

Chapter One. SCENE ONE: **Almost**

Themes of predator/prey classism, violence, murder, castration, sex, and vore.

Bruce heard a car start as he ran outside, seeing the taillights turn the corner as he emerged from the dilapidated building. In frustration he threw the rabbits clothing to the ground as he strode to his truck. The bull wrenched open the door, climbing up and flopping his ass down into the worn old bucket seat. His hands were shaking as he pulled out his phone, unlocking it. He went right to texts, loading them up. His fingers trembled as he tapped, hitting the wrong damn letters, trying again anyways. "It was an accidenty". He hit send, closed the screen down.

He wiped the blood from his lips, onto the sleeve of his shirt, looking at it again. That wasn't his blood. His phone vibrated and he unlocked it. Not a response; he was not in service.

Dammit. He looked around, but he was the only truck in the parking lot. Cranking the engine and slamming the gas, he pulled up over the curve and onto the road, skidding back into the real world.

Stop sign. He unlocked the phone, deleted the unsent message, and started again. Accident was the wrong word, anyways. It's not like Greg had just manifested between his jaws.

"I'm sorry." Send.

He hit the gas, driving down the empty road, warehouses and barns peppering the landscape on either side of him.

"I shouldn't have taken it so far." Send.

He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, as the barns became houses and the warehouses became garages. He turned right at the light, slamming on the brakes to avoid pancaking a bicyclist.

"You should have told me to stop." Send. No, dammit, he should NOT have sent that. He tapped on the screen, trying to hit the tiny little red X on the side to cancel the text, but it was too late. Checkmark. It was sent. Ugggggh!

The evening had spiraled out of control, he'd fucked up and he knew it. In the moment, it had been SO exciting. Completely worth it. Up until a point. He had gotten carried away with himself, like he always did. And then there was the scream. God, that blood curdling scream.

Somehow Bruce hadn't been prepared for prey to scream. In the lurid predator videos he'd been watching online, the prey always moaned shit like 'yeah Daddy. Eat me'. It was hot. Greg had said it, too. Moaned it out as Bruce sank his cock between those tight fuzzy bunny haunches.

The videos never really showed what happened next, when the predators finally bit down. It couldn't really only be growling and nibbling and threatening, could it? The videos ALWAYS cut off, just as teeth met flesh. Bruce knew they had to, obviously, predation could NEVER be monetized and if they don't bite there's no proof there was predator, he got it. It just seemed like such a flip, to go from NNNF and YEAH to that horrible, horrible scream. Bruce had always gotten off to the formers, spilled his pred cum all over his hands and belly and chest, and flipped the video off. Maybe he needed to find a video that went further.

He certainly hadn't cum this time, though, now that it was real. He was close, he had felt his nuts tightening up and he was ready to dump a week's worth of cream into that fucking rabbit. Then the scream. He was limp before he even pulled out. Greg had kicked him off and sprinted out of the room naked, clutching his neck

He had panicked, and Bruce did stupid fucking shit when he panicked. Half an eye on the road, he thumbed "I couldn't help myself." Into his phone. He hit send before he could reconsider it.

Barely aware of the drive, Bruce arrived home in one piece. He needed a distraction. Something to think of instead of this colossal fuck up. He had no idea if this was a 'treat it like nothing happened' situation or a 'are you Mister Bruce? We have some questions for you down at the station' kind of situation.

He yanked open the door and grabbed the package of meat from the crisper shelf. He needed to destress. Unwind. Crank out a load, eat some nice hot meat, and just... enjoy the night. Pop some meat, pop a load off, and then pop a gummy.

After a few minutes, he snapped open the door of the microwave, pulling out the paper plate and its napkin full of steaming hot bacon. It smelled good, like meat was supposed to smell like., and the predator sauntered from the kitchenette into his living room. Settling the plate next to him, he sat his ass down on an old leather La-Z-Boy. He cranked the lever, flipping the foot rest up and folding the seat back. He settled back into the worn, comfy cushions, careful to lean his head forward and keep his horns from catching onto the curtains behind him. He lifted up one big hoof, then the other, settling them on the foot rest, and settled down to watch some porn on the big screen TV. He tossed his phone to the side, putting Greg officially out of reach.

He stuffed a piece of the hot, dry, crumbly bacon into his mouth, enjoying the hickory and liquid smoke flavors. The bull's fingers tapped and opened up an incognito tab on his mobile browser. He paused, then went to PredBus.com, leaning back expectantly as the page loaded. A loading screen, a splash page confirming that he was over the age of 18, and then it went right to the first video.

A handsome roan stallion, about the same age as Bruce, showed up on the video. A big titted mare, grinning and bouncing, was flirting with him and encouraging him to join her 'for a ride' on the bus.

The stallion was taller than most of the others they'd had on, his chest rather well built, and Bruce could see the stud was packing. He felt himself getting excited, as the stallion grinned confidently and climbed up into the bus with her.

Bruce shoved his scrubs down over his left hip with one hand, then awkwardly shimmied it down over his right, eyes fixated on the little video screen as the stallion let the mare strip him down. He asked her for a kiss, but she stopped him, saying she wanted to SAVOR every inch of him, but only after he was blindfolded. Bruce grabbed his own fat cock as she stripped him down, revealing his sleek muscles and his dangling *meat*. Bruce popped a piece of fakin' bacon into his maw as he admired the stallion's tackle. Not because it was large or anything, but because he knew a predator was about to eat it. He ground the soy bacon between his flat molars as the mare kneaded the stallion's dangling nuts, cooing things in his ears as the horse dropped his hose into the open air.

"Damn, hoofers are so fuckin' predictable," he said, his ears tinging red, but his dick thickening in his hand. He swallowed the bacon, as the mare playfully put some blinders on to the stallion. *Dumbass. He's basically ASKING for a predator to come gobble him up.* Bruce stroked himself, his cockhead peeking out, a dark cherry red, from under the shroud of his foreskin. His dick was a slightly darker brown than the 'brisket brown' that had gotten him his least-favorite childhood nickname.

Now that the horse was completely blindfolded and unable to see who was in front of him, the mare was replaced. A gray-furred wolf, older than the two horses, and very lecherous looking, stepped out from the front of the van, from behind a black curtain.

"Oh fuck, it's Derek," Bruce said, his hand stroking along his cock, blushing slightly as his cock got erect within ~seconds~. Derek had been gone from the site for almost a year now. The rumor was that he had accidentally bitten one of the actors in the series and gone to jail for it. Bruce had found a torrent file that promised to be video of the action, 'uncut' as it were, but he downloaded it the file had been corrupted, the ultimate digital tease. As if she knew exactly what the bull was thinking, the mare winked to the camera

The wolf's muzzle traced down the stallion's neck. Derek's lips pulled back, exposing a row of razor sharp teeth. His mouth opened and closed suggestively a few times, a suggestion of biting the stallion's neck. He whipped his head back and forth, a silent pantomime of tearing in to the exposed flesh.

"Get fucking EATEN" Bruce almost cheered. If he was there, he already would have done it. He could just imagine grabbing the horse's dick in his hand, then leaping upwards, jaws wide, Sharp Fangs Gleaming, going right for this fuckin' dumbass horse's throat. He could imagine the soft, pillowy, meaty feeling of the flesh separating, crumbling between his fangs as he devoured the stallion's throat. He crammed another piece of the soy bacon in his mouth, imagining it was that stallion.

Derek kneeled down between the spread legs of the sitting stallion, playfully nipping in the direction of the horse's tender belly. Maw open wide to show all his teeth, the wolf shows just how big a bite of the equine's belly he could take - if he wanted to, of course.

The horse's cock was half hard, jutting in a graceful arch from his groin, almost a foot or so, but not fully erect. It swayed back and forth as the van moved and shifted through the city traffic.

"This asshole has no fuckin' idea there's a REAL predator between his legs. Shit he's practically BEGGING that wolf to eat his dick! God that's hot. Fuck!" Bruce said, letting go of his cock to grab pop more 'bacon' into his mouth. His dick throbbed against his belly as the wolf leaned in to lick slowly up the horse's cock. The camera man moved closer, positing the camera close to the horse's hip, looking down the length of big fat horse meat and into the open maw of the wolf.

"My man! You're gonna get a BIG meal!" Bruce murmured, his hand slipping back to his dick, stroking it as the wolf's maw opened wide, big sharp teeth gleaming as they framed the horse's helpless cock. "Me too, Derek, me too." He grabbed a handful of the bacon and shoved it in his mouth, as the wolf on screen teased the audience, his jaws ready to snap down on the horny horse's cock flesh. All the horse felt was tongue, though, licking and curling and toying with his dick.

All it would take was a speedbump, Bruce thought to himself. Just a sudden brake, a sharp swerve, and those fangs would be plunging down into the stallion's meat, biting deep into his maleness and rendering him a useless gelding. As Bruce watched, the wolf's jaws slowly closed, more and more, until those fang-tips almost touched that hard flesh. The wolf was jacking off the root of the stallion's dick, and he could see the horse's flare expanding inside of that fleshy prison, oh fuck he's about to cum! Just a few more seconds and Bruce was gonna cum too, just a few more-

The video stopped, and an interstitial advertisement popped up onto the screen. Bruce cursed under his breath, waiting while the ad played out. It wanted him to pay for the full video, of course, only the first ten minutes was publicly available. Bruce wanted to, badly, but he knew that everything he needed was in the last few minutes he had just watched. He didn't need to watch the horse cum or anything like that. He came to see the predator, and the predator's biggest, most dramatic moment, was how he approached the bound stallion. The sleek, confident grace, the prowling hunt in each step. The horse was a big hot stud around the mare and outside of the bus, but once he was blindfolded and isolated, he was just *meat*, waiting to be caught and eaten. His dick throbbed one last time, as the ad ended.

He could close out of the ad and go back and watch the video again, but before he did, the next ad played. This ad was for a hookup app. BUTCHr. On screen, jacked wolves were giving suggestive looks to particularly helpless looking bunnies while the butchr.net logo bounded around like a squirrel in the corner of the screen. Afterwards, big solid block yellow letters on a black background filled his screen.

GET BUTCH.
FIND YOUR PREY.

Bruce boggled at his screen. An app? For vore? A vore app?! He blinked, a piece of fakin' bacon hanging from his lower lips. There's no way. It has to be a scam. Some kind of app that steals your info or reports you to the feds or SOMETHING. It HAD to be fake.

Bruce unlocked his phone, standing up for this, shaft swinging back and forth as he paced the room. Shit, it was right there in the app store. Fuck, it was *verified* by google. It had to be real, right?! He looked at the top reviews, AI-selected by Google just for him.

"extensive selection, and no pop up ads."

"I had no idea there were so many PREYs ;) in my area!"

"Great way to meet new friends for dinner."

Holy crap people were just TALKING about voring people on the reviews?! Bruce was light headed. Had he crashed his truck? Was he in the twilight zone? What was going on here?!

Obviously, he signed up.

He clicked through a few pages of legal text, entered his burner email, and made a fake name, a fake birthday, etc etc, then got to the screen name. This was where he paused. He was excited to meet other preds, and this was the first thing they were going to see about him. Before they clicked his profile, or checked out his age or his preferences, they were going to see his name. It had to grab attention. It had to tell them he was a Dom Top Pred. It had to be sick. It had to make it very clear that he was a predator, and not just a bull. He knew what happens when people find out you're a bull. It's always the same. 'Dick pic?' 'U top'? and then 'Do u like couples?' He was *tired* of being asked to cuck married dudes.

BruceThePred? Nah, obviously giving out his name was a terrible idea. **HotMeatEatingBull?**

No, he needed to ... be taken seriously. A professional predator, not some bot or whatever.

Doctor... Doctor had a nice ring to it. **Doctor Bull Pred** was... too on the nose.

ChinaShopPred? No, that was probably ... racist. He looked back up to the television, at the ad for the next video. There was two fox males on either side of another male prey, grinning up at the camera, their gleaming white **fangs** catching Bruce's attention.

Doctor Fang. It was perfect. He tapped in the name.

We're sorry, this name is already taken! Would you like to use one of these names, instead?

- Doctor_Fang_12231**
- Dr_Tooth_Tooth**
- Fang_Doctor**
- Dr_Fang_2112993**

That last one sounded good. He selected it... and stripped out the numbers at the end. He thought about it, then smiled, widely. Of course, there was only one number that was appropriate for a Vore App.

Dr_Fang_69. ✓

The name was accepted, and he was taken to the screen's main grid called the Meat Locker. The locker was populated with dozens of profiles, all claiming to be within a mile or two.

Name: ParTyLion, 32, Lion, a handsome lion with a mane of flowing golden hair, smiling confidently with a cityscape in the background.

Name: BiBadWoof, 22, Wolf, with a picture of a large chubby husky with a 😊 emoji over the face

Name: Xx_Player_xX, 35, Cat, smiling face of a caracal looking at the camera in front of a waterfall

Name: sackluncher, 50, Tiger, no picture

Name: RumbleBear, 54, Bear, a muscular brown bear wearing a leather jacket, sunglasses, and a confident grin squaring up in a fighting pose.

Name: FluffyBunny, 18, Rabbit, twink white rabbit leaning over and looking over his shoulder at the camera and biting his lower lip

Name: SpunkyS, 18, Skunk, a playful skunk in a diaper, giving a cheeky wink at the camera.

Name: SoFoxSticated, 65, Fox, a red fox, graying around the muzzle, sitting at a table with a glass of wine in a tuxedo

Name: GetDrekedOn, 34, Pig, perfectly pink and hairless save a scruffy Mohawk, the porker is only wearing a filthy jock

Name: EagerBeaver, 24, Beaver, a friendly beaver holding a piece of wood suggestively as he grinned at the camera.

Name: DrainYewDry, 32, Bull, a blindfolded bull with nipple clamps and a ring-gag

Bruce sat back down on the chair, grinning and giddy. He was finally going to eat some MEAT.