

If You Give A Cat A Toke...

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Content Warning: Cartoon physics and violence, recreational drug use, unwilling vore, hard digestion, fatal, bones, implied disposal

Priscilla Spalding felt alright. The Pi Phi Chi house's atmosphere was chill, the party-goers were sexy and casually dressed when dressed at all, and the otter herself was at least a good three blunts deep...plus whatever the ambient air gave her. She didn't even have to feel guilty about getting her fill of the potluck this time, either; she'd brought along an eggplant casserole that, to her surprise and delight, someone actually served some of. She didn't know or care where it had ended up, but it was good enough for her. Now, it was just her, a blissful high, and a collection of fine-looking people to flirt with.

She didn't look too bad herself, long red hair haphazardly cast down her back and over her shoulders in a way that just happened to end up enticing. Whether following those locks down, catching the crystal necklace she wore, or guided up her curvy hips, almost all appreciative eyes ended up staring at the large expanse within the massive v-cut of her minimalistic top that barely covered her breasts—and that was *all* that covered her breasts.

Priscilla's dopey smile and spacy gaze suggested she didn't notice those looks; but, even as high as she was, she did...and she appreciated them back. Her lazy gaze was looking for something similar, after all.

"Nice rudder," purred someone beside her, a hand gently brushing her shoulder as if to guide her to the open spot on the sofa. "Does it happen to steer my direction?"

The otter looked over. While the sexy black-furred form had been covered by a larger volume of fabric than she had used for herself, Priscilla certainly got a good look through the sheer lilac top. It took a few seconds for Priscilla's smile to widen and her head to finally tilt back upwards, but eventually she caught the gaze of the confident pantheress and those intense violet eyes. "Sometimes," she replied, stepping around the pantheress to flump down upon the cushions and sprawl, shifting her hips and stretching her arms up and back.. "Nice top. Surprised your boobs aren't uncomfortable straining against it."

"Oh, this?" the pantheress purred, slinking down to lie on the floor just before Priscilla, seemingly unperturbed the otter had taken so much space for her lounging. "An early pickup from a clothing donation.so many years ago."

“Oh? Reused clothing? How responsible!” Priscilla allowed her rosy glasses to fall just a little further down her nose, blue eyes peeking over them at the sprawled-out feline. “Do you smoke?”

“Cigarettes? Not for me.”

“Nah, not cigs,” she clarified, dragging a fresh blunt out from seemingly nowhere. “Weed. ...I’m Priscilla.”

The pantheress looked up, tail swaying behind and the bangles upon it clinking with every particularly purposeful wave. “Tasha. Haven’t tried it. Is it the flavor of the evening?”

Priscilla waved the blunt behind her at a chick with a lighter. As she lit it for her, she looked back. Either the pantheress was telling the truth, or she was a really good liar. “It’s the flavor if you want to trade flavors with me,” she said, her free hand drifting along her body as her occupied one brought her favorite drug to her lips, not to be out tempted by a fellow temptress.

“Well, I’ll do it,” her new acquaintance shrugged. “But you should know...I’m okay without a trade. I’m far more interested in just tasting you.”

Priscilla breathed deep and sighed out in peace, her smile as wide as could be as the girl below seemed to let her take the lead. “Well, then, probably should get you some food,” she said between tokes, “...can’t smoke a first without snacks.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I’ve already got my food,”

The otter’s tail wagged against the sofa back as the pantheress slipped up towards her feet, mouth open and tongue lolling. Priscilla wasn’t much into feet stuff, but she supposed Tasha could do wha-

SCHGLORMPHFF-GLUNK! BgROURph~ “Ahhh~”

Tasha caught the still-smoking blunt between her fingers—the weed barely even had a second to start falling—as she settled into the same recline the otter previously had atop the sofa, her gut packed with high otter hippie. “Mmph, pretty good flavor,” she observed with a lick of her lips. “Now to make good on my word.”

As Tasha let the smoke in, the otter was left blinking in confusion, stunned at so suddenly being crammed into a sweltering, humid, and acrid-smelling chamber. The gears were slow-turning, sitting there as a lumpy curled-up shape in the now heavily partaking pantheress. The party continued on without a care, and Priscilla’s brain was stuck trying to shove self-preservation panic through a recreational haze.

“...wh...H-hey! My blunt!”

The utterly situationally-blind cry brought a relaxed smile to Tasha's face. It was either that or the weed. But even as her gut began to squish around the baffled Priscilla and rub in and soak plenty of acids into her sexy prey, the pantheress found herself melting away. Slumping fully into the couch, dangling her feet over the edge, she groaned, thick fumes wafting from out of her nose. She just felt so good...so calm. Every care was melting away. Every muscle in her was relaxing and letting go, including a certain tight sphincter...

Tasha gave a long yawn, maw stretching wide as she slipped further and further down. The maw never closed. A soaked, disheveled otter slowly emerged, the pantheress' yawn and slumping slowly replacing her lounging form with Priscilla's. She slipped down and down, butt falling to the ground, as she literally melted away with the overwhelming high.

Priscilla paused, now lounging on the sofa as if nothing had happened, as the puddled Tasha burbled contently around a still-lit blunt. Eventually, the sting of acid finally helped her brain put the pieces together before gasping in horror and fumbling over the sofa arm. As soon as her feet hit the floor, she vanished in a Priscilla-shaped cloud.

As the otter scrambled away, Tasha groaned from the floor. “Uuhgh...and now I'm *really* hungry,” she huffed, too blitzed and sludgy to be more than disappointed. “...and I'm really craving otter, too. Phooey.”

Priscilla came down a little quicker thanks to the shot of adrenaline. “...that pantheress tried to eat me!” she muttered, bummed at not only having to run from the party but also from missing out on the fun she'd *thought* she would have. Getting eaten was for *other* people, not her! Thankfully, she had an idea of where to go both for safety and for some direly needed cheering up.

Her run skidded to a halt before “Buds Duds”. Never before had she been more grateful for a “No Eating” sign in a door window, the fear slowly easing off her expression as she stepped inside for some much needed environmentally-conscious shopping.

As the otter busied herself looking over a new but similarly thin bikini bottom, the storefront bell dinged a second time. With a grin, Tasha simply reached back to the door behind her and, with a single finger, flipped a sign over.

A passing bear glanced at the storefront, ear catching a severely glass-muffled scream. As she looked in through the streetside display windows, she could barely see otter legs kicking straight up into the air, violently jerking as they descended down into a pantheress' gullet behind

a few circle-racks of t-shirts. Curiously, the bear looked through to the checkout counter, the foxy store worker seemingly unperturbed as the grotesque scene played out. With one more moment of thought, she glanced to the door. “Ah! Makes sense.” Then, the thick college bear continued walking, satisfied with the cartoonish outlines of a panther devouring a girl on the store’s “Eat Away!” sign

When the doorbell dinged a third time in the short period, Tasha’s ear caught the ruffle, *clack!*, and “Oops! Sorry for the clumsy brush,” she didn’t think much of it. But the firm “**Ahem!**” paused her from tucking the screaming girl away and caused her to turn.

The fox from behind the cashier, standing next to them, pointed to the open door the older sparrow lady still held open. Behind her wing, a feather still caught between it and the door itself, the sign read “No Eating”.

Tasha sighed and yanked Priscilla free with a sloppy squelch. As the shopkeeper stared further, the panther wrung and shook out the dampened Priscilla. But even still the fox wasn’t satisfied; she pointed at the door.

Both dejected, they followed the shopkeeper’s pointing out from the store and past the confused sparrow. The fox nodded as the two walked down the street once more. “Signs are there for a reason,” she muttered before tucking back behind the store counter and allowing the sparrow to browse for some ethically-sourced blouses.

Priscilla’s escape created a firm breeze for the other pedestrians on the late afternoon streets. She was pretty familiar with this part of town, an open-minded haven for counterculture, so it didn’t take long for her to feel comfortable slowing down to catch her breath in a small side-door establishment she knew.

Within the room filled with crystalline decor, live plants, and the scent of petrichor, her eyes fell upon a small table and bean-bag chair. “Free samples!” the tiny toothpick sign read, accompanying a tea saucer of small sugar cubes. The otter’s smile returned. “I’ve time to burn to make sure that panther gives up,” she hummed.

Two sugar cubes and some time later, sunk into the bean-bag chair, Priscilla watched the crystals with dilated eyes. The lights of the small lounge refracted through each one, the rainbow colors melting into bouba shapes and dripping onto the plants. Her heartbeat raced and slowed, hands reaching out to caress from afar the new flat flowers that bloomed from where the colors dripped.

She also became keenly aware of how wet she was. While the two brief visits to pantheress gut and trips through pantheress throat certainly had applied her hydrodynamic

body with a slick and burning coat, she'd thought her run had dried her out somewhat. But, particularly against her butt and the underside of her tail and now dragging up her back, she really felt soaked...dripping with a thick, viscous liquid.

The otter certainly wasn't unfamiliar with hallucinogens, so she rode out the new feeling as best as she could. Then, a sinking sensation began to build. Her legs tucked upwards and her back seemed to press forward. Then, darkness began to enclose around her vision, shiny white teeth glinting as they began moving up her limbs. Eventually, she couldn't resist looking down.

The bean-bag chair had vanished, leaving only thick, dark pink flesh that squeezed and engulfed her. Then, with a long, bassy note, it jerked forward and *gulped*.

"H-help! Somebody, help!" Priscilla eventually gasped out as her crumbled-up form bulged out from a black neck, hands and feet helpless to do anything but wiggle within the ever shutting jaws. But her seat just kept sinking her further and further away, down towards a foul-smelling chamber that seemed to issue an unending growl. "**Help! Help! HEL-**"

"*What* do you think you're doing?!"

The swallowing stopped.

"Bad trip! Spit her out right now."

With a disappointed whine, Priscilla's seat jerked and expelled her with a retch, spilling the otter across the tiny lounge floor of one of her dealers. Dazed, the drool-soaked girl looked up with big eyes and blinked.

Tasha's arms were crossed as she stared at the lumpy, shifting Tasha-like shape that had replaced the bean bag chair. "Bad! That one is mine and you know it," she chided, shaking a finger at Priscilla's hallucination. She glanced back to the increasingly terrified otter. "Sorry about that. I didn't expect her to be so greedy once you took the bait. I'll see to getting you digesting in a bit."

Dumbly, the otter nodded, stood up, and walked out the door. Leaving the pantheress to lecture the LSD vision, Priscilla started to jog out of the alley before sprinting as far away as she could.

"Seriously, you know better than that. You can't copy me *and* steal my food," Tasha said, wagging her finger at the ashamed-looking manifestation.

“Alright, quickly! Get those trees in.”

Night had fallen. Her trip had worn out. She had met up with her friends once more. Surely the pantheress was gone after so many hours, especially with so many people she trusted around her. But Priscilla wasn't about to miss getting in some good trouble.

Amidst the unoccupied, barely-mowed lot the city was currently debating handing to a new manufacturing plant for construction in a few years, the radical environmentalists had quickly dug a number of large holes. Some carried tree saplings from the back of a truck tucked in a nearby alleyway to begin setting into the pits, slowly filling the lot with nature that, with luck, would not immediately be noticed, take to the ground, and only add further cost to the project...while making a park proposal seem all the more economical.

“Where's the other bags of fertilizer?” her kangaroo friend hissed.

“Probably back near the truck, I'll get them.”

As Priscilla rounded the alley corner, a hand firmly gripped her tail. “Eek!”

“Shhh!” came the immediate response from her allies at the loud noise.

The otter gritted her teeth as she tried to run, legs circling and burning at the back alley pavement as if skidding tires. Finally, she managed to launch forward...but the grip on her tail remained. She panned her expression to the side as she hung in the air for a second. Then, with a whoosh, she rubber-banded behind the alley and into a muffled scuffle.

“Fertilizer! We're running out from these bags!” came the hiss again.

“Ah, we're almost out, but I've a bag of raw materials for fertilizer here!”

The kangaroo looked up, spying the rose-tinted glasses on a dark figure's nose. “Raw materials?”

“Yeah, should I get started on making it?” the figure asked quietly.

The environmentalist nodded. “If you can do it quickly and quietly, go-”

“Waaaaait!” gasped another voice in the quietest imitation of a cry. A rabbit scrambled forward holding up a finger. “Wait, not yet!”

“Wait for what?”

"I think I lost one of my earrings while I was opening the bags!" the bunny explained. "Let me check before you use that!" Before anyone could react, she grabbed the lumpy bag carried by the bespectacled figure and opened it.

Instantly, from the bag bounced up a particularly scared-looking otter, who hit the ground in a full sprint. As they all watched the figure run away into the night, the pantheress took off the spectacles and shrugged. "Some people just really aren't willing to give their life to the cause, what a shame," she sighed breathily.

A brown hand slowly reached out of the darkness, lightly plucked the spectacles from Tasha's hand, and, as they looked on, slowly yanked back to its owner to resume fleeing.

"...yeah, what a shame," the pantheress repeated before prancing happily along after her target. "...keep up the good work!"

It was already morning. Exhausted, panting, the otter girl stumbled through the streets. She'd run through looping doors, and Tasha had followed. She'd hidden in a chest, and Tasha's bright violet eyes were already shining in the darkness. She'd squeezed herself under a locked door, and Tasha was prepping a skillet for a more flattened hippie snack. Tripping over her own feet bowled her over, and Tasha was ready to play catch the rolling ball of otter with her mouth.

But the stores were open once more, the pantheress hadn't been seen since the sunrise and Priscilla wouldn't survive without a small pick-me-up. So, almost as soon as they unlocked for business, the otter bumped her way into her favorite zero-waste grocery.

"Priscilla! Where are your jars?" the deer girl asked. "You never forget your jars."

"Was in a rush. I'll buy new jars this time and return them when I'm done," the otter said with a forced smile.

With her two fresh glass containers in hand, she filled up one with a fresh morning tea blend and another up with some all-purpose flour, then she slipped to the counter to wait behind the other early birds. The everyday activity, in and of itself, was beginning to give her a second wind, and the sunlight that angled through the storefront windows felt good on her body.

"I can't believe there's a zero-waste grocer, here!" the person behind her said.

"Yeah. It's a great idea, isn't it? We're really lucky," Priscilla sighed, glad for the everyday conversation.

"That's a nice crystal around your neck," they observed.

"Yeah, it's a healing crystal." She stepped up to the counter and placed her jars down. Gently, Priscilla lifted it up off her chest. "It's been helping me a lot today, I'm sure. I never take it off."

"Wow! I guess that does explain how you still look so good. I could've sworn I got a few good churns in on you before you raced your patchy self away."

The color drained from the otter's face. Before she could even turn around, in a deft flurry of motions, her necklace was popped off, her body was grabbed, and her face smashed into a glass jar.

Tasha stepped up to the counter with a smile. "Three new glass jars, two medium with morning tea and all-purpose flour, one large with free-range otter."

The deer girl looked at each of the unlabeled jars, including the one where Priscilla had been compressed and smashed into a jar-shape of her own so the pantheress could screw the lid down tight. "First time here?"

"Won't be the last!" the pantheress assured.

"Hhlp! Hhm nhd fhr shhl!"

"Nonsense, you're a perfect fit for this store," Tasha responded, clearly experienced in understanding muffled speech. "Do you know how much waste you'd make living a worthwhile life? By eating you, I'm practically creating negative waste, even accounting for the obvious!" She tisked, fishing out her wallet as the price rang up. "Besides, if you give someone drugs for the first time, you should be responsible and take care of them. And my munchies are best solved by having you digest alive, clearly."

"Thanks for shopping zero-waste, ma'am!" the cashier cheered, waving off the new customer just in case they didn't realize they didn't use paper receipts!

"Thanks!" Tasha waved, stepping outside and sitting on a bench. She raised her larger jar up to her face and began to unscrew the lid. "Well, it's been fun, Priscilla! Time for me to send you down for good this time. And no crystal healing for you, either!"

The pantheress raised the jar to her mouth and shook. After a few seconds she shook again. Then she used her other hand to slap the bottom of the jar. With a few thuds, Priscilla's feet popped free, springing back to regular size just in time to meet the back of Tasha's mouth.

Bit by bit, the otter girl popped free only to find drooly flesh before being tightly jerked downwards by the waiting throat. There was no chance to resist except to wiggle any parts already slurped down that black-furred neck.

ulp-POP! ulp-ulp-ulk-skerrrr-POP! Ulk-ulp-ulk POP!

The pops of fresh girl freeing and uncompressing from the reusable jar continued, all the way until Priscilla's terrified eyes were peeking out from Tasha's maw, looking at the last sunlight she'd ever see through rose-tinted glasses. **"PLEASE! I'M TOO YOUNG TO-"**

Ulk~! Shllrrp! "Delicious~"

Tasha purred as she felt her gut seal over the otter and firmly squeeze, churning and sloshing with acids in earnest. She lifted up the crystal and tied it around her neck. "Wonder if it helps with digestion too," she chuckled.

GwoRGLe, glrrn, shlorsh... "HMMMM! HMMMP! HH BRRRNH!:"

The pantheress watched the sunrise for a while as her breakfast screamed, enjoying the sensation of such a nice looking girl bucking and writhing for dear life. But she eventually stood up and began walking, hands on her belly to feel life slowly begin to run out for her meal..

Gwrlk-pop! Guuuurgle, sqsh-slosh, chuuurn~ "Lhh mh...hfffh..."

The minutes ticked by slowly for the trapped otter, and her panic scaled with her discomfort and pain. Over the course of more than an hour, she felt Tasha humming to herself without a care as the pantheress clearly enjoyed how her body automatically went about processing the former fellow temptress like common meat. People must have noticed her terrified bulge wriggling away. Someone could stop this!

But no one did. Scrubbed hairless, skin boiling away, slathered in gut slime, and second wind exhausted, Priscilla groaned one last time before...

SCRUNCH-BUUUUUUUURP~

...before Tasha clenched her gut, shamelessly belched out a blast of otter-killing gut air, and watched the skull and crossbones drift away from out of her belly full of churning meat. "Never get tired seeing those come out of my belly from such attractive girls."

By the time she reached the Pi Phi Chi sorority house, the pantheress' belly was sloshing with a particularly thick slurry, all the bulges left making grizzly impressions beneath her sheer cloth top. Then, despite the people still sweeping up the mess, jamming the front door open, and spraying air freshener through the halls, Tasha stepped up to the porch and squeezed her belly hard.

BruOOoURP-splat!

A familiar top and bottom, acid-burned and stained, along with an gut-bleached skeleton, pushed up her throat and ejected from her maw, clattering to the porch below. The surrounding responsible girls paused their cleaning to stare. Tasha just raised a finger.

...urp! Tink!

With a tiny additional burp, a pair of rose-tinted glasses flew out from the pantheress' stomach to land straight on the skull's muzzle. "There we go. Returning my date from last night," the pantheress explained, patting her black gut through the pink fabric. "And yes, we had fun; you can probably tell from that lovely glow I've got~"

As she walked away from the stunned girls, she waved her hand at them without even looking back. "Don't worry, if you're looking for the rest of her, I'll be back in a few hours to drop her off. I'll need your bathroom for the funeral, though!"

The sorority eventually went on about its day. However, soon after, the house came together and agreed on some new rules: guests that weren't specifically for eating would need to be vetted; during parties, specific rooms would be set aside for recreational drug use to cut down on giving unintentional munchies; and, finally, never give a cat their first hit at the house.