

Apnare snored loudly as she was dragged away in a multitude of handcuffs and chains by three guards. Her large breasts were squashed against her chest by a large metal bra, reminiscent of medieval plate armour; which was just as well since no one really wanted to acknowledge the steadily softening masses in each mammary that were witnesses a few hours back. The two guards at the front hooked her large arms over their shoulders and dragged her on her knees from the room, staggering slightly under the impressive weight of the muscular fifteen foot dragoness. Behind her the third guard hovered, ready to jump in if his co-workers needed some help; his eyes remained fixed on her muscular buttocks, although whether making sure the dozen tranquilizer darts stayed in place or watching the frantically waving hand of his partner slowly slip from sight between Apnare's clenching glutes no one was sure.

Just as the four reached the door out of the courtroom the rear guard couldn't stand to see his partner slowly sink to her doom any longer. With a cry of anguish he lunged forwards, knocking the thick black tail to one side and gripping the frantically wiggling white hand. The bunny returned his grip and began to scream anew, her voice thick and muffled by the walls of Apnare's rectum. Gripping her wrist with both hands he began to pull, partially bracing himself against Apnare's muscular thigh while the other two guards, and much of the courtroom, stopped to watch in apprehension. Slowly the female guard began to slip out, her fur coming out a dirty, matted grey as it slipped back out through the dragon's greasy pucker. Trapped air, thick and moist, bubbled out as the bunny finally managed to wriggle the fingers of her other hand, a dirty brown with unmentionable filth, back out into the cool air. Her frantic kicks at the depths of Apnare's bowels were just enough to stir the gang leader, and she squirmed, eyes snapping open and narrowing cruelly as she clenched hard; making her victim groan in pain as powerful rectal muscles sucked her back down inside, swallowing her completely and dragging the other guard off balance and straight into her rump, the seemingly tight muscles stretching like some sort of perverted snake around his upper body. Laughing cruelly Apnare stood up, tossing the two guards aside and reaching back to stuff her latest victim deeper. By the time another six tranquilizer darts thudded into her scaly hide and knocked her properly unconscious, only the poor man's feet remained, and a wet fart relaxed her ass just enough to slurp those in too leaving only a memory and faint, frantic yelling as the two guards, all that remained of the dozen strong platoon assigned to the draconic crime boss, dragged their hefty prisoner away. Those in her bowels would suffer the most, her more common meals having long since expired. The one guard 'lucky' enough to vanish up her slit stood a chance of being rescued if any doctor was willing to be alone in a room with Apnare, even tranquilized as she was. If not, then he was in for a very long stay in the tightest, hottest and stickiest prison on the planet; particularly since it was rumoured Apnare enjoyed 'playing' with many of her victims that lived through the first night.

"Wow, that was an effort!" Amber exclaimed as she and Erica climbed into the back of a large limousine. The windows were blacked out and while the elderly elephant settled back behind the anonymous glass Erica slipped on a pair of sunglasses, rolled down her window and rested one smooth skinned arm on the side.

“Yeah, so this makes you the new boss right?” Erica didn’t bother to turn and look at Amber, although the elephant knew she was watching her from the corner of her eye, checking out her reaction. She yawned and stretched her trunk, although the elephant was in her sixties she was a force to be reckoned with. Apnare’s second in command, second most likely because she only stood at around twelve feet; towering over most of the gang – most of *anyone* to be honest. Amber had aged gracefully and, despite clearly being old, never failed to draw glances from passers-by. She was the last of her herd and rumours flew around suggesting that every single one of them had vanished into her wrinkled, leathery body; other females, bulls and prospective mates, even the young men she should have instinctively kept close for sex Amber had kept them a little *too* close...so close they replaced any babies she might have wanted, in fact.

“Yep, although you realise there’s going to be a power struggle right? I wouldn’t be surprised if most of the grunts started trying to work their way up...everyone trying to move up in life” she shot a sideways glance at her lizard companion. Erica was little more than a secretary-cum-debt collector, but Amber hadn’t got to where she was in life by assuming the best in people. The green skinned lizard didn’t respond, and instead caught the attention of a couple and patted the metal door of the limo to tell the driver to stop.

“Sure...so make an example or two, toss a few my way...or Sabel’s and let everyone know what happens to people trying to undermine your authority” Erica slipped out of the car as her new friends, a male and female fox each over a foot shorter than the toned lizard, walked cautiously closer. Turning around she leaned on the windowsill and took off her sunglasses, revealing eyes as luminescent purple as her naturally coloured hair. She raised an eyebrow and regarded the elephant coolly, before winking and straightening up. She smoothed down her white business suit, deliberately leaving the jacket undone to reveal her black leather corset tailor made to hug her ample breasts, and turned to smile at the pair of foxes. Her short purple hair swayed gently in the breeze as she hooked an arm around each fox’s shoulders and led them away, her long thick tail swaying in lazy arcs. Sighing Amber leaned forwards and rapped sharply on the window

“Stop at the next fast food joint, I’m hungry, and then take me back to HQ” Half an hour later she settled back in the expensive upholstery and swallowed a large mouthful of chewed junk-food, relishing the increased squirms as the unfortunate young man that served her found himself slowly buried beneath chewed food. Eventually a pile of empty boxes sat beside her and she patted the compact lump in her belly with satisfaction. The worker could barely move through the chewed burgers, chips and fizzy drinks she had poured on top of him, but the knowledge he was inside her somewhere was enough, and with a happy glow on her cheeks the large elephant settled back for a nap in as the limousine trundled onwards.

“wow, you guys are **slurp** much more lenient than my last job! **lick**” The badger grunted between sucks and slurps. Kneeling in a grimy alleyway he allowed himself to be backed up against the wall before the tall Cheetah. Although his lips were wrapped halfway around a huge cock – it was too long for him to swallow more than half her length – his eyes were fixed on the two curved, furred bottoms of her massive breasts; visible from below by looking up her black latex top where the sheer size of her breasts naturally held the bottom several inches away from her chest.

"Mmm, we need to be. We have much more...demanding needs" Sabel grunted happily, her hands wrapped around his head and firmly rammed him onto her cock, making him gag slightly as his swallowed another half inch and the tip forced its way into his oesophagus, choking him slightly as the tip pulsed in pleasure. Although the tall feline groaned in pleasure, she scowled angrily as cold air continued to blow on most of her cock. Releasing her grip she allowed him to come back for air, releasing her saliva slicked shaft and licking up the dribble of pre-cum at the head. Instead of continuing to stare at her breasts and the way the cold air made her nipples jut out beneath the tight latex he looked up to her face; shuddering slightly at the pout on her black lips and the way her red hair framed her yellow furred face and purple eyes before jutting back in an arcing ponytail. A ponytail that swayed as she shook her head in annoyance at him

"you're just *not* good enough, let me show you how *I* need you!" before he could do little more than take a breath her hands were back around his head and slamming him face first into her cock. No, *into* her cock he realised with sheer horror as the head somehow stretched over his muzzle. The badger tried to scream but the rock hard cock held his jaw. Instead the motion made Sabel moan needily, and drove home the realisation it *wasn't* an accident. As she continued to shove, roughly forcing him further down the long shaft his hands came up and pushed at her, slapping her thighs or gripping the thick length of meat in an attempt to stop her pushing him deeper. With a gooey squelch his entire head slid up her cock, the rock hard organ causing sharp pains in his neck as it twitched with pleasure and jerked his head up and down. As the firm head pushed against his shoulders he prayed she was simply good at sounding and not...

A loud grunt crushed his faint hope as she thrust sharply forwards and down, pre-cum oozing from the gaping tip of her cock as it stretched seemingly impossibly wide around the panicking badger's shoulders. Sabel rested for a moment, stroking her engorged shaft happily and squeezing the last few inches of unfilled meat; letting pre-cum ooze copiously from the tip, soaking into the badger's shirt and pants and matting his fur. The sensation of his breath *inside* her cock drove the cheetah wild, and without any more hesitation she began to thrust forwards, grabbing fistfuls of cloth and hair to ram the yelling, thrashing badger deeper into her cock. The rough material rubbed the incredibly sensitive insides of her shaft, but any thought of pausing long enough to remove them was washed away by roiling waves of pleasure as his head pushed through a series of tubes never designed to stretch more than a few millimetres and into the feline's sack. It wasn't particularly large, and gave no outward indication that Sabel was anything more than a hermaphroditic cheetah; but as his head pushed in the sack seemed to swell slightly, visibly bulging and deforming around his face but inflating just enough to retain a roughly sack-like shape. By then her grossly deformed and stretched cock was lifting the badger's bulk under its own power, having already consumed him clear to the hips. Bracing against the wall she thrust her wide hips forwards and smacked his feet into the wall, using it to stuff him deeper as she thrust back and forth with lustful grunts creating small pools of whitish gloop on the floor as pre oozed from the flexing cock around his legs and onto the floor. Groaning and sweating slightly from the effort Sabel turned and leaned her back against the wall. She spread her legs wide as her now massive sack continued to fill and bulge with the body of the badger. With only his legs from the shins down still exposed her cock had lifted itself upright again and was twitching and throbbing, desperate for her touch to finish things off. Smiling and clenching her hands and toes she watched each flex 'toss' the badger a little deeper down, gravity dragging him down the slick, cum-soaked tube and into the surprisingly hot sack below. Getting hold of her common sense for just a few moments Sabel quickly reached down and untied his shoelaces,

intending to pull them off his feet. Instead as soon as the long laces hung loose a sudden rush of euphoria overcame her and she couldn't help but buck up into the air; when she looked back down, her shaft had returned to normal thickness. Gripping the flesh she felt an oddly hard centre, and moments later saw four long laces hanging from her cock-tip, slowly sliding up and in as the shaft continued to throb, eager for release. On the brink of hysterical laughter at the amusing sight a ringing mobile interrupted her pleasure. For a moment she thought it was the badgers – she *hated* when they managed to take some form of communication with them. And then realised it was coming from her breast pocket, a barely noticeable bulge in her bra where the phone had instead pushed into the soft flesh of her mammary instead of bulging out of the taunt latex.

“Hello?” She gasped, struggling to fight off waves of pleasure as the badger thrashed and begged for help

“Heeey Sabel” A deep voice drawled on the other end. Sabel scowled and her iron hard cock actually softened slightly, drooping in a slight curve – although the odd sensation of laces swinging freely from the head still sent pulses of pleasure up her body.

“Ugh, Bigbrown, you always know just how to kill the mood....what do *you* want?” She spat down the line, eager to hang up and try to reclaim her flow.

“Oh? Is there someone else there?” she wrinkled her nose at the perverted tone, somehow the thought of the equine imagining her naked set her teeth on edge, even though she had an entire person crammed into her sack at that very moment “Anyway, I just wanted to let you know Sarah won't be turning up today, or ever again” she heard a stifled snicker and very faint cries for help.

“We *will* pin these on you one day Big, and when we do....”

“Yeah good luck with that” Across town the large brown horse flicked his black hair aside and gazed around the room, almost every wall was splattered with his cum and from the sticky translucent gloop on things like the tv remote, lampshades, bed-knobs and a host of other strange things it was clear he wasn't the only person who had fun. His limp cock was equally covered in the sticky fluids, and still dribbled its own white juices as it hung limp and free in the hot motel room. Walking across the room he fished his dungarees out from under a pile of cum soaked women's clothes and wriggled his body into them. Taking extra time to cram his extremely large, bulging and visibly moving testicles into the tight clothes; laughing at the small vixen's pathetic pleading he stuffed his sack in even more roughly, relishing her pained groans as her dark, sticky world grew even tighter as he balled up his fist to cram the last of himself into the dungarees and zip the flies up. After a moment's thought he undid the flies and drew out his large, limp cock before walking around for a few minutes until he found a small mobile phone. Lifting his cock upright he pulled back the foreskin and firmly stuffed the rounded bottom of the phone into the tip. In a few seconds the entire thing had vanished, and he pinched his foreskin and wiggled his cock a bit to shake the phone all the way down into his sack; where Sarah squirmed feebly around to discover what hit her in the head.

“Mmm, I'll *catch* you later Sab, but I just gave Sarah back her phone so she can explain her absence in person” The equine hung up and sure enough, seconds later Sabel's phone began to ring again, displaying Sarah's full name. Unwilling to let Bigbrown spoil her day any more than he already had, the cheetah rolled her eyes and tossed the phone to one side, returning her attention to her slowly

diminishing libido and ignoring the ringing until it stopped. Bigbrown lumped himself down onto the cum-sticked couch and flicked on the tv while Sarah squirmed around in her prison, trying to ignore the distinct lack of fresh air and screaming at her phone, begging Sabel to pick up.

Returning her attention to the massive squirming sack swaying between her muscular legs she gripped the slippery, cum-soaked laces and gave them a sharp tug; delighting both in the sensation of them running up her cock and the sudden movement as she pulled the badger upside down, smothering him in the gloopy, stored cum that filled almost half of her sack.

“Hey! Hello in there!” Sabel cried out, feigning horror as she – sharply – prodded the badger “Can you- oh my god I am so sorry, I didn’t even know I could do that!” At that point she bit her lower lip to stifle the giggle “Can you find the way out? Oh please, I don’t want to explain this at the hospital!” Sure enough the badger thrashed around a bit more and managed to right himself again – although in truth he was lying in a foetal position, Sabel could see his face pressing out at the front of her sack – she shuddered happily as he pushed upwards with both hands, trying to push back into the millimetre wide gap near the top of her sack, and forced a thick spurt of cum to squirt out and splatter the wall on the opposite side of the alley. Even if the frantic badger had managed to push back up into her cock, he would have had to fight past her clenched fist as it pumped up and down the sticky shaft.

“I-I can’t get out! You have to go to the hospital! It’s getting hard to breathe in here!” suddenly the sack seemed to contract around him, and the thick cum semi-drowning him heaved upwards, stretching the tube ‘almost’ wide enough for him to squeeze through, had he thought to attempt it. Sabel moaned and hissed gutturally as her orgasm sprayed seed across the alley and up the far wall, her body twitched and spasmed and her testicles swung wildly, smacking the contained badger against the brick wall behind her until she calmed down enough to grin down at her sack. With so much cum covering the alley instead of the badger he made a much more distinct shape in her sack, and she could see his eye-sockets as he pushed out, trying to get her attention.

“Really? Well that’s just a shame, because I don’t plan to go to hospital....so I guess you’re stuck!” Sabel laughed and re-arranged her clothes, tugging the tight latex tube-top down a little to better hug her huge breasts and rearranging her skirt to cover her buttocks if not her cock – which still jutted proudly forwards, drooling cum like a hungry dog. It was more principle than actual decency as she pulled on bicep-long black latex gloves and slipped her muscular legs into thigh-high black leather boots, her cock and massive, frantically struggling sack still hung freely and visible in the chill air. Giving herself a final rub she dipped her fingers into the white fluids at the tip of her cock and brought them to her lips, smiling happily as she sucked them clean before turning, opening a door and vanishing into the building behind her.

Sabel, Erica and Amber – and until last night Sarah – all work in the same organisation. A criminal group of extortion and assassination lead until recently by Apnare the dragoness. With Apnare incarcerated Amber moved up the chain to leader, creating a void beneath her that would inevitably lead to tension among the ranks. While Erica was essentially a secretary and business negotiator, Sabel was little more than a low-ranking thug, paid to smack people around and occasionally scare the money out of them. Erica seemed to be content in her position, but Sabel had always been striving for more and with the disturbance in the gang, people had begun to glance her way more frequently.

"Again? For goodness sake Sabel" The large otter stood with his arms folded in front of the cheetah, trying to scold her. Instead she flashed him a toothy grin, winked and took another sip of her coffee. She was leaning against the side in the kitchen when her boss had arrived and seen her distended testicles. While devouring others was an accepted form of extortion and assassination...even simply for pleasure, the general consensus was to keep it fairly discreet. Instead Sabel frequently wandered into work half naked and sporting a bulging body; people rarely picked her up on it though because of how good she was at her job

"Who was it this time?"

"Some newbie" she shrugged and deliberately flexed her abdominals, making her semi-flaccid cock bob distractingly "A badger, guy wanted to give me a blowjob but just couldn't cut it" The otter seemed more angry than before at the fact Sabel had so casually used a potential colleague for her amusement, let alone the fact she'd stuffed him down her cock – one of the more unpleasant routes. He took another glance at her motionless sack and stalked away, shaking his head. The badger had stopped begging and struggling over an hour ago, probably from lack of air. Sabel could have sped up the process, masturbation and clenching could have broken the badger down into cum and let her sack shrink to almost normal; but the cheetah loved the sense of dominance, and anything trapped in her sack, even a corpse, was better than going empty. It took another three hours for the clearly humanoid shape in her scrotum to soften and dissolve enough for the feline to cup her sack in both hands and feels the semi-solid shape of clothes and shoes within the gloopy mass of cum. During that time she heard down the grapevine Apnare had been incarcerated, and with a menacing smirk, left her post to find her boss.

"Ms Tennison, this is your *last* chance!" Erica's white trousers hung neatly over the back of a chair and her purple heels sat between the legs. Her white thong, clearly dampened by juices and sweat, hung on the arm of the chair, steaming slightly from their time clung to the lizard's body. Erica herself was crouched over another chair, both hands on the wooden seat to keep her rump lifted half a foot off the seat. She still wore her white jacket, hung open to reveal the dragon hide vest. Her purple tie, designer made to match her eyes and hair, had come loose and hung freely in front of the vest. Perspiration glistened on her skin and several strands of hair hung in front of her face, although she wore a faint, twitching smile as she spoke to the empty room. Erica glanced down at her belly, watching the woman thrash and try to fight against the smothering flesh and tight vest, distorting the leather slightly as it stretched and creaked quietly under the strain. Below the lizard, the woman's unbound legs kicked the air wildly and in her lap Erica's large sack rested, her green cock throbbing happily as part of the woman rubbed up against her prostate. She scowled in annoyance when Ms Tennison's voice replied, too quietly and muffled to be heard through the lizard's body; Rocking her hips – and prompting another scream of fear – Erica worked herself a little loose, shuddering pleasantly at the sticky squelching, before slowly lifting up, standing up and letting the woman's hips plop out of her ass. The chair had barely any legs, designed to put the person on it much lower than a standing person; by the time Erica's toned legs had fully straightened her tail-hole was twitching lightly around the woman's upper chest. Walking slowly forwards Erica bent forwards slightly and thrust her rump backwards, pulling Tennison over slightly in order to slide completely off her. The woman gasped for air when head slopped free with a gooey sound, and Erica's pucker squeezed closed with a sticky squish as she turned to face the seated woman.

Francis Tennison was a business woman from a company Erica's gang were interested in, and the lizard had invited her over to discuss co-operation. In truth it was a hostile take-over, with or without Tennison's permission. The woman's hair, normally in a tight bun, had come loose and hung down in filthy, matted locks, her black business suit top was soaked with slime from deep within Erica's bowels and matched her face, both covered in lumps of shit, compacted and squashed within Erica's ass to stick firmly to Francis' body. Tears streaked down her face, wrecking the last traces of makeup not already plastered on Erica's colon or covered in filth, as she gasped for air and tried desperately not to look down at herself.

"So Ms Tennison, sign the company over to us, and you can walk away..." Erica didn't bother adding a threat, her victim had already seen her casual, soft smile and the way her cock throbbed and twitched eagerly. Francis knew in her heart what would happen if she said no, but she couldn't say yes.

"P-please! E-erica! I have a f-family...I-I can't" She broke down into sobs, trying to wriggle free of the ropes that bound her wrists to her sides and her thighs to the chair "I-it's not my c-choice to make! I-I couldn't...e-even i-if I wanted to!" She was practically screaming as Erica tutted and slipped the expensive-looking pen back into her breast pocket and slipped the release form back onto the table. She continued to plead, explain it wasn't her fault as the lizard stepped closer again; then began to beg for her life, for freedom or even just a hint of mercy as she caught Erica's expression, the lizard smiled almost eagerly as she turned around again. Bending over and lifting her tail up high she revealed her firm green cheeks, the crack tinged dark brown; she slipped her fingers into that crack and spread her rump wide, revealing the shit-coated pucker nestled between her cheeks. Erica paused only long enough to let Francis' terror mount before pushing backwards, slamming her ass into the woman's face with a slightly softened smacking sound. Immediately Tennison screamed, then gagged as her lips and tongue brushed the crap staining Erica's ass. Releasing her cheeks she let them come together around her victim's head, completely obscuring her face clear to her ears; without pause Erica pushed back harder, angling her hips downwards slightly so that her pucker effortlessly squished over Francis's head, engulfing it back in the shit-filled rectum. With the woman's jacket already covered in lubricating shit and slime, Erica saw no need to remove it and simply sat up straight, lifting up onto the tips of her toes and letting her weight rest heavily on Francis' shoulders. For a moment the woman swayed under the sudden weight; until a lewd splorch accompanied Erica's sudden drop over the woman's shoulders and breasts. She sunk down more slowly over her stomach because by that point Francis's head had pushed right to the back of her rectum and had begun to slide into the much less spacious, yet equally filled, tunnel of the lizard's colon. In a few short minutes, helped along by the shit and slime coating Francis, Erica's ass and filling her bowels, the lizard squelched down to the point she was at just a few minutes ago; her own ass squeezing around Francis' own and hovering just a few inches from the wooden seat. This time however Erica's hands weren't bracing against the chair and instead her entire weight pressed down around her victim's slender hips.

Gently stroking the base of her cock with her thumb, she wriggled her fingers around and past her weighty scrotum to the untended slit nestled between sack and crack. Tracing her nails around the sticky, sensitive lips she shuddered with delight before pressing the tips of her fingers into the dark green folds – Had Francis been able to see, and had Erica been kind enough to take an enema before devouring the unfortunate business woman, she would have seen that the lizard's inner flesh was

several shades darker green than her skin, instead of pink. Reaching down with her free hand, Erica gripped the ropes binding her victim's hands together and tore them off, forcing a cry of pain from Francis as the ropes dug into her wrists. Then she reached under her sack and did the same to the bindings around Ms Tennison's thighs. Leaning back against the chair she gripped her cock in one hand and began to masturbate both sexes at the same time, letting gravity and her weight slowly drag her down over the begging woman's body. Eventually she chewed her lower lip in frustration and firmly took her hands away from her cock and pussy. She licked her fingers clean and looked down at herself, realising she'd been sat flat on the chair for a good five minutes; as pleasant as Francis's thin legs kicking and squirming against her cunt and beneath her sack was, she needed to finish up. Francis wore a knee-length skirt, the kind that clung so tightly she couldn't take full steps in it, and everywhere just above the knees was soaked in sweat from being trapped under, and partially within, Erica's hot, perspiring body. Wriggling off the chair the lizard spread her legs far apart in a slight crouch; Francis instinctively stood, screaming for help clawing at the insides of Erica uselessly. Accompanied by one long groan of needy pleasure Erica slowly crouched lower, sliding further and further down around the ex-business woman; her cock throbbing painfully hard in response as the rough material, not quite completely soaked in shit and slime, rubbed along her prostate on its way deeper into the reptile's body. By the time Francis got the idea to simply drop and try to pull herself down and out of the predator it was too late; Erica's tail-hole pressed firmly just below her knees and as soon as she let her body go limp the flexing bowels supported her weight effortlessly, bulging out and letting her curl up ever so slightly. Erica listened to the scream of terrified frustration with delight and clenched down hard, relishing the crushed groan from somewhere below her breasts, before standing up. Almost immediately the woman's body squelched back out almost a foot, gravity and weight overcoming Erica's loosened pucker and dragging out sticky clods of shit with her that fell to the ground with solid splats. Before she could slip any further out, or get the idea to try and wriggle backwards, Erica had backed up above the chair again and crouched, pressing Francis's feet against the wooden seat. She reached down below herself and ran her hands slowly down Francis's, mostly, clean stocking clad calves; casually twisting and manipulating her feet the reptile easily worked off the spikey heeled black shoes and tossed them across the room, into a trash-can. Ignoring the shit oozing down Francis's legs and forming clay-like piles on the seat she slowly lowered herself down again, taking the time to grip the seat again and repeatedly lift herself up and down around the last foot or so of leg; reducing Francis to nothing more than a shit-covered dildo before finally lowering herself down onto the chair, settling into the shit with lewd squelches and wriggling her rump to get comfortable. The wriggling worked Francis's heels into the squishy pucker and a last, almost involuntary, clench sucked her toes out of sight as well, the fleshy ring of muscle squeezing shut with a moist sound, forcing out a little more shit as it did.

Lusty and desperate for more stimulation, more than an entire person thrashing and shouting deep within her ass, Erica stood up and walked across the room on surprisingly steady legs to her desk. She bent down and ferretted through one of the drawers, subconsciously relaxing as she did so and letting the toes of Francis peek back out into the air, covered in crap so thick she couldn't even feel the cool air on her toes. Straightening again, the action sucking Francis back inside, Erica licked her lips at the object in her hand, a 'magic wand' vibrator. She practically ran back across the room to sit back in the shit-covered chair; slouching down she leaned against the back of the chair and spread her legs wide before flicking the on switch and sending the vibrator head buzzing into life. She

quickly tied a loop in the end of the cord and squeezed the slightly too small ring over her throbbing cock, working it down the pre-cum slicked length to the base and letting the boxy battery pack rest against the side of her scrotum, leaving around a foot and a half of cord between her cock and the wand. She brought the wand vibrator round and slipped it up under her sack, pressing the over-sized head against her drooling, sticky labia while grabbing her cock with her other hand at the same time. Wand vibrators are intended to only be used for external stimulation, but after only a few seconds teasing her unfilled loins Erica shoved the foot long wand deep, burying its head and the thickest part of the handle deep in her cunt with a single lewd splorch. Gasping and moaning in bliss she alternated between stroking her distended gut and pinching and squeezing her swollen lips as they slurped the wand deeper and deeper in reflexive clenches with one hand, while masturbating constantly with the other; squirming about on the shit-covered chair as the cord slowly slipped under her sack, following the wand deeper and deeper into her sex. The last of the cord was pulled taut with another contraction, and the noose pulled tightly around her cock, heightening her pleasure as the buzzing head of the vibrator sat right up against her cervix. In less than a minute the combined sensations virtually *kicked* Erica over the edge, forcing her into an orgasm so powerful she lifted herself off the seat, thrusting into the air as cum oozed from her cock and gushed from her sex; if she hadn't anchored her vibrator around her cock it would have vanished deep into her womb under the pressure and contractions while in her ass Francis's begs turned to pleas for mercy and tears of pain as the walls crushed down around her and worked her deeper at the same time, forcing her all the way up out of Erica's rectum and deeper into the reptile's foul bowels.

Licking her lips in post-orgasmic bliss Erica shakily rose up on unsteady legs. She reached down to her slit and slipped her fingers between the slippery flesh and slick cord, getting a grip and slowly tugging the still buzzing vibrator out; crouching into an odd position to stretch herself a little wider and fight against the powerful contractions desperate to keep the vibe within her loins. She flicked the wand off as soon as it squelched back out of her steaming sex and fiddled with the tight noose before loosening it enough to slip it off her cock and allow the painfully hard erection to slowly soften. She then moved into the en-suite bathroom, a perk of her job, and washed cum from her toy before grabbing a roll of toilet paper and began to clean herself up; wiping the cum and fem-cum from her cock, and legs and cleaning her thighs and buttocks of shit. She sat down on the toilet and relaxed slightly, letting out a long rippling fart as her body forced out all the air that dragged in alongside Francis; Erica smiled cruelly at the thought of the air bubbles slipping away from the trapped woman, the fleshy, dark walls pressing in around her like a sleeping bag, hugging and smothering her tightly. Finally, she wiped her pucker clean as though she had just taken a crap, before tossing the paper down the toilet and flushing. Clean and dry once more, Erica left the bathroom moved the shit-covered chair to a corner of the room – later cleaners would wash it and the floor to remove her cum and shit. Pulling her thong back on she bent her semi-flaccid cock down and tucked it away before wriggling her ample rump into the white trousers and slipping her heels back on. Glancing down at herself she tucked her tie back in behind her vest and, satisfied with her appearance, sat down at her desk. She leaned back in the comfortable black cushioning and rested an arm on her distended, still moving belly, she was able to pick out the faint sobs and pitiful pleas for help, or for *anyone* to hear her and care; Francis was unlikely to suffocate for a *very* long time, enough air would trickle through the reptile's intestines to keep her conscious for several days at least, long enough for Erica to finally tire of her body. Reaching forwards she snatched up the wireless phone with her other hand and thumbed in a number, holding it up to her ear

“Liquidate Ten-Pills medical care.” She paused, smiling at the renewed frenzy in her colon, and added “every asset”

“This is my first day....every asset included the workers right?”

“Sabel? I called the head of security!” Erica blinked, thrown off her cool slightly by the sound of her friend’s voice, then lifted an eyebrow as realisation dawned

“Like I said...this is my first day, I’ve taken that tast-..Testosterone filled otter’s job” Sabel caught herself and stifled a belch on the other end of the line. Even so Erica knew exactly what the cheetah meant, and sighed in grim acceptance that the chaos had begun.

“Congratulations Sabe, we’ll have to meet up for a drink tonight ok? And yes, by everything we mean all the workers and families of the higher ups” The cheetah nodded and said goodbye, but a sudden bout of struggles from Francis as she realised *she* was a ‘higher up’ prevented Erica from returning the gesture, instead she bit her lower lip to stop herself moaning loudly into the phone. Cursing her libido she put down the phone before the disconnected tone could irritate her too much and glowered at the large distension beneath her vest, as though she could blame Francis for squirming. Laughing at herself Erica slid the chair forwards and shimmied closer to the desk, pressing her belly against the edge until the wood dug in slightly; anyone sat opposite or entering the room would have to look very carefully to pick out Erica’s new girth, one of the main reasons for wearing the black, form-hiding dragon-hide vest. Stroking the bulges absently she pulled over some paperwork, pulled the pen from her breast pocket and got on with the day’s work.

Later that night Sabel and Erica met in a local bar. Shortly before arriving Francis had cried herself into a near comatose sleep, and apart from the occasional twitch, lay still somewhere within Erica’s bowels; a few new customers looked over horrified to see the pregnant lizard drinking, but the bartender simply served the gang-member her drinks and moved swiftly away.

“Bigbrown got Sarah this morning” Sabel complained, after a long discussion about the gang’s future out from under Apnare’s toes, she took a mouthful of beer and glanced over at Erica’s gut while waiting for a response, the reptile’s white and black get-up always concealed her belly fantastically well, but Sabel had learned to tell a whole victim from a partially digested corpse.

“Damn, I was starting to like her....we need to do something about him you know?” Sighing, Erica rested her elbow on the bar and propped her head up, tilting it to one side to survey the cheetah critically “Why didn’t you stop him?”

“Damn asshole called me from across town, plus I was busy with my own...guest” by then her scrotum had returned almost to its normal proportions, a quickie in the toilet had worked out the shoes and clothes that hadn’t dissolved, leaving only a very large reservoir of gloopy cum stored safely in her sack for next time. “Bloody gave her back her phone *just* to piss me off, the guy’s a pig!” she snapped, and glanced round with a glare when a large porcine grunted in offense and jabbed her shoulder

“Whatever” Sabel muttered, turning back to her drink. As she took another swig of beer her belly rumbled; the glass paused halfway on its journey back to the table and the cheetah looked over at

Erica with a look that seemed to be asking permission. She grinned toothily as the reptile rolled her eyes playfully and gave a curt nod and then turned back around to the pig

“Oy! Sorry about that, let me make it up to you...I could go for some pork right about now” she smiled lasciviously at the smooth skinned guy, whose eyes lit up as he caught the innuendo, if not the understanding of just how truthful the cheetah was being. Sabel downed the last of her drink and grabbed the pig by the hand, literally dragging him from the bar “Catch you tomorrow E!” she called over her shoulder to Erica as the pig oinked in surprise and half turned to wave to his own friend before he vanished through the front door. Erica returned to her own drink, taking a sip and idly glancing over at the pig’s friend expecting to see another hairy porcine; taking a double-take when she saw it was in fact a tiny mouse. There are no set rules for size, one species can be just as tall as another, but species does make certain attributes more common than others; one was more likely to find a nine foot giraffe than fox, and by contrast rodents averaged smaller than most. The small, tawny coloured mouse sat two barstools away was no exception; at just barely four feet his feet dangled cutely in the air, unable to rest against anything and the guy barely looked old enough to drink – a point the bartender took pleasure in pointing out *every* time the mouse asked for a drink, demanding to see his ID again and again. He glanced around the room and physically jumped when he saw Erica gazing at him with a hungry look; she quickly snapped her head back round to her drink when he looked over, but continued to peek at him from the corner of her eye. One hand dropped from the bar to her belly as she stroked it absently, one person was usually enough for the reptile, but the mouse just looked too good to pass up. After a few minutes contemplation she decided she could fit him in as well, and slid off her seat, taking the one right beside him instead; she took a mouthful of beer, savouring the taste and resting her head on one hand, gazing directly at the tiny mouse, deliberately being as un-subtle as possible. As he glanced over she swallowed the beer and smiled sweetly down at him

“Hey there, I couldn’t help noticing you’re sat here all by your lonesome...”

“Yeah, Pete ran off with *your* friend” he sighed and took a drink before looking over at her cautiously, trying not to let his mouth hang open at the sight of the woman who had come to talk to him. “Your name is E right?” He tried to turn nonchalantly back to his drink, but found his eyes kept drifting back to Erica and roaming up and down her body, taking in the expensive clothes, bright hair and eyes. And undoubtedly somewhere deep in his subconscious noticing she was reptilian, one of the *many* species who found mice good prey in the wild.

“Erica, my friends call me E” She calmly turned back to her drink and took a large swig of beer as the mouse’s face fell and blushed deeply. Before he could apologise she turned back to face him and swallowed, the drink making a slight bulge in her throat as it sloshed down into her belly “You can call me E...*if* you tell me your name first?”

“I-uh...C-Connor” If he knew she was playing him like a harp, teasing him straight into her arms, he didn’t show it. Instead he continued to look slightly shocked she was bothering to talk to him. The pair talked for a brief period, before Erica quickly drained the last of her drink and slipped off the barstool, smiling playfully at Connor’s somewhat rejected look

“Care to walk me home Connor?” she didn’t give him much choice, firmly gripping his wrist and tugging him from the seat. Perhaps tapping into her confidence Connor plucked up the courage to

reach around and rest his arm around her waist; relaxing into it as soon as she didn't shove him away. Several of the patrons watched the lizard until her undulating tail slithered from sight, wondering what on earth she saw in such a small guy; most however, took a long look at the mouse, knowing they'd never see him again.

Pushing him ahead of her into her home she locked the door; no one had escaped from her in years, and Sabel never bothered anymore, but Erica wasn't a woman to take unnecessary chances. She had already worked herself up into the mood for mouse, and wouldn't let herself be denied; deciding on the walk back to fuck his tiny ass senseless and gulp him down when she was done with him. The thought made her loins tingle pleasantly as she pushed Connor into her bedroom and made him take off his clothes. At the same time she began to undress, slipping off her jacket and unbuttoning her vest, resting both carefully over the chair in front of her vanity mirror; she looked back to Connor, smiling coyly as he paused undressing just to watch her strip

"Well?" She pursed her lips, watching the mouse start, shake himself slightly and finish pulling off his shirt and wriggle out of his trousers; subconsciously lifting his tail up with eagerness. Unsurprisingly he wasn't much to look at, four feet of non-muscular – although not fat either – mouse complete with a small cock, already standing to attention; even so, the sight of him nude before her turned her on like nothing else, and she began to strip again, aware if she waited much longer her lust might tear her trousers or soak the crotch...or both. Pulling off her top she smiled at the quiet gasp as her large, full breasts bounced slightly on her chest, bare for Connor to see. Kicking off her heels and bending down to slide her white stockings off from under her trousers she wondered what his reaction would be to the rest of her. Straightening again she fumbled with the button before hooking her thumbs into the waistband and wriggling her perfectly smooth hips out of the material, letting trousers and thong drop together, exposing her entire body in one swift tug. As expected he gave a much sharper gasp than before, but when she looked up to him she saw confusion and a look of mild emasculation as he mentally compared his own cock to the smooth green length before him, almost as long as his entire forearm, but she didn't see any of the usual fear or disgust when people realised she was a herm. Erica stepped closer, forcing Connor to move backwards until he slipped and fell down onto her bed; dropping down almost eye to slit with the dark green, glistening head. He gulped loudly and gingerly reached up to grasp the thick erection, feeling it pulse and jerk slightly in his hands

"E-E? h-how?" his eyes flickered from the throbbing cock in front of him up to the significant, distended bulge in her gut, much larger than earlier without the leather vest to crunch Francis down tightly. A dark green tongue flicked out across her lips and she smiled down at him, grabbing his wrist and slowly sliding his hand further up her length, sliding it around and pushing his slender fingers past her sack; watching his eyes widen in surprise as he felt the long slit hidden behind her scrotum. As he leaned further forwards, blindly feeling her moist sex Erica found herself taken with him, and in a single moment his destination shifted from her stomach to an equally tight sack several inches lower. She didn't bother to mention she wasn't pregnant, Connor would find out first-hand in a few minutes, and pushed past him to kneel on all fours on the bed; looking back over her shoulder she raised her tail

"Not to belittle you Connor, but I'm going to need something bigger than what you're packing..." She kept her tone gentle, although she needn't have bothered since the mouse seemed to have been

expecting it. He cast about her room for a drawer or somewhere she might keep a dildo before realising she wasn't looking at him, she was staring pointedly at his *hand*. The mouse gulped again, and crawled onto the bed behind her; he wobbled frantically for a few seconds before regaining his balance on the soft mattress and bringing his hands up to Erica's slit, cautiously stroking the smooth flesh and sliding his fingers through the slick fluids already coating her lips and trickling down to her scrotum.

"A-are you s-sure about this E; I don't want to hurt the baby" As soon as he opened his mouth he wished he hadn't, his gaze flicked up to the wrinkled hole framed by her firm buttocks, the green smeared slightly with brown; still slightly shocked she had brought him home he would do anything she asked, but that didn't mean he wasn't hoping she wouldn't decide on anal. Unable to see her face, the mouse missed Erica rolling her eyes; as deliciously cute as he was being, she wanted him in, *now*, and so instead of responded to his question she simply pushed back firmly, pressing her mound into his hands and pushing herself down over his thumbs with a wet squish. Instinctively Connor froze up at the sight of his thumbs slipping between her labia, but when she did nothing except give a low moan of pleasure he got the idea and began to massage her sex, squeezing and kneading the surprisingly hot lips before slowly adding his fingers, slipping them into her slick depths one after the other. Erica spent a sexually denied minute shivering in need while Connor stretched her sex gently before he finally took the plunge, *literally*; slipping the fingers of one hand out he pushed with the other, sliding his entire hand into her sex clear to the wrist, gasping with surprise at the ease Erica had taken it. Coaxing him on by pushing her rump back against him again she prompted the mouse to keep pushing and watching in astonishment as her vulva squeezed tightly around his arm, oozing clear juices into his fur as his entire forearm, and then his elbow, squished effortlessly into her loins. The next time he stopped pushing Erica knew why, and called out softly, between low moans of pleasure

"And the other..." she shivered with delight as his other hand stretched her open and pushed just as effortlessly alongside the first, deep into her body. If Connor hadn't been enthralled by then, he was as good as when the natural gap between his arms spread her wide, revealing the rippled dark green flesh of her inner walls, glistening and dripping with oozing fluids. He kept his fingers moving, wriggling and rubbing against every inch of her pussy as he pushed deeper, until his fingers nudged a firm, muscular ring with an odd dimple in the centre, breaking the intoxicating spell he'd slipped into. He blinked in astonishment, realising the reptile's heavy green slit was pressing halfway up his biceps, constantly trying to push his arms together and, it felt like to the small mouse, trying to suck him deeper.

"Um E? I...I'm touching your cervix?" He squirmed slightly behind her, the heat roiling from her sex was making him sweat and he was trying to shrug off the strangely inviting way her muscles rippled and flexed around his arms

"Just...keep pushing" clenching around him to hold him inside she rocked forwards and quickly pushed back, 'throwing' him into her pussy and making his fingers prod sharply into her cervix and draw a sharp gasp of pleasure from the lizard "It feels *soo* good!" Dutifully he leaned forwards, digging his fingers into the dimple and pushing firmly, leaning forwards further as the pressure built and slowly forced her pussy to stretch deeper. With a popping sensation both parties felt more than heard her cervix gave under the pressure and squigged over both his hand to squeeze firmly around

his wrists; Connor tried to give a startled yelp, but the end was sharply muffled as he lost his balance and fell face-first into her rump, smacking into the moist patch of flesh between her slit and her pucker.

“Oh, now *that* feels good” Erica purred, feeling Connor’s fingers wiggling inside her womb, already soaked in the much thicker gloop oozing from the walls within. He regained his balance, crawling forwards on his knees, and pulled back, his face pulling from her ass with a moist squish of sweaty skin on sticky fur. Although her cervix flexed and moved within her depths and allowed him enough freedom to put a little space between his face and her vulva, it didn’t stretch at all and remained firmly sealed around his wrists.

“U-uh E?” He looked up to see the lizard looking back over her shoulder at him with a wicked grin just before she clenched, and her muscles tightened around his arms and jerked him forwards. With a frightened cry Connor found himself dragged forwards, her sex sucking him deeper; instinctively he tucked his head between his arms and moments later the slick, wet heat enveloping his arms began to ooze over his head, quickly blotting out his vision and muffling outside noises. He shouted in panic, yelling to Erica to help him, still desperately hoping it was an accident as another rippling contraction pulled him completely off balance and sucked him deeper into the reptile’s cunny, all the way to his armpits. He could still just barely see the glisten of juices on her dark green flesh, but as he sank deeper it grew darker until he was immersed in blackness; similarly soon all he could hear was the lewd squelching of her sex as it kneaded and flexed around him, dragging him steadily deeper into her womb, her cervix suddenly much more flexible as it stretched over his forearms, his elbows, soon his entire arms were trapped in the gooey furnace of her womb, already forced to fold up in the lack of space. Erica groaned and panted with delight, bending down and resting her smiling, moaning head on the bed while pointing her rump higher into the air, letting the powerful contractions drag Connor deeper and deeper. In a few short minutes she felt herself stretch over his waist and support his entire weight as a firm contraction lifted his feet from the ground, leaving him to kick uselessly at the air. By the time the mouse felt Erica’s hot slit squeeze slowly, almost tauntingly slowly, down his thighs he had worked out she wasn’t pregnant and, guessing the truth, shivered in fear at he imagined his fate.

Erica clutched handfuls of the sheets and arched her back, moaning – almost screaming – in bliss as the first orgasm shook her body, crushing Connor painfully tightly within her loins and dragging him deeper in short, jerky clenches as long as the orgasm lasted. Her lips quivered with pleasure, slowly slipping down his legs, gravity beginning to assist as the mouse continued to spill into her womb, already folded and heavily cramped before his hips entered the tight, dark sack. She paused for a moment at his feet, resting and letting her lips squeeze and twitch around his ankles, before curving her back, clenching her abdominal muscles and flexing her pussy at the same time to ‘gulp’ and drag his feet into her birth canal with a lewd schlorp, leaving a foot of frantically flicking mouse-tail. Satisfied Connor wasn’t going anywhere she shakily climbed off the bed and stood up, letting the contractions steadily crush his feet and push him further into her womb, his tail slowly slithering up afterwards, the soaked tip flicking against her balls in panic just before it followed the rest of him into her voracious nethers with a faint squish, muffled between her thighs. The mouse hadn’t added much to her belly, the bulge taking the easier option and sinking back into the spaces around Francis’s body rather than distending her abdomen; even so, as she watched the clear imprint of a small hand pushed out weakly, sliding beneath the surface of her belly as Connor struggled

desperately and cried out for rescue or help. Smiling at his heavily muffled, slightly gurgled – thanks to the fluids soaking his body and oozing into his mouth each time he opened it – voice she left the bedroom totally nude and wandered into the kitchen. She had missed breakfast that day and so made herself a sandwich to sate the more conventional hunger in her belly before going to the bathroom to wash, brush her teeth and urinate, getting rid of the minor annoyance with her favourite way to devour her victims – the added pressure on her bladder. Washed and fed she made her way back into the bedroom, quickly changed the covers, tossing the sheet with a huge damp patch of cum in the wash before slipping beneath fresh covers and drifting asleep with a content smile on her face, lulled by the desperate struggles and faint voice of her latest catch. Overnight her body naturally started on Francis again, clenching and rippling to force her deeper and deeper, all the way up through the dozen meters of caked, filled intestines before finally forcing her into Erica's stomach, unfortunately for Connor, the movement woke Francis from her oxygen-deprived sleep and he fell asleep to the sounds of her being digested alive and awake.

In the morning Erica awoke to a much smaller belly, and after an hour in the bathroom reliving her morning wood and emptying herself it was smaller still, just Connor trapped in her womb, the bulges softened slightly by the fluids squelching around him and filling in some of the spaces. Still naked the reptile walked happily through her house, preparing herself breakfast and settling down in front of the TV to eat, smirking at the news report about Ten Pills, apparently the entire company had vanished overnight, employee's and all. Connor gave a few kicks and squirmed about weakly, almost making her drop her bowl in pleasure, but overnight he'd given up actually trying to escape and the movement seemed mostly to try and hold back the smothering womb flesh long enough for a brief respite from the cramped confinement...and possibly just to let Erica know he was still alive, in the hopes she might let him out eventually. With breakfast done she spent a while just admiring her small belly, enjoying his feeble struggles, before heading back into the bathroom for a quick shower and getting dressed. With Connor still trapped and even more cramped than before within the tight leather vest Erica slipped on her heels and left for work, meeting up with Sabel outside the entrance.

"Morning Sabe, enjoy your pork last night?" She smirked at the slight roundness to Sabel's belly

"Oh, he was delicious...speaking of delicious, you want to tell me anything?" the cheetah looked pointedly, with curiosity, at Erica's middle; sporting a full belly was nothing uncommon in the gang, but the lizard's bulge was small enough to pass for a plain pregnancy even without her constricting vest on

"Oh, that pig was with a mouse. He's barely four feet tall" she flashed Sabel a wicked grin "But so filling" Connor picked up on his captor talking and began to struggle and yell anew, shouting for help. Both women gave Erica's belly an amused glance, completely ignoring Connor "He's kinda cute too..." The reptile added as an afterthought before slipping past her friend into the building.

The day progressed much as any other, albeit more pleasurable thanks to the mouse curled up inside her and Erica was forced to make frequent trips to the toilets to burn off some of the building pleasure. The only downside was Bigbrown, the horse had some sort of history with Sabel, either a deep hatred or long standing crush, no one could really tell; but he sent in a video he'd recorded of himself abusing and cramming two of the smaller members of their gang down his cock, before panning over to reveal two more members that had been missing for several days, tied up and

gagged in the corner of the room. Interestingly enough to Erica, two of the four were higher up than her, meaning that with them gone only a naga and Amber stood above her in the gang hierarchy

After another night out with Sabel, musing on what to do about Bigbrown, Erica took an early night, finishing off her drink and heading home before midnight. She sleepily wandered into her house and barely took the time to strip of her clothes before collapsing into bed, falling asleep in minutes on her stomach, oblivious to Connor's complaints as he settled down for an even more uncomfortable night with Erica's entire weight atop him. In the morning she finally made up her mind about Connor over a cup of coffee and the latest news on the TV, and headed back into her bedroom. Leaning back against the headrest she lifted her knees and spread her legs wide, relaxing her inner muscles and gently started to push.

"Y-you're letting me go?" he coughed, spitting up some sex-flavoured juices, and slipped in the fluids, collapsing back onto the cum-soaked bedding between Erica's legs. Rolling slowly onto his back he gasped deeply, inhaling the cool, fresh air happily even if it was still turned warm and thick with the scent of Erica by the time it passed his sticky lips. He stretched, grateful for the space, and accidentally kicked the reptile in her crotch, burying his foot ankle deep with a lewd squish into the loose tunnel. He froze, looking up at her amused face in worry, before carefully extracting himself again

"Well...unless you'd like me to tuck you back inside?"

"N-no!" He almost shouted, then grinned sheepishly in apology "I-it's alright....I'm just surprised you let me out" He looked Erica up and down, feeling the familiar twinge of lust in his groin even as his eyes flicked cautiously over her ass, cock and, primarily, her mouth; Erica caught his worry with a coy smile

"Don't worry; I'm really letting you go. I've got some special work to take care of today, and a cute mousey bulge would get in the way" She tossed the compliment in so casually it took Connor a minute to recognise it, and by the time he blushed she had already climbed off the bed. Wiping most of the fluids from her legs and crotch with a towel she quickly got dressed before turning back to eye the naked Connor sat on her bed, still gently dripping with thick fluids.

"The shower knob turns the water on, and it gets hotter the further round you twist it. There's food in the fridge, help yourself" She saw the confusion on his face and reached into her breast pocket; pulling out a key she held it up so he could see before putting it down on her dresser

"If you want to leave, lock up when you go and maybe we'll meet again someday" She let a smile play across her lips "If you want to stay? Well I'll be more than happy to...accommodate" she let the words hang in the air, watching as Connor caught the double meaning with a smirk before heading out of the room

"By the way, I'm single...unless you're staying" She called through the house just before leaving with an impish giggle. Just outside the gang's headquarters Bigbrown caught her.

"Mmm, you are gonna feel *great!*" he whispered in her ear, sliding his thick tongue up the side of her face as he gripped her in a bear-hug and dragged her around the corner into a nearby alley. He threw her hard against the wall and used the moment's disorientation to pull down his dungarees

and boxers. By the time Erica pushed away and tried to run past the horse he was already ready and grabbed her again, forcing her roughly down to her knees in front of him. His large equine cock was already semi-hard and drooling pre-cum copiously; grabbing the sides of her head he thrust forwards and rubbed the sticky shaft against her face, trying to push into her mouth and force her to suck the thick length. After getting her head, hair and shoulders soaked in pre and failing to scare her enough to opening up, he grunted in annoyance and pulled back, grabbing Erica by the hair to hold her still and masturbating furiously with his free hand. Clearly the lizard aroused him and in a few frenzied minutes he came; thick ropes of white cum squirting from his throbbing cock to splatter over the disgusted Erica's hair and face. Still pinning her by her hair Bigbrown pushed his still pulsing cock into her face, smearing the excess cum around before finally stopping, groaning happily and eyeing her with a lustful expression

"The clothes'll be a bit rough, but got I love lizards too much not to. I've got a *special* place for smooth-skins like you lady" he chuckled at his own little joke before turning around, presenting her with his backside; she tried to scream out, to break away from him before he rammed her face deep into his sweaty cheeks, moaning as he ground her cum-smeared face against his pucker. Still using his hand on the back of her head for leverage he shifted his rump backwards, forcing her face upwards as he settled atop her and pushed with a strained grunt. His pucker opened and squished sickeningly down over Erica's head with one thick squelch, immersing her head in the filth smeared around the lining of his rectum. 'sitting' on her shoulders his hands gripped his throbbing length again and he began to masturbate, already rock hard again with the lizard's head jammed against his prostrate. Within his ass she heard his grunting as the ring clenched around her neck and his muffled voice as he taunted her. Abruptly the masturbating stopped and he gave a sharp noise of annoyance; Erica felt his anus stretch again rapidly as he ground down over her, trying to stretch over her shoulders quickly. Just as the ring slipped over and she felt, with growing horror, him start to descend, forcing her deeper into his ass, it stopped. He started talking frantically to another voice, before his voice suddenly grew much more muffled. Erica listened curiously for almost five minutes to Bigbrown's strangely muffled shouting, before he began to lift up, the fleshy walls squelching and sucking around her head, unwilling to let her go as the horse lifted up, finally releasing her back into the cool air, slimey with crap.

"Well, you took your sweet time!" The lizard snapped, grimacing at the taste of filth as she picked herself up and looked down unhappily at her ruined clothes, covered in splotches of crap or thick globs of cum. Sabel rolled her eyes sarcastically, unable to talk with her jaws dislocated and stretched grotesquely around Bigbrown's hips. As Erica watched, Sabel took a firm grip on her equine's legs and started to push the rest of him down her throat; already his head was bulging out of her belly, and the reptile smiled cruelly at his terrified screaming as Sabel slowly, deliberately taunting him, pushed him deeper and deeper. His completely flaccid cock effortlessly slipped past her lips and the cum he had soaked himself with just helped to lubricate him; when she had worked her lips down to his knees her jaw clicked back into its naturally place, and she removed her hands to let the horse kick freely, inadvertently forcing himself a little deeper with each buck. The cheetah gave an odd gurgling sound, one that sounded much like 'oh god yes!' as she reached around her massive belly to tend to her own raging erection, using her teeth to hold Bigbrown's ankles in her mouth, keeping his feet out for the moment. Erica watched on in amusement, feeling a twinge in her own crotch at the sight; after several minutes of blissful pleasure Sabel brought herself to climax,

giving a muffled chuckle as he aimed the ropes of cum at Erica, before finally tilting her head back and sending the horse down into her stomach entirely with a final, wet gulp

“For such an asshole, he sure tasted good!” she smirked, licking her lips and swallowing the built up saliva from the taste of flesh “Well, the plan worked perfectly E” the cheetah stifled a belch and caught Erica’s glare from beneath the coating of crap “What? I needed to ‘urp’ make sure he couldn’t run off” She cradled her distended belly tightly, swallowing down more air to keep Bigbrown fully conscious and struggling. Ignoring his screams and wobbling only slightly with his frenzied struggles Sabel stifled another belch and followed Erica into the building, rubbing her belly contentedly “Y’know Erica, I think I’m going to go get something to eat” Erica glanced back and rolled her eyes before heading into the bathroom. In her gut Bigbrown squirmed and thrashed around in the total darkness shuddering at the ominous squishing and squelching as the cheetah’s stomach clenched and kneaded around him, steadily massaging him in stomach acids; the sounds of her body overpowered any external noises so he couldn’t tell if anyone was even around to hear him, but he screamed nonetheless, pausing only for a few minutes when lumps of squishy mush splattered onto him from somewhere above as Sabel happily munched on a sandwich and drank her morning coffee in the gang’s crude version of a kitchen .

While Sabel enjoyed her victim’s helpless struggling, made even more pleasurable by the knowledge she was finally getting rid of Bigbrown, Erica slipped into the bathroom and cleaned herself before slipping out of her filthy clothes and giving them to one of the gang’s grunts to get washed. Still feeling grimy she quickly vanished into her office in just her leather vest, thong and long white stockings and got her head down with some work. At the end of the day she slipped back into her cleaned jacket, trousers and shoes and headed home; she had hoped Connor might have stayed, but after essentially holding him prisoner inside her for two days she wasn’t overly surprised to find he had left. Stripping down to her underwear again the reptile wandered through her house for a little while, before hopping in a steamy hot, bubbly bath for a relaxing soak. By the time she finally climbed out and dried herself off she felt a substantially better, and headed into the living room completely naked, still glistening slightly with bathwater; as her bum hit the cushions she heard the front door unlock, and a moment later Connor’s anxious face peeked into the living room, his eyes widening into shocked saucers at the sight of her sprawled out. Before he could back away and apologise she beckoned him in, noticing the new set of clothes he wore and the bunch of flowers in one hand

“H-hi E...Sorry, I went to change....my other clothes kind of smelled like a dustbin” Erica chose not to mention that was because it was exactly where she had retrieved them from after deciding to let him go “A-and on the way back I picked up these” He shook the flowers absently “I thought maybe...maybe I could take you on a date? Since we....well we kind of skipped that part” He gulped at her expression and the way her cock was steadily hardening and lifting into view from between her thighs “Umm, but I can see you’re ready for bed so...s-so I’ll come back tomorrow” He turned to leave

“Bedroom. Now!” Erica stood up with a hungry, lustful smile as the mouse squeaked and jumped at her tone, before quickly obeying, vanishing around the corner towards her room. After a moment to herself she followed suit...

Sabel took the next two days off work to enjoy Bigbrown. By drinking water frequently she diluted her stomach acids so much they did little beyond causing a constant, unpleasant burning sensation for the horse, unable to get through the skin of a living animal before it repaired itself. Although it was clear she wanted to keep him around much longer, the diluted acids struggled to break down plain food, and two days of near starvation was about all the cheetah was willing to put up with, even to continue to torment her source of annoyance for so many years. Despite the inactivity and the entire horse squirming around in her gut she continued to eat normally, mostly just to enjoy his reactions as chewed up, hot food and liquids squelched into the wet sack with him. Trapped in total darkness Bigbrown was forced to endure a near constant stream of orgasms as Sabel rarely left her room, masturbating with just about anything she could find, even dry-humping her own distended belly; occasionally his struggles would trigger a mild reflex and send most of the humid air back up her throat to come rippling out in a satisfying belch, and at night the air would grow so stale he hoped he might finally pass out, but each time Sabel would just swallow more air, never quite fresh enough to be welcome, but always enough to keep him conscious. Eventually she stopped tormenting him, right about the time he gave up struggling and simply called out for help every time he thought he heard another person, and let her body digest him; overnight her belly shrank to little more than a very squishy rounded stomach and, eager for more to eat, Sabel headed back to work.

The two victims Bigbrown hadn't gotten the chance to devour never did turn up again. The police-woman that 'rescued' them had recently been dumped by her mate, and took out her frustrations on one, and sexual frustrations on the other; even more unfortunately for the pair, the police-woman was by no means a small woman, and no one noticed the additional, frantically jiggling bulges in her abdomen until it was far too late. Their disappearances were never solved – partially because said police-woman insisted on heading up the investigation personally – which brought the pleasant surprise of elevating Sabel's position within the gang once again into a job which, much to everyone's surprise, she excelled at. People had always assumed that the cheetah, having always been a generic grunt and door guard, wasn't very bright, and the friendship between her and Erica was more one of pity from the lizard. In truth Sabel was every bit as smart as her reptilian friend; but never put effort into something she could get for free, and 'career moves' required a lot of effort unless there was some form of upheaval in progress...such as the abrupt removal of a leader and subsequent chaotic scrabbling for available jobs. When the hermaphroditic pair had plotted to get rid of Bigbrown, Sabel had also explained her other plans, and so it was no surprise to Erica when Sabel started moving up in the world, taking the roles of the people directly above her when they mysteriously vanished. Although Erica knew exactly what her friend was doing, and might have been inclined to slow the cheetah down a little – as it was Sabel barely lasted more than a few days at a time before being 'promoted' and often never even got to try the job having taken ill as soon as the opening was available and returning just a few hours before another disappearance was recorded – but Sabel's appetite and ambitions served another purpose for the reptile, they kept the rest of the gang in check, preventing smaller uprisings from occurring; so the lizard was content to enjoy her own job and cover up the growing trend for Sabel's overseers to vanish into one of her bodily openings, never to be seen again.

Almost three months after Apnare's successful – legally at least – arrest and imprisonment Sabel had reached a similar level within the gang as Erica. She settled into the work almost *better* than the

lizard and between them the two pulled in another half dozen companies, while liquidating at least twice as many others. The cheetah had slipped round Erica's home after work for a drink and catch-up; surprisingly working in the same area didn't mean they got much time to chat.

"And I've still only got a third of the board on my side" The flame-haired feline yawned and sipped her drink gratefully, sprawled out on the sofa and facing Erica, the TV had been flipped to a music channel and turned low so the pair could talk

"Well...just call in the rest and convince them, use your feminine wiles" Erica's eyes narrowed in amusement at Sabel's expression

"Have you seen the *size* of a bureaucrat? Even *I* couldn't handle more than two...three of them. Ok, four if I tried *really* hard"

"Bring in some muscle to subdue them while you get your point across then"

"I *can't*...we're still hiring grunts to fill the spaces I" a perfectly timed semi-hiccup illustrated her point completely inadvertently "passed. And they all need training, and any with any intelligence are jumping into the higher spaces...it'll be *months* before we get the gang back up to strength"

"Perhaps you should think with the brain in your head next time instead of the one in your cock...or was it your stomach, ass? Snatch maybe?" Erica teased as she took a drink and added "but would you have it any other way? The work, I mean..."

"Gods no I love the challenge. I can't believe I've missed out on it all these years while you've been hogging all the fun!" Sabel broke into giggles, and moments later Erica joined in, their laughter broken suddenly by a faint click as the front door opened.

"E, are you home?" a confident, surprisingly high male voice called out and after a moment of silence Connor wandered into the lounge, coming up short when he saw the cheetah sprawled out beside Erica "uh...hi? You're Sabel right?"

"Mmhmm, and a little tasty thing like you just *has* to be Connor, Erica has told me all about you" Ignoring the rodent's mild shiver at being called tasty Sabel looked over to Erica and whispered, loud enough for Connor to hear "I see what you mean now, he *does* look like a perfect fit...you could walk around all day and people would just see a pregnant belly...I wonder though, is it quite so discreet in..." She glanced down at Erica's crotch, specifically her sack, barely held back by her favourite brand of white satin thong. When the lizard wiggled an eyebrow suggestively Sabel's head snapped back to Connor and fixed him with an eager look, lightly chewing her lower lip as she made the rodent feel smaller and smaller under her gaze

"Say E...do you mind if-" Her phone rang, in annoyance she fished it out of her cleavage, answered it and roughly jammed it back out of sight between her breasts "Damn, I gotta go...dinner with the boss" She and Erica shared a knowing glance "Meet you in the surveillance room tomorrow E" She stood and started to leave, pausing to stop Connor just before he slipped past her to his reptilian girlfriend "And I'm sure we can get to know each other much more...*intimately* later on" Both looked over to Erica, one for permission and the other for rescue, but her face gave nothing away. With a last playful wink Sabel left the two alone and jogged through the chill night air before clambering

into a limo beside Amber, waving cheerily at the aged elephant while the vehicle purred into life and pulled away.

Out for dinner wasn't technically true. Sabel had invited Amber to an evening at a spa, it also had a restaurant section but the cheetah had already explained the masseurs were considered expendable by the owners; particularly if you bought the more expensive offers they were inclined to look the other way when you indulged certain...desires. Desires people like Erica, Amber and Sabel enjoyed. Of course this was a complete lie and the spa had been chosen for a very specific reason, but there was no reason for Amber to know that...yet. The pair arrived and slipped inside; although both had enough money to warrant a much grander entrance and total devotion from the staff, there was something to be said for the subtle pleasure of discreet privacy, and so elephant and cheetah entered, undressed and slipped into a steaming Jacuzzi to enjoy the pleasures of the facility like ordinary customers. After slipping in and out of various mud baths and Jacuzzi's the pair settled on one set slightly out of the way, pleasantly lit but not where most people's eyes would naturally drift. Once staff had brought the pair some expensive wine and food Amber and Sabel shifted around in the otherwise empty Jacuzzi to get more comfortable; specifically both shuffled around until one of the numerous bubbler or water jets was directly beneath them. Sabel found a particularly pleasing pair and subtly relaxed atop them letting the bubbler blow a constant stream of warm air straight up her ass, steadily filling her bowels with air and stretching her out pleasantly, at the same time an almost perfectly positioned water jet squirted up just in front of her scrotum, 'rubbing' up the front and blasting up around her quickly growing cock. Nearly on the opposite site of the small pool Amber was much less subtle, with a satisfied moan – partially stifled to avoid unwanted attention – she settled atop of hot water jet, and reached into the water to grab her buttocks and spread herself wide, wriggling her hips and pushing down until the raised, rounded nozzle pressed firmly up against her pucker, forcing water straight into her colon without letting a single drop slip back out into the pool.

"Mmm, this is *nice*" Amber groaned, settling back and resting a hand on her belly as it slowly began to distend under the water within "Just a shame there's no wriggle fish or something in here to *really* get me going"

"Now now boss, you'll get *that* in a little while" Sabel smirked and glanced over, noticing a trio of women making a beeline for them "Ahh, a little sooner than that it seems, your masseurs have arrived" Amber turned and practically salivated at the sight. She stood up and relaxed, letting much of the water gush back out of her bowels and into the pool again, keeping a good gallon locked up deep inside her colon though.

"Are you coming?" Sabel glanced down at herself pointedly, and winked

"Maybe in a little bit..."

"Suit yourself, don't wait up for me though, head home whenever you like" Amber clambered out of the pool and towelled off the majority of the water running from her body before following the three women into one of the private rooms. Sabel watched the elephant's water-glistened rump vanish behind the sliding doors and turned her attention to herself. Slipping lower down, until the hot water encircled her neck, the feline re-positioned until the air continued to bubble up her ass, while the water jet sprayed her nether lips pleasantly. Gripping her raging erection with both hands

Sabel enjoyed herself virtually publicly, albeit very discreetly; closing her eyes and moaning softly as the three sensations brought her quickly to orgasm and coaxed out thick gloopy ropes of cum into the water. Shuddering in the afterglow she shuffled to the side, off the jets and sunk deeper into the water, dipping her head in until only her face stayed out to wait for her throbbing erection to subside. When she had allowed herself to completely relax, almost falling asleep in the steaming water, she slowly rose from the pool and stepped out, refusing the instantly offered towel and following a masseur across the room, totally naked and dripping with water; the cheetah smiled to herself as she caught interested looks from men and women throughout the room as she moved before slipping into the room beside Amber's, lay down on the table and allowed her masseur to get to work. By the time she had finished, Sabel had persuaded the woman to go quite a bit further than her contract required, and even persuaded her to go back home with the redhead cheetah; As Sabel led her new 'friend' from the room, resting an oily arm around her shoulders and already planning which orifice the woman would feel best squeezing into, she heard barely stifled groans of pleasure from next door, and grinned cruelly.

"Morning E" Sabel smiled cheerfully, her mind drifting back to the fem-cum soaking her sheets at home – all that remained of the unlucky masseur.

"Hey Sabe...how did your night go?" The reptile wore a faint smile, little more than a curl at the corners of her mouth, which Sabel had quickly learned was synonymous with a night spent with Connor. The smile widened into a toothy grin when Sabel held up a DVD she was surreptitiously concealing behind her back "That well huh?" Before either could continue speaking Alex slithered in looking worried. The python was enormous, easily thirteen feet long head to tail, but had never actually eaten anyone in living memory; the snake had a fantastic head for numbers and quickly moved up into the 'bureaucracy' section of the gang, giving orders and rarely doing any actual field work. He was so meek, reserved and pacifist-minded that two rumours constantly circulated about him; half the gang was of the opinion he was a mass-murderer, hiding from the planetary agency behind a guise of kindness, or perhaps trying to live a marginally better life having seen the wrongness of his killings. The other half hit closer to the truth; they felt he really was everything he seemed to be, an extremely cowardly snake that would probably willingly slither down your throat if you cornered him and insisted he do so.

"Alex, you ok?" Sabel called him over, biting the soft black flesh of her lower lip to avoid smirking.

"No" He sighed "Well, yeah, just worried. My sister never came home last night and I'm beginning to worry for her"

"You're sister" Sabel thought for a moment and feigned slowly growing fear "She...wouldn't happen to be a masseur?" The way Alex's head snapped up to look at her told her all she needed to know, and the cheetah quickly contorted her face into sympathetic concern "I think it'd be better if you saw for yourself sir...this way?" She stepped back and held open the door for her superior and winked at Erica as he slithered into the surveillance room

"What-"

"Just watch" The feline interrupted him and slipped the DVD into a player, instantly the main screen flickered into life and revealed an empty massage table in a vacant room. Recognition flashed in

Alex's eyes at the sight of his sister's workplace; then growing confusion as Amber entered, followed by Erin, Alex's sister, and two of her colleagues. Amber lay face down on the table and the massage began as normal, all three staff poured copious amounts of oil onto Amber's body and quickly got to work kneading and massaging it into her wrinkled skin. Clearly the elephant had paid for a deep massage because when one of the foxes was sufficiently soaked in oil she began to work her way up the leg she was massaging, moving much higher than normal and sliding her hands up between her client's buttocks; Sabel knew from the previous night's experience that her fingertips would expertly avoid the pucker, massaging and kneading every inch of flesh around it. Before long the trio stepped back and Amber rolled onto her front with a coy smirk; Erin tried to lay a small towel over her breasts, another hung over her tail for the elephant's crotch, but Amber shook her head and waved them away.

The three masseurs glanced at each other cautiously, before beginning to argue with the elephant. Apparently – there wasn't any sound – Amber won because with a resigned drop of their shoulders, the staff stepped forwards and lathered her front in oil. As one the two foxes slowly made their way up her belly and under her breasts; sliding their oiled hands right up into the deepest crevices until it almost seemed like they were holding her large bust in their arms. Slowly their hands squeezed back into view and continued over her ribs and upper stomach for a while, stalling; unable to put it off any longer the pair closed their eyes in resignation and started to work on the large saggy spheres. After only a few seconds they froze, feeling hot liquid warmth around their forearms; they opened their eyes to see Amber looking down with a cruel glint in her eyes, and looked down themselves to see with horror they had somehow sunk through Amber's nipples and were massaging the *inside* of her breasts. Immediately fox and wolf attempted to pull themselves back out, only to discover the elephant's nipples had a vice-like grip around their elbows. Before either girl could scream Amber's hands hooked around their necks and viciously dragged them downwards; with nothing to find purchase on there was nothing they could do but watch in horror as they slid bodily into her breasts, their own breasts slopping in wetly to leave her distended nipples clenching tightly around their stomachs. Erin had frozen and before she could scream or try to run Amber's trunk shot out and smacked straight into the naga's face with a wet splurtch and Erin could scarcely do more than raise her arms before her entire head had been pressed into the thick, wrinkled appendage.

"Oh god...no" Sabel glanced over at Alex's whispered tone of horror, but he made no move to turn off the video; instead watching with wide eyes as Amber relaxed again, dragging Erin over to her side and slipping her hands up between the fox's and wolf's legs, to add humiliation as she slowly, tauntingly, pushed them deeper and deeper into her milk-filled orbs. As displaced milk oozed out around her victim's waists Amber sniffed hard, her trunk bulging slightly near the base as the tip stretched obscenely over Erin's shoulders, flexing and undulating like a snake as it slowly devours its prey. Deeper and deeper Amber sucked Erin, using her muscular trunk to lift the naga's entire body into the air and hoist her upside down just as her fingertips slipped out of sight into the dark grey tube. The far wall shook slightly – Sabel taking her leave – as Amber essentially snorted an entire snake, sucking her deeper and idly stuffing the fluffy tails into her breasts, sealing them away completely. Although it was obvious what was happening, Alex continued to watch in horror, perhaps hoping for some small mercy; leaving just a few inches of frantically wriggling tail tip poking out of her trunk Amber sat up, ignoring the frantic jiggling in her hugely distended breasts and slight wobbling as Erin fought against the muscular appendage, and fiddled with the table to raise the back. Leaning back against the raised half she brought both hands down between her legs and

masturbated happily for over half an hour; when she was finally finished she slipped off the table and stretched happily, giving her breasts a happy fondle – almost all movement had stop as the trapped women lost consciousness from lack of air. The elephant started to leave, before stopping, almost as though she had forgotten; as the trio on the surveillance room watched her trunk flexed and she visibly snorted hard, sucking the tip of Erin's tail up inside and sucking her entire body deeper – satisfied, the elephant left the room with a spring in her step.

"Alex, are y-" Erica's sentence died in her throat when she looked across and saw the snake had already left. Chuckling softly Sabel and Erica left the room and got a drink in the building's kitchen, loitering around for a while before heading up to Amber's room together after Erica grabbed a small bag from her office. They pushed opened the door just in time to see Alex's jaws click together again around the dark grey bottoms of Amber's feet, swallowing her down into his thicker snake half with an audible gluck. The snake gasped for breath, and froze when he saw the two in the door; desperately thinking of an explanation as they began to walk towards him.

"I-uh, look, I had to do *something*! She *ate* my sister...through her *nose*!" He straightened up slightly, having laid on his belly to devour the elephant that was frantically thrashing around in his gut, screaming for help in the slowly diminishing air. Before he could turn to face them Sabel appeared to smack the back of his head, and he felt something cool and firm click around his throat

"We know sweetie"

"Then wha-urk!" the cheetah cut off his confusion by pushing her full weight down on top of him, sending him crashing face down into the ground

"Well, we don't want you getting any ideas about throwing her up...not after all the trouble we went to making you eat her in the first place!" Starting at the tip of his tail Erica rammed a series of metal hoops into the ground around his body, effectively pinning him in place. As the snake caught what Sabel was implying and began to struggle she grabbed his arms by the wrists, bent them behind his back and tightly tied them together at the same time Erica slammed the last hoop into place around Alex's hips and joined the big cat, both women sitting heavily on the naga's back and firmly pinned him to the floor. For almost six hours the pair didn't move, waiting as Amber slowly expired and began to digest, the colossal bulge in Alex's guts shrinking down to his normal girth; during the wait they chatted, mostly about what they would do as leaders and if Erica would share Connor – that particular line followed very swiftly by Erica interrogating Sabel on whether or not she could keep herself from digesting the diminutive mouse. At first Alex didn't understand what was happening but it didn't take long for him to realise the general idea, that *he* was next on the menu; unfortunately for him the girls had planned accordingly and informed all employees of a day off, meaning there was only an empty building to hear his terrified screams.

"Hmm, I think he's ready" Erica mused finally, gazing up and down Alex's thick tail "Why don't we have a little tug-of-war to see who gets him?" Sabel's eyes lit up at the suggestion, and while Erica moved down to their victim's tail she stood up and hoisted Alex up to her face by his arms

"Hmm, would you make a better suppository or meal?" the cheetah taunted the terrified naga while Erica quickly stripped off her trousers and thong and grabbed his tail-tip. Leaning forwards she dragged her moist tongue up his face, eyes lighting up in desire as she obviously decided on oral;

glancing down she blinked to see Erica already stuffing the first foot of tail deep into her already erect cock, the green shaft distending smoothly as she slowly walked forwards, pushing herself down over him and pausing only long enough to tear to hoops out of the way. Without a second glance into Alex's shaking face Sabel stretched her mouth wide, slipping Alex's chin into her mouth and using it as leverage to dislocate her own jaw and stretch impossibly wide over his entire head. Quickly licking over his face she mimicked Erica by walking forwards, 'pushing' her meal down her relaxed gullet rather than gulping and dragging him down with muscles. Erica began to have more difficulty as the pair got closer; Alex's tail frantically writhing in the confines of her sack was almost too enjoyable for the lizard to keep actively stuffing more inside and if she hadn't simply been walking forwards and feeding the pre-cum soaked girth deeper into her swollen cock she might have lost to Sabel, who only had to contend with a thrashing stomach and the delicious taste. As Sabel dropped to her knees in front of Erica and crawled forwards a little further, bringing her lips within touching distance of the distended drooling tip of Erica's cock she got a naughty idea and decided to cheat. With a shuddering groan of pleasure and a half-hearted attempt at telling her off Erica looked down and watched helplessly as the cheetah lived up to her name and kept crawling forwards to swallow her cock as well, pushing her face firmly into Erica's smooth groin. Under Sabel's sucking and licks, combined with the frantic thrashing within her scrotum it wasn't long before she came; ejaculating thick cum straight down Sabel's throat to soak Alex's entire body in her gut. At the same time the feline slowly sat back, slipping off her friend's moist cock and pulling the snake back out of her throbbing cock

"N-no-oo!" Erica groaned as she watched the last of his cum-soaked tail slorp back out of her shaft and slither out of sight between Sabel's black, cum-covered lips. Leaning back on one arm Sabel let out a wet, burbling belch and licked her lips happily, grinning up at Erica and ignoring her trapped victim for the moment

"I 'urp' win!"

Several minutes later when Erica and Sabel had regained their senses a bit the two, one staggering ever so slightly with new weight, returned to the empty kitchen and settled into chairs

"so...I guess that makes us the leaders" Sabel said, prodding her belly sharply to coax more struggles from Alex "Oh come on, I thought you snakes were good at holding your breath! If you want out you're gonna have to *work* for it Alex! Make me cum!" She stifled another belch and looked back to Erica "Eh, burping will do"

"Actually, it makes *you* the leader...technically I suppose I get his job" The reptile chuckled as Sabel rolled her eyes, the expression made more amusing by the lizard cum still covering her face

"Whatever, the point is *we're* in charge now"

"Okay....now we just need to start hiring, I think between us we ate at least half the gang"

"We could hire Connor? He wouldn't be very good as a guard but...I could definitely use a *personal* assistant" Sabel settled happily into the chair as she teased her scaled friend. Although Erica was right, hiring would never be a problem, people were *always* looking for....openings.