

Toxoplasma and Jerry

Commissioned story written by HamsterTrove for Sin34

Rain plummeted down from the grey clouds above and poured down the roof of Rick and Ginger's suburban house. While the house belonged to these two humans, the only animals currently dwelling inside their home were a grey tomcat, a brown mouse and a few insects. Rick, and his wife Ginger, were out on a daytrip. Despite an unexpected rainstorm, the couple stayed committed to having a romantic river cruise.

Inside their house, Jerry the mouse was outside of his mouse hole and having a casual stroll around the house's kitchen. The pleasantly plump rodent felt like having something to eat. He was confident he could use his smarts and agility to either open a cupboard and grab a snack or climb up onto one of the kitchen counters and steal some fruit from a fruit bowl.

He'd long since stopped worrying about Rick and Ginger's pet cat Tom stopping him from stealing their food and enjoying the comfort of their home for free. The mischievous, little mouse would always manage to outsmart him or outrun him in the end. Jerry happily taunted Tom these days by doing things like blowing raspberries or lifting up his tail and shaking his chubby rump at the grey-furred tuxedo cat.

Sometimes Jerry felt a little bad about teasing the cat so frequently and so cockily, as well as getting Tom into situations where he was guaranteed to get hurt, but he quickly remembered if Tom actually did somehow manage to catch him, the feline would be more than happy to cruelly toy with him and eventually eat him. In addition to that sobering fact, the naughty, little mouse just enjoyed humiliating the comparatively massive cat too much to stop.

Jerry grinned and let out a little squeaky giggle as he thought about some of the recent ways he'd messed with the inept feline. Jerry thought to himself that Tom was lucky he was a housecat; he doubted Tom would be able to survive on catching birds and rodents alone. Tom wouldn't always be able to rely on trusting, little ducklings or baby mice practically walking into his mouth.

As Jerry continued to happily saunter along the kitchen floor and listen to the sound of raindrops splashing against the house's roof, he passed by Tom's litter tray. The mouse usually had very little reason to pay attention to his natural predator's litter tray, and very little desire to get close to it due to the stink that would naturally emanate from Tom's excretions.

As he'd initially passed by the tray, Jerry remained indifferent as usual. However, a couple of minutes later, something inside the tray caught Jerry's attention. After pushing a kitchen stool up against some cupboards, and managing to clamber up it, Jerry was ready to use the cupboard handles in front of him as a large makeshift ladder. Before he went to do this though, he surveyed the kitchen floor to see if he overlooked anything interesting or edible. As he looked around the room, he noticed something peculiar in Tom's litter tray.

Jerry cocked his head curiously. He noticed some white, jagged looking objects sticking out from the usual brown of Tom's poop. Due to the litter tray being a decent distance away, he wasn't quite sure what these peculiar objects were. As he didn't have any urgent matters to attend to, and he was feeling morbidly curious today, Jerry decided to investigate.

Jerry climbed back down to the tiled kitchen floor, jogged over to the litter tray, then clambered his small, furry frame up the plastic container. After a brief walk across the sand-like ground beneath him, Jerry found himself stood in front of some of Tom's faeces. The stench of decaying meat and fish mixed

with cat urine surrounded the curious mouse and filled his little, black nose. Jerry winced in reaction to the smell and wafted at the air with one of his hands. The smell seemed to be bothering him a lot more than what he was currently seeing, but it didn't take long for that to change.

Jerry stared at the odd white objects for a few seconds and tried to work out what they were. The plump, little mouse's wince turned to a look of shock and horror as he realised what the white objects were. Inside the long logs and round mounds of the cat's shit were bones. Lots of bones.

Brown-stained skulls, ribs, femurs and more were buried within the cat's foul-smelling waste. To Jerry's dismay, he could see these bones had come from a range of deceased rats and mice. Jerry's heart was beating hard and fast in his chest. This was a clear sign Tom had been successfully catching, eating and digesting rodents around the neighbourhood...Jerry sincerely hoped he wasn't seeing any of his friends' bones in front of him right now.

After getting a good look at the rodent graveyard in front of him, the shocked mouse backed away from the bone-filled waste with his hands held up tentatively. His round, whiskered head started to feel woozy and his stomach started to feel like it was turning. He felt ill and exceedingly strange.

As he started to feel sick, Jerry thought to himself that both his mind and body were overreacting slightly...Tom *was* a predator, and a cat at that. Of course he'd eat other mice and rats if the opportunity arose. But...something seemed so off about seeing evidence of that. Especially so much evidence of it. Jerry could only hope Tom had gotten lucky in finding a lot of mice and rats that were much dumber and slower than himself recently, and that this wouldn't happen again.

Jerry had lost his appetite. He decided he'd return to his mouse hole and that'd be that. He'd already eaten plenty of cheese and fruit earlier that day, so he was in no risk of going to bed on an empty stomach. He'd try to forget he saw all those rodent bones, while remembering to be a lot more cautious around Tom.

Oh no, Tom...

Jerry remembered that Tom was taking a nap in the living room, which unfortunately was the same room the entrance to Jerry's home was in. Jerry rubbed at the back of one of his big, mousey ears in a distressed manner.

After several seconds of panicked thoughts, the mouse took in a deep breath and sighed to calm himself down. He somewhat regretted taking in that deep breath, as he remembered he was still in Tom's litter tray, and it still stunk like hell. Jerry coughed and gagged into his right hand a few times before hurriedly escaping to the kitchen floor.

Once Jerry was away from the stink of Tom's excretions, the rodent shook his head. Surely there was no way Tom had become a better hunter in the last few days. Jerry had been outrunning and outsmarting him as usual. It's not like Tom was any fitter than usual...in fact the cat's butt and belly had been looking much pudgier than usual recently...

Oh god.

Jerry tried not to think too hard about what could have caused the cat to grow fatter. This proved to be quite a struggle though. The frightened mouse started to imagine what the inside of Tom's stomach looked like and what horrendous experiences those digested rodents must have gone through before they died. Thoughts of Tom's hot, fishy breath and the cat's salivating maw filled his head.

As he thought more about a potential encounter with Tom, the mouse seemed to fixate on the scents that would come with being caught and eaten by the yellow-eyed cat. He remembered in vivid detail what Tom's musk and breath smelled like. He imagined what he'd smell and feel if the cat crassly belched while he was being toyed with inside Tom's big, wet maw. He wondered how it smelled inside the cat's massive, warm body...he knew Tom could easily let him find out...

Jerry caught himself smiling and suddenly realised his cock had become semi-erect.

He shook his head again and gave his own face a stern slap. Something must have really messed up his mind after seeing those bones. Why the hell was he enjoying thoughts about the scent of Tom's body, let alone the stink of his stomach? What a gruesome fantasy to have. Jerry decided he'd take a nap as soon as he was back in his home within the living room wall. He clearly needed to rest and clear his head of such macabre thoughts.

Jerry let out a determined squeak and started marching into the living room. He was going to get back to his mouse hole and he was going to stop thinking about Tom all together. That was the mouse's mission and he was going to stick to it.

Well, that's what he told himself, anyhow.

As Jerry entered the well-furnished and well-lit living room of the house, he could see Tom in the distance, snoozing on a comfy, reddish-brown couch. Jerry's sensitive nose could faintly pick up Tom's musky scent.

The cat's light grey belly puffed in and out rhythmically as he softly snored and mewed in his sleep. Just as Jerry had remembered, the cat's formerly average-sized tummy had become a pudgy potbelly with a deep innie belly button at its centre. While Jerry wouldn't say the feline looked overweight now, Tom was certainly looking plumper and more well-fed in general.

To Jerry's surprise, he couldn't help but find Tom's curvier appearance rather attractive. As he walked further into the living room, Jerry's gaze stayed locked on Tom's unclothed body. He took in every visual detail about Tom he could. The white teeth he could see in his open mouth, the curved sides of his pointed ears. His furry chest, his plump torso. His flaccid cock and his big, fuzzy balls. His white-tipped tail. His short, stout legs. His round, white-furred toes. Jerry couldn't keep his eyes off him.

The mouse's march slowed down as fantasies of adoringly rubbing and kissing Tom's soft, furry body started to abruptly enter his mind. Appealing images of Jerry pampering the cat's well-fed belly, deep belly button and plump ass cheeks flashed in front of the rodent's eyes. While Jerry had never felt this way previously, the idea of serving and pleasuring the feline seemed very exciting now. Jerry's heart was beating hard in his chest for a very different reason now.

After about half a minute of fantasising, Jerry shook his head once again and frowned, irritated and baffled at his own perverse mind.

What's making me admire Tom all of a sudden?! I should be thinking about avoiding Tom, not worshipping him!

Once he'd managed to regain his focus, Jerry continued to fearlessly walk closer towards the sleeping cat. The brave, little mouse reassured himself he could get back to his mouse hole without being noticed by Tom. Once he was back in his home and snuggled up in bed, he could forget all about today's strange events and move on.

But...what if Tom did notice me? What if I MADE him notice me? That'd be a lot more fun...

Invasive thoughts continued to bombard and confuse the mouse's mind as he kept walking past furniture and decorations. As much as he tried to stop himself, his thoughts and gaze kept returning to Tom.

Mmn...look how big and powerful he is compared to me...imagine being smothered under his belly or smooshed underneath one of those big paws...mm, I'd just be a powerless, little plaything to him...

As Jerry gradually drew closer to Tom, the scent of the well-fed feline's body grew undeniably noticeable to Jerry's sensitive, black nose. The best way Jerry could describe the smell would be a whiff of ammonia mixed with a potent, salty musk. While many animals would be put off by the unwashed cat's odour, Jerry inexplicably found himself adoring Tom's scent.

God, he smells amazing...how did I not notice before? Such an appealing, masculine stink...I could spend all day sniffing it up...

Jerry's body tingled with delight and his semi-erect cock grew longer and harder as he indulgently inhaled Tom's pungent scent. The smell seemed unnaturally powerful in his nose; he'd usually have to be much closer to Tom to take in his scent with such detail. Jerry certainly wasn't complaining about this fact though. Right now, he just wanted to be closer to the big, aromatic cat.

No, no, wait...why am I doing this...? Surely...surely I wouldn't usually do this? Mmrngh...why does he have to look and smell so good? I know I shouldn't, but I just want to cuddle up against those big, fuzzy balls and nuzzle them...

A part of his mind weakly protested against his new-found desires, but Jerry was powerless to resist. He kept on walking towards Tom with a lovesick look on his face and a clear erection at his crotch. Tom's scent only grew stronger as the cat, and the couch said cat was laid down upon, grew larger within Jerry's vision.

Mmn...what a handsome, manly-smelling cat...I want to be near him...I want to please him any way I can...I deserve to be his plaything and his mate...

The closer Jerry got to Tom, the more he found himself becoming infatuated with the comparably colossal cat. Tom filled his vision. The snoozing feline's natural scent filled his nose. The sound of rain seemed to disappear completely as Jerry focused on the sounds of Tom stirring, snoring and mewling in his sleep. Right now, Tom was the only thing that mattered to him.

Eventually Jerry was in front of Tom's slumbering form, looking up at him like he'd discovered some magnificent, mystical deity. For several seconds the miniscule mouse remained silent, simply admiring Tom's form and breathing in his intoxicating stink. Jerry wanted to get even closer to Tom though, and he thought the handsome cat in front of him might be willing to help.

Jerry let out an eager squeak and waved his little hands at Tom. The tuxedo cat simply stirred and mumbled in his sleep.

Jerry let out several louder squeaks and gestured more wildly. This seemed to grab Tom's attention, as the dozing cat's yellow eyes sleepily opened up.

"Mrrrrgh...?"

Tom let out a confused mew as he looked around to find the source of the peculiar, squeaky sound. After a few seconds of surveying the living room, his gaze met with Jerry. Tom blinked a few times and rubbed his own eyes, making sure he wasn't just seeing things.

Nope. That was definitely Jerry standing in front of him, intentionally trying to get his attention.

A delighted looking grin appeared on Tom's whiskered face. He'd been having an amazing stroke of luck recently with rodents just offering themselves up to him, and it looked like he'd just hit the jackpot! His little, mousey nemesis was stood barely a metre away from him, unarmed and unprotected by any big, mean bulldogs.

"Hrmmmm..."

After a few seconds, Tom's delighted look turned to one of cynicism. He rubbed his white-furred chin thoughtfully. Perhaps this was a bit *too* convenient. Jerry had become very devoted to taunting and messing with him recently. It would be a rather deranged thing to do, but perhaps Jerry had recruited a bunch of rats and mice willing to become easy meals for Tom, so that he'd be lulled into a false sense of security? Tom doubted Jerry would be that diabolical, but he wasn't entirely sure...

Tom narrowed his eyes and looked at Jerry carefully. The tiny rodent was still squeaking loudly, but he'd stopped waving and pointing himself and had resorted to getting down on his knees and putting his hands together as if he were praying to the feline above him. Jerry was literally begging to be grabbed by Tom.

Tom cast aside his suspicions and smirked. He'd grant the rodent's request. If Jerry regretted asking for it later, that would be his own stupid fault. Tom had no idea what had come over Jerry, or the other rodents that had willingly offered themselves up to him, but he was certainly glad they had a change of heart.

Unbeknownst to Tom and all the rodents that had suddenly become infatuated with him, Jerry had become infected by a very powerful strain of *Toxoplasma gondii*; a type of single-celled parasite that breeds within the guts of cats. After hanging around Tom's faeces for too long, Jerry had been stricken with toxoplasmosis.

Upon Jerry leaving Tom's litter tray, the microscopic pathogens had quickly gotten to work creating microscopic cysts in Jerry's brain cells and altering the way Jerry felt about cats. Upon smelling Tom's odour, Jerry's brain had been flooded with dopamine. Upon seeing Tom's body, Jerry's heart had started beating hard, as it'd been spurred on by Jerry's brain getting a hearty helping of norepinephrine. The poor mouse was chemically conditioned to adore everything about Tom, particularly any scents emanating from the cat's body.

Tom sat up on the couch. His large, white-furred feet stomped down either side of Jerry, putting the cat in a rather dominant, deity-like position. Tom looked down at the begging mouse below him and revelled in how powerful he felt.

Once he'd had his fun looming over the pitifully pleading rodent, Tom reached his right hand down and wrapped it tightly around Jerry's portly torso. The mouse smiled and squeaked in delight as he was brought up towards Tom's cruelly smirking face.

"Mrhrhrhrhrr~"

Tom let out a nasty chuckle as he looked Jerry in the eyes. Jerry simply fluttered his eyelashes and grinned at the giant feline in a coquettish manner.

Use me however you like, cutie, I just want to be close to you~

Tom was irritated Jerry still seemed to be enjoying his torment, but he was satisfied he'd at least coaxed some involuntary reactions from the mouse's little body. While Jerry tried to catch his breath, Tom lifted up his left arm, revealing some scruffy, white armpit fur.

The sweaty stink of the tomcat's exposed armpit fur wafted outwards into the room, allowing Jerry to get a good smell of it. The horny, little mouse breathed in deeply before letting out a high-pitched sigh.

Mm, what a sexy, manly smell~ I hope he lets me get closer to that lovely, white fur!

Jerry soon had his wish granted, as Tom promptly shoved Jerry's face right up against his damp, unkempt armpit fur. The cruel cat started to rub Jerry's face all around the soft, smelly fur, as if he was using the mouse as deodorant.

As he did this, Tom could feel the warmth of Jerry's breath against his body as the mouse let out muffled huffs and moans into his armpit. Jerry eagerly sniffed up the feline's armpit musk, the strong, acrid stink not bothering him one bit. After a short while, the kinky, little rodent started licking and sucking the strands of damp fur in front of his face. Taking in the salty, savoury taste of the damp fur seemed to enhance the smell for him.

Tom kept the mouse pushed up against his armpit for a good three minutes, thinking the mouse would eventually beg him to stop or at least weaken a little after being forcefully rubbed around for so long. No such thing happened. An occasional muffled cough or splutter could be heard coming from Tom's armpit, but that was simply more involuntary reactions from his body. Jerry seemed incredibly eager to worship Tom's massive body and take in its various scents.

"Mrhrr~"

Tom wasn't quite so irritated this time. Feeling Jerry licking and huffing away inside his armpit had been an odd but very intriguing feeling for Tom.

When dealing with the other rodents that had offered themselves up to him, Tom had gotten straight to shoving them into his mouth. He'd toyed with them a bit using his tongue and teeth, but he hadn't considered using them as anything but food.

Now presented with an exceedingly submissive Jerry, Tom wasn't going to turn down the opportunity to be worshiped by his rodent nemesis. He was still going to hurt the mouse, and eventually eat him...but he'd make sure Jerry stayed in a healthy enough state to comfortably pamper and pleasure his body.

Tom moved the mouse away from his musky armpit and lowered his left arm. The potbellied feline could feel his armpit fur had grown wet with the mouse's saliva and hot, moist breath. Tom then leaned forward and moved Jerry down towards his right foot. Once Tom's hand was only a few inches above the floor he loosened his grip on Jerry's torso and let him fall.

Jerry let out a little, squeaky grunt as he collided with the carpeted floor. All he could see was the soft carpeting beneath him as he'd landed on his light brown belly, so the squat rodent decided to roll over onto his back. Now lying on his back, he could see Tom towering over him, a playful smirk upon his furry face.

Jerry gave him a cute, little wave and smiled at him. Tom's smirk remained on his face as he waved back. As he waved, he lifted his right foot up above Jerry and wiggled his toes playfully. Jerry looked up at the cat's sole and round, white-furred toes curiously. The cheesy aroma of the cat's unwashed

foot wafted down into Jerry's nose. As one might imagine of a mouse, Jerry had a particularly strong fondness for this smell.

Before Jerry could think of standing up and getting his nose right up against Tom's sole, the cruel cat stomped his foot down onto Jerry's torso. Jerry tightly shut his eyes and let out a squeaky moan of both pleasure and pain. Tom had been careful to stomp down hard enough to hurt Jerry, but not hard enough to kill or cripple the little rodent.

Jerry's body simultaneously ached with pain and buzzed with excitement as he felt the heavy weight of Tom's furry foot upon him. Fortunately, Tom was still sitting down on the couch; he'd have to deal with the overwhelming weight of the cat's entire body if he wasn't.

Jerry looked up at Tom's face. A smile returned to his own chubby-cheeked face as let out some squeaks of approval.

Yes~! Step all over me, you big, sexy cat~!

Jerry started submissively kissing the big, furry cat toes in front of him. He planted quick pecks and long, adoring smooches against the feline's large, smelly digits. While he did this the horny, little rodent excitedly sniffed up the potent, cheesy scent of Tom's foot into his nose and huffed out hot air through his nostrils.

"Prrrrrrrrrr~"

Tom purred contently as Jerry kissed his toes. Getting to have his enemy literally be at his feet was a wonderful feeling to the cruel feline, and Jerry's worshiping of his body was very pleasing too. Despite being pleased with the mouse's work, Tom decided to torment the lovesick rodent a bit more.

Tom pushed the front of his foot down, increasing the pain and pressure upon Jerry's body, and started cruelly grinding the ball of his foot against Jerry's torso, as if putting out a cigarette butt. Some heavy breaths and squeaky whines escaped Jerry's open mouth as Tom wickedly toyed with his body.

As the position of Tom's foot had changed, Jerry found himself able to move his arms more freely. Even with Tom being one slip away from crushing the poor mouse, Jerry was determined to show his devotion towards pleasing the large, aromatic cat. Jerry started massaging Tom's toes with his hands and licking them with his little, wet tongue.

"Mrrrrwl~!"

Tom let out an aroused mew of approval. He greatly enjoyed watching and feeling the mouse smiling through his pain and giving his all to show how much he loved Tom's huge, odorous body. The soothing feeling of the mouse's little hands and the slick, wet sensation of the rodent's tongue licking his toes both felt delightful.

A bitter, cheesy taste covered Jerry's tongue as he happily cleaned Tom's big, furry toes. The horny mouse adored the taste and smell he was receiving from the cat's massive paw. The pain of Tom grinding his foot against him didn't detract from his enjoyment at all, if anything Tom's dominant display was turning him on even more. It was fortunate the ball of Tom's foot managed to avoid stepping on the mouse's crotch, as Jerry was sporting a rock-hard erection and a couple of warm, plump-looking balls.

Dominate me as much as you want~! Make me your little rodent bitch~!

Squeaks of both pain and arousal could be heard coming from the miniscule mouse as he continued to lick Tom's toes. Tom watched, both amused and aroused, for a few minutes as Jerry kissed, licked and rubbed his foot.

Eventually Tom decided he wanted Jerry to pleasure him in a different way. The grey tomcat lifted his foot off Jerry, allowing the mouse to clutch at his own torso and take in a healthy amount of air. Tom gave Jerry a few seconds to recover before picking the rodent up by his thin, furry tail.

Tom lifted Jerry up, so the mouse was dangling in front of his face. With his free hand, Tom rubbed and squeezed his own pudgy, grey-furred belly. Jerry grinned excitedly; he knew exactly what that meant. The submissive rodent let out a few approving squeaks. Tom grinned back. The plump cat kept up his belly play for about half a minute. As he moved his hand around, he would occasionally poke a finger inside his deep, furry belly button and have a play around in there as well.

Eventually, all that rubbing, squeezing and poking payed off as Tom's round belly loudly grumbled and growled. Tom made sure Jerry was right up close to his mouth before opening it up and releasing a massive belch in the mouse's giddy, little face.

“UURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHHH
HHHHAUHHRRRRRRRRRrRrRrRr
RrRUHRRP!”

Jerry's big, mousey ears rang, and his sensitive, black nose stung as Tom let out his impressive point-blank burp. The mouse's cock throbbed with arousal as he felt the hot, steamy embrace of the cat's burp breath and breathed in the pungent stench of digested rodents and fish.

God, what a perfect predator~ I love being able to smell who he's ate!

After letting out a warm, satisfied sigh in Jerry's face, allowing the mouse to sniff up more of his rancid cat breath, Tom dropped Jerry down onto the soft, pudgy surface of his belly. Jerry let out a quick, surprised squeak upon impact.

Tom sat back on the couch in a relaxed position, with his hands behind his head. This allowed Jerry to easily traverse up and down Tom's belly and chest as he pleased. It also allowed the kinky, little mouse to sniff up the pungent scent of Tom's armpit musk, as the cat's unkempt armpit fur was on show.

Jerry looked up at Tom's face curiously, as if awaiting instructions. The comparatively huge cat simply grinned and nodded towards his own torso. He wanted to see what the subservient mouse would do instinctively.

Jerry gave the relaxed feline a cute smile then got to work. As he'd been dropped on Tom's belly, he assumed the cat would appreciate a nice belly rub from his mousey servant. Jerry got on his knees and started rubbing his hands back and forth over Tom's soft fur and fat in a comforting manner. It was a lovely feeling for both animals.

“Prrrrrrrrr~”

Tom purred happily as Jerry rubbed his belly and gradually found new ways to pamper his soft, well-fed gut. The mouse eventually started squeezing and kneading the cat's pudge like dough while he massaged Tom's belly. Later, Jerry would add to Tom's pleasure by planting kisses on the soft surface of his tummy and lovingly nuzzling his belly too. Jerry kept this up for several minutes. Tom loved every second of it.

“Mrrow~?”

After several minutes of enjoying Jerry's tender touch passed, Tom got his attention by mewing. Jerry looked up towards Tom, eager to follow any orders he might have. The obedient mouse noticed the massive cat was pointing a finger down at his own belly button. Jerry smiled and nodded. He understood what the cat wanted.

Jerry crawled closer to Tom's deep navel, his thin tail swishing around above his chubby butt cheeks in a rather seductive manner. Once Jerry was close up to the cat's cavernous belly button, he stuck his head inside the round orifice and started licking the bottom of it.

The scent within Tom's belly button was strong and musty. Jerry, of course, appreciated this greatly. He could tell Tom hadn't even been bothering to give himself tongue baths here, due to the distinct smell and some lingering crumbs from bread and cookies stuck to the cat's light grey fur. Fortunately for the dirty cat, Jerry was more than happy to clean the place up while breathing in the potent smell around him.

Jerry's wet tongue explored all around the bottom and sides of Tom's navel. The little, pink muscle lapped up all the delicious snack crumbs it came across and covered the cat's belly button with warm, sticky saliva. Tom felt both aroused and relaxed at having Jerry probe his sensitive belly button with his tongue like this. A deep purr once again rose up from Tom's throat, signifying that Jerry was doing an excellent job.

Once Jerry had thoroughly cleaned up Tom's navel, the infatuated rodent planted a multitude of kisses around the deep, strong smelling orifice, showing his love for Tom's belly and the big, musky cat in general. He finished off pleasuring Tom's belly button by rubbing and patting it with one of his little hands.

“Meeew~”

Tom let out an appreciative mew. Despite wanting to initially hurt Jerry, he'd clearly started to warm up to the cute, little rodent after seeing how tender and loyal he could be. That wouldn't be enough for Tom to forgive him for years of frustration and torment...but he was certainly more open to letting Jerry enjoy himself while he was still alive.

Jerry was thrilled to hear he'd performed his duty well. All he wanted to do was please Tom, and it sounded like he was becoming an expert at doing so. Jerry hugged and kissed the cat's plump belly while he waited for further instructions from Tom.

Tom allowed Jerry to pamper his furry belly for a short while before grabbing the scruff of the mouse's neck with his right hand. The well-fed cat moved Jerry down towards his crotch. As Jerry drew closer to Tom's genitals, their pungent, salty smell grew stronger in his nose.

Once he was dropped in front of Tom's erect cock, Jerry couldn't resist going over to it and hugging his arms around the stiff, strong smelling monolith of a penis. Tom's cock had a lovely, toasty warmth to it, as well as an alluringly musky scent. The mouse's body shivered with aroused pleasure after Jerry took a deep sniff of the cat's cock musk.

“Mrrrrrrr~”

A deep, aroused purr could be heard coming from Tom's throat as Jerry quickly got to work showing his appreciation for the cat's long, hard cock. While hugging the aroused feline's shaft, Jerry lovingly kissed and suckled on Tom's foreskin. The submissive mouse started off gently, but his oral pleasuring soon became rougher and more passionate.

Hot, heavy breaths and aroused mews left Tom's mouth as Jerry passionately licked and smooched both his furry shaft and shiny, pink cock head. The feeling of the mouse's mouth and tongue lustfully exploring around his manhood was incredibly sensual. While worshipping the cat's cock, Jerry gently tugged down at Tom's foreskin, so he had more cock head to kiss. Warm mouse breath and saliva gradually heated up Tom's already comfortably hot penis.

Both animals' arousal grew as Jerry eagerly pleased Tom's cock. Tom started groping and gently squeezing at his own fuzzy, white-furred balls to add to the stimulation he was feeling. Jerry's embrace grew tighter. The aroused rodent started humping his own much smaller cock and balls against Tom's shaft as he continued to pleasure the handsome cat. As time passed, strong-smelling sweat started to appear and amass on Jerry's body. The aroma of both animals' musk grew thick in the hot, muggy air.

Squeaky moans and excited mews rang out in the living room as Jerry used any method he could to continue exciting Tom further. Sweat trickled down Jerry's tiny form as he gave his all. After several minutes passed of Jerry kissing, licking, rubbing and humping Tom's erection, precum began to messily leak from both their penises. Some of the milky liquid trickling down Tom's cock dripped onto Jerry's round head and big, mousey ears. Jerry shamelessly licked up as much cat precum as he could from both Tom's shaft and his own face. Tom relished the sight and feeling of this.

Jerry kept up his efforts of pleasuring his giant feline lover. The devoted rodent could feel he was inching Tom closer to orgasm. After a couple more minutes passed of stimulating the cat's cock, Jerry was certain Tom was ready to cum. The feline's penis regularly throbbed and twitched, begging for a good climax. Jerry had no intention of letting Tom, or his throbbing manhood, down.

Jerry closed his eyes, opened his mouth and gave Tom's shaft a long, sultry lick. The horny mouse made sure to let out a long wave of his hot, fruity mouse breath against the feline's cock as he did so. The salty, somewhat fishy, taste of feline precum and cock was strong upon Jerry's tongue.

Once he was done tasting the cat's cock, the plump, amorous rodent then turned around. His long, flexible tail whipped out and wrapped around Tom's hard, throbbing dick. Jerry then backed up and pressed his two chubby, brown furred butt cheeks against the cat's damp, musky shaft. The fat-bottomed mouse started moving himself up and down, so he was rubbing his plump, sweaty ass against Tom's cock while jerking the cat off with his tail at the same time.

Tom closed his eyes and breathed heavily, purely focusing on how amazing Jerry's kinky pleasuring felt. Some horny mews escaped his mouth.

Jerry's rubbing grew faster. His thick, strong smelling butt cheeks jiggled and squished against Tom's hard shaft.

More horny meows. More precum.

The mouse's pleasuring only grew more vigorous. His tail gripped tighter. His butt cheeks pushed and squished against Tom's cock more frequently and forcefully.

Cheeky toots and quiet hisses could be heard coming from Jerry's anus as some hot, cheesy farts escaped his plump, sweat-drenched ass. With all that movement, some gas was bound to be stirred up in the little mouse's innards. Tom was able to feel the heat and force of each gassy release.

Tom's body bucked and twitched. His cock excitedly throbbed. The filthy, little rodent had pushed him over the edge.

"Mmnrgh...MRREEOOOOOOW~!"

Tom moaned blissfully as a huge amount of hot, white cum spewed out from the tip of his cock. The cat's semen flew towards himself and splattered messily over his belly, inside his deep belly button and on his chest. A small amount of it ended up splashing on his white-furred muzzle.

The tuxedo cat breathed heavily, relaxed and simply appreciated the feeling of afterglow for a while. That had been an incredible experience. He never thought a mouse, let alone Jerry, would be able to turn him on so much...

Satisfied that'd be pleased Tom, Jerry had walked onto the cat's left thigh and started deeply sniffing and huffing away at the cat's big, fuzzy testicles. Jerry jerked himself off while playing with the cat's hefty balls. He inhaled a copious amount of their strong, intoxicating musk as he did this. It didn't take long for the mouse to make himself cum.

Once the horny mouse had let out some loud, squeaky moans and orgasmed, Jerry's semen landed haphazardly on Tom's ball sac. The spent mouse lied down on Tom's grey-furred thigh, feeling wonderful but thoroughly exhausted. He decided to take a brief break as well.

Tom looked at the resting mouse and smiled. He was almost tempted to spare the cute rodent completely after being given such a lovely time by him. Perhaps he would be a good, if rather unorthodox, mate if he stayed this way...

The cat silently weighed up the options in his head.

He did have some positive memories of the mouse...they'd been in situations where they'd worked together, shared light-hearted moments and related with each other over suffering from similar problems. Though, in the end they'd always return to being hunter and prey...and the hunter in this situation would always go hungry. Tom didn't know if he could trust Jerry to remain as friendly as he was today. He also didn't know if he'd be able to hold back his predatory instincts.

Tom still had vengeful feelings towards Jerry, and a natural hunger for mice. His dick, and the more sympathetic side of his mind, were imploring him to let Jerry live, but his stomach and feline instincts were shouting a lot louder.

As much as Tom's mind wanted to start anew with Jerry, Tom's body still wanted to make a snack out of the mouse. Just like Jerry had been powerless to resist the effects of toxoplasmosis, Tom was powerless to resist the natural whims of his stomach.

GWWWWWHRRRRRLLLLL...

As Tom looked at Jerry, his stomach growled insistently.

Be patient and savour the moment...you'll enjoy the little rodent's taste a lot more if you do.

Jerry opened his eyes and let out a cute, high-pitched yawn. He'd been so tucked out he'd ended up taking a nap on Tom's thigh. While his vision was rather blurry after waking up, he felt reasonably well-rested now and was ready to continue pleasing Tom any way he could.

Speaking of the massive cat...he swore he could feel, and smell, Tom's breath washing over him. That wouldn't make sense if he was sleeping on his leg, though. Jerry blinked and rubbed his sleepy eyes to clear his vision.

Jerry suddenly realised he wasn't lying on Tom's soft, furry thigh anymore. He was being dangled over Tom's maw by his tail. He'd been woken up by Tom huffing hot, fishy breath into his face.

It looked like Tom had cleared the cum off his own body while Jerry had been sleeping. Tom also evidently decided to give Jerry a rather surprising wake-up call. Jerry didn't mind this at all though. He just wondered what the cat had in mind next!

Jerry happily squeaked and waved at Tom. The little rodent excitedly wondered if Tom had been brewing up an extra big belch for him to sniff up.

As it happened, he had...but Tom intended to do a lot more with the mouse than just teasingly burp in his face.

Tom loosened his grip on Jerry's tail and let him fall into his mouth. The tiny creature landed with a wet *squelch* upon the hungry feline's pink tongue. Tom let out one last burst of his humid breath against Jerry's body before he snapped his teeth together and closed his mouth.

Jerry was enveloped by darkness. The mouse's heart started to beat harder and faster in his chest. He felt both excited and fearful knowing his life was completely at Tom's mercy now.

Jerry flinched upon the cat's coarse, saliva-dampened tongue as he heard a loud thumping coming from outside Tom's mouth. It accompanied the thumping of his little heart rather well. After a few seconds of confusion, Jerry realised he was listening to Tom working up some gas.

“MMHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRROHHH
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRrRrRrRP!”

Tom let out a long, low-pitched belch into his closed mouth, causing the cat's furry cheeks to puff up from all the humid gas inside his maw. The raunchy feline allowed Jerry to marinate in his hot, meaty burp breath and started moving the mouse around his mouth using his tongue.

Muffled coughs and gags could be heard coming from within Tom's gas-filled maw as Jerry was forced to breathe in nothing but Tom's rancid belch. While Jerry tried to catch his breath, he was forcefully shoved against the roof of Tom's mouth and the insides of his cheeks by Tom's big, salivating tongue.

Tom was thoroughly tasting him and letting his flavour mix with the flavour of the digested rodents that had come before him. The submissive mouse's flesh carried a taste that reminded Tom of nuts and berries. Tom thought it was quite yummy.

Tom soaked Jerry in his saliva as he gave the mouse a tour of his maw. He'd occasionally nibble on a limb or an ear of Jerry's if it ended up getting too close to his teeth, but Tom was very good about keeping the mouse fully intact. Some cuts and bruises appeared on the little rodent's body, but nothing too serious. Tom wanted to feel Jerry squirm inside his stomach.

Eventually Tom's puffed up cheeks had deflated back to a normal size as Jerry had ended up breathing in most of the gas inside the feline's maw. Tom decided this meant Jerry's time inside his maw was up.

Tom swiftly tipped his head back, causing Jerry to plummet towards his dark, cavernous throat. A muffled squeak of fright could be heard coming from Tom's mouth.

GRLLLLHP...GLLHP!

The ravenous cat audibly swallowed Jerry down. A small, mouse-shaped bulge could be briefly seen poking out of Tom's throat before it faded away around the feline's furry chest.

“Haaaaah~”

Tom let out a satisfied sigh as he felt, and faintly heard, Jerry splashing down into his stomach. His belly gurgled contently.

Jerry was nothing but food for his plump, gurgling gut to digest now.

Finally.

Jerry's rational mind would be fighting against the effects of his toxoplasmosis every second he spent inside Tom's dark, foul smelling stomach. Jerry would initially be in a euphoric state, knowing he was as close to Tom as physically possible and surrounded by the pungent stink of his stomach. The rhythmic sound of Tom's beating heart, and the deep growls and gurgles of Tom's stomach would be very soothing. Some feelings of fear and doubt would spark up in the back of the rodent's mind, but the pathogens dwelling in his body would see to it that they were promptly quelled.

However, as Tom's gastric acid really starts to sting and burn away his brown fur, those feelings of dread would start to become overpowering. Squeaks of fear, squeals of pain and high-pitched grunts

of confused anger would be faintly heard emanating from Tom's plump, furry gut as the mouse struggles against both his own mind and his feline captor's merciless stomach.

While most of his time would be spent randomly writhing and squirming out of pain and confusion, Jerry would be granted brief moments of clarity. In these moments he'd desperately try to beat his fists against the walls of the cat's rank-smelling organ or attempt to climb his way up them. His efforts would be in vain though. His small, stinging body would inevitably splash back down into the rising pool of acid and semi-liquified food below, and his bewildered mind would be repeatedly convinced becoming one with Tom's body is the greatest fate anyone could imagine.

Pain and fatigue would eventually slow down Jerry's struggling. Eventually Jerry's confused struggling and writhing would stop all together. The agony of Tom's gastric acid dissolving his flesh would grow too great, or the air within the vile, fleshy chamber would become too scarce and noxious to breathe. Jerry's consciousness would fade out of existence and his little body would be melted down to nothing more than mush and bones.

It would be entirely up to chance whether the mouse thought he was going to heaven or simply going through hell when he finally passed out. Either way he was destined to become one with Tom's body.

Tom didn't concern himself with what the mouse might have been thinking inside of his stomach. He simply enjoyed the mouse's lingering taste and the feeling of his prey squirming and writhing about in his gut once Jerry started moving around in there. The cruel tomcat added to his own pleasure by tenderly rubbing his soft, light grey belly.

After a couple of minutes of feeling Jerry squeaking and struggling passed, the cat's stomach loudly rumbled and churned. All that erratic movement and rubbing was stirring up a lot of gas.

Tom narrowed his yellow eyes and tensed his stomach.

PFFFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHRRrRrRrRRRP!

Tom's puckered hole opened up and let rip a loud, brassy fart. The gassy cat could feel his hot flatus warming up the couch beneath him. The smell of the feline's fart lingered upon the couch and wafted outwards into the well-furnished room. Tom's strong-smelling gas reeked of rotten meat and berries.

"Mrhrhrhr~"

Tom chuckled and playfully wafted his right hand in front of his muzzle. He'd produced quite a powerful stench.

Tom felt Jerry continue to struggle and squeak within his stomach, stirring up more gas and causing his noisy gut to grumble and groan.

Tom lied down on the couch and got himself comfortable. He'd decided to move himself to this position for a couple of reasons. If he kept farting on the same part of the couch his owners would probably be very unhappy how bad their furniture stank when they got home. In addition to that, Tom was feeling ready for another catnap.

Tom soothingly rubbed his belly with one hand while Jerry flailed and struggled inside his stomach.

PBBRRRRRRrRrRrRRrRRRT!

Tom's tail lifted instinctively as a rank, raspy fart escaped from his musky, pink anus. The cat's plump butt cheeks vibrated and jiggled slightly in reaction.

BBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRrRrRRrHHHRRRAP!

Tom soon followed that up with a deep, powerful blast of a fart. Tom let out a relieved sigh as the dreadful, meaty stink of his gas filled the room.

„URRRRRRRRRHHRRRRROOHRRRRRRRRHP!“

Several seconds later, some of the cat's plentiful gas ended up moving upwards and escaped through the cat's mouth, along with plenty of wet spittle. Tom felt rather proud of his long, bassy belch. Its sharp, fishy stench added to the foul-smelling fog present in the living room. The gassy feline proudly patted his belly a few times.

PFFFRRRRRRRRrRrRrRrRrHHHHHT!

Tom's chubby ass cheeks jiggled around appealingly in reaction to the hot, rumbling fart he'd released. The pungent scent of aged cheese joined the mixture of rank stench swirling around Tom.

Tom continued to let out loud, raunchy belches and farts for quite some time. The first floor of the house absolutely reeked of the cat's gas and musk.

Eventually, Tom could feel a lot of pressure in his grumbling gut, but he struggled to let it out. At this point Jerry's struggling had started getting weaker, so the grey-furred tuxedo cat would have to put in a bit more work to stir up the gas inside of him.

Tom grabbed hold of his soft, pudgy gut with his right hand. One white-furred finger poked inside his deep, saliva-dampened belly button, while the rest tightly grasped his belly's fat and fur. Tom squeezed and jiggled his rumbling belly for a good minute before moving on to vigorously fingering his navel.

After two pleasurable minutes of playing with his belly and belly button had passed, Tom's belly growled and grumbled particularly loudly. The tomcat grunted and winced. He firmly pushed a hand down on his bloated belly and soon felt the copious amount of gas in his stomach move downwards.

GLLLRRRRHHP...

GRRRRRWWWWHHMMM...

PFFFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

PPBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RRRrRrRrRrRrRAAAP!

A massive, low-pitched fart erupted from Tom's anus, causing the tomcat's plump ass cheeks to wildly wobble around. The incredibly loud sound of the feline's gassy release seemed to reverberate off the living room walls. Tom felt very proud and very relieved after letting that fart out.

“Haa...haaaah~”

Tom had been able to feel the searing, spicy heat of his fart, and the impressive force it had, as it had loudly exited his ass. It wasn't long until Tom was able to smell the repugnant stench of rotten compost and digested rat meat that his flatus possessed. A few seconds after he'd let out his fart, Tom covered his nose with a hand and let out several coughs.

The heat and stench within the living room was truly vile, but the musky cat felt too relieved and too fulfilled to care. He'd had an excellent week full of delicious, squirming meals, he'd finally eaten Jerry, and he wasn't feeling pent up at all now. Tom felt fantastic.

Tom eventually got used to the rank aroma and humid heat around him and descended back into a content slumber. Tom's dreams would be filled with visions of being worshiped and adored by rodents while being offered up willing mouse, rat, squirrel and hamster sacrifices to eat.

Jerry would similarly find himself slipping into an unconscious state, but the only thing the slowly melting mouse had to look forward to now was becoming the fat on Tom's body, the stench on his breath and the bones in his litter tray.

It wouldn't be long until another curious, little rodent came across Jerry's remains and started wondering why Tom smelt so good.

- THE END -