

The sun is beginning to set on the peaceful GobbleTown. People are leaving work and heading home after a long day, tourists still crowd the beach enjoying every last bit of sunlight they can get before returning to their rooms for the night. However, miles away at the GobbleTown National Forest, while people are heading to their cars and leaving after enjoying a nice relaxing walk through nature, as the parking lot empties, cars and buses driving off to head back to town, there's still somebody there deep in the woods. Samantha Weltzin is breathing heavily and quickly looking around at her surroundings. Sam is a light grey cat wearing some small reading glasses on the top of her nose. She's currently lost and can't seem to remember the way she came into the forest, her chest expanding and retracting in short rapid bursts. All she sees is grass, dirt and trees, endless rows of trees, as far as the eye can see as they fade into nothingness in the black void of the deep woods.

Maybe she should go that way? No that's not it. Perhaps THAT was where she came from. She's gotta make a choice eventually, otherwise she'll be out here at night and nobody wants to be trapped in the forest at night. Sam looks around one last time and then starts heading what she thinks is southeast. It is not southeast.

Hours pass and the sun is just about gone, casting its glow upon the sky before retiring for the night. In the forest, Sam is becoming more scared and frightened by the hour having not yet found the exit. The woods grow darker, more gloomy...frightening even. The trees wear menacing and scary faces upon the bark from which they are made. Every step Sam takes moves her further and further away from her goal of freedom. She's walking faster and faster now, almost to a hurried jog as it seems the woods are closing in on her, surrounding the cat in darkness and the unknown.

Sam is starting to feel the walls or, well, the trees, closing in on her, so her hurried jog turns into a sprint! She's running now with speed and vigor as if a dark evil creature is chasing her now somewhere deeper in the forest, stalking and keeping its eyes on the cat. She continues running until screeching to a stop like a car slamming on the brakes as her eyes widen and a look of disbelief falls upon her face. The cat is staring at a huge manor house out in the middle of the woods, at least three stories tall and covering acres! It's painted a decrepit worn grey color, vines and moss growing over some portions of the house. Off to the right side in the yard, a fountain sits spewing water, flowing and trickling down into the pool below. A rusted wrought-iron fence completes the property exterior. But what's more fascinating is that the lights were ON, and there are shadows of people in the covered windows throughout the house! The shadows are laughing and seemingly having fun.

The cat is clearly confused for but a moment, and then that feeling of fear rushes over her as she looks back into the now deep dark forest, where a bush rustles. She flings open the gate and bolts to the door, knocking on it frantically. Within a few moments the doors open and Samantha is greeted by a gentleman wearing a fancy bellhop outfit. He is an amber-colored German Shepard, and looking down at her, he asks, "Yes how may I help—" he is cut off as Sam runs into the home, breathing deeply and heavily as she leans against the wall.

After a few moments however the cat manages to catch her breath and stand up straight. She turns around seeing the bellhop closing the doors "Sorry about that...just had a little scare I guess. Thought something was chasing me," she states with a relieved sigh.

"Oh something very much could have been," the bellhop retorts as he turns around to face her. "It's dangerous out there at night; wolves are a constant problem here, but here you're safe I assure you," the bellhop nods in confidence with his words. "They never come on premises. Now how may I assist you?" He says with a cordial smile and small bow.

"Well what is this place?" Samantha asks with curiosity as she looks around her to see gorgeous wallpaper with barely a nick or tear in it, a brass chandelier above them, and floors of the highest quality wood.

"Why you're here at mistress Irithyll's guest Manor, where she holds parties and the like, complete with lodging through the night. Though you may not be on the guest list for tonight's party, I simply can not feed you to the wolves or other horrid beasts out there. So please make yourself at home here; we have a spare open bedroom on the third floor." He concludes with a friendly smile and starts to walk past her, pointing his hand to the right. "There is the dining hall, but I'm afraid you missed dinner. Otherwise we would feed you. Past the dining hall is the social room where guests gather to talk and mingle." He puts his right hand down then raises his left hand "To the left you'll find a small library if you choose solitude and a good book to read." After he says this Samantha's ears perk up and twitch a bit. She does quite enjoy a good book.

"I'll head to the library," Sam says with a small smile as her tail sways side to side subtly showing her excitement. The bellhop nods in response and then bows.

"Very well, hopefully you find a suitable book to read," he says back resuming his standing position. "I shall be here if you need anything at all."

With that, he starts to walk down the right hallway, leaving Samantha alone in the main foyer. The cat then proceeds to walk down the left hallway, passing by a few portraits of various figures hanging on the walls on both sides of the hallway. As she passes by a womanly figure portrait its eyes begin to follow her movements until Samantha is out of sight, then the portrait's eyes returns to normal as if nothing happened.

Upon reaching the library, she is in utter awe at what she sees: bookcases reaching to the sky filled to the brim with books. There's a comfortable couch, chair and accompanied end table at the center of the room as the crackling of the fire place illuminates the room, along with the few chandeliers above, giving off a nice glow. Samantha is overcome with a desire to read everything here overnight, but she knows that's impossible so one good book will do. Sam begins her search to find this book, starting at the left-most side of the room and begins scouring the shelves she can reach. Poetry book here, horror stories there, mystery novels here as nothing truly piques her interest, so she moves to the next bookshelf.

She scours the entire library until reaching the final bookshelf and it is here finally something interesting catches her eye: "The History of Gobbletonia" She grabs it with a big smitten smile on her face, Sam turns her back to the bookshelf and begins to read the back of the book, and while she does this the bookshelf itself begins to creak open like a door. A dark whitish-grey hand stretches out from inside and is prepared to snatch the cat, but Sam gets up just at the right time as she finishes, dodging the snatching motion. Having failed, the hand slinks back into the alcove and the bookshelf door slides back into place as if nothing happened.

Hours pass before Samantha finishes the entire book, closing it with a satisfying thud and happy sigh. She gets up and puts the book back on the shelf where it belonged as she starts to yawn and stretch. "It must be very late," she thinks, and she's right: A quick turn of the head shows a small clock on the wall with hands indicating midnight. Sam is shocked it was that late, but then again she did read an entire book in one sitting, so time really must have flown by. The cat proceeds to leave the library and head back out into the hallway, which takes on a different tone now. All is quiet, the lights dim and less bright as they were before and the floor creaks at times as she makes her way down to the main foyer. It feels creepier and unsettling, the paintings on the walls looking scarier and seeming to be looking at her directly. Her pace increases, and within a few

moments time, she makes it back to where the bellhop greeted her. He is standing by the door once again.

“Ah Ms. Samantha, still up? You must have found a good book or two, no?” He chuckles and starts to move towards her. Sam, still a bit afraid after going down that hallway, sees him moving towards her as feeling...offputting, as if he's sliding across the ground dragging his feet a bit.

“Oh heh...yeah I did find quite the book to read,” she responds, standing upright and looking past the bellhop down the other hallway, but before the cat could say anything else the bellhop responded.

“Everyone is asleep Ms. Samantha. You should get some shut-eye as well. Come follow me and I'll take you to your room.”

With that said, the bellhop begins moving up the stairs, slowly and banging his foot on the stairs a few times as he ascends and proceeds down the upstairs hallway. He stops midway and opens the door to his right. “Here we are, Ms. Samantha, your room for the night.”

Samantha stands at the doorway for a few moments, then looks back at the bellhop, who nods his head and smiles before he begins to leave. His movement is stiffer and jerky as he drags his feet against the floor.

Samantha thinks he must just be exhausted and shrugs, going into her room. Inside is spacious, with a luxurious-looking queen-sized bed a, few portraits on the wall, a tall dresser off to the left nestled in a corner, with two smaller dressers against the right wall.

Samantha yawns and takes her glasses off, placing them on the nearest long dresser, undoes her scarf, placing it alongside her glasses before nestling herself in. The mattress is extremely comfy, almost like floating on a cloud.

Sam closes her eyes and shifts slightly underneath the covers and tried to get some sleep, putting the excitement of the day behind her. Meanwhile as the cat tries to snooze, a portrait's eyeholes are removed and a pair of icy dark blue eyes appear and looked directly at the cat nestled comfortably in bed. The eyeholes are placed back and a series of loud thumps echo through the room from above.

These noises immediately wake Sam up as she tries drifting off to sleep, her eyes shooting open as she peers around the room.

****Thump! Thump! Thump!****

The noises echo again from above, so the cat, curious and a bit scared, for there are no other rooms above hers, decides to check it out. "Perhaps there is an attic...yes that has to be it," she thinks as she gets up and grabs her glasses. She gets to the door and the sounds come again.

****Thump! Thump! Thump!****

It sounds clearer now, as if something heavy is being dragged up the stairs. Samantha puts her hand on the door handle and opens the door just a crack to see what the noise is about.

What she sees is an empty hallway going from her room to the stairs that lead down to the main foyer. Sam lets out a sigh of relief and she opens the door more to see the upper half of the hallway, and there she sees toward the end a single flight of stairs leading to what can be assumed is the attic. There is a dim light coming from there, illuminating the steps some. Like a curious moth drawn to flame, Samantha leaves the safety of her room and begins slowly creeping to the start of the attic stairs, peering upward and beginning to ascend these stairs slowly and cautiously as to not make any noise.

Sounds of machinery would boop and whir, beeps and a dull almost monitor-like light becomes clearer as Sam reaches the top and is now fully in the attic. There in the distance is a huge whirring machine with tons of monitors plastered over it. There are levers, knobs and buttons galore on this thing.

Sam can't resist investigating so she steps closer and closer till the monitor screens became clear: They show the rooms of the house, the main foyer, the dining hall, and the library too! Sam begins to shake a bit, afraid to know why this machine was here in the attic.

She creeps closer and nearly loses her balance as she hits something with her feet. Luckily those feline instincts kick in and she regains her footing. Sam turns her head to see what she almost tripped over, and her blood freezes.

It was the bellhop!

Laying there against the wall, slumped over like some doll, the sight causes Sam to gasp, and she goes to touch him, fearing something had happened, but when she does, his body slumps down further and hits the floor.

He is lifeless but something seems odd about all this...the way the body slumped over and hit the ground, rattling things inside. Sam takes a closer look and pokes him. He's stiff and hard, almost like he is made of wood or something.

She puts two and two together rather quickly after that and jumps up: The bellhop is a puppet! But he acted and looked so real. How could this be the case? Samantha isn't going to stick around to find out anymore and quickly turns to bolt out of here when she hits something soft yet firm.

"Going somewhere my dear?" A voice says as Samantha takes a few steps back while she tilts her head up to see what she bumped into.

It was a tall figure of whitish-grey skin tone, a showman type outfit as eight arms extend from her curvaceous form, four on each side, which shoot out and grab Samantha tightly, holding her in place.

A crooked toothy devious smile appear on the birdlike face as her multiple spiderlike eyes fixate on the cat before her.

Sam is so terrified at the creature that just grabbed her she couldn't scream or even move.

"You'll make a fine addition to my collection~" the creature states in a soft, but devilish, tone as she lifts Sam up to her height. It is here Samantha can see far back into the attic past the stairs where she had come up. Lining the walls and floor are row upon row of lifelike puppets of different creatures in a multitude of outfits. Everything was staged from the moment she entered this place! The bellhop wasn't real, the noises she heard of these other "guests" were faked, and now she is completely at the mercy of this creature, trapped in a tight grip.

Samantha only now begins to struggle as the creature pull Sam up to her eye level. She opens her mouth nice and wide, showing the dark fleshy interior of as she flings Samantha forward, squishing her head and shoulders inside

There is this black goo that could only be described as saliva-like in nature as it drips and goops onto the cat's head, matting her fur. It is at this point Sam starts to scream, as it seems she finally found her voice again after being frozen in fear for what seemed like an eternity, but the creature swallows hard, sending Sam's head and shoulders deep

into the throat, which bulges out a completely terrified face of Sam.

Samantha squirms, kicks and flails about as she is being swallowed whole and alive by this weird mix of a creature, but all this struggling and flailing around get her nowhere...in fact the creature is in complete control of the entire situation. She swallows hard and loudly again as it echoes through the attic, sending more of Sam down the tight, fleshy, pulsating throat, the strong otherworldly muscles tugging and pulling the cat deeper inside till she is pushed up against the entrance to the stomach.

Outside, the creature has her eight arms grab a portion of Samantha and hold her still for ease of consumption; she lifts her head up and starts gulping her down much faster thanks to the ease of gravity as each thick gulp and slurp sends big portions of the cat down the gullet, forcing Sam to enter the stomach, which has now begun to bloat out and fill up with her catch.

Inside the stomach, now Sam can't see much. It is almost pitch-black in there, only the glistening stomach walls visible, coated in saliva and a mix of this grey goop which Samantha gets a facefull of as she is forced into the stomach wall, forming a detailed bulge of her frightened face on the grayish-white skin of the exposed, now-growing midsection.

The busty creature is about halfway through with devouring the cat, and as most of her hands are free, they are directed to her growing stomach and begin rubbing it all over. She can feel Sam pressing against the walls, wriggling and squirming about as more of the delicious cat enters the gastric chamber.

Inside the stomach again, Samantha is beginning to curl up, trying to form a ball shape so her bones won't snap due to how little space there is inside this fleshy prison. Globbs of grey goop drip and ooze onto her, coating her fur. It smells awful and almost makes her gag. She is also beginning to sweat due to how uncomfortably humid it is in there, the air thick, stale and heavy too, making it difficult to breathe properly especially since she is hyperventilating while squirming about trying to do something, anything to escape.

Outside the now-engorged pregnant-looking stomach, the hybrid creature only has the hips and legs left of Sam to devour, and so she starts sucking them down in big thick gulps and slurps till nothing but Sam's tail is swishing frantically outside her mouth.

She slurps it down like a noodle, completing her meal. Her stomach finishes growing and looks heavily pregnant with triplets at least. All eight of her hands converge on her belly. Some begin patting it lightly, while others grope and feel the taut, stretched skin as she sighs happily.

"Delicious~" she mutters in a soft, yet evil otherworldly tone and begins to walk to the lone attic window to peer outside. As she moves, her stomach jostles and wobbles slightly as it tosses the cat around inside causing a heavy gurgling and light slosh as it begins to fill with a deep, dark liquid, splashing Sam all over.

Upon reaching the window and looking outside into the forest of darkness a pair of bright yellow eyes can be seen by the treeline. The hybrid creature giggles and slaps her stomach with all eight hands.

"I win again~"

With that, she turns and walks away from the window strutting and moving her hips in a hypnotic fashion even without an audience. She walks down the attic steps and closes the opening before yawning slightly, she stretches some arms out wide while arching her back in a way as if she were showing off her engorged, full stomach to others

"Time to sleep and digest my guest. I'll work on the newest puppet in the morning." She struts a little further down the hall and opens a door to one of the many bedrooms and decides to call it a night, getting into bed and simply watching her stomach for a bit, seeing handprints appear and then disappear from sight as Sam weakly struggles within.

Soon though, her eyes grow heavy and the hybrid creature falls asleep peacefully while her stomach bubbles, churns, gurgles and glorps filling with acidic juices and completely submerging the cat within them as struggles grow very weak and soon stop completely leaving nothing but a noisy round orb of flesh.

Outside the manor in the treeline are those glowing yellow eyes of a wolf girl, pouting and leaning up against a tree. "Dang it, I wanted her, Irithyll...I'll get the next one for sure."