

The unicorn sat with her hands in her lap, trying not to twiddle her fingers but finding it increasingly difficult to avoid. This same burbling anxiousness had filled her since she first woke up this morning, knowing that her calendar bore the *Reservations tonight! @7* note that she'd left there last week, after completing the phone call – and submitting all of the required paperwork. She'd heard of this restaurant plenty of times before, through rumor and newspaper articles and especially conversations from the circle of friends she often hung out with, but... until finishing that call, actually *being* here had remained a far-off dream.

Maybe not so far-off. She had a friend who'd been here once, a tall, broad-shouldered wolf with an appetite that never faltered and a hungry grin to match – he'd had a late Saturday night reservation and to prepare had fasted the entire day leading up to it. The pictures he'd taken throughout the meal, the short video clips of him digging in, the *appearance*, the *sounds*... *"Sure, you can't beat home cooking from someone who knows what they're doing,"* he'd said after sending her the images, *"but there's just something about the atmosphere of a nice restaurant and a professionally-prepared experience like that. I'd absolutely recommend it."*

And so here she was, sitting along a wide padded bench with the dim lights of the restaurant hanging from the wall above and behind her head, and bordered on both sides by a few more patrons. A mink, an otter, a small canid, and what looked to be a cross between a bat and a hyena; they all looked about as nervous as this unicorn felt, and with good reason, too. This would be a first time for all of them.

Even so, it was a *good* kind of anxiousness, the kind that came before her first date, or from back when she'd just graduated college and was waiting to walk in the ceremony. She glanced down again: just like both of those times, today she hoped she'd made the right choice in dress. When she'd asked about it they told her that it didn't really matter, that this wasn't that kind of establishment and that it wasn't what would be looked for. And that made sense. The otter looked like he'd come straight from swim practice, clothed in only a slim blue speedo and with his fur slightly damp.

The *tone* of the place said differently – the plush carpeting, the glaze-finished hardwood furniture, the dim yellow lighting, the stucco walls and low-ish ceiling – but she'd been on the phone with the nice receptionist for about forty minutes that night getting everything sorted out. Double-checking and triple-checking the expectations and implications, asking her at least five times if she had any questions and that she understood what her reservations meant.

She wouldn't be ordering what the wolf had, after all.

At the other end of the hall opposite from the entry, heavy wooden door with a frosted glass window clicked and slid open, for a slim, short vixen with snow-white fur to poke her head out and look up from a clipboard. Sky-blue eyes floated over the five of them, a vague, satisfied smile on her face as they did so, and then she glanced down again.

"Equustra?"

The unicorn perked up, somewhat surprised that she'd be the first called, then rose to her feet after a gentle urging from the vixen. Her bare hooves sank into the thick carpet of the hall, and as she went she could feel all of the other patrons' eyes on her.

This part felt more like giving a presentation in class or at work, or calling her parents to tell them her plans for tonight. A shakier, colder nervousness, the sort that warmed the cinder of *did I make the right choice?* in the back of her head. But then the vixen stood up on her tiptoes and looked up at Equustra, clipboard held against her small chest, and said in the very same soothing voice as on the phone last week:

“Are you ready? If you’re having second thoughts, don’t worry; we’ll give you a full refund, and will pass your reservation on to the next in line.”

Her body responded before she had time to think about it – “No, that’s fine, I’m ready” - though afterwards, the weight of the words helped to settle her heart. She *had* been looking forward to and dreaming of this ever since she made the reservation, and even before - and some of that dreaming had been literal. Hell, her excitement had just about prevented her from getting any sleep last night; as the door swung shut behind her, she raised a hand to stifle a yawn.

Then the two turned the next corner, the carpet having turned to even-spaced tile beyond the door, and Equustra slowly dropped her hand back to her side – though took a moment longer to close her mouth. The hall led them straight into the kitchen, quite possibly the largest room in the entire building with its high ceilings and clean white fluorescent lights, with all of the equipment pushed up against the front walls and standing in islands along the floor... and with the personal meal preparation areas lining the far corner, recessed into the walls and floor somewhat like spacious shower cubicles. One of those was occupied now, by a short-furred bunny who had his arms out to his sides while two chefs, in full restaurant attire of absolutely nothing, worked slick yellow-green oil into his fur. Olive oil, probably, with small flecks of basil leaf looking like dark specks at this distance; one of those chefs remained on her knees, ensuring that the oil worked well into his plump sheath and sack hanging below, and all across the hard pink flesh poking out of that sheath.

Equustra swallowed, starting to feel that familiar twinge of mixed nervousness and arousal that always came when she thought about this. She’d arranged her reservation to *get* served as a meal, not to *be* served one.

“Okey-doke...” The vixen turned to her a few steps into the kitchen, flipping to the next page on her clipboard as she did so. Equustra actually felt overdressed for this – that otter had had the right idea. “Equustra... unicorn... yes, here we are. You’ve been ordered – of course; we went over that in our phone call – for an eight o’clock dinner. That should give the chefs just enough time to get you prepared.” She flipped the paper back down and smiled up at her again, then held the clipboard out towards the far corner of the room. “If you’ll head back there, you’ll be taken care of. Don’t worry: they’re all experienced professionals who’ve done this several times before. Actually, so has the person you’ll be feeding – she’s a repeat customer, a lovely patron of ours. You won’t disappoint her, and I can guarantee that she won’t disappoint you, either.” With that, she lowered her clipboard again and bounced onto her toes. “This is the part where I always want to tell someone in your position, *we hope to see you again*, but – that’s from my previous job. Obviously, that’s not going to happen here. Anything else you’d like to ask before I send you off?”

Those smells just continued to waft in over her the longer she stood here, all the aromas of floral soap and perfume from the mandatory before-prep washing, mixing with the sharper, fresher scents of oils and spices, of herbs and vegetables and whatever else. The unicorn realized she was gaping again, and swallowed.

“Just – head back there?”

“Yes ma’am. Just head back there. You’ll be sorted out.” Another smile, all genuine sweetness. “It always relieves me to get patrons like you. Sometimes we get contracted for a special catering, and in some of those cases they can get... feisty and resistant, and in *those* events the paperwork is a little more restrictive, and... ah. I’m sorry. Enjoy your night, miss.”

And off she went, not towards the hall leading to the waiting room but rather to another along the same wall, probably to the offices. Equustra swallowed again; the chefs hardly looked at her as they bustled by, carrying ingredients or discarded clothing or brooms or whatever, but those that did either bowed, gave her a similar smile, or both, then went along their way. *I’m not gonna get anywhere by standing here*, she resolved, and forced her legs to move. After that initial push, her excitement and burgeoning arousal – maybe she should’ve worn more than a loose shirt and these running shorts with nothing underneath – kept her legs moving, until she found herself right in back near one of the cleaning areas.

She wasn’t allowed enough time to look around much longer before a pair of her own chefs showed up from through the nearby double doors, already armed with towels and brushes and razors. Was she supposed to say hi? Did they expect her to lie down on the provided table, or go stand in the shower, or did they-

The one on the left, a Samoyed whose curves disappeared in the clouds of her fur, carried the vixen receptionist’s smile through on her own muzzle. “You must be Equustra, right? We’re so delighted to have you in our shop tonight. If you would please disrobe?”

“Disrobe?” Of course they wanted that. The unicorn glanced around at the stalls around her: the bunny was just now being carted out, while what looked like a wolf sat up on his table in the next stall over. Loose tufts of stone-grey fur fell away from his fresh-shaved pink skin, though before Equustra could get much better of a look, another chef strode over and started spraying him down with water from the showerhead. “Oh. Yeah. Lemme just...”

As she did so, that slight electric fizzling in her abdomen strengthened somewhat. This wouldn’t be the first time she’d been told to strip naked in front of strangers, all under the guise of being dressed out to serve as a meal to some hungry predator, but this *would* be the first time where it actually came to true fruition. The unicorn slid her shorts off first, very much aware of the faint scent of her excitement wafting up and tickling at her nose, and then hooked her fingers beneath the hem of her shirt and lifted that over her head.

Before she’d managed to take it completely off, one of the chefs – the other one, the black leopard – stepped forward and started running her paws up Equustra’s side, catching the unicorn by surprise and making her jerk a little bit.

“Ooh, yes... this is very good...” the leopard purred, gently touching her claws through Equustra’s short-haired hide. She slid her paws up towards her armpits, arms still raised over her head even though she’d finished take off her shirt, then brought her thumbs back down across her flat chest and towards her stomach and lower abdomen, right against the small soft points of her nipples. “Good muscle density. You’re a runner, it feels like?”

“Um...” Equustra cleared her throat. It looked like they wanted her to toss her clothes just wherever.
“Yeah. I used to, a lot more. I-”

Those thumbs grazed over her nipples again, down closer to her hips. Warm thumb-pads against the cool air of the kitchen, just barely swirling over the sensitive skin, coming in dangerously close towards the point of her arousal just a few inches down. Her breath caught in her throat; amber-orange eyes flicked up to her snout, and in that moment, she managed to let that breath out as a shuddering sigh.

“*This* is good, too,” the leopard went on, before straightening up. She motioned for the Samoyed to come closer, and started unwinding the cord for one of the razors. “Sure, fat adds flavor, but... more ‘traditional’ breasts can tend to make for a bit of difficulty in the seasoning and the rest of the meal prep... ah, I’m sorry, I’m rambling – if you’ll step into the shower, please? Your customer tonight requested your pelt shaved and your horn filed, so if you’re ready, we can get right to that...”

Naturally, Equustra had never before had that happen to her. Either of those. She looked out over the kitchen one more time, across all of the chefs and workers and patrons who didn’t bat an eye at her total nakedness, then turned and stepped into the shower... and within some twenty minutes already had a good portion of the short, smooth hair shaved from her pelt gathering down around her hooves. The two assigned to her worked together, with the Samoyed keeping the showerhead (on a pleasantly warm setting, thankfully) coursing down over her body while the leopard ran the razor carefully back and forth, treating the areas with soap beforehand and body oil after. It stung a little bit, but it was a good kind of sting, especially after the cold fingers of the air-conditioned building squeezed in around her skin, bare to the world for the first time.

“Arms up,” they told her, so she did; the Samoyed helped her keep them up while the leopard continued shaving, each one coming in close enough that Equustra could feel the tickle of their fur, still attached unlike her own. They each smiled at her whenever they had the chance, too, softly, sweetly... comforting. The unicorn had a lot of time to think during this whole process – they *did* have to take their time, of course – and yet she hardly had a thought consciously stand out to her. This whole thing, from the faintly floral scents of the soap and oil, to the little bursts of her own from loose strands of hair floating up towards her snout, to the closer, less familiar aromas of these two workers... they all relaxed her, sort of.

Those smells, and the sensations, too: the razor grazing across her skin, back and forth first with resistance and then without; the warmth of the water trickling down, soaking into the hair that still remained and dripping over bared skin; the slickness of the soap and then the oil soon after, warming like the water, soothing; and the workers’ paws, their fingers moving across her naked body, squishing and pressing in, fingerpads sliding across her skin, coming up under her arms to lift them over her head, nudging down on her snout to tilt her head down so they could file her horn, tracing down her flat chest and bare belly like more of the water, for no apparent practical purpose other than to make her shiver and suck in a small breath.

That had been spoken about on the phone, too: the workers *will* touch and feel and grope her, to help relax her for what would come. Equustra didn’t mind. She was already worked up, and feeling the leopard’s muscular grip down along her hip, sharp points of retracted claws just barely pricking into the soft skin near her nipples, hidden beneath those fingers. At one point while the Samoyed bent her forward across the table to rub the oil into her back, the leopard adopted a similar stance – but allowed

her paw to slide the rest of the way down between the unicorn's legs, fingerpads continuing to press, touch, slide, spread.

Equustra swallowed and panted through parted lips at that point, her whole body on fire from all of the physical sensations, the slight stinging of the oil on freshly-shaven skin, the sweet pleasure continuously rippling up her body from those fingers against her. Right as she figured the two had coated her entire body in the oil, though, the Samoyed brought the showerhead up and again started to wash her down, this time with a soft sponge in her other paw. It was hard not to buckle beneath that rubbing combined with everything else; once her shoulder and neck had been washed free of any loose hair or remaining oil, the jaguar straightened up again and lightly set her teeth there, careful not to leave any marks. The customer probably wouldn't like to see that their meal had already been tasted, of course.

A little extra pushing from the Samoyed, accompanied by some guiding of the jaguar's paws on her hips, and soon Equustra got the idea. She climbed forward across the table face-down, and rested her arms beneath her head... but soon found herself shifted forward and gripping onto the front rim of the table, alternating between gritting her teeth and letting her jaw hang open to let out small panting moans. This time it was the leopard who rubbed oil into her bare skin, slicker and warmer, and with a notably spicier aroma – cooking oil, probably; was that garlic? – while the Samoyed worked on her in a different fashion. It was fairly amazing that that muzzle bordered by that veritable mane of cloudlike fur could fit beneath base of the unicorn's tail, long and whiplike especially now that the tuft at the end had been shaved off. Warm lips, warmer tongue, swirling and digging and prodding. The leopard drew a heated towel over Equustra's body to dry her off before applying the oil, and yet here she was, still wet in a totally different way.

Perhaps it was the distraction that caused it, but it felt as though the applying of the oil took a much shorter time than everything else. The jaguar made sure to massage it in wherever she went, squeezing her fingers against Equustra's shoulders, arms, ribs, sides, hips... thighs, too, where she had to slide in between the unicorn's leg and the Samoyed's muzzle, bringing a quiet chuckle out of the dog – which Equustra felt more than heard. The slick, sticky warmth covering her neck, shoulders, back, arms, and now the length of her tail and legs as well... a moment later she was told to stand back up, and quickly she found that her legs almost didn't want to behave. The Samoyed joined in with oiling her up once she'd stood up, and of course spent a little extra time right there between her thighs, working the slickness into what had already gathered there.

While standing there, legs still threatening to give out beneath her from the unbroken attention stacked atop the excitement and arousal that had already been bubbling inside of her since arriving earlier, she noticed that *now* the other chefs bustling around the kitchen stopped to look at her. Appraising glances, eyes swiping from her head all the way down her body, slowing at her middle, then continuing down towards her hooves, and back up; sometimes there was an admiring nod, or a smile, or a smoldering look something like envy.

That last one made her feel pretty darn good, especially after the two chefs took a step back and looked over their handiwork, then nodded to one another – with the Samoyed taking a moment to drag her tongue over her lips, and catch any stray drops or clinging wetness.

"I think..." the jaguar said, "you are ready for serving. Oh! One more thing."

She bustled back out into the kitchen and through the doors at the end of the room, leaving Equustra with the Samoyed. One second of eye contact and then the unicorn looked away, feeling a blush start to warm her bare cheeks; it looked as though, at the corner of her vision, that that made the dog crack a grin. Soon the jaguar came back with a thin, tiny thong, an elastic string with a small triangle of fabric down the front. After she put it on, Equustra somehow felt even more naked than she did before, with all her clothes off and hide shaved bare: the thing didn't even cover her nipples. She ran her hands down across her belly, feeling the way the oil had been worked almost into her skin, and shivered again with the sensation of her own touch across those little points flesh.

The Samoyed nodded again. "*Now she is ready.*"

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Shari licked her lips and shifted on the soft cushion of the booth's seat, for probably the twentieth time since she'd placed her order. The wait times were of course understandable, and if anything the anticipation enhanced the final result, but still – she was a hyena, and for her, hunger came inseparable from impatience. Especially after watching the other meals led to their customers for the past forty-five minutes or so, all of the delicious prey properly done up and prepared.

Some twenty minutes ago she'd pushed her cutoff shorts down so they hung off one ankle and spread her legs, so one paw could remain down there and idly tease and touch at herself while she waited. That helped the time pass, and *also* added to the end product: she was one who loved to play with her food, and her stomach rumbled every time she brought that pair of fingers up to her muzzle to lap off the sticky slickness, the familiar musky taste of her own tingling arousal. Besides, it was a private booth, up against a wall with a thick curtain draped over the entrance, and plenty of room before her to do whatever she'd like. This restaurant didn't serve any meal that fit on a standard dining table.

A knock against the outside threshold of her booth brought her out of her thoughts, though she returned her paw to its proper position between her legs – and made sure that she'd buried those fingers back inside of herself, middle and ring to the knuckle, before turning her head to answer.

"Yes?"

"Your meal is ready. Shall we send her in?"

About time. They wouldn't like it if she said that. "Yes."

As soon as the unicorn slid an arm past the curtain to make her way into the booth, Shari's stomach growled again. Sometimes she requested her prey with the fur shaved, sometimes not; sometimes she wanted them doused in oil and prepared like a more conventional meal, and sometimes she wanted nothing but her own saliva and whatever other bodily fluids happened to spill across the meal before she finished playing with it. Tonight's feast, though, would be special: it would be the first time she'd had a unicorn before.

Yellow-orange predator's eyes flicked across the meal's form, from the filed and smoothed nub of a horn to the hairless shoulders and arms, flat chest, slim belly... pair of nipples visible to either side of the skimpy little undergarment the chefs usually dressed this sort of prey in. With a small rumble of satisfaction but not another word, Shari leaned forward in her seat – the unicorn raised her eyebrows,

or at least she *would* have had those not been shaved off, at seeing her fingering herself – and beckoned her forward.

She obeyed. Sure, it was fun to request one of the ones that had been forcibly brought here and put under, to have to fight and earn her meal, but it could be so much nicer to get one that already wanted to be in her stomach. And this one definitely had that look: Shari gave a show of licking her chops, making sure to put slightly-yellowed fangs as thick as her thumb on display, and felt another surge of excitement from the result that had on the unicorn.

Those hooves clopped quietly along the hardwood floor of the booth, then stopped once the unicorn stood directly between Shari's spread legs. The hyena worked at herself for a moment longer, maintaining that tenuous eye contact while pressing her fingers deep inside herself and sliding them back out, then drew them out, lightly gripped the meal's waist with that paw, leaned in... touched her nose against the oil-slickened belly, lapped her broad tongue out across the surface of her shaven skin, then hooked her front fangs beneath the string of the thong, and bit down. It clung for a moment before dropping slowly down, sliding along that slick oil... and Shari noticed that the unicorn gave a little shiver with that. She flicked her eyes up to her snout again, licked her lips, let out a sharp *huff* that blew some of the oil to the sides, and then sat back. After all, the meal was here for *her* pleasure, not the other way around.

And as such, after settling back against the soft cushions, the hyena adjusted her position again so her lower body hung partially off the front of the seat, and pointed down. All without a word. The unicorn swallowed, hesitated for a moment, and then obeyed again, carefully dropping to her knees and pushing her broad nose right up between Shari's legs, a smooth inhalation of breath drawing in the hyena's scent.

Shari lifted her other paw to her maw to chew idly on a tattered claw. "You may start by servicing me. You're not quite dressed up the way I - like."

The *eagerness* with which the meal started in on her actually surprised the hyena, causing her to bite down a little too hard and nip off the end of her claw. An eager tongue, not inexperienced, slid up against her already-slick sex, pressing its way between her lips and pulling up to circle around her clit... then back down, and back up, back and forth, every now and then retreating for the unicorn to find the space to swallow or breathe.

Yes – not at all inexperienced. Shari actually found herself squirming at the edge of the seat, curling her toes, biting into her lower lip... before long, she'd set her paw between the unicorn's ears and forcibly held that snout down between her legs, pressing the meal down against the cushion of the seat so she could grind forward onto it, and smear her own slickness across with the oil that was already there.

Hot breaths puffing out underneath her, warm nose touching up against the rim of her tailhole back beneath her, that smooth, slick snout grinding between her lips... she swallowed and angled her body forward, pushing that head down between her legs and almost underneath her. If she leaned forward a bit, spread her legs a little further, and pushed down, she could – run that smooth, also-slick nub of a horn right up underneath her clit, pressing and pulling like an upturned finger, or an erect tongue.

The breaths underneath her became shorter and more frantic as the unicorn ended up dragged deeper and deeper into the hyena's scent and musk, taking in her own breath again and again trapped as she

was underneath the predator's body. Shari noticed but didn't bother doing anything about it; her own pleasure overcame her dinner's needs, of course. After sitting here for twenty minutes teasing and touching herself, whetting her appetite on her own slickness, her arousal had sharpened about as much as her hunger; between some panting she licked her lips again, still able to taste herself on her breath.

The movements of her hips became more forceful and urgent, and her breath started to pick up and nearly mirror that of the unicorn beneath her... and then she jerked herself backwards and quickly, frantically spread herself between a pair of fingers, the bursts of electric shocks up her legs and abdomen keeping her half-standing above the unicorn's muzzle. It was a delayed peak, but one that crashed in with the force of a storm wave – and about as much of a deluge, too: Shari gritted her teeth once again as all of her muscles tensed tightly up, spraying out her orgasm across the meal's snout, shoulders, and upper back, one burst after another, soaking into the fur of her fingers as it came. Through the middle of her peak, still shivering and with her other paw braced against the side of the booth, Shari dug her fingers back inside of her for a moment and then drew them up across her clit, where the unicorn's horn had just been... and a second later thumped down against the seat, chest heaving with sudden heavy breathing.

Her leg still twitched a little bit, and her dinner remained on her knees before the seat, tongue occasionally coming out to lap off some of the juices dripping down her face. A good, thorough drizzle; now *this* was the way that Shari liked her meals. Still panting through parted lips, the hyena brought her paw back to her muzzle, this time to chew on another claw as well as taste herself yet again.

The unicorn was still trying to catch her breath, too, repeatedly closing her mouth only to have it fall open again in noticeably larger gulps of air between eager, hungry swallows. Shari drummed her fingers against her lower abdomen, feeling at the reduced pressure of her somewhat less-full bladder. That happened sometimes, which was a good part of why she usually tried to fill up as much as she could before going in for her reservations – so she could *really* douse her meal in her own spice. Another inch and a half further down, and her fingerpads slid slick and easy over her own wet flesh, hot with all desire, arousal, excitement, and relief.

And then hunger, too, wetting her lips in one long swirl of her tongue. The hyena more leapt from the seat instead of slid off and down to the floor, causing the unicorn to jerk and fall backwards off of her ankles, oiled fingers trying and failing to pull herself backwards away from the predator. That was a trend that Shari had noticed: despite however much the meal *wanted* to be eaten, in the moment, in the deciding flash, there would always be that little wave of hesitation, panic, worry, maybe regret. So she always tried her best to snuff out that flame as soon as it started.

She was stronger than the unicorn, of course. No need to worry about that. A quick, firm grip along her ankle to hold it up away from her head, then a grasp at the other one... the meal's eyes widened as she watched the hyena lick her chops again and lean forward, tongue hanging out to help ease those hooves in. Of course it had taken a bit of practice and training to be able to take down such large prey like this in one effective bite, but once she had gotten the hang of it, Shari had never wanted to go back. There was just something about being able to feel the muscles of the prey's feet and legs and soon thighs as they slid along her tongue and against the roof of her mouth, pressing out against her throat, maybe squeezing against her breathing every now and then.

One swallow, another swallow, a third, slowly, carefully as she continued to creep forward, paws moving steadily up along the meal's body, sliding across the oiled skin... and *there* it was on the unicorn's face,

the realization, and the acceptance. Halfway between worry and intense pleasure, the latter showing more... and sure enough once Shari had to pop her jaw to stretch out around the prey's waist, her next inhalation brought in a sharp whiff of feminine arousal, and another similar slickness adding to the flavored oil slipping down between her thighs.

So she made sure to swirl her tongue around there, too, and kept her eyes on the unicorn's face as she did so. Her eyelids fluttered shut and her mouth fell open as if on loose hinges... and then those eyes shot open again as Shari took another half-bite forward, fangs tracing through the oil and scraping over skin, but not quite digging in. Not quite. The flat chest helped; the unicorn tried, briefly, to brace her hands against Shari's shoulders and push the hyena back down, but she couldn't get much purchase with all of that delicious oil coating her body, and soon she realized it would be better to let it come and slide on in instead of slash her arms on sharp teeth. Shari started to taste herself there, dripping down over the oil and across skin. She loved it.

Another swallow, another curl of the tongue, another pull against what little of the unicorn's body still remained in the air of the booth. The hyena had started to feel that familiar fullness, the pressure and squirming against her inner chest and stomach, and if anything, that just made her even hungrier: she came up past the unicorn's shoulders with a growl, fierce enough to make those eyes widen again. The meal looked almost like she wanted to say something right then, probably as likely to be a *wait* as a *thank you*, but Shari didn't wait to find out. She braced her paw against the unicorn's head to push her down again, though this time into her throat instead of between her thighs... and then one more swallow, a second, soon followed by the slow, slick creep of a large meal rolling down her throat, heavy with oil and saliva. Then came the noticeable bump and jerk of that meal settling into her stomach.

Afterwards, it took her a while to catch her breath before she could squirm and settle back against the foot of the booth's seat, the fur of her back picking up some of the stray... *wetness* from earlier that had dripped down. Shari licked her lips yet again to lap off the oil that had rolled off in the process of eating, and rested her paws across her quite full stomach; *that* would take some time to go down, too. She could still feel the unicorn squirming and kicking, trying to adjust to her surroundings, probably deeply enjoying her conundrum... the hyena closed her eyes and rested her head back against the cushion. She always enjoyed the thought of her prey getting off inside of her stomach, and every time she came here she meant to tell them that... and then without fail her hunger got the better of her. How much did she say to this one? Two sentences? That was one more than the last one. That was alright, though; this unicorn *did* have a good taste to her.

She could record the next one, maybe. The restaurant allowed that, so long as they received a copy of the footage as well. Shari kept one arm across her stomach and let the other slide down her legs again; also like usual, indulging in her meal had kept her near the peak of her arousal, a kind of primal, feral desire that came close with the hunger.

Hell, maybe it would be worth it to save up for a double next time. Push one head down her throat and one between her legs, at the same time. That sounded good.