She was already sitting when I reached the cafe, late, messy, looking... Well, probably like I did in high school. But there she was, as immaculate as I remembered her, her thick curls loose and bouncy, and some sort of hot tea cradled between her hands. She put it down to wave at me, and I remembered why the hell I was up this early to see someone I hadn't seen since high school

"Hey, you made it!"

"I'm late, I know, I'm sorry, but hey--I managed it."

She laughed. "It's fine, totally fine. Go ahead, sit down and have something, you look tired."

"Yeah, up late, work and all. You look great. Amazing, really."

She grinned. "You're as sweet as ever." The waitress came over, and soon she was back, bearing a huge cup of coffee and a couple of scones before we finished catching each other up on life after high school.

"Should have known you'd land a job like that. I mean, lawyer in a big city?" I grinned over the mug. "I'm impressed, but not surprised."

She laughed. "Yeah, well, it was a lot of work. Real dog-eat-dog out there, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, I know. Getting published is hell."

She smiled. "But, you know, some of us just have a real... Hunger, for justice."

"Sounds like you're doing some really good work, from here."

She smiled and leaned forward. "So, how have you been, since I've been away?" I could feel her foot traveling up and down my leg now, beneath the table. Oh hell yeah, here we go.

"Oh, you know, a little lonely, been a while since I've had anything steady, but hey, work and all." I smiled.

"Yeah? I've been having the same problem. I could use a little something to sate me in that way, too." She winked. "Somehow, scones just aren't filling me up like they ought to be."

Well, hell, I could help with that, if she meant what I thought she meant. Who knew a fling in high school would turn out like this? "Well, shit, really? I could totally help you out with that."

"Wait, really?" She brightened. "I didn't know you were into that kind of thing. Come on, my apartment's just a few blocks down the way."

"Wait, into that kind of thing? We did sleep together, right? That wasn't just the best wet dream ever?"

"Wha--Oh. ohhhkay, I think we're on different pages here."

I blinked. "Well, what else could you mean by that?"

"Well, I know you writer types usually deal in the symbolic, but I'm being literal here."

"... Oh, you mean like... Huh. Well, what if I don't want to be eaten?"

"Hey, I'm a black woman trying to make a living in the South. I think it's the least you can do."

"That's... A pretty powerful argument there, I've gotta admit. But, I dunno."

"Well, why don't you come to my place, and we can sort this all out?"

Soon, we were on her couch, my flannel open and my bra gone, and her dress pulled off her shoulders. I squeezed her nipple idly as we talked, her hands exploring old territory once more. "So, how does it work? You just kinda... Open up and swallow? Or do you chew me up? Because, if it's the second one, I'm out of here."

"No, no, no chewing. Just swallowing." She grinned. "It's all nice and snug in there, but I know you're not claustrophobic, so no problem, right?"

"Sure! Except the whole 'being swallowed and digested' bit, still a little unsure about that part."

"Well, it's not so bad. You go down, all nice and smooth, first." She trailed one finger over my throat, between my breasts, down to the bottom of my ribcage. "Now, the stomach acid'll probably tingle a little, but apparently it's not exactly -painful,-so there's that. Then, you're all done with that, your cute little self gets absorbed into my intestines, and I shit you out. Easy peasy."

Damn, but did she have a way with words. "That's it?"

"Yeah! I mean, I could either eat your soul, and that'll just be that all over, or you could be a ghost and eat me. I won't fuss too much about it either way." She smiled. "So, are you in?"

"Well..." I deliberated for a moment, hands trailing down to her lap. "We still get to have sex, right?" "Well, fuck yeah, we're gonna have sex."

"I'm in."

She grinned and pulled me into a kiss. "Alright, but no loopholes to be seen here. You freely consent, yeah?"

"Yeah, yeah, and I won't fight the lawyer on that one. Assuming she plans on a little 69, of course."

"What else?" She grinned. "Lay down, I'll get on you. Your hair's not long enough to pull too badly."

There's nothing quite like that sublime moment when a pair of knees settles down right by your ears, and your whole world is just pussy. Nothing but. Perfection. Needless to say, I dug in with pure greed and hunger, lapping at her like it was the last thing I'd do.

Oh, wait.

She moaned and trembled, especially when I looped one leg around and pushed her tight to my pussy. It was, after all, the least she could do, to eat my out properly before eating me. we lay like that, eating with an almost frantic sense, as though rushing toward what was to happen next.

Soon, though, she gasped, moaning as she came one more time over my face, before slumping across me, spent. I'd lost count of the orgasms, both mine and hers, but suffice to say, being eaten was sounding fine and dandy to me, just like everything else. She eventually rolled off of me, still panting.

"Ready to move on?"

I chuckled. "Ready as I'll ever be. Hurry up, though, I'm ready for a good nap."

She grinned, settling down at my feet. The process of being swallowed was... Weird to watch, in a word. She just sort of stretched her mouth open and started chowing. Really, it was the sensation of the whole thing that really took the cake. She was right when she said it was tight--tighter than I could have imagined, squeezing around me, sucking me in all slow and smooth, rolling around me bit by bit. It wasn't long before I felt the first telltale tingles that meant my toes had made it to her stomach.

The tingling expanding, trailing up my legs as more and more of me disappeared into her mouth. The tingling bordered on burning--but not quite. Just a slow, deep fluttering, not unlike the feeling of a limb falling asleep. As much as I hate that feeling, this was so different, so new, that I found myself moaning by the time she got to my belly button.

I barely noticed it when her lips passed over my scalp, so lost in the sensation of my own digestion was I. I sank down, nearly willing myself to sink faster, to be completely wrapped up in her muscles and the sensation of the acids. I couldn't believe it didn't hurt; no, it was a slow, smooth feeling, an all-over fizzing as her belly took me in and absorbed what it wanted. Well, hell, she could have me, and my ghost too, if she wanted it. I was all in for this little misadventure.

For a moment, I laid back, eyes closed, and enjoyed that perfect moment where all my body had begun the process, taking in every moment of the process as the tingling waves washed over me.

When I opened my eyes, everything was on fire.

"Well well well, look who finally decided to get the fuck up." A woman, bedecked in horns and bondage gear and not a whole lot else, put her hands on her hips. "Alright, listen up, 'cause I'm only gonna say this once. You're food. You eat out, you get eaten, you digest, and that's it for you. Your soul get digested forever, part of the eternal torment deal. You got that?"

Well, look who ended up in exactly the right place? I nodded.

"Good. Welcome to hell, kid."