Four-Course Feast

A Vore Story Anthology

Neil Aston

*to mom, who understands that this kind of stuff isn’t for her*

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First things first. If you’re under the age of 18, get the heck out of here. Go play Fortnite or something.

Hi! I’m Neil, and I wrote all of this stuff. This is a collection of four different novellas that I wrote between March 2018 and December 2019. I’ve pivoted a bit more towards games in the past few years, but these projects were all very fun and experimental and I owe a lot of my success and willingness to jump into the world of paid content to them. So I thought, why not mark my entry into printed works with an anthology consisting of these four?

Each story ranges from 13,000 to 24,000 words and is chock full of all kinds of vore, smut, macro, transformation, etc...all that good stuff. All re-edited and enhanced, these are the definitive versions of these works. Pretty much all the characters you’ll be reading about that aren’t mine are owned by friends or commissioners, and obviously, without them, these projects would not have been possible. There’s too many to thank individually here, but they know who they are.

I hope you enjoy! <3

-Neil



*art: sleepy\_screen*

# The Very, Very Hungry Deer

*cw: m/m, m/f, vore (oral, anal, cock, sheath), musk, bulge play, anal sex, digestion, absorption, macro/micro*

In the light of the moon, a little deer lay in a bed.

One Sunday morning, the warm sun came up, and POP! out of the bed came a pudgy and very, very hungry deer. The deer's name was Neil, and he had quite an appetite. He would eat and eat and eat all the shoots and leaves and other things that he could find, but he would never feel full! He scritched at his tummy, which growled and groaned loudly, as he got out of bed, smacking his lips. “Gosh, I'm *so* hungry today…” he said as he walked out of his bedroom, his stomach still voicing its displeasure with the amount of food that Neil had consumed recently.

For Neil, it was clear that a regular diet wasn't cutting it at this point. He would need to find more substantial meals, and quick! He spent all of that day trying to figure out what he should do. In fact, he spent so long, that he even forgot to eat! And he was so very hungry when he went to bed that Sunday evening, but he at least had a plan of what he was going to do tomorrow…

On Monday, the deer called up his friend, Pixel, and invited him to come hang out. The gryphon obliged, and actually invited Neil over himself. “Yeah, you haven't been over in a while! It would be nice to hang out~” the gryphon said, before hanging up the phone. For Pixel, it would be a nice day to hang out, but the deer had something quite different in mind for the bird…

Pixel was close enough to just walk to, so that's what the deer did! At this point, he hadn't eaten in so long that he had gone past the point of being hungry. His stomach still rumbled every now and then, but if you didn't know that he hadn't eaten all of yesterday, you would think that he had just had lunch! So when he knocked on Pixel’s door and the gryphon let him in, it seemed like nothing was out of the ordinary. The two of them sat down on the couch, Pixel plugging in a game system.

But in the middle of their hangout, Neil's stomach *very* audibly rumbled. “Damn, dude…” Pixel said, his eyebrows raised a little bit from the sudden noise. “You hungry?”

“Yeah, I actually haven't had anything to eat since Saturday…” Neil said, pinching a bit of his gray tummy fat in vague disappointment.

“Well, geez! I've got plenty of food around here. You want anything? Some chips? Or we could go out to eat somewhere…” Pixel said, turning around and going to the kitchen.

“Thanks for the offer, but I'd rather have you!” the deer teased. The gryphon almost immediately whirled around In response to that.

“What did you say?” he asked, his cheeks a little bit red at the suggestion.

“Oh, just get me some chips,” the deer said, a smile on his face. Pixel could have sworn he talked about eating him or some nonsense...! But, he probably just misheard him.

The bird went into the kitchen and got out a bag of chips and dip, returning to his living room with a little platter. “Here we go~” he said as he sat them down on the coffee table, Neil leaning over and practically vacuuming down the whole plate before Pixel could even have any!

“Dude!” Pixel said when he reached over to grab a chip, only to find the platter empty. “I guess you really were hungry…” he continued, returning back to the game he was playing. Honestly, it wasn't totally out of Neil's character to just wolf down a whole plate of chips, but this was even quicker than usual...!

“Oh, come on, you love me!” Neil said, patting his now slightly satiated stomach before letting out a belch. The gryphon turned around in surprise at how loud it was from just some chips and dip...“Oh? Did you enjoy that?” the deer teased.

The gryphon stuttered a little bit, not expecting Neil to pick out that he was blushing so quickly. “I...maybe…”

“Oh, come over here,” the deer said, rolling his eyes and patting his stomach, rolling up the shirt he was wearing so that the gryphon could get a real good listen...after a few more moments of flustered voicings from the bird, he dropped his controller and came over, placing a hand on the stomach and swirling it around.

“Dude, you didn't tell me you had such a soft gut…” he said as he sat down next to Neil, pressing his hand into the stomach, feeling how delightfully squishy it was...surprisingly, even though his friend had quite the appetite, Pixel had never thought of him as someone who let friends listen to his belly. Maybe he knew about Pixel’s affinity for them...that would be somewhat embarrassing!

The deer had mostly figured out by now through little hints and mess ups from the bird over the course of their friendship that he rather enjoyed the finer aspects of the digestive system, which was why he would make such a perfect snack...“Go ahead, it's not going to bite you, take a good listen~” he teased as he pushed on the back of Pixel’s head, gently pressing him into the stomach…

The sounds of a belly at work were quite fascinating. Pixel swore he could hear chips getting smashed up inside, gently liquidating into a more nutritious form. The sound of gurgles and groans was quite pleasing to the ear...although, he couldn't help but hear some wanting groans and rumbles among the other noises as his head was gently squished into the round, soft pillow. Could it be possible that he was still hungry...?

“Sounds like you're still a bit peckish…” the bird mumbled into the stomach, his beak pressed up right against it. Unbeknownst to him, though, Neil had started to lean down once the bird’s vision was obfuscated by his stomach, and his head was now right next to him, mouth open...his tongue lazed out, and gently dragged along Pixel’s neck, the fur being matted with drool as Neil sampled his meal...his licks traveled the fastest way up to the bird’s head, where Neil started to whisper, “*I am, and you’re lunch*…”

Pixel was too enamored with the stomach to really even notice that he was being licked! But once Neil said that, he knew something was going on. Too bad the deer already had him right where he wanted. Suddenly, the deer clamped both of his hands onto Pixel’s arms, his jaws opening wide as he turned the bird to face upwards so that he would fit into his mouth better. Pixel saw the flash of red flesh in front of him for a moment before he was shoved into that expanse, the deer’s tongue undulating underneath, coating him with more drool to help him slide down the deer’s gullet more efficiently. His legs kicked wildly with his arms unable to do anything as the deer locked them at his sides. Neil took his time to taste the bird, his tongue going back to lick along Pixel’s face, feeling the unique texture of his beak...he hadn't snacked on a bird in a long time! They always had such a unique flavor…

Neil's lips wrapped comfortably around the bird's neck as he leaned back on the couch. He had a firm grip on the bird as he started to tilt his head back, not being able to lift up the entirety of his friend for long...even though he enjoyed Pixel’s taste, his stomach rumbled angrily, and wanted him to get on with it. He let his lips open a bit, before shoving Pixel all the way to the back of his mouth, fitting the bird in up to his waist in the deer’s maw. He took a little bit of time to run his rough tongue along the gryphon’s tummy, feeling him squirm instinctively in response...the deer let out a long, wet \**mmm*\* before he took the first swallow, his powerful muscles grabbing onto Pixel’s beak and yanking him down into the throat, tight walls caressing and pushing his form deeper and deeper into the deer. Now that his throat had a firm grip on his meal, he could relax a bit more, his hands coming to rest on his soft stomach as it waited patiently for its meal.

A few more tight gulps dragged the gryphon deeper, Pixel making a considerable bulge in the deer's throat, which he enjoyed rubbing and feeling at as he felt it slip deeper into his body...Neil had gotten most of Pixel down at this point, his uvula resting on Pixel’s tail feathers, only the bird’s long legs sticking out of his mouth now...he gave his stomach a hard pat as he felt Pixel start to fill it out, his belly letting out a warm gurgle of appreciation as it started to get filled. With a noisy \*slrrrrp\*, those legs disappeared behind the deer's lips, two wet \**shlks*\* dragging the last of him down, Pixel disappearing into the vast digestive tract of the deer…

“Aaaahh...that is exactly what I needed!” Neil exclaimed as he finished off Pixel, noisily slurping his fingers to get the last of the bird’s taste. He bleated delightfully as he watched his stomach swell and bulge out with the form of his meal, Pixel curling up nice and tightly inside the deer’s stomach, making a considerable presence in his midsection. “Why didn't you tell me you were delicious, Pixel? I would have eaten you earlier…” Neil let out a chuckle as he felt the bird squirm inside in response to that, along with a muffled reply. “Can't hear you, you're going to have to speak up~” he continued, drumming his fingers on the stomach as it happily started working on turning the bird into deer fat…

\**BUUUUUuuuuuoooorrrrrrraaaaaAAAAA-aaaaaaaapppppppp……*\*

Neil's stomach, being herbivorous, took a while to digest live meals. For Pixel, this meant quite a long time of the bird being squished and massaged by tight stomach walls, idly pressing out against them the best he could, but not able to actually upset it in any way...it was just a long wait while the stomach juices rose up around him. Honestly, being a deer snack wouldn't be so bad, he did like Neil, but he was just too flustered to ask him about anything belly related...! He did quite enjoy listening to the deer’s stomach, and he guessed he was just getting a close up now. He did start to lose his balance in it though, as he felt the stomach jiggle and slosh around him, Neil getting up to go somewhere…

A few seconds later, some chewed-up slop plopped down onto the bird's head. “You…” Pixel said as he tried to clean the chewed up food off of his head. It felt like...chips! Was Neil raiding his pantry, too!? That was just insult to injury! Was Pixel really not enough of a meal for this greedy deer!?

Neil felt Pixel punching at his belly and yelling angrily, but whatever he said was muffled by layers of fat and stomach walls. “I hope you don't mind me cleaning out your pantry~” the deer teased, polishing off the other bag of chips that he had in his closet before moving on to the fridge...disappointing, only a couple pudding cups, but he shoveled them into his mouth all the same…

Pixel felt the stomach wobble and jiggle around him as Neil made his way back to the couch, flopping down on his back. The bird was now stewing in a sea of chips, pudding, and other various foods, in various states of being. It was a bit gross, but Pixel couldn't see what he was basting in, so it wasn't too bad...! He could feel the tingling start to kick in at this point, especially as Neil started to take a nap, the belches of the deer being steadily replaced by deep, rumbling snoring, accompanied by the rumbling of his stomach as it kneaded and rubbed into the bird, the stomach juices inside starting to kick in at this point, tossing the bird around like a salad in the motion he was sitting in...! He could feel his extremities starting to melt into the soup surrounding him, the stomach clenching tight upon him now that Neil had belched out all of the air. He made a few more struggles against the stomach, more trying to get comfortable than anything, before the stomach claimed him as nothing but food…

Outside, Neil noisily snored as his stomach broke down the gryphon, drool leaking out of his mouth and pooling onto the couch as his stomach gradually softened and rounded out. Pixel would make a nice, new layer of fat on his waist line, for sure! The noises of his stomach grew louder as it worked hard to turn the big meal Neil had given it into a sloshing, nutritious soup...it would take quite a few hours, even with Neil being asleep, before Pixel was processed completely, a new layer of fat on the deer's belly starting to jiggle around as the rest of him worked through his intestines, padding out his thighs and ass…

The deer had a nice, long slumber on Pixel’s couch, awakening the next day to a chubbier gut and rear, Neil pleasantly groping and rubbing at it as he made his way out of his friend's house. Despite having such a large meal, the deer was still hungry! His stomach grumbled impatiently as he looked through Pixel’s cabinets and fridge again, but he had cleaned them out yesterday...it looked like he would have to go somewhere else to get his Tuesday meal!

Before he could decide who to eat, though, he felt his phone vibrating in his pocket! There was one new notification, a text from his friend, Drake. “Hey, can you come over? It's urgent!!” the kangaroo had messaged. It seemed pretty vague...

“What happened?” Neil responded back. It took a few minutes, but eventually Drake replied. “Just get over here, you'll see…”

Neil figured he might as well pay a visit to the kangaroo. Maybe he would have some more snacks to give him as thanks for helping him out with whatever he needed...Drake's house wasn't very far away, so he made it in about 10 minutes or so. He knocked on the door several times before he heard a voice from inside, sounding like it was very far away. “It's unlocked, just come in!” the voice said, sounding as if it was shouting, but also quite quiet…

Neil opened the door to see the familiar setting of Drake's apartment. Nothing looked out of the ordinary, except for a pile of clothing on his couch, and an empty bottle on the coffee table...until he heard that voice again, coming from the kitchen. “Neil! I'm over here!”

“Drake...?” the deer responded, making his way into the kitchen, to find the kangaroo...but in a much different state than he thought! Drake had been shrunk down to nary a couple inches in stature, standing on top of his phone, using his paws to send messages to people, presumably! And, perhaps most embarrassingly of all, he was naked, the clothes on the couch in a messy pile presumably what he was wearing before he shrunk…

“Oh, thank goodness! I didn't think anyone would come…” Drake said, making his way off the phone and running over to Neil. The deer had to get down on his knees to really hear what Drake was saying, the tiny kangaroo shouting at the top of his lungs. “Some guy I hooked up with last night left something in the fridge for me to drink...the douchebag must have spiked it with shrinking potion or something!” Drake yelled, comically hopping up and down to adequately represent his rage.

After listening to his tirade, Neil calmly picked up Drake by his neck fluff and lifted him up to muzzle level. “Dude, you know you're naked, right?” He saw the kangaroo blush a little and then move to cover his crotch.

“Yeah... My clothes didn't shrink with me, it looks like…” the kangaroo said, awkwardly dangling there in the deer’s grasp, trying vainly to hide his nudity.

The deer chuckled as he saw Drake get flustered by the mere suggestion of his nudity. “It's all right, just means I get to have a bit of fun before getting you back to normal…” the deer said, before his tongue started to snake out of his mouth, slipping its way between Drake's legs and grinding up against his bits!

The kangaroo instinctively shuddered at the strange sensation. “D-dude, What the hell are you-*ooohhh*...” he sputtered, already feeling his arousal starting to grow at the rough grinding of the deer's tongue against his tiny sack and balls. “Juhs tahstin...ahm hungy…” Neil mumbled, his voice mostly obfuscated by the fact his tongue was currently getting a taste test of his tiny roo friend. He could feel Drake starting to squirm in his grasp, and more importantly, the throbbing of his hardening length against his rough tongue...Neil felt his stomach growl at the taste, but his belly could wait. This whole situation was giving him a bit of a different idea…

But first, he would get something to tide him over at the very least! The throbbing increased in intensity as Neil worked his tongue over Drake's bits, slurping along the sack, wrapping his cock up in wet, tight tongue...the kangaroo wiggled back and forth as Neil pinched at the back of his neck, moaning occasionally as he felt his arousal increasing...eventually, the deer smiled as he saw Drake let out one last moan, a salty taste spreading across his tongue, the kangaroo blowing his load right onto the powerful, dominant muscle. The deer needed a bit of extra protein today, and this would do perfectly! He let Drake finish his orgasm up before taking a big swallow, surprised at how much the tiny kangaroo could put out...he gave the bits another tongue bath to slurp up any leftover cum before smiling and letting out a little belch in front of the kangaroo. “Oh, excuse me…”

“*Hhhhhfff*... I wish you would have *told* me you were going to do that!” the kangaroo said, crossing his arms across his chest in mock outrage. Neil's tongue did feel quite wonderful, but he was more interested in getting back to his normal size then being a plaything for his lewd deer friend!

“Hey, not even a thank you? I know you enjoyed it~” the deer simply responded, before lowering Drake down. The kangaroo thought he was going to put him back on the ground, but to his surprise, he was being lowered towards the deer’s own crotch, Neil stretching out his underwear and jeans to reveal his chubby sheath! “Now, it's only fair that you please me after I please you…” Neil said, stretching his sheath open with one hand as he dropped Drake into it with the other!

The kangaroo made a soft, wet \**shlk*\* as he fell right into the fleshy, stretchy sheath! He would have fallen straight into the sack, but before he could, Neil snapped his sheath back into place, the stretchy fur suddenly tightening around Drake's form. The tight embrace of the deer’s sheath was quite surprising to the kangaroo, Drake trying to wiggle but finding that he could barely even press out against the tight enclosure. His nostrils were full of Neil's heavy musk in no time, the complex and powerful scent working its way deep into his brain...it almost made him cough at first, with how intense it was, but eventually he got his breathing back into something somewhat normal. That musk though, it was making him quite flustered...

Neil chuckled as he felt the tiny kangaroo wiggling inside of his sheath. “You keep doing that, it feels nice~” the deer said as he started to play with his sheath a little bit, pressing in on the bulge Drake made in it. He could feel something throbbing inside, and smiled as he just poked at that tiny bulge, knowing that Drake was starting to get aroused by his musk, and taking advantage of it…

Drake didn't notice that he was moving at all inside of the deer’s sheath, the tightness around him dominating his senses, but he was slowly moving downward. The sac of the deer was empty, except for a pool of cream, and he was very interested in adding Drake to it...Neil played with his sheath a little bit more, fingering the opening for some time before deciding that he was ready to move Drake on to the next part of his body…

Neil let out a bleat as he pressed a finger deep into his sheath. He could move the kangaroo along naturally if he wanted, but he wanted to feel what it would be like to shove someone down in there...his finger rooted around for a while, before feeling the kangaroo, and sucking in a breath before jamming his finger as far down as he could! Drake was so captivated by the musk and his arousal at this point that he barely noticed, the tight darkness around him confusing his sense of placement, barely even noticing as he was pushed farther and farther down into the sheath until something ahead of him pried open. “Come on...get in there…!” the deer said as he gave one last push with his finger, Drake making his way past the sphincter and landing in the sac with a wet \*plop\*!

The kangaroo was still surrounded by darkness, but the rounded enclosure of the deer’s balls was at least allowing of movement compared to his tight sheath. He raised his hand out of the pool of cream that he had fallen into, taking a deep breath of the musky scent of Neil's cum that was stuck to his hand and arm. “Shit…” was all he could utter, the pool rising around him even as he tried to get comfortable inside the sack. This isn't exactly what Drake wanted, but he was so intoxicated by Neil’s musk at this point that his head was starting to be clouded with lust. Being sheath fat or deer cream wouldn't be so bad, right...?

Neil unbuckled his pants and pulled down his underwear in Drake's kitchen, jostling at his sac a bit as he felt the kangaroo start to slosh around inside. “That's it, melt up, hun. You'll add a nice inch or so to my sheath~” he teased, having decided where he would put the kangaroo. Normally he just melted those people down into cream, but he was feeling an especially sheath-y mood today, and wanted to make it a little bit fatter...

Neil's massaging was doing an excellent job of breaking down Drake inside. The kangaroo was still conscious, but he was swimming in a small pool of cream at this point, and it was only getting higher and higher...it was around his waist at this point, and steadily increasing. Most of his lower body was tingling, and he had lost sensation in his feet, the paws probably melted into cream at this point...it felt nice though. Like a warm, musky jacuzzi...especially as Neil rubbed against his sac, compressing the enclosure a bit, helping to process the kangaroo inside as he lost consciousness.

“*Therrrrre* we go…” Neil bleated out as he felt his sac sloshing around, knowing that the kangaroo was mostly melted away at this point. The deer made his way over to Drake's bedroom, playing with his sheath as he felt the mass of Drake starting to add to it, making it a bit puffier and fatter and more fun to play with...he would make a nice bit of cream as well, something to shoot into whoever he figured he would meet tomorrow. As he passed out in the kangaroo’s bed, taking a sniff of his pillow before grinding his scent onto it, he thought about what he would eat the next day...

It was now Wednesday, and Neil once again found himself waking up in a friend's house after digesting the occupant. He took a moment to let out a big stretch and another yawn before scratching at his sheath, dealing with the bit of extra weight Drake had added to it…

He checked his phone, which was sitting on the table next to him. It was already 3 pm! And he needed to swing by the post office to pick up a package, which was all the way on the other side of town...! “Damn it…” he said as he rubbed his forehead, a little bit of a headache starting to form from his oversleeping. He checked the bus schedules on his phone, finding that there would be a stop in about 10 minutes down the road from Drake's house. He quickly gathered up his stuff, looking through the kangaroo’s cabinets for a snack before heading out and down to the stop…

He made it just in time! The deer nodded at the bus driver as he stepped aboard, quickly swiping his debit card through the machine and getting his fare. He walked down the bus aisle as the door closed, seeing the menagerie of people, species and body types that inhabited it...it was quite the zoo. Eventually, Neil found an open seat next to a chubby Decidueye. He plopped his rear down on the seat next to him, delighted at the new squish it had, unable to stop himself from letting out an “*aaaahhh*…” as he felt that new sensation…

He felt the Decidueye next to him staring at him for making such a weird noise on a public bus. He didn't want to acknowledge it, so he just pulled out his phone and started playing on it, and eventually the Decidueye went back to his own business. Niall couldn't help but detect a bit of curiosity in that stare, though...and his suspicions was only confirmed throughout the ride, as he swore he could catch the bird Pokemon next to him occasionally snatching a glimpse or two at that chubby rear, even as it was covered up by a pair of sweatpants…

Suddenly, Neil's stomach let out a loud \*rrmmmbblll…\*! He felt the stare of the owl again, but this time decided to respond. “Oops, he gets a little mad when I wake up late...!” The deer said, rubbing at his stomach a bit and mocking like he was talking to it. “What, you run out of leaves?” the Decidueye teased, trying to make a joke to ease the obvious tension in the air right now...!

“No, but you look like a great source for them!” Neil joked back, seeing the Decidueye squirm a little bit and blush in response before looking back down at his phone. Yep...he was infatuated, and the fat jiggling around on his rear from snacking on Pixel a couple days ago certainly helped! The rest of the bus ride went without many more incidents. Neil hadn't planned on snacking on someone that he saw on the bus, and he could tell the Decidueye was pretty flustered, and he would make a great meal...! Neil was feeling a bit outgoing today though; he really wanted this bird to experience that ass up close~

Neil decided the post office could wait. He saw the Decidueye turn around and pull the signal cord for his stop, deciding to get off and see if he could make a snack out of this Pokemon. The Decidueye got off a few minutes later, and Neil waited a little bit, before getting off himself. It was only a few stops away from the post office anyway! He'd be able to get lunch and his errands done at the same time, how lovely~

Neil could still see the Decidueye, walking down the sidewalk. He didn't know where the bird was going, but he knew where he would end up...! He kept a safe distance, while still trying to keep an eye on the bird. Eventually, he saw him disappear into an alley. This was his chance...he picked the pace up, eventually making it to the corner, stopping and readying himself before turning round.

The Decidueye was standing in the alleyway, looking at his phone. He didn't even notice the deer standing in front of him yet. Neil took this as an invitation, turning around and readying himself, before backing up and slamming the owl with his ass!

The Decidueye made a soft \**pwmp*\* as his feathery form fell to the ground under the deer’s weight; his phone knocked away, and his vision now dominated by a round, soft cushion in front of him...Neil felt his arms flailing around as he tried to figure out what was going on. “Calm down under there, a good seat doesn't squirm!” the deer teased, pressing his ass down a bit further on to the Decidueye’s face.He could practically feel the warmth radiating off his cheeks as this musky, soft cushion descended upon him...but Neil would have to rub it in a bit before he got on with his meal.

“Don't act like I didn't see you sneaking a peek on the bus…” he teased, starting to grind up and down the Decidueye’s beak a little bit. “*Ooh*.. I've never had a bird down there before...you avians do feel quite unique!” He laughed to himself as he pressed down further, wedging the Decidueye’s beak between his plump cheeks. “So, what's your name? Besides ‘assfat’...”

The Decidueye wiggled a bit under his sudden new acquaintance in response to that teasing. His name was Trypp, but even as he tried to sputter out that name for the deer, there wasn't any way he would hear it while he was smothering the Decidueye. The worst part about this situation is that Neil was absolutely right, he had snuck a few peeks on the bus, not only of that rear but also of that chubby, round gut that was jiggling above him! He was having some lewd thoughts, especially after the deer teased him...he honestly wanted to rub that gut, but he didn't think it would actually go anywhere...! He was a bit overwhelmed with how much the deer hit all his secret pleasures, the big, dominant, chubby predator using him as nothing but a cushion...! And so he was mostly mute and flustered as the deer continued working his way over him…

“Oh, hold up. Let me slide these off quick...” the deer said as he removed a bit of pressure from Trypp’s face, taking a hold of his pants and underwear and sliding them off down to his knees. Before Trypp could get up, not like he wanted to, Neil pressed his rear down again, this time without any sort of barrier for that musk and squish! “That's better. Now you can feel *exactly* what my snacks added back there…and what you’ll add soon!” He pressed down hard, letting out a nice bleat as he felt that unfamiliar sensation of the beak nestled in between his cheeks, starting to poke into his pucker…

As soon as Neil’s hungry rump got a grip on Trypp’s beak, there was no going back. The deer clenched almost immediately as he felt the cold surface of the beak poke up into his body, shuttering instinctively as he started to pull Trypp up into his bowels. At the same time, he pressed his ass down harder, his pucker stretching over the Decidueye’s face quite quickly! Trypp, although he wasn't in the market to be deer fat, could not hide how flustered he was by this whole situation, the tight bowel walls pressing and squeezing at his beak, as more of his head slit in...Mmm, adding to this chubby ass...maybe just a taste…

“*OOoooohhh~*” Neil moaned as he felt Trypp’s tongue snake out of his beak and start to slurp around inside of him. “Gosh, I knew you would come around…” he teased as his pucker continued to stretch over Trypp’s body, one tight clench from the deer swallowing up the rest of his head, those uncompromising, slick walls feeding the bird deeper with gusto. Once Neil got down to the neck, the last challenge would be the shoulders. He sucked in a deep breath, before pressing down hard, mouth open as he felt his pucker start to stretch as wide as it could, those shoulders and wings gradually starting to slide in...he slowly walked backwards, backing the Decidueye up against a wall, which would make it easier for him to press down and slurp the rest of the bird up. he had to use one arm to brace himself against a dumpster as he started to press his ass down onto Trypp’s chest, which had been aligned quite nicely by Neil’s movements, his own rear planted firmly on the ground as Neil pressed down onto it…

“F-fuck, You're going to feel *so* good *so* deep in me…” the deer teased as he pressed his hips down even further, a wet \*schlorp\* coming out as that pucker sucked in Trypp’s chest. He could feel the bird wiggling deep within him, each struggle and attempt to get comfortable inside the deer’s tight, musky bowels only making him clench harder and faster to get this bird inside of him. He could hear his stomach growling now, wanting Neil to pack his meal away as fast as he could already! His ass had comfortably swallowed Trypp up to his waist, only leaving his legs and claws in the outside world. When the deer felt his ass meet concrete, he let out a big breath, poking and prodding at the bulge Trypp made in his lower gut. “How's it feel in there? Almost done packing you away~” he teased, before starting to lift himself up off the ground. It was a bit rough with more than half of another person inside of him, but eventually he got to his feet, Trypp’s legs dangling awkwardly outside of his pucker…

Neil shut his eyes and clenched his teeth as he pulled Trypp deeper, reveling in the feeling of his inner bowels being stretched out by a couple inches as he tugged the bird in deeper, delighted by the wet slurping the noise his ass made as it messily devoured the bird. A few more wet, pleasurable clenches, and the bird was no more, just a wiggling bulge on route to a hungry belly...

“Aaahhh...Trypp, was it? Have you done this before? You make a great butt snack…” the deer teased, laughing as he felt the bird struggling in his gut in response to that. The kicking and wiggling so deep inside of him threw Neil off a little bit as he slowly stumbled his way back to the bus stop. It looked like he was right on time, the bus pulling up right in front of him. The bus driver gave him a bit of a weird look as he cradled this squirming, bulging stomach while getting on the bus, but there was a mutual understanding that anyone who chimed in would probably end up being next…

Trypp groaned as those tight bowel walls squished and pressed him deeper into the deer. His whole world was shaking around him constantly as the deer made his way onto the bus, Neil soon coming to rest and plopping down on his chubby, soft butt. Not much longer afterwards, the Decidueye made his way into Neil's stomach, the sphincter slowly yawning open and accepting the big bird into the deer’s hungry belly, clench by clench. Even though he was in public, Neil couldn't help but bleat a little bit as he felt that weight shift inside of him, the familiar feeling of fullness spreading in his stomach...

At this point, Trypp was a bit too tired to struggle in any serious capacity. The tight, hot bowel ride had sucked all the strength out of him; in fact, he barely noticed as he felt his body start to tingle as he gradually began to dissolve and melt inside of the deer’s stomach. It felt like he was being dipped into a fondue vat, but also slowly contributing to it...his movements became more and more sluggish as it seemed like the stomach juices and whatever slop was in his belly was sticking to him. And then, if it wasn't uncomfortable enough, suddenly, Neil's stomach tightened around his meal…

“\*UUUuuuurrrrRRRRRrrrraaaa-aaaaOOOOooorrrrpppp…\*” Neil had no hopes of stifling the tremendous belch that blew past his lips, or the copious amount of Decidueye feathers that flew out of his mouth at the same time, slowly falling onto the floor of the bus. “Oops...dinner was a little... raw.” The deer said as he covered his mouth, feeling various sets of eyes staring at him as his gut noisily worked over the meal inside. Trypp was gradually melting down inside of that stomach, but he was still mostly solid by the time Neil got to his stop, the deer feeling the differences in his sloshing belly mass as he stepped off the bus and walked home...

Neil spent a good amount of time fondling and rubbing at his stomach as he felt it break down the bird inside, steadily turning Trypp into nothing but a nice extra layer or two of deer fat. But, the deer started to feel quite tired en route, and as soon as he walked into his door, he straight-up passed out on the couch, not even making it to his room…

Overnight, his stomach loudly and proudly worked over the rest of Trypp, the bird completely dissolving and rounding out into a nice, nutritious belly slop that would funnel deeper into the deer’s digestive tract. Neil awoke the next day, eager to see the additions that Trypp had made to his body. He already noticed the extra jiggle on his gut as he made his way up the stairs to his bathroom, but when he looked in the mirror, he got a real nice view of where everything went…

“Phew, he really did make nice butt fat…” Neil remarked as he looked at his rounder, chubbier rear in the mirror, groping at that softness, squishing it between his fingers! It seems like the bird had definitely mostly ended up on his rump, but his hips and belly weren't safe from becoming even softer either, the deer just having to rub and smooch and jiggle his gut as he felt how nice the new weight on his body was. It honestly made him want to take a few pictures...but it was Thursday, and his stomach was already growling for more…

He had quite enjoyed shoving the bird up his rear, and especially the additions he made afterwards, so he was more in a mood to shove another person up his butt. Thirsty for it, even; having someone wiggle so deep inside of him was an irreplicable feeling...he simply had to have another buttsnack.

He spent quite a bit of time lounging in bed, thinking about who he would gobble up next, and taking the time to play around with his new assets a little bit as well. Then, like a bolt of lightning, the name hit him. Tryna! He had caught his pixie friend staring at his ample rear more than a few times, he could tell that she wanted to slide up into it...!

One phone call and a quick brisk walk later, he had arrived at Tryna's apartment. The pixie answered her door quite quickly, Neil giving his friend a light hug before walking into her apartment. He hadn't been over to visit for a while, actually. So this would be a visit to remember, for sure...

The two of them idly chatted for a little while, catching up and such. It was a delightful time, but Neil had to talk extra loud sometimes to mask the growling of his hungry stomach. Eventually, he excused himself to the bathroom, taking this chance as he walked away to tease the pixie. He wiggled his rear back and forth as he walked away, his assets on full display for the pixie to see…

Neil chuckled as he imagined what was running through trying his head as he did his business. She definitely would have noticed, he made it so obvious! The thought of her cheeks blushing red at that round, soft plushness on his hips gave him a warm fuzzy feeling. She would be getting to know the new additions to his rump a lot more intimately in just a few minutes…

“Quit wiggling your butt at me!” the pixie said as Neil got out of the restroom, with no visible blush to belie her bluff. Neil went for it anyway; “Why? I thought you were quite a fan of it…” he teased, shaking it again a little bit, even though she couldn't see. “Well, I…it *is* nice...” she started, before slinking back onto the couch, out of the deer’s view. Bingo! He walked over to the couch and looked over it from behind, Tryna now turned around to face the TV in front of the couch.

“You know, if you want to eat it out, you just have to ask…” he teased, his voice lowering a little bit as he spoke directly into the pixie’s tall ears…

Those ears perked up as the pixie turned around to face Neil, her hand covering her mouth in a mixture of shock and embarrassment. It was obvious that she was blushing, though, and Neil knew he had her right where he wanted her. He just had to get her down there...he walked his way around the couch, revealing to the pixie that his pants were already off, showing off his round hips in all their glory. “Just lie down and let me do the rest~” he teased, the pixie too embarrassed and most likely aroused to offer any sort of rebuttal as she lay down on the couch. Neil happily took the opportunity to straddle up onto the pixie, positioning himself so that his fluffy, soft rump was hovering no less than a few inches above Tryna's face. “Take a deep breath, hun…” the deer teased, before he started to lower that rear, shifting all of his weight to his rump…

“AAaahhh…” Neil couldn't help but let out a sigh as he pressed his rump down onto the pixie’s face, all of the soft chub the meals he had gobbled up earlier making it feel so nice and soft on the pixie’s face. His cute, fluffy tail rested right at the top of her head, brushing up against her hair every now and then as he started to grind up and down Tryna's face a little bit, letting out soft bleats as he felt the pixie shift underneath him. The feeling of someone wiggling underneath his rump was honestly incomparable, and the deer made sure to thoroughly enjoy it whenever he could…

While the grinding also helped to work his musky scent into the pixie’s nostrils, which it was doing an excellent job of, Neil mostly did it because it felt quite nice! He knew that his musk would make her much more receptive to being a deer seat, though, and would probably lead to her deciding that being a butt snack would be just great as well. He could already feel her wiggling around a bit underneath him, pressing her face deeper between those cheeks, Neil letting out a distinctive moan as he felt her nose brush past his pucker. “Look at you, so eager…” he teased, before hearing his belly let out a roaring growl of impatience. “All right, all right, I'll quit with the foreplay!” the deer chided at his stomach before taking a deep breath, pressing his rear down on to the pixie just a bit harder, his pucker yawning open around her nose…

Shlrk!

That breath came rushing out as he felt Tryna's nose get grabbed by his hungry butt, the ravenous pucker latching on to the pixie’s face and clenching almost immediately, pulling her forward. The deer could hear some more wiggling and muffled exclamations, but at this point even if she wasn't enamored with Neil's smell, it was too late. Once the deer's ass got a hold of someone, it didn't let go...so Neil could comfortably lean back on the couch, knowing his bottom half would do all the work. Already he could feel a small bulge in his lower belly, the pucker stretching around the pixie’s face and head quite quickly, but still pleasurably. He pressed his rump down a little bit more to lodge her whole head in his ass, letting out a soft bleat as he felt her head slide into his rear with a wet \**shlorp!*\*.

The pixie could feel Neil's pucker tighten around her neck as she was clenched deeper into the deer’s ass. It was honestly a wonderful journey, she had been enamored with this rump for quite a while, and getting to be as close to it as possible was such a treat...! And the scent filling her head had definitely made her more eager to to be a deer seat, for sure. There was some nagging thought floating around in her head that she was getting a bit too deep for her own good, though…

Neil rubbed at his lower gut as he felt the pixie wiggling inside, more of her form being shoved deep into his belly with every clench. The wet suckling sensation every time his rear dragged more of her in felt amazing, and he couldn't help but get aroused, especially as that bulge started to wiggle up against his prostate and sheath...the tip of his length started to snake out of its furry home, pressing up against the bulge Tryna made inside of him. “*HHhff*...let's get you deeper~” Neil groaned as he pressed his rump down harder, his pucker working its way over the pixie’s shoulders, finally conquering the widest part of her body and slurping down over her breasts and chest with comparative ease. “Why don't you wiggle a bit more in there, buttsnack~” he continued as he rubbed and patted the gradually growing belly the pixie was making, stroking at his hardening length with his other hand. He did get more wiggles out of Tryna this way, although it was partially from his bowels tightening around her as he got more and more aroused. Every stroke of his length made him clench harder, slurping up more of the pixie with ease. By the time his cock was fully erect, his ass had gobbled Tryna up to her waist, only her legs dangling beneath his hungry rear now…

Neil had thought the wings would have been a bigger issue, but they turned out to be pretty easy to get inside once they were folded. Now he had two smooth legs and two fluffy tails left to casually slurp up...or he could do something a bit nicer. His stomach was bulging considerably now, a nice, rounded belly with occasional bulges forming in his mid-section. That belly started to wiggle a bit as Neil lifted his rump up, letting Tryna's legs and feet rest against the couch, the pixie standing up inside of his ass in a way!

Tryna couldn't really tell what was happening. She was already starting to feel a bit woozy from the tight, hot, and musky enclosure she was stuffed in, as well as a bit aroused herself. Neil had started to hump the bulge she was making inside of him a little bit, the movement quite obvious even while she was inside of said bulge, and she was quite flustered by him using her as a tool to get off...she could feel the arousal between her legs, but couldn't really do anything while she was bound by the vice grip of the bowel walls!

Neil could feel the pixie wiggling again as she felt her body shift. “Calm down in there, I'm almost done~” the deer teased as he started to press down again, bracing the pixie’s feet against the couch. “Aaaa-*Aaaaahhhh*...there we go…” he moaned as he pressed his ass down onto the couch again, the pixie’s legs easily sliding up past his pucker like a wiggly dildo. This method was quite efficient for slurping up the rest of the pixie, Neil working his way over her knees in a matter of seconds! He felt his deep bowels stretched out in such wonderful ways by its new occupant. “Just...*a bit more*…” he gasped out, working his rear over her calves and ankles easily, leaving only her delicate feet faintly wiggling away.

“All...*mine*~” he whispered with finality as he reached a finger back to his rump, delighting in the sensation of pushing the last of the pixie in him, feeling his pucker slowly swallow up all of her form...and then, she was gone. He plopped his ass down on the couch, clenching here and there to get the pixie moving along in his system, rubbing and playing with his belly as it bounced and wiggled about. He could feel Tryna making her way through every bend and turn of his deep, tight guts, knowing that by now her head would already start to be poking out into his stomach...

And he was right; the pixie’s head had started to poke out into his stomach a few minutes ago, her shoulders and, with them, her arms being clenched out into the spacious chamber a bit later. Neil could feel her hands rubbing and pressing on the inside of his belly as it filled out, more and more of that delicious buttsnack finding a new home in his stomach.

While the deer’s stomach was a lot more accommodating than his tight bowels, it was also quite a bit more acrid and active. Tryna had been worn out sufficiently by the daunting trip through the deer’s deep guts, and so once she arrived in the stomach, she could do little more than wiggle and kick occasionally. She didn't want to be deer food, but she couldn't deny that the full body massage she was receiving from Neil's innards felt great...so wonderful and tingly. Maybe she would just relax for a little while…

\*HUuuuuOOoorrrppp….\* Neil slapped his stomach proudly as he felt it tighten around the meal curled up inside. He could already feel her softening a little bit, his bowels doing a great job of preparing her for the stomach to complete the process. “Just relax and let all that stress *mmmelt* away, hun~” he teased his meal, rubbing over and kissing his gut as he felt the pixie inside continue to soften up. Tryna occasionally wiggled a little bit, but any part of her consciousness that was left was devoted to enjoying herself in her little private sauna. Her inhibitions about becoming part of Neil slowly melting away, along with the rest of her...it would be a wonderful new chapter to her life, being an extra layer of soft grey chub…

The clock struck midnight as Neil rubbed and played with the soup sloshing around in his middle. “Goodness, what happened to the time…” he said as he checked his phone. It was technically Friday now...and that meant he could have another snack! After some thinking and digesting, he thought it would be the perfect time for a night on the town; after all, his length was still throbbing a bit, constantly stimulated by the wiggling soft bulge pressing against it. He took a little bit more time to let the pixie digest, laying down on his stomach and feeling everything inside of it smush against his form wonderfully. It certainly elicited another belch, before his belly really got to work, grumbles and groans and gurgles at going out as it worked over the rest of the pixie...

The fat, sated deer waddled his way out of the pixie’s house, locking the door behind him as he slipped into the hallway. He decided to hit up a nightclub; there would be plenty of people looking to fool around there, and most of them would be drunk enough to easily impress...! He took his time as he walked there, however, partially to let his meal digest inside, and partially to enjoy playing around with his stomach as it did so. After about a half hour, and 5 inches on his belly later, he arrived at the club. The line wasn't even that long! He flashed his ID to the bouncer before making his way into the building. He made his way through the dance floor towards the bar in the back, bumping into patrons with his gurgling belly every now and then, just hoping nobody would notice enough!

Eventually, the deer found his way to the bar. “Hey, Charlie!” he said to the horse bartender as he sat down, attempting to wedge his still-enlarged stomach between the stool and the bar. The horse only gave a casual glance to the deer’s stomach; he was used to Neil coming in for some drinks and fun after a big meal. The purple and pink fox sitting next to him was not nearly as familiar, though, and Neil knew it…

“Oh my gosh, are you pregnant?” the fox said, her words already slurring a little bit; it was obvious that she was tipsy at the very least. Neil couldn't help but chuckle in response, before rubbing his stomach a little bit. “No, just had a really big meal…” he said, before a rather loud belch slipped out of his mouth! “Oops, excuse me. Pixies always give me gas...!”

Neil was delighted that the fox took that as a joke. With her inhibitions lowered by the alcohol, it was no surprise to the deer that she started getting handsy, embracing him a little bit as she rubbed at his gut. “I just love guys with big appetites…” she teased as she started to feel him up a little bit more. “I have a bit of an appetite too~” she said as her hand lightly squeezed Neil’s bulge. The implication was obvious, and he and the bartender shared a knowing look before he responded. “Oh? I would assume it would be pretty easy to fill yourself up on a liquid diet…”

He could feel the fox blushing at his own tease. “And just what is your name?” he continued, “I would love to take you back…”

“Annabeth!” she blurted out, before continuing. “Sounds like fun! Let me finish this first, though.” Neil's attention was drawn to the glass on the bar, filled with some sort of fruity beverage, which she quickly slurped down the rest of before getting up along with the deer. “Let's get somewhere more private~” Neil offered, before making his way along with the vixen to a room behind the bar, labeled “private”. He was surprised at how easy it was to get this vixen on board; then again, she was clearly a bit under the influence...

Neil closed the door behind him as the both of them walked into the private room. “Well, big guy, let me see that other big bulge of yours~” Annabeth teased, getting down on her hands and knees in front of him. The deer had a bit of trouble working around the sizeable bulge in his middle to unbuckle his pants, but eventually he figured it out, letting them drop to the floor and letting this slutty thing gaze at his package. She eagerly nuzzled at it, which Neil did have to admit felt quite nice against his bulge. He wasn't here for sex though; Annabeth thought that his dick would be in her mouth, but the deer planned for her whole body to be churning away deep within his loins…

“All right, you horny fox,” Neil eventually said after a couple minutes of her enjoying the tight, steadily hardening package the deer was carrying. She looked up expectantly, mouth opening as she waited for Neil to slide off his underwear and let her at the goods. Neil had a different plan, though, and he didn't want to spoil it for her! “Close your eyes…” he said, figuring that would be the best and easiest way to get his length wrapped around her before she could do anything about it. The vixen did so, her mouth still open, waiting for Neil to just put it in.

He did eventually slide those undies off, revealing his soft sheath and mostly erect length. Besides the occasional rumbling and gurgling of his still-digesting meal, the private room was silent; a good sign that nobody was around to interrupt his plan. He gave his length a few cursory strokes, letting it harden a bit more before he aligned the tip with the vixen’s muzzle…

\*shlrp\*

One powerful thrust of Neil's hips was all it took to lodge Annabeth's muzzle inside of his length, the flesh of his tip expanding and swallowing up her whole nose, clamping her mouth shut! Her eyes immediately flew open, muffled objections coming from inside of the deer’s length. She was a combination of confused and flustered, the heavy musk of the deer that had secretly attracted her was really getting to her head now that she was so close to it...but she still had to get out of this! In a bit of panic, she started trying to push herself away from his length, but Neil had an easy answer to that. He calmly placed his hands on the back of her head before thrusting forward powerfully again, his length stretching and swallowing her whole head with a wet \**shglrp!*\* followed by a powerful moan from the deer. Having himself stretched out down there always felt wonderful, and he swore he could feel his balls rumbling and grumbling just as his stomach would when it was hungry! Only fair that they got a meal as well.

His chubby, gradually softening belly rested neatly on his throbbing length as it gobbled Annabeth down, quite a bit of lubricating pre starting to dribble out of the tip and onto the floor of the room as Neil continued working his shaft down the vixen. He felt his knees start to wobble as his length started to stretch around Annabeth's shoulders, forcing the deer to find a chair for him to sit down on while he clenched the fox away. Getting those flailing arms to their sides was a challenge, in fact, Neil had to hold them in place for a little bit, but eventually his cock worked over those shoulders and pinned those arms at their sides, allowing for another satisfying clench to drag the fox a few inches deeper. He was about up to her waist at this point, and it showed in his length, the slick flesh outlining her form perfectly as it slid deeper and deeper into his loins. The thick, powerful scent of arousal coming from his length and sheath was doing its work though, not only driving Neil's own arousal, but also making his cock snack a bit more complacent as it delved deeper and deeper. Her head was right at the entrance of the sheath, it wouldn't be much longer now…

Since he was sitting down, though, Neil thought to take advantage of gravity to get his meal down a bit quicker. He took his hands away from stroking at the bulge Annabeth made in his length to grab at her calves, taking a deep breath before hoisting them up into the air. The vixen certainly made quite a few wiggles in protest of being turned upside down like this, but they were more pleasurable than anything to the greedy deer at this point. “It's time for the slip and slide~” he teased, knowing that silly phrase would echo all around Annabeth as gravity started to push her deeper and deeper into his loins. Neil didn't even need to clench to drag her in any more, but he still did it because it just felt so fantastic! A pair of wiggling legs soon turned into a pair of wiggling calves, the additional strength of gravity as well as the increasing lubrication from Neil's pre making getting down this meal a cakewalk for the deer! More time to truly enjoy the sensations of her stretching out the deepest parts of his body, and to imagine how wonderful it would be for his sack to be heavy and full of soon-to-be cream.

Soon, all that was left of the curious, horny vixen was a pair of wiggling feet. Neil let out a nice, long breath as he felt the last of her slide into his shaft, her nose starting to poke out into his sack at the same time. Feeling his tip return to its normal diameter was quite the interesting sensation, but it just meant more and more of his snack would soon be wriggling inside of his loins! The deer braced his arms behind his back, leaning back into the chair and letting his body take care of the rest, his sack starting to swell and sag over the chair he was sitting in as the vixen curled up inside…

Neil hadn't gotten off in a while, so Annabeth was greeted with a burbling, churning sauna to curl up in, deer cream filling up at least half of the stretchy, fleshy chamber she found herself in. The sack stretched around her form quite nicely, but it didn't really permit for any movement, and it was obvious to anyone observing that there was a person curled up inside those fuzzy orbs! Not like they could do anything at this point; Annabeth was cock food, and the best part is that she was enjoying it, even if she didn't realize it. That powerful, wonderful musk was at its strongest deep within Neil, an intoxicating scent that Annabeth just had to get more of in her system, by any means necessary...she slid into Neil's sack without much struggling, the entrance clenching tight around her toes as they were pushed inside, the vixen curled up nice and tight in Neil’s loins, the deer having to move forward on the chair to let his prize sag beneath him…

“*Nnnfff*... haven't done that in a while. Forgot how good it felt…” the deer remarked as he rubbed and played with his sack, feeling how much the lucky prey inside was defined by his taut, stretchy walls. He had already started to stroke off, unable to stop the more primal parts of his psyche from acting on this overpowering sensation he was experiencing. He knew that by the time an orgasm would come, Annabeth would be nothing but fresh cream to contribute to it, so he could just sit back and enjoy!

Annabeth started to lose most of the feeling in her body within a half hour. Her mind was gradually shifting somewhere else, somewhere far more pleasurable and enjoyable. She didn't even really notice as her body started to tingle, from her feet all the way up to her chest. The one thing she could tell, from the rhythmic back-and-forth movement above her, was that Neil was thoroughly enjoying having her inside of him...that was great. He was going to have such fun with her! The cream inside of the chamber started to slosh with every movement the pent-up deer made; the bubbling cauldron gradually filling with even more fresh jizz, both produced by Neil's body naturally and from the slow melting of the vixen inside, which the gentle tingling almost completely masked for Annabeth.

Neil was really starting to rut now, his shaft slickening with the pre of dribbling out of his tip as he ran his hand up and down his throbbing length. He could feel his sagging sack wiggling beneath him occasionally, every push and adjustment Annabeth made inside causing a wave of pleasure to wash over him. He could tell that digestion was already starting to set in for the fox, the distinct bulges she was making starting to slowly round out and soften as more and more of her body was gradually transformed into fresh, lustful deer jizz. Just thinking about the fact that he was melting someone away into nothing but an orgasm seemed to make the process go faster, Neil's libido feeding into itself and creating an overwhelming cycle of pleasure that just mounted and mounted! He closed his eyes and rested his back in the chair, toying around with his swollen balls as he stroked off with his other hand, occasionally squishing them and feeling Annabeth's form softening and melting inside. “*Hhhfffff*...almost ready…” He managed to breathe out in between strokes, not like she could hear him teasing at this point…

Annabeth was on another planet by now. The sensory deprivation inside of Neil led her brain to focus on nothing but the intense tingling pleasure she felt, her brain awash with hormones and arousal just as her body was physically awash in cream. Her body was mostly melted at this point, serving well as an extra squish in Neil’s balls and a wonderful orgasm to follow. She found it harder and harder to focus on any particular thought, her consciousness overwhelmed by the sensations it was provided. Gradually, bit by bit, more of the vixen melted into the pool surrounding her, until her consciousness eventually faded into a pleasure-filled ether. This is what she was meant to be; a wonderful, powerful orgasm.

The deer let out a heavy sigh as he felt the last of the solid bulge Annabeth made inside of him melt away, the wiggling and sloshing of her body replaced by the heavy, aching, weighty feeling of a full sac. Those balls dangled beneath him, easily touching the floor as they still worked on melting and compacting the fox...well, the former fox inside. Obviously, Neil was incredibly aroused, his length throbbing in his grip as he gently played with himself. It took a lot of power to not cream Annabeth out onto the floor right this very moment, but Neil had a better idea. He knew plenty of folks would still be out on the club floor, quite a few of which would love to gulp down every last drop of cream sloshing around in his sack right now…

It took quite a bit of finagling to get his underwear and pants around his swollen sack. At one point, he squeezed them so hard that he thought the cream was just going to spurt out of his tip! But, thankfully, the clothing fit just well enough for the deer to partially disguise the fact he had just shoved an entire person into his loins. It was still quite difficult for Neil to walk with this swinging, heavy weight between his legs, but it was likely that nobody would notice his unusual gait in the frantic atmosphere of the nightclub.

He made his way over to the bar, shooting the bartender a knowing look before asking for a few drinks. He would need his charisma turned up to 11 to lure someone in with his awkward status right now...he quickly slurped up the mixed drink that was put on the table before making his way onto the dance floor. Neil didn't dance, at all, but at this point the dance floor was more like a mosh pit, so he didn't really need to know how to dance to get something done. Almost immediately his eyes locked onto another deer in the crowd, his long, flowing blue hair impossible to ignore among the other animals around him. He looked like he was ready to have a fun time…

Neil made his way through the crowd, dancing through person after person until he found himself near the deer that had peaked his interest earlier. No words were said, only the thumping beat of the music as Neil first bumped himself up against the deer, getting his attention before grabbing the cervine's arms with his own, leading him first in a spin, then just embracing him, pulling the other deer as close to his body as possible. It was a bit complex of a dance for a nightclub floor, but it succeeded in gaining the attention of his prize. Although the deer was a bit caught off guard originally, he eventually acclimated, willingly pressing himself up closer to Neil as the two of them continued. Still, no words were exchanged, and the only sound that could be heard over the powerful music was the sloshing locked away in Neil’s jeans...he knew the deer could hear. He could feel him blushing in his arms, that was for sure. He smiled on the inside as he broke away from the deer, knowing that the hardest part was over. He moved past him like a wisp, but not before whispering something into his partner’s ear. “Meet me in the bathroom…”

Neil moved his way through the crowd once again, this time with more of a newfound confidence as he made his way to the bathroom. He knew he had entranced that deer so; made him, at the very least, want to see what all the sloshing was about! Only time would tell if his partner would act, though. Thankfully, as Neil made his way into the bathroom, he found it to be empty; and so he took his time, washing his hands slowly and waiting for the door behind him to open.

It took a little bit, but eventually it did. Neil was still at the sink, pretending like he was washing his hands, but he turned around once he heard the door open. It was his partner all right, looking inquisitive and curious, if a bit flustered. Neil immediately made his way towards the deer, making sure to accentuate the sway of his hips and bulge as he did so. “Looks like someone's interested~” he teased as he made his way closer, a finger sliding up the deer’s chest. “What's your name, hun?”

“C-Cherno!” he replied. Even though the deer was by no means at a disadvantage in terms of size or strength compared to Neil, it was still obvious that he was quite flustered by the other deer’s forward nature...and a bit aroused, as well! It was obvious to the both of them what was about to happen, even more so when Neil started to unzip his fly in front of Cherno. “Cherno? That's quite a unique name! I'm glad to hear it,” Neil responded as he continued to expose himself, swinging open the stall door next to him. “Why don't you go in there and have a seat while I finish getting ready…”

Cherno did as Neil suggested, unbuttoning a bit of his shirt as well as he went in. “I'm not usually this receptive, but there was just something...different about you…” the deer trailed off as he entered the stall, taking a seat on the toilet and waiting for Neil to make his way in. Speaking of Neil, he was just finishing his own setup, digging through the hole in his underwear to pull out his sheath, his length quickly sneaking out of it as Neil started to get worked up. He put one hand underneath, lightly stroking as the length started to grow in his grasp.

“Get ready…” Neil said as he came back into focus, standing before his partner, hardening length in his hand. He kept his pants and underwear on to make sure that he didn't spoil the surprise he had tucked away inside of them! Cherno looked up, blushing a bit as he saw the hardening length that was only a few inches from his face, looking up to the deer standing in front of him, a confident and flirty smile across his face making the other deer even more squirmy as he opened up.

But Neil wasn't planning to just get a blowjob. He had something much nicer in mind. With this deer all nice and submissive in front of him, it was simple to place a hand on the back of his head to press him against his length as he thrusted forward - but instead of his dick going in Cherno’s mouth, Cherno slid into his dick! Even though Neil had done this with Annabeth just a few minutes ago, he couldn't help but let out a few soft noises of pleasure as he felt his length get stretched out again. He managed to get half of the surprised deer’s muzzle lodged in his length with just that one thrust, Neil quickly thrusting forward again to slurp up as much of Cherno’s face as possible. Luckily for Neil, the constrained space of the bathroom stall made it difficult for his prey to wiggle about; otherwise, he probably would have had to use both of his arms to secure Cherno.

Another lucky thing for Neil was that it seems like Cherno had lost his antlers recently. Instead of a massive, prideful and annoying-to-deal-with set of them, there were just two knobs on the top of the deer's head; child's play to work his cock around compared to a full rack. Neil thrust forward again, pressing the back of Cherno’s head forward at the same time, a little bit of resistance coming from his flesh before it yielded, slurping up the rest of the deer's head without much trouble! Neil let out a soft bleat as he hefted up his length, rubbing along the bulge that Cherno’s head made inside his throbbing length. He felt his knees starting to wobble, his body not ready for such an immense amount of pleasure so soon after the first bout with Annabeth, and surprisingly, they soon buckled under the pressure, Neil falling backwards onto his ass in the stall!

The deer shook his head, a bit frazzled by what just happened. Thankfully, his cock snack didn't slip out while he was distracted; if anything, he was in a better position to get slurped up now! This position did put a lot of pressure on Neil's sloshing sack, though, and with Cherno comfortably lodged in his length up to his neck, he took the time to slide the rest of his pants and underwear off, letting that full, bloated chamber between his legs splay all out onto the floor. All that fumbling around with his sack made him start to feel like he was going to cum, but the deer had to fight back against that sensation, lest he would lose another meal…

With the obstruction of his clothes out of the way, though, there was nothing to stop the deer’s ravenous appetite at this point. He took in a deep breath before grabbing at Cherno’s sides again, lifting up with all his strength, pointing the cream-colored cervine straight down into his sack. It was still a bit difficult to fit his length around the deer’s broad shoulders, but as they popped in with a clench and a huff, gravity could start playing a role. Neil stopped clenching for a little bit, gasping slightly as he felt gravity just slide his meal right into his length, the ravenous snake in his loins gobbling up inch after inch of Cherno without even needing the deer’s help! His shaft was most certainly lubricated, both from earlier and from the wonderful sensations once again upping his production of pre. As the deer delightfully watched his prey sink further and further into his loins, most of his struggles defeated easily by Neil’s tight, uncompromising shaft walls, he rested his back up against the stall door, stroking at his length as it gradually fattened up with Cherno’s wiggling form.

“*Gosh*, you slip in there so easily. It's almost like you want to be deercum…” he chuckled as he felt the wiggles from inside increase, the deer obviously either annoyed or flustered by Neil’s teasing. All it did was make it more pleasurable for the deer, though, so he didn't mind! Especially with Cherno’s waist comfortably inside of him, a pair of occasionally kicking hooves the only thing sticking out of his tip, looking not unlike an anaconda having caught a wild deer in the forest. Neil was getting this snack down a lot quicker than an anaconda would though, that was for sure! He continued to stroke at his length as the deer slipped inside, Neil already feeling his wiggling snack starting to slip into his already filled balls. That was something he hadn't thought about until now; would his sac even be able to fit so much cream inside of him? He had never pushed this specific part of his body so far before…

He didn't have much time to think about this though, with most of Cherno inside of him at this point. There was just a pair of wiggling hooves sticking out, most of the deer either bulging out his length or curling up in his sack by now. He clenched his teeth before clutching one more time, relaxing all of his muscles as soon as he felt the last of that deer sink into his loins. “God damn it, what am I going to do with all of this now…” he complained as he held up his sac with one of his hands, feeling the bulge inside kicking around as the deer tried to keep his head above the bubbling sea of cream. With how much digested cream there was already inside of that chamber, it wouldn't take very long for the deer to melt away inside...but there was a problem. Neil tried to get up, but the sagging balls between his legs were simply too heavy for him to carry around! It seemed like the very hungry deer had finally reached his limit, at least when it came to stuffing people in his sack…

He figured he would have a bit more leniency once Cherno was all nice and melted away inside, so he tried something different. He used all the strength he could to get back up on his legs, letting his balls dangle beneath him for a little bit before sitting down back on them like a bean bag! He figured the extra weight on top of his sac would help it start to digest quicker, and it seemed like that was true, all the extra movement kicking something into gear, his balls starting to gurgle and churn loudly...

He could hear some muffled protests coming from inside of his sac, but from the relative lack of struggling and wiggling inside, the deer could tell that Cherno was already getting tired out. The tight, musky enclosure of his balls was already tough to deal with, and with it being positively flooded with cum, Neil was surprised that he even lasted this long...“Quit fighting it, just relax for a little while~” He advised, rubbing and stroking at his sack, feeling the lovely sloshing inside due to all that cum which was just begging to be shot out. The question was, into what or who?

Neil soon decided he would take a nap in this stall, both because he was partially tired, and because he wanted to give time for the people who had seen both of them go into the bathroom to leave, so that he didn't arouse suspicion. He felt his gut rumble as he started to doze off, his dreams full of the idea of pumping someone full of all this cream before gobbling them up. His sac twitched every now and then still, but it was clear that

Neil woke up from his impromptu nap an hour or two later. He was surprised that he conked out that long, but it was for the better, as he found that his sack had shrunk to a much more manageable, although obviously full and pent-up, size. One thing that certainly had not shrunk, however, was his appetite! The first thing that he heard when he woke up, in fact, was the angry growl of his stomach, shocked and angered that he would even consider skipping dinner. He kind of wished that he had just gobbled up Cherno instead of sticking him in his balls, but at this point it was far too late to change that...

It wouldn't be too hard to find another snack, though. Neil quickly put his clothes back on before stepping out of the stall and back on to the nightclub floor. He didn't even know what time it was; he was surprised the club was even still open! He looked around for quite a while, trying to find someone that would be easy to pick off or isolate, but nothing was coming up. He was seriously considering just guzzling down the cream his body had made for dinner before he saw someone he knew. Xyria! He was surprised it took him this long to find her, the bright blue dragon definitely stood out from the crowd, especially with all the complex swirls on her body.

He quickly made way over to his friend, calling her name as he approached. She was a bit confused as she turned around, but that confusion quickly turned to joy as she saw the deer. “Neil! I haven't seen you in such a long time…” she said as she approached, the two of them embracing before they started to talk. “What even brings you here? I didn't think nightclubs were your thing…”

Neil knew that the dragon knew about his predatory habits. The two of them had snacked their way through whole bars together before! Because of this, he saw no need to sugarcoat anything. “Honestly, I really just came here to shove some people in my cock.” She knew that Xyria would understand; what he didn't expect was her to blush so profusely as soon as he said that!

“Oh...well, that's pretty nice~” she eventually said; although it was fairly obvious that she had more that she wanted to say. “Yeah, I came here for a meal or two. Haven't really found anyone that looks tasty enough, though…”

Neil nodded in affirmation. “Yeah, I was kind of hungry myself. I guess my stomach got jealous of my balls or something!” he chuckled, hearing his gut rumble in want as he said that. He wasn't sure if the dragon could hear it herself over the bumping club music and all the other people talking around them, but it didn't matter, she was blushing anyway…

The two of them caught up for a while, talking about their various predatory adventures and the like since they had last seen each other. Neil wasn't trying to bring the conversation back around to what he had done earlier in this nightclub, but his dragon friend was hinting towards it in their conversation. It was clear that she had some interest in what he’d done here today; maybe she even wanted to get a close-up view of whatever the deer was hiding in his pants…

Eventually, though, she just came out and said it. “I know this is weird, but can I like...see everything going on down there?” Xyria asked, clearly flustered as she did so. Neil knew this was coming, and he was fine with it; the dragon was a friend, after all. But he’d prefer to do it someplace more private…

“Of course! I don't blame you. But I'm honestly pretty tired. Maybe you'd want to head back to my place, stay the night or something…?”

“Yeah, I can do that. Wasn't having much luck here anyway!” the dragon agreed, taking a few minutes to gather up her things before heading out the door with Neil.

Without the hustle and bustle and noise of the nightclub, certain things began to become very apparent to Xyria. Namely, the sloshing she heard from between Neil’s legs as he walked, the cream in his sac being jostled around with every step he took. “Geez, I didn't know you had that much inside of you…” she commented, clearly impressed and somewhat aroused by the presumed amount of batter hidden just behind those jeans.

“Well, when you shove two whole people down there, you tend to get a lot of leftovers…”

“Two? Damn. I thought you would have pumped it in someone before you left, though. That seems annoying to carry around!”

“Heh, yeah, it is kind of a pain in the ass. But maybe I'm saving it for someone…”

He let that insinuation hang in the air as he unlocked the door to his house. “Come on in, make yourself at home~” Neil said as he took his shoes off, turning on his TV and flopping down on the couch. The dragon made her way over to him after finishing her own dress down, sitting herself next to Neil.

“Do you mind if I...cuddle it?” She asked, still a bit flustered, but a bit more emboldened too, by what Neil assumed was the alcohol in her system.

“Oh, go ahead~” the deer responded, Xyria wrapping herself around him in response, her head resting on the deer's shoulder as they watched TV. This cute, semi-innocent session went on for a little while, but eventually Neil felt Xyria starting to touch and play with his bulge. She continued to play around with it as the deer watched, before she suddenly blurted something out.

“Okay, I've heard that thing sloshing around enough! Let me see…”

Neil just smiled as he got up, turning around to face the dragon before dropping his pants and underwear. Her face immediately turned red as she saw the sack dangling between his legs, not bulging or swollen as it once was, but clearly full to the brim with cream. “Oh my gosh, you *stud*~” she managed to say, reaching out a finger and poking at the sack, before starting to stroke and rub at it a little bit, giving it a few shakes and hearing the pleasant sloshing coming from inside. “You know, I'm not going to lie, I'd love to have all this inside of me…” she mumbled as she nuzzled against the gurgling chamber, getting Neil's musk nice and deep in her lungs.

The deer knew that was coming eventually! Her fascination was certainly more than just curiosity, it was lust; he was just waiting for her to make the first move. “That's all you needed to say~” he responded, starting to fondle his sheath a little bit; the tip of his length was already poking out from Xyria playing with his sac earlier, but now it was starting to slide out all the way, poking the dragon in the forehead as she continued to fondle with the sloshing sack between the deer's legs.

“Geez, I didn't expect you to get hard that fast…” She said as she moved her head up, grabbing the hardening length with one hand as she opened her mouth…

Neil was looking for a bit more than her lips, though! “Wait, wait, wait. I already got a blowjob earlier. Maybe you want to turn around…” Neil offered, starting to jostle and play with his own sack as he did so.

“Yeah, I actually would have preferred that! It was just right there though, and you know…” the dragon blushed as she receded from his length, Neil making his way back onto the couch, his throbbing length pointing right up at the ceiling.

“Come right here and have a seat~” he teased as he let it all hang out, the dragon doing so with gusto, aligning her ass right on top of Neil's length…

As soon as Neil felt his tip start to spread out the dragon’s pucker, he let out a deep sigh of relief. He had been pent up for so long, and just the thought of spilling this whole mess of cream inside of the dragon made him start to throb and pant in need. Xyria didn't expect Neil to thrust up almost immediately, burying half of his length deep in her ass! The dragon let out what sounded like a combination of a moan and a gasp as she felt that length penetrate her so deep, surprised at how needy the deer really was! Although, as she thought about it, he did have a swinging mass of pent-up cream beneath his legs. That was something she probably should have expected!

“AAaaah, nice and tight…” Neil remarked as the dragon sat down on his dick, Xyria pressing her hips down on that length, letting out soft gasps herself as more of his meat buried itself in her. Neil wasn't particularly large, but he knew how to use his length, wrapping his arms around the dragon then starting to squeeze her as he pressed the last of his length in.

“*Just warning you, I'm already pretty pent-up. Won't take much for me to blow*…” he whispered into the dragon's ear. He also said that to cover up the growling of his stomach, which he anticipated happening in a few moments. He was also going to be a bit quicker than usual because he wanted dinner, and it was sitting right in his lap! She smelled quite tasty, and Neil couldn't help himself...

The rhythmic motions began, Neil slowly pulling himself out of the dragon and then thrusting back up into her, chuckling as her body shuddered a little bit with every thrust he made. Words melted away into messy moaning and gasping as the tempo picked up, Neil starting to grip the dragon harder as he began to thrust in deeper. Both of them ended up working in tandem, Neil thrusting in and Xyria reeling her hips up so that he could do it again. Occasionally they would swap around as well; it was interesting to see them be so in sync, especially because they hadn't done anything like this together before!

The deer tried to delay his orgasm a little bit, starting to thrust in a bit slower, but eventually the feeling was just insurmountable. His grip tightened on the dragon, and she knew what was about to happen before he even said anything. “Xyria….!” was all that came out of his mouth, trailed out of it, even, before he thrust up one last time, and the dragon felt a warm sensation spread throughout her bowels, the deer shooting quite a few ropes of sticky, melty seed straight into her. She didn't have much chance to enjoy the feeling, though, before Neil, whose mouth was still open from saying her name, dropped his jaws right around her head!

Xyria’s long, pointed snout was difficult for Neil to get his mouth around, but he managed. He thrust his cock into her a few more times, trying to overwhelm the dragon with pleasure to make swallowing down dinner as easy as possible for him. The grip he had earlier tightened as well, partially from the fact he was currently cumming, but also so that the dragon wouldn't wiggle out. He had only eating someone while still fucking them a few times, and it was always a bit of an awkward arrangement, but he was hungry enough to make it work!

His jaws gradually worked their way down Xyria’s head, however, horns and fins and scales and all disappearing into the hungry maw of the herbivore. He eventually settled his lips on her neck, closing them just above her shoulders as he finished spilling his load out into her. The dragon now had a sizable belly full of sloshing cream for him to fit his mouth around, as well, a warm, wonderful sensation spreading throughout Xyria's entire abdomen. Despite this, she had not cum yet herself, her throbbing length still pointing directly out from her crotch in need…

Neil decided to use this to his advantage. Once he got a tight grip on her neck, he reached around and started to stroke at that length, up and down, honestly rather enjoying the experience due to the unique ribbing of the dragon’s cock. He couldn't stand there and jerk her off all day, though! So he slowly pulled out of the dragon, feeding more of her into his mouth as he did so, his jaws slowly working over her shoulders and busty chest. He teased at her nipples a bit with his tongue, feeling her squirm at the back of his mouth as he did so. If he didn't have a mouth full of dragoness right now, he would have laughed. She was enjoying this so much! He had been curious about that - even though he had a tight grip on her, the dragoness was quite large and strong, and she would have probably been able to get out of the situation if she truly didn't want to be in it. Maybe she did want to be a deer snack...

Ultimately, it didn't matter if she wanted to be food or not, because she was about to be. With the dragon's head snug right against the back of his mouth, Neil took the first swallow, wincing a bit as he felt those horns stretch out his throat in a bit of an uncomfortable way; but eventually his body adjusted, those tight gullet walls grabbing onto whatever the deer fed them and never letting go. That swallow allowed him to work his jaws over her breasts and belly, his tongue just barely able to tease the tip of her length as he worked his way over her body, feelings Xyria once again squirm and wiggle in his throat. That swallow also pulled her off of his length entirely; and he noticed that one of her hands, trapped at her sides, had still managed to work her way between her legs, the dragon quite obviously masturbating as she was swallowed down! Neil was surprised and a bit flattered that she was enjoying herself so much, and he knew just how to make it even better for her…

That required another wet, tight gulp, however, pulling his jaws right up to her waist. The top of his tongue stroked over those thick, lovely cheeks, pushing into the ass he had just fucked a little bit and getting a taste of his own cream of before diving right into the slit that she was fingering! He could hear and even feel the dragoness moan inside of him as his rough tongue went as deep as possible into her sex as it could. With the position she was in, he couldn't eat her out as much as he maybe would have wanted to, but both of them were still quite thoroughly enjoying the experience!

The deer did a bit more work with his tongue, feeling Xyria wiggle inside of his tight throat even more before he decided to finish off his meal. Two more powerful, rippling swallows one after another greedily devoured the rest of the dragoness, her legs slipping past Neil's lips and being tasted and played with for a little bit before being sent on their way down…

Neil fell back onto the bed he was sitting on as he felt the dragon sink deeper into his body. She had already started to curl up inside of his stomach, the gut rumbling and burbling softly as its demand was fulfilled. Even though he had filled up the dragoness with all the cream he possibly could have, he was still mostly hard, probably because of the wiggling bulge in his belly pressing up against his length as it dribbled away the last of the two meals it had melted down inside. Without the help of gravity, it took his food a bit longer than normal to settle inside of his stomach, but as he watched patiently his belly finish expanding with his meal, he let out a long sigh before petting at the latest bulge he had added to his body.

“I hope you’re as satisfied as I am…” the deer teased his meal, rubbing at his belly as he did so, feeling the satiated dragoness inside wiggling around as she got herself comfortable. There was no struggling, only the wonderful sensation of a energetic-yet-accepting prey filling up the ever-hungry gut he had neglected in pursuit of his libido. He could hear something muffled coming from deep in his belly, but he couldn't quite hear exactly what the dragoness said over the tight groans and gurgles of his stomach as it started to get to work, Xyria already practically basting in a cocktail of digestive juices as soon as she got packed tight inside, but considering it was followed up by a helping of internal belly rubs, it seemed like she was enjoying herself in there...

Neil was quite enjoying himself as well! Lying on this lovely, soft bed, listening to the sounds his belly made as it gradually started to get to work on the flustered, cream-filled meal inside. But with the vicious combination of having blown his load and having eaten quite the large meal, the deer was feeling an immense fatigue coming on. After fiddling with the covers and his belly a little bit, trying to not squish the occupant inside too hard under his weight, Neil dozed off, quite satisfied with his Saturday night…

As he slept, the dragon contained in those tight, squishy walls gradually became more and more soft and fluid, slowly melting away to a nice, noisy, nutritious sludgy soup in Neil’s belly...and she loved every minute of it. She loved it so much that she was fingering herself up until the very last moment, her consciousness gradually fading not only as more of her melted, but as more of it became overwhelmed with pleasure. Becoming a part of this lovely predator...it was even more fun than she thought it would be. A last spurt flew out of her nethers as she came, before the gut clenched around her entirely, claiming her as its own, as nothing but nutrition…

\**HUUuuuuooooOOOOOoooorrraaaaaaapppppp!!*\*

Neil's digestive system worked on the dragon overnight, the process becoming much quicker as more and more of his body's energy could be dedicated to gurgling up his meal. His stomach gradually shrunk as the dragon was melted down into a thick slurry, the stomach sludge eventually being channeled deeper into his intestines, although not before a bit of it was absorbed directly as a nice new layer of tummy fat! By the time the deer awoke the following day, the only sign that he had gobbled up his dragon friend was a thick layer of chub on his ass and thighs. He awoke sometime around 1pm on Sunday, slightly chubbier, but with the same hunger that gnawed at him...

“Ugh. Can't you ever be satisfied?” He said in mock annoyance at his tummy. It did get a bit annoying at some times, that was true, but he couldn't deny that the end result of an angry tummy was usually favorable for him. It was Sunday though, and he wanted to relax. Hunting people down took effort! And so did digesting them. He wanted another type of warm bath, and he wanted it for himself…

So, after showering and dressing himself, the deer made his way to a local hotel. He wasn't planning on staying the night, but he knew they had an excellent spa and sauna section; the best part was that it was open to the public! You could go over and pay a small fee to use the services without even having a room. Neil visited there quite often, and it was a perfect attraction for a lazy Sunday. Plus, the hotel was pretty local! He made his way over in a matter of minutes, paying the fee and stepping over to the elevator…

The spa and sauna section was on the bottom floor. Neil felt a bit too fat to take the stairs today, so the elevator was the better option. He made his way inside, noticing the only other occupant; a large, lithe, brown ferret, looking like he was on the way to the spa himself, being only dressed in shorts and having a towel at hand. The elevator closed behind them silently, and the two embarked together on the most awkward form of silence possible: elevator silence. About 30 seconds after it started moving though, Neil suddenly heard a loud crashing sound...and then the elevator stopped! He looked up from his phone almost immediately.

“What the hell was that?” he asked, ostensibly to the ferret, but really it was more of an exclamation than anything. He walked his way over to the panel and pressed the door open button, floor buttons, whatever he could! None of it worked. It was at this point he noticed the ferret, standing off to the corner, looking quite shy.

“What's wrong? He asked in a weak fashion, making his way over to the panel himself.

“I...I think we're stuck.” Neil said quite matter-of-factly, pressing the alert button on top of the panel. Not much we can do but wait…

“Oh man, I was all ready for the spa…” The ferret said as he moved away, taking a seat on one of the side bars of the elevator car. Neil elected to stand up, looking at his phone for a little bit before responding.

“Yeah, I was ready too...except for my clothes!” The deer was still dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, not exactly optimal clothing for a spa. “Do you mind if I change in here?” The deer asked, setting his backpack down on the floor. He could tell the ferret was flustered a little bit by his question from how long it took him to respond.

“Uh...yeah, that's fine, I guess…” he eventually replied. Neil snickered a bit on the inside at how long it took him to respond. Surely this ferret was thinking more than he let on! Neil would let him fluster himself though; he simply went about the process of changing, taking his shirt off and inadvertently showing the ferret his fresh chub before sliding off his pants, revealing a pair of boxer briefs. They showed off his bulge quite well, and that was exactly what the ferret’s eyes were drawn to; it didn't help that Neil’s musk was already getting a bit strong inside the cramped space!

“*Much* better, I was starting to sweat…” the deer commented as he stuffed his street clothes into the backpack before zipping it up and taking a seat on the hand bar next to the ferret. He took out his phone and spent some time on it, occasionally touching and playing with his bulge a bit, partially out of habit, but also to tease the ferret! Out of the corner of his eye, Neil could tell how flustered he was making the ferret; he was fidgeting a little bit, and obviously trying to not stare at the jiggling sheath and sac between his legs...

This continued for a little while, Neil noticing how flustered the ferret was in his peripheral vision as he just laid there on his phone. It was kind of cute, but at the same time the deer was curious about what he really wanted. So eventually, he looked up from his phone and over at the ferret. “Do you have something to say?” he said, a bit of a seductive tone finishing off his sentence.

The ferret twiddled his thumbs for a little bit. “I...uhh..oh geez. I just really like your, um, bulge, and I was wondering if I could ... maybe *kiss it*? ”

Neil couldn't help but laugh a little bit at the suggestion. “You like deer musk, huh? Come on over…” He said as he set his phone down, one of his hands immediately going to his bulge and starting to play with it a little bit. “All you had to do was ask…” He teased as the ferret made his way over, getting down on his knees and hovering his face right in front of the deer’s crotch.

“Geez, it really *is* strong…” he mumbled as he slowly pressed his face in, letting out a soft moan as his snout pressed up against the deer’s soft, squishy package. Neil felt him take a deep breath of his musk, chuckling as the ferret started to nuzzle up against it.

“Enjoying yourself?” Neil asked, placing a hand against the back of his head and gently pressing him in deeper…the ferret enjoyed himself for a little while, revealing that his name was Udon in between breaths of the deer’s musk. It was mostly nuzzling and general bulge appreciation, but occasionally Neil felt the ferret plant a smooch on his bulge, the deer letting out a few cute bleats as the ferret enjoyed his bulge. Eventually, the ferret reached for his underwear band, Neil smirking as the eager thing started to pull his undies off. As soon as Neil's sheath and balls were free, Udon planted his snout right between them, taking a deep breath of Neil's strong scent. “Ohhh gods, why do you smell so *good*…” he mumbled before going back in, planting a smooch right on that sheath!

Neil was quite enjoying himself, but he couldn't help but think the ferret would be a bit more of use somewhere else. “Oh, you know, just a healthy diet…” the deer said. The ferret uttered a bit of a “Huh?” before Neil pressed on the back of his head, pushing him right up against that stretchy sheath! With a wet slurping noise, the ferret’s nose and face disappeared into that stretchy, musky confine, Udon starting to wiggle and struggle as he got a bit too close for comfort to the bulge that he enjoyed so much! Once Neil's ravenous sheath got a grip on the ferret, though, there was really nothing he could do. The deer reached down to stretch out the top of his sheath before giving the ferret’s head another shove, groaning in pleasure as the ferret's entire head slid into his sheath. The deer had to stop himself from getting hard, at least until the ferret was fit all the way inside of him...it was quite a difficult prospect, but as more and more of the ferret was slurped up and clenched deeper inside of him, there was a lot less room for his length to poke out.

His sheath stretched around Udon’s shoulders without any sort of problem, looking like a famished snake as it eagerly gobbled up the meal given to it. Neil was just stroking at his sheath at this point, lifting up the ferret by his chest and letting gravity do most of the work. Now that his shoulders were stuck inside, getting the rest of the ferret down would be quite simple. He clenched his muscles every now and then to get Udon down faster, but in a matter of minutes all that was left was a pair of kicking legs. The ferret put up a good fight once he realized what was going on, but with how stretchy Neil's sheath was, there was no real hope of him getting out. All his wiggles did was make the deer want to slurp him down even more, which he gladly did, moving his hands to pick up the ferret's paws and lift them straight up! He relaxed all his muscles and just chuckled as he watched gravity finish the ferret off, his wiggling meal slowly descending deeper into his sheath despite his best efforts to escape.

Neil leaned back against the elevator wall behind him as he watched the last of the ferret disappear into its sheath, that familiar wiggling sensation deep in his balls starting to come again. He wasn't sure if he could have fit the ferret down, honestly, considering how stimulated he had been recently, but he was pleasantly surprised to find that he could still keep the ferret down, those soft paws slipping right past his sheath with a wet slurp, the stretchy fur slowly retracting to its normal size as the last of Udon emptied out into Neil's balls…

“*Haaah*...I figured since you loved my bulge so much you would want to get a bit more familiar with it~” the deer teased as his sack once again sagged beneath him, easily touching the elevator floor as Udon struggled inside. Neil had completely spent himself at the bar last night, so it was relatively dry in his balls at the moment, although as he got more and more aroused, that was certainly going to change! The tight, stretchy walls outlined his meal’s form quite well, taking the struggles coming from the inside in stride. Neil was preparing for a long session with his meal while they were stuck in the elevator, but just then, he heard a ding...and the door opened!

The deer blinked a few times, not sure if he was seeing things right. Did the elevator just take like, a half hour to open once they’d reached the floor? He could have dwelled on this oddity, but he thought he would just enjoy himself in the hot tub instead. He waddled out of the elevator with his wiggling prize between his legs, taking a left and heading to the hot tubs.

But first, the locker room. The deer stepped in and stripped quickly, wrapping a towel around the bulge in his crotch and waddling back out. He then, almost immediately, took it off as he arrived at the hot tub, stepping up and widening his legs as he tried to keep his sack from bouncing up against the metal steps for the tub. He slowly lowered it down into the water, wincing a little bit at the heat on his sensitive parts before stepping in with the rest of his body.

“*Aaaahhh*…” he let out a long sigh as he laid against the wall of the tub, feeling the ferret still wiggling deep inside of him. The heat would help digestion go along, and it was especially important for what he planned with this ferret in particular...

He wasn't planning to turn him into a load of deer cream. No, whenever he shoved someone down his sheath in particular, it meant he was going to add their bulk directly to his package. Already he could feel his body starting to tighten around and process the ferret, although not in a digestive manner, so to speak; although Udon was certainly in the process of melting into the cum bath burbling around him inside, despite his best wiggling, he would go to making Neil's package much bigger and softer than it already was...

The deer played with himself absentmindedly as Udon melted away inside, the ferret moving less and less as the tight walls continued to squeeze and encroach upon his space, the ferret waist-deep in cream at this point and feeling the immense heat starting to take a toll on his stamina. The intense musk was weakening him as well, although that was in another way, making him almost want to contribute to Neil’s lovely aroma...

The deer stroked and massaged his cock and balls as he relaxed in the hot tub, feeling them already starting to grow and swell a bit under his grasp. “*Mmmmm*, time to make you part of that musk you enjoyed so much~” he taunted as he heard his sac make a loud, wet, burbling noise, letting him know that the ferret inside was ready to be absorbed entirely. It was a process his body would do automatically, and so he could just relax and enjoy the hot tub, feeling the heft between his legs gradually starting to increase in weight and substance. It was an interesting feeling, his sac gradually shrinking while the rest of his package was growing (even his balls, although he couldn't really tell!); but he rather enjoyed it.

It would take quite a while for the ferret to turn entirely into sac and cock fat, and Neil enjoyed all of it with aplomb, even falling asleep in the hot tub for a little bit. He snapped back awake soon after, stepping up in the hot tub and looking down to admire the new roundness and heft of his package. He picked it up with one hand, feeling the plush softness of his sac between his fingers while lifting slightly and feeling the new weight. And of course, who could forget his sheath! It had to grow with his cock as well, and it was quite nice, as stretchy as ever, perhaps even more so. The deer had a hankering to try out his new equipment; and it looked like he might get a chance in this very spa...

There weren't very many other patrons in the spa right now, but one that he did spy was a light blue kobold, who had just come out of the locker room, towel wrapped around his chest as he made his way to the hot tubs. There were only two tubs in the spa, and the one Neil wasn't in was out of order, so the kobold quickly made his way over to the one Neil was relaxing in, standing over the deer before addressing him.

“Hi, do you mind if I take a dip with you?” The blue lizard asked, the slightest hint of nerves in his voice.

“Not at all, go right ahead!” Neil responded, wondering if the kobold could see his ample package through the water. If he could, he was certainly trying not to look at it as he unclothed himself and took a dip opposite from the deer.

“Oh jeez, you always think you're ready for how hot the water is, but then it gets you…” the kobold said as his waist was submerged, the lizard letting out a long, heavy sigh as he relaxed his arms on the lip of the pool.

“What's your name, pal? Neil asked, trying to get a bit more familiar with his impromptu tubmate.

“Oh, it's Splatter, but you can call me Splat.” The lizard responded, before closing his eyes and looking up at the ceiling of the spa. Neil could tell he really needed to take a load off!

“Splat, huh? Interesting name. I'm Neil.” the deer responded, before mimicking his new acquaintance, laying back and relaxing in the steaming water, feeling it filter and run over his package, noticing every little difference in his body as he finished entirely absorbing the ferret he had snacked on earlier. What was his name again...?

The two of them continued to just enjoy their spa experience, making little bits of idle chit chat every now and then. It was actually an enjoyable experience, and the deer had actually forgot why he was keeping an eye on the kobold in the first place. His hunger had been sated, as well as his lust, and he could just lay back and enjoy-

“Uh, is that normal?”

Neil was snapped out of his relaxation fog by Splatter’s voice. “*Huh*? Is what normal?” he said as he brought his neck back down to look at the kobold, before seeing that he was pointing at something. The tip of Neil's length had broken the surface of the water! How embarrassing…

“Oh. Uh, I guess that's normal now, yeah.” He responded nonchalantly, trying not to make a big deal out of it. There had to be a reason he was hard though, because he most certainly was. And it seems like Splat was a bit aroused as well, from what he could see under the water and the blushing on his face! “Although...we are the only two people here. Could always have a bit of fun…”

Splat blushed again at the suggestion. “I mean, I wouldn't be *entirely* opposed. Depends on what you mean, though…” The kobold trailed off as he got up off his little seat, slowly making his way over to the deer.

“Oh, just a little bit of play. Your attention got caught by my dick, so how about we start there?” Neil suggested as he started to stroke at his length, quickly allowing it to reach full mast right in front of the kobold! He stood there for a moment, watching the cervine’s length grow and throb right in front of him, an obvious blush forming on his face.

“That does sound like a good idea…” Splat said as he started to get down on his knees, making sure to stay as far above the waterline as possible as he moved closer to Neil's length. Neil closed those eyes once more and smiled as Splat made his way closer to his length, placing a paw on the back of the kobold’s head and giving it a few pats before letting him get to work.

Or so Splat thought. Instead of just giving him a few pats before he opened up and slurped down on Neil's cock, the deer had a much different idea in mind. And that would be achieved with his hand, which as soon as Splat closed his eyes and got ready to start sucking, pressed him, no, shoved him right into the tip of Neil’s length! The deer let out a bleat instinctively at the sensation; he was still a bit over-stimulated from having scarfed down that ferret earlier. But he went through with it, feeling the kobold wiggling in the tip of his dick as he tried to figure out exactly what was going on. His snout was quite long, so he could still see, but his entire field of view was obfuscated by the dark pink of Neil's cock flesh, and beyond that, the gray fur of his crotch. But he knew something wasn't right! So he started wiggling and struggling, trying to get out of whatever he was stuck in…

Neil was used to this by now. He simply pressed a bit harder and clenched tight on that snout, making sure to keep it inside of him as his cock started to expand around the face that was quickly being shoved in it. Now that Splat was stuck in thick, hot, musky darkness, Neil would be able to take this at a much more leisurely pace.

“*Ah*, there we go, just take a few deep breaths and you'll love it in there…” the deer advised as he started to tense his muscles, letting his cock do the work of slurping up the kobold’s head, which it did with aplomb, working its way down those spikes on the top of Splat’s head without much difficulty, nestling right at the base of his shoulders. The lower half of Splat’s body was still putting up quite a fight in the water, looking like somebody that had just been snapped up by an alligator in a swamp or something; but much like an alligator, the deer was not going to let his meal go. He simply reached down and started to stroke at Splat’s own dick, feeling the kobold immediately react positively to the stimulation. Neil could tell he was aroused by the whole experience, but also had his self-preservation instinct not quite overpowered yet. He figured the extra stimulation, along with the strong musk that was certainly omnipresent in his shaft, would make him a bit more complacent. And it did! As the lizard relaxed from the stimulation, Neil found it a lot easier to slip his cock over the kobold’s shoulders, another clench pulling another few inches or so of the lizard inside of him and reigniting those pleasant wiggles that Neil craved.

Those spikes on the back of his head only served to further the deer’s enjoyment, ribbed for his pleasure, in a way! They slid right into his cock without a problem, actually catching hold to prevent him from wiggling out easily...a bit of a disadvantage for the kobold, but Neil appreciated it. The deer continued to have one hand firmly on Splat’s crotch, fondling and feeling him up as he continued to slide inside of his sac, starting to feel the aroused lizard throbbing in his grasp! Neil thought about pushing him a little bit further, but he rather enjoyed the feeling of people getting off inside of him, so he took his hand away, feeling Splat wiggle it again inside, almost in a humping motion…

The kobold was barely taller than 3 ft, so it was no problem for Neil to work down the rest of him. He grabbed those long legs and hoisted them upwards in front of him, letting gravity do most of the work. “Now just relax and feel yourself *sliiiiiide* in~” Neil advised as he relaxed himself, not clenching around the wiggling snack anymore, just letting them slowly feed themselves into his sack. He teased and tickled at Splat’s feet a bit to get him to wiggle, feeling his face redden as he got exactly what he wanted out of the teasing. Splat was already waist-deep in deer cock at this point, and he was going nowhere but down...

Neil's cock started to make powerful, wet slurping noises as it greedily devoured the rest of the kobold, the tip starting to leak now that he was producing enough lubricant for Splat to easily slide inside. Every time a spine passed his tip, Neil swore he felt a surge of cream coming up his shaft; it really did feel that good! Especially with all the hot tub water around him still relaxing him and enhancing his libido; melting down that ferret earlier was even more pleasurable than it usually was because of it! And he knew he would enjoy turning Splat into a splatter or two, especially as he watched the lizard's feet slowly sink into his tip…

\*Shlrk!\*

The deer had to clench one last time to get all of Splat inside of him, but it was worth it to feel that lizard slide down his shaft and plop right out into his fat sack. Already, half of the lizard was dangling down into the chamber, the other half coming quite soon as Neil continued to clench and stroke at the bulges in his length to get Splat down faster. Finally, a long, satisfied sigh escaped the deer’s lips as he felt the last squirming bits of the kobold sink into his balls. The sensation of him wiggling so deep inside was always enjoyable, but it felt even better in the relaxing environment of the hot tub!

The deer just sat there for a moment, idly playing with himself as he felt Splat wiggling and squirming in his sack. He knew that the kobold was getting aroused from the whole situation, judging by how easy it was to get him hard, and he wanted to play into that a little bit.

“*Hhhf*, going to be nothing but deer jizz soon in there…” he taunted as he rubbed at his sack. He could practically feel the blushing radiating from the small lizard as he continued to struggle around in the tight environment; but not really out of a wanting to escape. It almost felt like a rhythmic struggle of sorts…

A smirk crossed the deer's face as he realized what Splat was doing in there. His libido had gotten the better of him, thanks to the deer’s teasing, and now he simply had to relieve himself, even as tingling started to spread throughout his body. With his small size compared to what Neil usually ate, he would be quite easy to turn into a nice load, but the deer still wanted to take his time with it! “Heh, Yeah, I'll be doing that soon too…” he joked as he rubbed at his sac some more, watching the bulges inside slowly start to round themselves out as the process of digestion continued to take place…

Splat knew that he wouldn't enjoy being deer jizz in the end, but in this moment, it was the hottest thing he could ever imagine. Being melted down into nothing but an orgasm...? Fucking *amazing*. That tingling feeling spreading over his body felt fantastic, and he wanted nothing but to be a big load for this sexy cervine. There were parts of his brain telling him that he needed to get out, that it wasn't safe in here, and he still listened to those as well, but the power of his arousal was just too much for his rationality...especially as he had his dick in his hands, jerking madly as he felt himself starting to melt into the pool of cum he was bathing in. The feeling gradually began to fade from his legs and waist as it melted away into the pool surrounding him, but not without Splat letting out a moan or two as his own dick spurted into the pool surrounding him, the overwhelming pleasure dominating all of his senses as he completely emptied himself into the sack. The contribution to Neil’s later orgasm would be much appreciated…

Neil's sac went still not long after Splat spent himself, the kobold quickly slipping away into the bubbling cauldron he was bathing in after expending all his energy like that. He might not have wanted to be turned into an orgasm permanently, but like it or not, that was where he was now. Neil enjoyed the feeling of a full sac for a while, before looking at the clock in the spa. It was already almost 5pm! He didn't intend to spend that much time here, certainly not, but in the end there were just too many tasty patrons around for him to leave...

He eventually got out of the hot tub, though, feeling the lovely sloshing between his legs as he dried himself off and put his clothes back on. It was time to head home, and finish the week off with something he had been keeping around for a while...

It was a bit awkward for the deer to walk home with a large, swinging mass in his loins; it was especially awkward to try and hide it in his pants! Somehow, he made it home, though, probably because the spa was so close to his house. He had spent his whole walk thinking about the best way to release all the pent-up energy and cream he was storing, and right when he walked through the door, he remembered something…

He quickly, well, as quickly as he could, made his way up the stairs to his bedroom. As soon as he opened that door, the clothes he was wearing practically flew off, the deer belly flopping right onto his bed! Shoving two entire people down his length had worked Neil up immensely, and he simply had to release all that energy...but first, he rolled over to his dresser, opening the top drawer and pulling a small case out of the top. He quickly flipped the case open, revealing a small blue fox contained inside! He had caught the micro in his house a couple days ago, trying to steal some food out of his pantry. Neil didn't really know what he would do with the little thing for a while, but now that he was horny enough, he had a great idea...

The fox was awake, but slightly restrained. Any protestations he made would have been barely audible enough for Neil to hear, and they would have been in so high-pitched of a voice that he couldn't take them seriously!

“Don't worry, you're going to enjoy this as much as I will~” Neil said as he grasped the small fox in one hand, that hand slowly traveling to his crotch…

His fat, sloshing sac was still in the way, but Neil used his other hand to slide his fist underneath the big goopy mess barely contained by those stretchy walls. He felt the fox starting to wiggle in his hand as Neil pressed him up against something…! But all that did was stimulate him more. He took in a deep breath as he positioned the head of the fox right in front of his pucker; fox in one hand, cock in the other as he started to stroke…

Neil groaned as he pressed the fox into his ass with a finger, feeling his pucker easily swallow up the fox’s entire head and then some! His butt was hungry, as was the rest of him, but Neil wanted to keep the fox around to please himself while he pumped out all that fresh cream. So he pressed the fox in a bit deeper, then grasped his legs and pulled back, his bowels relinquishing their control with a wet \**shlrp!*\*.

“*Fuuuck*, you little bastards are so good for this…” the deer moaned out as he pressed the fox back in, starting to stroke at his length faster as he felt his rear getting stretched out so nicely. Shoving a whole person the same size as you was enjoyable in its own way, but the pleasure of using someone much smaller than you as a toy was so much different...

The deer started to get into his rhythm soon, sliding his makeshift sextoy in and out of his bowels as he pumped and stroked at his length. A few times he thought he lost the fox to the hunger of his digestive tract; one time he even had to stretch out his pucker and yank his little toy out by force! Those sorts of situations only pleased him even more though, the deer already dribbling quite a bit of pre down the tip of his length, eventually using it as a nice lubricant for his shaft. He even took a little bit of it with his finger and slathered it against his pucker, making it even easier to pull his wiggling treat in and out of him…

With all the stimulation his loins had been going through in the past day or so, Neil knew it wouldn't take him long to blow. Even then, he was a bit surprised when he felt that familiar surge in his loins, the deer having to act quickly to make sure his toy was all the way inside of him when he blew his load. His finger plunged the fox as deep into his bowels as he could possibly go, Neil groaning in orgasm at the same time as he blew , thick ropes of seed blasting out of his tip and splattering all over his chest and face. The thick jizz dribbled down his chin as he orgasmed, every clench of his muscles shooting out another blast of cum and also pulling his fox toy a few inches deeper inside of him. By the time the deer had finished shooting out all of his fresh load, his sac shrinking back to a somewhat normal, although chubby size as he did so, the fox was completely gone, just a small, wriggling bulge in his lower gut. And it was struggling, too! But there was simply no way it would escape. With the deer lying there in post orgasm afterglow, all he could do, all he had to do was clench every now and then, feeling his bowels grab hold of the fox firmly and pull him deeper every single time. By the time he had recovered enough to do anything else besides that, the fox was more than on his way…

Neil stretched and let out a gigantic yawn as he laid on his bed. The week had been absolutely exhausting, and killer on his figure as well! He had to be carrying at least 30, maybe even 50 more pounds on himself now, mostly on his round, gurgling gut and plump ass. And he even got the opportunity to add some heft to his more sensitive parts as well! But, even as he laid there with a micro well on their way to his hungry belly, he couldn't say that he was satisfied. No, now that he had tasted such hedonism, there was no way he could stop. As he dozed off in his bed, feeling his gut to start to get to work on the small snack he had given it, he had the feeling he would be doing this much more often in the future…

The

\**HhhHHUUuuUUUUooOOOOOOooo-oooOOOOOrrrrRRRRraaaaAAaaaaAAAAaa-aaAAAAaappppp…*\*

end.

# Vore Club

*cw: m/m, f/f, f/m, androids, second-person pov, vore (oral, anal, cock, unbirth), digestion, merging*

There are a lot of people in the world who live life unfulfilled. Dead end office job, nobody to come home to, no chance to advance in any sort of social or career-oriented sphere. Hobbies are often the only way that people like that can find meaning and spice in their life. From the mundane to the outlandish. Some people go too far in pursuit of filling that emptiness inside of themselves, though. Some take it a bit literally…

I’m one of those people, and I know quite a few like myself. Come with me, yes, right through this doorway. Mind the gap there, some of the floorboards are a bit rickety...and so are the stairs. I promise it’s not as dangerous as it looks. There you go, just a bit more…

The basement this stranger had led you into was dusty, dilapidated, and dimly lit. A lightbulb on a very tenuous cord swung around in the middle, making the level of light in the room constantly change. The basement was bigger than you thought, though. But the most important thing you noticed were the pairs of eyes staring at you; 10, 20, 30 even, all arranged in a circle on the sides of the room, leaving the middle open.

“You can see. People from all walks of life, all species, all genders, they all come here because they do not feel *FULFILLED*. They need something else in their life. They need community, they need something to fill them...and I am more than willing to provide it to them.” the stranger continued, walking past you towards the center of the group.

“Welcome to Vore Club.”

A roar of applause came from the crowd gathered around the stranger. You hadn’t gotten a look at him until now, but he looked to be a deer of some sort. He wasn’t important, though. What was important were the people gathered, representatives of many species, genders, and no doubt sexualities as well. A veritable cornucopia of attendees, from all walks of life. And many of them were not going to leave.

The deer pulled out a sheet of paper from his pocket. “The first match of the night will be….Joey and...Lyra Crocabit.” The crowd roared and hooted as two of their own stepped out into the ring; from the left came a grey, slightly chubby kangaroo, wearing only a pair of yellow boxers and a t-shirt. From the right side came something slightly more intimidating: some sort of chimera, the upper half being a crocodile, the lower half being a rabbit, with the wings and tail of a cockatiel. Most importantly, the pink wings rested on a pair of mechanical arms. Wearing a black skirt and purple tanktop, Crocabit looked like a shocking combination of styles; exactly the kind of look a chimera would go for.

Joey motioned to the chimera’s mechanical arms as soon as the two of them met in the center. “Is that...is that even *legal*?” the kangaroo asked the deer, who was seemingly acting in a sort of officiating position, standing away from the crowd, but also away from the fight. “It’s Vore Club, kid. Everything’s legal.”

Lyra gave a smug grin as she heard the deer’s officiating. “Oh, Joey, they aren’t that scary~” she teased, flexing her wing-arms a little bit as both of them got into some kind of fighting stance. It was obvious that they were both amateurs, but there seemed to be a sort of method to the madness around here…

The deer moved to the center of the ‘ring’. He crouched down a bit himself, looking at both the competitors and pushing them slightly away from each other as he stepped in. “*Annnnndddd*….”

The two competitors locked eyes with each other, both of them ready to pounce at any moment.

“FIGHT!”

The deer got out of the way almost immediately. Joey and Crocabit started out the match by pacing around each other, neither fighter wanting to make the first approach. Over time, the both of them tried to fake out the other, stepping forward before quickly jumping back or throwing out an arm as a safe approach. But it was Joey who eventually made the first move, diving into Crocabit and landing a punch right in her gut! The chimera was caught off guard by the chubby kangaroo’s surprising speed, but managed to keep her guard off to stop Joey from getting any more hits off.

The kangaroo was small, and a bit chubby, but he had an agility to him that had caught Lyra off guard before. Now that Joey had a small advantage, he was starting to push it, leaning in and taking up Crocabit’s space, forcing the chimera to go more and more aggressive; a style that was prone to mistakes. Eventually, she whiffed, and Joey took the opportunity to get a strong grapple, getting the chimera in a headlock. He took the opportunity to do a bit of taunting of his own. “The best thing about chimeras like you is I never know what you’re gonna taste like~” the roo teased as Lyra squirmed in his grasp. Joey took his time to visualize what he was going to do to the chimera, describing it to the crowd as well. “Maybe I’ll belch up those pretty little arms when I’m done with you…”

Unfortunately for Joey, all the gloating he was doing was moot if he didn’t actually follow through with gobbling up the chimera. And although he had Crocabit grappled, her fight was nowhere near extinguished. In fact, while Joey was taunting her, the crocodile took the opportunity to press a button on her arms. Suddenly, the whole dank basement lit up with a powerful glow, pointed right at the kangaroo’s eyes, who immediately yelled in surprise and somewhat pain as well as the light coming from Crocabit’s arms blinded him! The kangaroo stumbled backwards slowly, trying to regain his footing before Crocabit slammed the roo to the ground!

The crowd hollered and cheered as the two opponents rolled and fought on the ground, Lyra with the clear advantage, always in control one way or another. Eventually, the chimera was able to finally pin down Joey, Crocabit's wide, toothy snout slowly opening wide as Joey tried to push the chimera off of him…

Cheering erupted from all sides as Crocabit chomped down on Joey’s head, the roo’s paws scrambling for purchase as the rest of him was still pinned under the chimera. The wet sounds of suckling and slurping underpinned the roaring of the crowd, drool trickling down Crocabit’s chin as she started to feed. Despite Joey's best efforts, once a crocadilian got hold of its meal, it was going nowhere but down. Crocabit slowly lifted herself off of Joey as she shoved his neck into her craw, getting a firm grip on the squirming roo’s sides before throwing her head back, casually pushing her hair off her face before the main event.

\*glrrrrp!\*

Joey’s head almost immediately disappeared into the chimera’s throat, thick fleshy walls assailing the roo from all sides as Lyra started gulping him down madly. This was certainly the reptilian side of the chimera, engaging in a feeding frenzy of sorts as she continued gulping down the roo, a few inches of squirming lunch disappearing with every wet, thick swallow, egged on by the crowd, roaring and cheering for the chimera to finish her meal. Joey was chest-deep in chimera gullet at this point, and the only thing he could do was weakly twitch as the chimera made him her meal. Crocabit’s long tongue slipped underneath Joey's shirt, making the roo squirm from the sudden odd feeling on his belly! Her belly rumbled as she explored the kangaroo’s chubby belly, greedy for Crocabit to swallow it all down already, to add that chub to her own figure…

\**glrrrrk!*\*

And that's exactly what she did. Another gulp plunged Joey waist-deep into thick chimera gullet, leaving the kangaroo’s legs kicking weakly and haphazardly as his only tether to the outside world. Joey was starting to bulge out the chimera’s throat and chest at this point, and Crocabit could feel the squirming roo starting to slowly sink into her stomach. Her head snapped back, jaws opening and closing as she messily swallowed the last of the kangaroo, slurping up his legs like noodles. And all the while, the crowd continued cheering. “One last gulp! One last gulp!” they all chanted, their insatiable lust for consumption being fed by Crocabit...as she fed herself! The crowd got what they wanted as Joey’s lips slipped into that long, green snout, Crocabit tipping her head up so everyone could see the last bulge Joey made slowly sinking in her throat…

\**glp.*\*

The last swallow was somewhat anticlimactic. Lyra barely had any left of Joey to swallow, after all. But the crowd could still appreciate it as she flopped back on her butt, her gut starting to swell and lurch as Joey curled up inside. He was already mostly inside the chimera’s belly by the time that last swallow happened, but the crowd couldn’t see her bulging gut until now. And they absolutely loved it. The deer referee had to stop a few people from coming out to rub the belly, muttering something about “letting things sort themselves out.”. Crocabit just sat there, playing with and rubbing her gut as Joey kicked around inside, before letting out a roiling \*HUUuuuuooooOOORRRRPppp\*!

The crowd went silent for a moment, before erupting into applause. The chimera would have taken a bow if she could, but for now the incapacitated predator just waved to her people. “Wish I had something of your own to belch up…” she teased as she thumped her gut proudly, feeling Joey kick and squirm about inside in response to her teasing. But they both knew there was nothing Joey could do - he was trapped inside the chimera’s bubbling gut, and was about to be treated to a long, intimate digestion…

The deer walked over to the first winner of the evening. He grabbed her hand in his own, lifting the bloated predator to her feet. “Lyra Crocabit wins!” he announced, to a roaring crowd. The chimera simply picked her teeth with one hand, hefting her stomach up in the other as she slowly walked back into the crowd, hands instantly reaching out to rub and play with her gut as the victorious fighter retired for the evening. Joey would be digesting for the rest of the day, that’s for sure…

“I hope you all enjoyed that!” the deer bellowed, the crowd quieting down as (presumably) the next bit of action was about to start. “I know I did...but either way, we’ve got a doubleheader here. Can I please get Tareconas and Thash to the ring!?”

The crowd erupted again, delighted with the prospect of a doubleheader. Some crowd regulars were ready for a complete blowout. Thash was quite a large noodle-dragon, with a history in the ring; and he was clearly undefeated, considering he was still around. He was just too large for most fighters to take down, and as the giant noodle slithered out from the crowd and reared up on itself, it looked like no matter who emerged from the other side of the crowd, it was already over.

As Tareconas slowly walked out into the spotlight, he revealed himself to be quite the large black leopard - clocking in at almost 7 ft tall. Certainly not a pushover, but as Thash curled up and increased his height, almost bumping his head into the ceiling of the basement, Tareconas looked pretty small by comparison. It wasn’t an enormous size difference, but it was enough for some of the crowd to leave immediately, and enough for the deer referee to walk over and whisper something in the leopard’s ear before returning to center stage.

“I know this looks unfair, but I’ve heard good things about this leopard, folks. Thash isn’t the kind to challenge someone just for a free meal, either!”

He crouched down again, getting ready to start the fight. Both fighters were eerily quiet; Thash taking up an immense amount of space was more powerful than anything the noodle dragon could say, but Tareconas’s silence was not due to intimidation; no, he looked centered and focused as he could be.

“FIGHT!”

Almost instantly after the commencement, the noodle dragon lunged forward, snapping his jaws right in front of the feline! It was so fast that the deer barely had time to get out of the way, let alone Tareconas! Somehow, though, the leopard was able to feint away from the noodle dragon’s quick attack. He had an opportunity to counter, but he had such a close call originally that he wasn’t able to take advantage of the opportunity he’d been given…

Which, unfortunately, gave Thash another opportunity. This time, he sliced with his claws, striking Tareconas right in the face, knocking the leopard back and causing him to stumble a bit. With this advantage, the noodle lunged forward, taking up as much space as possible, knocking Tareconas straight to the floor, the crowd roaring in both fighters’ ears as Tareconas tried to fight the noodle off of him. The crowd could barely see what happened, as the two fighters quickly devolved into a flailing of limbs and hisses and other guttural noises. At some point a sharp jaw snap was heard, and many thought Thash had gotten the job done...but instead, the noodle tumbled backwards, revealing that the noise the crowd thought was his jaws snapping was actually some sort of injury to the noodle’s back leg! He was carrying a clear limp as he backed off from Tareconas, the leopard stumbling to his feet and making his way back to the center of the ring. Both of them were covered in bruises and other fight markers, but still seemed to be in the fight, if a bit gimped.

It quickly became evident that Tareconas was doing a lot more with his openings than Thash was. The noodle dragon was overpowering and had a lot more opportunities to maim the leopard, but Tareconas always seemed to be able to get back up. Meanwhile, the rare hits the leopard managed to get in were really doing some damage to Thash; the aforementioned cracked knee, a chipped tooth, a kick in the neck that left the dragon dazed for a few moments. Every hit the leopard landed had so much more impact than whatever Thash could do.

At this point, the crowd was wondering what the victor would end up even doing. Obviously Thash could gobble down the leopard like an hors d'oeuvres, but...what could Tareconas do? He was fighting in the nude, so he obviously had an idea different than just slurping the noodle down, but what would it be…? The noodle had been battered and quite damaged by the leopard’s blows, and his previously-quick movements were starting to become more sluggish and less threatening. Meanwhile, Tareconas only kept going, the knockdowns Thash did get starting to become less and less inconveniencing for the leopard. The crowd watched with bated breath as they saw the tide of the battle slowly start to turn…

Then, the leopard landed a knockout blow. He smashed the noodle right in the neck, knocking it to the ground, stunned for a few brief moments. In a flash, Tareconas snatched up the tip of the dragon’s tail, a wide grin spreading across his face as he squeezed it tight. Then, he snaked it between his legs. The leopard intended to stick it into the tip of his cock, but just before he could stick it inside, Thash thrashed around, and the tail tip ended up stuck inside Tareconas’s pucker! The nude leopard’s package almost immediately sprung to life, his pucker grabbing hold of the tip of Thash’s tail and already starting to tug the noodle dragon inside. The crowd let out a collective gasp as they saw this action unfold. There was simply no way the leopard could pull this off! Even if he did have the upper hand at the moment, once Thash stopped seeing stars, he would certainly be able to escape this grapple. The leopard knew this, and so he resolved to suck the dragon inside as fast as possible; he had a lot to pack in his bowels, and even as he clenched a few inches of the dragon deeper into his guts, he still had quite a long way to go.

Tareconas flopped back onto the ground, mewling in pleasure as the noodle dragon snaked out from between his legs. Thash was weakly kicking around at this point, clearly conscious, yet not quite sure what was going on...the dragon’s vision was still pretty fuzzy, the crowd surrounding him little more than a blur of noise and bodies. He couldn’t feel much of what was happening to his lower half, nor could he see it; he could just feel something vaguely fleshy and soft starting to surround his tail. Tareconas took advantage of the noodle’s incapacitation quite vicariously, clenching and roaring in pleasure as he felt Thash’s tail snaking deeper into his bowels!

The noodle’s body was already starting to form a considerable bulge in the leopard’s lower belly, which only continued to grow as Tareconas packed more and more of the noodle away. Eventually, the leopard’s greedy pucker reached the noodle’s back feet, Tareconas’s tongue slowly flopping out of his mouth as he felt his ass stretch around the furry paws and claws, relishing the difference in feel from the rest of Thash’s noodly body. The dragon’s eyes went wide as he felt the tight bowel flesh slowly creeping over his feet, the new sensation exactly what he needed to realize what was going on! He still couldn’t move much, but the noodle started to put up a hell of a fight, squirming and kicking the best he could...but with his back legs firmly sealed inside Tareconas’s pucker, kicking around just made the leopard clench Thash inside even faster.

The leopard’s gut was growing exponentially as Thash unwillingly made his way deeper into Tareconas’s bowels, the predator reduced to a mewling, aroused mess as he lay on the floor of the basement, in absolute bliss as his lower body got stretched out in ways he couldn’t even imagine. The crowd roared in satisfaction as Thash continued to get worked inside, despite the dragon’s best thrashing and wiggling to the contrary. He was about a third of the way into Tareconas at this point, and that amount was quickly increasing as the noodle continued to disappear between the leopard’s legs. Someone in the crowd even came out to try and push the dragon deeper, before the deer referee pushed them back into the masses. The fight must not be intruded upon!

Some people were a bit off-put by the fact Tareconas was clearly aroused by this whole experience, the leopard’s blue dick pointing straight up in the air, twitching and occasionally dribbling pre as the leopard used Thash as a giant, fuzzy dildo; but that was just what you needed to expect from Vore Club. Lewd things were definitely going to go down; it was the nature of the game. Hell, if Tareconas wanted to shove the noodle down his cock, that’s probably where Thash would be right now! But Thash was already almost halfway deep in leopard bowels, and that’s where he was going to stay…

The crowd calmed down a little bit once they all realized how long the whole process would take. It felt like the ass-eating had taken up half of the fight, and Tareconas only had half of the noodle dragon curled up in his gut at this point! People standing close to the leopard swore they could hear his guts churning and groaning sloppily as they started to get to work on Thash, the noodle dragon still thrashing and squirming the best he could, but with a clear lack of energy in his movements. Slowly, Thash could only watch as his vision steadily became encroached upon by the leopard’s slick flesh, the dragon only able to whimper as his snout disappeared into Tareconas’s bowels…

A roar came from around Tareconas as he clenched for the last time, letting out a satisfied sigh as his pucker returned to its normal diameter, holding his gut with pride as it twitched and squirmed occasionally; the leopard’s gut was easily just as large, if not larger than the rest of his body, making it look basically impossible for the leopard to get up. He still tried to, though, but found it much too hard, considering he was lying on his back with the dragon curled up on top of him! The deer came over a few moments later, grabbing the leopard’s paw and hoisting it into the air. “Tareconas wins!” he shouted, to a cheering and jeering crowd, eager for more. “...Can we get like a stretcher or something?” the deer said as he returned to the center of the basement…

“That was great, wasn’t it!?” he said to the crowd, raising his hands to evoke a roaring cheer from around him. “We’ve got one more on the docket for the evening, and, well...it’s ladies’ night! Can I get Layla and Spiral to the stage!?”

The crowd roared and hollered and hooted as two slender, feminine figures broke through to the center of the basement. On one side was what looked to be a dark blue jackal, with a stunning, pink-tipped mohawk contrasting the rest of their body, as well as a hot pink sports bra to compliment her striking hair color. The most interesting thing about the jackal, though, was the sharp pair of saberteeth poking out of her jaws, making the jackal even more intimidating as a fighter. “Welcome a new fighter to the ring, everyone! This is Layla!” the deer announced as he stepped over to the jackal, whispering a few things in her long, pierced ears as she made her way to the center of the stage.

By the time the deer broke away from Layla, the other fighter had made their way into the ring. Spiral was a slender, grey cat, with blue highlights, hair, and flesh. The cat was a familiar face in the ring, having won a few fights in the past; in fact, she even had a few fans of her own in the crowd! “You know her, you love her, iiiit’s Spiral!” the deer said as he returned to a neutral position in the arena, getting ready to commence the last fight of the evening. “Y’all know how it works at this point…” he said as the two fighters approached each other, practically touching muzzles as they stared into each other’s eyes, both trying to psych out the other before the fight even started. Which it would soon…

“FIGHT!”

For a moment, the two fighters stood still, locked into a beautiful dance of stillness, neither wanting to make a punishable first move. Spiral’s blue-tipped tail flicked back and forth, making the cat look ready to pounce at any moment. This was her specialty; even as she stood completely still otherwise, Spiral still looked intimidating and quick. Layla wasn’t backing down, though; in fact, the jackal was keeping pace with Spiral’s dance, bobbing slightly back and forth, always in a position to either advance or fall back if necessary. The two of them couldn’t do this forever, though, and eventually Layla faltered in the stoic battle, throwing a quick right hook at Spiral, which the cat easily ducked under, almost too fast to be a reaction.

Spiral quickly responded with a jab to the gut, not powerful enough to knock the jackal over, but enough to momentarily stun her; which was more than enough for the cat to lunge forward, suddenly looming over Layla, pushing and trying to knock her to the ground. The jackal wasn't small enough to just get pushed over like that, but Layla was certainly left in a bad position, pushing back against Spiral to just stay on her feet! Speaking of her feet, after a few moments, that's where Layla found her opening. Being careful to keep her balance, one of the jackal's paws rushed forward, sweeping at Spiral's legs and knocking the cat right to the ground.

The crowd was so ecstatic that Layla felt the ground rumble under her paws as she stepped forward, Spiral struggling to get back to her feet and only barely able to before the jackal came at her once more, deftly landing a jab in the cat’s chest before locking a leg around her head!

It was an awkward stance for sure, the jackal having one leg wrapped around the back of Spiral’s head with the other leg holding up the rest of the jackal. But that would be quickly remedied, as in a few moments, Layla wrapped the other leg around Spiral’s head, dropping the two of them to the floor in a sort of powerful piledriver! The crowd certainly went nuts for it, the ground shaking like an earthquake as the two fighters plummeted towards it, Spiral taking a big hit as her head was squeezed and landed on the ground!

If the cat wasn’t so dazed from the impact, she would be able to tell where she ended up - inches from the jackal’s bare slit! Yes, Layla was intending to shove Spiral up \*there\*, and with such a crushingly disadvantageous position, there wasn’t much the cat could do about it. A lot of the crowd was surprised to see Spiral fall like this, but their allegiances were quickly switching as the jackal looked more and more like she was going to come out on top.

Layla flexed her legs inwards, letting out a soft sigh as she felt the top of Spiral’s head spread her nether lips apart. The cat squirmed and kicked and tried to escape the jackal’s grip as she realized what was going on, but it was going to take a herculean effort to escape Layla’s legs, and Spiral was in no condition to attempt it. She could hear the crowd around her roaring, knowing that most of the people that were her fans were now already turning...the crowd was ruthless. All it wanted was to see someone disappear into another...thankfully, it started to become muted as Layla’s cunt slipped over her ears, feminine juices making the process as smooth and easy as possible. The jackal’s legs were clenching hard to push as much of Spiral inside of her as possible, and it was certainly working, Layla finding her pussy clenched tight around the cat’s neck in a matter of moments.

At that point, it was sealed. Spiral was gonna be curled up in the jackal’s womb in mere minutes...Layla started to clench her powerful muscles, pulling the cat’s body inside without the help of her legs. The headlock had loosened, and now Layla was simply splayed out on the ground, clenching Spiral inside as her legs laid on the cat’s body to keep her from struggling too much. “*Ahh*, ahhn, *ahhnnn…~*” the jackal repeatedly moaned, her body spasming in unison with the soft groans as she continued clenching Spiral inside, the moans becoming higher pitched and more frequent as she struggled to stretch around the cat’s wide, toned shoulders. For a moment, the jackal was having a bit of trouble, and some members of the crowd thought Spiral would have a chance to escape; and indeed, if they paid attention closely, they would notice a couple inches of the cat slide back out into the world. But those inches, and quite a bit more of Spiral’s body, were quickly slurped back inside as a powerful contraction of Layla’s cunt muscles yanked Spiral deeper, the jackal crying out in pleasure as her pussy had engulfed Spiral up to her belly!

Layla leaned back on her elbows, panting in heat as she felt more of the cat sliding inside. It was tough to keep clenching her deeper with how much pleasure and stimulation she was undergoing, but she still kept at it, letting her body spasm and moan with every clench she made. At this point, the jackal’s brain took a backseat; she was wholly focused on getting Spiral inside of her. Everything else happening, the body spasms, the moans, the dripping of feminine fluids onto the basement floor, that was subconscious to her. All she was focused on was getting Spiral crammed and curled up nice and tight inside of her womb…

Her belly was already starting to bulge out a bit as Spiral spread her cervix wide, being greeted by the tight, uncompromising walls of the jackal’s womb. The cat was little more than a belly bulge and a pair of long, toned legs sticking out from between Layla’s legs, complete with a flickering tail that seemed to signal acceptance rather than frenzied panic...the crowd started to die down a bit as it looked like defeat would be inevitable for Spiral. Layla had already made a mess of her slick feminine juices all over the basement floor, and more of it was leaking out as Spiral’s thighs slid inside. The jackal’s gut was getting to be pretty swollen at this point, and eagle eyes in the crowd could see Spiral kicking and squirming around inside...but that wouldn’t last for long. The womb was like a compression chamber, and it was going to juice Spiral into a big, sloshing load of femcum as efficiently as it possibly could!

Layla decided to move her arms at this point, reclining back onto the floor and resting her hands on her still-growing gut as the last of Spiral disappeared up inside of her. Only the cat’s blue-padded paws and tail tip were sticking outside of Layla’s pussy at this point, and that situation was rapidly changing. The jackal had been continuing with her “*ahhn...ahh...ahhn*…”s for a while now, but now that she was almost to the end of the cat, feeling her tight vaginal walls clench and pull Spiral deeper with every breath, her moans started to get more and more powerful. The crowd fell silent as her voice started to dominate the room, shouts of pleasure becoming more and more frequent until, with one final “aaahhhhnnn!!!”, Spiral was slurped into Layla’s nethers, the jackal’s pussy lips dripping with feminine lust as her gut swelled and grew with the prize she had just finished off. Spiral was still weakly squirming around inside Layla’s womb, but it was obvious to all that most of her strength had been sapped by the fight, and now the tight walls around her were pressing in deeper, massaging slick feminine fluids into her fur and skin, preparing her to be churned up into a big, musky load of femcum…

The jackal was left as a huffing, panting mess on the floor of the basement, surrounded by an eager and appreciative crowd. Some people reached down to give her belly rubs, or to congratulate her on taking down a veteran fighter. The deer ref simply stood off to the side, clapping slowly as he walked up to Layla. “...Can we get another stretcher?” he said, looking off into the distance vaguely.

A few moments later, two people came in with a stretcher, lifting Layla up and plopping her on it to cart her off for digestion. “A great night of fights, eh?” he said to the crowd, who responded with a roaring cheer of approval. “Well, that’s all we have for tonight, though. Y’all know how to get out of here, right? Same time tomorrow.”

The crowd slowly started to filter out, the singularity of its roaring approval starting to dissolve into smaller, segmented conversations as people started to leave. A few minutes later, it was only you and the deer.

“So, what’d you think?” he asked as the two of you walked to the exit. “Feel fulfilled yet? Or maybe you need to see a few more?”

You weren’t really sure what to think about what you had just seen. It was...really weird. And what happened to the people who lost? Are they just gone? Did you just witness three murders?

The deer stood there for a moment, expecting an answer. He could see the cogs turning in your head as you tried to make heads or tails of what exactly you just saw. He gave you a few seconds, before smiling and slapping you on the shoulder. “It’s okay. A lot of people don’t get it the first time around. Come back tomorrow?” he said as you mumbled “sure” and walked back up the stairs…

That night was full of fitful dreams for you. Getting to sleep wasn’t difficult, but the sleep certainly wasn’t restful. Tossing and turning, episodes of what you had witnessed the previous night flashing across your eyes, disjointed and cut up, flung across your unconsciousness like an unfinished jigsaw puzzle...it was all so...odd. Not terrifying, but still a bit frightening. But at the same time...it was making you curious. You wanted to see more. You wanted to see what would happen if you got involved…

You awoke the next morning, knowing that you would return to that small shack with the dusty, musty basement and hear that crowd roar again, feel the ground shake beneath your feet with the bloodlust and excitement that coursed throughout everyone standing around you. It felt like you were floating throughout the whole morning, your brain fogged up by the lack of sleep, and suddenly you blinked...and found yourself standing outside that building. The deer you had seen yesterday was standing outside, and a steady stream of people was funneling its way into the basement.

“Ah, I *knew* you’d be back!” the deer said, giving you another slap on the shoulder as you filtered into the crowd and made your way downstairs. It felt like you weren’t in control of your own body at this point, just going along with what everyone else was...it was such an odd feeling, like you were completely drained of energy or something. Regardless, you soon found yourself amongst the crowd, as the deer stood in the center once more, looking ready to start another day at club…

“Welcome back, everyone. Sleep well? You better have, because tonight’s fights are gonna have you screaming your lungs out!”

The crowd immediately jumped back into its roaring cheering as the deer continued. “Can I get...Crazy and Richard to the stage!?”

Through the mass of people crammed into this tiny basement, two creatures pushed their way into the center of the ring. On the left was a somewhat-goofy-looking blue and yellow eastern dragon, who honestly looked pretty small compared to most of the dragons that had been seen in the ring earlier; heck, even smaller than some that were in the crowd right now!

The dragon still looked ready to fight though, especially as his opponent walked into the ring, revealing himself to be a rather tall gray wolf, with bright and flashy green hair to match the stripes of green on his tail. “Two new fighters! You don’t see that often. For those who don’t know, Crazy is on the right, and Richard is on the left…”

Crazy, the wolf, stepped forward, smirking as he looked down at Richard. “This really what you put me up against?” he said, looking at the deer as Richard scoffed at his attempts at intimidation. “You better get comfy kid, cuz you’re gonna be curled up tight in a few minutes…”

“Hah! He’s got a mouth on him.” Crazy turned to the crowd, eliciting one hell of a roar from it with all his taunting. Everyone was riled up at this point, and the energy in the room was palpable. It felt like being in a damn mosh pit for anyone unfortunate enough to be in the back against the wall!

“All right, calm it down, you two. You both will have plenty of time to back up your smack talk in a few moments…” the deer said, interrupting the little game of chicken the two fighters were playing with their words and pushing them apart to the opposite sides of the ring.

“*Aaaaand…*”

“FIGHT!”

Almost immediately, the fight got off to a roaring start. Richard rushed forward immediately, trying to force Crazy into the corner as soon as possible...but in the dragon's haste, he accidentally tripped forward! The crowd let out a collective gasp as they saw the fall in slow-motion, the dragon slowly tumbling to the ground...but that wasn't the only thing that was happening. In his haste, and with his arms flailing around trying to get some purchase on the ground, Richard accidentally ripped right through Crazy's boxer shorts!

The crowd gasped once more as Richard fell to the ground and they could see the damage he had done to the wolf's pants. They were completely torn to shreds, revealing Crazy's ample-sized package! The wolf just stood there for a moment, completely in shock, before his face contorted into a snarl. He let out a deep, primal growl before he reached down, picking up the dazed dragon as if he was a sack of rice! He lifted Richard over his head, yelling primally as he tossed the dragon across the entirety of the ring, Richard slamming into the hard concrete floor with a sickening THUD.

For the first time, the crowd was completely silenced. They had never seen a display of anger and strength like this before. A few were genuinely concerned that Richard had been gravely injured, considering that the dragon was barely moving on the ground. A few eyes landed on the referee as Crazy slowly stepped forward, anger burning in his eyes.

Eventually, Crazy found himself standing right in front of the dazed dragon, leaning over him thinking about what he could do to poor Richard. He leaned down, reaching out to grab the dragon…

But then he moved.

Richard suddenly snaked his way between Crazy's legs, completely putting himself out of harm's way. The display was all a bait! The crowd roared as the tip of Richard's tail coiled around one of Crazy's legs, tripping the wolf and slamming him belly-first into the concrete! The dragon was now in the advantageous position, and he licked his chops, looking like he was about to have a nice, filling wolf meal. He lunged onto Crazy's back, but before he landed, the wolf rolled over, Richard plopping eight down onto his chest, his claws meeting the wolf's.

The two growled as they locked hands, both trying to push against the other to try and get some sort of advantage. Crazy's package was swinging around out in the open, making a few members of the crowd giggle as he tussled on the ground with Richard. To some, it even looked like Crazy was trying to shove Richard into his cock! After all, the dragon's tail tip was getting awfully close to that (assumedly) hungry orifice…

\*SHLORP!\*

Richard's face turned sour as he felt something wet and tight grab a hold of his tail. The dragon froze in place for just a moment, before feeling his body get yanked backwards! He was stunned, but as he looked to Crazy's face, he only saw a confident, cocky grin. “You're not going anywhere now, *cock snack~*” the wolf teased, a good quarter of Richard's tail already snaking its way down his length! The dragon, stunned, finally managed to look back to see that, yes, his tail really was wedged deep in Crazy's cock! “Shit, shit, shit...let me go!” the dragon roared as he tried to claw his way forward, swinging at Crazy haphazardly, really just trying to do anything to keep the wolf from slurping him further down! The wolf wasn't phased by this sudden flurry of limbs, though; he just kept clenching and slurping away, Richard's onslaught gradually tapering off as he was pulled farther and farther away from the wolf's face.

The crowd went wild with every wet, sloppy clench Crazy made, Richard's whole tail already lost to the wolf's shaft, and more of him was quickly joining it! The dragon flailed and clawed like a cat sliding down a hardwood floor, but he couldn't find any purchase on Crazy or on the floor surrounding them. At this point, the wolf didn't even care what Richard did - he was just leaning his head back, eyes closed, groaning in pleasure as more of the dragon disappeared down his cock. Hawkeyes in the crowd could see the wolf's balls starting to twitch and move as Richard's tail found itself inside of them, the dragon chest-deep in wolf cock at this point, and going nowhere but down.

Richard was still yelling and squirming the best he could, but it was only giving Crazy more pleasure. His balls were starting to swell and squirm with the dragon's form, his shaft doing the same as it worked its way up Richard's chest. The wolf opened his eyes for a moment, leaning forward with a smile before reaching for Richard with a finger. “Don't be a sore loser~” the wolf teased, pressing on Richard's forehead and pushing him ever-so-slightly deeper into thick, tight wolf cock. All the dragon could do was growl and snarl and try to bite Crazy, his arms now trapped at his sides as the wolf's shaft swallowed up his shoulders. “*Hhhgg*..I’ll..get you back for this…” was all the dragon could mutter, still squirming the best he could, but clearly in too tight of a situation to actually get out.

“Yeah, you’ll make a mess, that’s for sure~” the wolf teased, snickering as the crowd laughed at his little joke as well. He clenched hard, forcing a yell out of Richard as his body yanked backwards, the dragon feeling the tip of Crazy’s cock starting to lap and clench around the bottom of his head. “*FFfffuckk*…” was the last thing the dragon said before the cock swallowed him up whole, a roaring cheer erupting from all around Crazy as he finished off the small dragon, his balls starting to swell as Richard was forced to curl up inside of them. He reached forward and started lazily stroking at his rock-hard length while he stumbled slowly to his feet, getting used to the feeling of a thick sloshing between his legs, and inadvertently showing off his catch to everyone in the crowd. “So...who wants to be filled with him?” Crazy asked as he made his way back into the mob of people, faced with PLENTY of choices for a potential mate this evening…

“Well, that was something, wasn’t it? Don’t see a lot of CV around here…” the deer said as Crazy disappeared back into the crowd. “If that wasn’t your thing, don’t worry, because we have something more...classic coming up. Can I get Jason and Etrizen to the ring!?”

Two new names that nobody in the crowd had heard yet was certainly a recipe for hype. Not a single person besides the referee knew what was about to step out from the crowd into the ring...and, as the first competitor stepped out, the crowd let out a gasp of surprise. A huge, toned and muscular beast of a werewolf emerged from the crowd, looking as confident as one could be as a new competitor! It certainly looked like, no matter what else came out of the crowd and stood on the other side of that ring, it would be a tough matchup for them.

“Jason…” the referee said under his breath, nodding to the werewolf before turning to the other part of the ring.

And, as if almost on cue, the other competitor emerged. They were probably normal-sized, but compared to the hulking werewolf they were standing across from, they looked positively puny. Etrizen was a sleek, lithe snow leopard, who barely came up to Jason’s neck; but even though he had quite the disadvantage already, the snep didn’t look phased at all when he saw his opponent. In fact, if one in the crowd looked closely enough, they might even be able to see a smirk…

“And Etrizen, everybody! A classic David and Goliath story about to unfold, huh!?”

Jason glared at the deer as he got into a sort of fighting stance. He did know who LOST in the story of David and Goliath, right?...

“Oh, but before you all begin, something important that might not be easy for the crowd to notice...both of our fighters are augmented this evening! Androids, even. So be on the lookout for some...shenanigans, we should call them? Trickery? Anything is fair game, after all…” the referee said, before leaning down slightly and saying that familiar word...

“FIGHT!”

…

Something...happened when you heard that word again.

You weren’t sure what it was, exactly.

It felt like an explosion in your brain...just for a moment, though. No pain. Just a giant flash of light, and an intense feeling of...dizziness? Exhaustion?...it was impossible to describe. But, as soon as it came on, it left. Were...were you standing where the deer was?...

Then, everything was back to normal. The two androids in front of you started their dance of a fight, Jason quickly taking up more space than he probably should have been able to with his hulking size. Etrizen looked quite outmatched, but the snep was not backing down. As Jason started to throw punches, Etrizen showed a surprising amount of agility, dodging the werewolf’s attacks as if he was predicting where Jason was going to throw fists!

The crowd let out a small gasp every time Etrizen managed to dodge one of Jason’s fists, the cat moving like The Flash around every one of his hits. He wasn’t even hitting back, honestly! It looked like he had a gameplan going into this, and Jason was starting to get frustrated.

“Go...down...already!” the werewolf shouted as he threw a hulking right hook, which Etrizen ducked right underneath with ease. The audience could see that Jason was starting to get frustrated, and a few of them started to make the logical leap to how exactly Etrizen was going to fit the hulking beast inside of him. For most of them, the idea was completely out of the question! But they had seen weirder things happen in this ring before, so it slowly started to float back into their consciousness…

But there was something they couldn’t see going on. All this time Etrizen was spending stalling, while looking like it was helping him, was actually allowing Jason to break through the encryption on Etrizen’s operating system. He wasn’t faking his frustration, though; hacking his way into the snep android’s OS was proving to be a lot more difficult than he expected. He just hoped that he could keep Etrizen occupied for long enough before the snow leopard realized what was going on.

Unfortunately for the snep, Etrizen was completely unaware of the werewolf’s plan. He was hoping to just exhaust the beastly werewolf before he could land a blow, or before the snow leopard tired himself out. Little did he know that he had no hope of outpacing Jason’s stamina, even if the werewolf wasn’t actively hacking his way into the android as the two exchanged blows. Outwardly, Jason grew more frustrated as he got closer to breaching Etrizen’s security, knowing that it might bait the snow leopard into becoming a bit more aggressive - and maybe make a slip that he could exploit. But the main target was always the snep’s eyes. Turn those off, and Etrizen was as good as dinner…

“Hey! Who turned the lights out!”

That was what the snow leopard yelled out as his vision suddenly went dark, his paws going to his face to feel around. Did he get hit hard and not realize it? What on earth was going on!?

The only clue Etrizen had as to what happened was a knowing, hearty chuckle from in front of him, easily recognized as Jason’s voice. The snep tried his best to still dodge the werewolf, using his ears to his benefit, but it was no use. Within a few moments, Etrizen felt those strong, beefy arms snatch him up like a sack of rice and heft him up into the air. A few seconds later, the snep could feel something slimy, wet, and warm grazing along the tips of his toes...and he realized what happened. Or, at least, where he was. His feet were in the werewolf’s mouth, and the rest of him would be joining them soon!

“Fuck! No!” the snep exclaimed almost immediately after he felt the squishy sensation of the werewolf’s tongue on his lower body. He tried to kick and struggle his way out back onto the ground, but Jason’s grip on his midsection was like a vice-grip, and there was no way he would be able to escape it normally, much less blinded like he was now.

Jason grinned as he felt the snep go limp in his grasp, accepting his fate as werewolf pudge rather quickly. Etrizen’s head hung down defeatedly, the snep starting to mutter something under his breath he knew the werewolf couldn’t answer - at the moment, anyway.

“W...what did you *DO* to me…”

The werewolf’s only answer was a powerful, rippling swallow that pulled Etrizen’s feet and some of his legs into a tight, hot throat, which started to pull him deeper without Jason even needing to gulp. The werewolf definitely still gulped, though, and gulped hard; Etrizen found himself waist deep in werewolf gullet in a matter of moments, the tight grip of the werewolf's arms replaced with the even tighter, slimier grip of his gullet, slurking and slurping the smaller cat down without much trouble. His rough canine tongue explored all over the snep's body, sneaking underneath his clothes to get tastes of his fur and occasionally venturing into more...private areas, eliciting a few tasty squirms out of the snep even as he was sinking deeper into Jason's throat.

The snow leopard was still blinded at the moment, but from how much of his body was encased in tight, hot throat flesh, he knew that it was close to the end for him. “N...*no*…” the android groaned as Jason's jaws worked their way over his neck, the werewolf's sloppy tongue smothering Etrizen's face and coating it in slimy, tingly drool, Jason certainly enjoying the snep's taste quite a bit! A big grin spread across his face as he savored the android’s taste, knowing that the snep was only a few swallows away from being entirely locked in his tight, hungry gut.

He could already feel Etrizen’s legs being pushed into his stomach chamber...it was only a matter of time. The crowd eagerly cheered him on, shouting “ONE! MORE! GULP!” as the werewolf placed a hand against the bulge in his throat, playing with it and feeling its weight before he swallowed once more, feeling Etrizen sink deeper into his gut, his lips pursed around the top of the snow leopard’s head. He slobbered over his meal’s face for a few seconds, before…

\*glrk!\*

One powerful gulp pulled Etrizen’s head straight from his lips into his gullet, and Jason had finished off his meal. The werewolf leaned over his gut in bliss, both hands underneath the quickly-expanding chamber, hefting it up proudly as it continued to swell with the snep’s form. Eagle-eyed crowd members could see that about half of the snow leopard was now packed in tight werewolf belly, with more on the way in a timely manner. “In your next life, get better encryption…!” the werewolf taunted as Etrizen continued to fill out his gut, picking his teeth before letting out a satisfying \*BWWwwwooorrrrrppp…\*, to the delight of everyone around him!

“Well, I hope all that artificial matter digests well…!” the deer referee said, walking up to Jason and giving him a slap on the shoulder and a rub of the belly as the werewolf showed off his gut to the crowd, the snow leopard inside still putting up quite a fight...but, even though Jason didn’t have a thick layer of blubber to suffocate the struggles of his meal, his body was still more than capable of taking what Etrizen was dishing out. Jason just enjoyed the squirms as he made his way back into the crowd, disappearing to churn his meal away somewhere nice and quiet…

“Wonderful. Just wonderful. Reminds me of that kangaroo from yesterday...is Crocabit here?” the deer asked. In a few moments, the familiar chimera found her way to the front of the crowd, showing off that Joey was still squirming around inside a little bit! Her gut had certainly shrunk from the last time the crowd had seen her, but it was surprising to see the kangaroo still going. “Wow! He’s still going in there. Get a look, everyone…” he said as a few hands reached out from the crowd, poking and rubbing at the chimera’s belly. Crocabit was clearly loving the attention...but her face quickly turned sour before a raucous belch rang out, something coming out of her mouth and splattering on the floor! A crowd member picked it up and handed it to her, revealing it to be a drool-soaked collar. “Oh, so there WAS something I could belch up…” she joked before she disappeared back into the throngs of spectators.

“We’ve got one more bout for the evening, folks. I’m looking for...Mantic and Thash!” the deer announced eventually, giving the crowd some time to appreciate Lyra’s still-kicking belly.

The crowd was a bit confused as they heard the name ‘Thash’ again. Didn’t he get shoved up someone’s rump yesterday? Luckily, the referee could sense the confusion in the room and offered a quick reasoning for the name similarity. “Twin brother coming to avenge him, eh? What a storyline, folks!” he said as a very different-shaped, but similarly-colored anthro dragon made his way into the ring. Thash was still fluffy, but standing on two legs and looking a bit more buff than his noodly counterpart...and also looking angry as all hell. There was certainly a fire burning in this dragon’s eyes, and most of the crowd was already feeling sorry for his competitor.

Speaking of his competitor, Mantic arrived right on time...and, well, if there was one person to make the crowd doubt their pre-emptive pity, it would be Mantic. He looked like nothing anybody in the crowd had ever seen; the closest thing they could approximate was something straight out of Aztec mythology. The mane of a lion, but made out of feathers? A long, agile tail with a fish fin at the end? Red, green, and purple wings? RETRACTABLE wings? Mantic really had the whole package as he stepped to the ring, looking as confident as one could be.

“How’s that for an entrance? Mimic beasts, everyone! They sure know how to make a first impression.” the deer referee said as Mantic stood in the center of the ring, leaning down somewhat, fists at the ready for the fight to begin.

“FIGHT!”

But the fight didn’t start.

It felt like a lightning bolt had just struck you directly in the chest. A blinding flash of light filled your vision, the crowd melting into the world around you. The only thing you heard was the scream you made as whatever it was struck you, echoing into the void as if, beyond the infinite brightness you could see, there was some sort of wall or mountain. Regardless, even though it felt like minutes that you were floating in this ethereal void, in the blink of an eye, you found yourself on the floor of the basement, various members of the crowd leaning over you.

“*Neil? You okay?*”

That name bounced through the crowd among other questions and affirmations that you were still alive. Neil? Who the hell was Neil? You managed to raise your head a little bit to see that, across from you, the deer had also collapsed to the floor...and also had a crowd surrounding him. Eventually a hand reached into your vision, taking your hand in its own and pulling you to your feet.

You didn’t recognize its owner. You just nodded in thanks as you dusted yourself off and turned back towards the fight. The deer had gotten back to his feet as well...and he was looking at you.

You both locked eyes for a moment. Then, he smirked.

“Well...dunno what that was about. You two can start now, though.” the deer said, waving his hand dismissively as Mantic and Thash stood stone-still, clearly frazzled by what they just saw. “Uhhhh, okay?” the mimic beast eventually said, before turning to his opponent. Thash looked just as confused by what had just transpired, but the deer had called for the fight to begin...so it did.

The two fighters began a dance of sorts, rotating around each other, faking small punches and other things that weren’t too committal. It was a bit slow for the crowd, who started to pick up their cheers and jeers again. Mantic was finding it a bit annoying, and it made it hard to concentrate...he didn’t wanna pull out his ace yet, but he thought that the sudden change would spook Thash enough for him to get an opening.

In the blink of an eye, all the feathers in Mantic’s mane stood on end, making a metallic \*schwing!\* as they turned into what looked like porcupine quills! The crowd gasped loudly, and Thash stumbled back, dazed just enough for Mantic to rush forward and land a few hits on the dragon - but Thash managed to regain his composure enough to stop Mantic from knocking him to the floor, delivering a punch to the mimic beast’s chest that reset the two back to their circular dance. Thash kept faking like he was going to go in for something big; he saw the first time that Mantic had flinched just the tiniest bit, and he knew that he could eventually do something with that.

A few more non-committal punches and kicks were thrown, until Thash decided to retaliate with his own approach. He lunged forward, unleashing a strong punch to the mimic beast’s head before tackling him straight to the ground!

Mantic growled deeply as he tried to force the dragon off of him, Thash pinning Mantic’s shoulders to the ground with his hands and his chest with his knees. Thash had the advantage for the moment, but from the amount of effort he had to put in to keep the mimic beast pinned on the floor, he knew he wouldn’t be able to keep it up for long. He leaned in, slowly opening his jaws wide, giving the mimic beast a nice view of his wet, pulsating gullet and long, curly tongue - but before he could chomp down on Mantic, the mimic beast managed to heave Thash off of him with a powerful, full-body push, knocking the dragon right onto his back!

Thash hadn’t put all his chips on getting the mimic beast down right then and there, so he wasn’t too startled by this turn of events, but the landing still dazed him a little bit - enough time for Mantic to scramble back to his feet, wiping a bit of dragon drool off of his snout before running towards his opponent, unleashing a flurry of punches, of which only a few actually found purchase; but it was enough to knock Thash back, putting him in the corner, his back up against some of the crowd members at this point.

The mimic beast’s tail, which up until now had been dormant, came to life, snaking out from behind Mantic and quickly wrapping up Thash’s feet. The dragon cursed as Mantic’s tail spiraled its way up his body like a snake, quickly binding his legs and trapping his arms at his sides. The crowd roared and cheered as Mantic slowly lifted Thash up with his tail, bringing the dragon’s snout to his own, a hungry smile slowly spreading across his face. “Why don’t you get familiar with your new home?~” he teased, before bringing Thash down to his flat stomach, smooshing the dragon’s face right against the chamber he was going to be spending a LOT of time in soon. Thash bared his teeth as his ear was pressed right up against Mantic’s body, the dragon unwillingly able to hear the mimic beast’s gut groaning and burbling impatiently. “Hear that? My belly just can’t wait for you…” Mantic teased a bit more before bringing Thash back up to eye-level. “Squirm lots, okay?~” was all he said before opening his jaws wide, strands of drool snapping and teeth glimmering as Thash was lowered onto Mantic’s wet, blue tongue.

“*Mmhhh…*” the mimic beast groaned as Thash's taste spread over his tongue; just a bit earthy and meaty...subtle, but eliciting a stomach groan all the same. Thash snarled as the tail pushed him deeper into Mantic's maw, the mimic beast's jaws quickly snapping over the dragon's head and taking a powerful \*GLRK\*! His tail started to uncoil as Mantic continued slurking Thash down, the dragon's arms freed for a few seconds...only to be bound again by the fleshy hold of Mantic's maw.

The mimic beast threw his head back as he really started to work the dragon down, his neck and head moving forward in the pattern as he \**glrp*\*ed and \**glrk*\*ed and sucked the dragon down, Thash starting to kick and thrash his legs as his chest began to form a big bulge in Mantic's throat. “Thoh..delithous!...” the mimic beast mumbled with a mouthful of dragon before taking another swallow, a few inches of Thash disappearing behind Mantic's collarbone to a resounding cheer from the crowd. The mimic beast’s tongue took its time exploring the meal Mantic was giving it, slurping up along Thash’s chest and belly, coating the dragon in plenty of sticky, humid drool, and making him squirm in discomfort as well! Granted, it wasn’t very comfy in Mantic’s gullet in the first place; wet, hot walls surrounded him entirely, constantly pulsating and pushing at his body and pulling him deeper into the mimic beast. He wanted to fight against them, but with his arms bound at his sides, there wasn’t anything he could really do. He’d have to save his energy for when he hit Mantic’s gut, there was no buts about it. Fortunately, it seemed like Mantic was looking to pack him in his gut as soon as possible; tight, powerful swallows rang out rapid-fire, smothering Thash in gullet flesh as he got shoved deeper into Mantic’s digestive tract. His nose wrinkled instinctively as the sharp odor of stomach acid hit his nostrils...and then, with another swallow, his head was rudely shoved into the mimic beast’s stomach.

The mimic beast leaned back onto his elbows on the floor, allowing him to show off his gut as it started to swell and grow with Thash’s form. Both his hands went straight to his belly, rubbing and cradling it as the dragon inside thrashed and kicked around with all his might...the crowd could see it, and they could also see his feet disappearing into Mantic’s maw, still twitching and kicking the best they could...but they were just clawed toes. They couldn’t do much. What they could do, though, was slip past Mantic’s lips, the mimic beast leaning even further back and closing his eyes as he prepared to finish off his opponent.

\*glrkp!\*

The crowd’s applause shook the floor as Mantic’s meal disappeared down his gullet, making its way down his throat before once again disappearing behind his collarbone for a brief moment. At some point, the dragon’s feet emptied out into Mantic’s caustic pit of a belly, but it was pretty hard to tell past a certain point considering how large the mimic beast’s gut was at this time. “*Mnnhf*, why didn’t you TELL me you tasted this good?~” Mantic taunted as he licked his lips for all to see, cradling and thumping his gut proudly as he heard the crowd cheer him on from all sides. He slowly got up off the still-shaking ground, hefting his gut up with both hands and letting it fall back down with a heavy, satisfying \**slrrrrsh*\* as he waddled off the stage. “\**Oooorrrrppp…*\*...I can already tell I’m gonna be coughing up some furballs later.” was the last thing anyone in the crowd heard from the successful predator.

“Amazing. Wonderful stuff.” the deer said, clapping as he stepped to the center of the ring. “That...that’s all for the night, though. You all know where this place is. Same time tomorrow.” he said calmly as the crowd members started to slowly filter out, some looking quite a bit pudgier than they did a few days ago.

You started to disappear into the crowd yourself, before you felt a hand on your shoulder. “I’d like you to stay, if that’s okay.” you heard the voice of the deer come again. For a moment, you just stood there as the crowd flowed around you, wondering what to do. You were still quite curious and confused by what had transpired earlier...maybe the deer had answers.

Eventually, you obliged. The deer was standing in the center of the ring, not saying anything until everyone had left except for you and him.

Then there was silence.

“...What is this about?” you finally asked, after what felt like 10 minutes of complete silence. The deer stood still for a few moments, before offering a response.

“Do you feel fulfilled now?”

You pondered the question for a few minutes. What you had seen was certainly interesting, but fulfilling? Life-changing? That was a bit of a stretch. It was...weird, and odd, and left you feeling unsatisfied, even uncomfortable at points. You didn’t know what happened to the losers...but you knew what happened to food.

“...No, I...I guess I don’t.”

“Neither do I.”

The deer started pacing. “My name is Neil. Of course, I know that. You should know that too, considering your name is also Neil.”

You cut Neil off before he could continue. “Uh, no, my name is Marcus.”

“Marcus is the name you gave yourself. We’re both Neil. And I’ve been looking for you for years.

“Everyone you saw over the past two days...they’re just like us. Pieces of a whole, trying to complete the puzzle. No one aware of the other’s existence, except for me.

“When they consume one another, they complete themselves. The two personalities, the two ideas of a person, unite. Every Jekyll has their Hyde. But the story can end in something other than tragedy, if the two combine and become whole. The picturesque, ideal person that those men playing God had dancing in their minds...it’s here.

“Just this club alone has made so many people happy. But I never felt like I had my own counterpart like all these lucky people did. Until I saw you.

“I knew right from the second I saw you that you were my other half. The way you walked, the way you looked, it was all perfect. Everything I had dreamed of. Just our proximity made me feel whole. I already felt like I knew everything about you...and as you stood there, captivated by these other people finishing their fusion, ours began. It didn’t take long to get access to you, at least, occasionally.

“Sometimes I’m in control, and you imagine yourself watching me.”

A flashback flooded your head to all the times you sat on the sidelines, watching Neil putz and parade around as the referee, attracting all the attention of the crowd.

“There isn’t much else you can do while I’m in control anyway. So I don’t blame you.

“Why do you think everyone was calling you Neil? Are you dense?”

You thought back to the first time you were here. You had heard the name get tossed around quite a few times, but never directly to you. Were there that many people talking to you…?

“What happened with the...the lightning or whatever?” you interrupted.

“I collapsed. When you were on the ground, you saw what I saw...because there wasn’t anybody where you were standing. I was in control, but I haven’t eaten in WEEKS, Marcus. I’ve been waiting for you to complete me, after all...and I think now is the time.”

Neil slowly crept forward, that same smirk returning to his face. You stood there, slack jawed for a moment at the thought that Neil would be so upfront about what he wanted. No. This was insane! The raving rambling of some lunatic running an illegal murder club. And you had enough of it. “I’m leaving.” was all you said before you turned around and started to make your way to the door.

That was, before you got tackled right to the ground.

“Don’t you dare think about it.” you heard the deer whisper in your ear, pinning you down by your shoulders before something wet *draaaaagged* across the back of your head. “Oh, I’ve been waiting YEARS to be whole…” Neil groaned as he got a taste of his other half. You could hear a loud \**grrrglllrrrrnnnn…*\* coming from behind and on top of you...sounded like the deer really *was* hungry.

“Urgh, get OFF of me!” you shouted as you tried to roll over onto your back and push the deer off...but Neil weighed quite a bit more than you, and it was so hard to move him at all, let alone push him off of you. The deer eventually got onto his knees, digging them into your back as you tried desperately to get the fat cervine off of you. Eventually, you did start moving, but not because you’d pushed Neil off of you...it was because he had your head in his hands, and was gradually lifting you up towards him. Your back bent at such an unhealthy and painful angle, before you felt your head press up against something warm and soft. “*Mmh*...might as well get used to what you’re going to be a part of soon~” Neil teased some more, before smooshing the back and side of your head into his soft, rumbling belly. “So hungry for you…” you heard the deer taunt from above as his belly rumbled behind you, before Neil thankfully got off your back...unfortunately, he kept you pinned with his hooves before flipping you over, grabbing your sides and lifting you up like a sack of potatoes.

Powerless in his grasp, you could only watch and wince and plead as the deer slowly licked his lips, flecks of drool dribbling down his chin as he took his time teasing you. “Get a good look. It’s gonna be your new home…” was the last thing Neil said before he slowly opened his maw wide, a large wave of stale deer breath washing over you as the deer let out a long exhale. His maw pulsated and glistened, strands of saliva snapping as the jaws finally opened as wide as they could. “N...*no*…!!” you shouted as you tried to kick and pull yourself out of Neil’s grasp, but the deer’s hands were like vicegrips - you could only shout and plead as the deer’s mouth creeped closer, swallowing up your vision before...well...swallowing you up.

Your head fit inside Neil’s mouth snugly, your face getting pressed up against Neil’s wet tongue, getting a faceful of saliva and a lungful of earthy deer breath as his mouth closed around your neck. You squirmed and thrashed as hard as you could, but all it was doing was wasting your energy at this point - especially with how hot and muggy the inside of Neil’s mouth was. You could only assume that his gut would be even more oppressive...geez, this was going to be a pain in the butt.

Neil tilted his head back a little bit, funneling your head to the back of his mouth, surrounding you in darkness as the top of your head poked up against what you could only assume was the opening to his throat. You could feel his arms changing their grip on you somewhat, but you couldn’t tell exactly what the deer was doing...until, in one swift movement, you felt the deer tip you up into the air and swallow your head, your surroundings suddenly changing to an even tighter, hotter fleshy home, the deer’s throat rippling around you and eagerly gulping you deeper into Neil’s digestive tract. Your shoulders bulged out the deer’s cheeks, drool dribbling down Neil’s chin as he eagerly slurped and tasted every part of your body - it was clear that the deer was very much enjoying this. Too bad it was at your expense.

With your head (and now your shoulders as well) lodged deep in Neil’s gullet, you could hear the impatient rumbling and gurgling of his stomach echoing up from beneath you, getting louder and more demanding with every swallow that rippled and squeezed over your whole body. The deer’s inquisitive tongue was now slurping over your belly, your chest teetering at the edge of Neil’s throat before the deer pushed it down with a wet \**glllrkk*\*. Around you, the world shifted as Neil sat back on his plush rump; his knees were wobbling a bit with how much he was enjoying this...how embarrassing! Good thing there wasn’t anyone around to watch this act of absolute gluttony. Except for you, but, well...you were a bit occupied.

Next, the deer’s tongue shamelessly wedged its way into your underpants, making you squirm even more as that wet, rough appendage got all up in your sensitive areas. You didn’t want to admit it, but it even felt kind of good...no! You couldn’t give in like this, though. This deer was going to eat and digest you alive, and you needed to get out - right now. Neil leisurely swallowed again now that he was reclining backwards, and you found yourself halfway in his throat; you knew you were one swallow away from his stomach, judging from how loud the sounds below you were becoming. It was now or never. For a moment, you prepared yourself, before you put all your energy into one final thrash, one final pull to try and dislodge yourself from being the deer’s meal. It certainly caught the deer off guard, Neil feeling like he was choking for a few seconds...the deer reached to the bulge in his throat, pressing down on your chest before tipping his head back and swallowing a few times. It took a few tries for the deer, but eventually, he felt your head and shoulders get shoved out into his stomach, making room for your legs up to your knees to get sucked into his throat.

“Fuck!” was all you said as your head splashed down into Neil’s stomach, the chamber rumbling like an earthquake around you as it was finally filled with your delicious, squirming body. Your shoulders popped out soon afterwards, and your head dunked down into the soup of stomach acids below you for a moment, some of it getting in your mouth and leaving quite the unpalatable acidic taste behind as you spat it out. You couldn’t see it, but outside Neil had his mouth wide open, only your feet still in his mouth, resting on his soft, wet tongue. He was playing with them a little bit, rubbing them across his tongue, licking at your toes...feeling his gut swell and round out with your form. All these feelings were so lovely...but it was time to finish the job. His jaws closed on your feet, the last proton of daylight ever to hit your body before…

\*glllllrrrpp.\*

You disappeared into Neil’s gullet, the deer letting out a long sigh as he felt your lower half sink past his collarbone and your upper half fill out his rumbling stomach. “Mmmnnnf, you tasted even better than I imagined…” you heard the deer’s voice echo around you, succeeded by two bassy thumps to the outside of your new home. Neil’s stomach had swollen to quite an impressive size, but you were still packed away under layers of thick deer fat...if it wasn’t for the fact you were jostling his big tummy around, he could plausibly just say that he was a very, very fat deer.

“Just relax in there, my friend. Soon you will have a fantastic, whole body to call home...one with curves enhanced by the body you’ll leave behind.~” the deer said as he pet and rubbed over his belly, trying to stop your squirming. Deep inside of Neil, your squirms were starting to calm down as the stomach constantly assailed you and massaged against you...but it wasn’t because the deer’s saccharine words had calmed you. Your body was simply running out of juice; it felt like the environment around you was sapping your energy, claiming it as its own. And, well, that was one way to describe digestion, for sure!

The stomach clenched even tighter around your curled-up body as you felt something rumble up and around you - a few seconds passed before you heard Neil let out a long, gross \*HhhhuuuuoooOOOoooaaaaAAAaaaarrrrppp!!!\*, before patting his gut a few more times. “Settle down in there, you…” the deer teasingly scolded as his gut started to get more active, bubbling and churning like a cauldron as you felt your body start to tingle all over. And was that...a yawn? All of a sudden you were feeling so sleepy. Your eyelids felt like they weighed 100 pounds...maybe just a nap, yeah, that sounds so good. You can get out when you wake up…

The struggles finally ceased. Neil let out one more satisfying belch as he felt his stomach really start to churn and digest the meal he just had. The deer stretched all his tired muscles, before he felt his own body start to get exhausted and sleepy. A nap sounded so good. He could get out of here when he woke up…

Your eyes opened.

You were lying on the floor of this basement. The dim lightbulb dangling from a string was still there, still flickering like it always did. You stretched your muscles once more, smacking your lips and scratching your belly as you slowly got onto your feet. Y-your hooves. You had hooves. You were a deer. Your name was Neil. All of this was normal. You had always been a deer.

It looked like you had quite the meal last night as well, judging from how much fatter your gut and ass were. You let out a long, deep yawn, before you stumbled your way to the staircase out of the basement. After all, it was almost time for you to start running Vore Club.

# The Party That Disappeared

*cw: m/m, m/f, vore (oral, anal, cock), fellatio, alcohol, mass vore, digestion, belching, masturbation, hyper*

14 Bettencourt Place. An address known to host the wildest, sickest parties this side of the Mississippi. Every week, too! Legends had been born out of the kinds of crazy shit that happened at Bettencourt. This, perhaps, is the most famous one, though. “The Party That Disappeared”. Really scared a lot of people away for a while. But party fiends always come back eventually.

It had started off like any other Bettencourt party - namely, lots of drugs and booze, and plenty of people doing stupid stuff under the influence. But everything changed when one person stepped through the door.

Xoury was a big, commanding figure. Every room he entered, you KNEW he entered. And when the big, beefy, light brown goat walked inside, the whole party stopped for a moment. None of the partygoers had seen this guy before - but there was something about him that made people not want to question why he was there. People went back to beer pong, and loudly talking about getting plastered, and everything else they were doing. And Xoury slipped away into the crowd.

The story goes that Xoury had next been seen chatting up a diminutive red fox, a frequent guest named Nick. The big goat had started chatting him up during a big game of beer pong (in which Xoury was absolutely dominating him!) and quickly hit it off with the fox. “If I wasn't so good at this game, I'd think you were letting me win…” he teased the fox after their game ended, before the two got together and walked off into the sea of people. With so many hookups and little cliques forming, it was hard for anyone to keep track of the big goat and his smaller fox friend. So it was very easy for them to slip away upstairs to somewhere a bit quieter.

“Sorry about pulling you away like that, but I figured it was a bit too crazy down there.” Xoury said as he closed the door behind him and his new friend. “Could barely hear you while I was whooping your ass in beer pong!” he joked, taking a sip from a red cup that he had in one of his hands.

“I'm still gonna blame my partner for that one...If I had somebody with a brain on my team, you would be singing a different tune.” the fox snappily responded. “Was fun though. Now, what's up? Wanted to get away from all those lights? Don’t blame you.”

Xoury chuckled as the smaller fox sat down on the bed. “You could say that, I guess. Really, though...I'm just a bit hungry.”

Nick paused for a moment. “Hungry? Well, feel free to go downstairs and grab a plate, then, I ain't keeping you.”

The goat chuckled again before he continued. “I don't think you’re getting my hint…” he teased, before he started to do something. It took Nick a couple of seconds to figure out what exactly it was, but his new goat friend was taking off his shirt right in front of him!

“Whoa, hold on a min-*woooahhhh*…” the fox blurted out, trying to interrupt the big goat before he could do anything; although he was cut short when he saw what was underneath that shirt. The toned biceps and muscles of Xoury were hiding a little bit of pudge on his belly! The goat was definitely a bona fide musclegut, and the fact that he was undressing right in front of Nick? Well, it was all a bit too much, and the fox didn't even know what he wanted to do…

“That's more like it.” the goat said as he looked down at his friend, the fox now supporting a sizable blush on his face as he looked over Xoury's figure. “When you're built like me, you learn how to tell who's flustered by the way you look pretty quickly…”

And, well, Nick was definitely flustered. He still tried to keep up appearances, but as the big loomed over him, that was pretty difficult. He swallowed before looking up at Xoury. “So w-what were you saying about being hungry...?”

“Yeah, I said that I was hungry. What I left out is that you look pretty tasty…” the goat replied, before lunging at Nick with both arms outstretched! His much larger body was able to smother Nick without much issue, the fox quickly finding himself squished under layers of thick muscle and pudge, unable to really do anything besides blush and fluster and sputter as he felt the goat’s hand ferret under his back and wrap around him. A few seconds later, he was able to see the light of day again - but that didn't last for long, mostly because at the center of his vision was the goat’s wide open mouth!

“Oh, no, I'm not-” was all he could say before Xoury's jaws came down over his head. His face was instantly splattered against the goat’s wet, rough, explorative tongue, and the stench of warm, stale goat breath wafting up from the back of his mouth only paralyzed the fox even more. Even if he was at full strength, though, there wasn't too much he could have done. The goat had him right where he wanted him...well, not exactly. He wanted Nick in his gut!

The goat’s vicegrip moved down Nick's sides as his mouth got a firm hold of the fox’s upper half. His tongue rubbed all over the fox’s body, his gut grumbling as he enjoyed his smaller friend’s taste for a little bit. It would have been quite nice to just toy with Nick in his mouth for as long as he wanted, but party food wasn't cutting it in the goat’s belly right now. He needed something more substantial. His flat teeth clamped down right above the fox’s belly, before he tipped his head back, using gravity to push more of Nick towards the back of his mouth before he let out a satisfying, strong \*gllllrk\*! As soon as his throat got ahold of the fox, it didn't let go; Nick was pushing and wiggling and trying his best to get out, but the flesh around him just wanted him to go down, down, deeper into the hungry goat’s belly. Couple that with its tightness, and the smothering stench of grass and digestion wafting up from beneath him, and Nick found himself running out of energy pretty quickly. This was all happening so fast, he couldn't even get past the blushing phase and allow his self-preservation instincts to kick in! All he was thinking about was how hot and sexy his friend was, and how good he would look up curled up inside of him...but that definitely would not help him escape!

With most of the fox now on a one way trip to his stomach, Xoury could take a lot more time to enjoy the rest of his meal. Nick was about neck-deep in goat gullet at this point, and most of his chest was still inside Xoury's mouth, so all that was really left of Nick outside was a pair of kicking, slim red fox legs. They weren't putting up much of a trouble to the big goat, so he could just lay back on the bed and relax, his tongue working between all the nooks and crannies of his delicious meal’s body, making Nick squirm deep in his throat from the weird sensations. God, why did it feel so good!? He was getting eaten, right now, about to be crammed into a stomach and digested, and even though he knew deep down that he really couldn't make any sort of real effort to free himself, he wasn't even trying. The heat, the stink of digestion, the smothering and tight flesh, the feeling of his chest in his new friend's mouth, it all felt so strangely good…

And, when the goat swallowed again, Nick only continued his weird inner monologue of what was happening to him. He could feel the goat’s long, probing tongue playing with his paws, as they were now only inches away from disappearing behind his lips. It was clear that the goat enjoyed his taste, so at least Nick had that going for him...? It was a small solace, to be sure. but he couldn't think about that for much longer, considering that his head had been pushed out into the goat's stomach, a drastic change of scenery from the relative tightness and constant motion of his throat. The stomach was definitely still active, still moving all around at the fox, but it wasn't with any clear direction like it was inside of the throat. The goat’s belly just wanted to keep the fox contained. It was its job, and it was very good at that job.

Xoury swallowed one last time, Nick's legs being wetly slurped between the goat's lips before disappearing down his hungry gullet. The predator let out a satisfied sigh as he felt Nick start to fill out his gut, the fox's squirms mostly obfuscated behind layers of pudge and muscle. It would take someone a few moments of staring at the goat's belly to realize there was someone inside it! Nick tried to get comfortable inside the rumbling belly, the lack of space forcing him to curl up inside as his fur got matted with whatever was in Xoury's stomach. The goat's gut stank of booze, and beer definitely made up most of what was sloshing around in the chamber at the moment. “*Eeeww*…” the fox groaned as he felt the slimy goop get all over his arms, Nick left with no way to get away from the stuff considering how tight Xoury's stomach was.

The goat thumped his gut, letting out a sloppy \*HhhhwwwaaaoooOOOoorrrppp\* before he stood up and started talking to Nick inside. “Damn, you filled me up good...keep quiet in there when I'm out on the floor, okay? Don't make me down someone else just to get you to calm down…”

Xoury's words rumbled all around Nick, as if he was in a surround sound theater of the goat's teasing. Another person? Was he not full already? He had just swallowed a whole, live fox! Speaking of fox, Nick needed to figure out some way out of here. This was nice and all, if a bit sudden and weird, but getting digested was not part of his party checklist! He felt the gut slosh and shake around him as Xoury got up and started walking downstairs, the muffled sounds of the party starting to surround the fox...he tried to get Xoury’s attention quite a few times, squirming and pressing on the belly walls and shouting quite a bit, but the goat either didn’t notice or didn’t care. And neither did the party, considering he was able to slip it back away into the crowd just a few moments later, with nobody even realizing that Nick was gone or that Xoury was a bit fatter than he was earlier.

The big goat just hung around for a while, letting Nick digest before he started on his next target: a small, blue kobold. The little thing was hard to even see in the first place, but the blue lizard scampering around between legs looked like he would be the absolute perfect size for the goat to test something out that he had been thinking about for quite a while. He was, like, less than half the goat’s size, and Xoury probably could have just walked off with him if he wanted to. The kobold definitely looked out of his league; both in physical height, and in the fact that he didn't look like one for a party! Maybe he was lost or something.

Xoury managed to lose track of the kobold for a little while in the crowd of people, and he was about to give up and start looking for someone else when he felt a tug on his leg. Looking down, he saw the very same kobold that he was looking for earlier! His face probably betrayed a little bit more shock than one would usually have at seeing a kobold, but it seemed like the small creature didn't care. He just launched into a diatribe as soon as he saw that he got the goat’s attention. “Hey, sorry to, uh, bug you, but do you think you could help me out? There's this weird dragon girl that's like, *waaay* too into me, and I need to hide somewhere…”

The big goat’s eyebrows raised as soon as he heard the kobold’s request. It was like he was falling right into his lap! He would definitely give kobold a place to hide, all right. “Uhhh...sure! Anywhere you had in mind?” Xoury replied, reaching down and picking up the kobold like a football, keeping him tucked away in his arm as he started to wander through the crowd. “I think the bathroom upstairs would work fine!! I'm Venter, by the way!!” Venter shouted, the small blue kobold’s voice barely able to carry through the crowd noise, even as he shouted at the top of his lungs.

It took the large goat a few minutes to find a bathroom that wasn't occupied, but he eventually made his way to one on the third floor, casually locking the door behind him and plopping Venter down on the floor in front of him. “Ah, God, thank you so much, dude. I have no idea what she would have done with me if we were left alone…” Venter mumbled, sitting down on the floor, wondering exactly what he would do with this big goat...he didn't look like one for small talk. “Hold on a minute, I'm not done hiding you…” Xoury responded, looming over Venter casually as he thought about how exactly he would go through with this. The small kobold had no idea what was going on, but something was telling him that his new friend wasn't exactly just looking out for him. Now that he got a better look at the goat, as well, he noticed that his gut was quite swollen and bulging. And...was it moving?

“Uh...o-on second thought, I think I might just go lay down.” Venter said a few seconds later, trying to walk around or underneath Xoury to get to the door...but the goat was basically blocking him in the bathroom. “Hey, you said you wanted me to hide you, so I'm going to…” was all the goat said, before he leaned over and snatched the kobold right up off the ground! “ Hey, what's this all abou-” Venter started to protest, before Xoury casually swung the kobold around behind him and, in the same motion, dropped his pants and underwear, revealing a pair of creamy, soft rump cheeks. The kobold’s face was aligned perfectly with the area right between those cheeks, and Venter only had a few moments to realize what was happening before Xoury shoved him forward, groaning as he felt the kobold’s snout press right up against his relaxed pucker. Xoury was going to hide him, all right - in a maze where nobody would ever find him again!

The goat pushed Venter up against his ass with quite a bit of force, just enough for his pucker to give way and allow Venter’s snout to slip up inside. Almost immediately, the kobold, whose vision had been swallowed up by the goat's ass and whose other senses were mostly confused and muddled, got a sharp musky odor emanating from deeper inside of the goat. The odor was strong, almost suffocating in a way; powerful enough to force Venter to measure his breaths as he felt his snout get shoved deeper into the slimy rectum. Venter hoped that the horns on top of his head would at least give the goat some trouble, but after a few grunts and clenches of tight muscle around his snout from the goat, they both slid inside without much fanfare. He did have quite a few spikes running along his back, but if Xoury was able to deal with the first couple of them, he probably wouldn't find much of an issue in the others. No, for the big goat, Venter was basically just a long, smooth, blue dildo practically begging to be cramped up his rump!

The goat’s hand went to his cock as Venter slid further inside, his ass having enough of a hold on the kobold that he didn't need to hold onto him anymore. He started to stroke gently over the black, throbbing flesh, letting a few moans escape from his lips as Venter kicked around inside his bowels, trying to pull himself out and away from all of this smothering flesh that was only trying to suck him in even deeper. Venter was waist deep in goat guts at this point, and despite his best efforts to reverse that, he was only going deeper. He couldn't see anything, and he was starting to feel a bit weak and woozy from all the movement and from the air inside Xoury's bowels being quite stale and musty. Hardly enough oxygen lingering around in here to fuel a real fight from the kobold! Especially with how tight and smothering the flesh around him was. It felt like such a battle to even move inside of here…

While Venter was kicking and squirming the best he could, using all of his energy to try to escape Xoury's tight, musky bowels, the goat was just lazily enjoying himself. All the squirming back there just made him hornier, and his black length continued to grow in his hands as he kept playing with himself. He was probably being a bit loud in the bathroom, but the party outside was so much louder that whatever he was doing was easily drowned out by the drunken cacophony happening downstairs. So he was more than free to groan and bleat and moan as loud as he wanted, letting Venter know just how good of a toy he was being back there! Unfortunately, there wasn't much of Venter left to shove inside; the diminutive kobold was nearly all tucked away, just a pair of clawed feet and a spiked tail sticking out from between Xoury's plump cheeks. He had been quite enjoying the extra ribbing from the spikes along Venter’s back, so knowing that he still had a few more to enjoy was quite the nice little bonus!

\*shhhlllkk…\*

All sorts of wet sounds came from the goat’s rear as he finished up his buttsnack, picking up the pace a little bit as he felt Venter’s squirms starting to go even deeper into his body. Oh, they were absolutely sublime! Scratching itches so deep, Xoury never even knew that he had them. He simply had to have all of the kobold packed away in his guts! In accordance with that, he started to clench faster and harder, feeling and hearing his gut start to churn as Venter was pushed deeper and deeper inside. Meanwhile, the kobold’s squirms had mostly died down; the deeper into Xoury he went, the muskier it became, and the more smothered he was by everything around him. It was all just a little bit too much right now; pitch black, hearing completely swallowed up by the noisy burbling and groaning of a content digestive tract, smell entirely overwhelmed by the musky odor that seemed to always be emanating from deeper within the goat...

The big goat fumbled around on the floor for a little bit, enjoying the feeling of the kobold so deep inside of him as he looked for the clothes he had discarded earlier. Only about a half of Venter’s thick tail stuck out from between his ass cheeks at this point, trivial for the goat to finish off or, like he was planning, to hide behind a few layers of clothing. Finding his underwear and pants, he stood back up, slipping the garments over his rump without much of an issue, slapping his ass proudly as he finished up. He could still feel Venter squirming around in there, and the tip of his tail still just outside of his ravenous pucker. “Keep that squirming up and I might just let you out eventually…” the goat teased as he made his way out of the bathroom, his belly full of what was once a fox and, now, his bowels full of a nice, ribbed, squirmy little helper!

Venter could feel the rumbling footsteps of his captor all around him as the goat made his way back out into the party. He could, very faintly, hear the sounds of the gathering all around him, though they were mostly swallowed up and overwhelmed by the churning and glllrgling of the bowels that squeezed and pressed on him from all sides. The goat was clenching around his form every couple of minutes or so, teasing Venter with the idea of his whole body being swallowed up by the goat's ass, before relaxing and letting that tail tip slide just a bit out. It was absolutely demeaning to think about how Xoury was using him as nothing but a toy! But the kobold knew that his struggles weren't doing much to make the goat reconsider. In fact, they were probably just making Xoury enjoy everything even more. It was becoming a bit difficult for the goat to hide his pleasure in public…

“Hey, you alright, dude?” came a voice from behind the big goat as he lumbered through the crowd. Xoury wasn't sure whoever it was was actually talking to him, until he heard the same voice ask again, this time a little louder. The goat turned around, to find a little goofy looking lizard-like thing standing behind him, a look of clear concern on his face. The creature had these thick, red noodles just...sticking out of his head. Like six of them! Xoury had never even seen an animal like this before, and he stumbled over his words for a moment before answering the concerned creature’s question. “Uhhh...yeah. Just a little bit of indigestion.” he answered; and, well, that wasn't exactly false! The fox he had gobbled up was mostly melted in his belly at this point, but the squirms of the kobold deep inside of him were starting to make him the tiniest bit queasy as the two meals he had were starting to meet.

The lizard-like creature smiled a little bit before he responded. “Indigestion, huh? Yeah, party food can do that to you. I think I brought some Tums with me...“ he said, before starting to fiddle around and search in his pockets. He checked every nook and cranny of them he could, before looking back up at the goat with a confused expression on his face. “Shit, I think I left them upstairs. Mind coming with me?”

The goat paused for a few seconds as he thought the offer over. He was definitely feeling a little bit nauseated right now, and an antacid did actually sound pretty nice. Plus, this guy seemed nice enough. Maybe he would be a nice little appetizer...before he could even answer, the weird little lizard took the goat's hand in his own, tugging him away with surprising strength towards the staircase he had just walked down. “My name's Kevin, by the way..” he turned back to say, before the two of them ended up in a much larger, more sparse room past the bathroom where Xoury had shoved the kobold inside of him. The door closed behind them, and Kevin started searching through drawers, groaning as he opened each one and failed to find the antacids that he was looking for. Xoury sat down on the bed while this happened, finding the bed to be much more comfortable and squishy than the last one. He clenched his bowel muscles as he felt Venter still lightly squirming around in there, the kobold even deeper in his guts at this point, most likely just about to empty out into the goat's rumbling belly.

“Ah, here we go!” Kevin said a few minutes later, emerging from the closet, actually, holding a wrapped little cylinder full of antacids. “Here you go. Some jagoff must have hid them as a joke or something…”

The goat took them happily, ripping open the package and dumping all of the antacids right into his mouth! He chewed on them loudly for a few moments, watching Kevin look on in a mix of horror and curiosity before he swallowed them all down. “*Aaaahhh*, feeling better already…” the goat said, making an exaggerated show of his satisfaction. They really did help settle the more intense aspects of his digestion, though…

Kevin just stared for a few seconds. “D-damn...you sure you needed that much?” he asked, expecting to get back at least half of the roll! He knew that this goat was pretty big, but did he actually need the whole container to feel better? Or was he just being a weirdo?

“Yeah, Honestly, I do. I mean, just listen to it go in there…”

Kevin stammered for a few moments before he felt the big goat's hand wrap right around the back of his head, the axolotl letting out a yelp as he was yanked right towards that angry belly! The impact was softer than he expected, though the suddenness still gave him a little bit of whiplash as the goat's hand pressed him up nice and tightly against the soft pudge on his stomach. Kevin could definitely hear a lot happening just beyond that fat and muscle; a veritable bounty of \**grrrggll*\*s and \**gwwwrrrp*\*s and \*ggggllrlrrsshhh\*s... though it strangely sounded a bit hungry as well!

“*Geez*...what did you eat?” Kevin mumbled into the layers of fat that were smothering him, the axolotl doing his best to stay just far away enough from the belly that he could still breathe fresh air! “Oh...I had a fox earlier, and there is a little lizard dude probably working his way in there soon.” he responded, in a way that was so casual that Kevin didn't even realize exactly what was said for a few moments.

The axolotl processed what he heard for a couple seconds, before he suddenly realized what was going on inside that belly he was listening to. There was a person in there. Or at least, there was! Judging from the noises he was hearing, they were less person and more soup at this point…

Kevin chuckled nervously as he started trying to pull himself away from the goat’s stomach...but the goat's hand was not budging, keeping him pressed tightly against that warm, soft, noisy gut. “Y-you...you ATE someone?” Kevin stuttered, not really sure what to say in response to the goat dropping a bomb like that on him. In such a casual way as well...did he do this often??

“Yep. Real squirmer. Tasty too. Hard act for you to follow…” Xoury responded, before reaching down and getting a grip on Kevin's side with his other hand. He hoisted the axolotl up like a doll, Kevin letting out a startled chirp-yell as he felt his body get tossed around so casually once more! He watched as the goat licked his lips, before slowly opening his jaws wide right in front of him. “*nonoNONOWAIT*-” Kevin pleaded, his arms flailing out in front of him as the goat’s red, hungry maw rushed up to meet him, Xoury wasting no time in rudely shoving the axolotl right into his drooling maw. The goat's jaws clamped tightly on Kevin's neck, Xoury suckling and slurping on the axolotl's head while the rest of his body writhed and squirmed and attempted to pull himself out of here! Kevin could feel the goat's fat tongue smothering him and drenching him in sticky, slimy drool, and...oh god, it was so gross!! It was so sticky, wet, and warm, and it just got absolutely everywhere, especially with the help of the goat's inquisitive tongue. Just a few seconds later, Kevin felt the goat stuff more of his body inside that mouth, it starting to become quite cramped and tight as more of Kevin found his way inside. but Xoury had the perfect solution to that space issue…

\*glkkk\*

Kevin wasn't an especially small axolotl, but compared to Xoury, everyone was small. In accordance with that, once the goat tipped his head back and gave a nice, tight swallow, half of Kevin's body was sucked inside his throat, the axolotl’s red and white long legs and tail sticking out of the goat's lips in quite an awkward fashion. They were still kicking and squirming the best they could, but with Kevin's upper half now packed in a tight, greasy goat gullet, he really wasn't going to go anywhere but deeper into the goat’s body. Rippling flesh squeezed Kevin from all sides, each swallow pulling him deeper into a deep burgundy expanse that took up his entire field of view. He couldn't see anything, really; it was all this inky, powerful darkness all around him, with the slightest tinge of burgundy flesh coloring teasing the axolotl with the knowledge of where he really was. On the other hand, the wet, sloppy and noises all around Kevin were absolutely not subtle in telling him exactly where he was. He could hear the bassy, fast thumping of the goat's heart as he continued his meal, and, more importantly, the loud, impatient \**bwwrrrbbll*\*s and \*gggghrhrrrg\*s coming from just beneath him. The goat’s bottomless pit of a stomach.

Xoury ran his tongue over Kevin's legs and between them as he continued tasting his meal, sitting back on the bed casually and slurping up the rest of the axolotl like it was nothing. He had one hand on his gut as he felt it start to rumble and churn once more, another swallow pushing Kevin's head out into that caustic, tight sauna of a stomach. As soon as he was freed from the tight confines of the goat's throat, Kevin started to struggle again in earnest, pulling his arms right through that sphincter and using them to brace himself as the rest of his body slid out into the belly. He could feel quite a bit of thick, soupy stomach glop sloshing around at the bottom of Xoury’s gut, and he tried not to think about where or who exactly it was from…

One final swallow claimed the last of the axolotl’s tasty body, Xoury letting out a satisfied sigh as he felt the weird amphibian sinking into his gut. “Mmm...well, I might not know what you are, but you sure did taste good!” the goat taunted as he thumped at his belly, feeling Kevin still trying to squirm and wiggle around inside. “Ergh, *groosss*…” was all that Kevin could say in response to that, and it wasn't even really in response to the tease specifically; it was more a comment on everything that the axolotl was feeling right now. All these sloppy, slimy fluids getting soaked into his skin, the soup of whatever he was basting in (still didn't want to think about it…), it was all much too overwhelming!

Xoury lay back on the bed, lazing around while he waited for his meal to settle. Kevin was squirming and kicking away inside the best he could, but there wasn't really much he could do. This goat was definitely trained to deal with big, squirmy meals; after all, this was the third one he had just tonight! No, the big goat knew that soon Kevin would tire himself out, the acids and slop growing and soaking into more of his body as the stomach walls around the axolotl continued to get tighter and tighter.

\*HAAaaauuurrrppp~\* Xoury belched proudly, letting Kevin know just how much he was enjoying his meal. Right as that burp rumbled out of the goat's throat, Kevin felt the stomach walls around him getting even tighter, sooner realizing that there was barely any space left to even squirm inside the chamber. But what was most puzzling for Kevin, is that he could hear the goat outside starting to get up and move around.

"Mmmh, you were good, but I think I could go with a chaser…" Xoury mumbled as he stepped out of the room, idly scratching his belly as he once again made his way downstairs. This time, the contents of his stomach were much more active and obvious...but nobody really noticed, and if they did, they knew better than to try and interject. No, everyone let the goat walk right into the kitchen, opening up the fridge and taking out a nice, ice cold bottle of booze. He inspected the label, trying to understand what he was getting into before cracking the bottle open. "Down the hatch~" he teased, before putting the bottle to his mouth and gulping the entire thing down in a matter of seconds!

Kevin could hear some weird swallowing sounds and rippling noises coming from above him, but he didn't really know quite what was happening until he felt a cold liquid splash down onto his head a few seconds later. Almost instantly, the goat's stomach started to stink of alcohol, the bottle of beer adding to the already-massive load of soupy mess that was sloshing around in Xoury's stomach. "*Aahh*, come on, man…" Kevin complained as he tried to get the booze off of him the best he could...but there wasn't really much he could do in an environment like this! Honestly, he was lucky he didn't have to start swallowing it down just to breathe.

"Aaah, good beer. Might \*HUUuuurrrppph\* have another one later…" the goat mused aloud, wiping his mouth on his arm after that second fragrant, wet belch. “Think I'll get a little randy while you churn in there…”

Xoury's gut was feeling pretty full now...but, he had plenty of space elsewhere. His belly might have been close to capacity, and his bowels might still be a bit squirmy...but he had one spot that was still feeling quite empty! His package practically itched in his pants, barely containing the goat's growing lust as he got hornier and hornier for eating people. His shaft was definitely large enough to gulp down an unexpecting partygoer; the question was, who would Xoury choose…

The goat idly walked around the party for a little while more, sipping on another beer as he waited for Kevin to settle a bit more inside of him. Xoury had scoped out quite a few good ball-fillers, so the goat had plenty of options. Would he go for raw size? Or someone who might be into it? Maybe a little bit of fun beforehand, even? There were so many variables and things to think about, that it made it hard for Xoury to focus sometimes!...that, or it was the booze. Probably the booze.

It took some deliberation, but the goat's gaze eventually settled on a short, lithe greyish-blue tiger-looking fellow he had seen slinking around the party. He looked pretty inebriated already and would probably be down to suck a big goat cock if asked...considering how loudly he was boasting about his sexual proclivity! “I...I bet I could suck anyone's cock, dude. Like... even if it was as big as their whole body, I could still probably deep-throat it. That's how good I am at giving head!”

As the tiger finished his boasting, he suddenly felt the presence of someone looming over him. He turned around to see an absolutely huge goat behind him, practically casting a shadow over the small tiger. He and his friends were silent for a few moments, before Xoury started to speak. “Care to test that out?”

The tiger said nothing, but his eyes started to roam over the goat’s body, looking up and down, and paying extra attention to the pants he was wearing. Goodness, they had quite a bit of heft to them. The tiger wondered what lay just beyond that barrier of fabric…!

“Woah...*shit*. Hell yeah, I'll do that for sure! B-be right back guys.” The tiger said, a bit of a blush forming on his face as he made his way through the crowd with this big old goat. His eyes wandered over the goat’s body, stalling not only on his bulge, but also his belly. Big, fat, and...was that movement? No, it had to be the booze or something.

“So, what's your name, short stuff?” the goat said with a thick, growling voice as the two of them slipped outside, the cool air of the night serving as a wonderful counterpoint to the hot, sweaty, frenzied atmosphere inside the house. “Matthias, baby. What’s yours?” the tiger replied, with an awkward sort of charisma that one could only get from copious amounts of booze. Xoury just chuckled at Matthias's attempt at flirting, before sitting down on one of the deck chairs and spreading his legs out wide, letting his bulge plop down and rest right in front of the tiger's face. “Xoury. Though you seem more interested in what's between my legs than me…”

Matthias blew a raspberry in laughter as he got down on his knees in front of the goat, clearly wanting to waste no time in proving to his friends how good of a dick sucker he was. “Gotta know one to get to the other!” he joked, before reaching out for the goat’s bulge. “Now, lemmeatit…” he mumbled drunkenly.

Xoury simply slapped his hand away, wagging his finger at the tiger before his hand went to his own bulge. “Nuh-uh, you eager little *slut*. I'm going to do the reveal myself~” the goat teased, before slowly starting to slide down his pants, shuffling his rear to get them out from under him and revealing the goat’s undies, which showed off even more of his impressive bulge. “*Aaaah*, there we go. Now the fun can begin…”

The goat wrapped a hand around the back of Matthias’s head, nudging the tiger forward into his underwear bulge. He could feel a bit of resistance at first, the tiger mumbling and grumbling about nonsense, until he got within smelling distance of Xoury’s bulge. Like a switch had flipped in the Tiger's brain, his complaints and mumbles instantly stopped, replaced with an intense curiosity and arousal. “Just stick it in my mouth alr-*woooahhh*…” the tiger gasped, as he got a good whiff of Xoury’s spicy, complex musk. It drew him in like a moth to a lantern, the tiger finding himself rubbing his snout up against the growing tent in Xoury’s undies. “Mmph-*fuuuck…*” he groaned right into the fabric, captivated by the powerful scent of its owner in a way he really hadn't experienced before. While Matthias was enjoying himself, Xoury was just watching, occasionally chuckling as he saw how quick the tiger’s mind changed from getting just one good lungful of goat musk. He kept his grip firm on the back of the tiger’s head, making sure the tiger was absolutely smothered by his bulge before using his other hand to slowly slip off the undies he was wearing - down to his knees, anyway. His half-chub sprung out from its enclosure as soon as the tension was removed, flopping right down on Matthias’s snout and eliciting an “*oooohhh*…” from the tiger as it happened. He started to open his mouth and get a grasp of the length he was just exposed to, but then he backed off when he remembered that the goat was taking things at his own pace. Probably didn't want to annoy the person whose dick he was about to be sucking!

Xoury smiled, behind he had on the back of the tiger’s head still holding him firm, slowly nudging him closer to his shaft as the goat held it nice and firm in his other hand. Matthias slowly started to open his mouth wide, expecting it to be filled with thick goat dick in a few seconds. He even closed his eyes, getting ready to start sucking intensely and waiting for his throat to be filled with all of the goat’s girth…

But that wasn't what happened. Instead, he felt his jaws get bound shut, his snout getting squished into somewhere wet and musky-smelling. He tried to open his mouth to utter an exclamation of confusion, but it felt like he was muzzled shut or something! A few seconds later, he opened his eyes, seeing nothing but the thick, black shaft overtaking much of his vision...with his snout leading right into it! He then looked up, and saw the lustful, smug smile of the goat he thought he would be servicing…

\*shGGGLNK\*

And then, everything went black.

Matthias was pulled forward by a powerful, muscular *clench*, the goat’s shaft stretching wide and swallowing up nearly half of his head with ease! Xoury cried out in pleasure, stroking up and down his shaft as he felt him at ideas starting to get fed inside of it. “F-*fuck*, I can already tell, you're going to make great cock food…” he managed to groan out, an overwhelming sensation of pleasure already starting to make it difficult for him to focus on anything but feeding his ravenous shaft!

The tiger still didn't really have an idea of what was going on. All around him was hot, wet, musky darkness, and he felt more of his body being pulled inside by the minute. He didn't want to believe it, but based on what he was just doing, his head had to have been sucked inside the goat's shaft! He had no idea how or why this was happening, but his body was telling him that he should probably try to get out of there. In accordance, his arms started to flail around, trying to get a grip on the goat's cock and allow Matthias to pull himself out of there. Xoury was a little bit annoyed by this, taking one of his hands and putting them on the back of the tiger's head (what was left of it, anyway) before giving a powerful shove, his cock squelching and slurping loudly as more of the tiger was shoved right inside of it! It swallowed up Matthias's neck with ease, and started to stretch over his shoulders as well, making it a lot more difficult for the tiger to flail around and use his arms to try to escape. “*Muuuch* better…” the goat grumbled, content with what he had done at the moment. He wanted to enjoy this whole thing, after all, and where was the fun if you just shoved them down your cock without any play?

Xoury let out a long, lustful sigh before he continued, clenching his cock flesh nice and tight to pull the tiger deeper inside, inch by inch. With the grip his shaft already had on Matthias's shoulders, getting the rest of them inside wasn't much of a problem. His cock made all sorts of lewd, wet noises as it worked the rest of the tiger down, Matthias not putting up nearly as strong a fight now that his arms were essentially trapped at his sides. And, with those out of the way, Xoury pretty much had free rein on taking down the rest of the tiger. His shaft was starting to become a lot more lubricated as he became hornier and hornier, pre-cum dribbling out of the bottom of his shaft and collecting in the grass beneath the bench he was sitting on, imparting a musky odor that would probably stick around for awhile! Smelling his own scent only made the goat hornier, and only resulted in him clenching down Matthias at an even faster rate, leaning back in his seat and just enjoying all these sensations as the tiger continued to slide down his shaft. Eventually, the goat reached forward and lifted up the tiger's body with one of his hands, pointing the tiger's paws towards the sky and letting gravity help fit the rest of Matthias inside of him.

It took a little bit for gravity to start really helping the goat out, but once it did, it gave Xoury a lot more free time with which he could just enjoy the sensation of Matthias sliding deeper inside of him. The tiger was about chest deep in goat cock at this point, and with his new position, he was sliding further inside at an impressive rate. The bulge that his head made in the goat's shaft was starting to reach the deepest parts of his loins, and the goat knew that with just a few more moments, the tiger would start to disappear into his balls. Matthias was still squirming the best he could, but as he went deeper, the flesh around him only grew stronger and tighter. It felt like every clench of the goat's loins was squeezing the very life out of him...and breathing wasn't much better, either. Every particle of air was laced with the deepest, muskiest smell one could imagine, considering that Matthias was right next to the source of all that potency…

“*Nnnnghhh*….*AAAaaahhhnn~*” the goat moaned without restraint as he felt the tiger start to slide into his sack, the stretchy skin swallowing up the tiger's head with ease as more of him slipped into Xoury's shaft. There was basically none of Matthias left outside of the goat's loins, just a pair of paws sticking out of the tip of his shaft; and, with a reach forward and a loud, lewd shove, even those were gone as well, doomed to a digestive fate deep within the goat's balls…

With all of the tiger now inside his shaft, Xoury could focus on getting him curled up nice and tight in his sack. He stroked down his shaft with one hand, running his palm along the bulges that Matthias made in his shaft and working them down even further while also jerking himself off. He even had to refrain from touching himself for a few moments a couple of times, feeling like he might blow his load before the tiger was even fully inside of him! The squirming the tiger was doing wasn't helping him either; it felt absolutely divine having something kicking around in such an intimate part of your body! Especially when you could hear the sloshing of your load with every squirm…

“Let me OUT!” Matthias yelled as he felt his upper body get suddenly dunked into a boiling-hot, musky smelling chamber that he could only assume were those swollen, furry balls he had seen dangling beneath the goat's erection earlier. It was insane to think that the goat's body could stretch to this degree...but it was happening! There was no time to argue with himself over the reality of what was happening with him. He just needed to escape. It was hard when he already felt so tired from getting squeezed down such a tight passage, and with the sac walls constantly rubbing and clenching all around him, he was only losing energy faster and faster. The walls dripped with potent male fluids, the sticky cream getting all over the tiger, getting into his fur and even into his mouth a little bit! The cream was leaving a somewhat strange, almost tingly sensation in his body, as well. It was quite faint at first, but the tiger had a feeling that it would start to become more and more noticeable as time went on.

“*Mmm*...I figured since you wanted my cum so much, you should add to the load~” the goat teased in response to Matthias’s demands, reaching down and hefting his sack up to feel everything slosh around inside. “Just a bit more, then you'll be all curled up…”

Xoury wasn't lying. He could see as the bulge in his shaft continued to sink deeper, and it looked like it was only the tiger’s legs left kicking around in there. His balls had already swollen to quite an impressive size, and thinking about the fact that they would be getting even larger in just a few moments made Xoury want to finish off the tiger even more. He continued clenching his pelvic muscles every few seconds or so, an inch of the tiger being crammed into goat sac with each muscular contraction. “FFfffucck, that's it…” the goat caught himself saying as Matthias continued sinking into his loins, the goat feeling the tiger's paws slipping right into his sack without much fanfare. With that, it was done. Matthias was nothing but a bulge in the goat’s balls...and he might become something else soon!

Xoury kept one hand on his shaft as he reclined back in the bench for a moment, feeling the squirms of the tiger in such a sensitive part of his body. Matthias was definitely putting up quite a fight in there...but if the goat’s balls could stretch to contain him in the first place, a few extra bulges and kicks probably wouldn't do much to free him either! And the goat knew this...he knew it well. Gave him an idea for a little bit of teasing, even…

“Heh. If you want to get out of there in one piece, you should probably start \**mmf*\* being a bit more tender…” the goat teased. He knew that if the tiger started to turn his struggles and kicks into gentle rubs and the like, he might arouse the goat enough to get him to orgasm Matthias back out alive, if drenched in goat cum...but that would be up to the tiger to try out! It was difficult for him to hear much of what Xoury was saying, considering he was surrounded by tight, clenching walls and the constant sloshing of thick, slick fluids. Even though the goat’s voice around him was booming and deep, intimidating, even, it was still mostly swallowed up by the wet, sloppy and bubbly sounds of what could only be called digestion.

Xoury definitely had a part of him that wanted to whack it right here and now and turn Matthias into a puddle on this random house’s lawn. But there was another part of him that still craved more deep in his balls. He wasn't full to capacity yet, no, not by a good amount. He could definitely fit at least one more person in there...especially by the time that Matthias had melted down all nice into a hot, fresh load of goat seed! Considering he had already scarfed down three people today, shoving another person down his shaft didn't seem like that much extra. So, after enjoying the feeling of the tiger thrashing around inside of him for a few more minutes, Xoury slipped back on his underwear and pants, which had been resting at his ankles during all of this. Extra stretchy fabric made it possible for him to contain all of the tiger in his pants...though it was definitely extra tight and musky in there for Matthias, and it wasn't exactly subtle, either. Xoury definitely wasn't hiding what he was packing, but there were plenty of hypers in the party as well. Could just pass himself off as one of them...

Matthias felt the world around him get even tighter and darker before he felt the goat he was inside of starting to shuffle slowly back into the room. Just beyond the walls of flesh and fabric, he could hear the deep thumping of music, and occasionally the loud shout from somebody being drunk and obnoxious, as was the standard at parties. Realizing that the goat was already starting to mingle again, he started to thump on the walls even more, shouting for help as he felt his strength continue to get sapped by the environment around him. The air was becoming quite sparse and thin, and there wasn't much of it that wasn't laced with goat musk to begin with. It felt like he was starting to lose sensation in some of his extremities as well...good thing it was pitch black in here, because the tiger really didn't want to see what was going on inside. All he knew was that the level of fluid in the chamber was steadily rising, and that those walls were pressing even tighter on him by the minute.

While Matthias basted away in his balls, the big goat's thoughts had already turned to who he was going to shove down his cock next. There were quite a few candidates that he had thought about, but there was one person that really caught his eye. A loud, proud, dark green hyena had been milling about, confident and flirty and really looking like he was the life of the party. Loud and proud, that was for sure. He seemed to have a way of captivating everybody he talked to…

Through the yelling of the crowd around him, Xoury learned that this hyena's name was Mel, and he was in fact the host of this whole shebang. And what the big goat was noticing right now was a drinking contest, which was apparently something that Mel hosted at every single one of his parties. The person that they had to challenge? Why, none other than the hyena himself! Rumors persisted through the crowd that the hyena had never lost a single one of these drink-offs, despite how absolutely preposterous that sounded.

Xoury managed to muscle his way through the crowd to watch what was happening, the crowd around him chanting "Drink! Drink! Drink!” as Mel sat across the table from a large rabbit-looking fellow. An assortment of bottles were collecting on both sides of the table, but Mel's collection was noticeably larger; the hyena had his feet up on the table, his arms crossed with a smug smile on his face as he watched his competitor struggle to down another bottle. He only had a little bit left...but, with a clatter, he slammed the bottle on the table, leaning back and breathing deeply, his stomach notably distended from all the booze he had drank. “I...I can't do it…” he groaned, his words slurring to the point where people didn't even know what he said at first. Eventually, though, some friends in the crowd came in to pick him up, carrying his slumping body on their shoulders through the mass of people.

“*Phew!* He was quite a challenge. almost took me to my limit...anybody else want to \*UUUUuhhhrrrrp\* give me a try?” Mel asked, his face looking as smug and confident as he possibly could. A few people in the crowd milled about, but nobody ever really stood up and accepted the challenge - except one person. A huge, thick-looking goat lumbered through the crowd, taking his seat at a chair that could barely fit him before looking across at Mel. “Oh! A new face, ain't seen you around here before. I'm Mel.” the hyena said, reaching a hand out to shake the goat's, which Xoury obliged. “Xoury.” the goat replied, looking as calm and stoic as he could with a person squirming around inside his balls!

“Alright, Xoury. It's a drinking contest, I don't think I need to explain to you how they work. You don't have to bet or anything, but if you win, you'll get that fat stack of cash over there.” The hyena pointed behind Xoury, and when the goat looked, sure enough, there was a stack of at least $10,000 sitting inside a glass case. He had no idea how he hadn't noticed it before, but that was quite a chunk of change to put on a drinking contest! Mel must have felt quite confident...

Of course, Xoury wasn't really here for the money, although it was definitely nice. He knew that he could drink the hyena under the table, no matter what, and when he was under the table...well, it would just be easier to shove him into his dick then. The goat had to blow his cover at some point, and with most of the people around him blackout drunk, it would be easy to scarf them all down after he started working on Mel, so it would be a rather easy time for the goat. Before Mel could even say anything or appeal to the audience, Xoury grabbed a fresh bottle from the table, cracking it open and eliciting a gasp from the crowd. This guy meant business!

Mel chuckled as he watched his opponent down the first bottle in seconds. “Eager to get started, eh? We got a real go-getter here!” he chanted, taking his own bottle and cracking it open, Xoury reaching for his second by the time Mel got halfway through his first. The two of them embarked on a drinking duel of epic proportions, consuming more booze than anybody in the crowd had ever seen before in one sitting. They had seen Mel pushed a little bit to his brink before, but this goat? This goat was pushing him all the way up there! Mel was starting to get real red in the face, unable to match how much Xoury had drank already and having trouble staying coherent after drinking much less as well. Meanwhile, Xoury barely looked buzzed at all...and there were a lot more bottles on his side of the table!

The hyena attempted to keep up the best he could, but everyone in the crowd could see that his posture was fading; he was starting to slip back in his chair and every drink he took looked more and more labored. A few people around him are even starting to get kind of worried...the hyena had a pretty high alcohol tolerance, though. Even if he did lose this bet, he would still be fine...and, as he started to slump and slide underneath the table, it looked like losing the bet was certainly in the hyena's future! Mel attempted to get down one more bottle, but he was far too incoherent to do it, and eventually, the hyena fell to the floor beneath the table, beaten at his own game.

The crowd fell silent for a few moments, shocked to see that their consistent champion had been defeated by somebody none of them had ever seen before. Xoury, for his part, simply mumbled “is that it?” before he reached underneath the table while the crowd was stunned. Using one hand, he unbuttoned his pants as quickly as he could, making sure that what was left of Matthias stayed inside of them before reaching out with his other hand and feeling around for Mel’s head. He latched onto it a few seconds later, yanking upwards and pulling out his dick at the same time, wasting no time in beginning the process of shoving the hyena down his length. This was less for pleasure right now, but he knew that later, the amount of seed he would get from digesting the two of them would result in an absolutely fantastic orgasm! So, he sacrificed a bit of fun now for a lot more fun later…

Mel was still conscious, but the hyena didn't really know what was going on, and definitely wasn't able to stop it. All he knew was that his head had been squished into somewhere wet, dark, and musky smelling...and that the rest of his body was coming along for the ride rather quickly! In just a few moments, Xoury had managed to cram half of the hyena's body down his cock, and more was coming quite soon. As this happened, the crowd was mostly standing around awkwardly; most of them had walked away or found something else to occupy their time, but a few people were concerned about Mel, concerned enough to start walking towards the table and looking underneath. Xoury saw a black cat out of the corner of his eye doing just that...well, if he wanted to volunteer to be first, that's what he was doing!

“Mel! You okay down here…” the cat yelled, peeking his head underneath the table and looking for where the hyena had gone. To his surprise, he didn't see Mel sprawled out on the floor in a drunken stupor...but what he did see, he didn't really know how to describe. He saw the hyena’s legs...sticking out of what could only be the shaft of his competitor! Xoury had already managed to cram most of the hyena down there, so at this point, he didn't care what the cat saw. Said cat was completely stunned, however, blinking a few times to make sure he wasn't seeing things, before he slowly ambled his way out from underneath the table. He pointed towards the big goat, palpable terror and fear in his voice as he said, “he’s...he’s EATING MEL!”

The crowd took a few moments to comprehend what was just said, before a collective gasp was let out, so loud that it bounced off the walls in the room. Xoury, for his part, just sighed, before slowly getting up from his chair, letting the whole crowd see his dangling shaft, with Mel squirming and being slurped inside of it! “Well, if you all want it to go this way…”

As calmly as he could, Xoury reached across the table and grabbed the cat by the arm he was using to point, yanking him across it and eliciting a yell from the cat that drove everyone in the crowd berserk. The party stopped, and it quickly devolved into absolute chaos; everyone was trying to run, get their things, or just escape this voracious goat! Xoury reached around with his other arm and snagged someone as they were trying to run off, holding them against his body while he opened his mouth wide and started to scarf down the cat that he had grabbed earlier! There was no fanfare, no enjoyment of the cat's taste, just a primal need to feed that he was barely staving off by shoving people down his gullet in secrecy earlier. He was going to make this whole party disappear into him, one fur at a time…!

In just a few swallows, the cat disappeared down his throat, barely making a bulge in his already fat stomach as the cat made his trip downward. Meanwhile, Xoury was still clenching tight around Mel in his shaft, taking his time with the hyena as he snacked on quite a few other partygoers. He wanted to keep Mel in his shaft as long as possible, hoping to finish off the party with a big bang once he had either eaten everybody or they had all escaped. Once he finished off the cat, he looked down at the other person he had captured, who up until this point he didn't even know the species of! Looking down, he saw his next meal was a rather chubby meerkat, who just looked absolutely scrumptious! He took a little bit of time teasing this one, licking his lips theatrically as he lifted the meerkat up to them before saying, “down the hatch~”!

He let the meerkat stare into the deep, dark gullet that was going to be his home for a few more seconds before shoving the plump rodent into his open maw, swallowing almost immediately and letting the kat's legs dangle out of his mouth as he started to walk around and pick off any partygoers he could snatch in the chaos. He peered behind a couch in the main room, finding a small bat hiding there! The goat quickly slurped up the last of the meerkat, letting the trapped bat watch him feed before Xoury reached behind the couch, the bat trapped behind it backing up the best she could; but unfortunately, she had already kind of backed herself into a corner, and the only way out was currently occupied by a big, fat goat who would very much like to have her as a snack! Xoury felt around in the back of the couch for a while, mostly blind from having to turn his neck up to go deeper, until he got ahold of some part of the clothing that the bat was wearing. The bat squeaked in fright as she was suddenly yanked forward, the big goat's wide open mouth rushing forward to meet her!

Xoury felt the bat splatter against his tongue a few seconds later, and like a mousetrap, his jaws immediately clamped shut, pulling back out from behind the couch and suckling on his next meal for a few more seconds before swallowing all of her down in one thick \*glllrkp\*! “*Aaahh,*” sighed the goat, poking at his gut as he felt its 3 new occupants squirming inside. Normally the goat would be feeling pretty full at this point, but a hunger still raged in his eyes. He needed more! Simply, primally, he just needed more.

The goat cleaned out every corner of the house that he could, finding furs hiding in closets, bathrooms, underneath furniture, even one rooster he found hiding in the fridge! Despite the ingenuity of some of their hiding spots, they had chosen to hide instead of escape, and with nobody left in the house except for those who were hiding, Xoury had all of the time in the world to pick the place apart looking for his next snack. The goat was naked at this point, sporting a bit of a half chub as he felt Mel squirming around in his balls still, the hyena having partially woken up...though he didn't like where he was! The walls around him rocked and slashed back and forth constantly, squeezing and pressing against him and rubbing this musky cream (of which there was an honestly impressive amount!) all over his body. He couldn't see in here, but his clothes had already been dissolved into the jizz bath he was in, and the hyena would be going soon. But, honestly, Mel found it kind of...arousing...

Xoury could feel Mel slowly softening up inside of him as he continued his little buffet run. After checking every hiding spot he could think of on the first floor, the goat made his way upstairs. Almost immediately, he checked a hall closet and found a mouse hiding inside; for such a poor hiding spot, this mouse was treated with the rear entrance. Gripping him in one hand, Xoury reached around behind him and shoved the mouse right up his ass! He was small enough to get completely slurped up with just one clench, and was quickly forgotten about as Xoury continued to check every room he could.

There were a few more snacks. A horse hiding under a bed. A lemur tucked into a bathroom cabinet. But there was nothing really that substantial. Although his belly and bowels were full to the brim with tasty, squirming treats, Xoury still felt a hunger gnawing at him, as deep inside as it could go. His heavy, gravid balls hung low between his legs, what was left of Mel still being processed into thick, fresh goat cream; but the process was mostly done, and now the goat was left with a lust and a hunger boiling deep inside of his core. How on earth would he satisfy both of these desires at the same time? He was running out of partygoers to scarf down, after all…

There was one room left to check. The master bedroom. Xoury stumbled in, the door creaking open as he flicked on the light. At first, the room looked completely empty; but the goat knew to not just take things at face value. Closing the door behind him, he started to sniff, looking around for anything that smelled like a tasty treat...he checked the closets, underneath the bed, all the obvious spots. Nothing. He could feel a presence, though; he could sense that somebody was here...and then, he looked at one of the windows, hidden behind a curtain. It was open.

The big goat immediately made his way over to the window, casually yanking the curtain aside, expecting to have to jump out of it and start looking for anybody hiding outside. Imagine the goat's surprise when he looked down to see somebody dangling from the windowsill! It was a creature that the goat had never seen before; it looked like some weird, fluffy cross between a cat and a dog...but with long, flowing light blue hair, big, gray fluffy ears, and most importantly, some weird facial display! That was literally the best that the goat could describe it; it was some sort of visor that the creature wore, replacing their face and displaying a number of emotions on it. It was so alien to Xoury...

This person's name was Noryu, and the species name that Xoury couldn't quite place was a protogen. If you told Xoury these things, he wouldn't understand, and he probably wouldn't care; considering that Noryu smelled like the sweetest, tastiest, most mouth-watering fruit bouquet you could ever think up! It was this that caused Xoury to snatch up one of Noryu's arms right off the windowsill, yanking the protogen right inside the master bedroom like he was tossing around a ragdoll. Noryu, for his part, tried to break free of the goat's grasp, but the reason he was dangling from the windowsill in the first place is that the drop down to the ground was a lot higher than he expected...he was hoping that the goat would stumble away and give him time to climb back up and escape some other way. Clearly that wasn't in the cards, though!

The expression on the protogen's visor changed to that of embarrassment as he dangled in front of the big goat, Xoury holding both of Noryu's hands up with one of his own and letting the rest of the protogen dangle helplessly in front of him. The noodley creature was pretty tall, but thin as well...the perfect size and shape to slide right down his throat! Xoury just looked over his potential meal for a few seconds, before he leaned in right against his prey's chest and took a deep, savouring sniff.

He cracked a smile afterwards. Then drool started to dribble down his chin. “You smell like fruit…” he said, calmly, but with a sense of primal hunger in his voice as well. Noryu just chuckled nervously a few times, an obvious sweat bead appearing on his visor as he figured out how on Earth he was going to get himself out of this mess. ‘Heh...I guess I do…” was all he could say, trying to wiggle out of the goat's grasp in the most non-aggressive way he could think of. Sure, he could start to kick and thrash around as hard as possible, but that would probably just piss Xoury off…

In the middle of his struggles, however, Noryu did manage to accidentally kick the goat's stomach, which caused him to make a bit of a sour face for a few moments. Noryu thought he might have made the goat sick, but that theory was quickly disproven a few seconds later when a belch shot up out of his throat and splattered right in the protogen's face! Noryu could smell all sorts of rank, acidic odors wafting from the back of the goat’s throat, which only made him squirm and wiggle more as Xoury started to talk again. “*Ooph!* Sorry about that. Now, I wonder if you taste like fruit too...” the goat responded plainly, as if the fact that he was about to swallow Noryu whole was just a part of everyday life! Well, for the big goat, it might have been, anyway. He said no more, simply opening his jaws as wide as they could go and lifting the protogen above his head, letting Noryu’s paws just dangle right out of the reach of his hungry maw. “W-wait! Can't we *talk* about this!?” Noryu said, his movements starting to get a little more frantic as he realized what was about to happen! He was willing to do anything at this point if it meant not sliding down that inky darkness that was hiding at the back of the goat’s mouth…

Unfortunately for the protogen, Xoury wasn't really interested in listening right now. He was too busy thinking about dinner time! He dangled the protogen over his mouth for a few more seconds, letting Noryu stare down the slide he was about to plunge into...before, with a drop, a yell, and quite a few wet, squishy noises, Xoury let go! The protogen's legs slid right down his throat, the goat not even having to swallow or close his mouth or anything to get them inside of him. “*Eugh…*” Noryu groaned as he felt his legs sink into a tight, fleshy and wet tunnel, the goat’s jaws wrapped firmly around his chest and that wet tongue rubbing against his back! The same stench that came from the goat’s burp earlier was now wafting in on every breath the goat took, though it was actually less strong; it still teased the protogen about his inevitable fate, though!

With his last meal of the evening secured in his throat, despite Noryu’s best attempts to wiggle out of his tight gullet, Xoury could focus on more...pressing matters. He was still naked, after all, and the prospect and subsequent execution of shoving someone down his greedy throat had gotten the goat all riled up again! He stumbled backwards onto the bed, using one hand to start stroking at his semi hard cock while the other kept Noryu on his one-way trip to goat belly.

“Oh come on, have some decency!” Noryu complained as he looked down, his head and shoulders still sticking out of the goat’s mouth. He could see Xoury really going at his cock with both hands, the goat clearly incredibly pent-up! He didn't want to see that, and he especially didn't want to think about the fact that it was his consumption that was driving the goat to do this...well at least, it was the tipping point for his lust! With the protogen’s arms bound in the goat's throat, however, there was little he could do but look away, feeling Xoury's greedy food pipe teasingly squeezing over his body every few seconds or so, dragging him a few inches backwards with every movement.

Xoury could barely hear or care about what his meal was saying. He was much more focused on something else right now! He could feel both of the people he had shoved down into his nuts sloshing around in there with every stroke of his length, and it was driving him absolutely mad. Having someone squirming right down his throat was exactly what he needed to push himself over the edge! He still paced himself a little bit, though, not wanting all of this to be over in just a couple seconds...oh God, his nuts felt so *full*, though!

If the goat was just hungry, he probably would have swallowed Noryu down by now and forgotten about him. But he was useful, so the goat mostly stopped eating him for the moment, although he still took little gulps every now and then to pull the protogen a little bit deeper into his gullet. Soon, Noryu’s vision was framed by the slimy, fleshy innards of Xoury's mouth, the goat’s flat teeth resting comfortably on top of his visor, teasing the protogen with the possibility of them clamping shut and sending him down, down into the goat’s hungry belly at any second. The tongue underneath his chin was doing the same, constantly rubbing along his underside, tasting him in the most obnoxious and obvious way possible. His whole body felt so slimy and matted with spit and saliva...he kind of wished Xoury would just get on with it already and swallow him down!

The goat couldn't say anything with his mouth full, but his grunts and moans were starting to get more and more frantic, his stroking getting faster and faster as he got closer to an orgasm. At the same time, his tongue stuck out as far as it could, curling underneath the protogen's visor and slowly pulling Noryu back even further into his mouth. This was it; Xoury was finally starting to finish the job. Just one swallow, and things would be over…

\*glllNK\*

The goat did what he was planning to, swallowing down the last of the protogen with one powerful gulp. At the same time, his body shuddered, the sensation of gulping Noryu down enough to push him over the edge, Xoury spasming as rope after rope of thick, fresh goat cream shot out of his cock, splattering against the walls, the carpet, anything that was in front of his firehose of a cock. Even he was surprised by the amount of cum that just two cockmeals could make, because there was just a ridiculous amount of it! Thick, sticky, and musky, it got absolutely everywhere as the goat completed his hedonistic devouring of anybody and everybody in this party he could get his hands on.

His shaft continued to spasm and shoot out rope after rope of cum for a good long while, but even Xoury had a limit to how much could fit in his nuts at once, And eventually, he was spent. That didn't mean the fun was over, though; he could still feel the protogen kicking around in his belly, the goat reclining back and laying down on the bed, bathing in his afterglow as he felt his last meal of the day squirming deep in his belly. “\*AAaahhhuuuUUUUUOOOOOoorrrp\*, thanks for the help, kid~” Xoury teased his meal, both of his hands now rubbing over his swollen gut in bliss. Noryu, for his part, was not especially pleased with the outcome; the goat’s gut clenched tight around him, and any movement resulted in quite a bit of slimy stomach slop to splash all over him! Knowing how much the goat had to eat earlier, he really didn't want to think about what he was sitting in right now...

“Uh...yeah, you're, you're welcome I guess...now, let me out!!” the protogen yelled, using as much strength as he had to shove on the tight belly walls around him. No matter what else happened to the rest of this party, HE was not going to be a snack for some fat herbivore! He kicked and struggled and used all of his strength...but, for Xoury, his valiant effort was little more than a bit of heartburn. He didn't even dignify the squirms with a response, outside of a loud, proud belch that shook the walls of the room around him! The goat stretched a little bit after that powerful burp, bringing his arms behind his head and reclining and relaxing in this nice bed…

“Mmm...nah. I know what I AM going to do, though…” the goat said, giving his stomach one last thump before his eyelids started to become very heavy. Devouring a whole party took a lot of time and effort, after all...it was time for him to sleep this gargantuan meal off.

Soon, Noryu could hear deep, loud snoring rumbling all around him - yeah, the goat had passed out all right. The protogen expected this eventually; what he didn't expect was the tingling feeling that was running all over his body! Those stomach fluids that he had been bathing in were finally starting to get to him, and on top of that, he was feeling quite tired from all the struggling that he had been doing...plus, it was even tighter inside Xoury's belly now. At some point, a passed-out rat came into the stomach from the other way, which only made the stomach even more of a squeeze! Noryu tried to keep it up, but eventually, those bubbling fluids were just too much for the protogen…

-

“Ugh, did he throw another party?”

Louis put his face in his hands as he opened the door to the house he shared with his roommate, Mel. He knew that the hyena was a hell of a party thrower, and the horse didn't have a problem with parties in general, but he would have appreciated some notice before his roommate invited a bunch of people over to destroy their whole pad! The horse tiptoed through trash and clothes and all sorts of other discarded things as he made his way through the house - honestly, it looked like a tornado had swept through here…

“Mel?” Louis's voice echoed down the hallway, the horse starting to have a little bit of concern. Usually when this wild shit happened, he was able to find Mel passed out in a bathroom or on a couch or on the floor or...something. But he had checked everywhere, and the hyena was nowhere to be found...hell, nobody was to be found. Did nobody stay the night?

As soon as the horse made his way upstairs, though, he started to hear snoring coming from the master bedroom. *His* master bedroom. “God dammit, if my sheets are covered in booze again…” the horse mumbled under his breath as he made his way down the hall, the snoring getting louder and louder as he got closer to the end of it. The door was slightly cracked open, letting the sunlight of early morning shine through into his room. He slowly pushed the door open, expecting to see his roommate sprawled out all over his bed…

Instead, he saw somebody that he had never seen before in his life. A gigantic, muscled goat, who had quite a belly on him as well! And - was that cum? All over the walls!? Geez, the room stank like he plowed every person that attended the party in here! And where the hell was everyone else? Ugh, he could hear the goat’s stomach rumbling and churning from here…

He stepped out into the hallway after seeing all this. “Fuck it, I'm not going to deal with this. I'm going to my girlfriend's house.” he said, pulling out his cell phone to text her. Let sleeping beasts lie, they always said. He didn't even WANT to know what happened last night at this point...

# Six Preds

*cw: m/m, m/f, f/m, vore (oral, anal, cock, unbirth), digestion, bondage, oral/anal sex, docking, cock absorption, breastfeeding, entrapment, transformation, hypno, light disposal*

The heat of summer beat down on the roof of a minivan, packed full to the brim of excited friends as it sped down the sun-baked asphalt of the interstate. It was a very special day for the seven friends; after weeks of planning and getting everyone together, they were finally arriving at one of the most famous, most stunning, most fantastical amusement parks in all the land: Six Preds. 12 roller coasters, a water park, restaurants, go-kart tracks, carnival games...Six Preds really had it all. It was like a whole city themed around fun and excitement!

"Oh my gosh, I see the sign!" one of the friends squeaked in anticipation, a grey kangaroo by the name of Joey, his head peeking out the window after he had rolled it down. Sure as silver, on one of those big green road signs were inscribed the words “Six Preds: next exit”. Of course, they had all known which exit to get off of in the first place...but, well, finally seeing it and knowing that you were almost there, that was an entirely different feeling! The van was buzzing with activity as they got on the off-ramp and started to make their way into the city.

There was a bit of a lull for a moment between the highway and actually seeing the theme park, but when those roller coasters and ferris wheels started to show up on the horizon...oh boy, the fire was lit again. Joey had his snout and paws pressed right up against the window, along with his friend Jakul, the bird trying to nudge Joey over so that he could get a view of the park as well. In the driver's seat was Chris, the Espeon trying his best to pay attention to the road as everyone sitting around him started to go crazy with anticipation and excitement. The Pokemon felt it too, for sure - but he was going to wait until they at least got into the parking lot before going crazy himself! Sitting next to him was Kayte, the rabbit doing an okay job of not annoying Chris too much with her own excitement as they got closer and closer, everyone glued to the windows as they saw all the fantastic rides they were about to spend hours exploring. “Oh, God, there's just so many of them... I don't even think I'll be able to go on every one of them by the time the weekend's over!” mused Snow, the cheetah sitting in the second row of back seats, cramped right into the right corner next to all of their luggage - Chris had a big van, but fitting seven people into it and all of their luggage inside of it was still quite the challenge! Thankfully, as they pulled into the parking lot, Snow wouldn't be cramped up in here for much longer…

As soon as Chris brought the van to a stop, everybody flooded out of it, Snow taking a chance to stretch his legs while everyone else started to grab their bags and all sorts of other things from the truck. The first step in everything was getting to their hotel and unpacking; then, there would be nothing separating them and enjoying Six Preds for the entire weekend!

“Phew, I miss the AC already…” Chris mumbled as he slammed the trunk shut, the Espeon fanning himself off with one hand as he picked his bags up off the ground and started walking with everyone else Towards the entrance to the park. Thankfully, everything was arranged in such a way that they could drop off their stuff in their room before even having to see any of the park - that would just be taunting them! The automatic doors opened to a rather nice and ornate-looking lobby, walls filled to the brim with all sorts of recognizable characters and franchises and other kinds of memorabilia related to the park. Plenty of eye candy for everyone to look at while Chris stepped up to the register, standing on his tiptoes and peeking up over the countertop to talk to the nice pig working the front desk. Checking in only took a few minutes, and soon the whole group was up in their hotel room, enjoying the sights and amenities as they all unpacked their bags and took whatever they needed.

“Oh *shit*, there's a jacuzzi in here!” Jakul crowed as he flicked the bathroom light on, a shout of “no way!” coming from one of the sleeping rooms before Fawx came rushing in, the cybernetic fox peeking over Jakul’s shoulders to look at said jacuzzi before letting out a whistle of amazement. “That thing looks relaxing as all hell.” he said while stuffing his toiletries into one of the medicine cabinets. Even with all the buzz happening in the hotel room, it was clear that the fox was far and away the most excited person for this trip - he was meeting a friend in the park, after all! No time for him to waste. As the rest of the group finished putting away their stuff and getting ready, he slipped away through the door, eager to get a head start on his vacation and meet up with this friend he was talking about…

In due time, everyone got finished up, a few of them quite tired from the car ride and almost wanting to take a nap before they left to experience the park; but, they eventually came to the conclusion that sleep could wait. The day was so young still, and there was plenty of park to enjoy! The rest of the group, minus Fawx, flooded out of the double doors leading into their room a few minutes later, everyone freshened up and ready to start enjoying everything that Six Preds had to offer. Chris held a map of the park in his hands, handing out room cards to everyone as they stood in the hotel elevator. “Alright everyone...the park closes at 10 every night, so just be back in the room by then. We can all go out to eat for dinner, as well…” he said as they once again made it to the junction between hotel, parking lot, and park. They all walked in underneath that gate emblazoned with the words “Six Preds”, their eyes wide in amazement and wonder as they were overwhelmed by all the sights, sounds, and smells of the park ahead of them. Wristbands were received, extra maps were handed out, and then...the park was theirs.

Joey was the first to wander off away from the main group. The kangaroo had heard about an absolutely novel concept from a friend of his, and was absolutely enamored with it: the idea of dueling roller coasters! It was a race of sorts, both tracks looping around and through one another so you got to heckle your opponent while both carts blazed past each other. It was random, yeah, but it wasn't really about who won, it was about who got the best words and taunts in! Joey was thinking about it the whole car ride - he thought about bringing a friend along, but the idea of dueling a complete stranger was even more enticing than dunking on a friend!

It took Joey a bit to find the place, but once he saw the two parallel lines leading up to a big coaster, he knew that he was in the right place. The lines weren't even that long, either - the situation was just perfect! He eagerly hopped into the line that was the shortest, and took his time looking at the coasters as he waited.

It was great to see the thing in action, but Joey noticed something. He didn't see the people in his line come out of the ride very often - and when they did, they got out of there as soon as possible, looking quite exasperated in the process - but the roo just assumed that the exit for the other coaster was on the other side or something. Those people must have gotten lost or something! He had spent months looking forward to this park and this ride in particular, he wasn't about to chicken out now. The line dissipated, and soon, Joey was getting strapped into one of the coaster seats. He looked over to see the person he would be "dueling", a rather chubby looking orange donkey fellow with blue tufts of hair to boot. A worthy opponent! Time for the kangaroo to work on a little bit of intimidation…

“Ready to lose?” Joey taunted as he finished getting strapped in, his bit of showmanship met with a hearty chuckle from the donkey sitting next to him. “Iiiiii don't know about that one. I think I got the lucky cart…”

Joey wasn't exactly sure what the donkey meant by that, but he didn't have much time to think about it - as soon as his opponent finished that sentence, the two of them heard gears grind and alarms beep as the roller coasters were ready to launch. A safety bar came down in front of Joey, which the kangaroo eagerly grabbed a hold of as he felt his cart starting to move forward. It was slow, almost agonizingly slow, at first...but, considering that once they were out of the starting area, there was almost immediately a drop, the slow start served as more of a tension builder than something that was actually boring. Joey kept a firm grip on the safety bar, looking over to his opponent, who looked barely a tenth as nervous as Joey felt right now. Maybe he really did get the lucky cart...no, that was nonsense. The carts were exactly the same!

Joey's inner monologue was cut off as the car he was in started to teeter over the edge, gravity pulling him down as soon as there was just a little bit of the car not attached to track; and, then, it was off to the races. The kangaroo screamed as he hit the drop, his arms almost immediately leaving the safety bar and hanging in the air as all semblance of strategy and nerves completely flew out the window for him. He was already strapped in, barreling down the track at a speed that just seemed to get faster and faster...there was no turning back now, so there wasn't any point to thinking about it! There were a few levers inside the cart, which seemed to control some kind of brake mechanism. Joey had no idea how to use it properly, but he was able to look over at his opponent's cart for a moment to see the donkey pulling and pushing on them constantly...and, well, the donkey was already in a little bit of a lead! Enough to make Joey start pulling on those levers, though he really didn't know what the donkey was doing that was causing him to speed up so fast…

The first divergence in the tracks was coming up. Joey's would turn to the left, and the donkey’s would turn to the right. This curve came with little fanfare, though Joey was a bit surprised at how fast the car turned to the left. His eyes widened as he saw exactly what lay ahead of him; a big loop, some corkscrews, and all sorts of hairpin turns zig-zagging all over the place! Just the sight made Joey feel a bit queasy, but the adrenaline pumping through his body made sure to keep him excited for what was coming next…

That donkey that Joey was racing against right now was named Wilbur. And the track he was looking at once his cart made a right turn was a little...different. No loops, only a few corkscrews, and the turns were a lot more forgiving. And those levers on either side of the cart? Useless. Props. They did nothing. This wasn't Wilbur's first time on the track, and he had a few connections that allowed him to pretty much rig the race in his favor! He had the lucky cart, all right. And the lucky pass that allowed him to get that lucky cart in the first place! Now, all he would need to do was lean back and enjoy the ride, thinking about what would happen once the two of them made their way to the exit.

While Wilbur was crossing his arms behind his back and enjoying all the drops and corkscrews he had been through several times before, Joey was screaming, his heart was pumping, and he was absolutely overwhelmed by everything that was happening! This was not the best coaster to start his vacation with, evidently; he already went through one loop, and almost immediately afterwards there was a corkscrew that flipped him upside down for a good few seconds. He struggled to pull his arms down to grab the safety bar, but he gripped that thing for dear life, making absolutely sure he wasn't going to leave this spot even though he was strapped into an almost comical amount inside the coaster car. And in all the ridiculous twists and turns, the kangaroo kind of forgot that this was a competition in the first place; he was able to see a blur of the other track every now and again, but actively trying to find Wilbur would be a task in and of itself.

Wilbur yawned as his car pulled into the end of the track, the lights dimming down just as he had expected them to be. “Lunch time…” the donk mumbled to himself as he unstrapped himself and climbed out of the car, walking over to one of the dimly-lit corners in the room and grabbing a coil of rope. One he had asked to be left there, just for him. The donkey patiently waited in the shadows for Joey's cart to come screeching into the terminal, a few minutes passing before he could hear the kangaroo’s screams and cries of joy and adrenaline among all the other ones you expect to hear in a park of this size. Soon enough, just on time, Wilbur watched as Joey's car rolled into the building, the kangaroo looking quite shaken up after the insane ride he had been subject to…

Joey finally released the death grip he had on the safety bar in front of him once he felt the car to come to a complete stop, the kangaroo letting a deep breath sneak out of him as he decompressed in his chair. “*Urfff*...okay, just go karts for a little while.” the kangaroo mumbled as he looked over to the second track, seeing that Wilbur's car had already been emptied out. “*Uhhhhh*…” he droned out loud as he looked around, trying to find an exit or an attendant or anything that would help him with getting back to the main park! Getting out of the car would probably help with that, though…

As soon as the click of the seatbelt echoed through the terminal, though, Joey suddenly felt someone grab him from the back! The kangaroo let out a yelp of surprise, before being muffled as his assailant stuffed a ball gag right into his mouth. The roo kicked and squirmed and tried to pull the gag out of his mouth as he was dragged out of the coaster car, feeling the cold pavement scraping at his feet as he was led over to somewhere in this dark, somewhat decrepit building.

The next few minutes were all sort of a blur. Joey was kicking and struggling the best he could, but with how dark it was in here and how strong this assailant was, he couldn't really measure if he was getting anywhere. The roo felt like a ragdoll as he was propped up onto a chair in said room, hearing his assailant grunt as he tied ropes around the roo's wrists and ankles, leaving him completely vulnerable as he sat in this chair...he was just waiting for something to happen while he tried to wiggle out of it!

A light clicked on a few moments later. Not very bright, but enough for the kangaroo to see about where he was. Joey's eyes took a few seconds to adjust to the sudden light, before he saw someone standing in front of him. It took a little bit for him to make out the features, but the kangaroo was convinced that the donkey he was racing against earlier was standing right in front of him! The roo squirmed and tried to yell through his gag as he realized who this was, to which Wilbur only reacted by walking forward with a smug smile on his face.

“Looks like I won.” the donkey said, before laughing in a way that showed off the jiggling of his belly in a frankly ominous fashion. Wilbur sounded as if he was about to continue taunting the kangaroo, but he was interrupted by a loud, rumbling \*grrrrRRRrrrrgggg…\* coming from his belly. “Ooph. He spoke for himself!” the donkey continued, slapping his gut before he got closer and closer to Joey, looming over the kangaroo as he tried to escape his bindings by any means necessary. “Now, to my reward…”

Those were the last words Wilbur said before he reached forward once more, grabbing Joey by the shoulders and lifting him up easily, almost like a sack of potatoes! If the light was more intense, perhaps the kangaroo would be able to make out the finer details of Wilbur’s mouth as he opened wide, but as it stood the roo just had to stare into inky darkness before he felt his snout squish against the donkey's wide, flat tongue, the sudden flushy contact causing the kangaroo to squirm once more - though it was certainly not going to help him get out of this predicament! Stale donkey breath washed over Joey’s face as he was crammed inside, Wilbur very clearly trying to tease and fluster the kangaroo as much as possible while his jaws fit over the roo’s snout and face. He even went so far as to nibble on the top of Joey's head with those flat herbivore teeth, hoping to get as much as squirming as possible out of his meal while he still could. Joey delivered at first, but as Wilbur continued stuffing more of the kangaroo in his mouth, it was clear that the roo was already starting to get a bit worn out; that crazy roller coaster had already taken so much energy out of him, and the warm, wet confines of Wilbur's mouth were almost starting to feel...*comforting*...as they slipped over his head, those flat donkey teeth soon encircling the roo’s throat. Joey's ears folded back as Wilbur continued shoving him down his gullet, the roo's snout soon precariously teetering over the edge to the point of no return. Below, Joey could faintly hear the rumbling and burbling of a stomach eager for a meal to work over and digest...him. He was a meal now…

\*ggglk~\*

Drool splattered on the concrete floor beneath the donkey as Wilbur took a deep swallow, Joey's entire head suddenly being encased in donkey throat, rhythmic squeezing already working to drag him deeper into the donkey's guts. Wilbur had a bit of trouble working his jaws over the kangaroo's shoulders, slurping and licking to get everything as lubricated as possible and pushing Joey deeper into him until he felt his lips finally slide over those bony things. The donkey made sure to let out a long, rumbling "*MMMMmmmm…*" as he swallowed once more, savoring his meal as much as possible as it wiggled and squirmed all the way down his gullet. Soon, Joey was starting to bulge out the donk's midsection, his snout just a few inches from spilling out into Wilbur's groaning, impatient stomach. Whatever breaths the roo could squeeze out were already tinged with an acidic odor, making sure the roo knew exactly where he was going to end up…

Another thick \**glllrrk*\*, and Joey was finally freed from the tight embrace of Wilbur's throat - at least, his head was! Though where he ended up wasn't really an improvement; the donkey's stomach was a bubbling cauldron, stomach fluids and semi-digested slop providing an...interesting stew for the kangaroo to baste in as he slid out into the chamber, feeling Wilbur's tongue working over his feet, realizing just how much of his body was encased in the donkey's own...at this point, the rope bindings were useless, but they made Joey feel even more trapped than he already was - and he was already pretty trapped! Wilbur enjoyed the last parts of his meal as much as possible, licking and slurping over Joey's soles as he casually pushed them past his lips with a finger. That finger popped out of Wilbur's mouth a few moments later, dripping with donkey spit as Wilbur savored the last of his meal. He placed a hand on his gullet, loosening the spiked collar he wore just a bit before tipping his head back and taking one last gulp.

“*Aaahhh…*”

The donkey let out a long, pleased breath as the last of Joey disappeared down his throat, his hands moving from his face down to his belly as he stood up and sloshed around the bulge that was steadily growing in his midsection. The kangaroo was still spilling out into his gut, but already Wilbur was feeling quite full...his stomach walls stretched to their limit to accompany the kangaroo, constantly squishing and pushing inward on Joey as he was forced to curl up inside the rank, tight chamber he was now forced to call home. The ropes were just insult to injury at this point, considering that he couldn't even break out of them to push the stomach walls away from him or make any sort of noticeable struggle inside the donkey! No, Joey could only sit in the pit of his predator’s stomach thinking about how unlucky he was to have been at the wrong place at the wrong time to ride this coaster with Wilbur…

Joey's new home started to shake and slosh back and forth, the slimy stomach getting all over his body and matting his fur as Wilbur started to walk out of the building, noisily slurping at his fingers to get all of the kangaroo’s taste that he could. “Mmm, I've never had kangaroo before...exotic.” the donkey remarked, still cradling his gut with both hands as he felt something starting to rise out of it. A thick \**UUUuuuuoooOOOOOOooorrrpppp*\* blasted the donkey's lips open a few moments later, the sound easily getting lost in all of the screaming and hectic chaos of the park as Wilbur made his way back out into the open. Joey's confines were becoming even tighter now, both from the belch and from the fact that Wilbur was now hiding at the kangaroo underneath a shirt (the best he could, anyway - that fabric wasn’t the best at compressing a belly bulge). The donkey was ready for the long haul, after all; his digestive system wasn't the fastest, and he knew that it would take at least a couple of days to fully digest the kangaroo stewing inside of his guts…

And Joey, still bound and gagged...all he could do was whimper, really. Whimper as tight stomach walls enclosed him from every side, constantly pushing and pressing up against the kangaroo’s sensitive body. Whimper as he took what stale breaths of the rank air in Wilbur's belly he could get, each one feeling less and less substantial as time went on. Whimper as he felt his fur slowly starting to fall off of his skin, being melted away into the soup that he was forced to bathe in. Whimper as he was joined in this caustic chamber by soda, popcorn, and all sorts of other amusement park goodies, soaking Joey and all sorts of chewed up mush and bubbly sugary concoctions...he tried to wiggle and squirm, and occasionally bulges did show through, but it’d be hard for anyone to see the kangaroo inside without actively looking at the donkey’s churning gut. Wilbur would be feeling quite full for a while, that was for sure.

While Joey was being digested by a plump donkey, the rest of his group was completely unknowing of his fate.They continued their travels throughout the park, group members splitting off when they saw the attractions they were the most excited about. The next one of them to go off on their own was Jakul, the crow having seen the sign for none other than one of the largest tilt-a-whirls in the entire world! This was the ride he was looking forward to the most, and he absolutely could not wait for it...unfortunately, as soon as he got there, he saw that there was one hell of a line to get inside!

“*Maaann…*” the crow mumbled to himself as he stood on the periphery of said line, trying to see if it was really worth it to wait in line for so long, or maybe pass the time by checking out a few other rides. The line looked pretty insurmountable, but in his snooping, the crow noticed that the attendant checking everyone in was…well, pretty checked out herself! The arctic fox looked bored as hell, and the fact that it was almost a new hour probably meant that she was about to go on her lunch break or change out shifts or something. And the fact that she wasn't paying that much attention...it gave Jakul an idea…

Jakul started to walk beside the line a little bit, finding a spot to cut in that wouldn't be too blatantly obvious and could hopefully be explained away by someone holding a spot for him or something. He saw a bit of a break in the stream of people, and decided to insert himself right in, mumbling “excuse me”s and “sorry”s as he butted himself in front of a pair of ferrets, who did not look very happy with the crow's sudden intrusion! They started to make a fuss about it, and although the attendant was pretty ambivalent about it at first, it didn't take long before she started to notice that there was something going on. Stalling everything for a few seconds, she got out of the booth, and walked over to the crow, who was already looking visibly nervous that his plan had backfired so quickly…

“\**sigh*\* What's the problem here?” the arctic fox asked, her arms crossed and barely allowing Jakul to see her name tag, which bore the name “Sarafe”. The two ferrets almost immediately launched into a diatribe, pointing at Jakul and saying that he had cut in line so brazenly right in front of them! The crow tried to counter their argument, but considering it was two to one and that they were a lot louder than him...well, he found himself being pulled over to the side by Sarafe rather quickly! A blush of embarrassment was starting to form on his face; he assumed that he would just get kicked out or shoved to the back of the line when he went for this, but it seemed like he was going to get a lot more than he was thinking he would! Sarafe pulled him aside, back to the little booth she stood in, processing entries once more while she started to talk to the troublemaker she had found.

“...listen, guy. We run a pretty tight schedule around here, and I'm supposed to be having lunch right now. Don't get me wrong, I don't give a shit about you cutting in line or anything, but I have to dole out punishment every now and then so people don't get any wise ideas.” she said, almost as if she was reading from a script. "So, I'm not gonna kick ya out or anything. But since you DID make me miss my lunch break, I think I have an idea on how to square up…"

Then, the much taller arctic fox reached right for Jakul's pants! The crow squawked in surprise as Sarafe got a good, rude hold of his package, chuckling as she felt the heft and weight of what the crow was packing. "Ohhh yeah. This will do just fine…" the arctic fox said, her voice slowly becoming lower and more sultry as she started to kneel onto the ground, encouraging the crow to start pulling down his pants - which he eagerly did after a few seconds thinking about it. This isn't exactly where he thought this would go, but, well...the crow wasn't complaining! If his “punishment” for trying to cut in line was an incognito blowjob, he might just be tempted to do this more often, honestly...

A few seconds later, as Sarafe started to get herself more comfortable, the crow's package was brought out of its confines, a pair of black balls dangling between Jakul's legs as his jet black shaft started to twitch and come alive with the thoughts of some action that were swimming in the crow's head now. The arctic fox's assessment was pretty spot-on; Jakul's cock was thick, black, and seemingly aching for release. Sarafe could certainly feel it as she lifted up that meaty shaft with one hand, feeling it throb and harden in her grip as its owner’s knees already started to wobble a little bit from all the stimulation. And she hadn't even gotten her mouth on the thing yet!

The fox licked her lips as she stared right down the barrel of Jakul's cock, really playing it all up before opening her mouth wide and starting to take the thing inside. Almost as soon as the flesh made contact, the crow squawked in pleasure. He had forgotten what that felt like, honestly! It had been far too long since he got his dick sucked, and by someone who was practically begging for it, as well...almost immediately, as if it was a reaction, Jakul started to thrust forward, reaching down and placing a hand on Sarafe's head once she had got the whole thing in her mouth and started to take a little bit more control of the whole operation. She could definitely fit all of it inside of her mouth, but the crow feeling that throat flexing and touching right in front of the tip of his shaft had got him wanting more already...he was nervous at first, but Sarafe's lip service had given him more than enough confidence. He was going to fuck her muzzle in this booth, straight up...and that's exactly what the fox wanted!

Sarafe did her best to tease and lick and slurp at that shaft as it throbbed in her mouth, but the crow was really the one calling the shots now. A powerful arousal was starting to well up inside of his body as things progressed, one that told him to thrust and push deeper and deeper into the vixen's willing mouth. One that told him that he wanted to fill her up with his load, that he NEEDED to fill her up...it was his fault that she missed lunch, anyway. The least he could do was give her a good substitute! It was already progressing to the point where his libido and arousal were starting to do all of the work for him…

The arctic fox could feel a salty taste starting to trickle its way down her throat as the squawking crow who was face-fucking her started to get a lot louder and even more intense than he was already. Wet slapping sounds overwhelmed the pair's hearing as things started to get wetter, Jakul leaking more and more precum that betrayed just how close he was to bursting. Every now and again, the crow could see someone walking by, occasionally making eye contact with the park guests, adding a little bit of exhibitionism to this whole ordeal...despite the fact that they were very much in public, the crow could not nor was he interested in keeping it quiet!

And that would be especially true when it came to the climax. Jakul knew it was coming, and there was no possible way he could stop himself at this point! Eventually, the crow thrusted forward one last time, making sure as much of his black member was lodged in Seraph’s maw as physically possible before he cried out in orgasm, said shaft spasming in delight as it blasted out wave after wave of musky crow jizz shot down the arctic fox's eager throat. It was salty, just as she had expected, but surprisingly tangy, and as she gulped down more of the tasty fluid, it became apparent that it was a lot more filling than she had expected or even hoped it to be! It was definitely a solid replacement for her lunch so far, and it left her wanting more...thankfully, the crow still had more to give her.

Jakul’s orgasm lasted for another 30 seconds or so, which was more than enough time for the crow to give Sarafe a lunch’s worth of crow cum and then some. Panting and huffing and red-faced, the crow looked down at Sarafe as he felt his body starting to drown in the afterglow, cum dripping out of the sides of her mouth as her tongue licked and slurped at that shaft, milking every last drop that Jakul could provide. “Hhhfff...that was...*really good*~” the crow said, a shiver rocketing up his spine as she dislodged his shaft with a wet \*pop!\*. Sarafe took one last swallow of that musky goodness before she started to speak again, slowly getting back to her feet as she felt that warm load sloshing around in her hungry gut. “Mmmh, that was a lot better than I was expecting, bird boy…” the arctic fox said, rubbing her stomach as she started to loom over Jakul, the crow still mostly awash in afterglow and unable to really notice that she was really trying to look as large as possible. “Now, about your punishment…”

Those words snapped the crow back to reality. A reality where the first thing he saw was that Sarafe had stripped off her uniform in the grace period between the blowjob and now, and not only that, but her crotch was positively glistening! Not only did she have a wet slit, but to Jakul's surprise she also had a throbbing, dripping cock, complete with a knot...seemed like getting filled with a fresh load had gotten Sarafe worked up herself, and the sight of what was between her legs kept the crow occupied enough for her to reach right down and place a hand against the back of Jakul's head, pushing him forward and lodging the tip of his beak right between her legs, lifting her package up to fit him right into her slit! “*AaAaAaAaAaAaaaahhh*, yeah, this will do just fine…” the fox said as she stumbled backwards into a chair in the corner, Jakul falling to his knees as he suddenly got a whiff of Sarafe's very powerful, very feminine musk. His beak suddenly felt very wet, and as he was still pretty aroused from everything else that happened, he was more than willing to reciprocate the arctic fox...though, he didn't know how far the arctic fox actually wanted him to go!

Sarafe kept her hand on the back of Jakul's head as she fell to the crow's tongue slip out of his beak, probing around near Sarafe's nether lips before finding the right spot and slipping between them, causing the fox to cry out in pleasure. “*Ohhh yeah*, get IN there!! We'll be square in no time…” Sarafe moaned out loud, pressing on the back of Jakul's head and encouraging him to plunge deeper between her legs - something that Jakul obliged wholeheartedly!

But Sarafe wasn't just looking for some oral reciprocation, no. Her libido was already pretty high as a rule, but now that she had taken care of her hunger, it was starting to absolutely overwhelm the fox. Her plan? Simple. Shove Jakul right up her cooch, and melt the crow into a thick, gooey orgasm right here and now! Her break was still on for another half hour or so - that would be plenty of time to melt most of the crow down…or to keep him trapped inside of her, at least! Maybe keep him as a toy...

As Jakul's beak nestled nicely between Sarafe's netherlips, the fox started to get to work on making sure he was only going to go deeper. She started off gently at first, just starting to squeeze the crow's head with her thighs while reaching down and planting a hand on the back of Jakul's noggin, nudging and pushing Jakul to go deeper and deeper into her nethers - which he obliged with gusto! His tongue worked deep into Sarafe's cooch, licking up all that sweet nectar...already, he wanted more! And, subtly, all the squeezing and pressing that Sarafe was doing to nudge him forward was definitely working. The bird was just burrowing deeper, his beak spreading those lips open as he endeavored to get at the source of those juices. Hearing the muffled cries and moans of Sarafe around him as he pleasured her so wonderfully did give the crow a bit of motivation, as well…

The arctic fox shamelessly played with her tits as she rode Jakul's beak, Sarafe starting to let the facade of this just being a bout of pussy-eating melt away. Her thighs were squeezing just a bit tighter, and her flesh was clenching around Jakul's beak and face as well, steadily pulling and drawing him up deeper into the fox's hungry canal. He started to feel as if the flesh was pulling him deeper, the pressure increasing around his beak; Jakul could sense that something was starting to be a bit...up. Sarafe was going a bit too far, and the crow started to place his hands on those clenching thighs to pull his beak out of the fox, but then -

\*shhhllrrrp\*

The fox *cleeeenched* her canal muscles tight, her lips yawning open and pulling Jakul's head inside of them before squeezing tight and keeping her grip on the crow's body. At the same time, that hand on the back of Jakul's head shoved up and forward, Sarafe crying out in pleasure as she felt her pussy getting filled up at an impressive rate! That load of cum was still sloshing in her guts, but if she had her way, Jakul would be sloshing around in her womb all the same in a few minutes. The crow was suddenly surrounded by tight, warm and wet vaginal walls, feeling them contract and squeeze around his body, only serving to pull him deeper into the vixen's embrace. Already, those feminine fluids were leaking out onto his neck, lubing up his feathers and allowing Sarafe to push and shove his neck and shoulders right up into her body - a bulge starting to show in her lower belly, even!

As Jakul was pushed and pulled deeper into Sarafe's pussy, he quickly found himself losing what agency he had with how tight the walls were squeezing him. It felt like every tiny wiggle he made only excited the vixen even more, only got him pulled deeper and deeper into this tight canal...his chest was disappearing inside now, the crow little more than flailing claws and a tail now that his arms were trapped at his sides. And yet, throughout it all...the crow was absolutely rock hard. He hadn't really noticed in all the flailing until now, but the idea of being shoved right up Sarafe's pussy was turning him on, in perhaps the most odd way possible! There was just something about being shoved into such an intimate place...but, no! He couldn't even fit inside of her womb, he needed to get out of here, before he suffocated or something!

Despite the apparent impossibility of the situation Jakul had in his mind, Sarafe seemed *very* certain he would fit inside of her. She kept pushing and clenching all the same, more than half of the crow now nothing but a bulge in her gut...mmph, his beak was teasing up against her cervix now, she absolutely NEEDED the crow inside of her! The fox's hands returned to her tits, Sarafe a groaning, heated mess unable to do anything but play with herself at this point with her body doing most of the work for her.

The strongest contraction yet squeezed Jakul's body even tighter, forcing the crow up and through Sarafe's cervix into a place that was, at least, less crushingly tight than her vaginal canal. He couldn't believe it, but he was really inside the attendant's womb...he could hear the moans of the fox as she kept pulling Jakul up and inside of her, the bird feeling his legs getting slurped into that tight tunnel with little issue. Gods, it was so hot in here, and filled with sticky, musky feminine fluids as well…

Sarafe's gut was starting to grow considerably as the crow made his way inside her womb, the fox in absolute bliss as Jakul was forced to curl up inside of her belly. All that was left of him was a feathery tail, trivial for the fox to slurp up; she didn't have to do much but clench a few more times, hands roaming over her belly lovingly. She could feel the crow kicking around inside as he struggled to get comfortable inside the tight chamber. The walls weren't super pushy, but they were unyielding, making it difficult for Jakul to move around inside as more of his body was shoved out into the enclosure. It was a real struggle for him to get into any position that could be considered comfortable, especially as he felt his legs and eventually even his tail get slurped up through the cervix. Forced into a fetal position, Jakul was truly trapped inside of Sarafe now…

The fox let out a long, lustful sigh as she leaned back in her chair, doting and rubbing over her swollen stomach as she felt the crow starting to kick around inside. “Oh, hush hush hush...you're going to stay in there for a good long while, and if you don't behave, you might not come out in the same form…” the vixen teased, playing with herself every now and again as she collected her undergarments from off the ground and put them back on. It was a bit of a struggle to fit her pants over the bulge in her gut, but she made do. It was past her lunch break, anyway. She needed to get back to work - and having a toy stuffed inside of her would certainly make the time pass quite a bit faster!

Jakul could barely hear the vixen's teasing over the sloshing and burbling that the flesh around him was making. The heat was already unbearable, and as time went on, it only got more and more humid...it seemed that the hornier and more aroused Sarafe got, the hotter and muskier it got inside of her. There wasn't anything the crow could do at this point, though, so he just let the walls try to lull him to sleep, unsure if he would wake up as an orgasm or still be in one piece! He was oddly complacent with the concept, but maybe that was because of the throbbing erection between his legs…

The crow stewed around in Sarafe's womb while she went about her day, perhaps even passing by members of Jakul's group or admitting them without them knowing that one of their own was inside of her! The next person from that group to break away was Chris, the Espeon interested in a different kind of attraction compared to his friends; one that was a lot more basic, and maybe even a bit out of place at a park like this. It was a simple try-your-luck booth, but Chris had heard that the Sylveon that ran the booth was quite special. The Pokemon seemed to make every visit worth your while, even if on the outside it didn't seem all that special!

It didn't take Chris long to find the booth he was looking for. Off in a secluded corner of the park, with almost no traffic whatsoever, was a small wooden booth; it almost looked like a child's lemonade stand with how basic it was! "TRY YOUR LUCK - WITH AKKURE THE SYLVEON" was emblazoned across the front in red letters, and sitting behind the booth was Akkure himself, the purple Sylveon looking quite bored as he drummed his paws on the desk. Behind him was a simple ring toss game, which honestly looked kind of plain and out-of-care to Chris as he approached the booth…

Akkure sprang to life as soon as he saw the Espeon approaching, leaning his elbows down on the table before greeting Chris. "Welcome, welcome, welcome to Try Your Luck! May I get your name, my lovely contestant?~" the Sylveon said as Chris made his way to the booth. Normally the Espeon was a lot more timid when it came to giving his name out to strangers, but for some reason, the words just shot right out of his mouth! "Oh, it's Chris." the Espeon said, a somewhat doofy smile crossing his face as he looked at the game he was about to partake in. "Chris, Chris, Chris, Chris...*lovely*. Chris, why don't you take the red rings? The game's simple. You get three out of the 5 red rings to land, one on each prong, and you'll win a fabulous prize! But if you don't, well...let's not worry about that."

Set in front of the Espeon were 4 groups of small rings; blue, red, green, and white. Usually Chris would pick green, his favorite color, but he found himself picking up the red rings without hesitation...even though Akkure had told him to take the red ones, Chris got the impression that it didn't really matter which ones you took. So why did he end up taking the red ones…?

It wasn't that big of a deal, just a tiny oddity that quickly slipped the Espeon's mind as he got ready to try his luck...or his skill. Yeah, the game name was a little odd, but Chris was still waiting for the "magic" of this attraction to reveal itself. Akkure was charming, sure, but what was the payoff…?

"Now, I'd suggest hooking the far prong first. Just try and get that one out of the way." the Sylveon said. He suggested that for sure, but not really for the reasons he had said! Usually folks would be stubborn enough to burn 1 or 2 rings on the hardest target to hit, and make it close to impossible to win the game otherwise. It was a cheeky little way to make people burn through tries...and it had a solid success rate to boot.

"Alright." the Espeon said calmly, getting into a stance as he readied to take the first shot, a red ring in hand. He wasn't sure exactly how to do this in the best possible way, but he had 5 chances. It was certainly possible for him to figure out a strategy in that time! The Espeon reeled back a little bit, before swinging his arm forward and tossing the ring -

And it hooked the far prong.

Chris was a bit surprised by this. He felt like his throw had been far off the mark! Akkure smiled, clapping a little bit as he saw this transpire. "Great job, great job! You'll get that prize in no time…" the Sylveon said. This wasn't entirely out of left field; every now and again there would be someone who knew what they were doing, or just got extremely lucky. So the Sylveon wasn't dazed...though, this Espeon seemed EXTREMELY suggestive to anything he said. Probably just a huge coincidence…

"In my opinion, the closest prong is your best bet now. Take it kinda easy." the Sylveon said, leaning against one of the booth posts as he watched Chris get ready again, winding up for the throw and everything…

And he hooked the near prong on the first try.

That...that jarred Akkure a little bit. Just a tiny bit. This occurrence wasn't entirely out of the picture, but the Sylveon was getting a little bit of an odd feeling about this. Was this Espeon really doing exactly what he told him to? This...this was weird. The Sylveon just stood there for a few seconds, trying to think of a way to test and see if there was actually some weird stuff going on.

"Okay! For this last one, if you can hook the middle prong with your eyes closed, you'll get the highest tier of prize."

Chris looked confused for a moment, before he quickly snapped back to reality. "Got it." he said calmly, closing his eyes tight before basically repeating the same sequence he had done before. If it wasn't broke, don't fix it, after all…

The ring left his hand. Chris heard a clank. He opened his eyes, to see Akkure shocked, the middle prong hooked, and his victory assured. The Sylveon was speechless for a few moments, before he launched into a congratulatory speech for the Espeon. "W-*wow*. Fantastic. That was one hell of a show…" the Sylveon said, before ducking beneath the bench and digging around underneath for a little bit, trying to find this "highest tier of prize" that he had pretty much made up on the spot. He had a much different idea of congratulations for the Espeon now, but he just needed to find the damn thing he was thinking of...

"Ah!" the Sylveon exclaimed from behind the desk, coming back up with something in his hands. Whatever the prize was, it was rolled up like a poster - but, as Akkure released his grip somewhat, the bottom unfurled to reveal that it was...it was a maid outfit!

"Uhhh...a…a maid outfit?" Chris asked, utterly flabbergasted by what was in front of him. Almost immediately, Akkure replied with an overly-chipper "Yes!", before a moment of silence ensued...which the Sylveon ended by shoving his arm forward. "Put it on!" he said, in a much more forceful tone of voice, the maid outfit hovering inches from Chris's face. The Espeon understandably felt weird about this, but he watched as he snatched the outfit right out of the Sylveon's hands, feeling very dissociated from everything as he put the outfit on quite quickly. The Espeon felt as though he was watching himself on television right now, feeling so distanced from every action he was doing...but, in a matter of moments, he had the maid outfit on, looking quite embarrassed and flushed as he stood in front of Akkure. Thank goodness this booth was in the corner of the park; he didn't want a sea of people looking over and seeing all this…

"Ah, perfect! You look just *adorable*, Chris. Now, if you'll just come around to this side of the booth…" the Sylveon said, Chris obeying his command almost as soon as he heard it and making his way behind the wooden table. What he saw was, well, surprising: the vest that the Sylveon had been wearing was, in fact, the only piece of clothing they had on! Akkure was nude below the waist, sporting a pair of hefty, white balls dangling below a thick, purple, knotted member. Chris's eyes almost immediately went to the Sylveon's package, his jaw dropping at the size and heft of Akkure's bits.

He was only knocked out of his stupor by the Sylveon's voice. "Now, get on your knees and get me *niiice* and wet. We're gonna have some fun together~" Akkure commanded, Chris almost immediately getting down on his knees once he heard the command; again, still completely a passenger in his own body, but starting to get more and more into it as time went on. He didn't think he would be fucking Akkure when he walked up to this booth, but...maybe this was the magic everyone was talking about! The Espeon eagerly opened his mouth as wide as he could, slipping his lips over as much of Akkure's member as was possible while his hands started to stroke and rub at the parts he couldn't possibly slather up with his tongue. The taste, the musk of the Sylveon's crotch, it was all so intoxicating for Chris already...he wanted so badly to suck Akkure off, but it was clear the Sylveon had a different idea of where to take things. After only about 30 seconds of Chris sucking on his shaft, the Sylveon pulled his hips back and his cock out of the Espeon's mouth, immediately eliciting a little bit of a whine from Chris. “Oh, don't worry, we're just getting started. Now, turn around and bend over for me…”

Chris did exactly what he was asked to do, the Espeon facing towards the bench and bending right over so that his ass was at the perfect height for Akkure to start teasing and playing with. The Sylveon gave it a hearty slap, moving Chris's fluffy, brown tail out of the way before hefting up his shaft with one paw and aligning it right at the edge of those asscheeks. His cock all lubricated now, albeit in a much less orthodox fashion, Akkure gripped both of Chris's hips firmly before sneaking his shaft between the Espeon’s rumpcheeks. He started out by teasing against Chris's needy pucker before starting to slowly thrust forward, hearing the Espeon gasp softly as he felt his anus slowly get spread by the thick, meaty Sylveon cock he had just been suckling on so thoroughly! The Espeon tried to relax his muscles as best he could, and he could feel Akkure’s purrs and groans of pleasure as his cock slid right up inside Chris, the Espeon's insides proving to be pleasantly tight; enough to squeeze and press against the Sylveon's shaft, but not enough to the point where it was difficult to actually fit his shaft inside. Akkure’s balls were nice and full, sloshing with every thrust the Sylveon made...mmph, he was going to enjoy this!

In no time at all, the Sylveon got down to business, gripping Chris's sides tightly as he thrusted in and out of the Espeon’s ass, spreading his bottom’s ring every time he did so. Chris could feel his heart pounding, his own shaft straining against the booth, the thing he was resting on shaking and swaying every time Akkure thrusted forward. A few times, Chris thought the rickety thing might just fall apart from the strength of their love-making! But, it held strong, almost TOO strong for something that looked so haphazard and poorly made...regardless, Chris was far too full of Sylveon cock to think about the intricacies of what was going on right now. All that was dominating his mind was how good this felt, how much he wanted Akkure to spill his load inside of him...he could feel their balls slapping together every now and then, sensing just how full and aching for release they were. He wanted to be...a good little...*pet*.

“Nnnghh, I haven't gotten to do this in such a...hhf... long time. And with someone so willing, too…” Akkure teased, giving Chris's rear another slap while his dick was mostly dislodged before thrusting forward once more and hearing the Espeon cry out in pleasure as Sylveon cock went even deeper inside of him than it ever had before. The Espeon could feel the tip of that shaft throbbing inside of him, poking at his insides and even bulging him out a little bit. And the thought that there was still a whole knot that would go inside of him...he couldn't even comprehend how full he would feel when Akkure’s orgasm finally hit! He whined with every thrust, teeth gritted, on the precipice of begging for the Sylveon to blow a load inside his good pet.

“Tell me you want it.”

Those words had barely even hit Chris's ears before he felt himself crying out in affirmation. “I WANT IT!” the Espeon yelled out, completely unaware or uncaring of his volume. The heat from such a rigorous fucking was starting to make him sweat, especially in that maid outfit, and there was nothing more in the world he wanted right now than to be filled with that hot load, to be Akkure’s pet, be a good toy and serve his...his master. These words were flying around in his brain without a second thought, Chris completely subservient to anything and everything the Sylveon asked for. Akkure just flashed a toothy grin as he heard Chris's complete admission, thrusting his hips forward one last time and getting a thick, wet \*slap\* out of it before something started to surge up out of his loins. “*AAAaaahhhgggnnnn~*” the Sylveon cried as he violently came, the thick load that was sloshing around in his balls shooting up and out of them and spilling out right into Chris's bowels. Feeling that warmth spreading through his body drove Chris absolutely insane, the Espeon unable to do anything but moan himself as Akkure emptied shot after shot of Sylveon cum inside of him. His belly was already swelling up underneath the table, the Pokemon feeling so unbelievably, wonderfully FULL from all of this. It felt like a whole minute had passed, and still, Akkure had so much to give him! The Sylveon sloppily thrusted harder one more time, cum splashing out of Chris's ass and causing causing the Espeon to cry out as he felt his asshole stretching around that throbbing knot, struggling to contain the Sylveon's lust and vigor. Akkure’s tongue hanging out of his mouth, the Sylveon sighed as he emptied himself out into his new pet, completely claiming Chris as his own with how much cum was sloshing in the Espeon’s belly now…

“*Aaaahhh*...a great start to our relationship.” Akkure teased, chuckling as he heard Chris groaning and moaning in absolute bliss as the last of the Sylveon's orgasm trickled up inside of him. Akkure gripped the Espeon’s sides before slowly pulling out, his knot dislodging itself with a wet \**pop*\* before quite a bit of the Sylveon's seed came flooding out of that spread asshole, leaking all the way down the booth and collecting in the dirt below. “Hhh...a *start*…?” Chris managed to gasp out, his own cock still twitching and throbbing with need for release. That session was so intense, that the Espeon couldn't even really think of anything like that could surpass it...uurgh, he felt so full now!

While Chris lay there, feeling the fruits of Akkure’s loins sloshing around inside of him, the Sylveon slowly pulled the rest of his cock out of the Espeon's tight ass, feeling his member still throbbing every now and again. His balls were empty, but he had a pretty good idea for what he could use to refill them...he walked around the booth, soon coming into Chris's field of vision; the Espeon looked up to see Akkure’s hands on his hips, that thick purple shaft drooling out cum just inches from his face. God, he couldn't believe something that big was just in his ass, but it was…

“Now, be a good pet and slide down my shaft.” Akkure said, flashing that toothy grin once more as he reached underneath his cock, picking it up just a little bit so that it was exactly nose-level with the Espeon. Chris just blinked a few times, before repeating what he heard out loud. “S...slide *down* it?” he asked, almost in disbelief as to what could be possibly implied there. There...there was no way he could fit down there! But the musk was so strong, and he was already so aroused, that it kind of...kind of sounded good. Like it was fun. Like it was his purpose.

“That’s right. The best possible thing a pet can do for their master is to slide down their cock, squirm in their balls and melt down into a thick load of come, forever enhancing their master's package...how do you think this got so big?” the Sylveon explained, accentuating that last point by shaking his shaft a little bit. It...it obviously wasn't the best thing to do if Chris was interested in self-preservation, but his instincts had all but been evaporated by the rough fucking, the powerful musk. It felt like Akklure could ask Chris to do anything, and he would obey without hesitation...

Which did explain why, after a bit of an initial refractory period, Chris found his nose touching up right against the opening to Akkure’s cock, hearing the Sylveon gasp in pleasure as Chris slowly moved forward. It was a weird idea, to be sure, but...Chris simply wanted to please his master. He put this maid outfit on, he made master all nice and wet, he gave him an outlet to let some steam off...it was only fair to get to this point. This was the logical progression! He was a good pet, and if proving that meant sliding down into his master's balls and being melted up, well...that's what would happen. As soon as Akkure got a bit of a grip on Chris's head, the Sylveon clenched his pelvic muscles, pulling Chris forward and slurping up the Espeon snout, Chris now able to smell nothing but his master's thick musk. His arms slowly came around in front of him, Chris rubbing and massaging at that wonderful shaft and gently pulling himself forward, His legs now just dangling off the back of the booth as Akkure worked on sending him down into the place he needed to be, the place he deserved to be, the place that he belonged. Even though the Sylveon had quite an impressive package already, Chris would add to it nicely. He would make that shaft thicker, that knot stronger, those balls even heftier…

\*shhlrrrp~\*

With just one powerful contraction, Chris's head slipped inside the tip of Akkure’s shaft, the Sylveon gasping in pleasure once more. “*Thaaat’s* it...serve your master…” he huffed out as he stroked over the bulges Chris was making in his shaft, helping to coax his cock into taking thick, powerful gulps of the Espeon's body. Soon, Chris's neck had been swallowed up, and Akkure was in the process of stretching his urethra over the Pokemon's shoulders…a daunting task, to be sure, but nothing that the Sylveon hadn't dealt with before. In fact, this was his favorite part; just a feeling how wide his flesh had to stretch, the slow, yet steady feeling of fullness radiating down into his loins...it was a feeling that he couldn't match anywhere else. As more of Chris disappeared inside Sylveon shaft, the Espeon's arms soon finding themselves bound at their sides as his shoulders were slurped up, he felt the environment around him starting to tip forward a little bit. Akkure was lifting his meaty shaft up to the sky, trying to get the help of gravity to make this whole process a little bit smoother. It was a very gradual shift at first, Akkure not really able to do much with how overwhelmingly powerful the feelings in his loins were becoming, but he knew that soon, his pet would be curled up inside of his balls...mmf, it had been far too long since he had to done something like this. He couldn't wait to see how big his cock would grow once he melted down Chris inside of him!

Akkure was in complete bliss as he slurked and sucked more of his obedient little pet down into his cock, the relatively short Espeon more than halfway inside the thick, musky shaft now. The Pokemon only made a cursory wiggle or two, partially because of the tightness of his master's cock, and partially because he was just too enamored and in love with everything around him! The wet muskiness, the throbbing of his master's cock resonating in his very core, the thought that he'd soon be sloshing between those furry orbs he had been staring at just a few minutes ago...fuck, it was all so wonderful. This HAD to be what everyone was talking about when they sang the praises of this booth…

"*Nngh*...just a bit more, my pet~" Akkure teased as he continued to slowly lift up his shaft, Chris now waist-deep in Sylveon cock and showing no signs of going anywhere but deeper into it! Akkure just let his shaft continue working, the Sylveon just stroking over the bulges inside his cock and immersing himself in all the wonderful sensations and feelings flowing through his body. The Sylveon's balls swayed back and forth between Akkure's legs, begging to be filled with his pet's form. Chris's body was so close to starting to slide out into those fat orbs, he could smell the leftover cum basting inside of them!

Akkure's flesh instinctively clenched as the Sylveon felt Chris's head entering his balls, the Pokemon almost immediately getting sucked down a few more inches by the sudden squeeze so that only the tips of his paws and his tail were still sticking out of Akkure's thick, drooling shaft. It was even warmer inside his master's balls, though Chris did appreciate the extra room they offered - he could curl up inside, like it was a warm, wet, musky sauna…

Chris's new home gently swayed back and forth as Akkure finished off his cock meal, one of the Sylveon's paws on his shaft while the other reached up to the tip, Akkure biting his lip as he gently started to push the last of Chris's body down his urethra. "Ohhh, Chris, you're going to LOVE being a musky load of mine...and some inches, as well~" Akkure teased as he shoved the rest of the Espeon down his cock, the shaft taking a thick \*glk\* as Chris's tail disappeared into the musky hole, more than on its way to join the rest of the Espeon in Akkure's warm sac.

The Sylveon was in absolute bliss as he felt Chris filling up his balls, Akkure leaning forward and resting his cock and body on the booth as he just took in everything he was feeling right now. His cock was harder than it had ever been, constantly twitching and drooling precum out onto the ground...and, as Chris continued to bulge out the Sylveon's sac, it only seemed to grow harder and larger! Soon, Chris was curled up nice and tight inside his master's orbs, his body showing through the thin skin that was containing him as he swayed back and forth between Akkure's legs. His maid outfit was absolutely soaked already, to the point where it felt like it was almost melting off his body…

Akkure's balls sagged onto the ground as Chris filled them up wonderfully, the Sylveon's tongue lolling out of his mouth as he shamelessly started to hump at his booth. He could feel his pet sloshing around in his balls with every movement he made, the bubbling concoction of Sylveon cum working into Chris's fur and making the Espeon start to tingle all over. "Mmh, just a bit more…" Akkure mumbled under his breath as he continued thrusting, feeling arousal starting to surge out of his loins once more. Gods, he felt like he was ready to cum all over again!

Chris was steadily starting to lose feeling in his body as this all went on, the cum in the chamber rising around him and immersing him in a warm, bubbling, musky bath. Every breath he took was thick with his master's scent, and soon the Espeon was sinking back into his new home, feeling a drowsiness starting to come over him. This was his purpose...this is where he belonged, melting down into nothing but cum, to be absorbed by his master…

Akkure's balls made a thick, wet \*GLORP\* noise as the Espeon inside made the transition from pet to cum, causing the Sylveon to chuckle as his full balls sloshed back and forth between his legs. "Time to join my package~" Akkure said, to no one in particular...he could just cum Chris out as a musky stain and leave it at that (in fact, he very badly wanted to do that in the moment!), but he enjoyed his time with the Espeon...so Chris deserved to be a permanent part of his thick, musky bits! Already, the Sylveon could feel his body starting to get to work as he dragged himself back behind the booth, figuring that he had been indecently exposing himself for long enough...and making a mess while doing it as well! He just took his time, stroking and playing with his package and listening to his balls churn and gurgle all that Espeon up, feeling his shaft already starting to grow in his grip…

Akkure spent the next few hours in absolute bliss, thrusting and humping and playing with himself every chance he could get, feeling his balls and cock growing constantly. He did have a few guests come by, and every time after they left, he would reach down and feel an extra inch or two on his shaft, a bit more heft on his balls, some extra thickness on his knot...Chris was surely making some wonderful additions, even as a bit of the cum he made leaked out of the tip every now and again. His shaft was now so big at full mast, that he could wrap his whole arm around it...fuck, it was so wonderful! "*Aaahhh*...I hope you're ready for a new life as cock fat~" the Sylveon teased as he stroked at his cock, feeling his balls now mostly empty, though at the same time, a lot more hefty and weighty...Chris had added so much weight to his package. Akkure couldn't wait to try his new equipment out!

"Gordon!"

Fawx cried out the name of the friend he was meeting as he saw the tall, stocky horse amongst a crowd of strangers, the fox muscling his way through a bunch of random park-goers to try and get Gordon's attention. He knew it was the right horse; he stuck out of any crowd considering that he was 7 feet tall, even without wearing his signature Balmoral bonnet...it took a few moments for him to make his way through the rivers of people, but eventually, he was able to tap Gordon on the shoulders.

"*Whuh…*" the horse mumbled as he turned around, before looking down and seeing the small, semi-cyborg fox beaming up at him. His eyes immediately lit up, the horse shouting "Fawx!" before kneeling down and snatching the fox right off the ground, wrapping Fawx up in his arms and squeezing him in a big, powerful bearhug! Fawx's breath kinda got knocked out of him by the sudden show of affection, the fox just letting Gordon squeeeeeze him for a while before he started talking. "H-hey, big guy! How've you -ow- been?" the fox managed to sputter out, Gordon only responding with his hug until he finally set Fawx down off on the side of one of the rides. "*Aaahhh*...enjoying everything this place has to offer! Checked out one of those fancy restaurants, went on some rides…" Gordon said as the two started to walk and talk together. "Ready for the log flume?" Fawx said as the two of them made their way over to the more watery section of the park, hearing all sorts of splashing and getting whiffs of chlorine as they got closer and closer.

The log plume was one of the park's most intense rides. Slowly ascending up a huge mountain in a giant, hollowed-out log, getting a good look of the whole park beneath you before you plunged right down into it! There were even cameras around on the track, and you could buy photos of the drop afterwards with your crazy facial expressions! It was certainly one of the more unique attractions the park had to offer, for sure…

"Wow! Not even a line…" Fawx commented as the two friends made their way to the ride's entrance, not many people seemingly in the mood for water-based terror considering how quickly the two of them were able to get into one of the logs. "Oh, gosh, here we go…" the fox said as the safety bar descending down on the both of them, Fawx scooching up to his big horse friend as everything started to screech and whirr to life, the log jumping back and forth before starting to slowly make its way up this huge fake mountain.

"Geez, you can see so MUCH from up here…" Fawx commented, gripping the safety bar nice and tight as he peeked out over the side of the log and just...looked at the world below him. They weren't even that high up yet, but even now, Fawx was starting to realize just how huge this park was, how many rides there were, how full the parking lots were...wow. This place was as big and sprawling and fantastic as he had thought...perhaps even a bit moreso! "Oh my gosh, it's just all so wonderful…" the fox continued, snuggling up to Gordon as they continued to ascend up this Fawx mountain, the splashing and flowing of the water around them starting to get Fawx and Gordon in the mood for the plunge…

With the expectation of getting soaking wet, both Fawx and Gordon had stripped down to swim trunks before coming up here. And with Fawx sidling up to his horse friend so closely, it was pretty clear that the fox's feelings for Gordon went beyond friendship. And the fact that just the two of them were up here, by themselves, high above the rest of the park...it was like their own tunnel of love! Fawx was a bit nervous about making his move, but eventually, he reached down for the obvious bulge in Gordon's pants, stroking along the side as he looked up to the big horse with a smile. "Wanna have a little fun before the big drop?~"

Gordon's face flushed red as he felt the contact Fawx made with his horse shaft, the thick member already straining against his shorts even without any sort of stroking or teasing from his foxy friend…! "*Hhf*...that's a really kinky idea, Fawx…" the horse started to say as he shifted in his seat a little bit, allowing himself just enough room so that he could start to pull his swim trunks down, the log continuing to ascend as Gordon's own log did! His thick horsecock sprung out of its confines as soon as it was allowed to, Fawx's eyes going wide as he saw just what his friend had been packing all this time! "Holy shit, Gordon…" Fawx mumbled as he stared at the flared thing, leaning in closer and glancing at Gordon before reaching out to heft up and stroke along the meaty cock. "Don't be afraid to get your mouth around it…" Gordon teased, allowing Fawx to get closer as he readied himself for a bit of head before the drop…

Then, a flash of light interrupted the two, right as Fawx had the tip of his friend's cock hovering just in front of his mouth. The two shouted in unison, partially blinded by the flash and reeling backwards in surprise.

Then the drop came.

In the midst of their fooling around, the fox and horse hadn't even realized that they had reached the apex of the log flume. That flash was the first of two cameras, designed to capture their reactions right before the drop and during it as well. Fawx managed to barely cling to his safety bar, staying relatively in place…but Gordon? He had forced his off of him when he needed to slide his swim trunks off. And the drop, well...it needed those safety bars, that was for sure! Gordon screamed as he felt his rear fly up into the air with the rest of his body, just barely able to grab onto the cart with one of his hands to keep him from flying backwards and landing on one of the other carts...it was only a few seconds, but Gordon felt every last one of them as he scrambled to try and return to the cart he was in, the horse's bits flailing all over the place in the open air…

And then, when the drop evened out just a tiny bit, the world rushing past the two friends like a blue blur, Gordon felt himself touch land once more - well, touch cart anyway. Though it wasn't in the way he perhaps would have hoped. The horse felt another scream rush out of his body as his rump slammed right on top of Fawx, the fox's entire head and shoulders being shoved right up the horse's exposed pucker, bulging out Gordon's bowels in a matter of moments! The horse went from screaming in terror to moaning in pleasure in the blink of an eye, feeling his friend squirming around inside out of a complete inability to understand what was happening to him right now...and throughout all of this, the coaster was still dropping as well, the blood rushing to both of their heads and adrenaline still pumping through their veins. Reflexively, the horse's bowels clenched tight around Fawx, only sucking him up deeper with wet \*SHLORP\*s; the fox slid deeper due to Gordon's weight pressing down on his body as well…

Even though the log plume's drop only lasted a few moments, it felt like it took hours due to all the other circumstances of their descent! Gordon's cock was throbbing as Fawx continued to slide deeper into his guts, the horse's belly starting to grow and bulge out as the fox was worked further up into Gordon's rear...finally, though, their descent was starting to slow just a bit, enough for Gordon to process what exactly what was going on...for Fawx, though, he was still as in the dark as ever - both literally and figuratively! Tight, musky bowel walls squeezed around his whole body, Gordon's hungry rear having devoured the fox up to his waist at this point; and, with his legs slipping between Gordon's own as the log plume reached its splashy finish, the spray of water barely even phasing Gordon as the log slid towards the end of the line...he had a lot more to think about right now!

Soon, the log came to a stop, Gordon's horsecock fully flared and leaking quite a bit of precum onto the floor. His gut was kicking and squirming, yet still growing, Fawx's feet barely sticking out from between the horse's legs at this point. With nobody around, the horse just sat there for a moment, taking in everything that had just transpired...his friend really was crammed up his ass right now. And it really DID feel that good. And...yes, he was going to keep him in there…

Gordon got up out of the log a few moments later, feeling Fawx's feet just outside of his bowels - but with a whinny and a clench, those disappeared as well, leaving the horse with nothing but a pair of swim trunks grossly unequipped to contain his flared shaft, and a squirming, kicking bulge en route to his gut...well, that was lunch taken care of, at the very least! He had been planning to scarf down Fawx at some point during this visit, so it was a bit convenient that the ride played out like it did, honestly…

Fawx felt the world around him shaking as Gordon started to walk away from the log, the fox still dizzy as hell and unable to truly comprehend what was happening to him still. He knew where he was, sort of, but the sensory overload of all these fleshy walls squeezing and pushing against him still had his brain feeling quite discombobulated. He had wasted most of the oxygen he had on hyperventilating, and was already starting to feel a bit tired just from how Gordon's guts were softening him up...uurgh, he tried to get his friend to release him, but Gordon almost certainly couldn't hear what he was saying, and even if he could, he would probably honestly ignore it! Food didn't talk, after all, and that's what he was at this point. Just food. He was certainly FEELING like food as the horse's bowels continued to press and squeeze over his body, slimy fluids soaking deep into his fur, making an absolute mess for.the poor fox. And the thought that he still had a stomach to deal with only made him feel worse...

"Yeah, can I get both of them?"

Gordon snickered as he pointed to the displays in a small booth near the exit to the ride, where you could get the pictures the cameras took printed as a bit of a memento. The first one had Fawx getting ready to suck him off, but the second one had nothing but Gordon with a fat, squirming belly bulge that his cock was throbbing against! The attendant, a bored-looking rabbit, barely even glanced at what he would actually be printing off as he took Gordon's money, pressing a button underneath the counter and handing the horse some freshly-laminated keepsakes. "Thanks, chief~" the horse said as he snatched them out of the rabbit's hands, cradling his gut with one hand as he took a look at the photos, thinking about what ride he would take next…

Snow was the next person to break away from the group...well, what was left of the group at this point, anyway! His mind was set on an amusement park classic: the house of mirrors. Usually those kinds of places were only open on and around Halloween, due to the creepy nature they could have, but the one at Six Preds was open year-round! And, true to the park's other attractions, it was pretty much the biggest, best house of mirrors around! With the attraction being so large, it didn't take Snow long to find it, his search taking the cheetah past the water park area to a section that was a bit more...natural than the others. Quieter, with walkways surrounded by trees and other foliage, the house of mirrors very much gave off a "forest mansion" aesthetic. Water fountains and a gate to access it all really brought everything together; Snow was in awe as he walked up to the gate, which had its own ticket booth built into it where a ferret-looking fellow was standing.

"House of Mirrors?" the employee said in a monotone voice as Snow approached the gate, the cheetah noting that he could barely even see anyone inside, let alone wandering the grounds. "Yep!!" Snow said as the employee checked his wristband, the cheetah visibly bouncing and beaming as the ferret pulled a lever inside the booth, allowing Snow inside the grounds and putting him on a trail that led right to the house's open front door. "Awww shit, here we go…" Snow said, rubbing his hands together as he heard the gate close behind him, nothing ahead of him but the house he had been wanting to explore for so long…

The double doors that served as an entrance into the house were propped open, allowing Snow to be able to see the hallways and mazes that awaited him inside as he stepped on the small staircase that led up to the door, taking a brief moment to look up at the grand mansion he was about to enter before walking through the front door. He could hear a few folks inside, screams of joy and terror echoing down the mirrored hallways. A relatively normal-looking foyer quickly gave way to two entrances deeper into the mansion, flanked by exits on the left and right that seemed to loop back inside the maze...or perhaps lead upstairs. Snow decided to take the main left entrance, hearing those yells and laughs coming from deeper inside the mansion coercing him to travel deeper.

Everything was sufficiently goofy and ridiculous at first. Bendy mirrors that stretched and squashed Snow's body in hilarious-looking ways, ones that made it look like he was about to be sucked down a drain, mirrors that surrounded him on every side with reflections of himself. Usual stuff. The first thing that caught Snow off-guard, though, was a room he made his way to through the maze of mirrors; it was a lot more open, and featured only one absolutely GIGANTIC mirror covering an entire wall! "*Wooooahhh*…" the cheetah mumbled as he walked forward, seeing how each section of the mirror stretched or shrunk his view in different, unique ways...he had never seen a mirror so large before! Not even in pictures! It was so enticing, he just kept walking forward to see how things changed with every step, until he eventually reached out and went to touch the reflective surface.

And the mirror fell away.

It all happened so fast. Snow gently pushed on the mirror as he stared into his reflection, and in the snap of a finger, the thing fell backwards, the cheetah screaming as he fell with it! Unknowingly, the cheetah had been putting almost all of his weight forward, so when the mirror fell backwards, it took Snow with it. The cheetah screamed and flailed about as he felt his body sliding down and forward, nothing but an inky dark void in front of him...had he discovered a secret room or something!? There was only one way to find out, and unfortunately, Snow didn't have a choice of whether or not to pursue it!

The slide lasted for what felt like a minute or two, and Snow spent every second of it wincing and preparing himself to slam into a wall...but it never happened. Instead, a light at the end of the tunnel slowly formed, a light that Snow felt himself getting closer and closer to. He couldn't make out any details of what the light was illuminating yet, but it was getting brighter and larger by the second, until…

\*THMP\*

Thankfully, the floor that Snow ended up landing on as it rushed up to meet him wasn't as hard as the tiled floor he was walking on earlier, nor hard like the concrete he might have expected a hidden room to have. No, it was almost padded in a way, and though he was still a bit dazed from the whole sliding ordeal, he was able to shake himself awake a few moments later and look up to see where exactly he had ended up...and, at first glance, it wasn't even that different from the normal rooms in the house. Plenty of mirrors, pink walls, a groovy aesthetic...but, as the cheetah got up and started to walk around, there were a few things that were just a bit...off. The patterns that the mirrors made were a lot more erratic, and they surrounded Snow on all sides, making it look and feel as if there was no way even out of this room. It felt like even more of a maze than the room he was already in her earlier! And, on top of that, the reflections. They were almost...laggy, as if they were a recording or something instead of an actual reflection. It was all so very weird, and the fact that he could hear nobody else made it all the weirder. He felt...super alone.

And then, as he was wandering, he caught a glimpse of something, or someone, else in one of the mirrors. He thought it was a trick of the eye at first, but when Snow looked back at that specific mirror, he saw it again. He couldn't see his reflection in this mirror, but he could certainly see someone else! Staring back at the cheetah wasn't his reflection, but instead was the reflection of someone he had never seen before...the sudden appearance of this new person gave Snow a hearty scare, causing the cheetah to jump back a bit with a scream before he walked back forward to get a look at this reflection. There wasn't anyone around, so he had no idea where this person would even be! Was this just some kind of trick? Standing in front of him was a tall, buff, black unicorn, completely nude, cock sticking out, staring directly at him...grinning.

This was way too much for Snow to bear. The cheetah yelled loudly, throwing his arms up into the air as he started running through this maze of mirrors, trying to find some way of escape! Every reflection he saw was this strange unicorn, surrounding him on all sides, every time he even glanced away from the ground. What on Earth was going on!? This place seemed to not even have an exit, besides the way he came in, which the cheetah had no hope of accessing…

And then, he felt something. An odd sensation in his loins. He looked over to one of the mirrors surrounding him, seeing that damn unicorn again...except, this time, he was stroking off his own shaft while staring right back at Snow! At the same time, the cheetah mewled as he felt his own cock starting to be stroked in much the same way...his knees wobbled a bit as the thing between his legs started to harden suddenly! The sudden surge of pleasure stopped Snow in his tracks, both confused and a bit aroused by what was going on...he almost couldn't look away from the unicorn as he fapped away in the mirror! This place, this place was far too much for him to bear right now...he kept running, starting to feel the grip on his shaft slipping away as he tore his eyes away from the mirror, but when he looked somewhere else, he only saw that same unicorn again! The reflection that trapped him in place this time was far more involved...the unicorn was reaching out towards snow, pulling him in and starting to make out with the cheetah! Snow could feel everything: those toned arms wrapping around his body, holding him tight, that equine cock throbbing against his belly, the unicorn's tongue invading his mouth as he started to messily make out with Snow right then and there! It was all so overwhelming, the cheetah felt completely at this reflection's mercy, even though it didn't seem to actually exist...he couldn't pull himself away at this point, the arms wrapped around him were too strong, that tongue probing so deep into his mouth that the only thing he could do was start to reciprocate...it was so weird, to be able to see everything that was going on even as you felt like your whole body was being smothered by that of a much larger person, but Snow didn't even notice it at the time. It felt normal compared to everything else that was happening to him, and the cock twitching and throbbing between his legs was doing most of the thinking for him at this point!

This reflection just kept drawing him in, Snow able to watch as the unicorn reached down and started to fondle his cock, feeling that hand starting to wrap around his own shaft and start to stroke at it in earnest...the cheetah's knees wobbled as he leaned even further into the mirror, completely incapacitated at this point by the pleasure surging through his body! He just, he couldn't stop himself from making out with this weird reflection thing...all the worries he had about escaping this place and the absolutely insane goings-on just started to melt away, replaced by a powerful need for arousal and stimulation.

Snow hadn't even really noticed that, at some point, the unicorn creature had “stepped” out of the mirror and was now groping and kissing all over the cheetah; it all felt the same to him, And those hands continued to roam over his body for quite a few minutes, the cheetah being completely lost in his own lust. There was a time where those arms started to break away from him, though, allowing Snow to look over the creature that was now standing before him, equine cock throbbing and pressing up against his chin, even!...was that a hand on the back of his head? Pushing him closer to that cockhead? Oh gods, this was going so fast, he didn't even know the unicorn's name, was he really about to suck him of-

\**shglrp*\*

And then everything turned black.

The transition startled Snow once more, his head completely immersed in a tight, hot, fleshy tube of sorts. The enclosure clenched and squeezed around his head, starting to coax and pull him deeper into wherever he had been lodged...really, the cheetah was just letting his lizard brain take over at this point. Everything that had happened to him was so incomprehensible that he couldn't think, instead acting solely on instinct and adrenaline; and what his instinct was telling him was to start flailing his arms around, attempting to pull himself out of...well, wherever he was! That thick, male odor was even stronger inside of here, and the cheetah swore it was even a bit...salty. And, god, it was so TIGHT, as well…

Faris moaned as he stroked over the bulge Snow made in his cock, the shaft eagerly starting to gulp the cheetah down without a second thought. He had been waiting AGES for a good cockmeal to wander down here, and he wasn't going to waste this opportunity…! Already, the unicorn had managed to swallow up the cheetah to his shoulders, his flared cockhead going to have to work a bit to stretch around them. But that was okay. Faris had more than enough time to make sure Snow would go nowhere but deeper into his shaft…

The unicorn started to fap unashamedly as he felt his urethra stretching around to swallow up Snow's shoulders, the cheetah wiggling and kicking the best he could as he felt the fleshy prison around him start to get a LOT tighter. A minute or so later, the broadest part of the cheetah's body finally slipped inside Faris, a deep grunt of pleasure coming from the unicorn as the tip of his cock swallowed up the cheetah's shoulders. With Snow's arms now trapped at his sides, the cheetah really couldn't do anything to stop his descent into Faris’s loins...the unicorn leaned back against the mirror behind him, eyes closed and biting his lip as he stroked up and down his throbbing shaft while it continued to gulp down the cheetah. Snow’s body was now mostly inverted, half of him crammed inside of the unicorn's cock while the other half stuck awkwardly outside of it, gravity starting to push and slide him deeper inside Faris’s shaft. The pink rod was flared to its max, Faris just letting his body work as he stroked off, trying his best to not hurry this along or prematurely cum the cheetah out...he had been waiting so long for something like this to happen, so the unicorn wanted to absolutely saver it as much as he could!

“*Ohhh*, it's been so LONG since I've had company down here. I hope you don't mind becoming my nutslosh…” the unicorn teased as his shaft took another messy \*glllNK\*, precum leaking out of the tip of Faris’s shaft as it swallowed Snow up to his waist. A pair of spotty legs and a long tail were all that was really left of the cheetah, and now that his waist was inside such a tight enclosure, he had to deal with his fleshy prison pressing tight up against his still-hard cock...oh, god, why did this feel so good!? He still didn't even really understand where he was, but the thick smell of musk and the moans that he could hear outside were starting to make some kind of sense in his brain...the thought of being lodged inside someone's cock was so outlandish, though, that it took awhile for the cheetah to even entertain the idea. And now he had to deal with the fact that he was getting turned on by it!?

Thankfully for Faris, he was having much less of a dilemma with shoving the cheetah down his cock. Every tiny movement the cheetah made just absolutely filled his head with arousal, the unicorn’s leakage starting to stain the tile floor beneath them as he looked to finish up his cock meal. The unicorn's shaft was long and engorged enough that it would still be a bit before Snow started to sag to the floor in his gray, round balls, so Faris still had plenty of time to enjoy it and stroke over his cock while it finished up the squirmy, delicious cheetah. Nngh, he was going so deep, it was taking all of the unicorn's willpower to not blow his load right now and risk losing Snow to the maze of mirrors once more...Though, maybe it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. After all, he had plenty of time to find the cheetah again if he escaped!

“Aaaahhh...get...IN there…” Faris started to pant, taking one of his hands off of his throbbing shaft and pushing on Snow’s feet to try and get him lodged inside a bit quicker...the unicorn wanted to take this as slow as possible, but he was so overwhelmed with pleasure that he needed Snow inside of him RIGHT NOW! The cheetah winced as he felt the pressure on the back side of his body, his face getting mashed up against a musky, fleshy sphincter that refused to yawn open and allow him access to the unicorn's hungry nuts...for a few minutes, anyway. The cock flesh still around him was squeezing and rubbing over every inch of his body, undulating and coating him in Faris’s male musk and precum, to the point where every breath was just full of the stuff. Eventually, one last squeeze, more powerful and filled with passion than all the rest, did manage to shove snow out into what would be his new home for, apparently, the rest of time...unicorn balls.

The walls secreted musky fluid with every movement they made, constantly massaging the stuff against Snow's already-damp fur as he continued to be clenched and pushed out into the warm, soft, stretchy sac .The walls conformed to his body quite snugly, not permitting of much in the way of squirming! It was like having your entire body covered in a warm, wet blanket while you immersed yourself in a bubbling bathtub...a strangely relaxing sensation for the cheetah, to be sure; though it was probably his musk-addled mind doing most of the talking in there! Regardless of what he thought of it, though, it was what was happening to him now, so he better start to enjoy it…

Faris sighed as he felt the last of Snow slipping out into his balls, the heavy orbs sagging against the floor in front of the mirror and sloshing wetly every time either of them moved. "I hope you're ready to spend a long, *long* time inside of me…" the unicorn teased, reaching down and hefting his heavy balls up off the ground to feel how much weight was inside them. He didn't plan to melt Snow down into cum...at least, not yet. He wanted to keep the cheetah inside of him for as long as possible; days, months, perhaps even years...at the very least, until the next snack ended up down here!

Though, for Snow, he wouldn't be able to tell much about the passage of time in here. His whole world was nothing but musk and unicorn cum now, clenching and squeezing and rippling around his entire body...relaxing him. Or, at least, lulling him into a more complacent state. His head was filled with pheromones and musk, dreamily sloshing through the sea of tingly unicorn cum as Faris's voice echoed around him. He still wanted to escape, but it seemed like a foregone conclusion that he was Faris's to lose at this point...and he was getting...so sleepy…

Faris smirked as he felt Snow's squirms inside of his balls slowly diminishing. His cock was still twitching and leaking every now and again, precum forming a puddle and a bit of a trail on the floor as he walked back into the world of the mirrors. At least he would leave a stain that might be a clue to anyone else that ends up down here…!

The group of friends was continuing to dwindle as the day went on, only Gearth and Kayte left together in a group...and, even then, the two split ways just a few minutes later, as Gearth's eyes were finally caught by the ride he was looking.for all this time: The Falling Orbs. One of the most unique rides that Six Preds to offer. It took those giant plastic balls that you could ride inside of and made a giant pachinko machine out of it! There were multiple people to the ball as well, allowing them to work together to guide the ball into one of the better spots...or to allow those unscrupulous ones to mess with their partner!

The line was long, but the ride's nature made even long lines pass in a relatively short amount of time due to how the ride was set up; it allowed multiple people to go down, one after another. So, even though it looked quite imposing to Gearth as he stepped up to the entrance to the ride, it wasn't going to take that long after all…!

He found himself standing at the top of the ride just a few minutes later, getting set up to be loaded into one of the balls...he tried not to look down, considering how many flights of stairs he had to climb to reach the top of this thing! It was honestly a bit awe-inspiring, but mostly, it was knee-wobbling…

A few moments later, the rabbit found himself loaded into one of the balls, looking towards the opening as the person he would be spending the ride with crawled inside after him. They looked...well, they honestly looked intimidating as hell! A creature Gearth had never seen before, looking like some kind of cross between a Zoroark, a shark, and...maybe a dragon? To put it bluntly, it looked quite dangerous! Gearth was already a bit nervous as they stopped inside, but as they got settled and the size difference between the two became more obvious...phew. This was gonna be a hell of a ride.

The two of them stood silently as the ride's preparations were finishing up, Gearth silently wishing it would just GET ON with it already...but eventually, the ice had to be broken, or it would freeze both of them over! "Crap...I'm pretty thirsty." Gearth eventually said...at least it wasn't a lie, he hadn't had anything since he separated from Kayte!

His partner loudly \*snrk\*d before they started to respond. "Well, y'can always take a swig from my tits if you're thirsty…" they replied, in such a palpably sarcastic tone, Gearth wondered if they even realized it! It was at this point where the rabbit realized that his partner was completely naked; not only sporting a pair of round, soft-looking breasts, but a red, almost scaly-looking shaft between their legs as well! If the tension was palpable before, now that Gearth was blushing hard, it was even thicker...

"W-well, I guess I could!" the rabbit eventually said, the creature's eyebrows bouncing up as Gearth ran over quickly, immediately planting his face right between his partner's ample breasts, nuzzling between them before his face moved towards one of their nipples and he just started sucking! The creature's face turned beet-red at first, a mixture of emotions in their head as they decided what to do before the feeling of someone suckling right on her tit started to fill them with pleasure; their hand eventually wrapping around behind Gearth's head while he continued suckling away. "Not even gonna ask me for my name first?~" his partner teased, feeling their breast start to loosen up a bit and begin trickling out a bit of milk. This hybrid's name was Andrra, and they were a Vorgria, a hybrid creature made up of all sorts of different species and traits. In fact, Vorgrians often worked with fusions and transformations, modifying their body with different traits as they saw fit...and Andrra kind of liked Gearth's giraffe-ish fur patterning!

Gearth just mumbled and moaned as he continued slurping and sucking on Andrra's bosom, a sweet taste starting to spread across his tongue as that milky fluid started to leak out of the nipple...heh, the rabbit was quite thirsty to be sure, and the fact that the hybrid's milk tasted so good was definitely a bonus! He felt like he could suckle here all day, snuggling up against Andrra's warm fur to make sure he got as much suction as possible...starting to gulp down that warm, milky liquid and feeling his thirst get quenched in quite the lovely way! Andrra had to admit that she was enjoying it as well, if the hardening length between her legs was any indication…

"Hah, all right, that's enough. The name's Andrra, sweetie…" the Vorgria said as she started to nudge Gearth off of her tit, the rabbit gulping down one more mouthful of her creamy milk before reluctantly breaking away. "Woah, I feel weird…" Gearth mumbled as the milk settled in his stomach, the creamy stuff sloshing around as he started to feel some odd sensations throughout his body. Specifically, in his back, head, butt, and crotch...they all started to tingle, and when he looked down, he saw that his cock now had a knot, as well as a few spines and what almost looked like scales! "*What the-*" he yelped, jumping back as Andrra laughed at his shock. "Yeah, that's what happens when you drink Vorgria milk…" she teased as Gearth continued to discover all the tiny changes that had been made to his body while he was suckling. Reaching up to his head, the rabbit could start to feel some nubs growing out between his ears, growths that he could only describe as horns! his knob of a tale was starting to feel even fluffier, and...something was sprouting out of his back. Were those wings!? He could see his reflection in the walls of the ball the two of them were inside, and sure enough, there were tiny little protrusions sticking out of his back!

“Us Vorgrians are very creative when it comes to species hybrids and the like...and it comes through in all of our bodily fluids~” Andrra said, not giving Gearth much time to absorb what she was talking about before the ball they were in started to tumble down the ride with a mechanical \*ka-CHUNK!\*. Gearth almost immediately slammed into the walls surrounding him, whereas Andrra was more than able to keep her balance as the ball bounced off of walls, prongs, and paddles, going to and fro and even bumping off of other balls as they all funneled down to try and get to the finish line first!

The ride was separated into three separate stages to give the participants a little time to relax and collect themselves in between bouts of bouncing and flailing. Andrra could see the first one coming up as she directed the ball around the best she could, having to try and avoid a rabbit bouncing around inside the chamber as much as she needed to avoid the other riders! The entrance to the second area was right ahead of the Vorgria, and though they didn't roll right through the hole cleanly, they still managed to be the first group to reach the first break, even with only one person really doing anything inside of the ball…

“*Fuck*. I really wish there was some kind of warning for that…” Gearth groaned, laying on the floor as the world spun around him, trying his best to get his bearings during this short break. Andrra just chuckled as she stood over the rabbit, knowing that there would be a decent amount of time before the second stage began. She reached out with a hand to help her partner up, a smile on her face as she asked “care to test out that new equipment?~”

Gearth just kind of mumbled as he got to his feet, certainly feeling that new equipment swaying between his legs - and also noticing that Andrra was starting to get a bit aroused herself! Her cock looked a lot more like his as well, though he still had a swollen knot on the base of his own shaft. And, as it got harder, it only seemed to get larger as well...ending up a bit bigger than Gearth’s own girth once Andrra was fully aroused. He was definitely interested, but he didn't really know what the Vorgria meant by “testing out” his new equipment...so, he said just that as he started to stroke at his own shaft.

“Go ahead, just stick it inside~” Andrra teased as she spread open the opening to her shaft, showing just how stretchy and malleable it really was! A blush almost immediately overtook the rabbit’s cheeks as he saw all this going on, a powerful musk starting to waft into his nose that made him more than willing to do just that. He took his shaft in one hand, Andrra reaching around to brace him as the tips of their cocks started to brush against each other, sending tingles up both their spines. “Heh, uh, you sure it'll fit?” the rabbit asked, surprised by Andrra’s ability to stretch down there, but still not entirely convinced…

“Oh, *absolutely*...now, hurry up before I decide to do something else with you!” Andrra responded, thrusting forward with her own cock and causing both of them to suddenly moan out loud as the tip of Gearth’s shaft was entirely swallowed up by Andrra’s own! The thinner shape and scaly exterior definitely helped it slide right inside, though the Vorgria was more than confident in her ability to dock the flared horse cock she had seen earlier if that was available...she smirked as she watched Gearth's eyes slam shut, the rabbit biting his lip with his buck teeth as he started to unashamedly thrust into Andrra’s shaft. “Yeah, there you go...just like you’re fucking someone’s ass~” Andhra continued as she felt the rabbit’s cock pushing deeper and deeper into her own, stretching out her deep flesh in such a wonderful way! There really was no other feeling than being docked by a horny sub, someone who was so unashamedly willing to bury their cock as deep as possible into hers...and, so the two continued, Gearth whining as he kept his eyes shut and continued plowing as deep into Andrra’s tight shaft as possible. It was tighter than any ass he could possibly think of, and the flexing and squeezing of the fleshy insides...oh, god, it was so fucking *good*! Andrra was starting to thrust a little bit herself, even, the tip of her shaft soon bumping up against the knot that still remained at the base of Gearth’s cock. She had been staring it down for quite a while, wondering how it would feel lodged and throbbing deep inside of her...judging from how willing this rabbit was, though, it probably wouldn't take too long for that to happen!

As more of the balls started to slot into their positions before the second stage of the ride, so too did Gearth start to slide himself even further into Andrra’s loins. She could feel his knot rubbing up against the tip of her shaft now, teasingly, tantalizingly close to being swallowed up with just one more thrust. Lust was surging up from deep inside of his body, and with a loud moan and one more push with all the power he could muster in his hips, just that happened. Even Andrra lost her cool for a moment, crying out in pleasure as her cock slit was forced open even wider by Gearth’s swollen knot, the thing throbbing and pulsating inside as the rabbit reached orgasm, shooting rope after rope of sticky bunny jizz right down into the Vorgria’s waiting balls! Simultaneously, Andrra also managed to reach orgasm, the fluids of her efforts leaking out of her tip and onto the floor, unable to actually move much considering there was a thick rabbit cock plugging their exit shut! Still, plenty of her load ended up on the floor of the ball, sloshing around as the two of them huffed and panted and tried to keep their balance as they were still intertwined in such an intimate fashion! Gearth was so overwhelmed by all the pleasure he was feeling that he just fell right forward, landing in Andrra’s grasp as the two of them started to be filled with the afterglow of a wonderful, albeit somewhat unusual, time.

And, just as the two finished up, they felt a jarring \*ka-CHNK\* as the second stage of the ride began, the partners now forcefully intertwined as their shared load sloshed around their feet! Bumping to and fro, the both of them screamed and yelled as they tried to pull out of each other's cocks...with the ground so unstable, it took quite a while for them to break apart, but eventually it did happen...though Andrra had to shove at the rabbit to dislodge him completely, causing Gearth to stumble backwards and splat right down into a warm cumbath! “*Eeeewww*…” the rabbit groaned as he tried to get back to his feet, finding it to be obviously quite difficult as the ball they were in continued its descent further into the ride.

While Gearth was floundering around on the floor and trying to get his balance back, Andrra simply stood up, wiping some of the cum off her legs before looking down at the rabbit that had just penetrated her. “Hff...you all right?” she asked, the cock between her legs still twitching and dribbling as she tried her best to pilot the ball once more. The rabbit was obviously more than stunned by all of this, still feeling the afterglow of blowing his load from earlier...but Andrra? Andrra was slightly confused by what she was seeing. The rabbit had taken on quite a few transformations from drinking her milk, but from being covered in her fertile, potent cum? It seemed...it seemed like nothing had changed about the rabbit whatsoever! Hm...well, she WAS thinking about what she would do after this ride, so swinging by her lab and testing some of the stuff would be a good start. She pulled a small vial out of one of her pockets, uncorking the thing before placing it right on the tip of her shaft and milking out a bit of a more pure sample. Meanwhile, she thought about what else she could do with this rabbit today…

The second stage of this ride was a bit simpler than the first, allowing Andrra to multitask while Gearth was still trying to get his bearings. After the fun they had, the Vorgrian could definitely use a bit of a refill down there...hm. Perhaps Gearth would still be useful after all. Andrra kept this thought in mind as she piloted the ball into the second hole, arriving at another sort of rest area after bouncing all over tarnation for the past few minutes...again. The brief respite gave Gearth enough time to finish getting back to his feet...only to see the Vorgrian looming over him, a hand reaching back behind the rabbit's head and shoving him towards Andrra's crotch! "Mmm, sorry, but I need a refill…" the rabbit heard his partner's voice growling above him, before the hand on the back of his head squished him forward, his nose sliding into someplace warm and wet and...musky? Was he being shoved down Andrra's cock!? Gearth started to squirm and press against the Vorgrian's body as his face was swallowed up by the tip of Andrra's shaft, the Vorgrian far more powerful than him and easily smothering out his squirms just by pressing him further against her cock. She started to hump forward at the same time, gasping out in pleasure as her cock gulped down Gearth's entire head with a wet \*shhhLORP\*! Fuck, she hadn't done something like this in so long...her knees started to wobble a bit as her cock stretched down over the rabbit's neck, his squirms unable to do anything but excite the Vorgrian further as her hand slid further down Gearth's body. "*Hhmf*...calm down, Gearth, this is all for science…" Andrra said as she humped forward again, crying out as her urethra stretched impossibly wide to contain the rabbit's shoulders...that cry probably made her claim of science a bit dubious to Gearth, if he could hear it, anyway! His head was completely encased in slimy, musky cock flesh, ears pressed back against his neck making even the sloppy, wet noises of his own consumption somewhat difficult to hear properly! He had started to breathe quite fast in his panic, and inhaling so much of Andrra's musk had actually started to relax his body a bit...though probably in the most unnatural way possible. His squirms started to become less frantic, though that was partially due to more of his body being swallowed up by Andrra's cock. Already, he was chest-deep in Vorgrian shaft, and with the ride at a standstill currently, his predator had quite a bit of time to enjoy shoving the rest of Gearth inside of her…

The Vorgrian leaned forward, falling to her knees as Gearth's abdomen started to slip inside her loins, Andrra starting to get a bit overwhelmed herself with all the pleasured feelings swirling around inside her body! This might have been for science, but it was definitely also for her own benefit...with the help of gravity, the rabbit was starting to sink pretty deep into the Vorgrian's cock, Andrra starting to feel something poking out into her empty, needy balls...Gearth wasn’t really able to tell a difference, personally. Everything around him was similarly musky and wet and warm, constantly squeezing and pushing him deeper into the shaft he was just fucking a few minutes ago! He was most certainly not into what this was becoming, though, and he made it known in the best way he could...but his struggles went mostly unnoticed by Andrra. Either that, or she was enjoying the extra sensations from the rabbit’s frantic wiggling!

Now that she was in a better position, Andrra started stroking over her cock as the last of the rabbit slipped inside, her shaft engorged to an almost comical size, though it was starting to shrink a little bit as more of Gearth was pushed out into those musky, sopping-wet balls. Eventually, the rabbit did realize he wasn't really going anywhere anymore, being forced to curl up as the last of his legs were swallowed up by the Vorgrian’s shaft with a wet \*gllllnk\*! Andrra’s tongue curled out of her open mouth in an orgasmic smile, her meat starting to return to a somewhat normal size while her balls continued growing between her legs. She thought about what Gearth would be feeling in there, considering his situation was somewhat similar to her own! Trapped in an orb, sloshing around in the bottom with a copious amount of cum...though, his situation was probably a lot tighter. Andrra's sac walls stretched against every blow the rabbit made, though Andrra got the sense that he wasn't really fighting, but more trying to get comfortable inside his new home...hmmmm.

The rest of the ride was somewhat easy compared to the first and second stages. The Vorgrian was holding on to first place as well, so that meant she wouldn't have to worry about anything while she enjoyed the process of melting down Gearth into nothing but a little bit of extra slosh at the bottom of this plastic ball! Andrra watched as the third stage began, honestly not caring too much at this point about what happened in terms of the ride. She was far more focused on what was happening inside the ball than outside! And Gearth was already disoriented and dizzy as hell inside his musky prison, so the rabbit barely noticed as the world started to shake even more intensely around him...which, ultimately, helped the process of digestion along quite a bit! The fluids he was bathing in were starting to work into his fur, a weird feeling starting to spread over his body. It felt like...like he was starting to merge with the walls surrounding him, almost as if he was melting or something...which was a pretty apt descriptor of what was happening! Even as he kept struggling, making plenty of bulges on the outside of Andrra’s balls, he felt like his strength was fading faster than he could keep up with. Andrra’s balls were working this fluid into his skin through those rhythmic contractions, steadily melting him down into more fuel for the Vorgrian’s experiments and lust. And Andrra certainly had plenty of both of those to fuel up! The bubbling concoction was starting to really get to Gearth now, the rabbit’s struggles starting to be drowned out and easily smothered by Andrra’s sac walls. It didn't help that she was getting off as well, the heat in the chamber rising as her arousal did. God damn, it was already sweltering in here beforehand…

Andrra's hands were extended to their full length, one trying to push the ball she was inside around and the other madly stroking over her shaft as she felt Gearth melting down further inside. She wanted to keep most of his melted form for experiments and the like, but she couldn't deny that blowing another, fresher load sounded absolutely divine right now…! Gearth's squirms were almost completely drowned out by the churning of her balls now, the rabbit little more than a consciousness as his body was completely overwhelmed by the constant, oppressive stimulation from the walls and the tingling and the melting and everything else…he kept trying to squirm and free himself, but he didn't have much of a body to do that with anymore. Burbling noises of digestion drowned out anything else the rabbit could hear, the bumpy ride continuing to mix him up and further break him down into potent Vorgrian seed.

Andrra reached down to her balls, lifting them up and smirking as she felt them drop back down with a hefty *slosh*. "Perfect…" she uttered, some of the rabbit already dribbling up out of the tip of her shaft! Gearth’s new form was gradually leaking back out into the world as Andrra saw the ride's end approaching, experiencing something more akin to a long, drawn-out edging session rather than a whole, uncompromised orgasm...she didn't really have a problem with it, though! Feeling the pool she was swimming in becoming steadily warmer and deeper with her own fresh cum was an oddly wonderful sensation. But...the end of the ride required some deft maneuvers. Andrra's ball was still in first, though she was constantly being bounced around by the other riders as they started to funnel into the chute near the bottom. The Vorgrian quickly got to her feet, knees wobbling as she stuck her arms out and attempted to pilot the ball one last time, her package flailing and sloshing about haphazardly and spraying a little bit of Gearth all over the ball. She just needed...a bit more room...yes! The ball she was in rocketed forward, having enough leverage to push away all the other balls behind it and send Andrra down the chute first. "Hah! And I didn't even need to focus…" the Vorgrian chuckled as the ride came to a full stop, a hatch on the inside of the ball now unlocking and allowing the winner to climb out. Usually there were prizes and other stuff like that, but considering what went on in that ball...Andrra kind of wanted to get back to the lab sooner rather than later. So, she stepped out quickly, cum dripping from her legs, her shaft, really everything below the waist, her hefty balls sloshing with every step she took as she walked away, showing off how virile she really was...

And then there was one. Kayte had been wandering through the park for quite some time now, friends breaking off from the group one by one until she was completely alone in a sea of people. The rabbit was dead set on riding the Rotor Ride, a unique little attraction that spun you around so fast that gravity ended up deciding to take a holiday! It was something Kayte had been looking forward to all day, but she was actually having quite a bit of trouble finding the thing in the first place. She had consulted plenty of maps, even asked a few people for help, but none of them seemed to even know what she was talking about...was she in the wrong park or something? None of this made sense to her.

Walking alone, Kayte took the time to look around and really see all the rides that the park had to offer. She was coming up on something called the Tunnel of Love...an absolute classic of any amusement park! This one was seemingly built inside of a cave as well, the dark tunnel leading into the ground to absolutely maximize the privacy factor of the ride...wow. For some reason, the structure and design of this Tunnel of Love in particular enamored the rabbit. Her eyes were glued to the ride as she walked past, nearly forgetting that she was even supposed to be looking for the Rotor Ride -

\*THNK\*

And, that lack of awareness ended up causing the rabbit to bump into someone! The two of them yelled as they fell backwards, both of them landing on their rear ends and becoming more than a bit dazed by the sudden impact! Kayte looked up a few seconds later to see exactly who she had bumped into, only to be greeted by quite an exotic sight; sitting in front of her was a creature which looked somewhat like a lion, but with a feathered mane and a long, almost reptilian tail! Predominantly orange, but dotted head-to-toe in all sorts of different, vivid colors, the person Kayte had bumped into looked more like some sort of mythical creature than a guest at an amusement park…

"Oh-oh my gosh, are you okay?" the two of them said almost simultaneously, instantly going into full damage control mode as soon as they got their bearings back. The lion creature got back to his feet first, walking over to Kayte and extending out a hand to help her get back up, an offer which she gratefully took. "Wish we could have met on better terms, but I have a feeling that we will be getting to know each other quite well…" he said, flirting with the rabbit before he even knew her name! Normally Kayte would be immediately turned off by someone being this forward, but something about his words were just...different. Perhaps it was his unique appearance, but Kayte felt oddly attracted to her new acquaintance before she learned HIS name, too…

"Mantic." Kayte's new friend said as the two of them got back to their feet, seemingly knowing just how confused the rabbit would be at his sudden flirting and offering his name up to make things a little bit more natural! Kayte stammered back with her own name a few moments later, still somewhat confused by how charmed she felt in Mantic’s presence. At least she had a name to put to the face now! "So, what were you so fixated on that led to this happening...?" Mantic asked, a question that would normally be somewhat accusatory if he didn't say it in..*that* tone of voice. After all, he had been on his phone when Kayte bumped into him! But the rabbit didn't need to know that…

"Oh! I was, uh, looking for the Rotor Ride, but then I saw this Tunnel of Love. It looks really, really nice, like how it's built into the side of the mountain and stuff…" Kayte replied, starting to ramble just a bit about what she was doing at this park…! Mantic just smiled as she continued to talk. This was exactly what he hoped the rabbit would say...he let her finish up, explaining how she had pretty much been losing her mind trying to find the Rotor Ride. "Yeah, this park is so huge, it's really easy to get lost…" he replied, using it as somewhat of a segue to get to his point. "Anyway, I was just about to hit up the Tunnel myself, but I don't have a partner...would you like to join me?"

Again, a level of forwardness that would normally turn off the rabbit was met with nothing but acceptance. "O-oh! You're so sweet, how can I say no…" Kayte responded, Mantic flashing a warm smile before he grabbed her paw in his own and the two of them started to walk towards the entrance to the ride. Kayte felt like she was under a charm spell or something; this guy was so lovely and nice to be around and she had only known him for about 5 minutes!

If only she knew how accurate calling it a spell really was. Of course, Mantic was using more than just his charms to win the rabbit over...a swirling in his eyes went consciously unnoticed by the rabbit, but unconsciously was working towards breaking down all her inhibitions. And it had already done such a good job so far; Mantic didn't even need to employ his full hypnotic power and to get her in the Tunnel of Love! Outwardly, the two of them looked like a couple madly in love, even though they had only met a few moments ago...everything was going exactly to plan.

"Gosh, I can't believe I have somebody to ride the Tunnel of Love with…" Kayte exclaimed a few minutes later, as the two of them stepped into an empty boat and got all strapped in for the ride. "Me either~" Mantic replied as the two of them felt the boat jerk forward, a little bit of fuckery before the ride really started up. Almost immediately, Kayte snuggled up against Mantic, the lights dimming rapidly as the boat made its way further and further into the dark tunnel. And only a matter of a minute or two, they were almost completely alone and in the dark, dim torches on the walls providing the only source of light for the two lovers.

"So...what is it *exactly* that you want with a little ole bunny like me?" Kayte asked, running a finger up Mantic’s chest as she cuddled up against him. Honestly, even Mantic didn't expect this rabbit to be so fully under his spell, but he was more than willing to go with it! "I think I have just the thing…" the mimic beast replied, before reaching down to undo his seatbelt and starting to fiddle with the button on his pants. Kayte's heart pounded as she watched all of this go down...she couldn't believe all of this was actually happening, and even moreso, that she was the one initiating things!

It took a minute or two of fumbling around in the dark, but eventually Mantic managed to drop his drawers as well, his distinctly feline cock springing out of its confines right in front of Kayte as she started to adjust herself to get in a better position for some good old fashioned dick-sucking. "Wow, you're pretty big…" the rabbit idly mentioned as she ended up turning on her side, leaning over so that her face perfectly layered over Mantic's crotch...her tongue slipped out from between her lips, getting a taste of that thick meat and making her impromptu partner squirm a little bit in the seat. "*Ahhh*, hell, that already feels good…" he moaned quietly in response, a hand coming around to press at the back of Kayte's head and urge her to go deeper. And that's exactly what she did...after using her tongue to lick up and down that hardening shaft a few times! The rabbit turned her head up to look at Mantic before she went down on him hard, seeing the mimic beast with his eyes closed and a dopey-looking smile on his face...and she wasn't even to the good part yet!

Slowly, Kayte lowered herself down onto Mantic's cock, her jaws stretching as wide as they could possibly go as she started to suck on him in earnest. The tip of his cock was bumping up against the back of her throat in no time, Mantic's moaning starting to get louder and more aggressive as any caution he had was quickly being thrown to the wind. He didn't get head that often, so it was always a pretty mind-blowing feeling whenever he met someone that was even halfway decent at it! And Kayte, well, she was more than halfway decent, to put it lightly. The rabbit was bobbing up and down on his shaft now, as their surroundings became even darker, the torches on the walls becoming dimmer and dimmer until they burnt out entirely. The two of them were completely alone. their moans and cries of passionate love-making bouncing off the walls of this cave, echoing for what seemed like an eternity…

And yet, it only lasted a few minutes. Mantic roared powerfully as his orgasm shot out of his loins, warm cream being pumped right into Kayte's mouth and eagerly getting swallowed down by the rabbit. there was quite a bit of the stuff, Mantic having been a little pent-up over the past couple days and more than willing to release all he had into his newfound lover's mouth! The hand he had on the back of her head pressed down tight, making sure his cock was as deep into the rabbit as it could possibly go, ensuring that Kayte gulped down every last drop of his load. And she did just that...more than happily! The supply eventually came to a trickle, though, Mantic panting in afterglow as his grip on Kayte became much lighter, allowing the rabbit to pull herself off of the mimic beast's shaft and lick her lips for whatever cum had managed to dribble out of her mouth. "Hah...*fuck*, that was really good…"Mantic managed to say a few moments later, slumped back up against the seat as he took in all the wonderful sensations swimming around his body.

And it really was. but Mantic wasn't only looking for a little bit of loving when he invited Kayte into the tunnel with him. He was looking for lunch as well! The mimic beast waited for Kayte to finish up down there and pull her head away before turning up his hypnosis powers to the max, dancing and swirling patterns in his eyes completely entrancing the rabbit as soon as she looked up at Mantic...again, consciously she barely even noticed them, outside of being inexplicably drawn to look into his eyes, but unconsciously, the rabbit was being more than primed to do basically whatever Mantic asked of her. Completely under his control.

First, the mimic beast ushered her up to his face with a finger, licking his lips as he now had no reason to hide what he was planning to do to her. "Come here, hun~" he said, the words echoing throughout Kayte's mind like a command, instantly pulling her up so that the two of them were almost snout to snout. No words were needed at this point, just actions. Mantic started by gripping Kayte on both sides, making sure he had a good grasp on his meal before he *slooooowly* opened his jaws as wide as they could possibly go. Instead of fear or disgust, Kayte was just enamored by the sight, a blue tongue ushering her into the purple, fleshy avoid that was Mantic's mouth...and, in this altered mind state, she was more than happy to do just that! The rabbit started to lean forward as Mantic's jaws started to slide over the top of her head, Kayte being slowly immersed into the hot, humid, moist environment of the beast's mouth. That blue tongue slurped along her chin, Mantic very clearly enjoying the rabbit's taste, the faintest light starting to come from the end of the tunnel...Mantic would still have plenty of time to enjoy his meal, for sure!

And enjoy it he would. The rabbit tasted absolutely lovely, his stomach starting to grumble as he managed to fit Kayte's entire head in his mouth...except for those long ears, which were folded back on the rabbit's head and still sticking out of the mimic beast's mouth. Mantic threw his head back a few times to get as much of the rabbit in his mouth as he possibly could, Kayte's snout starting to poke up against the back of his throat and almost causing the mimic beast to swallow prematurely a few times! Eventually, he managed to close his lips around Kayte's neck, his mouth completely full and his tongue slurping along every inch of the rabbit that he possibly could! Kayte was absolutely captivated, not squirming at all, enamored with the heat and the stale stench of the fleshy environment she had been immersed in. Everything felt so...so alive, so warm and inviting. and there was so much still to come, to boot…!

\*ggglnk~\*

Mantic took his first hearty swallow a few moments later, feeling his lips stretch to their absolute limit as the rabbit' shoulders were pulled into his mouth. At the same time, his gullet got a good hold on Kayte, peristalsis already starting to pull her down inch by inch as a large bulge formed in the mimic beast's creamy orange throat, mostly concealed beneath his exotic, feathered mane. Feeling the rabbit squirming deep in his throat activated a sort of primal hunger in the mimic beast, Mantic starting to lean back a bit further and bring his hands up to cram as much of the rabbit down his throat as he possibly could! His stomach was starting to get a little bit impatient, roaring and growling to be filled. In just a minute or two, Kayte was little more than a cute tail and a pair of legs sticking out of the mimic beast's mouth, Mantic rocking his head forward like a hungry lizard to devour what was left of the rabbit. His hands had moved to his midsection, rubbing over his belly as it started to swell and grow with Kayte being shoved inside of it...the rabbit's head had poked through the entrance to the mimic beast's belly a few moments ago, instantly being assailed by a smell even stronger than what was on Mantic's breath earlier! The spell Mantic had put her under was starting to fade, just a bit, being helped by the strong odors and noises that were beginning to surround her on every side...too bad she was packed deep in a belly already!

With only Kayte's legs left to swallow up, Mantic started to lean his head back even further, opening his jaws wide before he started to \*shllluuurrp\* them right up. His stomach was swelling up to quite the impressive size now, kicking and thrashing around as Kayte tried her best to get comfortable inside...it was difficult, with the fleshy walls constantly pressing against her body, pushing her to and fro, but the rabbit did eventually find a spot that it was at least semi-comfortable as the rest of her body came sliding down Mantic’s slimy gullet. Her cute little paws were sliding past the mimic beast's lips now, all of Kayte just one casual gulp away from disappearing inside the tunnel of love entirely…

\**~~gggllnk~*\*

The mimic beast's throat muscles contracted one last time, pulling Kayte's legs down inside of Mantic and shoving a good few inches of her body out into the gurgling, grumbling chamber that was Mantic's stomach. The successful predator let out a long sigh as he felt the last of his meal sinking deeper into his throat, reaching down and thumping at his gut proudly as Kayte wriggled around inside. "*Aaahh*...a great lover, but an even better lunch~" the mimic beast teased, licking his lips one last time before starting to settle back down in his seat, the light ahead of him getting brighter to signify that the end of the tunnel was approaching. What perfect timing!

Kayte couldn't see the light, of course. She couldn't really see anything. The world around her was dominated by smells and sounds and the feeling of sticky wet fluids soaking into her fur and bathing her body. The walls around her were stretched quite a bit, barely allowing her to move at all, let alone make any useful struggles...but she wasn't really struggling. There was a part of her brain that was telling her that this wasn't right, that she was in danger and needed to get out of here, but that was a small part being completely dominated by lewd, lewd thoughts. She wanted nothing more than this, to be curled up in Mantic’s stomach and digested away. Oh, she could feel the enzymes and acids getting to work already; her skin was starting to tingle, fur was starting to melt away...and, as Mantic finished his ride and started to step out of the boat, she was getting mixed up in the stuff even more. The mimic beast was hefting his stomach up, feeling and hearing Kayte sloshing around inside as her form gradually started to transition from rabbit to rabbit soup. It would take a while for her to fully digest, but, well, she wouldn’t be conscious for most of that time. In fact, his gut was starting to tighten up now -

\**BHHHhuuuuuUUUUuurrrpp~*\*

Mantic let that one out loud and proud, in the middle of a crowd. He didn't care. Nobody cared. It happened all the time. Most people were just happy that it wasn't them. A few were actually sizing Mantic up themselves. But, for now, he would be left to his own devices to let his meal settle and gurgle away...just as all the preds had done throughout the day. Because, in the end, it was just another normal day at Six Preds. For some, it was the time of their lives...and for others, it was lunch.

-- DISPOSAL SCENE BELOW!

At some point, Mantic's stomach had finished off his meal entirely. The sun had set for the day, and the park was just about to close. Mantic’s curves were much rounder, and the mimic beast felt satisfied...though, his experience with Kayte wasn't over quite yet. There was something pressing in his lower bowels, something that had to be released...so the mimic beast had been wandering around the park for a while, hoping to find some sort of outhouse or restroom to relieve himself in. He was just about to give up and head home when he managed to find exactly what he was looking for, off in some secluded corner of the park. Outhouses! The door to one of them was blasted right open by the mimic beast, Mantic immediately turning around and plopping his fatter rear down on the seat. His bowels were groaning, after all...and for how impatient his stomach was, his deeper guts were even more so! The mimic let out a long sigh as he felt the last of Kayte sliding out of his body, plopping down into the pit with little fanfare; but the sensation of voiding himself was more than enough for Mantic. Didn't even need to push or anything! In just a few minutes, all that was left of Kayte was the jiggling fat on his ass and belly, Mantic more than satisfied with what his meal had turned into. A simple wipe, and he was off home, more than a little bit of an extra sway in his hips as he made his way out to the parking lot…