Friends for Dinner

By: Mystic~Wolf

The clattering of wooden spoons in pots, pans, and bowls can be heard though out the whole apartment, as Ember and Max are hard at work in the kitchen, preparing for a veritable feast for their friends this evening. The two make a fiery pair; Ember, a sleek and slender vixen with her fluffy orange tail always flowing behind her, and Max, an orange tabby with beautiful stripes and a tail that resembles a dancing snake moving behind him at its own beat. They move together in almost perfect harmony, always managing to stay out of each other’s way in a kitchen that was never meant for two cooks. Max stands over the stove, stirring the pot of gravy, while keeping an eye on the potatoes, and the green beans, and Ember was finishing the blueberry pie that would go in the oven after the roast was done. Max opens the cupboard above the stove to grab a bowl and strainer for mashing the potatoes, but when he grabs the bowl a cast iron skillet falls, landing on the edge of the pot of gravy, tipping it over and splashing him from his ears to his chest before it drops to the floor.

Ember quickly turns at the sound and sees the mess, “Max! Are you ok!?”

“Yeah, I’m fine, ow. Most of it’s on top of my fur. I’m just going to stand here, and wait for it too cool. Ow.” He stands very still with his arms stiff just slightly away from his side, like the gravy will bite him if he moves, and in a way it will.

Ember walks over to him, and smiles when she sees his gravy covered face. She sticks out her finger and runs it up his cheek slowly, careful to only lift the gravy away and not push any against his skin. She sticks her finger in her mouth to taste the gravy. “Mmm. This is pretty good.” Then she licks up his entire cheek, from his jaw to his eye, pulling her tongue back in and smacking her lips. “Mmm. Really good.” She grabs his arms below the splash of gravy and turns him to face her, moving in for two more licks across his other cheek, followed by another on the first cheek. “This is really good,” she thinks to herself, “I’m sure he wouldn’t mind if I just…” she opens her mouth wide and before he can say anything she engulfs his whole head; licking and lightly sucking on it.

Max is shocked and a little afraid, Ember promised never to eat him, but this looks an awful lot like being eaten. He wants to struggle, but she’s still holding his arms, and if he moves too much he could get burned.

She sucks out all the gravy flavor and much of the cat flavor too. “Just a little more,” she thinks, pushing his face into her throat as she moves onto his neck, causing him some discomfort as her tongue pushes the gravy into his skin, but it isn’t hot enough to burn anymore.

He becomes so very much more afraid when she pushes his face into her throat, and she is now squeezing his arms, it seems much more like she was trying to restrain him instead of just hold him like before. He knows she’s a pred, but he always knew she would never do this to him, now that that seems like it might not be true he can’t help but think of all the times he’s seen her with a full belly, and put himself in their place. “She’s not going to eat me, she can’t!” he thinks, not wanting to believe she could betray him.

After enjoying the flavors of the cat’s neck she turns him around in her mouth, allowing her to get the back of his neck, and because her experience as a pred told her that people tend to kick further forward than back, so she’s safer if he starts struggling. The gravy was really doing its job; it complements the cats flavor perfectly. She was deeply enjoying herself as she pushes on over his shoulders. She pushes him just a little further so she can enjoy the rest of the gravy at once. This also put his forearms about half way behind her cheeks, allowing her to move her hands down to his wrist, pinning them to his side, and allowing her to not worry about his struggling for a while.

With his head pushed backward and completely in her throat, Max is finally convinced she’s actually eating him. He tries to remember everything he knows about escaping a pred, most of which she taught him, but he keeps drawing blanks. Most of that advice is for before they get him to this point, and she’s too good of a pred, she’s holding him very firmly keeping him from fighting back. The only thing he can do is yell and hope she can hear him; appeal to their many years of friendship.

“Ember please! It’s me, Max! I’m your friend! Please don’t do this to me! You swore you would never do this to me! EMBER!

On the outside, Ember is moving her teeth, jaws, and tongue in a way that pulls her prey’s t-shirt up, allowing her to get more of his flavor once she swallows more of him. She feels him start yelling in her throat, this was always one of her favorite parts, this is when her prey realizes they can’t escape, and try to plea to her. Too bad she can’t hear them, not that it would help. She works her jaws over the end of his t-shirt, by now the gravy is all gone, but that’s ok, she can still enjoy the taste of cat as she slowly works her way down his torso.

Max is being hit from all sides, her body is hot, her throat is trying to pull him down, but she’s holding him in place, only allowing him to sink slowly, but he still knows he’s sinking, he’s getting closer to her stomach, and he knows, that once someone’s in there, they’re not coming back. He can hear her heart pounding like a great drum, as he slides by. “Stop,” he thinks. “If I have any chance of getting out of this I need to think. She can still pull me out if she wants, as long as she has something to grab, it’s not too late. I have my phone, I can call her, and maybe she’ll figure out a way to get me out.” Ember was nearing his hips and tilts her head up, allowing gravity to aid her. Max felt his legs swing, and to his horror feels a weight shift in one of his pockets and then feels something hit the back of his restrained hand as the weight in his pocket disappears. “Well, so much for that idea. Back to plan A: EMBER! GET ME OUT OF HMPH!” he is cut short as his snout is shoved into the tight ring at the entrance of her stomach, soon his whole head is in her acrid stomach, and he can feel her jaws poised in front of his hips. “This is it,” he thinks, knowing his hips are the last barrier to her, after that he may as well be one big noodle; he’ll quickly side down her throat, and be sealed away forever. “I wonder if she’ll still have dinner with everyone while I’m in here?” his mind now giving up, moving to what comes next.

Ember is enjoying herself, it was kind of annoying getting hit in the face with a phone, but that happens. She couldn’t be too upset, it was an accident that was partly her fault, and she was eating him, so she’s still ahead in the deal, and besides, it’s hard for her to be mad when she’s at another of her favorite parts, once she moves past his hips his legs will side down her throat so quickly, it will be all over for him in less than fifteen seconds. “Ready?” she thinks, taunting her soon to be meal while her mouth is full. She works her jaws over his hip inch by inch, getting him to the point where he can slide right in, she holds him in place with her jaws, a small pause before he takes a rapid plunge.

Max can feel all of it, his shoulders cresting the ring of her stomach, her acid lapping at his nose, and his hips in her mouth; he knows he’s a rapid slide away from being Ember’s meal. “If I have to be eaten, why does it have to be by a friend, why did it have to be her?”

She loosens her jaws, ready to let her meal slide down to where it belongs when an annoying beeping fills the room. “What’s that? Oh yeah, the timer, the roast is done. Hmm,” she thinks, “Well, fifteen seconds won’t ruin it.” She opens her jaws and quickly swallows down her meals legs at a speed that would even impress a snake. His thighs disappear in a single gulp, sending him plunging into the acid below, then his calves vanish just as quickly, forcing him to curl around in her stomach, and before his paws vanished from sight she closes her jaws again, holding them just outside of her lips, like two of the oddest looking cartoony cigars ever. She pauses from her meal, to continue her work in the kitchen, her belly already obviously distended, and her meal’s feet on display. She shut off the timer, grabs a pair of oven mitts and opening the oven to grab the roast. Max can feel the heat on his paw pads as she reaches in. She put the roast on the counter next to the stove, and ups the temperature on the oven for her pie. She looks at the stove top and it was chaos, the broth the potatoes are in was boiling away, the green beans were starting to overcook, and the pot of gravy was still on its side, spilled gravy now burning into the burner and inside the pot. “Where’s Max!?!” she thinks indignantly. Her mind turns back to finishing her meal when everything clicks. “Mawks!” she shouts, slurring his name and, almost letting his paws slip past her lips. She turns away from the stove, grabs his paws with both hands and starts to pull him out. It would have looked comical to anyone watching, like when a magician pulls a rope of hankies out of their mouth, but she was pulling someone else out; a whole cat. It’s rather uncomfortable for her to pull something out of her stomach, and it’s pretty uncomfortable for Max to be pulled back through the tight ring, and against the ripples of her throat, but it’s a discomfort both of them are alright with considering the alternative.

After what felt like an hour, but was only a few minutes Max lands on the kitchen floor with a wet slap. “Max! Are you ok!? I’m sorry! I didn’t mean too! I got carried away! I-Are you ok?”

Through the torrent he just lay sprawled on the floor, answering with a low, “Don’t ever do that again.”

“I won’t! I promise! I’m so sorry.”

“Good,” he responds, slowly standing. “Can you finish things here?”

“Um, yes,” she responds tentatively.

“Alright… I need a shower.” He starts to walk out of the kitchen when Ember realizes something.

“Max! Your shirt.”

“Keep it. I’m not going back in after it,” he says without turning back or breaking stride.

“Aw, I liked that shirt,” ember mutters to herself.

A little over an hour later, the pie was cooling, the mashed potatoes were finished, a fresh batch of green beans was ready, and the table was set, the gravy absent. Max steps into the living room, now a makeshift dining room, still drying bits of his fur with a washcloth.

“That took a while,” Ember says.

“It wasn’t easy to get all that stuff off. I can’t believe you were going to eat me. You swore you would never do that!”

“I’m sorry! I got carried away and forgot it was you. Please don’t tell anyone.”

“I don’t know…” he says with a crooked smile, “Maybe someone should know in case I go missing.”

“If you go missing it won’t be from me, and I’ll be very sad.”

“I’d be sad too.”

“Um Max,” Ember starts looking a little embarrassed, “there’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you.” There’s a knock on the door. “Would you go on a date with me?” she asks and while he takes a moment to process, she walks over and answers the door. “Hey everyone,” she says with open arms.

“Ember, so glad to see you,” a female black cat with white marking says, walking in and giving her a hug.

“Thanks for doing this,” a male border collie says as he enters the apartment.

“It’s nice to see you again. Something smells good,” a male wolf says walking over to the table.

“Ember, how’s hunting been?” asks a female mountain lion as she enters the apartment, lifting Ember up and giving her a big hug. Sarah was the only other member of the group that had decided to become a pred, and a pred friend you can feel safe around is a valuable friend to have, especially one so big. “It’s been ok; I’ve had a few close calls myself though.”

“Well, if you ever want a hunting partner, just give me a call,” Sarah offers, she glances up, “What’s with Max? He looks like someone just told him he’s dinner.”

“Oh, I just asked him out on a date? I think it took him by surprise.”

“Really?!” Michael the wolf asks. “I thought you were already dating.”

“Yeah, me too,” Sam, the border collie agrees, joining Michael at the table.

“Come on, the foods getting cold,” Ember says, changing the subject.

Everyone who’s not there already makes their way to the table, including Max as he emerges from his stunned trance.

“Hey, where’s the gravy?” Michael askes, looking up and down the table. Max and Ember look at each and Ember responds, “There was an accident.”

“Aww,” he groans, “Everything tastes better with gravy.”

Max’s eyes flash back to Ember, and she simply glances his way before looking back to Michael, “Yeah, it does.”