

A smooth purple and pink form squeezed into a narrow gap, through an alleyway and out of sight. A long, dragging tail that looked deflated trailed behind the battered, visibly exhausted body it was part of. The figure was Bloop, he was a bogroo, part kangaroo part... something else that defied simple description. His body usually looked almost spongy and gelatinous to the touch but at present the scuffling had dulled his appearance.

He'd been caught in a fight, one that he'd lost and drained both by the combat and by the powers of the villain that had accosted him. They'd left him without another thought and he considered it sheer providence that a local patrol hadn't spied him and taken him into custody. He held his breath as he pressed back against a wall.

There were no sounds of pursuit or alarm. "Ah... good. Five- Nnnh. Five minutes should do." His sybilline voice murmured as his head fell back, eyes already shut before it bumped the wall.

"Hey. Are you okay?" Came a concerned, yet quiet, call some time later. The first thing Bloop had registered was an arm on his shoulder, gently shaking him awake. Bloop blinked his eyes, trying to focus on the vaguely discernable orange furred face. It had darker coloured patches at the eyes and even darker hair, though tipped with pale pink highlights. The bogroo's tail had woken up, too, stirring of its own accord. It took all the self control he could muster as he turned the genuine torpor of waking into an exaggerated act, letting his head roll backwards as though he'd faded again. "Hey! Stay with me!" The voice repeated, leaning in. His focus was entirely on Bloop's head and not the tail.

The tail lashed out from the side, bludgeoning soft but inexorably into the form, knocking him over with a shocked "Oof!" and pinning him down. Bloop was figuratively wrung out but yet his strength was sufficient that even in such a state he could handle an ordinary anthro. His eyes shot open as he abandoned the ruse, his tail pressed over the form, the tentacle-like suckers pressing against the body, draining some energy through simple contact, even with the target clothed. Bloop's hands and legs moved over the form as one palm sought out his head and quickly clamped over his mouth as he inspected his catch.

"Sorry about this." He chirped with little sincerity. It was a lion in casual clothing, one who was far less imposing than other lions Bloop had seen. "My, you do look cute." He said, patting the head with his other hand as he slowly rolled his body over where the tail had been, further trapping him under the weight.

"Mmmph!?" Ashari, the lion, squeaked in confusion, his visible eye wide with concern as his head was turned to look at the smooth snout above him. He gulped as he felt something squeeze over his paws and then up the shins. The prominent mouth of Bloop's tail was working its way up, sucking powerfully as it rose. The limb was trapping more of the feline within its

grasp while also increasing its draining capability. When a living thing was inside any of Bloop's maws the transfer was so much easier.

"Usually I like to take it slow on a first encounter, give you something to look forward to but I could really use your strength so I'll be fast-tracking a little." Bloop said jovially. As he sucked he grew in mass, swiftly increasing to be as bulky as the lion. His tail had reached the lion's hips and Bloop scooted up to give it more room. The surface of the tail quivered and rippled as it sucked and swallowed, each tug pulling the body in another inch or two. Soon enough he felt the tailmaw slip over the pinned hands. Only then did the bogroo roll off. Having grown until he was a third bigger than Ashari. His body was plumping out nicely, earning a satisfied sigh.

"No! Please! D-don't hurt me, I was only trying to help!" Ashari gasped when his hands were taken within.

Bloop hummed, nodding at the confirmation. "I thought as much. Don't be scared. I won't devour you, I just need a little pick me up! It won't hurt a bit." Despite his soft smile there was a calculating look in his eye. His tail rose to rest on his body, putting the coated chest of the lion against his belly. Bloop's legs rose to squeeze and push from the outside while his hands dropped to either side of Ashari's collar, pushing him down, deeper and deeper.

Finally he felt energised enough. His heavy hands had grown larger and the soft squash of one of them pressed at Ashari's face, raising his chin to make eye contact. Bloop was strong enough now that he could begin to hypnotise his prey, the swirling of his eyes accompanied a voice that drowned out the squishy squelches and suckling noises of the greedy tail. "That's right, you're safer than if you'd bumped into almost any villain or monster. Just relax and when you've had some downtime, you'll feel right as rain." He promised. Humming again in pleasure when he saw Ashari's lips flap in protest but then falter and relax. One hand pressed down on the shoulder again, a lone finger extending as the lion's neck and above was all that remained, keeping contact until the shoulders were out of touch.

"Ashari!" There was a clonking sound to the side, followed by a light plastic rustle. Bloop looked over in alarm. Another lion stood there, eyes wide at what she saw. A carrier bag filled with a weight had made the noise as it hit the floor. Her expression moved from fear to a snarl of anger and she charged forward.

With the amount of draining he'd managed so far, voracious as his appetite had been, Bloop was now twice the height of either lion and far more bulky in mass. His fatigue still crept into his thoughts, yet he stood his ground as the woman leapt forward, claws out. He moved back, rolling on his flanks as she swiped at empty air. His legs kicked forward into her, tripping her, his arms grabbed her falling body and pulled her inwards.

Both limbs extended before they squeezed, crushing her deep in a bear hug. Even with a body as thick and soft as his, the strength Bloop exerted squashed the breath from her. Her

claws raked at him, giving him some displeasure but he simply held on. Any part of his body could drain others to some extent.

Her stiffness faded from exertion and he dropped his grip. The lioness slid against him, trying to stand only to stumble. Confusion writ plain in her face at her sudden exhaustion.

Bloop's thick thumb pressed inside the lip of his pouch, stretching the soft maw open as his other hand rubbed behind her head. "A noble attempt." He conceded, then pushed. Her head was engulfed, face first, into his pouch. He felt a sudden twitching attempt from within his tail and squeezed back. The hypnosis had worn off the other lion, then.

He sat, placing his weight over the maw to further trap the lion now that his head was out of view and his arms worked on lifting the lioness and stuffing her deeper into him. The lioness' legs kicked weakly and ineffectively as Bloop stood, back to what he considered his normal, full height. One hand was enough to close around both ankles. Lifting as he let gravity and his swallowing innards overpower her.

"My my, maybe this is my lucky day after all! From the way your energy feels I'd guess you're siblings, maybe even twins!" The proclamation scored another twist from the bound lion as he worked out what that must mean. The lioness growled an inaudible mumble from her position but Bloop either didn't hear or care. He stopped at the fallen bag, gathering it up and making sure there was no dropped or discarded evidence of their meeting before he started sauntering a bit more jauntily away. It was a short walk, though hard to follow as he relocated his squirming captures to a more secure location...

Bloop had intended to make it to this hideaway before he collapsed in the alley to begin with, the fact he was more energised now just made it easier. The place was a forgotten laboratory that was owned by a former rival who was now also forgotten. The fellow had been a villain in a far greater sense than Bloop himself. Though he himself would ever say he was at worst an anti-hero.

The room they were in had been cleaned and cleared, there was a desk and chair that had been loaded untidily with all the papers and fragile equipment that might just get in the way. Bright lights kept the place well illuminated, compensating for the total lack of windows, with only one door that led to the outside world and three doors that led to rather barren holding cells. There was no need for any of them, instead Bloop shoved a table out of the centre of the floor, clearing enough space for him to grow into should he need to. Before he set himself down he fished around in a desk drawer for a flask of some purple chemical mix. He'd need that later.

Placing the flask within reach, he hefted and jiggled his body around, feeling his impotent captives within him.

The lioness had finally paused her struggles, though that could well have been thanks to the lack of energy she was now faced with. Bloop himself had grown large enough now that the feline in his tail was just a lightly seen impression, too.

“Alright, time to let him out.” He mused, seemingly to himself as his heavy paw squashed down over the caudle limb, the outside of it now plump enough that it looked like it would engulf his foot if it was any smaller. His tail was always harder to rein in when Bloop himself was fatigued, thus it had thoroughly wrung out the lion within. The bogroo had been able to restrain it from fully swallowing Ashari, even his own temptation was whispering what a meal the two would make but that wasn’t his way, especially given how they’d moved to help him on discovering him. Slowly but surely the suckling flow of the tail started to recede, the pressure built around the lion. Ashari was tired, as though he’d run a long, drawn out race that had needed the use of every muscle, though he was still conscious. Perked up slightly as the squeezing stopped being the occasional pulse and started being more pointed, starting from behind him. “Yes, that’s it.” Bloop’s voice coaxed. The lion felt the press of a dulled force rub somewhere above him as Bloop stroked his own tail.

Soon the gumming, squashing lips of the tail were in sight, sending cracking slivers of light into his confines. Next, his head was popped loose, drenched in the tail’s saliva like effusions. He slid out with a squashing noise in his wake, then a wet, damp sound followed as he bumped into the floor. The fall had been short and gentle at least.

Ashari tried to push himself up but his legs slid uselessly and his arms quivered under the strain of the weight. Bloop leaned down to pick him up, his hands almost large enough to meet around the circumference of the lion’s chest. “Let me get these off you so they can dry.” He said, as if it were his lone goal.

His one ulterior motive was that the energy transfer would, of course, be sped up by contact with skin.

“Now, Ashari, that’s your name I’m guessing, it’s what the other cat shouted.” Bloop said as he tucked the lion against his side and rested his legs in the groove of his tail. One hand steadied him as the other plucked off his already crumpled coat and top. The mention made Ashari jerk, looking down at the rotund belly.

“Ofenna...” He croaked weakly in shock, staring, a chilling fear creeping into him.

“That’s her name?” Bloop asked. Following his gaze, he let out a soft, bubbly chuckle. “Oh, don’t worry, I didn’t swallow her. Here.” He reached one hand deep into his pouch, the fingers brushing over an ankle to find a good grip. With a bit of work he pulled out the leg, the toes weakly twitching. “See? She’s in here.”

“L-let... her go.” Ashari pleaded. “Just take me.” His voice showed it was a real effort to think and speak.

“Oh, now, now, I don’t intend on keeping either of you any longer than necessary.” Bloop said, releasing the arm, still exposed to the air and rubbing a thick thumb between Ashari’s ears. “But you did want to help me and this would be a great help!”

The grasping hand stuffed Ofenna back into the pouch as Bloop shook his body, settling more comfortably for the next part of his display. His hand closed over the back of Ashari’s head, bending and supporting it as he made him watch. “She’s still got some fight in her left to drain, judging from all the squirming.” The squirming could even be seen, rounded bumps forming as her more angular parts tried to stretch but the overall bulging shape at Bloop’s waist shrunk and diminished before the lion’s concerned eyes.

Bloop chuckled as he caught the growing worry in his peripheral vision. He said nothing until he felt Ofenna had passed just far enough within him, to the point where her head was pressed between Bloop and Ashari, inside the tail. “My tail and pouch can link, you see.” He revealed with words and feelings at the same time. Both tail and arm squeezing Ofenna against Ashari as the swallowing ripple chased her deeper into the tail. The lions were separated only by the Bogroo’s pliant hide.

Ashari groaned out in defeated concern, hearing the muted grunts and squirms of his sister as he felt her being slid gradually past. Whenever the engulfing surface rippled to pull her further along, it was like a soft roll against Ashari’s side, after which he could feel her body as though it were a solid core within the tail. “Wh-what are you doing to us?” He whispered.

“Giving you a remarkable experience, of course!” Bloop replied with cheery glee. He shivered and let out a soft gasp of his own. “Ooh, you know, when people struggle its quite wonderful but it also makes me very tempted to keep them there and get more of those feelings.”

Ofenna could only hear Bloop’s words, Ashari’s were too softly spoken and weak to reach her over the audible palette of squashes and churning grumbles that followed her.

The squishing of liquid as the tail squeezed and rolled over her. The sound of her own breath and heart-beat were far clearer than external noises. Her surroundings gurgled and bubbled as they kept pushing her deeper into slick darkness. She was unaware how her body was being pressed against her twin. Aching minutes passing as she was squeezed upwards ever so slowly, then along the length of the tail.

She thrashed once again but was met with a stilling squeeze, the pressure building over her entire body as Bloop and his tail both saw a chance for a deep drink of that heady flavour.

A thick finger pressed against her back from outside as Bloop addressed her directly, his voice muffled and warm. “You know, if you want to stay there indefinitely, that can be arranged. I’d be all for it.” He teased.

She took the message trying to restrain her instinct to struggle. The pace eventually quickened and within a moment light started to creep in between the quiver of her surroundings.

“Here we are!” Bloop pronounced, releasing Ashari’s head and instead holding him in the arm as his tail slithered the thick lipped maw up. One hand plunged inside and fished out another limb, a limp hand, the sleeve rolled back by the pressure and just as saturated and matted with saliva as Ashari had been.

The lioness’ loose arm bent, suddenly, a second surge of strength making her fingers squeeze and press into Bloop’s upper arm, the only part within reach of her blind fumbling. The claws imprinted but did nothing. “Oh really now?” He said with exasperation. “I can’t even say that tickles, it’s far too weak.”

Bloop gently took Ofenna’s forearm in his grip and guided it as his other hand pressed over the maw, fingers snagging the lip and peeling it open. Again she tensed and lashed. “Is she always this difficult?” He asked, then seeing Ashari’s expression of confused exhaustion, he shook his head. “Never mind, don’t answer that.” Bloop’s tail rose up, squashing into Ashari’s chest as it slid the enveloped lioness out. Bloop brought his other arm around, the hand spreading into the mouth to pluck out Ofenna by the shoulders.

“You know, your brother here was a victim of circumstance, I know he hasn’t had much say in the matter, as my tail and I couldn’t resist going as far as I did. But even so, he hasn’t caused nearly as much trouble.” Bloop mused as he extracted more of Ofenna. “Whereas you are being nothing but trouble so far. Attacking me and escalating like that.” Even now Ofenna summed up her strength to try and break free of Bloop’s grip. He sighed. “Yeah, just like that.”

She balked as a single hand closed over her entire head, the forearm more than enough to support her body as she was tugged free completely. Bloop freed up his other arm by containing Ashari with his tail. Thumbs went above and below Ofenna’s navel, splitting the garments she wore and extracting her from them. Again he left her in her underclothes, finding it an acceptable trade between decency and drain efficiency. He passed her back into his grip, his hand closing over her chest and holding her up. Her focus was on squirming out, hands pushing down, legs kicking in the air and occasionally striking his gelatinous arm. “Now I’ve got you where you can both hear me, I bid you calm down for just a moment.” Ashari was still too fatigued to make a disturbance and Ofenna was only grunting as she tugged on. It was good enough.

“As you may have both sussed out by now, I’m one of those super-powered folks out there. My most notable skill is the absorption of energy. What some people don’t know is that I’m a bit of a connoisseur, some types of energy are simply wonderful...” He said, expression turning dreamy as he reminisced. “Anyway, the relevance here is that you both taste practically the same. If taste is the right word for that mix of flavour and feeling. You with me so far?” Silence from the one and distracted grunts from the other... oh boy, well they couldn’t say they weren’t told. “I’ve been desperate to test whether a few things could influence the flavour. So one

of you lucky ones gets to be my experiment and the other gets to be slurped for comparison. Specifically I want to see just how much a certain kink can influence things.”

He let the sentence hang in the air. Ofenna suddenly tensed and turned on him. “Drop us, you overgrown slug, I don’t know what you’re going to do but if you think we’re going to help you get off-.”

Bloop chuckled. “Nothing so crass.” His other arm dropped Ashari, sliding him to the ground and pinning him with a foot on his chest as he reached to grab the beaker of liquid. His finger popped open the cap and he downed it in three swift gulps. “Aaah, kind of fizzy, that.”

“What is that?” Ofenna asked with a scowl.

“Some special chemical, I have no idea how it’s made but I know what it does. The stuff is harmless to the imbiber while also affecting their breath... those who inhale the results of that breath, well, it’s quicker to show.” His hand pulled Ofenna close to his face, one finger pressing up between her ears and shoving closer as his rounded thick lips pursed to puff a cloud of breath forward.

Ofenna was quick witted enough to hold herself from inhaling and he rolled his eyes. “Well, I’d already decided it would be you but your constant fighting removes any doubts I had.”

The lioness felt a slick, wet grip from below as the tailmaw slurped up to her knees in seconds. The clammy shock of it made her gasp and Bloop swiftly capitalised. His face dived in and while he’d call it a kiss, it was far more to behold. His mouth took in the front of Ofenna’s muzzle, lips sealing fully over hers and covering the nose.

The exchange pushed her in so deeply that it wouldn’t have surprised Ofenna if he kept swallowing and just ate her. Her vision was filled with his purple snout, which was close enough that her eyelashes brushed it when she blinked.

All the while, Bloop was busy. His hands squeezed at her body, the lower feeding her in to the tail while the upper compressed her tight chest, forcing her to give in and exhale. He felt the hot puff of her breath and then returned in kind with a deep waft. Bloop sucked clean air through his nose and then puffed another bout through the lips when he felt Ofenna trying to pull away and get rid of it all.

Once more he got her to shed the burden within her lungs, only to replace it with his toxin-laced air, before his lips parted from her. She was up to her hips in tail, looking like a twisted mermaid with a heftily inflated lower half. The grip of the tail was strong enough to hold her on its own. All designed to release his hand for his next motion; a tight grip over her face. Pinning thick soft flesh over her nose and mouth to hold the poisonous breath within.

His tail gave a questing, instinctive suckle, to which he chided it. “Not yet!”

Bloop had to let this thing take hold. Besides, he did enjoy watching this display. Ofenna's eyes were wide, the pupils shifting erratically as she was choked. Unable to exchange the chemical payload for air.

As Bloop watched the colour in her face started to drain, wherever the fur was thin enough he could see the worrying shades rising, yet there was also something else. Her panic was shrinking, not into unconsciousness but relaxation. His palm adjusted, just covering her lips and freeing the nose. Air released and with a far more tender motion he put his lips to her nostrils and blew into her again.

He felt the slow tickle as her lips peeled up in a smile. "Mmmh." She huffed, sounding quiet for the first time since Bloop met her. His thumb returned as his grip lessened elsewhere. He was toying with her breath, playing with it, holding in until the colours changed and then letting her exhale. Three breaths passed in three minutes, all of them drugged up and further influencing the lioness. She'd even started holding her breath before and after Bloop blocked it, adding seconds to her treatment

Bloop had been so fixated on Ofenna that he hadn't noticed Ashari slowly wiggling free from him, aided by an unconscious shifting of the bogroo's stance.

Bloop's tail quivered in anticipation as he mused on what was next. One last inhalation, Ofenna holding it without a touch needed and then his hand rose. Thumb and finger brushed her head with an affectionate touch, then shoved her down in a rush. Torso, arms and shoulders sank immediately into the waiting tail which tightened under her chin. Her cheeks were made to look even more plump as the squeezing tail bunched them up from pressure. Bloop savoured the view as much as he could, pressing his fingers to gently close Ofenna's eyelids. The top of her head sunk as though in a viscous pool and soon it was only her clamped jaw and nose that remained visible.

His tail squeezed then, making her gasp and divesting her of the air before he leant in for one last breath. "Mmmwah. Ahh, go on then, you've waited long enough!" He said in an alluring tone to the tail. It swallowed in one big squeeze, tugging the lioness in. Six inches of tight tail-throat now separated her from the world.

"Now... where did I put the other one?" Bloop mumbled playfully, looking around. Ashari had made it to a kneel, one foot on the ground but his rise to a stand was interrupted by a hefty whack of Ofenna-filled tail. It knocked him onto his front and then squashed down against him, the weighted mass folded over him so that he was totally obscured from view. The retractable suckers on the tail all grew toward the lion, pinning on as his squishy prison covered him up.

Bloop let out a deep sigh of contentment. He fell forward onto the tail, arms folded over the lump that concealed Ofenna. His head rested comfortably as he let his eyelids droop, focusing entirely on the energy drain. His tail had stopped swallowing deeper and instead was squeezing and pulsing, drawing from one lion and then the other.



The pacifying gas had stopped her squirming, a mixed blessing, it allowed for a more fair comparison since both of them were only barely moving. It was more tasty and fun when a subject was wriggling but one had to make some sacrifices in the name of research. Maybe it had been the long tease building up to it all. Or maybe the feelings he leached from Ofenna -who was holding her own breath as long as she could each time- were that appetising but Bloop no longer stopped himself drinking deeply. He felt Ofenna's body arching within his tail, so strongly that even back-to-back as they were, her motions reached Ashari's back, too.

"O-oooh." Bloop grunted out a few minutes later while straightening up. "My, my, you do make for a delightful experience but if I don't contain myself I might end up breaking my promises." With some reluctance, Bloop rose to stand, feeling the same lethargy that came with a good meal, despite the fact he was more energised than he had been all week. "Mmm, maybe the gas did have some side effects, or it's due to the draining." Still he had his clarity of mind, so it can't have hit him too hard.

He scooped up his tail in his arms, deep in the unoccupied area below Ofenna's legs and raised it high into the air. It relaxed and relented internally, letting her slip and slide out in a rush where she ended up drenched through and barely moving. Her lips hung open and her chest rose and fell at a normal rate. So at least she was no longer toying with her breathing, perhaps the gas was wearing off already?

Ashari, meanwhile, had been peeled off the ground, the suckers still rigidly attached to him. It had left him upside-down with the chubby tail squeezed around him, even over his sides and arms. Bloop looked into his eyes, "Why, if I pushed you a bit further you could be totally enfolded like that!" He teased, pressing his hand to the lion's chest and acting as though he were about to follow through with the threat. Instead his fingers moved to lift the lion and tail into his arms.

The suckers peeled away, a few at a time and then the tail slid off to the floor. "Now." Bloop said, whispering into Ashari's ears. The lion had been kept depleted, the tail sucking just enough that he didn't get any more fatigued, nor had a chance to recover. "I have but one more thing to try to round off this little test. You won't mind, will you?" The bogroo asked.

"Whhhn." Ashari panted weakly.

"Wonderful." Bloop said, deciding to interpret the sound as affirmative. His tail sprung to life as he shook off the phantom fatigue, coiling around Ashari, squeezing his legs together and arms at his side before it squeezed long and hard. The lion wheezed out, his head rolling before it was tucked into the crook of Bloop's arm. The lion was lucky that he couldn't see Bloop's eyes, as the almost malevolent look spoke of sadistic pleasure as he squeezed until he heard ribs creak and then held on, constricting Ashari as surely as any serpent might.

"Hmm, a shame I need to have access to your head for this. Maybe I should have sampled your sister head-first for variety but, oh well, no changing what's done." His words said

as a small hint. When the lion's sudden tension started to fade the coils dropped away as swiftly as they'd clenched, the maw opening wide and happy for Ashari to be fed foot first.

Again Bloop was swift to shove his prey in, down to the shoulders. With the tail-maw bunching all around Ashari's torso and keeping his hands trapped, Bloop let him sink the last few inches until the tail kissed at his gripping arm. He returned to the choke hold, strangling the air out of Ashari, though providing none of the laced gas to him.

This was his sample test, after all. He locked his gaze on Ashari's face, the lion's vision already trailing and blurring. His head was pounding at the lack of air. Bloop held until he approached the limit of unconsciousness and his tail immediately started gyrating- squeezing to taste the difference.

"Oh my, quite a difference, mmm, the desperation has a certain spice to it. One that I do crave from time to time, truth told. However the smoother notes from your sister's round was far sweeter. How to describe it... like a good hearty stew?" He started to choke Ashari again, sucking as he watched the colours and expression change.

A clumsy pat, or perhaps an attempt at a slap struck the bogroo's shoulder, interrupting him and making him turn. Ofenna stood, just barely and he sighed longsufferingly. "Really, you have that little strength and your first instinct is to attack- oh."

The expression the lioness wore was not the defiant or grumpy look he expected, instead she wore a blissed out countenance, her hand slid down Bloop's front, poking at his pouch, her eyes focused on it. He let go of Ashari, turning to face her. "Do you... want to climb in or something?" He asked, sincerely intrigued.

She didn't reply, instead pressing to his side and raising a leg before it fell weakly to the floor again. "Oh well, who am I to refuse such a delightful send off!" He said. "That'll do for the test!" He declared cheerfully as he dropped Ashari onto the ground. "Time to reward you both, one with what she obviously wants, the other with a show!"

Bloop grabbed Ofenna and moved away from Ashari. In the lion's clear view he raised the still drenched lioness into the air and slid her limp legs down into his pouch. With all his draining he'd grown about another quarter in size, positively dwarfing Ofenna as she slid down all the more easily.

This time her snout fell in sooner and she was sinking steadily into the pouch with eyes already closed. Her hair caught on the way down, the highlighted fronds trailing behind before they too were lost. Bloop's hands fell to his belly- the pouch's exterior- and began to stroke, squeeze and knead. He pressed down, not just to show Ashari the slowly dropping outline of his sibling, nor even for Ofenna's pleasure but for his own entertainment.

He made sure to turn and twist his body, letting Ashari see the same process that sent his sister sliding along against him earlier but this time at an even slower pace, his tail squeezing

and twisting every few seconds. This was Bloop going all in, he was draining everything he could while it was still lightly spiced with that gaseous mix.

Ashari hadn't even gotten his breath back before he saw the telltale lumps of Ofenna's hips and torso both slide into view, agonisingly slowly. He stared on, unable to really look away from what he was seeing. He wasn't sure if the twisting he saw was from the tail's forces, Bloop's hands, still squeezing and patting along where she went, or if she was trying to move within.

The mass of lioness reached the latter part of the tail, Bloop's face telling Ashari more than he wanted to know of how much the bogroo enjoyed what he was putting Ofenna through. A solid five minutes passed, by which time Ashari was trying to move closer before the cream-tan paws of Ofenna peeked out into the air. Her legs were still and limp, as soon as the knee crept out that was made abundantly obvious.

The sight sent a pang of panic into Ashari, especially when the thighs and hips followed suit. Bloop sighed out in satisfaction as he laid his tail closer to the floor and with one last squeeze of his arms, pushed Ofenna out onto the ground. His sister still drew breath but she was out cold. The saliva-drenched completely-drained shape wouldn't be getting up any time soon, which left Bloop and Ashari with each other. The bogroo advanced, musing out loud. "You know, that's one aspect I've learned about myself. If I totally drink a subject's energy, they can often end up forgetting the entire encounter. Frankly by the time I'm done, neither of you should recall tonight, not even seeing me passed out as I was."

"However, if you do remember, I'd appreciate it if you didn't mention the first part. And if you feel like another round or even volunteering for some tests, just call me some time." Bloop brushed the long tendrils on his head back away from both eyes as he smiled smugly down at Ashari and winked. "Now, time to help you forget." Bloop said, simply.

There was a sliding noise, a rush of motion and then a yawning void closed over Ashari as Bloop's tail fell over him. The bogroo got his wish of trying the lion head-first as the tail hung up from the air. It lifted Ashari off the ground and in jerking, jiggling gulps pulled him slowly inside.

For the lion, all he could see was dark blackness. He marked his progress by how much of him felt the relative chill of the air before succumbing to the feeling of the soft, squeezing musculature of the warm tail's interior. Bloop's tail was tight to his figure, despite the overwhelming size difference that reduced him to a vague impression from outside. Each gulp was felt, each squeeze encompassing and twistedly pleasing, even as it enervated the shred of power Ashari yet clung to.

His legs flexed and kicked weakly as the next gulp slipped him in until his shins and below were all that peeked out. The final joint was slowed to a crawl, Bloop's tail barely tugged with each little quiver, almost like it was sipping delicately for a bit. The lion's paws drew closer to the maw, then slowly became obscured from view.

When he'd sunk another several inches inside, the maw slid shut softly behind him and then launched into powerful squeezing. Ashari groaned and wheezed at the sudden shift in gears. His body instinctively writhed but given it lacked the energy to do anything his limbs simply flopped loose and soft against his captor's greedy inner walls.

"Oh ho ho, yes, let the last of your fight out!" Bloop encouraged, his arms wrapped around the tail and squeezed closer. What remained of Ashari's awareness swiftly fell away, the darkness was absolute, yet even so he felt the fuzziness creep in as he was drained into slumber.

Bloop looked down minutes later at the unconscious pair, heads both slumped forward, with their backs propped against a wall. Their clothing lay spread on the table to dry as best as it could as he finally delved into the bag that Ofenna had dropped all that time ago. Snacks, food, a hydrating drink and an energy drink, as well as some over the counter medicines. They really had been trying to help.

He felt quite touched by their generosity in that regard. "Well, waste not." He said, setting the pouch aside. "But I don't really need the charity, do I?" He slid out of the lab, returning some minutes later, even more engorged in size than before, a few coins and notes were in his palm, 'donated' by the form filling out his tail.

He counted out the exact change, snuck it into Ofenna's wallet, then took the receipt and supplies with him. It would be like he was never there... if you ignored the damp effusions in the clothing and their fur.

Ofenna woke first, she felt light headed and chilly. The reason for the latter soon became clear and she scurried in a flash over to her clothes. She didn't even notice the off feeling of them as she tugged them on. Ashari groaned out, his digits were clenching in whatever dream still held him. Ofenna tossed his shirt and leggings over him, covering up most of him. "Wake up and get dressed in your own time, I guess!" She mumbled to herself.

The place was some kind of laboratory but it was seemingly deserted. By the time her twin roused she'd had a good look around but all the files on the desk were irrelevant and revealed nothing.

The pair conferred for a moment, their confusion shared but ultimately they only felt excessively tired.

"We must have got off lightly." Ashari said. "Strange, so fatigued and yet no ache in my muscles... what... What did we do last night?"

“We can worry about that when we’re back home. It looks like all our belongings are still there so we weren’t robbed. I don’t know what that scent in the air is but it’s not too worrying. Let’s just leave and lay low until things either become clear or we just forget about it, yeah?”

Ashari nodded. “Right.”

The lions gathered their wits and slipped out the entrance. Dawn had broken, so their way was adequately lit. With no recollection of what had eaten the previous evening, the twins returned to their lives.