Adiv was a young mouse with promise; he’d graduated top of his class in Mice School (laugh, and I will hunt you down), and was making his way through college swimmingly…

Perhaps a little TOO swimmingly.

You see, because Adiv’s parents were prosperous enough that he was unable to apply for financial aid, and because he never managed to apply for scholarships, he had to work his way through college...but the only job he could get was at a prey-run tea shop a few blocks away from the dorms, as a janitor.

“Oh, so he didn’t have much money, then?”

Yes.

“So...is that what got him into trouble?”

No.

Adiv was not the wisest with his money; he didn’t get very much to begin with, but what he did get he failed to use the majority - if not the entirety - of on his school funds. So, by the end of his first semester, he was utterly broke, and had nothing to apply to the next with.

Adiv was desperate; he knew better than to turn to his parents, who believed university work was only the creation and place of much higher-ranking predators, and that mice should just stick to lower-area jobs, and, furthermore, thought his major - English - to be a rather ridiculous field to go into. He tried applying for a second job...but no business would take him, already well-staffed. He asked his friends and classmates for assistance...but they either would not or could not help him.

Then one day, as he was wandering the streets, looking for a job...he met The Jackal.

The Jackal was all he could call the canine, as when he asked for their name, they simply said, “My name does not matter. The only name that matters is the name of my...employer.”

The Jackal turned out to be a part of a moneylending organization. He claimed he’d heard about Adiv’s plight from “a mutual friend,” and that he was here, on behalf of his boss, to offer him a loan.

Needless to say, Adiv was hesitant; he was smart enough to know a crooked operation and a loan shark when he saw one.

But then he thought about it more, and figured...what other options did he have at this point?

So, with reluctance, he agreed.

And, almost immediately, The Jackal gave him a large packet full of money, tipped his baseball cap like a gentleman, turned on his heel, and walked calmly away. He’d been prepared.

In the money packet was just enough to cash in his student funds and tuition.

This went on for some time; every semester, Adiv would meet The Jackal - always the same one - at the tea shop, after closing time. The Jackal would repeat the motions: ask him how school was going, wait for Adiv to answer, say “Well, here you are, and there you go,” hand him a similar packet, and then, just as before, tip his hat and march away.

Over time, Adiv’s reservations faded farther and farther. He was wise enough to use this money on next to nothing but these school funds, using his job money for other uses. He was especially glad when, after some time, he noticed nobody seemed to question or suspect where the money came from, and so prison was not an option.

Adiv forgot one very important thing: one must pay back their school loans, and these were no exception.

One night, at the end of his sixth semester, shortly before he began his senior year, the Jackal came in...handed him money silently...and simply said, “I wouldn’t spend it.” When Adiv asked him why not, The Jackal replied, “Because the time is close to pay up. No interest, however, don’t worry; just the amount you’ve borrowed.” Adiv felt his skin go white, and asked how long he had. “Three months,” The Jackal calmly stated, and, before Adiv could protest, left, without even bothering to tip his hat, leaving the mouse a stuttering mess in that empty tea shop.

Three months. THREE MONTHS?! How was he going to pay off the thousands upon thousands of dollars he’d loaned in only three months?!

If he’d been desperate before, he was frantic now. All the old familiar tactics were employed; when people asked why he was asking, he gave the same reply: “Same as when I last asked.”

As the weeks went by, he grew more and more desperate; some of his own friends began to think Adiv might have gone a bit insane, and told him perhaps it was best to “Drop out, just come back and finish later.”

He wanted badly to tell them that wasn’t the case...but jail and disappointment seemed to somehow still be bigger motivators than whatever he’d suffer for not paying.

For those three months, Adiv virtually starved himself, putting almost all his money into the savings for The Jackal and whatever/whoever he worked for. He worked overtime if he could, even managing to snag a second job - of sorts - as a cashier for the shop. But, as fate would have it, business was slowing up as the students prepared to leave, or had already left, depending on degrees. Adiv’s own grades and studies slipped a bit - not exponentially, but enough to be noticed by his classmates and professors. He invested most of his time into...well, investment.

At the two and a half month mark, Adiv had collected only half of one semester’s worth, and, though he’d kept the extra money, he knew this would not be enough. He begged, he scrounged, he tried all he could think of…

Then, one night, as he sat fretting and fussing...The Jackal came in.

At first, all seemed...not “well,” but things didn’t seem to be starting off “badly.” The Jackal walked in, hands in his pockets, and said “You look thin.”

Adiv ignored this, and gave him what money he had. He began to ask for more time…

“Let’s get you somewhere where you can eat a bit,” The Jackal calmly cut in, gestured for Adiv to follow him.

Confused, and nervous, Adiv followed The Jackal. Outside was the most stereotypically evil vehicle he could imagine: a black cadillac with pure silver adornments, including a hood ornament shaped like a ram’s skull. The Jackal slid into the backseat, indicating Adiv follow suit. The car was driven by a thin, black cat; an equally thin, black cat sat beside him in the front passenger seat.

None of the car’s occupants - outside of Adiv himself, who fidgeted constantly - moved a muscle or spoke a word. As the drive went on, Adiv felt more and more frightened, grew more and more nervous, wondering what was going to happen now…

The car stopped, and the tinted windows rolled down. They had stopped at a cheese shop. The Jackal exited the car, walked off, and returned with a bag full of various cheese blocks.

“Eat as much as you like,” The Jackal said. “The boss likes her customers fed.”

Adiv certainly didn’t disagree, unwrapping a wheel of sharp cheddar and digging in.

“Who is your boss?” he thought to ask.

“You’ll soon find out,” The Jackal said, and fell silent for the remainder of the trip.

The car soon stopped again. The driver parked, and all three animals got out in unison before the two cats went and opened Adiv’s door. Adiv unbuckled his belt...and squeaked as the two black cats leaned down and picked him up by the shoulders, standing behind him and pushing him forward as he was marched down; he’d finished all but one of the five cheese blocks, and his stomach felt quite full...but his heart still palpitated furiously.

The Jackal led them up to a large house. Adiv gaped at the place; it was a classic Victorian mansion, someplace that might have been suspected of ghosts had it not looked so grand. Gold and white and red stone and metal and wood built it up; it looked almost like something out of a fairy-tale.

The Jackal opened up the doors. He led the two cats (and Adiv) down one hallway, lit, ominously and typically, by candles. Paintings that featured various cats lined the hallway, and the vases were carved sculptures of feline heads.

 *Gee. I wonder what kind of animal their boss is,* Adiv couldn’t help but quip...but he kept his sarcasm to himself.

 Finally, they came to a large double-door. It was painted pink, a glaring opposition to the dark, gilded hallway. The Jackal knocked.

 “Who is it?” a voice called out; it was a sultry, female voice, with a curious nature; a sort of not-quite-English-but-very-close accent filled it, and the silky tones seemed to naturally carry a haughty air, even when what was being said was not in any way vain.

 “The mouse you demanded, ma’am,” said The Jackal.

 “Oh, I see. Bring him in!”

 “Yes, ma’am.”

 The Jackal opened up the doors, and gestured for the two black cats and Adiv to enter. They did.

 Adiv’s eyes widened; he was in a circular room bedroom, adorned with pink and gold ornaments, with a massive, plush-looking bed with pink, feathery quilts, velvet and satin curtains…

 And, spread out invitingly, surprisingly, across a long table by one window...was the biggest cat Adiv had ever seen.

 She looked to be almost four-hundred pounds; he could tell the cat was female because, much to Adiv’s embarrassment and shock, while most animals he knew tended to go about fully clothed, THIS cat wore absolutely nothing but a pink leather collar, with a small, gold, heart-shaped tag attached to it, about her neck. (Not so bad, considering her lush fur covered her more...private regions very well.) The collar almost looked like it choked her, her lush, snow-white fur covering it, and her doughy, pillowy-looking rolls of fat rounding over and around it. The feline really was massive; her whole body seemed to be just one big, white ball, like a mountain of fuzzy marshmallow, with a long, supple tail whisking behind her idly. Her large body took up the entire table’s length, and the table was quite long; Adiv guessed she must have been very tall standing up, possibly six feet or more. At first glance, she seemed more like a giant, cuddly kitten, built more for lounging and snuggling than anything else…

 Then Adiv looked up at her face. He saw her ears twitch as she smirked at him...and the mouse cat sight of her big, glass-green eyes. They pierced into his own soft brown ones like daggers, glowing with a light he was sure he did not like…

 This was their boss. Eccentric and bizarre as this all seemed, there was no doubt this gargantuan cat was their boss.

 “Thank you, Hesperus,” said Heather - Adiv guessed her name because she had “Heather” written on her neck tag. “That will be all. Leave us.”

 The Jackal bowed, as if to a queen, and he and the two black cats hurriedly left the room.

 Now, Adiv was alone with the giant cat, as the door slammed shut. There was silence for a short time, as the massive feline female just stared at Adiv. Her green eyes roamed his body, like she was looking at him through a microscope, inspecting every pore and follicle of his tan-furred body. Adiv stood as still as he could, knees shaking; a mixture of his natural (understandable) fear of cats, mixed with all that had happened, had his nerves in a tizzy.

 Heather smirked wider.

 “What is your name, mousey?”

 “A-Adiv,” the mouse peeped, and added a quick “ma’am” for good measure.

 The cat nodded slowly.

 “So, you’re the college student that borrowed a loan from me a while back, hm?”

 “Y-y-yes, ma’am.”

 The cat chuckled and shook her head in amusement.

 “You stupid little rat,” she muttered, though she didn’t sound particularly angry.

 Adiv was silent.

 Heather grunted as she heaved herself up off the table and thudded onto the ground. Her morbidly obese form, drooping at the sides with fat on a barrel-shaped body moved forward, hands held behind her back in mock-authority as she approached calmly. She towered over Adiv; like all mice, he was small - roughly three and a half feet - and as the six foot tall feline glared down at him, her shadow blotting him out, all that mass towering over him menacingly, it took all his willpower not to try and run screaming from the room.

 Slowly, the massive cat crouched down, till she was at eye level with Adiv. He whimpered.

 “Now,” Heather whispered. “Let me get this straight: I lent you money...and, now, when I demand payback, I don’t see it?”

 Adiv slowly, silently nodded.

 Heather didn’t even blink.

 “Why did you accept the offer I made you?”

 “I...I needed money-”

 “Obviously.”

 “Yeah, but...I...I’m just trying to get through c-college, I-!”

 Heather burst out laughing.

 “College?! A little mouse like you?! You shouldn’t be in college; you should be in a hole somewhere, hiding out from big pussycats, like me!”

 Adiv said nothing, just shivering as he stood before the massive cat.

 Heather smiled wider; she had truly beautiful teeth...considering that they were sharp and pointed and could easily tear Adiv’s flesh from his bones like banana peels.

 “Do you know what happens to little mousies who fail to pay me their dues?”

 Adiv shook his head fearfully.

 He squeaked as, suddenly, a long, ivory-white claw flicked out of Heather’s right paw and she dragged it tenderly across his muzzle and cheek.

 “They don’t last long,” she said simply. “Not very long at all…”

 Adiv’s fur turned a few shades paler.

 Heather giggled girlishly.

 “Tell you what,” she said. “I’ll make you a deal, mouse: if you can do something for me, and do it very well, I’ll let you walk out of here, give you some money, and you won’t have to pay it back, all right? Sound fair?”

 Adiv gulped.

 “And...and if I don’t?”

 Heather grinned darkly. Every claw she had in her right paw was suddenly prickling Adiv’s face.

 “Use your imagination, rat,” she hissed.

 Adiv felt some sweat trickle down his face.

 Heather grunted as she rose, tall, wide figure imposing as she sashayed towards her giant bed, wide hips swaying to a rhythm only she could hear as her tail kept the time, and she climbed onto her bed with a long, low “Meeeooowww…” and lay there, rolling onto her back, handpaws behind her fluffy, round head. Her body took up most of the wide, king-sized bed.

 “Now,” she said, crossing her legs placidly. “I’m a pretty kitty, wouldn’t you agree, little mouse?”

 Uncertainly, Adiv nodded; he wasn’t lying, but he didn’t know if that would save him. Still, better truth than lies, right?

 Heather nodded approvingly.

 “Yes, I think so, too,” she smiled. “And a cat like me deserves to be a little...spoiled, wouldn’t you say?”

 Adiv shrugged.

 “What...what do you want from me?”

 Heather giggled again, and held up one round, chubby paw...before slapping it against her vast belly, the fat rippling and jiggling like a water bed.

 “A belly rub.”

 Adiv blinked.

 “...A...belly rub?”

 “Mm-hm,” the cat nodded.

 “...You’re joking, right?”

 Heather frowned.

 “I am not,” she growled. “Give me a belly rub, and give me one very well, and I’ll let you live. Fail, or refuse...well, you’ll see what happens. It won’t be...pleasant.”

 She laughed.

 “Well...not for YOU, it won’t be.”

 Adiv nodded worldlessly. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing; a belly rub. This mammoth of a cat, with a loan shark enterprise and underlings that looked like they could snap his mousey body like a twig, if she couldn’t or wouldn’t herself, had brought him here by force...for a belly rub.

 He almost felt like laughing, but held off, and slowly, cautiously approached Heather’s bed. She smiled and waved a paw, and he carefully climbed up and placed his paws against her belly, which spilled across the mattress, so large it utterly consumed his vision.

 “Well?” Heather snapped impatiently with a hiss. “What are you waiting for?”

 Adiv winced at the harsh tone; he almost forgot he was dealing with a female who was a powerful criminal. She could certainly do worse…

 Slowly, he took his paws, and laid them against the gargantuan stomach of Heather. Instantly, he felt the fat beneath his fingers vibrate slightly as the feline let out a gentle “purrrrr…”

 Adiv bit his lip, and set to work. He pressed down ever so gently, and rubbed his paws in slow, smooth circles over the flabby expanse before him. Heather’s purrs grew louder; the fat and fur around his fingers felt akin, again, to a great fuzzy water bed; jiggling and rippling as he moved his paws around it. As time went on, Adiv felt his heart grow a bit bolder, seeing Heather’s smile and closed eyes as she lay relaxed and lazy in her bed. He pressed a little deeper into the feline’s rolls, feeling the adipose and fluff move between his fingers.

 “Yes, like that,” Heather half-moaned out at one point. “Mmm...good little mouse…”

 Adiv couldn’t help but smile at that, and dug his paws in a bit deeper; it was like molding clay, almost...except that this clay bounced back when he released it, and wouldn’t quite stay...and was covered in fur.

 Just then, out of nowhere, it seemed, Heather’s arms shot up and grabbed Adiv. He yelped as she suddenly hugged his frame against her mass, and with a giggle rolled around in her bed till she was lying on that belly...with Adiv beneath her.

 The mouse squealed, his voice muffled by the cat’s girth as she beared down upon him, pinning him between the plush bed and her surprisingly more plush abdomen; her weight was truly tremendous, and that, mixed with her belly’s fat, droopy form made it feel like he was being smothered by a massive, fleshy pillow. He howled, voice muffled into meaningless mewlings, into her pudge, his paws coming up and pawing at the hundreds of pounds around him, desperately trying to breathe.

 Heather, for her part, just sighed happily.

 “Ahhhh…hmm...yes...purr-fect, little mouse...purrrrrrrr-fect…”

 “GTHMPH! PHMMMPH!”

 The feline’s ears twitched and she let out another odd giggle.

 “What a funny little thing,” she muttered and lifted herself just enough to let the mouse’s brown head pop up, face to face with her. He gasped aloud, trying to gain some fresh air…

 She opened up her mouth and let out a big, gassy “BEEELLLCH!” right into his nose.

“Ohh, yuck!” Adiv groaned out, wrinkling his nose, not caring about the fact he’d just said that in front of a mammoth, feline crime lady.

Heather didn’t seem to care. She batted her eyes innocently.

“Aw, sorry,” she teased. “Little mice tend to do that to me…”

“You mean...when they rub your belly?” he wheezed.

She shook her head slowly.

“No, Adiv,” she purred. “Well...yes, actually...but not from the side you were doing it, I should say…”

Adiv gaped.

“Wh-what are you s-s-s-saying?”

Heather winked one eye and licked her lips with a fat, pink tongue.

“They don’t. Last. Long. Remember?”

Adiv’s eyes widened. He grunted, trying to wriggle away...but Heather growled and grinded against him, squeezing him between her mounds of flab once more.

“Yesss...sssquirrrmmm…”

“Oh, please...please…!”

“You should have paid me back, mousey,” Heather snarled.

“But...but I...I rubbed your...belly...I mean, you said I-!”

“I said ‘if you did very well.’ You did well, don’t get me wrong...but not VERY well. I mean, the way you started off was so...hesitant, and all that squiggling just now...it’s as if you don’t like having a cat’s big belly pressed against you! Isn’t it soft? Isn’t it warm?”

Heather punctuated her last two sentences by licking each of Adiv’s ears once; her tongue felt like dampened sandpaper; rough yet slimy, all at once. His ears flickered as she wiped her tongue across them.

“No...nooo…”

“I had a nice, fat little mouse like you about…two weeks ago, was it? My stomach takes SUCH a long time to process what I feed it...it must have hurt the POOR thing, judging from his screams, and the way he kept wiggling beneath my skin…”

She grinned toothily.

“That’s him you smelled. It’s taken so much willpower to make sure it was ONLY him, though...this kitty can hold a LOT,” she chortled, bringing up one paw and tapping her tummy; even the slightest touch of her claws caused that mountain of meat to wobble a bit.

“Please...please, Miss Heather...please, don’t eat me!”

“Now, now,” the cat crooned, “No more talking...not right now, at least. After all, I can’t have you leaving here to tell the police, now, can I?”

“I-I won’t tell a soul! I promise!”

“I know you won’t.”

So saying, Heather opened up her mouth wide. Very, very wide. Adiv was already virtually paralyzed, able to do manage little more that pathetic wiggles beneath her bulk, but as those jaws parted before him, he felt frozen.

Her teeth were long and incredibly sharp; her tongue twitched a bit, eagerly; the skin within was dappled pink and black, like most feline maws; the smell of her breath was minty fresh, yet somehow ominous as well...most likely due to its source being held inches before his face. Her lips and whiskers twitched a bit around the halo of her teeth…

Just then, with a burst of energy, Adiv managed to move his arms out from under her heavy gut fat, and held them up before his face, trying to pry the jaws away from him as Heather lunged down.

“Ah?” Heather exclaimed...then her lips twitched into a smile, and she held up her fatty arms...and took each of Adiv’s in one hand...and stuffed his arms into her mouth, closing them tightly just above his elbows.

Adiv gasped in fear, and shook his head, trying to wriggle his body out from under her.

“No, no, no!” he howled. “I promise! I won’t tell anyone, I promise! PLEASE, I PROMISE, PLEASE-!”

GULP.

A thick swallow sounded out as Heather responded by sending his arms into her gullet...and sucking his body up to the chest in her mouth.

Adiv screamed in horror; the dark, humid heat of the mouth was made all the worse by the buckets-worth of saliva raining down on his head; the throat his arms were trapped in felt tighter than he ever could have imagined (not that he HAD ever imagined it); like a tight, rubbery tube, slick and muscular; it was hard to imagine a creature so plush and round on the outside had such powerful workings.

“HELP!” he wailed. “SOMEBODY HELP ME!”

Heather giggled heartily around her meal; that minty breath stung his nose as she did, his arms quivering in the pulsating throat before him; black and hot and horrible…

Heather slowly, carefully sat up on her bed, depositing all her weight straight to her flabby haunches as she held the mouse by the waist and hoisted him up over her head. Her tongue slathered about him, slickening him up for the ride down...then, her grip loosened, her tongue coiled about his head like a snake...

“NO!” shrieked Adiv.

GULP.

Now only Adiv’s legs remained outside of Heather’s body, most of his upper body held within her mighty throat. The peristaltic muscles squeezed and pulsed around his body, his eyes held wide open, mouth clamped shut by the strenght of the muscles around him. His chest heaved against the throat; he badly wanted to breathe, but he could barely take any air in this tight, hot, clenching place. The most he could move were his fingers, which twitched a bit. As he entered the throat, the mint-like scent of the cat’s breath transitioned and faded to a more vile smell, as her stomach grew nearer…

Heather “hmmmed” softly as she let both paws drop, happily smiling around the food inside her mouth as she watched his legs and tail whip about in the air. She placed one paw against her flabby throat, feeling her collar and skin stretch taut around the bulge of the mouse inside it, while her other paw absent-mindedly stroked her awaiting stomach, which let out a deep groan of anticipation: GrrrrrRRRRRRGOOOooog...

That groan echoed around Adiv, battering his eardrums as his heartbeat pounded in his head. He felt dizzy and sick; the stench, the sounds, the lack of air, the blood rushing to his head...he couldn’t think, he couldn’t tell which way was up...he wanted to pray, but he couldn’t remember how...he wanted to beg, but he didn’t know whom to plead with; Heather, fate, what?

GULP.

Heather dragged her meal further in; he slithered smoothly and easily into her ravenous gullet, making her purr with pleasure around him, shaking his world up all the more. She clenched the paw on her belly with excitement, squeezing her flabby body; the mouse’s arms had slid past her stomach’s entrance, leaving his nose squeezed up against the puckered, muscular sphincter, his body almost entirely encased inside her; only his feet and the tip of his long, pink tail remained outside her mouth, already coated in slick cat spit as she drooled sloppily, her mouth watering at his tangy flavor.

Inside, Adiv’s eyes widened even further; he felt pain as the throat tightly held him, inches away from the steaming gut of the cat; he could faintly smell the inside, with what little amount of air he could breathe; a vile aroma of long-dissolved meat and fish and who-knew-what-else. The mint-like scent of her breath from earlier was long forgotten; this was what her burp had smelled like...only worse.

Heather let out a soft crooning sound; she gently brought up a paw and tickled the mouse’s toe pads and sole with a claw, causing his feet to spasm. Then, with a lewd “Shllluuurp…” she pressed a claw against his feet and gently pushed them into her mouth, completely enclosing him in her body as she sucked his tail up like a noodle.

She held him like that for just a moment, humming softly to herself, carressing the bulge in her gullet, feeling her leather collar stretched so tight...feeling how badly his body wanted to breathe properly, how it wanted a little more space…

And, with a final GULP, she gave him that.

 Adiv let out a squeak as he was plunged headlong into Heather’s stomach. He coughed and gagged, partly from the sudden gust of air his lungs took in, and partly from the foul stink of said air. He could see absolutely nothing, layers of fur, skin, fat, and muscle impeding all light. But, with lack of light came enhancement of his other senses; his nose was assaulted by the malodorous nature of her belly; warm slime and wrinkled muscles rippled and writhed like a net of putrid, fat worms all over him; he heard Heather’s heart thumping overhead, her lungs whooshing with air, the ominous gurgles aft and below him from the feline’s vast lines of intestinal tubes...and the sloshing and bubbling everywhere about him in this hungry sac, heard as nothing but soft grumblings to Heather outside.

 Speaking of outside: Heather let out a “murrrrr”-ing noise and flopped onto her back, both paws carressing and kneading her well-padded gut. The mouse within was barely perceptible; nothing more than a slight rounding on her thick body. His movements could not be seen through all the fat and flesh that caged him, but Heather could feel it...every kick Adiv began to frantically launch out, every push, every pinch, every punch...it was almost surreal, she thought idly, how much pleasure he was giving her from within, without her even being able to tell he was in there.

 “Mine,” she murmered possessively. “All mine…”

 “AAAAAAAARGH!” screamed Adiv, pressing and writhing and frantically trying to break free; somewhere in his mind and heart, he knew it was hopeless - he knew how big this cat’s belly was; he knew he couldn’t hope to break through all that with nothing but his paws and nails...but survival was his main goal, and he did all he could think of to try and get it. He pinched, he prodded, he even tried to butt it with his head. Nothing worked!

 Heather cooed tauntingly, licking her chops.

 “Stupid little mouse,” she hissed. “There’s no escape. You belong to my belly...and I’m going to make sure you’re stay is as nice as I can make it...for myself.”

 She smirked.

 “Which, of course, means you’re going to take two weeks to digest...and one week to actually die. Your new ‘deadline,’ if you will.”

 She giggled again; the sound was even more sinister than ever as it jangled in Adiv’s eardrums; every word she said thundered around him. He wailed and bawled, tears in his eyes as he banged against the walls, throwing his whole body into his efforts to escape.

 “B-BRRRAAAAAAAAOOOOOORRRRAP!” Heather belched, and placed a round paw against her mouth petulantly. “Pardon me,” she smirked, to no one in particular.

 To her, at most, Adiv’s pitiful squeals were nothing more than garbled, muffled noises in her belly. While her voice roared in his brain, he was nearly inaudible for her. She patted her belly and rubbed it some more over the swell of her gut.

 “You were a tasty one,” she admitted. “I almost wish I could gobble you up all over again...BLLLLAAAAAHRP! Oof...then again, you’re making me a bit gassy, aren’t you? Well, like I said, mice do that…”

 As Heather rambled on and on, Adiv continued to yell and shout and fight for his freedom. The stomach of the giant cat was hellacious; the stink and the heat and the filthy bile sloshing about him were bad enough, but the shrieking sounds in his ears...the way this bag of meat shook and rumbled when the feline burped, mixed with the sudden thinness of the air around him, which was already foul and stale to begin with…

 “STOP!” he begged. “I WANT OUT! PLEASE, I WON’T TELL ANYBODY, I JUST WANT OUT! PLLLLEEEEAAAASSSSE!”

 “HMMMmmm,” sighed Heather through her nose, then thumped her gut with a weighty paw. “BURP. Heh...mouse flavored…”

 With a yawn and a groan...punctuated by yet another stinking belch - “Buuuuurrrrrk…” - Heather rolled over on her bed, lying down on her chubby tummy. Inside, Adiv hissed in pain and confusion as he was squeezed even tighter, and the liquid around him splashed around violently.

 “Mmm-hm-hm-hmmm,” moaned Heather, her tail flicking to the left and right happily, head in her paws. “Feels like you’re all packed in their tightly, huh? Good. Now, I suggest you make yourself comfy, mousey; you’ll be in there for a while...oh, and FYI, it’s going to hurt. A lot.”

 It was already hurting; the squeezing, squelching muscles mixed with the hot liquid, which rose a tiny bit every second, had the mouse sweltering and panting. And something told the mouse it was just going to get worse.

 “Why...?” he croaked out, trying furtively to push up - well, he thought up - and give himself some room...then those muscles pushed back and smothered his face.

 Heather purred, smacking her belly a few more times, before taking a roll of her own fat and shaking it a bit.

 “Consider your debt paid in full, Adiv,” she sneered. “You’re going to be spending the remainder of your existence as some extra meat on my belly and my hips. I’m sure you won’t disappoint me again.”

 Without another word or thought about the pathetic mouse, Heather lay on her side in her big, plush bed and fell asleep, Adiv still struggling in her stomach.

 But the horror wasn’t over yet.

 It was impossible to tell time in the dark, fetid belly of the beast, but Adiv was certain that, in all that time, he hadn’t slept a wink. He went through periods of either fighting frantically for escape, or lying curled up and utterly exhausted, a whimpering mess, in the tight, dank space. Heather went on with her life: seeing “clients,” giving orders to her men, lounging about and snacking on grapes, cherries, oysters, sardines...how she could still be peckish was beyond Adiv’s knowledge, but this cat had eaten her entire High School football team not so very long ago; he was barely a morsel for her. Every so often, a paw - Heather’s, Hesperus’, or someone else Adiv did not and would not know, it didn’t matter - could be felt, poking and petting his back or his muzzle as the cat received or gave herself a soothing belly rub. She seemed to be largely oblivious of Adiv, outside of when he struggled, where that menacing, girlish, innocent-sounding giggle would echo about...followed nearly all the time by a hefty smack to the cat’s gut, making it quake and jiggle, and a massive “BEEEHAAAAARRRRP!,” or some other equally horrid sound as she belched.

 As the days went by, Adiv felt his mind slip. Everything seemed to fade in and out...the smells only got worse and worse as his body withered, sleep deprivation, lack of food and water, and the heat and filth of the gut around him making it all the more horrible. He lay curled up, barely conscious, at the bottom of the belly, spasmodically kicking and nudging the walls…

 Then, one day he stopped moving.

 And he still wasn’t gone.

 He could feel his body change...he could feel the fur fizzle away; his skin peel and melt and fray. At first, this had caused...considerable pain, leaving him shrieking the words “MERCY!,” “GOD!,” and various obscenities into the vile space around him, but now, it was barely a tingling. He could no longer speak; he had not the tongue for it (perhaps literally), and he could barely think. He was barely sentient; even if he were to be let out now, he would likely never recover.

 He was not aware of how long he sat like that, forgotten, utterly destroyed, stewing in stink and blackness...when loud “glurp” sounds overhead caught his attention. She was swallowing something...but this was a very BIG something…

 A few moments later...an avian talon crashed through, directly towards his chest…

 And Adiv knew no more.

 Heather purred as the vulture she swallowed settled into her gut. She let out a big “BUUUURP!,” a few stray feathers blasting from her stomach as she did. She no longer remembered Adiv; she barely remembered having eaten anyone only a short time ago.

 She’d forget the bird soon enough, too.

 After all...everything fades, given due time.