

Extended Lunch Break

By Jeschke

Commissioned by ecmajor
(Equustra and Rita © ecmajor)

Many long miles away from any major town or city, past cornfields and fenced-off pastures, down obscure roads that were technically “highways” but nobody remembered unless they were reading off of a Google maps printout, there was a funfair. But not just any funfair, it was -the- funfair, the main attraction for miles around. Nobody could remember quite when it was built, but it was a staple of any summertime day out, always bringing in large crowds of families and friends that wanted to spend some time in all the colorful sights and sounds. And even though it was a heckuva drive for everybody but the old farmers that had farms nearby, it still had a sizable turnout each year. On the quietest days, you'd be able to walk in the middle of the path and see the food and toy vendors on both sides, but when the park was at its fullest, either you'd go into the park with the knowledge that you'd be jostled and bumped quite a lot, or you'd be complaining to management. The funfair was simply one of the most popular (and only) attractions in its part of the state. Even on the hottest days, when long exposure to sunlight makes you feel like your skin is burning, there would be crowds everywhere.

It was on one of these uncomfortably warm days that Rita found herself zoning out for moments at a time. Not the best practice for one of the employees, to be sure, but she couldn't help it. She was a hyena, lean but muscular, well-suited for hot weather, but the “leotard thong” or “thong leotard” she had to wear was an additional layer of black spandex from her shoulders to her crotch, nullifying her ability to let off heat almost as much as the stockings that went all the way up her legs. It wasn't as if the outfit was forced on her, either, so she couldn't complain to her boss about it. She was manning the High Striker, that strength-testing staple of any funfair. Hit the lever at the bottom as hard as you can, and hope that it sends the puck up high enough to hit the bell. Besides that, she wasn't simply the attendant for it, in her head, she was the reigning champion of it. She'd picked the tight spandex and stockings for two reasons. One, to casually show off how large her muscles were, and two, to attract testosterone-fueled men over to show off their strength. She'd even prove to them that her, the “weak woman”, could hit the lever and ring the bell herself, before handing the hammer over and, more often than not, watching the “big strong man” embarrass himself. The game wasn't rigged, but it wasn't easy in the slightest, and men desperate to prove themselves would try several times before giving up.

On days like today, though, her outfit did her no favors, and she was openly panting more than once. It didn't help that she was milking the after-lunch crowd as much as she could, which meant skipping her lunch break in favor of the bigger crowds. But now that it was getting close to 2 in the afternoon, the gnawing hunger in her stomach was adding with the heat to produce a sleepy hyena. So, once the latest strong man had given up, she flipped him an apologetic (and slightly condescending) smile, told the next hopeful that it was time for her break, and put up the “Attendant On Break; Please come back soon!” sign. Alright. Time to get some food.

Wandering off and joining the river of people milling about, Rita let out a long sigh. It felt good to be able to move around and cool off a bit instead of standing in the sun for so long. Already she was shifting out of work mode and into browsing mode, letting her eyes wander over any food that she saw. Hot dogs (not desperate enough), pretzels (don't need all that salt), the girl running the pretzel stand (don't need to be fired), cotton candy (not filling whatsoever), a skimpy squirrel in tight jeans (maybe, if she had time to shave off all that dry fuzz), maybe one of those pastries or deep-fried things or. Nothing was really appealing to her or her stomach, which was sensing that “food time” was soon and grumbling loudly underneath her leotard. She gave it a pat, trying to soothe it by thinking about the mythical, mystical Healthy Yet Filling Funfair Food Stand which would supply her with energy and

comfort without bloating and-- wait a tic, hello, what's that?

She only caught a glimpse at first, but quickly regained sight of a pretty little filly in a miniskirt and a halter top sitting on a bench by herself. Or, was she a filly? She looked goat-like, or horse-like, perhaps neither of them? Some odd markings too, she's primarily a light brown, with an even lighter-colored underbelly, dark brown down at the feet and then up in a straight line to the knee where it marks her knee? And her hands were striped in a way that looked reminiscent of an okapi? Rita isn't sure what to think, until she finally stops looking at the girl's body and up at her head, where, in the center of her forehead, there was a blackened, spiral horn sticking out. *A unicorn?*, she wondered to herself. Rita had seen many, many, many different species in her time at the funfair, but this was a new one to her, and she'd thought she'd seen everything the world had to offer up until this point. As Rita's position in the forward-moving people takes her past the bench the unicorn was on, she pushes and elbows her way through patrons until she's squeezed into the flow moving in the opposite direction. She's almost surprised this rare animal wasn't someone else's lunch yet, given how late in the day it is and how eager anybody else would be to brag that they'd shat out a unicorn horn (despite how everyone would call bullshit, seeing as nobody wants to get gored by their meal). Maybe she's only just arrived at the park, or hadn't been to any of the special rides where children and parents get "lost", yet. Rita's looking forward to finding that information out, as well as whatever other delicious tidbits she might have to offer.

The unicorn jumps slightly as Rita slips onto the bench beside her, not prepared to have someone suddenly sitting with her, let alone a strong-looking hyena girl who's smiling like she just received a week off of work with full pay. Rita's body was larger in many ways, from height to muscles, plus while the hyena had breasts, the unicorn seemed to have none at all.

"Greetings." Rita would be purring, if she was a cat. "Saw you sitting all along here, and I thought maybe you could use some company. I'm Rita, and you..?"

While the unicorn had every right to dismiss such sudden and forward behavior and be on her way, she pauses instead. Rita could see up close that her eyes was a strong, solid green color around the pupil, which continued out for a short time before abruptly shifting to a dark purple. Quite unlike anyone's single-colored eyes. Now she was salivating harder.

"Equeustra." the unicorn responds in a soft voice, nearly making Rita have to lean in to hear her amidst the noise of the fair. "And yes, I'm rather alone. Thought I was meeting someone, but, ah..."

"You haven't found them." Rita finishes with a knowing smile. Equeustra nods. "That's rather typical around here, I'm afraid. Especially a day like today. People can get lost so easily and never find each other in these crowds, almost like they've disappeared entirely or been snapped up by some beast." She chuckles, leaning in slightly, further closing the small distance between them. Equeustra didn't seem to be protesting, though the predator in Rita could see the subtle increase in the pace of the unicorn's breathing. Either she's nervous, or she's flustered.

"I....I suppose so. Might as well give up on seeing them, I suppose." Equeustra says with a short nod. She wasn't moving away, and she wasn't putting up much resistance to the hyena making moves on her. Most likely that she's flustered.

"Well, you don't have to give up that easily!" Rita flashes the unicorn a confident grin, slightly exposing the ends of her fangs. "I mean, after all... Oh, I didn't mention, did I? I'm one of the workers here. I know all the quick ways around, and where most people tend to go if they're lost or looking for someone. We could always go find your friend, if you'd like." Smiling broadly, eyes almost glimmering, the hyena rests one of her clawed hands on Equeustra's thigh and squeezes it as if the two weren't nearly completely strangers sitting on a bench in the middle of a busy funfair. "Together, of course. Letting you wander around by yourself would be silly, and you wouldn't want to try any shortcuts by yourself. Lots of...bad things can happen, in those secluded areas." Another squeeze of her thigh, and Equeustra breathes out a soft huff, closing her eyes for a moment longer than a simple blink. "So what do you say then, Equeustra? Sound good to you?"

Equustra hesitates, blinks a few times, glancing away from Rita's wide smile and looking back again. Her tail, tufted at the end, swishes behind the bench.

"I..." the unicorn starts, and Rita's half-afraid she's lost the catch.

"Don't worry, it's not like I'd do anything bad to you. You'll be in good care, I promise." Rita bats her eyelashes a few times. She had no idea if that sort of thing worked or not, but she only needed a slight bit of charm from somewhere, anywhere, and she couldn't keep pushing Equustra to walk away with her without outright taking her by the hand and leading her away. Equustra considers for a few more moments, looking quite unsure, turning over thoughts in her head before taking a breath and putting her hand on Rita's.

"Well, alright," she murmurs. "It's never much fun to be somewhere like this by yourself."

"No, it most certainly isn't." Rita agrees, inwardly giggling wildly, standing up with the unicorn and casually taking her under one arm. Sitting down, Equustra had seemed smaller, frail, but the difference between them was all the more evident as Rita guides them back into the crowd. Standing somewhere slightly above six feet tall and with a strong frame, Rita made a much larger figure than the lithe, thin, five-and-a-half-feet-tall-not-counting-the-horn Equustra. Rita certainly takes advantage of this as they walk through the more crowded areas, possessively keeping Equustra close under-arm to keep them from getting separated or jostled too heavily. Okay, and maybe to show off her prize catch a little bit too. When it came to snacking on patrons, the better predators amongst the lot were always seeing who could eat the most different species, and Equustra could very well secure Rita a top spot. Something as rare as that, it wasn't like anybody else would be able to add "unicorn" to their list for a long time. She shouldn't think too far ahead, though. She'd only taken the first step towards the prize, any misstep would lose her the whole thing. But as they passed by the Dunk Tank, where that fat bastard hippo George was waiting for his turn to get into the tank, she makes doubly and triply sure that George sees the timid unicorn tucked up against her side. And when he does, well. She didn't think his beady little eyes could widen that much. Maybe she should save him a leg so he can taste unicorn for the only time in his life. Maybe she should pick her teeth with a unicorn horn and make him plead to smell her breath to know what it was like. Maybe....Ah, she's almost drooling out of the side of her mouth now. Must stay focused.

As they pass by the High Striker, rather devoid of a line since the attendant had been gone for a while, Rita steers the two of them over. At first, Equustra looks confused, but Rita gives her a grin.

"Sorry, one moment. This is my station. I just need to check and make sure it's alright to take you around." Not that Equustra would know whether or not Rita actually had a boss inside the nearby tent, but she nods, and stands by the tent entrance as Rita pulls the fabric open and steps inside. While Rita is gone, Equustra looks out at all the patrons passing by, families, groups of friends, the occasional worker that gives a short glance to the unique creature standing by herself.. But soon enough, Rita is back with a paper bag with the fair logo on it, the top rolled up. If Equustra asked, she thought, she'd say that it was some extra merchandise they were giving out. Like a "sorry you couldn't find your friend and have the best time of your life" gift. But Equustra didn't ask, she merely gave Rita a meek smile and let the hyena take her under-arm once again. She sure doesn't say much, Rita thought, not that it bothered her very much. Prey was prey, once it's packed away, and Equustra's quiet nature lent itself well to being steered around. Or maybe she was just intimidated. Rita was fine with that too.

They soon take a turn off the main path, into a side passage that goes behind some of the tents and vendors, then another turn that takes the main path out of sight behind them. Then another turn, and around a curve. The noise of the crowds is swiftly muffled and muted as they walk behind the backs of tall tents, making a sort of alleyway. They soon come to a small inlet on the side of the path where the back of three tents awkwardly combined to make a sort of cul de sac with several boxes of supplies strewn about, and Rita slows the two of them down.

"Hmm? What is it?" Equustra says, but Rita just waves her off and takes a seat on one of the boxes, setting the paper bag beside her.

"Oh, nothing. Just want to rest my feet for a few moments. Been on them all day, after all." Equustra nods in understanding, but doesn't seem to want to join her, instead slowly looking around the area and looking a lot more comfortable now that they were in a quieter area. As she feels at the thick fabric of the back of the nearby tents, Rita watches, stretching out some actually-sore muscles and some sore-for-show spots on her body. Maybe cracking a few knuckles, neck too. Equustra's tail flicks slightly, and Rita breathes out a long sigh. Oooh, yes..... Such a slender body she had, but not lacking in meat. Ooh, she could taste those thighs sliding down the back of her tongue already, those striped forearms and hands reaching out between her jaws and trying to hold onto her fangs as each swallow drags her further in, she'd be curled up in the belly so nicely, she might not even make enough of a bulge that Rita has to worry about anyone seeing! She quickly wipes her mouth as Equustra looks back over. Alright, that was it, either she gets started on the meal or her stomach is going to digest itself.

"So.. Feeling any better?" Equustra asks, wandering back towards Rita. "Probably shouldn't wait around too long if you have to get back to work, right..?" She looked kind of nervous asking the question, but at the same time, it'd already been a minute or so of sitting around, and Rita didn't seem the type to be all that bothered by physical activity.

"Oh nah, it's fine, hun." Rita says with a smile. "And really, you shouldn't be on your feet so much too. Here, c'mon, get a seat!" Taking the unicorn's hand, she gives a quick tug, and just as she expects, Equustra gasps and stumbles forward, letting the hyena spin her around smoothly and plop her butt down right in front of her! Her arms around the smaller unicorn's slender waist, hugging the unicorn back to her chest, Rita innocently rests her head beside Equustra's and nuzzles at her cheek as the sudden intimacy and closeness (and having someone much bigger than her nearly spooning her whole body from behind (and almost pressing cleavage into the back of her head)) made the unicorn's cheeks noticeably red, even through the fur.

"O-oh, I, I.." Equustra starts, but Rita doesn't let her continue for another moment.

"Shhhh. Just relax. Unless this is uncomfortable?" Even if it had been uncomfortable, Rita wouldn't have stopped there, but at least this let her have more fun with her catch. Who, despite shifting in place and breathing quite rapidly, couldn't find the voice to say anything more. She certainly had the voice to gasp gently when Rita noses at her neck, though, as well as let out a quiet groan as the hyena's tongue presses into her neck in a firm lick. She was pretty obviously quiet and nervous about vocalizing, as Rita expected from her demeanor in general. But she'd change that soon enough.

"There, that isn't so bad, hmm?" the hyena rrrrls under her breath, Equustra's lack of voice and growing breathlessness saying enough. "You don't mind this one bit, do you? In fact, I might think you liked it.." A coy giggle. She didn't need Equustra to shudder and nod to know that she was enjoying it. "Mmm... Lean back for a moment, would you?"

As Equustra leans her head back, Rita moves in on the exposed neck, her jaws spreading as she bites around the entire side of it. Not with the intent of seizing and ripping, but instead to gently dig her teeth in, taste her prey, and to suckle, ever so warmly. *Now* Equustra was finding her voice again, and letting out a low, pleased moan. And another – and louder – as Rita bites in again and squeezes her in a tight, possessive snug. The unicorn could probably get crushed if Rita hugged her too hard, but the hyena lets off after a few moments, as well as releasing Equustra's neck and licking at the spots her teeth left indentations.

"Alright, now." Rita's voice had more command to it, and Equustra listened intently. "Got something to ask you. Would you so kindly..." Rita's nose scrapes the inside of Equustra's ear as she breathes the next few words inside. "Lean over one of these boxes and lift that perky butt of yours nice and high, so I don't have to lift your legs up to fuck you?" Equustra shuddered and bit her lip, and while she had every opportunity to make a break for it as Rita released her, the unicorn seemed as turned on about the situation as Rita was about what would come after.

It was almost funny, really, a timid, unassuming-looking unicorn like her, she hardly seemed the type to be overly sexual. Maybe she was just enamored with the situation, maybe she had been

crushing on Rita and her dominant nature, maybe she just had nothing better to do at the time. In all likelihood, it was all three, and the otherwise-innocent unicorn was bashfully leaning herself over a box, her lack of breasts letting her upper body get nice and low so her rear would get nice and high. She didn't know much about making herself look appealing, that much was certain from how she wasn't doing anything else but leaning over and exposing her rump, but Rita loved the view all the same. Once she's gotten the unicorn's skirt up and her panties down too, the view was all the better, and if Equustra had any concerns about her underwear getting dirty from the ground, she didn't say anything.

Rita's hands found Equustra's pert rumpcheeks, hardly needing to spread them to find swollen nether lips and a tightly-puckered asshole hidden between. Down the hyena's head went, and her tongue stroked up the both of them in one long, lazy lick, prompting a weak moan from above. Another lick, and there was the taste of a unicorn's juices added to the savory taste Rita got when her tongue traveled beyond nethers and asshole and up to Equustra's tail. Oh, to heck with it, really, Rita openly bit over part of one of Equustra's asscheeks, and got a half-frightened, half-excited squeak from the unicorn for it. Standing back up, and leaning over Equustra, Rita strokes down between the unicorn's legs, getting her fingers wet as she huffs and rrrrrrrrls in the unicorn's ear.

"You just stay there for a moment." were Rita's next words, and Equustra nodded before Rita slipped away, leaving her standing there, rump up, body down, skirt up, panties down, privates exposed to the world. Or at least, to anybody that might walk by. It was quiet enough that she could hear Rita snap a picture with her phone, one of the three items she'd brought with her in the paper bag, but Equustra couldn't quite place the other noises. Something shuffling, a belt being done up? And a slight squirting.. Oh dear.

Rita, after wiping lube off of her hand, walked back up behind Equustra, put both hands on her back (one still sticky), and pressed a long, silicone strap-on up against Equustra's privates, rubbing with more than just her fingers this time. Smooth, lubricated grinds had the unicorn panting in short time, while Rita watched with glee as the unicorn's face showed off a wide variety of emotions all based around the "oh god, oh yes" motif. Time for another picture. Rita takes the base of Equustra's horn in hand, and uses it to lift the unicorn's head up slightly while she brings a camera down alongside. Equustra looked kind of nervous to be staring into the dark lens of a camera phone from the side as it clicks, but as Rita brings her hips up, lines up the strap-on, and *rams* it deep into the unicorn's asshole, Equustra is moaning out again, almost braying, loudly and right in front of the camera. At least the phone is set down in the next few moments, since Rita wants to hold onto Equustra's shoulder with one hand and have the other free, she only needed a few pictures to show off her catch later.

The heavily-lubed strap-on makes Rita's thrusts smooth and seamless, short pumping motions that grind the head of her silicone shaft against the farthest parts of Equustra's bowels as it could. She wasn't pulling out all the way before each thrust, mostly concerned with loosening the unicorn up. Not that she expected Equustra to ever have tried anal before, or to even be expecting it, so Rita was giving her time to adjust. Equustra, on the other hand, was alternating between startled gasps and thick gargled groans, very unused to the sensations she was feeling, but deriving pleasure all the same, and it only felt better the longer Rita was stimulating her. Once the Rita felt that the unicorn was ready, she pulls her hips back an extra few inches, and thrusts her shaft in as far as she can go again, giving Equustra a fraction of the power she had available, but still making her cry out. And again, out she goes, in she goes, Equustra tensing up with a sharp squeaked-out moan. Rita only builds the pace of her thrusts from there, smoothly and firmly hammering the length of the strap-on inside Equustra's bowels with increasing strength and speed. The steady in-out liquidy, squishing, squelching noises of lube and flesh and sex were only superseded by Equustra's delighted gasps and moans, and the occasional growl of pleasure from Rita (or her stomach). Only downside to the whole act was that Rita didn't have a double-ended strap-on of some kind, and she wasn't being directly stimulated. Equustra enjoying herself was all she really needed at the moment, though. She'd get off a little later, and besides, giving Equustra's rump a sharp smack both felt good internally, and it was just plain fun to do.

With the growing pace of sex and the rising pitch of Equustra's moans, Rita gave a glance to her phone. Maybe she should record a unicorn's last orgasm? She had no idea if unicorns were an endangered species or if they secluded themselves, or what. So.... Enh, fuckit, really, she'd probably want a video later to look back on. So, grabbing her phone again, Rita slows her thrusts slightly so that she doesn't finish Equustra off too soon, switches the camera's lens to the one above the phone screen, and puts it in front of the both of them, down on top of the box so that her thrusting wouldn't jostle it. Equustra didn't notice, her eyes were shut and her mouth was open in continuous moans. It made a nice framing for the video, there was Equustra on the bottom, moaning out, the back of her skirt on her back while her tail is lifted high at the base, and there's Rita behind her, leaning over to hold the phone in its place, clad in her spandex leotard, with the bottom of her head at the top of the frame, juuuuust enough of her head in the shot so that a malicious, excited smile made almost entirely of fangs (and partially of her gums) was visible. Yeah. She was right to record this, she was going to savor it. She did need to finish it off right, though.

Leaning in a little farther, Rita goes right back to the hard, fast fucking she'd been giving Equustra, this time giving her enough force that the box thumped each time their hips made contact. The unicorn below her had been already close enough to orgasm just moments ago, but this was really pushing it, and Rita could tell it wouldn't be much longer. Leaning down and directly spooning Equustra's back, Rita gives a smile to the camera before biting down on the side of Equustra's neck and humphumphumphumphumphumphump-- Equustra doesn't last more than a few seconds of that treatment, and with a loud, almost-pained cry, juices spurt out of her vagina, which at this point was nearly completely unmarred as opposed to her poor humped asshole. Rita gives a few more slow, lazy thrusts as Equustra's innards try to clench down on the silicone shaft, and finally pushes it in as far as she can with all her hyaenidae strength before reaching behind her back and unhooking the latch that kept the strap-on hooked to her. Now it belonged to Equustra, partially anyway, as Rita pulls back and lets the unicorn slump to her knees, the shaft of the strap-on is nearly completely stuck inside her asshole, the leather straps strewn along the ground. A fuck well-had, if Equustra's quiet half-moaned panting says anything. Now she just had to get some climax, herself.

Equustra's exhausted reverie is gently interrupted as Rita turns her around and pulls her legs down so she's less slumping against the box of supplies and more laying out across the ground. She stares blearily up at the bright sky above, which very quickly becomes dark as Rita's ass and thighs block her view. She could smell hyena sweat, both from all the exertion that'd just happened, and the hot day that she'd nearly forgotten with how much cooler it was in the shade. As it is, Rita siiiighs as she rests on her knees, nearly straddling Equustra's face, and rrrrrls as she sits back, pressing her crotch down against the end of Equustra's long muzzle. The smell of hyena sweat and arousal overwhelms Equustra in moments as she simultaneously noses and kisses the salty-tasting, thin bit of spandex that wrapped around Rita's crotch. And while she would have imagined Rita would have underwear on underneath that, as Rita slides the spandex to the side, Equustra finds out that she very definitely doesn't. Thankfully, Rita doesn't have to tell her to lick, she starts doing that all on her own, and the hyena bites her lip and shuffles down the top of her leotard so she can idly tease her breasts, thighs squeezing around Equustra's head and muzzle, wet vaginal lips only growing wetter from the weakened unicorn's licking. Given how tired Equustra was, she wasn't exactly bringing Rita to climax, but she still helped enough that after a minute or two, Rita is able to release her own fluids, all over the front of Equustra's face.

As Rita relaxes, only further resting her sweaty, liquid-dribbling crotch on Equustra's lips, there's the sound of footsteps and something being rolled. Around the corner comes strolling one of the janitors, a tabby cat, wheeling his cart. There's a trash bin in the cart, and also the sounds of movement from inside it, loud thumps of thin plastic being hit, and other trash bags being shuffled around. Equustra mumbles something from between Rita's legs as the two fair workers see each other, one of them doing up the top of their leotard rather quickly. After a brief moment, the cat does an exaggerated

“aw, dang” snap of his fingers, and blows a kiss to Rita as he wheels the cart further down. She's got too much afterglow happiness in her to bother flipping him off. Damn hornboys and their ability to wander freely. At least they were replaceable enough that she didn't have to worry too much about them creeping on her or anything.

At any rate, Equustra's given up trying to budge the hyena bits on her face and is starting to make out with them before Rita remembers that it'd be polite to get off of her now that her juices have stopped flowing. Equustra gives her a smile that is nothing but pure, intense happiness, and Rita breathes out a long sigh before flashing her a grin. The two of them relax together, both sexually satisfied and content, though Equustra came off the worse of the two, it'll probably be an hour before she can walk by herself. She at least has more than enough strength to stroke at Rita's thigh, which makes the hyena chuckle. Reaching down, Rita lets her hand trail along Equustra's long cheek, up the side of her head as the unicorn closes her eyes and sighs.. And then, Rita takes the crown of Equustra's skull in one hand, grasping it firmly with her thumb right beside the base of the horn. Then, she grabs the very bottom of Equustra's horn. Equustra, who'd been vaguely confused at first, now looked horrified as Rita flexed and strained and the feeling of everything around her being intensely *wrong* shot through the unicorn, right before her horn is snapped off at the very bottom.

Equustra might have screamed from a part of her being forcibly, cleanly, and quickly severed from her head, even though Rita had been careful (and kind) enough to remove it without tearing it out of her instead. She might have screamed as Rita's jaws opened wide and sticky drool, finally released from the hungry mouth it was pooling in, dropped down on her face as lips and teeth and gums with frothed saliva frame the inside of the maw with tongue and the inside of cheeks and a ridged palette that all lead back to a small hole that leads inwards.. But she only had enough time to draw in a long gasp of terror before she was screaming into the back of Rita's mouth. Not like anyone would have heard her from here, but at least this had a little bonus for Rita: a powerful throat massage. Tasting her own arousal on the back of her tongue from Equustra's snout wildly pressing back and forth, Rita turns the unicorn on the ground so that she's laid out in front of the hyena, belly-up and horn-less crown of her head pushing up against Rita's tongue. Wouldn't want to have to snap her knees on the way down or something, plus she couldn't do anything but squirm in place. From there, all she had to do was suckle around Equustra's head like it was a giant lollipop, partially drawing in her neck, as well as gathering those flicking ears into her mouth, before giving a heaving, rolling gulp.

If Equustra had been struggling with all her (orgasm-exhausted) might before, now the adrenaline was kicking in as she learned how powerful Rita's throat muscles were, able to pull her into hyena throat up to her chest in one gulp. Humming softly (and drooling from the rich taste of unicorn, lightly salted with sweat), Rita firmly digs a claw into Equustra's top and rips it straight down the middle, pulling it off of the now-thrashing, still-screaming unicorn. Another gulp, the back of Equustra's hooves digging shallow lines in the dirt, and Rita stops at the unicorn's waist to get rid of her skirt as well. Interestingly enough, she finally finds out what sort of breasts Equustra had, or at least, mammary teats? Two of them, right down by the unicorn's crotch. Well, not like anybody else would find out about those after this. They were another thing she'd be describing to other people, like how Equustra tasted.

To her credit, at least Equustra had gotten the hyena to forget to strip her down before eating. Other than that, her squirming was doing an excellent job of making Rita's throat bulge out and her chest swell as the hyena's ribcage expands to allow the giant meal inside. Closing her eyes and groaning just like she had while she was riding Equustra's face, Rita tosses her head back several times and swallows sharply with each toss, snapping up the unicorn's slender waist and delicious rump, crotch all the tastier with the juices staining it. She pauses as she feels leather straps bumping up against her chin and swinging in the air....whoops, forgot to get the strap-on out. Well. At least she'd paid good money for indigestible silicon. She wouldn't have brought Equustra up just to fetch it even if it would have melted, really. Digging her tongue in between the unicorn's pinned-together thighs and

tucking it around her crotch, Rita lazily swallows, the casualness of the gesture completely underlying the power of the muscles that at this point were forcing Equustra's head and shoulders to fit into a stomach that wasn't as big as her head to start with and was only stretching because the throat forced it to accept that much mass.

Before Rita finishes off the unicorn's legs, though, she spies her phone sitting on the box she'd leant Equustra over. Oh, right. Probably should.. Yeah. She leans over to grab it, unicorn hooves clattering against wooden box as they kick and twitch, and faces the camera towards herself, holding her phone nice and far away so there's a good shot of Equustra's legs (from the ankle down) and her tufted tail waving about in the air, before she purses her lips around the three of them and neatly suckleslurpglps everything down at once. The rest of Equustra's body is gone from the outside world in a flash, leaving only bulges on Rita's front that all surge downwards over the course of two gulps and collect inside her gut. With that, Equustra is completely sealed in her hyena "friend", trapped inside squishy, body-hugging stomach walls that are surrounded by other squishy organs, but mainly packed, firm muscle. Rita's leotard now has a noticeable outward swell at the gut level, with one or two unnatural bulges made by Equustra's shoulder and leg. If it weren't for those, she'd just look rather chubby, like she'd gained 60 pounds over the last few minutes, while having eaten something more like 100.

Equustra, understandably, is pretty upset to be trapped inside confining fleshy walls and forced nearly in a ball, breathing in the stagnant fumes of digested food as a puddle of hot acids at the bottom, which had been accumulating ever since Rita first laid eyes on the unicorn, effectively melted away any fur it touched and burned at the skin underneath. Most of the stomach around her only slightly stretched from her frantic, spastic squirms, while the spot with the least muscle over top of it was the skin stretched over top of the overfilled gut. In other words, whatever part of Equustra was pressing at that side, that's what made the unnatural bulges on Rita's otherwise-chubby gut. The hyena could – and did – watch her gut to see what Equustra was doing, as well as rub slowly over the belly as bulges rose and diminished. Ah yes, as to be expected, she's feeling all around, trying to stretch the stomach around her, and there's the handprints that push directly outwards and drag their way down. Bit of twisting movement inside and stomach-bouncing, visible bulge of Equustra's head or shoulders making their way from one side of the gut to the other as she blindly feels around for an exit or an escape or anything. Rita would have been reflecting on how awful it was for someone to be digested alive, but she was so used to the act, there wasn't anything left in her but satisfaction – from meal and sex – and a predatory smugness. She was the one staying with Equustra in her last moments, taking her life away and watching/feeling her slowly descend into panicked, instinctual spasms of movement right underneath her own skin. Even the pitiful, muffled pleas and the hands reaching out for help just made Rita groan in pleasure. If she hadn't gotten off already, she'd be playing with herself right now, but she didn't have much of a need.

There's one, two sharp twitches from inside Rita's gut – not a coordinated squirming in the least – and Equustra's movements cease. Rita keeps petting over her swelled stomach, but she knew what that meant. At least Equustra found her place in the natural order, or something like that. Unicorn is sort gazelle....ish. Regardless, at this point she's got other things on her mind than the unicorn packed inside of her stomach and helpless against the onslaught of acids being produced to melt down such a big meal. Like for one, taking Equustra's horn and putting it in the paper bag she'd brought her strap-on and lube in. Or, actually, on second thought. She takes it out again, then inserts it right between her breasts, pushing it down until it was hidden by cleavage and leotard. Gonna keep that memento safe for now, plus it could poke a hole in the bag. But her phone goes right into the bag, and Equustra's clothes (sans the panties) were further torn, separated into strips and squares of fabric via use of claws, and simply rolled up. Panties, those went in the bag, another memento, they'd carry Equustra's scent, as well as the smell of her arousal. Ah, poor thing. Rita pets over her stomach as it burbles quietly, and Equustra's unconscious, oxygen-starved body twitches inside. As Rita starts walking back down the path to the

funfair proper, she pushes and kneads at her stomach in places, helping compress the unicorn's body, but moreso trying to turn and twist it so there weren't any noticeable protrusions. By the time she's back by the other patrons, stepping out of the shaded side-path she'd been on, Equustra's body is half-broken down and half-worked into place. Rita looked overfed, for sure, but there was nothing suspicious about her belly at all. Nice and covert, and still weakly twitching.

The walk back to the High Striker booth is shorter than Rita remembers it, and, after dropping her things back off, she returns to her station, finally removing the "Attendant On Break" sign and opening for patrons once more. Unless one of the other attendants noticed her sudden increase in weight, there was nobody that would think there was anything out of the ordinary with Rita's belly. Heck, she might get some guys coming over that would swoon right the fuck over for a lady that's both muscled and has some weight on her. If she wasn't the type to exercise off the fat she gained, she could probably pull off that look well. But she liked being nimble and quick on her feet. Sometimes a chase was fun. Or being able to really mount and fuck the living daylights out of some tasty, gasping lady, or pounce a guy as he starts backing away from her, realizing what that grin, heavy with fangs, was implying. Or the rare times where she can nab someone that got away from one of the fatter, slower attendants. Not that food had more than a .01% chance of getting away from those lardtubs once they were nabbed, but still, snapping up someone else's meal right in front of them was always too much fun. And completely justifiable too, since a patron who got away could be a nasty problem.

Idle thoughts like those ran through Rita's head over the next few hours as she ran her game, any fun ideas usually making her grin, and stroke at her stomach for a moment. The twitching inside her gut, unnoticeable from the outside, swiftly faded away as Equustra's body was broken down, and the swell to Rita's gut dwindles in size over time, but for the rest of her shift, Rita is alert, unfazed by the weather, happily manning her station, and utterly pleased by how her lunch break went.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*

Later...

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Rita masked a yawn with her hand, more so that nobody would be intimidated by the lazy gape of a hyena that could eat people alive than anything else. The crickets were already singing off in the distance, and the evening sun was drifting low in the sky, but the funfair was still going strong. They usually went until 10 in the evening, at which point any last patrons were shooed out and the doors were locked....and any stragglers or hideaways at that point were free range for anybody that cared to stay up later and search for them. Rita was never much one for that, though, and besides that, the heat of the day still lent itself to exhaustion on her end. She was pretty ready to get a shower and relax with friends and rivals alike. Still, there was still slightly more than an hour left on the clock, and at this point, the High Striker booth now had flashing lights that illuminated how far up the pole somebody got. Bit of an eye-catcher, there, so she always had someone walking up to try it out, and the rule she knew was that you couldn't close down early unless you had a very good reason, or you weren't pulling in any patrons.

Despite patrons regularly wanting to try the High Striker out, though, a growing weight in the pit of Rita's guts made her put up her "Employee On Break" sign and excuse herself rather suddenly. Someone's going to be trying to make their re-entrance into the world in a few minutes. Luckily, the crowds were heavily thinned at this point – not by being eaten, but by the late hour cuing most to head

out after their long day of fun – and the High Striker booth was in a great location for any of the rides: close to the main path, and not too far from the bathrooms. Rita wasn't in too much of a hurry on her way over, then, but she didn't saunter over to the bathrooms either. She walks straight inside, past the sinks, past the first few stalls and into one of the last ones. Not that it was marked, or needed to be marked for patrons, but the funfair having the staff it did, they had some heavy-duty toilets installed near the back where patrons would only go if the stalls in front were taken. Those were the good toilets, and the great part about them was that they only had one difference to the casual observer: a much, much larger drain. Of course, some attendants still used the regular ones anyway, and the janitors couldn't complain about a toilet stacked up high with shit since they were very replaceable in their position, but Rita wasn't that much of a douche to the janitors.

It takes a few seconds to get the shoulder straps of her leotard down and slide it down to the floor, at which point the only thing Rita can really say she's wearing are the thin stockings going up her legs. She plops down on the toilet in short order, and, after taking a few moments, her body realizes that it's all clear to start emptying out her bowels. Rita isn't much one to have trouble dropping a load off, but still, she's wincing one or twice as she starts dropping thick logs into the water below. Must be a piece of bone rubbing places, or maybe it's Equustra's hooves? Those should be digestible, but still, never know with a unicorn. At the same time, other bones, broken apart from their journey through Rita's body or somehow still whole, were getting dropped in the toilet too, so she really can't say. At least besides that slight discomfort, the rest of it is easy, the logs she's dropping are either mostly shit (and therefore densely packed and rounded), or made up partially/completely of bone (which, even then, shit would have clung to them and smoothed them out too). Eventually, Rita has to bear down and actually work to push out the slimy, brown-stained skull of what was once a living, breathing unicorn, after which the uncomfortable feeling inside her slides out of her asshole too, dropping and.....clattering against the side?

After a few seconds to make sure nothing more was coming out, Rita takes a generous handful of toilet paper and wipes herself off, standing up and affixing her leotard again while she looks into the toilet. There's a shit pile that's filled the majority of the bowl, even risen above the water a bit, a few bones sticking out of it here and there, plus the skull with a nubby, severed protrusion up top that used to extend into a horn.. Oh wait, there's the culprit, sitting against the side. She'd forgotten about the strap-on that'd gone down with Equustra. It was very notably lacking the leather straps and harness at this point, leaving just the shaft, but still, she'd gone with indigestible silicone when she bought it for a reason. Using toilet paper like a glove, she carefully reaches down into the toilet, wrinkling up her nose at the smell while quickly grabbing the strap-on and pulling it out. After a quick wipe-down with toilet paper, it was....sort of clean. Nothing major still sticking on it. And after throwing the used toilet paper atop the pile of droppings in the toilet, Rita grabs the handle up above the bowl. Pulling it down starts the flushing process, which can barely handle what's currently in the bowl, but holding the handle down kicks the toilet into overdrive. With a thick sucking noise, the post-Equustra mess of bones and hyena shit drains down, more water flooding the bowl to help it along while Rita keeps the handle held down. After a few moments, the bowl is almost empty again, and Rita smiles at the unicorn skull staring up from the bottom of the toilet bowl as it, and the rest of her post-meal droppings, slide down and out of sight, on their way to whatever septic tank or sewage system the fair had.

Now there was just one problem left for Rita, she didn't want to carry a dirty strap-on around. Though, sure, after making sure the coast is clear she very quickly brings it to the sink and washes it (and her hands) clean. But still, can't exactly hide it with her hands, and the space between her breasts was still occupied with unicorn horn. So....hum. Hearing someone else entering the bathroom, she retreats to an unoccupied stall to consider her options. Not a whole lot of empty space on her body, unless she swallowed it again, or... Well. Actually, she *did* just take a massive dump which included that thing. Wasn't like she was too tightly puckered that she couldn't just stick it up in there. Her mind made up quickly enough, Rita puts one foot up on the stall, holds the bottom of her leotard to one side,

and presses the tip of it up against her asshole. Ugh, she's tender down there after passing all that, but regardless. She takes a deep breath, and pushes the strap-on in, her bowels reluctantly accepting the foreign object. She doesn't want to stop and risk it getting pushed backwards either, so she grits her teeth, puts several fingers against the base of it, and grunts as she shoves it nearly completely into her asshole. Which, normally, that'd be deep enough for her. But as it is, she needed to make sure it wouldn't poke out during her shift or something. So, growling softly (and grunting much less softly), she keeps pushing on it, pushing her own fingers up to the last knuckles in her bowels. Okay, yeah. That's deep enough. She sighs, gets her leotard back in place, and steps back out of the stall, the silicone toy inside her making her feel sore, and oddly bloated.

Stopping by the sink to wash her hands, the woman who'd entered the bathrooms after her finishes her business as well, and strolls on out to the sinks to clean up like Rita was doing. It's a thin, petite-looking black-furred mouse in a short skirt and a low-cut top. Decent rack on her, too, even for someone slightly under Rita's size. And she's got several jingling silver ring-shaped earrings, even some golden bands around her light-pink tail. The mouse nods to Rita as she lathers her hands up with soap.

"Must've been a heck of a dump, huh? You sounded like you were having trouble~." the mouse lady squeakgiggles, flashing Rita a wry grin with prominent buckteeth.

"Hm. You have no idea, really." Rita returns the smile. Really, she'd kind of been....reverse-dumping. But still. If she hadn't already flushed Equustra down, could have shown this lady.

"Well, nothing wrong with getting it out of your system! Though, I can't say I eat too heavily, so I don't really have much trouble.." The mouse looks entirely too delighted, especially when she glances over and very purposefully lets her gaze linger on Rita's newly-pudged stomach. Rita is mostly just confused as to why someone would talk about bowel movements so freely. Is the mouse that desperate to insult her with that? Was it funny listening to her grunt and strain while getting that strap-on back in? The mouse seemed like she'd squeak the loudest out of the both of them, if her legs were being spread and there was a tongue pressed up against her nethers, a tongue that was eagerly licking for pleasure and tasting.. Rita blinks. Hopefully she hadn't been staring at the mouse too long, or salivating too hard. The mouse didn't seem to notice. Now she was re-applying make-up.

"I mean, you'll never get a boyfriend like that! Poor thing, you look like you could use one. I just dumped mine, maybe you'll find him wandering around the fair looking all sad and lonely! I mean, a *wild* girl like you, probably takes all she could get. He doesn't even have much of a dick to talk about, but he'd probably be great for you!"

Clearly this mouse had some sort of emotional issue she was working through and Rita was the first one she'd come across. Either that, or it was some sort of hopped-up prey-species-superiority nonsense, the kind of mindset Rita didn't pay attention too, given how she knew plenty of "herbivore" attendants that seemed perfectly fine eating meat. Or maybe this mouse was uncomfortable sharing the bathroom with someone else who hadn't just scurried away at the first verbal abuse she'd spewed out. Rita didn't care. She'd made up her mind. Rolling her eyes, she finally turns and leaves the mouse to her make-up, ignoring the lingering squeakgiggles following her. Rita knew about the hidden Out Of Order sign she could put up. She knew the bathroom door had locks, and while it might be inconvenient for one bathroom to be locked, there were plenty of other bathrooms and outhouses around. And besides that, she knew there was nobody else in the bathroom with them. Nobody would hear a noise, no matter how lewd or shrill it was.

As the mouse rummages through her purse for makeup, she fails to notice the sound of soft footsteps approaching her from behind. However, she most definitely notices when she stands back upright to apply eye-liner, and there's two arms wrapping around her waist, while Rita's head comes to rest on her shoulder. The mouse drops her eyeliner, frozen in shock, while Rita smiles.

"Hi."