

“If I’m gonna eat somebody, it might as well be you...”

The singsong voice of the alien giantess who’d devoured Private Tom’s entire squad chased him through the rainforest, the twilight thunderstorm masking the pounding thuds of her footsteps. Yet even on a clear day, he thought in rare sobriety through blinding terror, the damn lizards could be nigh invisible.

Fat raindrops splattered on his back—he’d shucked his gear and his spent rifle, but nothing he did helped. A single stride of the hundred-foot warrior covered the distance a human could run in half a minute. Slowly, but surely, she was gaining on him and it was just a matter of time before he was overtaken.

*Have to hide.* But where? With a shark’s sense of smell and a serpent’s thermal eyesight, the grass and mud were no refuge. She could track him through rain and snow, day and night, homing in on the very heat of his body.

Tom spied the burned-out husk of a 234-B “Billy” tank poking out of the long grass ahead. A few fires still crackled along the pitted hull from the plasma that had consumed it, the direct hit superheating the metal to the flashpoint at the most intense areas. The flames, contained by the wet grass from the storm, would hide him from the serpentine sight.

*That would be perfect,* he thought, *so long as I’m not roasted alive.*

“Just so you know,” called his pursuer, “I’m getting very hungry. Don’t expect a girl to wait forever for her dinner date to show up.”

*Roasting alive it is.*

Changing course, he ran to the Billy, wincing at the heat coursing through his gloves as he pried open the main hatch—

Only to be bowled over by the last survivor of the tank’s crew. Like a pheasant before a hunter, the approach of the giantess had flushed him out. “They’ll kill us!” The man screamed, reddened face marred with burns, straw colored hair slick with grime. “They’ll kill us all!”

Tom groaned, picking himself up “Shut up and get back in,” he hissed. He glanced at the man’s uniform, reading the insignia. “First class Gunner Wilks, get back in the damn tank and be quiet!” He hoped an authoritative order might cut through the terror and trigger his soldier’s conditioning.

But First-class Gunner Wilks, after having sat in the burning tank and seeing God knew what, was broken beyond even that. Screaming, “they’ll kill us” over and over he ran from the tank—and out into the open.

At that moment, *she* appeared.

Tom’s briefings on the enemy listed them as “humanoid megafauna with reptilian codominant genetics.” He thought it an overly complicated way of saying *giant lizard people*. The being who materialized out of the thunderstorm, unperturbed by the torrential rain and seemingly unafraid of being struck by lightning from being the largest thing on the planet, possessed a woman’s frame over which a reptilian hide and face had been mounted.

She had worn armor at some point but shucked the interlocking sectioned plates off except about her sternum, shoulder blades and waist, leaving her stomach, arms, neck and legs tantalizingly bare. In spite of himself, Tom had to admit the monster cut a sharp figure that he would have found irresistible on a human woman. That might have even been part of the sick bitch's game—strip down for a bunch of guys who hadn't had R&R for eight months and were desperate for anything feminine.

All the armor and ordinance in the area had been dusted and the lizards controlled both air and space. Dominance assured, she and her ilk were free to hunt the surviving ground troops down with pleasurable ease. Twin golden eyes inset on emerald-green blazed down at the humans. They swiveled after Wilks, tracking the fleeing tanker's movements.

In his maddened panic, the fear-crazed man went straight at her, not noticing until she took her first rumbling step forward. Shrieking, he wheeled about like a convoy fallen into an ambush and tried to scramble back the way he came. But the lizardess was faster. In two steps she had closed the distance between them, footfalls pounding over the rumble of the ambient thunder. Bending at the waist, she hung her head over Wilks like the basketball goal back in the base's rec room.

*SSAHP!*

Out of her saurian muzzle came a long, prehensile tongue. Forked like a snake's, it wrapped about Wilks's baggy leg and snatched him up from the ground with a wail. Transfixed by the surreal spectacle, Tom came to a stop. In fascinated horror, he watched the alien giantess suck the screaming man into her mouth. Her muzzle snapped shut, scaled lips sealing behind her victim and turning up in a smile.

*Gluck!*

Her slender throat, feminine as any woman's, bobbed once in a hard swallow, committing Wilks to the gastric depths of her body. "Mmmm," sighed the giantess. "A bit dirty, but not bad. Shame he exposed you. I would have liked to see how long it took to find you in that tank. Very clever idea, by the way."

The tongue that had been Wilks' demise flicked idly across her snout. Tom expected it to continue up her eyeballs like an Earth gecko, but instead she blinked once, demonstrating eyelids in lieu of transparent brilles. Then, aided by her damned thermal vision, she turned, peering straight at him.

"Now, with that *tasty* little distraction out of the way, where were we?"

Tom made it all of fifteen yards before she caught him. With another *ssahp*, her tongue curled around his leg and lifted him up into the air, giving him a vertical panning view of her body and Amazonian figure as she straightened back up and drew him to her face.

The tongue did not immediately drag him inside her grinning mouth, a wall of triangular knives barring the way to her belly. Instead, she deposited him into her palm, cradling Tom in an almost maternal manner. Faux sympathy alight in her eyes she stroked his bare chest with a taloned finger and gave a small coo that strayed into being a purr.

"Really was a shame our chase didn't go longer," she pouted. "You should have done better, my dear."

"Let me go?" Pleaded Tom. "I—I could...I could maybe try better?"

She tilted her head quizzically, a finger resting on her chin as if giving it serious thought. “Ah, no. You had your chance,” she said in a saccharine tone. “Why, I even gave you a head start back when I ambushed your unit. Your sergeant was particularly tasty, by the way.”

Hand moving back to give him greater scope, she tapped the grass-colored scales of her belly. Tom couldn't help but trail his eyes down the pebbly scales descending her front. Outlining her muscular curves, they spread out at her hips, vanishing enticingly below a set of washboard abs below her belt.

“Maybe you can tell him that?” Her hand inverted and, holding him by a leg she ran him up the side of her bare belly. The surface was smooth, like a snakeskin purse his aunt had, thought Tom dazedly as he flailed about in blind terror. From the other side of the organic wall came a gurgling rumble—and what might have been muffled screams.

“Hope you enjoyed the outside,” taunted his captress, “you'll get to compare it to the inner soon enough.” Not waiting for a reply, she brought him back up to her face. “I'm starting to get full. There's practically a platoon in here, but I think I have just enough room for one more, aren't you lucky?”

The thrashing human shivered and would have presented a very rude gesture if her fingers hadn't pinned his arms to his sides. “F-f-fu...” Tom began.

“Fuck me?” She widened her eyes and made a small O with her mouth. “Oh, my, such language. Very hurtful. But deliciously naughty. Ah, sadly you're not my type.” Her tongue drew slow across her lips, the forked tip flicking against his cringing face in a feathery tickle.

“On the subject of dirty things, let's get you decent.”

A scream from the human and claws slashed across his arms and legs, not to kill but disrobe. With amazing precision and care she shucked off his clothes, leaving him naked and shivering in her rain-drenched palm. “That's better. I bet you were getting stifled in full battle gear. I certainly was,” she indicated her state of partial undress. With her treat freed of its wrappings, she continued with the business of eating Tom, lifting him above her muzzle mouth open, head tilted back.

At some point the rain had stopped, not that it helped him any. All the surrounding nature was quiet, focused, as if the planet were watching the final drama play out between the two parties that arrived from beyond the stars. All technological and military might aside, the struggle boiled down to the simple interaction of predator and prey.

“Welcome to the food chain, human.”

Below Tom hung a narrow purple slope emptying into the quivering black chute of her gullet. Digesting meat wafted up, intermixed with rancid stomach stew making him whimper and twist in her grasp, realizing he was about to be consumed.

“W-wait,” Tom cried, “let me go—I'll run for you again! I'll be more of a challenge; I can do better.”

The giantess laughed at his pleas, said nothing, then lowered him mockingly slow straight back into her throat. The fingers released and she closed her lips slowly about her fighting treat, before sliding them out and suckling off the last flecks of flavor.

Battered about in the darkness, all Tom could think was *stay away from teeth—stay away from teeth* even as he was carried inch by flailing inch, towards the void of her throat. At the apex of the back of her mouth she brought him to rest over the ending curve of her tongue, pushing him gently up to the top of her mouth, the musculature and surprisingly soft palate squeezing in around him.

*It's over, he thought, I'm done.* A bobbing motion indicated the giantess had left the clearing, probably returning to find her discarded armor and weapon and head back. Far as she was concerned, their interaction was finished, and actually gulping down the wiggling bulge of meat between her jaws could come at her leisure.

The long tongue that had snared and condemned so many to the sucking gullet behind him slipped up ribbonlike between his legs. The forked tips probing across his belly and thighs until she ran his cock along the central groove. *Wh-what is this bitch do—oh!*

Tom's terrified struggles turned to moaning whimpers as he rolled about in the darkness. The giantess made a loud "hmmmm" sound, taunting her trapped prey, but did not swallow him yet, instead performing the duties Tom had once had to pay a local girl hanging around the base half his check for.

With a sharp yelp, he climaxed and went limp, his sweat-slickened body collapsing fully onto her tongue, drained of his energy as much as his fluids. A fresh blast of air and light rushed in between the gate of spikes ahead of him as the lizard woman chortled, but this was no act of mercy. Quick as it had come, the relieving illumination and oxygen vanished.

Then she swallowed him.

The motion was surprisingly subtle. Tom was unaware until he felt his belly tickle from the rush over her tongue, like on a waterslide. Except in this case he was being ratcheted backwards, tugged to the bottom of the chute by the immense throat muscles of a being he was thumb sized against.

By the time he realized what was going on it was too late, his feet slipped into her esophagus and he was up to his thighs in her gullet. Her tongue, his former bed, rose up and stuffed him past her glottis. It took only a single swallow for her to get him down.

Head already dizzy, he prayed he would pass out before he reached her stomach, the rally point for his "platoon", a new assignment as a pinch of fat on the lady's hips. No such luck. Tom felt the constricting tube open up and deposit him with tender care into the waiting belly of the beast, the sloping walls hastily funneling him into a caustic, warm pool at the bottom of her churning gut.

Outside, the lizardess belched again and thumped her chest with a finger, slurping her chops. She sighed, smiled, then set about dressing herself before the pleasant tickling under her ribs had ceased—a pity humans never lasted very long—and returned to her unit, making a note to report another enemy platoon destroyed.