

Sasha's Day in the City

by Maven Treecat

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/maventreecat/>

Content warning: Same-size fatal vore, non-consensual, betrayal, and digestion. Post-vore disposal (scat) happens after the line break.

Oreath, as a trade city, saw its fair share of hardened visitors. Many caravans and merchants set up shop amongst the towering sandstone buildings and the intricate carvings upon them. The towering walls blocked the blistering desert winds, leaving a calm and bustling atmosphere among the outer ring of the city, a perfect atmosphere for hashing out hard bargains and playing games of wit over money and riches. Calloused hands examined showed off freshly mined jewels, experienced eyes passed over cleverly worded contracts and even cleverer laws, and nimble fingers carefully played over dresses and robes, testing the weave and trying to resist the temptation to sneak something into a pocket. Guards knew what to keep an eye out for, and they cared enough about the busy bazaar to discourage thieves.

What Oreath didn't see much of was naivete, tigers, or giddy expressions of sheer awe and wonder. So when Sasha bumped here and there, excitedly gasping at one booth or another, people noticed. Many afforded a knowing smirk at her presence, and a few looked curiously at her abdomen, either towards the magic rune tattooed on its side or towards that shapely body and exposed belly button. Sasha was far too enraptured by the sheer density of things and people to care even if she were the type to be self-conscious. Instead, she'd shake her red and tan skirt from farmer's fruit stand to basket-weaver's stall to a blacksmith's table and back, tail whipping excitedly behind her.

"How does anyone know where to go?!" she asked out loud, smiling from ear to ear as she ogled a crafts-rat as he embroidered the hem of a dress. "There's so much stuff, I couldn't even decide what to do in here!"

"That's because you're dense, Sasha," said a voice from behind her. Only the occasional passerby would catch its source, a ghostly spirit of a lizard clinging to her back and whose head rested upon Sasha's shoulder. His tail seemed attached to the rune on her body. "Most people make a list and get what they need. The suckers are the ones that buy overpriced and low-quality garbage like this stuff."

"Garbage?! But Lumnar," Sasha protested, pointing to a faced rock the size of her fist upon a cushion at a rhino's store, "look at this!" The tigress' approach made the large, thick-skinned merchant give a toothy smile, one that might've been lecherous were it not simply greedy.

The eidolon didn't even look at the rock. "It's flawed. One sharp hit and that thing would crumble to powder. You try shaping it into jewelry and you'll get low quality grit." The rhino heard the words and cursed under his breath. "Besides," Lumnar continued, "it's just a cheap quartz."

Sasha looked in disbelief at the rock. "Well, I mean, it's not like it matters," she sighed, walking away into the thick shoulder-to-shoulder traffic of the street. "I don't have anything that I could really trade beyond the clothes off my back and my name-beads." At that statement, almost every surrounding individual who'd been eying the barely of-age girl lost immediate interest. The spirit noticed and chuckled. Sasha knew better than to ask.

Eventually, after minutes of sweating amongst the crowds and gazing upon the various wares, Sasha separated from the mass of people into a nearby alley and gasped with the comparatively fresh air. It was a cool air, not completely saturated with the heat of stone streets and the press of many bodies. However, there was a heavy scent in the air, one Lumnar actually perched higher upon his summoner's shoulder to smell. "...hmmm."

"What's got you so curious, dearie?"

Sasha looked to the side. In the alley, leaned up against a small nook and doorway, was a tall panther woman. Her dark as night body was cloaked in a black dress tinged with a purple sheen, but—despite its looseness—it did little to hide the obvious fact that the woman was voluptuous in all the right ways. Compared to her, Sasha looked like a young teenager; where Sasha was muscular, the pantheress was smoothly curved. Violet eyes seemingly looked curiously upon the still awed expression of the new visitor.

"Oh, it's my first time in the city!" Sasha said eagerly. "I'm Sasha Regal, from one of the T'myin tribes out we—"

The alleyway woman shook her head. "Not you, silly girl. Your guardian."

Lumnar, not used to those with more arcane sight, blinked in a rare moment of pause. Then, he offered a toothy grin. "You. I think," he rumbled. "That is, if I'm judging the air right."

The pantheress' mouth curled into a similar expression. "Oho? Then I suppose you wouldn't mind me having some fun, then? As long as I don't ignore you?"

"By all means. It would be most entertaining."

Sasha looked between her shoulder and the fellow feline as they talked, and her confusion only grew as Lumnar climbed over her shoulder, slowly down the front of her body, and settled down on the shady ground as if to nap. However, she had little time to think before the pantheress' attention turned to her. "Now then," the dark feline purred, gazing over the striped newcomer, "sorry for interrupting you earlier. You're new around here, you said?"

"Oh, uh, yeah!" Sasha said, bright green eyes meeting the lurker's cool gaze. "Lumnar knows a little about things, so he's been helping me understand a lot."

"Oh, I'm certain of that, Miss Sasha. But he and I both recognized that he's not the best teacher for you right now. I am. Tasha Progief, at your service." The tiger couldn't help but giggle at the similarity in names, but Tasha didn't seem to pay it much mind. Instead, the pantheress occupied herself with a bow to the lightly dressed girl. "You see, he tragically forgot a few things that a newcomer like you must know. Even royalty such as yourself."

"Royalty? I didn't say I was roy-"

"You said a tribe out west, I believe?" Tasha interrupted once again in her calm, collected tone. "Your bead necklace. The colors on each end of the pattern. That's a chief's bloodline."

Sasha gave a small *harumph*, not wanting to have been sussed out so quickly. Still, Tasha seemed to avoid going immediately stiff and formal on her, so she considered the panther's statement. "Well," she concluded with a nod, "if both of you say so, then I'd be honored to have you teach me! What'd I miss?"

Tasha's eyes widened for a moment, the briefest of glances down towards the sleeping spirit. Lumnar softly chuckled to himself. Tasha's eyes swept back to the completely trusting tigress, and her purr tripled in volume. Her tail whipped behind her in ecstatic delight. "Well, my darling, the first thing you should know is that newcomers to the city have to work a job for a resident of the city for a few days. To show you're willing to contribute to its greatness instead of simply taking advantage of its facilities."

Sasha grimaced. "Oh no, I don't have a job! I hope I don't get in trouble."

Her tutor shook her head. "Nonsense. You can do a job for me. But it's a good thing I caught you so early, or you might've been." Seeing the tigress sigh in relief, Tasha's tail whipped through the air once more. "Second thing you should know, though, is that your status around here is entirely based on what you do. If you try to flaunt status from outside of the city here without actually doing anything that demonstrates that status, people aren't going to respect you as you would outside."

The tigress pouted, crossing her arms across the fabric that wrapped around her top. "Well that stinks! I don't want to act like royalty here. I wanted to go on adventures and learn about the city like anyone else."

"Well, you'd better take off those clothes and beads, then," Tasha tisked with clearly feigned disappointment. Sasha looked down at her own body in momentary confusion. "I told you, that stuff you're wearing marks you as royalty from the tribes, doesn't it? You're going to make people disappointed if you wear that and don't act the part."

"I don't have anything else, though," the girl whined.

"Don't worry," Tasha purred comfortingly, "I'll keep your things until you settle in, and I can put you in something more befitting."

"Oh wow, thank you Tasha!" Sasha sighed, her body relaxing more and more as Tasha had an answer to every one of her problems. Her hands quickly reached back under the wrap of fabric and unknotted what had nestled in the small of her back; the fabric was quickly handed over, and Sasha soon slipped out of her skirt as well. Tasha folded the fabric and put it on the doorstep, returning her eyes and hands to the girl just in time to see the tigress remove her name-beads and hold them out for the panther to take.

"Okay!" the tiger cheered, "Now what?"

"Now we get you in your new outfit and started on your job," the reply came, the panther slinking forward.

"Oh, right! Sorry," Sasha giggled. "Where do you want me?"

Tasha couldn't help but take a moment for her eyes to wander over the naive tigress. Whereas city boys and girls tended to have so much more excess and less substance, Sasha's royal rural life had given her plenty of muscle, much of it disguised beneath a layer of well-fed fat. The panther's hands reached down, teasing the exposed flesh, fingertips brushing over the rune on the side of the tigress' belly. Her fur had obviously been washed clean recently, likely in the oasis just outside the city's walls, leaving only the sweat of crowded market streets upon her fur. But really, it was that beaming, innocent face full of eagerness and potential that tickled Tasha in just the right way. The way that made something else respond before she did.

Grrrrrrrk~

Tasha's hands gripped Sasha's arms, her tail giving a fierce swing of delight. "In there, tasty," she said, hoisting the tigress up and forward. The panther's mouth stretched open, tongue lolling forward over sharp fangs to provide a better view for the lifted girl. The mouth was glistening with drool, fleshy walls shifting and stretching with every slightest movement Tasha made. Even in the shade of the alleyway, encircled by the panther's deep, dark fur, the opening seemed to shine all the way back to the very rear; there, a waiting gullet gave a twitch of anticipation, a tight passage of flesh disappearing into a dark tunnel.

Sasha's confusion kept her befuddled and still even as her face was smooshed into the waiting maw, smearing her pink nose and muzzle with fluid, smashing them against the deepest fleshy walls as Tasha's tongue rolled and swept underneath the tigress's white chin and throat. The panther's purr continued, rumbling through Sasha's dazed head as it was shoved forward once more, whiskers and striped features grinding against the trembling gullet's entrance. Her body instinctively twitched and pulled away, but Tasha's grip was firm, her press was insistent, and her swallow-

GLK-ULP~

-was fate-sealing.

The purr ceased as thick muscle snagged the tiger's dopey expression, steadily squeezing her down and down as drool cascaded down her soaked fur, against the pulsing flesh, and into the dark hole below. It was only when her shoulders felt the clamp of the happily

gulping throat that her expression altered into a horrified gasp, her expression highlighted for one moment upon the bulge in Tasha's throat for a certain spirit to laugh at before it was yanked further in. All Sasha could hear in the moment, though, were those thunderously loud gulps, the moist, lurid squelches of flesh and fluid around her, and the distant growling of a waiting stomach.

Tasha would've purred all the louder if she could at the taste and feeling of her body completely claiming the clueless girl, but it wasn't enough to know it *would* happen. Tasha needed Sasha to be completely hers *now*. That didn't stop her tongue from slurping and washing all that tasty, thick belly-meat as she made it vanish from the world. There was a surge of delight as she felt those pinned arms slip down, the fingers—now trembling and spreading in alarm—tickling past the corners of her muzzle before they too felt the embrace of her maw-flesh. Soon, she was tilting her head back and watching a panicked tail and two kicking legs slowly slip downwards with each noisy, rhythmic swallow she made.

Sasha felt a tight ring smash against her face, only paused one second before the sphincter recognized her for what she was and stretching open over her face in time with the next push down. The humid sack stank of acid and past meals, some soggy remnants of bread the first thing her cheeks felt before they pressed into the gut. Wrinkled walls twitched at the new weight, instantly triggered to begin preparing for the future. Slime smothered her face, causing her to choke and splutter before her own body forced her to begin to curl.

When Tasha's mouth finally was able to smack closed around those toes and fluffy tail-tip, the entire throat and gut was rid of almost all light. Illuminated only three times more as the panther slurped over her fingers and let the toes slip past that point-of-no-return into her gullet. Sasha saw her container for the humiliating, slimy organ it was. Then, as her toes were squeezed over by the gut's entrance and sealed in, complete darkness resumed.

After a shudder of happiness, the panther's purr returned in force as she adjusted her dress, the fabric doing little to hide the clear bulge of a struggling girl packed within her belly. "Mmph. Much more proper an 'outfit' for you, I'd say," she cooed, hands petting over the squirming, bucking meal. "Your job will be to digest like good food. And, if you do digest, you'll get the status such action deserves: that of meat."

Lumnar walked up, studying the bulge's fierce battle. As her eidolon, he was probably supposed to help protect her. However, instead, the spirit looked up at the panther. "So, I presume our non-verbal understanding was mutually understood?" he said cheerily.

Tasha nodded. "Yessir. I'll gladly take over her link for you. You won't have to suffer a clueless morsel like that anymore. What was it you smelled that made my intent so clear?"

"Sweat, meat, and magic. And your scent dominant in this alley above it all." Lumnar chortled. "Plus, you kept following us in the crowd even after everyone following heard she had nothing of worth."

“Observant!” Tasha said with a grin. “I already like you. Yes, I couldn’t let this catch go. I so rarely see such innocent, bright, pretty souls like her.” She slurped over her lips, rolling her head back as the struggles continued, massaging her belly from the inside. “All that lovely potential. I *had* to take it all. There’s no greater joy than devouring and churning something so precious into *mush*.”

Glrrrrgl~

Both Tasha and Lumnar looked to the gut as it gave a squeeze, Sasha’s form squirmed around as juices began to spill in and fill every nook not occupied by tiger meat. The lizard spirit laughed at the sight. “Well, I definitely like you. I think I’ll grow far better with a connection to you. Plus, this was as entertaining as I could’ve hoped for!” he said.

“Was? Oh dear no, my spirit friend,” Tasha purred, hands slapping to her gut, pressing down hard, and kneading at the meal within. “I’m not in any rush. I’m going to have fun with this kitty all day long.” Leaning over, she hoisted up the folded tribal wear and necklace from inside the alleyway nook. “Besides, I said I was going to hang on to her stuff while she settled in. And so I will, until she’s nice and settled in as panther fat.”

Lumnsr stretched his front legs in what could only be described as a feral shrug. “I don’t really see the point in paying her any more attention,” he commented coolly. “She’s lunch. But if it tickles you, by all means. I’m going to go rest, but I’ll know when you take control. Just make sure you do. I don’t want to make a summoner travel halfway across the world to eat you because you forgot.” With that, the spirit dismissed himself, dissipating into the alley air.

The tiger in her belly must have heard everything between the humiliating chorus of stomach noises that began to steadily become more powerful and more frequent; the squirming reached a fever pitch. “Mmpgh! Mfmhrhm mphrgh!”

“You’re quite right, Sarah,” Tasha hummed aloud. “I should definitely get changed before my walk.” Ducking into the nook, slipped a key from a hidden pocket into the lock and swung inside, a practiced walk maintaining balance even as the girl-bulge bounced here and there upon her belly. Tasha chose a violet two-piece not unlike what her meal had been wearing, leaving the black fur of her stomach and the squirming imprint of her meal in full view, and she happily walked through the hostel’s common room towards the street-facing door.

“Another one?” a wolf lounging at the table asked the passing pantheress. “You really ought to leave some for the rest of us, Tasha.”

“It’s not my fault. This one practically dove in,” she laughed. “I can’t help it if cute meals want to melt for me!” The casual conversation coaxed a brief flurry of activity from her gut, mostly from the bucking, stretching features of a former royal girl. But, soon after...

GROORK! Grrrglk...glk~

The stomach soon responded with activity of its own, now half full of fluid that was readily squeezed and kneaded into the exposed proud orange fur and stripes of the morsel

within. The resulting “MMRPHI!” was a muffled exclamation of surprise, especially as Tasha swung out into the open street. The panther patted her busy stomach, even as a guard watched Sasha’s ungraceful features and paws press outwards here and there.

Tasha hadn’t been lying about the rules, certainly. As far as the city was concerned, Sasha’s presence in a gut was as good a proof as any of what she was meant to be in the city. So the stomach busily gurgled and sloshed away, its passenger growing more anxious as Tasha busied herself. A certain rhino was more than tickled by the bulge when it passed, but anyone after was slow to recognize the girl who’d walked by not minutes before in her new ‘job’. The heat of the afternoon sun only amplified the heat of the organ around Sasha. It might’ve felt like a sauna if not for the growing bite of acids kneaded deep into her flesh, fizzling away her fur in clumps at a time and slowly softening the meat beneath.

The pantheress, meanwhile, had to struggle to maintain composure and not give into the bliss that was her casual conquest. She could *feel* the desperation, her hands petting over the features detailed on her gut. The open mouth and muzzle of a muffled plea, the outwards-pressing paw that was quickly squeezed down by her stomach walls...it was all too pleasing. “Mmph, just like that, girl,” Tasha purred as she walked from one stall to another. “Let my gut squish you and *churn* you into mush.”

Shlurk...GUURRRGLE...groooan~

Tasha opted for a light lunch despite the later hour, buying a jar of apple sauce to slowly eat on the move, dipping her fingers into the jar and licking off the sweet mix from her digits. It was a messy way to eat, but her squirming meal from earlier was getting even messier, now slathered in both gastric fluids and mashed fruit paste. By the time she’d finished the jar and reached the market booth she’d been primarily aiming for, Tasha’s paws were beginning to find give in that shapely bulge. Her kneading paws were squishing deeper into those adorable features. But even as her stomach’s contents grew slowly more compact, the stomach kept squeezing tighter and tighter.

“Hey Poll!” Tasha said, placing Sasha’s folded clothes and name-beads upon the booth’s table. A aardvark gave a wave, hands shifting items here and there in one of his crates. He rushed his work to return to the booth’s front quickly enough.

“Tasha! My most amusing of suppliers,” Poll greeted, “what have you got for me?”

“Well, I’m holding onto these while the city newcomer gets settled in,” the panther explained, “but I’ve a feeling she won’t need these for much longer.” To emphasize her point, she slapped her belly. The contents’ resulting ***sqrlich*** almost hid the weakened, exhausted “Mrrf...mrph...”.

The aardvark was too busy looking over the items to care. “Blue on red with tan under-fabric, patterns are very carefully done. Beads...oh, a few of these have value, but most of it is junk,” he observed aloud. “Hmm...Sasha Regal of the Dunes T’myn? Looks like royalty too. Quite a catch. Though I suppose that’s moot now.”

“Right! Sasha. Called her the wrong thing earlier,” Tasha hummed with feigned disappointment. “Sorry, my tigress friend. If it helps, we can just call you meat from now on? Make a nice and mushy sound if you’d like that.”

Tasha’s arms squeezed just slightly over her belly. **SKLURCH!** The bulge lost some of its definition, a hand that had been pressing outwards soon vanishing. The tigress’ face, however, still bulged outwards, mouth open in a moaning, aghast shape.

“That’s my girl. You’ll be part of the city in no-time.”

Poll had already unstrung the beads, tossing a vast majority of the murkier beads into a box of trash. “The beads would sell for a couple of gold. The clothes, probably thirty. At the very least her own tribe will buy them off of me.”

Tasha beamed. It was more than she’d hoped! Her hips swayed, tail whipping in the dual pleasures of coming out slightly richer on top of making a meal out of such an adorable feline. The movement encouraged her increasingly less solid stomach contents to **slorsh** and **slosh** about in digestive delight. “Well, I did promise I’d hold on to them until she was settled in, but...” she pondered aloud. “I think we can speed up the process!”

Sasha’s head was spinning, the tigress mewling in the active, constantly pulsing organ as it slowly did its work. Her body was soft, mushing into itself as she breathed hot, stale, meat-scented air. Where tiger colors had decorated before, furless flesh was scrubbed with stomach fluids and leftover applesauce. However, even among the gut’s unreserved sounds and the surrounding heartbeat drumming in her ears, she could hear Tasha’s words. “Meat, you’ve done wonderfully! Very good work digesting. But I’m in a hurry to hock your stuff.” There was a chuckle from beyond the wet, sloppy noises of Tasha’s body working the tigress. “Heh. Hock’s a type of meat, too, isn’t it? Anyway, I’m going to go ahead and wrap up your job early! But don’t worry! I’ll be happy to show you the city’s various facilities once you’re done. In the meantime, let my belly do its thing and make you *aalllll mine*. For good. Bye bye, my clueless meat!”

Tasha didn’t need to use her arms. All she had to do was tighten her gut and...

SQULR-CRUNCH!

...the wrinkled walls of her gut squeezed down and mashed its contents together. A lumpy mass of a well-filled stomach replaced the detailed shape of a balled up tigress girl. Where there had been a protesting tigress face a moment before was merely a mass of stubborn undigested food. Tasha’s purr ramped up at the sound, tail swatting passerby in its ecstatic swishes to and fro. She loved that triumphant moment. And, after having resisted to feel the squirming continue for as long as possible, she let slip a shameless belch.

But Tasha wasn’t done yet. As Poll busied himself with putting away his purchased items and counting out the gold for the panteress, Tasha’s gut surged with magic. Sasha’s soul mushed in upon itself, squished and ground by wrinkled walls until it was a sloppy mess among the rest of the former tigress. As her body slowly began to drain its meal dry, a faint rune began to draw itself upon the panther’s side, black fur marked by a faintly purple magic. Tasha seemed not to pay it any mind, rather focusing on the gold she’d use to buy a new magic oven.

Glurgle...glorp...blorp...glrrg...~

Tasha's belly had polished off the lumpiness and left a significantly smaller bulge on her gut by the time she'd returned to the hostel she partly owned. The contents were nothing but a messy mush, her body having no issues at all processing a tigress down to nothing. Whatever Sasha had been was all gone now.

"Lumnar?" she called to her empty room, dropping the bag of gold atop the nearby stand.

The lizard-like spirit crawled out from her side, a slight chill surrounding the rune she'd taken as he slipped from it. Eventually, he'd settle onto Tasha's bed. "No need to yell. Why does every summoner think they need to yell at first?" he muttered.

Tasha grinned. "Fair enough. Can't blame me for not knowing. Your previous owner probably never learned."

"My previous owner is draining through your guts," he retorted. "You don't need much to outshine her. All you need to do is give me some attention and let me help you where I can, and you'll be better than all the rest."

The pantheress patted her belly. It was true. "So, if you were that tickled by me eating her, does that mean my tastes in food are going to help fuel you too?"

Lumnar grinned from his seat atop the bed. "That's right. And, given that smell in the alley, I think I'll find plenty of...experience with you," he said.

Tasha licked her lips, settling down on the bed next to her new, satisfied spirit and yawning; nothing was more exhausting than resisting the temptation of a food coma over the course of an entire afternoon. "Then I think," the pantheress said with a smile, "this was a good first day in the city for the both of you. Lumnar the spirit, and...whoever this was."

glorp~

Tasha woke up, refreshed and surprised at her lack of soreness from having carried such a weight around the previous day. Her hands travelled across her own belly, feeling its new emptiness. It even seemed like her hips had added an extra pound or two to their curvature. There was, however, a pressing matter. The pantheress slipped on a violet robe and traveled down the hall to the bathroom. Locking the door, she'd settle herself onto the porcelain toilet seat.

"Well, you did masterfully at your job, meat," Tasha sighed with a smug, self-pleased smirk, sweeping her robe to one side. "So welcome to the city. Now you can use all the city's utilities without fear. You'll only need one, though, like any other meat. Our wonderfully efficient plumbing."

Tasha gave her tailhole a few testing twitches before letting it stretch wide. A thick log of former tigress pressed out, cleanly pushing outwards to be dropped into the bowl with an almost natural ease. A second brown mass soon was squeezed outwards, the panther grunting at the size. Mass after mass dropped into the water, filling the bowl.

The panther paused only once, feeling a particularly shapely pressure in her bowels. Tasha had consumed enough cute things to know what it was. Her bowels clenched, and a resounding **CRUNCH** echoed in the bathroom. "I told you about trying to pretend to have status your actions don't show," she said, looking down to her seated rump. By the time her pink pucker was spreading with the same mass that had once Sasha's skull, only the smallest flecks of white differentiated it from any other thick log of waste in the bowl.

Only once her asshole twitched its conclusion did Tasha breathe out in relief. A stream of yellow spilled into the bowl, tainting the water that had only just barely managed to contain the solid leftovers. As it petered out, Tasha gave herself a wipe and dropped the paper behind her, turning around to view her work.

The pantheress had made Sasha into entirely shit. Not a trace remained of the former tigress or of anything she used to be. Whatever her body did to Sasha's soul made it indistinguishable from the rest of the waste. Tasha never could tell whether her prey were left trapped, aware of their degrading existence forever, or if they simply had been entirely wiped from existence. There might've been magic to check, but she didn't really care to go after that. Either way, poop was poop. But Tasha never could resist saying a few words just in case.

"Not a bad pile you've become, meat," she mused to the filled bowl. "Sitting so eager to use our city's advantages, to get flushed away. Mmmph, I love doing this to cute things like you. Your body was so happy to be meat and digest for me, but now you're acting exactly like shit. So I guess that'll be your final status in the city for as long as you're here! Bye forever, and thanks for the new partner!"

Tasha pulled the cord, a wave of water washing Sasha's remains away and leaving a spotless bowl behind. Tasha, rode the high of her delightfully cruel conquest for a moment longer, then left the bathroom already thinking of her next real meal.

Her fingers drifted over the rune newly marked in her flesh, pondering her plans for the day. A normal breakfast wouldn't cut it. After all, she was eating for two now.