

Never Could Get the Hang of Thursdays...

(By Anima, contains non-consensual [but enjoyed] sex and vore.)

Roger was having a difficult time understanding the world. That morning, he'd been awakened by his overweight cat Dragon, and could've sworn his 'alarm clock' broke two of his ribs. Work had been hell, as usual, ignorant customers calling him over to troubleshoot or install computer equipment they hadn't a *clue* how to operate! Mary had canceled their rendezvous, claiming exhaustion.

But what really had Roger confused was the troupe of creatures that had stolen him from his bed. They'd appeared in a flash of blue light, dragged him out from under his covers, and hauled him off! Cold chains bound his arms and legs together, giving him no freedom of movement at all. Roger stared at the heels of the green monster carrying him, the human slung like a sack of potatoes over the thing's shoulders. Roger figured the things had taken him back through that blue light, for the rocky corridor they currently marched through had definitely not been part of his apartment. After what seemed like an hour or two of being jounced mercilessly, (not to mention having to listen to the creatures' singing,) his captors dumped him on a cot in a dimly lit room.

Two smaller beings took him into custody, snapping the links of the man's chains onto the cot's frame. Roger managed to turn his head enough to look at these new creatures. Their bodies were covered with short, dense fur, doing little to hide their strong wiry frames. Roger was no wuss, but he was also smart enough to know he hadn't a chance of taking out either of his guards, even if he could escape his bonds. As he watched, one of them caught his eye, and licked its lips...

"Tasty looking, isn't he? I love it when the Gate opens into that world. Did you receive any special instructions as to its care?" Roger startled, surprised to find he could understand the things as they conversed. The other furred creature shook its head, and also turned to gaze hungrily at their prisoner. Their eyes were big and glossy black with no irises.

"No... She just wants him alive and intact for tonight. We can do what we like with it in the meantime. What are these creatures like under their cocoon thingies again?" Roger shifted his gaze to the other, who responded. He felt a fear growing in his belly...

"I've forgotten. Well, it's as simple as looking..." Roger tried to shrink into the thin mattress, as the last being to speak padded noiselessly over to his side. He cried out when the beast swung a clawed paw at him, but felt nothing but his boxers tugging at his body. A loud snarling of tearing cloth shocked Roger further.

"Oh yeah! These ones! They're lots of fun, a cock and a hole or two. Here, pick him up, we'll take him on those blankets over there." Roger opened his mouth to scream, and had a soft leather-padded paw clapped over his mouth.

"Shush sweet thing, we're not gonna hurt you...we just want some fun..." The thing touching him whispered, then giggled softly. Roger moaned into the paw as the second beast unlocked him from the cot, grabbed his legs, and helped carry his trembling body across the room. They set him down on some blankets, then settled on either side of him.

"You can have the hole Rowel, I'll take the cock." The first one murmured, wrapping his softly-furred arms around the naked, shivering human. Roger moaned again, despairingly, his cry muffled by Rowel's paw. The nameless creature snuggled its furry hips up against Roger's, until a soft mound brushed Roger's limp cock. It reached down to grasp the man's member, massaging it to a respectable state of arousal. Meanwhile, Rowel had squirmed underneath the human, and was expertly positioning himself at his anus. The beast's member felt long and slender, and unnaturally hot to the touch. It was

also lubricated somehow, and Roger whimpered when the pole of flesh sank up into his bowels. On top of him, the other beast spread its labia-equivalents, and hurriedly impaled itself on Roger's reluctantly-hard cock. Roger'd never had anyone in his ass before, and had to reluctantly admit to himself it felt nice...especially when the two beasts began to thrust in tandem, timing their movements to keep his body moving in a way to please all three of them

"See, *grunt* this isn't so bad, *squish* is it pink-thingie?" Rowel laughed deep in his throat, burying his cock again and again in the soft warm tissues of the human's rectum. Roger *was* having a nice time in fact, the hot slickness of his other partner's body almost better than a human woman's. His mind still rebelled, disgusted by the rape, but his body was loving it! When his orgasm hit, forcing his cream up and out of his swollen penis, the critter on top jerked in surprise.

"Are they supposed to do that?" It mumbled to its partner, still humping the delicious love toy beneath it. Rowel growled what sounded like an affirmative, then snarled softly as its own pleasure peaked. Roger winced as a rush of uncomfortably hot spoooge geysered up into his guts. Rowel's friend came a second later, its tunnel clamping down hard on Roger's spurting member. The beasts howled together, but the sound seemed strangled, as if they were trying to keep the noise down... Roger panted, the weight of Rowel's friend lying spent on top of him. Geez...

Not too keen on afterplay, the beasts immediately disengaged, leaving Roger lying in a pool of sexual secretions. It was only when they stood up in the better light of this area of the room, that Roger noted the hermaphroditic nature of the beasts. Their engorged cocks quickly retreated into their invisible pockets, and their female parts slowly calmed down and stopped dripping. Chatting again with one another, wearing stupidly sated looks on their muzzles, Rowel and his friend discussed Roger's performance.

"I like the snake things better myself, but I pick those over anything. Still, as a biped and all, he wasn't bad. Think the boys would like a turn before She gets him?" Rowel shook his head, and jerked a thumb towards a doorway Roger hadn't noticed.

"No...I'm afraid they'd be too rough. Besides, She was supposed to want him toni—" Muzzle dropping open, Rowel noted a looming shape in the doorway.

"Rowel, K'tal, I wanted him right away. No entertainment for a week. Now bring him in here, before I decide one of YOU will suffice."

Roger winced as his sticky body was lifted and bore across the room, through another stone passage, and into a new room. Rowel and K'tal were shaking... Were they that afraid of their master? This chamber was much warmer, body-temperature in fact, and seemed to contain a few unusual artifacts... The only one Roger glimpsed before he was set down again was a tall, transparent cylinder that rested atop some kind of hydraulic-type base.

"Put him in the tub." The unknown Master's voice boomed out across the chamber. Again Roger was lifted, and carried straight for the cylinder. Upon closer inspection, the thing was nestled right up against the rocky wall, which had a shelf carved into it. The lip of the shelf was just even with the lip of the cylinder.

Rowel removed Roger's chains, keeping his limbs immobilized with just his paws instead. One quarter of the cylinder opened out to rest on the floor, forming a ramp as well as an opening. The two servant-creatures carried him into the chamber, and set him upright in the exact center of the tube. Roger looked around, perplexed. Was he going to be tortured? He watched, oddly saddened to see his two 'friends' leave him alone in this thing. As soon as they left, the wall of the cylinder flipped back up to

complete the enclosure.

"That will do. Go clean up after yourselves. I'll let you know who to call in when I'm done..." The voice was calmer this time, even sultry in its tones. It definitely sounded female...if a little bassy. Watching through the walls of the cylinder, Roger saw a shadow detach itself from the wall and drift closer. As more details of the creature became clear, Roger wanted more and more to be home in his bed...

It was female, Roger decided, for a number of reasons. She had breasts, four of them, bobbing proudly on her lavender chest. At first glance, she appeared to be a dragon, but Roger'd never seen a dragon like *this* one! She stood around fourteen feet tall on her hindlegs, though her body appeared built to support her on all fours. She had no scales either, just a seamless soft-looking skin that gleamed as if oiled. Her rear-feet were gigantic, leaving four-foot wide footprints behind, from which sprouted four immense black talons. Her front-feet, the ones she used as hands, were quite different. Structured like human hands, they had five fingers but too many joints. These too sported glistening black talons. Her head was reptilian, like a salamander's but a hair or two slenderer, topped with a pair of lantern-like eyes that glowed a sullen red. From beneath her chin, down the middle of her belly, and underneath her tail, the creature's coloring was lavender. The rest of her was primarily a darker purple that was nearly black. When she stood right next to Roger's cylinder, he could see her genitals as well: an immense, drooling blossom that winked at him coyly. The insides he glimpsed were a purplish-pink, glistening in the dim light of the cavern.

Her snout rippled into a grin, and the dragon-thing embraced the cylinder. A happy thrummmmm buzzed in her throat. Pressing herself against the plastic like that, Roger noted her belly was huge as well...soft and flabby. Was he...dinner?!

"So wonderful to have another like you here, my dear. I'm Jacquelin, your proud host! Who are you, pray tell?" Her voice really was nice, rich and deep...soothing almost. Roger cleared his throat squeakily. Mary was going to catch hell if he ever got out of this! If only she'd had him over...

"My name's Roger. Please, Jacquelin, why am I here? A-are you planning on eating me?" He choked out, his forehead creased with worry. Jacquelin turned from him, and clambered up onto the rock shelf above the cylinder. Curling up there like a cat, she gazed down into the cylinder with her eerie eyes.

"Why, no! You're going to please me...and you'll enjoy it immensely. No more talk, I've been soooo horny for days!"

Jacquelin uncurled, then slid on her rear until her legs slipped down into the cylinder. She lowered herself in the rest of the way, crowding Roger back a bit with her bulk. He tried to step backwards, but found his feet fastened somehow to the floor of the cylinder. Jacquelin sighed, shivering in anticipation as she settled. The cylinder was tall enough to reach her lower belly, putting her musky sex in a perfect position to be touched by the human.

Roger inhaled gently, Jacquelin's aroma filling his head. Ohhhh, it smelled sooooo goood! Not like any woman he'd ever been with, this creature was like the incarnation of sexuality! His cock stood at rigid attention, almost painfully hard.

In seconds, Roger's hands were sliding all over the swollen petals of the female's sex. Jacquelin mmmmmmed, a huge smile gracing her muzzle. Her juices truly began to run then. The lubricant was *very* thick, almost a syrup as it ran copiously from the yawning pit of Jacquelin's vagina. Roger, not able to move his feet and get his cock in position, decided to fill that fleshy void however he could.

Jacquelin nodded, growling in approval, as Roger slid his fingers into her sloppy slit. Roger blinked at the ease in which his hand entered her, disappearing past the wrist in a second. Inside the creature was an incredible slimy heat, muscular pulses rippling and shuddering against and around the intrusion of

the human's hand. Moaning shakily, Roger leaned forward and rammed his arm up inside that delicious tunnel. Jacquelin threw back her head and ROARED her ecstasy, her level of arousal flying up the scale. As the huge female grew more excited, her flow of lubricant increased. Soon, it was flowing steadily onto the floor of the cylinder, pooling around Roger's feet. The liquid was a soft, translucent gold in hue, looking uncannily like honey. It smelled wonderful, and felt so warm and sexy the human didn't mind its presence at all.

With a great sucking slurp, he withdrew his arm, then shoved it back inside. His cock rubbed desperately against the softness of the dragoness' hide, but found no release. Jacquelin began her thrumming again, her tailtip lashing outside the cylinder as her tail was pressed up against the plastic wall. For some reason, she didn't want her tail sitting in her fluids...

"More, I want MORE Roger! Use your other limb, STRETCH me WIDE open! Make my honey flow!!!"

Roger nodded wildly, eagerly, clapped his sticky hand against the other, and sank both together into the squeezing, rippling canal of soft flesh. At the same time, Roger pressed his face into the apex of Jacquelin's labia and searched for her clit with his tongue. He found it almost instantly, a firm fleshy pearl the size of a cherry. He took it in his mouth and suckled it, forcing another roar from his lover!

The stream of lubricant became a virtual river, gushing out against Roger's naked body and running down to join the rising level of the stuff. Roger didn't notice it starting to thicken as it emerged from his lover, his mind was focused only on pleasing this passionate creature. Jacquelin took note however, smiling slyly as out of the corner of her eye, she watched her cream rise past Roger's knees...then his thighs...

By now Roger was trying to force his head into Jacquelin's distended vagina, and had nearly succeeded when the dragonish female reached down and grabbed his body. She pulled him free of the mysterious force holding his feet, positioned him, then thrust him against her sex. Roger's cock slipped into her slick depths as far as its relatively puny length would let it, before erupting in the strongest orgasm he'd ever had!

His cream was immediately purged by the still-increasing outflow of Jacquelin's juices, which by now were lapping at the human's buttocks, despite his suspended position. Still clutching him to her soft, rippling belly and gushing crotch, Jacquelin thrust her hips forward, pinning the human to the wall of the cylinder. She thrust her soft body again and again against his, pleasuring herself, working to the brink of orgasm...

Roger barely noticed that her belly was steadily shrinking. Was that soft mass only a reservoir of the dragoness' honey? She moaned, then groaned in surprised pleasure as Roger rammed a thick leg up into her depths. As soon as it slid home, her orgasm hit. If the production of fluid had been ridiculous before, now it was frightening. Gold cream shot from her pussy like a firehose, shoving Roger's leg out and forcing him down into the gel of Jacquelin's female-cum by sheer pressure.

Like a fly in amber, Roger struggled to free his body of the clinging goop, but the moment his head broke the surface, a new gush of Jacquelin's sex-honey would drown him again. In one of these brief glimpses above the surface, Roger saw his lover pulling herself free of her own lubricant, and climbing back onto her shelf, pussy still weakly spurting goop down onto his head. Once he was hopelessly mired in the warm gel, Roger relaxed and accepted his fate. It was only after a minute or so of continued life that he realized he was breathing... What the heck could be getting him air in *this* stuff?! He gave up the question, there were just too many things he didn't understand. Fighting the ooze, he managed to grab his cock and start pumping away...

Jacquelin inverted her body, and bent her long neck down into the cylinder. The level of her secretions reached the exact top of the tank, and she congratulated herself on her judgment.

Whimpering to herself in anticipation, she pressed her lips to the wobbling surface of the stuff and slurped. Her own thick, musky-tasting gel slid into her jaws, and *just* reached the entrance to her throat. Jacquelin gulped desperately, tugging that pseudopod down into her warm gullet. The rest, sticking to itself, began to follow, dragging its human occupant along for the ride.

Jacquelin swallowed again and again, leaning further and further over the side of the tank. Her belly began to bulge outward again as it filled, and her eyes greedily tracked the position of Roger within its enfolding ooze. Then the hydraulics began to whine, tilting the cylinder. Jacquelin had programmed it to do this, and followed it down as the cylinder tilted like a drinking glass. She got under, keeping her head positioned to slurp up the goo, and embraced the warm plastic tube. Now it really DID look as if she were drinking from a glass, a ponderously huge one that she balanced on her equally ponderous belly.

The goop began to come faster and faster, and the greedy dragonish thing wolfed it all down. Suddenly, her lips met only air... Jacquelin opened her pleasure-fogged eyes to see the cylinder empty. Had the human escaped somehow? Her hands flew to her stomach, as the cylinder whined and tilted up off it. On her back, Jacquelin felt for bulges...then smiled as a struggling shape began beating at the soft walls of her stomach.

"Must not have felt him going down..." She murmured, disappointed. She had so wanted to rub her throat, feeling that body slide helplessly down into hers... Swollen with her own honey and her latest prey, Jacquelin rested a moment and judged how much larger her gut was. Not much bigger really... Mmmm...quality over quantity, most definitely!

Jacquelin called in her *good* slaves to rub and caress her belly and fluttering, sticky vulva to another, glorious orgasm. Yessss, humans were such wonderful partners...perhaps she should get two and start a breeding program...if she could manage to keep her claws off them that is!

THE END