

“So . . . what brings you here tonight?”

David, a cheetah, smiled behind his venetian mask, and looked out at the mouse in the wolf mask. “Well,” she replied, “when I heard that the college was holding a masquerade ball, I was honestly /not/ interested. But I decided to come check it out anyway, because why not?”

“I hear that,” David said. “I’ve always been intimidated by parties. But at least the masks make things easier.”

“Agreed.”

He looked around. The two of them were standing away from the crowd . . . but perhaps they could go further away. “Would you like to go somewhere . . . more private?”

“Hell yes,” the mouse replied. She turned to him. “Let’s go. I think the balcony is free.”

David fist-pumped as she led him outside. He hadn’t been all to thrilled by the idea of a masquerade ball either, but now, it might lead to a good time. Yes!

The two of them went to the isolated area together, away from the crowd. David leaned against the balcony and said, “So . . . what did you want to do.”

“I want to eat.”

The cheetah frowned. “Um . . . I beg your pardon?”

“I said,” the mouse said, lifting up her mask and revealing her face, “I want to /eat/.”

Before David could react, she had her maw open wide, and his head was shoved into her mouth. The cheetah screamed in horror and tried to pull his head out, but the mouse simply pushed his head back in--and then, she swallowed.

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End of preview. To read the rest, become a patron at <https://www.patreon.com/tastyace>