

“Well, well, well... What do we have *here*?”

It's a low, simmering growl that rumbles through the air, rolling from the jaws of the standing bat. The piercing green eyes that scream *predator* are narrowed, focused, *hungry*—and all solely pinpointed on the mouse dangling from her pinched claws. Hanging by his own thin, pink tail, the purple-furred rodent squirms under her gaze—for... multiple reasons.

The adrenaline racing through his diminutive body after the bat's hunt, swooping down upon the unsuspecting mouse within the shadows of the park. The vertigo of being *plucked* off the ground, face-to-face with a creature many times his size—upside down, no less. The natural flight or fight response of encountering a predator, of which he can do neither.

...And a *different* feeling, stirring deep within the mouse's gut...

“You *really* should have been more careful, *morsel*,” Mira hisses, voice low and taunting. “A hapless little piece of meat like yourself was only *asking* for trouble—and she found you, alright~” The purple-furred mouse yelps instinctually as he's tossed into the air, only to be deftly caught by the bat's other paw, pinching his scruff to hold him aloft. “Now look at you: your life *squandered*, only to be a meal—not even, just a mere *appetizer*—out of the *hundreds* of prey I've caught.” Mira's sharp green gaze narrows upon her catch, grin curling onto her snout. “Unimportant. Insignificant. *Food*.”

...That... doesn't sound all too bad to Kana.

Listen, when a little fella like himself has to hear teases *and* praises based on his size and species... It's only natural for him to become accustomed to it, and even *feel* a bit differently about it! He's bite-sized, as he's heard so many times—and, well... maybe he likes that. Only a little, tiny bit. Totally.

The purple fur covering Kana's small, anthro body hides his burning blush quite nicely.

Mira's gaze narrows further, the pinching grip on his tail tightening slightly. Her whole *thing* is *fear*. Embodying it, instilling it, *feeding* from it. And that's certainly still coursing from Kana, a *delectable* scent wafting to her nose—but it's... muddled. There's something else there, something *excited*.

Eh. If it makes his heart race and adrenaline shoot through his body, then she could care less. It'll all taste the same, and fill her up *quite* nicely.

“Down the hatch,” Mira hisses, dangling the mouse over her open maw—and letting go. With a shriek, Kana plummets through the air, disappearing past the bat's lips, and they *snap* shut behind him.

Tumbling against her tongue, Kana instinctively clamors around, tiny paws grasping at anything he can—teeth, tongue, *anything*—and his flurry of attempts only yield him failures, the saliva-slick confines easily slipping out of his grasp. The massive tongue pulses and *twitches* beneath Kana's body, and it effortlessly shifts upward, *smushing* Kana against Mira's upper palate, grinding the soft flesh against him as saliva is slathered into his purple fur. Disheveled, soaked, heart *racing* and adrenaline pumping through his veins as the most primal instincts the mouse has scream *danger*—

Kana's completely, utterly *thrilled*, and when Mira's head *lurches* back, sending a deluge of saliva coursing down her gullet, Kana falls with it. Fur collides against flesh as his head smushes against the back of her mouth, and with a surrounding undulation of muscle, the tiny mouse is sent *down*, into the depths of the bat's gullet.

GULP, squish, **GULP**, squish—Mira's throat moves in powerful ripples, experienced muscles cramming the mouse further down her throat, hardly a task for the towering bat. A deep, rumbling *growl* shudders up from her chest, forcing the reverberations through Kana's own—and although there's no *fear* sparking from within her morsel's chest, that

surge of adrenaline is delicious enough that her efforts are not in vain—after all, arousal and fear are *quite* alike, at least in the peak excitement. Pulsing pushes force Kana down her neck, and the bat's paw traces the slight bulge, feeling it shift against her yellow fur, even pressing into it, increasing the pressure around the mouse before his squirms force him out of sight. Her even, calculated heartbeat thunders past his own racing chest, and that, too, slips away, as the gurgles, growls, and sloshes of an awaiting gut draw near.

Kana's whiskers quiver as the surrounding muscles *shove* once more, forcing his head against a shadowed sphincter, a port that twitches and winks open, exposing faint glimpses of his destination—and, with a final, condemning **SHLLLRK**— he's shoved through. Plush flesh parts, his face pressed through the ring of muscle, and as that sphincter releases its grip on his body, he's *falling*—

And splashes right into the warm, sopping pool of fluid within the bat's steaming gut.

It's *thick*, a warm and viscous substance that clings to his diminutive body, shifting and sucking him back under until his head breaches its surface. Heat seeps into his body, the humid air filling his lungs with the same overbearing warmth that clings to his skin. His senses are utterly dominated by the pure wave of sensations surrounding him: a thick, bitter smell that fills the air; the sloshing of stomach fluid against his body; the gurgles and growls and deeper, ominous burbles that reverberate through the chamber; the shifting and *churning* of the faint pink walls, barely visible, and in constant, organic motion.

It's a stomach, alright.

...And Kana's... rather happy with that. After all, it's everything he dreamed it to be.

"Ah, you've made it; right where food belongs in the end," Mira taunts, unknowing of Kana's inner debate. "Churn you up, turn you to sludge like the rest of them—and if you don't, then it's a worse, deeper awaiting you~" she cackles, and her stomach sloshes in time with her voice, accentuating every word. It all impacts Kana quite well...

Although, now that he's where she feeds off the most emotion... that odd, muddled quality to it returns. As his adrenaline begins to fade, exhaustion weighing onto his body as he settles into the simmering basin, Mira expects that fear to intensify, as she's felt so many times. For it to be a terror of an imminent digestion, or even of drowning in her stomach fluids. She even broke out the threat of a disgusting fate, being shat out, which usually instills an utter repulsion, terror, dismay—a delicious combination.

But rather... the mouse seems oddly content. Accepting. Almost *pleased* by the whole matter. Her gut *grrnnns* in its disappointment, that it's lacking a full course of terror.

Hmph. Well, she'll take what she can. Once he's out, she'll just find another traveler to scare and chomp down—she's not *barbaric*, she's not going to digest the morsel, even if he *is* bite-sized.

Kana notes that there's no tingle, no burn, nothing that would indicate digestion, and he almost feels disappointed.

It's the perfect situation! Getting eaten by an all-powerful pred, getting churned up and away, fulfilling every taunt, tease, and fantasy he's had—and it's not happening. It's noisy, sure, but he's heard tales from mice that escaped guts, how the burn of acid feels, the putrid smell wafting from a pred's depths, and while yes, the bat is impressive, the... *finality* is lacking. .

Kana's pulled from his thoughts as the pool of fluid suddenly *shifts*, sending him splashing into the side of Mira's stomach, where it *immediately* presses back into him, as if the walls had a mind of their own. They shift and churn, shoving against him as the fleshy walls practically cocoon over his body, squelching as they push *downward*. Bubbles rush past his face, thick pockets of air bursting through the thick fluid (a thunderous belch rumbling above him as it does), and Kana gets a brief glimpse of their origin—a lower sphincter, a ring of muscle that's forced open by pressure—before he's shoved towards it.

His matted purple body is *plunged* through the lower sphincter, tight flesh *squeeeeeezing* over his worn body, before he *schlrrrps* through with a thick deluge of sludge, and he's swiftly pressed through. Immediately, the change sends his heart into overdrive, racing once more as he's thrust into a startling new environment—the intestines. Despite his comparatively tiny size, he's still small enough that the fleshy tubing is bound over his body, grinding with every contraction and shove forward, pressed along like any other undigested chunk that Mira's body ushers along. Every *squeeze* and pulse seems manufactured to force the air from his chest, refilling it in desperate pants with stale, fetid inhalations that always seem insufficient, *just* enough to keep him conscious.

Mira's tongue lashes across her lips, relishing in the taste, the *sensation* of fear that stems from the tiny shape moving *deep* within her body. Even the bravest of adventurers feel *some* fear when faced with the intestines, the sheer intensity of their constant movements and the smell of it all, that at least there's *something* she can feed off of. But! Now that the mouse is being ushered along, there's not much for her to do or gain as the initial reaction fades, and the bat hops onto her feet. Might as well make her way around the park that she found the morsel in the first place: someone a *bit* more susceptible to her tactics would be a nice find.

Ears tucked against his head, and nose scrunched up, the journey deeper down the bat's digestive tract isn't a pleasant one, even if it feels a *little* bit nicer. It's like a full-body massage, Kana muses, feeling the grinding flesh slide over his body. He doesn't have to do much of anything but relax, occasionally shimmying his body when he's stuck along a tight bend.

(The twinge of disappointment lingers at the fact that he's being pushed further away from her stomach, away from a promised fate.)

The shift into Mira's large intestines is less stark than the push from her stomach, but this time, it's a momentarily welcome change. With a *shllrp*, Kana's sent into a brief tumble, before the clutches of the bowel walls grab onto him again, and drag him along. But, it's far less tight than that of the small intestines, and, with less resistance, it's *faster*. Squelch, *shove*, squelch, *shove*—it's almost as if Mira's body is gulping him down again, quickly forcing him along: up, across, down, until that rank air grows more intense... but there's no waste to be found. Does she... not actually digest anything she catches?

Kana gasps as he's shoved forward, a contraction of muscle forcing him into the comparatively open space of her rectum, and the first taste of *fresh* air pulls his attention forward, toward the tight, sealed pucker before him: the bat's tailhole.

The... end?

"*Still alive in there, morsel?*" Mira asks with a huff. She knows the answer, of course; even if there's not much fear to feed from, she can at least appreciate the sensation of his form wriggling through her bowels. Taunts are just her *thing*. "*Hold on for just a sec—*" she warns. Her body *tenses*, her bowels *constrict*—

And the ragged, worn body of Kana slips out, plopping against the ground.

Gasping breaths refill the mouse's lungs with blessedly fresh air, and the cool, natural breeze of night brushes over his disheveled, slimy fur. His paws scramble against the grass, pulling himself upright as he pants, with the bat's narrowed gaze peering down at him.

"Hmph," Mira huffs. "Congrats, you survived. Not like you *wouldn't* have anyway, but *really*, you couldn't even take it seriously? Listen, tiny," she admonishes. "I *feed* off of fear. Natural, ripe fear, which is pretty damn easy when a fucking *mouse* is faced with being *eaten alive*. But *noooo*, you were just vibing in there, and now I need to go find another damn morsel." The bat's bemoaning causes Kana's rounded ears to twitch. She... really was no threat? But she seemed unhappy, disappointed, still *hungry*...

"Sorry," he sheepishly squeaks, knowing *well* what feeling had replaced fear, still stirring deep within his gut. But... "If—if I could—if you wanted," he stammers, tiny paws fidgeting as he glances away. "...you could, err, feed in the traditional manner..."

Mira blinks.

"You want," she starts slowly. "for me to eat you again. And digest you. I don't have reforming shit, little man," she warns, but the slightest of smirks tugs at the corner of her mouth. She reaches back towards the grass, grabbing onto Kana's tail once more, and lifting him back into the air—this time, with a lot less struggling on the mouse's part. Her tongue lashes over her lips. "You *sure*?"

Kana stares at her mouth, strands of saliva gleaming as they cling to Mira's pointed teeth. Warm breaths flow over him, causing him to swing gently in the air. Looking back inside, now with a *different* intent.... it's *far* more tantalizing, more *welcoming*...

"I really do," he murmurs, and Mira's grin solidifies.

"Well then! Who am I to deny such a request?" Her paw raises, lifting him back above her mouth, craning her jaws open, unveiling the familiar descent once more. "Then by all means—"

She smirks.

"Down the hatch—for good, this time!"

Releasing her grip, Kana plummets through the air once again: this time, his landing against her tongue is softer, and doesn't immediately bully him around. No, Mira feels the mouse settle, gathering his bearings, before drawing her tongue back into her mouth with a gentle ease. The walls of her mouth enclose over the mouse, casting him into the humid shadows as her maw *shuts*—albeit all in easy, relaxed motions. After all, with her victi—well, *prey*—not struggling, and her not having to think about terrifying them as much as possible, Mira can take her sweet time relishing in his consumption.

And what an experience that is! Her tongue gently swishing the mouse around, coating him in warm saliva as he's pressed from cheek to cheek, Mira utterly *savors* the experience, tasting every inch of her morsel. Without fear in the way, she can taste him physically, and... it's new. It's *nice*. A contemplative hum rumbles up from her throat, internally remarking that she might have been... missing out on something *wonderful* for quite some time—although she only tells Kana with a pleased rumble, murmuring out "Ah, you *finally* taste good," with a purr.

It'll only get better, Mira thinks with a grin, and lurches her head back—sending Kana down her throat one last time with a ***GLRRRK***!

The descent back down the bat's gullet is a *delightfully* familiar one for the mouse, an awestruck grin plastered onto his face as flesh parts around him in powerful contractions, sliding and grinding over him in massage-like motions rather than anything malicious. It's all perfectly paced, a wonder of organic organization, and it's hardly long before the undulations usher him towards the depths of Mira's body once again, seemingly welcoming him back to the chamber. That all-too familiar sphincter halts his descent, and, as a distant, content sigh shudders through the bat's body, Kana is pushed through, plopping back into her stomach.

Thick fluid splatters around the mouse, his little paws having to paddle back to the surface to hold himself aloft until the stomach settles—as much as it's going to, at least. It had been noisy before, but *now*, that Mira isn't holding anything back, there's a different, formerly missing quality to it. Maybe it's the heat and humidity, intensified and almost immediately clouding his mind. Maybe it's the deeper tones to the gurgles and growls, rumbling from the depths. Maybe it's the shifting, churning stomach walls, pulsating in time with her heartbeat... or maybe it's the overall acceptance of her body, taking him into his final resting place.

Outside, Mira smiles, a clawed paw resting on the slightest of bumps against her gut.

“Hope it’s all you’ve ever dreamed of, morsel,” she purrs, unable to hold back her taunts. *“I’d never think one would offer himself like you had, but maybe, compared to you, I’m all you could ever want. A titan, a goddess compared to your stature,”* Mira teases, no malice behind her words. She expects resistance, honestly, but inside, Kana only sheepishly grins, and reaches up to the stomach walls, kneading his paws into it. Soft flesh pulses under his touch, slimy and warm, and Mira jolts at the odd feeling before chuckling, reciprocating his massages from the outside. *“Helping out your own digestion, are we?”* she laughs. *“Enjoy your time in there, little mousey~”*

Time passes. Mira slowly ambles throughout the park, revelling in the weather and the content reaction of her body as it churns around Kana’s massaging touch, until they slowly fade, touches drawing back as her gut works him away, ever so slowly—until her gut *tightens*, and a loud, raucous belch escapes from her chest, shuddering throughout her body as she sheepishly laughs. Her paw moves to investigate, feeling the completely softened bulge against her gut as she warmly smiles. Her voice quieter, softer, Mira murmurs out a thanks—for the mouse contributing to her body, for his sacrifice into mere *food* (can’t help but sneak one last tease in there!)—before continuing her walk, disappearing into the shadowed depths of the forest... with a new tactic in mind for her next hunt.