

Good Chemistry

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Content warning: Soft vore, unwilling, fatal, digestion, explicit disposal, betrayal, and soul play

When conducting experiments, good scientists always conducted certain prerequisite steps before jumping straight into it. Consult related literature, experts, and experiments. Establish a hypothesis and null-hypothesis. Design a testing procedure for said hypothesis. Account for safety and logistical concerns said testing procedure raises. Plan a correct testing environment, day, and time. Collect all required equipment, tools and materials. Double-check everything.

Maximillion Verran was a methodical Oreathan alchemist, well respected in the walled desert merchant city. Even in a completely new field of study, the blue bunny stuck to the tried and true scientific approach he'd found to be so useful. Thus, upon waking up with that eager grin, he'd quickly double-checked almost everything. After all, one thing would have to be same-day sourced for optimum safety and logistics. Its arrival a mere hour before lunch caused the bunny's ears to twitch with glee; the science and fun he'd planned for the day were almost assured.

Jules Tiago, his fine feline friend and culinary tutor. This exercise in alchemy and biochemistry wouldn't have been a true cooking experiment without the professional chef on board.

"I shouldn't be surprised you're going to show off your first independent culinary experiment to me in your lab instead of your kitchen, Maxi," the orange tomcat chuckled as he followed the bunny downstairs, casual dress and relaxed shoulders demonstrating just how familiar he'd become with this descent, "and yet I am."

"My kitchen's a less controlled area, Jules," Maxi responded, shifting his own relaxed outfit to be just a little tauter. "Surely you didn't think I would disgrace this fantastic scientific endeavor with an environment open to external variables? Besides, my kitchen is for sustenance. This is for *knowledge*."

"Someday I'll get you referring to cooking as being for fun as well," Jules chuckled.

"Knowledge *is* fun. I assure you, I'll have no shortage of pleasure today, kitty."

"Of course you won't, you eccentric experimenter."

"Mm, talk dirtier to me, Jules," the bunny cooed, coaxing his companion to roll his eyes even as they entered the lab.

Maxi's financial success was evident in the gentle glowing crystals that lit the basement lab with continual heatless light. Numerous journals and papers, almost every single one

covered in notes, lay scattered across a few tables. Tubes joining various vials and beakers ran with strange chemicals and alchemical solutions, slowly mixing into small bottled potions for later sale. There was a cushioned chair and a plain cot towards the corner, obviously for long nights. But, as Jules' eyes surveyed his friend's familiar workspace, he saw something was distinctly missing.

"Alright, so...controlled environment, yes, but...if this is a cooking experiment, where's all the cooking gear?"

Proudly, Maxi gestured to a beaker of fluid on the table, next to which was a rare journal with empty space on the page. "My friend," he announced, "*this* is the cooking gear."

Looking at the liter of blue-green liquid, Jules sighed. "If you were just going to do alchemy, Maxi, why did you need me?"

"It *is* cooking!" the bunny insisted with a grin. "Just with magic and biochemistry. Besides, I truly do need you for your expertise and for one integral part of the experimental procedure."

"And what's that?"

Maxi's ears twitched as he folded his hands behind his back leaned forward towards his friend, a wide grin across his face. "I need you to kiss the cook."

The professional chef's groan was short-lived, quickly dying in favor of a flattered chuckle. "Experimenters with benefits, is it?" the tomcat remarked, stepping in closer to the bunny and gently resting his hands on the alchemist's shoulders. "Though, you know, we won't be able to go much further without compromising your whole 'controlled environment'."

"You can still go a lot further, handsome," Maxi commented, tail beginning to waggle with anticipation, "but a kiss is all the luck I need to be certain of this experiment."

The light blush on the orange furred cheeks showed Jules had little resistance to the idea. Sighing, he closed his eyes, pursed his lips, gently took hold of Maxi's shoulders as the bunny gripped his waist, and leaned in to give his friend the requested kiss. Instead of meeting a pair of soft lips, however, his short muzzle pressed into something warm and squishy, a thick cloud of hot air washing over his nose and staggering him.

Then the bunny's grip took firm hold and yanked him up and forwards, a sudden **GULK** resounding in the private lab as Maxi's throat seized the tomcat's head and yanked him forcefully downwards. **Gulk-glump-gulp~** came the next three greedy swallows, that toned, alchemically-empowered body easily stuffing more and more of the chef down into itself, Jules enveloped down to his belly in tugging gullet before he even began to piece together what was happening. One of his best friends was *eating him*. "Maxi?! What are you doing?!"

Maxi heard his friend's shocked and muffled exclamation, but it was far too late for the kitty. That realization, more than the familiar, delicious taste of squirming feline meat, made the blue bunny hum with pleased appreciation of this moment. With Jules' arms pinned, his nose squishing against the tight entrance to the bunny's gut, and the tomcat's fierce squirming only just beginning, Maxi had all the opportunity to slurp and suck on his betrayal-earned treat. Still, there was no slowing down. The alchemist wanted his prime ingredient packed away as soon as possible, and so the gulps and shoves only grew firmer and more impatient.

Jules soon found himself squeezing into the waiting gut, cheeks mashing against slimy, stretchy walls as his body quickly followed him in. He curled inside the sack, feeling how it happily stretched around his shape and greeted his wiggling with kneads and squeezes of its own. He felt the last cool air on his tail's tip and toes become replaced with warmth and thick drool before even they disappeared down the back of Maxi's maw. The last things to squeeze into that stretched-out gut were the tongue-lashed toes and a few gulps of drool that rained down to splatter over the tomcat's face.

"*Glk-aahhh...*" the alchemist sighed without an ounce of regret, patting the keenly Jules-shaped bulge that now sagged on his belly, "delicious. That's the last ingredient I needed for this: close to a hundred-and-fifty pounds of squirmer. And the last of the safety concerns! For me, of course."

"Maxi?! What's the meaning of this?!" his meowing meal gasped in-between wrinkled flesh smearing stomach slime across its features.

"You've keen senses, handsome," Maxi explained, picking up the journal and beaker he'd pointed out earlier and slowly walking his way over to the nearby seat, his gait purposefully jostling about the weight in his belly around. "I need you to help me with observations from inside there as I get to work on my experiment!"

"What experiment?! I thought you said you'd be cooking!"

"I *am* cooking! Baking, in fact."

"And how am I supposed to observe baking from here?!"

The rabbit couldn't help but snicker. "Because I'm going to be baking you in there!"

It entertained the blue bunny endlessly how still Jules got as he said that, plopping himself down on the chair and setting his journal and beaker on a nearby stand. And here he'd thought a chef would understand what he meant quicker! But soon Maxi was rewarded by a despairing, betrayed *mrowl* and a fierce squirming in his stomach. He planted his hands on the impression the face of his friend made and moaned, kneading over those expressions and loving that wonderful sensation of having someone who trusted him hopelessly stretch his insides in a panic. However, even as he adjusted his pants with one hand, digging out his cock and letting the stiff shaft be pushed about by the bottom of that writhing gut-bulge, he knew the best part was yet to come.

"Come now, Jules, this is an important body of research you can contribute to," he insisted, lifting and dropping the trapped kitty's shape.

"Not nutritionally!" Jules gasped from inside.

"No, not nutritionally," Maxi promised. With that, he reached over to the beaker and tilted it back, gulping down the blue-green fluid and sending it down to rain upon his pre-noon meal. Jules coughed and sputtered beneath the three full gulps of fluid, not even noticing as it almost instantly sunk deep into his flesh. "Not anymore, at least," the predator clarified.

"Wha-..."

"That's part of the experiment, my dear Jules. As I said, my kitchen is for sustenance. This...is for fun. And knowledge. And, in this case, the serum I prepared? Well, it's going to prevent me from taking even a single bit of nutrition from you." His hands patted happily upon the suddenly shock-still kitty. "You're going to be baked completely into logs of bunny shit and not contribute a single bit to my bunny body."

The bunny paused for the whine of flustered hopelessness to pass before continuing. "Nope, what this cooking experiment is testing is the other effect of my serum. So, if you want to contribute to my body of research, I need you to describe everything that's happening to you while you bake. Otherwise, *all* of your hard work will go to waste! Literally."

Maxi leaned back in his chair and placed his journal atop his gut as the makeshift shelf shifted in a few final desperate attempts to squeeze out the way it came in. One hand casually held a pen, writing down some preliminary notes that would serve as the famed Chef Tiago's obituary. The other hand casually massaged his shaft, slapping it against his laden belly and huffing with pleasure at his wicked experiment.

"I-I thought we were friends," the meal inside groaned.

"We are!" Maxi confirmed, a groan of masturbatory pleasure somewhat undermining his words. "Which is why I thought you'd be kind enough to help me with my work. I'd hate to have no reason to honor your name for time immemorial in my research acknowledgements."

Jules whimpered, shifting uneasily as the walls kneaded deeper, fluid soaking his clothes. He could smell the fibers beginning to dissolve, digestive juices now beginning to tingle at his fur. Pinned as he was, there wasn't much he could do to scratch the growing itch that dug deeper into his flesh. "I-it's hot, squishy, and itchy, Maxi...p-please..."

"Oh come now, Jules. You've made so much more masterful descriptions of food before. Surely you can describe yourself better."

"M-my pants are dissolving off of me. T-the fibers are burning away, and my shirt isn't doing much better," the feline began to begrudgingly describe, eyes clenched in the dark chamber as he honed his remaining senses on his experiences in the caustic chamber. "I-I can barely move my tail, but it's...more uncomfortable than the rest of me. T-the pooled acid is

covering my butt.”

“Mm,” the bunny huffed, “such a shame that meat won’t go anywhere, huh?”

“M-Maxi, this is mean enough!”

“Sorry, handsome. Keep making those observations and keep churning up, hm?”

Grk! Grgglll-sqrt...

“Gaptht!”

“Words, my culinary treat,” Maxi emphasized.

Jules groaned. “Your gut just squirted fluid on my face!”

“Mm, noted. Let me know when you start getting less handsome.”

Between his lazy self-pleasuring and note-taking, the next few hours began to blur together in a delightful haze for the blue bunny. His gut began to noisily get into gear, and—desperate for something to do in his trapped state—Jules did his best to describe the sensations, even answering Maxi’s more embarrassing questions.

“Feels a little stiller in there. You still around, Jules?”

“Yes, I just...can’t move my tail anymore...”

“Feel like you’re sitting on anything lumpy and mushy?”

“Yes, but...o-oh.”

“Mm, forty minutes in, tail is now mush. Could b-ooh, that’s a lovely squirm.

Embarrassed your tail’s digested?”

Jules only offered a huff in reply.

gLURSH, glut~

“Mmph, that was something big, wasn’t it?” Maxi moaned.

“My legs...a-and my butt...” grunted the humiliated reply.

Gurrrrgl-SHLURK glort-glurt~

“Mmmph, gosh it feels heavenly. Was that some of your fine cheeks getting slurped into my intestines?”

“A-are you masturbating to this?!”

“I only get to get off to my best friend pumping through my guts so many times, kitty.”

The exchanges continued until finally the former chef’s hopeless expression began to lose shape and sink into the bunny’s increasingly rounded belly, burbling beneath a sloshing mess and occasional words sinking into an unrecognizable, mushy muffled murmur. Four or five hours passed, the bunny’s notes keen even when a particularly good sensation of something being destroyed or getting pumped deeper caused him to blow a load all across the curve of his gut. He didn’t mind the dirtiness. He could always shower later; Jules...well, a shower wouldn’t help him when Maxi was done with him.

“Well, Jules, you’ve been an incredible friend,” he sighed, hands jiggling the distinctly less solid mass. “You’ve earned your place in the acknowledgements for certain. In fact, I think

you've earned a place in my collection even if this experiment doesn't work. Isn't that far nicer of me than flushing you away like I'd originally planned?"

S/sh-slosh...glurp!

"I knew you'd agree," the bunny said with a smile, body shivering at the feeling of his improved body absolutely pulverizing the cooking prodigy into a soup of its own. "But if this last step works...well, we'll have to see in a few more hours."

Yawning, Maxi set aside the book and pen, leaning back in the chair and closing his eyes to settle into a nap. With one final squeeze of his gut—an audible **CRUNCH** signaled an acid-weakened skull giving way—the alchemist fell asleep to the sound of his guts passing more and more mush through, baking it into its final form of the experiment.

When the blue bunny woke up, his belly almost appeared as if it'd never been fed at all. "Well, I knew the first part worked, but that's always a fun sight," he murmured to himself. Checking a nearby clock, he wrote down the time with a nod. His bowels could feel a massive load begging for release, a pressure that coaxed him to kick off his loosened pants and got him upright to get prepared.

Slowly, he grabbed a large gallon-sized jar, writing a large label upon it. "Date...name, Jules Tiago...age, 23...previously, chef prodigy...currently, rabbit shit...taste, delightful." Maxi deftly snatched up a small picture of the cat he'd gotten from his friend a few weeks back, taping it to the jar before putting it on the ground...and squatting.

With the improvements he'd made to his own body over many years and the serum at work, Maxi wasn't surprised to find what quickly became the most pleasurable shit of his life. Thick, densely-packed logs of waste squeezed out, stretching the bunny's hole just enough to almost stir his own cock to stiffness with arousal. Grunting, tail twitching, he released massive packs of former feline into the labeled jar, almost filling the large container completely by the time he felt the last bit of pressure leave his body.

Looking down at his work, Maxi couldn't help but grin. Not a single fragment of bone or clothing remained. His good friend had been completely destroyed by his body. "Mmph. My best baking job yet," he observed with plenty of amusement. That's everything you ever were...except...hopefully..."

Quickly sealing the jar and putting it on a shelf, the rabbit snatched a pint-sized bottle and held it up to his flaccid cock. Sighing, he relieved himself into it; but as the fluid began to spill forth, his grin only got larger. Rather than the null-hypothesis of a plain yellow hue, he was peeing out something more viscous and of a blue-green color. It faintly glowed as it settled in

the bottom of the bottle, the piss slowly cutting off with a final dribble. Maxi was careful to contain every drop before sealing the bottle.

"I'll have to do more tests, obviously, but...congratulations, Jules! I believe I've just discovered a way to distill an extra ingredient for experimentation through the normal baking progress," he cheerily observed, placing the bottle down on the main table. "If I figure out a way to communicate with you, maybe you can tell me how it felt having your soul pissed out of my cock."

The blue bunny was stopped by a sudden growl from his stomach. "...oh right! I didn't eat all day," the alchemist laughed, quickly writing up the label for Jules' isolated soul. "I ought to get something before the night's out."

As he made his way to the stairs, he turned around to look at the two pieces of his handiwork, his friend's body and soul in different embarrassing states. "But, before I go Jules," he called to the two containers, "I just have to say...I think this proves we have *great* chemistry together."

With that, Maxi left, quickly getting a new pair of pants before heading outside to find a still-open restaurant to eat at. Good chefs in the city were so hard to come by.