

## 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 CV-capable. Parents said I wasn't. Turns out they lied. They're super against peds. Otherwise nice people, but they really fucked up by not telling me.

Anyway, I developed a borderline obsession with CV 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 girl's head and my brain would be like “You should totally shove that head down your cock, like *all* at once.” I was really embarrassed about it, so I kept it to myself.

It gets dumber. I started dating this girl *specifically* because I had pred fantasies about her. It made sense at the time. They were only fantasies anyway, so what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

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

I didn't even get her 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 her 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 had someone in your gut, 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 swollen sack, a dead gf, 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 CV capable, and I had never juiced 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 guy.

Start of the year, a friend asked me to help out with her sorority’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 OV and UB dips, too. I was just their CV guy 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 girl (I’ll call her “Snotty” because I hate her) 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 she 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 her “cocksack” and telling her how I “didn’t know if I could help myself.” The rest of the sorority got a kick out of that. Snotty acted tough, but I could tell that she was nervous.

I hadn’t passed any pledge’s legs. First, it felt kind of creepy to wrap around anything sensitive if the girl wasn’t 100% into it. That was the part I didn’t like about helping with pledging. Second, once you pass a girl’s hips, pulling her back out can be painful. With Snotty, I didn’t care about any of that. I took her to her waist before she could even start reciting the pledge. Everyone could see her legs curled up in my sack. I kept up the teasing, too. Stuff like “try kicking, I *love* when snacks to that,” or “better hurry up with that pledge or your ass might *melt*.” That’s not true by the way. It takes a while before people even start to get juiced. Don’t believe everything you see in movies.

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

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

Some of you might know: once someone’s completely sacked, 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 sack really gets to work breaking them down.

But Snotty never made it that long. She was already out of breath from all the screaming and getting squeezed down the shaft. And she thrashed around instead of trying to work with me to escape. I mean she *really* thrashed. It looked like a moth trying to get out of spider web. Knocked me off my feet. The landing knocked Snotty out. She 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 juiced during hazing, the whole sorority might have ended. 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 mushing up girls. 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 women. They come in three types: health nuts, hanging out with friends, and midlife crisis.

Midlife crisis women 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 orgasms, so get some perspective).

So here’s the trick: I convince potential prey that partial CV 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 guy to take a dip down their cock 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 women get into it, and they’re the ones I enjoy the most.

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

It struck me as weird when she agreed, but I wasn’t about to turn down a free meal. She practically fed herself to me. All the while, she 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. She knew exactly what she 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 *her* first. Fortunately for me, she was an idiot. In fond memory, I will call her “Dummy.”

Dummy nailed her 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 her around for a few weeks. I’m not sure when she 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 her friend were the only three in the gym. When I went to the showers, Dummy followed, and her friend killed the cameras and barred the door.

From here, though, Dummy screwed up everything. Instead of sneaking up on me, she announced herself and started rattling off clichés. Not even good ones. Stuff like “Hey snack-boy” and “I could use some more protein” and “Good thing we’re at a gym so I can work you off.” She 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 ate her. It wasn’t hard. She had no footing, relaxed arms, and a total lack of respect. I had my glans past her shoulders before she even knew what was happening. Cock-nomming 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 exercises. Gulping her down almost felt casual, like unloading a washing machine or taking out a can of trash, just another chore.

After she settled in my balls, we both sort of just paused. Neither of us had processed what happened. She pushed at the walls reflexively, but it was soft and absent-minded. I knelt panting with my sack against the floor tiles. Then she 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 sack 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 her 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 she didn’t expect anyone to walk in on us. It also meant that she 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 her breathing (helps with digestion), and got to work.

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

A little while later, her friend unbarred the door and walked in, asking if anything was wrong. I smiled, said “Nope,” walked past her, took my stuff, and left. After all, what was she going to do about it? Her 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 stretchy pants and a long jacket. Next were theaters. Find someone alone in the back, shove them down your cock 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 his 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 girl figured out that I am a magician. Calling her “Superspy.” I noticed her 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 her and backed off. I needed to get rid of her, but it would be hard to do because her camera probably streamed somewhere. Besides, she was very careful.

This is where the haunted house comes in. I dressed up as an incubus (*extra* slutty with a devil tail, horns, etc.) with very stretchy shorts to keep straps from snapping when 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 human bones. I waited around a corner, and when Superspy walked by, I tackled her into the cage and started eating her. The important part was getting her head inside my shaft so she couldn’t talk. From there, it was easy.

People saw me, and that was the point. I looked like part of the attraction. A slutty incubus shoving a struggling girl down his cock 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 she was an actor and that I would spit her out afterwards.

I did *not* spit her out. Instead, I got to play it up while she digested. After all, my friend was counting on me to make the attraction scary. That was the deal. So I groaned, paced around, kept my balls 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 wobbled my sack back and forth to make it slosh.

After closing, my friend told me that I had been a hit. Almost everyone talked about how the demon man 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 eat them. 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 her “Thorp.” She thought she had everything figured out. Thorp had a knack for reading faces and body language. She knew almost immediately whether a pred intended to digest her, and she would walk out. Nobody could stop her. It just meant that she forfeited her bet. By betting small sums on terrible odds, Thorp would turn a profit on her bets even if she erred on the side of caution when choosing whether to walk out.

With me, Thorp guessed wrong. I am more than decent at acting. Housepreding 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 she committed.

Certain in her judgment, Thorp acted totally fearless. I taunted her, put her ear to my balls, the works. She never even flinched. To her, it was all a performance. Even when I started swallowing her legs, she shrugged it off as commitment to the act.

When I worked my shaft past her hips, Thorp realized her mistake. She thrashed, begged, tried to tap out, everything. But it was too late. Even after she settled in my balls, she kept insisting that there had been a mistake. She kept calling for management as though I had gone rogue. I think that she believed it, too, all the way up to the point where she 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 eating them (obviously).

One girl started out extremely nervous even before the drop. I decided to have some fun with her. As usual, I pretended that there was a problem and had her hold tight while I fastening 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 she was okay. I loved the turn from relief to renewed concern when she noticed that she was bound and gagged. I told her 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 balls. See?” Then I spread my glans with my fingers and pushed her head in 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.