

Temp Work
By Holo

Jags was looking to make some quick spare cash this weekend, and so he had taken up some temp work with the massive Glacier Technology corporation. Today he was sitting in the pristine lobby of the skyscraper that stood taller than any other building on the skyline. His wide, green rear took up an entire lobby couch, and his weight flattened the cushions. His stomach growled as he waited, and for a moment he regretted listening to the instructions to “bring an appetite.” He was just about to grab a snack from a vending machine, when his name was finally called.

“Jags? We’re ready for you!”

“Oh! Coming!”

He got up from his seat, and the cushions slowly puffed back up to size as he waddled towards the elevator, escorted by a receptionist and security officer. Between himself and the bulky security officer, the elevator was a bit of a tight squeeze, and he found himself inadvertently squashing the receptionist with his love handles. She seemed not to notice though, and stood in silence as the elevator slid down into the basement.

Jags was ushered out as the doors opened, and he was left alone in a hallway as the elevator doors started to close. The receptionist shouted at him as he turned to watch the doors slide shut. “Down the hall, take a left, second room on the right!” They barely finished before the elevator headed back to the lobby.

“Oh. Okay.” Jags shrugged off the odd encounter and pushed it out of his head as he followed the directions. The wide halls were empty and nondescript, aside from the occasional door set into them. He followed them down, counting his turns until he reached what he hoped was the right door. It was as blank and unmarked as all the others, and he cautiously pushed it open and peered inside.

“Hey, come in! You must be Jags!”

Jags stopped as the voice caught him by surprise, but after recovering, he opened the door all the way and saw the source. At the end of the room stood a tall, slim arctic fox in a business suit. A toothy grin was stretched over his face, and he beckoned Jags to enter. He did so, squeezing through the doorway, which shut behind him. “Uh, hey?” Jags sounded uncertain. The room was empty aside from the fox.

“Greetings! Thank you for agreeing to help us out today. I am Angelus Glace, the CEO here.” The fox kept grinning, but he bowed his head slightly.

Jags blinked in surprise. “The CEO? Oh, I might... not be in the right place, I was just here for some temp work today?” he tried.

“That’s correct! You’re in the right place, and you look like a perfect candidate. You indicated having *quite* the stomach capacity right?” Angelus asked, sounding quite excited at the prospect.

Jags relaxed a bit. This was more familiar territory. “You bet! I’d even say I’m second to none!”

“Excellent. Intern!” Angelus shouted suddenly. “Bring them out!”

A hidden panel in the wall behind Angelus opened up, and three nervous-looking people, all also in business suits, were pushed out. Their hands were tied together at the wrists with thick rope, and had cloths stuffed into their mouths as gags.

Jags raised a brow. "Oohh? Now what's this?"

"I think you have an idea." Angelus gestured to the three before continuing. "These three were trying to embezzle! Tisk tisk, pretty awful. Firing them isn't really enough for me, and prison is, well, boring. So I want you to get rid of them for me. Permanently."

Angelus' captives shouted muffled protests, but made no attempt to escape.

Jags knew exactly what Angelus meant, and his stomach growled in anticipation. "Well then! I do think I can help you out." Jags winked and approached the captives, his white stomach bouncing with every step. He picked out the smallest of them first: a slim, average-height wolf who leaned away as Jags approached. Now that he was close, Jags could tell why none of them were trying to get away. Their feet had been frozen to the floor. Jags looked over at Angelus, who simply yawned and flicked his tail.

"Well, come on then! I don't have all day, and you don't get paid until the job is done," Angelus said, as he leaned back against a wall to watch.

"Alright alright! I'm going." Jags rolled his shoulders to loosen up, and then grabbed the wolf under his arms and lifted him effortlessly, breaking the ice. Jags had a lot of strength hidden under the flab that hung off his arms. His jaws opened into a wide cavern, and the wolf's head easily fit inside. Jags' fat tongue soaked the wolf's head, who tasted oddly of gingerbread. He took a moment to enjoy the taste before swallowing hard, sucking the wolf's head into his throat and dragging his shoulders into his mouth.

The wolf was an easy meal for the huge and practiced Jags. The wiggling struggles and hapless flailing of legs only served to slide the wolf down Jags' throat faster. The wolf barely even made a bulge in Jags' neck, and it was clear by the self-assured look on his face that he was taking his time swallowing. The oddly festive gingerbread flavor intrigued the predator, so he lashed his tongue over as much of the wolf as he could before pulling in the next few inches. The torso was pulled in, hips soon following, and Jags could feel a muzzle and head press into his stomach.

His gut roared with impatience, making Jags wince and convincing him to stop playing with his food. There was more to eat, after all. With only legs still dangling outside his jaws, Jags tipped his head back and used gravity to assist in a final, swift swallow. The wolf was slurped down like a noodle, and vanished without so much as a discernible bulge into Jags' already impressively thick gut.

"Ah, good appetizer... Who's next?" Jags asked as he eyed the remaining two, who stared back at him wild-eyed.

"Whichever you like." Angelus had a playful lilt to his voice as his eyes wandered over Jags.

For a moment, Jags could feel that gaze, as though Angelus was mentally disassembling him. It made him shiver, but he shrugged it off. He was getting a free lunch *and* getting paid. The next one up was a tall-ish parrot, whose colorful feathers puffed up as Jags got near. Jags simply grinned at her for a moment before lifting her off the ground and stuffing her head into his hungry jaws. There was something like a muffled squawk as her beak hit the

back of his throat and kept going. The feeling of feathers sliding over his tongue was unfamiliar, but like the wolf before her, she was dressed up in full formal attire, so mostly what he got was the texture of fabric.

She tasted of cinnamon, just a slight hint of it, which was just as unusual as the gingerbread-tasting wolf. Jags was beginning to detect a pattern... but everyone always said that strange things went on inside the walls of GlaceTech. It did make his meals more appetizing, so he wasn't going to complain, especially when his mouth was stuffed full of free food. He hurried this one along, not wanting to linger too long under the watchful eye of Angelus. He grabbed the bird by her waist and pulled, helping to cram her body into his throat. Her larger form stretched his neck, and his swallows were heavier to compensate for the size, meaning they were louder too.

He was wary of her feet though, which were sharp-looking bird talons as compared to the much smaller claws of the mammalian prey he was used to. He swallowed anxiously, and only dragged his meal in deeper, bringing those talons closer to his face. Carefully, he slid his hands down those rough bird legs, and with a quick motion he grabbed those talons in his hands, effectively immobilizing them. He felt a distressed wiggle in his throat that made his body wobble, but it was easy to ignore.

With one solid push, he crammed those legs and talons, and his own hands even, into his mouth. He swallowed hard and let go, and those bird legs vanished down his throat and into his stomach without issue. He grunted as the bird hit his stomach and made it bounce, and there was now struggling in his insides as the wolf and parrot fought between themselves. The wolf didn't seem to enjoy being used as a landing pad.

His white gut was now bulged out with the vague, struggling shapes of the previous two embezzlers, and there was just one left. Jags had saved this one for last for a reason: he was a burly and overweight polar bear who was straining every button and seam on his business suit with his size. He was as tall as Jags was, and nearly as wide. He glared as Jags approached, but he could do little more.

With a shove, Jags knocked the big bear onto his back, laying him out on the floor and dazing him. He then grabbed the bear by the ankles and started swallowing him feet-first. There was still some ice clinging to those expensive dress shoes, and Jags shook himself to ward off brainfreeze as the heat of his throat melted the ice. The bear struggled as he was swallowed, and the strain popped off a couple of his shirt buttons, and caused his pants to split across his rump, letting his penguin-print underwear show through.

Angelus snickered to himself in the corner and quickly looked away, trying to hide his amused grin behind a raised hand. Jags glanced over at the fox and rolled his eyes. For a supposed CEO, he seemed to be enjoying this way too much.

Though Jags had to admit that he was enjoying it himself. That bear was a mouthful, literally, and swallowing him was much more satisfying than the first two. His jaws were opened wide, stretched far apart as he worked down the thick thighs and considerable rear of the bear. His neck bulged obviously, and even his chest stuck out a little further as his ribcage was pushed to make room for the big meal. He grabbed and grasped at the bear here and there, trying to get a good grip on his bulk to help shove him down.

Jags wiggled his jaws side to side, which helped to work his meal into his mouth. His swallow was loud and labored, and he scrunched up his face with determination. The bouncing of his squirming stomach was distracting, and made him have to adjust his stance to keep steady as the weight in his gut shifted to and fro. The polar bear's fat body squished in his hands as he grabbed at his prey. The bear tasted different from the other two... meaty. Like a good steak. It made his mouth water fiercely.

The extra drool helped slip the meal down a bit faster, making up for the difficulty caused by his width. His butt was wedged past those jaws, but the belly was an even bigger challenge. It pressed against Jags' snout, making him huff and wiggle before he used a hand to try and flatten and mash that button-bursting belly into his maw. His jaws were forced to stretch wider to fit it all, but once he was past the stomach his work became easier.

The rest of the bear wasn't nearly as big as his middle had been. His chest went down easy, even though Jags' throat swelled as the bear's stomach slipped down it. The shoulders were worked in, and the last to go was the head, and the arms that had been raised above his head. Jags made a face, and swallowed a few more times to make sure the last of his prey was squeezed down.

He could really feel the weight in his belly now, and his gut visibly stretched with the meal, until it hit the floor and dragged along it. A satisfied belch escaped his jaws, and he licked over his muzzle, satisfied. His "guests" were still struggling, but he knew it wouldn't last long. He would enjoy it while he could.

A slow clapping caught his ears, and he remembered he wasn't alone.

"Well done well done! Thank you, really, this has been a great help to me," Angelus said as he approached. He stopped clapping and reached into his coat pocket and handed Jags a check with a hefty amount scrawled onto it. "Naturally, you'll keep this quiet, right? We'd look forward to having you do more temp work in the future."

Jags took the check and stifled another burp. "Well, you have my email! I check it every day, so just let me know when you might be needing some more 'temp work' done." Jags grinned, and Angelus returned the smile, showing his teeth.

"You'll be hearing from us for sure." He ushered Jags to the door and hurried him out. His gut got stuck in the door, briefly, but one surprisingly forceful shove from Angelus helped Jags stumble through. "Take care now! Bye! Thank you for visiting Glacier Technology!"

The door closed behind Jags and locked with an electronic click. The struggles in his guts were already lessening, and he waddled his way to the elevator, check in hand. He hoped it wouldn't be too long before he called back in for more work.