

Image Short - Snake Food

by Maven Treecat

<https://www.weasyl.com/~maventreecat>

Commissioned by Kaithiel

Content Warning: Feral predator, soft vore, digestion, fatal

Based on the following image: <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/41727375/>

Art by DeanWolfwood

Kayte couldn't explain why she'd traveled so deep into the jungle during her hike. She couldn't justify leaving her clothes behind. Either way, it didn't really matter; the massive serpent that had coiled around her body wouldn't have understood even if she did have some meaningful reasons. It recognized her instinctively, without any doubts, as something she only nervously fantasized about: she was just live meat. Prime, squirming bunny meat.

As the squeeze tightened, Kayte couldn't stop from tittering anxiously. The feral snake's maw opened, strings of drool stretching and snapping as its jaw unhinged. The bunny looked into the cavernous depths, shuddering at how the slimy flesh undulated in anticipation. There was nothing from the snake but the plain desire to slide her in, whether she wanted it or not, and make her vanish down that dark turn.

And so it did, stretching its head over and down the tightly coil-kneaded and blushing rabbit.

Sq!rch...shllrr...glk...squelch...shllk...

Slowly, deliberately, it slid its meal in. Kayte groaned, her preyish desires flaring as she felt the once-in-a-lifetime experience of being devoured by a wild beast. It didn't so much swallow as ripple her down with gentle but insistent undulations. Inch by inch—languidly, over minutes—the bunny girl was engulfed by another creature's flesh, consumed, and removed from the world. All she could do was twitch in those powerful innards, trembling with anxious delight as her entire life had finally come to this: a single-use snack that wouldn't even be remembered by its proven superior.

The bunny didn't even make a bulge. Nobody could've known Kayte was there beneath those pretty scales, shifting in a spacious gut as the weak acids dripped and pooled around her body, sealed in gross confines to digest over the coming days. With so much time to spend embraced by that awful dream, there was little doubt the animal's lunch would have her anxieties melt away and fully embrace her role and end as snake food, passionate and in bliss as she surrendered her meat.