

Dry Season

The Veldt baked in the sun, sere and parched in the raging heat of the dry season.

Vela reclined in the shade of a thorny acacia, the only tree in sight for leagues. Gravid with cubs, her belly was tight and distended, her breasts heavy with milk. It was some few weeks before she and the other females would give birth, but the pride's collective pregnancy had slowed them somewhat, making hunting a greater challenge. And there was another seemingly contradictory effect, one which Vela, as the youngest female, had not previously experienced — it made them all crave the pleasure of males. Sometimes the six females, without a *n'doro* male of their own, took their pleasure with each other, and as satisfying as it was, there seemed no substitute for a powerful male with a tireless cock.

But it was all idle desire... hers was a strange pride, with little need for males outside mating season. Those males who successfully impregnated the females were summarily exiled, leaving the pride to its own devices. Most of the time, males bored Vela. All the same, desire remained constant and all but irresistible. She yawned, rolling lazily onto her back, feeling the heaviness of her belly and the tightness of her breasts. Perhaps Yashi and Midora would bring them something to eat...

There was a rustling in the grass behind Vela, along with an intriguing scent.

"Sisters," came a throaty voice. "We come with prey to share."

Vela roused herself, rising to her haunches, tail lashing, looking toward where three figures emerged from the tall grass. To her relief, it was indeed Yashi and Midora, leading a third slowly-trudging individual.

They were *n'doro* females — to a human they would have appeared as upright lionesses, with leonine features, muscular bodies, tufted tails, clawed hands and feet. Like the other females, they were naked in the searing heat, save for various necklaces, bracelets and anklets of carved bone or stone beads. Rather than the dark manes of the males, female *n'doro* had long lustrous hair, usually kept in braids or tight curls. Like Vela, they were clearly pregnant, their breasts thick and heavy, near to overflowing with milk.

Slightly behind them walked another humanoid, but this one was of a different species entirely. Vela frowned. The creature resembled an upright humanoid zebra with hooved feet and a swishing black tail. She had seen zebras, certainly... but she had only heard rumors of the zebra-folk, called *Indube'ido*, or simply *Indube*, by the humans. They normally dwelled in an entirely different region of the veldt lands, and Vela had never seen one before.

This one was as naked as the lionesses — more so in fact, because he wore no decoration at all. Yes, "he," for the creature was equipped with a thick male member, mottled pink and black.

Even flaccid, it seemed to hang half way to the creature's knees. Vela felt a sudden rush of renewed desire at the sight.

Then she saw that Midora led the male by a rope around his neck, and that his hands were bound behind his back. His face was unfamiliar and equine, so its subtleties escaped her, but it was clear that the poor creature was terrified. His dark eyes were wide, his nostrils flared, and at the sight of the pride's other four females lounging in the shade of the acacia, he started with real terror.

The lioness beside Vela stirred, rising to a sitting position. It was Nikomu, the eldest. She wore a polished silver necklace, and her breasts were the largest of the females. She had already started to lactate — Vela had drunk from her a few times to help relieve the pressure, but they were still massively swollen, and seemed as tight-stretched as the elder female's belly.

"You bring us an *indube*?" She seemed shocked. "What is he doing in our territory? Are you proposing we eat him? That is a disgusting suggestion, if true."

Yashi laughed at that. She was small — smaller even than Vela, the youngest — and her belly and breasts seemed ludicrously large for her frame. Her hair was dark brown, almost black, and she wore a gold ring she had gotten from a human trader.

"We know eating the thinking folk is taboo, sister," she said confidently. "We just saw this lone male and his great member and thought that we could use his services, especially with *n'doro* males in such short supply."

Rather than objecting, Nikomu smiled, baring her teeth and probably terrifying the unfortunate zebra-man still further.

"You are not entirely wrong, sister," Nikomu purred. Beside her, the other females, Dira and Eshasha, stirred and rose on all fours, looking predatory and alarmingly like their relatives, the true lions. "Let us see if we can convince this male that he has nothing to fear from us."

The *indube* male took some persuasion. Though the language barrier persisted, Vela succeeded in determining that his name was Chekesho, but little more.

It didn't matter. When the lionesses made their intentions clear, Chekesho seemed relieved and slightly bewildered, but at their touch, he sprang to attention with enthusiasm. His mottled cock was as big as Vela had estimated, and almost as thick around as her wrist. As eldest, Nikomu took it in hand first, stroking gently with her fingers, softly pricking at its rapidly-hardening flesh with her claws, then treating its swollen head with soft lips and tongue. Chekesho snorted at her touch... evidently relieved that the females didn't want to kill him. Not yet, anyway.

Vela watched with growing excitement, letting the eldest have her turn. As she did, she sensed a motion behind her and felt a pair of hands reaching to grasp her breasts.

"She's very good, isn't she, sister?" It was little Yashi, with whom she'd shared several intimate moments over the past few weeks. Vela had to admit that the small female's skill with

manipulating breasts, nipples and cunt was in many ways preferable to the big and sometimes rough males, even though her hunger for cock was increasing every moment she watched Nikomu.

“Yes,” Vela replied softly. “Though nothing is quite as pleasurable as feeling your hands on me.”

She continued to watch, excitement rising from the combination of the sight of Nikomu lavishing attention on the zebra-man’s cock, and the continuing caresses of Yashi’s hands. The little female tweaked Vela’s nipples, and she groaned softly.

Now Nikomu gripped the fat cock, guiding it into her mouth, slowly sliding down its length. Chekesho’s body was rigid and his equine head was thrown back, teeth clenched. His black tail lashed back and forth as Nikomu released his cock and seized his buttocks, pulling him to her, swallowing the thick rod almost effortlessly.

“I’ve seen her do that before,” Yashi whispered in Vela’s ear. “I can’t imagine how she can swallow that entire shaft. Perhaps she can teach me someday.”

Vela turned her head to look at Yashi, then pressed her lips to the other female’s, feeling the bristly softness of Yashi’s tongue upon hers. For several long moments they kissed, then Vela returned her attention to Nikomu.

The elder female now held the big cock in one hand, while with the other she squeezed at one ripe, overflowing breast, rubbing her swollen nipple across the *indube*’s cockhead.

“Who wants to be next?” Nikomu purred, stroking harder. “Midora? You found him... You want him?”

Midora glided sensuously to her feet. She was tall and slender-framed, but her thick belly and richly-filled breasts seemed almost too large and ungainly.

“Wait, sister,” whispered Nikomu. “Let me sweeten him for you.”

With that Nikomu squeezed at her breasts, pressing hard and inducing a spray of white milk from the thick, reddish nipple, spattering the surface of the pink and black cock. Nikomu moaned and released her grip on the zebra-cock, then squeezed both breasts, sending a double spray of hot white onto the fevered, tight flesh.

“Now drink, sister,” Nikomu urged. “Lick him clean.”

Midora grinned and began to lap the dripping milk from the *indube*’s cock.

“You taste so good, sister,” she murmured, and quickly enveloped the thick organ with her lips, sliding it eagerly into her mouth.

Chekesho moaned and snorted, stroking Midora’s head as she went, sliding his cock in and out with increasing rhythm.

“Don’t let him cum yet, sister,” Vela groaned, feeling Yashi’s mouth work its way down her neck and tickle her swelling nipples with delicate touches from her tongue. “We want to share.”

Midora released the zebra-cock, slick with spit, and rubbed it luxuriously across her face.

“Don’t worry, dearest,” she whispered. “I’ll save some for you.”

Dira and Eshasha were creeping closer as well, still on all fours, distended breasts and bellies dragging along the ground, their eyes fixed intently upon the male’s cock.

“Let us have some of that, Midora,” Dira growled. “We’re desperate.”

Vela sighed as Yashi pushed her thighs apart and spread her cunt open, applying her tongue, sending pleasure radiating through her body. For the moment, she was suddenly content to simply watch the three other lionesses attend to the *indube*.

Yashi continued to devour Vela’s cunt, aggressively attacking her clit, sucking, biting gently, then licking more. The throbbing desire she’d been feeling for weeks now rose up inside her, heart hammering. She squeezed at her engorged nipple with one hand, while caressing her own distended belly with the other, feeling a powerful release drawing closer and closer.

Vela groaned. “Lick me, sister... Darling sister...”

Now Nikomu knelt beside Vela as she writhed with pent-up energies and oncoming orgasm.

“She treats you well,” the elder female whispered into Vela’s ear. She took one enormous breast, milk still dribbling from its dark red nipple, in one hand and presented it to her. “Drink, child. Drink from your sister.”

Eagerly, Vela took the proffered nipple in her mouth and sucked, feeling the warm sweetness of the elder female’s milk fill her mouth. Nikomu moaned, and Vela saw that she was stroking herself, lost in sensation, watching the other three lionesses bring the zebra-man closer and closer to completion.

It wasn’t long... He was in Dira’s mouth, with Eshasha and Midora applying their tongues along his thick, mottled shaft. He groaned and whinnied loudly, muttering words in his incomprehensible tongue, and the tightness of his tone made it clear that he was on the very edge.

“Stroke him, Dira,” commanded Eshasha. “You don’t get to take it all in your mouth, sweetheart.”

Dutifully, Dira pulled her lips away and began to slide her fingers up and down the spit-slick shaft aided by the other lionesses’ eager tongues. The creature’s groans increased in volume and depth, finally rising to a high-pitched cry, and...

Vela was shocked, and somewhat disappointed that she wasn’t directly participating, but a spray of Nikomu’s milk across her own face, and the clenching release of orgasm in response to little Yashi’s attentions compensated somewhat. All the same, the zebra-man’s ejaculation was voluminous, shooting its load across Dira’s face, streaking it with hot white splashes. Dutifully, Dira aimed the massive organ at Eshasha, who received her own reward, then Midora, who let

the last jet of semen shoot directly into her mouth, swallowing it with a look of unutterable pleasure.

They all collapsed in the shade of the acacia after that, including Chekesho, who not seemed utterly unconcerned, allowing the naked lionesses to drape themselves off his muscular frame, gazing at him and each other with utter devotion.

“Poor Vela and Yashi didn’t get to share,” Eshasha lamented. “Perhaps we should give him another go as soon as he’s able.”

Vela luxuriated in the warm afterglow, tangled together with Yashi and Nikomu, feeling warmth diffuse through her body.

“Perhaps,” she admitted. “But perhaps we could find another and get into more trouble. Two males with huge cocks and lots of cum...” She sighed. “What do you think?”

A collection of wicked smiles, and Chekesho’s slightly confused gaze replied.

“We can start tomorrow,” Midora purred, stroking the zebra-man’s chest. “Give our new friend some time to recover.”

It seemed like a good plan.

Dawn crept across the plains, illuminating the water hole, where throngs of animals gathered. Lions drank beside giraffes and antelopes, hyaenas lounged lazily alongside crocodiles and other deadly predators. The lure of water in the dry veldt set aside traditional rivalries and relationships.

Most of the water hole’s residents were animals... instinct-driven and wild. Hazun and Goru were exceptions, and a mismatched pair at that. Hazun was an elephantine *n’luvo*, while Goru was a horned *d’obejano*, resembling a humanoid rhinoceros. Both were heavily-built, nearly twice the height of a human, with thick, cylindrical feet and large hands with surprisingly delicate fingers. Neither spent much time with his own kind, preferring the freedom of the veldt, and their friendship was an oddity in more ways than one.

Hazun drank from a snoutful of water, then wiped his face with the back of his hand. His head resembled that of an elephant, with oversized ears, curved tusks and a long, manipulative trunk.

“Not sure how long this place will hold out,” he grunted, sitting on his haunches and considering the animals lounging alongside the muddy water. “Sometimes I wish I was a predator and could feed on these dumb beasts.”

Goru snorted, shaking his horned head and flicking his small ears. “I doubt they taste good, my friend. The grass is sufficient for now. What I’d prefer is a female at this point.”

Hazun inclined his head in agreement. “Independence is all well and good, but it’s lonely, I agree.”

As if their words had summoned them, a number of tawny forms appeared out of the heat haze, resolving into a pack of six *n'doro* females. Hazun frowned, his ears flaring slightly in wary surprise.

“What the hell is this?” he muttered almost involuntarily when he saw that the lionesses were accompanied by a male *indube*. Then he saw that all six of the females were heavily pregnant, with distended bellies and fat, near-overflowing breasts.

“I’m not sure.” Goro rose, looking on the approaching pack with outright fascination. The females and the zebra-man were at best half of the two friends’ height, and a couple were smaller than that. Nevertheless, they approached with confidence bordering on arrogance, and their expressions were predatory, though oddly enough not threatening.

“They don’t seem hostile,” Goro observed. “You speak that damned *n'doro* tongue, don’t you?”

Hazun flapped his ears and uttered a few guttural syllables that at least vaguely replicated a leonine growl.

One of the lion-women stepped forward. It was hard to tell them apart, but she seemed to have some authority, and her breasts were the largest and most distended of the lot. She replied in similar fashion, while the females behind her growled and purred in apparent assent.

Hazun fixed Goro with a surprised stare. “You’re not going to believe this, my friend.”

Keeping a wary eye on the lionesses and the zebra-man, who looked vaguely confused but not especially fearful. “Try me.”

“It seems that they’re all pregnant and still want to fuck, but there are no males of their species around. She’s the eldest. Her name is Nikomu. They want to leap on us, drag us down and fuck us.”

Goro fell silent for a moment. “This isn’t some kind of scheme to get us helpless, then slit our throats with those deadly claws of theirs?”

Hazun inclined his elephantine head. “To the best of my knowledge, eating sentients is taboo. But of course, these females appear to be off on their own, so who knows what bizarre customs they follow.”

Goro glanced at the waterhole. It was equal parts mud and water, and with the current heat it was unlikely to last long.

“I’d say if we’re to die, I’d rather it be at the hands of pretty *n'doro*, rather than slowly of thirst. What are your thoughts?”

“I always said I would try anything once. They want to take us down savagely and fuck us to within an inch of our lives. If I die in the process, or soon thereafter, I’ll at least go happily. I say we give them their chance.”

Goro glanced at the zebra-man. “And the *indube*?”

“He wants to watch. Or get involved if he’s so inclined. You want to fuck him?”

“Like you, I’ll try anything once. Especially if I’m going to die soon, anyway. Tell them I’m willing, and we shall let nature take its course.”

Hazun’s revelation resulted in snarling exultation from the females, whom Nikomu had a difficult time restraining. “She says to follow them. You still willing?”

“Like an antelope in a lion’s cave,” Goro said with a combination of dread and good humor. “If this is goodbye, my friend, it’s been quite an adventure.”

“Indeed,” Hazun replied, moving to follow the lionesses as they loped off across the savannah grass. “Indeed.”

Hazun didn’t expect the lioness’ assault, and as three females threw themselves at him, he experienced a brief sting of fear, along with a sudden lapse of confidence, unsure whether he could fight them off if their intentions were truly murderous.

Their true intentions were made clear pretty quickly as one of them encircled his legs with powerful arms while the other two wrestled him to the ground with ferocious, but recognizably playful snarls. The proximity to their ripe bodies, thickly gravid and heavy with milk, excited Hazun, and he felt himself carried down to the hard-packed earth beneath the overhanging acacia tree. He snorted, trunk waving, ears flapping, and struggled briefly, but that seemed only to stimulate the lionesses further.

He felt himself on his back, with one lioness pinning each arm, while the other slipped between his legs... She was one of the middle females... what was her name? Vela...? Yes... Vela...

It all became irrelevant in Hazun’s mind as the lioness tore away his breechcloth, revealing his thick cock, already half-erect, and encircling it with her clawed fingers.

“Mmmm,” she purred, then spoke in her own tongue, which Hazun understood minimally, though the sensation of her fingers on his steadily hardening organ. “You are...”

Her words vanished into an incomprehensible garble, and Hazun didn’t get to hear exactly *what* he was.

Vela breathed heavily, feeling a heavy throbbing spread from her chest to her belly, then to her cunt as she watched the big creature’s cock grow rigid beneath her caresses.

“Mmmm,” she whispered. “You are so very, very big.”

Yashi and Nikomu watched admiringly, each holding the *n’luvo*’s muscular arms tight against the hard-packed earth. They were huge, of course, in keeping with his massive physique, and Vela doubted whether, for all their strength, either of the other two would have been able to hold him if he wasn’t cooperating.

“He is big, sister,” murmured Yashi. “Too big for me, perhaps.”

“You should find out,” Nikomu replied, licking her lips. “Once Vela is done, of course.”

Vela wasn’t inclined to finish any time soon, given her growing excitement at the sight of Hazun – that was his name, wasn’t it? – Hazun’s thick organ growing thicker and straighter still at her touch. Could she manage it, she wondered?

There was, she thought, only one way to find out. She began to tease at the big shaft with her tongue, gratified as a shudder went through the big creature’s body. She cradled the two huge testicles in her hands, squeezing gently as she tickled the thick grey head with her lips, then slowly began to envelop it.

He was huge, to be sure. She grunted and growled as she fitted the big cockhead into her mouth, her mind growing feverish at the thought of how much cum the beast had locked in his balls, and what she would do with it all when it finally came jetting out...

Hazun grunted and snorted, struggling against the two lionesses. For all her small stature, Yashi was a powerful predator with musculature that belied her tiny body. His thick muscles strained, but she held fast. The elephantine head thrashed back and forth until at last the great flexible trunk whipped around, pressing against her, intrusively pushing into her mouth. It was dry and dusty at first, but she let the big organ slide past her lips and inside her, wetting it with her saliva, choking as it grazed the back of her throat, then slid out and thrust in again, just as she imagined the huge cock slamming into her, or – strangely, even more exciting – as she imagined it pressing into her lover Vela’s swollen cunt.

She held tight, letting the big trunk mouth-fuck her. Beside her, Nikomu had straddled the elephant-man’s thick arm and was pressing her naked cunt lips against it, sliding back and forth, eyes slitted as she purred and growled softly. Her massively engorged breasts bobbed forward and backward, nipples hard and red.

A loud grunt from nearby captured Yashi’s attention, and she glanced over toward where her three sisters had overwhelmed the *d’obejano*, and were giving him similar treatment to Hazun. No, now quite, she realized with a sting of lustful sensation in her cunt. They were playing dangerously, and now she almost wished she’d chosen Goro to slake her desires.

Dira and Eshasha shared the rhino-man’s cock between them – it wasn’t quite as massive as the great thick organ that Vela was now beginning to slide into her mouth, but it was big enough, and it was now slick with their spit, as they lavished attention on each side, occasionally stopping to lap at its engorged, knobby head. For his part, the rhino-man lay rigid, arms at his side, letting the lionesses service him.

Midora was the bravest, for she crouched above Goro’s square-lipped head, legs apart, tail lashing, her thick belly grazing the creature’s snout as she carefully slid his curved, wickedly pointed horn between her swollen pink cunt lips and inside her, rolling forward, then backward, absorbing more with each stroke.

It was dangerous stuff. But Midora was a risk-taker, always first to the kill, always ready to face down the pride's enemies... Fucking the big rhino-man's horn seemed perfectly in keeping with her character, and it made Yashi even more excited.

Nearby she noticed the zebra-man, naked and reclining in the grass, watching intently, his mottled cock thick in his hand as he stroked himself. He seemed poised to join, though content for the moment to wait. Something about his expression and the sheer eagerness with which he manipulated his own shaft added still more heat to her lust.

"Rrrrrr..." The growl began in her distended belly and rose quickly to her throat, muffled slightly by the big trunk that half-choked her. "Rrrrr... mmm..."

Like the older Nikomu, now Yashi slid her cunt along the muscular shaft of the *n'luvo*'s arm. It took only a moment of contact between the creature's burning skin and her distended clit to send her over the edge into orgasm, her entire body clenching, her breasts bobbing up and down as she came.

"Oh..." Nikomu watched her, still humping the elephant-man's arm, squeezing her breasts to induce a stream of hot white milk. "Oh, sister... You're coming, aren't you... Oh, ancestors..."

"Yesssss..." Yashi let the elephant-trunk slip out of her mouth and stroked it across her face as she hissed through clenched teeth. "I'm coming..."

Between the *n'luvo*'s thick thighs, Vela had swallowed half of the big cock – now seeming almost as thick as the creature's thick, muscular arms. Her golden eyes locked onto Yashi's as if they shared a single orgasm, and extended contractions rolled through her body. As she watched, Vela took a deep breath and instantly plunged the heavy shaft into her mouth, filling her utterly, her throat bulging as its length thrust deep into her. Yashi's orgasmic convulsions redoubled at the sight, and of Nikomu, also in the throes of pleasure, milk squirting and dribbling from her deep pink nipples as she squeezed and squeezed...

Vela released a breath and the huge cock slid out of her mouth, spittle trailing. She gasped a deep breath, then quickly and violently slammed the heavy grey cock between her breasts, sliding it up and down over sopping white belly-fur.

"You cum for me, don't you, sister?" she whispered feverishly. "You cum because I'm watching you..."

"Yesssss..." Yashi released her grip on the *n'luvo*'s arm and touched herself, stroking her clit with one hand while brutally squeezing her breast with the other, then grabbing her nipple and pulling hard, reveling in the stinging pain that resulted. Nikomu had always been stimulated by watching Yashi and Vela make love, sometimes stroking herself as they did, sometimes joining in. Now she watched the electric connection between the two lionesses as Yashi brought herself to another orgasm, and Vela gazed on lovingly.

Vela could only manage two-thirds of the elephant-man's enormous cock, but slid it in and out of her mouth with enthusiasm nonetheless as Hazun snorted and writhed and the other two lionesses held him tightly. The burning desire to feel the vast, heavy shaft inside her was all but

irresistible, and she finally released him, immediately clambering onto his massive body, taking the huge cock in hand and rubbing it hard against her clit.

“Are you going to fuck him, sister?” Yashi demanded, stroking her clit and running her other hand along the tightly-stretched flesh of her belly. “Are you going to put that whole cock inside you?”

Vela nodded impatiently, unable to reply, and began to fit the big, swollen cockhead between her sopping cunt lips.

Elsewhere, Midora now sat on the *d’obejano*’s snout, letting him lave her cunt with a thick black tongue. Dira was now astride his hips, while Eshasha crouched behind her, holding the hard cock in her hand and rubbing it against Dira’s cunt lips and the puckered opening of her asshole.

Dira groaned piteously. “Stop tormenting me, sister. Put it in. Put that cock inside me.”

Eshasha chuckled and did not comply, continuing to stroke the big organ against Dira’s increasingly swollen lips, then fingered her asshole, slipping a single finger in teasingly.

The zebra-man, who had up until now been content to lounge on the ground, watching and manipulating himself, was now approaching the four others, mottled cock erect and in hand. Vela idly wondered, even as Hazun’s massive organ began to penetrate her, exactly what the *indube* was going to do.

Sensation overwhelmed her rational thoughts quickly, however, as she felt herself stretched by the huge elephant-cock. She groaned, midway between pleasure and pain, impressed at how much of the big shaft she had already taken into her. She felt it completely fill her cunt and slide deeper toward the very tip of her womb, wondering if her pregnancy might interfere with the big creature’s thrusts.

She needn’t have worried. The shaft sank into her without impediment, and in a moment she was filled utterly. She rose up on her knees, letting him slide out, then dropped down abruptly, impaling herself and sending hot flashes of sensation through her body.

“Look at her,” observed Nikomu, admiringly stroking at Hazun’s trunk and pulling it gently from Yashi’s mouth. “See how she takes it all.”

“I see,” Yashi replied, moving deliberately away and releasing the *n’luvo*’s arm. Hazun stroked at her back and tail, but she slipped down his massive grey body toward where her lover rode the gigantic cock. She positioned herself astride the elephant-man’s belly, facing Vela, stroking her shoulders and gazing lovingly into her eyes.

“Fuck him, sister,” she whispered hotly, darting her tongue across Vela’s face. “Fuck him hard.”

They were close now, their distended bellies and fat, milky breasts pressed together, and Vela, lost in the passions of the moment, threw her arms around Yashi’s neck and kissed her deeply, tongues intermingling, licking at each other’s faces, then slipping together yet again.

Nikomu was behind Yashi, astride Hazun's chest, bent forward, her hands encircling Yashi's breasts and tweaking aggressively at her nipples. Behind her, the elephant-man had raised his head and now slid his trunk between Nikomu's thighs and stroked up and down across her moist cunt lips, eliciting a deep groan of pleasure.

Nikomu's groans and purrs rose to a yowl of surprise and pleasure as the big grey trunk pressed between her lips and thrust inside her, quickly filling her and stroking sensuously at her inner cunt-walls.

"Oh, he is skilled," she whispered urgently in Yashi's ear. "He is fucking me with his trunk. Gods and ancestors..."

Closer to the tree, Midora now sat astride the rhino-man's horn, rubbing herself frantically up and down its length – the pointed horn still represented considerable danger, but the excited lioness didn't seem to care. Chekesho the *indube* had drawn near and now stroked his cock enthusiastically. Its equine proportions were impressive, but his was nevertheless the smallest of the three male organs. That seemed to suit the lioness perfectly well, for as he approached, she seized his cock with an insistent grasp, drawing him toward her and wrapping her lips around it, swallowing the big shaft almost effortlessly.

By this time, Eshasha had finally consented to Dira's increasingly plaintive demands and slid the big rhino cock between her cunt lips and inside her. Dira moaned and cried out, coming instantly, then began to rock forward and back, sliding the big organ in and out while Eshasha teased at her asshole with her thumb, finally pressing inside, triggering another howl of pain and pleasure.

Vela felt the big elephant-cock utterly filling her to overflowing, and the pressure of Yashi's heavy breasts pressing tightly upon hers, combined with the smaller female's fingers toying with her clit. She was close now... Just moments and she would explode...

"Cum, sister," whispered Yashi, body tense and also on edge as behind her Nikomu thrust three fingers into the tight recesses of her cunt, pressing deep as the *n'luvo*'s trunk penetrated the elder female from behind.

It was all Vela needed. The burning, near-unbearable pressure of oncoming orgasm burst forth, shooting through her body again and again, making her buck and convulse upon the fat grey cock. Her lips locked upon Yashi's and her tongue pressed powerfully into the younger lioness' mouth. Yashi came at almost the same moment, her cunt contracting around Nikomu's fingers, eliciting a cry of excitement from the older female, followed quickly by Nikomu's own orgasm, her own cunt walls clenching to grasp the intrusive trunk.

A muffled but extremely loud orgasmic yowl joined the lionesses' chorus as Midora came sloppily across the thick rhino-horn, splashing Goro with her juices. Meanwhile, the zebra-man continued to thrust his shaft into the lioness' mouth, faster and faster. His fingers twisted into her fur, pressing deep then withdrawing and plunging in again, his entire cock disappearing between Midora's eager lips.

She took one final, lingering taste of the *indube*'s prick before falling aside, slipping to the ground to lie on her side, staring contentedly, allowing aftershocks to glide through her body. Undaunted, Chekesho began to stroke his cock across Goro's lips, and after a moment the rhino-man took the entire organ in his mouth, allowing Chekesho to continue thrusting.

Waves of orgasm washed over Vela, and after a few long moments she too slipped to the hard-packed earth, gazing with lustful fascination as little Yashi mounted the elephant-man's still-rigid cock, pressing the fist-sized head between her cunt lips and letting it slip inside. She cried out in a combination of pleasure and pain, letting the shaft sink deeper, as she stroked her breasts and swollen belly, tail lashing, nipples hard and dark.

It went on for some long minutes, after Nikomu disengaged from Hazun's thrusting trunk and joined Vela, allowing the younger lioness to kneel before her, huge belly on the ground as she pressed Nikomu's thighs apart and lapped at her overflowing cunt, eagerly swallowing her copious juices. Vela felt a light touch between her thighs and a moment later she was being trunk-fucked, just as her elder sister had been. The big flexible shaft probed deep, its tip writhing like fingers, and in a moment she was once more sailing toward convulsive climax.

Nikomu's fingers dug into Vela's fur and she felt her head lifted up none too gently, to see the elder female cradling one milk-heavy breast in her hand, squeezing gently at first, then harder, sending a stream of milk jetting out.

"Drink, sister," she commanded, pressing her nipple into Vela's face. "Drink from your elder."

Vela sucked, feeling the warm creaminess of her pride-sister's milk fill her mouth, swallowed greedily, then drank some more. The *n'luvo* trunk now thrust into her like a long, flexible cock, caressing the walls of her cunt rather than straining it as the big creature's organ had, enticing her further along the way toward completion.

Yashi howled and snarled, forcing Hazun's thick organ deeper, as deep as she could manage, then rose up and dropped down, slamming it inside her again. The elephant-man's big hands encircled her ass, pressing her, holding her, then raising her up and bringing her down again, matching her rhythm with merciless strokes, eliciting heated cries of both pleasure and discomfort.

At last, Yashi came, writhing, impaled upon the columnar cock, seizing her breasts and squeezing her nipples, triggering her own flow of milk, dribbling down and sopping her fur. Vela's next series of explosive contractions followed moments later, intense and near-blinding, leaving her lying, weak and twitching, in the sere dry grass. Hazun's trunk slipped out of her, and she lay against Nikomu, still suckling at one breast, savoring the rich taste of her milk. A moment later, little Yashi joined her, taking the other breast and sucking gently.

All the orgy participants now lay or sat idle, the quiet of the veldt washing over them, broken now and then by the chattering cry of a savannah songbird.

"I think," Nikomu said dreamily, cradling the two younger lioness' heads with a soft touch, "we are all quite satisfied..."

Vela looked up and spoke, Nikomu's nipple still between her lips. "What of our males? They must have great reservoirs built up, and we've yet to release them."

Nikommu nodded. "I think you're right, little one. What say we give them some release?"

The three males stood slightly unsteadily after their ecstatic experiences, but still unfulfilled — a situation that the six lionesses were determined to remedy, two per male. Eshasha and Dira serviced Chekesho, Midora and Nikomu toyed playfully with Goro, while Vela and Yashi stood before the upright Hazun, alternately sucking and stroking his impossibly long and thick cock, then stopping for a few moments to kiss and play with each other's nipples and clits.

Vela's mouth was getting familiar with the massive cock now, and it slid slickly inside her with greater ease as Yashi watched through slitted eyes, breathing heavily and stroking herself. She nearly gagged several times as her lips and throat stretched to accommodate the big shaft, and the elephant-man's hands gripped her head with increasing excitement. His tusked head shook, ears flaring and flapping, and he grunted, occasionally uttering a word or two in the *n'doro* tongue. His accent was appalling, but his intent was clear.

"Deeper, little cat... Deeper..." Now he thrust with enthusiasm, pressing further until Vela could feel him pressing deeper into her throat. His hands were rigid, holding her in an iron grip and she could barely catch a hurried breath between strokes, but it was what she wanted, and clearly Yashi adored watching the gigantic cock fill her over and over.

"Mmmm... Sister..." A tight, throaty purr. "Oh, Sister... I want to do that when you're done. I want him all the way down my... Oh... Oh... My throat... I want his cum, Sister. I want to see it all over your face and I want to... Oh... Oh... I want to lick you clean..."

Beside them, Nikomu had taken Goro's organ between her milk-soaked breasts, rubbing it up and down, then drawing back to squeeze and saturate the rhino-man's prick with hot white liquid. Midora then took Goro's cock in both hands and luxuriantly rubbed it across her face, licking up the dripping milk as she did so. Then the younger lioness enveloped the *d'obejano* cock, letting it slip into her mouth. With a glance, Vela saw that the adventurous Midora had completely swallowed him, and eagerly pressed her feline face against the rhino-man's muscular abdomen, hands wrapped around his ass, as if to try to absorb even more of him.

A wild moment of envy crossed Vela's mind, and she released Hazun from her mouth, and seized Yashi by the neck, roughly pushing her toward the *n'luvo*. Hazun saw what she intended, and took his cock in one oversized hand, directing it into the squealing Yashi's mouth.

"You want him in your throat, little sister?" Vela demanded, feeling Yashi submissively melting at her touch, allowing her mouth and throat to fill with thick fleshy cock meat. "Take him. Take him all." She snarled, mercilessly pressing the back of Yashi's head.

"Mmmm..." It was part protest, part excited acquiescence as Yashi accepted her new role, letting Hazun plunge his organ deeply inside her. She choked briefly, then dug her fingers into Goro's armored hide, swallowing him deeper with each powerful thrust.

Eshasha and Dira were treating Chekesho similarly. One swallowed his black and white cock deeply, then breaking off, breathing heavily, allowing her sister to take over, pleasuring the zebra-man continuously without pause. He threw his big, striped head back and lashed his tail, stroking the fur of each lioness in turn as they sucked him, pace increasing as they continued.

Midora continued to swallow Goro's organ, then Nikomu saturated it and her sister's face with more jets of milk before allowing her to continue sucking. Goro groaned, hands pressed tight into Midora's fur, grunting strangled words that Vela didn't comprehend, but which clearly echoed the passion of coming orgasm.

Excitement filled her... Excitement at the thought of the rhino-man's cum soaking Midora's fur, excitement at her control of little Yashi, and of Yashi's clearly passionate reaction to her treatment as she meekly allowed Hazun to fuck her mouth, alternately filling her then withdrawing to pound into her again.

"Cum," she growled, slamming Yashi's head forward and holding it, despite the young lioness' struggles and strangled cries. "Cum for us, you great fucking animal..."

"Cat..." Hazun snorted, head shaking, ears flapping, trunk flapping back and forth. "Make me... Make me..."

He was interrupted by a loud, snorting exclamation from Chekesho. The zebra-man finally succumbed to the attentions of his two lionesses, exploding into Eshasha's mouth, unleashing a flood of hot semen, which burst from her mouth, splattering onto her distended breasts and swollen belly. Eshasha managed to swallow some of his spunk, but the rest dribbled out, caught on Dira's tongue and face.

The other two males were only moments behind the *indube*. Goro pulled his cock free and unleashed jets of thick white fluid across Midora and Nikomu's faces, saturating them with a heavy, seemingly endless load, wetting their fur and splattering their tongues. Vela felt herself on the verge of orgasm as she watched the two kiss and lick away the masses of semen, even as more flooded from Goro's cock.

Vela snarled now, feeling climax gripping at her. "Cum, *n'luvo*. Cum down her throat."

Hazun snorted and trumpeted, and a final thrust buried his cock deep in the tight recesses of Yashi's throat, pumping semen inside her. Then he pulled free, continuing to pump cum into the diminutive lioness' face. Vela quickly moved beside her lover to accept her own share of the elephant-man's copious explosion of semen.

It seemed to go on forever, a massive rain of thick white cum, saturating and obscuring the two lioness' faces, but finally receding to a few final dribbles, after which the elephant-man collapsed to the gassy ground with an earth-shaking thud.

Leaving the males to lie barely conscious, the six females drew together almost instinctively, licking and grooming each other for many long minutes, lapping up masses of cum from faces, breasts and distended bellies until they were all relatively clean and satiated, lounging in the heat of mid-day.

After some interminable period that Vela could only barely recall, Nikomu's sleepy voice penetrated her consciousness.

"I think... I think, sisters, that we have gotten what we sought... Shall we leave these poor males in peace now?"

So it was that the six *n'doro* females drew away from the slumbering males, slipping silently into the grasslands, stalking like the lions they resembled into the sun-baked veldt.

Hazun stirred, dragging himself to a sitting position, his muscles protesting in the thick, hot air. Beside him, Goro and Chekesho were similarly recovering.

"So," Hazun said thickly, "did that really happen, or were we just hallucinating in the heat?"

Goro glanced down at his exhausted prick before searching for his loincloth. "I think it happened, my friend. But I doubt anyone would believe us if we told the story."

A groan and a babble of incomprehensible words issued from the bewildered-looking *indube*, who still sat, gazing around himself in perplexity.

Goro sighed. "What the hell did he just say, anyway?"

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