

His Deepest Desire

A Short Story
By
Phero Foxdale

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Jason always had a rather strange yet aggressively persistent fantasy. In which he was swallowed whole and alive by a beautiful woman, and now, he'd stumbled onto the means to do it. So, all he needed to do was to find a woman and somehow convince her to eat him. Not something many women are likely asked very often, if ever... but he figured that, with time, he'd think of a way to do it without sounding completely insane.

In a fortunate turn of fate, the matter was simplified not long after that, as he was at a friend's house watching TV when his friend's mother walked into the room. He'd only been there once or twice and had never really met or seen her before then, and his jaw dropped at the sight. As despite being in her mid to late 40s, she was quite attractive and her body seemed to call to him in oddly, subtle ways.

From the way her long, brunet hair flowed behind her as she entered the room, to how her nice, round breasts swayed with each step as she moved. Which only got better as she left, where his gaze locked onto her plush backside as it was rocked by each sultry swing of her hips, back and forth in slow, smooth sweeps. Almost as though advertising the parts of her he could contribute to, should he only summon the courage to ask her for the honor.

But what pulled Jason's immediate attention, was her face and stomach, the latter of which he could just make out under her shirt. Where the small amount of pudge around her belly that worked to compliment her ample butt and heavy breasts. While a warm smile stretched a pair of large, pouty lips, over her broad mouth that only just revealed two rows of white, pristine teeth. It all combined to make Jason really want to be eaten by her.

After a moment, it dawned on him that he'd been staring and had to look away while trying to hide the obviously rigid sign of his growing arousal. But once he managed to get his emotions back under control, it was clear that his strong desire was more than enough for him to summon the courage to ask her. Which he would have done outright, then and there, had they been alone. Of course, she would have just thought he was some crazy kid if he burst out with a declaration of her beauty and begged to be swallowed whole.

So, he played it cool and struck up some casual conversation the next time she was in the room, which happened to interest her enough to join. As they spoke, he learned that she worked in an office downtown, wherein Jason considered her coworkers to be very lucky indeed. She enjoyed their discussion quite a bit and gradually relaxed the longer talked. Where, over the next couple of hours, he slyly directed her toward the subject he truly wanted to talk about.

It wasn't until late into the evening that he finally got his long awaited chance. Darkness had fallen some time before and his friend had just shuffled off to his room, thinking his mother's conversational topics too boring to continue. So, seeing as they were alone, and that she seemed to have warmed to him bringing up odd subjects, he broached the idea of her swallowing a shrunken

person with as much nonchalance as he could muster. While keeping his own excitement about it tamped down as best he could.

To his surprise, and great delight, she wasn't completely repulsed by the idea. In fact, almost the opposite, as there were signs that she might have secretly found it somewhat alluring. Which took a massive weight off his shoulders, since he no longer needed to fear her outright rejection of his secret desire.

With the seed planted in her mind, and not wanting to press his luck, he left it at that. But, over the next several weeks, he managed to find any excuse he could to visit the Peterson household. Where he would subtly inquire about one thing or another related to a tiny man eagerly sliding down her slender throat.

Until one day, when he finally felt he could openly ask if Mrs. Peterson would be interested in eating him. Which had gone far better than he could've ever hoped to expect.

"Could I ask you about something, um... personal?" he queried that last afternoon as they each drank a glass of water in the shade.

She gave him a quizzical look and hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Sure thing, Jason, what's going on?" she replied in a soft, inviting tone.

"Well," he continued, "You've spoken about it a couple times before now, and I'm wondering what your thoughts were about, uh... you know... what you'd do with a tiny person..."

Her expression grew more contemplative as she took a long sip from her glass before replying. "That all depends, I suppose. There're quite a few thoughts I might have about what to do with such an individual. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, um... well..." he began, trying to get the words just right. "We'd talked about it before once or twice, I think, and you'd mentioned something about finding the idea of, err... swallowing a shrunken man appealing."

The air filled with the soft, musical melody of her laughter for a few seconds. "Yes, I guess I did," she said with an embarrassed smile. "In fact, the idea's been popping into my head quite a bit lately for some reason, now that you mention it. Perhaps that's why I've brought it up so much, I'm sorry if you got weirded out by it."

"No, it's not that," he said with a small, dismissive gesture, while inwardly celebrating how well his plan had managed to work. "I'm just curious about how picky you would be, if given the opportunity. Such as if you'd consider swallowing someone you know... such as, let's say, myself... if you will."

Her smile grew wry and the hint of a blush painted her cheeks. "Is this some kind of sexual roleplaying thing? I'm flattered of course, Jason, but—"

“Oh no... nothing like that!” he interjected as a spout of panic surged in his chest at him having asked her about it too soon. “Just whether you would do it, if it were possible. Like if someone actually shrunk down and asked you to swallow them.”

Mrs. Peterson nodded thoughtfully as she gave the idea some serious consideration. “Well, since you put it like that... I’ll be honest, the idea of swallowing a helpless, little man is rather exciting. And I guess I wouldn’t be too picky about it either, in fact, if someone were to ask me... I’d probably agree to it. That is, were such a thing actually possible.”

He inwardly whooped for joy while somehow managing to keep his expression passive. “I see... Although, it’s funny you should mention how such a thing is impossible. Because, I may have some information you might be interested in.”

It didn’t take very long to explain the little miracle of science he’d come to possess not long ago. However, it did take a fair bit longer to convince her that it was real... and he wasn’t crazy. After doing everything short of a practical demonstration, she finally accepted that he could indeed be shrunk down to an easily edible size.

While she still had some reservations about the whole thing, she was still more than willing to fulfil his request. So, it was agreed that once he managed to get his affairs in order, Jason would come back to her house one last time. Where he’d shrink himself and let her dispose of him by whatever means she thought best, so long as he passed down her throat alive and whole.



A little over a week later, Jason crept up to the Peterson household at just after seven in the morning. Mrs. Peterson had told him it would be late enough for everyone else to have already left, and they would have some privacy to prepare for his big day. When he grasped the handle to the back door, a sigh of relief left his lips when he found the door unlocked. As for some reason he’d expected it to have been locked and everything leading up to that point being a fever dream brought on by his desires.

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