

“Alright, last delivery. Let’s go do this.”

Stella whistled as she drove down the street, with the pizza tucked safely away in the back of her car. It had been a long day of deliveries, and she was just about ready to finish this one and head back home for the night.

/I wonder though. . . / the cougar thought to herself. /The customer for this delivery is named Jackson. . . Could it be the same Jackson I knew in high school? The one I fell in love with?/

Stella blushed. /No, it can’t possibly be the same guy! It has to be a different person. There are plenty of people named Jackson, after all! Get your head back in the game, Stella./

But she couldn’t help but think back to those long gone days. How she had been known Jackson since her childhood, and fell in love with him when they went to the same high school. How she had wanted to confess her love for the jackal, but then he had to move away to another state with his parents. And she was too nervous to confess that he was the one she truly loved, so the words went unsaid when he left. It was one of her biggest regrets.

The cougar pulled into the address for the delivery—an apartment block that actually looked pretty nice—and let out a heavy sigh, thinking back to the day Jackson left. “I should have said something,” she muttered, stepping out of the car and opening the back door to grab the pizza. “Even if it turned out poorly, I regret not saying anything back then. Shit.”

But that was enough of that. She had a pizza to deliver, after all.

She grabbed the pizza and closed her car up, locking it. Then she walked up to Apartment Number 12 and knocked loudly on the door. “Pizza delivery!” she called.

There was a rustling from inside. A few moments later, the door opened.

Stella cleared her throat. “Here’s your pizza, sir. That’ll be 6 dollars and—” Her words stopped dead in their tracks once she saw who she was speaking to, looking up and meeting the person’s eyes.

Holy shit. That jackal. . . That was Jackson, wasn’t it?! He was the same handsome hunk she had fallen for during her high school days! Shit, she hadn’t been prepared for it to /actually/ be him! Here he was, the very person she had fallen in love with . . . and she had no idea what on Earth to say.

Jackson frowned and tilted his head. “It’ll be 6 and what?” he asked, sounding confused.

Stella stammered, blushing. “Fourty two cents. Um . . . I . . .”

That's when Jackson's eyes went wide. "Holy crap," he muttered. "Stella? Is that really you?!"

Stella nodded. "Um, yeah," she replied bashfully. "It's me."

"Oh my god!" Jackson shouted. A grin filled his face, which filled the cougar with happiness. "I can't believe it!"

"Neither can I," Stella said, handing Jackson the pizza. "When I saw your name on our customer list, I didn't think it was really you . . . but here you are!"

"Wow." Jackson handed her a ten for the pizza. "Keep the change."

There was an awkward silence. "Would you like to come in?" Jackson finally asked.

"Yeah, sure!" Stella said. She stepped inside, and the jackal closed the door behind her.

"Want some water?" Jackson asked her, taking the pizza.

"Water would be great, thank you."

And so they went to the jackal's kitchen; he put the pizza on the counter and got her the drink. As she sipped it, and the two sat awkwardly at his table, Stella realized something: this was her moment! And if she didn't say it now, she probably never would. So, she took a deep breath, and spoke.

"Jackson, I . . . I've been in love with you since high school," the cougar blurted out, putting the water cup down. "And I still feel the same way about you as I did then. Do . . . Do you still feel the same way about me?"

A pause. Then, Jackson smiled, and leaned in to kiss her. Stella happily accepted the kiss, smooching him deeply. The kiss held all the feelings the two had put aside until now, all the emotions they'd been holding since high school. It was wonderful.

When they parted, Jackson grinned and asked, "Does that answer your question?"

The two stood up, and they embraced. "I feel like I can literally melt like butter in your arms," Stella replied.

"That reminds me. . ." Jackson said, smirking. "I happen to recall you had a thing for melting away inside of a belly. Are you . . . still into being eaten?"

Stella's heart leapt. "Oh yes, I certainly am! Do you want to eat me?"

"Heck yeah!" Jackson said. He grinned. "You'd be tastier than pizza, that's for sure."

Stella laughed. "I would hope so."

He led her to his living room area. "Lie down on the couch," he said to Stella, "and I'll eat you up." The cougar obeyed him, lying down so that her head was hanging off one

edge of the chair. “Good girl. You look delicious.” Stella blushed. “Now, I’m going to enjoy my tasty living treat.”

The jackal went in front of her head and opened his mouth wide, letting the cougar get a good look inside. His maw was beautiful, a glistening display of teeth all covered in a drool, and a tongue drenched in spit. And behind it all loomed Jackson’s throat, which foreshadowed exactly where Stella was headed after all this was over. . .

The first thing the jackal did was give her a taste test. He gently ran his tongue over Stella’s cheeks, causing giggles to leave the cougar as the ticklish organ lapped her up. When Jackson was done, she eagerly awaited the final verdict, and her heart soared when he said, “Mmm. You taste just as good as I remember.”

“Thanks,” Stella said, blushing with a grin.

“Don’t mention it,” Jackson said. “Now, let’s get you down the hatch. . .”

The jackal opened his maw nice and wide and gently started putting Stella’s head into his mouth. She scooted inside too, trying to help him out, and a moment later, her entire face was inside of the maw.

Stella let out a relaxed sigh as she lay inside of the moist maw. Hot air blew around her head as Jackson breathed, and drool dripped from all sides onto her face. Fuck, she had missed this. She had missed this so much.

The jackal’s tongue came to life, and it started licking her head, getting every inch of her as best as it could. Stella giggled as more ticklish feelings spread around her face, and smiled as she was tasted—as Jackson licked her, he let out, “Mmmm,” and, “Ahhhh,” sounds, so he was clearly satisfied with her flavor. And that was the best feeling in the world.

Jackson, meanwhile, was also having quite a good time licking up Stella’s head. Not only did the cougar taste amazing, he was loving how familiar and nostalgic her flavor was: it was sweet, and had matured with a tinge of spice over the years. This was something he had really missed, eating Stella up. And he was glad to have the chance to do it again.

He lapped up Stella’s face for a moment longer, and then, his stomach let out a longing /groooooowl/. So the jackal listened to it, and swallowed the cougar’s head, which made a big bulge in his esophagus that could be seen from the outside.

Stella felt it as a /gulp/ rocked through the mouth, sucking her backwards and forcing her face into Jackson’s throat. She smiled, feeling the esophagus tightly squeeze around her face, reminding her that she was trapped. She was nothing but food now—and that was an amazing feeling.

Jackson licked up Stella's neck and shoulders, which were both jammed into his mouth, stretching his cheeks. Man, she tasted so good . . . he had missed this so, and was delighted to have the opportunity to eat the love of his life again.

He swallowed down her shoulders, and Stella felt her chest enter Jackson's belly. That gave her an idea, and she reached out with her arm, feeling around until she caught the edge of her shirt. Then she lifted it up, exposing her belly so that when Jackson reached it, he would lick up her bare furred flesh.

Jackson, meanwhile, was busy tasting her chest. He let his tongue slip underneath Stella's shirt, licking up her collarbone and skimming her breasts. He remembered that was something she always loved when she was being eaten by him in high school, and from the pleased twitches and happy sounds coming from his throat, she hadn't changed a bit. That made him smile, and he continued to lap her up.

"No fair!" Stella wanted to shout (in a teasing way, of course, not a serious way). "You already know my weaknesses when I'm being eaten!" She giggled and smiled as Jackson's tongue inched its way closer and closer to her boobs, just barely skimming them and teasing her in exactly the way she liked. And he was almost at her bare belly—that was going to be good too. . .

Jackson swallowed down Stella's chest, and reached her stomach. He had seen her lift her shirt up, and it pleased him to know that she wanted him to lick her bare flesh. And so, he lapped it up, letting his tongue glaze over her belly, dripping with drool and covering the area in spit. He lapped it up like crazy, and felt Stella twitch and heard her laugh pleasantly inside of him. He smiled.

Man, that was ticklish! Stella giggled more and more as Jackson licked up her belly, loving the sensations that were going throughout her body. It felt really good to be eaten alive like this though—even if it was sometimes a little bit funny. She loved feeling like food for the jackal, but also enjoyed being eaten with such love, care, and passion. It was all amazing.

And soon, she would be where she belonged.

Jackson gulped in Stella's belly, and as he reached her midsection, she reached his stomach. Her head popped out of the tight enclosure of the throat and into a more open area, one that /wasn't/ clamped constantly around her head. She breathed a sigh of relief, and then, she heard the growls. Her new destination was filled with grunting and growling, and she could even hear the sounds of fluids dripping everywhere. The cougar grinned—she knew exactly where she was. And she couldn't wait for all of her to be here.

Jackson smiled as he felt Stella slip inside of his hungry stomach. It always felt great when the first bite of living prey entered his belly—and he loved this living prey so much. His stomach let out a loud groan, clearly wanting more, and so the jackal obliged.

He sucked in Stella's midsection, lowering her deeper into his gut, and reached her legs, which he sucked and licked. Looking forward, he could see that she still had shoes and socks on, so he reached out and gently removed them so that Stella's feet were bare. That would make her much easier to swallow down. Satisfied, he gulped down her thighs.

The cougar was lowered further into the belly, until she could feel her head hit the floor of the living chamber. She smiled and wiggled eagerly, wanting for all of her to be inside of the stomach. Come on . . . there was only a little more left. . .!

Jackson sucked in Stella's calves, and then, he reached the last bite: her feet. Smirking, he lapped them up with his tongue, licking and sucking and prolonging the inevitable by much longer than he had too—all to tease Stella in the ways he knew she liked.

Inside the belly, Stella was starting to relax. But as Jackson lapped up her feet, the cougar giggled—the sensation was very ticklish, and she couldn't help but laugh out loud as he licked her toes. Then, she felt him swallow, and the rest of her body slid down to join her inside of the belly. It gathered there so that her knees were against her chest, and she was all curled up inside.

And just like that, it was done. All of Stella was tucked away inside of Jackson's belly.

The jackal let out a /buuuuurp/ and sat down on the sofa, massaging his bloated gut with one paw. "Mmm, you were tasty!" he exclaimed to Stella. "Definitely better than that pizza, I'll tell you that."

"Thanks!" Stella said, beaming. "I'm glad to hear that. That makes me happy, Jackson."

"Well, I'm glad you're glad," he said, laughing.

The gut let out a gurgle and started to drip fluids. It was digestion time.

"So, what have you been up to all this time?" Stella asked as her feet began to melt away. "What have you been doing?"

"Well, I went back to school, and I'm on track to become a teacher," Jackson explained to her.

"Wow!" Stella exclaimed, her legs melting away. "What grade?"

"Not a grade. I should've been more clear; what I want to do is teach college."

"That's awesome!"

"So, what about you? What have you been up to?" Jackson asked.

"I got my associates in biology, but it hasn't been paying off as much as I hoped it would," Stella admitted. "I might go back to school for my bachelor's. But for now, I have this pizza delivery job that helps to pay the bills."

"I'm glad you have a job, at least," Jackson said. "That's a good thing right now."

"Thanks! Me too."

"So . . . are you still into music?" the jackal asked. "I remember that back in high school, you wanted to start a band and tour the country."

"Oh yeah!" Stella said, the melting reaching her midsection and going up. "I still play my guitar all the time! What about you? Do you still play your violin?"

"Unfortunately, I haven't had the time, with school and all," he admitted. "But now that you're here, I should pick it back up."

"Totally!"

She had melted up to her shoulders now. "So, Jackson," she began cautiously. "Do you think we should . . . make it official?"

"Make what official?" the jackal asked.

"I mean, us being boyfriend and girlfriend. Make that official," she asked, blushing.

"Oh!" Jackson grinned. "Why, of course we should! That sounds great!"

The digestion reached Stella's head. "Yay!" she exclaimed. "I love you, baby!"

"I love you too, darling!" Jackson said.

The last of Stella melted away inside of him, with a big smile on her face.

Jackson patted his stomach, and could hear only sloshing noises inside of it. That's when he knew all of the cougar had digested away.

He let out another /buuuuurp/, and this time, Stella's acid proof delivery uniform came up out of his stomach and flew out of his mouth, landing on the ground. "Excuse me," the jackal said, chuckling to himself.

A moment later, Stelle began to reform. It started at her feet, as they were slowly remade at the bottom of her uniform. Then her legs rushed back into existence, filling up the clothing, and her midsection and belly joined it. Finally, her chest and shoulders filled up the clothes, and her head soon appeared.

"Welcome back, my darling!" Jackson said, standing up and embracing Stella. "How was your time in my stomach?"

“Oh man, it was so much fun!” the cougar replied, hugging him back with a grin. “I forgot how good it feels being in a stomach like that . . . especially being in /your/ stomach, Jackson.”

She leaned up and kissed him, and the two shared a passionate smooch. When they parted, it was clear both were deeply in love with each other.

“Want to stay a bit longer?” Jackson asked. “I do have a pizza we could share.”

Stella’s eyes lit up. “Sure!” she exclaimed. “That sounds great.”

So the two of them went in the jackal’s kitchen and shared the pizza, sitting together at Jackson’s kitchen table.

When the pizza was done, Stella stood up and got her shoes on. “Alright, I need to clock out of my shift,” she said. At first Jackson was disappointed, but he perked up when she added, “After that, I’ll can come back, and maybe we can have some more voracious fun?”

“That sounds great!” the jackal said, standing too. He walked her back to the door. “I’ll be waiting for you.”

“Thank you.” The cougar gave him a peck on the cheek, then opened the door. “I’ll be back.” She stepped outside and walked to her car.

Jackson watched her go with a smile and a happy sigh, thinking over everything that had just happened between them. He had reunited with the one woman he truly loved—like her, he had never gotten the chance to tell her that. And it was all because he ordered a pizza.

As Stella got in her car and drove back, she too reflected on the night’s events. She laughed at how funny it was to be reunited with the man she loved in high school, all because she “happened” to need to make a pizza delivery at his place. Perhaps it was fate that had brought them back together, but it didn’t matter. Whether it as by fate or coincidence, she didn’t care—she was back with Jackson, and that was all that mattered to her.

And so, the two thought over what had occurred, and looked forward to a great night together.