

# Predator Porn

A Short Story  
from the Chronicles of Cindar  
By  
Phero Foxdale

Jessica tussled Munch's hair in a particularly seductive and playful manner as she sauntered by him, toward a nearby set to do her scene. He looked up and caught her eye for a moment, where the curvy lioness returned a quick wink. All while her tongue snaked out to trace along the thin line of her lips for an instant before turning away from him.

"I think she likes you," Jerry said in a low, shrewd voice as the rodent elbowed the human lightly in the side. While his own gaze followed her receding form with clear longing, not at all deterred by her being almost three times his size.

Munch scoffed, "More like she just wants a quick, free meal later and is trying to secure me before someone else does."

"Why, is there a sudden shortage of you?" the rodent asked with mock concern.

Munch shook his head with a soft chuckle before replying, "Not really. In fact, Alicia keeps suggesting I come by her office later for some *intimate feedback* after we wrap for the day," he shot Jerry a knowing look, "Although... maybe you're right, perhaps she just *likes* me."

Jerry laughed and shrugged, "Yeah, good point, but you'll get a good fuck out of the deal. So, it isn't all bad."

"You know," the human added with an elbow poke of his own as he too watched her walk away, "You're not much bigger than I am, perhaps *you* could spend the afternoon with her. I bet she'd enjoy your company quite a bit... Jessica's really big into roleplay, from what I hear."

The mouse blanched at the suggestion, knowing the large feline would probably be open to the idea. But he still couldn't completely hide the quick glance at her shapely backside as it slipped through the stage door and out of sight. Or the thoughtful look that swept across his face for an instant as he considered the idea.

"Jerry," Munch continued with a questing look toward the mouse he got back to the matter at hand, "Look, we fuck all day... that's *literally* our jobs. To get fucked and then usually eaten by these females... and in my case, for real."

"Yeah... but," Jerry replied with a dismissive gesture, "That's all just for show. A real pre-pred fuck is... well... more... *real*, you know?"

Munch considered him for a moment, then shrugged. “True, but you ever think that's what makes my scenes so good? Because they really *are* real pre-pred fucks.”

Jerry shrugged back with a shy smile and said, “Yeah, I suppose you're right.” He sat and looked at the other large Lythian predators that lounged or chatted with each other as they waited for their own scenes. “I've seen how they look at you, both during shoots and when they see you come into the room. I doubt I could handle kind of... *attention* all the time.”

Munch smiled at the rodent Lythian's feeling of unease, drawing some strange amusement at his unusual amount of empathy. Which wasn't all that surprising, all things considered. Rodents, as they were pretty close in size to humans, seemed to get along with humans better than most other lythian races. Something about not having to worry about being eaten, or worse, all the time was quite a boost to a relationship.

“Think how I feel about it then,” Munch said and chuckled quietly at the look that shadowed the mouse's face as he did, “Don't worry about it. I'm sure you, and other lythians of your race, secretly fantasize about someday getting to slide down a sexy gullet, like us humans are forced to do all too often.”

Jerry remained fairly passive, yet his ears reddened a little at the comment.

Munch took the nonresponse as an opening to continue nettling his friend. “After all...,” he began with a casual gesture, “...Why else would you've gotten into Predator Porn? Couldn't have been for the great retirement plan or the opportunity at landing some challenging roles.”

Jerry shot a look at Munch. “That's not fair, you know that I—”

“Jerry!” a female voice shouted from behind them. “You're needed on stage five, right away, they want to add a scene where a slave boy gets scooped and you're a good enough fit for it.”

They both turned to see Alicia, a large, busty Vixen, striding towards the waiting area, clipboard in hand.

“Just so you know,” she added as she stopped in front of them, “The director wants Luran to partially swallow most of you. So, don't be too alarmed when you start to slip down her throat for real, the hippo knows what she's doing and won't actually swallow you all the way. Unless you panic, that is. At which point we might just leave you there as a lesson to the other prey. If you can't be

professional then you're no better than shit," she said half-joking but with a serious look at the mouse.

Munch caught the look in Jerry's eye and leaned in to whisper, "Don't worry, it only hurts for a moment... A moment that will last for an eternity as your flesh is slowly melted away and your internal organs are churned into a fine soup. But I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

Alicia shook her head at the look of pale terror on Jerry's face, "Don't worry, we have a couple of measures ready just in case the worst happens. Now get going, if you take too long then Guinevere will have her really eat you just for making them wait."

Jerry jumped up and padded off as fast as his short, mousy legs could carry him.

She chuckled to herself as she watched him go, then sat in the now empty chair to the right of Munch, "Cut kid, maybe I'll have a private *conversation* with him later, I could use a good fuck to relieve some of this stress." She gave the little human a sidelong glance and reached over to run the fingers of her left hand across his neck. "Speaking of private conversations, why don't you and I head back to my office. There's a couple... *techniques* I'd like to show you that I think would improve your shoots a bit."

He met her sidelong glance with his own, "We're in the middle of the day and it's pretty busy, they might object if the key member of a scene just wandered off." He smiled and made a mirthful noise, "Besides, what could you teach me about... well... being human that I don't already know. I've been doing it since well before your grandparents were born, I like to think I've gotten rather good at it."

Her index finger pressed against the skin of his neck just hard enough for the tip of her claw to leave a mark as it passed over his flesh. She still hadn't gotten used to hearing a human speak to her like that, and it was a bit agitating. To not have the little creature roll over and submit to whatever whim she wanted. She liked him, he was pleasant enough and, of course, made them a ton of money, but the years of the firmly ingrained social norm had him grating against her nerves sometimes. And the worst part of it, the part she found most aggravating, was that he really seemed to enjoy how much it often annoyed her.

“I’m sure,” she said in a slightly acidic tone at him not playing along, as her claw pressed ever harder against his flesh, “But everyone’s about to break for lunch. So, why don’t you come and spend the time with me? I have a nice bottle of wine that I believe would pair very nicely with you.”

Munch sighed, there wasn't much use arguing with the vixen. He had a good thing going here, a free place to stay where most of the Lythians not only accepted his presence but treated him with a little respect every now and then. Plus, several even seemed to like him, consider him a friend even, despite knowing what he was. If all it took was letting Alecia enjoy a private lunch with him from time to time, then it was well worth it.

In fact, he might even start showing up at her office with a nice bottle of wine and some oil to rub himself with. There were a couple of body oils that he knew of which she’d probably really like. Besides, who’d turn down the chance to have a good tumble with the boss every now and then, especially when she’s rather attractive? It might even lead to a sweeter deal for him in the end, if he played his cards right.

“Fine,” he said with a shrug as he slapped away her hand, the sudden movement coming close to drawing blood, “You’re the boss.”

Lythian’s were a notoriously frisky species, which was the biggest reason why these studios were so lucrative in the first place. It was one of the strange drawbacks of mixing human and animal genetics to such an extent. You got a species that had the constant human sex drive with almost feral promiscuity. And an eager willingness to engage in the reproductive act wherever and whenever they could.

It had taken them several millennia to stop openly humping at the drop of a hat, and in the middle of the street, but would still rut whenever they felt the opportunity arise. Or if whatever animalistic drive within them became too strong. Which was thankfully rare... but had caused several embarrassingly spontaneous orgies in recent years.

Munch stood from the chair as she did likewise to escort him to her office. While a series of light rumbles from her stomach were already starting to make themselves heard behind him. At least he wouldn’t be gone for very long, as her ravenous gut was any indicator.

They hadn't gone far, however, when an assistant ran up to them, “Munch, there you are! Come on, they need you to on set-three, Shawnee is waiting to shoot her last scene.”

Alecia scowled at the young otter as he began to nudge Munch in the direction of the set. “Can this wait?” she asked with a sigh, “I was just about to break for lunch and spend some quality time with our little friend here.”

The assistant shifted between each foot for a moment as he debated who was the safest to piss off just then. Alicia, his boss and who ultimately signed his paychecks. Or the set director, someone who could have him do the scene, where *accidents* could sometimes happen to someone his size.

In the end, he thought it was better to be unemployed than finding himself *accidentally* digested by a hungry coworker. They probably wouldn't even list him on the credits anyway.

“Donavan wants to finish this up before lunch so that the set can be freed up for the next shoot,” he said in a nervous rush. “He thinks he could get most of ‘The Southern Bell’ done by the end of the day if he can finish ‘The Jungle Queen’ right now.”

Alecia frowned, realizing that it was indeed a good plan, despite thinking Donavan was a pompous, egotistical, asshole at times. But she was still a bit irked that her own lunch plans were now on hold. Mostly because it meant that there was only a cold sandwich and a long, lonely lunch waiting for her in her office.

“Fine,” she said with a sharp, dismissive gesture and shoved Munch at the assistant. “But let everyone know that I have an important meeting with him, at lunchtime tomorrow.”

“Yes, ma'am... of course... I'll be sure to make a note of it,” he said as he started to rush Munch away at a brisk pace.

“Also,” she called after them as a thought came to her, “When you see Jerry, if he survives the scene with Guinevere that is, tell him to come by my office. I have something I need him to do.”

“Yes ma'am,” the assistant replied over his shoulder.

“Oh, and make sure he showers first,” she added as they disappeared through a door.

She may have only a cold sandwich to look forward to, but there was no reason she couldn't still have a good mid-day screw. Being around the strong scent of musk and listening to the constant rutting all day usually had her quite wet and dripping by the time she got home. The little rodent

would help alleviate that problem for her. Of course, were it not for all the paperwork she'd have to do afterward, he'd satisfy her other one as well.

After leaving the waiting area, Munch was directed down a long hallway flanked with yet more doors. Each labeled in large, black letters denoting which set lay beyond. As well as a single red light above each to signal when filming was occurring. At length, they came to a door marked with a large '3' on it and entered.

The space beyond had been transformed to resemble the large throne room of some old and grand, jungle palace. Wide, faux-Marble columns ran along tall, ornate vine-covered, and just as fake, Marble walls. Several male Lythian-panthers casually stood near some of the pillars waiting for the scene to begin. Each was dressed as one would expect a guard would be, in such a place as that.

They wore simple, leather tunics that hung open to let their ebony fur and sculpted muscles underneath play to the camera. While only a small loincloth covered the front midsection, allowing a keen-eyed viewer more than a hint at the soft, well-endowed treasure that lay behind it. The overall practical effect was pretty good, it would also limit the amount of postproduction touch-up usually done in these films.

Most of these kinds of erotic, niche fantasy-flics tended to be entirely CG or were filmed completely in virtual environments. They turned out pretty good in the end and looked about as "real" as such things could get. However, nothing quite beats doing it in live-action and then using a bit of good, old-fashioned camera trickery. That, or employing a human, such as Munch. Which was the easiest way to do it, so long as you didn't run out of humans, that is. Which is why having a Skin-Dancer around, like Munch, was rather handy.

A rather agitated looking Fox, dressed in far too pretentious attire for his current line of work, strode up to them. "It took you long enough to get here," he snapped. "I'm glad you could manage to spare us all the time, humans do know how to tell the time, right?"

"Sorry Donovan," the assistant mumbled, "I had to pry him away from Alecia. You know how she's been trying to get him away to have lunch with her... or something like that."

Donovan shook his head with an exasperated sigh and gestured the small, robed human towards the other end of the room. Where, on a raised platform, stood a large, gilded throne of

immense proportions. A couple of Lythian-Panthers, similarly-dressed to resemble guards and looking a bit bored, flanked each side as they waited for the scene to start.

“Fine,” Donovan said with an abrupt gesture to dismiss the assistant, “He’s here now, so, just... go make yourself useful somewhere.”

The otter spun on his heels and disappeared out the door with several, low-muttered supplications.

“Alright then, *Munch*,” Donovan began as he herded the human toward the stage. “I assume you remember where we left off and, of course, your lines? This should be a pretty quick scene, all you have to do is let Shawnee handle everything, I’m sure even you can get that much right.”

Munch nodded as he removed the robe and tossed it onto a side table. While not bothering to tell the fox that his lines were basically grunts and pleas for mercy. While all he ever really did was vainly struggle against the efforts of whoever was eating or fucking him that day. Any idiot could adlib their way through it without any real effort.

“Good,” the fox continued without having really paid any attention to the answer, “Then we should have this done in time for lunch and get the set changed over for the next film. I assume you’ve already been told about the role you’re going to have in that one?”

“Yes,” Munch replied in a flat, automatic tone, “It’s going to be a smash hit, I’m sure.”

It was pretty much the same as every other role the simple-minded vulpine had for him. Run away, get caught, get scoffed. Or sneak around, get caught, get fucked, be swallowed. All while looking and sounding like some feral creature that was dazzled by the beauty or physique of whoever was staring in the film.

Which always seemed to include at least one scene of him masturbating at the thought being with them. Such as earlier in this one, where he’d been caught while *enjoying* the view of the queens bathing maidens. Although, he had rather enjoyed the view, so it didn’t take to much effort to finish the scene.

“Of course, it will be,” Donovan said, “My work always is. Now then, go get into position, Shawnee’s famished and is more than ready for you.”



Munch bit back the urge to tell him that their success was mainly due to *him*. Real prey made it real predation, it's why the scenes were that much better, and the sole reason why his shitty films sold as well as they did. But, he knew it wasn't any use, he was just the meat and that's all there was to it. He should simply relax and enjoy the fact that he didn't have to live on the streets anymore.

He sidled over to a spot just in front of the throne as a couple more guard extras came over to stand next to him. "Hey Steve," Munch muttered at one of them in greeting as they waited, "You get anywhere with that waitress the other night? Last I saw, she seemed pretty interested in you."

He chuckled at the little human and shot him a wry, sidelong glance. "You mean... before you became *indisposed* with that hot cougar milf Alicia was looking to hire as a new pred?" he replied with a little smirk. "Yeah, ended up at a club later and we had a bit of fun after getting to my place." He started to chuckle under his breathe and after a moment muttered, "Sorry you had such a 'shitty' evening and all... nothing worse than getting the 'ass' end of a deal." His mirthful tremors continued for another moment before he nudged Munch in the ribs and added, "Right...? You get it?"

"You're a fucking riot, Steve, you know that?" Munch replied as he rolled his eyes, "Truly, the world has suffered a great loss from your failure to pursue a career in comedy."

Munch didn't mind the chiding all that much, despite the lack of enthusiasm towards it. At least most of them spoke to him and acted as though he was welcomed there

"But yes," he added after a moment, "You're right. Getting digested and ending up in the toilet is a pretty *shitty* way to end an evening. And while she definitely was rather nice and really quite attractive, having to become one of her turds is most definitely the *ass* end of any deal." It was crass humor and he hated himself for uttering it, but the panther seemed to find it rather amusing.

Steve suppressed another bout of laughter at hearing such hilarious toilet humor further expounded upon. "Yeah, she was really hot though," he muttered after the guffaws had finally died down. "I'm almost a little jealous at you getting to spend so much quality time with her."

Munch went to reply, something along the lines of how their *quality* time consisted of her introducing the human to her gullet and then digesting him. It wasn't as though they spent the evening engaged in casual conversation and flirting. In fact, he'd only been alive for the first hour so

so, just long enough for the cougar to hand over her resume, and then promptly swallow him. However, he was cut off as Donovan's voice called out to the room at large.

"Alright, quiet everyone!" the fox shouted as he had the last holographic imaging camera into position. He waited for the noise to die down and all the actors got into their positions and were ready. Then called out the ready command, "Start capture, and... action!"

The two guards next to Munch grabbed his arms and held them with enough force that it almost hurt. No need to pretend when the actor is under contract to die once or twice a day. But they still could have been a bit gentler with him and he made a note to have a word with Steve about it. Perhaps threaten to withhold any more dating advice if they didn't start being a bit more careful.

Everyone stood still and silent for a few moments, no doubt Donovan planned to have music dubbed in here or something. He may be an annoying, pretentious fop, but he knew what he was doing when it came to these films. Which made a lot of them wonder why he was stuck doing these seedy predica films and not something a lot more mainstream.

"Well, well, what have we here?" a deep sensuous voice called out from his right, just off set. "Is this an assassin, sent by my sister as another desperate attempt to claim the throne?"

A rather massive elephant sauntered into view and strode up the dais to sit on the throne with delicate, almost serpentine grace. She looked down at the two guards before turning a curious look at Munch. Where her eyes sized him up and bore into him in a way that was far too intense to truly be an act.

Steve, aka "guard number three", shook his head and said, "No, my queen. We discovered this vermin skulking about the gardens while stealing food and... *watching* your maidens bathe."

Munch was a bit impressed; Steve had clearly been taking those speech lessons he'd recommended. The panther sounded much better and had even lost the odd accent altogether, maybe that's why he was in such a good mood. Perhaps a friendly chide about when he'd slipped down the gullet of an attractive female was just his, if rather strange, way of saying thanks to a human.

"Such impertinence," she scowled down to him while shifting her ample bottom on the throne, "I should have you flayed alive and displayed as a warning to the rest of your kind. Or

perhaps, I'll give you over to my maidens, since you covet them so much, and let them deal with you. I'm certain the presentation of what was left of you afterward would have the same effect."

The captured and now quite doomed human was supposed to whimper and moan loudly as he tried to escape the grasp of his guards. Where she would continue to hint at the terrible things about to happen, all while trying to make being tortured in ever more terrifying ways sound as sexy as possible. Which would, of course, culminate with Shawnee exacting her own, erotically horrifying retribution on him.

Donovan would always drone on about how that was the biggest selling point in these films. That all preds wanted their prey to understand what lay in store for them, it was what made it so enjoyable for them. To have their irrelevance shoved in their faces before they were then shoved down a throat. It was the same old shit, only different scenery, which always made the human wonder why they needed to make more than one of these.

He was about to press forward with his expected pleas for mercy, however, a bit of inspiration struck just then. Something about the scene reminded him of an eerily similar situation he'd been in, long ago. So, as he always enjoyed the opportunity to add something, other than his nutritional value, to a scene, he decided to go with it. Besides, the worst thing Donovan could do was kill him... a couple of times, that is.

With a quick twist that his 'guards' had no reason to expect, he freed himself from their grasp, took a step forward, and sank to his knees. "Please, mighty one," he uttered with a bowed head and reverent tone as he spread his hands in supplication, "I meant no disrespect. I only wished to gaze upon the beauty and magnificence of your palace those within it."

Everyone around him on set paused, unsure what to do. His augmented ears could already hear the deep intake of breath from Donovan, his scream of fury only moments away. While he knew there would be an angry tirade from both Donovan and Alicia later, he figured this was a good time to see if Shawnee was worth the outrageous amount the studio was rumored to pay her.

Munch raised his head to catch her eye, where the gleam in hers made it seem that she understood and would play along. So, he pressed on before anyone could stop it, his tone now pleading, "The legends of your beauty and wisdom is well known among my people. Therefore, I have faced many great perils to stand before you today."

She smiled and spread her arms in an expansive gesture. “And are they true, am I truly as magnificent as you’ve heard?”

“Yes... and more, oh great one,” he replied, managing to put a small sparkle in his eye. “The tales of your awe-inspiring elegance have failed to capture the true essence of your mighty and sumptuously imposing figure.”

For a split second, he could have sworn a blush tinted the grey skin of her face before she raised a hand to cover it in a way that looked thoughtful. While her trunk twisted and swayed in its own considerate fashion.

He could hear Donovan’s deep, agitated breathing behind him still, but the rest of the crew seemed interested in where this was going. They’d gone completely off-script at that point and would be adlibbing the rest of the film. Something that, while not completely unheard of, was still rather rare in that part of the industry.

‘Queen’ Shawnee sat up and leaned her ample frame forward on her throne with interest. Being sure to do so in such a way that made her ample bosom pop out for the viewers to enjoy. As it turned out, she was quite good at improvising too and knew that she needed to move things along as well. The last thing she wanted was being forced to listen as the dapper fox complained for the rest of the day.

She gave him a knowing smile and inclined an eyebrow at him. “Of course, what other reason would compel one of you filthy little humans to dare stand in my presence? But still, you should have known better than to defile my palace with your unworthy footsteps and foul the air with your squalid presence. Perhaps then, I should think of a particularly exquisite way to show you the error of your ways and teach a lesson to the rest of your race to stay in your own lands.”

The two guards, getting their wits about them and decided to join in on the ongoing improv session going on around them. They reached down and pulled him back to his feet, their demeanor less hostile and cautious, but more curious about the interloper standing between them.

Munch swallowed reflexively at the dangerous gleam in her eye, she might actually be too good at this. In fact, he had the sneaking suspicion that she might have done something like this before. She certainly seemed to be enjoying herself quite a bit, if the sudden wave of musk that wafted from her to blast his nose was any evidence.

Donovan must have thought so too, as his flustered pacing and heavy breathing had stopped. Although, it was hard to really tell anymore as Munch's attention was being pulled toward the massive pachyderm glaring at him with an increasingly hungry look.

It made his mind draw a blank for a heartbeat, and he had to take a deep breath before responding to clear his mind. "My queen," he began in a convincingly grave and hopeful tone, "I was hoping that—"

"Silence!" she uttered with a wave of her massive hand, "You've said your piece, now cease wagging your vulgar little tongue while I decide what to do with you."

She looked down at him for a long, thoughtful moment, far longer than she really needed to. He could almost feel Donovan's and the rest of the crew's eyes on them as she let the tension build for almost a second too long. It took a surprising bit of effort, but he managed to suppress an appreciative smile, she really was worth the money they paid her. Perhaps he might offer to help her with rehearsals later, it might be fun for both of them.

A thin smile stretched across her mouth and she reclined back a little. "Yes, I know just what to do with you, my little interloper," she said and licked her lips, "A task that I think you're perfectly suited for."

He tried to take a step back away from her as his face suddenly blanched, but the Panthers kept him in place. "Please, my queen, anything but that," he pleaded, "I can be of greater use to you. I swear, please, just give me the chance to serve you."

She motioned to the guards and they shoved him towards her. "This *is* your chance to serve me, little one," she cooed to him as her hand reached out for him, "So, come now, and be served to your queen."

He made quite a show of struggling against the grasp of her massive hand as it closed around his chest. She lifted him up to her face as her trunk snaked up around him and out of the way. Playing against and teasing his flesh lightly as it went.

She licked her lips again before they parted to reveal the massive chasm of wet, squelching flesh within. While her tongue snaked out to rake across his body, dragging itself across his flesh to lap away his subtle flavor. As a great thundering moan rolled up her throat and echoed out of the maw before him that rattled his ears.

He remembered himself and worked up another burst of frantic struggles, being sure to ham it up as much as he could. “Please... don’t eat me, oh glorious queen, my flesh is unfit to nourish such a magnificent body as yours. I’m sure that I will only make you sick... or give you the worst indigestion at best.”

One of the camera drones swung around to get a close-up scan of them, to pick up what the stationary capture scanners couldn’t see. The quiet hum of its repulsors betraying the device’s location through the optical camouflage that hid it.

“Hush now,” she muttered in a soft, commanding tone, “And be glad that for the fate I’ve chosen for you. I shall see to it that your remains are deposited in the garden, where they may bask in the radiance of my presence for years to come.”

“No, I—”

She pressed her large finger to his lips, silencing him in an instant. “Submit, and I will be gentle... continue to struggle, however...” she bared her teeth in a menacing fashion as he was lifted above her mouth, “...And I promise that it will go rather bad for you.”

His brain froze for a moment as he considered what to do. Hamming it up for the camera before she gulped him down whole was one thing but being chewed on a bit first was a bit much. The slight pause from his inaction was all she needed to act, and in a swift motion, her mouth gaped under him and his legs were smoothly guided into it. While her grip shifted up to hold him by the wrists, leaving him to dangle like a noodle as he was slurped into her maw.

The familiar feeling of its warm wetness, as her tongue worked its way up to his legs, woke him from the slight stupor. He decided the one or two feeble struggles would be alright, although, nothing too industrious as his legs were now within range of her large, gleaming teeth. It was doubtful she’d really do it, but he’d known several other pachyderms over the endless years that enjoyed a bit of mastication before swallowing their human prey.

He twisted in her grasp once or twice as he quickly sank into a mouth more than large enough to take in his entire body. Until being lowered down to where her lips were able to come together around his sternum. Where she released his wrists and held him there for a moment as her tongue began to work at the lower part of his body within her mouth. It took great self-control on

his part to not give away the fact that she was exerting expert control in an assault against his rather sensitive bits.

After only about half a minute, though, the great, dexterous beast withdrew from his aching cock and the world went dark and wet as she sucked him the rest of the way into her mouth. Her mouth began to work in an exaggerated motion, as though chewing him. It was a little unnerving, being tossed about within the squelching chamber. Knowing that even one misstep on her part would have those dangerously close molars mash part of him into a fine paste. While not being permanent, having one or more of his limbs removed via mastication was not a fun experience.

During her show, she would allow her mouth to gape open every now and then, to give the still nearby drone camera a good view inside. Where it could capture the way her tongue was shifting and slathering him, all while he fought to keep from drowning in the lake of saliva that rose around him. It was a good way to build-up to the money shot, which was the part where she finally swallowed him. Which he knew to help out with by trying to cry out, just loud enough for his voice to be heard, whenever light spilled in around him.

She kept up the show for another minute or two, moaning with genuine pleasure at the taste and feel of him in her mouth. It was so enjoyable to have the little sapien in her maw, that she almost forgot about being filmed and the need to press on with the scene. Soon though, after remembering the task at hand and having had enough fun with him, her kneading jaw halted as her head began to tilt upward. All while her tongue renewed its onslaught on his still hardened dick, working to coax out what lay within.

It was just one of those personal quirks of hers, and she thought it would be a nice touch to add to the moment. The annoying little fox wanted a good end to the film after all, so, why not make this money shot a little special. With a final cry of passion from him as he glided down her throat, nothing like sending them off with a bang, as it were.

So, she pressed her slick tongue over him and worked at the little rod that poked against it. While waiting for the taste of its essence to stain her taste buds before she made the final gulp. And from the way he started to squirm against the broad surface of her tongue, it wouldn't be too long.

Munch's feet hung off the back of her tongue, dangling just above her pulsing throat. While the rest of him still lay encased in slick wetness that writhed against every inch of his upper body.

Which it slithered over him with such intensity that it soon became too much to bear, the pressure within his midsection started to build at a frantic pace.

When it finally crested and the release spasmed through him, he cried out. Which turned into more of a gurgled moan as his mouth filled with a healthy amount of the flowing saliva around him. While her tongue dropped out from under him, and with a quick firm surge backward, threw him down into the gaping chasm throat. As it wrapped around him to convey her latest meal with little effort down to her waiting stomach.

The wiggling bulge slithered down her neck to plunge out of sight within her rib cage. It was a rather good money shot. She'd gotten him off just as she swallowed which made him writhe on the descent quite a bit. That, and the little howl it had elicited, could be heard resonating through her flesh the entire trip down. It sounded almost like a bemoaned wail, something that Donovan probably got quite hard over. And would no doubt want others to try and duplicate.

With a loud, wet squelch and a small, slimy splash, he slipped in and fell into her cavernous stomach. She'd apparently been at the Crafty recently. As the spacious chamber was already sloshed with a large assortment of partially processed snacks. Which oozed around and somewhat buried him in the small pool of unseen goo as the sac gave a large convulsion in greeting.

Although dreading the part to come, as anyone in that situation would, he did his best to keep up the act and pressed out against the surrounding flesh. Pushing with his hands, feet, and even face just hard enough to sink into the flesh and make a noticeable bulge or outline on the outside. All while trying to ignore the sharp tingles that spread over his skin and soon started to progress to an intense burning sensation that was rather distracting.

It wouldn't be too long until her powerful digestive system kicked in and stripped the flesh from his bones. The experience would be quite unpleasant if he was still alive when it happened. But he still needed to put up a good show and try to last for as long as was needed, the last thing he wanted was to have for them to reshoot the scene. And go through all this again for no reason.

She let out a long sigh as her hand played along the contours of her stomach, while the faint outlines of one of his limbs for head distended its flesh every now and then. The sensation of whatever he was doing in there felt wondrous, albeit a little uncomfortable. And the longer he did it,



the more she had to fight back the urge to belch out the last of his air. Which managed to make her a bit nauseous after a while.

With a stern and somewhat haughty look, she surveyed the guards and the room beyond in general. “Let that be a lesson to anyone else who dares to trespass here,” she uttered in a firm voice, then added with another tender stroke of her belly, “Although, I welcome any who might think to challenge it.”

“...And cut!” Donovan called out, breaking the spell. “I don’t know what the fuck that was, but I think it’s going to make this one a hit!”

Shawnee stood walked off the raised platform as an assistant scuttled up to offer her a robe. “It’s called acting, honey,” she replied in the fox’s general direction with a little smirk, “I thought that’s what we all did around here.” She looked down to her still moving abdomen and gave it a soft, satisfied smile while adding with a firm pat against it, “You can stop that now, sweetheart, not that I don’t appreciate the effort.”

Munch could just make out what she’d said as he the deep thump reverberated around him. He stopped and fell back into the mush around him, wincing as the growing patches of dissolving skin and underlying flesh sent tendrils of searing pain through his body. A thought crossed his mind as to how long he would have to endure this, before he could die and get on with his day, when the chamber convulsed and pressed in tightly around him.

Her face contorted for a moment before letting out a deafening belch. “Ah, much better,” she sighed as the robe’s sash was tied around her waist, “You know how uncomfortable it is to keep all that air in your stomach?” As one last quivering spasm from her stomach signified the expiration of its occupant, she turned to the assistant and inquired of the small feline, “So, he’s one of those Skin Dancers, is he? He was pretty good; it’d be a shame to have wasted talent like that, even from a human.”

“Yes, he is,” the assistant replied with a nod as they left the room, “I’m actually rather surprised you haven’t met him yet. Alicia likes to have him around when interviewing new talent, he’s really quite useful that way.”

Shawn shrugged. “They hired me directly out of another studio,” she explained to the cat as they walked down the hallway. “My agent did all the work, I was just told how much the pay was and when to show up.”

“Oh, I guess you might not have met him yet then,” the assistant said with his own little shrug. “For a human, he’s pretty easy to get along with, I’m sure you’ll like him, once you get to know the little demon.”

Shawnee smiled. “Well then,” she said with another contented sigh as her belly gave a long, contented gurgle, “I’ll just have to properly introduce myself then. After all, we’re going to be working together very closely in the future, and it’s a good idea to know just how far his *talents* go.”

The two Lythians shared a laugh as they passed the prey waiting area, where Munch was already seated, as they headed towards the pred cool-down room. He saw them and gave a nod as they walked by while nibbling on a handful of snacks to replenish his energy stores. If there had been more time, he’d have joined them to introduce himself. But it wouldn’t be long until someone came by to grab him for the next scene that required his special... *talent*.