

Party Games

San drifted back towards the table of food. The little bunny's nose twitched inquisitively as she inspected the heap of cakes, pastries, and sandwiches. It all smelled good but none of it was the source of the smell she was looking for.

It was frustratingly difficult to locate, even for her sensitive nose. Each time she thought she was getting closer it vanished but each time she gave up looking and tried to enjoy the party she would catch a hint of it again. Sickly sweet, yet strangely pleasing, San had never smelled anything like it and was determined to find the source before she and Vanna had to go home.

After inspecting everything on the table, San felt fairly sure that the smell was not coming from anything edible. Well, if it wasn't the food, then maybe the source was one of the potted plants dotted around the house. If so, she would have to work out which one and ask their host what it was called before leaving. Following her nose, San headed towards a row of several pots that had been set out in one of the main party rooms. The smell certainly seemed to be getting stronger as she drew nearer but, unfortunately, a large wolf was standing nearby chatting up a surprisingly relaxed looking squirrel girl and San didn't want to get too close for fear of drawing the predator's attention.

She had always been cautious around the larger species and, however unlikely it was that someone would try to eat her at a party, she didn't want to get any closer to the wolf than she had to. The squirrel might not fear the predator but San did. Retreating a little, she resolved to come back once the wolf had moved away.

Five minutes later, San had returned and was brushing her hands through the different shaped leaves, trying to work out which plant was the source of that intoxicating smell. She had intended to stay away a little longer but the scent had tugged at her mind, making it difficult to focus or properly talk to anyone. As soon as she had noticed that the wolf was gone she had come straight back to continue her investigation.

Maddeningly, the scent seemed to be weaker now that she was close to the plants than it had been from afar. Even when she bruised the leaves, hoping it was some kind of defense mechanism, the smell remained distant and indistinct. Then, suddenly, it came flooding back to her. San blinked and inhaled deeply only to find that it wasn't coming from any of the plants. Her little nose twitched a few times as she realized that the scent was coming from directly behind her. Then a horrible feeling welled up in her stomach as she finally guessed the source.

"Hello?" The voice was soft and strangely androgynous, although leaning more towards the feminine side than masculine.

San spun round and stared up at the predator looming over her. The wolf was tall, like any of her species, and wore a scarlet silk dress. The choice of clothing and a pleasant fullness in the chest area hinted to the femininity of the wolf but another slight bulge half way down the fabric gave a different impression. San's attention, however, quickly snapped back up to the wolf's sweet smile, and the rabbit-destroying teeth that those lips no doubt concealed.

"I ... I ... I was just inspecting the plants." San muttered lamely. Predators always made her flustered and this one seemed to be having a particular effect over her.

"So I can see." The canine knelt down to be closer to San's height and another rush of the wonderful scent washed over the little bunny. "I'm Shami, by the way, and you are?"

“San ... San Desmer.” The little bunny squeaked. With her back to the plants, there was no way she could step away from the wolf, she could try edging to either side but her feet didn't seem to be responding right now. All her attention was fixed on the wolf's smile. However friendly the canine might seem, San couldn't help but think of those sharp white teeth poised just a few inches from her face. “I ... I really like your perfume.” she mumbled hoping to get through this conversation as fast as possible.

“Why thank you. I make it myself, you know.” Shami leaned a little closer till their lips were almost touching. “And it is always a pleasure to meet someone who truly appreciates it. I have to admit that I don't really know many people here and have been hoping to make some ... intimate ... new friends.”

San felt her breathing get a little heavier. There didn't seem to be enough air in this corner of room and what little she was getting was laden with Shami's mind-melting perfume. Suddenly all she could think about was what it would be like to kiss the wolf. To feel those lips against her own, to be embraced by someone many times stronger and more powerful than herself.

Of course, a kiss might not be all that she received. Secluded in the corner of a fairly empty room, and with her head already pressed against the predator's jaws, it was unlikely that anyone would even notice if Shami decided to take things a little further. Even if someone did notice and intervene, they might not be able to save her in time. The wolf would certainly receive some criticism for eating one of her fellow guests, and would probably not be invited to the next party, but that wouldn't do much good for San if she ended up stewing in the predator's stomach.

That thought helped San resist the predator's ever-so-inviting lips. “I ... I'm married.” she managed to gasp between breaths. “My wife ... she's just through there.”

Shami switched from alluring seducer to polite and friendly in a heartbeat. “Oh. Well you simply have to introduce me.” Without appearing to move, she was suddenly standing a respectful, if only slightly closer than was normal for such new acquaintances, distance from the rabbit. “Like I said, I really don't know many people here and I would love to meet your wife.”

San took a couple of deep breaths. Now that Shami had taken a step back the smell was less intense and her head was starting to clear a little. Had she really been going to kiss a strange wolf behind Vanna's back? What the hell had she been thinking?

A moment later she realized that Shami was still waiting expectantly and managed to mumble a brief “Um... sure?” Part of her would have liked to refuse but she was too dazed to do so tactfully and too intimidated to dare risk offending the predator. She edged nervously around the wolf, then gestured for her to follow into the adjacent room. Hopefully this would be over quickly and, even if not, she would feel much safer around the canine once Vanna was by her side.

San quickly spotted her wife standing by the buffet and headed over. “Hey Vanna?” For some reason San found that her mouth felt kind of numb and she ended up slurring her words a little.

The smaller rabbit turned and gave San a critical look. “Seriously, dear? We've been here half an hour and you're already drunk?”

“I ... I'm not.” San protested. “I haven't had anything yet. I just ... um, this is Shami. She wanted to meet you.”

At San's introduction, Shami knelt down, accepted Vanna's paw and gave it a kiss. “A pleasure to

meet you... Vanna, right?"

Vanna blushed at the excessively chivalrous gesture, then the wolf's scent washed over her and a playful smile crept round the corners of her mouth. "Oh, you're a pheromone hunter, aren't you? I have to say, you are the last person I would have expected San to turn up with. She's usually very shy around preds."

"Well, I do have a knack for making friends." Shami nodded apologetically towards San who was currently staring blankly into space, having missed that part of the conversation entirely. "I'm afraid I gave her a fairly intense dose. Don't worry though, it will wear off quite quickly."

Vanna leaned a little closer and took a deep breath, willingly inhaling the wolf's addictive aroma. "Mmh, that's almost a shame. It really does feel quite nice." One hand brushed the fur of Shami's shoulder, then trailed seductively down the silken dress towards the wolf's groin. "And what's this? I had you for a girl."

"Well, a little of column A and a little of column B." The wolf teased back. "If you like I could show you later?"

Despite her addled state, that was enough to jolt San fully awake. Shami's sweet scent was making it hard for her to think straight but she certainly wasn't going to let some suave wolf sweep Vanna away from her. Stepping forward, she pushed herself abruptly between the wolf and her wife. "I think you may have missed the bit about her being my wife." she growled.

Unfortunately, the difference in stature made it almost impossible for her to intimidate the predator. Shami let out an amused giggle. "Oh, you are so cute when you get all jealous and possessive, bunny. But you needn't worry, the offer was open to you as well." She blew lightly into San's face and watched as the rabbit's pupils dilated under the effects of her breath. "Oh the things I could show to you sweet, innocent bunnies. I promise it will be..."

"Shami!" An angry voice interrupted the wolf mid-speech and both predator and prey turned to see a furious looking squirrel girl marching in their direction. "You said there was someone you needed to speak to and that it would only take a moment. Now I finally find you fussing over two rabbits apparently having forgotten all about me. Am I really that easily replaced?"

"Of course not, Chim." Shami cooed. "I just got a little carried away is all." She straightened up and turned from the rabbits to the squirrel, allowing the new arrival to bury her nose in her dress and take a deep breath. "Come on now, I promised you a fun time and I fully intend to deliver." Glancing over her shoulder, she shot the bunny girls a friendly grin. "Bye Vanna. Bye San. You two make a very cute couple. Hopefully we'll get a chance to continue this soon."

As the Shami left, San finally felt the effects of her scent starting to fade and her mind catch up with the events. For a moment all she could do was stare after the retreating wolf, then Vanna brushed against her shoulder. "Well, she seemed nice." the smaller rabbit offered. "Certainly not the kind of person I expected you to introduce me to but I'm not complaining."

San stared at her wife, unsure how Vanna could have come to such a different assessment of the wolf. "She's a predator." she pointed out. "She was trying to do something to our heads, and you were flirting with her, and ... and ..." A tinge of red shone through the fur on her cheeks as she remembered how close she had come to kissing the wolf. She could hardly give Vanna a hard time for getting too friendly with the predator when she had barely been able to resist herself.

“Only playfully.” Vanna insisted. “Come on, you know I wouldn't do anything without you. Don't get jealous.”

San shook her head, part in an attempt to clear the warm fuzzy feeling from her brain but mostly in frustration at how badly Vanna was missing her point. “I wasn't jealous. Well, I was, but that's not the problem here. She was probably only flirting with you because she wanted to get you alone so she could eat you.”

Vanna rolled her eyes. “San, I know you get paranoid around predators but seriously? She was just being friendly. A little more friendly than was appropriate, sure, but you can't just assume that every carnivore that talks to you is secretly planning to eat you.”

“But she was doing something with her scent.” she argued. “Making it hard to think, or trying to control us or something. Doesn't that worry you at all?”

Vanna shrugged. “She's a pheromone hunter. I'm guessing you didn't get many of those out in the sticks, huh? They aren't exactly common even here. Still, it's not her fault which adaptations evolution gave her to help catch her prey. Myself I really enjoyed the effects. That's probably why she gets invited to these parties. Everyone else gets a nice legal high just from being near her.”

San shuddered. “But it's a hunting strategy. The whole point of that nice warm feeling is to lure us into crawling down her throat. How can you be so relaxed about that?”

By now Vanna was starting to look annoyed. “You're being judgmental again, San. I know there weren't many preds where you grew up, but things are different here. It's not fair to react so negatively to that wolf just because her biology is a little different than ours. Besides, you're kind of making a big deal out of nothing. You'd have to be really weak willed to actually let a pheromone hunter eat you.” She laughed then looked suddenly worried. “You ... you weren't actually thinking that, were you? You did look pretty spaced out when you introduced her.”

San quickly shook her head. The last thing she wanted was to appear weak in front of Vanna. “No. It wasn't that strong. I'm just not as comfortable around preds as you are.”

“I know, but it really is something you are going to have to get better at. If the wolf makes you uncomfortable then do your best to avoid her but you should at least try talking to some of the other predators. The best way to get over your fears is to face them head on, after all.”

San mumbled a non-committal agreement but that wasn't good enough for Vanna. “Come on, San. We're at a party, so socialize a bit. Look, there's an otter over there. He's not much larger than you and they mostly eat fish anyway. Surely that's as safe a predator as you could ask for. Go introduce yourself and you'll soon see that he's just a person like any other once you get over his different diet.” She gave San a little nudge in towards the specified otter.

With a reluctant sigh, San pushed through the crowd towards the specified otter. She hated Vanna's attempts to acclimatize her to the presence of the carnivorous species. Predators only made up a tiny percentage of the general population and out in the country it was safer to avoid getting too close to them. In the city, however, even that tiny percentage was enough that San ran into carnivorous species every day. Of course, the greater population density also meant that the carnivorous species were surrounded by potential food and therefore spent much less of their time actively hunting. Vanna had assured her that this meant it was usually perfectly safe to engage them in conversation, but San was not so sure.

She eyed the otter suspiciously. He was currently having an animated conversation with a small mouse and waving his arms as he tried to convey his point. The mouse seemed perfectly calm and unconcerned that the person she was talking to could have gulped her down at any moment. It would certainly have caused a lot of upset from the other guests if he had tried to so, from the otter's perspective, it was probably easier to wait until he was somewhere less public before grabbing a meal. Maybe Vanna was right and this was safe after all.

San nervously took a step or two closer, looking for a way to introduce herself. She couldn't just barge in to their conversation though. Even if she could convince herself that he wouldn't eat her just for getting too close she felt sure that any sign of rudeness would be a great way to ensure the otter turned her into a squirming lump in his middle. However safe the mouse seemed to feel, San was still suspicious that her apparent 'friend' was just looking for an opportunity to turn her into a snack. Vanna's assurance that she was likely too large for him was not helping either. Surely most predators would prefer a large meal over a small one? If she got too close the otter would likely abandon his attempts to trap the mouse and turn on her instead.

Much as she would like to prove to Vanna that getting too friendly with predators was dangerous, she didn't want to do so at the cost of her life. From what she knew of otters, they had very high metabolisms. Small as he was, that guy probably needed a lot of meat to fuel his body and San had no intention of being a part of that fuel.

Glancing over her shoulder, she checked if Vanna was still watching her and was relieved to see that her wife had gone back to browsing the buffet table again. With a relieved sigh, San slipped away into the crowd. She could always tell Vanna that the otter had been too busy with the mouse to talk to her. It would probably only result in Vanna pressuring her again at the next opportunity, but she could handle that. At least next time she wouldn't be so shaken from her encounter with the pheromone predator.

Without any real aim, San wandered the crowded area for a while until her nose and feet guided her back towards Shami. She definitely hadn't intended to go near the wolf but Shami's pheromones had a strong alluring effect and she didn't even notice that she had been following them until she found herself standing in front of the wolf again.

Shami was lounging on a nearby sofa, openly making out with the squirrel San had seen earlier. As she watched Chim broke away from the wolf's embrace and leaned back in her seat, staring up at the ceiling in dazed wonder, a little trail of wolf drool still lingering on her chin. "Wow ... that is just so ... so ... wow ..." The girl trailed off lost in an intoxicated world of her own.

Shami smiled, "Glad you like it. Some people are more affected than others. That in mind, would you object to having some extra company? Because someone is looking a bit left out." Her eyes suddenly darted to where San was lingering.

San's first reaction was to try to duck back out of sight but it was clearly too late for that. Blushing uncomfortably she shook her head. "I ... I wasn't trying to pry," she stammered. "I ... I mean ... I don't want to intrude ... I couldn't ... Vanna would ..." Damn it. What was it about predators that made her so incapable of forming complete sentences?

"You already used her as an excuse last time." Shami interrupted. "Besides, you aren't intruding. Your presence is actually quite welcome, isn't it?" She glanced at Chim who managed a spaced out nod in response.

"I ... I really don't ..." San was suddenly aware that her feet had carried her right in front of the

wolf without any conscious input on her behalf.

Shami reached out and brushed San's hips with one hand, making the poor rabbit shiver with pleasure as she was guided closer. "Shhh. Just one little kiss." Shami pressed. "Vanna need never find out. I can see how much you want it."

San whimpered slightly as she felt her remaining resistances starting to crumble. Every breath she took filled her lungs with more of Shami's wonderful scent, breaking down her inhibitions and eroding what little remained of her willpower. One hand touched the back of her head, drawing her closer to the wolf's waiting lips.

The lips that concealed deadly, bunny-ending, teeth. Again San's phobia of the predatory species saved her and she managed to pull herself away and stagger back. "I ... No! Leave me alone." she stammered, backing hastily away.

Shami only shrugged. "Suit yourself, bunny, but I doubt you can hold out for much longer." she muttered before turning her attentions back to the giggling squirrel girl. San made a quick get away, not trusting herself to maintain any amount of control if she witnessed that. Shaking her head to try to clear the chemical fog from her brain, she retreated to a different room.

Unfortunately, Shami's scent seemed to follow her. No matter how far she went, the alluring odor still reached her nose and the moment she stopped focusing on keeping away her feet would start carrying her back to the wolf. Likewise the wolf's tantalizing invitation lingered in her mind. Each time she closed her eyes she could practically see Shami's body, invitingly stretched out across the sofa, concealed by her form fitting dress in only the loosest definition of that term.

The obvious thing to do would be to return to Vanna. If she explained the effect Shami's pheromones were having on her then Vanna would surely agree that they could go home early. Of course, that would mean admitting that she lacked the willpower to resist a simple chemical effect, as well as the fact that she had almost kissed the wolf. Neither were things she wanted to confess to her wife, particularly given Vanna's comment about how easy it was to resist.

Looking round, San could see that no one else seemed to be having any trouble. Even the squirrel had seemed to be managing the effects far better than San. This far from the source, most of the other party-goers didn't even seem to be aware of Shami's pheromones. She was the only one having such difficulties.

Unable to escape from the pervasive scent anywhere in the house, San made her way to the front door and stepped out into the cool night air. Several deep breaths helped clear her head a little but it was not as effective as she had hoped. Still struggling against the temptation to return to the party, to find that wolf again and bury her nose in Shami's wonderfully intoxicating fur, she staggered down the steps into the garden and looked up at the sky.

The moon was out and the winter air was icy cold. It seemed like the perfect thing for freeing herself from the unwelcome effects of the pheromones but it simply wasn't enough. Even now, she could almost smell that sweet inviting musk. In fact, she could smell it. San's rabbit nose twitched in the cool air as she picked up the scent again and she could feel the fur on her arms and back rise at the implication.

"Hello again, San."

She turned miserably to see the wolf sitting casually on the steps to the front door. "Funny how we

keep running into each other, isn't it?" Shami teased. "It's almost like you're having difficulty keeping away from me."

"You ... you followed me this time." San objected.

"So I did. I guess I just enjoy the company of little bunnies. Particularly ones that are so evidently susceptible to my smell."

San edged back a step. "Please, I just want to get back inside."

Shami licked her lips, slow and deliberate, ensuring that San got a good view of her tongue sliding around. "Yes. I want you inside as well, although in a slightly different way."

Well, this was it. Her worst fear come true. She was alone with a larger creature that had openly stated its intent to devour her. Even Vanna would have to admit that this was bad. Backing away from the wolf, San glanced quickly over one shoulder. Running was still an option, but she doubted she would get far if Shami gave chase. Worse, she would then be away from the party with no witnesses and no one who might try to save her. If she ran and Shami caught her, then her life would be over. Even if Shami didn't give chase, she was several miles from her home right now. Vanna had driven them both here and still had the car keys. San didn't even have her license yet.

The other option was to try to push past Shami. This close to the house she would be able to scream for help if Shami tried anything. At the very least, the social cost of eating a fellow guest in plain sight might discourage the wolf from trying anything.

"Why me?" San whimpered. "What about that squirrel? She seemed much more susceptible than me."

Shami shrugged. "Not really." she answered. "Some people are just more resilient than others. I could get Chim very high, but not actually under my control. Even if I'd worked on her all night, I doubt she would have been affected enough to agree to be my dinner. You, on the other hand, are one of the most susceptible little treats I've seen in a long time and I do so love easy victories. Just a little more coaxing and you'll be my willing plaything."

"I ... I won't." San insisted. "I've got just as much willpower as that squirrel."

"Oh? Then why do you insist on running whenever I get close? No one else seems to be having such difficulties. Just you."

"I ... I'm just not stupid enough to go along with what you are trying to do." San insisted. "That doesn't mean it's any more likely to work on me. I'm not weak willed."

The smile on Shami's lips widened, and San had a horrible feeling that this was exactly where the wolf had wanted their conversation to go. "Prove it then." Shami shuffled to one side to make room for San to pass her on the stairs. "Walk past me. Go back inside. I won't stop you and once you are past I promise to leave you alone for the rest of the evening. You just have to take a few steps forward. If you think someone with your willpower can manage that."

"I've just as much will as anyone else." San growled. "You don't scare me." It was a lie, and an obvious one, but what else could she do? If she ran, Shami would chase her. Even if she was faster, she would only have succeeded in getting herself lost in an unfamiliar part of the city. Shami's offer to leave her alone if she could hold out just a little longer was too tempting to pass up. Covering her

nose with both hands, she walked towards the grinning wolf.

It didn't help as much as she had hoped. Even with her nose covered the pheromones were still getting into her lungs with each breath she took. Reaching the first of the six steps she started to climb. It was only a few feet to the front door but she was already doubting her ability to make it. Her eyes strayed from the door in front of her to the wolf's outstretched form, so wonderfully inviting.

With much effort she lifted her foot and took another step. Two out of six, she was a third of the way there but Shami's scent seemed to be growing stronger by the second, creeping into her nose despite everything San did, and rapidly eroding her will to continue.

"Having difficulties, dear?" Shami teased. "Come on. Just a few more steps and you'll be free to live out the rest of your life. You can do it."

But San was already painfully aware that she could not. She lifted one foot in an attempt to climb the next step, then lowered it back to its previous position. Her hands dropped from her nose, allowing that wonderful scent back in, and her body sagged.

"You seem to have stopped, San." Shami pointed out. "What's the matter? Chim wouldn't have had such difficulties. Even after I kissed her she was still mostly in control of her own actions. You did say you were at least as strong as her, didn't you?"

A little groan escaped San's lips as she tried again to move but it was too difficult. Her limbs felt heavy and unresponsive. All she wanted to do was bury herself in Shami's fur and drink in that sweet aroma.

"You know," Shami continued. "If you really want to prove yourself as resilient as Chim then you should let me kiss you. The drug is much more concentrated in my saliva than my scent and most people find it a little tricky to resist. Still, I'm sure a strong willed bunny like yourself will have no problem handling it."

Suddenly San found her body moving by itself, automatically bringing her closer to the wolf's smiling lips. Her legs may have refused to move by her own command but, the moment Shami suggested it, stepping closer was practically involuntary. The shock of feeling her body under someone else's control gave her the strength to hold back for a few seconds but then even that resistance faltered and she willingly leaned into the kiss.

For half a minute, the only thing she was aware of was that Shami's lips felt better than she could have imagined. Kissing the wolf was the single most wonderful experience of her short life and she wondered why she had tried so hard to avoid this moment. Shami's saliva made her lips and tongue prickle wherever it touched and she could feel the last pockets of resistance melting from her mind. With a pleased sigh, she gave herself fully to the wolf, freely inhaling the addicting fumes and loving every second of the predator's conquest over her.

When at last they broke apart, San was kneeling in front of Shami, head bowed and panting lightly. With a chuckle, Shami waved one hand before the stunned rabbit's eyes. She blinked but gave little other response. "There now, wouldn't it have been easier to let me do that when I first tried?" she asked.

San's head lifted slightly as she realized the question was directed at her then nodded. Her body felt freer now. She could move in any way she wanted, just so long as it was also a way that Shami

wanted.

“Now tell me,” Shami insisted. “who do you belong to?”

“You.” San's ears drooped submissively. “I belong to you and am yours to use as you will.” She blinked a few times as she slowly emerged from the haze that Shami's drool had put her in, then a look of horror spread across her features as she finally regained enough of her senses to realize what she had just said.

“And if I want to fuck you?”

“I ... I ...” A brief glimmer of resistance shone in the rabbit's eyes as she struggled not to answer. The next moment, however, it faded away. “I'm yours to do what ever you want with.” she replied, the defeat clearly audible in her voice.

“And if I decide to eat you?” Shami pressed.

Again her new toy tried to resist but she had already used up most of her strength and gave in even faster this time. “Then ... then you can. I'm yours.” San repeated, dropping her eyes to the pavement.

“Now that's what I like to hear from my prey. Stand up, San, and take off your shirt. I want to have a look at just what a prize you are.”

Obediently, the rabbit stood and stripped off her top. Her bra followed a moment later and San's bare fur rose as the cold night air reached her. At a gesture from Shami, she slowly turned around, showing off her upper body to the grinning carnivore.

“Very nice.” Shami noted. “Yes, you will do nicely. Now my plump young bunny, I'm sure you are already craving another taste of my saliva. Kneel down in front of me and we can both satisfy our desires.”

A flicker of fear ran through San but it was barely noticeable over her sudden need to feel Shami's lips against her own again, to receive another hit of that wonderful drool. Dropping down in front of the predator she stared up at Shami' smiling lips. Moments later, the lips parted revealing the pink insides of Shami's maw. Her master beamed and San could not help but crawl forwards, her eyes fixed on the dark tunnel behind the wolf's tongue.

Shami's stomach gave a little rumble as the San crawled forward, positioning herself in preparation for her journey down the wolf's throat. In the back of her mind, some small part of herself was screaming. Desperately trying to turn back, or cry for help, or anything that might still save her from becoming a soft lump in the canine's digestive tract. Still, San knew that listening to that voice was not what her master would want and so she ignored it. Shami wanted a meal and San was more than willing to provide it. Leaning forward, she began guiding her head towards the dark passage in front of her.

A wave of light fell over both of them as the front door was thrown open. “San! What the hell are ...” Vanna trailed off abruptly. Her initial reaction to finding her wife half naked and making out with a stranger on the doorstep was one of fury but Vanna was not stupid. San's glazed expression and Shami's open jaws told her everything she needed to know about what was actually happening and a look of horror swept across Vanna's face. “Get away from her!” Stepping out, she grabbed San's arm and tried to pull her away from the wolf.

San resisted. Vanna might be trying to help, but she didn't understand that she belonged to Shami now. "Get off!" She pulled back from Vanna's grip. "I don't want to be rescued. Just go back inside and leave us alone." It wasn't strictly true. Some part of her very much wanted to be rescued from her impending fate as wolf food but what she couldn't find the words to explain was that it didn't matter anymore. What Shami wanted was infinitely more important to her than her own desires.

Shami seemed equally annoyed by this unexpected intrusion. Standing up she pulled San sharply away from Vanna. "Haven't you got more sense than to interrupt a predator while she's eating. I know you want to save her but it's too late. She's mine now."

"No!" Vanna grabbed at San again, but it was difficult when both the predator and the person she was trying to rescue were resisting her. "Please? Not her. I'll do anything? Just let San go?"

Shami glared at the tearful bunny. This was not how she had wanted things to go. She had waited patiently until San had gone outside, then made sure that no one was watching before slipping away to join her, all so that she would be able to enjoy her meal without attracting too much attention. If people saw her leave and then return with a full belly, they would likely just shrug and continue enjoying the party. If they watched her devouring her dinner on the doorstep while the meal's wife screamed and tried to rescue her, they would wonder whether something like that could happen to them as well. It might not be very logical, but Shami had found that the trick to staying on good terms with the smaller species was to let them know that she often ate people but never actually allow them to witness her doing so.

Unfortunately, Vanna's screaming had already attracted far more attention than she wanted. Faces were starting to turn up at the windows, and those passing the front door paused to stare at the altercation taking place outside. "Look, I'm sorry about your wife," Shami tried. "but do you have any idea how rare it is that I find someone this easily entranced? I'm not letting her go. Now go back inside or I'll take you as well."

That prompted San to join in. Her own life might be lost but wouldn't let any harm come to Vanna if she could help it. "Vanna? I know you want to save me but I really don't want to be saved right now. I'm sorry. You should go back to the party. I hope you can find someone else some day. I ..." Her voice faltered for a moment but she quickly recovered. "Like you said, you'd have to be pretty weak willed to fall for a pheromone hunter's trap. You deserve someone better than that. I'm just food now." It hurt to say those words, more than she would have expected, but still not as much as the fear of Vanna getting eaten as well. Fortunately, as Shami also wanted the other rabbit to leave, she didn't even have to resist the wolf's control to try to persuade her.

Vanna's mouth dropped at San's words. "You don't mean that." she insisted. "You can't seriously want me to just go ... and ... and ... There isn't anyone else like you!" Tears were staring to trickle down her face as she watched Vanna get up and lead San away from the house.

San stared back at her wife. "I'm sorry. This isn't your fault though, Vanna. Don't blame yourself just because I didn't have enough willpower." Her own eyes began to fill with tears, blurring the last sight of Vanna that she would ever get. Then Shami opened a car door and directed her to climb inside.

Twenty minutes later, San was dancing in Shami's bedroom. Her limbs moved to the rhythm she had chosen without any conscious effort on her part. She twirled around, then stepped closer to the grinning wolf, hands raised to her breasts and lifting them in a provocative display. Then she turned again, facing away as she started pulling down her panties, the only article of clothing she had left.

As she bent over to remove them, she flicked her little cotton tail at Shami, giving the wolf a very intimate view. San's cheeks burned as she straightened up and tossed the last piece of her clothing to lie with the others but she didn't try to resist. Her limbs moved as if they were on puppet strings as she mindlessly followed the wolf's instruction to give her a strip tease.

With the last of her clothing gone, San gave a few last twirls in front of the wolf, then fell still, eyes glazed over as she waited for her next instruction. "Very nice." Shami complimented, from her seat on her bed, one hand falling to the now more prominent bulge in her dress. "So nice, in fact, that I think I have another job for you."

A wave of confusing emotions ran through the bunny, disgust, relief, and humiliation were the strongest. Part of her was screaming in embarrassment at the implicit instruction. Part of her was relieved that Shami had not wanted to move straight on to dinner and that she would get to live a little longer. Another part wished that they could get to the eating part sooner. A brief period of burning in the wolf's digestive juices would be the better option by this point.

San ignored all the conflicting perspectives and willingly sank back into the haze of Shami's scent. Mindless obedience was infinitely preferable to thinking right now. If she let herself think then she would inevitably end up thinking of Vanna again. Besides, she already knew that she couldn't resist so why bother trying? Her own hopes and desires were irrelevant now. All that mattered was that Shami had given her an instruction and her body was already moving to carry it out.

Kneeling before her master, San touched the hem of Shami's dress and slowly lifted it. The wolf girl's penis was thick despite being only partially erect. San's nose wrinkled momentarily as another flicker of emotion stirred inside her, but she quickly pushed it away before lowering her mouth over the wolf's thick member and starting to suck.

"Mhh! Yes." The canine growled. "I'm glad your wife interrupted us. It would have been such a waste of those soft lips to have gulped you down outside the party."

San flinched. She really didn't need reminding of Vanna right now. Pushing those thoughts out of her mind, she focused intently on the task at hand. The sooner she could make Shami cum, the sooner she would be digested and able to stop thinking of Vanna or anything else. Cheeks burning furiously, she redoubled her pace, tongue running back and forth against the wolf's hardening dick.

Somewhere nearby, San heard the slam of a door being thrown open and slammed shut. She probably wouldn't have thought much of that if she hadn't felt Shami stiffen and sit bolt upright at the noise. Next moment there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs, hurried and stumbling. Another door was opened then slammed closed and then the footsteps were coming their way.

San would very much have liked to be able to look up and see her master's expression at that moment, but Shami had given her an order and she couldn't stop sucking until given some indication by the wolf.

The door to Shami's bedroom was the next to be thrown open and a furious voice called her name. That was enough to let her look round, pulling herself back from Shami's now quite hard dick, San turned to see her wife panting heavily in the doorway. "Vanna! I told you not to ... how did you even find us here?"

"I asked that squirrel." Vanna gasped as she recovered her breath. "She didn't know the exact address but she was able to point me to someone who did." She glared up at the shocked looking

wolf. "Let San go. I'm not leaving without her."

It took Shami a moment or two to recover from her surprise then a playful smile crept around her muzzle. "Really? And what exactly do you have to offer me in exchange for my latest plaything?"

San wanted to join in with this conversation but her body was already starting to realize that she had stopped sucking, and without being given leave to by her master. Already her head was turning away from her wife and back to the large wolf cock in front of her. 'No! Please? Not in front of Vanna.' her mind pleaded but it was no good. Her mouth opened and she pushed down onto the wolf's penis again.

Vanna winced as she watched San going back to work. That was not the kind of distraction she needed when going into the most important negotiation of her life. "I ... What do you want from me?" she asked. "Whatever it is, just ask. I'll pay any price to get San back."

"That's the problem. I'm actually quite enjoying my new toy and I don't think you have anything that I would exchange for her."

Vanna bit her lip. She had hoped Shami might just ask for money or something. Hoped, but certainly not expected it. "What about myself?" she offered. "She leaves, I stay. You can do anything you like to me, just promise never to touch her again."

There was a choking sound from the wolf's groin as San reacted to that. She wanted to scream, wanted to beg Vanna not to make that sacrifice. She was already lost, her body addicted to the pheromones and her will subservient to Shami's. Vanna's sacrifice would not save her, even if Shami could be trusted to keep her word and let her live. Unfortunately, she couldn't say any of this with Shami's thick cock in her mouth.

"Hmm, nah." the wolf decided, to San relief and Vanna's horror. "She's got more meat on her than you so, if it's all the same, I think I'll stick with the bunny I have."

"But ... but ..." Vanna was sure things weren't supposed to go like this. Offering your life for someone else was supposed to be the ultimate sacrifice, something noble and utterly selfless, and it had taken all her courage to even speak those words. That kind of offer wasn't supposed to be rejected simply because she was smaller than the person she was trying to save. "But it's the only thing I have left to offer." she protested. "I'm willing to give my whole life for her. Please, even if you don't get such a filling meal, you have to accept. It's all I have left."

Shami seemed to hesitate for a moment, then shuffled back on the bed, finally pulling her cock back out from San's lips. "You know what, San? You can go to her."

The rabbit leaped from her place the moment the words were out of Shami's mouth. Covering the distance between herself and Vanna in a heartbeat she threw herself into Vanna's arms and embraced her. The smaller rabbit's form was warm against her bare fur and she kissed her wife with a passion she had never felt before, tears already streaming down her eyes.

"Good, now bring her to me."

San's heart stopped. Suddenly the warmth of Vanna's embrace felt icy cold. She wanted to shove the smaller rabbit away and tell her to run for her life but it was already too late. Shami had given her an instruction and no matter how hard she tried, she could not release her hold on the smaller bunny. "Shami? Please?" she begged, but even that small resistance cost her almost all her strength.

The wolf merely smiled and beacons them closer.

Despite her every effort to resist, San could feel her body responding to her master's call, her feet already moving to drag the smaller rabbit to her death. Vanna squeaked a little at how hard San was suddenly gripping her and tried to pull away. Unfortunately, her mate was not only larger but significantly stronger than she was and her wriggles were doing nothing at all.

San tried hard to lose the fight, tried not to predict Vanna's movements so the smaller rabbit would be able to catch her off guard and escape, but it was impossible. She wasn't the only one holding back. Vanna might be fighting to escape, but she was also trying not to hurt San as she did so. The little rabbit squirmed and wriggled in San's grip but stopped short of actually attacking her assailant. Unfortunately, the part on San that desired nothing but obedience to her new master had no such restrictions.

Half way towards the waiting wolf, Vanna finally managed to twist herself free of San's hug and made it two steps towards the door before San grabbed hold of one ear. Vanna squealed in pain as her wife dragged her back by the sensitive fold of skin, then threw her roughly to the floor in front of Shami.

"Ah!" Tears welled into Vanna's eyes from the pain but she forced her head up to stare at the grinning predator. "San goes free, right?" she begged. "That was the deal. You get me but not San?" In the heart, however, she already knew what the answer was.

"Little bunny, you offered yourself to me when I asked what you could give me in exchange for San, but why would I want to trade for something that I can easily take by force? You're mine now and, if you don't want to see your wife get digested in front of you then you had better start sucking."

Vanna stared at the throbbing cock, still slick with San's saliva. She hesitated for just a second before screwing up her face and leaning forward. Sticking out her tongue, she managed to gently lick the edge of it before pulling back.

"Is that really how much you care for San's life?" Shami teased. Vanna quickly shook her head and leaned closer again, this time wrapping her lips around the offered organ and giving it a long slurp.

"Mi... Mistress?" San begged. "Please? I could do that. You already know that I'm good at it."

"Sit down, San," Shami commanded. "and watch."

San gave a little whimper as her legs bucked under her. Cross-legged on the floor she could only stare in silence as Vanna pressed down on Shami's cock, working her tongue over the surface and doing everything she could to pleasure the wolf. Shami groaned in with increasing arousal and San felt her cheeks burning with jealous fury. She had given everything to Shami. Her life, her body, her will, all of it belonged to the herm wolf, but not Vanna. Vanna was the one thing that was still hers alone and she couldn't bear to see her being used in this way.

With a dint of effort, she turned her head away and briefly managed to shut out the sight of the woman she loved gorging herself on a predator's thick cock. The resistance was short lived, however. Shami and instructed her to watch and San managed to keep her head turned for less than second before turning back to the scene in front of her. She couldn't even close her eyes, nor shut out the wet sounds of Vanna working back and forth on that shaft.

Shami, however, was starting to look bored. It wasn't that Vanna was bad at what she was doing but it didn't feel quite as good as San had. Despite her forced obedience, Shami knew that the little rabbit's heart was not in this. She might be doing her best for San's sake, but Shami could tell that she was desperately longing for this to end.

After another minute or so, Shami pushed the girl back off her. "Okay San. You can get up now. I want you to strip Vanna naked for me."

Very reluctantly, San stood up and came over. Vanna stood up as well, eyes wide with fear and betrayal. She did not, however, make any attempt to resist as San started removing her dress, pulling it off her as gently as she could manage. "San," she whispered. "The door is open. You just need to resist. Just for a few minutes and we could both be free."

San's eyes darted to the bedroom door. Sure enough, it was wide open. It would be so easy to just make a break for it. Even if they didn't escape it would at least mean she had tried. She just had to take one step toward that door and she was sure that the others would come easier. They could escape together and everything would go back to how it used to be. "I'm sorry, Vanna," she mumbled. "I can't."

Vanna lifted her arms to allow San to pull the dress over her head. Her eyes met San's. "Try," she whispered. "For me."

Again San tried and again her feet would not obey. She turned her wife around and unclipped Vanna's bra. "I'm sorry." The words came out as a weak sob but she still knelt down and started removing Vanna's shoes, then her socks, then finally her panties.

Shami had taken advantage of their moment of distraction to undress herself, tossing the silk dress aside to reveal that she was wearing nothing underneath it. Leaning back with her full hermaphrodite form on display she admired the two naked bunny girls standing in front of her. "Very good, San. Now, bring her to me and let's see if her other end is any better than her lips."

Vanna stiffened in San's grip but made no attempt to resist as her wife dragged her forwards. "I'm sorry too, San," she whispered. "I should have listened when you told me she was hunting us. Just remember, this is my fault, not yours."

The words were intended to make San feel better, but they had the opposite effect as she handed Vanna over and watched the wolf pull her onto the bed. Again she tried to look away but Shami had only given her permission to stand up and undress her wife, not to stop watching. Helpless she could only observe as Vanna was shoved into position beneath the wolf, face down against the bed, her butt waving in the air and little fluff tail flicking in panic, as Shami lined herself up to enter the rabbit.

Vanna let out a pitiful moan as the wolf's thick cock, still dripping with both girls' saliva, brushed against the lips of her vagina. The tip nestled against the inviting folds, gently parting the rabbit's inner walls in preparation, but then Shami paused. With a twisted grin, she glanced back at San. "Well bunny, anything to say?"

It took San a moment to figure out what response the wolf was hoping for and the moment she realized it she wished that she hadn't. Unfortunately, by that point, it was far too late to do anything about it. "Go for it," she heard her voice say. "She's all yours." Then a betrayed squeal from the woman she loved as Shami plowed into her.

The next ten minutes were the worse of San's life. She could not tear her eyes from what was happening, could not shut out the indignant whimpers each time Shami thrust into Vanna's soft body nor the corresponding slurp whenever the wolf pulled back again. It was torture to watch someone like Vanna, who had always been so caring to her, being used so cruelly but that wasn't the only part that was tormenting her.

Jealousy of a type San had never known before coursed through her body. Vanna was hers. No one else should be able to do that. Each time she watched the folds of Vanna's body part to allow the wolf inside her stomach twisted in furious desire. It was supposed to be her! No one else should be able to make Vanna squeal like that. In pleasure or in disgust, it didn't matter, she was still the only one who should get to cause those noises. Worse, she was noticing that the horrified whimpers were getting less frequent by the second, and more and more of her wife's cries were from the pleasure.

Vanna was far more resistant to Shami's pheromones than San but she wasn't immune and, right now, she was receiving a very intense dose. Each thrust from the wolf made her cry out and, each time she inhaled again, a little more of the mind controlling fumes would enter her bloodstream. She tried to mask the pleasure in her voice, make it sound like Shami was still raping her and that she hated every second of it. She could tell that it wasn't working though. San knew her too well to mistake the even the smallest hint of lust in her voice.

Then Shami rolled her over, pushing the helpless rabbit down against the bed covers and increasing the pace of her thrusts. As Shami pressed down on her semi-willing toy, her lips found Vanna's and she kissed the protesting bunny. Vanna let out a low moan, feeling her willpower crumbling as the potent saliva touched her lips. Bit by bit, she ceased to even pretend that she hated what was happening. Pleasured moans escaped her lips each time Shami thrust inside her and she barely gave a thought to how she must be making San feel. San had never fucked her like this. Her whole body seemed electrified with pleasure each time the wolf's hard shaft reentered her and she twisted in ecstasy beneath the larger creature.

Finally the trusts began to slow a little, enough that Vanna was able to regain some control over her thoughts. Opening her eyes she saw Shami grinning down at her. "Tell her." the wolf ordered. "Tell her which of us is better in bed."

"San!" Turning her head, Vanna could see her wife, tears streaming down her eyes but still locked in place by Shami's order for her to watch. "Don't listen to her." Vanna insisted. "I love you, and I always will do. No matter what she tells you, this isn't a patch on one night with ... Oh!" In the middle of Vanna's speech, Shami had begun to thrust again overwhelming the poor bunny with pleasure and replacing her words with orgasmic groans.

"You know perfectly well that that's not true." Shami gloated. "I bet she's never made you feel like this in your life. Never made you cry in quite that tone herself. Has she?"

"N ... no." Vanna whimpered. She hadn't meant to say it but, between the mind melting pheromones and the best fucking of her life, that little admission had just slipped out. She quickly tried to deny it but at that moment she felt Shami's cock give a little shudder, quite different from any of the movements she had felt before.

Next moment Shami was pressing down on her shoulders with one hand, and lifting Vanna's butt from the mattress with the other, as her thick and creamy semen filled the gasping bunny. Vanna's ears folded back as she felt the hard shaft inside her pump its load of warm goo into her body. Closing her eyes she moaned in toe curling ecstasy.

Then it was over and Shami pulled neatly out of her and sat on the far side of the bed, panting slightly and looking very pleased with herself. By contrast, Vanna could only gasp weakly as she lay sprawled on the mattress. Her fur was matted with sweat and her body exhausted from the intense mating.

She should say something. Even if she would never quite be able to convince San that she had not enjoyed that, or even that she had ever enjoyed her wife's attentions more, she still needed to offer whatever comforts she could to the other rabbit. Unfortunately, before she had recovered enough of her breath to speak, Shami had already begun. "Well that was nice." the wolf commented nonchalantly. "But it's also made me hungry. San, would you be so kind as to come over here and feed her to me?" She lay back on the bed, eyes closed and jaws open invitingly.

"No! Anything but that! Anything?" San held back for just a moment, convinced that any moment now Shami would relent. This couldn't be how things were going to end, could it? Unfortunately Shami showed no signs of retracting her order and the longer San stalled the harder it became.

Climbing onto the bed, San reached forward and took hold of Vanna's ankle. The smaller bunny stared up at her. "Please? You can still fight this. You're stronger than this, San. I know you are." Her eyes glanced pointedly towards the still open door. Freedom was just a few steps away.

Every part of San's brain screamed at her to go for it, to shake off the control that Shami's pheromones had on her and help her love escape. Well, almost every part. If she had truly wanted that alone then she might well have been able to overcome the chemical control the wolf had over her, at least long enough to see that Vanna got away safely. Unfortunately, some dark part of her mind was still feeling hurt. Even knowing that Vanna had had no choice and had only been in that situation for trying to save her, it had still hurt to watch her mate embracing someone else in front of her. Despite everything she knew, some part of her wanted to hurt Vanna, just as she had been hurt herself, and that was enough for Shami's pheromones to work with.

Even as the majority of her mind screamed at her to stop, San dragged the smaller rabbit by her legs to Shami and started to position her for swallowing. Vanna let out a pitiful sob but did not resist. She had not been able to escape her wife earlier and, in her exhausted state, she knew she had no chance of getting free. "Please, San? I know you can do this. Just try?" she begged.

San whimpered slightly, hating herself as she held Vanna's ankles together and raised the smaller rabbit's paws to her master's open mouth. She wished that she was stronger, that she could find it in herself to resist Shami's cruel orders, but she couldn't. Vanna's twitching hind paws brushed against Shami's lips as San eased them slowly inside.

"Mmh." The wolf's long tongue ran out, slurping eagerly over the bunny's ankles, and Shami gestured for San to hurry up.

Fighting back the tears, San lifted the woman she loved by her waist and started working her body into the drooling maw. Vanna could have made the task all but impossible if she had tried, but she didn't. She just hung limp in San's grip and allowed her wife to feed her to the predator. She had told the wolf that she would not leave unless San did and, unfortunately, she was not going to leave at all. Tears streamed down her eyes as San worked her legs into the wolf's jaws and she felt herself sliding into the carnivore's greedy esophagus.

Shami's jaws widened eagerly to accept Vanna's hips and she made a soft appreciative noise as the San pushed her partner's butt inside. A large gulp pulled the hapless rabbit in to her waist. Finally

Vanna started to protest, wriggling from side to side and reaching out her arms to San in a desperate attempt to pull herself back out.

San caught Vanna's flailing arms, held on to her for just a moment, then helped guide them into the predator's jaws, making sure they were tucked against her sides so the Vanna would not be able to reach out again.

Gulp! Vanna's body made a wet slurp as she slid deeper into the canine's gullet. Only her head and shoulders were still outside by now and her chest was resting in Shami's mouth. Vanna shuddered in guilty pleasure as Shami's tongue played across her breasts, rubbing the prickly, addictive saliva over her raised nipples as she gently worked them to the back of her mouth

"San? I ... I love you, okay?" Vanna whimpered. Her head was inside Shami's mouth now and sliding deeper by the second. "No matter what she does to you, please remember that. Just ... just don't forget me, okay?"

San stared at the tear-streaked face looking out from behind Shami's teeth. "I promise." she answered, then leaned close to give her lover one final kiss.

Shami closed her jaws and San's lips met the wolf's instead of Vanna's. A surprised squeak came from the bunny and she quickly pulled back. Not so fast, however, that she didn't hear the wet slurp as the last of Vanna was washed down the canine's gullet. In silence, San watched as the bulge in Shami's neck descended and the bulge in her stomach expanded outwards.

The screams started almost immediately. "San! Help! Get me out. It burns!" Vanna's voice was muffled by the layer of wolf around her but San could still make out every word. "Please, San! I can't stand it."

"Vanna!" The shock of hearing her wife scream like that coursed through San's body. Vanna had always been the tough one. Unafraid of predators, confident, and always in control, it was almost unthinkable that she would be the one screaming for San's help. For a moment the surprise seemed to wash away Shami's control over her and she was able to act for herself again. "Don't worry, I'll ... I'll ..." She trailed off, unsure how to finish that sentence. Even free, what could she possibly do to help against a predator like Shami?

Shami took advantage of the rabbit's moment of panic paralysis. Cupping her hands beneath San's chin, she raised the bunny's muzzle to her own. There was a moment of resistance from her quarry but it melted the instant their lips touched. Ears drooping submissively, San surrendered herself to the kiss.

She could still hear Vanna screaming but it no longer seemed so important. Instead, her attention was fixated on the touch of Shami's lips and the way her mouth tingled as the wolf's tongue slipped inside and spread her addictive saliva around. When at last they broke apart, San was Shami's willing slave again.

Leaning back, Shami gestured to the squirming bulge that filled her belly. "Rub." she commanded and smiled as San moved involuntarily to obey.

Vanna writhed desperately beneath San's paws and her screaming did not stop for one moment. She begged San to help her, screamed that her fur was coming off and that the acids were burning through her skin, swore at her wife for the betrayal, and eventually collapsed into agonized sobbing. San, however, just kept rubbing.

Tears trickled down the larger rabbit's face as she worked and she tried not to listen to the sounds coming from the belly. Instead she focused on Shami's little sighs of pleasure, letting her know that she was doing a good job and that at least one person was appreciating her efforts.

The stomach muscles tensed briefly and a sharp cracking noise came from beneath San's fingers. For a moment the wails from the stomach grew louder before fading as the stomach relaxed again. Miserably, San went back to rubbing. She could still feel Vanna fighting to escape, but the kicks were weaker now and her cries less angry and more pitiful. She was losing her battle against Shami's stomach and rapidly being turned into rabbit soup.

"You know, San, you can press a little harder than that." Shami announced. "Don't worry, you won't hurt me."

Shami's eyes closed in pure pleasure as San leaned her full weight against the wolf's belly, squeezing the contents back and forth in the already tight confines of the stomach and helping mash them into paste.

Inside Shami's digestive tract, Vanna was fighting to stay conscious. She was, however, beginning to wonder whether it would be better to simply pass out and surrender herself to the wolf. Shami's stomach was well adapted to processing young bunnies and resisting was only making things more painful for her. By now, her fur was almost entirely gone, allowing the powerful acids to attack her skin directly. She wriggled feebly, trying to keep her face out of the fiery liquid but it had been hard enough before her left arm had been broken. Even when she found a position where she could breathe easily, it was only a matter of time before San's persistent rubbing would shift her out of it, rolling her over and over to ensure that every inch of her vulnerable flesh was given a turn beneath the digestive juices.

"San! Please?" she begged, but it was no use. She was pretty sure that her wife could hear her, but San was evidently still under Shami's control. Vanna cursed herself for not realizing the danger earlier. She had seen how spaced out her wife had been when she had first shown up with the wolf and San had even warned her that she didn't trust Shami. Unfortunately, Vanna had simply dismissed it as San being paranoid about carnivores again. She should have realized from San's dazed expression that she was more susceptible than most to the pheromone predator's lure. Instead she had taken it as a chance to press San into being more accepting of the carnivorous species and that one mistake had cost them both their lives.

The stomach tightened again, crushing the air from Vanna's lungs and making her ribs creak from the pressure. Nothing broke this time but enduring the squeeze drained most of Vanna's remaining strength. She still wriggled weakly as the walls relaxed again but it was obvious that the fight was over. Her skin was sizzling in the wolf's gastric juices but, while the pain seemed no less intense, it was starting to feel distant and unimportant.

Vanna struggled on, managing to gasp a few last breaths of the stale air, before surrendering her life and allowing San to push her head beneath the swirling acids. Pain flared up in her nose and lips, although she had at least had the sense to keep her eyes closed, and a few bubbles escaped Vanna's lips as she exhaled for the last time then fell still.

San felt the movements in Shami's stomach fade away and the tears welled up in her eyes. She couldn't believe what had happened. Her brain just would not accept that the lump of now unmoving meat in Shami's stomach had once been the woman she had planned to spend her life with. No matter what she had seen or heard, it couldn't be Vanna in there, it just couldn't.

Shami yawned and sat up. "Well, she was nice while she lasted," she commented. "but it's getting late and I need some sleep." Getting up, she walked out of the room, her full belly swaying with each step she took. San remained sitting on the bed, her brain still too overwhelmed by what had happened for her to react. From the room next door she heard the sound of an electric toothbrush, then the wolf spitting.

The door opened again and Shami returned. Helpless, San stared at the naked form of her mistress. Even on her way to bed, Shami moved with grace and confidence. Vanna's body was clearly outlined in the wolf's gut, swaying in time with Shami's steps as she was carried back to the bed.

Retrieving a couple of pillows from the floor, Vanna nudged San out of the way, then climbed into her bed and pulled the covers over her. "Goodnight, my little toy," she told San. "Thank you for helping me catch such a wonderful meal. And don't worry, I won't keep the two of you apart for long." She chuckled cruelly, then yawned and closed her eyes.

San simply stared, her brain still trying to process everything that had happened. Vanna was gone. She was never going to see or hear from her again. She probably wasn't even going to live long enough to properly miss her. She shook her head in frustration, she might know these things rationally but she didn't really believe them. Not yet.

Reaching under the covers she ran her hand over the bulge in Shami's gut. The order for her to rub had ended once Shami went to clean her teeth and San found she was acting entirely on her own initiative. Her fingers traced the curves in Shami's belly, following the outline of her wife's body. It really was Vanna in there and she wasn't moving. The realization suddenly overwhelmed San. Tears welled up in her eyes and the poor bunny collapsed into pitiful sobbing.

"Be quiet." Shami opened one eye long enough to growl an annoyed command to the rabbit, then rolled over and went back to sleep. San felt her throat close up almost immediately, preventing her from making anything but the faintest of squeaks. Glaring at the sleeping wolf she got down from the bed and went to Shami's bathroom to dry her eyes.

After washing her face at the wolf's sink San headed back to Shami's bedroom. Part of her was still screaming that she should run. That the wolf had just killed Vanna and going back would be the worst thing she could do. That Vanna had given her life trying to save her from Shami and if she didn't at least try to escape then her wife would have died for nothing. San, however, ignored all of that. She had lacked the will power to resist when it might have saved Vanna and she didn't want to find it now.

Sitting on the bed, San continued to run her fingers through the fur of the wolf's belly, feeling the love of her life softening and starting to break down as she did so. With Shami asleep, resisting her commands seemed marginally easier and several times during the night she mustered the will to get up from the bed, once making it halfway down the hall before giving up and returning to her master.

By dawn, San found that there was very little left of her wife. As she stroked the wolf's belly she could feel that the contents were pretty much an indistinguishable mush by this point. Shami's stomach glooped happily as San helped it to stir the stew around and extract more nutrients from what had been her wife. Still under orders to remain silent, San choked back her tears then lay down on the floor and closed her eyes. Sleep came far sooner than she had expected.

A nudge in the ribs roused San from her restless sleep. Blinking her eyes she stared up at the naked wolf who was now sitting on the edge of her bed. "Morning bunny. Have a nice night?" Shami

asked.

San's eyes snapped to Shami's belly, it was perhaps just a little rounder than it had been when she first saw the wolf but, other than that, no signs of her wife remained. "Vanna!" San scrambled to her feet. For a moment the wolf's flat tummy gave her a burst of hope. Could Shami have taken pity and let her back out during the night? Then she remembered how soft and mushy the predator's belly had become by morning and knew that that was not the case.

"Yeah, I'm just about to take care of that." Shami answered. She stood up and stretched, showing off her full naked glory to the world. "You can come watch." she ordered, then headed out the room.

That was pretty much the last thing San wanted, but her limbs obeyed without any consideration for her own desires. Scrambling stiffly to her feet, she followed the wolf into her bathroom.

"Shami, please?" San begged as the wolf headed for the toilet. "Mistress? I really don't want to see this. Can't I just go back to the bedroom and wait for you to finish?"

The wolf paused for a moment, then a wicked smile spread across her lips. "Actually, no. I've got a much better idea. Lie down, San. Face up if you would be so kind."

San obeyed without even considering why she was being told to do such a thing. Even as Shami turned away from the toilet and walked over to her she still didn't figure it out. Only when the wolf then bent down, squatting directly over San's head did she finally realize what Shami had in mind.

"No! Oh please, no! Shami, I'll do anything you want just ..."

"Shut up, bunny. You already have to do what I want." Shami pointed out. "Do keep your mouth open, though."

San let out a feeble moan as she felt her jaw lock open. Staring upwards, she watched the herm's cock and balls sway above her as Shami settled into position. The wolf girl let out a soft groan and San watched in horror as Shami's anus widened and the first sign of last night's dinner poked through.

San inhaled then gagged as she the first whiff of excrement reached her nose. She tried hard to turn her head away or at least close her mouth as the brown mass descended towards her but, once again, she failed. This close, the smell was revolting and, nestled within the brown mush, she could make out little shards of bone and matted clumps of slate-gray fur. Despite everything that had been done to it, the fur was still recognizable as Vanna's, even after passing through the entirety of Shami's digestive tract.

The fur might have survived relatively unchanged but the rest of the rabbit it used to be attached to, the one San had hoped to spend her entire life with, had not been so lucky. Vanna had been churned up, dissolved by Shami's acid, and reconstituted as thick brown lumps. Another little grunt came from the wolf and the first log broke free of her ass and fell into San's open jaws. The poor bunny retched at sticky texture and unpleasant malty flavor. Finally managing to turn her head she tried to spit the unwelcome mouthful back out.

"No. Swallow." Shami's command put an instant stop to her attempts and San felt her mouth involuntarily close and the smooth lump slide down her esophagus.

"Uurg!" she groaned. The excrement was wet and sticky. While much of it had gone down her

throat, there was still plenty left coating the insides of her mouth. There was nothing she could do to rid herself of the taste and, as she moved her tongue, she could feel left over strands of Vanna's fur stuck to the insides of her cheeks. She tried to protest but a second log was already coming and she had no choice but to open her mouth and accept it.

Shami sighed happily as she relieved herself into the twitching rabbit's maw. Vanna Desmer had been an absolute pleasure to consume and felt almost as good coming out as she had done going in. The pressure in her abdomen gradually abated as she dumped another load into her makeshift toilet. Another whine came from the poor rabbit, followed by a reluctant gulp.

Finally, Shami finished and straightened up. "Well done, San." she complimented. "That wasn't so bad now, was it?" Without waiting for an answer, she unrolled a few sheets of toilet paper and carefully wiped herself clean, then glanced down at the miserable bunny beneath her.

San flinched, but she already knew what Shami wanted. Opening her mouth again, she allowed Shami to push the wad of stained toilet paper inside. Actually, that didn't feel as bad as expected. At the very least, the tissue gave her something to wipe her tongue clean on. San chewed the lump of tissue for a while, using it to clean as much of Vanna's remains from the inside of her mouth as she could, before swallowing it down to join the mass of post-digested rabbit already filling her stomach.

"Heh, now she's been eaten twice." Shami chuckled. "Although, I guess it will be more like three times once I've finished with you."

San groaned and clutched at her swollen belly. She didn't want to believe that what was left of Vanna was now inside her. It seemed too horrible to be true. Her wife had always been so caring to everyone, she couldn't possibly have been reduced to the pureed mush currently sitting in San's stomach. Still, she knew it was true and still had leftover strands of Vanna's fur stuck to her tongue to prove it. A stream of tears started to run down San's cheeks as she thought about it.

"Come on now, don't cry." San's tears stopped immediately and she looked up at her master in fearful anticipation. "I've still got plenty of uses for you before you join her." Shami dropped the lid on the toilet before sitting down on it. "You can start by putting that mouth to another good use."

Obediently, San shuffled closer and lowered her head to Shami's groin, taking the wolf's member between her soiled lips and rapidly bringing it to its full length. She didn't even try to resist anymore. She had heard Vanna's screams the last night and she could only imagine how terrible Shami's digestive system must be but, despite all that, she hoped that she would experience it soon.

Closing her eyes, the broken bunny redoubled her work on the wolf's thick cock. The sooner she could bring her master to climax, the sooner her usefulness would run out and she could be with Vanna again. Nothing was worth more to her than that.