

Over Fishing

By Victor Waite

Victor decides to break character a little and spend the day fishing on the open ocean. The waters are calm and the fishing is good, but his trip goes south when an amazonian shark woman catches him in her territory.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Fat Male Fox, a Large Shark Woman, Fishing, Soft Vore, Oral Vore, and Female Masturbation.

Victor leaned back in his seat and pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes. A long fishing pole rested in his slackened grip, held mostly in place by a mount at the base of his chair. The boat's soft rocking on the calm seas did their best to lull him to sleep, but the sun's brutal heat kept him from drifting off completely. The chair's support post creaked and groaned under the fox's considerable weight when he leaned to the side and fetched a drink from his cooler, which he pressed to his forehead. A sigh of relief escaped his muzzle, and for a brief moment, the heat was almost tolerable. The container warmed in his paw after a few minutes however, and he popped its tab before the soda got too hot. The silver fox dumped the chilled liquid down his gullet in a single pour and crushed the empty can, then tossed it into a nearby trash can. A shameless belch rolled out across the water seconds after, and he slouched back in his seat after bleeding off some of the pressure in his middle. It was little compared to what was already in there, however.

The bloated fox rested one of his arms across the lumpy swell of his stomach and gave it a content pat. There wasn't a single dominant shape rounding him out, but many smaller ones. He rolled his head back and a hedonistic groan resonated in his chest as he lost himself in his ministrations, until a sharp tug at his line woke him from his daydreams. Victor pulled the strap of his seatbelt tight and grabbed his rod with both hands, then started the dance of reeling in his prize. His pole bent and dipped into the water as the fish valiantly battled against him, and his spool clicked and whined as it ripped out line at a furious speed. Victor's insatiable stomach rumbled and gurgled in anticipation of the catch, but he remarkably held on to his patience. He let the line unwind until the fish slowed down, then locked its ratchet down and pulled back. The fishing rod quivered when the no doubt massive fish lurched toward the boat, then relaxed as he let off. His gained ground spurred the fish back into action, and he was forced to give it up to avoid snapping his line. The hungry fox started reeling again once the fish tired itself out, and the cycle of give and take continued for minutes on end.

Not long before Victor's stamina would have given out, the fish gave up and the line went slack. It only put up a token resistance as he reeled it in, and his mouth watered at the thought of how large it must be. His imagination ran rampant until his catch finally emerged from the glassy water and surpassed his wildest expectations. The tuna was nearly as large as him and dwarfed everything else he'd caught that day. The colossal fish thrashed weakly as he looped a rope around its tail, which he used to lift it from the slick deck. The silver fox grunted with effort and exhaustion as he waddled his catch to a scale, then grinned broadly as he let it go. The simple device bottomed out at 200 pounds before its spring snapped, leaving the question of exactly how much weighed unanswered. Victor happily accepted the result regardless and took a picture of his titanic catch and added it to his album. He added a "200+" note to the image before setting his phone aside, then turned his attention back to his waiting meal.

The fish seemed to sense his intent and flopped away as he approached, but Victor easily caught it before it slid more than a few inches. He grabbed the fish's top and underside and lifted it up, but its slick scales spoiled his grip. The massive tuna dropped the to deck with a heavy thud, forcing him to rethink his strategy. An imperfect idea popped

into his head, but his gluttony overwhelmed his pride long enough for him to go through with it. The fox laid on his stomach across the floor, though his stuffed middle forced him to lean forward to press his jaw against the ground. Once he stabilized his balance, he reached out and grabbed the fish like a sandwich. His fingers still slipped on its surface, but he had enough traction to drag it toward his open maw. The tuna panicked and thrashed with the last bits of its energy as it slid across the fox's lower lip, gliding over his tongue to the back of his muzzle. Victor's cheeks bulged with its profile, which occupied more and more of his jaws as he swallowed the football-shaped meal down.

The tuna's slick hide and smooth curves offered next to no resistance, meaning its sheer size was Victor's only deterrent. Given the fox's voracious background, he doubted it'd be an issue. The tendons of his jaws smoldered as he stretched them to their limits, and his pace slowed to a crawl, but he persisted and claimed the fish bit by bit regardless. Tears welled in the corners of his eyes as he neared the fish's thickest point, and his stomach let out a rumble of protest as he unwillingly stopped. The silver fox took a moment to gather his strength and nerve before trying again, though he hardly advanced before he lost what little momentum he recovered. He rethought his strategy before he ran out of breath and dug his claws into the fish's scales, just beyond the stubborn obstacle, and pulled with all of his strength. He let out a muffled moan of discomfort as he squeaked passed his personal predatory record, and the back half of the fish shot down his gullet once he cleared its crest. His throat bulged grandly and sped the tuna into his belly as it contracted to its original size, and a splash announced its entry into his stomach. A hedonistic groan tumbled from Victor's lips as its entry stirred up a flurry of movement in his belly, massaging his gut from the inside and alleviating some of the strain in his hide.

Victor belched once again, loud enough to shake the hull of his boat, announcing his glutinous feat to the open ocean. He spent a moment basking on the deck before the heat grew unbearable, spurring him to roll on his side and get up and seek shade or a cool drink. The fox's belly sagged to his knees and completely obscured his shorts, and it audibly sloshed with each of his heavy footsteps. He picked up his rod and started toward his fishing chair, but a moment of clarity turned him away. He seriously doubted the seat could support both him and his bloated belly, and for once in his life, he might have had been full. The fox waddled to the boat's cabin and slotted his rod in its holster, then sat down in the shade of its roof. The boat rocked with the impact of his fattened ass and took its time settling. The gentle rocking helped his encroaching food coma, though he did his best to stave it off and relish his sloshing belly. Victor sank his fingers deep into his stretched rolls and reveled in his fullness, then sloshed his middle back and forth to listen to its contents. Most of his meals had already tired themselves out, including the gigantic tuna, but he still enjoyed the sensations of them sliding around. Gurgles and burbles joined the noisy chorus as his stomach got to work and did what it did best, breaking his snacks down and adding to waistline. Victor rolled his head back and relaxed as he drifted off to sleep, and a grin spread across his muzzle as he imagined how big he'd be when he woke up.

Until a heavy weight crashed down onto his boat and sent it rocking.

The fox's eyes shot open and he braced himself against the boat's wall, narrowly keeping upright as the vessel came to rest. A large shadow loomed over him before he could stand up, and he shrank against the cabin when he finally looked up to its source. An amazonian shark woman towered above him, dripping with seawater and disdain. Her sharp gaze bore into him over her pointed snout, and a set of vicious teeth frowned at him. Her bulky tail swished across the deck with irritation while she menaced him, and her webbed foot tapped the deck with frustration. She crossed her arms over her bountiful chest as Victor finally found the nerve to stand, and his overfilled stomach sloshed from side to side as he got his feet under him. He barely rose to her chest, forcing him to look through her cleavage to meet her intimidating gaze. His strength drained from his knees as she continued to wither him, and the tense silence persisted until the fox's stomach gurgled with content. The sound brought a nervous blush to his muzzle, but deepened the shark's apparent fury. Victor wrapped his tail around his waist and nervously meshed his fingers together, and his pulse raced as the shark bent down to meet his gaze. His sense of self-preservation kept him from looking down at her chest, potentially sparing him from a messy fate.

Finally, the shark broke the tense silence. "Do you have *anything* to say for yourself?" She poked his overstuffed middle, earning a gurgle and a slosh in response.

Victor stood paralyzed until he mustered the nerve to speak. "What did I do," he eventually stammered.

The shark reinforced her glare and spiked his heart rate again. "You're catching *my* fish. I thought we worked this out after the last time one of you islanders wandered out here."

The fox's stomach dropped. He'd thought the other fishermen were bluffing to keep the best waters to themselves. "I'm not from around here, I didn't know."

"Bullshit," she spat. "You're a horrible liar, and frankly it doesn't matter to me if you did or not. You took my fish, and I want them back."

Victor's pulse quickened yet again. "I uhh, kind of already ate them. Can I make it up to you and get you something from the island."

The shark's expression soured, but then relaxed to a neutral expression. "That won't be necessary. I've got something right here."

Panic surged through Victor's veins when he pieced together her intent, but he was far too late to do anything about it. The shark wrapped her webbed hands around the fox's arms and pinned them to his sides, then lifted him up. His legs uselessly dangled as he looked her in the eye, and a malicious grin spread across her snout before she opened her jaws. The fox blindly kicked while he prayed to hit something important, but her middle easily resisted his blows. Firm muscle backed her soft paunch, so much so that he almost hurt his toes against it. He twisted his shoulders after that yielded no results, and he failed

to escape before his muzzle entered her maw. Her sharp fangs raked through his fur when she closed her mouth and slathered him with drool, saturating his fur and matting it down. She wasted no time moving to his shoulders, which bulged her cheeks and locked the fox's arms down. The amazonian shark adjusted her grip once sure her prey couldn't wiggle away, planting her hands firmly on his rump.

Her fingers sank into his plush cheeks when she set her grip and disappeared further still when she hauled him up and into her mouth. Victor's soft chest offered minimal resistance to her feasting, and she only slowed once she reached the considerable swell of his fish-stuffed belly. The shark shuffled her lower jaw from side to side until popped loose, allowing it to sag and stretch enough to clear his swaying gut. Her arms bulged with might as she resumed cramming the obese fox into her mouth, and her tongue slid across the curve of his stomach as it sloshed over her teeth. Her throat bulged with his upper body as it curved down the entrance of her gullet, showing exactly what he'd been reduced to. He put up a token struggle as her inner walls rippled and squeezed him down, strengthening her hold on him and gradually drawing him to the waiting cauldron of her stomach. He whined and renewed his struggles as she wedged the bottom half of his belly into her maw, but he soon decided it best to conserve his energy. She conquered his center of gravity and physics worked against him, convincing him he was better off trying to climb his way out once fully swallowed.

Victor lost his train of thought and jerked when she pointedly chewed his soft rump, deriving no small amount of enjoyment from his situation. She groped his flabby bottom one last time before squishing it between her cheeks, leaving nothing but his legs and tail outside of her. Her hands moved to her throat, where they massaged his bulges as they languidly passed by. The silver fox whined with humiliation while she relished her meal, and we wondered just how long she would spend savoring and tormenting him. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, his answer came when she threw her head back. The fox jumped in her gullet as she tossed his legs above him and relaxed her throat, sending him dropping into her belly under his own weight. His face mashed against the gate of her belly before it relented and admitted him, blasting him with the scents of her previous meals. The shark's gastric slime soaked into his fur and matted it down to his hide, marking him as just another meal to pad her figure and power her muscles. A groan of satisfaction rumbled somewhere above him as his sloshing belly joined him in the tight chamber, and he curled along the spongy floor of her stomach as his weight pushed him deeper. His legs and tail entered shortly after, and the wrinkled portal squeezed shut and sealed behind him. The fox gathered himself and looked for it the instant he recovered, though he already lost it against her belly's innumerable folds.

The shark unleashed a belch of her own once the fox was tucked away, putting Victor's gluttonous outbursts to shame. Her stomach swelled far beyond the curve of her breasts and threatened her balance with every step, but she fortunately wouldn't have to deal with it for long. The shark wrapped both of her arms around it and held it steady while she sauntered to the edge of the boat, then freed it as she jumped in. The vessel rocked violently with the sudden weight shift, scattering the fox's belongings across the deck and

leaving the abandoned ship a mess. The shark paid it no mind as she dove under the waves, however. Her body temperature plummeted as she adjusted to the water, rendering the fox a significant source of warmth in her middle. A blush tinted her cheeks and a sigh left her snout as she relished the blooming heat, and she made a beeline for the bottom of the shallow sea. She sat down on the sandy floor and splayed out on her back, and her tail swished from side to side while she relaxed with her full belly. Her tail curled between her thighs as her satisfaction turned to arousal, and she let out a bubbly moan as her tail tip brushed across her clit.

Her stomach luckily remained free of water, allowing Victor to experience her lust second hand and ponder his fate. He had little reason to believe she would let him out without consequence, though perhaps he could earn some leniency. The fox pressed his hands to the walls of her stomach and started rubbing, hoping to help her reach her climax before the rising gastric slime overtook him.

The faster she got off, the longer he had to potentially negotiate.