About digestable titles.

(Soft vore, digestion, sex, rape, disposal)

Duchess Lyra was well liked around nobility. The labrador lady’s deep black fur and slender yet nicely proportioned frame combined with alluring curves where it mattered were very pleasing to the eyes. Always adorned by the fine jewels inherited by her rich but lesser nobility family, she was the beaming centre of every state dinner and it was no surprise to anyone her lion husband picked her, no matter how many eyebrows species cross shopping rose in noble circles. And then there was her manners. The air in which she snapped around serfs and butlers was worthy of a general in its swiftness and urgentness, allowing her to make it known to the addressed servant and anyone close enough to hear, that her mood was more valuable than their lives. Never did she had to raise her voice above an angry snarl ever since she calmly and diplomatically had several of the castle staff run the gauntlet for infringements like over sugaring her tea. Rumour even had it that thanks to an assumed dominance over and in the shared bed, she basically was able to wield her husband's many god given powers like they were hers. In short, she was the pinnacle of decadent, arrogant women who had no single achievement to their name safe for landing in the right lap and thus winning the golden ticket of feudal society.

Once she had gifted the duke with three healthy and beautiful children, her position was forever cemented and nothing short of an assassination would be able to take her privileges, much to the resentment of the serves who hated her passionately and suffered when they saw that the three black lions with dog ears took right after their mother. No one ever thought things would change. They never did, so why would they?

Today the duchess was driving around in her carriage, wanting to get out of the castle for a bit to bask in the envious stares of the lesser populace. Like anyone else the labrador wore very little in terms of clothing since a pelt was all one really needed in the warm weather of her (husband’s) domain. A simple loincloth to maintain decency and prevent people to gawk at moist lips or erections in public was the norm. Just that Lyra’s was made of silk with golden decorations sewn into it. The same theme continued with her numerous rings, bracelets, necklaces and earrings. She could probably lose several pounds by laying off her jewellery but that would not make people jealous would it?

Her carriage had a nice large window which went just low enough to let people gaze at her large round orbs of her bare breasts glistening with her silky fur. When passing by on couples she often turned back to watch wives or girlfriends growl and bare their teeth at their suddenly and obviously aroused mates, giving the duchess a warm and inexplicable sensation of desirability and accomplishment.

On their way to the countryside her and her coach driver, a simple red fox of around her age, were passing through increasingly poor streets. The longer this trend continued the more often they passed exceptionally pitiful figures. They were not just marked by poverty but looked more like they barely escaped a fire, disfigured to a degree which made the duchess certain that death must be a relief for them. If she would look into a mirror and see such a…. thing, she would probably poke her eyes out.

The creatures in question had been normal citizens at some points. Farmers, hunters, merchants. Most of them were female but they all had one thing in common: they had spent a bit of time in a monster’s stomach, one which abducted people and made them his toys. In its cruelty and lack of collars or branding irons, the massive serpent in question used his stomach acids to mark his property. She could still remember how the merchant guild complained about the begging walking corpses which often littered the main roads. While they were, unlike the usual beggar, not after booze or coin for booze and instead exclusively requesting medical supplies to heal their horrific acid burns and soothe their pain, they were no less annoying and actually scary to just look at.

“Look at that one!” laughed Lyra, pointing a thin black finger at a deer who sat by the road, palm open for alms and staring at the sound of the luxurious coach with empty eye sockets, clearly one of those who barely made it out of the monster’s gut at all. “Maybe I pick a few of those up and build my own little house of horrors and curiosities with them. Like the royals past the mountains, only with real horrors.” chuckled the canine lady, making her driver shudder in suppressed disgust as she was dwelling in thoughts about the latest fads of bored nobility. “Did you say something?” she asked the fox in her smooth calm yet deeply threatening voice.

“No mistress, of course not. Just got hit by a bug, is all.” replied the fox submissively.

The drive continued without anything of note as the air cleaned up past the city walls. The landscape was wonderful with slight hills full of greenery, the occasional field and lush patches of tropical trees which increased in abundance until merging into a dense jungle further on. That was the snake’s domain and no one except suicidals ever went in it. There was a story about a dozen adventurers who had pledged to kill the beast on the promise of gold by her husband. When the party returned it was just a compact mass of bone speckled snake shit dragged to the castle by a civilian so shocked by what he had witnessed he had lost his speech until the day he hung himself.

After a while the coach pulled up at a small cottage in the middle of nowhere. Without any reason. “What is the meaning of this? I don’t recall ordering you to stop.” snapped the labrador and looked at her driver through the front window, glaring irritatedly.

The first thing which told her gut something was wrong was the broad sly smile covering the fox’s face when he turned around to face her. Servants were not supposed to look at her like that.

“You know, your bitchness, when he threatened to eat my kids unless I deliver you to him, I seemed to have conveyed the disgust and contempt the entire duchy holds for you so well, he simply believed it when I volunteered. And if I had known it was possible to deal with him, I would have done this years ago. Good riddance, I hope to see you in the gutter sometimes.

Lyra was just opening her lips to snarl at the insolent fox, to spew the threats at him which usually made the servants wish they had angered the gods and not her. But then a sudden thump on the side window followed by a drawn out wet squelch made her pause and jerk her head to the side.

There, through the gloom of a thick coating of… slime she could see a huge forked tongue sliding over the glass, only seeing a faint green head of sort beyond. But with the head being the size of a child it could only belong to one creature and Lyra first thought and then wished her heart had stopped beating right then and there.

“Flawless merchandise and on time. You should try your paws at caravaning” chuckled the cold lisping voice of the massive snake. The fox bowed elegantly and replied cordially where everyone else would just kneel, shiver and beg for mercy. This traitor had made a deal with the most dreadful monster of the realm and at least right now obviously enjoyed it.

“Let me help you with that good sir.” said the vulpine and opened the carriage door, thus removing the last barrier between drooling reptile maw and petrified lady. “Are the kids inside? “ asked the fox, to which the snake nodded silently.

As the fox whistled a happy tune while walking to pick up his kids from inside, the snake started to slowly lick over the labrador’s shivering face. “I have no idea if you have known, but we monsters, as you preys would say, we have our own balls and soirees, mostly because we get sick and tired of our meals being insufficient or too fragile lovers. So, there was this friendly dragoness who swore that nobility and royalty had a fine taste of their own and I wanted to see for myself. Given your popularity it was very easy to organise a trade. I get to eat you and they get to watch. That guy did not care I might double cross and eat him as long as he could make you suffer for it. Seems like you are a real peach.” the snake chuckled as he saw the fox exiting with his son and daughter holding his hands to either side. Lyra silently shook her head as if in denial of what was happening, smelling the reek of melted flesh on the snake’s breath. But when he next spoke she broke her silence.

“Time to keep my side of the bargain.”

There was a bone chilling scream as the serpentine jaws snapped open and then pressed over the canine’s head, muffling her noise immediately. The carriage violently shook for a while as the beast started to consume his prey whole and alive.

Everything had been explained to the kids and so in their own naive way the five and six year olds did not mind the twenty metre long snake which currently occupied their carriage, sharing it with a rapidly growing and noisy bulge. Daddy had told them it was an evil with the snake was eating so they would be safe. Soon the scaly body withdrew from the carriage, just the hips, legs and tail left outside. “I can see the witch’s mumu!” laughed the young fox boy at which his father rolled his eyes and ushered them into the slightly smelly cabin, pulling down the drawers despite his offspring’s complaint and locked the door before joining the snake.

With the kids out of sight the fox moved dangerously close to the active snake maw to take a whiff of the screaming bitch’s cunt before following better judgement and moving away instead of licking it. “She is a piece of work.” sighed the fox as he stood there and watched, taking in the frantic kicks, the strings of saliva connecting her perfect butt to the hungry predator’s maw and listening to the symphony of drawn out squelches and gurgles coming from the various corners of the giant snake’s digestive system. The fox could not help it but watching the cunt nicknamed public enemy number one vanish into the unquestionably most cruel creature under the sky was admittedly intoxicating. His tenting trousers soon felt rather tight around his throbbing erection as he imagined the snake turning her into one of the disfigured husks she had ridiculed her entire life while he watched the prelude.

With a particularly noisy squelch the duchess’s curling toes bid their slimy farewell as they vanished from sight into the snake’s gullet. As the great beast sighed happily, clearly pleased with his meal the fox said one last thing as he and his boner uncomfortably got onto the bench of the carriage. “I know you don’t get this a lot. And for a good reason. Bit today you did the country a great service, snake. If her kids won’t improve soon I will see to them screaming their lungs out in your stomach before long”

When the carriage drove off the actually thankful snake waved the helpful fox goodbye with the tip of his tail which seemed at some point to split off in a green and two reddish pink parts as the fox was not the only one who derived pleasure and arousal from the screaming bitch sliding into his gullet. Once the canine was nicely settled in his stomach he addressed the bulge “Hello sweetie, my name is Malunir and I am your new owner. I am sure you are familiar with the procedure but since your hubby has access to proper healers I think I can take you just a bit further than the others. Now scream in terror if you agree to that.” he had a devilish smile on his scaly face as he heard his prey doing just that. With his stomach clenching and churning firmly over her almost naked body, while strong digestive juices were squirted right onto her face and spread all over her body, there was nothing else she could do anyway. With the “legal formalities” dealt with, the snake travelled to the shade and comfort of his home in the jungle.

Lyra screamed whenever her mouth was not filled with bile, acids or whatever had the luck of eventually actually dying inside the snake. She could hardly believe this was happening but as the strong acids worked through her short pelt and basically filled out her ears, she knew it was real. Unlike her poor predecessors she did not even get the luxury of blindness, as her inherited jewels started to faintly gleam inside the snake’s stomach. They were supposedly warning her of danger but that did not really help her while she was being digested alive. All it did was increasing her horror as she saw the light reflected by broken, acid pitted bones or empty skulls staring at her accusingly. Most likely the remnants of a few of his toys he got bored of. Once drenched in his acids Lyra’s body experienced pain like never once in her lifetime. It was like bathing in boiling oil as the stomach juices bit into her skin and started to dissolve it. She kicked and scratched, achieving nothing with her well manicured but currently worthless claws as her fingers started to lose flesh and the struggles pumped those lethal juices into her pristine sex. She had just helped the snake digesting her and once she realised that and the ever increasing pain killed off the last hint of sentience, she was reduced to a groaning heap of melting meat.

While it was usual for his prey to get softened up and ground against the bones of their predecessors, Lyra also had to deal with her own jewellery grinding against weakened flesh and tearing off skin and leaving notches where the muscular folds of Malunir’s stomach churned down on them. The point where her earrings were passed on to the pile of bleached fur at the pit of the snake’s stomach and one of her ears simply got rubbed off her head while the other gains a few holes by virtue of stomach acids alone was when she passed out and went into a shocked shiver. A sign she was about to die and one the snake had learned to recognize through decades of practice. Refusing to let her die like a common meal, Malunir started to retch up the spasming mess of labrador. Her body was weakened to a degree that even the almost gentle massage of his regurgitation was enough to shave off enough flesh to reduce her playful nipples to tiny stubs. Her tail too was cut to half its length as some of it got stuck on his teeth as her steaming body slipped from his jaws and fell into the cool water of the river running through the forest and the city.

Lyra gasped as soon as the fresh water dragged her out of her dying stupor. There was cool, soothing relief all over her body compared to the snake’s stomach contents which had felt like hell fire. There was fresh air too which caused the canine to scream at the top of her lungs to properly express the almost mind breaking agony she was in. But her real odyssey only just begun, as she would soon find out. Before she could make any attempts at escape the cruel serpent’s tail closed around her waist, causing her partially melted skin to tear in some places. Her eyes were still too badly damaged to take in more than diffuse shapes so the slick of acidic pile laced with blood tainting the water behind her escaped her vision, sparing her at least that view. But she heard the horrible monster’s ever threatening hissing voice well enough.

“This river will take you back to town. The fishermen will know what to do with you and then you will probably get to spend a bit of time with your hubby’s healers. Usually this is the point where I ask my toys if they want to be slaves or go back and allow my stomach to finish its work, but I still need you to pull a little prank on the duke. I expect you back here in a week at the latest or your cute little kids will end up smeared over the castle walls in various shades of well digested brown.”

Lyra tried to say something, to plead for mercy which would not take the pain away from her already ruined body, beg for the life of her spoiled children and so on. But only unintelligible croaking escaped from her acid burned lips, burning in the impression of her complete obliteration. The mutilated woman was not sure if she would ever be a person again, if she really wanted to live on at all. But before she could find an answer to this, the snake released her and the current took her body in its wet grip, taking her away.

An hour passed which she had spent avoiding to drown in spite of the golden jewellery still hanging on her body until she eventually ended up caught in a net of some sorts.

“There’s another one!” shouted a rumbling voice and the splashed of oars splashing in the water could be heard. “I wondered when he would get bored again” said a different person betraying how often the fishermen were dragging acid burned half dead bodies from their stationary nets. Two pairs of arms carefully hoisted Lyra into the rowing boat before one of the men laughed, bent over the shivering heap of raw misery. “Look at the bling on her. Am I the only one who suddenly stopped feeling sad for her?”

“Aye, it’s the duchess alright. Let’s drag her up to the castle and see if we can cash a reward.”

“Oh, I think she is wearing plenty of reward on her arms and neck” chuckled someone.

The deeper voice was not fond of that idea despite the good price her well fashioned gold necklaces would fetch. “The last guy who plundered a snake slave had to be identified by his teeth they sifted out of a giant turd.”

“Fine…. Better poor and alive and that shit.”

Somewhere on the way to the castle Lyra had passed out again and when she came to, she was in a room she knew only from when she gave birth to her kids, the castle’s medical quarters. When her eyes opened again and her lips trembled with an attempt at speech, one of the scholars bent over her announced he was going to inform the duke. Only minutes later the lion appeared at her bed, dismissed the others for now and looked at her in deep worry.

“My poor dear, how could this happen to you?” he asked, at the cusp of tears as he gazed over the disgusting figure full of reddish holes in blistered skin which was currently marinating in healing ointments. If her eyes had been closed even he could only identify her by her gold.

“The…..driver” croaked Lyra at last with a painful effort as her fury glimmer in her eyes for a second until some of her body’s many stomach induced dysfunctions caused her to cramp up and shiver before falling limp again.

“I am just glad you survived. He did you worse than most of the others. I wish there was more that I could do.”

Again Lyra fought the pain to utter a few words. “Kill the beast” she groaned. Bit her husband only shook his head. “You know exactly how many hunters, mercenaries and adventurers only ended up as a feast for him, followed by retaliation on top of it. If I send another party to their certain death and invite another raid just because it was you this time, the commoners would surely rebel and my soldiers desert. As much as it pains me to say it, I cannot have my realm destroyed by civil war over the woman I love.”

He saw the tears welling up in her eyes and stayed by her bed in silence a little longer before leaving. “You need some rest and the doctors’ attention dear. We will talk when you are better.”

She did not yet know he had far worse news in store for her still. If she had any sense of states craft she could have guessed it already.

Three days later she had recovered well enough to speak properly again, but the lofty arrogance seemed to have been digested out of her together with other parts. Most of the time she spent trying to walk again or reading when she grew too weak. That was the time the duke chose to tell her about what really needed to happen. “I am glad you recovered so fast. But I fear I have sad news. Given that the snake had claimed you as his property, I cannot keep you as a wife, or in the castle. As cruel as it sounds, I have to release you into the commons so the kids and I won’t end up on his menu and destroy the lineage.”

He earned a mix of angry snarls and sad expressions. First her body and now her life, everything fell apart in this one week. “So as soon as I am not fuckable anymore you treat me like garbage and throw me away?” she barked and an argument ensued.

In the end, title beat fury and with a blank expression Lyra walked out of the castle alone and started her journey back to the snake hoping to at least manage to keep her children safe this way.

Lyra had to be guarded to actually even reach the snake and now that she had been tossed from the royal family, the men were far less courteous in their manners towards her, reminding her with frequent pokes of their pike stocks that they wanted to be home in time for dinner after delivering her to the snake. The walk across the town did to her ego what the snake’s stomach had done to her body and her formerly overflowing self esteem and sense of importance, dwindled with every piece of rotten vegetables which the outraged peasantry threw at her. It was not, that she was just someone, or a mere something even, that everyone took a little effort to voice or otherwise express their disgust for the former duchess.

The three hours of marching felt like weeks to her, not because of the lack of exercise she had previously enjoyed but more for the humiliation of it. She almost sighed in relief when they left the city and entered the country, the snake’s forest already in sight and therefor her further torment. She did not want to go there, but she had to, and in her mind, she was already praying for a reasonably quick death while a voice in the back of her head told her how unlikely that was.

Malunir was having another bored day as he was not expecting the duchess back until his ultimatum would expire in two days. Right now, he was lounging on a warm rock near the river and was getting a very pleasant massage from his favourite pets. Not all of the people he partially digested ended up fragile, scared slave things. Especially the ones who entered his forest specifically to end their lives, often ended up changing their mind inside his stomach during their painful bath in his acids. About a third of them eventually worships him as some sort of god or guru for giving them back a sense for the value of life. Four of those were currently massaging his long olive and brown dotted coils as the same number of less interesting, normal meat slaves were screaming and gurgling in his middle. With a bored sigh the snake gulped a bit more air to have the slightly arousing massage on the inside of his belly go on a bit longer when some excited cat girl (or at least he thought she used to be one) announced the arrival of the duchess at the edge of the forest.

“Now that is a nice surprise” hissed the snake with a cruel grin on his face as the sudden bulge appearing at the end of his tail caused some of his masseurs to switch their attention to his suddenly waked arousal. “Bring her here and let’s see how much fun I can have with her.”

With a happy smile the “cultist” turned around and ran off to fetch the canine. As all of those people living in the forest with the snake were former citizens who had to live and suffer under Lyra even those whose broken mind had made them into willing tools of the cruel serpent still looked forwards to watching the despised dog getting it from the snake.

Only a few minutes later Lyra arrived and a strange silent was cast on the area around the snake and his sun warmed rock. Dozens of silently grinning faces followed the dog, for a change completely ignoring the pained shouts which occasionally made it through the snake’s hide. “Back already? Was it no longer comfortable in the castle?” taunted the snake as his newest meat slave arrived.

“He threw me out, revoked my title and had me deported here, the lazy small cocked coward” snarled the half eared labrador. Her angry snarls looked a lot scarier now that her teeth were showing through large holes the snake’s stomach had burned through her cheeks, but with her title revoked and no guards backing her up, the aggregation of snake slaves laughed at her even more than the townsfolk had while the snake chuckled.

“So, we can expect him getting a newer model of you in a bit and conducting some changes to the lineage of the throne. I bet your brats will take it just as well as you did. Just tell me if you want me to get them here.” That proposition brought a very beaten down look on Lyra’s face as she contemplated the future of her children which might look bleak even if she sacrifices herself to the humours of that monster snake.

“Just leave them be.” She said eventually and continued to reluctantly walk towards Malunir. “You already have me and… all those other toys of yours. I am not keen on my children ever meeting you.”

The snake nodded and welcomed her moving towards him, shifting his coils and creating something of an open spot for her to enter and sit down, right in between of the wiggling bulges of his stomach and reasonably close to the musky, pre dripping shafts of his. Lyra had never seen the snake’s endowment before, but now she understood why he was so feared for more than his hunger and that those who returned from the forest with broken anuses and torn cervixes were not the victims of the snake’s sexual greed. Instead they were only still alive because the beast had held back his urges enough to keep his “things”, meaning the enslaved people, working.

As she hesitantly walked towards him and eventually placed her small, now even more fragile, hands on his writhing coils to climb into them, Malunir adored how he could really feel her dismay by just looking into her eyes. “What…. Do you want to do with me now?” she asked in a scared whimper as the whispering slaves around were already betting on her not making it out of his coils or probably off his cocks alive.”

“Well, how do you think about me contesting some of your husband’s decision regarding the throne. I can feel that your rage at his betrayal is at least as strong as your fear of ending up like those four” he said and clenched his stomach to produce a few pops and a deep groan as the bulges were compacted and rendered silent inside him. “So how about this. We wait until he inevitably knocks up his next slutty wife and when he did, I will go for a nice filled snack. If by that time, the other slaves are happy with the amends you made, mostly meaning you have to dish out unimaginable amounts of sexual favours to me and them, I will be generous and put you back in the castle. If they still think you are a horrid bitch in a few month, then I will just eat you, eat that delicious fluffy cat you used to breed with and then watch in amusement as the whole thing falls into civil war because there is no way your kids will be able to hold their own as far as I have heard.”

This caused the crowd to stir and the slaves were mumbling a bit until the snake hissed sharply. “You all live to entertain me, you silly snacks, don’t forget that. I always wanted to have a pupped of mine on that throne and if she is as good as riding cock as she used to look like then She will do. And if she bores me she gets gurgled just like any of you.”

That resolved the matter pretty well and as if to change the topic, Lyra gasped in a scared voice as the snake’s coils wrapped around her. “So, since this was no proposition but an announcement, I suggest we start the fun.” He said and lifted the canine up over his twin spires. The snake’s cocks were long enough to probably reach her lungs if he only pressed down hard enough, not to mention a girth which would simply shatter her hip if he tried to bottom out in her. Still, he lowered her down, slowly letting his slimy tips tickle at the two entrances to her body. “This might sting a little” chuckled the snake and looked intently at the scared face of his prey. She was not struggling yet, but they all would at some point. With a happy sigh he felt the warmth of her mammalian body soaking his shafts as he just happily lowered her down. Thanks to the natural greasy coating of his members and the pointy tapering shape of his tips, it was easy enough to get into any hole he wanted to. But that was where the good news ended. Used to her feline husband, Lyra did not really know too much about dealing with anything over five inches and that hardly accounted for “just the tip” with this feral beast.

Malunir gave her bare face a long, wet slurp with his forked tongue, enjoying the taste of her skin, already able to taste the fear on her even though he only threatened to really hurt her by now. Soon her body started to writhe and wiggle as the snake moaned and the canine groaned. She was obviously unable to hide a certain pleasure she felt as she was double penetrated and spread further than her husband had ever been able to. Soon one of the snake’s tips was reaching her cervix and pressing firmly against it, a sensation entirely alien to Lyra but the canine was unable to withhold a satisfied moan. It was odd to anyone who watched how careful Malunir was with this one, given how mercilessly he usually rutted his toys. But the slaves knew a lot better than to judge him. The last one who interrupted him during sex with something as unimportant as their thoughts or opinions had taken over two days to stop screaming in his belly.

Eventually he started to pull the dog up on his twin spires, allowing her body to relax a little before sliding her back down to this cervix pressing depth until she shuddered in his coils with unmistakably orgasmic bliss. “My turn” chuckled the snake and stopped being nice the same second. The glassy, almost thankful eyes with which she stared at him suddenly widened in shock as he had let go of her for a second and allowed her body weight to drag her down over his cocks with dreadful force.

Instinctively Lyra clenched her butt but only made her anus break a little sooner than it would have otherwise while the snake’s other tip pried open her cervix and allowed the merciless shaft to slide deep into her womb until a little bulge appeared in her abdomen.

“That should do” hissed the snake and gripped her in his coils again, yanking her back up again like a living, breathing fleshlight. With the pained groans on Lyra’s lips the grin on the other slaves appeared again and the snake quickly fell into his usual habits of slamming the overpowered female over his cocks, reducing the bleeding from her wounds to nothing but prey flavoured lube as he adored the way her strained cervix squeezed on him like a second vagina. The snake kept going like this for a few minutes until his toy almost fell unconscious from the pain, but then he peaked.

As his shafts stopped, as deeply inside as they could be without causing too much lasting damage they started to throb and gained little bulges on their undersides which quickly travelled along the shafts and made the tips explode into little fountains of cool, viscous snake cum. His virile seed splattered her insides, making the cock induced bulge in her belly grow a little before the messy sludge, laced with a little blood here and there, started to spill from her body. Once he was done he simply sighed contently and slid out of her warm, torn body, dropping her like a used rag. “Now clean me up.” He ordered.

This abusive treatment continued for months and months as Lyra had to not only please the snake and try not to die doing so but also had to make amends to the disgustingly disfigured people making up the rest of the snake’s meat slave harem. She watched them come and go, usually as a pile of snake waste and slowly adapted to her life as if it would never change again. The worst part was when she found out her idiot of a husband had not properly executed the fox who put her into the snake’s coils to begin with and instead had him moved into the forest, thinking the snake would kill him in a far more cruel way than any executioner. But instead the snake, in his strange humour, had decided to keep the fox and allow him to use the former duchess once a week as he had to live in the forest now, separated from his “widow”. But eventually there was a time when the snake got word of the duke’s new wife and of her pregnancy, allowing the snake to finally set his plan in motion.

Black mail was a wonderous thing and it was impressive how quickly the sworn loyalty of any knight was melted just so the bodies of their relatives would not. And so Malunir came into the possession of the deliciously built vixen the duke had chosen to marry after he had discarded his ex, once she had become snake property. “Looks like the lion decided to downsize to something he could actually satisfy” snickered the snake as his coils caressed the silky fur of the vixen who shivered in them. She had her arms clutched around the girthy baby bulge I her midsection as if she could do even the slightest thing to protect her unborn offspring, should the snake decide to squeeze her and them into mere pulp. “Please, don’t hurt me. I have done nothing to you” whimpered the pregnant vixen and only received a sly grin from the snake and a few chuckles from their audience composed of his toys.

“Well, first of all, I think that your food also never did something to you before you ate it. Then you are in the way for a delicious political scheme I am working on and last, but not least, I eat whoever the fuck I want and today, pregnant cute fox is on the menu.”

The vixen shivered as the snake opened his jaws in front of her horror stricken face. She knew of the many stories regarding his insatiable gullet, but watching it flex in excitement for her almost made her faint. In a vain try to escape, the vixen attempted to break free, but there was not much she could to even shake the two ton behemoth who had just declared her his snack. The long slimy tongue extended from his cruel maw and swished over her pregnant belly, allowing the snake to feel her unborn offspring move inside and making him moan slightly at the rare and exquisite taste.

There was only enough time for a horrified screech as Malunir’s jaws suddenly snapped around the vixen and muffled her cried for help by shoving her head into the greedy chute of his pulsating throat. As he lifted her off the ground the weight of the prey’s body squeezed her fattened belly onto his tongue, making her taste ooze all over his maw as he slowly and sensually consumed her. The taste and sensation of pregnant anthros was a reasonably rare delicacy for him and he made an obvious show of her consumption despite his ability to devour prey her size in under ten seconds.

No one who knew about the snake’s habits and desires was the least surprised when he started to grow aroused while eating the vixen. As much as his drool ran down her slowly disappearing body, his slimy pre dripped freely from his shafts as they begged to be worshipped by any of the surrounding slaves. Given the occasion it was no big surprise when the by now accustomed Lyra jumped at the opportunity and his cocks, letting them grow right from the snake’s slit into her aroused body as she watched him devour her rival. She had never seen the vixen before in her life but Lyra was positive she had no one in her mind she would rather see sliding down that gullet, except perhaps her former husband.

Malunir mostly ignored the needy sex and worn out anus which milked his growing shafts as he was far more interested in his meal. Though it was certainly a nice bonus to have some bitch grind and moan on his spires while he fed. Soon the baby bulge turned into a scaly one as he gave a slightly firmer swallow. His tongue strayed between the vixen’s legs and gave her sex a little lick, teasing his meal and, after finding she was kind of in a bad mood for some reason, swallowing again. Now there were just a set of slim kicking legs and a bushy tail which needed to be matted down with cold saliva and ingested into his greedy gullet. Each swallow made a long squelching sound and as he opened his jaws widely to let everyone watch as those curling toes of his prey were disappearing in his wet throat flesh, he felt Lyra cumming on him.

Even as the kicking bulge of the pregnant vixen slid down along his seemingly endless coils, Malunir addressed the dog riding his shafts. He could see the foamy white stuff she had added to the mess slowly oozing down his erection and noticed the self inflicted bulge in her gut. “Tell you what. You really passed the test sweetie and I think I might get you back into the castle yet. For your impeccable service in the field of sluttery and all that. “ there was some supportive murmuring around. “And now, as a special gift, I will just let her digest and not let her out as long as you keep at least my tips in your body. Show me how eager you really are to watch that slutty vixen melt.”

Lyra had never before been so enthusiastic about fucking someone as in that moment. The pleasure she derived from the pained cries and useless struggles of her successor in a certain lion’s bedroom was unspeakably good. She clenched and came over the snake over and over, several orgasms being triggered by something as a low vibrating gurgle from Malunir’s stomach. Once she was exhausted, she was resting on the ever moving ever noisy bulge in the snake’s massive stomach, feeling her rival melt, kick and shrink as she kept Malunir’s shafts nice and warm, tucked away in the depths of her by now impressively stretchy nethers. She and the snake actually slept in in that exact position as years of training made sure the snake gulped air for his meal even as he slept, ensuring her deliciously fragile body would keep melting while he comfortably rested.

The next morning, there was a bit of an issue separating dog from snake as Lyra was firmly glued to her master with copious amounts of dried cum. But eventually she got free and the reptile woken up with her greedy face bobbing up and down before him as she rode him again. The bulge in his stomach shrunk as the poor vixen was being torn apart a little more each time the muscular folds undulated, scraping softened, half melted flesh off her body like ice cream. Eventually there was a sudden pop and the bulge slimmed down a bit in seconds. “Seems she just gave birth in my stomach” chuckled Malunir, getting his pet off for the tenth time since eating the vixen.

That was when Lyra finally was sure the vixen was done for and once her bulge came to a complete stop she groaned and rolled off the snake, finally getting to squeeze out the painful wad of hours old snake cum which was giving her a slightly domed out belly. “Thanks, master” she sighed.

A few days later, the duke was sleeping in his chambers alone on the massive bed as his wife had been missing for some time now. When something warm started to touch him, the lion thought it was just the sunlight at first, not minding it and trying to keep sleeping. But only seconds later there was a certain weight on his feet and a heavy earthy pungent smell filling the room. When his eyes finally opened, the sight made him want to scream in terror, but before he could do as much as inhale, a tight serpentine coil wrapped itself around his neck and choked down his attempt to sound the alarm.

“Do you have any idea how hard it was to sneak in here without killing all your puny guards?” hissed Malunir and gave the horrified lion a happy grin. As he explained to the duke how and why he was going to take his old disfigured wife back and reinstate her title, he never stopped to squeeze out what his body had left of the vixen the duke had expected to give him children in the coming weeks. Thick dark, almost black logs of compressed snake waste exited the Malunir’s undulating tail, containing splinters of broken bones and wads of bleached, faintly orange fur as well as the unmistakable jewellery his snack had worn. “You will be a really good husband to my toy and look the other way when she starts an affair with some of the horses in your guard. You have no idea what I made her fit and I pet your pencil won’t even scratch her greedy pussy by now. Also, more importantly, if you don’t want this bed to become some sort of crypt, you will resign in a year or two and make my half digested toy your successor.”

As Malunir wiped his cloaca clean on the duke’s mane, the snake saw that the frightened cat had understood the degree of the compliance necessary to not end up like the disgusting heap sullying his sheets right now. “I love happy ends” chuckled the massive snake as he headed out the window and thought about what he would do with the new puppet government he would control in just a little while.