

Bus Stopped

A writing commission by Saybingryph

Rain quietly trickles down, lightly pitter-pattering against the overhang of the bus stop nearest to the grocery store. The only light sources were the blindingly bright sign of the store in the distance, a single lamp beside the bus stop, and the rare car that may pass by. Given the somewhat remote location of the store, the bus would only arrive every few hours, generating a small queue of strangers trying to get from one place to another before the bus stops running for the day. A sole giraffe girl sat on one end of the bench, while an interesting pairing of a llama-like guanaco and a leashed feral goat were positioned at the other end. The giraffe casually sent a few text messages out claiming that she'll try to be back soon, side-eyeing the interesting sight of the guanaco and the unusual goat. "Hey there. If you don't mind me asking, what's up with the goat? Can't say I see something like that every day." She slightly chuckled, watching as the leashed goat stepped up towards her, rubbing the fur of her light and dark fur against the giraffe's hand to greet her.

The guanaco gave a simple chuckle. "Oh, don't mind her, that's just my girl Chamomile. Gotta keep her on a leash due to some old, outdated law, but she's just as smart and affectionate as me and you. Say hello, Cammy!" He replied, walking over towards the giraffe and adjusting the strap of his top, revealing a bit of his white bra and silicone breast inserts for a brief moment before fixing it. The giraffe would appear surprised as a strange device around the goat's neck lights up for a moment. "Hello!" Chamomile would reply with the assistance of the odd device, her stubby tail wagging as she sniffs the giraffe up and down. "Well, it's still a bit weird to me, but I like her! Is she your pet? By the way, my name's Mallory." The giraffe inquires, scritchng the underside of Chamomile's ear, much to her pleasure.

The guanaco shifts his weight from one side to another, hand loosely holding the leash as he lets the goat do whatever she pleases. "I'm Santiago, pleasure to meet you. And for your information, she is currently in a relationship with me. Never in my years have I ever met anyone with so much in common with me..." He swooned, leaning down to give his lover a smooch on the head, causing Mallory to give a slight giggle in return. "Okay, very weird. But if you two are happy with each other, I don't see any reason to judge." She chuckled, leaning down with her long neck to give a slight hug to the goat, leading to the device lighting up again. "He's just as kinky as I am!" The goat would shamelessly respond, leading to an awkward moment of silence between the three of them... Followed by an eruption of laughter from all three. "Whatever happens between the two of you in bed is none of my business." The chuckling giraffe concludes.

Santiago continued to rub Cammy's head, slightly red in the face from her comment. "She can be mildly blunt sometimes, but I'd say that's part of her charm. Quadrupeds as intelligent as her are a bit of a rarity, you know." He continues, getting down on his knees to hug the caprine and keep her from bugging the giraffe for much longer. The amused giraffe takes a picture of the intelligent goat, probably to brag about the fascinating encounter a bit later on. "It's fine! She's a real cutie, you know that? Not everyone is as lucky as you are." Mallory replied, watching as Chamomile hops up onto the bench to circle around, before lying down and resting.

The anthropomorphic pair continued to chat for a bit as the rain continued to come down, with the goat opting to rest her hooves. The genderfluid guacano was really getting to know the giraffe better and vice versa, given that there was little else to do until the next bus arrived. However long that would take. But even then, the pair would eventually run dry of conversational topics as they sat around in eventual silence, keeping to themselves as they internally wondered when the bus might arrive.

It was at that point when something unexpected would occur. Seemingly out of nowhere, another figure would make itself known, sipping out of a plastic bottle. Judging by the throat-clearing grunt, the figure was a rather gruff female, and stepping into the dim light of the bus stop would only further accentuate this. She was tall, though not quite as tall as the giraffe, and it definitely looked like she exercised. She was a wolf with dark fur in a short skirt, standing right between the goat and the giraffe as she waited for the bus to arrive. She flashes a glance to the guacano first. "Hey. I'm Rebecca." The wolf greets, dropping the empty soda bottle into a nearly-overflowing trash bin beside the bus stop. Turning her head to the giraffe, she'd also give a wave. Both of the other anthropomorphic occupants of the bus stop would be somewhat stunned by her appearance, though Santiago would do his best to avoid making this too apparent, lest he make Chamomile jealous.

Fortunately, the goat seemed to like the new arrival just about as much as the others. It wouldn't be long before she was perking up and looking right up the wolfess's short skirt from behind, before getting back up onto her feet and rubbing up against her. The wolf hadn't quite noticed the goat there until she stood up, a grin curling on her snout as she reciprocated the affection of the goat with many scratches and pats. "I hope Cammy isn't bothering you, Rebecca! I know she can get rather clingy." Santiago chuckled, watching the goat showering the wolfess in licks and love.

"Far from a problem." Rebecca flatly replies, glancing back at the minus-shaped pupils of the eager goat gal, whose device would soon light up once more. "Good, because I don't want to stop!" Cammy would reply, full of joy from meeting the new

wolfess. A slight rumble would occur within Rebecca's midsection, indicating a tinge of hunger. Wherever she got that drink from earlier, it didn't appear that she got any food to go with it. Perhaps intentionally so... Soon, Chamomile would be eagerly nuzzling underneath the skirt of the wolfess, with her lover tugging a little on her leash to try and pull her away from it. "H-hold on! She probably doesn't want to be licked there!" Santiago nervously chuckled, a bit flustered by the bluntness of his feral lover. Chamomile would keep on nuzzling against Rebecca's fuzzy behind, only stopping when she came to a slightly embarrassing revelation. Her device lights up once again. "Hey, this wolf isn't wearing any--!!"

Rebecca grinned again. In one swift motion, her ass was squishing down hard over Chamomile's face, the goat kicking and wiggling around as her face was rapidly engulfed by the wolfess's tailhole. Her assessment about Rebecca's lack of panties would be tested in real time, given that she was now partially crammed up a wolf butt. Rebecca huffs, squatting down and grinding her ass against Chamomile's face and horns, working her muzzle deep into her asshole. The other two were left in awe over the sudden lewd display, Santiago even dropping his grip on the leash from his surprise. "C-Cammy! Are you okay?!" Mallory didn't know what she could possibly do about such a situation, beginning to record the act on her phone. She wouldn't admit it, but seeing this wolfess stuff the goat up her hole was making her slightly hot and bothered. The kicking goat kept wiggling deeper and deeper into the bowels of the beast, the lack of air and general size difference giving her very little of a chance against the rude wolfess stuffing her up there. "Oops." Rebecca smirked, turning to Santiago with a wink.

Santiago was incredibly torn. On one hand, the safety of his girlfriend goat was one of his top concerns. On the other hand, Rebecca was hot enough to the point where he almost wanted to just sit and watch, observing Cammy vanishing into her asshole. The slick, slimy bowel walls the goat was grinding against seemed to seep into her speaking device, keeping her from being able to give a proper response to her current predicament. "L-let her out, or I'll... I'll... I'm not sure what I'll do!" Santiago weakly protests, watching the leash continue to drag itself across the ground as it steadily follows Cammy into Rebecca's asshole, casually grinding her further yet into those bowels. Hearing his desperate attempt to get through to her, Rebecca would give a mere giggle. "If it upset you that much, you'd be trying a little harder." She winks, twirling around the tip of the leash in a hand, before dropping it again.

Cammy was thrashing, writhing, and bleating in those strong, tight wolf bowels. Were the situation a little bit more consensual, she probably wouldn't have minded the opportunity to get to know the wolfess's behind a little better. But as it stands, she was little more than an ass snack for a powerful woman, fur slicked down with anal slime as

she tunnels further in... Rebecca stands back up for a moment and slams that dark wolf behind right back down into the seat, squeezing enough of the goat inside so that the kicking hind legs and swaying udders of the goat were on full display to Santiago in particular. "Any last words before I make your goat into a layer of fat?" She snickers, lifting her skirt to display Chamomile's ass getting engulfed by her own. The guacano was as stiff as can be, both in terms of his legs and in the pants, as he observes the stranger claiming his girlfriend. "... I..."

Mallory would zoom in with her camera to capture the exact moment Rebecca sits down to slam the rest of the goat where the sun doesn't shine, a slick and crude noise as those hind hooves are engulfed into the wolf asshole. "Ahh... Really hits the spot." She continues to taunt the guacano, hugging at the weighty bulge working its way up through her bowels from her lower body, noisily gurgling and wobbling. "Your pet feels great inside me, trying to shove back against those walls, you know?" Rebecca bites her tongue, bending over and spreading her ass with a single claw to showcase her backdoor slowly slurping in the rest of the leash, showcasing that Cammy was definitely slipping closer to her doom. "S-she... Isn't my..." Santiago couldn't even finish his sentence, short of breath as he is mesmerized by the wolfess's perfect ass, taking in the last evidence of his significant other, as the rain keeps drizzling down on the bus stop's overhang.

Despite having witnessed the wolf essentially put an end to his own girlfriend, Santiago couldn't stop himself from slipping a hand into his pants, moaning weakly as he casually pumped at his junk. He couldn't help it, no matter how improper it might be seen as in public. Everything about the situation was sending him over the edge, listening to the weak bleating being drowned out by wet gurgles deep within the wolf. Rebecca gave a teasing hum from the sight, taking a few steps back as Mallory records the leash vanishing into her behind entirely, right as the goat's muzzle was beginning to squish into the bottom sphincter of her stomach. "Right, she's my food now. And that's how she's going to stay." She says in a sultry tone, tickling at the underside of Santiago's chin with a claw as she suddenly rests those pillowy asscheeks over the guacano's lap, beginning to grind up and down.

Santiago's breath grew light. She was giving him a lapdance, right as she was digesting the love of his life. "C-Chamomile..." He huffed, gripping at Rebecca's hips and feeling at the bulge from her front, all while she slowly grinds up and down against his junk, each ounce of friction enough to get him spurting some pre. Mallory's jaw was still agape, recording it all while Rebecca casually removes Santiago's pants from his legs, taking a glance at his blue panties... She would give a seductive chuckle, and pocket them for herself. "If you miss her so much, you could always join her, you know."

What do you say? She can fill out one half of my ass, and you can fill out the other.” Rebecca turns her head back to slurp at Santiago’s cheeks, causing him to tighten his grip and hotdog harder, dripping with sweat. “Hnnngfff... I s-suppose if I can’t get her back, it would only make sense...” He sighs, caressing the bubbling stomach bulge from behind, submitting to his fate of filling out this bombshell of a wolf.

Rebecca licks her lips. “Somehow, I knew you were going to say that.” She grins, leaning forward to get off of his cock, instead reaching down to grab and lift his feet, positioning them right beneath her tail. “Enjoy the ride. Didn’t think I’d be scoring a two for one tonight...” She huffed, using her weight to slide down the guacano’s feet and legs like a deluxe sex toy, arcing her head upwards and moaning... which would trail off into a wet belch as she starts to churn the goat packed deep with the same walls she was forcing the guacano up and into. Santiago, too, would be moaning, stroking off as more and more of his body is engulfed by the wolfess. “Sheesh...” He grunts, wriggling his clawed digits around within her bowels, almost the entirety of his thighs being plunged into her dank, powerful backdoor.

Around that time, a pair of headlights could be seen pulling up the street in the distance. The bus was finally arriving.

Rebecca, well aware of how uncommon the bus was, bit her tongue and quickly began to plunge Santiago into her body, lifting and dropping her hips to try and slide him in faster. “Shit, I can’t miss the bus...!” She pants, her lower lips drooling from the pleasure of cramming the guacano’s body into herself, squeezing him in impatiently. Her hips would be engulfing his, feeling his twitching shaft throb against her bowels walls on the way in, with Santiago unable to do anything but enjoy the ride. The awkward grinding against her inner walls as he slides deeper was enough to send him over the edge, grimacing as he climaxes violently. “Ghhhh...!” Shuddering as he bucks his hips against her walls, Santiago would paint her intestinal walls slick with rope after rope of his load, listening to Chamomile sizzling deep within the wolfess at the same time.

Luckily for Rebecca, all of the guacano cum did a wonderful job at lubricating her rear entrance, making it much easier for her to cram his weakened body deep into her bowels, dirtying his fur with his own ejaculate on the way in. Mallory lowers her phone, shivering in awe as she observes her ass taking in the rest of Santiago’s body just as it did to the goat before, watching as the guacano’s midsection and shoulders are taken in. As Rebecca stands up to ready herself for the bus, she would lower her skirt, just as Mallory observes Santiago’s own cum dripping off of his face, before the view is obscured by the skirt. “That was refreshing.” Rebecca pants, straightening her back as the bus pulls up to the stop, doors opening for the two remaining people that were in

any condition to ride it. Santiago and his girlfriend were taking their own ride, on an express route to fill out the wolfess's body. At least the fare was free.

"Holy shit..." Mallory remarked to herself, watching Rebecca begin to approach the bus, feeling incredibly lucky that she was able to bear witness to such a lewd display in the first place, rubbing a hand against her inner thigh... Rebecca would stop right before she entered the bus, turning her head to the perverted giraffe that was recording the whole thing. "Hey. Don't think I didn't notice you watching all of that." She remarks, licking her lips once more. Mallory freezes, everything falling silent besides the motor of the bus, the pattering of the rain, and the occasional muffled moan of a guacano almost entirely entombed by wolf bowels.

"S-sorry to perv, I just don't get to see stuff like that every day, you know." Mallory nervously chuckled, rubbing the back of her head with a hand. Her eyes were drawn to the bulge in her intestines working its way up towards the bulge in her stomach, stretching her shirt considerably. "It's fine, I get that a lot. Say, want to come home with me? Only downside is that you might not ever leave..." Rebecca warns, beckoning the giraffe forward with a single claw. Mallory thought back to the text message she sent out earlier. Sure, she said she would *try* to be back soon... But that was hardly a guarantee. She simply couldn't resist the offer. "Alright, I'll do it. If I don't, then I might never see you again, right?" Mallory sheepishly smiled, standing up right behind the wolf to follow her on. "That's the spirit. I'll even pay for your fare." Rebecca responds.

The heavily-packed wolfess and the mildly horny giraffe both board the bus, with Rebecca paying the toll for two people. A drowsy, sagely looking rabbit at the wheel tips his hat to her, before focusing back on the road ahead of him and closes the door. The bus begins to move right as the pair pick a seat, the only two on the bus apart from the driver. Mallory inhales deeply. She was going home with a voracious, dangerous predator tonight, and there was no backing out now. As Rebecca drops her weighty ass onto the seat, she could hear the wet squelching of Santiago's head getting plunged straight into her bowels, guts shifting around as they accept the rest of him, the wolfess giving a relieved sigh. "Those two have a rough ride ahead of them, huh?" She bumps her shoulder against Mallory.

Mallory didn't respond at first. She was simply too flustered, staring out from the window seat, face affixed with an unshakable blush. "R-right." The giraffe eventually stammered, listening to the churning of the wolfess's stomach as it overpowers the feral goat within, having been noisily reduced to a sloppy chyme over time. It was loud enough to hear over the bus itself. Rebecca slowly began to nuzzle up against the slightly taller giraffe's side, head rubbing against her shoulder. "Mmm... You know, even

after packing those two ass snacks away, there's still a hole of mine that could use a little bit of attention. Know what I mean?" The wolf hums, dipping a couple of her claws underneath her skirt right in front of Mallory, sighing as she massages her own sex. Mallory would shudder, listening to the wolfess playing with herself as the guacano is pumped closer yet towards her caustic stomach... The giraffe still wouldn't respond, too conflicted about the whole thing as she watches the rain hit the farmland outside the window.

Rebecca notices her not paying any mind to the wolfess's lewd offer, half-lidded her eyes and thinking to herself. "Hmmm..." She considered a more overt approach to get the giraffe's attention, lifting a leg up over the seat to showcase her dripping, eager slit to Mallory, visible under the low, flickering lights of the bus's interior. "I really can't wait until we get home. Want to know why?" Rebecca questions, circling a claw around her slit as she leans towards the giraffe's neck, giving it a slurp. "Because I can't wait for you to get in there, and process you into a violent, sloppy climax." She continued in a sensual, whispering voice, feeling at Mallory's side with a teasy nuzzle.

A chill goes down Mallory's spine, mind instantly flooded with the thought of being entirely used up, just so that Rebecca could get off. "I... I'm not sure! You're cute and all, but I don't know if I'm ready for something like that." The giraffe nervously admits, turning her head to give the wolf a glance. Rebecca gives a warm smile, reaching around to give Mallory a hug from the side, tight enough so that she could feel the noisy movements of Santiago deep inside of her. "It's normal to feel a bit nervous about it. But I do know a way that I could help calm your nerves..." The wolfess predator suggests, slowly lifting the giraffe up from her seat in order to slide underneath her, dropping her down onto her lap.

It was a bit tight, being sandwiched between the seat in front of them and the churning wolf gut that was still hard at work liquifying Chamomile. "H-how is this helping? I'm just sitting in your lap. And feeling a bit squished." Mallory blinks, rubbing the groaning wolf stomach in a few small circles, doing her best to sooth it. Rebecca purrs in response, lifting up her stretched shirt to expose a lacy pink bra that she had on underneath. The already-embarrassed giraffe felt even more so as the wolf shifts her bra to the side enough so that one of her large breasts would be given the opportunity to breathe, one of her tits flopping out. "Start sucking it." She simply orders, petting at the giraffe's neck.

Mallory is dumbfounded, feeling a bit lightheaded at this point as her heart pounds. "...W-what?" She squeaks, sheepishly massaging the soft, pillowy wolf breast that was exposed to her. Suddenly, Rebecca pulls her head down towards it, making

her wrap her lips around the wolf teet. “Mmmph... Wolf milk has plenty of benefits that will help you chill out. Relaxing aphrodisiac stuff. I already know you’ll like it.” She suggests, foot claws dragging against the bus floor with her legs spread, letting the giraffe suck her breast. Mallory would’ve protested over being so forcefully tugged down over her teet, but as she wraps her long giraffe tongue over the breast and begins to suckle upon it, the more her heart rate seems to slow... It was definitely relaxing.

“See? I told you.” Rebecca hums, massaging the back of Mallory’s head as she moans, face buried in that wolf breast. About a minute or two of sucking would reward the giraffe with the creamy payload that she desired, delicious wolf milk pouring down her maw and flooding her senses. It was every bit as desirable as the wolf alluded, letting the contents of the wolf breast pump down her throat with each suckle. The wolfess herself would continue fingering herself harder, shuddering from the raw pleasure derived from having the giraffe assaulting her tit in attention. “Fuuuck... I need you inside of me more than ever, at this rate.” She whines, peeking out of the seat for a moment to ensure that the driver wasn’t getting too suspicious about their actions.

All of Mallory’s hesitation and inhibitions would dissolve entirely, replaced only with bliss and eagerness to sate the wolfess’s every desire. “Glrrrkph...” The giraffe would finally pull her head back, wiping some wolf milk from the side of her mouth as her stomach settles, basking in the afterglow of her drinking session. “I’m ready, now...” She pants, slipping down from the lap of the wolf to the floor in front of her, lifting up the skirt of the wolfess with zero hesitation. She was absolutely love-drunk, planting her lips against Rebecca’s snatch and using that tongue on it as if it were a long-lost lover. Rebecca found it difficult to keep her voice down, a hand over her mouth as she moaned into it, the long giraffe tongue deeply exploring her folds...

With the giraffe eagerly eating her out, Rebecca took the opportunity to strip Mallory down to ready her for entry. Her shirt would be removed in no time, tossed across the aisle of the bus to the other side, her bra easily unhooked to chuck in much the same way. Diving right back into that pussy after her shirt was removed, Mallory would help out by continuing to disrobe, tugging her pants down and kicking them away, leaving her wearing nothing but her panties as she massages one of her own breasts, tongue venturing further within as she feels herself. “Ahhhn...”

And all the same, Mallory couldn’t stop herself from exploring them deeper and deeper. Her muzzle would be the first to slide in after her tongue, followed by her entire head stretching out Rebecca’s love tunnel. Rebecca was nearly going cross-eyed with her head held back, shaking from the feeling of all the friction within her sex. “Sh-shit...!” She cusses, looking down to see the long neck of the giraffe sliding up into her pussy

like some sort of deluxe sex toy, all the while that tongue keeps teasing her folds deeper yet. Nothing the wolfess could store under her bed would ever compare to this sensation, though. The warm, dripping walls lubricate the giraffe's entry to speedily slam her shoulders up and into her body, rapidly plunging as much of her entire form into Rebecca's pussy as possible.

Rebecca was dizzy with lust by the time Rebecca's face was slamming up and into her uterus, achieving multiple climaxes over the giraffe's body as she continued to wiggle her way up the slit. The wolfess greedily reaches down and pulls the back half of the giraffe up and into her pussy to seal the deal, drooling over the sensation of her kicking around inside. "Nnnfff... Get in my babymaker, you slutty giraffe...!" She was beginning to store the horny giraffe's entire body within her heavily stretched uterus, hot as an oven. The insertion of the back half of Mallory's form was no easy feat, gripping onto the giraffe's butt with her legs spread to cram her in, rewarding herself with more internal moans from her prey. She'd rub Mallory's ass in circles as she carefully feeds her inside, letting her thighs sink into her sex with the rest of her body.

There wasn't much left to go, the giraffe's eyes rolling back as she felt her body plunging deeper. Rebecca kept squeezing Mallory's body into her drooling sex, going from her thighs, down to her lower legs, and finally to her hooves. The giraffe would soon disappear into her oven entirely, leaving the wolfess panting with legs outstretched. "Fuck me..." Rebecca mumbled, wiping some sweat off of her head. Mallory curls up tightly within the womb of the wolf, soaking with her juices as she gets used to her new home, shuddering and quivering in bliss within the tight chamber. "Unghh... So... warm..."

Rebecca would soon be sitting alone on the bus, the other woman having vanished within her vagina, feeling each and every last inch of her body stretching her out before filling out her womb. Finally, her hunger would be sated, feeling well and truly stuffed with the entire group that was waiting at that bus stop. She could hear the voice of Santiago moaning within her stomach, sloshing around as he digests within the chamber, smothered in the soupy, tingling remnants of his lover. A bit further down, the voice of Mallory vibrates her womb, eagerly dipping her fingers into her own pussy as she begs that the wolf juices her as soon as possible. And who was Rebecca to deny such a request? The predator would belch wetly, leaning forward in her seat with one hand on her stomach, and the other ceaselessly plowing at her snatch, making her clench her legs together tightly...

Mallory couldn't believe the state of ecstasy she was in, pounding her own pussy as she shifted about within Rebecca's. "F-finish me off! Paint the whole bus with me!"

She begs, sweating as the warm juices trickle down her face. The more Rebecca was fingering herself, the more it felt like the temperature was increasing inside, Mallory almost feeling like she was about to melt... Until she realized that she was. She was rapidly losing her form as those juices smother her, walls tightly clenching against her shuddering body, as the wolfess's body works in overdrive to break her down. "F-fuck... I'm going to be such a big mess..." The giraffe groaned, trailing off and liquifying as the wolfess's body took over, processing her into gallons of hot fem-cum, with only her bones surviving the process. She couldn't have possibly imagined a better way to go.

Rebecca knew she was close when she couldn't hear Mallory's voice anymore, the giraffe having fallen victim to her greedy womb. She was fingering herself faster and faster, breath quickening as she felt the remains of Mallory ready to be ejected in the form of an earth-shattering climax. "Alright, time to get out, giraffe gal...!" Rebecca bites her lip as hard as she reasonably could, spreading her legs wide to birth Mallory's new form.

****SPLRRRRRRRRSHHH-! Clatter, clatter-!!**** It sounded like somebody spilled a pitcher of honey onto the floor of the bus, Rebecca cumming violently all over the place as she exhaled heavily through her nose. A torrential waterfall of feminine juices splatters out between her legs, the occasional giraffe bone bouncing off the floor and rolling towards the back of the bus as a result of the movement. It felt like pulling out a sex toy, those femurs and such spreading the wolfess's folds on the way out. She couldn't have possibly climaxed harder, shaking as she evicts herself of Mallory's remains until it slows to a light trickle. At one point, the ruined phone of the giraffe would come tumbling out onto the ground, cracking from the impact. The hollow skull of the giraffe would be one of the last bits of her that she squeezes out, dripping with her juices.

Rebecca would be left panting deeply, attempting to catch her breath as she looks down between her legs at what she did to the giraffe. Practically her entire skeleton would be left on the bus floor, spread out on top of an ocean of sloppy juices fresh from the wolfess's womb, painting almost the entire floor of the bus. "Ughfff... You really knew how to make a gal go wild..." Rebecca pants, lifting up the skull of the giraffe to position on the seat right beside her. Somehow, it still almost looked like it was in much bliss as Mallory felt in her last moments. Groaning, the wolfess belches up a storm of guacano and goat fur, almost as if to add insult to injury to such a heavy mess left on the bus. "...Shame I could only stuff you all inside me once."

The wolfess blinked, her lower lips twitching as she felt one more thing left to force out. She reaches down, before pulling out a drenched pair of panties that once

belonged to the giraffe, a lovely shade of purple. “I was hoping you would give me those...” Rebecca smirks, twirling the new pair around on a finger, before patting the head of the skull beside her.

Soon, the bus would finally be arriving at her stop, the rain having since stopped as the doors opened upon a much more populated suburban area, very late at night. Rebecca rises from her seat, balling up the pair of panties in her hand as she seductively saunters past the bus driver. “Thank you for the ride, and sorry about the mess. I’ll be sure to tip you next time.” She winked, lifting her skirt up just a bit to show off her new curves to the driver as she stepped off the bus. The driver didn’t even respond, feeling more awake than he was earlier. Shellshocked, really. He simply shuddered, wondering to himself how the hell he was going to manage to clean the smell of wolf in heat out of the bus floors. Or the skeletal giraffe that now littered the place...

~~~~~

Rebecca had returned to her suburban home, where she lived alone, in one piece. The same could not be said for her passengers, which were now far more mixed up than they were earlier in the night. Mallory didn’t even make it off the bus. But as she settled into her bed, she could feel her stomach pumping what remained of Santiago and his goat friend deeper through her form... “Hope you enjoyed the ride.” Rebecca remarks in a snarky tone, giving her belly a wobbling smack as it churns and drains, having already relocated so much of Santiago and Chamomile to all the cutest parts of her body. There was a very likely chance that some of the milk Mallory was slurping earlier was generated through processing Cammy. As she turns over to get some sleep, Rebecca’s tail wags, deeply satisfied after such an eventful night.

As she sleeps, her body would continue pumping what remained of the odd couple through her intestines. Since they both entered through her bowels so easily, it wasn’t too much of a surprise that they’d take the reverse path just as quickly. Rebecca’s body shifts as the remnants of the goat and the anthropomorphic guacano combine in the most intimate way imaginable, building up in her colon as the hours tick by. By the time Rebecca would awaken in the middle of the following day, her intestines would feel downright bloated with what remained of the two of them.

Not having bothered to set any alarms, Rebecca stretches and gives a long yawn as she finally returns to consciousness, eyes darting around her somewhat-disheveled room full of protein drink bottles and some strewn momentos from other voracious encounters. “Mmmph... That was one of the most hedonistic nights of my life. Gotta

do it again sometime. At least it was a weekend.” Rebecca mumbles, rubbing her head as she rolls out of bed, having stripped herself naked before crashing in bed. Her guts bubble from the sudden movement, making her bite her tongue as she feels the pressure in her lower body. “Ugh. I really hope you didn’t make me too fat. I worked hard for these muscles!” She flexes an arm, looking down at her belly before giving it a couple pats.

In response, she’d feel everything pushing down within. Quickly. “Ghhfff, I get it, you want out! No need to make a fuss about it.” Rebecca huffs, tucking her tail between her legs as she stumbles her way towards her bathroom, mercifully close to her own room. Before making her way out, though, she’d be sure to bring the panties belonging to two of her most recent meals along for the ride.

She flicks on the lights. In the corner of the room sat a reinforced toilet, an expensive purchase that was extremely necessary given what her appetite often consists of. Her padded behind would quickly meet with the porcelain seat, thankful for her lack of clothes as she spreads her legs. “Nghfff... Alright, here’s your stop.” The wolfess pants, more than ready to unload her passengers as her tail flags high, hole stretching open...

**\*PfffffflrrrrrRRRRTTCH-!!\*** A wet, sloppy peal of flatulence would signify the beginning of the end for Rebecca’s most recent meals, noisily splattering into the water below. Thick, creamy loaves of wolf shit would massage her hole on the way out, especially as she feels the occasional hoof embedded in the muck jutting out against her anal walls. It was a comparable sort of pleasure to what she had experienced earlier with the giraffe, and it wouldn’t be long before the unloading wolf would be finding her claw dipping between her legs once more. “Ungh...” She weakly moans, at the mercy of the massive chocolate anaconda slithering out of her tailpipe, feverishly fingering herself. Sending off her former prey was always one of the best feelings...

The bowl below would rapidly fill with the sloppy remains of her last trip to the bus stop, her hole gradually yawning open as a large blockage would attempt to free itself... It would collide with the building pile with a heavy splatter, prompting Rebecca to peer down between her legs at what it may have been. It certainly didn’t feel like any bones... To her amusement, it would appear that she had just shat out an intact silicone breast insert belonging to the guacano, soon to be covered up by the other one descending from her backdoor with a wet splat. Something intrigued Rebecca about that being one of the only remaining parts of Santiago’s identity, chuckling to herself as she fingers herself even harder. By then, her porcelain throne was rapidly approaching

its internal weight limit, prompting the autoflush to kick in and begin dragging the colossal load down the plumbing, a trip many have probably made before them.

As the wolfess continues shitting uninhibited, she takes a quick look at the two pairs of panties that she pilfered from her bus stop prey. She didn't think twice before bringing them up against her nose and inhaling deeply, while her other hand continues to squish in and out of her sex. The powerful aroma, enhanced by her canine sense of smell, would trigger vivid memories of the prey from the night before. The feeling of Mallory kicking from the inside of her womb, the wet belches laden with guacano fur... All of this while her hole flexes and yawns open to squish out the waste-packed cranium of the goat girl, whining from the sensation of her horns dragging against her exit. "Hngh...!" The heavy skull would drop down onto the mess, water still refilling within the bowl, as the wolfess takes another drag of those panties. It was more than enough to send her over the edge.

Chamomile's skull would be smothered beneath a combination of more of the waste that was churned out of her, as well as a shower of Rebecca's pussy juice as she climaxes yet again. The skull would shift and wobble as the autoflush is triggered once more, sucked into the piping where it would block the exit with its own girth... Luckily, this model had a failsafe for something of the sort, the wolfess moaning as she hears a lewd crunch of the goat skull getting grinded. "You were one great seat, goat..." Rebecca pants, legs shaking as she huffs those panties once more, feeling an odd shape descending from her bowels shortly after Cammy's cranium. Peeking down once more, she would see the voice tech the goat was using, gummed up with filth, splattering into the water. She almost wished she snagged it to have momentos from all three of her snacks, but it was certainly unsalvageable at this point anyway.

With the goat more or less taken care of, the only passenger she has left to drop off was whatever remained of the guacano. Her guts had since deflated heavily from the process, starting to look like her well-toned self once again. Legs still spread, she grunts with a hand pressed against her lower body, feeling the last remnants of Santiago tumble out as she sweats. "You feel just as great as your pet did..." Rebecca admits, slurping the pair of panties in her grip in the middle of another huff. The guacano skull would soon be poking out of her hole nose-first, plunging out of her depths and face-down into the mess below with a lewd splatter. It nearly made the wolfess cum a second time, opening her voracious maw to stuff the two pairs of panties directly down her throat, swallowing them whole with a shuddering grunt.

There wasn't much left of her meals after that. She'd bury Santiago's skull in the bone-embedded logs that she had turned the rest of him into, barely cresting over the

water line by the time she was finished, the flow of waste transitioning from a waterfall to a trickle. The sweating wolfess would breathe out through her nose, sighing to herself from the end of a satisfying session of predation, as she tears off some of her quilted toilet paper to clean herself up with. "I would say I wish I could do this with you again sometime, but... You know." She giggled, dropping the soiled paper over whatever remained of the guacano at that point, before giving a manual tug at the flush handle. The mammoth mound of wolfess waste would swirl around in the bowl for a moment before getting sucked down the plumbing all the same, the occasional stray streak being the only remnants that there was a couple forced out into the throne to begin with.

With a shaky moan, Rebecca finally rises from the porcelain seat to check herself out in the mirror. While she definitely looked a bit pudgier in the legs from her meals from the previous night, her well-toned figure luckily remained mostly intact! Maybe she just converted most of those two into wolf shit, or something. Either way, Rebecca was more than pleased by the outcome of her binge. "Not bad! Maybe I have to eat goats more often..." She remarks, tail wagging as she feels up her lovely curves with both claws. No sense in reminiscing over her prey's contributions for too long, though. She had the whole day ahead of her.

From there, she'd take a lengthy shower to wash the scent of disposal and her own fluids off of her body, water trickling down her sexy form as she scrubs herself down. She was already thinking about another trip to the bus stop later in the day, trying to pick off a few more horny onlookers just as she did to the previous batch... One thing was for sure, though. She was going to skip breakfast. No sense in filling up in her kitchen, when she knew there was plenty of better food outside of her own home...