

“Are you sure about this, Bill?” Tao’s hands quivered as his grip on the flashlight tightened. “Maybe this is a bad idea.”

“Stop being a fucking baby and man up, Tao! This is going to be some good content!” The mongoose clumsily pushed the metric ton of ghost-hunting equipment out of the van and into the abandoned manor. “A broken down hideout of a yakuza clan? There’s gotta be a shit ton of spirits in here!”

“Why *here* of all places? Isn’t something like a closed insane asylum better?” After he spoke, Aoba’s face immediately scrunched up. “Not that it’s any better, now that I think about it. Maybe we shouldn’t be doing this after all...”

But Pina’s bombastic scoff broke through the conversation like a knife through paper. “Can you guys learn to *live* a little? We could get internet famous, and you’re really having second thoughts about this?”

“Pina’s right. You guys agreed to come, so you can’t just back down after I bought the equipment!”

Bill—always the one with a hunger for the accolades of the stage—had chosen to satisfy that craving of his with the thrill of content creation. From workout tutorials to cooking reviews, he was cramming as much variety into his channel as possible. The most surprising aspect of it all was actually *worked*, and with that, Bill was going to be damned if he didn’t put his all into the venture.

“I know, but—”

“No buts, Tao.” Bill firmly chided. “Now, make sure you record everything. All of you stay in the pairs I made for you all and *never* separate for any reason!”

“Wait, what about you? We’re an uneven group and you’d be left all alone?”

“Because I gotta look brave, *duh*.” Bill scoffed. “If I go alone, people will look through the entire video expecting the ghosts to scare the shit out of me first because I’m easy prey.”

“I don’t know why I expected anything else from you. I should be used to this by now, really!” Years of friendship with Bill gave one a tolerance for antics like that. Of course, that tolerance didn’t mean much in the grand scheme of things when the man in question never failed to one-up himself in every way. “I’ll just go to the second floor with Tao. Come on.”

Tao followed behind Aoba silently—flashlight still clutched hard enough for the skin under his jet-black fur to turn an irritated red.

“See? No need to bitch about it if we’re all going to benefit!” Bill yelled at the already-gone avian. “Now, I’ll go to the third floor since that’s where most of the deaths happened. Apparently”—he began to lean closer to Kai and Pina, all while wriggling his fingers and putting on a deeper tone like a faux storyteller trying too hard—“that’s where the *very first* boss of the Shishigumi killed and ate his victims...”

Unfortunately for him, Pina wasn't impressed in the slightest. "Fascinating," he said in a monotone, flat tone. "Kai and I will have some actual fun trying to see if there's anything valuable here. I might be able to sell it off."

"Fine. Just know that you're going to miss out on something life-changing, pussies!"

With his pride intact, Bill ran off to the upper floor with all the equipment hauled along. He knew that there was something good here. Most people never dared to go into the deepest crevice of the back alley market like the cowards they were. He—on the other hand—didn't hesitate for a second the moment he heard about the abandoned Shishigumi manor.

Now, Pina and Kai were the only ones left, and the sheep didn't skip a beat before going to explore. Flashlight in hand, he pushed through the door made of rotting wood onto the foyer.

Almost immediately, Kai scurried behind Pina. "Wait! Aren't you afraid that it's going to be haunted?" Kai asked—a juvenile pitch breaking through his bravado-lidden facade. "Since we're going ghost hunting and all."

"Oh, I don't believe in ghosts. I came here so that people can see my pretty face and follow me on Beastagram." Pina twirled with his wool as he spoke. "That, and... well, Bill's just too much fun to be around. Especially when stuff blows up in his face."

"Really? Is that what you came for?"

"Yeah. I'm just stalling to make him think that he's gonna be all alone." His serene expression slowly morphed into a wry, sadistic grin. He was already picturing Bill's fur frazzling up as he let out a scream—all of it caught on camera. Even if it got edited out, he'd have the evidence all for himself. "Just give him a few minutes... in the meantime, I'll be searching for things to desecrate!"

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"Alright guys, this is it. This is the room where the chief lion Zaka Kageyama would make his victims undress before killing them." Enunciating the words—making sure to focus the shot on the blood smeared across the carpeted floor—looking at all the grime on the strangely present bathtub. "Apparently, he had a fascination with animals with unique patterns. Pure white fur, spotted herbivores, and even striped carnivores like yours truly—"

Bill's whiskers felt a jolt of adrenaline across his body. Time froze around him, he jerked his head to the side involuntarily and quickly realized that something was terribly off. It was like something was crawling around the room—the *pitter patter* of its steps almost inaudible yet able to set off every part of his brain telling him to *run*.

"Who the fuck is here?!" Bill roared—voice turning growly and raspy. "If you're a fucking junkie, I'll stick that needle up your ass so hard you'll feel it up your throat if you even think about going near me, you hear?!"

Silence. The worst kind of response to a threat. The faint crawling still kept growing closer by the second. His claws were already brandished and fangs were already on full display—the hiss of a true predator passing through the gaps between his sharp-as-knives teeth.

“Ready when you are, motherf—”

He was sent flying to the floor. With a thundering *crunch*, he landed on the carpet as the pain spread through his body like fire. He dug his claws into the carpet, ready to turn around and strike, but whatever had sent him flying to the ground put all of its weight against him.

“Who the fuck are y-mphh!” A hand suddenly moved over his mouth. Mannish and large, it managed to cover the entire bottom half of his face. He tried screaming through his muffling, yet it was for naught as he was barely audible. “MMMPPH!”

“Stay still...” The animal on top of him spoke with a slurred, ghastly voice. **“I need to check how... beautiful you are...”**

Beautiful?! Did the figure just say beautiful?! Bill kept replaying the words in his head, and the horrifying realization that whatever was on top of him *desired* him ended up firing up every single flight instinct in his body. Limbs flailed across wildly as he bit down on the hand keeping him silenced—all with the grace of a cornered, rabid insect.

Yet no blood was drawn from the pale hand keeping him silent, and the figure didn’t budge in the slightest. No matter how much he pushed himself, all his efforts were nothing but wasted energy.

The hand trailed across his face—*caressing* it. It gave out gentle strokes that made Bill’s fur spike outwards. The figure attached to it tenderly marveled at the tiger’s body while harshly pinning it against the ground.

“Beautiful... As beautiful... as all the others...”

Bill was suddenly turned around. What gazed back at him was something beyond his nightmares. A ghastly, twisted face of a tiger far older than him looked back at him with black-as-night eye sockets that held nothing but an uncontrollable, almost purely instinctual fascination with its victim.

The entirety of his body let out a translucent, aquamarine glow. Every inch of the predator’s body reeked of death and decay. With tattered clothes and a wounded body underneath them, the man looked as if he had just crawled his way out of a grave.

“What are you...?” It was all he could ask. Everything about this was *wrong*, and the fear of death was promptly seeded in him. With death looking back at him, it would certainly never leave. “What do you want?!”

“Miss Cosmo... You’re pretty... like Miss Cosmo...”

“P-pretty?!” The outlandishness of the tiger’s words was enough to make Bill’s head spin. Something so soft spoken through a dreary, hollow tone was dreadfully confusing. Lips

quivered as words simply *refused* to come out of his mouth. “W-what are you saying?! Get off me, right now!”

“Pretty like me...”

“Pretty?! Bold fucking words for a... whatever you are!” Bill sneered. “Now you get the fuck off me or I fold you like an omelet!”

Slowly creeping towards him, the other tiger’s face reached nearer, and with him inching ever closer, Bill was forced to gaze at all the intricate aging across his features; wrinkles—wounds—patches of dead skin. All of it in its corrosive, decayed glory.

“You’ll join us... right?”

“Us?!”

The glow emanating from the animal began to seep into every other inch of the room. Those clumps of light began to pulse—growing larger until they began to take physical form. Limbs slowly jerked themselves as soon as they came into existence—twisting to accommodate the bodies they were given seconds after.

“What the hell?! Ghosts?!”

“I was the last one he got... He told me I was pretty...” The other tiger moved to caress the rest of Bill’s body. Despite the decayed state of his physique, the man’s hands were soft and tender. Gently gliding his fingers against Bill’s pectorals, his crooked mouth twisted into a smile of intense gusto. **“And you’re pretty too... Just like the rest of us...”**

“S-shut up...”

He shut his eyes tight and jerked his head away from the tiger ghost. Thoughts kept surging to the forefront of his mind—thoughts that he did not want to even acknowledge. For so long—occupied with studies, work, and social media—he had forgotten what true satisfaction felt like, and right now, the tender strokes across his chest were *damn* close to it. Even pornography had lost its luster, yet the ghost’s touches... Well, his rationale might deny it, but his *body* certainly didn’t.

Dozens of animals—all of them sharing the ghastly appearance as the man pinning him down—stood like unattended-to puppets around them. Jaws slack and eyes either absent or a ghastly white, they slowly inched toward Bill and the man on top of him.

A barrage of whispers suddenly broke out as all of them began to stumble closer to Bill—talking nonstop like lost souls that had their filters discarded alongside their mortal shells.

“So adorable...”

“Do you think... he’d like them as he liked us?”

“He’s going to be... a fine... specimen...”

“God dammit, let me go!” He screamed. The whines and thrashing went without cease. Hisses and growls parted his lips, resistance slowly fading away. “Y-you’re... ngh, you’re getting too touchy!”

“Now, there’s no need to be so harsh. You’re a guest, so act appropriately!”

The voice that overpowered the wave of whispers was like no other. It was booming, commanding, and *powerful*. It carried an air of authority that made the owner of the voice sound like he had even more vitality than Bill.

“W-who are you?! I can’t fucking see you with this... weirdo on top of me!”

“Me? Well, I’m someone important... And I think I’ve owed something for your trespassing. Naughty little kitties must be punished, after all...”

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Pina’s ear perked up as his natural herbivore instincts made him alert to the faint noises coming from above. Prey animals like him were hardwired to detect even the slightest of discrepancies in the environment—lest they end up the meal of a predator that had their sight set on them.

“Is that... screaming?” Now *that* was hilarity. Scaring Bill was one thing, but witnessing Bill making an ass out of himself with no one to blame? He simply *couldn’t* miss that chance! “Let’s go, Kai. I think we’re going to get some excellent footage, courtesy of our favorite tiger!”

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“Punishment!? What... what are you going to do to me?” Fear seeped into his previously brash questions. The fire inside him almost instantly died into a puny, barely shined flame. “You’re not gonna kill me, right? I don’t wanna die, please!”

The tiger ghost on top of Bill stood up, but that didn’t mean he was given a moment of respite. The authoritative specter—still out of view—snapped his fingers, and in tow, the ghosts gathered around them. They reached for Bill’s limb and put an iron-tight grip around them.

He was pushed to stand up. He continuously tried to swipe away the ghosts holding him—most of them barely able to hold a consistent form beyond a floating pair of hands now that they were moving—but the spectral beings were surprisingly fierce in their grips.

What was commanding the ghosts wasn’t yet another ghost. The commanding voice seemed to be emanating from a barely visible clump of energy that ebbed and flowed in just the *right* shape to form the vague outline of a lion; clumps of light for the limbs, a glowing ball for the face, and individual strands of energy to form the mane.

“Who are you?!” But he was quickly backed into silence by the ghosts speaking over his cries.

“Just stay still...”

“It’s better for you this way...”

“You’ll learn to enjoy it... trust us...”

“I didn’t ask you anything, you creeps!” The captive tiger jeered through clenched teeth. While the ghosts restrained him, they spoke to him in an almost... loving tone—akin to friends pushing you to do something new. It was annoying but not necessarily distressing. At least, not as distressing as it should feel for the situation he found himself in.

“Now, let’s get to the matter at hand. You have trespassed into my domain. Most would already be dead.” Now *that* certainly lacked the care the other ghosts spoke with. His cadence was just like someone whose lungs were corroded with nicotine back when he lived.

“But I think that I can get something out of you. Exotic meat—be it carnivore or herbivore—is something I can appreciate.”

“So you’re saying I’m... exotic?” He asked confused. Taking care of his body was something he did, yes, but he never considered himself to be that remarkable. He talked a lot of shit, but he certainly didn’t believe *all* of it. The compliment was striking—enough for him to look at the figure of the lion with marvel and a seeking for... something—before he shook all the feelings away. “Not that I care about what a dead old guy thinks!”

“It’s almost like you know exactly what I’m looking for. Restless prey is the best kind.” The ghost lion cooed. Even without a proper form, the way he spoke made it impossible not to imagine him with a content, overbearing grin **“Breaking them is the best part. Seeing an animal with so much fortitude turn into my plaything is something I still cherish to this day...”**

“Break me?” Torture. He was going to be tortured, wasn’t he? “You better not hurt me! I swear, or I’ll...” That train of thought stopped as fast as it started, leaving him with nothing to do but glare at the mass of glowing energy.

“It’s okay... Let me show you how a gentleman takes care of his guests...”

The clump of light moved towards him. For a second, he was confused as to what the lion wanted to do... but all became clear when his shirt began to rise up. His hard-as-rock abs brushed against the harsh winds coming from the balcony, shivers spreading through his body. He harshly sucked air through his fangs while arching his head back, eyes clenched shut and pathetic whines echoing through the room.

“So sensitive... How adorable!” The ghost lion rejoiced.

A sudden protrusion from the clump of energy formed—a clump that stood in for a *claw*. The sharp, invisible nail tore through his shirt as if it was made of paper. The sound of the cloth being ruptured was ear-piercing, like nails on a chalkboard—at least in Bill’s case. For the chief lion, it was like music to his ears.

“What the *fuck* do you think you’re doing?!”

“Freeing you of these woeful restraints. How else am I supposed to get to your wonderful body...” The chief lion's words were sweet as sugar itself, yet still managed to maintain that air of intimidation that made it so easy for Bill to clamp up. **“You college kids always have the best bodies. Right in the prime of their lives before they turn into pathetic shells of their former selves.”**

Bill didn't know if he was being complimented, insulted, or a strange mix of both. It wasn't like he could take the time to think about it with the chief's hand trailing upward through his abs and onto his chest once again. It wasn't like the tiger that had pinned him to the ground earlier. The chief moved with complete confidence and gusto—like he was devouring him at this very moment.

His hand reached Bill's nipple, and with a very light flick, Bill bit down on his lip. He tried pushing down the moan coming up his throat, but another flick pried his mouth open to let that *wonderfully* pathetic noise break the air.

“Good boy.”

“S-shut up.” The pet name infested the rest of his thoughts. By the time he realized that it was happening, blood had rushed downwards and a tent had manifested in his pants. Nipple play was something that he had never even thought of—at least it being used on himself. It wasn't befitting of him... right? “You're a-a... ngh...”

“You have nothing to say? Perfect.”

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Pina made sure to not take his hand off Kai's mouth. Knowing him, the mongoose would probably end up screaming the second that he was given free rein to do so. He couldn't afford to have something *this* good end so early. How often did he get to see the hottest guy he knew turn into a quivering mess?

I can't believe that I get to see Bill like this! I knew that he'd break easily if I tried coming onto him, but I didn't know it'd be THAT effortless!

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“I do! It's just that—”

“Your kind is my favorite. So stubborn. I can tell that you haven't ever been broken.”

The lion sounded greedy, and Bill soon found out what he was seeking when he felt his left buttcheek be squeezed thoroughly like a stress ball. That part of his body had been unexplored for as long as he had remembered.

*Chicks like it when I do this to them... did it feel like this? But it **shouldn't**, because I'm a man! I'm not a f... But if it feels so good... maybe I... Bill fiercely shook his head. No, stop! I'm not gonna get into something with a creepy old fuck! A **dead** old fuck!*

“Oooh, I can feel you tensing up. You really needed someone to loosen you up.”

The incorporeal grip on Bill's ass cheeks slowly strengthened, claws digging into the rounded-out mound of muscle and fat that was the tiger's behind. There was nothing to be done but submit as the chief lion had his way. The older man was greedier and stronger—probably grinning ear to ear if he had a face to do so.

“You're quite the specimen... Very impressive. Do you happen to work out, little one?”

“M-maybe! I just...” The praise was seeping into his mind like a parasite. Almost all of the praise he had been graced with for most of his life had built him up to be the peak of masculinity, but the lion's words were the opposite. It was like being undressed spiritually—being dressed down to his most vulnerable point. “You're just...”

“Kitties without any words to say should simply stay quiet. After all, you're prettier when you just remain quiet meat to fuck...”

Another jab—another blow to his crumbling ego. Bill's whines were on an ever-reaching path to a crescendo of high-pitched, pathetic moans.

“Let's get you comfortable...”

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“Wait,” Aoba commanded with his wing over Tao's chest. “Did you hear that?”

“I think it's like... Crying? Or no, not that. It's similar to that, but it almost sounds like...”

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Pina bit his lip. Having one hand occupied with Kai's mouth, he was left with little maneuverability to tend to his problem. Despite how many sexual conquests he had under his belt, it was all about technique and stamina. Now left as just a witness—even with barely any pleasuring to himself done—his cock throbbed as precum pushed out forward drop by drop.

“Fuck, now I wish that I was the one doing that to him...”

Bill's sculpted, exposed body was something to truly marvel at. He floated limply across the room while his throbbing dick leaked pre across the carpet. Helpless in his predicament, his face contorted into utter sloth. Something was seemingly stroking his chin, unidentified whispers being sent his way as an expression of mania. His tongue hung out of his mouth, a nondescript noise coming out of his slacked mouth that seemed to carry no thoughts behind it.

“His ass looks so nice... And I never knew he was packing so much—”

“Mmphpm!”

“Shut up, Kai. I'm *watching*.”

Just as Pina shushed his not willingly silent partner in crime, a thud was heard. Bill was suddenly on the floor on all fours—all limbs trembling as his tail shot up upwards.

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“Now that’s a good bitch. Got you all undressed and pretty for me.”

Bill could feel the pressure on his back grow ever stronger. The invisible heel he was being crushed under was incredibly strong, and of course, he couldn’t find the will to fight. Even amongst the degradation, the fact that he was being fawned over like an object of worship—it was a hole of addiction that he didn’t desire to climb out of.

“Y-yes...” Oh, how he longed to call the lion ‘sir’, but the shred of dignity he still held onto prevented him from embarrassing himself that badly. “What else are you going to do to me...?”

“We gotta make sure you’re all nice and loose.” The chief lion explained with gusto dripping from every single one of his words.

For a few seconds of pure silence, the anticipation was killing Bill. Even if it wasn’t for long, the shower of adoration and fascination stopping made his entire body clamp up and force a wince out of his needy self.

“Hey, did you go away?”

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“Who is he talking to...?”

“Shut up!” Tao whined. “I wanna listen to what he’s saying... I think he might’ve lost it completely.

Both avian and feline stood near a balcony parallel to the one that led to the room Bill was held captive in. They stared at the tiger with the same morbid fascination one would have for a burning car crash.

“Hello? You’re not going to blue ball me, right?!” Bill screamed. He tried putting on the brave front for one last time, but as soon as the lack of an answer dawned on him, that facade faded away. “...Please?”

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“That’s what I like to hear...”

His claws dug into the mat as he felt something slowly creep up his behind. His ass was massaged and groped ravenously, even more than before. At first, it was easy to assume that it was just more of what the chief lion had done before. That thought was quickly dashed away as something wet, and sloppy hit his anus as it pushed past his donut.

“Ngh!”

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“What the hell?!” Tao gasped. His whiskers sent jolts of adrenaline that pumped his blood rapidly. Right in front of his eyes, Bill’s exposed hole slowly began to stretch open, gaping more and more by the second.

“W-what is... I didn’t think that ghosts...” Aoba stuttered with wide eyes.

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“Oh, you’d be surprised by how well ectoplasm works as a lube... opens up everyone, even boys with their cherries unpopped like you.”

The lion’s cackle echoed through Bill’s mind. Turning his head back to his backside, he gulped as he saw the dripping, glowing goo that wasn’t wholly in the mortal plane drip out of his hole and onto the floor.

“S-so cold...”

“One finger in...”

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Pina could not believe what he was seeing. Every part of Bill screamed *dominant*, but it was feasible to see such a stalwart man being broken down by a ghost far more powerful than him. What left him bewildered was to see a virgin—at least in the terms of bottoming—being stretched so wide.

“He’s... he’s taking it like a champ...”

Bill’s cheeks were spread apart to their limit—hole front and center for him to view. It was almost like the ghost *knew* he was there to view the show he was putting on.

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“Three fingers in. My, you’re doing very well! Seems like you were meant to get that plump ass of yours pounded...”

Bill’s gasps were now constant. He could feel all three clawed digits slithering inside his ass as if they had a life of their own. Such stimulation was something he had never been graced with, and experiencing it was like how tasting water would be for a dehydrated man. He had been starved of being treated like this, and he didn’t even know it! He was such an idiot for rejecting this side of himself...

“Four... Mhm, love that I can feel you puckering around my fingers.” The lion mewed. With his hands ready to take even more, he placed one of each of Bill’s individual cheeks.
“Time to claim what’s mine...”

“G-go ahead...” Bill said with shaky, staggered breaths.

“Will do, princess.”

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“W-what... how...”

Now... now *this* was the peak of absurdity. Right in front of him, Bill’s ass cheeks were rippling with seemingly invisible thrusts forcing their way through the tiger’s behind. With each force applied to him, his hole stretched and unstretched, ripples sent through his thick behind.

“I gotta give it to him... He’s doing really good...”

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Time melted away. Nothing mattered but the present moment. The matting underneath him was nothing but stuffing and torn cloth. He had reached nirvana, and all he needed was the push of an older feline. Now that they were intertwined, he could see the man plowing him perfectly without not even needing to actually put his eyes on him.

“Strong... manly... old and wise...” Bill moaned. A part of his brain had been unlocked, and the lock that held it bound lost a little bit more of its potency with each thrust of the lion’s crotch against his ass. He could feel his cheeks clapping and wrapping around the chief’s cock.

Wonderful didn’t even begin to describe how the older feline’s throbbing dick felt inside him. It was utter euphoria. The thick mass of meat was hefty, large, and thick, and his stretching anus definitely felt it.

“Mgh... This is gonna be-mgh!” His cheeks clapped after yet another thrust. “It’s gonna be... some great content...”