

Clearing Out the Office

By: IndigoRho

August Days sat at his desk, twirling a pen as he double-checked spreadsheets. The plump, gray-and-white goat was trying to ignore his building hunger, constantly reminding himself that lunch was barely an hour away. It didn't prevent him from casually eying his stapler as a potential snack. Like some goats, August had a taste for things that most would deem inedible. Phones, keyboards, mice, and mugs were just as delicious to him as donuts or burgers. He'd also discovered they could be deceptively high in calories, as his soft belly showed.

The goat was idly reaching for the stapler when a voice from behind got his attention.

"Mr. Days! Just who I needed to see."

August turned, finding himself at eye level with a sizable ball gut. The gut belonged to Leon Gaines, a doughy spotted hyena and August's boss.

"What can I do for you Mr. Gaines?" August asked. He rarely had direct communication with his boss, but Leon had always been a pleasure to talk to.

"Nothing much, just cleaning out an office." Leon grinned.

August returned the smile. "A whole office?"

"Yep! Smith was racking up some distressingly high restaurant bills on the company's dime, so it's time for him to go," Leon said.

August knew of Smith mainly from elevator rides and the break room, and he *had* noticed the platypus putting on a lot of weight in recent months. He wasn't particularly heartbroken to see him go.

"Nice big corner office, loaded with knick knacks and trophies from his old swim team days," Leon continued. "And the office is in need of a remodel so nothing's off limits—and no one."

A loud rumble echoed from August's stomach. His original lunch would've been quite modest, but now he was being granted a buffet. The perks of his job could be wonderful at times.

"You can count on me, boss, I'll have Smith cleared out in no time!" August declared, giving his belly a sharp pat.

The journey to Smith's office was a short one, especially with August's hunger to motivate him. Once he slipped inside he took a good look around. Just as promised the office was rather cluttered. A whole case was dedicated to various trophies and medals, accompanied by pictures of a much, *much* thinner Smith. There were quite a few pieces of pottery, too, along with plenty of books that appeared to be more for show than reference.

August decided the desk was the best place to begin. He strolled over and picked up Smith's wireless mouse, tossing it in his mouth as if it were a piece of popcorn. The keyboard was next, August having to angle his head upwards as he slowly gulped it down. A bulge appeared in his belly as the keyboard was crammed into his stomach. He unplugged the phone and swallowed the receiver, slurping up the cord like spaghetti before stretching his jaws wide to handle the rest of it.

The gluttonous goat's gut was already noticeably larger, his dress shirt clinging to it tightly. There was still so much to indulge on, though.

Drawers were opened, August grabbing smaller office supplies left and right and happily chowing down on them. Tape dispensers, staplers, pens, sticky notes, charging cables—nothing was spared. Just being able to freely gorge was a delight, as August loved to pig out. Doing so at the company's expense was icing on the cake.

Eventually the desk was empty, and August's middle huge. The goat rubbed his belly, feeling every odd lump and guessing what the source was. In the end it would all become fresh new pudge.

After a lamp all that remained on the desk was the computer monitor. They weren't August's favorite thing to eat, but he was determined to impress the boss. He grimaced as he eased it into his maw, his throat comically stretched until it was swallowed completely.

August leaned back in the comfortable chair and let out a respectable *braaaaaaaap* upon

finishing the monitor. Though his hunger was mostly sated there was plenty more to be consumed. He lugged himself out of the chair, scrapes and crunches echoing from his stomach as the office supplies within were shifted about. A blue pot on a stand behind him was snatched and gobbled up, cracking apart upon entering his tightly packed stomach.

Next August hungrily eyed the trophies. He waddled over, his belly making a raucous the whole way. Most of the trophies were on the small side, perfect for snacking on. The cold metal adorning them made August shiver as they were swallowed.

Little-by-little the goat's gut was swelling, pushing against the shelf as it was filled. While August's shirt was rather stretchy, it could only handle so much, and was soon riding upwards as his belly was exposed. With so much junk in August's stomach he was forced to hold his middle in one hoof just to maintain his balance. Staying mobile would be difficult, but he was intent on finishing the task at hand.

Eventually there were no signs of Smith's past swim team successes left. The goat was moaning, gently wobbling his massive belly and listening to the crashing within. Smith's office was far more filled than previous ones had been, and August was pushing himself to his limits. While a nap felt nice, he spurred himself onward, slowly waddling to the bookshelves.

August started with the top shelves, shoving book after book into his awaiting maw. Bookends and statuettes added a bit of variety to the textures and flavors. Halfway through he was bracing his enormous belly against the shelf itself just to stay up, and the goat doubted he'd be anywhere near mobile by the time he was finished.

His stomach was getting noisier and noisier, every new addition crushing the previous snacks. Some of the more noticeable lumps smoothed out as they were ground down, but it would take digestive juices to deal with the majority of it. The belching was growing more frequent, too, creating a cacophony of gluttony.

Against the odds August managed to clear off the entire bookshelf, a small library now in his stomach. Without thinking he tried turning around to leave, only to topple over onto his giant gut after barely a step. The fall provoked a long *uorrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp*, a saliva-soaked medal flying from his open mouth, the strap catching on a tooth so it hung out. August couldn't help but laugh.

The opening of the door ended August's celebration, as a visibly dismayed Smith waddled in. The platypus didn't get far before seeing the engorged goat beached in the middle of his office. His gaze shifted from the goat to his empty bookshelves to his pristine desk and right back to the goat again. There was shock and frustration on his face, until he spotted the medal hanging from August's mouth.

"Wh...what did you do to my office!" Smith exclaimed, storming up to August as fast as he could. He failed to notice the way the goat was ogling his blubbery gut.

"Just a little cleaning. Company—*bwaaurp*—policy," August said with a grin. The idea of a filling dessert to top off his feast was too good to pass up, and Smith was looking tastier than ever before.

Smith didn't seem to know how to respond, fuming. "This is outrageous! Spit all of my stuff out at once!"

The platypus grabbed the medal, but August responded by clamping down on it. A tug-of-war match ensued, neither showing any sign of giving up. August was far more difficult to budge though thanks to his stuffed belly, and Smith gradually tired.

Determined to have his dessert, August pulled hard and knocked Smith off-balance. The platypus tumbled forwards, his beak falling right into August's open mouth. He flailed about in the darkness, a powerful gulp pulling him into the throat. Once his shoulders were swallowed Smith was essentially defenseless, his chances of escape nearly nonexistent.

August greedily dragged the platypus deeper and deeper into his maw, moaning at how soft and doughy he was. Smith wobbled as he struggled, only amplifying his taste. As Smith slipped into the

stomach he was reunited with his belongings in the worst possible way, his weight used to compact all that had entered before him. It was insulting and rather uncomfortable.

Back on the outside, August was in pure bliss. He was rising atop his swelling belly as it filled with platypus, Smith's soft rump passing his lips. August slowed his pace once only the legs and tail remained, easing his meal in. The struggles of his prey were persistent but weak, providing August with a wonderful massage.

As delicious as his former coworker had been, August was thankful to swallow the last of him, jaws closing tight and a bulge traveling down his throat.

“Good luck with your—buorrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp—future endeavors, Smith~” August teased, feeling the platypus squirming within. “Being goat fat doesn't pay well, but I assure you it's very rewarding...”