

Public Use

Eros

Lukas squeezed his eyes shut against the quick, rhythmic thrusts from the “victim” in front of him, noises of urgent pleasure thrumming through the dire wolf as forcefully as himself. The otter knew that he was putting on a hell of a show for everyone else in the tavern when this really should have been *her* punishment, but still, he just hadn’t been able to help himself.

How could he, really? He hadn’t heard the reason for the punishment, but had simply come in to find this tall, muscular figure tied to one of the support beams in the center of the main hall, paws bound above her head and ankles together against the base, naked from head to toe with her breasts, the short field of nipples coursing their way down her belly, the plump sheath and heavy sack hanging down beneath, and the veritable map of scars crisscrossing through her off-white bone-colored fur on full display for anyone passing by. Some of the other patrons would stand nearby and just *look* at her, their gaze sometimes enough to stir that sheath and push her glistening red length out from its lip; some would get a handful or two as they walked by, be that handful from between her legs or atop her chest.

In fact, there was even a coyote who came by earlier, tankard in paw, with his own sheath flopping out through the front of his trousers just before he took aim and emptied his bladder across her leg. The poor prisoner had growled and snarled, tugging at her bonds until the timbers creaked, but by the time he shook himself off and left, the dire wolf was throbbing fully hard, knot swelling within her sheath. Every time she looked at someone she throbbed again, as though inviting, *daring* them to come forward to mess with her.

Then her eyes – or just the one of them, as the other fell beneath one of those dense scars – had floated over towards the small, slim otter in the corner of the tavern, minding his own business. He just couldn’t help himself: something in her gaze lifted him up and drew him over, his sensitive nose tingling with all the mixed scents of rage, frustration, exasperation, and then enjoyment and deep, rich arousal emanating off of her.

“Hey,” he had said, staying far enough away that she couldn’t quite buck at him, *“do you mind if I, ah...”*

They had wrapped her in a muzzle as well, tough leather bound tight around her snout. She growled and reared at him, and Lukas had leaned back but still reached forward.

“Just – let me know if I do something wrong, okay? I just... want to...” And he had leaned in, touched and brushed against her hard shaft, slid her sheath back past her knot... and to his surprise, in a matter of minutes he had had her thrusting and pumping into his grip, the dire wolf’s head turned back and eyes shut in pleasure. Soon she was sinking down the support as well, Lukas going with her until he could lie down across the floor and draw her into his muzzle, pumping his own arousal out of his pants for anyone else to see.

Now she growled, tightened up, and bucked again, and the otter opened his eyes just in time to see her wrists pulling against the ropes in preface to her thrusting fiercely forward, her entire body shuddering with the force. Lukas tried to keep an angle on what he could see of her muzzle, her expression scrunching up and chest heaving with her intakes of breath, and then he felt her empty those thick, fast ropes of her seed out against the back of his throat, his own paw working fast and hard to bring him to his own just seconds later. He hadn’t even finished drinking down her load before he bucked and jerked,

spraying his own much less impressive volume out across his bellyfur; some appreciative murmurs and rumbles issued from the audience of other patrons, and then soon after, embarrassment starting to push through him, the otter removed himself from around her length, straightened up, and worked at getting himself back into his pants.

The dire wolf, body lurching with her panting, looked from his hanging shaft to his muzzle, then back to the rest of the patrons again. Gradually she managed to pull herself up, and Lukas stood there awkwardly for a moment longer in trying to think up something to say, before he clamped his mouth shut and went to retake his seat.

It seemed as though he certainly wasn't the only one who had something in mind for her. After the dire wolf managed to pull herself back upright, thick shaft pulsing, leaking little streaks of milky white onto the floor before her bound footpaws, a striped hyena strode forward from further back in the tavern. As soon as she saw him approaching her hackles bristled and she bucked forward; he chuckled and leaned back, swaying what looked like a waxed rope back and forth around his paw.

Lukas couldn't quite hear it from here but he leaned in to murmur something to her, paws coming ever closer to her still-hard shaft. Slowly, carefully he wrapped that rope around her plump sheath, pulling the loop tight behind her knot...and then giving a tug when she leapt towards him again, turning that snarl into a breathless moan that made its way through the material of her muzzle. Then again, and again he tugged, now pulling her hard shaft downwards, drawing her to her knees as well.

Enraptured, Lukas leaned in as the hyena soon drew his own shaft out into the air before her, taking the opportunity to wipe and rub himself against the breathing holes of her muzzle. The dire wolf grumbled and growled, but even when he wasn't tugging at her knot, Lukas could see that she still twitched and throbbed in reluctant enjoyment. Still the hyena was talking to her, tilting his head this way and that, tapping his now fully-hard cock against her muzzle, sliding his paw back and forth, shuddering until a thick, glistening glob of pre oozed out and dripped along the leather; then he turned his paw, wrapped the rope around his fingers once more, gave another tug-

And with a breathless gasp and jerk, the support beam creaking and shuddering again, dire wolf bucked, thrust, and emptied out another few ropes of white across the wooden floor, each one goaded out along a gentle tug from the loop around her sheath just behind her knot. Again and again she throbbed and spurted, her cock bouncing up towards her body then pulled back down, until she had nothing more to give. The hyena tilted his head again, satisfaction evident in the way his tongue flicked out across his muzzle.

Through eyes halfway shut, the dire wolf looked across the tavern to Lukas again, her pale fur tinting rose with embarrassment. The striped hyena paused, letting the tension in the rope relax, then followed her gaze; when his eyes fell on Lukas he stopped, surprised, then grinned again.

The otter straightened upright; the dire wolf panted through her muzzle, dripping shaft still twitching; the striped hyena sent him a wink and tapped his own cock against her snout again, then waved it in the open air towards him.

Lukas pushed his seat back again.

Heat Naantam

The coyote dashed between the trees, heart pounding in his chest and breath hot in his lungs as he went. Some time back the string of his bow had caught along a low-lying branch and snapped, whipping up across his arm and shoulder to sear through the fur there; still the wound stung, but that would be nothing in the face of the death that had turned to face him down there. Nothing he had ever seen before, nothing he had ever *thought* could be, and yet still it pounded and raced through the forest after him, quickly making up the distance that he thought he had.

Raul didn't even look over his shoulder, as he knew what would happen. The hunter tried to skid to a stop to make a sharp turn, but lost his balance, wobbled – and then tumbled forward as those heavy paws impacted his shoulders, pushing him forward and down and forcing the air out of his lungs. For a moment he lay there beneath the beast's weight, its heat and scent wafting down over him, thick and heavy. That was what had first caught his attention back in the clearing, the *scent*: it floated over towards him through the trees like the smell of a field of flowers fresh after a rain, except this one was sharp, high, dry. Intoxicating, almost, yet he couldn't place why.

Not until the beast shoved a paw to his shoulder and forcibly flipped him over onto his back, at least. Sharp turquoise eyes glowed with a light of their own in the night, brought out further by the thing's sky-dark fur, swells of misty white and tan lancing up beneath the eyes and along the cheeks; its lips curled back in another snarl, showing sharp fangs roughly the same length as the coyote's entire paw, dripping with dense drool. One of those drops hung down, wobbled on its glistening rope, then fell and impacted the earth just beside his muzzle. Raul swallowed, took in a breath...

Then froze, and took in another. He recognized this scent, or at least his body did. Fear and anticipation suddenly starting to melt away, Raul lifted his head to get a closer look at the werebeast that had pinned him down, thighs on either side of his hips, huge paws still pressing against his shoulders... full, heavy breasts hanging down above his chest, swaying gently, jiggling with her shaky breathing and gentle shivering. The twitching of the ears, the fogginess in the eyes, the general shakiness of her entire body, and then the scent that lanced through his senses again and again, as though it came in waves; Raul squirmed and swallowed again, then found that he, too, was drooling.

Seeming to focus her attention again, the best arched her back, growled, and swiped one of those paws at his other arm, snapping the stave of his bow where he held it and sending it careening out of his grasp. Then the beast lifted herself and brought her muzzle in, close enough that Raul turned his head to the side to avoid looking at those deadly sharp fangs and wrinkled snout; she held there a moment, breath hot and humid through his fur, then began sniffing softly at him... and worked her way slowly down his body towards his shoulders and chest. Brutal claws pricked and poked at his fur through his meager clothing, tearing through the thin material even as she adjusted herself atop him.

The way she kept her legs spread and hips slightly up and back, how her entire body twitched and shook, the drool dripping from her lips and along her tongue, the almost frantic shimmer in her gaze... Raul gasped and jerked when those paws pressed in just below his belly, shredding his loincloth and tossing the material aside. This was certainly no time for embarrassment, but still Raul couldn't help but blush and turn his head to the side: something about that *scent* emanating off of her, curling around like dexterous fingers, ignited a flame in his loins and forced him to gently pump and thrust and grind, arousal stirring halfway there.

To his admittedly lessening surprise, though, the beast paused there, waited with her paw held a short distance away, then flashed those bright, hungry eyes up to him again. She swallowed open-mouthed, then started to adjust herself; Raul propped himself up on his elbows, heart still pounding, as the werewolf lifted herself up and back, bringing her hips forward and her shoulders back. Great footpaws scraped over the forest floor on either side of his body, the warmth of her body shifting above him until – until that warmth turned into *heat*.

That made sense. There between her legs, plump and protrusive, hung a thick wad of dense, slick flesh, the lips of her canine sex coming forward and bouncing heavily in the air as she brought herself into position. The beast licked at her chops and let a breath out into the night air, claws digging through the earth on either side of her captive; she lifted her hips, shivered again, then lowered herself back down towards his lap, that thick spade swollen enough beneath her burgeoning heat that the outer lips, wet obsidian, pulled up and out just enough to show the flash of warm, rich pink deeper inside, glistening with the same sort of hungry slickness that oozed from her maw as well.

Raul dug his fingers into the earth as well and swallowed. The glare in her eyes showed that she could still crush him in a second if he did anything against her, and the distaste and anticipation still remained. But she had another, deeper need guiding her, forcing her to press a huge paw against the middle of his chest and hold him down to the ground so she could angle her lower body closer, plump spade shifting in the air with the movement, then pressing up against the coyote's underside, sticking there, slurping into place.

Like a pair of hot, wet lips, he felt the hungry slickness of her arousal drizzle down around him. The hunter swallowed and arched his back, already trying to angle himself up against her: neither *wanted* to be in this position, but already each *had* to, *needed* to be here. Raul opened his eyes, pricked his claws out of the earth, slowly reached up, and then rested his paw against her upper thigh – then felt himself forced back down against the earth as the hungry best lurched over him again.

She sank down onto him, a hungry rumble in her throat. Raul let a breath hiss out between clenched teeth as that plump, wet spade kiss against his loins, sucking into place through his fur and already oozing down between his legs. Try as he might to find purchase in the ground beneath him and adjust his position, the werebeast had him at her mercy.

Those paws returned to his shoulders. Raul realized with a bit of amusement that he was no longer the hunter.

Canine pussy
Naantam

Tessa tossed her head and slid her arms up underneath the other wolfess's thighs, drawing them up and out of the water in which she lounged. Tendrils of steam curled up around her from the springs, enveloping her in sweet, cozy warmth and humidity, this little area their own private corner of the forest. Nothing else existed while they were here, and this was all that mattered.

She had been on her own at first, the pale white-furred wolfess sinking down into the water and letting it run its gentle fingers up her body, soaking through her fur and caressing her skin and flesh beneath. She had sprawled out and rested back, breasts settling into the steam, muzzle tilting back in relaxation...

only for her ears to perk and the water around her to stir some moments later. Tessa had opened her eyes and leaned forward, then just as quickly rested back as she saw who it was that had joined her.

Another wolfess, dark-furred, all blacks and browns and swirls of pale silver glistening in the early evening light. She had stepped forward and down into the springs, bright eyes watching the other across from her. Two matriarchs of the forest around them, each normally holding to their own territory, though occasionally their paths crossed in their hunts and travels and, like tonight, in their relaxation.

For some time they had each enjoyed their space here in the spring, occasionally stirring, shifting, or sighing, but somewhere along the way one of them had moved, and then the other had as well. One wolfess like charcoal, the other like ash, drew closer together until an arm went around the other's shoulder, and paws drifted down beneath the surface of the steaming water; fingers slid through wet fur, then down between spread legs, and up and over the wide, plump flesh of canine spade.

Hiona had tilted her head back and shivered with the first sensation, Tessa running her fingerpads back and forth around the base of those sensitive lips. Paw spread and running down towards the lower side, then coming together to circle around, the other wolfess's sex slowly plumping and swelling to her touch as her arousal grew; then two fingers held together, slipping in between those slick lips, curling over the flesh inside, and slowly, gently diving deeper. Then again and again, her other fingers wrapped against the base, as she pressed her palm against it and dug deep, burying her paw to the knuckle before slipping it out and then sinking back in.

She loved to feel the other lupine's muscles clenching and shivering around her, squeezing along her fingers from tip to knuckle and then back. Each one of those clenches pulsed in her palm as well, Hiona's spade lifting up and tugging back along her fingers whenever she drew them out, until the other wolfess shuddered, gasped, bumped her head against Tessa's, and then bucked beneath the water, then again, and again. And for a moment she slouched forward there, chest heaving in unsteady panting; then she straightened up, cast her bright eyes across Tessa beside her, and then began to lift herself up.

Tessa had already moved in turn, knowing that the other wolfess was not yet finished with her. Hiona sat on the edge of the springs, glittering water cascading off of her dark fur, smoothing it down against her body and just bringing her plump sex even more prominently out away from her, the mound of sweet, warm flesh hanging slightly down underneath its own weight when she spread her legs. Tessa slid her arms up underneath those spread thighs, licked her lips, and came forward far enough to touch her nose to the lower portion of the dark-furred wolfess's belly.

She closed her eyes and drew in a breath, able to taste the scent of lupine arousal rich on the air beneath the cloying aroma of mineral steam. If she tilted her muzzle just slightly down, then, her lips brushed against the other's, warm and wet, slick and supple; she pursed hers forward, pressed against Hiona's spade, and rolled her head slowly around, deliberately dragging the flesh of her spade with her, ears twitching every time those black-fleshed lips parted open to show the glow of fresh pink inside and *smacked* softly with wet walls pulling apart.

One wolfess cast her gaze up to the other and held there for a moment. Then Tessa opened her jaw a little bit wider, tilted her head down, let her eyes drift shut... and drew Hiona's entire spade into her maw, welcoming the plump, wet flesh atop her tongue and against the roof of her mouth. She had to stretch her cheeks a bit to fit all of it in, the hot, humid flesh already filling up enough that she had to adjust her angle a little bit to continue.

Above her Hiona sighed and leaned back onto her elbows, eyes half-closed as she watched the other attend to her. Tessa swallowed, already able to taste as well as feel the heady slickness of lupine arousal seeping across her tongue and into the back of her throat, then flicked her tongue forward. Then again, deeper this time; and again; and then she pushed her chin forward, working her jaw to try to slip her tongue as deep as her fingers a little while before, sucking and slurping as she went. Hiona's thighs shivered and squeezed down on her shoulders, the other wolfess pulling her breath in through clenched teeth or tight lips; Tessa drew back, still sucking, until those plump lips *popped* free from her maw, then gave another deep, firm drag of her tongue up between them.

Thick slickness smeared across her lips when she did so, matting down her fur and coating her nose, so she did it a second time, and a third, and a fourth, then turned her muzzle again to press her lips up to the dark-furred wolfess's spade, sucked gently, and now slid her tongue in from there, letting that supple flesh part against her mouth to allow her deeper. Already each inhalation carried nothing but the scent of *her*, worked deep into her fur and lungs; Tessa swallowed, then had to do so again to work down the clinging wetness, and finally drew back again, though not without another suck and slurp.

Then she, too, rose up out of the water, lifting a footpaw to brace it against the stone rim. Hiona looked up at her through eyes half lidded in pleasure; Tessa licked her lips, smirked, then reached down to spread her own spade. The other wolfess turned her body in anticipation and lifted her hips up, pulling herself further back onto the stone to allow Tessa somewhere as well.

One leg came over the other, splashed water spread out over the stone... and lips pressed up against lips, one black-fleshed spade mashing warmly, wetly up against one sweet pink.

Tentacles

Nematious

The leaves crunched beneath his footpaws as he went, the striped hyena cursing himself for falling asleep so far away from the campsite. Now that night had fallen so too had the temperature, far down from the pleasant warmth in which he had simmered a few hours earlier: he had gone out into the woods to explore a bit, found a quietly murmuring river, and lounged down there to relax. Then the next thing he knew, he had tottered over onto his side and opened his eyes to see the field of stars far ahead between the tree canopies, the riverbank warmly lit by the great moon pinned right up there in the center.

And now he had to stumble his way in the general direction back towards camp with nothing but his phone flashlight and some unreliably memories to guide him. His strength had never been navigation, and his mind had been elsewhere when he had made his way over here; Shekh grumbled as his footpaw sank into a little pit of cold, sticky mud, glanced down, then managed to pull himself out with a wet *shlop* before continuing forward. He reached out against a nearby tree with his other paw, braced himself there, grimaced as he tried to shake his footpaw out yet found nothing was happening. So he sighed, once more cursed himself for staying out so late, reached down to wipe it off – and instead felt what seemed like a thick, wet vine wrapped around his ankle.

That was strange. A brief shiver shot up the hyena's back, but as he tried to work his fingers beneath the coiling girth he found that it instead tightened further, and continued to creep up his leg, soaking through the fur with a thick, sticky slime as it went. *That* couldn't be right; Shekh looked at the dark

smears along his fingerpads, grimaced again, tried to shake his footpaw off, then moved to pull himself away from the tree, only to find that another vine had started to wrap up around his wrist there as well.

Confusion turned to shock and worry. He wobbled on one foot, arms stuck out in an attempt to keep himself balance, then found this to be a pointless endeavor for how the appendages, whatever they were, squeezed on him and started to lift him up. First by those two contact points, then another wrapping up beneath one of his shoulders, one more along his other thigh beneath the open leg of his shorts. He wobbled there in the air, weight pulling himself, gravity against these *things*, and only then did he hear the low, thrumming rumble that vibrated through the woods around him.

The striped hyena froze, or at least held as still as he could where he was suspended. Tall ears perked and swished around to find the source, and he just barely managed to crane his head over his shoulder, teeth gritted – then just as quickly wished he hadn't. Something tall, broad, roughly lupine in general form yet still *wrong* in so many ways hunched along the path from which he had come, crouching down yet still a good several heads above even where Shekh hung suspended in the air. A pair of eyes as bright as the stars overhead glittered in the night along its sleek, broad muzzle... and then several more eyes opened in sequence across its head, its shoulders, its arms where ragged fur gave way to twisting tendrils of black, tar-like ropy flesh.

With a shock Shekh realized that this flesh, this material, was much the same as crept up along his body, now curling beneath the leg of his shorts and slipping up into the sleeve of his shirt. He twisted and squirmed again, the touch of the tentacles from where they flowed out of the creature's back and over his body like a slug in the shade: cool and clammy on the exterior, slick yet surprisingly firm, with a deep, distant heat that pulsed and thrummed in its core. Every time those muscles tightened, Shekh's breath rattled in his chest and he gritted his teeth: first they felt like vines, then like slugs, now like fingers squeezing at his joints, continuing to curl up towards his core, drawing goosebumps out beneath his fur and making his nerves tingle, and... and he heard another rumble and huff from the beast behind him, followed by the distinct sound of a predator sniffing at the air.

The tension in the tentacles shifted and changed. Their grip lightened somewhat, yet still they continued on; in a moment Shekh was squirming and writhing up in the air for a sensation completely different, the appendages now pushing out at his clothing, tearing the seams, popping buttons and threads until with a strained tearing his shorts fell away from his body, his shirt already hanging off in shredded tatters. The chill of night swept its fingers over the hyena's bared body, leaving cold tingles wherever the tentacles slurped across him.

Despite himself and the situation, though, as those appendages continued to slither and course over his fur he found himself shivering not for the chill, but rather for the *sensation*. Shekh swallowed and tilted his head up and back as one of the tendrils wrapped around his throat, gentle and careful, squeezing enough that he could feel it around his pulse and his windpipe yet not so much that it restricted his breathing; one of his legs lifted up and away from the other for the tentacle weaving its way up his thigh, then another came up, curled around the base of his shaft and sack, tugged and squeezed there, then started to reach down between his legs.

He gritted his teeth and jerked, the touch a bit ticklish there, then pulled in a breath, held it, sighed ... shivered again, as the tapered tip of that tentacle circled around his tailhole, poked and prodded at the puckered center, then started to sink gently up into him, as though it belonged there. The hyena

swallowed, shivered, clenched all his muscles – another tentacle had started to curl its way around his shaft, embarrassingly half-hard already – and moved to look over his shoulder again.

The creature had come closer to him and, upon seeing his inquisitive look, tilted its head and lapped at its chops.

Vore

Nematious

Dunnorix blinked against the sudden bright light that flashed around him, then blinked again and this time had to reach up to wipe at his eyes. A great dizziness washed over him, riding along the tail end of the swell of heat and sensation that had just pulsed through the striped hyena's system; he felt as though he had just plunged feet first into a hot tub, only without any of the actual water. Still, though, something wasn't quite right, and it wasn't just the fact that suddenly he found himself as naked as the day he was born.

The hyena looked down over himself, embarrassment warring with the little rush of being bare to the world, then shifted his weight from footpaw to footpaw. The trail here seemed far more uneven than it had a moment ago, and then when he lifted his head and looked around, everything else seemed far more *everything*: the trees seemed taller, the bushes thicker, the forest around him denser, the leaves beneath his footpaws much, *much* larger.

That was it. He braced his paws on his hips and tilted his head, looking out across the vast thing that rested in front of him. It wasn't everything else that had changed, but rather *he* who had become much smaller. That could be annoying. Right as the tiny striped hyena turned to try to find his way back, though, his ears swished towards what had to be some massive predator lurking through the bushes on the other side of the path, coming in towards him; he froze and half crouched down, ready to sprint as fast as he could at any given moment... and then straightened back up when a stone-colored feral fox crept out from the bushes.

It was indeed a hell of a fox to Dunnorix, though in reality it was probably just the same as any other. The nose at the end of the sharp, angular muzzle twitched and wiggled as it picked up his scent, likely something new and unusual; sweet ice-colored eyes focused in towards the small hyena, and in another moment he had straightened up and leaned forward, seeing nothing but innocent curiosity and friendliness in those eyes.

"Oh," Dunnorix murmured. He reached a paw up and out; the fox sniffed at it. "Hello, there. Would you mind picking me up? I need to get somewhere."

The beast tilted its head. Dunnorix blinked and drew his paw back a little bit, taken aback at the idea that it might have understood him; then, though, the fox leaned in to reclaim that lost distance and flicked its tongue out, broad and smooth and wet, to trail up along his still half-outstretched arm. The striped hyena chuckled and shook his now sticky appendage out, fur matted down with clinging saliva.

"Whoa! Yeah, hey – look, if you would – just-"

But the fox wasn't willing to listen. For every step backwards taken by Dunnorix, the beast took another half-step forward, maintain the distance between them and then quickly closing it. Hot, humid breath

puffed out from flared nostrils against his head and shoulders, forcing him to close his eyes and grit his teeth; then he blinked, looked up, and heard as well as saw those lips part open, black skin pulling back to reveal sleek yellowish fangs rooted in rich, wet pink gums, coated with the very same dripping ooze that still rolled down his arm.

He tried to scramble around and leap out of the way, but as he threw himself the fox managed to catch hold of the hyena's mane coursing down his back, yanking him right back into place. Dunnorix gasped and scrabbled at the earth in trying to escape, though the more he struggled and flailed, the firmer the fox managed to grip onto him, until those fangs and lips spread around his midsection, and that pulsing, writhing tongue pushed up against the small of his back. Immediately goosebumps lifted out across his skin beneath his fur and a shudder twitched through him, not unlike the sensation of someone exhaling into the sensitive fur at the back of his neck.

Which, really, was exactly what was happening. Dunnorix's arms and legs swung forward as the feral fox hefted him up, clutching his body gently in the pits between its fangs; just like when it had first opened its mouth, he both felt and heard it swallow behind him, the wet meat of its throat pushing up against the roof of its mouth, saliva stirring and squelching in the back of its maw. Cool air rushed in around him as it inhaled through its mouth, then stirred right back through his mane, tail, and the rest of his fur when it exhaled a moment later, warmer and heavier; then that tongue flicked forward again, pushed him up – he waggled and flailed to try to find the momentum to toss himself off – and the jaws widened... then snapped shut.

Immediately the hyena felt all of his limbs pressed back in against his body, uncomfortable but not painful. The thick, dense muscle of the fox's tongue worked and wriggled against one side of him, while his back and head pushed up against the ridged roof of its mouth, sticky saliva both soaking through his fur while at the same time coating it in thick, glue-like slime. Then there was the sheer heat, too, swampy and heavy, making his eyes water and pulling at his lungs with a palpable weight and density.

It was *tasting* him, he realized. Dunnorix pushed out at and between those fangs, trying to find somewhere to grab onto, completely unable to with the slickness. The tongue pulsed again and lifted up beneath him, and his footpaws sank back into the back of the fox's throat; then it tossed its head back again, moved its tongue once more, lifted it up and pressed it against him until his muzzle went sideways and he got an oozing mouthful of hungry drool; and then all of these internal muscles working in rhythm and accord with one another tightened, pushed down against his legs, and his chest, and his head, and sent him down its throat.

The smacking of wet walls of flesh against one another, the dripping and popping of thick ropes of saliva and frothy little bubbles... Dunnorix pulled in another breath, already a bit lightheaded from the stale air that had already cycled its way through the predator's system, and once again squirmed against this flesh encased around him.

Just one thing after another, he thought.