**Yiffpunk: Fish Food**

**By Helen Arlet**

Vakra smiled cheerfully as she woke up to the sound of her alarm clock. Not because she was happy to be getting up and so early. She wasn’t. It was only eight in the morning and she had exactly one hour to shower, get dressed, eat breakfast, and make it to work. She wouldn’t even be fully awake by the time she opened the doors for business. Vakra was *not* a morning person… The reason she was smiling was because she had no choice. The emotion inhibitor implanted in her brain didn’t give her a choice. It was set to inhibit any negative emotions. She was forced to remain cheerful, calm, upbeat, and agreeable, even when she didn’t want to be.

There were days when she would have loved nothing more than to go to the hospital and have the damned thing removed, but she didn’t know how she was ever going to get that promotion if she didn’t stay positive. She didn’t want to be at the bottom of the totem pole forever. Vakra wanted to be in management one day. That wouldn’t happen if people didn’t like her. And if she allowed her natural emotions to show, people *wouldn’t* like her…

Rolling her head over on her pillow to look over to the left of her, she giggled sadly at the sight of her brother still asleep. That should have been a sigh, but the chip rarely ever let her sigh. Every now and then she managed to get one out when her feelings were strong enough, but for the most part sighs were rerouted into something more positive.

“Trecid, wake up sleepy head. It’s time to get ready for work,” she said as she gave her brother a nudge.

The other shark opened his eyes and rolled over slowly to look at her. It took him a moment to process what she had just said then groaned unhappily. “God damn it… Shouldn’t have been up so late…”

“I *did* tell you to get to bed sooner,” Vakra pointed out with a smile as she rolled out of bed and made her way to the bathroom.

She slipped out of her night shirt before hopping into the shower and setting the water nice and hot. As a blue shark she was ectothermic so she needed a nice hot shower to warm her body and get her going in the morning. It felt great. It felt so great in fact that she allowed herself to get lost in it for a moment and didn’t even notice her brother coming into the bathroom until he slipped into the shower behind her and pushed her out of the way of the water.

“Let me get some of that,” he grunted as he stole her place under the running water.

“I’m happy to share. All you have to do is ask,” Vakra said cheerfully. That wasn’t what she *wanted* to say…

“Thanks Sis… How about taking care of this for me while you’re here?” Trecid said pointing down to his claspers.

Vakra eyed her brother’s twin members for a moment before politely informing him, “I’m sorry, but if we are going to make it to work on time I need to get dressed and have breakfast. It’s the most important meal of the day after all. I’ll have to give you a raincheck on that.”

Trecid grumbled something rather rude as she hopped out of the shower and left him to deal with his morning wood on his own. She really envied him for that. What she would have given to have been able to say something that nasty to *him*… He really was quite an insufferable prick. All he ever thought about was himself. *She* had morning wood *too* but he never offered to give *her* a shower blowjob… But he was her brother so what could she do?

Fortunately her work uniform only took a moment to put on. It was just a simple grass hula skirt and a flowered lei. Everyone who worked out on the floor at The Aquarium was expected to wear that and nothing else. Although it didn’t cover much so she hoped it wasn’t going to get too chilly today.

Breakfast also had to be something simple if she was going to make it in on time. Toast would have to do. Although that wasn’t going to be enough to really sustain her until lunch. Checking the clock on the wall in the kitchen she nodded as she confirmed that she hadn’t spent as much time in the shower as she normally did so she had enough time to add a little something to her toast. Trecid’s interruption had come in handy for something after all.

Opening the kitchen cupboard she smiled at the bright red bird sitting in a little nest inside with a collar around her neck that kept her chained to the back wall. “Good morning Leslie!”

“Fuck you, freak!” the bird spat at her grumpily.

“Don’t mind me. I just need one of your children,” Vakra said, incapable of reacting to Leslie’s insult, as she slipped a hand under the bird and pulled an egg out of the nest.

“You fucking monster!” Leslie shouted at her as she cracked the egg open into a skillet on the stovetop and started frying it.

“Oops! Sorry about that, Leslie,” Vakra said with a nervous laugh as she closed the cupboard back up so the bird wouldn’t have to watch her cook and eat her egg over toast.

“Trecid! We need to leave now!” she called in a happy tone after finishing her breakfast and her brother came walking out into the kitchen dressed in the same kind of hula skirt and lei she was wearing.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m coming…” he grumbled.

Once they had arrived at The Aquarium Vakra hurried to the front door with a skip in her step while her brother drug his feet behind her. They had made it just in time. The manager was just arriving and in the process of unlocking the door. She spotted Vakra’s reflection in the glass door and turned to greet her with a smile. “Ah right on time,” the foxtaur nodded. “You look happy to be here this morning.”

“Always happy to do my job, Miss Chaffex,” Vakra nodded with a grin. Internally she was screaming in agony. Today was supposed to be her day off, and she really needed a day off too… but when Miss Chaffex had asked her to come in and cover a shift on her day off, that damned chip in her brain had her agreeing to it before she could think of an excuse not to.

As she skipped past her boss into the building, she heard Miss Chaffex greeting Trecid behind her. “Morning, Trecid. How are you?”

“I don’t know yet…” Trecid grumbled. He certainly wasn’t going to score any points with the foxtaur that way…

“Seeing as you two are here, I’m going to go to my office and look over the morning reports,” Miss Chaffex informed the both of them. “Vakra would you stay up front and provide assistance for our patrons this morning?”

“I would be glad to,” Vakra smiled.

“Trecid, I need you to do the morning check of all the tanks and make sure everything’s in order then get started on feeding,” Miss Chaffex informed him and Trecid nodded.

The moment Miss Chaffex had walked away Trecid turned to Vakra and rolled his eyes. “Stuck up bitch… You see the way she’s dressed?”

Vakra gave her brother a puzzled look. “She wears a blouse and suit jacket every day… She’s the manager…”

“Yeah, and no pants or skirt or anything below the waist…” Trecid nodded.

“She’s a foxtaur,” Vakra reminded him politely. “She would look pretty funny in a pair of pants.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about,” Trecid argued. “She just walks around every day with her tail held high and all her goods on display for everyone to see. Every day I have to come in and stare at her sweet ass and never once has she offered to let me have a go at it. You know the one time I asked she turned me down? Who does that?! What kind of person walks around with their goods out if they don’t want to share them with others?”

“Someone who doesn’t have a choice in the matter?” Vakra asked with a nervous smile.

“Fucking taurs… I hate them…” Trecid grumbled unhappily. “Think that just because they have four legs they don’t have to worry about common courtesy… I’m going to go get some coffee. You want any?”

“Aren’t you supposed to be doing the morning check on the tanks?” Vakra asked.

“Fuck me! I’m not even awake yet! It can wait…” Trecid groaned.

“Okay then, I’ll cover for you,” Vakra smiled. “You *do* seem pretty groggy this morning so you must need it. How late were you up fucking my ass last night anyways?”

“Shouldn’t *you* know?” Trecid asked, raising an eyebrow at her.

“Actually, I fell asleep long before you were done,” Vakra answered happily. For once it wasn’t the chip making her happy about that statement.

“Jesus, Sis… At least *act* like you feel it… Do you want some coffee or not?”

“Yes please,” Vakra nodded happily.

Doing the morning check of the tanks wasn’t ideal. She couldn’t stay up front and assist patrons like Miss Chaffex had asked her to. But it had to be done. They were running an aquarium after all and someone had to check the tanks every morning and make sure all the fish were still alive. Make sure the water parameters were correct for keeping them alive. Make sure there weren’t any algae blooms in any of the tanks and put snails in to clean it up if there was. And of course make sure none of the fish had knocked their dance poles loose. They couldn’t be expected to pole dance with unsecured dance poles…

By the time Vakra was done she still hadn’t seen her brother but there *was* a cup of coffee sitting behind the information desk for her. How very like him to just fuck off and not come relieve her of the job *he* was supposed to be doing. Was he at least taking care of the feeding? She decided she had better go look for him and find out.

After double checking the building again she did finally find him. He was near the back, by that polar bear exhibit that hadn’t opened yet, talking to a young, brown furred girl of some variety of dog. “Did you misplace your parents?” he was asking her with a friendly grin.

That was a relief. At least he was actually working for a change.

“My dad’s around here somewhere. He’s probably jerking off to the betta fish sorority. He really likes them,” the girl shrugged.

That was less of a relief. Vakra let out an unhappy giggle the moment she heard that. She kind of hated it when people jerked off on the sides of the tanks. It was such a pain having to constantly clean the glass over and over again all day. If people really wanted to get their rocks off to the fish they could just pay for a swim with them. Then they could fuck the damned fish to their hearts content. Or until their hour ran up… Whichever came first… So why did they always insist on jerking off on the glass?

She was just about to turn around and go grab some cleaning supplies before heading over to the sorority tank when the next words out of Trecid’s mouth made her freeze in place.

“Well if no one’s looking for you, why don’t you come follow me into the back and I can show you what shark dick is like?”

Vakra’s eyes widened the moment she heard that and when she turned back to look, Trecid was already leading the girl into the back room by the hand.

“That’s so very troubling,” Vakra smiled.

When Vakra stepped into the back room, Trecid was already in the process of pulling the girl’s shirt up over her head. They both paused and looked over at her and then Trecid rolled his eyes. “Not now, Sis. I’m busy.”

“I’m very sorry to interrupt, but I’m afraid I have to inform you that these actions are against company guidelines,” Vakra said in a cheerful tone as she walked over and pulled the young girl’s shirt back down over her.

“Damn it, Sis! Don’t be a buzzkill!” Trecid shouted at her.

Vakra just continued smiling as she said, “I apologize for that. But there are company policies regarding lost children within The Aquarium, and I’m afraid this particular action is not one of them. Hello. My name’s Vakra. What’s yours?” she then asked as she turned her attention away from her brother and squatted down to bring herself eye level with the young girl.

“Blissfur,” the girl answered.

“It’s nice to meet you, Blissfur. How old are you?”

“Thirteen.”

“The Aquarium’s policies request that children under the age of fifteen remain under adult supervision for their own safety. Do you know where your parents are right now?” Vakra then asked.

“Not exactly…” Blissfur answered.

“I understand,” Vakra nodded then offered the girl a hand. “If you’ll come with me, I’ll help you find them.”

“Alright,” the girl nodded as she took Vakra’s hand. Vakra quickly led her away from her brother as he grumbled and cursed at her from behind. Although she didn’t lead the girl back out onto the show floor. Instead she led her up a set of stairs that took them into the upper room of The Aquarium where the tanks opened up. That was where they loaded and unloaded the fish into the tanks when they had need to and also where they fed them. It was also entirely concealed from down below on the show floor. Down there the tanks just appeared to go straight up into the ceiling, which they did… But it was up in this room where they opened up.

“What are we doing up here?” the girl asked as Vakra led her down a catwalk between numerus open tanks.

“This is a shortcut,” Vakra smiled down at her.

The girl nodded and continued to follow her until Vakra finally stopped and looked down into one of the open tanks. Blissfur leaned over the railing of the catwalk to see what she was looking at. “What is it?” she asked.

“Oh, this is Jessica. She’s our moray eel,” Vakra answered. “I was just thinking that it’s her feeding time. I should probably take care of that while I’m up here.”

“Can I help?” Blissfur asked, still looking down at the eel in the tank below.

“You most certainly can,” Vakra said cheerfully as she placed both hands on the girl’s butt and shoved her over the railing into the tank.

After the initial splash the girl came back up gasping and sputtering water. “What are you doing?!” she shouted in a panic.

“I’m just feeding Jessica,” Vakra grinned.

A moment later the eel’s head surfaced behind the little dog and grinned at her as she licked her lips. Blissfur spun around quickly and gasped at the sight of the big eel eyeing her up. “Hello my pretty,” Jessica said in a very pleased sounding voice.

“Wait! Stay back!” Blissfur shouted but wasn’t able to say anything else after that. This was because Jessica opened her mouth wide and lunged forward, engulfing the girl’s head, shoulders, and chest in her mouth. Just as quickly as she had snapped down on the girl, she then whipped her head back up, pulling the girl’s kicking legs up into the air. She opened her mouth as she gulped and her throat muscles quickly sucked the rest of the girl down before snapping her jaws shut again. And just like that there was no more dog in the tank.

“Mmm… She was tasty,” Jessica said, licking her lips before looking up at Vakra. “Who did I just eat, anyways?”

“Just another lost child,” Vakra smiled down at her.

“I love those,” Jessica giggled then swam back down to the bottom of her tank.

When Vakra exited back down the stairs into the staff room, Trecid was standing there glaring at her angrily. “That was really uncalled for, you know that?”

Vakra’s only reply was, “Jessica has already been fed for the day. Please don’t give her anything else when you are doing the rest of the feeding.”

When Vakra returned to the information desk at the front of building she didn’t even have time to check if her coffee was still hot or not before someone who instantly caught her eye walked through the door. It was a polar bear. A big one. The woman looked like she worked out, but not like a body builder. She wasn’t rippled with muscle. She was just thick. More like a traditional strong man, or in this case, a strong woman… than one of those showoff, sculpted body builders who had to starve themselves to make their muscles stand out. That was good. It was a good look on this woman and Vakra was instantly wondering if she was looking for a job. They still hadn’t obtained a polar bear for that new polar bear exhibit they were supposed to be opening and she had a feeling one who looked like *that* would do very well in The Aquarium. And if she could be the one to introduce the woman to Miss Chaffex it would only help make things better for herself.

As she watched, the polar bear looked around wide eyed for a moment, and a blush could be seen starting to show beneath her fur. Vakra thought that was an odd reaction. Why was she blushing? Had she maybe walked into the wrong building by mistake and was embarrassed when she realized her mistake? She really hoped that wasn’t the case…

Then she sighed and turned around, starting to walk back out. That wasn’t good. Vakra had to at least try. Before she could leave, Vakra quickly rushed over and stepped in front of her, giving her a big toothy smile.

“Hello! Welcome to The Aquarium!” she said in a cheerful tone. “Can I help you find anything in particular?”

“Find something in particular?” the polar bear asked, seeming to be a little unsure. “What do you mean?”

“Is there a particular type of fish you would like to view?” Vakra asked. If the woman wasn’t there about a job maybe she could at least get her looking around and work up to asking her if she would be interested in one. “I can direct you to its location if you would like.”

“No, uhh… I was just…”

“Just browsing?” Vakra asked, cutting her off before she could give a different answer. “Is this your first visit to The Aquarium?”

“Yeah, I haven’t been here before,” the polar bear nodded.

“Allow me to explain our services then,” Vakra said, still smiling. “Viewing the fish is absolutely free. We believe that these beautiful creatures should be accessible for everyone to see, especially in land locked states like this where people otherwise wouldn’t have the opportunity to see such creatures. However, we realize not everyone is satisfied with just looking. If you should feel the desire to get up close and personal with the fish, we offer swimming sessions as well, although you do have to pay for those. We charge fifty per hour, and as a strict rule, you may not eat or otherwise harm our fish.”

The polar bear raised an eyebrow at her after that. For a moment she looked almost offended and Vakra wondered what she had said wrong, but then a look of understanding slowly made its way over her face. She looked around again and seemed to be more at ease now. The blush had *almost* completely faded from her face. Then she dug into her pants pocket and pulled out a photograph which she held out for her to see. “Have you seen either of these humans by any chance?” she asked.

Vakra looked down at the picture in the polar bear’s hand for a moment. It looked like a family photo, or perhaps a picture of a group of friends. The polar bear herself was in it, standing beside two humans. A male and a younger female. After looking at it she shook her head. “I can’t say that I have. Were you supposed to meet them here today? I can direct them to you if I see them walk in.”

“That’s okay… *I’ll find them,*” the polar bear said shaking her head. There was something odd about the way she said she would find them. It sounded somewhat purposeful. It wasn’t exactly the tone a person normally used when talking about locating someone in a public place. “I’ll just… look around.”

Vakra nodded. “If there is anything we can help you with feel free to ask me or any other member of staff.”

The polar bear nodded and walked deeper into the aquarium, pausing only briefly to look over as their mermaid took notice of her and swam up to the side of the tank, squishing her naked breasts against the glass and giving her a wink as she walked by. The rest of the fish were taking notice of her the moment they spotted her too. They all knew that The Aquarium was looking for a polar bear and they obviously knew as well as Vakra did just how perfect that woman would be for the exhibit. So now they were no doubt trying to entice her into sticking around.

Such helpful fish… Vakra really did love them. They were the *only* part about the job she still liked.

But then Vakra noticed that the polar bear was blushing brightly again as soon as the fish started giving her attention. That was interesting… She wasn’t blushing out of embarrassment at walking into the wrong building or anything like that… She was blushing at… fish tits? Why would the fish shaking their tits at her make her embarrassed?

Vakra’s eyes widened and she gasped as she made the connection. It couldn’t be… Could it? Was she… fresh out of the dome? That was the only explanation Vakra could think of that made any sense… And if she was, then that would mean there was a good chance she wasn’t a documented citizen. That was perfect! Who cared about trying to convince her to take a job as an aquarium exhibit? If she wasn’t documented they could just take her and put her in that tank whether she liked it or not! Miss Chaffex would be sure to give her a promotion if she brought *that* to her attention… or at very least give her a raise…

But she couldn’t jump to conclusions. If she was wrong about the polar bear the embarrassment she could cause for The Aquarium by accusing her of being undocumented could be enough to do the opposite of what she wanted. It would be best to follow her and keep an eye on her to see if she could confirm her suspicions.

As she followed the woman and watched her, she saw a lot more of the fish taking note and trying to entice her. Even Jessica was grinning like a school girl and putting on a full display for her. That was no surprise. Those girls all had good taste. If Vakra was in a tank she’d probably be doing the same thing the moment she saw that woman. In fact, she could feel her claspers getting hard under her grass skirt right now just from watching the woman. That polar bear was mouthwatering.

But what was more interesting was how embarrassed and how flustered the polar bear was getting from all the attention. She kept averting her eyes and trying not to look every time the fish put themselves on display. That settled it. There was no way that woman *wasn’t* fresh out of the dome. She had the sensibilities of someone from the early twenty first century. But the question still remained, was she documented? There was always the chance she had been found by one of the official rescue parties and been given documentation. And considering she was walking around freely and wasn’t someone’s slave or pet, the chances of that were kind of high. But then again, she did look pretty tough. She could have simply escaped from a group of raiders…

As Vakra was standing there wondering how she was going to figure out the answer to her question, Trecid spotted her and walked over. “The fish all seem to be pretty interested in you,” he said with a grin as he started eyeing her up.

The polar bear looked over at him and nodded. “Yeah, I noticed.”

“I can’t say I blame them though. You got ass for days,” Trecid commented as he stepped closer and gave her back side a slap. How very like him…

“Hey!” the polar bear shouted angrily as she jumped back. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?!”

“Getting a feel of those buns,” Trecid smirked then nodded to the hall leading down to the back room. “Let’s slip into the breakroom and have a quickie.”

Honestly… Did he *ever* work, or was he just constantly having sex with patrons in the back all day?

“What?! No!” the polar bear shouted, looking like she couldn’t believe what she just heard. That was promising. She clearly wasn’t given a proper orientation if she was *that* surprised by Trecid’s proposition. Vakra grinned. It looked like this woman may not be documented after all.

Trecid gave a confused look at that answer. “Why not?” he asked.

“Because I don’t want to!” the polar bear answered, looking like she didn’t understand why he would even ask that.

Trecid looked even more confused by this. “Why not?” he asked again.

“Oh my god!” the polar bear said exasperatedly. “Because I don’t even know you!”

“Alright… Well how about sucking me off then?” Trecid asked as he parted his grass skirt and flashed his claspers at her. Vakra had to give her brother one thing… He wasn’t giving up.

“If you don’t get away from me right now, I’m going to break this aquarium’s no eating rule and find out what shark taste like!” the polar bear said angrily then spun around and hurried away.

The moment she was gone Vakra rushed over, running right past her confused brother, and into the back room. It would have been a good idea to go to Miss Chaffex’s office and tell her what was going on, but at that point she was worried that if she did the polar bear would have left the building before they got back out onto the show floor. She was going to have to act fast and take care of the matter on her own before it was too late.

Grabbing one of the dart guns they used for calming down misbehaving fish off of the rack, Vakra quickly ran back out onto the show floor and past her brother again. “Woah! What are you doing?!” he called after her but she didn’t have time to stop and answer him.

Dashing off in the direction the polar bear had gone she eventually found her standing in front of the empty enclosure for their future polar bear exhibit. She was holding the laminated *Coming Soon* sign in her hand as she looked down at the plaque on the side of the tank it had been covering. Then she started looking around with a worried look on her face and froze when she spotted Vakra standing there with the dart gun in her hand. Yep… That was the look of someone who had just figured out what was about to happen.

Vakra grinned as she aimed the gun at the polar bear and squeezed back on the trigger. As the dart hit the woman in the upper arm she let out a rather loud, and rather angry roar before starting to charge at her. “Oh, how troubling…” Vakra said with a nervous smile and shot the woman again… and again… and again…

After the fourth dart the polar bear collapsed on the floor only inches away from her feet and Vakra looked at the gun in disbelief. Four darts? It normally only took one! That was one tough polar bear…

“What on earth is going on?!” Miss Chaffex shouted as she and Trecid both came running around the corner.

Vakra smiled widely as she turned to face her boss and gestured to the polar bear with her free hand. “I have procured a polar bear for your new exhibit.”

“Are you insane?!” Miss Chaffex asked in a state of total shock at what she was seeing.

“No Ma’am,” Vakra answered. “This polar bear isn’t documented.”

“What…?” the foxtaur asked with a surprised blink. “Are… Are you sure?”

“Yes Ma’am, quite sure,” Vakra nodded happily.

Miss Chaffex looked around quickly then nodded. “Okay… Trecid, help me drag her into the back. Vakra, get back up front and stay at your post. I’ll handle this.”

“Yes Ma’am,” Vakra nodded and handed the dart gun to her brother as she walked past. She was feeling quite happy with herself at the moment and it *wasn’t* because of the chip implanted in her brain. There was no way Miss Chaffex could overlook what she had just done. She had just saved The Aquarium a load of money and helped them get a polar bear to open up their new exhibit ahead of schedule. There was a promotion in her future for sure.

After she got back up to the information desk however, she wasn’t left standing there for long before a turkey and a feminine looking bull came walking in. What made them stand out was the way the turkey was dressed. Her clothing unmistakably marked her as a raider. The bull with her wasn’t dressed in any such way however. He had on a sports bra and a pair of very tight jogging shorts. Her boyfriend perhaps? That was cute. It was always nice to see raiders taking time off to spend with their loved ones and doing fun activities like visiting The Aquarium.

“Good day,” Vakra greeted them cheerfully. “Welcome to The Aquarium. Is there anything I can help you with today?”

“Actually, yes,” the turkey nodded as she walked over. “Have you seen a polar bear walk in here recently by any chance?”

Vakra’s smile grew a little bit wider out of nervousness. That was a little too convenient to just be a coincidence. Was this the raider that polar bear had escaped from? If that was the case she was going to undoubtedly want her back. And if they had to give her back that would be her new promotion going right down the toilet. Best to pretend she didn’t know what the turkey was talking about.

“A polar bear? No, I’m afraid I haven’t seen a polar bear come in today,” she answered, shaking her head. “But if you are interested in polar bears we have a new polar bear exhibit here in The Aquarium that will be opening in a few days. If you’d like to come back then I’ll be happy to show you to it.”

The turkey seemed slightly troubled by this. “Has anyone else been manning the entrance today? Maybe she came in before your shift started?”

“I’ve been here for the last four hours,” Vakra argued. “Has it been longer than that since you saw her?”

“No, it hasn’t,” the turkey answered.

“Then I’m sorry I couldn’t help, but she didn’t come in here,” Vakra shrugged.

The turkey frowned and looked around for a moment. As she did, her face began to take on a suspicious look. Vakra didn’t like that. “Alright then… She said she was going to come over here so I guess I’ll just look around and wait for her to show up,” the turkey nodded and she and the bull quickly walked away before Vakra could say anything else.

That wasn’t good… They clearly knew something. Vakra wasn’t sure how, but they knew. She could read the look on that turkey’s face plain as day. That was a look that said, *I don’t believe you*. Even though Miss Chaffex had told her to stay at her post, this was a situation that was going to require her to disobey orders. She needed to follow those two and make sure they didn’t get too close.

The two were whispering to themselves as they walked around but Vakra couldn’t get close enough to hear what they were saying. She kept following them though, staying out of sight, as they searched the entire show floor. Eventually they became very disappointed and actually looked like they were about to give up and leave. That was good. The sooner they left the sooner she could stop worrying about it. They were actually headed for the exit when Trecid just happened to show back up and ruin things.

Damn you, Trecid…

He walked right up after spotting the turkey and grabbed her ass, giving it a squeeze. The turkey yelped and jumped away, quickly spinning around to face Trecid in a defensive stance. “Did I scare you?” Trecid asked as he grinned at her. “Guess you have to stay on guard in the domes…”

“What?” the turkey asked, her eyes widening nervously.

That was interesting… Both her reaction to being groped and her sudden nervousness at the mention of the domes. Why would a raider be nervous at mention of her job?

“Well you’re a raider, right? I can’t think of anyone who would dress like that otherwise,” Trecid commented with a nod to her outfit.

“Told you it wasn’t cute,” the bull then smirked at his friend.

“Oh… yeah… Yeah, I’m a raider,” the turkey nodded but her nervous voice betrayed her. Vakra grinned at that. What a little liar… That turkey was no raider. Judging from the way she had reacted when Trecid grabbed her ass, she was another undocumented from the dome all dressed up to avoid suspicion. The bull probably was too. That polar bear must have been their friend. Just how many dome survivors were walking around this town undocumented anyways? Did a raider party get blown up and all of their catches escape or something?

Of course Trecid was too busy thinking with his claspers to notice. “I don’t generally see turkeys as thin as you. It’s kind of interesting. Let’s go in the back and pound one out.”

The turkey blinked in surprise. She looked both angry and worried for a moment but then her face lit up and she grabbed the bull, pulling him in front of her. “Actually… Can I interest you in my friend here? He’s been desperately in need of *pounding one out* all day.”

“Huh?” the bull said, seeming slightly confused by this, but then the turkey leaned in and whispered something in his ear and he calmed down… slightly…

“I’ve already done cow femboys before,” Trecid said as he pushed the bull out of the way and moved up even closer into the turkey’s personal space. “I’m more interested in giving you a try,” he grinned as he grabbed her breasts with both hand and gave them a squeeze.

The turkey looked like she was really fighting hard not to slap Trecid when he did that. She forced a smile onto her face and gave a nervous laugh as she said, “The thing is, it’s not safe for me to do that today, you know? I uhh… Can’t really afford to get pregnant right now. That would really put a damper on my dome raiding… Sucks, I know… But no one ever said being a raider was easy.”

Wow… Did she think they were idiots? Get pregnant? She was a turkey! She’d lay an egg in the morning and that would be the end of it. What the hell was she trying to pull?

“It’s fine,” Trecid said as he grabbed her by the arm and started dragging her away. “I’ll do you up the ass.”

The turkey looked on the verge of panic. “Stop it!” she shouted as she yanked her arm out of Trecid’s hand. “I didn’t agree to this!”

“Hey what’s the deal?” Trecid asked indignantly, raising a suspicious eyebrow at her. “I said I’d do it in your butt, so what’s the problem here?”

Vakra rolled her eyes. It was so painfully obvious that the chip actually allowed her to do it that time… *What’s the problem?* Besides the obvious fact that depending on how her body was configured during genesplicing she may not *have* an asshole and could just be all cloaca down there? How about the fact that she’s from a time and place where sex wasn’t nearly as casual as it is now? How was Trecid not picking up on that?

“The problem is you’re a fucking prick! You ever think maybe not everyone wants to have sex with you?!” the turkey shouted back at him. She at least had a point. Vakra couldn’t deny that she was absolutely right about that. Still didn’t help that she was tilting her cards now…

“You got a problem with sex?” Trecid asked.

“And what if I do? You want to make something of it?!”

Trecid narrowed his eyes at her. “You sound more like a dome survivor than a raider… You got documentation?”

There you go, Trecid… Finally he was putting the pieces together. Vakra would have almost been proud of him. *Almost…*

“Oh yeah, sure… I just carry that around with me,” the turkey said in a very angry, sarcastic voice. “Let me just reach up my ass and pull out my birth certificate for you!”

“Mallory, let’s just it go. He’s not worth it,” the bull said as he tried to pull her back.

The turkey, Mallory, shrugged out of the bull’s grasp though. At that moment she looked like the only thing she wanted to do was punch Trecid’s lights out. And again Vakra couldn’t blame her. Hell… she’d love to see that girl punch her brother in the face. But as amusing as that would have been, Vakra decided it was time to step in and put a stop to this before things got out of hand.

“Is there a problem here?” she asked as she started walking over to them. Mallory looked over her shoulder at her but before she could say anything, Trecid answered the question instead.

“I think we’ve got a couple of undocumented citizens here.”

“They *were* looking for a polar bear,” Vakra replied with a nod to let her brother know what was going on.

“Oh really…” Trecid said, raising an eyebrow as he turned his attention back onto Mallory. “We just got a polar bear. Maybe you’d like to see her?”

Mallory looked quite angry when she heard this. Angrier than she had already been. Her bull companion just looked nervous and worried. “Yeah… I think I *would* like to see her,” she nodded.

“Right this way,” Trecid said as he waved for them to follow and started walking down the hall leading to the staff only area. Vakra quickly followed behind them.

The bull whispered something to Mallory and she whispered something back. They both stopped however once they were in the back room. Even Vakra blinked a bit surprised by what was she saw back there. Miss Chaffex sure hadn’t wasted any time. The polar bear was naked, restrained to a chair with heavy leather straps, her head held back by a strap over her forehead as two metal tongs stretched her mouth open wide from each side. The rolling staircase they used for cleaning the glass on the higher parts of the tanks was pushed up behind her which would have allowed a person to just walk up and look down the polar bear’s throat. For a moment Vakra wondered why they had done that but then she noticed how the polar bear’s stomach was considerably larger than it had been and she made the connection. They had been feeding her…

Although she had to wonder what… Had they grabbed some more *lost children*, marched them up the steps, and made them sort of walk the plank into the polar bear’s mouth? Not that she was surprised… That sort of thing was nothing new. They’d had to do the same thing with Jessica before they got her broken in.

“Oh my god! What the fuck are you doing to her?!” Mallory shouted in angry disbelief.

“Your friend is an undocumented citizen,” Vakra answered with a smiling. “So we have obtained her for our new exhibit. Although she is a little too in shape for our comfort. We are worried a strong, physically fit woman like herself may prove to be difficult to keep contained. So we are fattening her up a bit to make her slower and more docile.” She didn’t need to be told that to know that was the reason. It had taken four darts to bring that bear down. She needed to be made a bit more docile before they could safely keep her in an enclosure. Just like Jessica… She was just disappointed they had started feeding the woman without her. Feeding was her favorite part.

“It’s a good thing you showed up when you did,” Trecid grinned at them. “She’s about ready for another feeding.”

“What?!” Mallory shouted, taking a step back. Vakra quickly place both hands on her shoulders to hold her in place and keep her from trying to make a break for it though.

“In order to get her up to weight in time for the exhibit opening in a few days, she is going to require frequent feedings throughout the day,” Vakra explained. “You two will make a fine addition to her gut and remove the problem of anyone looking for her at the same time. Try to understand this is just the most natural solution to the problem.”

As she explained that to the turkey, Trecid grabbed the dart gun off of a nearby table and aimed it at the bull. “We’ll do you first,” he said. “Maybe after your friend watches you slide down your other friend’s gullet she’ll reconsider my offer for a quickie.”

The bull frowned nervously and took a step back, looking from side to side as if trying to figure out which direction was best for attempting to make a break for it.

“Don’t make this harder on yourself,” Trecid said. “You can either walk up those steps and slide into your friend’s mouth on your own, or I can dart you and drag you up there and dump you in myself. It’s just a paralytic… not a tranquilizer… You’re going to be conscious for the experience either way.”

“Why would you do that?” the bull asked, shaking his head.

“It’s more fun that way,” Trecid grinned.

That wasn’t the reason the gun fired paralytic darts instead of tranquilizer darts. The reason was because tranquilizers were bad for fish. Trecid was just being sadistic… Which wasn’t out of character for him…

The bull whimpered unhappily and slowly started walking up the steps behind the polar bear, going as slowly as he could.

“Come on, don’t drag your feet!” Trecid shouted. “You’re getting gurgled up in her gut either way. Just get it over with!”

Once the bull was at the top of the stairs, looking down at his friend’s open mouth, and the polar bear was able to actually see him now, she started struggling against her restraints furiously. But struggle as she might, she wasn’t able to break free and could only watch helplessly as the bull sat down on the top step and slowly lowered his hooved feet into her mouth. First one hoof and then the other.

“I hope you can induce vomiting,” he told the polar bear with a sigh as he pushed himself off of the step and started sliding into her gaping maw, his legs slipping down into her throat.

The polar bear started to gag around him, putting up her best effort *not* to swallow the bull down, and both Trecid and Vakra started to laugh. “She’s not leaving that chair for a few days,” Trecid chuckled. “You’ll be long gone before she even has the chance to try something like that.”

Vakra smiled happily as she watched the bull slowly sink deeper and deeper down into his friend’s open mouth. She could see the polar bear’s throat bulging as more of the bull’s body started to fill it. The polar bear herself was still struggling, trying anything she could to fight against it as one of her friends slid in and her throat muscles started contracting around him on instinct, pulling him deeper down. The bull gave out one more whimpering yelp just before his head vanished between the polar bear’s lips and with one more gulp from the polar bear the bull was gone and her stomach had become a little more bloated.

Such a wonderful sight. Vakra really loved watching the exhibits eat. And there was just something about forcing a person to eat her own friend that really made her claspers hard. “Your turn now,” she said as she gave Mallory a little push towards the steps.

“Wait! You can’t do this!” Mallory protested in a panic. “I’m… I’m only sixteen!”

For a moment Vakra wasn’t sure what that had to do with anything but then she remembered that this turkey was from the dome. She likely hadn’t been living in this world for very long and still thought her age meant something. What a time for her to learn that age made little difference now. At least in *this* part of the country… “That’s no issue,” she giggled. “Children who wander away from their parents and get lost make excellent fish food. It cuts down on operating expenses like you wouldn’t believe. I’ve fed kids younger than *you* to the exhibits before…”

“No! No no, please!” Mallory begged as Vakra kept pushing her towards the steps. “She’s… she’s my mother!”

“Doubtful,” Vakra said. “You don’t show any sign of being a half breed…”

“She adopted me!” Mallory insisted.

“Well isn’t that sweet… Now you and your adopted mother can be together forever when you are padding out her ass,” Vakra smiled. “Now step on up and don’t keep her waiting. Your mother looks anxious to start turning you into ass fat.”

The polar bear struggled more ferociously than before. She tried letting out an angry roar but it came out as more of an awkward, gurgled moan with the way her head was being held and her mouth full of forceps.

“Hold on!” Trecid suddenly shouted as he rushed over and stood between them and the steps. “You’ve still got a chance to delay this a little longer, you know…? This is your last chance to get one last good orgasm in before you go. How about stripping out of those clothes and bending over that table over there for me?”

Vakra could only smile. Oh how she wanted to roll her eyes, but she just couldn’t seem to make them do it this time.

The turkey answered his question by spitting in his face. He wiped the spit away with his free hand and gave her a confused look. “Is that a yes or a no?”

There was the eye roll! *Now* the chip was allowing it…

“How about you go *fuck yourself* instead?!” she shouted at him.

Trecid sighed and shook his head. “Have it your way then… Push her down on her knees…”

Was he serious? Vakra couldn’t believe this. Couldn’t he get through even one job task without wanting to break for sex? But fine… She guessed he *had* been striking out all day… And she *had* taken that little dog away from him and fed her to Jessica before he had a chance to get his claspers wet. There had been a reason for that… Despite their regional social standards not giving a fuck, sex with anyone that young just made her feel uncomfortable. Eating them was one thing, but sex…? That seemed a bit much. She had standards, unlike her brother… But either way she did still feel like she kind of owed him one… Plus if he didn’t manage to get off at least once before work was over he was going to be looking to *her* to take care of him as soon as they both clocked out. Better to just let him have his way with the turkey real quick and limit her sexual encounters with her brother to just once per day…

“What?!” Mallory shouted in shock as Vakra suddenly forced her down onto her knees. “No! Wait!” she shouted but wasn’t able to get anything else out as Vakra grabbed her beak with both hands and held it open. Trecid pulled his grass skirt apart in the front and both of his erect claspers stood in front of the turkey’s face aching for some action. He placed one hand on her shoulder to hold her down while placing the other hand on the back of her head, pulling her ever closer as he prepared to face fuck her right there on the spot. The poor thing tried to struggle free but being sharks, Trecid and Vakra were both bigger than her and stronger than her. Even with both hands pressed against Trecid’s upper thighs she couldn’t push herself back away from him.

The polar bear couldn’t see what was happening with the angle her head was being held at, but she could obviously hear what was happening. Letting out another enraged roar she pulled her forearms up against the straps as hard as she could until finally one of them gave way and snapped. With her left arm now free she reached over and grabbed the strap holding her right arm down and started pulling up against it with both arms.

“Oh dear…” Vakra said, still unable to show anything other than a calm, pleasant demeanor as she let go of Mallory and hurried over in front of Friday, trying to grab her free arm and pull it back into place. “Please let go of that strap…” she said as she smiled up at the enraged polar bear.

“God damn it…” she heard Trecid say but was too busy trying to get the bear’s arm back in place to look over at what he was doing. The polar bear was proving to be just as strong as she had suspected and the task was quickly becoming too difficult for her. Then she heard Trecid say something else and that *did* get her to look. “Okay now, little turkey… Just hold on a minute and think about what you’re doing… We can talk about this…”

When she looked over she saw that the turkey was now down on her back holding the dart gun up as she aimed it at Trecid. “Oh that’s troublesome…” she commented with a nervous smile. “Little turkey, would you mind not doing that? It would be very much appreciated…”

The turkey answered by pulling the trigger and shooting a dart right into Trecid’s chest.

“Fuck!” Trecid shouted as he quickly grabbed the dart and pulled it out before staggering backwards and falling limp onto the floor.

“Oh… I was hoping you wouldn’t do that…” Vakra said mildly disappointed. The turkey spun around, aiming the gun at her now just as the strap on the polar bear’s other arm broke and she reached up with both hands to free her head from everything holding it back. Vakra instantly let go and calmly took a step back. “Well, this situation is out of my hands now.”

“God damn it!” the polar bear shouted angrily the moment she had her head free and the forceps out of her mouth. It only took her a moment to get her feet free once she had the use of both hands and then she instantly dropped down onto her hands and knees and shoved one finger down her throat, starting to gag herself.

Mallory kept the dart gun aimed at Vakra as they both watched and Vakra shook her head as she said, “No, no… That’s not going to be enough… Your throat is big enough to swallow a person whole. You’re going to need something much bigger if you’re trying to gag yourself into vomiting.”

The polar bear growled angrily up at Vakra then grabbed her by both biceps as she pulled her forward. Vakra instantly regretted offering helpful advice.

“This isn’t what I was suggesting,” she said as she watched the polar bear open her mouth wide and pull her towards it. A moment later her head was shoved into the polar bear’s mouth and she could feel the woman’s hot, wet breath all around her as she started sliding deeper in.

As the polar bear started shoving Vakra down her tight throat, Vakra couldn’t believe this was how it was going to end. Of all the ways to go, becoming food for one of the exhibits was not what she expected. It was most certainly what she deserved. After all, how many people had she fed to the exhibits since she had started working at The Aquarium? And a good majority of them had been children… Like that little girl she had just fed to Jessica earlier that morning. That girl was still young and had so much to live for. She hadn’t expected when she got up that morning that her life would end in the gut of a moray eel. Nor had she wanted it to… But Vakra hadn’t shown any concern for that. She just pushed the girl right in and watched excitedly as Jessica gulped her down.

But was she really a bad person for doing things like that? She was just doing what Miss Chaffex told her to do. Miss Chaffex always said that unattended children were fair game and excellent fish food. If anything, Miss Chaffex was the bad person. *She* was just a poor working stiff doing what she was told. As those warm, moist throat muscles tightened around her and started pulling her down, she started to think this really *was* unfair after all. Why was *she* getting eaten for doing what Miss Chaffex had instructed her to do? And where *was* Miss Chaffex anyways? Everything was going tits up and suddenly the woman was nowhere to be found. It really should have been Miss Chaffex in the polar bear’s throat right now, not her…

But oh well… What could she do about it? Nothing. And that chip in her brain wouldn’t even allow her to experience a proper sense of dread at her impending fate of being digested alive. She just felt calm and couldn’t seem to stop smiling as she simply allowed the polar bear to swallow her.

But then she realized she wasn’t being swallowed at all… She had stopped moving down. The polar bear was holding her in place half way down her throat as she started to gag. Oh… So *that’s* what she was doing… Yeah, that made a lot more sense. She hadn’t quite understood how eating her was going to help her get her bull friend back out of her stomach.

After a moment or two of gagging on her, the polar bear quickly yanked Vakra back out of her mouth and Vakra scrambled backwards away from her in a reverse crabwalk as she began to vomit. The bull came back out among the now partially digested remains of what appeared to be two teenagers and quickly pushed himself up off of the floor, gasping for air. Vakra, now rather slimy from being wedged in the polar bear’s throat, wiped her eyes with both hands and shook her head as she looked at the sight on the floor in front of her.

She recognized the two teenagers that had just been vomited up along with the bull. They didn’t appear to still be among the living and were in the very early stages of digestion. That polar bear’s stomach worked fast. She must have skipped breakfast… But Vakra still recognized them. Those two had been quite a problem for a while. Always writing obscene messages in the bathroom stalls… It was nice to see they finally got them. That would be the last time those two ever wrote *‘Wait until marriage’* on the bathroom wall. Still, it was a shame to see them get barfed back up. “Well… that’s a tremendous waste of food…”

“Oh, you want me to eat?” the polar bear asked angrily as she looked over at her and pushed herself back up onto her feet. “How about I have sushi then?”

“Yes, I suppose that’s only appropriate,” Vakra nodded as she stood back up and casually walked over to her brother sprawled out on the floor. She was still feeling perfectly calm and accepting of the whole situation. That damned chip in her head wasn’t doing her survival instincts any favors… “Probably no chance for negotiation?” she asked as she slipped both hands under her brother’s arms and started dragging him over towards the rolling steps before she even had an answer.

“Absolutely not,” the polar bear growled.

“Yes, I understand,” Vakra nodded. “Alright, please sit back down in the chair. I’ll handle this.”

The three all seemed a little surprised and confused by just how well, and how calmly, she was taking the situation, but then so was she… Vakra knew that chip in her head was supposed to help make her more agreeable to others, but she hadn’t expected it to make her a more agreeable meal too. But that was very quickly where she was headed. The polar bear just gave the turkey a shrug then walked back over and sat back down in the chair.

“Wait! Friday, you don’t have to do this!” Mallory tried to tell her. “I know you don’t like it… We can… do something else with them…”

Vakra was hopeful for a moment. Do something else with them? That would be nice. She would love to *not* have to feed her brother and herself to that polar bear. Well… she’d love not to feed herself to her at least…

“After what they just tried to do?” the polar bear Mallory had just names as Friday asked with a raised eyebrow. “No… I’m making an exception for these two…” She then leaned her head back again and opened her mouth wide. “Hurry it up! I don’t have all day!”

“Sorry. He’s just a bit heavy. I’ve got it now,” Vakra answered as she finished dragging her companion up to the top of the steps and looked over the edge, down into Friday’s open mouth. With her head tilted back like that she could see right down Friday’s throat. As far down as a person could naturally see at least… As she looked down the woman’s gullet a slight shiver ran up her spine as she realized just how close she was from sliding down it if she didn’t so something fast. Just because the chip was making her happy and agreeable about the whole thing didn’t mean she *wanted* to be eaten in the next few minutes.

“Wait… Don’t…” Trecid pleaded as she pulled his limp body over to the edge of the top step, barely able to get the words out in his paralyzed state.

“Sorry about this,” Vakra said with a smile as she started sliding her brother over the edge and down into Friday’s waiting mouth. She wasn’t. She wasn’t sorry at all. In fact, as she fed her own brother to the polar bear, watching him starting to slide down into the woman’s throat, she could feel her claspers getting rock hard under her grass skirt. Damn, that was hot… What a shame she could only do that once… What a shame she couldn’t stick around and fully enjoy it…

But there was no time to stand around and jerk off on her brother’s helpless face while he was swallowed alive, as much as she would have liked to… She had an opening now. As soon as Friday began swallowing Trecid down, no longer fighting against being fed, Vakra quickly lunged off of the steps and made a mad dash for the door.

She did it so suddenly that it took the others by surprise and the turkey wasn’t able to re-aim the dart gun in time. With Trecid half way down Friday’s throat, she wasn’t able to get up in time to give chase either. And the poor bull was still too dazed and recovering from nearly suffocating to death in his friend’s stomach to react. One dart whizzed by Vakra’s head, completely missing her, and that was all the turkey had time to get off before she rushed out the rear emergency exit, leaving the door open behind her. “Thank you for visiting The Aquarium!” Vakra shouted back at them over her shoulder as she made her escape. “We hope you enjoyed yourself and come back soon!”

She darted down the back alley behind the building then hopped a chain-link fence and cut around the side of another building, not stopping until she had put enough distance between herself and the others that she was confident they wouldn’t know where she had gone. She finally stopped two blocks over, ducking into a bar and pausing a moment to catch her breath. It was best to stay out of sight for a while. Not get caught out on the streets until she was sure they had stopped looking for her…

“Hey cute stuff… You look like you are a bit riled up,” a large wolf woman said, walking over and running her hand along the length of Vakra’s still erect claspers, poking out from under the grass skirt. Vakra looked up at the woman in surprise, not even having time to survey her surroundings before the woman took notice of her. But now that the woman was rubbing her stiff members, she had to admit it did feel rather nice… and she was going to need *something* to pass the time while she waited for the heat to die down…

There was still a lot she needed to think about. Like what to do next. Would it be safe to go back to work now that those three knew she worked there and were clearly pissed off at her? They could come back looking for her if she just went back to work like normal. That was a pain… She had worked so hard to work her way up in the company. That damned chip in her brain would have been all for nothing if she was forced to quit now… And what was she going to do if she *did* quit? *Was* there even a job she could work where she would be safe and not have to worry about those three running into her again? At this point she was going to have to pack up and leave town if she *truly* wanted to avoid bumping into them again. Of course, if she got them out of the way then there would be no problem and she could go back to work like normal. But what would it even take to do *that?*

But for the moment, those questions would have to wait. A big, buff wolf had just offered to help relieve the pent up excitement her claspers were still suffering from after feeding her brother to a polar bear, and that chip in her head wasn’t going to allow her to be anything other than agreeable.

“Why yes, I am a bit riled up,” Vakra answered with a smile. “I just had a very erotic experience but wasn’t able to stick around and properly enjoy it.”

The wolf grabbed both of her claspers in one hand, gripping them tightly as she pulled her along by them. “Come join me and my pack over here at our table. We’ll help you take care of that.”

“That sounds wonderful,” Vakra giggled as she allowed the wolf to lead her off by the claspers. She wasn’t entirely sure if that was just the chip talking or not…