

A Fan of the Process

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Commissioned by [Humbug](#)

Content warning: Unwilling, soft vore, hard digestion, fatal.

Amidst the crowds of Oreath, nobody noticed just how nervous Samantha looked. A few might've noticed the grey cat's bright red tie, and a rare couple might've been looking at just the right level to glance at the window her minimalistic top provided into her cleavage, but very few in the packed lower city streets would've stopped in the morning desert sun to pick up on her nervously swishing tail, the slightly on-end fur at the back of her neck, or the wide amber eyes that frantically zipped back and forth behind small spectacles.

As a bureaucrat in Oreath serving the lower city, Samantha Weltzin's previous day had begun like any other: washing up quick, throwing on as light an outfit as could be respectable in the desert city's heat, grabbing a quick piece of fruit from the bazaar, and running to the local government offices. The sense of enjoyable predictability about life as a district manager—meetings and paperwork and signing off on new orders—had lasted only as long as reaching her mailbox and withdrawing an unusual envelope adorned with little pink hearts; it wasn't something a bureaucrat often received.

Samantha Weltzin-

I spotted you walking past one of my establishments the other day. You carried yourself with such pride, like you were just happy to be alive! A pretty kitty like you, thinking that? Well, I just had to investigate.

A district manager! What an important position you fill. You must love how much better you make the lives of the less well-off, all from the safety and comfort of a nice and tidy office, a crucial cog in the bureaucratic system of this city. A pity so many probably don't know what people like you do for their lives until you're gone. I think I might be your biggest fan!

Well, thinking so highly of you, I must be honest with my feelings...tomorrow, I'd like to have you for lunch.

If that had been where the letter ended, she might've considered it a date. But it hadn't ended there, and Sam had continued reading...only for her smile to steadily fall.

I think you would fit inside my gut so snugly, and I can only imagine the muffled screams you'd make as I'd

slowly begin to digest you. I am certain I would find great pleasure in cutting short your bright future in such a graceless manner for you!

Just to be sporting, though...if I can't eat you tomorrow, I'll not attempt again. So try your best, all while thinking about your life being reduced to a mid-day meal for me!

And that was it, the letter only signed by a purple lipstick-kiss mark at the bottom of the paper. Sam had not gotten even the slightest bit of work done that day; she'd busied herself desperately calling for the guard, reporting the letter to upper city management, and desperately looking for clues as to the identity of her assailant. However, she'd ended her day frustrated, only receiving word that "as the threat was not related to her work for the city, the city guard cannot be provided for the security of her person." All she got was the promise that a contract for her protection would be filed with the local Adventurer's Guild.

That, of course, had led to Samantha's nervous scamper towards the building whose first two floors held the District 1 Lower City Offices. It was only after rushing through the door and closing the bustling city out behind her that she afforded herself a sigh of relief.

"Ms. Weltzin?"

"AKKKPTH!"

She spun on her feet at the sound of the voice, a tired looking dog boy with a club standing next to her vixen secretary. Her eyes locked on the blunt weapon, and immediately her legs tensed in preparation to launch herself out a nearby window.

"Sam, this is the adventurer who took the city's protection contract for you," her secretary explained.

"...adventurer? Oh, right! *Whew*...wait, adventurer? Singular?"

"Yeah, uh...seemed easy enough. Just need to help you freak out less, right?" the dog shrugged in the least comforting way possible beneath what was obviously the cheapest leather armor available. He couldn't have been older than nineteen. "...I mean, there's only two doors...and they're both on the ground floor. I can just lean against that wall and see them both."

Samantha cracked a worried smile. "...yeah, I...guess that's true. Uh, thanks. I'll be...in my office."

She didn't dignify the dopey thumbs up the teenager gave her with a response, instead scampering upstairs and quickly closing her office door behind her with a sigh.

"Rough morning?"

“Yeah, I just can’t believe this is happening to me...” Samantha groaned, planting her hands against her face and dragging her uneven whiskers down.

“I know. That’s what makes it so fun~”

The manager blinked. She opened her eyes and slowly slid her gaze towards her own desk. Lounging across the chair, back and legs both sprawled across the armrests, was the reclining form of a black pantheress. One hand was tucked beneath her chin, and the other teasingly played with the small desk placard that had Sam’s name and title inscribed upon it. A practically see-through top hid nothing, while a pair of loose brown pants hid everything. Steady violet eyes met hers without the slightest bit of concern and the most bone-chillingly confident look of predatory intent. Upon her smiling lips was a fresh coat of purple lipstick.

“Hi, Sam~”

“AHH! G-GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!” Samantha screamed, throwing her back against the door and blindly fumbling with the doorknob. She wasn’t a fool; she knew better than to turn away from the threat. Finally, her hand found purchase, a-

FTH-WHAM!

The door swung wildly open, the dog stumbling inside with club in hand. “W-what’s wrong? Where?!”

The door slowly peeled away from the wall, allowing the grey feline to dizzily fall away from the imprint she’d made in the wooden panels and fall backwards onto the floor with a bruised groan. By the time the stars left her eyes, all she could see was a dog and fox leaning over her. “T-...panther...?”

“There’s nobody here, Ms. Weltzin,” the dog sighed.

Staggering to her feet, Sam looked back at her desk: utterly empty beyond the faintest dissipating dust cloud where once her “biggest fan” had been. “I...but...there was...”

“I’m going to go back down and watch the doors. You just...do whatever a district manager does, okay?”

Sam groaned, walking to her desk and flumping into the chair. It was going to be a long day...

"Samantha?" her secretary called with a knock upon the door. "Your 9:30 citizen meeting is here."

The grey feline snapped out of her daze, happily shoving away the utterly unread income report from the bazaar. "Oh! Right. Come in," she called.

The door opened, the vixen leading in a curvy feline. "Samantha, this is Tosh Progey. He's here on behalf of the beast tribe citizens regarding their difficulties in finding housing." Her secretary pulled up a guest chair, allowing the figure to sit while she stood nearby to take notes as she always did.

Samantha, however, was stunned into silence. A black panther...the same long hair, the same sultry outline, the same confident gaze...a brown robe that obviously was hiding something, and an incredibly out-of-place brown mustache seemingly glued to the panther's upper lip.

"Good morning, Ms. Weltzin!" greeted Tosh's cheery and not particularly deep voice. "I'm very grateful for this meeting. You see, the beast tribe species who have immigrated to the city, such as myself, have been finding it difficult..."

Samantha glanced at the vixen and gestured incredulously towards the rambling guest. The vixen raised an eyebrow. Sam gestured more forcefully. Her secretary narrowed her eyes. "Panther!" Samantha mouthed. Her secretary shook her head disapprovingly.

"I, uh...is something the matter, miss?" Tosh queried, tilting his head.

"Miss Weltzin may be confusing you for someone else, I apologize for her rudeness," the vixen said, glaring at her sheepish boss as the cat flattened her ears in embarrassment.

"Ah, well, I can forgive that! Especially from such a *tasty-looking* woman like yourself!" the panther said, the tiniest lick of those lips causing Sam's tail to jerk upright in a panic. "After all, even if this sort of stereotyping is what may be causing such difficulties, she is in the position to change things! I'm sure you can see our si..."

"Yes! I'll file for an investigation into if there's any bias in housing! We'll get it fixed!" the district manager yelped, the largeness of her smile only matched by how hard her teeth were grinding against each other.

"Wonderful!" the panther exclaimed, reaching over the desk and forcefully shaking Sam's hands. The strength of the shake seemed to cause the panther's mustache to slip slightly to one side, now off-kilter upon that smiling lip. "I will look forward to *digesting* the results!"

As the panther walked off, hips swaying and tail happily flicking, Sam finally exhaled, eyes rolling back in a near-faint as she unclenched her entire body.

“Look, Sam, I think you might just need some air,” the fox sighed in exasperation, walking over to the window behind her desk and opening it as wide as possible. “Just...take some deep breaths and take it easy, okay? I’ll file for the investigation into housing discrimination for you, okay?”

“Deep breaths...right...will do,” Sam mumbled as the vixen marched off with the notes.

Samantha had done her best to breathe, but all she’d managed to do was recenter her packard on her desk and suspiciously stare at a tiny mustache hair she’d found on the guest chair while moving it back against the wall. She swore it wasn’t natural. But, after finally catching a slight breeze into her office from the open window, she brought herself to leave the hair and lean out the window.

She took a breath of the desert air; it was dry, but it carried hints of different appealing aromas from the bazaar two thoroughfares away. She turned her amber eyes down to the ground. The small sundial she’d had installed next to her window read 10:30; what a long hour it had been. She relaxed, and looked up across the rooftops; the flat sandstone-exterior buildings were mostly unoccupied except for the gentle fluttering of clothes on clotheslines and the figure of a pantheress shrugging herself onto a makeshift hang glider.

The grey cat paled. The pantheress gave a teasey finger-wave before hoisting the bar back up against her breasts and settling her legs in.

“There’s no way...that roof is practically level with me,” Sam muttered, blinking as if it might sweep away the image. “...and that thing looks like it was made out of loose pipes and leftover canvas. She’d just crash into the ground...or into the side of a building.”

Sam couldn’t help herself but watch the impending disaster unfold. She watched the loosely-dressed black figure hoist the contraption up, skip forward, and leap off the rooftop. While the pantheress’ technique was clearly decent, her prey couldn’t help but grin as the pantheress began to lose altitude. She even allowed herself a spiteful raspberry at the hapless glider rushing towards a sandstone ledge.

That was when, with a soft yet firm *whoosh*, a sudden updraft caught the glider, propelling it warmly upwards. Caught with her own tongue blepped out of her mouth, her eyes widened as suddenly the pantheress soared towards her, smiling comfortably as if it’d been planned all along. And the smile grew wider, and larger, and ever more glistening with drool

over those few long seconds before Sam was staring meekly down a dark, threatening gullet in a brief millisecond of regret.

OmPH-GLK CRASH!

The pantheress' glider crumpled against the building just above the window. She, however, had long since released the bar, hands now gripping the sides of the open window while her throat bulged with the screaming, panicking features of the momentarily overconfident bureaucrat. She even took the time to nimbly climb her feet up, sliding her legs and butt in to practically sit on the sill while she slathered Sam's breasts and top with rough, sandpapery licks of her tongue. The grey cat was desperately pulling backwards, but the pantheress' throat was firm, decisive, and quite certain what it'd gripped needed to go *down*. And Sam trembled with the realization her frantic, muffled cries were only causing the fellow feline to purr *louder*.

Shhh-ploosh!

Sam suddenly tumbled backwards into her office, at first thinking that wet, watery noise had been from that soaked mawflesh somehow dumping a massive flood all over her body. However, as she scrambled upright and wiped the thick fluid from her face, she gazed out the window at the last trailing streams of tossed-out bathwater from the apartment above her office.

"Oh my! I'm deeply sorry Ms. Weltzin, I didn't realize you were at the window until I started pouring!" The voice called apologetically.

Sam carefully crept to the window and looked down. Amidst a pile of other garbage bags and broken furniture was a crumpled mess of canvas and pipe, but no sign of the pantheress. Looking up, there was the sweet hedgehog woman who owned the top floor apartment after her husband, the previous district manager, had died in a tragic eggplant accident.

"D...you didn't see a pantheress, did you Mrs. Abernathy?" she nervously mewed up.

"A pantheress? No dear, but I see I've completely soaked you! There really is no sorrier sight than a wet cat. Let me come down and get you dried up..."

"No! No need. Thank you," Samantha took the time to close the window and lock it shut with a click. "I'm just going to sit here and be absolutely miserable. It's a hobby of wet cats, you know." she muttered quietly to herself, wiping off her glasses' lenses and slumping back into her desk chair, doing her best to ignore the slimy sound of her fur mushing against the chair's cushions.

She didn't do a very good job of it.

Samantha's fretting, on-edge glances to the windows and door, and nervous lip-chewing were interrupted—not by her secretary delivering another stack of papers she'd never manage to get to today, but by the feeling of her stomach rumbling. She looked down at her exposed midriff and placed her hands upon it apologetically. "Never got to get breakfast...or put in for lunch," she moaned.

"I bet it's almost noon already..." the bureaucrat guessed, eyes looking towards the shut window but not daring to approach to look at the sundial. "Honestly, I can understand this city not giving time for decent breakfasts, but you think they'd make it easier to get lunch. It's criminal to go without."

For the first time that day, focused by her own brief hunger, Samantha took a look at the massive stack of papers for her to go through and sign or respond to. It was far larger than she wanted to admit. She reluctantly slid the first paper off the top of the stack and in front of her. Her eyes, however, caught on a small paperclipped notepad paper at the corner.

"Saw your calendar edit; have fun on your lunch date...?" Samantha read out loud, confusion growing in her voice as she read her secretary's note, leaned back, and stretched her legs.

Squelch...slrrrrp...gulp~

The sudden squishy feeling of her toes pressing in something soft and pliant, the sudden texture across her paw pads, and the tight squeeze of something enveloping them..."N-no!" she gasped, the wet feeling climbing up her legs past her knees as something soaked her pants. She thrust her arms against the side of her desk, shoving the chair backwards...but Samantha didn't move with the chair, her butt falling to the floor and the back of her head slamming against the seat's edge.

The brief dizziness from the impact dissipated in time for the district manager to see a very self-pleased pair of violet eyes underneath the darkness of her desk. Sam's hips vanished inside a stretched-wide mouth, and a set of fine white upper teeth brushed against her belly. She felt her body vibrate with someone else's purr.

The pantheress.

"**S-STOP! What are you DOING?!**" she yelled, despite it being abundantly clear. She'd had hours for her brain to ruminate on this exact thing happening, especially since her top half had been so thoroughly matted with saliva.

The pantheress simply crawled forward as Sam's hands tried to push her face away. She stood up, angling her head backwards to provide a very straight shot for the grey cat's

descent. She made sure Samantha could see when her feet pressed into that black belly, briefly letting her stand there and feel the stomach rumble happily at the arrival of lunch. Then, she resumed those steady, greedy gulps, her hunger ramping up with those purple lipstick lips smeared across the cool, moist fur she'd had inside her once before.

gulk-ulk-ulp-glurk-glp-gluck-ulk...

Samantha's waist slipped in as she screamed. Her tail was pinned to her back, and a single slip of her hand sunk those fingers into the warm mouth below. "**DON'T! PLEASE! I'm NOT FOOD!**" Her knees, forced to either buckle or break, folded into a kneeling position in the stranger's gut, and soon her ass was being groped literally like meat by those wrinkled stomach walls. The red ribbon on her tail tip vanished behind panther lips just as her tie began to feel the tug of the gullet below. More and more, the world stretched seemingly out of reach, those purple eyes keeping deliberately locked on those terrified amber ones until Sam's head was forced to tilt up. The grey cat caught a glimpse in the window's reflection that only skyrocketed her adrenaline: framed by teeth, she saw her own horrified expression squeezed over by a gullet as only one hand reached outwards. "**I DON'T WANT TO D-mph!**"

The pantheress slapped her tongue back against Sam's face for one final taste of the cat's terror before giving another decisive gulp and feeling the district manager's face slide down her neck. The hand soon followed, gripping at nothing before being packed in

GULP! "Ahhh...I'm glad you've saved me from such a criminal hunger, Samantha," the pantheress purred. "You truly are the best kind of public servant~" Her hands patted against the curled up, writhing bulge in her belly, feeling how her stomach began to ramp up, squeezing and churning around the full-sized feline as juices began to pool.

The pantheress took one look at the desk. Thoughtfully, she picked up Samantha's desk name plate and slid it into one of her pants' pockets. Then, with similar thought, she took a small note and quickly wrote down a message. "I'm retiring to be pantheress food. Bye forever! Samantha Wletzin," she hummed aloud, putting the pen away as her stomach's occupant—for *some* reason—began to fight and scream all the harder.

"HMMPH! MMH MH HRRH!"

"No, that comes much later," the pantheress hiccuped, the activity below beginning to tickle in that far too enjoyable way. "Now let's both make the most of our date." With that, she opened the office door and strode downstairs.

The teenaged adventurer looked mildly flummoxed at the voluptuous pantheress and her gravid gut descending the stairs, the dog glancing somewhat befuddled and the two doors he'd primarily been watching. "Uhh...hi?" he awkwardly said with a wave.

"Hello," the black feline mused. "How are you today?"

"...fine. Just...doing a job I got to watch these two doors. ...you?"

"Just pe-*hic!*...peachy. I had a wonderful lunch that I'm looking forward to finishing off."

The dog nodded, taking the opportunity to not only stare through the sheer fabric at the pantheress' breasts but also gaze in disbelief at the strange, squirming bulge that sloshed and murmured with a myriad of sounds.

The only reason the dog was given to look up was the sudden shove of the bulge upwards, Tasha's mouth opening in brief surprise as something forced its way through the tight passage. Samantha Weltzin's bespectacled face gasped in a brief moment's exposure to fresh air, her hands desperately trying to find purchase in the slippery tunnel below. The dog could see where patches of fur had fallen out, sore flesh revealed where the soggy grey fur didn't persistently cling. Her eyes met his. "**DEAR GOD, HELP M-hhh!**"

Then, with one deft hand, the pantheress reached into her mouth, snatched the spectacles from off her lunch's nose, and pressed her palm firmly against Sam's face. One more dooming gulp, and down squeezed the screaming face before it was once more squeezed over and shut in the increasingly acid-filled gut. All the predator did was wipe off the lenses and slip them atop her own nose. "...how do I look?"

"...like a sexy librarian...with the regional manager in your stomach," the adventurer responded, his hand slowly releasing the club he'd briefly thought to reach for and letting it fall back to his side.

"Hm, not really the look I'm going for," the pantheress hummed, taking the spectacles and pocketing them as well. "Well...I take it you're not going to try and stop me? If there's any confusion, she is most certainly going to die and digest in there."

The dog's breath stalled for a moment, but he eventually shook his head. "I uh...don't get paid enough to try that. Besides, I get paid regardless of if anything happens to her. Something about keeping up appearances for public employee trust."

"I'm not surprised, given this city. How old are you?"

"Nineteen, ma'am."

"Please don't call me ma'am. I'm not *that* m-*hic!*...much older," the pantheress said, rolling her eyes in amusement as another muffled scream barely made it out over the increasingly loud *gurgling* and *churning*. From the pocket not filled with reminders that her meal

had once been a person, the predator pulled a small business card. "But...that's quite fair! Tell you what, cutie...stop by my establishment sometime, and maybe you can do more than stare."

The dog took the card. "What's your pleasure? Tasha Progief's Afternoon Delights, District 2, Ring 2. Open every other afternoon." he read aloud.

"That'd be not today, but tomorrow," Tasha clarified with a nod. "After all, I intend to savor meals like this. Will I see you there sometime?"

He swallowed. "Sure thing, Tasha."

"Good. Enjoy your door watching!" With a wave of her tail, the pantheress made for the door, paused only by her cheeks billowing with a sudden pressure.

URRRP! "Excuse me~"

Departing the District 1 Lower City Office, Tasha headed to the primary bazaar street and began to shop. While the midday crowds were worse than the morning crowds, the pantheress was still keenly aware when people picked up on her strange moving belly and the cacophony of tawdry *glorps* and *gworgles*. It helped, though, that she frequently would 'accidentally' bump a passerby or two with the writhing, bucking gut or 'subconsciously' grind it against the edge of a stall.

A few more stable merchants she gave a friendly greeting to and entered into conversation between sales. "Do you know a Miss Samantha Weltzin?" she'd ask, invariably causing her lunch to catch another wind and writhe and scream in an attempt to be noticed. "Oh, you do? What a small city!" Tasha would cheer to those who answered affirmative. "I had the pleasure of getting to know her today. After getting her to go down with me, though...I double she'll be any shape to continue working."

A few merchants blushed and some engaged in lewd gossip of their own, but only a few looked to that strangely person-shaped stomach and the fabric that barely stretched over the middle of it. A couple even seemed genuinely alarmed. Perhaps they'd caught just enough of those desperate muffled cries to understand, perhaps Sam had shifted around enough to press a grizzly impression of her hand, paw, or foot out, or perhaps the pantheress had given a particularly telling jostle of her belly while saying those things. Tasha didn't care, though; as far as she was concerned, it was far too late for Sam.

Every hiccup and belch forced the air inside the cramped, squeezing sack to become increasingly dizzying and acrid. The pain of digestion began to blur into a white noise in Sam's head, almost entirely furless and beginning to feel her own body squelch and give way. Soon,

even bone was exposed, awash in a messy acid path as she gargled stomach juices and felt her prison squeeze the life out of her. She certainly hadn't thought something like this would happen to her.

But it was all a game to Tasha, whistling as she carried back a bag of groceries along with a small-time artist's trinket-sized wood carving of an anthro cat girl. She'd even occasionally gulp down a tiny bit of air for her lunch to enjoy, all the way until she'd made it home. The pantheress purred the whole time she put up her things, listening to the weak murmurs of the former bureaucrat, the lurid glorps and blurbs of her belly, and knowing the city was probably already looking for even half as good a manager.

"Mmm, guess this it, huh? So much for being happy to be alive," Tasha teased, throwing herself atop her nest of pillows and causing Sam's world to shift. Her hands kneaded away at the tiny pockets of air, feeling the lunch inside twitch and recoil. "At least you managed to do at least one more useful thing before I churned up all those nice thoughts of the future from you, hm? Oh, it's quite the disappointing loss for the city, I know. But that's what makes it so fun~"

Tasha firmly pressed at her gut and her throat felt that familiar rise of pressure.

HOWURRRP-splat!

From between her lips, an acid-worn red tie flew and slapped across a nearby pillow. "Whew, what a mess," the pantheress said, grinning patting the now burbling mass inside of her; Tasha could almost always imagine the little skull and crossbones floating out from her guts in moments like these. "But don't worry; I'll take care of it. I've a process, you know...and I love every step of it."

Tasha, after the last small little errands, settled in for early bed. She planned to open shop tomorrow and needed her rest. Samantha's tie, washed and dried, was securely fastened around the small cat carving in Tasha's private closet, one of many tiny trinkets that memorialized Tasha's personal targets. It was, after all, a very tried-and-true process; why wouldn't she be a fan?