

A White Christmas

By: IndigoRho

Liquor flowed and catchy holiday songs drifted away as the annual Christmas office party for the Evergreen Tech branch on Columbia Station wound down. Most of the revelers had been execs or high level managers, all indulging on the best money could buy. Amongst the last remaining was Leon Gaines, a charismatic hyena who comfortably served as a regional vice-president within the company. From the frosted tips of his mohawk to the soles of his designer shoes, Leon had devoted considerable effort to maintaining his appearance. His fangs shone bright and a grin was always on his face, a deceptive warmth coming from his golden eyes. He was a big man, his sharp suit expertly containing the over three hundred and fifty pound hyena's large gut. Leon took pride in his weight and carried it well, often using it to either trick others into underestimating him or to physically intimidate subordinates if the need arose. Of course he also utilized that bulk to overpower those he intended to eat.

Leon was shamelessly fond of eating people, especially those within the company he felt had failed him. Underperforming managers were gobbled up in the middle of yearly reviews, apathetic interns turned into the main course for lunch meetings, and secretaries who couldn't keep up with the flow found new positions as hyena pudge. On occasion he'd simply consume someone for looking delicious, though. Despite such a voracious appetite, Leon had managed to cultivate a trusting reputation at Evergreen Tech, which he abused quite often.

As he finished his last glass of wine Leon meandered around the emptying office, saying his goodbyes while keeping a keen eye out for any stragglers or guests who'd had a bit too much to drink. His efforts paid off as he finally stumbled across a salamander who was half-passed out in a chair, a goofy grin on his face. Leon vaguely recognized him as being from the marketing team, a relative nobody who'd be best put to use adding to the hyena's blubbery frame. The salamander noticed Leon's approach, waving at him sloppily and slurring something that might have been a greeting.

By then Leon had managed to remember his named. "Ah, had a fun night McIntosh?" He was already imagining how the salamander would look as a bulge beneath his suit.

"Y...y-yes sssir!" McIntosh replied. He made an attempt to stand but failed immediately, falling back into the chair and laughing. "Just wishing...just wishing I could enjoy a w-white Christmas. Kinda hard on a space station!"

Leon chuckled along with the drunk, though his words abruptly gave him a devilish idea; perhaps he'd "consume" McIntosh in a different way. "As a matter of fact, I think I can ensure you have a white Christmas." The hyena carefully unzipped his slacks, twisting his paw until his throbbing cock and balls poked out.

McIntosh seemed oblivious to his boss' lewd gesture, his interest piqued by the promise. "Y-you can? That'd be awesome!"

"Oh definitely, it'll just require a short trip." Leon had to resist smirking, delighted by how easy dealing with McIntosh was going to be. "Now hold out your claws."

The salamander complied right away, though his excitement turned to confusion as he felt the tips of his fingers slip into something warm. He looked down in a daze, realizing his claws were half-enveloped by the slit of Leon's swelling cock. As he stared his claws were pulled in completely. McIntosh weakly tried retrieving them but the suction was surprisingly strong, getting more and more powerful as the hyena's penis grew. Pre slowly began to ooze out of the slit, lubing both the shaft and McIntosh's wrists, causing the salamander to slide further into his boss. As he tried to yell for help a paw firmly clamped over his snout, silencing his cry and pulling him in closer.

Leon moaned lightly as his sensitive cock steadily swallowed his prey. The salamander's fidgeting fingers were tickling his shaft, a trickle of cum now leaking out, and he hyena desperately needed more. With a blissful sigh he guided McIntosh's snout right into the slit, gasping as his member

stretched to handle it. Stuffing someone down his cock wasn't necessarily Leon's preferred method of dealing with people, but he couldn't deny the euphoric arousal of the experience, not to mention how much more his prey panicked. Apparently the thought of being melted down into a pool of cum was worse than being digested into flab. As long as they were churning Leon didn't particularly care.

Within Leon's shaft, McIntosh was enduring horrid heat, his nostrils assaulted by the omnipresent aroma of cum. The combination of seed and his naturally smooth hide hastened his descent. Wiggling only seemed to excite the cock more and increase the discharge of cum, the salamander coughing and gagging as he neared the balls. His claws entered the sac first, plunging straight into a sticky pool, the salamander shuddering in response. McIntosh's arms and head were quick to join them. Leon's balls swelled outwards as his prey started emptying into them, bouncing about as they were stretched both from the intake and the struggles.

The hyena took a step backward, pulling McIntosh off the chair as he did. He'd already slurped up over half of the unfortunate subordinate, but prolonging the process put him in danger of blowing his load early before his prey had been properly converted. Leon gritted his teeth and did his best to pull the salamander in faster, taking deep breaths as his overeager cock pulsed. Inch by inch McIntosh vanished down the hyena's shaft, his squirms increasingly hindered until only his shoes were left. Soon enough they too slipped past the slit, cum squirting out in their wake. As McIntosh was sealed away Leon's member shrunk, reverting to its normal size mere seconds after he spilled completely into the ballsack.

Leon lurched forwards, bracing himself on a desk as his balls sagged right to the floor, the bulges of his prey clearly visible. He laughed, a holographic display flickering to life on his swollen sac, showing a stylized face shot of McIntosh along with a what could best be described as a health bar below it. Sure, there were far more sensible uses for advanced technology, but Leon could never resist an opportunity to humiliate his prey. Too bad there wasn't anyone else nearby to witness McIntosh's doom. Now he was in a race against the clock, forced to hold back his overwhelming desire to cum until he was certain the salamander would be a part of it.

Faint light penetrated the stretched out ball sac, not that it provided much aid to McIntosh. He could barely breath, and the walls were too slick with cum for him to gain any reasonable grip or push back into the shaft. Just sober enough to know what would happen if he remained trapped there, McIntosh panicked quickly. The salamander shouted till he was hoarse, but his pleas for help didn't travel far. Punching, kicking, even tickling did nothing to Leon, who firmly resisted the attempts at stimulation. With a smile he watched as his prey's life bar started to chip away.

McIntosh was becoming woozy and lightheaded, a tingling sensation spreading throughout his body and intensifying as time passed. His hide grew paler and paler, the once vibrant red turning to first to pink, and then to white. Droplets of cum trickled off him, causing the pool he was sitting in to deepen as he was transformed into seed. The longer he endured the ravishes of Leon's balls the weaker his struggles got. After one last swat he simply slumped over, his whines more of a gargle as cum leaked from his mouth. An arm splashed down into the pool and his legs dissolved outright, a sloppy whimper preceding McIntosh's whole body collapsing in on itself.

Outside, the life bar finally depleted, a red "X" flashing over the salamander's face shot. Leon smiled, free to concede to the demands of his cock. From his pocket he retrieved a condom, which he carefully slipped over his member, before gingerly beginning to tease and massage his shaft. Taking in his subordinate had kept him on edge, so it took very little prompting to nut. He let out a staggered moan as his dick throbbed, a geyser of cum pouring out. The condom swelled and swayed as it filled, gallons swirling within. Amidst the cum came one shoe, and then another, gradually followed by the rest of McIntosh's soaked clothing, as well as his wallet. Meanwhile his balls were shrinking to match the condom's expansion.

Over time the torrent subsided, Leon sighing long and hard as he finished his terrible deed. Though exhausted, the hyena still managed to slip off the condom and tie it closed, leaving behind a

massive bag of cum and clothes. A nearby tissue was used to tidy up his member before he put it away and zipped up his pants. Leon looked down upon the remains of McIntosh with a smug grin, utterly ecstatic that he'd completely transformed another living being into a pool of cum.

“Well McIntosh, you said you wanted a white Christmas, and I'd say a drizzle of cum's better than any old snowfall,” Leon smirked, giving the filled condom a teasing poke.

Unfortunately the night was late and he had important plans for the morning. With a holographic display on his watch Leon called over one of the office courier bots, which was little more than a container on wheels. He picked up the condom of McIntosh and plopped it right inside the bot's storage bin before instructing it to properly dispose of the refuse and officially update the salamander's status in the Station's records. His predatory obligations complete, Leon stretched and waddled out of the office, ready for a good night's rest.