

Employee Offboarding

By Angelus

Cardamom had just been fired from his job at GlaceTech. He had blundered a transaction with one of GlaceTech's primary raw material suppliers so badly that the CEO had to step in to fix the situation, at considerable cost to the company. He could still hear the barely-hidden rage boiling in Angelus' voice as he told Cardamom to pack his desk and head to Employee Offboarding before Angelus called security.

He shivered. Rooms always seemed to get colder when Angelus was truly pissed, and he could still feel the chill in his spine. The black cat couldn't recall the last time he'd felt so chilled to the core. He had packed up his desk into a box and hurried out of the office as quickly as he could to get out of the boss' sight. Somehow, he felt like he had barely escaped with his life.

He was now standing in the elevator, black tail still curled anxiously between his legs as he held a box of desk decor in his arms. A fake succulent, a digital photo frame with vacation photos, a phone charging stand, a manicure kit; the box was filled with things that had made his workspace more bearable and functional. He sighed as he watched the numbers of the elevator floor display tick down. Work at GlaceTech had been lucrative, but stressful. He was looking forward to getting something less demanding and maybe coasting on his spare earnings for a while.

Ding.

The elevator stopped and the doors opened to the first basement level. This was a boring floor where a lot of paper-pushing was done. He stepped out of the elevator with his things, and the doors silently slid shut behind him. He was aware that under his feet were the Research and Development labs, a place that most people didn't want to be. He was actually relieved to be fired and not reassigned to "Test Subject." Those unlucky souls were never the same after being experimented on.

Wall signs pointed the way to the Employee Offboarding room, and Cardamom made his way there through the cold and uninviting concrete hallways. This area was all back-of-house and something only employees would see, so it wasn't decorated with the same sleek white, black, and blue that the lobby and upper floors had. His tail twitched and he wiggled his snout, holding the box closer to his chest as he reached his destination. The entrance was fitted with a double door, the huge kind you'd find at a stadium that was made to let through huge crowds. On both doors was a sign that read:

Jags
Employee Offboarding

The unusually large entrance struck him as odd, but he balanced his box of things in one arm and knocked on the door with the other. "Uh, Jags? It's Cardamom, can I come in?"

"Sure, lemme get the door for you!" There was a reply from the other side, a loud voice, but muffled by the doors.

"Alright." Cardamom stood back and waited, leaning his weight on one leg. After a minute and some shuffling, dragging sounds, the two doors opened and Cardamom understood

why the doors to Jag's office were so big. Jags filled most of the doorframe with his stomach, and his head just barely cleared the top of the doorframe. Cardamon's tail stood on end and puffed out at the shock of seeing someone so huge all of a sudden. It wasn't what the cat had been expecting. "J-Jags?"

"Yup, that's me!" Jags pointed at himself by prodding his thumb into his chest, making a dimple in the tight, white dress shirt that was barely holding on around his body. His stomach was near to the ground, only held aloft by a pair of suspender straps that were as thick as Cardamon's arm. Those suspenders held up black dress pants were pulled over the bottom of Jags' huge gut. His shirt was tucked into the pants, giving his attire a business casual look. Suspenders aside, it wasn't much different from what Cardamon was wearing, it was just several magnitudes larger.

Jags stood to one side to make room for Cardamon to enter the room, and the cat figured that all the shuffling from earlier was the sound of Jags waddling across the room. Cardamon approached and squeezed past Jags, getting a look at him up-close now. He was so huge that Cardamon wasn't certain of his species, but it seemed a bit lizard-like. Jags had short green fur covering his hands and head, and his green hair was pulled back into a trimmed ponytail. Cardamon also noticed that Jags' mouth was jagged, his mouth looking like a zigzag. It was a distinct feature, one Cardamon couldn't recall seeing before.

Whatever Jags was, he was BIG. He was easily a couple of feet taller than the average-sized black cat, and several times wider. Jags' stomach sloshed under his clothes as he closed the door behind his guest, and when he moved, his feet dragged the ground and his knees shoved his gut side to side. The fabric of his shirt creaked when his gut was jostled this way, and Cardamon was ready for a button to blow off at any moment.

After squeezing past Jags, Cardamon got a good look at the office and was surprised for a second time. It was less of an office and more of a spacious lounge. There were huge couches against the walls (Cardamon guessed that Jags could fill a two-seater by himself), a large, new television mounted on the wall, carpeted floors, and high coffee tables stacked with books and covered in an assortment of desk ornaments. The highlight of the room was a snack and coffee bar, with a coffee-shop quality espresso machine that clearly saw a lot of use. The size and layout of the office made sense considering it had to accommodate Jags, but it caught Cardamon off-guard.

"Wow, this is really chill for an office. I was expecting, y'know, a desk, a couple chairs, a small room for us to squeeze into. This is really nice," the black cat mentioned.

"Glad you like it! I AM the head of the offboarding department after all," Jags said, obviously proud of that fact.

"Oh, the head? Wouldn't you usually have your subordinates doing something like this then?" Cardamon looked around the room for an indication of where to sit.

"Depends! I'm the only one in the office today, so it just happens to fall to me." Jags noticed the cat's wandering gaze. "Oh, and take a seat anywhere you like, feel free to set your stuff down."

"Ah, thanks!" Cardamon set his box down on one of the coffee tables next to a fake succulent that was identical to his own. He then took a seat on one of the big couches. He felt himself sink in; the cushioning and springs had clearly been put through their paces by Jags, and it made it tough to sit upright and get out of the deep cushions. "Oohf, soft..."

“So...” Jags began, as he approached Cardamom, his body mass bouncing with each long step. “I do try to make things welcoming here, but it’s an unfortunate part of the job that no one ever comes here for a good reason.” He looked down at the cat with an uncertain stare. “I won’t say I like my job...” Jags took a step closer and leaned down, putting a hand on the coffee table between himself and his guest. “But that’s because I love it~” His face darkened with a wicked grin, and he slid the table out of the way with a single, easy motion.

“Whoa, what? What are you doing?” Cardamom tried to get up, but he was deep in the cushions, and the second or two of extra struggling he had to contend with was enough for Jags to close the gap and block Cardamom’s escape with his broad stomach. Cardamom froze, his brain unable to process what was happening.

“What I always do to people who get sent to me specifically! I make sure to offboard fired employees properly. Can’t have some disgruntled grunt spilling company secrets after all!” Jags grabbed Cardamom under both arms, his huge hands and fat fingers almost totally encircling the lithe cat’s chest. He lifted Cardamom off the couch and licked over his own zigzag muzzle, before opening wide, giving his guest a dangerous look down his throat as his pink tongue stuck out, drooling.

“Wh-what? No, let go! C-come on man!” Cardamom tried and failed to move his arms, so he tried to kick Jags instead, but the blows just sank into Jags’ thick chest, making it ripple. Jags didn’t even seem to notice.

“Sorry bud, but I like this job, and unlike you, I’ll be staying on the boss’ good side.” That was the last that Jags had to say. He opened his mouth again, wider this time, and stuffed Cardamom into his mouth, up to the cat’s shoulders. Cardamom’s tail bristled in panic, and his legs thrashed and kicked harder. Muffled curses were shouted through Jags’ fat neck, but he didn’t pay them any attention.

Cardamom was a slim, easy meal. In one swallow, Jags gulped the cat down from his chest to his waist, leaving his legs frantically kicking out of his jaws. Jags was big enough that the cat didn’t make an appreciable bulge in his throat, and with another swallow, only Cardamom’s shoes were still visible in Jags’ mouth. He closed his maw and swallowed one last time, and Cardamom was gone. Jags was so fat that even with an entire thrashing, terrified person in his stomach, it didn’t bulge and barely wobbled.

“Huurrrp... Thanks pal, you were a good warm-up for the other appointments today!” Jags said as he gave his stomach a pat, rubbing it a bit through the fabric of his buttoned shirt. “Good thing that was quick, I have a few more on the chopping block today...” He turned and sat on the couch that Cardamom had occupied moments before, and his wide rear filled it from one armrest to the other. The cushions flattened under him with a wheeze, and the whole metal frame creaked under the weight. He could still feel his meal struggling, though the fighting was getting weaker. He straightened out his shirt and tugged on his suspenders to make sure his outfit was in order as he sat back, and it wasn’t long before there was another knock on his door. “Come in!”

The doors opened, and two people walked in at once. Jags sighed internally but gave them a disarming smile. It was easier to deal with people one at a time, but he could make this work. There was a bulky tiger woman whose nametag read “Juniper”, and entering just behind her was a slim lion named “Basil.” The tiger was nearly Jags’ height, with a burly build, though

not even half Jags' width. The lion was of average size, closer to the cat that had been in the room just moments ago.

"Bad day?" Jags asked as he sat up, his gut hanging forward.

"I mean, we're here aren't we?" Juniper said with a tired sigh. Her striped tail whipped, nearly hitting Basil.

"Hey, watch it." Basil managed to move out of the way, but he gave Juniper a glare and puffed up his mane.

"You watch it," she snorted back. Her attention turned back to Jags, who was pushing himself back to his feet with a grunt and a stifled burp. "You don't have to be nice about this, we know what we did, so let's just get this done with okay? If I'm fired then I want to get home quick. We're at least getting paid for this meeting right?" She scoffed and gave Jags a scrutinizing look as she took in the size of him.

"Of course, you'll clock out after the meeting, so you'll be paid for your time here. Don't worry, it shouldn't take more than a few minutes. Let me get your paperwork so you can sign as I go over it." Jags lugged his huge body toward the door as though he was going to leave, and Juniper and Basil both moved further into the room to get out of his way. Once he was between them and the exit, he turned and stepped forward without warning, and his gut swung wide and collided with Basil, knocking the lion over.

He cursed and grunted as he fell to the floor, and before he could get his bearings, Jags took another step forward, pinning the lion under one foot. Basil gagged from the weight pushing down on him, and he tried to grab Jags' leg to push him off, but Jags was so bulky that he couldn't get his hands even halfway around his ankle. "Ghhkk, h-hey! You're standing on me...!"

Jags ignored that comment for the moment and grabbed Juniper by her collar before she could realize what was happening. She snarled in surprise and tried to pull away, but she couldn't get out of reach before Jags grabbed hold of her arm as well. "I'm not standing on you," he said. "You'd be crushed already if I was putting my full weight on you like that! I just can't have you getting away while I'm busy." Jags shifted his grip so that he was holding both of Juniper's arms now.

The big tiger dug in her heels and pulled back, but despite her strength, she couldn't overcome Jags' weight advantage, and his grip was strong, obviously accustomed to holding people in place. She got a sinking feeling of dread as she realized why Jags was likely so big. "Let go damnit!"

"No can do! I've got orders from the boss to make sure all employees are properly offboarded!" Jags lifted her, grunting from her weight. Juniper roared and kicked, her blows making Jags' gut wobble and bounce against the pinned Basil. Jags opened his mouth wide and lifted Juniper overhead, dropping her in feet-first. His throat was wide and greedy enough to get her in down to her hips in the first gulp, but past that she was broader and harder to get down. His throat visibly bulged with her, and his jaws ached as he opened them wider than he usually needed to.

Jags wrestled with Juniper's arms as she tried to break his hold. She grunted and lifted, thrashed, punched, twisted, but Jags was able to keep his grip and work her down his throat at the same time. Her struggles made her sink faster, like she was fighting quicksand, and while she got the occasional gag out of Jags by trying to kick the inside of his throat, his stronger

swallows pulled her in deeper and deeper. He could feel the pressure her big body was putting on his throat, but he had handled hefty people before and he'd do it again. He actually got a kick out of the challenge, and his fat tail swaying over his huge ass made that clear.

"Ghhrrff, screw you..." Juniper growled, her arms trembling from exhaustion as she lost her struggle. She was panting, exhausted, and the only thing slowing her descent into Jags' gut was her size. She was big enough that her upper body made Jags' chest push outward to accommodate her, and as her legs and waist slid into his stomach, it bulged a bit under his tremendous bulk.

Once she was deep enough into his jaws, he grabbed Juniper's shoulders and pushed her down, until only her head was sticking out of his mouth. She winced, panting, too winded to even curse at him anymore. Jags snapped his jaws shut, and Juniper was nothing more than a fleeting bulge in his throat that slipped into his gut. The tiger was big enough that she made a bit of a bulge in his stomach combined with the cat stew already in there, but with how fat Jags was, the bulge she made could have been mistaken for a big meal.

His already tight shirt creaked from the extra filling, and he could feel his suspenders digging into his shoulders as they had to hold up a few hundred more pounds than they were just minutes ago. He pulled on the straps to try and get them to sit more comfortably, with his current gut-load, there wasn't much he could do.

He gave his stomach a shake to mix up the contents, then took a few steps back to get at the next morsel. Basil had passed out under Jags, and the lion was laid out and drooling on the floor after Jags stepped off of him. Jags just shrugged and leaned over to pick him up, and as his gut sagged to the floor, it could take no more. The increased pressure on the front caused the buttons to ping off in rapid succession, starting from the bottom and moving up. His white stomach spilled out, bulging over the top of his pants and pressing into his suspenders as the shirt released all the fat it had been holding back.

"Ack! Crap..." Jags was surprised by the shower of shirt buttons that hit his carpet, and he took a quick step back. His foot hit the ground with all his weight, and with his shirt no longer helping to hold back his gut, the wobble burst the button off the top of his pants as well, letting even more gut spill out. It hung over the front of his work pants, wobbling precarious inches from the ground, threatening to touch it should he move too quickly.

"So much for that shirt. Ah well, boss'll get me a new one." Jags had more important things to take care of than a ruined shirt. He bent over to grab Basil off the floor, and his stomach pressed against his legs and the ground as he did so. He almost couldn't bend over far enough with all the gut in the way but he was able to get his hands around the lion's ankles and lift him over his open mouth. "Bottoms up!"

Jags dropped Basil headfirst into his mouth, and he swallowed almost half the lithe lion in a single GULP. Choking down Juniper had warmed him up, and Basil wasn't even half her size. Jags intended to savor the easy prey, but his appetite got the better of him, and he gorged down Basil in almost record time, fully swallowing him in three or four strong gulps. The last swallow cleared his throat, and his stomach bulged more, writhing as Juniper thrashed in a rage at getting crammed in with another guest. At this point, Jags' stomach was noticeably filled, and it made a semi-round bulge above the fat apron of his lower gut.

"Can it in there, I've got another appointment!" Jags grumbled as he gave his stomach a couple quick punches. It made his stomach sore, and he huffed with each blow, but the wiggling

in his stomach died down. A fair trade-off. His lounge office was in a bit of disarray now, and Jags knew he looked suspicious with a full stomach and blown-open work clothes. He doubted he could pull off the same charade that he had with the first three employees, so he came up with a more direct plan.

He grabbed his sides and did his best to lift his stomach off the floor so that he could move his legs to walk without running over his own rolls. Each dragging step made his fat body wobble, causing his grip to slip bit by bit and forcing him to adjust his grip every few steps. He was huffing by the time he made it to the door, and he pressed himself against it, filling the frame with his body. Jags licked over his muzzle and crouched down a bit, looking like a predator ready to pounce on prey.

Someone knocked on the door. The prey had arrived. "Hey, is this Jags' office? Can I-"

They didn't even get to finish their sentence before Jags shoved the doors open, leaned into the hallway, and snagged them in two bulky, blubbery arms. His prey struggled in surprise, shouts muffled by moobs as the doors closed and locked, leaving Jags and his prey in privacy.

This catch was a big one! Jags took a peek between his arms, and even before looking he knew he had another hefty customer. This one was a deer lady, about as big as Juniper, but leaning more towards being fat as opposed to Juniper's more burly frame. "Well now, you must be Cinnamon, is that right?" Jags asked as he let her go just enough to speak.

"Ghhgkk! Er, th-that's me!" she stammered, having trouble processing the situation.

"Oh good! You're just in time for your offboarding meeting! I was hoping you-*huurpp*... 'Scuse me. I was *hooourraap*..! Sorry, just a sec." Jags could feel more gas bubbling up from his guts, and his stomach gurgled as air ballooned his gut and put pressure on his throat. Jags' neck bloated and his cheeks puffed out before he let out a particularly powerful "*BhuUURRapP!*"

To his amusement, and Cinnamon's horror, the top half of a cat's skull ejected from his mouth with the belch, sailing across the room and clattering to the floor along with a few buttons from a shirt, and a name tag. The lower jaw was missing, but beside it was the name tag with the ink partially melted off. The name could still be made out: Cardamom. "Eh-heh... Sorry about that. Earlier meeting~"

Cinnamon's big deer eyes went even wider as the horror of the situation dawned on her. She pushed her arms and legs against Jags to try and push free, but her limbs sunk into his fat and his arms were stronger than she was. "L-let me go!"

"Exactly! The boss is letting you go, and it's my job to make sure it happens!" Jags said, his mouth watering. "And I gotta say, I love my job. I won't be losing it like you!" He opened his mouth wide and silenced Cinnamon in the depths of his mouth. She still wiggled and wobbled against Jags, trying in vain to get free, but at best she prolonged her fate. Jags hefted her into his mouth bit by bit, his cheeks filled with blubbery venison as his stomach gurgled with digestion.

He could feel that he was fatter already. Cardamom hadn't packed too much onto his already huge body, but Juniper and Basil were making a difference as they digested too. His arms were feeling heavier, and his suspender straps were digging into his thicker shoulders as they held up even more gut. The thick roll around his neck pushed more against his lower jaw as he leaned down and lifted more and more of Cinnamon into his mouth.

As she was squeezed down his throat and into his stomach, it bulged out just below his chest and pushed down on the apron of white blubber-gut. The weight of his stomach pushed down on his already-burst pants and overloaded his suspenders, making them snap with an elastic *thwack!* The straps sprung up with a bounce and dangled over his chest. His pants fell halfway, hanging on only because the fabric was so tightly stretched around his thighs.

Jags let out a pleased snort as his outfit met its ultimate end, and he hefted Cinnamon up by her wide rear and crammed the rest of her into his mouth, swallowing with a loud, satisfied gulp. “Ulp... *HUurrrRAap!* Phew, that is a GOOD day’s work,” he said to himself as his gave his bloated stomach a good shake. He could feel Cinnamon’s large body slosh around with the mostly-digested employees from before. The shake dislodged more trapped air, and with another loud “*UrhUURRRpp!*” a pair of acid-eaten work shirts and a large feline skull flew out of his mouth and scattered across the floor of his spacious office. “Aahh... Now those look nice~” He admired the mess for a moment before waddling himself to the nearest couch, gut scraping the floor the whole way.

He flopped into the couch, and it flattened under his weight immediately, exploding into springs and stuffing under his ass. “Heh! Good thing the company pays for all of these. Oohhff...” He leaned back against the wall and spread his legs, his stomach spilling over the tops of them, almost covering his feet. His churning stomach was the loudest ambiance in the room, and he scratched his stomach as it worked overtime. Protecting company secrets was his job, and no one was better at it than he was.