

A Guilt-Free Gift

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Content warning: Soft vore, digestion, unwilling, fatal.

Tasha loved the Christmas season. More specifically, she loved how trusting people were, seeking out fun and revelry with fewer cares about strangers and horrible potentialities. So, like an end-of-year gift to herself, a reward for keeping to a new year's resolution she never bothered to keep, the pantheress allotted herself one guilt-free binge. Granted, the small twinge of naughtiness she felt during her numerous other hedonistic hunts hardly discouraged her, but it was nice to feel absolutely good and innocent when treating yourself every once in a while.

An open-house party kept the chances fair, and a tall Christmas tree in the foyer, one decorated in plenty of shiny red bulbs, eye-catching prismatic garland, and bright yellowish LED lights, served as a beacon to attract curious passerby in for some cheer and merriment. Most of the crowd were friends of the sleek black feline, ones amenable if not entertained by her particular interests. It was, in essence, the perfect wrapping for Tasha's gift to herself.

Then, she saw it: a face she didn't recognize, one, judging from her clothing, who'd been drawn to Tasha's open door by sheer chance on her way back from work. The grey house-cat stood sipping on a cup of punch, looking at the magnificent tree. She wore a green, unbuttoned shirt, khaki pants, and a stylish red tie in an ensemble that sung of an office job. Tasha sincerely hoped it was work for something important; if she was having a guiltless meal, after all, then she wanted to ruin something special.

"Enjoying the punch?" Tasha purred a hand sneaking up the cat's back to rest upon her shoulder. The brief startle the guest gave tickled the host, giggling as the cat's tail swung up Tasha's lilac dress.

The cat relaxed as she looked at the smiling pantheress, offering a smile of her own. "Oh, is this your party? I saw the open door and your tree and couldn't resist. ...the punch is okay too."

Tasha nodded, standing alongside the grey cat as her eyes returned to the large, decorated tree. "That's what the open door is for. Long day at work, Miss...?"

"Samantha Weltzin," the cat responded with a sigh, "and don't remind me. We're trying to attract a new operating center Spartan's looking to build, but they keep asking for more tax breaks than we can really afford...so I figured I deserved a little relaxation and holiday cheer."

"...you're the city manager, then?" the pantheress probed, her tail beginning to flick with excitement. "I'm afraid I don't keep up much with politics or the bureaucracy."

"Yeah, that's right."

"A lot of potential jobs on the line...sounds incredibly important, Miss Weltzin."

"I guess so, and you can just call me Sam."

"And you're here," Tasha probed further, "for a lovely time before you head back to triumph in your endeavors and make a huge difference in the world?"

"Little weird how you worded that, but...yeah, that's the plan!"

The pantheress's face stretched in an evil smile. Her tail whipped through the air, her tongue snaked across her lips, and her stomach rumbled. *Sam, you are the tastiest thing I think I've ever encountered*, she thought. So strong was the thought that Tasha briefly wondered why Sam hadn't picked up on her intentions; perhaps the thought of awful, primal things had never crossed her mind?

"Oh, you certainly deserve that much," Tasha said, resting her arm across the cat's shoulders. *Not that you're going to get what you deserve*. "So tell me, Sam...what's so eye-catching about my tree?"

Sam gazed into the fir branches, smiling at the bright display. "Well...you didn't over-complicate it. The lights feel...warm, nostalgic. And I find it hard to look away from all those bright colors that reflect off the garland. What is it made of, CDs?"

Tasha giggled as she paced back behind the fellow feline. "Just that shiny plastic stuff. But it's so enjoyable and relaxing, that rainbow of colors reflected on grey."

The cat nodded, focusing even more on the garland and its colors, smiling dopily as she relaxed and sipped more at her cup of punch. "Mm. It's almost hypnotic."

The panther tasked her paws to kneading over the city manager's shoulders, encouraging her to sink more and more into that fascinating pattern of the *enchanted* garland. However, she didn't let the cat relax too much; there was something lost in the moment when your prey was too weak-willed. "Well, it's nice that you think so. Do you think the ornaments are too plain? Just shiny red orbs?"

Sam took a breath, feeling the panther's hands move down her arms without any sense of alarm. Finally, she looked away from the garland to one of the closer ornaments. "No, I like them. Seeing the entire world reflected on their surfaces."

"Hmm? Well, I think I certainly see your entire world in there," the voice from behind her head purred.

Curious, Sam leaned in. Finally, her eyes focused on the reflection. "Huh...all I can see is your...open mouth?"

Tasha watched as Sam turned around, gazing into the dark, moist depths just past those rows of sharp teeth until they turned down into a dark tunnel. She made sure to let a long breath out, the hot, pungent scent of her breath causing Sam's whiskers to curl. It was only when Sam gave a squirm, wrists finding themselves pinned by Tasha's grip against her sides, that Tasha closed her lips and leaned in over the feline's shoulder.

“Oh? That’s your entire world? What a coincidence,” Tasha teased, her violet eyes filled with so much evil glee that Sam couldn’t help but slowly come to the realization that her words were entirely honest, “I was planning on eating you.”

Sam found herself hoisted up by Tasha, her relaxed body and mind too sluggish to respond to the sudden rush of adrenaline and horror. It was only when she looked down, watching as Tasha stuffed her feet straight down her open mouth and ravenously began gulping them down, that the grey, well-dressed feline began to writhe in panic. “What are you...no!” she gasped, Tasha’s grip too tight to free her hands and her legs quickly disappearing down the ring of eagerly squeezing flesh below. “You can’t be serious?!”

Oh, but I am, Tasha thought, steadily pulling her meal down into her throat before stuffing those hands down to get tightly squeezed into those thighs by her greedy gullet. The taste of fabric wasn’t great, but it didn’t ruin the true meal. She could taste the fear as Sam hopelessly squirmed, the life she was ending for a simple meal. And that was, as Tasha thought in a moment of self-congratulatory pleasure, *Exquisite*.

Of course, as Tasha’s tongue slurped over the cat’s stomach, she did find the taste quite to her liking. The loud **slurps**, **shlorps**, **ulks**, and **gulps** only grew louder; the increasingly shameless chorus and the tight confines squeezing now half of Sam’s body into an awkward bulge on Tasha’s throat and chest sent her into a state of sheer desperation.

“S-STOP!” she screamed, craning her head to try and meet the eyes of anyone. The only glimpses she got were of smiling, chuckling faces. **“HELP! S-SOMEONE PLEASE HELP!”**

The red tie briefly tickled Tasha’s nose as she reached up to yank it away, briefly throttling the breath from Sam before the knot gave and pulled the other end of the fabric through. The panther tossed it to the side, reaching up to firmly press the screaming head down, gravity and biology and Tasha’s sheer intent conspiring to bring the feline to her doom. The only thing the party host wanted was to see the cat disappear from the world, so she couldn’t help from giving a happy wave of her tail as those grey ear tips passed from her own vision.

Chest compacted inside a predator’s throat, Sam could only squeak out her final intelligible noises as she looked out from Tasha’s mouth in a feeble attempt to ignore the tongue slurping and soaking her chin with drool. Tauntingly, one of the red orbs hanging on the Christmas tree reflected the image of her terrified expression framed in a slowly closing mouth, the lips and teeth that closed over her face clearly stretched in a smile. “N-no...” she wheezed as darkness enveloped her vision, moist flesh squeezing around her cheeks before the throat closed over her face and guided her down.

Tasha hurried those last gulps up, sighing with relief as she felt her stomach stretch and squeeze around her victim. A few party-goers gave her a round of applause as her stomach showed off the clear impression of Samantha’s gasping, screaming face. If anyone was around who cared for the feline’s plight, they wouldn’t have been able to understand the muffled noises.

But the pointlessness and worthlessness of those struggles and panicked pleas were even more delightful than the feeling of her stomach stretching around a massive mound of meat, massaged from the inside even as it began to work.

Gllrrruuk, schluk! Guurrrgle! “Mmfh! LMH MH HMPH!”

Tasha carried the thrashing gut bulge she now bore towards the refreshments table, filling up a cup of punch as she smiled at the party continuing without interruption. As she drank, she imagined how unpleasant it must be inside. Smelling of death and fouled food, flesh burning away, wrinkled walls squeezing your form so tight, the ring of muscle you’d passed through so tight and unyielding...why, Sam must have been in torment! What a terrible way to have your life ended, digested in a near-stranger’s gut as nothing but meat. And here Tasha was, dumping the very punch she’d been drinking earlier all over her prone, increasingly mushy form. What a terrible waste it was. And that was why it felt so *fantastic*.

She could overhear a few of her guests now discussing if they ought to “intimately inform” the city council of what happened to their city manager the very next day. Tasha smiled, hands jostling her dinner as it yelled against the gut’s walls and clawed for some way out. Inspiring others to wickedness was certainly a plus, watching or aiding other predators to end the lives of pretty things...these were alright. But ultimately, the true pleasure was feeling that life end inside of her. So, casually, she began to knead her own bulge, encouraging the acids into the meat’s flesh and slowly choking out what little breathable air was inside with a tremendous belch.

BRAAAAAP~

“Good one,” a nearby sandy-colored vixen commented with a smile, sipping on her own cup of punch. “You worried the city might lose out on that deal with you ending that kitty’s existence?”

“Oh, I’m worried they might not. It’d be such a wonderful waste if they did,” Tasha commented with a laugh, expecting the vixen to laugh along with her.

The vixen simply smiled. “Well, I do hope you’ll never stop doing what you do. But I’d be more appreciative of helping others, too...sometimes enabling others is a good way to whet your own appetite. ...you’re welcome, by the way.”

Tasha watched the vixen walk into the crowd, confusedly looking over the fox as she walked. She was envious of how voluminous and elegant that pinkish hairdo was, and the vixen had a lovely weight to her belly that suggested a similarly predator measure. *But...I don’t think I’ve met her before?* Tasha thought, glancing down in contemplation. When she looked up, the vixen was gone.

Eventually, Tasha shook the thoughts from her head, instead taking time to feel the last twitches of her meal. Her potent acids were already beginning to round out the shape on her belly, a slurry of churned-up meat suspended in fruit punch beginning to audibly slosh within the fleshy prison and drowning out whatever pained noises, begs, and gurgles would've been the last words of Sam's drastically shortened life.

Tasha, pleased with herself, found where she'd tossed the cat's red tie, picking it up and walking over to the tree. With a hum, she tied it into a pretty bow. Purring, she hung it around the very bough that suspended the red ornament that had reflected the last thing her meal ever saw: a fatal, horrifying smile. Tasha was still wearing that smile; true to her yearly promise, she didn't feel even the slightest bit guilty.

"Merry Christmas, Sam," she said to her gut. She'd remember this one for at least a while...or at least during the holidays when that necktie-bow would adorn a lovely tree once more like Sam's cute body would be adorning her hips.