Feeder Rat

Eren sighed, doom-scrolling through post after post, and bad-take after bad-take, on twitter. The cream furred rat settled back in the bright orange metro bench, as the train rattled deeper and deeper into the night. It was late on a Thursday, and Eren knew that he had another twelve hour day at the office tomorrow. Just like always.

"Heyyy..."

He had thought he was on the train alone, so when a soft, slithering whisper slinked into his ear, the rat jerked, phone flying across the compartment and clattering against the window. He turned, mouth opening and eyes furrowing in surprise and anger, and-

Big.

He found himself nose to nose with a snake, whose head was filling up the entire width of space in the aisle of the train. The rest of its body was back through the doors, in the previous carriage. Its head, with its yellow-scaled underjaw and green flecked head, was here though.

"Uh..." Eren said, glancing over to where his phone had landed. He couldn't see it, but he knew it landed on the floor. He moved to stand up, "I need to get-"

"Shhh.... sssssit back down." The snake said, shifting further into the carriage, and blocking Eren's exit. Well, not blocking, Eren could still slink out, but he would have to rub against the nose or the jawline of the large snake. He looked down the length of the carriage, but there was nobody there, nobody he could signal to. It was just him and the snake.

Eren sat back down, feeling extremely self conscious in his rumpled business shirt and tight-fitting slacks. It wasn't that they were tight because he wanted to show off, it was just that...

He ate a lot of frozen pizzas.

"You are a plump one, aren't you?" The snake said, as it pressed into Eren's row of seats. Eren shifted backwards, scurrying until his shoulders were against the window. The dark tunnel passed by with flashes of white lights, as the snake snuck closer.

"I'm... not plump," Eren said. He looked down at himself, at the way his belly bulged out over his waistline, and, mortifyingly, at the fat ridge of rat cock that was making itself suddenly VERY noticeable along the crease of his thigh. He pulled his briefcase over top of his lap, blushing hotly. "I'm just... forty."

"Sssssssure," The snake hissed, as it slid behind him, along the seat. "Lean forward..."

"I, why?" Eren said, as the snake pushed and nosed behind him. He did stand, not even thinking about it, but turned to face the snake as it slid along the window. It's glassy, black eyes following him, and as it curled over the seat in front of him, it kept turning to watch him.

Eren backed up, feeling the large, cool, \*heavy\* bulk of the snake's scales behind him. Oh, fuck. He blushed further, realizing that the snake was coiling him, entrapping him inside its big, hungry body. "Look, I'm... not that kind of rat, I don't-"

"You are." The snake said, and its tongue slipped out into the air in front of him. Of course it did. Snakes were horrible. It tickled against the bulge between his legs, and Eren stammered at the way the snake just knew that.

"I'm.. look, it's fear. I'm afraid, you're terrifying me," He mumbled, as he pushed against the floor, trying to move the big snake coil back and away from him. If he could get into the aisle, he could scurry over, get his phone, yeah...

The snake sipped the air again, head moving past Eren, and now Eren could feel MORE of the snake's body pressing against him, now wrapped entirely around him. The snake's body was as wide across as he was tall, or very nearly. Eren could feel the lazy coolness, like stone, wrapping and entombing in the hungry predator's coils.

"Goddammit, why are you... doing this? I don't want to be eaten! You're going to eat me, right? That's what snakes do!" ERen said, accusingly, as the snake gently lifted and twisted him up, black business loafers falling off of his feet as he kicked his legs in the air. There was an exhilaration in being lifted up like this, the power to move freely being taken from him.

"I wasn't going to..." The snake teased, "But I guess you want me to, so.."

"I don't!" Eren protested, but even he knew it sounded like a lie. Even if it wasn't! "I'm a rat! I mean, I'm a citizen! I have a job! I pay my taxes! I have Stranger Things on my DVR at home! I have things to do!"

"Not anymore, you don't..." The snake corrected him. "You've been promoted. Now your job... is to be my tummy fat."

Eren squirmed, cheeks hot as he realized that somehow his pants had slid down, that his slacks were hanging from his ankles. Which meant that his erection was jutting between the coils of the snake that was wrapped around him. "This isn't fair, you can't do this to me!"

"Certainly I couldn't, not without your help," The snake said. "Besides, you won't be missing much. The last season of Stranger Things was terrible, they-"

"Spoilers! Nahnuahmnuah, don't say anything, just let me go!" The poor rat squirmed as the snake's head came closer, holding him simply, up in the air, his head nearly pushed up against the advertisement for America's Next Top Idol on the ceiling of the train.

The coils around his chest loosened, and the snake tasted at the rat, tongue flicking along his throat and against the rat's jawline.

"I know you want this, even if you don't, yet. You will, once you're inside, but for now, I think you'll just have to trusssssst me." The snake said. "Now, delicious morsel, you should take off your shirt. I hate the taste of detergents in my snacks."

"I'm not a SNACK, I'm a PRODUCT ANALYSIS MANAGER," Eren protested, fumbling with the buttons of his shirt with shaky hands. "The quarter's end is almost here, and if you eat me, I'll-"

"Have to miss all those zoom meetings, I know. Such a shame, and I bet you really wanted to go over those TPS reports again, for the fifth time, to your stupid bosssssss, didn't you?" The snake teased.

Eren looked up at the snake, who smirked smugly back at him, his shirt pulled off and hanging from his hands. He dropped the shirt on the ground, and then folded his arms across his chest, the warm humid air from outside of the train being blown across his naked shoulders.

"That's not fair, you're using my hatred of my job to justify eating me! Even if digesting in a snake's belly would be five times more enjoyable than filling out my expense reports, that's still manipulative!" Eren said. He stared into the snake's maw, the two fangs drooling with saliva or venom, that long pink tunnel that darkened the further in he looked, that long pink tongue that could twine and wrap around almost anything. His erection ~throbbed~. "But I don't like that you just assumed that because I'm a rat, you could just gobble me up, like-"

"Shhhh," the snake said, as it loomed closer to him. Eren realized he was being turned downwards, head first towards the snake. "Food doesn't talk. Enjoy this feeling, prey, it's what you've always been destined for."

Eren sputtered, but he couldn't think of any words to say, as he began to be sheathed into the snake's mouth. The words wouldn't have mattered, anymore, and he was just using them to avoid thinking about how fucking turned on he was right now. He was about to be ~eaten~, by a big, hungry snake who didn't care about his credit score or if his car was electric or diesel, it just saw him as meat to be devoured.

Eren whimpered as his nose pressed against the snake's tongue, dry and smooth and damp and rough, all at once. The poor rat squirmed, toes flexing as he tried to push, but whether it was to push away or further in, he didn't want to think about it. His tail had been caught and bent upwards along his back, and it swatted against the back of his head, as if trying to beat some sense into him.

He couldn't just let this happen! He couldn't just surrender to snake gullet! He wasn't food! He had fought so hard to NOT be snake food!

The snake's maw was warmer than he expected, but it was still cool and slick as it folded around his head. He could feel the pricks of teeth, teasing against his shoulders and chest, as the snake slowly push-popped him out of the coils and into its maw. He was able to wiggle his arms free, as the snake's tongue teased up against his belly button, tickling inside of it.

"Is this going to hurt?" He asked, as he reached down, gripping against the very last of the snake's teeth, holding them as if to brace against them. "I don't want it to hurt..."

"Not at all," the voice breathed, from all around him at once, deep and soothing and tickling the base of his brain. "You'll squirm... cum... and then fall asleep. I've never had any complaints."

Eren shivered, ears folding back as he felt fangs press along his belly, along the small of his back. He could imagine himself, half inside the snake's maw, and only now had he reached the back of the serpent's mouth, his face pressing into the slick, glistening folds. His snout pressed into it, into the much snugger, intimate wetness of the snake's throat.

Thousands of generations of his ancestors had gone this same route, exactly like he was now. Despite everything he fussed and worried over in his modern day world, he was still just a rat, and this was still just a snake, and that meant he was the snake's food. That didn't mean it was fair though!

His erection scraped against the serpent's fangs, pushing dangerously against the smooth enamel, flossing between the two dangerous lower teeth. The snake's tongue found it, and Eren's mortified HUFF caused a slight chuckle, as it teased and wrapped around his proud, firm appendage.

Eren couldn't remember anyone else being able to do anything like THAT before, the rat futilely pretending to struggle, but the pleasure and deft manipulations were, in their own way, quite hypnotizing. The act of being swallowed, of being sheathed into the snake's throat like this, with dangerous teeth all around him, threatening to puncture or maim if he tried to escape. It made the prey part of his brain roar to life, making him hunch against that tongue and nose deeper into the gullet that welcomed him.

It was wrong! He shouldn't be... enjoying this, but he was. Already his ears and whiskers were slicked back against his cheek and head, the snake's throat slick and slimy, smearing across him. His tail flicked, freed from the coils now as he was gripped and held only around the thighs by the snake's coils now, and he curled it helplessly around whatever he could that was still outside of the snake's muzzle.

He found something, a flopping heavy thingie, and realized when the snake chuckled that he had snared his tail, curled it around one of the train's triangular metal standees. His feet, the only part of his legs not wrapped up in the coils, tried to kick, to find purchase, and if asked Eren would say that he was trying to find purchase so that he could push himself away from the snake. But he knew better.

He felt his slacks slide down off of his right foot, a thump heard even through the snake's throat as his wallet slapped against the floor of the train. He whimpered; there was something deeply ironic about this. He had been worried about taking the train so late, that someone might steal his wallet.

Instead, they were stealing everything else!

His shoulders pressed into the gripping gullet, his head turned slightly downwards, and he found that there was juuuust enough of a pocket of air between his shoulders and his nose that he was able to breathe. At least... for now. He squirmed, hips flexing, shoulders twisting back and forth, but the snake lifted its nose upwards to the ceiling. Suddenly, his weight was working against him. He reached back, his hands being naturally pushed down to his sides, but he tried to reach back to maybe grab the lip of the snake, something he could hold onto to keep himself from going any further. It was sooo... slick, so slimy, so... sexy.

His erection ground against the snake's tongue, as it teased and stroked along his shaft. He had always been quite pleased with this maleness; it was his and it had served him well. His fat rat balls ached as the tongue twined and twisted around them, his dick leaking against it as the snake so impersonally tasted at his intimate flesh. They ached because Eren hadn't even thought of jerking off for the last week or so. It looked like he wouldn't be getting the chance to do that this weekend.

Eren bucked his hips as he felt his biceps slide past the snake's tonsils, as the snake's fangs prickled and chewed slowly over the top and undersides of his thighs. Dammit, why was this snake chewing and teasing him like this?!

He couldn't do ANYTHING now, he was completely helpless, just snake food sliding down an endless slide, so why was he so turned on?! It felt good, being held and caressed all over like this, the pressure pleasant but not crushing. His chest slid in, and the coils left his legs, leaving his lower legs to kick and thrust out into the air. It was almost entirely performative, of course - even if he got someone's attention, were they going to help him out? Of course not. He realized that his underwear had been pushed down by the snake's coils, and that it was flapping around from one ankle, but he thrust and kicked, toes splaying and clenching as he tried to at least find something. Maybe he could hook an ankle around a pole and use his core strength to pull him out. He could do that, right?

He grunted as the snake pulled back, or perhaps downward - either way, his tail stretched, slowly being pulled away from the passenger hoop that it had latched onto. Now just his calves and feet and tail hung from the snake's maw; the rest of him was one big, squirming bulge just underneath the snake's head. He wondered how many other bulges there were, further down - was the snake clearing out the entire train? Figures it would do that the one night he decided to ride it!

Eren felt a shift, the peristaltic grip of the throat grabbing around his soft tummy. It gripped and pulled down, 'pushing' his belly upwards which slid his shoulders upwards which forced his nose upwards. His hands grasped but got only slick throat goo between his fingers, snake lube designed to make gulping down big pudgy product analysis managers easier. He felt lips closing around his feet, folding them upwards, that tongue curling and noosing around his left foot and teasing, tickling between his toes.

"Unnngh!" He whimpered, deep into the snake's belly fat that he was about to join, as the snake began to shift and sway. He could feel his shoulders pressed to the left, and then to the right, as the snake shifted down the train. The rat's shirt, pants and undies, his wallet and cell phone, all left behind - but not the rat itself. The rat, Eren, was now completely inside the snake. He felt those lips seal smugly around his toes, just six inches or so of rat tail hanging between those lips, and the snake even playfully pinched on it as it swallowed him down, so that he could feel those last few inches of the external world slip away.

And then it was gone.

Eren was inside the snake, completely entombed, a pudgy cream colored rat squirming and thrusting against a snake's slimy gullet. How many other rats had been swallowed down this exact same throat? Would the snake remember him, or was he just a happy meal? A big mac to devour and be forgotten?

Eren squirmed, huffing hotly as his entire body was caressed and squeezed by the snake's innards. He grasped at himself, as he felt the snake's throat get thinner and tighter around him. He had been devoured. Gobbled up like some rogue piece of candy.

Was swallowed alive. Food. Just a piece of meat to be digested and turned into snake fat. He couldn’t help himself, the rush of sensations and taboo arousal was too much. His paws found his erection, trapped against the already gurgling walls of his fleshy tomb. It was... embarrassingly slick, for him to push his erection into that slick wall, fat balls throbbing with the last change he was EVER gonna get to empty them out.

'Well, what else am I gonna do? I'm just a feeder rat, now,' he thought to himself, and that thought made his balls *lurch*. 'I'm just *food*. Waiting to be *digested.*'

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The train reeled to a stop, and Jovin stepped onto the train, scrolling through twitter. Same boring shit, different day. The cottontail reached up, taking a grip of the passenger ring without much thinking of it, and the doors closed behind him.

"Hnggghhh..." he heard, from directly beside him. And then, a wet gurgling sound. He looked to his left, and saw a long snake belly, stretching from one end of the carriage to the other. There were... men's clothing on the ground next to him. Slacks, a briefcase, a pair of glasses. And, in front of him, above those clothes, a bulge was squirming. A living bulge, that, as he watched, seemed to be... doing something very quickly to itself around the middle. Jovin blushed as he realized what.

He looked down the other length of the carriage, and saw that the snake had lifted its head, smiling knowingly at him. It opened its mouth, showing off its fangs, showing off the soft, welcoming, pink gullet. A gullet that had just... swallowed someone. Whole.

Jovin blushed, hotly, backing up against the pole of the train, suddenly acutely aware of the bulge that his dick was making in the front of his khakis. Did it want to... eat him? And why did he find the idea.... so hot?!