For some strange reason, Liss felt very, very cold. It wasn't fear, exactly, nor was it dread. It was… hopelessness. As much as he dreaded the thought of living a lifetime as a mouse, the stench of the dragon's bathroom lingered in his mind… and in his nostrils, because he was halfway down the hall by now. He couldn't do it. He would rather die than endure the dragon's belly again… and in fact, he probably *would* die, and then he'd be forgotten at the bottom of a dragon's septic tank. He couldn't imagine a worse fate.

In the end, it was almost as if the decision had been made for him. It was like a thousand tiny voices were screaming in his mind… well, maybe not a thousand, but at least four.

"Run, Liss, run!" they shouted in unison.

Liss ran and ran, and never looked back, not even when the dragon called him a coward, and warned him that he would be a mouse forever. It never even occurred to him for a moment that he was completely naked in a tiny little body that would take a very, very long time to make it home. Nor did it occur to him that anything important may have been left behind. He would regret that later, of course, but at the moment he didn't have time for regret. That little tickle of instinct at the back of his mouse-brain said run, so run he did.

Thankfully, Liss had left the back door open a crack to make an easy escape. Now it was the *only* way he could escape. Though he never stopped running, even when he was well clear of the dragon's lair, a single taunt, shouted after him by the dragon, sent a chill down his spine. Six terrible, foreboding words that made the nature of his new existence all too crushingly clear.

"I wonder what'll eat you first?"

On and on he ran, sick with worry, and fear, and doubt, and… just plain sick. He hadn't made it far when he suddenly began to feel rather nauseous. He hobbled over, clutching his stomach as he began to retch, before throwing up… what was it? It looked remarkably like… pizza-popcorn-yogurt-soda-beer. With horror, he realized it was all the stuff he had swallowed while inside the dragon's stomach. He was literally throwing up someone else's vomit. The thought might've made him vomit again, if he had anything left in him.

Reaching the dragon's lair had taken him less than an hour. Returning home took him the rest of the night. He could barely remember the way from his new perspective. Everything was so much bigger now. Worse still, every little sound and movement sent chills up his spine. Liss had never realized just how good he had it as a cat. The life of a mouse was full of fear and misery. He couldn't help but imagine his bones in an owl pellet, or his body as a bulge in the throat of a snake. He had spent his whole life preying on others. Now, he was the prey. Tiny, helpless, destined for the belly of some creature who'd never give a second thought to who he was before. It wasn't fair, he thought. Funny how we never seem to care about fairness until we're the ones on the receiving end.

Against all odds, Liss managed to make it back to the city without incident. It was perhaps the first thing that had gone right for him all night. But of course, that didn't mean he was safe. In the city there was little threat of swooping hawks or slithering snakes to gobble him up, but many of the city's citizens would gladly do so. Foxes, cats, and all sorts of carnivorous critter-folk called this city their home. Fortunately, his thieving exploits meant that Liss knew this city like the back of his paw – although considering he'd have a hard time recognizing his paw in his current appearance, that might not be the most apt metaphor. In any case, he stuck to the back alleys and only darted out when the coast was clear. In this way, he slowly but surely made it home in one piece… although every step of the way was miserable for him. He didn't know how long he could bear to live a life of fear like this… but it wasn't like he had much choice.

At last arriving home, a new and terrible problem suddenly became all too apparent to Liss. How was he going to get back in to his own house? He had left his key in the pocket of his pants, which were still in the dragon's lair. It wouldn't be too much trouble to pick the lock… if he weren't currently trapped in the body of an inch-high rodent. He could barely hold a lock pick in this accursed form, let alone attempt to pick a lock. Was there anyone else who had a key to his home? He thought about it for a moment. The answer was yes, but he really wished it wasn't… the only other person he could think of was Kenna, his ex-boyfriend.

Suffice it to say, Kenna and Liss were not on speaking terms. Their break up had been a messy one, with lots of crying, and hissing, and a bit of that thing that cats do where they swat at each other in the air really fast with their paws. Afterwards there had been nothing between them but bitter resentment, and a little bit of crying on the litter box.

Kenna's home was only a few short blocks from Liss's… but a few short blocks were daunting to one so tiny. What would've been a few minutes' walk took him over an hour. He arrived feeling exhausted, from a combination of stress and physical exertion. And then of course, there was the problem of how to sneak inside. He could climb in through a window, but he didn't have the energy, and his body was still too unfamiliar to try. Damn it all, why did everything have to be so hard as a mouse? How did these pitiful creatures manage to survive, and worse still, why did he have to be one?

Eventually, he settled on an idea. It was nearly morning now, and Kenna would soon come out to check his mail. That was what he'd always done when the two of them had been together – cats have their routines, you know. Liss hid by the side of the door, and struggled valiantly not to doze off. Bleary eyed and tired, he nearly collapsed in shock when Kenna suddenly opened the door. Fortunately, he still had the mind of a seasoned thief, even if he didn't have the body of one. He quickly darted inside, appearing to go unnoticed by Kenna. He knew he would have but a moment to find the key and leave… assuming Kenna hadn't gotten rid of it already. He probably should've thought of that before coming inside… too late now.

Liss knew from memory that Kenna kept his keys on a ring in the kitchen. His kitchen was to the left of the living room, which is where Liss was at the moment. But first things first, Kenna would probably return before he got there, so he had better find a place to hide. He made a beeline for Kenna's sofa… and was suddenly and roughly pressed down by something unseen from behind. It was warm, furry… Liss recognized its scent. It was Kenna's paw. Oh no.

"Thought I didn't see you sneak in, did you?" Kenna teased. "What's a mouse like you doing in the home of a cat? You must be very brave or very stupid. Which is it?"

Kenna lifted Liss until the two were face to face… but before he got there, Liss had to be lifted past Kenna's stomach, which let out a hungry rumble as he passed by. The sound sent a chill down Liss's spine. Kenna had always had quite the appetite… and he was quite fond of gobbling up little mice.

Kenna could see the fear on Liss's face.

"Heard my belly, did you?" he sneered. "That's good. You'll be seeing it soon. From the *inside*. Oh, I can't wait to feel you *squirm* in there. Little mice wriggling in my gut is always so satisfying."

"Wait, Kenna!" screamed Liss. "Don't eat me."

Kenna's eyes suddenly widened, and his brow furrowed.

"How do you know my name, mouse?"

"Because I'm not a mouse!" said Liss. "Well, not normally, at least! It's me! I'm…"

"I'm Liss", he was going to say. The words caught in his throat, as he contemplated whether or not revealing that would actually help him any. Surely, it couldn't make things worse… right?

"I'm Liss." He said at last.

Kenna's jaw dropped in shock, giving Liss a terrifying glimpse of his sharp, feline teeth. He had kissed that mouth many times. Right now, it wasn't so inviting.

"You're not Liss." Kenna snarled. "That bastard was a lot of things – a hell of a lot of things – but he wasn't a stinking rodent! Do you think I'm a moron?"

"Kenna…" said Liss, hesitantly, "remember when we *did it* in that alley on the corner by the bar?"

Kenna's heart skipped a beat. Instantly, he knew that somehow, this rodent was Liss. His shock was such that he nearly lost his grip on Liss's tail. Though fortunately for Liss, he didn't – or maybe not so fortunately, depending on your point of view.

"I… I remember." Said Kenna. "I really wish I didn't, though." He growled. "To think, I wasted my virginity on you…"

"Um, Kenna, can you let me down?" asked Liss, fearful of the anger suddenly building in Kenna's eyes.

"Oh, sure, Liss." Said Kenna. "You already let me down harder than anyone. I guess it's time I returned the favor."

Kenna held Liss over the coffee table. Then, he released his grip, and let gravity take him the rest of the way there. Liss landed with a loud and painful *thwack,* to which Kenna did not respond. He just stared at Liss for the longest while. Liss didn't move, nor did he speak, because he didn't know what to say, or where to go.

"Why are you a mouse?" asked Kenna, at last.

"You know that dragon who lives in the bunker north of town?" Liss asked.

"You didn't." Kenna gaped.

"I did." Liss's head drooped in shame.

"What happened?" asked Kenna.

"It's a long story," said Liss. "Let's just say I'm terrified of sardines now."

Kenna glared long and hard at Liss. Liss could feel his gaze, and felt great shame, because he knew what was coming.

"Liss…" said Kenna.

"Don't say it." Said Liss.

"I told you this would happen." Kenna continued.

Liss was silent.

"Admit it!" Kenna snarled. "I told you over and over again that something like this would happen. That it was only a matter of time before something went terribly wrong on one of your little '*heists'*. And what did you say to me?"

"Oh don't start with that 'what did you say to me' crap!" Liss exclaimed. "You forced me to make a choice I could never make. 'It's me or the thieving.' Those were your exact words. But you *knew* I could never give it up. So I told you to get lost. I admit it. But I don't regret it. You couldn't live with me, so you had to live without me. That was your decision, not mine."

Kenna glared at Liss, tears welling up in his bright green feline eyes.

"And then, not three days later, when you fucked the prince, was that my decision too?"

"How did you find out about that?" Liss asked in shock.

"How couldn't I?" scoffed Kenna. "It was all over the news for weeks. 'Sex and robbery! Prince Eliric comes out after encounter with unknown male intruder!' 'Unknown' my ass! I knew it had to be you. No one else would be so bold. And… you were sending me a message, weren't you? 'I don't care about you. You're just another fuck.'"

"It wasn't like that…" Liss muttered.

"You know damn well it was." Kenna responded. He glared at Liss for a while longer, shaking in rage and sadness. After a while, he simply asked:

"Why did you come here?"

"I need the key to my house." Liss admitted. "I couldn't get in, because I'm… a mouse. I didn't mean for that to rhyme, I swear."

Kenna silently walked away, coming back with a little brass key clutched in his paw.

"Is this the key you mean?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Liss, "that's the one."

Liss was shocked by what Kenna did next. Rather than give him the key, he opened his mouth wide, and shoved the key inside. Then, with a single *gulp*, it was down his gullet.

"You want this key so bad you were willing to come to me, huh? Well, if you *really* want it that badly, you're gonna have to go in after it." He sneered.

"N-no!" Liss stammered, suddenly growing fearful. "I changed my mind. I think I'll try my luck at… living in a dumpster, or something. Anything but that!"

One stomach had been enough. He couldn't bear the thought of being trapped inside another.

Unfortunately, the choice wasn't his to make. Seeing his apprehension only served to affirm the idea in Kenna's mind. Kenna grabbed Liss by the tail, anger in his eyes as he glared at his poor ex-lover.

"Sorry, Liss. The last time I let you make a choice, you chose wrong. This time, you don't get one."

With that, he opened his mouth wide, and held Liss above his gaping mouth, just as the dragon had done. For Liss, the overwhelming sense of fear was tinged with the slightest bit of déjà vu. And then, Kenna released his grip, and sent Liss dropping, screaming, into his awaiting maw.

The cat's rough tongue assaulted Liss, as did his hot, fishy breath. His saliva was not as viscous as the dragon's had been, but it was still uncomfortably sticky, smelly, and warm. Being in here, Liss felt a sort of sick irony. Some of his fondest memories had been when his tongue had explored this very mouth, the two of them locked in a tender embrace, a warm passionate kiss… even now he had to admit that Kenna had a beautiful body. He just… wished he weren't about to find out what it looked like on the inside.

Kenna did everything he could to prolong his swallow, savoring every moment as he felt Liss slip down his throat. His spine tingled in delight as Liss quivered and kicked on his way down to his stomach. Liss, in turn, could hear it as he passed through Kenna's neck, making quite a bulge as he as he travelled down: Kenna was purring. Doing this was bringing him some twisted sense of joy. That though made Liss very angry, but it also made him afraid. What would Kenna do to him?

"Nothing, if I can help it," Liss thought to himself.

Slipping at last into Kenna's stomach, Liss was assaulted at once by a vile odor. It absolutely *reeked* in here – of mice, and fish, and liver, and a million other feline meals. Incredibly, the dragon's stomach had smelled better. On the bright side, Kenna's stomach was empty at the moment – except for the key, of course. Dinner had been long ago, and he hadn't yet had breakfast. Liss was determined to leave here before that happened, of course.

Liss gripped the key as tightly as he could, struggling to even see it in the darkness of Kenna's belly. What followed was a long and largely fruitless struggle to make it back to the entrance of Kenna's stomach. Stomachs aren't solid, you see. Hot, rubbery muscle, stretching and squishing with Liss's every movement. It was like some kind of fun house, except it was the opposite of fun. The already exhausted Liss was quickly worn out by the heat and stench and struggle. But eventually, he made it to the sphincter.

Key clutched tightly in his little rodent paws, Liss struggled valiantly to climb up Kenna's throat. In response, the cat took what might've been the world's most aggressive drink of water. Liss heard that ominous sound he remembered all too well from before. Kenna was drinking… oh no.

A sudden torrent blasted Liss head-on, washing him away from the upper sphincter and sending water sloshing about Kenna's empty belly.

"Not a chance, you little rat." Sneered Kenna. "If you want to get that key out, you're going to have to take the rear exit."

Liss gulped. He didn't know Kenna had it in him to be so cruel. He had been such a sweet guy, when they were together… then again, he was a cat. Cats were fickle creatures… and they did so love playing with their prey.

Up above, Kenna rubbed his tummy in small circles as he glared down at it, a wicked grin plastered across his face. Knowing that his ex-lover was imprisoned in his belly, being able to feel him hopelessly struggle inside his own stomach, brought him a sick sense of glee. He was going to savor every moment Liss spent suffering inside his gut. Just as the dragon had thought Liss was like a mouse, and so made him experience mousehood, so too did Kenna think Liss was a piece of sh… well, you get the idea.

The warm water in Kenna's belly was actually rather pleasing… it threatened to make the tired little Liss fall asleep. Maybe it would do him good to forget his current predicament. But deep down, he knew he couldn't. He couldn't relinquish his grip on the key. It was what he came for, and he wouldn't leave without it. Valiantly, he made a second struggle for freedom… but he couldn't do it. It was too hot in here. The air was too stale. He was too tired. Quite against his will, he dozed off.

He was awoken a few moments later by a few rough bumps from the outside. Kenna was patting his belly forcefully.

"How's it going in there, Liss?" Kenna asked.

"Let me out!" Liss yelled.

"I will! Of course I will!" said Kenna. "In a few hours, that is. In the meantime, I thought I'd let you know I'm having breakfast, so you're going to have some company in there. Oh, but first…"

Liss heard Kenna drinking again. He dreaded to think what could be coming down to join him. It sounded rather sticky… and it was far, far sticker than it sounded.

"What the fuck? What is this stuff?" Liss shouted as it splashed all over him in the dark. It felt and smelled like a combination of cough syrup and superglue. It stuck to Liss's fur all over, and it quickly coated the walls of Kenna's stomach.

"Just some of that anti-digestive stuff you used to use for smuggling things out in your stomach. You left a bottle here when you left me. Thought I'd put it to good use." Came Kenna's response from above.

Liss should've been relieved in the knowledge that he wouldn't be digested, but he wasn't. Kenna didn't know about the side effects of drinking this stuff – or maybe he did, and that was even worse. Your stomach doesn't take kindly to having its natural functions tampered with. Suffice it to say, Kenna's entire digestive system was going to be very, very upset for a while… and Liss was going to be there, bearing witness to it all.

Ruminating on this, Liss's thoughts were interrupted by a ruckus from above. By now, he knew it was chewing. Kenna was having breakfast, as he said. Liss remembered Kenna had a favorite thing to eat for breakfast… what was it? It was… oh no.

Sure enough, a chewed up wad of it came splashing down into Kenna's belly. Scrambled eggs, mixed with tuna fish. A delicious breakfast treat for any feline… far less appetizing stewing in the stomach of one. Wad after wad of the disgusting gunk began to pile up in Kenna's belly, occasionally accompanied by a liquid splash of milk, naturally. Another wretched stew was slowly taking shape in Kenna's gut, and here was Liss to witness its formation. He, too, had once loved tuna fish and eggs… but oh, how quickly he had been cured of that predilection.

Kenna's stomach rumbled as it struggled to digest his breakfast. The effects of the smuggling fluid were already starting to make themselves known. Everything in here would digest eventually, except for Liss, who was coated in the stuff, but… it was going to take a while. Liss groaned in frustration, knowing that he was going to be in here for a long, long time.

Wading in a hot and stinking stew of chewed up egg and tuna, Liss shut his eyes and tried to fall asleep again – it's not like he had anything better to do, and he didn't want to give Kenna the satisfaction of knowing how well his torture was working. Maybe, if he was lucky, he'd be able to sleep through his entire trip through Kenna's belly.

Unfortunately, Liss's luck had long run out, as the past day had surely proven. He had no sooner shut his eyes when an ominous rumble rocked the world around him. Something was stirring inside Kenna's belly. A sudden, violent clench sent him flying into a disgusting pile of sticky, smelly tuna-egg mash, as a deafening sonic wave ripped through the gut. Its reverberations could be felt for several seconds after, creating a further series of terrible vibrations. It felt to Liss as though a bomb had gone off in Kenna's belly, but in fact it was quite the opposite. Kenna had released a long, loud, satisfied belch. This was not the first time Liss had been made to endure this, but the second time was no less unpleasant than the first. Funny how no matter what creature consumed him, they were all equally disgusting on the inside.

Now buried deep inside the sticky mass of Kenna's breakfast, Liss squirmed and writhed in an attempt to free himself… but discovered to his horror that he couldn't. The sticky smuggling fluid that coated him made the bits of egg and fish cling to him as if he were covered in glue… and in a way, he was. It was not unlike being tarred and feathered, except this wasn't tar, and these weren't feathers. They were something much, much worse. In the end, all his struggling was for worse than naught, he was coated thicker than ever, and he no longer knew which way was up. Coated head to toe in a reeking mash, unable to see and barely able to move, Liss cried out in frustration and disgust, before shutting his eyes tightly and beginning to quietly sob. The whole affair was music to Kenna's ears.

Liss didn't know how long he spent stewing in Kenna's stomach – hours, probably. His sense of time was worn away by the utter, hellish misery of it all. The baking heat, the humidity, the indescribable reek. The feel of being caked in bile and half-digesting gunk. The sound of Kenna's heartbeat, breathing, and a never-ending rumble from the intestines down below. There was a time, not so long ago, when Liss had been lulled to sleep by the sound of Kenna's heartbeat as he lay his head on the warm, soft fur of his bare chest. Now, that same heartbeat was keeping him awake. The sounds of Kenna's belly were like a cruel taunt, a reminder of his wretched fate – especially the sounds of his intestines. It was as if they were beckoning to him. "You're going to join us." They seemed to say. "Hours and hours inside us. It's only a matter of time."

Despite all this, Liss did eventually manage to fall asleep – or rather, he managed to pass out. Despite his efforts, he couldn't possibly sleep by choice. His body had simply given out from exhaustion. Every last ounce of his strength was finally gone. And yet, even then, he was rudely awoken by… something. What was it, exactly? All he could tell is that it was very, very unpleasant. It felt like he was being rubbed on all sides by something hot and fleshy. It was sticky, slimy, bumpy… ah, of course. He had just slipped into Kenna's intestines. On the bright side, his slimy shell of egg-mash cushioned the incessant rubbing of the villi as he went along. On the downside… everything else. Liss could not have possibly imagined anywhere worse than the dragon's stomach. Now, he didn't have to imagine. He was there.

Here in Kenna's intestines, Liss lost track of space as well as time. Unable to see, unable to move, it felt, very literally, like a nightmare. No up, no down, no left, no right. Only an unbearable stench, an incessant gurgling gastric racket, and the occasional sensation of a rough, tight muscular shove as the intestines oh-so-slowly moved him along. Sometimes, there was an odd *thump, thump, thump,* as the entire world around him seemed to rock, up-and-down, up-and-down. That, he later realized, was Kenna walking; going about his daily routine, caring not a bit for the passenger along for the ride inside him.

There was one change that marked Liss's progress through the intestinal tract, however it was so subtle that he couldn't see it at first. The gunk surrounding him, encasing him, began to very slowly change its form. It ceased to be fish, and egg, and bile. It started instead to blend together, becoming soft, and brown, and – somehow – smellier. Liss was all too painfully aware of exactly what it was, of course. He had spent years expelling it from his own behind. No longer was he encased in a cat's breakfast. Now, he was encased in a cat's dung – fresher, and slimier, and smellier than he ever could've imagined. As he slipped through another sphincter, the muscles crushed it into his fur, and his skin, and his… everything. *Eww.*

He was now, of course, inside Kenna's colon – the bowels of his ex-lover. To his dismay, the dung started to harden as he went along, becoming stiffer, and making it harder to move. Regrettably, it did not improve the smell. Nearing the point of utter despair, the only thing that kept him going was the knowledge that he was nearing the end.

Suddenly, Liss's heart skipped a beat as one of his little mouse paws brushed against something that wasn't flesh or cat shit. It felt remarkably like… metal. The key! Of course! It had survived the trip through Kenna's belly. Summoning all his strength, Liss reached out as much as he was able, and clutched the key tightly in his paws. It squished and squelched as he held it tightly to his chest, compacting yet more dung into his body, but he didn't care. He had the key. He did it. He would leave here exhausted, humiliated, and smelling like a cat's ass, but he wouldn't be leaving empty handed.

Of course, he wouldn't be leaving just yet. There was quite a lot of Kenna's colon left to go through. The minutes ever-so-slowly ticked by, as the rough, slimy walls of the colon pushed Liss along, encased in his disgusting shit prison. Eventually, it hardened to the point that he could no longer move. It wasn't unlike being buried alive, except it was hotter, and it smelled much, much worse. Liss couldn't do anything except breathe in the suffocating stench. He couldn't move. He couldn't see. He couldn't even fall asleep due to the sheer discomfort he was experiencing. Even when the rough, muscular walls of the colon stopped shoving him slowly along, it wasn't over. He would remain there, stewing in the stench of what he assumed was Kenna's rectum, for what felt like hours.

Kenna, of course, was blissfully unaware of all of this, and wouldn't have cared too much even if he were. In his mind, Liss deserved everything he was getting. He was sitting in his chair in the living room when he felt his lower belly give a deep, guttural groan. He felt a heavy weight building in his bowels, pressing outward against his bottom. Kenna gleefully patted that part of his gut as he rose to his feet and proudly released a fart. He had never been so happy to have to go to the bathroom.

"I know you're in there, Liss." Said Kenna. "How does it feel to finally be the piece of shit you are?"

Liss didn't respond, and wouldn't have even if he could've. He couldn't tell what was happening. All he knew is there was a flurry of activity. Everything seemed to lurch upward as Kenna stood, then there was a wretched, rumbling, rushing blast of wind as he let out a fart. Then, he felt that familiar jostling, up-down, up-down, as Kenna's bottom jiggled as he walked to the bathroom.

Liss's stomach lurched as everything seemed to move downward as Kenna crouched. Then his pulse began to quicken as he felt the flesh of the rectum tighten around him. He knew what was coming. As much as he wanted to get out of here, this part still made him nervous.

Everything began to move forward. Liss was unable to do anything but watch and wait. He felt something crushing the dung into his head, slowly moving downward as it made its way toward his neck. Seeing light for the first time in hours, he realized that thing must've been Kenna's anus. At long last, he was free… but not quite. Had anyone been there to witness it, his current position made quite a sight. The shit-covered head of a mouse, peeking out from a cat's asshole, gasping for air all the while. For his part, Kenna could feel something lumpy emerging from his behind… something moving. It felt kind of nice, actually, and not just because he knew it was Liss who was suffering back there.

Liss took quite a fall from the cat's bottom. Fortunately, there was a pile of sand there to cushion the landing. Of course… he was in Kenna's litter box. The sandy litter clung to the dung, which clung to him, coating him all over like some sort of disgusting tempura – appropriate, given that the gunk all over his body had once been seafood. Much like Liss himself, it had been forever changed by its trip through Kenna's belly, and found itself much the worse for wear.

Even for Kenna, Liss was a pitiable sight. He just lay there, panting and gasping, covered in cat shit, key clutched tightly in his paws. He looked to be on the verge of tears. Yet even now, somehow Kenna just couldn't help himself.

"Still think I have a cute butt, Liss?" he jeered.

"Why, Kenna?" Liss croaked. "Why would you do this to me?"

"That's funny, Liss. I've been wanting to ask you the same thing for… what was it, two, three years now? The man who broke my heart just showed up in my home, uninvited, transformed into my favorite snack? It’s like it was meant to happen. You know what they say about the way to a man's heart, don't you?"

Liss didn't respond to Kenna's remarks. Instead, he just sat there and started to cry.

"Aww, don't be like that." Said Kenna. "If it makes you feel any better, I forgive you for what you did to me. You could almost say I got you out of my system."

"That's not funny!" Liss finally broke down sobbing. For the first time Kenna finally felt pity for the poor creature.

"Come on, you baby. Let me take you home. You got the key, after all, so I owe you that much. But I'll have to wash you off first. I can't very well leave you covered in my crap forever, can I?"

Liss agreed, if only because he didn't have much choice. Having had his love for Kenna all but extinguished at that point, he couldn't wait to wash his hands of him – literally and metaphorically. The two of them would never speak again after that day, and Liss would spend the rest of his life in loneliness and sorrow, forever pining for his glory days as a cat burglar… or really, anything besides a poor, defenseless mouse. For one who was so used to coming out on top, poor Liss never truly recovered from the one time he came out the bottom.