

She Swallows

“You’ve really been giving those babies the luxury treatment. Not like they don’t deserve it. A silk bra. *Extra* cushy.” Lynn took in a sharp breath as her unlikely bedmate’s delicate fingers found their way to her nipple. The panther may not have had her usual strength, but she could have easily swatted this woman’s hand away. Not that she would. “Bet you never thought you’d be small enough to lay in it.”

She certainly had not.

Lynn had been surprised upon returning home and discovering her husband’s outfit heaped on the couch... minus her husband. It appeared as if he had been sitting there watching television, only to vanish from existence. His plaid button-down shirt and black dress pants took up vigil in his stead.

An even greater surprise came as her sharp ears perked at the sound of a tiny, squeaking voice calling, “Hi, hon!” from below. Lynn’s gaze swept the ground and settled on what her first instinct said had to be a household pest. Near the television set, standing outside an inconspicuous crack along the wall, was a tiny version of her husband.

“Aaron?” Bewildered, she walked over and squinted down. The nude tiger’s muscular physique didn’t seem all that impressive now that he had gone from being able to sweep Lynn off her feet down to the point that she could flatten him beneath hers. She dropped down on all fours until her chin thumped against the floor. Aaron took a step back, plainly intimidated by a panther maw that could have turned him into an afternoon snack.

After the initial shock faded, she asked, “What happened to you?”

“Better question,” someone answered from the crack in the wall. “*Who* happened?” A little grey mouse sauntered out like she owned the place. She stood a full head shorter than

Aaron—of course, she should have stood *much* smaller than that. Fiery-orange hair would have made her easy to spot from above. And though Lynn could use her as a toothpick, for her little husband, she begrudgingly admitted the rodent had quite a figure—one all bound up in denim shorts and a cropped black top.

Emitting a ferocious snort, Lynn blew on the rodent's hair. "You're fooling around with a *mouse*?" Forget that her husband was impossibly small; his nudity made her jump to the most drastic conclusion. Before either Aaron or this mouse could explain, they were both trapped in Lynn's fists and lifted off the ground.

"You've got it all wrong!" Though the mouse was the one staring down Lynn's extensive collection of bared fangs, Aaron was the one speaking up in a panic.

"Lynn, right?" the mouse said, smiling in spite of the mortal danger. She jerked her right arm to freedom and ran a hand along Lynn's black snout. "Name's Amanda. I'm, uh, your *neighbor*, I guess you could say. And don't you worry, I haven't touched a hair on your husband's handsome head."

"Why does it sound like I shouldn't believe you?" Lynn squeezed just a bit tighter.

"Whew!" Amanda laughed. "You *are* feisty. Just how I thought you'd be." Her eyelids fell for flirtatious effect, causing Lynn to pull her head back in surprise. This mouse may have been small, but she had presence. "*Well*, miss long, dark, and alluring, maybe it's because I'd like to. That is, if you wouldn't mind joining in on the fun."

For some shrimp shacking up inside their living room wall, Amanda had a way with words. Buttering Lynn right up. Coyly asking whether or not she and her husband had ever considered, just maybe, *spicing up* their love lives? Lynn was a proud cat; most panthers tended

to be. If any other bucktoothed creature scurrying around her house had asked that question, it may have ended up dinner.

But there was something about Amanda, so self-assured even when her ribs could be squeezed to splinters. It hadn't taken much to convince Lynn. Looking back, she might have noticed the mouse knew exactly the right words to say. Yes, as a matter of fact, Lynn *had* been looking to spice things up.

Aaron was the plain one: a true-blue missionary man, uncreative in the way he handled that oversized bludgeon he called his cock. Every kink they'd ever tried, he ruined.

Bondage? He apologized for whipping her.

Doggy style? A rapid pull-out and more mumbled apologies when she hissed with pleasure and pain.

Biting? Aaron's fangs may have been sharp, but he never *dreamed* of sinking them into his dear, sweet Linnie. While drunk with friends, she had admitted to thinking of him as more *pussy* than cat. Maybe she should have been more communicative. Asked to see a counselor.

Easier said than done.

Plus, there was a *reason* she had been so suspicious of Aaron cheating. She had been doing it herself, after all. The partners she picked up behind his back were more than happy to oblige her requests and so much more.

And what big, docile Aaron didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Given the chance for a fresh experience, however—she took it.

That was the go-ahead for Amanda to pull some strange device from her pocket. A gun, but not of any sort Lynn had seen outside of sci-fi movie parodies. She wasn't given any time to second guess herself before a green light blinded her. Cold set in down to the very bone.

And her dwindling body collapsed into a wardrobe twenty sizes too big.

It had taken some getting used to, staring eye-to-eye with the mouse she could normally hold in her hand, but she *did* get used to it. Rather quickly, in fact. Though a little shaken, she still managed to take charge of the situation—leading them to lounge in one of her own bra cups, as if she were playing host.

Even at a height where dolls would dwarf her, she wasn't afraid of showing off in the nude. Toned and curvy, tri-weekly gym sessions kept her the way she liked. Treated black fur shone lustrously against the ceiling light.

Amanda, on the other hand, had a more effortless figure. One that Lynn goaded her into exposing in a swift strip tease. Even if she had never been with a woman, the surreal situation had certainly piqued her curiosity.

They now laid together, side by side by side—Amanda in the middle.

“Not that I don't appreciate the unique perspective,” Lynn said, eyes roaming Amanda's nude body, fingers tracing a slender stomach before reaching a finely trimmed carpet that matched her fiery drapes, “but I figured you brought us down here to *do* something.”

“Take it slow, little lady.” Amanda clamped her surprisingly strong thighs together, throwing one over the other to ensure Lynn's finger couldn't get to work.

“We had another idea,” Aaron said, sitting up and taking Lynn's hand into his own.

“You've always wanted me to be more assertive, right?”

“Yeah,” Lynn said, looking with a moment's suspicion as he and Amanda exchanged looks.

“Well,” Amanda said while getting up to stand over them both. She snaked her long tail up between her legs. From its tip hung her shrink ray, which she took into her hands. “In my

experience, it's a whole lot easier to take charge of someone a fraction of your height." The gun again emitted its blinding green light. A dreadful sinking started in Lynn's stomach. When the world resolved, the silky purple bed was more like a silky purple field.

"How small did you make her?" In Lynn's shrinking adventures, Aaron's voice had gone from squeaky to normal—and now godlike, up above.

"We're mice," Amanda said, dropping onto her stomach in a direct mirror of Lynn's pose earlier in the day, her three-story manor of a head suddenly towering in front of Lynn, "so she's much closer to a *mite*."

Maybe not quite a mite, though considering she was a bug to a mouse, Lynn couldn't be certain. Their sizes in relation to one another had been more than reversed. The view left her speechless, from silk fibers underfoot, once seamlessly smooth, now with visible microfibers countable by the naked eye. The world around her now had *definition*. Details only a tiny eye could perceive.

"*Heeey*, Lynn." A gust of hot air from her husband's maw made Lynn stagger backwards. That was one of the magnified views she could have done without, both he and Amanda had teeth bigger than her by this point. In Aaron's case—*much* bigger.

"So," Amanda's index finger crashed down next to Lynn. A bristly grey tree for comparison. She looked left. Over her shoulder. Right. Straight ahead. Always warily following its movement. "Up for an adventure?"

Lynn craned her neck up to where Amanda lazily rested a cheek to her palm, lidded eyes angled downwards, and a bucktoothed smirk at the forefront.

"Come on," pleaded Aaron. Lynn flinched back as her husband's chin thumped down.

Amanda had stopped tracing her finger about, instead using it to massage Aaron's scalp like he was her pet cat. Lynn looked between the two, heart pounding.

"Let's do it," Lynn said—too tiny for her smile to be betrayed as the grimace it was.

"I knew you'd be down for it, neighbor!" Amanda's cry boomed so loudly that Lynn was still reeling as the mouse snatched her up in the leathery space between two fingertips tall as herself. "That's why I've been stashed away in your wall for so long; I couldn't *wait* to get my hands on you."

Whether or not Lynn was "down" for it, she didn't see herself as having much choice. Sure, she could technically say no, but something about the way Amanda looked at her said she could say no back, and her denial would be much more final.

"Should be safe in there," Amanda murmured, tucking Lynn away. Warm surroundings, soft on the outside and firmly padded, locked her limbs together. It took her a moment to fathom that the curving hills up ahead were breasts, and that her head poked out from a mouse's cleavage.

"A perfect fit," Aaron said; his bemused expression hung overhead.

"Yep! Comfortable seating arrangements, right Lynn?" Amanda kneaded her chest, a feminine tide squishing inwards and bombarding Lynn on both sides. She sputtered through short furs and breast flesh until the massage stopped.

Struggling to keep her composure, Lynn stared up at both giants-that-weren't-giants. Amanda looked quite satisfied with the panther's predicament, well aware that she couldn't free herself. Aaron had already forgotten about the tiny panther; he only had eyes for the fuller of both women.

“Lynn was right, though,” he said, coaxing the rodent’s gaze to his by cupping her chin, “you brought us down here to do something.”

“That’s right, so *you*...” Amanda pushed against Aaron’s chest until he yielded. “Get on your back.” He did. “And let me take care of *everything*.” She was thirsty for this cat.

Lynn wondered whether the whole shrinking process was an excuse to get her out of the picture. It certainly felt that way, forced to watch from her perch as Aaron laid back, Amanda working his generous semi. Palming his heavy nuts.

Considering the staggering number of times Lynn had cheated, she should have been fine with what she saw. To some extent, she was—her husband was a hunk, and having him bigger gave her eyes a whole lot of man to roam. But the view made her jealous. Not just because it was her husband being toyed with, but because she was so easily ignored.

“I thought I was going to get in on the action!” she squeaked.

Amanda stared down at her. Aaron propped himself on his elbows, giving Lynn a curious look.

“What’d she say?” Aaron said, wearing a bemused expression over his wife’s indecipherable words.

“Sounds like she’s getting restless watching,” Amanda said. “You think you can handle it, little miss?” Looking down at Lynn, she dragged a tongue across her buck teeth in a coquettish challenge.

At that moment, Lynn faltered. She realized, just maybe, this was too much even for her. If she couldn’t wriggle out from between a pair of tits, what would it be like having the full attention of their owner *and* her giant husband?

“Like that’s even a question,” Aaron scoffed. “Lynn can handle anything.”

Amanda didn't respond, her smile remaining fixed while waiting for a response.

"That's... that's right!" Lynn cried, inwardly cursing Aaron.

"Well, since your man is raring to go...." Amanda looked over at Aaron. "Stand up, big fella."

He didn't stand so much as hop. The sudden movement was so much like a mountain deciding to spring up that it made Lynn burrow deeper into the safety of Amanda's breasts. That is, until the view bobbing overhead made her go still.

Even calm, collected Amanda had gone rigid at the sight of Aaron's shaft. "Have I ever mentioned I've got a taste for cats?" she said, looking from his bus-sized hardon down at Lynn.

"You may have mentioned it," Aaron said.

"Aw, your wife looks a little speechless." Amanda giggled, causing Lynn's surroundings to jiggle her back to reality. "Here. Let's get you 'in on the action,' kitty cat."

Worming her fingers between her breasts, Amanda pinched Lynn by her front and back. Soft breast furs glided against her sides as she was pulled out, her tiny legs kicking in the air. Her paws soon found landfall on a rigid surface. Upon being released, she instantly collapsed to her knees, her entire body rapidly warming so near the smooth and arid slab.

"She looks so small down there," Aaron said at a whisper.

"More accurately: she's tiny! Like, close-to-microscopic." Amanda's words lured Lynn's gaze up, her heart racing as she took in the wide trunk of her husband's erection. Taking in the vivid blue markings of veins trailing to the puffy head.

Past that was an imminent grey horizon; one inlaid with green eyes the size of small pools. A forest of orange hairs moved with the subtlest provocations.

“If we put her down and grew back up, our odds of being able to find her again would be *super* low,” Amanda said, her eyes carrying upwards. Lynn followed her gaze, craning her neck to its limits so she could gawk up at a sheer stretch of striped abs and pecs—all the way to Aaron’s distant face.

“Better keep her nice and close, then,” Aaron said at a gravelly purr so unlike him.

A chill ran up Lynn’s back. It occurred to her how utterly fucked she’d be if he knew she had been cheating.

“C’mon, mini-Lynnie!” Amanda said. “I gave you a whole manscape to play with.” She gave the panther a wink as if she was doing her a favor.

Lynn swallowed. Tottering up to her feet, she began the surreal trip across her husband’s shaft.

“This kinky enough for you?” Aaron rumbled, suddenly taking hold of his dick. Lynn yelped as she disappeared beneath the curl of his thumb and was roughly dragged against his shaft. He smeared her snout in its rigidity while the top of her head poked into the softer glans.

“Hang on, tiger,” Amanda cut in. Aaron pulled his hand away, leaving Lynn limp and gasping—realizing how unprepared she was for whatever came next. A thumb had been like a bus coming onto her. “Let the *ladies* handle this for you.”

Lynn got to her knees as grey-furred fingers curled up the sides of Aaron’s length, which now rested in Amanda’s palm. The mouse gently bounced it, movement forcing Lynn down to her stomach. She threw her arms to her sides in search of support, but they were simply too tiny—and Aaron, much too big.

The bouncing stopped with a moment of silence. Lynn stopped her cowering, remembering she was still a part of this orgy. Forcing herself upright again, her heart pounded from being confronted by Amanda's stare.

"We're gonna rock his world, right Lynn?" she said.

Lynn had a feeling she was the one whose world was about to get rocked, especially as Amanda yawned her maw wide. Prey or predator, her species didn't matter when Lynn was this tiny. A view of teeth and tongue and flexing gullet more vivid than any orthodontist's diagram made her scooch backwards on her butt, kicking closer to the base of Aaron's shaft as it began vanishing headfirst inside Amanda's mouth.

Aaron's hands descended, folding down Amanda's vast ears while he gripped her head. Back and forth she went, polishing his rod and eliciting satisfied groans from the shrunken tiger. Immediately after she pulled her maw back, she then rolled it in like the tide, cramming more of him inside. Lynn continued ceding ground, scrambling back until, partway through, she thumped against something hard. Turning around, she discovered it was a thumb walling her off.

"Aaron!" Lynn squeaked. She stared up, sure he must have forgotten about her. But there were his lust-lidded eyes looking right at her. His maw was half-split in a smile while he panted.

He saw her—but was too turned on to care.

That moment of distraction gave Amanda plenty of time to catch up. She was using her buck teeth to stimulate Aaron's shaft. Before they could crash right into Lynn, they pulled up, rushed overhead, and then clamped down past her.

Everything went dark. A second was all it took to leave her soaked in spit. Constant movement defined the interior of Amanda's maw. It was a tidal cave mid-flood. A thunderstorm of sighs. An entire fetid ecosystem of spit and tongue and a massive bluff of tiger cock.

Yes, it was all those things to Lynn... except for a mouth. She refused to accept it as such. Imagining the tongue as some slobbery beast made more sense. The slick slab of muscle swished over Aaron's dick and pinned her down; her hands dimpled its drooling underbelly, but she couldn't wrestle it off.

Using Aaron's manhood as the fulcrum, Amanda introduced every inch of it to Lynn. The length that once fit inside the panther was now a throbbing rock formation. Each textured ridge she was dragged across taught her just how much of a man she had neglected.

Amanda's own enjoyment of the situation was constantly announced through the loudspeaker of her throat. Every sigh produced its own fur-rustling gust of air. A reminder that, for how much this felt like the end of the world to Lynn, both other members of this threesome were doing nothing more than enjoying themselves.

The thrust of Aaron's hips. The push-pull of Amanda's head. The twisting of her tongue. These chaotic forces worked at once to constantly toss Lynn about. Overwhelming her to the point that she thought she might pass out. Before that could happen, Amanda began working at a more languid pace. Lynn took the chance to gasp. Air was scarce in the slimy space between cock and tongue, but she managed after sputtering out some mouse spit.

Like the mischievous creature Lynn thought of it as, Amanda's tongue took her away. She no longer felt the hardness of Aaron's erection. Her back pressed into a new ceiling, equally hard but with a ribbed texture. The roof of Amanda's mouth, she realized.

The tongue's tip suspended Lynn by pressing into her middle. Though Amanda still suckled and bobbed her head to placate Aaron, if her eardrum-ringing chuckle was any indication, she had something in store for the panther.

Keeping Aaron busy didn't leave Amanda with much room for multitasking. However, if anyone in the world constituted the opposite of "much," it would be this crumb of a panther.

The crumb gasped. That had to have been an accident. There was no way Amanda could work with that sort of finesse. The tongue tip that had held fast to her stomach slipped for a moment, grazing her crotch in a way that felt surprisingly good.

But as the grinding motion persisted, punctuated by an occasional, pounding tongue press that triggered a writhe from tiny panther limbs, Lynn knew it was deliberate.

With mouth and tongue, Amanda meant to pleasure both felines at once.

Once Amanda found her rhythm, she defied it by working at a relentless pace. Wriggling movements meant to molest made Lynn cry out in arousal and frustration. She tried to resist—twisting, thrashing, going so far as to rake with claws that were useless at this size. It wasn't that the tongue didn't feel good. In fact, she shuddered through every prod, and now that she was being kept in a fixed place instead of being flung about, she could say she almost *loved* those moments her breasts were given a fresh coat of drool.

She resisted because it was all so startlingly new. But like all her favorite partners—and unlike Aaron—Amanda didn't take no for an answer. She tongue-twisted Lynn like a tiny puppet, working with practiced grace that hinted at past experience in the field.

And for how intense every moment was, it would be their little secret. Aaron, so fixed on his own pleasure, had no way to know about the dalliance taking place in the narrow space above own cock. Lashed to the roof of Amanda's mouth, Lynn *encouraged* the constant grinding, daring to buck her little hips. This was all insane. She still feared for her life, but she couldn't resist the overpowering need to get off.

Lynn didn't realize she was on the brink until the peak of pleasure left her dizzy. There was no ceremony to it; with a thrash of limbs and a kitten's mewl, it simply happened. When her little spritz of ejaculate hit the tip of Amanda's tongue, it recoiled—a beast in search of a bigger score.

Fucked near-unconscious in a minute flat—Lynn fell limp upon her husband's shaft. It had grown in excitement during her absence. Veins quickly pulsed. An occasional twitch marked its surface. She was done, but that didn't mean she got to leave. Amanda's tongue reclaimed her, any delicateness required for pleasuring a tiny panther gave way to a merciless swirl and bludgeon that tested her body's limits.

This might have been her first time experiencing her husband at this height, but Lynn had always been able to tell when he was close to bursting. His cock paved the way with constant throbs. Outside, his groans grew more pronounced. Lynn cried out—to Amanda. To Aaron. To whatever god might be listening. She had survived so far, but there was a terrifying certainty that her husband would drown her if he blew.

And just before her husband's white-hot crucible could boil to a white-hot climax, a sonorous sound escaped Amanda's throat. The kind someone made when spitting something much too large out. As she pulled her mouth back, Lynn began to see light. After so long in the dark it was an affront to her sensitive eyes; she clamped them shut and shivered. That was the next struggle in her transition to freedom—her body craved the warmth of Amanda's mouth. Room temperature felt like crisp winter air.

Far above, she heard Aaron's heavy breathing. He was smaller than his own prick had been before shrinking down, and yet he was titanic enough to Lynn that an aroused lurch of his shaft made her whimper in terror.

“Why’d you stop?” he groaned.

Lynn’s fur pricked up at a bellowing giggle. She finally squinted, taking in the gargantuan world around her—staring beyond the curve of Aaron’s cockhead, flared and begging to blow, at two lidded green eyes. Though a mocking smile was no doubt stowed away beyond a cliff dive of dick, Lynn had no need to see it; what part of Amanda she could make out perfectly conveyed her smug amusement.

Lynn tried to peel herself into a more respectable position, but she had been outmatched. Stepping out of the shower made her feel heavy. If someone had taken her to a pocket scale now, she was sure half her weight could be attributed to spit alone. Even without that burden on her weary muscles, its stickiness kept her glued.

Bedraggled, shivering, and trapped to her husband’s dick like it had a coating of flypaper—she must have looked pathetic. She had risen to the occasion and been sexually pulverized for it. Before she had a chance to verbally wave the white flag, Amanda spoke up:

“Just wanted to be sure. You want me to swallow, right stud?”

“Oh, fuck. That’s hot,” Aaron murmured, dick nodding in agreement. “*Yeah. Yeah,* swallow every last drop.”

“Aaron! I’m done, get me up!” Lynn had found her voice in time to have it drowned out by another masculine groan.

Amanda may not have responded, but her immense ears wiggled at the sound of that plea. A plea ignored. “Every.” She lifted her head, wide grin suddenly hanging ahead of Lynn. “Last-*uh.*” The exaggerated enunciation showed off the movement of her cheeks and jaw. “*Drrrrr—*” while rolling her Rs, she got back into position, “—*omph,*” and then choked the last word with a mouthful of tiger cock.

And Lynn was back in the dark. She managed a single whimper before Amanda's tongue gave a cursory clockwise spit shine to Aaron's shaft. It swept Lynn off the top and reacquainted her with every rigid inch. Amanda had complete control of Lynn and Aaron. She jerked her head back and forth, putting her tongue to the task of titillating the tiger while tormenting his tinier wife.

In complete darkness, assaulted by constant, slobbery motions, Lynn knew what part of her husband she was being subjected to. Puffing up from arousal and drooling out copious precum, it was the head itself. Spongy flesh gave some slack, a mattress dimpling whenever her tiny form was ground against it.

These events spanned ten apocalyptic seconds, each one enough for Lynn's life to flash before her eyes. Amanda made her passions quick. There was no chance at foreplay—Aaron had been eager to drain his balls. His gasp came distorted, from what sounded a world away.

Tiger seed spilled out. It felt hot even in an already humid prison, washing over Lynn like a natural disaster. The fur-saturating tsunami assaulted her senses. Its familiar scent was a thousand times more potent at this size, intoxicatingly masculine and marking her every crevice. Her gasps for air endured salty mouthfuls. His jizz caked her snatch. It clung to her face and fur and added a thick, gunky coat down to the skin.

Aaron still let out deep, satisfied groans. He even went so far as to sigh the mouse's name. These were background noises to Lynn; a more terrifying sound roared much closer.

Glck, glck, glck. Amanda's pumping throat produced an echo inside her maw. Aaron's seed was no match for her appetite. She had admitted it herself: she had a taste for cats. Now, she could indulge in tiger seed by the cupful.

And panther by the teaspoon.

Suckling force continually vacuumed Lynn's body. Each passing second, she was sure the next gulp would be the one that included her. It wouldn't sound any different from the others. She wasn't even a choking hazard at this size. So marinated in cum, she was sure to go down easy: a little black pill swilled with seed.

But she never did.

The tongue pinned her legs against the bottom of Aaron's tip, subjecting her upper torso to each spurt of semen. Forced to flinch against the sheer weight of it, wiping at her face to get the shortest breath before another potent burst buried her.

Even after Aaron had been milked, Lynn flailed a few seconds more. Her eardrums rang with the memory of Amanda's gulps, but they existed in the past. The intruding slab of tiger meat retreated to the outside world, and though Amanda might have gained a very bad case of cum breath, the seed itself had been polished off.

And Lynn—Lynn was still here. Still *alive*. She rolled over on Amanda's tongue with a delirious giggle. A dash of Stockholm syndrome might have fueled the grateful kisses she gave that slick pink carpet, but she didn't care. It was *over*.

All of that fear for her life had been in her head. Well, not entirely. Amanda had teased at swallowing. But it was just that: a tease. The thrill of danger tacked onto their tryst. As she yawned her maw open, Lynn squinted past rows of backlit teeth. There, peering in, was Aaron.

"Oh," he said, ears folding back—eyes wide with surprise. He took a step away from Amanda's mouth. "Shit, she's, uh... she's still in there. Thought you already got rid of her."

For how warm Lynn was, an icy feeling started in the pit of her stomach.

An, "Uh-uh," in the negative vibrated from Amanda's gullet.

“Uh, *sssorry*, Lynn.” Aaron scratched the back of his head, looking away as if this was an awkward breakup. “Amanda here saw all the guys you’ve been bringing home. I didn’t believe it at first, but she had some pretty convincing evidence—like, uh, one of the guys you slept with shrunken and trapped in a jar.”

“No, Aaron, that’s not true.” Lynn forced herself up onto all fours and scrambled for the exit. A lazy flick of Amanda’s tongue forced her prone again. It hadn’t occurred to her that having a tiny “neighbor” meant an extra pair of eyes in the house. Ears in the wall that could hear her moaning about how much better her many partners were compared to the man she married.

Amanda wasn’t a mouse: she was a *rat*.

“In exchange for all the help, I *kinda* promised to give her some...” Aaron chewed on his lower lip, at last looking her in the eyes before finishing. “Cat food.”

Lynn tried to plead her case; the judge and jury had already made a decision long ago, however. Now, whatever hasty excuse she tried to blurt was silenced by the executioner, mouse teeth clattering in a loud gnash.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Aaron murmured, words muffled through the living walls.

That’s hot. Those would be the last words to reach Lynn’s ears. Next came a gust of hot air, accompanying the echo of an all-encompassing chuckle. Then, Amanda’s tongue began to curl up.

The panther whimpered. A proud cat, reduced to scabbling the mounting incline of a tongue. Claws that could skin a grown anthro alive couldn’t so much as nick the pink surface. They earned no traction as the elevation grew. Even gravity conspired against her as the entire damp chamber tilted upwards—Amanda throwing her head back.

Like living quicksand, it surrounded her. Wet, sloppy sounds left Lynn's cries muted. No matter how strong she used to be, she stood no chance against clamoring walls of slick muscle, every living inch wanting to feel her. Pushing and shoving and grabbing and pulling down, down—

Down.

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"You're awful quiet, pussycat," Amanda said, throwing her legs over Aaron's lap before propelling her back upright and straddling him. Her hands explored his impressive chest. "Not having second thoughts, are you?"

"Nah," Aaron said. "I'm grateful you told me. I can't believe she brought another guy home."

"Well, it was, like, seven people for the record."

"Don't remind me." Aaron grimaced, folding his hands behind his head and closing his eyes. "Still, it'll be weird, going back to my old life just like that."

"Old life?" Amanda sat up. "This is only the first stop for you, big fella."

"Huh?" A faint hum made Aaron open his eyes. He went still at the sight of green light gathering in the barrel of a ray gun he knew full well wasn't a cheap toy.

"I mean, you're single now, right?" Amanda wiggled atop his chest, affectionate strokes formerly dedicated to appreciating his muscles now smoothing the gun's sleek barrel.

"Technically true," Aaron cautioned. Amanda's green eyes glowed in the gun's light.

"And I did *such* a good job with—y'know..." Amanda licked her lips.

"You did." He'd have agreed to anything. The gun being rubbed against his cheek left him at this mouse's mercy.

“So imagine how well I’d do if you were just a teensy bit—oh, who am I kidding? A whole. Lot.” Her finger half-curved around the trigger. “Smaller.”

“Promise not to swallow this time?” Aaron flashed a pleading grin as green light enveloped him, a familiar chill massaging his body down—Amanda growing heavier against his chest. Looming higher as he fell into the curve of the bra cup.

“No promises,” she said in a deepening voice as his world turned grey.