My apartment is fantastic.

Small and cozy. Ample storage space. Great view from my bedroom window. And on top of all that, it's in the perfect area. Only fifteen minutes away from the bakery where I work. Perfect.

Or… almost perfect. There's two big issues. The walls are thin as shit…

… and my neighbors have always been obnoxious as all hell. And, believe me - I've had 'em all. The party freak throwing a wild one until 3AM. The macho douche who did nothing but argue loudly over the phone. And, of course… the gross ass fuck who couldn't help but have the noisiest sex in the world every night.

Or at least, I *thought* I'd had it all - until the new guy moved in. He's some weird looking dog thing… or… fuck, he might be a cat, it's really hard to tell. Maybe some halfbreed… whatever. Point is, he's got the muzzle and tail of a wolf but the ears and eyes of a feline. Covered in thin snow white fur. Short ass shock of hair, dyed pink, all punky and anti-fucking-establishment. Thin and skinny and gangly - barely a guy at all - the type of person who looks like they'd fall to bits if you so much as suggested throwing 'em at the wall. Anyway - I'm obsessing over appearance - which is how you *know* I'm pissed. Normally I don't give a shit what anyone looks like, but… let me stop myself before I go off again. He just looks wrong - *off* - that's what I'm trying to say.

And that makes sense, 'cause he's a real goddamn weirdo to boot. Sure, he isn't having loud parties, violent arguments, or noisy sex… but he is knocking on my door at 2AM every night.

Of course, I don't answer it. Most of the time I don't bother crawling outta bed, but when I do, I just look through the peephole. And when I do, I see the skinny streak of piss stood there with this creepy ass grin on his face… holding onto a big tray of freshly baked cupcakes. Like I'm gonna open the door in the ass-end of the morning and he's gonna be like *hello, neighbor* and thrust this fat tray of baked goods in my face! Who even does that anymore? Especially at 2AM? *Every night*? Why can't he just knock in the afternoon?!

But it gets weirder. He'll wait there without knocking again - for exactly *one hour* - before he drops the cupcakes by my front door and leaves. So, every morning before work, I gotta clear a tray of cupcakes off my stoop. I don't even *like* cupcakes! Especially not ones with rainbow icing and… ugh… *sprinkles*.

So, tonight, I decided that I was sick of it. That I was gonna put an end to it. I got home from the bakery, I took off my uniform and threw on something more comfortable. I grabbed the tray of cupcakes that he'd left on my doorstop that morning. Then, after sliding into my best ass-kicking shoes, I made the short march to the door just to the right of mine.

I lifted my hand to deliver one hell of a knock, but… before I start slamming knuckle, I notice the door is open. So I think to myself - fuck it, I'm gonna give this skinny loser one hell of a shock. So I kick the door open, cross the threshold, and…

… the tray and the cupcakes are falling to the floor …

… and so am I. Only I'm not *me* anymore. I'm small - about the size of the palm of your hand - and I'm covered in wet frosting.

I'm a cupcake. No, not just a cupcake - I'm one of *his* fucking cupcakes.

It's a surprise.

The kinda surprise where you don't know *what* the fuck to do.

Until you realize that you need to scream, anyway. But just as I try - just as I'm realizing that I don't actually *have* a mouth to scream through…

"What was *that* noise?"

… I hear the fucker. Somehow. I don't know how, but… I can even hear his paws smacking against the floor. I might not be able to *speak* because I don't have a mouth, but I can still *hear* just fine even though I don't have ears - and I can still *see* even though I don't have eyes. I can see the floorboards - I can see icing dripping off of 'me' - I can see his white paws coming into view, all the way down to his black leathery beans. A sole that's bigger than me - and a heel that could crush my new cakey self flat into the floor.

And then, just as that's sinking in, just as I'm realizing how fucking small I am, just as that enormous foot hits the ground right in front of my 'face' and creates one hell of a shockwave… I realize that I can *feel* everything too. I feel everything through a body that has no flesh, no muscles, no bones. I feel everything through the helpless and delicate form of a bitesize cupcake.

"I left my door open?" my now giant neighbor comments in high-pitched confusion. "And… there's cupcakes on my floor? Did… did my neighbor just throw them through the door? That's… that's so rude!"

"No, you fucking idiot!" I try to yell up at him. "I was going to barge right in here and throw them in your face! Tell you how much I don't want them! Tell you how much of a freak you are!"

But my weird dogcat of a neighbor can't hear this. Because I'm not saying it. No matter how much I try, I don't have a tongue to flap. I might be able to see and hear

through eyes and ears that don't exist, I might be able to feel my cakey body shaking, and, *fuck*, I can even *smell* my sickly sweet self. But I cannot speak. I am helpless and noiseless. All I can do is hope that this - whatever the fuck it is - will wear off soon.

"I… I suppose I'll try again tonight," the weird catdog sighs loudly as I watch his huge toes curl against the floor. "But, until then… it really would be a shame to waste these cakes. Even if they are all over the floor. I'll… I'll just eat one, and then I'll put the rest in the fridge."

I watch as his eyes flicker amongst the cakes scattered across the ground as a bright pink and distinctly canine tongue laps across his muzzle. Is he really going to start eat one of them off the floor?

Is he really going to eat *me* off the floor? No, no… there's a dozen other cupcakes here. Some of them are still on the tray, even! He'll eat one of those. And I'll get put in the fridge. Where it'll be cold and dark and weird but… hey, at least I'll get a chance of riding whatever the fuck this is out, right?

Or… wrong. Because his hand, outstretched, is moving right toward me.

His huge fingers are wrapping around my body, squishing into my wet icing and delicate body of cake. At first I think - or I hope - that he might just be taking me from the floor to the baking tray. But that hope gets dashed when his grip intensifies around my fragile 'body'. When he takes me up the skinny expanse of his body and takes me up to his muzzle… that's when I know I'm going to be eaten.

I stare into his strange purple eyes. There is no mercy - because I am nothing more to him than a sweet snack. I look at his nostrils as they flare to take my scent. He does not smell me - he only smells cupcake. And when his jaw unhinges, when his maw is revealed, when strands and webs of saliva are breaking apart to give me a *proper* view of his pink insides.

A proper view of the slathering maw that's going to make me into just what I look like - *food*.

As I look over at the long length of his oozing tongue, as I witness the tight and *gulping* clutch of his huge and terrifying throat, as I realize just how big he is in comparison to me now, how he's fit to swallow me whole…

… I beg. "Please," I attempt to yell toward the inky and slimy cavern that is his parted lips, "I'm not food! I'm not! I'm a person! You can't hear me - you can't -"

But my words fail to come out of my nothing of a mouth. Which means that my everything goes sailing into his.

His horrible compress of a tongue *smacks* me right in the icing as he shoves me into his mouth, sweeping it off of my body to splatter it's sweetness right across his tastebuds. In that moment - as my gooey essence is ripped from the top of my body - it's like a piece of me is being torn away. Not like my fur is being shaved - or my arm is being ripped off - but… like a piece of my very being has being ripped away. Like a portion of my fucking *soul* is slathered across his tongue and…

… fuck, I can feel it. I can feel myself melting over his buds. I can feel myself drooling down his throat. I can feel my essence dripping into his hot and disgusting vomit sack of a stomach…

… I have to get out of here.

I have to make this stop.

I have to do everything in my power to escape this.

But I have no power. I am a cupcake in a dogthing's slimy maw. So, as much as I might try to reach out with my arms… as much as I might try to kick out my legs… as much as I might try to open my mouth to *scream*…

I'm just food. Delicate food at that. I can feel his saliva wetting my body and penetrating it proper. Fluids seeping into my doughy and porous 'flesh'. Enzymes from said saliva breaking and burning me down. The subtle but painful feeling of being barely decomposed. It burns. Burns like a match has been lit in the very middle of me, and it's flame is bright enough to slowly burn me from the inside out.

My helpless body is suddenly thrown onto back molars.

Before I can even *try* to scream for pity, teeth are dropping into me and tearing through my body. His jaw clenching around me like an iron vice as molars burrow into my sensitive body. Ripping me in half easily. Sending fragments of me splattering across the inside of his cheeks.

I want to scream more than ever. I want to release the horrible pain of being split asunder. I want to cry out into his mouth, I want to hear my agony echoing from his cheeks, I want the world - or at the very least, *him* - to know how much he's hurting me.

But all I can hear are his teeth grinding. The horrible splatter of my form splitting and dividing even more than it already has. The sound of me-infused-saliva sloshing around his mouth and splashing into my many pieces. Even the growl of his stomach - distant but there, thanks to the pieces of me that have dripped down his throat.

It only takes a couple of eager and excruciating bites to break me. To compress what's left of me into a ball of absolute horror. To wrap me in spittle. To saturate me

utterly in drool. Helpless. Powerless. A useless wad of food in the sickening clutch of maw and tongue and cheek.

His head tilts back, nudging my doughy ball of a body toward his throat. Then, effortlessly - with more power than I'll ever be able to muster again - he swallows.

Sending me to reunite with the rest of myself in his stomach.