

A Mesmerizing Experience

"So, have you ever dated a stoat before, or am I your first?" Enya blushed slightly and admitted that he hadn't. "What about other predators? Foxes? Cats? Any of them?" Again Enya could only shake his head.

"What about you?" he asked, "Am I your first rabbit?"

"Well, not my first, but you're the first one I've actually dated." Tirri answered.

"What's the difference?"

"Two things I guess. Firstly there's never been any romance to it, I certainly didn't go to a nice restaurant with them." He gestured at their surroundings as he spoke. "And secondly, once I was done with them, they went down my throat."

Enya felt the fur on his back and arms rising. He had expected his date to avoid the topic of how rabbits and stoats usually interacted but, if anything, Tirri seemed to enjoy reminding him. Each time the conversation returned to that point, each wicked smile and licking of lips Tirri gave him, sent shivers down Enya's spine. But then, you don't go out for a meal with your natural predator unless you're into that kind of thing.

He smiled, enjoying the latest surge of fear-laced adrenaline, "So that's definitely not going to happen to me, right?" He tried to sound lighthearted, but the question came out with a touch of genuine concern. Enya was a sub and a thrill-seeker but he wasn't actively suicidal. He knew that he was safe for now, of course. While in public, predators could only hunt during specific hours of the night. However, he was hoping that the stoat would invite him home once the date was over and, if that happened, he would have to decide how much he trusted Tirri. Behind closed doors a predator could do as they pleased with captured prey, regardless of what time it was.

"Of course not." Tirri reassured "Tasty as you look, I wouldn't have just eaten such a large plate of food if I was planning on saving room for a bunny."

Enya would have preferred to hear a reason more on the lines of 'I like you too much for that', or 'I would never eat a friend'. Still, it was better than nothing. "I guess that makes sense. But then, for all I know, you could be forcing me to believe that."

Tirri looked blank, "What?"

"With that hypno thing you can do. I don't feel hypnotized, but then, that's exactly how you'd tell me to feel if I was, isn't it?"

Tirri groaned and dropped his head onto one paw. "You mean dancing? It doesn't work like that." Something in his voice suggested this was a conversation he had

endured several times before and was thoroughly sick of. "For starters, you'd have seen me doing it, and no I can't use it to alter peoples memories. If we could do stuff like that, my species would probably rule the world by now."

"For all I know, you do. If you got enough people under your control, you could easily do that, and then hypnotize anyone who found out to make them forget."

Tirri sighed, trying not to sound too exasperated. "By that logic, it's just as likely that the world is really being run by mice. They could have used their magical mind control powers to take over, and then forced everyone to forget that about those powers. Think about it, if I was able to control your mind like that and was making you forget that I had done so, why would I let you even suspect that I was doing that?" Enya opened his mouth to reply but Tirri cut him off, now sounding quite angry. "And please don't say that the more convincing my argument seems the more likely it is that I'm controlling you."

Enya looked slightly shocked at the rant, "Sorry. I didn't realize it was that much of an issue."

Tirri sighed again. "Yeah. I'm sorry too, but people arguing that they can't know for sure that I'm not controlling them is a bit of a sore spot. I mean in theory nobody can ever know for sure that their mind is not being affected, or their senses misled by some mysterious power. But it's so pointless that even considering the possibility is just a massive waste of time."

"So ..." Enya searched quickly for a new topic, " ... what does your dance let you do? I'll admit, other than having been warned against watching it, I don't really know much."

His annoyance dissipated immediately and a devious smile spread across Tirri's lips. "You know what? Why don't I show you?"

For a moment Enya looked doubtful. He might be a little fuzzy on the details but he had heard plenty of warnings about the stoats' ability. If you saw a stoat moving oddly, you looked away and ran. Those that didn't would quickly end up tucked away beneath the predator's tummy fur. On the other hand, he didn't think Tirri was going to harm him and the temptation to test his willpower and see if he could resist the effect was quite strong. "Okay. Go ahead." Gathering up his resolve he fixed Tirri with a determined stare and waited.

Enya had not known what to expect. After all, those who saw the full dance were rarely in a position to describe it afterwards but he had assumed it would actually involve some dancing. Instead, Tirri turned in his seat and waved at one of the waiters. "I think we're done here. Could we get the bill?" he asked. The waiter, a rabbit like Enya, nodded and headed to the kitchen.

"Um ... Is this the dance, or are you going to show me that later?"

"Just watch." Tirri chided, grinning.

A moment later the waiter returned with a slip of paper. "Was everything satisfactory with your food?" If he noticed anything odd about a rabbit and a stoat dining together he kept it to himself.

"Everything was fine." Tirri took the paper, inspected it, then rummaged through his wallet for some notes and slid them across the table. Just as the waiter was reaching out to take them, Tirri withdrew his paw sharply, yanking the money out of his reach. The waiter looked alarmed but Tirri was already sliding the notes towards him again. Somewhat hesitantly, he reached to take them, and again Tirri jerked away and then started sliding them back towards him.

Confused and annoyed, the waiter stopped trying to take the money and glared at the stoat. Tirri looked back, cocking his head to one side then swapping to the other. The rabbit was getting worried now and took a step back. "What are you ..."

Rising out of his seat, Tirri put one paw on his shoulder to stop him from leaving. He was moving his whole body now, throwing his weight to one side then swaying back to the other in time with some complex rhythm. The waiter tried to protest but seemed unable to find the words. He kept opening his mouth to say something, then forgetting what it was and having to start again.

Tirri changed the pattern, going from sways to a series of short jerks, but always keeping to the same rhythm. Gradually the waiter's alarmed expression faded and his breathing slowed. Tirri changed again, this time making fluid sweeping movements with both arms. Soon enough his victim's eyes glazed over, head drooped, and tongue lolled from his open mouth. Only when the waiter started to drool onto his uniform did Tirri finally slow the dance, ceasing the full body movements, but still keeping one paw waving in front of the rabbit's face.

"So, that's what it looks like when ..." he trailed off as he glanced over at his date. Enya sat staring at him with the same glassy expression as the waiter, completely entranced and swaying gently in time with the movements of Tirri's paw. "Tch, rabbits." Tirri scoffed. Keeping his left paw moving in front of the waiter Tirri reached over with his right and flicked Enya smartly on the nose.

Enya jolted backwards, almost falling out of his chair. Being forced so sharply from a tranquil state back into the real world was jarring and, for a moment, all he could do was pant heavily while he waited for the adrenaline to wear off. "Wow." he stammered after a minute or two, "That was really effective."

"Yeah, but it takes a while to take effect. If he'd had the sense to run, or even just looked away when I started, then it wouldn't have worked. As it is, he makes a perfect example of a dance gone right."

"So you're in control of him now? Can you make him do stuff? Could he resist if

you told him to do something he objected to?"

"It's not really hypnotism." Tirri explained, "I'm not in control of his mind or anything, it's more like he's very distracted. Still, he should follow very simple instructions as long as he doesn't have to think about them." He turned back to the still entranced rabbit and spoke very slow and clearly. "Raise your right arm."

It took a moment for the words to take effect but then the waiter lifted his right arm over his head. To further the demonstration Tirri tried another, "Now tell me your name." he ordered.

The rabbit wrinkled his forehead as he tried to answer that. He was sure that he knew his name, he just needed to remember it. But the more he tried the more he became aware that something was horribly wrong. Blinking twice he finally managed to glance away from the loops drawn in the air by the stoat's left paw.

Before he could regain anymore of himself, Tirri hastily resumed the full dance, twirling and waving in front of the waiter. With a sigh, he abandoned his concerns and sank back into the trance. A moment or two later, Tirri was again able to maintain his control using only one paw.

He glanced down at the name tag the waiter wore. "Apparently it was Mesk. But the point was that it's really hard to get them to do much without breaking the trance."

"Sorry, what?" Enya shook his head to recover. Even a few seconds of watching the stoat dance had disorientated him.

Tirri chuckled to himself, then dropped a few notes on the table. "Anyway, I was thinking of heading home now and wondered if you might be interested in joining me? I'm sure we can find a way to keep each other entertained."

Enya's heart skipped a beat. This was it, a predator was inviting him home and, in doing so, was asking him to give up all legal protection he had against being eaten. He'd only known the stoat a few days and had just this morning worked up the courage to ask him out. He was still a long way from trusting Tirri with his life. The sensible thing to do would be to make some excuse for now and see how the predator reacted. If he continued trying to lure him in that would be a bad sign. If the Tirri accepted Enya's decision then maybe next time he would accept the invitation.

Of course that would mean going home alone tonight and, after such a good start, Enya was a little reluctant to accept that outcome. Besides, he was fairly confident that he would be alright. Firstly, Tirri had already proved himself somewhat trustworthy. Had the predator wanted he could presumably have left Enya sitting in a trance until hunting hours began and eaten him then. Secondly, despite knowing intellectually that stoats could be deadly predators, it was hard

to feel too intimidated by Tirri when he barely came up to Enya's shoulders. Thirdly, and Enya knew this shouldn't count in favor of going, but the thought that he just might end up as a bulge in the stoat's middle was really turning him on. He tried again to insist that this was a bad thing but couldn't quite convince himself. He didn't actually want to die but the thought that he might was distressingly arousing.

"Well, if you're not up for that, I'm free tomorrow if you'd like to do this again?" Tirri gave his tail a wiggle as he turned away.

It was the tail twitch that clinched it for Enya. "No, I'm free tonight. I'd love to come." He scrambled out of his chair.

"Excellent." Tirri turned to the gently swaying waiter, "Mesk. Follow me." As well as the instruction he took him by the paw and guided him forwards.

"Wait. Aren't you going to let him go?" Enya protested.

"No. I'm taking him home for breakfast."

"And ... does that mean I'm going to be dinner?" The ease with which Tirri admitted his intention to eat Mesk made Enya suddenly doubt his previous decision.

"We've been through this. I already had a very nice fish dinner. You watched me eat it just a few minutes ago. But given the difficulty in catching large meals, I'd still like to take this one home with me for later."

"So I'm safe, but he isn't?"

"Yep. If he'd had the sense to look away when I first started dancing he wouldn't be here. Watching me was a mistake and I'm afraid it's one that is going to cost him quite heavily." He licked his lips.

"But I made the same mistake. Twice." Enya pointed out.

"Yeah but, luckily for you, you made it with someone who likes you. If you'd been caught by a different predator then you'd probably be headed the same way he is." he started to lead Mesk toward the exit, walking backwards in order to keep his attention on the entranced prey. "Could you give me a hand steering him?"

Enya considered the request, "No. I really don't think I can. I do like you Tirri and I won't try to interfere if you really want to do this. But I'm also not going to help you kill a fellow rabbit. Sorry."

Tirri nodded. "You don't need to apologize, I can understand that. But it won't make much difference. It would be easier with some help, but I've done this often enough by myself. He isn't going to escape." With care, he guided Mesk around

the chairs and toward the door.

Several other diners glanced up from their meals as the trio passed. Prey species simply shuddered and looked away, hoping not to attract attention to themselves. Most predators that noticed them simply gave Tirri a grin and a thumbs up as he led the two rabbits towards the exit.

“Okay. This has gone on long enough. You stop there.” Tirri and Enya looked round to see a large vixen, in a manager's uniform, striding towards them. Until now, the rest of the restaurant staff had been avoiding their area of the dining room and pretending not to notice. Most of them were prey species, after all, and likely feared joining Mesk if they tried to help him. The vixen, however, was larger than both Enya and Tirri put together and not in the least afraid. “I wouldn't normally interfere with another predator's catch, but it's a long time until hunting hours start and he's one of my staff so just undo whatever it is you've done to him and that will be the end of the matter.”

Enya backed away from the fox but Tirri stood his ground. “Hunting hours denotes when the use of force is acceptable to acquire prey.” he responded. “I'm not using force, both rabbits are coming with me quite willingly.”

“I don't care what that one is doing.” the fox gestured to Enya, “But Mesk is clearly not thinking for himself. You've done something to him.”

Tirri cocked his head as if thinking about that. “Of course. But just because he's not aware of the consequences, doesn't mean I'm breaking any rules. If I can persuade someone to enter my house by non-violent means then I can treat them as prey, if I wish.” He moved his head again in a fluid motion.

“I don't care. He is not leaving with you.”

Tirri began to sway very gently from side to side. Trying to charm a fellow predator was risky. Some people were more susceptible to his dance than others. If he tried this tactic on a particularly resistant rabbit, then it would only result in wasted time and no dinner but if the fox saw what he was doing things might go very badly for him. Under normal circumstances he would have just given up his catch but with Enya watching he was reluctant to show any sign of weakness.

He kept the dance slow, making only the slightest of movements so the fox wouldn't notice what he was doing, watching all the time for signs that it was working. “But if a prey species was, for example, very drunk and entered my house without realizing the implications, they would still belong to me. Even if I was the one who persuaded them to get that drunk. Even if I did it deliberately in order to lure them inside. This is the same thing really. I've made it very hard for him to understand what is going to happen if he keeps following me but I'm not actually forcing him. He could break free at any time if he could just put his mind to it.” he argued.

The fox frowned. She wasn't particularly convinced by the arguments but she was having a hard time countering them. At this point she regretted interfering in the matter at all. It would have been easier to just ignore it like everyone else. "Well ... you should still let him go. You ... you just should ... okay?"

Tirri smiled and increased his rhythm. Besides, as the vixen had pointed out, hunting hours was still a long way off, so the worst that could be done to him if he failed was getting banned from the restaurant. Actually, that was pretty much guaranteed by now anyway. Breaking into a full dance he threw all his effort into destroying the fox's will.

"What ... What are ..." The fox's eyes widened in fear as, for just a moment, she realized what was happening. Then the comprehension was lost and she slipped into a daze.

Tirri spun round for several minutes longer, making sure the fox was as deeply entranced as he could get her. The last thing he wanted was for her to wake up too soon. Eventually, convinced that he could get her no more mesmerized than she already was, he came to a stop only moving one arm to keep the effect going.

Turning round he saw the two rabbits behind him. Both staring vacantly, drooling and rocking back and forth. Made sense, he'd put much more effort into that dance than the one that had first ensnared Mesk, if anything he should be impressed that they were still able to stand.

"Oh, Enya. You really are going to have to learn when to look away." he chided, giving the rabbit in question an affectionate nibble on the ear. It was the first time he'd got to taste his new boyfriend, and the rabbit's flavor was certainly appealing, but he didn't have the time to properly savor it. Taking both rabbits by the paw, and maintaining the hypnosis by nodding his head, he let them out the restaurant. "Come on you two. We've got to be gone before that fox wakes up. Follow me."

"Enya, you're drooling on my sofa."

The words made no sense. Firstly, because there wasn't a sofa in the restaurant. And secondly, because he didn't even have his mouth open. Actually, Enya realized that his mouth was open. He closed it quickly and found that his tongue felt weird and dry.

Looking round, he realized that he wasn't in the restaurant either. He didn't recognize the room he was in but he was sitting on the sofa and Tirri was standing in the middle of the room still holding Mesk in a trance.

"Are you okay? Do you have a headache or feel light-headed?" Tirri asked.

"I ... I'm fine, I think. Although my mouth feels like sandpaper."

"Just let me put this away and I'll get you something to drink. You stay there." Tirri led Mesk through a door into an adjacent room.

Enya had no intention of staying put. For starters he felt vaguely responsible for Mesk's current situation. After all, he had persuaded Tirri to show him his hypnosis so it was kind of his fault that Mesk had been used for the demonstration. Standing up, he felt the whole room lurch underneath him. He stumbled and almost fell forward, managing at the last moment to grab a chair and steady himself although the room still felt like it was swaying back and forth.

Using the wall to support himself, he staggered through after Tirri. The room on the other side was a kitchen. In most respects it was similar to his own. Sink, cupboards, refrigerator, they were all in different places and of different design to his but, at a basic level it was all pretty much the same. However, the one thing that was not in his kitchen, and that clearly marked this kitchen as belonging to a predator, was the line of wire cages that ran down the wall next to the fridge.

As Enya entered the kitchen, Tirri was in the process of unlocking the nearest of the cages. "In you go Mesk. Mind your head." He guided his prey carefully inside, then closed and locked the door. "You can wake up at your own pace now," he declared, then turned and noticed Enya leaning in the doorway. "Oh, I thought you were still sitting down."

"I probably should be." Enya agreed, "Everything keeps tilting and turning. And my mouth feels really weird."

"Here, I'll get you that drink." He quickly filled a glass with water then helped Enya to sit on the kitchen floor before passing it to him. Several long gulps of cool water did wonders both for Enya's mouth and his head.

"Feeling better?" Tirri asked.

"Yeah." He was still a little dizzy but it was passing "But, I have to ask, how long was I out? It is still Saturday, right?"

Tirri laughed, "Yeah. You were under for about half an hour, maybe a little more. It can make people a little disorientated."

"Why didn't you wake me? I already agreed to come here anyway so you didn't need to ..." He trailed off. The fact that Tirri had used hypnosis to force him to come here did not bode well.

"Well, I considered poking you, but you jumped so hard last time I thought it might be better to let you wake up naturally. And, as you were both entranced, it wouldn't have been easy to keep Mesk under but not you."

Before either of them could say anything else there was a loud groan from the cages as Mesk sank into a heap at the bottom. "What happened? Where am I?" he groaned.

Leaving Enya sitting on the floor, Tirri walked over to the cages and put bent down "You're in my kitchen, little rabbit." he teased. The little part was dubious, Mesk was slightly smaller than Enya but he was still considerably larger than the stoat.

"Kitchen?" reaching forward, Mesk's fingers found the wire bars and he quickly worked out what that meant. "Fuck!" Turning round, he looked up at his captor. "Oh. You're that stoat that was sitting with a rabbit. I guess I assumed you'd be one of the safe ones."

"Sorry, but I'm really not." It would have been hard to sound any more smug than Tirri did just then.

Mesk gave a thin whine. "How ... How long until ..." he couldn't quite bring himself to finish the question.

"Tomorrow morning." Tirri's voice was not completely devoid of sympathy, yet at the same time, he didn't even try to conceal how much he was enjoying this. "You're being saved for breakfast."

"That makes sense." Mesk glanced over at where Enya was sitting in the doorway, "I suppose you'll be full from your 'date' until then? Are you planning on letting him wake up one last time as well or are you going to eat him like that?"

"He's not eating me." Enya managed to get back to his feet, feeling both steadier and more confident. "And, Tirri, I would really appreciate it if you didn't eat him either."

"I'm sure you would, unfortunately, that isn't how the world works." Tirri crossed the room, grabbed Enya by his long ears and forcefully dragged him out the kitchen.

Enya squeaked at the rough handling and tried to wriggle free. He soon found, however, that while the Tirri was smaller than him the stoat was far stronger.

Once back in the living room, Tirri pushed the wriggling bunny against a wall then pressed himself to Enya's chest, standing on tiptoe so his nose almost touched Enya's. "We'll discuss what happens to Mesk later." he growled, "But as the answer is probably 'he gets eaten' I'd rather you didn't go giving him any false hope."

Pinned against the wall, Enya wriggled a little but couldn't escape. "Wait? You are willing to let him go? Then why not let him hear that, surely some hope is

better than none?"

"I said we'll discuss it, but right now his chances are not looking good and, unless you enjoy causing unnecessary tears, I find it's best not to tell someone they might get to live and then that you've changed your mind." He pressed himself a little more firmly against the rabbit, his lithe body rubbing against Enya's broad chest. "Mmh. Now just let me finish making him comfortable, and I'll be right back." He pulled the Enya's head against his in a brief but fierce kiss then released him and went back into the kitchen.

Enya leaned against the wall, panting slightly. In part, he was stunned by the stoat's strength. Previously, he'd been assuming that even in the worst case he would likely be able to overpower the smaller mammal. Now he knew that Tirri not only could but was perfectly willing to take control and push him around. It was equal parts scary and thrilling. Secondly, the kiss had caught him off guard. He had kissed a few fellow rabbits before but it had never been with so much spontaneity or passion. Not to mention that while rabbits tended to have broad flat teeth, Tirri had a mouth full of needle sharp fangs. He could still feel the scratches they had left on his tongue.

He still hadn't recovered when he heard angry voices from the kitchen. "You might be going to kill me, but you could at least refrain from making it so humiliating. I am not a pet or a lab specimen, you can give me a cup like any normal person."

Peeking round the corner, Enya saw Tirri attaching an upside down pet bottle to the side of the cage. "Nice try, but I'm not opening the cage door while you're awake. Besides, cups are for my guests, food gets a water bottle. Either get used to it, and be grateful for what you get, or go thirsty." He walked back out the kitchen and caught Enya peering round the door. "And as for you, bunny, I believe we had something to discuss upstairs."

"Oh, right. Yes." Enya backed quickly out of the kitchen and headed towards the other door in the living room, assuming that it would lead to the stairs. Tirri was faster, catching up with Enya, he slid one paw beneath the rabbit's butt the other round his chest and, in a fluid movement, threw him over one shoulder.

Enya squealed in alarm and tried to get back down but Tirri held him tight. All Enya could do was kick a little and stare down Tirri's back as the stoat carried him through one room, then another, up a flight of stairs, across the landing and finally dumped him in what Enya assumed must be Tirri's bedroom.

Climbing to his feet, he marveled at the stoat's strength. Sure Tirri looked a little out of breath, but Enya's weight had barely slowed him down at all, even on the stairs.

"Oh no you don't. Did I say you could get up?" Before Enya had properly gotten to his feet, Tirri grabbed him by the shoulders and forced him against the wall.

"Now lets get the wrapper off so I can admire my prize."

Enya opened his mouth to protest but was interrupted by another of Tirri's savage kisses. The stoat's tongue scrapped the roof of his mouth. This time Enya had the sense to keep his own tongue to himself and avoid the predator's fangs but that didn't stop Tirri from giving his lower lip a quick nip.

No longer trying to protest, Enya started unbuckling his pants but Tirri swatted his paws away. In one move, Tirri dragged Enya's shirt over his head and off him then threw it aside. Next he undid the rabbit's pants for him and found, to his delight that Enya had been going commando the whole time. Taking the opportunity to give Enya's buttocks a playful grope, he pulled the rabbit's fluffy tail through the opening in the pants then let them fall round Enya's ankles.

Stepping back Tirri looked up and down, admiring the full length of Enya's exposed body. Enya shuffled uncomfortably and blushed. He had never thought of himself as particularly good looking. He was out of shape and overweight but Tirri's face told a different story. The stoat was staring at him with unconcealed delight. A greedy, possessive smile crept round his lips, eager and full of desire. Nobody had ever looked at Enya like that before and he had not known how good it felt to be so wanted. The only question which remained was whether the look was a lustful or a hungry one.

Enya didn't get long to consider that question before Tirri closed in, churring to himself and licking his lips. Knowing he couldn't match the stoat's strength, Enya put up no resistance as he was shoved once again against the wall. Tirri pressed his muzzle to Enya's chest, catching the bunny's wrists and holding them to his sides where they wouldn't get in his way.

Licking, slurping, occasionally catching a mouthful of fur in his teeth and tugging, Tirri worked his way down the rabbit's chest, over his belly, then down through the pubic fur to Enya's sheath.

Enya whimpered at the thought of Tirri's needle-like teeth so close to such a sensitive area but the stoat used only his lips and tongue, teasing at Enya's balls and sheath until the pink tip emerged. Tirri gave him one last lick that ran from his balls up the sheath and over his sensitive tip then stood up and licked Enya's twitching nose instead.

Enya giggled, blushed and squirmed a little. He would have preferred to continue the previous activity but Tirri still had him by the wrists and was in complete control. "Now, my fat little bunny, you are going to lie down on that bed and present yourself to me. If I like what I see, I might even have a treat in store for you." He stepped aside to let Enya move to the bed.

Obediently, Enya stepped forward momentarily forgetting that his pants were round his ankles. With a thud, he landed on all fours in the center of the room. He heard an amused snrk from behind him. "Actually Enya, forget the bed. That

will do just fine." There was a brief unzipping noise as Tirri undid his fly, then the stoat dropped onto Enya's back.

Tirri's arms wrapped round Enya's chest as he pressed himself into the rabbit's back. The next thing Enya knew, the stoat's teeth were sinking into his shoulder. He gasped in pain while Tirri churred with pleasure, jerking his head to force Enya to lean back. As he did so, he felt Tirri's stiffening length slide under his tail and between his buttocks.

Without warning, the stoat lunged forward, shoving Enya face down into the carpet and ramming his penis deep into the rabbit. Enya yelped but that only encouraged his mate. Humping furiously, Tirri released Enya's shoulder only to start biting at his back instead.

Enya wasn't entirely sure what he had expected from Tirri, but he had pictured something slower. Maybe lying together, each figuring out what the other liked and slowly working their way towards this point. He squealed in pain each time the stoat nipped his back, but his cries were getting steadily more breathy, turning from protests to exclamations of delight.

Regaining his balance, Enya tried to match Tirri's furious pace, arching his back in time with the rapid thrusts. His balls jerked and swayed beneath him and at the peak of every forward motion he felt Tirri's sack thud against his own. They hadn't been at it long, but he was already nearing climax, his penis starting to drip precum on the carpet.

Tirri stopped biting his back and used one paw to turn Enya's head towards him. Enya closed his eyes in anticipation expecting another of Tirri's sharp kisses but instead the stoat went for his throat. Enya's eyes snapped open in alarm as Tirri's fangs closed round his windpipe, cutting off his air.

He tried to shout but couldn't. He silently opened and closed his mouth in short gasping motions but could not get a single breath. To make matters worse the frantic motions of mating were rapidly using up his remaining oxygen. He struggled to escape but couldn't get any leverage, all he managed was to roll onto his back, making Tirri grunt slightly as he ended up beneath the rabbit.

Enya's hind paws kicked at empty air. Out the corner of his eye he could see Tirri watching him, jaws still locked round his neck. Even though they had rolled over, the stoat had neither stopped nor slowed his rhythm. If anything he had sped up, thrusting hard and rapid into the squirming rabbit. The sensations were overwhelming and an intense need was building throughout Enya's body, even outpacing the burning in his lungs. With a spasmodic kick the rabbit released a squirt of semen, spraying droplets over his own belly and chest.

Two or three smaller spurts followed, leaving Enya twitching weakly. Tirri waited until he was sure the rabbit had finished then released his grip on Enya's throat. Enya gasped the cool air, the sudden return of oxygen almost as pleasurable as

his climax. Basking in both the afterglow and his restored ability to breath, Enya barely noticed as Tirri rolled him back onto his belly and resumed his work in Enya's butt.

Tirri was gasping in time with his thrusts, a sign that he was also close to finishing. Enya just relaxed and let him get on with it, enjoying the sensations, but feeling no more need to participate. His mate wasn't biting him now or paying him any attention at all except to vigorously pound at his ass. Soon enough, Tirri let out a growling squeal and released a load of warm goo into Enya's crevice. Pulling out, the stoat got back to his feet and stood over the used bunny.

A minute went by when all either of them could do was pant and enjoy the afterglow. Occasionally a sticky droplet would fall from Tirri's groin and splat on Enya's back, but he made no protest. Even if he'd had the energy, there was something quite satisfying about being covered in his mate's cum, both outside and in.

Tirri was the first to recover. "Okay rabbit, time to get moving." he announced. Enya ignored him, he was perfectly happy to lie where he was for a while longer. He soon realized that Tirri wasn't going to take no for an answer when the stoat slid his arms under Enya's and unceremoniously dragged him out the room.

They didn't have far to go. Pushing open his bathroom door, Tirri dumped the floppy rabbit on the floor then stripped off his own clothes and stepped into the shower. "Come on, Enya." he muttered, fiddling with the shower controls. "It'll be much harder to get the cum out your fur if you let it dry." A gush of warm water sprayed over him interrupting anything else he had to say.

A little reluctantly, Enya picked himself up from the floor. Glancing in the mirror he noticed a long streak of red, running from his bitten shoulder down his chest. "I'm bleeding." he noted with surprise. He hadn't realized that Tirri had actually broken his skin.

"All the more reason to get in here with me." Tirri leaned out the shower, grabbed the bunny and dragged him in. "Here let me help you get the blood out." Tirri didn't wait for permission but simply ducked his head to Enya's belly and started to lap the blood.

"I thought you'd already had dinner?" Enya told him, "In fact I remember you using that to reassure me that you were not going to eat me."

"Mmph." Tirri's reluctance to give up the salty flavors even for a moment made replying a little tricky. "Not dinner. Dessert." he mumbled.

Enya felt that this was probably the kind of statement that should worry him, but couldn't quite bring himself to feel any fear. The stoat was just too cute, and the tongue felt amazing as it worked through his fur. Putting one paw on the stoat's

head he stroked the half-circle ears then relaxed into Tirri's embrace.

It didn't take long for Tirri to work his way up Enya's torso and to his shoulder, leaving the fur clear of blood but coated in saliva. Having reached Enya's shoulder, Tirri's tongue found the ring of tooth-marks beneath the rabbit's fur. For a moment he was tempted to give the bunny another nip and get another mouthful of warm blood. Instead he stepped out the shower and rummaged through a cupboard until he found a small tube of antiseptic cream. Returning he carefully smeared it in to the bite mark, making sure to get every inch.

After tending to Enya's shoulder he checked the rabbit's neck. While his bite had cut off the rabbit's air, he was pleased to see that he had managed to do so without leaving more than a few scratches in the skin. Turning Enya around he also checked the rabbit's back to make sure none of the other bites had broken the skin. Once satisfied that there were none he swapped the tube of antiseptic for a bottle of shampoo and began to wash his mate's back.

Enya murmured in pleasure as he felt the paws rubbing soap into his fur. His mumbles turned into short gasps as Tirri moved his attentions lower, cleaning the cum stains from the rabbit's buttocks and getting in a sneaky squeeze while he was at it.

For a minute or two, Enya simply enjoyed the attention. Then he turned to face Tirri, squeezed a large glob of soap into his own paw, and began rubbing it into the stoat's chest fur.

For a long time the two of them stayed in the shower. Ostensibly helping each other get clean but mostly just having fun. Bit by bit they explored each other's bodies, getting familiar with the other creature's shape and delighting in the many differences. Eventually the water began to run cold and they both stumbled out and Tirri wrapped them both in a single giant towel. Any attempt at actually getting dry was severely hampered by the amount of groping and soft petting that took place beneath the fabric but somehow the two eventually managed it.

Breaking away from the embrace, Enya looked suddenly doubtful. "It's getting late," he noted, "I should probably get dressed and head home." He left the bathroom for Tirri's bedroom and began to gather up his strewn clothes.

"You're right actually," Tirri followed close behind him, "it is getting quite late. Hunting hours starts soon and it wouldn't be safe for a rabbit like you to be wandering around in the dark."

Enya glanced at the clock. "There's still an hour and half to go. I should be back home with plenty of time." He pointed out.

"Still, it might be better not to risk it. After all, you weren't in any state to remember the way when I brought you here. You might get lost trying to find your way back." Tirri countered.

"Well then you could walk me back. That way you'll know for sure that I got home safely." he teased.

Tirri growled, "Or you could stop playing coy and just agree to stay the night." he insisted.

"Well, since you're offering ..." Enya didn't get to finish the sentence before Tirri pushed him towards the bed.

"Yes, I'm offering and you damn well know it. Now get in." He nudged Enya towards the bed.

Enya blinked in surprise. Had Tirri's bed been a double one then it would have made sense for them to share it but, as it was only a single, he had been expecting Tirri to find a mattress or airbed for him. "But, where are you going to sleep if I take the bed?" he asked as he sat down on it.

"Same place as usual, only with a bit of extra padding." He pushed Enya down then climbed on top of him. Stretching out over Enya's body he yawned. "Yes, you make a pretty good mattress, Enya."

To his surprise, Enya found that Tirri was pretty comfortable as well. The stoat was surprisingly light and conformed neatly to the contours his body. It was somewhat like having a furry, self-warming blanket, although admittedly, one that didn;t cover that much of his body. Running his paw down the fur of Tirri's back he sighed happily.

"You know," Tirri interrupted, "We still haven't discussed what I'm having for breakfast."

Enya winced with guilt. Poor Mesk, he hadn't even spared a thought for him since Tirri had carried him upstairs. "Right. Yeah, you said we could discuss that." He really wasn't feeling up to this right now. "I know you're a carnivore, and that you have to eat but I'd really appreciate it if you could make an exception this time."

"I can. In fact for you, I can make an exception any time you like." Enya blinked at him in surprise, he'd been expecting this to be far harder than that. Tirri's offer seemed too good to be true. "Unfortunately, I can't make an exception every time. Rabbits make up a fairly large part of my diet and I simply can't afford to cut them out entirely." Tirri continued, "So the deal I'm offering is this, I'll let anyone go if you ask me to but, in return, you only ask if it's someone you know and care about. Does that suit you?"

Enya considered it. Tirri's deal meant he would be able to protect any of his friends and family. It would completely solve the single most worrying thing about dating a predator. "How often can I do it?" he asked, "Is there a limit to

the number of people you're willing to let go? Am I only allowed to ask so many times in a row?"

Tirri shook his head. "As long as you know them, I don't mind. If I'm unlucky enough to catch several people you care about in a row, I'm not going to force you to choose which ones to save. Admittedly if I end up staving, I might have to renegotiate this with you but, for now, if you know them then they're safe from me."

"I ... thank you." Enya nodded gratefully. "That's way more than I was expecting."

"You're very welcome. As long as you're happy, I'm happy. Although this does raise one question that you probably won't like."

"Which is?" the deal seemed great, but a note of apprehension crept into Enya's voice.

"Have you ever met, or even spoken to, Mesk before today?"

"Oh." So there was the catch. He'd been so focused on the chance to protect the people he knew he'd again forgotten all about poor Mesk, trapped downstairs in a cage. "Well, no but ..."

"Good. He's breakfast then." Tirri licked his lips in anticipation.

"But ... can't you make an exception?"

"Of course, as long as you can give me some reason to. But if you want to save him just cause he looks sad and scared then that's going to apply to everyone I try to eat and, as I've explained, I can't do that. I'm only letting him go if there is some reason that that applies to him specifically."

Enya thought for a moment, "I guess I feel kind of guilty. I did ask to see you dancing. If I hadn't done that then you wouldn't have demonstrated on him."

"Sorry, but while that is specific, it's not enough to persuade me to pass up a meal. Besides, you shouldn't feel any guilt. Firstly because you had no way of knowing that I would do that. Secondly, because I had already noticed him and would likely have tried something even if you hadn't asked. And, most importantly, because the decision was and is mine. I'm the one who wants to eat him and you shouldn't hold yourself accountable for my choices, particularly after you've spent so long trying to save him."

Enya looked doubtful. "I guess." he admitted.

"Come on. You must have known what you were getting into when you asked me out. Mesk might be the first but, assuming you still want to be together, then you

are going to see me eat people from time to time. I can't change that and if you can't accept it then we don't really stand much chance together."

Enya nodded a little. "I think I can accept it. You need to eat, and I shouldn't be putting the needs of a complete stranger above the needs of my boyfriend just because they're my species."

"Are you sure?" For the first time Enya noticed the doubt in his mate's expression. Tirri was just as eager to make sure this work as he was. And, while the stoat was practical enough not to promise anything that would lead to him going hungry, he was clearly worried that his compromise had not been enough.

Enya ran his paw over Tirri's round ears, then continued down the stoat's back. "Of course I'm sure. It's not the easiest thing to accept but I'd much rather see you full and happy than see Mesk safe and have you go hungry."

Reassured, Tirri tucked his head into the crook of Enya's neck and was asleep within minutes. Enya lay awake for a while longer, stroking the tawny fur on his mate's back and thinking about what he had gotten himself into. Bits of it were scary and some of the changes were likely going to be unpleasant but, overall, he had no regrets about asking the stoat to dinner.

Tirri woke and rolled off Enya's stomach landing on all fours on his carpet. Straightening up, he yawned and stretched, paws reaching toward the ceiling as he shook the sleepiness out of them.

Enya half opened one eye at the disturbance. "Mngh?" he asked

"Morning." Tirri grinned, "Sleep well?"

Enya's eye closed again. "Mnnd." was his answer to the question.

"Come on. You can't just lie in bed the whole day." Tirri insisted.

Enya rolled over to face him and reluctantly opened both eyes. "I know we managed to sort out our differences on the eating people thing. But the early riser thing is probably unresolvable." he muttered.

Rather than waste any more time debating with the sleepy rabbit, Tirri slid one arm under him then hoisted him over his shoulder. "Suit yourself." he announced as Enya protested and wriggled. "But you're coming downstairs with me, one way or another." Picking up his pants and Enya's clothes with his free paw he carried his stunned boyfriend downstairs.

"Alright. Put me down. I'm awake." Used to living by himself and sleeping in, Enya was not prepared to handle this kind of wake up call. Tirri let him go in the living room and tossed his half of the clothes to him. Rubbing the sleep from his

eyes, Enya started pulling his pants on.

Not bothering with his shirt, and getting his own pants on far more rapidly than his mate, Tirri left Enya to it and went to rustle around in the kitchen. After several minutes of clattering there was the sound of a kettle boiling and Tirri reappeared in the doorway. "Um, Enya? I'm afraid I don't have much that you can eat. I can offer you coffee and I think there's some cookies but that's about all the vegetarian food I have."

"Coffee sounds wonderful. No milk or sugar, just plain." Enya pulled his shirt over his head and stood up. "Do you want any help?"

"No. You stay there and I'll bring it out to you." A moment later Tirri emerged with two steaming cups and a plate of cookies. He passed one cup to Enya and put the plate on the table. "So ... We could go to a cafe to get something for you, or if you want to head home and eat there we could meet up again soon?"

Enya took one of the cookies, dunked it in his coffee and nibbled at the edge. "What about your breakfast?" he asked.

"I've kind of already decided what I'm having, remember?" Tirri had hoped that the matter was settled and they wouldn't need to have another debate over it.

"I know what you're having, I was just wondering when."

"Well, I figured it would be more comfortable for you if I waited until after you'd left."

Enya shook his head. "No. You made it pretty clear last night, either I accept what you eat or this isn't going to work. It would just make things awkward if you're constantly trying to find distractions so I don't have to see you eat."

"Well, okay. If you're sure you don't mind then I guess there's no point in delaying this." He headed into the kitchen with Enya in tow.

"Hello? Mesk?" Tirri tapped on the cage door, "I'm afraid it's time." The huddled ball at the back of the cage did not respond. "Come on. I can easily drag you out if I have to."

Mesk uncurled a little and glared at the stoat. "Go on then, weasel. Open the door. Lets see how well that ends for you." Even to him, the threat sounded pretty hollow.

Tirri didn't respond to the taunt, but instead started to sway back and forth. Mesk's eyes went wide and he quickly covered his face with his arms. "No!"

Tirri stopped swaying and glared at him, "Making this difficult isn't going to change anything, you know. If anything, it'll only earn you a few nips before I

swallow." Mesk stayed curled up, and Tirri glanced back at Enya to find him staring blankly.

"Okay, this is ridiculous. How come he knows when to look away but you haven't figured it out yet?" he complained.

Enya blinked a few times and shook his head, "Sorry? What did you just say?"

Tirri sighed. "I know you wanted to watch but, unless you like losing your will, you're going to have to look away for this bit." Enya obediently turned away and Tirri returned his attention to breakfast. He picked up a long wooden pole that was propped against the cages for exactly this situation. "Last chance, look at me willingly or I'll have to make you."

He waited a few seconds for Mesk to respond then slid the pole through the bars and gave him a sharp poke. Angrily, Mesk tried to swat the pole away, but Tirri pulled it back and jabbed at the rabbit again. As long as Mesk kept his eyes covered there was no way he could see where the next blow was coming from or have any chance of stopping it. Waving in random directions he tried ineffectively to defend himself.

With his back turned, the only way Enya could tell what was happening was from what he could hear. Mesk shouted strings of insults at his attacker as well as calls for Enya to help him punctuated by occasional yelps as Tirri landed yet another hit. To Enya's relief it didn't take long before Mesk abruptly trailed off. The angry yelling ending with a surprisingly contented sigh. Then he heard the cage door being unlocked and Tirri call, "You can look now."

Turning back he saw Tirri coaxing Mesk out the cage. He came quite willingly, far more focused on the shapes traced by the stoat's paw than on the danger he was in. "That's it. You stand there now." Tirri closed the cage door and positioned his prey facing towards him.

Mesk looked much better now. The fear and stress from a sleepless night spent contemplating his fate were gone. He looked calm, relaxed and carefree. Enya even thought he could see the hint of a smile on the rabbit's otherwise vacant face.

"Good. Now lets see what you look like under all those clothes." Tirri untucked Mesk's shirt then pulled it quickly over his head. Mesk's eyes widened and he inhaled sharply at the sudden movement and interruption from the patterns made by Tirri's paw. A few swaying nods from the stoat head, however, caused him to relax again, breathing out with another happy sigh.

Next Tirri instructed him to lift, first one leg, then the other. Keeping one paw moving in front of his vision while he removed Mesk's socks and shoes with the other. After that, he pulled down the pants and underwear, and instructed him to step out from them. Finally, he removed Mesk's watch, and put it aside on the

kitchen counter.

"You know, if that fox hadn't been so rude about me taking him, I would have at least sent her the uniform back. But as it is, she can find another one for his replacement." Rolling Mesk's clothes into a ball he tossed them into the trash. Stepping back he admired his catch, "He looks pretty good, doesn't he."

Enya blushed and looked away. Mesk did look very appealing, standing naked in front of him, but he wasn't going to admit that to his boyfriend. "I still can't believe he's going to fit inside you." he stated. In part it was an attempt to dodge Tirri's question, but he really couldn't picture what was going to come next. Mesk was about an inch taller than Tirri and was wider and fatter too. It didn't seem possible that the stoat was going to ingest him without cutting him into smaller pieces first. Enya hoped that wasn't what Tirri intended.

Tirri himself shared none of Enya's discomfort. The mesmerized rabbit wasn't a person to him anymore, just food, so he didn't feel any embarrassment at seeing him naked. "Can't believe it? Just watch this." Stepping forward till his belly touched the prey, Tirri grabbed the doomed rabbit's wrists and held them behind Mesk's back with one paw, then placed his other on the back of the rabbit's head. Without a paw waving in front of him, Mesk slowly started to come out of his trance. The process was greatly sped up as Tirri opened his mouth and shoved his muzzle inside.

Eyes suddenly focusing, Mesk found himself staring at the stoat's little button-brown nose. He tried to scream but his mouth was already inside Tirri's and he could only make faint muffled noises. He tried to struggle but his paws were pinned behind his back and no rabbit was going to break the grip of a hungry stoat.

Gripping the back of Mesk's head, Tirri pushed him further in. The muffled whimpers became more frequent and his eyes darted back and forth, lingering for one accusatory moment on Enya, before being enveloped by Tirri's cheeks. As Tirri pressed the rest of the rabbit's head into his maw, his jaw dislocated with an unpleasant crunch. No longer restricted by the size of his bite, Tirri got the rest of the head down with little trouble and Enya could see that his throat was starting to bulge outwards.

Next he swallowed the shoulders. This was the widest part of Mesk's body and the bit that took Tirri the longest to get down. He managed it by working his head from side to side, several times getting one shoulder inside only to lose it as he tried to get the other. Despite this, he made a little more progress with each attempt and eventually got his cheeks around both. Another gulp later and the fur round Tirri's neck was stretched out around them.

Enya watched in horror and fascination. He could now see exactly how Tirri was able to manage such large prey. The skin under the stoat's white belly fur seemed able to stretch indefinitely. As long the prey would fit through his mouth,

and with his dislocated jaw there wasn't much that wouldn't, he would be able to get it down in the end.

From somewhere below Mesk's head, Enya could hear the stoat's stomach give a soft rumble. It knew that food was on its way and was getting itself ready to process the plump bunny. Mesk must have heard it too as he immediately redoubled his protests. Paws scrabbling on the kitchen tiles, body twisting any way he could, he strained with all his strength to get free. He couldn't, however, keep up that kind of effort for long. Exhausted he went limp and Tirri began work on his chest.

As Tirri worked his way down Mesk's torso he kept the arms twisted behind the rabbit's back, forcing Mesk to lean forward into him. If Mesk tried to straighten up, Tirri would simply pull a little harder on his wrists and the rabbit would be forced to bend over again. In fact, despite his efforts to escape, Mesk was practically feeding himself to the stoat.

Tirri held on to the wrists until Mesk was far enough inside that it no longer mattered. As the rabbit's head was pushed through the last few inches of esophagus and entered his stomach, he let go of his arms in order to get a hold on the bunny's thighs.

Gasping in the foul smelling air inside the stoat, Mesk tried again to find some way out of this. He tried to move his arms but by now they were held almost as tightly by Tirri's esophagus as they had been by his paws. He tried to walk backwards, hoping to pull himself out the throat that way, but his buttocks soon bumped against the door of a cupboard and he could get no further. There was only one way left for him to go and that was deeper into the stoat.

Several long gulps later, Tirri reached the hips. This was also a challenging bit, not as hard as the shoulders, but still worth changing positions for. Sliding to the floor, he pulled the prey down with him. Mesk kicked frantically as his feet left the ground, but it did no good. Now that they were lying down, Tirri placed both paws on Mesk's butt and began to cram it into his mouth. The bunny's cotton-tail flicked up and down in panic as it passed the stoat's lips, brushed between his teeth then vanished forever down his throat.

Enya stared in fascination, only two long legs remained outside the predator, kicking a little but lacking anything to aim for. He should probably be horrified by what he had seen, or nauseated at the very least, but as it was his strongest feeling was of arousal. His mate had just devoured someone whole. Taken a living, breathing person and reduced them to a twitching bulge. There was something immensely satisfying about that.

Tirri gulped a few times, working another inch or two of leg meat down his throat. He wasn't making fast progress but he didn't really need to. The fight was over and even Enya could tell that there was no chance of Mesk getting free now. In fact, he wondered, if he was already in a hopeless situation then surely it

wouldn't be too bad to speed things along a little. Stepping forward he caught Mesk by his ankles, held them together, and began to push them towards the stoat.

Tirri gave him a surprised look but was obviously unable to make any comment. Instead he gestured to Enya, managing to communicate through signs how best to position his prey.

With Enya's help they made much better progress. Mesk's knees vanished rapidly inside and Enya could see how he was being forced to curl up in the tight confines of the stomach. Soon only a pair of twitching paws remained uneaten.

Mesk's toes curled and uncurled, the only protest he could give, as Enya guided them into his boyfriend's mouth. With a wet slurp, Tirri's tongue wrapped around them, brushing against Enya's fingers and coating those as well with drool. Now very aroused, Enya leaned closer to get a better look as he pushed the last bit of Mesk towards the waiting gullet.

Another push and Mesk's feet were teetering on the brink of Tirri's waiting gullet. Enya could feel his own paws being dragged forward as Mesk's slipped over the back of Tirri's tongue and started down that dark and slippery tunnel. At the last moment he let go and one rabbit pulled back out of the stoat while the other vanished inside forever.

Gulp!

The last swallow pushed Mesk down, sealing him firmly inside Tirri's stomach. For a moment Tirri lay back and enjoyed the sensations, feeling his breakfast twitch and panic inside him. Then he glanced over to Enya, and tried to speak. "Ayye Igne esheck ..." his useless lower jaw hung open, refusing to form the words.

Crack! The noise was not as bad as when he had dislocated it, but the resetting of his jaw still made a disturbing sound. "I didn't expect you to help." he tried again.

Enya looked a little guilty, "Well ... it's not like it made any difference by that point."

"Not to him perhaps but I appreciated it." A wet gurgling came from his belly as it began to fill with enzymatic juices.

Enya looked down at Tirri's belly. Despite the layers of fur, muscle and fat that covered the prey he could make out exactly how Mesk was lying. The rabbit's head was pushing out Tirri's belly closest to his groin. Above that, his knees made two bulges that ran parallel up Tirri's tummy and, just below the stoat's chest, two more lumps revealed Mesk's paws. The whole mass twitched erratically as the contents struggled.

Kneeling down, he put both paws on Tirri's midsection and, after glancing for permission, began to rub. Beneath his paws he could feel Mesk fighting for his life, thrashing around in the organic prison, but Tirri's stomach was much more powerful. Mesk's strongest kicks made nothing but small bumps in Tirri's waistline and the stomach muscles would quickly massage him back into a tightly curled ball.

Lowering his head, Enya put one ear to the stoat's belly and listened to the liquid churning from within. Every few minutes the stomach would give an especially loud groan that could be heard from a distance, but with his head against Tirri's tummy, he could hear all the lesser noises that were otherwise inaudible. He could hear Mesk's pathetic whimpering. He could hear the occasional slosh as the movement of either the prey or the stomach displaced a pool of acids and the fluid poured into some new location. He could hear the squelch of sodden fur being squeezed by the surrounding muscles. He could hear desperate gasping as Mesk fought to get enough air.

Tirri's paw brushed against his ear and brought his attention back to the outside world. "This is turning you on, isn't it?" the stoat asked. Enya felt his cheeks redden but he couldn't deny it. Seeing Mesk being changed from a person to mere food fascinated him.

Tirri grinned, "Well, I'm sure we can find a way to work this into our play. Now, how about we get some breakfast that you can eat?" He stood up. Mesk's shape twitched violently as he found himself being turned over, ending up with his paws over his head. Despite the massive weight in his middle Tirri showed no signs of difficulty and was as quick and graceful in his movements as before he had eaten the rabbit. Picking up his cup of coffee he headed back into the living room.

Enya followed, eyes fixed on the stoat's belly, watching how it swayed with each step. Upside down, curled tightly, and swinging from side to side, Mesk must be getting quite a ride in there. Now that Tirri was upright his belly was hanging almost to his knees and each movement from either creature sent ripples through the taut shape. Tirri, however, seemed to feel that this was perfectly normal and paid little attention to his breakfast's squirming.

"You want to finish your coffee before we head out?" Tirri took a large gulp of his own and picked up the plate of cookies.

Never one to waste good coffee, Enya nodded then sat down on the sofa. Tirri joined him a moment later. "Good. That will give him some time to settle." He dunked one of the cookies in his coffee and offered the rest to Enya.

He took one, and dipped it in his own drink, "So, how long will it take?"

"Depends what you mean. It generally takes a couple of weeks or so before

there's no more bulge, and I get hungry again a few days after that. If you mean how long is he going to be awake and wriggling then not for very long. He'll pass out once my acids cover his head and, sitting like this ..." he paused to pat the bulge that Mesk's head made in the very lowest part of his belly, "that shouldn't take longer than half an hour. Even less if I keep drinking this coffee." He took another sip.

"Oh." Mesk could apparently hear them because the twitching for Tirri's belly became much more frantic. Or maybe he just objected to having coffee poured over him. "Did you have any plans on where to get breakfast? I don't think we can go to the same place as yesterday."

"Yeah, we're probably not too welcome there anymore. Still there are plenty of other places that do good food. I don't think it will be a problem." As he finished speaking his belly gave another audible gurgle.

"Um ... how's he doing in there?" Enya asked. It was impossible to avoid staring. The sound of Mesk digesting and the ripples made by his movements were just too interesting.

Shrug. "Don't know, don't really care. How are the cookies you ate, or better yet, last night's dinner doing inside you? I can tell that he's still moving but, once I've swallowed it, I don't really think too much about my food." He noticed Enya's look of disappointment. "But if you want to listen in, be my guest."

Enya finished his second cookie then rested his head on the side of Tirri's gut. Mesk's protests were definitely weaker now, and the stomach was more active. The constant slosh of liquids drowned out all but the loudest of Mesk's cries, though Enya could still feel the occasional kick.

Placing his cup on the floor, he freed up his paws to give Tirri another belly rub. "Ooh, yes." the stoat sighed, "That feels good, and will probably help settle him in."

Encourage by his reception so far, Enya unzipped Tirri's pants and slid one paw inside, keeping the other working over Mesk. It didn't take much coaxing to get the stoat's member fully erect and before long before the Tirri was moaning happily to himself.

Tirri's dick was thinner than that of most rabbits but it was also slightly longer. Just like the rest of the stoat it was streamlined and lithe. Licking his lips, Enya slipped it into his mouth not stopping until he felt the tip brush his uvula.

"Oh! Breakfast and a blowjob. You rabbits really know how to make a good start to the morning."

Enya ignored the taunt and focused himself on the task at hand, pulling his head back so the tip rubbed against his palette then pushing forward again, lapping at

Tirri's length with his tongue. His head was close enough to Tirri's stomach that he could still hear the weak protests from the stoat's meal.

Before long, Tirri was actively thrusting into Enya's mouth. One paw getting hold of his boyfriend's ears and using them to pull Enya closer with each thrust. Over and over he felt Enya's warm tongue slide over his length then pulled back and felt the rabbit's lips sucking against him on his way out.

Enya gagged slightly as Tirri's penis slid further than was comfortable. With Tirri holding onto his ear's he no longer had much say over how deep he went or the pacing. Still, there were plenty of ways for him to get some control back. Taking one paw away from the stoat's twitching belly he started to play with Tirri's sack. Working the balls back and forth in time with the stoat's thrusts.

The attention soon proved to much for Tirri. With a high-pitched moan, he climaxed and released a thick load of cum into Enya's mouth. Enya gasped at the sudden taste, and pulled himself off Tirri's penis. The only thing that achieved, however, was to make the next spurt hit him square in the muzzle.

Tirri's orgasm also affected Mesk. As the stoat released his seed the walls of his stomach contracted squeezing the prey even tighter than before and forcing the last of his air up Tirri's throat in a loud burp.

Still enjoying the afterglow, Tirri noticed that the squirms from his belly had changed and that his meal was now rapidly asphyxiating. "Hey, Enya?" The bunny looked up from his attempts to lick stoat jizz off his muzzle. "If you want to feel him pass out, you'd better be quick." Without hesitation, Enya put his paws back on Tirri's belly. Not many prey creatures would ever get to know what someone's last few seconds in a stomach were like. Not for more than a few seconds, at any rate.

Tirri rested one paw just a little above Enya's. "Goodbye Mesk. I hope you had a nice life before meeting me, but this is where it ends. Sweet dreams." By the time he had finished speaking, Mesk had stopped struggling and gone completely limp. A few bubbles rose to the surface of the acids, then popped, the last sign of the rabbit's last breath.

"Well, now that he's less wriggly, we should probably take care of your breakfast." He pushed Enya's paws off, stood up and stretched.

"That's it?" Enya started up at the stoat's bloated belly, still expecting some last protest from the eaten rabbit. "Um ... Did you actually mean it when you wished him sweet dreams? Is that something he could actually have?"

Tirri shrugged, "Probably not. How would I know? I've no idea if he even heard me. Still, assuming that he did, it might have brought him some comfort before he passed out, so it was worth saying."

"Oh." Enya picked himself up off the carpet. Now that the event was all over, he was feeling somewhat guilty for his participation in it. He tried to remind himself that nothing he had done made any difference. He'd tried and failed to save Mesk the previous day, the fact that he had helped out a little towards the end changed nothing. Still, it didn't exactly reflect well on him. "I hope he didn't suffer too much."

Tirri shrugged, "It's natural." he said, "I doubt he was enjoying himself in there, but he wasn't in much pain. At least, no more than most food. That's just what happens if you get caught by a predator." He shrugged. "And I find it hard to believe that a few cookies and a mouthful of cum were enough breakfast that you'd rather stand around and discuss mine."

This time the hungry gurgling came from Enya's belly. His stomach was clearly in agreement with the Tirri. It was time to stop worrying about what had happened to Mesk and sort out his own needs. A slight smile crossed his lips. "Alright then, lead the way." he followed Tirri outside and onward to a new day. All things considered, it had been a pretty good first date.