

James was guarding the door. He was paid well for this job, and not anyone could go through and see the predator.

Well, except for people like you.

You've done a lot of research in order to find this guy, the one person who give people's greatest wish: to be devoured however they wish. The appointment is scheduled for today, and you're /very/ ready to be eaten.

You walk up to the door, and James looks up from his post. "Name?" he asks. You give it to him, and he nods. "Alright. Go on in."

He opens the door for you, and you go inside. That's when you see the predator.

He's a huge, muscular chimera, with a massive lion's head, the fluffy body of a goat, and the scaled tail of a snake. And he's currently in the middle of a feast.

A wolf is being swallowed greedily by the serpent's tail, presumably sending the canine up his ass. The wolf makes no form of protest, however, and moans pleurably as he is devoured.

In the chimera's mouth is a large red fox who is being quickly swallowed down—only the ass, legs, and tail remain to be eaten up. The predator is sucking on his prey, lapping him up greedily, licking the fox like a piece of candy.

And finally, the predator holds a tiny blue fox in his paw. The fox is watching the other prey being eaten, and his eyes are filled with desire.

All of this you observe in a matter of seconds, and a few seconds later, they're all gone. The wolf is sucked up the chimera's ass and lands in his belly; the red fox is swallowed and plops on top of him, bulging it out further; the tiny blue fox is thrown into a gaping maw and gulped down before you can blink.

The chimera licks his lips and pats his enormous belly. "Mmmm. . . Tasty." He turns to you, perhaps noticing you for the first time. "You my next meal? You look absolutely scrumptious." He grins.

"Um, yeah," you say. You're suddenly nervous now, and as this huge predator approaches you, you can't help but be intimidated.

"Relax," he tells you, grinning. "I give everyone what they want in the end. Sometimes that's a nice break in a tummy and sometimes," he says with a wink, "that's letting my stomach break you down, bit by bit, until you're nothing but pudge. . . Is that what you want?"

You swallow hard, feeling exposed. "Y-Yes," you admit.

"Good." He smirks. "Then let's get you where you belong, cutie." He opens his maw wide. "Come on, get in~!"

You take a deep breath, preparing yourself. Then you lean your head into his gaping mouth.

The effect is immediate. The tongue springs up and licks you all over, covering your face with drool, making spit drip from your skin and hair. Once you're properly salivated over, he swallows.

/Gulp!/ Your head is forced into his unyielding throat, and you're surrounded on all sides by living, pulsing walls. And soon you're shoved down again—it seems this chimera wants you in his stomach as soon as possible. Which is fine by you.

He gives a series of successive gulps that bring you further and further in, all while licking you like a precious piece of candy. Soon enough you pop into his stomach, and your head immediately is pressed into the fur of the red fox. With all this other food, it'll be a tight fit. . .

The chimera chomps you down until only your feet are sticking out of his maw. You're squeezed next to the fox, pressed close to both him and the walls of the belly. Your limbs already feel cramped in the awkward position, but that's alright—this is what it means to be food, after all.

After teasing your feet for what seems like ages, your predator finally sucks them in with a loud /slurp!/ and sends them to his gut. A moment later, all of you is inside of him, waiting for your fate.

“Man, you were tasty,” the chimera says, letting out a /buuuurp!/ “Perhaps I can feast on you again sometime—if you're lucky.”

You sigh and settle into the stomach with the other prey. Some of them it will spare, while others will digest.

Soon enough, you will become nothing but soup in this belly.

And that's just fine by you.