THE SCENT OF A BRIDE

Sequel to ‘Scent of a Bear’.

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Note: This is a maximally obscene furry fetish fantasy story.

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Jamie, the young, black-furred anthropomorphic Labrador Retriever and imminent groom, was laughing uncontrollably, barely able to tell his story.

“Hah—So then—So then—Hahah!”

He slammed his beer on the long table of Weimaraner’s Beer Garden as his friend, Travis, a big red stallion, slapped him on the back, laughing and leaning back his large head.

“So then I open the door—and the worst smell—the WORST smell! Like, ever, hits me like a fuckin’ truck. It’s like…two-day-old hotdogs with shit sauce, stuffed in a sweaty bear’s arm-pit all night long, haha!”

Everyone laughed.

Miho, the fuzzy monkey, who was genuinely having a good time and mildly buzzed, noticed the cat, Rachel, recover and open her mouth to add some detail to the story being told. Miho blinked and moved to speak loudly, hardly thinking of what she was saying.

“Really! That sounds like one of Haley’s *favorite* fragrances,” she put in with perfect delivery, drawing everyone’s attention and making a potently bright grin towards the petit spaniel in question.

While most of them – Jamie, Rachel the cat, Travis the stallion, Larry the panther—whose arm was wrapped around Miho’s shoulder—Maria the giraffe, and the small mink sitting next to her that Miho didn’t know as well—looked on blankly, there was a core group who got the joke.

And this core group—all five of them—Maura the rabbit, Jen the squirrel, Sophie the spaniel, and Peter and Paul Levy, the beaver twins—to whom someone had clearly divulged the secret—not only laughed, but made a glorious unison chorus of

“Ohhhhhh~! Hahah!”

“Whaaat! Hahah!” Jamie laughed too, distracted from his own story for a moment. “This story, I gotta hear.” Grinning, he threw his arm around his fiancé, Haley the by-all-accounts adorable, petit, silky-furred, wavy-eared, orange-and-cream spaniel, who quickly f`lashed a glare towards Miho before properly smiling and laughing.

“Nah, nah. Your story first, hubby-puppy, yours first!” Haley called brightly. “Tell us what you found behind the broom closet at the Cove Haven Lodge Dining Hall.”

“Well, uh, alright.” The smiling black Labrador retriever looked his bride up and down once, distracted, smile fading.

“You’re never gonna believe what we saw!” announced the big horse in his deep voice, gesturing, and, after taking another sip of beer, Jamie nodded.

“Yeah! There were these big, huge…”

The sound of the party faded away for Miho, who felt relaxed. Her tail, which had been tightly curled for what seemed like weeks, finally relaxed. *I did the right thing.* She nuzzled into her boyfriend, the panther Larry’s fuzzy black shoulder. He caressed her big ears and gave her a kiss and lick on her forehead. She enjoyed the brush of his perfectly pointed fang-tips against her ear.

During the rest of the party, some thirty minutes later, after the sausages and pretzels were served, and a drunken Maria had distracted everyone by making a big show of her party trick of swallowing the kielbasa whole, Miho blinked and saw that Haley’s seat was empty.

Miho was then tapped on the shoulder.

“Hey, Mimi? Come to the bathroom with me. I wanna talk to you about something.”

It was Haley’s voice.

“Uh…sure.”

Hopping up to her soft feet, Miho glanced around, but didn’t see any bears in the beer garden’s party patio as they strolled away from it. *Makes sense I guess, since it’s an upscale place.*

“Is Beth here?”

“Eh, you know we invited her, but Beth told me she doesn’t like parties, they make her anxious.”

Miho’s eyes narrowed slightly. “Well, she came with us on the cruise.”

“Yeah, she said she pushed through it for my sake.”

“Beth sure ***pushed through*** a lot, that’s for sure,” Miho joked and smiled wryly.

“Hahah!”

The women’s bathroom had a carpeted foyer area with a couple leather easy chairs, and then further back, about eight stalls, and a big wall of vanity mirrors. Walls and floor were covered with shining black-and-white checkered tiles. Various creatures were here, some chatting, some adjusting their look, some checking their phones or heading into the stalls. The sounds of pissing and flushing, picking up and putting down bags and keys, opening and closing makeup cases, and the casual flow of female chatter echoed through the room.

Haley stopped by the far side of the mirror and wore a slightly testy expression as she held her left elbow in her right paw and flexed her other paw.

“Well, what’s up?” Miho asked, knowing exactly what was up. Turning her head slightly, not hearing a response, she pressed: “Did you tell—“

“I think you you’re confused,” Haley said flatly.

“Iiiiiiiiiiii’m not *entirely* sure—“ Miho felt a heat rise in her chest.

Haley shook her head no.

“I’m not confused about what I saw, and heard,” Miho said in a cautious tone, glancing behind her, but she didn’t see anyone she knew, just a rather large skunk dressed in denim shorts and a purple shirt, clutching her bulging stomach, cringing and dashing into a stall.

The monkey focused her gaze on Haley’s clear, confident green eyes.

“When you and Beth went up to the room, you were wearing your *Bride to Be* shirt, and it was fine. But when *we* came up after we finished our game—You and Beth were in the bathroom, and when you came out, I saw your shirt was *torn* and there was *blood* on it.” Miho spoke clearly.

“You’re confused,” Haley said, making direct unblinking eye contact. “It was torn in the fight. By—by the other bear.” A slight hesitation.

“No,” Miho said carefully. “I remember very clearly that you changed *into* that shirt *after* the fight was over, and it wasn’t torn.”

“But—“

“AND I remember very distinctly that I was trying to go to sleep, in the same bed as you, and I heard you moving—to Beth’s bed—I looked and saw you put your—“ It was Miho’s turn to hesitate, and she felt like some kind of unsavory inquisitor, going over these clinical details- “you put your muzzle in her arm-pit, and say loudly that you—“ Miho actually couldn’t quite remember, she had been half asleep. “That you liked her smell.”

Haley stared blankly.

“I think,” Miho blurted. *I shouldn’t have said that.*

Haley blinked, then laughed, folded her arms, and rolled her eyes.

“Anyone would tell you I was joking. That’s sarcasm, Miho, you know that. What kind of maniac would put their snout in a bear’s arm-pit?”

“I..uh…Well…” Miho shrugged. “Maybe someone who loves them.”

Haley blinked, folding her arms tighter.

“Miho, honestly, I like you a lot as a friend and I trust you, but you’re just stressing me out right now and I don’t get it. What’s your point? Why are you…suddenly trying to *stage* some drama with the wedding coming up in just 2 days?”

“Because, I….” Miho looked into Haley’s unblinking, clear green eyes. *She doesn’t look ashamed or hesitant at all. Lying with a completely straight face. That is cold. This girl might have a few, like, psycho genes.*

The eyes narrowed slightly, and Miho felt a chill touch of intimidation. Her tail curled back into a tight spiral. *This situation is getting stressful. Haley is good at manipulation and could make my life suck for a long while…*

“Uh…”

It was at that point that a comically loud burst of flatulence from the direction of the stalls echoed through the room, and everyone, including Haley and Miho, broke into giggles.

“Oh, man…” Miho shook her head.

Smiling, Haley gestured.

“Let’s go sit in the chairs.”

“Yeah.”

They did, at which point, the monkey’s mind felt calmer and clearer, through the buzz of alcohol.

“You see, I feel like, by …um…playing with the strippers on the island, I cheated on my boyfriend—on Larry—and I regretted it *so much*, that I confessed to him,” Miho explained, while Haley listened and nodded with calm eyes. “And it seems like—It seems like—based on what I know—“ *Why am I casting doubt on myself*, she wondered even as she spoke – “That you and Beth might have been, having sex—or, intimate. I don’t really know, about—girl stuff. I mean, I’m—well—***I*** wouldn’t know what to do with a girl, haha! And if you were, then I wanted to make sure that – that Jamie was okay with that.”

Haley’s bright green eyes went wide, and she laughed easily.

“Having *sex?* Miho, are you serious? What do you even think I would—I would even *do*? Hahah!”

“Haha! I…” Miho tried to imagine it, and she drew a blank. “I don’t know. But I would like to feel like—like we’re on the same page, you know? Like, if you could explain this better to me…”

Miho’s mind was spinning quickly. *Haley doesn’t seem even nearly ready to confess to any of this. Maybe at best I can just keep the friendship and get her just a little bit* closer *to admitting it?*

“Okay. No, you’re right. You’re right.” Miho blinked—Haley had placed her paw on hers. “So, like, you know how Beth and I are pretty close? No offense.”

“Oh totally—Yeah, no, I totally get it! You’ve had a couple near death experiences—and Beth’s been there, both times.” Miho felt an irrational wave of sympathy and relief pass over her, watching Haley smile sweetly. *Maybe this isn’t so bad, when she explains it.*

“Yeah! So, like—If you want to call us *bosom buddies*—“ Haley made a certain face to Miho and the monkey had to laugh—“You wouldn’t be wrong!”

“Hahah! Yeah, I mean—you guys do like to hug a lot, and looking at your relative heights—“

“My face is *almost* there, yup!” Haley grinned. “And Miho—I want you to know, too—“ Miho blinked as the silky-furred spaniel grasped her paw in her own, her curly-furred ears swinging forward as she leaned in. “You’re a really—really great friend, too, and I really appreciate how honest you’ve been with bringing this up. I feel like, you *always* notice all the important details, and that’s made me so glad to have you as my friend. And I *want* to tell you more—really important stuff. But do you think we can get back to the party first? They’re probably wondering what exactly we’re doing in here, heh!”

“Uh, yeah!”

“Let’s go.”

Hopping up, Haley put her hand on Miho’s shoulder and rested it there as they walked back.

The rest of the party went fairly normally. Miho didn’t notice or hear anything other than happy banter between Jamie and Haley, although she did note that Haley’s fiancé did take his equine friend Travis and her panther boyfriend Larry aside for a hushed looking conversation. Leaning her big simian ear towards them while Jennifer give a long and boring explanation about her experimental tail restoration therapy, she overheard a few interesting phrases:

From Jamie:

“…but don’t you guys have like, some *crazy sex* stuff you’d wanna , you know, cross off the list?”

From Travis:

“I’ve heard about that stuff…but like, it’s pretty dangerous. Like how would you get *out* of someone after…y’know?”

From Larry:

“I dunno, Jamie. Isn’t marriage, like, more about, uh, clearing your mind, I guess?”

From Jamie:

“And that bear…you know, Haley’s friend…*She did it! Easily*!”

As she soon after became busy with her own conversations with other friends, planning a group vacation trip for the future, the monkey didn’t feel the need to engage in further spying or pot-stirring at this point, though she did ask Larry about it later, which made him shake his immaculately fuzzy black face and just say

“Jamie ‘s kind of a perv when he’s drunk, Mimi. I’m not sure we needed to hear all the weird kinky stuff he wanted to tell us, haha. Not sure it bears repeating…”

“Yeah, not sure I want to be involved in that!” Miho laughed.

“Smart monkey.” He stroked her ears and ponytail , and she snuggled in his velvet-soft fur.

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As the big, buzzed and merry group of friends strolled lopingly back home through the dark along orange halogen-lit city streets, Miho felt Haley’s paw touch her shoulder once more. The fuzzy monkey turned and smiled at the silky-eared dog, admiring the way her fur and hair seemed just perfectly cute even after all the rowdy roistering.

“So Miho…” Haley seemed slightly more drunk than before. *Good*, figured the capuchin. “You see, Beth like…She and her sister…they weren’t *educated*. They didn’t have parents as children, they were raised by a relative. Who was *abusive*.”

“Wow, that’s terrible…has she had therapy for it?”

Haley shook her head.

“No. She never had any money… She just works as a fast food chef somewhere…” Haley waved her hand drunkenly. “Probably related to her diet problems.”

“I’ll say.”

“Anyways, I’ve been trying to get therapy for her, but I only just finished setting up her accounts for the reward money that we transferred to her. I still gotta help her get a better job, too…was thinking she could be good at like illustration or web design…” *Wow, Haley is working to help Beth with her whole life,* Miho realized with some impression. *I guess she really cares about her*.

“So, does she--she’s never been in a relationship, right?”

Haley shook her head, her silky-furred ears bouncing. “No. The point *is*, Mimi…”

Miho blinked as she felt Haley’s paw drunkenly slide along her waist. She blinked at it. There was something she didn’t like in this slinky movement.

“Let’s let other people walk further ahead, I don’t want to spread this around too much.”

“Oh..okay…” She waited, and Haley’s paw eventually slid off, just as easily. The monkey curled her tail once in a tight spiral, then released, feeling the tension go.

“The point is, she like, has A LOT of issues, and hang-ups, around sex. Like, a ***lot***.” Haley gestured drunkenly, the thin, short girl stumbling slightly but maintaining her balance.

“Yeah, well, that’s what I wanted to ask!” Miho agreed eagerly. “Like, when she ripped your shirt, was that—“

Haley was already nodding. “Mm hmm. Beth has this thing where, she like—she doesn’t know a lot of stuff—But it’s really hard for her to first of all tell the difference between a friend and—you know, something more, and second of all—she doesn’t know her own strength.”

“Oh my god,” Miho was amazed. *Rape?* “Did she really--?”

“You see, I trust you Miho, and I really don’t want this to get spread around, but…” Haley glanced over at the majority of the friends, ensuring they were out of earshort before continuing: “–*kinda*, yeah. She was nervous about what happened, and I was giving her a nice hug you know, to show that I cared, because this was kind of all mixed in with her trying to work out her past trauma and she kinda—pushed me down and—“ Haley casually covered her eyes with a paw.

Miho was even more shocked. *Rape?! Can a woman even do that to another woman? Of such a different size?! I wonder how she’d use her body…*

“Oh my god, she didn’t!”

“Well—Uh…” Haley avoided eye contact, pushing her pale bangs out of her eyes and then pushing her fuzzy, floppy ears back. “She didn’t do anything –well, she didn’t ***mean*** anything bad. She meant—well. I think. I had to smack her on the nose to get her *off* me, though.”

“But—but are you *okay*? Like, oh my god, Haley, I can’t imagine what it must have been like to have a five *hundred pound* bear just like—like—”

Haley’s paw was on Miho now, clasping tight.

“Miho, please. I really don’t want to talk about the details.”

“Oh…Of course.”

The dog didn’t speak to her further that night, but clung very closely to her boyfriend. Miho followed along with the group, but stayed mostly quiet, thinking.

*Her story …it’s sort of consistent...but maybe that was because of the trauma?* Miho wasn’t sure. She chatted with Jennifer, praising the way her injury was healing, and asking how her medical school was going. She noticed that Travis, the best male, seemed to have a twinkle in his eye for the squirrel, but she was skittish around him. Happy for the distraction, Miho teased her and encouraged her, and after a few more blocks Jennifer was leaning against his big, warm side.

As the reached Miho’s apartment building, the monkey had become emotional.

“This is my stop, guys, but…” She bit her lip a bit, looking over the whole group. “I just want to say, no matter what, I **love** hanging out with you guys, always have!” Her eyes rested on Haley, easily the prettiest.

“Aww!” Haley smiled towards her, and others followed suit. The males, all of whom were drunk, cheered.

“Haley, I’m way jealous of your marriage, it’s gonna be so awesome—“ She noticed Jamie furtively putting away a cell phone while Haley was looking right at her and grinning. “But no matter what—always friends, always together!”

“Always friends, always together!”

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Beth, the huge five-hundred-and-eight-pound, 8-ft-tall female polar bear, appeared at the side door of Haley’s new home, the one that Haley’s parents had bought for her, the next morning.

It was a picturesque townhome, part of a luxurious community with all sorts of amenities like a big communal swimming pool, constantly maintained gardens, party rooms, and other such benefits for wealthy homeowners.

The bear felt a little unsure, being in this neighborhood. She glanced around nervously. None of the doors were her size.

The door opened.

“So…you showed up.” The rather small, silky-eared spaniel squinted up at the large, unsure beast. The dog was wearing a tie-dye t-shirt that said “SHELL BEACH” and was several sizes too large. Below that she wore a pair of loose-tied, plaid pajama pants. Her foot-paws were bare.

Standing almost toe-to-toe, Haley’s muzzle came up to around the midpoint of Beth’s round potbelly, not much higher.

“Um…sorry,” The bear stammered, shifting her immense footpaws on the outside doormat. The weather was cold, not quite the end of winter yet.

The stocky, rather mountain-shaped bear wore a loose red sweater with a braid pattern, and extra large jeans that clung awkwardly to her thighs. Beth smelled of sweat, as she usually did. “Th-thanks for setting up the bonds for me—with the reward money—and um, with the gift from your family fund. It’s really nice of you—And I’m sorry for when I—“

Haley, whose face had been blank, smiled suddenly.

“Come in. I got food for you, Beth! It’s all the leftovers from the rehearsal dinner.”

Beth blinked, and her big blue eyes watched the comparatively little dog trot down a hall. The bear’s soft brown eyes admired the way the spaniel’s wavy-furred ears bounced with each step. Beth glanced left into a sparkling kitchen and right into a luxurious living room, then followed, her eyes on the trotting dog’s fluffy, silky tail, and her little pajama-clad bottom.

Beth sat her immense rump down carefully at the head of a dining room table that was piled high with delicious foods of every shape and size. She said

“Um,” And, hesitating, placed her bag down by the chair.

Beth picked up a spoon, pulled a heaping bowl of chicken salad forward, and paused to ask “Is…Is Jaime here today?”

“Mm hm. He’s upstairs, working. Dig in, dig in! I know you love this stuff, so I told everyone else they couldn’t have the leftovers, hee hee!” She giggled, picking up a celery stalk and chewing on it.

“Well..um…”

Beth’s big, sharp-toothed, loose black-lipped bear-mouth was already salivating. She didn’t comment further before scooping up a heaping mound of mayonnaise-soaked meat-and-fruit scraps and pushing it deep into her warm, deep wet throat.

“Mmf…*gulp…*.It’s, um….It’s pretty tasty, hahah!”

Beth blushed at her own comment, while Haley just beamed.

“I was ***so*** hoping you’d like it,” she woofed emotionally, putting her fuzzy chin in her hands, forgetting her own snack. “I want to be sure all the food at my wedding is just what my **best bear** loves. Of everyone I know, you’re the only one who **really appreciates** good food. You have really good taste!”

“Uh…” Beth blinked, blushing. “You’re really sweet, Haley. But shouldn’t we first—“

“Nuh uh,” Haley clearly shook her head no. “I need you to taste this stuff! Here, try the cake.”

“The…cake? The wedding cake?” Beth blinked her large eyes, her husky voice unsure.

“Mm hmm! Chef Boylan made a special mini cake for you to try ahead of time. With our super cute custom toppers and everything!”

Haley gestured with her silky white-and-orange paw at a draft-version single-pan wedding cake, white and immaculately decorated with sugar pearls, glitter frosting and two finely-painted plastic figurine likenesses of herself and her fiancé on top, each about four inches in height.

Licking her lips, Beth pulled the cake tray closer. *A little candy Haley,* she thought. *And I can put it my mouth.*

Haley grinned and felt a little thrill as she saw the bear’s copious saliva drip from her loose, black-colored lower lip.

“Go ahead. I’m going to go bring out the pastries and the turkey for you, too. Back in a sec.”

When she returned, the cake tray was totally empty save for a few crumbs, and Beth was already excitedly shoving handfuls of crispy warm egg-rolls into her mouth, giving the mound a lazy *chomp* , barely chewing them before *uhllp~*, swallowing them hard and reaching for more, Haley’s green eyes admiring the big bulge that slipped into the white bear’s shaggy neck as a result.

“Here you go, princess bear,” Haley said with a huff, placing a huge tray of chocolate frosted eclairs on top of the now empty cake-tray with a *bonk*. “And here’s the turkey…Ngh~!” With a heavy grunt, haley lifted a heavy silver tray containing a roasted turkey, legs and all, that had only been barely touched at the rehersal dinner, edging it on to the dining table.

“Mmf, thfankfs!” Beth had already swallowed the last of the eggrolls and was stuffing her face with the eclairs, their bloated little bodies literally bursting and oozing cream even as she wrapped her wet black lips around them and pushed them deep into her slimy , undulating throat with her tongue.

Watching excitedly, subtly rubbing her thighs together as bulge after bulge of heavy food slipped down Beth’s shaggy neck, with *glllp*s and *glupf*s and *glmk*s, the dense lumps of heavy meat, bread and fat, slipping down past the immense indolent lumps of her bosoms in her thin red sweater, slowly stretching out her already fat-laden belly… Haley’s thighs felt warm, and she had a sense of being a little wet, especially when the gently stretching feminine belly before here would swell a little larger, force Beth’s immense bosoms to spread further apart, and emit a little

*..guurrrgle…*

Lifting her blushing snout, and watching with shining eyes as her bear-friend stuffed roast turkey legs into her mouth, the hungry bear chomping away, tossing bare bones back to the plate, Haley crossed her legs and asked casually,

“Are you excited for tomorrow, Beth?”

Beth paused, blinked and stared at her for a moment, cheeks round and bulging with salted meats. She squinted, swallowed this mouthful – *glllmm~* and said:

“Well, of course. You’re getting married. It’s a big event.”

Beth watched Haley and flicked one of her ears. The dog glanced out the window briefly.

The bear picked up a stack of sandwiches and opened her mouth to let them in.

Haley felt a strange mood flow through her comparatively small, slim and featureless body as she saw the innocent, joyful way in which her friend ate.

She somehow slid forward, off her chair, trotted over and slipped her short arms around the bear’s modesty full, warm belly, felt its quiet gentle rumbles. Beth was so large, and so full, that she couldn’t reach around even half of her friend, but it felt wonderful.

In between chomps and gulps, Beth gently patted the little dog on the head.

Haley tensed for a moment as the big, sharp claws slipped into her soft, floppy ears, then relaxed, listening to the gulps and swallows. She took a breath, and confessed:

“I’m glad you’re going to be there. You’ll like it. There’ll be a lot of free food. And Jamie’s sister Marissa will be there with her kids—You like her. And my nieces.”

“Mm hm.” *Snarf…Mmh…*Gllkk~…*uhrp.* Haley’s ears perked to take in more of these perfect sounds, resting her head against the bear’s warm girth and letting her eyes close.

“I guess I’m a little nervous, though.” Haley woofed quietly.

“About--Mm—***BHURRRP*—**About what?” Beth reached for the grilled steak.

“Well…” Haley reflected. She stood back, shifted position and rested her chin on Beth’s muscular furry forearm, while drawing lazy circles around the bear’s pudgy, furry navel with her finger as her friend pushed a filet mignon deep into her wet mouth and tossed it back into her throat, then swallowed. *Glullp.*

“I’ll be kind of on stage.”

Haley admired the bulge slithering down inside the bear’s thick neck.

“You know. In front of everybody. Kinda like stage fright, I guess.”

“But your husb—Ooh…”

Beth cringed briefly and put a hand to her swelling belly as it suddenly emitted an uncomfortable and loud *glurrrk.*

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Deep inside of the bear’s muscular, fleshy stomach, the two large plastic figurines that she had gamely swallowed earlier had been bobbing and rolling about as her digestion churned her meal. But as heavier hunks of meat piled into her gullet, the little sharp edge of the bride-dog and groom-dog figure were grinded against her soft-veined innards, the little head of the cheerful plastic groom nudging quite closer now to her puckered duodenal sphincter. The beast’s stomach cringed at the obnoxious presence of these unnatural, and uncooperative passengers.

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Haley stroked concernedly over the bear’s pot-belly, which was by now gently pushing up the hem of her sweater.

They both looked as Beth’s stomach grumbled, a little more uncomfortably, as if in frustration that it contained two big, hard lumps of plastic with plenty of sharp edges that were absolutely not designed to navigate the tight kinks and folds of a particularly long set of female ursine intestines, and could do nothing about it.

“Your tummy feel ok, bear?”

“I…I don’t know….” Beth looked down critically past the bulbous bulges of her breasts in her red sweater, at the big white furry curve of her belly. “Just felt kinda funny. Probably—*Ghurrrp—*nothing.”

Haley made a big, theatrical sigh, but kept her paw on her friend’s warm belly.

She leaned down and pressed her nose against the big, shaggy, warm bulge of her friend’s food-warmed abdomen. “Just relax and imagine all that stuff you ate…all held so tightly in your hot, hungry belly, salty meats submerged in all your warm, heavy mushy food…being hugged and rubbed by your loving tummy-squeezes…”

Beaming, Haley slowly looked up at her friend, over the big lumps of her bosoms.

They looked into each other’s eyes, and Beth blinked and blushed, but didn’t look away, still wearing that sheepish expression. Haley didn’t blush and felt no embarrassment.

“Well, we have to give you something to help soothe your stomach,” The silky-eared dog declared with a subtly hidden smile. “Here, try this extra cheesy macaroni – made with fresh olive oil. It should help coat and lubricate your sensitive tummy.”

“Um, Haley, I was gonna say, I’m kind of full, and if we are gonna do—“

“***No*,** Beth. I insist. I really don’t want you to get sick on my account. Here, open your mouth again….Good girl.”

“Umf…mg…*gulp*….”

“How’s the taste?”

“Mm hm….*glupp.* Good.”

This went on for several cycles—Beth feeding her more macaroni, more miniature quesadillas, more mozzarella sticks, more candied hams, cookies and garlic shrimp. Occasionally Beth would cringe and emit a wet, guttural, savoury-scented ***bhelch***, and feebly try to insist that her belly was plenty full, that she’d eaten so much that she felt certain to have indigestion, and each time Haley would cajole her saying that she really wanted her to taste everything, that it would mean a lot to her for her wedding tomorrow, especially since she was nervous about the day and she needed her friend to not question her right now, and Beth would apologize, sigh, open her mouth again and Haley would whip back to happily feeding her once more until…

Haley put down the last serving spoon, turned and gazed at her handiwork.

The bear was sweaty, panting, her legs spread, slumped back in her chair.

Beth’s stomach was ***engorged***, pink-blushed with a new limit of stretching, emitting angry rank *glooork~* sounds every few seconds, the bear alternating between hyperventilating and *URRRRP*-ing , emitting deliciously sickly, musky aromas.

“Haley , please…I’m gonna b-burst…I can’t eat anymore….I can feel s-something..cutting into my insides…please, no more food…feel like I’m gonna die….I can’t –HURRP—can’t—“

“Shhhhh….”

Haley smiled a sublime smile as she reached up her paws, placing her left on Beth’s now-exposed flabby navel, and her right *exactly* upon where she knew Beth’s big, tender areola was hidden, somewhere beneath her sweater.

**“**Thank you, Beth. You helped me so much. I’m so happy that you helped me test all the different types of food. You can have as much as you like tomorrow.”

“T-thanks—*urrp­—hh…* So, d-does that mean…” Beth blinked and shivered.

Haley had begun to stroke the bear in circles around both her navel and her areola, feeling the latter swell subtly, even through her sweater.

“Mm hmm. We’re going show you all you need to know about ***sex*** to be a good, grown-up bear.”

“Hhhh…..H-Haley..” Beth closed her eyes and reached her claw up to hold the dog’s soft paw that was drawing tantalizing circles around her sensitive nipple—But Haley had pulled quickly away. “Hhff….” Beth blinked, shook her head, and there was a moment while the only sound was Jamie talking on the phone upstairs, while between them, Beth’s big, full stomach gurgled quietly. “Shouldn’t we go…somewhere…”

“Yup. C’mon. Take my hand.”

Haley led the very full-bellied bear, quietly sloshing, lewdly gurgling, and occasionally belching, into her basement, and around under the stairs to a special room, holding her big thumb in her hand.

The room was small, but carpeted softly, quiet, with recessed lighting. It had many shelves, but the main feature was what looked like a big, fancy massage table.

Haley took care to lock the door behind them, quite securely, inserting the key into the back pocket of her jeans.

“Should I, um…” Beth sat on the table while Haley pulled a big extra-large full-length mirror over across the soft-carpeted floor.

“Yup! You can lie down on the table, sure.”

Beth did so, with occasional “Oofs” as her food-stretched belly was occasionally squished in the process. She emitted a few suppressed belches, trying to keep them in her mouth at first to reduce the amount of embarrassing noise they made. “Ump…*hfff*…”, the regurgitated gases pungently flavoring the air, while she watched Haley tap out several text messages.

Continuing to type, the spaniel’s nose twitched.

“Mmm, smells like your little tummy’s hard at work on that nice early dinner you got!” Haley continued to tap without looking up.

“Yeah, heh. It’s good to lie down, after a big meal. *Ump-hhhfft*.”

Haley finished texting a lie to Jamie about the two of them going out for a walk, and then turned around.

“Okay!” Haley spun around to face her friend and clapped her paws together.

“That’s taken care of, and now the next three hours are gonna be all about helping you feel nice and good, Miss Beth.”

The fluffy, silky spaniel girl sauntered over and gently stroked around her friend’s freshly stuffed belly, feeling its taut firmness, slipping her fingers through the thick bear-fur, knowing she herself had forced the girl to over-eat and bloat herself this way, knowing that she’d just now virtually guaranteed that Beth would experience massive, thick, tailhole-stretching defecations at some point during her wedding tomorrow…

Seeing the bear’s eyes flutter closed, Haley reached down with a free paw and stroked the crotch of her own flannel pajama pants, just once, and licked her lips.

She gently pressed in on Beth’s navel, now.

“Hhh…that feels nice…”

Beth was smiling now, her long-lashed eyes closed. She passively allowed Haley to gently massage her bloated belly.

“Good. Close your eyes, let your belly do that gentle work…softening your food…pumping it deeper into your body…feel the pressure floating away…”

“Hhh…Should I, um…take off my…”

*GLUUURRK~*

*“*Hahh!” Beth sat up suddenly , startled by a deep, uncomfortable twinging sensation as the swallowed figurines battled with dense meats in her stomach for the right of entrance into her rapidly filling intestines.

“Shh….” Haley was saying, stroking Beth‘s big belly with both hands now. “Relaxxx…lie back…”

The dog leaned down and gave the gentlest possible *smooch* to Beth’s stretched, pained belly, a kiss that made Beth’s eyes wet, and instantly made her body relax and feel better.

“Hhh…” She breathed, watching Haley casually tug off the bear’s sweatpants. Beth was not wearing underwear, as Haley had instructed her earlier for her sex education event.

The bear clenched her thighs tightly together.

“Now.” Haley placed her paws gently on those thighs. Beth shivered and squeezed them tight, feeling her emotions twist.

“Before we go further, Beth, we have to address…what happened.”

“You mean…”

“Yeah. Hold still.”

“Oh…”

Beth blinked, and seemed to understand, as Haley tied some finely-crafted padded leather straps around Beth’s wrists and thighs, binding the big, full bear to the massage chair.

“Since you couldn’t control your body with me…you know, back on the ship…we have to teach you to lie back and just **receive**. You understand why, right Beth?”

“Mm…Mm-hm…Hhh..*urph*...But…But…”

Beth’s tone of voice grew a little higher.

“You’ll be gentle with me, right?”

Haley tightened the last strap three times, yanking it tight, and sighed.

“Gentler than you were with me, that’s for sure,” she said.

Haley adjusted the mirror and brought it closer, so that Beth could see her own footpaw-pads in what she realized was magnified detail.

“So, *sex*, beth…”

“Eek!” Beth squeaked as Haley pushed some button that caused the table to twitch suddenly, testing an electronic motor somewhere inside it, her fat belly gently sloshing as a result.

“It’s something you do, with someone you love, or that you’re dating, and basically…when you’re touching people between their legs, or, like, their chests, or kissing them…That’s sex. If you get married, you can only do it with one person. That’s the promise.”

“So—AH!” Beth yelped again.

Haley had pushed a button that caused the mechanical chair to shift, slowly prying apart Beth’s quivering, fat white furry thighs.

“H-Haley—I don’t think I’m r-ready to—“

Beth cringed as her own thick, pursed, fleshy black private parts began to peel into view on the full-length mirror.

Haley smiled wryly at the sight, then Beth’s gasping, blushing, black-lipped face, then went to increase the brightness of the room lighting dial.

“No one’s ever ready, Beth.” She kept her finger on the button that forced Beth to spread her legs wider and wider and up and back.

The bear’s pungent-scented, big, obvious vulva was thus increasingly thrust into bright light and focus, embarrassing its owner.

The bear’s big black clit, bigger than Haley’s nose even while soft, soon became distinct from the fleshy, leathery hood and lips that enrobed it, and the intensely matted, shaggy-furred pubic mound and outer bear-lips around it.

Haley gazed casually at the shadowed crease of the bear’s seemingly never-ending rump-cleavage as the machine forced her legs still further apart, watching the bear’s fluffy little tail twitch nervously.

“You just need to know how your body works, before you trust, like, a stranger with it,” Haley lectured, admiring as Beth’s tight, dark-skinned anus finally splayed into view among her fluffy white buttock-fur (and not-so-white, closer to the center).

Beth’s immensely fat thighs were forced apart and back. Haley felt a warm glow as she gazed into that deliciously secret and dirty part of her big friend’s body under her tail, noting little crumbs of dirt stuck between Beth’s muscular anal folds, a sesame seed tucked here, a fragment of spinach there, a scrap of toilet paper stuck there…

“And…And…” Beth was saying, staring at the ceiling, trying not to look at the humiliating sight in the mirror. “Marissa said, that if girls—or men—touch each other’s….*stuff*, then that’s gay, which is like, 5 percent of people, and if it’s a guy and a girl, then it’s straight, which is more normal…”

“Mm hm,” Haley sighed, pulling up a stool, admiring the way that Beth’s forced-splayed legs framed her lush, lippy black vulva and her swollen-taut, gently gurgling belly, with its pink blush of fullness. She gazed up at Beth’s maroon-dyed wool sweater, noting the little lumps of the bear’s newly swollen nipples, but didn’t want to push that garment just yet.

“And I recommend choosing straight, because it’s just a lot easier in every way…Gay people are really rare to find, and usually have all kinds of problems…”

“Um…” Beth blinked and lifted her head, eyes following the petit spaniel and watching how her silky ears bounced as she walked.

With the bear’s legs fully spread, Haley brought the mirror still closer, reflecting and magnifying the sight of Beth’s own swiftly moistening vulva back to its owners’ eyes in stunning detail.

“Um…and you’re—Haley, you’re—“

“You have to remember, Beth,” Haley said haughtily as she pulled up a stool. “This—us—this—“ She gestured at them both. “This isn’t sex. It doesn’t count. I just—I really **care** about you, so I need to show you how sex works—so you can go out and make good choices for yourself when you’re dating people.”

Haley moved in close with the stool, sitting between those titantic, sweaty-furred thighs, with her nose inches from that thick-lipped , puffy black vulva, casually reaching out with both paws and starting to massage the bear’s pubic mound…

“Ah—*haaahh*…” Beth’s body reacted immediately, and the bear began to moan.

Haley traced her fingers up and down Beth’s puffy, fluffy-furred, plump *labia majora*, taking extra time to massage the perineum, then to nudge and tease around where the bear’s big, stout clit throbbed and swelled slightly in its hood.

“Ghh—Fhh-H-***Haley***…”

Beth bucked her hips suddenly, the whole table shaking, and Haley had to say

“Whoa,” as Beth’s already oversized black clit swelled and lengthened almost like a miniature *cock*, forcing Beth’s lacy, rippling, pursed inner vaginal lips to *unfurl* and spread out.

Huffing, feeling herself blush, watching Beth’s vulva drip one milky-white droplet of slime down over her rough perineum until it kissed her puckered anal folds….Haley couldn’t resist anymore.

“So you know that this part feels good when you rub it…”

Her fingers gathered the offered lubricant, and she leaned in, smearing it all around Beth’s huge sweaty clit, rubbing the hood back and forth, pushing the little flesh-rod it left and right, up and down, in circles…

“Ga—HaaAAAH~--H—Y-yeahh—Haah~!”

The table shook as the huge beast involuntarily convulsed and tested her restraints.

“You know what it’s called, right? This is your ***clit***, Beth. Your ***clitoris.***”

“Ha—Fffhh…” Beth was shaking her head. “T-too much—Gonna—Hfff—“ Her bulging stomach, looking slightly more relaxed than before, emitting a deep *Gloorg*. “P-please, haley…Need a break…Fffh….Need to breathe…Hhh….”

Haley pulled her own paws away, seeing them shake slightly, her eyes mesmerized by the way that Beth’s pelvic floor muscles continuously flexed. Her obscenely big, slimy-hooded clit throbbing with erection…her floppy, long, luna-moth shaped vaginal lips flexing in their drooling, hungry gape, her puckered black fur-ringed anus clenching and relaxing and clenching over and over…

“When people have sex…they touch it like that, or…lick it….”

Feeling warm, Haley leaned in towards the source of the bear’s incredible scent.

“Gaah—H-h-h-haleyyy--!”

I shouldn’t put my mouth on her, Haley knew, but she did.

She took Beth’s fat, meaty vulva-flesh into her mouth, wrapped her lips around it, salivated over it, *tasted* these fleshy vaginal folds, their delicious sauce, that thick and succulent clit.

The taste was incredible – meaty, rich, flavorful, savoury, pungent, powerful with life.

*Sssuck….Smooch*.

“Or, kiss it, like that.”

“Hhh-oh fuck…Oh fuck, haley….My body, I can’t…Hhh..” Beth whimpered as Haley released her tender parts.

“Anyways, this whole area is called your vulva, or vagina, or ***pussy***…or *cunt*…” Haley enjoyed saying each word. She gently drew her paw over this intensely warm, wet, fragrant, fleshy orchid-flower, making slick surfaces squish and *slp* against each other, carelessly pushing and pulling the lips around, making Beth shudder and sigh.

“It gets wet when you’re turned on. You know, feeling sexy.” She watched the bear’s dark vulva clench, gape and flex as she pulled her hand away, birthing a new strand of aromatic slime that dribbled down towards her anus and fuzzy white tail. “Like it is now, dripping.”

“It feels…Hhh..So wet…Hhh…Dripping…” Beth, catching her breath, lifted her head again to look, braver now, not so embarrassed to see her own self.

Haley explained about the purpose of the lips and the urethra, pointing, pulling the delicate flaps apart, then squishing them together and apart again to show the details.

“These lips protect your vagina, help keep it closed when you’re not using it…and here’s your urethra, where your cute bear pee comes out.” She hesitated, glancing up to her friend’s sweaty-furred face, and added, “It’s Ok to pee a little during sex, when you feel really good. I do that, sometimes.”

She caressed and fondled the bear’s thick, warm, generous fleshy vaginal lips, bringing her nose close, thinking about perhaps licking it. The smell was so pungent, sour and savoury, and Beth’s supple, tempting vulva, like some kind of succulent steak, was glazed with a film of her intimate sweat and congealed natural lubricant. *I want to taste it. I wanna lick the slime between Beth’s pussy lips and clit, I wanna taste her congealed piss on my tongue*. Haley felt herself shiver.

“Hhh…Okay…hhh…Feels good…” Beth herself shivered, and Haley noticed she was watching in the mirror: Beth’s big bear eyes following the dog’s gentle spreading-apart of her puffy, fleshy black-lipped vulva, while the bear’s distractingly big fat clit continued to throb, swell, and dangle just above.

Haley blinked and glanced up at Beth’s face, then down, gazing with longing at the dark crevice that led into Beth’s vagina, watching it gape, sigh with Beth’s breath, watched it continue to ooze viscous milky droplets that would just trickle down to soak into Beth’s tight anus and stain her tail-fur….

“And here…is your vagina.”

Haley leaned on Beth’s big sweaty furry thigh and caressed, circling the bear’s steamy, slimy inner vaginal opening with her fingertips, hearing Beth’s moans, and the quiet slick sound of her caressing those incredibly wet, rippled innermost lips.

“So typically in, straight sex—like a man and a woman—the man takes his penis and sticks it in here. That feels good, for him.”

“Oh…Hhh…Okay….” Beth closed her eyes and seemed to be trying to calm down.

“You remember from like, our trip right? How that works. You were there, I think.”

“Well, I don’t remember too much…I was kind of drunk, since you guys gave me so much beer. Can you show me a picture of a man’s penis? Like, for reference.”

“Uhh, sure.”

Haley clambered up on top of Beth’s leg, sitting astride it with her knee gently pressed into that drooling, flowery, hungry vulva – “*Mmh…*” – and leaned forward, resting her elbow on Beth’s slowly digesting belly – squishing it with a *gloorsh­* – to show Beth a picture from her phone.

“Is that…” Beth blinked at a picture of a male’s penis, with a familiar silky white paw next to it.

“Yeah. This is my fiance’s cock.”

“And that like, white thing, that’s a condom right?”

“Yeah. Guys keep that on when they’re gonna put their penis into your vagina…Otherwise they’d make you pregnant.”

Haley searched Beth’s face for a moment until the bear met her eyes again, where upon Haley ***squissshed*** her knee into the bear’s plush, fleshy vulva once more. *Her smell…in my clothes.*

“Mmf…” Beth quivered, her eyes widening but focusing on Haley’s face. “So…how do girls…have sex?”

Haley blinked, but paused before answering.

She smiled, involuntarily.

“Any way they like.” Holding her phone, Haley hopped back down to the floor.

“Haley….” Beth breathed, then blinked and cringed several times as Haley snapped a few flash-photos of her enflamed, drooling cunt.

“You know what this part is, right bear?” Haley smiled at the photos on her screen, then looked up at Beth, while lightly circling her fingers around Beth’s broad, tight anus, her fingertips slipping in to the pooled vaginal slime that had accumulated there.

“That’s my…heh! My bottom…” Beth’s voice was particularly high-pitched and shy.

“Good girl! And how does it feel, when I do this…”

“Hfff….” Beth’s eyes softened, and her face took on a pleading expression, gazing into the mirror where Haley’s slickened fingers were spreading the natural lubricant all around Beth’s tight dark anal folds, starting to gently push inward. “H-haley…Hhh…”

The bear’s hips began to twitch. Haley turned and met Beth’s gaze, watching her face over the round, fertile hills and lumps of her full stomach, her clothed, heavy bosoms, and her pubic mound.

“Does that feel good, bear?” She breathed, feeling her muzzle enveloped In Beth’s pungent musky haze, leaning closer to Beth’s fat thick clit, watching the oversized phallic nub swell further out of its hood as she pushed her slimy finger harder against the bear’s anus until suddenly—

“Hh-Haaanh~!” Beth whimpered, wailed, as her powerful anus suddenly opened and then warmly **hugged, squeezed** Haley’s finger, welcoming, pulling, clinging. “That’s so—so dirty—I—I—“

Haley felt a fog in her mind, a sense of loss of control as her lips slid along the bear’s dark-pigmented , loose flesh-robed phallic clitoris, and then her tongue…

And the *taste*…

Rich, fleshy, warm, thick, salty, feminine, *strong*…

“Mmf…” Haley shivered, pushing her tongue deep into the slippery spaces between Beth’s fleshy vaginal lips and her throbbing clit, running her lips along her friend’s intoxicating vulva, while very gently pulling outward and pushing inward with her right paw, fingering and stimulating Beth’s very sensitive, tender anus, as the great bear’s muscular tailhole constantly clenched and clamped down on her invading finger.

“Ohfuck, ohfuck Haley—you’re licking my—you’re licking my *clit*—I can feel your *mouth* on me—It’s so warm--Ohfuck—“

The bear’s restraints clanked and the massage table shook with Beth’s shuddering, thrilling a sense of fear and alarm through Haley’s spine—*She could rape me. She could hurt me. Crack my bones. Cut me with her claws. She could swallow me whole. She would have before. She’s done it once. She’d do it now, without the cuffs*. *She wants to. I should stop.* But Haley, thinking these thoughts about stopping, didn’t stop as she had before.

She pushed her hungry, snuffling dog-muzzle deeper, her tail wagging now , her left paw gripping the bear’s food-packed belly, scratching through the thick fur, pushing it just to hear it slosh and groan, occasionally giving it a SLAP that caused Beth to

“AH~--*Urrpt—Haah~Haley~!”*

The bear’s vulva was burning hot and *hungry* around her chin and tongue and Haley wrapped her loose wet dog-lips around Beth’s entire upper vulva. She *sucked* on beth’s monstrous clit, lapped, swirled her tongue around it, kissed, sucked again, then pushed her tongue-tip into Beth’s hidden little urethra—*Fuck, the taste of her urine! Her sour bear-piss…* Her tongue slipped inside Beth’s pulsating vaginal tunnel, tasting the rippled, oozing folds, back up and around and all over these fantastic flavors and meats.

“Mmf..*shlup..suck…sccck…smooch…slip..lick…lap..shlup~”*

“Ah—Haley I can’t—Ah—Ah—Anh! Anh! **Anh! ANH!**”

Beth’s voice was normally soft and quiet, but she was now beginning to actually scream, constantly thrusting her hips, and it was plain to see that she’d break her bonds in seconds.

But Haley was in heaven. She couldn’t stop.

In these infinitesimal moments, Haley did ask herself what she was doing, and her body thrilled because she could feel the true answer:

*I just love sucking on this bear’s big fat clit, licking her pussy, fingering her big, dirty asshole, because her body just keeps* ***giving*** *me this flavor…This scent…this heat…*

“Haley I’m gonna—Haah—I’m gonna—Haah—***HaAH***!”

Beth began to quiver and shudder , her pelvic muscles clenching hard, her big bear claws balling into fists, the restraints beginning to rip, her fat, bulging belly swaying and sloshing full of semi-digested food.

Haley’s phone, on the counter nearby, rang.

The silky-furred spaniel pulled away immediately with a sudden wet sound, leaving Beth gasping ragged and quivering, to answer it.

*Sccchhlop—*

“Haah—Ng-“ Beth hyperventilated, her huge fat body shuddering.

“What’s up.” Haley’s tone was flat as she placed the phone against her ear, holding it with her left hand.

“Ggg---“ Beth gurgled, struggling to regain control of her body—

Haley’s eyes went wide, watching her bound friend, as Beth’s body underwent a single hard contraction – a frustrated orgasm – and one single massive pressurized gout of urine ***gushed*** from her vulva, splattering a huge mess on the wall, showering a squinting Haley with the ricochet.

“Ohh—hoh….whoa….Owh…Hurts…” Beth quivered, lying there in her own sweat.

Muting the phone for a second, Haley turned and glared.

“S-sorry I peed on your w—“

“Beth, shut the FUCK up!”

The bear could not go any more white than she already was, but she did as asked.

Turning and listening to the phone again, Haley stared at the dripping wall-stain, as she listened to whoever was on the other end, then put her dirty finger in her mouth to suck and lick it.

“Mmhm.” She pulled her finger out (clean now) and reached for a paper towel roll. “Yeah, sorry. We’re playing a video game in the basement.”

More listening, and Haley and Beth exchanged glances. The bear struggled to sit up in the poorly-fitting wrist and ankle restraints, glancing at them, while Haley sniffed at the wet splatter on the wall, licked at it, then began to wipe it down.

“Hhh…” Beth tried to calm down.

Eventually, Haley smiled and turned.

“Uhuh”, she said to the phone.

The petit spaniel sauntered back to the space between the bear’s big furry thighs, her eyes admiring the bear’s swollen, dribbling and well-sucked genitals, her nose flexing to take in the full scent.

“Aww, that’s so sweet, honey,” she told the person on the other end.

“J-Jaime?” Beth asked, in a whisper.

Haley grinned at her and hit the button for the speaker phone.

“—yeah well, I thought it would be fun to see you all dressed ‘n’ decorated tonight,” came the male voice from the other end. Haley was switching applications on her phone, back to the camera.

“Hhh…Is that….camera…” Beth breathed in a whisper, shivering as Haley leaned in and pinched with her fingers to fully unsheathe Beth’s obscenely huge clitoris, placing her little right dog-paw on Beth’s pubic mound for comparison, snapping a few pictures.

“Hh—Haley…” Beth breathed, feeling her whole pelvic floor flex, seeing in the mirror: her anus tightening, her lewdly gaping vagina sighing, her big long clit stiffening and bending, a few more drops of probably-urine dripping out beneath.

“Tonight, you know, our last night of super-hot sex before marriage!” Jaime’s voice coming through the phone, sounded happy.

Beth watched Haley lean down, pressing her cheek and muzzle-side deep into the sweat-matted, scent-rich fur right at the cleft of the bear’s immense shaggy white thigh, let out her wet pink dog-tongue, and give the bear’s big fat black clit another bout of wet rough licks, making it bounce and stiffen further, the dog grinning into the camera as she snapped some three more pictures, Beth struggling not to make a sound.

“G-Guh!”

“Oh, I don’t know about that.” Haley spoke loud and clear into the phone. “I thought it would be even MORE hot to get ourselves all edged up for some spicy sex AFTER the wedding! I know how you love your cock teased…” Haley grinned at Beth, who just panted, unsure what to think.

“Hey, I wouldn’t mind if you teased me at dinner tonight, haha!”

“See you then, honey!” Beth noticed that Haley’s voice was in a higher register when she spoke with her fiancé.

“Love you, bye.” Haley hung up the phone and scrolled through her new pictures, biting her lip and toying with her long, fluffy left ear.

“Wh…What are you gonna do…with those pictures?” Beth asked in her soft, quiet voice, eyes wide, still restrained.

“Mmm…Save ‘em,” Haley said with a mischievous grin.

Beth blinked. She looked at the ceiling for a bit, catching her breath.

Then she lifted her head up again.

“Don’t all girls look the same, though? You know, like…” Her quiet voice was a little quieter. “Between their legs…?”

Haley looked surprised for a moment.

“No, not at all. Want to see mine?” Her silky-fuzzed face slowly smiled.

“Uh-….Uhh…” Beth blushed, eyes widening and following as as Haley was already stepping out of her pajama pants, revealing silken-furred, orange-and-cream-spotted thighs.

The big bear tried to sit up to see better, but the restraints held her back.

“You just sit riiiight….there….”

Haley pulled the mirror closer, and then Beth watched the dog’s fluffy-frond tail flip up and over her right leg as Haley hopped up to sit on it – Beth’s thigh was as big as a tree trunk to her.

“Now just…move your big old **belly** a bit…”

Haley shuffled and edged backward, soon leaning most of her 90-pound weight directly on Beth’s fatty upper pubic area, leaning back against the bear’s food-full belly (*gloorsh)*, and resting one arm on it for support.

“Oof…I can’t see…”

“Just hold on a minute…”

“Ow—your tail…”

“Sorry—Just—There…Can you see?” Leaning to the side, and spreading her legs wide over Beth’s furry knees, thrusting her hips forward while supporting herself with her arms, the dog couldn’t help but keep wagging her tail, inadvertently smacking it into the side of Beth’s full belly a few times, but after a few quiet belches, Beth was too fascinated to notice.

“Wowww…”

“Hahah!” Haley giggled brightly.

Beth was fascinated, for looking in the mirror , Haley ‘s spread legs displayed her own bare vulva – framed by her wonderful silky orange-and-cream fur — her little vulva, soft, pink, and with gentle slim lips pressed to the left – just above her own, which was gigantic, dark and messy in comparison.

“You’re so…**pink**…and tiny!” Beth’s shy voice was full of innocent surprise and curiosity. “Like…A little pink line. Well...Excalamation point, with your—tailhole…”

“Mmm hmmm~!” Haley turned to look at Beth, whose face was much closer now, sharing a blushing smile. “I wasn’t sure if I should show you, but…I want you…to see,” she said, biting her lip.

Beth looked somehow much more happy and comfortable than she ever had, before. She was fascinated by what she was seeing.

“You…you **don’t have** a clitoris!”

“Hahah! I actually have a very **average** one! Watch…”

Struggling to steady herself against Beth’s warm , furry body, Haley reached over with her right hand and began to gently rub hers.

She heard Beth breathe behind her, heard the cheap bondage cuffs clink.

“D-don’t move, Beth. Remember. We don’t want to hurt each other. Gentle. Trust me. Just watch.”

“Hffff….” She heard Beth breathe, heard the bear’s belly rumble and gurgle, warm and full against her back, the dog’s tail slowing its wag, holding straight out over her friend’s leg.

“There….You see? I’m getting a little wet, heh…” She pulled back her little clit-hood to show the tiny spot, then rubbed it around in circles some more, feeling good.

The huffing bear wriggled beneath her again, gyrating her hips. The movement made Haley feel something warm and wet rub against her anus.

“Oh fuck, is that you, Beth…”

“Hnngh…”

“Ah…Beth…your big fat clit..it’s…touching my…my *tailhole*…Hhh…” Haley quivered, sitting on her friend’s pubic mound, letting Beth do this, watching her own vulva flex and drip gently down…mixing with Beth’s sopping, dark pussy… *Beth is so huge…I could easily ride her clit…Let her fuck my tailhole…then I could bury my face, my head in her pussy…just forget everything and just…*

“Ohh…” Haley whimpered and moaned, watching them in the mirror, rubbing her tight little pink tailhole against Beth’s big throbbing clit.

“Haley…Hh…Let me..Let my wrists free…I want to hug you, Haley…Hrff…Please..Ffhh..”

The bottomless spaniel pulled her paw away from her crotch, and flipped around, surprising the flushed bear, straddling Beth’s wide hips, letting her warm, wet little vulva smush in against Beth’s firm, food-full belly.

“Nuh-uh.” Haley let her eyes go half-lidded.

She reached out to take Beth’s big hands in hers, and squeeze them, even if they were a quarter the size. The bear’s cheeks were so flushed.

“You don’t know your own strength, my bear,” Haley asserted, feeling almost drunk. “If I let you free now, you’d probably **fuck** me so hard you’d *kill* me. And I’m not done teaching you about ***sex.***”

“Haley….Hhh…Are you sure…”

“Look at your big, fat belly, Beth.” Squatting, wagging her tail between Beth’s legs, Haley slid her arms around the bear’s firm, taut belly, stroking through the rich shaggy white bear-fur. “You decided to completely stuff your little tummy, right before you knew you were going to be taught all about **lewd** stuff…”

Haley’s paws stroked, pushed in, scritched through Beth’s deliciously soft, fluffy belly-fur, forcing it to *slosh* and *glunk*…

“I can feel…your—your vulva, Haley…Against my b-belly…it’s so warm….” Beth’s eyes were so wide, never looking away from the dog’s face.

“I think eating turns you on, Beth…” Haley slid her way up Beth’s huge body, feeling the soft fur against her wet vaginal lips, rubbing herself against the warm, full bear, leaving a trail of little scents, marking her. “Some people like that. It’s different for everybody…just like these.”

Sitting on the upper curve of her friend’s full stomach, right above where her ribs began, Haley locked eyes with Beth as she reached forward and simply *pushed up* Beth’s red sweater and the very sweaty sports bra beneath, completely revealing the bear’s immense, firm, fat, furry breasts—thick, dense, plump round sacks of heaving flesh richly shaggy-furred, with the biggest nipples that Haley had ever seen—black, rough and knubbly areolae the size of dinner plates, with concentric circles of wrinkled, oily ebony nipple-flesh that was just now beginning to rise into the typical nub-shape—and yet still far larger, because Beth’s body was four times the size of Haley’s—and each nipple was huge indeed.

“Haley—Haley—Haley—Hhh…..”

Beth’s face looked frantic, glancing from her bared breasts, heaving with her panting breath, to Haley and back.

“Looks like your **breasts** are all **nude** and **exposed** now, Beth. Remember when you were so desperate for me to touch these, that you shoved me to the ground so hard that you almost cracked my skull? Do you remember that?”

“Haley---Hhhh—Please---I….” Beth wriggled beneath the dog. Haley could feel the bear’s big, full stomach rumble and shift its contents behind her, the organ warm against her bottom and tail. Haley moved subtly, rubbing her wet vulva against Beth’s full stomach. *I can feel her stomach softening that food…*

Meanwhile, deep inside of Beth’s stomach, totally unknown to the lovers, the two swallowed plastic figures also tumbled about, inadvertently dislodged from getting wedged into her tight duodenum by the motions of her friend. Neither of the women knew about the presence of these, but the sensation of unknown, hard objects bouncing against the walls of her swollen stomach titillated the bear each time it occurred.

Pressing her rump and tail against that warm, gently churning belly, a flushed Haley reached forward, cupping Beth’s bare bosoms, surprised at their firmness, squeezing and sliding her fingers around their surface, caressing the edge of Beth’s obscenely oversized areolae.

“Hhhh..Haley…Please….”

A curious scent caught the dog’s nose, and her paws grew more curious , sliding over the rough nubs and circular ridges of Beth’s bared nipples, while her nose drew near to Beth’s left.

“Males are all obsessed with trying to grab women’s breasts….But most women couldn’t care less about these **useless** *blobs* on their chest…except for **you**, Beth bear…whoa!”

Haley blinked, her nose very close to Beth’s right nipple. The scent here was strong – a faint , oily, dairy, almost cheese-like scent. More surprising than that, though, was the alarming way that Beth’s huge nipples just kept swelling more and more erect—what had at first seemed like harmless circular wrinkles in her areola was now almost like telescoping rings.

Beth’s long-lashed eyes were closed tightly and her high-pitched, soft voice pleaded with her friend:

“Don’t stop, Haley, I know they look weird, just please keep touching me, keep touching my breasts and my nipples, please don’t stop—“

Haley smiled, a devilish and greedy grin. She reached out and took the bear’s now salt-shaker-sized, palm-able nipples, one in each hand, and began to squeeze and grope the turgid flesh. It was all so soft, yet so firm; she could grab, squeeze and push Beth’s whole big, fat, firm and dense bosoms around , and make the bear yelp and moan, just by pinching or bending or pulling her hyper-sized nipples in just the right way…

“Gaaah~….Oh haley…Please don’t stop…Don’t stop like last time…even if the phone rings…Please just…”

“Shh…It’s OK, bear. This is my time with you. I’ll bring you home. I promise.”

“Hfff…Want to hug you…please…” The tone of Beth’s voice just got higher and higher.

Haley was casually fingering the tip of Beth’s huge nipples, rocking her rump against the bear’s swollen belly, and watching with a thrill of excitement as Beth’s biceps bulged , flexing against the restraints, seeming ready to break them at any moment, but still the bear lay there, mostly nude, writhing beneath her, begging for more, and then , as if by magic itself, Haley felt something slippery and oily on her fingers.

She looked down and the bear’s huge nipples, now swollen still larger, cock-like, their length and girth filling her hands and then some, and were *leaking* a strange, oily substance that smelt of something between cheese and margarine, making her fingers slippery.

“Pump, haley, please!” The bound bear was practically shouting, squinting her eyes shut, thrusting her chest forward, her huge sweaty erect black nipples pointing wildly atop her massive, sweaty, heaving furry bosoms.

The bear was so easy to please. *I can easily make her come.* And so Haley pumped.

*Shlp shlap shlup shalp*

She slowed for a bit, taking a moment to snap a few photos, including one close-up showing her paw squeezing the bear’s big fat erect nipple, with Beth’s moaning face blurred in the background.

“Hahh…Ohfuck…Please…You got me so close…Please Haley…Take me…Don’t leave me…”

“You wanna *come*, huh bear?”

“P-please…”

“I’m gonna make you feel *so* good that you *lose control*…”

Haley pumped harder now with both paws, her paws getting slick with the strange oily leakage, but she questioned none of it, slamming her fists again and again against the bear’s warty dark areolae, the bear’s fat bosoms jiggling each time she did so.

“Make me feel good, Haley please, make me come—”

Haley slid her slickened palms up and down the shafts of those huge fleshy bear-teats, listening to Beth yell louder and louder and—

“I’m gonna **suck** and ***bite*** your filthy bear-teats so hard that you’re gonna *scream* and ***gush****—“*

“N-No—Don’t bite—Please—Don’t—“

Grabbing both suddenly, Haley smushed them together, leaned in and licked, kissed, opened her mouth, took them into her warm lips and ***sucked***, and then gently ***bit*** the bear’sphallus-sized nipples.

That was enough.

Beth screamed out loud.

“HaaaAANNH~!”

Haley, frightened as something actually did *gush* into her mouth, pushed the bear’s tender parts away from her and watched in amazement as

*Squirt*

*Squirt, squirt*

*Squirt*

*Splatter*

Some sort of strange, oily, buttermilk-scented fluid had rocketed into the air, and—with Haley’s frightened pushing—splattered, in part everywhere, but mostly up, and then down onto Beth’s own shocked face.

*What the fuck…did she just* ***ejaculate****…from her nipples?* Haley was amazed.

They stared at each other, panting.

The flesh throbbed in her hand, and began to soften.

Haley slowly uncurled her clenched fists.

“Fffh…..Hhh….” Beth breathed.

Haley was licking her lips, and then her paws, her pink dog-tongue flashing, glancing at Beth’s soiled chest-fur and face.

“Hhhhf…Good bear. That’s it. You finished.”

“Hhh…P-please…Hhh…” Haley slipped off the table, observing Beth’s after-shocks and shudders, as though there bear were a scientific test subject.

The bear squirmed, thrusting one shoulder and then the other at the restraints, making Haley flinch. *Those aren’t gonna hold like that.*

“You done, bear? Ready for me to let you go?”

Haley put her hand in her pocket and watched the way Beth’s dissheleved, sweaty, bare breasts and glistening soft nipples bounced with her struggling at her bonds.

“Nf..let me go….my paws…” The bear looked agitated.

Haley squinted at the chained beast and stepped closer.

“Okay…I’m going to release your right paw…”

*Click*

No sooner had she done so, then the massive bear whipped around with shocking speed, tearing her other hand free and sweeping her huge claws around to grab the dog—

“Uh…”

Haley was pointing a shiny pocket-knife directly at Beth’s face, the point about an inch away from the bear’s clear blue eyes.

Haley was breathing very quickly, her slight chest rising and falling as quickly as a hummingbird.

“Haley…” Beth blinked, breathless. “Can I…Can I hug you?”

“Hhhh…” The dog exhaled, lowered the knife, and smiled. “Yes. Gently.”

Sitting up on the massage table, Beth hugged her, very tightly, holding the dog against her firm, soft, wet chest and big belly, her face still wet with her own cream, rocking the small creature back and forth, feeling the dog’s heart rate slowly relax.

They were quiet for a moment.

“Good bear.” Haley breathed, pushing her silky muzzle into Beth’s shaggy chest fluff, stroking the sides of the bear’s firm breasts. “Sweet bear. Gentle bear. P—Ooof!”

“Mmm!” Beth squeezed the dog so hard that her back cracked.

“Ow-Ow, ow ow ow! I was trying to call you *pretty*, you idiot! Don’t break my back, damn it!” Her cheeks became completely smooshed in Beth’s crushing furry cleavage. She frantically slapped at the bear’s bulging furry bicep until the pressure relented.

“I…I love you, Haley.” Beth’s big face and soft blue eyes gazed at the creature she’d captured, her gentle, quiet voice saying these words with pure honesty.

Looking up from where her cheeks were squished, Haley blinked, and saw Beth’s messy face.

“You silly, messy bear,” she said, grinning. “Here, let me clean your face. Who knew what *special nipples* you have, bear, hahahah!”

Beth blinked and closed her eyes as Haley *lap, lap, lick lick lick, lap lapped*. The dog’s tongue cleaned all around her chin, nose, her brow and snout-cheeks, but didn’t kiss her.

“I was just talking fantasy, bear…I had no clue you were gonna just…***cream*** everywhere like someone’s ***mommy***…”

“I know, it’s so weird…” She turned her head this way and that so that Haley could lap up all the stray drops and splatters of her ejaculate from her face.

“Maybe weird...” Haley scratched her paws around the furry sides of Beth’s plump, round breasts, which made her blink. ”But…very special. A special, precious bear.” Haley blushed slightly and bit her lip. “If you wanted to…you could be a really perfect ***wife*** for someone.”

Beth slowly smiled as Haley sat up with her—the bear tugging her top back down as her nipple-erection faded away – and Haley applied another long series of licks and nuzzles and near-kisses to Beth’s face, her fluffy tail wagging too. All the while, Beth gently stroked Haley’s back with her huge, powerful, sharp claws.

“Thanks for being gentle with me, Haley,” Beth breathed in her soft, quiet voice.

“Yeah…yeah….” Haley hugged back, sitting in Beth’s big lap now, feeling the bear’s firm, warm belly and breasts push against her slim, undifferentiated, rectangular body. She wrapped her arms around the bear and squeezed back.

Haley laid her head on Beth’s shoulder, burying her nose in the lush, fluffy white neck-fur and closed her eyes.

“And,” Beth’s warm, soft voice breathed. “I really liked how you taught me—you showed me everything.”

“Mm hmm.”

Haley opened her eyes, took a deep breath. *This scent*. She gave a few licks to Beth’s breast-fluff—the bear’s snow-white fur was especially thick and long down the center of her chest.

“Nh.” Beth grunted and stroked Haley’s silky-soft ears.

“Oh, and before I forget. The different types of sex,” Haley spoke up matter-of-factly, sitting up again. “Anytime someone’s mouth is on their genitals—that’s Oral sex. Crotch-on-crotch—that’s Intercourse. Fingers inside someone’s body—That’s fingering. Butt stuff—That’s anal sex.”

“What about when you, you know….Touched my, um, boobs?”

“That…Uhh…that’s mostly just something special that only you can do, bear. No one else is sensitive like that. You can make up your own name for it!” She grinned at the blushing bear. “And Beth—“ She reached up to caress the bear’s soft round ear.

“Hm?”

“While you’re out there….Dating….You should never let anyone push you into sex you don’t want to have. You know that, right?

“Y-Yeah—I know that stuff—and that’s all true—and I’m glad you showed me—***But***….”

The two exchanged glances for a moment, Haley’s face calm.

“***Buuut*** you’re getting *married*, making a *promise*…” Beth squeezed her friend tightly, pressing her against her warm, enveloping body. Her voice wasn’t stressed, just insistent. “I don’t know if we should…if it’s right for us…”

Haley’s face remained calm and unconcerned; she met the gaze, but made no comment.

Releasing her friend, Beth adjusted her bra, and made a proposal, her soft voice especially quiet.

“Maybe—Maybe it’s better if I just…**pass** on your wedding tomorrow.”

“Uh…what?” Haley narrowed her eyes.

The bear looked put-upon, looked to the side.

“I lo—I like you a lot, Haley, but I don’t want to be responsible for distracting you from your **true** love. And it’s like you said—we’re finished with this secret stuff. You taught me and that’s good. After that, it’s not good to do gay stuff. I’ll go to a dance club downtown and find a guy to date. Just like you wanted. Just like I should.” Beth smiled eagerly and ruffled Haley’s soft floppy ears. The dog blinked again, pushed herself away.

Haley clambered off of the bear’s huge warm body and unbound Beth’s ankles, then hopped to the floor.

“If you *really* think you’re not gonna be able to *control* yourself in front of like, ALL of me and my fiance’s family members, and all our friends…” She shook her head. “Like, okay Beth, but…I’d expect a little more of you.”

*Glluurn..*

She had bent over to pick up Beth’s pants, admiring the urine stain on the wall for a moment, but as Beth turned to sit on the edge of the massage table, bottomless as she was …*With her beautiful furry belly…Full of my food…Keeping it warm in her tummy…*

Haley turned, handing Beth her extra large jeans. While the bear put in one leg and then the other, she asked, in her incongruously soft and shy voice:

“Do you think…It’s okay…If, you know, after all this…we still, like, hug each other?”

The dog started to grin again.

“Of course! You’re my best friend, Haley. I’ll always—Oof!”

She was squished into the source of that scent once more. Haley pressed herself in against that huge, fully belly, rubbing her nose deep in the bear’s fur, feeling its firmness—it was a little smaller and softer than just after the meal. *Her body’s probably made most of the food into mush, and it’s now pumping into her intestines…*

“Good. Because I wanna always **hug** you and have you **rub** me and go on **trips** together and see movies, and watch tv, and play **games** and stuff…”

Haley felt Beth’s paws on her head and shoulder. She closed her eyes, breathed that scent, and pressed her ear against the bear’s stomach.

*Glupp…glrrrn…gluuurg…..glutt…*

“How’s your big brunch doing in here, my bear?” Haley asked, turning her muzzle upward, nudging her nose into the under-curve of Beth’s heavy breast in her sweater.

Beth blushed a little bit.

“My stomach feels much better now. Digestion is moving along, heh. Feels nice to be full of your food, Haley.”

“Good…” Haley leaned in, feeling hazy again, her paws slipping deep under the generous curve of that beautiful belly, into the steamy atmosphere between her thick thighs that was still not yet quite covered by her jeans, her fingertips touching the soft moist vulva-flesh … “Are you sure you don’t need to use the bathroom now? Because…”

Beth grabbed her wrist.

“I…I do, but…Haley, you’re getting married, and we agreed—No more—intimate touching. Okay?”

Haley drew up and nodded.

“Yeah.”

She cleaned up the room a bit while Beth excused herself to the nearby bathroom. Haley shook her head bit, marveling at that amazingly obscene stain on the wall, before resorting to the cleaning spray and paper towels. She sprayed and wiped it down, along with the massage table. Haley hid the cheap bondage cuffs back in a drawer somewhere.

Beth emerged from the bathroom fully dressed, and with her belly noticeably smaller, in a cloud of scents that immediately drew the dog’s attention and tail-wags.

“Um…The toilet wouldn’t flush…” Beth looked a little embarrassed.

“It’s okay, messy bear! I’ll take care of it.” Haley grinned almost as if she had hoped for this outcome. “Why don’t you go upstairs and say hi to Jamie? He’s a big fan of yours.”

“Oh...okay, Haley. And…”

Standing there, Haley blinked as the huge bear leaned down to *kiss* her on the top of her head.

The blushing bear turned to leave, and Haley swatted her on the rump with a *Slap!*, smiling as she lumbered out of the room.

In the bathroom, Beth had left quite a mess.

“Whoa…”

The toilet bowl was filled with huge, dense, steaming, slimy brown logs of fragrant feminine bear-droppings, each bigger around than Haley’s arm, their gaps filled with ponds and lakes of urine.

Like someone who had just found a gold mine, Haley closed and locked the door, and sat down next to the piled-high toilet, whispering into this warmth-radiating mess:

“Your tummy’s all done with this stuff, huh?” Her eyes looked over the pile, drinking in the sight, while her nose flexed to take in the strong scent.

“Your poor bowels were just so *full*…You just had to push it all out of you…I wonder what you’ve been eating lately, my pretty bear…” Haley licked a few stray drops of urine from the rim of the toilet seat – *So tangy…so warm…* - and then, taking a deep breath, hefted the biggest heavy log in both hands and transferred it to the sink, turning on the hot water to break it down and wash it away.

Despite the rank and intense smell and filth of her work, almost immediately, Haley was rewarded with curious discoveries. After washing away the thoroughly digested and softened mush that constituted the majority of the bear’s warm feces, the dog discovered all kinds of little treasures. There was a little silver tea-spoon…several candy wrappers…one miniature chocolate bar still perfectly preserved in its original wrapper…an unopened packet of mayonnaise…several shrimp tails…one half of a clam’s shell…a plastic pen…several coins, a big wad of chewing gum…a whole cloth napkin…and of course plenty of corn kernels. There was also a few scraps of cloth or plastic or leather that were rather hard to identify precisely.

As she worked to get the toilet down to a flushable state, Haley was excited to break open each warm, slimy lump to see what Beth had passed. But quickly enough, the work was done, the toilet was flushed, and, washing and arranging each item on a paper towel, archaeologist-like, the giggling dog took a picture of this, too.

\* \* \*

“And I really can’t thank you enough for all you’ve done for my wife.” Jamie, the young black lab, was squeezing Beth’s big thumbs, smiling brightly, as much like Haley, his paws were not big enough to properly shake her hand. “You’ve taken such good care of her—so much that it’s almost like…” He shook his head. “It’s almost like you’re a part of our family, at this point. And all of Haley’s friends. They’re so helpful to her, It’s like I got a wife that came with her own support staff, haha!”

“Many people love her, and she loves you the best,” Beth said in her soft, gentle voice, smiling sweetly.

“But what I mean is…” Jamie scratched his black ears and strolled around the kitchen. “Even though I may have known her longer than you—Your ***friendship*** with her—it’s made her so much happier, such a wonderful person to be around. And since she’s always getting into trouble…I almost feel like I owe you for keeping her safe, hahah!”

“Oh, no…” Beth said softly, feeling very content. “I’d say I owe you much more for making her so happy and excited for this life of marriage that she’s going to have with you. All the parties that she had this year…All the different nice friends coming together to share a lifetime together…it’s been so much fun for everyone.”

“Well thank you, thank you!” He smiled with his eyes squinted shut, turned and looked out the window. Beth blinked and watched him. “Yeah, it’s a big event. I guess everyone’s nervous. Probably it’s normal for me to be nervous, right?”

Beth cocked her furry head and smiled.

“I know I’ll be terrified, on my wedding day, if I’m lucky enough to have one,” she admitted shyly. “So many people just staring!”

“Yeah, heheh, yeah!” He seemed to think for a moment, then turned and stepped a little close to Beth. “Hey—I have to ask you, since all that stuff that happened on the cruise with Haley’s bachelorette party. When you—when you *swallowed* Jennifer, what was that like?”

“Uh…” Beth immediately frowned and glanced towards the window, looking highly uncomfortable.

“Because, like, I was reading about that—apparently some people do it on purpose as like, a spiritual experience, or something…”

“Uh…Well, I really didn’t like it, heh!” Beth tried to smile, closing her eyes and scratching behind her ears. “I try to keep my friends on the outside of me. I’m just glad we all survived.”

“Oh…okay, right. I guess I was just asking because Haley described it as a really intense experience, and said that for her even just being there, it was pretty amazing.”

“Yeah, uh….I hope I never have to do that again, heheh!” She giggled nervously.

But on seeing him, still looking nervous, and gazing out the window, Beth’s face softened.

“If you…” Beth hesitated, trying to be helpful. “You have my number, right? If you ever want to talk about stuff…I’m here to help Haley, and she loves you so much, that…I want to be here for you too, Jamie.”

“Really?” The male dog turned and looked very pleased. “That means a lot to me, Beth. Because something I was thinking about was—“

Beth suddenly felt a very intense and pointed pain, deep inside her still rather full stomach.

“Oofh…” She bent forward slightly, placing a hand against her stomach and wincing as her innards suddenly emitted a very loud and embarrassing noise.

*Grrrooowwwlllpp~*

“Uh…Are you okay?”

“Y-yeah, yeah…” Beth took a few deep breaths. “I just…get stomach-aches sometimes, heh!” *I hope something’s not stuck inside me again…* Beth wondered, as deep inside her body, the plastic figure of the bride had indeed become wedged head-first deep into her duodenum, blocking the second half of her meal from progressing past it, irritating her tender intestinal lining, and becoming obstructed around a tight curve in her digestive tract that only small or soft things could hope to pass through.

“I should also tell you that, um…” Beth continued as the feeling of sudden pain subsided to a dull ache, “I have to tell you…I….” Her eyes stared at the floor.

“I can’t come to the wedding.” She fidgeted with her claws.

“What—Hah!” Jamie was so surprised that he almost laughed. “You’re not serious? Haley would—she’d be a mess! She’d cry for sure.”

“I, um…talked with her about it, and….she just knows I’m shy.” Beth looked up, looking quite nervous and worried. “I’m still-I’m still best friends with Haley , I promise! I just—I don’t like big crowds and –I don’t know.”

“But—but what about my sister Marissa? She loves seeing you, too, and she said you were a fantastic babysitter for her kids.”

“I—I know, I’m really sorry…oofh..” Beth’s pot-belly emitted another distractingly loud

*Glooob* sound, and she shuddered as she felt something stretching, pushing, irritating something tender inside her.

Beth shivered a little. *Was it something I ate in that food that Haley fed me? It feels like there’s some kind of fight happening inside my stomach…*

“Well, I guess she can always watch ‘em herself…” Jamie scratched the back of his head, his tail drooping in disappointment. Finally, he smiled.

“You know what, Beth?” He smiled. “I get it. Weddings can be…really difficult. It’s OK. We won’t force you to go.”

Haley came upstairs, smelling of soap and deodorant, seemingly fresh from the shower in a tightly tied bathrobe.

She ran over and draped herself on Jamie, hugging him, looking at Beth with curious eyes, smiling.

“Hey, babe,” Jamie said, kissing his wife on top of her head.

Beth blinked.

“Hey loverpup. My cutie forever dog,” Haley teased, kissing Jamie on the cheek and turning to wink at Beth, who blinked.

“So,” She sighed, standing up. “We’ll see you sometime soon, bear. I understand you’re feeling shy about that big party we planned tomorrow, and…no pressure. You explained it to Jamie, right?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Ok. Thank you, Beth bear. I’m so glad you came today, to talk with me and my husband. It means a lot to us.”

“Th-thanks.” Beth ‘s eyes became wet.

“Yeah, we get it,” said the confident male dog, squeezing his wife. “You’ve been through a lot, and you should definitely take all the time you need. You’ll always be welcome in this house, Beth. You can knock on the door anytime.”

“Thank you…I…I need to go,” Beth stammered, turned and stumbled outside, feeling silly.

After she was gone, and the couple had returned to their wedding preparations, Haley asked her husband, “Hey Jamie, have you see those custom cake toppers we ordered? They were painted so perfectly…”

“Can you not worry about the dumb cake toppers? Let’s *fuck*! It’ll do wonders to dispel all this….*tension* that’s built up between us.”

\* \* \*

On the train across the city, Beth felt so resolved, so resolved to find her own True Love. She busily worked on making a to-do list with her cell phone, called Make Beth’s Life Better, though every half hour or so there was another sudden, extremely loud and embarrassing twinge from deep in her stomach, that made all the other passengers stare at her, with Beth mumbling apologies, or making a sickly belch, or huffing as she felt her internal organs stretching or straining around s*omething* that was so impossibly wedged or trapped inside her.

She was tempted to think:

*Did Haley make me eat something strange?*

Still, Beth tried to put all those thoughts out of her mind.

*I’m not a wedding cheater. I’m a good bear, just like she said. I need to date people, make a life, learn accounting, practice my drawing, get a better job…*

Beep!

Beth received a text message from Haley. It was a picture of all sorts of odd little objects, some of which were familiar-looking…

*Beth, look what I found while I was cleaning the toilet!*

“Oh…”

Beth blushed instinctively, and stroked the sore spot in her lower belly.

*You were holding all these things in your poor soft tummy. Promise me you’ll be more careful with what you eat, okay? And call me if you need anything or just want to talk!*

Beth felt her heart warm and thrill at the message, then sighed. *Haley’s just going to try to have sex with me again. I have to give her enough space to love her husband. And…I have to control myself better around her, too.*

She texted back “I will, thanks!” and went back to her plan.

Beth didn’t know much about dating, but she did know that a lot of romance films and TV shows began with the characters meeting in a bar or dance club.

So after going home, taking a nap, swallowing some digestive aid pills, and drinking some water, she put on nice clothes, and at about eight p.m., went out by herself into the city, feeling optimistic and free.

Beth dressed herself in a smart, short black skirt, tall black leather boots, and a black halter top, posing and smiling in the mirror, thinking that the dark color looked quite good against her snow-white fur.

Stepping outside and wandering downtown, the bear found that, just like most places, she was much taller than nearly everyone else.

Beth picked a dance club called “Tails” that looked fun. She entered, and proved her age to the rather large black cow bouncer, then was waved in.

The bear was so excited here, she almost felt no shyness at all. She bought fun drinks, talked to the people at the bar, men and women alike. These conversations didn’t progress very far - either she decided she didn’t like the person, or they seemed to not be interested in her. Feeling a little disappointed, but still undeterred, she tried dancing.

The dancing part was fun, but Beth felt still a little frustrated by the social aspect. She tried at first dancing with women – a cute red squirrel who giggled and then ran back to a boyfriend, then with a grey mare – and even managed to kiss and make out with the mare. This caused a large group of males nearby to start cheering.

The mare said, throwing her arm around the surprised Beth who was still licking her lips, and leaning on her while looking at someone in the crowd:

“So *now* you like me, huh, *Mike?*”

The blinking bear watched with some confusion as the mare pulled in a big male lion to kiss her. When the lion turned to kiss Beth as well, the bear wriggled out of the situation, with little trouble due to her great strength.

“Um, I don’t feel comfortable here, sorry,” she explained hastily, and went back to the bar, sitting down.

Several males came up to ask her to dance, but their attitudes didn’t seem right to her—too eager—so she turned them down, thanking each one anyway.

Soon, a male zebra sat down in an empty seat next to her, his eyes resting on her big thighs, her big bosom, her innocent face.

“Rough night, huh?” He said in a deep voice, smiling kindly to her.

Beth smiled too.

“Yeah. Guess I’m not very good at dating, heh!” she said , feeling drunk.

“You and me both!” The zebra gulped down a whisky. “You come here looking to meet anyone in particular?”

“Well…somebody nice, I guess. That’s what—That’s what my best friend suggested, and she’s getting married, so….”

“Ohh, I know that feeling exactly! Heh.” The zebra chuckled in a reassuring way. “My best friend just got married last week.”

“He did?! No way!” Beth was interested now. “Can you tell me what the wedding was like?”

“Sure, but it’s kinda loud in here. Mind if we go…somewhere else?”

“Well, I’ve heard it’s very gentlemanly to take a lady to a nice dinner, hee hee!” Beth giggled, feeling drunk and excited and hungry.

“Uhhh…” The zebra seemed to consider for a second, but upon glancing at Beth’s pot-belly in her red silk dress, smiled. “Sure, why not.”

\* \* \*

During the walk to dinner, he offered to hold hands. She accepted. She learned that his name was Devon.

At their rather late dinner, knowing that the ancient tradition was for the male to buy food for the female, Beth was doubly excited. She picked a nearby restaurant that was far fancier than anything she had enjoyed prior (prior to her recent friendship with the relatively wealthy Haley). As she was browsing the menu eagerly and giving orders to the friendly male mephit waiter, she felt that sudden pain again, this time distinctly *worse* than before.

*Grrowlll…*

“Oofh…” Beth was so embarrassed. *I really have to eating more carefully. I’m going to get permanent health problems one of these days*. *I can’t even tell if this problem is getting better or worse…and this time I don’t have a cute puppy to help and defend me*. She struggled not to cringe or bend over, but both her date and the waiter simply exchanged glances and…

They laughed.

“Hahaha!”

“Hohoho!”

“Somebody’s hungry, that’s for sure!”

“I’ll say!” Chuckling, the broad-shouldered zebra leaned back in his seat, stretching his polo shirt with his powerful arms. “You know what, maybe we’ll just order ALL the appetizers. Can’t hurt, right? There’s only eight of them.”

“Can’t hurt at all,” The skunk waiter agreed, chuckling as he scribbled the note. “Would you agree, Miss?”

“Um…” Having recovered from the sudden digestive contraction, and very glad that it had only amused them, Beth grinned sheepishly and nodded “Sure, why not. I haven’t eaten since one, anyway. As long as it’s not too much money?”

As the waiter sauntered off, Devon grinned and shook his head.

“Think of this as a down payment, an investment in a healthy future with you. I mean, for you.” He took a sip of his wine glass, blushing a little at his over-eager comment.

“Hee hee! What a cute thing to say. You’re very optimistic about your chances, Mister Devon.” Beth grinned and reached for the bread basket.

“Well, I’ve just got a good feeling!”

\* \* \*

Much to Devon’s delight, the dinner was over far more quickly than the zebra expected. He was not that hungry himself, subsisting happily on a large salad, while he watched with amazement and genuine excitement at how his she-bear date absolutely *put away* food. She could—and did—destroy an entire plate of appetizers with a single lift, lick, and *gulp*. He had to reach out, grab her wrist and explain to her that no, you shouldn’t eat the clam shells along with the stuffed clams, they’re basically rocks. He wasn’t always this quick, though – Devon could often do nothing but simply marvel at how Beth would swallow a mouthful of bone-in chicken wings whole, toss multiple filet mignon cuts into her gullet and wash them down with Riesling and a big hard *ulllp*, or gulp down jumbo shrimp by the handful without chewing, or pour an entire plate of pasta into her hungry, wet, black-lipped mouth and simply *swallow* and reach for more. It was all he could do to resist the temptation to take a video recording of her – *This is some special bear*, Devon thought to himself.

When he’d paid, and she’d belched loudly – orange-color saliva droplets splattering the tablecloth – and she’d stood to take his hand, he marveled at the beautiful curve of her food-pregnant, swollen belly, and the way that it pressed out , and sagged and swayed gently over her tight-fitting skirt. Occasionally, she did have that deep, uncomfortable gut-rumble again, and he did become more concerned this time – moving beyond the false myth that any intestinal noise was a signal of hunger—but Beth brushed him off, smiling brightly.

“Wellllllll…” She said coyly , gazing into Devon’s eyes after dropping a big tip on the table for the waiter, “Do you wanna try some sex, for fun?”

“I—Hah! Um—I---Yes! Absolutely! Sure!” The zebra was stunned and so pleased. *This girl just hits all the right buttons! Where did she come from?* “If—if you’re not too full from dinner, I mean.”

“Ohh, no…” The eager bear took his hand and pulled him out of the restaurant. She whispered to him in her soft, feminine voice: “I’ve been told I get kinda horny when I eat a lot, hee hee!”

Becoming more of a follower than a leader now, Devon went along with her excitement.

\* \* \*

She took him back to her small but neat one-room apartment. There was a big bed in one corner, shelf and desk in another, TV and chair in a third, and kitchenette in the fourth.

It seemed like he’d barely entered before this Beth was unbuckling his belt and *yank*-ing his pants off.

Reaching out to touch her head, and looking down excitedly, he gasped when those powerful bear-claws found his penis.

“Ohhh, ho ho ho! Here’s this **penis** I’ve been hearing so much about!”

“Ah-ah~!” He gasped at her crushing grip and the edge of her claws against his most sensitive part. “Gentle, please, heh!” Though Devon was large as people went, and plenty strong, he knew that a simple equine such as himself would not be able to stop the potential violence of a large bear. *And that’s part of the thrill*, he knew, feeling the tingle in his spine*. This one could easily hurt me*.

“Oh! Sorry. How’s this?”

He felt her gently pulling his long, thick equine penis, rubbing its head against her fat, full stomach, letting him feel just how full and taut her belly, packed with the two hundred dollar dinner he’d just bought for her.

“That’s…haah…That’s heavenly….Don’t stop….”

“Don’t stop, huh? Hmm…And *these* must be the balls!”

Devon cringed as he felt her kneel down suddenly (her belly sloshing) and grab his big, dangling tennis-ball-sized testicles a little too excitedly.

“Oofh! Those are VERY sensitive!”

“Sorry, sorry! I’ll be—mm—*Bhurrp—*I’ll be gentle.”

“Have…Ooh…Have you never played with this…with a guy before? Haaahh…” He shuddered as she rather roughly palmed his heavy and long-dangling black-leather testicles against her claws and rough paw-pads, testing their firmness.

*This bear…There might be a reason…why she was so easy to date…Because I feel like she could crush me at any moment…*

Devon began to pant. He saw that the bear had already squatted down on the floor – disobeying his earlier request – and was busy snuffling, kissing and licking all around his cock-head and shaft, while stroking his legs or his balls with her great big paws. After the first few mis-steps, she was quite gentle with him.

“Not really, no…” Her voice was so soft, so demure, so quiet, but her actions were so bold. “I don’t have much experience with sex. But, I’m eager to try it.” *This girl must have been some kind of major shut-in, until today,* he figured. *I wonder what it was that finally pushed her to hit the clubs.* “And I definitely want to try some things out with this, hee hee!” Her giggle was so disarming, that Devon didn’t mind he was being mildly manhandled, ordered around.

“S-sure…Haah…” He felt his cock-tip enter her mouth, enveloped in heat and warmth, and his mind didn’t quite yet make the connection between this particular oral action and those that he’d been impressed by at dinner.

“Fuck, your mouth feels so hot, so good..Haah….You’re making me so hard, bear…Heh…..Haaah…~”

“Mmf…*schlup*…*shlop*…” The bear licked, tasted and sucked at his lengthening cock.

She pulled it out of her mouth briefly, to make this comment:

“This tastes like really good **steak**. And there’s so much of it. Mmf…”

“H-hahh…”

Devon shuddered and felt his body pump still more blood into his extra-large equine cock, swelling past ten, twelve, fourteen inches…He always enjoyed moments like this, when girls would be amazed, surprised and impressed with the length of his cock. This was, however, the first time that a girl had compared his penis to meat before all other praise. Some voice in the back of his mind suggested to him that this probably was not a good thing. But it *felt* so good.

The virile zebra rested his hands on Beth’s shoulders. He hadn’t even been fully erect when she’d begun to take him into her mouth – she was too fast for him – and it occurred to him that he should probably tell her to slow down, really.

“H-hfff-Ohfuck you’re taking in your mouth again—Oh god yeah—That tongue, bear—Hahh—Slow down, let’s relax and enjoy this…”

“Mh…Mh…”

Then, there it was again—That loud, deep and warbling rumble from deep inside the she-bear’s stomach:

*Grrrwwoolll…*

“Nhh…” Beth whimperered around the zebra’s black cock, feeling the pain deep in her guts, but didn’t stop. She simply *belched* around his dick-head*:*

“Mf—*Uhrrp—Mmnn.”* …and continued, using her big paws to yank him closer.

“Whoa, whoa, bear,” The zebra protested, but she kept going.

One again, decidedly, the bear did not listen to his requests, but took things further.

Suddenly, he felt her claws digging in to his muscular buttocks—actual pain—and then she *Swallowed.*

“Mh—Mhhf—*Ghlupt~”*

“H-holy fuck bear, that feels – Gaah~!” The zebra shuddered and moaned out loud as he felt pre-cum dripping from his cock-head as it was yanked down her throat, to an angle of about fifteen degrees—but still he was not hilted, not at all as deep as he could go. One of her powerful claws dragged from his rump around to his swinging ball-sack, leaving tiny trails of red ripped skin, clutching the plump, vulnerable organ, letting him feel the claw-tips, while her head bobbed back and forth on the meaty shaft of his dick as she had read how to do in an online guide. Beth was impatient, however, feeling that this wasn’t enough.

“Ohh, yeah, right there, babe—Your throat is so tight around my cock—so snug and gripping…”

Devon’s hands rubbed the bear’s head, squeezed and pinched her ears—perhaps a little too hard , because she swatted his hand away from them—leaving a scratch on this wrist—then grabbed his thighs hard (leaving little scratches here too) – making him yelp again—And swallowed *again*, harder, deeper, more hungrily.

*Ghrolp~*

“Oh—f-fuck that’s deep!”

His eyes fluttered open, thrills of ecstasty pumping through his long, powerful dick as he felt her body *force* his fat glans through a tight opening—into…

“Ohfuck---Ohgod, bear…You swallowed my dick…into your *stomach…*”

Her guts emitted another very loud sound, but this one seemed almost sultry, seductive, or taunting:

*Gwurllll…*

“F-Fuck…your stomach…so hot…that slime makin’ my cock tingle—never been this hard before---Oh!”

He gasped out loud suddenly as she moved and—he could feel it! His cock-tip *shoving around the food in her stomach*—here was the steak, there was pasta, here was roasted vegetables, there was chicken wing bones, there was something unrecognizeable…

“Oh fuck, that’s so hot—I’m fucking your gut-warmed *dinner* with my *dick*—I need more—more—Hahh-Hahh—“

“Mm hmmm,” the warm-bellied bear hummed around his dick.

Devon felt himself beginning to lose control, and certainly not able to worry about whether the bear was plotting something, or whether she knew what she was doing.

His body, his hips began to buck and thrust, desperate to get more of himself inside that hot, warm, tight, tingly, churning, squeezing space.

While the bear gripped his buttock with one claw, she man-handled his long-dangling scrotum with the other—working to fit this inside her mouth too—and amazingly, she did—Just as Devon was exploring the inner reaches of her stomach with his dick, grunting, thrusting, and shoving his cock against every deliciously hot, slimy, tingly, squeezing surface and object within her churning stomach.

The tingle that he felt on his dick, especially as he leaned further in, and especialy as he felt her almost effortlessly *swallow* his dangling balls around his thick meaty shaft—soon became a tantalizingly pleasure-painful burning sensation—he was dimly aware that being inside someone’s stomach may not be a safe idea—but the pain was so good.

Pushing and probing around with his cock-head, he shoved her dinner around—pounded pork-chops with his glans, played pool with simmering vegetables in her gut, plunged his dick into invisible, deep pits of cheesy, greasy pasta, all incredibly hot in her stomach, and pounded his dick against her stomach-walls, feeling them rumble and *squeeze back,* grinding that hot, burning slime into his dick , his glans slipping around inside her stomach until it *slid* to seat up against one more, deep, puckered orifice—The gateway into her intestines…

“Oh god, bitch—I’ve never been this hard—Your swallows are stretching my cock out—I can almost penetrate into your intestine—It burns so hot, so good—Haah—I’m gonna—I’m gonna—“

Devon began to shudder and shake. He thrust once more, and felt like what seemed like his dick *pushing in* to the tightest slimiest flesh-tunnel it had ever entered—and he felt Beth ‘s throat swallowing hard, again and again, around his shaft, and felt her *teeth clamp* down around the absolute root of his shaft, her sharp teeth , breaking his soft skin, digging into his flesh--with his dangling balls now just lumps compressed deliciously agonizingly in the fur of her throat—and just as he felt the absolute tip of his glans brush gently up against some hard, sharp, inorganic object, impossibly deep inside her, Devon came.

Jerking back, earning scratches from her teeth on his cock-root, he yelped, moaned, and *came.* He came buckets. As he came, the pleasure turned to a pure, white-hot burning sensation. Yanking his dick out of her intestinal sphincter in grotesque fear, his balls released, and his sperm squirted and poured out inside her stomach. He coated the meat in her belly with his thick sauce, soaked her swallowed vegetables with his jism, slathered and submerged the simmering paste in her stomach with quarts of semen, painted the walls of her gut with his slimy ropes of sperm.

Devon knew he had never come so hard in his life. His body kept jerking, Beth kept swallowing, her claws kept digging in to his bare fuzzy ass, he felt himself actually bleeding from all sorts of little scratche and nicks, while her *teeth* seemed to clamp down harder, to *chew* on the very root and attachment tendons of his penis and scrotum, bruising the flesh and skin , causing little bloody tears, and threatening to rip the flesh entirely—*And still he could not stop coming*.

“T-t-too much! Enough! L-let me go!” He yelped, even as he could feel the bear’s furry belly bloating and inflating with the thick, sticky liquid that he’d gushed inside her.

And she did not seem to hear him, just continuing to enjoy the flavor and meat and *chew*.

“L-let me go! LET ME GO!”

Devon , panicking, still gushing jizz directly into her stomach, adding to the expensive dinner he had bought for her, could think of nothing else to do, so he smacked her on her fuzzy forehead.

Still, she kept licking, chewing, swallowing.

“LET ME GO YOU DAMN BITCH!”

Finally, Devon slapped her right on the nose.

The bear blinked and released, rolling back to a squatting position on the floor, her newly jizz-filled belly sloshing and swaying, and the surprised , still cute-looking, if huge and overwhelmingly powerful bear simply looking up and emitting a big, wet, penis-scented

“*Bhurrrp*~...”

“Hh—hh—Need to sit down—Ffhh*—*“

“Um…S-sorry! I guess I got a little too into it. That was fun though. *Uhrp.*”

He stumbled across her one-room apartment, shuddering and still squirting little bits of sperm from his bouncing, twitching, slime-slathered horse-cock as he finally sat down on her bed to try to think straight. He tried to tend to himself, dabbing the slime off his oversized dick.

“Hahh…Hahh….”

It was dark in her apartment.

There was the sound of rain outside, tires on wet pavement, distant honking.

*That was a thrill all right…What the fuck was she doing….What the fuck am I doing here…*

He tried to assess himself, though it was hard to see:

Bite marks. Scratches. And his cock—after wiping it off with a tissue—

“G-aah!” He struggled to suppress crying out in pain. Her stomach had *partially digested his dick*. Layers of skin were sore and reddened in patches and blotches, perhaps even gone? It was hard to tell in the dim orange streetlight that filtered in from the dirty windows.

“I can’t believe….What just happened…” He breathed, trying to catch his breath. “It hurt so much…But I never…Fhh…Came so hard, ever…” He stared at the belching bear with her bulging belly. *I filled that belly…I never knew I had that much in me.*

“Well, if you liked it, that’s good. I hope I didn’t hurt your penis? Not really sure what I’m supposed to do, heh!”

“Uh…” Devon looked up as he cleaned the digestive juices off his still rock-hard, throbbing, drooling, achingly sore cock. A feeling of traditional manly pride rushed back to him.

“N-no, it’s fine…I’m fine….Gonna put on one of these, though…”

He took a foil-and-paper wrapped condom out from his pocket and began to unwrap it.

“Ohhh, a condom! My friend told me about those.” Beth watched with interest. *There is something wrong with her attitude*, he wondered*. More rushed than attracted?* *But maybe if I could just fuck that pussy…kinda revenge…then peace out…*

Devon shuddered as he rolled on the condom—each inch of sore skin radiating pain—but relaxed as the menthol-infused inner lubricant soothed him.

“Hfff…..Okay….So, I…”

“Well, if you’re ready to try more sex, I am!” Beth gave a friendly smile as she stood up, pausing as her jism-pumped stomach sloshed and she emitted another sickly *Bhurrrp*. “Ooh, excuse me. You really filled my tummy with your penis,” she grinned.

“Yeah, um, let’s—“

Beth had already pulled down her skirt, turned around, knelt down on the floor, lifted her rump, and raised her little furry white tail.

“You can try my vagina or my bottom, if you like,” she added, wiggling her tail a bit to get his attention.

Devon just gazed, stunned, at that sweaty, greasy, radially-wrinkled black anus, glinting in the light from the now rainy street outside, the passing headlights of cars reflected.

Below it he saw what he’d call a very flabby, meaty roast-beef vulva.

Any more details were hard to see, but this was enough.

The zebra was turned on.

His cock ached, but it rose and grew reasonably firm. Devon licked his lips. *I’ll fuck this bitch once from behind, and then I’m out. No more of this crazy bear.*

He carefully held his cock in his hand, moved forward, and knelt behind the immense, furry white bear ass.

“Okay…” he breathed.

Lifting and guiding his cock with his hand, he pressed the head against Beth’s meaty, glistening, thick-looking vaginal folds.

He leaned forward and….

Nothing. She was dry, and more than that, she wasn’t wide enough for him to push in. Coupled with the soreness from earlier, this rather hurt

“Ngh….” He tried to reach under to touch her clit—He figured that girls usually like that—but to his amazement, she swatted his hand away—again with the sharp claws.

“Owch—Uh, usually—“

“No, don’t touch that part,” she advised in her quiet, matter-of-fact voice. “Is your penis in?” She was moving her rump, but to his amazement, she stayed bone-dry, and her muscles weren’t particularly *tense*, but they weren’t relaxed, either.

“Look, maybe we—“

“Try touching my bottom. With your finger. It felt really good when my friend did that.”

He bit his lip, then shrugged and reached out to gamely try rubbing her broad, tight anus with his finger. His cock was hard in its rubbery sheath, and he could feel himself leaking pre-cum in there, so maybe—

“Uhh—“ His finger came away with some kind of soft, crumbly mess on it. *Is this—? Did she even* ***wipe****?* It was too dark to see.

“Uhh, I have to say, Miss Beth, maybe this isn’t the best—“ He frantically wiped his finger on a nearby tissue , starting to panic, his dick softening slightly.

She pushed back on him, shoving him against the bed with her painfully dry vagina, bending his dick uncomfortably, threatening to break it.

“No, just wait—“

*Wllluuurrbb…* The bear’s belly made a very uncomfortable sound.

“Oohf….My stomach feels kinda weird…just give me a moment…”

There was a deep rumble from inside the bear’s sloshing belly, and then--

To his wide eyes, he saw her big black anus bulge outward---

*Pfffpt~*

Sighing, Beth farted out a thick cloud of gas and wet droplets of the most revolting smell all over Devon. He coughed. His mind screamed *No, no, no!* He flailed.

“No—No—I’m out—“ He protested, struggling to stumble up to his hooves, his still condom-clad dick bouncing and semi-hard, his body not quite able to pump the blood back out of such a big piece of meat so quickly.

“W-wait—“ Beth turned, her eyes still bright. “You’re my date. Just let me suck your penis again, you really liked that.”

“No—Please—“

Too quickly for him, Beth grabbed his hips, opened her hungry mouth wide, and inhaled his condom-coated dick again, making it shudder in further pain, and making Devon grimace.

“P-please, Ma’am, I think we’re done here…”

*Shlp…Slp…Shlf…Ghulpk…Slip..Likk..”*

“GAAH! No. No more.” Devon felt the condom just *sucked* right off of him by Beth’s unbelievably strong throat muscles.

Blinking, looking up at him now, Beth pulled back, looking down at his dick, which was temporarily illuminated by the headlights of a passing car—bare, tooth-scratched, bruised, raw, sore, and , at long last, soft. She felt something rubbery slithering down her throat, slipping into her warm, full stomach.

“O-oops. I’m not supposed to, um…swallow the condoms, right?”

“It’s-Look…I don’t even know.” Shuddering, quivering with pain and fear, Devon quickly found his pants and underwear and belt, putting these on as quickly and as tightly as possible, his skin burning in friction pain the entire time.

Not even knowing what to say, he strode quickly and intently for the door, but to this great horror, there was the bear once more, re-dressed and seemingly somehow larger and more intimdating than she had been before.

“Devon, I don’t know, I just…” She sighed. “Thanks for having sex with me—I really appreciate it—but I have to say I don’t really feel much…attraction. I think that’s why I wasn’t really…you know, wet.”

The zebra blinked many times, then chuckled. He headed to the bathroom.

“I…sensed that too.” After briefly washing himself off, He got his coat. “Well, I guess that means I’m off the hook for the rest of the night. Want to walk with me to the train station?”

“Sure.” Beth smiled.

The pair strode through the rainy city streets, Beth holding an umbrella for the equine, and doing most of the talking.

“You see, I told you most of my story, but not all of it,” she was explaining. “I got a…a really big crush on my friend, but she’s a girl.”

“That would….make sense, heh!” He chuckled.

“Yeah, and she’s the one who’s getting married.”

“Oof, I see.”

“So I just got this urge, to like, go out , and date, and be *normal*…I don’t want to be sitting through the whole wedding thinking about how I’m going to try to…I don’t know…pin her down in the bathroom, or something, hee hee!”

“Yeahh…Not a good idea to force yourself, or other people, into sex they don’t want.” Devon rolled his eyes.

“So I guess…I guess I do like girls…”

“That’s fine. Everybody had preferences. I like girls too!” He chuckled and patted the large, bulky bear on the shoulder.

They had arrived outside the subway station.

“Yeah…I just don’t know what to do.”

“That’s something you’re gonna have to decide for yourself, bear. I wish you the best.”

Beth nodded. She felt that painful twinge in her stomach again, gurgling as the crowd of various animal citizens rushed past her. Beth hurried back home, feeling particularly alone.

Lying in bed, clutching her lower guts, cringing at groaning at the pain in her lower intestine, Beth opened her phone, and started, then deleted, draft after draft of message to Haley, that sweet puppy that made her always feel like she was melting.

*Haley, my tummy hurts.*

“No, too whiny.”

*Haley, I need to see you now*

“No, I’m not a cheater.”

*Haley, I love you*

“No, too desperate”

*Haley, I feel terrible*

“No, I won’t put that on her…”

*Thinking of you*

“Maybe….” She paused for a moment, about to send…then shook her head no.

“No, she has to enjoy her husband.”

And yet just then, at 1:04 AM, she received a message from Haley.

It was a picture…A picture of soft silky fur, and then rosy pink, wet and soft skin…

“Oh Haley…you sent me a picture of your….your wet little furry *vulva.*”

Her pretty little pink pussy-lips were there, her little hidden clit pulled to the side, her fingers splaying the lips open , inviting Beth, any part of Beth, into the warm, wet vaginal tunnel…her little tight pink anus winking below…

*A little present for you*, came the message.

“Oh haley…Oh haley…”

The bear immediately , instinctively reached down to touch her own vulva, finding it already slick, wet , slimy and gaping gently . She stroked her labia, jerked and tugged her clit, massaged inside her own dark vaginal tunnel.

“Oh haley please,” she whispered to the picture. “Let me touch you, let me touch your soft sweet…Mmh..” Pushing her long thick clit down, rubbing it around in her own vagina, reaching up with her left hand to massage and squeeze her fat breast, pinching and circling her swollen black areola with her finger, finally grasping and pumping her huge erect nipple with her fist, Beth brought herself to a startlingly huge orgasm with rapidity that surprised even her.

She rubbed, tugged, pumped, stroked, grinded herself ever harder and faster, finally crying out loud “OH HALEY, YOUR SWEET LITTLE PUSSY, PLEASE HALEY, COME TO ME, SUCK ME!”

Beth came there , climaxed, lying in bed by herself, shuddering and ejaculating, squirting and splattering hormone-rich, fragrant fluids all over herself and soaking, staining the bedsheets, shuddering, clutching her full, rumbling belly, and after that….Her thoughts, her body was utterly relaxed, and she slept peacefully.

The bear’s guts rumbled through the night, while their owner slept soundly.

At roughly five-thirty in the morning , Beth found herself stumbling into her bathroom, her lower belly feeling very pregnant, heavy and ready for release. Unlike those installed at Haley’s house, her toilet was designed for large species, so she had no concerns about simply plopping her big bear bottom down onto it, lifting her tail, and reaching down to fondle herself while she urinated and felt her big tail-hole relaxe and widen to let out massive, warm, steamy, well-digested lumps.

Beth closed her eyes and used her imagination, touching herself gently.

“Mmh…Haley…taste my clit…gently…Mmm..”

Having discovered masturbation by copying how Haley had touched her in the past, Beth was in love with it, and kept rubbing and stroking her clit back and forth while she pissed into the bowl.

*Psssh….*

She loved the feeling of peeing, the way the hot, pressurized stream tantalized the underside of her big clit, and made the thick vaginal lips flutter and bounce under its spray.

“Hhaaahh…Mmm…” Closing her soft eyes, Beth caressed around her inner and outer labia, savoring the warm spray.

She shuddered as her anus stretched, feeling turned on by her own body, keeping her eyes closed, and dreaming that the small dog was here.

“Oh…Oh Haley…my butt-hole…my tail-hole…my asshole is stretching…Oh…” Beth kept her eyes closed during this solo role-play. “Oh fuck Haley, So much is coming out…Haahh…”

*Pfft…plp..*

*Psssh~*

*Thunk….***Pft***…plop…***Phurt***..plap*

Moaning and masturbating, Beth pushed out log after log of steaming, warm, moist, heavy, well-digested she-bear shit, extruding them out from her expertly stretching and contracting anal muscles, while gushing urine in a powerful, acrid stream from within her thick and fleshy vulva.

It was only when , after a particularly anus-stretching moaning push, she heard a

*Clatter!*

…from the toilet, that Beth stopped, squeezing her pelvic muscles to cut off the offerings, and looked down curiously.

Gazing down, there it was—a hard , indigestible object upon which her dangling labia were still lazily dripping fresh warm urine.

Wedged into her fecal-log at an angle, and utterly caked with feminine waste, was the beautifully crafted cake-topper—the rather sizeable plastic toy depicting Haley herself—that Beth had casually swallowed.

“Oh, *shit*! I was so dumb…That’s not candy at all! I have to get this back to Haley! But where’s….where’s the little Jamie? Are you still in my tummy, Jamie dog?”

With some frantic energy, as the sun just barely began to rise, Beth fussed about, cleaning off the doll version of Haley, and alternatively searching through her own smelly, dense waste with a spoon, and then squatting and flexing her pelvis to produce more when her belly complained, finding that the doll of Jamie was broken into three pieces—waist up, left arm, and waist down—the final piece coming out of her body only with much grunting , buried deep in a totally smooth and thick lump of healthy bear-feces.

Washing off these beautifully painted figures in the sink, using plenty of soap and some perfume, Beth cried a little bit, thinking of the bride. “Poor Haley puppy…you were trapped in my tummy…but you made it through. And my tummy loved you. But she digested Jamie, because I was jealous. I’m so sorry, Haley.”

After a quick shower, some quick application of superglue, and quickly brushing her fur and packing the assigned bridesmaid outfit, Beth rushed outside at down, and called a ride to the venue—it was to be held at the famous fancy hotel, Ocean Place, right on the beach.

On the way there, Beth reviewed the V.I.P. version of the wedding schedule that she had been sent.

6 A.M. – Photographer (C. Jansen), bride, MOB and bridesmaids arrive at venue

6:30 A.M – Photographer takes photos of rings, setting, dress, shoes, sunrise, etc

7 A.M. – Maids are ready, bride’s hair, fur and makeup treatments are complete

7:30 A.M. – Bride & maids silk robe photo shoot

8:00 A.M. – Maids and MOB help bride get dressed, photos

8:30 A.M. – Bridal portraits

9:00 A.M. – Bridesmaids Photos

9:30 A.M. – Groom’s First Look and photos

10:00 A.M. – Wedding Party & Family Photos

11:00 A.M. – Printed Ceremony Start time

11:30 A.M. – Actual Estimated Ceremony Start Time

Beth paused and took a breath here, looking out the window of the cab and watching the dark city roll away as they progressed towards the beach. *Less than 6 hours now. Haley will promised to Jamie forever – mind, body, and soul.* Feeling her heart pound, and biting her lip, she glanced over the remaining events:

1:00 P.M. – Cocktail Hour

2:00 P.M. – Guests invited to lunch

3:00 P.M – Grand Debut and First Dance

3:30 P.M – Toasts and Speeches

4:30 P.M. - Cake cutting, bouquet toss, and garter toss

5:00 P.M – Open Dance

What will I be doing then, she wondered. Will I be hiding in a broom closet, crying? Sitting in a corner by myself, eating too much again? She put her fuzzy chin in her hand, watching the trees fade to scraggly pines and the long blue sea, gently touched by dawn, peel into view.

Stepping out, still wearing her rather tight-fitting jeans and a loose sweat-shirt bearing the phrase “POLAR ICE”, Beth lifted her sandaled feet and stepped shyly towards the fenced-off beach patio area where she could see everyone still in their street-clothes, their fur, their hair, their ears all fluttering in the fresh spring sea-breeze, lit by the dawn, surrounded by sparkly decorations and gift bags.

Miho turned first, looking shocked, then grinned.

“BEEEETH!” She shouted, laughing, and soon everyone did too.

The bear blushed and blinked rapidly, the strong wind whipping tears away from her eyes as everyone ran over and pulled her in to the group, the cool rushing air blustering over all of them and tossing their fur.

Here was Haley, her fur freshly washed, completely brushed and treated, bows in her fluffy ears, jumping and clinging to Beth’s leg as she walked. Here was Maura, slapping Beth on the tail and waving over to Haley’s mother, saying

“This is the bear, right here, ma’am!” Here was Jennifer the squirrel, standing and smiling carefully at a safe distance, with her experimental tail regrowth therapy looking as though it was starting off just fine, and here was Miho, the graceful monkey jumping and bouncing around excitedly, and here was Sophie MacLean, the tall, elegant dog, coming over to hug her, everyone excited for the big party.

In the background, the spaniels’ father and Maura’s panther boyfriend chatted casually over coffee by the side of the wedding hall. Haley’s oldest brother, Denny, came around with his smiling poodle wife and their two preschooler girl puppies.

Surrounded by girls, Beth felt truly happy. It was clear to her now—she loved the way they smelled – their hair, their fur, their sweat, everything.

Somehow, Haley either climbed or was lifted up on to sit on her shoulder.

“I thought you weren’t coming, Beth!”

“Yeah, I heard you were too shy to come!”

She squinted—the wind stung her eyes—and marveled that even at Haley’s wedding, Haley herself was content to give the spotlight to the bear and simply cling warmly to her.

“Yeah, um…I kind of…accidentally stole these, so I had to come bring them back…”

The bear pulled out the two handpainted figurines for all to see.

Beth heard a huge gasp very close to her right ear, and imitations of it from everyone else close by.

“What the fuck, beth, why did you steal those?”

The bear blinked out tears which were blown away by the wind

“I…um…” She took a deep breath, then admitted confidently with a smile:

“Yesterday at your house, I thought they were candy, so, I ate them.”

“Beth!!!”

“BETH!”

“Oh, you dumb bear!”

“Beth, you *Complete* *Moron!”*

Haley burst into laughter after pounding her little fist on Beth’s nose twice. It really hurt and it made Beth cry, but she loved it, and it sent thrills through her. *Haley loves touching me.*

“Yeah…I kind of had a tummy-ache all day and night…”

“I’ll bet you did, you big dumb glutton!”

Led by Haley’s example, the other girls joined in making fun of her, at poking the bear’s round belly, pulling her tail, and other such teases. In any other case, Beth would be humiliated, but Haley sat on her shoulder the whole time, her paw warmly caressing her neck, and it made her feel just as warm and invincible as the center of the sun.

Miho was cackling with laughter.

“For the record, big bear,” she shouted over the wind. “None of US are candy, keep that in mind!”

“Well, some of you are very sweet!”

“Ohh!!”

“Awww!!”

“And that means you should keep anything important WELL CLEAR of Beth’s mouth, if you value it at all!” Jennifer announced, eager to join in the joke.

“I think my date last night could have used that advice a little sooner!” Beth giggled.

There was much laughing all around.

The photographer, a fit, sharply dressed and bored-looking stag named Carl Jensen who was a friend of Haley’s dad, walked over.

“You guys ready for photos?”

“Yeah!!!”

They took photos together, separately, and in every possible combination. They took photos in street clothes, in their special silk wedding robes, and in their bridesmaid dresses. They posed in the atrium, in the bedroom, in the bridal suite, on the beach. Though Beth had thought the agenda sounded tiring, every step of it was fun. Throughout, Haley clung to Beth. Even in cases where her family –mother, father, older sister Sophie, older brother Denny, and the photographer unionized to sternly demand that she climb down off the bear to take a separate photo, Haley remained bratty and ordered Beth to stand close by.

“Beth is *mine* today,” the diminutive silky-eared spaniel would announce proudly. “She goes where I go.”

Beth was amazed by Haley’s bridal dress. The petit dog looked stunning in her fluffy white tulle dress, with white bows on her silky ears, and her fur impeccably brushed and treated.

And in between each photo, Haley would lean down and whisper something incredibly obscene into Beth’s ear. It became increasingly far more than the bear expected. These comments unsettled her, but also, listening to them, they made her feel turned on. Listening, feeling the dog’s little breath against her ear, she could feel her clit throb, her upper thighs get wet. She felt her breath get shorter, her nipples felt stiffer, and after some six of these comments, she knew that she could not handle listening to such things for even a moment more.

“Beth, when I catch you in the bathroom later, I’m going to *pinch your nipples* so hard that you’re going to scream.”

“Hold that pose!” The photographer-stag would call, aiming carefully with his big camera and adjusting his lights.

*Snap*

“Beth, before you leave here, I’m going to push my muzzle **deep** into your fat-lipped pussy and lick your cervix raw.”

*Snap*

“I’m gonna suck on your fat clit and drink your piss, she-bear.”

*Snap*

“I’m gonna sit on your face and make you lick and taste my little puppy asshole.”

*Snap*

“I’m gonna hump your fat clit and make you fill my pussy with your piss.”

*Snap*

“I’m gonna lick your asshole clean and suck out and swallow your ***shit***, bear.”

Snap

“I’m gonna lock you in my basement, chain you to the wall, stuff your fat mouth every day, and make you my *fuck pig.*”

“Mfh…”

*Snap*

“I’m gonna tie you down, ride on your gross dick-nipples and come all over your fat, sweaty bear-titties. Your big, saggy tits are gonna smell like my vag and asshole for the *rest of your life…****Beth.***”

Haley’s wet lips brushed her ear after this comment, and Beth almost thought she felt the spaniel’s wet canine tongue touch inside her ear.

That was the last straw for the bear. It was too much.

“H-Haley, please,” She said out loud after that last one, physically reaching up and *shoving* the silky-eared dog’s head away with a significant portion of her full strength. “Don’t say things like that. Focus on your wedding.”

The little dog yelped at the sudden shove, almost tumbling into the sand, clinging to the bear’s neck-ruff.

Haley glared down at her with an intense fury after that comment, rubbing a bruised neck. She wound up and *SMACKED* Beth hard, claws out, right on the bear’s little round fuzzy ear, a blow that stunned her physically and drew some spots of red blood.

“SHUT UP, Bear!” Haley’s eyes were wild.

The other participants in this particular photo, Haley’s sister Sophie, and her mother Susan, were quite surprised.

Susan, a rather staid old dog for whom Haley was the youngest of three, scolded her daughter.

“Haley, No. We talked about this. Your friends are here to celebrate *you*. BE NICE.”

“Shut up, Mom! I’m the fucking bride. I can be a bitch if I want!”

“Haley, don’t talk to Mom like that!” Sophie was indignant.

Blinking, her ear ringing, Beth carefully placed the little dog down to argue with her sister and mother, and stepped back. She wandered through several other reception rooms, ones that seemed off the main hall and relatively quiet and empty. In one, the solace-seeking bear discovered a table labeled in fancy lettering “Snacks for the Best Bear”. Sitting down on a nearby floral sofa, Beth pulled this food-cart over and proceeded to eat handfuls of treats on it in order to try to calm herself down, enjoying the feeling of her mouth and then throat and then belly being amused and full, just meditating and clearing her stressed mind, orally, with pastries and cheese and crackers and salami and cookies.

After what seemed like the blink of an eye, suddenly Beth was slouched back on the sofa, her pretty red silk bridesmaid dress strained to the ripping point and absolutely covered with crumbs, and her stomach beneath it was bloated, uncomfortably packed full of junk food and whatever else was on the cart that she hadn’t particularly inventoried before tossing it down the hatch into set her sore, elastic stomach, leaving it gurgling and groaning, and Beth just lay there, occasionally belching, feeling slightly sick, feeling very turned on, titillated by the invisible sensation of something tickling her deep in her intestines—*Probably that rubber condom moving through there—*Thinking of the dog’s pink pussy, opening her phone and gazing admiringly at the picture again, wishing she could reach down and rub her clit to just masturbate away all these intrusive thoughts, but the inconvenient construction of the dress and the necessity of keeping it on all day prevented that. Beth sucked on a stainless steel dessert-spoon and daydreamed, enjoying the quiet and solitude.

When the door opened suddenly, Beth jumped in her seat and swallowed suddenly—*N-gulp~!—*her stomach sloshing and resettling painfully, feeling it squish her other internal organs, the cold spoon tumbling down awkwardly inside, making Beth shudder at the realization.

Without time to think, she turned and smiled sweetly.

There was Marissa Harris, the groom’s older sister, a lanky and sweet-faced black Labrador retriever with especially long black fur and long ears, coming in carrying two crying infants, each wrapped in a blanket.

“Beth! Oh I’m so glad you’re here. I heard from Susan that you might not have come today, and….I’m just at my wits’ end with these two pups. I’m trying to participate in the photos but they won’t stop crying and they’re driving everyone and me crazy.”

“Oh…Sure! Yeah, bring them over.”

Beth smiled, dusting a pile of cookie crumbs and chocolate smears off of her great fat bosoms, which had been spread wide apart by the engorgement of her belly. The bear sat up quickly and put away her phone. “I’m happy to watch your kids before and after the ceremony, Marissa.”

Marissa sighed in relief.

“That is so good to hear. I don’t know what I’d do without you. You were excellent last weekend, too. And I’ve heard you were excellent watching Haley’s two nieces, too!”

“Well, it’s easy for me since I’m not much interested in parties, heh!”

“Here you go…” Susan passed the crying 1-year-old puppies to Beth, who held them against her rumbling belly and soft bosom.

Susan began to offload sacks and satchels full of nursing bottles and other baby supplies while Beth’s strained stomach gurgled uncomfortably, but, like magic, the babies snuggled against it and relaxed.

“Shh…Mama Beth is here…” The bear whispered to the little fuzzy fur-babies, overjoyed to finally have something to distract her from her friend’s problems.

The babies nigh-immediately quieted and snuggled in against the bear’s warm, gently rumbling belly and big dense breasts.

“Aww! Would you look at little Tina and James. You are just ***magic***, haha!” Marissa laughed.

“I’ve been hearing that from a lot of creatures today,” Beth said proudly, beaming down at the little children. While Marissa fussed with the supplies, Beth watched each of Marissa’s children whimper and paw at her great big, firm breasts until Beth’s rather large nipples began to stiffen and swell against both the bra and the dress-fabric. Beth blinked. This reaction was automatic, but it didn’t feel erotic. *It feels…just…good*, she realized. *My body is comforting them, naturally.*

“Here, let me get you their bottles and formula.”

“They…seem to want to nurse.”

Marissa looked over and blinked as Beth smiled towards the babies’ mother, feeling like a generous provider.

“I…see! They are taking quite a shine to you! You know, I *tried* to nurse, for months, but it was just so painful and just…*nothing* would come of it except dry skin and rashes. I’ve just been glad we have these bottles to fall back on. Rubber nipples are a lot tougher!”

Beth laughed and smiled. She looked at the puppies again, more thoughtfully this time, stroking them.

“I was wondering though, Marissa, since I do plan to be a mom sometime, would you mind if, um…I try?” Beth asked in her quiet, shy voice, a little embarrassed.

“Try? Uh—Oh! You mean nurse.” Marissa looked surprised for a moment, then thought pensively for a moment.

Finally, she smiled gently and said. “Nursing at the breast of the twice-savior of my sister-in-law? Sure, it can’t hurt. Except maybe a few puppy bites.”

“I’ll consider myself well warned, haha!”

“Here, I’ll walk you through what they call the best practices for latching.”

\* \* \*

Haley, dressed in a $10,000 gown, perfectly brushed and utterly furious, punted the door open with her sparkling bridal shoe.

BAM!

She could see the back of Beth’s head on a couch in the dimly lit, disused conference room.

“Damn it Beth! The ceremony’s in **twenty minutes**. I’ve been looking all over for you! What the **FUCK** have you been d—Oh. Hi Marissa.”

“Hi Haley,” Marissa said, turning and observing Haley carefully. “Do you need Beth now?”

“Um…Are the pups here?” Haley’s voice was suddenly quiet and humble.

“Mm hm! Come ! Come sit with us for a moment.”

The smiling sister-in-law patted the seat next to the bear, who turned her head and smiled sweetly, blushingly towards Haley, and looked more confident than the spaniel had ever seen her before.

Seeing this, Haley’s eyes felt wet immediately.

The dog trotted over to join them, and…

“Oh…Beth…”

“Haley, I don’t know if I told you this yet, but your fur is *so* pretty, and your dress is beautiful! And those white bows in your ears!” Beth smiled sweetly. “I could look at you all day.”

The bear was saying praise to her, but Haley just kept staring and blinking and couldn’t look away.

Beth was *nursing* the babies. The bear was sitting there, with her dress straps down, with her big, sweaty, furry white breasts and broad black nipples all laid out , slovenly spread atop either side of her clearly snack-filled belly, and cradling her sister-in-law’s two infants, and those infants’ little puppy heads were haloed by the bear’s big, round, swollen, warty black areola, and they were actually *sucking* her bear’s *nipples…*she could *hear* them sucking away, she could *see* that trickle of liquid down the slope of Beth’s precious, lovely dark skin, into her fur.

“Your friend is…multi-talented, Haley!”

“Heh!” Haley finally smiled, turning to Marissa. “Yup, I see she can nurse two pups at once *and* manageto demolish an entire cart of snacks!”

“Very talented, haha!” giggled the older sister-in-law.

“You were really sweet to buy me all those snacks, Haley. I think I probably ate too much of them, I keep—*uhp*—burping so much.”

“It’s all right.” Haley smiled, cocking her fuzzy head to the side. “The puppies don’t seem to mind, and...you’re pretty cute when you burp, Beth. Sorry if I made fun of you for it.” Haley blinked away some wetness in her eyes.

Haley sat down next to Beth in her huge sparkly white dress, looking a bit tired.

“Wedding going okay, honey?” Marissa asked with some concern.

“Yeah, it’s just…Jamie’s been a little…I mean, all the family has been a bit noodgy all day.” She leaned against Beth, holding the bear’s arm, watching the babies suckle her friend’s big wet nipples. The bear’ teats seemed soft, not as stiff or swollen as they were when Haley touched them. “Isn’t it amazing that this bear can do this at all?” Haley looked towards Marissa. “I mean, is there any scientific explanation for all this bear-milk just pouring out?”

Marissa chuckled. “As the saying goes, I’m not one to question a helpful miracle. There’s a couple medical students at the party you could ask, though, maybe Jennifer or Claudia.”

“Yeah…” Haley just kept staring, clinging to the bear.

Then she blinked and turned to her sister-in-law..

“Hey Marissa, would you give me a minute with Beth? I want to talk about something…private with her.”

“Sure, honey. Here, I’ll take the puppies and let you two have time for a little catch-up before the ceremony.”

The young spaniel watched with a wistful expression as the older black-furred retriever reached out and pulled each one of her puppies off of Beth’s teats with a little *pop..pop,* leaving Beth’s semi-firm black nipples wet and dribbling in the open air.

Marissa hurried out with the sleeping puppies, whispering a “See you soon!” to the bride and maid.

Once she was gone, Haley leaned in close, making Beth gasp as she dabbed at the bear’s thick, stiff, dripping nipples with her embroidered handkerchief.

“Does it hurt, bear? Did they bite you?”

“N—Ah! N-no. A little sore, maybe, but they didn’t chomp me as hard as you did!”

“Heheh!” Haley chuckled.

\* \* \*

Outside in the sound-insulated halls, Miho wandered around, sent by the photographer to gather the bride and the Best Bear. She took a deep breath as if to yell out their names, but then reconsidered, and began to stealthily peek in each room in turn.

In Room 307, Miho saw something that made her gasp.

“Hh!”

There was Haley lounging in Beth the bear’s lap, Beth with her dress-top *tugged down*, the dog gazing longingly at the bear’s obscenely large, swollen and pert black nipples, leaning ever closer and gently breathing on them.

Miho’s tail curled into a spiral, her eye widened and her big ear twitched, her tail curled into a spiral as she heard and saw everything. Miho lifted her phone, snapped a few pictures, then hit the button to record video.

\* \* \*

Half-lying in Beth’s broad lap, Haley breathed on the bear’s exposed nipples and watched as they swelled larger and longer towards a painfully intense erection.

“I just…I don’t understand your body, bear…The way you **smell**…the way your skin tastes….your beautiful belly and breasts…your pretty blue eyes*…*your amazing *milk…*Like, how are you *real…*It all makes me feel…”

Haley was now reaching out to **grasp** and gently ***press together*** Beth’s breasts, edging her wet muzzle and loose pink dog-lips closer to Beth’s engorged and glistening phallic ebony teats, nudging these swollen erect nipples with Haley’s cold, most dog-nose, eliciting a twitch and a faint involuntarily *spritz* on her face which caused her to blink rapidly.

The dog opened her mouth, her wet tongue bouncing and panting, coming tantalizingly close, so close that Beth gasped:

“Hhh---Please don’t tease me, Haley…don’t cheat on your husband in your wedding dress…on your wedding day…”

After saying this, Beth made no move to cover herself, but leaned back on the sofa, spread her arms wide, arching her back, and moaned, panted, thrusting her firm, fat breasts and bulging belly forward, writhing her body to the left and then the right, scraping Haley’s chin and cheek with the tips of her thick wet erect nipples, each of Beth’s wet breaths making her huge fat bear breasts throb and swell imperceptibly, her thick glistening-wet sausage-like black nipples tensing, pert and pulsating in the cool air of the dark room, pointed upward, heaving with her high-pitched panting.

“Haley, you can’t c-cheat…Hhff…”

Haley, still in her wedding dress, watched, drank in the sight of the bear whimpering, holding her large eyes closed.

Ever so gently, she exhaled her warm dog-breath onto Beth’s gigantic black nipples, brushing them with her wet dog-nose, earning little dribbles of liquid that soaked into her thin snout-fur.

“Ohfuck…you’re going to cheat—you’re going to touch me—you’re going to s-s-suck my n-nipples—Haah~…” Beth’s voice was so high-pitched, and she shuddered and her fat teats each wept a little drop of bear-milk that dribbled down her broad breasts and moistened the shag of her white bosom-fur. “Ohplease—suck—suck my n-nipples---Hah—P-please, you’re too close—I’m too close—U-use your warm little mouth—Suck me, swallow my milk—Drain my breasts—I’m so full, I need you to suck—Please—“

\* \* \*

Miho, feeling strangely hot from watching all this, and especially from listening to the huge bear’s high-pitched wailing and begging, watched the petit spaniel pull back, and apologize.

“I’m sorry, bear. I can’t give you what you want. I’m promised to my husband, now.”

Beth’s powerful claws had dug holes into the hotel’s sofa and stuffing was coming out of the rips. The bear’s eyes were wide and she seemed almost hyperventilating, but Haley eased off of her lap, and Beth began to blink and recover herself.

“Oh, Haley, you manipulative bitch…” Miho giggled and whispered to herself.

Just then, Miho’s boyfriend, the panther Larry, wandered by. The monkey hit STOP on the video recording.

“Hey—Miho!” he whispered. “What are y—“

Suddenly smiling brightly, she turned around and grabbed his hips, climbing on to cling to his warm, soft-furred feline body.

“This wedding is *turning me on*, and you are gonna *fuck me in the ass in this conference room*—“ Miho pointed to the one across the hall— “In the next five minutes before the ceremony. Do you understand?”

“Wh-Yh--Y-yes ma’am!” Larry grinned. He grabbed her by the hips and guided her backwards into the room and the nearest table, then pushed her down to sit on it, grabbed Miho’s dress and yanked it upwards.

\* \* \*

“We’ll be friends forever, but…we won’t be this close again, not physically. I hope that’s all right with you, bear.”

“Hh…it’s all right. I don’t m-mind.” Beth was taking deep breaths.

“Good…Hhh…” Haley sighed, scanning the doors but not seeing anyone spying. She shuffled to sit on the bed next to Beth, and leaned against her , hugging the bear’s burly arm as Beth cleaned her wet breasts with napkins and worked on fixing her dress. “I’m confident about my plan to marry Jamie, Beth, but sometimes…”

“S-sometimes…?”

“I don’t know. Sometimes I just…” She pressed her small, cold body closer to the warm bear and stroked the bear’s full pot-belly, closing her eyes and pressing her silky muzzle into bear’s soft warm, fragrant arm-pit.

Beth blinked, still catching her breath, and reached out, trying to place her big claw gently on Haley’s furry head.

“H-haley…Hh…” Beth breathed, quivering a little and flexing her powerful claw to stroke Haley’s perfectly brushed hair. Not waiting for the bride to finish the sentence, she turned a little and moved to give the spaniel a bigger and more bear-level hug, pressing the girl into her full belly, saying, “I’ll always love you, Haley, and you can always snuggle with me. I’ll always be here for you.”

“Mm…Good bear…”

Haley yelped suddenly.

“Damn it, Beth, watch your claws! This dress is expensive.”

“S-sorry.”

Haley sighed again and hopped up to her feet.

“Anyways.” She dusted herself off. “Time to get married. “ She smiled to her friend. “You ready to be my best bear?”

“Y-Yes.” Beth nodded eagerly, blushing as she stood, too.

Haley smiled at the bear, then lifted her arms towards her. “Carry me.”

With the dog on her shoulder, Beth carefully opened the conference room door, finding that it was carefully guarded by a very grinning and slightly sweaty Miho, who whispered,

“You guys all done with your little *chat*? All good on meltdowns?”

Glancing past her, Haley saw her family, the photographers, her other maids.

“Yep!” Haley announced loudly from her perch. “Meltdowns are over. Thanks Miho.” Haley winked at her. “Bring us in, Beth.”

Before an audience of at least a hundred friends, family and relatives, the bride and all her maids assembled on the platform. The officiant, one Brother Rees, selected by Haley’s beloved older sister Sophie, spoke first, using a microphone.

“In accordance with modern tradition, the bride and her maids await the groom’s arrival. And as mentioned before, this wedding shall recognize one special category, that of, um, *Best Bear*.”

Everyone laughed, chuckled, or cheered as Maura the bunny and Jennifer the squirrel held up the intensely blushing Beth’s paws.

“Now then. All rise to await the arrival of the groom.”

Everyone did so. The music began.

…And played.

Nothing was happening.

There were murmurs in the audience. This seemed to be a bit of a long wait.

Haley heard Beth and Maura whispering behind her.

“Are you ok, big bear?”

“No, I’m fine, I’m just—Oof. Could use a bathroom soon.”

“It’s gonna be thirty minutes at least, once the guy shows. Are you sure?”

“I—I’m sure. I’ll hold it for Haley.”

Haley blinked, and blushed a little bit, but still, the groom did not appear.

With perfect timing, the bride reached out and stole the microphone from the officiant, flipping it on.

“Uhh, Ladies and Gentlemen, the delay appears to have been caused by the Best Bear actually *eating* the groom. Comment from both to follow:”

Teasingly, Haley pressed the microphone up against Beth’s belly, making all 200 people in attendance listen to the uncomfortable *glorps* and *gloobs* of the busy intestines of the blushing and very humiliated, but very smiling bear.

There was scattered laughter.

Miho, rolling her eyes, snatched microphone back with her dexterous hands.

“Just a joke, folks. Text from Travis says it’ll be juuuust a minute.” She handed the microphone back to Brother Rees.

Haley took another breath, sighed, and posed with a confident smile.

The murmurs increased though, and soon, the best man—the red stallion—clopped into the aisle from the back, all dressed in his very best.

“Um—Sorry everyone—This is gonna be a while longer—Maybe 30 minutes—I’m gonna go talk to him—“ And he dashed back, with several other creatures standing up, everyone talking, some arguing, some following.

Haley’s face fell here. She wasn’t frowning, per se, but her snout was blank. The silky-eared dog was genuinely surprised. Her maids chattered in hushed voices behind her.

She felt the bear’s claw tap her shoulder.

“Hal—“

“Yeah it’s fine, you go Beth. Take your time.”

“Oh-okay.”

The bear lumbered towards the bathrooms, stroking her swollen belly, which made Haley half-smile briefly, but when she was gone, the smile faded, and she was left sitting there, with one paw on her fuzzy forehead.

*Did he know?* *Is this my fault?*

Her mind began to run over every possible clue or reason for the sudden lack of appearance of her fiancé whom she had been carefully romancing for the past four years.

*Miho seemed to suspect something. Did Miho tip him off?*

Haley wanted to glare at the monkey, but that would give too much away—*Plus*, she thought, as she scanned the faces of her friends, wearing a blank expression – Miho was guarding our door.

Haley was about to sit down, but then she shook her head. *If Miho didn’t squeal, then there’s no way. It’s something else.* The dog stood, with a determined glare at the frustratingly empty hallway.

“Maura, Jen, Sophie, come with me,” She commanded. “We’re gonna find him.” She turned to the monkey. “Miho, you go and find Beth and bring her back to us.”

\* \* \*

Miho entered the first-floor womens’ restroom at the hotel’s convention center, and at first thought it was empty.

“Um…Beth? Are you in here, big bear?”

“M-miho, please—I—I’m not sure you should--- *oogh~!”* Beth , who was already hidden in a toilet stall, whimpered and clutched her swollen stomach-

*Gloornnn*…

“Are…are you okay, Beth? What was that sound?*”*

Miho blinked towards the restroom’s one and only stall provided for larger species—evidently not the clientele expected here.

“I—oofh—can’t hold it while you’re—in here—please—privacy—“ There was a lot of strain in the bear’s high-pitched, feminine voice.

“But beth, seriously, we can just chat, we’re both g—“

*“N-nh~”* The bear emitted one final whimper.

*Phlurrt—*

This flatulence exploded from Beth’s bottom with such noise and such an overwhelming stench that Miho was suddenly filled with panic.

“Holy fuck—god—shit—“ Miho dashed for the door, her nose and mouth burning with acrid fumes, her ears ringing with the sound of Beth making alarmingly sensual gasping sounds.

“Oh-oh—Oh fuck—It’s happening—“

*Pssh…*

*Plop…plop….sploosh*

All these sounds and scents echoed in the monkey’s ears, and she wished to forget them.

Miho finally made it outside, slammed the restroom door and leaned against it, taking big gulps of fresh air.

“Hhh…Never again….Beth can have the bathroom to herself…for the rest of her *life…*” She shook her head.

\* \* \*

“You need to tell us what you know, Travis,” Haley said, politely but firmly.

“Look, I—I—I’m his best man, okay? He’ll be right back, I promise!” The horse’s deep voice tried to assure them, but didn’t work.

“Man, where is that big dumb bear when you need her…” Maura glared. She folded her fuzzy arms, her long ears perked straight up. “I tell ya, stallion, forget *Best* man, you can pick *better* man, or *worse* man!” The bunny was indignant and not afraid to show it. Her feline boyfriend, behind her, massaged her neck with his paw.

“Why isn’t he answering his phone?” Sophie, the elegant tall spaniel, asked, supporting her sister.

“Look, he was supposed to be back by now, but---like ten minutes, I’m sure!” Travis glanced out a nearby window. “He told me he’d have be back from what he was doing with plenty of time. Just something quick, he said!”

Haley felt very frustrated, but she could not intimidate him without the bear, and felt that she herself was in a very bad negotiating position, the pitiful jilted bride. She covered her eyes with her paw.

A moment later, her squirrel friend Jennifer’s paw gently stroked her shoulder as the rodent stepped forward, brushing past Haley’s ruffled bridal gown.

“Travis…” The soft and fluffy grey squirrel asked, sidling up to the large horse, and leaning against his leg. “Clearly you admit that he went outside, and that way.” Haley had dashed over and was looking out the window. “And you said he’ll be done what he’s doing in ten minutes. So just *tell us where to go*, and we’ll get him.”

“Augh…” He grunted. “I don’t think you guys are even gonna *want* to know…”

While Jennifer narrowed her eyes to a glare, every other girl yelled at him:

“TRAVIS!”

And it was then, as he looked into Jennifer’s eyes, growing sadder, that he said:

“Oh, all right. It was the alley between Ocean Ave and Garland street, near 14th.”

“The *alley*?”

“What exactly kind of *quick stuff* do people do in alleyways in a shore town?”

“That lil’ *bitch…*.” Maura was shaking her head. “I am so *tired* of cheaters…”

“I’lll-I’ll go with you all. It isn’t always a safe place.” Travis added. “He—Oof!” The stallion shivered as he felt the paw find and *squeeze* his thick, long cock in his tuxedo pant leg. Turning down, he saw the squirrel looking up at him.

“Better,” she whispered, and he gave a half-smile and nodded, before heading outside with the group.

\* \* \*

Beth came out smiling and smelling almost normal.

She saw Miho giving one sweet kiss to her dark furred panther boyfriend, at which she smiled, genuinely happy for them.

“Wanna walk with us?” The monkey asked brightly.

“Sure,” said Beth. “Did anything dangerous happen to Jamie?”

“Not sure yet. They told us to meet them outside. Anyways Beth, we were wondering if you had heard anything from Jamie that might be a clue as to what happened.”

“Actually, I did notice this just now:”

Beth showed Miho her locked phone screen, which showed them the following notification that the bear had missed:

*2 unread messages from Jamie (Haley’s Groom)*

“Hmm.” Miho squinted at it. “Received at 1 am last night!”

The bear blinked.

“Yeah, I guess I was asleep. And today was so busy.”

“I get that,” purred the panther. “Even for us it’s been non-stop.” He was checking his own phone, not quite paying attention.

“Okay, let’s see…” Beth unlocked her phone, showing the other girl. The screen was dark, then prominently displayed a picture of bright pink, glistening-wet, splayed flesh-lips framed by silky, creamy fur…

“W-whoa!”

“Oh—sorry—I was just—“

“Th-that’s a *vagina*…ha…Haha!…” Miho blinked rapidly and tried to laugh.

“Uh—Sex education, yeah…anyways…” The blushing bear switched the application, as Larry whipped around a little too late. “Here’s Jamie’s messages.”

Larry and the two women squinted at the messages.

“Now that….is odd.”

*Hey Beth…thanks for being such a great friend to Hale. I was wondering can we meet up early tomorrow morning? I was thinking about our chat and it meant a lot to me and there is a question I have been trying to answer that I think only a big bear can answer haha*

And the next one early the next morning, 7:03am:

*Just let me know if you have time today, I can sneak away from the wedding for an hour at most*

“What…what does he want?” Beth asked the monkey.

Miho was shaking her head as they pushed outside.

“I….I don’t know…Do you like…Did you make him think that like, bears…do something?”

“I..I don’t know…”

“Well, I mean, if you look online, you know…” The big cat was scratching behind his hears.

“What?”

They paused where the beach path met the street, winter winds chilling them again. Miho was putting on her coat.

“Well…Uh…” The big cat, much taller than the slender monkey but not quite as large as the bear, tried to think of alternative phrasing. “Some guys have a thing for…big girls…with teeth. You know, like….*Vore*.”

Miho was amazed.

“Are you *serious?* Jamie? Really?”

“What—what’s vore?” Beth blinked and looked from one to the other.

\* \* \*

There was nothing of note in the alley aside from gulls, sand and trash.

“Shit,” Haley said, for the group had, after some deduction with Travis, learned much the same information that Miho had. “Shit, shit, shit. If this is as bad as it seems, guys, we don’t have more than 5 minutes before he’s…”

“Well, there’s both used condoms and needles in the trash here…” Maura drawled. “If he was looking for…one last *tongue* session, this might’ve been the place to do it.”

“I didn’t believe he was the kind of guy to do this,” Jennifer gasped where Maura’s soft paw was pointing.

“Yeah…” Travis was looking nervous, and he held Jennifer’s paw tightly.

Some of the group called out Jamie’s name, but not Haley. Possessed by a pure burning anger towards her fiance, she wandered into a sleepy-looking restaurant labeled “Darlene’s Omelette Diner”, by herself.

It was mostly empty. There was one fat male seal working the griddle, who barked a greeting that Haley ignored…a pair of insignificant quivering Pomeranians at a booth…and…

*There.*

At the end of the row of seats in the thin little diner, there she was.

A large, fat alligator, stuffing her face with a piled-high plate of French fries, bacon and sausages. The alligator looked quite large, to Haley, but she wasn’t able to compare the beast in size versus others she knew, such as Beth.

Their gazes met almost immediately. It was unclear who glared first.

“Um, can I help you ma’am?” The tubby old seal dried his flippers with a towel and leaned out of the counter towards Haley, unsure of her intentions.

Everyone in the restaurant turned to stare at Haley. The spaniel felt herself start to shake, imperceptibly at first, then a bit more decidedly. *What am I doing. I already don’t even want to marry this guy anymore. Why am I walking into danger…*

Haley walked all the way to the end, the female alligator glaring increasingly as she did so.

*Yep, there it is*…Haley glanced at the tough, muscular, scale-armored beast ‘s bloated and subtly shifting midsection for a moment before meeting her resentful yellow slit-eyed gaze once more.

The alligator blinked, then spoke in the most polished and polite accent:

“I apologize, miss, can I help you with something?” The alligator looked down at Haley’s now dirty wedding dress.

Haley blushed red as she realized that everyone else was staring also.

“**Give. Him. Back**.” The spaniel growled, full of fury.

“I—I must apologize again, miss, for I have no idea what you are saying…” The alligator motioned to the chef, who started to call the police.

Haley blinked quickly, realizing that the police would likely be on this predator’s side, since the dog had absolutely no evidence, just a bride’s instinct.

“Mm—“ The alligator’s stomach shifted and emitted a *gloorph*, and then she belched “*Urrph~…”* Blinking and continuing to stare at Haley with her slit-shaped yellow eyes.

“I can smell him on your breath. Give him. NOW. I won’t ask again.”

There was a shuffle from behind as the Pomeranians exited the restaurant.

“…yeah…I don’t know…” the seal was whispering into the telephone. “It’s some suspected vore for sure and I have no clue who’s right but it’s about to get—“

“I don’t understand your demands. Are you threatening me with assault?” The alligator asked, in her most polite and ladylike voice.

She showed not even the slightest hint of intimidation, but there was a certain subtle lick of her lips.

Haley took a deep breath. *I’m small compared to her…and she’s strong…but I have a plan. She’s very full. I know from experience punching Beth, that means she’s vulnerable.*

The dog lunged.

SNAP!

The alligator’s jaws snapped shut with violent force—just centimeters shy of Haley’s small , fuzzy head.

Shocks of adrenaline shot through the small, wiry dog. She grabbed the alligator by her thick neck—or tried to –and *punched, punched, punched* that obnoxiously, revoltingly bloated and sweaty white-scaled stomach—missing and punching the female in the breast at least once.

“Help me—Oof—*Uhrp--*help me!” The alligator wailed in her prettiest voice. “Help!”

The door burst open, and there was Travis the stallion, still in his tuxedo, hesitating slightly.

“Go—Go, Travis!” Jennifer swatted his rump, and he lashed his brushy black tail once, then dashed.

Haley seemed to be making progress on her own—so she felt quite confident.

Her little fists felt quite powerful as she *slammed* them into this monster’s bloated, engorged stomach over and over again—each impact making the female choke and gurgle—Making the stretched skin under the pearly-white abdominal scales become bruised and red.

“Hng—Oomp—*Bhurrp—Oof—Uhk—HRrrlk~!”*

*“*Good, you bitch, Vomit!”

Haley squinted and dodged as the alligator did in fact disgorge a little of her meal.

Filmy, brown-green colored slop, and barely-digested grilled meats rocketed out of her throat and tumbled and splattered all over the seats and floor and Travis who was charging forward.

“There—There it is!” Haley shouted, pointing, as two bile –smeared black squares clattered to the floor. “Jamie’s wallet-his cell phone!”

There was a flash of grey as Jennifer the squirrel dove to grab these key pieces of evidence.

“Eugh—Agh—AAGH!”

SNAP!

With her tongue stinging from the sour taste of her own vomit, the brutally strong alligator shoulder-checked Haley , slamming the petit spaniel into the kitchen counter-edge, leaving her dazed and slumping towards the floor.

Handling Travis was easier. The nameless monster simply snapped her jaws down on his extended arm with world-class bite force, fracturing it instantly. Travis screamed and crumpled from pain-shock.

Dazed from a mild concussion, Haley struggled to stand.

Everything seemed quiet.

She was conscious of her friends far away, screaming and wringing their hands.

Then she was grabbed—

*OOoff…*

Time seemed to slow down, now.

“Oh…not good…”

Haley watched a huge, massive, dripping, wet, glistening pink maw hurtling towards her.

Unlike Travis, the teeth weren’t used for her. She was small enough.

She felt the soft, slippery, squishy, warm, wet mouth-flesh and tongue.

*Is this what it would be like to be eaten by Beth*, she wondered, her consciousness still faded from the blow to her skull. *Would it feel good?*

She of course tried to push away, turn, wiggle, but her mind was still spinning and she couldn’t tell where up was.

The darkness came soon after. The teeth existed, they irritated and dug into her, but they weren’t for her. The alligator wanted to *swallow her whole*.

Warm, wet, soft lips closed all around her. The pale bright light of the late-winter afternoon winked out.

The flesh came ever closer, and soon it smothered all around her face—cushioning, warm, ever-slimy, and ever-pulling…

*Ghlullp*…

It was so hot. So hot in this fleshy, squeezing tube. Haley, still fully dressed in her bridal gown, felt absolutely *compressed*. Squished down, squashed into a perfect line-shape, her tail forced down between her legs. Waves of pressure, peristaltic contractions and compressions. The gator was *so strong*, inside and out.

*Hnnnmmm….*

The hum, deep and warm, was pressed through her.

Her face, her wet canine muzzle, was squished up against a tight, puckered orifice.

“Ngh,…” Shuddering, wriggling, she pushed through it and.

*Splorch*

Her consciousness was dropped into a hot, wet, simmering, seething, groaning, *grinding,* slime-filled chamber.

Suddenly her mind was clear.

“Oh fuck…I’m inside her *stomach*…”

If it had been warm in the alligator’s mouth, it was absolutely sweltering inside her rumbling, undulating digestive sac. There was barely any room to move. Unidentifiable lumps and thick seething slime that rose up to the level of her thighs was below her, soaking her dress (which would offer her a buffer of time, acting as armor in this powerful acid) , and all around her were ropes of coated tendons, lobes of powerful muscle, rings of contraction and churning, each one of them *grasping* for her, *squeezing* for her, *clenching hot and slimy*  against her, *grinding* at her as though she too were merely some greasy-fried meat chunk to be digested and later shat and forgotten.

“J-Jamie!! Jamie!!” Haley shouted, vainly pushing back against the grinding stomach walls and hearing her voice echoed back to her and feeling her paws start to tingle with the beginnings of an acid burn.

“s-so…c-cold…can’t –b-breathe…”

“Jamie !! You’re alive!” It turned out that the biggest lump, smushed up right next to her, was in fact Jamie, her fiancé.

“I’m s-s-sorry…Haley…”

He was clearly suffering from many burns, and his slumped form was shivering in shock. “We’ve got to get you out of this—stupid—fucking—STOMACH!”

Haley punted the walls, causing nothing but rubbery flesh-contractions and gurgles that coated herself and her fiancé with more slime.

\* \* \*

The alligator in question, whose name was Sarah, was huffing and puffing along down a side street, hoping to lose the trail of the cowed crowd before any police arrived. She was strolling past a gas station—toting her very full, sloshing, swaying belly—deliciously full of a nearly-dead dog and a weak and useless little one.

“Bride ‘n’ groom, heh heh!” She grinned and chuckled. “Imagine the faces of Dinah and Darnell when I show my shit full of a fuckin’ *weddin’ dress* and a *tuxedo.”*

What Sarah didn’t plan on, however, was the immense, enraged white bear who SLAMMED into her, shoving her down to the pavement.

“Agh—GRRRR!” The alligator was hardly hurt—her thick scales protected her from simple pavement scrapes—but she was furious.

She SNAPPED the air, but Beth was faster, dodging and then DECKING the alligator in the side of the head.

“Ooogh….” Sarah was stunned herself, now, the world spinning, her muscles weak. She lay back.

“Haley!! Haley are you inside there?!” Beth shouted, tearing apart the female reptile’s coat and seeing that bloated, armored belly, little fist-lumps pushing only weakly up against it.

“Oh no, oh no….”

Beth considered reaching her arm down the creature’s throat…

…But on reflecting on that poor horse screaming in pain, she couldn’t do it, even with the gator temporarily stunned.

Beth considered giving her a good kick or punch in her grossly distended belly…

…But she couldn’t risk hurting the innocent people inside.

“What am I gonna do, what am I gonna do…They’re running out of air…”

Frantically , Beth swiped and clawed at the reptile’s bloated middle, but her claws were too dull due to her fast-food cooking job—she *could not cut through the scales*.

“Hahh…stupid bear…That bride is gonna be a sparkly PIECE OF MY SHIT and there is nothing you can do about it.”

“Rggggrrr…!” Beth growled furiously, infused with adrenaline, and brough her massive claws to bear once more.

\* \* \*

Haley had no way of knowing what was happening outside, but the sudden reorientation of the gator’s innards provided her with a few options.

Fighting, willing her mind not to think about the stinging, and now increasingly burning sensation, and the thinning air, she struggled to shove and move around the stomach, looking for something, anything.

Fumbling nearby, she grabbed a thick and rubbery curtain-like pair of fleshy lobes and peeled them apart, suddenly seeing it:

“Hmmm….!”

It was a vomit-soaked backpack, lodged in a squeezing corner of the gator’s constantly churning, grinding, squeezing stomach, having sat there impacted in her gut and undigested for who knows how long.

Haley reached her paws in there between the ripples of lewd flesh in an undulating, cloying invagination of the monster’s slimy stomach, and pulled out the backpack with a *Shlorp.*

Her devourer’s body shook and jostled around her, making Haley grunt.

“I sure hope someone is giving you trouble, *bitch*,” she swore as she ripped open the partially-digested knapsack.

Inside, Haley found a flashlight, which she immediately switched on.

“Aha!” Turning it on, Haley quickly gathered other useful items: A tennis ball, tennis racquet, and a folded umbrella.

Using the flashlight to guide her, Haley immediately tried whacking at the fleshy, ribbed, red walls with the tennis racquet, then sighed, dropped the useless item into the muck, and resorted to stabbing and poking at the flesh-walls with the more pointy umbrella.

This did immediately provoke a reaction—a deep guttural groan and muffled complaint from the delicate belly’s owner:

*Glurrrnnngg*

*“OOfh…Calm down in there…”*

There was some vigorous motion going on outside, but it was hard to tell what it meant exactly.

Every poke and stab made the stomach muscles bounce and ripple, then visibly clench angrily in retaliation, but Haley easily swatted these counterattacks away.

Muffled came the voice of the gator: “*Ooogh, my stomach—That hurts so much—stop—“*

She rocked her body side to side, sloshing and splashing the digestive ooze around inside, spattering Haley and her fiancée in more stinging acid.

Try as she might, though, Haley wasn’t strong enough to keep up this hard work—and athletic exertion and panting only made her feel more light-headed. Air was running out fast. What was more, more and more stomach acid seemed to be oozing in by the moment, and was dangerously close to totally soaking her clothes and *permanently* burn-scarring Haley’s delicate little body, the bone-melting vitriol seeping through every layer of the wedding dress.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, Hhh, where’s the drain, hhh, gotta be a drain, where’s the drain , hhh….”

Frantically poking around with the umbrella, aiming towards the back and deep pit of the stomach, Haley gritted her teeth as she had to listen to Sarah gasping and moaning at each poke as though she were being fucked from the inside.

“Ah—Anh~---Oh—Ooh!—Ah—Oh, no, no there---*Ooogh, my intestine---Stop poking there—Haaah~!”*

Sensing a weak spot, the wheezing, rapidly dying dog made a desperate and forceful two-handed spear-thrust with the umbrella, smashing through the gator’s tightly puckered pyloric sphincter, pushing the hard-pointed expandable tool *deep* into the soft, delicate tissues of her duodenum, then YANKED left, YANKED right, brutally abusing the cruel predator’s vulnerable intestine, until with a *Glurrrrt~---*All the acidin the stomach drained rapidly away.

“Gaaah~--Oh fuck, my guts—what is going on inside—Haah~!”

Haley was no longer burning in pain…But still, it wasn’t enough. She hugged her near-comatose husband in the relatively dry stomach as it closed around them, and was only barely conscious enough to turn around, see the cardiac sphincter (stomach entrance), and blink as with a

*Ng-Ghulp*

*Plip*

A pair of strange little hose–tips had just been swallowed inside…

\* \* \*

“Air, that’s it!”

With her superior size and strength, Beth didn’t suffer more than a few scrapes and cuts in punching the moaning alligator’s face until she fell more or less unconscious again, but when she did, she wasted no time.

Dragging the huge beast over to the nearby gas station’s “FREE AIR” pump, Beth grabbed 2 of the hose nozzles, ***shoved*** them down the semi-conscious lizard’s throat, and *spat* into her mouth to lubricate them , then *forced*her jaws to shut and *swallow* them.

*Ng-Ghulp~*

From there, it was a simple matter to hit the two appropriate buttons to start the air compression, lock the air flow triggers into the open position, and then *sit* on the alligator’s long snout—Beth dropping her immense behind onto the female’s face with a great *whump*--holding it so as not to let a single burp escape.

There was a strange rushing sound.

*Fwwwww…*

*T*hen a painful stretching sound, and a moaning.

“Mmmnh~…Oohhh…Hurk—Ghlk—“ The sound of weak, vain and failed attempts at belching or vomiting.

Beth stole a peek to her left—The creature’s stomach was becoming hugely distended, the scales stretched far apart on the skin—angry red veins and stretch-bruises blooming rapidly—

A police car and an ambulance turned the corner of the block, sirens blaring and rushing towards them.

Suddenly there was a terrible flesh-ripping sound—Beth closed her eyes and covered her ears—a muffled scream---and a

BOOM

Steeling herself, the bear turned and faced the hail of blood, rent flesh and every manner of filth splattering in all directions.

Police and paramedics hopped out of cars, a bit late, but welcome to this bear, who waved them over.

They pulled out the two semi-digested victims from the ravaged bloody mess of a corpse, and immediately set about stripping off their acid drenched clothing.

Beth found that Haley shivered and clung to her, dressed in slime, blood and underwear, while paramedics took away Jamie first, who was in significantly worse condition. After he was soon secured him in the ambulance and being cleaned by nurses, the male gorilla paramedic asked Beth to give Haley to them as well.

Beth walked over to him, blinking and noticing many of the wedding guests and party rounding the corner as well.

“Here you go, sir. Haley, they’re gonna take you to the hospital.”

“N-no…bear…” She clung tighter

“It’s all right, ma’am. Bear will be with you in a second.”

“It’s all right, Haley,” the dog heard the bear’s voice in her ear.

“B-beth…” Haley lost consciousness.

\* \* \*

Haley was in a hazy place for a while.

She dreamed that Beth had eaten her, that she had been swallowed again, but it was much nicer here—everything was soft, comforting, gentle, warm, hugging her, and smelled good…She dreamed that marshmallows and hot dogs kept pouring in from the entrance, and she snacked on them, and felt safe…

She struggled to open her eyes – found herself lying down – struggled to sit up, didn’t have the energy – and there was a vaguely familiar creature, but not the one she expected.

“Where’s Beth?” Haley asked immediately, squinting at the creature. Her mouth felt dry and she reached for a nearby cup of water—struggling to get her eyes working again.

It was a fluffy, rather reddish golden retriever, a female of middle age, dressed in a long grey trench-coat and scratching information into a tablet. Some kind of professional, wagging her tail lazily.

“Oh! You’re up. That’s great.” The older dog seemed pleased. *Who is this bitch supposed to be*, Haley thought.

“You’re in the hospital, pup. Making a good recovery.”

“Thanks for clueing me in…Hngh…”

It took a huge effort for Haley to sit up in the hospital bed. She blinked and wiped her eyes, feeling a variety of bandages and shaved fur patches at various places around her body.

With more of her senses coming online now, she realized she was in some kind of recovery ward, in Saint Bartholomew’s Hospital. There were plenty of nurses and other patients being wheeled around. There were brief curtains between her bed and those on her left and right. She squinted at the window—it looked to be a rather grey four-ish p.m.

Her mind rebooting, she suddenly said,

“Oh shit! Do I have scars now?” Haley immediately looked inside her hospital gown.

The retriever blinked, her smile fading, and just waited quietly.

“Hahh! Oh, thank fuck…” Haley was shaking her head , beyond relieved to see that her two tiny cone-shaped furry breasts seemed totally normal, as was her slim belly, silky-furred crotch and upper thighs. The bandages were only on her arms and lower legs.

“Dr. Zumar said you shouldn’t have any scars if you don’t disturb the bandages today and don’t do anything strenuous,” The dog said lazily, looking a little tired.

“HHhh…Okay….” Caroline lay back, feeling suddenly tired herself. “Are you a…reporter, or something?”

The older dog smiled again.

“I’m Caroline Coderre, detective with the V.I.U.” She reached out her paw to shake the other’s, and Haley did so.

“Oh right. Vore investigations unit. That TV show.”

The retriever chuckled. “There is a TV show that probably makes us look more heroic or attractive than we really are. In your case, that alligator had been wanted for a long time for a variety of cases, and you seemed to be far better able to sniff her out than we could.”

“Yeah…” Haley blinked and relaxed. “My wedding is a mess...complete disaster…” The weight of this began to press down on her shoulders. Some tears welled in her eyes. “I don’t know how my friends are gonna respect me for getting engaged to such a *mess* of a fiancé..*.”*

“Your wedding wasn’t a complete disaster,” The detective smiled. “You, and all your friends survived. Even the groom, Jamie I think his name was, is expected to make a decent recovery. You learned a lot, didn’t you? And you might have seen who among your friends was most loyal and trustworthy.”

“Yeah, I guess…” Haley mumbled. “My friend Miho was way more loyal and helpful than I expected. I should thank her somehow.” She glanced at her phone on the table. She worked to sit up more carefully this time, checking and testing her tail for breaks.

“Anyways, you’re a detective, right? You want the story. So as far as I can tell, based on all the evidence, my dumb Fiancee decided he was gonna, like…go out and have his last-hurrah *vore fantasy* –“ She made air quotes. “On the exact morning of my carefully-planned wedding to his stupid butt.”

Detective Coderre was typing notes quickly.

“And, why do you say that.”

Caroline tested and stroked her own ears. It seemed as though the nurses had bathed her. They were missing a little fur, but otherwise remarkably unharmed.

“Several of his friends said he’d mentioned being in to that…bringing up the topic of *vore* at a variety of awkward moments…they said that he asked them to cover for him slipping out to an area known for quick prostitution…I don’t know. You’ll probably get more information talking to them.”

“That matches everyone else’s story so far,” said the retriever, scrolling through her notes, taking a sip of coffee. “The fiancée—Jamie, that is—confessed that he paid this alligator for a quick swallowing experience, supposed to last 30 minutes—and, we have the record of the transaction on the prostitution e-pay registry…”

“Jesus fuck.” The detective showed her a screen with the prostitute’s regulatory-required transaction listing, $1000 for a “30-minute vore fantasy experience”. Haley was totally disgusted.

“…And apparently she decided to keep him in there.”

“Thankfully that didn’t work out so well. Man, have I *dumped* that guy yet?”

Haley found her phone and looked at 16 unread messages from Jamie, and ignored all of them. She sent one last message:

*You’re dumped. Forever. Out of my house immediately or I throw out your stuff immediately.* She didn’t even think to care about the ring at this point.

Then she blocked his number and tossed the phone back on the side table.

“Can’t believe it took me this long.”

The door burst open, and Haley broke into a big smile.

“Be—Huh?” Her smile fell.

It wasn’t the bear but instead a large black female yak, dressed in loose dark jeans and a rather tight polo shirt, carrying a variety of pastries and hot beverages, which she placed on the end table by Haley’s hospital bed.

This creature and the detective hugged once, the retriever pushing her nose into the velvety bovine ear, exchanging a few whispers, before the large beast left.

Haley was shaking her head, listening to the sound of hooves on tiles fade away. *Some kinda lesbians I guess…*

“Well, I think that’s about all that I’ll need from you, Ma’am,” said the detective. “I’ve got twelve corroborating interviews now and there’s plenty of other people waiting who want to visit you.”

“I just can’t help but thinking…My life is just *fucked*…I chose an absolute douche for a fiancée and I look like such an *idiot*….”

The detective had turned to leave, but hesitated.

“For what it’s worth, my first engagement didn’t work out so well, either. Maybe you dodged a bullet. And that bear…Sure is something. Not many lovers are willing to not just kill but actually *tear someone to pieces* just to keep their favorite girl.”

Haley blinked, blushed slightly, and looked out the window. She tried to downplay this.

“Well, yeah. I mean, she’s done it before.”

“All right then. Rest well, pup.” The detective bitch rose to leave.

“Hey—“ Haley lunged to grab the detective’s orange–furred paw.

They looked into each others’ eyes for a moment.

“Can you not tell anyone…that I’m…like…crushing on her…I don’t want them to think…”

The old dog smiled sweetly. “I know just the feeling. Take your time. Anyways, you’re clear in our books.”

“Can you send in my bear now?”

“Before your mother?”

Haley blinked.

“…Yeah. Before my mother.”

“Smart pup.” Chuckling, the detective left.

Beth appeared a moment after, having changed into her jeans and sweatshirt.

Haley began crying only when the smiling bear appeared.

“I am *never* letting you out of my sight again,” Haley sobbed. She made her paw into a little fist, and when the hug came, she weakly punched the bear in her big right breast for emphasis, once at every assertion. “Not for a job, not the bathroom, or the shower, or anything. Never!” She slapped the bear again and again into her firm-yet-soft chest.

“Mf. Okay. I don’t mind.” Beth’s voice was soft, quiet, and gentle as ever. “I brought you a big blanket. This is one of my favorites, but it’s getting warmer outside, so I don’t need it as much.”

The big, thick, heavy quilt was spread over the dog, and it felt like heaven. Beth sat down in a big chair that was right next to the head of the hospital bed, and Haley snuggled up against the bear as much as she could in her weakened state, weakly playing with Beth’s little tail that stuck out behind her.

“Sit close to me Beth, like, on the edge of the bed here.”

“You have enough room?”

“Yeah. I’ll use you as my pillow.”

“Okay. Um, are you going to eat these snacks?”

“No, Beth. They’re all yours. You deserve them.”

The other visitors poured in soon, all smiles, sympathy and gifts.

They gently fussed over the sick dog, and praised the bear, and offered repurposed wedding gifts to Haley. The dog didn’t talk too much, and just tried to be as nice as possible to each and every one of her friends and family, graciously accepting gifts and thanking people for coming. She was tempted to apologize for the failed wedding, but mostly avoided doing so.

Even Travis was here, wearing his broken arm in a white sling, apologizing shamefully:

“I…I should have said something earlier. It’s my bad, Haley. I’m sorry.”

She shook her head sweetly, her ears bouncing.

“I don’t mind. You were just being loyal and you thought you were protecting your friend.” She turned and smiled at Miho, giving her a wink, and getting one back, and slipped her hand up inside Beth’s sweatshirt to stroke and massage the bear’s furry back. “That was the right thing to do.” Miho nodded with a light blush, and leaned into her velvet-furred boyfriend, hugging him.

“Even so, in that category I’m pretty sure I got shown up by that teddy bear of yours,” he said, gesturing to Beth, who blushed, as Haley secretly stroked her and everyone laughed. “You saved my best friend, *­and* his girlfriend. *For* that reason, I think this gift really belongs to you, bear.”

He handed her an envelope. Beth blinked, thanked him, and slipped it into her sweatshirt pocket.

Haley felt a strong urge wash over her, the urge to apologize for everything and talk about how she felt like such a fool…

But instead she just sighed and said. “I’m just glad everyone’s more or less okay. All’s well that ends well, right?”

Everyone said “Oh yes!”

And Beth said to Haley before the group, “I went with Travis to see Jamie too. He’s recovering too, in room 508, though he still has some bad burns.” Beth hesitated, blinked, then scratched behind her ears and asked Haley: “I thought you were going to, you know, finish the wedding here in the hospital.”

Haley chuckled. “Oh, no, bear. I dumped him by text an hour ago.”

There was a general chuckle from the crowd of friends and family.

And as she said this, she easily slipped one paw into the back of Beth’s jeans, sliding around and under the bear’s fuzzy, short tail, slipping down the warm, furry valley of her buttocks, until her finger-tips began to touch the rough, wrinkly, hairless edges of Beth’s hidden tail-hole.

“Uh—ah,” said Beth incoherently, blinking, her short furry tail lifting , sticking straight out behind her, and tensing.

Her powerful claws clenched the edge of the hospital bed behind her.

No one could see that Haley was performing this anal teasing in front of everyone.

Haley grinned towards her friends, her mother, her sister and her sister’s boyfriend, her older brother and his poodle wife and 2 kids, Haley’s 4- and 5-year old nieces.

“I guess this dog is back on the market for a little while longer, haha!”

“Oh, she won’t be for long, though. You’re a top shelf breed, Hale!” Her older brother Denny chuckled.

“We’ll find you a **much** better mate, puppy, don’t you worry!” Maura grinned, her long ears perking up, while her housecat boyfriend hugged her from the side around her chubby, fuzzy belly. Nearby her, Jennifer the grey squirrel leaned against the red stallion.

*Looks like everyone but me is paired off,* Haley thought.

Haley pressed her middle finger increasingly *firmly* into Beth’s big, puckered, dirty anus, hidden in her jeans and under her tail, stroking around the tender, tight, dirty folds, and rubbing insistently against their nervous clenching, admiring the way the bear offered no visible resistance, but simply kept her tail lifted high, her cheeks blushed, her eyes wide, and her mouth closed.

“Oh, I’m looking forward to it!” The spaniel woofed and grinned.

Haley leaned her tired head on Beth’s lap and listened to the bear’s gently rumbling belly.

Beth breathed carefully, sighed, and reached down to gently stroke Haley’s head with her claws, until she was finally able to relax her rump completely, and, unbeknownst to everybody else in the room, allowed Halley to gently *push inside*, and then gently pull outward, and then *push in* again—feeling her friend ever so gently finger-fuck her asshole, the girl’s finger-tip tickling her insides.

The big beast quivered in pure dirty pleasure, and felt her bowels shift, gurgling at this unexpected intrusion.

“Fffhhh….” The bear emitted a big sigh. It was all she could to take these intensely penetrative sensations from her favorite friend, and show no reaction.

“…A-And I’ll help you too, Haley. I p-promise.”

THE END