

The Kitty Test

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(Inktober 2019 Prompt, Day 3: Bait)

Content warning: Soft vore, digestion, and implied fatal.

"I have to go for a bit. I'll be back in, like...an hour or two."

One large rounded ear twitched at the distant words. Its owner shuffled out from underneath the sheets and stretched his arms, mouth gaping in a languid, impressively wide yawn. His blue eyes slowly scanned the room; the grey mouse was familiar enough with the room to quickly get his bearings even if it wasn't his. It didn't take long before he'd found a pair of clean underwear the proper size to accommodate his voluminous hips and slipped back on his blue jeans and sleeveless black hoodie.

That was the bunny's voice, Fomo thought, rolling his shoulders as he stretched out the last of his beauty sleep, *but...who was he talking to? Couldn't have been me*. He'd certainly remembered sharing the bunny's bed last night, especially after the two cute meals they'd fit snugly away. Distracted by the thought, the mouse looked down to his shoulder and, seeing another black spot upon the fur there, licked his lips. Sefra sure knew how to treat a mouse on a weekend night.

Oh, that's right! Fomo realized, snapping his fingers. *He'd said he was finally meeting a friend face-to-face. Wonder who they might be...*

Slipping into the living room, it wasn't hard to spot the guest. What was hard, however, was figuring out exactly what the new fur was. Slowly circling the couch, Fomo curiously investigated the creature who was sitting with their feet tucked up underneath them to one side. Tall, triangular ears. *Kitty?* Strange dark brown eye-shapes and angles on a plain brown fur. *Not kitty?* Long wavy tail. *Very kitty!* But bulky and super fluffy. *Less kitty...* Whiskers. *Usually kitty?* A longer face. *Not often kitty.*

It was about when Fomo's eyes looked over the weird marble's eye mark on the side of the newcomer's neck—*What a strange little mark for a cute guy to have*, the mouse thought—that the guest finally looked away from his laptop. His brown eyes glanced up and away from the screen, directly landing on the mouse's big, curious face.

"Aah!" Sefra's new friend squeaked, the last half of his tail startling upright as he instinctively turned the computer screen away.

“Hello there,” the mouse greeted, sweeping his tail to one side to hide how it’d stiffened up ever so slightly from the sudden reaction to his presence. “You must be new around here.” *I’d half-remember him if he wasn’t.*

“Ah, yeah,” the guest sheepishly replied, his face stretching into anxious grin offset by hopeful-looking eyes. “First time I’ve gotten a chance to visit Sefra in person, and he has to go run an errand for a bit. Just my misfortune, I guess.”

“Well, I’d say it’s my fortune, then,” the mouse mused. “‘cause now I get to meet another of the bunny’s friends. I’m Fomo.”

Seeing the slight blush on the guest’s cheeks at his words certainly didn’t discourage Fomo, the mouse playfully swaying his hips as the cutie started pulling his thoughts together “Ah! It’s nice to meet you. I’m Maven. Maven Treecat.”

Treecat? Fomo thought, adding the surname to the “kitty” evidence column while remaining slightly unconvinced. Completing his half-circle walk around the sofa, he hopped back to plop his butt down a half-cushion away from Maven. Rather than ask directly and ruining the fun of figuring it out, he instead opted to gesture to the laptop screen. “So what are ya looking at on there that’s got ya all bashful, Maven?”

“Oh, uh...nothing, really. I just get a little self-conscious when I see people sneaking looks at my computer screen,” Maven explained, turning the computer back around to allow the mouse to see. A text document full of small notes and numbers, a folder full of random landscape pictures, and a paused video game remix video on YouTube. “Pen and paper stuff. Like...D&D and Pathfinder and stuff. Even when I’m not GMing, it’s something I can work on in the early mornings and use for future games.”

I’d say that sort of self-consciousness is more rodent-like than kitty-like, the mouse pondered, glancing at the notes on screen, *but if anyone should know about breaking stereotypes, it’s me. Besides, I’ve had some tasty scaredy-cats for dinner before.* “Well, no reason to be self-conscious around me, Mavey,” he said, shrugging casually, “we’re all bunny friends around here. Honestly, I’m a little surprised he didn’t tell you I was sleeping over last night.”

“Well, Sefra doesn’t tend to keep me *completely* in the loop,” Maven chuckled. “I think sometimes telling people things slips his mind.”

Fomo nodded. “Right, well...don’t be afraid to take your shoes off is all I’m saying.”

His sofa companion blinked, looked over his shoulder at his bare paws, and then back up to the mouse. “...they’re by the door.” Then, almost immediately, Maven groaned. “Oh, you mean ‘just relax’. Ugh, sorry, missed that.”

"I mean, if you want to be literal, you're free to take off whatever clothes you want."

Watching the slow increase of color on those cheeks and the widening of those big brown eyes was a fun enough reward for Fomo. The follow-up comment from Maven, however, was just too funny to the mouse. "...really? Because I am kind of hot in here."

"Sure! Surely you don't think Sefra would mind, do ya?"

Fomo was surprised as Maven wiggled free of his shirt, a red shirt with a moogles upon it and a small banner that said "Save Game?". *Hee*, Fomo thought with a smirk, *I suppose that's two reasons Sefra may have made friends with him. Likes moogles and is okay with being convinced out of his clothes*. His new acquaintance showed significant flexibility in shifting his feet out from underneath himself and, without unbuttoning or unzipping the blue jeans, wiggling the waistbands of both those pants and the boxers underneath down over their curvy hips and straight down off their legs. "Haaah," Maven sighed, leaving all three clothing pieces on the floor in front of the sofa, "thanks, I think I have a lower heat tolerance than most people."

Looking at the cute, nervous, vulnerable cat-like acquaintance before him began to stir something inside Fomo. He quickly swallowed some of the saliva his mouth began building up as he looked down Maven's exposed chest. *He might not even be a kitty*, he chided his own body, even as his stomach gave an inquiring growl, *and bunny asked me not to eat any more of his friends after the last time I had spotty-cat. Mm, that fast food was really worth it, though*. He couldn't escape the thought of making those small orange-like freckles on Maven's chest into yet another few spots on his rump, though.

The mouse was beginning to run out of ideas, and, after a few seconds of silence and just before Maven leaned back down to his laptop, Fomo gave up. "Alright, Treecat," he asked, leaning forward towards the newly naked guest, "what sort of fur are you? I've been trying to put the pieces together for the past few minutes and I just can't quite get it. Are you a kitty?"

"Huh? Oh, I guess I'm half-kitty," Maven absentmindedly replied, shifting awkwardly as he looked at the seat, clearly debating if he wanted to tuck his feet back underneath him or not. "I'm a squirrelcat: half-squirrel and half-housecat."

"Mmm, I see...never had squirrelkitty" Fomo hummed to himself, the mouse's tail beginning to wave behind him from the growing intrigue. *Sefra, this is too cruel*, he mentally whined at the absent host, *I'm not supposed to eat your friends, but you leave a new flavor of my favorite food right in the open?*

As Maven awkwardly sunk back into looking at his laptop—lacking a conversation topic, the mouse assumed—Fomo felt his nose twitch. *Someone thinking about me or something?* Then, again, his nose felt the barest brush, causing him to draw a sharp breath inwards.

Looking down, he saw the tip of Maven's incredibly long tail, gently swaying in innocent and idle ways, the very tip of the fur tickling his black nostrils. The breath drew in a half-familiar scent...something close enough for his body to start asking the question Fomo was trying to be good and avoid: "Is it lunch?"

"Hnf...this isn't my fault," the mouse mumbled softly, trying to shift further down the sofa. Maven's tail was clearly impressive, almost as long as he was tall and almost as fluffy as he was wide. This, however, was to everyone's detriment; the more Fomo tried to scoot away, the more different angles the tail's tip found to drift teasingly across his face. *Do you want to get eaten or something, kittyhalf?*

Eventually, without more sofa to scoot down, Fomo slipped to his knees onto the floor, trying to duck the large tail's waves, facing away and squeezing his large ears down to the sides of his head as if trying to silence the hungry thoughts. Whether it was pure chance or the mouse's imagination, Fomo couldn't help but see the tail tip dangling just above him like a fishing rod cat-toy.

Slowly, Fomo let go of his ears and looked up wide-eyed at the tantalizing dangling bait. *Okay...when I think about it, I'm blameless, he began to reason to himself. Sefra should know better than to leave a kitty with that he wants kept around. The bunny would have at least warned **one** of us. Otherwise, kitties **belong** on **my** hips. So...all I have to do is figure out if Maven counts as a kitty or not.*

As he thought, he breathed in more of the unsuspecting squirrelcat's scent. A tiny bit of drool slipped out from between his lips, and his stomach began to voice its own opinions. As he felt the *grrrrrk* of a hungry tummy, Fomo licked his lips and reached up. *Right, we're all agreed then. Just a taste to make sure...*

Maven had just begun to stand up, eyes locked on the fridge in the adjoining kitchen with the intent of grabbing a drink, when a sudden warm dampness enclosed his tail's tip with a low "Aaah!-mmph~" sounding out behind him. Looking back, he watched the mouse begin to suck and drool over the furry limb, his own mousey tail wagging behind him and his ears flicking happily.

"Umm...d-do you mind?" Maven asked, his voice making the mouse turn around and look up at the squirrelcat with large, seemingly innocent and guiltless blue eyes. "You're kind of, uh, getting my tail all...soggy..."

"Mmmrfff?" Fomo couldn't speak too well with his mouth full, but a little bit of that sly hunger started to show on his face. The tail, soaked as it was, still found a way to flick and tickle the back of his throat. The taste was inconclusive. There was that familiar element, but Fomo could taste a nuttier flavor...even a sweeter note like that of honey. It wasn't entirely kitty, but

even the not-kitty part tasted delicious. *So...if the taste test isn't good enough...*

"...n-never mind!"

...there's only one better test for kitties.

"Forget I said anything at a-"

Glurk! Ulp-glrk-gulp-sqlch-glick-slurp-ulk...~

Fomo turned around, greedily gulping down the squirrelcat's tail. Maven awkwardly pulled away, but he was unable to resist the tight gullet's grip, stumbling backwards before his butt fell towards the snug confines of Fomo's wide-open mouth. The innocent look in those eyes melted away into a guiltless expression of enjoyment, eyes rolling up as he stretched around the squirrelcat's rear and folded his whimpering "test subject" together.

The tail that'd teased the mouse's hunger now tickled the inside of the hot and humid gut that'd insisted on lunch. Maven did his best to squirm, but the tight grip of the loudly gulping throat limited his options. Small hands meekly waved around for something to grip on, panicked eyes searching for a means of escape, and his paws dangled in front of his face, vainly hoping for the ground to be there. Soon, his flustered expression was framed by the edges of Fomo's mouth, watching his hands and feet follow the rest of him in. All the squirrelcat could manage was a low, conflicted mewl before Fomo gulped once more and squeezed that expression down that dark tunnel.

Slurping up the last wiggling digits of his lunch, Fomo paused his swallowing briefly to hum in delight at having his lips seal something so tasty inside. Then, even those whiskers and hands vanished down into his bulging belly.

Gik-ULP~

"Ahhh, yes~" the mouse sighed contentedly, looking down with pride as the last little bits slid through the entrance to his stomach and were closed over. He'd just gotten dressed, but it couldn't be helped. Fomo wanted to see and feel everything in this "test". The sleeveless hoodie, the jeans, and even the underwear all were tossed over the sofa's arm. *Might need a bigger pair after a big lunch like this anyway*, he reasoned as he laid down on the sofa..

The vague imprints of Maven's face, hands, and paws occasionally pressed out, but almost everything else had fit into a vague, lumpy, squirming bulge on his white belly. He licked his lips at the novel flavor of his meal, his own hands feeling that undeniably good-feeling sensation of his belly's growls and gurgles ramping up around a wriggling meal. As experienced as he was packing kitties away, Fomo could tell that not all of the squirms were escape attempts. Beyond the heavily belly-muffled anxious gasp of "F-Fh-mhh?!", all the squirrelcat

could manage when confined in a hot, humid gut eagerly squeezing around him and sloshing with digestive juices was embarrassed squeaks and mewls.

"Mewls? Very kitty like," the predatory mouse observed with a smirk, playfully pushing down on his laden stomach. "Mmph, lots of good squirming too. Ooh, just like that..." His big ears turned down at the trapped, wriggling meal, Fomo didn't miss a single sound of his belly at work.

Glrrnnnn...gurrgle...slrsrssh...groooooan~

"Mmhm...filling me out...sinking down...melting nicely for me?" Fomo leaned back his head, resting his cheek on his hand, leaving his other to casually grope and squeeze over one particular lump of the wiggling meal or another. "Ya know, I wasn't sure at first...but you sure do *digest* like a kitty..." The lack of response beyond perhaps a slightly more enthusiastic press outwards made Fomo grin. "Heehee, well, that settles it! You've passed the Fomo kitty test. So the only reasonable thing I can do is churn you down into mouse fat!"

Grglgl...slursh...glorp~

"Good kitty~" the mouse sighed, letting his tongue loll from his mouth and his gut noisily render the squirrelcat down as it'd done to so many cats before. *Two good meals in a row? Sefra really knows how to treat a mouse.*

"Sorry, that took a little longer than I thought," the moonblossom groaned as he closed the door behind him. "You want to go get lunch, M-"

Sefra looked over the room. In front of the sofa was piled Maven's clothes. On the arm of the sofa, Fomo's clothes rested. And, walking out from the bathroom with the sound of the toilet running behind him, was the grey mouse sporting a large, sloshing belly. "No thanks, bunny," the mouse said with a pleased smile, hoisting his belly up and letting the bulge shift as it continued to groan noisily. "I had a big lunch already."

"...really, Fomo? Again?" Sefra sighed, watching the belly jiggle and rock as the mouse walked closer.

"You left a kitty alone with me. I can't help it if they insist on being delicious."

"They weren't even a full kitty," the rabbit retorted.

"Well, he was a kitty where it counted," Fomo insisted, smirking as he pinned the cream-colored lapine between his laden gut and the wall, "and I can't in good conscience let

perfectly fine kitties go around not being mouse hips. Besides, his tail was practically asking me to do it.”

Sefra’s eyes glanced down. The mouse’s hips were certainly a good bit plusher than usual, and he could’ve sworn Fomo had one less spot on his plump rump than this morning. Fomo followed the bunny’s eyes and swayed his hips, grinning as the bunny gave a soft “Bweh!” in protest and began to blush.

“He’s just about gone,” the predator observed without an ounce of regret, sighing contently as his guts made good use of his meal. “Why don’t ya help me work the rest of him down and then we’ll go out for lunch?”

Sefra gestured to the half-full gut warmly pressing against him. “You’re digesting lunch right now!”

Fomo licked his lips with confidence. “I think I could go for seconds. Know any more kitties I can test?”