

## Office Snack

By: IndigoRho

Darren sighed as he slowly washed his paws in the bathroom sink, thinking of all the work he still had left to do that day. The internship at Evergreen Technologies was an incredible opportunity for the squirrel, a head-start on a potential career, but the environment of the place was a tad more competitive than he'd expected. To make things worse, his workload had started increasing considerably as he was forced to take over the tasks of interns who'd been unfortunate enough to catch the attention of the rather gluttonous higher-ups of the company. He'd quickly learned to make himself scarce any time a long lunch meeting was supposed to begin.

Becoming a sudden snack could occur at any time, of course. Just the other day he'd missed the elevator up from the lobby by seconds, watching the doors close behind an exec and two other interns who'd smirked at his misfortune. By the time Darren had made it up to his floor, the same exec was waddling around the office, his gut horribly distended from gorging on the two interns during the elevator ride up.

As Darren pondered his stress, the door to an extra-wide stall nearby opened and a rather hefty hyena slowly walked out and towards the sinks. Darren recognized the blonde frosted tips of the hyena's mohawk right away, and gulped. Leon Gaines was probably the friendliest looking exec in the whole company, always cheerful and eager for a conversation no matter your position. He also had a notorious appetite. The hyena had to have gained well over a hundred pounds just since Darren had started his internship, and every ounce had come at the expense of someone else. Darren hoped he wasn't on the prowl for a meal already.

Leon's considerable belly pushed against the counter, spilling over it somewhat. His excessively expensive suit covered his heft with ease, being made of the stretchy expandex material favored by active preds. Darren did his best to avoid staring at the exec's middle, obsessively washing his paws harder and giving an obligatory nod and smile instead. Leon grinned back, until his face contorted into a grimace and he began coughing loudly. The coughing fit lasted longer than expected, becoming deeper and louder. A large lump suddenly appeared in Leon's chest, steadily growing and rising up the hyena's throat, and Darren's eyes went wide as he realized what was happening.

The lump rose until Leon's jaws stretched wide, the hyena growling as the saliva-drenched head and neck of a terrified meerkat lurched out into view. "Let me out! LET ME OUT! Help! No no no no no no no—mmphmph!"

Leon clamped a paw over the meerkat's muzzle as he continued trying to squirm to safety, forcefully pushing his prey back into his mouth and down his gullet. He managed to turn his heaves into swallows and halted the meerkat's escape attempt. A few more gulps were all it took to seal his rowdy snack in his stomach again, and Leon's success was rewarded by the delightful sensation of frantic struggles. The hyena couldn't remember the last time a meal had actually managed to force its way back up his throat.

"Oof, wish he'd shown that much determination last quarter!" Leon patted his gut and laughed, and the nameless squirrel beside him chuckled nervously in response.

With his brief interruption ended, Leon finished washing his paws and gave the squirrel a friendly smile, enjoying the obvious look of fear he'd elicited from him. He sometimes found it odd how easy it was to intimidate others just through eating. Vore was a rather common practice, but for some reason most people acted uneasy around him if they knew he'd just turned a stranger into a meal. If anything they should be *more* comfortable being with him seeing as he'd had his fill.

As confusing as it was, Leon wouldn't have wanted it any other way. He happily waddled out of the bathroom—the doors to which nearly weren't wide enough—and took a more indirect, scenic route back to his office. The subordinate he'd gobbled up earlier was still putting up an impressive fight, though Leon's bulk hid the struggles considerably. He was already back up to four hundred pounds on

empty, and the meerkat was far too skinny to make much of an impact. Squirms could easily be mistaken for the natural bouncing his gut did while walking, and anyone casually glancing his way might not even notice he was wider than usual. Not that Leon had any reason to hide his act. Execs had the right to eat whomever they wanted for the most part, and the meerkat doomed to become hyena pudge had been under-performing as of late.

Leon politely greeted and grinned at everyone he passed, receiving a mix of genuine and nervous nods back. All were potential future meals, but Leon didn't want them being *too* certain of that fact, and creating the illusion of a friendly work-environment just made it all the more satisfying when he eventually did decide to add them to his waistline. Besides, having less active enemies at work was ideal for Leon; he was just there for a paycheck and the occasional meal.

The exec made sure to stop at his personal assistant's desk before retiring to his office, producing a sly grin as he noticed the empty box of donuts within hoof's reach of the plump deer. "Sean, I'm feeling charitable today. Can you have the usual cupcake platter delivered to the University? And make certain the attached card reads "Rafael Gaines" in as bold a font as possible."

Sean smiled back. "You really do spoil your brother sir!"

"Teaching is hard work, I like to make sure he knows he's appreciated." Leon said with well-practiced false sincerity. "Anyways, I've got to finish up a quick exit interview, so I'll be busy in my office for at least an hour or so." He tapped a paw on his belly, which wobbled slightly in response.

"Understood sir. I'll keep your interruptions at a minimum!" Sean swiftly went to work on his boss' order.

Leon closed the door to his office behind him and waddled over to his desk, rubbing and groping his bulging gut the entire way. He eased into his reinforced leather chair, sighing in relief as the weight of his meal was lifted off his legs, the sides of his belly pressing lightly against the armrests. Though the meerkat was calmer than before he was still actively struggling. The weak kicks and squirms merely felt like a gentle, internal massage to Leon, who leaned back in his chair and swallowed some more fresh air to ensure the experience dragged on.

A snack as light as the meerkat wasn't too much of a strain on him, so Leon wasn't in a real rush to digest him yet. Instead Leon lazily spent the next hour waiting for his meal to give up while thinking of new, inventive ways to manipulate the weight of his grumpy twin brother Raf. Sending anonymous gift baskets of high-calorie sweets to Raf's office at the University was already having a gradual—though delightful—impact at least. Secretly signing the hyena up to judge various cooking competitions on campus was always a joy, too. Force-feeding Raf a couple interns could be fun, though a little more direct than Leon preferred. The game was funner when his brother wasn't entirely certain he was to blame, after all.

Lost in thought, Leon barely noticed his meal inevitably succumbing to heat and digestive juices, his stomach aggressively starting to process the treat. Soon loud, messy gurgles began echoing from his massive gut, causing the hyena to smile even more. Being the boss was good.