Nyx waited at the edge of an alley, scoping out the city square around him for potential prey. A tiny 4’ 5” neko, he had taken to looking as feminine as possible. He grew his white hair down to his shoulders and dyed the tips purple. He took to wearing tight tank tops and lacy camisoles, with thigh high boots and booty shorts. He found the best way to get prey with his small stature was to blend in: look like a subby prey, act like one, and strike when they least expect it. The struggle though, was finding the right person to fool.

Like an answer to his prayers, he saw a tiny mouse strolling through his street. He had to be at least a foot smaller than Nyx, and walked with the scared air of a prey. The neko smiled and licked his lips as he approached his target.

“Hey, cutie. Going somewhere?”

The mouse looked startled at being approached, likely due to his hotness, the feline presumed, and stammered his way through his response.

“Uh…. Y-Yeah… Just heading home…”

He seemed eager to leave, almost as if seeing through the charade. Nyx placed the bait.

“Want a buddy to keep you warm? I get awful lonely in my den…”

As if taunting the mouse, he stepped in front of the mouse’s path, shaking his assets in a leisurely stroll, before turning around to face the rodent.

“You coming, Mousie? Or are you gonna turn me down…” Nyx faked a sniffle.

“N-N-No! Come with me!”

Nyx smirked. “Ok.”

The two began a leisurely conversation as they walked to the mouse’s home.

The mouse began. “So, what’s your name?” He asked.

“Name’s Nate, but I go by Nyx. Yours?”

“Most people call me Cake.”

Nyx could barely believe his ears. “Cake? Why?”

“I don’t know. Someone just called me that, and it stuck.”

The neko knew exactly why he was called that, and prepared to fulfill the nickname.

“Well, here we are. What do you want to do?” The mouse earnestly smiled, and the neko giggled at his innocence. .

“Well, I need a snack…” Nyx muttered under his breath.

The mouse approached him. “Are you hungry? I can make something.”

Nyx smiled. “Maybe, but something light. I’ve got dinner plans later. I will take a snack, though.”

Nyx smirked as he begin to undress, pulling off his tank top, exposing his toned chest, and wiggling back and forth as the mouse stared blankly.

“C’mon cutie! Don’t leave me alone here.” He giggled.

The mouse finally caught on when he saw the kitty basically tear his own pants off, barbed cock springing to attention. He fumbled with the button before the neko kneeled and reached for his pants.

“Let me help, mousie.”

With the rodent’s trousers removed, Nyx took a long lick of his cock before pulling back, smirking as the mouse moaned and begged for more. Right where he wanted him.

The neko was practically dragged up to the bedroom, before plopping on the bed and spreading his legs.
“Get to work, mousie.”

The mouse hesitated, but quickly complied. With one small lick, the cat moaned, and more of him sprung from the sheath. The mouse decided to go in hard, swallowing the whole thing, dotting the surface with licks before spitting it out and repeating the process.

The kitty bucked his hips as he felt himself nearing his climax.

“Damn, mousie… how’d you get so skilled.”

The mouse lightly nibbled on Nyx’s sack, and then went to sucking on each and every barb.

With one last probe of his tongue into the slit, Cake earned his reward, slurping down his icing with relish.

“Urf…. Mousie.. that was great. You deserve a reward. Stand up.”

The mouse complied, and Nyx laid down under him, and motioned for him to sit on his face. The mouse once again complied, and was rewarded with the feel of the sandpapery tongue on his backdoor, occasionally probing inside. The kitty kept licking, entranced by the musky taste, and found himself unable to stop what he was doing. Not that he had any complaints.

He felt the mouse shift over him, as he began to jerk off in rhythm with the kitties’ licks. Cake felt the neko moan into his hole, whiskers tickling his rump cheeks.

The mouse felt himself nearing his climax. He decided to return the favor, getting up and turning around, squirting his load onto the cat, who proceeded to lick himself clean.

After that, Nyx continued to recline, spent. He decided it was time to come clean.

“Wow, mousie. I’m gonna be honest with you. I was planning on eating you, but after that… I don’t want to lose that. You’re great, and don’t want to digest you. Keep this up, mousie. You tamed the kitty.”

Cake looked at him, surprised. “Well, I like you myself.” He smirked, “But I think my cock likes you more.”

Nyx opened his eyes, and shot up. He looked down, and sure enough, Cake’s cock was stretched over his feet.

“Looks like you got beat at your own game, kitty.”

“N-No! Cake! I was kidding… It was a joke!! Let me go!”

The rodent giggled. Well, silly, I gave you all of my icing! I need more! Although… you did lie to me… I think you need to be punished. How about turning into piss?

“No! I’m a pred! Not a prey! Let me out, and I’ll do anything!”

“Squirm for me, Kitty!

With that exchange, the warmth had spread to his waist, and he knew struggling would get him nowhere. He looked at his predator, tears forming in his eyes. “Please…”

Cake chuckled at the previously confident neko, “Don’t worry slut. I think you’ll enjoy yourself!”

Nyx finally decided to struggle. “I won’t!” However, he was fighting a losing battle. “Ahh!” He moaned. “It’s so warm… what are you doing to me?!”

The mouse looked at him. “Just exposing your slutty desires.”

With another buck, Nyx’s chest entered the cock, leaving only his head free. He moaned at the warmth encompassing his body, and bucked his hips in vain. With one last thrust, Nyx was fully encompassed within the cock, and began to sink deeper.

“Please, Cake! I’ll do anything! Let me out! Don’t digest me!”

“Don’t worry, I won’t. I want you to stew. Do squirm for me while I run errands though.”

Nyx wanted to resist, not giving in, in one last act of defiance, but he found he wanted to please the mouse. He squirmed, and was rewarded with waves of pleasure.

“Ah! Good boy, slut!”

Upon hearing his mouse’s moans, Nyx smiled. At least he would add to that gorgeous body…. Wait: What was he thinking?

Nyx slid deeper, before squeezing into a small, musky sack. Almost instinctively, the flesh around him contracted, engulfing him even more in warmth. The musk grew stronger, and the chamber grew warmer. Teasingly, he stuck his tongue into the liquid, and musk flooded his senses. Any other time, he would’ve been disgusted, but he was overwhelmed with arousal. He grasped his cock, and attempted to reach another orgasm. He had one question for his predator, though.

“Hey, Cake? Are you gonna digest me, or are you going to keep me here?”

Cake smirked. “I’m gonna digest you when you beg for it, preyslut.”

“The walls rhythmically clenched around him, and the heat once again increased. He began to sweat, and the walls grew even tighter. It almost started to hurt. This was amplified by motion outside of his prison. The mouse was jumping, attempting to completely break the cat to his will.

“Aa-Aah! Cake!! It’s so warm!”

His prison grew even more musky, if that was even possible, and Nyx met his match.

“Ah-Aah! End it! Make me yours, master! Please!”

The rodent smirked, and triggered digestion. “Good boy.”

The fluid he was soaking in grew more acidic, and his skin began to tingle. He writhed in a strange mix of pleasure and agony, as the acids worked away at him.

Cake knew his prey was in for a few hours of painful melting, and decided to lay down, massaging his torso as it started to soften.

“Bye, kitty.”

The next morning, the mouse awoke to a significantly smaller stomach, and a painful pressure in his cock. He ambled to the toilet, and grasped his cock. The musky remains of Nyx started to slide out, splashing into the bowl. With a grunt, something started to plug the stream. Cake grunted, and pushed, and with an obscene \*pop\* a slurry of sludgy, half melted bones flowed out with the piss. As the stream started to taper off, another obstruction arose. With one last push, a stained skull popped out. The mouse grabbed the skull, and went to wash it off. He would take it to a reformer’s later.

“Bye, Nyx. You were a good fuck.”

He flushed.