

Welcome to Gobbletown

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Content Warning: Fatal vore, digestion, unwilling prey, casual, fatal, public

Sasha felt two hands grip her shoulders, stopping her blindfolded walk forwards. “Are we there?” she asked, voice raising with eager attention.

Her guide audibly nodded, a feat that unnerved the tigress a little less the more time she spent with the bombastic ambassador. “Sure are, lucky cat!” the voice proudly confirmed, speaking with the same gusto and glamor it had greeting Sasha off the train. “Are you ready?”

“Yeah!” the tigress said, corners of her mouth stretching upwards.

“Hmm...are you sure? I didn’t quite catch that.”

Sasha pumped her arms emphatically. “**I’m ready!**”

“There we go!” A single clap sounded her approval. “I knew our lucky winner could bring the enthusiasm we were looking for! So...**WELCOME!**”

Sasha could feel the dramatic fling of an arm in front of her with the shouted word.

“**TO!**”

Another rush of air passed as the presenter posed with flair, the anticipation catching in the excited tigress’ chest.

“**GOBBLETOWN!**”

The blindfold was whipped free from the beaming tigress’ head, big green eyes gazing out on the revealed scene. Confetti popped to either side of the stairway down, and at the bottom awaited a vixen and bear; the two stretched a cloth banner between them, the bold words “Welcome, Contest Winner!” unmistakable on its fabric. Behind them lay the freshened-up buildings, signs, and trees of a modern suburban town. The streets were bustling but not crowded with a wide assortment of folk going about their day to day lives, more than a few watching the showy scene put on by one of their town’s stars.

To some, it might have seemed an underwhelming reveal. To Sasha, especially with what the grand prize promised her, it was enough to make her bounce in place, tail swishing

ecstatically. “Oohh wow! This is the biggest welcome I’ve ever gotten! And it looks amazing!” she gasped, the cameras keenly capturing her joy...

Stepping in front, the face of the contest the tigress had unexpectedly entered made itself visible to the awed girl. The lavender and pearl vixen-squirrel’s expressions were as big as her voice, angled incisors poking out from a broad smile. Her stylishly short pink hair couldn’t hide the glimmer of genuine showman’s glee in her red eyes. “So full of hope and excitement!” she said, wetting her lips and leaning in as if to confide a secret. “But it’s only uphill from here. Ready for the *full tour*?”

Sasha nodded, giggling behind her hands. “Sure am, Miss Melody!”

“Call me Marigold,” she noted, pulling out of frame to seemingly begin striding off into the town proper. Subtly, with a flick of her wrist, though, the presenter’s iconic hook cane hooked the tigress around the waist and playfully yanked her along. “First order of business, then...let’s get you looking more local! You’re a little *overdressed* for the occasion~”

Giving a startled *eep!*, Sasha stumbled after the spotlight-loving town ambassador before eagerly keeping pace. The camera crew and approving extras did their best to hastily grab their equipment and follow along the lucky young winner and her new friend.

“No no, far too much fabric.”

“Wha-my top!”

“This is Gobbletown, dear. Feel a little freer!”

The tigress’s former clothes soared over the changing room door, the seemingly careless throws somehow ringing perfectly into a nearby garbage can.

“Eep! But I’m naked now!”

“Yes, a *grave* crime around here. We’ll get you fitted properly soon. But since you like *wraps*...”

“Oh! ...my beads are okay, though, right?”

“Of *course!* What better a way to stand out and say ‘Sasha is here!’ Now, smile, and let’s let those cameras get a look”

The changing room door swung open, a bashful tigress tightening her arms to her sides. While her personal necklace still hung from her neck, it no longer rocked against any fabric at all. In fact, all Sasha wore was a bright red wrap tied low around her hips. While it had been exposed with her previous waist wraps, the low-set rune tattoo on the side of her belly was now even further from any potentially concealing cloth.

“Here she is! Sasha Regal, new resident of Gobbletown!” Marigold proclaimed to audiences both present and future. “So much less *confined*, and *yet* still proper to be walking around our little community.”

Sasha, looking between the recording cast and crew around her and the marvelous Marigold Melody, slowly felt herself relax. Not a single person wore more than two or three garments, and the presenter’s top hat and frilly collar and jabot conspicuously were missing a bottom. The bright and bubbly atmosphere and furry and scaled folk were just living their life, and Sasha...well, she was beginning to enjoy it.

“Gobbletown!” The exclamation was paired with an arm swung around Sasha’s shoulders, marching her out of the clothing store and back onto the open streets. “A freeing place for all folk, formed by a few visionaries—and maybe a little help from myself—to be a new self-sufficient town from whole cloth!”

“...I thought we just renamed and renovated it after we ate-*mmph!*”
vzzzzp!!

Marigold’s cane twirled, the hook catching around an unseen pull and tugging, the fox’s mouth zipped shut mid-sentence. The mascot didn’t even look backwards, not even when one of the grips set aside their boom mic and took advantage of the situation; instead, her hand casually adjusted Sasha’s curiously turned head to look forwards again. “From *whole cloth!*” she repeated with a guiltless smile as a terrified *squeak*, unsettling *squelch*, and metallic *clatter* sounded out behind them. She redirected Sasha’s head forward again as the tigress slowly began to glance over her shoulder towards the strange new noises. “We’ve something for everyone, and we’re the envy of many! But alas, finding *permanent residents* as a new town is still tough...especially ones who’ll keep the town fun, interesting, and *satisfying!*”

“So, the contest...” Sasha curiously questioned, trying to stay focused on her guide as a deep, decisive *gl-glunk!* quieted the cacophony of wet sounds behind her

“Yes!” the vixen squirrel confirmed, voice proud and loud as a camera was picked back up and some disquieting gurgling and muffled noises began competing for volume, The gurgling would win eventually. “It’s a win-win! You get a *free home*, all the money you’d *ever* need here, and a star treatment *for life*, and we get somebody who can really show everyone what’s so great about our town. This town really *hungers* for both new and familiar faces.”

The tigress nodded. “That makes sense! Well...I’ll do my best!”

“I’m sure you will,” Marigold agreed, privately making a note to hire another cameragirl. At least the blonde-haired bear was looking particularly pleased with herself, wiping her mouth with a green hat as an unused camera weighed down atop her lumpy, still belly.

Sasha was having a great time, even if there was a nagging confusion in the back of her mind. Every stop brought a new rush of joy, but each time something felt slightly off.

It was the tigress' first time visiting The Bowling Alley, and, although she found herself in the gutter more often than not, the tigress had a lot of fun. The neighboring bowler—a smug-looking fox wearing a shirt for the local high school's track team—offered some tips, but he seemed pleased even if she didn't improve much. It did seem somewhat underemployed, a chatty cheetah left renting out the shoes and working the concession stand both by herself. She felt a little sorry overhearing the challenging order the fox gave her. When she'd stopped by to return the shoes, though, the fellow feline girl was nowhere to be seen.

"Probably breaking in the bathroom," the vixen-squirrel noted, hooking the shoes with her cane and tossing them into their proper places. As she exited, the nice fox walked into the bathrooms with an even bigger grin; he must have had quite the snack binge to sport a gut that big.

The theater, to her surprise, had screens reserved for cartoons. "Oh, Wile's a *star* around here," Marigold had whispered with glee as they took their seats, "truly a role model of experimentation." Other movie goers had briefly made a commotion, but Sasha's guide was quick to turn around and shush them. It must have been embarrassing enough, because she never heard a peep out of the sporty-looking raccoon the rest of the screening; her blue dragon friend only occasionally gave a bassy, muffled grumble. It was such a fun change of pace to the movie outings Sasha had been on before that she forgot to ask when they started making cartoons where the coyote hunted an athletic bunny girl...and where the coyote actually caught his prey...and why the cartoon kept going for another ten minutes after she'd been devoured.

The zoo was quite popular, although she did wonder where a pudgy lion got a pair of glasses...or red and black striped pants. The club she visited was loud and overwhelming, but the people were especially friendly. One mouse even seemed to have eyes for her, though it seemed the town ambassador had a secret that instantly got the mouse hip-swaying to the dance floor to meet a yellow cat with a small cap hanging off her ear. A stop at a Jerburger's made for a tasty treat, even if she thought she saw one of the burgers an employee was munching on wriggle.

After a while, the camera crew and hired extras thinned, leaving only the bare bones following Sasha's busy day as she and the popular Marigold Melody relaxed upon a park bench while evening began to fall. The trees hid most of the deep purple sky, leaving the lamps to begin flickering on along the walkways. The tigress still had stars in her eyes, the day's events leaving her dizzy with excitement. "I was a little nervous when the contest said I'd have to stay for an extended period if I accepted the grand prize," she admitted, "but...wow. I've never been taken on a day like this before! Even when I traveled the country on my own."

"I told you," the ambassador said, toying with the hem of her hat, "there's really no place like Gobbletown. Once you've had a *taste*, you just want the *whole thing*."

Sasha nodded, eyes aimed up at the tree branches above. "Yeah...but, I've been meaning to ask. Is that why they call it Gobbletown? It's..."

"Non! Wai-" **SCHLUCK-GULK!**

The tigress' ears twitched. The peaceful park had nothing to disguise such distressed sounds. Slowly, Sasha looked to her side.

A red squirrel stood casually by as his shirt rode up higher and higher on an increasingly expanding belly. A pair of legs flailed helplessly in the air above him, descending down into his yawned-wide maw with incredible ease. His throat purposefully worked, eyes rolling back in delight as he guided the trembling grey bunny legs down into his stomach. Sasha's green eyes grew wide in horror as, with a gentle push down on those trembling paws and a clack of his jaws shut, the smug person utterly engulfed the last of some helpless girl and lolled out his tongue in shameless delight.

"He...Marigold, that squirrel just ate that bunny!" Sasha stammered, unable to look away even as her hands tugged the frills on her guide's top.

"Oh, yes. I suppose that happens here too, just like anywhere else. First time seeing it in person?"

The tigress' shocked expression from such a lackadaisical response must've caught the squirrel's eye, as soon enough, to Sasha's horror, he was waddling up to her seat on the bench. "Hey," he said, leaning against a tree as his hands played with the cartoonish shape of another living being inside him, "appreciating my work, little kitty?"

Sasha could see, hear the bunny fighting, struggling futilely and yelling desperately as her captor casually squeezed around her and jostled her about. "You...you ate her!"

"Sure did," he chuckled, brown eyes meeting hers dead-on, voice low, confident, and proud. "Sent her right down to my belly. *Alive. Wiggling.* And it feels just *great~*"

The new girl swallowed nervously. "You...you're letting her out, right?"

The squirrel juttied his belly out further. "Hmm...I'm not really that sort, but...maybe in some hours? I've a lot of work to do in the meantime."

"...w-work?"

“Yup,” he confirmed, leaning in as his hands kneaded. “I’ve got to gurgle and grind and mush her all up like the squirrel food she is, cover her in icky acids and melt her down until she’s *aaaalll gone*.” As if to confirm, the squirming intensified amidst a chorus of thick *gworgles* and helpless cries. He rewarded the good timing with another pinch of the plumpness between the trapped grey rabbit and freedom. “How else am I going to keep up all this nice pudge?”

Sasha’s stunned, trembling silence only had the squirrel leaning further in. “But just so you know,” he murmured with a slurp over his lips, “you could…”

“Okay, you’ve gone far enough.”

Sasha’s heart leapt with relief, finally able to look away from the squirrel’s intentful gaze. The vixen-squirrel had stood up, hands on her hip, the smile off her face for the first time since Sasha’s blindfold had been removed.

“I would hardly be an ambassador for this good town if I let you get away with such indecency.”

She began to relax as Marigold waved her hook cane at the confused squirrel, hands up for lack of a better response to the confrontation. The rabbit would finally get some hel…

Intently, the town star pointed her cane at the offending element. “Littering in the park! Jit, you should know better than that. Go and pick that up right now.”

All three pairs of eyes looked. A slightly drool-damp black shirt lay sprawled on the park grass, a lost shoulder bag nearby spilling a wallet, keys, a phone, and a camera out onto the ground as well. The squirrel lightly slapped the side of his head. “Aw, heck. You’re right, Marigold. Totally slipped my mind. I’ll take care of that.”

Sasha’s eyes followed in disbelief as the squirrel lifted the collected items, collected a few bills and the bunny’s phone, and tossed the rest into the public bin next to the path. Waving goodbye, he trotted off, still petting over a writhing shape inside his guts.

“Right!” Marigold declared, hands on her hips with an expression of civic pride. “That’s my good deed of the day, I think. Now, lucky winner, I think it’s time we wrap up today. Are you ready to see your new home?”

“But…the bunny…?!”

With a flourish, the vixen-squirrel hooked Sasha beneath the arms and tugged her up from the bench. “Oh, we don’t need to worry about her. Let’s worry about *you*, instead!” she

cheered, happily drawing out the blindfold from Sasha's arrival that morning. "So...ready for your one last surprise?"

Sasha dumbly nodded, mind still worrying about the bunny too much to put much thought elsewhere. Instead, she took a deep breath, took a look forward, and watched the blindfold cloth fill her vision with darkness once more.

Marigold led her guest through the chilly early night's air, gently redirecting her with a hook around her waist whenever those cute stripes drifted too far from the path. The cameras captured the journey out of the residential park and into the city center. "*Prime* real estate," the presenter described dreamily, "envied by many, not too far from the heart. A place where I'm sure you'll *stay*. I'm so excited! Is our winner excited?"

The charisma of the vixen-squirrel slowly pulled the tigress' mind back towards her winnings, the grand prize she'd been selected for so she could best advertise this proud new town full of stars and interesting characters. "Yeah...yeah! My first real home."

"The only home you'll need! So tell us, Sasha...are you ready?"

"Yeah! I'm ready." Sasha agreed, heart rate racing.

"Are you? Ready with all sorts of thoughts on how to spend your time here?"

"Yeah!" Sasha took the invitation, hands wringing in a giddy fidget. "I think, once I get settled in, I might want to try a few courses at the local college! Really apply myself so I can bring something new to the town. I wanna visit those exotic parks you talked about outside of the city proper with those rare animals. Maybe tomorrow I'll visit the beach? Oh, and I want to watch a lot more cartoons and movies with new friends! I want to have a good time and make something of myself!"

"Wow! You really are full of hope aren't ya?"

Sasha nodded, her grin as wide as it could go. "Yeah! I'm ready, Marigold!"

"So enthusiastic!" the mascot cheered, their walk stopping with her cane still snug around the girl's middle. "Well...the time is now! Your grand prize...your new home...***voila!***"

The blindfold ripped free and flew into the air, Sasha's eyes sparkling as she gazed forwards at the scene.

“...a...theater poster of your butt?” Sasha observed with audible confusion, eyes narrowing to read the text. “Welcome, Sasha...and goodbye?’ I don’t get it. ...is this wall...are these public restrooms?”

Sasha puzzled over it, not even noticing as the cane tossed her up into the air. Initially, she looked down in thought. Then, from her position paused mid-air, she saw the front door stretched wide to receive her: a tunnel of glistening pink flesh. It didn’t even click until those eyebrows waggled with a smug taunt.

“Oh...oh no.”

Weighed down by the realization, Sasha plummeted screaming into the town mascot’s waiting throat. With practiced ease, Marigold simply let those paws land and squish into the bottom of her stomach, one hand grabbing the desperately flailing arms and tucking them into the remorseless squeeze of her throat. “Mmhm~” she hummed with approval as her tongue tasted their contest selection’s chest, but it barely delayed the ravenous gulping that ensued.

“**NO!** Please! **Stop!**” the tigress screamed, but all her shoulder wiggling did was give those pointy teeth an easier time gnawing over the rest of her torso. Her legs bent inside that stretchy digestive sack as more and more fitted in. Looking down only allowed Sasha to see the confident, certain expression of predatory pleasure on her new friend’s face and, looking over her shoulder, a vision of that white belly stretching with a massive meal: herself. Those top teeth dragged at the underside of her chin, tilting her head back. Pleading, eyes watering, she looked upside-down at the cameras. “Help me...*please!* **I DON’T WANT TO GO IN THERE!**”

Arms wide, cane swung out to the side, Marigold savored the moment as her body automatically overwhelmed the doomed girl. Her throat rippled and dragged that hopeless face to the very back of her throat before the watching cameras and...**GULP!**

“*Ahhhh,*” the mascot sighed, slurping over her entire face as if to collect every trace of tigress flavor before proudly swinging her fist for the camera. “That’s right. folks! If you’re tickled pink having promising folk digest in your guts and not having the cops hound you constantly for it, or you just want to walk around with a live one in your guts without getting questioning looks, or even if you just like to watch, why not visit or move to Gobbletown? It’d be our pleasure to satisfy your appetite, whatever it may be~”

She patted the screaming, thrashing bulge of some poor girl in the throes of a rough, uncomfortable churning. Soon, though, those hands lifted the whole bulge up, twisting and squeezing until...

BWROUUURRRRP!

...out flew a familiar set of necklace beads. The hook was waiting, the accessory ringing the cane's top until it dangled freely. Marigold could've cut things short, but her smile said it all: ...why bother? It was just another meal in Gobbletown.

"Cut! Let's get that footage to the studio and let the boys and girls start making our two demo reels," Marigold announced, the crew sighing after the long day of recording and eagerly packing up. "Whether they know or they don't know, the more the merrier! Or my name isn't Marigold Melody."

The squirming inside her briefly calmed for a second. Marigold just kept walking. "No no, Sasha. It wasn't just for the recording," she casually clarified as the acids worked deeper into the trembling thing, that tiniest spark of hope extinguishing with the mascot's words and getting the meat moving and pleading again, "and I'm very much afraid you didn't win *this* particular pred lottery; I'm not the catch and release type. This is the rest of your life. And it's *delicious*. Welcome to Gobbletown~"