

Content warning:

This story contains cat on mouse willing/consensual oral play and vore. It is an implied feral story, but with society and clothed mice. It is a bit ambiguous. It also takes place in a world where vore and eating mice is not societally acceptable and is punishable as murder or similar.

This story uses UK/SA English and contains no swearing/no-no words, (gosh is used).

It takes a bit to get to the actual vore to happen, and both characters have different willing, perspectives on vore, with slight sexual implications for the cat character.

Spoiler description:

(An experimental system, you may give an opinion about this.)

Read this if you have specific tastes and don't want to be surprised and would rather know what happens before you read. Copy and paste the white text between the brackets to read the spoiler.

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Rachel's first time

It was a beautiful day in the city of Richard's Burrow. The sun rose to a cloudless day and illuminated all of the mouse city. The light crept through Bernard Whisker-Borough's apartment window and he woke up peacefully. He considered staying in bed when his alarm clock went off. It was on the other side of his bedroom on his desk and was way too far to reach. Reluctantly he got up and walked to the clock while doing some light stretches. On the clock itself a sticky note was placed. Bernard was puzzled by this for a second and knew he must have placed it since he lived alone. It simply read "Today is the day" followed by a checklist of things he needed to get done.

Suddenly remembering everything, Bernard sprung to action and went over everything in his head.

It had been a few years now that the city has been becoming interconnected with the nearby city of Star-LineSense, a cat city. Although cat and mice have had a troubling history with each other recent works toward cooperation had been very fruitful, at least according to *'Freedom Today'*, the news and media outlet sponsored by the Department of Information and several large companies in and outside of the city of Richard's Burrow. At the very least it had been beneficial to Bernard and his plumbing business. He had capitalized on the lack of plumbers in Star-LineSense and his size relative to the rather large pipes has come in handy when spotting problems, however he has had to work with assistance from local cat plumbers in the past since some things are just too difficult for him to fix on his own. It makes him a bit nervous working with them or being around cats in general and he still finds himself occasionally wary around them. They were still dangerous predators.

But Bernard's feelings betrayed him. Although he was fearful of cats and bigger creatures he had a fascination toward them, their size and the power one could possibly hold over him. His main desire has always been to be eaten by one. He didn't understand it and always thought that this would just be one of those things he'll never understand or experience. The desire though had gotten stronger ever since he started working in Star-LineSense. He had been intently watching his clients eat when they weren't paying attention to him. It was like a form of torture but also seemed to be the closest he could get to fulfilling his desire.

That was until recently. He was just surfing the web and trying to find answers about himself online when he found someone. She was an anonymous cat from Star-LineSense, and she was looking for a mouse to safely try out her desire to swallow someone alive. She

didn't give out much information about her location or life but instead encouraged the reader to contact her. Bernard was sceptical of her intentions at first but contacted her through email to learn more about her. They talked for a while and Bernard grew more excited as they did and found what she wanted was very similar to what he wanted. They decided to meet at her place in a few days when they were both free and today was that day. Although he made sure to record today as a business day at her place in case anything went wrong.

He had plenty of time but was suddenly very excited. He took a quick shower, making sure to be as clean as possible and spent extra time washing off any soap. He got himself some nice clothes, although mice don't tend to wear clothes in the city of Richard's Burrow and it's more of a fashion thing. Some other creatures wear clothes all the time with some nation-states or cities having strict laws on clothing, but there are no such laws in Richard's Burrow or Star-LineSense, as far as he knew. He has seldom seen cats wearing clothes and they don't seem to care if mice wear clothes or not, although Bernard always wears his uniform as it makes him feel unique and like he belongs somewhere. But not today, today he wanted to look presentable and also keep himself as clean as possible on the journey. After all, he wouldn't want to make his host sick or uncomfortable from his body and filthy clothes.

This got him thinking about what he was going to do this day and if it would really be what he wanted. A shiver went down his spine and a bit of worry set in again. He didn't even know how she looked or what her name was, only the location she gave that was apparently her home address. Could he trust her? Did she think this through, and does she have his best intentions in mind?

Bernard thought further while he got dressed and ate breakfast. He was second guessing himself and thought about cancelling, but he realised it was just his nerves talking. "C'mon Bernard, this is what you've wanted your whole life and is probably your only opportunity," he said aloud to himself. With his mind made up he got his keys and set out to his car.

The drive was quiet with a lot of mice apparently having decided to sleep in on this weekend day. Bernard had considered taking public transport as the train and bus connections between the city had become quite sophisticated over the years. But he wanted to have a reliable way back home after the day and it was free advertising of his business driving his vehicle through Star-LineSense. It was a bit of a drive and the train would have been faster, but the city wasn't too far and Bernard regularly drove to the city for work.

The infrastructure in Star-LineSense had been well adapted for mouse vehicles with few cats using their own vehicles anyway, most sticking to public transport or simply walking.

Bernard's destination was a bit beyond the city and further than he tended to go. The houses got bigger and more expensive looking and he wondered if he had the wrong address. The buildings seemed to make a point to stand out and be different from each other, be this in colour or design and complexity. When he finally reached his destination he saw it was a large building on a hill, towering as if competing with other large buildings on adjacent hills. Clearly an aristocrat neighbourhood.

There was a fence surrounding the premises and it was covered with just enough greenery to cover the sophisticated wall defences which were clearly used to keep cats from climbing over. Bernard was expecting someone to be guarding the entrance, but the gate was wide open. It was a bit ominous and made him feel like he was driving to his doom, but the cat did say they would be completely alone.

A bit nervous he drove in and found a place that looked like the parking ground. There was only one other vehicle there and it looked to be a cat vehicle that was quite a few sizes larger than his own car, which was already above average for a mouse car.

He parked his car and made his way to the front door as he looked around a bit. All around the land was decorated with plants and flowers he had never seen before, as well as a few statues of cats in suggestive poses. There was a large fountain on the grounds before the door. Bernard didn't check, but he was rather sure there were fish at the bottom of the fountain. The water flow seemed weak and for a moment he forgot why he was there as he thought of what could be wrong and how he could fix it. He then reminded himself that he wasn't here for business and made his way up the ramp in front of the front door.

The door was a bit bigger than a normal cat door and a small door seemed to be installed next to it. He wanted to knock, but knew it probably wouldn't do much, given how large the building was. He scanned the door some more and found what looked like a recently installed doorbell at mouse size and level. He took a deep breath and rang the bell.

Rachel had the whole estate to herself today and felt a bit deceitful for hiding her intentions. She made sure to invite the mouse the one day she would be alone and had the privacy. Will he show up? she thought to herself.

She was under the dining room table, reading a recipe book. Something here must be right for him, she thought to herself as she skimmed through the book. Suddenly the doorbell went off. Startled, she jumped up and hit her head under the table.

Is he already here? How long have I been busy with this? She started to panic and tried to think of what to do, but even her thoughts seemed to trip over each other. If mother could see you right now she wouldn't be very impressed, a voice in her head scolded her. She took a deep breath and collected herself while walking to the door. The bell rang again. "Oh gosh, I musn't let it ring a third time," she declared aloud as she picked up the pace.

Bernard patiently waited but was worried nobody was home. He had already rung the bell twice and was considering a third time when the door slowly opened. A young feminine cat stared out the door at him, not opening the door much more than a crack. The two locked eyes for a short moment before she opened the door more.

"Apologies, where are my manners. Please come in," she requested, stepping aside and waiting for him to walk in. Nervously Bernard stepped inside without a word and looked at the cat as she closed the door behind him. She had a smooth, short-haired, white coat covering all of her body except for a few distinct black patches along her chest, one on the tip of her tail, and one covering her left front paw. She held herself in proper pose, but from the second of eye contact they shared Bernard could tell she was also nervous.

He looked around and listened for anyone else, but they were alone, as she said they would be. "You can leave your bag and coat there," the cat instructed, pointing to a corner with tagged lockers and a table clearly prepared for mouse servants to leave their luggage and spare clothes. Bernard obeyed but kept his layer of day clothes on. "This way please," the young cat said in a confident tone while leading the way. He followed her and observed the area as he walked. The layout seemed to have been modified for many mice to easily access areas with paths, ladders, stairs and other techniques. As they walked past the kitchen, he saw a whole integrated structure around the oven where many mice could work to set up a meal. He wanted to look a bit longer but didn't want to fall too far behind his host who was greatly outpacing him.

They reached a corner in the dining room where some sun shined though. A few pillows were laid out on the already soft carpet. The window was unnecessarily tall and high enough up that someone on the outside wouldn't be able to see through. Bernard was willing to bet the view out of the window was great, but the cat stopped short of the window. She went to sit on one of the pillows closest to the window and beckoned him to do the same.

Rachel watched as the mouse went to sit down. He looked like the usual mouse with a brown coat and a small layer of cozy clothing. He was generously sized and of the rounder shape and had the sweetest little nervous smile.

Rachel's thoughts were racing. Calm down Rachel, you planned this out and no one is going to catch you, she thought to herself. Get to know him and it will all be better. Wait, I didn't ask him his name yet or even introduce myself! Play it cool. Make it seem intentional.

"Terribly sorry for the secrecy, can't be too careful. I wish I could have told you more and put you at ease before inviting you and I apologise for any discomfort I may have caused. This isn't exactly legal because of the Mouse Protection Act and could be destructive for my family's reputation. I am Rachel Liverstone, what may your name be?"

"Bernard Whisker-Borough," he answered with no further introduction.

"Oh, that won't do at all, not at all. I have a dear Butler by the name of Bernard, so we'll just have to think of nickname for you darling. I'll be referring to you as darling if that's alright. And how about my Sweet Berry? It's absolutely adorable and matches you perfectly." What? Why did I say that? I can call him Bernard, it's not that hard, right? And isn't Sweet Berry a bit too much of a pet name? Am I moving too fast and too confidently?

The mouse shifted a bit, appearing nervous and unsure where to put his limbs. "You can call me whatever you want ma'am. But if I may ask, what's your plan?"

Rachel was caught off guard. Is he trying to move this along, or perhaps he thinks I didn't plan this through? I must reassure him but also make him comfortable. As tempting as it might be I can't just eat him now, I need to build up to it, or this will only be a one-time hookup. Start by just chatting and getting to know each other.

"Oh, don't worry your little whiskers darling, I have everything planned out. We will get to that in due time, but first we should get to know each other. We've got plenty of time after all. Tell me a bit about yourself darling."

The mouse seemed a bit calmer and started explaining his work and life as a plumber. Rachel didn't find it all too interesting but instinctually took mental notes on important details like her mother taught her to. She kept encouraging him to continue talking and he gradually became more enthusiastic. He was clearly passionate about his career. Rachel suspected that crawling in pipes must be some sort of escape for him and a way of simulating his desires. She found herself more intrigued as time went on and could listen to him talk all day, but she had to move the conversation to herself. Although it is a lot easier to keep the conversation about the person she is talking to, this conversation had to involve her too.

Rachel kept her family business brief as it grows quite tiresome to explain it to all guests, and the mouse was in a good enough state to move past small talk. He had explained his desire to be eaten and the feelings he gets when he looks at the mouths of larger creatures and the power dynamic with them. Rachel was a bit hesitant but told him about the feelings she gets when she looks at the mouse servants. Their small movements and cute little bodies. She often imagined the sensation of one sliding down her throat and the little helpless struggles that would follow. These thoughts had always brought her much shame and distress.

She wouldn't tell the mouse everything. Her fear of giving into her urges and how they effect her whole body. From the shiver in her nethers to the itch in her paws and the salivating of her mouth. She was genuinely worried she may one day give in to her urges and snatch one of the servants in secret only to regret it afterwards. She wouldn't be able to let them go, even if she hated it. That's why she went to the web to try and find a way to pacify her urges. She then coincidentally found this mouse who wanted to be eaten and she couldn't let this opportunity pass by. And now he was here and the awkwardness was lifting causing the urge to grow. Being alone in the mouse's presence was becoming unbearable.

"So, about the plan," Rachel said, bringing attention back to their planned event for the day. "I did the appropriate research and found drugs compatible with me that will neutralise my digestive process for a short amount of time. But it should be long enough for the both of us to have our fill. I can go take them if you are about ready."

Bernard seemed a bit surprised, but he didn't protest. "Well, is there anything else I should know?" he asked.

"There is one thing," Rachel replied. "I got some edible lubricant you can apply to your skin to make it a bit easier for me. It is unlikely that I would really need it, but I'd rather not take any chances. You may read the label if you wish, but I assure you it is safe for mice," she said as she retrieved the bottle of lubricant she had left resting at the table. "Call me if you need me." And with that she bolted out of the room and disappeared around the corner.

Rachel didn't say anything about taking off his clothes, but Bernard thought it was implied, so he did. He struggled a bit with the cat sized bottle and ended up laying it down on the front to get the lube out. He read the label as he gently applied the lubricant over his body, although there weren't really instructions of mouse application. It was flavourless and was no bother at all. The illustrations were about what was to be expected of such a product.

Having applied the lubricant, Bernard stood by the table leg closest to the doorway and waited for Rachel to come back. He thought over what was happening. He was a lot more

comfortable after having talked with Rachel a bit, but with it being time he'd gotten nervous again.

Why did she run off so fast and why is she taking so long to come back? Bernard thought. She seemed very excited, so it's unlikely she got distracted. Maybe she is having trouble with the drugs. Should I go see if I can help her? Probably not. If I get lost she might come back and be worried. Maybe I should just leave now and pretend this never happened while I still have a chance?

Deciding to wait a few minutes passed before Bernard heard Rachel running back. She slowed down as if reminded that she wasn't supposed to be running and walked more elegantly back to her pillow by the window. Bernard followed her, feeling a bit awkward.

"Terribly sorry for the delay. I had some trouble finding the drugs and dividing them into the correct dosage," she apologised as she sat down again. "I see you got yourself all ready, but there are a few things we still need to discuss. We need a way to communicate while you are -erm... inside of me, for a lack of better words."

Bernard hadn't thought about that, but it now seemed so obvious. There was a chance they wouldn't be able to hear each other well or at all. He thought for a while before coming up with a potential solution.

"We could have a safety system where I do a few taps against your stomach walls to talk or let you know I need out."

"That might be a bit difficult, as you intended to move around in there a lot," Rachel responded. "You would probably need to stand still for a while before doing maybe three hard hits to let me notice better." She looked a bit distracted and drool was visibly forming on her lips.

"That could work and maybe we can have a panic word too, like strawberry," Bernard suggested.

Rachel's face had a strange expression almost as if she was trying to puzzle together the meaning of the word. "Strawberry? Yeah, that should be fine. Follow me to the window darling," she instructed as she moved to a spot on the carpet by the window. She seemed to be somewhere deep in her head for a bit before laying down on her belly and looking at him.

Unsure, Bernard walked up to her face which was near ground level. "Ready dear?" she asked. Without waiting for a response she opened her mouth, revealing a mouth full of clean, sharp teeth and a wet, dripping maw.

Hypnotised, Bernard looked down the dark tunnel of her revealed throat. He hesitantly put one of his front paws on her tongue and felt the coarse, sharp texture of it. He was hoping to spend some time in her mouth but didn't really consider if her tongue would be comfortable. But as strange as it felt it also felt like the best thing he had ever touched and a shiver went down his spine. If this feels so good how would a softer tongue like that of a dog feel, Bernard wondered to himself.

Rachel's tongue moved a bit impatiently and looked like it might just scoop Bernard up if he didn't hurry up. He hesitantly put another paw on her tongue and slowly started moving his body into her mouth. He was careful of her teeth, but her mouth was big enough that they weren't in the way and didn't pose an immediate threat. The thought of the power in her jaws made Bernard imagine all the things she could do to him if only she wanted. It made his entire body tingle.

As he climbed in deeper he saw how he could comfortably sit and still have a bit of room to move, but he was a bit doubtful that she could actually swallow him. He was a bit bigger than the average mouse after all. He then realised that that was probably why Rachel had suggested he put on the lubricant. This made him think that maybe he ought to work out a bit more.

Before he was all the way in, Rachel's tongue impatiently scooped him deeper while her mouth closed behind him, leaving his tail dangling out her mouth. It was dark with a little light coming from beyond her slightly parted lips. Without warning Rachel's front teeth lightly bite down on his tail and her tongue moved him around gently. Her tongue then pushed him up and squeezed him against her palate. Bernard was already drenched in saliva and was a bit overwhelmed as Rachel continued to push and roll him around with her tongue, faster and wetter.

"Rachel, slow down a bit please," Bernard requested, barely getting audible words out as he was tossed around like clothes in a washing machine. Rachel seemed to have heard him, but barely slowed down, clearly very excited. She sucked him like a piece of candy and let out little noises of pleasure, before suddenly stopping completely for a second. Afterwards her movements were very gentle and slow as if she was savouring his flavour.

Bernard was able to get his bearings again and noticed Rachel had sucked his tail in at some point while she was playing with his body. Her lips were sealed and Bernard could hardly see anything anymore and wondered how dark it would be in her belly. The only thing Bernard still had on him was his smart watch and he decided to put on the flashlight on it to get a better view. Instantly Rachel's mouth was completely illuminated and Bernard stared in amazement at the details of her mouth.

"Wuh, 'at?" Rachel asked, momentarily stunned by the sudden light in her mouth. She completely stopped moving him around and waited for a response.

"It's just a flashlight," Bernard replied. Rachel then made a sound of acknowledgement before saying something like "E' me 'no when y'uh 'eady". The sound vibrated around Bernard and he was a bit confused as to what she meant. The combination of hot air from her throat and the gentle movements of her tongue felt better than Bernard could have anticipated or understood and it took a moment for him to realise what she had said.

"Let you know when I'm ready for what?" he asked. She didn't respond, instead her throat stretched open wide and her tongue moved him a bit closer to it. She held it this way for a while but seemed to be shaking with anticipation. He looked down her gullet and it looked like it was practically begging him to fall down. After a few seconds her tongue moved him to the front of her mouth and Bernard watched as she swallowed the saliva that had been collecting in her mouth.

Bernard was hesitant with his body practically yelling at him to get out while his heart was pleading him to go down. I could still leave and let this be as far as I've ever gotten, Bernard thought to himself. But why? I'm so close to getting everything I've ever wanted. Deep down he was still terrified despite trusting Rachel. He knew it was his survival instincts trying to stop him from doing something stupid, but this was his one chance and he couldn't leave Rachel waiting like this.

He took a deep breath before finally saying, "I am ready."

The anticipation was almost unbearable, but Rachel had to restrain herself and wait for Bernard's permission. She had already nearly ignored his needs while playing with him in her mouth. She was having a very hard time controlling her urges and had to get away from him earlier for a while to stop herself from giving in and eating him without talking it through. But there was no stopping it now and Rachel was afraid if he took any longer she would completely forget about his needs. Her body was shaking and her insides were screaming.

Then she heard his response. "I am ready."

The pleasure shot through her before she even attempted to swallow. The simple idea of it gave her more pleasure than anything she had ever experienced. Without a second thought she flicked her tongue back and gave one big, greedy *gulp*.

Within a second Bernard's whole body disappeared into her throat and started its journey down her oesophagus. He let out a startled and muffled squeak and Rachel forget to be

concerned. The joy she felt from his small form sliding down her throat was immeasurable. She could feel every small detail of his tightly squeezed body and could track his location as he slid down. She gave a few more swallows with no real effect other than getting the remainder of his taste. He squirmed as he slid down and Rachel's excitement grew as every last bit of him disappeared. She was getting out of breath, panting and after one last swallow of the gathering saliva she let out a breath of satisfaction.

Bernard's form had disappeared and Rachel felt the last bit of movement as he exited her oesophagus and finally settled in her stomach. His weight felt wonderfully satisfying and made it worth it having not eaten all day. But simply having him in there already seemed to fill a hole that Rachel had felt most of her life.

After catching her breath Rachel gained more control over her thoughts again. He's inside of me... I did it! I ate him and it felt wonderful! It still feels wonderful! Rachel put a paw over her belly near where she could feel the weight of her guest. He wasn't moving and Rachel assumed he was also just taking in the reality.

"Are you alright in there dear?" Rachel asked, realising that Bernard hadn't said anything since he gave her permission to swallow and she didn't know if she could hear him.

"I'm alright, just a bit overwhelmed, ma'am." His voice was barely audible, and Rachel wasn't sure if he was being quiet or if it was difficult to hear him through her stomach. She thought of asking him, but he had started moving around more causing her great pleasure. Accepting that he was fine, she laid down on her back and got lost in her own world of pleasure while gently moving her paw over her belly and down her body.

It was like nothing Bernard had ever felt before. He went down her throat so fast, but he enjoyed every second of it. The walls of flesh squeezed his whole body and pulled him down the narrow passage with ease. He was deposited in the stomach and landed on his face in what felt like more saliva. It was bigger than he expected and with his smart watch light he could see every detail of his enclosure.

The world seemed to shake as Rachel's heart raced somewhere nearby and Bernard could hear the sound of light panting and moaning. She must be enjoying this a lot, he guessed.

He was still a bit stunned by everything and how fast it had happened. He sat down and looked around a bit, not sure how to feel. The air was hot and stuffy, but it's not like he was expecting it to be much better.

After a while Rachel's heart seemed to slow down and she asked Bernard if he was alright. Her voice was gentle and soothing, but a bit distorted by the stomach walls. Bernard then

came out of his trance and softly responded, "I'm alright, just a bit overwhelmed, ma'am." She seemed to take this as enough of an answer and didn't say anything else.

He decided to walk a bit and noticed Rachel's heart speeding up again with his movement. He carefully touched the stomach walls and heard Rachel make a strange noise. Is she that sensitive? Surely my simple movements can't excite her that much.

It was very new to him, but it sounded like Rachel was having the time of her life. So much so that Bernard was scared to do much and stimulate her too much. Saliva seemed to be streaming in from where Bernard had come in, but other than that the stomach was quite dormant and empty.

He decided to settle in by the small pool of saliva and tried to relax and think. It really was like nothing he had ever seen before. He used to spend hours upon hours going through anatomy books to get a sense of what it would be like being eaten by just about every creature. But nothing could compare to the visual of actually experiencing it.

The flashlight helped taking it all in, but Bernard was curious what it would be like without it, so he put it off. It took a while for his eyes to adjust to the dark, but when they did, he saw it wasn't completely dark. Rachel was still by the window, and a little bit of light seemed to make its way through to Bernard. It was barely anything, but it just felt right.

He liked it more calm but decided to see what he could do to make Rachel happy. He thought of asking her, but she really seemed to enjoy his movements, so he decided to start moving around a bit first and see her reaction. He rolled around, drenching himself in saliva and liquids again. A strange noise of surprise and pleasure came from Rachel who was just slowing down.

"Keep doing that my Sweet Berry! It feels so good!" Rachel exclaimed.

Bernard was a bit startled by her voice suddenly breaking the mostly silent environment of her stomach and vibrating around him. She was all excited again and it would have been rude to stop now, so Bernard continued moving around with more energy. Rubbing himself against the walls and pushing in random places. It was all going a bit fast and her heartbeat seemed to be getting louder and faster, but Bernard was now thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Keep going, I need more!" Rachel cried out again, practically pleading.

It felt like a game to Bernard. He would find the places she liked the most based on the noises she made and her occasional encouragement and then massage the area for a while before moving on. Rachel also contributed some motion with everything shaking a bit and the room occasionally shifting as she rolled around, tossing Bernard around. It was pretty exciting but also tiring and he wasn't sure how long he could keep it up.

But eventually Rachel let out what sounded like a satisfied sigh and stopped most of her movements. He assumed this meant the game was over and just in time as he was thoroughly exhausted.

"Thank you dear. If it's quite alright with you, I need a quick nap."

Sleep? Is that safe? Bernard thought to himself. He was pretty tired and could go for some sleep himself, but he wasn't sure about it. It was great, but he was getting a bit bothered by the constant liquid. But it would kinda be like falling asleep in the bath, wouldn't it? And it's another new thing to experience.

"Alright, but not too long. I'm not sure how long I can stay in here," he responded while considering a place he himself could sleep.

"Oh, don't worry about that my dear, it'll be just fine. But make sure to properly struggle if you need me to wake up."

With that Bernard felt her settle in and her heart settled into a slower and steadier rhythm within a minute. She must've been properly exhausted.

Bernard found himself a nice spot and rested his head to the soft, fleshy wall. He then listened to Rachel's heartbeat before slowly falling asleep himself.

Rachel had felt more pleasure than she had ever before in her life. Admittedly she may have committed some unladylike acts in her pleasure, but she didn't really care anymore. No one was around to see and she was pretty sure Bernard wouldn't have noticed anything from inside of her with all the other movements. Even if he had, he'd probably be fine with it, wouldn't he? Did he get off inside of me too, or do I experience it different from him? Is it just simple pleasure for him and not this powerful urge that takes over his body? Should I ask him about his experience? We could certainly discuss it all over some tea later. But it seemed like quite an embarrassing thing to talk about.

Rachel wasn't sure if she was awake or asleep anymore and her mind was full of questions. She went to sleep because of exhaustion, but her mind stayed on the topic giving her more dreams of pleasure. Some were more disturbing as she dreamed of eating mice in the dozen and touching herself as they begged for mercy, only turning her on more. She could feel the weight of their many bodies and a wonderful sensation as they digested and became one with her. But she wouldn't really do that, would she? These dreams weren't new, but with her experiencing eating a mouse for real for the first time the dreams seemed stronger and more pleasure induced.

When she had woken up again the sun had sunk much lower in the sky and was no longer shining through the window. She stood up and stretched while collecting her thoughts. She then turned her attention to the weight that was still present in her stomach. Soft growls and groans were coming from her stomach. A horrifying thought occurred to her. What if I was so fast asleep that I didn't notice him pleading to be let out? What if he's hurt? What if my dreams...? What if I...?

Rachel stopped her thoughts and tried to focus on the weight inside of her. Bernard moved a bit and Rachel let out a breath she didn't know she was holding. I should wake him up, Rachel thought while considering how things will progress. But it feels so nice having him in there and he's clearly fine, he'll wake up when he needs to. And what if I want to keep him in there?

Reluctantly she poked her belly where she felt Bernard's weight.

Bernard felt lightheaded as he woke up. The air was hotter and smelled a bit off. Growls were shaking the walls of the room and it felt like he was being pushed around. His muscles were tired and sore from his earlier activities and he just wanted to go back to sleep. But he felt a burn all over his body that was worse than the sensation of being covered in saliva. It wasn't too bad, but he realised that Rachel's stomach acids might be coming into effect again.

He slowly got up to try and think. Is it time to come out and is she awake? "Rachel?" Bernard called out to her, unsure.

"Yes dear?" an almost instant and eager response, as if she was waiting for him to say something.

"It's starting to burn in here."

"Oh, how badly? Do you think you could possibly stay any longer? It feels absolutely divine having you in there."

A chill went down Bernard's spine. Is she going to let me out?

Rachel was relieved to hear Bernard was okay, but her thoughts shifted away from his safety. How long could I keep him in there? Mmm, how would it feel to eat another meal and have his little body squirm and struggle through it? She felt a shiver go through her body at the thought.

Bernard stayed quiet for a while before calling out, "Miss Rachel, can you let me out, please?"

Rachel felt her heart sink, but it felt more like her whole soul sunk. Let him out? Does it really have to end? What if I just took more of the drug and some water or something? What if I didn't let him out? The thought caught Rachel off guard, but it had been floating at the edge of her mind for a long time. He's just some mouse. No one will miss him and no one will care.

But I care, she retorted back. He's been nice and is the only mouse like him that I have found. Possibly the only one ever. How could I get another one like him if I kill him? I can't do this.

There are always more mice and they don't have to be willing! The unwilling ones will make it even easier and more exciting. I've experienced this pleasure for the first time and it's greater than anything I could have imagined, I can't lose it now.

What are you saying? I don't want to hurt anyone, least of all my Sweet Berry. Besides, people will notice he's missing, and his car is right outside. And I'll get to feel this pleasure again, with him, but only if I let him out and he still trusts me.

Rachel's internal conflict made her drown out the world for a while, but her logic mind was winning.

"Strawberry."

The sound of Bernard's voice was weak and frightened, but Rachel heard it over the thoughts and panic shot through her. She wasn't sure if she had missed anything else he had said, but she had to let him out.

"Hold on dear, this may be a bit rough and uncomfortable," Rachel said before starting to gag. She tried her best, but hadn't had much practice vomiting, especially deliberately. She doesn't even tend to get hairballs as she doesn't do all her grooming on her own. The practice would probably have come in handy.

It was a difficult process, with Bernard sliding down her oesophagus a few times, her insides greedily trying to hold onto him, before he reached her throat exit. He quickly fell out her mouth with quite a bit of liquids and landed face first on the floor with a *plap* sound. Realising it was over Rachel tried to catch her breath again. Her mouth stung a bit, but it wasn't too bad. Her stomach made one last growl of disappointment for the loss of its precious meal and she felt a bit ill.

"Ar- a- are yo- are you alright?" Rachel asked, still gasping for air.

Bernard was coughing a bit. "I should be asking you that! You went quiet there for a while and spitting me out sounded difficult," Bernard retorted, with more concern in his voice than fear or anger.

"Apologies, dear. I just... spaced out a bit. I had just woken up after all. But back to you. Are you hurt? Burned, scraped or sore?"

"Mostly just tired," he responded while looking his body over. "My muscles hurt from all the movement and being thrown around, and my skin is soaked in heavy saliva."

"Oh, I'm so sorry if I caused you any harm. The least I can do is help with the saliva if you'll let me clean you."

"Fine by me but be gentle."

Rachel drank some water and took Bernard to another spot of sun. She then proceeded to lick his hide clean of excess saliva, making sure to do it with the utmost delicacy. The taste and sensation of his body made Rachel a bit excited again, each lick giving a small shiver of temptation. But she thoroughly suppressed her urges and cared for Bernard to the best of her ability. Her stomach's desire for him was strong, but her will was stronger.

Bernard hadn't said anything for a while and Rachel was a bit worried that he might be upset with her. She hadn't been the kindest of hosts and she had to do something to ensure he'd come back.

Once Rachel was done cleaning Bernard off, she gave him directions to the servants' washroom and recommended he take a shower, after which he'd meet her in the dining room. Rachel retrieved the recipe book from under the dining room table and then went to the kitchen. She then worked on preparing some tea and the easiest quick meals she could get in the book that were fitting for both her and her guest. It was difficult finding the right stuff that wouldn't make one of them seriously ill, but fortunately there was no lack of resources in the kitchen and Rachel's book made it very clear which recipe can be consumed by which creature. She didn't want to accidentally poison her guest after all.

Rachel always loved making food and enjoyed watching the servant mice prepare meals. She doesn't get to make anything often since it tends to be the servants' work and her mother doesn't want her making anything, referring to it as the lowly labour of mice. Despite this Rachel has managed to gain a bit of experience in making basic meals and was satisfied with what she had prepared. Her stomach let out a growl of anticipation, but also disappointment because of the changed meal.

Bernard was waiting for her as she brought their food to the dining room. Rachel examined his face. He doesn't look like he hates me. In fact, he looks quite pleased now that he's clean and dressed again. If he loves the food he'll most certainly come back, wouldn't he?

He was standing near the middle of the room and it seemed like as good a spot to eat as any, although she could practically hear her mother's disapproval. Rachel walked up to him and passed his food to him and poured them some tea. She made him a salad of all the best nuts, seeds and fruit she could find, with a bit of watermelon as a side meal. Rachel had had a bit of trouble fixing up her own meal though. She wanted them to have similar meals but didn't have the time or will to go through all the recipes. She liked her meals meaty with rich taste but decided to go with some lighter fish meat and the few vegetables she could stand. She just wanted her guest to be comfortable and was too hungry to care for her distaste toward vegetables. Will anything ever taste as good or feel as good as what she had experienced this day?

"What's this?" Bernard asked with a curious expression.

"Just a little something I cooked up for you and myself. I assume you are hungry. I myself am famished and just had to get a bite to eat before I gobbled you up again out of pure starvation!"

Rachel sat down and noticed the sunlight fading to dimmer evening light outside the windows. How long has it been already?

Bernard didn't respond to her joke about eating him again. Was it too sensitive? Am I making him uncomfortable by implying that I might eat him again? Does he not want to eat? Should I have insisted we go to the table? What if he doesn't like it? What if he doesn't like me?

Rachel had to stop her thoughts from spiralling and needed to break the silence.

"Do try. I'm sure it's wonderful and if not, I can always make note and fix it for next time."

Bernard seemed to finally realise that he had to do something and slowly started tasting on his salad. Rachel was satisfied to see his face of pleasure upon tasting and took it as her opportunity to dive into her own food.

Rachel felt their time together was drawing to an end. The carpet was soft, but Rachel felt uncomfortable and unsure what to do with her body. The atmosphere felt very awkward. Rachel was sure both of them had a lot to say about their experiences, but neither of them seemed comfortable enough to say something.

I'm the host. I should fix this. Somehow... Mother would properly scold me if she were here now. To be fair she would probably lock me away in my room for the rest of my life if she knew what activities I was up to.

Rachel noticed Bernard had been staring. She looked at him and he quickly looked away. She was confused for a little while but then remembered something about Bernard mentioning staring at cats' mouths as they eat. She assumed it was just an easy release of his true desires, but perhaps it was something he really liked. And now Rachel has brought attention to it with her extended knowledge. This has to be embarrassing for him. Do I use this to try ease his worries or do I pretend I didn't notice?

"So, how did it feel?" Rachel finally asked.

"Excuse me?" Bernard responded with a bewildered expression, dropping the food he was holding.

"Being inside of me. Was it everything you imagined, or more?" Did you want to do it again? Oh, when can we do it again? Do you like it the way I like it. Do you still trust me? Did you ever trust me? Do you like me? Rachel wished she could say all that out loud.

"Oh. I guess. It was pretty good. But uh- a- a bit much, I guess. I really liked th- the part where you swallowed me. It was probably one of the best." The mouse seemed to be falling over his own words, clearly flustered. Rachel knew this conversation wasn't going to go anywhere unless she took the lead or latched onto what he liked.

"Oh yes, that part was indeed lovely. And I must say that you taste absolutely wonderful! And you went down with such ease that I know the lubricant won't be necessary next time. Did it startle you how fast and suddenly you went down?"

"Yeah I- I was pretty startled, but it was pretty fun. Kinda like being pushed down a water slide, but more personal and it felt a lot better. It was a lot faster than I expected. I- it might be nice if it was a bit sl- slower, I don't know, by you maybe laying down while swallowing, or in another position to swallow against gravity?"

That seemed to have worked and his nervous stutters started to feel cute to Rachel. But something about his face said he was hiding something and Rachel was worried what it could be. He did give suggestions on techniques to try again, so it couldn't possibly be that he doesn't want to do it again, could it? Maybe my energy is just too much for him?

"Oh that sounds like an interesting idea. There's just the concern of you getting stuck and causing me to choke if we were to try that, so maybe for a later on experiment." It did not sound like a good idea to Rachel. Gosh, how embarrassing it would be to choke to death on a mouse! And just imagine being found with a mouse stuck in your throat and him being

alone to explain what happened. That's one way for the Liverstone family to make the headlines!

"Oh yeah, I guess that makes sense," Bernard responded, seeming a bit disappointed. "Safety should come first after all and there should be plenty of other stuff to try..."

If you like pipes so much maybe you should crawl into my intestines next time, Rachel thought sarcastically. Now now, that's not very nice. He just has specific desires that differ slightly from mine and I shouldn't judge him for that. We can make this work.

"One thing I'm particularly interested in is having a meal before you go down," Rachel points out. "With the anti-acids still taken of course! And you could choose the meal as well!" Okay, maybe that was too much. What if he thinks I'm weird? Like he doesn't already?

"That seems strange, but we could give it a shot," Bernard responded idly, paying more attention to his food than to her. "We could also work more on fo- foreplay. You lick pretty good and it feels pretty good, so maybe we could add a bit more of that first?"

"Excellent idea darling! How do you feel about flavour sauces and me licking it off you before playing with you in my mouth?" Rachel asked, feeling bolder and leaning in a bit.

"That, is something I'll definitely come back for."

The conversation went well and they discussed ways to contact each other more and make plans to meet up again. The sun had pretty much set and it was time for Rachel to see her special little mouse out. She had chatted with him for a long time and was sure he'd come back soon and that they could make this work somehow.

"You have all your possessions dear?" Rachel asked Bernard by the door.

"Yes, I do and I'm very much ready to go to bed!" Bernard replied as he walked down the stairs. "Oh, and your fountain needs repairs and I will be more than happy to help with that if you want."

"That would be more of a casual date than this one, but I'd be up for it." Rachel was bewildered by her boldness. What, did I just call this a date? Well, we did spend all day together, talking and ate food together. Another law broken then and not one I ever thought I'd break. A cat in a relationship with a mouse? Rachel did once have a crush on one of the servants when she was younger but grew out of it and never imagined actually taking it any further.

Bernard stood still for a while as if processing what she had said before continuing to walk toward his vehicle. Rachel followed him and watched him as he got in his vehicle. "I'd best be off now," Bernard said as he rested in his seat. "Thank you miss Rachel for your hospitality. I look forward to coming again soon."

Hearing his words made Rachel's heart flutter a bit. He likes me and wants to see me again! "You are most welcome. Goodbye dear! Drive safe and sleep well," Rachel said, sounding a bit too enthusiastic for her own taste.

She sat and watched as the mouse drove off and they waved to each other before he disappeared beyond the gate. For a while she just processed what had happened before going back inside. She walked everywhere she and her guest had been and looked for anything that might give her activities for the day away. This was a practiced routine to avoid further judgment from her mother.

Rachel's stomach let out a loud growl of something far more than just hunger. That insatiable desire that she could not understand. Will my Sweet Berry be enough to stop this? She started to ponder. Will it cause me to hurt him or worse? What if nothing but the full process can finally satisfy me? I'll never hurt him, but does that stop me from eating other mice? I can think of a few who no one will miss. What am I saying? That's murder! And for what? Pleasure?

Rachel cleaned up their plates and continued to think as she checked every corner of the house. What if he doesn't come back? What then? I can't simply ignore it anymore. I need it and mother always says I ought to put the family and myself before anything else. But you know very well mother wouldn't approve of eating her servants. Only because it won't seem practical to her. She does not care for them at all. She only cares about her legacy and reputation. But this is not about her, it is about me.

Rachel tried to shake it off and headed to bed. Even in only her own company she couldn't avoid argument. As she walked to her bedroom she looked at the family portraits and decorations on the walls and floors. They formed a sort of visual hierarchy, with the portrait of her mother taking the most space, with her own in second place. The rest were of siblings and lesser connected family and the sizes of the portraits shrunk. It will all be hers one day and her portrait will take the place of her mother's. Surely then she'll be able to do whatever she wants. Whatever she needs.

In bed she continued to ponder her role in life and how her desire and urges fit into it. She thought of Bernard, the mouse. Her delicious Sweet Berry. Maybe my life can be different from what was planned for me, she contemplated. Once I inherit my legacy maybe I can

direct my own life with a mouse by my side. As long as I have him, I know I'll be able to control the unending need to consume that consumes me.

Rachel went to sleep imagining ways her life could turn out just right. She had dreams of eating mice and pleasure from cruelty, but also had dreams of a happy, simple life of understanding, joy and pleasure.

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