

Customer Service

by Maven Treecat

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Commissioned by [Jenny](#)

Content Warning: Soft vore, dubious consent, implied fatal, digestion, hyper drool, hyper tongue, maw play, magic, drugs, mental manipulation

Ralieh huffed, her cheek pressed against the counter's surface. The large tongue lolling from the side of her mouth and drooping along the expanse next to the cash register made her appear half-dead; the oversized appendage wasn't something new, though. The dark circles around her eyes weren't entirely new, either. But, while she wasn't insane enough to be the sort to be genuinely excited by being a cashier at a coffee shop, there definitely was something new about how she didn't brighten up a bit at the sound of the door's bell jingling with the arrival of a new customer.

ding-ding~!

"Guuuuuuh..." the gryphon groaned, pushing her head up from out of the pool of drool she'd made and righting herself to try and focus on the approaching shape, "W-welcome! Hhhwhat can I getcha this mornnnn...uhh, afternoon?" Her eyes slowly gained focus, and, as if adjusted by the same sluggish thought process, her beak just as slowly stretched into an awkward approximation of her usual lazy, friendly smile.

Jenny looked a little stunned by the uniformed gryphon behind the brewery's register. The long, soaked tongue that hung from her beak was eye-catching, sure, and so was the soaked fluff along the right side of her face. The lavender mouse, however, was mostly concerned with determining whether she was being served by a zombie or not. "Uhhhh...can I get a medium chai?" she asked, wiping fresh workout sweat from her brow. *Was this girl always like this?*

"Oh...we don't make our own baked goods, miss."

The mouse opened her mouth, then closed it. She looked at the case of muffins and cookies and biscotti between her and the employee as if it might make some sense of the response. It didn't. "...what?"

"Yeaaaahh, we get the baked goods shipped in," the pink-feathered gryphon said with a tired shrug. "So...no way we've got anything with weed. Sadly."

Jenny paused, blue eyes glancing away as she mentally rewound the conversation. ...oh. "...no, a medium **chai**, not a medium **high**," she clarified.

Ralieh grimaced. "Oh, yeeaaaah. That'd make a lot more sense, huh..."

The mouse watched the gryphon stagger towards the tea dispenser, internally debating from the fumbled cups and slumped posture whether the lunch shift employee was hungover, drunk, or high as her implied acceptance might've suggested. "Uh...how much do I owe? I haven't...paid yet," Jenny pointed out.

"Fuck." The exclamation from the realization of her doing things out-of-order was followed by the sound of hot liquid pouring into the cup the gryphon held; its force overwhelmed the weak grip she had held the cup with and sent it falling through her hand. Her reflexes jerked her body down, talons seizing the falling cup hard enough to prevent its knock against the dispenser's bottom from sending the cup spilling to the ground...but also hard enough to crumple the recycled paper exterior. "*Fuck!*"

"Are you okay?"

Ralieh didn't protest as her customer strolled around the counter and took a hold of the larger girl to steady her. She set the cup down and slumped against the ground. "Just...a lil' woozy, s'*fiiiiine*..." she mumbled unconvincingly.

Jenny frowned. "You're swaying and barely able to think straight. What's going on? Are you overheated?"

"I'm always hot, but no."

"Diabetic?"

"Sweet of you to consider."

"Anxiety?"

"Might be giving me it with all these questions."

The mouse almost didn't catch the playful tone or tired grin on the barista's face, but she did and shook her head. "Well, *something's* going on...can you think of anything?"

"Mhh..." Ralieh tapped her beak with a finger as she let her weight lean into the mouse, "...guess I did skip lunch today...and breakfast...and kinda most of dinner yesterday..."

"Good grief!" Jenny exclaimed, wresting the cup from the gryphon's talons and putting the barely filled container to the side. "C'mon let's get you to the seats."

Ralieh was a little surprised by the mouse's strength; while she could see the toned chest that peeked out from below the belly-exposing jacket and top, she wasn't expecting those arms to be capable of hoisting her from underneath her wings and walking her towards the lounge-area near the windows. The momentary relief allowed her body to release some of its tension and her hunger-dizzy brain to wander.

It hadn't been intentional. The twisting pain in her belly was a rare sensation for a girl like Ralieh who knew how to enjoy simple pleasures. But distraction after distraction had led to this. Being reminded of it only twisted her belly further. Already she was imagining what she might get. A cookie from the coffee shop's stock? Fast food from two doors down? Maybe she could find relief for a large hoagie at that local sandwich shop. But most of all, she just felt like mindlessly filling her gut, stuffing herself and fueling her solo shift without any decision-making of her own. If only the food could just...come to her instead.

Jenny, as she slowly walked the staggered barista towards a soft-looking lounge chair, took the opportunity to look the pretty girl over. First a read of the name tag, then a quick curious look at the gryphon's shape. She'd never seen Ralieh at the gym, but she seemed fit enough for someone without a healthy eating or workout regimen. The vibrant feathers contrasted with the plain brown uniform, which wasn't a terrible look, and...what was that warm, wet feeling?

A glance to her shoulder immediately provided answers. That surprisingly girthy and soaked tongue was draped over her coat and already soaking through her jacket and top. Clearly the most fit muscle Ralieh had, its tip drifted in front of the mouse's chest like a pendulum from its own sheer weight. Gingerly, she reached up to lift the organ off her only to find the drool-slicked appendage too thick and slippery to lift with any effort described as 'gingerly'. She tried heaving it, only for it to slap further towards the center of her torso, the wet slap directly applying some of that mildly pink transparent fluid to the paler lilac fur that peeked just above her top.

Pink? Huh...

Eventually, the mouse gave a groan as she settled Ralieh into that more comfortable position, the tongue naturally following its owner...once Jenny had put at least a foot of space between them, at least. The trail of soaked fur, fabric, and flesh it left on the mouse after dragging off tingled in a not altogether unpleasant way, but at least that strangely lewd organ was off of her! It just was left dangling from that stretched wide beak and all that liquid-drenched mawflesh...all of it pulsing eagerly, ravenously...invitingly...

"I, uh...I've got an apple?" she mumbled, fishing into her bag for the mentioned item.

"I can't take your food...I'll just get an oatmeal cookie from back..."

Jenny's heart jumped as her hand found the smooth red surface and fished it out. "NO! No...it's a gift, really."

Ralieh tilted her head down. "...really?"

"R-really! Please take it!" The mouse held the apple out.

Ralieh looked at the offered fruit. She couldn't bring herself to lean up out of her comfy seat, so she simply reached with the most convenient thing she had. Her tongue lifted, firmly slurping across the waxy skin and wrapping around the fruit's circumference—and the mouse's fingers holding it—with clearly trained control. Then its middle drooped, folding to begin dragging its prize back.

Jenny shuffled forward with a quiet eep, caught by her fingers and tugged towards the gryphon. Her pulse quickened, her eyes widened, and she tried to let go. Instead, she found those yawning depths drawing closer, her cupped hand leading the way to squelch and sink into the massive red carpet's barely mouth-contained stretch. The beak closed over her wrist, and she chewed her lip in anticipation.

Ralieh sucked around the fruit and hand both, a slight grind of her upper beak over the outer surface of the fruit breaking its skin and freeing just a trickle of juice. Her eyes rolled back with the immediate understanding she'd finally be getting something to treat her body's lethargy, the sweet flavor dribbling over a lavender wrist and across her taste buds. Immediately, her drool shifted in composition once more, a potent apple scent blooming from her mouth as if a scented oil had aromatized the room. Faintly yellow juice poured down her shirt and washed over Jenny's wrist. She swished, opened her mouth, rolled her tongue free of Jenny's hand, rocked her head back, and gulped.

Jenny's apple tumbled towards the dark back of her new acquaintance's maw before her very eyes, hitting the awaiting turn downwards before, with a firm tug, it was swallowed whole. She trailed its bulge descending Ralieh's neck before vanishing beneath that pink, juice-matted chest. As she removed her freed hand, she was...happy. Happier than she expected she'd be. Many of her thoughts of her day ahead, the tea she hadn't gotten, her confusion at the proliferation of apple juice from the gryphon's mouth...all of them began to quiet and dull.

Ralieh sighed, but winced as her stomach demanded more. "...got anymore, by any chance?"

The mouse's tail flicked in alarm at the thought of giving bad news. "Uh...that was all I had...Ralieh. But I could go get something else! Anything. Just say the word and I'll run get it."

The gryphon rested her head against the top of the seat's back. Her thoughts resumed their prior course...and absent-mindedly she licked around her mouth. One lingering taste

beneath the overwhelming apple juice flavor was that of something new...the taste of mouse meat, something that appealed to Ralieh's more feline elements greatly. *But I'm just a stranger, she'd never...* The second flavor was a concoction her brother had given her to try and become immune to. It was something she'd find useful thanks to her ability to transmute her own drool, he'd said. He was specifically emphatic to remind her it wasn't a "love potion", no matter how similar the...

Ooops. Accidentally drugged this nice mouse. ...oh well~

"You sure you don't have anything for me?" Ralieh asked, a naughty smile growing as her stomach gurgled in anticipation of a new, opportunistic gambit. "Nothing more...protein heavy?"

"No! I can go get something, though, I promise!"

"Mmh...you sure? Nothing strong and meaty? Nothing that spent so much time keeping in shape to be the perfect protein boost for a hungry gryphon?" She leaned forward from the chair, happy to spend a little energy for something this indulgent. Her tongue slipped out once more, stretching to slurp a little of the sweat from off the girl's cheek and replace it with a much more intentionally potent mix of desire. "I'd love it so much...love *you* so much."

Jenny gulped, gradually realizing. Her hands reached up and, reading Ralieh's calm gaze as permission, began to play her fingers along the tongue. Her hands toyed with the pliant surface and squeezed the firm mass, letting the once-again-pink fluid soak into her palms as she debated if she could possibly tell this enchanting gryphon no. The further along her hands reached—the further she leaned in—the further away her thoughts of self-preservation slipped. "Well, I..."

Ralieh flexed her tongue, the wave of the slimy, drool-pouring muscle almost too powerful to be contained in those curious mouse hands. It dipped down, stroking across Jenny's midriff and dragging purposefully upwards. The barista delighted in feeling her prey shudder with every inch her tongue brushed through, gushing plenty of will-numbing slime to drench the poor girl with. It passed between her breasts, over the cloth top, up that sensitive neck and the underside of the mouse's chin, and bent until, with a lazy *plap*, it slapped over that cute, increasingly blushy face.

"I'm sure there's *something* convenient you could give me," she hummed, rolling her tongue across the now gasping and trembling mouse and appreciating how she entirely obscured the girl's expression with lewd tongue and slimy coercion...like she almost didn't matter as a person before Ralieh's hunger. "Something that can disappear inside of me I could use to have a truly great day. A customer like you serving me, all so I can provide good customer service...it's only fair! And all it'd take is that meaty, tasty gift sliding down my throat until it's alllll gone..."

glrrGll...c-crunch...sqrrk~

Gently hooking a hand around Jenny's back, Ralieh pressed the mouse into her lap, belly to belly. "Hear that? Your apple didn't last very long," she observed with a grin, opening wide as if her new acquaintance might see the apple down it. Of course she couldn't; it was just a dark tunnel into blackness, an ominous abyss encircled by glistening flesh. "I might not make it without something else filling me up. My belly really wants something else inside it."

Jenny couldn't stop herself. Her body moved automatically despite the warm grossness her body had been thoroughly exposed to. Soon, her hands were touching the inside of Ralieh's beak, testing the squishy, smooth mawflesh with a growing curiosity. Warm, surprisingly clean breath washed over her face. "I...I could feed you."

"You could."

"I could feed you...me."

"Ah! Really? You would be just...*perfect* for my lunch."

As something in Jenny's mind muffledly protested, she smiled. "R-really! Please...take me."

Ralieh wasn't usually this indulgent, but...she was *really* hungry. "Mmm...you already taste great," she rumbled excitedly, leaning up to pet her hands over the mouse's shoulders. "...you're going to be a perfect fit too." She looked her former customer in the eyes. "What's your name?"

"Jenny!" she squeaked.

"Jenny...I'm truly grateful." The beak yawned wider, and her hands gripped those shoulders more firmly. "But are you sure? Once you go down there...it's over for 'Jenny'. You'd just be meat then...and meat that won't last long at that. Meat gets *destroyed* down there, you know."

The alarm bells rung. This was real. The gryphon was allowing her every opportunity to say no, but all her loudest thoughts were of a need to satisfy this pretty catbird service worker. Her body wanted to be squeezed over and packed down for her. *Just...say no*, the mouse thought. *Say no...I didn't train all this time just to be obliterated by some stranger's belly. Say no. Say no! Say-*

"Y-yes! Please...I want to be your meat."

Mmm...no wonder big brother likes doing this so much, Ralieh thought gleefully. “Well, Jenny, it was nice knowing you. Now let’s get you home, food. My belly is going to love you even more than it loved your apple.” And, with that, Ralieh proceeded to not let a perfectly pre-prepped meal go to waste.

Slrrrrrrrp! Glrch-squish...GULP!

At first, the press into all those pools of saliva and slimy insides gave Jenny a rush of anticipation, a guilty shudder as her brain tried to warn her about the slightly acrid scent coming from deep inside. Then, with that first gulp—her bucktooth smile leading the way and her cap pressing back to crumple against the back of her neck—the sense of joy at being useful for the object of her current infatuation surged. Even as that fleshy tunnel squeezed her down, she felt grossly excited by every long slurp over her increasingly mouth-buried body. She squirmed, grateful she could help Ralieh in her moment of need, grateful she could be so tasty and strong, grateful to be her food. *No! No no no no no-*

Ralieh couldn’t help but love the feeling of indulging in live meat. It didn’t matter if the mouse was clothed or particularly salty; in fact, Ralieh quite liked it. Nothing about the mouse’s clothes or efforts made her any more a person now: she was food. The gryphon reveled in the feeling of smooshing a girl like Jenny all around her mouth, breathing over all her, and sending all of that carefully-maintained mouse body down. But it was her tongue that made it glorious. Tucking it between clothing layers, snaking around limbs, slapping over exposed areas...with so many taste-buds at work on that strong muscle, every slurp over purple meat was a moment of true ecstasy. But her stomach *needed* this...and so she gulped away until she could lean back and let those feet and tail slide languidly down past the point of no return.

Jenny’s face pressing into a mush made the last undrugged vestiges of her mind inwardly whine and panic. It was apple mush, to be precise; her first gift already had been pulverized by a neglected and now overeager stomach. It was too clear of a sign of what was in store for her. The one thing her infatuated thoughts and sensible survival instinct agreed on? Squirming. She had to squirm as the body snugly squeezed around her and stretched to accommodate the fresh meat, whether it was to massage and excite the predator’s insides or to display that suppressed inner resistance.

Shlrrrrrrrp...Gluck-GULK! “Ahhhh!~” glurp, gwrrrgl~

The barista couldn’t believe how big a difference just having Jenny squeezed and snugly sealed into her stomach made. Already her brain was signalling the all-clear, once more budgeting strength to her body while the strangely mouse-shaped bulge wriggled and pressed out in unclear, wriggling motions: was she trying to escape or enjoying her new role as food? It didn’t matter to Ralieh. She pressed her hands to her belly, her saliva once more a normal, pleased, clean drool in appreciation of the flavor that had passed through. She felt that firm back and silly head’s shapes, and she cupped at the bottom where that toned rump sat. Her own

strong chest tensed against the form, keeping it nice and in place for the quickly building acids squeezing gut walls. “Mmhf, that really hit the spot,” she said, standing up and slowly walking her way back to the counter. “Okay, lunch break over! Back to work with me.”

And what about the customer you left waiting?! Jenny wanted to yelp. What actually came out was a groan of eager worship, muffled by gryphon insides and interrupted by a firm squeeze, grind, and rising pool of stomach juices.

Glurk, growl, squish, squick...slosh-GUURRGLE, GWOORRP, GWWRRRNN~

Ralieh patted Jenny’s back from outside the layers of shirt and gryphon belly. “Yes, thank you, lunch! If any paying customer arrives, I’ll be here and fully fueled to serve them now.” The gryphon didn’t know which was more disqualifying for the digesting mouse: that Jenny never paid due to Ralieh’s own mess-up, or that Jenny was now food and food couldn’t be a customer. But, as considerate as the coffee shop employee was, she finished filling the slightly dented cup of chai tea and, seeing no one else around, treated herself to a nice long drink.

All her gym sessions failed to get her out or overpower her drugged state, but they did succeed at promising a very nutritional meal for the pink-feathered barista. She didn’t miss the slight humor of finally feeling that chai tea running over her big ears and blue hair and down her face now that Ralieh was fed. It didn’t distract from the fact she was beginning to squish inwards and join the apple mash. *I’d have paid if you’d gotten the order right...* she grumpily thought, arching her back out from inside the gryphon’s pink belly just to get tightly squeezed together again by that insistent stomach’s churning. With how Ralieh purred, she could tell her squirms were being greatly enjoyed by her captor. Drenched as she’d been in mind-hazing chemicals, that realization only further satisfied the parts of her mind in control. *No, come on, this is bad! Work, body! Work!* But every churning squeeze relaxed her more, her body certain as it began to uncomfortably yet pleasingly melt that it was right where it needed to be. It didn’t stop her from groaning out at the embarrassing deconstruction.

GLuRcH, glooorp, GLURP-squish “Mmhf! Hhmmm!” *GwOrSH-blrb GLRRN~ ding-ding~!*

The door bell’s ring perked Ralieh right up. A many-buttoned pangolin walked in and was treated to a bright smile from a pink gryphon, long tongue hanging only slightly from it; fully awake and fed, she had the presence of mind to curl it back as much as possible. No person would want to deal with such a gross and slimy tongue, after all! Besides, she had an ulterior motive; much of that length still carried traces of sweaty mouse flavor, and she was happily gulping all of that resulting drool back. “Welcome! What can I get for you this afternoon?”

The pangolin didn’t miss the bulge, especially given its redoubled wriggles from the ramped-up gastric motions working on processing it alive. “Don’t suppose you’ve more of those in stock?” he asked half-jokingly.

“Afraid that’s just my lunch for today,” Ralieh said, paying no mind to the last ditch muffled noises of a name she couldn’t recognize. She just patted her stomach—now only vaguely person-shaped and unidentifiable even if, say, a friend of Jenny’s walked in—and gulped another shower of slimy saliva atop the helpless mouse. “Just the menu items, sir!”

D-dang it! If only I were facing the other way...maybe he’d recognize me then. Hey, body! Jenny desperately thought, scrambling for options. *That’s Teshy out there! Uh...we should...definitely let him know we’re in here so he knows how...happy we are helping Ralieh out, yeah!* That thought seemed to resonate with her half acid-submerged body. The food gave a strong, eager push outwards, turning its head in a futile attempt to have the gross gut walls squeezing its face highlighting its expression. “T-Teshy! *Unnh..* I-I’m in here!”

The new customer looked at the squirming bulge with amusement, hearing only a series of utterly unintelligible muffled noises from something so obviously food. “What’d it say?” he curiously asked.

BUORRRRP! “cuse me,” Ralieh said as stray purple hairs flew out from deep within Her otherwise one-way tunnel, licking her beak with a knowing smile and jostling her belly. The mouse’s pleasing motions stilled in the newly stale air inside, giving the barista a different but equally satisfying pleasure. “It said ‘Wow, I’m digesting!’ You know how food likes to say the obvious.”

GRKqK-glrrrrrrrn, GLORP!

Teshy snickered at the bulge. “Well, you sure are. Ah well...” The pangolin looked over the menu with a sigh as he adjusted his hat, mildly disappointed now he didn’t have time for a full lunch. “Guess I’ll have a small chai tea. Was working out with a friend and she got me wanting one. Oh, and one of those cookies.”

“That’ll be \$4.68! What name should I put it under?”

“Teshy.”

Gworrrglle...glrrrrrn-squelch! “Mhh...brbl...**Smoosh, glorp, glrp, sgrunch~**

An exchange of money later, the barista quickly got the requested items as her bulge quieted and began mushing down in earnest. Jenny, out of options and no longer able to convince her body to obey her, sunk beneath the burbling pool of stomach juices. Ralieh—happy with a belly full of surrendering mouse meat, acid-tattered clothes, and chyme—just handed over the cup and cookie and watched the pangolin head to the seating area as if it were just another workday. “Another satisfied customer thanks to a satisfied employee,” she said with a self-satisfied nod.

“Oh hey, Jenny’s bag!”

Ralieh froze as Teshy lifted the abandoned and one-apple-lighter bag up in the air with a very clear familiarity. A well-fed brain rapidly put the dots together, and all Ralieh could do was quietly hope that...

“...she must’ve left it here accidentally. I’ll run it back to her place.”

The pangolin left with his order, leaving the barista and her settling food to stand dumbstruck behind the counter. The silence was broken by a simple reflex.

BwourrrrRRRp! splat!

An acid-damaged cap flew and wetly landed into the pool of drool she’d made not an hour ago next to the register. Looking at it, she released her tension with a lackadaisical laugh. “...I’ll give him the benefit of the doubt,” she eventually said to herself, wiping up the counter and putting her churned-up trophy back with her purse in the employee’s area. “Maybe he just needed a good lunch too. Hard to think while hungry.”