This corner of the mall wasn’t one that Scott had ever allowed himself to get near, but boredom and an insatiable curiosity finally pushed him into the less lit, alternative stores that seemed to cater exclusively to shameless preds. Fighting a blush as an image of an open, dripping maw greeted him at the window, the brown-furred rodent pressed his glasses further up and took a shaky step in, trying to tame his nerves. He hugged his backpack against his chest.

Instantly, he felt out of his element. Thrumming above him was a constant pulse of punk that he had never heard before, catchy though incredibly harsh; it was further punctuated with musically-edited belches. The college student’s eyes went wide. The shirts on display all over the walls were different levels of debauched, featuring indie bands he had never heard of, drug use that he had never even considered, and devourment the likes of which he had only seen in the deepest recesses of his browser history. There were pictures of chibi characters passing fat loafs, skulls imprinted beneath guts, full tummies stylized to look like album covers. The whole place was just garish enough to defend itself against accusations of pornography.

Scott’s nose suddenly twitched as he tried to catch the underlying scents in the store. Somehow, he convinced himself that he could smell the spicy tinge of fresh steaming shit, but it was masked heavily with burning incense and some kind of peppermint vapor. Altogether it was a pretty decent smell, but it made his loins stir in a way the rodent wasn’t ready to openly acknowledge.

“Hey, welcome.” He heard a low, sultry voice call out to him. A little squeak escaped his lips, and Scott turned around to find an employee eying him. The only reason he knew that they were an employee was the fat lanyard that did double duty as a name tag. “I’m Nyx, I’ll be your helper today. Looking for anything in particular?” He crossed his legs, and took a heavy drag from a vape. He blew another addition to the smoke that lined the ceiling.

Scott stammered; his mouth seemed to dry out at the sight of the catboy. His thick thighs were unhelpfully obscured by fishnets, trailing down into ratty sneakers that somehow worked for him. His lightly chubby belly was on full display, the tiny jacket he was wearing barely even covering his nipples. The feline was clad in a knee-length black skirt, though it didn’t do anything in his current pose to hide the bulge in his pants. His ears and tail were big, and fluffy, and from his lingering knowledge the mouse identified his makeup as Maine Coon.

“W-Well, I’m, uh… I’m just looking, and…”

“First time?” Nyx interrupted with a snort, taking another drag of his cigarette. He placed it on the counter and stretched. Scott had to avert his eyes; the jacket rode up and exposed his plump nipples. He knew that the attendant was a boy, but he was pretty enough that the whole thing felt a bit wrong. Not that the employee seemed to mind in the slightest.

He hopped off of the counter and stretched, his tail swishing about in clear amusement. “Don’t be too shy. I don’t get to see many mice around here, so consider me just as astounded. Looking for a gift for someone? I don’t judge, darling.”

“Nothing like that… uh…”

The catboy took his hand, and Scott instantly let out another squeak. His cock pressed against his pants as he felt the feline’s soft fingers curling around his. “You’re the first person to come in… let me show you around, might loosen you up some.” Scott nodded dumbly, and let himself be ferried about.

“You’ve seen the shirts, now here are the panties… edible, transformative, and regular varieties. Here to the left are the spices for prey, raw or roasting, we’ve got it.” Scott swallowed the lump in his throat, and tried to stealthily adjust himself. His cock was so pressing out so hard that it hurt. He took a step back, and tried to get his hand under his pants. He wasn’t incredibly well endowed, but it was still an issue. Just as he got a hold of his plump cock, Nyx turned around and grabbed his hand, a predatory grin on his face.

“Don’t tell me you’re already getting riled up by the merchandise.” He teased, releasing his grip and reaching to knock off a few bottles off of the shelf. “Whoops.” The confident catboy bent over, letting his skirt ride up over his tail as he crawled about looking for the items. Wedged between his cheeks were a pair of white and blue striped panties, that did nothing to hide his plump, jiggling nuts. Scott dropped his backpack in awe, and let it spill out onto the floor.

“You know, no one comes in here on the weekdays.” Nyx informed him. Scott swallowed his lingering shame and unbuttoned his pants for the breathing room. Letting out a shaky breath, he reached over to grab Nyx’s plump ass. That earned him a low purr from the catboy, which made his tail wrap around his leg from shyness.

He leapt up and placed them back on the shelf. “Let’s keep moving, nerd.” He said, and Scott barely kept from creaming his pants then and there.

“Oh! Oh… my… Are these…”

“Digestive aids, seasonings, bondage gear, the like. We have a deal here, you know. We always offer a free trial. Or, I do, when my bosses aren’t around.”

Scott blushed, and he opened his mouth to silently ask a question. Nyx looked down at him, and nodded. The mouse’s ears pressed against his head for a moment, before returning to their radar-dish stretch, as he tried to listen for any potential voyeurs.

While he was distracted, Nyx took advantage, grabbing the fuzzy handcuffs from the shelf and deftly giving Scott a reach around. He locked them, drawing a flustered squeak out of the blushy rodent, and pressed him to his knees. “Last chance to be a nerd and flake.”

Scott steeled his gaze. Nyx was too cute to lead on like this. He looked down, waiting as the catboy dominantly stepped over him. His hands pulled his own panties down, and he rapidly stepped out of them, leaving them in a pile on the floor. His heavy, uncut meat loomed over the mouse’s head, reeking of precum.

The mouse was always leaning towards straight, but something hypnotic pulled him into the grasp of the feline. He opened his mouth, and tried not to gag as the cock trailed down his tongue and into his throat. He swallowed about half of it before he lurched forward, eyes watering from the effort. “Hey, not bad.” Nyx pulled away and let him breath. “That tongue work was pretty good for a square like you.”

He pressed back past Scott’s lips, squatting down so his skirt reached the floor and covered the mouse entirely. Anyone who looked in was going to see a lewdly dressed femboy, but nothing more. Scott realized this with a shudder, and he shot a tiny blast of pre into his briefs.

Nyx began to lightly hump his throat, ensuring that his cock was good and lathered with the mouse’s saliva, before he seemed to get bored. He pressed in, giving Scott the deepest throat swab that he had ever received. He held himself in place until the mouse discovered how to breathe again, and stopped gagging. “Man, you’re good under pressure.” The rodent blushed from the compliment, and tried to curl his tongue around the underside of the cat’s shaft.

His hand reached to press against Scott’s head through the skirt, and he began to fuck his throat in earnest, stretching it to its limit. The taste and scent of the punk’s cock was going to stick with him for days if not weeks, and his face was also smeared with a mix of lingering pre and cocksweat that was sure to cling to his fur.

Nyx shot a thick load down his throat, groaning as his hot cream burned its way down to the mouse’s stomach. He pulled out, leaving him to spit out a smaller gob of spunk onto the floor. The feline stepped over it and ground it down.

“Not bad for a first time, dork. You’d make a good regular.”

Scott’s throat was beginning to ache from the aftereffect of such a brutal loss of his throat virginity, but he still smiled dumbly at such a compliment. He locked eyes with the catboy’s soft face, staring dreamily as he stepped off of the rodent and returned him to visibility.

Nyx licked his lips.

Scott caught the motion in a split second, his ears rising up and turning as he was stuck with an instinctual panic the likes of which he had never felt, but it was already too late. The catboy’s mouth moved with practiced precision, stretching over his head and trapping it. His lips were pressed against Scott’s throat, already. Nyx suckled on his head, leaving a clear ring of purple lipstick in his fur, a collar showing off his sudden loss of independence. He swallowed, and Scott was yanked forward, a terrified squeak escaping him as he realized that his arms were still cuffed, and there was no way to get away.

However, as much as he willed himself to, Scott completely failed to struggle. His body locked up, and he felt a pang of intense uselessness in his gut. There was nothing to do, anymore. Any escape attempts would just please the sassy cat who had so deftly ensnared him. His fur was sticky and lathered with a thick, slimy layer of saliva, and it was getting harder to breathe as the oxygen he got came preprocessed inside of the cat’s body.

He realized, as the cat moved over his cock and spared it a few licks, that he was hyperventilating, his body coping in the only way that was possible. His head was fuzzy, and his thoughts were empty, stunned as he replayed the incident and tried to figure out where he had gone so wrong. Again, he realized that it was too late to change anything. No amount of pleading was going to change this.

Even if he had wanted to speak, his throat was raw from the brutal fucking, sore in a new way that he had never felt. Scott was hit with a final, condemning wave of disempowerment, as he realized that every single action the cat had taken was as though from a checklist, a perfect sealing of his fate.

He splashed into the acids head first, and didn’t even attempt to pull himself away from them. He curled up as best he could, and tried to regulate his breathing, staying as calm as he could to spare the cat the smugness.

Nyx let out a rancid, messy belch, that clamped his gut down and held Scott underneath the acids, eating him away in a matter of minutes. He waddled back to the counter and hid his gut beneath, pressing it against the stool beneath the register to further grind down his meal. He took a few more drags of his vape and tapped along to the music.

The next few hours passed uneventfully, Nyx as lazy as ever, humming to himself and trying to stay occupied in the emptiness of the store. He shelved a few things when his gut was cooperating, but otherwise lazed about and smoked like the bad employee he was.

An hour from closing, the catboy felt a pressure in his backside that demanded immediate attention. Looking about for a source of relief with the least possible effort, he found Scott’s backpack, which was already big for the mouse. Unzipping all of the pockets, he purred in smug anticipation for the coming event. Pressing the bag against a stocking box, he placed his skirt over it, squatting just enough to facilitate passing the mouse.

Scott came out as brown as ever, greasy remains stained with little remains of hair and little else. Thick curls of crap coiled into the bag alongside a few brassy farts, staining the inside of the fabric and instantly intensifying that subtle smell Scott had picked up on when he had walked in. Nyx let out a little moan, his tongue lolling out as a particularly hard, solid turd stretched out of him, as wide around as his wrist. There were a few bones within that had survived, which pressed against his prostate on their way out that his cock peaked up again, fully recovered from the earlier cumshot.

With that pocket filled, Nyx zipped it up and went on, moving to the largest pocket in the pack. He adjusted himself, swishing his tail as though that would successfully get the smell away, before he released the floodgates again; a swampy, half-solid mass exploded out of him again, covering the mouse’s laptop in a thick layer of bowel batter. Nyx grunted, and pressed out another solid log, which was soon followed by three more solid clumps of fibrous shit.

That left some auxiliary pockets, into which Nyx pinched off a few lingering clumps of shit, before he was finally unable to fill the bag with any more waste. Excusing himself to the back door of the shop, he ferried out the rancid bag and waddled to the dumpster. He tossed the bag beside it, and shamelessly squatted. A final thick brew of the swampy shit that Scott had become coated the bag, which already seemed to be attracting flies.

Nyx blew the mouse a kiss, and sauntered back into his store. He wiped his ass with his striped panties, tossed them in the garbage, and decided on a whim that he’d clock out commando. Picking his teeth, he felt a cheshire cat grin spread over his face.

Man, the weekdays when the nerds explored were always the highlight of the week.