

A Quick Lunch Date

A Short Story

By

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The elevator doors opened with a quiet hiss before a man stepped out into the lobby and looked around for a moment. His casual appearance was somewhat out of place for the professional surroundings of the building. But that didn't seem to concern him all that much as he strode forward into the space.

Other than the small, black briefcase held in one hand, he was dressed in something quite similar a track suit. While simple, it was dark in color and patterned in such a way as to almost blend into the expensive suits worn by those who usually frequented the office. That is, unless someone cared to spare him more than a passing glance. Which no one, as yet, had really bothered to do.

The room was sparse, but well furnished. Its long, rectangular floor covered with a rich, red carpet and several wide couches wrapped in expensive looking leather. While at the opposite end, sat a large desk with a female receptionist, who already eyed him critically as she'd given him far more than a cursory look.

"Hello, can I help you?" the secretary said with a friendly yet somewhat skeptical smile at his casual and quite inappropriate attire as he approached.

"Yes, I have an eleven-thirty appointment with Miss Cunningham," he replied with a friendly nod as he handed a small card to her.

She took the card from him and eyed it for a moment before checking the schedule on her desk. After which, she nodded and picked up the phone and made a quick call into the office behind her. Although, he noted how she couldn't quite manage to hide the frown that crept across her face as she did so.

The door opened a moment later and a well-dressed woman in her late twenties beckoned him inside with a warm, expectant smile. "Ah, good, you're right on time," she said as her hand extended to shake his in greeting. "I was worried that traffic might hold you up with the construction going on down the street, and I do hate it when my lunch schedule is delayed too much."

"We take great pride in our punctuality," he replied with a smile.

She turned to her secretary and added with a gesture, "I can handle things for a while, Katherine. So, you might as well take your own lunch now while you can."

Katherine nodded and gladly gathered up her things to leave as they entered the office. Cunningham stalled just long enough to ensure that she was gone before closing and locking the door behind her.

“That should give us more than enough privacy,” she continued as the lock clicked quietly into place. “And she’ll be gone long enough to think you’d already left by the time she returns, so, she’s unlikely to ask any awkward questions about our... *meeting* today.”

He bobbed his head with noted appreciation of her foresight. “Very good,” he said, placing the briefcase onto a side table, “I’ll admit that there were some concerns over our meeting taking place here, despite you being a regular client. However, as you’ve clearly taken steps to keep things in order, I believe we can continue to make such exceptions to our standard policy from now on.”

“That’s good,” she replied with a crooked grin as she sat down behind her desk, “But come now, Marcus, there’s no need to be so formal, you should know me better than that by now. In fact, I’d like to make this a regular appointment, perhaps once or even twice a week. Would that be a problem?”

He shrugged and opened the briefcase. “I really don’t see an issue with it,” Marcus replied as he removed a small injector and a folded cardboard box, which were placed on the table in turn. “But you’ll have to clear it through the office, and, of course, find someone with an open schedule.”

“I was thinking of you doing it, actually,” she purred at him with a hungry gleam in her eyes. “We’ve gotten to know each other quite well over the last couple of months and since you’ve become my regular order... why not just make it official and designating me your principal client?”

He paused to look at her for a moment while he considered the idea, then nodded as little smiled played at the corner of his mouth. “I don’t see why not, since your account is already the bulk of my appointments anyway. I’ll file the paperwork when I get back to the agency to have me listed as your primary.”

Miss Cunningham leaned back in her chair to watch as he finished the usual preparations. “Delightful,” she said as her eyes began to dance with anticipation, “I look forward to seeing you again later this week then. When we have more time to play.”

Marcus unzipped and removed the top of his track suit then folded and placed it neatly into the briefcase. He then did likewise to the rest of his clothing, until he was naked. Where he closed the case and inserted in snugly into the box, sealed it, then set the case aside to be mailed later.

The box already had a return address and postage on it. So, all any of the agency’s clients needed to do was drop in their outgoing mail. Which had to be done in a timely manner if they wanted to use their services again anytime soon.

He picked up the injector and walked over to stand in front of the desk. “And how would you like to proceed today?” he asked in the same professional tone he insisted on using as his finger flipped the auto-injector’s safety catch. “Shall I start out on the desk so that we can get straight to it, or would you enjoy a brief chase or one of the usual games before hand?”

Her gaze raked him over as she considered her options, both were equally delightful. A nice little game did sound quite amusing and would work up her appetite quite a bit. But she didn't have the time, so, this would have to be a quick lunch before she got back to work. It's a pity they only charged by the session, but if she cared about that then he wouldn't be standing naked before her desk.

"The desk for today, I suppose," she sighed with a gesture towards its dark, wooden surface. "As much as I enjoy watching you scuttle around the floor in futile hope of escape, I'm afraid it's right to the task at hand before getting back to work."

"It's not as though they pay me by the hour," he jested with a shrug, "All that matters is that you're satisfied with the service I've provided."

"And I always am," she replied with a leer at his nakedness, "Don't think I'm not going to enjoy our brief appointment today any less than I usually do. Although, perhaps I can write this off as a business expense, what do you think?"

He nodded and started to make some space on the desk for him to stand. "We are discussing future business, at least we did for part of it anyway. That's probably enough to count as a write-off."

Her smile turned oddly predatory as she watched him carefully climb up onto the desk. "Thank you, I'll be sure to keep that in mind," she said as he pressed the injector against his neck. "But I think it's time we get started, since I'm getting quite ravenous at the sight of you."

"As you wish," he said, and activated the auto-injector with a flip of his thumb.

There was a half-second where nothing happened. Then, with a strangely disconcerting organic sound, the man's body contorted, shifted, and seemingly disappeared in an instant. After which, the room fell silent, save for the sound of the injector falling into the trashcan, as he'd tossed the device toward it immediately after using it.

It took a moment for the world to stop spinning before Marcus could sit up. Which it always did, and no matter how many times he shrank, he never could quite get used to it. The sudden change in perspective and body mass down to just under an inch tall was too much for the human brain to cope with. So, by the time he managed to get his eyes to focus, Miss Cunningham was already reaching out for him, her fingers outstretched and ready to snatch him.

She plucked him up and swiftly brought him to her face, where she eyed his small naked body hungrily for a moment before saying anything. "You really did look quite yummy as stood on the desk just then, Marcus, perhaps one of these days we'll have some fun together first," she cooed to him as her warm breath washed over his bare skin. "Then again, have no idea how much more delicious you look at this size, have you ever considered making the change permanent?"

“It never really crossed my mind as of yet,” he squeaked at her as the various images of what a week in her clutches might be like danced through his head.

She licked her lips and set him down onto the desk again, right in front of her. “Pity the agency doesn’t offer that kind of service,” she sighed as a large bowl was retrieved from one of the desk’s lower drawers. “Think of the fun we could have if you stuck around for longer than our little lunch dates.”

He shook his head as it finally cleared, and the world stopped making him nauseous. “I could bring that up to the department heads, if you’d like,” he replied as he stood. “I’m sure they’d give the suggestion their full consideration, plus, there’s likely several who’d volunteer for such an... *assignment*.”

Miss Cunningham smiled down at him as she removed the bowl’s lid and began to dump a white, goopy substance all over it. “Sounds good, let me know what they say.”

“Of course,” he added philosophically, “The cost to the client would likely be enormous. I doubt there would be very many who could afford such a thing.”

She scoffed and poked his tiny chest with her finger, which came dangerously close to piercing him with her long fingernail. “I thought I’d told you not to discuss such things with me,” she said, “I’m fully away of the costs involved and am unconcerned about it.”

“Fair enough,” he squeaked, “You’re the client and you know what’s best. As always.”

She produced a fork and began to stir the contents of the bowl, mixing it together with the dressing she’d just added. “I hope you don’t mind sharing my belly with a salad today,” she said and brought a fork-load of white-spotched lettuce to her mouth.

“Not at all,” he said with a little bow.

“Good,” she said as her fingers picked him up, “Not that your opinion really matters.”

She dropped him into the bowl with a casual gesture, as though he were nothing more than a crouton. He landed with a splat amongst the leafy greens and chunks of cut vegetables. Where he was quickly covered in a thin layer of the dressing as she shifted the salad around him.

Marcus wiped the thick dressing from his face and watched with mild interest as she continued to eat around him for a while. As she did, she paid just enough attention to him to not accidentally spear the shrunken man with her fork. Although, each time her eyes flitted to him, a little smirk playfully twisted the end of her lips.

She soon seemed to grow impatient and started to edge the fork ever closer to him each time it descended. She even started tossing some of the salad over him, which sent him tumbling across the leafy landscape once or twice. However, after a while, he too started to enjoy the little game as

well, where he'd roll or dive under some of the surrounding greenery whenever her cutlery would get too close.

It was one of the reasons she'd come to prefer him. As he seemed to enjoy the experience as much as she did or, at the very least, show enough enthusiasm for her to have a good time. Not that the others didn't, but some of them were a little too excited about it. To the point where it got a little creepy at times. Of course, the was always

Marcus had gotten so caught up in everything, that he didn't notice when her fork suddenly shot down behind him. It slipped under him and he could little more that utter a small squeak of alarm as he fell back onto it. Which then scooped him up out of the bowl and toward her grinning face.

She smiled at his awkward position on her fork and let out a low mirthful sound that blew her hot breath against him. "I really do wish we had more time to play today," Cunningham said after she'd licked away some dressing from the corner her mouth. "You have no idea how cute you look right now."

He managed a small shrug. "I'm free tonight if you'd like me to fit you in," he offered with as much indifference as one might schedule an oil change. "Especially since you're about to become my primary client."

She paused to think for a moment, as she bit down the building impatience to slip the fork between her lips. "Hmm, that's quite a tempting proposition," she replied after considering the matter. "I'll see how I feel at the end of the day and let you know."

She licked her lips expectantly and moved the fork a little closer to her mouth.

"But as for now," she continued, "I think it's time for me to finish my lunch and get back to work."

Before he could respond, her mouth gaped open and he was shoved inside. Where the hot, humid air within it enveloped him and quickly began to seep into his skin. It happened so fast, that by the time his feet even touched the soft, slick surface of her tongue, the light was already fading around him as her lips came together behind him.

Once cast into the all too familiar darkness and fully set upon her tongue, the fork slid out from under him and out of her mouth. Which began to swish and swirl him around at she enjoyed every bit of his flavor and delicate texture. Until he felt himself slipping back towards her throat as she prepared to swallow the piece of sentient nutrition.

He managed a couple of weak flails and thrashes as her tongue shifted into place to gulp him down. Just because this was a quick appointment didn't mean he could forgo the small struggles she usually enjoyed so much from him. Which she must've appreciated, because, a low rumble roared around him just then as she sighed in approval.

While Miss Cunningham may have enjoyed the sensation and taste of him in her mouth, she didn't spend that long focusing on it. As her tongue gave a sudden shift and surge that sent him sliding back into the dark abyss. Where she swallowed him with a quick pulse of flesh and loud gulp.

The moment he dropped into it, her throat took hold of him in a tight, almost painful, embrace. It guided his small form down through her esophagus with deadly efficiency until it dumped him into her already churning gut. Where he fell into the scorching darkness and landed in a pool of roiling muck with a small splat that was lost amongst the other organic noises of her busy belly.

The air around him was still plentiful and quite thick, but it wasn't very breathable. Each wheezing inhalation was labored and despite taking in deep lungful's of it, he could feel himself getting lightheaded. All while his skin had begun to tingle and grow numb in ominous ways.

There was no pain, nor would there ever be. Not even if she'd chewed or cut him up into smaller pieces beforehand. The same mysterious agent that shrunken him had taken care of that. The worse thing he'd feel would be a slight tingle or odd pressure here and there; most of them found it to be rather pleasant, once they got used to it.

Of course, some of the others opted to not have their receptors blocked as he had. All of them were encouraged to experienced it *naturally* at least once. Just so that they could know what being digested alive felt like and could therefore offer the client a truly realistic and convincing experience.

Very few ever wanted to go through it again, and for an exceptionally good reason. Once had been far more than enough for him, and he could never understand why some of the others seemed to enjoy the horrifying experience. But, to each his own, he had simply assumed.

Another wad of chewed food oozed into her stomach and fell onto him with a wet flop. Which was immediately followed by a deluge of cold liquid that had washed it down. He went to move out of the way but only fell over into the growing sea of frothing sludge. As his legs had already succumb to the caustic power of her stomach.

Marcus reached down to touch his legs and see what had become of them. While he couldn't see anything, the distinct feel of exposed muscle and even a bit of bone meant he had little time left. She had indeed been quite hungry, and her ravenous stomach had treated him like any other piece of meat.

The tingling now covered every part of him that wasn't already numb, and he could feel his lungs start to fill with fluid. Another swallowed mass of food fell next to him and her stomach convulsed with a welcoming response. He tried to brace himself against the tidal surge of thickening chyme, but his arm collapsed under him from the strain and disintegrated into frothy mush and splintered bone.

Without any means to fight against it, he was tossed and rolled about by the shifting currents within her busy stomach. All while the acidic enzymes of worked to strip away the last of his fragile and nutritious flesh. Until his body could no longer hold out and finally succumb to the onslaught.

His final moments of consciousness were punctuated by loud groans and other organic, uncaring noises around him. Before the world became a flash of silent light with the jarring sensation of his body imploding under the digestive pressure upon it.



His eyes again fluttered open, where he was greeted with the familiar and comforting sight. The inside of the reclamation chamber and the small sign directly in front of him. Which had printed on it, in a plain, soothing font to: *Please remain calm, you're no longer dead and are quite safe.*

He let out a long, slow breath from his fresh set of restored lungs and relaxed. A technician would be along shortly to let him out and give his new body a quick inspection to insure it had reformed properly. Then he could file the debrief and get something to eat himself, as his new body needed fuel right away.

After a moment, the primal terror of having been eaten and digested that still lingered within him started to wash away. He couldn't help it, nobody really could if they were honest about it. It was too deep and ancient a reaction to ever quite fully ignore. Although, the agency had excellent counselors for those who needed them, and the pay was more than enough compensation.

Of course, if Cunningham wanted him to be the primary meal on her account, then he'd be doing this a lot more often. The thought of her digesting, crushing, or killing him several other ways three or four times a week was a little scary. But then again, he couldn't quite suppress the other feelings he got when he shrank around her, especially from the way she always looked at him.

He heard the technician walking down the row of chambers toward him, and his hands moved to cover the erection that had eagerly formed at the image of her hungry gaze. That, and her subtle promises of a pre-meal hump, which he knew she really wanted to try once or twice.

Perhaps, he reasoned, having a regular lunch or dinner date with her wouldn't be all that bad after all...

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