

Dining Al Fresco

Cock vore, exhibitionism, M/F by Anima

I wasn't ready, not even a little bit. That wasn't going to stop me, but it did keep my thoughts spinning like a manic gerbil on its wheel.

What if she doesn't show?

What if I'm *terrible* at this?

What if we get caught?

I squashed the thought-gerbils down and pulled out my phone, swiping the Gurglr app up to look at her profile again. She was almost pear-shaped, just incredibly **juicy**, especially for a deer. Her legs remained slender, even dainty, which only magnified the plushness above.

We'd spent the last week exchanging messages, feeling each other out at first but it didn't take her long to make her proposal: she wanted to be reduced to a sloppy pile of jizz and she wanted me to be the one to do it to her. Me! She was a knock-out, apparently been around the vore scene before Gurglr was a thing, while I'd just started dipping my toe in. My last girlfriend had been into it, though more as a voyeur (voreyeur?) than anything else.

I scrolled through more of our chat history, feeling my cheeks burning over what we'd exchanged, the stories she'd told, what I'd admitted to her. My cock throbbed and stirred at the sight of her last message: ~I hope your dick doesn't choke on me, stud. There's no way this date doesn't end without me slopping in your tanks.~

She'd attached a picture of the shadowed valley between her well-padded thighs, spread far enough apart that the soaked crotch of her lilac panties was impossible to miss. My own jeans were growing heavy with leaked pre, and as I shifted my legs beneath the table a gob of it drooled out the cuff to land on the patio with a near-silent splat.

I could see the waiter heading towards me again and braced for another smile-and-stall, but practically on his heels I spotted Astrid. She wore a neon pink tube top and a pair of lemon-yellow spandex shorts that squeezed her thickness to the point of obscenity. The bulk of her thighs was about the only thing that stopped the entire restaurant from getting an eyeful of deliciously plump camel-toe.

She circled around the table to grab a seat right beside me, hip squashed against mine, and planted a cold-nosed kiss deep in the fluff of my cheek. "Sorry for the wait, sugar-shark. Did you order for me?"

I shook my head, and took a chance by sliding an arm around her shoulders. She cuddled right in, casually dropping a hand down beneath the table. Her long fingers glided straight over my thigh to my bulge, following the bulk of it down the leg of my jeans.

She smiled at the waiter, all innocence while she kneaded my shaft, unleashing ounces more precum down my soaked leg. "I'll just have a strawberry milkshake. Sticking to a liquid diet this week."

I could feel my shoulders quivering, and my claws scraped the concrete of the patio. "Make that two," I managed, and as soon as the waiter vanished I had to bite my lip to keep a growling moan from escaping. "I still think we should do this back at my place, not here," I mumbled.

Astrid smirked, and twisted until she could wedge her warm, weighty tits around my arm. Just enough sweat had seeped into the tube top to make the material cling to those fat mounds, helping them make better contact with me. There was definitely no bra under there. "You're just lucky I'm not making you do this on stage somewhere. Don't make that face, Vick! I *know* you would. You'd do just about anything for the privilege of claiming me with that python of yours." She wiggled in her seat, letting a tiny squeal out right in my ear. "Can't wait to make this lil nature documentary with you."

A few other diners out there on the patio glanced our way. A few looked jealous, and no wonder with a girl like Astrid on my arm. A few looked disgusted, hanging on to old prejudice at the sight of a deer dating a marten.

She felt incredible squashed against me, using her weight to press her warmth, her perspiration into my shirt, into my coppery coat. She peered up into my face over the tops of some ridiculously tiny green-tinted sunglasses. "Do you think you're up to it?" she cooed, tightening her fingers over the denim-wrapped girth of my cock. "There's so much you could do with a girl like me."

Astrid brushed her muzzle along mine, her long and delicate herbivore face sliding against the fluffy wedge of my own. "Normally we'd have so many dates ahead of us. Our first sleep-over. Moving in together. Meeting each other's friends." She cracked a big grin, gliding her palm more briskly up and down the fat tube of my clothed cock. "You'd dump so much cum in me, the sperm would create a new society. But you, you're going to--"

"Going to cram you down my pulsing pipe and melt every luscious inch of you into nut butter," I growled, running right over her teasing. Now it was her turn to bite her lip, and I swore I heard the squish as her thighs pressed together, smothering her overheated and slobbering sex. I didn't let up. I nuzzled the gently-thickened column of her neck, treating it to a nibble here and there. "All your sticky dreams, your endless lust, those twisted desires of yours? Every day they've edged you closer to this moment. You're done for, now."

My balls emitted an especially deep and audible glorp, and watching her ears perk was delicious. "You look amazing like this, with curves enough to make every cock here salute and slobber, but you'll be even more beautiful as gallon upon gallon of salty pudding surging up through my dick." Astrid licked her lips, eyes glazed, and it was easy to picture the world of 'pudding' she was lost in.

I was getting warmed up now, and a puddle of warm slime spread slow but steady beneath the table. "Can you even wait until you finish your milkshake? You're so desperate to burrow into a massive shaft and digest in a pair of needy balls that you fell for the first rookie who matched with you."

Astrid took the reins back by running her fingers up to the fly of my jeans, unzipping them with one smooth pull, and worming her fingers through to cup the steamy mass of my left nut. Heady marten musk roiled out through that gap, the oil of it worked easily into her palm and fingers. "Maybe I didn't want a jaded veteran, stud." The hard hoof-y tips of her fingers slid against the luxurious fur covering my ball, denting the spongy flesh within just a bit.

"I wanted my sticky demise to be the best thing my pred ever felt. You're going to be lucky you don't pass out when you hit these hips, my slinky stud. And if you manage to keep all of me in these," she tenderly squeezed my ball, applying most of the pressure with her palm in a sensual circle, "and not just blow me all over the underside of this table...I'll be impressed."

"Impressed? What you'll be is a mess. Anyways, I'm not letting you go so easily." I let my arm slide down from her shoulders to her delightfully squishy waist, sinking into furred pudge as I squeezed her closer with possessive strength. "If we're lucky, you'll get pumped down the throat of a big-eyed, slaving cutie who adores the thought of your thickness winding up her thickness."

She jerked against me, once, twice, three times, before a hot breath escaped her in a burst against my throat. "Did you-" I began before the shadow of the waiter fell across us, the scent of rich cream and strawberries hitting our noses. The scent of our combined excitement seemed impossible to miss, and I lifted my eyes reluctantly to meet his.

"Will there be anything else?" he asked, casually plopping down a pile of napkins ten times bigger than what two milkshakes should ever have warranted. I felt my cheeks burning, but at the same time felt a tightness inside let go. If he wasn't hip to exactly what was going on, he at least wasn't about to throw us out. I'd be sure to tip well.

"No, this is perfect, thanks!" Astrid chirped, grabbing her glass and dipping her tongue directly into the cloud of whipped cream topping it.

Before I could reach for mine, she unhurriedly grasped my wrist, towing my over-sized paw down between her legs. She didn't need to try to squeeze my fingers into her painted-on shorts. She'd gushed right through the material, leaving them slathered in the slick evidence of her need. She mashed my palm into the mess, the swollen petals beneath that taut spandex squelching in the lust-swamp she'd created. When she finally released my wrist I immediately withdrew my paw, only to lick it clean while she watched through lidded eyes.

With an echoing slurp the last of her milkshake vanished through her straw, and Astrid slid out of her nectar-soaked seat to crouch beneath the shade of the table. There was no tablecloth, just a couple other chairs to help screen her from the other diners. She grabbed my jeans at the calves and yanked, forcing me to lever my ass up so the pants would slide off. It took one more good pull to bunch them up around my ankles and that's where the doe left them, sodden manacles to help keep me where she wanted me.

My cock bobbed in front of her face even with her crouched near my feet: three feet of drooling member, tapering to a near conic point. My balls glrped, sagging with a load I'd been holding in for this.

"How'd you get this big?" she panted, grasping my cock two-handed, stroking it with instantly pre-soaked hands. At her touch the glugs of precum become authoritative spurts, painting her face, her bust, oozing down over her plush tummy.

"I'd love to say by feeding it gorgeous does, but you'll be its first. Just lucky I guess." In fact, being this big had been a huge pain nearly my whole life, but it looked like my huge junk was finally going to earn its keep.

I realized I was attracting looks again and grabbed my milkshake to start slurping at it, giving me a bit of a shield of normalcy. My long bushy tail swung and flicked rapidly behind me, sticking out through the back of my chair.

Astrid fed a slim finger into the meaty slit at my tip, stiffening my spine. I'd done a little self exploration before, but having something alive that isn't part of you inserted in your body is...different. I could feel my insides quiver around her finger before seizing it, a meaty clutch that squeezed warm slime out around its girth. "I wish I could see your face," she giggled, before wedging in a second finger.

I grabbed my phone, pads slick with sweat, and opened up a video call to her. I propped the phone against her empty milkshake glass so she could watch, muting the sound. Likewise she propped her phone against one of the table-legs so I had a nice view of her feeding my 'snake.' I heard her breathe a shaky sigh before folding her thumb into her palm and pushing her entire fist into my cock. She pushed against resistance and fluid pressure, her wrist and forearm vanishing smooth second by second.

It felt incredible, more intense than the sensation of cum crawling up my pipes. I didn't see how I'd be able to withstand it for much longer, the feeling was so powerful! I could feel the texture of her short fur, even slathered as it was in my natural lube, those hairs teasing the hyper-sensitive flesh of my insides. Her fingers squirmed halfway down my cock's gullet and I squeaked, almost dropping my milkshake!

Astrid giggled again, before changing her attack. I felt her lips on my shaft, planting delicate kisses chained together with slow licks that felt cool in the summer heat. "If I had a cock," she whispered between kisses, "I would've fed so many of you boys to it. You don't let little things like rational thought get in the way of whatever your libido wants." She slowly ground her cheek along the bulging tip of my penis, rubbing my scent into her fur and feeling her own bulk buried beneath my turgid flesh.

"Boys sometimes complain they feel disposable around sexually-free women. I would've showed them disposable," she moaned between licks, getting my flavor deep into her tastebuds. "I'd have left sloppy sacks full of creamed-boy in bathrooms, painted murals with their horny essence across vast buildings, and hosed down entire gasping orgies." She winked at the camera, a thick rope of precum swinging from her chin. "How many boys could claim to have pleased so many at once?"

I felt her other fingers press in against her forearm, squirming in, stretching flesh that felt too rigid to be elastic. When her other arm really began burrowing inside, squashing into the slick depths of my urethra, my claws shot out and curled into the table. Curls of varnish carved free of the table, my fingers crooked with involuntary spasms.

I had to grope for the power of speech through warm, sticky webs of pleasure, my reptile brain struggling for control. I won back a bit of higher consciousness eventually, enough to murmur to the goo-soaked doe kneeling beneath the table. "We boys do let our cocks do the thinking, more often than not...while you on the other hand carefully considered all the consequences of becoming DNA jam and decided to go through with it anyway. Too twisted a doe to live. You knew it was gonna happen. Sooner or later. Only choice is to slosh," I grunted, gushing a gob of precum so huge that Astrid sputtered and gasped, shaking her head to shed cups of warm slop in an effort to clear her nose and mouth. Her silly little sunglasses were caked with goop, ropes of it linking them to her forehead and ears, a web of lust that made me feel like a lewd spider reeling in my prey.

I flexed my cock, flaring it, and she squealed! On the phone I could see her sink deeper, muzzle almost captured, and realized I could be more than a passively-stuffed pred.

"Do it," she hissed, after swallowing a big mouthful of slippery lube. "Feed your snake its thicc treat!" She wasn't bothering to whisper anymore, just giving me more incentive to shut her up. She trembled all over, prey instincts to flee ruthlessly quashed by her overwhelming need to be consumed.

I flexed again, muscles buried in the roots of my groin tugging and bunching, forcing more blood into my raging cock. I felt dizzy with so much blood filling out my nethers but the flex worked, dragging in Astrid's arms past the bicep and slurping her face in up to her eyes. I got to watch on her phone as a glistening wave of precum oozed over her face, the transparent slime blurring her features before running down her shoulders. The sheer weight of the flowing pre had peeled down her flimsy tube top, baring her magnificent breasts, caramel-colored nipples so stiff I could've hung pictures on them.

She made a sound, vibrating my flesh with a tantalizing buzz, before pressing herself deeper. A messy sqrtch and a resonant blorp followed as she breached an air pocket, forcing her entire head and the rest of her arms into my distended dick.

I felt so tautly-stretched, pulse nakedly obvious in the veins standing out on my bulging length. There was enough meat in the way that nothing like a cartoonish bulge was possible, but it was plain something was intruding...sliding deep inside me. As wonderful as her arms and head felt, I couldn't wait to feel her softer bits slithering inside, claimed and gulped. A deep wave of possessiveness swamped me, and I shot a brief glare around at the diners still shooting looks my way. This doe was **mine**, my prey, every voluptuous inch of her!

I flexed again, feeling her chubby shoulders squeeze out of sight. Her knees shifted on the ground as she took up some slack between us, and then I felt them. Those swaying, soft, gropeable breasts shoved against my cock's stretched and drooling head. The sight of them dripping with my precum on the phone, heaving with her labored breathing, blanked my mind. A low growl built in my throat and as Astrid shoved and squirmed to cram herself deeper I flexed harder and harder! Every time I thought I'd gotten some purchase, one of those slippery jugs slurped free again, grinding so slick and heavy against my sensitive tip!

I could feel my peak soaring closer with teasing like this, and knew I had to do something. I stretched out my legs, using my feet to squash her breasts together, streamlining her shape somewhat. I braced my cock from the top as she launched herself forward into me once again, and this time buried herself to the top of her belly with a skwertch that seemed to echo across the entire patio. My jaw dropped, and eyes fixed on the lump of her tits bloating the underside of my dick, I came.

My nuts convulsed with a sound like a jar's worth of jam getting uprooted from an s-bend with a plunger. I could feel Astrid jerking inside me as hot marten spunk flowed up to meet her, surging past the hands that had dipped down past the base of my shaft, over her face and down her throat. I felt like an erupting volcano, the plumbing of the secret depths of the Earth quaking as miles of lava-tubes flooded with molten fluid.

Astrid's stomach glrrrrrk-ed, bulging right against the tip of my shaft, inflating with the load she couldn't escape. I hooked my feet around behind her thighs, anchoring her there, forcing her to take every drop and ensuring the pressure didn't squirt her out again! I realized far too late I was just

making things harder on myself, swelling the doe's belly even bigger than it already was but gods it felt far too good to stop.

That's when I heard a throat clear, and a large zebra mare planted a hand on the table, leaning over it towards me. Her name tag read CARLA – MANAGER. A couple of heartbeats later, cum began gushing from beneath Astrid's tail, a muffled series of splatters and blrps thanks to her tight shorts and pillowy ass cheeks.

Carla stared at me, then grabbed my phone and studied the action going on beneath the table. Thought and planning were utterly impossible as my climax rolled on, even intensifying under the zebra's scrutiny, as if performing for an audience shoved my body to greater efforts! Astrid shimmied her hips, and the sensation of her breasts gliding against my urethral walls earned her another gallon wrung from reserves I didn't know I had.

Carla flicked an ear, still studying my phone. I felt sweat rolling down my ribs, and imagined I could already hear the sirens in the distance. What kind of time would you do for public indecency on this scale, anyways? Customers behind Carla were starting to mutter things a bit louder than they'd done a moment ago, and I could hear snatches of 'unbelievable,' 'so inconsiderate!' and 'talk about unhygienic.'

Carla swiped my apps around, tapped something into the phone, then replaced it, video call back in place. She circled around the table and leveled her big blocky muzzle with my ear, which took a fair bit of squatting to manage.

"You are a very, very lucky weasel. Not just because you're hung better than guys twice your size. Not just because you've got such a stacked meal halfway home to your balls. But because I'm not going to have your ass arrested for half a dozen reasons."

The spreading mess of precum and jizz oozing from Astrid's rear flowed far enough past the edges of the table now that Carla's hooves were enveloped in the slick mess. She didn't budge. "I'm sick of this job. I like what I see under that table. When you're done painting the walls at home or splitting a condom with that cute doe, I want to follow her."

I winced involuntarily, and Carla grinned. Her teeth were the size of those pink school erasers. "I can be patient. If you have to work up to it, fine. I'll even volunteer to gulp the messes you make out of the progression of sluts you churn getting that pretty dick of yours all stretched out for me. But you will do it, or I *will* make sure you're punished for today. My number's in your phone. Try not to cum on any customers."

Carla straightened back up, wincing herself as something popped, and clomped towards the customers. I lost track of her as she began sowing platitudes and complimentary meals among them as Astrid squirmed harder, and using my grip with my feet, I yanked her towards me as I flexed once again! I was shocked when her massive cum-filled belly slrcked from sight, straining my flesh more than ever, and plunging Astrid's upper body down into my balls along with her arms. Having cum, my shaft had softened a bit, allowing for some easier expansion.

I scooted forward in the chair a bit more to let my nuts sag off of it towards the ground, swallowing at the sensation of movement inside it. It was strange. I'd worried it would be nauseating, like being kicked in the balls, but instead it was much more like satiation from a meal...just displaced. If I felt

‘full’ down there with just ¼ of Astrid’s bulk inside, I couldn’t imagine what I’d feel like in a few moments. A brief flash at the thought of someone Carla’s size in my nuts actually made me see stars for a second, which until then I’d thought was just an expression!

Astrid straightened her legs to push off the ground one more time, wedging her hips into me, and I hissed through my fangs. There was heat this time with that stretch, my body telling me I was at my limit...but it was enough. I gulped with aching, seldom-used muscles, dragging in Astrid’s ass, cum-soaked shorts and all. The semen-slimed spandex felt amazing gliding into me, like a portion of her had been greased. Inch by squirming, kicking inch Astrid wriggled herself deeper with little further effort on my part.

I watched on my phone as the bulges in my shaft shrank, their shapes slithering down into my balls, which quickly reached the ground and spread out against the cool concrete. There too she was still muffled by a layer of meat, not to mention skin and fur, but I could still guess at the shapes that vaguely showed through all of that. Just as her calves were sinking from sight, I strained to reach down beneath the table to retrieve her phone, and shoved it between those vanishing legs.

The change in texture when her hooves slurped down my penile throat was a shock, but I didn’t feel that non-squishy portion of Astrid long at all. With so many thicker portions having preceded them, those slender legs slid down in seconds, polishing off my cock’s first conquest. As my shaft regained its normal dimensions, drooping from my groin like some exhausted sock puppet, my balls glorped around their hard-won meal.

I rested a long moment, getting my breathing under control and enjoying the sensation of my balls becoming a plump doe’s aquarium. She was mine. I savored the thought that no one would see her again as anything other than rich marten-cream. If I wanted to, I could just ignore her from this point on and let her melt. She was as good as goo.

But no, I couldn’t even pretend to be that casual about this. I un-muted the video call and pressed the phone to my cheek. “Astrid? Can you hear me?”

“Barely...ears are full of goo. So tired... So hard to get...air.” It was a struggle to get out every word, it was plain. “Loved it. Love you. Your scent, it...it’s in my brain. Can’t think about anything but breeding. Feel like I’m a sperm already.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at that, imagining shooting Astrid into the waiting cunt of a moaning cheerleader, knocking her up with one enormous swimmer. “Soon. Very soon.” I brushed my legs against my balls, their round bulk even more sensitive as stretched as they’d become. Steadily building glorps and burbles told me my doe didn’t have much longer.

“Gonna go. Gonna guzzle and cum until you end me. See you later,” she slurred, before letting the phone go. The camera was hopelessly smeared with slime but the mic still worked, and I could hear her greedy swallows as she drank right from my vats. Her arm sloshed the cum pooled around her as her fingers busied themselves between her legs, driving her to a peak that was sure to be within easy reach.

“You are what you eat,” I panted into the phone before setting it down. I took stock of myself. I’d worked my soggy jeans off at some point and they were never fitting again with a load of doe in my

sac. I fished them up from the mess under the table with one foot anyways, retrieved my wallet from a slimy pocket and just left all my cash on the table.

I tossed off a wave at the customers and my waiter before shoving back from the table and waddling off the dining patio towards the parking lot, nuts slorshing with every step. Getting into the car was a challenge in itself; I had to roll the seat all the way back in order to get in, using my thighs to guide my balls and both hands to heft them in.

I'd just started the ignition and was straining to reach the pedals when knuckles rapped on my window, startling me into revving the engine with it still in park. When I looked over I saw a brown rabbit, one of the customers from the restaurant. I rolled down the window, my ears folded back.

"Yes?"

"I saw you ordered nothing but a milkshake at the restaurant."

I nodded and just waited. The bunny tugged one long lop ear, hiding an eye behind it.

"I...have a thing for creamy desserts too. Seems like you might have some extra, very soon. Are you the sharing type?"

I couldn't believe this. How many insanely-horny people were out there just waiting for a chance to be turned to musk-laced goop or to guzzle the same? She was awfully cute though. Not as plump as I liked, but after gulping down liquefied doe that could easily change...

"I do feel like being generous today. Do you need a ride, or...?"

"A ride would be great. My boyfriend will drive the car home. I don't know when I'll be back, after all," she grinned, rocking on her heels, still peeking out from behind that ear.

My balls emitted a deep-seated blorp, and an air bubble escaped from my tip with a sound not unlike a delicate belch, carrying a splatter of cum with it that coated the steering wheel. A tiny pair of sunglasses stuck in the mess oozed lackadaisically down until it hit my nuts and stuck there.

The gentle movement and viscous, gluey squelches I'd been enjoying inside my balls grew fainter. I could hardly believe I was already imagining how this bunny would look and feel in my nuts when Astrid hadn't even begun melting yet, but gluttony was a hard thing to drop once you'd picked it up. I wanted to churn this bunny, her boyfriend, and anyone else who got within range of my aching cock's dribbling, air-mouthing slit.

"Well let's get home then, thirsty bun. We'll dine in tonight."