

When you hear the approaching footfalls, you can't help but try—for the hundredth time—to escape your bindings. Hell, you have nothing to lose by trying, even if it fails again, right? But of course this time, just like every other time does nothing. You can barely move your wrists, let alone your fingers or the rest of your hand. Damn these ropes, and this meat hook...

The door opens, and you're hit with a small wave of warmth. Finally; it's so cold in this freezer you're wondering if you have hypothermia. Maybe you do, for all you know. The thought makes a shiver run up your spine, though that could just be the freezing temperatures.

You look up at the doorway, moving your head the best you can to not brush against the meat hook near your back.

As expected, it's Sunnie. The snake-woman gives you a smile; she seems cheerful, but of course you're anything but. "Hey there meatsack!" she calls out, starting to approach you. "I've found you a wonderful buyer, so guess what? Time to take you down!"

"Oh god finally," you blurt out before you've fully processed all of her words—being suspended and bound like this has been nothing but *painful*. But then, you realize what else she said. "Wait, what?! I—" You choke, starting to sputter. "I *told* you, I'm not meat, or food, or whatever! Why don't you just let me go?!"

But she just laughs. "Maybe you weren't before but you are now! And I'm sure you'll make a wonderful dinner for them tonight."

Your heart starts to pound. "No no no you can't—you can't do that!"

"On the contrary, dearie, I do it every day," she replies, gingerly taking you down from the hook. You can't help but sigh in relief; the hook was really digging into your back. She adjusts your position in her claws so that she's holding you in a bridal carry, her round, soft body brushing against your naked form.

Now that you're lying down, instead of being suspended, it's much easier to see your own body, too. God; you've gained at least 50 pounds since this crazy snake snatched you. Memories of tube feedings run through your head as you see their full effects; she'd said something about fattening up "meat", but you didn't realize you've gone this soft. Your belly is so round it looks like you swallowed down a globe...

"Alright, let's get going then!"

Your head jerks up. "No—!"

She slaps a hand over your mouth, forcing something between your jaws. It takes you a moment to realize it's a ball gag. Sunnie lifts her hand, smiling at how muffled your cries have become. "That's much better...!"

With that, she carries you out to the front of the store, where a woman you've never seen before is standing in front of the counter.

She has curves everywhere, along with thick thighs and a huge belly. Her long tail is quite thick, too...wait, is she a kangaroo?

"Here you are Sylvi!" Sunnie says to the other individual, interrupting your thoughts. "Trust me, you'll love this one..."

"I think I will," the newcomer agrees, giving you an avaricious look.

"Just don't take off the bindings & gag until the time is right," Sunnie tells Sylvi, giving her a wink.

"Oh, I won't.~"

And soon enough you're unceremoniously being carried down the street by the kangaroo lady, slung over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes, any and all passerby ignoring your muffled screams for help.

"Oh, hush," Sylvi tells you, laughing. "We'll be at my apartment soon. Then the real fun can begin..."

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Her apartment looks nice enough. It's spacious, too, far too big for one person. Does she live with someone? Or maybe she just got lucky? You'd almost be curious, if it weren't for the circumstances behind your coming here.

"I've been told that Sunnie's store has the best living meats around here," Sylvi says, putting you down on a large platter. "I'm excited to find out..."

She reaches a hand down, rubbing your belly, then squeezing it. You're surprised by how much she's able to pinch, how much give your body has now. "Oh yeah, that's how I like my meat," the woman murmurs happily. "Nice and fatty..."

Her other hand reaches for your mouth, finally removing the ball gag. "What do you think?" she coos, giggling. "Aren't you a fatty?"

"I..."

You want to say 'No!'—after all, you *definitely* weren't this round before Sunnie took you. But now...

“I remove the gag and you have nothing to say?” Sylvi teases. “How boring...”

You feel something brush against your arm, and jump in surprise—or at least, you would if you weren’t bound. Instead, only your head jerks to look at your arm, and you’re surprised to see the tip of the kangaroo’s tail starting to snake up your body. “Just going to feel that softness for myself...” she murmurs, her tail lying on your chest now.

“I...I...I...” You’re not sure what to say. “Don’t eat me!”

Her tail’s started to wrap around your body now, capturing you in a deadly, coiling hug. As her tail starts to take more and more of you, she removes Sunnie’s bindings in turn. The ropes that held you are being replaced by living coils... “Oh, that I can’t do,” she informs you. “I paid good money to Sunnie for her best, *fattest* meat, and I intend to enjoy it...”

“No!” you protest, even as her tail continues coiling you. “No no no; let me go!”

And now, you’re completely embraced by her tail, held in place by warm, fleshy coils. Sylvi looks at you hungrily, licking her lips as uses her tail to lift you up up up, right next to her face.

Finally, she speaks.

“Why should I let you go,” she whispers, “when you’re sure to taste so good?”

Then, she opens her maw wide, and engulfs your entire head.

You barely have any time to scream before she swallows, an impossibly loud *gulp* that sends you from just behind her teeth to partly down her throat. It’s *then* that you scream, even knowing escape is impossible, even as you feel her saliva dripping on your body, and her tongue eagerly licking and tasting you. At one point, she even licks your naked asshole, chuckling to herself when you whimper in protest; her tongue penetrates despite your protests, and you know she’s *enjoying* this. That makes you want to scream again, but before you can, there’s another booming *gulp* that sends the rest of you down—and you begin to tumble down her throat.

Her throat is a fleshy tunnel that eagerly takes you in, widening just enough to hold you and no more. You slide down with ease, unable to stop any of it, having no choice but to go down the seemingly never-ending tunnel.

Finally, you emerge into a bigger space, landing with a splash.

This space, too, is only wide enough to hold you, and somehow that clues you in to exactly where you are: her stomach.

“No...!” you scream, but right then, you feel something press on your chamber—her hands?—in order to rub your body through the stomach’s walls.

“Hush,” Sylvi murmurs. “It’ll be over soon...”

“No!!! I don’t want it to be over! I don’t want to die! I—”

Her hands press more firmly, almost groping you now—and stopping your protests as the constricting of your space starts to make you feel woozy. Are you running out of air?

“A girl’s got to eat,” she tells you. “And good, fatty meat is definitely one of my favorite dinners.”

“No...” you say again, your words much softer this time as a wave of exhaustion passes over you. The kanga-woman presses on the belly walls again, eager to grope you, eager to feel you melt away.

That’s the last sensation you feel before you fall into sleep, never to awaken.