

Halloween was the best time of year for living snacks—that was something godly birds Justin and TastyAce could definitely agree on.

The two had spent the day capturing an assembly of micros, using their godly powers and huge, feathered hands to get all of them. The food was placed in a satchel that TastyAce carried, and once they had enough squirming bodies, they returned to Justin's home for the feast.

TastyAce brought out a wide bowl, and then poured the micros inside. The assembly of anthros and humans screamed and cried as they tumbled down, down, down, until they landed inside the bowl. Once all of them were inside, TastyAce put the satchel on the ground, and turned to Justin, licking his lips. "Let's eat," the godly crow said to the gryphon.

Justin grinned evilly, and he nodded. "Let's."

The two looked down at the bowl, smiling down at the collection of food. Down below, one particular micro was stirring: Chaos Nil, a 25 year old man who had been traveling with a giant, feathered hand snatched him from the sky. Chaos sat up in the bowl, straightening his glasses, groaning and wincing—that had been quite a fall from the satchel to the "ground", after all. After catching his bearing a bit, he looked around, still feeling dazed.

The bag he had been put in was full of people, but now that he had a better look, his eyes widened. This was enough anthros and humans to fill a city, maybe two! They all looked as confused as Chaos did, and from the looks of things, they weren't going to answer any of his questions.

Looking up, that's when Chaos saw /them/. Looming above the bowl was a big, white gryphon, with cat's ears and massive, blue and white wings. His beak was blue and white too, and his eyes were a stunning yellow. He wore a bright blue robe with a swirling pattern on the fabric.

Next to him was a large, grinning crow, wearing a porkpie hat and glasses, staring down at the micros with hungry interest. He wore a robe, too, one that covered his black feathers with a pattern of blue roses. His beak was a dark gray, and it was positioned in a wide smile. . . This couldn't be good.

The gryphon lifted their huge, clawed hand (unlike TastyAce's feathered one, this had five visible fingers) and reached for the bowl of micros. Immediately, all of them started screaming and running, trying to find a way to escape the situation. A few stood motionless, unable to do anything but stare up in shock as the hand came closer and closer. One of those motionless people was Chaos.

Justin looked down at the tiny human, and decided he looked delectable—he had to be the gryphon's first course. His tongue washed over his beak, and he moved his clawed hand in—before Chaos could react, Justin snatched up the food, drooling.

Chaos squirmed and screamed as he was brought higher and higher upward. Watching how high he was going, and feeling the wind rush past him at such an amazing speed, made him want to freeze up, but he tried to resist the temptation. He had a bad feeling of what was about to happen—after all, one of the birds had said, “Let’s eat.” Was he going to be food? He shuddered at the thought, and quickly resumed his struggles in the hand.

Justin brought the human up, up, up, past his shoulders and high above his head. Then he repositioned Chaos so that he was holding the human with two fingers. All the micros below were watching with fear—they all just had to know their fate, now didn’t they?

Chaos looked down from his position, and saw a terrifying sight below. The gryphon was opening his maw extremely wide, showcasing a terrifying tongue and drool-filled cavern inside the beak. He glimpsed a dark throat behind it all, hinting at his fate—no, he had to get out of this! The human squirmed more and more in the hand, and to his surprise, he felt the gryphon’s grip on him loosening. Then, the god let go.

Justin opened his maw wide as the human fell toward it. Mmmm, this was going to be delicious.

Chaos screamed as he free-fell, tumbling downward toward the open mouth of the gryphon! He tried to grab onto something, anything to stop his fall, but he couldn’t find anything in the open air. And so he fell downward, unable to stop himself from reaching his fate.

He landed on Justin’s tongue with a sickening /plop/, falling directly onto the gooey, hungry organ. For a moment, the fall left Chaos dazed, but when he saw the gryphon’s mouth closing, he quickly snapped out of it. “No, no, wait!” the human screamed, standing on the tongue. But it was too late—the beak closed, and left him in utter darkness.

Justin chuckled, making the space his food was in vibrate, and he decided he was going to have a nice, long taste of his meal. He reared up his tongue, and then slammed Chaos against his “cheek”, licking up the flavor of the living treat. “Yummy!” Justin said, speaking with his mouth full. “A wonderful flavor. . .”

Chaos squirmed as the tongue tasted him, trying to get out of this, but he was stuck underneath the huge organ. It licked him relentlessly, taking in every inch of flavor it could find, and then, it threw him again, tossing him to the other “cheek” of the bird. Once again, he was lapped up like a piece of candy, and then he was thrown around again, tasted again and again as Justin let out, “Mmmm”s and “Ahhh”s of delight.

Finally the gryphon stopped, and the tongue settled back in the center of the mouth, bringing Chaos with it. The human let out a sigh of relief—but then, he was suddenly thrown backwards. When he landed, his legs were dangling in some kind of pit. . . “Oh, no, no, no!” he screamed. “Don’t swallow me, plea—”

/Gulp!/ Justin sucked the micro into his throat, sending Chaos to his growling belly. “Delicious.”

Chaos screamed as he was sent into the esophagus, which clamped around his tiny body with a tight grip. He was barely able to move as the throat muscles forced him downward, but the human squirmed and cried out as best he could. But his struggles were useless, and arguably only helped him get to the stomach faster. With a heavy sigh, the human gave up, hanging his head in resignation.

That’s when he felt it. His feet brushed up against some kind of barrier, the sphincter of the stomach. Before he knew it, the throat pushed half of his body past it, and then, he was shoved into the stomach, free-falling yet again.

Chaos reached up toward the throat, trying to grab it so he wouldn’t land in the belly below, but by now, it was too far from him. And so he fell yet again, landing in the stomach with a loud /splash/.

The human groaned and sat up, looking around the space. He was inside a grunting, growling cavern, filled with oozing liquid that pooled at his feet. The space was absolutely enormous, and he frantically searched for a way out. . . But the walls were slick and unclimbable, not to mention the throat was sealed.

He was trapped.

Justin felt the micro moving around in his stomach and grinned. His food felt so good in there. Now, your turn,” he said to TastyAce.

“Good.” The crow licked his lips, looking down at the assembly of food. Then, he reached out with one feathered hand. Most of the micros screamed and ran, but an anthro owl was frozen to the spot—so the hungry predator grabbed him, plucking up the tiny bird with his feathered hand.

The owl screamed and cried, squirming in TastyAce’s feathers. But the crow didn’t let go—and he didn’t waste any time. He brought the food up to his mouth and dangled it over his maw, opening up wide.

The owl looked down at the dripping tongue and ravenous beak, and screamed, looking away. “Looks like you’re food now,” teased TastyAce, laughing. “How does that feel?”

“Please, just let me go!” cried the owl.

“Answer my question, and I might,” said the god crow.

“I-It doesn’t feel /good/,” replied the owl hesitantly.

“Darn right.” TastyAce laughed. “You’re at the bottom of the food chain now—and I’m at the top. See ya.”

He let go of the owl, and laughed as the food plummeted toward his mouth. Catching the owl with his tongue, he licked and tasted them, taking in every inch of flavor he

could get. Inside his mouth, the owl squirmed and cried as the tongue washed over them, hating being reduced to nothing but meat.

When it was over, the owl was at the center of the tongue, shaking. "Mmm, tasty prey," TastyAce teased him. "But now it's time to go down the hatch~!"

"No, please!" begged the owl. "I'll do anything!"

"Anything?" The crow laughed. "Good boy. If you'll do anything, then sit still and get digested like a good meal."

And with that, he sent the food to his throat, flicking his tongue backwards and sending the owl flying. The micro screamed in surprise as they were thrown back, and they, too, landed in a pit. With a powerful /gulp/, TastyAce sent them down their throat.

He laughed as the food traveled down his throat, and landed inside his stomach, filling him up ever so slightly. "Mmm, that hit the spot," the crow said, turning to Justin. "But I'm still hungry. . ."

Justin smirked. "Then let's have more of this lovely meal."

TastyAce laughed. "Let's."

They turned to the bowl of micros, and reached both their hands out. And with that, the feasting began.

Sometimes they grabbed one micro to tease, sometimes it was more than one, thrown into the maw and tossed around like candy before being swallowed down like the food they were. More and more anthros and humans got swallowed, and they piled up inside the two birds' bellies, making them inflate more and more. When the last ones had gone down the hatch, both of their stomachs were absolutely enormous, and filled with squirming, delicious food.

Chaos was trapped underneath a pile of micros, at the bottom of the belly, pinned against the wall by all of the food inside. Everyone was screaming and struggling, trying desperately to get out, but it didn't seem to be doing much good. Maybe this was just hopeless, after all. The human sighed, and submitted to his fate. All the while, the powerful gut gurgled around him, and the digestive juices continued to gather. . .

Justin laughed, patting his large gut, and turned to TastyAce. "That was delicious," the gryphon said to the crow. "Such a delectable meal."

"I agree," said TastyAce, putting a hand on his big, squirming stomach. "We should do this every Halloween. Find more treats like this every year. What do you think?"

"That's a great idea!" exclaimed Justin, grinning. "We can do this every year . . . trick some nice treats into being our meal. . ." He licked his lips. "Though I must say, you look quite tasty with you're full like this."

The crow laughed. "Oh, do I? Reminds me of when we first met."

“I agree.” Justin continued to drool, but he turned away, patting his stomach. “Ah well. Let’s just digest our meals, and when we can think of some more Halloween fun.”

“Sounds good.”

And so the two macros sat together, breaking down the micros within, enjoying each other’s company. All in all, it had been quite the fantastic Halloween—and they were happy with how things had turned out.