

Second Chances

by Maven Treecat

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

Content warning: Soft vore, unwilling prey, betrayal, rough digestion, ~~false~~ reformation, fatal

Slowly, the grey cat's eyes blinked wearily open. The bright light forced a moment's adjustment, but soon Samantha was able to gaze about her cloudy surroundings.

"Wha...what happened?" she groggily groaned, looking at her own paws as they seemed to find footing on what should have been mere floating moisture. Instead, she felt as though she were stepping on a carpet of the softest cotton. An unhidden sun warmed her entire form, rays beating down on her exposed body.

Despite the befuddling surroundings, Ms. Weltzin couldn't help but focus on trying to piece together her foggy memory. That's right, she'd been twiddling her thumbs in her office, patiently waiting for the official results to be announced for Gobbletown's election. Samantha Weltzin, the sitting mayor for multiple terms in a row, was forecasted to win an outstanding 80% of the vote. What could she say? The town loved her. And all it'd take was that phone call before she'd stroll out into the lobby to yet another victory celebration with her trusted friends and colleagues.

She remembered her secretary walking in, Ethel wearing her cute yellow blouse and the biggest smile. The slim antelope had worked for her every single year she'd had in town hall and was one of her closest friends. Of course! She must have been bringing her the good news personally before the official call came in.

Then her dear friend Ethel had slipped behind the mayoral desk, tugged on that familiar red tie, and pulled the cat into a...kiss? No, it had been wetter. Over her own face.

The memory of a *gulp* echoed in her mind. *Oh.*

That's right. She'd been squeezed unceremoniously down her friend's throat and packed into a stomach. She'd screamed for what seemed like hours as her friend seemed to hum and, far as she could guess from within squeezing layers of flesh, file her nails. Slowly, exhaustion and betrayal took her, draining her efforts as she was slowly passed from one chamber to another until she was left twitching, steadily burning and dissolving amidst a wash of acids.

Suddenly, the cloudy surroundings made a lot more sense. "...the fuck?! She ate me?!" Samantha scowled. "That's it? She just...digested me and I'm dead?!"

"Congratulations!"

Samantha shot a dirty look at the speaker, instinctively ready to tell off someone for congratulating her on dying disgracefully at the height of her life. But, a second into her dirty look, she realized there was another person here...in what she could only assume was some sort of afterlife.

The vixen smirked, hands folded under her chin as she floated in the air. Yellowish fur, a voluminous lilac bouffant, and a small pair of glasses balanced on a long muzzle made for a striking look. "Oh, not for dying," she preempted, guessing all too easily Sam's thoughts from her expression. "For getting a second chance! Well, tenth, I guess."

"Tenth?"

The vixen gestured vaguely with one hand. "Oh, you know. The cat thing."

The new arrival crossed her arms. "Hm. I suppose there *were* a few close calls with that eccentric mascot of ours," she considered, expression steadily easing from anger to resignation. "And a couple with Fomo, too. Well, phooey. What a time to learn the whole nine lives thing was true: after they're all gone."

"But congratulations! You'll be getting one final chance at life!" the vixen repeated with calm cheer.

Gradually, the magical vixen's message wormed its way through. Samantha's expression brightened with hope, ears perking up. "R-...really?! ...how? Why?" she inquired with disbelief.

"How? Because I can fix you up with just a little tug on the threads of reality," her greeter promised. "And why? Well...you know how in video games, if you do a lot you'll get a lot of points? And with a lot of points you can get an extra life? Well, just like that! You've done so much that I'd love to see you have one more go of it."

Samantha's tail swished with excitement, eyes glistening at the potential. "Oh wow! Thank you! I can't believe it!" She wrung her hands, swaying as her cheeks hurt from the breadth of her grin. "Well, pretty easy choice for what I'll do first: fire my secretary! I can't believe that's how she rewards me for all our time working together. Then, after the election party, I'm getting some additional security. I can't believe how dangerous being a mayor is around here!"

The vixen nodded along with the cat's plans, tapping her chin as a little scroll manifested itself with a soft *poof!* "Yes, you'll be perfectly healthy, right where you left off. You can pop up from your crashed car's driver seat without a scratch! You can wake up in your sick bed without any trace of illness! Now, let's see where you ended up so we can get you right back."

"I'll push for more funding for...wait, back...?"

“Mhm!” the vixen noted, doing a perfect job of pretending not to notice the growing horror washing over the feline’s expression. She simply drew a finger along the parchment as if trying her best to find Ms. Weltzin’s entry while the real deal’s whiskers drooped. “Now, let’s see...Samanatha Weltzin, Mayor of Gobbletown...”

“...no, no no, wait...”

“...looks like you’re snug in an antelope’s stomach?”

“Wait, no, I can go back to a different place! Can I go back to a different place? Please!”

The bluff faltered just a tiny bit, the corner of the vixen’s mouth twitching upwards in amusement. “Oh, well, that’s just unlucky. Guess we better get you back there anyway!”

“Oh my god! Please don’t put me back!”

She just shrugged at the panicking kitty, raising her hand, thumb and index tightly pressed together around something invisible. “Sorry, the rules (that I made up) are rules! And I should warn you...you’ll not see me or anything else again after this one. So do make the best of it~”

“N-NO! YOU CAN’T-”

Tug!--

Gblrrrk, gwwwrrgl~

Ethel pleasantly snuck a squeeze at the meal that’d been stewing in her overnight. Somehow, her friend and boss had tasted even better than she’d believed, but feeling the life slowly churn out from the proud, accomplished mayor inside of her with no one the wiser was by and far the best. She’d never slept better on an election night than she had this year, tucked up into bed full of fresh, frantic feline food squeezing through her insides. It was always good to hit bed without any regrets.

“Mm, might have finally stopped,” she mumbled, enjoying the mass that’d take days to fully digest down and away.

“I’m impressed yours held on as long as it did. Ruminants really can keep a meal going.”

The antelope smiled at her accomplice, the two comfortable in the rearmost doorway while the swearing-in began for the sole remaining mayoral candidate. The town's resident squirrel-fox was fighting back drool as the bunny laid her hand on the tome of rules and proceedings; few seemed to notice the mascot's mouth watering. "Oh, but they don't fight as fiercely for as long. It's difficult keeping them really going at it like you had with yours."

"Oh, the mayor's bunny protegee?" Her companion jostled a smoothed-over gut, the former bunny contents sloshing audibly. "She certainly was a firecracker. Definitely didn't believe she was going to end up mush in my belly, even as she kicked her last. It was wonderful. ...why, were you disappointed by Sam's performance?"

"Oh, it was a wonderful night," she assured, "but a girl can't help but wonder sometimes how somebody might buck if they still had all their energy by the time they hit my acids."

The vixen's eye twinkled as she played a finger in the air; *there* it was, Sam's thread just barely hanging on. "Oh, maybe you just need a really promising one to get a refreshing night's rest."

-Tug!
GblRrMsh!

Ethel's eyes grew wide, the still, heavy, lumpy weight on her belly seemingly growing firm and defined once more. "Oh!" she gasped, feeling her abomasum stretch just a little at first. Then, after a few seconds, as if her meal were considering its surroundings, her belly began to buck and writhe, the antelope feeling her insides vibrate as Samantha screamed for release with new fervor. "*Oh!*"

"NHh! Lhh mh HHT! HHL!"

Hepzibah grinned, seeing the bulges of hands, knees and feet all doing their best to push out from that tight belly. "See? It's like she's still fresh in there," the vixen noted mischievously. "Might have her fighting for a last chance at life soaking in your acid for a few hours more!"

The normally prim and proper secretary had a hard time maintaining a nonchalant demeanor as her deepest stomach stretched with and clenched over the cat who'd trusted her so. Slowly, though, she regained composure, although her smile remained wide even as the churning girl screamed desperate pleas and occasional obscenities. "My! What a rush," she summarized, dapping at her lips with a handkerchief. "Definitely a new feeling. Well worth the sacrifice of Ms. Weltzin."

"And Beatrice," Hepzibah reminded, her stomach burbling as if in agreement.

Ethel nodded. “And Beatrice, of course.”

“Plhhs! Hhfl! Hh dn mhh dh DIH!”

GLGLRRRGLE, sqIch-BlrrgGgL, churrrrn~

A few heads in the back turned slightly, catching a hint of the muffled protests over the swearing-in on the speakers. Ethel politely gave a wave, not even paying any mind to the bulge on her body. The calmness of the known face was all that was needed for the spectators to seemingly not notice and turn their attention to the mascot celebrating the town’s new head of government. “If you are going to cause a fuss, Ms. Weltzin—and I sincerely hope you do—I will have to remove you from the chambers,” she gently but firmly informed her guest.

“Uu bhddr mhhn hhr stmmk chhmbhrs!”

“You were a bright cat, Ms. Weltzin,” Ethel said with her best teacher-voice, “I’m sure you can figure out which chambers I meant.” She turned to Hepzibah. “Sorry, looks like I’ll have to take an early lunch. Do let the new mayor know that I’ll be in for work tomorrow. She’ll need an experienced secretary, and I *am* the obvious choice to keep on. I’ll have absorbed a lot from the last mayor, after all.”

“Of course,” the vixen granted, tail swishing in pride at what she’d caused. “And have a good rest of your life, Ms. Weltzin. Bee would say bye too, but...well, you both aren’t getting another chance.”

The two parted ways, each happy to be the private witnesses to the end of two promising political careers.

“Mmmph! Nhh! STHHP! HHLPI! SHh’S DHGHFTHN MHH!”

GUURrRGLE, sqsh-slosh, gIk-gIp-gIt bwORgLI GLRRCH!

Beep!

*Hello, Ethel! It’s Mayor Lydia Gurgel. I wanted to thank you for your congratulations on my come-from-behind victory! Well, maybe it was more of the former Mayor’s go-to-behind loss. Either way, your experience and reputation will be **most** valuable in my first term as Gobbletown’s new mayor, so I am more than happy to keep you on as mayoral secretary. And, as I had suggested might occur in such an unexpected turn of events, I am happy to name you my second in cases of emergency. It was quite a surprise to learn that Ms. Weltzin had not! I can’t blame her entirely, though. From what I hear, Beatrice was quite a catch.*

I look forward to working with you first thing tomorrow morning!

Beep!

Blrp, crnch! Grgglp, churn, slk-sqsh! Glp, gurggl- Urp! “Mm, excuse me~”
“Nnh...mmf! Hhh...mmmrwf... HhrMH!”

Ethel smiled at her answering machine’s recording. Well, she smiled at a lot of things. Her early stop home, her subtle move up professionally, and, of course, just how terribly insistent Samantha was in seeking escape from fleshy confines and scrubbing acids. It wasn’t too hard to feel why: every curve that pressed out felt a little softer and more sensitive beneath a rubbing hand or between squeezing fingers. It had certainly been a unique experience for her, and in all the best ways. For her, at least.

The antelope couldn’t quite explain it, as she relaxed in a recliner, idly flipping through the pages of *Cat Soup for the Soul* as her belly writhed and jerked. She could have sworn this morning that Ms. Weltzin had twitched her last, but here she was, fighting twice as hard even through her exhaustion and hypoxia. Her white belly got the massage of a lifetime, worming about pleasantly as her stewing meal grew patchy and hoarse. As a result, she wasn’t too bothered when the book got bumped here or there by an errant struggle.

By the time she was ready to call an early bedtime, the former mayor was on her last legs, panting and squirming about with more than the last of her strength. There were only twitches as Ethel snuck a final feel of that butt. By the morning, Ethel was sure her belly would be squeezing tight over bony shapes. The red tie drying in the laundry room wasn’t about to find Sam’s neck again.

“What a wonderful day. Almost as though I got a second chance with you!” she yawned, feeling her belly sag with the feline’s mass. “But there’s no second chances in Gobbletown. Not for tasty folk like you, at least. Good night, Sam! I’ll see what’s left of you in the morning.”

Ethel laid back, not even bothering to pull the covers up tight. She just let her stomach shift and churn atop her, one hand drooped atop the last vestiges of the grey cat’s face. Even as her body sloughed down Sam’s last life, the antelope was already dreaming of a second mayoral dinner. She’d be patient, though. After all, you only got to savor a close friend like this once...usually, at least.

GwOorRGLIe, glut-glp blrp, squelch-GRLP~

“Mhh...hh...gh...”

