## Antinov's Day Off

## A non-canon story commission for <u>Shero</u>.

## Antinov belongs to <u>Kai</u> Ashira belongs to <u>Shero</u>.

Antinov, unlike many Avalonians grew up far from home. He'd ended up in the Zeiophine system for much of his early life, attending the local branch of the Imperial academy there at the behest of his mother. On the other side of things, Ashira was a homegrown Zeioph woman. A free spirit dedicated to pleasure and recreation. Ashira had grown up under her own mother, shaping her into a rather nurturing female. And on a chance encounter, the two would wind up crossing paths.

A young Antinov, tired from a long day spent at the academy, he could have walked into, Anti was lured into Ashira's by her sweet song. Most might not have an appreciation for Zeiophine song, but Anti did. The young Avalonian took a seat across from the stage and listened to the rather large pink Zeioph intently.

The song of a Zeioph isn't much to listen to on dry land, but the bar Anti picked was made for a mixed clientele. The stage was comprised of an aquarium like tank equipped with hydrophones to as a mix of pool, wet-bar and some seating around the side. Antinov himself kept out of the water but intently watched Shira sing and move her body flirtatiously.

The crowd was fairly light at this point, only a dozen or so other patrons, and about half as many staff including the live show. Antinov ordered a citrus-like liqueur, native to Zeiophine culture. As one can imagine it's as potent as the castic natives the young Avalonian is quite tipsy and finding himself lost in Ashira's song.

focusing those big eyes of hers on Antinov. As Ashira starts her next song, she begins to adlib a bit, singing about the young Cadet who'd caught her eye and quite notably flirting with him as she does. Drunk as he is, Anti falls right into it, hypnotized by her curvaceous body swaying and the sound of her voice. Of course it only pleases Shira to have the young male in the palm of her hand so.

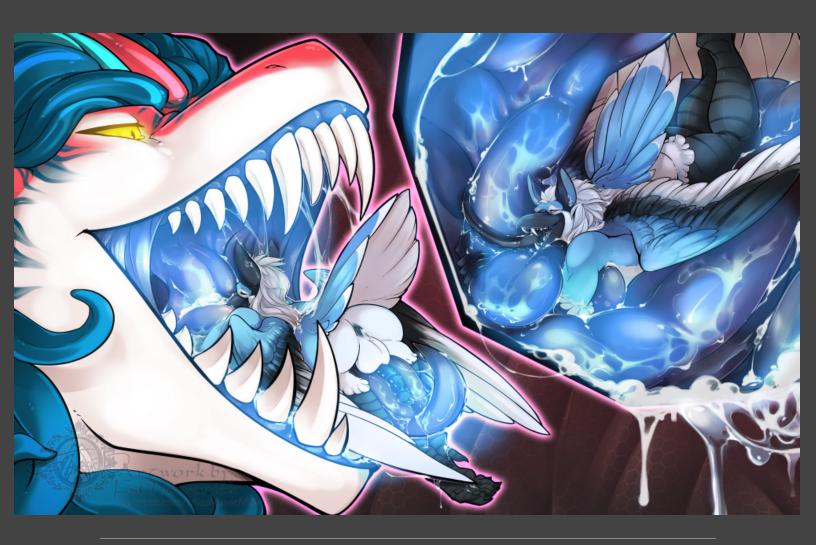
Ashira's hue shifts from its previous happy blue over to a deep seductive magenta as she keeps singing, the chromatic language isn't lost on Antinov at all. After getting another glass he'd get up and wade into the water to get closer to the stage. As Anti approaches the large Zeioph presses herself against the glass teasingly, showing what her clothing hides by pressing her goods against the glass. Young, drunk and in need of a sexual release, that tease gets Anti quite heavily riled up.

Seeing the Avalonian as turned on as he is, Ashira motions to becken Anti closer, before pointing off to the side of the stage and swimming off. Anti would eagerly follow through an employee-only door and into the back. Ashira would meet Anti in a shallow pool, having stripped down and made herself ready to give the comparatively little bird quite the private show. Ashira motions for Antinov to undress silently, then pats her lap. It doesn't take a second hint for Anti to comply, stripping down and climbing onto Ashira's inner thigh.

The huge pink Zeioph once more sings to the infatuated little birdie, serenading him as he leans against her soft belly. Anti shivers, hearing Ashira's song and her powerful heartbeat as he rests against her. Ashira hums quietly now that she's in the air, but none the less it soothes that sweet little bird. Enough so that she's able to gather antinov up and bring him level with her snout. A long, soft growl emanates from Ashira's belly before her colours shift to a more assertive and exited cyan. Ashira would softly lick her lips and look down at the Avalonian in her grasp, making Anti blush and squirm.

Soon enough Ashira slowly parts her jaws, her long teeth sliding apart with many thick strands of saliva as she shows her maw off to the avian in her grasp. Antinov shivers out and emits a little squeak of a chirp as the Zeioph moves him closer to her jaws. Thick strings of saliva fall constantly from the roof of the Zeioph's mouth and pools well up from under her tongue, all having a luminous green hue. Another long, low growl leaves Ashira's belly, making her salivate even more, a jet of it shooting from under her tongue and splattering all over Anti.

The bluebird can only whine out, terrified but strangely aroused by the threat of being devoured by Ashira. Ashira picks up on the mix of excitement and fear, capitalizing and slowly taking Anti into her jaws. The Zeioph lays Anti across her tongue, face right at the back of her throat and only inches from her dangling uvula. Something about the luminous fleshy bauble entices Anti, getting him to reach out and embrace it. The avian teases over the rather attractive mass of slick flesh with his hands before giving it a soft tentative lick.



Of course Ashira rumbles in Delight as the bird begins to enjoy himself, she wanted her meal to enjoy his fate. Antinov teases and caresses her uvula and works his body firmly against her tongue. Soon the hot musky spire of the Avalonian's erection would start to tantalize Ayshira's tastebuds, getting a pleased rumble from the large female. Tasting that building arousal, Ashira's hands would wander down her front to cup her breasts and rub over her belly. Eventually her hands settle on her groin, groping and teasing her pseudo-maleness as her tongue works to tease and please the bird in her mouth.

Ashira's mouth waters over Antinov, slathering him in hot ropes of saliva and sheets of drool as he plays within. The little bird so caught up in excitement he doesn't notice that the big Zeioph keeps inclining her head more and more. Anti doesn't notice she's working him further and further in either, not until an eager growl sounds out from Ashira's stomach. Anti momentarily snaps back to the reality of the situation, just before the fishy lady lets out a rather long, deep belch.

The hot gases rushing up from Ashira's belly bring a potent fishy scent along with the bitter scent of lye and digestive fluids. The sheer heat of that big lady's gut makes it a very steamy expulsion. The scent, heat and lewdness were all too much for the smaller bird though. Antinov whines out as his body is gripped by an orgasm that mixed fear and taboo lust. Before he can protest it, Ashira would take action. With a wave of her tongue, Ashira pushes Anti into her gullet swiftly.

A deep swallow would follow, dragging Antinov down with hot wet waves of peristalsis even as he orgasmed. The avalonian bulges the Zeioph's neck as he glides down towards her gut. It's a relatively short trip, but in the heat of orgasm and being eaten those 20 seconds of tight peristaltic squeezing are like an eternity. But it eventually ends as Anti is extruded out into Ashira's stomach, nestling into the rest of her lunch. Ashira had eaten a few "small" fish, a good serving of fruit and a bit to drink after. But Antinov was the main course here.

That delectable bird indeed hit the spot, turning the longing growls from Ashira's tummy into much more happy and satisfied gurgles. The whole organ would pulsate and undulate, working all the contents around vigorously within. Antinov was still riding out his orgasm, even as the stomach muscles started to churn him around. All the poor bird can do is moan in ecstacy while he thrusts his hips, locked in the throws of his orgasm despite what had just happened to him!

Ashira licks her lips in a most satisfied way, continuing to fondle and tease herself outside. Her confident blue glow spreading across her inner flesh and light patches as she relishes in her catch. Inside Anti would be repeatedly pressed against the tendril like papillae covering the walls of Ashira's stomach, mashed over and over through the rest of her food. After nearly 5 minutes of orgasm, the poor bird calms down, going limp and not resisting Ashira's belly.



Ashira brings a hand up to her mouth, covering it as a long, hot belch erupts from her gullet and chuckling softly to herself. The big pink Zeioph was rather needily stroking herself off to the feeling of the Avalonian prince squirming inside her. Ashira would pout a bit as his vivid movements give out, robbing her of some pleasure. But Ashira wouldn't let her impending orgasm slip away so easily.

The Zeioph firmly grasps and squeezes her sac with one hand while continuing to vigorously stroke herself off. Ashira focuses on the full feeling of her stomach, and imagining Antinov's pleasure inside. And with that extra stimulation she finally reaches orgasm, firing out thick mildly luminous ropes of infertile spunk. The first few splatter all over Ashira's chest and belly, but she soon takes her shaft into her mouth and swallows the rest.

Down in Ashira's belly Anti is bathed in her thick spunk as it mixes with the other stomach contents. The musky fishy aromas and flavors added to her stomach bring some renewed wriggles, further adding to the Zeioph's pleasure. Anti was so perfectly positioned that the large mouthfuls of cream Ashira was swallowing pour down over him until they fill the remaining free space in Ashira's stomach.

As Ashira pulls off her spent shaft she'd let out a hot spunky belch, ropes of her own sticky mess connecting her jaws lewdly as some dribbles over her lips. The Pink Zeioph's luminance fades

slowly to magenta as she relaxes, closing her eyes and lying back to get comfortable. As the big fish dozed off her stomach would gear up to properly process her meal. Blood rushes to her stomach and brings with it an excess of chemical energy to begin digestion in earnest.

Inside Ashira's gut Anti would be buried in the other food, pressed down towards the bottom of her stomach as it relentlessly mixes and churns. More and more enzymes, lye and aggressive gut bacteria were added to the soupy mixture. And it only got worse as Ashira downed a glass of water, letting the mess better mix. It doesn't take long at all before Anti's skin is burning and his feathers are softening from the lye.

The poor bird just keeps his eyes shut tightly as he slowly suffocates in the beautiful fish's merciless belly. Survival instincts taking hold and trying to keep him alive in spite of the building suffering. Outside, Ashira just had a pleased smile on her face, unconsciously rubbing that big happy belly as she slumbers. Another long, pleased burp rumbles up from Ashira's guts, venting out the slumbering Zeioph's gill slits with the foul scent of digestion.

Back inside Antinov's feathers and skin were both falling apart, his flesh burning as he's tossed about within Ashira's stomach. The Avalonian's lungs were burning and his head was all fuzzy from the lack of air, as he slips from consciousness his body tries to take a deep breath in, only further sealing his fate. The slumbering Ashira would shift onto her side, letting out a soft purr of contentedness with her meal.

That plump fish belly would make quite the din as it processes its meal, a hot noisome digestive symphony that was vastly louder within than without. But Anti's ability to listen to that lewd series of grumbles and gurgles had been stripped away even before his consciousness faded, his last fading thoughts about how the gorgeous fish had taken advantage of his infatuation to devour him so before everything fades away.

Almost an hour in the hard working Zeioph stomach had done quite a number to that bird, softening him and breaking him apart. Though now it was the lower gut's turn to finish the process, the partly processed mass in her gut would slowly start to move down into her intestines. This part would be exceptionally noisy, gurgles growls and burbles sounding out as the thick slurry is ushered down through Ashira's short intestine and into her more lengthy bowels.

The hot rank mess that was once a cute Avalonian starts to pile into Ashira's bowels, thick lumpy torrents gushing through the sphincter at the head of that lengthy catacomb of a lower intestine. The unrelenting peristalsis of Ashira's guts keeps the

meaty mess flooding into her lower gut until it's pleasantly filled, packed tightly with her food and ready to ferment it all down for her.

With all that bird meat, fruit, and fish nestled in Ashira's lower guts, a new chemical and microbial process starts. The native flora would feast on and ferment Ashira's food, making it ready for her to absorb nutrients from. While the process was mostly quiet, the gases it would generate were not. Long grumbly growls would eventually wake the slumbering Zeioph, not to mention the pressure building in her lower belly.

Ashira would shift softly in her seat, letting out a long, potently scented waft from her hard-working guts. The long, low baritone rumble of her ample pucker felt incredibly satisfying, and not just from the relief of pressure either. That rumbling tingle felt delightful to her sensitive pucker, though not as delightful as passing the former Antinov would once her bowels were all done. "Mmm, you smell delightful, my little bluebird. Fit for an Empress." Ashira teases, giving a soft giggle.

The Zeioph pats her belly softly and lets out another series of soft rumbly farts before getting prepared for her next show. Ashira would head on stage with Anti in tow, having to cover up the byproducts of a large meal during her song. Though those sensitive hydrophones do pick up most every grumble, growl and quiet gassy expulsion. Not that Ashira was truly ashamed of what her body did though, she just grins through the whole performance, using her predatory prowess to tease the regulars who knew just what she was about.

As Ashira's shift goes by her bowels work and work, breaking her meal down, pulling out moisture and concentrating everything nicely. Much of the fluids from the delicious little birdy had made their way into the Zeioph's bladders, sloshing about heavily within them. As Ashira leaves the stage she was in hot desperation to pee a good part of that sweet yummy birdie out. Ashira leans in a corner, giving a hot sigh before a thick steam flows from both her sheath and slit. The big female didn't much care to find a bathroom, spreading her hot musky scent about freely.

As the Zeioph continues to relieve the pressure up front, an extra lengthy bout of gas slips rather loudly from her broad pucker. Anti was nearly done in her bowels, she'd likely be enjoying the little cutie again once she got home and had a chance to unload her well fermented dinner. Ashira starts to slowly tease and rub her own pucker through the entire fart, deeply enjoying her own enveloping scent and the heavy feel of a full bowel. Once the pressure in both her bladders was relieved Ashira gives a soft sigh, leaving the walls and floor rather soaked before heading home.

On the walk home the Zeioph continues to tease and play with her pucker, farting nearly constantly now that her dinner had enough time to brew. The hot alluring scent wafting out of Ashira's ass is enough to get a longing gaze from any male she passed, even a few females too. Though Ashira wanted Anti all to herself, she wouldn't be sharing that bluebird with anyone. Ashira could feel it all shifting about inside, gases moving along the filling mass inside her and peristalsis trying to work it all down and out of her body. She could feel Anti sieging her anus from within, pressing against her prostate.

It was a wondrous but nearly hellish feeling of building desperation. In fact, the pink fish barely makes it home. Ashira quickly enters her home, groaning in hot desperation as what's left of Anti was peeking out of her dilated anus. Ashira cupped her hand under her tail, trying to prevent herself from unloading right onto the floor. Hot gas was spewing out all around the head of her impending dump, filling the air with her musky, fishy scent mixed with the sweet and sour earthiness of her fermented meal.

With a moan Ashira lifts her tail and brings her ass down onto the low living room table, her abdomen giving a big reflexive squeeze as she hunkers down. There'd be no time to prepare, her feathery meal needed out now. Ashira moans and groans out, bending a wide loaf from her pucker and onto the table with quite a heavy thud. "Nnh, such a pushy birdie... You've been eagerly pressing at my anus all day... Just couldn't wait for your second trip, huh..?" Ashira pants out in between heavy heaves. Each strong push producing a large amount of thick lumpy cable.

The second length falls atop the first heavily, curling just a bit as a third pushes out before it can fully break off and firms a large steamy coil. "Nhh, by the Empress!" Ashira moans, bracing herself on a chair as the fourth length stretches out her anus and thuds down onto the rest, followed by a lengthy bout of pent up gas. Even dumping as fast as she can, it takes Ashira nearly 40 minutes to fully empty her bowels of that sizeable meal. It's no wonder Ashira was so desperate, with all that hefty food weighing her bowels down so.

Ashira pants softly, moist with sweat atop her natural slimy coating, rasping air through her gills to cool off after such an intense dump. The pink Zeioph finally looks back at the mess she'd made on her table, weak in the knees, shaft rock hard and slit dribbling heavily. "Oh... Oh Anti... Look what you did to my poor belly." She teases, reaching back to play with her messy pucker and hot needy slit. It doesn't take much more persuasion before Ashira enjoys a female orgasm, firing out thick squirts from her slit all over her dinner with a relieved moan.

Without even waiting, Ashira would turn around and tuck into the pre-digested meal. She'd use one hand to messily eat as the other tended her needy maleness, making a muffled moan as she enjoys that fermented meal. Ashira takes her time in chewing and tasting the lumpy mess, meaty, musky and quite rich from the time spent in her gut, not to mention the sweetness of her nectar spread all over it. Ashira was utterly lost in a sea of her own pleasure, all thanks to that sweet little bird she'd so eagerly devoured twice now.

Already processed as it was, the semi-solid mass of fermented food doesn't take Ashira long to finish up. A bit of chewing, tasting and savoring, and a smooth swallow down to her belly to let all the best parts absorb. On the front of her arousal, Ashira finishes almost right after she finishes her meal, making a hot mess all over the floor. Ropey spunk splattering in thick torrents before that big pink fish collapses into a pleasure coma happily.

Ashira and her living room were a huge mess, spunk, fem-juice and uneaten bits of her meal here and there not to mention anal slime she'd splattered around during that orgasmic dump of hers. And at the center of it all, the hedonistic Zeioph lay across her living room table, passed out from the pleasure. It was just too much, a rare treat that pushed her so far over the edge that even in her slumber filled her dreams. Those hot lurid dreams only lead to another hot, messy series of squirts from her slit, basting the floor behind Ashira as she moans pleasedly in her sleep.

Ashira would eventually wake from her slumber, looking around at the mess with a hint of shyness before another, much more pungent bout of gas echoes from her rump. Unfortunately, it was time to say goodbye to the birdie for good now. Ashira was all done with her meal, and all that was left this time around was waste. Enjoying the feel of that gas rumbling out her still sensitive pucker, Ashira saunters deeper into her home.

The Zeioph settling herself over a chamber-pot and gives one last grunty moan before the diminished mass of shit left of her meal piles out. It's less impressive than the dump she'd made the night before, but it still thuds and coils heavily into the bowl below her. Ashira finishes it all off with a long, dark morning piss, flooding from sheath and slit into the bowl as another long bout of gas marks the end of her morning dump. Ashira's last goodbye was leaning down and planting a sweet little kiss on the pile that was once Anti, and whispering a fond "goodbye" before cleaning up and heading in to her next shift.