

The Three Laws Don't Apply...

A little tale by Anima. (Mass consumption, gluttony, consensual vore)

Lither groaned as she stumbled through the palms marking the entrance to her glade. Immediately the sun's relentless heat vanished, her fur shielded from its oppressive rays by the thick layers of fronds laced together over her home. Hauling her heavy body forward, one paw at a time, avoiding the toys her kid cousins had left the other night, she at last reached the pile of branches that formed her bed. Flopping down upon her fluffy, chubby 'taur belly, Lither heaved a sigh of relief!

"Never, ever, am I working morning shift again," she mumbled, idly plucking a frond from a 'wall' of her woven home, and slipping it between her lips. Then, leaning over to see if she looked any better than she felt, Lither gazed into the puddle of water near the head of her bed. It was clean and clear, as she refilled it every day.

Reflected back up at her was a black and white, bearish face; panda-bearish in fact, with evidence of more than a few binges in the soft, almost cubbish look to her features. She sighed again, this time a sigh of relaxation, willing the stress and fatigue to flow out with the breath.

"What could help me relax...?" Lither glanced around, then grinned. "A feast? Why not..." A feeling of excitement built in the pit of her so-empty-feeling tummy.

Moving with a speed that seemed unnatural to one as...soft...as the pandataur was, Lither gathered up branches from her hollow trunk storage bins. But it wasn't fronds she took from the last log. Instead, she pulled out box after box...after box, after box of Hostess and Little Debbie snack cakes. Zebra cakes, twinkies (the red kind,) cupcakes, star crunches, caramel bars, and more! Lither's breath got a little short as she gathered up her banquet, piling it all on the floor next to her bed. First the soft, cool, green fronds, and then the cakes, taking each out of its plastic wrapper and gently rolling them onto the pile. It was near sensual, the way her pulse leapt as the pile of food grew before Lither's eyes... Soon it looked some bizarre snackfood-addict's salad, dotted with chocolate, frosting, and cake objects. At last, all was ready... Or...no, something was missing! Got milk?

"OH!" Lither sprang up again, jiggling a little. She'd have to go get a pitcher from Mrs. Daniels. She sighed, her anticipatory mood dampened. That cow...

Of course the bovine made Lither stay and chat, while the pitcher of warm milk cooled on the rough tree-stump table. This part of Furry was like that, all the same amenities of a modern kitchen, but in forms present in nature. Mrs. Daniels finally got a phone call, (apparently someone was cheating in this 'roughing it' environment), and that was Lither's window of opportunity! Seizing the now sadly-cool milk, she pounced on home as fast as she could without spilling. Really one pitcher wasn't enough...but Lither decided she'd make it last. Mrs. Daniels wouldn't let her go so easily if she returned...

Plopping down in her bed again with a rustle, Lither rubbed her soft hands together in glee! Reaching down, she bent to pick up a cupcake...

Lither paused. Were those footsteps outside her leafy home? Ohhhh noooo! A cheerful voice hailed her from without. Lither squeaked and hastened to pile fronds over her feast. If Mel saw them, she'd lecture Lither about diet.

Melanie, Lither's anthro-panda aunt, padded on inside and grinned apologetically to her niece.

"I'm so sorry to drop in like this sweetie, but the twins left some toys here!"

Lither nodded, not voicing her thoughts. *Yeah, those toys that I've been stubbing my four feet on every five minutes for the past three days...* Instead, she smiled graciously, and helped gather up the things. All electronic, expensive toys that didn't belong in the Jungle anyways. And of course, Mel wanted to stay and chat.

"Are you eating well?"

"How's work?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Where's that nice male you've been seeing lately?"

"Ohhhh, children are such a joy, Lither! You simply must find a mate!"

"I'm sorry Lither hon, speak up? I couldn't catch that."

"Oh, look at the time! I need to be going. You take care, okay?"

Lither nodded dumbly, numb from the steady torrent of words that gushed from her aunt. Still talking all the way to the archway, Mel kissed Lither on the cheek, and walked off with the sack of beeping whirring toys.

"You'd think living out here, I'd get some privacy, but noooooooo!" For the third time, Lither plopped herself down onto her bed, and reached for a cake. This time, nothing interrupted, and she stuffed the sweet chocolate treat into her muzzle. Chewing it briefly, she swallowed, then reached for a frond. She remembered to alternate, so as to keep the mix up through the whole meal. As she plowed into the crazy salad, Lither mmmmed and mmmpppphhhhhhed, loving the sweet sugary taste of the snacks and relishing the cool crisp leaves and stems of her fronds.

FronD, cake, frond, cake, the pattern became automatic, and Lither hardly watched what she was eating anymore. She even began wolfing the cakes without chewing, absently enjoying the feel of a solid bulk sliding down her throat and on into her torso...and from there into her 'taur belly. When she neared the grassy floor, Lither was tearing up the grass itself in her frenzy, so **into** her meal! Fronds and cakes vanished as quickly as they were uncovered and snatched, emptying mostly whole into the panda's soft belly. Once or twice she got a bad cake, stale or oddly shaped, but she paid no mind and swallowed them anyway. Anyone watching would have seen the panda's arms moving like a windmill's

blades as she scooped up food and stuffed herself. At last, the final cupcake stood alone on the grassy ground, looking lonely and forlorn. Lither giggled, and played hunter. Raising her haunches up into the air, and bracing her upper torso with a paw on the ground like a linebacker, Lither eyed the treat...bunching her muscles...and leapt! The cupcake wasn't far, but Lither's stuffed belly wasn't letting her *go* far either. In fact, she fell short of even the close cake, crashing to the ground. Luckily, her tummy cushioned the fall, jostling the mix of stuff inside her. Lither grunted, upset at herself for missing the cupcake so badly, but scooped the thing up and gulped it.

Good thing I'm not a pred species, Lither thought, or I'd be in a bad way!

All of a sudden, she felt a stirring inside her... Lither's dark eyes grew very large! Scrambling to her four paws, she turned to look at her flank, and rubbed it worriedly. Indigestion? No...this felt more like something solid, moving inside her of its own will... Had she accidentally eaten a mouse, or a bug or something? Lither looked rather green all of a sudden... Then, she heard faint noise...perhaps from inside her. The panda turned her head, her soft ear as close as possible to her furry abdomen.

KREEZOR MUST DIE

ACTIVATE LASERS

SCANNING FOR LIFEFORMS

The tinny little voice was barely audible...but still Lither understood where it was coming from. It was the annoying voice of one of her cousin's robots...a smallish one; one that she very well could have eaten in her inattentive gorging.

"Ohhhh Nooooo..." she moaned, sagging to her bed with a decidedly anxious look on her face. This proved to be a mistake. When she settled, either the compression of her stomach or the jostling of the other objects inside her forced a switch on the toy to the 'on' position...and the robot began to spin and dance. THIS was unbearable, a twisting and pulsing and writhing in her stomach that she could do nothing about! Lither yelped, jumping to her paws again, and tried to reach back and hold her belly... But it did no good.

"OHHhhhhhhh GEEZ!" Lither cried out, despairing! Would she have to wait until the thing shorted out, or its batteries died, to escape this inner turmoil?! Lither could even see a faint rippling beneath her fur, where the little toy menace was no doubt dancing its silicon heart out. This was NOT the calming effect Lither had planned on! This was intolerable.

"I, I guess I'd better call Mel and get her kids to tell me how to turn the thing off. Maybe they have the remote control even?" Lither murmured, staggering out of her palmy home. Crunching through the underbrush, stomach heavily swaying beneath her, Lither made a beeline for the edge of the jungle. The teleporters would work again there, and she could head straight to Mel's place. Furs she passed gave her odd looks, and one or two concerned ones, as the obese pandataur marched quickly by, her face a picture of deep discomfort. When at last Lither exited the jungle, stepping out onto a grassy plain and

back into the sun, she was about ready to fall over.

"Darn this thing! I-it's working itself deeper, further towards my rear!" She could feel the little robot pushing and likely tango-ing through the mass of food in her belly, twirling aft-wards. Lither shuddered, and keyed the teleport.

"T Mel's!"

Melanie looked up from her work as a little bell rang in the air before her.

[Lither has entered Mel's Place]

Smiling, Mel dropped what she was doing to tport home. Lither stood there in her den, shivering, a look of distress on her chubby face.

"Mel! Where are the kids?! You've gotta help me!"

Frowning with worry, Mel padded up to Lither and laid a handpaw on her shoulder.

"What's wrong, luv? The kids are at daycare, and I just came from work to see what was wrong..."

Lither made a soft mewling sound, lowering her massive frame to the soft rug.

"Mel, ohhhhhh gods... I accidentally ate on of your kid's robots! It must've been under the pile of fronds I was eating.. And now, it's wreaking havoc in my belly!" Lither mewled again, as a peculiar twinge shivered through her. It felt...good...in fact. The robot was dancing on her womb...but how...?! Had it worked its way out of the stomach and into her intestines?! Things were tightly packed inside living bodies, and that fact had never hit Lither harder than at that moment. Lither moaned and hoped she was wrong about the robot's current location! It did stimulate her rather embarrassingly, though...

Mel stood looking at her belly, a half-smile spreading across her lips.

"Poor greedy Lither... I'm sorry. I'll call the kids and ask. Do you know what robot it is?"

"The one that says KREEZOR MUST DIE and dances a lot! A LOT! OhhhhHHHh!"

Mel winced, and paged her kids. Neither of them knew where the remote was...or if the Kreezor-killer even *had* a remote. It was one they didn't play with much, because it only had one missile launcher. Mel sighed, dismissing the page, and turned back to the pandataur.

"They don't know. I have the sack of toys here I took from your den though, I could try all the remotes..."

Lither rolled onto her side, and Mel could see the ripples of movement within for the first time. They were small, but undoubtedly maddening.

"Yes, PLEASE! Do something, anything!" Lither yelled, paws twitching and 'running' in place. Mel padded off and fetched the sack, returning to dump its contents out onto the floor. She shoved all the robots back into the sack, then began turning on remote controls and fiddling with them. At first, nothing happened. Then, the robots in Mel's sack came alive, glowing and buzzing, shouting out threats and challenges. But nothing changed inside Lither. Mel tried remote after remote, but nothing worked... At last she was down to the last three. The minute Mel flicked the power switch on the third remote, Lither mRRRPHEd!

"I, I don't BELIEVE IT! Something ELSE started moving!" Lither twitched and rolled, her flesh shivering as two little demons squirmed around in her stomach.

Mel looked at the remote with horror! Then, the anthro-panda did a doubletake.

"You have THE worst luck in the universe Lither. I just activated the Kreezor robot, which you must've eaten too. Do you know what that mean?" Mel fought to talk through a burgeoning giggle, while Lither simply shook her head. "Kreezor's the robot the first one is after. That means they're probably going to duke it out, *snort* right there in your gut!" Mel couldn't help it any longer, and rolled onto her back howling with laughter. Lither, though the robots' squirming was actually starting to feel less like discomfort and more like pleasure, put on a VERY indignant face.

"MEL! You really aren't helping at all!"

Mel tried to look and sound apologetic in her laughter, and failed quite horribly. She giggled something about 'at least it only has *one* missile launcher.' Lither snorted with disbelief, and pretended to stalk out in a storm. Truly though, she was after someone who could help scratch this itch in her belly... With the sound of Mel's helpless laughter in her ears and head, the 'taur wobbled towards the tport area, stomach weighing even heavier towards the ground.

Heads lifted from their bent positions over books, as Lither padded/wobbled into the Reading Lounge. Tired from all the moving around with such a heavy (not to mention uncooperative) load in her stomach, Lither sank onto a divan before looking around. She barely muffled a whimper, as she felt determined movement inside her. The pressure on the 'roof' of her womb moved, the contact gliding up towards her front... The Kreezor killer was headed back towards her stomach? Why? Then Lither remembered the recently-activated Kreezor robot. Oh. The tortuous route of the little robot back up out of her intestines felt so *strange* but in a way that made her want a male fiercely! She could just picture the little toy, squirming in its mindless way through the soft, bobbing chute of her guts... The fat pandataur failed to muffle her next noise of pleasure, and attracted attention. Furs gazed curiously at her for a number of seconds, before shrugging and returning to their reading. One head stayed up however, and Lither picked him out.

"Philip! Over here, please!" Lither hissed, waving him over. The big wolf carefully laid his book on the resorting cart, rose from the creaking leather armchair and ambled over. Big hands in his black jeans pockets, a black turtleneck clinging to his densely-muscled torso, and a pair of blue-tinted glasses resting on his muzzle, Philip truly looked the part of the coffeeshop/lounge haunter. Except for the corpse-resemblance... Softspoken and shy despite his size, the wolf had struck Lither as cute and lovely to be around... But the wolf hadn't called her in a week.

"Hi Lither... It's good to see you." Philip cocked his head to one side, then startled when Lither's belly growled at him. "Is, is something the matter?"

"Yessssss! Something is the matter! I've got two toy robots fighting in my stomach! No, don't ask how they got there," she warned when Philip opened his mouth, "it's not an interesting story. But...I hoped you'd help me out with this problem..." Lither groaned as softly as she could, as the Kreezor hunter, having reentered Lither's bloated stomach, finally found its quarry, and began grappling roughly with it. Electronic buzzes and tinny shouts of triumph faintly penetrated Lither's flesh, plus a few thick, gooey splashes.

"Of course I'll try to help, Lither. We should go somewhere else, howev--" Philip swallowed the last of his sentence as Lither rose and yanked him out the lounge door.

"Tport home" Lither murmured, and the lawn before the lounge melted away to Lither's palm grove. Lither's lupine friend removed his sunglasses and stowed them, just in time to see Lither's legs give way. Philip tried to catch Lither as she sagged to the floor, but not even his fine muscles could manage that weight. So, he fell with her, snuggled against the round curve of her flank. Now Philip could feel what his friend was talking about! Right beneath her skin it seemed like, random movements bulged out the panda's stomach, while the two toys wrestled. Lither's stomach sloshed quietly with the goop of digesting food, making the panda's fur ripple sluggishly. Philip pinpointed and stroked the afflicted, wriggling spot in Lither's side, rrrrrr soothingly.

"What do you want me to do, sweetie?"

Lither turned to him with a weak smile. The strain of the last few hours melted away when Lither fully grasped the fact that Philip wouldn't laugh at her, and truly wanted to help.

"It's so good to hear you call me that again... Please Philip, just be with me, rub my belly like that and talk to me. And whatever you do, don't laugh!" Philip blinked at the fierce glare that accompanied that warning, then nodded meekly. Pushing Lither gently onto her side, Philip squeezed his body in close to the barrel of her plump 'taur self. His huge paws sliding across her fur, Philip stroked the wobbling bulk of his girlfriend's gut.

"I'm still wondering how this happened...but Lither, doesn't this hurt?" Philip looked up from his work to see Lither's face a picture of bliss. A soft murrrrrrr bubbling up from her throat informed him that in no way was his friend in pain!

"Ohhh no, Philip, not anymore...it just feels wonderful now. I've never thought about having anyone or anything **alive** inside me, but this..." She sighed, opening her eyes to smile broadly at the wolf. "This is heavenly. Makes me think that maybe those weird cannibal furs know what they're doing... In fact, I'm thinking right now how lovely it would be to have you inside me...wriggling and denting my belly outward like those toys are... I'd be sooooo warm and full..."

Philip swallowed nervously, and resolutely turned his face back towards Lither's stomach. To keep his mind off what she'd just said and the conflicting feelings it stirred in him, he speculated aloud.

"Sweetie, these things are battery powered, right?"

Lither nodded.

"So they'll run out of juice eventually?" He asked, resting a paw on the jumping curve of the 'taur's belly.

Lither nodded again, a soft pout suddenly appearing on her face.

"But battery acid...I can't think that's good for you! Maybe you should try and cough those things up." Philip finished, starting to knead Lither's soft flesh. He was knocked to the floor when Lither rolled over again in a panic!

"Oh! No! Battery acid... That'll BURN! Yes, gotta, get rid of them..." Lither stuck her paw into her mouth, trying to trigger her gag reflex... But...Lither quickly found that she didn't really *have* a gag reflex anymore! All that gulping of food whole...her body must have suppressed it...

"I-I can't do it! It's not working..." She whimpered, turning to hug Philip to her. She buried her face in his neckfur, smelling his clean spicy scent. His pelt was so soft and warm... Lither licked her lips subconsciously. Philip didn't notice, just hugging Lither gently.

"Oh sweetie, it might be okay... Stomachs are made to contain acid anyway, right? All you have to worry about then are the jagged metal pieces. Oops..." Philip sighed as Lither burst out crying. She squeezed him tight enough to make the wolf wheeze, wetting his cheek with her tears.

"Wahhhhhh! I'm gonna die!!!" she wailed, imagining her soft insides being sliced, ripped open and ground to bits by the battling toys. Philip patted her back...and finally just heaved a great sigh.

"Okay, I'll do this. Open your mouth. I'm going to go in as far as I need to, and fish those things out." Lither leaned back, staring at him with wide eyes brimming with salt water.

"Truly? Ohhh Philip...you're the best..." Lither scooted back quickly, laid on her belly, and yawned her mouth open wide. Philip gulped again, half-terrified, half-giddy, and pushed one hand into her mouth. She swallowed it eagerly, and the male had to scoot forward quickly as his arm began sliding smoothly down her throat. When his shoulder touched Lither's nose and he still hadn't reached bottom, Philip knew this was going to be...difficult. Twisting about, he pushed another hand into Lither's mouth, wincing for her as her cheeks stretched. But she just winked at him, slurping in his fingers, and wolfed the wolf's second limb down too. His head nosed up against Lither's lip, and she twisted and shoved her muzzle as hard as she could to take it in too! She felt something stretching...and a twinge in her jaw muscles, but wouldn't give up! She just shoved *harder* and faster, until finally, a wet pop and a flare of pain in her jaw announced that it was dislocated. Hoping helplessly she could push it back into place, her teeth parted wide enough to let Philip lean down further into her. Then he encountered the s-curve of her torso flowing into her pandataur-half.

"I, I can't bend my arms like that... I need to turn around!" Philip warned her, before backing out. Lither felt her throat tickle as his fur rubbed the wrong way, Philip dragging his arms up and out of her again. Slimy with saliva and steaming-hot, Philip's limbs looked awful. But the wolf hardly glanced at them. Instead he kneeled, facing away from Lither, and raised his arms straight above his head. "Lean down and take me in, sweetie. Maybe it'll work then..."

Lither nodded, and leaning over, took in Philip's handpaws. They slid over her tongue, slick already with her drool, and vanished down her throat. Leaning down further, his arms vanished into her, a few inches at a go. Her gullet stretched over his biceps...and the panda moaned to herself... It felt so nice to be full like this! And more to go still! She leaned as far as she could, and in went Phil's head once more. Now he began wriggling, but it was obvious he would need to flip himself upside down to get far enough down... So Lither carefully rolled over, hauling Phil's lower body about to lie beside her. Now able to contort himself without the strain of balancing his body in the air, Phil wriggled about, then in. Lither swallowed strongly around him, though she could hardly believe her little muscles would have much impact on the HUGE wolf stretching her throat and upper torso... But it **did** help, and soon, she felt Phil's pecs sliding across the flesh of her throat...soon followed by his trim tummy.

With a quiet thump, Phil's head hit the 'taur's massive primary pelvis. A muffled "Ow!" made the panda struggle to control her laughter, (Not that she could've laughed with the wolf in her throat anyways.) Now, Philip uncurled his arms into her esophagus, sliding them moistly along the tight canal. Lither moaned to herself, feeling the warm being so deeply inside her. Then Philip's big hands struck her stomach sphincter. They poked, and prodded the fleshy valve...and it gave. She felt her friend hesitate, then push his hands into the hot vat of her stomach. He groped, stretched and groped around some more...but came up with nothing but digesting mush! Lither realized the robots were further back, but only by about a foot...wriggling and punching against... She shivered as she realized those sensations in her loins were created by the toys beating through her stomach, stimulating her female parts.

Pondering whether or not she could hold anymore of the wolf, Lither startled when Philip nudged her in the face with his knees! Lither mmmphed? and nuzzled weakly back, confused. Phil bumped her again, more firmly, then twined his legs together. What...? Did he want her to wrap his legs together? No... Hold them! Oh... Lither reached out and grasped his legs. Just as she got a good hugging grip on them, she felt the inner walls of her stomach clutched at! And Phil's hips began sliding into her mouth! Fortunately, his jeans were shoved down by her lips as he slid up, so she wouldn't have to taste the rough material... Lither trembled as her jaw was pushed further out of the way, her flat teeth digging shallowly into the wolf's..... Lither blushed fiercely, her white fur between the black turning faintly pink. Things had never really gotten beyond some nice cuddling between them... Lither blushed even more fiercely when Philip's equipment began responding to the ribbed texture of the roof of her mouth, and the scraping of her teeth across his intimate fur. Lither gasped! as the big wolf's BIG member began stretching her jaws open even wider, like a carjack!

She didn't think, couldn't think, but she let go of the wolf's legs, thinking she would press Philip's, um, 'thingie' down flush with his body. But...gravity and her body had other ideas. The moment she let go of those legs, Philip's weighty torso slid smoothly all the way into her stomach, carrying most of his legs with him! Only the wolf's feet sticking out of her lips, and those pressing tight there, eager to follow the rest of him, Lither began to cry desperately! Her friend was in big trouble! Could she pull Philip back out...? Seizing Philip's feet, she tugged with all the strength she could bring to bear...to no avail. Her body was rebelling against her wishes, swallowing and gulping at the huge mass clogging her throat! Holding Philip's feet, it was all she could do to keep him from sliding ALL the way in!

Philip, frustrated with the dancing toys just inches from his fingers, had pulled just a **little** too much of his hips in to pursue. Now, inside Lither up to his feet, sheathed in soft hot flesh and contorted like a masochistic gymnast, the wolf was...concerned. When he felt Lither's hands on his feet, he heaved a sigh of relief. She'd be able to pull him out, right? That's when the swallowing began again, and the stomach's sphincter seized his waist firmly! Flexing, bowing inward, the valve tried its best to

pull Philip in those last few inches! But thank God, Lither didn't let go...

Finally, unable to think of anything else to do, Lither leaned forward...making her torso even with the rest of her 'tauric body as best she could. She hoped Phil might be able to wriggle backwards, if he wasn't fighting gravity as well...

Philip felt like he lay at the bottom of an organic well, or caught in the bowels of some volcanic mountain...squeezed too tight on all sides to escape. Then, his legs began to drop in their throat-wrappings, slowly easing level with the rest of him. Excited and hopeful once again, he took the toys in his hands, and shoved off from the bottom of Lither's stomach. He winced as he did so, imagining how *that* must feel to the poor panda...

Lither's eyes bulged as Philip did something violent inside her stomach, rudely distending her flesh! The shock of it paralyzed her, hands going slack on the wolf's feet... At the same time, horror of horrors, her throat decided it was dry (No surprise, having all that saliva-sponging fur inside it,) and undulated in a powerful gulp! Lither clamped her lips down, too late to seize the big wolf's clawed feet. She despaired even as she felt the rough pads against the roof of her mouth, and then the stretching sensation as they squeezed into her throat. Weight shifting inside her, Lither bent her head and watched through tear-blurred eyes as her torso shrank from bloated, to chubby again, Philip's body slipping through her s-curved gullet and emptying entirely into her elastic stomach. His hot body, a massive weight inside her, squirmed and fought inside her! Her stomach bulged out on all sides as Philip thrashed, but the majority of his activity just made Lither's loins sweat and tremble! Cheeks soaked with fearful tears, Lither struggled to her paws, and waddled outside! She had to make it to a doctor, or a magician, someone! Philip was still alive inside her, she could feel his movements as he settled. But how long could he fend off her body's attempts to digest him?!

Philip growled in disgust, dunked in a bubbling vat of thick, digested food and stomach secretions. It didn't smell nice at all, but the stench was so overwhelming, his nose shut down on its own within seconds. Saved from that misery, Philip sighed in relief! The soft flesh beneath him squished, as he curled up into something like a fetal position. Thick goo lapped as high as his chin at some moments, sloshing with the rhythm of Lither's trotting. He hoped she'd find help... Meanwhile, what he could do? Panic...yes, panic would be good.

Fighting clinging branches and leaves, Lither moved at a crawling pace towards the jungle's fringe. Already she feared her stomach had begun its assault... And on top of all this, she was the most aroused she'd ever been in her life! Philip had been fighting desperately to escape her warm stomach, bruising her insides with powerful jostlings and shoving. But every little move he made, and moreso the bigger movements, made her pant with lust! Beneath her short fuzzy bear-tail, her female parts drooled hungrily; the 'taur's brain awash with sexual pleasure, waves of ecstasy washing through her with every little twitch the wolf made in her gut. It was like the robots, only worse! And those, of course, were still in there. Lither shivered and shuddered with sensation, leaving a trail of panda musk in the air strong enough to drive any ursine male in the area wild with lust. Luckily, she was fairly isolated from others of her kind, and no one answered the scent 'message.'

Unmolested, she shoved through the greenery, hoping after every step to see light untainted by green! At last, it came into sight, a wave of reddish-gold light ahead. The sun was setting... Lither doubled her pace, belly jostled and sloshing between her four legs. Was Philip...? Halting just beyond the edge of the jungle, she looked about, before an upwelling in her throat made her gasp! Philip was still okay and fighting! Then, to her dismay, Lither swallowed automatically. Once again her torso's

worming bulge slid right back down into her tummy. Shaking her head and fighting tears while she tried to regain her balance, she whistled for a taxi.

"TAXIIIIII!!!!" She had no idea where a doctor or sorcerer could be found, but maybe the taxi driver did...

A yellow cab with black checkers, plus a few crimson flames splashed across its hood, pulled up in front of Lither in a cloud of rubber smoke. Frantic, Lither popped the door and threw herself onto the bench seat.

"I've got someone inside me! He'll digest if we don't get him out soon! Please, take me some place where we can get help!" Lither's wail startled the 'roo cabbie, his huge foot slamming the accelerator into the floor. Glancing back and forth between his bloated passenger and the dusty road, the driver whistled. Lither's stomach pooled on the seat beneath her like a waterbed, with the more solid, twisting bulk of Philip forming a vague outline beneath her fur and skin.

"Oi mate, you sure do 'ave a bloke in your belly don'tcha? Well, don't you fret sheila, I know just the fella to help ya both out. Roight!" He smiled winningly, turning back just in time to swerve around another cab. Lither shook in the back seat, rubbing her soft flank, eyes squeezed shut.

"Oh Philip..."

Philip meanwhile was quite satisfied that he was panicking well. He twisted and turned, fighting the shrouding flesh and organs of Lither's body to reverse his position. Though it stretched the panda's slimy stomach incredibly, the big wolf finally managed to turn around to face the valve of tissue he'd entered from. Thrusting his hands through it, overwhelming the sphincter's weak protesting grip, Philip slid his arms slickly up the twisting esophagus, shoving his muzzle through seconds later. Squirming and pushing off from the opposite stomach wall, Philip squeezed his body up and out! Squirming, worming further out of Lither's gut with each painful inch gained, Philip began to hope he could make it! Dripping chocolate slime and hot stomach-ooze, the massive wolf fought to squash his shoulders into the tube of Lither's gullet. His paws slipped again and again on the mucus-saturated folds of the panda's stomach-floor, offering little purchase. Suddenly, sensing a blockage within its throat again, Lither's body swallowed. The muscular ripple slammed into Philip, and pushed him firmly back into the panda's gut. He grunted from the impact of the powerful muscular wave, then winced as Lither gasped out audibly. He must be roughing her up some... Twisting about to try and locate the throat-entrance again in the dank slippery dark, Philip thought he heard Lither shout something. Pausing to listen, Phil heard a car door open... Lither's collapse into the taxi jostled Philip horribly, until the wolf hardly knew which way was up!

Luckily though, as soon as Lither settled down again, his paws found the sphincter. He forced his hands through, meeting more resistance than the first time, and pushed in...following with his head. Phew! It seemed even warmer in here than the stomach...but Philip knew that couldn't be right... Shoving and grinding his shoulders into the smooth flesh, spreading open the valve, Phil eventually managed to work his shoulders through. He reached forward, and encountered only a straight passage! Why didn't the throat lead up anymore, through Lither's upright torso?

Ah, she must be stretching out to make it easier for me! He wriggled into the soft moist passage with renewed hope and vigour.

Lither was on the verge of blacking out, as she swore she felt Philip being pushed **DEEPER** into her body! Right into her looping coils of intestine! A twinge inside her became a thick, swallowing sensation in her lower belly, and Lither watched her flank in horror as the great bulk of Philip slid most of the way from her stomach and into her guts! Had her body already tried digesting him?!

Philip cried out as a massive swallow took him...further up and out? Why, how would Lither do that? Only as the heat around him increased, and the texture of the fleshy chute around him altered, did he realize the truth. His body, from head to ankle, was squished into the coiling length of Lither's intestines... He'd pushed open the wrong sphincter... Frustrated and scared, Phil tried to push back into Lither's stomach! A breath-stealing muscular contraction quickly removed that option. Using one of his precious few remaining breaths, he growled out at himself.

"Come ON Phil, think! There *MUST* be a way out of this!"

"I'm sorry, Ms Panda, but there's nothing on the X-ray to indicate a large lupine is residing in your stomach, or intestines. How long ago was it, you say you ingested him?" The snake physician blinked lazily at Lither, supporting its chin with a thick tailtip. Lither, furious at being treated so calmly, and nearly sobbing when Philip had so obviously expired... She was still crying when her pager beeped. The snake himself finally plucked the thing off of his patient, activated it, and pressed it back into Lither's hand. A voice piped from the little unit, cutting through Lither's vapors.

"Lither love? I'm okay! I'm back at your place. Once out of the jungle, I realized I could just tport out! I de-materialized right out of you. I guess you didn't feel it though..."

Lither finally stopped staring, and snatching her pager, she wailed into it!

"Philip! You're okay! Thankyouthankyouthankyou whoever made that tport program..." She started to say more, then blinked. "Um, did you happen to get the robots out too?"

Chuckling on the line. "Yeah, I just 'swept' your stomach. The robots should be back at their owner's home. Listen, sweetie, could we do that again some time? It was quite a ride..."

Lither kissed a very-surprised Dr. Snake, and bounced out of the office, bubbling over with laughter.

"Ohhhhhh yes, we'll do it again...and to hell with calorie-counting!"

THE END