A Young Eagle Swallows a Mouse

The sun was shining as Kit carefully nosed her way into the dry grasses. The small brown field mouse gazed carefully about, searching carefully for potential predators before leaving her den. Satisfied there wasn’t anything else lurking about waiting to make her a snack, she set off heading for the edge of the clearing where there were various berries and seeds to be found at the edge of the forest.

This was the most dangerous part of the trip. Once she reached the edge of the trees there would be plenty of underbrush to hide in as she collected her food. Before she could do that though, she would have to cross the grassy clearing of the fields, in plain sight of aerial predators. Kit shuddered at the thought of being seen and began making her way quickly through the grass. As a small mammal, survival instincts were deeply engrained within her. Skittering along through the clearing to avoid being seen it struck her that a great deal of her life had been wasted trying to avoid ending up as someone else’s lunch.

Little did she know her own hurry made her presence all the more obvious from the air.

After what seemed like an eternity but was really only a few minutes, she reached the relative safety of the forest. Carefully she picked some of the safer berries, making sure to avoid the poisonous types. They were red and cool to the touch, very satisfying after the risk it took to get here. She became so preoccupied with their taste she didn’t notice when a shadow rapidly over where she stood or even the soft rustle of feathers as a magnificent golden eagle landed softly on the ground behind her.

“Well, what’ve we got here?” a smooth voice intoned softly behind her.

Kit froze, wild terror rooting her in place. Without turning, she could tell the confident voice belonged to a predator.

“Looks like a lost little mouse,” the voice cooed gloatingly. “Perfect for my breakfast.” She heard the predator take a step closer. Finally, she willed herself to glance behind her, catching a first glimpse of her captor. “Now tell me, what would a mousy morsel such as yourself be doing out here all alone?” the smooth voice asked menacingly.

Icy shivers shot up Kit’s spine. The voice was so close she could feel the eagle’s hot, steamy breath on her fur. All her instincts urged her to run, but she couldn’t will her body to move. Compared to her, the dark, broad winged eagle with his great 7-foot wingspan seemed impossibly huge. He took another step, casting her in shadow. There was a loud snap as a twig on the ground broke under the bird’s massive weight. Kit cowered down, closing her eyes, too afraid to look up. When she opened them again, the great eagle was facing her, his bright golden eyes seemingly piercing through her all at once. He lowered his regal head down towards her, bringing his wickedly sharp beak terrifyingly into focus. The eagle’s mouth was huge, easily large enough to fit her inside in a single bite. The savage yellow bill raked sharply from the bird’s shapely head, flowing sleekly downwards to a purposefully curved black killing tip, which now hung poised right above her. Kit shivered involuntarily, powerless to escape the horror unfolding before her.

“You look scared little mouse” he taunted gloatingly. Kit could see flashes of his wet tongue as he spoke. The bird was so close now she could feel herself breaking into a cold sweat under the steamy heat of his wild breath. He moved even closer, so close now that his bill almost touched her shivering body. Kit gazed up at his luminous eyes, cruel and devoid of sympathy.

“The scared ones always taste the best going down," he whispered in her ear. Kit grimaced, imagining herself squeezing down the inside of his feathered throat, gulped whole into the oblivion beyond.

Seeing her terrified look of shock at this, he laughed, smiling evilly, and made gulping motions with his neck. Then he gaped his jaws slightly and greedily flicked his tongue out, slowly licking the edge of his beak with a self-indulgent slurp. A string of drool dripped from his ravenous jaws, splashing wetly down onto her fur. Kit sputtered helplessly as the warm saliva soaked wetly into her. Finally comprehending her fate, she felt control returning to her body. The predator must have sensed it too. Just as she was about to make a mad dash for freedom, he reached out, clutching her firmly with a talon. Massive, deadly black claws encircled her tightly as he squeezed, forcing the air out of her lungs.

Kit squirmed desperately but soon gave up under the eagle’s iron grip. Then the predator’s grasp loosened slightly, allowing her just to gasp for breath. He could have killed her easily but instead chose to let her live. The eagle must have really meant it when he said he’d intended to swallow her alive.

Kit shivered, going limp in the eagle’s claws. “p…please” she begged, finally finding her voice. “d…don’t eat me!”

Prince stared down at his trapped prey in mild distaste. He didn't sympathize with her pleas for mercy. To him, she was a food animal, not even really a worthy meal for an eagle such as himself. Most of his kind left mice to lesser birds, instead focusing their interest on larger prey. Prince was different though, he enjoyed the way the little ones squirmed all the way down as he swallowed them whole, a pleasure not possible with something larger.

Kit looked up at the eagle above her as he gazed down at the catch in his claws, seeming almost to eye her in disgust.

Prince lowered his head, opening his jaws above the mouse and bringing his talon up to his mouth. He didn't know the mouse's name, and he didn't care. The knowledge would do nothing to change her fate.

As the predator lifted her towards his mouth, fear exploded through Kit's tiny body, galvanizing her efforts to escape. She squirmed desperately, a sudden clarity coming into her mind. "Wait!" She called out, hoping to stay the bird's jaws.

Prince paused a moment, an amused smile passing over his face. He could feel the tiny body in his claws straining against his grip and eased it a bit, lowering the prey away from his bill. The mouse calmed slightly, trembling weakly between the scaled fingers of his talons.

"You don’t want to eat me!” She said. “I’m not big enough to be worthwhile, not when I can help you catch something larger!”

“Perhaps I don’t” he considered. The mouse looked up at him hopefully. “But I’m not really sure” he continued darkly, realizing he wanted to tease his prey a little longer. “I’ll just have a little taste and see, how about that?”

“N…No, wait!” Kit cried out, but her words were cut off as he lifted her up towards his beak again, lowering his head downwards. Instead of a reply, he tasted her, running his tongue over her fur and across her face once, and then again, more slowly, enjoying her mousey flavor. Prince hummed in appreciation and slurped again, this time more sensuously.

Kit flinched, suddenly overcome with dread as the eagle ignored her without a word and continued with his feeding. The great jaws above her gaped as the huge bill came down towards her. The jaws descended over her as he licked her, his large slurp throwing her off balance. Kit flinched as the warm tongue briefly matted her fur, avian drool soaking into her fur. The eagle moaned in pleased surprise, enjoying her taste and licked her again, this time more slowly. His mouth salivated eagerly around her, soaking her in warm, sticky eagle drool as his hot breath gusted moistly over her shoulders. Kit whimpered as the tongue slurped sensuously upwards this time, sliding wetly over her belly and lingering on her face, slimily matting down her whiskers in his warm, slick spit. Prince cooed softly in pleasure, the sound emanating from deep within the confines of his tight, sweltering gullet and closed his eyes briefly, savoring Kit's delicious, mammalian taste.

Prince opened his eyes again, looking down once more at the small mouse struggling weakly in his claws. He had never intended to let her go. Briefly, he considered speaking again, but his body urged him to just swallow her and be done with it. Unable to wait any longer, he picked up the mouse in his jaws and lifted his head skyward, poised to gulp the prey struggling in his beak.

Kit held her breath as the eagle's tongue finally pulled back, overwhelmed with the fear he’d decided against her desperate offer. Without a word, she felt herself lifted upwards, into the eagle’s mouth for the last time. She struggled desperately, as the drooling jaws parted above her, revealing the long slick tongue which flowed smoothly back along the curving length of the eagle's lower mandible before disappearing into the dark folds of his avian gullet. Eagle drool dripped in thick, sticky strings from the bird's streamlined palate, pooling on his tongue and running over the edge of his beak as he salivated, eagerly anticipating the coming meal. Hot, primal breath gusted over her as the jaws descended hungrily down over her, blotting out the sun. Suddenly the gripping talons eased off, but Kit was only free for a brief moment before Prince glommed onto her midsection with his beak, slowly lifting her away from the ground. His warm, soft tongue pressed wetly against her as he pressed gently down on her back with his beak. Mercifully, the eagle had grabbed her with the edge of his bill, the brutal killing tip passing just to her right as he bit down on her. If he'd wanted to, he could have easily bitten her in half.

As he lifted his prey skyward, Prince closed his eyes, reveling in the soft, mousey taste of the succulent morsel squirming against his tongue. He smiled to himself as he heard Kit cry something desperate about helping him hunt from within the confines of his bill, but the words were muffled beyond recognition. Ignoring her pleas for mercy, he jerked his head back, snapping his jaws forward around the mouse.

Kit heard an amused chuckle rise from the eagle's throat in response to her cries for mercy. Then, as if the world had slowed to a crawl, she felt the wet, confined darkness around her tilt slowly back. There was a violent jerk and briefly she floated in midair as the jaws snapped forward around her, tossing her own weight against her. Kit shuddered in convulsive horror as she was thrown downwards, slipping along the eagle's slick, slippery tongue into his dark, hungrily drooling mouth. The predator had tossed her forward with practiced ease, such that she was now centered on his tongue. From the outside, her kicking feet and tail were all that was visible, spread frantically on either side of the eagle's savagely curved upper mandible. Then they too disappeared as Prince pulled her inwards on his tongue, sealing his massive black tipped beak shut around her. Kit trembled in the darkness, suddenly too tired to fight. It was over, the eagle had closed her inside his mouth and was free to do with her as he pleased.

Prince hummed in appreciation as he snapped Kit up and sealed her inside his bill. Gently, he licked her, savoring her warm, meaty flavor and enjoying the soft weight of her trembling body against his tongue. Kit squeaked in surprise as the eagle's warm, slavering tongue pushed her roughly against his palate as he tasted her. She could feel his wet drool soaking into her from all sides as he slurped eagerly, teasing her with his long, raptorial tongue. He kept licking and tasting her, greedily rubbing his tongue over her body again and again, matting down her fur completely until it was slick and saturated in his drool, well lubed up with eagle spit for the trip down his gullet.

Overwhelmed by the flavor of the succulent prey poised on the edge of his throat, Prince gave into the urge to feed entirely, unable to hold himself back any longer. Savagely, he tossed his head back, swallowing blissfully.

Kit felt herself lifted slightly as the eagle tossed his head back. Prince's long tongue surged beneath her as he swallowed. She could feel her body sliding inexorably down into the bird's gullet as his tongue forced her roughly against his slick palate, squeezing her violently inward. There was a squelching gulp as the slick muscles in the eagle's neck convulsed hungrily, squeezing her and much of the slime surrounding her into his throat. Kit thrashed wildly, panicking as she felt herself being forced down the raptor's gullet.

Prince closed his eyes, claws digging into the ground in predatory bliss as he felt the tiny mouse slip down his slick tongue and begin to panic as he opened his throat, gulping her down whole. He moaned in pleasure, feathered neck undulating slightly as he swallowed, the muscles contracting visibly. There was a slight 'gulp' as a small, almost imperceptible lump appeared in his throat from the mouse pressed tightly inside. He felt his snack become lodged in his gullet so he swallowed again, brutally forcing the furball in his neck further downwards.

Kit felt her progress slow briefly, but she soon resumed her downward plunge as the eagle gulped again. She felt the slick walls of the gullet convulse around her, squeezing her slimily downward toward the eagle's belly. There was a throaty 'gluck' as the muscles contracted, swallowing powerfully around her, driving her deeper into the bird's throat.

The bulge in Prince's gullet slipped slowly downwards along the regal curve of his neck as he swallowed. He could have easily swallowed her in a single gulp, but instead chose to enjoy the mouse's trip down, savoring the pleasurable massage of the prey's fur against the inside of his gullet. Again she slowed inside his neck, and this time Prince paused a moment, holding Kit inside his throat, reveling in the feel of the tiny animal squeezed tightly inside his chest. Then he swallowed lazily, squeezing the mouse the rest of the way into his waiting belly.

Kit panted in the, deep sultry ooze of Prince's throat, soaked in saliva and gullet slime feeling her descent slow as she passed into a section of throat that was slightly more horizontal than vertical. For a moment, she stopped, squeezed too tightly by slick, pulsing flesh to move. The eagle seemed to be taking a sick enjoyment in gulping her, pausing to revel in her demise. Then, almost when she could stand it no longer, trapped in the slippery, intoxicating darkness of the avian gullet, the eagle swallowed a final time, the squelching undulating gulp squeezing her roughly forward. Prince smiled wickedly, licking the edge of his bill as he squeezed the mouse into his crop. Kit felt the raptor's belly stretch to fit her entirely, loosely holding her slime soaked body as she splashed into his gut. This bird was obviously capable of swallowing prey larger than her. Prince grinned, ruffling his feathers in a self-satasfied manner as he felt the mouse slip helplessly into his belly. Then he burped, letting out what little air had gone down with his meal. Pausing for a moment, he slurped up the rest of the mouse’s flavor and swallowed that down too.

Kit shuddered in horror trapped in the slimy darkness of Prince’s crop. She could hear the eagle’s belly gurgling hungrily around her, pressing ravenously from all sides as digestion began to set in. Then suddenly the walls squeezed inwards forcefully, crushing the air out of her lungs as Prince burped. Kit tried to breathe in but couldn’t, there was no air. She began to feel faint. The stomach walls relaxed. Dimly she thought she heard the “gluck” of the eagle swallowing again, but she was so disoriented she couldn’t remember whether she was in the eagle’s stomach or still trapped within his throat. The blackness around her faded to actual blackness as she finally lost consciousness, starved for air in the confines of the bird's stomach.

Prince relaxed, feeling the wonderful squirming slowly die down in his crop as his belly began to digest his meal. He preened as his stomach churned, hungrily digesting his recent meal. Soon his body reminded him it was still hungry. Kit had made a pleasant snack, but she was far from enough to fill his belly. He took to the air once again, beating his wings heavily in search of something more substantial to satisfy his hunger.