

The Rescue Aid Society was put to the task once again. A handwritten letter was found at a rest stop out in the countryside a few days ago, and one of the members of the society were on patrol and happened upon it. The mouse immediately transmitted its contents to the primary headquarters, and a meeting was convened at once. As it happened, two of the best members of the society were present, and happily took the assignment: Apparently, a little girl was separated from her family while they were vacationing. The hastily-scrawled letter didn't give many details, but it was written on what seemed a discarded envelope of some kind. It was a fancy, solid quality, which made sense when the labeled return address was located. The sleuthing of the two now-famous mice responsible for more rescues than they could count found themselves heading for New York once more. Not the city, but further up state, where large quantities of land were owned and massive houses resided. Indeed, this little girl belonged to a rather rich family, and the mansion in which she lived before going missing was a sight to behold.

Rich, poor, it didn't matter: Someone needed help, and the Rescue Aid Society (specifically, Bernard and Bianca, one of the few teams that were also happily married) were dispatched at once. As headquarters were in New York City, the two well-traveled rodents had no troubles at all with travel: No flights required. In fact, Bernard was finally able to get his wish. They took the train. In a few hours' time, they would be close enough to journey the rest of the way on foot, to invade the mansion of the lost girl, and try to divine exactly what happened to her, where she was, and how they would eventually reunite the family. Up until this point, the duo had shared an impressive record of success, a combination of skill, good fortune, and perseverance. Mighty and courageous these two were, even if they didn't look it at first glance.

But good fortune and happenstance aren't always guarantees. And sometimes, obstacles occurred that not even Bernard and Bianca could overcome.

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"Ahh... This is the life." Rita the cat stretched every leg and toe, arched her back, flexed her tail. She sprawled out on a heavy, cushy color, royal purple in color, and yawned wildly. It was only her second nap of the day, having missed one that afternoon, so she was a bit out of it. The former stray had been adopted by a certain little girl some time ago, plucked right out of the streets and into opulence, all because Rita looked cute to

the human child. Now, Rita enjoyed a life of luxury and laziness within the depths of a home she was still finding new nooks and crannies to explore in. She eventually settled couchant on her pillow, peering about what was, at least temporarily, exclusively her bedroom. It, in fact, belonged to the girl who, as of two weeks ago, went missing.

Rita didn't particularly miss her.

The feline absolutely appreciated being taken in, and thus permitted the girl to occasionally dote on her. But it was quite overbearing for the loner of a cat after a while, and the past couple weeks had been a welcome reprieve from all that attention. Now Rita spent her days mostly alone, servants dutifully keeping her food and water dishes full of admittedly scrumptious fare, left to her own machinations. Such large human places filled with so much food stuffs, of course, attracted members of the rodent population not-infrequently. Some days, servants would find Rita's bowl needing topped off only. Others it seemed untouched. Little did they or the family know that Rita was being fed through other means. The cat caught herself in the mirror, and simply smiled: She'd filled out since being taken in, acquiring proper nutrition and then some (particularly from mice who had no idea a cat patrolled the pantries at night), leaving her middle all plump and cuddly (something the girl took advantage of often). Even her backside had swelled to a degree, not that Rita minded. Not like she was out fighting for a bit of fish bone any more. She could let herself go!

Rita yawned again and idly peeked about, sniffed the air, before settling her chin back down on the pillow. It was rather dark by this point, the family away in search of their daughter, servants gone for the night. Rita practically owned the place! She was just about to rest for the night, when her ear flicked at a quiet, yet distinct, creaking. One of the windows, she guessed, was slowly slipping open. Briefly she thought there was a human intruder about, but after perking her ears and sniffing the air, catching whiffs of the invaders and hearing bits of conversation, she realized a different sort of event was taking place.

Rita sat up and stretched once more, rump in the air, tail swaying... stomach growling quietly. It seemed more mice had decided to see what they could find in the big mansion that night. The suddenly-hungry cat licked her lips delicately, and purred as she daintily stepped off her pillow.

All they would find was Rita, and then a one-way ticket to the plump cat's thighs.

\* \* \*

"Easy does it now, Bernard."

"Yep, no problem. Got the string stuck tight. Let's head down."

The two rescuers abseiled their way down from the window sill, clinging onto string they brought along and easing to the floor below. The darkness wasn't quite all-encompassing, once they reached the hardwood floors: An occasional lamp or ceiling light were left on throughout the massive mansion, lighting the way. Over the years, the two hadn't really done much with their appearance: Bernard was still clad in a simple red sweater, favorite cap atop his head. Bianca had her Hungarian pink hat and thick scarf dangling about her neck. Not even marriage had slowed the duo down, both ready to take on this latest mission. Bernard wasn't even quite that nervous these days, facing down too many giant creatures and scary humans to count. A mere dark empty hallway was nothing.

The two mice hit the floor, Bernard dusting himself and Bianca peering about. "So, which way, do you think?" Bernard asked, peeking back and forth.

"Shall we split up, darling?" Bianca suggested. "It shouldn't be difficult to find that poor girl's bedroom; we just have to find it."

Bernard nodded. "Sure. I'll go this way, you'll go that way, meet back here in 30 minutes?"

Bianca smiled, and kissed a chubby cheek on Bernard's face. "Wonderful idea, dear." He reciprocated with a kiss back, and the two rescuers parted ways, commencing their search. Surely there would be something in her bedroom that might clue the mice in to her whereabouts.

The search went off without much of note. As far as the rescuers could tell, the house was empty. Granted, in a half hour they only covered maybe a dozen rooms in total, all on but a single floor of the sprawling mansion. While they were searching, Bernard and

Bianca both felt an itch on the back of their necks. Almost like they were being watched... but they heard nothing, smelt nothing, saw nothing. Whatever that instinct was it was apparently misfiring, and when the two reunited at their point of ingress and compared notes, there was nothing out of the ordinary.

“Didn’t find a thing,” Bernard reported, pondering their next move.

“Well maybe she sleeps on the next floor up?” Bianca wondered, sitting and leaning up against the wall. Bernard joined her and the two wondered what their next move was. The darkened hallway, the dark red walls doing little to brighten their moods, grew quiet. There wasn’t even much of a breeze poking through the open window, furthering the sense of isolation, their string stiff as a board. Bianca looked to Bernard and the pair nodded. No more time for thinking. They had to keep searching.

“You know, if you two are really on the hunt for some food, you could just ask.”

Bianca and Bernard both yiped and darted around for the source of the new voice. Their eyes widened when a slinking grey cat turned a corner and sauntered over to them. A smug grin lined the cat’s face, eyes glinting in the dim light off on the far end of the hall. “But I think time’s up for that. Can’t have you pilfering the humans’ stuff after all. What kind of cat would I be if rodents made off with something?” Bernard and Bianca clutched tightly to one another and stood, backing away from the encroaching cat, shuffling against the wall. Rita easily kept pace, slowly padding after them, lowering her head some. “But I do thank you two for delivering a two course meal to me this evening.”

“Oh, stop this foolishness!” Bianca said suddenly, standing her ground. Bernard did the same a beat later.

“She’s right. We’re not here for food, Ms., uh...”

“Rita,” the feline purred, grin widening.

“Miss Rita.” Bernard cleared his throat and even stepped in front of Bianca, looking up bravely. “We’re here on business. The girl that lives here went missing and we’ve made it our mission to help find her and get her home safely.”

“That’s right,” Bianca piped up. Rita laid down and humored them for a moment, constantly sizing the two plump mice up. “This is Bernard, and I’m Bianca, and we’re from the Rescue Aid So—”

“I don’t care,” Rita interrupted with a wave of her paw. “You may not be here for food, but that doesn’t change the fact you *are* here, that *I’m* here.” She slowly licked her lips and narrowed her eyes. “And I’m craving some juicy mouse meat right about now.”

“But...”

“We’re not...”

“Blah blah blah.” Rita rolled her eyes, and struck quick. Her soft paw squashed the two mice from above, pinning them in place. The paw shifted about their squirming bodies, sizing them up. “Hmmm, tough call,” Rita wondered, Bernard managing to squeeze himself free first and desperately trying to pull Bianca free, her backside sticking out from under. Rita allowed him his small victory, the white-furred mouse popping free and the two collapsing atop one-another. “But I think you will be dinner tonight, Mr. Mouse.”

“Wh-what?!”

“Run!”

There was no negotiating with this cat. Others were usually amenable to the Rescue Aid Society’s causes once they got a chance to explain, but not this one! Bianca and Bernard, hand in hand, fled for their lives away from Rita and down the hall. Rita slowly stood and stretched, flexing claws and wiggling her rump. “You know a chase is just going to make me hungrier, right?” she called, making the mice run faster. They even fell to all fours for maximum running speed, running towards a dim light at the end of the hall. Bianca knew there was a small library around the corner, lamp lit, and plenty of nooks and crannies to hide in. The hallway was devoid of any such safety, nothing but long wooden floorboards stretched throughout. They could hear and feel the hungry cat giving chase, hearts thudding in their chests as they fled. They made only part way before they were surrounded by furry feline legs on all sides! Bernard and Bianca

screached to a halt as another lightning fast-paw struck down. Bianca caught the brunt, smacked and sent skittering across the floor and thudding against the opposite wall, stunned. Bernard, desperate, reached a leg of Rita and bit as hard as he could. Rita yowled and twitched said leg, though Bernard was already fleeing down the rest of the hallway. "Come and get me you mangy cat!" he called, trying his best to keep the fear from his voice. Bianca's vision swam, slowly coming into focus. Rita took the bait and ran after Bernard, no more playfulness in her demeanor, as he rounded the corner into the library.

Bianca shook her head rapidly, just in time to see Rita bound around the corner and out of sight. "Bernard!" she called, falling to all fours and desperately giving chase. Her mouse ears twitched hearing a loud scuffle around the corner. Books were knocked from shelves, cushions tossed from chairs, a vase shattered. All in Bernard's effort (Bianca assumed, still unable to see a thing) to find a place to hide. Things came to a standstill when there was a loud **clush**, something much larger breaking, and the dim light now much brighter around the corner of the hallway. Bianca paused at the sudden sound and change, rising onto two legs and squinting. The bright light from the overturned lamp shone clearly on the far wall, and Bianca caught glimpses of the chase at hand: Rita's shadow flew by, followed by a scrambling Bernard a moment later. The projected images were enlarged in shadow and played out against the wall, Bianca taking a moment to snap out of it. Then there was a scuffling, sliding sound, followed by a pitiful squeak, then a voice!

"Ack! Lemme go!"

Bianca froze stiff when a projection of Rita loomed up into the shadows against the wall. Then, to her horror, a struggling Bernard, clasped in the cat's paw, was silhouetted next. Bianca saw the shadowy feline lick her lips, hearing that wetness slapping against fur, and then the jaws widened. A sly grin encircled a broad tongue and pair of fangs, as the paw casually threw the squirming trapped Bernard skyward. "Yah!" Bianca heard Bernard yelp, his quick ascension coming to an end as he plummeted toward Rita's wide-open maw.



Bianca shrieked, seeing her husband fall towards that grinning feline mouth, tongue lolled out to catch him and turn him into nothing but a kitty treat. “Bernaaard!” Bianca’s wide eyes quivered in despair when the plump mouse, hat, shirt and all, disappeared into the shadowy projection of Rita, whose jaws crunched shut audibly. “N-no... No!” Bianca exclaimed in disbelief.

Still framed in shadow, Rita threw tipped her head back casually, and audibly swallowed the mouse whole. **GLRP!** Bianca fell back onto her butt, lip quivering, as the projection of now just Rita grew larger and larger until she rounded the corner. She was, of course, the same size as before, with maybe slightly more of her tummy sagging thanks to her meal. She was licking her lips and sighing happily to herself, tail raised and swaying delightedly. “Your friend was positively delicious. I made the right choice for him. Mmm... so filling too.”

“L-let him out!” Bianca stammered, slowly clambering backwards, sliding on her rump and looking terrified. “R-right now!”

“No,” Rita purred, suppressing a hiccup with a paw, and chuckling. “He’s about to have a nice permanent stay, and will get to think about biting a cat while he stews away along with my breakfast.”

“Y-you monster!” Bianca cried, still shuffling away, knowing the exact same fate awaited *her* unless she got out right this moment. But before she could so much as stand, Rita’s head loomed over her, paw hanging in the air. She squealed, turned and scampered for the string by the window, so far away. Not good enough! Her tail was suddenly pinned to the floor by Rita’s paw, and she was dragged backwards until her head brushed against the cat’s belly. With ear pressed to it she could oh-so-faintly hear the muffled cries of her husband, along with a wet burbling sound. “N-no... No! Bernard!” Before she could pound against the stomach to try and get it to release him, her body was forcefully yanked forward, Rita having snagged her by the nape of her neck. She was held within an inch of Rita’s glistening lips, the cat’s breath smelling like decayed mouse meat... and vaguely of her husband.

“Lucky you,” Rita grinned, sampling Bianca with a lick up her defenseless furry body. “Your mouse buddy was so filling, think I’ll save you for supper tomorrow.” Then, paradoxically, Rita’s jaws yawned open, Bianca staring down between her dangling hinds and limp mouse tail, seeing her doom. Then she was unceremoniously dropped right in.

“No pleeea—” **CHMP!** Bianca was reduced to nothing more than a single paw sticking out past those lips, clawing desperately for dear life, as the rest of her lay splattered across Rita’s tongue. It took an effort for Rita to not swallow Bianca down on the spot,



but she managed, simply trotting back to her bed with the mouse trapped in the fleshy prison of her mouth. She didn't, however, stop herself from licking and tasting all over the pleading Bianca, who was instantly drenched in cat slobber. What felt like an hour later (actually just a minute or so), Bianca's vision was flooded with bright light, sharp teeth parting and revealing a different room at large! She tumbled out of the maw, on her legs and bent over, coughing and sputtering. Before she could gain her bearings, the mouse was shoveled into a nearby cage, complete with running wheel, mounted water bottle, and bowl full of dry food pellets.

"Enjoy your new home, while it lasts," Rita grinned. "That precious little girl you're searching for has a pet hamster. Well, had," Rita corrected with a slow lick of her lips. "Bianca opened her mouth to yell and protest, but Rita violently shook the cage, making Bianca stumble over. "Nu-uh. It's time to sleep, not to chat, little tasty thing. You utter a single word and I eat you here and now, and I won't be gentle." An empty threat, Rita knew, since she had no intention of overfeeding herself. That plump little white mouse tasted so good she had to be enjoyed independently.

Bianca, stunned at the sudden threat of lethal force, reluctantly shut up. She resorted to staring at the white, furry belly that was obviously fuller than it was before. Knowing her husband was in there, starting to digest away, she couldn't help but echo a little sob. Rita rolled her eyes. "Don't worry, you'll be joining him soon enough," the feline promised. Then, not wanting to deal with her anymore, Rita nosed the cage into the room's closet, and slid the door shut.

"You *beast!* You *fiend!* Let me out! Let Bernard out! I beg of you!" Bianca squeaked and cried, similar insults and pleadings echoing within the closet but not escaping, for the next hour or so. Bianca had no idea where she was even taken, nor what that cat was doing, but she got no response outside the closet door whatsoever. In reality, Rita had long-since sprawled back onto her fluffy pillow, laying atop her belly with all four legs sprawled and tail curled up to her softly-gurgling tummy, and fallen asleep. Her evening was rather pleasant and satisfying, contrasting to Bianca, who couldn't even think of sleep at a time like this! Bernard had been eaten alive, and unless she could get out of the cage and save him, he'd be gone... and she'd be a spoiled cat's supper tomorrow night! The poor uneaten mouse did all she could to try and escape (giving up on Rita cooperating in any form), including using her well-cared-for tail as a failed lock pick. Her body grew weary from being up so late, the hits she took from the cat, running for her

life, and mentally depressed whenever thinking about Bernard. Bianca drank a bit of water and, tears running down her cheeks, curled up in the corner of the cage and fell asleep. She'd have to try again in the morning, when her strength was recovered.

The rest of the night passed without incident. Rita dozed with a smile on her lips, like she did after most rodent encounters. Her body squished pleasantly underneath with her paws lightly gripping the four edges of the pillow and her tail laying limp. Under that fluff, subtle gurgles occasionally burred out, maybe with an added squeak or two. Bianca's rest, conversely, was filled to the brim with nightmares, that looming silhouette of a cat devouring her love replaying over and over. Only in the nightmare, the shadow grew eyes, opened jaws wide again, and lunged right for her! Bianca woke with a start several times that night, hardly getting any sleep at all. Even in the morning into the afternoon she remained curled up, injured physically and emotionally, wanting nothing more than to keep resting. Bianca eventually roused some time in the afternoon, though she didn't know it, given the pitch black confines of the closet. She forced herself to eat some of the very stale hamster food pellets, gagging them down, and having her fill of water. Bianca knew she had to get out, contact the Rescue Aid Society... informing them of the loss of Bernard. Said thought made her start to cry, hiccuping sobs emanating from that little cage, going unheard.

Bianca tried to use her emotions towards escaping. She attempted to use her tail again, unsuccessfully, almost breaking it in an attempt to jam it into the cage door mechanism as deep as possible to trigger the latch. Failing that, she tried to pry apart two of the cage bars, having some success bending the feeble metals, but being too wide to squeeze through them herself. These cages were built to house rodents big and small. Even if Bianca hadn't put on a little weight in the intervening years since she and Bernard first met, she wouldn't've managed. That didn't stop her from trying, though, the mouse knowing that at any second that closet door would slide open and a purring hungry feline would be there to feast on her. Just like she did to Bernard the previous evening. "Ugh, come on you lousy cage! Please... Please, just a bit more and I can get out... Can tell the society and get help..." She pulled as hard as she could, until her grip slipped free and she fell backwards with a thud that rattled the cage. She laid there a moment, panting, fighting back tears. "Oh, Bernard, my darling love..."

This was how Rita found Bianca when that door slid open. Bianca's heart leapt in fright when the looming shadow of a cat engrossed her prone body, the mouse flinching and

curling defensively in reaction. “Good evening,” Rita purred, licking her lips. The cat reached for the cage door and undid the latch without hesitation. Bianca yelped and scampered to the far end of the cage, pressing herself against it as tight as she could, hoping futilely she’d be out of reach. Alas, that wide cat paw slithered inward and managed to grab Bianca on the first attempt, by the scarf.

“No, n-nooooo!!!” Bianca shrieked, scrabbling to grab the cage floor but failing purchase on every attempt. Her screams became raspy when Rita yanked her out, scarf about the mouse’s neck still and coiling tight. Bianca managed to breathe, but barely, by shoving her forepaws up into the scarf and prying it away from her fur a little. She flailed her hinds and hips and swung to and fro, dangled in air, scared to death that this was it: Soon Rita would open her jaws, hold her over, and let go of her grip, plunging the mouse down to the demise her husband suffered just one night ago. “Please don’t eat me please don’t eat me don’t eat me!” she begged, eyes watering from the nigh-choking and in fear.

The drop came. Bianca screamed all the way down until she landed on the cushy wide... pillow? She landed flat on her butt, dropped in the center of the cushion Rita slept on day and night. Loose cat fur stained the fabric everywhere, this place clearly being Rita’s main home. Bianca looked around a bright yellow room, seeing it was night again outside. She quickly realized where she was, given the twin bed in the corner, laced in pink, and shelves of stuffed animals and dolls against the yellow wall.

This was the lost girl’s bedroom. The one she and Bernard failed to find the night before.

Bianca continued looking around before her gaze locked on Rita. The smug cat slid the closet closed and stood on all fours, tail flicking away. To be more accurate, Bianca was staring at the chubby tummy slightly hanging off Rita’s middle: It was quiet, save for the occasional little squirt of a sound. “Bernard...”

“Was a tasty scrumptious plump mouse,” Rita finished, baring sharp teeth and poking a single claw in between one or two of them. Bits of grey fur were extracted, which she flicked away nonchalantly. Bianca turned away from Rita, slowly crawling over the cushion, but the sinking nature of it made things difficult. Not that her escape would’ve worked regardless: The door to the bedroom was shut, and there weren’t any other

points of egress. She froze when she heard a soft **urp** from behind, just as a belched up, half-digested hat smacked to the pillow just behind her.

Bernard's hat, in tatters and oozing, sent Bianca into a frenzy and had her crawling away as fast as she could. She panted then squeaked shrilly when her tail was snagged, and painfully yanked backwards. Rita, mouse in paw, climbed onto her cushion and lounged lazily on her side. She casually swayed Bianca back and forth by the tail, the mouse cringing in discomfort as the sharp pull of gravity made the base of that tail sting. She was batted against a plump hip sticking in the air, opposite the side Rita was laying on. Then she was casually bounced against Rita's belly, where the feline held her for a moment. "Hear that?" she purred, the stomach growling hungrily. "That fat mouse friend of yours was quite filling, but just a mouse in the end. You see what's become of him now," she chuckled, stretching a leg up and swishing her tail. "Mine."

"H-h-he..." Bianca hiccuped. "He was my husband."

"Is that so? Well, lucky for you, I'm just *famished* after today." Rita smirked, knowing full-well the most effort she put in was sunbathing near an open window, ignoring her food bowl, and a trip to the litter box. The cat dragged the mouse up and away from her body, while shifting a bit to rest her squeezable cheek on a paw. Bianca's heart pounded and her eyes widened as she was so-easily lifted upward, held dangling by the tail, just over a hungry cat's head. One of the worst positions for a mouse to be in! "You'll be reunited with your dear love soon enough."

"N-no... No, oh *please* don't!" Rita ignored Bianca, lowering her right up against her lips and slipping her tongue out to lazily lick. Bianca sputtered with her face against the tongue, its tip sliding up and down her mostly-bare form, sliding to her thighs and between her legs, cupping to her butt and slathering her in slobber. "Eugh, I-I-I... Y-you had Bernard already, j-j-just you can't! P-please!" Bianca managed once Rita became occupied smacking her lips.

"You don't get a say, my tasty morsel." Rita proved this by effortlessly shoving Bianca headfirst into her jaws, clenching pursed lips around the mouse's hips. She heard, and felt, the resulting scream of terror from inside, purring at the sensation. Bianca kicked her legs and flailed her mousy tail frantically, suddenly nothing but a furry rear sticking out a cat's mouth! She hyperventilated when the tongue licked up and down her face

and the throat beyond pulsed open and closed, the mouse just one gulp away from becoming cat food.

Mercifully, Bianca felt a tight grip on her tail and was slurped free in one fluid motion. “Mmphf mmmffff! Hlll—” **schlrp** “—eeellp!” she wailed, and those cries that Rita heard dozens of time before just rolled off the cat’s shoulders. Bianca saw a cat ear flick at most to her pleads, but that was it. Rita just let her hang there, base of tail a constant sting, tears in her eyes mingling with drool. “Please... I beg you, Rita, please...” Bianca managed after a moment’s recovery. She put her paws together and gave the cat a begging gesture. “P-please don’t eat me!”

Rita just smiled wider, showing sharp fangs even. “No, my scrumptious treat. There’s only one thing I’m going to do with you.” She lowered a shocked Bianca down to whisper into one of her big mouse ears. “Eat you for supper.”



After a quick slurp of the side of her head, Bianca was suddenly hoisted upward, the cat grip on her tail tip shifting to a simple pinch. Rita's eyes fluttered closed when she opened her jaws wider than Bianca had seen her do before, lolling her tongue outward. Glistening fangs dripped in saliva, with strands of the slimy substance bowing down between tooth and tongue. "Ahhhhh," Rita purred.

Bianca loosed a high-pitched shriek of terror. The hanging-open cat maw inches below waited for her, the mouse tensing up every tick of the clock the claw held her above it. Rita was as casual as could be, about to dine on a second plump mouse in two days, something uncommon! Without fanfare Rita released her grip, Bianca plunging headfirst right down into the awaiting maw, her terrified squeals cutting off the instant the mouth loudly snapped shut.

Rita lifted her head up and crushed the delectable mouse up to the roof of her mouth with her tongue. Bianca tried hugging tight to it but the slimy tasting thing was too slippery, the mouse shaking in pure terror, staring wide-eyed down the widening gullet. With a smug smile laded over her lips, Rita swallowed Bianca whole and alive.



Bianca cried and still pleaded not to be eaten even as she squelched down the tight esophagus, the squishy confines pounding in on her from all sides. She bulged down the satisfied cat's neck, pushing that white fur out noticeably, just as Bernard did. Her limbs were pressed tight to her body, Bianca only able to wiggle her rear and flick her tail in a futile effort. She was easily pressured all the way down the throat, before an even tighter sphincter compressed her through to the awaiting stomach. She landed



into the oozing sticky stomach fluids with a wet splash, only her butt sticking above the surface of the acidic pool. She surfaced and gasped desperately for air, forepaws and knees braced to the belly floor as she was in a place even darker than the enclosed closet. The walls noisily groaned and grumbled, more acids pouring from the walls every second. Bianca tearfully felt around, the ends of her scarf floating along the surface of the acidic fluid and her hat lost nearby. The mouse waded through some stringy threads of fabric, and grimly deduced that was the remains of Bernard's sweater.

As for Bernard himself... Bianca lost it when her paws brushed over a few bony remains of her mouse husband. Half a skull, some ribs, and a leg bone were actively sizzling away, much like the now-tattered ends of her scarf and rim of her own hat. She squealed and felt nauseous all at once, scrambling and splashing away from what she just felt and pressing to the squishy, unyielding walls of the cat's stomach. Suddenly, those walls compressed tightly, shoveling Bianca headfirst back into those remains and the stinging pool, and then...

**“Urrrap.** Ahhh... delectable.” Rita smacked her lips loudly and ran her tongue over them several times, casually petting over her own belly. “Even more than your chubby husband yesterday. Enjoy yourself in there now.” The muffled screams from its latest occupant, much like the night before, were felt more than heard, and it made Rita feel *great*. Two mousy meals in two days! The servants would grumble upon seeing her food dish untouched again, but she couldn't care less about them. Rita idly licked the underside of her paw of leftover mousy taste, purring in delight, ignoring the cries within. Shortly after settling more into her cushion, her stomach started to gurgle more ferociously, once more full of delicious mouse meat. Rita gradually rolled onto her back and let her limbs rest limply above her. Her tail lay flat to the cushion and the floor, gently swaying to and fro, a purring noise almost constant. The one thing she did miss about the girl were the belly rubs she would give, the human unknowingly encouraging digestion of many past rodents, her old pet hamster included. But the lack of those were a small price to pay for this sort of divine peace, as Rita soon fell asleep not long after having eaten Bianca. She yawned wildly, exposing an empty maw that had at most some strands of white fur clinging to her tongue, smacked her lips once more, and fell asleep. The purrs ceased, and her belly quickly went to further work on the devoured rescuer.



Bianca screamed for help, begged for her life, pounded against the walls, halfway through the night. The pools of stomach fluids continued to rise, and the squelching walls of the stomach were pressing in on all sides before long. Not as tight as the throat, but enough for claustrophobia to set in and leave Bianca wading in a pool of stinging, fur-sizzling stomach acids and the remains of her previously-eaten love. She fought for her life all she could, but like Bernard before, succumbed to the powerful forces of a cat's digestive system eventually. The last powerful gurgles she heard were followed by a clenching of the stomach walls, forcing her mostly under the gurgling fluids, a paw reaching up in vain past the surface before the grasping thing went limp and splashed down below. Only Bianca's rear, bobbing about through the processes of digestion, occasionally breached the surface after, tail splayed along the tops of the churning pool much like the scarf prior. Rita had happy dreams that evening, a full belly encouraging them to be of her highlights in her mouse-hunting career, both before her times in the mansion and during. All while her diligent belly digested her latest plump tasty catch Bianca, as the night marched on.

It wasn't until daylight peeked through the lost girl's bedroom that Rita awoke. Bianca had been reduced to precisely what Bernard had become: Nothing but a floating, digesting set of bones and clothes. She found herself curled up cozily on her cushion, tail and legs all tucked around or under her. A chubby belly coated over one of her hinds and still gurgled quietly, Rita paying it absolutely no mind as she yawned and licked around her lips and teeth in turn. "Can still taste you, whatever your name was."

The Rescue Aid Society never heard from Bernard or Bianca again. Other teams of mice would replace them after a week or so, and the lost girl was eventually found weeks later, through their collaborative efforts. She was indeed kidnapped for ransom, but the kidnappers had little idea how to handle the likes of intelligent rodents messing up their plans, and guiding the girl back to the authorities searching for her. Another successful mission, that came with a heavy toll. The work of the Rescue Aid Society always carried risk, but few would have ever expected the job to claim two of the best mice to ever participate in the work. The worst was assumed, memorials were set up, but there were more missions to take on, and conversation about the two lost rescuers eventually whittled down to an occasional mention of their names and nothing more.

Not that a certain plump happy feline cared about any of that.

Rita gradually unwound herself and stood on all fours, stretching the way most felines are wont to do. The much-more-filling-than-usual meals of past days were beginning to have an impact on Rita, with slightly enhanced hips and what was becoming a permanent jiggling mass of pudge sagging from her still-gurgling belly. Rita stretched and gently swayed her upraised tail about, one fat happy cat.

