

"I can do it, y'know."

Surprised, I turned to Freddie. The bashful squirrel and I had just met for a date, and we had gone back to his place. Currently, we were sitting on his bed.

"So . . . you can eat me?" I clarified, unsure if I really believed it.

Freddie nodded. "I've done it before," he added, blushing. "I'm a pretty experienced predator, if I do say so myself."

"Do you spit people back up after, or. . .?"

He shook his head. "I can't. So it's always a one-way trip." He laughed, rubbing his belly. Now that I knew I could enter it, it looked /very/ inviting.

I didn't hesitate. "Eat me," I begged. "Please."

Freddie raised an eyebrow. "Well, I /am/ a bit hungry. . ." he said, smiling. "But there's no going back. You sure?"

"Never been surer of anything," I said. "Please, let me be your food."

Freddie nodded. A smile crossed his lips. "Very well.

"Face me, prey."

I turned to the squirrel, and was surprised to find a much more confident face looking back at me. Was this even the same person?

Freddie licked his lips. "Let's give you a taste test."

He leaned forward, and for a moment I thought he was going to kiss me. But instead, a bulging tongue left his mouth, and ran across my cheek.

"Mmmm!" Freddie exclaimed. "Strip. /Now/."

I obeyed, quickly removing my shirt, pants, and undergarments. Standing in front of the squirrel, naked and destined for his stomach, I felt more exposed than I'd ever been in my life. And it was delightful. I was just food now, and nothing more.

He suddenly shoved me onto his bed, and I saw him lick his lips, covering them with drool. Then he came down from above, and began tasting me.

He started with my face again. But then he made his way down my body, lapping up my neck and chest, running down my hips and legs. When he was done, he looked down at me with primal hunger.

"You are mouthwatering," Freddie said, licking his lips again. "Lie down with your legs towards me. I eat my prey feet-first."

I nodded, and obeyed him, hanging my legs off the edge of Freddie's bed. "Good job, prey," he said, smiling. "Now, it's dinner time."

He crouched down in front of my legs. I watched as the squirrel opened his mouth wide, and revealed the maw I'd always dreamed of: teeth absolutely dripping with drool, tongue ready to lap me up, dark abyss of a throat looming behind. I gasped as he latched onto my feet, and began to devour me.

---

End of preview. To read the rest of this orgasmic fatal vore story, become a patron at <https://www.patreon.com/tastyace>