Nyx strolled down the street, avoiding his usual alley. It had been a week since he had fallen victim to that gorgeous, adorable mouse. He was now terrified of falling victim to another pred, and hadn’t eaten anyone since he himself was nommed. He swore, though, that mouse did something to him. He couldn’t get him out of his thoughts! When he first awoke in the reformation clinic, his first thought was not, “Holy hell I got eaten!” Instead, it was, “I wonder when I can see that cutie again.” He needed a drink to clear his thoughts.

The neko walked into a nearby pub, and basically collapsed on the barstool in front of him. He ordered his usual, a tequila sunrise, and the vulpine bartender brought him his drink.

“Free of charge, Nyx. The gentleman over there paid for it.”

Nyx followed his finger, and sure enough, there was Cake, smirking at him. Oh no. He quickly downed his drink, faster than what was healthy, and practically ran out of that pub. He had to get home, away from that mouse! He dropped to all fours, and began his mad escape through the town. However, his legs wouldn’t carry him past his alley, and he ran into it, before realizing he was cornered. Trembling, he made himself look as small as possible, before deciding the mouse needed to be taught a lesson. He stood back up, walked out of the alley, and scanned the street for the mouse. What was he doing?

As he looked around, to no avail, he was startled by a breathy voice in his ear. Apparently the mouse had absorbed some of him and used it to grow.

“Going somewhere, kitty?”

With a yelp, he jumped, and faced the rodent. He had grown taller, his posture was more confident, and his fur has taken on more of a white sheen. Obviously remnants from his last meal.

“U-Uh oh! Hey Cake. W-what’s up?”

“Not much, Kitty, just wanted to know if you want to go back to your place and have some more fun.”

Nyx replied without thinking, in a voice so sultry he didn’t think it was his. “You know it, cutie.”

Wait. What did he just say?

The mouse just grabbed his hand, and smiled. “Show me the way, food.”

Oh, no.

The two had soon arrived at his home, which was obviously the abode of a wannabe pred. Cake noticed his toilet was obscenely large, and decided to taunt the cat further. He dragged his tongue along Nyx’s neck.

“Nice toilet, slut. Maybe now I can make brownies.”

Nyx gulped, but refused to let fear contort his features. He smirked, and once again pulled off his own shirt. Maybe later, mousie. Maybe we can play for a bit. This time, the mouse complied immediately. He dragged his tongue up and down Nyx’s chest.

“Sounds good, kitty, but you need a bath. I think I do, too.”

The two decided to give each other tongue baths, placing their respective scents on one another. Each one focused on their nipples and cocks, but no mention was made to either’s rump. They then started to make out, tongues probing in each other’s mouths, and Nyx faced the first obstacle of the night. He almost felt like jumping down the mouse’s throat. He almost questioned what he was doing, but attributed it to the mouse’s pheromones. Before he could act on this desire, the mouse pulled away.

Nyx immediately whined at the lack of contact. “So, how did I feel in there?”

“Pretty damn good, kitty. Why, eager to go back in?”

The cat smirked. “No, just wanted to know if any was left in the tap.”

With that, the neko wrapped his tongue around the head of his partner’s cock, and lightly suckled, as if coaxing the liquid out. He was swiftly rewarded with a blast of musky liquid, which had the aftertaste of his skin, and he eagerly gulped it down. As the stream tapered off,

Nyx once again whined, but pulled back nonetheless. He then turned around, and motioned to the mouse to lie down. Repeating the events of the last time they met, but in reverse, the kitty sat on his face, and the rodent started licking. His pointed muzzle worked to his advantage, and he set to probing the hole with the nose, sniffing at the sweet and musky scents, and licking. The feline shifted above him, likely masturbating, and he decided to lick even faster. He licked, and licked, and soon heard the neko approaching his climax. With a moan, the feline climaxed, squirting his load onto the bed. However, he didn’t sit up.

When the rodent tried to pull his nose out, he found himself unable to. In fact, it was pulling him deeper!

“Naughty mousie! I think you need to be taught a lesson. Don’t mess with a pred.”

The mouse smiled. In a muffled voice, he said, “I think I should misbehave more often!”

With a rhythmic clench, and moan from Nyx, the mouse’s head was fully engulfed within his backdoor. Almost like a toy, the mouse started to murr, and murred so violently he was vibrating. With another moan, more of his vibrating body was sucked up into the hole, and he grasped for his cock. Under the cat, he stood up, likely to help the cat with his meal.

Nyx was frustrated even as he engulfed the mouse. He was enjoying this! This was supposed to be a punishment, and he was loving every second!

“You’re more of a slut than I am, mousie.”

“Urf… You know it, kitty.”

Nyx swiftly squatted, and before he knew it, gravity had assisted him in fully devouring Cake, and with a squelch his ass plopped on the floor. His stomach bulged out with his meal, and said meal stopped vibrating. He squirmed vigorously, and was rewarded with rumbles from outside of his prison. It was obvious he knew what he was doing.

Nyx grinned. “Good job, Cakey. Squirm while you become chocolate for me.”

Cake smiled, and did as he was told. His prison squeezed him tighter, and his skin started to tingle. He moaned.

“Ah! Kitty! It hurts so good! Slow down, I want to simmer.”

Nyx smirked, and decided to grant his wish. Digestion would be slow, and painful. The acids would engulf him, and peel off his fur. While this occurred, Nyx put a movie onto his TV, and listened to the cries of agony and gurgles from inside his stomach.

Within an hour, all of Cake’s fur was gone. His skin had started to crack, and blister, and it was getting harder to keep his hand on his dick. He grunted, and sped up his efforts, which only sloshed around his prison, and sped up the process.

“Nyx! It’s too much! Please, end it!”

With one last moan, his cries were silenced, as the cat placed his hands on his gut, and pressed down. With a sickening crack, his stomach stopped its motion, and started to shrink. All he heard now were gurgles, and he let sleep take him as he digested his meal.

Nyx woke up the next morning, and looked at his stomach. It was still larger than usual, but it had shrunken greatly. He smiled and patted it, and was quickly rewarded with a large grumble. He stood up.

“Ooh, mousie. Ready to come out?”

His question was answered with a loud, rippling fart, and he was forced to run to his toilet. With another fart, he plopped his plumped-up cheeks on the crapper, and started to push. A dark, hard log slid out, which opened the floodgates. Immediately afterwards, a large slurry of sludge flowed out, dotted with fur and pieces of bone. Nyx moaned. It seemed the rodent still knew how to pleasure him even as shit. With another grunt, the sludge tapered off, and a few more solid logs plopped into the large bowl. As he finished his meal, he was met with an obstruction. Without even looking, he knew it was Cake’s skull. He pushed and pushed, and a few logs squished out of the eye sockets, before the skull itself slid out of his hole. Nyx howled in pleasure as the rodent’s teeth tickled his sphincter, and nearly came on the spot.

His dump ended, and he stood up, looking back at his work. The bowl was stained brown, and a large pile of waste sat in the center, and a skull ended up on its brown throne. He reached in, a hand still on his cock, and pulled out the bleached skull.

“Urf… time for icing, Cake.”

He started to masturbate, and decided to clean off the skull while he was at it. He dragged his tongue along the skull, and as soon as the slightly bitter, spicy flavor hit him, he burst. He squirted his cream onto what was left of cake, and immediately covered the waste with piss. He decided he would keep the skull, and reform Cake when he wanted to have some fun.

“Well, Cake, seems your nickname should be fudge!”palicy