

The tiger rolled his head along his shoulders while he lounged back in the bathtub, wisps of steam curling pleasantly up and around him, lightly scented with the mix of essential oils he had running through the diffuser on the counter. This lovely heat seeped in through his white and red fur, relaxed all of his muscles, coaxed and massaged at his soft skin underneath... a small sigh dribbled its way from his parted lips, and with another shudder the water around him rippled and vibrated, then settled back into place. One arm he kept draped over the side of the tub, careful not to wet his paw, while the other...

The tiger bit at his lip and shivered again, spread legs reflexively tightening around his other wrist in place between the two of them. First and last fingers keeping his plump canine spade spread beneath the water, the middle two slid and dug and swirled into soft, sensitive flesh deep inside, warmed by the heat of the bath and by his steady, deliberate attention. His phone rested somewhere to the side outside the foot of the bath, where it had dropped after a rather forceful convulsion of pleasure had lanced through him and made him jerk forward; since then he had let his eyes drift shut and focused himself in fantasy and scenarios, arousal tingling up from this center point between his legs, fizzing in his abdomen, zapping up his body and down towards his footpaws.

He had intentionally kept himself right at the edge of a second peak, a first having already been oozed out into the water around him, now leaving its trail as an oily sheen atop and throughout the surface of the otherwise clear, clean water. Little wisps of that liquid arousal trailed up from between his legs, spurting and drifting around and between his fingers the deeper he pressed them, warm interior flesh mashing up and around, reflexively clenching, squeezing, pushing... the tiger shuddered again, clamped his teeth down against his lower lip, and nearly arched his back up and out of the water, so close was he to plowing straight through a second orgasm. When he settled back down into place the water slashed and chopped up first against the walls of the tub and then around his body again, cleaving its way noisily along soft fur and skin beneath.

He thumped his head against the tiled wall behind the bath and took a moment to himself, body shaking, chest heaving, half-raised paw shuddering over the surface of the water as it still stirred. Another foggy wisp of his arousal wafted up and through the water from between his legs, distorting the smooth, rounded shape of his sex. For a moment he lay where he was, legs spread and knees above the water, entire body still shivering with that almost-satisfied pleasure; even from here and from this angle he could see the way his plump spade jiggled and shivered in the water, interior muscles reflexively clenching and squeezing in the throes of an orgasm not quite reached.

Still shivering, the tiger pulled himself a bit further up in the tub, sighed, and then stretched over to look along the bathroom floor. The *actual* reason he had come in here today, beyond the sweet relaxation and intoxicating enjoyment, had arrived in a heavy, temperature-controlled, triple-walled box earlier today. He had had to sign for it, the delivery person a slim blackbird with pleasant violet eyes handing him a little electronic device with his name on it, and then took it in, set it on his counter, looked it over... *To Kit*, it said, handwritten, across one side. The actual shipping label had been affixed across the closed flaps, and in another few minutes he had sliced it open, removed the inset, opened the second box, slid out the padding, opened the third box... and now the two jars inside, filled to the brim with thick, shimmering fluid, sat side by side near the foot of the tub.

Kit reached over with his dry paw and picked one of them up, already-tired arm straining a bit with the effort. The thick reinforced glass clinked gently along the arm of the tub once he set it back down, and then the tiger spent a moment drying his other paw off along the washcloth he had brought along. Beneath the bathwater soaked through his fur, of course, there was a deeper, thicker layer of clinging

slickness that took some extra effort. That done, he reached over, slid up in the bath, bore down over the jar, twisted... failed, tried again, failed again, and ended up wrapping the slightly-moist washcloth around the lid and tugging there.

It worked, eventually. With a heavy *pop* the jar's lid came free, rolling smoothly along precise threads, and Kit had to clamp around the jar's belly to keep it from tumbling out across the bathroom floor. As soon as that lid came free he thought he caught a wisp of smoke curling up from the material inside, a thick, sludgy ooze that shimmered and twisted with the slightest movement or change in the light. He sat there for a moment just watching it stir and simmer, moving with apparently a life of its own, before he swallowed, pursed his lips, and then began to slowly, carefully dip his paw into the fluid.

It was warmer than he had expected, especially considering the temperature-controlled container the things had shipped in. That thick ooze mushed and shifted around his fingers, at once seeping through his fur while at the same time seeming to shy away from the flesh itself; thick, humid heat oozed in around his paw, the slime pushed up and dripping down the sides of the jar as he sank deeper, fingers searching, palm bared... until, finally, he felt a whisper of motion, a tense and clench and squirm like some thick, strong muscle, and with some effort he managed to grab onto the thing and pull it out of the jar, his soaked paw sucking wetly along the rim.

There between his fingers squirmed precisely what he had ordered, though – honestly, he didn't want to look at it too much. Kit's heart leapt into his chest as the eel-like worm writhed and wriggled in his grasp, smooth ribbed surface pulsing with innate life, little bumps and ridges along its length swelling and then retracting, again and again. He took in a breath, held it, let it out, then looked back down across himself in the bathtub, legs spread and just now starting to lift his hips up above the surface of the water. Thick drops of that clinging ooze splashed down into the tub, temporarily hanging free and separate like drips of oil before they spread and fizzled out into the rest of the liquid, tinting it a faint milky lavender for a moment.

Kit's entire lower body shook with the exertion, both from his almost-orgasm as well as from the strain of keeping the eel caught in his paw. Bathwater poured down off of his chest and belly when he straightened up, arousal- and heat-warmed spade lifting up from the surface, just before he reached down, balanced his shoulders against the tiled wall with a hiss at the chill seeping in through his fur, angled the head of the thing in... and with his other paw he spread himself open, plump lips sticking together and then sucking apart, interior muscles again clenching and squeezing in reflex against the sensation. The thing wriggled and squirmed, and for a moment his heart thumped in his chest with the thought of, *hey, maybe I shouldn't be doing this*. A large *Warning: Biohazard* label decorated one side of the jar, but...

But sweet, intense sensation at the entrance of his sex shocked the tiger back to the present, and then the thing started wriggling its way into him before he could stop himself. Immediately his legs shook and kicked with the feeling, oversensitivity fired up with all of those ridges and bumps pulsing and spreading against his inner walls, the eel forcing its way up through his insides, deeper than his fingers had dug, past squeezing walls and tight sphincters. Kit gasped and thumped his head back against the wall, his abdomen suddenly tensing and tightening up in response; he jerked and kicked, abruptly splashing back down into the bathwater, body naturally squeezing and pushing, trying to force the worm back out of him – but, if anything, this squeezing just opened his inner walls up further, providing the start of a way in right there at the lip of his womb.

“Ah-” He gritted his teeth and jerked, sudden shock and discomfort lancing through his abdomen just above and behind his belly button. Force and pressure, growing heat, a tingling, sizzling burn deep inside – then a sharp pulse, and a second, as a third, as he felt the thing wriggle its way into and then past his cervix. The tiger’s claws grated along the surface of the bathtub, cutting through and into the material beneath; he arched his back, tossed his head, let out a noise halfway between a moan and a yelp – and then that flaring discomfort and pain abruptly disappeared, and turned instead to a deep, resounding pressure within his belly, back and down a bit, squirming and stirring even as his entire body shook with the sensation.

Thick tendrils of that purple ooze trickled out from his canine sex, lips swollen and turned outwards both from the still-lingering arousal as well as the new *presence* inside of him. Still panting, Kit reached down, felt at his belly, then went down further, poked and touched at himself, shivered as the nerves and muscles there fired back and nearly overwhelmed him with sensation. One paw between his legs and the other along his belly, he could *feel* the thing squirm and wriggle and writhe inside of him, pressing out at interior flesh, adjusting his innards, settling into place there within his womb... and, as he watched, the bathwater between his legs continued to tint and darken, little spurts and dribbles of the same slime that had filled the jar continuing to issue out from the depths of his parted spade.

For a moment the tiger lay there half-submerged in his bath, the water now foggy and messed with ooze, and slime, and dripped liquid, and who knows whatever else had come off or out of himself, or this worm he had just allowed to climb up inside of him. His legs and arms shook, his vision swam a bit, he felt a little bit dizzy... but at the same time, that peaked arousal still tingled between his legs and in his abdomen, kept so tenuously at that point by the creature’s wriggling within his depths.

He waited for the pounding in his chest to subside, even as the bathwater began to cool around him. Part of him wanted to dive right back in, to dig his fingers and paw at himself until he forced out another body-shaking, breathtaking finish, but another piece of him held back and waited, and before long the tiger found himself stepping up and out of the bath, legs surprisingly unsteady beneath him, to wrap a towel around himself and dry off. What had started as a long day at work had turned to an even longer slog once he got the notification that his package had arrived, and then a quick evening with him sliding right on into the bath... he had skipped dinner and now felt the weakness from that choice, though the deep, slithering sensation in the base of his belly gave him the feeling that he might not be able to keep anything down were he to try.

Slowly, shakily, Kit worked his way towards the door of the bathroom, for a moment forgetting to drain the tub. He would have to get to bed early tonight for his presentation at work tomorrow anyway. There at the door he leaned against the wall, breathed another sigh, relaxed a bit... and felt another wave of thick, sticky ooze dribble down his inner thighs, immediately startling him to look down and make sure he hadn’t just had some kind of accident. Slimy purple dribbled there along striped fur; he reached down, wiped it up with a paw, shuddered at the feeling of fingers brushing along swollen spade, and then wiped his paw off on his towel.

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Sleeping was *hell* that night.

At first Kit had to tug the blankets up to his chin to find a comfortable spot, his entire body shivering all over in some phantom chill that, about an hour and a half later, abruptly flipped so that he felt as

though he was boiling alive. This resulted in him kicking all of those blankets right back off, the lower sheets already soaked through with sweat and, of course, the spot on the mattress between his legs sticky and sopping with dribbling ooze, the thing inside of him still continuing its writhing and wriggling. Again and again he gritted his teeth against the convulsions and contractions, pain and discomfort sharply, sweetly ringed with a deep pleasure that still kept his arousal fresh and simmer despite everything else – until at about three in the morning, a fierce clenching in his lower belly forced him to sit upright and tug himself back over towards the bathroom.

Cramps and clenches as though he were beyond full racked his body, and as he trudged over towards the door he realized that his belly had noticeably swelled out, and shifted and pulsed with the thing's movements inside of him. His panties tonight, sleek and normally clean white in color, had tinted to a translucent, dripping lavender from the ooze steadily trickling out of him; the fabric stuck to the lips of his spade when he sat down over the toilet, and with a brief shiver arcing up his back he managed to tug it free, thick strands of that stickiness hanging free, dripping down, breaking apart.

The cramps continued and doubled the tiger over, and there over the toilet he gritted his teeth, squeezed, pushed... and felt a splash and splatter of that ooze spray out of him, painting the interior of the bowl and sending a burst of cold water back up and against his rump. He gasped and jumped and looked down between his legs, effusion hanging like colored glue from within the depths of his sex, still spread and parted with constant arousal and, likely, slight inflammation. Again and again he pressed and pushed, watching the way the pink flesh swelled, grew, and then settled back with the tension, though only a few more trickles and slow, lazy globs dripped free from inside of him.

Panting, aching, yet still quite aroused, the tiger remained there for a moment, discomfort and uncertainty thrumming through him until he reached to wipe himself off. As soon as he touched himself, as soon as the soft tissue kissed against, soaked, and stuck to the dripping ooze, sweet pleasure shot up his abdomen and through his body, and then in another few moments he had doubled over himself with three fingers shoved inside himself while tongues of slime dribbled down and around his paw, catching in the lines in his palm, soaking and sucking along his fur and joints.

He shivered, his knees knocked together, his tail flicked, his back arched... he swallowed, and jerked, and felt another thick, chunky squirt and spray out against the interior of the toilet bowl, forceful enough to squeeze his paw out of himself. Panting softly, chest heaving with effort and pleasure still mixed with that discomfort, Kit looked down again and saw the dense, shimmering strands of ooze trickle down into the water, the toilet paper he had grabbed pulped and lost somewhere among the mess.

It took another several minutes of careful patting and wiping to clean himself to a point with which he was satisfied, and from there the tiger managed to pull himself back over to bed, sticky panties settled back in place as well as they could fit over his spade. This time sleep came to meet him within two more hours, but his alarm shocking him awake the next morning reminded him of the original discomfort, his belly now feeling as though he had just finished a holiday meal.

Every movement stung and pinched at some part of his insides, though none of the half-hour he spent on the toilet that morning brought him any relief. Instead of risking a morning shower, he just dampened a washcloth and gave himself a few cursory wipes between the legs, lips of his sex again sucking out against the material and soaking it rich violet; he sniffed at it, shivered as his own powerful musk washed over him, and then figured that would be good enough and slid into his clothing for the day.

On the way into work the tiger could actually almost forget about the whole thing, save for the bumps and shifts along the road reminding him that there was something very much alive and active deep within his womb, squirming and stirring, continuing to fill him to brimming with that foul slime. A dark spot had gathered along his pants between his legs once he arrived to his workplace, these faint, distant shifts *inside* of him feeling as though someone had actually reached up inside and was working his intestines around a clenched paw: uncomfortable, pinching pressure always, *always* ending in a deep, warm pleasure, enough to interrupt his step and make him have to pause to catch his breath every few minutes.

He had a presentation to give. A few minutes at his desk, a quick, panting phone call with his supervisor, and then a rushed perusal of his files, and then Kit was back up and down the hall, pretending he hadn't noticed the dark stain that had already soaked into the seat of his desk chair. On his way down the hall he kept one paw at his belly, pressing and pushing in attempts to alleviate some of that pressure, constantly feeling the squirming and wriggling inside of him, discomfort right at the edge of an odd, deeper pleasure. Hopefully it wouldn't be too obvious if he kept his files down in front of his groin, but – as he pushed his way into the conference room he paused and shifted, able to feel the thick trickle where it had started to ooze down his inner thigh.

Thankfully, at least, not *everyone* in the room turned to scrutinize him when he stepped in. He would at least be able to sit in his seat there along the table, and as he situated himself and got everything set up it was a bit easier to hide the reflexive contractions and twitches, and if he crossed one leg over the other and leaned forward he could replace the writhing pressure with one that felt a bit more natural.

The tiger swallowed, reached over for his glass of water, nearly knocked it over, and took a sip. He looked across the table at everyone else in attendance, gave his best business smile – which was something quite well practiced, as he was *always* uncomfortable in situations like this. A clench down in his belly, unusual and unfamiliar in its positioning, made him grit his teeth and tighten his lips for a moment. The hyena beside him raised his eyebrows and tilted his head, nose giving a little twitch.

"Alright, everyone," Kit began, forcing himself to keep a steady tone and voice, "as you all know, it's that time of year again; we're going to – have to..."

*This* was hell, too. As he went through his slides and back and forth along his files, Kit found himself deviating more and more from the outline he had come up with prior to the meeting, and instead relying solely on what was there on the paper. Focus and attention escaped him, and the longer he tried to bring out the points of the presentation, the harder it became to do just that: sweat pocked out from among his thick fur along his forehead and neck, and his paws and fingers shook every time he reached for the clicker or to shuffle his files. At one point he reached for his water and discovered it was empty, then shifted in his seat, crossed his legs again, and abruptly stopped in his speech upon feeling a wet, sticky warmth between his legs, seeping down into the seat of his pants and along the front of his chair.

The tiger reached up and tugged at his collar, then froze as he thought he saw a trickle of lavender running down the white fur of his finger. In a quick moment he cast his eyes around the room, dancing from one coworker to another: most of them still focused on the screen where he had brought up his next slide, but a certain few of them now watched him instead. Confusion and concern in their eyes, one looking somewhat amused, another a little suspicious... Kit grunted and bent over the table a bit, his belly giving a roiling rumble. He felt so, so full.

“And because of this, although the – reports are still coming in, already we can see that... that, um...”

He gritted his teeth again, his belly and innards shifting around the living creature still caught within his womb, settled deep, pressing and squirming and wriggling against his interior walls, all swollen and pouched out with its dripping effusions. He really was just a balloon filled with jelly with this thing stirring inside of it, the waist of his pants as well as his shirt, tucked in, straining against the swelling from its volume. Throughout his presentation he had had to adjust his posture and position further, shoulders up and forward, rump and tail back, lower muscles clenching as constantly and tightly as he could to prevent emptying himself right here and now.

The tiger swallowed again and shivered, cold sweat dripping down his neck. “Ah – my apologies, if you’ll just... excuse me for a moment, I... have to...” And he was up and out of the room, chair spinning slowly behind him with, he imagined, a noticeable pool of this purple slime sitting right there where he had been. A paw down between his legs as he made his way down the hall and around the corner verified his suspicions: already it was pushing its way through the thick fabric of his pants, little strands and tendrils of the stuff seeping through, clinging to his thighs, hanging and rolling down like chunks of half-coagulated gelatin, and simmering with a deep heat which Kit couldn’t tell came from him or from the creature itself.

He pushed his way into the bathroom, paws already working at his belt, shoved into a stall, nearly failed at closing the door, tumbled in – and just barely managed to peel his soaked, discolored panties away from himself before the tension and pressure became too much. Those thick, sticky strands of lavender glue clung between the fabric of his underwear and his own fur and flesh, lips of his sex still puckered and swollen out, interior walls squeezing forward, pressing, pushing... and as soon as the tiger released this tension, as soon as he let his guard down, a good amount more than what he had squeezed out late last night burst free from him.

The force and sensation of the volume spraying free from deep inside of him made him yelp, both with surprise and with discomfort. He could *feel* his inner walls straining as his body tried to forcibly emptied the mass and volume inside of him, globs of this stuff squirting out, emptying in sizable ropes against the interior of the toilet, centralized and focused from deeper ring inside of him, straining and puckering out against the load he carried inside.

Kit grunted and leaned back, then just as quickly doubled forward again as another wave of convulsions shot through his abdomen. First his legs squeezed inward, and then he spread them out – and another squeeze, push, and burst this time forced him to empty up and out over the toilet, thick purple strands arcing across the seat before him and splattering against the door of the stall, rattling it on its hinges. Kit gripped at the toilet seat beneath him, entire body shaking and convulsing with the forced pressure: he felt as though his insides were trying to leave his body through his spade, interior walls and muscles squirming and squeezing, slick and slimy from the ooze the eel-worm had deposited deep inside of him.

Shivering, shaking, chest heaving with effort and legs still spread, he leaned forward and spread his already-swollen spade, profusely oozing thick slime. Even from here and this angle he could see those inner walls, pressing and pushing out towards his parted lips: the puckered urethra, a little pinpoint fold there towards the top; the inner folds, overlapping and wrinkled, a mess of slick, glistening wetness and warm pink; then the entrance down below, normally tight, snug walls opened and parted, bottom

pushing out, swollen cervix visible when he leaned forward, coming it and then caving back in towards the center from which that ooze dribbled.

Another contraction, and Kit watched as all of his interior muscles tensed and tightened and then squeezed out another semi-solid mass, the shimmering violet sludge thicker, darker, denser. His legs lifted up towards his body with the contracting of his abdomen, and when he managed to uncurl from around himself, that warm jelly sliding down his inner thighs and dripping from his spade and rump, Kit looked down to see that that ooze was now speckled and suffused with...

Heart in his throat, breath burning in his chest, the tiger gritted his teeth again, shuddered as yet another pulse shocked through him, and then reached down to run a fingerpad up along the revealed pucker of his interior entrance. Throughout this shimmering violet slime, now foggy and discolored from his own juices and drippings, Kit picked out small black lumps and dots and... he took a closer look, then felt another wriggle in his abdomen and gasped. A few more little worms, tadpoles almost, about the size of his thumb wiggling and squirming within the fluid, tickling at his fingerpad, trying to climb up the interior of the painted toilet bowl, dripping from the stall door where he had accidentally burst.

Caught between horror and intense pleasure, the tiger spread his legs again and looked back down, this time intentionally squeezing and trying to pull everything back into himself from strained and stretched muscles and sphincters. Throughout his folds and walls, caught between the lips of his spade and clinging to the puff of pubic fur above and around clung a few more of those little black worms, constantly wriggling and shifting and climbing, thick enough that he could *feel* them trying to slip free from his innards.

So *that* was the reason for this constant tickle and tingle. Kit shuddered, belly noticeably flatter than when he had first come into the stall, and reached down to wipe his paw across himself; his protruding spade stuck and sucked against his paw, thick slime wiping off against fingerpads and fur like a resilient grease, little eggs and larva floating free.

Panting and shuddering still, the tiger slopped his paw free from his spade and took a closer look at it, sensitive feline nose already curling with the mixed odor of his own musk on top of the deeper, more alien scent of the worms. The quiet pattering of his spilled and missed *evacuation* dripped from the stall door in front of him, and had filled the bowl of the toilet to nearly double its resting level; he spread his legs again and looked down, watching the way the surface of the liquid stirred and bubbled with all the movement inside of it.

As if on cue, then, the eel still locked in his womb gave a thrash and jitter, which bent Kit forward over himself – but he had nothing more to give save for the slow, constant trickle from his parted spade, glistening and sticky with arousal and ooze both. At this point he doubted he could stop it, and besides, his panties as well as the seat of his pants were already soaked through with the stuff... and, he noticed as he leaned forward, filled with another handful of the little wriggling worms as well.

He still had the rest of his presentation to give, as well as the entire rest of the day to get through. The tiger sighed, straightened up, and reached over for the toilet paper to wipe himself off, then paused, looked down... and just dragged his paw up and over his protruding flesh again and again, trying to slough off as much of the layers of slime as he could, sensitive flesh bouncing and jiggling with the contact as he went.

Already the tingling of his abdomen filling back up had begun, though honestly, there *was* some pleasure in resisting the pressure and urgency, in seeing how far he could stretch himself, literally in this case.

And then, he realized as he stood up and tugged his pants back up into place – there was still one more jar back at home, unopened.