



47H

This entry is part 6 of 17 in the series [Thick and Thick](#)

Sirius couldn't believe his luck. Out of all the furs who had tried, and there had to be hundreds according just to what he alone had heard, he had been chosen. He was getting unparalleled access to his all-time favorite band, including being in the pit at their show and meeting them, and all of it came at the grand total cost of nothing. He wasn't one to usually mosh and go into a show as noisy as this one, but it was his favorite band and he couldn't miss the chance to go into the show and truly enjoy himself. The tickets had just arrived that day, the day of the concert, and as the canine clutched them in his paws and wagged his tail with utter glee, he couldn't think of anything else that would make him happy. Maybe getting something to eat, as he rubbed a thick grey-and-white paw over his svelte midsection. That could wait though, for the venue was just up the street from where he was, and inside it was musical nirvana.

The wolf all but ran up to the front door, getting into the VIP line of one as he did so. He got more than a few nasty looks from the several others waiting in the normal line for that action however. His yellow eyes just narrowed at them and most looked away after that thanks to just how imposing the glance from the predator was. His trimmed build and intimidating stature meant that few would mess with him, and Sirius loved that about himself. He wasn't even remotely a mean beast, but he could act the part when he had to. The security saw that look too though, and were far less intimidated than the jealous attendees in the other line; they were annoyed. Sirius hadn't thought of that when he glared at the furs giving him looks, and as he turned to the guard who had to frisk him, he quickly changed over to a sheepish smile as his ears flattened back against his head. "Don't suppose you'll go easy on me?"

"Nope. Spread 'em," replied the unamused panda at the door, tapping his metal detector in one paw. Sirius sighed and complied, first emptying his pockets as was standard for getting into a concert. Thankfully he hadn't brought much with him, and as such made the whole process a bit faster. The ursine searching him was very thorough though, patting along his legs and arms twice and even going so far as to search his fur on his torso in the thicker parts of it. That hadn't been enough to satisfy the panda still though, and a sweep with a metal detector once all the patting down was done happened yet again. Sirius had to roll his eyes at that point, which garnered a glare from the panda that the canine had to fight not to return. Apparently the glance towards the other line had made security nervous, or being a VIP was far more of a big deal than the canine realized. Either way, it was a hassle to him and he couldn't help but be a touch annoyed by the time the panda was finally done.

"Finally," Sirius muttered as he grabbed his things and went through the door in a hurry. He always hated that part of going to a concert, but it had only not been worth it once. The wait was over for him, and now he could descend down into the hall and get to the reason he had trekked across town. A local band or two would be playing when he got there, and the canine knew it, but he didn't much care. The warm-up bands gave him time to get to a good spot, and also to scope out to see if any of his friends had made it. Sirius had to hope so, as he didn't want to be the only one who had come that he knew. As the thumping of a poorly-tuned speaker hit his ears though, the canine started to lose grasp on that thought and sink more into the music. It was going to be a good night, and he knew it.

Sirius had lost his shirt, had a bruised rib for sure, and couldn't have been happier. He was yelling along with the crowd, jumping and shoving like everyone else there as the energy in the room reached critical mass. The air was practically vibrating with the noise and the rage and the passion and so many other things that it was almost overwhelming to the canine as he bounced with the six

others he could feel grinding on him involuntarily. All the contact was a little arousing to the wolf, he couldn't lie, but he wasn't even thinking about that as he strained to see the band he had come to see. The motions of the sea of fur, feathers, and scales around him made this a challenge, but the canine had positioned himself well enough early on that he was able to manage it. He still took a few blows here and there though; just battle scars.

The band's second-to-last song ended with a massive uproar, the tide of the crowd around him swelling and pushing against the railing which separated them from the stage. Sirius was part of that surge, and had security not been incredibly tight, he may have very well wound up on stage simply from being herded by the masses around him. Sirius was luckily not claustrophobic, for he was utterly smothered for a moment by all the furs around him. The wolf did his share of smothering too though, as he joined in with the hollering and the shouting and the shoving to get closer. It was just part of how the room was feeling, and there was no way that he couldn't have been a part of it.

His hunger was the only thing that was drawing Sirius out of the experience. Everything else about it was utter paradise to him, but he was so painfully starving that once the cheers had died down, he had to lower both of his arms and clutch his stomach in pain. It was nearly too much to bear when the band wasn't distracting him, and as they were doing a costume change very quickly for the guitarists, there was no distraction. His mind was wracked with thoughts of food, and how badly he just wanted to put something, anything, into his muzzle just to satiate the pit in his middle. He was a svelte beast, so it wouldn't be much, but Sirius needed something to eat as soon as he could. He didn't want to leave his spot, but if the band ran too much longer, he would have to. There was only so much pain the wolf could endure, and the bruise to his ribs was taking up a large portion of that.

Without warning, a paw came right for the canine's muzzle. Reacting without thinking, Sirius opened wide and took the paw into his maw. The nameless assailant, a burly cheetah, just looked stupified and apologetic as soon as it happened. The feline was clearly a flailer, and looked to want to start a pit right where the wolf was. There was no music playing yet though, so why he had done it was confusing to the canine. More confusing though, was why the paw was still in his muzzle. He couldn't spit it out, and just licked at it a few times to test out why that was the case. There was something about the taste, the texture, and the feeling that there was sustenance on that paw and the thing attached to it that made it so Sirius couldn't open his jaw. He couldn't put his finger on it, but he knew the answer was right in front of him. It was more that he didn't want to admit it, for if he did, he knew the consequences for predatory actions at a show.

He couldn't fight it though.

That paw was delicious.

With one quick motion, after having the paw in his muzzle for almost ten seconds, the canine wrapped both arms around the feline and tugged. In the same movement, he unhinged his jaw and shoved that paw in, along with the wrist and forearm attached to it. Before the feline even knew what was going on, Sirius had given another tug and he was around the cheetah's bicep. The canine's tongue brushing against the cheetah's chest brought him out of shock and back into resisting, for he immediately began to shove and punch at the wolf. The wolf barely cared though, tugging with strength far superior to that of the feline and shoving the head of that beast into his muzzle, along with the other shoulder. The punches ceased right after that, but the flailing got worse as the cheetah began to fully panic. It was nothing more than a game to Sirius, and his grip tightened around the feline's abdomen in response to the thrashing the beast was doing. Determined to win this game, the canine gulped hard a few times as he bent down so his muzzle could go around the thick musculature of the cheetah, swallowing down its broad shoulders and thick chest as his tongue crept down towards the beast's middle. From there, Sirius just had to stand back up and

place both his paws on the kicking legs which now hung out from his muzzle, and let gravity do the rest.

The forces of nature did do the rest, and with an unceremonious *thud* the cheetah was no more. No one appeared too had seen a thing, as there were no screams nor cries when the feline vanished. This put Sirius at ease, and let him enjoy the thrashing in his stomach which felt akin to an inner-body massage. Squirming violently in the wolf's gut, there was nothing but panic in the feline. Sirius could feel that, and licked his chops happily as he just held onto his squirming midsection and rubbed at it slowly. He didn't dare try to incapacitate his meal, as that would involve hitting himself or leaving the crowd to go and get something to drink. There was a song left still from his band, and leaving now would be a sin. Sirius didn't even think that voring his prey was anything wrong at all, just that leaving to get some water to quench the thirst his large meal had brought him would be. That certainly wasn't normal in the slightest for the wolf, but something was off with him. A glimmer in his eyes gave it away, a certain change in his stance coming with that glimmer. A rumble from his stomach, which was trying to even begin to make sense of the cheetah it now had to contain, gave away just what that change was.

Sirius was still hungry, and surrounded by potential meals. The wolf wasn't going to eat everyone there, but he would at least like a few more samples of the crowd to join the feline who was calming down in his gut. The lack of air could be the only reason, and that made Sirius sigh in relief. He may have liked the kicking and punching initially, but his stomach was now tender from being stretched and abused as much as it was. The wolf could wait a minute or two before eating his next victim, and that would be enough time for him to regain some shape on his gut. It looked very misshapen at that moment, and had the wolf had a shirt on, it wouldn't have survived the encounter with the large meal of a cat. His grey fur was stretched and slightly thinning at the top of his gut, the star just above his groin hidden now by the sagging sac of cheetah which was being held up barely by a straining pair of pants. The red clothes were just barely there, the button on its last thread and the stitching along the waist begging for release as the stomach above it tortured the material.

Sirius just itched idly at the confining clothing and looked around the room, trying to see if he saw any other worthy victims. He wasn't the tallest in the room, but he could still see enough to spot a few good potentials. A flailer, a chubby hawk, a couple nerds... It was a veritable buffet for the voracious wolf. He wasn't going to go hungry that night, not in the least. He would just need to work his way over towards the meals, and that would take a bit of effort. He wasn't used to the added weight of the cheetah around his waist, and he had to waddle slightly to carry that heft. He couldn't move from his spot anyways thanks to the crowding all around him, the furs all bumping and grinding into him as they all tried to get closer to their idols. Sirius still wanted that, but his hunger was taking over his mind by the moment. Less and less did he want the music, and more and more he wanted just to get over to that fat bird and stuff it into his face.

The band coming back onstage stopped his plans, and that made him turn back towards the stage. The lead singer strut back on, picked up the mic, and immediately began belting out lines into it. He didn't even wait for the guitarists to get ready, he just started the next song without them. This was apparently planned though, for as soon as all the instruments kicked in, the crowd went utterly wild and began to jump and scream as they had before. Sirius couldn't help but get swept up in that energy, even if he was still subconsciously moving towards his prey with the flow of the crowd. He bounced as best he could, hollered, and got as into it as he had been before he had consumed the cheetah. He was still going to consume though, and what better time than when every other fur in the room was focused on the stage? That fat bird was nearly within striking distance for Sirius too, and he could eat and bounce at the same time...

Outside the building, a scream came out, followed by several more. The music stopped, and furs of all shapes, species, and sizes began to flood out of the building. The panda who was working the door just smirked to himself as he saw this, moving his paws towards the buttons on his shirt. More furs ran past him, some just pointing inside and blabbering incomprehensible gibberish. It was all nothing for the panda, as he tuned it all out. The radio began to spew the same useless talk, and he put that with his shirt once it was off of him. Placing them both on the turnstile which he had been working, the panda just smiled and adjusted the tie on the shirt beneath the one he had been wearing. He then began to calmly walk down the street, humming to himself for a moment before uttering out just one word:

“Five.”