

You never thought you'd find yourself in a crow's mouth. But here you are.

You whimper in fear as you sit on a bumpy, moist, wet tongue. Ace, who you thought was your friend, has shrunk you out of your clothes and tossed you into his hungry maw! And the crow has been teasing you ever since.

"Man, you're delicious!" the predator exclaims, his words echoing around the hungry mouth. "It's a shame I can only enjoy you once. . . Ah well, that's just how it goes with food, ha ha~!"

You look around, trying to find a way to escape. You can hear rumbling sounds coming from below, and realize that must be Ace's stomach growling. Who knows when he's going to finally swallow you. . .

As you take in the space around you, your eyes land on something in the back of the crow's throat: Ace's uvula, which is hanging above his throat. But before you can say anymore, the tongue suddenly starts knocking you backward, toward the esophagus! Panicking, you jump up and grab onto the crow's uvula, clinging onto it tightly.

Your hands cling onto the smooth, wet surface, and you find yourself blushing. This is nice . . . heavenly, even. You're enjoying this quite a lot.

"Oh, so you want to hang on to my uvula, do you, little guy?" Ace teases you. "Aw, how cute. . ."

You hear the rumbling sounds from below, and gulp. "Um, if you could not burp, that would be great!" you plead with the predator. "I love your uvula, and I just want to hold it close. . ."

Outside, the crow smirks. "Ok, let's make a deal. Perhaps I won't burp . . . if you hump my uvula."

You're surprised at the request, but it's not an unwelcome one in any way. "Sure!" you eagerly reply. "I can do that!" And so, you start humping.

You start slow at first, bringing your privates against the uvula in a steady, methodical fashion, humping your penis against it. But you quickly increase your speed, going faster against the organ and bringing your entire body into the mix. You squeeze the uvula with your hands, feeling the wet, soft, moist tissue underneath your fingers. The more you continue, the most you find yourself enjoying this. . .

And you're enjoying this in more ways than one. Because as you continue to hump Ace's dangling organ, you find yourself getting more and more aroused as time goes on. Precum drips from your penis as you hump, and a blush crosses your face. This is actually pretty fun. . . Though you're doing this to not get swallowed, of course. Gotta focus on the priority here!

Outside, the crow feels you humping and grins, enjoying the sensation. "Go on, little guy!" he teases you, grinning. "Hump the burps away! You can do it!"

You nod frantically and continue humping, your entire body making contact with the wet organ. You're doing all of this to avoid making the predator burp, yes, but it's also fun in its own way. If your life wasn't on the line, this would be much more enjoyable, but you digress. Plus, you're only getting more turned on as you hump and hump. . .

Ace cheers you on as you hump his uvula. "Oh, shit, I'm going to burp, little guy!" he exclaimed. "Come on, hump my uvula! Hump the burp away! Hump! Hump! Hump!"

The crow's encouragement makes you blush, but then you realize what he said: he's going to burp! Starting to panic, you hump his uvula faster, trying to reduce Ace's burp reflex. You imagine it shrinking down from a big belch, to a tiny burp, to nothing at all, and you don't want to get knocked off! So you hump, hump, hump, working as hard as you can.

And the whole process only arouses you further. You feel your cock becoming erect as you bring all of your naked body against Ace's uvula. The crow can feel it too, and he smiles and says, "Goodness, someone's having fun, aren't they, little guy? I'll let you enjoy yourself for now. . . But don't forget, you're trying to hump the burp away, so keep at it!"

You do so, humping hard against the organ. But you can feel something rising up from Ace's throat! Panicking, you continue what you're doing, praying that your efforts will be enough. . .

Then, it happens: a small /uuuuuuuurp!/ sounds from the crow's mouth, shooting out of his throat and hitting you. You cling onto Ace's uvula as the moist, smelly wind overtakes you, threatening to knock you off. Thankfully, it's a light breeze, and you're able to cling to the lovely organ.

"Don't worry, you'll do better next time!" the predator encourages you. "Go on, keep humping! Unless you want me to swallow. . ."

You definitely don't want that!! And so, you resume your previous activities.

You hump hard against the uvula, grinding your cock and chest against the organ. Now that you're not in direct danger, your arousal returns. Your cock gets even harder than it was before—how the fuck is that even possible?—and you feel yourself getting turned on to an extreme degree. You've never been this horny in your life, but here you are, and it feels amazing.

Ace smiles as he feels everything happening. "Almost there, little guy," he teases you/ "Just work a little bit more, and then you're going to have the best orgasm of your life~!"

That certainly sounds appealing. You hump against the uvula, feeling the moist organ underneath your body, loving it and worshiping it with your presence. It's a beautiful part of the crow, and even if you're here against your will, you still love it anyway. You get more and more aroused, but fear washes over you as you hump, erasing your climax. You have to do this. . .!

“It’s not over yet, little guy,” Ace teases you. “Keep humping!”

And he’s right. As you catch your breath, you feel something coming up from Ace’s throat again. No, no, no, this can’t be happening; you tried so hard! You hump against the uvula, going frantically back and forth and trying to get the burp away, but it’s too late.

A moment later, it happens: a much louder /BUUUUUURP/ comes out of the crow’s throat, echoing all around the mouth as it pushes you. This time, your grip isn’t enough, and you slip off of the uvula, landing in the throat.

“Looks like you lost this time, little guy!” Ace mocks you. “Now it’s time to go where you belong!”

“No!” you plead, trying to scramble up and out. “Wait, no, please DON’T GLK ME—!”

/Gulp!/ You are suddenly sucked down with a powerful swallow, and you find yourself in Ace’s esophagus, which squeezes tightly around your form. Down below, the stomach awaits. . .

Ace smiles and puts a hand to his belly as he feels you descend. “Heh heh heh!” he exclaims. “If only they knew that humping my uvula was actually stimulating my burp reflex the entire time. . . Ah well, at least I had some fun!”

He smiles. “Maybe I’ll let you hump my uvula more later, little guy. That is if I’m feeling less burpy the next time you become my dinner! Ha ha!”

And so, you descend down to the crow’s hungry stomach. . .