

Dreams and Nightmares

Warning: extreme sadism, masochism, hard vore, breath play, blood play, and many other nasty things

It was not a good neighborhood for a rabbit. I rang the doorbell again and waited uneasily. It got dark early at this time of year and I couldn't shake the feeling that someone could be watching me from the shadows. Admittedly, half the point of visiting Limiel and Alisma was to feel that thrill but I preferred to get it from those I trusted, in a safe and controlled environment. As I reached for the bell a third time the door opened to reveal a lioness.

She was at least three times my size, her dusty Savannah fur turning orange in the last of the sunlight. "Hey Sik," she noted. I took an instinctive step back. It was a perfectly natural reaction to being so close to a predator, but I probably could have suppressed the response had Alisma opened the door instead. Something about Limiel had always made me uneasy.

"Is Alisma in?" I asked quickly. That too was a mistake. In theory I was here to see both the lionesses equally. Showing a preference for one over the other would only lead to jealousy.

If Limiel noticed the slight, she didn't show it. "Upstairs," she nodded, "Sorry, you just caught me in the middle of preparing dinner."

It was those kind of statements that made me nervous around her. I wasn't naive, I knew what lions ate, but Alisma would have had the tact to not draw my attention to it. With Limiel, I had no way of knowing if this was a thoughtless remark, a teasing reminder of her habits, or even a subtle threat. As always, her voice and face were completely unreadable.

"I'll join you up there once I've got this tidied away," she stated as she returned to the kitchen. I nodded meekly and shuffled past the kitchen door with my eyes averted. The last thing I wanted was to see inside, there was always a slim chance that it might be someone I knew in there and, if so, I was happier remaining ignorant. Halfway up the stairs Limiel called after me from the kitchen, "You want something to drink while I'm down here?"

"Oh, yes please." While she was abrupt and often tactless, it wasn't fair to portray Limiel as completely unwelcoming.

The pair's upper floor was small. There were only three rooms; a bathroom, a guest room I had never been inside, and the cats' bedroom. I knocked at the bedroom door and waited. After a couple of minutes with no response I pushed open the door and peered inside.

The room was dark, drawn curtains blocking out the last of the evening light. I walked in and flicked

on one of the lamps, filling the room with a warm orange glow. The bed was immaculately made, and the floor clear, yet the desk and shelves were a mess of discarded clutter. I could see half empty cups, books stacked in piles, pens and even discarded sex toys on the bedside table. No part of that was unusual, the cats had odd ideas about what could be considered tidy. What caught my attention, however, was that Alisma was nowhere to be seen.

I sat on the bed and started to feel a little nervous, Limiel had told me she would be here. Sure, the most likely explanation was that Alisma was simply downstairs and Limiel had been wrong. But, if that was the case, surely she would have heard Limiel invite me in. She could be out the house, but it seemed unlikely that she hadn't told Limiel. That left the worrying possibility that Limiel had deliberately lied to me. I stood up and headed for the door, but stopped as I heard soft footsteps on the stairs.

I sat back down. If that was Alisma, then she had simply been downstairs and all was well. If it was Limiel, then she was already between me and any way out, in which case I might as well meet her in the bedroom.

This was silly. I had no reason to think anything was wrong. Yes, Limiel was a predator, but so was Alisma and I knew she would never harm me. Limiel was certainly intimidating, but if I didn't actually trust her then I shouldn't have come here.

The door opened and Limiel stood in the entrance, a steaming cup in one hand. "Hi again, rabbit"

I grinned as best I could. "Um... Alisma isn't here?"

"No, she's visiting her family. She left Tuesday and should be back in a few days."

"I thought you said she was up here?"

She nodded. "Like I said, she's been gone since Tuesday, and I've been getting pretty bored on my own. Your arrival is quite a welcome surprise, but you're always so shy around me, I didn't think you'd come in if you knew she was away."

I wasn't sure how to take that. The casualness with which she admitted to lying was a little chilling but, she was right, I probably would have made an excuse if I'd known Alisma wasn't here. It had been made clear since day one that, if our arrangement was to work, I couldn't show any favoritism. I'd tried to keep it from being obvious, but the fact that Limiel knew I would have made an excuse meant things weren't going well. I needed to fix this.

Leaning back on the bed, I gave her a seductive grin. "Well, if you're sure Alisma won't mind being left out, you're more than welcome to come and take me."

“I’m sure. She suggested it before she left.” Without offering it to me, she placed the cups on one of the shelves, then advanced toward me. I felt my fur prick up, and in the back of my mind, an primitive voice started screaming at me to run. Rabbits that stayed put while a predator approached rarely lived for very long, on the other hand, rabbits that ran away didn’t get any lioness sex.

In any case the choice was soon out of my hands. Limiel placed one paw on my shoulder and, a little rougher than was necessary, pinned me to the mattress. To say she was stronger than me, didn’t really describe the difference. If she had wanted to she could have ripped me in half, it wouldn’t even take much effort. Of course, that was the fun of coming here, being powerless in the larger creature’s grip. Knowing that other rabbits had met their end at these paws, and how easily she could do the same to me, sent a chill through my body that I was unable to experience in any other way.

Holding me down she started to lick my face, rough tongue grating through my fur. I had to admit, the same qualities that made Limiel so intimidating, did give her an edge when putting me in my place. She just knew how to stoke the instinctive terror that always lured me back here.

I struggled beneath Limiel’s paws and she tightened her grip in response. Holding me down until she’d finished tasting my fur. She gave me one last lick, then stood back up and in a fluid motion pulled off her shirt. Sitting up, I started to undo the buttons on my own. Pausing only to enjoy the show, as more and more tawny lioness fur was revealed. Although at first she seem to be all one color, her front was just slightly lighter than the fur down her back, which nicely drew attention to her breasts and smooth stomach. The lamp I had turned on was behind her, and as she balanced on one leg to remove her jeans the shadows played across her body.

The last of her clothes removed she bent down and, without asking permission, started helping me out of my own. I had already tossed my shirt and bra to the floor so she tugged my skirt down to my ankles, then playfully leaned in and removed my underpants with her teeth. Pulling back, she slid them over my ankles, then dropped them to the floor. I felt very exposed, naked before the carnivore, but I wasn’t yet as helpless as she wanted.

Turning away, she crossed the room and started going through a cupboard. Watching her from behind I admired her back, lithe but powerful muscles rippled beneath her fur with every movement. Not some lazy housecat, but a predator accustomed to hunting for her food.

Limiel straightened up and came back to me with a handful of silk cords. Eager to get started, I obediently turned and lay on my belly, wrists overlapping behind my back. Kneeling beside me, she looped the rope three times round my wrists before tying it, tightening the knots with her teeth. I’d been the one to show her how to tie them and she’d turned out to be a fast learner. The bonds were just loose enough that they wouldn’t cut into my arms or stop circulation but only just and, no matter how much I wriggled, there was no hope of getting free on my own.

For a moment I didn't feel like a partner restrained on her bed. I felt like prey, trussed up in the lion's den and ready to be eaten. The thought sent tingles down my spine. Both fear and excitement mingling at the thought of what she might be planning to do with me. Deep down, however, I knew I was safe. I'd done this enough to be confident Limiel wouldn't actually hurt me and the fear was little more than an instinctive twinge.

Limiel's fingers ran from my shoulders to buttocks as she stroked my body, claws half retracted so that I could feel them without her actually breaking my skin. Her hands pressed down on me, squishing me into the folds of the bed then, with a twist, she rolled me over onto my back. Despite having my arms tied, I wasn't completely helpless. It was tricky but with a little wriggling, I could still sit up. The moment I tried to, however, Limiel shoved me back down into the folds.

"Oh no, Sik. You're staying down there until I'm satisfied." she crawled onto the bed, her massive form straddling me on either side. All I could do was watch as she maneuvered herself into position. Soon my vision was filled by her descending pelvis. "Gurfh." I protested as her taint pressed into my face.

"What was that Sik?" she teased, "I can't hear you from under there." She wiggled her ass, smooshing herself against my head.

I didn't try to answer her question, I was supposed to be licking not talking. Working my tongue up through her pubic fur, I pressed through into the damp entrance. She shifted position a little to give me easier access and I pushed my way a little deeper. Already she was getting quite damp and I could taste the musty saltiness of her fluids. Eager for more I began to lick at her inner walls, slowly working my way round every fold and crevice as her body started to respond.

A low rumbling filled the room, the large cat was purring. Her hips swayed from side to side, in time with the rising and falling of her purrs and the movement of my tongue. I pressed my lips against her vulva and strained to reach deeper into her. One problem with the difference in our sizes was that it made it difficult for me to be very fulfilling to the lionesses. It wasn't such a problem when Alisma was here, as she could easily reach the parts that I could not. On my own, however, I was going to have difficulty pleasing Limiel.

Her purrs, at least, suggested I was doing a good job. I felt her hands run up the inside of my thigh, brushing my pelvis, and sliding around my hips. I spread my legs, expecting to feel her fingers slip inside me. Instead, she abruptly stood up. I blinked a little as Limiel's butt was removed from my face and looked up expectantly. At least I could breathe easier now.

Limiel went to the cupboards again and returned a moment later with another set of ropes and a small pink dildo. "Up rabbit." she commanded and I struggled as best I could into a sitting position. "Let's see those feet." I lifted my legs and presented my feet to her. Moments later they were bound, nice tight

knots that were comfortable, yet completely inescapable.

I looked at the dildo expectantly. The ones Alisma and Limiel used were too large for me so they tended to keep a couple of rabbit-sized ones as well. This was definitely one of them and after having her butt in my face, I was quite eager for my reward. As it turned out, Limiel hadn't finished tying me yet. Without giving an instruction or warning she rolled me onto my back and tied the ropes on my wrists to the ones round my ankles.

Now I really felt like a captured meal. If I worked my arms beneath my hips I could still sit up, or at least kneel uncomfortably. But I couldn't run, walk or even crawl. It would be a very good way to tie a meal she was saving for later. I didn't have much time to enjoy the new restrictions, however, before Limiel grabbed me by the tail, lifted, and shoved the head end of the dildo into my vagina. She didn't do it gently, and she didn't stop until it was as deep as it would go.

"Limiel!" A mix of outrage and shock at the unexpected intrusion. "That hurt. Warn me before you do something like that." My argument was slightly undermined by the pleased note in my voice. I tried to sit up, momentarily forgetting the ropes and ended up face down in the bedding.

Limiel chuckled and lay down beside me, "You do look good with your butt waving in the air like that." she patted the base of the dildo, sending pleasurable waves down its length. Then, slipping one arm under my chest, she rolled me over to lie on her tummy. "You know what the best part of this is?" she asked.

I gave her a scowl, still not completely having forgiven her for the unexpected dildo. "What?"

"After tonight, I'm won't have to share Alisma with anyone anymore."

I didn't like the sound of that. I didn't like what she had said, and I didn't like how she had said it. "Um ... Why?" it was pretty much the only response I could think of.

"She's never even going to find out what happened to you." She put on an innocent tone. "No Alisma, I haven't even see Sik while you were gone. Maybe she got bored of us and has stopped coming round."

I grinned to hide the twinge of fear. "So the big scary lioness is actually going to eat me up then? And poor me, all tied up and helpless." It wasn't the first time she threatened to eat me during sex, but Alisma had always been nearby, and somehow that had made it less scary.

Limiel showed no expression, gave no hint that she was playing, just nodded. "Yes, I am. I hope you've had fun these last few months, but I've been waiting for a chance to do this for a while." She pinched at my waist, tugging at the flesh beneath my fur in order to test how plump I was. "If you're really lucky, there will even be enough of you leftover to make an anonymous rabbit casserole once Alisma

gets back. She has been a little funny about eating rabbit lately, but as long as she doesn't know who's in it, I'm sure she'll enjoy you."

The thought of being food for the two lionesses was morbidly arousing. The problem was I was only half sure she was joking. "Seashells. I know you're not really going to harm me, but you're still making me a little nervous. Could we slow down?" It cost me some pride, but I wanted to be sure.

"Aww, the little bunny is scared. That's too bad."

"Seashells, Seashells!" If this was just a game then, as soon as it was over, I would need to have a talk with her about the importance of respecting safewords. "Come on. I only want to slow down a little. Five minute break and then we can get back into it?"

She giggled to herself. "You sound frightened rabbit. Do you really think I'm still playing, or are you starting to have some doubts?" She ran her fingers around the base of the dildo, then up the shaft, working them into my already full slit.

Knowing Limiel, the more scared I seemed, the more it would encourage her. I took a deep breath to calm my voice before responding. "I'm not really scared. I trust you." Her fingers working their way around my inner walls was making it difficult to focus on the conversation, "But could you at least loosen the ropes on my wrists a little, they're digging in?" The ropes weren't digging in, but it didn't really matter what I asked for. Actual food didn't get to make requests. Any concession at all, would confirm to me that she wasn't really treating me like a meal and that it was just a game.

"You really think that's what you should be concerned about right now?" She asked sweetly. One hand smoothed the fur along my shoulder, then her claws dug in. It wasn't the first time she'd hurt me, I usually loved feeling the pain she offered, but it was the first time she had used her claws. Whips, clamps and coarse ropes were all designed to be used on a partner in bed. The lioness's teeth and claws were usually reserved for dealing with actual prey.

I gasped as she raked them forwards, leaving deep scratches from my shoulder to my chest. It was amazingly painful. For a moment, I forgot that I was trying to avoid being eaten and just embraced it. Her other hand was still at my groin, fingers slipping in and out as she worked at the dildo. Leaning into her claws, I whimpered in pleasure and pain. For a moment I no longer cared if she ate me once we were finished, I would happily pay that price, as long as she continued to fuck me now.

Then she withdrew her hands and licked her fingers clean. "You taste nice." She informed me. The words brought me back to reality and the full horror of what she was threatening to do. The sex was great, but I really didn't want to die at the end.

"Please Lim." I begged, "I want you to tell me this is only a game. I'm happy to play. I just want to

know that I'm actually safe."

Unfortunately that was seeming less and less like the case. "Sorry food, but if you protest again I'll have to gag you," she warned, "at least until you're ready for the chop."

Her slight emphasis on the word 'chop' sent a wave of shivers down my spine. Limiel's face was, as always, unreadable. As far as I could tell she meant every word, either way it made little difference. If she was serious, I could struggle all I wanted, it wouldn't help. If she was just playing, my actions still wouldn't change anything. Absolved of the power to influence my fate in any way, I decided that I might as well enjoy what might be my last moments. "I ... I understand." I responded "What would you like me to do for you?" At the very least, she was probably serious about gagging me if I continued to protest.

"That's better. I wish all my meals were as cooperative." She ran her fingers across my neck, lifting my chin to force me to stare up at her. "Now why don't we take little a break from sex, and discuss recipes instead? Any thoughts on how would you would like to be prepared?"

Her green eyes were piercing. The cat's reflective retina's seemed to glow in the dim light. I tried to turn away but she was still holding my chin. Surprisingly, the question was actually a relief to hear. I didn't think she usually would play with her food like this, and by asking for my input she gave me a chance to lighten the mood. "I always enjoy being eaten by you and Al." I suggested, "Why don't you serve me up to her on a plate? Tied up and helpless for her to play with."

"No. Firstly, because I've had enough of watching Alisma playing with you. Secondly, if I do serve some of you to her, you'll need to be in small pieces so she doesn't recognize you." she licked her lips, "Roasted would be quite nice. I could eat what I want and save her some choice cuts for when she comes back. Or I could make a soup or stew. I've got a few recipes that I think you'd go well in, and it would remove any chance of her noticing you. Of course, the first thing to do is to take your cute throat out ..."

She guided my head up to her waiting jaws. I struggled as best as the restraints would allow, but even without them I wouldn't have been able to break her grip. "No! Please, Limiel. I'll do anything. Please?" The plastic rod in my pussy wasn't helping. Every move I made sent little waves of pleasure through me, making it extremely hard to focus on escape. Part of me couldn't help but stare at her teeth, gleaming white and ready.

Very softly, she kissed the underside of my chin. "... but that won't happen until I've had every bit of pleasure I can wring out of you." she finished, releasing my head. Shivering with relief, and just a touch of disappointment, I slumped back down on the bed covers. Limiel, however, had no intention on giving me time to recover. Shuffling forwards till her groin was in my face, she offered herself up for another session of licking.

I glared at her. She had lied to me, betrayed my trust in both her and Alisma, and was planning on killing me soon. I saw no reason to spend my final moments working for her pleasure. She, however, soon provided one.

“Now little rabbit, here’s the deal; for the next ten minutes, you get to be in charge. If you can provide me with enough pleasure in that time, I’ll consider letting you live. You’ll have to promise never to come near Alisma or me again, but you’ll get to keep your skin. If I get the impression you trying anything less than your very hardest, or if your best simply isn’t good enough ... you’ll be going in my oven like any other rabbit. Understand?” I nodded meekly. “Well then, as you’re in charge now, what would you like me to do?”

“Could ... could you take the ropes off?” I asked.

“No. I don’t want you making a run for it. You’ll just have to please me with your hands tied.” She glanced at the clock, “And you had better hurry up. It’s almost dinner time.”

“Okay then, just lie on your belly and open your legs.” I instructed. Moments later her butt was presented to me, thighs parted invitingly and her fine golden tail curling upwards. It was a pity that I couldn’t afford to waste time enjoying the view, but if I delayed too long, I would end up being a part of those beautiful curves.

Wriggling my way closer, I pressed my lips to the pink slit and began to lick. Instead of plunging straight in, I started by licking the surrounding area. Smoothing down her tan fur and gathering it to either side of the entrance. A deep purring confirmed that she was enjoying my attentions so far. Giving the outside one last lick, I started to work my way in. Parting her labia with my tongue and running my teeth, very gently, over her clit. With my hands tied behind my back, I had to use the little I had to its full effect.

Limiel’s purrs grew louder as I worked my way deeper in. Paying close attention to each part of her walls before moving on to the next. Keeping my progress slow enough to hold her in suspense but careful not to lose her interest, as I worked her towards a climax. Despite the danger, I was starting to enjoy myself again. Her purring suggested that I would be going free at the end, in which case, I might as well enjoy what would likely be the last time I would ever get to stick my tongue into a lion. Speeding up a little, I soon reached as far as my tongue could get inside her.

“Not bad, Sik, but remember, you are competing with how you’d taste slow-roasted in garlic and rosemary.” Her stomach gave a faint growl, “A splash of oil drizzled over you, and maybe even a little chilli powder, dusted down your back.” There was a wet noise as she licked the drool from her lips.

Any confidence I had died fast. I never usually had difficulty in keeping Limiel’s interest, but I usually

had Alisma to help me, and Alisma's tongue was several times larger than mine and covered in tiny barbs. If I wanted to survive the night I would have to try harder.

Taking a deep breath I shoved my muzzle nose-first into her vagina. The walls were cramped and slimy with her juices and my saliva. I wrinkled my nose at the smell of her musk, but it did allow me to stretch my tongue a little deeper. A few licks later, I had to pull back out, gasping for air. As soon as I had my breath, I pushed in again, making her moan in response.

In and out I worked at her, shoving my mouth and nose through her labia, then pulling out with her lubricant dripping through my fur. Her moaning grew louder, intermingled with snarls and growls. Finally I did it, Limiel's moaning stopped as she threw back her head and let out a full throated roar. The dripping walls around my muzzle contracted as she orgasmed and pressed her thighs into my face.

This was a problem. I tried to pull back out for air, but Limiel wriggled back with me, keeping my nose pressed into her slit. Tied up as I was, it was impossible for me to move backwards faster than she could and already I could feel myself starting to asphyxiate. I tried to call out but could only make weak muffled noises. Limiel sighed happily, enjoying her afterglow and my weakening struggles.

I tried my best to get free, but every failed attempt left me with less oxygen and less strength. Perhaps noticing that my struggles were getting weaker, Limiel let me go and sat up. I gasped in relief, the air tasted cool and sweet after the musk of Limiel's pussy. She stretched and yawned then ran her fingers through my fur. "Thank you, Sik." She purred, "That was very satisfying, I hope you are even half as enjoyable after roasting."

That last comment sent a panicked jolt through me. "Wait! No! You said you'd let me go if I was good."

"Yeah, but check the clock rabbit. You used quite a bit more than the ten minutes I allowed you."

"But ... but ... surely that's a good thing?" I protested, "I held your attention. You didn't even think of checking the clock until just now."

"Mmh, I guess that's true, but it doesn't really matter anyway as I only agreed to consider letting you go." Her voice took on a playful tone "Let's see, either I do let you go, and just have to trust that you will keep your word and never tell Alisma about any of this, not to mention that she might run into you at the shops or something. Or I have a nice rabbit dinner and don't have to worry about any of that, ever. Yep, I think I'm done considering now."

"Fuck you, Lim. This isn't fair and you know it." The big grin that spread across her face as I spoke, told me I should probably have just kept quiet.

“Now that reminds me of another promise I made ... Something about gagging noisy rabbits if they kept protesting.” She got off the bed and started towards the cupboard.

“Please, don’t do this. For Alisma? Think about how she’d feel if I just disappear.” This was probably the last chance I would have to persuade her so I had to make the most of it. There had to be something I could say to change her mind. “Or for me? I came here willingly. I trusted you. Doesn’t any of that mean anything to you?”

She returned with a bright pink ball-gag in hand. “Here Sik. This should keep you quiet.” She pressed it to my lips, but I clamped my mouth shut to keep it out. “You’re going to make this really difficult, aren’t you?” She sighed. An angry “Mmth” was the only response I could give with my mouth closed. “Well then, lets see how that works out for you.” She grinned then pinched my nose closed with two fingers.

I wriggled and tried to turn my head away, but whichever way I turned, I still had Limiel’s fingers on my nose and the hard plastic of the gag against my lips. Soon enough my lungs were burning for air. Briefly, I opened my mouth just a crack, but it was enough for Limiel. She grabbed my jaw by the hinge, squeezing hard and forcing it fully open. My tongue was shoved back by the hard sphere and from the taste of it, Alisma and Limiel had recently been using it as an anal toy.

I gagged and tried to spit it back out, but Limiel was already doing up the clasp behind my head. “There we go. You look so cute like that, all tied up and vulnerable. Soon you’ll be on my plate.”

For the first time, I didn’t react to her teasing. With my ankles and wrists tied together, I was completely at her mercy and now I couldn’t even beg for my life. In retrospect, I probably should have seen this coming. I was a small and defenseless rabbit and she was a hungry carnivore. I was in my proper place at last, just food and nothing more to the more powerful creature. All there was left to do was to wait for the killing bite.

“Now that I think about it, I guess I do owe you something though.” My ears perked up hopefully. “You’ve been a good toy in the past, and were very enjoyable tonight so I guess it would be only fair to give you one last send off before the end.”

My ears sank back down again, but perhaps not as far as they had been. It wasn’t freedom, but one last fuck was more than I had expected from her. I felt her hands on me as she pulled me closer then felt them slide down my hips, slipping between my legs and beginning work on the dildo still crammed in there.

Soon she had me groaning, while I had always felt safe with Alisma, I couldn’t deny that my fear of Limiel was a large part of the attraction, and tonight she was more than terrifying. With one hand she slid the dildo in and out and, lost in a haze of fear and ecstasy, I did nothing but follow her movements,

swaying back and forth to the rhythm she set. Her free hand cupped my breasts, her claws leaving agonizing scratches as she explored lower.

Pulling me closer, she increased the rhythm. My nose filled with her scent as my face was buried in her downy tummy fur. Looking up, I gazed into her face. Her features were blunt and heavy-set, yet somehow still feminine. The hard green eyes stared down at me and she grinned, revealing the sharp points of her fangs.

Shuddering, I looked back down. Hiding my face in her fur, so I could distract myself with the pleasure again, and not have to think about what would come next. She leaned down, and I felt her lips kiss the top of my head. A gentle movement that became suddenly violent when she caught an ear in her jaws and pulled back hard. I whined as her teeth raked over both the outside and the far more sensitive interior of my ear.

Gasping in relief as she let go, I stared up at her again. A trickle of my blood ran down her lips, before being lapped up with a flick of her tongue. The sight was far less worrying than it should have been. By now I had accepted that I was her food. My final minutes would be better spent enjoying that fact than fearing it. There was something satisfying in knowing that even though I was going to die, I would do so serving my lioness, sating her hunger and pleasing her in one last way.

I wondered if she would continue with her threat to feed some of me to Alisma. I kind of hoped so, it would be nice to know that my body would become part of both of them. The only shame was that she would never know that I was a part of her. Limiel was right, she wouldn't eat me willingly, so I would have to be served in some kind of stew or chopped into small anonymous pieces. Whatever Limiel decided, I was sure it would taste delicious, she was a good cook and clearly determined to make something special out of me.

I started moving faster. Working my hips against the dildo as fast as my restraints would allow. Building towards my last orgasm, as I pictured what would happen after. I breathed in the heady smell of the aroused lioness, admiring her lithe and muscular form, soon I would be a part of her. Digested in her belly and turned into fuel for the muscles that lay beneath her sleek fur. The really terrifying thing was how much I had accepted it. Limiel wasn't just going to kill me, she had found a way to make me look forward to it.

As if in response to my thoughts, her stomach gave an eager growl, and her work on the dildo abruptly stopped. "That's it Sik. I hope you had fun, but it's time."

"What? No." I would have protested had I been able to form any words around the wretched gag. "I'm nearly finished. A little longer and you can do anything you like. Eat me, chop me up, whatever, just let me have my one last moment." I struggled to convey the words, but it didn't seem to be working. I tried wriggling my hips, but without Limiel holding the dildo in place it was a lot harder to get much

pleasure from it. I just wanted one last climax before I my execution, was that so much to ask?

Limiel ignored my muffled whimpers. “You looked like you were having fun, and you’ve had as long as I feel I owe you, so lift your chin and lets get this over with.” She pushed my chin up with one finger, exposing my throat.

I fought to get my chin back down “No! Not yet. Give me five more minutes.” Unable to make any coherent sound, I tried to hold up five fingers, but with my hands behind my back even that was no use. “Two minutes, one minute, anything?” I wriggled as best I could to get away from her.

“Come on Sik, you can’t escape so why not face this with some dignity?” She pulled me back by my shoulders. “I’m giving you one last chance to let me do this on your own terms. Show me your neck and I’ll make the bite as quick as possible, or keep struggling and I’ll do it by force.”

I pulled back. Fuck dignity. However arousing the idea of being her food may seem, I didn’t want to die. Whatever slim chance I might still have was worth fighting for. I wriggled my hands back and forth, trying to loosen the ropes enough so I could slip one wrist out. No luck. Why the fuck had I taught her to tie ropes so well?

“Your choice.” She grabbed a fistful of my hair and dragged me towards her. “Goodbye Sik.” She forced my head back as her jaws opened. As her lips closed round my neck she gave the dildo one final twist. It was just enough to send me over the edge.

I screamed in pain, fear and bliss. Spasming in mixed pleasure as I felt her teeth sink through my fur and brush against my neck. Then I went limp. Limiel held the position for a few seconds, then opened her mouth and let me fall to the bed.

“Here, this should help.” A cup was pressed into my paws, and despite the shaking I managed to take it. “Are you okay?”

“I ... I ...” speech was still impossible, so instead I took a sip from the cup. It was lukewarm, and both extremely bitter and sweet. In my attempt to drink some I managed to spill about half the cup on the bed.

“Don’t worry about that, I’m going to have to change the sheets anyway. Just try to drink some and take deep breaths. You’ll be fine in a moment?”

Despite the confidence of her statement, there was a thin note of anxiety that turned it into a question. “I ... I ... ” I took another gulp of the liquid and breathed in. “yes” I managed.

Limiel visibly relaxed. The moment her concern was abated, her tough side was back. “I really had you scared, didn’t I?” she teased.

“Limiel? When ... when you said you didn’t want me with Alisma ... were you just ...” I struggled with the words, still too shaken to speak properly.

“It was just part of the game, I promise. I love watching you two together. There may be times when I get impatient for my turn, but that just makes it better when it comes.” she ran a clawed finger down my back. “There’s no jealousy because I know you’re both mine.”

I finished the last of the drink and stood up. I was still trembling a little, but had it mostly under control. Picking up my clothes I started getting dressed, and winced slightly as the fabric touched the scratches on my shoulder and breasts. Once I was home, I would have to put some antiseptic on those, as well as the teeth marks on my left ear.

Limiel stood up and started getting dressed beside me. “It’s already after hunting hours,” she noted, “I could walk you home, or you could stay here for the night?”

“Thanks.” The risk of walking home after hunting hours was marginal. There were a lot more prey species than predators, so the chances of getting caught were slim. Still, it would be nice to have some company for the walk. “We should probably get going then.”

Limiel looked uncomfortable, and remained silent as we headed out into the streets. By now the sun had set, and the city streets were dark and deserted. “It’s nice to have someone to walk with.” I said.

She shrugged, “I’m just here to make sure you get home.” She didn’t seem to want to talk so we continued to walk in silence and I began to wish Alisma was here instead. Limiel was back to her unreadable self, and I couldn’t tell if she was being deliberately unfriendly, or was simply distracted.

Reaching my house, I walked up the steps to the door, when Limiel called after me. “Sik?” She stared at the pavement, not meeting my eyes, “I know I was rough with you, and well, rougher than usual ... but I didn’t mean to scare you too much. I probably went a bit too far tonight, but I know that you often come mostly to see Alisma, and wanted to give you a reason to come for me as well. In retrospect I guess I didn’t do much to improve that.” I stared at her from the doorway, I’d never seen her like this before. “But, I was hoping that you’d come round tomorrow as well? I promise I’ll be gentler.”

I grinned at her, “I might be up for that. But instead of going gentle, how about you promise to make it as interesting as tonight?”

The unease vanished from her face into a cruel grin. “Rabbit, I’m going to make you regret you said

that.” she taunted.

“I look forward to it. But it’s getting late and you clearly have plans to make, so I’m going to bed now. Goodnight.” I waved and closed the door, getting one last look at the lionesses devious grin and wondering just what I had let myself in for.