

Never Could Get the Hang of Thursdays...

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

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 tentatively, Jacquelin's aroma filling his head. Ohhhh, it smelled so *goood*! Pheromones, sexual chemical warfare, whatever it was it was setting parts of his brain on fire! His favorite parts... 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 plunged 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. 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 his other, and sank both together into the squeezing, rippling canal of soft flesh. Finding his face almost slamming into his lover's genitals, Roger decided to take advantage of the position. His tongue lashed across the apex of the dragoness's netherlips, seeking her clit. He found it immediately, a cherry-sized pearl of flesh. This he took into his mouth and suckled gently, forcing a second ROAR from Jacquelin! 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. The stuff streamed off him, warm goo sliding over nearly every inch of his body. It felt so wonderful, so deliciously sensual to be bathing in her fluids this way...

Roger didn't notice the slime starting to thicken as it emerged from his lover; his mind was focused only on pleasing this lovely, 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. Was that belly smaller? Was its soft bulk merely a reservoir for her sex-honey? She thrust her soft body again and again against his, screaming her ecstasy, pleasuring herself, working to the brink of orgasm... She moaned, then groaned in surprised pleasure as Roger brought up a thick leg and shoved it 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... Golden cream spurted from her pussy like a fire hose, 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 straddling the rim of the cylinder. She lowered her hips, letting her vagina continue to pump out the tasty nectar that was drowning him. He soon became hopelessly mired in the warm gel, at least two feet beneath the translucent surface of the goop.

Roger consciously relaxed and accepted his fate, determined to die with as much dignity as he could. 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 moaned softly, her orgasm leveling off. Now the stronger contractions of her hunger began rippling through her pussy, bringing new pleasure and that oh-so-intense desire...she shoved her hips downward. The level of her secretions reached the exact top of the tank, and she congratulated herself on her judgment. Jacquelin pressed her pussy to the wobbling surface of the stuff, and felt the muscles spasm in her loins. Like a hungry, suckling mouth, her cunt began slurping up the gel that had so recently exited. Her own thick, musky gel slid up inside her, firm enough now to feel like a massive phallic intrusion...but one that just kept filling her, reaching further than Roger's arms or leg had!

Jacquelin whimpered in ravenous lust, her sex 'gulping' desperately, tugging that pseudo-pod up along her warm canal. The rest of the gooey mass, sticking to itself, began to follow, dragging its human occupant along for the ride. Jacquelin's pussy spasmed again and again, as she lowered her hips lower and lower. When she couldn't lower anymore, the stuff just vanished into her like honey pouring from the honeypot, but in reverse. 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 balanced her weight to keep from toppling off as the cylinder swung down horizontally. She felt her big feet touch the floor, then ducked into the cylinder.

The last quarter or so of the mass of ooze lay on the bottom of the cylinder in a gooey river. Jacquelin saw Roger moving feebly under its weighty mass, and smiling, squished over to him. Again she thrust her hips down, squashing her voracious loins against the human's shape. Still vacuuming up her spent secretions, her fat dripping folds didn't hesitate to pull in the lump of goo that held Roger... In fact, its rippling spasms seemed to come faster now that the tunnel had something *really* solid to bolt down!

Roger saw all this through the layers of slime enfolding him and felt his feet slip into Jacquelin's tightness. He quickly vanished to the knees, then the waist, as the draconic female's groin swallowed him whole and alive. It really did look like a mouth then, with its swollen lips and drooling aperture... (Yes, she was still lubricating copiously, but this new fluid was the initial syrup consistency.) Jacquelin collapsed, sat down, then lay on her back with her awesome thighs spread obscenely wide.

Roger kicked and fought in slow-motion through the goo as he was devoured. His feet had encountered some kind of valve, and been slurped inside. Lewd, organic sucking and slurping noises filtered faintly to his ears as Jacquelin's cunt crept up to his armpits. Oh godsss, it felt *good* feeling that soft fleshy rim ripple up over him...engulfing his arms...shoulders...then head...all the contact with the female's flesh interrupted by that wretched goop! Then darkness closed over him as Jacquelin finished reabsorbing her slime.

Her massive labia shrank back into place, like a closing flower...or a slamming prison door. Moaning, almost crying with the intense pleasure of it, the dragoness felt her deliciously-exhausted muscles begin to slow in their swallowing movements. Jacquelin rubbed her ponderous belly as she felt that solid mass shift and move further up inside her. Roger squirmed weakly as that valve his feet had encountered earlier slid over his waist. He could feel the resistance of the packed goo inside Jacquelin's womb, but the pressure of the muscles around him proved greater, and shoved him into the mass again.

Trapped in the center of a blob of dragoness-cum, Roger finally let himself realize where he was...what had happened to him... Only Jacquelin heard his piteous wail. Jacquelin opened her pleasure-fogged eyes, and squirmed sensually. Her tummy was delightfully packed, and she could feel Roger struggling inside her bloated womb... Oh, how exquisite! On her back, Jacquelin felt for bulges...then smiled as she located the struggling shape beating at the soft walls of her abdomen.

"Wow...they're the perfect size...and fight so well! I'll keep him in there for ages..." Swollen with her

own honey and her latest prey, Jacquelin called in her *good* slaves to rub and caress her belly and trickling cleft 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