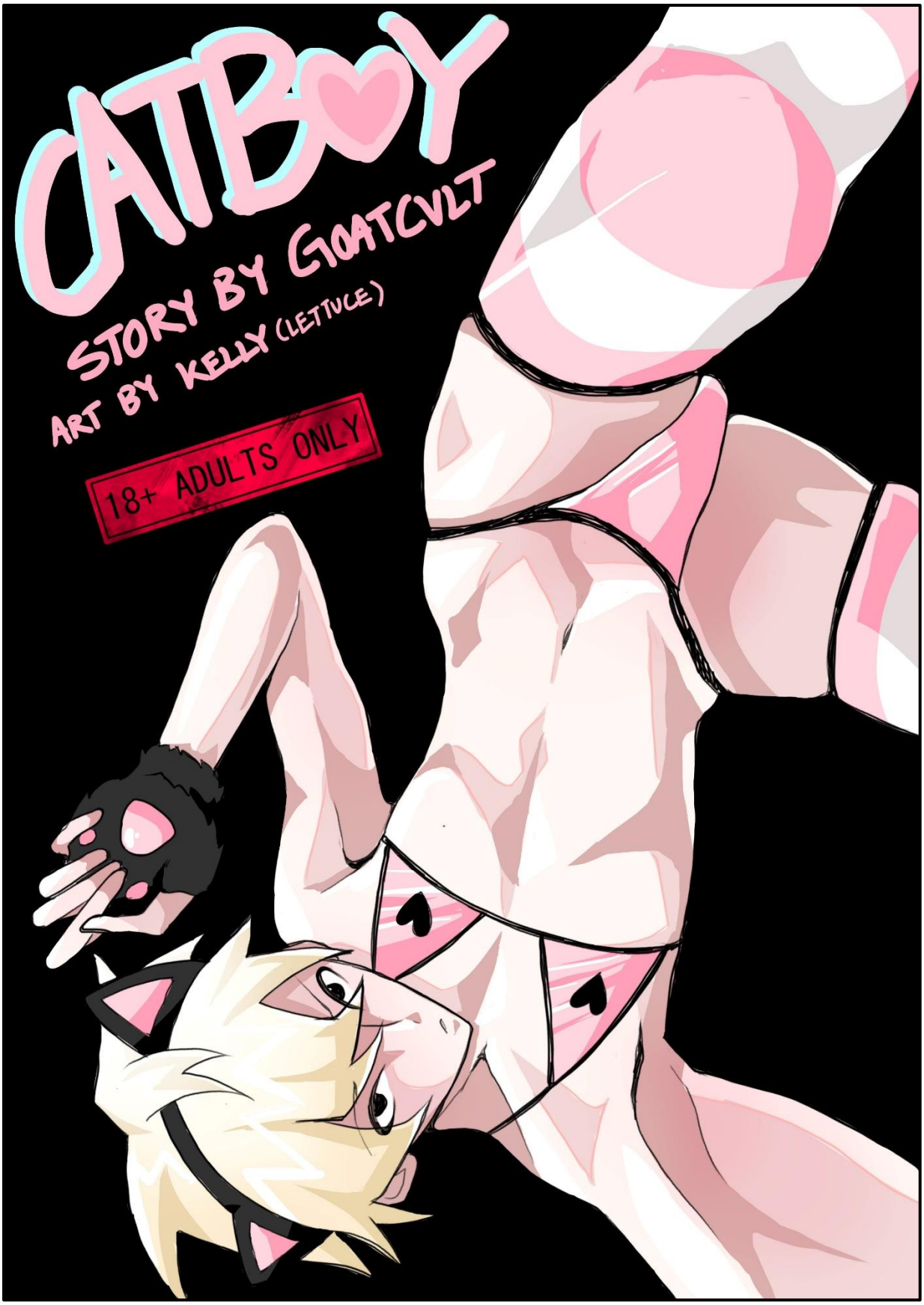

CATBOY
STORY BY GOATCVLT
ART BY KELLY (LETTUCE)
18+ ADULTS ONLY

Chapter 1

Squish

$597.63. My bank account has $597.63. Rent's in three days. It's $900.

Squish squish

I was fired on Friday. That fucking bitch, Megan. Ratted on me for stealing cat ears. What's the big deal? Forever Toys is corporate. The ears were only $5.99. Bitch.

Stomach growls

If my last check doesn't get mailed this week, I'm screwed. I'll have to blow my landlord, Mr. Stronofsky.

Squish and squirm

I could apply to that coffee shop down the street. What's it called - Bean Hut? I heard those places give tips during training.

Stomach growls violently

Problem is, everyone who works there is a 6-foot tall dyke. I'm a 4'11" boy. And I'd have to talk to people. I hate people.

Squishes too hard

“FUCK!”

I end the recording on my phone. Blood trickles down into my belly button. I forgot to cut my nails, and if I knew I’d be filming fetish content for PurrFags.net, I would’ve taken my manicure routine more seriously. Shit. I should have filmed the blood - freaks love that.

I stare at the ceiling. It says nothing.

My bed is a pink satin cot with stuffed animals along the east wall. Knockoff Hello Kitty, royalty-free penguins from the commissary claw machine, and my most prized possession:

An officially licensed Totoro with a missing eye. I named him Guts.

I finger the pool of belly button blood, splishing and splashing it all over my pale stomach.

I lick some of the blood off my finger. It tastes sweet.

Grrrrrooooooowlllllll

The walls of my $900 studio cell come into focus. I’m now violently aware of how hungry I am. I haven’t eaten in two days.

Food. I need food.

I slide out of bed. The pink satin of my studio cot rubs against the soft black fabric of my Temu panties. It feels nice.

I walk all of five feet to the kitchen (my studio prison is only 10 feet long) and put my mouth under the sink faucet for a drink of water. I drink like a baby giraffe.

I slip into 3-inch gym shorts, black with white trim. Black thigh-high socks. Black Doc Marten's. Tight black crop top with white trim. I keep my cat ears on.

THUD!

A wad of piss comes out of my dick. Not enough to warrant a change of underwear, but I definitely peed. The ceilings of my cell are low (even for my height), so the jarring sound of what I imagine is a 200-pound body slamming into my upstairs neighbor's floor with such force that it made my sweet little wee wee shi shi.

I stare at the ceiling. It says nothing.

Chapter 2

Black light.

Black light shines the filth of my corpse.

It's deafening. I cannot hear it.

My eyes roll back. It's the smell. I can't bear it. This filth. It's gutter cum. Blood. I smell blood underneath me.

A shadow moves past the window

Was that a cat? It was quick. Allusive. I smell you, cat. Your filth.

Sunken eyes. Drained. I'll drain you, cat. One by one. I have toys. They pay me to play with toys.

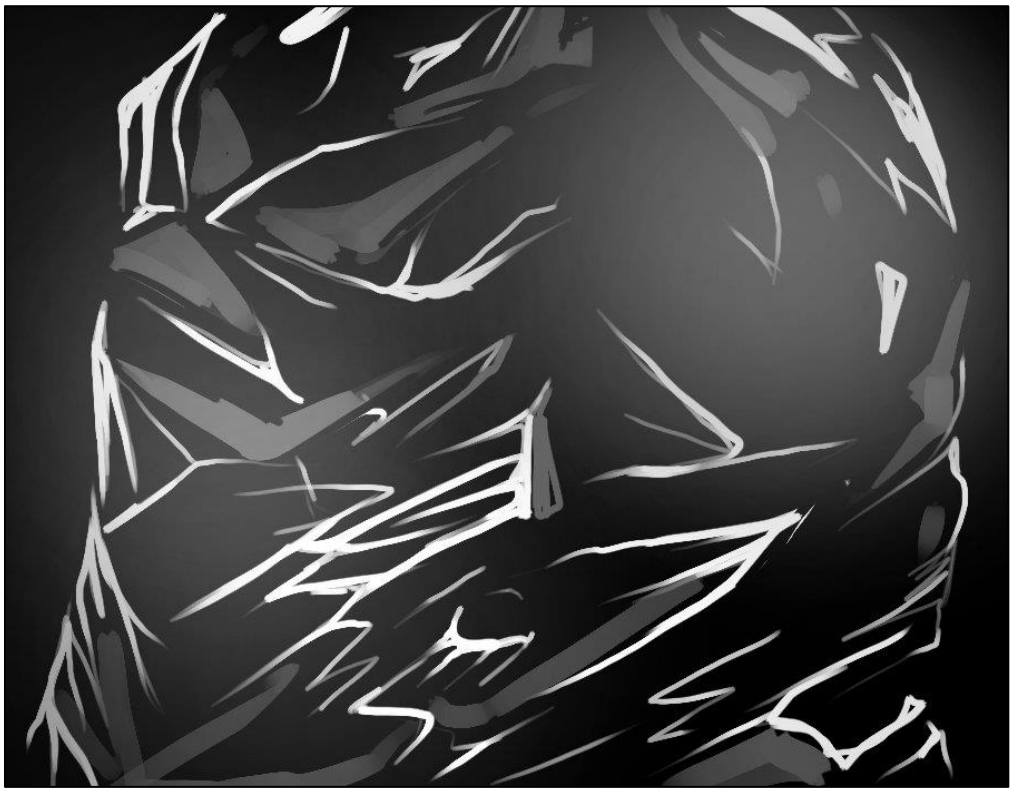
A news report plays on the TV. Something about the weather. There's no sound.

"Don't talk."

A heavy trash bag lays slumped in the corner of the room. It's wrapped in duct tape.

"Don't talk or I'll scream."

Can it understand me? No. That's not possible. These things - freaks. They're just freaks. I can't hear them. Nor can they hear me. I broke all the lights. They can't see me in here.



The trash bag moves.

Filth. You're just filth. Crud on my shoe.

The trash bag moves again.

The black light. It's getting darker. No. It's seeping into me. My skin. It's melanoma. Cancer. These freaks are cancer.

He looks at the trash bag, walks over to it, and grabs it by the throat.

“You’re the stain in these walls. Mold. Bloody mold. I see that now.”

The trash bag lets out a faint squeal.

He lifts the bag up by its throat, and slams it headfirst into the kitchen floor.

Chapter 3

Cigarette smoke hits me in the face as I exit my cell. Annoyed, I look to see my neighbor what's-his-face leaned up against the walkway railing, smoking a Marlboro. It's Mr. 502.

I'm in unit 501.

"Sorry", he says while half-heartedly waving away the smoke. I half-heartedly smile back and lock the door.

"Is it Halloween?", Mr. 502 chirps.

"What?" I'm still annoyed.

"Is it Halloween?"

"Uhh..."

"You've got blood on your stomach. And you're wearing cat ears."

I blush.

"Oh. Um, that. I mean no. Wait - is it Halloween?" What the fuck am I saying.

"It's August." 502 drags his Marlboro.

"No - I know. I mean..." Why am I stuttering?

"I'm just teasing." 502 smiles, causing the skin near his eyes to wrinkle.

"Oh. Haha." This guy sucks.

"They don't make guys like you."

Oh my god shut up.

"I'm sorry?"

"I said they didn't make guys like you back in my day." 502 continues smoking.

What the hell is with this guy.

"What do you mean like *me*?", I retort aggressively.

"You know. Cute."

My face is a flaming tomato.

I want to cram that stinky cigarette into his eye. And yet, I feel hot inside.

"Uhh, thanks."

"You betcha."

Cringe. I exhale through my nose, then ask:

“Hey - did you hear something just now?”

502 stares at me.

“Like a loud banging sound. From upstairs. Sounded heavy.”

“Can’t hear from out here.”

“What?”

“The apartments are sound proof, I mean from the outside. I smoke all day out here and I never hear nothing. Maybe the floors are thin.”

“Yeah, maybe.” Doubt it. I’ve never heard anything from 601 until today.

“It’s probably cats.”

I stare at 502.

“You know, like you.” 502 imitates cat ears with his hands on his head. I roll my eyes.

“No, for real. I seen a black one roaming the courtyard. Fat little dude.

He’s probably your cousin.”

“Are you calling me fat?”

“No, I’m calling you *cat*. Ba-dum, psh!”

My stomach growls. This conversation is eternity.

“Okay. Well, I’m gonna go eat. Enjoy your cancer stick.”

502 smiles his crow’s feet ass smile. “See you around, killer.” And points handgun fingers at me.

I hate this guy.

Chapter 4

"...Hurricane McShittits is a Category 1 storm, posing no immediate threat to the Northern coastlines. The state has not issued an evacuation order, and remains confident that the storm will dissipate by week's end.

In other news, another missing person's case has raised concerns amongst residents in the city of..."

WHACK!

A butcher's cleaver slams loudly against the chopping block, removing a fish's body from its fishy head. Lenny lifts the cleaver back up, admiring his "art" as he calls it.

Kenny nods approvingly.

WHACK!

Kenny lifts his cleaver. A 300-pound pig's ass falls into a metal bucket.

Lenny furrows brows and nods.

"Beautiful."

WHACK!

"...Investigators have acknowledged a common thread amongst the missing persons, males ages 17 through 21, four of which had significant social media followings..."

WHACK!

Another fish head rolls off the metal table.

Kenny: “Another one of them kids went missing.”

Lenny: “Sickos. Real freaks.”

CHOP!

Kenny: “City’s full of em. Pederasts, kidnappers, murderers, dope fiends. Probably one of them creeps lurking south street scooped up those kids.”

“...Chief Investigator Dane Alvarez had this to say at this morning’s press conference:

“Our guys are looking at all possible leads...”

CLANG!

Lenny’s cleaver ricochets off the metal table, nearly cutting his thumb off.

Lenny: “No, I meant the kids. *They’re* the freaks.”

Kenny: “What you mean?”

WHACK!

Lenny: “Weirdos, man. Dressin’ up like girls. Wearing fur suits and jacking off on camera. Real fucked up shit. That shit ungodly.”

Kenny: “They’s just kids, man. They have parents. Families. People who miss em.”

CHOP!

A pig’s foot falls in the bucket.

Lenny: “That’s right - I forgot. You’re a sick fuck too. You probably got furry whack jobs jacking off on your phone. *Fag* shit. Hehe.”

> *“...Our suspect is likely male, mid-40s. However, we are not ruling out any and all possibilities...”*

CLANG!!

Kenny misses the other pig foot completely.

Kenny: “Who and what I whack off to is none of your business. And besides, you was a freak in your prime too, kid. With your girl jeans and Marilyn Manson-”

WHACK!

Lenny sticks his blade into the chopping board.

Lenny: " *Yo,* pause. Manson rocks. That's hardcore shit. Don't be talking shit on my mans Manson, man."

Kenny makes a squishy face.

Kenny: "Yeah, whatever man. You repressed. One moment you calling me a fag, then you're all hard for Manson. Dude literally sucked his own dick. So which is it, man?"

Lenny pulls his cleaver out of the cutting board, pointing it at Kenny menacingly.

Lenny: "THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE! THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!"

Lenny growls and wags his tongue.

Kenny stares past Lenny, blankly.

Lenny: "Fine then. Be that way. You don't know *real* art."

Kenny: "Your friend is here." He nods towards the counter.

Lenny: "What friend?"

Kenny: "You know. The Catboy."

WHACK!

Chapter 5

The meat men are gawking at me again. Roofus and Doofus or something stupid. They're probably both subscribed to me on PurrFags.

Stomach growls angrily

Stupid or not, they make a mean pulled pork sandwich. They're only $5.99. Same price as my cat ears.

Roofus and Doofus are still staring.

Which is why I'm here, at the great almighty FoodMartLand Commissary. Where pigs come to die and small twink homos like myself come to eat them. I gaze upon the cold rack of freshly prepared pull pork sandwiches, laced with pickles and BBQ sauce. My stomach has gone silent with erect anticipation. I'm salivating. My smooth petite hand grazes the sandwiches sitting in front of me, when suddenly, a familiar voice appears...

"You are showing a lot of skin, yes?"

WHACK!

The sound of a cleaver makes me jump. Standing behind me, 3 inches from my neck (the inseam length of my gym shorts) is Mr. Stronofsky. My landlord. I slowly turn to face him.

"Uhh, yeah. It's August."

"What?" Strono furrows his brow, making his thick slavic face even scarier than usual.

“Nothing. Just an expression.” I think about Mr. 502.

“You’re late on rent.” His breath stinks.

“What? No - I’ve got till Wednesday.”

“You late last month. A whole week.”

“Ah heh well you know, the toy store is always late with the checks. But they fixed it! I’ll have the money for you this time, I promise.”

“You no make me wait. I no wait.”

“Yes, absolutely. You no wait.”

He’s two inches from my face. Did he close the gap? It’s at this moment I notice the rather large polish sausage Strono is brandishing in his hands.

WHACK!

I jump again.

“If you have trouble making money, you come to me, yes?”

Strono slaps the polish sausage in the palm of his wide hairy hand.

“Uhh, yeah sure.”

“We make arrangement for your situation. You come to me. No problem.”

He’s an inch from my face. I can smell vodka from his capillaries.

“S-sure. No problem.” I piss my panties.

Strono smiles creepily and stares into my eyes for an eternity.

Abruptly, he yells past my head at the meatwads:

“Lenny! Kenny! I want five pounds of pig’s ass yesterday. Do this for me now you dumb greasy bastards. Chop chop!”

Lenny: “Go fuck yourself Strono, you red commie creep.”

Kenny: “He’s not Russian, he’s Polish.”

Lenny: “What’s the difference?”

I grab a pulled pork sandwich and run.

Chapter 6

The black trash bag is slumped on the kitchen floor. It's no longer moving.

Thick liquid seeps from a tear in its head. It pools into the cracked floor.

Mr. 601 sticks his finger in the pool of liquid, then licks it.

Tastes sweet.

601 opens the refrigerator. It's dark inside. Glass from a shattered lightbulb litters the shelves. He grabs a carton of curdled milk (a few flies flee from its mouth). He swallows the curdled milk, depleting the carton within seconds, spilling some on his chin.

He doesn't wipe.

He stares at the kitchen floor as the walls of his $900 cell come into focus. There's broken glass everywhere, beneath his feet, cutting into his toes.

He quickly fits himself into dirty overalls. Slips his bloody feet into workman boots, then exits his cell.

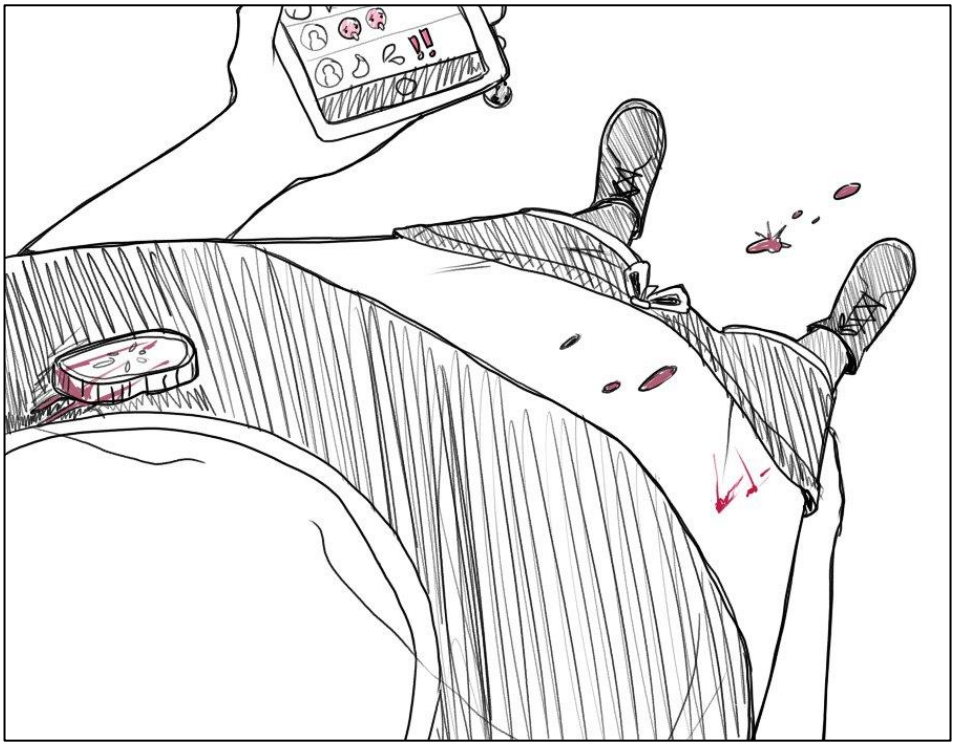
He doesn't lock the door.

Chapter 7

A wet pickle slips out of my pulled pork sandwich onto my crop top. It's caked in BBQ sauce.

"Fuck."

I take my normal route which leads through the alleyway behind FML Commissary, past the abandoned mechanic's shop, cut across Rose Park, another back alley between a cluster of dilapidated houses, then up the steps to Strono's Palace. It's about a 15-minute journey.



I take another bite of my sandwich, spilling globs of BBQ sauce on the ground, nearly sliming my Doc Marten's. (I should have grabbed napkins)

I walk past the dead mechanic's shop when the phone in my gym shorts vibrates.

"Nyaa!", My phone yells.

17 notifications. Several from PurrFag, a couple texts, and a missed phone call.

MewsFurYou420 commented: *"So hot! Are you single? :)"*

Br1ghtPr1nce commented: *"Your skin is beautiful. This is your best vid yet",* followed by some sweat drop emojis.

pun1sher69 commented*: "fucking faggot homo no one wants to see this shi-",* I block him.

sw00nm0mmy commented: *"This is art. The way you move your body is captivating. <3"*

I like and pin their comment. (They have a blue checkmark next to their username)

I'm halfway across Rose Park with a half-eaten sandwich, spilling sauce on the grass. The wind picks up, causing my cat ears to wiggle. The sky is overcast.

The texts in my phone are all spam. I forget about the missed phone call and scroll Instagram reels for the remainder of my walk:

> Guy lights a firework and it explodes into his ass. **Like.**
>
> Intricate Korean dance routine in front of a public fountain. **Like.**
>
> Video of white guy chugging orange soda. Soda shoots out of his nose while the cameraman points and laughs. **Like.**
>
> A motorcyclist launches over a road embankment. Eats shit on the other side and breaks his leg. **Like.**

Doomscrolling time travels the remainder of my walk as I'm suddenly at the entryway steps to Strono's Palace. I'm about to take the last bite of my pulled pork delicacy when I notice a small figure sitting on the entryway steps, blocking my path.

I look up from my phone to see who it is: a skinny, pink-haired doll wearing a striped patterned short dress with a dark red faux fur coat and purple sparkly shoes.

Fucking bitch. It's Megan.

Chapter 8

“Sup, *bro*”, Megan cackles while smirking.

“Don't ‘Sup, bro’ me, bitch.”

“Aww. What's wrong, pussycat?”

“You’re a rat. I hate rats.”

BBQ sauce drips off my sandwich onto my Doc Marten’s.

“I had nothing to do with that. You’re paranoid.” Megan squishes her face. :3

“Bullshit.” I stuff the rest of the pork into my gullet and briskly walk up the steps to the apartment building courtyard, brushing my saucy Doc's against Megan’s fake ass fur coat.

“Forever Toys has cameras. You were sloppy.” Megan stands up and follows me.

I slap the elevator button and a loud mechanical clanging sound emits from the shaft.

It’s busted.

“Fuck.”, I sigh.

“Guess we’ll have to take the stairs.” :3

“No way”, I protest. “Your ratty ass is staying down here.”

“Lighten up. When I heard you were fired, I came straight here. You need friends!”

She’s right. I have no friends. I've burned every bridge in this dilapidated corner of the city.

“Whatever”, I reply, scoffing.

“Yay! :3”, Megan takes my arm. More BBQ sauce gets on her coat.

“What happened to your stomach?” She stares at the blood.

We make our way up the first flight of stairs.

“Work injury. You know, my *other job*.”

“You making money off PurrFags, yet?”

“Yeah, actually. I'm blowing up.”

Half-true. My profile’s traffic spiked over the weekend. A bunch of new followers, some likes and reposts. But I haven’t made any money. Not yet.

Megan is a trans girl. She loves 'trapping' horny men into gifting her subs, even sending her money directly. She has a big following, and makes enough to pay rent. I, on the other hand, have not made a single dollar off my belly-pinching videos.

"That's awesome! I'm so happy for you. :3", Megan says sincerely.

We're at the third floor. I'm running out of breath.

"My apartment is small. There's nothing to do", I say while gasping.

"That's okay. We'll make our own fun! Plus, I have something for you..."

"Oh?"

Megan pats the side of her Gudetama bag.

We climb the last two flights of stairs without talking, both of us gasping for air at this point.

We exit the stairwell on Floor 5 and a cloud of smoke hits me in the face.

"There he is. The killer is back."

It's Mr. 502.

"And he's brought an accomplice."

"Hi, :3", Megan says squishily.

Please don't engage.

"What's your name?", 502 puffs away.

"I'm Megan. I'm Catboy's best friend. :3"

A bit of pork vomits into my mouth.

"Good to meet you, Megan. I'm the overseer of this courtyard. I oversee everything."

I pull out my keys and unlock the door while fake smiling.

"Can I have one of those? :3", Megan squishes right up to 502's chest and gazes directly into his eyes while dashing her eyelashes.

"Uhh, sure." 502 blushes, handing Megan a Marlboro.

"Thanks!", Megan teleports into my $900 cell as soon as I open the door, like some kind of wraith.

"Nice friend", 502 smirks at me.

I blush.

"Right. See ya."

I lock the door behind me.

Chapter 9

"...Meteorologists have detected a swift uptick in windspeeds due to an unprecedented growth of hurricane McShittits..."

WHACK!

Lenny: "What time does that new guy start?"

Kenny: "Any minute now. He finished training last week. Weird dude."

CHOP!

Lenny: "Weird? How weird?"

A hundred fish heads overflow the metal bucket.

Kenny: "Quiet type. Big guy. I mean really big. 6'7", 420 pounds."

Kenny makes a gesture with his hands. Lenny laughs.

Lenny: "Yeah, right. You're exaggerating."

Kenny: "No, seriously. Dude is massive. Big scar on the back of his head. Dead look in his eyes."

The 300-pound pig has been reduced to a pile of rubble, flesh, and bones.

Lenny furrows his brow.

Lenny: "You're describing a character from *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*."

Kenny: "Wish I was joking. You'll know what I mean when you see him."

Lenny stares past Kenny blankly.

Kenny: "What - is the big dumb fuck standing behind me?"

Mr. 601 stands a foot behind Kenny, towering over him.
He's eyeing Kenny's meat cleaver.

Chapter 10

"This is smaller than I remember." Megan glares at my cell.

"Told you."

Somethings drips from the ceiling. No one notices.

Megan walks all of two feet to my fridge and opens it.

"Yeah, sure. Make yourself at home."

Megan stares at the contents of my fridge:

1 empty turkey meat container

1 bottle of mustard (the cap is open)

2 eggs loose on the shelf

1 butter knife

0 butter

5 White Monsters

Megan cracks a White Monster open and chugs half of it. (Impressive for her size)
She hands me the can and I take a swig.

"We're going to stay up all night. :3", Megan squeals.

I take another swig.

“Doubt it. I’m immune to caffeine. I’ll crash by midnight.”

Megan unflaps her Gudetama bag and reaches inside. She pulls out a sheet of stickers.

“Is that what I think it is?”, my eyes widen. There’s stars, moons, rainbows, unicorns, and mushrooms in various colors: purple, pink, green, neon yellow, etc.

“Mhm :3 How much you want?”, Megan’s voice lowers, asking seriously.

“Is it strong?”, I ask.

“It’s very strong.”

“Okay. I’ll take three.”

“That’s too much.”

“Then what’s the point of asking me?”

“If you take three, your next two days are wrecked.”

“Fuck it. I don’t work.” I take another sip of White Monster.

Megan narrows her eyes, staring.

“Okay, then. I’ll match you! Three for three. :3”, She peels off three stickers, stacks them, hands it to me, then peels three more for herself.

“Bottoms up.” I put three stickers in my mouth and swig the near-empty Monster.

I pass the can to Megan.

“Rock on.” Megan eats her stickers and finishes off the can, ass and all.

Something drips from the ceiling.

Chapter 11

The air is flexing.

My cell is bigger. Wider. Infinite.

I can sense that Megan is next to me. Laid out on pink satin ripples.

The fabric moves like water.

A congregation of penguins overlook us. Towering. Their feathers are moving. Billowing with each breath I take.

A shadow moves past the window. It feels soft and warm.

I sit up to look outside. An old tree sits outside my window. Very old. Its branches are massive. Sturdy. I want to touch it, but I'm scared. The bark is breathing.

"Lay back down", Megan says calmly.

I lay down, her hand on my chest. I can hear my heart pounding. The sound echoes off the chamber walls. I can see my own heart beat as rainbows.

"It's okay", Megan whispers. "Breathe."

I inhale through my nose.

I exhale through my mouth.

I close my eyes.

I see colors.

I see the colors of my past.

I see the colors of my future.

But right now, all I see is myself. Bleeding. Throughout eternity.

I'm suddenly very erect. Pulsating.

Megan slides her soft hand down my chest to my stomach. I'm sweating. The dried blood from this morning is now wet. She palms the blood, and wipes it onto my black panties.

"You're beautiful", she says.

Tears flow from my eyes. I feel relief. Unburdened. My insides are floating. I am beautiful. I am everything, but also nothing. I'm at peace with what is and isn't. Whatever happens now is meant to be.

Megan strokes my cock. I cum immediately.

Chapter 12

I feel air on my face. Then I hear it. Birds. Their chirps bouncing off of glass.

My window is open. Megan is no longer next to me.

Suddenly I feel very cold. The air is dark and grey. The overcast from yesterday – it's gotten worse. The morning sun is blocked entirely by clouds.

I groggily sit up to close the window, my eyesight barely functional, blurred and adjusting to consciousness.

What day is it?

I look around the bed. There's dozens of empty water bottles and snack wrappers. Hollowed out shells of Snickers, Doritos, and Pocky's strewn about the floor.

Did we walk to the commissary?

I slide out of bed, causing a peeling sensation on my lower stomach.

RRRRRIP

My panties are soaked in dried cum. A entire gallon from the looks of it. I'm caked in blood, BBQ sauce, and dead sperm. I'm disgusting.

I stumble towards the kitchen sink, legs still half-asleep, then I notice a piece of light-yellow paper taped to the fridge.

There's a Gudetama egg at the top of it. It's a note:

"Wakey wakey eggs and bakey :3"

It's Megan.

"Sorry for the mess. I tried cleaning up, but I was pretty fucked up. We both were. I had a lot of fun. ;)"

I can feel dried cum flaking off my groin.

"Hope you're not too cold. I left the window open for your little friend. He's sooo cute! :3"

Little friend?

"P.S. You should get that stain checked out. It's creepy."

Still groggy, my blurry eyes detect movement on top of the fridge.

I rub my eyes and see something... black. W-what is that?

“Nyaa.”

I keel over backwards slamming on my ass into the kitchen floor.

“FUCK!”, I scream.

A 20-pound monster of a cat turns its head towards me and meows. It has piercing yellow eyes and is missing an ear. It seems calm.

I’m fully awake. The walls of my cell come into focus, and there’s a great big fat cat staring at me.

Something drips on my lips. It tastes sweet. That’s when I look up and see it:

A massive dark red stain on the kitchen ceiling.

The black furry chonkler leaps off the fridge and lands on my chest, nearly knocking the wind out of me. It licks my face.

Chapter 13

I look at the cat, then up at the ceiling.

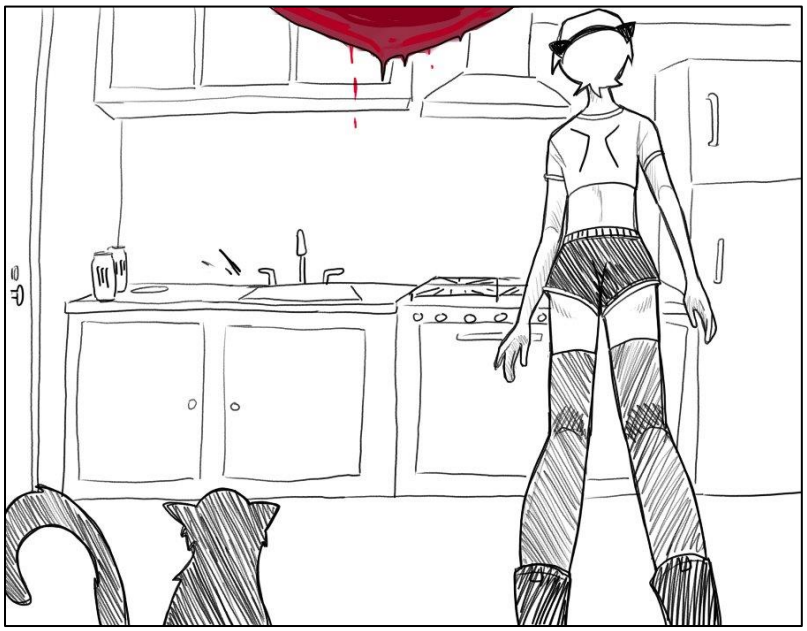
The cat looks at the ceiling, then looks at me.

“So.. Uhh, what's your name.”

Señor Chonklers stares at me.

“Señor Chonklers it is.” I rub his head - he starts purring.

“Now what do you make of that?”



I look at the kitchen ceiling. There’s a sticky wet perimeter soaking through the cheap flooring, about a yard in diameter. It looks like my cell has a tumor that’s about to explode.

It’s revolting. I can smell it.

As for the red substance, it looks and tastes like blood. I mean, my blood. But blood is iron and that’s supposed to taste bitter. Right? That doesn’t make sense.

(I’m still hazy from the night of acid)

“Nyaa.”

“You said it, friend.”

Stomach growls with the anger of a thousand suns

“I’m hungry. Let's get food.”

“Nyaa.”

“Okay, I’ll head to FML Commissary.”

I run the sink faucet and drink from the tap.

SLURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP

I must have drank for a whole minute. My body was dehydrated. I can feel the water replenishing my neurons. Okay. Focus. We can do this. I should shower.

Groooooowllll

Shit. That can wait. I’m even hungrier than yesterday. How long did I sleep?

I look at my phone. 3pm.

“God damn.”

The shower will have to wait. I wet a paper towel and dab the cum sauce and blood off of my groin and stomach. The towel is caked in filth - I gag while tossing it in the trash.

Soon as I open the front door, the smoky breath of Mr. 502 hits me in the face.

"Sorry." 502 waves away the smoke. "New friend?"

I look down. Señor Chonklers followed me outside the door. He's sitting patiently by my side. My familiar.

"Yeah. This is Señor Chonklers. He came in through my window."

"Told you, didn't I? About the cat." 502 drags his stoge.

"Yeah. I guess that's why they call you the Overseer."

"Who calls me that?"

"Never mind."

502 stares at me.

"I gotta go. Me and the cat need food."

"10-4." 502 salutes with his cigarette as we take the stairs.

Chapter 14

Down the stairs and past the shitty houses, Señor Chonklers walks portly by my side. We enter the east end of Rose Park when it hits me.

I should text Strono.

ME: there's a stain on my ceiling

BZZZZ. Strono replies, almost immediately.

Strono: What stain?

ME: water or something. leaking from unit 601

Strono: Send picture.

Fuck. I forgot to take a picture.

ME: i can't

BZZZZZZ.

Strono: I come over now.

ME: no wait. im not home.

Strono: Tonight then.

ME: okay fine

Strono: ;)

Ew.

A gust of wind rattles my cat ears, Señor Chonkers braces as his fur billows violently. I look up at the sky. The clouds look black. Am I still tripping? Looks like it might rain.

We make our way through the park, past the dead mechanic's shop, and into FoodLandMart Commissary.

I walk past the butcher's counter and overhear Wingus & Dingbat talking:

Wingus: "Guy gives me the creeps."

WHACK!

Dingbat: "See. You didn't believe me."

CHOP!

Wingus: "Oh I believe it now. He reeks too. Smells like dead meat."

Dingbat: "We smell like dead meat."

WHACK!

Wingus: “Not like him. He smells something fierce. Decay. Something way worse...”

The thought of pulled pork makes me gag.

We make our way to the pet aisle. I point to a can of Fancy Feast.

“Fish?”

Chonklers stares at me.

“Duck?”

Nothing.

“Chicken?”

“Nyaa :3”.

I grab three cans of chicken slop and work our way over to the snack aisle. My head starts ringing - migraine. I feel incapable of human interaction, so we use the self-checkout aisle:

3 cans of Fancy Feast

1 White Monster (large)

1 box of Pop-Tarts (Frosted S’mores)

“Pets aren’t allowed in here.”

I barely turn to see who said it.

“Fuck off”, I say weakly under my breath.

Before exiting FML, I scan the claw machine by the CoinStar for fresh inventory:

“Penguins.”

Señor Chonklers looks at me, smirking.

There’s fresh penguin plushies in stock. New colors. Some of them wearing sunglasses.

“Cool”, I say while loading a dollar into the machine.

BZZZZZZRRTRATTLE

The machine whirls and whizzes with bright lights and arcade cacophony. I turn to Chonklers, who looks shocked.

“Check this shit out.”

I crack my fingers and lock in, moving the joystick with expert precision. I line the claw up inch by inch, millimeter by millimeter, atom by atom until I’ve got the target locked in my sights.

“BAM!”, I slam the big red button.

WHI*ZZZZZIZIZIZIZIZIZIZzzzzz*

The claw spins around, opens up, descends, picks up the bounty, and drops it in the prize slot. I grab my bounty from the slot and stare at it proudly:

A sparkly gold penguin with sunglasses and a saxophone.

“*That’s* how it’s done.”

Chonklers starts shaking.

“What’s wrong, buddy? Not a fan of jazz?”

A vile putrid smell fills my lungs. A sudden stench - seemingly from nowhere - is stinging my eyes. It smells like rotten milk and roadkill. Where is that coming from?

I look up at the claw machine and notice my reflection in the glass, with a much larger figure behind it. Someone’s standing behind me, very close. I can feel their breath. I’m petrified.

Have they been there the entire time?

Chapter 15

I'm too scared to look. My cat ears are trembling. I can feel a man's breathe. It tastes sour. The hairs on my neck stand up. I can feel him burning a hole in my head with his eyes. I feel a hand touch my hair...

"YO! Big dawg. Have you seen my cleaver?"

The figure behind me turns to look.

I pick up my groceries and run, dropping the golden saxophone penguin.

Señor Chonklers is hot on my tail. (He's fast for his size)

We exit FML and take off into the alley. Past the junk car shop. Into Rose park. Past the shitty houses. Up the courtyard steps and into the stairwell. My lungs give out. I haven't breathed the entire run. I slump onto the bottom step of the stairwell, gasping.

Señor Chonklers lays down, his tongue sticking out. Also gassed.

I haven't stopped to look, but it doesn't seem like anyone's on our tail. I can still smell him...

BZZZZZZZ

Megan: Can I come over tonight?

ME: ya. im freaking out

Megan: Aw. I work late, but I'll be there. <3

Chonkers and I catch our breath. We slowly make our way up the stairs, all five flights of it.

I exit the stairwell on the fifth floor. No smoke. Mr. 502 is absent from his usual post.

Paranoid, I walk over to Unit 502 and knock on the door.

Nothing.

I knock again and put my ear to the door.

Not a sound.

Fuck. Does that guy even work?

CRRRRRACK!!

I jump as thunder roars throughout the courtyard. It starts pouring rain.

Chapter 16

"...Hurricane Mcshittits has taken a turn for the worse, elevating to a Category 3 storm within just the past 12 hours. With record-setting wind speeds, meteorologists are simply baffled by the acceleration of this storm..."

Blood is seeping from my kitchen ceiling. It smells rancid. A swarm of flies have collected by the exit wound.

I'm huddled in the corner of my cell, hugging my knees while munching a Pop-Tart.

Señor Chonklers has taken refuge on top the fridge.

I turned off the lights. I don't want to be seen. My cell is an abyss.

BAM BAM BAM

Pounding at the front door. My heart is racing. Did he follow me home?

BAM BAM BAM

Fuck fuck fuck. He's gonna kill me. Eat me alive.

"Hey, kid. Open up."

It's Strono.

CRRRACK!

Lightning flashes my cell, blinding me.

A shadow passes the window.

BAM BAM

“Kid - I know you’re in there.”

I stand up and open the door. Strono walks in and locks the door behind him. He reeks of vodka.

“It’s late.”

“I know.” I saw something in the window.

“So. You’ve got the money?”

“What? No, that’s not why you're here.”

“Isn’t it?”, Strono scoffs.

“Rent’s not due till Wednesday.”

“It *is* Wednesday.”

I check my phone. No fucking way. I lost *three* days on acid? What the fuck, Megan.

"So. We do this now. Yes?"

Strono loosens his belt.

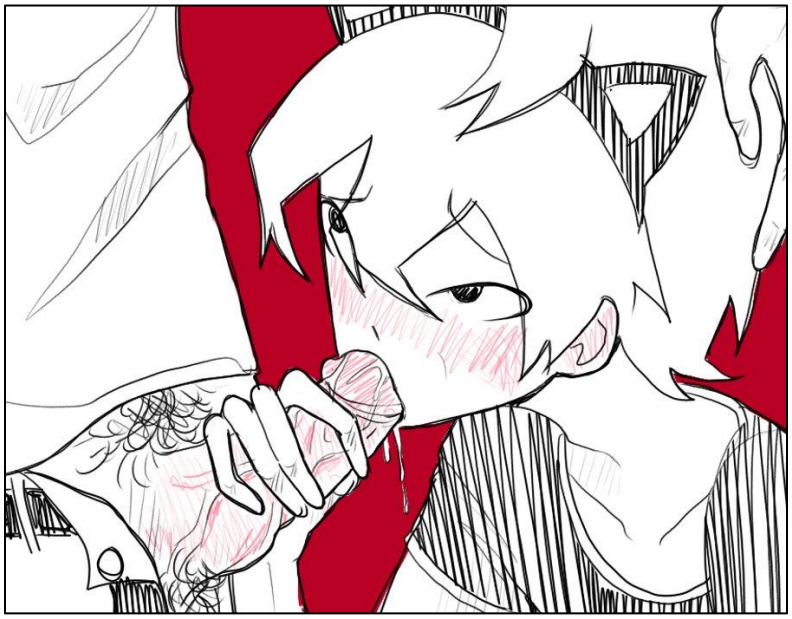
"Uhhh, listen, Strono. I'll get the money."

Without hesitation, Strono grabs my shoulders and pushes me down. I slam onto my knees, and he whips it out. He's *huge*.

Starring down the barrel of his massive veiny cock, I suddenly feel my own pulsate. The adrenaline has whipped my dick into a frenzy. I'm so turned on.

CRRRRRRRRRACKKK!!

Thunder and lightning shatter in unison. The storm is right on us.



Strono pushes the back of my head towards him. My lips, salivating, wraps around the tip of his cock. My face turns red.

Strono moans.

I tongue his cock hole while grabbing my own. I can taste his precum leaking out.

I'm enjoying this far more than I anticipated...

SLAM!

That wasn't thunder. Strono and I both look up at the ceiling, the head of his cock still in my mouth.

Then, a scream.

Chapter 17

“What the fuck...”, Strono says under his breath.

We’re both staring at the ceiling mid-blowjob. Silence. We wait. Hoping we didn’t hear what we heard: a blood-curdling screech of abhorrence.

The monster that lives in 601.

Nothing.

Then.

The floor above us caves. Bodies in ripped trash bags fall through the ceiling, gallons of rotten blood and maggots pour into Strono’s mouth and eyes. A million flies flood the apartment. I vomit into Strono’s dick, burning his cock hole with my stomach acid.

The bodies are mutilated. Limbs rearranged, barely hanging together. The smooth skin of corpses violated and ripped apart. These were young men. They look like me.

They taste like me.

Señor Chonklers jumps from the fridge and out the open window.

Strono vomits on himself and screams. He rushes for the door, undoes the lock, and opens it.

The monster from 601 drives a cleaver into Strono's teeth, splitting his jaw open from the sides. Puke ejects from Strono's throat into the monster's face. I run for the window.

My head hits the ground. Hard. I slipped on blood and maggots squirming frantically. I glance to see Strono keel over backwards - the monster digs its thumbs into his eyes.

Strono's death shriek squeals into my ears as I stumble out the window, grabbing a branch and hoisting myself upwards. There's no branches beneath me – it's five-story drop.

I can only climb up.

"Nyaa!"

Chonklers is sitting in 601's window seal. It's open. I crawl in, but not before I hear the glass of my cell's window shatter.

I look down. Strono's body breaks through the window, falling five stories. A few seconds pass, then I hear the crack of his body merge with the earth below us. The monster looks up from my window, then disappears.

Chapter 18

BZZZZZZZ

Catboy: ya. im freaking out

ME: Aw. I work late, but I'll be there. <3

Freaking out? I hope he's not still tripping on acid. No matter. I'll surprise him early and comfort him. My little Catboy. :3

Megan exits FML Commissary with a large bag of Pocky and a six-pack of White Monster.

She enters her Uber ride, a white RX-7 idling by the entrance.

The Uber driver is tall and dark. He's wearing shorts, and has tattoos on his arms and legs. The sides of his head are shaved which accentuates the length of his mullet.
He smells of smoke.

"Megan, right?"

Megan recognizes her driver. It's Mr. 502.

"That's me! :3"

"Thought I recognized you. Who can forget an outfit like that!" 502 smiles.

The skin by his eyes wrinkle.

Megan smiles back. “Thanks for the cigarette the other day. :3”

“Hey, no problem. You were holed up in Catboy's apartment for a while. Hope ya’ll had fun.” He winks.

“We did acid. Speaking of which, we’re headed there now.”

Megan is anxious to see Catboy.

“No shit!” 502 shifts the car into drive. “Never done acid myself. Took a bunch of shrooms during the pandemic. Saw some weird shit.”

They pull out of the commissary parking lot and drive onto the main road.

“Oh?” Megan is curious. “What kind of things did you see?”

“Ah, well there’s the usual stuff. Crazy colors, auditory hallucinations, the air flexing, etc. But one night, when the riots were going off and I was real stressed out, I took a heroic dose of some homegrown science lab shit. No joke. This mushroom had fungus on it, the size of a quarter.”

“Whoa.”

“Yeah. My homie got it from a friend of a friend. Said he couldn’t get anymore.

The guy disappeared.”

“How was the trip?”

They get stuck at traffic light, halfway to Strono’s Palace.

“Good at first. Kicked in fast. Rainbows were shooting out of my hands in under five minutes.”

“Shrooms take longer than five minutes.” Megan says skeptically.

“It was that fungus stuff. Laced with something, who knows. But it didn’t take long to see the black light.”

The traffic light turns green. They resume driving.

“Black light?”, Megan asks.

“The walls of my apartment turned pitch black. I went deaf. Couldn’t hear nothing except the core of my own soul humming. Felt like floodlights were torching the place, but the light was black. It was excruciating.”

Megan stares at 502, intrigued.

“Felt like hours, days even. I lost sense of time. The ego of myself manifested as hell, swallowing my being continuously and shitting me out, consuming and digesting me, over and over and over infinitely and never ending. I couldn’t escape it.”

They drive past Rose Park.

“How’d you get out of it?” Megan asks.

“I kept trying to fight it, but that didn’t work. The harder I tried not to think about it, the more I felt like I was going to die. Eventually, I just accepted it.”

“Accepted it?”

“Death. I let myself die. When came next was beautiful.”

Megan is silent. Mr. 502 continues.

“When I accepted death, I accepted myself. This is who I am. I am me. No one is myself but me. I want to be myself.”

They pull up to the side of Strono’s apartment building and park by the big tree.

502 turns off the engine.

“Haha. Sounds like a bunch of nonsense. But you get it - you've done acid. I'm sure you understand.”

Megan smiles. Her eyes are watery.

“No... I get it. Thanks for sharing.”

Strono’s body hits the pavement next to the car. Blood and teeth paint the passenger window. Megan and 502’s eyes widen. They see Strono, merged with concrete earth, a pile of meat disemboweled and ripped to shreds. Glass shatters onto the car.

Megan looks up and sees the broken window.

“That's Catboy's window.”

Mr. 502 opens the glove compartment and reaches inside. He pulls out a gun.

Chapter 19

The walls and floors of 601 are lined with trash bags and bodies. There's a massive gaping hole in the kitchen floor. Broken glass and blood.

"Nyaa."

Catboy's ears are ringing. He reaches up and feels... cat ears. Attached to his head.

They wiggle on their own.

I can feel the monster moving through the building. He's already at the stairs.

I'm running out of time.

One of the trash bags, pinned to the right wall in a row of dozens, is ripped open. There's a pale body inside. Catboy climbs into the bag and closes it with loose duct tape.

He shines a light with his phone.

The body is a slim, toned young man, about his age. He shines the light to his face:

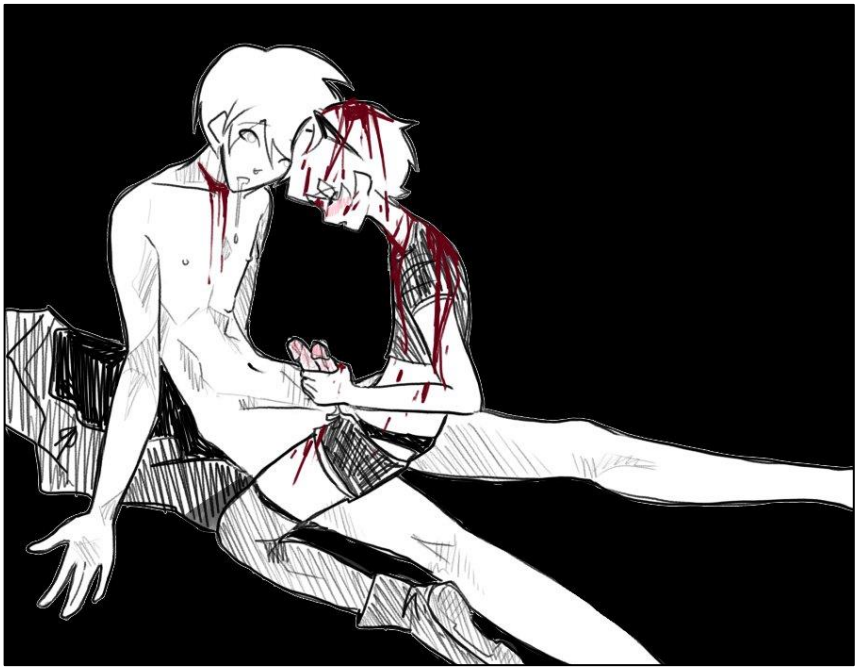
Pretty defined features, blue hair, septum piercing. Smooth. Very smooth. Naked.

Catboy realizes he's still fully erect. He looks down. The bulge in his shorts is pressed up against the corpse's cock, which is also erect.

How is this possible?

The corpse lets out a moan. Catboy looks up into its white dead eyes. Saliva is dripping from its mouth.

“I see...” Catboy whispers.



He pulls down his shorts and presses his upturned cock into the corpse’s, wraps his free hand around both their members, and begins stroking. Squeezing their cocks together while masturbating.

Saliva drips from the corpse’s mouth onto their frotting penises. Their dicks are wet, pulsating together. Catboy jerks themselves off faster. His face turns red.

The front door is kicked open. The monster stands in the doorframe. He sees Señor Chonklers’ yellow eyes in the darkness, sitting comfortably amongst a pile of bloody trash bags.

Catboy strokes harder. His cock is swelling, and so is the corpse’s. The corpse is moaning. They can't hold back. Catboy is rubbing their cocks together vigorously.

His insides are on fire.

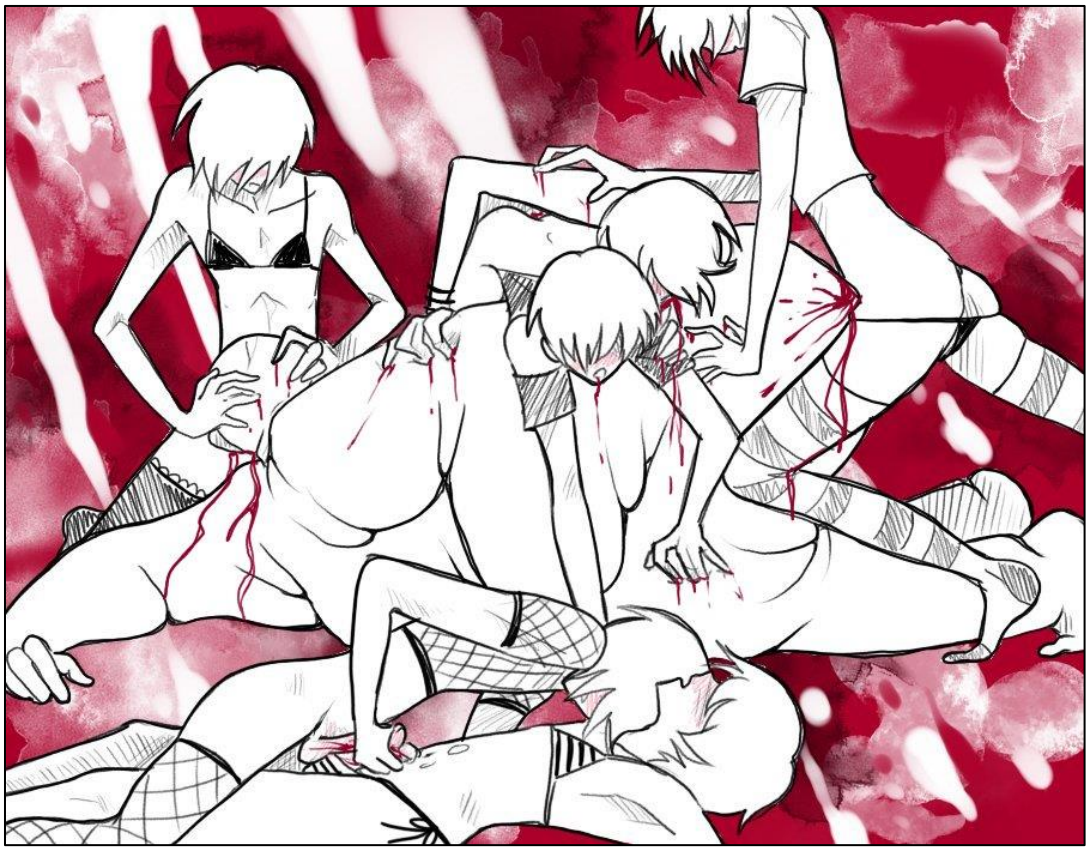
Cleaver in hand, the monster steps across the hole in the kitchen floor. He sees the trash bag on the wall moving. He walks up to the bag. Stares at it.

He rips the bag open with the cleaver.

Catboy lets out a moan. He cums, and so does the corpse. Their swollen cocks ejaculate in unison, painting their stomachs with volumes of hot sperm.

Dozens of corpses moan loudly. The dead are orgasming. White cum gushes from all the trash bags, bursting them open. Sperm floods the apartment, mixing violently with blood and glass. Naked femboys emerge from their bags, their swollen dicks cumming profusely. They lunge at the monster, grabbing him, ripping its clothes off and spraying cum in its eyes. The monster screams, dropping Kenny's cleaver.

Catboy is euphoric. He exits his dead partner's trash bag calmly, his wet dick pulsing as cum leaks out. He gazes upon the orgy of femboys. They've pinned the monster to the ground, completely naked, they begin fucking and eating the monster. Dozens of hot corpses are gangbanging and devouring the monster. They rip out its eyes and fuck the holes, cumming as they do it. They eat away at its flesh, pull out its lungs, double penetrate its ass and mouth, filling the monster with hot sperm while ripping the flesh apart.



“C-Catboy?”

I turn around. Megan is standing in the doorway. Mr. 502 is next to her.

He lowers his pistol, gawking. His face is pale.

They can’t believe what they're seeing. The monster being reduced to flesh rubble and cum in front of their eyes by an army of sexy corpses. Sperm is still dripping from my hard cock. I squeeze my shaft from the base and pull more cum out. It drips on the floor.

Blushing, I open my mouth:

“It’s beautiful.”

Señor Chonklers is purring.

End

Acknowledgements

Thank you Lettuce for encouraging me to write this story.

Goatcvlt: now how does one write fiction...

Lettuce: Idk just think about cool stuff

Goatcvlt:

i want a creative writing exercise

those were fun in school

give me a subject. some adlibs shit

Lettuce:

Hmmmmmmm okay lemme think

Idk I cant think of anything T_T

...

Write a story about a femboy idk man

Catboy was written as a creative writing exercise during the first week of March, 2026.

*I'm currently working on another story titled: **KILL KAI***

<3

Goatcvlt: https://goatcvlt.neocities.org/
Lettuce: https://onlytrichromatic.neocities.org/