

Anthro-Pet-Phagus

Avulsed

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Living alone with his pets
A friendly dog, a quiet cat
Breeding them like his sons
He never had any problem
His pets gave him the company
No family could offer him

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A sudden death, rigor mortis, frigid corpse
No way to escape, no food to eat, a deadly fate
Rotting cavader, smell of flesh, the only way
They had to feed on, the man that once, feeded them

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His mom was worried after three months
She had no news about his son
When she came in and saw the corpse
Rotting away and reduced to bones
Lied on his bed and devoured
His pets survived by his carrion

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