

It was horrid. You never could've seen it coming. One minute, you were venturing through the forest, blade at hand, on the hunt for this unknown demon? The next, you find yourself the size of a child's plaything, inching away in abject horror as the very beast you were hunting towers over you like the mad titan he was.

...No wonder he could make so many people vanish without a trace. You were barely a few inches tall...!

The demon cackled wickedly, raising his sandaled foot up high, and stomping it down viciously. Had you not been so nimble, you'd be a red smear on the dirt by now. His green robe fluttered and his long, green claws twitched with evil intent. You backed away, pointing your now-pitifully small sword up at the demon, who grinned and leaned down to get a much closer look at you...and you a much more uncomfortable look at him...

His face was pale; veins pulsating from his discolored skin, stained with the same sort of markings as all the other demons you'd encountered. Those horns protruded from his forehead like a clear tell to his malevolence. Worst yet were those horrid red eyes. There was nothing human about them. As they peered into you, it was like staring into the face of evil itself...

...And evil looked hungry...

He ran his long, almost reptilian tongue across his lips, thick saliva trickling from those horrifyingly sharp fangs of his, now barely a foot away from you.

“Go ahead! Try to cut my head off!!” The Blood Art Demon cackled tauntingly. He even leaned his head even closer to give you the ol' college try.

Your mind was blank.

As his humid breath pelted across your body, you coughed and gagged. It was absolutely horrid, smelling of death...and giving you another indicator of just how the other victims all vanished. The sword trembled in your hands as you pointed it up at him defensively...but hopelessly...

“Hah, pathetic...” he teased, then extended his jaws even wider. Those fangs suddenly appeared much, much larger and sharper up close...and they only seemed to be getting closer.

To your horror, you realized that the horrible monsters' clawed hand had wrapped behind you, and was now pushing you closer and closer to his jaws. You screamed and shouted for him to stay back, but he yawned his jaws nice and wide, letting trails of slimy saliva rain down from his eager maw, caking your legs in his saliva as that disgusting, demonic tongue of his slithered across your leg like a snake constricting its prey...

“Hhhhhrrraaaaaaaahhh...!” The Blood Art Demon groaned out, as his tongue pulled you in further and further. Suddenly, your feet were entering his jaws. You mustered what little bravery you could and took a swing with your sword, but a yank of his mouth was all it took to send your lower torso right into his jaws and losing grip of your sword in one go in one fell swoop.

Tears trickled down your cheeks as terror claimed your heart. Your heart that beat like a jackhammer against your chest, harder and more present than you'd ever felt in your entire life. You screamed in protest, trying so desperately to push yourself free, but gravity was conspiring against you the instant he pulled his head up and tilted it ever so slightly.

That vile tongue of his lathered your face with his saliva, making you spit and gag with disgust as you tried in vein to swat it away. It slithered all across your body, caking you in his drool as you tried desperately not to look up at the fangs now inches or less away from your face...any one of which could've rendered you to bloody pulp...

Then the demon dipped his head back even further. And before you could even scream, you fell to the back of his mouth and started sliding, feet first, down the monsters' throat. It felt so unbearably tight as his slick, rubbery throat muscles constricted around your entire body. You feared the constriction alone would've crushed you if it didn't suffocate you first. Desperately, you tried to squirm, but it was like trying to move around in a vacuum seal; simply impossible.

As if that wasn't bad enough, you suddenly felt something sharp poking into your sides from outside. The size of the protrusion and its sharpness suggested to you that this malevolent demon was pressing his sharp index claw into his own bulging throat. Did he derive some sick pleasure in feeling your form sliding down his gullet...?

Then, the sick creature gulped heartily.

***G L L L R C K ! ! ! ***

It was so loud, wet and clear as day to you. His throat muscles squelched noisily around you as the fleshy confines pulsated against your body. That pulsation caused your being to descend further and further down the demons' gullet as drool seeped down from the top of the throat, lubricating your body and helping you slide down faster. You tried in vein to grab at the throat muscles, to push your way up or maybe choke this evil bastard by clogging his airwaves.

But then, you felt a painful pounding all around you, one that reverberated all across the demons' body, and your own smaller frame tenfold. He must have been thumping his chest to work you downwards, judging by the deafening thump you heard that seemed to dislodge you even further as he swallowed again and sent you down some more. Each gulp the demon gave brought you closer and closer to the belly of the beast. And you could feel that claw still pushing against you from outside, following you on your journey down...

Until finally, with one especially wet and hearty gulp, noisier and thicker than any before it, your body pushed down through the sphincter; that agonizingly tight, rubbery ring that squeezed your body down from the demon's throat. As you passed it, you could feel an intensely rhythmic thumping around you. It was the demon's mighty but **black** heart...thumping excitedly to claim yet another life...

And as unceremonious as could be, you took a tumble into the blackness.

Your body dropped down into the slimy, stinking pit that was the demons stomach. It was already dark outside, so inside of his belly was even darker. You couldn't make anything out. What little you could see was a dark, fleshy red, with shimmers from the sticky, digestive liquids all around the organ. It gurgled heavily, almost pleasantly, as if the stomach itself was happy with its newest occupant...

Outside, you heard the demon sigh heavily. Suddenly, everything shifted, likely from the demon rising back up to his feet. There was another pounding that echoed all around you, making you flinch and making the stomach lining churn some more. It was the sound of the demon patting his belly and cackling some more.

"Hahaha...y'know something, Cat girl? You tasted even sweeter than all the others! Let's see if you can last longer than they did..." the demon practically purred with a sick, twisted pleasure in his voice.

A realization of what was truly happening suddenly made your heart sink, filling your soul with an unmeasurable dread that nearly crippled you. Instead, you rushed at the front of the stomach lining and pounded at it as hard as you could, trashing at the demons belly and screaming for him to let you go. You pounded that fleshy, slimy surface as hard as you could, bruising your own body to try and damage his in any way you could.

Instead, all you managed to accomplish was make the entire stomach contract into itself and rattle aggressively and noisily. Your thrashing did nothing to appease the demon or upset his stomach. Instead, it circulated enough air that you felt the demon grab his belly and let loose a loud, disgusting belch. The eruption felt like an earthquake, given you were trapped in the source, the sound nearly deafening your sensitive feline ears in the process.

When it ended, the demon laughed heartily and cruelly slapped his gut, causing another deafening echo all around you from the thump to his organ.

“Gahahaha! Pathetic! Just like all the rest,” the demon taunted.

But then, you felt the stomachs already humid heat intensify tenfold. Suddenly, those digestive liquids began to sting as it all began to bubble a little more aggressively.

“Not that it matters. In the end, you'll be as all the other worms I devoured...*nnnnnothing at aaaaall*...” the demon practically hissed those final words.

Your eyes widened in absolute horror. You were being digested...!

Desperately, you clawed at the stomach, hoping to climb upwards, but even touching the stomach lining now burned as more liquids seeped from the fleshy, rubbery surface, pooling beneath you. The liquids burbled and churned even more intensely, like the bottom of a smelting pot...

You were going to die...! Everything you fought for, all that you were, was about to be reduced to a bloody nothing in the belly of the evil Blood Art Demon. You were powerless, absolutely powerless to prevent your fate...!!

Clenching your eyes shut, you braced for the worst...

...And promptly snapped your eyes wide awake with a startled gasp.

“...Uhhh, Gen? Ya cool?” Asked a familiar yet much less demonic-sounding voice.

Heart still racing, you blinked and looked up, seeing the demon staring back at you with a brow raised...only he wasn't a demon at all.

Sighing with relief, you assured Chris Invicta that you were just having a bad dream. That's what falling asleep watching Demon Slayer together will do to you...

“...Heh, not so sure how BAD the dream was, dude. Your cheeks are rosier than Chibiko when he lands the perfect innuendos,” joked Chris.

...As you said, falling asleep watching Demon Slayer will do that...

Though, it probably didn't help that you fell asleep on the couch, cuddling against Chris' stomach and being lulled to sleep by its idle gurgling.

The gurgle that erupted, however, was far less idle, and far louder and hungrier to boot.

Chris blushed himself as he scratched the back of his head and said, “Heh, good timing too. Kinda been starving for a while now...”

His stomach growled in agreement.

You rolled your eyes, which of course did NOTHING to mask the blush on your face. So, you called in takeout, and while you waited for the delivery to arrive, you settled down against Chris and continued watching the show. His noisy stomach wasn't making that blush any shade lighter. But you at least settled your nerves a bit by leaning your head a little higher and resting it against Chris' broad, athletic chest.

A light yet firm rhythmic thumping caused you to relax slightly, even despite the growls of hunger erupting behind Chris' abs. The sound of his heartbeat drumming within his chest reverberated into your delicate cat-ears. His heartbeat never failed to give you a strange sense of security, making you feel safe enough to wrap an arm around his torso and pull yourself closer to him while his heart continued to steadily beat in your ears.

No wonder the sound was so distinct in that demonic dream. Whether it was just regular, goofy Chris Invicta or his Evil Demon Nightmare Form, Chris had a mighty heart always steadily pumping away, and perpetually providing a degree of comfort for you. You settled into his chest, eyelids lowering slightly. His heartbeat was enough to lull you right back to sleep again.

Fortunately, timing seemed to be on your side, since a ring at the doorbell told you that dinner was served. So, you paused the show, and decided to help yourselves to a nice, hearty dinner. It *was* a special occasion, after all...

You'd ordered yourself some udon; nice, warm and perfectly proportioned. So naturally, Chris ordered himself Chicken Fried Rice with a side of Spicy Chicken Pad Thai AND Basil Chicken. And that wasn't even close to the most he could eat, something you could attest to personally...

The two of you ate on the couch as usual, watching the show while enjoying your meals. Though, in your case, it was harder to enjoy the show on TV when the show Chris was giving you was yearning for your attention. Chris always had a ravenous appetite, yet, these days, he seemed like a bottomless pit. He was eagerly wolfing down his food, taking in big mouthfuls and chewing heartily with a contented smile on his face. Which was funny because, once upon a time, you recalled Chris being more fascinated by watching others eat to excess than chowing down himself.

Boy, how things change with time...

Though, *that* thought very quickly exited your brain when Chris dipped his head back and gave a thick, hearty swallow...

Chris' throat squelched wetly and audibly, making your heart skip a beat when you turned and saw the noticeable lump protruding from his slender yet athletic throat, steadily pushing down his gullet before slowly squeezing past his collarbone. The young man huffed every time he gulped down a bigger mouthful than he expected, then went right back to stuffing his face. It was the sight of those lumps sliding down his throat which caught your eye and your blush.

You watched Chris scarf down his hefty meal; watched those bulges protrude from his neck, and heard his throat muscles hard at work pulsating to squeeze each mouthful down his gullet. As you watched with rapt focus, your mind raced back to that dream. You couldn't help but remember the feeling of sliding down Demon Chris' throat; the way his throat muscles rippled around your entire body, steadily working you further and further downward to the impending doom that was his abysmal stomach.

It was such a horrid experience, one that, imagined or not, felt so vivid, so real, so downright horrifying.

...So why did the thought of it make you blush so much...?

It was a question you kept pondering, unable to take your mind off of anything else. So, you kept on trying to distract yourself with the noodles you barely touched, all while Chris was well onto his second dish. How one guy could eat so much, you would never know.

Granted, it made sense watching anime, but that was because the biggest gluttons tended to have literal fire in their bellies. Or maybe that was just Natsu...

Whatever the case, you both continued eating (one of you a lot more than the other), and continued watching the show.

You both finished your meals at the same time. Naturally, your distractions made it take a lot longer to finish one increasingly colder bowl of udon than it should ever taken anyone to finish. In that same time, Chris managed to plow through three separate dishes, and for as much as you loved Demon Slayer, one show just kept your attention a little more in that moment...

Nice and full, Chris leaned back in the couch and burped loudly. That, too, was something you were becoming accustomed to the more Chris wolfed down. Something your ears would never be okay with, but that was neither here nor there, sadly...

“Whew! Man, I'm stuffed,” Chris sighed, patting his belly with satisfaction.

As you rang your feline ears out and excused Chris, your eyes fell to his stomach. His usually lean, athletic abs had a rounded edge to them, causing his t-shirt to stretch out slightly against his midsection, now visibly bloated by a good few inches. And yet again, your mind raced back to that dream.

All those disappearances, you imagined how contented the evil demon had to be with so many victims trapped in his belly at once, burbling away like his three-course Thai Food Dinner.

You snuggled against him, resting your head gently against Chris' stomach. It felt harder yet smoother, since his slightly engorged gut smoothed out his abs and turned his belly into a notably more comfortable pillow. He lightly draped an arm around you, caressing your arm in a comforting sort of way while the two of you continued binge-watching the show.

Your cat-like ear rested against Chris' belly, listening to it burble intensely; the sound much more clear cut with your much stronger sense of hearing. It sounded every bit as intense as it did when you were trapped in the demon version of Chris' stomach from the dream. You could practically feel yourself trapped in his stomach again; the warmth and stench of it violating every one of your senses.

When the gurgling seemed to intensify, you thought back to that moment towards the end when, in a last act of desperation, you pounded at the belly, hoping to upset it and get you ejected in any way you could.

But, much like in the dream, all that gurgling signified was a bit of disrupted pressure in need of release. Grabbing his belly with one hand, Chris threw his head back and gave another large burp, this one even louder than the first one he let out.

“Oof! Heh, my bad,” Chris laughed, patting the side of his gut and muffling a deep afterburp behind his fist before blowing the gas off to the side and adding, “Mph, something's really kickin' around in there, y'know?”

That comment made you think back to you kicking around in Demon Chris' belly, thrashing and bashing away to no avail, being reminded of how powerless you truly were against greater evil.

It was all so horrible and terrifying...

...And yet, as you laid against Chris, gingerly rubbing his belly with your delicate palm, all you could think about was being trapped inside of his stuffed organ. Simmering away with all that food he ate, unable to escape, and unable to avoid being gone without a trace.

It was a mental image that kept looping over and over in your noggin, leaving your cheeks red as tomatoes.

The sound of Chris' stuffed stomach hard at work digesting his meal was already enough to make it impossible for you to focus on the show.

...Sooo, of course, Chris just *had* to lean down and whisper into your ear, “... *Y'know...I DO still have room for dessert...*”

The way his warm, spice-laden breath pelted against the side of your face turned your cheeks positively crimson...

...And to add insult to injury, Chris emphasized his point by slowly running his tongue across his lips in a showy, hungry fashion.

...

.....*You truly hated how much you didn't hate this...*