

Dino Drive-Through

The bar was nearly empty at this time of day. With the heat of the afternoon sun beating down overhead and most of the regulars off at work, the only anthros tipping glasses were the few that drifted through from out of town, who preferred to drink in solitude. The loudest noise in the room was the sharp creaking of the dusty floorboards as patrons shifted about. The badger behind the counter kept to himself, quietly polishing mugs for the evening rush. An ignored jukebox rested in the corner of the room, silently awaiting quarters.

It would have been fair to call the atmosphere depressing. But Mahiri didn't have anywhere better to be.

The young leopardess was seated on a barstool, resting her head in her fluffy arms on the counter. She was short and slender, only a head taller than the stool she sat upon. Her lazy feline tail coiled over the back of her seat, unkempt and messy. Failing to see a point in spiffing herself up for such a mediocre occasion, Mahiri had more or less tumbled out of bed and into her clothes. A ripped-up jacket was draped over her back, unbuttoned up her front side. Beneath it, she wore a simple, ill-fitting white shirt, draped over her bust like a curtain.

It had been a long, grueling week of nonstop boredom and acute annoyance for Mahiri. Small-town life had started to wear on the young leopardess, but there was nothing to be done about it. Many circumstances kept her from leaving, from complicated relationships to stubborn debts. Annoyances swirled around her like a swarm of insects, pervading every moment with dreary exhaustion. The bar was hardly a break from it all. In the middle of the day, the only other people in view were stuck in the same rut as she was, quietly drinking in their own corners to help them forget.

“Bartender.” She grumbled, picking her head off the counter. **“Tab, please.”**

The badger shuffled over, clicking a few buttons into a keyboard, and printing out a thin, paper check. Sliding it over to Mahiri, he eyed her up. **“Would it kill ya to order more than two shots a’ cheap-ass bourbon next time? I’ve got a business to run here. If you’re not buying, then don’t take up the space.”**

Mahiri snorted, stuffing the receipt into the pocket of her jeans. **“Didn’t realize this place was in demand. There’s what, like nine other people in here? You’ve got seven times as many chairs as you’ve got people drinking, you know. I counted.”**

The bartender narrowed his eyes, leaning over to look Mahiri over. **“Don’t even start, miss. I’ve got enough junk to toss out before tonight. I’d hate to have the cops come over and muzzle ya.”**

Annoyed, the spotty feline snarled, hairs bristling up her forearms. Mahiri’s claws slid out of her fingertips, scraping over the wood. The badger clenched his hands into fists, words forming in his thick, furry throat. Mahiri did the same, pent-up anger welling up inside her into a frenzy of insults and quick swipes.

But just before the situation could boil over, something in the distance began to rumble.

It started as a low-pitched hiss, barely audible beneath the ambiance of the bar. But as the seconds passed, it grew into a shrieking snarl that echoed through the room from somewhere unseen. The floorboards began to shake, ever so slightly. The screeching occasionally peaked, hitting high squeals. Mahiri and the bartender both stopped their quarreling to angle their heads toward the door, as did all the other patrons. Whatever it was, it roared right up to the bar like a fuming beast.

“Oh, fuckin’ great...” the badger mumbled, dejectedly crossing his arms. **“Just when I get the place all clean...”**

The roar circled the building, stopping behind the back wall. In an instant, it ceased, leaving the air to settle. But before normalcy could return, heavy footfalls began to clomp towards the door. The sound of steel-tipped boots clacking against aged floorboards was unmistakable. The doorknob turned, and from the boiling heat of the midday sun, emerged a towering, neon stranger.

She was absolutely enormous, the tip of her head just below the swirling fan blades mounted to the ceiling. Dark green scales made up her visible skin, rippling in a limber hexagonal pattern with every movement. Her reptilian snout was long and pointed, sporting rows of jagged, pearly teeth. A pair of sharp purple eyes peered from over her snout, snapping around the room to size up every stranger in sight. Extending from behind her was a fat, bulky, low-hanging tail, swishing occasionally to fan herself from the heat. Atop her head, a shaggy mohawk drooped over the left side of her face, dyed a blazing bright blue.

The beastly woman was far too large to be an ordinary lizard. Dressed from head to toe in a sleek, form-fitting rider’s tracksuit, she flaunted her heavy assets shamelessly. Neon stripes dragged up the front of her top, pushed together by the reptile’s hefty tits. Her waist was ever so

slightly distended, drawing most of the attention towards her chest. Rippling, scaled muscles shimmered beneath the tight material of her clothing, her physical strength apparent with just a glance. She wore a custom pair of latex boots, tipped with gleaming steel, and laced up past her shins. Fingerless leather gloves adorned her palms, allowing her keen claws to dig through the air freely. Mahiri found herself ogling the stranger along with the rest of the bar's patrons, captivated by a single toss of her hair.

“Alright, so who’s it gonna be?”

The raptress strode into the room, her scheming eyes sweeping over the seats to assess their occupants. Most customers instinctively ducked her gaze when it fell upon them, finding a sudden interest in their drinks. The prospect of attracting the attention of this hulking transient was too terrifying to risk. All but a few shrank away. The bartender regarded the stranger sternly, clearly attempting to assert some semblance of control over the situation. A vain effort, considering that the hulking biker stood two full feet taller than him. Silently, she scoured the room for something of interest, until she came to rest upon the single patron who had not faltered in her presence.

The raptor's beady eyes had settled on Mahiri.

The leopardess hadn't even realized she was still staring. When she was caught, Mahiri went red in the face, swiftly ducking back to the safety of the bar. Too late. The raptor stomped over to meet her, yanking out a barstool next to her and seating herself at the counter. Her imposing shadow loomed over the feline, eclipsing her figure. Slamming a scaled palm down on the bar, she snarled at the bartender.

“I want what’s on tap. Doesn’t matter what. Just enough to help me cool off.”

While the badger filled a tankard with bubbly beer, she turned her gaze to Mahiri, who had been idly playing with her claws, uncertain of what to do. With a brassy trill, the lizard regarded her with surprising warmth.

“Heya! Haven’t seen you around here before. What’s your name, hun?”

Mahiri glanced up at the lizard's eyes, sheepishly straightening herself. **“Uh...Mahiri! I mean... yeah. Nice to meet you, I guess.”**

The bartender slid the mug over to the raptor, which she quickly snatched up. Bringing the tankard to her lips, she slurped down half the cup with a few glugs, before slamming it back

down on the table.

“Mahiri! How exotic! You must not be from around here. Every time I’ve been through here, I only meet people with boring-ass country names. Mine’s Sable, by the way.”

“Thanks, I guess.” Mahiri shrugged, taking a tentative sip of her lukewarm beverage. **“How often are you around here?”**

“Every once in a while! I leave when I’m bored. Or when they chase me out. That second one’s much more fun.” The raptress clicked her claws together, seeming a bit impatient for whatever reason. **“What brings a *cutie* like you out to this hick bar in the middle of the day, anyway? Meeting somebody special?”**

Aside from the raptor’s heavy-handed flirting, Mahiri genuinely had no idea how to respond.

“No, nothing really. Just... kinda hanging out, I guess.”

“Oh! Well, that’s as good a reason as any, I guess.” Sable chittered. Every sound this woman made was low and dramatic, unabashedly throwing her intentions on the table for all to see. Her tail flickered up against Mahiri’s backside, tickling over her back with enthusiasm.

“Personally, I wouldn’t waste away with all the other lowlifes around here. There’s a whole world out there, hun. I prefer to make it my own. And speaking of that...”

Sable leaned closer, her meaty breath washing over Mahiri’s neck. Unconsciously, the leopardess shrank away, her instincts screaming primal danger. And yet, her ears tilted with guilty curiosity.

“Hey hot stuff... wanna go see my bike?”

“Your... bike?” Mahiri managed, tilting her head to face the raptor. She was immediately blasted by the scent of her strong, beer-battered breath. The towering lizard wore a toothy, conniving grin, her incisors leering out from behind her lips. Her eyes were beady and fixated, bearing down on her like the headlights of a sports car.

“Yeah! It’s a custom model, cutie. Did the decals myself.” She slurred every word

with drunken confidence, her scaly eyelids fluttering enticingly. Mahiri could swear she was purring, too, a low rumbling emanating from deep within her throat. The raptor scraped her claws across the counter, flexing her fingers in time with her huffy breathing. She may have just been flirting, but to Mahiri, it looked like she was about to pounce!

“I even had it tricked out with a few custom parts. If you’re willing, I’ll give you a private tour~”

The leopardess gulped, weighing her options in the face of the powerful predator. She did her best to avoid showing how afraid she was, but despite her best efforts, her eyes were still wide with fascinated terror. Mahiri’s mind raced, her rational side attempting to find a good excuse to escape Sable’s lustful gaze. But her reasoning was caught in the undertow of curiosity and frightened arousal that welled up inside her, flooding her cheeks with a crimson hue. Her tail began to stir behind her, coiling nervously. Mustering her courage, she managed a half-collected reply.

“That... sounds cool, I guess. I’m not really into bikes, but...”

“Fuck yeah!” Sable hissed, throwing her head back in celebration. In a flash, she snatched her tankard of beer off the counter and chugged the remaining contents in three messy gulps. Wiping her scaly lips off on her sleeve, she sprang to her feet, her heavy boots crashing to the floor.

“Follow me! My baby’s just out back.”

Hesitantly, Mahiri began to follow, leaving the last of her drink on the counter. Behind her, the bartender smirked, collecting her empty glass, and stowing it away beneath the counter. He had a feeling that she wouldn’t be needing it anymore. The enthusiastic raptor barged out the door, her bulky tail knocking aside a few chairs on her way to the exit. With a bit of fresh booze swirling in her system, the reptilian rider stooped over a bit, relying on her tail to balance. Emerging into the crackling heat of summertime, Sable led her around the side of the building into a dusty, unused patch of coarse dirt and dry grass. There, parked in the weeds and shining under the sun, was a colossal, two-wheeled monster of polished metal and leather.

Sable’s motorbike was more than big enough to support the massive raptor, the handlebar standing taller than Mahiri’s head! The exhaust pipes yawned like smokestacks, an array of six identical apertures trailing off behind the behemoth. The side plating was painted to look like scales, an array of hexagonal green shapes that were stitched together to form a metallic hide. The leather seat was rich and dark, tempered only slightly by hours of supporting Sable’s

enormous, heavy backside. A slot for the raptor's tail was also added, no doubt a custom addition. Even the windshield was majestic, sporting decals of gnashing teeth and claws. The stripes conformed with Sable's tracksuit perfectly, integrating her muscular figure into the brutal design. From the side of the handlebar hung the raptor's helmet, custom-made to fit her snout and decorated with a decal resembling her flaming blue mohawk.

“Pretty sweet, huh?” Sable snarled, gliding her claws along the bike's handling. Mahiri couldn't tell which was getting more looks from the drunken dino, her or the bike!

“Can't tell you how long I spent fixing this thing up. Purrs like a tiger now~”

The raptor fitted her keys into the ignition, jolting the bike to life with a sharp jolt of her wrist. The machine came to life, and the engine growling loud and hard. Mahiri was briefly startled by how loud it was, her back arcing with momentary panic. Sable chuckled to herself, revving the engine playfully to keep her squirming.

“Relax, she's not gonna hurt ya, hun.”

Mahiri was struck with a fascinating mix of emotions. Part of her wanted to run back inside, finish her drink, and bolt back to town. But standing in the shadow of an enormous, showboating raptor was just too enamoring to ignore. She could swear that Sable was deliberately flexing her arms to catch her eye, her muscles appearing even larger beneath the summer sun. Her heart beat in time with the rumbling of the engine, her tail nervously wriggling back and forth. There was something effortlessly charming about Sable's blunt boasting, combined with her knowing, bawdy grin. Voicelessly, her kinky sense of curiosity implored her to stay where she was and see just how far this would go.

“Can I... touch it?” she asked, taking a nervous step forward. Butterflies bloomed in her stomach, wary that any action could throw Sable into a frenzy.

“Sure!” The raptor chided, clicking her teeth happily.

“Just *one* condition. Every second you spend touching my bike is a second that I get to spend *feeling you up*~”

Sable couldn't help but grin as Mahiri went completely rigid, converted from an apprehensive skeptic to a shivering, bashful mute. The astonished feline let out a tiny gasp, just barely audible beneath her breath. She could have guessed before that Sable's intentions were indecent, but something about having it shoved in her face was just so... baffling. With a simple

sentence, the air had been charged with a crushing wave of sexual energy, perpetrated by the lustful lizard. Dumbstruck, the leopardess glanced at the bike, then the raptor, mouth agape with shock.

And without another word, Mahiri walked over to the raptor's bike and began to inspect it with her palms.

“Good girl~”

The spotless sheet metal had been polished to a shine, and with the engine running, it rumbled lightly beneath her hands. The metal siding felt good to stroke and admire, being both pleasingly warm to the touch and lined with all manner of interesting contours. Whenever Mahiri did happen upon a spot of grime, she took a moment to wipe it off on her sleeve, dutifully ensuring that the machine remained in good condition and worthy of her admiration. She bent down to inspect the pedals and pipes that rested at the base, partially attempting to discern how it all functioned. The more she explored the two-wheeler, the quicker her heart raced, until it pumped in time with the sputtering engine. Her excitement was telegraphed to her spotted tail, which wagged behind her in an ever-escalating metronome of hypnotic movements. The leopardess girl was fully enthralled in the act of admiring the behemoth. And not just because it was well-tuned and custom fit.

Because reflected in the polished metal, looming over her figure from behind, were Sable's monstrous, starving eyes.

The raptoress watched as her prey admired her ride, her urges growing with every moment. Mahiri's thighs were now on full display as she bent over, dangling before her like a meal on a table. The leopard's fluffy thighs softly rippled before her, stuffed into her ill-fitting shorts like a present on Christmas. Her scaled fingers flexed and clawed at the air, utterly desperate to drag themselves over the leopardess's supple skin. It took every ounce of Sable's restraint to keep herself still.

And with every sway of Mahiri's fluffy ass, something throbbled between her legs. An agonizing manifestation of her desire, begging to be released.

At long last, Mahiri finished her inspection of the bike's undercarriage. With a soft mewl, she turned back to look at Sable. **“I think I've seen enough! You did a fantastic job with this thing. It's really cool.”**

Sable didn't even register a word she said. All she heard was desperate, horny mewling.

“Fucking *finally*. My turn.”

Before Mahiri could even stand herself up straight, Sable’s arms had already hooked themselves around her waist, dragging her into the raptor’s embrace like she weighed nothing at all. The leopardess suddenly found her back pinned against the huffing, steaming wall of muscle and leather. Potent, boiling raptor breath washed over her neck like exhaust, laced with the scent of fresh beer and meat. Heavy, cloth-covered tits rested upon her shoulders, cushioning her head in a damp vice of relative comfort. Trapped and compromised, Mahiri found her own arousal too great to offer any resistance, opting to simply melt into the reptile’s possessive embrace and enjoy what was to come.

Sable started with her breasts, fitting her clawed grip over Mahiri’s chest to assess their firmness. The raptress chattered affectionately as she filled her hands with the leopardess’s chest, kneading her palms across her nipples to elicit a whimper from her captive. Unable to contain herself, she dug in with her claws, tearing through Mahiri’s shirt for direct access to her skin. Sable unwrapped her like a present, clawing away strips of fabric and leather indiscriminately, shredding Mahiri’s shirt and the sides of her jacket uncaringly. Even though she was forceful, Mahiri could still feel that she was being careful not to break her skins, sustaining only a few scratches as her bra was torn to tatters and tossed into the arid soil.

“Hey! That’s a little... mmng!.. Rough...” Mahiri mumbled, as though such words would deter the tipsy raptor in the slightest. Sable’s tongue unspooled from her lips, snaking through the leopardess’s hair to soak her scalp in torrid saliva. She licked the taste of her nervousness straight from the source, sending cloudy streaks of drool running down Mahiri’s face to clump in her fur. The thought of Sable’s jagged, ivory teeth dangling straight above her head was nightmarish, yet combined with the feeling of scaled fingers teasing the tips of her tits, became a lurid fantasy fulfilled for the leopardess. She trembled lightly in the raptor’s grip, dripping heat flooding her lower half as the predator pillaged her every sense.

“Mmm-mmm... Oh, that’s so *fresh*...” rumbled the raptor, recoiling her tongue with a wet *Schllllk*.

Having grown accustomed to Mahiri’s upper chest, she elected to fiercely trace her claws down her tummy. She took a moment to appraise the softer flesh upon her midsection, gripping and kneading between her heavy fingers. Such a gesture was oddly endearing to the trembling leopardess, the knowledge that every part of her was being appreciated equally made her strangely proud. Even though every grope of her skin was laced with possessive, borderline murderous intent, Mahiri could deny how thrilled she was to have such an attentive admirer.

Sable's ivory nails dug into her pants, ripping through the material with supreme ease. Strip by strip, Mahiri's jeans were shucked off of her body and discarded. The overgrown lizard took particular care to analyze her pillowy rear, sifting her fingers through the Mahiri's fur to probe her inner thighs. With every grip of her waist, Sable's breathing devolved into a low, sultry snarling. With her hands finally feeling up the prize, the raptor's sexual appetite grew exponentially. She drooled like a beast, dripping hot ropes of saliva down Mahiri's skin from her pearly jaws. The leopardess was tempted to look up and stare into her gaping jaws, but the raptor's constant teasing kept her eyes glued shut with numbing arousal.

It was only a matter of time before one of the raptor's thick fingers slipped into Mahiri's cunt, puncturing her in a smooth, forceful motion. The leopardess gagged on her own pleasure, her voice muffled by her gritted, gnashing teeth as she fought the urge to scream her submission into the open air. Sable tittered sweetly at her efforts to mask her arousal, leaning down to whisper into her ear.

“Don't even try and fight it, hun... I can feel just how starved you were for treatment like this. Even though you'll hold your breath and chew your lip, everything I do drives you further toward admitting it. You're enjoying this.”

To punctuate her point, Sable sunk her entire finger into Mahiri's juicy snatch, knuckle deep. Her legs nearly gave out beneath her, buckling at the knee. But Sable's grip on her hips was far tight to allow for such a motion. The raptor kept her leashed and squirming, overcoming her every resistance with a simple flex of her beefy forearms.

“I don't even know why I bothered trying to give you a choice in the matter. It's not like I was gonna take no for an answer, anyway. I would have *dragged* you out here, kicking and screaming, and taken you on top of my bike like a fucking prisoner. And you would have *loved* it all the same~”

A second finger plunged into Mahiri's pussy, the pain of being so suddenly stretched bringing tears to the leopardess's eyes. But rather than cry out in agony, she spluttered out a whorish, choking moan of appreciation. As Sable hissed her intentions into her ears, she helplessly nodded along, fully enraptured by her role as a pleasant distraction.

“I saw it the second I stepped into that bar, slut. I saw the desperate look on your face as you gawked at my tits. If you hadn't bothered acting like you had any fucking dignity, you would've thrown yourself at my feet like a slave, begging for me to rip you open and take what's rightfully mine.”

The dino's rough fingering was forceful enough to lift Mahiri into the air. Quivering and huffing, the leopard's pussy caked Sable's fat fingers with a glistening layer of sweet-smelling femcum

“You’re a purebred raptor-slut, hun. I could step on you, and you’d coat the floor in squirt, cumming solely from the satisfaction of being pinned under my claws where you belong. But I’d rather do this the *old-fashioned* way~”

“Waddy say, *sweetheart*? Wanna be my *back-alley bitch*?”

With a toothy grin, Sable's tail swiftly curled around the leopardess's shins, pulling her feet out from under her with a single yank. The cat gracefully fell to her knees with a puff of dust. Keeping a firm hand fitted over her head, the raptor strutted over to Mahiri's front, blotting out the sun with her colossal figure. The look on her face was wild and disheveled, her green locks shrouding one of her eyes from view. Despite how threateningly the raptor loomed, Mahiri purred pleasantly, inviting her wild instincts with shameless enthusiasm. She swished her tail through the dirt, playfully flickering it in the wind as a provocation.

“What’s all that snarling for? I’m starting to think all that talk of taking me like a whore was just drunk talk.”

Sable gnashed her teeth, stepping forwards to stuff the Leopard's face full of her clothed crotch. Even through her bulky riding pants, Mahiri could feel Sable's monstrous womanhood pulsing with anticipation.

Sable didn't even bother with her zipper, opting to simply tear away her pants with her frenzied strength. Her drooling, meaty cock sprang free from its confines, laying down over Mahiri's face with a dull thump. The raptor's shaft was a deep, rich green, and ridden with soft spines and fleshy nubs. Even semi-hard, it stretched across the entire length of the leopard's face, dribbling beads of precum into her crimson hair. Fresh from a full day of biking, it was covered in a sweaty layer of raptor musk and exotic reptilian pheromones. Mahiri's sense of smell was briefly blinded by the mighty fragrance of her lover, her eyes rolling back into her scalp with ardor. Mindlessly, she prostrated before Sable's girth. The raptor rewarded her by slowly gyrating her hips back and forth, gliding her cock along the kitty's features, smearing her with pungent raptor stink.

“Don’t just sit there, slut. Get *acquainted*! My cock wants to get to know you~”

Mahiri mindlessly obeyed, rendered helplessly obedient by maternal instinct. A switch had been flipped somewhere inside her brain, her pride ejected and replaced with a single-minded need to lather Sable's girth with affection. She buried her face into the raptor's legs, letting her shaft droop over her head and trail down her neck. Her chin was greeted with the soft give of Sable's leathery balls, hairless and rich. As her whiskers traced across the sweaty crevices of the raptor's inner thighs, she murmured a few impulsive admirations.

“Mmm... a lovely first impression. I think we'll make fast friends~”

Dragging her head down to meet Sable's balls with her mouth, Mahiri greeted her sack with a leisurely lick. The taste was spicy and rich, having marinated in the sweaty confines of her scaly thighs for at least a full day. Widening her mouth, she slurped one of the raptor's testicles into her lips to give it proper polishing. She employed the full force of her feline tongue to massage Sable's leathery sack, bristling and scraping it with lazy slurps. In doing so, she obsessively scalped every trace of musky flavor from their surface with her feline tongue. She passed it around her mouth to taste it from every angle, ensuring that not a single centimeter remained unslathered in her saliva. In between mushy, sloppy suckles, she murmured thoughtless, formless syllables of gratitude into Sable's scaly thighs. The only thing better than the flavor of Sable's jewels was the feeling of her raptor cum swelling inside. The sound of her dino spunk sloshing in her nuts was faintly audible, assuring Mahiri that her efforts would be rewarded with a proper breeding.

But that would have to wait until Sable's sack was gleaming with fresh leopard spit. Letting the raptor's left testicle roll out of her mouth, Mahiri pounced on the right, devouring it into her molten mouth. Sable was content to simply observe the leopard lose herself in servitude for the time being, staring down at her lustful eyes with piercing possessiveness. She idly casually stroked her cock while she waited for Mahiri to finish, letting strings of goopy precum roll down the leopard's neck and drip warmly down her back. When her feline concubine kissed her sack in just the right way, she'd firmly run her claws through her hair as encouragement, caressing her scalp with her jagged nails and nudging her deeper into the glistening confines of her thighs.

“Mmmnnn... Good girl... how come cats like you are so tough to come by? If I had the time, I'd let you *bathe* me from head to toe with that tongue of yours. But I think it's time we move on to the part where you *choke* on my cock.” Sable trilled affectionately, thrusting her hips forward to partly smother Mahiri with her toned thighs.

Swallowing down the last of the raptor's musky taste, Mahiri relinquished her balls with a parting kiss. Sable's diamond-hard dino dick loomed over her, pulsing with fiery blood, and steaming in the dusty heat. Mahiri planted her tongue at the base of Sable's cock, lashing it halfway around her width. In a single, smooth motion, she tilted her head backward, mopping the entire length of Sable's length from base to tip! The raptor's toes curled with satisfaction, her fat tail swishing through over the pavement. Once the leopardess arrived at her tip, she lapped up the heady precum dribbling from her cockslit with a lewd gulp and mirrored the motion on her way back down.

Mrrrwwll~

Mahiri worked her entire length like a fresh, melty popsicle. Base to tip, crotch to slit, over and over again. She pressed her tongue so deeply that she could feel the pulsing, bulging veins running beneath the verdant skin of Sable's dick. She ran her tongue over every ridge, every bump, and every knob in the raptor's cold-blooded femcock, leaving glistening trails of cat saliva in her wake. Sable momentarily lost her raptorial dominance to the throes of her enjoyment, tossing her head back to snort and huff. Her teeth gnashed at the air, fingers grasping for support amidst the onslaught. Mahiri paid her pleasure no heed. She had a cock to slobber on. With a simple twist of her neck, she poisoned herself alongside the raptor's dick, discovering a new angle to admire. Her tail fluttered happily behind her as she fitted it between her lips, smearing a lengthy line of dark lipstick across the raptor's dripping dick.

“Has anybody ever told you how *tasty* your dick smells?” Mahiri purred, flickering her tongue over the crown of Sable's cock. Every time her teasing produced a new dollop of salty dino pre, she was sure to lick it from the source.

“You should sell dino-cock scented candles. They'd sell out~”

Heart pounding, Sable's eyes suddenly narrowed into bloodshot specks of breeding fury. Possessed by guttural, feral urges, she howled wildly.

“Guuhhh! Enough of your fucking teasing!”

Her claws hooked themselves around the scruff of the leopard's neck, tearing her away from her cock. Swiveling her hips, Sable aligned her shaft with Mahiri's mouth. The horny kitty managed to open her mouth just in time as seven inches of raptor dick speared her puffy lips! Gagging and sputtering, Mahiri desperately swallowed, attempting to acclimate herself to the size of the lizard's length before she passed out. By virtue of her feline flexibility, a thin stream

of fresh air drawn in by her nostrils found her lungs, keeping her from suffocating completely. Still, several girthy inches of womanhood stretched out before her eyes, still waiting to be stuffed into her muzzle.

“Ahhhhh... That’s much better, hun.” Sable sighed, relieved to finally have a fresh hole to rut. With the leopard’s head held firm in her hands, she began to piston her hips forward at a relaxed tempo. Mahiri’s delicate lips and fluffy crop made for the sinuously satisfying toy, rewarding her every thrust with the spasming, fleshy contractions. She could feel her every attempt to swallow rippling up her shaft. She could feel Mahiri’s every labored exhale brush past the base of her cock. Halfheartedly, the leopard squirmed in her muscular grip, instinctively trying to escape her brutal oral sodomizing. In between rolls of Sable’s hips, she could be heard faintly murmuring and spluttering.

“Bite me and I’ll rip you apart, slut. I’d hate to ruin such a pretty little thing so soon~”

“Mmmrrrmph! Mrrrrrrr~” The pain of having her throat rawed by the raptor’s bristling third leg had subsided for the most part. Streams of kitty spit flowed from the corners of her mouth, forced out by the presence of Sable’s spiny member. Mahiri carefully studied each detail as it skidded over her tongue, her horny cat brain hyper-fixating on the horny minutia of each tantalizing inch. The heavy grunting of a frenzied lizard gouging out her head with her cock. The sharp pressure of pearly claws grasping her hair. The taste of heady precum smeared over her tongue with each pass of Sable’s cock. Mrowling and bleating, she dedicated herself to widening her jaw, desperate to take the entirety of the raptor’s cock.

Shllllllk...Shllllk... “Mrrrwwwwlll~” ... Shllllllk... Shllllllkkk~

“Nnf...Yeah...” Sable grunted, stuffing Mahiri’s muzzle down to the base of her shaft. The Leopard's emerald eyes rolled behind their lids as her body accepted its place as the dino’s cock holster. Sable paused her thrusting to warm her cock in Mahiri’s toasty throathole, chirping with satisfaction as her cheeks turned blue with asphyxiation.

“With a mouth like that, I wish I could mount you to my bike! The highways would get a whole lot more interesting with a nice kitty-hole to entertain myself with.”

After thirty seconds of airless squirming, Sable’s grip on the back of Mahiri’s head finally faltered, allowing the leopardess to slide back along the length of her cock and suck in fresh oxygen through her teeth. Well, partly fresh. Every huff of air was tainted with the pervading odor of horny lizard, setting her lungs ablaze with suffocating arousal. As soon as her

oxygen intake permitted rational thought, Mahiri lunged forward, plugging herself with Sable's length once again. Her arms wrapped around the raptor's toned, beefy thighs, anchoring forward as she greedily gulped down her length. Spit-soaked dino nuts plapped against her neck fur, pulsing intensely, and threatening to blow at any moment.

“Mmm-Mmmm! Look at that enthusiasm! I guess my cock's good at *first impressions*. Especially when it comes to brainwashing eager cumsluts like yourself~”

Mahiri barely felt conscious, between the copious amounts of dino precum flooding down her throat and the numbing sensation spreading outward from her lips. Her thoughts simplified her actions into simple, slutty movements to be replicated endlessly. Slurp, Swallow, Kiss. Repeat. Sable's stamina was unending, paired with her strength to create an onslaught of relentless facefucking that dragged on and on. The leopard could feel her throat stretching and widening, molding to the shape of the raptor's rod to best accommodate her. Thrust by thrust, Sable was converting her into a pliant receptacle for her rut, whittling away her sense of individualism and instilling an unbridled dependence for dinosaur dick.

But Mahiri's resilience was paying off. As Sable's balls smashed against her windpipe, she could feel them pulsing wildly, betraying just how close the dinosaur was to bursting. To coax her aggressor further, Mahiri dug her fingers into the raptor's firm asscheeks, bracing herself to endure a proper pounding. She rolled her emerald irises upwards, silently begging the Raptor for more punishment. ***“Mmmrrrrrrrr~”***

“Gnn! Fuck... fuck, fuck!!! Keep making that slutty little face!” Sable screamed. All of her strength manifested into brutal, mindless facefucking. Sawing her entire cock through Mahiri's lips, she banished all restraint from her actions, literally beginning to turn the leopard inside out. Mahiri lost control of her tongue entirely as it simply became a wet, slobbery pad to be ground across. Her fluffy cheeks inflated, breathing made impossible with the air literally being fucked out of her. Sable's cock flared with a fresh pulse of blood, swelling into a diamond-hard spire of convulsing girth. An all-destroying wave of musk flooded into her sensitive feline nostrils, slackening all her muscles into subservient limpness. A flawless receptacle for her roiling stock of buttery cum.

“Ffff-Fffnmmmg! YEAH! Clench up! Time to fill up that slutty little engine purring inside you~”

SSPPLRRRCH~

Plunging her cock as deep as it could go, Sable unloaded a monstrous load deep within

Mahiri's throat, blasting her cum directly into the kitty's waiting stomach. Mahiri could feel herself bloating a full inch outwards in a single moment, the force of the raptor's cumshot ringing through her like a bullet. Her throat spasmed and convulsed, desperately trying to swallow despite the molten cock holding down her tongue. Sable's eyes rolled back into her head as she found blissful release, snarling, and snorting through her entire orgasm. There was something so effortlessly satisfying about feeling the raptor's balls slowly shrinking as Mahiri was force-fed dino spunk. Excess cum dribbled out of the corners of her mouth, the leopardess joyfully spluttering and gagging, feeling her lover's orgasm begin to plump out her chest.

But even Mahiri's wanton appetite for orgasmic fluids had a natural limit. As Sable began to feel pressure pushing back on the tip of her cock, she pushed the leopard's head free from her length, sending her sprawling into the dirt. Still cumming, she jerked herself off with a scaly hand, sending burning ropes of salty cum shooting into Mahiri's ruined fur. She made sure to paint the panting kitty quite thoroughly, ensuring that she stained her hair with strands of white and garnishing her belly with syrupy jizz. The leopardess lay still, a bloated mess of shivering lust and profound tiredness. Splaying herself out at Sable's feet, she softly sighed into the dusty soil, content to have been made into a slutty mess of fur and fealty.

Made all the sweeter by the sharp pressure of Sable's heel sinking into the scruff of her neck.

“Oh, Excellent work, kittyslut. I haven't emptied myself like that in fucking ages. And you didn't even pass out!” Sable smirked, righteously basking in the glow of her post-orgasm smugness. The tip of her shaft still dribbled droplets of gooey cum, which she ensured landed directly on Mahiri's face.

“Almost makes me wanna keep you around. Strap ya to my bike and take you to my house, and pump some raptor pups into that sweet little slit of yours~”

Mahiri half-consciously murred her enthusiasm, purring despite being pinned underfoot. She was achingly aroused from the endless teasing, but her arms were still too exhausted to do anything about it. All the weary feline could do was fruitlessly hump the ground, desperate to fill herself with something. Such desperation alighted Sable with gleeful dominion. Bending down, she plucked her from the dirt with her claws, raising her to stare her down.

“...H-hey... I thought I was the one teasing you~”

“Heh. You thought wrong.” Sable growled, dragging her slimy tongue over her lips.

“But as much as that would be fun, I’m not gonna be tied down just yet. Which begs the question, of course: Just *what* am I gonna do with you?”

The leopard hadn’t even considered that. The only thing in her swimming around in her head was oppressive feline lust, boiling in her loins like an infernal blaze. Instead of finding an answer, she simply rubbed her tail over her cunt, desperately attempting to find release.

And fortunately for Mahiri, the answer revealed itself with a single groan.

Grrrggrrrrrgrowwwllll~

Deep within the raptor’s toned tummy, a droning ripple sounded through the air. It was loud and expectant as if requesting Mahiri to attend to it. Sable had evidently worked up quite a bit of an appetite rutting her face. Her urges had hidden themselves for a while, but in the absence of active lovemaking became nightmarishly strong.

“Mmmm... You hear that, cat? Guess it’s not a secret anymore. I was hoping to stave it off for a few more rounds, but you really know how to work up an appetite~”

Sable licked her scaled chops, bending down to stare Mahiri in the face.

“What did you think was going to happen, hun? That I was just gonna be done with you after soaking you in spunk? No, no, no. I’ve been dying to taste those thighs of yours ever since I saw you sulking at the bar. You’re walking pile of high-quality, gourmet meat.”

The raptors’s voice turned heinously cold, her eyes full of cruel intent and self-indulgence. As she spoke, she gently stroked Mahiri’s feline ears with her fingers, as though petting a prized lamb before slaughter.

“You were chow the second you walked out those doors, hun. Now you’re just lying here like a fresh kill. Slow-roasted under the summer heat, and glazed with fresh cum and sweat. And by the looks of it, you’re in no mood to complain~”

Closing a hand around her neck fluff, Mahiri was roughly yanked to her feet and brought face-to-face with Sable's jaws. With her stomach pressed against the raptor's abs, she could feel it rumbling and anticipating, stewing full of fresh juices to welcome a meal. Sable's prowling eyes beamed into Mahiri's irises, instilling her absolute dominance with an autocratic stare.

“I saw it in you before, and I see it in you now. The desire to be whisked away, and forgotten forever. Go ahead. Let me know if I'm right.”

With as tender a purr as she could muster, Mahiri made her intentions known. “...**Take me.**”

Under the beating heat of the plains, Sable's jaws spread open like the mouth of a yawning cave, unveiling her slick, reptilian innards. Having clearly anticipated this moment, her fangs were strung together with thick strings of cloudy spit. The inside of her scaly crop was a bright, fleshy red, slick, and smooth with firm layers of rippling flesh. Her boiling-hot breath still smelled faintly of cheap beer, but the stench had largely been overcome by horny lizard huffing and the acids purring within her. Her tongue lolled out like a red carpet, encouraging Mahiri to explore further.

“It's been fun, cat. But I think it's time this whole thing wraps up. Got places to be. But if it makes ya feel any better, I've got a feeling you're gonna *plump out my cock a fair bit*~”

And with that, Sable lunged forwards, stuffing Mahiri's entire head between her lips with a single *glomph*.

To her credit, Sable was remarkably careful about the sharpness of her teeth. The expert predator hadn't even scratched Mahiri's face as she chomped down her head. But that was the only thing she could even be mistaken as careful about. Her rough, leathery tongue immediately went to work battering the feline's face with a sopping coating of lizard spit, running all over her facial features to soak up her pleasant taste. To her, the leopard tasted vaguely spicy, a sublime richness concealed within the confines of her fur. And Sable was determined to scoop it all out as fast as possible. Mahiri also stuck out her tongue, allowing it to be bullied around by the raptor's innards in the form of a messy, internal kiss. With the inviting abyss of the raptor's pulsing throat laid out before her, she drank in every soggy detail of her surroundings before the darkness could take her.

GLLLP~

The first swallow sent Mahiri's head plunging into Sable's eager throat, introducing her features to a tightness they had never known before. Mashed into a slimy compress of searing flesh, it felt like she was being processed by a machine. A machine meant to destroy her, regardless of her own comfort. Sable's jaws spread over the leopard's shoulders with no issues whatsoever, introducing a new swath of her skin to be licked and enjoyed. The outline of her face sticking out of the raptor's throat, the preystruck feline mewled and purred sensationally as the Raptor snarfed her down.

When Sable's teeth closed over her tits, Mahiri howled with overstimulation. She'd had her tits worshiped before, but this was an unspeakable level of indulgence, unrivaled by mortal hands. Sable's fibrous tongue whipped back and forth across her chubby breasts, curling between them, and caressing them from every possible angle. With her teeth full of kitty boobs, the raptress couldn't help but chomp down on them a little, applying sharp pressure into her meaty mounds. Sealing her lips around the feline's torso, she sucked on her entire upper half like a lollipop, juicing her most exotic bodily spices from her form with absolute ease. The fluctuations in pressure made Mahiri's ears pop. Her pleased screams were just barely audible above the wet squelching of her consumption, the outside world no longer a witness to her erotic plight. The mouthwatering taste of her tits kept Sable biting and licking for an awfully long time, until every morsel of pleasure was drowned in a flood of saliva and pleasure.

Glllp... Glllp... Glllp...

Without any warning, Sable decided she was done with Mahiri's chest, and stuffed it down her throat with the rest of her. The very same squeezing pressure that convulsed around the Leopard's head now assaulted her breasts. Constricted and caressed from all angles by the satin lining of the lizard's throat, excruciating arousal now rendered Mahiri nearly unconscious. But to falter now would mean that she would miss the main course: Her ass was rapidly approaching its time in Sable's maw. With bated breath, the leopardess clenched her teeth as the raptor's jaws closed over her thighs.

SHLLLLK~

The moment Mahiri's pussy became accessible to Sable's tongue, it was instantly force-fed five full inches of wriggling mouth-meat. Holding her shins in her hands, Sable paused to devour her sopping pussy as thoroughly as she possibly could. Her rough lizard tongue curled through Mahiri's cunt like a live snake, mixing her feminine juices with spit. It twisted and roiled unpredictably, slashing her most sensitive spots with searing blows of erotic might. The leopardess bucked and spasmed uncontrollably, all of which was instantly absorbed by the inner

walls of her throat. Sable's strong arms kept her thighs spread wide, prying her apart to pillage her pussy as much as she desired.

Jagged teeth gently pressed into Mahiri's ass as the raptress mucked all the flavor out of her cunt. Possessively, she gnawed and chewed on her waistline, reminding her of her place as pleasure food. While she never drew blood, the stabbing sharpness of her fangs burrowing into Mahiri's spotty skin only enhanced the sensation of being internally eaten out. The leopardess gushed femcum over Sable's tongue, all of which was instantly slurped down by the big glutton. Still halfway lodged in Sable's throat, Mahiri found herself being smeared in her liquid pleasure as ran down her throat.

“Mmm-mmm...” groaned Sable, shoveling another mouthful of kitty-cum out of Mahiri's pussy. The taste was exceptionally rich, brewed fresh from the horny feline's glistening snatch. The perfect vintage to pair with the Leopard's slightly-salty fur. Her scaled eyelids closed as she savored her meal, relishing every stroke of her tongue. After all, Mahiri was one of a kind. For one night only, Leopard was on the menu~

The electric pleasure brought by the raptress's tongue had utterly decimated Mahiri's resilience, an earthshattering orgasm building in her lower half. Sable's tongue skewered itself deep enough to lap at the entrance to her womb, sampling her juices staring from the source. The faint bulge of her thick tongue could be seen in the leopard's waist, just below her cum-stuffed stomach. The kitty's clit was also battered as her innards were assaulted, massaged with every pass of her tongue. Mahiri clenched down on Sable's tongue as harshly as she could, ensuring that her relentless tonguefucking trawled every inch of her pussy at once.

SPLRRRRCH~

As Sable stuffed her full of tongue-meat one final time, Mahiri's body was forced into a full-force orgasm, her cunt gushing fresh femcum. It erupted out of the raptor's mouth like an explosion, sending streams of pinkish juice streaming down Sable's front. The raptress didn't mind at all, though. A messy meal tasted just as sweet as any other. Mahiri screamed and yowled with blistering pleasure, twisting wildly in her fleshy confines. Though little of it was audible, due to being trapped beneath Sable's thick, reptilian skin, she faintly picked up the sounds of her prisoner bellowing with pleasure within her. Knowing just how much her meal was enjoying this, the raptress decided to keep pushing her tongue through her spasming cunt for a little while, prolonging her pleasure as much as she could.

Mahiri's orgasm stretched on and on, even past the point where her juices stopped flowing. Dry-humping Sable's tongue, her tail arced and curled in time with the spasming of her

pussy folds. After the most electric moments of passion subsided, Mahiri simply went limp, spent completely. Totally resigned to being a meal, the leopardess simply awaited the final few swallows, brain completely overloaded with pleasure to even consider the stomach awaiting her ahead.

GLLLP~

Throwing her head back, Sable allowed gravity to assist her with Mahiri's final regions. A particularly greedy swallow sucked the entirety of her waistline into the raptor's throat, bulging out her crop to a satisfying volume. With a short series of wet, meaty gulps, Mahiri's slender legs disappeared inches at a time. At some point, her tail slipped between Sable's teeth, disappearing with a wet slurp. Finally arriving at the raptor's paws, Sable treated them to a farewell lick, before gulping hard, and clicking her teeth together at last.

Glllp~

“Ahhh... Down she goes~”

Her claws traced the last of Mahiri's figure as she descended down her throat, settling into her rapidly-distending stomach. The leopard's head pressed up against a snug opening, passing through mere inches at a time. She had finally arrived at Sable's stomach. A pool of clear, strong-smelling acids already awaited her, bubbling with anticipation. As they soaked into her skin, a brief flare of stinging irritation briefly tickled her senses before her pain receptors were overloaded and destroyed. The tight, rippling walls of the raptor's stomach welcomed her with possessive convulsions, squeezing her into a fetal position.

“Get comfy, cat. We're only gonna be here for a little while. I promise my tummy's gonna make this nice and quick. It's got a lot of experience!” Sable swayed her swollen midsection around, hearing her occupant slosh about within. The puddle of acids was half comprised of Mahiri's own cum. With heavy steps, the raptoress seated herself atop her motorcycle, leaning backward against the handlebars to enjoy a restful digestion.

BOOOAAAAARRRPP!

A burst of beer-tinted air suddenly erupted from Sable's mouth, a few strands of Mahiri's red hair flying out along with it. The digesting dino smiled at the vulgar display of dominance, patting her stomach affectionately. “See? You're already halfway done! You're a *natural*, hun~”

Mahiri could already feel her fur falling out in clumps, swirling around in the caustic chyme that was steadily rising over her torso. The sensation of acids licking and sizzling her skin was fascinatingly stimulating. With lazy scoops of her arms, she rubbed the boiling fluids over her body, bathing herself in digestive chyme as though it was a bath. She rubbed it into her tits with a smile on her face, feeling it begin to take her assets and turn them into uniform meat slush to be processed. Mahiri could feel Sable's hands caressing her from the outside, a morbid good-naturedness pervading the whole situation. The rippling of the raptor's inner walls was like an all-encompassing hug, ensuring Mahiri that she would be put to effective use despite the momentary discomfort.

Grrggrgllrlrrrr....Gllrrrrrrssshh...Sllrrrrrrrsh....Grrrrrrllllllgg....

“Just lie back and let it take you...” Sable purred, picking clumps of Leopard fur out of her teeth.

“If it's any consolation, I'll be using your wallet to pick up my tab at the bar. I get the feeling that you're not gonna be needing that anytime soon. I might even wash you down with another beer or two~”

As the acids crawled above Mahiri's shoulders, the lack of air became the final sensation that she registered. Asphyxiated completely, her eyes fluttered shut. Just in time, too. Sable's stomach had finished melting the flesh off her torso, leaving only bleached bones and meaty slush. Growling and rumbling, the raptor's stomach finished off the last of its feline occupant in a few short clenches, converting her curves into nutritious slime. Triumphant, Sable loosed another belch, shaking the summer air with her acidic breath.

BRRRROOAAAAARRRP~

“Aaaaall mine~” She murmured, swishing her tail affectionately. The sun was beginning to set in the distance, providing her with a rich view to absorb while her guts tended to Mahiri's remains. Kicking back on the leather seat, Sable sighed with satisfaction, settling in for a well-deserved digestive nap.

“Mmmm... I just wish it weren't over so quickly. I could do with hearing em' slosh for a little while longer... Oh well~”

Stomping back through the bar, Sable barged into the ladies' room. Luckily for her, it was just a single unoccupied stall, freshly cleaned and well stocked. Slamming the door and twisting the lock, she shuffled out of her rider pants, kicking them into a heap in the corner. She ripped off

her jacket, too, allowing her skin to breathe for a little while. Her heavy, reptilian tits flopped free from her undershirt, glossy with sticky sweat from a manic breeding session. Marching over to the toilet, Sable dropped her firm backside onto the porcelain, snaking her tail around the back in a comfortable position. With a husky sigh, the raptor started to loosen herself, preparing to offload her former partner's remains.

“Hope you’re as soft as you were coming out as you were going in, hun.”

With a soft clench of her intestines, the tip of a foul-smelling log of shit emerged from her anus, splashing down into the bowl with a dull plop. Another swiftly followed, sliding out of her with little difficulty. The raptor's intestines had brutalized what little had survived her stomach acids, mulching it into a uniform brown paste that flowed out of her asshole with total ease. As the pressure in her lower chest began to recede, Sable softly sighed with relief.

The sensation of shitting out one of her victims wasn't distinctly erotic to the raptor, but it was viscerally fascinating. It felt like victory. What once was an apprehensive, nervous lover had been conquered, devoured, and turned into waste for her to dispose of. Destroyed forever, what remained of Mahiri's charming curves were either absorbed into her body or packed the swelling mess of fudgy slop piling up beneath her. Pride swelled as the bowl filled, prompting Sable to idly grope her tits while she did her dirty work.

Gallons of murky shit continued to flow free from the raptor's backside, burying the white shine of the toilet bowl in filth. Even though it would soon exceed the capacity of the bowl, Sable had no intention of stopping. She gave the handle a single flush in a vain attempt to temper the damage. Predictably, the ever-expanding mound of raptor crap diminished only slightly before the toilet clogged, the plumbing irreparably packed shut. Another unfortunate casualty of Sable's hedonistic conquest.

“Mnnn... almost there...” she grunted, leaning back to force out the last chunks of waste from her colon. As they splatted into the mound beneath her, something suddenly lodged itself in her opening, clogging her up. Gritting her teeth and grunting softly Sable forcefully dilated her asshole, stretching it wide. With a concerted effort, a smooth, bulky object dropped out of her asshole, splatting down in the ruined toilet like a capstone. Mahiri's bleached, eyeless skull rested atop the muck, her feline features the only telltale markings of her final resting place. That, and the flecks of ruby, acid-bleached hair that spotted her remains.

“Ahhh... Nice job, leopard. Funny, I never caught her name...” Sable hardly regretted getting to know her victim. There was something about turning a total stranger into a mound of shit that was so deliciously depraved. Gingerly cleaning off her asscheeks with paper,

she stood up and zipped herself back into her rider's suit, washing her claws off in the sink. The whole time, she admired the mess she had produced, oddly proud of just how large it truly was. The unscrupulous mound of dino shit rose slightly above the bowl's upper lip.

“Heh. No point in it anyway. It's not like she's the first nameless barfly to pad out my tits. Mmm... She was the cutest, though~”

The moment she stepped back out into the bar, Sable was immediately beset by a dozen sets of glaring eyes, each betraying a diverse set of emotions. Some of the anthros shrank away from her, knowing full well what had just transpired to the Leopard she whisked away. They heard every moment of debauchery through the thin walls of the establishment, from her fiendish snarling to the desperate yowling of her willing victim. For that very same reason, others looked at her with jealousy, lamenting their failure to take her place as the predator. But most pervasive of all were the few furs that looked to her with wanton arousal, desperate to be the next one to be dragged out onto her motorcycle and ruined. They wordlessly stared at her with fierce blushes, gawking at her figure so plainly that Sable could have sworn they were trying to picture themselves padding it out.

The raptorress paid them all no heed, strutting out the door with a wicked smile and flicker of her tail. Tromping through the dusty soil, she straddled her motorcycle, jamming the keys into the ignition. Slotting her helmet over her head, the lights from her dashboard projected onto her visor, signaling that everything was ready for her departure. Revving the engine, she sped away from the remote bar, speeding down the highway in a blur.

This time, with a new passenger, slowly packing away in her titfat~

Mahiri wasn't conscious. At least, it didn't feel like she was. She simply existed in a state of perpetual calm, surrounded on all sides by firm, rippling warmth. In the distance, thumping far away, she could still hear Sable's heart pounding. Parts of her were privy to flickers of external sensation, be it the slickery warmth of the raptor's sweaty suit or the hot leather of the bike seat pressing against her. The dinosaur's digestive processes had distributed her everywhere, from Sable's thick, scaly tail to her compact breasts. A bit of her had even been integrated into the raptor's cock, making her shaft droop a little lower with extra weight. With no mouth to speak, she could only purr, admonishing her new existence with acceptance. A fitting final destination for the lusty leopard~

The wind whipping past her, Sable gripped the handlebars and warmly exhaled. Already, lust was building between her legs, her body readying itself for the next apprehensive slut she discovered at the bar.