

A Taste of...

# Macro



Neil Aston

*to dad. i love you and i hope you're proud*

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# Foreword

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Fwoo...so, a lot of things happen in a few months huh?

To be honest, this is probably still out at about the time it was supposed to be. I conceived this series as something that I could sell at conventions, and though I wasn't accepted to Dealer's Den at MFF, I'm going to continue to try to vend this, Four-Course Feast, and further entries in this series at FWA and F2 this year. So look out for that if you enjoy this.

My family, even my extended family, is supportive of what I do. I'm very lucky to be in a position like this. When I explained it to my immediate family, I really expected to just be disowned, but the attitude from everyone who knows ranges from "can I read it?" to "as long as it makes money", so that's kind of nice. My mom even has my business card on her fridge, though she hasn't actually gone to the website yet. I got a refresher of that as my father passed away during the making of this collection; having to have all those difficult discussions with many different tiers of relatives and acquaintances. This is dedicated to him. We had a complicated relationship, but the amount of people around him who know what I do means he was proud of what I did. I regret that I never shared anything I wrote with him. Either I thought he'd be disgusted, or I'd be a part of his sexual awakening, and that would be a lose-lose situation...I guess that's not an awful regret to have.

This collection contains 11 stories; 8 re-released, re-edited and touched up for print, and 3 all-new, exclusive stories featuring my characters Neil, Amber, and Ferra all going on macro adventures! (Also, there's a lot of vore, because those two go together very well, so...yeah. Vore content warning I guess. There are CWs on all the stories too, so you can dodge it if you want.)

Thank you for reading, Please enjoy your time here.

Neil

# New Product

*cw: m/solo, growth, hyper (breasts, cock), nudity, embarrassment*

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Humility stretched and yawned as he opened his eyes, a sliver of light coming through the black cat's blinds and waking him up perhaps a bit earlier than he would have wanted to. At least the cat had a good reason to get out of bed today, and one that wasn't work related to boot. He had a new kind of shampoo to try on in the shower!

After a good few minutes of lounging around in bed, finding the time to fully wake up, Humility made his way towards the bathroom at the end of the hall. Flicking the heat on, and turning up the water to the max, the cat took a few moments to look over the label of the stuff he was about to be rubbing all over his scalp. "Mm...*eucalyptus-infused, hypoallergenic, may cause growth...what*, like hair growth?" the cat paused for a moment, reading further before realizing that the bottle wasn't bothering to actually elaborate on anything. *Shrug*. If it was some kind of miracle hair growth formula, that seemed like the kind of thing that they would be advertising on the front of the bottle! No matter, though. The water was steaming, and it was time to get clean before the cat started the rest of his day~

Humility hummed a jaunty little tune to himself as he scrubbed up like normal, washing all the ick out of his black fur as well as his white head of hair and matching white chest scruff. Just rinsing his hair already felt pretty nice, but it was time to put that special formula to use! Humility squirted some of the mint-colored cream into his paw, lathering it up before shampooing away and taking in the pleasant tingling on his scalp, the minty-fresh eucalyptus scent that started to fill up the shower. *Aaahhhh*...this stuff was really quite nice. Distracted him from the fact that this shower was so dang tight; hardly felt like he could move around in here -

*Wait.* That wasn't normal. This shower was always roomy, incredibly roomy in fact, but now all of a sudden it felt frighteningly claustrophobic to Humility. His head nearly touched the ceiling, and he couldn't even turn around without his elbows bumping into the sides...what the *hell* was going on? In a panic, the cat quickly rinsed the rest of the shampoo out of his hair before turning the water off and stepping out of the shower, barely avoiding bonking his head on the shower curtain rail in the process. His hair was still tingling - in fact, his whole body was starting to tingle a little bit, like his foot had fallen asleep or something...but over his entire being, of course. "*Jesus*, what the hell was in that stuff?..." Humility mumbled to himself as he stepped over to the bathroom mirror, in no way ready for what he was going to see inside of it.

First of all, of course, his entire body didn't even fit inside the mirror anymore. His head was cut off above the shoulders, and everything below his waist was gone as well. The most striking thing that Humility could see was that his chest had sprouted two large, nearly D-cup size breasts out of seemingly nowhere! "Holy *fuck*..." was all Humility could say as he reached both of his hands underneath his newly-blossoming bosom and started to jiggle it up and down, feeling all the weight that was being held there...it almost felt like their heft was increasing with every passing second, honestly! But Humility couldn't linger on this development for too long, considering that his chest wasn't the only specific thing to have grown. Something he was a bit more familiar with had swollen up in the downstairs region...

Humility could feel the extra weight swinging between his legs throughout all of this, but he hadn't actually gone and looked down there until now. And what he saw was perhaps even more surprising than the sudden boob growth he had initially noticed! His cock and balls had, at the very least, tripled in size, his heavy, black-furred orbs swinging between his legs like a pendulum with every step he took. And, though his shaft wasn't even hard, it still grew massively, taking Humility from a grower to very much a shower in just a matter of minutes. Though, it wasn't likely that his shaft was going to stay soft for too much longer, considering he was already feeling up his new gains as his body continued to stretch beyond the mirror he was looking into! Though his overall growth wasn't as intense as it had been in those special areas,



Humility had still sprouted a good few feet or so, and his head was already threatening to bump into the ceiling of his house.

"Okay. *Uh*. This is great and all, but...how the **hell** am I going to get out of here!?" Humility asked himself, feeling his head starting to brush against the ceiling just as he said that! There was absolutely no way he was fitting through the door frame now, and the massive weight that had been added to his chest made it difficult for the cat to even ambulate properly. He had washed all that stuff away, shouldn't it be wearing off by now...!? And yet, here he was, starting to be forced to hunch over just to stay inside of this room; and even that wasn't going to be a permanent solution, as the cat went from five feet, to eight feet, to nearing ten feet tall, with a nearly two foot long shlong between his legs that he would have to deal with and breasts that were quickly expanding beyond the conventional scaling of bra sizes. Property damage was now something that Humility was going to have to consider, if this growth spurt kept at the rate it was going!

"*Mmfff...*" the cat grumbled through a bitten lip, his hands roaming over both his breasts and his shaft as he leaned back and sort of curled up inside of his bathroom. He had to pull his knees in just to fit now, and judging by all the shaking and creaking around him, it was becoming very obvious that the house was not built to support his swelling weight...! And yet, here he was, feeling himself up. Not only did growing

feel good, but the stimulation just fed into itself, so much more shaft to roam over and grope needily. The cat kept having to crane his body into more and more awkward angles to stay inside his bathroom, though, and it was clear that this arrangement wouldn't last much longer...

***\*ka-cRRRRk\****

The ceiling above Humility's head had been cracking and creaking for a while now, and the cat's most recent growth spurt ended up being just enough to break through. The roof of the house started to crumble around Humility as the cat continued to grow, unable to stop himself from destroying his house in the process...not like he would be able to fit in it anymore anyway! At the same time, the floor underneath Humility gave way, though the drop was barely registered at the cat's size, and he soon grew back to the same height he was at beforehand. 15 feet and counting, and the cat was starting to notice some alarmed passerby gathering around his quickly-crumbling house...at least his more intimate bits were still hidden for the time being, though the cat still blushed madly as he realized there was no possible way to hide the mountains that were forming on his chest, easily over three feet round by now. Even if he tried to cross his arms over the nipples, at the rate his breasts were growing compared to the rest of him, they would eventually burst out of their containment, much to the awe of everyone who had gathered to watch!

Awe was one word to describe the crowd, another was fear...and for a few of them, *arousal*. Humility was steadily continuing to grow out of the domestic rubble that his house had been reduced to, quickly finding no place for his not only macro, but also hyper bits...they **BWOOMPHEd** out into plainview, eliciting an incredible gasp from the crowd that only made humility even more embarrassed. "H-hey! **Stop looking!!** Somebody call, like, a scientist or something, it won't stop!!" Humility yelled, his voice now foreign to his own ears with how deep and booming it was...and, yet, he was undercutting his own words with the teasing strokes and rubs that he was giving his cock. It just felt so damn good, he couldn't help himself, even as he grew beyond to 18, nearly 20 ft tall. At this point, foot-long growth spurts were barely even recognized by the cat. All he knew was his height relative to the other houses around him, and the outcome always seemed to be "taller".

Eventually, there wasn't much rubble for the cat to even hide in, so he reluctantly got to his feet, his hardening shaft swinging around like a wrecking ball every time he moved...bumping into other houses, street lamps, and trees; but, thankfully, the damage was minimal compared to his own house. Though at this size, if they ever sent him a bill, he could just sort of...step on them! If the growth lasted forever, which, honestly, Humility had absolutely no idea of. He was obviously still growing, especially in the crotch and chest areas, his shaft now easily over six feet long, but...maybe it had tapered off a little bit? It was hard

to tell from all the way up here, especially as he ran out of things to compare his size to.

The cat knew one thing, though, and it was that he was profoundly embarrassed by all this! At some point, his fight-or-flight reflex kicked in, and he just turned tail and ran over what was once his backyard, trying to just get away from his little spectators so he could figure out what the hell was really going on! The loud, frantic stomping was enough to scare most of the crowd away, but a few people actually ended up following Humility into his backyard and beyond. Clearly, they were the horny ones. Though he could threaten them with a raised paw or the like, that's probably what they were after...so, he just sort of had to hope that he would outrun them. Though, that was a bit of an ask, considering how easy it was to keep track of him, between his height and the path of destruction he inevitably left with his every move! Every step continued to grow the cat as he made his way beyond the city limits and out into the country. 20, 25, 30 feet...and yet, his cock always kept up, perhaps even outpaced it, to the point where even at his enormous size he could probably use the thing like a body pillow! Doing so would involve using a field as his bed, though, and...well, there was the trouble, now wasn't it? The world wasn't exactly designed for someone his size, and that quickly became apparent as he continued to push down trees and plow through forests. At least he had become big enough that his strides were able to outpace most of the crowd that had been chasing after him, but the question was still incredibly apparent...would he stop growing? Would

he ever find somewhere big and private enough to deal with the massive shaft that had sprouted between his legs?

At this point, with Humility nearing almost 40 feet in height, he at least had a possible route to finding an answer. Walking his way down to the headquarters of that shampoo company, and employing some...diplomacy to find a cure. Or, at least, something that would help him control the growth, because...well, it was kind of hard not to enjoy some of the assets he had gained~

# The Royal Tour

*cw: shrinking, muskplay, shaft/bulge smothering/worship, live insertion, masturbation, oral vore, belching, digestion, disposal reference*

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**“Gasket!** Come in here, won’t you...”

The small Minccino heard the voice of his Luxray friend echo throughout the halls of their shared home. The feline king had called him to his private quarters; an occasion that the both of them always wholeheartedly enjoyed! Gasket very much enjoyed hanging out with his much larger Luxray friend and, considering how much larger Luso was than the Minccino, Gasket was always curious of all the things Luso could do with him.

The small rodent Pokemon scurried down the hallway to Luso’s room, the large, ornate door with a much smaller one embedded inside of it quickly coming into view. Gasket knocked on the door when he got there, before realizing he was already allowed inside. “Oops...” he mumbled as he stepped inside the much larger room. The royal purple carpet always felt sublime beneath his feet; but Luso was not lounging on the king-size bed in the middle of the room, where Gasket usually saw him. In fact, he was standing right

by the door, his shadow looming over his tiny servant as he made his way into the room!

“Oh! Hey Luso...what’s up?” the Minccino squeaked as he looked up at his friend. His eyes glazed over Luso’s imposing body, noticing that the king was completely naked! It wasn’t something entirely out of the ordinary, but still caught Gasket’s eye a bit as he looked up at the much larger Luxray, curious of what exactly Luso wanted with him.

The Luxray simply leaned down to his servant, Luso’s deep yellow eyes staring right through Gasket before he started to cup Gasket in one of his paws and bring him up to eye-level. The Luxray’s paw closed around Gasket a few seconds later, the darkness and movement around the Minccino giving him a little bit of vertigo - but he was pretty used to dealing with that at this point. Gasket still definitely appreciated it when Luso uncurled his paw, though! The Minccino found himself staring down the snout of his king, sprawled out across Luso's soft paw (which Gasket was roughly the size of).

“Gasket! I've received something I think you would absolutely love.” the Luxray eventually said, maintaining eye contact as he walked the two of them over to a large table in the corner of the room. Sitting on it was a small, clear spray bottle, filled about halfway with a strange, purple fluid. “Oooohh...” Gasket cooed as he watched Luso pick up the bottle

with his other hand. He brought the small container towards Gasket, the Minccino soon staring down a spray canister that was about as large as he was! “What kinda stuff is that?” the Pokemon asked passively, starting to get more curious with what Luso was planning. Being a rich king, his Luxray friend had access to all sorts of crazy concoctions and technology, so it was almost impossible to guess what that stuff inside did!

“Oh, you'll see in a moment.” the Luxray said nonchalantly, an inquisitive, toothy smile spreading across his snout before he pressed down on the cap and sprayed Gasket right in the face with it! It didn't hurt, but it definitely caught the Minccino off-guard, causing him to sputter and rub his eyes for a moment to get the stuff out of his face. “*Agh!*” he yelled, somehow not expecting to get sprayed by a spray bottle inches from his muzzle! By the time he opened his eyes up again, though, things were very different...

Everything had grown! Gasket was used to pretty big size differences, but this was a new one. He went from the size of Luso's paw to barely half the size of one of his claws! He must have been a fifth, no, a tenth of his original size! The Minccino looked up in confused awe as he laid back on the Luxray's paw; Luso's snout covered almost all of his field of view, extending up infinitely beyond his vision as if the Luxray was infinitely tall. He could snugly fit in the crevices of his master's paw, and the fur that he was laying in was



almost as tall as he was; it felt like laying in a lawn that hadn't been cut in quite a while.

“*Damn*, that worked even better than I thought it would.” Luso said, his voice booming and overwhelming to Gasket’s ears as one of the fingers from his free hand came down, scratching Gasket on the forehead as lightly as he possibly could. Gasket knew he was so small that Luso probably couldn't even hear him, but he responded anyway.

“What...what just *happened*?” he managed to sputter out eventually, not sure if he had shrunk, or if Luso had grown, or if this was all some crazy trick. He still felt a bit dizzy, maybe this was a perspective trick? Regardless, getting used to the normal size difference between the two was already something that took Gasket a little bit initially, and now with him being even smaller? It would take a while to adjust, for sure...

“Heh. Seeing how small you are is giving me a little bit of an idea...how would you like the *royal tour*?” Luso teased, his fingers curling around the Minccino and holding him tight before Gasket could even respond. “The royal **what**?” he asked a few seconds later, his question going either unheard or ignored by the macro Luxray as Gasket felt a bit of movement around him. Luso was bringing his tiny friend to about waist level; he had a perfect idea of where to start this tour...

A few seconds later, Gasket saw the light of day once more - but he also felt gravity trying to take him for a ride! The Pokemon let out a yell as he felt himself falling, only for his body to be jerked back to the proper height a split second later. Luso had the Minccino pinched between two of his fingers, and Gasket found himself dangling right above the Luxray king's package! He was pretty close already; he could see the pink flesh hardening and starting to throb, but more importantly, he could *smell* it. Luso had quite the musk going on already; powerful, arousing, and so thick to the point where Gasket was having trouble breathing without getting a bunch of the stuff in his mouth. The Luxray's shaft dwarfed Gasket in size, which was quite a perspective check when Gasket was used to being about the same size as his friend's soft member! The strong musk emanating from the bulge in front of him was certainly making Gasket a bit light-headed and uncomfortable, but at the same time, there was a bit of curiosity about what Luso had exactly planned for him.

Good thing he would get an answer in a few moments.

“Take a **deep** breath...*you'll need it~*” Luso taunted, before his hand suddenly rushed forward, smothering Gasket's whole body against his shaft! The Luxray purred immediately as he felt the tiny Minccino's squirms against his length, Gasket coughing and sputtering as his lungs filled with that potent natural scent. “*Eeeewww!* What the hell are you doing, dude!?” the Minccino cried out in between breaths of Luso's

musk, even getting a little bit of the flavor in his mouth, causing him to sputter as he tried to squirm out of his friend's grasp. His face was smushed right into the sensitive flesh; it was hard after a point, but had plenty of give, at least now. Gasket could feel that starting to change, though, as his friend got more and more aroused, and his body got rubbed up against that shaft more and more.

Luso kept at this pseudo-masturbation for a few more minutes, delighting in smothering his friend entirely with just his shaft as it hardened and started to throb more. Eventually, he was at full mast, and his grip changed a bit. Gasket got a few precious seconds of somewhat-fresh air before he felt Luso's grip tighten once again; but this time, he had Gasket pinned under his fingers, his thumb wrapping around the back of his shaft as he squeezed his friend against it.

"Mmmmh...that's the spot, keep on *squirming*..." Luso said, his eyes half-lidded as he enjoyed the sensation of Gasket getting squeezed against his hardening length. Luso's hand slowly moved Gasket down that shaft, making sure his grip was as airtight as it could be so that Gasket was smelling and breathing nothing but his powerful, unwashed musk. Gasket really had nowhere to go except where Luso wanted him to; the fingers on his back kept him locked in tight, and though the shaft had a little bit of give, it was also rock-hard. Absolutely no wiggle room to be had. He just had to go along with it as he felt the Luxray's hand continue to push him down the shaft, his feet and tail feeling Luso's crotch fluff brush past them a few minutes later.

In another few minutes, Gasket felt his head slip right past that crotch fluff, Luso sighing in pleasure as he pressed the rodent up against...*something* else. Gasket couldn't really tell from where he was, but his body was now nestled firmly between his friend's balls! The musk was so strong that Gasket was starting to get a bit nose-blinded by it, and, as a result, he couldn't tell that it had gotten even stronger down here. Luso's hand squeezed him tight, making sure to smother every inch of his person against the Luxray's soft, musky crotch, knowing that Gasket could do absolutely nothing to stop him. His other hand was occupied with stroking lazily at the shaft he had just spent a good few minutes squeezing Gasket against.

“How is it down there? Hope you don't need to *breathe...*” the Luxray taunted, continuing to mash and rub the Minccino all over his balls, getting in every nook and cranny of his sack before he finally pulled Gasket away. The small rodent was coughing and sputtering, his lungs and mouth full of his larger friend's strong, overpowering scent. His eyes were slammed shut, and he wasn't putting up much of a fight as Luso cradled him in one of his paws. The Luxray was far from finished, though; no, Gasket just needed a change of scenery...

The next stop on the royal tour would be around the back. With one hand, Luso reached around behind himself, wrapping his grip around the Minccino and only allowing his head to stick out as he aligned the rodent with his rump. He let Gasket hover there for a

few moments, the rodent forced to stare at those plush, soft, blue cheeks, completely unable to even see beyond them, before the Luxray's other hand reached back and got a firm grip of one of those cheeks. The Minccino could only watch as Luso slowly spread his cheek wide open, bringing Gasket slowly closer to his rump, the Pokemon's vision quickly being swallowed up by the wide blue expanse in front of him. At the center of this ocean of blue was a small, pink pucker (well, small compared to the cheeks anyway; it was still a bit larger than Gasket!), flexing and clenching as the Pokemon was brought closer. "Oh, oh, *no*, don't put me in there!" the Minccino yelled, his struggles beginning to grow anew as he was brought closer and closer to Luso's ass.

Luso was definitely taking his time teasing Gasket at this point, bringing him closer to his ass at an agonizingly-slow pace. He really wanted the Minccino to see it all, give him the time to really appreciate his cheeks and rump before he disappeared inside. A strong, earthy odor, somewhat of a mix between the musk from earlier and something else, was starting to envelop and overwhelm the Minccino as he found his snout hovering right outside of that clenching, teasing pucker. Gasket just tried to hold his breath as he felt his face get smashed up against the flesh a few seconds later, the musky, warm odor of Luso's asshole getting smeared all over him, along with something slimy and musky. His head was pressed right up against the hole, and he swore it felt like Luso was going to clench him inside several times, but the Luxray never quite went through with it. He was content with rubbing Gasket

right up against his ass, teasingly clenching and pulling at him for minutes and minutes on end. At this point Luso's other hand was eagerly stroking at his length, the cheek he was holding open snapping shut and smothering Gasket from both sides with fat, soft rump flesh. To a normal person, Luso's butt would be nice and soft and squishy; but when you were a fraction of its size, it still took the breath out of you!

Gradually, the Luxray's grip started to shift. He moved Gasket's head away from his asshole, standing him upright so he could rub the Minccino's entire body along his pucker. "*MMMM*, better squirm or else you'll get trapped inside~" the Luxray taunted, teasingly pushing Gasket closer into his hole before pulling back and going back to just smothering him in it. He really wanted Gasket to feel just how hungry his pucker was, how easy it would be for him to disappear inside! The tiny Pokemon was starting to feel really, *really* woozy from the heat and the odor filling his lungs and the constant movement around him; it was all just way too overwhelming for the rodent! This royal tour was taking a lot out of the Pokemon, and the worst part, is that it wasn't even close to over...

Eventually, the Luxray grew tired of teasing Gasket this much. He had been clenching and smothering him in his pucker for quite a few minutes now, and he was struggling to get any more reactions out of his little toy. "Suit yourself~" he said, before once again putting Gasket on his belly in his grip and pointing his head right at that pucker. That definitely got Gasket

squirring and yelling again, but it was far too late for Luso to reconsider. Slowly, almost painstakingly slowly, he pressed his little friend right into his asshole; one clench from that pucker swallowed up the Minccino's whole head, plunging Gasket into a hot, smelly, wet darkness. That ring of flesh around him clenched tight, so tight that it was hard to breathe, even. And even if it wasn't hard to breathe, the only thing inside of here was stale, barely-breathable air. Once his head and shoulders were inside, he felt Luso's grip loosen, his hand moving away from Gasket's lower body and instead moving towards his paws. With one finger, Luso started to push the rest of Gasket inside of him. His anal walls relaxed a little to let him push the rest of Gasket inside, but that didn't make the inside of his ass any more habitable for his tiny friend!

The most overwhelming part of it all was something that Luso couldn't really control, after all, and that was the smell. It wasn't even really the smell itself, it wasn't that much muskier or stronger than what it smelled like on his shaft or balls, but being mixed with the musty, stale air inside of Luso's asshole just made all those quantities even stronger. Gasket found himself holding his breath as much as he could as Luso slowly pushed him deeper inside. He was already feeling super light-headed from this tour and the constant movement, but now that he was inside this hot, fleshy, smelly cave, everything was just becoming worse for him. And he was only about halfway inside!

The only indication that Luso had of how much he was smothering Gasket was the struggles that the Minccino was making. He wasn't really getting much out of the Pokemon at this point, but that was okay. In this part of his body, it was less about the squirming and more just about the feeling of having someone wedged so *deep* within your ass! In pursuit of that quest, Luso kept pushing, his finger slowly edging closer and closer to his pucker as more of Gasket slowly, pleurably slid inside of him. Every time he moved, his body clenched out of reaction, squeezing the poor Minccino inside and smothering him even more! This had to have been happening once every 30 seconds or so, and no matter how much Luso tried to relax himself, it just felt so nice to squeeze around Gasket inside. That powerful odor only got stronger the deeper the Pokemon was pushed inside, and his whole management of the situation eventually just came down to breathing as little as he could. He didn't even think about squirming or trying to get out; he just didn't want to pass out inside of his friend's asshole and risk getting lost or something. That goal kept him quiet as well, Gasket saying absolutely nothing outside of a few gasps and exclamations of pain when the clenching got too strong for him to bear.

The big Luxray's finger eventually touched his asshole, feeling that flesh clench as the last of Gasket was ready to be put inside. At that point, the Pokemon pulled his hand away, clenching around Gasket inside of him a few times and feeling those feet weakly kick at his pucker in response. He smiled, his hand moving back to his length as he clenched one last time, this time



with the goal of actually getting Gasket inside instead of just squeezing around him and being a tease. He swore he could hear his rump slurp up the last of his little friend! And then, just like that, his hungry asshole had *completely* gobbled up Gasket's entire body.

“Goodness, you feel even better up there than I thought you would...” the cat teased, wiggling his rump to no one in particular as he continued to stroke and play with himself. The royal Luxray made a quick trip over to his bed, plopping down and laying on the plush mattress to give himself a better avenue to enjoy this whole experience with. He lazily stroked at his cock a few more times, every clench squeezing Gasket tight inside of him, taking what little breath of the rodent had away. It was lovely to just be able to clench and feel something inside of there; Luso was *definitely* going to take his time with his little rump toy. Constantly, he clenched and teased Gasket with the prospect of going even deeper into his tight, maze-like bowels...but he never intended to go all the way with it. No, his ass would not be the end of the royal tour. But for the last part, Gasket would need a little bit more preparation.

The Minccino was starting to feel incredibly light-headed encased by the Luxray's bowel walls. It felt like the tightest, most uncomfortable sauna he could have ever been in...and he already didn't like saunas that much! Every breath was so labored and heavy, like he was breathing cotton candy through a

straw or something. His lungs barely had room to expand, and he knew he wouldn't have much longer before he just passed out inside of his friend's ass. Especially if he went deeper, like the Luxray's body was clearly teasing that he would...

Just before Gasket thought he couldn't take it anymore, he felt something tug on his legs. The anal walls around him relaxed as best they could, and the Minccino could hear a rumbling moan around him as Luso slowly, pleurably pulled him out of that dank, smothering cave. The grip was firm, but obviously caring and delicate; Gasket felt his friend's fingers slowly work up more of his body as it was freed from the prison of his anus. Still had to measure his breaths, and he was definitely still seeing stars, but the prospect of fresh air again was keeping Gasket focused. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he felt his neck once again be squeezed by that vice grip of a pucker. Just a *little bit more*...

The Minccino took the longest, **deepest** breath he possibly could as he felt his head finally get freed from Luso's anus. He could barely tell because it was so dark inside, but his vision had almost entirely faded - he was definitely seconds away from a gray out at that pace. He was so exhausted and on the edge of fainting that he could really only watch as Luso cradled him in his hand, saying something that the Minccino really couldn't understand before slowly getting up off of his bed and walking out of the room. Gasket had to keep his eyes closed, otherwise the constant movement

around him would have probably made him sick. From what he could remember of the layout of this house (everything was still really fuzzy and hard to keep track of), Luso was heading towards the kitchen. What was he up to next?

A few minutes later, a splash of water right to his face answered Gasket's question. The sudden application of freezing water all over his body almost gave the poor Pokemon a heart attack! It gradually changed from cold to warm, though, and as Luso rolled him around in his hands and gently rubbed into his fur, the Pokemon started to feel a little rejuvenated. He was already planning on taking a bath after all of this anyway...this wasn't really a bath, but it was definitely preferable to being covered in whatever the hell was inside his friend's butt!

*"Uuuurrrggghhh..."* the Pokemon groaned as his strength slowly returned to him while his friend continue to rinse him off. He was at least able to speak again, but his strength was not nearly enough for him to do anything else right now. Eventually, the impromptu bath finished up, Luso rubbing his friend off with a towel until he was at least drier than he was earlier. Before Gasket could do anything, though, the Luxray wrapped him up in his hand once more, carrying him back to his bedroom.

The next few minutes were basically just darkness and an array of noises outside for Gasket to listen to. Just

from what he remembered of the layout, and the movement he felt around him, he guessed that Luso was back lying on his bed. He had a few more moments to dry off somewhat, before the hand around him suddenly opened and he felt himself drop once more! The Pokemon squeaked as, once again, Luso had him held by his tail, Gasket now greeted by a much different sight than what he had seen earlier. The Luxray's maw was wide open, and Gasket was dangling right above it!

The Minccino could look down and see all the details of his friend's gigantic mouth. Strands of drool snapping off of those sharp, glistening teeth and a thick, undulating tongue rolling out the red carpet towards the black hole at the deep end of his mouth. It all looked so red and alive and wet...and there was something coming out of it as well. Luso was huffing his warm breath on to the rodent he held inches away from his maw! It was warm, stale, and, most importantly, utterly reeked of fish. The stench was so strong that Gasket actually gagged a little bit the first time he got a whiff of it. "What on *Earth* did you eat...?" the Pokemon mumbled in a stupor, still not having enough energy to yell and make a huge fuss about what was happening to him.

Luso's jaws snapped shut before he gave the mouse a simple answer, slowly rotating Gasket in a circle by the tail. "Fish. *Lots of it*. And now, a rodent dessert~" he teased, before opening his mouth wide once more and making it a comically exaggerated

“aaaaaaaahhhhhh...” sound as he slowly brought Gasket closer to his open maw. He could have just gulped down the Minccino right then and there, and he was certainly planning to, but it would be a bit anticlimactic to do so without getting to play with his food a little bit! He continued huffing his breath onto Gasket as much as he could, getting that fishy stink all over his friend, letting him know exactly what awaited him in the Luxray’s belly. His tongue rolled out and moved around, as if it couldn’t wait to lick up Gasket’s taste as soon as he was dropped on to it. And, perhaps most powerfully, after the Luxray thumped his chest a couple of times, Gasket could hear something bubbling up from the back of Luso’s throat...

***\*BWWWWwwwwoooooaaaAAAAAaaarrpp~\****

A thick, fragrant belch rumbled out of the Luxray’s mouth, washing over Gasket and completely inundating him with the fishy belly stink. He even got a little bit of warm spittle on his fur from just how powerful the eructation was! Luso made a show of smacking his lips afterwards, then saying “***Mmmm***...tasted even better on the way up. Let’s see what you add to the flavor~”

Luso’s jaws opened wide once more, before he casually let go of his friend’s tail. In the snap of a finger, that red wetness beneath Gasket rushed up to meet him, the Minccino thumping against the Luxray’s fat tongue with a sloppy *\*splt\**. Instantly, those teeth

shut behind Gasket with a sharp *\*clack\**, bathing the entire chamber in darkness as Luso's tongue undulated and rippled underneath the Pokemon. Gasket could hear Luso's voice *rumbling* around him as the Luxray really got a mouthful of Gasket's taste, his tongue pushing the Pokemon up and smothering him against the roof of his mouth as he started to suckle on his little treat. Saliva coated every inch of his body, getting his fur completely wet and matted with the sticky, fishy liquid. In the darkness, Gasket could barely tell where the cat's tongue was leading him to; he felt himself get pressed up against all sorts of fleshy walls, from the roof of Luso's mouth, to his cheeks, to even underneath his tongue for a little bit. And all throughout, that fishy stink washed over him, forcing Gasket to once again measure out his breaths lest he start to gag on that powerful odor once more.

Occasionally, that big tongue would guide Gasket towards the back of his mouth, and let the Minccino dangle and teeter over the edge of his throat for a few moments before pulling him back into the mouth for more tasting. Luso was definitely having his way with his little treat right now, and Gasket knew that he was helpless to stop what was inevitable. At any moment, the cat could casually toss his head back, swallow just once, and then Gasket would never be seen again. Maybe if Gasket had a bit more energy, he would be able to get angry about it. But right now, he just didn't want to be here: smothered in flesh, soaking wet with warm, fishy drool, disoriented and dizzy from being tossed around like a hard candy inside. Just like when he was inside the Luxray's asshole, any sense of time

was easily distorted and lost. He could have been in the mouth for 15 minutes or an hour, for all he knew. The only way he could tell the passage of time was how close he was getting to passing out...

Then, Gasket felt everything around him *shift*. Luso had definitely enjoyed playing around with Gasket in his mouth, but it was time for the Minccino to be a good dessert and top off the fish basting in his stomach. The cat slowly tipped his head back, his tongue curling up around Gasket and making sure he couldn't make any meaningful movements as he was slowly guided to the back of Luso's mouth. The Luxray put one hand to his throat, feeling how strong his muscles were as he took a deep, long, satisfying swallow, feeling his gullet grab ahold of Gasket's upper body and tug him down into the darkness of his tight, wet esophagus with ease. The Minccino was absolutely smothered and squeezed on all sides of his body by hot throat flesh as it pulled him down, **down**, as *deep* into the Luxray as he could go. It felt like the trip was squeezing every last drop of energy and flavor that he had out of him...and, meanwhile, Luso was just relaxing, tracing the bulge his dessert made in his throat as it sank and gradually it disappeared behind his collarbone.

Gasket had a minute or two of relative reprise before he felt those throat walls push him out into the Luxray's stomach. The chamber absolutely stank of fish, and as the Minccino splashed down into the soupy chyme, he instinctively used one of the moves

he knew: Flash, centered on his paw, to see what was in this inky darkness. Almost instantly, he regretted it: Luso had quite a large meal of raw fish, each one bigger than the tiny shrunken rodent, or at least, they were before Luso's stomach did its work. Chunks of fish and bones lined the stomach walls, the flesh melting off the bone and splashing down into the soup of green-red chyme that bubbled up around the fleshy floor of the stomach. At least with how much other stuff was inside the gut along with Gasket, he wasn't getting absolutely smothered by stomach walls (at least, not yet). That didn't mean that the gut was a good place to be, though; each breath of that fishy, acidic stale air almost burned the poor rodent's lungs with how strong it was, and the semi-digested goop was getting all over his fur and covering him in that stench as well. It was absolutely disgusting, and the fact that the stomach was full of it was even worse! No matter what he tried or where in the stomach he moved to, it was always filled with fishy chyme and tingling acids - he was getting light-headed even faster than when he was inside the luxray's asshole.

Luso rubbed at his gut as he felt Gasket sink inside. "Mmh, you really were a nice dessert~" the cat teased as he licked his lips once more, making sure that he got all of his delicious friend's flavor. His belly felt truly full now, but considering how much of its contents were mostly digested, the Pokemon probably wasn't going to feel full for very long. It was okay though - he always had more fish, and eating Gasket was more about the experience than being full.



While the Luxray relaxed back in his bed, Gasket was just trying to stay conscious. His breathing was shallow, and it was becoming difficult to even stand up inside the chamber. Once again, the rumbling of the stomach around him, the constant thumping heartbeat of his predator, the total darkness inside the chamber...it all made telling the passage of time so difficult for Gasket. Plus, the fact that he was barely conscious made everything so foggy and fuzzy. All of his skin was starting to tingle, and the difficulty of standing was becoming more and more prevalent. Eventually, the rodent couldn't take it anymore; he fell to his knees, then onto his stomach a few minutes later, his body basting in the same juices and chime that all this digested fish had barely an hour ago. The stomach claimed his body with gusto, the walls undulating and rubbing along his fur and just adding him to the soupy, bubbly mess acids and fish that was filling Luso's belly.

As Gasket started to make the transition from Minccino to calories, Luso was just laying down in his bed, watching some television. He could hear and feel his stomach starting to work a little, especially as he rubbed at it, and a few minutes later, he felt something starting to bubble up inside. He simply let his fishy mouth open wide, feeling some trapped gas rush up his throat, before it exited with a satisfying *\*BWwwwaaaooorrrrpppp....\**. The Luxray smacked his lips a few times, tasting Gasket mixed in with all the fish that he had devoured earlier. He patted his stomach proudly as he celebrated his little dessert. "Feels like he's starting to get to work in there..." he

said to himself, knowing that even if Gasket was awake he couldn't hear him over the churning and burbling of his stomach at work. He had claimed the Minccino entirely; every atom, every calorie of his body was going to be added to the figure of his king. Shaping his soft curves, however miniscule his personal addition would be. It was an honor, really. What wasn't exactly an honor is where everything that the king's body couldn't absorb ended up...

# Virtual Rampage

*cw: city destruction, macro rampage, oral vore, mass vore, masturbation, vehicle insertion*

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Amber stepped out of her car and shut the door behind her as she arrived in the parking lot of a local game place. One of those places that had gone from mini golf, to laser tag, to escape room, and now was some kind of VR business. You could rent a headset for an hour or more, play those weird golfing games and all that other stuff that VR had to offer. The snake had been somewhat curious about it for a while now, and the opportunity to try before she dropped a couple hundred dollars on a headset was rather enticing...and the snake knew that she probably wouldn't have too much time to try this place out before it went under, given its track record!

"I'd like to rent a headset for an hour, please." the red snake said as she got to the counter, a very bored-looking tiger behind the counter rummaging in the back before pulling out a headset and a pair of keys that he sat on the table. "\$20 per hour, you get your own room, and we're not responsible for any injury that might occur." he said in a completely monotone voice; it was a spiel he had probably said hundreds of times at this point, and Amber wasn't one of those people who liked overly-friendly employees anyway, so she didn't really care. She just wanted the

dang headset! So she quickly swiped her card, and took those keys down a long hallway filled with neon lights and black walls, probably leftovers from the laser tag days that got their second wind with the advent of VR, until she found the room she had been assigned.

The inside looked much the same as the rest of the store. Mostly black walls, some neon highlights, and in the center, a box with a bunch of cords and plugs coming out of it. There was a small, somewhat-grody looking piece of paper taped to the side with instructions for how to hook your headset up, which were honestly a bit difficult to read in the mostly-unlit room, but Amber soon wrapped her head around it and then wrapped the goggles around her head! It took a few seconds for everything to click on, but once it did, the snake was presented with a very retro-futuristic, Tron-like dashboard that surrounded her on all sides. At first, it was *incredibly* disorienting, so much so that the snake almost felt like she had to take it off or she would throw up! But she eventually got her bearings again, enough that she could stand there for a moment and just take in the world around her...*wow*. The buttons on her dashboard looked so *real*, and when she reached out and touched them, it felt like she was actually pressing against their sleek, chrome finishes. The room she was in had several monitors in all of the corners, tracking her movements and removing the need for her to hold any controllers to move around, making it a truly immersive experience for the snake, and hell of a one to start with...

Amber took a few more minutes to get adjusted to the world of VR before she really started to look through any software. The snake swiped through menu after menu, getting lost in all of the sidebars and submenus more than once before arriving at something that caught her fancy. "Rampage...hm. *'Live out your movie monster fantasies in a completely destructible city'*...ohoho, I *do* like that~" Amber said to herself as she quickly hopped into the game. It took a bit for it to load, but at least there was an immersive, if empty, world around the snake to keep her busy while things loaded up all around. The loading screen was actually well done, a city being built around the snake with different buildings representing the different things being loaded until, finally, Amber found herself in a bustling downtown...only she was the tallest building around! A menu for the game started to phase into existence in front of the snake as she looked around, taking in the bright, cloudless sky, the bustling of the seemingly unaware people beneath her, and just how far the city seemed to stretch into the horizon even at her massive size. Impressive, to say the very least.

Three options soon phased into existence in front of Amber: **start**, **settings**, and **quit**. The reptile quickly perused through the settings menu before deciding that most of them weren't that important and she mostly just wanted to get into the game. As soon as she clicked "**start**" with her finger, though, the nicely-generated city around her faded away quite abruptly in a way that made the snake feel a little sick again...though her experience with VR now made it a little bit easier to come back to normal. The game loaded up rather quickly, leaving Amber in a relatively

non-descript, black room at what seemed to be a normal size...though that did not last very long at all. As soon as the world loaded fully in, Amber suddenly felt a surge of something coming from incredibly deep within her soul. A surge of power that caused the snake to just, *erupt* right out of the small room that she was contained in! And despite the pain and discomfort one would expect from completely outgrowing a room in a matter of seconds and causing it to crumble all around you, Amber just felt...*empowered*. As if she was breaching through a dark tunnel into a world all her own, a world that she could do whatever she wanted with and have no consequences whatsoever.

The building that the snake had emerged from was positioned at the edge of a long, busy road, with plenty of tall buildings at both sides that still towered over Amber...though that was obviously not going to be the situation for much longer if things continued as they were going! To start off her little rampage, the snake casually kicked aside the rest of the generic building that she had emerged from, looking down to find that she had very quickly outgrown the clothes that were on her...which, strangely enough, were the clothes she had worn into the VR park just a few minutes ago. Maybe it had just scanned them beforehand and she didn't notice? Either way, points to immersion at least, but the snake couldn't help but feel a tinge of embarrassment as she realized that she was now a nude giant towering over this city! Though, the inhabitants and cars that she could see were mostly unaware of her presence, and besides, it was all virtual anyway. It just looked so real that it was triggering a bit of anxiety in her, which, honestly? Was

pretty cool in and of itself. For the time being, though, Amber was ready to turn all of this into a smoldering crater full of snake footprints...

"Oh, *hell* yeah..." Amber said to herself as she looked down and saw her body, watching her hands and fingers stretch and move in VR as she moved them in the real world. She could feel *everything*, even the presence of her thick, long tail as it dragged behind her with every step, turning the trail behind her into a deep, uniform valley of concrete with every step that she took...she had so much of it, that even when she wasn't trying to cause destruction and mayhem, it just happened regardless! Plus, with every little bit of building she broke, or person or car that she disappeared under her pink, clawed feet, the snake seemed to grow even *larger*. Soon, those buildings that were double her size were more like shoulder height, things to slowly and steadily wrap her thick tail around until she had enough leverage to crunch all that glass and concrete in one powerful squeeze of her tail muscles! The massive amount of progression in such a short time honestly felt pretty nice, outside of the pure power fantasy that she was experiencing. It was just really enjoyable to see something as imposing as that and be able to conquer it so quickly. She got the feeling that she was going to experience that positive feedback loop quite a few more times before the end of the hour she had rented...

Amber was kicking aside full buses like they were pebbles on the street as she walked down this busy main road, the snake gleefully pushing away building after building...but as she progressed further into the

city, she started to get some more...*interesting* ideas. Namely, the fact that she hadn't had lunch yet made her stomach rumble, and that made her wonder just what the limits were on this game. Could she really just reach down and scoop up some of these fleeing people and just...*snack* on them? Of course, it wasn't like they would actually help with the whole hunger thing, but now, she was just curious to try it out regardless...so, the big snake found herself crouching down to the ground just a few seconds later, holding out her hand in front of some scurrying pedestrians and managing to grab a huge fistful of the squirming little people. At this size, they were little more than ants to the snake, but maybe a whole handful would be enough to at least give her something to chew on! Figuratively, of course...even though they were just bytes and bits of code, Amber didn't feel like crunching down on any people right now.

Once she got back to her full height, Amber unfurled her hand to look at the 30 or so tiny people that she had managed to pluck off the sidewalk. A very diverse mixture of species, colors, and sizes, but they would all feel the same going down her throat. "Well, bottoms up, I guess..." the snake said as she tipped her hand and head back, opening her mouth wide and just...dumping all the micros into her mouth! She pretty much instantly swallowed down the little morsels in one gulp, though there were a few stragglers hanging around after that first one that she had to deal with using her tongue. She didn't even realize how strange it was to actually feel them in her mouth at first, but the thought eventually occurred to her as the snacks were midway down her throat...how



the *hell* could she even feel them inside of her body in the first place? It was one thing for her to feel all these external sensations, but *inside her own body*? That was basically wizardry, honestly, made no sense to her whatsoever...but it also kind of felt good to have that wiggly sensation inside of her, even if it had pretty much entirely disappeared when those tinies hit her stomach. Still though, this made her just want more! Perhaps she could try snacking on something a bit larger, though...

There were still plenty of cars just around on the street, whether they were being driven in a panic trying to escape the snake, just parked on the side or upturned as collateral damage from Amber's little rampage...of course, the snake was looking for a treat with a little bit more filling to it, so she wasn't just going to settle for a vehicle on the side of the road! And the snake saw a truck attempting to swerve between her legs that looked like just the perfect target. The tail that had been mostly laying dormant sprung to life as soon as the truck attempted to drive past it, instantly seizing on the vehicle and snatching it up with one little wrap of the tail tip before Amber swung it back around to the front of her body. It was tough to see who was in there, or how many little snacks were hiding inside more specifically, but the snake figured they would fill her up all the same inside that little metal box. After her iris filled up the entirety of the truck's windshield, it was replaced by the pulsating innards of her maw as she casually tossed the truck right in, not bothering to taste before gulping the whole thing right down! It was like the size of a tic-tac at this point to the snake; definitely

manageable, though with a bit more texture than she would perhaps like. Though that size got her thinking about something a bit larger, in a different place...

Amber casually knocked over a few buildings as she lumbered over to another street, one that was just as busy as the one she started on, but with quite a few more vehicles and other things to tickle her fancy! Specifically, the huge, growing snake had her eyes on a big trailer truck on the side of the street; one that was probably loading up or off before...you know...a giant snake started terrorizing the city. Amber wasn't interested in just swallowing this big tanker down, though; no, she had a much different idea of what to use with this larger thing! Nothing could stop her from just leaning down and scooping it up off the side of the road, tiny employees fleeing from the site as she examined the vehicle in her hand. "Yeah...*that'll fit~*" Amber said to herself as she stepped over to a nearby skyscraper, semi truck still in hand, popping a squat up against the building and feeling it lean and crack against her back as she sprawled out and spread her legs! "Mmh, imagine seeing *this* in your city~" the snake narrated as she felt her bust up with her free hand, the hand with the tanker disappearing between her legs as she started to stuff the truck right up her slit, completely disconnected from the embarrassment she was feeling from being nude earlier!

At first, the cold metal and the angular shape of the truck were not the most pleasurable things to Amber, but as she inserted it deeper and continued to grow as well, though at a much slower pace, the snake found herself gradually getting into it a bit more. Even at this

size, the truck still filled her up relatively well, and especially as she rubbed a finger across her clit, the snake could see herself getting off and painting the town white, for sure! Smushing and smothering other passing cars or people with her huge, growing feet in the process, thinking about all those little snacks who had fallen down her throat...trying her best to feel those wiggles inside, or at the very least, imagine what they would feel like! "Mmh...*more*..." the snake groaned as she leaned to the side, scooping up another handful of fleeing pedestrians off the sidewalk and just dumping them into her mouth. Not even for sustenance or energy, just the hedonistic lust of feeling them wiggle and arrive around in her throat and stomach, imagining the caustic landscape of her gut and how it must look to them. And, *hhf*, all these thoughts were starting to get her real damn **close**. Those growls and hisses becoming higher and higher pitched as Amber summited the mountain of her orgasm. Probably a good 50 or so people stewing in her guts right now, more under her feet and ass, a bunch that she most likely didn't even realize she had squished in the process. And, of course, the truck that she was using as a makeshift toy, shoving so deep into her folds that she stood the chance of losing it! Honestly, the thought of it just slipping away from her slick fingers and up into her canal, though...that was even hotter...!

At some point, the thought just slipped so deep into Amber's mind that she found herself sticking the truck up all the way inside of her with just one finger, feeling her canal grab a hold of the vehicle and start dragging it up through her cervix...the snake madly

masturbating the whole time as she felt the bulge sliding up deeper and deeper inside of her body! *Nngh*, she was getting so close at this point, she didn't even care if she sprayed the truck back out, she just needed to get that release *right now*. A release that sounded like the mighty roar of a kaiju as it **erupted**, Amber's cry of pleasure shaking the earth beneath the wrecked city as she sprayed out what had to be gallons of fresh, clear girlcum all over the streets and buildings, fluid pooling in all the little cracks and crevices that had come up as the snake made her way through this city. Marking it as her toy, in a way. The truck? Nowhere to be found. Perhaps it had already melted up inside of Amber's womb, or maybe it was still stuck up there. Either way, its fate wasn't very important to the snake now...

Amber lay there against the creaking, cracking building she was using as a backrest for a few seconds, huffing and panting and letting herself come down from that overwhelming orgasm. And that's when the clarity hit her like the truck she had stuffed up her snatch...*she had done all this in a public place!* If some pervert walked in on her, they would just see her completely nude and masturbating in the middle of the room she was renting out. Oh God, she had probably made a mess in there, too...oh, **fuck**. Her hour was definitely up, as well. *Oh no*. This was going downhill fast. In a panic, the snake reached to her head to rip off the VR headset...only for her fingers to find nothing but the purchase of her own skin and eyes. Nothing was attached to her face anymore, at least nothing palpable that she could take off. A fact which honestly left her more confused than anything

else! She tried to get up and feel for the computer that was running all this, but all that did was cause more mayhem for the city around her. Had she been sucked into the game? Or was this real life? The snake had no idea. Though the panic...it was quickly being replaced by the will to find another city or two to wreck. Maybe she would even keep growing...

# Private Time

*cw: m/m, condom play, masturbation, implied bad end*

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"Mrrf, *finally*..."

Neil internally breathed a sigh of relief as he turned his computer off and pushed himself away from his desk. The deer had a long, somewhat frustrating day of work, but now, he was able to call it a day and get through some de-stressing before bed. He got up from his chair and made his way over towards his unmade, somewhat-messy bed, zeroing in on a nightstand next to it while also slipping off most of his clothes and tossing them aside on the floor. Out of the top drawer, he pulled out a small box with some tiny holes poked into it, and out of the lower drawer, he pulled out what looked to be a condom wrapper. Yes, it was looking to be one of *those* nights...but this time, the deer would have some special guests along for the ride.

Neil got nice and comfy in his bed afterwards, laying down with his shaft poking up right towards the ceiling as he set the box on his side. He quickly tore open the heavy-duty condom wrapper, grabbing the rubber before stroking at his growing, twitching shaft, using that tiny bit of lubrication to help him get properly aroused before he leaned back and opened

up the box next to him. Without even looking, Neil scooped his hand in, lifting out a palmful of wiggly micros and casually dumping them into the condom that he had stretched open with his other hand! A good ten or 11 of the tiny, inch-tall people ended up being dropped into the stretchy, latex honeypot that they would be stuck in for the next half hour or so...or, even longer if Neil felt like it. From foxes to giraffes, there was plenty of species diversity in that one little handful, but to Neil, they all wiggled just the same...

"Heh. Have fun in there." Neil said simply as he held the sagging balloon up with two of his fingers, idly ogling the micros inside as they flailed and wiggled about. Hopefully they'd keep up that energy once he actually started! The deer soon brought that condom back down towards his waist, stretching open the tip and slipping the rubber over his pink, tapered, yet thick shaft. At first, all of the micros were just hanging out in one blob at the bottom of the condom due to gravity, but once he lifted that blob up and slid the rest of the condom down his dick, things would sort themselves out. And, if they didn't, well...Neil had something a *bit* more important to attend to right now!

The hot, pent-up deer started to properly whack off now, lifting up the end of the condom and feeling all those little guys wiggling around as he started to shake and press them down towards his shaft, a few of them already getting trapped in the space between his shaft and the stretchy latex...pinned under that massive cock, each throb taking their breath away as Neil's

hand casually wrapped around them, trapping them in a warm, musk-filled darkness that would only get tighter as Neil got more and more aroused. It was always a bit awkward jacking off with a condom on, but the extra sensation from all those micros in there would be more than enough to make up for it!

Neil could feel a few of them crawling around on the tip of his cock, the light taps more than enough to get the deer bubbling out a little bead of precum into the condom. Barely even noticeable to Neil's eyes, especially as he continued to masturbate, but to the micros inside, it was a veritable flood that knocked some of them off their precarious positions on Neil's cock, got a few of them stuck against the sides, and drenched the rest in musky cream. A nice preview of what they would be swimming in once Neil got all the way there. A good chance for them to get their sea legs ready...

The heat inside mounted with every stroke Neil took, more bubbling precum leaking out of the tip of his shaft and making it even more difficult for any micro to maintain a foothold inside of their tight, latex-lined prison. With how small they were, they were even in danger of slipping right into Neil's urethra, and, well...that was just an occupational hazard that had to be considered! It was only going to get more dangerous as the deer got more and more aroused, feeling his balls up with his other hand as he watched the tiny specks flounder about on top of his shaft. Every time he throbbed, he could feel the lucky few that were trapped between his meat and the latex,



wondering just how powerful the sensation felt for them~

"*Ungh...get ready in there, guys~*" Neil said out loud as he felt something starting to surge up out of his loins, a truly titanic orgasm ready to come at any moment. The deer was even starting to hump and thrust a little bit up into the condom, whimpering as lovely tingles spread throughout his body...the movement shook a few more micros around inside, mixing them up in the thick, musky pre that the deer was already exuding. The tip of the condom was already starting to droop down a little bit from what was already leaking into it, though there wasn't quite enough liquid in the tip for gravity to start pulling the micros down into it. *Yet.*

Everything started to shake and shift as Neil's cock tensed up, bulges rocketing up the underside of his shaft and pushing the micros aside as the deer reached his orgasm. "Ohhh, *\*fuuuccckkk...\*~*" Neil moaned, the words dribbling out of his mouth as he let his head loll back, the first spurt of ejaculate so powerful that it managed to stretch the latex out before coming to rest in the tip of the condom. A few micros got caught up in that first surge of gushing-hot cum, taken for one hell of a ride before unceremoniously being dumped in the circular pool of spunk that was quickly forming beneath them. Even then, there wasn't a moment for them to catch their breath before another blast of deer jizz was dumped down on top of them, three or four of the micros now having to swim through the thick

cream just to keep their heads above water. And Neil wasn't even *close* to empty yet~

Spurt after spurt of the thick, musk-filled spunk continued to rocket up out of Neil's cock, each one knocking another micro off of the deer's dick and sending them careening down into the pool of cum that was continuing to form beneath them.

"**Nnnnhhh!!! \*Fuck\*** yeah, get ready to take a bath~" Neil taunted through gritted teeth, seeing nearly all of the tinies that he had dumped into his rubber now floundering and swimming in his virile cream. A few of them managing to stay above the water line, but constantly being pushed back down by another wave of creamy ejaculate being dumped on their heads. Eventually, the tip of the condom was sagging down quite a bit, jiggling and jostling with Neil's every move as his orgasm began to taper off.

"Harder to swim through than *\*hff\** water, huh?" the deer continued as he lifted up his softening shaft with one hand, the other casually reaching for the condom full of jizz he had just pumped out as he watched all the micros inside trying their best to stay above the thick, bubbling stuff. Neil shook his shaft to get the last dribbles of his orgasm out, trickles of cum dripping down into the condom tip, keeping it fresh for everyone swimming around in there~

Though Neil wished he could keep pumping into this condom until it burst completely, even his pent-up

libido had some boundaries, and his shaft was really starting to recede back into his sheath. So, Neil started to slip the rubber off of his length, making sure to pinch the tip so that none of his load - or any of the micros still sloshing around in it - would end up being dumped on the floor. The deer brought the little cum balloon up to his snout, swirling around the liquid and watching all the tinies sloshing around absent-mindedly inside...it was like a little toy, or a snow globe that he could play around with. No sense in wasting good micros, after all! He could probably pump a few more loads into that condom or something, really stretch out the latex for all it was worth...

But, that could happen later. For now, Neil just tied the opening of the rubber shut, poking a tiny air hole in the condom and setting it down on his desk. *Geez*, there was such a volume of ejaculate in there...Neil didn't realize just how much he had blasted out! Usually it was all over the floor, or inside of someone else, but now, could just marvel at the lewd powers of his own body. In fact...just thinking about it was starting to make him hard again...

# Bug vs Bug

*cw: m/m, giga-growth, city destruction, hoof/ass smothering, extreme sizeplay, muskplay*

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Abbott was smack-dab in the middle of downtown when the alarms first went off.

They were a fairly normal thing to hear in a city populated entirely by micros. It signified that a macro had been spotted in the area, and was a warning for everyone in the city to take cover in the specially-built underground shelters that were made for such events...everyone walking down the sidewalk Abbott was on immediately started to break away, some panicked and shouting, but most just annoyed. Macro alarms had become so commonplace that the shock value of a giant something coming to smash buildings just wasn't really there anymore. The Absol was ready to follow a crowd towards the nearest shelter, just like he had done last week, the week before that, and that one weird Halloween night...until he heard one of the loudspeakers' droning buzzing be replaced by a loud, robotic voice.

**"ATTENTION. ATTENTION. MACRO ALERT.  
ATTENTION. ATTENTION. CITY PROTECTION  
SERVICES HAS SPOTTED A LARGE SCOLIPEDE,**

**HEIGHT IN EXCESS OF 120 FEET TO THE  
NORTHWEST APPROACHING AT 105 MILES PER  
HOUR. RESIDENTS ARE ADVISED TO SEEK THE  
CLOSEST SHELTER AVAILABLE TO THEM  
IMMEDIATELY. PLEASE ADVISE."**

One word in that warning made Abbott pause for a moment: *Scolipede*. He had never seen one in real life, but he had seen plenty of pictures of them online...and he definitely, uh, had *feelings* for them. So big and sassy and round...and there really *was* a giant one headed right for the city? There were always a few people that stuck around on the surface during these events, to watch with curious eyes or perhaps even try to interact with the giant creatures...was this the day he would finally be compelled to join them?

As the Absol turned around and looked towards the hills just over the horizon in the northwest of the city, he got his answer rather quickly. **THOOMing** thumps started to shake the ground underneath Abbott's feet as he saw the tips of a pair of horns emerging over one of the hills, followed by a massive pair of green eyes and a beak-like mouth, before a red hoof reached up over the top of the hill and crashed down over it so casually...oh *geez*. Oh **goodness**. It really was a Scolipede, a *gigantic* one, and it was heading right for downtown. The possibility of actually getting to interact with such an enormous, incredible beast froze Abbott in place, just intently staring at those hills as the huge bug horse emerged from behind them, each step the Scolipede took casually leaving five-foot-deep

imprints in the grass and mud that surrounded the city; a landscape that barely had time to recover from the last time a macro stumbled and walked all over it!

As the Scoli started to close in on the city, casually crushing and smooshing houses and fields underfoot, stumbling and spooking itself a bit every now and again...Abbott noticed that it seemed like the big bug wasn't necessarily accustomed to this size! Perhaps it was a recent escape from a macro lab or something, Abbott thought...he found himself walking right towards the big bug without even really realizing that he was doing it, just enthralled and pulled in by the massive bug. Even as the shaking beneath his feet started to turn into a mini earthquake, the unsteady ground starting to make it a bit difficult for Abbott to walk, he kept going. He wasn't going to miss out on this chance now that it was being presented to him!

The Scolipepe was stepping over multistory buildings at this point, heading right down main street towards Abbott and a small group of a few other stragglers whose curiosity was currently besting them, accidentally knocking over other buildings with its fat rear end as it tried to navigate a cityscape that was absolutely not built for something of its size...and the big, clunky bug wasn't exactly doing a very good job of it! The Scolipepe was even larger than what Abbott had heard on the radio, easily towering over even the tallest skyscrapers downtown; in fact, Abbott was already standing in the bug's shadow even though the Pokemon was a good few city blocks away! The gap

was being closed rather quickly, and even if Abbott had any second thoughts, he probably wouldn't be able to make it to a safe place at this point...

For some reason, as the Scolipede got closer, Abbott expected him to slow down a little bit now that there were...you know, actual *people* in front of him, but that wasn't the case. The big bug came trampling closer at impressive speed, thick and hard hooves turning the pavement of main street into rubble as the Absol started jumping up and down, waving his arms around to try and possibly get the giant's attention; even as the Pokemon was barreling towards him, completely unaware of the tiny Pokemon that was in his way! In the darkness that covered Abbott, he could barely tell when one of the bug's hooves had been raised up over him, but he could certainly feel the wind rushing around him as it wooshed up into the air. It gave him just enough advance notice to look up, knees wobbling and heart pounding as he braced for impact.

**\*KER-THOOM\***

The hoof landing hit Abbott like a semi truck, instantly slamming him to the ground and in the middle of an eventual crater of pavement as his entire body was smothered under hoof by the clumsy beast. It all happened so fast, that the Absol's brain wasn't even able to comprehend it. One moment, he was standing in darkness, and the next, he was *mashed* into the

asphalt, completely hidden under the giant, hard, rubble-specked foot of the enormous bug Pokemon. All the other curious spectators had been driven away when things got a bit too real, so now it was just the big bughorse and the speck stuck to the bottom of his hoof that he didn't even realize was there!

And then, Abbott felt the world around him slowly being lifted up into the air. He was pulled away from the sharp, crushed rocks, the cool air swirling around his body once again as he suddenly realized that he was stuck under the beast's hoof...somehow, even with how hard it was, Abbott had been wedged up against it with the sheer force of that step, and now he was at least...ten, 15 feet off the ground!? He couldn't exactly see, considering that the front half of his body was currently smushed up against bug hooves, but at least there was a bit of musk for the Absol to take in and calm himself from the situation at hand. Even if he was quickly reaching skyscraper heights under the bug's hoof...!

At first, the big Scoli didn't even notice that he had stepped on the tiny Absol. It was just another speck of rubble down there, something to casually scrape off as he continued walking down main street; but in that moment, the bug decided out of a bit of curiosity to just take a look at what was stuck to his hoof. And, even though Abbott was little more than a tiny dot attached to the base of his foot, the Absol's white fur made him stand out *just* enough from the black background to catch the Scolipe's eye...



And, the bug smirked. Just a *little* bit. He finally had a tiny to play around with.

Abbott felt the world around him rapidly shifting up and down as the bug's foot inverted and then turned back around, descending back to the ground...albeit with a bit more care and consideration this time! Abbott was still holding on for dear life as he soon felt his fur scraping along the pavement, the hoof he was attached to slowly moving back and forth and grinding him along the asphalt until he worked through whatever had kept the two of them bonded together. A few moments passed before the pancake-flat Absol fell back into the rubble and got a chance to open his eyes once more. It took a moment for his eyes to readjust to the light, but what he saw was even more surprising than he thought it would be! Abbott wasn't sure if it was just his perspective, but it seemed like the bug was even bigger than what he had seen at first, as if he was growing by the minute, even right now. The next thing he noticed was that there wasn't a hoof hovering over him anymore. Instead, there were two thick, round, red circles, an equally-thick appendage sticking out from the top where they met and two smaller orbs dangling beneath them...*oh*. Abbott knew what he was looking at now. The big bug had turned around, and was now squatting over the hoof crater that Absol was laying in...and there was absolutely nothing that Abbott could do about what was going to happen. At this point, he might as well just enjoy the sight of those red cheeks coming down to smother him once more...

**\*THH-WUMP\***

As the Scolipede took a giant sit on the tiny, wiggly Absol, a smug smirk began to spread along the Pokemon's beak-like snout. The pucker between his fat cheeks was a lot more sensitive than his hoof, and right now, he could definitely feel that he had landed *perfectly* on top of Abbott, right where he wanted the Absol to be! The bug looked back down at his rear end as he felt the Absol wriggling around feebly underneath its massive bulk; just that little concentric donut of flesh was easily enough to outsize Abbott, especially as the bug just continued to grow and swell in size throughout this whole adventure...why, Abbott was so comparatively small at this point, that he was probably lost in one of those pucker wrinkles right now!

The feeling of being smothered under something much more alive and moving was definitely a bit strange for Abbott. That, and the fact that even at his diminutive size, he could still feel the weight upon him growing as the Scolipede swelled in size. At some point, you would think the proportionality of it all would make it pretty much irrelevant...but, no, he was still being ground up against that pucker, pushed up even *closer* to the flesh with every inch that the Scolipede gained! Just an errant twitch of that ring could be a game over for Abbott, pulled into that hole like it was a vacuum, lost in musky bug bowels...but honestly, with how hot and musky it already was down here, he wasn't sure if he would be able to tell the difference. It was a **heady**,

sweat-tinged odor, a cloud that made the Absol's lungs tingle every time he breathed it in. Geez, this stuff was making him so *loopy*...or maybe that was the incalculable tons of bug that was now seated atop his tiny, smothered body!

Though the Scolipede was already comfortably taller than his surroundings when he entered the city, as he continued to press his rump down on Abbott, those buildings just kept getting smaller and smaller beneath him. What was originally 120 feet, then clearly was more like 160 feet, was starting to look more like 200 feet and counting...neither Abbott nor the Scolipede itself was aware of exactly what was causing this incredible, consistent amount of growth, but neither of them were really complaining about it, either. It wasn't like Abbott was in a position to complain right now, anyway~

A few more minutes of gratuitous, lewd ass-grinding followed, Abbott becoming thoroughly stuck to the flexing, yawning pucker between the Scolipede's cheeks until the bug bug caught a glimpse of something that interested him enough to get off his massive, growing keister for a minute. And, once again, Abbott ended up coming along for the ride! Tucked neatly in a fold of donut flesh, the ascent for Abbott was a modicum more comfortable as the Scolipede got up and started stomping off to who-knows-where in the city, each hoof print growing ever-so-slightly larger...the ones that didn't end up crossing over previously-trodden ground, at least!

A single bead of sweat rolling down the bug's ass threatened to engulf Abbott as the macro happily trotted over to some other part of the city, which would quickly end up looking like main street after he passed through! The Absol was far, far too incapacitated by his surroundings to even think about where the bug was going, both physically and mentally; his body felt completely flat after being squished under several tons of fat Pokemon (probably because it *was*), and his mind had completely drowned in the heat and musk that he had been subjected to under that rump and hoof assault. If he wasn't currently stuck in an inky void of darkness with his eyes plastered up against bug pucker, he probably would have been incredibly dizzy up here as well with the constant up and down movement of the Scolipede heading towards...*wherever* he was going! Honestly, the city was just a huge playground for the Pokemon at this point, with everyone safely underground-sans the Absol stuck to his ass.

This little trip lasted a few more minutes before Abbott felt the Scolipede come to a stop, the bug having made his way into the local park...little more than a patch of grass to the enormous 'pede, but still an opportunity for a little bit of rest regardless! Abbott felt everything around him starting to fall as the bug leaned back, his ass aiming right for a little rocky cliff near the edge of the park...it looked like a nice spot for the bug to take a seat for a moment or two. If the first two impacts Abbott endured were body flatteners, then this one was a body vaporizer. Abbott was absolutely ***torpedoed*** into the ground by the Scoli's massive,

still-growing ass, wedged as deep as he could go into an enormous assprint on the side of the hill. He ended up so deep that the Absol thought he had accidentally slipped inside of that tensed pucker, but after a few more moments of shifting movement above him, it was clear that wasn't the case. Though, with how mashed and buried he was in the dirt that surrounded him, Abbott almost wished that he had ended up inside that ass instead...!

And that was where Abbott would stay for the next...however long the Scolipede wanted to sit here. The bug had reclined his armor-plated back against the side hill, allowing room for his fat balls and thick shaft to flop into view, the bug chittering all the while through it. That shaft, along with the rest of the giant Pokemon, just seemed to keep growing and growing, no end in sight for the city that would certainly be nothing but hoof and ass craters by the time the bug was finished. And with Abbott as the only person left on the surface, it was clear that he was going to get taken along for the ride until the very end...or until he was so tiny that the Scolipede couldn't find him anymore.~

# Wrong House

*cw: m/m, shoe entrapment, muskplay, sweat, smothering, hoofplay, oral vore*

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Micros were a common nuisance in Neil's house. It seemed like every couple of days the deer had to deal with a little intruding fox or cat or other anthro trying to steal his stuff or get into places where they weren't supposed to be! The deer probably could figure out a way to tighten up or even completely micro-proof his house if he wanted to, but there were a couple of things stopping him from doing that. First, he was lazy. Second of all, whenever he did get his hands on one of these micros...well, they were just so much *fun* to play around with that it was honestly kind of worth the annoyance~ And today just happened to be one of those days. The deer had just woken up and managed to catch a tiny raccoon, no more than six inches tall, rooting around on his nightstand; snatched the tiny right up, and was now thinking about just what they could do with the small one...

"Now, just *what* were you trying to steal, hm?~" Neil interrogated the micro as he held them between a few of his fingers, rotating the micro around gently as they struggled against the pressure from the deer's digits...though not to any avail, of course, barricaded by just how much bigger Neil was than them! The deer looked at his clock out of the corner of his eye, taking a

moment out of his daydreaming about what he could do with this recent catch to remember that he had errands that he was planning to do today. While it was a blow to his creativity at first, the deer quickly realized that it could actually lead him in the direction of a rather interesting idea...

For now, the deer just dropped his new little toy in a jar while he got ready to start his day. Getting in the shower, brushing his teeth, etc. Only by the time that he picked the little jar back up and started walking down the stairs to his living room did the deer finally settle on what he was going to be doing with the raccoon. He still kept it a secret, though, at least until he grabbed a pair of skate shoes and put them on the table in front of him while he reached out for the jar once more!

"I think this pair could use a tiny bit more arch support. I wonder if you'll be *just* what I need~" the deer said as he uncorked the jar and dumped the raccoon right out into his right shoe, barely even giving the micro enough time to roll onto their back and look up to see the giant hoof descending upon them! Neil ended up pushing the macro to the front of his shoe in the process of sliding his own hoof inside, mashing the raccoon deep into the shoe's insole in the process...*mmm*, those wiggles underneath there honestly already felt pretty nice to the deer; but they would probably feel even nicer once they were the weight between his hoof and the cold, hard ground he would be walking on! The raccoon had just that little bit of squish to them as well, really helped everything

come together...his other foot was going to be a bit jealous, that was for sure~

Neil mashed his hoof around inside of his shoe for a little while longer until he felt things perfectly slot into place, the deer getting to his feet and giving the micro a taste of what being squished under all of his weight for hours would really feel like! And, well, if you had a bad back, it would certainly cure you of that...along with every other ailment, because you would be too busy being smothered into the sole of a shoe to think about or feel anything else! The insole micro had a few brief moments of respite every time Neil picked up his foot, but once the deer **slammed** it back on the ground, they would once again be immersed in the heat and weight of the deer's hoof...knowing that Neil barely even paid any attention to them as he walked out the front door and started to attend to all the errands he had been distracted away from by this sudden new development! Feeling each little footfall milk a few more squirms out of his raccoon-turned-insole, even as he just walked down the sidewalk to the grocery store...

There was certainly an element of getting away with something to Neil's enjoyment of this. Knowing that absolutely nobody around him knew what was going on, that he was getting a little extra help from his shoes today...! And that every little step he took made the environment inside of his shoe even more overwhelming and inhospitable. He had quite a lot on his plate to get through today, so things were definitely going to get quite intense in there...the deer soon made his way to the bank, dropping off a quick deposit at the



front desk. Though, things were rather slow today, so while he was waiting at the desk...why not play with his toy a little bit *more*? Tilting his shoe at all sorts of angles, trying to wedge the raccoon's head between his hoof-toes...already feeling those struggles getting weaker and weaker as the heat really started to set in, as things started to get a bit damp with all that warm fur stuffed into such a *tight* spot! And to anyone around Neil, he just looked a bit fidgety and impatient...not that he wasn't, but he had much different things on his mind at that moment. Namely, how he could get this micro to squirm and wiggle while baking in his foot musk as much as possible~

Perhaps the raccoon learned to appreciate the relative lack of pressure in these few minutes of waiting, because once Neil got what he needed from the bank and continued his errands...well, the footfalls came back, and they came back **hard**! Squishing the micro deep into the sole that he had quickly become very acquainted with as Neil walked out the door, soon making his way down the street to the grocery store...

By the time Neil arrived, though, he wasn't grabbing a basket or walking through the aisles. Instead, the deer was looking for a private room to slip into so that he could check on his little passenger beforehand! The bathrooms were in the back of the store, so his raccoon got treated to a minute or so of frantic footfalls and running to get to the back. At this point, the racc had gotten kind of used to the rhythm of Neil's movements, so the sudden change of pace certainly shook him up a bit and made things a lot more difficult to deal with down here! Thankfully, he would

be getting a little break once Neil got inside and to a stall, though not really in the way he *expected*.

The deer pushed down a toilet seat and took his spot atop it as he splayed his feet out, untying the empty shoe and taking it off before reaching for the other one and - *carefully* - taking it off as well...though the raccoon inside was almost certainly too worn-out to crawl to freedom, Neil didn't want to be chasing him around the bathroom floor if he did end up having a little energy spurt! Planting the shoe on the ground, Neil reached in with two fingers and pinched the long, ringed tail of the raccoon before slowly pulling them out, dangling them by their longest appendage as they gasped and swallowed in as much fresh air as they possibly could, even as their body shivered and tensed up from the sudden shift in temperature around them! Besides that, the micro still couldn't move much, completely wiped out from the experience of being an insole for this deer...and it had only been about an hour since he was stuffed inside~

Neil twirled the raccoon around in his hand for a minute or two, just looking at how much his little errand run had already done to the micro...matted, damp fur, labored, shivery breathing, and, of course, a rich musk that had already permeated every *inch* of his little prisoner's body! But he had only had half the experience so far...there was a whole other shoe for the micro to get stuffed and wedged into, after all! So after he let the little raccoon breathe for a little bit, Neil casually and wordlessly just brought the dangling micro over to his other shoe, the little racc still far too dazed by the ride in Neil's left shoe to realize that he

was about to be plunged into the other one. That was, at least, until Neil dropped him right inside, the micro feeling the familiar squish of the insole under him - which thankfully cushioned his fall for a moment before Neil's other hoof came down upon him. Those two hard toes pressing down on the raccoon, wedging him further into a cave-like shoe that was already *quite* damp and musky from the walk the deer had been on. Neil was almost a little disappointed in how few wiggles he felt under his hooves from the micro he had trapped; the deer was really hoping that a few moments of fresh air would reinvigorate his toy a little bit, but regardless, he now had some errands to get back to! Perhaps the feeling of being compressed under deer toes would inspire a little bit of movement from the raccoon that was trapped inside...

Neil wiggled and splayed those toes out as much as he could as he got back to his feet, feeling how the raccoon was a little bit bunched up inside of his shoe as he walked out of the bathroom and returned to the front of the store to grab his basket. It wasn't the most comfortable arrangement for him, which of course, meant that the raccoon was probably having even *less* fun in there! He could very occasionally feel a few squirms and movements under his foot whenever it came crashing down on the floor, but by now it was clear that any strength or gumption that the poor micro still had was being flattened out of him in such a *casual* manner. Neil lollygagged through all the aisles, looking through every shelf and taking the time to examine things that he would never purchase in a million years just to give the raccoon those extra few minutes of baking in his shoes! As he piled more and

more things into his basket, the weight being pressed down on his insoles steadily increased as well; not enough of a drastic shift for the musk-entrenched raccoon to really notice, but definitely one that tired out his body even further as time went on...

Checkout was rather simple and fast; normally something the deer would appreciate, but in this moment, it was a tiny bit annoying considering this was the last little errand that he had to do today. Meant less time for the raccoon to bake in the heat of his shoe! At least he still had the walk home to torment the micro, which would also give him a little bit of time to figure out exactly what he wanted to do with the little bug...so many options once he got home and was in a bit more of a private space with the raccoon. So many hot, *musky* places to slide him into, especially after a nice, long walk like the one he was on today. Just daydreaming about it was more than enough to get the deer through checkout and back down the street towards his apartment, the micro inside his shoe almost completely worn out and destroyed at this point. Neil didn't really expect much from this small of a guy, but still, it was surprising how quickly he had been destroyed. Maybe hooves were just built differently; who knew! Either way, once Neil got back inside and sat down on his couch, he just sort of stared at his shoes for a moment before deciding exactly what he wanted to do with the raccoon contained within.

It was simple enough to fish the micro back out of his shoe, easier than it was even in the grocery store from the added time that the raccoon had spent baking

against the deer's soles! Grabbing the raccoon by the long, slender depth gauge that was his ringed tail, the deer once again just kind of dangled his little toy in the air, rotating the raccoon around in his hand as he thought about what he had decided to do next. Then, without any aplomb or fanciness whatsoever, the deer just opened his mouth up and plopped the raccoon down right on his tongue! The warm, slimy contact was more than enough to get his little snack to start squirming again, but before anything could really come of it, the deer had clamped his jaws shut, trapping the micro inside the humid, fleshy environment of his maw. Neil was always a little bit curious about how his musk tasted exactly, and there really was no better way to sample his own flavor than with a bite-sized piece of candy that had spent the last few hours being absolutely *drenched* in the stuff! Neil was kind of worried about the taste not really matching up to the smell, but thankfully it ended up being one of those things that tasted exactly like it smelled, along with a bit of meaty gameyness from the proxy it was currently using. Though there was quite a bit of sweatiness that the deer didn't exactly appreciate himself...but putting him in his mouth like this and then just spitting the raccoon out all covered in slime and drool would honestly just be *rude*! And that was the *last* thing the deer wanted to be in this moment, of course~

After a few more seconds of tasting and teasing the raccoon in his mouth, using his thick tongue to just push and bully the micro around and really emphasize just how much bigger he was than his snack, Neil tipped his head back and started to let the micro just

*sliiide* to the cavernous hole at the back of his mouth. A motion that inspired a few more bouts of panicked squirms from the micro...all they could hope to do was change the deer's mind, but he was certainly dead-set on this being the little intruder's fate! The throat clenched and gulped until it grabbed ahold of a leg or an arm or something, and then, with one quick *\*gullrrrk~\**, the whole micro was dragged into Neil's long, slender gullet, making a nice, visible, *squirmy* bulge all the way down until he eventually disappeared behind the deer's collarbone. "*Mmm...so that's what it tastes like when people eat my ass.*" the deer remarked casually as he felt a tiny squirming lump settle in his stomach; the micro would perhaps power him to get a little bit of work done now that he had a snack, but otherwise, the deer was completely moving on from this whole experience. Already forgetting about the micro as they stewed deep in his guts, the hungry stomach quickly closing in on the little guy considering he was currently the only resident of the chamber besides some slime and stomach gunk! Yeah...even though it was a ruminant stomach, the raccoon was still not going to be solid in there for much longer...

# Alien Encounter

*cw: f/m, macro rampage, oral vore, willing prey, multiple prey, live streaming, digestion*

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"I'm the only one left."

The chaser's stream had been left off for about ten minutes before it came back online with that simple message from the last member of the crew. This eclectic mix of species, colors, and pretty much all other qualities had heard of a massive extraterrestrial roaming about a few cities away; a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for them! The group had managed to not only find the alien, but communicate with them, convincing the five-story tall, orangish, almost Gungan-looking creature to allow them to get footage of the alien chasing them around. The kind of thing that would go absolutely *viral* and make them all instantly rich and famous! At first, things were going as planned, but as time went on and as more footage was captured, the alien had gotten more into the whole Kaiju theme, and started snatching up each of the chasers and *gulping* them down like little protein snacks! Picking them off one-by-one, sending them down to that alien, orangish gut.

To most, that probably made it sound like the whole thing had gone horribly wrong, but in reality, it was the only fate greater than growing incredibly famous from all of this, and the sole survivor was sure to get as much high-detail footage of everything as he *possibly* could. Watching jealously as all of his friends and cohorts slid right down that gigantic, carapace-coated throat, waiting for the moment when it could finally be his turn. When he could film his very own descent!

"I'm going to spread this video as far and wide as it can possibly go. Let everyone know that perfection *can* be attainable, and that it is right *here*, right *now*..." the greenish, squirrel-looking creature said to the camera, though it was somewhat difficult to interpret his words correctly with the camera shaking and the loudness of every step of the alien made as it playfully tried to find the last little morsel that had been holding out for the past 15 minutes or so. Even though he knew that there was nothing more the chaser wanted to do than fall down its throat right now, it was always fun to make it a little bit of a challenge, ham it up. It was all being streamed, of course! And even with the hectic and frantic shaking of the camera, anyone tuning in from home could still see the host shivering as the steps in the distance became gradually louder and louder. His time was about to come, the time where he would be joining all of his friends in the hungry orange belly...

A few moments later, the chaser's face lit up as he looked at something off-screen. He soon grabbed the



camera and turned it around so that everyone could see what he saw; namely, the huge alien appearing from behind the large building that the chaser had set up shop behind. Surprisingly enough, though, the alien didn't seem to notice its last snack was just a few feet away, something which the chaser resolved to fix by quickly grabbing his camera before running out into the open in the most obvious manner that he could possibly muster. "**DOWN HERE!**" he yelled out as he waved his arms around and jumped up and down, abandoning whatever pretense was left of this being some kind of found-footage monster movie thing. But that was okay, considering what was about to come next for him. The most *ultimate* pleasure imaginable...!

The alien looked down at its final morsel for the evening, giving a warm smile to the squirrel before crouching down and extending an enormous hand out for the chaser to clamber up onto - which he did, as enthusiastically as possible, talking to his camera throughout the entire process. "*Oh...oh my god. Guys, I can't believe it's actually happening...*" he babbled as the orange hand lifted him up into the air, the squirrel looking around seeing the city beneath him becoming smaller as he was lifted several stories up in a matter of seconds! In due time, he was face-to-face with the same mouth that had just gobbled up all of his cohorts...if he wasn't so high up in the air, he probably would have jumped right in himself. But it seemed that the alien had something else in mind...

"*I hope you find true happiness within me.*" the creature said calmly and eloquently, its exhalation blasting the squirrel over a little bit before he was lifted even further up into the air. The alien's hand started to invert, but not before the squirrel found himself pinched between two of those scaly, carapace-coated fingers, keeping him suspended in the air in quite the dramatic fashion! The chaser looked down in awe as the alien slowly opened its maw, unfurling like a flower to reveal the striking purple insides that his friends had disappeared into just a few minutes prior. Glistening with warm, slick-looking drool, the moist cavern undulated wantingly for its last snack as the rodent dangled in the sky. The color scheme was so striking, a treat for the eyes and the camera: brilliant, deep oranges and purples contrasting with the accent of the alien's gleaming rows of pearly whites. Complete with two rodent-like incisors on the top and bottom lip, acting as the gate to that wonderland. And they were opening wide to accept the squirrel inside!

The chaser managed to get a firm hold on his camera as he was swung around by the light breeze in the air, his face lighting up as he spoke to his viewers once more. "I can't *believe* this is really gonna happen...switching over to night vision mode." the squirrel said before flicking a switch on the top of the camera, turning the entire display into that familiar neon-greenish color. Didn't make things look much better right now, but once he was inside the alien...it'd do *wonders* for the viewing experience! He looked back down at the purple pit beneath him, wondering when the alien would stop chewing the scenery and

just go ahead and drop him inside! It was so close, he could hardly stand waiting out the last few seconds. If there wasn't such a size and strength difference between the two of them, he'd try to break free and fall down himself!

Thankfully, those last few seconds went by rather quickly. The fingers that were suspending him up in the air soon let their grasp falter, the chaser screaming in joy and surprise as he suddenly plummeted into that deep, purple void, wincing for just a moment before landing on that waiting tongue with a wet, squishy *\*SPLT\**! The slimy carpet underneath him undulated and moved around for a few moments to taste the little morsel that had been dropped onto it before the incisors in front clamped shut, locking the alien's snack inside of a moist, dark cavern. Warm saliva dribbled from the ceiling like condensation, slickening the humid environment even further as the squirrel attempted to get some kind of footing inside the living, breathing cave...though it mostly just ended up with him rolling around on that tongue as it rubbed and slurped all over his body! Oh, *gods*, it was exactly as good as he imagined it would be and then some...his only regret was that it was far too **dark** in here to get anything good on camera for the viewers back home! At least there still seemed to be some kind of internet connection inside the alien's mouth, funnily enough...though it probably wouldn't be holding up for too much longer.

In lieu of crisp visuals, the chaser instead tried his best to just narrate what was happening to him. "*Aah!*...on the tongue now, it's...it's getting absolutely *everywhere*. Oh, *geez*, they really are *enjoying* me quite a bit..." he managed to sputter out as the floor underneath him gradually started to push farther and farther backwards, towards that deep, yawning hole of a throat that he had gotten a glimpse of earlier. The true point of no return for him. Even if he wasn't fully, completely ready to give himself to the alien...*well*, it really wasn't his choice to make any more! He was going to be nibbled on, and tasted, and enjoyed for as long as his captor wanted, and then, at the end? It would be just a simple, quiet *gulp* that sent him down to the rest of his cohorts. It was already starting to happen, in fact. The surface of that tongue underneath the chaser started to get a bit bumpier as the alien guided him to the back of its mouth, squishing its little treat up against the roof of its mouth quickly to extract any last bits of flavor before letting its throat **GLRK** the morsel right down. For the squirrel, it was like he had just been pushed down a warm, wet waterslide, slick walls constantly pressing and shoving at his body to push him deeper down that alien gullet. And for the alien themselves, well, it just marked the end of a fun little excursion. Didn't care much for food once it went past its lips.

"*Aahn!* Falling real fast here, I guess I'm too small to put up much of a fight to this throat..." the chaser continued to narrate as he disappeared down the alien's gullet, though with the *squicks* and *squishes* of the powerful flesh around him as it noisily worked

him down, it was quite difficult for anyone still watching the stream to actually *understand* him! At his tiny size, though, it didn't take it too much longer for the throat to send him all the way down, the rapid, yet consistent movement suddenly interrupted by a great fall where the chaser eventually ended up landing in a pool full of thick juices, splashing down right into the alien's stomach. It took a few seconds for him to get his bearings, especially with how alive everything around him was, but once he did...oh, he was just in *heaven!*

"I...I can't believe it. Can you guys see anything?" the chaser said into his camera, turning on a dim light on the front of it that at least illuminated the gastric chamber he had been plopped into a little bit. "I guess everyone else is already deeper inside..." he commented as he looked around, finding no traces of his friends who had already been snacked on and scarfed down...one unique aspect of this specific species's anatomy was that it actually had two stomachs. The first, the one he was in right now, was more for holding and softening things up than anything else; the true digestion happened lower, deeper in the alien's abdomen. And, well, the chaser was already feeling *quite* squished up in here!

With how slimy and active everything around the fortunate morsel was, it was really only a matter of time before he slipped a little bit and ended up being pushed deeper, *further* into the alien's body where the true fun would begin. After a small moment of lucidity, where the camera wasn't shaking too much

and the lighting was *just* bright enough that they could make out at least a little bit of what was going on, the alien's gut suddenly convulsed and **squeezed** around the squirrel. A few seconds later, and he was already being pressed through the opening at the bottom of the holding sac, a quick, tight slide down into a bigger, hungrier chamber full of thick, goopy sludge that he was dumped into almost immediately.

"*Nngh...so warm...so **thick**...*" the chaser said to himself as he attempted to wade through the thick gunk as best he could, finding some belongings and leftover equipment from those who had been gobbled up earlier, but no traces of them proper. Already, the squirrel could feel the pleasant tingle of digestion starting to overtake the lower half of his body; he knew that it wouldn't be long until he joined them, and that he would need some time alone to truly enjoy the process of becoming one with this alien. So, with a big smile on his face, waist-deep in stomach slop, the chaser signed off, the camera soon sinking into the sludge itself and powering off after another minute or so...~

# Eager Audience

*cw: m/f, growth, mega-macro, ass/shaft/pucker smothering, handjob, subway-tunnel-fucking (i couldn't think of a snappier way to put it hush)*

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Milo's life as a ride service was always hectic. Back and forth between the same places, going all over town, dealing with the strangest kinds of traffic...even getting free meals out of it wasn't enough sometimes. But there were bright spots. A client had been dropped off in a section of town that the Scolipede had never been to, and there was this *lovely* inn just a few blocks down the street. The air was much warmer around it, due to the natural hot spring that was the centerpiece of the inn. A good soak-and-stay sounded absolutely *divine* right now, and that's how Milo found himself nosing at the door of the building just a few minutes after dropping off his last rider for the day.

Milo could see who he assumed to be the owner of the inn, a white pegasus with jade green wings, behind a desk in the main room; but with all these hooves, there wasn't exactly much that the Scolipede could do except nose and push and hope that his imposing frame would be enough to get the innkeeper's attention. He would really hate to have to start stomping around out in the dark, increasingly-cold evening...so, it was good that the pony had perked up a few moments later. Her

brow furrowed for a moment, trying to discern what exactly it was out there...but soon, her face lit up as she realized that it was a potential resident for the evening.

"**Oh!** Apologies, give me just *one* moment..." the innkeeper said at the top of her voice as she got up from her desk, making her way over to the double doors and opening them as wide as possible to let Milo's huge, centipedal body through! "Hey, big guy. *Erm...*are you lost?" the pony asked as she searched the bug's neck for some sort of tag or identification. Milo often blurred the line between pet and person, and the innkeeper was certainly erring towards the former right now. The big bug rolled his eyes before nosing in the direction of a poster on the wall that read "**FULL HOT SPRINGS PACKAGE**". It took the pony a few seconds, but eventually things managed to click in her head. "**Oh!** My apologies again. I can certainly set you up for a night. Just come over here to my desk..."

After a minute of typing away at her computer, and digging through Milo's saddlebags for debit cards and IDs, the big Scolipede was all set up for a night in the hot springs, with free meals included. During that process, the innkeeper had revealed her name, Len, to Milo, and had made it very clear that she would be available for anything that the bug needed. A nice offer to take up, and maybe those hot springs would feel even nicer after a big, filling meal...



A half-hour later or so, and Milo was presented with a platter of all the berries, poffins, and curries that he could eat...and he ate them *all*. No annoying customers at work for the bug to scarf down today, so he was absolutely starving...he gorged on every last drop, leaving all of the plates as clean as a whistle before waddling out of the dining room with a heavy, jiggly undercarriage packed full of food. More perfect conditions for a long soak in those hot springs, the bug could not think of~

Milo soon made his way out of the inn and around to the back, the heat and humidity in the air ratcheting up with every step he took. The hot springs themselves were rather inconspicuous, tucked underneath a rather large hill, but to the bug's appreciation, it seemed that he would be its only inhabitant for the time being. The bug used one of his back hooves to peel his saddle off and casually toss it to the ground near the "shore" of the pool, Milo watching the gentle bubbling and steaming of the water in front of him as it lapped at his hooves. Slowly, those hooves started to pitter-patter out into the water, hesitantly at first, then more confidently as Milo's body got used to the drastic change in temperature. Already, the bug could feel his aching exoskeleton tingling warmly, a sensation that was sure to only get stronger as he immersed more of his body in the healing springs...

Milo waded and waddled his way out to the center of the springs, crouching down and allowing pretty much all but his head to soak in the bubbly pool. His eyes closed almost automatically, the secluded, peaceful

nature around him lulling the bug into a moment of rest. *Aaaaaahhhh*...he *definitely* needed this, and he was *definitely* going to be staying here for at least another hour! Immerse himself in the springs, let the water gently wash over his back and shoulders and soak into his armor plating. That warm, fuzzy tingling was starting to spread throughout his extremities, a bit more of an odd sensation, but still welcome nonetheless. *Mmh...*

The big Scoli soon found himself slipping into a bit of a nap, which he accepted with open arms. The bug ended up drifting through a bunch of nice dreams, though they were all pretty fuzzy and vague. Still nice regardless. Milo was floating in and out of consciousness at this point, occasionally twitching or adjusting his position, until his body finally pulled itself out of its stupor.

Milo slowly opened his beak as wide as it could go, the bug letting a long, satisfying yawn tumble out of his mouth before he started to stir again. As soon as he kicked one of his legs out, though, he was surprised to feel it kick against one of the stone walls of the spring...had he drifted towards the shore in his sleep or something? That was a *bit* strange, but not entirely unexpected, though that odd occurrence caused him to notice another thing: the water of the hot springs, though it was still bubbly and warm, barely covered his knees now! And, *mrrf*, it was **cold** out. Did the water start draining at night or something? That'd be

pretty bogus, Milo was most certainly enjoying his time here...

All that movement turned on some sort of motion-sensing light, which illuminated the area around Milo and at least gave him some visual data to work with, though all that extra information just ended up leaving the bug even more confused. The hot spring around him had suddenly shrunk to what looked like maybe the size of a kiddie pool!

*Or...*perhaps he had **grown**, he noticed, after he saw the saddle he had removed on the side of the water, more the size of a toy than an actual piece of equipment. Suffice it to say, the bug was very confused by what had transpired in the time he was asleep. Was this some sort of elaborate prank...or was there something *to* these hot springs?

Either way, the only thing that was outweighing Milo's confusion at this moment was his curiosity about this water. Specifically...what would happen if he *drank* it? Would it supercharge the growth? Keep him growing forever? *Something else?* Only one way to find out. The bug dipped his nose into the pool, taking a few sips of the warm, bubbly stuff...didn't really taste the best, especially considering he had been bathing in it for the past few hours, but it went down smooth and gave his insides a little bit of a nice, warm feeling that he enjoyed. For a brief moment, not much seemed to happen, besides that warmth continuing to spread throughout the bug's body...but then, his perspective started to shift once more. His body continued to rise up out of the hot springs, albeit at a much slower,

more continuous rate than the sudden growth spurt he had most likely experienced when he was asleep. Quite interesting indeed.

Milo was in the middle of turning around in this pool to ascertain where he was when he heard the inn door burst open. "Oh, *goodness*, so sorry! I should have woken you up before...*well*..." Len started to apologize, though she quickly became silent as she saw just how...*big* Milo had become, realizing she couldn't keep up the angle of concern. There was a reason she was the innkeeper here, after all; she was absolutely infatuated with big, growing boys, and Milo...well, Milo *definitely* fit that bill. Len had been hoping for this outcome, and especially now that Milo had drank some of the spring water...there were no limits on how big he could get!

"Ohh...such a *big boy* you are, though~" the pegasus said as she walked over to Milo, standing on the side of the hot springs as the big bug, now easily double his normal size, leaned down to face the innkeeper eye-to-eye. Len reached out a hand to pet and rub against Milo's beak, her eyes lighting up as the bug chattered and chirped contentedly. As she petted and stroked the bug, though, her eyes drifted to something thick that she saw swaying between Milo's legs...*every* part of him had grown, and his bits were no exception. The already pretty large pair of balls that he had were now two huge, nearly trampoline-sized orbs that swayed and sloshed around in the water, drawing Len

in like a month to a flame. "Come on out, big guy. Got to let the springs cycle some of the water."

Len stuck out her hands and waved Milo forward like she was guiding a semi truck, the huge centipede dripping water all over the grass as he slowly lumbered out of the pool. Thick beads of water slipped right down his armor as he watched Len with a bit of curiosity and confusion, not exactly sure what she was planning on doing next. As soon as he had made his way back onto shore, the unicorn started to walk around to his side and crouched down near his rear end. What the heck was she doing back the-

*Oh. Oh~*

Milo quickly realized what the innkeeper was going for as he felt two cold hands starting to rub and stroke along his huge, still-growing orbs, even crawling a little bit underneath him to get as close as she possibly could! Most definitely an unexpected turn of events, *but*...Milo was more than happy to let her poke around to her heart's content. Let her show just how much she was into him, before he started going for anything to address it. He couldn't keep it in for too long, though. Having her stroking down there felt quite good, compounding on top of the wonderful sensations of growth that were still flooding his body. And Len could certainly feel how much the bug was enjoying this!

Whether Milo's shaft was actually throbbing under her touch, or it was just growing still, either way, she could feel some stirring as she moved her hands up from those thick orbs. "*Mmh*, you like that, huh?" the pegasus cooed as she stroked up and down Milo's truly-massive shaft; it was the best she could really do, considering there was no hope of taking the thing - *especially* as it continued to grow. Hopefully, the stroking and rubbing that Len was doing would coax Milo into being a bit more dominant. He was much larger than the innkeeper, after all, and he would definitely be throwing his weight around soon...especially as it continued to grow!

It didn't take Milo much longer to get the hint, either. Len's wandering hands continued to work further down Milo's balls and around towards his backside, eventually ending up between the bug's fat cheeks. She played with and fingered the bug's thick, warm pucker for a little bit, Milo chittering and vibrating in pleasure until he finally decided to drop it down. His knees gave away as he let his hind end *drop* right down onto Len's face, the unicorn letting out a muffled groan of appreciation as her snout was immediately wedged right inside of the pucker she had been fondling for a little bit. The bug's growing weight pinned her *right* into the ground, and over time Len could feel herself sinking into the dirt from just how much pressure was being put on her by those Poke-pounds. As Milo steadily got more into it, he started to drag and grind his ass up and down Len's entire body, the movement becoming more and more simple as time went on and the bug only continued to

grow. His pucker went from comfortably fitting around Len's muzzle to being nearly the size of her entire head - and the massive, throbbing length that was pinning the rest of her body down was still growing at much the same rate. Len never had someone just straight-up drink some of the spring water before, so her mind was free to wander and think about just how big Milo would grow to at the end of the day. And there was plenty of time left for things to get pretty *wild!*

Len continued making love to Milo's pucker to the best of her ability, even as it continued to grow and the weight on top of the innkeeper only kept increasing. Milo was more than happy to just keep grinding and pressing his ass down on the pegasus's face, really; by now her entire upper half was comfortably wedged between the bug's plump ass cheeks. Milo was getting big. **Really big. Big** to the point where he couldn't possibly be contained by these little, secluded hot springs, both physically and in terms of his lust. There was a *whole city* for the bug to roam out there, and plenty of buildings and subway cars for him to play around with. And there was no hope for anybody to stop him. In fact, one of its citizens would be tagging along for the ride to egg him on...

Len groaned as she felt the *titanic* weight slowly being lifted off of her, which had grown from enveloping her head to her entire body in just the past few minutes. She didn't expect to be lifted right up into the air along

with Milo's rump, though, wedged so firmly between the bug's cheeks that she was basically stuck...and, honestly, Len couldn't think of a better arrangement! Milo was now bordering on 25 feet tall, just *barely* big enough to peek over the roof of the hotel he was staying in. At least there was a wide enough corridor off to the side so that Milo could make his way onto the city streets without destroying Len's little inn, something the pegasus would have been most appreciative of if she could actually *see* anything wedged back here. She could definitely feel and hear the fact that Milo was on the move, though, appreciating the extra bit of warmth she had back here as the bug strutted out into the cold, *cold* city evening.

As Milo made his way towards downtown, Len continued to try her best at pleasing the giant bug, though to Milo himself, it was little more than a nice, slightly-tickly sensation near his pucker. Being farther away was starting to diminish the growth properties of the hot springs water, along with his body just processing it, but the bug was still gaining a little bit of mass with every step he took. The tree trunk of a shaft between his legs swung like a pendulum with every step, slamming into various buildings without Milo even intending on it...though, that didn't mean he wouldn't end up grinding and frotting a *little bit* against those buildings in the process. Growing just felt so ***damn*** good, but it was hard to find anything at this size that would be able to satisfy him...



"*Good* boy, keep going~" Len said as she gave the bug's musky pucker a big kiss, continuing to encourage the Scolipede even though there was no way for him to hear her at this point. At least he could still feel the pleasant tickling, the soft stimulation occasionally making his pucker twitch and clench - sometimes grabbing parts of Len's body before relaxing and letting them go, in a sort of unintentional teasing! Len still appreciated it all the same, though, even as things started to come to a stop around her. What was Milo doing now...?

It turned out that the now at least 30-or-35 ft tall bug had stopped because he saw a potential answer for his still-mounting lust. A subway tunnel dug into the side of a mountain, just big enough to fit his massive, throbbing length. Now **THAT** was something more his size, and even came with a bonus if there ended up being a bit of traffic coming in. The bug stepped in between houses and over apartment buildings as he spread his legs, his wrecking ball of a cock (and sometimes his literal wrecking balls!) causing quite a bit of property damage even though the bug wasn't aiming for it...just a side effect of his size and clumsiness, really! It was hard to maneuver around with a monster like what Milo had between his legs, especially in such tight corridors and alleys. But eventually, he did manage to make his way to the tunnel, lifting both of his front hooves up to brace against the mountainside as the track ran right between his legs.

It took a little bit more finagling, but eventually, Milo was able to get his shaft resting on top of the tracks, the supports already starting to creak and warp under the massive weight of his member. Thankfully, the track curved away just before Milo's balls, or there may not have been a track at all! The bug chirped contentedly as he started to pump his shaft into the tunnel, quickly boring a much more dick-shaped hole into the side of the mountain. And, even though there was no kind of lubrication whatsoever, it still felt so *incredibly* good to Milo...though that was probably mostly the sensation of growth. Regardless, it still contributed to the orgasm that was welling up inside of him. There was an ocean of cum sloshing around in those balls, and it needed to be released in the most fantastic fashion possible. *Soon.*

If Len wasn't able to hear all the racket beneath her, the constant rocking back and forth would be more than enough to key her in on what Milo was doing right now! The innkeeper couldn't help but blush madly as she felt - and started to *hear* - Milo pumping himself into the tunnel, the bug chirping every time he thrust forward, getting *juuuust* a bit deeper. But Len was also blushing because she was hearing something else. The rattling, rumbling sound of an approaching subway car, headed right down the tunnel that Milo's cock was currently occupying! The bug could hear it too, of course, and he started to slow his thrusts down the best he could to time himself *just* right. The rumbling only got louder, the track under Milo's shaft starting to shake as the subway approached...

Milo shoved his shaft as **deep** into the tunnel as he could while the subway car made contact, the entire thing being impaled by Milo's massive shaft all the way down to the end car. Passengers stuck on all sides of the bug's massive cock, wiggling and kicking as the Scolipede hilted deep inside the car and started to blow his load...if things weren't bad enough for those inside, the sudden flood of thick, musky bug cum from the back of the car would most certainly make it difficult for anyone to move, let alone try to escape Milo's lust! Cream leaking out of cracks in the metal that had formed from the impact, bubbling out of the tight seal that had formed in the tunnel's mouth...

The Scoli spent himself thoroughly, every last drop being shot up into the subway car and tunnel. It lasted a good few minutes, with how much pent-up lust the bug had, only compounded by his growth...but, **lord**, was it perfect. The bug dislodged himself from the tunnel a few moments later, the opening dribbling cum like the used hole that it was. Len wondered what it'd be like to be one of the people in there, immersed in a pool of bubbling jizz...they were so lucky. Maybe at some point Milo would grow so big that he could do that to the whole city. She would definitely be there for it~

# Lewd and Lucid

*cw: lucid dreaming, city destruction, oral vore, tongue play, mass vore, building titjob, building insertion, cervix penetration*

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Ferra was always a little bit nervous about her fantasies. Though she had become more open to this strange phenomenon called vore as time went on, especially when she found that she could stuff people up inside of her womb, she really didn't want to accidentally hurt or lose anybody in the process of exploring these interests! That was why, recently, the giraffe had made a habit of practicing the art of lucid dreaming. And it was an *art*. It took dozens of attempts and hours of practicing for the giraffe to get to where she was with it, and she had still only ever had a few minutes at best of the experience before she realized where she was and got rudely yanked back into the real world, with naught but a quickly fading memory of the dream itself. Writing things down from your dreams to remember them was a crucial part of learning the skill of lucid dreaming, but to Ferra, at this point it was just a disappointment, an indictment of her ability. *Look how much she had put in, she shouldn't need to write them down*, she thought!

Tonight was different, though. Ferra didn't try to lucid dream every night. It wasn't actual sleep, it didn't rest your body, trying to do it every night would just *destroy* her. But this night in particular, she was

planning on it, and the giraffe really felt like she was getting close to a breakthrough with this. Ferra was teetering over the edge of a cliff looking down into the beautiful, untapped and unfettered world of her own mind, and she just needed one *tiny little* push to get her to jump down into it. She just didn't really know what that push would be; she didn't even know if it would be something specific or just dumb luck! But, for some reason, tonight she was just *feeling* herself. An elation and positivity that she would have to suppress a little bit as she lay in bed and started to drift off...

A few minutes of intense focus and restfulness, combined and mixed in the perfect fashion, passed before the giraffe's eyes shot open again. Or, perhaps it would be more accurate to call them her mind-eyes; in the physical world, she was still very much asleep, but in the world of her dreams, the giraffe was wide awake. And exactly in the spot she wanted to be. Ferra had "spawned in", so to speak, right at the end of a city street, deep in a downtown center; tall, chromed buildings absolutely surrounding the giraffe on every side. But she wasn't being loomed over by their glass facades; no, in this dream, the giraffe was standing head and shoulders with these buildings, towering over the rest of the city with them as a few-hundred-feet tall ungulate!

The giraffe gained a childlike sense of wonder as the world beyond her opened up, though she had to be careful not to be too happy or too disbelieving of what was happening to her, lest the delicate balance of her lucidity be broken by the realization. No, she had to immerse herself in the situation, act like she belonged

here and that it was normal, or her brain would catch on to what she was doing and pull her right back out. That didn't mean that she couldn't take the time to really absorb and appreciate the beauty of the sprawling cityscape that her own mind had cooked up for her, though! The giraffe tentatively stepped around as gingerly as she could, before realizing that not crushing trees and cars and making holes and craters in the concrete was essentially impossible to do at her size. "Oh, *hello* there~" Ferra said to herself as she looked to her side and locked eyes with an office on the 90th floor, dozens of office workers staring at the giraffe snout that filled up their windows like she was a meteor about to crash into the Earth! "Geez, they really are so small...I wonder if I could just..." the giraffe continued to think to herself, the more lurid thoughts that led to this experimentation in the first place now creeping back into her brain after she got past the hump of not pulling herself out of the fantasy. Slowly, that long, thick, purplish giraffe tongue started to slip out from between her lips, hovering in the air like a tentacle just a few inches away from the massive glass window that kept those employees away from the outside world, and more importantly, the giant giraffe that was stomping around outside!

The entire building shook as Ferra's tongue splattered right against that window, leaving a slimy smear trail of thick giraffe drool as she just swabbed the whole window like she was a window cleaner! Of course, these windows were not really getting clean from the assault of giraffe tongue, nor were the employees enjoying the sudden blot of slimy darkness that was now covering up their lovely view...! Pure chaos

erupted inside the office as the very foundation of the building started to shake, a deep, purple expanse splattering all over the glass facade as Ferra just continued to slobber and slurp slowly along the window. Opening her mouth as wide as it could go, letting all those tinies peer down into her **deep** gullet...before it rushed forward and enveloped nearly the entire window! God, she was just sucking on the glass now; of course, it didn't taste good, or like much at all honestly, but that wasn't the point. The point was to tease the *hell* out of all those office workers, give them a story to go home with...and the giraffe was certainly accomplishing that!

"*Mmh...*" Ferra groaned as she retreated back from the building, that little noise rumbling the air around her and shaking the building all by itself with her truly massive size! "Snacks in a nice, glass shell..." she ruminated as she licked her lips, her words so booming and loud that it was honestly kind of difficult for the people inside to hear; regardless, it still sent them into even more of a panic, and that reaction was *probably* deserved. Ferra's tongue was rearing up like a snake, ready to pounce on something...and that something just happened to be the one barrier between those employees and the giant giraffe! In this dream-like state, Ferra didn't have to worry about any consequences or pain from what she was about to do, so...she just *sent* it! Plunging her tongue right against the glass, hearing and feeling everything shatter in front of her as the glass broke into a million tiny pieces from the power of her thick tongue. Some of them sticking to her slimy appendage, some scattering on the office floor, most falling onto the streets below. The

long, drippy tongue scooped up everything in its path, from cubicles to more shards of glass to various employees who were unlucky enough to be in the blast radius, or hiding in something that she errantly licked up! It was like watching an anteater, honestly; Ferra pursing her lips up and pressing them against the building's frame as her tongue burrowed deep inside, poking and probing around and just generally making a *huge* mess of the entire floor. Ferra rooted around for a good few seconds, reeling out foot after foot of her massive tongue to sweep up as many tasty snacks up as she could. And by the time she was done, there were countless squirmy people of all species and sizes and genders stuck to her tongue, imparting so many distinct little flavors onto her palate as she reeled them back in. So many different little people that her brain had cooked up, but they were all just going to be little morsels and toys for the giraffe to enjoy~

Ferra had managed to collect a healthy mouthful of those squirmy treats on her first go, but as she sucked all of them off of her tongue and gulped that big mass down, she was already looking for *more*. And now that she had cleared out the floor a little bit, she could see where everyone and everything else was hiding...and also that the building she had chosen wasn't actually *that* long. In fact, she probably could stick her tongue through the whole thing and pierce the other side if she wanted to...and as she thought about that idea, the more she actually wanted to go through with it, hee! The giraffe gripped both sides of the building with her hands to keep it from shaking so much as she pursed her lips up once more, that tongue springing forward and splatting against the floor of the office! Sliding and



squishing around through every last inch and crevice, making sure to scoop up any remaining snacks and crumbs that she had missed earlier...or who were hiding from her street sweeper of a tongue! The long, purple thing just continued to unreel, eventually splattering against the back window with messy drops of saliva that were probably big enough to encase an entire person inside of them if anyone was still unlucky enough to be around. Like a snake rearing up to strike, that tongue reeled back once more, before Ferra gave it all in one quick, decisive movement! The huge, glass window absolutely **shattered** against the onslaught of the giraffe's tongue, crumbling to the ground as Ferra curved and coiled the appendage around the side of the building...slurping and slathering sticky drool over the glass that was still intact. *Geez*, the thing was so long that she could almost loop it back around to her snout! That was a funny thought to be sure, but she needed to reel her tongue back in and take that mouthful before they started flying off of her tongue...

In the blink of an eye, Ferra's tongue had reeled all the way back into her mouth, sliding back one more time to pick up any loose crumbs before gulping down the next mouthful of office workers she had snatched up. A bit more filling than the last one, but that really wasn't the point of what the giraffe was doing...it was the fact that she was so big that she could just *bully* a building around like that! And as she stood before the quickly-crumbling infrastructure, wondering if she was going to take her tongue to another floor...something *else* came to her mind. She **WAS** nude out here, after all, and this building was almost

perfectly at chest height for her...a smile crossed her snout, before the giraffe leaned forward and gripped her sizable breasts in each of her hands! Pulling them apart as she moved forward, finding that her cleavage was *just* big enough to contain the entire building.

*Perfect~* The giraffe sighed breathily as she slotted the building right between her tits, slowly crouching and then standing back up as she gave the entire building a tit job like it was a huge cock! Funnily enough, having two incredibly-fat tits squeezing on either side of the building actually *helped* to keep it more stable for the time being. The damage she had done with her tongue was patently irreparable, though, so as soon as she gave her tits a break, the whole thing would come crumbling down like a Jenga tower! Good thing for all the micros inside that Ferra wasn't planning to stop for quite a while, though a few of them were starting to stay behind to enjoy the show that they were getting from the inside...

Ferra was really starting to get into this now, one hand gripping one of her breasts while the other slipped between her legs as she thought about the fact that quite literally everyone around could see what she was doing. In fact, it was pretty much inescapable considering that Ferra was now just part of the city skyline, a fact that only seemed to make the giraffe even hornier as she thought about it...looking away from the building that she had spent most of her attention on to the streets below, seeing the cars that had piled up and the crowds that had gathered around her, looking up with a mixture of confusion, awe, and terror. Most of the crowd started to quickly disperse once they saw that Ferra had shifted her attention to

them, but a curious few were actually starting to move forward and coalesce around Ferra's huge, gray hooves...at first, the giraffe was a little bit worried about her ability to step and maneuver her way around the crowds and the cars without stomping right on them, but, well...they weren't *real*, after all, so she didn't have to worry about maybe squishing a few of them underhoof, right? It seemed like that was what some of them wanted, if they were getting so close, after all...besides, she'd have to move away from this building at some point~

After a few more seconds deciding on the best path for her to take, Ferra stepped away from the building, dislodging it from between her breasts after one last little pump of the titjob she was giving it! Stepping down on those little people, they almost felt like crumbs; and, owing to the fact that this was still a dream, when she picked up her foot expecting to see a bit of carnage, she was just met with a bunch of squirmy people flattened under her hoof! Well, **that** certainly made her feel a lot better about stomping around this city, even if it was still entirely inside of her head regardless! And, in fact, seeing the squirming people stuck to the bottom of her hooves, wiggling around helplessly...it actually gave her a *bit* of an idea. No use in letting any of these micros her brain had conjured up go to waste, after all! So, that tongue came rolling out of her mouth once more, splattering along the underside of her gray hoof and slurping along the flat, hard surface, scooping up every last micro and car that was stuck to it and reeling them back into her mouth, just like the office floor she had swept earlier! Of course, the underside of her hoof didn't taste the

best, but that wasn't really what she was doing this for, of course...it was to feel all those little snacks squirming on her tail, then in her mouth and down her throat! And that was exactly what she got to experience just a few seconds later, with the added bonus of a few crunchy cars to chew on for some added texture as she gulped that mass of people down and sent them to where a good amount of the rest of the population were now stewing. Not nearly as much as Ferra would have potentially liked, but, well, she only had so much time in this dream, and she wanted to do more than just eat everything in sight...despite most of what she was getting up to around here so far!

Ferra continued to make hoofprints in the concrete of the downtown area of this city as she made her way across the main street, eyeing up her next target: a slightly shorter, but much thinner skyscraper on the other side of the street, its shape giving the giraffe just the perfect idea of what to use it for! She'd have to stretch her spine out as far as it could possibly go, and get onto her tiptoes as well, but it could...*just...barely*...work. That was the thought Ferra had as she spread her legs apart and sort of awkwardly waddled her way towards the building. The very top of its facade scraping by the insides of her legs as she took her spot atop the building, looking around at all the people who were watching her do this! Honestly...that just made the slickness that was building between her legs just grow even more, though! She would need all of that lubrication down there, for what she was about to do...

Ferra's legs immediately stopped burning as she crouched down, feeling that building immediately starting to slide up into her nethers as she basically speared herself right onto it! The giraffe *gasping* as she let the building take all of her weight at once, more than ready for the thing to just snap in half and her ass to fall down to the ground, in a very embarrassing and probably not too pleasant fashion! But, the building held, at least for now, though it was wobbling back and forth quite a bit as it slid up between the giraffe's slick folds. The feeling, though...it was **incredible**, wow! So filling, more filling than any dildo or cock she had ever taken before. In fact, the thing was starting to press up against a wall deep inside Ferra, something she had honestly never experienced before...was this thing really pressing all the way into her cervix *already*? Either way, the spot she had found herself in was honestly rather comfortable, so she could rest here for a few moments before rising back up and repeating the cycle, truly starting to ride this skyscraper properly! Imagining the insane view that everybody inside was getting right now..

The spot she was in felt kind of nice for a brief moment, but it was kind of like wall sits if she stayed for too long; so soon, the giraffe's legs came back to life, Ferra *gasping* and *cooing* as she slowly pushed herself back up, the building returning to the outside world with a healthy, drippy layer of slick feminine fluids...those standing beneath perhaps lucky enough to be showered in it if they stood close enough to the wobbly skyscraper! Though at that distance, or lack thereof, they were also liable to be stepped on by the giraffe, or perhaps even worse, in the path of the many

pieces of falling debris that were coming off of the building as it was quickly determined that it was not built to withstand the weight of a several-hundred-or-thousand-ton giraffe using it as a sex toy! Honestly a ridiculous thing for the architects not to prepare for...Ferra was just doing her civil service as the local giant giraffe testing all the buildings around her and their structural capabilities. In her own special way, of course~

Speaking of wobbly, that was how Ferra's legs were continuing to feel as she kept up this rhythm of riding the building, both from the position she was in and from the pleasure that was racking her body in the moment! She was really starting to feel the burn in her legs at this point, but at the same time, she could also start to feel a powerful orgasm starting to surge up out of her loins, and she knew that if she could just hold on for a few more minutes, it would all be *more* than worth it in the end. There was no way that she could fit all of this skyscraper into herself, even at this size, but she could get quite impressively close, honestly. Especially as the building continued to punch and press at the deepest parts of her nethers...*oh, fuck*, was it penetrating up into her womb? Was *that* what that felt like!? This honestly wasn't the place she was expecting or hoping to first experience that sensation, but it was what was happening now, so she had better get used to it, and *quickly* as well! Her cervix was being spread wide open by the pointed, sharp building, though the pressure inside of the giraffe's body was quickly reducing those sharp corners to slightly more palatable rounded ones, more suitable for what Ferra was currently using it for. *God*, that

feeling, though, it was really starting to push her to her limit, push her over the hump...just a few more reps of this, and she was going to...**god**, was she really going to...!

The building just snapped in half underneath Ferra as the giraffe reached her orgasm, her shrill *shrieks* of pleasure echoing all throughout the downtown area and beyond! The first half shooting all the way up into her nethers, and the other half fallen underneath the giraffe as Ferra's ass **slammed** right onto the foundation of the building, a tidal wave of rich femcum absolutely dousing the crowd who had gathered around the monstrously-large giraffe, flooding the streets of the metropolitan area as well. It was an *unbelievable* sensation, completely dominating the giraffe's body as she just let her inhibitions melt away with the cascade of her own orgasm that was flooding out from between her legs...**god**, what a feeling! The part of the building that was inside of her was almost *halfway* up inside of her womb, and with how the giraffe was positioned, there wasn't a way that it was going to get out of there anytime soon, to be honest...that was okay, though. For now, the giraffe could relax and bask in her afterglow, panting and gasping and enjoying the feeling of realizing what she had just done washing over her.

...At least until she woke up, that was. It turned out that having a ridiculously powerful orgasm inside of your brain tended to wake you up! *Goodness*, though, was said orgasm intense. The giraffe felt sweaty, her heart was pounding inside of her chest...it was only then that she realized that there was quite a bit of

slickness between her legs! That...was quite a bit awkward, actually. She would definitely have to clean that up, and probably wash her blanket alongside it. For the time being, though, she could just sit here for a few moments, let herself come down from the rollercoaster ride she was just on...and celebrate the fact that she had successfully pulled off a lucid dream~



# Sacrificial Party

*cw: goddess worship, oral/anal vore, living insertion/partial unbirth, multiple prey, belching, digestion, femdom, nipple play*

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It was Neomi's *favorite* day of the month.

The sharkess *was* a goddess, after all. And all gods and goddesses required some sort of sacrifice from their worshippers to appease them. Every month, the tiny people she lorded over would make the trip down to the coastline, through marshes and swamps and all sorts of harsh terrain, to find the bay that the shark called her home. Plenty of small people would be offered up to her, as toys, snacks, or...well, *whatever* she felt like doing with them! Most often they were convicts or other people that were better off as shark fat, but sometimes she had regular people of all shapes and species to play around with as she saw fit. And, as the morning sun started to shine through the trees that surrounded her home, Neomi could hear the calls and chants of her followers off in the distance...

Unfortunately, she had slept in a little bit today. “Oh geez, oh crap...” the shark girl mumbled as she lay submerged deep in the bay, trying her best to look as godly and imposing as possible in the few minutes she had before her subjects arrived. A few of them had

started to clear through the brush, awed and amazed as they looked upon the sparkling-blue water and white sandy beaches that were purported to be the home of their goddess...most of these people had never even *seen* the sea, and had only lived with artistic depictions of Noemi's size and stature, so their eyes twinkled as they walked through the grass and sand to the foot of the bay...even those who were only here because they were condemned.

The man who was leading them, a wolf-like creature dressed in red robes, stepped to the very edge of the water before pulling out a small book and starting to chant passages from the pages. "*Oh*, great Neomi, goddess of life and earth and all that is and ever will be, we are humbled today to sacrifice ourselves to you for your everlasting health and satisfaction..."

"*Shit*, he's already starting..." Neomi thought to herself as she floated just underneath the surface of the water, still not quite ready to make her grand entrance once the chanting had finished...it would take another few minutes, but at this point, she just had to go with what she looked like already. Usually she was able to doll herself up and make herself look truly imposing and powerful and attractive...but, today it seemed like she would have to wing it a little bit more! Not like her subjects would care much, though. They didn't have a choice.

As soon as the wolf finished his incantation, everyone started to feel the ground beneath them shaking and rumbling. The water in the bay started to vibrate and ripple out from the center, inspiring gasps of awe from the sacrifices, the fumbling and vibrating only getting more and more intense until they saw...**her**. Neomi's golden locks of hair shimmered in the early morning sun as she emerged from the water, a bay that extended beyond the horizon to the eyes of her followers, though it was barely more than the size of a lavish bathtub to the macro shark goddess! A few of them immediately dropped to their knees as the goddess emerged, her snout graced with an imposing, toothy smile as drops of water splashed down on the onlookers (often considered as lucky or a blessing!). Her healthy, bouncing bosom was next, the golden shimmer of the flesh of her nipples almost blinding a few of the people beneath her...

Neomi only chose to reveal herself up to the waist, at least for the moment. Her breasts and creamy-white belly, fattened by years after years of loyal sacrifices, were *more* than enough for her subjects to ogle currently! The sharkess cleared her throat before speaking, the rumbling of her voice shaking the ground beneath her subjects and causing birds in the trees to scatter. **"Welcome to my home, my children. You have been selected as offerings to my beauty and health, and it is for that which I will use you..."** Neomi spoke, causing even more of the sacrifices to kneel and bow before her, one of the goddess's arms reaching down to snatch up her monthly offerings. The red-hooded wolf nodded and dispersed from the

group as the shadow of Neomi's open, grasping hand fell over the sacrifices; some trembling, some whimpering, and others in awe - *and arousal* - at their goddess's true form. Regardless of how they felt, though, they were going to be part of her eventually!

Neomi easily scooped up all of the sacrifices with a single hand; clawed, golden fingers and a black palm encasing all of them as she slowly started to lift her catch up off the ground. At the same time, she lifted herself up out of the water a bit more, revealing more of her belly and leaning back so that it could be used as a "landing pad" of sorts for the tinies...chunks of sand slipped through her fingers as she lowered her hand to her tummy, hearing it *growl* impatiently right before she let go of all her sacrifices...

A few of them yelled as they were suddenly dropped to the ground, bouncing and squishing against their goddess's pudgy tummy in honestly quite a soft landing! Neomi giggled as she watched all of them floundering around on her belly, making sure she was above water so they didn't slip into the bay. "Alright, my lovely subjects...I think *you'll* be first~" she said, even the lowest voice she could manage bowling her subjects over as she reached down to pinch and pick up a small cheetah-looking fellow, the tiny squirming in her hand as she brought him up to eye level. His contemporaries were a mix of aghast and reverent at his luck to go first as Neomi sized him up, figuring out exactly what he wanted to do with the cheetah. She always had *so many options*...

But, why not start out with the simplest one? She would need energy to process the rest of these sacrifices anyway, and the cheetah did look pretty *tasty*...Neomi could hear his tiny, high-pitched cries as she raised the micro above her head, giving him quite the view as she *sloooooowly* opened her jaws wide! Rows of sharp, blindingly-white teeth glinted in the sunlight, all of them framing a golden forked tongue that was undulating and ushering the cheetah to just let go and fall inside! *God*, this was the mouth of the goddess he had heard of and revered for so long...always told it was his destiny to nourish her, and now it...oh geez, it was *actually happening*! The cheetah was dangling just inches above Neomi's wide-open mouth, everything beneath him that golden flesh...

Then, Neomi casually let her little snack go, watching as the cheetah fell right into her open maw, seeing all the other sacrifices still on her belly watching what was happening in awe. The cheetah's long tail stuck out from between Neomi's lips as she **clamped** her jaws shut, giving her something to loudly slurp up as she felt the tiny squirming around inside of her maw...the little cheetah floundering around on top of her tongue as she got a good taste of the cat! A loud "*mmm...*" rumbled around the cheetah as he was tossed around inside his goddess's mouth, getting absolutely soaked in drool and gradually pushed to the back of her mouth until-

*\*glnk\**

Neomi traced the bulge in her throat as the cheetah descended in her gullet, the tiny morsel disappearing behind her collarbone in a matter of seconds. "Mmm, a good start..." the sharkess teased, slurping her lips as she looked back down at her belly, seeing how many tinies she still had to fool around with! Her hunger sated for a brief moment, the shark girl could consider some other things to do with the sacrifices she still had. And right now, the thought of that cheetah squirming in her belly was making her feel a bit horny...

The goddess absentmindedly reached down at her belly, picking up a sacrifice at random and bringing them up to one of her bare, round titties. She had loftier ideas for the micro in her hand, but for now, she needed to get a little bit of stimulus on her nipples...! Feeling the tiny cheetah wiggling around in her tummy, she mashed her open hand down on one of her nipples, pushing a finger against the back of the tiny's head and pressing them right into her open nipple! "Aaahhh, yesss, *that's* the spot..." Neomi started to moan, continuing to use the otter she picked up to stimulate her breast while her other hand started to flounder around for another sacrifice she could use as a more traditional toy. The clawed hand wiggled and squirmed around for a while on Neomi's stomach before latching onto another sacrifice, a small dragon lady who was quickly wrapped up and brought down between the goddess's legs. A distinct feminine musk was emanating from down below, making it obvious exactly what Neomi planned on doing with

this sacrifice while she stimulated her tit with another one...

“Aaah, **FUCK** yes...” the shark girl moaned out as she kept mashing the otter against her nipple, her other hand deftly maneuvering the dragoness around inside of it until her scaly, pointy head was facing right against the shark’s golden, *drooling* netherlips. The poor sacrifice didn't even have any time to start screaming or yelling before she was *plunged* right between those folds, slick feminine fluids lubricating her entrance as Neomi shoved her as deep inside of there as she possibly could, using the dragoness as little more than a ribbed, squirmy dildo! it wasn't the *worst* thing she could use them for, technically...

And all this movement was helping to mix up the cheetah that was in her stomach as well, the small sacrifice being thrown around from wall to wall and being doused in all sorts of chemicals and acids that started to make their fur tingle and even *burn* a little bit...he could hear every huff and cry of pleasure from his goddess, sounds that only turned him on even more. He was such an insignificant little morsel, so much so that Neomi had probably already forgotten about him already, having moved on to her next toy while her stomach grumbled and churned over the small sacrifice. It probably already wanted to be filled with more of them; after all, a true goddess's hunger knew *no* bounds!

Wet *schlicking* noises came from between Neomi's legs as she continued to use the dragoness as a toy, finding herself enjoying this little dildo usage a lot more than what she was doing with the other one on her breasts...and she was still hungry, after all! So, after another minute or so of pressing the little otter into her tit, she pulled her hand away, almost immediately bringing it up to her snout and once again dangling someone right in front of her mouth...though this time, it was right in front of her as opposed to above her. The little otter squirmed and kicked as the scruff of his neck was pinched between the goddess's claws, being brought closer and closer to her toothy maw while she continued to *vigorously* masturbate with the dragon in her other hand. That tongue slipped out of her mouth once more, licking along her entire snout as she stared down the little treat. "I bet *you* taste like fish..." her booming voice came, everything pointing to the otter being about to take a slide down her gullet...

And that's definitely what was going to happen, but something interrupted Neomi before she could open wide. Something rumbling up out of her abdomen, forcing her lips open in a harsh, loud ***\*BWWwwaaaAAAAarrppp...\****! The stomach gas rushed out of her mouth, blowing the otter back like a strong gust of wind and giving them quite the preview of what was to come once they were packed inside the goddess's gut! Definitely a strong scent, one tinged with acids and the faint odor of meat. Not exactly the most appetizing... especially when the otter ended up being splattered in drool that **also** stank of shark guts! He started to frantically get the gross, slimy stuff off of



his sleek fur, a little bit too occupied to even notice that Neomi was bringing him closer and closer to those hungry jaws.

He *definitely* noticed when they clamped around him, though.

As Neomi continued snacking down, the ground beneath the rest of the sacrifices was starting to get a little bit less solid. None of them *dared* to try and make a break for it, so they were forced to stand there as the guts beneath them started to churn and digest away, a few of them even feeling the bumps that the trapped cheetah's struggles were making when he first slid into the stomach. A few of them were disgusted, but most considered him lucky to have gone first, their tiny hands even starting to rub over Neomi's gurgling tum as it broke down the snack inside, hoping that their goddess would select them to join the lucky cheetah next...*or*, perhaps, to even go in a different way!

Only the otter's legs stuck out from between Neomi's lips a few seconds later, the shark using her fingers to push them inside of her mouth before suckling the last of the otter's taste off of the tips of her claws! They exited her maw with a wet *\*pop\**, Neomi taking a few seconds to swish the otter around in her mouth before tipping her head back once more and tracing the tiny bulge descending her throat as she took a soft *\*glnk\**. "Like a fishy noodle..." the goddess commented as said fishy noodle was shoved down into her gullet, going

much the same way the cheetah did, though his ride was a lot...*bumpier*...as Neomi started to fondle herself once more. It still didn't take the otter long to slide right into Neomi's gut, however, the darkness at least sparing him from seeing what was left of the coyote that had joined him earlier...the stomach acids were doing a great job of melting him down, a gooey soup sloshing around inside that the otter was now bathing in - and that he surely would contribute to in short time! Just like her throat, Neomi's belly shook and sloshed around as she vigorously got off, throwing the morsel around inside and coating him in all sorts of enzymes within just a few moments.

*\*UuuuHHHhrrrrpp~\** the shark goddess belched as she felt the otter settling in her tummy, a fishy taste wafting out on her breath as the hand containing her dragoness toy started to come to a stop. She had certainly enjoyed using the ribbed reptile as a tiny dildo, but there were some other needs that the dragoness would be useful for; namely, an orifice just to the south of the place she had been shlicking in and out of for the past few minutes...yes, Neomi's golden pucker was hungry as well, and with the dragoness all lubricated with Neomi's feminine fluids, she was a perfect choice to slide right inside! Neomi could feel the dragoness fidgeting in her grasp as she hovered over the golden, fleshy ring, just yawning open and flexing like a sand pit eager to snatch up whatever was unfortunate enough to touch it! The ring was more than big enough to swallow up the dragoness in just one clench as well...it must have been a sight to

behold, if not for the fact that she was about to be shoved right inside it!

Neomi had to try her hardest to not swallow up the whole dragoness with one clench of her ass as she gently slid those scaly, clawed feet inside of her hole, a shiver running up the goddess's spine as she felt that contact being made. Her other hand had moved to playing with her slit while she slowly pushed the sacrifice inside her ass, her brilliant flesh easily getting a good hold on the dragoness and refusing to let her go, despite the wiggling and struggling the sacrifice was making...even for those who thought of being sacrificed to Neomi as the ultimate pleasure, being shoved the other way in was a *bit* much! But, Neomi *always* got what she wanted, and so the dragoness watched with tense breaths as she continued to sink deeper into her goddess's asshole, feeling the flesh teasingly tugging at her body and making it ever so apparent that she could completely disappear inside in the blink of an eye. The inside of Neomi's anus was already squeezing tight around her, pulling her deeper even without the shark girl needing to push her little toy inside...it would all be *so* easy. Just *one* clench, and...

*\*sshlrp!\**

Neomi huffed a breath or two out as she felt the dragoness get pulled inside of her, a tiny wriggling bulge now inside her rectum and beginning the long

journey through her maze of intestines. “*Ohhh, yeah,* keep the squirming up in there...” her booming voice echoed around the trapped dragoness, the tone more than implying that she was busy fingering herself as she enjoyed the feeling of her toy slipping deep into her pulsating guts - because that's *exactly* what she was doing! Unashamedly penetrating herself, a dopey smile spreading across her face as she looked down at the remaining sacrifices she had left to toy around with...this specific bout of fun had awoken a bit of a hedonistic streak in the shark girl, though, so her next action was sweeping a hand across her belly, picking up perhaps four or five of her sacrifices in one handful and bringing them up to her mouth, tipping her head back and dropping them inside her hungry jaws like they were nothing but crumbs...which, to a goddess like herself, they basically *were* at the end of the day! Her teeth clamped shut as she felt all those sacrifices squirming around on her tongue, Neomi not even really taking the time to taste them before tipping her head back further and sending them all down to her churning gut with a wet, thick *\*gglnnk!\**. All this time, her other hand was still down between her legs, alternating between plunging into her nether lips and feeling over her lower belly to see how far along the dragoness had come since she shoved them into her ass. Every pelvic clench she made just sucked her toy deeper and deeper inside of her, so she was a lot farther along than she would have been naturally...all the better chance of her actually reaching her goddess's stomach mostly intact!

And, as the bulge of three or four or five sacrifices all compressed into one swallow traveling down the shark goddess's throat, her attention turned to her belly once more. Her eyebrows perked up, realizing that only one sacrifice had managed to escape her ravenous pred binge: a small, fox-looking fellow, who seemed absolutely enamored by everything that was going on, eagerly rubbing at Neomi's stomach as it churned away at snack after snack. "Guess it's just me and you now, huh?" Neomi asked, chuckling at how down-to-earth she was being right now, addressing a worshipper so directly...

The fox flinched as he heard himself being addressed, just now being pulled out of his trance and realizing that he was the last sacrifice left in this batch! He looked up to see Neomi staring right down at him, the shark girl flashing a shiny, toothy smile that nearly blinded him in the sunlight as Neomi started to reach down to pick him up...the fox was obviously so intimidated that he was almost frozen in place, every thought in the back of his mind telling him that there was nothing he could do at this point except allow his goddess to do whatever she wanted with him. He had spent his whole time here thinking about how he felt about his situation, but even with that much time he hadn't really come to a conclusion...and it seemed like Neomi had decided that his thinking time was *over!*

Those clawed, yellow fingers scooped up the tiny sacrifice without much fanfare, keeping him secure in the goddess's grip as Neomi brought him up to her

face. It took a little bit of finagling, but eventually she let the fox's head pop out from between her fingers, allowing him to look forward and come face-to-face with Neomi's long, golden-tipped snout! Almost immediately, the fox felt the blood leave his face, his eyes widening as the scale of what was happening truly revealed itself to him...why, he was barely bigger than one of those glinting teeth! Neomi could more than easily bite him in half right now, and yet...he had some sort of confidence that she wouldn't. He didn't know what she would do, but it wouldn't be that...*gory*.

The shark girl could sense her sacrifice's uneasiness, and decided to play a little nice, giving him the most comforting smile she could possibly give in this position...though, a few seconds later, she felt something rumbling up out of her guts, blowing away that veil of friendliness with a thick, rank **\*BHHHhhuuuuUUUuu-aaaAAAAaarrrrp\*** that blasted right into the fox's face, stale shark breath rushing past him and splattering him with a fair bit of drool as well! Neomi covered her lips for a moment, but any semblance of embarrassment was also blown away when she started to giggle uproariously. “Heh, *oops~...*” she trailed off, wiping some of the spittle off her hand as she brought her last sacrifice of the day closer. She could see the fox trying to hide the blush that came to his face, only resulting in even more giggling as she started to purse her lips right up against the little sacrifice. “Ohh, you’re **so cute**, I could just...”

*\*ssshLRP\**

...could just eat him up! With her lips pressed against her hand, Neomi sucked the tiny sacrifice right into her maw, feeling him squirming around on the fleshy, unstable ground that was her golden tongue. She had all day to toy around with this last snack, so she did exactly that, reclining back in the water and rubbing over her churning guts while she played around with the fox in her mouth. Her tongue got absolutely *everywhere*, even grinding up against the fox's bits a little bit, Neomi unable to stifle another giggle as she felt him squirming madly from the stimulation! Soon, he was soaked head to toe in goddess spit, pinned against her cheeks, underneath her tongue, always gradually being brought closer to the hole in the back of her mouth. Neomi could swallow at any time and send this little fox right down to where the rest of the sacrifices were churning, and both of them knew that...the fox shivered with some mix of anticipation and fear every time he felt the world around him twitch or shake or move around. It would be so easy for her to just, go ahead and...

*\*glnk\**

And that's *exactly* what Neomi did. With a powerful contraction of her throat muscles, she swallowed the little fox down, barely making a bulge in her throat before disappearing past her collarbone and sliding inside of his goddess's tummy in just a few moments,

making a splash landing of sorts as he joined the squirming sacrifices he had just watched Neomi gulp down! All Neomi could remember was his taste, delectable yet soft and smooth...*delicious*. Feeling the last of her meal starting to settle in, the shark goddess let out a victorious *\*BHHhhuuuuUUUrrrrpp\** before disappearing back beneath the waves, just as the moon started to rise over her domain. Another satisfying sacrifice, that was easily apparent...



# DMV Disaster

*cw: anger-induced growth, macro rampage/destruction, oral/anal vore, vehicle vore, building insertion, the dmv (no, really)*

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This wait was *killing* Sammy.

The hippo was in line at the DMV to get his license renewed, and it seemed that he could not have picked a *worse* day to come downtown and do this. It had been over an hour at this point, and he was still sitting in his chair, thumbing through the *same* issue of Golf Digest for the *30th* time. Minutes felt like *hours*, seconds like an *eternity*...and, fuck, he *swore* he had seen that snake chick come in way after he did! He had been tapping his fingers in the same spot for so long that there were indents in the faux mahogany armrest, and he was strongly considering just getting out of here and coming back on Thursday...but the sunken cost fallacy kept him here, at least for the moment. He wasn't going to waste an hour waiting in this hellscape and not walk out with **SOMETHING**...

"338?"

That robotic voice came, the one he had heard over and over and *over* again for the past hour. Sammy barely even bothered to check the piece of paper that was somehow still in his hand. There was no way that would be him. And yet, when the hippo glanced down, he saw that he was holding the numbers that had been called. "Fucking ***finally***..." the hippo mumbled under his breath as he slowly got to his feet, knees and elbows cracking as they moved for the first time in a good *long* while. He stumbled his way up to the open desk, paper in hand as a raccoon who looked just about as dead inside as he felt awaited him.

"Welcome to the Department of Motor Vehicles, what can I help you with today?" the raccoon asked, glancing at the clock every chance he could get to see how close it was to break time.

"I gotta get my license renewed." Sammy replied in a gruff voice, reaching for his pocket and beginning to pull out his wallet to begin the process.

"Okay. Do you have a birth certificate or some other form of ID on you?" the raccoon asked almost immediately, not giving Sammy time to even start pulling out his wallet.

The hippo stopped for a moment.

"I...I need *another* form of ID?" the hippo stammered, with an unbelieving tone in his voice. He had never needed another form of ID before. Usually the expired license was more than enough considering he was, er, *quite* recognizable. "Yes, we require something like a birth certificate or bank statement or something like that to prove your identity. If you don't have one, you'll have to come back later..."

Sammy had to stop listening at that point. as soon as he heard that he was most likely going to be leaving this line empty-handed, something was surging up inside of him. He knew the feeling. He knew it well. It was anger; the most powerful kind of anger.

"S-sir, are you...**growing!**?" the raccoon cried out, recoiling back as the hippo in front of him seemed to be getting taller by the minute! It was quite simple, really - when Sammy got mad, he got **big**. And right now, the hippo was absolutely **peeved**. His clothes were starting to tear at the seams as he continued to swell up in size, easily having sprouted an extra foot or so of height already - and he had so much to go still! Everyone in the DMV was either staring or panicking now, and Sammy hadn't even *said* anything yet...

"So you're telling me that...after waiting in line for an **hour**...I need a **BIRTH CERTIFICATE** now!?" the hippo yelled, the end of his sentence being punctuated by another growth spurt. The raccoon looked visibly

shaken, stammering as he tried to answer Sammy's question while quickly being dwarfed by the hippo's shadow! "Y-yes, but I-I can make an exception in the sys-"

He didn't get to finish his sentence. Sammy's fist plowed through the divider between the two of them, snatching up the raccoon and pulling him right back to face each other snout-to-snout. The DMV worker was yelling at the top of his lungs as he got thrown around like a doll, but his screams were quickly stifled by Sammy. Howso? Well, you see, growing always made Sammy *hungry*. And he had a whole building full of snacks right in front of him...

The top of Sammy's head bumped against the ceiling as the hippo leaned back a little bit, opening his jaws as wide as they could go and giving the raccoon a *sterling* view of his awaiting gullet! In the blink of an eye, the racc was stuffed right into Sammy's mouth, the hippo's strong jaws **clamping** shut around his meal's midsection...he was easily twice this raccoon's size now, so packing him away would be no problem, especially considering Sammy just continued to grow! The DMV erupted into chaos upon seeing this happen, most people fleeing, a few trying to save the raccoon...but Sammy only gave him a good tasting, his slimy tongue matting the raccoon's fur in all sorts of places. All the hippo did in the middle of this chaos was tip his head back, destroying the ceiling of the DMV as he took a mighty *\*gllnk~\**, sucking more than half of his meal's body down his hungry gullet. Only

the raccoon's tail stuck out from between Sammy's lips, quickly being dwarfed by the navy blue hippo's body as he continued to grow and grow...

That tail was casually slurped up by Sammy, being sucked down his throat to join the rest of the raccoon as the growing hippo already eyed his next meal. A few people were late on fleeing the crumbling, destroying DMV...and they looked *delicious!* Sammy had to be 12, 15 feet tall at this point, stomping towards the building's exit with the aim of scooping up the wolf, otter, and pheasant he had seen fleeing the wreckage. "***I HATE THE DMV!!!***" the hippo shouted at the top of his lungs as another growth spurt happened, what was left of his clothes completely ripping apart and leaving the 20-foot tall hippo completely nude minus the underwear wrapped around his knees! As he bent down to snatch the three snacks up, he thought about his fat ass and how everyone in the world could see it...and *that* gave him an idea.

Snatching up the fleeing furrries was easy enough for Sammy. All three of them squirmed in his grasp as the hippo's hand wrapped tight around them, Sammy now standing in the parking lot of the DMV with his whole body on display. He crouched down a little bit, reaching around with his snack-filled hand and placing it right behind his rump...but not before wiggling it at the frantic passersby, traffic all but completely stalled by Sammy's antics! With that little bit of fanfare complete, the hippo relaxed his pucker the best he could before shoving his hand forward, the

meaty shaft between his legs almost immediately springing to life as Sammy felt his asshole swallow all three of those guys up to their waists with no problem whatsoever! Hell, he went so deep that even his fingertips got swallowed up a bit, the hippo releasing his grip on the squirming snacks inside before pulling his hand out with a satisfyingly wet *\*pop\**! "Aaahh, **FUCK** yeah..." the hippo groaned out as he felt the snacks squirming and thrashing around inside of his ass, the tips of their feet just *barely* sticking out from between his ass cheeks. Sammy's bowels casually clenched a few times, slurping up a few more inches of his meals each time until they finally, *completely* disappeared into his hungry bowels...

Sammy had just gotten a taste of the macro life, though. standing at around 30 feet tall and starting to loom over a few of the apartment buildings that surrounded the DMV. At this point, most of the foot and car traffic was completely stalled, quite a few drivers slamming on their horns as Sammy stomped around and started to...well, do *whatever* he wanted to! His footprints left heavy prints in the asphalt of the road as Sammy started to stomp around, a tall office building gleaming in the sunlight showing off his reflection rather nicely... and that gave the hippo a little bit of an idea! Trying his best to avoid stepping on cars (at this size, the damn things felt like Legos), the hippo made his way down the street towards the building, watching his own reflection grow as he continued to increase in size and stature...though his rate of growth was starting to taper off a bit now that

his anger was somewhat fading, replaced with a little bit of ego-stroking!

"**Damn**, I look good." Sammy said as he stood in front of the glimmering building, noticing every little detail of his huge body and even a few of the people still inside of the building experiencing a mixture of panic and awe at what they were witnessing...a few of them were just, completely frozen in place, watching this gigantic hippo have his own little episode of vanity, reaching his arms above his head and starting to show off his body! Those wide hips, slightly-soft belly, and the swinging stick between his legs swaying to and fro with Sammy's every movement...they all reflected back at the hippo so perfectly. But that wasn't the *only* thing Sammy wanted to show off!

Slowly, the hippo turned himself around, getting an honestly fantastic view of the city (and his path of destruction) as he did so. The micros trapped in the tower he was using as an impromptu mirror soon got a view of his voluptuous, round, absolutely *massive* asscheeks, hovering just barely beyond the relative safety of the glass windows! Sammy craned his neck back around to get a look at himself, guffawing as he saw the people inside in the midst of absolute panic. "*Hah!* Enjoying the view?" the hippo taunted as he crouched down a bit, his rump soon making contact with those windows and grinding up and down along the side of the building! "Ohhh, *fuck* yeah, that feels nice..." Sammy groaned out, the cock between his legs stiffening and leaking out a few drops of pre that

splattered onto the roads below! The hippo was really starting to make a mess, but he certainly didn't care. Showing off his body to all these terrified tinies was far more important to him than the ones getting a warm shower below...

Sammy kept grinding his ass up and down the skyscraper for a few minutes, really giving the people inside one hell of a show and making a mess of the road beneath him in the process! In fact, the only thing that stopped him from this extremely hedonistic display of pleasure was a large bus, honking its horn as it attempted to get through the blockade of cars and asphalt that Sammy had created, mostly unintentionally. "**Ooohhh**..." the hippo exclaimed out loud, slowly pulling his ass away from the skyscraper and stomping over to the piled-up bus. It looked to be pretty full of people, from what he could see...like a metal candy bar! Or, perhaps, something *else*...his gut was still grumbling and wanting to be fed, but the hippo had a few more ideas for what to use these micros for. He reached down to snatch the yellow bus up in one hand, bringing it up to eye level and looking through all of the windows to see how many little snacks were trapped inside...

He almost wanted to swallow down the bus right here and now! But it was at this point that Sammy remembered the underwear wrapped around his legs. *Mmm*, having all these tinies squirming in his bulge...it sounded *perfect*! With the bus in one hand, Sammy reached down and pulled his stretchy underwear up,



the boxers seemingly being the only things that had managed to survive his growth spurt. Looking at the bus in his other hand, he soon grasped it with both of his hands, smiling as he started to *riiip* the entire chassis of the bus apart! It took awhile for the metal to give away, but eventually the harsh sounds of metal being ripped apart filled Sammy's ears. He had tipped the bus vertically so that all the people inside would be in the lower half, the hippo casually tossing the front of the bus that he had ripped off over his shoulders before bringing the rest of it down to crotch-level. "Heh, heh, I hope you all like hippo musk~" Sammy teased, stretching open the waistband to his underwear with one of his hands while he tipped the bus down with his other and quite literally started to *pour* all the people out into his bulge! The hippo bit his lip a little bit as he felt some of them slamming right into his throbbing cock, the squirmy little things getting all up in his package before he snapped the waistband shut on them! His undies were so tight, the hippo swore he could see the outlines of each one squirming as they were trapped and pressed tight against his shaft or balls...there had to be at least ten, maybe even *fifteen* of them in there! Satisfied with what this bus had to offer, Sammy casually tossed the rest of it over his other shoulder, not knowing or caring where it would end up. He already had his eyes on a different part of town, his squirmy bulge causing him to leak out a little bit of pre as he stomped his way through the streets of downtown.

There were so many cars and buses backed up downtown, that the hippo didn't even know where to

start! He just bent over and scooped up whatever he could grasp, coming up with a rather nice-looking car. From their perspective, the hippo's eyes filled up their windshield as his booming voice shook everything around them. "Boy, I sure wish *I* could drive..." Sammy scowled, casually reaching around to his underwear and pulling them down once more - but this time, it was the backside! His other hand reached back around there as well, not dropping the car into his shorts, but instead going down there with it and...hhnnff...*shoving* it right against his pucker! "Ohh yeah..." Sammy groaned as he felt the strange, boxy, metallic car scraping against his asshole, cold in a way that sent a shiver up his spine. His flesh relaxed enough for the hippo to start pressing the car inside, feeling quite a bit of resistance from its occupants...but the size difference between Sammy and this car was so large this point, that he could probably crush it just by clenching his ass tight...so they didn't have much of a choice in where they were going!

Sammy kept pushing the car inside with one of his fingers, until he felt it slide about halfway inside. At that point, both of his hands retreated, and he snapped his underwear back on, a dopey smile on his face as he felt his ass continue to swallow the unfortunate vehicle up with every step he took. His asshole clenched tight around the car, squeezing inward and making the people inside understandably freaked out that their barrier from the hungry flesh would be smashed...but that didn't happen. Instead, they just kept moving forward, until Sammy felt his pucker return to its normal size, the entire car crammed up

into his rectum and starting the long journey through the hippo's bowels...

And then Sammy did it *again*.

This time it was another bus, the hippo having spotted the large yellow vehicle from some distance away and immediately making his way over to it. Downtown was a complete mess at this point, but the hippo didn't care. All he wanted was to feel more things squirming and sliding through his guts! His ass was on full display, bouncing back and forth with every step to the thick hippo took and only being covered by a *very* thin layer of fabric. The only vehicles that were left downtown were mostly people still stuck in traffic or those hoping that all this would just...blow over. But Sammy was definitely not going to blow over for a while, *that* was for sure! He snatched that bus right up off the ground, not even bothering to look at how many people were inside before reaching around and pressing the front against his hungry, musky asshole. At this point, his flesh was more than ready to take basically whatever Sammy could shove up inside of it, the pucker relaxing as soon as Sammy applied pressure to the back of the bus with just one finger. "*Haaah...*" the hippo huffed out, bracing his body against a building as he pressed the bus right up into his bowels, his guts getting a hold of it and easily *\*shhhlrrrp\**ing it right up. Sammy's shaft was at full mast at this point, his cock leaking all over this building he was leaning against...well, if there was

anyone left inside of it, they would certainly be getting one hell of a show at the very least!

With the bus halfway inside of his ass, the hippo pulled his underwear back up, the tightness of the fabric pushing against the bus and helping it to slide up entirely inside of Sammy's bowels! There was actually a little bit of a bulge in his rear from where the bus was, but it soon disappeared as the bus disappeared inside of him. Perhaps it would even bump into the car that Sammy had shoved up there just a few minutes ago...all the hippo knew is that it felt absolutely *amazing*! He...he needed something ***bigger***, though. Cars and buses and people were great ass snacks, but at this size, Sammy would have to shove so many of them up there to actually start bulging out his lower belly...*hmmmm*...was he *actually* about to do this? Sammy eyed a building at about rear height ahead of him, very nicely shaped for him to...for him to *ride*!

But as he made his way over to the building, Sammy felt something weird happening in his bowels. It...it almost felt as if the bus he had crammed up in there a few minutes ago was slamming on its gas in reverse, trying as hard as it could to pull itself out of his slimy guts!

It was such an alien and foreign sensation to Sammy, but he soon started to enjoy it, enough so that he actually let the bus continue pushing itself out a little bit! Giving them a little bit of hope, perhaps. The

sensation of them trying to escape was only starting to rile up the hippo further, though, Sammy taking his time to turn around and align himself with the tip of this building while he played with his leaky cock. He was going to be shoving that bus back up inside of him in a **very** interesting way...

The only thing that Sammy was a bit worried about as he lowered his rear onto the top of this building was the lack of lube...but it wasn't like he would be able to get enough lube to cover this whole thing in the first place! The hippo shivered as he felt the building slide between his cheeks, the cold metal exterior rubbing up against his pucker in such a wonderful and unique way...he could still feel that bus revving up inside of him as well, probably just an inch or two away from his asshole at this point. "*Ohhh*, no ya don't~" Sammy taunted as he felt the building spreading his asshole wide open, the hippo starting to put more of his weight down onto the tower and letting it work its way inside. All the while, downtown was still in complete panic, seeing all these cars and buses and trucks crashed and ready to be devoured making Sammy's cock throb even harder and rain down precum onto the streets! The hippo had even pinned a car under one of his feet, keeping it close nearby in case he needed a little bit of extra horniness to really push himself to cum. Because that's definitely what he intended with this whole thing. He wanted to paint downtown with his musky load!

As Sammy started to ease himself further down on to this unfortunate tower, he felt a sort of collision happening inside of his bowels...the top of the building was now bumping against the back of the bus, the way the two objects were positioned leaving it impossible for the bus to continue its sneaky escape. Sammy gasped out as he felt the collision happening inside of him, putting down even more of his way down to the building and feeling it even start to crumble a little bit as it was forced up deeper into his rectum. "**FUCK** yeah~" the hippo moaned out, his asshole easily swallowing up more of the building and finally feeling and seeing that bulge in his belly he was so looking forward to. That bus was still slamming on the gas in there, trying to go in reverse, but they only ended up bumping into the back of that building over and over again, constantly being pushed deeper into hippo guts as Sammy's hungry ass continued disappearing the building he was sitting on.

The hippo slowly continued easing himself down onto this piece of architecture as he unashamedly jerked himself off for all the world to see, his stomach bulging considerably between his legs and his feet almost touching the ground again...he had a few feet of the building inside of him now, and he was starting to feel like he was bottoming out on the thing...not like it was disappointing or anything, though. He had *plenty* of this building to work with...

It was at this point that Sammy started to ride the building in earnest, using his feet to push against the

concrete and asphalt to help rise himself up on the tower before slamming back down onto it, all the while with a tight grip on his cock, stroking up and down madly. His dick had actually stopped leaking a little bit once he really got into it, the pre and cum building up for the big **explosion**...! A little bit more of the building was falling apart every time Sammy slammed his rear back down onto it, so he was kind of hoping that he would finish before it ended up crumbling to the ground!

Thankfully, it wouldn't take much longer. A powerful arousal surged out of the hippo's body as he **roared** out in orgasm a minute or two later, his cock turning into a diamond as it blasted out ropes of thick hippo jizz all over downtown. The sticky, goopy cum coated the streets, the buildings, the cars, even a few unlucky people who had still been wandering around downtown...but Sammy didn't notice or care. There was just so much of it, constantly *spewing* from his loins, the hippo reeling back and releasing the grip on his cock as he let his body empty itself out, basking in all the wonderful sensations as he still felt those cars and buses inside of him working deeper into his body. God, it was almost *too* much for the hippo! It felt absolutely fantastic, down to the very last drop that dribbled out of his cock as afterglow started to fill Sammy...

The hippo was left panting and gasping, slowly getting back to his feet and gently pulling himself up off of the building. Satisfied, but still huge, the hippo started to

work his way out of downtown...perhaps he would take a soiree in the country. Skinny dipping in that lake did sound *pretty* nice...