

Tasty Dates

by Maven Treecat

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Content warning: Nudity, light bondage, licking, teasing, soft vore, digestion, implied disposal, implied reformation, and hand-holding.

“You know, ever since I met you, I’m pretty sure I’ve gained weight,” Cassidy playfully observed, the squirrel rubbing her round cheek as if bashfully scrubbing away a blush. “You are not a date that allows a working girl to have an easy time planning a diet, either.”

Immediately upon completing the thought, her eyes whipped back to the squirrel-cat laying on the sofa beside her. She could tell from the look in their eyes and the way their chest rose what was coming. “I did not say I was upset by these facts, Maven,” she clarified with a smile, “merely that I’m amused someone so skinny could get me to be curvier.”

The office sofa was just large enough to accommodate both of them, but the office’s owner didn’t hesitate—once she’d sat up and tugged her skirt back from where it’d ridden up against the stiff cushions—to lay down over the prone squirrel-cat. Cassidy ran her fingers through Maven’s exposed fur; given how she’d stripped her date of clothing and used twine to keep those pesky hands and feet together and away, there wasn’t much fur that was unexposed anyway. So she simply let her fingers drift up the bound plaything’s chest as she stretched out, resisting the urge to squeeze at one of the rounded breasts and continuing all the way until her fingers gently brushed against the nape of Maven’s neck.

The squirrel-cat beneath her shivered. “I’m a little surprised, Cassidy,” they squeaked. “With how little you talked and ate at dinner today, I thought I was being too boring.”

Cassidy smiled. “Oh, no!” she remarked, the squirrel politely using one hand to brush Maven’s chest fur back down from its ruffled state. “Do you really think I’d be bored by you telling me about what you’ve found outside Gothark Spike thus far? Theories of the outside world? Of the fantastic situations and monsters you’ve encountered? No, I simply was figuring out what I wished to do with you afterwards.”

“Oh. Oh.”

“So, now that we have some privacy,” Cassidy mused, this time allowing her ‘polite’ hand to give a playful grope to Maven’s chest and watching the squirrel-cat squirm from it, “let’s talk freely...because I’ve been wondering about a few things about you.”

“But...you have all my records from when I was a slave.”

"I do."

"And from when you hired me for the adventurer's group. They're...quite detailed records. Especially the ones from when you were making them yourself."

"Why, thank you!"

"What could you want to know about me?"

Cassidy's hazel eyes glinted with a hint of mischief, a look Maven knew by now to gulp nervously at. The squirrel lowered her head to her bound date's neck, grinning as Maven tilted their head up and away. She sniffed, and the grin stretched until it tucked into two large dimples on the squirrel's cheeks. Then she licked, long and slow, against the squirrel-cat's neck. The shudder and breathy moan Maven gave was delightful enough, but it wasn't sight or sound or even feel that Cassidy's attention was most drawn to.

"Well, first off," Cassidy hummed, "I want to know why you're so tasty~"

Maven's wrists and ankles instinctively wriggled against the twine at that statement, the large tail they sat upon managing an alarmed flick with its barely-freed tip behind their back. "T-that's awfully subjective," the squirrel-cat observed with an anxious chuckle, "I imagine the...contexts by which you know me might color some of your...tastes."

"No, I don't indulge your...proclivities purely as a favor to *you*, you know." Cassidy's dismissal of Maven's points was soon accompanied by a firmer, more insistent lick on the exposed neck below. "When we first met in person, you smelled just like this. There's other furs with your proclivity, as we currently call it. None of them taste this *sweet*. None of them smell this *meaty*. None of them immediately conjure the mental image of what they might be like as a *honey-glazed roast squirrel-cat* when they pass within a *foot* of me."

Almost every statement was punctuated by a lick or soft nip of Cassidy's lips on their neck, and Maven quickly found themselves flustered into far redder cheeks than the squirrel had ever worn over the course of the night. They didn't offer an immediate response, especially amid the assault that began to dampen their neck with drool and inspire a low, quiet growl from the boss' belly. "Maybe you should've eaten more of your salad at the restaurant..." the blushing Maven observed.

"It'll make a good lunch at work tomorrow. Don't dodge the question."

Maven grinned sheepishly as they gave a quick apology before taking a deep breath, closing their eyes, and slowly assembling the words. "...well, I have been sharing my notes with you on this," the squirrel-cat began as their date pried her mouth away from their neck and rested it upon her hands, elbows propped up on Maven's chest, "so...I believe proclivity has to

do with a mark of will or desire upon the soul. And...I think actions that answer that call empower it to create desired effects.”

“So you wanted, even before you met me, to be trussed up meat for an oven?” Cassidy wryly remarked.

“No! I mean, certainly not consciously. And it seems like that is important,” Maven clarified. “I think...if you’re not familiar with your own proclivity, or if you don’t know what you want from it, or you can’t make a decision...whatever has the stronger will in the moment will decide for you.”

Cassidy raised an eyebrow. “Well, that isn’t in the notes.”

“It’s not, because I only have one or two data points...”

“Why don’t you tell me anyway?”

Maven took a deep breath once more. Their brown eyes looked aside with clear embarrassment, but...they clearly liked Cassidy a lot. “...Bertram.”

“Bertram Plodfoot?” Cassidy filled in. “Your former owner?”

“Y-yes. You know I had a thousand gold on my slave contract’s debt from revival costs, right?” Maven looked up, and they could tell Cassidy wanted to interject so badly. The only thing stalling the grinning squirrel was the fact she anticipated more from her captured squirrel-cat. Maven had far too much admiration for the administrator to deny her. “...you know both of those times were from him...eating me.”

“Gobbled up by a kobold, once before he even owned you. I know, I just like hearing you admit it in detail. So do continue,” Cassidy snickered, her broad tail almost wagging behind her.

Maven huffed, squeezing their thighs together. “Yes, well...when he ate me to impress his friends and cheat on that exam...I think I remember him saying something along the lines of ‘The only way he could make it any easier is if he came pre-cooked.’ And, since my proclivity was active at that point and I didn’t know it...”

“Your proclivity bent to a kobold’s will and made you as close to pre-cooked as possible,” Cassidy completed as Maven’s voice dropped off. “That is *incredibly* cute.”

Cassidy watched her nude hire and valentine flatten their ears, whimper, and give a happy flick of their tail tip once more. “What? It’s true. It’s one thing to find yourself prone to submission. It’s another to squirm at the idea of somebody gulping you down like a meal.” The squirrel leaned down once more, sliding her clothed body up the bound squirrel-cat’s until their

faces were close. "But you? Getting churned up by a kobold, squeezed through their body, and dumped...and then having your soul decide from a single tease that you need to be *even tastier* so people will be more tempted to snatch you up and work you over in their bodies the next time around? It's *adorable*."

Cassidy leaned down, Maven's conflicted feelings almost immediately melting away from the slight kiss their date placed on their lips. Those feelings returned ever so slightly when the squirrel licked her own lips at the flavor she'd briefly borrowed. "Mm. And I suppose the second pressing question, Maven...is what the origin of that mark on your neck is."

Briefly, the squirrel-cat thought to raise a hand to their neck, forgetting the bound state Cassidy had put them in. But they had looked in the mirror enough times to know the pale colored mark on their neck, the one shaped like a marble's eye. The one currently coated in drool. "I don't know? I think it's just a birthmark."

Cassidy nodded, then, scooped just a little further against the prone squirrel-cat. "Well, I suppose that is a simple enough explanation. That leaves the last thing I wanted to ask you about: would you mind me removing it tonight?"

Maven blinked. "Removing it?"

The squirrel simply leaned in with a devilish smirk and gave a short lick across the edge of her date's ear. "Sure," she cooed into their ear. "When I'm done with you, it won't be *anywhere* on you. You'll be nice and uniform. In shape, in color, in consistency. Been thinking of you like that all night. Sound like an enjoyable end for our date to you, Maven?"

The deep squirm of the squirrel-cat, the babbled "Ah...bu-...wha-...uh..." incomplete sentences of an overwhelmed brain, the wide eyes torn between admiration, approval, and embarrassment, the shuffle of that large tail trying to whip excitedly around beneath their tied-up body...that was as good as permission.

"See? I'm not regretting getting my salad boxed now, am I?" she chittered as sniffed deep into Maven's cheek. "Mm...what a scent. A romantic meal, some time to relax and get soft together, and a pleasing parting the following morning. And you thought you'd be bad at dating!"

The squirrel-cat cracked an uneasy smile, blushing profusely as their boss, friend, and valentine stretched her mouth open and slowly leaned forward. Hot, humid breath hit their nose, and their squirms grew in passion. Simultaneously flattered and embarrassed, Maven felt that familiar tug at their soul...and, in the company of someone they admired, they relented. Soon, their face was squishing in squirrel maw, slathered in drool, and suckled on by bulging cheeks.

And then, because Cassidy knew she could, the squirrel happily began gulping away. The only pause she gave in devouring the flavor of roast meat and honey glaze down was to

take her free hand—the one not firmly pressing more of her wiggling meal into her gullet—and warmly hold one of Maven’s. She let their fingers interlace and squeezed, just as much a sign of affection as teasing the anxious morsel for their earlier timidity that prevented them from trying to do so on the walk back from the restaurant.

She was sure, as she began hoisting the rest of the squirrel-cat up and sliding all of her true dinner order down inside of her, that Maven would have plenty of affectionate squeezes to receive from her over the course of the night. The fact they would be full-body squeezes from a hot, tight, gurgling gut eager to churn the squirmy thing up would not be an issue, either. After all, Maven couldn’t help herself. And Cassidy...well, she’d be a bad boss if her employees weren’t having their needs met under her watch!

ul-uLP! Broarp! “Excuse me...just my compliments to the meal!”

Cassidy laid back on her office sofa, still licking her lips for the flavor even as she yawned. Her hands rocked from side-to-side a large belly that had grown significantly less lumpy and firm over the course of the last few hours. Less talkative, too. Now, all that was left were the pleasing noises of her belly finishing up its work.

Sloosh, sllsh, glrk~

The squirrel was someone that enjoyed giving people what they wanted, but it was also a rare opportunity to work with someone so happy to give her what she wanted, too. Perhaps that was why this workplace romance didn’t seem overly like a conflict of interest. Then again, if she was overly concerned with that, maybe she wouldn’t have been eating Stank on occasion. Either way, she didn’t seem overly concerned with the five-hundred gold she’d be out for getting one of her more successful adventurers back from a wasteful state.

The squirrel administrator simply closed her eyes and relaxed to the sounds of Maven settling in for the night, slurping through her intestines in a way that she knew would have the adventurer’s soul squirming. Her belly felt warm and full, and sleep was fast approaching. She had a bag ready for the morning, and she was confident she could get a revival scheduled for the following day. In the meantime, it’d be a fun trophy.

With all her curiosities and hungers sated, Cassidy sighed. “Goodnight, Maven. It was a wonderful date,” she whispered, chest rising and falling in slower, more steady breaths as she drifted off. She didn’t even notice the small, pale marble’s eye mark on her neck.