

I finally made it. After sneaking onto the movie set, avoiding staff and security, I had finally made it. My breath was caught in my throat as I stood before her dressing room door; gripping my pen tightly and holding the photo of her to my chest. I took a deep breath, trying to summon up some courage while I wondered just how long I was standing there, staring at the door.

It was the moment I was waiting for, my chance to finally get an autograph from her. It was impossible to get near her during any conventions, and not being press, I couldn't approach her otherwise.

But finally I had my chance.

I stared intently at the door while my head filled with thoughts of what lay behind it. What was she like in person? What did her dressing room look like? What was she doing right now? Perhaps a hundred questions flooded my brain as I stared at the fancy label on the door, indicating this room was hers.

I admired the font used for her name, and the pink, black and yellow colors used in the framing around it. "Lunette," I mouthed the name to myself. One name out of a few. Femmebreon, Desire, Moonbeam; I knew them all as any real fan should. And no, I'm not a stalker! I'm just a big fan. What kind of fan doesn't know about the one they idolize?

Anyway

I clutched my pen tighter while raising my fist, bringing it up to knock upon the door, only to pause with my knuckles just shy of the door; a nervous lump building in my throat. Shit. What if she wasn't there? And if she was, what do I say? I was totally trespassing. Maybe, "I'm your biggest fan?" lame, she's totally heard that one before. But I can also prove it! I've seen all her movies numerous times, even the indie stuff! I've watched all her performances, and I know of her stripper days. There's no better fan than me, and all I wanted was an autograph, nothing more.

I gulped down that nervous lump, summoned up the courage and finally knocked on the door; waiting in anticipation.

I waited for an entire minute. There was no answer.

I knocked again.

No answer.

Maybe she wasn't there? Another knock.

“Okay! Okay!” I heard her muffled voice from beyond the door that caused my heart to skip a beat. The voice of angel whose tranquility was disturbed. Thank goodness! She was there after all! Now all I needed to do was apologize profusely, get her autograph and--

“For fuck’s sake, Francis, this better be important! You know better than to interrupt my—mmf?!”

While I was mentally preparing my apology and seeing myself groveling at my feet in hoping for forgiveness, the door had swiftly swung open while she was in the middle of her speech. Instead of seeing who was at the door, she immediately stepped out and crashed right into me like I wasn’t even there; treating me to a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

For that one moment, time seemed to have slowed down to a crawl. Once that door opened, the first thing I saw was one of her designer tops from her Ringed clothing line: a white sleeveless shirt with a high collar, patterned like a diamond. This was the keyhole version; instead of her fashion line logo on the front, there was just a fashionable cutout to draw attention to one’s cleavage. The next thing I noticed was just how snug that top was around her bust; especially with the sudden delivery of my idol’s awe inspiring breasts being shoved into my face.

My mind practically melted. Her boobs were so warm and soft. It was as if they had accepted my face into their warm and welcoming embrace. Her dark fur was so smooth and fluffy, and felt amazing as her cleavage hugged around my face. She smelled wonderful; a feminine scent unlike any other, clearly from her perfume line. I briefly found myself in a relative heaven, that was until a very displeased voice reached my twitching ears.

“Excuse me?!”

I suddenly stumbled backwards, as if her chest had physically repelled me. I snapped to attention with my face quickly becoming boiling hot with embarrassment when I realized what happened. “Oh shit I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to uh...” I trailed off the moment a realization had settled in me.

She was tall. Really tall. And without shoes at that. She didn’t even have her usual heels on; those really expensive ones from her fashion line. The black ones with the golden heel tip and pink soles. Limited Edition. Women would commit murder just to get a pair.

With me in my sneakers that lifted me up by at least an inch, and her standing

bare-pawed, I was only eye level with her chest. She was a full head and then some taller than me, and I wasn't even counting her ears. It's not like I slouch in the height department, averaging about at 5'10", and I knew she was tall...just not this imposingly tall. I just didn't expect to be eye level with her chest, and I didn't expect to feel so...*small*.

It wasn't just her height it was like...well...her *everything*. The way she stood with such assertive, confident dominance with her curvaceous, athletic figure and the way she exuded such a powerful and overwhelming aura; it all made her seem like she was larger than she really was.

I could feel her eyes leering down at me and then I felt a strange pressure rolling over me all of a sudden. I was excited, I was nervous, and I was anxious. But I suddenly felt terrified.

That lump had found its way into my throat once again and my body had started to tremble. At that moment, for one reason or another, all I wanted to do was run. I held my items tighter and slowly raised my gaze to look her in the eye, and the moment I made eye contact with her, I froze. I felt paralyzed, like my entire body was petrified from her stare alone.

That sharp, burning gaze of her crimson eyes pierced me like an arrow; as if she wasn't just staring me down, but staring through me, right into my very soul. The glow with a predatory intensity behind that violet colored and golden trimmed mask. The mask she was never seen without for reasons unknown. Reasons that not even I knew; but rumors did say she wore it as a personal reminder of something...or someone. But I didn't have luxury to dwell on that wonder.

After what seemed like an eternity, her gaze suddenly left me as she turned her head to glance back and forth down the hall, and then back down to me. This time I didn't feel that pressure weighing me down like the press of a giant; I was able to move and able to breathe.

"Who are you?" Lunette regarded me. Her voice was sweet, yet sultry. Gentle, yet firm and commanding. "How'd you even get back here? I swear I'll have security's heads for this."

I gulped again, nervously raising the pen and photo. "H-hi, Miss Lunette. I'm uh...I'm a really big fan. I was wondering if I could have your autograph?" I managed to squeak out like a meek, nervous child. So much for working this out in my head.

She scoffed and took a step backwards, her hands resting on her thick hips. She looked me over once more and smiled. "Snuck your way back here just for an autograph? I'm impressed. Can't think of too many who's try to sneak on set just for that," She folded her arms underneath her prodigious bust and grinned towards me. "I suppose I can grant your wish."

My eyes lit up and my face suddenly felt so strange as I smiled an impossibly wide smile. My tail couldn't stop flicking in sheer glee as I held up the photo and pen to her; which she promptly took and signed, but didn't directly return them to me.

"I know you really wanted this, but are you really satisfied with some signature?" She asked with a light titter, "Don't you think something more...memorable would be better? A strong memory? An experience that would be impossible to forget?" Her eyes fluttered flirtatiously at me as she flashed a sly grin. I could practically feel steam coming out of my ears with how suddenly hot and bothered I was becoming.

I couldn't imagine what she was offering, but it sounded so...decadent. But very enticing!

I gulped once more, "Wh-well-what do you mean?" I stammered.

My idol, the umbreon of my dreams, just grinned. "Wouldn't you like to find out? Come on in," She said while stepping back into her dressing room, "Or don't. But I know you can't resist, especially since you wouldn't want to leave empty handed."

I never thought she'd be such a tease. But she caught me hook, line and sinker like the love and starstruck fool I was. With hardly any hesitation, I followed her; stepping into a space I thought would be forbidden to me for all eternity.

Perhaps it was just an exaggeration of my imagination; but it had almost seemed like I had stepped into somewhere absolutely magical. After all, it was the personal space of the woman of my dreams, the actress I practically worshiped. Within reason of course! I'm just a really big fan.

To my surprise, it was less of a dressing room and more of a cozy home-away-from-home sort of area. The floor was lined with lush, pink carpeting that even with my shoes on, I could tell how soft it was. No wonder she was barefoot.

The room itself was especially warm and cozy; with that nice, pleasing scent of hers wafting about. I can see why she was reluctant to answer the door; just from a few seconds of being in here, I instantly felt comfortable and relaxed.

There was the usual makeup counter, clothing racks packed with various outfits; many of which I recognized, and an area that seemed dedicated to just relaxing; a lounging couch and coffee table, which I quickly noticed was from her movie 'Mismatched', a thrilling romantic comedy about a giant woman seeking a suitor, but she only liked tiny guys.

There was that famous scene where she was having a conversation with a prospective lover with her feet propped up on that table while he was on it. There was some fun jokey criticisms about the director having a foot fetish, given the camera angles involved. That table would be worth a fortune in some circles.

Next to that area seemed to be another location closed off by a curtain. I could only guess it was some kind of private area, a spot to take a nap perhaps.

"Don't be **too** starstruck now," Lunette snapped me back to attention, "I promise I won't bite...not that hard anyway," She gave a sharp, toothy grin for emphasis; which worked exceptionally well at increasing my anxiety in the situation.

I watched as she walked over to a storage chest, which no doubt contained more outfits, and set down the pen and autograph on it. She looked back to me, still grinning while looking me over once more.

"Big fan huh? So tell me, what are your favorite movies of mine?" She asked rather sweetly.

My ears perked up with excitement at that question. "I uh, I really liked 'Curse of Mt Moon'. Those effects were incredible, you really had that giant monster thing down perfectly. It seemed so realistic. Though I did wonder about that short lived controversy about extras and stunt people disappearing on set."

She smirked. "That was to add a little **spice** to the film. People are a little...dull, when it comes to the magic of movies. They think they know how it all works, but add a little sprinkle of possible realism, and it becomes all the more engaging."

It made sense to me. Publicity like that would spike a sense of morbid curiosity. And for a film with so much smashing, was a smash hit.

"Any others?" She inquired.

"Oh, I'm not really a romcom guy but I really liked 'Mismatched'. The direction and camera work was topnotch and really...kind of hot, honestly. There were some crazy camera angles, you must have gotten some expensive little cameras for that," I replied.

"Oh you have no idea," Lunette snickered.

"I'm also a super huge fan of 'The Spy Who Shrank Me', that actually might be my favorite. Great action. The sensual scenes were so bold on being borderline risque. It was a little gruesome at times, but still amazing. I thought you made a wonderful villain, and that twist? Where it turned out the protagonist was actually the bad guy and you were the good one all along? A masterpiece!" I exclaimed.

When it came to the subject of her and her works, I was like a kid in a candy store.

"You really liked that one did you? Seems like you're a big fan of my...dynamics," She purred. She focused her eyes on me, still grinning, and slowly sashayed towards me with a rather hypnotic display of her hips. That hard lump found itself back in my throat as she stepped closer and closer; my body instinctively backing up until I bumped against the door.

Wait. When did the door close?

But before I could think further, she slammed her hands against the door on both sides of my head; staying close and cornering me. My ears splayed as I glanced up at her with our bodies only a foot apart.

"You remember this scene, don't you?" Lunette whispered.

My eyes slowly widened. How could I forget? It was right out of The Spy where she had cornered one of her targets. She had him against the wall, just like this. "Y-yeah..." I mumbled, "But we can't really reenact what came next, that was just a movie."

Her eyes lowered and her fingers drifted across my cheek, caressing it. "We can't? Oh you poor, sweet, little fool."

"I...huh?"

I wasn't sure what happened at that moment. Maybe because she touched me, maybe she looked at me a certain way, or maybe it was the words she said to me. But I felt that feeling from before again. That feeling of being pressed down with an overwhelming weight; except now it was in the pit of my stomach, trying to pull me down.

Her eyes lowered and she grinned once more. It wasn't that playful, flirtatious look from before, but now something more devious...or perhaps sinister. A look I've seen numerous times, that 'I've got you now', that predatory gaze and hungry smile once she cornered her prey. It was one thing to see it in the movies, but up close and personal? It was the sort of thing you couldn't put into words. It took my breath away and froze me

where I stood. It's like I had actually come face to face with a monster that was intent on devouring me.

"You're trembling, poor creature," She whispered, her eyes and fur patterned rings glowing sharply. "That's good," a pink tongue drifted over those black lipstick painted lips, "It really helps with the...method acting," She purred.

Was I trembling? I honestly couldn't tell. But the more she went on, the stranger everything became. I started to feel...weaker. Like the strength was being steadily drained from me. The warm fingers that caressed my cheek were becoming larger; her hand covering more of my face.

No.

It wasn't just her hand. ***Lunette herself was getting bigger.***

I parted my lips to let out a gasp. This was a one for one shot of the scene.

She was actually shrinking me?!

How is that possible?! Some kind of illusion? Was I drugged? It was explain this feeling in my gut, but this was impossible! This couldn't be real!

Both hands took hold of my face now as she bent down to my diminishing form. G-God...she was like an amazon to me now. A large, powerful wall of sheer lady-Umbreon and she was still getting bigger!

I knew what came next, but I was powerless to stop it. I was already powerless, but I was gradually getting weaker.

She took advantage of my open maw; her eyes fluttering shut as she pressed her lips to mine in a deep mismatched kiss. Her tongue forced it's way into my mouth; essentially occupying the entirety of it. I nearly gagged, it was so...so **BIG** that I could do little more than suckle on it like it were a popsicle.

Still, my mind was elsewhere somehow. Frantically trying to figure out how this was happening, how she was doing it. Did that mean all the effects in the movies were real? The camera angles, all those scenes, the growth, the shrinking. It was all legit? Just who the hell was this woman?!

I -gack-ed for air; her tongue had gotten way too big and was practically in my throat. Thankfully, she withdrew at that moment and stared down at me with a small trail of saliva still connecting our lips. I had to crane my neck nearly all the way back to look up

at her now, and she wasn't even standing at full height.

I couldn't believe what was happening. It was all too strange to be this real. Even as she stood up and my face was level with her stomach, I still couldn't believe it. Even though her tongue was practically down my throat, even though I could taste the dark sweetness of her lips. I just couldn't, there was no way.

I've seen this scene like a million times, I know how it plays out. I know how it ends. This could not be real!

I felt her hand grip the back of my head and forcefully pressed it against her stomach; forcing me to hear the rumbles and gurgles of an anxious belly. She was teasing me; telling me that I was going to be resting within her without saying a word.

I felt weaker still; her body swelled in size again.

"I have a treat for you," Lunette's words echoed in my ears from above in a dreamlike fashion. "We had to edit out this part of the scene. Ratings board was getting fussy about this and complaining that we were skirting the R rating."

Her body rumbled against me; I could literally feel her becoming more powerful as I got weaker. She wasn't just shrinking me, but more like she was draining me. I thought I knew everything there was to know about her; but I didn't know a thing. I didn't know who she was. I didn't know **what** she was. Was she some kind of all powerful otherworldly being that came here to amuse herself?

I had to be going crazy.

She positioned my head right up against her groin, burying my face into her sheer femininity while her thick, powerful thighs squeezed around my head. She really had it all in the right places; hips, thighs, a bubble of perfection. All of it packaged nicely into these soft, smooth leggings with a fashionable yellow colored design on them. I'd be more appreciative if I wasn't fearing for my life.

I had to try and do something. **Could** I do anything? She was so **strong**, so **powerful**, and getting increasingly so by the second.

She held me tighter; the scent of her own excitement starting to overwhelm me. Every breath I took was filled with **her**. My vision started to blur; all her sultry giggles and titters echoed in my ears in a dream-like fashion.

I brought my hands up to try and fight. To try and struggle. To fight against this feeling of helplessness. I gripped, clawed and squeezed at those ever enlarging thighs as they

slowly engulfed me; only to do little more than knead at them like some sort of impromptu massage. They were so soft on the surface with a powerful firmness underneath. She could crush my skull with them easily if she so inclined to. I then reached my arms forward and slapped my hands at her bountiful bubble butt, only to be met with a firm jiggle as her body rumbled with a delighted laugh all around me.

“Hey now, don’t slap my ass.”

She just laughed at me.

My attempts to try and fight were not only futile; all they did was just make her laugh. It was a joke to her.

“Or perhaps you’re just eager to pick out your resting place. Mmm? Is that it?” She purred, “Trying to decide which part of me you’ll add to when I devour you, is that it?” The Umbreon teased while squeezing her thighs tighter against me. “Makes you wonder just how many became part of my ass, doesn’t it? Or maybe my thighs, or my hips. Might even be friends of yours having a permanent bond with me?”

I couldn’t tell if she was being serious, or just acting it out. Her tone was so **convincing** and it added the proper weight to these actions. She was good. Really good. She deserved every award and accolade. Even if she gave directors and producers headaches, she always brought the results to prove the time invested in her was worth it.

She had me so terrified with her performance I was shaking like a bobblehead in an earthquake.

I tried to squirm. I tried to struggle. I tried to break free. But she just responded in kind by gripping me tighter, holding me firmer, and making me smaller and weaker. I fell limp against her and gave in. I surrendered myself to her and the uncomfortable gravitational pull of that sinking shrinking feeling.

It’d only take a few more moments before I found myself free of her grip as I shrunk out of reach. I craned my neck as far back as it would go; forced to gaze up, and up, and up, and up as she seemingly grew bigger, taller and larger from my perspective. I stared up past her thighs, then past her knees, then past her calves; my shrinking finally coming to a stop when I was around her ankles, now at the approximate mercy of her thick, black furred paws and those boulderous toes.

I kept my eyes on the skyscraper-esque beauty as she kept her eyes on me; an amused grin peeking over the curves of her breasts. She started to move, an action that served

to take my breath away. It was one thing to see something that big, it was another to see it **move**. Like a mountain had come to life; bending down towards me.

I could only stare in sheer awe of the spectacle of it all. I've seen this view numerous times, but only behind a screen. It was an entirely different experience in reality. I could make out all the details of her movements; her toes flexing and pressing into the lush carpet to brace her weight as she lowered herself into a squat. Those calves and thighs; flexing and bulging with strong, toned muscle as she brought her looming form closer. The light bounce and jiggle of her sky-consuming breasts, and everything else that came with the Lunette package. I could hear the fabric of her leggings stretching, I could feel a muted rumble under my feet as she brought her weight downward.

I didn't realize it then, but all of this was being burned into my memory for an unforgettable experience.

"Like what you see, short stuff?" Lunette taunted me once more, "You know what comes next, right?"

I flinched. We were heading towards the climax of the scene now. I gave myself a quick pinch to see if I was dreaming; there's no way this could be happening. She had to be messing around, even if I was shrunken. There was no way she'd actually eat me.

Right?

I flinched again as those fingers came down around me, her hands cupped, corralling me in to keep me from escaping. In the movie, her target tried to run away, and she had to trap him before it was too late. She used her hands to cut him off, then he tried escaping through her legs, only to be knocked over by her sweeping tail and was caught anyway.

Unlike the actor in that movie, I never made a move. I wanted to run; run as fast and far away as I could manage, but my legs wouldn't move. My body wouldn't move. I was frozen by the sight by the giant woman and her sheer presence around me. I'd probably piss myself if my bladder wasn't already empty.

"Good boy," Lunette giggled. The nerve of her. She was loving every minute of this.

I flinched for the 3rd time once her fingers started to move; making me feel as if I'd never get used to this. Her movements were so...intense. They were so swift and deliberate, even if she wasn't doing anything in particular. Even a giant robot doesn't move like this. It was so surreal and strangely captivating. I wonder if anyone else she worked with felt like this.

Each of her digits were like the size of tree trunks. Warm, soft fuzzy ones anyway; huge and thick in comparison to me. They slid closer, curling slightly to trap me in a more enclosed space. She wanted to hammer home the point that there was no escape; not that I had the strength to resist her any further. Even even if I did, what could I possibly do? Two of those fingers poked into me. Pushing me. Like two massive bullies muscling me around to which I could do little more than futility bat my hands at them. And as you'd expect, it was completely futile. She didn't even mock my attempts, that's how worthless my struggle was.

I was pressed into the palm of her other hand by those two digits, allowing for her thumb and middle finger to curl inward and pinch my waist. I could practically *hear* her grin from high above as she caught me. She then stood up, dragging me along with her sudden rise as she plucked me up; taking me on an intense elevator ride that left my chest and stomach feeling heavy as the world zoomed passed me.

The lady-eon left me with little time to gather my bearings before lifting me up towards her tooth-bearing smile. Those burning eyes were focused squarely on me; practically drinking me in while she looked me over with a hungry gaze.

"Ready for the climax?" Lunette purred, "Just so you know, I only do this in one take. For obvious reasons of course. So make it look good, my little appetizer."

There was something to be said about being asked a question where the answer didn't matter, but I neither had the luxury or wherewithal to even reply. Trapped in her grip with hardly the strength to struggle, I could only stare; completely entranced by her lovely lips shifting and opening while her tongue flapped and flicked as she formed words. It was just like the movie where the camera zoomed in at this point, but without the slow-mo that helped exaggerate and accentuate the moment. Though to be fair, viewing it in reality like this was a fair exchange. At least it would have been if I wasn't more concerned of being thrown in past those lips and down her throat.

My ears twitched to a delighted, rumbling purr echoing from her throat as she pursed her lips and brought them closer; squishing them against my entire body. I was effectively smothered by such soft, pillowy goodness while they pulled at puny form with a suckling kiss. She then pulled away with a smooching *pop* and smiled before licking her lips in a grand display before me; leaving my focus split between having my head swim from that dreamy kiss or be in terrified awe of such a simple action of licking one's lips being such a devastating visual.

"A final kiss goodbye," I murmured, still recalling the movie scene.

Lunette smiled. "You really are a big fan, huh? Well, big being the figurative part here," She continued to tease. "Normally this is the part where I toss you down the hatch, but I think I'll give you the Director's Cut here." She snickered before pressing those lips against me once more; this time with a greater, hungrier intensity. To the point where I felt she'd suck me right into her mouth with how hard she kissed. This time, her tongue entered the fray; the tip of that pink muscle poking and prodding at my love-assaulted face before dragging upward along it with a sampling lick.

My face was marred with her wet, thick, sticky, slimy drool and that was only the beginning of it all. She parted her lips and opened wide with a deep, breathy sigh; blasting me with a hot gust of her chocolate-scented breath. That humid heat wrapped around me like a warm blanket as she held me closer to her cavernous maw; giving me a front row view at those massive, spit-glistened rows of deadly teeth. Long tendril-like strands of saliva were arrayed about within her mouth; connecting features of her upper maw to her tongue. Whether she was hungry for me or not, she was making a show of it.

Her tongue came for me once more; that hot, wet, slick, broad, slippery organ pressing flat and firm against me before dragging upwards in a rough, overwhelming, forceful lick. Her licks carried such great, smothering force behind it; that I truly believed she could possibly break or crush me with her tongue alone if she was so inclined. She lapped and slurped at me over and over, subjecting me to a seemingly endless gauntlet of a squishy steamroller.

I was absolutely drenched in her saliva which worsened with each pass of her tongue; becoming wetter with each, smothering roll of her tongue. I had to time my breaths with the proper rhythm, lest I drown in her spittle for every time her salivation filled my mouth and nose. Gulp, breathe, endure. Gulp, breathe, endure. This must be how a lollipop feels.

I braced myself for another pass that never came; a signal for me to finally wipe the drool from my eyes so I could see once more. She was smiling, of course she was; this was nonstop entertainment for her. I next realized my clothes were completely ripped. My shirt was mere strips and my pants were torn. And she did this with her tongue alone!

In that moment, I wondered how the actor felt during the scene. Was it this real? Did he ever have another role in another film or show? Or was he... *gulp* ... **part** of her now?

Lunette sighed delightfully, buffeting me with her breath once more before licking her lips slowly and rather seductively. "A little salty with a bit of a warm, smooth flavor,"

She smacked her lips and snickered, "You're afraid," She surmised. "That salt? That's fear. But you're also overwhelmed with wonder," She grinned, "You can't comprehend what's happening, but I suppose that's to be expected."

My eyes widened, "You can tell my feelings just by *tasting* me?"

"Well, I can also do it by smell, but that does have a tendency to make me absolutely voracious," She purred before slurping loudly; pulling back some wayward drool, "It's unsightly of me to get so hungry in front of a fan, but I guess you're less of a fan and more of a fun-sized morsel," She licked her lips again. "I want to savor this," She whispered, drawing me closer towards her parted lips.

I soon found myself peering into the humid, toothy abyss as she slipped part of me into her mouth. Her lips then closed and pressed tightly around my body; leaving half of me within that damp darkness. Those luscious lips then squeezed against me with a vacuum-like force; suckling on me as if I were a piece of candy. I was again at the mercy of that merciless muscle; her tongue slapping and slathering all over me with reckless abandon.

It was then pulled in further into that darkness as she slurped me in; as if a set of hands had grabbed me to yank me into her heated maw. I could barely see, I had no idea it was this dark in someone's mouth. A lot different from the movies where they had lights illuminating her mouth; I shuddered to think there were actual people in here setting that up.

I was thrown onto a soft, squishy and lightly bumpy surface; the tongue that I was all too familiar with by now. It wiggled and undulated underneath me like a water bed come to life. It swiftly rose, slamming and squishing me against the ridged roof of her maw. I was helplessly pinned as my favorite actress continued to handle me like an edible treat. She eagerly suckled upon me in the midst of throwing me about within her mouth; her tongue wrestling me with such expertise I felt like a novice who had stepped into the ring for the first time. I was tossed over one row of teeth and pressed against her inner cheek for numerous, seemingly endless moments only to be thrown to the other side to repeat the process.

"Mmmmm..." Her enjoyment boomed and echoed all around me while her tongue vibrated intensely with deep, delighted purrs. Bruised and battered by tooth and tongue; my mind wandered in that moment. I wondered just how many came before me, how many were thrown into this gateway into the abyss. The realization of being food for her was settling into my brain.

Nah, not even food. I was just a singular treat. A piece of a candy, a single potato chip. I wouldn't even be a satisfying meal.

Her tongue then folded over me like a parlor trick was being performed; squishing me in between like meat in a sandwich.

I was beyond terrified of what was happening. I was engulfed by a nerve wracking dread that came with the knowledge that I was about to be **swallowed alive by this woman**. Yet at the same time, I was overwhelmed with how impressive it all was. It was one thing to take in the situation of it all, it was another to realize the finer details. I was no match for her fingers, her lips, or her tongue. There wasn't a part of her I could handle. I was literally knocked down to the bottom of her food chain. Everything I was in life, everything I knew; it meant nothing here.

It was such a strange and incredible feeling. Was I accepting this? I couldn't tell. All I could do was ride the wave of her tongue as I felt the gravity shift. She tilted her head back and her tongue was working me towards her throat. I scrambled about and tried to grab onto that organ for dear life, but it was far too slick and soft to properly grip. My screams were drowned out by her sounds of pleasure once I felt myself slip and slide right down her awaiting throat.

Soon I was gripped and squeezed on all sides by those muscles; each bone rattling *ulp* serving as a signal to push me down. Gulp. Push. Gulp. Push. Until I was finally released into the heated confines of her stomach. Next thing I knew, I lost consciousness.

I suddenly felt a rush of fresh air flow into my lungs, causing me to suddenly awake with a desperate gasp. My eyes shot open and I found myself staring at the ceiling of Lunette's dressing room; quickly realizing I was laid upon the lush, carpeted flooring. I quickly sat up and took a glance around the room, seeing everything at their normal, proper size. I then saw Lunette lounging on the couch with her feet propped up on the table; holding some tiny figure by its striped tail, dangling them in front of an amused face. I couldn't tell from where I was sitting, but they seemed to be some kind of chocolate colored raccoon-like creature. Might have been some kind of doll...or worse, an actual tiny person. I shuddered at the thought.

But wait, that can't be right. I was just devoured alive? How was I here? And with my clothes still intact?

Our eyes quickly met and she promptly shoved the tiny thing deep into her cleavage before rising up from her seat to walk over to me.

"Well. Well. Look who's back in the waking world? Had a nice snooze?" She grinned down at me. A very all knowing grin that confirmed what I experienced actually happened.

"How—"

"Did you get here?" She interrupted, "Wouldn't you like to know?" She said while lowering down the signed autograph to me. "Tell me, how do you feel right now? What do you remember?"

I gingerly took the signed photo from her while staring up into those devilish eyes. "I..." I trailed off once I started to think, then it all hit me like a truck. I could still feel the heat of her mouth all around me, the smell of her breath, the feeling of her tongue all over me. I distinctly remember the sensation of being devoured. "You...you really ate me," I murmured.

"Good," She snickered while stepping backwards, "Better than a simple autograph, no? That sensation will be burned into your mind forever. You'll never forget it. You might even dream about it, or have **nightmares** about it. An unforgettable experience, no?"

I gulped and took the moment to stand to my feet, "But, how am I here?"

"Movie magic," She replied simply. Clever girl.

"But...is this okay? I mean, aren't you worried I'd tell someone? N-not that I'm threatening you, but wouldn't have been in your best interest to um," I gulped again, my eyes drifting to her thighs and her hips, "M-make me a part of you?"

Lunette laughed. A gleeful and delighted laugh. There was no malice or mocking in her laughter. It was genuine, like I had told her a funny joke. She then smiled sweetly and shook her head, "Why would I do that? I was just giving an unforgettable treat to one of my biggest fans. It wouldn't do me or you any good, right? Think of the movies you'd miss out on, and besides," She purred before stepping towards me, leaning forward slightly to bring her face uncomfortably close to mine. "Who would believe you anyway? You being **alive** to tell the tale means I never devoured you. You'll remember, and I'll remember," She paused to lick her lips, "But no one else would ever know."

She then gave me a light kiss on the nose and backed away, giving me my freedom to leave.

Just like that, she sent a sharp chill up my spine; not from just her words, but how she seemed to speak in slow motion. I focused on her lips, her teeth, the movements of her

tongue. She did it on purpose to make sure I didn't forget, and to hammer the point home that not only could I not tell anyone. I wouldn't want to.

I'd probably remember that mouth forever. For better or for worse. I simply nodded my head, and turned to leave, clutching the photo to my chest.

"Don't forget me, okay?" She said sweetly before I opened the door and walked out, closing it behind me.

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"Sorry about the wait, little thing," Lunette said while fishing out her tiny treat from between her breasts. "I had a surprise guest that interrupted our little lunch date, and he left me with quite the raving appetite." She walked back over to the couch and plopped down on it before raising her secret plaything up to her eyes, "So where did we leave off?"

Fin.