

How To Do Paperwork With Passion

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Content warning: Casual soft vore, digestion, implied disposal, implied reformation, implied fatality, self-bondage, and suspension.

The pantheress signed into her left hand, her bracelet's dangling beads tapping her cheek with every idle fidget. Her right gripped a pen held half-heartedly over a parchment filled with legalese text. Tasha had once made the mistake of mentioning to her cult how fun contracts and paperwork could be, and now she had no excuse to pass off the work to some underling of hers.

"I'd meant slave contracts...or public announal agreements," she muttered, regretting her past self's lack of clarification. The stacks of papers before her were anything but fun. The fun stuff involved other people in the room, usually bound and squirming with conflicted feelings all across their faces. These stacks were business contracts, confidentiality agreements, trade deals, income reports, budget analyses, spending charts...everything a cult like hers needed for a city like Oreath to overlook, excuse, and enjoy their less scrupulous methods and missions.

The room, shut away in the bowels of one of her city complexes, was dark except for the flickering of two wall-mounted braziers. Tasha's keen feline eyes only needed the low-light, but it didn't stop the numerous scrolls and their tiny text from causing her a mild headache when she tried to focus for too long. Plain stone walls, a plain wooden desk, a plain wooden chair...nothing about her small office for paperwork said "pleasure". This, to the cult leader of nightmares and depravity, was true evil.

Necessary evil, her brain reminded her. Can't continue our rampant debauchery here in this cursed city without someone doing this.

"Doesn't mean it doesn't suck," Tasha muttered. "Sirra above, I swear this is punishment for me taking those few long weeks of vacation."

Probably. You did blow a healthy chunk of favors and cash recovering from being ~~skunk~~ lynx food.

"Shut it, you," the pantheress retorted with all the conviction of a distracted, love-struck girl that genuinely didn't mind being reminded of her crush in the slightest. "If so many places didn't underestimate me, I wouldn't have to read and edit so many of these contracts."

Some of them probably think the same of you, sending them back contracts you've edited to try and get them to legally become your possessions.

"That's not me underestimating them," she smiled, "that's me estimating them precisely correctly. I've a good 20% success rate on that. Truly a pity I ran out of businessfolk last week."

Tasted good, though.

"Squirmed like a champ," Tasha mused in agreement. "Now, how many..." She knew better than to finish her question almost instantly. Her purple eyes landed squarely on the stack of scrolls and papers she'd finished with. Four...four whole items. "Sonnovabitch!"

A small pomeranian stuck his head into the room from the hall door. "Yes, Black One?"

"Not you, Noah," the pantheress groaned, slumping back in her seat. "Sorry, forgot you were in today." The dog nodded before pulling his head back and closing the door behind him, leaving the pantheress to slouch and pout on her own. Her hands wandered her own body, brushing the thin, see-through purple fabric of her flirtatious top, fiddling with the firm cloth belt she wore, and yanking out the wrinkles in her loose brown pants. She scuffed her boots against the stone floor, listening to the squeaks as if they would rub away the thoughts of just how much work she had in front of her.

Her stomach gave an uncomfortable twinge, her own round ears catching the low growl from her gut. "Ugh...I'm never going to be able to work like this," she complained, pushing herself up from her chair and striding towards the door. "I'll probably think better with a full stomach anyway..."

Forty minutes later, the pantheress had come to a few conclusions she'd reached plenty of times before and forgotten just as many times. First, she obviously didn't think *that* much better with a full stomach. A long lunch break later, and only one contract had made its way from the piles onto the completed stack. Second, in her haste, Tasha had forgotten how much better it felt to draw out digestion to a torturously slow crawl. Her meal hadn't been nearly as fun, even if there was a unique rush from speed-crunching and churning a squealing deer girl into a still mass of person-shaped meat. Third, she was glad she'd used one of the willing girls in the cult pantry for this. It'd have been a shame to waste something good for paperwork fuel.

Tasha idly kneaded at the vague, smoothed shape of the prey in her bulging gut, listening to the grumbling churns and glorps of shameless meat-processing her belly released. It certainly made her feel a little better, her pleasure-seeking ways and predatory hunger both satiated for the briefest of moments, but productivity was still slow.

"In hindsight, probably should've asked her if she knew anything about business paperwork before packing her away," she hummed. "Something like 'Hey, if you do all this

paperwork for me by tonight, I'll seal you in my gut for a one-way trip to the sewers!' Bet she'd have gone for that."

What's the likelihood she'd have known how to read this stuff? her thoughts interjected. *Besides, she wouldn't have been able to forge your signature, you know that.*

Tasha poked at her head with a scowl, a claw tapping her temple through her long black bangs. "You are supposed to let me dream, brain. Literally. That's one of your only jobs when I'm sleeping."

And you're awake right now, so not my job.

"Curse you."

Tasha slid another paper in front of her, an arrangement for a local business to make purchases of illicit drugs in exchange for a backdoor access to one of their master craftsmans and store credit for one-week turnaround orders. Not a bad trade, given Oreath's tendency for deals that sided heavily with established inner city businesses. "Looks like we're making progress on some fronts," she observed idly.

Her cool, violet eyes snatched to a nearby budget sheet. A particularly shiver-inducing burble from her belly caused her tail to whip in pleasure. She tried to reason out a worthwhile number to counter-propose for the store credit based on the costs of acquiring her cult's supply of addictive materials, but her thoughts drifted slowly to the form her gut was clenching around. She breathed deep, her diaphragm causing the meal to shift, and quietly moaned at the sensation.

How much?

"Wha-..huh?"

How much are you going to propose the trade is worth in store credit? Or did you get distracted?

The pantheress huffed stubbornly. "I'm...making progress at my own rate, okay?"

You need to leave for the Woodland Duchies soon. You don't finish all this today, you don't make that caravan.

"Fine, 315 gold per shipment. That work?"

Our total costs per vial to import this stuff is 40 gold per vial, and they're going to want at least 10 vials per shipment. In case I need to remind you, that's a minimum of 400 go-

Tasha threw up her hands. “Fuck! Fine, fine. 450 gold per shipment is our lower limit, and I’ll send this back saying 525 gold so he thinks he’s getting a deal.”

Better. Now let’s show some restraint and get this work done.

Scowling, the panther quickly scribbled in the numbers and signed the bottom. Restraint wasn’t one of her better qualities. Tasha hadn’t risen to be a pleasure cult’s leader by being an ascetic, after all. People sought her to understand how to indulge, not deny. “Restraint...” she muttered, quill scribbling the last before she snatched the paper and slammed it into the completed stack, “I’ll show you restraint. Put you in all the restraints. See if...”

Tasha’s face fell, her eyes drifting up to the ceiling in thought. “...you know,” she began.

...you’re joking.

She began to smile, tail swishing behind her. “It would keep me from fidgeting and help focus me a little.”

I’d say “I cannot believe we’re doing this”, but I’m your brain. I absolutely can believe this.

“And we love it~”

We do, dammit.

Noah had only given the briefest of confused looks when she’d brought in her new “desk supplies”, but the newer cult member knew better than to ask what the Black One had planned. Whatever it was, it would feel good and be practical, he was sure.

Fully equipped, Tasha found her pace slightly increasing. She’d discarded her top for a bondage harness. The leather straps were taut, squeezing against the still-melting prey bulge on her belly. Blinders on her head locked her peripheral vision down, keeping her focused on the page in front of her. She’d sheathed her tail and rolled it tight on itself, stuffed in a rubber ball where it couldn’t sway with delight. A neck-brace held her head still, not allowing her the comfort of looking away from her work. Shackles kept her wrists firmly spaced and forwards, and buckles held her upper arms tight to her sides. And all of it was working...slightly.

“See? Three documents reviewed and signed in forty minutes,” the pantheress purred, still occasionally testing her binds with a twitch of her tail, a jerk of her wrist, or a deep inhale. Every time, her self-applied restraints firmly and uncomfortably held firm, aching against her

body. Every breath had the leather squish into the mushy meat in her belly, and that sound combined with the limiting feeling of her new apparel tickled Tasha in just the most enjoyable ways.

Yes, and it's not nearly as fast as you know you can go.

"Oh, but it's so much more *fun!* And it's still faster. Besides, between the meal and the bindings, you're enjoying the endorphins as much as I am."

Shut it, you, her brain retorted with all the conviction of an enchanted darling at the sunset of her first date trying desperately to encourage their tormentor to continue teasing.

"You know," Tasha hummed, "I bet I can do better."

I told you you could.

"I think we just need some..."

Oh no.

"I bet it would help with circulation if..."

I suppose it couldn't hurt to try.

"Ngh mmf nee chnn..."

Talk with your mouth full more. Why not?

Romeo trotted down the dark halls of the cult's complex, humming to himself after a pleasant afternoon. He'd just gotten back from delivering some supplies, spent some time gorging himself, and took a long nap. The details of his relaxation were a little unique to his membership in such a twisted organization, but in his mind he'd simply had a pleasant work day.

He nodded to Noah as he passed, the pomeranian looking more than a little conflicted and confused. "Having a good time?" he asked the small dog in greeting.

Noah grimaced up at the pantsless horse. "I...think so?"

"The Black One confusing your feelings? You'll get used to it. Just ride out your instincts and follow whatever feels best," Romeo offered helpfully, grateful to see the younger member nodding in response. "She in with anyone?"

"I don't...think so?" Noah answered, voice more conflicted than before. "But she did..."

"I'll let myself in, then," the horse said with a nod, slipping past the aide and pushing into the room. "Hey Tasha, just stopping by to drop off the mani-...fest..."

Romeo paused in the doorway. Within a few seconds, his curiosity unable to wait for answers any longer, Noah's head peeked around the horse's hips and looked up with a gasp full of awe.

Suspended from the ceiling was a mostly-naked pantheress garbed almost entirely in leather and rubber. Her feet were sole to sole, knees turned outwards, and bound tightly in position with metal bars keeping her frog-legged. Hanging lower than her feet was her body—belly still churning around a massive lunch both cult members were experienced enough to know used to be a person—harnessed with leather straps and metal rings. Bands attached with hooks to the metal and stretched up to the ceiling where they had been strung through freshly-installed hitching rings. Her jaws were open, lips spread around a ring gag, and her eyes were partially shaded by blinders. One arm had been sheathed and strapped behind her, while the other hung to the surface of the desk with a pen still clenched between its fingers.

"Hggh! Ah hnnshd dh hahhrhk!" she cheerily greeted, drool dribbling down her chin.

"How did she...?" Noah gasped in amazement.

"Don't look a gift-pantheress in the mouth, Noah," the horse chuckled, clapping the pomeranian on the back. "Now, if I've been around enough to understand, I believe the Black One just said she finished all of her paperwork." Romeo looked up and, taking the slight mid-air swaying from the pantheress' suspended body to be a confirmation, grinned wide. "So I believe it's our duty, in this little den of debauchery, to reward her by rewarding ourselves."

Noah took a beat to catch on, watching Romeo stride into the room to inspect Tasha's work before realizing he'd been included. Small tail wagging behind him, he reached back and slowly began to close the room's door. "I wonder if this is why she'd said she found paperwork fun," he questioned aloud.

Tasha rolled her eyes. She'd made her bed with that one. But, if her paperwork sessions ended like this from now on, she was confident she'd enjoy sleeping in that bed. Just took a little

creative thinking and passion to push through, and then, with the door clicking shut, she'd get all the fun she rightfully deserved.