

Thicker Amelia
(Anal Vore,
Disposal, No Scat)

Thiccer Amelia

"Remain wary of the frailty of men. Their wills are weak, minds young."

How many times had Layle been to the Cathedral Ward? Considering the fact that there were at least a dozen skulls upon the stony floor - all of them his - some might say too many. Layle, however, was of the opposite opinion. As far as he was concerned, he hadn't been here enough.

The area that he was stood in was most certainly foreboding. A stony, dark cathedral. Gothic architecture laid in ruins all around Layle's feet. Shreds of clothing laid upon the floor, rusted weapons and armor in disarray. Moonlight shone through the holes in the ceiling. The atmosphere would've been foreboding, were it not for the fact that Layle was bouncing up and down on his heels, clearly excited about something.

Layle himself was a fine example of ... some kind of canine! Honestly, he wasn't too certain as to where his roots lay. His coat was a mixture of a dark, reddish brown and a creamy, slightly off white colour. Most of his doggish body lay bare, save for the scant amount of dark leather armour over his chest and hips that covered his essentials. Pale, blue eyes stared at the door in front of him, a single, brown furred hand laid upon the sodden wood, stroking over it with his claws. His body was tense and hesitant, though not from fear. No, Layle was excited.

It was because Layle knew that the wonderfully thicc Vicar Amelia lay behind it. Before he had entered her chamber, the impressively tall and mighty white shewolf certainly couldn't have been considered skinny. Even before she'd devoured him for the first time, her belly had been pudgy, almost pudgy enough for her large breasts to sit directly on top of it. But now, now that he had willingly slid down

her tight gullet over a dozen times, she was really starting to pack on the pounds. A fat belly, a rounder ass, a bigger, prouder set of tits. Deep down - though he barely recognised it, or at least, tried to - he was proud of himself for adding pound after pound onto her delectably thick body. His very essence had become those breasts, that ass, that belly, the fatty, soft tissue His very being seemingly enhanced her body tenfold upon every consumption, as if he were little more than clay being packed onto her.

But Layle would be a big, stinking liar if he dared to claim that this was all for her. While it pleased him to see her grow, the entire process of being swallowed whole *pleasured* him. The canine had quite the prominent erection pulsing away in his leathers, his nubile thighs squeezed around his swollen length in a poor attempt to restrain it. Frankly, he was certain that no chastity device in the world that could subdue his erection. The thought of her gaping, drooling maw, of her tight, restrictive gullet squeezing all around him, the gurgle of her stomach as it churned around him as he beat himself off furiously, orgasming again and again with her innards, it was ... beyond arousal. It was pure, sexual fuel, like a drug that he just couldn't get enough of.

It was an odd thought, indeed. To be addicted to the inside of someone's soft, squirmy guts. But how many times had he slid down her throat now? How many times had he drained his balls within her stomach? The former, he might be able to figure out somehow ... but the latter, well, that would be impossible. Layle didn't want to waste the time figuring it out, however. All he knew was that the pleasure that the gorgeous, plump Amelia gave him was all that he ever wanted, and all that he would ever need. It felt ridiculous, especially considering that he was supposed to be slaying her, but, alas ... he doubted that he ever could.

But for now, he was done lingering within his own thoughts. It was time to 'fight' again. Hopefully, she wasn't growing wise to his little

facade. The fact that he wasn't even really fighting. The last bout, he hadn't so much as swung his blade in her direction, nor lifted his pistol toward her. How could he? He didn't want to accidentally harm her, especially not now that he had become so enamored with her. Hopefully, rolling around and weakly attempting to avoid her attacks would be enough to distract her from the fact that he simply wanted to be devoured.

Sucking in a breath, he drew his silver blade and readied it, shoving the door open and entering her ruined, stony chamber. His feet crept carefully, quietly, as if he were afraid of her, when, in reality, he was anything but. His eyes immediately lifted to take in Amelia's impressive form, jaw clenched tightly together so that it would not drop at the sight of her.

It was a struggle, because she truly was magnificent. There Vicar Amelia was, in all of her glory. Laid upon her side lazily, chubby paunch squished against the ground, she tiredly groomed at the fingers of her left hand. The broad, firm strokes of her wide, canid tongue set her bust jiggling. The dusky black nipples atop of each plump breast were erect, firm, and far more eager looking than her reclined form. Her long, plush legs were set out in a sprawl, thick, furred thighs bouncing with her rigorous lapping, much like her tits. Toes atop a set of perfect feet curled and uncurled in her lazy bliss. The white wolf barely acknowledged Layle, not even rising to fight, for now, at least. All she did was tip her head in his direction, as if to say, 'oh, you ... again.'

Was Amelia becoming tired of Layle? Perhaps, especially after that last fight. Where had his spirit gone? How was she supposed to feel the thrill of the hunt while the pathetic 'warrior' in front of him didn't even try to harm her? Even worse, how was she supposed to work off all of this excess weight that this little canine was forcing onto her body?

Perhaps she simply needed to change things up to make this fun

again. To inspire the fear that she had felt upon Layle when he had first entered her chambers. Now, all she could stink was his arousal. He thought he was so clever, trying to hide his erection, but the state of his cock was blatant to her nostrils. Did it offend her? No, not really. As a matter of fact, she derived a certain amount of pleasure from swallowing him, knowing full well that he was getting off within her belly. But that particular pleasure wasn't what she was looking for from a fight.

And because of those excess calories, she was slowly but surely regaining her humanity. Her mind had been twisted and broken before, shattered by her constant, painful transformations. But now that she had dined upon a banquet of fresh dog meat ... well, her monstrous brain was starting to become significantly less monstrous. Unknown to Layle, every meal she ate brought her more and more clarity. And now, finally, she could see Layle for what he was. A horny fool. One who needed to be put in his place. One who needed to be reminded of the thrill of the hunt.

Snarling quietly, Amelia slowly rose to her feet. Her powerful claws dug into the stone beneath her, providing her a solid center of gravity as her knees bent and her spine straightened, bare breasts bouncing. To say that she was now packing on a considerable amount of excess weight, she made standing look easy. After all, underneath that weight was a powerful, huntress' body. The only reason that she had the extra pounds was because the pathetic specimen in front of her wasn't providing her a fight that could really burn off the calories.

As a hunter, Layle knew the pose that he had to get into to fight her. Silver scraped against leather as he withdrew his blade and readied it, holding it in front of him. Steadily, he began to step forward, sword extended, pose perfect. The canine did his best to draw his brow and make his face look as serious as possible. But it was a weak effort. His own excitement betrayed him, glinting in his eyes, the corners of his muzzle twisted into a smile that he was clearly trying to fight off. His expression was not one of a hunter, but one of a lovelorn fool. His

creed demanded that he slay the beast in front of him, and yet ... his admiration for the wolf's throat stopped him.

Because that was all it was. A love for her mouth, her gullet, the inside of her belly. There was no way that he found her form appealing, no. She was a monster. A wild beast. Or at least, that's what Layle continually told himself. A few more times in her belly, to satisfy his own desires ... then, he would mount her head upon his wall as a constant reminder of the pleasure that she'd brought him.

As he made his careful steps toward her, Amelia began to stride toward him confidently, her long, thick legs raising, her large, heavy paws slamming loudly against the ground, knocking up stony dust from the floor of the Cathedral. She saw the silver blade in his hand, the gun on his hip, but she knew that both were no threat to her. Fierce, predatorial eyes lazily gazed upon his form, confident, unafraid. Her gait was slow and easy. By her sides, her arms hung limply, not even bothering to tense in the face of danger, because the dog in front of her ... well, he was anything but dangerous.

Layle's heart began to pound in his chest. Amelia had never approached him like this before. She looked so ... lazy. As if she didn't care. As if she wasn't on the hunt. Oddly enough, it was more terrifying than seeing her poised to fight. Shocked by her demeanour, his sword fell limply to his side. Rather than walking forward, he fell still on the spot, silent and unnerved by Amelia's sudden change of attitude.

The white wolf herself continued to advance, slowly, lazily, but with confidence. And soon, she was directly in front of Layle. Her pose was not one of aggression. Her body was not poised to retaliate to any attack that came her way. Two feet away from him, she looked down upon the small, cowardly dog in front of her. The vicious claws that she could extend from her paws were retracted. Her maw was only ever so slightly parted, revealing her jet black gums, her teeth, the tip of her slathering tongue. Limply, she stood there, practically

begging for the dog to attack her, to swing his sword in her direction, or to pepper her with buckshot.

But Layle did nothing. As a matter of fact, the His sword remained by his side, his gun remained in it's holster. He didn't even tilt his head upward to look Amelia in the eye. Instead, his neck remained stiff, eyes fixed upon the pair of heavy, wolverine breasts that were in front of him. Like a deer caught within the headlights, he was completely and utterly frozen. Had she figured him out? Had she caught onto his little games? Did she know of his arousal, of the sheer amount of cum that he'd deposited within her belly while he was within it?

As Amelia expected. This little hunter wasn't a hunter at all. He was a fool. A coward. Someone who couldn't even give her a thrill. So why should she give him one? With a loud, terrifying snarl, one of her powerful arms swung out and knocked the blade entirely from his hand, sending it clattering toward the ground. Now disarmed, her other hand went for his waist, grasping at it roughly, and then, she lifted him up into her air. A deep, angry rumble coursed through her chest. Her jaw unhinged, strands of saliva breaking as her maw opened into full tilt, exposing the inside of it fully to the canine in front of her.

Layle's body finally reacted, though not in preparation for a fight. It was an eager, aroused tense of the muscles, a widening of the eyes, a slight slackening of his muzzle that made his own mouth gape open slightly. In front of him, he could see the source of his lust. Beyond those black gums and those sharp teeth was a tongue that he would surely be feeling raking across his body, a slick, saliva-lined throat that would soon be all around him. He could even see it pulsing with the heavy beat of her heart, stirring drool within her gaping maw. They were skipping the foreplay, it seemed. No need to fight any longer. Well, Layle couldn't say that he minded too much. After all, when he finally got around to it, her lowered guard would make it all the easier to slay her! She was just a mindless beast, wasn't she? There was no way that she cared about his arousal. All she cared

about was a free lunch. If only he knew that it was the opposite, but ... perhaps, he would learn in time.

His body went limp, and he took on the stance of someone who was defeated. He felt her sharp claws slash delicately across the straps of his armour, first his chestplate, exposing his bare, furred torso, and then, his leggings. His canid cock, naturally, sprang free, an angry, bright red, slick with precum that he'd been filling his leathers with for the past fifteen minutes. A knot, swollen and fat, lay upon the very base, throbbing, eager, just like the rest of his length. Oh, this was going to be fabulous. He was going to explode the very second that his body made contact with her gums. Layle just knew it.

What Layle didn't know, however, was that he'd be going nowhere near them for the time being. After he'd gotten a good, long stare at her gaping maw, Amelia did not consume him, but instead, release him. Considering how limp he was, he fell to the ground like a wet noodle, landing upon his naked rear. Confused, he looked up toward the werewolf, and finally recognised her careless expression. Even now, towering over him, she didn't look as if she were prepared to strike.

Upon Amelia's face, Layle saw boredom. But how could that be? She was supposed to be a monster. The dog had practically been relying on the fact that she'd never get tired of consuming him. Frozen and confused, he remained sat upon the ground, staring up at her, wondering. Between his legs his bare cock still pulsed and throbbed despite his anxiety, occasionally loosing a jet of watery pre upon his stomach.

Amelia gave Layle one last, dismissive glance, and then turned on her heel, exposing her back to him. Eye level to her plentiful rump, Layle watched the hypnotic sway of Amelia's jiggling, overplump cheeks, the sumptuous sway of the thighs beneath. The scent of her sweaty, musky ass immediately filled his nostrils, burning them in the most pleasant and enticing way. The fur on her ass, particularly around her

deep crack, was absolutely matted with sweat. Perhaps she was getting more of a workout eating Layle than she thought, or, perhaps, she was simply too hot with her excess pounds and her thick, fluffy coat. Whatever the reason was, Layle's eyes lidded slightly, and he began to pant. Seeing and smelling all of that musk was most certainly beginning to cloud his mind.

Nervously, he licked his lips. Overtaken by her scent, his thoughts began to grow somewhat needy. Was she about to walk away from him? To leave him all alone in the Cathedral Ward? Abandon him, and call off the hunt? It was unprecedented for a werewolf to not slay a potential foe. Should he say something? Do something? Try to fight, perhaps?

If Layle tried to do any of those things, then it might have scored him some brownie points with the good Vicar. But no matter what he did now, his fate was sealed. Amelia was not going to walk away, no. She was about to do something very unexpected. With her ass still in front of Layle, she arched her hips backward and grasped her the sides of her wide, thicc ass, taking a cheek in each of her monstrous paws. With a tense of her powerful knuckles, she pulled her flabby cheeks apart, and bore her winking, eager pucker to him, her fluffy tail flagging in the air so that nothing was hidden to the male canine's eyes.

Layle, more shocked and confused than ever, drank the sight in. Her jet black tailhole made for such a stark contrast to the pure white fluff that surrounded it. It was, of course, slick with sweat. Drops it visibly coursed down the crack of her rear, before meeting her asshole and settling somewhere within it's many wrinkles. The powerful muscles of her anus flexed. Even though the two couldn't communicate verbally, Layle knew exactly what Amelia was trying to tell him.

She wanted him to eat her ass. And Layle was going to do it. He had disappointed her enough. His inhibitions and sensibilities were clouded

by the scent and the sheer *sight* of Amelia's powerful, huge rear. Fuck his code, and fuck the fact that this one act was about to break every single rule of it. He was a red blooded canine, and he could hardly be blamed for being such a submissive little bitch toward a woman - a beast, a monster, even - who was supposed to be his worst enemy.

Or, at the very least ... that's what he told himself.

Without hesitation, his shoulders hunched forward, his muzzle drawing closer and closer to the source of that bitter, heady scent. His nostrils flared, and his hands soon took the place of hers, fingers grabbing into her dense, squishy flesh to keep it pulled apart, to keep the apple of his eye bared. Soon, his nose was pressed against her pucker, his lips against her fuzzy taint. The canine found that he couldn't resist. The first stroke of his broad, slick tongue was nervous, tastebuds raking across her tense, tight hole, a slurp as he tasted her scent from one of it's most potent sources.

That single, languid lap was enough to destroy what was left of his inhibitions. After the first taste of his sweaty nectar, his tongue began to lash against her tailhole with a voracious hunger. His knuckles bore into her flesh, and the front of his muzzle moved to press tightly against his rear, as if the canine were intent upon shoving his head directly into her rectum. Noisily, the dog slurped and licked. His saliva was plentiful enough to both coat her asshole, and to dribble down toward her swollen, puffy sex, heating her folds with his drool.

Her sweaty, salty taste pleased him to no end. His foot began to bounce and twitch against the floor in happy, doggish excitement. Behind him, his tail kicked into a fervent, but content wag. His pale blue eyes were lidded and entirely clouded over. The mutt was the very picture of bliss.

The same could not be said for Amelia. The white wolf most

appreciated his attention, certainly - as shown by the heavy, throaty huffs that were now billowing from her great, black nose - but this level of submission didn't satisfy her enough. No, the werewolf wanted more. She wanted to feed, but she also wanted to deny him the pleasure of her throat. Raw, bestial instinct drove her now. Her head tilted toward the roof of the cathedral, and she let out a loud, blood curdling howl. The powerful muscles underneath her chubby flesh rippled, and, with her muzzle still pointed toward the sky, she began to squat ... bearing her weight down directly upon Layle's face.

The howl had not been enough to throw him off - as a matter of fact, it had barely even registered within Layle's mind - but the sudden, heavy weight that now pressed against his muzzle most certainly made him pull his tongue into his mouth. Suddenly, the hands that he was using to spread her cheeks were now holding her up, stopping her from falling flat upon his form. His hands, which were once greedily squeezing her flesh, were now the only thing stopping him from being crushed flat underneath her rear. Rivulets of raw ass sweat began to course down his fingers, dribbling across the back of his hands, down across his wrists, making everything slicker, saltier, difficult. Of course, her weight was tremendous. His muscles quickly began to ache, and his arms began to quiver. He couldn't hold her up for very long.

But, perhaps, that wasn't the canine's biggest worry. With his muzzle still pressed against her pucker, he felt the powerful, tight muscles of her anus begin to spread around his maw. Soon, aided by her sweat, his drool, and the fact that she was shoving herself down onto him, the first inch of his muzzle squeezed inside with an audible pop, swallowing his nose and lips. With that inside, the application of her weight did the rest. Slowly, but surely, that impressive tailhole was slowly sliding around his mouth, apparently intent upon swallowing his skull whole.

Amelia wanted more. Her howl tapered off, replaced by breathy, harsh snarls. This had not been her plan, but her monstrous mind

decided that it worked nicely. The little wretch of a hunter was not fit to be consumed by her mouth, no. She would consume him and eat him, yes, because that was satisfying to her, but she would not pander to his perversions, no.

She would pander to her own. A loud, bestial grunt came from her mouth as she thrust her hips downward powerfully. With another loud *pop*, her ass swallowed not only his muzzle, but his entire head and neck. Between her legs, her pussy gushed a thick cream, matting the fur on her thighs. Feeling sensations that she hadn't felt for years, her natural response was to shove a hand between her legs. Her fingers curled against her folds, and the bestial snarls coming from her mouth were now intermingled with moans, her long, thick digits roughly clawing against her sodden core.

Layle was now dealing with a surprising new sensation ... having his entire head and throat swallowed by the wolf's innards. It was not unlike being within her throat. Around her, the walls of her colon groped at his skull and throat, rippling all around. Fortunately for him, her innards were completely clean - the result of an incredibly efficient digestive system that only left her prey's bones as waste - but the scent of her sweaty, feminine musk was stronger now, mostly because the fur on his face was soaked with it. For now, the canine's only thoughts were of panic. Outside, his hands were still pressed against her cheeks, holding her as best he could. Those tense paws were the only thing stopping his shoulders from being swallowed - and the rest of him - and even under duress, Layle knew this.

It was heavenly. He could not admit it to himself, not now, at least, but it was utter, erotic luxury. To have his head within her, feeling the suckling, almost hungry grasp of her strong, anal muscles rippling around his throat and head, seeking to draw him deeper, to accept him, to digest him, to consume him. His mind, flooded with her scent, and with his own arousal, only remained strong because of the sliver of fear that remained. This was the unknown, after all. An incredible,

erotic weight was bearing down upon him, his head was stuck inside of a dark, humid place. Panic, entirely instinctual, overwhelmed all else.

His stamina, his strength, his will ... it was all at it's limit. For a brief moment, Layle was reminded of the first time that her snarling, drooling maw had been in front of him, the way that he had tried to push her jaw apart, the way that he had tried to escape ... that feeling of futility, that panic that one was about to be consumed, dissolved, absorbed within someone else's body, turned into nothing but excess fat ... the panic, and the arousal he had felt, all there, all burning intensely within his loins.

But before those thoughts could get properly on track, the inevitable happened. With one final tense of his knuckles, Layle's arms fell ... and so did Amelia. One moment, his shoulders were outside of her - definitely the broadest part of his body - and the next, they, and the rest of him, was abruptly and quickly consumed by her rear. Every inch of his form was quickly slurped inside of her, torso, arms, hips ... leaving Amelia sat upon the floor. A noticeable impression of Layle was stretched out across her gut, the shape of his coiled arms and legs vaguely visible underneath the thick pudge of her swollen belly, trapped and curled within.

Amelia had never felt so full in her life. Oh, swallowing the weakling hunter was one thing, but consuming him with her ass was another. That final stretch around his shoulders, and the way that the rest of him had quickly squeezed inside. Amelia felt oh so full, content, both because of the meal that lay within her colon, and because of her voracious victory. Laid on the floor, one hand on her belly, the other rubbing her puffy, overstimulated sex, she reared her head back and let loose a loud, victorious, primal cry of victory into the air. With no obstruction in her throat - which was the usual case with Layle - her howl came out unbidden. For the first time in this series of wretched encounters, she felt like a full, sated hunter. Even if she hadn't fought her prey, she had most certainly trapped him, and lured him into the

unexpected.

Now, lodged deep within Amelia's guts, Layle heard the roar that she emitted. He felt it, not only through the sound that reverberated through his body, but in the ripple and squeeze of the tense muscles that surrounded him. Such a thing naturally tightened a werewolf's abdomen, and considering that he was currently within it, he was smothered by the noise. Figuratively, in the sense that her cry felt as if it were ringing through every fiber of his body, and, literally, because of the stretched intestines that surrounded him. A heat, intense, surrounded him, seeping into his body. The clutch of her walls so tight that the hunter's form, once standing tall outside of her door, was now curled up tight into a ball, her guts embrace having forced the poor canine to take the fetal position. Thick, mucousy juices began to coat his fur and sting at the flesh beneath. That, along with the heat, was a sure sign that he was on a swift track toward digestion.

The panic, the fear, it should have continued, entirely because of all that. But it did not. Overwhelmed with his own arousal, Layle's instinct was not to panic, not to try and squirm back toward her tightly closed pucker, but to masturbate. The dog could hardly be blamed. Of course, with his own body being caressed by heated, silken walls, that naturally meant that his red rocket was receiving the very same attention. The very second that the howl disappeared, and the tight clench of her walls receded slightly, Layle wriggled the best he could, feeling the were's insides resist his movements. No doubt, outside of her, his elbow could be seen, wriggling and pushing against her abdomen as he desperately tried to reach for his needy member. His muzzle turned, and began to lap at the walls that clenched erotically around him, attempting to plead with it. Really, it was just an excuse to taste her again.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity writhing around within her guts, his hand made contact with his cock. Immediately, he came. It took no squeeze or pump to make his balls clench, merely a sliver of

familiar contact. Shamelessly, his hips thrust, tapered, canine tip repeatedly humping against her intestinal wall, like he were nothing more than a pup in heat. Thick, creamy ropes of seed quickly began to paint her insides, and himself, white. His own unbidden howl of bliss, far weaker than Amelia's, was entirely muffled by the fatty flesh atop of the swollen belly that he was trapped within. Soon, he would be a part of it ... and this fact only spurred on his lust.

The sheer volume of seed that he produced made his testicles ache. He could feel it surrounding him, splashing on his coat, into his open, lapping mouth, and onto his face. Constantly a loud, internal gurgle slurped it away from him, funnelling it in the opposite direction that he was heading ... but it wasn't long before he felt it surrounding him again, only for the same process to repeat. His response was not to release his spent dick, but to continue pumping at it, despite the fact that it was overstimulated and overworked. Layle wanted to enjoy every blissful second of this, before his body was digested - no doubt to be piled onto her curves - and then, he'd have to face her again. Oh, how humiliating that would be ... but right now, covered in his own cum as he was, he obviously couldn't give two fucks about shame.

Entirely unaware of her prey's orgasm - and entirely uncaring, for that matter - Amelia reclined upon her back, occasionally feeling a squirm within her gut. One beastly hand stroked at her tummy, and Layle within, while the other lazily rubbed across the seam of her furred sex. Unlike the hunter within her squirming guts, she sought not to propel herself toward continuous orgasm, but to merely feel soft spikes of pleasure amidst the satisfaction that she felt. Like the brainless monster that she apparently was, her tongue lolled from her mouth in pure, unbidden joy, drool pooling onto the floor and seeping onto her cheek. Who could blame her for having a nice little relax after such a satisfying meal?

Both heard her gurgling gut. Both heard the lazy thump of her heart. Both felt an incredible bliss, for entirely different reasons. But only one was to be digested. With such an incredibly powerful digestion

system, Layle's life was over before her intestines could squeeze him all the way to her spacious stomach. In a matter of minutes, the fervently masturbating canine was reduced to nothing more than bone. If her belly was capable of feeling emotion, it might have been jealous about the stolen meal. As it was, however, her innards finally recognised his flesh and muscle for what it was - fat for her tits, belly, and ass - and his bones for what they were ... useless waste.

With Layle, or what remained of him, now slowly working his way back toward her pucker, Amelia closed her eyes, and allowed herself to drift into a very content sleep. It always took an hour or two for him to return. She would be safe to nap, knowing that she would need to evacuate the hunter's remains before then.

Right on cue, the call of nature came. Feeling a cramp in her gut, Amelia blearily opened her eyes, feeling the familiar sensation of lodged bone within her rectum. Fighting off the urge to go back to sleep, the white werewolf pushed herself up into a stand with a growl, one hand cradling her still swollen belly.

The fatigue was quickly washed away by the sight of the full moon, still shining brightly above her head. Powered by lunar energy, the werewolf dropped herself into a squat and spread her legs, knees bending as she lowered herself down. As she did so, she almost expected the push of Layle's hands to be present once more. But ... they were not. The wolf found herself missing them.

Shaking off her confusion - which she put down to still being a little sleepy - Amelia focused fully on the task at hand. Outside, her hands curled into fists, while internally, her guts clenched in a powerful ripple, and Layle's bones began to move in her innards, making their way toward an asshole that was freshly tight again, but would soon be gaping. The werewolf healing factor had it's many upsides. For most, having your asshole constantly stretched by bulky bone from

the large prey that she consumed would be a downside, but ... not so much for Amelia. This was one of her favourite parts of the entire experience.

Enviored by fresh calories, the werewolf pressed her paw to her fluffy cunt. This time, she did not touch it lazily. Immediately, she shoved three bestial fingers - all the way to the knuckle - right into her still sopping sex, stretching herself out in the front ... just as the first of Layle's bones began to stretch her from behind. A moan, low and monstrous, began to constantly croon from her throat. From the exertion, sweat began to dribble across her back, ultimately coursing down toward her already musky rear.

The majority of his bones were easy to shove out ... with a little pushing, shoving, and a great deal of sweat. They were small, after all, compared to her. The sticking point, as always, would be his hips, and his thick skull. But this was no ordinary dumping of the bones, no. Ordinarily, the bones were washed completely clean. These bones, however, were not. They were slick, lubricated by something thick, slimy, and pearly white. Amelia had not recognised Layle's orgasm when he had been within her, but now that he was coming out of her, the smell of masculinity was blatant. It was Layle's cum. Worse, she could feel it oozing from her gaping pucker, pure white dribbling over her sweaty asshole before dripping noisily to the floor.

Layle was not supposed to cum. This was supposed to be a punishment for the hunter, but he was even more of a whore for her insides than she had initially thought. He had not died in pain knowing who the superior warrior was, like she thought, but instead, he had perished in complete bliss. Her victory suddenly felt hollow. Inside of her, her fingers curled, a fourth shoving inside roughly. Her pleased, aroused croon soon turned into an aggressive, frustrated growl. Between her legs, her hand began to work faster, firmer, juices spraying violently from her paws firm shoves.

Behind her, she heard the door creak open. Her head snapped

around, looking over her shoulder to see the very source of her anger. The very man who she wanted to tear limb from limb.

Layle had walked into the werewolf doing many, many things before. One time, he'd even caught her taking a nap. But, he could state with his hand upon his heart, that he had never expected to see her like this. The werewolf in full squat, her hand between her legs, gaping pucker presented, her sweaty asshole and the musky cheeks that surrounded it in full, blatant view. But what was even more blatant was the fact that she was squeezing out his skull. That, somehow, his cum had survived absorption longer than he had, considering that he saw a great deal of it gush thickly toward the floor the moment skull finally popped loose from her colon. Perhaps her tract simply saw his seed as ... not really worth the effort.

But the canine did not have the time to ponder the calorie count of his sperm. Because, on top of that deliciously erotic sight, he saw the rage in Amelia's eyes. The fury. Even on their first brawl, he had never seen her like this. The eyes in front of him were not those of a monster, but of a woman who had been deeply, deeply scorned.

This time, he didn't even offer the pretense of a fight. With a whimper, he dropped his sword on the floor. He had a very strong feeling that she wouldn't be eating him this time, not with her ass, nor with her mouth.

And Layle, of course, was absolutely right. If he wanted pleasure, then he would have to earn it.