\*\*\*WARNING: This story contains bondage and extreme submission. Only read if you’re over 18 and okay with that. Remember to treat people like actual human beings and not sex objects in real life-this is just a work of fiction and fantasy. Consent is a must.\*\*\*

 It was the ideal job.

 The money was particularly good-not that it really mattered to her, she figured it would end up going to her roommate anyway.

 She went to the club every night. The lingerie was theirs, so was the blindfold. And the ropes. She was told that that they all were edible and could easily be bit through and digested. She didn’t care, as long as they rendered her helpless.

 Every night she was blinded, tied down, and left there, at the mercy of whoever entered into her room. She lay there and waited for her next master or mistress. She was placed in a private room-she knew this meant that clients paid more for her, that she was of a higher quality. She took pride in that, in how killer her curves were, and on how appetizing she looked.

 She never got to see who was in there with her. She was surprised by how many women came to see her, how many guided her fingers and tongues to their pussies. She was spanked, regularly, to the point that she found it impossible to sit during her day job. Occasionally, her boobs were tortured, either by being hit with the same flyswatter or using clamps. The clients always respected her boundaries, never beating her to the point of breaking her bones or peeing on her. They used her as the submissive slut she was, and every night she was excited to come back.

 The thrill was in knowing that any client could be her last.

 The clients were sure to remind her, too.

 “You look scrumptious, dumpling. I wonder how those boobs would look on me?”
 “I wonder if what’s left of you will get your own room after I finish eating. You won’t exactly have curves, you know.”
 “Let’s see how much tenderizing I can get done before dinner.”
 She didn’t speak unless spoken to, and then, she’d normally just say that she was a slut, that she was prey, that she wanted to be eaten, sir, please put me in your belly, how have I not been eaten yet, how have I been at this job so long, please eat me, turn to into fat, into shit, sir, that’s where I belong, I know, please-
 She relished every moment of it. She wasn’t allowed to request anything, so she couldn’t ask to be eaten. It made the thrill, the buildup, all the more exciting.

 She lasted a month before it finally happened.

 Whoever it was was young. They didn’t know what they wanted, so they just grabbed her, slammed her lips into hers, their hands running wildly over her body. They spanked her. It wasn’t one of her longer spankings, but it was brutal. They fucked her, hard, with a cock so hard she couldn’t tell if it was real or not. She held on to her ropes, and screamed, Cumming over, and over again. She didn’t even realize she was being eaten until she had come down from her high, until she felt the warm, moist throat closing in around her thighs. They grabbed her waist and pulled her down. In the end, they chewed on her ass, sucked on it, but barely lingered on it. They didn’t play with her sex with their tongue, or her asshole, they just swallowed them down, treating her like the meal she was.

 Their hands continued to rub over her body, pushing it in using every inch they could fine. She felt cherished, like she was Grade A meat-although she was still just meat. Some instinct deep inside of her told her to run, to struggle, but she knew she couldn’t-and every other fiber of her being was soaked with pleasure.

 She shivered as their tongue ran over her breasts. She couldn’t tell if they were playing for sex or for flavor, and she supposed that it didn’t matter at this point. She bucked her hips involuntarily, wishing she had her hands free to pleasure herself.

 Their hands landed on her cheeks, tenderly stroking them, the hands gently rubbing under the blindfold, caressing, thanking her. The hands then pulled.

 She was thrust into warm, moist darkness.

 She didn’t bother pulling her blindfold off-there was nothing to see. She just curled up and smiled. Her predator now had complete control over her. She could submit, fully, completely, deeply. She grinned as she felt her body began to melt away.