

A Better Mousetrap

F/multiple prey vaginal vore, oral sex, masturbation, cum digestion
by Anima

Commissioned by Sdocat, owner of Sosha, <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sdocat/>

A screech of brakes cut through the idle birdsong above Clifton park. Two thickly-built bulls turned to watch as a flatbed truck creaked to a stop on the dirt access road which wound further into the farm.

The shorter bull wagged the handle of his shovel at his partner and nodded at the logo painted on the doors of the truck. "What's 'ABMT?' Were we expecting them?"

"Exterminators. We're finally going to get that pest problem taken care of." The other bull pulled off his hat and dabbed at his sweaty forelock with an arm. Autumn had arrived but it was still easy enough to work up a sweat under the noon-day sun.

"Sure hope they manage better than the last outfit." The two watched as the driver slipped out of the cab and trudged back to the rear of the flatbed. He lowered a gate, then rapped on a streamlined shell that enclosed the bed.

Both bovines stumbled back in alarm when an enormous cougar nudged open the hinged rear of the shell and flowed down the ramp. No one had a measuring tape handy but the gigantic cat was almost half the length of the flatbed itself, so roughly twenty feet without her lengthy black-tipped tail! Her markings weren't quite typical for a classic puma either. Stripes like grill-marks banded her legs and tail, and a dappling of rough-edged spots cloaked her shoulders, tapering off to unblemished fur at her rump. She even sported something of a mane, wild curls of mahogany trailing halfway down her back.

~Gentlemen,~ she grinned at the pair, padding toward them in a decidedly-casual fashion. It wouldn't do to make her customers feel stalked after all. ~Your pest problems are over. Just point me in the right direction.~

After a second of slack-jawed staring in response to her telepathic speech, the taller bull hastened to jab a finger towards the treeline that edged the park, and Sosha nodded her thanks. She turned to go, tawny body curling in on itself as she reversed course, but swung her head back around towards the pair. ~There's no one I'm likely to run into in there that I'm *not* to dispose of, right?~

"No ma'am, the fringies chuck things at us if we venture past the treeline so consider everyone in there fair game!" The short bull hesitated, then spoke in a rush. "Your methods aren't cruel, are they? We need them gone but it's not like we hate them--"

Sosha winked at him. ~They couldn't ask for a better way to go.~ Without another word she sprinted towards the trees, forelegs plunging ahead and wide, well-padded hips springing forward to follow. Even with the vast distances of a good-sized farm involved, her impressive bounds carried her into the shade of the woods in under a minute. Sunshine glowed through the rainbow of autumn leaves overhead, warming the light.

Raising her nose, Sosha inhaled, drinking in the cocktail of scents stirred about by a cool fall breeze. She could smell rabbits, and lots of them, but also a good number of deer. Big game. Beneath her tail, the puma's deep pink labia swelled further. She'd been inflamed for half the ride over, just imagining the feast she'd be having.

~Garden-thieves, your troubles are over. Sosha has arrived to take all your problems away.~ She broadcast her thoughts through the woods, every word wrapped in folds of enticing sensuality. A crystal-clear drop of her arousal gathered at the base of her nethers, growing until it oozed from those parted lips, descending on a fat glistening rope. The breeze gave it a nudge, and the mess fell to the leaf-scattered ground with an audible rustle. She knew her powerful pheromones would be circulating through the trees, a new and heady component to the blend already present.

One by one, curious folks began to filter out of the depths of the woods, and the closer they came the stronger the dose of Sosha's scent they received. A dizzy looking doe walked right up to the huge cat, pausing just a foot away, goggling at the sheer bulk of her.

"Troubles...? What are you talking about?" she asked, muscles in her legs twitching. Part of the deer was clearly screaming at her to get as far away from the feline as possible, but from the scent of the doe's loins, the screaming part wasn't in charge at the moment.

~Every day it's getting colder. Very few of you have hoarded any food for the winter, and soon there will be nothing left to steal from the farm. I have such a wonderful, warm place for you all to go,~ she purred into their minds, the words flexing and curving into the shape of her proud pussy. Words became flesh, idealized and perfect, shining under a thick coating of lust that each forest-dweller knew was just for them. Hooves and bunny feet moved closer, crunching up the leaves until a nervous voice rang out.

"Don't listen! She's just going to devour you all!" A handsome but gangly young buck stepped out from behind a tree. Some of the 'fringies' shook their heads and glanced his way.

~Mmm, I won't lie to you fine folks. That *is* my plan. Not one of you will escape today. My reputation depends on it...but that's not why I'll hunt you all across this state until I claim you.~ She stalked around the small clearing in a circle, showing off her body and its comfortable padding. Just the sight of all that prey made the heavy liquid contents of her womb bubble, as if simmering in anticipation. Her ears, pointed and lynx-like, swiveled to and fro as they tracked the murmurs of the crowd.

~My hunger is too immense to deny. You'll feel the strength of it today, and I want you all to experience the soft, smooth, loving embrace of my soaked snatch, rather than the other end.~ She snapped her teeth just once, the click of fang-on-fang echoing off the trees.

The doe who'd drawn so close fell to her knees in the leaves, quivering. She gazed up at Sosha with wide eyes, and the cat saw fear there but curiosity too, and not a little lust. Since a demonstration is always more effective than mere words, the giant cougar swung her body around and flagged her tail, her shadow falling across the kneeling deer. Carried with her swinging motion, a heavy strand of her lubrication splattered the doe's cheek and muzzle.

With one smooth lunge Sosha sank back into a crouch, the sloppy mound of her pussy sliding right over the doe's helpfully-upturned face. As she crouched more deeply, the deer sank further into her, head and shoulders spreading open her dripping gates and disappearing with a surprisingly subtle squish. As the shape of the doe bulged the feline's body outward, the vague shape of her visible beneath soft fur and softer pudge, a few crept closer to watch those lumps appear further along Sosha's underside. It held a twisted fascination for them like watching a snake feed, but no snake was ever this steaming-hot or slobbery!

Sosha didn't pause a second but lowered her haunches foot by foot towards the forest floor, savoring the sensation of voluptuous curves gliding into her elastic passage. This doe must've been an especially heavy eater to have gained a figure like that from nothing but stolen veggies! The bulges beneath her pelt grew, shifting as her arms pressed about within the slimy tunnel cocooning her voluptuous curves. Inch by inch those Sosha-muffled lumps crept closer to the heaviest portion of her belly, a furred tank that never seemed to stop sloshing.

Wider and wider her loins strained, until upon reaching the deer's kneeling legs, they stretched over them entirely to let Sosha sit down completely. A growl escaped her, so low it sounded like an idling truck as it built. Abruptly the cougar rose again, leaves adhering to her soaked labia gradually falling free to splat amongst their drier brethren. There was no trace of the doe left apart from quickly-vanishing bulges, though Sosha's cunt visibly flexed, squelching in excitement.

"It's a trick!" a bunny shouted, gesturing at Sosha's rump. "Sleight of cunt! She couldn't have done that."

~Come rub my belly and feel for yourself, cuteness.~ Sosha posed before the talkative rabbit, and indeed there was visible movement beneath her pelt, this time centered in that heavily-hanging belly itself. The rabbit reached out to press against a gentle bulge, then recoiled when it lurched beneath his paw.

"Gods, she's really in there!" Terror warred with fascination in his voice, and his arousal was only too evident. It saved Sosha a lot of trouble that these fringies had apparently eschewed clothing when they broke from society.

~She really is, and you're all going to follow her into my honeypot,~ she crooned in their minds.

"We won't! It's ridiculous and obscene!" The awkward buck stomped one hoof, but this time no one bothered to glance his way.

~If you meant it, you'd be running instead of standing there and dripping,~ she teased. When the buck glanced down to find himself erect and dribbling precum, he actually jumped and knocked his antlers against a low branch.

Sosha laughed into the minds of her prey and urged them closer. They began to crowd in around her, stroking her sandy-colored coat, rubbing their bodies up against hers, and especially pressing in beneath her tail to sniff and lick at her slobbering slit. Her flow of arousal was constant now, and one thirsty rabbit seemed intent on claiming every drop. A buck scooped up the lust-slimed rabbit's legs, leaving the bunny's hands buried in the thick fluff of her rump to hold him up. The buck shoved the bunny in, a resounding GLORTCH announcing his arrival as he slid ankles-deep in one go!

Sosha flexed her depths once, casual as can be, and made the rabbit disappear. When the buck stacked stones behind her and clambered up, aiming his hips toward her massive cleft, she shook her head.

~You can do all the humping and cumming you like once you're safely tucked away. But first, let's do something about those antlers.~

Without further encouragement, all bucks but the outspoken one lined up and one by one bent their heads for her. Sosha lifted a sandy paw, unsheathed her huge claws, and snipped the antlers virtually flush to their skulls. If anything the bucks seemed more agreeable with their racks 'shed,' and blended together better with the remaining does.

The buck who'd been so eager to hump her earlier dashed back to her rump, and slid both hands into her puffy slit. He pulled his hands apart to stretch Sosha open, forcing a moan from the greedy kitty! There was no sign of the previous bunny, long-since sucked deeper into the cougar and packed into her womb. Some sounds did drift up out of that soaking-wet passage though. Faint glorps, squelches, and what might have been a desperately-horny moan made it through Sosha's cervix to tease that buck acting as a speculum.

He dove into the portal he was stretching open, a rude squaalch and a spatter of syrupy cunt-slobber following. He released his grip on her folds just in time for Sosha to sit back, forcing that big strapping deer up to his hips in kitty-loins. She shuddered when his cock ground against her clit, and paused just long enough to feel an excited spurt of his pre-cum against her fur. Then her squat deepened once more, and she took the buck in past his knees.

This time when she straightened, she hunkered her fore-half down while bouncing her ass in the air. The remaining pests watched, eyes wide, as with each bounce a few more inches of buck slid into her dripping slit. By now a finger-width length of her arousal continuously flowed from her cleft, pouring into a growing pool on the forest floor.

It was jostling chaos to cram themselves into her from there on in. Bunnies often went down together, humping, their brains marinated in Sosha's scent long enough to send them into sensual overdrive. With every pair that plunged into Sosha's womb, audibly splashing into the growing lake of heavy kitty cum within, her flanks bulged a bit more and her belly hung a bit

lower. Movement never stopped rippling her golden coat, reassuring everyone still on the outside that life continued within.

One buck humped another doe into Sosha, or at least tried to. The gluttonous cougar's pussy swallowed her right off his cock, leaving him frustrated and aching hard. He dove in quickly enough that his face wound up jammed right up against the descending doe's cleft! Their combined weight and squirms made Sosha's claws shoot into the earth, saliva dripping from her dark lips and a dangerous growl vibrating her throat. Her greed was a fire that burned brighter when fed, and with a 'meal' this monumental that blaze threatened to consume her rational mind.

The latest buck's hooves hadn't even vanished past the meaty curtains of her drooling labia before a climax overwhelmed her. Sosha hunkered down on her forelegs while hoisting her rump high, screaming a proud predatory screech that was heard for a mile! Cum exploded from her flushed cunt, and the buck slid out a few inches before her muscles seized him in a vise-like grip. Two remaining deer and five bunnies weren't showered in her goop as much as bowled over and plastered. It was nearly as thick as honey, tremendously dense and sticky, tending to cling and mask whatever surface it struck.

After three more tremendous surges of sweet-tasting slime escaped her greedy loins, Sosha managed to clamp down, keeping the rest of her cum safely hoarded in her depths. The remaining vermin (apart from the loud-mouthed buck who kept his distance) looked like cartoon characters in the aftermath of a marshmallow factory explosion. Warm, pheromone-loaded femspunk oozed down their bodies into a collective pool beneath them, its scent only driving them into a fiercer frenzy!

The next few minutes passed in a blur of gluttony, clenching muscles, and viscous sloshing sounds as Sosha threw her weight around and claimed the remaining vermin. Just one hold-out remained: the young buck on his knees, staring aghast at the sagging bulk of her stuffed belly.

"All my friends, my brother, they're gone!" he croaked, unable to even begin trying to figure out which shifting lump under Sosha's fur and pudge might be who.

~Oh, they're not gone, not quite yet,~ she rumbled in his mind, blue eyes flashing as she stared at her dessert. ~If you hurry up and cram yourself in, you might have time to say a few goodbyes before you all melt into nothing but my thick, rich pleasure.~ The mental image she sent him was one of the bucks she'd engulfed, face contorted in obvious ecstasy, waves of white slime washing over him until he melded with the mess and left nothing but white goo behind.

~Gods, I can feel them cumming inside me,~ she purred to the buck, swinging her hindquarters slowly to make her bloated belly slosh. ~What they don't know is that every spurt they spend is eating up their own mass...and none of their seed will ever reach my eggs. Every single trace of prey I extend my hospitality to becomes nothing but heavy, delicious cougar-cream.~

"I'll save them," he grunted and picked up a discarded length of muddy rope one of the others had been using to tie up a bundle of firewood. He tied one end around the attractively feminine flare of his hips and tied the other around a tree before approaching the cougar with slow, wary steps.

Sosha just grinned and obligingly flagged her tail once more. Her belly brushed the leaves of the forest floor by that point, and just the feel of how immense her gut had become was driving her wild. At the barest touch of his hands on her folds, a small climax rolled through the huge cat! A glug like a tub's drain when the plug is first removed is all the warning the buck gets before half a gallon of white slime erupts from her dripping gates with a GLORT!

~Oh dear. I imagine most of that is the first doe that slipped into me.~ Sosha practically tittered in the buck's mind, moving her rump for a moment to peer back at his ivory-splattered form. The fluid didn't merely make a mess but eroded the buck's will nicely, hyper-focusing his mind on what was clearly the most important thing in life: pussy. A ravenous cougar's pussy specifically. The longer he stared at it, the more beautiful and overwhelming it became. Just breathing its scent was dizzying, feeling her wet heat radiate off that glistening flesh.

He scooped some of the creamy sludge off his chest and drove the messy fingers into his mouth, moaning around them. He'd never tasted anything like it! The memory of who the cougar had melted to make it faded into nothing, and the only thought left was the certainty he had to have more of that thick kitty ooze. The deer's slender tongue began lapping at Sosha's folds like they'd become the world's best salt lick, forcing a deep rolling groan from her chest.

~You're gonna drown back there if you keep that up. But don't let that stop you,~ she thought to him, a cartoonish image of a tidal wave of cum overshadowing the buck filling his mind. He could only respond with a desperate moan, lowering his muzzle to wrap dark lips around Sosha's fat pearl of a clit.

She stiffened, then yowled, a hefty globe of cum rolling up her vaginal gullet to engulf his head entirely with a gelatinous splat! For a split second the buck seemed to be wearing a roughly spherical ball of white slime as a helmet before it lost its shape, sagging and oozing down his neck and shoulders, glazing his chest.

Sosha curled her tail around the buck's slimy antlers and tugged. Her rather corrosive cum wasn't doing a lot to melt the buck, but it was enough to loosen those woody lengths at their base. He staggered as the antlers popped free, discarded as she relaxed her tail once more. ~There, now you're a proper streamlined pussy-snack.~

Still dripping with kitty cum, he simply couldn't take any more of that creamy torture. The buck drove his face into Sosha's folds without even taking a breath first, and her hindquarters collapsed to meet that push, squelching him hips-deep in seconds! Her pussy was voracious by then, and after she straightened, buck-butt hanging out of her, muscular flexes tossed those dangling limbs like a doll's as she sucked him deeper, and deeper!

There was a tiny bit of musk-choked air for the buck to suck down, just enough to keep him conscious as he slid down an incredibly slippery canal towards the cat's waiting womb.

Sosha's vagina held him possessively tight, the satiny walls clutching his curves, rolling in muscular waves always inward, toward that glorping tank and his friends.

When the cervix mashed up against his face he expected to have to fight to get in, but it swallowed him ravenously! The slimy ring of flesh grasped and rolled, squeezed and flexed, while the depths of Sosha's pussy continued to push and undulate, shoving his hooves at last through that cervix. The fleshy portal closed with a satisfied slurp, the buck finding himself cheeks-deep in an ocean of cum.

Even if all his friends and family had melted already, there shouldn't be anywhere near as much cum as he felt around him in the overheated darkness. He could hear bubbling moans around him and a rhythmic squelching from several places, feet or even yards away. How was this possible?

As cum slopped into his mouth and he swallowed the thick mess, such questions slipped away from him. Incredible pleasure began to register like sunlight seeping through his very tissues. Intent on taking advantage of the rising tide of ecstasy, he wrapped his hand around his cock and stroked furiously! Before he'd pumped himself thrice, he was cumming, and cumming, and cumming. It wouldn't stop, and incredibly the pleasure continued to build! As hot spunk gushed from his deliciously-aching dick, he opened his mouth and let Sosha's cream flood in. He barely noticed when the sounds of his fellow creatures subsided, replaced by the viscous slop of cum lapping at the walls of Sosha's implausibly vast womb.

Sosha felt her 'dessert' give up the ghost, and licked her chops. ~There was never any doubt,~ she purred to herself, a smug smile curving her lips. She probed the woods with her mind for more snacks, but she had truly wiped the collective out. ~And to think I get paid for this,~ she laughed back at her bloated flank, reveling in the new liquid weight deep within her.

Sosha began padding out of the woods when she felt an unfamiliar scraping against her insides. Before she could turn to investigate, something fell to the forest floor with a slap. She laughed at the sight of a few feet of cum-soaked rope, still tied in a loop the size of a buck's waist. ~Nice try buck. Nothing but cum ever slides back out of my nice, steamy, 'humane' trap.~

Leaving a trail of her thick nectar all the way back to the truck, Sosha fantasized about her next job and how many dozens of gallons she might add to the ocean of former-fuzzies glorping in her insatiable womb.

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