

Breaking in the New Guy

By: IndigoRho

Leo cursed quietly under his breath as he tried to remember where exactly he was supposed to clock-in for work again. The wiry ferret had felt lucky when he'd managed to score a job as a security guard at Evergreen Tech. Decent pay and hours, and he'd mainly be sitting around watching security camera feeds all day. Of course since getting hired he'd ended up being late for orientation and his first three training shifts, and it'd only been a week. Oh well, he doubted his overnight shift trainer would care.

Inevitably Leo stumbled upon the small private “lobby” of the labyrinthine building's security room. No sooner had he hung up his backpack did a voice from behind nearly make him jump.

“You must be Leo!”

Leo turned around, frantically trying to regain his composure. Being jumpy certainly wouldn't leave a good impression. Before him was an amused overweight horse, his uniform clinging tightly around his doughy belly yet not appearing the least bit strained. The morning and afternoon guards Leo had seen had all been either lean or fit, this one must've had a soft spot for donuts.

“Um yeah, that's me,” Leo said, already feeling slightly intimidated.

“Awesome. Name's Colton, you'll be hanging with me tonight,” the horse replied. If he were annoyed with Leo's tardiness he didn't show it. “I assume your other training involved a lot of sitting at a desk and trying to memorize monitor settings, right?”

Leo simply nodded. So far he hadn't felt much different from an office worker despite being a guard, not that that was necessarily a bad thing.

“Well the overnight shift is a *little* different. We do a lot of screen watching, but we also do the occasional patrol,” Colton said. “Nothing fancy, just checking to make sure certain doors are locked, along with a look at the parking garage and plaza.”

With how prone he was to getting lost, Leo felt relieved he wouldn't have to do any patrols during his normal shifts. “Have you ever actually come across anyone while patrolling this late?”

“Every once in a while, which is good cause the food I bring is rarely filling enough!” Colton laughed and gave his gut a hard slap.

Leo's confusion lasted mere seconds. The reason the overnight guard was so much fatter was because he was *eating* people while on duty.

Vore was perfectly legal and rarely looked down upon, even by those who didn't engage in the practice. No one would bat an eye if they passed someone on the sidewalk with a bulging gut—though they might instinctively keep their distance. Leo himself had only indulged a couple times in the past, the result of drunken mistakes at parties. In general he didn't consider himself much of a predator.

“Maybe if you're lucky we'll find you a high calorie trespasser tonight so you can bulk up a little,” Colton grinned.

The ferret suddenly found himself imagining how he'd look with a full, bouncing gut, an intruder struggling inside as the digestive juices rose around them. He'd show up the next day noticeably chubbier, while still claiming it'd been a quiet night and giving a knowing wink. It was a ridiculous fantasy for someone who practically never pondered eating anyone unless he was really angered, and even then it was just empty threats. Still, he couldn't deny sated preds always looks so giddy.

“W-well I wouldn't want to deny you a meal,” Leo nervously answered, his gaze drifting towards Colton's middle. “And I've been trying to watch my diet lately anyway.”

“Fair enough,” Colton said. “Gotta admit I can't say no to an easy meal myself, means 'round' is the only shape I've been in since getting this job!”

Leo politely laughed along with him. He knew quite a few active preds embraced being hefty—a friend of his had gloated about needing to buy stretchy expandex clothing because he was packing on

the pounds so quickly. There was a good chance that's what Colton's uniform was made of, especially with how perfectly fitting it was.

Leo's conflicted opinions about becoming a pred prompted him to change the subject as best he could. "So, um, when do the patrols happen?"

"Not till later, when the last of the night owls leave their offices so there's no confusion. I was thinking I'd go over our equipment now, though; saves time in the end."

Not needing approval, Colton pulled out a heavy flashlight. "Flashlight's the most important thing we carry, apart from maybe the walkie. Aside from providing light it's great for knocking out any intruders looking for a snack themselves."

"Wait, have any guards been eaten before?" Leo was suddenly imagining *himself* as the bulge in a burglar's belly.

"Eh, a couple times," Colton shrugged. "I've heard stories about workers coming in early and finding a saliva-soaked cap or an abandoned walkie littering the garage. Nothing you'll have to worry about of course."

Leo's worries weren't completely eased, and he wondered if perhaps he'd only gotten the job because his predecessor had become pudge.

"But anyway, flashlight's your main tool on patrol. If you do find an intruder and aren't in the mood for a snack—or just want to save them for later—then you've also got these." Colton held up a set of zip tie handcuffs. "Pretty straight-forward, but you gotta make sure you don't tighten them too much or you'll cut off circulation. Hold out your paws and I'll show you."

Without question Leo complied, the ferret watching as Colton slipped them over his paws and pulled on the ends. Sure enough Leo was unable to free his paws, and the ties didn't dig into him as long as he didn't struggle. He bet quite a few intruders had ended up bound by them before becoming a midnight snack for Colton. Thankfully he wasn't likely to end up on the wrong side of the voracious horse's gut.

"Now I think it's time to turn you into a *real* security guard," Colton smiled.

The horse licked his lips, and right away Leo feared something was about to go horribly wrong. Colton grabbed his trainee's shoulders and opened his mouth wide, giving Leo a clear view of his future home. Leo squirmed and screamed, but soon his pleas were muffled and his face pelted by warm breath. Not only did his attacker considerably outweigh him, but he wasn't able to use his arms to fight back with the cuffs on.

Colton's jaws stretched over Leo's shoulders, pulling his meal deeper into his gullet. Slim meals certainly weren't filling, but the horse found them almost comically easy to gulp down. He rather enjoyed being able to consume a person before bystanders could even react.

The gluttonous security guard's throat bulged as more and more of Leo was swallowed, his expandex uniform stretching all the way. When Leo pushed into the stomach Colton's belly lurched forwards, steadily swelling with every gulp thereafter. Colton's thick layers of fat were already hiding much of Leo's struggles, reducing him to vague bulges beneath the uniform. The thought of being huge enough to completely disguise a live meal made Colton groan slightly. Perhaps he'd indulge one day.

Leo kicked wildly once his legs were all that remained on the outside world, though his efforts were for naught. Colton simply had him overpowered in every way. The unlucky ferret was being soaked by stagnant stomach acids and saliva, coughing on the foul, warm air of his prison. Everything had gone so bad so fast he was desperate for it to be a nightmare.

Meanwhile Colton was as happy as could be. His gut was bouncing as it ballooned outward, filling up with frantic ferret. Towards the end he was basically slurping Leo up, until only his sneaker-clad paws remained. Colton ignored the bland taste of shoes and made one last, large gulp, sealing his trainee away completely.

The horse moaned in delight and grasped his bulging middle, kneading it with both hooves and taking joy in every squirm. Training new hires was one of his least favorite duties, but eating them was

one of his favorite. He only wished his most recent snack had been plumper; Leo probably wouldn't even put a dent on Colton's waistline. Still, a small meal meant he'd have an easier time waddling around the building while on patrol.

Leo was begging to be let go, though his voice barely reached Colton's ears. "Hmm, a bit stringy but at least I won't be getting stuck in any doorways!" His laughter shook his belly, tossing around the ferret within.

Colton holstered his flashlight and grabbed Leo's backpack, rubbing his gut with his free hoof as he made his way to a set of nearby lockers. He swiftly stashed the backpack in an empty one.

"Higher ups aren't *too* keen on unchecked gluttony, so it looks like you're just gonna be a no-show tonight, Snack~" Colton told his gut. "With how consistently late you'd been I doubt they'll consider it a loss, and I won't look suspiciously fatter either! They'll just interview a few more people and hopefully not bother sending them to me for training."

The horse let out a small belch as Leo continued fighting the inevitable. Colton simply swallowed some fresh air to replace it, not ready to be done with his unfortunate meal.

"I don't see why you're complaining so much, you *did* say wouldn't want to deny me a meal."

With a smile Colton waddled out the lobby and towards his desk, ready for another relaxing night of watching security feeds—and digesting prey.