

## **She Seems To Want Seconds...**

(A vore tale by Anima. Contains furry sex, M/F, M/M, and a bit of S&M.)

It'd been so long since Kristin had been captured, she had begun to doubt there had ever been a life other than the one she was now living. Recently made a prisoner, her large shaggy body was chained to a cot with fine links of steel. Or probably something stronger than steel, for Kris had never been able to so much as bend one of the links.

In the dimly lit basement, two other creatures shared her predicament. One, a male lutrai by the name of Angelo, was by far the most roughly-used. Tanner, the Master of their lives, treated the humanoid otter as his personal sex slave.

Kristin and Polly both felt that Angelo enjoyed the submissive role, but Tanner being the sadist he was, was far too abusive to bring the little lutrai any sort of pleasure.

Polly was a sleek ermine, with a coat of snowy fur and cute pink eyes. Her lithe body was unmarred externally, but for a lack of flesh. The poor mustelid was so underfed her fur moved on her loosely like a rug over her bones.

Kristin, on the other paw, was a study in contrast to Polly. Her polar bear body was plump and soft superficially, concealing an incredible strength. A large paunch swelled out her belly, rising above Kris like a silky igloo. Kept always on her back by the chains, she had no choice but to simply watch her stomach grow day by day. In those moments of reflection Kristin had each day between Tanner's visits, the bear realized she liked being fat. She also couldn't deny she grew aroused when she thought of her diet...

Over in the corner, wrists chained around a supporting column of steel, Angelo whimpered for the second time that day. For such a small creature, Ang was remarkably brave and stoic. The source of his pain was a dildo, nearly six inches wide at its largest, partially buried in his anus. Every time the pitiable lutrai tried to settle down and rest his aching legs, that horrible plastic invader would pierce him deeper. Tanner had arranged that setup last week, and still hadn't mentioned when it would be abolished.

Polly was curled up in her sleeping basket, all six feet of her snuggled down into the soft wool. Even from a yard or two away, Kristin could hear her friend's stomach complaining. She shook her head, and rattled her chains loudly in frustration. The other two looked in her direction.

"I can't go on like this. I'm not suffering nearly as much as you two, and I'M about to go MAD!" Angelo didn't make a sound in case his Master was listening somehow, but nodded emphatically. Polly, who wasn't chained for the simple reason she was too weak to resist any of Tanner's advances, rose up from her basket. Tottering unsteadily over to the bear, she heaved a sigh.

"It can't go on forever. Sooner or later, the authorities will find our looted village and mount a search!" Always the optimist, Polly laid herself down across Kristin's enormous belly. The bear couldn't even feel her weight.

When Tanner had come with his clan of barbarians to sack their village, Kristin had been certain they would all be killed. Now, she wished she'd been right.

Then a clanking noise sounded from the stairwell, sending Polly limping quickly back to her basket. Angelo drew himself up as far off the faux phallus as he could, and Kris tried to angle her head to see the approaching figure. Footfalls came nearer as Tanner descended the stairs, then bright light flared to life as he flipped the light switch.

"Ahh, my pets! And how are we this lovely morning?" The familiar, rumbling growl sent shivers through all three captives. Kris' eyes adjusted to the glare, and she looked over her captor for the hundredth-odd time. Ten feet tall easily, he topped Kristin's height by just a few inches. A robe of crimson concealed his body for a moment before Tanner untied the belt and flung the clothing into a chair. His tawny body was perfect in every respect, from his noble lion visage to his heavy sac and sheath. His golden pelt was interrupted along his chest and belly by a trail of cream-hued fur. He looked soft, but as all three knew, there wasn't an ounce of cuddle in him. A long tail swung calmly behind him, tipped with a tuft of a darker gold. Tanner's mane was the shade of dusty amber, streaked with black. Fierce yellow eyes took in his 'acquisitions' with pride, coaxing a soft smile to his black lips.

Kristin shuddered, as much in hatred and revulsion as anger at herself for being so aroused by him. Only Angelo was required to answer Tanner's greeting, and did so in a tremulous voice.

"Just fine Master..." Angelo squeaked. Tanner blinked, and padded forward towards the lutrai.

"Fine? Good then, I'll just leave you like that when I'm done for now."

Angelo repressed a cry of protest, for his required response had gotten exactly that reply for the past week. Polly and Kris turned away as Tanner bent over Angelo, lifting him off the torture device and replacing the penis of plastic with his own, only slightly smaller. Cries of delight drowned out the indrawn breaths, the hisses of pain, and the contained screams as Tanner plundered his little slave. Once satisfied, the lion moved on to Polly.

"Well my dear slinky pet, you're certainly looking trim. Perhaps I will allow you to eat today, if you please me." Polly perked up at this, or went through the motions of excitement at the very least. Tanner chuckled, and proceeded to have his way with her as well. Exhausted and unsatisfied as ever, Polly collapsed like an empty paper sack once Tanner had left her. Now, it was Kristin's turn.

"And at last, my lovely mountain. Time for breakfast, no? Open wide..." Kristin obeyed instantly. She'd tried refusing before, and her torturer had employed a steel device that had spread her jaws and left her in agony. Tanner fairly purrrred with pleasure and anticipation, as he knelt by Kris' head. His horrible member pulsed and oozed precum as well as a musky scent that invariably drove Kris wild. Even after two orgasms, it was fully erect and ready for more.

He teased her with it, rubbing the hot tip of his cock against her lips and bumping her nose with it. Finally, when Kristin began to pant and beg, Tanner relented and shoved his entire length down her hot gullet with one quick stroke. Choking on the meat, Kris sucked powerfully on her Master's bloated rod. Swallowing again and again, her throat rippled over the swollen mass and quickly worked Tanner towards orgasm. But it was never that simple. The lion always made sure Kris got a big meal...and it took patience and a lot of teasing to get him ready for that. So when Tanner felt his sac twitch and swell, he withdrew his penis from that glorious sucking tunnel and grasped its base firmly. Panting heavily, Tanner calmed down a moment.

Kristin moaned lustfully, sex cream soaking her thighs as her desire built. Oh how she wished he'd sink his cock where she wanted it, instead of just filling her jaws! But he'd only done that once, in the ceremony he'd held the first night his captives had spent with him. When he learned Kristin had enjoyed his ministrations, he'd withheld them ever since. Now he lovingly stroked his cock, keeping it firm and ready as he circled around to Kris' middle. Standing next to the prone bear, Tanner chuckled to see that her stomach came up higher than his waist. Quite a bit higher.

With a velvety finger, he probed Kristin's lush belly-fur until he located her navel. Pressed so tightly from all sides by the quivering mass of flesh her abdomen had become, the little nook had become more difficult to find every day. Tanner straddled Kris' belly with much difficulty, and sank with a sigh

of ecstasy into her navel. It took his length totally with no problem, a hot silken tunnel that gave him no end of pleasure. It was here that he built up the sea of cum in his balls, rising to climax again and again, then denying himself the release. It was almost an hour before he dismounted, and with shaky legs, made his way back to his bear's head. She was shaking with pain, the thrusts that had felt so good to Tanner had been bruising her insides mercilessly. But now as Tanner thrust his quivering cock down her throat again, she tried to relax and prepare for her meal.

It came after two more minutes of thrusting, a geyser of hot cream that shot down her esophagus like a river through a narrow gorge, creating rapids of cum. Her stomach received it joyfully, taking it all, as Tanner roared and spilled his lifeseed so copiously. It must've been gallons, though Kristin had never discovered how one lion, however big he was, could produce that much semen! But it flowed in nearly a solid column down into her, inflating her belly further up towards the ceiling. As the minutes passed, the river of cum became a stream, and then a trickle.

After one of her 'meals,' Kris was always painfully full. But not this time...quite the opposite! She was still hungry. Her stomach growled for more, though it was stretched taut around a shifting sphere of sticky sperm... Tanner sensed her continuing need, and smiled ferally.

"Want more? Well, I really don't think you should. In fact, for your shameful greed, you'll not be eating again today." Tanner grinned in triumph. It was a typical thing for him to do. But this time, Kristin wouldn't tolerate it! No more!

The lion's cocky grin faded into alarm as he found he couldn't remove his member from the suction of Kris' throat. And he actually screamed in fear as the gigantic bear tugged at her chains with hunger-fueled strength and snapped them with ease. Kris rolled ponderously onto her side, and raised stiff arms to wrap around Tanner's waist. Angelo and Polly were gaping at the sight of their friend catching and holding a fear-stricken Tanner...then bending him! Kris took the lion's massively muscled thighs and tugged them backwards, curling his legs, forcing his big paws against her lips. She yawned her jaws wide, strings of drool and semen joining the top and bottom fangs for a moment. Then she straightened Tanner's legs again...right down her neck.

Screaming and clawing at his assailant, Tanner made for a frightful vision! A lethal predator at his peak... But his awesome claws didn't appear to be harming Kris at all! Perhaps her hide was too thick beneath that soft pelt... The bear swallowed, her neck rippling under thick fur, absorbing Tanner past his waist. In a voracious frenzy, Kris stood and tilted her head straight back. Then with her paws on the lion's broad shoulders, she \*stuffed\* him violently down into her body. She simply couldn't think about anything but filling her belly to bursting! She longed to cradle her gut in her arms, and have the flesh spill over out of them. And now, it surely looked as if she'd get her wish. Tanner begged and pleaded as he sank inexorably deeper inside his pet, first appealing to Kristin and then to Polly.

"Polly, please! Stop her! Here, take the keys! Angelo, I'm your Master! Help meeeeeee!" Tanner tugged off his bracelet ringed with keys, and tossed it to the floor. Neither ermine nor lutrai moved.

It went quickly from there, in a flailing moment of limbs and ear-piercing shrieks, which were cut off when Kris sealed her jaws. With a gigantic bulge in her cheeks, neck, and upper body, the huge bear looked comically swollen! But that swelling vanished when she gulped one last time. Smoothly and quickly, the bulge slipped down into her massive gut.

Everyone in the room heard the slimy, wet sound of Tanner being engulfed by Kris' stomach and then enveloped by the mammoth amount of cum he himself had put there moments before. Kristen clutched her belly as it thrashed and twisted, bulges appearing in random spots as Tanner struggled to escape his fleshy coffin. Swaying with the movement, crying out in delight, Kristin shook with pleasure as the lion struggled to escape her body. Kristen came once, then again as the movement within her set her fat

rippling deliciously. Juices poured from her pussy, dripping onto the cement floor. It only took a minute or so for the sloshing sea of cream inside her to drown the lion, and then the deed was done.

Kristin fell back on her cot with a moan, clutching her awesome gut. Gurgling and churning, the overloaded belly began to set about putting away the awesome feast. Painfully, Polly got to her paws and released Angelo with the keys Tanner had dropped. Both friends stepped slowly over to Kris, wonder in their eyes as well as fear. Kris opened her wincing eyes, and smiled at the pair. She seemed afloat on sensations of sexual ecstasy and deep satiation.

"Don't worry, I won't bite. I've had more than enough food for today. And you know what else? With all that jostling, I started leaking..." Kris touched a creamy nipple. "That bastard must have knocked me up. At least I can feed you two." Polly murrred with helpless joy as Kris scooped her feather-weight shape up against her, forcing the ermine's muzzle over one of the bear's gigantic nipples. Angelo claimed the other without aid, feet planted on the softly rolling sea of bellyflesh beneath him for support. Kris sighed with delight, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Well, as long as the son is nothing like the father, that's the end of that..."

**THE END**