

STREET RATS

A Paramouth Sequel Commission - Written by Ty

Isaiah tapped his pen incessantly against the washed up denim on his thigh. He wasn't staring anywhere in particular, just passively watching the other park denizens enjoy the public space more than he was. A couple of teens kicking it by the bathrooms situated near the small creek running west along the main walkway, a mother and her two kids on the jungle gym, some friends playing tennis, and several joggers and stragglers coming and going as they pleased.

Seated at a picnic table with benches on both sides, his front faced the more situated facilities while his back looked away from the sprawling natural landscape that drew people to this sanctuary at the city's center. Isaiah's head rested in his up-turned hand, cupping his jaw and cheek, occasionally letting his eyes wander down to the notebook opened on the table before forcing his mind back to the sights.

He needed the distraction. Why he brought his notes in the first place was beyond him. Perhaps it was a nervous compulsion? Still, he came here to get away from his work. His roommate suggested as much, just short of recommending he drop his thesis research for a whole week to go on a proper trip. Somewhere outside the city if he could swing it.

There was still so much left to do. He couldn't excuse such a gaping retreat from his responsibilities. Not even a day of lost progress was acceptable. So he found a compromise, taking the afternoon off to calm his mind and decompress. He'd explore the city on a less hectic weekday, after general work hours and before the nightlife could set in. The twilight where he was most at ease navigating the throng of strangers from whom he generally preferred excluding himself.

That was how he ended up in Enterprise Park, at a lonely table for just him and his thoughts. This still brought to question why he'd brought his notebook in the first place, but keeping his mind occupied on people watching was a suitable alternative to surrendering to academic anxiety.

Seeing how other people spent their early evening was only a small comfort to his weary mind, imagining how little most of the strangers he observed had to worry about, or even just how different their own struggles were relative to him. Good or bad, he let the theories play out in his head like small dramas. Often he wondered whether people could read him as easily as he felt he could read them.

Would they be able to tell he was a student? A doctoral candidate at that? Would they know he was the first generation of his family to actually attend university? Could they tell that even with these positive attributes, he was even now on the verge of dismissal if he couldn't devise a suitable thesis topic to dedicate himself to for the next two years of his life? After all the positive

accolades and promising acumen he demonstrated through undergrad and the beginning of his med school career, it could all crash over him if he couldn't make a decision, and soon...

He shook his head with a shiver, his shaggy, sandy hair waving around in the light breeze. Those thoughts weren't any help. He was here to forget those worries, if only for an afternoon. His blue eyes returned to people watching. He turned around, seeing if anything could pull his attention on the main trail following the water behind him.

At this time of day the park was nearly deserted, even for such a populated city. Still, one person caught his eye, approaching the region of the park in which he was seated. A young woman with tan skin and dark, chocolatey hair, cut to just above her shoulders. She struck a pronounced image from a distance, carrying herself with a casual boldness that gave her full sway of her trajectory. Not someone to get out of the way of somebody coming the other direction, he imagined. And yet, this wasn't criticism, rather an acknowledgment of the comfortable confidence she exerted. Add on a cool outfit and a healthy, fit figure, Isaiah found himself watching her stride longer than he should've.

Long enough for the woman to feel his attention and her eyes to look his way. As soon as they met, he stiffened, then attempted to focus on any number of points around her, not *on* her. In his head, he knew the 'pretending-to-look-anywhere-else' bit generally never convinced anyone. He feigned satisfaction that, indeed, he wasn't looking anywhere in particular, then turned back to the table. His cheeks flushed, embarrassed at his own insensitivity. Most likely she'd just go on with her walk and not pay any mind to the peeper.

Despite his shame, he found her image a refreshing one. He imagined a scenario in which he had the guts to get up and say hi, or any circumstance that would facilitate an organic introduction. Somehow, he'd pull some kind of charming line out of his ass. She'd smile, reciprocate, then he'd introduce himself. He'd get her name, whatever it might be, it had to be as approachable and charming as she was.

Isaiah sighed, lost in his imagination, even as he unconsciously stared down into his notes. He wasn't aware of the gravelly steps approaching from the path.

The hair dryer whirred loudly against the marble walls and mirror, blasting hot air through the dark damp locks Kat ran her fingers through. She was fresh from the shower, a classy gray towel tightened around her chest and waist. Her smooth tan skin refreshed from the wash after a long day in the sun. Her calves ached, though she relished the tightness she knew were reflected in the musculature of her leg. She twisted her heel out, appreciating her form, or rather her progress. Not quite where she wanted to be physically, but she'd take the win. Right now, her legs looked like they were on track to kick a man's head off. Or crush a melon between her thighs.

Kat smirked, an entertaining thought that would demand some trial later. In the bedroom, she heard the rustling of clothes and general motion. Taylor was getting ready himself, as he had somewhere to actually be. She turned off the hairdryer, letting her full hair come to rest just above her shoulders. She considered putting it up in a ponytail, then decided against it, anticipating the chance to dry it in the cool evening.

The lights turned off as she left the bathroom, and found her man tying his shoes while sat at the foot of her bed. He looked up as he sensed her enter, defaulting to his usual wide grin, "Hey Kitten."

"Tank~" she returned his own pet name, crossing him as she strutted to the dresser, understanding the small show she put on for him all the while, "You didn't hold off on the shirt for my benefit, did you?"

He chuckled, "Naw, actually. I realized I didn't bring anything besides my shirt for the hike." He raised a hand in defeat, gesturing to the pile of far sweatier clothes he'd thrown off before his own shower. In the guest bathroom, of course.

Katarina considered this issue, turning away to open up her drawers and get her own outfit together, "Don't you have your uniform at work? Just wear the old one 'til you're there."

"Yeah," he accepted she had a point, though grimaced at smelling the dirty laundry pile, "I just don't want to stink heading in, ya know? Just washed up and all."

"Okay princess," she grinned, relishing the embarrassed face he must've been making behind her. After finding a pair of briefs and ankle socks, she opened up her folded shirts and dug in the back for a second before pulling out an older, baggier piece. She tossed it to the bed behind her, "Try this, should fit well enough."

He received the tee curiously, holding it up at level with his broad shoulders. The shirt was at least a large, though not quite enough for his bulk, "Uh, should I ask why you have a men's large? This yours?"

Kat hadn't considered the reason for his concern while grabbing a tank top for herself, then realized her foul soon enough, "Oh, no, that's just some guys. Trust me, he's long gone. Don't even remember his name."

"Ah..." he paused to ponder the implications of her equally blunt and ambiguous explanation, "So how many guys' shirts do you have?"

Kat shrugged after finding a pair of jeans she thought would feel nice and tight around her legs to compensate for their soreness after their morning hike, "Dunno. A few? They just kinda turn up."

“Oh...” she smirked, it was amusing how quickly his mood shifted, like her own human Labrador.

She turned to him with her winning smile, holding her chosen outfit and slinking to the bed, “Aww... You know, I’m well in my right to have had some fun over the years before you came along.”

She meant for the comment to be playful, though it only invited deeper thought into his furrowed brow, “I mean... you don’t see me as just another guy, right?”

Kat stopped, looking up to the hulking softie, now thinking maybe she’d gone too far. She reached a hand over, rubbing his shoulder thoughtfully, “I dunno, you’re still here. Aren’t ya?”

He didn’t answer, though instinctively softened at her warm touch.

Kat sighed, “Look, we’ve been doing this for a month now, yeah? That’s more than a fling in my book, so you’re doing fine. Alright?”

He thought about it for a minute, though maybe just found himself caught up in her reassuring gesture alone until he smirked back, “Yeah, alright.”

She smiled in turn, “Cool!... Now turn please.”

He did as she said, chuckling to himself remembering her preference for modesty, “Ya know, we’ve seen each other naked already. Do I really gotta-?”

“If you don’t mind, big guy.” Her smirk lasted until she dropped her towel before she started dressing. Truthfully, she saw his point, though took minor satisfaction in the small disciplines she could enforce. Her underwear and bra on, she sat down on the bed to put on her socks. Doing so, she looked over to him. He was now putting on the shirt she gave him, his traps and deltoids flexing appealingly as he squeezed the two sizes too small top over his mass. Now was her turn to enjoy a show, and she wasn’t disappointed. Pulling on her jeans, she appraised the tightness of their fit as well as how tightly the shirt clung to his sculpted form, his work as a trainer more than exemplified by his proud build. Not so jacked that he was a behemoth, but an expertly curated, healthy body that any model would be envious of.

‘*Glad I never ate him,*’ she thought mischievously to herself. Sure, the thought had crossed her mind since the day they met. Granted, she was already occupied at the time of their meeting. Still, when she made the rare call to actually accept his invite for a drink, she found herself oddly charmed by the handsome oaf. He wasn’t a peer in terms of intelligence, but he kept her active in more ways than one. It was odd seeing the same guy for so long, even introducing him to her friends on the odd occasion they met up.

Yet, every date, every night spent together, every time they’d fuck, the itch came back. She’d taken several opportunities to sample his taste, much to his initial confusion turned enthusiasm

for her unique brand of affection. With so many tastes, she knew how delicious he'd be. Such a meaty, full body she'd absolutely savor for as long as humanly possible before sending him like so many others to her most truly intimate depths...

Then again, he was funny. And cute, and encouraged her to do more with her life than just work and work out. Well, more than he was aware of. Her tank top on, she walked back into his line of sight, sitting next to him and pulling her arm around his waist to his welcome surprise.

"Thank you hun, you know I appreciate it," she laid the warm, nurturing tone on thick for his sake.

As always, he took the bait, "O-of course, baby." He returned the gesture, wrapping his far bigger arm around her shoulders.

As he embraced her, she repressed the instinct to flinch. It wasn't unwanted, she'd never admit that. Really, it was the subtle body language that unsettled her. The effect of him having this slight sway over her.

"Tay," she started, staring ahead, "do me a favor."

He nodded, so she continued, "Go ahead and kneel in front of me."

His blonde brow raised, but he obeyed. Pivoting his closer leg to take stance on his knee in front of her, his raised leg just barely touching her calf. He looked into her eyes expectantly, wondering where this was coming from. She stared, her expression in deep thought, raising a hand to his cheek and brushing it tenderly. Her gaze was primal, heavy with implicit intent, and he had fought off the shiver that ran down his spine from her intense, unwavering attention.

Kat's mind was elsewhere entirely. She could entirely tell what was running through his thoughts, making her own all the more delectable. What a night that would be, no... will be, when she decides he's done. She'd make it special for him, show him the night of his life before slipping his exhausted, grateful body between her pink lips, savoring him like the exquisite specimen he was, then wipe his life away with a swallow, never to see or hear from him again...

She pouted, "Nah, not yet."

Taylor's building intrigue was dashed, entirely unaware of her deeper meaning outside of his own understanding of the exchange, "Eh, oh..."

Kat's smile returned, amused by his reaction then leaning in for a quick kiss. Her skin was still warm from the steamy shower, gracing his lips with the toasty, hot care only a woman like her could affect. She pulled away with a snarky grin, "I mean, I would; but c'mon, don't you have work?"

His eyes bulged, “Sh-shit! Right,” he laughed in return, ending the moment on a light note.

Her low laugh complemented his nicely, another positive in her book, “Kay, I need to get made up, then we out. Ten minutes good?”

“Yeah, I’ll get a shake goin’,” he stood, making his way for the door to the apartment proper, “You want one?”

“Naw, I’ll grab something while I’m out,” she responded, making her way to the bathroom.

She never used too much makeup. Wearing more than she needed always made her feel stuffy. Just some light foundation over her already smooth complexion, light touches around her eyes to make the green in her irises pop, then a subtle shade of lipstick to enhance her natural pink shade without caking it.

Taylor was pouring his shake by the time she was done, a single look was all he needed to know she was ready to head out.

Before that, he stopped her midway to the lift while checking his pockets for his essentials, “Ya know, I had fun today.”

She quirked a brow before he elaborated, “I mean, it’s rare we get to hang out in the day, ya know? It’s nice.”

Kat got his point, smiling fondly, “Yea, been a while since I’ve had a good hike. Glad you took me~”

She’d called the elevator when she finished. Her building consisted of luxury loft apartments, each floor a complete unit with a keycode-required elevator as the only way in or out.

Once the lift arrived, they both entered as Taylor continued, “I mean, you’re always working, it’s cool getting to have an actual day together. Not just, uh...”

“Dinner, drinks, and a fuck?” she chided playfully, challenging him with a quirked brow.

Her comment flustered him as intended, “Y-yeah, the usual.” He rubbed his head modestly, a quirk she found hideously adorable.

“Still, I guess like... it’s cool being more a part of your life.”

“Uh huh,” she answered politely.

“Like, working everything around your schedule. I appreciate you setting aside a day just for us,” he said, noticing that she was starting to close off from his probing.

“Me too.” She brushed her hair behind her ear as the elevator opened. They both politely waved to the doorman as they stepped out into the streets, the sun beginning to set over the city as they started their walk to the gym, talking idly about nothing in particular. At the least, they held hands as they traveled, giving the impression of their couple status as they blended in with the sidewalk traffic.

After a few blocks, they were at their gym. As Taylor attempted to head on in, he realized Katarina held back. Turning to her, hands still held, he raised his brows in patient curiosity, “You alright?”

She gritted her teeth, “Don’t think I’m going in tonight.”

“R-really?” Taylor was surprised, though checked himself to regard her with a willingness to understand, “You never skip the gym?”

“Dude, we just spent six hours hiking,” she laughed, pointing out what she thought would be obvious, “I know you’re here for your job and all, but I have zero stamina left in me.”

“Seem fine to me,” he closed the small gap between them, “It’s never stopped you before, at least. Stamina and whatnot.”

“Cheeky, cheeky,” her grin matched his, tilting herself up to meet his lips for a brief, promising kiss. Pulling back, her eyes angled up at him with her mouth and nose exhaling over his tee-covered chest, “I figured I’d go for a walk instead. Decompress a bit, then we can meet up after your sessions.”

Taylor was anything but immune to her doe-eyed attentiveness, nodding dumbly with energy in his baby blue irises, “Y-yeah, awesome!”

Kat smiled coolly, squeezing his hand as she drew herself away, “Then see ya later, Tank.”

“Be safe, Kitten.” For a moment, the sincerity of his goodbye might have warmed her heart. Once he was inside, being sure to wear her gushiest smile as she walked off herself, the facade dropped as soon as she was out of sight. Her eyes were on the people she passed and the path ahead, charting her course through the urban landscape.

At the base of her intentions for the night, she was honest in her desire to go for a walk. What happened beyond that was a matter of circumstance and luck. Observing the pedestrians crossing her path, she’d always drawn a certain amount of attention to herself either way. She hadn’t dressed to the nines by any means, but her sylphlike congeniality radiated across the pavement like the last rays of the sunset peeking through the skyline.

Kat took pride in her appearance for good reason. She worked hard for it, though embraced a general rejection of traditional femininity in her often tomboyish attire. The girliest thing she had on was likely her flats, which provided an appealing contrast to her light tank top, brown leather jacket, and dark jeans ensemble. The smallest hint of her abdomen peaked from below the hem of her top, a tantalizing invitation for onlookers to imagine what was underneath her casual exterior. You'd never hear from her whether it was intentional or not, or the way she sauntered by as if leaving a trail of her caramel-scented body wash in her wake. All that mattered was creating the illusion of casual excitement. Presenting herself as someone approachable, desirable; someone you could picture everything with from having a drink together to spending your life with her.

Many returned her eye contact while passing, some even close to stopping in case her gaze was a some invitation worth pursuing. Still she walked on, warming up for her true purpose.

She'd brought an applicator, of course, nestled neatly in her front jacket pocket. A dangerous tool that demanded the utmost care when handling, especially while casually carrying it around. Normally she'd keep them in her purse or bag, though she'd brought neither with her tonight. Part of her considered the error this posed, whether she'd be able to make a clean catch without something to steal away her victim's belongings was always a point of concern. The solution: pick someone with a bag. As she passed cafes and coffee shops, she'd see several students busy at work on their laptops or reading either for their studies or for pleasure. She pursed her lips into a thoughtful pout, unwilling to strike in a crowded shop. Maybe if it were a less populated joint, an opportunity could present itself. Unlikely in the city, unfortunately.

In the meantime, she played a mental game. Halted at a crosswalk with traffic moving at a sluggish pace before her, a woman was stopped to her side. On a whim, Kat pictured what circumstance might facilitate a clean catch with this stranger. Maybe, if no one was looking, she could simply touch the applicator to the woman's neck and have her diminished in the span of ten seconds. Well, ten to seventeen, depending on many factors discovered in recent tests. The subject's body type, weight, gender, immune system, etc. Then, it'd be a point of slipping her into her pocket and moving on.

She turned her head to the woman, then subtly frowned. They hardly seemed appetizing enough to pull such a bold move. Tired wrinkles framing an already sagging face for someone in their late forties made for an unsavory presentation. The effort for such a bold manuever would hardly be worth it, not to mention the loose clothes and bag to deal with.

The walk sign lit, and she continued. Further down the road, there was a tall, lanky man sat waiting on a bench outside a nice Chinese bistro, a small bouquet seated next to him. Her imagination was piqued, wondering if he was there for a date. With a girlfriend? His wife? Maybe a first meeting? Maybe he was going in to declare his feelings for someone. Then again, he could also be a delivery guy. As Kat approached the bench, she realized the 'nice' clothes he was wearing were somewhat slapdash. Wrinkled, clashing designs, doing no favors for the early signs of age on his naive face.

She kept going; no chance she'd get away with a walk-by. For each soul she assessed and eventually passed on, it was a case of evaluating their vulnerability, their isolation, and most importantly, how tasty they looked.

It was maddening. Not just now, but everywhere she went. She'd been at this long enough where she felt confident gauging the quality and flavor of every person she met just on sight. Life opens up many possibilities when the entire population is suddenly on a menu they don't know about.

'Not for long,' she thought to herself, a grim reminder of a trajectory she'd set in motion. Now arriving at Enterprise Park, a quaint little refuge at the center of the city, she focused her attentiveness on the far more sparse occupants of the lightly wooded, grass-filled area.

There was a baseball game finishing up at the public diamonds, parents cheering on their kids to make the smallest of athletic achievements. Kat ignored these, moving along the main path beyond the outdoor gym. No one was here, likely preferring their exercise in the sun or indoors. She'd admired plenty of hunks who usually made their rounds here, even brought one home in the past. Of course, they never had the choice to go with her or not, but she counted that as a win. He was particularly savory.

Crossing the halfway point, the lack of people on their own was disheartening, already strategizing where to scout next. Waiting for the sun to set and the clubs to open normally served her well. Often she could easily rouse some eager guy to a secluded alley or sidestreet to do the deed, then make off with her toy for the night.

Reaching the end of a long stretch through the park's central path, she felt a familiar rise on the back of her neck. Like she was being watched. She looked toward a hill farther down along the creek, spotting a young man who instantly turned away in shame. Kat chuckled inwardly, taking her turn to assess. She couldn't get much of his looks from so far away, but she could tell he was alone. Next to him was a backpack; a jansport, limp and mostly empty save for what must've been on the table in front of him.

Her flats crunched over the coarse dirt blanketing the trail leading up to his table, a fairly reclusive point of the park she'd sometimes visit herself. At least, back when she had time to herself like this. The trees had grown taller since her last visit, with denser foliage that swayed somberly under the dim orange hues of the sky.

She could tell he was a student, the Uni hoodie he wore was evidence enough. His intense focus over the notebook he'd opened in front of him was equally telling, along with the generally stressed, disheveled body language he wore like a trauma victim. He was also young; not a kid, but younger than Kat by a few years at least. She could see it in his boyish features, and his long sandy hair.

'Perfect.'

Kat approached the bench opposite him with swift confidence, sliding herself fluidly into his field of view before he could register her approach. By the time she saw the blue in his eyes up close, she was already crossing her arms on top of the park table, leaning forward amiably with a bright grin, "Hey!"

Isaiah's blood chilled, the girl had actually come! So many worst-case scenarios went through his mind. Her smile only confirmed those silent fears. Why else would she have come with such dangerous, probing eyes if not to scold him for watching her? Sure, maybe that would be an extreme reaction for someone who could easily shrug it off and be on their way, but being approached at all introduced too many abnormal possibilities.

"Ehh, umm..." He didn't have any words, desperate to intuit a reason that would illuminate her purpose for approaching him. All the while her piercing viridian gaze bore into him, seated within perfect almond slits on her pretty tanned face, framed by two lovely curtains of dark, edgy hair. Her posture teased her collarbone and the slightest glimpse of her chest into view, pushed forward by her crossed arms. His heart fluttered unexpectedly, to the point he hadn't uttered any kind of response to her greeting.

As it turned out, she didn't need him to, "Uh, you okay? Hope I didn't spook ya." The girl leaned back, laughing bashfully with a less eccentric demeanor.

"...N-no, you're good," he stammered, collecting himself while she gave him the chance to do so. "... can I help you with something?"

She smiled. It was a cool, charismatic grin that could melt any man. She reminded him of the older girls in his past he used to pine for when he was younger, but never had the guts or experience to tackle, "Well, can start with your name if you like. That's usually how people do these things, right?"

She uncrossed her arms, reaching over the table with her strong, smooth hand outstretched, "I'm Katarina! Er, Kat really."

It took a breath for him to finally take her appearance at face value: a friendly greeting. Shyly, he smiled in turn and extended his own hand to grab hers, "I-Isaiah. Isaiah Jo-"

"Let's stick with first names," she chuckled, shaking his hand fondly. Her touch was so soft, yet firm. When she broke the shake, his unconscious mind almost lamented the loss of contact.

"Uh, sure! I guess," he played along, moving his notes aside to dedicate his attention to the newcomer, "Have I seen you around anywhere? Or-"

“Likely not. I don’t get out much, unless we’re counting that chance encounter from across the way,” she jokingly pointed a finger to the path she’d come from, reminding him of his slight faux pas.

“Y-yeah, sorry about that. I was just kinda looking and-”

“No worries, man,” she leaned forward again, clasping her fingers together and resting her petite chin on them, “I’m used to it. And frankly, not used to getting ogled by a nice guy for once.”

Kat raised a brow, a question playing on her lips, “You are a good guy, yeah?”

‘Holy shit! Is she flirting?’

“Eh- I’d like to think so? At least, I’m not a bad guy... maybe?” his words came out with a nervous undertone lacing each syllable, his eyes darting anywhere but toward the impressive girl in front of him.

“Well, you’re a student, so you’re doing something with your life at least,” she noted, pointing to his hoodie, “Howard Med, am I right?”

“Y-yeah. Second year, actually” The recognition was always a point of pride, one he happily elaborated on, “You an alum?”

“Naw, but I work with the Science Department for my work. Not often, but whenever we need the extra facilities.”

“Oh! So you’re R&D?” getting into a professional topic was a welcome shift for him, letting his academic side shine.

She smirked, shaking her head to herself like she’d said too much before leaning in with a wink, “That’s classified, hun.”

Right back to flustering him, so this is how she was gonna play, “Uhh... cool! I’m, uh, looking to get into nuclear medicine.”

“What?” she exclaimed, genuinely surprised while sliding her hands to her lap, “That’s a thing?”

“Heh, yeah, but it’s less impressive than you think,” he blushed, charmed by her interest, “It’s a subdiscipline of radiology that just goes a bit more in-depth.”

“Okay, so cat scans and stuff?” her face wore an infectious curiosity that Isaiah couldn’t help but find cute worn on such a blunt, confident girl.

“Kinda? It’s like a special kind of x-ray we call nuclear imaging that gives us a much clearer picture inside the body, but includes working with some hazardous materials to operate.”

“Huh, so more next level stuff,” She pivoted her weight to balance on her left arm, her torso curving up to her skewed shoulder span and accentuating her right hip to him under the edge of her jacket, “What got you into that? Can’t imagine it was easy.”

“N-no, it’s rough. But I figured it was kind of a guaranteed career, ya know? Less competition in the job market.”

He chose his words strategically, though she caught on to the underlying meaning, “Not something you’re super passionate about though?”

“Uh,” he stammered, set aside by her directness, “...N-not really. It’s interesting, but I just wanted something to make life a little easier after school.”

“Why?” she wasn’t mincing words, leaning forward on the table, resting her cheek on her upturned fist, “If you’re not into what you’re doing, why put in the effort?”

He paused, regretting how deep this light conversation had gone. Yet, he wasn’t opposed to being honest with this stranger. Especially given her unbiased- and desirable- perspective.

“...So, I’m the first of my family to go to college, actually. Wanted it to be worthwhile, do right by them.” He shrugged, adopting a sentimental gaze as he stared to the side, “Figured picking a career that couldn’t possibly fail would better my odds.”

“Awww,” she teased, a slight twinkle in her eyes at his wholesome answer, “That’s pretty cool, man.”

“Th-thanks.” He blushed, despite wanting to keep his cool. Clearly a losing fight against someone so far out of his league, “And what about you? What’d you study?”

Kat smiled, winking again with a finger against her lips to nail it home, “Classified.~”

“Right, right,” he said, slightly put off by her repeated deflection.

She noticed this right away, then stood up as if to leave, speaking as she moved, “Okay, sooo...”

He wondered why she’d leave so abruptly when he realized she was coming around the table, next to where he sat at the end of the bench once opposite her. He could see the dark line of her waist pop out under her top, then forced his eyes to stay on hers while she closed the distance between them. Even so, her movement was exaggerated, slow, and overwhelmingly

seductive as she finally stood directly next to him. Her green eyes maintained his gaze, eyeing him knowingly with a heavy layer of promise.

“I was thinking about getting some coffee, at this little shop a block away,” she started, her words laced with a crinkling, alluring warmth, “and I was wondering if you might want to join me? My treat.”

“R-right now?”

“Mhm! Get to know each other. What d’ya say?~”

Isaiah didn’t know if this was really happening. This kind of thing only goes down on tv or in movies. Who was this girl, and why was she so interested in a guy she barely knew? Standing above him, his head level with her midriff at best, she was so clearly beyond his pay grade, likely capable of getting any guy she wanted. So why ask him out? Was that even what she was doing? Part of him wanted so desperately to believe this proposition was genuine.

“Th-thank you,” he started, hiding the flush of red in his cheeks, “b-but maybe some other time. Have a lot on my mind right now.” As he said it, a quiet sense of pride cut through his disappointment in himself as a bead of sweat raced down his temple. “Still, I’d love to get your number. I-if you wanna stay in touch?”

She didn’t answer right away, lost in thought for a moment likely contemplating his response. Enough time for things sink in. He just rejected the hottest girl who’d ever approached him. His male instinct now screamed through his nerves to take it back, though his honor stuck to his initial decision. Ultimately, he felt awful, “Sorry, I just don’t-”

“It’s cool,” she shrugged her shoulders, “Gotta say though, I’m not actually the ‘stay in touch’ kinda person. So let’s try again.”

This time, she actually pushed herself into him, forcing him to shuffle further along the bench to let her straddle where he’d initially sat. Her strong thighs spread over the concrete seat, she placed one hand on the table, the other lifting to his cheek, cupping it tenderly. “Coffee?”

Isaiah’s heart didn’t know if it could take the conflicting hormones running rampant in his body. Feeling her so close to him, the warmth seeping into the chill night air, the smell of something sweet and spicy infused in each inhale. Proverbially, she had him cornered, like a lioness going in for the kill.

At this point, he understood she wasn’t really looking for a date. She wanted something carnal, something intimate. This situation was a far departure from anything he’d experienced, even in his own dating life. If all she wanted was a temporary fling, why say no? Was there a catch?

While he contemplated these raging possibilities, her free hand slipped into her jacket pocket, pulling out what looked like a sealed condom.

“I-I-I’m not sure,” he said, his words trembling, “Sorry. That’s just not something I... do.”

He figured she’d be angry, then leave shortly after. Instead, she smiled, as if proud of his solidarity.

“Huh. You really are one of the good ones.”

Before he could ask what she meant, he felt her hand clasp around his own, and a sudden sharp prick into his skin. He gasped, like being bite by some kind of bug, pulling away from her while she brought back the condom-looking object to her jacket.

“What was that for?!” he yelled, his voice cracking in shock over the entirely unexpected attack.

“What’s what?” Kat inquired, tilting her head, as if oblivious to her part in what just hurt him.

“S-something just-” he mumbled, his lips not quite gelling with his desire to speak, “I-I can’t... ughh...” His head was throbbing. Isaiah brought his hands up to support himself while grinding dizziness washed into his head from his body.

Whatever was happening, his adrenaline was ready to push him on. He shot up off the bench, stepping forward to move away from whatever was threatening him.

“Hey! Hey, easy,” Kat stood as well, holding his arm and guiding him back to a seat, “It’s alright bud, just sit down. Let it pass.” She rubbed his arm, a small comfort amidst the torrent of neural crisis.

Isaiah clenched his teeth, a throbbing pain now spreading more freely than fresh air, “C-call an ambulance! I’m having a-!”

“Shh! Shhhh, I got you...” she whispered hastily.

He couldn’t think anymore. He fell back to the bench, leaning into Kat as she comforted him through this seizure. The confusion and fear congealed into panicked acceptance. He just wished this wave of horror would quickly pass.

At least someone was with him. As the world began to slide away, he tried repeating the mantra in his mind, ‘This will pass, this will pass, this will pass...’

Sure enough, the fog cleared, and Isaiah blinked cautiously to find he could breathe freely again. Still dizzy from whatever had come over him, he groaned while rubbing his head before opening his eyes... to darkness.

He found himself in a smooth cave, a light warmth radiating in the atmosphere that weighed heavily on the air he inhaled. Coughing briefly, he squinted to follow the one thread of light he could spy at the end of a far crevasse, and began making his way over.

“The fuck is-... Hello!?” he called out. No echo, not like any natural cave. His confusion mounted. A quiet, budding fear palpated his heart with every step. Or each step he attempted to make; the ground was anything but solid. It appeared to be made of some cloth or tarp, far too thick to bend but loose enough to shift in response to his weight.

He gave in and fell on all fours to navigate his way out of the tent or cave to which he'd been transported.

Only halfway to the only visible light did he recognize the smell. Heavy body odor, with just a hint of sweat. It was close to making him retch. But there was another element to the stench; his own. It was the smell one finds on their pillow or clothes after weeks or years of use, the smell that doesn't go away even after a wash.

This knowledge was a subconscious comfort, yet still a concerning one. Why did this cavern smell like him? Where did he go? Soon, something would have to make sense.

Breaking through the minute crease in the heavy fabric, he finally made it outside, where at last he could breathe cool, fresh air once more. He'd been sweating since the panic attack, desperately looking around for any clue to his whereabouts with pained breaths.

“**Heeey! There you are,**” the air itself vibrated with the alien words ringing in Isaiah's ears. He fell to his side away from the explosion of sound, his eyes finally darting around to take in the first tangible details he could process beyond the fabric pile he was on.

Firstly, a looming hill of denim stood at the base of a towering cliff face of light fabric over some monolith. The light coming from behind the high peak and plateau above blinded him to its true nature until even that was blotted out by an oncoming beast.

Isaiah cried out as brownish serpents collapsed around him in the blink of an eye, crushing his body in a powerful grip that easily tore him from the hardly tangible ground he'd barely come to grips with. Now in the clasp of something monstrous, he pushed back against the giving but firm clutches of the hydra that claimed him, shoving his legs and arms against every ridged surface around him.

His world flipped over, permitting the twilight's rays to illuminate this horrible dream into which he'd been mysteriously transported. None of this should be possible; he was supposed to be at

a park. He was supposed to be enjoying some unexpectedly pleasant company. Where the hell was he now?

Looking up from the tan field where he was sitting on revealed the truth. Staring down at him from the haze was a pair of bright, emerald eyes. They were Impossibly massive, yet unmistakable. Isaiah shivered, crawling backward away from the penetrating orbs until realizing the slope behind him quickly became too steep for him to climb. He trembled against the warm surface all the same as if melding into the wall was better than facing whatever horror had captured him.

Only, it wasn't a monster. The closer he looked, the more he began to make out a face. It was a charming face with a defined jaw curtained by stylish dark hair. Along with the set of eyes were a nose and a pair of amused lips, both in proportion to the rest of the enormous face.

Kat's face. He was looking at the amplified, colossal semblance of the girl with whom he'd been talking for just the last few minutes. But how? Where could he be that something so immense could exist?

"You doin' alright there?" It spoke. No, She had spoken! Isaiah had no grasp of anything anymore, though his mind slowly edged towards the only logical conclusion he could qualify.

"Hello? Didn't scramble ya too much, did I?"

"D-did you..." he stammered incoherently, the knowledge that he was being addressed by such an enormous person was inconceivable, "y-y-you were... you did this t-to-?"

Her face lit up hearing his meager speech, pulling back several yards in an instant as she simply moved her head farther from what was no doubt her hand holding him, **"Cool! That's happened a few times recently, so hopefully this means I've worked out that kink."**

"The hell are you talking about?" The clouds in his head were slowly clearing, mentally equipping himself to address the situation while no less terrified by the implications.

"Well, I could tell you straight up, but I know you're smarter than that," she grinned, each of her teeth now about half his height by estimate and far more threatening as a result, **"C'mon, guess!"**

"Uhh..." she was right, of course; he could guess the gist of his condition. Looking away from the blown up yet still smooth contours of her face, he saw the scope of what was once a normal park and trees surrounding the horizon of her palm.

"Y-you... you shrunk m-"

“Yup!” she chirped, the typhoon of her preppy exclamation blowing away the rest of his thoughts.

“B-but how? This isn’t possible!?” Isaiah’s confusion bubbled to the surface now that he had the back and forth to accommodate the questions storming through his head.

Her expression took a smug turn watching him with an air of knowing superiority, **“I told you; that’s classified.”**

“S-so turn me back! Whatever it is you did, you psycho!” His fear had devolved into anger, useless as it was.

Kat only tutted away at his rage, **“Heh. You really think it’s smart to yell at the only person who can help you?”** she asked, raising a brow in challenge.

Her attitude stunned him. Sure, her voice had the tone of the same cool, charming girl he’d met just minutes ago. But there was a clear threat in her remark, one that permeated his awareness through subtle flexes in the flesh he was sitting on. It dawned on him that this wasn’t just a new spongy surface he’d been flung into, but a real, fully conscious body that twitched and responded to his meager presence with such constant awareness that he could barely start to grasp its being attached to the immense living being that held him.

As he desperately looked around to take it all in, she tutted, resting her chin in her other hand while watching Isaiah in amusement, **“Ya know, I’m actually curious. Tell me, Doctor, how do you think this happened? I’d love to hear some off-the-cuff theories.”**

Her tone was so casual, no different than how she addressed him across the park table if only a touch more condescending.

Hearing her challenge did set his imagination off. Limited as it was by the technically focused scope of his knowledge base, there weren’t many viable explanations for his condition. No explanation except...

“Th-this is a dream. It has to be,” he started, attempting to get onto his feet on the uneven ground, “Y-you drugged me with something, so I passed out! And now I’m seeing you in the dream, since... you’re the last thing I saw before-”

“If this is a dream, how would you be aware of it?” she grinned wittily.

“I... I don’t know,” he felt like the answers were just in reach if he simply found the right thread. Then, a thought occurred, his brows jumping up, “Ah! There’s lucid dreaming. That’s a thing!”

This line felt critical, likely the only reason for these unreal events, “If the conscious mind becomes aware of itself in irregular states of REM sleep, a person can navigate their own dreams with limited cognizance... or, something like that...”

The giant Kat raised her well-kept brow, a soft congratulation for his latest hypothesis. **“Now that’s a thought. So why would you dream about me holding you in my hand?”**

“Because you drugged me! Why wouldn’t I picture you as a monster!”

“Yeesh! That’s harsh,” she mused, tickled by his accusation, **“But then again, doesn’t anything else about today seem weird to you?”**

“The fuck does that mean!?” he cried out. Then he was forced back onto his ass when the ground trembled with her booming, immense laughter.

“Well, you and I don’t know each other. You just happen to be in the park when a sweet piece of ass comes right up to you and basically asks you to fuck,” she elaborated, brushing her hair back through her self-praise, **“That kinda thing usually happen to you?”**

Isaiah started to speak back when he froze, a new epiphany creeping into his head from her words.

Noticing this new thread taking hold, she continued, **“You say this is a dream because it’s impossible, but what if you’ve been asleep this whole time?”**

His face went pale. His limbs splayed out as he tried to steady himself through her constantly swaying care of him.

“Think about it. You might just be asleep at your desk back home. Do you actually remember what you were doing before this?”

“I-I do. I was-” He had a clear vision of the bus ride he took to reach the park, even what he did to distract himself from work this morning. Could this really all just be a visceral dream?

“Hmm, feels a bit fuzzy, doesn’t it?” she pouted almost sympathetically for the boy in crisis, **“But hey! There’s a bright side to all of this.”**

Isaiah had been staring at his hands, trying to assess whether they were real or not when he processed her claim, “W-what could possibly be good about this?”

“Well,” she started, bringing her hand closer to her face, the exhaust from her nose and lips swirling around the palm that held him, **“if this is all a dream, why don’t we have some fun?”**

“....Fun? What do you-?”

“Think of it this way. You’re stressed about school or something, yeah?” Her words came out as matter-of-factly as one would expect, but there was an intimidating lushness to seeing the syllables of her lovely, fried voice warping the massive pink lips mere yards above him, **“So maybe your mind conjured up little ol’ me to pull you out of your funk, if just for a bit. That wouldn’t be so bad, would it?”**

He considered her words, still intimidated by the new dimension of closeness he was perceiving, “...Then why am I so small?”

“Pfft, who knows man? Dreams are freaky... That said-”

Her hand raised again, this time drawing him so tantalizingly close to her lips that he could reach out and touch them if he wanted. The warmth from her palm now amplified by the damp humidity radiating from her mouth. It was a seeping heat that oozed into his being dressed in the minty scent of her breath. The experience was horrifying and exhilarating, the confusing juxtaposition of feminine warmth and the monstrous scale was nearly too much for his hormonal mind to handle.

“How about that coffee? Think you’d like to spend some time with me now?”

Her smile stretched across her elfish face, moving him slightly closer where her grin nearly touched his splayed out body, warming him to his very soul. If she was a lioness before, now she was a goddess, the subject of her attention so completely at her will that the concept of her revisited proposition felt unearthly. An unworthy mite such as him being offered any time with the towering beauty was a fantasy undreamt of. Well, until now.

What could he do? How will she react to another rejection?

“...What would you want to do?” he relented, now grappling with the more perplexing question of how they’d even fool around. He wasn’t new to wet dreams, though the logistics of this one eluded him.

Her smile closed, a quietly pleased joy humming to his acceptance, **“I can think of a few things.”**

Before he was afforded any clarification, her meaning was suddenly impressed upon him along with looming plushness collapsing overhead. The warm, lightly moist pressure was equal parts passive yet meticulously aware of how it impacted the small body between them and her palm. A thundering rumble roared through the pliant flesh as his limbs fruitlessly pushed back for the limited space he could hope for, answered by a distant murmur of satisfaction. Unearthly, unsettling, and powerfully feminine in its timbre. Isaiah twisted his face away from his firm, pillowy oppressor, now sandwiched between the ridges of her palm and the wrinkles in the pink flesh absolving him.

A rush of hot mist preceded the return of breathable air as she pulled away, leaving Isaiah gasping for relief. She'd brought him back into view, silently chuckling at his presumably flustered state.

“That was nice.” Her words crinkled through an angelic smirk, their purred annunciation ringing over the diminutive boy. Still recovering from the onslaught, his legs gave up on him as he stumbled into the waiting swell of her upper palm, reduced to a passive participant in this exchange.

“How was it for you?” she asked, the ‘you’ in her query forming her lips into an unbearably adorable— and seductive— pout.

Despite the hormones in his mind screaming at him to put an end to this ridiculous, dangerous act... other hormones spoke otherwise. The chill returning to his naked body made the pulsing heat in his building erection agonizing. Whether she noticed this change in his physiology or not, her pout bloomed into another lustful grin.

“Hehe, thought so. Should’ve warned you, I kinda have that effect on people.” Kat’s typhoon-like speech spilled the heat of her recent kiss back around him, stimulating his overly sensitized nerves. Every twitch of her palm and wisp of breath edged him further into confused stimulation.

“Th-that was too much, I can’t- don’t-” reason still ruled his mouth, though his mind was slowly surrendering to baser instincts. She could see it in his hesitation, his shivering.

“Don’t worry. We’re just getting started.”

He felt a vague tension in the floor. A foreboding force that built in firmness until it became a catapult. In an instant, he was launched in an arc towards her face. The minuscule screams he produced were drowned out by the rush of wind, both from the air through which he was currently propelled through and the steamy fog of Kat’s breath. The light shortly dimmed, and Isaiah finally landed with a bright squelch.

He made a small impression on the fibrous ground that cradled his landing. The alien atmosphere enveloped him wholly, encompassing all senses in the muggy dank of his new environment. He didn’t want to acknowledge the thought even mentally of where he’d wound up. It was too unreal, horrific in every way. Yet, his arousal held true, rubbing itself unwittingly against the nurturing carpet of buds.

Taste buds. That covered a real human tongue. Or was this still all a dream? As he tried to push himself up, balanced on all fours with his back facing the portal he’d entered from, he tried to remember this was all in his head. This girl, his size, the needful, slurping flesh that caressed his skin. All illusion.

Even when it reared itself upward, knocking him back onto his belly while raising him into the hard, bony ceiling of the mouth he was inside. As fake as this all had to be, everything felt so viscerally real! A squirt of thick drool slushed over him as the immense muscle rubbed him thickly into the hard palate, the stench of lingering mint and raw meat mixed in a contradictory fog around him, and another reverberating hum rose from the depths of the cave. A mighty, girlish moan of approval that sounded all around him. It was a sound someone might make when receiving a first kiss.

Why did he have the dreadful feeling that it'd also be his last?

All through the physical and psychological strain of being tasted, her slick tongue still effortlessly treated his cock to an otherworldly spectrum of stimulus. The grooves of taste buds slurped and folded around his manhood and front relentlessly, all at once being too big to possibly show precision while at the same time carrying the undercurrent of her knowing, conscious effort to please him in every squelching surge.

The placement of gravity was an ever-changing mystery, any semblance of balance denied with every shift of his muscular molester. Obviously, he was moving, though his rational mind quickly gathered that she was the one actively walking somewhere. Was she taking him? Would she let him out soon? Questions plagued his fearfully aroused spirit the longer he found himself at the whims of the omnipresent savoring that dominated his existence...

Kat leisurely collected the loose clothes strewn across the ground. Someone hastily grabbing a bunch of abandoned belongings while checking for witnesses every which way always looked suspicious, so she exercised a disciplined nonchalance in her actions. Calmly collecting what might as well have been her own dropped possessions with a soft smirk never roused much attention. The issue of dealing with Isaiah's things solved itself, his sparsely filled backpack just waiting to accept his jacket, shoes, jeans, everything he had. She felt the lump of his wallet in his back pants pocket, and pondered inspecting its contents. Of course, she shrugged off the idea. Best not to leave too many prints.

Her right cheek bulged out, pressing the boy into the well of her gums with her tongue. Sometimes she had to focus to recognize what side she was actively tasting, though as her efforts bore fruit the telltale bend of his limbs and the funny texture of male genitalia informed her performance.

She chuckled behind pursed lips, closing the notebook on the table. The pages up until the final dozen or so were worn from use and bore hundreds of notes. Shutting those pages and stuffing them into the bag closed the page on nearly two years of research Kat would never know a thing about. Likely it'd have been a quaint read; but again, fingerprints.

Besides, if she wanted to learn more about what he was up to, she'd get the chance to ask later. Swinging her new bag over her right shoulder, her left hand sheathed in her pocket, she set off from the picnic table. Not a trace of either person visiting the little rest area, save for the imperceptible scuffs of dirt on the gravel path.

As expected, no one had seen her. So deep in the treeline, no pedestrians beyond the park had a view of them, and those within went about their own business with little regard for the other inhabitants. No one paid much mind to their surroundings in the city, unless there was noise. Kat made sure the boy now flipping into her other cheek made none at all. Not for lack of protest, his adorable limbs pushing dumbly into her tongue even now. She grinned inwardly, deftly sweeping the muscle under to bring him back to the center of her mouth to suck against her hard palate again. Crossing into the streets, the traffic noise and shops drowned out any chance of someone hearing the smallest of muffled cries behind her lips. Even in the brief moments she'd smack them and allow his shouts to reach the open night air unimpeded, the puny sound didn't carry.

He was all hers. A pleased hum vibrated the contents of her mouth, eliciting an excitable scramble from her friend.

Straight away, she was back to people-watching. Rejoining the milling crowds that moved every which way to any number of evening plans. Her tasting became passive, letting impulse dictate her snack's treatment in her mouth while her imagination lent itself to the pedestrians. None of them knew the danger amongst them, and the notion always left her with a joyful flutter in her gut. Music and ceaseless conversations dominated the soundscape all around, the honking of car horns and beeping crosswalk alerts contributing as well to how little she could hear Isaiah. His shouts were nothing compared to the outside world, a notion that earned a tiny-bouncing chuckle from her.

Stopping at a light, she had her eyes set on a mom-and-pop coffee shop; her destination. Standing still on the sidewalk with half a dozen others, the ache in her calves reminded her of the fatigue she'd been pushing through. A latte was just what she needed, maybe a scone too. The thought contributed heavily to the fresh slurry of saliva her mouth produced while already dealing with her current snack. The cars carried on, spending more of her patience as she willed the crosswalk signal to turn.

Then, her eyes bulged. She almost swallowed her morsel right there, though decided against it. Once the light turned, she hopped into the street and hustled across straight for a slightly older couple sitting at a bench just ahead. They were enjoying a salad together, the woman smirking at something he'd said through chewing her mouthful while her man lowered a bowl to the ground. The corgi nestled between the two pairs of legs gratefully dove its snout into the water being offered, slurping cutely while the couple ate.

Kat only had eyes for the dog, reaching the bench in a matter of moments before stopping just a few feet away. She smiled impishly while her tongue pushed Isaiah into her right cheek like a wad of gum. "H-hi! Sorry to bother you."

She had their attention, the average but friendly-looking guy turning to the pleasant surprise of this strange girl approaching them.

Kat was used to this reaction. Still, it wasn't his attention she wanted, "Um, do you mind if I pet your dog?" She asked with a shy tilt to her voice, grinning apologetically.

The man understood immediately, part of him maybe even expecting it as the norm, "Uh, yeah! She's really friendly. Aren't'cha, boofy!"

He reached a hand down and scratched the dog's forehead, who by now had turned up to smile at the curious stranger. Kat gleefully shook, kneeling down gently to get a closer feel of the animal.

"She's soooo cute!" her tone of voice was uncharacteristically high. Perhaps the man now squeezed between her lower gums and cheek flesh would've found it ironic that the merciless kidnapper and potential cannibal was so endearingly delighted to meet a dog of all things.

"What's her name?" she asked, hand busy scratching the side of the dog's fluffy cheek.

"Hilda!" her owner grinned, his partner leaning in to contribute, "She's a purebred, only two years old."

"Oh hell yea!" Kat beamed. "So she's just a puppy still? That's so cool." Her hand reached under the smiling pooch's chin, seeing its eyes close from her attentive care, "Like, she's seriously cute as all hell. You think of having her compete at all?" She asked genuinely, shifting Isaiah to her other cheek in the meantime. His scream went unheard.

"Huh, not really. Why, you know someone who could set that up?" he chuckled, humoring the idea with mild sincerity.

Kat chuckled, "Nah! Just seems like one of those competition dogs, or whatever." She wasn't too invested in what they were saying, just rubbing her thumb and fingers lovingly around Hilda's eager ears. The corgi thoroughly enjoyed the care, and offered a few stray licks as a thank you.

Katarina gasped, a rare instant where Isaiah nearly slid out of her mouth until bumping into her not quite parted jaws. Her tongue quickly stashed him back where he wouldn't bother her speech.

She stood back up, the dog's eyes eagerly following her new friend's rise before she spoke bashfully, "Thanks! Really needed that, I'll leave ya be!"

"Heh, no problem at all," the man chuckled. His girlfriend or wife reached a hand down to pet the corgi as well, noting its disappointment seeing Kat turn to go, "Have a nice night."

"Thanks. You as well," she grinned, heading back on her route to the coffee shop. Turning her head back forward, the friendly smirk lingered on her lips for quite some time while continuing through the crowd another block. She wondered how much Isaiah had heard, wondering whether she should ask him while he was directly available. Ultimately she shrugged, sliding him under her tongue for some more playful probing. She'd get his perspective in just a little bit anyway.

The bell affixed to the glass door jingled as she entered, only a small handful of customers were around, likely following the afterwork rush. The warm artisanal lighting cloaked the establishment in a roasted hue, along with dark browns and beiges that any aspiring coffee shop would die for. A beatnik's wet dream, if Kat had to put a name to it. Not too long of a line either as she approached the counter behind three others waiting for the barista to take their order.

This gave her plenty of time to check the menu, along with the display case of various pastries and treats. She was partial to something with a bit of protein in the mix, then chuckled inwardly. Of course she already had that nutritional base covered. She squeezed the young man against her front teeth to emphasize her own point. Bringing a finger to her lips, she eyed the scones instead, like she'd considered earlier. Something with a bit of jelly wouldn't be the worst thing for her diet. As long as she was already missing the gym, might as well call this a full cheat day.

The barista had returned, taking the front of line customer's order. Kat moved on to ponder which drink might compliment the flavor of her prey's cum best. He hadn't climaxed yet, so she could only guess how it'd taste coming out. She figured he'd offer the usual earthy, salty blend of a young man not taking the best care of his body. Some sweetness would compensate fine enough, though she grimaced at the hypothetical addition of more sugar to today's diet.

By habit, she pulled out her phone to check her notifications. A few twitter pings she could ignore, one work email, but what got her notice was a text from Taylor. Sliding the icon across her phone screen, it jumped to her messenger app where an image popped up of Taylor at a bench press. Across the middle was a caption that read: **Missing my favorite spotter <3**

Kat almost snorted. For such an Adonis, he always acted like a dork. She still smiled fondly, flipping her snack back onto her tongue to get a few affectionate suckles out of him. Her response was quick, since he'd evidently messaged her ten minutes prior.

Sucks bro. Want anything from the Grind?

As she hit send, she wondered if it came off as too harsh. The two people in front of her, a couple as it turned out, started taking their order. Taylor had until she got to the register to get an order in. At the same time she established this innocuous time limit, she figured she'd set the same countdown for her little mouthful. After all, there was less noise in the pleasantly atmospheric coffee shop. Once she needed to speak to place her order, she'd risk his puny little cries being heard.

Her tongue pulsed with livelier vigor, rubbing his front side incessantly. There was something else she needed from him before the couple finished paying. She crossed her arms, for the first time in a while closing her eyes to focus her full attention on the poor Isaiah. His arousal was obvious, she felt it barely dimple the center crease of her eager tongue. Her pace slowed, then picked up, then calmed, urging him with varying levels of intensity to reach his peak. She imagined his long, soggy hair either sticking to his head or slapping the needful flesh. The pained expression on his face as he was pushed closer to a place his head didn't want to go. He had no choice. His body was hers, inside and out, ever since she spotted him in the park.

An imperceptible blush came to her cheeks, glowing with her secret smile in the middle of the coffee house. She wanted it, almost to the point her breath picked up in speed. A fluttering warmth washed up her spine from her loins, shifting her thighs together in a way that could've been seen as someone changing their posture. He was close, she knew it. He had to be, and she'd get what was hers. He'd shifted his way back until pressing against her soft palate. She was ready to send him off as soon as he gave in.

"Ma'am?"

And there it was. She smiled, slowing her tongue to mull over the unique flavor of his climax. Kat sighed fully, opening her bright eyes and meeting the barista's expectant stare. The fit girl smiled and stepped forward to the counter. Deftly, her throat flexed as a small gulp cleared the contents of her mouth. She smacked her lips and exhaled, the tension easing out in moments.

Isaiah's heart and lungs were pounding, his seed milked and thoroughly diluted by the greedy taste buds and drool. The lulling ground was in stark contrast the vicious abuse he'd endured, his spinning head only just finding some awareness of which way was up before gravity began to shift. A heavy sweep of thick, pruning saliva now carried him over the precipice he'd forgotten to fear until he was already sliding into a narrow pocket of boney flesh. A fat slab of meat dragged across the length of his body in an instant as the crevasse he was now deposited into briefly expanded, then collapsed around him all at once.

A dull, squashing boom rocketed him into a new realm of tight, oppressive muscles. He hadn't had any chance to breathe before the world squeezed him into an impossible vacuum seal. He squirmed as much as he could, a powerful throbbing urging him and the gallons of slime deeper into the narrow hose he was being worked through like a glob of paste. Through the direct

sound of unrelenting flesh forcing itself against his earlobes, he could make out the single trace of humanity left in this cruel, hellish place: the calm pulse resounding just a few feet away that barely shook his prison.

As it faded, realization set in: the dream had become a nightmare. All too visceral for him to take lightly any longer when his legs finally popped through a bone-crushing seal into an open room. He squirmed fiercely, desperate for the leg room until he understood what it meant. Desperately, he pushed his hands and elbows into the hungry walls, praying to stop his descent into the chamber below.

No such miracle would reward his efforts, the body effortlessly squeezing him through the eager orifice with a sloppy squelch. He was in freefall for just a second until his legs bumped into a bulk of flesh, awkwardly flipping his upper body around to lead the drop into the organ. His back hit the squishy floor, sliding the rest of the way into a shallow pool of thick slobber.

Granted, his arms were now free, it still demanded significant effort for Isaiah to pull himself from the slime that coated his body every time he wiped it away. Once he could rise and finally wipe the scum from his clenched eyes, he tried opening them to see his prison. Of course, he couldn't clear the slime entirely, getting it in his eyes and causing them to sting. He cried out, turning onto his knees and grabbing his face painfully. All the while, the random pulsating walls throbbed around, over, and under him, sensing a new morsel to close in on...

"Sorry, hi," she coolly greeted the cashier, who in turn returned their best customer service smile.

"No problem! What'll it be?"

"Uhhmmm..." she started, resting her left hand on the counter while looking back to the display case, "I'll take a lemon scone, aaaand an iced caramel macchiato. Medium! With two hits of hazelnut?"

"Of course! Anything else?" the barista inquired, writing down her order on a freshly procured transparent cup.

"Hmm, hold on," Kat pulled her phone out again, checking if Taylor had responded yet. Unfortunately no. She grimaced, making the call, "Yeah, that's all. Under Kat."

"Cool! That'll be thirteen seventy-nine," the girl informed, chirping brightly as the charge went through, "would you like a receipt?"

"No thanks," Kat had been so focused on her order, she'd ignored how adorable the petite Filipino girl taking it was. Her dark hair was pulled in a smart ponytail, with two expertly arranged

strands of wavy hair framing her baby-ish face. Dark, enthusiastic eyes met Kat's, and she swore she could almost taste this girl's energy.

"E-everything okay, Miss?" the girl asked, noting her prolonged gaze.

Though a primal voice in her mind told her to go for it, she instead smiled and thanked her for the service. Tonight at least, she was already spoken for. There was a seat by a window near the back that would satisfy her people watching habit while waiting on her order. Her destination set, her attention turned to the now physically realized fluttering in her chest. Or rather, a few inches down to the left of her chest, where the smallest blips of force barely reached the nerves that were mainly designed to sense external stimulus.

She mechanically sat down, relishing the minuscule pitter patter behind her midriff while not trying to disturb its source. Shutting her eyes, she pictured the darkness surrounding her prey. Hot, dank, slimy walls pulsating with her heartbeat and breath. A symphony of her inner being more than capable of cutting off its prisoner from the outside world. Her hand absentmindedly found her abdomen and gently brushed her fingers across the light fabric of her top.

A buzz from her jacket pocket pulled her from her fantasy. She quickly intuited the source of the ping, retrieving her phone to find the response from her current long-term boy-toy. Kat smirked reading his text: **white mocha Espresso! And 1 of those sausage croissant things**

Pondering whether to tell him he missed his chance or not, she opted not to reply and returned her phone to her jacket. Her mind was back on her guest. It'd only been five minutes since he'd taken the plunge. Had he realized yet what had happened? The thought tickled her, and a series of follow-up questions followed.

How inhuman it must be to find yourself surrounded by the side of someone no living soul was meant to see? What was Isaiah thinking? Did he still think this was a dream? When would the pin drop and reality set in?

She hadn't pulled her hand from her pocket yet, fingers flitting around a strange bulk. She was mulling whether it was time for her call. Eventually, she decided to wait on her order. Would help things go down smoothly, anyway.

So she waited, watching pedestrians go by, imagining their lives, their tastes, and how long it would take to break them each in turn. No one minded a cool young woman abstractly eyeing them as they passed. No one the wiser about what she'd done, what was happening inside her right this second, what would continue far into the future to the best of her ability.

"Order for Kat!"

Once again pulled from her reverie, she stood to grab her coffee and scone, the path from the counter back to her little nook happened in a haze, her quiet excitement smoothly carrying her

moment to moment. Soon she was back, cozy in her padded chair against the window. The faint neon sign above her faced out and pleasingly illuminated the twilight crowd.

Now was the time, her hand pulling out an odd leather pouch with a snap-button clasp from her jacket. Popping it open and flipping the lid over, she pulled out an earbuds case. Opening the container, she removed just the one piece for her right ear and placed it delicately behind her hair. That in place, she brought the left piece to her lips. Again, making a big deal over an odd habit and cautiously looking around only drew attention. As if it were the most normal thing in the world, she pushed the bud between her lips like a cough drop, setting it on her tongue with routine ease.

She reached for her coffee, bringing it up to her lips while mentally bracing herself for the less malleable of the two odd morsels she was ingesting tonight. The sweet icy drink poured into her mouth, flowing smoothly over her tongue and carrying the earbud along until it all gathered at the back of her throat. Kat grimaced, letting it all fall past her epiglottis and finally swallowing. It rolled down her lithe throat in a thick, blocky lump before settling further in her system.

Katarina sighed, looking back to the sidewalk and losing herself in thought. She'd give Isaiah another five minutes to settle before making the call.

A roiling groan lurched the ground beneath him once again, the unfathomably huge organism containing his feeble body had just walked to and back from someplace and had now sat back down. *She* had sat back down, this walking, gurgling behemoth of a woman. Isaiah couldn't even see the surging slope of rugae push out until he'd already fallen face-first into it. The darkness remained constant with no light possibly capable of breaching the thick layers of muscle, blood vessels, and skin that hid him from the world.

While his sight failed him, every other sense worked overtime to process his hellish surroundings. Sloppy mucus webbed between his fingers as he hastily tried wiping away the disgusting muck from his face again. Slime constantly clogged his nose and mouth, constantly demanding expulsion or risk forcing itself to be ingested. The boy didn't know how much more he could stomach, literally or figuratively.

A fresh wave of juices squirted onto him from the wall, hot and thick, clinging to his arms while he cried out into the blackness. This dream he'd found himself in was beyond real now. The emotional exhaustion in his head threatened to have his struggling body fail on him. The only thing keeping him afloat among the churning folds was a general refusal to stop moving. If he stopped, the nightmare would claim him; or so he feared. Just moving was enough to keep his sanity, especially since his voice did him no good crying out into the unfeeling void.

"Heeeeeelp!! Somebody fucking get down here!!! HEEEEEEY!!!"

There was a guttural sound far above, as if in answer to his plea. Seconds ticked by, and he feared the noise that started as a soft trickle from overhead. In an instant, a downpour of freezing, sugary liquid splashed down from the stomach entrance. The spray crashed into him, forcing the boy between two pronounced stomach folds while the liquid continued to settle. His nerves were instantly shocked, tensing on impact while they braced against the attack. Soon enough, the pool at the base of the gut had deepened, now substantial enough that its surface lapped at Isaiah's feet even this far to the wall.

The giant was drinking, and unfortunately, that meant more would follow. Sure enough, the same disheartening gulps resounded from above, in faster sequence, flushing more gallons upon gallons of what he could somewhat identify as coffee down to join his torment. Though there must have been something more to what she was ingesting since something with more weight and bulk popped through the portal above, landing with a thick splat across from Isaiah. When the torrent ceased, the water level had risen.

Still, after the initial shock of the colder fluids, he found that the new company came as a much-needed relief from the grueling heat. Even with the brief reprieve, the pool already began absorbing the body's natural heat, soon to return some equilibrium to the digestive slurry.

Once again, Isaiah was left to ponder his situation while the tumult momentarily quieted down. The walls still passively flexed and churned, but while she sat he had time to hold himself to the graspable folds in the stomach wall.

"Th-th-this doesn't make any... s-sense..." If this was still his dream, and he still retained some agency, then why hadn't he just moved on to the next scene? The pleasure he'd experienced in her mouth, albeit against his will, was a long-forgotten memory compared to the current stage of his hallucination. In his head, he knew he had to contact her. He'd tried hitting the walls to get her attention, crying out her name, or to anyone that could hear. Surely there had to be some link to the outside world!

Unless this was it. Whatever this dream was, it had reduced him to some girl's food. Each grueling, visceral detail amounted to making him feel smaller than he'd ever felt in life. He slumped against the wall, quietly agonizing the cruel joke this all was. He'd wake up soon, and when he did, he'd have a lot to bring up at his next therapy session.

He just needed a way out. He would take anything, any lifeline that would help him escape this retched, boiling pit.

BEEP!

He froze, a small green blink had briefly illuminated the stomach walls. Only a dim light, but enough that for an instant the curling, oozing walls were visible to satisfy morbid curiosity. Their shape was grotesque, like something out of a Giger film. With the chamber already returned to

darkness, the afterimage burned into his mental conception of the stomach. A shiver rolled up his spine, clenching his hands tighter to the pliant folds.

BEEP!

Again, another green flash, coming from the opposite end of the stomach. This follow-up glimpse of his surroundings allowed less room for mental gymnastics, providing a clearer image of what his room really looked like. More importantly, how to navigate it.

Because whatever was beeping in the middle of a human stomach was worth investigating further. Cautiously, he released his grip on the stomach wall and slid down the short incline into the building pool of coffee and drool. Wading through the thick, gently sloshing pond proved easier with the mix of fresh liquids to the mix. He wound up reaching the other end of the stomach just before the next beep went off.

As it did, he discovered its source: an earpiece. Like an air pod, or some kind of bluetooth device, left on its own in the stomach. He looked around, was there another? Was this the strange solid he'd heard splatter into the organ with the coffee? Why would someone eat, no, *drink* a wireless earbud?

It blinked again, an insistent beep drawing him in closer. The dream had taken a dark turn, no question; but maybe this surreal development was the escape he prayed for.

The small speaker in the thicker end of the bud suddenly scratched, causing him to hop back a bit while the light now decided to remain on. From the speaker, a feed began playing. Isaiah crawled closer to investigate.

“...Hello? Ya there dude?”

It couldn't be. He picked up his hands and knees and hustled immediately to grab the pod. It was nearly as long as him, but turning it over to face up allowed him to cling onto it while pulling himself closer to the speaker, “YES! Yes, I'm here! Who is this?”

The mystery voice chuckled, a percussive burst of air bounding in the airways far beyond the stomach, **“Cool! Still here, how was the ride little guy?”**

He froze, a deathly weight squeezing his weary chest as he recognized the voice. More than that, he heard its source echo through the pod while it resounded through the body, heavily muffled to his ears but made clear through the speaker.

“N-no way... how did you-?”

“Told you, that's classified,” he could hear her snicker from both ends.

“Bullshit! You’re gonna tell me what’s going on right now!”

“Ugh, relax man,” his kidnapper chided, ***“It’s just my way of staying connected with you guys. Made it myself; totally waterproof, pretty much works as a two-way walkie-talkie.”***

“But why- how-!?!... WHY DID YOU EAT ME!?”

“Hehe, oops?” he could practically see her mocking expression over the line, ***“Guess I got carried away. Happens when I get... intimate~”***

“WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN!? WHO ARE YOU!? WHY DID YOU-”

“Uh uh uh!” she tutted over the line, ***“First things first... the coffee’s not too cold, is it?”***

Her response stunned him, the casual question seeming so removed from his alien circumstance, “Uh... it’s fine?”

“Cool! Cause there’s more where that came from!”

Before he could ask what she meant, he vaguely heard another slurp followed by a gulp high above. He quickly understood her meaning when a new downpour of iced coffee pelted him and the speaker again. The bud threatened to pull away with the stream, but he held tightly to it. His last lifeline to his captor and potential savior.

The coffee stopped, and Isaiah heard a crisp, satisfied exhale over the call, ***“Ahh~ Really needed this... and you, for that matter.”***

Her banal attitude was starting to rub him the wrong way. His fists clenched around the stem of the bud, gritting his teeth before he spoke, “C’mon Kat! This isn’t funny, at all! Why are you doing anything BUT getting me out right now!?”

There was no answer for a few moments, he imagined her contemplating, ***“Hmmm... why should I?”***

“Why... WHY THE FUCK DID YOU EAT ME IN THE FIRST PLACE!?”

“Easy. I saw you, you looked tasty, so I grabbed a bite on my walk. Something wrong with that?”

“Y-YES!! This is awful! What kind of sick fuck does this to someone?”

Her chuckle stirred the heightened pool of juices splashing at his feet, ***“What happened to this being a dream?”***

His head boiled, unsure whether she was just teasing him or actually reminding him of the pure ridiculousness of his predicament, “E-even so! This is too much, you gotta get me out of here!”

The body shuddered, as if her posture drooped all at once, ***“Mhm... so is this all you’re gonna be talking about?”***

“W-what?” he stared desperately into the speaker as if it was the face of the person he was appealing to.

Evidently, they weren’t impressed, ***“Look, I’m not too interested in chatting if you’re just gonna be a buzzkill.”***

“N-no! Spit me out! NOW!! I don’t want to be here anymore, I don’t want-!!”

“Ugh, fine then! Apologies in advance for the scone.”

And like that, the green light faded, the absence of its dim glow returning the chamber to utter darkness, leaving Isaiah all alone again clutching the dormant earpiece.

“No... no no no no! HEY!! KAT! You can’t leave me in here!” he strangled the pod, banging it into the squishy floor defiantly as if torturing this meager possession of hers would get the giant’s attention.

“DON’T FUCKING LEAVE ME HERE!! THIS IS KIDNAPPING!! THIS IS-!”

A gulp resonated through the alimentary canal, warning Isaiah that he was about to have some company. Bracing himself for another pour of coffee, he was shocked to hear a much more sickly squelch from the sphincter before a mushy wad of bolus dropped directly on top of him. The recently shredded mass broke apart on his shoulders and back, splitting into smaller chunks that slopped to the floor and slid down toward the frothing pool.

Isaiah gagged, some of the chewed food getting into his mouth. Around the familiar thickness of the drool in the mix, he tasted traces of sugar and something bread-based. It occurred to him she’d mentioned a scone.

He threw his head back, crying up into the ceiling as another swallow rang above, the harbinger of more fodder to the ever-growing pile of mush he was left to stew with indefinitely...

The last sip of macchiato slipped smoothly down her throat. Kat exhaled thoughtfully, her eyes still following the increasingly intriguing pedestrians outside. The sun had mostly set, leaving the sky a dim navy that’d soon give way to a true night sky. There were no stars to speak of over the city, just the twinkling of planes, and glowing windows many stories high hinting at pockets of

life. Along the sidewalk beams of headlights and streetlamps illuminate the throngs of the nightlife crowd. Anyone heading home for the evening had reached their destination by now, leaving the current masses consisting of those who were dressed to kill and looking for a good time.

Sometimes, Kat envied these people. Most of them worked and lived for the exciting nights ahead of them, for better or for worse. She didn't regret her choices. Especially regarding how stupid everything seemed knowing what she knew.

A hushed sigh eased the tension from her shoulders, placing her empty cup with the bag her scone came in. Next to these was another bag containing a small sausage and spinach sandwich. Grabbing the latter in one hand, and her trash in the other, she stood from her perch by the window and dropped her refuse in the garbage by the door.

Offering a friendly wave on her way out, she rejoined the foot traffic, making her way back to the gym. Her lone earbud remained fixed within her right lobe, hidden by a dark curtain of strategically wild hair. It'd be a few blocks before she reached her destination, and having spent the better part of the last half hour people-watching, she wasn't as interested in the little stories she conjured in her mind.

Besides, she had a friend to call back. Pulling her phone from her jacket, she dialed the custom number she'd assigned the earbud deep inside her, then set it back in her pocket as the line rang. She found it funny how the call had to make its way through the her usual cell network however many miles that was, when in reality it wouldn't be traveling more than a few inches.

When the line picked up, she braced herself for the initial burst of panic to be expected from someone trapped in the active process of digestion.

"Hello!? Kat, please! Don't hang up!"

She smiled, though her brows curled in, offering a small unseen sympathy, "Hey man. Holdin' up alright?"

"Please don't leave me here! I'll do whatever you want. Please!" His voice was notably more hoarse since their last interaction.

"Alright, but promise you won't be weird again," she found it funny talking to him like a kid who'd been caught fingerpainting the walls, "I just want to chat a bit on my way home. That alright with you?"

"Yes! Anything!" The desperation was palpable, leaving her unconvinced he wouldn't just break down again.

“Look man, just relax a bit. Breathe for me, okay?” she demonstrated with her own breath, likely audible enough for him to emulate from within. She even raised and lowered her hands with her diaphragm in an instructive manner, despite it not being seen by anyone besides random passers-by.

“Just pace yourself. Relax, find your center...” Listening closely, he eventually joined in with her, his soft, strained exhales turning into controlled breaths with a few repetitions.

“Good boy,” she smirked, then placed her hands in her jacket pockets while continuing her casual transit. “So, I wanted to ask earlier, what’s your research all about?”

“My... my what?”

“Your notes. Saw them on the park table, looked pretty impressive, probably not just class notes.”

“Oh, uh...” he paused, as if grappling with the distant memory of whatever life he had before this impossible encounter, **“...It was my thesis. At least, ideas for a thesis.”**

“Ooo! That sounds exciting. Pick a topic yet?” she practically hopped at this new information. “I know you were talking about that nuclear medicine thing.”

“Yeah, I was... getting ready to apply for the doctorate program. This would’ve been my master’s thesis.”

“But you don’t have a prompt yet? What would you even write about?”

“I dunno... somewhat new territory, so partially considered writing a history on the first people to develop the process. But then wondered if using that as a jumping-off point to discuss how early technical norms in radial imaging normalized practices that limited the potential that modern technology could procure.”

“Mhm, such as?” her brow furrowed, feigning intrigue at his line of thinking.

“Well, the benefit of nuclear imaging is getting an enhanced result. This includes everything from improved x-ray to even microscopy, but the way contemporary machines are built limits how deep a view you can get. They treat it like a normal imaging module. So-”

“Imma stop you there,” she smirked, “This all sounds pretty promising, but you’re meandering a little bit. Your prompt should be a solid topic that you can cut down to one or two sentences.”

“S-sure, but it’s not exactly a-” the feed was interrupted by a loud growl over the line, one Kat even felt in her lower abdomen, **“...a simple topic. I’m worried no matter what, nothing I come up with will be easily condensed.”**

Kat turned a corner, now on a straight path across another few blocks to reach her gym, “The point isn’t to make it simple. It’s collecting your thoughts into one central question that guides your research.”

“...That’s what I can’t figure out,” she imagined his shoulders slumping.

“Because it’s not a topic you’re really interested in?” she mused, “You picked it for the guaranteed career path, but writing something like this has to come from a genuine interest in the field you’re studying.”

“It’s not that I’m not passionate about... just fighting through this block.”

“Well, glad I could take your mind off of things,” she grinned, patting her midsection.

In the background, there was a splash, and a moment later the signal got a bit distorted from what must’ve been the froth of her juices. Kat listened closely, biting her lip, though restrained herself from jostling her guest further.

“Fuck! Can you take it easy? It’s already bad enough with you walking!”

“Heh, sorry bud. Impressed you’re holding on as is though,” her hand returned to her pocket, then waited for his response. “...Still there?”

“Why is this happening to me?” his tone had taken a turn toward despair. She frowned sympathetically.

“How do you mean?”

“This isn’t a dream,” he spoke grimly, **“And if it is, then why would this happen at all?”**

“That’s an easy one,” her response was calculated. Equal parts sentimental and somber, “I saw you, and I wanted you.”

“This is more than just wanting to sleep with someone,” his voice had grown spiteful, she’d have to proceed carefully.

“I don’t know. I think I like this a bit better,” her eyes shut, projecting herself to visualize his crouched form inside her, “Having you with me, getting to hold you so close. Intimately, in a way no one else can.”

“You actually like this?”

“Of course. Why else would I do it?”

"This is sick."

"Won't argue with you on that," she brushed her loose hair behind her ear, pressing on her receiver to secure it, "that's part of the draw, for me at least. The contrast between me being out here, walking around like I'm in a normal call, while you're hidden away deep inside me, in a whole different world."

"This is murder."

"So you've given up on the dream?" Kat pouted, a mischievous glint in her green eyes.

"You won't get away with this."

"I think I will. And besides, can't be so bad," she chuckled, an act that audibly stirred the scene on the other end, "we got to go on that coffee date after all."

"It's getting hard to breathe." Her usual charm wasn't getting to him. Briefly, she pondered whether to let him lose more air and take advantage of his eventually fatigued mental state, break him down into the snack pet she wanted.

On the other hand, she wanted him to last. At least until she got home. To this end, she filled her cheeks with fresh air and promptly swallowed it down. She repeated this a few times, making a mental note to avoid burping, "There. That better?"

She could hear his less labored breaths, exasperated as they were, **"Hah!... hah!... Fuck you."**

"C'mon, I've been nice enough, haven't I?"

"I'm not stupid. You're psychotic."

"Aww, breaking my heart, Isaiah," she pouted again, now doubting her tricks would work on him at all. "Don't think you're wholly appreciating your situation. I've had plenty of guys ask me for exactly what you're going through."

"Bullshit," she could tell he wanted to shout at her, but his strength wasn't there.

"...Okay, maybe just the one. But I can confirm he enjoyed it, so I'm sure you can too."

"You're really gonna let me die in here..."

That was the root of it. She exhaled deeply, an act that sloshed another wave of her juices into the receiver. For a few moments, she proceeded in silence, keeping her eyes on the path ahead, the gym front already in sight.

“Yes. You’re my food. I know it doesn’t seem this way to you, but for me it’s special,” here she was, getting sentimental again. A gentle smile curled into her blushing cheeks, “For now, tonight, you and I are the most important people in each other’s lives.”

She stopped at the crosswalk, traffic blocking her forward path, “It’s sappy, I know, but trust me when I say I’m doing you a favor.”

No response. Likely he was speechless listening to what even she could admit were several leaps in judgment. “Believe me when I say that things are about to get a whole lot worse for people like you. Soon enough.”

Her head turned to face the intersecting sidewalk, observing the faces of a dozen strangers heading her direction with zero regards for her, what she knew, and what she was committing in front of them.

“What happened to you is gonna happen everywhere. To anyone unlucky enough to not have their shit together.”

The crossing signal turned, and she stepped forward, “So either this happens now, with you and I having a chance to shoot the shit before the world turns upside down, or a year down the line when you’re sold in some gas station in the middle of bum fuck nowhere.”

“...What’s that even mean?”

She was elated to hear him finally speak up, just as she was making her way to stop at the gym entrance where she’d wait for Taylor to get off of his shift, “You don’t want to know. Knowing is the worst of it.”

Kat picked a nice stretch of wall to recline against, hands still in her jacket with one foot crooked up against the wall, looking out to the street and assuming her watch until Taylor arrived.

“So why don’t you just relax? There’s a comfort in knowing this is it, right? I always imagined there was a kind of beauty in the end.”

“...please, I just want to see my Dad.”

“Shh, shhh,” she rested her hand gently against her gut, softly brushing it over the fabric of her top, “You will. You will buddy.”

“Yo!”

A pronounced baritone called her to her left, none other than her recently adopted himbo, “What’s up! You waitin’ long?”

“Naw, just got here a minute ago.” She smiled earnestly, stepping up to him and rising on her tip-toes to quickly kiss him.

The blonde Adonis instantly blushed, frozen by the act then melting into her surprise affection. When she pulled away, letting her lips part with a soft pop, his grin spoke millions, “Whaaaaat was that about? It’s only been two hours?”

“Heh, had a good walk. Was thinkin’ about ya.”

“Oh yeah?” He took his queue to move in himself, pulling his free arm around her to pull her into a more prepared, sensual kiss. They parted as his arm lowered her away, her hands on his chest, “This bode well for me later?”

Kat bit her lip, considering the underlying proposition. She’d be lying if she said she hadn’t been building up her arousal for several hours now, and the promise of a night with his expert company was tempting...

“Hmmm... not tonight.”

Not what he expected, “Huh? Why not?”

“Just not tonight,” her cheshire grin was a confounding source of appeal and frustration for the guy at this point.

“C’mon, you’re doin’ this to me again?” he pleaded gently, rubbing her shoulder tenderly.

“Listen, we both you’re anything but deprived,” she chuckled, amused by his adorable disappointment and raising a hand to his cheek, “But tonight’s gotta be-”

“‘*Another me night*’. Got ya,” he huffed, though politely accepting the boundary with a gentle smile, “Feel like there’ve been a lot of ‘you night’s’ lately.”

“Honey, trust me. You don’t want to know what I get up to.”

“That a promise?” his wolfish grin spread over his charming face, getting a burst of laughter from her and a friendly punch to the chest.

“Ah! Careful, those are tender!” he rubbed his pec jokingly.

“Dork,” Kat chuckled, reaching for and pulling the compacted sandwich from her new bag and handing it over, “Sorry, by the way, might have squished it a bit on the walk.”

“Ah, no big,” he grinned, taking it from her gratefully and placing it in the bag slung over his shoulder. He’d worked up a healthy sheen from his classes, though by now he’d wiped down. Likely for her sake, though she wouldn’t have complained either way, all things considered.

“Who’s that?” The small voice chirped in her ear, finally finding the courage to remind his captor of his presence.

“Oh shit! Hold on,” she raised a finger to Taylor, pulling her phone from her pocket, “Hey, I’m gonna put you on hold for a bit. Just met up with my boyfriend.”

Taylor noticeably brightened hearing his designation out loud. Isaiah wasn’t as happy, **“Are you fucking kidding me!? All this time and you’re already with someone!?”**

“Yeah, it’ll just be a little bit,” she responded with expert ambiguity, a convincing enough act for her companion, “We can keep this going in a little bit, okay?”

“FUCK YOU! I’m gonna tear your insides out!! You fucking slut!! Don’t you dare-”

“Okie! Talk to ya in a bit~” she chirped. She looked at her phone, reaching a finger towards the hold key. Though a devious thought came to mind, and she opted instead for the deafen button. Hearing him would certainly be a distraction, but letting him hear her talk with Taylor wouldn’t hurt. The irony of it all fueled her winning smile as she turned to her partner, “Cool, let’s bounce.”

“Yea,” he reached for her hand, which she grabbed with only slight reluctance, turning on the path towards her apartment. She somewhat loathed having to alter her natural walking pace to match Taylor’s, though found it only a minor annoyance. In the end, his optimism was contagious, and as he regaled her with his private sessions that night and the aerobics class that followed, she couldn’t help but grin at his enthusiasm the whole way.

“-So Eve was having a bit of trouble still, but Sarah and I got her on the right track. Hopefully, she’ll build a bit more stamina before next session. Gotta keep the pack together, yeah?”

“Mhm,” she nodded, squeezing his hand in place of actually contributing to the conversation.

Perhaps there was a part of him that was more conscientious than she realized, since he took notice of her aloofness, “Sooo, how was your walk?”

Her shoulders perked up, taking the lead in their chat, “It was nice. Crossed through the park, caught up with an old Uni friend, then chilled at the Grind for a while.”

“Oh cool! Someone I know?”

“Nah, just an acquaintance. Was nice hearing what they were up to though, might keep in touch,” she brushed her stomach absentmindedly as she spoke, and she swore she could feel a renewed flurry of movement beneath her skin.

“Oh! And I met this awesome corgi named Hilda. I was gonna die she was so cute!”

“Dope! Get pics?”

“I wish! She was with this couple, didn’t want to bother them.”

“Heh, that’s funny.”

Kat’s dark brow quirked up, “Why’s that?”

“I mean, usually you’re so forward with people is all. Like, doesn’t really stop you when you want something whether people are comfortable or not.”

“You’re saying I’m aggressive?” she squeezed his hand again, leaning her head around and throwing him a mischievous glare, “I resent that.”

If he wasn’t already sweating from the workout, he’d surely have started fresh at this moment, “N-not that it’s a bad thing! Sometimes it’s good to know what you want!”

“I don’t know. Don’t think that’s a bit presumptuous?” she flicked her head back, letting her hair sway and fall back into place with a mocking flare.

“I guess... sure worked on me though,” he smiled, turning his fumble back around, letting go of her hand to pull his arm around her.

The gesture was unexpected, though in the moment she actually found it nice... especially as the contents of her gut were notably tossed around by the action.

“Oh, shit!” Taylor had looked toward her and noticed something amiss, pulling himself back to get a better look, “Kit, uh, I don’t know how to tell you this...”

“What’s wrong?” she reached a hand up unconsciously, brushing her hair back to feel if anything had gotten stuck in it. Not feeling anything outright, she looked up at him for clarification, “Well? A bird shit on me or what?”

“No babe. Just... you were on the phone, right?” he tapped his free hand to his ear, “One of your buds, it’s gone.”

On instinct, she reached up to her bare ear lobe, then quickly stopped before laughing with relief, “Babe, it’s fine. I’m just using the one, the other’s at home.”

“Oh, really?” he looked at her confused, to which she only nodded. “Alright, that’s cool. Sorry I flipped.” He scratched his head modestly, an almost cartoonish gesture.

“Don’t sweat it, big guy,” she giggled again, resuming their original hand-held formation. Still, the air hadn’t quite settled, the presence of her little white lie lingering on.

“...Don’t those things stop working? You know, when you take one out, it mutes and stuff.”

She considered the logical thread he was on, measuring the risk of his prying against what she was willing to reveal, “Not these. Got a custom pair, waterproof and everything.”

“Oh! For real?” he lit up at the fake reveal, once again delighted to get further insight into his girlfriend’s mystery life, “That’s kinda cool actually! Think you could hook me up?”

“I’ll... see if there’s any available,” she smiled happily at him. Acquiring another pair definitely wasn’t an option anyway.

Soon enough, they were at the entrance to her apartment. Several stories tall, very exclusive, Taylor couldn’t help but feel out of place anytime he stood at the base of the towering luxury lofts. Still, he was ready to head in and continue their night... when she stopped him.

He turned, confused by her hesitance, “Uh, you alright? Didn’t forget something?”

Since being effectively muted to the outside world, the unconscious contractions within the monstrous organ had picked up their pace, kneading and pulsing around the small amount of congealed mush. By now, most of the coffee had moved on to the intestines, what little remained soaked into the swampy mire of stewing pastry and jam bits that had congealed into a thick paste. Isaiah was constantly at odds pulling himself from the marsh, prying his legs from the mass with a slurpy pop. Another giant step rocked the internal world again, squeezing the pile against the wall he clung to and threatening to drag him back.

He wheezed, the closest he could amount to a cry, by now his voice harsh and worn down by the sour gases that cooked the very atmosphere around and inside of him. His hands were free, having lost the earbud what felt like ages ago to the disgusting ooze pit, giving him the liberty to clutch the pulsing, giving folds closest to him for dear life. Even those stretched and pushed at his fingers, urging him to release and slide down to join the rest of the food. The walls echoed the insane sentiment of his host, coaxing him to relax and let his horrible circumstance play out. It was only natural, after all.

Isaiah raggedly gasped, his voice strained and cracked, another contraction shoved his legs back in the slop. He was back to slowly extracting his limbs from the needy gruel when the body

suddenly shifted all at once. Not a normal step like he'd grown accustomed to, but a strange pull that slid and compacted the massive body. This was too much for his poor grip to hold through, and the folds finally stretched apart to remove themselves from his slippery, desperate clutch.

His breathing pitched, sliding fully into the grotesque soup, and finding himself submerged to his chest. Now caked into the mire, the surface of the sludge lapped at his exposed chest and shoulders. The wet, slimy texture sprayed globs of caked muck onto him, carried further by small splashes of thin, filmy juices spraying his eyes and forbidding his sight. The exposure burned, directly on his cornea and subtly over his skin.

He could only free his upper right arm from the mess, not nearly enough to pull out completely. The now-removed stomach floor churned the pile all the same, mashing in more mucousy fluids into the mixture and wetting the doughy bolus into chyme.

Again, a massive squeeze constricted the stomach walls, nearly crushing Isaiah's lower body in the horrible cocktail of toxic, vomit-smelling mush. Then, the darkened room was lit again. A dim green light had reemerged from the far end of the sack, its wide head squeezed to the top of the pile.

Isaiah was given the benefit of sight, just barely. His eyes still stung, and the plastic device was far out of reach. However, his ears clearly picked up the feed returning to the cacophony of gurgles and digestive moans.

“You sure I can't come up, babe?” a masculine voice spoke, clearly a small distance from the other end of the line, ***“Feels like I gotta take care of you, ya know?”***

“Heh, Taylor...” There she was. While Isaiah had no face to match with her apparent boyfriend, hers was omnipresent. He could almost perfectly visualize the hesitance on her sympathetic face.

“C'mon! We had a big day. Your feet must be killin' ya, think a foot rub could really do you some good.” He spoke earnestly, leaning into his proposition. When the man's intention was clear, Isaiah's heart dropped. If just walking caused this much chaos, what happens when his kidnapper starts...?

The boyfriend continued, ***“Trust me. I'm certified to help you unwind,”*** he practically purred, likely holding her affectionately to sell his point.

“...Listen, any other night and you wouldn't be going anywhere,” the curl in her smile laced her response, ***“...Just, not tonight. Okay?”***

“Y-yea, sure.” The response was understanding, though no less disenchanting. Hell, Isaiah would feel for the guy if he weren't suffering under wholly worse conditions.

Kat quickly chimed in, ***“Hey, I promise. It’s nothing about you. Just some private stuff,”*** She comforted him, her words adopting a sweeter tone than her normally cool timbre. ***“Tell you what, tomorrow I’ll make it up to ya.”***

“You sure?” he asked. Isaiah couldn’t see her nod in response. ***“A-alright! We can make a thing of it. I’ll bring some pinot, can order some Italian, go all ou-”***

Her cool, fried chuckle cut him off, ***“Hehehe! Fuck, I could eat you up.”***

Isaiah hurt his throat again attempting a scream.

“Y-yeah, heh. So it’s a date?” Taylor timidly added. Though the smaller man had little idea what he looked like, even he wasn’t immune to Kat’s charm.

“Soon as I’m home, you’re mine~”

“C-cool...” a pause, then the sound of a kiss. Hardly perceptible over the endless squelches and pops in his active environment.

The elevator doors opened, clearing the way for Kat to immediately head for her bedroom. She didn’t care too much to clean up or get ready for bed properly. She’d waited long enough; the one downside of having to meet up with Taylor was the lack of urgency. She humored him as much as necessary, even looking forward to their new plans the following night. For now though, as she tossed her jacket aside and began unbuttoning her jeans, she had business to attend to.

Her flats were promptly kicked off as soon as she entered her room, peeling her pants down her smooth, toned legs and ungracefully kicking them aside from her bed. Pulling her tank top away, she used her feet to dexterously slide off her ankle socks and leave her lower half in just her underwear. She was about ready to lay down in bed when she forgot a crucial component of her ritual. Grunting to herself, she pushed off from the mattress and retrieved her jacket, pulling her still active phone from her coat pocket.

The call was still active, left on deafen for the last twenty minutes. With her mind back on her latest occupant, a wave of immediate regret swept over her now realizing how frantically she’d been moving around since reaching her apartment.

“Shit, uh-hh,” she grimaced, her thumb hovering over the undeafen button while contemplating the interaction to come.

Her thumb gently tapped the screen, and the faint sound of wet, slimy viscera crinkled once more in her right ear.

“...Hello?...Isaiah?” Without hearing any sign of life right away, she feared the worst had already transpired on her walk back. She checked the volume on her phone, already at max, and probed her insides again, “You still there, dude?”

Relative silence, another few seconds longer. She considered hanging up until a small burst of activity struck out from the idle soundscape.

A wheezing, gasping voice was barely coherent. He was clearly trying to speak but had little capacity to do so. Even to her seasoned temperament, the sound was dreadful at first. A deformed human voice broken in so many ways that it hardly resembled the original youthful tone it had earlier. It could only be the young med student she met in the park today. The previous owner of the dark backpack tossed aside in the living room. The aspiring golden boy of an unknown family line that wouldn't see him again

She deafened once again. Some things were too much for her taste. And yet, the budding warmth that had flourished in her loins all night only grew as the visual image sank in.

“...Shh, shhh~” she cooed to the boy, slowly slipping into a recline on her bed, placing her phone on the vacant pillow to her left. “It's okay hun, this is good.”

Discreetly, tracing over her toned abdomen, her fingers circled around the approximate location of the organ cradling the boy in peril, “This is what you're meant for. All mine, everything you are.”

Her hand slipped down her stomach, reaching under the elastic of her underwear. Gently, she started teasing the crest of her lips, “It's okay. I know it hurts. You'll be alright, I'm here with you.”

A delicate slickness had been ready for her when her fingers dug out her concealed clit, pinching it deftly between the smooth ridges of her fore and mid fingers with slow, needful caresses. Her feet slid up the sheets until her knees were comfortably bent, giving her purchase to spread her thighs and open herself naturally.

“I'll take care of you. No more stress, no more expectations. No papers, no pressure from your teachers or family.” Between her small affirmations to the boy bubbling alive in her core, she let out soft little pants. The meager jolts of arousal steadily build to sustained shocks that curled her spine from her tailbone to the crux of her neck.

“Just the two us- Hanh~!... Sweet little Isaac- nng~” Her heartbeat picked up the pace with the rising tempo in her hand, her other clutched over her stomach protectively. Though anatomically, there was always very little to be felt once something reached her stomach, she pushed her nerves to focus wholly on the warmth in her core and honed it into her midriff. Desperate, wanting to feel even the imaginary fluttering of her guest.

Shocking her rational mind, she reached to her side and grabbed her phone. Against her better judgment, she unmuted the call. The groans and sloshes had become more intense, the subtle mewlings and gasps of her toy just audible enough to give her the mental image she pined for.

“This is perfect! You’re perfect, and you’ll be safe now. Happy, this is what you really needed! You wanted r-release-” her fingers had by now plunged into her womanhood, her thumb pressed onto and rubbing her clit all while her three primed fingers exhumed and expressed themselves unto the slick, sensitive walls.

“Please, please! Talk to me, Isaac! Talk to- mmm~ me!” She got his name wrong again. It didn’t matter. She’d forget him. In the end, this moment was the most important part of his life, and to her, it was just another fling. Another in a long line of precious snacks. Her hand was now pumping violently, her back arching while her feet curled against the wrinkled sheets.

“...please h-heelp... it b-b-brrrnss... nnnnnuuuugghhhhh...”

Kat gasped, her free hand swinging to muffle her voice as it nearly squeaked from her excitement hearing his words. “I-i-it’s alright, love,” she panted, aching from the ferocity of the climax she was already building up to, “Remember, it’s all just a dream~ A scary dream, but you’ll be so, so happy once it’s over~”

Her body ran on autopilot while her mind zeroed in on painting the picture of her snack’s last moments. Sloshing in whatever remained of her light meal, aside from him, gargling on the essence of her natural mechanism at work. Floating and succumbing to the most commonplace of biological processes that man wrongfully learned to stop fearing ages ago.

“...you... you prom-...” his voice crackled, closer to the mic than he’d been before. An almost intimate whisper, save for how worn down his voice had devolved, **“...you promise?...”**

Her green eyes clasped shut, practically tearing up while her hand pushed toward a breaking point, her other clutching her mid-section, “Yes! Yes, I prom-.. Promi-...hyah, haaaaAAAAHH!!”

The bed shook as her body spasmed, her back lifting from the mattress like a woman possessed, her hand ferociously slamming into her groin like a manic puppeteer while her voice rang through the apartment.

Her mind blanked for several moments, maybe minutes. By the time she mentally recovered, her breath and heart had steadied themselves to a manageable tempo. Her toes stretched out, now reclined across the bed in a modest spread, as if she were making a snow angel, her chest rising and falling at an even time.

She turned her head, her phone had wound up knocked to her side, and she rolled over to pick it up. The call was still going, the results of her roll still slapping against the earpiece inside her, muffling the line.

“Isaiah?” she called, her alto voice pleasantly fried from her climax. No response, just more sickly squelches against the receiver. “You there hun?”

She waited several moments. There’d be no answer. With a sigh, she ended the call, sitting upright against the headboard and collecting her thoughts on her evocative evening.

The seconds ticked by. Her stoic face betrayed the passion she’d spent the night building toward. Across from her bed was a simple painting, a minimalist sunset in distinct monochrome shades. A single triangle stood at the point where two differently greyed planes met. The pyramid was a strong centerpiece, surrounded by smaller strokes that lined the gray borders through the center cut of the image. Yet, the boldest shape was also just barely uneven. Slightly askew, compromising what the naked eye would perceive as an equilateral triangle. A strong, resolute shape, built from disparate proportions.

Kat swung her legs off the bed. It was high time she had an actual dinner, though she didn’t feel particularly hungry. Something light would satisfy, maybe a banana and some yogurt. Grabbing her tank top from the floor as she left the room, she slid it on over herself to protect her modesty from any potential voyeurs looking through her windows, even this high up.

The lights shut off automatically as she left the bedroom, her sensors following her into the kitchen where she opened her large fridge and checked her supply.

“Okay Alessia,” she called out, “Play ‘Scenery’ by Ryu Fukui!”

In the background, her customized bot wordlessly responded by playing a light piano track, soon joined in by the full jazz troupe featured on this favorite album of hers. Meanwhile, her viridian irises scanned the shelves, she smacked her lips thoughtfully. Whether she was aware or not, her mind was already moving on from the boy named Isaac...

“Here! You gotta listen to this,” Kat called from the living room after plopping herself on the couch, getting herself comfortable while so full from their big dinner.

“Uh, is it more jazz?” Taylor called from the kitchen, finishing up the dishes they’d used for dinner after insisting on handling the cleanup. He was fine taking care of the cleanup, anything to help her stay in a good mood. Anyway, the suds felt nice against his callused hands after another active shift at the gym.

“Yuh! Bear with me though, this guy’s more up-to-date,” he felt her eager gaze as he set the last plate on the drying rack, wiping his hands to finally rejoin his tipsy host on the couch. After the three glasses of red they’d started the night with, she was in a uniquely giddy mood.

As he sat down, a hand crept around his side and lightly pulled him into his seat. Once at rest, she brushed around his shirt and let her fingers play with his lats and mid-section. He wasn't complaining by any means, though there was something odd about how handsy Kat was being.

Biting her lip, she was watching his reaction with meticulous observation as she 'pet' her man. He knew she liked to fluster him, which became less of a problem over time. Kept him on his toes more than any past relationship.

He accepted her little affections, putting on a winning smile and leaning slightly toward her, "Hey there, you."

Kat giggled, a surprisingly girlish titter in her reaction before she perked up, reaching for her shorts pocket.

"Shit, here!" she presented him with an earbud while placing the second in her right ear, "Seriously, you'll like this one."

He chuckled, accepting the innocuous offer and putting the extra piece in his own left ear. While doing so, she snuggled up to him while grabbing her phone from the couch cushion, pressing play on the album she had queued up.

They sat for a while, letting the starting track play out until eventually, the lyrics reached a point where Taylor raised a brow, affected by a direction the tune had gone he hadn't expected.

"Wait, what's this called again?" he leaned over and peeked at her phone, which she eagerly showed him in turn, "...*Fuck Yo Feelin's*?"

"You know it," she smirked, lacing a punkish edge in her answer.

"Can you do that? Seems pretty-" he listened further while the track devolved into a back-and-forth diss match between the MC and the producer, "...never mind, this is dope."

"Right? It's Robert Glasper's latest mix tape," she grinned, practically bouncing as she elaborated.

"That's tight as fuck actually," he smiled, letting his girl's enthusiasm seep into his appreciation a bit. "Is this really jazz though? Like, they're rapping and stuff, and that's definitely a hip-hop beat, thing, right?"

"I mean, Jazz can do a lot these days. Glasper's actually one of the best jazz pianists in the world right now." she slurred, her free hand emphasizing her points with relaxed energy.

His face was momentarily confounded, "Uh... penis?"

This earned a laugh from Kat, rolling into his side and slapping his chest giddily, "Oh god! Down boy, hehe."

Her response enthused him, enough that he turned himself toward her, reaching a hand to her chin and tilting her face up from her laughter to meet the ambitious gaze in his blue eyes, "You know, you talk to me like a dog, I might have to get a little ruff with ya."

Unironically, he said this with a wolfish grin like it was the most foolproof line in the world. Kat just quirked a brow, an impish half-smile stretching her pretty lips before revealing her lovely teeth, "Dude. Really?"

The bravado remained, a further challenge to her usual dominance in their back-and-forth, "Did that hurt my chances?"

His bright eyes carried a desirable intensity Kat couldn't help but respect. While she might've preferred being the one to get him flustered, the wine in her system happily relented control as she raised a hand behind his head, her fingers gently clutching his neck and hair.

"Hardly," her eyes lidded, she pulled them together to meet his lips. They tasted like alfredo and pinot, but the savory response of her luscious, soft touch was intoxicating.

A minute had passed, and she was ready to push further. She had that predatory look in her eye. He knew that to be a sign to ease off the pedal and let her take charge for the time. In a second, her strong legs lifted her up, straddling his waist and forcing him back into the couch while planting her arms on each side of his head. His hands reach around to hold her back, one grabbing her waist and sliding down to cup her ass. Budding heat emanated through her shorts, pressing longingly against the rising bulge in Taylor's pants. She leaned down to meet his lips again, practically putting his head in a vice with her two groping hands holding onto his shoulder and head respectively.

Kat broke the kiss, leaning her head down to his neck, and licked her lips salaciously. Slowly, emphatically, she ran her greedy, slimy tongue up the length of his attractive jugular, tracing along his flesh until crossing the border of his pronounced jawline. It dragged on before flicking the tip away at the top of his cheekbone, a trail of glistening, wet saliva left in its wake. He was pleasantly surprised, taking the strange gesture with carnal intrigue, letting her savor him. He was no stranger to her tongue, so he accepted the tasting readily. Especially when it got her as worked up as it did. Even now she clutched onto him tighter, pulling herself in toward his ear to share a whisper.

Smacking her lips, her voice poured out like a fine wine, teasing his senses with insidious, intimate promise. "Mmmm... Delicious."