

## Anniversary Meal

**Content Warning:** contains (in no particular order,) F/M sex, F/M/F threesome sex, FF/M and MF/F oral sex, F/F and M/F and F/(M/F) vore, Passively Sadistic Predator, Forced Vore, Horrible innuendos and flirtations, Graphic Meltly Digestion, a MILF drowning her sorrows, said MILF trying to vicariously reminiscence her old marriage by having sex with another couple.

The bar was steady with business, filled with the sounds of clinking of glasses and silverware, and the chit and chatter of the patrons as they gathered together around the bar counter and the television screen in the corner. It was a warm summer evening, and it being on the weekend, it was bound to be a good day for drinking and flirting.

But for Linda, a lonely ostrich all dressed up in a short sparkling red dress but nowhere to go or no one to go with, it may as well have been an empty bar in the pouring rain. "It's just not the same without you dear..." Linda said to her wine glass, idly swirling what little was left of the red wine.

"Your husband or your wine?" said the bartender, a wide and thick armed female pug.

Snapped out of her melancholic daze, Linda glared over her glass at the bartender, "Oh fuck off, Briana, you know damn well I meant Roger."

Briana only chuckled at her glare, "What, an old fling can't tease now and then? Besides, what happened to you two? It always seemed like you two were joined at the hip, or even have the same brain."

"...How was *your* husband?" replied Linda.

Their banter was interrupted by the restaurant door opening. A couple composed of male gold-yellow dog and a female white and black speckled cat had entered, and were quickly met by one of the waiters. They looked well-dressed, though still casual, matching the overall atmosphere of the restaurant.

"Hold that thought, I don't think I have seen them before..." said Linda, staring at the couple as they were led towards a table.

Briana gave Linda a knowing smile, "Smitten on sight with them, are you?"

"I believe I have..." Linda replied in a trance, her beak suddenly felt parched.

"Those two met up here actually, on a speed date night. They wouldn't look like it, but they hit off right then and there. They loved our burgers, so usually they're here for lunch on

their dates every other month or so, so I'm not surprised you missed them on your usual hunting hours."

"Enough dear, don't make me drool over them. They did just sit down to eat though, I'll have to wait before working my charms." Linda tapped her glass, "Keep my glass full in the meantime. Sparkling grapes though, I want to be sober when I make my move. Put their meal on my tab, and do you know if they ordered anything alcoholic for their meal?"

"Knowing the waitress, she'd already recommended to them our Zinfandel."

"Excellent..." Linda whispered as she licked the red wine off of her beak.

Some time had passed, some meals were eaten and drinks drained, other bar patrons were starting to leave more than were coming in, but Linda never took her eyes off the couple. The couple was oblivious to their spectator, they were more invested in each other.

When the couple's meal was reduced to a small handful of fries between their plates and a few drops in their glasses, Linda finally stood up. "Time I got to swing again." she slid some cash towards Briana, "Should cover everything, the tip, and a bit extra for finding them. Wish me luck, Briana."

"Why let luck decide?" Briana replied.

Linda confidently walked to their table, stealing a chair from a nearby table and sitting down at the couple's table in one smooth motion. "Hello dearies, did you have a wonderful dinner?"

"Oh! Yes, thank you, you are...?" said the cat.

"How forgetful of me, I'm Linda, I live just a couple blocks off from here. I just couldn't myself when I noticed how adorable you two were together! What's your name?"

"Thank you, I'm Randy, and she's Weslie." said the dog, "We're actually celebrating our first wedding anniversary together."

"Oh how so adorably romantic, your first year? Well, cheers to the beginning of a long journey together." said Linda, raising her empty hand in a toast motion, "Why, it reminds me of some of the dates my Roger used to take me. But oh how painful these wonderful nights make me without him alive anymore..."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that." Weslie said sympathetically.

Her husband nodded, "Yeah, I hate to think of what that's like."

“Pay it no mind dears, I shouldn’t have darkened the mood, it’s just my personal cost of love. But in his memory, I will get back into the ‘swing’ of things, and I do hope to make some love and new memories with new people tonight...” said Linda, elbowing Weslie.

“Wait, excuse me?” asked Weslie.

“Well me and my husband were practitioners of a ‘lifestyle’ as it were. Our hearts were together, but we were always open to sharing ourselves and each other to any who were willing to take up our *proposition* for dinner and maybe a bit more...”

Weslie started blushing at the thought, “Oh gosh, we haven’t even thought about talking to each other about stuff like that...”

“Oh of course you haven’t dear, I understand completely. You two are still young, still figuring out your life together, but I’m not asking to *replace* you or him. What I *am* asking is the opportunity of personally teaching you and your boy some new tricks, how to *really* get each other howling and purring.”

“Um, not to be rude, but it kind of sounds like... Ahem, *are* you offering to have sex with us?” Randy asked.

Linda let out a loud mirthful laugh, causing everyone in the restaurant to stare at their table, thoroughly embarrassing Randy. Linda wrapped her arm around Weslie like they were old friends, “Oh honey, did you land a real purebred himbo! So charmingly naive! Do you even wear a *thing* for him to get the message that you want to fuck?” as Weslie turned beet red, Linda turned to Randy and said, “By the way dear, yes, I AM offering to have sex with you two.”

It was Randy’s turn to turn beet red, “Well uh, thanks? I think? But like she said, we haven’t discussed anything like that before.”

“And like I said before dear, I’m not asking for a long-term commitment just yet, just a one night on-hands tutoring of what it’s like, and hopefully we’ll all learn from it. And after you’ve tried it but you two still have second thoughts, I assure you you won’t ever see me again. It is a lifestyle, but it’s not for everyone. But you’d never know if you never tried, so why not at least take a chance and ride *me*?”

Husband and wife stared at each other, a silent and nonverbal debate filled with shrugs and tilting heads. It took a minute, but they agreed, and hands held they turned to Linda and pronounced their sentence together: “We’ll give it a try.”

“Wonderful dears!” Linda cheered, “Your place or mine? My house isn’t a long walk, just two blocks. But if you feel more comfortable learning in your own home, who am I to argue?”

“Your's actually sounds good, we're still looking for a house of our own.” said Weslie, “And apartment walls *are* a bit thin...”

“Say no more dear. Shall we leave?”

“Now? But we haven't paid for-” Randy spoke up, when a mouse waitress showed up from behind the couple.

The waitress put the receipt in between the couple, “I hope you've enjoyed your meal, a fellow patron has decided to pay your tab.”

“You can say it was me dear, it's fine.” Linda smiled, drinking in the shocked and grateful reactions of the couple.

“Oh, of course Mrs. Tritz!”

“I appreciate your professionalism, Mary, but I come here often enough that you can call me Linda, dear.” said Linda, “But how about you, Mary? College going well?”

“Yes, Mrs. Tri- Linda.” said Mary, “Sorry, I shouldn't keep other customers waiting, are any of you taking leftovers home?”

“I can't speak for them, but / have no need, dear,” Linda put her arms around the blushing couple, “because I have my dessert right here~.”

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“And here we are! My humble abode of sex and debachery!” Linda declared as she swung the door open.

Weslie giggled as she walked inside, “Looks cozy for a ‘abode of sex and debachery.’ We were actually looking at a few places that looked like this.”

“Yeah, this reminds me of my folk's place.” said Randy as he walked in.

“Thank you, I just stole that bit from a previous neighbor. She didn't appreciate me and my husband's lifestyle. Fortunately for us, she's no longer in town.” Linda said as she closed the door, subconsciously rubbing her gut.

Weslie saw a large collection of photos above the mantelpiece, all presented in a custom frame that looked like a tree that held each photo in its branches, with a photo of just Linda and Roger in the tree trunk. “Family tree?” Weslie asked, as she walked over to get a closer look.

“Of a sort,” said Linda, “Notable partners that we’ve met and biblically known over the years.”

It was a bit obvious now that Weslie looked closer and saw the large variety of animals represented in the photos. “Hey, that pug looks like the bartender back at the bar.” Randy pointed at a photo, depicting Linda, Roger, Briana, and an unknown larger pug.

“That’s because it *is* her,” said Linda, “well, her and her husband here. We wouldn’t have met even half of these wonderful people without them getting us in contact with couples who shared similar lifestyles throughout the states. And she’s one of the few people I can count on one hand that can make me *beg* to eat her out and I’d enjoy it.”

“Gosh, there are a lot of people in these photos...” Randy said as he looked all over the tree of photos.

“A life well lived if I do say so myself. But that’s for another time, I invited you two to fuck me, not to regale my life. The bedroom is this way.” Linda spun the couple around and practically shoved them towards the bedroom.

The master bedroom was massive, with a similarly massive red and pink covered bed with the headboard against the back wall. It had small white arches all along the sides holding up the mattress, instead of a leg at each corner. “Wow, never seen a bed that size before!” said Randy.

“Impressed? It’s an Alaska King. Large enough for ten people to have their fun on it. And trust me, I know from personal experience.” Linda nodded as she walked past them towards the bed.

“Sounds like it’d get pretty lonely sleeping by yourself though...” said Weslie.

“That’s why I try not to, dear.” Linda turned her head, smiled back and winked.

“So... Do you just want us to get down to it?” Randy asked.

“Oh you poor impatient dears, sex is just a part of the formula of a long-lasting and satisfactory sexual relationship. You’ll resent even your most favorite meal if you don’t change your habits every once in a while.” Keeping her back to the couple, Linda reached up and undid the clasp of her dress on the back of her neck, and held up the strings over her shoulders. “Now if you want to know how to *really* make love, it’s all about the foreplay and... the anticipation.” Linda let go of the strings at the last word, the dress now freely slipped off of her body and down her legs, leaving Linda bare naked except for her thong and heels. She slowly bent forward, tail feathers fanning out, groping her own ass before she grabbed the strings of her thong on her

sides and pulled them down towards her feet. When the thong reached her ankles, she stepped out of her heels and thong, and left them behind, surrounded by her discarded dress. Linda stood back up and walked slowly to the bed, letting her body jiggle with every step, and sat down at the edge of the bed with her left leg crossed over her right knee.

The couple before her gawped, Weslie's purse hitting the floor at the same time as their jaws, their mutual arousal clearly evident.

"You... you were wearing only all that at the bar?!" Weslie finally said.

Linda giggled, "Like I said, I try not to sleep alone." She switched which legs were crossing, giving them a brief sight of her vagina. "Who wants to show off first?"

"I guess I will." Randy said, pulling up his polo shirt quickly.

"Easy there dear, I said show off, not tear off." said Linda, "Remember, anticipation; let us soak in your handsome body as you undress."

Randy let a good natured laugh escape as he slowed down, "Right, got it." He didn't think his body was particularly that handsome, especially without his shirt somewhat helping him hold in his slightly pudgy belly, extra weight from not exercising and sitting around for most of his desk job. He knew Weslie didn't care too much about it, and he in turn cared more about Weslie than whatever shape her body was. But it wasn't just Weslie he was having sex tonight, it was Linda, an acquaintance who they only just met tonight.

At the very least, Linda was very encouraging, letting out a whistle as Randy dropped his dress pants and slowly pulled his boxers down, teasing his erect rod before it sprung forward. "There you go dear, now bring that sausage of yours over to mama's." Linda patted a spot next to her. "Weslie dear, I believe you have something to share with everyone~?"

Weslie herself felt self-conscious, she couldn't help comparing her own body to Linda's voluptuous curves. Only Weslie's hips were comparable to Linda's assets, so Weslie decided to lean into it, turning around and mooning her audience as she shed her skirt. She slowly twerked her ass, tail swishing side to side as well, as her panties and stockings slid down her legs.

"Mmm, aren't you a lucky boy to have her." Linda playfully and sensually whispered into Randy's ear, "Such a round juicy peach, I might have to steal a bite~"

Randy couldn't help but blush like it was the honeymoon all over again, both from Linda's complimenting them, and from watching Weslie swinging her body towards them before pulling off her sweater and then unbuttoning her dress shirt to shed it off to the floor. Reaching her back, she unclasped her bra, rolling it off of her shoulders and sliding it down and off her

arms in a smooth motion. Now completely undressed, she started walking with her hips and tail swaying over to her husband.

“Uh oh~ I don’t mean to alarm you Randy, but I think that cat is on the hunt for you~” Linda teased. Improvising it as a cue, Weslie started walking on all fours like she was prowling around on a hunt, purring loud enough for everyone to hear.

“Heheh, oh no, easy there big girl, I don’t think I have any treats for you.” Randy said as he scooted and leaned back to brace for the inevitable pounce.

“Rah!” Weslie cried out as she jumped towards him, only landing in between his spread legs and her hands groping his thighs. “Mmm, I think you’re a lying dog, because you obviously have some meat and nuts for me~” Weslie teased before she started licking his nutsack.

“Oh! How daring dearies, I’ve had experience eating pussy, but not having pussy eat me. Are you sure you want a rough tongue in such sensitive places?” Linda said as she watched Weslie work her tongue all over before slurping along Randy’s dick.

“We-we’ve actually done this befo-fuuu-ahhh~!” Randy tried to say before Weslie went down on his dick, biting his bottom lip hard. “Y-yeah, she’s really careful about being too rough with it, but it feels so good.”

“Must be, if you were so close to nutting in one suck.” Linda noted as she slipped behind him to cradle his head in her breasts, and started sensually playing with his torso.

Randy’s voice hitched and stuttered as he kept his eyes on his wife, feeling the pressure in his dick increase as she bobbed up to his tip and down to his crotch and balls. “Yeah, especially when she’s all purr-her-her-ah~ It’s like she’s a living vibrator.”

Linda hummed as she listened to him and felt his subtle shivers. Practiced or not, he was certain to come soon. Or he would have, had Linda not suddenly stop Weslie by booping her on the nose and holding her there. The couple looked up at Linda in confusion as she spoke up, “How about you and him switch, it seems unfair that he does not work for his orgasm. You *do* know how to eat your pussycat’s pussy, right?”

Randy nodded as he shuffled off the bed as Weslie climbed up it. As Randy got down on his knees in front of Weslie, she spread her legs, the aroma of her arousal hitting his nostrils instantly. He stroked along the folds of her flower, spreading it open before he plunged two fingers inside to stroke her internal spots. Weslie’s toes curled as she rumbled loudly as she breathed out, “Mmm, right~ Randy baby, right there...” Randy smiled as he took out his fingers and started lapping up Weslie’s cunt, rolling the clit a bit before going back down. “Mmm, come on~” Weslie soon whined with need, wrapping her legs around his head as she grinded against his face, “Put your tongue inside me~!” He didn’t need to be told twice, slipping his tongue into

her vaginal hole and finding her G-spot again. Weslie eventually rewarded his efforts with a shrill cry of her orgasms, filling his mouth with her juices.

Weslie panted as she mouthed the words, "Fuck me" to her husband. Randy didn't need to actually hear the words to know what she needed; he kissed along her body as he stood up, his hard cock in hand ready to slide into his wonderful wife's cunt. When Randy finally made his kissing hike all the way up to Weslie's lips, she pushed herself onto Randy, wrapping her arms around his head and playing with his hair as she kissed him like she was starving.

Randy relaxed and let his mouth be toyed by his wife, and focused on aligning his dick to Weslie's vagina. Feeling the opening he wanted, Randy thrust, pushed, and climbed into bed in one smooth motion, pushing Weslie onto her back. Their kiss broke, the couple breathing sharply together as they started to rhythmically thrust together, lost in each other's wonderful eyes. Then it was Randy's turn to hungrily kiss Weslie, tongue eager to lap and wrestle with his wife's. Their moans became as intertwined as their bodies, eventually pitching higher and higher as they mutually climbed to their climax.

Their thrusts stopped to the soft splatter and squelching of mixed cum inside of Weslie. There was a moment where the only sound in the room was their exhausted breathing. Randy started to pull himself out but was pulled into a tight hug by his loudly purring wife who whispered softly, "No no, leave it in."

"Mmm, love you too honey."

"You too..."

"Mmm, you two look so lovely together..." Linda murmured, startling Randy and Weslie and drawing their attention to Linda lying down on the bed near the headboard, perpendicular to the couple, who was shamelessly and relaxedly playing with her own clit and pussy.

To the couple's shared embarrassment, they had completely forgotten they had been fucking in someone else's home with said homeowner spectating them. "Sorry, we kind of got carried away..." Randy spoke up.

"Sorry?" Linda giggled, lifting her hips and spreading open her soaking wet pussy feathered fingers to draw the couple's attention. "Don't apologize for putting on such a deliciously good show, dears. Apologize only if you don't satisfy *my* lusts." Linda said, winking both with her eyes and with her pussy. She sat up, "Randy, get on your back, rest your head on this pillow near me. Weslie, you can stay there."

The couple complied with Linda's commands quickly. Linda swung her left leg over Randy's head, now sitting over him with her knees to his sides and her ass held over him. "I'm going to sit down, you be a good boy and show me how much you know about licking pussy."



Don't be afraid to play with my ass as well, but pinch me if you need to breathe, dear." Randy responded by holding onto each of Linda's buttocks.

"As for you, dear, sit like me over your man's hips." Linda said to Weslie. Weslie swung her leg over, mirroring Linda's sitting, except with her hips hovering over Randy's dick. "Good, just like that. Now you're going to slowly slide yourself back onto that dick and ride it, making sure not to misalign and crush it under your weight; don't want to interrupt this night with a visit to the ER."

Weslie slowly, and nervously from Linda's warning, sat down, Randy's dick sliding back into her pussy again. "Like this, right?"

"Perfect." Linda said smiling, putting her hands on Weslie's shoulders, "Now you're going to thrust up and down on it like you were doing before, while you show me personally what a good kisser you are."

Linda leaned her head forward, beak slightly agape. Weslie mirrored, putting her hands on Linda's shoulders, and met her beak with her mouth. Weslie flinched when Linda lunged and clamped her beak sideways over Weslie's mouth and cheeks, but she relaxed when she felt Linda's tongue try to slip through Weslie's lips. Weslie opened her mouth, allowing their tongues to meet and intertwine.

The threesome settles into a rhythm that goes like this; Weslie slowly lifts herself up Randy's dick, up to the tip of his dick still inside, pushing herself into her and Linda's kissing. Linda receives, letting Weslie's tongue dominate and explores Linda's mouth for a while, and gently sits on top of Randy's mouth, grinding her pussy along his chin and lips. Randy eagerly licks, finding Linda's clit hidden among the soft dark brown feathers, he alternates between rolling the clit on his tongue and pushing his tongue into the vaginal opening and licking along its insides.

Moaning with pleasure, Linda would lift herself up off of Randy's mouth, but still tantalizingly close enough for him to drown in her feminine musk. As she does, she pushes back against Weslie's kiss, stealing back control to play with her mouth. Weslie leans back from the kiss, sliding back down Randy's dick all the way down to his crotch. All the while, this seesaw rhythm of sex is accentuated with everyone's wandering and groping hands; playing with each other's thighs, breasts, buttocks, and hands. They didn't speak, the only sounds they made that filled the room were the wet sounds of genitals sliding up and down, licking and kissing, the occasional playful slap, and the pleased moans of affirmation and arousal. Their mutual love making lasts for quite a while, Weslie and Randy had a hard time remembering a more pleasurable slow burn of lust than this.

Linda had a dark chuckle to herself, her experience telling her that the young couple were nearing orgasm. Weslie started to have trouble kissing, her mouth hanging slack from

moaning. Randy had trouble catching his breath with it being full of pussy, but he was still eagerly thrusting his hips up in time with Weslie. Linda stopped kissing, but held Weslie's arms tight against her sides, and helped Weslie thrust up and down to keep up with Randy's thrusts. No longer kissing, Weslie mewled and moaned into the air, her head swimming from the hormones.

Weslie looks so cute, getting fucked out of her mind... cute enough to eat on the spot, Linda mused. "Weslie?" Linda whispered, "how are you feeling dear?"

"Oh god, so good..." Weslie moaned and mumbled, "I think I'm gonna cum soon, Randy might too..."

"Mmm, you all are doing wonderful, dear," Linda praised, "but I need you to do something for me. Close your eyes."

Weslie did so, and leaned forward.

Linda opened her beak wide and lunged, swallowing Weslie's head in one motion.

Weslie's eyes blinked open, she stared dumbstruck at the dark wet flesh surrounding her. She didn't know what to expect, but getting her head wrapped in what she thought was a wet, smelly, and tight sleeping bag wasn't one of them. "Linda? What's going on?"

The only response she got was the echoing sound of a swallow, and the wet feeling she felt around her head now going down past her shoulders, reaching into her cleavage. Weslie squirmed as she felt Linda's tongue slip out and lap at Weslie's breasts.

"Linda? Randy? What are you doing?" Weslie said, trying to pull herself out of this tube, but Linda had pinned Weslie's arms by the elbow to her sides, and was still thrusting her up and down Randy's dick.

Linda let a moan escape as she mercilessly tasted Weslie. The young girl was just so oblivious to how delicious she was, Linda counted her lucky stars no one had eaten Weslie first! She even considered slowing down to truly enjoy the meal, but decided to err on the side of caution and swallowed, now down to Weslie's belly. Linda's tongue tickled Weslie as it lapped and played with the belly button. Linda's grip shifted down to the wrists, roughly groping Weslie's rear as Linda moaned.

The bizarre reality finally sunk into Weslie; she was being eaten alive. "Randy! Anyone! Help!" Weslie screamed, her squirms in a frenzy now. However, it was a bit late to free herself, what with being half-way in Linda's throat, and forced to fuck her oblivious husband. She had her legs, but with how little room she was allowed to move, even kicking was an awkward and useless struggle.

Randy groaned, oblivious to Weslie's plight, thinking the squirms and muffled cries were just her getting too carried away from sexual bliss. The sudden jerking made it worse, Randy was about to say something when Linda sat down again, this time pinning his head down.

In the meantime, Linda forced another swallow and now her beak was past Weslie's hips, almost touching Randy's crotch. With Weslie's arms almost completely inside Linda's throat, she now shifted her grip to the thighs, holding Weslie's legs as Linda straightened her out and resumed the forced dick ride. Hungrily and lustily Linda licked along Weslie's crotch, giggling to herself as she felt Weslie shudder in response.

Despite the earlier discomfort, Randy felt he was getting close to cumming again as the thrusting resumed. And despite herself and her situation, Weslie was feeling the same way, but she still cried out, "Randy-ah! st-stop! I'm-I'm getting eaten! Help!"

Randy was deaf to her pleas, muffled as they were, he was still thinking they were orgasmic moans into Linda's kiss. In a sense, that was true, Weslie was orgasming despite herself and it was a deep kiss from Linda. Regardless, Randy continued thrusting up and into Weslie's pussy. He tried to also give some attention to Linda's pussy with his tongue, but his incoming orgasm and Linda's large feathered ass limited his air, all he could manage was huffing and weakly licking. Linda didn't mind, she was far more turned on by Weslie's flavor anyway, but gave an encouraging grind to his face anyway.

"Heh-heh-halp! Stop fuck-fuh-fwuh-aaahhh~!!!" Weslie squealed as Randy came, Linda pushed Weslie's hips down, and she orgasmed to the feeling of her husband's dick and sperm filling her up completely. She nearly passed out, staring dazedly down Linda's throat, precious little air was left from her screaming. Even as she felt Linda lifted her off of Randy's dick and then up and up over Linda's head, Weslie was limp as she slid down the throat.

Linda enjoyed the slow relaxed slide of her defeated prey, it allowed her to taste Weslie's cream pie and cum-covered thighs and legs at her own pace, while she didn't have to put effort into actively swallowing. She can't be too slow though, she wanted Randy up and kicking for what came next. When Weslie's feet slipped into Linda's mouth, she closed her beak around them, clenched her throat to hold Weslie in place as Linda licked all over her feet.

Inside, Weslie groaned at her humiliation, treated barely more than meat. But as the throat muscles parted around her head and shoulders to reveal the stomach, the stinging stench of acids roused and reminded her just what the position of meat entailed. With renewed strength Weslie screamed as she squirmed, trying to find a way to push herself back up and out the throat. However, what she accomplished was the opposite; her kicking and shifting gagged Linda, causing her to swallow Weslie the rest of the way to clear her throat.

Linda hiccuped and burped loudly as she felt Weslie tumble down, "Oops~" Linda said, though less about herself and more towards her prey. "Oh that felt so good though." Linda sighed with relief, massaging her squirming belly as Weslie was forced to curl up inside. Linda lifted herself off of Randy's face.

"That felt amazing..." Randy coughed, breathing fresh air again, "How about you honey?" His eyes readjusted to the light, and Randy was immediately confused. "Wait, where is she?"

"Oh, don't you worry about your wife, dear, she's right here." Linda swung herself over to sitting herself down on top of him again, this time on top of his hips and her bloated belly resting on his. Randy stared dumbstruck at Linda's new strangely shaped and bloated gut, which was making decidedly not-stomach-like movement and noises as well. He opened his mouth to ask what was going on, when Linda forced her beak inside his mouth and pried it open, a strange kiss to be sure. Randy got his answer when he felt Weslie's feet and legs starting to slide out of Linda's mouth and down his. He gagged, and tried to push Linda off, but she held him tightly, cooing and moaning to herself despite Randy and Weslie's shared horror.

Randy groaned and tried to scream despite Linda's deep kiss as he felt his jaws being unnaturally pushed beyond their limit as Weslie's wide thighs and hips emerged out of Linda's throat and pushed down Randy's. He choked, reflexively trying to puke out the unwanted meal, but Linda's practiced throat muscles proved to be stronger, until Weslie's hips got stuck in the back of Randy's throat and forced a stalemate. Linda readjusted, keeping one hand on the back of Randy's head as she pulled him sitting upright as she stood over him. Now with gravity assisting her, she started thrust up and down Weslie's body, like she was deep throating a massive dick instead of the upper torso of a cat.

Inside mouths and throats, Weslie felt herself being crushed between Linda's pressing throat muscles and her own hips locked against Randy's jaw bones, the force threatening to snap either couple's bones. Weslie could feel with her toes that they were already down and into Randy's stomach, flinching as she squashed down digested burger and fries with her feet and splashed the stomach acids all over them, but she needed a foothold to push back up against Linda. Weslie's struggling proved to be her undoing again, as when she shifted, she unwittingly unwedged her hips, and suddenly was pushed screaming all the way down to her shoulders in her husband's throat, arms uselessly over her head trying to find a hand hold in either person's mouths.

No longer muffled by Linda's body, Weslie cries and screams were all too loud and clear to Randy as she was crammed down, hands crushed inside Linda's beak for good measure. Randy spasmed weakly, still reactively trying to puke his wife out, but he was losing his strength from suffocation. He reached up to push Linda off, but Linda quickly put her whole weight on his body and held him down by his arms. Linda only got off of him after she had forced Randy's mouth to swallow Weslie's fingers.

Weslie's screams were drowned out by the sounds of her husband, coughing and gagging for air. "Oh God what the fuck..." Randy managed to choke out as he massaged his jaw. His mind was swimming, trying to excuse what was going on. It had to be a nightmare, it just had to! But the painful struggles of his wife just below his skin, her screams reverberating throughout his body, it was all too real and terrible.

"You're a natural is what!" Linda said cheerfully, using her hands to guide Randy's in massaging his writhing belly. "Granted your honey was a bit on the skinny side, but her hips didn't lie and you still chowed them down like a real champ!"

"You... I... I ate her..." Randy weakly mumbled, the reality settling in.

"And how did she taste? I don't *usually* mean to completely swallow anyone whole if I mean to feed them to someone else, but your dear was a real fighter. Not that such resistance actually helps, if anything it makes digestion faster. I just always worry about leaving them simmering in my gut too long, they never taste right if they're half-digested." Linda explained all too casually, like she was a contestant on a baking show explaining her creative process to judges.

"Are you crazy?! Now *I'm* going to digest her! Get her out of me!"

"Oh hush dear, me and my husband did this all the time! We'll worry about your dear wife as soon as I've had my turn riding on that cock of yours." Linda said, as she aligned Randy's dick to her pussy, and then thrust down.

While there were subtle differences between Weslie and Linda's vaginal walls, it was still warm and inviting to Randy's dick, pleasuring and shaming him. It felt just as good as it did when he was fucking his wife, just moments ago. He mumbled and groaned his protests, pleading Linda to just stop fucking him for a second and help him get Weslie out. He even tried to push her off, but all that seemed to do was grope Linda's large soft breasts. Weslie's squirms and struggles weren't helping either, making him feel so sick, so full, so in pain, his head was swimming with all these emotions.

"Feels good doesn't it? All your body knows is that sex is sex, doesn't matter who you're fucking, right?"

Randy came inside Linda, almost as a response.

"Ugh, don't you know it's rude to cum before a woman does? And so soon too?" Linda said, with playful and mocking disgust.

"You can't be serious..." Randy wheezed quietly.

“I will forgive you once, dear, if only because of your inexperience fucking a old bird like me. But I still need my fun, so make. Me. CUM.”

With every thrust, Weslie was being splashed with Randy’s stomach acids, each time she yelped and hissed as she felt a patch of fur here and some skin there slide off of her body. She couldn’t feel her tail anymore. Or, she did, it was detached from her body and was washed back onto her belly with a splash. In what little light that passed through Randy’s stomach wall and skin, Weslie could still see that her tail was falling apart like a noodle that was soaked in broth for too long, soon breaking up with another splash of acids and becoming indistinguishable from the white, black, and red sludge that was growing around Weslie. She didn’t want to think how raw and bare her back must be, she didn’t want to think of how little time she had left before all she would be is melted meat and fur. She had to get out by any means possible.

Weslie couldn’t stand up, not with the stomach constantly sloshing from sex or the slick mucus lining, but she did manage to roll herself so that her back was facing the ceiling, and her legs now straddling Randy’s sides. She could feel her calves melting and fusing into her thighs, she wasn’t sure if she could move them again. Her hands lost their dexterity as well, but she still had her arms, and used them to push herself to sit upright. Outside, Randy stifled his groans as he felt Weslie’s shifting movements, his stomach starting to stretch as Weslie pushed herself up, his feeling and knowing that he was going to rip in half if she made it all the way upright. He knew that was the point, and if it meant Weslie potentially living, he will gladly take the pain of having his stomach ripped open rather than having him digest his wife.

Linda was not so inclined. “Settle down, dear.” Linda said as she body-slammed Weslie back down, crushing her and Randy. “I did say I didn’t want to interrupt this night with a visit to the ER.” Linda said as she squeezed Randy in with a tight hug, smothering him with her bountiful breasts while also crushing the ribs of both Randy and Weslie with Linda’s surprising strength.

Randy was too busy suffocating and being dizzy from the crushing pain to point out the dark irony. Weslie couldn’t hear over her own renewed screaming as she felt the fur and skin of her face starting to slough off into the stew of melted flesh and acids.

Linda couldn’t care less, and was moaning to and over the sounds of despair. “Oh I can feel it now, dear, I’m getting close!” Linda said. Randy whimpered as he felt Linda resume riding his dick faster and started humping Weslie as well.

“Ran... dy...” Weslie raspily whispered, her throat was scoured hoarse from swallowing the acids. The last of her strength used, her eyes rolled back into her head as she slumped into the sloshing acids of her own husband’s stomach.

“Please...” Randy wheezed, not sure if he was exhausted from screaming, or from Linda’s insatiable sex drive. He couldn’t feel his legs, his arms laid weakly at his sides.

“Yes, yes, yes! Fuck me, you apex predator~!” Linda moaned as she shuddered to Weslie’s last twitches, Linda’s cum gushing out all around Randy’s dick. “That felt good~” Linda moaned as she sat up again, releasing Randy from her chest.

“No more...” He whined.

“Aw, poor puppy is all tuckered out? Fine, let’s check on your wife and see how she’s fairing.” Linda put her head on Randy’s stomach and called out, “Weslie? Are you awake?” Linda rubbed her hands over Randy’s groaning but still stomach, and found the bulge of Weslie’s head. Linda smiled darkly, but playfully said, “Come on, let’s get you out so you can have a turn with your Randy, okay dear?” She playfully slapped the bulge. A wet squelch was heard, the bulge went sideways before breaking off and collapsing into the rest of the stomach contents. “Oops! Looks like Weslie didn’t quite have the constitution for this lifestyle, or your stomach for that matter...”

“No... no, please! Weslie!” Randy cried out.

The only thing that responded back was Randy’s stomach, groaning from the large amount of meat and bone it had to process now.

“No... She’s... gone...” The only thing Randy could do was drop his head back down, his tears blinding him and soaking his pillow.

“A real shame too,” Linda said, hands still rubbing over and softly kneading Randy’s belly, “she looked so promising; I wanted to see if she could fit you inside of her too. Alas, some people were just meant to be food for others. Be happy that little delectable wife of yours was meant to be *your* food.”

“That... that ‘food’ was still my wife!” Randy rasped.

“Oh I know how you feel dear, it’s a bittersweet sorrow to consume someone as close as your own spouse.” Linda said wistfully. “Of course I don’t exactly regret eating mine, I only wish I could have someone like Roger more than once in a lifetime.”

“You mean- you ate him?! You’re a sick monster!”

“Aw, the pot calling the kettle black.” Linda replied with her sweet voice, Randy now finding it sickening, “Afterall, you’re the one who ate your wife.”

“You’re the one who forced her down my throat!”

“And you may as well blame her for being so soft and delicious, or yourself for having such a ravenous stomach, or nature for having the dichotomy of predator and prey, or literally anything else.” Linda said casually, like she was explaining this to a child. “It wouldn’t make a difference, your wife is now just food.”

Randy’s stomach couldn’t have picked a worse time, or better in Linda’s opinion, to growl almost in agreement with Linda’s callous statement.

“You really are a natural predator dear, I really do mean it.” Linda said as she wiped a tear off of Randy’s face. “A natural fit for this lifestyle. Perhaps you’ll-”

“Fuck off with your ‘lifestyle’, you sick murderer!” Randy swung his right fist at Linda’s face, but she caught it by his wrist. Randy tried to pull away, but found Linda’s grip surprisingly strong. He swung with his other fist, Linda also caught it by the wrist just as easily with her other hand.

“Could’ve just said no, you didn’t have to be so rude about it.” Linda said, her sadistic smile widening as she crushed his wrists, eliciting a scream from him. “Nevertheless, I will uphold my promise that you’ll never see me again... or anything else for that matter.” Linda opened her beak wide, and easily slid Randy’s arms into it.

“Oh god, no please stop, pl-mmmph!” Randy said, as his arms and head were rapidly shoveled into Linda’s gluttonous maw.

With Randy’s head inside her throat, Linda allowed herself to moan loudly from his taste, Randy shuddering from the noise echoing all around him. Still riding his cock this entire time, Linda started thrusting up and down it again, and groped shamelessly at anything she hadn’t yet swallowed of Randy. She darkly chuckled as she felt his dick harden again inside of her pussy. With each thrust she was slowly pushing her head down around Randy’s shoulders, and past them, past his pecs, down his ribs, until she met the Weslie-filled belly. Linda quickened her pace riding Randy’s dick, taking special pleasure hearing Randy panting inside of her again.

“Please... stop...” Randy whined, but he couldn’t stop the fact that his body was aroused despite being eaten alive.

Linda hugged tight, grinding her slightly doughy stomach against Randy’s taut and bloated gut. Squirming prey was the best in Linda’s opinion, but there was still pleasure to be milked for herself of feeling a prey being crushed and digested inside another’s guts. She moaned as she heard the snapping of weakened bones, and Randy’s subsequent shuddering sobs.



Soon this torturous arousal was too much, and Randy shuddered, “Oh God-!” He came again. Inside of this murderous monster of a bird that had doomed his wife. And this monster was all too eager to end him the same way.

Linda let him know it too with a deep reverberating giggle. Keeping her head around Randy, she lifted herself off of his dick, groped his ass hard as she then lifted him above her. She swallowed, and again and again, easily devouring Randy’s engorged and sloshing belly. Linda shamelessly toyed with Randy’s dick one last time with her tongue, licking every bit of cum as she enjoyed the exhausted whines of her prey, before swallowing his hips. She moaned deeply, not repressed as she did when she ate Weslie, not out of sadistic dominance over Randy earlier, but unfiltered and raw arousal from feeling herself stretched out from prey again, knowing full well there was no chance of escape now.

Laying down on her back, Linda patted Randy’s form with one hand, the other slipping between her legs. “Mmm, yes, finally! Aaahhh~!” She sprayed a load of cum across the bed. “Dear, I thought you were a natural predator, but this? You were an absolutely, delightfully, *delicious* prey. Clearly, you were meant to be food for me.”

“Please... no...” Randy whined, only mustering the strength to right himself with his head towards the stomach entrance. He tried to shuffle into and up the throat, but the way was clenched tightly shut.

“Don’t bother, dear,” Linda smacked Randy back down, “I’ve lived this lifestyle for a long while, probably even before your parents overcame their fear of cooties... Though that has me wondering if flavor runs in both of your and your wife’s families...”

Randy shook his head to get rid of the acids, not noticing the tufts of fur or one of his ears falling off and into the acids, which quickly melted and became indistinguishable from the rising acids. He reached out towards the stomach entrance again, but he saw in the dim light that his fingers had melted already, looking like gastly candles of wax flesh and wicks of bones. He screamed in horror, and what little air inside the stomach burned his lungs from the inside with the fumes of the stomach acids.

It had felt like a damned eternity feeling his wife digest inside of him, but inside Linda it was obvious that she would make short work of him. He wasn’t sure if he’d even live long enough to get help even if he miraculously escaped at this very moment. Then he thought of Linda’s unsubtle threat of doing the same to his and Weslie’s families, all because they just happened to hookup with a random old wino... Randy gathered burning breath and wheezed out as he clawed up again, “Please... stop... don’t...”

“Oh I’ll keep on eating and living until the day I die, dear.” Linda said, unable to actually see Randy melting inside of her, but she had a creative enough imagination to know Randy’s current state. She shook her head, “Ah, look at me, wasting my breath as if my food is still a

person. But I feel so close again...” Her hand massaging her belly was now playing with her breasts, the other hand dug deeper into her pussy, her breaths rapid. Her hips swung up and down again, sloshing and rolling her belly, her breasts smacking against it as they followed the wave of sadistic and hedonistic pleasure.

Randy was growing numb to almost everything around him, with the constant sloshing of Linda’s acids rolling him around and melting away his limbs into mush. In fact, he often only realized when a limb was gone when it detached and would slap against his head before it fell apart from the impact. It was far easier to count what little he could still feel, which was his head. Even then, he was so dazed from pain and lack of air that he didn’t even realize that 1) he was now neck deep in the acids, and 2) his stomach had tore open until he faintly saw the skull of his wife bobbing up next to him. He would’ve screamed again had he the energy, but now he sighed his last breath, and joined his wife.

Linda meanwhile gasped and moaned loudly, head spinning with pleasure. She had no idea when Randy finally expired, she was still building up her orgasm to climax. She felt a bubble of gas travel up her throat, but deep in her throes of orgasm she couldn’t help but belch and moan at the same time as she sprayed a great deal of cum all over her bed. And with that release, she collapsed back down on her bed.

“Delicious...” Linda moaned as she reveled in the post-sex post-vore smell for a moment. “You two *finally* satisfied my lusts,” Linda mused as her hands explored her now soft belly, “too bad it took getting yourselves eaten. Ah! There I go again, treating food as people again!” she playfully chided herself, patting her belly. Getting off of the bed, she walked over to the discarded clothing of the couple, experience made her uninhibited by the weight of the said couple sloshing together inside her torso.

Searching their pockets and purse didn’t take too long, their phones and wallets were easy pickings. She smiled as she turned on the phones, the naive dears didn’t even bother setting up lock screens! Scrolling through each of their contacts, she licked her beak at the sight of each profile picture of their friends and families, reading each and every entry as a dinner menu from competing restaurants, affectionately patting her eternally ravenous stomach as it growled again.

“You know Roger, I might miss you oh so much, but it looks like I’m not hopeless without you either...” Linda said out loud, turning off the phones, the bedroom lights, and fell onto her bed, blissfully going to sleep to the sounds of her stomach.