

Treetop Shorts Collection
What Harm Could It Do? - Part 3

By Smokescale Aquatos

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Jess simply stared at the exhausted vixen standing there, looking at him with a bemused and agitated expression. He pulled his lips into as bright a smile as he could while his cheeks flushed brightly.

"Welcome home, Ginger. How was work?"

"Hell. Don't change the subject. Spill it." Her mood was such that only a direct answer would satisfy, and skirting the issue would only risk incurring her wrath.

Jess bit his lip again before looking down at his stomach. Jerry had fallen completely still, hoping perhaps the tiger could lie his way out of it if the truth wasn't given away. He hated being dishonest to his girlfriend, but he was too terrified to do otherwise. Unfortunately for him, Jess was of a far more open mind.

"Well... I uh... hehe, I kinda took Jerry to the club with me last night. I teased him a little too much... and well... things got a little carried away. Everything's still a little hazy but I woke back up here at home like this." Again the tiger flashed a brilliant, uncomfortable smile. Jerry winced hearing the feline's answer. That was not what he had hoped to hear.

"Got carried away? Woke up like this? What... you ate him?" Ginger sounded rather put out, but not in the fashion either of the boys expected. It had an air of 'not this again' to it that confused them both.

"Oh no, no, no! I didn't eat him!" Jess averted his gaze and rest his hands on his stomach, caressing the dome softly, unable to keep from fawning over his belly, "He... uh... went in a different way."

Ginger lifted a hand and pinched at the bridge of her muzzle, offering a sigh of exasperation, "Let me guess... You've never unbirthed someone before. And now you can't figure out how to get him out."

The word puzzled the tiger for an instant, but given the context, he was quickly able to deduce the meaning. His eyes opened wide as he came to the conclusion that Ginger had some knowledge of this kind of thing.

"No, never even knew I could. And yeah... tried to push him out but it didn't work. How did-"

"-I know about it? We get people in the ER from time to time freaking out about this. It's a lot more common than you might think. We had a girl come in earlier tonight that had managed to somehow stuff five people in her. She said she was a veteran and thought she could handle it. Turns out she'd never had that many people before so she was a little overwhelmed. We had to help her lighten the load." Ginger continued to rub just between her eyes.

"So... You know how to get me out then?" Jerry hesitantly offered.

"Yeah, I know how to get you out. But I'm kinda mad that this happened in the first place," The vixen grumbled as she reached out and took Jess' arm by the wrist, "Come on... let's get you prepped."

The tiger yelped at the surprisingly strong grip and tug, yanking him to his feet. His off-balance weight nearly sent him tumbling to the ground but he righted himself as he was dragged off to his bedroom and ordered onto the bed. Ginger was busy changing out of her scrubs, leaving her in nothing but her underwear. It left the feline blushing powerfully.

"Uh... whatcha doin', Ginger?"

"Do you know how to help someone give birth to a full grown adult they've managed to get stuck in their uterus?" For her, it was a rhetorical question, but she knew she'd have to answer it.

Jess shook his head as he found himself being pushed onto his back, his legs being spread, and his boxers removed, "N-no... how?"

The vixen removed her watch and tossed it aside, then began unfastening her bra, "You gotta go in after them. It's easier when you have stirrups, but we'll be fine. Now keep'em spread good and wide. And don't be shy about being loud if you feel the need. You'll probably end up making a big mess."

The tiger's eyes widened, his pupils narrowing to pinpoints. Jerry began to squirm about all over again.

"What!? Go in after them!? What if you get stuck in here too!?" He fought and pushed, trying to find the way back out in the hopes that he could stop his girlfriend from violating their roommate.

Jess found himself taken by the sensational experience of the fox's writhings again, unable to really offer any meaningful conversation. His length pulsed and throbbed against his swollen gut, right there for Ginger to see. Without much for ceremony, she reached out and squeezed the firm shaft. It startled the tiger but he dared not pull away.

"I've had to do this a few times a week since I started the night shift. It happens to be its own special brand of hell. A lot of folks who do this are often rather nasty... or drunk... or high... or try to get fresh by deciding they don't want to let you out. Have you ever found yourself stuck inside a horse's gut with five other people only a little bit smaller than her? It's cramped, and it's hard to get anything done, let alone move." She continued to tease the tiger, pumping her hand over his shaft a few times before slipping her fingers down to cup at his fuzzy sac. She massaged the plump orbs with her palm for a few moments, listening to the reactions she was drawing from her roommate.

"Oooo...s-sounds... frustrating." It was all he could muster, unable to contain himself at this point. His hips pushed against the fox's palm. He did find her quite attractive; lovely figure, ample bust, eyes like crystal, pelt as soft as velvet. But he respected the relationship she had with Jerry... even though he had kind of violated it the night before.

"You have no idea. I left more hot and bothered tonight than ever. And now I come home to find my boyfriend and my roommate are stuck in exactly the same situation." The vixen's quiet rage belied the power of her libido. She jammed her hand lower, shoving a pair of fingers between the feline's petals.

Immediately he gasped loudly. A mighty shudder passed over him, then faded to a visible tremor as the lady's fingers began to massage around within his tunnel.

"Oh god! Ginger! Wh-what are you doing!? Don't stop!!"

The vixen grinned wickedly, "Oh I don't plan to. I'm nowhere near done." She pushed forward, sinking the whole of her hand into the striped cat's nethers.

Jerry heard the conversation and felt the tiger's heartbeat quicken, pounding away in his ears, "Honey... I don't think there's room in here for the both of us! It's already pretty cramped!"

Ginger shook her head, "Nah, it'll be fine. I've seen folks half Jess' size stuff a seven foot bear in them before. Some people pride themselves on how much they can shove in themselves. Now scooch over. I'm coming in."

"Ginger! No!" The hidden vulpine tried to protest, but his cries were ignored.

The vixen pushed again, feeling the warm, moist grasp of Jess' folds wrap around her elbow. A second hand joined the first as the tiger wriggled and yowled loudly. He was fully sober this time, meaning he was going to feel and remember every second of it. Already he was lost to the passion, drinking it up as if he were intoxicated by it.

A firm shove from below sank the woman's second arm in up as far as the first. Then she lowered her muzzle, licking along the cat's drooling, pulsing shaft. It drew out a new shiver, amusing her. She licked again, pausing her entry to service the poor kitty's needy member. She pressed her lips to the ragingly stiff thing, practically tasting the heat pouring off of it. In seconds, it was engulfed, pressed against the back of her throat as she bobbed away. At this point, Jess gave up trying to maintain pretense and began bucking into his roommate's mouth. And she was good. He felt her tongue slather this way and that over him, drawing all manner of tactile responses he hadn't had the good fortune to experience before. Her arms and fingers wiggled away inside him, driving him mad.

All of this took place while Jerry remained trapped in the cat's belly, unable to escape, unable to do anything to stop them. He whined and stretched his prison, distorting the tiger's belly visibly. Jess moved his hands to cup against the fox hiding under his fur, squeezing and stroking over the odd shapes pushing out from his middle. He was enjoying this, and doing so unabashedly. His member bucked powerfully in Ginger's mouth, drooling heavily. She slurped up whatever contribution she could get from him, waiting for the treat she was so interested in.

With so much going on, Jess' poor body couldn't hold out terribly long. His back arched as his mouth hung open in a lewd shriek of climax. Ginger found her cheeks bulging with thick, musky tiger essence, which she swallowed down rapidly. It practically poured down her throat once she found the right position, still lapping away at the twitching rod. The feline's petals quivered and squeezed, soaking the lady's arms and the sheets under them both. A strong rippling sensation gripped the vixen, trying to pull her deeper. Once the tiger's shaft had ceased its flow, or at least most of it, Ginger removed her lips and lowered her nose, letting him drag her inward.

The first mighty 'gulp' saw her head consumed easily. Jess felt his breath stolen away by the sensation.

Before his body could act on its own again, the vixen pushed forward with her legs. Her chest stretched the boy's velvety cunny without difficulty. Already Jess could feel his stomach swelling further. With every passing second, he was growing bigger and bigger. He couldn't stop her, nor did he want to. He wanted them both, needed them both, inside him. He clinched his fingers in the sheets as he continued to roll his hips. His undulating passage worked away swiftly, finding Ginger's hips to be little trouble.

A pair of long, athletic legs slowly glided in between his thighs while he felt his abdomen stretch to contain both his roommates. He was going to be huge! Maybe not five people having an orgy in his womb huge, but huge none the less! He could work his way up to that.

A new howl filled the bedroom as he felt Ginger's knees pass within, then her smooth calves, and then at long last, her feet. He felt her toes wiggling away once they were sealed up inside him, waiting for every inch of her to be deposited in the warm, slick, squishy pouch that had been holding her boyfriend for the past eight or nine hours. It was glorious. Now that he was completely clear of mind to experience it, he wanted more. He was easily addicted to this. His hands roamed over the vast bulge, adoring the weight of both foxes inside him.

"Oooo... you have no idea how good this feels!" His words were slurred slightly, as if he had somehow gotten drunk again. His mind was awash with the chemical euphoria the whole event had provided.

Ginger smirked, "Actually, I do. Now... hang on a sec." She grunted and shifted about, making the tiger moan all over again. She was doing something, both to herself and to Jerry, who complained and protested fruitlessly.

After a few moments, Jess felt pressure between his legs, gasping and shivering. Something was coming back out. She couldn't be ready to leave so soon was she? If that was the case, he was too weak from the mind-altering climax to stop her. Eventually, his lower lips parted and a pair of panties, as well as a full set of clothes, were pushed out, and that was all. They were soaked in the feline's womanly nectar, but otherwise unharmed. He huffed a little and frowned in confusion.

"Much better. Naked is the best way to experience this." That was the last thing Ginger said. Jerry offered some incoherent words in surprise but he was suddenly muffled by a powerful kiss.

Jess found his stomach begin to sway and slosh about. He could feel so much of what was happening inside him, and he could guess what was going on. Ginger was pent up and needed some relief, so she had pinned her boyfriend and they were using the tiger's womb as their own private love hotel. He mewled pitifully, not entirely ready for another round, but desperate for them to continue. His belly stretched and spread again and again as he lay there on his back, drinking in the sensation of his roommates making love inside him. It certainly put Jerry in a better mood.

The sounds of the two foxes indulging in their passion were easy to hear, and something about just knowing what they were doing brought a new quiver to the tiger's form. Jess gasped heartily for air, unable to think, unable to reason, only able to experience the fun. His rod bounced away against his heavily bloated gut, grinding against himself as he turned to roll over on top of his 'kids'. Once he was in a better position, he gripped his huge belly and began to push forward into it with his hips.

The neighbors would no doubt lodge a noise complaint with all the racket they were causing, but the

trio didn't care.

The tiger humped away against his gut, panting furiously as his passengers thrust into one another. Two voices rose from under his fur as they hit their peak, and then continued on, not stopping after a single climax. Jess squeezed his thighs together with each forward thrust, finally crying out happily. A thick stream of cream poured from his pulsing shaft while a glistening trail formed between his thighs, and then he fell limp atop the still active belly.

He giggled and lay there, dazed and lost in the cloud of pleasure for the hour or so the two went about their fun. Eventually, they wore themselves out and the tiger rolled back and sat himself up, hugging his enormous stomach enthusiastically.

"I don't ever wanna let you two out! That was amazing!" He leaned down and kissed his vastly pregnant tummy.

Ginger laughed, "Well you gotta let us out at some point. I have work, and I'm sure you'll get tired of lugging us around."

"No I won't! I promise!" Jess countered, as though he were five years old.

"Don't worry, we'll climb back in from time to time. In fact, I'm just gonna call it a night right where I am," Ginger kissed Jerry, who was too stunned and spent to speak or think, "Night, you two." And with that, the vixen settled in to a good day's slumber with her boyfriend in her arms, wrapped up in the tiger's belly.

Jess giggled and squeezed the happy couple. A whole day like this. He'd be slow on his feet, but it would be so very much worth it.