**Iron Author**

**Hard Vore**

*Written by Arian Mabe (Amethyst Mare)*

*Commissioned by Chirmaya Nashaar*

“There’s no way we’re getting out of this shit.”

Gwyn leaned forward, snorting a fine line of crushed powder into her left nostril. Slamming her paws into her thighs, she gasped, pupils dilating.

“Fuuuuck me!”

Flint grimaced, but couldn’t help but smile fondly at the feline who had turned his life and his kinks upside down. He’d known all along that her penchant for exploring harsher and harsher kinks and any sex she could get her paws on came from a bad place in her life, but he’d never stopped her. Perhaps he should have. Or perhaps not, as it was other things that had finally called an end to their lust for life.

Lying stretched out on the living room floor, the tatty rug ending at his shoulders, Flint twisted his lips. Cross-legged before the coffee table – which had once been serviceable – Gwyn mewled as the drug took hold, sending her off into a high that she had admittedly only experienced a few times before.

She said she’d stop when he was gone. But it was never going to be like that.

“So you gonna go through with our deal or not then, kitty-cat?” Flint demanded, paws shaking. “Cause I can’t just wait here forever. You remember our deal, don’t you? One last round to beat them all?”

His paws did not shake because he was anxious, but rather from what he’d taken to injecting himself with on a near enough daily basis. Hard drugs were easy to come by in the big city and few had long-term effects if a fur was careful enough about their use, but the possession of them was what got you. Everyone wanted to get their paws on what was unobtainable and, with his contacts in the tattooing industry, Flint had gotten his paws on some shit that everyone wanted in on.

So, why not make their own call – since, of course, he’d dragged Gwyn into the whole sorry mess too – on what to do about their lives or lack of going forward? If they wanted, their fates could be in their hands and, well, there was always one final kink to be explored.

“Of course I do,” she purred, returning to some sense of herself as she wound her naked body over his, brands and piercings standing out beautifully against her white fur. “And I would never go back on a promise to my favourite wolf.”

Gulping, Flint wagged his tail weakly, daring her to do it with his eyes as words failed him. She stared him down, eyes locked with his in a challenge that no other male in her life had been able to face before they’d somehow fallen into one another’s paths. And neither of them would have changed it for the world, even if this was what their lives had ultimately come to.

The feline splayed her paws out flat atop his naked body, laid out before her in all its glory. Despite the speed bumps in his life, the wolf’s body was still in its prime, the fur cropped perhaps a little closer to his skin than she would have usually found desirable and roughed up in patches. But he was not the one to be coveted in the moment as he rolled the feline onto her back, drinking in her body with his eyes, the brands and piercings that had marked their time together. Flint rumbled a growl. He’d have to be careful to avoid those.

He licked his lips as he ran her eyes over her body, the feast of her that he was just about to devour in the most loving way a partner in crime could.

“Aren’t you a spread...”

It wasn’t a question that she wanted to answer as he bowed her head over his torso, nuzzling and licking down the line of her chest. His cock hung softly on his thigh, requiring more stimulation to become hard after his castration, the scar neatly buried by the fur between his legs. Giggling to herself as the drugs kept her flying, Gwyn ran her paws down his arm as he retreated, letting him take her in one, final embrace that would be the most intimate of all.

For, closing his teeth around the branded part of her thigh, Flint bit hard and teeth, teeth piercing flesh and digging into muscle. As he allowed her blood to seep into his mouth, the feline shrieked and lunged for him, but her trembling paws only ran through the fur on his head over and over again, seeking comfort that he was only too willing to supply in her final moments.

After all, she would be his final meal.

Twisting his head, he dispassionately tore loose a chunk of flesh from her thigh, dragging it loose like a wild wolf would a deer in the cruel clutch of nature. The drugs kept her on the edge of what her brain could tolerate, pain dancing with the high as she panted heavily, clutching at him as if her life depended on it. Rather, her death did.

He threw his head back to swallow, barely chewing as the chunk of meat that was Gwyn slid down his throat, leaving his muzzle slowly reddening with blood. He licked his lips, tasting her most primal essence on him and rumbled a soft growl at the taste.

Perhaps he should have tried devouring her sooner if she tasted so sweet. Though he had to care for her too and, running a paw down her untainted leg, Flint stole a lap of her pussy, reminding her of pleasure.

“Do you want to stop?”

His eyes narrowed as if he was actually afraid she would say yes. But the feline was yet to disappoint him.

“No,” she growled, gritting his teeth. “This is it. This is the ultimate sacrifice...for you.”

“I’ll never forget it. Not until it’s my time to go too.”

And, with that, her fate was sealed, permission given to devour her as he would. Murmuring to no one in particular, Flint bit into her thigh again, widening the wound he’d created. Though she twisted and mewled pitifully, Gwyn did nothing to stop him, but submitted to him desires, letting her destiny carry her on to a soon to be found end.

Flint groaned and lapped her blood from his muzzle as chunk after chunk of raw flesh and sinew slid down his throat. Was that how his ancestors had felt when they fed off a kill? Gwyn was hardly a kill claimed on the plains, but she was something more delectable – a partner who had requested to end her life in a way to give him the sustenance to live.

Her blood made her thigh slippery to hold onto with his paws and even his claws, so Flint moved up her body, nipping sharply at her stomach to draw a droplet of blood to the surface. Such a fine, flat stomach could not be left unattended and he worked his jaws carefully to take a hunk of flesh and fur between his teeth, his jaws no longer able to close around her whole midriff like they should have been able to. He could only open them so far, but it was more than enough to crunch through her stomach and snap a rib as he tore up, piercings clicking against his teeth.

What should have brought her pain sent her mind spiralling into pleasure as the wolf dug into her stomach as if it was a gourmet meal, dining on muscle and fat alike with relish. Slurping on a sliver of what may have been an intestine, Flint held her paw as the food disappeared down his throat with a hearty gulp, throat working to fill his stomach.

*Delicious*.

Gwyn’s breasts would always be remembered as the most delectable part of his meal. Wrapping his tongue around each nipple in turn, he tore them sensually from her body, leaving the bleeding holes to gape while he savoured the flesh. Rolling them around the inside of his muzzle before finally allowing them to slip down his throat, he turned his attention to her pierced breasts, teeth closing around each and every one to rip them free as swiftly as they had been created in the first place.

She twisted and squealed as more and more blood darkened the rug around her, trickling onto the once fine hardwood floor in a stain that would be found much later when the police arrived. But that didn’t matter in the moment as the time of her death and devouring was for the two of them and them alone. No one else could ever take the joy from Flint as he swallowed each mammary gland, letting them sit heavily in his stomach as he moved on to dine on finer and finer portions of her anatomy.

Though she felt pain and her grasp on life slowly grew weaker and weaker, Gwyn’s heart swelled with warmth and love for the wolf that had shown her so much in the darkest times of her life. It really was the perfect end to be eaten by him, the wolf she could never had admitted aloud that she was completely and hopelessly in love with.

Maybe in another life, those words could have been said.

As the light faded from her eyes, Flint spread her legs, the flesh of her thighs brutally torn into, and lavished his final attention on her pussy. Pushing his tongue into her cunt as he bit into her pussy lips, Flint moaned and relished her essence, the kitty yowling softly and pawing at his head, fingers falling to the sides as she could no longer maintain the strength to touch him. Weakness filled her muscles and a tiredness that made her unable to even open her eyes sank into her bones, an erotic thrill shooting through the remnants of her mind that were still functioning as the world became beautifully darker and darker. Her lover growled and murmured his appreciation of his meal as he dined on her pussy, taking his time demolishing her inner thighs like a wolf that had not eaten in several moons.

The last Gwyn saw was Flint with his head buried between her thighs, tongue flicking sweetly up and over her clit as he gave her the final release that she had craved for oh so long.

The release was fleeting.

Her lips parted in a final wisp of breath and then she was gone, nothing more than meat for her lover to devour as he pleased. Sitting back, Flint swallowed a flavourful scrap of meat from her crotch, enjoying the sensation as it pushed down his throat as if her body itself was eager to be devoured. But, when he saw no life in her glassy eyes, he ran his fingers over her cheek and closed her eyelids with a touch lighter than a feather.

“It was an honour, Gwyn.”

Though he could not be sorrowful – it was Gwyn, after all, and he had fulfilled every need of hers right down to the final, exotic one that brought all else to an end. She wouldn’t have wanted him to grieve over his dinner either.

Glancing out the window at the full moon hanging in the sky outside, Flint threw his head back and laughed, the humourless sound echoing eerily off the walls. He’d never hung any pictures and even the curtains on either side of the living room window had been given to him by his family many years ago. Gwyn had been the most personal part of his home.

The place was emptier without her.

“I will join you soon, kitty-cat.”

Kissing his fingers, he touched them to her lips, only then leaning in to finish what was left of her. It was what she would have wanted him to do, after all. And he’d say what had been left unsaid between them in the next world, he was sure of it.

With her blood on his lips, soaking into his fur, Flint whispered in her ear.

“Wait for me.”