**Run!!!!**

That was all Tamara panicked mind could think of as she belted it across the open field. The knee-high grass soon turned to 6 feet tall leaves of thick tiger grass, the dense foliage completely removing her line of sight for anything unless it was right on her nose. She just kept running her breath already ragged from the cross-country terrain causing her breasts to heave as her bra restrained them from free motion like if she were topless.

She could hear whatever it was that was chasing her was hot on her heels from the frenzied rustling coming from the brush behind her. The sound lost under her own frantic breathing and the plants getting slammed out of her way as she sprinted through the forest. Her legs getting grazed by the grass as she ran, her short shorts doing little to protect her gentle calves from the abrasive foliage. The same could be said for her flailing arms, the floral pattern t-shirt had seemed appropriate in the summer sun, ideal to keep her cute body cool in the humid afternoon. Now though it seemed like a poor choice as it did little to stop the wilderness caressing her body with coarse plant material.

The worst decision for this day though had been her choice in footwear. Flip flops seemed a great choice in the sweltering heat, but not when she was running through mud and she was quickly bare foot. Normally the squelching of soft soil would have crawled her skin, but when your mind is flooded with adrenaline, you don’t much mind for the clammy sensation of mud on peachy skin.

The sounds behind her were getting louder, as something massive forced its way through the grass behind her. The trampling of the grass a pressing concern as it grew closer and closer as the monster chasing her closed the gap.

Her face cringing in fear, Tamara continued to run, her mind forcing her body harder and harder, as she pushed herself to the limit as she willed to outrun her pursuer. She could feel her legs burning, the muscles now caked in acid from the anaerobic process her muscles were spewing to push themselves to 110%.

Suddenly she could see clearly, as she reached the other end of the glade, the foliage loosening up as the shade of trees tempered its growth. Her dark eyes no longer blinded by a sea of green, as she continued to sprint to the tree line, a large oak tree offering what looked like safety in its sturdy branches.

The squawking and crushing sounds behind her not slowing her stride at all as she bolted for the venerable tree. She was tired, her body ached from the overexertion, but she ignored it, her mind too clouded with hormones to register such things. She still didn’t know what was chasing her, she only knew it was scary and she wanted no part of anything it was offering. Her mind triggering the flight response and she had scattered like a cockroach when the light is flicked on.

She was full on sprinting, eyes fixed at her target as she couldn’t dare look back. Her feet hammering the crunching leaf litter as she ran, as the thumping footsteps of the large beast pursuing her, shook the ground with each powerful step as it pursued her relentlessly. She had just reached the tree, her small hand grasping the first branch as she was about to haul herself up, when what felt like a hammer slammed into her back.

She was literally sent flying, Tamara’s body flying through the air from the force of the impact, before landing to the crunch of leaves as whatever had caught up to her had walloped her in the small of the back.

 She immediately stumbled to her feet, stunned but uninjured. Her panicking body carrying her on, but even it had its limitations, and her diaphragm stuttered, and she collapsed winded. It was as if her body had stalled, as suddenly the pain in her legs and arms and her own hyperventilating lungs hit her like a wall and she was unable to stand. Falling backwards, Tamara rolled on her posterior her fall stopped by a moderately thick birch tree that kept her propped up like a natural recliner.

Instead of relaxing though it did little other than loosen her bladder, as she got a perfect view of the beast that had chased her down. It was a huge bird, its head bald like a vulture, its feathers black like charcoal and a white ring of fluffy feathers around its neck. The two-tone feathers like a condor giving Tamara a lot of confusion as she had no frame of reference for this Freddy Krueger like ostrich. Its large yellow beak like an anvil as it was thick and dense and must have been the club that had struck her back as the bird wielded it like a mace.

The whole creature looking almost comical as it walked over to her on long legs. The creature’s neck and head bobbing like a chicken, a big mangy chicken. It would have been hilarious if its cold indifferent eyes were not piercing her body like needles, as it neared her in a few wide toed steps.

Stumbling to her feet, not wanting to sit around for the monstrous terror bird to get close enough to do whatever foul thing it had planned, Tamara staggering to her feet, her brown hair now becoming unravelled as it fell to her shoulders as the bun that had held it secure came loose from her short flight. She turned to run, but with the chattering of a beak, she was again put on her ass, the creature easily knocking her over with its bulk as it moved with the speed of a horse.

She was on her belly, twigs poking her soft abdomen, as she felt the hooked beak find leverage and flipped her over, so she was on her back looking up at this predatory avian. She had the correct assumption to be scared as now she was close to it she could smell it, the beast stinking of rotten meat and other carrion. The image cemented further by what looked like gristly dried blood caking the leathery skin of its head.

Trying to crawl away, not breaking eye contact with the towering bird, it just placed a 3 toed foot on her chest and with that, she was pinned to the floor. Hands shooting to the leg restraining her, Tamara flutily tried to dislodge the muscular monster, as it looked down at her in almost cruel amusement. The stare was almost like that of a cat, as the bird then clapped its beak in some sort of display of power, the loud slams like two bits of wood smashing together. The sound echoing in the large cleaver-like beak as hollow spaces within resonated causing the sound to permeate deep into Tamara’s body, just like her now leaking bladder did to her Denim shorts.

She was pinned, helpless as the Birds head slowly descended towards her terror warped face. She was crying as she could see her own death approaching, tears trickling down her face smudging her make-up on tanned skin. The creatures featherless neck clenching as it formed a tight “S” as it prepared to strike, like a feathered cobra.

“Please don….” stammered Tamara, as she looked up at the goliath turkey before her words were silenced as it lunged at her maw open in a blood-curdling squawk. Tamara slammed her eyes shut, like a scared child as her entire head was enveloped in a damp darkness. The creature not clamping down to decapitate her in a spurt of thick red, and instead waggling its head left and right as it easily stretched to accommodate her petite shoulders.

To Tamara’s horror, the bird was eating her whole, its razor-sharp beak cutting her back and breasts as it shook a little to assertively as it drew a little blood to further lubricate her up for swallowing in a healthy emulsion of her own perspiration. The red nipping wounds trickling down her body pooling in her little navel and the crack of her firm buttocks. The fluid cascading down her as the bird wriggled its way down her body.

For Tamara, her world got a whole lot more humid as the warm embrace of a tight chute of slick gullet encased her entire upper body as the creature walked its way over her with little effort. her body wet with a cold sweat as the creature didn’t seem to be drooling over its tasty morsel in its gob, more so because it was biologically incapable of it and was just shovelling her in as much as possible, so it could use gravity to get her tucked away.

It was a queer sensation for Tamara, there was no peristaltic tugging, she was just getting hugged by a smooth chute of flesh as her body felt like it was wrapped in a large wet binbag. The beak coming to a rest at her waist, before she was violently flung upwards. Her body inverting as she felt her head point to the floor and she practically fell into the terror bird. Her legs kicking weakly as she tried to even now save herself, but with her hands, at her sides, she was little more than a nice package of girl meat on the way to a growling stew pot.

With gravity on its side and not resistance from the throat, all it took was a few bobs of the head for Tamara to be turned from girl to sinking bulge in the bird’s throat. Her progress quick and efficient the bird used to large prey, as her legs waved goodbye and soon only her squirming feet and twiddling toes remained, before the Bird shut it beak and sealed them in darkness. One more shake of its neck and she was entirely filling out its upper gastric tract. The girl turned bulge slowly sinking into it as she was dumped into the stomach, passing through the crop as little more than a tourist as the bird was hungry and it needed her nutrients now. If by chance it ran into another meal it would store them there until Tamara had loosened up enough to force the poor soul into her mushy remains. The bird rocking its head and neck as it crammed its dinner into it, lacking peristalsis and instead relying on its own muscles and the unforgiving nature of gravity to secure its kill.

The bulge was a nice tight female form, her limbs, and torso easy to discern, well her head had already disappeared the slowly forming oblong bulge in the main part of the creature’s body. She was dancing as she writhed desperately to escape, but all this did was increase her descent as she jostled down the smooth gullet to her new home in the beast’s stomach. The form slipping down the slender neck, distorting it as it slipped down the water slide until she had disappeared into the round body of the terror bird, as little more than a twitching lump.

Feeling Tamara curl up, the girl wriggling nicely as she had brought enough air down with her to stave off suffocation, for the time being, the bird glanced at the writing bulge with passing curiosity. The terror bird couldn’t burp up her tart air, so she would just have to quake its gut for the time being until she used up her limited oxygen and went still for the last time.

For Tamara she was hysterical, screaming, clawing at the stomach wall, trying with all her might to fight her way out of the claustrophobic sack she had been dumped it. her entire body flowing through a tight ring of muscle that had groped her entire form as it parted to shuttle her into the hellscape that was the pitch-black stomach. She couldn’t see anything, just the festering smell of digestion and the overbearing walls of the stomach rolling over her, as its kneaded enzymes into her soft skin.

“Please!”

“O’ god!”

“Help me!” she screamed, as she tried to fight the inevitable, her words not carrying from the terror birds bulging belly as anything more than muffled noises of feminine distress. Her bulge wriggling under the birds downy almost fur-like feathers as it enjoyed her bulk filling out its gut. She was a well-toned package of calories, and it had been lucky to find such an inept creature wandering in its territory. How was the human supposed to know an extinct creature had been reborn with genetic manipulation and had happened to slip free from its cage. It had followed the waterways and had stumbled on the lass as she had basked on a towel in the sun. it had been a little hasty in its attack, but the pangs of hunger had driven it, thankfully these two-legged mammals couldn’t run fast.

Now it just needed to find a place to sleep her off, as the drowsiness that follows a good meal tickled the avian’s simple mind. It gave a few long carrying calls as its meal even now protested her confinement, the clicking of its jaws as it hollered for its kin, followed by the eerie silence of a calm summer afternoon, as it was truly alone.

Giving a chirp of disappointment, it then forced Tamara into its gizzard that immediately began to pulverise her with the stronger muscles of the organ. Tamara’s writhing body, open wounds itching with the stinging of caustic digestion was shepherded from one crushing pod to another much tighter and more aggressive housing. The screaming woman juggled back and forth in between the two digestive bags as she was tenderized. The rough treatment compressing the air from Tamara’s lungs as her heaving ventilation quickly burned her air. The gizzard was relentless, cracking her bones as it tried to force her into little more than a ball of meatloaf, her ribs creaking as Tamara was smothered by the growling organ.

The sack was much stronger than the submissive female form contained within it, and Tamara was forced into a tight fetal ball. The gizzard and stomach trying to turn her into little more than a meatball, to smooth her out into a mush of female flesh. the acids were now growing more potent and were nibbling away at the soft tissues that sat exposed on Tamara’s body. Her ears, nose, eyes, and above all her plump pussy and pert arsehole were afire, the soft skin turning red as it was eaten away from her body in waves of digestion.

The strain on her bones only getting worse and worse, until with a crack and a yelp, one of her ribs gave and her entire chest cavity stung with a deep pain, as the sturdy bone fractured. This caused her heart to spike, the overworked pump going into overdrive as pain wracked Tamara’s body, as her futile squirms of defiance increased egged on by the fresh shot of adrenalin. But by now she was tethering on the edge of suffocation, the air thin and reducing her frantic breathing into little more than a shuddering choking.

And then she couldn’t breathe.

This sparking the final stand of the consumed woman, her legs, arms head, all her limbs desperate to stop her confinement of the stomach. Pressing out as she gave it her all as she tried to burst from the beast’s belly. But all her fight was crushed out of her as the gut simply clamped down and she could do little more than tremble, then twitch as she blacked out as her conversion from person to meat was completed.

Feeling its meal go still, the terror bird to preoccupied kicking up a nest in the leaf litter to know the exact moment Tamara expired, it carved out a groove in the forest floor and bunkered down to digest the hearty amount of female meat it had secured. Placing its head underneath its stubby wing, the black feathers simulating night, the creature began to snooze. The only sounds echoing out of the creature being its whistling snores and the gurgling in its belly.

Within the taut stomach, Tamara was shifted back and forth between the two crushing sacks of muscle. Her body threading in-between the sphincter as she was compressed and dowsed in a soup of enzymes. Back and forth the cycle continued, as she was loosened up, before with a squelch she popped like a plumb underfoot. Her body cavity rupturing as her bowels spewed into the soup that was formed from her sluiced body.

From here it was a lot gorier as she was forced into a tighter and tighter ball, as her form began to disappear in a series of snaps, crackles, and pops as the stomach ground her bones into dust as she was turned into a thick stew of slurred meat.

Once this slush puppy of a former girl was turned runny enough it was threaded into the short digestive tract of the terror bird. The voracious villi ripping the nutrients from her powdered bones, as she was now in a much more relaxed state of existence flowed through the pipes as a viscus and chunky red water. Tamara’s form melting out of her clothes and jewellery, as she was simply turned into a liquid as the more indigestible components of her personal style remained in the stomach as a segregated waste of time.

By morning anything that had been considered close to the cute woman was long gone, her body whittled away into an indistinct pair of bulges slightly distorting the bird’s belly. A far cry from the blurred female silhouette the creature had been rocking less than 24 hours ago. It would seem though that she could not handle the pressure and she had taken the correct course of action and curled up into nothing more than a simmering hunk of well-shaped lunch meat. And seeing as she was in a predators’ stomach she had then fulfilled her destiny as little more than fat deposits on the frame of the superior organism.

Well most of her that was, there were the indigestibles left to deal with, and in the morning sun the Terror bird waddled to its feet and prepared to let out its unwilling dinner, albeit it a lot smaller and less beautiful.

Squatting slightly, the bird’s cloaca dilated, and with a squirt, she left as little more than a sopping mass of bird droppings. The urea drenched mess of former girl literally falling out of the bird as she was little more than faecal custard at this point. A few small bone nubs and scattered pubic and head hairs the only indication that it had even been a human female it had just unceremoniously shat out. The smell was abhorrent, stinking in a foul miasma that flowed off the dump like the steam that tickled the sky as it began to cool.

This was just the first wave though and again the terror bird squeezed and out came a second serving of former female gravy. This one having a little more evidence of the conquered woman who had disintegrated in the digesting stomach. A few not so white teeth were mixed in with the guano, the skull having imploded and only the hardened enamel seemed to have survived the trip, albeit eroded and damaged by their harsh treatment.

A final wet shart sprayed out the straggling remains of Tamara, a few nail polished clad fingernails in the liquid puddle she had been turned into. The gloss chipped, and the keratin ruined as it had been denatured by the rolling gut. Giving the mound of faecal pellets an air of sophistication as the red contrasted suitably with the creamy browns and whites that Tamara’s unutilized biomass had been stained.

Kicking some leaves over its mess, the bird then began to gag, and rocking its head in the manner it had used to claim Tamara as a meal the day prior, a mass could be seen shifting in its mid-section. This then trailed up its slender neck as a round bulge before with a loud hack and a spray of spittle it was ejected from the creature’s body.

The sodden mass landing with a spat in a puddle of stomach juices, little more than a nasty mess in the crumpled leaf litter. It was Tamara’s clothes and hair. The stomach and gizzard sorting her well into little more than a concise pellet of former woman. A few finger and toenails that hadn’t snaked through the bowels like gems in the greasy mass of brown hair. The remnants of her clothes also in the pile, bleached slightly white by the stomach acid but all in all in much better shape than the rest of her more fragile biological body.

Her earrings and bracelet were also in it, the metals gleaming in the sunlight as the silver and gold had been untouched by the bubbling cauldron of the stomach, as it deemed it of no nutritional value. The clasps on the articles still closed as the stomach had found it easier to simply pulp her body then waste time if it were to fiddle with such human contraptions. A few teeth also graced the hairball with their presence. these ones not stained brown but were acid pitted none the less from their extended bath in the sizzling stomach.

Of Tamara’s clothes, her bra was the worst for wear, the cotton peeling off the wire, leaving a mangled mess smooshed up in one sector of the pellet the oxidised metal of the iron support moulded up into what looked like a mangled slinky. Her panties, on the other hand, were in remarkably good condition, the tight thong synthetic and had passed through the crucible undamaged, unlike the sexual organs it had covered that were now cooling a few feet away in a much less sexually appealing state.

Tamara had processed smoothly, her body sorted and filed into the body of the large bird, the nutrients padding out the bird’s frame until it needed to hunt again. Not all of her had been used though and in the end, she had made a large puddle of guano and a petite pellet of her indigestibles that was no larger than a football. The end tapered for ease of ejection. Satisfied in having dealt with its dinner, the terror bird squawked happily and on lithe but muscular legs sauntered off in search of breakfast, thinking little of the life it had taken, she was only meat after all.