

Bunny at The Beach – By Soline

Ivy padded onto the beach with a broad smile, her pearly white teeth glistening gently in the burning hot sun; already her fur felt deliciously warm and her skin was covered in a very light sheen of sweat from the intense summer, a rarity in this part of the world. Ivy's pink nose twitched a little as she inhaled the slightly salty air, relishing the summery tang of sea and tourism as she cast her gaze around for a place to set herself down.

Under one arm she hugged a long, rolled up towel containing a few other things to her side, a mobile phone atop the roll, pressed up into her armpit and out of sight, not that she minded, it was waterproof so sweat wouldn't damage it and the cool plastic was pleasant against her body. Two excessively large sandals clung to her feet, the foamy soles pressing into her pads and flexing over the mini-sand dunes, making walking tough, Ivy's calf muscles flexing noticeably with each step. 'Towering' at an average 5'7" Ivy was a slender, lithe bunny rabbit, a coat of short, light pink fur hung sleekly over the subtly curve of her hips, the light dip of her waist and slender shoulders; and an even lighter, nearly white, underbelly cupped her breasts, belly and groin, curving around beneath a green bikini set and between her buttocks to 'lick' up the underside of her tail. Behind a pair of large sunglasses dark, chocolatey brown irises flicked around, surveying the landscape, her long, broad (and huggably thick, as her boyfriend described them, usually while idly fondling them) ears hung down behind her head, a loose band keeping them gently from flopping ungainly about if she fell or jumped around.

Further from the sea than she normally would have preferred she found a fair circle of empty sand surrounded by others, busy enough to not feel alone or out of place, but empty enough for her to enjoy her day in relative privacy. Dropping her towel to the ground she nudged it open with a large toe, unrolling a spread of iconographic bunny faces, a playboy bunny towel. After a brief stretch, curving her back and raising her arms up high, the rabbit groaned happily, feeling the sun on her fur, and sat down, leaning back and stretching out on the towel. A few moments later she wriggled a hand under her bum and tugged out a warm bottle of sunscreen. Ivy glanced at it before working it into the sand beside her towel, shrugging off the thought of creaming up; she *wanted* a bit of a tan to show off to her boyfriend and the girls at work. Ivy gave a little yawn and closed her eyes with a smile on her face.

Relaxing rather than sleeping, the rabbit listened to the world around her, grinning at the sounds of children and parents playing, girls a few metres over gossiping, others playing games and the sounds of the seaside town a ways behind her, not to mention the blissfully relaxing crash of waves on sand a few dozen metres in front of her feet, far enough away that the incoming tide wouldn't even wet her feet. Despite herself, Ivy drifted into a dozy nap after half an hour, drifting away to the sounds of giggling children and a laughing father and mother.

An hour or so later the father's voice, a little louder and more urgently, woke her up again. Curious, the bunny tilted her head down to look; peering through her shades at the scene unfolding. The two children and mother were gone, and the father, a wolf, she guessed from a distance, appeared to have been buried neck deep in the sand. Ivy smiled, "Ahh, kids, probably buried him and ran off with mum for ice-cream...someone ought to tell those guys it's not safe, so close to the water and all."

she mused, gaze flicking to the three stood around the wolf-head; he appeared to be speaking *very* quickly and urgently to them, “probably asking for help,” the rabbit murmured, watching curiously. A trio of mice stood in front of the wolf head, hands on their hips, they were together it seemed, though another family or just friends Ivy couldn’t have guessed at this distance, ranging from a little girl of about eight, up to the oldest, probably no more than twenty two. While the two younger mice looked like somewhat generic anthros, the teenaged one had no hair and a simple grey fur coat, and the child was much the same, though with an interesting white splotching to her grey fur. The oldest one was far more interesting, even from such a distance Ivy could see the impressively ample curves to her hips and bust. A bright blue head of hair tied back in two pigtails just behind her ears stood out in stark contrast to her smooth, white fur; the pinker underbelly covering her large breasts (though not her nipples, something Ivy couldn’t quite see from her vantage point). From the way they glinted ever so slightly in the sunshine the older mouse seemed to be wearing glasses, magnifying the brilliant, emerald green of her eyes just a touch, in fact the one thing Ivy *couldn’t* spot from such a distance was the smattering of freckles over her breasts, face, shoulders and hips. The blue-haired mouse said something to the child, who giggled, a little shrilly.

Wait...that couldn’t be right? Ivy looked again, more carefully, the little mouse she had thought was a little girl must instead have simply been very small and *childlike*, children that young couldn’t *get* pregnant. And judging by the frankly enormous, jutting, somewhat lumpy bellies the ‘youngest’ and oldest sported, they were both *very* close to their due dates. Laughing to herself for making such an obvious mistake Ivy shuffled, rolled onto her belly, folded her arms under her head and went back to sleep. Because of this, she didn’t see the teenaged mouse not sporting a pregnant belly, turn and sit down casually on the father’s head, wriggling her hips and little out a little squeak of delight as she sank lower and lower, until with a lewd squelch she was sat on the hot sand *around* the wolf’s head, a nice little bulge formed, and wriggling softly, in her lower abdomen. Nor did she see the blue-haired mouse turn slightly, revealing a wolf’s hand poking out between her buttocks and slapping at her thighs weakly; the mouse didn’t even notice as she let out a playful fart and coaxed the teenaged mouse on happily.

“G-naargh! Whu?” Ivy gasped, writhing and rolling over onto the sand, thrust back into the waking world as though she’d been kicked. Gasping hotly, she came to her senses and sat back on her knees, looking around blankly before her gaze settled on the culprit, a rather old, well used volleyball.

“Whoops, Sorry honey!” a tall badger femme yelled out from a distance away, on the far side of a volleyball net. The game looked quite interesting, and Ivy’s gaze glanced over all the players, the far team seemed to *exude* confidence, and if the sandy, panicked state of the other team were anything to go by, they had reason to be confident. They were clearly the better team; as she watched, she noticed an extremely cute looking male bunny with grey fur had broken away from the clearly losing team and was taking his time walking across the sand towards her. Stifling a blush and trying not to stare at the slight hint of muscles across his body she glanced back at the others just as a short, if powerful looking, wolverine lady caught her eye and grinned toothily.

“Honey is right, hey cutie, wanna come play? These guys need all the help they can get!” she gave a rather cruel bark of a laugh and sneered at the opposing team, who averted their gaze rather than

meeting her challenging glare. Despite this, and the rather strange way both teams were behaving, Ivy definitely wanted in, if only to get a little chance for a playful grope of that bunny boy; her boyfriend didn't need to know, and it's not like there was any harm in *looking*...even if she looked with her hands.

Grinning, Ivy opened her mouth, "Uhh...no, no she doesn't! we're doing just fine!" and a male voice came out. The bunny frowned for a moment, before glaring daggers at the male bunny as he walked up, having answered for her. Clearly this was just another dickhead jock who saw women as useless and unable to speak for themselves! Angry with him, and herself for *still* finding him hot, she tossed the ball a little too hard into his chest and turned away. The rabbit gave a little 'oof' of surprise and took a few more steps towards her, bending down to speak "Please...for the love of god get help! *Please!* Find a lifeguard, *anybody!*"

"Yeah, sure, anybody except me to play your little game, *jerk!*" Ivy huffed, glancing back at him and failing to notice the look of shock, and apology.

Before he could respond the badger called out, "What're you talking about tasty little bunny?" with a touch of menace in her voice as her tongue flicked over her teeth. Suppressing a shiver the rabbit straightened and turned

"I...uh..was just telling her, how cute she is...yeah" He glanced back at her just in time for her to mutter 'enjoy your *game*'. He seemed on the brink of saying something before turning and heading back, ball in arm. With her back to them, Ivy didn't notice the glisten of tears in his eyes.

"Bunnies, horny little fuckers aintcha!" The wolverine cracked, flexing her muscles and taking a position on the court as the male returned.

Ivy scowled and tuned out the rest of the game, slowly relaxing again and reflecting on the dream she'd had just before being so rudely awoken. Yawning away the nap, and still feeling good despite the unpleasant bunny, she frowned slightly at such a strange dream, it had been at a beach...she was fairly sure of that... at *this* beach? Yes, Ivy was *positive* she'd dreamt about that human sprawled out on the sand just in front of that enormous dragon. Passing it off as her imagination, either remembering seeing them *before* her nap, or her mind simply dreaming of what she'd just seen she shivered a little as the memories of her dreams slowly flowed back into the front of her thoughts. Of course most of it was gone, and what she did remember was like all dreams, more like memories of words than pictures, just the *thing*, no background or scenery unless she specifically remembered it; and with the content, scenery definitely wasn't foremost in her thoughts. There had been that dog, a Doberman? In a bikini sprawled out, legs spread, on her towel, with a second pair of legs kicking weakly between her own.

Blinking a little, Ivy noticed a heavily pregnant Doberman sprawled out on the sand, a purple towel rather ruffled underneath her, just a few metres away from the bunny. In fact, if she hadn't been so focused on that rude volleyball playing rabbit she would have noticed sooner...the girl was even wearing the same bright pink bikini, though Ivy was fairly certain the darker, wet patches around her nipples weren't in her dream. Pushing the rising confusion away, Ivy physically jerked a little, startled by yet *another* coincidence, she had dreamed of a large, rather fat, bear wandering on all fours up to a small group of young leopards enjoying a spring-break style bit of fun on the beach, a large picnic

hamper sat open on a stereotypical red and white checkered sheet on which most of the leopards sprawled, save two playing catch. The bear had grabbed one of the guys by his tail, and their Frisbee in her other paw, dragging the hissing feline up to the rest of the equally angry cats she stuffed the plastic disc into her mouth and promptly chewed it up. Swallowing the chewed up mulch a few moments later she licked her lips and grinned as the leopard caught in her grip.

“Want it back? Go fetch it, little kitty!” before he could complain, or better yet scratch her and get a little revenge, she grabbed him in both paws and stuffed him headfirst into her mouth. In a few seconds she shifted with surprising speed to stand both her feet collectively on all the other’s tails, pinning them down as she laughed thickly around her meal, gripped his waist, and unceremoniously crammed him deeper, gulping hard with a thick, wet **glrrk**.

Ivy shuddered a little and looked a little more carefully at the bear sprawled out alone on a red and white blanket, tucking into an awful lot of food she was pulling out of a hamper; noticing just enough twitches and ripples in her expansive gut to loosen the hopes that Ivy’s dreams were just coincidence; particularly when the bear belched lewdly and pulled a tuft of yellow fur from her teeth.

A gooey, wet fart from just behind her drew her attention to the low, steady groaning just behind her and her face crumpled inwards, remembering the final part of her dream...an otherwise cute fox boy padding confidently, silently, up to a sleeping rabbit, less than three feet beside Ivy, and plopping his round, furry little ass on her head after slipping out of his swimming trunks.... Turning slowly, carefully, Ivy was horrified to see the exact same fox kneeling almost beside her, right where she dreamt the bunny sitting, his hand was wrapped around a twitching, throbbing cock already oozing clear pre, his shaft and a large patch of the sand just below already glistening and slicked with the musky fluids as he panted, tongue lolling from his teeth and his other paw rubbing and pressing roughly over his huge, distended stomach...though not big enough to contain an entire bunny right? A closer look told Ivy all she needed to know, the fox’s belly was twitching and bulging frantically, imprints of a paw and face all too clear in the taut flesh, and between his tightly clenched buttocks, she could see a corner of green towel poking free. Just as she began to realise exactly how lucky she was the fox climaxes, growling softly as he clenched even tighter, stifling those struggles and the ever so faint, muffled screams, as his hips thrust forwards, hand slamming repeatedly into the base of his cock, rubbing and squeezing the rock hard shaft, forcing thick, stringy ropes of white cum to squirt from his tip, coating the sand for several feet ahead of him in the burning hot, musky cum.

On the verge of freaking out, almost ready to simply jump to her feet and run screaming across the beach she watched, enthralled with horrified fascination, as the spurts slowed to a thick dribble as his orgasm finished, and the fox grinned to himself, reaching around and poking the last few inches of dry towel up his tailhole; Ivy couldn’t stop watching the rapid twitches and throbs of his cock, clearly the rough, dry scratching of a slightly sandy towel drove the fox wild as he forced it a little deeper. Glancing around he let out another fart, expelling the excess air alongside the bunny, and leaned forwards a little, grabbing the bunny’s (rather large, Ivy would have jealously noted any other time) bra and the sun-tan lotion bottle. In a few moments he had stuffed the bra in alongside the rest of his ‘toy’. After a moment’s consideration, rather than stuffing the bottle inside as well he upended it, squirting the entire contents over his slick, still hard, cock, the thick white cream slathering over his entire shaft, inner thighs, groin and the underside of his stuffed belly.

Shuddering a little at the sensation he glanced over at Ivy with deep, amber eyes (seriously, had she not just witnessed....*that*, she would have found him –very- good looking, clearly trimmed and maintained luxurious red and white fur, ooh and those *eyes!*) and winked “Nnh, ooh, good hunting babe...maybe I’ll see you around” he smiled, sincerely Ivy thought, and climbed effortlessly to his feet. His cock squelched through sun-cream against his belly as he bent down and scooped up his trunks, white with ‘Fox Life’ printed on the seat, treating Ivy to a glimpse of a single bra-strap dangling from his tightly clenched pucker, before he slipped back into his ‘clothes’, moaning blissfully at the slightly rough, plastic fabric on his sensitive shaft. Paying no more attention to his belly than any other guy would, the fox took a few steps forwards, the squelches of his soaked groin only barely muffled by his trunks, and then broke into a jog, running across the sand to several other foxes further along and closer to the sea; from this distance Ivy couldn’t see if they sported ‘full’ bellies too, though they clearly didn’t seem too shocked as more than a few turned and waved, shouting something that sounded much like ‘Nice catch Al!’

With mounting horror Ivy took a second look around, the numerous ‘pregnant’ or ‘fat’ guys and girls taking on a much more horrific tone as the more obvious, lewd scenes of one devouring another...one way or another that her mind had blocked off and blanked from her vision, suddenly she saw the bat fucking a mouse with a pair of feet dangling from its buttocks, the ice-cream selling hedgehog taking a little walk to stretch her legs, the hand slapping at her inner thigh, sticky with cum going entirely unnoticed. A scream suddenly choked off into a muffled yelp drew her attention back to the volleyball game, just in time to see the badger femme gulp hard, sucking a pair of grey bunny ears out of sight between her lips, the rest of her team sporting equally large, bulging bellies and a tail or paw peeking out somewhere. The wolverine seemed particularly full, and seemed to be taking delight in clenching as hard as possible, crushing whoever was lost beneath her skin. No sooner had she forced herself to look away than she glanced behind her and saw the most disturbing sight of them all. A dozen feet away a positively enormous black dragon was sat back on his haunches. A throbbing, thick cock jutted up between his legs, larger than average for someone his size, it wasn’t hyper, yet it still reached somewhere close to six feet long. And the pink, drooling tip was wrapped around the ankles of a human woman the dragon held in his hands, thick, musky pre bubbling around her legs as he groaned and slowly, deliberately tauntingly, forced her deeper. Ivy turned back so quickly she didn’t notice his abnormally swollen abdomen and scrotum. Thinking furiously, the bunny moved as idly as she could, shuffling back down the towel and lying down again, hoping the heat-induced perspiration would mask the sweat of her terror. Hoping the predators wouldn’t pick on other predators, she decided to pretend to be one, and faked drifting back to sleep, unconcerned with the fates of those around her.

Thorn smiled contentedly as he landed on the roadside and padded onto the beach, the sun glinting off his inky black scales boosting his pride just a little bit more as he moved; the enormous, feral black dragon an impressive sight that drew gazes from men and women alike. Not least because he effortlessly towered over almost everyone; giant beings weren’t ‘banned’ or even particularly rare, but they usually lived out of the way, and to see someone stretching a good forty feet nose to tail tip in such a public, crowded area was rare, even for a species as naturally large as a dragon. Then again, given the exact nature of the beach, many people weren’t too surprised, the predators simply subtly shifted out of his path, knowing what would happen as soon as he stepped onto the burning hot

sand...and they weren't disappointed, in less than two minutes he grabbed his first victim; a slim, napping Unicorn female. Over half a dozen shades of brown ran over her body in intricate formation, ranging from the chocolate-brown highlights ringing her calves and tracing a thin path down her spine and over her buttocks, to the pale, almost white underbelly. A short-haired mane ran down the back of her neck, tapering off just between her shoulder blades, and at the very crown of her skull a short, slender, silvery-grey horn pointed upwards, the bone, along with her hooves, tingling the joining fur as she slept, absorbing far more heat than the rest of her body. Ignoring her sleepy groans as they quickly turned into screams of fear as he lifted her bodily off the ground, his hand clasped around most of her torso and hips as he sat back on his haunches, the hot sand pressing pleasantly against his tailhole and rump. Holding her up near his chest, Thorn's other hand dropped between his legs and grabbed his already emerging cock, squeezing and stroking the firming length of pink flesh, already slick, as it slipped into the hot air. Predators at a *safe* distance settled down to watch the show with amusement, expecting the poor equine to be fucked silly and swallowed. Equustra seemed to be expecting similar, and she bucked and squirmed frantically, slapping at his hand angrily, even trying to flex her body enough to stab his thumb with her horn as he paid her no more attention than he might a hot-dog, tongue flicking out of his jaws to hang limply as he squeezed and stroked, slowly drawing his cock out, coaxing it harder and harder, until after several minutes he stood proudly to attention, a thick, almost six feet long shaft oozing copious amounts of pre; the clear, heady, musky fluids rolling down over his shaft as it throbbed in his grip. After a few quick thrusts to coax the most length and girth from himself, Thorn pulled his hand unwillingly away, his cock twitching and bobbing softly in the warm breeze.

"Squirm all you like little pony, it just makes my day even better" Thorn snickered at the horned horse in his hand, before bringing up his other, pre-stickied hand and smearing the sticky fluids all over her head, shoulders and arms. Before the Unicorn could do more than retch at the overpowering scent he lowered her down and tipped her upside down, re-adjusting his grip to hold her around her waist and legs. Shouting out angrily she pressed her hands firmly into the head of his cock as he lowered her towards it, drawing a moan of pleasure from the dragon; though not enough to make him stop pushing, her hands sinking into the softer flesh of his cock-head, spreading the slit at the tip wide for a moment before the slickening pre loosened her grip. Thorn grunted with pleasure as her hands slipped down either side of his cock, rubbing over the head and the stretched slit, gaping ominously wide, squelched shut around a glob of pre. As soon as her hands slipped, he pressed her down suddenly, roughly pressing her face against his cock....and then *inside*! Equustra had feared as much when she noticed just how widely his urethra gaped moments before, but she still barely got out a scream before the thick, slick tip of his shaft stretched around her entire head, swallowing it up and settling firmly up against her shoulders with a slick squish. The tight tunnel forcing her face roughly into the cum-stickied walls in order to press her down a little more smoothly ahead of her. Even at the safe distance *everyone* had now put themselves to the pair, people could hear the frantic screaming of the unicorn as her hands punched and slapped uselessly, the layer of pre too thick for her hooved finger-tips to do more than tickle at his cock-head as Thorn grunted and pushed, his hand sliding down her body a little as he twisted and rocked her entire body, grinding her shoulders *hard* into his tip, slowly working first one shoulder, and then the other down into the musky, tight depths of his shaft. After that initial stretch the hardest part was done, and the equine girl's chest and biceps slid down into his cock with little effort. Her shoulders and head forming obvious bulges, slowly sliding down his shaft and wriggling the whole time, her screams slowly

growing more and more muffled as her head sank deeper into his cock, gravity soon coming into play and drawing her deeper as her arms found themselves forced up and pinned to her side, before being drawn inside. As her hips sank inside with a lewd *squortch*, the light mounds on her belly, equine breasts, squishing tightly to her abdomen inside the crushing depths, giving the dragon an intense rush of pleasure as her hips stretched him wide again, the dragon shifted his grip a final time to hold her hooves gently, letting her kick and struggle for all her worth, but making sure she continued her slow, doomed descent down into his cock, her head still only just half-way down the six foot shaft.

With the bumps and swells of her upper body and hips sliding down the inside of his cock, the rest was easy going, and pre bubbled thickly up around her thighs, then her knees, and finally her ankles as her head finally reached the very base of his cock, his entire shaft slightly swollen and bulging with her whole body, the throbs and twitches even more powerful than before as the member sagged forwards a little with the equine's weight, only the fact she was his first today stopping her vanishing completely as she struggled, her hooves the only thing still visible as pre oozed out around them, her voice still ever so faintly audible, screaming desperately for help. They continued even as Thorn pressed a single finger to her hooves and, with an almost casual poke, pressed them deeper, stuffing her inside completely and arching his back, thrusting his hips up a little at the rush of dominance, power and pleasure as the sudden release of pressure sent a 'gulping' sensation up his cock, a thick, previously trapped glob of pre oozing up around the unicorn's ankles before the cock-split squeezed shut, sealing the equine inside as she sank deeper and deeper, gravity sliding her down the pre-soaked shaft, into the tight bend and deep into his pelvis. Thorn dropped to all fours again just as the equine emerged from his hips, this time forced into the far too small confines of his scrotum, the scaled sack dulling her struggles a little, the thick, churning cum all around her muffling her screams to barely audible, even worse than inside his cock as she struggled for her life, stretching the left testicle visibly yet barely able to register any attention from the dragon, save for the pleasure evident in his throbbing, pulsing cock.

A good five minutes later he grabbed his next victim without warning, padding past her as he had with several dozen others for the past few minutes he instead casually scooped her up in a single hand and sat back on his haunches. The only differences were she was a fox, and he stuffed her inside feet first, paying no more attention to her much louder screams than he had to the equine still wriggling in his sack. At only five feet the fox had vanished completely even before her feet reached the base of his cock; not that Thorn seemed to mind, he just sat back, panting softly with pleasure as the fox's long golden hair hung limply over his head, slowly sliding through the pre down his tip as gravity dragged her deeper, as before pulling her out of sight into his hips and then down into the other side of his sack to struggle and squirm frantically. His scrotum was barely large enough to accommodate the girls, giving them just enough room to struggle if they curled up into balls first, but unlike most predators he didn't seem to have the same degree of elasticity...or if he did he was making a point of holding back, the walls of his sack bulged and stretched to a small degree with their struggles, but it looked...almost *normal*, if such a word could be used to describe the scene.

Though Thorn didn't seem too bothered about clothes, the Siamese was wearing a one-piece swimsuit and the Fox had a light cotton dress wrapped around her waist, he still gave them both a quick check, and tore the towel from the fox's grip before stuffing her down; clearly far more interested in bodies than towels or bottles or anything else. Similarly after a few moments, it

seemed he wasn't too bothered about gender either(In fact the only thing Thorn *did* care about was size, he skipped the extremely fat or anyone too small or tall) as the next victim he snatched up was a reptilian male. After a smirk at the nude reptile's vastly smaller, flaccid, cock the dragon had wordlessly stuffed him headfirst down his cock, not even bothering to smear him in pre first, since without fur the reptile sank inside that much more easily.

Luke had been at the beach to try and score a few sexy girls to take back to his place for a good fucking, and an after-sex snack...or three, so when the enormous dragon had casually snatched him up the lizard had assumed at first the dragon was gay

"Dude...I'm not into guys...and you're way too big for my taste, put me down.... And.... shove ommphh!" He caught sight of Thorn's bulging sack moments before being stuffed head-first into the drooling cock-tip, and started struggling immediately, not wanting to wind up like those girls. His long tail thrashed back and forth frantically as he sank deeper, his strongest efforts coaxing nothing more than a tighter clenching pulse from the cock slowly devouring him as he kicked and screamed for all his worth, his smooth scales only letting him slide quickly down the long shaft; the dragon stopped pushing by the time his knees had sunk from sight, already just letting gravity drag him inside and watching in amusement as Luke's toes, and slowly that long, wiggling length of tail slithered down into the dark pink depths of his cock. Inside, Luke was in hell, every breath sucked a mouthful of pre between his lips, he couldn't see anything and could hear nothing but the lewd squelches of pre around his entire body and the distant churning of the two already trapped in the dragon's balls. As soon as his toes slipped from sight, Luke felt his head slip deeper, around a tight bend and into the dragon's body properly; as well as the sensation of movement as the dragon brought himself back to the moment and returned to hunting for more toys. Luke swiftly sank into an even tighter tube, rippling, peristaltic clenching taking over from gravity and *sucking* him deeper, despite his best efforts, into the painfully tight tunnel, pinning him completely immobile as he slipped ever further from any hope of escape.

The lizard had expected to wind up going down and into Thorn's balls, where at least he could have fun with the other two trapped...assuming they were female and still alive. But instead he smelled the 'air' growing more acidic and unpleasant, shifting away from the musky, dominating scent of cum and into...something else. The tube grew wetter too, as Luke was pulled steadily upwards, cum and pre gave way to...

"Oh no...god no, *please!*" was Luke's over-riding thought as horror prompted even more vicious struggles, moments before his head popped up into a tiny rancid smelling sack, right into a pool of piss. Now he didn't need to worry about drowning, Luke's mind returned to the horror of his fate just as the dragon's urethra forced him completely into the bladder, letting a little dribble of piss ooze back down the tube before the entrance clenched up tightly, trapping Luke in a body-hugingly small sack, the walls trying to squeeze down to the smallest possibly size, and covering him up to his throat in piss as the walls pressed in, only giving enough for him to struggle before pressing in again.

Thorn's belly didn't show any indication of Luke trapped inside his bladder, despite the lizard's uttermost struggles, even his screams couldn't penetrate the feet of thick dragon flesh, and the numerous other organs between him and daylight. In fact it wasn't until Luke found himself even more cramped, and Thorn had packed another two people, an average looking raccoon, and a rather large horse-femme, just over six feet that Thorn had particularly enjoyed stuffing into himself, that

the dragon's abdomen swelled out noticeably, jiggling and squirming with the terrified people trapped inside, and it was as he slowly, tauntingly slid a screaming human woman down his cock he spied Ivy, licking his lips and making a note to come back to her later.

Close to two hours later, Thorn stretched and paused to give his swollen, throbbing cock a little attention, idly stroking the thick shaft up and down its dripping wet, sticky length, pre clinging in ropes to his scales and drooling more of the musky, translucent juices constantly with the intense waves of pleasure from so much activity inside him. His scrotum was visibly swollen to around half its original size again, and noticeably tight, stretched tightly around three victims in each half, so tightly cramped they couldn't untangle from each other if they tried, knees and hands and faces stretching the scaled flesh of his sack deliciously, constantly, and the weight tugging and pressing on him with each step, especially if he sat down. His bladder was equally crammed; six (or was it seven? He couldn't quite remember) people jammed tightly into the compact bladder that was stretched to its limit, almost every available space between the squished people filled with steaming hot, foul smelling piss, a little dribbling all the way down and out of his cock each time he relaxed a little. It wasn't just his bladder and balls stuffed to the brim either, unnoticeable amidst the mass of bodies in his testicles was the upper half of a penguin-girl, stuffed headfirst down his cock she now squirmed weakly, only her upper half 'free' of the crushing embrace of the tunnel leading into his sack, the dragon's scrotum so packed his body couldn't physically push her inside completely, leaving her pinned halfway into the pool of hot, musky, sticky cum. A similar situation had befallen a Liger, her body from the waist down crammed into the bladder, mostly still under the lake of piss, while her upper half remained trapped in the dragon's urethra. Another pair of feet just barely poked into the bladder around the Liger's hands, and the poor girl's face was jammed almost out of sight between the particularly broad panda's buttocks, the black and white woman trapped entirely inside Thorn's urethra, and virtually sat on the Liger just below her. And so it went on, two more behind the penguin and another horse, male this time, in front of the panda, stuffing the dragon to his limits.

And Thorn wasn't *quite* done. The voracious dragon snatched up dolphin femme after a few more minutes and grinned cruelly at her. Turning her upside down he rubbed her face all over the tip of his cock, letting a little gush of piss gurgle down from his bladder, over those inside to wash over her upper body, mingling with the sticky pre all over her smooth skin before he stuffed her inside; hissing with pleasure as she filled his cock, even harder and even slightly thicker and longer than when he started. Her nipple-less breasts slipped inside, the impressive orbs stretching out the rock-hard cock-flesh as he forced her deeper and deeper, headfirst into his loins, smearing her in piss and cum as she sank down the shaft and around the bend up into his hips, her nose bumping into the trapped horse almost immediately, just after her shoulders sank from sight into the base of his cock, slowing her descent almost to a halt. Frowning a little, the dragon slowly, tenderly, slid a claw down the tip of his cock, his own finger vanishing down his cock as he pushed firmly against her squirming feet, forcing her deeper, inch by satisfying inch, until he reached his knuckle, leaving only her lower half visible as a bulge in his cock. With a needy moan Thorn slowly drew his finger out, cum dripping from the claw-tip, and gripped his cock tightly, clenching as hard as he could before relaxing, and pumping his fist down his shaft, sliding it tightly over the trapped dolphin's legs and hips, driving her just a little deeper. When his fist slammed into his hips, Thorn clenched hard again, forcing a glob of cum from his tip, and moved his hand back to the head of his cock, before relaxing and pumping again. Moving deliberately slowly, drawing out his pleasure and her torment, the dragon slowly

worked her deeper, and deeper, an inch at a time forcing the whole mass of people to slide deeper into his body as the dolphin was packed tightly inside, forced almost alongside the horse. Despite her screams and best struggles, and the efforts of the horse to keep her out she continued inside, until the dragon finally stopped and pulled his cock down a little, flexing and twisting a little until a faint, gooey *pop* sensation rippled from his loins as the dolphin's feet were worked out of his cock and just into his body.

"Perfect..." Thorn murmured to himself, dropping to all fours again and moving briskly across the sand to the sleeping Ivy, eager to finish up his fun for the day.

Ivy blinked a little, and scrunched up her face. In her efforts to stay 'cool' and not draw unwanted attention she'd actually managed to drift to sleep despite her horror, revulsion and terror at finding herself trapped in such a hellish place, surrounded by predators making meals of other, sentient animals! Though it felt sudden, she attributed it to having woken up to it, Ivy smiled a little to herself, feeling the air cooler than earlier, and a distinct lack of the bright, hot sunlight 'excellent...maybe everyone'll have gone home'. Opening her eyes Ivy screamed aloud, her view filled with Thorn's face as he smirked down at her, grabbing her up in a single hand as soon as her eyes opened. With thumb and forefinger of his other hand he plucked off her glasses, and tossed them over his shoulder...she wouldn't need them where she was going.

"W-wait! I'm one of you! Put me down!" Ivy gasped, slapping weakly at his knuckles as he slowly lowered her, letting her kicking feet rest on the top of his sticky, throbbing cock.

"Mmnoppe, you're one of *them*" Thorn nodded down, grinning as he watched Ivy's expression turn to abject horror as she saw his distended abdomen and slightly swollen balls, both constantly shifting and twitching with the struggles of those trapped inside, the screams only barely escaping from his balls, the others voices completely silenced. Stunned into silence, the bunny didn't manage to recover until her calves and large feet, sandals and all, had vanished into the burning hot, pulsing, tight depths of his cock, the rock hard flesh all around her legs crushing inwards as he groaned with delight and pressed her deeper. Rabbits were one of his favourites, even one as slender and trim as Ivy had such deliciously big feet and broad hips, stretching him wonderfully as he forced her hips inside, fluffy tail and all.

Ivy screamed, long and loud, squirming and thrashing desperately to try and escape, or attract the attention of the distant life-guard...who sadly was busy fucking the badger from the volleyball game (not that he would have cared anyway) "P-please! No, oh god nopleasenogod! Let me go! No!" the bunny gasped, shaking her head in fear as Thorn's hand released her only to use both his hands to grab her forearms and, with surprising care, stuff them down alongside her hips into his cock, pinning them to her side as he clenched and thrust up a little, her feet holding back a lot of the cum, pre and piss slowly building up below her.

"Yes...oh god yes" Thorn murmured, deliberately teasing the bunny as he pressed two fingers down, one on each of her shoulder and forced her deeper, drawing a sharp gasp of fear from Ivy as his cock pressed up under her breasts, the tight depths almost squeezing the breath from her as another idle shove sent her breasts inside; Thorn's fingers leaving her as he leaned back on one arm to avoid pleasuring himself too much – his victims were doing *that* for him. Gravity slowly drew Ivy deeper, and with a gooey burble of cum her shoulders sank inside, the tip coming closed around her throat,

wrapping her entire body up tightly, like a cocoon, inside his shaft, thick, sticky fluids oozing around her entire body, already matting her fur to a slick, slimy mess as she pleaded a final time, begging for mercy. By way of response Thorn gently pressed a single finger on her head, and gave her the final, light little press to send her over the edge, stuffing her throat and jaws down into his cock, the tip cresting the widest part of her head and 'sucking' the rest of it down, his tip clenching shut a final time around her head, pre still dribbling, though not as copiously thanks to her feet and hips blocking the tube quite effectively. Ivy sank a few inches deeper, slowly coming to a stop with her feet pressed into the very base of his cock, unable to sink any deeper into his body, *mercifully*?

After a few hard clenches and idle rubs of his swollen, distended cock to ensure Ivy was really jammed inside, and couldn't fit any deeper. Thorn sighed happily and rolled onto his back on the sand, throbbing, thick cock resting heavily against his belly, pre drooling over his scales as he enjoyed the last of the afternoon sun. Mind drifting to other things, already losing interest in the people lost inside him, now nothing but sex aids for when he felt like getting off later in the day...perhaps at a club tonight?