

“THE TYRANNOSAURUS REX HAS ESCAPED! EVERYBODY, EVACUATE!”

The alarms were blaring at the dinosaur zoo, and the staff were hustling all the visitors out of there as fast as they could. Except for you.

You were hiding from the staff, making sure to stay out of their sight. You wanted to be found by the dinosaur, you see. Because you don't want to be saved from it—you wanted to be /eaten/ by it.

In the distance, you could hear the t-rex letting out loud roars, and your heart skips a beat. Being devoured by a dinosaur is . . . well, it's your ultimate wish, really, and your ultimate fantasy. You want it more than anything else in the world. So, once you hear that there's nobody else around, and that the others have all left the park, you slowly start to make your way to where the tyrannosaurus is, so it can swallow you alive.

You sneak through the park and follow the loud roars, passing various dinosaur enclosures as you do so. Finally, you reach it: in front of you, the tyrannosaurus rex looms large, and your heart skips a beat. It's as big and as beautiful as you imagined it would be, a massive dinosaur with lovely proportions. Now you just have to get it to eat you. . .

“Hey!” you yell, stepping out in the open and waving your arms. “Free food down here! Eat me up!”

That certainly gets the tyrannosaurus's attention, and it turns to you, its pupils narrowing as it looks down at your form. The dinosaur's massive tongue escapes its mouth and glazes over its lip—looks like it's hungry. And you're next on the menu. . . Excellent.

The t-rex stomps toward you, and you look up at it, watching it come closer and closer. When it's only a few feet away from you, the dinosaur opens its mouth nice and wide, giving you a glimpse inside.

You gasp at the sight. The tyrannosaurus's sharp teeth are all covered in drool and spit, drenched in saliva thanks to your presence—it's almost humbling, in a way. And behind it all, you can see the rex's uvula and throat, which leads down, down, down to your destination.

And speaking of your destination, the dinosaur's stomach lets out a /groooooowl/ as it leans down toward you. Your heart skips a beat upon hearing it—this creature is hungry, and it's hungry specifically for /you/! It makes you feel honored to be a meal for the t-rex. You can't wait to be its food.

The maw inches closer and closer, until, finally, it surrounds your upper body. That's when the tyrannosaurus clamps its jaws around you and lifts you up.

You're mostly laying on the dinosaur's tongue now, but your legs are still hanging outside of the creature. The t-rex raises its head up higher and higher, and you feel

your legs leave the ground. They hang loosely outside of the creature's maw. That's when it happens.

The dinosaur swings its head around, causing your legs to move back and forth as it moves its head back and forth. For a moment you're afraid that you're going to rocket out of the tyrannosaurus's mouth, but then you realize that this creature has a tight grip on you—it's not letting its food go that easily.

The t-rex stops swinging its head, and tilts its head back. Then, its tongue comes to live underneath you: it springs up and slaps your face, then moves onto the rest of your body, tasting your delicious form. You lean into it, loving these licks, letting yourself be tasted like the piece of food you are. This feels amazing. . .

The tongue glazes over your body, drenching you in spit and making you let out contented sighs. It makes you feel more and more like just a piece of meat, just a morsel for the dinosaur to devour. And that's great.

Finally, the tasting stops, and the tongue shoves you backwards, towards the end of the dinosaur's mouth. Is it finally time?

Yes, it is. There is a loud /gulp/, and you are suddenly shoved forward, into the throat of the dinosaur. It clamps around your head and shoulders, refusing to let you go. Now you can't escape . . . and that's exactly how you like it.

The t-rex continues licking up your body, drenching you in spit. Then it sends your chest and midsection down with a /slurp/. You're pushed further into the esophagus, and you can hear the stomach groaning below you. . .

A final swallow sends the rest of you in the throat: your legs slip inside, and now, all of you is traveling down to the belly. The esophagus pushes you down, inch by steady inch, and you can feel your heart racing. You're almost there. . .!

One agonizing minute later, you finally reach it. Your head pops into an open space, and you see red walls all around you, hear hungry growls. You smile: this is the stomach. You're so happy to finally be here. . .!

More of you gets pushed inside the belly, forcing you to curl up inside. First your shoulders are shoved through, then your chest, then your midsection. Finally, your legs and feet are forced inside, and now, you're here.

All of you slides into the stomach, and there is a pause. Then the dinosaur's gut grumbles, and it squeezes in around you. It's eager to break you down, and you're definitely ready.

You're rapidly losing air inside of the hungry belly, and you feel yourself getting woozy. You breathe in and out, smiling, happy you could finally make your biggest dream a true reality. Then, you pass out.

Outside, the dinosaur roars, and goes searching for other food.

The stomach acids make easy work of you—you're digested in the next few hours. One thing's for sure:

You made excellent t-rex chow.