

Fela's a budding actor: the goat has earned himself a few gigs, just starting to breach into an acting career of his own. It's a vicious industry, one that'll eat you alive if you're not determined—metaphorically, of course! His most recent endeavor has been a local call, a modern action-fantasy movie: as a side character, he wasn't privy to the whole script or concept. In fact, the bulk of his scenes were either in the background, a crass comment here and there, and for the protagonist, late in the film, to make a lesson out of him for those who doubted his power.

Said protagonist is a little bit of a local legend, someone that the goat rather looked up to, at first: Alvor, a donkey with vivid green fur and a trademark smirk.

That smirk carried with it a rather stubborn and haughty attitude, but he had the acting prowess to back it up: he played a convincing, power-hungry protagonist, and that's exactly what the director wanted. The director is... an odd canine, that's for certain. He spoke highly of his own concept, that this experimental, mid-budget film was destined for stardom!

Fela... had his doubts, but if he was leaving with a paycheck, then the director could believe anything he wanted.

...However, when the director and *Alvor* approached him, a fair way into filming, a new doubt was seeded. Alvor's attitude had *shifted*, sporting a...hesitant excitement rather than his standard pretentiousness. The director was starry-eyed, the canine's tail swishing eagerly behind him as he clapped a paw on Fela's shoulder.

"Fela, ol' fella!" The director yips with a grin. "There's something that Mr. Alvor and I would like to discuss with you, pertaining to your upcoming scene—the mini-showdown one, yes— and some... edits to the script we'd like to propose. You're not in trouble, don't you worry," the fast-talking canine assures, which does little to quell Fela's budding anxiousness. "In *fact*... this could be the opportunity of a lifetime for you!"

Curiosity piqued, Fela's ears perk up, although a certain... vagueness to the director's words unnerves him. "Yeah? What're you thinking?"

"*Well*, with how your little scrap is written currently, it seems that even with our run-throughs, it's less... riveting than I'd like it to be. Nothing against you both, of course: with the film's surrounding content, it seems to fall short. However..." The director claps a paw against Alvor's back, the green-furred donkey meeting his grin with one of his own. "Alvor has proposed an *alternative* route to that conflict... one that's a *lot* more serious and exciting, and will truly show the extent of the protagonist's power and view of his abilities."

"Something to utterly *convince* the audience that the protagonist is powerful and has a dominance over his peers—we propose," the director says. "That your character is eaten, and digested in-scene."

A pause. Fela's eyes widen, choking on his own tongue as he sputters out a "*what?!*"

"Consider it! Your name will be in cinematic history, and this film will be utterly iconic with its devotion to realism! Alvor possesses the ability to handle large meals, and this is your guarantee into a fate of stardom! Fela, please *consider*," The director pleads. And, despite the utter absurdness of the proposal, the fate it implies for the goat...

Fela accepts.

Of course, it wasn't *that* simple of a convincing. His family will be given his paycheck several times over, and the days leading up to his final scene will be luxurious. His accreditation will be widespread, and...

Well, Fela can't quite deny that it's a concept that, in fiction, at least, he *quite* liked. But having it happen to him? In *reality*?

It's riveting, thrilling, terrifying—and... oddly assuring.

His dream career, a beloved actor, is a nigh impossible one. It's a vicious industry that will eat you alive—and maybe, such a fate will memorialize him among the actors of yore.

...

And all too soon, it's filming day.

The starry-eyed, high-aspiring nature of the director is practically contagious, Fela practicing his new lines with an inspired vigor—and even getting to know Alvor a lot better! Fela wouldn't be surprised if the *change* was proposed by the donkey, but he has to hand it to him: it most certainly will make the scene's purpose a *lot* more convincing, and while the *act* of vore is uncommon but not unheard of, it's hardly been done in cinema, and *never* as explicitly as the director plans.

The day starts early, make-up crew gets him ready while Fela signs through a final stack of consent forms, cameras are wheeled into position, lighting is set up—

It *still* doesn't feel real, even when the director holds a paw up, and yells "*Action!*"

It's an organization's backrooms, a steel-hued set. Various members of some guild (Fela's *still* not entirely sure, even when he got to read the whole script) are scattered around, propped against walls or sitting on crates. Alvor—the newest member, the fastest riser, and despised by the pre-existing members seemingly cast aside—pushes past a heavy set of doors, hinges creaking as his heavy footfalls thud through the facility.

Heart racing, Fela moves with purpose, stepping away from a wall and moving to block the donkey's path. Silently, the other members move in the background, blocking the protagonist's exit, although the cameras only graze over them, shifting to pinpoint on the stand-off between the goat and donkey.

"*Greenie*," Fela scowls. A few low chuckles rise from the surrounding lackeys.

"Runt," Alvor replies coolly. His tail swishes lazily behind him, not a care in the world. "You'd better move. I've got better—*bigger*—things to do than to entertain the whims of a powerless grunt like yourself. So, if you would," Alvor smirks. "Step aside."

Fela forces the thundering in his chest aside—he's only got *one take*, he's got to play this *perfectly*. "You're the newcomer. The fresh meat of the force. And *you*," he hisses, taking a step forward as his hooves *clack* against the concrete floor. "Think you're hot shit. Thinking you *own* the place, when we've spent *years* earning our positions. You're a pretentious *fraud*," he growls. Another *clack* as he draws near. "And you—"

A green arm *darts* forward, hooves *clutching* Fela's neck. The pressure is harmless, but Fela lets out a convincing, choked bleat as he's cut off, and *yanked* closer to the donkey. Alvor darkly scowls, but his grin only widens as he bears down upon the small goat. The other actors watch with bated breath, *knowing* what's to come, but it's no matter: the cameras are only focused on the two, one narrowing in as another prepares to capture the following sequence.

"You're a lot of talk," Alvor brays. "But you don't have the strength to back it up. *I* do. *I* pushed my way through these ranks with ease because *I* have the strength to do so. You're all no more than obstacles, hapless grunts to push aside. If you're so *convinced* I'm unworthy," the donkey says with a smirk, hooves hefting Fela into the air. There's enough pressure to hold him up, and even though Fela's hooves grapple at the grip, air still easily refills his lungs. The threat still feels *real*. "Then do something about it."

No actor takes a step forward: most actually take a hesitant step back, leaving Fela's character to face the confrontation *alone*. It's perfectly planned and coordinated, but a spike of fear still worms its way into the goat's chest

before it's pushed aside. "See? Cowards, you lot are. *You're* the only fool to try, I'll give you that." Alvor's gaze burns into Fela's. "So, you'll be rewarded for your brainless bravery—by being an *example*."

Alvor and Fela both glance at the donkey's stomach—Alvor with consideration, and Fela with dread. He knows that a rumbling gurgle will be added in post, but he *swears* he can hear a deep *burble* rising from the gut.

"I know *just* what to do with you," Alvor lowly growls, his thick tongue lashing over his lips—and agonizingly slowly, Fela is brought closer, the donkey's mouth craning open. Camera's zoom in, catching detail of the rippling, pulsing tongue in the basin of his mouth, saliva glistening against the artificial light—and suddenly, their view is obscured as the goat's head is *shoved* into Alvor's mouth.

Flesh *clamps* down around Fela's head, his vision completely enveloped by red, pulsating flesh, Alvor's mouth *suckling* over his body, dramatically revelling in the slow-paced *gulps* that drag the goat deeper down. The donkey is effortlessly holding his body up, and even if it *wasn't* scripted, Fela would still be kicking his legs in the air, his struggles utterly convincing. His hooves press into the cheeks surrounding him, knowing that those bulging struggles are being captured, and that *right* about now, a mic is being brought closer to Alvor's neck...

"Gah! What're you—*what is this?!*" Fela panickedly bleats, forcing himself back into his scripted lines. "Stop this—spit me out, you maniac!" His shouts are only met with a booming, condescending laugh, and a loud **GLRRK** shoving him head-first into Alvor's throat. It's tight and *loud*, slimy flesh *grinding* over his body, squeezing and *squelching* as every undulation of muscle and peristalsis works him down. The cameras focus on Alvor's throat, his hooves feeling the bulging mass beneath his fur, and how it slowly disappears from his touch. The bulge moves from his mouth, to his throat, to his chest, and soon: his *gut* begins to expand, the fictional adversary being tucked into his *very real* resting place.

A raucous, shuddering *belch* bursts from Alvor's mouth, right as Fela is deposited into the donkey's stomach. From the outside, it's the perfect shot, Alvor remaining haughty and composed... but Fela's in a *different* predicament. He's seen images and heard descriptions, but being *inside* a gut? It's far, *far* more intense than he could ever have imagined! Despite Alvor's size, Fela's forced to curl into a ball, his limbs outlined against the surrounding flesh as sludge slops overhead, pressing into his cream-colored fur. It's stiflingly hot, the air thick and humid, and a bitter stench permeates his senses. And yet, through the onslaught of sensory intake...

"Oh *god*—you've fucking eaten me! You—you *monster!*" Fela shouts, his muffled cries recorded from the surrounding set, and Alvor pats a hoof against his writhing gut. "You thought you could take me," he says simply, an unbelievable nonchalance to his voice. "And you couldn't, so *I* took *you*." Alvor grins, squeezing a pawful of fat and jostling it around, the resulting sloshes even being picked up on feed. Fela lets out a faint, bleating whimper, letting his voice trail off as his character's struggles are proven ineffectual against the protagonist's strength... and it's *hardly* acting anymore. Actual fear is coursing through his veins, alongside a deep, passionate interest—none of which safeguards him from the written fate of his character.

Through the donkey's body, Alvor's lines are still rumbled out, echoing down his throat and reverberating within Fela's own chest as his struggles begin to cease. The writhing shape within Alvor's gut begins to settle, the cameras focusing on his gut and up rather than pinpointed on the forfeit character. The donkey continues his lines *perfectly*, a faint admiration in Fela's slow-moving thoughts. The heat and sheer intensity of his gut are getting to him, slumping against the rippling inner walls. He's... he's got no more lines, no more cues, and the true extent of what the goat had agreed to suddenly hits him. He's... he's being *digested*.

And there's nothing he can do, not as his energy and consciousness are being sapped away, his struggles ceasing for good. His vision blurs before his eyes flutter shut, and ever so faintly, the familiar sound of the director calling "*Cut!*" filters through his ears, before unconsciousness wins at last.

The cameras continue to roll.

Alvor *hums*, finding himself returning to his musings of his last gig. The opportunity was a risky one, and it didn't pay off for the over-aspiring director: betting on an experimental concept had been a recipe for disappointment. It wasn't unseen, however: it's... *unique* depictions were not unnoticed, and Alvor's performance had actually landed him some new gigs! *The* scene had made its rounds in *certain* communities, earning the donkey some nice, niche fame.

And, he muses, sinking his hooves into his pudgy gut: Fela's addition landed him some... particular gigs, and it'll only get *larger* from there.