

An
Unaware Lunch

A Short Story

By

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Jason always had this strange, yet persistent, fantasy. Where he was swallowed, whole and alive by a woman, and now, he'd stumbled onto the means to do it. So, all he just needed to do was find a woman and convince her to eat him. Which, given his level of social skills, would be something better said than done.

But then, something happened soon after that simplified the matter. He'd been at a friend's house watching TV when his friend's mom walked into the room. Despite being in her mid to late 40s, she was quite attractive and her body seemed to call to him in subtle ways. He'd never seen her before then, and his jaw dropped at the sight.

Perhaps it was the way her long, brunet hair flowed behind her as she entered the room. Or maybe, how her nice, round breasts swayed with each step as she moved. She seemed to glide through the room, swinging her hips back and forth in slow, smooth sweeps. It was as though advertising the parts of her he could contribute to, were he to get the chance.

However, what seemed to pull Jason's attention to her right away, was her face and stomach. Where a warm smile stretched a pair of large, pouty lips, over her broad mouth that only just revealed her pristine, white teeth. While the small amount of pudg around her belly that, combined with her ample butt and heavy breasts, really made Jason want to be eaten by her.

After a moment, he realized that he'd been staring, and had to look away while trying to hide the obviously rigid sign of his arousal. It was almost enough for him to have summoned the courage to ask her outright then and there. He couldn't remember the rest of what went on that day. As he could only think about Mrs. Peterson, and how to find a way to enter her lovely mouth, from that point onward.

From their quick conversation, he'd learned that she worked as a secretary, or something like that, in an office downtown. Whatever it was, Jason considered her coworkers to be very lucky indeed. His fascination with Mrs. Peterson soon led to a determination that meant he'd do anything to be swallowed by her. So, he devised a cunning, if not a bit desperate, plan.

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A week later, Jason crept up to the Peterson household around seven in the morning. Late enough that his friend would be gone but still early enough for his mother to still be there. When he grasped the handle to the back door, a sigh of relief left his lips when he found the door unlocked. And, with a slow, quiet deliberateness that made him feel more like a criminal than anything else, he entered the house.

There were footsteps coming from upstairs, faintly thumping down through the ceiling. The door opened onto the kitchen, which was handy as he didn't feel like sneaking all the way through the house to get to it. After closing the door behind him, he found what he was looking for on the counter, Mrs. Peterson's lunch. Which consisted of a sandwich, wrapped in plastic wrap, a spoon, a couple of small bags of chips and nuts, and a small carton of pudding.

Given his already stated level of social skills, he'd never been able to conjure up the nerve to ask Mrs. Peterson straight out if she'd swallow him. So, his plan was to somehow hide in her food, that way, she'd swallow him without even noticing. The trick, of course, was how to do it without getting chewed up along with the rest of her food in the process.

As he scanned the laid-out contents of her lunch, the simple solution came to him. The pudding, he could easily conceal himself in the pudding. If he could manage to somehow get into it without her noticing, then she'd swallow him without any danger of either being noticed or masticated.

Jason glanced at the clock and saw that he probably still had a couple of minutes before she'd come downstairs. He extracted a small vial from his pocket and set it down with the utmost care onto the counter. If anyone ever found out that he'd stolen the vial, he'd be in deep trouble, to put it mildly. Then again, none of that really mattered now.

It had taken him several anxiety-filled weeks to work out the right dosage. Too much and he'd shrink down to nothing, too little and he'd be either too big to swallow or hide easily. All while under the watchful eye of an increasingly suspicious supervisor. He still shuddered at the thought of what would have happened if they'd discovered the reason for him doing those tests.

He stripped off his clothes and dumped them in the trash, then buried them under some loose items, so as not to be easily seen. With the hope that if she would look too closely if she had

the need to throw something away, he closed the lid. He gave one last look around the room to ensure there was no evidence of him having been there before moving back to the counter.

Just then, the sound of her heard footsteps moved toward the stairs and start to get alarmingly close. He would have to work fast. He jumped up onto the counter and drank the liquid contents of the vial. The world around him began to grow as he started to shrink with exponential speed. Which was when he realized the vial had to be hidden as well. She'd know something was up if it was sitting on the counter, right next to her lunch.

It was already getting too big for him to hold as he looked around in desperation for a place to stash it. He noticed a space large enough for it behind the toaster and rushed to slide it into place. Which he just managed to do before it became too heavy to lift as it was almost twice his size by then.

After a few more seconds, he was just under a quarter of an inch tall and standing next to a building-sized sandwich. As it turned out, he'd cut it rather close as Mrs. Peterson walked into the kitchen at that moment. She sauntered up to the counter and he again admired her stunning beauty while peeking around the corner of the massive sandwich.

She loomed over him, hundreds of feet tall and suddenly terrifying at that size. She was wearing a black business suit with a matching mid-length skirt. While her hair was still wet and dangled in tight clumps. Her eyes scanned over the countertop and, for a moment, he feared she may have noticed something out of place.

If she did, all would be lost, and he'd be stuck at his current size for the foreseeable future. Forced to survive on the counter until he could either carry out his plan or find a way to escape. Or die in some horrible way, which was an odd concern, despite his intended destination.

However, she was only checking over the contents of her lunch one last time, as her giant hand reached down towards him. He grabbed onto the plastic wrap and clung to it with all his strength as it soared into the air. All while a small thrill shot through him at having succeeded in being smuggled into her lunch.

The sandwich was conveyed into a canvas lunch-bag with a soft blue paisley pattern over it. He stayed close to the plastic as the rest of the items were soon placed into the bag after him, and Jason wanted to avoid being smashed by the incoming items. It was rather dark and gloomy inside, once everything was in place, not to mention cramped. Which was then made all the worse as a bottle of water settled down into it as well.

The bag closed and the darkness became near-absolute. There was silent stillness for a time, then the bag began to jostle and bounce as Mrs. Peterson picked it up and carried it to her car. Which created a challenge he hadn't quite thought of, that of trying to avoid being crushed by the other items in her lunchbox.

With each step, the massive, unseen objects around him shifted and collided in unnerving ways. Once or twice, he even came quite close to losing his grip on the plastic wrap. Especially when she dropped it onto the passenger seat of the car. Which was a short, but welcome reprieve, as he had to endure it all over again when she carried the container into work.

Her voice boomed out from somewhere above him, greeting several coworkers as she entered the office. Which continued as she chatted while making her way through the building. Until everything suddenly came to rest when she set the container down.

For a second, he worried that he'd have to spend several hours shivering in a refrigerator. However, from what he could hear of the outside world, she'd placed her lunch somewhere near her desk. Now Jason just had to sit next to the giant sandwich and wait. Where in a couple of hours, Mrs. Peterson would eat her lunch that would, with any luck, contain Jason as well.

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She'd opened the lunchbox once or twice during the morning hours. Her slender fingers appearing out the sky to pull out one of the small bags of nuts or other snacks. Part of him wanted to grab onto one of them and watch as she ate from his new vantage point. Perhaps, even seeing if there was a way to join their trip down her throat, as his excitement at the thought was getting hard to control.

Still, he was half-asleep when the lid finally opened for the last time. Which caught him a little off guard, as he'd expected her to eat in a break room or someplace similar. Where, rather than being alerted to her lunch's impending extraction by another short, bumpy ride somewhere. Sudden brightness blazed into the space and he almost didn't notice her fingers closing around the sandwich.

He realized what was happening in time and held onto the plastic wrap tightly as it was lifted out. The stadium-sized lunchbox fell away and he was given a brief, but interesting, view of her office before she placed the sandwich down onto her desk. He let go of the plastic wrap and looked around while making sure to stay hidden as best he could.

Mrs. Peterson's desk was so massive that he couldn't quite comprehend the full scope of it. The dark, wooden surface stretched away into the far distance, where the giant shapes of several innocuous objects loomed. It was all rather intimidating, and while he knew that, in time, he'd get used to the major change in perspective. Of course, he also understood that it didn't matter either way.

Jason had just glanced above him, at the harsh, fluorescent lights that shone down on him, when the towering water bottle slammed down right by him. It was followed by the pudding, spoon, and the last remaining bag of chips. He looked up and saw that she was momentarily distracted by someone, so, he darted over to hide behind the pudding cup.

It wasn't very far, but his heart pounded harder within his chest at each step as he ran. He was still big enough to be easily spotted if he wasn't careful. All it would take is for her to notice movement in the corner of her eye or glance in the wrong direction at the wrong time. Although, the fear of discovery gave him a needed boost, while also adding a secret, unsuspected thrill to it all.

With great care, he peeked out from around the corner of the pudding cup. Where he watched the mountainous Mrs. Peterson carefully unwrap her sandwich to start eating her lunch. He gazed up in awe as she brought the sandwich to her mouth and took a huge bite big enough to fit a house into. While crumbs, at least the size of his feet, fell from her mouth and rained down onto the desk.

The air filled with harsh sound as she began to chew with slow deliberation, where she took her time to enjoy each bite. Which was soon followed by a low, wet, organic sound as she swallowed. When this happened, he wished he was sliding down her throat along with it. And wondered if he should try to climb into her sandwich if she set it back onto the desk for a moment.

However, this thought soon dissipated when he noticed her chewing in a thorough almost absent-minded way. Which meant it would be quite hard, if not impossible, to survive the process. So, he waited for her to finish, know his time would come soon enough.

The bag of chips and water were soon opened, which she alternated from between mouthfuls. With each one, he found it increasingly hard to control his arousal. As every time her delicate fingers would reach out to pluck up a chip and bring to her mouth, he'd get a tantalizing view of the inside of her mouth.

Finally, she finished the sandwich and a small thrill shivered through him, as she would be starting on the pudding next. So, Jason had only a few precious moments to get in position without being seen. He darted out and crawled underneath the huge plastic spoon when she was busy tossing the chip bag into the trash. He gripped the edges of it tightly and hoped that she wouldn't notice his tiny fingers when she picked it up.

There was a tearing sound as Mrs. Peterson tore the cover from the cup and he braced himself. With a jolt that almost jarred him loose, despite expecting it, the spoon lifted away from the table. And after a short pause, plunged deep into the pudding. Leaving him surrounded by moist darkness.

He held his breath as the spoon pushed ever deeper into the thick pudding. All while expecting to be deposited into her mouth at any moment with her first, delicious bite. But as it shifted to scoop some out, the suction pulled him away from it, which left him stuck somewhere in the middle.

Seeing no other choice, he managed to make his way to the surface with a series of jerky, struggling motions. He'd always considered himself a pretty good swimmer, but the thick, sugary goop around him was like nothing he'd ever swam in before. When he finally broke the surface, he wiped the pudding from his face just in time to see the spoon enter her mouth, just above him.

Jason's excitement surged at the sight, this was it, the moment had come at last. There truly was no turning back now. She held the cup in her hand at chest level, which gave him an excellent view, and his already twitching erection grew in strength until it almost hurt. Especially as he watched the lump travel down her throat when she swallowed the mouthful of pudding.

The spoon returned several more times in quick succession, each time it managed to narrowly miss scooping him up. He watched it soar up to her mouth with greater anticipation, knowing that soon he'd be scooped up into her mouth as well. His one hope being, that he would at least get a good view of it before being placed inside.

The massive scoop came down again, and this time he tried to swim into its path, as he couldn't bear the wait any longer. However, he just missed it and had to yet again watch it leave without him. What was worse, this time her tongue snaked out nearly all the way to lick the spoon clean in one, slow movement.

Jason's cock throbbed as his eyes took in the glorious spectacle of the enormous tongue as it licked the pudding off the spoon. It was beautiful, so long, wet, and agile. Yet too soon, it was gone, and her attention was back on the pudding as moved to scoop up another bite.

This time, he managed to make it onto the spoon and he nearly yelled out in triumph as it scooped him up. The excitement within him peaked so much that he felt as though he might explode, in more ways than one. He was able to check himself in time, which was good as her hearing a tiny voice shouting up from her food might derail his plans a bit.

The spoon drifted up until he soon found himself staring at Mrs. Peterson's giant, moist lips. He almost wished that the moment would last longer, as it would give him time to fully appreciate the view. However, her mouth opened, and everything lurched forward towards it.

Jason stared in awe at the huge cavern of flesh as he soared ever closer to it. Her tongue rippled and shifted in expectation as it waited to receive the next bite of sustenance. All while glistening with saliva and the occasional small remnant of pudding. It was a thrilling sight, one that his new size allowed him to enjoy much more than ever before.

A sudden noise filled the air and a blast of warm, humid air hit his face as she sighed. Her mouth closed and the spoon drifted away from her lips as she answered the phone in a curt but still professional tone.

“Yes...? Of course, just let me finish my lunch and I’ll see what I can do... Thank you.”

The spoon again began to rise, and he again readied himself to enter her mouth and finally be swallowed. However, just as drew level with her chin, there was movement behind her and she was interrupted by a small, feminine voice. She placed the spoon back into the plastic cup and turned around.

“Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Peterson, but Karen needs your help really quick,” the new arrival said.

He couldn’t see her, but she sounded young, perhaps early to mid-twenties. He hoped she would be dismissed soon, though, as any more distractions might doom his mission to failure.

“I’m just finishing the last of my lunch,” Mrs. Peterson replied, her tone rather sympathetic, “Could this wait a couple of minutes?”

“I don’t think so, she was really serious about me bringing you back.”

She got up from the desk and left, leaving the last bit of her lunch, and him, behind. “Alright, let’s go. But she better not keep me tied up for the rest of the day,” she said as her voice trailed off into the distance.

“No... I was so close!” Jason yelled, his frustration at having been so close and to have been denied, twice, nearly driving him mad.

He sat in the warm pudding for a good fifteen minutes, expecting her to return soon. While the walls of the cup rose upwards around him as the pudding slowly slid off the spoon. And as time continued to drag on, he started to get worried.

What if she comes back and isn’t hungry anymore? I could end up in the trash, rather than her stomach! he thought and began to consider an escape plan in case it happened.

In fact, if she was gone too long, then someone might even throw away the pudding cup for her. His anxiety about it spiked so much that he began to try and work his way up the spoon. If he could get out and hide on the desk somewhere, then he could make another attempt the following day.

But his worries were unfounded as she returned a moment later. She sat back down and busied herself for a moment with something before returning to her lunch. Where she scooped up the last of the pudding before lifting it to her mouth.

“Yes! Thank you!” he said, grateful for whatever deity that might have helped as he was once again directed toward Mrs. Peterson’s open mouth.

Hot breath hit his face as he neared the threshold of her lips. Although, her mouth was partially shadowed, and her tongue not quite as extended this time. Which made him a bit disappointed that he couldn’t see the entrance of her throat, as seeing it that closely would have completed the experience.

However, as if in response to his thoughts, the back of her tongue dropped to reveal her uvula and the entrance of her slimy throat. The sight was wondrous and it sent another tingling thrill surging through him at it revealed itself. But the scene was fleeting, as darkness soon fell over him as the spoon fully entered her cavernous mouth.

Jason got one last glimpse of her throat and the rest of the space within her mouth as her lips came together behind him. The last of the light faded away completely, never to be seen again and the mass of pudding around him shifted as the spoon slipped out from under him. He had only a moment to remember to hold his breath until he, and the pudding, were swirled and swished around in the mouth by her massive tongue.

It was a thoroughly alarming experience. Where all around him was wet, sloshing noise and constant, disorientating movement. The pudding began to thin as it mixed with her saliva and he worried that she might detect his presence if she savored the desert any longer. That, or find himself between her teeth, which he heard clack together several times not too far from him.

His breath had nearly run out and his lungs burned when, with a sudden lurch, he felt himself being squeezed as she swallowed. The thought of him, at last, being in one of the little lumps in her neck as it traveled down to her stomach, was more than he could handle. He spasmed and twisted while his body nearly exploded with an intense orgasm as he plunged down her slender throat.

Jason landed with a wet splat inside Mrs. Peterson's expansive and convulsing stomach in a post-orgasmic daze. When he regained his senses, the first thing that hit him was the heat, which soaked into his naked skin and in an almost oppressive way. Although, despite this, he felt that it was a marvelous feeling that only heightened the experience of having been swallowed by her.

Beyond that, was the stench, it stank of chyme and other gastric substances, which stung his sinuses and lungs with each breath. He could also smell the pudding, sandwich, and other food that made up the chewed layers underneath him. But they did little to mask the pervasive odor of digestion that taunted him with dire visions of his immediate future.

However, he still wasn't bothered by any of it, and only exulted the experience as best he could. He'd actually done it; he'd been swallowed alive by a woman. He lay back onto the Slimy mush and smiled as another powerful erection formed. Which soon drew the attention of his slime-covered hand.

The sound of his self-pleasuring soon added to the other noises within her stomach. Which began to shift and slosh around him as she moved, and the caustic chamber started in earnest to digest her lunch. It truly was the greatest experience of his life, his ultimate fantasy, at long last, fulfilled.

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Mrs. Peterson gathered her trash together and walked over to one of the large bins to throw it away. She rubbed her belly as she walked back to her desk, feeling rather full and contented after lunch. It was surely going to be put to good use today, as she had quite a lot of work left to do.

She went about her day, bustling here and there to get whatever needed doing done. Never knowing that she had someone alive inside her...