

Fit For a King

In an obscure region of England stood a large, but inconspicuous building. Very few people realised this was a top-secret animal testing facility, though eventually a good amount of the animals inside did. Inside this facility many peculiar tests and experiments had been performed on animal and robot subjects. None of the results of these experiments were provided to the general public.

This mysterious facility had been founded in the late 1980s. The experiments conducted by the human scientists and engineers who staffed it only grew more ambitious and ethically questionable as time marched on.

As of 2020, the facility was split up into four main laboratories; the augmented reality lab, the medical testing lab, the robotics lab and the cybernetics lab. Several staff rooms, viewing rooms and restrooms were also present in the facility.

The technology that had been created and tested within the augmented reality lab and the cybernetic lab led to some of the animals inside the facility gaining human-level intelligence and sentience, heightened strength and agility, and the ability to visualise imagery from the internet and software in front of them.

The medical testing lab led to some of the animals gaining massively increased lifespans and beneficial biological mutations. These mutations ranged from being able to regenerate cells quicker to gaining additional limbs and digits.

While these experiments benefited some animals, many animals were rendered dead after being experimented on. Some animals died directly as a result of these highly ambitious experiments, and some were quickly euthanised by the facility staff after being transformed into vile abominations. This was considered the price of progress in the facility.

As of 2032, humans no longer staffed the facility. The animals who dwelled the facility were confused by the lack of humans, but generally not distraught. Once the humans were gone, they found themselves freed from any cages or containers that were keeping them from exploring the facility, though they were unable to leave the building itself as all entrances and exits were locked. Certain rooms within the facility also remained locked.

Every day, a large array of food, drinks and building materials (such as wood planks, metal ingots and wires) were delivered by drones and robots that had been created within the robotics lab. It was unclear where these supplies were coming from, other than somewhere a drone could get but an animal couldn't. Regardless, the animals appreciated having the means to continue surviving.

Several theories arose pertaining to why the humans disappeared and why all these odd events were occurring. Some animals theorised the humans had simply left and allowed an advanced robot they'd created take charge of the facility. Some theorised the humans were simply hiding, and this was just an elaborate experiment that would soon come to an end. Others suspected some of the most intelligent animals had managed to discretely kill their captors and took over the facility. Very few animals knew the true answer.

Whatever had led to the humans leaving was ultimately irrelevant though. Most of the animals in the facility had human-level intelligence and a range of unique traits and talents and were now free to interact with each other. Small societies of intelligent animals soon started forming in each of the labs.

It didn't take long for more large and dominant animals to assert themselves as leaders of these societies. In the augmented reality lab, a trio of devious rabbits asserted themselves as a ruling council.

In the robotics lab, a hyper-intelligent ferret with a knack for hacking and engineering asserted himself as a commander. In the cybernetics lab, a burly cyborg panda asserted himself as an emperor. In the medical testing lab, a hedonistic mutant tabby cat who called himself King asserted himself as...well, you can probably guess what title he favoured.

King was a chubby, brown-furred tabby cat with expressive green eyes and several distinguishing features. In 2029, King had several experiments performed on him in the cybernetics lab, medical testing lab and augmented reality lab, and it showed. Around his scarred right eye there was a lack of fur, and what appeared to be two small metal piercings. These metal piercings were actually part of a cybernetic implant present in King's head that increased his intelligence and allowed his brain to effectively interface with certain devices that could connect to his body.

Upon his head was a device that resembled a gold-plated crown. This device allowed the plump feline to search the internet and project words, imagery and videos from the small, red, jewel-like screen present on his crown. Upon being granted human-level intelligence and sentience, and the ability to look up information online, King quickly began researching topics that interested him. King became interested in researching history, and after a few days, the curious cat became obsessed with monarchical imagery and learning about monarchs.

King had some notable biological mutations that had been given to him in the medical testing lab. On either side of his striped tail, bone-coloured spikes jutted out, and at the end of his tail was a sharp, scorpion-like stinger.

Around his body were some human-like features that had been deemed useful or aesthetically pleasing. On both his clawed hands were opposable thumbs, that proved useful for picking up and investigating food and rodents. His face was more naturally expressive than it had previously been, and on his chubby, cream-coloured gut was a deep innie belly button.

The fat feline had been given humanoid-like genitals and butt cheeks, that were suitably large and visually appealing. On his right butt cheek was a crown-shaped mark of dark fur that King was quite fond of showing off to the animals under his command.

Due to a slight error occurring during the process of genetically engineering the domineering feline, some vestigial digits were present on his right leg's ankle. Some of these un-grown toes appeared as small useless bumps, while a few appeared as small, clawed tentacles that would move around and twitch, seemingly of their own accord.

A very notable mutation King had received, that wasn't quite so obvious at first glance, was his ability to infect animals with powerful mind-altering parasites at will. King could breathe or belch out large amounts of parasite-filled air whenever he wished, or alternatively spit out parasite-infested saliva. The gas or saliva would appear purple-tinted if it was laced with parasites. In addition to this, he could use the spikes on his tail or tentacles to inject either parasites or paralyzing venom into any nearby creature.

The parasites that King had the ability to spread at will were an extremely powerful strain of *Toxoplasma gondii*. These single-celled pathogens would create microscopic cysts within the victim's brain cells, forcefully altering how they think and perceive things as a result.

Upon infection, the victim would almost immediately become attracted to any scent emanating from King's body. Additionally, they would become attracted to the appearance of King's body and develop an intense desire to serve and please the fat feline.

These pathogens were particularly effective on mice and rats, and fortunately for King, the medical testing lab was full of albino mice, as well as other rodents. Once King was freed from his cage, he swiftly started amassing a small army of mind-altered mice. Any animals that didn't end up getting infected by parasites or were fortunate enough to have an immunity to them, were sure to respect King and stay out of his way.

The mice that had been infected acted as King's servants, bodyguards and food as necessary. If King was bored or wanted pampering, several mice would start worshiping his body and offer themselves up as toys to him. If King felt threatened or annoyed by another animal, several mice would start threatening or attacking King's enemy. If King felt hungry for rodent meat, several mice would volunteer themselves as snacks and promptly end up in their feline master's stomach.

While other species such as guinea pigs, rats and hamsters also acted as King's servants, the albino mice that King had initially infected were undoubtedly the most eager to please. The other animals were typically ordered by King to gather resources, or construct buildings, statues and objects, while the albino mice crowded around King and did their best to follow his every command and indulge his every whim.

After getting used to being freed from his container, King grew content with his role as self-appointed ruler of the medical testing lab. The infected mice under his command felt content about this too. In a way the infected rodents were fortunate; while many other animals in the facility struggled to grapple with the fact they'd been granted sentience, access to all of human history, and a large amount of animals to interact with, King's servants minds only thought about how they could serve and please their plump, furry master.

One day in the facility, King was laid down on his back, presenting his large, pudgy belly to his many albino mouse servants. The tubby tabby cat had recently woken up from a catnap on his makeshift bed; a structure of wood, fabric and blankets that had been constructed by his small subjects. After letting out a long, steamy yawn into the air and stretching (showing off his fang-lined maw and plump, furry ass in the process) King had laid down and ordered the nearby albino mice to come climb up onto his bed and start worshiping him. As the nearby mice had simply been napping or busying themselves with software installed on their metallic head-devices, they were more than happy to comply with the fat feline's order.

Thanks to the crown-shaped device upon his head, King could tell the year was 2033, the time was currently 16:37 and the date was November 18th, but that was irrelevant information to the chubby cat. The temperature of the facility generally stayed at a consistent 20°C thanks to the building's air conditioning, and there was no way to see if it was dark or light outside due to there being no windows that showed the sky in the laboratories. The days and nights in the facility seamlessly bled into each other. What was important to King right now was seeing his rodent subjects demonstrating their subservience.

“Mrrrwl!”

King pointed a pudgy, clawed finger at his round gut and mewed demandingly. He didn't even bother projecting text from his crown as he knew his loyal subjects would understand what he meant. Three mice excitedly squeaked and climbed up King's body, grabbing handfuls of brown fur as they went. After a short climb up, they clambered up onto King's cream-coloured belly. Once they were all on top of the royal feline's tummy, they quickly got to work pampering the chubby cat.

One mouse crouched down and started stroking his little, furless hands back and forth over the soft surface of King's belly. The little rodent adored how soft and warm the fur and fat of King's belly was, as well as the pungent aroma that now surrounded him. Swirling around his body and filling his sensitive, pink nose was the musky stench of King's body odour. As King knew his subjects loved his scent, he very rarely bothered with showers or even tongue-baths. This led to his plump body smelling like ammonia and salted fish. While this scent would have revolted many creatures, King's mice servants couldn't get enough of it.

The second mouse lay himself down belly-first on top of King's plump gut and started adoringly hugging and kissing the soft ground below him. The miniscule mouse enjoyed the feeling of King's belly puffing in and out with each fishy breath the tubby tabby cat took. Combined with the toasty warmth of the cat's body heat, laying on top of King's belly was a very relaxing experience for the subservient mouse.

The third mouse, a rare grey-furred mouse amongst the albino mice, had walked over to King's navel, and crouched down in front of the cavernous orifice. Once he was there, he pushed his head down into the feline's deep belly button. The grey mouse started licking his little, wet tongue all over the bottom and sides of King's belly button. As the mouse's tongue explored the plump cat's navel it lapped up a variety of rather yummy food crumbs that had managed to tumble into King's belly button. A strong bittersweet taste spread across the rodent's taste buds as he cleaned up the cat's navel.

While the grey-furred mouse coated the cat's navel with his warm, sticky saliva, he also took deep sniffs of the musty-smelling air surrounding his head. After each indulgent sniff, the eager, little rodent would huff out a warm burst of mouse breath, either through his nose or mouth. The mouse's body buzzed with delight; getting to be this close to King and serve him in such an intimate manner was an honour and a treat for him.

“Prrrrrrr~”

King let out an approving purr. The feeling of the three mice upon his belly worshiping him with their hands and tongues, while fifteen other mice adoringly stroked, nuzzled and kissed his sides was a wonderful feeling for the spoiled feline.

All the rubbing he was receiving relaxed King, though his stomach sounded like it was being agitated by it, as it gurgled and grumbled. A minute passed of King's belly being worshiped and his stomach noises growing louder.

PFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRrRrRrBBRRT!

King's musky, pink pucker opened up and released a deep, powerful fart into the air. Many of the mice instinctively flinched in reaction to the loud sound before squeakily cheering and laughing. The few mice that had been right in front of King's plump, strong-smelling butt cheeks ended up collapsing butt-first to the ground, as they'd been bowled over by King's hot, powerful wind. The potent stench

of rotting beef and rich pastries filled the air and lingered unpleasantly, causing some of the mice to involuntarily cough and gag.

“Mrhrhrhr~”

King chuckled, amused at the reactions of his miniscule subjects.

“That’s right, sniff your king’s gas up, you filthy, little rodents~” a regal voice emanated from the cat’s crown. Some corresponding text was projected out of the jewel-like screen present on the crown.

Once the mice had finished celebrating and complimenting King’s gassy release, they had indeed started eagerly sniffing up the warm, smelly air around them. Getting to breathe in the scent of King’s gas was a very satisfying reward for their services.

With a naughty grin still present on King’s whiskered face, the chubby cat looked around to see if there were some nearby rodents who weren’t doing anything. He spotted a guinea pig and a red squirrel happily witnessing his worship.

“Mrrrwl!”

“You two rodents! I’m hungry; go make yourselves useful and fetch me some food. Get me something sweet and filling, if possible.”

King pointed a clawed finger at the two idle rodents, then pointed it off in a random direction. Despite having already been given several meals, snacks and drinks that day, the gluttonous cat was still very much in the mood for eating.

The two rodents nodded obediently and swiftly set off to find some drone-delivered food that their feline master would appreciate. King watched them scurry off for a few seconds, enjoying the fact he had so much power over the little animals, before returning his gaze to the mice who were still happily worshipping his body and letting out little squeaks and messages of praise from their metallic head-devices.

“URRRrRrRrRRP!”

As the mice played with King’s belly and belly button, the gassy cat opened up his mouth and let out a wet, rippling belch. As King had been looking at the mice atop his belly, they were soon graced with the humid air of King’s burp breath and the rank aroma of digested fish and muffins.

The mice around King cheered and praised his impressive belch before clamouring for more of the cat’s hot, smelly gas. The mice on top of King’s belly promptly joined in once they’d let out some coughs and gags.

King was more than happy to oblige the little perverts. Freeing his stomach of gas was a very relieving feeling, and it led to him having more room to eat and some rather amusing reactions from his small, furry servants.

PFFFRRRrRrRrRRRRRP!

After twenty seconds of having his plump belly rubbed, licked and kissed, King's anus opened up and released a rumbling fart into the air. The rancid stench of digested chicken meat joined the mixture of foul scents hanging around King's bed.

Once King had noisily released his gas and let out a satisfied sigh, some of the mice that were close to the tubby cat's rear end pushed their little, whiskered snouts right up against King's pudgy butt cheeks and inside his deep, unkempt butt crack. Once they were right up close to the feline's royal rump, they indulgently breathed in the scent of the cat's butt musk and previous farts. Some precum leaked from the cocks of the lovesick mice who were closest to King's odorous anus.

FFRRBBBBRRrRrRrRRRRHHRRP!

Another thunderous blast of flatus made its way out of King's thick, furry ass about thirty seconds later. The force of the tabby cat's repugnant-smelling fart caused his pudgy butt cheeks to jiggle around like jelly, much to the delight of his little worshipers. Several mice who had been close to the cat's butt crack were once again left bowled over.

A large amount of the mice praised King for the strength of his gassy release, as well as the pungent aroma that accompanied it. Their pampering of King became even more fervent, particularly the mice around King's rump, who delighted in kissing, squeezing and stroking the cat's voluptuous, brown-furred ass cheeks, all the while sniffing up his potent musk and gas.

“Mrrrrrr~”

“I'm glad you little whelps still appreciate the scent of royalty~ If a couple of you climb up onto my belly and start worshiping my cock, perhaps I'll reward you all with another majestic belch.”

The group of mice started squeaking excitedly in reaction to the words projected and spoken by King's crown. The prospects of worshiping King and breathing in more of his pungent gas were both very exciting to the exceedingly submissive rodents.

Six mice from the group of mice surrounding King's hefty body climbed up onto the chubby cat's belly, all of them very eager to please. However, once they saw how many mice had climbed up, they briefly talked amongst themselves to decide who would take on the responsibility of pleasuring King's large, now semi-erect cock.

Four of these mice assigned themselves new duties. Two of the mice crouched down on top of King's belly and started rubbing and kissing the soft, warm ground beneath them. The remaining pair of mice moved up to the plump cat's furry chest and started worshiping that area in a similar manner.

The two mice that had been elected to worship King's cock jogged over to the cat's musky crotch. A strong, salty musk and a toasty warmth emanated from the chubby feline's erect cock. The first mouse of the pair stood to the left of King's cock, while the other stood to the right.

The first mouse placed his small, pink hands against the warm, furry pillar in front of him. He then started stroking his hands up and down the length of King's shaft, causing the feline's foreskin to gently be tugged back and forth.

The second mouse, evidently the more lustful of the two, hugged his arms around the large, monolithic cat cock in front of him and started eagerly licking King's manhood. Trails of warm, sticky mouse saliva soon appeared upon the chubby cat's shaft.

"Mrrrrwl~!"

"Ah, yes...that's good! Keep that up!"

King expressed his arousal and delight while closing his green eyes. The tentacles present around the mutated cat's right ankle twitched and moved erratically while the feline's musky cock throbbed with excitement.

After about thirty seconds had passed of King's belly, navel, chest and cock being thoroughly worshiped, some grumbling and groaning could be heard coming from the plump cat's stomach.

GRRRWWWWWHRRRRRRMMMMM...

GRRGGRRRRRRWWWWLLLLL...

RRRRGGRRRRWWWWHHMM!

King could hear some of his mice servants squeaking excitedly and projecting messages of delight from their head-devices as they anticipated the large amount of smelly gas that was about to leave their feline master's system. A playful smirk appeared on the cat's whiskered face.

GGRRRRLLLLLLRRRRRRPP!

GRRRRWWWWWHHHRRRRRRR...

King could feel some gas moving up his throat, but he quickly swallowed it back down. He wanted his subjects to really appreciate his belch when it happened. While the mice continued to squeak and look excited and agitated, the fat feline's stomach burbled and whined as the copious amount of gas in his gut was stirred around by the mice worshiping it.

RRRRWWWWWWWWLLLLLL...

BBLLRRRRRRRRRGGRRRRRRRRRHHP...

Eager to please their gassy king, the mice worshiping King's body worked harder and faster. King could feel the lovesick rodents' kisses and licks grow more passionate, and their stroking and squeezing of his plump torso and stiff cock grow more intense. While this was going on, King's stomach loudly rumbled and growled.

GRRRRWWWWLLLLLLRRRRHP...

RRRGGRRRRRUHHWWWWWL!

"Mrrrrhhmm..."

King groaned and squinted his eyes slightly. As much as he was enjoying the feeling of being fervently pampered, holding back the gas in his now rather bloated-looking gut was proving to be painfully difficult. He decided his subjects had waited long enough for their reward.

“URRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RrRrRrRrRUHRRAAaAAHHP!”

A massive, wet belch erupted from King's open mouth. The sound of the hefty tabby cat's burp was so deep and loud to the mice, the world seemed to shake around them. A large amount of warm spittle flew out of the feline's throat and splashed haphazardly against the mice on his chest. Those same mice were the first to feel the humid warmth of King's burp breath, as well as the first to breathe in its powerful stench.

After eagerly breathing in the warm, smelly air around them, the mice on King's chest and belly were left involuntarily coughing and gagging for several seconds as the smell of rotten fish and milk overwhelmed their senses. The mice around King's body clapped and cheered between occasional coughs.

“Haaah~”

King let out a satisfied sigh, blowing more of his rancid cat breath into the faces of his infatuated servants as a result. King felt relieved and delighted that he'd let out such an impressive burp.

Once the mice at his cock had managed to catch their breath and regained their composure, they resumed enthusiastically rubbing, kissing and licking the fat tabby cat's penis. The other mice atop King's torso similarly returned to their duties with just as much vigour as before.

After about half a minute of this, some precum started to leak out from the tip of King's erect cock. The milky liquid messily dripped down his cock's head and shaft. The pair of mice present at King's crotch were happy to lap up the salty liquid with their tongues and swallow it down.

Sensing that King was getting close to orgasm, many of the mice started to grow more openly lustful in their worshipping. A lot of the mice that had been hugging the plump cat's body started humping their comparably tiny cock and balls against the feline's fat frame. A lot of the mice who had been kissing or licking King's body grew rougher and more passionate and let out squeaky moans of perverse arousal.

Squeaks of encouragement and projected messages such as ‘We love you, King!’, ‘You’re such a strong, sexy ruler!’, ‘Your scent’s incredible when you’re horny like this, sir!’ and ‘Yes! Cum all over me, master! Make me lick it up!’ could be seen and heard by King. The hedonistic cat was literally and metaphorically having his ass kissed, and he was loving every second of it.

“Mrrrwrggh...mrrrrrrrr...mrrroowl~!”

After two minutes of intense encouragement and worship, King's cock twitched and throbbed excitedly for a few seconds. The tentacles at his ankle spasmed erratically. King felt incredible, and a

moment later he felt even better, as a ropey string of hot, white cum shot out from the tip of his long, musky cock.

“MRRROOOOOWLL~!” King closed his eyes and mewed with arousal as he climaxed.

As King’s penis had been facing towards his torso, the horny feline’s semen ended up messily splattering on his belly and chest, and inside his deep navel. Several of the mice that had climbed on top of King’s torso ended up covered in the tabby cat’s warm, sticky jizz.

“Haah...haa...haah~” the chubby cat breathed heavily as he savoured the wonderful feeling of afterglow.

Hot bursts of smelly cat breath wafted over the mice on top of King’s belly and chest. The mice on and around King congratulated their feline master with messages such as ‘That was such an impressive load, sir!’, ‘Those big, fuzzy balls aren’t just for show!’ and ‘I can’t wait to clean this up for you, master!’ before getting to work on cleaning the tubby feline up.

King felt a multitude of mouse tongues licking against his thick, furry body as the mice atop his torso got to work. Without hesitation or shame, the mice lapped up the cat’s salty, fishy-tasting cum and swallowed it down. The grey-furred mouse at King’s cavernous belly button, and the two mice at King’s cock seemed particularly eager to lick up the warm, sticky liquid. It didn’t take long for the group of mice to swallow down all evidence of their feline master’s seed.

“Meeew!”

“Excellent work, servants! I feel befittingly relaxed and clean. Though I don’t feel quite fulfilled enough to leave my bed and survey my kingdom just yet...I still need my post-orgasm snack.” the hedonistic feline’s crown stated.

A few seconds after King’s crown had spoken, a naughty looking smirk appeared on the cat’s chubby-cheeked face. He playfully wiggled the pudgy fingers on his right hand, then suddenly grabbed one of the albino mice on his chest. After tightly wrapping his right hand around the surprised mouse’s torso, King brought the tiny rodent up close to his face.

“Mrhrhr~”

“If those runts I sent off to find food don’t get back soon, I think you’d work perfectly well as a snack...”

The heart of the albino mouse in King’s grasp was beating hard and fast in his little, white-furred chest. An excited smile appeared on the rodent’s face as the effects of his toxoplasmosis overpowered his instinctual fears.

The chubby cat started slowly turning over on his bed. The mice on top of King’s torso were quick to catch on to this and hopped off him, and his bed, before dashing off to a safe distance. Most of the mice around King were similarly swift, but two mice who spent too much time admiring the cat’s plump gut ended up trapped beneath it once King was laying on his belly.

One mouse, who had started to run after standing still for a few seconds, was now half-stuck beneath the cat’s fat, warm belly. The mouse’s upper torso, arms and head were still visible, though the rest

of him was very much hidden by King's body. The immense weight of the large feline pushed down on the mouse's lower body causing him to wince and squeal in pain. Thankfully, because King's gut was so soft, and because the cat had been moving reasonably slowly, the mouse was not crushed underneath his feline master's weight. The mouse, after getting used to the feeling of being half-stuck under King's belly, smiled through his pain and simply enjoyed how close he was to King.

The other mouse, who had just barely considered backing away, ended up completely engulfed by King's fat and fur. The pressure upon his tiny body, and the warmth around him was intense. He tightly shut his eyes due to the pain, and due to how close the cat's belly fur was to his face.

Above him, he could hear King's stomach deeply growling and grumbling, and feel a large amount of the cat's soft, cream-coloured fur touching his own white fur. The repugnant stench of the cat's body odour filled his nostrils. The trapped rodent let out a series of muffled squeaks and squeals, but it landed on deaf ears. He was barely audible, and even if King had heard him, it was unlikely the fat, hedonistic cat would have bothered to move.

The aching, little mouse tried to writhe and squirm, but felt himself barely moving at all. His rational mind was screaming out in terror and agony, but his toxoplasmosis caused those feelings to be repeatedly quelled. Every few seconds the mouse's mind would switch between thinking he was the luckiest mouse alive to be this close to King's belly, to desperately wanting to be miles away from the hefty cat on top of him.

While the mouse trapped beneath King's belly futilely struggled, the mouse held in King's hand simply smiled at the comparably massive feline. King moved the mouse close to his own grinning mouth.

"Mrooooow~?" King mewed while pointing the index finger of his left hand towards his mouth.

"Ready to become an appetiser~?" the cat's crown said a couple of seconds later.

"Of course! I'll do anything to be close to you and make you happy, sir!" replied the head-device of the lovesick mouse.

King opened his mouth wide. The tabby cat's sharp, slightly yellowed teeth came into view, as did his pink, salivating tongue and dark, cavernous throat. Strings of wet, glistening saliva clung to the roof of the gluttonous feline's mouth, as well as his teeth.

A long wave of hot, fishy cat breath washed over the submissive mouse's head as King teasingly breathed in his face. The albino mouse closed his pink-coloured eyes and grinned while his erect cock twitched excitedly. A few involuntary coughs left his mouth. His white fur was left feeling warm and moist from the humid air that surrounded him.

"Good, I appreciate servants who stay loyal right to their end~" King's crown commented.

King tilted his right hand, then shoved the mouse head-first into his maw. Some strings of saliva broke and fell as the mouse was forcefully placed on top of King's coarse, wet tongue. Once the rodent was pushed inside the chubby cat's maw, King promptly closed his mouth.

The mouse's vision went dark as very little light managed to pierce through the cat's closed lips. He could feel how warm and wet King's tongue was beneath him. A few seconds later he felt himself being moved around by the flexible pink muscle. King moved the albino mouse around his maw, getting a good taste of him and soaking him with drool as a result. The gluttonous tabby cat pushed

the wet rodent against the roof of his mouth, the inside of his cheeks and his sharp feline teeth. The mouse didn't resist. In fact, the lovesick rodent lustfully humped and rubbed himself against King's tongue. The mouse repeatedly let out squeaks of aroused excitement as he was teased by the comparably huge feline.

"Prrrrrr~" King purred contently, enjoying the fruity and nutty flavour of the rodent's body and the lewd acts the mouse was performing on his tongue. The sound of the plump feline's purring was very loud to the albino mouse. He could feel the vibrations of the low-pitched sound, and hear it reverberating around the cat's saliva-dampened maw.

After about a minute of being toyed with by King's tongue, the mouse suddenly felt the world around him tilt. King had slowly tilted his head and tongue upwards, causing the tiny mammal in his mouth to slide down his tongue; down towards his awaiting gullet. The mouse's heart beat hard and fast in his chest as he felt himself descending towards the cat's throat. As it was too dark inside the cat's closed mouth to truly appreciate the sight, the mouse focused on the feeling of his belly rubbing against the cat's coarse tongue and the slick, wet texture of King's saliva. After a few seconds he couldn't feel King's tongue against him anymore.

With a squeak of shock and excitement, the saliva-drenched mouse plummeted into King's throat.

GLLRRHP...GHLLP!

King swallowed the subservient mouse down whole. The miniscule rodent could feel the tight, wet walls of the cat's oesophagus forcefully pushing him downwards. After a brief trip down the feline's gullet, the mouse fell into the dark, fleshy chamber that was King's stomach.

With a sudden *SPLOSH!* and a surprised squeak, the mouse fell face-first into the pool of gastric acid and melted food below. The mouse promptly stood up, as to avoid being completely submerged in the acidic liquid around him. Despite the stinging sensations the acid was causing and the hot, stuffy air around him, a feeling of euphoria quickly overcame the infected rodent.

He felt honoured that he'd been chosen to be King's food. Both King and his subjects realised there were only so many intelligent rodents the cat could eat within the facility, so to be chosen as a rare treat by his master felt wonderful to the infatuated mouse.

He felt an incredible sense of fulfilment from being as close to King as physically impossible. To be inside him, and to know he'd eventually be a part of his beloved king...the mouse's pathogen-riddled mind couldn't think of a better fate.

The fact he could clearly smell the digested remains of fish, meat, pastries and previous rodents within the cat's gurgling stomach was a massive turn-on for the albino mouse. Trapped within the fat feline's stomach, the mouse had no choice but to inhale the muggy, odorous air that swirled around him. The subservient rodent felt very pleased about this.

These wonderful feelings would remain for about two minutes. After that time had passed, the stinging of the acid would get increasingly distracting and painful. Squeaks, squeals and grunts of pain would escape the mouse's mouth while the liquids of King's stomach churned and sloshed around.

The pool of acid would gradually rise, and loud grumbles and growls would be heard more frequently as time went on.

Eventually the mouse's white fur would start to be singed off by the acid, and his flesh would begin to burn in agony. Those extreme feelings of pain and distress would put the mouse's rational mind at odds with his toxoplasmosis.

In brief moments of clarity, the mouse would realise what a dreadful situation he'd got himself into and attempt to fight against his own infected mind, as well as the stomach of his feline captor. For about ten to twenty seconds at a time, the mouse would try climbing the pulsing, fleshy walls of King's stomach, or try attacking them with his claws and teeth. But repeatedly, his parasite-altered mind would assure him his actions were futile and foolish and that he should accept his role as King's food.

The albino mouse would repeatedly try to resist the urges his toxoplasmosis caused, but it was in vain. Every time he would end up clumsily splashing back down into the acid below him, feeling increasingly exhausted and pained. His mind would grow foggy from all the agony, confusion and frustration he felt. Eventually, after much struggling, he would feel nothing at all. The overwhelming pain and noxious air would eventually be too much for the little mouse to handle, and he would pass out.

The rodent's unconscious body would be melted down and eventually be nothing but bloody mush and bones floating within King's bubbling gastric acid. As all the animals in the medical testing lab were completely devoted to serving or avoiding King, the only reminders of the mouse's existence would be the increased fat on King's chubby belly and butt, the meaty stench of King's gas, and the bones that would be present in King's foul-smelling faeces next time the tabby cat relieved himself in his litter box.

Once the albino mouse had fallen into King's noisy stomach, King grinned and licked his lips. Eating live prey was a very satisfying feeling for King, and as a bonus the mouse had been quite delicious.

The mice that had managed to not get trapped beneath King's belly had been intently watching King swallow down his prey. King looked over to his captivated audience, a cocky grin still present on his whiskered face.

"He was scrumptious...and delightfully squirmy too." King's crown stated as the mutated cat could feel the mouse starting to react to his stomach acid.

"Would any of you like to take in his scent one last time by getting a nice, steamy belch in your face?" King's crown offered.

The mice around King's bed started to cheer approvingly, jump up and down and wave their little, furless hands about to get King's attention. King let out an amused chuckle, then had a look at the mice around him.

"Hrrmm..."

King thoughtfully tapped a finger against one of his chins as he looked at his subjects. Out of the sea of white fur and pink-coloured eyes, a small figure with grey fur stood out. He was excitedly cheering just like the rest of them, so King decided he would be a perfectly fine choice.

King moved his right hand towards the grey-furred mouse and tightly wrapped it around the mouse's slim torso. He then moved his right hand in front of his grinning mouth. The grey-furred mouse smiled back at him.

The tabby cat's gassy stomach rumbled and groaned. King decided to roll back and forth on his pudgy belly for several seconds to stir up the seemingly endless supply of gas in his gut. This caused some pained squeaks to leave the mouth of the mouse half-stuck beneath the fat feline's belly. As well as that, some unpleasant crunching noises could be heard coming from beneath King's gut, as the cat continued to smother the now asphyxiated and compressed mouse that had got stuck under there.

Once King had briefly moved about, he also thumped his furry chest with his left hand a few times too. Some growls and sickly whines could be heard coming from King's belly before a gassy gurgle rose up the fat feline's throat.

“URRRRRRRrRrRrRrRP!”

King opened his mouth up wide and released a deep, rippling belch in the face of the grey-furred mouse. The captive mouse closed his eyes tightly as hot, steamy air and wet spittle blasted into his face. The potent stench of digesting mouse meat and fish assaulted his sensitive nostrils, causing them to sting.

King playfully blew his lingering burp breath right into the mouse's nose, making the mouse involuntarily cough and gag as a result. Some tears could be seen welling up in the mouse's eyes and trickling down his furry face.

“That was amazing, sir! Could you give me another?” the mouse's head-device said while the mouse grinned and let out some high-pitched coughs.

“Mrhrhr~”

“I think I could manage that~” King's crown replied.

A moment after saying that, King heard some squeaks behind him. He turned his head to see the guinea pig and red squirrel he had instructed to gather food had returned and were now approaching him. In makeshift carts the two rodents were pulling were a chocolate éclair, a caramel-filled donut, an iced muffin and a few strawberries.

“Here you are, your majesty! Is this satisfactory?” the red-squirrel's head-device asked once the two rodents were stood in front of King's bed.

King briefly inspected the food they'd gathered and nodded.

“Yes, this is acceptable. Go busy yourselves by building a statue of me for now, I will tell you if I need any more food.” King's crown said.

“Yes sir; I'm glad we were of assistance!” the red squirrel's head-device chirpily replied. The red squirrel and guinea pig left and went searching to see if there were any new building supplies.

With his free hand, King grabbed the chocolate éclair. King's gaze then returned to the grey-furred mouse in his grasp, who had just about managed to catch his breath.

“Well, it looks like those two came back at a good time! Now you can get plenty of majestic belches, each with their own distinct scent.” King commented, much to the delight of the grey-furred mouse.

King let out a pleased chuckle as he saw how excited the grey-furred mouse looked.

The plump tabby cat didn't know how long he'd have these mice around. It was possible he'd eventually end up eating or crushing them all; he'd already snuffed out half of them in the span of a year simply due to his hedonistic desires.

It was possible he'd outlive his mice servants, or they'd end up dying together in the facility in any number of ways. But those possibilities didn't matter. For now, and as long as he possibly could, King would enjoy his reign as ruler of the medical testing lab, and ensure both he and his kinky, little servants were content with their existence, no matter how grim or bizarre it seemed.

King wondered about the possibility of interacting with humans again one day. Perhaps if he caught one off-guard without any protective equipment on, he could have a human servant at his command. That could open up a lot of possibilities...a new generation of intelligent rodents, more creatures at his command, and perhaps a much, much larger kingdom to reign over...

For now though, King dug into his chocolate éclair and teased the mouse in his grasp about how big and deep his next belch was going to be.

- THE END -