

I can't believe I'm finally meeting the great tiger god! I was approached only recently with an opportunity that others could only dream of, one on one time with our sacred protector? Why *wouldn't* I accept such a blessing? I followed my escorts to the cave where he was kept. For whatever reason, they had me say my goodbye to my family, but none of us really knew what was happening, so I'm sure it's fine! We ended up having to scale a massive mountain just to get to his resting place. It was high in the mountains, looming above the village of my people. Halfway through, the escorts of mine left me on my own, mentioning that they would remain there until the sacred god was 'done with me', whatever that means. I waved them goodbye and kept on my way.

I deeply regret walking up all of these stairs! Why are there so many? I at least had the escorts to keep me busy before but now it's just boring and tiring! Some of these stairs look completely untouched by human hands, but here I am, hunched over the very top and dripping with salty sweat. I was rasping through breaths before I looked ahead and saw the resting head of my massive tiger deity. The cave bellowed as the powerful giant lightly snored. I almost felt rude for intruding even though apparently I was asked for directly. In just his presence alone, I felt relieved. The physical fatigue I felt washed away as the rising and falling of his bright orange fur radiated brilliance. I slowly marched forward and kept my gasps of awe under my hushed lips. I neared the pink nose and almost dared to press my hand into the odd material, looking over at the orange and black fur, seeing the flowing air glide through it. I raised my hand, though my skin turned to stone as the eyes of my tiger opened and he lifted his head. He sniffed the air as he looked over me, licking his lips with a smirk.

"Ah, my little snack has arrived for this month. You certainly smell delectable, though most of my meals hardly present themselves to my maw willingly as you almost have. I'm sure such a willing snack as you would have, had I not yet pulled away from your touch. Such a delectable little thing you are, shall you journey to my sheath and be disposed of as sperm, or would you rather fall victim to my stomach as I claim you? I have no qualms about either, though sadly *both* are not an option. What say you, snack?" The tiger god spoke softly, his muzzle now raised over his wrist as it cradled his chin comfortably. The realization of this all sinks in slowly as the tiger ahead of me shows his fangs in the shape of a smirk, his eyes being kept on me all the same.

“You seem to have caught on, and good on you for that. Most tried to run away from here, though they were only brought back to me in binds. You do indeed seem willing, considering your position... Now that we’ve moved on from the pleasantries, let us get on with the meal portion of the day, shall we?” The tiger asked mockingly, the paw once against the floor quickly scooping me up in his grasp and raised me to his muzzle with a death grip over my entire body. I felt that even his fur seemed more solid than I, as I feared being crushed from his grip. Just before I thought my bones would pop out of place and splinter off, the tiger eased his grip, now holding me more casually, his unchanging expression just as haunting as before.

“Don’t worry, I do not plan on harming you like some common brute... I was simply... *adjusting*... To your form... The kind of pressure it can take and such, worry not. You will expire within my command, not before nor after. Find comfort in the fact that I care so deeply about you, snack.” He spoke calmly, hints of a growl peeking through his tone. I groaned in his grip as he pulled me closer. I was forced to suffer through the constant push and pull of his breath as his nose took in my scent. He seemed to enjoy the scent, with what I assume to be moans breaking the silence every now and then. Just as I figured that he had gotten enough of my scent, I saw his upper jaws open, globbing threads of saliva dripped from the upper fangs that hung over my head, his tongue flapping just beneath me as he tilted me into his maw.

My fear struck from a second, feeling his month close around me, but what started as fear quickly shifted into a bizarre confusion. Instead of being bitten in half as I would have thought, I was instead being suckled by the tiger in what felt like a gentle embrace. Although I could tell that his tongue was rough and would nearly tear off skin, he kept it still, pulling it away from my body before pressing it into me once more. His lips especially gave me the impression of an impassioned embrace. It was soft... And wet. Far too wet for it to be a natural amount. It felt as though he lubed his maw exclusively for my entry, sucking on my upper half from his paws softly. Between the weight of his tongue flopping over me, I could every now and then interpret a moan from the countless noises from his maw. My breath itself seemed filtered through the cat spittle, let alone the cacophony of slobbery noises that flooded my ears. To think that I was being used so oddly by my deity, I was just... A snack to him... His constant name calling was more than just playful name calling but rather a true deduction of my purpose to him. I almost felt honored by the idea. The feeling of being in his maw was getting less bizarre by the seconds, I

ended up finding more comfort in the position. His tongue was gentle and soothing, his lips were heavy but lifted just enough to keep me alive, his saliva was frequently drained so as to not drown me, but the amount was still enough to drench me immensely. I was okay with losing my breath here, hopefully avoiding the deeper reaches of his throat before I meet my demise beneath the fur and flesh. As if reacting to my helplessness, the tiger lifted his mouth off of me, making me aware of just how much saliva I was surrounded by.

I took in deep gasps, my own mouth sucking in a few stray drops that connected my shoulders to his lips still. I gasped slowly, unwittingly aroused by the display and looking up to my tiger in what I can hardly acknowledge as excitement for his plans with me. Sensing this, he smirked once more, even trailing his tongue across his lips and fangs.

“It seems as though my snack has begun to learn its place. Surely this will lead to more of your obedience when I ask for you to writhe on your descent? I expect nothing less of satisfaction when I’m done with snacks such as yourself, so work until you can no longer move.” He growled, lightly squeezing over my body, his claws now extracted in what I assume was excitement, his eyes continue to glare me down all the while. I awkwardly tried to shift in his grip though my limbs couldn’t manage any movement outside of his permission.

“Now, now... Before I send you to your final serving place, I will give you a portion of the autonomy you once possessed. Would you like to serve my sheath as an ornament between my legs and assimilate into my sacred sperm, or slowly dissipate within my stomach and keep my fed. I can tell you that most of my snacks have committed themselves to satiate my hunger, though the ones who chose to join my balls ended up finding more enjoyment in themselves. This is, of course, the last decision I will allow of a lesser being. I will take your gratitude in my earlier request of squirming, no matter your decision.” The sudden ultimatum shocked me to my core. That same shock seemed to play into the pleasure of my deity, looking at me with nothing but the same smirk on his across his maw. While I had become very well acquainted with his maw, I am sure that he meant what he said surrounding the pleasure that some take in his sheath. I also knew that if I am not fed to his belly then he will simply take someone else from my village... Such a horrid and sour end either way...

“I will not wait forever, Snack. If you remain silent then you will be reduced to a chew toy of mine until I find a better use for you. Answer quickly now, a *good*

snack doesn't fight their master." He growled, squeezing along my body as if warning me of my impending fate, that of which I had little say in the matter. I thought deeply, deciding for one final moment where I'll spend the last of my life.

**-SHEATH-**

"Y-your sheath..? Master?" I spoke meekly, losing my voice in his tight claws as his smirk widened. With my body still contained in his grip, he stood to his full height, almost dwarfing the mountain he stood in. He laid me on the ground, not waiting a second to walk over my body until his furry balls and fluffy sheath loomed over me, the crashing of waves of cum was almost distant waves gurgling overhead.

"Be sure to express your gratitude to me with your hands. I won't be able to hear you, so hold your breath." He warned, sending his balls over me and crushing me under the weight. I tried to push against the tiger balls but the weight of the testicles simply smooshed around my hands, the damp fur pressing harder into my body as the tiger seemed to press more weight onto me. The warmth emanated from the thick tiger batter as it roasted me underneath. His hips even swayed side to side, pressing me deeper into the mix of fluff and contained sperm, the sounds of waves only getting louder as it continued. I don't know how tiger deity anatomy goes, but I felt it safe to assume that he was getting excited... I could feel myself getting excited as well, my erection pressing hard into the molding flesh that crushed my body. My hands went from struggling to stroking in seconds. Time elongated after the air I had been taken was constantly siphoned by the thick fur. Though it still felt like hours from when I first got here, my hands now rubbing alongside the sweaty fur as he presses into me harder. The feeling of losing my breath but the touching fur on every part of my body with a weight I couldn't possibly lift being curled around my grip, the liquid inside gurgling loudly against me, almost anticipating my arrival.

**-ORAL-**