



The First of Many

Written by Victor Waite
Time: ~1300 min Word Count: 4820



In a little home nestled in suburbia, there lived a cow and a wolf. Outside of this house, it was a fairly normal day. The sun hung clear and high in the sky as if it had nothing better to do than grow grass all day, and the creatures of the earth and heavens reveled in it. Inside of the house, however, something interesting was in the works. A pleasantly plump bovine girl was about to discover a side of herself she had no idea existed. This day had been weeks in the making for her, and she was understandably nervous about it despite training with her white-furred girlfriend.

"Are you sure about this," Rose asked with uncertainty.

"Totally," Alex remarked, eyes glued to her laptop. "There's like four people online who said this worked for them."

"But what if I can't do it? I mean, he's a lot bigger than a watermelon."

"Then I'll just have to shove him down your throat for you," she said with a fittingly wolfish grin. "Now what did I do with my stuffing rod..."

"You're not helping."

The cow girl continued to fidget as Alex shut her laptop and started setting up her recording equipment. It wasn't much more than a single camera and a microphone, but it was more than enough to instill stage fright. The crafty wolfess had managed to convince her to post their little vore session online after telling her how much money it could bring in. Rose was still a little freaked out by the idea of inviting people to watch her lose her oral virginity, but if it could pay for a nice vacation, who was she to complain?

"What exactly did you tell him to get him to do this," Rose asked, referring to the guest of honor.

"I just told him I was finally going to eat him," she casually remarked.

"Wait what?"

"You heard me. The kid has been dying for a ride down my throat for as long as I've known him."

Rose stared at the white wolf in shock. "He *wants* you to eat him?"

"Yep."

There are some things in this world she will never understand. "So, why haven't you? I thought you ate people all the time."

"Have you *seen* Michael? He's more lard than mouse. He'd completely ruin my figure." She took the opportunity to showcase her athletic curves. "I already spend too much time at the gym. I don't need to double down to work him off too."

Rose couldn't argue with that. Every so often Alex would disappear for an entire day, usually right after a hunt. In some ways she envied the wolf. Whether it was bad genes or just a property of her species, she could never lose more than a couple of pounds. She would have to live at the gym to get a body like Alex's, but if Rose was being honest with herself, she liked being big. Plus, her H-cups trounced Alex's handfuls, something she was quick to bring it up whenever the wolfess teased her about her weight.

A light knock at the door derailed her train of thought. The pair looked at each other for a hollow beat, each waiting for the other to do something about it. "Fine, I'll get it," Alex sighed as she picked herself up. The wolfess swatted Rose with her tail as she passed, and shot her a wry grin on her way out. A few seconds later, an enthusiastic greeting rang out from the foyer, followed by a token one. Their guest flew into a stream of thanks before Alex could say anything else, not that she was trying to. Rose felt Alex's eye roll from two rooms away as the excited voice prattled on. The chatter only got louder as the wolfess led him to his seat in the living room.

Michael wasn't nearly as fat as Alex made him out to be. The mouse was overweight, sure, but he wasn't massive. He had a little paunch comparable to Rose's, as well wide hips and thighs that gave him a rather feminine silhouette. Michael was about two-thirds of Rose's height, which made his extra fluff show that much more. He was covered in a soft coat of smooth grey fur that only added to his tender appearance. Rose was shocked to find her mouth watering at the sight of the mouse, but was not appalled by it. Maybe Alex's conditioning had gone deeper than she thought.

"Michael, I'm not eating you. Rose is," Alex said, cutting him off midsentence. Rose had never seen someone deflate so quickly.

"Aw, what?" he whined. "Why not?"

"We've had this conversation before," she sighed. "You know why."

"But I want *you* to eat me."

"Is there really a difference?"

"There's a huge difference!" He tried to raise his voice, but it only made him sound squeaky. "I'm not doing it."

"Oh yes you are," she growled. "I don't care if I have to bind and gag you. One way or another, you're going in her, and you're gonna like it."

Rose had never seen her lose her temper, but Michael had, and he knew it was only a matter of time before the wolfess went on a rampage. "Alex, you're scaring me." The rodent shot Rose a desperate look, silently asking her to help. "I'll just let myself out..." Before he could even begin to stand up, Alex had him pinned to the chair. At this point, Rose decided to help the mouse, though not in the way he expected.

"Alex! That's enough," Rose shouted. "He doesn't have to do this if he doesn't want to. We'll find someone else."

The fuming wolf glared at her, but she relaxed when their eyes met. "Y-yeah." She sheepishly backed away from Michael, leaving him shaking in his seat.

Rose sauntered to the quivering rodent and stroked the side of his muzzle with a soft hand. She whispered sweet nothings into his large ears, doing her best to comfort and calm him. Her tender words and touch did wonders for the frightened mouse, and within moments he was leaning into her chest and softly chittering.

As she nurtured the cuddly rodent, something stirred within her. She couldn't put her finger on what it was, but it was powerful and primal. It was the same thing that flooded her mouth at the mere sight of the mouse, and it was even stronger now that he was in her embrace. Her inner predator was awakening, and she could feel it in the pit of her being. She was Hungry, and only the grey furred morsel before her could sate her. "Do you ever wonder what it would feel like to give yourself to a big, *hungry* predator?" Everyone in the room knew the answer to that question, but Rose wanted to hear him say it.

"Y-yes," the little mouse blushed.

"I bet it would be nice," she murmured. "to give yourself to someone who truly needs you. Someone that would take the time to chase you down and swallow you up. Someone with a Hunger so deep that it takes someone like you to fill it."

The mouse was stunned. He expected this sort of talk from a predator like Alex, but not from a cow! Rose watched him like a hawk as she calmly scratched between his ears, occasionally licking him for a quick appetizer. She had the will of a predator, but not the skill or experience that would guide her. Nor did she yearn for the thrill of a traditional hunt. No, Rose found her arena was that of subtly and subterfuge, home to those who convinced their prey they wanted to be eaten as much as the predator wanted to eat.

"I would love it if you did that for me, my little morsel." She pressed the side of his head against her plush middle, where he could feel her four stomachs rumbling for him. "I'm so Hungry Michael. Won't you feed me?"

Michael let out an almost inaudible squeak as his cock throbbed hard in his stifling pants. A blush burned across his face as his eyes met hers for the briefest of instants before falling away. Rose could see the desire overtaking any sense of rationality he might have left, and it lit a fire in her belly like nothing else.

"But... I want *her* to eat me," he whimpered. The way he said it, he was practically begging Rose to convince him otherwise.

"No you don't, hun. You only think you do," Rose smoldered. "Just look at her, so strong and active. She'd finish you off in an hour and be done with you in a day." She caressed the cheek that wasn't

pressed into her pudge. "You don't want that. You want to be savored, to be appreciated and loved for the gift you're giving." She gave him a kiss between the ears. "It'll be days before we part, and the entire time I'll be thinking of you."

The timid grey fur was silent for a tense while. Rose was concerned she had gone too far and driven him away from the idea, but if she had looked to Alex, she would have seen the wolfess quietly egging her on. Rose figured that trying to correct now would only cause more damage, so she simply waited for a response and held him close. When Michael nuzzled deeper into her embrace, she knew she had him. No matter what he might think right now, he wants this. "Will it hurt?"

"Not at all. You'll drift to blissful sleep long before you feel anything close to pain." She had no idea if she was telling the truth or not.

"A-Are you sure?"

"Completely."

The longer Michael thought about sliding over that wide tongue of hers, the harder his cock throbbed. The longer he thought about the smothering trip down her throat, the bigger the spot of pre in his underwear grew. He was beyond aroused, and it was clouding his most base survival instincts. He knew he was fated to line someone's waist, so why not the starving bovine before him?

"I'll do it," he finally murmured, his cheeks flaring up once again.

"What was that, hun? I didn't quite hear you," Rose teased.

"I said I'll do it." This time, even the camera heard him.

She hugged him tightly, giving him a taste of what the rest of her would do to him. "You're going to look great on my hips." She slurped her tongue over his face in a sloppy lick-kiss, catching him off guard in the gesture of possession. Michael shivered with need as that affectionate muscle left its mark on his fur. "Head or feet first?"

"Feet. I- I want to watch," he trailed off meekly.

Rose grabbed him under his arms and hoisted him to his feet with little effort. She hastily removed his shirt, exposing his own paunch to the somewhat cool room. Michael blushed as his chubby belly jiggled from the sudden motion, but quickly got over himself. Rose cast the shirt aside before turning her attention to his pants. The mouse's breath caught in his throat as she groped his crotch, getting a feel for what he was packing before letting it loose. With a lecherous grin, the eager bovine girl popped the button and slid the zipper down its metal tracks.

The loosened garment fell to the floor with a light fwump, revealing a nude Michael in all his mousey glory. His cheeks ignited as he reflexively tried to cover himself with his hands. The only thing he succeeded in was striking an adorable pose. He had fantasized about this moment for as long as he could remember, but it did nothing to actually prepare him for it. He let out a cute gasp as Rose pushed

passed his hands and ran a finger along the underside of his member, collecting a bead of precum at the tip.

The cow licked the cloudy pearl from her finger with a sultry grin and brought herself down to eyelevel with him. She opened her maw as wide as she could, giving him a perfect view of where she would be sending him. He watched the saliva drip from the roof of her mouth to her broad tongue, where it slowly flowed back to the pulsing gate of her throat. Her humid breath rushed by him as he gazed into the glistening darkness, flooding his senses with her presence. Michael found himself leaning into the waiting cavern as rampant desire finally triumphed over common sense. He knew he wasn't walking away from this, but he hardly wanted to.

As he passed between her lips, Rose glommed down on his narrow snout. Michael went limp against her soft body, instantly giving in to the siren's call. She giggled as her tongue lapped over him, matting down his fur with her thick drool. She was treating him like a piece of candy, and he loved every second of it. The mouse's eyes drifted shut as she lavished him with her brazen need, a need he simply had to fill. With a muffled chitter, he pressed himself in deeper into her greedy maw with no intent of stopping.

Just as she crested his head, she opened up, pulled back, and yanked him from his nirvana. The sudden coolness brought a squeak of disappointment and a pleading look from the tubby rodent. She answered by looking into his gaze and smacking her lips. "Mmm, delicious." The Rose stood up to her full height, where she towered over the soggy mouse, and proceeded to join him in his nudity. She ripped off her shirt and bra, freeing her breasts to spill out and rest atop her rounded belly. Her shorts and panties came off next, revealing that she was just as worked up as Michael was. Alex was the last to start stripping, but she had a head start, having already removed her shorts.

Rose kneeled down in front of Michael and opened her stout muzzle once again. The display enchanted him just as it had moments before, and he couldn't do anything but watch the beckoning portal of her mouth. Rose impatiently reached for one of his ankles, jamming it into her mouth and knocking him off balance into his chair. Michael caught on before she could do the same with his other foot, and he rested it within the sacred space.

She clamped down on his ankles, drawing a gasp from the rodent. Her tongue explored every inch of the tasty intrusion, making sure to sample the array of flavors her morsel had to offer. She groaned as the slick appendage slid between wiggling toes, her taste buds lighting up previously unknown delights. In that moment, Rose was thankful the rodent's good hygiene. Meanwhile, the mouse above her writhed in mirth as she tickled him. His cock bounced against his soft paunch as he jerked about, speckling his smoky fur with spots of precum.

When she had tasted all his pads had to offer, Rose yawned widely and began climbing his legs. His toes slid down into her throat with a thick squelch, a sound that sent a shiver through everyone in the room. She kept a steady pace as she devoured his calves, only slowing down as she came to the flare of his thighs. She rubbed the sides of her muzzle as she walked her jaw up the mouse's body, relaxing

her muscles and forcing a few more inches into her. Unfortunately this technique would only take her so far, and her progress slowed to a halt at his wide hips.

A soft whine escaped Michael's muzzle when he realized he had become stuck. His legs were almost completely wrapped in her pulsing depths, it wasn't enough for him. To deny his beautiful predator anything would be a slap in her face. The mouse wagged his hips in an effort to dislodge them, and to his surprise it worked. With all the speed of continental drift, the chittering mouse sank into her throat. It was agonizingly slow for both of them, but it would make the finale all the more satisfying. Before his plump ass disappeared entirely, Michael folded his tail down and slid it between his legs. He didn't want the thin appendage pinched up against his back, after all.

Ever so slowly, Rose worked her way up his chubby body until she met his widest point. They groaned in unison as she lost what little momentum she had gained, and he became stuck once again. Fed up with her slow progress, she grabbed him by the waist, stood up, and lifted the mouse above her head. Her tongue swarmed over the soft mounds of his ass, drawing a surprised moan from the boy. She kept at it until his fur was completely slicked down, and only then did she continue.

She steeled her grip on him, and tried to force him down with all her might. Michael squeaked in discomfort as she nearly bruised his sides and yelped in pain when the edges of her square teeth dug into him. Rose's whimpers were muffled by his hips, but they were certainly there. The tendons in her jaw burned, but she would not be deterred so easily. Rose bounced on her heels for a little extra kick from gravity, but all it did was wedge him tighter. Tears welled in her eyes as she struggled on, neither predator nor prey willing to give up.

Before she could really hurt herself, Alex intervened. The wolfess slipped her fingers from between her legs and sauntered to her pitiful girlfriend. She embraced Rose from behind, putting an end to her bouncing. "You're gonna pull something if you keep that up," she murmured. "Let me help."

She traced the curves of Rose's body, playing with her colossal breasts before moving up to her cheeks. She massaged the cow's overworked jaw, which had the side effect of working her juices into the cow's fur. Rose's face flushed as she realized what Alex was using as massage oil, but she did nothing to stop or correct her. "You need to relax, young grasshopper. Your prey is willing and you have all the time in the world."

The wolfess' soothing fingers worked their magic, and soon Rose was able to feel her mouth opening wider than she thought possible. The cow's bones separated with a startling pop, her lower jaw suddenly sagging. Michael let out a squeak that melted into a moan as he dropped a few more inches. In his new position, his balls rested on the back of her tongue, and his shaft ground against the ridged roof of her mouth. His ankles passed through the ringed muscle guarding her first stomach, plunging his feet into the sweltering sac.

Alex tenderly rubbed her lover's stretched hide as Michael passed through her lover's gullet. The wolfess could feel the rippling muscles just beneath Rose's fur as they greedily claimed the mouse little by little. "Keep it up, hun. You're doing great," Alex breathed.

A needy groan rumbled from Rose's core. She ground her luscious ass against Alex's hips, threading her tail between the wolf's thighs and teasing her slit. Thanks to her gentle massage, she was devouring Michael as easily as the fruit she was trained on. It was still a titanic undertaking, but it was well her realm of possibility now. The living room filled with the sounds of thick squelches as each swallow stole a small bit of Michael's body from the world. Soon his wide hips slipped into her throat, and she was over the mountain.

Alex groped the boy's plush ass as it bulged out Rose's neck, drawing a subdued groan from him. She followed the swell as it slowly but surely sank deeper into her, until it finally vanished behind the cow's breasts. The wolfess went for the next nearest lump and massaged Rose's soft jugs with care reserved only for a treasured lover. After a few moments of teasing, Alex managed to free a thin trickle of milk from her reservoirs.

Michael panted heavily as he watched Rose climb ever higher up his pleasure-wracked body. He bucked his hips against the slick walls of her throat, grinding his cock against the undulating muscle. Rose's tireless swallowing drove him to the edge of sanity, but he couldn't seem to achieve the release he so desperately sought. He shoved his hands down his sides in an effort to pleasure himself, but only succeeded in pinning them. Michael was totally helpless, but escape was the last thing he wanted. No, he wanted Rose to hurry, to seal him away in her sweltering gut so he could fully enjoy himself.

The rodent's hips bulldozed their way through the entrance to her stomach, and just like that the struggle was over. With more of him inside than out, the rest of Michael quickly slid down her relaxed food chute under the influence of gravity. The mouse chittered and squeaked as he fell into Rose's open mouth, eager to finally reach his cramped destination. Rose suppressed a fit of coughing as dry fur brushed against sensitive flesh, but the feeling of being filled so completely eclipsed any discomfort.

Rose's hands joined Alex's on her squirming belly, where they both massaged Michael's bulges. He was by far the biggest thing she had ever shoved into herself, a fact made obvious by her pained expression of triumph. Her thick legs trembled under her as they strained to support about 170 pounds of mouse, in addition to her own weight. Alex helped her hazy girlfriend to the couch, where she promptly plopped down, much to the seat's protest. The wolfess followed suit, sitting down on what was left of Rose's lap and trapping her in a passionate kiss. Alex whined in pleasure as she ground her crotch against one of the lumps, something they both enjoyed. Before long, her gut began to sway on its own accord, bringing a knowing smirk to the panting wolfess.

"Ohh, it hurts but it feels so good," Rose groaned into the wolfess' muzzle.

Alex broke the kiss and leaned back, a strand of saliva connecting them before snapping. She gave Rose a few affectionate belly rubs, doing her best to lessen the stress. "I know, but the hardest part is over," she crooned. "Just try to relax and enjoy it."

"Easy for you to say," Rose shot back.

Fortunately, the tension in her middle waned under Alex's skilled ministrations. Her virgin stomach gradually adapted to the large, squirmy meal, and euphoria gradually displaced pain. Alex snickered as the dome swayed back and forth, picking up speed as the pleasure-drunk mouse within raced towards his release. The inner massage complimented the outer, and soon Rose was reduced to a quivering, moaning mess.

Alex leaned back into Rose, picking up their make-out session where they had left off. The added weight of her toned body rested right on top of Michael, and the effect it had was immediate. The bottom heavy mouse squeaked and writhed as the slimy chamber compressed him, the increased pressure only aiding his efforts to get off. His spurting cock slipped into one of the many small folds surrounding him, and he came on the spot. Hot mouse cream gushed against the muscular sac, setting off a chain reaction everyone would feel.

The sudden blooming warmth against her insides threw Rose over the cliff of pleasure without warning. Her arms wrapped around Alex's head, keeping the wolfess against her lips as she moaned and moaned in helpless bliss. Her juices flowed unabated, coating both the inside of her thighs and the cushion under her as she came. Every muscle in her trembling body clenched in time with her orgasm, including those surrounding Michael. The mouse squeaked as the quivering walls rippled and pulsed around him, ruthlessly milking his entire body. Alex closed her legs around Rose as her thrashing set off her own orgasm, though it wasn't nearly as intense as Rose's or Michael's.

The cow's climax raged on, outlasting even Michael's, but she eventually calmed down and let echoes of climax roll over her. The molten pleasure cooled into a breezy afterglow, and any remaining tension left her relaxed body. Her arms fell for the back of her lover's head, finding purchase in the small of her back.

Michael expected to be hit with the deep exhaustion that usually followed such an intense session, but it never came. In fact, he was as hard as ever. He resumed humping her gently contracting walls with deviant glee, coating his entire body in recently introduced goo. The slime tingled on his bare skin, but thankfully didn't burn or sting. It actually worked wonderfully as lube, and that's exactly what he used it as. He slathered the stuff up and down his throbbing cock, barely holding himself back as he almost got off on the idea of what he was doing alone.

Rose groaned as Michael began rocking her belly again with undiminished vigor. She looked at Alex with pleading eyes as the motions rekindled her lust and silently begged for her touch. The wolfess traced the curve of her girlfriend's body down to her flexing pussy, where she rubbed all around the sensitized mound without actually touching it. Her fingers then dipped into the bovine's honeyed folds and immediately sought out that magic spot. The wolfess found her goal with practiced ease, and proceeded to roughly pleasure the oversexed cow. Rose's muzzle dropped in a breathless cry as her girlfriend sent her back over the ledge almost instantly.

The mouse added another dose of his seed to the growing pool around him as Rose's stomach bore down on him. He felt completely trapped within her as he was deprived of every bit of wiggle room and left to the mercy of her tightening belly. The puddle of cloudy slime rose up to his neck in the form-

fitting sac, briefly piercing the blissful haze around his mind with the fear of drowning. Thankfully, the valve under him relaxed, draining the semi-digestive soup into her second stomach. When Michael did not drain off with the fluid, her body started to work him through the small opening.

Rose convulsed under the grinning wolfess as muscles beyond her control squeezed down on her massive meal. Foreign waves of pleasure crashed through her with each pulse of her stomach, each one building on the wake of the last. Alex watched the wiggling lump gradually shift under her layer of fat as a little pang of jealousy struck her. If only she could enjoy her prey so intensely! A sharp cry broke her thoughts as the mousey lump lurched downwards, then came to a rest. Rose went limp as the tension resolved, and she struggled to catch her breath.

"That. Was. Incredible," Rose finally huffed.

"And it's only the beginning," Alex cooed as she mussed the cow's disheveled hair. "Every time you discover something new to indulge in." Rose jumped as Alex brushed her clawed finger across her clit. "The world is a buffet, and it is meant to be enjoyed."

Rose burst through the doors of their home, glowing with confidence. "Alex, you home? I have great news!" When only silence answered her, she became curious. Normally Alex was home this part of the day. She was probably upstairs or something. "It worked! My boss says I've met my milk quota and made up for my low days!" She wandered through their darkened abode, taking care to keep track of where her inflated body was. For the most part, Michael had filled her breasts with added milk and mass, but he had also found his way to other parts of her. Her belly, hips, and ass had all gained a few inches, forcing her to invest in a new wardrobe and consciously work to keep from knocking into things.

She was so preoccupied with avoiding furniture that she didn't notice the wolfess sneaking up behind her. Alex pounced the cow and brought her to the soft carpet, where she began to remove her girlfriend's tight clothes. Rose's questions were interrupted by a drawn out moan when Alex rammed her slickened strap-on into her exposed pussy. "I told you it would work," she sang playfully, each word punctuated with a small thrust. "And tonight, we're going to celebrate." The lights flipped on at her signal, revealing a blushing, naked, Michael sitting next to a camera. "The video made enough money to reform him," she explained, still rocking her hips against Rose's backside. "He says he'll feed himself to you as long as we keep bringing him back."