

# The Enthralled

By Hawkeye7

## Sitting Comfortably?

*“Do you think he has had enough yet?”* Jane asks, straining under the pressure, lying face down on the floor.

I cough and splutter, unable to get my breath. Caught between these two dangerous women.

*“Oh no, we have only just started. Let’s not forget, he orchestrated this.”* Rey replied looking back over her shoulder.

*“Okay...”* Jane replied, grinning. She pushes again, straining before another controlled *“Pffttttt”* escapes her relentless bowels.

At any other time, that wouldn’t have been a concern. Jane was used to just letting go from her round curvy ass. However, from my current position, it was far from ideal.

Here I was lying on the carpeted floor, face down into that incredible crevice, being subjected to her gassy rear. If that wasn’t bad enough, I’m unable to raise my face away. Rey was ‘helping’ by planting her voluptuous ass on the back of my head, sitting down and locking me firmly in place.

*“Mmmrrrrpphhhh”* I attempted to say, through the tight lycra leggings material. Which were doing little in protecting me from the aroma and heat radiating from Jane.

*“I think he’s trying to tell us something.”* Jane says, *“either that, or he’s blowing smoke up my ass”*.

*“I don’t think the clothes are helping.”* Rey says

*“What do you mean? he’s already naked.”* Jane says

*“Well, I’m not sure he is getting the full experience. Let’s remove these”* Rey says, pointing at Jane’s black leggings.

*“You think? I’ve not showered since the gym, or cleaned my fun tubes. It’s really not going to be pleasant”* Jane replies, eyebrows raised.

*“I’m sure he won’t mind, would you Toby?”* Rey replies.

*“Ok, scoot off and we can go to the next round.”* Jane says.

Ok, let’s wind back a few hours and explain how I had managed to end up here.

Technical Rey was correct, I had orchestrated the situation, however, it had got way out of hand, moving from observer to participant.

I had been fascinated, enthralled by the whole topic of Vore, often chatting about this incredible subject in the forums online, with others of similar tastes and desires. These two incredible women had taken that journey to another level, as I had found out recently.

Had fantasy overlapped with reality? or had my obsession set me on a fatal course into my ultimate demise.

I came to know that these were dangerous predators in their own fields and wanted to see what they do when they consume, in their own unique special ways.

### **The Gym Buddy**

I made my way into the building and headed into the lift lobby. The Gym was on the 3rd floor, as indicated by the illuminated sign next to the elevator button. I pressed it a few times urgently hoping I wasn't too late. The class would be finishing soon, and I wanted to meet her before she left. I wasn't a member but had been here before so knew where I was going.

Reaching the level, the corridor opened out to the glass-walled area. You could see through the floor to ceiling semi-frosted window into the venue. I looked down at my watch, it was close to the hour, I sighed a flustered relief. The music was booming through, even despite the fact that the door was closed. I headed towards the entrance, into the unisex changing rooms.

The room was modern, but with a fake industrial feel. Wooden slatted benches stretched out in the center, electronic lockers off to one side, and large mirrors affixed to the walls. Individual changing stalls were set at the other end, with half height swing-doors. And finally, the main double-doors which lead into the class.

I swung my rucksack off my shoulders and sat down heavily on the bench. There were a few people in the room, bags half open with clothes and water bottles, getting ready for the next class presumably.

I was sweating, and not just from the journey. I had been planning to meet with Jane for a while now, although not in this hurried circumstance, and was nervous as hell. We had been chatting for what seemed like ages online, but had never met in person. Tonight, if everything went to plan I would see her for the first time.

I wanted to see if what she said was real.

It really couldn't be.

No matter how much I wanted to believe in the impossible.

She had boasted about her talents so much, that it was hard to separate reality from what was presumably fantasy. How she described the details, just seemed uncanny, but unlike some of the others I spoke to, she sounded teasingly believable; as far-fetched as it was.

The vore roleplays we acted, and shared over the months were amazing, outside of the sexual banter she would tell me her varied experiences.

She was very open about her sexual talents, wants, needs and desires, more so than anyone I had ever met. For her, talking about how she pleased herself was just normal. Often telling me what she was doing to herself, during our online conversations.

It drove me wild.

Of course, maybe that was just online bravado, maybe she was different in person. We all hide behind a persona, a version of ourselves we portray.

I waited patiently, knowing that she would come flooding through the doors any moment with the rest of the class. She was kind enough to have shared a photo with me in confidence, so I had an idea of what she looked like. I, on the other hand, covered my face with my hoodie and baseball cap. I couldn't have her see me, not yet, that would spoil what I hoped was about to happen tonight.

The sound of the music burst through loud, along with a bunch of excited overlapping voices. I had positioned myself so I had a great vantage point but was sort of hidden to one side. I hunkered down, trying to look busy with my rucksack as if I was just one of the normal clientele.

Fuck, there she was.

I was awestruck, I knew she was pretty, from her photo, but even with her long dark dishevelled hair, and sweating features she looked stunning.

Jane strutted her way, bouncing into the changing room, still animated and full of energy. A small towel draped over one shoulder and a bright coloured water bottle in hand. Head turned, she continued chatting with a guy following alongside her.

That must have been the person she told me about. Funny, he didn't look that annoying, but having heard her complain about him; how he continued to pester her constantly I could see why she wanted to stop his attention.

Even if I didn't believe exactly how she was about to do it.

About a month ago, she had taunted me, in one of her usual sexually charged conversations. Constantly horny, she has described what she had been up to, what she was doing now, and what she had plans for.

*"You're incredible "* I said, my voice coming through jokingly. We had started off the evening like we usually do, type/chatting on discord, for a while, and then progressed onto voice chat. That was something new, having gotten comfortable with our shared anonymity.

*"I don't know what you mean, surely every girl wants to do that?"* Her voice came back.

*"You're not exactly every girl...or at least, I don't think normal people would deal with a pest like that."* I replied.

*"I can't help it, I want to just keep pushing my limits, and this would satisfy both. Anyway, you're just jealous because you would want it."*

I coughed, she knew how to tease me, pushing that thought, safe in the knowledge that there was no way we would ever meet and find out. *"There's one thing filling your ass with... erm... all sorts of large and interesting things."* I paused slightly, *"But this... as much as you want to, even you can't do."*

She had explained previously that she loved to explore new things and sensations. Pretty much everything in her apartment that could be, had managed to find itself squished, into her sweet round bottom. Sometimes whilst we were engaged in chatting, she would take great delight in explaining just what was nestled deep inside, she knew I loved it, and drove me insane imagining. Often sending me images of anime characters doing similar incredible acts to give me visual as well as mental overload.

*"I can, and I'm going to."* she said, a confidence beaming through. *"You'll see."* She paused, then added, *"And when I've done it, I'm going to call you, and tell you exactly what it feels like, in every tiny delicious detail."*

*"How?"* I replied exasperated, *"Look, sitting on a guy's face, smothering your ass over him like that I get. You know I dig, But... Even if you are stretched out, lubed up, and gaping like mad, there's still no way you're going to get his head into you."*

She giggled

*"As much as we fantasise about vore, and enjoy the artwork and animations, there are just some things that are not possible in real life."* I replied, not wishing to burst her bubble. We both had the same bizarre fascination with anal vore, although hers was from the point of wanting to feel what it would feel like receiving it, mine was the opposite.

*"It just sounds like you're challenging me. So now I HAVE to do it."*

*"Fuck me Jane... you're incredible."* I reply smiling, shaking my head.

*"I know, I know ... but ... I am going to do it, you know. Aaaand, I've got something which will make it happen."* She replied, an edge to her voice.

*"You have, have you?"* I reply, trying not to mock her.

*"Ok, you can't tell anyone this, but I've got this device. It's like something out of a comic book, it's a shrinking remote.... At first, I thought it was a joke, the guy showing me told me what he had created, and like, I didn't believe him obviously. That was until he turned it on himself and boom, he disappeared. Or rather, he was suddenly the size of a tiny mouse."* she explained rather excitedly.

*"What? Seriously, geez jane, what have you been drinking tonight."*

*"I don't drink, you know that ... anyway ... the problem was, my cat got spooked, and jumped from the bed and... well ate him. Stop laughing!... I'm being serious... There was nothing I could do, one minute he was there, the next just...gone."*

*"Jane, you seriously want me to believe you, I'm sorry... I love you, you're crazy, but this is worse than one of our bad role plays."* I laughed

*"Ok, you'll be the one who's sorry when I've got the annoying Dean from the gym squirming through my fun-tubes."* Jane replies, now it was her turn to do the mocking.

*"I'll be the first to admit I was wrong."* I reply

*"You'll be begging me to use it on you. I know what you want, better than you do."* Her voice came through quietly.

I swallowed, taking that thought to my core, trying to shake my already stirring feelings.

*"I think I need to go...it's so late"* I replied trying to exit from this whole bizarre conversation. She was clearly just delusional, the endorphins were obviously playing tricks on her mental state.

*"Awww... really... but I've not finished with ... Ahhh.. ohh my god... fuuuuuuck. ok, now it's in."*

*"What is...?"*

*"Well, given the topic, I couldn't just let my horny thoughts wander on their own, so I've been sat here teasing my ass with my double dildo, you know the one."*

“Fuck me Jane... “

*“In your dreams... well if you have to go, then I'll just have to entertain and finish myself... Good night Toby.”*

She ended the connection before I could reconsider.

I got a message from her, a single picture of an anime vixen, ass splayed with toys falling out, gasping expression with eyes rolling skyward, dripping in ecstasy.

The next message came underneath simply

**^ me**

I shuddered, mind a mix of frustrated sexual emotions flooding through me. She always did that, tantalising teasing me. It's why I loved our chats. Even if she did sometimes send erotic fantasy images through at really inappropriate times. Getting a beep from your phone whilst doing the groceries, to be greeted by an illustrated dripping gaping hole, was rather unsettling; but funny.

I sighed, smiled and closed the laptop lid, it was late and I did need to get sleep. Although now it would be more difficult.

That was a few weeks; I had almost forgotten about the banter, that was until I got a text message this morning simply saying.

*Tonight is the night.*

*Dean's fucked me off for the last time.*

*Talk later.*

Fuck. I went hot and cold inside, reading the words. My mind was bouncing between thoughts of disbelief and intrigue. As much as I doubted that there was an ounce of truth, I just had to see for myself.

We had never actually met in person, we had joked enough times that if we did, then our vore fantasies would probably be the death of both of us, or more likely me.

I had a pretty good idea which Gym Jane visited, so I struggled inside, as to whether I should cross the line. My insane desire to wish it to be true, just finally took over and I started making plans.

I was giddy, feeling electric inside. The session had been its usual intense workout, spin classes were like that. I enjoyed them; that was until Dean showed up again. He

had his eyes glued to my ass the whole session. Yeah I know, I should be flattered by the attention. With my vegetarian diet, exercise and limited alcohol intake, I was rather proud of my body and looked after it. However, he didn't just stop at that, making comments and come-ons. I had told him flatly that I wasn't interested in him, but he didn't take no for an answer.

I was stuck.

I didn't want to move to another session, why should I?

So, I decided that enough was enough and this asshole would find mine.

Thinking about it, planning it, had just turned into an obsession. Soon as that seed of thought had been planted into my head, the other night with Toby, I just couldn't stop wondering. I had tested the device on things, so I knew it worked. But this would be different, this would be insane.

It would be hot.

Insatiable bubbly tingling thoughts, Ummmm.

I had to do it.

Although I had cleansed myself, both outside and in, in preparation before the session, I was still now soaking. Mostly sweat, but the excitement and urges inside had effects elsewhere. The black skintight material did a good job of hiding it. Thank god I decided against the light grey outfit today.

*"So babe, got any plans for later?"* Dean asked.

*"I'm whacked, so just going to head home."* I replied, hating the fact he called me 'babe'. I gritted my teeth and then continued smiling.

*"Well babe, maybe I could join you for a coffee or .. a little more?"* Dean insisted, grinning like a Cheshire cat. Knocking my shoulder with his. His sickly expression heated me inside to the point of boiling. I couldn't take it anymore, this was it... he deserved everything that was about to happen.

We reached the lockers, unlocking mine with the coded beeps. His was next to mine; of course it was. I dug out my bag, and slammed the door shut.

I swivelled across to him, and whispered into his ear delicately. *"Ok Dean, Why don't you come and join me in the cubical, I've always wondered if there was enough space for two, to... play."*

That got his attention. Well, why wouldn't it? I had my breasts pressed lightly against his back. I was cringing inside, but needed him to take the bait. He tensed.

I didn't wait for his response, I swung the bag over my shoulder, and walked to the furthest set of cubicle doors. Each step was deliberately placed in a line, enhancing the sway of my hips, and rolled my cheeks suggestively. If that wasn't going to bring him in tow, nothing would.

Fuck me. I stammered inside. This babe had finally succumbed to the Dean-o charm. I knew she couldn't resist me. All that talk and push back about not being interested was just a ploy. I knew it. Girls were like that, and now she was gonna get a piece of Dean... fuck.

And she wanted it here, this place... fuck yeah... this was gonna be something.

Watching her walk away like that, just oozed confidence. She turned slowly in the open cubicle, and gestured with a single curled finger for me to come. Closing the door slowly, she disappeared.

Fuck,

My heart racing, my shorts bulging, straining against my growing rod. I quickly pushed my kit back into the locker, I wouldn't be needing that. I strutted across the emptying room, not noticing the others, having my sights on one thing.

Tonight's the night Dean-o, I smiled inside.

I could see her head facing the wall over the top of the stall door. Back towards me, I slowly pulled the handle, and stepped into the tight confines. I pressed my body into hers, wrapping my arms around her shoulders, and then further forward, feeling the curves of her body against mine. She was hot, sweating, and I could feel her trembling slightly. God, she was gorgeous.

She grabbed backwards, pulling me into a tight embrace, locking her hands around my hips. Pivoting in a circle, we danced, she pulled me around in the tight space, my calves hitting the edge of the low bench seat along the wall. All the while I continued trying to plant kisses onto her neck and shoulders, groping her stomach and breasts.

She pushed me back with her incredible backside, forcing me into a sitting position. I dropped, holding her, she fell with me, sitting her full weight onto my lap. My crushed dick painfully poked her, with nowhere to move. I imagined this babe bouncing up and down on me like the others. Don't worry, soon, we'll have those leggings off and it'll find its way home.

I felt sickened mixed emotions inside, having him touching me like this. Well, that's not entirely true, I had a deep excited heat rising inside me, like a surging tidal wave, knowing what I was about to do. A newly awakened predator was about to be unleashed for the first time.

God, I was hot.

I reached out to the side, feeling for the remote in my bag, wrapping my fingers around it. I lifted myself off his thighs and whirled around to face him.

I stood towering over Dean, the silly grinning idiot. Oh, wait till I show you what I've got in store.

There must have been something in my expression, a hunger shining through my eyes, which caught Dean off guard.

*"You know, when a girl says no. You should really listen."*

*"Huh babe, yeah .. but. They don't really mean it."* He stammered still full of himself.

*"Oh, we do. We're not just something for you to conquer."*

He continued his own dumb grin, although the confusion was creeping in. His bravado slipped from him as quickly as his shrinking dick.

*"In fact some of us 'babes' hate it so much that we need to teach Jocks like you a little lesson."*

*"Ok, look babe, if you're really sure you don't want this"* he said, hands pointing back at himself, *"...all I can say is, you're the one missing out."* He then started to rise from the seat, knowing this prize wasn't for the taking anymore.

*"Oh, we're not finished yet."* I hissed, gripping the remote, thumb poised on the button.

This bitch was done. Fuck it, she had played me, and it was time to call it and leave. I was fuming inside, maybe a slap would be in order to put her in her place. I don't like being treated like this. Who the fuck did she think she was.

She withdrew a gun from behind her and I froze.

Shit, this bitch was serious.

I quickly shot out my hands in submission. *"Whoa babe, let's not get things out of hand."* Her eyes were on fire, I froze.

A few seconds paused between us, motionless. I slowly looked down at her hand, noticing that she was holding me up with a TV remote.

Fuck me, I relaxed inside. A smile creeping across my lips; oh you're gonna pay for that.

That was, until she hit the button.

Then everything went to shit.

The device emitted a strange long fizz sound, an electric discharge of some sorts. Dean's dumb relaxed face suddenly disappeared, along with the rest of him. I had set the reduction size beforehand to around 6 inches, so all that remained was this tiny confused doll sprawled out on the bench.

Fuck,  
I had done it.

I stood for a second realising there was no going back now. He looked fine, more than fine. He looked just about right, the size, shape and everything. A human dildo, shorter than what I was used to, but... this would feel so much better.

A lot better.  
It would move.  
Oh god.  
The predator took over.  
Time for some fun.

*"You've been staring at my ass since we first met. Well, now you're gonna get more acquainted with it. I've gotta warn you though, she's rather hungry, starving, infact."*

*"You're crazy. I don't know what you've done, but you can just put me back, **Now.**"* he shouted.

Oh, still the arrogant piece of meat.  
Time to put him in his place.

Carefully pulling the edge of my leggings down, my ass burst from within its confines. Spilling out, and becoming its full round form, perched over the dark material now hanging down below my thighs. I was slick with sweat and so much more. The heady mix of pheromones drifted up, filling my senses with further desire. He raised his voice shouting, loud even despite his size. I panicked, not needing any unwanted attention. Turning, I just sat down onto the bench, sealing him under me.

The voice stopped.

Oh my god, I could feel his tiny form under my soft bare skin, it was moving, wriggling. I shifted slightly, and it slid between my asscrack.

Fuck me, that sent hungry tingles throughout my body as his torso touched my most deep intimate parts.

His movements intensified, as he realised where he was. I'm sure it was erotically stifling there, being so close to my pulsing moist holes. I shifted forward, he wasn't going anywhere near the front. No, this piece of shit wasn't worthy of that special place.

I clenched and rubbed a little, nestling him further between my glutes. Massaging, and making sure he was coated nicely, for what was about to come.

I bent forward and lifted slightly up from my seat. He gasped, sucking cleaner air into his lungs.

I dug him out, carefully wrapping my fingers across his now slimy body, and drew him towards my face so I could get a final look at him.

The essence drifted up from his body, my mind reeling, knowing that familiar earthy husky smell, anticipation burning inside, wanting to feel the impending penetrating sensations.

He continued to shout, swearing and cursing at me, struggling, telling me to put him the fuck back to how he was. Even now, the asshole didn't have any respect.

*"I'm gonna put you in a place you deserve. I'm gonna really enjoy it, you, however, probably not so much."*

*"Fuck, you listen here bitch..."*

*"Goodbye Dean."* I finished.

With that I lifted myself back up, raising my moist cheeks from the bench slightly. Just enough room to push my hand under me. Holding him vertical, I placed his feet onto the flat surface, positioning him for the target. Pausing in anticipation, I could feel his head probing my clenching exit. It felt so good, stirring in me.

This is it I thought, as I slowly sat down.

Oh fuck..

Fuuuuck.... That feels good.

The first bulb of his head sucked in without too much effort, my ring wrapped around his neck. I paused to take stock. His thrashing, shouting was ticking everything, driving sensations up and down my body.

More.

Ummmmmm.

I edged downwards, his shoulders popped inside, straining slightly at my unprepared gape. An almost burning sensation, sending me wild. My insatiable desire took over, I withdrew my hand, and sat fully down.

Oh,

Gawd

Dam...

My half drawn eyes turned to the ceiling, rolling in their sockets. Fuck this was good, I simmered inside drawing breath in quick successions.

His upper torso was now fully lodged into my hot slippery tubes, every movement he made sent shockwaves through my core. I couldn't help but clench uncontrollably. That made it worse or incredibly better, gripping him, sucking him in further.

I bent forward, reaching around to stop him from falling, and pulled at his legs, feeling him withdraw slightly. Then rammed him back inside, deeper this time.

Back and forth, each detail of his body etched and vibrating into my ring. The nerve ending firing directly to my brain, igniting an inferno inside.

I withdrew him fully, my lubricated ass gulped open, wanting to snatch at its lost popsicle. Groaning, it sucked in air, deep into my bowel. Opening my inside tubes further, which I needed, if I wanted to get him fully inside. I slid him in again, this time taking my time to twist him as best as I could, to push him down into my inner colon.

Oh god, I felt him schluck into that familiar tunnel. Heat radiating everywhere, my body awaiting its prize. I slowly pressed his legs forward, feeling, slowly inch by inch his torso entering mine. It finally got to his ankles and I let go. Pitching forward, I leaned my head almost touching the floor.

I relaxed, feeling gravity taking its own toll and bringing him further into me. Desperately trying to maintain the gape, despite his thrashing feet, he eventually slipped, and my ass gulped him down. The gurgling air swallowed him into me.

He was inside me.

All of him.

Oh fuuuuuck, I couldn't begin to describe the mental and physical feelings exploding in me.

I reached back tentatively with my fingers, driving them into my still gaping chasm, searching for him.

There... I could just feel at my fingertips, his struggling feet, wiggling crazily inside my rectum.

The rest of his body must have already sunk round the bend, and was on its own slow trajectory into my deeper ribbed moist pink tubing.

I could hear his moaning and screaming both inside, and out my gaping arsehole, alongside the gurgling noises my body was making.

A sucking loud glorping gurgle, and bubbling sensation, deep inside me denounced I was losing him. His struggles, sending him finally out of reach. He continued to slide further and further down, there was no stopping him now, even if I wanted to.

I withdrew my fingers, wet and slick from my own insides and clenched.  
Sealing off my capture, consumed, devoured inside my butt.

I sat back down on the bench, feeling him struggling deep inside my body.  
Fuck it felt good, indescribably erotic. Butterfly sensations, each movement sent jolting shockwaves through my core. I was dripping, excitement and sexual energy flowing.

I had a whole man inside me.  
Anally vored him.  
Fantasy, fully realised.  
My mind rocked at the thought.

I reached between my legs, wanting to come. No, needing to. My senses already overtook any rational thought of where I was, or who would notice. Digging and flicking, it didn't take long for the rise to start, bubbling and burning inside me I clenched and rocked, feeling the orgasmic wave building.

I stifled a cry, sucking in, screwing my eyes shut as the crash came.

Shuddering and jolting in place, I desperately tried to contain the incredible orgasm.

Savouring it,  
flowing with it,  
drowning in ecstasy.  
Much like Dean, drowning inside me.

I collapsed back, leaning against the cold wall, exhausted. Trying to recover.  
Regulating my panting breath. I needed a moment.  
Wow, fuck, that was intense.

I looked down at myself, realising I desperately needed a shower, more now than before, wondering if I should go here, or wait until I got home. I decided to grab my things and make a quick exit.

Opening the stall door, luckily there was hardly anyone left from the class, most had already gone into the next one. I headed quickly to the exit, trying to maintain my composure despite Dean's still wriggling movements.

I had just about reached the door, when something, or rather someone caught my eye. There was a guy sitting in the corner, trying his best not to stare.

Had he noticed?  
Nah, why would he?  
He couldn't have, the door had been closed.  
Had he seen both of us enter, and only me return?

Fuck, my mind continued to race.

There was something familiar, which I just couldn't put my finger on, nevermind. I had more pressing things to attend to. I smiled quickly, brushed my hair back behind an ear, announcing sheepishly "bye..." and without waiting for a reply, hit the doors out into the cool dark evening air to head home.

I waited a moment before standing. Not believing what I had witnessed. I could only imagine what had happened there, my brain racing on its own as to what she had done. Two had entered, but only she left, flustered and glowing almost. Dean, nowhere to be seen.

Hidden.

She couldn't have done it?

Could she?

My mind reeling, I waited a few more minutes before making my way home. I had a lot to think about. Later that evening, she upheld her promise, calling me to describe her act. Unbeknownst, that I had in fact witnessed the deed in person.

That night was hot, she kept telling me what it was doing to her. She was usually pretty horny whenever we spoke, this was on another level. Dean had apparently pushed himself far into her. But that wasn't good enough, she was using her double dildo as a plunger, swallowing that whole too, just to make sure there was no way out for him.

He was apparently now lodged deep in her stomach area. She could feel his bump when pulling in her stomach muscles and pressing her hand across the skin surface. Describing it was like a wriggly worm, she climaxed a few times that night.

I couldn't help but wonder what it would have felt like for Dean. She was right that I was envious, despite the perceived horrible way to go. I was intrigued, pondering just what his body would be going through, buried completely in her.

She was surprised that he was still moving, even now hours on, and was a little worried about her state of mind going to work tomorrow with him still inside alive.

The next evening she messaged again.

Explaining that she was moist all day... and couldn't help herself, having to visit the ladies' room a few times for some erotic release.

Fuck me, she was insane.

He apparently was moving less now, so she was hopeful he would 'stop' soon, to get on with some normality. She was exhausted from it all!

She had held off going for a shit until that point despite being gassy. That brought about another fresh imagery into my focus, of Dean being compacted amongst all her waste. Hmm, maybe it wasn't such a good way to go.

Jane didn't seem to present any remorse, he was apparently a piece of shit, and she was just turning him into the same.

In fact there was a slight difference in her demeanour brimming through. She seemed to gain another level of predatorial confidence over the coming weeks. I think she was becoming a little too addicted to the whole view on Anal Vore. Seeing her new play things as just that, once shrunk down, they were objects to bring about her sexual enjoyment.

I loved her, but wondered what she would do to me, if we ever did meet in person. She joked that I was special, but I wasn't so sure. It was one thing to keep talking and carrying out our fantasy role play acts, but now she had the ability to actually do it for real she would be a formidable dangerously sexy woman.

I decided I needed to keep my distance, finding another woman to investigate.

### **The bus passenger**

The pavement was empty, it was always going to be at this time of the evening. The street lights emit their amber glow across the rain-splattered streets and winding road. The late evening bus route was one that I had picked specifically for this night, for this journey that I was hoping to take and witness. I had carefully mapped out the route, knowing where it would be picking up its next passengers, most of which were regulars. Taking their evening night commute home after work, or late-shift jobs.

I looked down at my watch, 11:25pm, good, I still had a few minutes. I pulled my coat tighter and hunkered down slouching my shoulders, tilting my cap to try and shield me from the harsh autumn wind.

I watched the headlights of the passing cars blooming at my eyes, burning my vision, before finally hearing the familiar sound of the bus engine straining as it climbed the slight hill towards me.

Being the only person at the stop, I raised my hand, as it approached and boarded the warm vehicle. Tapping my card to the panel, the payment made its usual beep, and I headed down the centre. I slumped down into one of the seats towards the back, as the bus lurched forward, to continue onto its next stop.

My heart was racing faster than normal, as the next stop approached. I knew, or rather hoped the teen would get on, she was always here on the 11:30pm stop, and wouldn't get off till gone midnight as the bus pulled into the city. Tonight would be different, if everything goes to plan.

If **she** takes the bait.

The bus slowed, brakes squeaking slightly as it pulled alongside the curb, ready to collect more passengers. Two guys boarded, talking loudly to each other, presumably heading home after a late afternoon visit to their local watering hole. I cursed, thinking that may upset the proceedings. Next, another woman entered holding a large handbag and umbrella, struggling to find her card, she kept apologising to the driver, still causing him to look at her with distain.

The driver hit the button to close the doors.

Shit, where was she...

She **had** to be here.

The engine started its usual roar, and my heart sank. Fuck, she had missed the bus.

"*Wait!*", someone cries from outside, banging on the closing doors. The driver is luckily in a good mood and decides to hit the breaks and hits the button to open the door.

"*Come on*" he shouts beckoning her to hurry, unnecessarily. It's not like we are running late.

"*Sorry, Thank you*" the teen huffs, clearly out of breath, as she quickly pays and drags herself down the bus, looking at where to sit.

I expected she would pick a window seat, one near the back, on the opposite side to where I was sitting. It's funny, we are all creatures of habit, the tiny paths carved into our brains to carry out the same things over and over, unless some sort of interruption takes over. I smiled inward, as tonight was no different, she slumped down, her white headphones dangling from her ears, ready to settle in for the long journey home.

The bus continues on its meandering route, I casually look across to the teen, as she dozes off, head slumped against the window, eyes already closed. The temperature in the cabin warm. Probably a little too warm for the time of night, but that helps keep the passengers in a soft slumber, before they eventually alight at their destination into the night air.

I looked through the driver's window, as we approached the final stop before the journey took us out into the country lanes. I see you, waiting in the shadows, barely lit from the flickering amber streetlights. I knew it was you before I could make out your features. I hunkered down in my seat, trying not to look as you board the bus.

The bleep of the payment, told me that you were already walking down the aisle, picking your spot. I held my breath, wondering if you would go for the bait. The sleeping teen would be the perfect target.

Sure enough, you slip next to her, gliding into the seat without as much as touching the handle or looking across. Eyes forward, you settle, as the bus takes off.

I knew from previous events, that we now had around 30 minutes before the bus would make it into the city. As it jolted and moved through the dark country lanes, we swayed and bounced along. Most of the passengers were now sleepy and tired, wrapped in their own thoughts and worlds, probably dreaming of their awaiting beds.

The warmth from her legs was radiating into mine.

The barest of touches, as our thighs, brushed against each other. I'm pretty sure she is either asleep, or drifting. Either is good for what I have in mind. The full moon tonight spurs on my hunting instincts, sending my senses into overdrive. The urge strong, the desire to feed, insatiable.

She would be mine.

She kept bumping into my shoulder, as the vehicle took another bend. Shifting slightly, she leans more into me. I let her, encouraging the little sleepy mouse into my warmth. It feels nice, wanted almost, which is ironic, as it's me who wants her. I focus and let my tendrils drift out, snaking their way, unseen, into her neck. A small pinprick, drawing the tiniest drop of blood, as I take the briefest of taste, before sending something to calm her, keep her docile for the rest of the trip. She gasps out a slight murmur, a sigh under her breath, continuing to doze, her head drooping onto my shoulder more. I cup it, nestling into my soft embrace.

My heartbeat increases, as my thoughts drift to what is about to come. Casting a slow glance around the bus, I notice each of the passengers sleeping. Despite that, I know I need to be quick. This isn't a time to languish over my meal, this needs to be efficient, I'm not wishing to cause a disturbance tonight. If all goes to plan, we will all alight at the terminus. No one will be counting how many step out, and technically everyone will leave the bus. I smile inward, and feel dampness, as my hunger starts to metabolise itself, readying my body into the act of transformation and consumption. I take a deep breath, swallowing, feeling the saliva build, losing my throat and jaw.

I reach across my hand about to pull at her, and then suddenly stop. I feel something. An itch, someone... *watching*, eyes piercing me at the back of my head like icy needles.

Someone *knows*....

I wait a few seconds, before I turn my head, and look across the aisle, over my shoulder.

A deliberate smooth motion, my eyes making direct contact with... a man... he's doing his best to try and hide himself, but I know. I can sense him. I can almost feel his pulse threatening to burst from his chest. I linger, waiting for him to raise his head again and dare to look.

***There...***

I see you ...

My eyes beaming at him, my expression unmoving. He stares at me, his eyes now wide, knowing that I've spotted him.

The deer caught in the headlights, he can't move now.

A moment passes, unspoken.

Ok I think, you want this, you want to see. I'll give you this, but it will come at a price. One that I'm sure, you'll wish you wouldn't have to pay.

I smile, slowly, becoming broader, exposing teeth, I hold you in that gaze, before I snap.

Fuck, she's seen me, I gasp as I hunker down, turning away from her. Dam, I was being sloppy, gazing too long at her. There's one thing to understand or hope for what may happen, but I now had jeopardized it all by a stupid rookie mistake.

I continue to look out the window, wondering what to do. It's not like I can just get off at the next stop, that won't be for another 15 minutes.

Moments pass, and I eventually look, seeking her reflection in the window, shit... she is still looking my way.

*She knows.*

I slowly look up, and meet her gaze. God, it's hypnotic, I can't pull myself away even if I wanted to. Her hold was as strong as if she held my face in her hands. Untold words pass, a connection made. She smiles. It looks dangerous. I gulp, swallowing hard.

Then all hell breaks loose.

Time crawls, or rather it does for me, for everyone else it would appear that a sudden jolt in the bus movement as it sends me smooching into the same seat as the teen.

In that everlong split second, I decide to include you in this moment. Something in me knew you wanted to see, so unlike the rest of the unsuspecting passengers, you get the full tour.

The clothes would have to stay, I knew that given the setting. If this has been in some dark ally somewhere, I could have taken my time to strip and savour. But alas, tonight would be all about satisfying the need to feed, rather than too much enjoyment. That would come later as she digested inside, maybe slightly struggling, that's always enjoyable to witness.

I lean over, pulling at her sleeping head, guiding it into my outstretched lips. My jaw unhinged, I could smell her perfume as her face slipped effortlessly, into my awaiting maw.

God this first moment it's such an intense and exotically satisfying act. That swell, the taste, and the feeling of the flesh sliding over my tongue it never fails to excite even after all these countless times.

She doesn't seem to comprehend the movement, probably lost in her own thoughts and dreams, as I reach around her waist pulling at her light body into mine. A swallow, huge powerful muscles dragging her into me, constricting around her head, neck, and then shoulders. I feel her descend into my torso, as I scoop my hands under her pert bottom. The feeling must have stirred something in her, pulling her from her slumber, as I feel the first resistance. I hear, as much as feel the muffled cry from deep within my chest, its sonic vibrations bubbling through my body. Her arms flail around, trying to pull herself back upright, as I continue to lift. In all her thrashing, her headphones must have become loose, as the white cable slips back up my throat and out, wet from my insides.

Her chest slurps into me, forcing her arms to become wedged at her sides, ineffectively trying to stop the fall.

With Herculean strength I lift her ass high into the air, bending her in half.

She tries to reach out, her fingers clench and try and grab at my clothes, then face, then nothing, as they too disappear.

I continue gulping, sending her waist and bottom down with the rest of her into my awaiting churning stomach.

I feel her head reach the pit, pressing down, extending the chamber and bloating it incredibly. Mixing her with the rest of my earlier coffee and cheese toast snack.

Gravity now takes hold, as the bulk swells into my midriff, her legs cartwheeling around. I grab at her ankles, holding her feet steady for a moment as I

untie her laces, and remove her trainers. There is something about shoes which gives me indigestion, it must be the soles. With one final gulp, I close my mouth over her wiggling toes, and she snakes herself down into a struggling ball.

Her moans and shouts send shivers through my body. Her movements tickled my insides so incredibly. I know I'm wet, but that will have to wait till later. Maybe the man would like to help me with that when I get him home. Oh yes, it will be nice to hear his excuses, I can't let him get away with this.

I shuffle over to the window seat, stretching, and readjusting my position to try and get comfortable. I know it will be a while before she will settle, and be calm. It's not like I had the chance to tell her where she was going, although I'm pretty sure by now she has a good idea, no matter how incredible that situation would be for her to comprehend.

I tuck my things, and her shoes into her rucksack, and settle.

Time returns to its normal beat.

I idly stroke my midriff, trying to calm her punches, as her struggles start to falter, and settle in for the rest of the journey.

I sense the man is still watching me, still probably trying to comprehend just what he had witnessed.

We will get to that later I'm sure.

I struggle to maintain my composure, having watched the consumption of the teen in such vivid detail. My mind replaying the act over and over as we sit in the bouncing bus. My eyes are on stalks, and my heartbeat racing I run my hand through my short hair. A few moments later, I see the lights of the roads starting to become steadily brighter as we enter the city complex.

The bus pulls into the bright industrial station, the passengers all stir from their slumber with a jolt, and alight. I continue to sit, waiting for you, wondering what to do. Do I get up and try to make a run for it? You know I saw you.

You rise and edge from the seat, effortlessly, despite the extra bulk you're carrying. Rather than head towards the front of the bus, you turn and walk straight at me instead.

I freeze.

Trapped.

You lean over, and say "*Don't for one minute think **you're** getting away.*" a wicked smile wrapped across your face.

I swallow, unable to say anything.

*"Follow me"* you say, turning on your heel, and swinging the rucksack over your shoulder heading towards the exit.

I sit for a moment, deciding my next move and I eventually get up and saunter after you.

I suddenly feel very small and weak as I make my way out of the bus and into the cold night air.

### **Connecting the dots**

The latch to the front door closes loudly behind her, as we both enter the darkened room. Locked inside, I wonder if I should have tried to make a run for it, Too late now. She flows into the room ahead of me and drifts to the corners switching on dim table lamps, before indicating for me to enter.

*"Give me your phone."* Rey asks me, as we eventually sit in her apartment. I perch on the large leather couch, trying to stop sweating from both the heat and anxiety oozing from my pores.

I reluctantly remove the handset from my pocket, and unlock it with my unsmiling gaze.

*"She probably won't answer, she's quite secretive."* I reply.

*"Oh, I'm sure she will be intrigued to know about your little escapades."* Rey replies, scrolling through the phone discord messages.

*"I was just curious, same with you. I just wanted to watch, and see if it was real."* I stammer, although making excuses now seemed feeble.

She holds up a finger to me, indicating quiet. Awaiting the call to connect. *"Jane... hello... no it's not Toby. Although he's with me."* She says, smiling into my phone. *"Oh... yes... well. I was wondering if you could come over. It seems our mutual acquaintance here has some explaining to do..... My place... uh huh.... Yeah... when you've finished... you can... great."* She continues to give directions and then throws the phone at me.

I swallow hard, looking at the disconnected call, I'm starting to feel cold inside, as my stomach churns.

*"Well, this should be fun."* Rey smiles striding over the room. *"Can I get you something to drink? I need something to help me with my..."* she looks down at her bulging stomach, *"... digestion."*

"Ok." I reply weakly. I think I would be needing it.

*"Scotch ok?"* She asks, although fills two glasses before I reply.

I take the tumbler of dark amber liquid, bringing it to my eager lips. Downing a mouthful the taste warms, burning down my throat, filling me with hot fumes. I take another glug, trying to calm my raging nerves.

*"Easy tiger"* Rey says *"that's good stuff. And with all good things you should learn to savour it."* She continues smiling wickedly, her eyes burning with dangerous thoughts.

She sits down next to me, a little too close, her thighs pressing against mine. The heat radiated through her jeans into mine. She absently places her hand on her belly rubbing its soft round exterior.

*"What do you want to know?"* She asks.

*"I'm sorry... ?"* I stammer the question taking me aback.

*"Well seeing as you're so interested in this whole...process. To the point that you've been following me. There are bound to be things you are dying to ask."* Rey states. *"We have time."*

My mind in free fall, I blink and frown, wondering what or where to start. Suddenly being sat face to face with a living predator I try and collect my thoughts.

*"Ermmm...."* I say. Desperately thinking.

*"Oh god!"* You say, slapping my leg, *"what's the matter? Cats got your tongue? Come on spill what's going on in there... or have I got to drag it out of you?"*

*"So, does it not hurt?"* I finally manage to ask.

*"I don't bother to ask them?"* Rey replies *"I'm pretty sure it's toxic in there."*

*"No, I didn't mean..."*

*"Oh me? No, I guess I've gotten used to the feelings now. Yeah, it's uncomfortable, but you would be surprised to know it's so desirable. Actually, it's"*

*pretty fucking incredible, to tell the truth, feeling their budging struggles, it's like molten ecstasy dripping down my throat... Not that you would know."*

I squirm at that, watching you describe the feelings.

"*How long have you known you wanted to do this? How did it start?*" I asked, now starting to relax into the questioning.

"*I was given this gift, or curse, depending on your view when I was a girl.*" Rey replies, taking a sip at her drink, clearly thinking back.

*"I always had a fascination with consuming, watching nature programs, I would be turned on when a large predator got their way, devouring in such a savage, animalistic hunger." she grinned. "As I got older, I then got into the dark arts, something about the bizarre and unusual drew me in. I guess I must have aligned with the monster rather than the hero at bedtime tales. It led me astray, down a slippery path, to underground places I would probably think twice about now. It was nearly my undoing. My demise could have been so easily taken, if it wasn't for Gabriel taking a shine to me, sparing me from being sucked dry. He made the fatal mistake of giving, and in that moment, my survival instinct took over and it was me who fed. His blood made me what I am now. I'm not sure if he had already given up, his many lifetimes of vampire rule becoming too much for him to bare."*

I soaked it in, hearing Rey tell her story of her becoming more, more than human. Did I think of her as a monster? No, I was fascinated by her tale, its reassuring bizarre reasoning, as if it was perfectly normal to be believing in gothic myths and legends. About as believable as watching someone disappear down that incredible throat of hers.

*"So now I drift, lost in a blur of faceless people. Nameless strangers simply becoming and focusing my desire."*

I sit staring into her eyes, smouldering infernos, recalling her life, and I realise I'm smitten by this dark heart of hers.

That would probably be MY undoing.

"*So, your turn, why have you been following me?*" Rey asks

I consider for a moment, deliberating how far to tell. "*I said, I was fascinated to know if this was real.*" I start, shifting uncomfortably and looking down at the drink in my hands, I rock it gently, swirling the contents around and around. "*Having read about this...fantasy online, I was drawn in. I tracked you down from your profile, and was just so desperate to see. To feel...*"

“Oh...” She replied, raising a knowing eyebrow.

*“You’re not the first, I told you about Jane, on the way here, although she’s not exactly like you, she has similar ‘talents’ and desires. We’ve talked a lot about Vore, and its draw, online. I guess, I wanted to see other forms, like you.”*

“So you’re prey.” She said simply.

I shudder inside at that word, knowing its truth.

*“It’s ok, I’ve known about your type, those who are fascinated about this, to the point they want to give themselves over.”*

“I’m not sure I want to do that” I say, now suddenly worried if I’ve said too much. I rationalise, I really want to find out more, see more, before I take that ultimate trip.

*“Hmmm, well it may be a little late for that now. You have tracked down the wrong person to uncover. What’s the saying, careful what you wish for... I’m really not a good girl.”* She says, standing, and looking at her watch. *“Your other friend will be here shortly. I’m going to get changed, into something less.... constricting.”*

I sit contemplating my situation, wondering if I should make a break for it now, before I get deeper into this dark dangerous rabbit hole. Now I knew what she was capable of, my mind was doing somersaults. My survival instinct was being subdued by my insatiable curiosity. I took another long pull from the glass, emptying its contents down my throat, the burn had long gone now it just helped my brain mellow a little. Fuck it, let’s see where this little misadventure goes.

The knock on the door startled me, I must have been drifting, lost in my own thoughts of what was real and what was not. The lines of reality blurring over the past few weeks. Thinking back to my first meeting with Jane, chatting with her, and then ultimately seeing what she could do. The solid double-tap on the door brought all that back to sharp focus.

She was here.

Rey came striding back into the room, the bulk around her midsection sloshing slightly, but her muscles were easily able to cater for the extra weight. I wondered how the girl was doing in there. If she still was ... alive, intact, or now just part of the soft sludge being digested by this incredible woman.

Dressed in a loose-fitting T-shirt and soft leggings; she looked normal, just a girl in soft clothing about to spend a relaxing evening, in front of the TV.

Looks could be deceiving.

Her wet hair hung behind her in dark lengths, creating a damp spot on her grey top.

*“Ahh, our guest is here.”* She beamed, heading towards the front door. *“I guess there is no escaping now.”* She continued., as if reading my earlier thoughts.

An ice chill lodges itself in the pit of my stomach and refuses to let go. I suddenly felt trapped, caged in her domain. This may have been a serious mistake, one that I would regret for hopefully a long time.

*“Rey?”* Came a soft familiar voice from outside.

*“Hello, Jane is it? Come in, please this way.”* Rey replies.

Rey emerges back into the room, and Jane follows, a soft gym bag slung across her shoulders. Wearing a large coat, and black leggings, her white stark trainers top off the exercise outfit. She unwraps herself from the coat. *“Here, let me get that”* Rey says taking it from her.

*“Thanks. Sorry I’m late, the taxi driver was giving me an unwanted tour of the city. He didn’t get a tip”* Jane replies.

I stare at her tall body, long legs ending in her soft round plump ass, which the leggings were doing nothing to hide the curves and creases. It was the same outfit I had seen her wear before at the Gym. I tried not to stare, unsuccessfully.

She looks across at me and smiles, her long flowing dark brown hair framing her face, she curls a length behind her ear, and puffs as if out of breath *“So, hello Toby, fancy meeting you here.”* She says.

*“Want a drink?”* Rey asks

*“Erm, water please.”* Jane replies.

*“Really it’s no trouble, I’m having one or two? I’ve got far more interesting things, I make some mean cocktails.”* Rey says, her lips dripping with enthusiasm.

*“Oh, I’m not really one for drinking. It tends to go to my head quickly.”* Jane replies.

*“Ahh well then, I just **have** to make you one of my specials.”* Rey replies heading to the kitchen.

*“Oh, ok then... maybe just one.”* Jane replies politely. Her sweet voice smiling friendly.

*“Want anything to eat?”* Rey shouts over her shoulder.

*“Oh No I’m fine, I had a little something earlier.”* She looks across at me, making full eye contact. Her smile and expression speak volumes. My eyes go wide, as she then winks at me.

*“So how was the gym?”* Rey calls from the kitchen as she continues to prepare a snack.

*“Ahh it was good, not so fulfilling tonight, but I just needed to get there and work my ass off.”* Jane replies.

*“Yeah, I prefer to do yoga myself, I don’t really like being around people much if I can help it. Especially all those salty, sweaty bodies in close proximity, it wouldn’t do anything for my figure.”*

*“You look good.”* Jane compliments her, as Rey returns back with a plate of what looks like toast, cut into thick slices. Steaming yellow melted cheese oozes out from the edges.

*“Hmmm, I go through phases, sometimes gorging myself, before then starving myself to lose some of this excess fat off”* smoothing her midriff absently.

She picks up a slice and crunches loudly, crumbs begin to fall down across her top.” *although if I keep eating like this I’m never going to shift..”* she reaches down and pats her soft belly “..this”

*“Oh I know what you mean, being tall means that I can carry a little, well sometimes a lot of sins, all hidden away.”*

*“Anyway, so I’m sure you didn’t call me all this way over to talk about exercise, care to share what this is all about?”* Jane asks.

*“Well, why don’t we let Toby here explain himself.”* Rey replies, through mouthfuls of food.

I shift uncomfortably on the sofa, the spotlight suddenly on me, as both turn their attention towards my unconsciously twitching body.

*"Look I really didn't mean any harm..."* I start *"...to either of you."* My eyes darting between each of the women. *"This isn't something that I go around doing following women, as they..."* My voice trails off, as I contemplate the right term. *"...go about their business."* I conclude.

*"So, wait you've been following me?"* Jane asks. *"When?"*

*"A few times now, I was at the gym the first night you..."* I reply, looking down at my shoes.

*"Oh, but why? You could have just asked. We have chatted so many times now, I would probably have let you... see... Rather than just sneaking around."* Jane replies, frowning slightly.

*"Yeah I know, I just thought that you were just joking with me when you talked about..."* I reply.

*"Shrinking people and shoving them up my ass."* Jane finishes for me.

*"Ooo that sounds fun."* Rey adds, suddenly excited by the turn of events.

*"Oh it is... you have no idea."* She says turning to Rey.

*"I know, it just didn't feel real, and I didn't want you to think I didn't believe you. We had such a good connection."* I replied.

*"Does your wife know?"* Jane asked.

*"Really, he's married? Oh, that's unfortunate, maybe I need to pay her a visit and show her my displeasure as to what you have been doing."*

*"No! You leave her out of this!"* I reply a little too animated.

*"I don't think you're in any position to demand anything Toby."* Rey replies, a sudden angry fierce darkness exploding from her. She immediately calms, *"but you're right why should she be punished for your little ... unwanted attention."*

*“Ok, well if it’s ok with you Jane, I think Toby here needs to be taught a lesson. Quite an extensive lesson into both our capabilities... so he gets to experience it ... first hand so to speak.”*

*“Wait, no, that’s not what I had in mind... look, I just wanted to watch... to...”* I stammer. I start to feel a tightness in my gut, as well as my trousers as my betraying member thinks differently.,

*“Well, I’m up for that. What did you have in mind?”* Jane replies.

*“I probably need a little more time to finish this, my earlier bite”* Rey says rubbing her belly suggestively. *“... so why don’t we start with you, if you don’t mind?”* Rey says. *“He seems to be so interested in that ass of yours, why don’t we let him have a closer... look.”*

I start to rise from the couch, this feeling of being trapped now getting to me, I need to get out.

*“Sit down.”* Rey commands, without even looking at me. My body goes rigid. Muscles suddenly not obeying my instructions. I shake trying to force them to respond unsuccessfully, and I slowly return downward. I see the phased tendrils pushing at my shoulders. The almost wispy appearance was barely visible, radiating effortlessly from her. The controlled smoke withdraws slowly, and I go cold inside, feeling their touch for the first time. Touched by a vampire.

The reality of the situation suddenly becomes stark. I was in the presence of two dangerous women, predators in their own domains, and I had now pissed both of them off.

Fuck.

After stripping me, and forcing me to the floor, they began their first ‘lesson’. As I saw what they had in mind, it dawned on me that I was about to get intimate knowledge of Jane’s incredible bubble butt rear. Having seen it in pictures, talked about it online, and imagined her incredible unique pheromones, now I was about to experience it for real.

I had to admit, Rey was right, I was infatuated by it. So when she pushed my head towards those large round soft cheeks for the first time, it wasn’t exactly an unpleasant experience.

The soft material brushed against my face, as my nose sunk between her soft orbs. I tried for a while not to inhale, holding my breath thinking Rey would stop

pressing down any moment and give me release. That I realised wasn't going to happen, as she then decided to sit against the back of my head, effectively sealing it against Jane's posterior. I had no choice but to try and breathe through her deep dark crack.

The dank air filled my nose and lungs as I spluttered, taking a much-needed gasp of oxygen. The aroma was musky, earthy and erotic, I couldn't help but be turned on. My mind filled with incredible desire, despite being unable to breathe. I was experiencing what we had joked, talked about, and what I had dreamed, so yeah it was ok. I drew her into me, filling my lungs with the girls incredible hot, dry, fascinating scent. Snuffling and gasping, trying unsuccessfully to contain my enjoyment, this was meant to be 'punishment' afterall. However, I was in heaven.

*"It's not too much is it? I'm carrying a little more weight at the moment."* Rey asked.

*"No it's fine, there is plenty of padding back there."* Jane replied. *"Although Toby may think differently, I think his head is sinking a little close to an exit... and the veggie wraps I had earlier may mean I need to...release."*

*"I'm sure Toby won't mind that, it can be part of his education, in the finer aspects and tastes of your anatomy."* Rey replies, bouncing a little.

At that, Jane squirms feeling the bubbling movements deep inside her gut starting to make their way through her, the pressure becomes unbearable.

She releases the pressure. More than once, and I'm now breathing not oxygen, but the remnants of Jane's earlier meals, their processing through her internal organs resulting in a heady mix of gas.

*"Sorry, whoa... that really is pretty bad."* Jane says, giggling slightly.

Feeling Toby's nose poking between my ass cheeks, as I lay face down on the floor, gave me a nice erotic sensation. The anticipation of what other lessons Rey had in mind was beginning to make me moist. I had brought my shrink device with me, I don't tend to leave without it now. You never know when an unexpected opportunity may present itself.

Now that I had brought down my leggings, he was getting the full sensations of my inner sweaty cheeks. I had done a pretty intense workout at the gym earlier, and so I wasn't exactly going to be shower fresh down there. Rey pushed him down further and I giggled slightly as his nose reached the centre of my puckered brown star.

*"You may want to let up slightly otherwise his nose is going to..."* I said

"Huh...?" Rey answered

"Ohhhh nevermind..." I replied, eyes rolling, feeling his nose breach and then enter me. I clenched around it, feeling it squeeze across the small protrusion. I arched my back and pushed my butt backwards slightly, wanting more of it to penetrate me. "...that hit the spot."

"Good." Rey replied and continued her slight bouncing motions against the back of his head.

I was getting to the point where I needed more. Feeling his tickling snuffling head between my soft orbs was driving me a little wild, each bounce was pushing his nose inside, then out, then in again, as he struggled to breathe, spluttering and squirming. I reached down under myself, and started flicking, teasing myself gently, not wishing to get there too quickly. No, I wanted to take my time, savouring the moment.

"Would you mind..." I say slightly flustered, "*getting the remote from my rucksack.*"

"Already?" Rey replied.

"Erm, yeah I think it's about time that he has a more intense look inside." I reply.

At that, I feel his struggles intensify, clearly, he heard me, even with his ears crushed against my flesh.

"Ok, Toby I want you to stay where you are. I'm sure you're comfortable there anyway." Rey smiles lifting herself off us both.

Pulling the small device out of my bag, she brings it back. "*I've not seen one of these, do they really work?*"

"Oh yeah, these shrink devices, are incredible. Can you set it for 12 inches for me? I find that works best. You don't want them to be too tiny that you can't feel them, otherwise what's the point huh?" I say.

"Ok, got it, then do I just point at him and press this?" Rey replies, and without waiting for an answer hit the button.

"No, wait!" I hear Toby cry out.

Usually, when I use the device, it's before, not during. This time, it felt strange, feeling Toby's head wedged so tight and deep against my ass, then suddenly feeling my cheeks closing back together as his dimensions compacted. Almost like feeling a large balloon deflating into a small ball.

*"Well, I guess it does work."* Rey announced looking down at the now tiny body half sticking out of my bottom.

### **Bathroom Break**

I pull the little wriggly body out of Jane's bottom with a smudgy pop, examining Toby's tiny features as he nestles in my hand. He feels heavy, despite his size, solid. *"Hello, there little man."* I say and bring him up to my face, his eyes on stalks, wide and slightly frightened. Understandable, I guess.

*"God, you look good enough to eat."* I say, *"Snack size."* I grin, flashing teeth, more for his benefit than mine, I just can't help it though, it's such a turn on being able to create fear in prey like this. Most of the time it's just the last few moments before I consume, before they disappear. Then the struggling begins inside, yeah I'm pretty sure that part must be terrible, Hmmm I sigh.

This will be fun to prolong these teases. I'm pretty sure deep down he wants this, his iron rod between his legs seems to be showing his real intent, despite him trying to cover it.

*"Do you mind if I go use your shower to get cleaned up?"* Jane asks, tuning over *"Just don't eat him yet. I'm not finished with him."*

*"Sure, it's down the hall on the left, there are some fresh towels in the bathroom."* I say, and then get up *"...actually let me show you, I can clean this little one at the same time."*

I take Jane's hand in the other and help her up. I notice the nice swell of her bottom, as she bends. No wonder Toby couldn't take his eyes from her, maybe if circumstances change I may get to cuddle, and possibly more, she was very pretty. That's the one redeeming thing about Toby, he did have good taste when it came to picking his predators.

I lead Jane to the bathroom, swinging Toby at my waist like a discarded doll, more than often he brushes against my clothes, and I have to remind myself that he's living and not some plastic figure.

Oops.

*"The fresh towels are in here"* I say pointing to a low drawer. I take Toby along to the sink and set him down into the bowl, pressing the plug into the hole to stop him escaping or rather falling into the pipework. That wouldn't be a satisfactory way to lose him. I squidge a blob of liquid hand gel onto his naked figure, smiling as the green soap covers him. *"Clean yourself up, if Jane here is making herself presentable, you should do the same."*

Jane sets down her rucksack and starts to undress the rest of her clothing. Pulling her top over her head, in a smooth motion, revealing her ample breasts. She seems comfortable in our presence, I guess we had both seen her ample backside already. Toby, I guess had seen a little more, deeper.

She steps into the shower cubicle and steam starts to cloud the glass. Hiding and frosting her features away from our gaze. I return my attention to Toby, and start the hot water gently filling the bowl. He slips and slides trying to maintain his balance on the slick surface, whilst rubbing at the mountain of soap covering his tiny body, hmmm maybe I overdid it with the amount, still, he would smell nice.

He rinses himself off in the water and then eventually stands there looking at me, trying to cover himself without much success. I guess having me staring down at him whilst he washes was having an effect on him. I pull the plug and the water gushed and gurgles down the pipes. He looks at me worried as the tide threatens to take him too. I extend my hand to him and he quickly grabs at it, pulling himself into my palm.

Raven to the rescue... hahaha.

My mouth starts to salivate, as I can't help imagining what his clean fresh skin would feel like sliding down my throat... later... later, I try and calm my building desire.

Or....Maybe I could have a little taste though, Jane is still busy.

I set him down carefully onto the bathroom cabinet. He stares across at me in apprehension, as I kneel down, bringing my head level with him. *"I want you to slide yourself into my mouth."*

*"What?"* He says, his expression suddenly changing.

*"Was you speaking to me?"* Jane calls from the shower.

*"No, it's ok."* I reply back.

*“Ok, good, sorry I'm taking a while, it takes ages to wash this hair. I really should get it cut, I've been meaning to, but just not got round to it.”* Jane shouts over the cascading water jets.

*“Take your time, we are just passing the time, aren't we Toby.”* I smile a wicked grin.

I opened my mouth wide, seeing what he would do, my incisors standing like little towers, above and below his horizon.

I could force him, I have the skills to exert my will on victims, but I was interested to see how infatuated he was, and if he would do it willingly.

*“Don't worry silly, I'm not going to take you ... yet.”* I say quietly. I'm not sure if that reassured him or not, as he still stood his ground unmoving.

*“Ok, if you don't, then I may just have to do it myself, and that might not please me. You **do** want to please me don't you?”* I say again, suggestively. There, that got one foot hesitatingly moving forward.

I reopen my mouth wide, setting my jaw level with the edge of the bathroom sink top. I take a long breath, filling my lungs, before exhaling slowly, the breath covering him, his hair moving against my breeze.

*“Go on then. I'm waiting. I won't bite.”* I say, and then hold my mouth steady.

To my surprise, he takes another step and looks down at my awaiting mouth, my tongue undulating as I try and keep it still. I must admit this is pretty hot. His willingness in doing this, has a rather unique dimension to the usual proceedings.

He reaches the edge of the surface, and takes a tentative hand to my lip, trying to steady himself. He kneels down with the other hand holding my nose, it tickles, as his tiny fingers try and maintain purchase.

He lifts his leg and places his foot onto the soft wet surface of my tongue. Applying his weight down, it makes a slight dent, as I feel the subtle pressure pressing down. God, it feels incredible. I can't taste anything yet, but I know saliva must be dripping in there.

After a moment, he ducks down, and climbs fully inside.

Oh, My, God.

I can't believe he just did that.

Maybe he *is* totally infatuated by the dangerousness of this.

Either that or he is pretty stupid.

I hang there, just letting my jaw relax, letting him get used to his new wet surroundings, careful not to move too much, although I can't help but feel the saliva building. My body anticipated another meal and was on autopilot.

*"Ok, Now what?"* He asks, his voice reverberating inside, and sounding strange coming from my own head cavity. Obviously, I couldn't answer, not without clearing my mouth, and as much as it would feel incredible to just close my jaw, roll my tongue upward, hold his small body gently at the roof of my mouth, push back, and send him sliding deliciously down my throat. I had promised Jane, that she could continue to play with him a little more first.

Jane steps out of the shower, *"Could you pass me the towel?"*

I turn and close my mouth around him quickly and carefully. Picking up the soft towel I pause, looking at Jane's incredible toned body.

She stands a little taller than me, her ample breasts about the same size as mine, however her hips and waist, a little wider. Her belly button looked cute, sitting with a small silver piercing across her flat stomach.

*"And I thought it would be Toby who would be the one doing the staring?"* Jane says, smiling.

*"Hmmm."* I manage to say, above the screaming and shouting going on inside. As I hand her the towel.

*"Speaking of which, where is the little pervert?"* Jane asks as she starts to brush the towel over her body, before eventually wrapping it around her long wet hair.

*"Ummm"* I utter, thinking it would be far easier to clear my throat and reply.

She notices my expression, I can't exactly hide the fact that my mouth is very full, the bulges that keep moving on their own from the repeated kicks and punches, doing little to conceal what I had in there.

*"Really? You couldn't wait 5 minutes, without trying to devour him? And here I thought I was the one who is constantly horny. "*

I try and smile, or at least raise my eyebrows in mock acceptance.

*"However it does give me a rather interesting idea, depending on how comfortable you are depositing him, directly."* she asked finally, and I took a sharp intake of breath.

My expression changed, and it must have shown. I guess having Toby wrestling away in my mouth, combined with looking at Jane's gorgeous body was starting to give me serious tingles inside. Jane's question, if I wanted to push him directly into that plump bubble bum of hers, took it to the next level. Did she know I was curious, was it that obvious? I guess it didn't matter, She certainly knew now.

I could tell there was hunger in those eyes of hers, she was devouring me with her expression, as I stood there still dripping slightly from the hot shower. The steam making everywhere slightly moist and humid. "*Shall we use your bedroom?*" I say, flicking the rest of the hair wrapped towel over the back of my head and down my back.

Rey leads me out of the bathroom, and into her dark bedroom, still carrying Toby in her mouth. She wanders around the room, switching on small side lights, either side of the large bed.

I waste no time, and crawl to the middle of the firm bed, the soft sheets sinking slightly under my weight.

Presenting, I turn my head and see if she is still looking. Oh yes, those eyes are certainly transfixed on my most fabulous asset. I smile back, thinking how this new experience was going to feel, anticipation rising.

I had washed in the shower, so everything was squeaky clean, both inside and out. It didn't take long before I felt Rey's hands on either side of my hips, and she levelled with me. Next, she drew a hand under me, stroking upwards, and back, feeling her delicate fingertips against my soft folds. She obviously knew what she was doing as the heightened tingling grew inside me.

I felt her chin rest at my lower back, across my tailbone, the anticipation of what she would do next left me gasping and squirming my hips.

Ever so slowly she drew her head downwards, and I felt her nose brush against the sides of my cheeks.

Then she kissed me, ever so slightly.

It was like molten electricity.

Feeling her lips against my most sensitive area, I resisted the urge to just push my ass backwards and force her deep.

She continued her light butterfly kisses, edging closer to my centre.

"Fuck!" I cried out, as her mouth enveloped my ring.

Hot,

Moist lips, covering completely.

Oh

My

God!

“UmnNmn?” She muttered, presumably asking if i was ready. Feeling the subtle vibrations across my cheeks.

I didn't have to respond, before I felt the faintest of pushes, exploring, trying to navigate my puckered exit. I leant forward, head now burred in the bed, and I relaxed as much as I could, feeling her probing. Desperate to avoid clenching too much and restricting entry into me.

I felt something wet, her tongue presumably, but also something else, something harder along the edge of the skin.

It was wiggling, more than her undulating tongue.

My eyes lit up, knowing what, or rather who it was, that was about to make a slippery acquaintance with my deep dark interiors.

Jane's essence was incredibly intoxicating, even despite the recent shower. Her aroma mixed with the subtle tint of the herbal body wash smothered my senses. She was obviously enjoying this exciting playful exchange, her body testament to that fact. I continued to push Toby's struggling body forward, ignoring or rather enjoying his spluttering complaints and shouts. Soon he would be snatched away from my starving tastebuds, into Jane's even hungrier bottom.

There wasn't much left of him between us now, each tantalizing contraction of her ring, swallowed him further and further inside. It really was like she was able to draw him into her bowels without help from my side.

If anything, I was trying to prolong the escape, slurping him like a popsicle, but alas he finally slipped from my lips, and probing tongue. And with the slightest puff of air he was gone.

I withdrew, and watched her pucked center twitch, gaping back at me, glistening in the dim lights. I continued to press her ass cheeks apart, wanting to linger, staring down into that inviting dark abyss.

The ring closed slowly, shutting off the gurgling sounds and faint shouts emitting from her inviting inner tubes.

Toby would be gliding deeper and deeper, unable to stop his descent into the girl he had been stalking. Well Tony, I hope this is what you dreamed of, I mused to myself. I leant forward and smooched her closed ring one final time.

There, sealed with a kiss.

Jane responded, turning slowly on my bed, towards me. Her eyes were as hungry as her bottom, and pulled me into a tight embrace. Her lips found mine, and she sampled herself. It seemed to turn her on more, as she moaned into my mouth, her own tongue finding mine and wrestled like two serpents ravishing for dominance.

I responded, collapsing into her, drawing passion, forgetting for a moment the passenger taking refuge inside her pulsing ribbed fun tubes.

I was drowning.

Figuratively and literally, my senses assaulted whilst being tossed and crushed in this tightly confined space. I had stopped shouting, as it was pointless. Rey had decided where I was destined to go and Jane was more than capable to oblige.

Out of the frying pan into the fire.

I was still covered in Rey's thick saliva, her forceful tongue easing my journey into Jane's punishing cavern. The transfer was unavoidable, despite my struggles, I entered her rectum, a mix of falling and pulling gulped me inside. I felt the final persistent touches of Rey's hot tongue against my feet, before the chamber around me squeezed and wrapped me in a tight embrace. Gravity pulls me unrelentlessly deeper inside, against the pulsating rhythm of Jane's heartbeat, echoing all around me. I tried to control my movements, feeling the slick tubes slowly rubbing across my entire being. Steading being drawn further inside this incredible woman with each pulse and contraction of her body.

I was inside.

Inside Jane.

My panicked brain tried to comprehend what was happening, what we have talked about, dared, role played, and what had been done to others. What I had dreamed about, fantasized about, was now happening to me, I was experiencing it for real.

Fuck.

That seemed to sum it up nicely, what was going through my brain.

I paused trying to take it all in, the sounds, senses, and feelings enveloping me. Every part of my naked body wrapped completely, held in Jane's unwavering embrace.

The air was running thin, its hot musky essence an exotic mix of her body's internal lubricant and a tinge of something else, a small fragrance of body wash maybe. She had probably cleaned her 'fun tubes' as she liked to call them whilst in the shower. Thankful that I had not come across any other unpleasanties, the added residue was doing little to stop my descent further along her intestinal tract.

I pushed against the soft wet elastic walls, they resisted and flexed across my limbs. Holding me tightly in place, yet allowing me to slide, floating along its fleshly corridor.

Sounds found my ears, low and muffled as if underwater, mixed between Jane's orchestra of internal burbles, gulps, and pulses, I could hear murmurs and

moans from presumably outside. Loud and encompassing, against the insistent feeling of her quickening pulse, rushing through her veins and into my skin.

Her whole body turning and moving, taking me and my new world along with it. Riding the waves of her body, I bobbed and bounced uncontrollably inside her molten tubes.

The shrinking device had eased my need for air, and presumably was providing me with some level of physical protection against her crushing constrictions. I decided to enjoy the ride, appreciating this amazing experience that I had dreamed about since I was a little boy. My own body responding to her all-encompassing touch, the mental and physical emotions taking over me.

In awe of where I was, and wondered when or if I would see light, and breathe air again that wasn't produced by Jane, and so I just let myself go. A hidden passenger on an incredible journey into her deep dark abyss.

Rey was insatiable, her body wrapped across mine, she continued to stroke, kiss, and caress me unrelentingly. An unfathomable desire, soaking into me. I panted, moaning and gasping for breath, enjoying the unexpected ride. We rolled and writhed across her bed, our entwined limbs making it difficult to see where we ended and began, taking turns to focus who was giving and who was receiving. My slick hands and fingers finding her incredible soft flesh, pushing inside, teasing, and flicking. Feeling her body grip and relax as I could sense her building orgasm starting to take hold.

My insides continued to grip Toby, feeling his small motions and weight adding to my own rising waves.

She knew what she was doing, and I matched breath to breath, gasping as the thunder started to build in my mind, everything blurring, my emotions taking over.

Our hot sticky, bodies needing the awaiting release.  
Eventually, it came,  
huge,  
bursting through.

We shook, somehow managing to sync our bodies and minds together in the immense crashing orgasm. I screamed out, something I don't usually do, the release so intense and complete.

Everything stopped, time, space, and darkness all coming together in that instance. The white noise blocked everything out. I eventually collapsed, shuddering uncontrollably, not caring where I was anymore.

Floating in ecstasy,  
Conscious drifting.

Heaven.

*"Whoa Jane, I'm not sure who needed that more, you or me."* I exclaimed after coming round from my brief slumber.

*"Hmmm, quite a nice unexpected turn of events. I don't think I will be needing the gym session tomorrow."* Jane responded, rolling onto her back, sprawling across the bed next to me.

I turned onto my side, watching her catch her breath, recovering. My own body in a similar state, glistening in a slight sheen of sweat. I held my now flatter stomach absently, the girl from earlier already long gone. Digested, edging her remaining contents through my core and beyond. I'll have to deal with that later, but for now I was content, spent and nicely exhausted.

I gazed at her body, watching the rise and fall of her abdomen in time to her slow breathing. Her ample breasts splayed out, the areolas dark and welcoming. I nuzzled closer laying my head on her chest, and looked down towards her flat stomach.

*"So, how's our little deviant doing?"*

*"Huh... oh Him... I'm sure he is fine in there."* Jane replied dazily.

*"I can't tell by looking, can you still feel him?"* I asked, interested to know what she was experiencing.

*"Yeah, I know .. that's the thing about doing this, I could go wandering around with these little passengers lodged deep inside, giving me all sorts of incredible sensations and no-one would be the wiser."* Jane replied, a mischievous sexy expression written across her face. I could tell that this was something she certainly loved doing. *"Guys would stare at my ass, not knowing what was going on inside, and that if they made the wrong move or piqued my interest, they would be joining it."* She laughed.

I understood, there was empowerment in taking someone like that. Drawing someone into you, gave you an incredible feeling. Although I preferred feeding by the usual entrance, the experience was probably still the same. The predatorial nature, overtaking our senses driving that insatiable hunger to consume.

*"Here, let me see..."* She stretched, cat-like, arching her back, and pulling in her stomach muscles. Her hand went towards her cute tiny belly button, as she sucked in more.

I watched as a lump appeared, although the features were not defined, I could tell that wasn't part of her. Or rather wasn't yet. She held her fingers across Toby's

body, buried under her smooth tight skin. Pressing slightly *"There he is, see?"* she said giggling slightly.

It looked incredible.

It was just so wrong, knowing that he was there, floating within her. Still alive, his features moving slightly, wriggling slowly in place. I reached across and delicately pressed against him. Feeling his movements into my fingertips. It felt strange, a living creature inside another. *"Ahh Toby, Enjoying yourself I hope."* I said, not sure if he could hear me or not. *"You're certainly getting a closer look at these skills we have. Probably more than you were banking on."*

*"Here"* Jane said, pushing against my head, lower towards her flat stomach.

I pressed the side of my face, my ears making a seal on her skin. I could feel his features pressing against my cheekbone, his wriggling tiny body a hard lump. I listened carefully, Her body was making the usual gurgling sounds. Sounds that were so familiar, certainly more so, to my prey. I could sense her essence drifting up from our earlier play, hot, pungent, and highly exotic. It stirred me again. Wait... What was that? Above all the pops and bubbles there was a faint sound... Toby.

*"He's trying to say something."* I said smiling.

*"Yeah its funny when they do that, I cant always tell, but sometimes when they really shout its like my ass is talking!"* Jane giggles back.

I tried to make out his voice, it was faint, but it was there. *"I think hes asking to come out."* I smiled.

*"He's already pretty deep."* Jane said, Holding my head pressing against him. *"And as much as I would love to let him sink slowly to the point of no return. If you do want to play some more with him, I should probably try to extract him, before he's lost for good."*

*"Oh we wouldn't want that, now would we Toby?"* I said, rising and then patting his now struggling body. I could feel his arms or limbs pressing up, almost like he was trying to push my fingers away from him. *"We have far more interesting games to play with you."* I smiled.

The pressure was unbearable. Like a vice, Jane's body gripped me as she shook uncontrollably. The pockets of air burst around her tight tubes, as she constricted and squeezed the life out of me. Even after she had come, her body twitched and clenched automatically. The aftershocks assaulting my body, sapping my energy.

I could hear them talking. Through the flesh it sounded strange, Jane's voice, loud, rumbling and powerful. Rey's sounded distant and low. It was nice, laying there

in the dark, hearing them, the two women I was so infatuated with, discussing my fate.

I felt a touch, a pressure through the walls, pressed down onto me, almost comforting somehow - I wasn't lost or forgotten. Reaching through the skin, I pushed back, reassuringly. "*Hey, Are you going to let me out soon?*" I said, unsure if they could actually hear me through all the layers of skin.

I felt her respond, and I wasn't sure if it was good or bad news.

Everything shifted, tilting and rotating. Jane must be on the move, and there was nothing I could do to stop it even if I wanted to. I held on, bouncing along with each of her steps, the motions flexing against my body inside her.

*"I'll be back shortly."*, rolling off the bed and heading towards Rey's bathroom. She didn't need to see me struggling, pushing and straining to get Toby back out into the world.

I'm pretty good at extracting things from my ass. Usually, it's toys, dildos and the like which find their way swallowed and inserted up there, as I ideally play at home. I've become pretty capable, even long before I was gifted the shrink ray device. Always looking for the next adventure to explore, how it would feel expanding and extending my insides. Most things in my apartment have taken a visit, from the traditional toys to the more, unusual or exotic let's say. There is just something so incredible, feeling your body first accept, stretch and then swallow something deep.

Wandering around my apartment, bulging heavy objects rolling around inside, driving me insane, with no visible appearance of anything untoward from outside.

Hmmm, I needed to focus, back to the task at hand, Toby was deep, but not too far, with a bit of pushing, my body should know what to do, and start his downward journey outwards. I crouched in the bath, feeling his slow movements as my internals squeezed and dilated; trying to push the foreign object down. I felt a familiar feeling in my lower gut, a tickling sensation as his feet or head entered my rectum, falling into that final chamber.

I inserted my fingers, with no effort, they slid in without any resistance, feeling inside myself, his tiny feet poked and wriggled against my digits.

I hooked around his legs and with a push, pull and a burst of air, managed to deposit him onto the white cold bathtub floor.

*"Well, hello again."* I said as a way of greeting, looking down between my legs. His tiny body was completely covered in my slick internal juices. He was however surprisingly clean, my semi-transparent gunk plastered him to the floor making his movement difficult. Despite that, I could see him shiver at the sudden change in temperature.

*"Oh you poor thing, come here."* I said as I reached down, lifting him into my hands. Trying to hold his slippery body, without squeezing him too much. Over to the

washbasin, I deposited a large glob of liquid soap across his body, blocked the plug, and ran the hot tap into the bowl. After a moment I washed my hands, with Toby. I'm not sure if he was enjoying it or not, spluttering and waving his arms around, as I did a thorough job of cleaning. But after a while, he seemed to settle and realise I wasn't trying to hurt him.

*"Almost done."* I sang to him, as if he was a child. I continued to rinse him under the sloshing waters, his pink body finally all squeaky clean again.

*"Oh, Toby."* Noticing that the rubbing sensation across his entire body had created a reaction. His member standing to attention despite his best efforts to conceal it. *"It's nice to see I have an effect on you."* I giggled. *"Although you can save yourself for later."*

He looked on, embarrassed, not saying anything in reply. *"Oh, come on, cat got your tongue?"*

*"Thank you for... erm... retrieving me."* He said in reply, obviously trying to change the topic.

*"Your welcome, was it what you expected?"* I asked. I was rather curious to understand what he got out of the whole experience. Was it as good as what we had talked about during role-playing? Not that he really had any choice in the experience, Rey had seen to that.

He was the first I had the chance to talk to afterwards. Usually, I wouldn't let them out until, way after they had stopped struggling. Straight into the porcelain toilet bowl, mixed along with whatever I had decided to eat earlier that day. It was nothing personal, I was very private, I couldn't risk anyone knowing what I had done to them in that one-way trip.

I had talked about it, in fantasy forums, the prey characters all wishing to become nestled inside my ass. But none of them actually believed it was possible, no matter how far their devious minds went. I'm sure most if faced with the reality would run a mile! I guess Toby had done something unexpected for me, he had managed to live through it, in that he was special.

*"Yes."* He replied, my attention refocusing back on him.

*"And...?"* I quizzed.

*"What do you want me to say? I've just been somewhere... well... incredible."*

*"Awww shucks..."* I reply jokingly.

*"I mean it, you are incredible, you knew I was infatuated, from our chats online."* Toby replied. Now starting to find his voice. I wrapped his body in a small

flannel. Drying him and bringing him a little closer, to save having to strain hearing his voice.

*“Well, I guess we both liked to share our fantasies.”* I replied. Thinking about our previous role plays, online chats and stories we created. Toby was different to the other character I had come across, we had shared a connection, so I was happy that he has lived through this.

*“Yeah, but this... this was something else. You've no idea, just... how mind-blowing it is. I've been inside you. Fuck, never had I thought it was actually possible until recently, and then to actually experience it.”*

*“You mean you would have done it willingly?”* I asked, still confused why anyone would want to. I knew what I got out of it, the incredible sensations of a wriggling object deep within me, drove me insane, it was nothing compared to a dildo no matter how big. But I really didn't think he or anyone would actually like it.

*“Yeah, maybe...I guess.”* He replied with a shy smile.

*“Hmmm interesting. Oh well, I think we shouldn't keep your other women waiting. She looks pretty dangerous.”* I said, scooping him up and heading back out the bathroom.

*“All good? What kept you?”* I asked as Jane returned into the bedroom, carrying a small flannel.

*“Yeah all fine, he's washed and ready for you.”* Jane replied, depositing the small parcel into my hands.

*“Do you mind if I get another shower?”* She asked eyes quizzically, *“I blame you for the state of me.”*

*“I make no apology. It was worth it.”* I replied smiling.

At that she turned, beaming, presented her butt to me, and left, shutting the door behind her.

*“So, alone again huh Toby?”* I said unwrapping my little parcel.

His little pink body looked funny. She had done a good job of cleaning him. He smelled sweet, the essence of hand wash wafting up to me, removing any trace of whatever he had been coated in previously.

*"Rey, look, can we just talk for a moment."* Toby replied, his tiny voice drifting up to me.

*"Sure we can, my little sweet."* I joked. Yeah funny Rey, I mused. Slip of the tongue...

*"Look, we don't have to do this."*

*"I \*am\* looking... and what is it **we** don't have to do."* I replied playfully.

*"Anything... serious."*

*"Oh, I don't know what you mean, I'm not serious, I'm a pretty playful person when you get to know me. I love playing with my..."* I left it hanging... *"acquaintances... when I get the chance. It's not all gulp and go, like you probably think. Sometimes I like to just slow down, enjoy myself and have fun."*

I watched him swallow, slowly. Yeah, that sank in.

*"Couldn't we just talk?"* I'm sure there was a catch on his reply.

*"We are talking, aren't we? Although my mouth can do so much more."* Teasing... *"I'm sure you're dying to find out more of what I'm capable of."*

*"Please..."*

*"I want to show you, I really do. You wanted to find out more about my skills, my ravenous hunger, my desire to consume. Well now's your chance, you get to experience it all first hand."*

I *\*was\** in a rather sleepy playful mood, Jane was incredible, she had tired me out wonderfully. Exhausting me actually. I had not had a fuck like that in a long time. Full on, urgent, unexpected and ever so satisfying.

He was squirming, shaking now, despite the heat from my body. I knew I was taunting him, still undecided if I wanted to taste him just yet. The bus girl had satisfied the hunger urge, this would just be for pleasure, an extra, a tiny dessert spoon full, the proverbial icing on the cake.

I didn't really *need* to feed. Although he didn't know that, I could just play a little more... yeah I know... I'm evil.

It's one of my endearing features. Ha!

I'm sure most of my victims would agree, up until they couldn't think about anything but my insides.

I didn't care, I don't usually anyway.

Toby had crossed a line, a dangerous one that I had already said he would live to regret.

But, not now, maybe... I was having too much fun watching him squirm. Im sure he liked it... deep down. The dangerousness of his predicament would be thrilling him inside. He just probably didn't want to accept it.

Inside.

My thoughts drift again to inside, the filling sensation I would experience feeling him being dragged down my throat.

Hmmm

Maybe I was still hungry.

The soft fabric of the flannel, wrapped across my naked torso was doing little to keep me warm. Although the ice I felt in my belly was probably nothing to do with the room temperature.

Rey was lying there on her bed, looking incredibly sexy, despite her dishevelled hair. She oozed confident sexuality; the predator, a dangerous unsettling demeanour, unpredictable. It was hard not to be smitten by this dark vixen, and she knew it, bending her prey's will into her own biddings. I wondered if her powers extended to hypnosis, maybe, who knows, although I'm not sure she needed it.

Ok, it was time to change tact.

*"Ok, look you are incredible, and it's true that I've got this strange urge to feel what it would be like to slip down that incredible throat of yours. But that mental desire would be my undoing."* I started, trying to rationalise my crazy fucked up mental state.

*"You have no idea the joys that would bring."* She replied, yawning, rolling onto her side, propping her hand under her chin, leaning on it for support. Her eyes looked lazily sleepy, was that good news for me?

*"That shower of yours is so good."* Jane stated, walking back into the room. Her wet hair drooped across her shoulders. She leant over, picked up her clothes from the floor and started to dress herself. Looking at her g-string, she discounted it, and just continued to pull on her tight leggings. I couldn't help but stare. Yeah, I know, but from my perspective and vantage point, she looked like a huge giant goddess. I tried my best to not show my appreciation.

She wandered back over to us, towering over me she called across *"You're still here."* Then across at Rey, *"I would have thought you would have, erm... finished with him by now."*

*"I've been considering his options."* She replied.

*"I see... we'll I guess it's up to you, but we need to make sure we don't have any loose ends."*

*"Oh don't worry about him, I have ways to keep our secrets safe."*

*"I'm sure you do, but you should know that in his current shrunken state, he will be a little more robust."*

*"What do you mean?"*

*"I'm not sure I know why but, they can withstand a lot more than usual... you would think that if I did this..."*

Without warning, Jane turned and sat down onto the bed. Suddenly everything went dark, as her ample bubble butt, which I was only moments ago watching being eased into her Lycra leggings, came crashing down onto me. I gasped, the wind knocked out of me as her full weight suddenly pressed against my fragile body. I disappeared from view, totally smothered under Jane's smouldering ass.

*"... that his tiny body would be crushed to death."* She completed the sentence. I felt as well as heard her muffled voice through the layers of material and flesh.

*"But actually he is fine under there, despite my weight."* She continued.

I couldn't move a muscle, her soft flesh enveloped me completely, that was until she shuffled slightly, the fabric sweeping across my flesh, rolling me somewhat until I felt a slight release in pressure. I realised I was wedged now between the two huge orbs of round plump flesh.

*"There, ... that's more comfortable."*

*"Oh that is really interesting"* Rey said

*"So you need to take that into account when you're... dealing with him."*

*"I'm sure I will take that little fact into account, so how much... discipline, do you think they can take."*

*"Quite a bit, usually I have to keep them tucked away for quite some time, days sometimes, before they eventually... stop. The more energetic ones' struggles can sometimes lead to... interesting consequences, especially if I'm out and about."*

*"Ha, quite, I'm sure."*

*"Ok, I really do have to get back, it's late and I've got an early start for work tomorrow. I'm due at a client site first thing."* Jane stated, rising from the bed. I gasped at the sudden release of pressure, and the bright light. *"See, he's fine, aren't you Toby."*

*"Thanks for coming round. It was really nice to meet you. Probably best to grab a Taxi at this time of night."* Rey stated.

*"Will do. No need to get up, I'll let myself out. It was nice meeting you too Rey, and hope you have fun Toby. If you decide to keep him, then let me know. Maybe we can play again sometime."* She turned and left the room, reaching for her phone, I could hear her calling as the door closed.

## **The Rest Bite**

We were alone.

I didn't know if that was good or bad news for me. I guess that would depend on Rey, and what plans she had.

I hadn't had a moment to think since this night began, each turn of events had been amazingly exhausting.

I wondered where it would eventually lead.

I glanced over at Rey, studying her form, as she relaxed next to me on the bed. This beautiful creature of the night, now pretending to be normal amongst us.

*"I'm tired."* She finally announced, sighing and stretching. *"It seems your other friend has had quite the effect on me."*

*"Yeah, she is pretty incredible, you both are."* I replied.

*"You pose me an interesting dilemma, I could just pop you in, and snack on you as a drift to sleep, but that feels a wasted opportunity."* She rolls onto her side,

facing me and places a finger on my body, pressing me to the sheets. *"I'm not sure I could trust you to stay, so need to keep you somewhere safe for the time being."*

She curls her fingers around me, and grips me with a gentle but firm hold, rolling onto her front and reaches across to her bedside table. Pulling the draw open, the low light illuminates its contents, makeup and other random bottles and tubes. Casting me amongst the debris she looks down and smiles, *"This'll do for now. Goodnight Toby."*

The light slowly drains in as she closes the drawer, sealing me into another dark cave.

It was a restless night, as exhausted as I was, I kept waking up, sleep never really taking me completely under its spell. Unsure of the time, I just lay there, in the tight confined space and wondered about my fate.

Shuffling noises outside gave me an indication that Rey was awake, going about her business of the morning. It was difficult to understand what was happening, but I was thankful that it didn't involve me. I was hungry, my stomach rumbling uncontrollably and that got me thinking about her. Her insides and what that may feel like.

The floor shifted quickly and I rolled around uncontrollably, blasted in bright light startling me from my thoughts.

A hand dug in, rummaging for something, tossing me aside in the process.

*"Where is it... Fuck... Oh Hey Toby, Sorry I'm late for work, ahh there..."*

She picked up a bottle, and started to shut the drawer, as I shouted *"Wait..."*

She stopped and looked down at me a little exasperated, *"What?"*

*"Erm..."* I looked back at her, and the half-eaten cereal bar in her hand, noticing it she considered, and then tossed the remaining contents into the drawer.

*"Ok, don't get crumbs across my stuff. Gotta run."*

The days passed, and I wasn't sure how long she was going to keep me hostage like this. At one point Rey let me call my wife, saying I was on an unexpected work trip, she sounded annoyed, and called me a loser, but let it go.

## **Letting Go**

My phone rang with an unexpected number. *"Hey, Jane?"* Came through loud and confident.

*"Yes"* I replied, trying to picture the voice.

*"I rather enjoyed our random meeting the other night, and wanted to see if you would be interested in popping over for dinner."*

*"Sure, I've not got plans."* I replied, now realising who the caller was.

*“Shall we say 8:30, bring a bottle, and I’ll rustle something up. See you then.”*

Ok, I guess I knew what I was doing for the evening, something more interesting than just entertaining myself in the apartment.

Exciting!

*“Wow, I gotta say that was an amazing meal.”* I say, putting my cutlery down and bringing the remaining dregs of red wine to my lips.

*“Why thank you, let me open another bottle.”* Rey replied, standing and wandering over the room effortless as if gliding. She was dressed in a dark long tight fitting dress, the edges cut in jagged shapes, intentionally ripped.

*“Most people can’t cook vegetarian dishes, so I end up eating mostly bland salads.”* I continued, noting my confidence rising, with the effects of the alcohol. I really should stop now, I don’t want to get wasted and lose control.

With the glass refilled, she sits across from me, her eyes glued to me intently watching as we both take another sip. She smiles, teeth showing, framed by glistening purple coated lips. She bites down on one corner, looking a mix of untold innocence and knowingly sexy demur.

I wondered about her intentions, hoping that we could move onto the desert, but not wishing to rush. Fluttering feelings mixed with my burning anticipation.

She was cute, deer caught in the headlights eyes.

Bright, full, transfixed... and mine. I hadn’t even bothered to influence, it was nicer when I didn’t, seeing if my charms would work regardless of my vampire powers. If everything went to plan tonight, I would have more than just vegetables swimming in my gut. Adding her incredible bubble butt to mine would do wonders for my figure, and I wouldn’t need any fancy gizmo to stuff her inside. I was visibly salivating at the thought, licking my lips in anticipation of the night’s outcome. Thank you Toby for introducing me to this incredible woman, and don’t worry, you’ll be a nice tasty dessert, the icing on this beautiful cake.

*“Hmm, sorry”* I replied, suddenly brought back into the room, noticing that she had stopped talking. It was time to move things along.

*“So what do you do?”* Jane asked again, smiling sweetly, ignoring the pause, probably thinking I was drifting because of the alcohol, rather than my hungry desires.

*"Oh, I've had quite a few different positions over the years. Now I work at a school, just helping out, I find it's nice being surrounded by such young energetic blood. It keeps my temptations in check"* I reply,

*"That's cool, I love kids, although I don't plan to have any myself. As much as I love seeing huge bulging bellies, I'm not sure I could carry it off."*

*"Oh I don't know, I think you'd look great stuffing like that!"* I rose from the table, *"Let's relax over here."* heading to the sofa, sitting and stretching. I wondered if she would sit next to me, or head to the chair. I patted the seat, wanting to steer the activities.

*"Sure, although I think this wine is quite potent."* Jane replied, giggling slightly. *"I did say I don't usually drink, I'd hate to do something I regretted later."* she sat heavily next to me, sinking into the seat, our bodies touching.

*"You don't have to worry about that, it's not like we haven't shared a moment before."* I replied, toasting glasses together, we continued to drink, feeling each other's warmth radiating. It was nice, the energy flowing easily between.

My mum always told me not to play with my food, I was such a fussy eater back then. I look across at Jane, reflecting, Oh I don't know mum, playing with food, is always such a delicious appetiser.

The conversation moved on to our past partners, and what we liked, and disliked. She was relaxed and I was in auto-drive, probably doing a bit more rambling than I usually did. Still, I enjoyed Rey's company and the night was certainly better than I would have been doing otherwise.

*"So I take it you're the one in the driving seat usually."* I asked.

*"Of course, I don't like the feeling of not being in control."* Rey replied

*"Hmm, interesting."* I replied, thinking, *"You know, there is a certain excitement about just letting go... it can be quite enthralling, putting your body in someone else's hands."*

She paused, I could see her thinking about that concept, probably unsure of its appeal. So used to getting her own way, dominating her prey, maybe she was missing out.

I decided to try something.

I reached out, and took her hand, leading Rey to her own bedroom. She dutifully followed, intrigue written across her face.

As we entered the room, I spun her around, back towards me, presenting the silver head to toe zip, straddling down her dress.

*“Hold still.”* I whispered in her ear, pulling her long hair to one side, and carefully, slowly drew the zipper downwards. I took my time, letting her feel the delicate movement of the parting material, and my fingers making contact with her soft warm skin. Down her back, then over her backside, I knelt, spilling out the contents slightly in front of me. Making sure my fingers pressed slightly in between. I kissed each cheek, and then stood. Unhooking the sheer material off each shoulder, it eventually dropped to the floor, revealing her gorgeous naked body.

*“Sit down.”* I commanded, turning her around to face me away from her bed. I'm sure it sounded stronger in my head than my alcohol-infused lips managed. I was actually trembling inside in anticipation.

*“Ok”,* Rey replied and sat slowly on the edge, parting her long luscious legs slightly.

Inviting.

It took all my self-resolve to avoid diving in, tasting her insides and beyond. I took a glimpse, then stopped myself, No, wait Jane... later.

I knelt down, and slid my hands over her legs, slowly reaching her ankles, I brought both feet together. Wrapping a silk scarf around each, and tying off in a loose but fitting bow. Looking up between her legs, her gaze sparkled, hungry eyes, tilting her head, clearly this was something new for her.

I lifted her bound legs up onto the bed, and she swivelled her body to reach the centre.

*“I take it, you now want these?”* She offered her wrists to me, palms upturned.

I didn't answer, just continued to tie each hand to the headboard, humming to myself, crawling and straddling her body, sitting on her, in the process so she got to feel just how turned on I was.

Satisfied that she couldn't move, I returned to the kitchen, and grabbed the fruit bowl I had seen earlier. Popping a grape in my own mouth, tasting its subtle sweetness.

*“Now then, shall we proceed?”* I said, straddling her body, sitting across her midriff with my full weight pressing down onto her. She could probably feel my eagerness, even through my light trousers.

*“Open.”* I commanded, holding a small grape in my fingertips to Rey's face. She dutifully complies, eyebrows raised. She parts her luscious lips, a small delicate strand of spittle bridges the inviting gap. I move to put the grape into the open gape, holding it just above the line of teeth. Pausing, for a moment... waiting, teasing her. Quickly I snatch the grape and pop it into my own mouth.

*“You need to be careful, denying me food like that, could have serious consciences.”* Rey replies intently.

I grin, loving the attention.

I pick out another, and hold it back in place. She opens her mouth again, same as before. This time she wraps her lips across my fingers, and I drop the grape inside. Withdrawing, I bring my fingers to my own mouth and suck on them, letting her see, as she chews the small fruit.

She looks deep into my eyes and then swallows, slowly. I grin again and take another grape. Repeating the process, again holding the fruit inside her mouth for a moment, feeling her hot interior across my fingers, wondering if she has the intention to chomp down on them. She sucks, drawing the morsel inside, and again I withdraw, sucking her saliva off my fingers. Tasting her.

Another grape disappears into her.

I repeat again, and this time just drop it before she has chance to suck.

She closes her tongue across it, rolls it around, before swallowing it whole.

No chewing this time.

Fuck,

That was hot.

I pick a large ripe strawberry, deep bursting red and bring it to my own lips, biting down slowly at the edge, across its soft seeded texture. Its juice bursts into my mouth. Withdrawing the remaining, I offer it to Rey my own fingers now covered, slowing driving it into her gaping mouth. I feel her hot breath across my fingertips, before she closes her lips around them again. Her tongue pulls the fruit from me taking care not to catch her teeth on my digits. I withdraw again.

Another, this time I hold it in my lips, leaning forward offering it to her mouth, our lips millimetres away, I hold, and at the last minute devour it myself, snatching it away from her.

I peel a small orange, and take one of the slices to my own lips, a light kiss, before presenting to her.

She devours it, juice dripping down the edge of her lips.

I lean forward, taking my own finger across the drop, wiping it, and tasting it myself.

Another slice, feeding her.

Snatching quicker each time, devouring piece by sweet piece.

Soon the entire orange has gone, down that lovely throat of hers. I bounce a little on her stomach, knowing that the pieces are nestled deep inside.

Looking across at the fruit bowl, I pick up the whole bunch of grapes, dangling them above Rey's head. She opens wide, wider than I thought would be possible. I stare down into the wet pink abyss, the air rising and gurgling from deep inside. She reaches up, straining against the cords, unable to gather the fruit into her. I raise it upwards, teasing, tempting her... She growls ... a deep guttural sound which I feel the vibrations through my backside. Hmmm, that feels nice.

Taking a single grape from the bunch, I guide it around her left breast, circling, drawing with it, squishing slightly, brushing higher across her neck, under her chin, and into her mouth. I almost lose a finger in her haste. She squirms at the sensation, wriggling under me as I try and maintain my balance.

I repeat the same with the right breast, echoing the movements, the guttural sounds continue, the beast under me rising and wanting more.

*“More.”* Rey eventually states the hunger within her straining.

*“Where is he?”* I ask, *“you said you had kept him safe.”* Trying to ignore the question, she smiles.

Ok playing hard-ball are we?

I look around the room for places where she might have stowed him away. She had let on that he was still around, but not specifically where.

I drop a few more grapes into her maw, casting my gaze left and right, searching.

Slurp, smack, gulp, gone.

Hmmm, I'm running out of food, I need to act fast.

I take the remaining bunch and lower it, unexpectedly she takes the entire thing in, my hand still wrapped around the fruit, I gasp in astonishment as I watch her mouth close around my wrist.

That's impossible... my mind screams out.

I guess not.

Not for her.

I start to comprehend her amazing abilities more.

First hand.

I try and pull, feeling the pressure of her muscles, her tongue wrapping around the meal.

I frown, a stern look, trying to maintain my dwindling dominance. *“Reeey...”*

She relents and I pull back, empty-handed.

She gulps again, bulging throat working to send the remaining food down whole. I watch it move between my legs and down between her breasts and gone.

I continue to scour the room, and I look at the bedside drawer, and feel a subtle tightening of her muscles.

Bingo...

I scoot over, above her body, leaning and reaching the drawer handle to pull. In doing so I present, not caring, she had seen my posterior before at close range.

I look into the drawer, and see Toby's tiny features, wrapping his hands over his eyes. *“Hey Toby, fancy seeing you here. Ready to have some fun?”*

The night hadn't quite gone as expected. By now I was expecting Jane to be inside my stomach, struggling and punching, not sat bouncing on it.

Yet here I was, allowing her to proceed with these interesting games. I could have ripped these puny ties from my body as if it was tissue. However, she was right, there was a new sense of thrill letting her tease and taunt me. Unrelenting, without my permission.

I was new

I liked it

Quite a lot, my body reacting, showing just how much.

I couldn't quite see past her incredible backside, inches now from my face, but knew she would eventually find our dear Toby toy, rattling around somewhere inside the bedside furniture.

She drew him out, and sat down in the process, covering me.

The cheek.

Well, I guess it was a rather nice soft cheek.

I went with it, drawing breath from her undercarriage, her sweet essences and subtle perfume drifting into me. Erotic sensations firing in my head. She shuffled down, smearing me with her excitement. Clearly she was enjoying this night as much as I was.

*"Well Rey, you've had your fruit and veg, how about some nice juicy meat?"*

Jane suggested.

Couldn't agree more my sweet.

My insides leapt in anticipation, seeing Toby's tiny body struggling in her grasp.

*"Hey, wait.. No... come on!"* Toby shouted.

Jane lifted him up by one of his legs, dangling him upside down up to her face, staring intently at his struggling body. I watch, gazing upwards as she leans forward and plants a kiss across his torso.

Like a large spider held aloft dangling precariously in the sky.

She then smiles, and licks him, head to toe, slowly, covering him in her saliva.

*"Pha..Plhrrr...get off, let me go..."* Toby complains.

Jane grins, then looks down into my eyes, expectantly.

*"Let you go... Hmmm ok... your choice."* Jane announces.

She moves him lower, dangling helplessly above my head.

All I see, is his fear-stricken face looking down at me, turning a deeper shade of red.

All that blood

Rushing to his head.

Spinning slightly, Jane dangles him lower, his head almost reaching my lips.

I open wide, expecting, awaiting the prize.

She hesitates.  
The anticipation killing me. I fidget uncontrollably.

Feed me.

Fuck...

Just...

Drop...

Him.

She lifts him high in a slow arc, and then back down again. Lower this time. I can almost taste him.

I squirm under her, my own legs moving, bucking her body straddled across mine.

She draws him back up, and I almost relent and rip the threads holding my arms.

Fuck it, give him to me.

I'm panting in anticipation.

Down he comes again, I gape wide.

Feeling his squirming head enter my mouth, I hear his voice reverberating in my head.

*"Don't move."* Jane states at me. Eyes locked.

I comply, I don't know what's got to me, or why. I'm loving this, body tingling in ecstasy.

I feel his head rest on my tongue, and I hold completely still. Feeling his body as she lowers it more and more. Each movement, each inch, sending shockwaves into me.

Further, she goes, his head slips down across the back of my tongue and down my throat.

God, it feels incredible.

Like nothing I've devoured before.

I hold on, trying to feel every millimetre of molten silk edge down deep inside.

She was feeding him to me.

I was helpless to oblige.

Jane shuffles slightly, and reaches down with her other hand, expert fingers drawing down my body, sending electric pulses at every nerve ending she connects with. Her nails scraping my skin, creating small rivets of red marks along its journey.

Fuck me, she was hot.

She reached down between my bound legs, finding my dripping lips, and circles above the labia, then slowly forcing her fingertips, parting the folds and finding my hot core.

Oh my god.

I close my eyes, and open again slowly shuddering inside. Still not swallowing, although now desperate to send this meal downwards.

*"Don't."* Jane repeats, as if reading my mind.

She continues the descent, as I watch his helpless body fall into me. Pinched between thumb and finger, she maintains a grip on his cartwheeling ankle.

The urge to swallow is overwhelming.

I need to.

But I hold off, complying with the will she has over me.

How is this possible?

She continues her stimulation both top and bottom.

The burning sensation builds within me, I writhe and buck against her hot body, wanting more.

Why am I not just swallowing, and finishing on my own.

Why am I under her spell.

*"Almost."* Jane announces, as if she can feel the building orgasm breaching the waves.

I tingle everywhere, complying with her instructions.

She pushes Toby further into me, simultaneously pushing her fingers deeper, curling them and penetrating me forcefully, pumping in and out, ever quicker rotations.

Nostrils flaring at the feeling, gasping, drawing energy into my flying body. I try and maintain my gaping mouth, gargling on his torso now lodged deep in my throat. My eyes watering, burning with intensity locked onto Jane's face as she continues to administer this incredible canopy of feelings.

She guides the rest of him into my maw, holding his foot with her fingers, one slip and he would be gone.

*"Hold."* She instructs. I nod slowly in acknowledgement. Like a compliant pet dog, I grip his body with my tongue.

She withdraws her fingers, guiding them under my chin, and slowly closes my jaw. Sealing him inside.

Her other hand a whirl of delicate and forceful vibrations. Swirling, circling and jutting into me, flicking my clitoris to the point of no return.

She must know I'm close, I can't hold on any longer, my body about to explode.

Toby's body writing and bulging in my throat, his punches and screams in desperate need to be addressed.

Still, she continues to disallow my desire to consume.

I'm raging inside, burning sensations everywhere, swarming feelings at every pore.

She locks eyes on me, as the white noise builds in my ears...

“Now.” Jane finally says understanding how far I've reached, the crescendo about to take over.

Those words

Relief

I swallow, finally, for the first time in what seems like a lifetime.

Oh my god

Feeling Toby slip down, his bulging body, driving between my breasts, jerky movements as I gulp time after time.

Gone.

I had finally eaten - meat.

I feel him finally hit my stomach, somewhere lost under Jane's bouncing backside.

Her fingers stop their torrent, and push deep into me, penetrating me with her slippery fingers. I feel a give and her hand slips inside, huge, holding me, filling me completely.

Fuck...

I clench around her wrist, squeezing, crushing. My ranging orgasm pushing off from it.

I can't stop.

Unrelenting waves pour over my body

I soar, High above the sky

What had she done

I didn't care

I burst, finally

Thrashing and ripping the ties, extending my arms, legs, to their extremities.

I rage uncontrollably.

Screaming in my own world.

Lightheadedness

I fall

Crashing down in a submissive heap.

Unconsciousness takes over me, like a warm thick blanket.

I drift

The unrelenting churning stomach bounces me around in her thick toxic juices. I could feel the ribbed texture and veins across my naked body, Holding me tight, pressing against every limb. I knew I would eventually find my way inside this dangerous beast, despite my useless struggles.

I could feel her shaking and grinding as Jane continued to bring her to orgasm. The clenching knot, pressing across my entire body, forced the air out of me, as she finally came.

Fuck, the immense pressure

Oh god, everything crushed

Eventually, after what seemed like a lifetime she relaxed. Her slithering chamber returned to its natural state. Holding me close, like a hot wet sleeping bag.

I felt movement above me, something lifting, and Jane's words came drifting through above the gurgling bodily noises, and the slowing rhythmic beating of Rey's heart.

*"Sleep tight... both of you. I think I'm done here."*

I feel a double-tap through the skin.

I eventually stir from my slumber, sweating profusely, a heady musk of sex and salt.

I'm alone.

Jane had slipped away, like a thief in the night.

Did she know my intentions? How close she was to becoming another part of me, devoured and digested into my gut.

Maybe she was a clever cookie after all.

Still, it didn't matter, as I felt my stomach, clenching around a solid lump.

Toby.

I had my prize finally after all.

Satisfied, I stretched, cat-like, inspecting the slight red marks against my wrists.

Hmmm, she was right, it was rather nice.

Letting go.

Maybe I'll keep her, to do this again.

She was special.

I yawned, wondering how long Toby would give me these loving sensations.

It was a different feeling to previous 'meals'; he was hard, a solid lump, beating alongside my own heart. I wondered if he was sleeping. Was this as exciting for him as it was for me. I didn't ask, I was far too sleepy for conversion now.

I rolled onto my side curling slightly, the shower could wait till the morning.

Toby sank lower, shifting inside me. Sending a subtle fluttering wave.

Hmmm, nice.

Sweet dreams little passenger, maybe I'll see you too in the morning.

I smiled, slowly closing my eyes.

Sleep took me.

And I let it.

I let go.