

Quarterly Goals By Angelus

A supercell of doughnuts swirled in Wrath's dreams. The pink sky poured icing and sprinkles down in a torrent that filled the wolf's mouth with a sticky sweetness that he eagerly swallowed. The gray wolf's stomach growled, even as he filled it with sugar and dough. He couldn't get enough. His white stomach swelled out from under his shirt, bursting the buttons as his gut sloshed to the ground. His fat paws sank into the sidewalk. It felt like cake bread under his paws. His stomach roared louder. The spongy ground under his feet caved in, and he fell into a sea of dough that dragged him under. His stomach thundered, kicking up waves in the rising sea of dough. He ate as he sank, unable to stop himself. His stomach rose like dough, swelling out of control. He was getting too full, but he couldn't stop. His stomach creaked. Louder. It roared and groaned. Louder. Louder...

GwoorRRRRroRRRgle... Wrath was shaken from his dream by the persistent roaring of his stomach. He peeled his eyes open and turned his blurry gaze to the clock on his nightstand. The digital display read 7:30 AM which was half an hour before his alarm would go off. "Urf." He puffed out his cheeks and closed his eyes to nap, but another boom of thunder from his stomach snapped him awake. He could feel his guts constrict from the emptiness inside of them. "Alright, alright..." He kicked off the blankets and rolled onto his side before trying to get up.

One fat paw squished into the carpet, then the other. The springs in Wrath's mattress groaned as he pushed himself into a sitting position, centering all his weight at the edge of the bed. His fat thighs pushed his legs apart so that his knees faced outward at steep angles, and his white-furred stomach covered those thighs completely. Wrath took a deep breath before bracing his arms against the mattress and pushing himself to his feet with a grunt. The bed frame whined about the weight that it was subjected to even for that brief moment, but it held together, and Wrath managed to stand without falling back onto his ass.

The more than half-ton wolf was wearing nothing but pair of boxers that were stretched dangerously tight over his fat ass. The elastic waistband was nowhere to be seen, vanished under his love handles. He wobbled with every thudding step he took as he got dressed, deciding to get a jump on the day rather than try to sleep with his stomach demanding food. Besides, he had an early meeting with the CEO of the company he worked for, and Wrath knew it was better to be dead than late.

He pulled a short-sleeve white button-up shirt and a black pair of slacks from his closet and squeezed himself into them. His thick arms squeezed through the arm holes like overstuffed sausages, and the cuffs squeezed his arm fat just past the shoulder. His thick fingers struggled to button the shirt as he pulled it dangerously tight across his front. The shirt dug into his side rolls, emphasizing his girthy love handles as they strained to escape the fabric. The buttons were taut across his front, and his white belly fur poked out between the lowest gaps. Unfortunately for Wrath, this was the largest shirt he owned.

Remarkably, his pants were easier to squeeze into. The fancy-looking work slacks were made out of a stretchy material that gave way to Wrath's huge calves and monstrous thighs, though his legs still looked like a pair of stuffed sausages, much like his sleeves. He grunted as he hoisted the waistband up and over his huge ass before buttoning the pants at the front.

Wrath looked like he might burst out of this clothing at any moment, but it was as work-ready as he could possibly be.

He did his best to straighten himself out in the mirror, fixing his orange hair so it wasn't ratty from sleep, and doing his best to tuck in his shirt (to no avail). His phone rang just as he finished getting pretty. He squeezed it out of his pants pocket and checked the screen. The caller ID read "GlanceTech Corporate".

He tapped to answer the call and raised the phone to his ear. "G-good morning, this is Wrath speaking."

"I hope the morning finds you well Wrath. This is Angelus." The CEO's voice sent a shiver down Wrath's spine.

"Oh, good morning Sir! Wh-what can I do for you?" Wrath stammered out.

"I just wanted to let you know I've arranged transportation to the office for you this morning. A chauffeur will be waiting in your driveway with a vehicle that I am certain you will find more accommodating than your usual ride. Please avail yourself of this service. I look forward to our meeting." The call ended before Wrath could get a word in. Not a moment later, he heard a pair of short honks from the driveway outside of his house.

There was still plenty of time to get to the meeting, so Wrath took his time heading out to the driveway. He squeezed his paws into a pair of black socks and dress shoes and waddled through his narrow hallways and out the front door.

Angelus wasn't kidding when he said that the ride he sent would be more accommodating. Wrath hadn't seen a Hummer in more years than he could count, but there was now a jet-black one sitting in his driveway with a diminutive fox chauffeur standing by the driver's side door. "Good morning Sir. Are you ready to depart for the office?" The little fox's ears perked up as Wrath waddled closer.

"I am. This is a bit much for a quarterly meeting though, isn't it?" Wrath approached the passenger side door as the fox led him around to that side and opened the door. A small set of stairs lowered from the underside of the vehicle to help passengers step up into the cabin. Wrath stepped in, and the massive van tipped toward him. The suspension creaked as it adjusted to all of his weight. Wrath blushed as he squeezed himself into the passenger side. The car shifted with every movement as he wiggled himself into the seat that his ass overflowed by inches on either side. His stomach almost pressed against the dashboard despite the seat being pushed as far back as it would go. The fox hopped into the driver's seat, but his petite form did little to straighten out the vehicle, which was obviously leaning toward Wrath's side.

"You misunderstand Mister Glance," the fox spoke up once they were both situated in the car. It rumbled as he turned the ignition. "You see this as an unnecessary luxury, but for Mister Glance, this is simply a polite gesture."

"I see..." Wrath thought about how people in the office liked to joke that Angelus had more money than god. Though they always made sure he wasn't around before whispering about it.

The hummer pulled out of the driveway and headed for the GlanceTech Corporate Office downtown. The ride passed in uneventful silence until the shadow of the office building crossed over the vehicle. It was the tallest building downtown, and in the morning light, its shadow stretched over multiple blocks, darkening the streets. The Hummer pulled into the building's loading dock since it was too tall for the parking garage, and the fox situated it between two

semi-trucks that were unloading pallets of snacks and beverages for the office's breakrooms. Wrath's stomach growled on seeing the lineups of familiar snacks, and his gaze lingered on familiar, bright pink boxes that he knew were full of doughnuts.

His stomach growled, but he resigned himself to grabbing some after they were unpacked. He followed his fox escort into the freight elevator. The fox tapped a keycard to a reader under the floor buttons and then selected the button for the penthouse office. The elevator shuddered as it got moving, but it had no problems hauling Wrath up to the 40th floor, where the elevator opened to a service hallway. "This way Sir." The fox led the way through the well-lit and chilly corridor and shortly came upon a door that opened to the lobby outside of Angelus' office.

"Oh!" Wrath had never noticed the door before and realized why as it closed behind him. It blended in with the wall, creating an almost seamless seal that would be impossible to notice if you weren't looking for it.

The fluffy receptionist—a sheep, Wrath guessed—glanced up from her computer, saw Wrath, and pressed a speed dial on her phone. "Good morning Mister Glace, your appointment is here. Send him in? Right away Sir. Mister Glace will see you now."

"Ah, even though I'm early? W-well alright, thank you ma'am, and thank you for the ride, Sir!" Wrath gave a shallow bow of gratitude to the receptionist and the chauffeur, a gesture which threatened to blow the buttons off of his shirt. He waddled past the desk and through the double doors behind it, his loud footsteps giving away his approach to the one who waited inside.

Frigid air rushed out through the doors as they opened, but the wave of cold broke against Wrath's insulating mass. The huge wolf hardly noticed the colder air as the doors closed behind him, but he shivered all the same when he met Angelus' gaze. The arctic fox's eyes were locked dead ahead, as though he were looking at something far beyond the wolf that now stood before him. One arm was propped up on his desk, and his hand covered his muzzle, hiding any expression he might have been wearing.

"Good morning Wrath. I'm glad you could make it." Angelus' pupils narrowed into slits, but only for a moment. "I trust the ride was comfortable?"

Wrath approached the desk and stood before Angelus. Though the fox was seated, and Wrath outsized him by an order of magnitude, he felt tiny under Angelus' gaze. He swallowed his nerves before speaking. "It was. It was nice to actually *fit* in a vehicle for once."

"Good, good. Let's get to business then, I've got a full schedule today. You know what the purpose of today's meeting is, yes?"

"It's—"

"We're discussing the gains and losses in your department this quarter, and re-evaluating quarterly goals." Angelus stood up from behind his desk, cutting Wrath off before the wolf could get more than a word in. Angelus was a perfect contrast to Wrath. Where the wolf was bursting from his work clothes, Angelus was in a perfectly tailored suit jacket that buttoned around his stomach and accentuated the trim curve of his hips. Wrath's rich gray fur seemed warm compared to Angelus' frosty white coat. Wrath shrank in his boss's presence, and Angelus seemed to loom, filling the room.

"R-right, yes, of course! Where did you want to start...?" Wrath fidgeted in place, and his huge body made every little movement quite obvious.

Angelus grabbed a stapled report from his desk and walked around so that he was standing beside Wrath. He held the report up so they both could see it, and his body pressed into Wrath's side just so he could reach far enough. Wrath blushed. "You see this chart, yes?" The papers that Angelus were holding displayed multiple line graphs that were trending upwards as they moved from left to right. "This is where you are now." He tapped a claw to a line that sat in the middle of the pack. "But this is where I want you to be." His claws dragged along the paper to scratch at a line that was considerably further up. "Got it?"

Wrath hurriedly nodded. "Y-yes sir! Er, wait, no, not at all!" Wrath let out a small whine. "Er, uh, what exactly is that tracking?"

Angelus' eyes flicked from the paper to Wrath, making eye contact that caused Wrath's fur to stand on end. "You can read, can't you?"

Wrath swallowed heavily and nodded, looking at the papers Angelus was clutching. The papers were creased from how tight Angelus was gripping them. "I-it says... Wait, that can't be right. W-weight projections?"

Angelus slapped the stack of papers back onto his desk. "Hmph. Good, so you CAN read. Then you understand the problem."

"I'm not sure I do..." Wrath squeaked as he shifted his weight away from the fox so that they weren't pressed so close together. Angelus wordlessly shifted closer to close the gap, and Wrath trembled.

A cloud of frost escaped Angelus' mouth as he sighed. "Fine. It should be obvious in a moment anyway. I'm sure you saw the snack foods on the loading dock on your way in?"

Wrath gave a hasty nod.

"Good. Those are for you. You're going to eat until you're on track to meet these goals." He cleared his throat and turned his head back to the office doors. "Bring them in!"

The doors swung open, and two pallets of pink doughnut boxes were wheeled into the room by delivery people in drab outfits and caps that covered their eyes. They set their loads down against the wall and left without a word, closing the doors behind them. The exit locked with a soft click.

"Y... you're serious?" Wrath felt dizzy. He wondered if he might still be asleep, having awoken from one dream about endless doughnuts only to end up in another, with his actual meeting still waiting for him when he truly woke up.

"Deadly serious." Angelus approached the plastic-wrapped doughnut shipments and pulled a box cutter from his pocket. The blade gleamed in the cold, overhead lighting as he plunged it through plastic and cardboard alike and cut the delivery open. The warm smell of fresh doughnuts wafted into the room, and Wrath's stomach growled. Angelus' ears swiveled to face the wolf as he freed the pastries from their confines. "You're obviously hungry, so don't be shy. Get over here and eat."

Wrath's better judgment was shouting at him to flee the meeting, but his stomach was roaring at him to accept the free food. The latter won out, and he waddled forward at the urging of his empty stomach. Angelus stepped aside as Wrath dug in. His fat paws grabbed doughnuts from the boxes without concern for their flavor or filling, fitting three to a paw before he crammed as many into his jaws as would fit. He struggled to close his mouth over the mounds of sugar-soaked bread, causing his cheeks to bulge. He roughly chewed those mouthfuls, just enough to swallow them so he could hurriedly stuff in the next handful.

The pastries were bliss to the ravenous wolf. His morning hunger made the doughnuts taste all the better as their varied flavors mixed into a sugary mishmash in his mouth. He scarfed them down, forgetting that his boss was keeping a much too close eye on him.

Angelus' cold gaze was fixed on Wrath. He stood at arm's length, tail flicking every time Wrath swallowed another mouthful. His eyes followed the doughnuts as they moved from the boxes to Wrath's hand, to his mouth, down his throat, and all the way to his stomach which was inching closer to blowing every button off the wolf's shirt. Angelus' tongue slid over his teeth and he twirled the box cutter between his fingers.

Wrath was lost in his gluttony, currently living out the closest thing to the dream he had that night. It felt like no matter how many doughnuts he stuffed into his mouth there were always more meeting his paws as he reached out. The hunger in his stomach was giving way to a growing weight that sat heavy atop his guts. He could feel the buttons of his shirt digging into his belly, but he didn't care. He kept shoveling in one mouthful after another, eating them as fast as he could manage to not only satisfy his hunger, but also the gluttony that had led to him becoming so huge to begin with.

Ping, pwing! The two buttons hugging his navel popped off and bounced off the cardboard boxes, getting lost in the carpet floor. His white, fluffy stomach pushed free of its confines letting his gut hang over his waistband. The pressure his stomach exerted on his pants burst the button at the top of those as well, but the button remained pinned between Wrath's waist and overhang. His love handles spilled over the sides of his slacks as they escaped the failing confines of his shirt.

Another button popped off, letting more of Wrath's stomach bulge forward. Another, and his undermoob slipped out from the gap between the buttons. His eyes were rolled back in his head, his thoughts were lost to the sensation of being able to eat as much as he wanted without restraint or shame. Ping! The second to last button quit, and Wrath's fat chest fell over the top of his doughnut-bloated stomach, weighing it down. The button keeping the collar closed trembled as it held on as long as possible, but Wrath's fat neck rolls and throat-bulging swallows battered it, fraying the threads holding it in place.

The threads weakened until the last button finally shot off, glancing off the top of the pallets and tumbling to the floor against the wall. Wrath recoiled as his shirt finally burst all the way open, letting his body bulge out to full size. He gasped as though coming out of a trance. His eyes snapped open, and he looked down at himself. His muzzle pressed into a fluffy, squishy tire of neck fat that he didn't remember being quite so thick this morning. Crumbs and frosting were scattered over his chest and the top of his stomach, and his paws were soaked in sugary glaze and jelly fillings.

"BhuuUURRRApp!" A wet belch blasted out of Wrath's mouth, startling him. He took a few fat, stumbling steps back from the delivery of doughnuts and took stock of the damage. He had eaten almost half of the first delivery; the second one was untouched. Multiple boxes had been unceremoniously torn open, and the doughnuts left behind had been ripped to pieces by gluttonous paws. He could hardly believe he was responsible for that. "Urrpp... How many did I...?" He counted the boxes for a rough estimate. One dozen, two, three... "T-ten dozen??"

"Just about. It became difficult to keep track after you started grabbing mashed-together piles of them."

Wrath's head jerked to meet Angelus' gaze. The arctic fox was staring at Wrath with a slight smirk and eyes that were open just a little too wide. He approached, closing the gap between them in two steps. He placed a hand on the bottom of Wrath's overhang and gave it a slight lift. Wrath winced, suddenly aware of how full he was. His stomach groaned, and another belch vented from his jaws. "I'm sorry Sir, I was so hungry, I just--"

Angelus grabbed Wrath's fat snout with his cold hand, clamping it shut. Wrath blushed and went cross-eyed to stare at the black-furred hand clasped around his glaze-stained muzzle. "Don't apologize. You still have a long way to go anyway, this is no time for you to be taking a break. Keep eating." He placed a hand on Wrath's back and gave him a push forward, making Wrath stumble toward the doughnut boxes. "Go on."

Wrath swallowed. "Uh, I'm really full... Could I take these back to my desk and work on them over the day? Or week?" Wrath's stomach gave a sour groan at the thought of stuffing more in.

The corners of Angelus' mouth pursed into a frown and his gaze narrowed. He flipped the box cutter from his fingers to his palm and held it in front of him, pointed directly at Wrath. "Didn't we go over the chart? You're behind. Way behind. Now eat, or I'll replace you."

"W-wait. Wait. What's *urrpp* happening here?" The room grew colder. Wrath lumbered backwards, away from Angelus, until he was pressed back against the heavy oak desk.

Angelus grabbed a box of doughnuts with his free hand and stalked over to Wrath, blade still pointed at the wolf.

"N-no, seriously, I uh-!" Wrath slid along the desk to get away from Angelus. His eyes were fixed on the exit. It was locked on this side, which would only delay him for a moment if he charged for the door. Angelus was certainly faster... but Wrath wagered he could steamroll the fox with his girth.

He'd never have the chance to try.

Angelus' gaze flicked to the floor, and Wrath felt the carpet under him turn unnaturally slick and icy. He slipped, feet sliding out from under him. He fell on his ass, landing with a thud that made the office lights flicker. He was backed against the desk now, with Angelus towering over him, looking down at him.

Angelus slid the box cutter back into his pocket and had to lean over Wrath's huge stomach to reach his mouth. Wrath's gut was already pushed out to his ankles. His huge thighs and the immense weight of his stuffed gut combined to force his legs as far apart as they could go. The fabric of his slacks was ripping around the thighs, and the shoulder seams on his shirt were torn wide open. He was a monument that Angelus nearly had to climb, and despite how trim Angelus was, his weight on Wrath's gut made the wolf wince and whine. His doughnut-bloated guts didn't appreciate the outside pressure, and they gurgled angrily at Wrath and Angelus both.

"Open up." Angelus plucked a doughnut from the box and held it to Wrath's muzzle, but the wolf kept his jaws tightly shut. Angelus' frown deepened into a scowl. "I said, open up." He grabbed the side of Wrath's head with one hand and dug his claws in.

Wrath recoiled with a howl. Angelus' hand was so cold it felt like fire against his skin. It felt like frozen waters, icy winds, and blackened frostbite. It was only for a moment, but a moment was all Angelus needed to cram a doughnut into Wrath's mouth as he howled from the pain.

“URK-..!” Wrath gagged as the doughnut was shoved into the back of his throat, deep enough that he couldn’t spit it out. He sputtered and coughed as he swallowed what he could, flinging crumbs from his mouth that bounced off Angelus’ front and settled on Wrath’s exposed chest.

Before he had a chance to recover, another was crammed in. Then another. He swallowed them because he had to, if he wanted to keep breathing, but his body was protesting every gulp. Sharp pains lanced through his stomach as he pushed past limits he had already exceeded. His insides churned and roared, trying to make space for the food that was continuing to pour in. He felt sick.

His guts clenched and forced a bubble of air up his throat. It blasted out of his mouth with enough pressure to blow back Angelus’ blue-streaked hair. The fox stumbled backwards from the acrid blast as it washed over his face. He wrinkled his nose with a grimace as he looked down at Wrath, who was now belching uncontrollably. “*Bhuurpp! BUwaaAARpp!*” Wrath couldn’t get a word in as his body freed up space in his dangerously full stomach by expelling as much gas as it could.

“Gross. Stop that.” Angelus pressed up against the wolf once more and grabbed his muzzle with both hands, wrestling it shut and holding it closed. Wrath whined as his cheeks bloated with backed-up gas. His neck tire started to puff out around his head, and the churning and bubbling in his stomach grew louder and louder. Wrath could feel the pressure building. All that gas was trapped. His cheeks and throat couldn’t hold anymore, and his stomach was inflating like a balloon. Pinpricks of pain exploded across his stomach, his guts cramped and ached, he was more full than he had ever been in his whole life. The pressure was growing too fast, too much. He clawed at Angelus’ hands, trying to get him to let go, but Angelus didn’t even react to the pain of claws raking over the backs of his hands.

Pain shot through Wrath’s stomach again. He lurched forward and made an awful gurgling sound deep in his throat. His entire body shuddered. He didn’t feel so full anymore... but he felt sicker than ever. Something had burst inside of him, and its contents were spilling into his body cavity.

Angelus’ ears perked up, and his tail froze in place before falling flat. “Ah... What a waste.” He sighed and pushed himself off of Wrath so he was standing upright again. He stared at the wolf that was now shivering and trembling below. “May as well have fun with you while you last. Now let me see...” He reached over his desk to press a button hidden on the underside. A ceiling panel slid open, and a length of rubber hose with a nozzle and modified muzzle unfurled from the compartment, dangling in front of Wrath. The wolf’s pupils widened in panic, but he was in too much pain to form a meaningful sentence.

Angelus moved with calm ease, unbothered by the suffering employee sitting on his floor. He grabbed the hose and muzzle and fitted it over Wrath’s face, using a strap to fasten it around the back of his head. Wrath was too weak to resist, even as Angelus leaned in toward his ear and hissed, “Can you tell I’ve done this before~?” He gave a tug on the hose to make sure the entire apparatus was secure, before commencing Wrath’s total destruction.

Milk flowed through the tube and pushed down Wrath’s throat, pouring into his broken stomach and flooding out into his body cavity. His breaths became shallow as liquids started to rise around his lungs, squeezing them. His body expanded like a balloon. His flesh distended

and tore open into blooms of bleeding red stretch marks. His flesh strained and groaned, holding together for as long as it could against the rising pressure.

His eyes rolled back in his head as his insides were filled from bottom to top with milk and mush. It started to sputter from his nostrils and leak from the corners of his mouth as his body reached its ultimate capacity. The finale was inevitable. Wrath's stomach split open like a sausage casing, spilling out gallons of milk and all of his meat. Burst and writhing guts spread over the floor as milk, blood, and doughnut mush washed over the carpet, spilling halfway across the room. It lapped at Angelus' shoes, making him frown. "Ugh, disgusting. What a mess."

Wrath's consciousness faded. Unable to breathe, and quickly losing blood, the wolf was blacking out for the last time. The final image burned into his retinas was that of Angelus standing over him, scowling with disgust.

The wolf's body went limp and collapsed into a heap of fur. He was almost unrecognizable from the damage Angelus had inflicted. Angelus merely fixed his hair, smoothing it out after the earlier belch, and plucked his phone from the desk. He hit a speed dial on the console. It rang once, and he hung up. "Good, cleaners are on the way. Will be nice to get this place back in order. Really, what a mess, this could have been avoided if you could actually keep up. Such a shame." Angelus rolled his eyes at his subordinate's failure and returned to his desk. He took a seat, set Wrath's paperwork aside, and picked up a different pile. He'd had his fun. It was time to get back to work.