

A New Pet

Abby froze when she saw the dry bowl of cat food. Her long whiskers twitched nervously as the mouse paced back and forth. Moving into this house had seemed like a good idea. It was warm, cluttered enough that she'd have no shortage of places to hide, but still clean and well kept. Abby liked a clean house.

But a cat? Abby bit her lip nervously. Maybe it would be an old, blind housecat that was too lazy to get up, let alone to chase her. She rolled her eyes. And maybe she'd find out the walls in this house were made of food. As a rule, Abby was not a particularly lucky mouse, and she'd learned to stop expecting luck to come her way.

Still, her stomach was growling and at this point leaving the house would be just as dangerous as staying. Abby was in no hurry to try and wind her way back through the pipes and out onto the open street. She sighed to herself. First fill your belly, then we'll think through what to do next.

Far above from the top of a shelf, Sam watched the mouse creep cautiously towards her bowl of food. She was a sleek, toned, and muscular cat with jet black fur. She had a soft, flabby belly that hung beneath her like a hammock and at the sight of the tiny creature below, it growled hungrily. Sam smacked her lips and gave her tummy a soft pat. "Quiet, you," she purred to it gently, "don't spoil the hunt now."

Abby reached out and tentatively pulled out a single piece of kibble from the cat's bowl. She needed to be very, very careful not to take too much. It would be better if the cat never realized that she was here at all. Her eyes lit up as the dry food entered her mouth and she gnawed at it. This was delicious! Against her better judgment, Abby couldn't resist sneaking a second piece. She scanned the room, trying to figure out what the best place would be to hide from now on.

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Sam slowly lowered herself from the shelf onto a table and the silently moved down a chair and onto the floor. The mouse was looking in the opposite direction, it hadn't seen her. But if she let it alone to explore the house, it would definitely turn around at some point and then there would need to be a rather boring chase. Sam licked her lips. She was born for this. She wasn't born to be a lazy house cat. She was born to be a predator, to stalk. The mouse still hadn't noticed her. Sam's tail flicked back and forth.

Sam slowly stalked towards the mouse, her sleek and muscular body tensing with anticipation. The rodent wrinkled its nose, sniffing the air. She could tell it was nervous, but she was so close. It wouldn't be aware of her until it was too late... just a few more steps.

Sam suddenly pounced, slamming her paws into the mouse and batting it across the floor, leaving it stunned and helpless. She didn't wait for it to recover. Immediately Sam was on top of her unfortunate prey, pinning it to the floor with a single paw. The mouse struggled and thrashed, but Sam's grip was too strong for it to do anything but claw ineffectually at her. Sam grinned at the terrified creature squeaking beneath her and began to play. She batted it around, claws inches from puncturing its skin. Sam leaned forward, giving the little plaything a good view of her sharp teeth and wide mouth. She let it get a few steps away, then wrenched it back by its tail so she could leer at it again.

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Abby's entire world had been turned upside down in a single second. Her brain barely had time to register what was happening until she was pinned to the ground. Then the pure instinctive terror flooded through her in a rush. Abby gave into her evolutionary instincts, clawing wildly at the paw that pressed her down to the floor, scrambling to escape every time the cat released her. Every muscle in her body strained as she twisted to avoid the sweeping claws.

If she had been thinking more rationally, Abby would have known that it was already far too late for her to escape. The beast wouldn't be toying with her if it wasn't in complete control of the situation. But Abby wasn't thinking rationally, and she couldn't. She'd never even seen a cat this close, but years of evolutionary biology had wired her brain to recoil from the creature holding her down. Her fear was a force of nature, a primal reaction that overrode any rational response. She couldn't process what was happening, just that the hideous face of her predator was looming closer and closer. It grinned at her sadistically and despite her best efforts she couldn't look away from its slavoring jaws, its sharp teeth, its wet tongue that licked across its lips. The cat exhaled and its hot, moist breath washed over her face and fur. In a small, deeply suppressed corner of her mind, it registered with Abby that no matter what happened to her now - even if she went on to live for 100 years - she would never ever be able to forget the feel and smell and sensation of that breath.

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Sam smiled warmly at the little rodent. It had been a long time since she had caught a mouse and this one looked to be a lot of fun. She brought the mouse to her face and licked it all over, savoring the taste of its fur and the feel of its tiny body against her tongue. She could feel its heart beating at a mile a minute in its fuzzy chest. Its brain was flipping back and forth between paralysis and panic. Sam almost giggled as the mouse first lay motionless under her mouth then struggled wildly as Sam slowly licked up and down its body, then froze again as her teeth brushed against its head. Sam could literally taste the mouse's fear. It was so good.

Sam smiled to herself. As tempting as it was, she couldn't just eat a mouse that was this good. It would be a complete waste of prey. And after all, there were different hungers that a mouse could satisfy. Sam gave the mouse one last long lick, and then with a lustful moan she pushed back her hunger and slid her paw (and the unfortunate rodent) down her belly towards her hindquarters until the mouse was positioned just right between her legs and under her body. She couldn't help but purr deeply as she gave the mouse a good look at her asshole, puckering and flexing suggestively. Maybe later. For now, she pulled the mouse a few centimeters forward so that it was staring directly upwards at her slit.

The terrified mouse watched in horror as the cat's pussy completely filled her view. She couldn't move until her nose was smushed right up against the entrance. A single drop of arousal had already started to force itself out between the tightly clenched folds and it soaked into the soft fur of her face until a single sticky strand of liquid stretched between her nose to the cat's cunt. Abby wrinkled her nose in disgust at the cat's feminine musk as she was teased against the outer vulva, rubbed in tight circles around the entrance. Then suddenly the cat pushed Abby's head forward again and the folds parted and stretched open around her face to reveal just how wet her predator already was. The sudden heat made Abby wince, it was like staring into a drooling alien mouth, stretching open to swallow her.

Abby felt the feline shudder and purr, a soft vibrating motion that reverberated through its entire body. She knew the cat's arousal was growing even stronger. It was dragging her across the now dripping vulva, pressing her against the sensitive skin, pressing her deeper into the folds.

She hated that she could recognize what the cat was doing. The way she was being massaged around the entrance, stimulating and teasing the supple flesh was all too similar to Abby's own masturbation sessions she'd had before. It terrified her. The feeling of being completely powerless and yet aware of what was happening - worse, to be aware that this was still simply foreplay and to know what was coming - Abby wanted nothing more than to shut up the stupid part of her brain that was registering with perfect clarity how the cat was pleasuring itself with her body. Abby tried not to gag, but the scent of the cat's sex was all around her, the pungent, erotic fluids were beginning to saturate her fur. Abby opened her mouth to cry out but before she could make a sound her open mouth and tongue were

dragged against the folds and into a soft round bump that was pushed between Abby's jaws, swelling to fill her mouth. The same unhelpful corner of Abby's mind unemotionally informed her that she was now being forced to suckle at her predator's clit.

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Sam moaned as at the sensation like she was a bitch in heat. She nearly came right then and there at the feeling of the mouse's jaws struggling around her clitoris, the creature's tongue pressed up against her button, the soft wet sucking against her most sensitive bits stimulating them so perfectly, coaxing her to climax. But Sam suppressed the urge and held back as best as she could, trying to draw out the experience. She didn't want to ramp things up too quickly for the poor little toy and overwhelm it too early. So instead, after a few more seconds of bliss, Sam pulled the terrified prey away and held it more firmly beneath her swaying hips.

Abby barely had time to react when she felt the paw position her. With a sudden squelch her whole head was forced between the cat's vaginal fold and for a moment the world went completely dark. Just as quickly, Sam's head was pulled out back out with a wet, lewd POP, dripping and panting, while the cat let out a gasp above her. For the first time, Abby really emotionally understood what was happening. She had known intellectually, that this monster was going to use her as a living dildo. But suddenly it hit her in earnest: she really was going to be forced to endure its masturbation, to take part in it, to be its toy.

Frantically, Abby inhaled in a gulp of air right before she was thrust back into the cat's eager cunt, this time up to her shoulders. The muscular vaginal walls squeezed in on her as the cat mewled in pleasure and the vulva sealed airtight around her arms and chest with a slurping noise like it was trying to slurp her up even further. It was unlike anything that Abby had felt before. She was pulled out with another rude and horrible squelch as the pussy itself tried to resist the motion. She was outside for just a second, and then the cat thrust again and the walls gripped down on her, encasing her like a sausage in a muscular tube up to her waist. And there was nothing except the smell of sex. There was nothing except the sudden heat and wet clinging flesh.

Abby could feel the cat's heartbeat, could hear its body responding to her presence. But nothing else except the cat's body was audible now. Nothing else except the lewd, wet noises of the lubricated flesh sliding rhythmically over her body. She could feel the cat's pussy swelling and squeezing her even tighter. It wanted her. It wanted to swallow her. Panic had taken over the mouse, she was struggling

pointlessly as her world was enveloped again and again within the cat's hungry lower maw, greedily being pulled in to its body, all while her predator made lustful noises of appreciation.

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Sam leaned in, tensing her muscles as the mouse wriggled within her. It felt so good. She was well past foreplay and now she was simply taking her time and enjoying herself. Sam thrust again then arched her back and flexed her vaginal muscles, holding the mouse steady and focusing only on the desperate struggles of her prey, letting the warm feeling of lust and arousal wash over her. She panted and moaned as she pushed the mouse even deeper, then pulled it out violently and rubbed its head against her clit again, mewling at the sensation, before forcing the struggling creature back in and twisting it around within her vagina. Same hips swayed back and forth and each wave of pleasure made her squeeze even harder on the poor victim, which only made it struggle even more desperately. Fuck, she had needed this. Fuck, what a good little mousey. What a fucking wonderful, good little toy.

Sam's orgasm was building within her by the moment. At first it was just a dull throb, pulsing deep within her loins. But now it was a hot intense pressure that was becoming harder and harder to ignore or suppress. At first Tabby shook her head at first, holding back, trying to draw out the anticipation as long as possible. But eventually with a lustful moan of eager acceptance she arched her whole body, stretching out and raising her hindquarters high into the air, and she abandoned herself to the feeling, letting it wash over her and take control. Sam whipped her body down again and slammed her paw into position. She was drooling, she could barely even register that the mouse was alive, all she could think about was the way it slid into her needy pussy - deeper and deeper, faster and faster. Her feminine fluids freely dripped down her leg and pooled beneath her now, but she barely noticed. Nothing existed except the feeling of the toy within her and the sharp pings of pure ecstasy that shot out each time she bucked her hips downwards and drove it violently into her body.

Beneath the cat's legs, Abby had finally and totally lost all agency over her body and her mind. She couldn't breathe, she was barely conscious of what she was doing or how she was moving. Her own actions seemed small and unimportant compared to the all-encompassing tunnel of flesh that surrounded her, overwhelming all of her senses.

By now, Abby was almost more familiar with the cat's anatomy than her own. The smell of sex permeated everything, it was a part of her now. She couldn't open her mouth without swallowing and choking on the cat's vaginal juices. She didn't feel like she was screaming, but she kept needing to swallow more and more of the stuff, gagging at its tangy bitter taste against her tongue. She must be

screaming, but she couldn't hear herself. The cat's heartbeat swam through her head, she could feel the cat's swaying left and right carrying her with them in a smooth, seductive motion.

Then the cat arched back and then drove forward and in one terrifying second the vaginal muscles pulled her in fully - up past her toes - and then closed around her in a horrible slurp. She was completely sealed inside now except for her tail, and every sensation was gone except the hot sticky walls clinging to her body like a vacuum sealed bag and it was pulling her even deeper like a horrible throat. The cat's muscles were straining harder now than Abby had ever felt before, she was sure she was about to die, and then suddenly everything released and Abby was suspended within the bath of its discharge, she was practically swimming in it, and then her tail was wrenched down and she was out and it was like a steaming hot shower cascading down over her and then there was another violent buck and she was back in and it was gripping down again and then-

Sam let out a primal yowl as the first orgasm shot through her body, but she didn't stop moving. She wrenched the mouse free from her still squirting cunt and then without waiting slammed her hips down, forcing it back in. She had barely finished her first climax when she felt the second ripping through her. Again she tensed her body, driving the mouse into her folds, pushing herself to her full bodily limit until her straining cunt threatened to grind the mouse into a lifeless lump of fur right then and there. And again she came with a guttural gasp, her release pushing the mouse out in a tidal wave of sex, and the mouse was under her once again and she was already driving her hips down around it even harder, and she could already feel the third climax building deep within her.

By the time Sam's body had finally stopped convulsing and squirting and she was finally able to calm down, the mouse wasn't moving anymore. And the carpet was very thoroughly drenched.

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Sam collapsed to the ground, panting and gasping for breath, basking in the afterglow of it all. After a little while her breaths slowed as she came down from the intense high, and she smiled and reclined back and allowed herself to relax. The mouse was fully motionless, still embedded deep within her pussy. Sam would need to pull it out before it suffocated or drowned (if it hadn't already). But she allowed herself a few more moments to enjoy the feeling of fullness between her legs and the dull, fuzzy joy of her post-sex buzz. She stretched and reclined. She was so happy, she could almost doze off right now... but then the mouse would certainly be dead by the time she woke up.

Sam let out a soft, unconcerned yawn and then leisurely pushed her head between her legs to first lap at her entrance and then to tease her tongue inside to catch and pull the mouse's legs out until she could

grip them between her teeth. She carefully extracted the limp, soaked rodent, smiling at the taste of its body mixed with her own fluids. Then she dropped it down between her paws and looked at the creature with a bored expression, waiting to see if it would move.

Abby did. It was a comfortably warm day, but the air against her skin felt frigid compared to the insides of the cat. It took nearly a minute for her brain to register that it was possible for her to breath, but once it did she let out a sudden choking gasp and gulped down the fresh air. She coughed and sputtered, still too weak to move, but just strong enough to cling to life and blurrily open her eyes. When she saw the cat's mouth baring down on her, she was too tired to even offer a squeak of protest.

Sam took her time cleaning off the mouse. It tasted delicious, and she loved the way she could scoop her tongue beneath its now compliant, limp body, hoisting it up closer to her jaws then flipping it over to clean even its more intimate areas. The mouse did nothing to resist her, it laid motionless and compliant, looking up into her jaws with a dazed, almost accepting expression. Sam giggled and got a little bit more affectionate with her tongue, getting familiar with the mouse's body. She idly spread its lapped her tongue over the mouse's ass and privates. It was a girl, like her. That made Sam like the little mouse even more, and she found herself getting even more invasive with her tongue.

Absentmindedly, Sam wondered for a second how the bath would feel on the receiving end. Maybe after its ordeal the poor mouse would enjoy being cleaned up and massaged. But then she shook her head and giggled again, and pressed her tongue deeper into her prey's fur and scraped it across the full length of the mouse's body. The sharp spines threaded through the rodent's fur like a comb scraping out the dirt and musk and congealed liquids. If Sam had really wanted to, she could easily strip the skin and fur off of her prey just with her tongue. So even with her being gentle, she mused, this was probably quite painful for the poor thing. That was a pity, but.. oh well. Sam slid her tongue around the mouse's head in a smooth motion and lifted it into her mouth so she could suckle at its flavor.

By now the mouse was mostly clean, and Sam slowly and deliberately maneuvered it between her jaws. It was laying on her tongue on its belly, its tail hanging from her mouth. Sam let it sit for a few seconds, then she lapped up the tail and purred.

Just one swallow and the mouse would be gone forever. But it still wasn't reacting. She got up and padded over to the wall while tipping the mouse backwards, opening her mouth just enough so that the light would filter in, just enough so that it could stare down her throat and into the darkness of her belly. Just one swallow, then that would be your home forever. She tilted her head back, and the mouse slipped just a centimeter closer. It was still limp between her jaws. She could feel it head against her tongue, she knew it was looking in the correct direction. Come on little mousey. Another centimeter, until its nose was tilted down her throat. She waited.

Finally, Sam heard what she really wanted to hear: a soft, involuntary squeak. A final whimper of fear and acknowledgement that the mouse wasn't quite broken and that it still understood what fear was. And a sound of horrified realization that it knew exactly what was going on, and that it knew that it was still, after everything it went through, going to die.

Sam closed her eyes and her mouth and savored her treat, thinking about how good it would feel for that fat, wonderful mouse to slide down her throat. But then she grinned and tilted her head back forwards. She allowed the limp body to slide smoothly out of her mouth back onto the ground in front of a small hole in the baseboard of the wall she had approached. The mouse trembled, once again soaked and cold, but this time with Sam's saliva rather than her cum. She nosed the mouse a bit, prompting it to get up and drag itself towards the basehole. She fought her predatory instincts back. They were urging her not to let her prey escape, urging her to snatch the mouse back and have her way with it again, or to bite down and swallow in a single smooth motion. She silently scolded herself, reminding herself not to spoil the fun now.

Abby looked up at the predator smiling down at her and licking its lips while she whimpered in fear. It leaned down, its face once again inches from her body, and nosed her a bit closer to the hole. Abby felt like she was about to faint. She didn't know what was happening, what the cat was doing. But she obeyed, dragging herself into the shallow crevice inch by inch until she had enough distance that she felt the cat couldn't reach in and grab her. What was going on? Abby shook her head and let go, giving in to her exhaustion. She was just too tired, too scared, and too sore to think about what was happening. She was safe. That was all she could think about. Her eyes closed and she slipped almost immediately into unconsciousness.

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Sam purred quietly while she watched the mouse curl up into a ball within the crack in the wall, just out of her reach. Its shudders gave way to quiet breaths. Sam licked her lips. Truthfully, the mouse looked even more delicious now. But her prey needed time and safety to fully recover before it was ready to be hunted again. And Abby could be patient.

Feeling rather pleased with her new roommate, and rather generous because of that, Sam walked over to her food dish and scooped up a large mouthful of kibble. Then she sauntered back over to the wall and dropped the pile onto the floor. She slid the kibble piece-by-piece, one-by-one, through the wall towards the now sleeping rodent while she watched its tiny belly rise and fall with each breath. The little mouse looked so adorable and so peaceful, the way its nose twitched unconsciously. It was so cute

that Abby wasn't completely sure that she'd really be able to resist sending it down to her belly the next time she caught the poor thing. She licked her lips again. Hell, forget about next time. It was a good thing her little pet had mustered the energy to crawl fully out of reach before finally collapsing, or else Sam would be having considerable difficulty fighting the temptation to swallow it right here and now. Sam couldn't help but laugh a bit at the mental image of the mouse waking up after its long, peaceful nap after finally escaping - only to realize that it had already been safely nestled down into her stomach. She could only imagine how adorably the mouse would squirm then!

Abby shook her head, pushing out the thought, and slid another piece of kibble through the hole, a gesture of goodwill that the mouse wouldn't be able to appreciate until after it woke up. In the meantime she'd let it sleep; the mouse had definitely earned that privilege. And she'd make sure it had enough food available to recover its strength in safety away from her claws. Well, for a while at least; until she cut off that food so it would be forced to come back out into the open to scavenge. Then as long as Sam was careful to keep her full predatory instincts in check, they'd be able to repeat the whole process again and again. She was so looking forward to it.

But in the meantime, the food would be her little present; a reward for a good little mouse that had done a very good job already acting as her toy. Abby slowly padded her way back to the damp patch in the carpet and sat down next to it, enjoying the pleasant smell and even more the pleasant memory of her morning. Yes, a very, very good little mouse pet, and one that was going to be a lot of fun.