*Alone with the Fledgeling Predator*

A few weeks had passed since Mouse’s run-in with the gluttonous devil girl that was Sybil Pyres, and since then, he’d been a staple in the apartment. Not really a roommate, however, instead of something Sybil to eat when she got hungry. He just hung out there, unable to leave thanks to that collar he was cursed with, and Charlotte being the timid woman she was normally kept her distance, confining herself to her room with her laptop; never really acknowledging his presence...At least, not until today.

Feeling peckish, Charlotte walked by Mouse without a word and into the kitchen. She peeked through one shelf after the next and all were bone dry.

“Sybil.” She groaned in a hushed whisper. “I told you to get groceries yesterday! Of course, she wouldn’t. Someone utters party and off she goes.”

With a pang of pain, her stomach growled long and loud.

“Owowow, I knooooow. I’d get pizza if I had the money.” Charlotte’s shoulders sunk in a sulk.

Mouse didn’t make it too obvious, but he had been watching Charlotte as she tried digging up food in the kitchen, feeling bad for her after a while. Eventually, he got up and approached the shut-in.

“Uh, hey?” He said, trying not to startle Charlotte, but startling her anyway.

“Wha-What do you want?” She said, her voice anxiously.

“If you want...you can eat me?”

Wincing, Charlotte looked as if someone slapped her across the face.

“W-What!? You actually want to be e-eaten!? I mean, you certainly didn’t look like you wanted to be eaten b-by Sybil.”

“Cu-Cuz I’d rather be eaten by someone like you in all honesty.”

“Bu-But you’ll be digested! I-It’ll hu-hurt a lot! I-I can’t do something l-like that to someone!”

“I don’t mind, besides I’ll be back. You know that.”

There was a brief silence as Charlotte looked into Mouse’s deadset expression, broken by the growl of Charlotte’s stomach.

“Fi-Fine, you don’t look like you’d be convinced otherwise.” Charlotte said, relenting and gesturing for him to follow her back to the couch. “Just do m-me a favor and not squirm s-so much, u-unless you want me to puke you back out.”

“Gotcha.”

“O-Ok.” Charlotte took Mouse by the shoulders and swallowed anxiously. “He-Here goes n-nothing.”

It took a bit for her to actually go through with it, but eventually, she found the nerve and pushed the mouseboy face first into her mouth. Mouse was quick to notice the difference between Sybil and her meek roommate. While Sybil’s maw stretch easily to accept his little body, Charlotte’s body was more resistant. To keep her gag reflex from kicking in, she had to force him inside, bit by bit. It was a long (and for Charlotte, agonizing) process, with Mouse’s journey occasionally having to stop as the shut-in had to wrestle with her body to get him down; but eventually, the tug of war between body and mind ended in Charlotte’s favor. Mouse went down to the pit of her stomach, curling up inside the chamber of pulsating muscles and whatever of Charlotte’s snacks hadn’t moved on.

As soon as Mouse’s feet cleared her airways, Charlotte took a long, deep gasp of breath before caressing her Mouse shaped stomach. Not used to such a large meal push the boundaries of her stomach, the ache that followed was a terrible one; not helped by the way he moved around inside trying to make himself comfortable in there.

 “Thanks f-for the meal I-I guess.” She said, a sense of queasiness coming over her before a soft, quiet belch escaped her drool-covered lips. “Ugh, s-stop moving around there.”

“Sorry, sorry!” Mouse quickly replied, freezing up like a statue as the unsettled stomach rippled angrily around him, swiftly secreting acids to break down the annoyance.

“I-It’s alright, ju-just do me a-a *-ow-* favor and digest quickly.”

“I’ll uh...I’ll try.”

“Thanks.” Charlotte let another, surprisingly crass belch. “A-And sorry about digesting yo-you.”

“No need to apologize, I wanted it after all.”

“Ye-Yeah, -*urp-* that’s what they say before the digestion k-kicks in.” She muttered, flinching as her stomach ached here and there. “Th-Then they start kicking and screaming a-and crying.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t. I promise.”

Charlotte gave her stomach a skeptical glance before just sinking into the couch and relaxing as best she could. Over the next few hours, Charlotte felt into a food coma while her gut loudly gurgled and growled, working its hardest to digest this meal as fast as possible. Inside, Mouse was assaulted by stomach walls and gastric juices, working in tandem to melt his little body down into a sloppy mess. Like he promised, he hardly struggled against the fate he resigned himself too, let Charlotte’s stomach have its way with him. Unlike Sybil’s stomach, the shut-in’s wasn’t too forceful and the damp, hot air wasn’t as extreme as that of the demon’s guts. It was more like sitting a warm, humid room than being next to an active volcano. He soon passed out, fortunately, saving the lively organ some trouble in churning him down into nutrients.

By the time he was nothing but slush, Sybil returned with an armful of groceries.

“Sorry, sorry! I completely forgot to get ‘em yesterday!” Sybil bellowed apologetically, setting everything down with a fanfare of rustling plastic bags.

“It's alright.” Charlotte murmured, laying on the couch with eyes glued to some random stream, gut still larger and aching slightly less than before. Unfortunately for the self-conscious shut-in, that was the first thing Sybil noticed.

“Holy shit, did you do what I think you did?” She asked before bursting into a fit of laughter. “Oh my god, did you actually eat him cuz you were hungry!? Bwahahahaaaaha! And you said you weren’t even going to touch him with a thirty-foot pole! Hey, you know what? I know a great BBQ sauce he goes well with, I’ll have to lend it to you next time!”

“Oh shut it Sybil. It’s your fault for not getting the groceries.” Charlotte retorted with a pout before a small, whiny left fart left her cheeks; a sign Mouse’s remains had moved right into her colon. She winced embarrassment and slowly, shamefully looked to Sybil. ”Yo-You didn’t hear that, d-did you?”

Sybil stifled a laugh.

“Nope, not a thing babe.” replied the demon, holding back another torrent of laughter as she started unpacking everything. Definitely knowing Sybil heard that, Charlotte only hid her face in utter shame while Mouse sat up from behind the couch, completely out of it and unaware of what had just occurred.