

The bulky tiger sprinted down the nature trail. He had already run 3 miles and was pushing for 10. Much to his dismay, this supposed 'exercise' was nothing to him. He had already been built up from his scrawny self in the past, a few beefy gym bros acting as a helpful stepping stone to his current greatness as a meal. Though as it stood now, all the meals he found added nothing to his body except for overall girth. This was acceptable, but he knew he could grow bigger, more muscles enough to intimidate even the biggest elephant. On his jog, he noticed a frail looking fox walking further along the trail. In an instant, he got the idea to eat the small fox, honoring him with being part of his muscle and living within him for as long as him. As appetizing as the idea was, he knew he could easily get a cramp and thus wasn't worth the effort. Despite that he always worked to ensure that there was a minimal amount of people affected by his meal's disappearance. As he jogged by the fox, he noticed that the small animal made no attempt at moving out of his way, too distracted by some game where you spin balls on various colored monsters.

"You. Fox boy. Where is your family and loved ones?" The tiger came to a slow jog as he matched the fox's stride, significantly slower than he was used to. The fox was hardly paying attention, peeling out some earbuds that the tiger hadn't yet taken notice of. The fox scrunched his face in an irritated expression that practically screamed "huh?" The tiger then decided that this fox will find nobody better to give his body to than to him. Considering this, the tiger effortlessly lifted the fox by the tuft of fur in the back of his neck and lifted him up. The fox was surprised by this and even ended up dropping his phone. In his moment of whining, the tiger was quick to shut him up by forcing his muzzle into his shorts. Although he was hardly straining himself in the run, the sun had been ever present and made for a lot of sweat underneath his fur and most certainly around his genitals. The musk guaranteed instant effects, stifling most of the movements from the fox and hushing his voice under the girth of his rising cock and plump balls.

It was only a matter of time before the fox had grown used to the overflow of scents infiltrating him and this gave way for the tiger to acknowledge him as his first meal of the run. Well, not a meal, more just some additional weight is all. The tiger lowered the waistband of his shorts and watched as his massive cock flopped onto the head of the fox, still secured in his grip. The fox assumed his position once more, nearing his nose to the pungent cock before his nose was taken in by the tip of it. The tiger was experienced enough to not allow the fox to slip away from him. His cock was well versed in this consumption, able to slurp up the fox in only a few

seconds as his paws worked to readjust his shorts so that he can have an unimpeded descent into his left testicle. He could feel the fox be pulled through the length of his cock without even growing erect, presenting further how unfit the fox was in the first place.

The tiger took a deep breath, feeling the weight bulging to one side. He knew instantly that he needed a new weight to add next to the fox. Luckily, the tiger has consistently been wearing a loose and breathy material, so he could continue his run with clothes on and not have to deal with a jostling cock and balls all the way through. With high news and a newly adjusted weight between his legs, he kept moving at a little over a light jog. His concentration was ever so faltering as the fox came to his senses from within him. While he initially reveled in the hypnotic scent of the tiger's masculine musk, the fox had already begun assimilating in the thick pudge, swirling about as if trying to escape. The tiger wouldn't have this interruption to his workout however, and with one clench to his balls, the fox was dispersed into a newly formed batch of tiger cum with a slight mix of fox, which would be dealt with shortly. This continued to even out pace, being a lot less distracting for the tiger while still carrying more weight than the fox had initially managed.

As he continued down on his 5th mile, officially making it halfway through, he was met with a thick bull. He was short and had mighty horns over his head, but had enough muscle to contend with the tiger a few years back. With a smile on his face, he knew he just had to have him. With such a muscle mass, he would surely add to his potency and overall girth. It could also work to counteract the snacking he did earlier on the path with the small creature who the tiger had already forgotten about. Was it an otter? Nonetheless he could practically feel his balls making room for the newest entry. He could see that the bull was sweating, tempting him to drop his current plan and instead snack on the bull with the magnificent flavor that sweat provided, but he needed to stay resolved.

With the experience of a skilled hunter at work, the tiger tackled down the bull, maneuvering quickly to force his legs into his shorts with his awaiting cock that took in his entire lower waist almost effortlessly. The bull had a few fleeting words before his voice was replaced by sloppy slurping noises. The tiger's cock was already growing erect as a byproduct of feeling his previous prey churn within him, so his hardened cock only acted as a further defense against the bull's escape. He didn't even need his arms to enforce him. As the tiger let go of the bull's muscular arms, he

allowed his arms to fall underneath him, though still keeping him up. It took a minute for him to realize that his body subconsciously assumed a planking position as the Bull fully disappeared down his massive length and plummeted into his right testicle. The bulge between his legs was much more pronounced now, even folding in on itself against the ground as the tiger continued his plank, allowing his body to recollect itself as he kept his form. His thick balls pressed into the ground as the bull churned over.

The massive build of the tiger soon overtaking him with his semen along as he soon kicked himself back up, still feeling the bulges push out the bull denied his inevitable fate. His massive bulge practically tripled in girth after his new additions, though one was still active. His hardened cock was near half mast and already flopped against his hardened abs and protruding pecs. The tiger looked past his chest and contemplated jacking off. He knew testosterone could be helpful for advancing a body, but would his loss in new sperm really be worth it? The tiger decided that he'd be better to save his sperm for a good slut who deserved it. With reluctance, he decided to remain stuffed for the remainder of the run, his cock being shoved back down in his pants. The bull could feel every bit of it, but the tiger cared little for that. He wanted every aspect of the bull to soak into his sperm as a slow churning process, wanting to pull everything he can from the muscular animal.

After he started his run back up again, the large tiger caught wind of the idea of having a child. With all the prey he'd been eating, his child may take too many traits from the prey and get eaten by someone else. Although he knew better than to shame a prey for giving themselves to someone, he should instead eat more threatening predators in order to give his child a better chance at survival. This was all assuming that he would be able to keep a mate out of his belly for longer than a single night in order to bring that idea to life.

The latter half of the run was uneventful. A few passerbys greeted the tiger on his way but regretted making themselves known as the bull cried profanities from the tiger's thick ball batter. Along the 8th stretch of the mile, the bull had completely churned and gone silent. With the new additions to him, his weight adding was extremely successful. After the bull had assimilated, what was essentially waterweight acted as its purpose and weighed down the tiger. He continued the last two miles with his balls practically willing to burst for wanting to cum into some needy little slut as his tastes required. Lucky for him, a deer twink

made himself known to the large tiger as he took a seat on the bench. The deer seemed to be a bit distracted by the bulbous obscuration in his shorts. The tiger smirked, chucking his water bottle and nodded to the deer. It was only here that the deer realized he'd been staring, but the tiger had every intention to make the most of the deer's interest tenfold. Maybe even help himself to a snack afterwards...

“oh wow... You're big!” The deer exclaimed, laying his hands over the cock of his and wrapping his arms around the length, not perturbed by the immense size difference between the two. The tiger resisted every urge to swallow the deer on the spot. His eagerness only added to this urge, but he knew how unsatisfied he'd be if he had to rub himself off after ridding the world of a perfectly good slut. Speaking of which.

“Come closer, boy.” The tiger wasn't the smoothest, but knew that his voice had an affect on people. Reliably as ever, the deer approached the tiger's waist after being kept at his cock's distance. As soon as he was within arms reach, the tiger snatched him up and forced his head into his armpit with a forceful palm. Luckily, the deer had shaved his antlers. Though even if he had full antlers, the tiger was too horny to stop him. After the deer got used to the position, he instantly got to work, nuzzling further into the sweaty bush and feeling the slight pressure from the tiger's muscles. The tiger would normally demand much more from his sluts but he wouldn't want to scare this one off before he came. The deer had almost lost himself in the intoxicating bush, before the tiger tore him from it and lifted him onto his lap. They were in public, but the amount of people was so scarce that neither of them cared to find a private place. The deer saddled the massive cock of the tiger with drips of sweat still on his nose and the intoxicating scent of the tiger's masculinity practically knocked him into a sex driven state. Though that was the intended consequence, the tiger wasn't ready for the deer to climb over his muscled chest and put a paw to his muzzle, slipping his fingers past his lips with a horny smile across his face.

“After.” The tiger said sternly, lowering the deer back onto his lap with a lap gazing over his fangs, already hungry for the taste left behind. The tiger stood up suddenly, laying the deer on the bench with his belly up, laying his giant cock over him with a moan. The deer wrapped his arms around the muscular tool and licked at the head fruitfully, slightly thrusting his hips into the large cock even though he was still clothed down there. The tiger's balls hung loosely over the legs of the deer

with the sagging weight that was holding him back now keeping the deer down. With enough sagging skin and the assistance of deer fur, the tiger was able to use the deer as a rubbing rag across the bench as he humped.

Insertion was essentially out of the question, especially if the goal was to ejaculate. The deer seemed to have no objection to this, caring more about his own taste than anything. The deer reveled in being marked with such pristine scents of masculinity from such an enlarged predator. He already fantasized about the ejaculation, thirsting for a flood of cum to wash over his face, the brief moment of feeling as though you're drowning before the globs of cum eventually flow onto the floor. Even on his best day, the deer knew he couldn't swallow everything that came from the head, as hard as he may try. The tiger didn't care. With the confirmation that he would get a free meal once this is over, he was practically in a rush to finish and treat himself to a glazed deer. His drool seeped onto his cock and only urged forwards the climax. The prey that used to walk this same path were long gone by now, but their remnants as soon came together the massive testicles clenched in preparation. The warm sludge practically boiling over in eagerness. With enough of a roar to shake the ground and make the deer stop in his tracks, the tiger lunged forwards with finality, his cock taking in the head of the deer as the cum shot out. The deer was almost at ease, believing he was consumed earlier than he'd hoped, but the overflow of semen pushed him out of the way and gushed past his face.

The load hadn't stopped where the tiger had thought it would, leaving him heaving as more sperm bursted through than he thought was even in his balls to begin with. The deer got his fantasy of feeling like he's drowning, though he had to pull himself from the puddle before it became a sputtering nightmare. With his balls only slightly lighter than before, the climax had stopped and the cock over the deer slowly became flaccid. The tiger took in deep sighs, surprised with his own accomplishments for a split second before settling on doubling the cum production the next time he climaxes. Simply as a personal goal. The deer sat up with the head of the tiger's cock still sticking to his chest as he did so. His face had practically been stained white after being drenched so thoroughly. The deer swallowed the last few globs of sperm across his tongue before looking at the tiger, who was already licking his lips. The deer was a perfect post nut snack. As the tiger leaned in to lick the cum off the deer's face, the deer spoke up, petting his head with a cum filled hand.

**“I-I actually want to do something... Before you eat me, I mean...”** The deer sputtered, trying not to cum on the sput with such a heaving beast above him with his tongue across his face. The tiger looked inquisitively before the deer took it as a sign to continue further.

**“I uhm... I don’t really wanna go as a virgin? I-if you’d allow it?”** Was this puny deer asking to fuck the tiger? In his defense, he hadn’t really gotten the chance to cum while being smothered.

**“If not your butt, then I can just jack off in your belly, I don’t mind.”**

**“Beg.”** The tiger growled, giving one last lick to the deer before leaning off of him. In all honesty, he only agreed because he knew his belly wouldn’t keep him alive long enough to finish off. Being how obedient he is, it was only fitting to award him as such. This was all assuming that the deer could prove that he could beg for what he truly wanted.

**“Please! Please let me fuck that huge ass of yours! I will do anything! I just need that butt of yours on me, please! I can fuck as hard as I can just so you can have me in you! I need it!”**

Although not the most desperate begging the tiger heard from his sluts, this one was satisfactory enough. Being his imposing stature, he knew he had to be the one to decide the position. With this in mind, he pushed the deer back on his back and lifted himself off of him, peeling his massive cock from his chest and keeping the deer between his knees. The deer was ecstatic, leaking pre over the inner thigh of his future predator as he felt the engorged balls that now pressed down on his chest and lessened his breath. He assumed that the tiger was naturally this big, ignoring the remnants of a bull’s horn breaking apart in one of the balls. Being that the cum filled orbs prevented the deer from positioning his cock on his own, the tiger stepped in to align the miniature cock alongside his ass cheeks, soon engulfing the penis between his mounds of ass. The deer dick had disappeared into the all encompassing ass cheeks of the tiger and was already whimpering at the sensation. The tiger decided to take it easy on his meal, not rushing to make him cum and instead making it worth it. Much to his surprise, he didn;t even need to insert teh cock. Simply rocking his hips across the deer’s length was enough to make a few small spurts of cum splatter between his cheeks. In his climax, he reached over to hold the testicles weighing his body down, his hands massaging the bright orange fur and shuttering for the entire few seconds of his climax. In his afterglow, he leaned back completely, catching his breath as the tiger watched him patiently, not

wanting to rush his meal to his demise like his previous snacks. This one was well behaved after all.

Soon enough, the deer looked onward and saw the tiger looking down at him patiently. He decided that now may as well have been the best time. He tried to let himself up, but the weight over him kept him down. He wanted to lift himself and lay his hands on the bulging pecs one last time, but to his surprise, the tiger leaned down to him. His cock practically engulfed the deer in his movement as his maw laid a tongue gently over his face. Dried semen was mixed with the thin deer fur and still sopping globs of salty cum. After a few licks to fully clean the deer, his face was taken into his muzzle. The tiger worked to pull the deer from under his balls and lifted his ass cheeks from the dick and slowly swallowed him. It may have been cruel to force someone into such a slow fate, but both parties couldn't be happier with the pace. The tiger took his time to unwrap the deer from the casing of his own cum, his rough tongue working to dishevel the deer as he was eaten. In these last moments of exposure, the deer accomplished his wish of groping the tiger's pecs as well. The thick muscle flexed powerfully under his grip, clearly a sign that the tiger was aware of his curiosity. With enough time on his tongue, the tiger sent the deer to his belly, feeling his slim body slip down his throat and plummet into the compact belly. It was entrapped with such an immense trap of muscle surrounding him. Realizing his position, the deer worked to jack himself off one last time. On the path to the tiger's belly, his cock had already hardened back near his climax once more. Within the last few seconds before he's digested, he was able to ejaculate one last time with a bright smile across his face.

Back to the tiger, he looked at his belly, almost reaching the same distended reach as his chest. He could already feel the deer begin to fade into a sludge slurry, leaving him truly alone in the bench that was hardly even recognisable. His massive load of cum drenched both the bench itself as well as the ground entirely surrounding it. Even his own body was a mess that needed to be clean. Instead of eating him so quickly, he should have forced the deer to lick up some of the mess so that he could walk home without too many eyes watching him. He gave a gentle pat along his gurgling belly, hardly enough food in there to disrupt the abs under his fur. Just as swiftly as he walked onto the park, he left with his mind went as to what he'll eat for dinner.

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