

Chubby With a Chaser
by Anima

(M/M Sex and Oral Vore, heavy cum emphasis. WARNING: predator's treatment of prey is bloodless but rather sadistic.)

Ryke humped his tongue hard up against the glans of the tiger, pinning his dick to the roof of his mouth, and grinned around the hot spined girth when the kitty's prick jumped in his balled hand. The curvaceous mink kept his eyes glued to the cat's as seed sprayed against the back of his throat. Flexing his lips, milking with his fist, Ryke drew every spurt out of the panting, sweating feline he could. When nothing but a dribble oozed forth at last, the kitty sagged back into the damp vinyl of his seat and grabbed his drink, mouth gone dry from those slack-jawed minutes.

"Amazin' as usual, minky. You always hit the spot." A paw nearly the size of Ryke's head ruffled his feathered orange hair.

Ryke licked his chops and made a show of rubbing his gently rounded stomach. "Mnnnn, so do you, papa T. I could lap up kitty's cream all night, but I don't want to keep anyone else waiting. Growing boy and all," he winked, turning extra-slow and trailing his tail tip across T's stomach.

A mingled growl and laugh followed him, a brusque paw grabbing and stroking the slightly-tapered, sable length of Ryke's tail. "Have a ball kid, or at least drain a bunch of 'em."

Ryke fondled himself through the satin pouch of his custom panties, caressing huge ripe balls and swollen sheath, his shaft straining to escape but held in place largely by taut fabric. Precum smeared the inside of his lingerie, the scent of it enough perfume for him.

The sight of a crowded private booth across the club drew his attention, and Ryke made a slow, calculated pass by it. A long-fingered hand settled on his shoulder, encouraging him in towards the table. He let himself be pulled along, turning to smile at the six guys crowded around the circular booth. "Well, if it isn't my favorite herd."

Terry, the big buck who'd reeled him in, winked at the mink. "Up for an herbivore spitroast, sweet thing? You know, four or five times?" Chuckles ran around the table. A bull, a gangly young moose, a distinguished camel and cheeky stallion twins rounded out the group.

"What kind of club pet would I be if I said no? Besides, you guys know little fellas like me need their milk, and you're the closest things to cows we get in here." Ryke leaned in over the table, spreading his legs apart until he looked like a capital A from behind, letting his tail flag to show off plump, rounded asscheeks. Clubgoers behind him whistled, and a passing waiter gave one cheek a lazy swat. Ryke grinned around the table, meeting each eager stud's eyes in turn. "Lucky for me you're packing something a lot more fun than an udder."

A bare sixty seconds later they had all relocated to one of the rut rooms, and Ryke sank down on all fours, Terry collapsing onto his knees before him. He felt the bull tug his panties down, exposing the soft, perfect globes of his salt-and-pepper furred ass. Ryke reached back to tease the buttplug from his stretched pucker, breath catching as bulbous silicone spread his hot flesh wide again before its taper slipped free with a near-inaudible slurp. He tossed it aside, and almost gasped at the splash of cold lube the bull applied to his gaping hole. Thick fingers spread the goop around his ring, then dipped inside

him, squelching into satin heat and a bit of the mess his previous visitor had left.

A grunt from above him reminded Ryke he had business to take care of up front. He sighed up at Terry through a smile, and unzipped the buck, letting a rose-colored erection spring free. "Love how you deer are shaped," he whispered, before bathing that strange taper with his tongue. Terry trembled, hips straining towards the mink, those big hands wrapping around the lithe pet's shoulders.

Behind, the bull positioned his well-lubed cock beneath the hiked banner of Ryke's tail, and began pressing in, snorting his approval as the muscular portal relaxed, swallowing in inch after inch of meat. Contemplating the saliva-slick spear of penis before him, Ryke decided it was time to do likewise up front, and took Terry in down to the balls. With a few inches in his throat, the buck bleating above him, Ryke sucked with hard pulses on his newest treat.

His stomach growled, and he couldn't help but grin around the musky girth in his lips. *More's coming baby, you know it.*

The two studs with their dicks buried in him began to thrust, finding a rhythm that complemented one another, while Ryke's cock throbbed, free of his confining panties for now. He fired fat stripes of pre across the rubber floor, at once wishing for relief, and glad he wasn't getting it, for being pent-up was such a delicious sensation he wanted to ride it all night.

The slick slither of a thick dick in his ass, the flavor and heat of cock in his mouth, soon drove out all other thought. Ryke leaned into one, then the other with their rhythm and let his moans buzz Terry's turgid flesh. He clenched at the bull, teasing him, flexing his plush buttocks too to pinch at his girth.

Mister bull finished first, blowing and snorting, bending deeply over the mink as he hosed sperm up Ryke's tailpipe, breeding him as thoroughly as any doe-eyed cow. When he climbed off, the camel took his place, already lubed up and waiting. Ryke elevated his ass, desperate to keep as much spunk inside him as he could. Feeling the new rod of heat sleeve itself in his rear was both bliss and reassurance, a piston shoving that cream deeper into his greedy guts.

Ryke suckled Terry, tonguing him with slick little thrusts, then eased a paw down into his jeans to play with balls that felt superheated with the warmth trapped inside those pants. As soon as his fingertips nudged up behind those orbs, teasing the buck's prostate, Terry bleated and crushed Ryke's face into his crotch with a hand on the back of his head. More jizz sluiced down his throat, mink-gullet convulsing to suck it down, stowing it with the rest.

Terry pulled back before Ryke quite finished milking him, and he let the buck spatter his face with the last few spurts. The first few times it'd felt like such a waste, but he'd learned to appreciate the hot anointing, the sex-salt in his fur, marking him as the supreme slut he was.

While Ryke was still licking his chops and Terry was slowly crawling away, the moose knelt down. Terry winced, and put a hand on his friend's back. "Take it easy on the little guy Pierre. We're all awful fond of him."

Ryke went a bit cross-eyed peering at the member bobbing before him. Pierre was definitely a big guy, somewhere over seven feet tall, but it wasn't much preparation for what was lurking downstairs. His shaft could've been used as an axle on a truck, and the mink wasn't sure if he'd survive

this 'crash test.' A fat glob of pre formed at the tip of the chocolate-brown dong, the size of a grape, and that decided the mink.

He wrapped his lips around that massive flare, jaw creaking, and sucked for all he was worth. Pierre blew breath out between his lips, eyes sinking shut, and didn't seem to have thrusting on his mind. Ryke broadcast a silent thank you to the sex-gods, and sent his tongue slithering into the meaty slot in that dong. Beneath his tail the camel was building up some impressive speed, and had to pause to slop some more lube between the two of them as a precaution. Ryke's fat balls dripped with artificial slime, a puddle of it gleaming on the rubber beneath him.

Blunt nudges along his side and back made Ryke's ears perk. He turned his head just enough to see a stallion on his left, and assumed the other was mirroring his partner on the opposite side, dragging their wide flares through his coat. Teasing themselves with Ryke's luxurious fur, the horses were soon leaking their lust into the mink's coat, making him shine with equine goo. Shivers rolled down Ryke's spine, his cock plumping up through an ecstatic surge, a blush of darker pink spreading down its length.

Ryke attacked Pierre's dick with lips and tongue, mouthing over the bell of it, slopping saliva over the throbbing flesh and painting in it with flicks and swirls of his oral muscle. His jaw protested every time he stretched his mouth against the bulk of that behemoth, but Ryke was driven now, and after a few more seconds, a wet pop signaled his jaw unhinging. His mouth spread, smooth and wet around Pierre's dick, and like a dream Ryke's gullet slid down around that log of flesh.

Pierre choked out mangled French profanity, thick fingers scrabbling at the rubber floor while he watched the little five-foot-nothing mink gobble his meat to the root like he was part snake. He didn't even quite last long enough for Ryke to bury his nose in the shaggy fur of his crotch before Pierre came. The close, slippery clutch of mink-throat was too much to take. Pints of gluey spunk emptied down the pet's throat, with not much distance left to travel before it poured into Ryke's already white-painted stomach.

Ryke stayed right where he was, taking the camel's load in his rear as the astonished dromedary peaked at the rare sight a few feet over the mink's back. When Pierre's throbbing slowed, he backed off slowly, the moose withdrawing at the same time, until that glistening dong reappeared completely with a lewd schluck. Pierre couldn't help but reach beneath Ryke to rub his noticeably-rounder belly, marveling.

"Fantastique. You are a gem, monsieur Ryke. I am more than pleased to help keep you fed," he laughed, clapping a huge hand on the smaller male's back. When he pulled it back, fingers slick with stallion pre, he simply shrugged and licked them clean.

The horses nudged camel and moose aside, nickering and grinning, their smooth shafts jumping in their grasps. "C'mon Ryke, time to get plowed. We know you've been waiting for this."

Ryke just moaned his response, before assuming the position once again. He could feel cum brimming up against his pucker, and the weight of the liquid bliss he'd swallowed so far tonight felt wonderful swaying ever so slightly beneath him. He couldn't deny the horse's words. Ryke had a special fondness for ponycock and stud slime. It didn't hurt that they were so prodigiously productive either...

This pair changed things up a bit. Ross, a palomino, covered Ryke's body with his own as he

took him. His cock squelched into Ryke's flooded ass, warm semen oozing down fat mink balls. Stew, a gray dapple, slid himself beneath Ryke and had the mink bob on his tip while the stallion stroked the shaft himself.

Feeling warm stallion plastered against his back and ass, thrusting away, while the familiar flavor of one rolled across his tongue set Ryke's brain adrift on a sea of endorphins. He was a cub in a candy factory after-hours, able to indulge as much as he cared to, and he *certainly* cared to.

Ross was an affectionate lover, nibbling at mink-ears and neck, kissing, grinding into the fur the two stallions had gooped with their dripping need earlier. His eighteen inches filled Ryke beautifully, squirting as much precum every minute as an average mammal would donate with their actual wad. Stew was no less generous, and he simply laid back, eyelids fluttering while Ryke treated his cock like a too-small straw in a too-thick milkshake.

Ryke rolled his hips back into every thrust of Ross's, while his lips made a smooth, but elastically-snug collar around Stew's girth while he bobbed, dozens of times a minute. He began to think of the stallions as hard candies with creamy centers, wearing them down to get at the sticky goodness inside. The slide of stallion dong against his prostate was bringing him dangerously close to climax himself, and he slid a hand down to grab the base of his cock, forestalling one.

Stew popped first, his fist pumping faster and faster along his own length. Ryke snuck a hand down beneath himself, dipping fingers in the lube-puddle, then slid them up under Stew's balls, sending one digit squirming through the thick donut of the stallion's pucker. Stew blew a full volume whinny, ruffling Ryke's hair, while his ripe balls drew up snug to his body. The contents of those orbs boiled up the bucking column of meat Ryke still suckled upon, and filled his mouth to near-overflowing with the first surge! Relaxing his throat, the mink simply made himself a conduit for the nearly pudding-thick mess, toes curling as he reveled in another meal of pony goo.

Ross gave him an extra rough flurry of thrusts, hilted his needy stud staff and huffed a long hot sigh across the back of Ryke's neck. Ryke could feel every twitch and spasm of that fleshy rod buried up his ass, and sliding a hand across his belly, he imagined he could feel the blush of warmth as more ivory cream poured through his bowels, pushing the jizz from earlier deeper, working it towards his stomach.

Once Stew's spurts tailed off, Ryke released his sharp suction and simply lapped at the wobbling dick like a giant meat popsicle. He felt like simply relaxing between the two horses for a while, but Terry and the bull crouched beside the trio, grinning. The buck chuckled the mink's chin. "Up for another go from the first contestants?"

Ryke gave him a lazy grin, and slid a hand down to pat his belly. "The tank's not even close to full, boys. Give me all you've got!"

If Ryke didn't get every drop from the herbivores, he surely got most of it. As soon as the last one was done with his ass, he slipped his freshly-lubed plug back in, waiting until he cinched back up around it before even trying to move. That cum was his, and he didn't want to drip any more on the floor than he already had. He was forced to waste some time showering though, for after Pierre decided to frost him like a cupcake, he wasn't sure he would even be recognizable around the club, much less presentable. A good portion of the patrons would enjoy a cum-caked mink treat, but not

everyone, and Ryke strove to please everyone all the time.

A bit damp but clean, he slipped back into his decidedly less-pristine panties, and returned to mingling. He found a half-dozen more needy boys to suck off within twenty minutes, then another table of old friends who were up for a gang-bang. They left the door open for that one, inviting voyeurs, and several of the lookie loos ended up joining in.

Ryke was starting to feel a definite warm glow in his middle once he'd showered from that lovely ordeal. He made a loop with his arms, tucking it beneath his belly, lifting it and letting his gut fall with an audible gloop and slosh. *Definitely coming along, but I'm far from done.*

His breath caught when he spotted someone new, hovering at the bar near the entrance. They were young, maybe a year or two younger than he was, chubby and femme-inclined. Ryke peered through the darkness and shifting light-show to make out more details. Was it a canine? To his surprise Ryke realized the newcomer was a bear, though an oddly-marked one. A mask of fur the color of old bone blazed across his black face, save for two patches encircling his eyes. From some angles it made him appear bespectacled, and from others it gave him a death's head look.

Ryke had never seen such a slenderly-built ursine before. Sure he was padded, but the frame beneath was delicate. His cock twitched, hard, spurting precum so ferociously it blobbed right through the material of his panties to pearl up and drop to the floor. *Oh, you want him, do you? Mmmm, he's a little big, but if I stopped now I suppose...*

"Minky! Come here, the dog pound needs you." A doberman in leathers wrapped a fist around the base of Ryke's tail, and dragged him back towards two tables pushed together, crowded with a biker-dog gang. They were extremely fond of the mink, and the feeling was usually mutual. Turning them down now would be way-past suspicious. *I'll just have to hope lady luck is with me tonight.*

"Well hey boys! Someone need to bury a bone? Hey, Louie, you stay *away* from my ear this time!"

By the time Ryke finished with the dogs, his ass was definitely sore, but his gut was heavier, and a lot noisier, gurgling and churning constantly. Though it pained him to do it, Ryke took the time for another quick shower before slipping back out onto the floor, alert for the strange bear.

He found him at the bar, almost exactly where he'd seen him last. Breathing a deep sigh of relief, the mink carefully settled himself on a stool beside the ursine, and smiled over at him. "Hey honeybear. My name's Ryke. I haven't seen you in here before. You doing okay?"

Ryke found his first impression of the boy quickly confirmed as the bear nodded his head with a bunch of quick jerks. "Y-yeah, great. This is a nice place. Good music."

"Mmmm, Crème de Menthe isn't known for its DJing, really." Ryke leaned in just a little closer. "I bet you heard some stories. Came to see if they were true?"

The bear swallowed, jerking his eyes toward the ceiling, then the top of the bar. "S-sure, everyone hears stuff. I thought, um, maybe I could..."

“Get laid?” Ryke grinned, placing a hand on the bar within easy reach of the bear. After a long moment just staring at it, the bear wrapped his long-clawed mitt around Ryke's warm fingers.

“Yeah. I...have this fantasy of doing it with lots of guys at once. But, you know, safely...? Maybe even, sort of get...adopted. Let 'em take care of me. Is that silly?” He smiled a little at Ryke, but the mink could see the way his eyes welled up a bit, already hearing scorn and rejection.

“Sweetie, I was just dogpiled, *literally*, ten minutes ago and pounded full of canine cum by fourteen gentlemen I know quite well. I think you're in the right place. What's your name?”

His dark eyes wide as saucers in their equally-dark patches of fur, the bear gulped again, then mumbled, “Darryl.” He let his gaze slowly sweep down Ryke's body, and the mink swiveled his stool to put himself on display, thighs drifting apart. With a wink, Ryke lifted the malleable curve of his cum-gut, getting it out of the way so the newcomer could ogle him properly. In those snug, be-slimed panties, his cock ached, it was putting so much strain on the material.

“Darryl, how about I ease you into things with a little back room fun, hmm? It might be a little overwhelming to try and toss you under a pile of studs your first night here, before you even know anyone.” Ryke nodded towards a hallway lit with soft blue light that ran off behind the bar.

Darryl scratched the back of his head with his free paw, wavering, then gave Ryke's hand a squeeze. “Sure. Show me some ropes, Ryke. Y-you have a really lovely body. So soft-looking.” As the two rose, Darryl couldn't help but run a paw down Ryke's side, easing over the gentle bump of a lovehandle, on over a rounded hip, gliding down the swell of a softy-padded thigh.

“Mmmm, some like a bit of luxury, you know? You have some sweet curves yourself, handsome.” Ryke wasn't tentative about squeezing a handful of Darryl's rump through his daisy dukes. Even if the bear's attitude was totally amateur-hour, he'd gotten some pointers dressing to attract a certain element. Ryke used his grip on bear-butt to guide his 'protege' around the bar and down that hall, pausing to push open a door into a darkened room.

Ryke snapped on the lights to reveal a very simple little sleeping room containing a good-sized cot, a luggage stand, a tiny table and a mirror. He shut the door behind them, panting the slightest bit. “Hope you don't mind if I skin out of these. They've gotten...really...tight with a certain honeybear around!” Ryke fought to win free of his panties and finally pried himself out of them, his fat minky cock bouncing and flinging a line of clear drool to the floor.

Darryl flushed at both the words and the sight, shuffling his big feet. After a few seconds he decided following suit would be the thing to do, and wiggled out of his tiny jean shorts. Beneath he was wearing briefs printed with colorful rubber ducks. A damp spot on the front told Ryke his target's mind was in the right place.

“Little excited, sweetie?” Ryke cooed, reaching down to fondle the bear's warm bulge. Darryl pressed his pudgy thighs together, stammering.

“Y-y-yeah, you're really something, Ryke. I, um, I want you inside me.” He reached out, shyly taking Ryke's cock in his paw, feeling the heat and weight of the swollen organ.

“Mmmm, and I want you inside me, honeybear. I'd say we'd take turns but that doesn't usually

work out too well when I get like this.” Ryke stepped in close to Darryl, squashing his soft cum-flooded belly against the bear's own pudgy stomach. His lips sought and found the other's, finding an enthusiastic if unskilled kisser.

Tongues crossed, saliva smeared across lips, breath mingled, while paws slid across each other's curves. The intoxicating scent of Ryke's body, the sex-scents of a dozen species or more imprinted in his fur plus the far stronger need radiating off his dripping member, swamped Darryl. The bear whimpered, shoving his own briefs down, letting his fat, short cock kiss and stickily nuzzle the mink's.

Ryke's kisses grew steadily sloppier, saliva shining on more and more of Darryl's face. The bear leaned into this treatment, welcoming it, eyes shut and breath coming in great panting gusts. “Y-yes, ohhhh Ryke, yessssss...”

Ryke wrapped his arms around Darryl, pinning the bear's own arms to his sides. He strained up to whisper in the taller male's ear, breath tickling the hairs inside. “Are you ready, sweetness? Ready to be taken care of?”

“So ready,” he cooed, little tail twitch-wagging. He squirmed a bit within Ryke's embrace, but out of excitement, not in protest.

“Minky will take care of you then, forever.” Ryke grinned, before opening his mouth, and sliding his lips up around Darryl's muzzle. He kept going, jaw cracking, then popping, and in a few confusing, heart-stopping seconds the bear found his entire head stuffed into the mink's slavering maw.

Darryl shouted, flexing his arms, but found he had no leverage at all. He'd given it up before the purpose of the embrace became clear! He tried to kick but Ryke swiftly entwined his legs with the bear's, virtually immobilizing him. Drool dribbled down the bear's chest while Ryke worked his jaws against Darryl's shoulders, such slim effeminate shoulders for a bear. They slid past mink-lips as well within a minute, and as Darryl's head sank fully into the elastic chute of Ryke's throat, a half-familiar scent smote his nose. Cum. The smell of it boiled up from below, hot and heady.

Ryke swallowed over and over, endlessly gulping at his furry prize while his mouth worked overtime to pump saliva out over the oversized morsel. His straining cock nudged at Darryl, smearing the wriggling bear with slippery lust, marking him with mink sex-ooze. Darryl's erection was flagging as terror took hold, but it didn't fade, whether it was the scent of cum in his nose or the sensation of hot wet flesh enfolding his body.

Ryke forced Darryl to his knees after a moment so he could hunker over, shoving himself down onto the bear rather than try to lift Darryl up above his head. After that his meal went much quicker, his tongue soon wagging across the bear's cute, plump tummy. Darryl tried again to kick when Ryke flopped the two on their sides, but by now those legs were in range of the mink's arms, and rather easily captured. Ryke's fingers clutched pudgy ursine thighs, digits sinking into thick fur and denting the yummy flesh beneath as he pulled those limbs into his slavering mouth.

Half-engulfed in smooth, wet muscle, Darryl could only gasp and groan as he was squeezed down the treacherous mink's throat. The undulations of that gullet working around him felt obscenely good, displaced eroticism, almost like he'd become the shaft shoved into a steamy, clutching rectum or...seed-thirsty throat. The knowledge that Ryke hungered for *him* and not just another wad of cum gave Darryl the energy to kick with renewed ferocity.

A slimy ring of flesh parted around the bear's muzzle, exposing him to the source of the cum-scent he'd caught earlier. Ryke's earlier words about fourteen men came back to him, and Darryl realized he was about to be dunked into a cum bucket. He struggled, but there was hardly anything left outside the mink's body to struggle *with*; he had nothing to push against or fight with. Ryke merely hauled those legs down and in, and Darryl plunged into the thick soup of spunk sloshing around inside the mink's gut.

Ryke swallowed swiftly, faster than he would've preferred really, packing the last of Darryl down. He felt the rest of his meal empty into his stomach, then felt the lurch as the bear fought to right himself. He gulped a mouthful of air, then another, even as he wrapped his arms around his enormously swollen stomach. "Ohhhhh, fuck yeah. **That** hits the spot."

"R-Ryke! Ryke! What the *fuck*?! What kind of—" Darryl broke into a coughing fit, Ryke's entire gut lurching with the spasms, "—creep are you! I-I trusted you!" Darryl howled inside the mink, the bulge inside twisting and pushing outwards, the sound of fluid sloshing and slopping about mingling with the outraged and terrified words.

"Mmmmmnn, sorry sweetie, but you were just my type, and I needed you." He trailed a fingertip in a slow swirl around a prominent lump in his gut. "I'm the biggest cum-guzzling slut I know, but slut cannot live on cum alone. That's where you come in, my delicious pudgy bear-boy." Ryke poked the mass in his middle, laughing when it lashed out at the pressure. The laughter soon turned to uneven breathing and edged into moans; Ryke's bloated gut pressed down onto the jut of his cock. Every move Darryl made rubbed over the mink's fat, squirting prick.

"Besides, it sounded like you would've been competition for me. I don't want to share this place's cum supply with you! It's barely enough to sate me as it is. Of course, I *am* a greedy bitch," Ryke giggled, coaxing more struggling from Darryl, bringing him within inches of climax.

"Nnnf," Ryke grunted as he struggled upright. "Just how high does the cum come up on you anyways, sweetness?"

"It's up to my fucking nipples, you bastard! I'm wallowing in a pool of it! Why the hell do you think you can even get away with this?! I'll tear you apart from the inside to get out of this hell!"

"Want to stage a jail-break, huh? Do you think I would've swallowed you alive if I was worried about that, cutie?" Ryke squeezed his bloated belly between his warm thighs. "Can your average mink eat like a snake? My insides aren't typical. Besides, even if you did make like a Giger alien and stumbled out into the club covered in blood, can you imagine what would happen? The club's favorite pet torn open, and a stranger responsible?" Ryke ts'd. "They'd tear you limb from limb, sweetness. Better to stay in me, where it's warm."

Ryke grinned at the seconds of silence from his belly, apart from the thick slorsh of cum around the bear's body. "And, only up to the nipples? Mmmph, gonna have to finish the job. Can't really be a true cum bucket unless you drown in the stuff inside me, can I?"

Darryl renewed his thrashing, and brought Ryke to his first climax. The mink saw stars as he blew pearly slime all over the underside of his overloaded stomach, hands-free.

“O-oh, oh gods, yeah. C-can't go out into the club looking like this, but...” Ryke grinned, and fought upright while his cock was still struggling back towards tumescence. “Let's take you to the glory hole, honeybear. Mmm, we'll make my insides run with milk and honey yet.”

Once word spread someone with talent was in the glory hole, Ryke had no shortage of dicks to choose from. Though it was tricky maneuvering on and off ones jutting up from the platform below without losing seed, he did have a lot of practice at it, and the gain was usually worth the risk. Soon he had a cock in one hand, one in his muzzle, and one up his plush ass, while Darryl thrashed in his stomach, stirring the morass of seed up around himself.

Every time Ryke swallowed a new load of spunk and it emptied down atop Darryl's head, mingled with his saliva, it set Darryl off again, and the rocking and squirming of Ryke's swollen gut atop his shaft sent him into spasms of ecstasy. He came over and over again, squeezing Darryl's muffled shape with his thighs, humping up into those muffled lumps, listening to the liquid symphony playing out in his middle.

Even as gulps of cum splattered Darryl from above, creamy loads added to the lake of spunk from below; each new cock that geysered up Ryke's bowels pushed the queue of goop along, backing the mink's plumbing up and raising the stomach's pearl jam level higher. It was a more subtle, deliciously naughty feeling, and Ryke squirmed in joy atop every cock that shot off in his butt that night.

Darryl's energy flagged; flailing in the thickening mess grew harder and harder as it crept up to his neck. It was all the bear could do to keep himself propped up against the slimy walls of the mink's stomach, staying above the tide. “Please, Ryke! Don't do this! I-I could do a lot for you! I wouldn't tell anyone about this, just let me go!”

Ryke didn't answer, still busy sucking off a donkey. He kept at it with such focus and tenacity, the mottled cock was bucking and shooting off in no time. Inside him, Darryl tried unsuccessfully to lean out of the way as a near-constant flow of sloppy white slime poured down on his head from above, flowing over his eyes in a gooey curtain.

After swallowing the copious load the ass had to offer, he bent close to murmur to his whimpering gut. “I don't give up what I hoard, sweet-cheeks. You're mine now, all mine.” The mink hugged himself with both arms and legs, wriggling at the sensual thrill of feeling someone imprisoned in his flesh.

Darryl thrashed anew, and Ryke tipped his head back, jacking an angry red canine cock to completion and just letting the hot offering splatter his chest and belly while that same gut rolled and bumped against his shaft so sweetly.

After another few loads from above and below he began to hear Darryl gurgling and coughing, and knew it was about that time. A fat horse schlong slid in through the hole in the wall, and Ryke smooched its tip. He grasped its base while leaning down again to address his gut. “I've got it right here in my hand, sweetie, the cock that's going to finish you. It might as well be a loaded gun, but the mess it's going to make is so much sweeter. No more words from me I'm afraid! I'll be too busy guzzling the delicious pony goo that'll finish your transformation from cute bear to mink pudge and jizz.”

Faint, half-hearted squirming resulted as Ryke swallowed the draft-sized stallion dick, his eyes widening as something just as big filled him from below. A twofer! He moaned around the girthy tube of flesh, tongue sweeping along its underside, while his hands slid down to rest on his almost spherical sloshing belly. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been this full, and it was delicious beyond any words he possessed.

A grunt on the other side of the wall reminded him where his focus should be, and Ryke suckled harder on his log of stud, throat flexing around a good foot and a half of its length. The leaked pre alone was giving Darryl trouble below. Ryke heard the stallion stomp a hoof and knew his peak couldn't be far off. His tongue thrust madly along the underbelly of the fat member, and that bit of slippery friction was enough to urge the horse off the edge.

Ryke felt the shaft grow even more rigid, straightening his neck a bit further, swelling with the passage of great gouts of potent seed! His throat funneled it all right down on Darryl's head, adding to the reservoir within, putting the level well over the bear's nose. There was a bit more quivering, a few thumps against his stomach lining as Darryl's limbs flailed through the dense sea of spunk, and then Ryke's gut finally went still.

Finishing off his last protein shake of the evening, Ryke licked the stallion clean, then clenched hard around the shaft in his rear as it hilted a final time within him and flexed, pumping a few more cups of fertile sludge into his accommodating back door.

Ryke's hands played across his stomach, his own shaft finally softening a bit. "Mmmmm, you got your wish in a way, sweetness. You're part of me now, and I'm all you could ever have hoped to be. You came, I swallowed. It's what I do."