

Work Dinner

By: IndigoRho

Indi yawned as he sat at the reception desk with little to do. He appreciated how quiet his job tended to be, but some nights could be a bit *too* boring. His attention gradually drifted to his small belly, which lightly strained the buttons of his uniform. As a gainer, Indi dreamed of the day he'd be fat enough to burst the buttons right off. The thought alone was enough to make him blush. At the moment, though, he only weighed two hundred and forty pounds, and had a ways to go before he was growing out of clothes again.

A sudden hunger pain made Indi wince. Despite having a decent dinner an hour earlier he was already hungry, and of course it was a night he hadn't brought snacks. Two hours of work remained, but Indi knew the hunger would be almost unbearable by the end of it. Now he'd have to be both bored *and* starving.

"Night going well, Indi?"

Indi nearly jumped in his chair, quickly regaining his composure. In front of his desk was Jeff. Jeff was fairly chubby, with short blonde hair and glasses. His clothing always seemed to highlight his soft middle and bubble butt, and Indi had admittedly crushed on him quite a bit. Unfortunately it was Jeff's last day.

"Yeah, nice and quiet!" Indi practically blurted out. He hoped Jeff hadn't noticed him poking his own gut as he approached.

"Good to hear," Jeff said, sliding his keys across the desk and signing them back in. "Oh yeah, I stashed my bags back there this morning, mind if I come around and grab them?"

Indi simply nodded, sneaking a glance at Jeff's butt as his coworker walked around the desk. Reception was rather large, with an attached side room that was supposed to be an office but was too small to be used for anything but storage. As Jeff entered the office Indi followed to make sure he hadn't accidentally buried the bags under anything—and as an excuse to chat.

"Man I'm gonna miss this place," Jeff said, bending over to pick up the first bag, his belly peeking out ever-so-slightly.

Indi's stomach growled loudly, catching him off-guard. He didn't know why, but just the sight of Jeff was making him hungrier, his mouth watering. He imagined how nice and full he'd be if he swallowed him whole, how fat he'd get consuming an entire person. They were thoughts that'd never gone through Indi's mind before, but now they were becoming an obsession. Indi couldn't stand the idea of going without food for the rest of his shift, and his cute coworker was looking more and more like food by the second.

The growls hadn't gone unnoticed. "Did you miss dinner Indi?" Jeff asked with a chuckle.

"N-No, I...um."

The hunger was too much. Indi pinned Jeff's arms to his sides and opened his mouth wide, wider than he ever thought possible. Jeff was too surprised to respond, merely letting out a gasp as his coworker lunged. Indi felt Jeff writhe in his grasp as he took his first gulp. He ran his tongue across Jeff's face, moaning at the incredible taste. Any doubts about the meal vanished in that instant.

Indi's jaws stretched around Jeff's shoulders, throat bulging as he swallowed again and again. Clothing tasted bland, but that didn't slow him at all. Jeff was—understandably—putting up a fight. He wiggled and kicked blindly, but his struggles grew less and less effective as he slid down Indi's throat. The buttons of Indi's uniform popped off one-by-one as Jeff was consumed, his belly swelling out from under his shirt as well.

The small mound of Jeff's middle proved to be the best part of the meal, his rump a close second. Both were wonderfully soft, even if their passage through Indi's mouth was brief thanks to his unexplained gluttony.

Jeff's sneakers kicked at the filing cabinets and walls as he was lifted off the ground and into the

air. Gravity only hastened his descent, escape all but impossible. A tall mirror was hung on the wall opposite Indi, and he moaned once again as he caught sight of how huge his belly had become. He could see—and feel—the vague imprint of Jeff's head pushing against the walls of his gut. It bounced as it swelled, a prison growing to contain its man-sized meal.

As Jeff's legs were slurped up Indi practically crammed them in, so close to finishing dinner. He didn't even bother taking off Jeff's sneakers, leaving them on as his jaws finally closed shut.

After the final gulp Indi stumbled against a wall and gasped for air, his heart pounding. He looked down upon his massive, wobbling middle in utter disbelief, giving it a nervous prod. Somehow he'd eaten Jeff alive.

“Oh...oh shit, sorry—*uorrrp*—sorry Jeff.”

There was a response coming from Indi's stomach, but it was so muffled he couldn't understand a word of it. He doubted Jeff was apologizing, though.

Slowly coming down off the high of swallowing someone whole, all Indi could do was stand around dumbfounded, hands cradling his gut. Jeff was squirming within him, pressing weakly against the walls of his prison. Indi knew that if he didn't let Jeff out soon his coworker would be digested, that there was still time to free him. Was it even possible to throw someone up, though? And surely Jeff would be furious at what happened, even if he was freed. And of course Indi would just be hungry again.

The longer Jeff was trapped in his belly, the more comfortable Indi became with the situation. Though none of it made any sense it felt...it felt *right*. He clung to his gut possessively, admiring the temporary girth. Digesting Jeff would make him fatter, so much fatter. Weeks of gaining effort accomplished in a single meal. Plus now Jeff would always be around, in the form of fresh pudge on Indi's belly.

With considerable effort Indi waddled out of the office and settled back into his chair. It creaked in protest beneath him, the combined weight of Indi and his dinner causing it to lower as far as it could go. At that height Indi's gut was mostly concealed, the bulge that was Jeff pushed under the desk as much as possible. The chance of anyone else dropping by that late at night was close to zero, but Indi still wanted to keep his middle hidden. After all, explaining its size would be incredibly difficult to say the least.

Jeff's struggles were slowing, Indi kneading at his belly nonstop. He was blushing and smiling, enjoying every faint wiggle.

“Well Jeff, looks like you'll be sticking around for a while longer. I'm sure you'll grow to love your new job~”

Indi's stomach gurgled in response...