

Hide & Seek

Fiddleciphers

It's a sunny day. You are relaxing at home with your Pokémon, playing video games, and watching TV. You're sprawled out on the couch, playing Fallout, intensely focused. Your concentration is broken as your Persian meows loudly and runs towards you, paws skidding across the wooden floor. He leaps up onto your lap and sits there, staring up at you expectantly. His fur is standing up, and his whiskers are slightly flared outwards. His expression is one you've seen him wear before—he's hungry. The sound of your Pokémon's meowing snaps you back to reality, and you quickly put down your controller so you can reach over and scratch behind his ears. "Yeah, buddy, I'm still going to feed you," you assure him. He relaxes and purrs contentedly. You get comfortable again and continue your game, but something about his behavior seems off to you. You look at him, and he turns to stare back at you. As you look into his eyes, you start to feel a bit odd. A sudden wave of vertigo overwhelms you as you start to shrink down to the size of a mouse.

Once you stop shrinking, you realize that Persian is behind it, having used Minimize on you. You quiver as he stalks towards you with a predatory glint in his eye, growling hungrily. You back away slowly before turning tail and sprinting, panicking as you hear Persian take off after you. You dive underneath the coffee table, hiding from him as he searches for you with his paw pads. After a few moments, you hear his footsteps move further away as he searches for you elsewhere. You breathe a sigh of relief and cautiously come out of hiding, looking around.

Suddenly you catch movement in your peripheral vision, turning to the side just as Persian pounces on you. You yelp and squirm desperately, trying to escape as he holds you down with his paw. Persian looks pleased with himself as he licks his lips. A cold sense of dread falls over you as you remember that cats are known for playing with their food. You suddenly want more than anything to be normal size again, not wanting any part of what he plans to do next. You feel your heartbeat pick up and your

breathing grow shallow. "No!" you cry, fighting against him. Suddenly, he releases you, and you scurry away from him. Persian approaches you menacingly and stops in front of you. His gaze hardens as he watches you, waiting to see what you will do. "Please don't eat me," you whisper as he stares you down. A chill runs down your spine at the thought. Before you can make another run for it, Persian pounces again. He catches you by surprise as he pins you to the ground, grabbing you by the shoulders and dragging you across the floor.

All of a sudden, you fall flat on your back as Persian stops and lets go. You yelp in pain as he starts to bat you around with his paw pads, making you flail helplessly as he tires you out. He eventually manages to roll you over onto your stomach as he begins to rake his claws along your back in slow, deliberate motions. He doesn't press hard enough to draw blood, but it still hurts as his claws dig into your back. Your world abruptly flips upside down as Persian dangles you by your feet above his head, opening his maw wide and showing off its slimy interior as light glints off of his sharp fangs. He taunts you like this for several minutes, letting you know exactly what he thinks of your pathetic attempts at escape. Eventually, he lets go, dropping you into his mouth and snapping his jaws shut. His rough feline tongue swipes over your skin, tasting you. He doesn't savor you for very long, though, quickly swallowing you whole, your body forming a wriggling bulge in his throat as you slide down towards his stomach. His eyes flash triumphantly as he feels you drop down into his belly, creating a small writhing bulge. Inside Persian's belly, you squirm about futilely as you feel him purring around you. You shudder as you remember another disturbing fact about felines; their gastric juice is strong enough to dissolve bone. Your heart races with fear as you feel liquid oozing from Persian's stomach walls, pooling around you as his stomach gurgles. You feel his digestive juices sloshing around you as his gut starts to digest you. You try to pull yourself away, but the muscles in his stomach walls hold you fast. Persian's stomach lining is thick and sturdy; every time you manage to push out, it forces you right back into the pool in the center of his belly. As his belly churns eagerly around you, he swallows a Reviver Seed. It lands next to you, and you hold it close as his stomach walls close in around you, squeezing you until you feel like you'll pop.

Luckily, you pass out before digestion truly sets in, his stomach ripping you apart as he continues purring. His stomach, like that of all felines, is ruthlessly efficient, breaking your body down into slush as your bones disintegrate. His belly finishes digesting you in just under an hour, forcing the resulting slurry into his intestines as he snoozes in a patch of sunshine. Suddenly, you appear in a flash of white light, sitting on the floor near him, now back to your regular size. You shakily stand up, wiping the drool from your hair and face, your hair sticking up in places. You take a deep breath to calm yourself as you watch your Persian sleep peacefully, unaware or uncaring of how traumatizing those few minutes were for you. After several minutes, you regain your composure and decide to forgive him. He did gulp down a Reviver Seed after all. If he hadn't, you would've been gone for good once his belly was done with you. You walk off to clean yourself up as he continues snoozing.