

First – “Ignorant”

My first time was so spur-of-the-moment it even took *me* off guard. Like everyone, I was tested early to check whether I was UB-capable. Parents said I wasn't. Turns out they lied. They're super against preds. Otherwise nice people, but they really fucked up by not telling me.

Anyway, I developed a borderline obsession with UB during my teens. I probably should have put two and two together and figured out that this was my body telling me what it wanted. Medication or something could have helped me get the urges under control, but I was kind of dumb and didn't realize what was going on.

By the time I got to college, my body was hitting me with nonstop fantasies. They would pop up at random times. Like I would just be sitting in an auditorium staring at the back of some guy's head and my brain would be like “You should totally shove that head up your pussy, like *all* at once.” I was really embarrassed about it, so I kept it to myself.

It gets dumber. I started dating this guy *specifically* because I had UB fantasies about him. It made sense at the time. Whenever he went down on me, I got off pretty much instantly. They were only fantasies anyway, so what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Obviously, it did. One night, I was super drunk, and bf walked me back to the dorm. Apparently I was being pretty aggressive, but he kept pushing me back telling me to sleep it off. Sweet guy. Drunk-me didn't take it so well, and I was already pent-up. This time, when my brain told me to shove him up my pussy, drunk me thought “OK that sounds about right.”

I didn't even get his clothes off. Just sort of tackled and crammed. I 1) had no idea what I was doing, 2) went way too fast, and 3) didn't do anything to stop him from struggling, and so it hurt like a bitch. Drunk me kept babbling weird shit like “need you” or “belong in me” and other dumb cliches I picked up from movies.

Somewhere along the way, an orgasm straight up knocked me out. If any of you have tried UB, then you'll understand what one of those can do to you if you're not expecting it. By the time I woke up, I had a sticky floor, a swollen belly, a dead bf, and a *raging* hangover.

Moral of the story: if you think pred thoughts, then get yourself checked.

First – “Dipper”

My first was a dipper. For anyone who somehow made it into this thread without knowing: “dipping” is when you go part way into a pred. It’s not the same as diving because you don’t go all the way in before coming back out. Some people get off to it. For others it’s an adrenaline thing, like bungee jumping.

By my junior year of college, I was known as a safe dip. I’m UB capable, and I had never gurgled anyone at the time. I loved it, too. Whenever someone wanted to try it out or if it was their kink or something, I was the go-to girl.

Start of the year, a friend asked me to help out with his fraternity’s hazing. New members had to take a cordless (i.e. no safety line) dip while reciting their pledge. Bizarre stuff, but whatever, I was down for it. In case anyone is wondering, they had people for CV and OV dips, too. I was just their UB girl for that year.

The first few pledges went fine. They were spaced out over several days so I had time to recover. Trouble came when this one guy (I’ll call him “Snotty” because I hate him) walked in as a pledge. A while back, Snotty had hurt me bad. Nothing romantic or anything like that. I won’t go into the details. Just know that it was really, really nasty what he did to me.

So this seemed like the perfect time to get a bit of payback. I started out with some teasing. Usually, I reassure dippers to keep them calm. When that hot tightness gets past their knees and they realize they can’t move their legs, they tend to panic. Snotty got *mega* unsettled when I started to call him “snack” and telling him how I “didn’t know if I could help myself.” The rest of the fraternity got a kick out of that. Snotty acted tough, but I could tell that he was nervous.

I hadn’t passed any pledge’s legs. First, it felt kind of creepy to wrap around anything sensitive if the guy wasn’t 100% into it. That was the part I didn’t like about helping with pledging. Second, once you pass a guy’s hips, pushing him back out can be painful. With Snotty, I didn’t care about any of that. I took him to his waist before he could even start reciting the pledge. Everyone could see his legs curled up in my belly.

In hindsight, I probably shouldn’t have said anything beforehand. Snotty squirmed a little, then a lot. His hips were already in, so there was not much resistance, and there was no lifeline to hold him in place. A totally involuntary tug took him up to the chest. If any of you have dipped before, you’ll know that once a cervix gets around your chest, breathing gets kind of hard. It’s worse if you panic or try to talk. Snotty did both. He stopped reciting the pledge and started to beg the fraternity guys to pull him out.

That set me off. Please understand, I had absolutely no control over it. The orgasm pulsed him all the way down before I could even grab his hands. Just gulp ... gulp ... gulp ... gone. Nobody reacted in time. We all just stared. The fraternity guys didn’t expect this. Even I didn’t expect it. The only one worried about getting totally pussy-nommed was Snotty. I guess he was right.

Some of you might know: once someone’s completely inside, it’s a pain to get them back out, especially without a lifeline. That might not have been a huge problem on its own. There’s air in there from when the prey gets swallowed, and if the pred cooperates, you can fish them out before your womb really gets to work breaking them down.

But Snotty never made it that long. He was already out of breath from all the screaming and getting squeezed through the cervix. And he thrashed around instead of trying to work with me to escape. I mean he *really* thrashed. It looked like a moth trying to get out of spider web. Knocked me off my feet. The landing knocked Snotty out. He never woke up.

The ice broke, and people flocked around me, trying to help Snotty. A few smart people in the group knew that it was too late, and they got the rest to back off. After a quick discussion, they decided to never talk about it. If news got out that a pledge was gurgled during hazing, the whole fraternity might have been disbanded. So they gave me some privacy let me crash on a dorm couch while Snotty digested.

After feeling it one, I got a taste for mashing up guys. I'm still known around as a safe dip. But sometimes, I'm not.

Setup – “Medicinal”

My setup revolves around “alternative medicine.” Modern day witch doctor stuff like healing crystals or cleansing herbs. A lot of it is based around stuff that actually helps, but it’s been embellished to the point where people think it’s magic.

I need to stress: I’m not generally a con artist. I teach yoga, and I’m sometimes commissioned as a masseuse (a real one, pervs, no “happy endings”). My clients generally range from late thirties through their forties. Almost all men. They come in three types: health nuts, hanging out with friends, and midlife crisis.

Midlife crisis men are easiest to catch. My prey fit a specific profile. They need to be discontent with their life in one way or another. Maybe they’ve fallen out of love with their spouse, or they’ve slipped out of shape, or they hate their job, or they feel like they’ve missed the opportunity to follow their dreams. Next, they need to be gullible (they’d call it “open minded”). Finally, they need to be attracted to me. (I know how slimy that sounds, but we’re talking about melting people down into food, so get some perspective).

So here’s the trick: I convince potential prey that partial UB has medicinal qualities. I say it does whatever they need. Gets rid of wrinkles? Definitely. Reinvigorates? You bet. Aligns your spiritual energies? Not sure what that means, but I’m sure it does that, too.

The devil is in the details. I can’t have them telling anyone else what they plan to do, but I also can’t have them disappear mid-session. It would be way too easy to trace their disappearance back to me. That wouldn’t be the end of the world, but those fines add up, and once the cat’s out of the bag, it’s hard to find more prey. What I need is to convince them to meet me at a safe place without telling anyone that they’re going. If they match the prey profile, it’s easy. Meeting some younger girl to take a dip down their throat isn’t something they want their friends or family to know about.

Once I have them alone, the rest is easy. I light some incense, relax them with a massage, and strip off their clothes. From this point, prey react differently. The worst ones try to back out. Obviously, I can’t let them leave, and so I engage in some basic predding and force them down. Not my style, but a meal is a meal. Most prey go through with it, but the process makes them uncomfortable. They only start struggling for real once they realize that I’m not going to stop. But some men get into it, and they’re the ones I enjoy the most.

I remember one man who fit my prey profile almost perfectly. Just lost his job, fell out of shape, self-conscious about his weight, annoyed with his spouse. But there was one big difference: he was NOT gullible. He might have been the smartest person I had ever met. You might have heard of him. Trying to stay anon, so I won’t say much more. Only that he *definitely* knew that “medicinal” UV isn’t real.

It struck me as weird when he agreed, but I wasn’t about to turn down a free meal. He practically fed himself to me. All the while, he called out strange things like “put me in there” and “all the way in” and “break me back down.” That last one clued me in. He knew exactly what he was getting into.

If you try my setup, don’t expect all of them to cooperate.

First – “Bad pred”

My first wanted me to be *his* first. Fortunately for me, he was an idiot. In fond memory, I will call him “Dummy.”

Dummy nailed his setup. I never saw it coming. I used to visit the gym at odd hours (not anymore). Dummy figured out my schedule and made sure to exercise at the same time as me. I remember seeing him around for a few weeks. I’m not sure when he made up her mind to try and eat me, maybe the whole time.

Turns out, Dummy was good friends with the worker on evening shift. One night, Dummy, I, and his friend were the only three in the gym. When I went to the showers, Dummy followed, and his friend killed the cameras and barred the door.

From here, though, Dummy screwed up everything. Instead of sneaking up on me, he announced himself and started rattling off cliches. Not even good ones. Stuff like “Hey snack-girl” and “I could use some more protein” and “Good thing we’re at a gym so I can work you off.” He swaggers up to me casually as though I’m just going to stand there.

Meanwhile, I’m thinking “dude, to I *look* helpless or something. I am literally standing here, also a pred, in just as good shape as you, and totally aware.” It felt like watching a soap opera’s out-of-touch portrayal of preds. You know the ones where they saunter up bragging and the prey is just like “eek oh no don’t eat me.”

Anyway, so I unbirthed him. It wasn’t hard. He had no footing, relaxed arms, and a total lack of respect. I had my vagina past his shoulders before he even knew what was happening. Unbirthing someone for the first time as a pred is not as hard as people make it seem. You just need to stay in shape and, most importantly, practice on dummies or with kegel exercises. Squelching him down almost felt casual, like unloading a washing machine or taking out a can of trash, just another chore.

After he settled in my womb, we both sort of just paused. Neither of us had processed what happened. He pushed at the walls reflexively, but it was soft and absent-minded. I knelt panting with my belly against the floor tiles. Then he landed a kick from inside, and that snapped me out of it. I stumbled into a stall, drew the curtain, and started a shower. I pinned my belly against the corner of the wall and started to panic a little.

At first, I was scared someone would walk in. Especially when Dummy started screaming. With the shower running and stomach walls in the way, nobody would hear him unless they got close, but I didn’t know that at the time. Preds out there will know that prey noises seem much louder than they are. Sort of like how your voice sounds much different to yourself than on a recording. It resonates through you.

I stopped panicking when I started thinking. Dummy planned to eat *me* in the first place, and that meant that he didn’t expect anyone to walk in on us. It also meant that he probably set aside enough time to start digestion before leaving, otherwise it would be hard to walk. So I remembered my practice, slowed down to keep him breathing (helps with digestion), and got to work.

We didn't talk. Dummy kept fighting, and I tried to keep him in place. It hurt, but in a good way. Preds are built to like it. Dummy went from cursing to begging. Before he passed out, I asked "Dude, what the hell were you thinking?" He didn't get to answer.

A little while later, his friend unbarred the door and walked in, asking if anything was wrong. I smiled, said "Nope," walked past them, took my stuff, and left. After all, what was he going to do about it? His friend was clearly gone, so there was no point chasing me. I knew that the cameras had to be dead (why else would Dummy have tried to eat me?). And if Dummy's friend tried outing me, how would they explain who turned off the cameras?

I know this is a "First" post, not a "Setup" post, but I should mention that I stole Dummy's setup. It works really well if you just subdue the prey *before* you start taunting them. Come at me, mods.

Favorite – “Deep Throat”

I used to be a magician. In short: that means I’m a dumbass. Magicians try to eat people in plain sight. The more public, the better. It’s a rebellious adrenaline thing, like spray painting statues or freerunning tall buildings.

Breaking the forum rules to give you some examples (even though they aren’t the “favorite”). Early catches were in shopping mall changing rooms. That’s easy mode, so they barely count. The only difficulty was smuggling them out, and that just involves picking smaller prey and wearing bulky clothing. Next were theaters. Find someone alone in the back, wear a long skirt, just sit down over them during a loud part, and walk them out the back while everyone’s distracted by the movie. But the holy grail for magicians is to get away with eating someone in plain sight.

I’ve only managed it once, and it was my favorite. A friend of mine runs a haunted house for the weeks leading up to Halloween. It’s her business, not a hobby. They are one of the only people IRL who know that I am a magician, and they’re enough of a weirdo to be okay with it. One year, I finally convinced my friend to let me use the haunted house to get away with eating someone. Ordinarily, they would not have let me put their business at risk, but these were special circumstances.

A guy figured out that I am a magician. Calling him “Superspy.” I noticed him following me around, likely with a hidden camera, trying to find proof. Superspy almost caught me once while I stalked some prey waiting for a chance to disappear them, but I noticed him and backed off. I needed to get rid of him, but it would be hard to do because his camera probably streamed somewhere. Besides, he was very careful.

This is where the haunted house comes in. I dressed up as a succubus (*extra* slutty with a devil tail, horns, etc.) with a flexible waistline middle to keep the straps from snapping while the prey passed through my hips. Next, I pretended to mark out someone entering the haunted house as prey, and I entered the haunted house behind them. Superspy followed me in.

My friend set aside a spot for me in the haunted house. A basement area with only one entrance and exit had a cage filled with a chalk pentagram, electric candles, and prop bones. I waited around a corner, and when Superspy walked by, I tackled him into the cage and started unbirthing him. The important part was getting his head inside so he couldn’t talk. From there, it was easy.

People saw me, and that was the point. I looked like part of the attraction. A sexy succubus shoving a struggling boy up her pussy fit the scene. Some people laughed. Others looked disgusted. A few blushed. But if anyone questioned me, they said nothing. Superspy kept screaming and struggling, and that only added to the fright. Everyone assumed that he was an actor and that I would spit him out afterwards.

I did *not* spit him out. Instead, I got to play it up while he digested. After all, my friend was counting on me to make the attraction scary. That was the deal. So I groaned, posed seductively, kept my belly in view, banged the bars as people passed, that kind of thing. When someone paused to look, I would lick my lips at them or wiggle my hips. When Superspy stopped struggling, I sometimes pushed my belly against the cage to make it slosh.

After closing, my friend told me that I had been a hit. Almost everyone talked about how the demon woman looked “so real” as they exited the house. Those that complained were dismissed as prudes.

Oh, and I couldn't get the costume off until Superspy completely digested. If you ever try something like this, keep that in mind.

Favorite – “Gambler”

Context: I work as a housepred. Specifically, a casino hires me as a kind of prostitute/gambling machine hybrid. You have probably heard of places which offer “safe pred” experiences where people pay to sleep with or be partially swallowed by preds in a controlled environment. My work is similar, except sometimes I digest people. Whether I digest the client depends on a roulette wheel. I am told the outcome ahead of time, but the client is not. That way, the client does not know whether I will UB them all the way. It adds an element of thrill and suspense that some people love. More than that, most people wager money on the outcome, too.

Some of the people I digest make me a bit remorseful. They place all-or-nothing bets at terrible odds. If they win, they get the money they need. If they lose, then they are digested anyway. There is no thrill, just fear.

Then in walks my favorite. I will call him “Thorp.” He thought he had everything figured out. Thorp had a knack for reading faces and body language. He knew almost immediately whether a pred intended to digest him, and he would walk out. Nobody could stop him. It just meant that he forfeited his bet. By betting small sums on terrible odds, Thorp would turn a profit on his bets even if he erred on the side of caution when choosing whether to walk out.

With me, Thorp guessed wrong. I am more than decent at acting. Housepredding was not my first career choice. Word about Thorp reached me through the grapevine, and I hatched a plan. Instead of committing to the intimidating “authentic pred experience” I try to give most clients, I behaved detached. It seemed like I was going through the motions, effort without heart. Thorp interpreted me as a pred disappointed at having been denied their prey, and he committed.

Certain in his judgment, Thorp acted totally fearless. I taunted him, put his ear to my belly, the works. He never even flinched. To him, it was all a performance. Even when I started unbirthing his legs, he shrugged it off as commitment to the act.

When my cervix past his hips, Thorp realized his mistake. He thrashed, begged, tried to tap out, everything. But it was too late. Even after he settled in my womb, he kept insisting that there had been a mistake. He kept calling for management as though I had gone rogue. I think that he believed it, too, all the way up to the point where he passed out.

The casino made sure word got out about Thorp. Some thought the house fudged the numbers to have Thorp digested. An audit said otherwise. Nevertheless, I remain unsure.

Setup – “Diving”

I’m a skydiving instructor. Most first divers are strapped to their instructors for the first couple of lessons. It’s called a tandem harness. You probably see where this is going.

The most important part is finding someone who can go missing. Not giving away my secrets here (sorry all) because they’re contextual and I don’t want anything leading back to me. Suffice to say, I know a way to get away with it, and I’ve been doing it for years.

In short, I’ve tweaked a tandem harness such that I can restrain the other skydiver and detach them after landing. The prey ends up gagged and bound. Next, instead of going to the usual landing place, I glide somewhere secluded I arranged ahead of time. From there, I can do what I want. That involves unbirthing them (obviously).

One guy started out extremely nervous even before the drop. I decided to have some fun with him. As usual, I pretended that there was a problem and had him hold tight while I fastened the restraining harness. I flared the chute on the way down to get us to wobble and jitter, and I acted scared like we could fall any second.

After we landed, I asked if he was okay. I loved the turn from relief to renewed concern when he noticed that he was bound and gagged. I told him that I made it up, “You should see the look on your face. You really thought you were going to splat. I guess you still are. But, like, in my womb. See?” Then I parted myself with my fingers and lowered around his head slowly.

Adrenaline from the dive makes them struggle *hard*. Most prey take a second to kick into gear. Even when you tease them ahead of time, it takes the body a second to catch up with the fear. Post-dive prey are already hyped up, so they squirm great. Keep it in mind if you ever want to try.

Setup – “Squid”

I mostly go for students. INB4 the pedo brigade, I’m a dive instructor. These are *not* children. You people can burn in hell.

My setup is clean. First, my classes are advanced and deal with dangerous dives, and so people expect a number of students to go missing each year. Second, I’m a better-than-average dive instructor, and so I lose fewer students per year than expected. That means I get to make up the difference with a few free pussy snacks.

It starts with a problem-student. Someone who’s noticeably more likely to take risks. Get everyone making jokes about how this one guy is going to drown one day if he keeps playing fast and loose with the rules, but also stoke their ego so they keep taking shortcuts. That way nobody is surprised when they go missing.

Next, I set up a training exercise. It’s a night dive meant to simulate the conditions of an emergency oil rig repair. One student at a time with me acting as a safety net and to assess them. That way I get plenty of time alone with them.

It takes some special equipment, too. My suit was tough to design. It has an opening for UB that seals around prey to make sure no seawater gets in. That would be gross and dangerous. Before it folds out, it looks like a rescue harness. When unfolded and set in place, it looks like a long skirt connected to my ankles. I hooked it up to a spare tank (supposed to be for the student) to help bilge out what little water gets in. Think of it like a chamber to tug my prey into before I start to UB them. To give you an idea of what it looks like in action, I call it the “Humboldt.”

Before we dive, I sabotage the student’s equipment to make the oxygen meter look like it’s dropping too fast. Once we’re deep enough, I point it out to the student. They usually get a little panicked. It’s pitch black, hard to know which way is up, and they just found out that they’re about to run out of air. This is where I swim over and clip them into the Humboldt. I’m the instructor, and they’re startled, so they usually don’t question it.

Once they’re strapped in, I unhook their tank and give them a small line to my spare. I don’t mind losing the old tank, it needs to go missing. Next, I unfold the Humboldt and zip it sealed. At this point, the smart ones start to struggle a little, but they’re totally strapped in, so there isn’t much they can do besides thrash us around a little.

By the time everything shifts into place, it looks like this: My prey’s head is held directly between my legs, totally strapped tight. Their hands are bound to their sides, and their ankles are stuck together. The rest of their body is stuck in a bag affixed to the inside of my legs. You know Ursula from *The Little Mermaid*? It looks like that. Except there are only two “tentacles” (my legs) instead of eight, and there’s a person down there.

It takes a few minutes for water to drain out. I like this part almost as much as the UB. I turn the lights out, and it’s totally pitch black. That might freak some of you out, but I love it. Sounds are deep and distorted. My prey’s struggles can probably be heard for *miles*. Gives me time to relax and focus on what comes next.

Once my prey is ready, I tug at my straps like lifting a belt. This lets me shimmy my hips around their shoulders until their head enters my womb. The next part requires a lot of training. I mean you need to

be heavyweight kegel-champion of the world. There is nothing to brace on down here, and the Humboldt just holds the prey in place.

Also, you need to have a fast-acting womb. You have limited air, and you can only stay down so long before people start to worry. Do whatever you need to do, just make sure to juice your prey *quick*. If there are still bones or something by the time you squirt them out, that's fine. You need to be flat again by the time you resurface.

Even though it doesn't last long, it feels incredible. There's nothing around. Total void. It's the kind of place you'd expect to find some sea monster. Except it's me. Huge feeling of power.

Not for everyone. My circumstances are niche. Sorry if this setup isn't helpful for the rest of you. If anyone wants to buy a copy of my diving suit, let me know.

Setup – “Youth”

I understand that “seduce a man and then UB him lol” is not an original setup, but mine has a twist. I find the ignorant ones and convince them that UB will make them younger.

This is not as difficult as it sounds. Some families—even entire communities—keep themselves ignorant of preds. They either dismiss preds as fiction or craft a narrow persona of what a pred should be. Unless you are a cackling witch, they do not suspect that you could eat people.

Once you have identified a vulnerable community, you must then identify potential prey. They must be, in a word, desperate. The ideal prey feels trapped in their job, in their relationship, and, crucially, in their body.

Not only must they want to return to their glory days, they must agree to take a chance with you. Several factors improve this chance. First, they must be dumb. By dumb, I do not mean unintelligent. Instead, I mean the sort of person who would spend an hour failing to repair a bicycle rather than taking the bike into a shop or researching the solution online. Second, they must be attracted to you. This attraction can be physical or emotional or both. Given the nature of UB, trust alone is not enough. A good prey goes in feeling like *they* are the ones taking advantage of *you*.

Having scoped out your prey, you must now approach them. Or rather, having them approach you. Feign some trivial difficulty which compels them to help, such as opening a door with your hands full or reaching something high. If successful, they will see you as helpless, not a threat.

From there, strike a conversation. You can even arrange a date, if they are inclined. Use your best judgment. Listen to their problems. Agree even when you do not. Standard fare. Next, have them talk about their “glory days,” whatever those may be. Tint their glasses rosy. Whatever problems they have now, make them think that a younger them could have overcome. If you cannot accomplish this, then *do not* pursue further. Thank them for their time and leave. However, if nostalgia overtakes them, then you can move to the next step.

Convince your prey that you can make them younger (or at least make them *feel* younger) depending on their gullibility. Explain the process of UB. Keep most things accurate, the arrangement of bones, the elasticity of your cervix, etc. Deviate on the subject of what happens in the womb itself. Frame digestion as “regression.” An act of healing instead of consumption. If they have heard of people being absorbed through UB, clarify that this is not absorption, but rather regression taken too far, a cruel and abnormal act that is sensationalized through the media and not reflective of the true practice.

If your prey seems responsive, then offer to regress them, just a little, enough to reinvigorate them to face their problems. Again, if they decline, then do not press the issue. Sometimes, they come around on their own. To do so, they must see your UB as a favor to them, not the other way around.

The rest is easy. Arrange a meeting in secret. If they no-show, then do not seek them out. If they arrive but back out, then do not chase them. However, once you have your lips wrapped around any part of them, go for it. If you like a fight, then tell them early. If you want them to cooperate, then remain gentle until they catch on.

Personally, I prefer to keep them in the dark for as long as I can. I complain about how “it’s so hard to take you *all*.” Or I caution them to “slow for a second, I need to catch my breath.” If they become aroused, I like to comfort them, “it’s okay, do not be ashamed.” My favorites stay ignorant all the way

up into the womb. When I tell them to “curl up for me,” they do, and when I tell them to “rub against the walls a little, I feel sore,” they give me a massage. Even when they catch on and begin to struggle, I do not break character. This may be tmi, but I *adore* feigning affection as they melt. Something about cooing “Shush, mommy will make you all better” while they fight for their lives brings me to ecstasy like nothing else.

One prey remained convinced most of the way through digestion. In keeping with this board’s tradition, I will give him a name, “Manbaby.” He was younger than most, and he wanted to return to childhood. Manbaby crawled in so enthusiastically that I feared he would break a bone on the way. When itching and burning sets in, most men struggle. Not Manbaby. He kept telling me that he would “be okay” and to keep going. Eventually, he passed out. I wish he had not. It would have been nice to feel the despair once he realized what was happening.

Should you feel inclined, give my setup a try. Stay cautious, be patient, and you might be rewarded with a dense boy burbling in your womb.