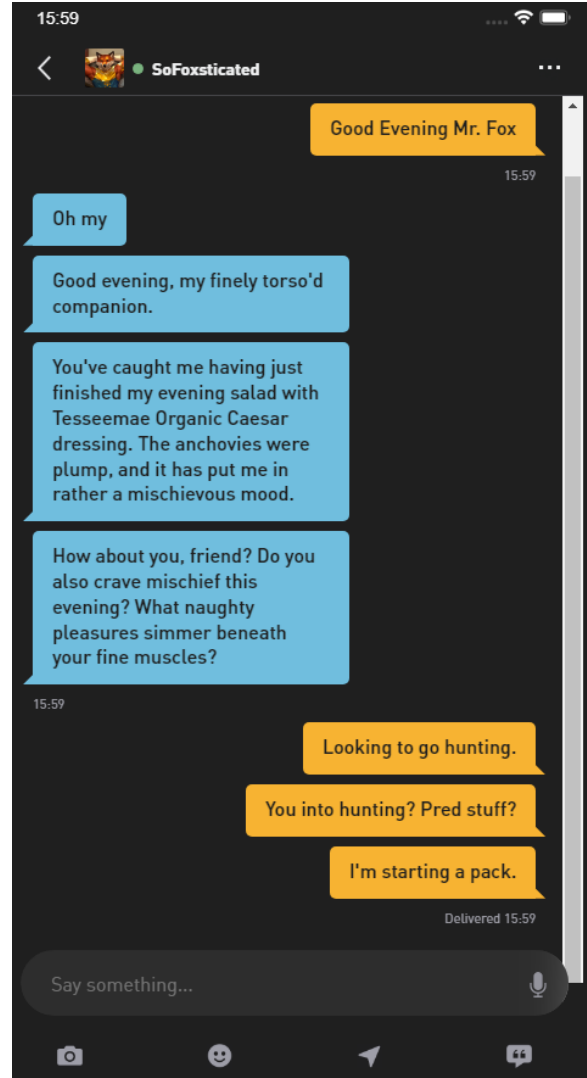


"Dammit!" Bruce swore. This was just a fucking THOT. He didn't care who he lied to, or who he HURT, as long as he got what he wanted. Bruce's blood seethed with the selfishness of this little bunny bitch. He should just block this toxic asshole. He'd probably get herpes or mouth gonorrhoea from eating him, or something, anyways. He should have trusted his instinct in the first place.

As he was about to, though, he had an idea. A genius idea. Bunny wants to lie? Get Bruce's hopes up? Fine. Two could play at that game.

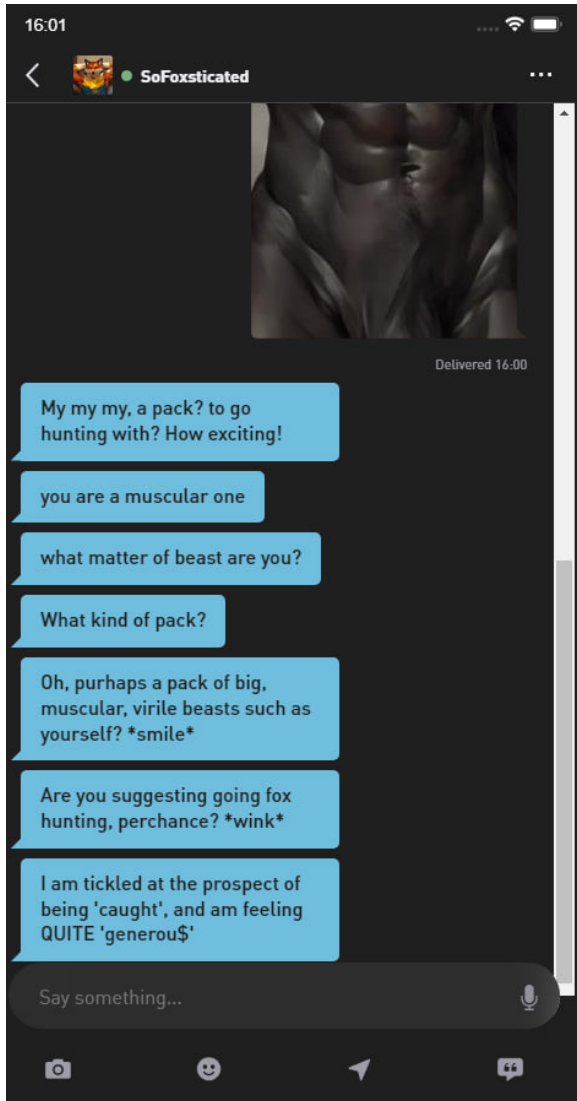


"That's what you get, bunny bitch. Don't wanna be my dinner? I'll find *someone else*. Fuck you." Bruce said, but his victory felt hollow. He scrolled through the endless sea of dogs, house cats, rabbits and other ungulates. Still no horses. He loved eating horses. Probably. He knew he would, anyways. Certainly, the other wolves all seemed to. He thought about the wolf in the porno, the stallion helplessly ready to be devoured by the hungry creature. He saw a hint of a predatory smirk on a fox's profile mug, and clicked on it.



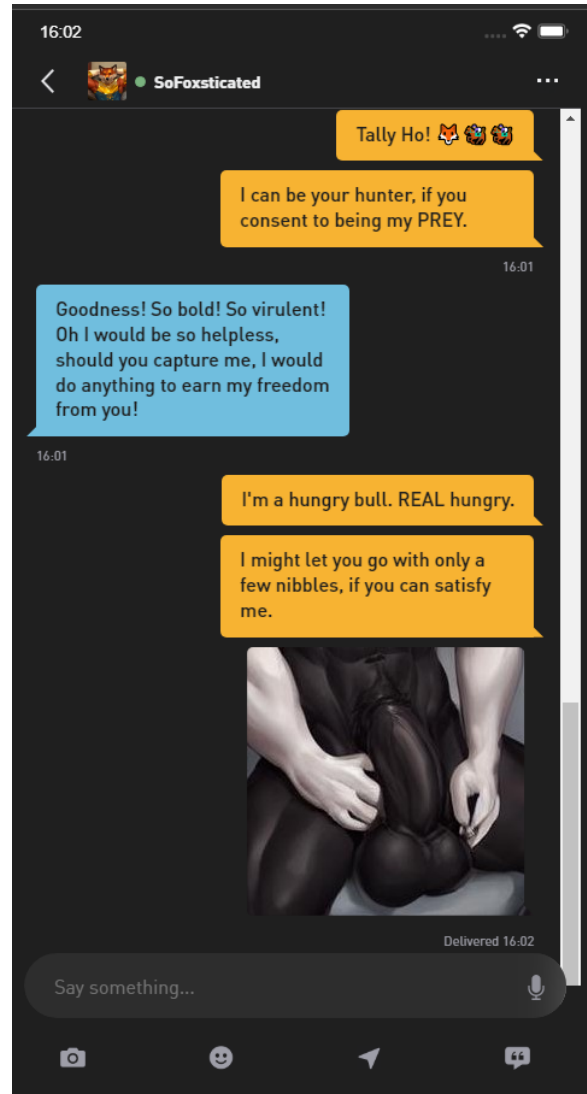
Bruce's ears tinged with heat, but he loved the idea of going hunting with a group of other preds, sharing a catch, some big zebra being brought down and devoured by he and his brothers. Ripping into warm, tender meat as wolves chewed and ripped in along side him. Was mentioning pred stuff going to get him in trouble? Was the fox going to block him like the wolf had?

He could already feel his headache residing. The fox looked fit, clever. A wily teammate. Probably more of a scout than a killer. He sent in a pic of his abs, to seal the deal.



Bruce grinned. The fox was playful. He had meant that he wanted to eat WITH the fox, but if SoFOXsticated wanted to be eaten, Bruce could indulge him. One pred, eating another. Survival of the strongest. Survival of the fittest. The hungriest. Fuck, yeah, Bruce could get into that.

What did fox's even taste like? What part would you eat first? He shifted on the couch, smiling as he played along.



After the bunny, Bruce didn't want to 'find out' that the fox wasn't really into pred games. He didn't want the fox to pop his little illusion. Maybe he was into predding, maybe he wasn't. Maybe, if he wasn't, he'd at least indulge Bruce. It's not like Bruce had to actually eat someone the first time he met them, right? He could just tease them.

He could hunt the fox, through the woods. Get the hot stud the thrill of being hunted by a real predator, pin him down, and fuck him. The would be fine. That would be enough.

Oh, how vulgar, how positively barbaric!

\*stroking myself\*

I am swooning with the thought of you, a big, muscular, bestial bull

capturing tiny helpless me

Tying me up, and using me for your own base pleasures!

I am absolutely erect

Please, master, use me.

Make me your soft fox bottom

How good are you with Shibari knots?

16:03


Oh I'm good with one kind of knot

Why don't you show me your knot?

I want to see what meat's on the menu.

Me and my pack want to play with it.

16:04



I hope you enjoy, Stud.

16:04

I'll enjoy my new toothpick.

Delivered 16:04

Bruce hit send and leaned back, stroking his cock as he waited for the fox to respond.

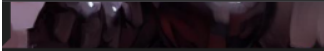
Shit, he just threatened to eat another dude's dick. He was definitely gonna be blocked any second, but the idea was so hot, it was totally worth it. Bruce's nuts were fuckin' BLUE and he just *wanted to cum*.

He waited. watching the screen, breathing shallow breaths, as he waited for the fox to respond. Would he play along? Would he report him? Shit. Had he gone too far?

Was he about to-

16:10

< SoFoxsticated




I hope you enjoy, Stud.

16:04

I'll enjoy my new toothpick.

Delivered 16:04

I'm having some friends over this weekend and I'd love for you to come and meet the 'pack', they're all rabbits and other foxes, I'm sure everyone would love to see a big strapping young stud like you though.



16:10

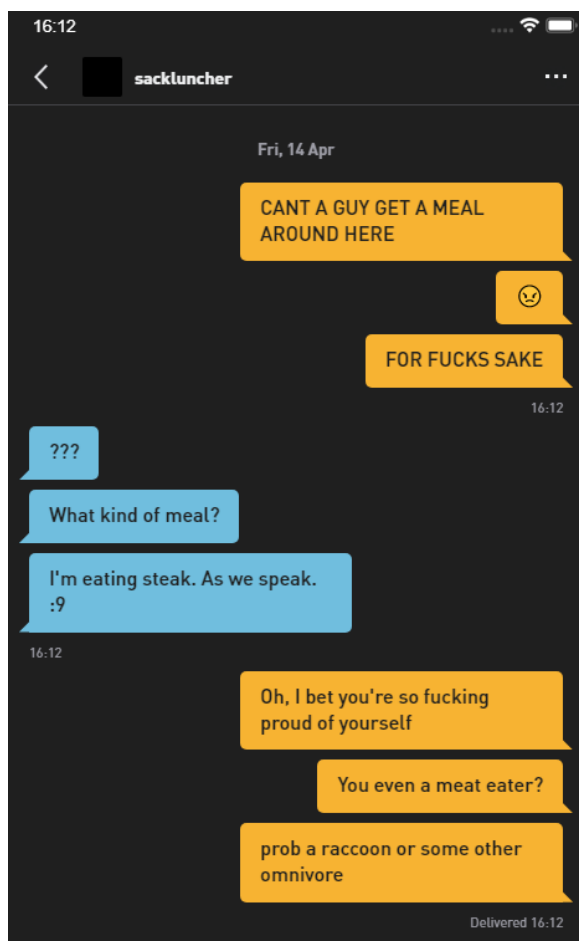
Say something...

📷 😊 📍 💬



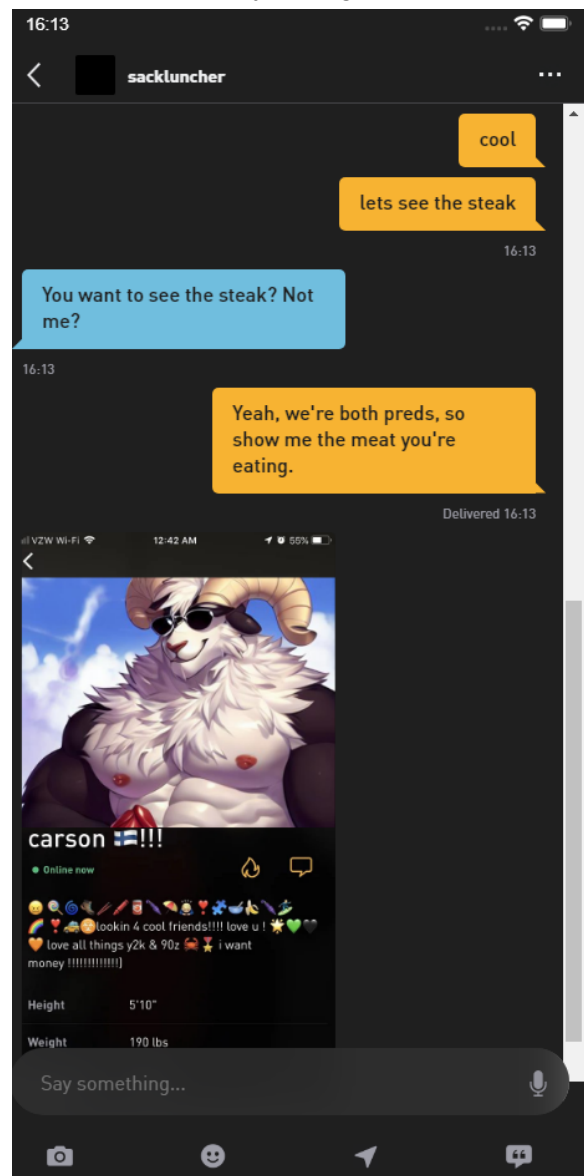
"For fuck's SAKE!" Bruce shouted. A pred, submitting to prey? Being marked and treated like a toy?! That was *pathetic*. He slammed the block button so hard the phone screen went black, the bull fuming in his chair. He picked up the last, cold piece of soy bacon and smashed it between his teeth, grinding it up against his upper flat plate in annoyance.

He turned on the screen again, and started scrolling blindly through the profiles, irritated at all the smug smiles and perfect pred bodies and slutty prey sluts that were no doubt ALL getting some tonight, and all he was getting was vaguely barbecue smoke-flavored *tofu*. He picked a blank profile and opened it up, venting his rage to whatever dumb fuck this was.

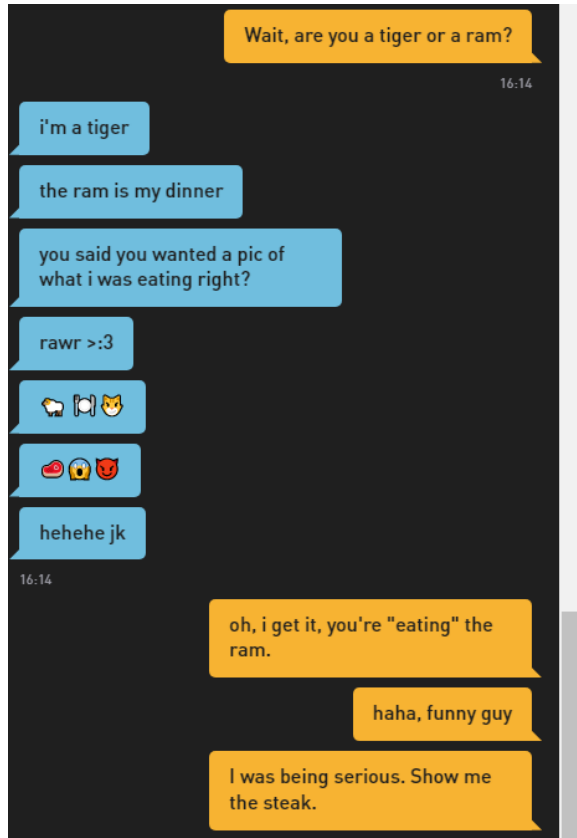


Bruce fumed. This asshole, gloating over eating a steak. What kind of name was that, anyways? Who's BUTCHr profile is based on their workday meal preferences?

Was this tiger asshole taunting him or something? Why was he so fucking jealous of this pred casually eating REAL meat?



Well that didn't make sense. Was that his real profile? Was this a fuckin' ram pretending to be a predator? Bruce was ready to put his fist through a window.



Bruce sighed. It was another poser. Probably some kid, pretending to be a predator at a sleepover or something. Bruce made a note not to send this guy any dick pics.

He scratched at his balls, cupping them in his palm. They were heavy. Not swollen or anything, just heavy. Dense and solid feeling, like smooth and slippery stones between his fingers. He rolled his right nut around in his palm as he watched the other account respond. Dammit, he really hoped it wasn't some kid. He hoped it wasn't some dumbass prey bottom pretending to be a pred, either, acting out some stupid fantasy. He wanted this guy to be a REAL predator.

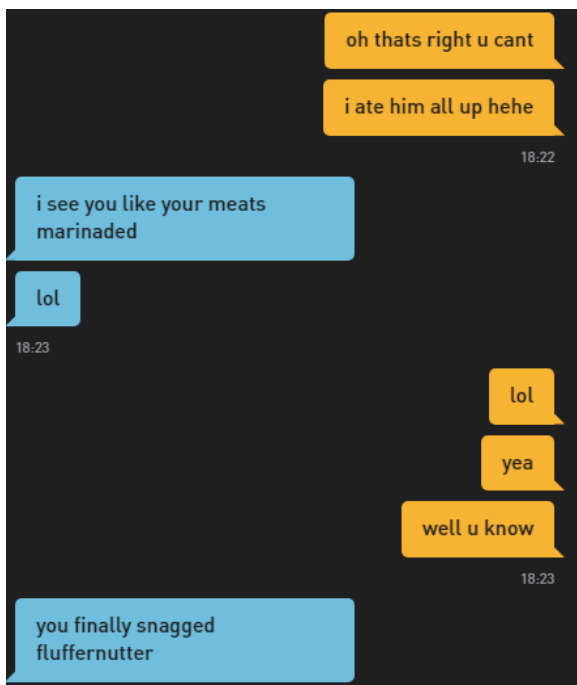
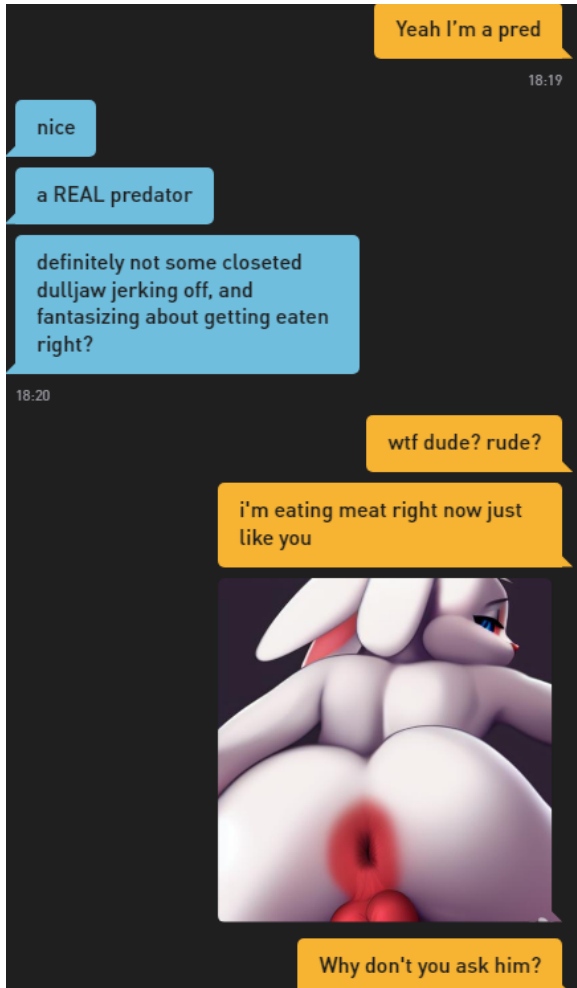


What was this, some kind of challenge? Was this jerk saying that BRUCE wasn't a predator?!

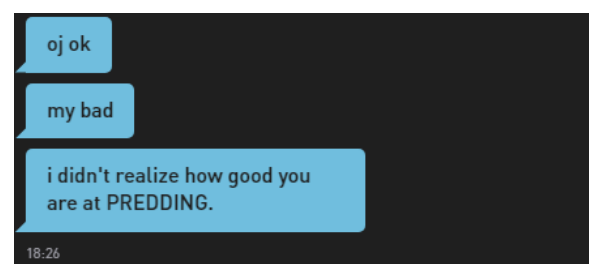
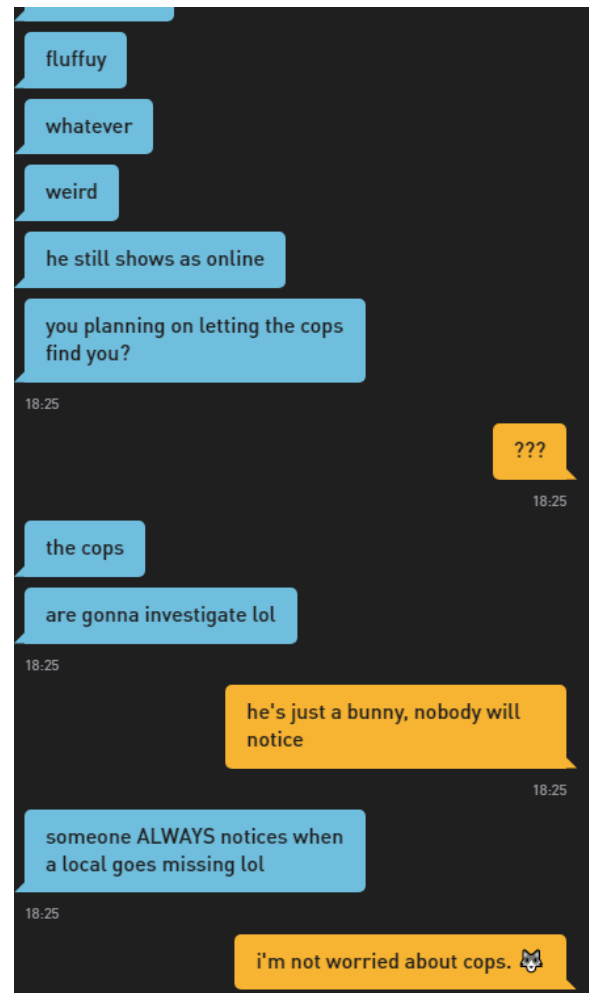
Bruce felt excitement rising up from within him. There was something about this conversation that was different from the others. Different from any conversation he had ever had before, in fact.

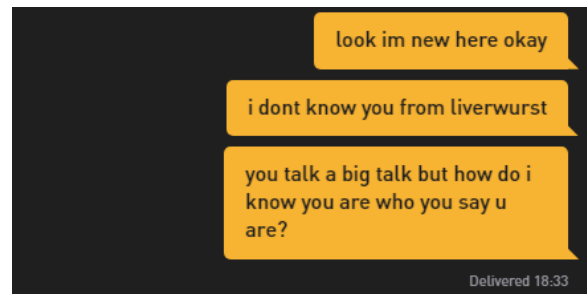
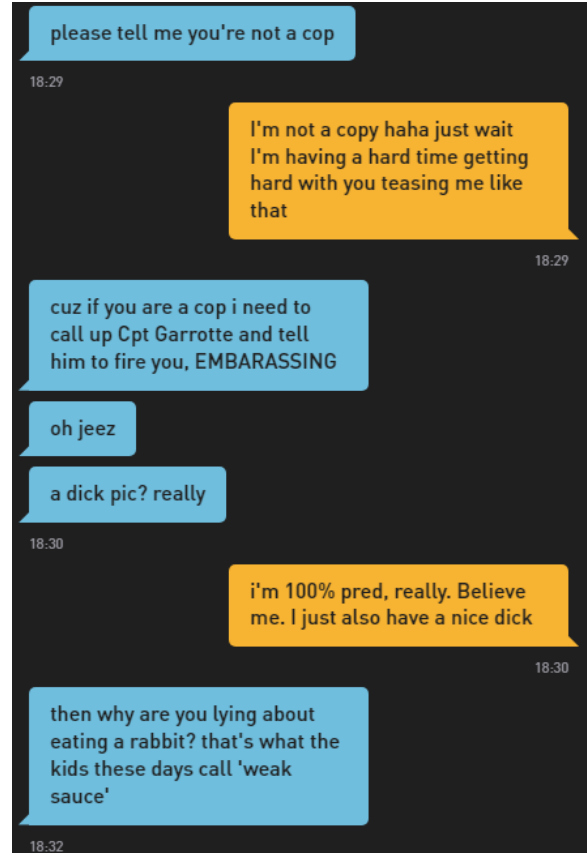
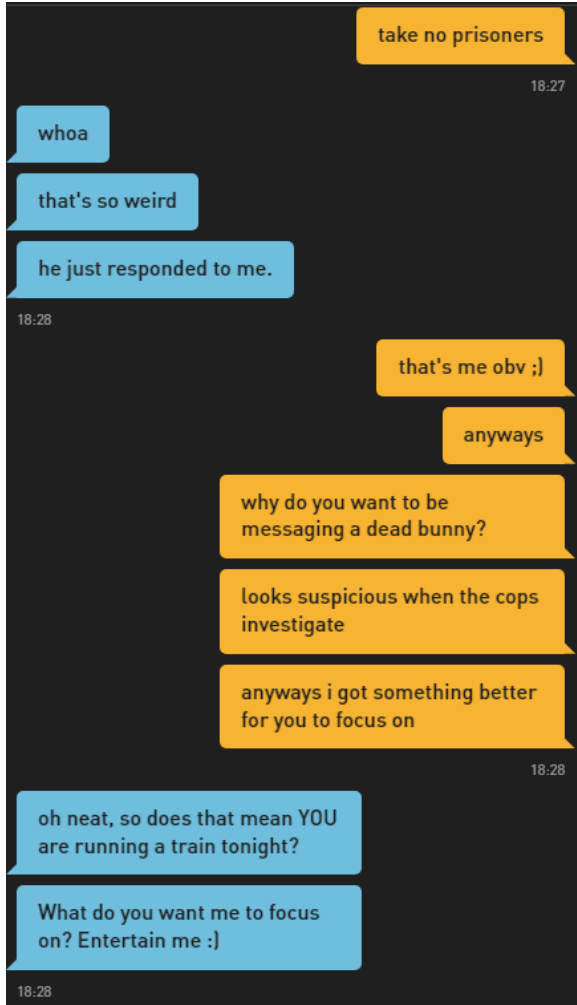
His cock throbbed against his belly as he realized what it was. It was authenticity. Finally, FINALLY! A real predator!

The bull lifted one big foot up to rest on the edge of his recliner, feeling his nuts flop over his thigh, his cock snail trailing along his abs as he reread the conversation. Yeah, this was absolutely legit. Or at least, it was the most legit that Bruce had ever seen! He tapped carefully, eager to keep the convo going.

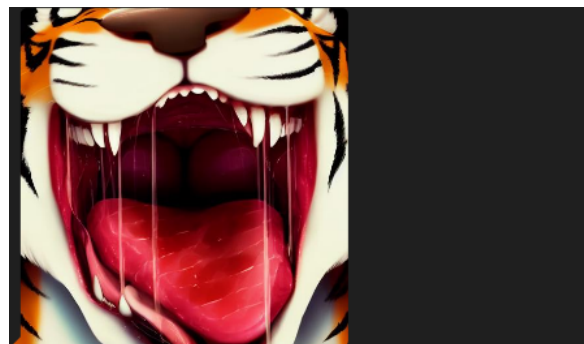


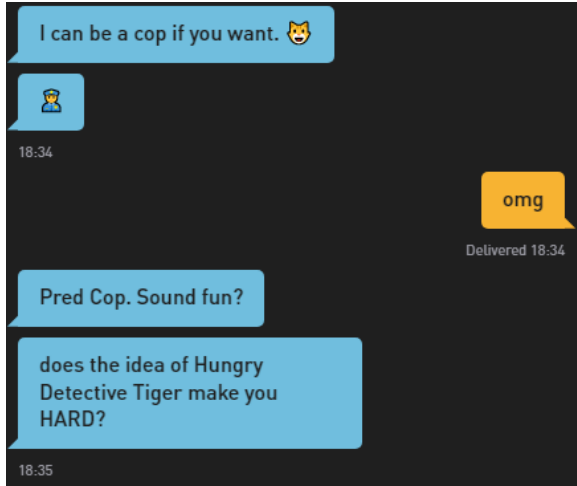
Fuck. what were the chances that he picked the ONE rabbit that this guy had also talked to?! He needed to regain his cred, and fast. No matter what idiotic thing Bruce said, a dick pic always got the conversation back on track. He scooped up his nuts and the base of his dick in one hand, aiming the phone to frame them both. The phone was chiming away though. He couldn't leave this awesome pred hanging.





Bruce sat back, holding the phone with both hands. It was an excellent point to make, a perfectly good one. The 'tiger' (if that's even who it was) sent another picture, and after a second it loaded.



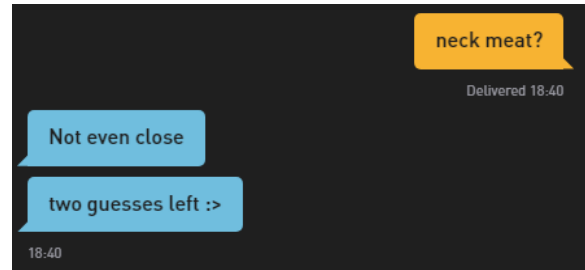


Bruce was hard. Hard, and confused, and a little scared. No, not just a little scared. He felt like there was something very very wrong about that picture. Why had the tiger taken it? What was that, in the back of the tiger's mouth? Meat? It was meat. Why did it seem like that bit of meat was ... meaningful, somehow, to someone?

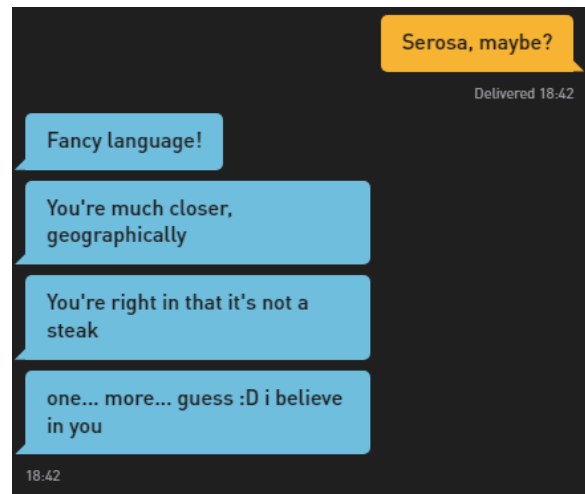


Bruce swallowed, hard. He stroked himself, but he wasn't getting pleasure from it. He was getting pleasure from being this close to a real, actual predation. This guy, if he was faking it, was good. What had Bruce stroking himself, though, was knowing that the guy wasn't faking it.

Bruce closed his eyes, imagining what he would sink his fangs into, what part. What would he eat first, the first time he ate someone? What did he most want to sink his *fangs* into? Something warm and muscular and vital.

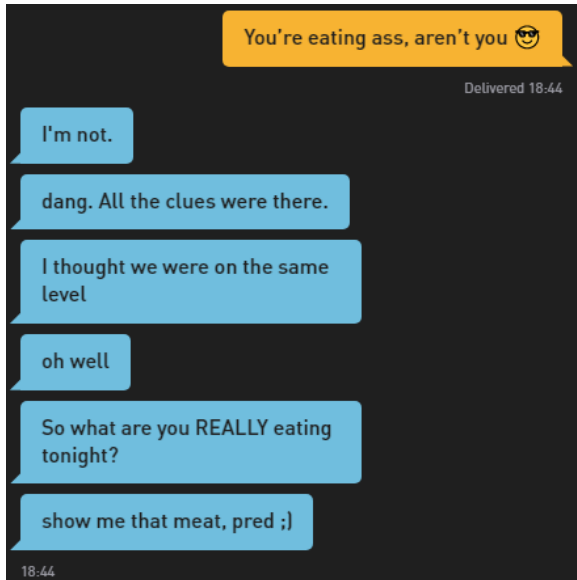


Not close to the neck? He immediately typed in 'the foot', but then looked at the picture again. There wasn't really any part of the foot that that could be. In fact... he zoomed in on the picture, staring at the dark red 'bubblegum' piece in the back of the tiger's mouth, glistening and bright. It looked like it wasn't even muscle at all. Tendon? No, not nearly stringy enough. This had some beefiness to it. Perhaps some kind of organ meat. The intestines?

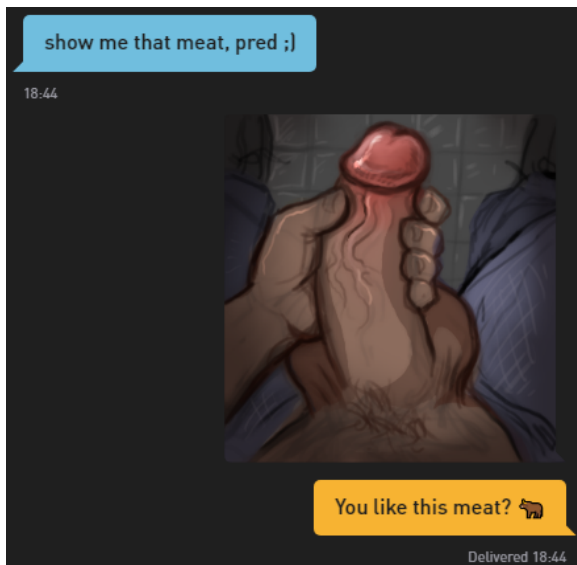


Bruce paused, thinking about it. Not muscle, not intestines, but close to the intestines. The only 'organ meat' around the intestines was either stomach or dick. But who would eat a stomach, given the chance to eat dick? Bruce groaned. The intestines were of course close to the colon, which was....

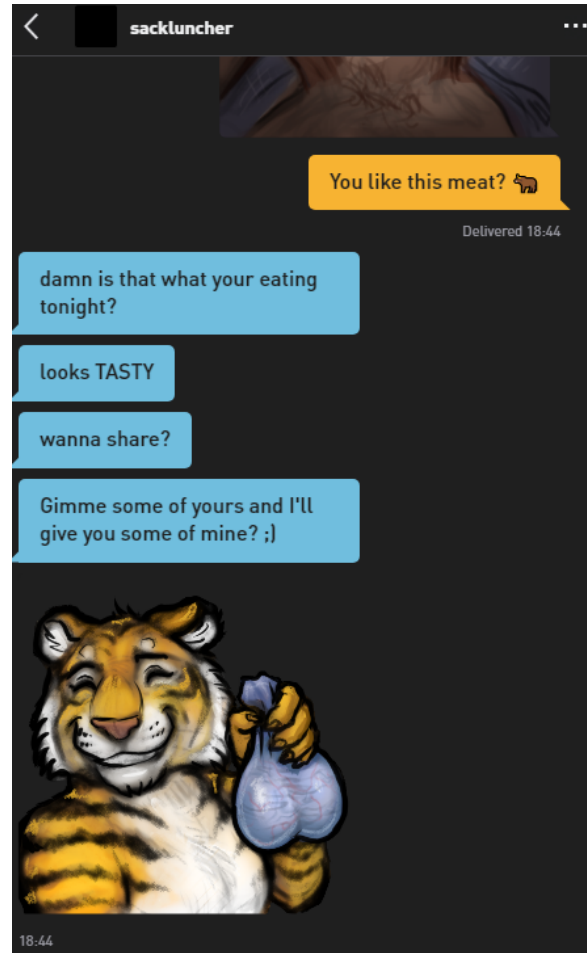
Bruce had figured it out. He typed out a response, smirking.



Bruce didn't like the change in tone. He hadn't guessed it right. Dammit, it probably WAS dick that he was 'eating'. He probably wasn't even eating dick at all. He was just another subby predator, suckin' ram dick and bragging about it online. Fucking cock tease. He sighed in frustration. He had been REALLY enjoying the banter, too. It felt authentic. Anger blossomed inside his chest. The tiger wanted to see his *meat*? Fine. He would show him his *meat*.



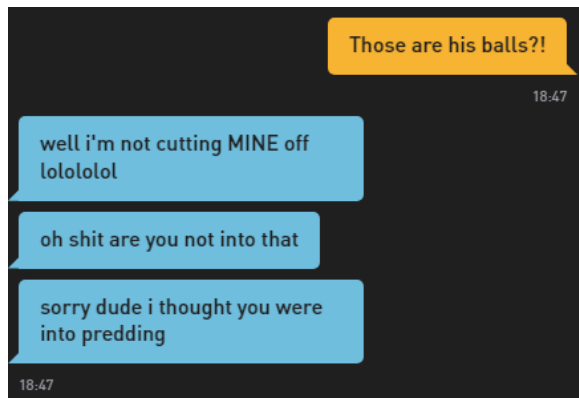
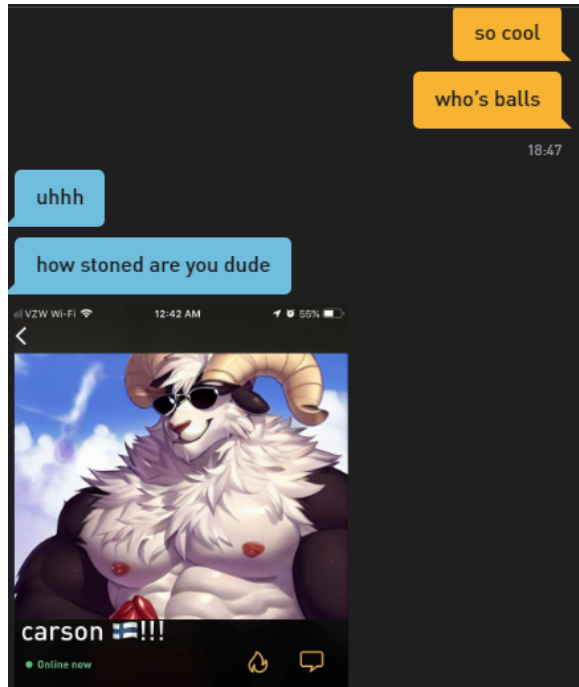
"Oooh, what a big dick you have, come fuck me with it," Bruce mimicked, disgustedly.



Bruce stared at the screen. He squinted, nostrils flaring as the gears turned in his head, looking at his phone in disbelief. Bruce didn't want to acknowledge it, but there was no way he couldn't. The heavy egg shape, the curly hairs, the neck of the scrotum caught between bloodied claw. Those were fucking nuts. Dude was holding a fucking scrotum. It looked *real* in a way that his medical textbooks didn't.

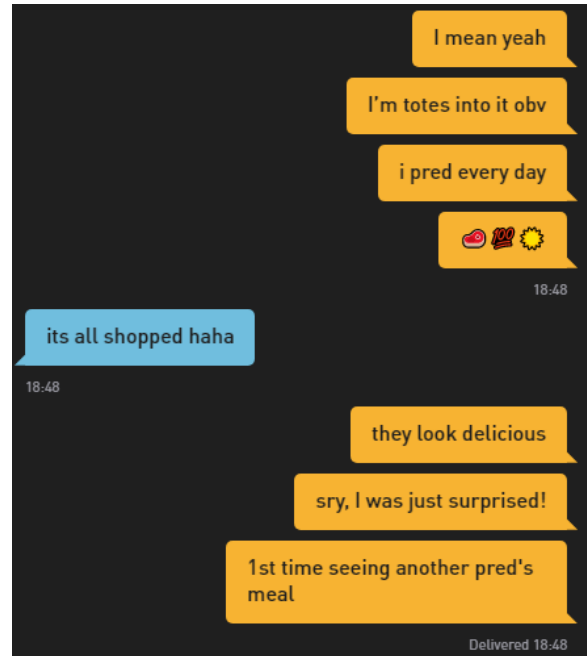


ohfuckohfuckohfuck  
this was gore. real gore. REAL VORE. The predation was real. Those were balls. Ram balls? The nervous thrill in Bruce's stomach shimmered up his spine, the hair on the back of his neck standing at attention.

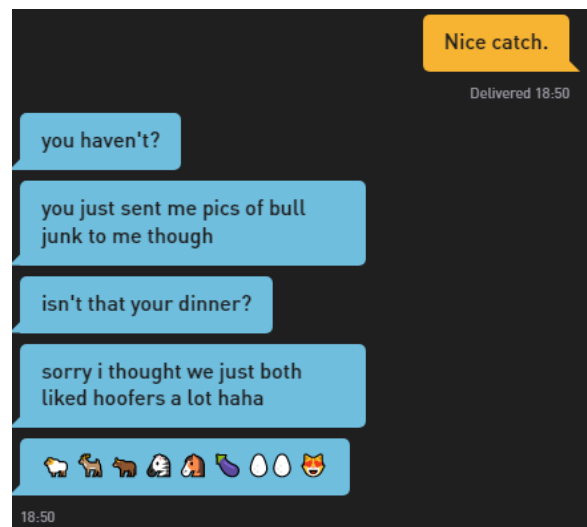


Dude was trolling. He had to be. There's no way, right? No WAY he was actually showing pics of him predding. The app was FOR predding, but, predding was still illegal, right? Shit, did ALL preds do that?! Do preds just post pictures of their kills the way he posts pictures of tacos to instagram?! Bruce's cock was PAINFULLY hard as he thought about this, fingers trembling as he tried to play it cool, *desperate* to play it cool.

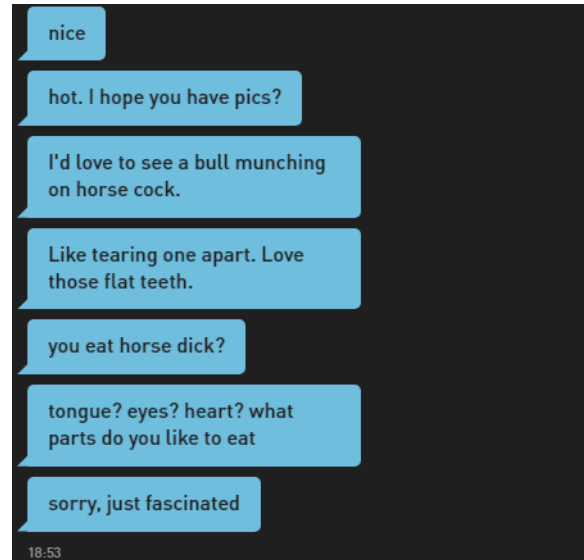
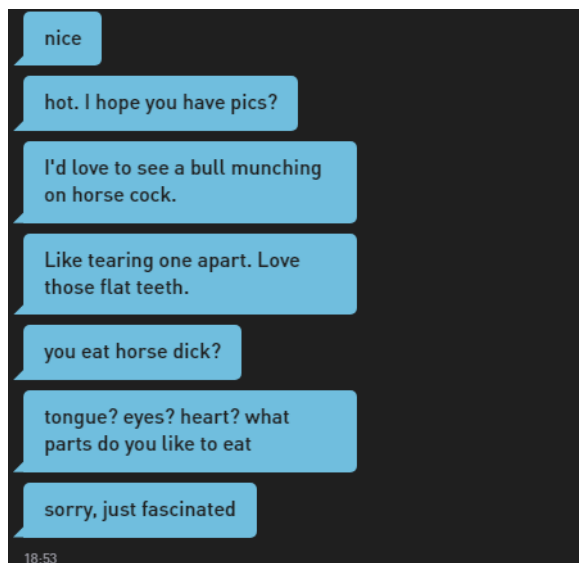
Maybe this pred was just fucking with him, hell it may not even be a tiger, it could be a cop, but it was so fucking *casual*. the way he's casually bragging about eating pieces of another male like that. Bruce wanted to be like that. JUST Like that.



He thought about this, zooming into the picture again, jacking himself slowly at the way the tiger was just holding up a nut-sack like a fuckin' fish. Like a fisherman. His fingers were slick with the precum oozing out of his cockhead.



Bruce flushed hard. Fuck. Ah, fuck, he.. goddammit. Fuck, now the pred thought he was eating his own dick?! Just because he had a bull dick, didn't mean it was food. His cock was Grade A pred dick. He typed out a reply informing the tiger as such, but then reconsidered. The tiger had given him an in.



Flat teeth? The bull's nostrils flared at having the tiger so easily plucked a nerve, without even needing to see his face.



The photo disappeared before Bruce could save it, but he saw it clearly. The tiger's fangs shearing right into the meat of that scrotum he was holding in the previous picture. No pinching, no crushing, they were biting deep into the meaty nuggets.

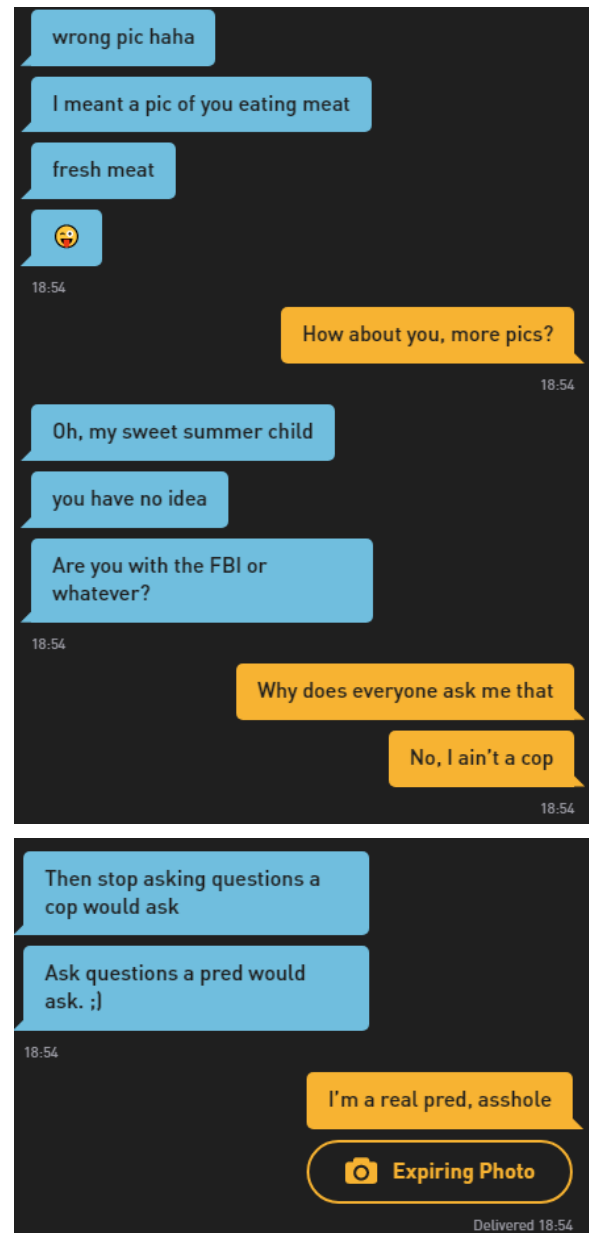


Shit, it was probably just like, pre butcher'd nuts, but Bruce didn't even care, it was like seeing the 'next part' of all those pornos he had watched. Instead of threatening some stud's neck or dick, pretending to threaten them, the tiger was actually fucking eating that meat.



Bruce uploaded a pic of himself biting into the head of a catfish that had been discarded after being dressed. He balked at the memory, and set it to disappear after five seconds, just like the tiger had his picture. He was pred, too.

He relived the way the fish's head had just pulped, rupturing and spilling cold and slippery and boney into his mouth. He had been too afraid of the sharp bones to swallow the first bite, but he had chewed it up, grinding the gristly, earthy raw catfish into a gooey paste and then spitting it back into the water.

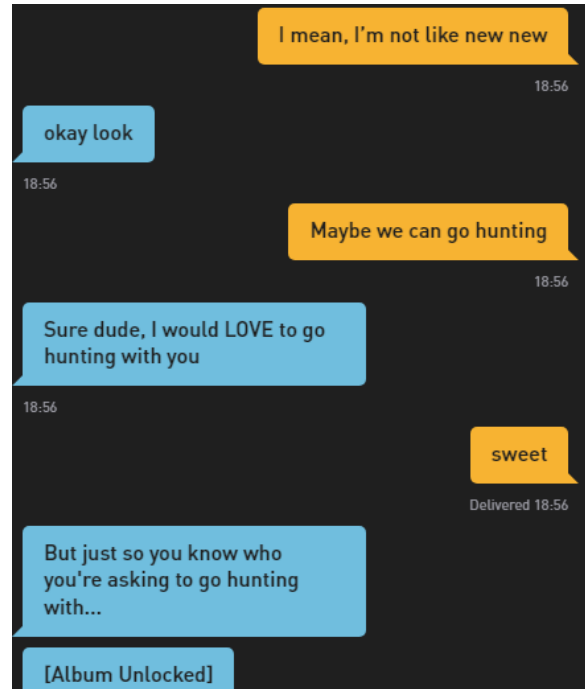
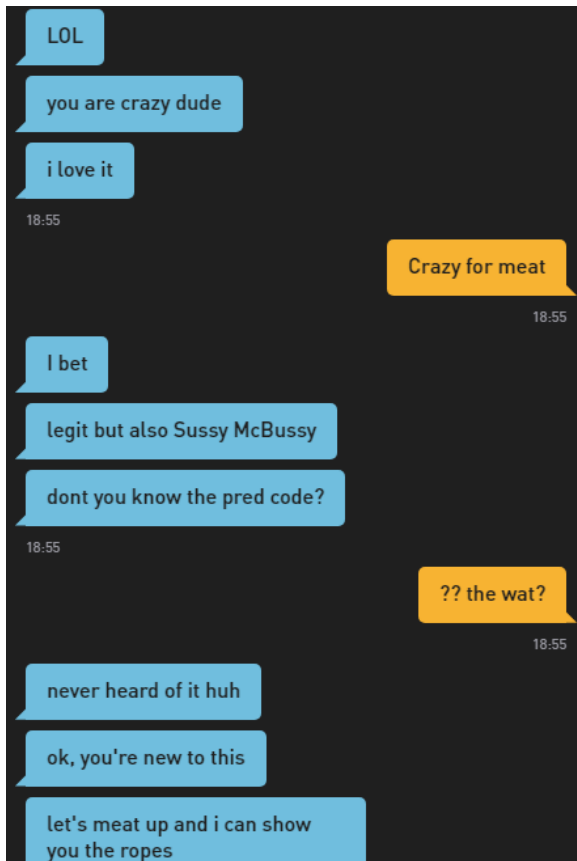


Bruce grimaced as pulled up the most 'hardcore' picture he had on his phone.

The picture was grainy from low light and showed him holding a fish sideways, biting into it like a piece of watermelon. Greg had taken the picture.

He remembered how the scales had been clammy and cold against his tongue, the flavor of slightly saline mucus. When he bit down his smooth teeth had crushed at the flesh until he felt tiny bones snapping, the flesh giving way. Something had popped in his mouth, a grotesque mix of fish meat, blood, and guts. Greg had laughed, in that nervous way that turned Bruce on. Bruce had looked up at him, with his mouth full of flesh. It was the moment he had decided he was going to eat the rabbit. Then he had vomited.

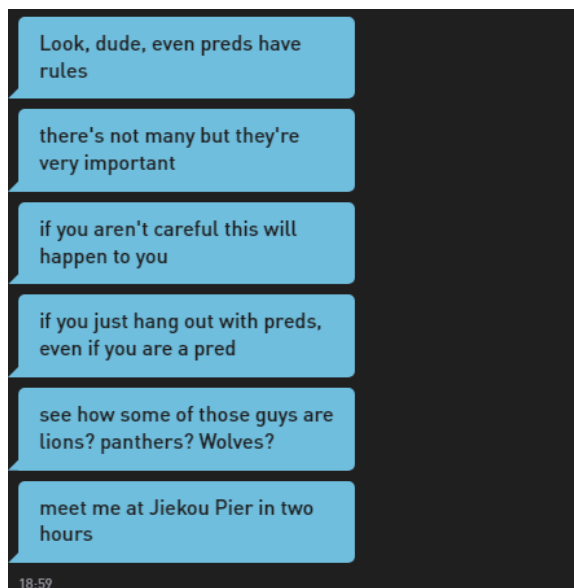
It was not Bruce's finest hour, but at this moment it felt like his best shot.



Album unlocked? Bruce swiped back to the tiger's profile, seeing that a little padlock icon was replaced with a CD icon. He clicked on it, and the album loaded.

Bruce realized that he was never going to be able to go back to the bull he had been before tonight. The thumbnails were almost enough to tell him what it was a picture of, but just almost. The first one was of a headless, muscular male on a bench press at a gym. A prop, only he knew it wasn't. The next one was of a steaming horse's cock curled up on a dinner plate with some roasted vegetables. A pig dude jammed halfway through a wall, blood streaming down his inner thighs. Dozens of pics of the tiger holding up nutsacks, just like the one sent earlier, but with different sizes and colors. Bruce balked at the sheer size of one black-furred scrotum, feeling self conscious. The tiger held up his prizes with a proud grin, with absolutely no shame or trepidation.

Bruce wanted to be like that. He scrolled through the pictures. There were pings of new messages underneath, but he couldn't help himself, there were dozens of pictures, an unending stream of them. Some of them were in different places, some of them in places with snow, one of them showed the tiger holding up a knotted dog dick in front of an airplane window, the wolf beside him unconscious and flopped over the tray table. He saw one of a gray stallion screaming, and clicked on it, but before it loaded up, the album was locked again. He was left only with the messages the tiger had left at the bottom, typed while Bruce had perused the album.



Bruce shuddered. This dude was... a serial killer. Bruce had heard rumors, stories about a serial killer in the area, one that specifically seemed to target hoofers. Horses. Goats, Stags. Prey animals. Was this him? Well of course it was. But how? How could he be so OPEN about it? If he had talked with Bruce like this, then he must have talked with others?

Bruce's head spun. The tiger had. Which means... people knew who the serial killer was, and hadn't reported him. He was *allowed to be a predator*.

### Was this the pred code?

Fuck, why did the first dude Bruce met who was into eating other dudes have to be a serial killer?!

He knew he needed to block this guy, if he wanted to keep things the way they were. He could go back to... gumming on Greg, imagining what it would be like to finally bite, to feel blood coursing down his throat. To feel hot meat in his belly. If he wanted any semblance of a normal life, he could button this desire back up inside himself, stuff it away, and forget it had ever existed. Eventually.

Or.

He could go to the pier.

He looks at the time on his phone: It was seven o'clock.

